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FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING.

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

A FOURTH DEED OF GIFT.

A careful study of the existing situation in international yacht racing leads us to the opinion that if a race for the America's cup shall be sailed in 1895 it will be under neither of the three deeds of gift which we published last week, but under a fourth deed; which has been for some time in process of construction, and is now practically completed. Until quite recently it appeared that the position of the New York Y. C. in the present negotiations was the same as that in the Valkyrie-Vigilant match, of accepting a challenge with but one dimension given, but insisting rigidly on every other provision of the new deed. Such a position was bad enough, the acceptance of a challenge without the four specified dimensions was, we believe, clearly illegal in itself, and the abandonment of this demand by the very men who made it was the strongest possible proof of the truth of the charges we have made against it.

While the whole document was in a measure weakened by this repudiation of one of its vital requirements the club was still able, with no serious degree of inconsistency, to insist on the legality and force of the new deed as a whole. The developments of the last three weeks, however, have carried matters to such an extreme that all the other demands and limitations of the new deed have practically followed the demand for the dimensions, being wiped out entirely by the latest interpretations of the new deed, and the rapid expansion of the mutual agreement clause to cover every possible contingency of future Cup matches. In order to secure a challenge under the new deed from the Royal Yacht Squadron, the New York Yacht Club, or its accredited representatives in the negotiations, have first agreed to accept a challenge giving but one dimension, in spite of the wording of clause 5; they have offered to sail a match in November, though such action is explicitly prohibited by the same clause; and they have even admitted that the holder has the power to accept a challenge without name of owner, name of yacht, dimensions or Custom House registry. Further than this, they have insisted most strenuously, as a justification for their violation of the requirements of the deed, that the provisions of clause 6, recognizing a mutual agreement, cover every possible point of the Cup racing.

The challenger has not been slow to appreciate the effect of this wholesale misinterpretation of the stringent and exacting document to which he once objected, and he is very likely to profit by it. We look to see the Royal Yacht Squadron, at its meeting next week, consent to challenge and to hold the Cup if won under the new deed of gift—but only with a formal and written explanation from the New York Yacht Club that, in its opinion, the mutual agreement clause covers every possible condition and limitation contained in the whole deed. Such an interpretation has already been made by the Cup committee in its various letters, but we look for a demand from the R. Y. S. for an official statement from the New York Y. C. confirming it beyond question

Should the New York Y. C. finally indorse the action of Commodore Smith and his committee in carrying out this sorry farce of upholding the new deed, such action will be practically equivalent to the nullification of the third deed and the recognition of still another deed of gift, which, while no more legal than the third, would be quite as loose and indefinite as the original deed was said to be. This new document would contain clauses 1 and 2 of the third deed, the first second and third lines of clause 6, as printed last week, and clauses 7, 8, 10 and 11; with the honored names of Commodore Eldridge T. Gerry and John T. Bird still left intact. The portions omitted include everything relating to the qualifications of clubs entitled to challenge, the limits of size and other general limitations of yachts eligibl as challengers and the definition of a "challenge in due form."

Under such a broad and sweeping interpretation of the mutual agreement clause it could no longer be claimed that any of the provisions of clauses 3, 4, 5 and 9 are binding, or that they may not all be waived at the will of a future holder.

The Field last week made a suggestion which may seem absurd, but it is none the less true under the latest construction of the Cup committee; that a holder may agree with a challenger to race for the America's Cup with boats of 20ft. water line and carried across the ocean on a steamer; and if the Cup should be won by a British club, there is nothing to prevent it from accepting a challenge from some small continental club whose sailing ground is a river or mill pond.

There are two possible interpretations of the new deed; one, which we have urged repeatedly as the only legal one, is to construe literally the fifth clause, defining a challenge, in the light of the established precedent of the club, and of the known intent of the framers of the deed to hamper and restrict a challenger. By this interpretation, the mutual agreement clause No. 6 is limited, as it was intended to be, to the secondary conditions, "as to dates, courses, number of trials, rules and sailing regulations," and, by special mention, the ten months' notice.

The other interpretation, that of Com. Smith, deliberately ignores each provision of clause 5 and makes every possible contingency of racing subject to clause 6 by virtue of the words "and any and all other conditions of the match."

The first interpretation maintains the new deed in its integrity, as the New York Y. C. professes that it always intends to do. The second interpretation is but a cowardly way of avoiding the charges against the deed; and if it is followed, the America's Cup is left with absolutely no restrictions, but may be raced for by any one and in any way.

The loss of prestige, the discrediting of the America's Cup as the great yachting trophy, and the cessation of racing, all began with the motion of Commodore Smith at the meeting of Oct. 4, 1887, that the New York Y. C. return the Cup to him and his fellows, empowering them to make a new deed of gift. The trouble that has followed this action is small compared to the probable results of the adoption of Com. Smith's interpretation of this same new deed. The mistake of 1887 cannot be retrieved by anything short of an open and honorable repudiation of the new deed by the New York Y. C., such a devious and doubtful course as that now proposed is certain to lead to further trouble.

A BETRAYAL OF PUBLIC TRUST.

The Forestry Commission of New York has signalized the close of the year with an action which appears to be a gross betrayal of public trust.

The new constitution adopted last November to take effect with the new year provides that none of the public wild lands owned by the State shall be sold or granted to private parties but shall always remain in the possession of the people of New York.

On Thursday of last week, when there remained but four short days for the consummation of public lands jobbery before the going into effect of the new constitution, which should render it forever after impracticable, there appeared before the Land Board representative of the wood pulp and kindred interests, with an impudent lie on their lips that were acting in behalf of pleasure seekers and sportsmen, and with an impudent demand for a right of way for the Adirondack Railroad over seven miles of State land. Foiled here by an injunction restraining the Land Board from acting, the timber grabbers then had recourse to the Forestry Commission. There were present in Albany of this Board Messrs. Tilden and Weed; and Commissioner Shuyler was brought by a special train to make the quorum. They convened in secret session behind closed doors, and with incontinent and indecent haste gave the wood pulp schemers all that they asked for. In this they violated the spirit of the new constitution, which if not actually in force should, nevertheless, have been regarded as binding on them as trustees of the public interests; and at the same time they gave us as fine an example of callous disregard of public trust and subserviency to the demands of private greed as we have had during the past year of revelations of incompetence and worse in public office.

There is reason to believe that the action of the Forestry Commission will not stand the test of the courts. They assumed to act under that section of the law which gives them power to construct roads or paths. Authority to lay out roads is not authority to hand over a slice of the public domain to wood pulp and railroad land grabbers. Captain Anderson of the Yellowstone Park is empowered to lay out roads, but he would not be likely to assume that such an authorization gave him power to grant a railway right of way through the park to Cooke City. The assumption on which the New York Forestry Commission has acted is quite as ridiculous an usurpation of power. When it shall come to the test the "grant" will be revoked.

SNAP-SHOTS.

In a paper read before the American Folk-Lore Society last week, Rev. J. Owens Dorsey related that the Elk gens or family of the Wapa Indians are not permitted to eat elk meat if it be so called, but if spoken of as venison it may be eaten with impunity. Some such notion sometimes prevails among white men, at certain Adirondack hotels, for example, when if deer meat comes to the table as venison it is tabooed; but if it is down on the bill of fare as "mountain mutton," no one dreams of making any bones about it.

The tarpon has inspired many columns of capital reading and the literature of the subject is constantly growing. Some entertaining chapters are added in Mr Alfred C. Harmsworth's long promised story of his experiences in Florida last winter. The account has added charm because it gives us the impressions of an entire stranger in the country, to whom many things appears novel which would be to Americans commonplace, but take on a surprising interest when seen through the eyes of another. From Florida Mr. Harmsworth went home with enthusiastic stories of Florida's attractions for European fishermen, and the West Coast may look for an increased number of anglers from abroad.

A small item in the Sundry Civil Service Appropriation bill, now in the hands of the committee of the House of Representatives should receive the support of every member of Congress. The amount involved is small—only $1,800—to provide for the pay of four scouts in the Yellowstone National Park for six months in the year. Last spring the Forest and Stream published Mr. Hough's ghastly story of buffalo destruction in the park, and a result of that publication was the passage by Congress of a law which, if enforced, will protect the few remaining buffalo and enable them slowly to increase. But to be effective the law must be enforced, and it cannot be enforced without an increase in the number of scouts employed. At present there is only a single man to cover 3,600 square miles of territory.

Experts who studied the game question in the park last autumn had the conviction forced upon them that without such protection as this item will provide the buffalo in the park can not last ten years. The struggle for existence in those high mountains is hard enough to make their preservation at best uncertain and the work of the poacher will turn the scales and insure extinction. If it was worth while to pass the law providing a government for the park—if it has been worth while at any time during the past twenty years and more to make appropriations for its care—it is worth while now to appropriate this ridiculously small sum for the better protection of the game.

The matter has been so long neglected that the breeding stock of buffalo has run dangerously low and the last and largest surviving herd stands in urgent need of protection. Every Representative and every Senator ought to vote for this item.

In the Willow Brook ponds of the Minnesota State fish hatchery at St. Paul are some hybrid trout produced by a cross of the lake trout with the brook trout. The fish are large, beautiful and exceedingly gamy. The commissioners intend to secure a large number of them and to put them out for a trial plant in some particular waters. If this initial planting shall prove a success, a general distribution of the hybrids will follow

The Sportsman Tomist.

DUTCH HENRY AND THE BEAR.

While running through an old diary the other day in which were occasional and brief notes concerning some incidents of life in our camp I came across a name the mere mention of which, I am certain, would bring smiles to the many faces of those who knew him in the days gone by. There was nothing at all engaging in his appearance, but about the quaint, jovial personality of "Dutch Henry" there clusters a host of pleasing reminiscences.

As his name would imply, he was a German, and if his appearance in any way belied his nationality his speech proclaimed it in no uncertain tones, for he possessed a dialect which would have driven Gus Williams wild with envy. In figure he was rather short and stout, but was quick in his movements and possessed of tireless energy and phenomenal endurance. He had a large, round and quite rubicund face, which phase of his personality was intensified by fiery red whiskers and hair. I said his face was large and round, but when it comes to describing the capacities of that face in mirroring the emotions which throbbed underneath Henry's well worn and rather soiled shirt, I throw up my hands in mute despair. He was, I think, without exception, the most thorough going and consistent optimist I ever saw, for never do I recollect seeing him cast down, although at times old hard luck jogged close on his heels. His good nature, however, was proof against everything, and the quaint manner in which he used to relate his experiences never failed to attract a knot of interested and amused listeners. The men used to joke him a good deal, as they enjoyed intensely the amusing comments which were certain to follow, and not a few practical jokes were played upon him, many of them exceedingly funny, all of which he took with the most imperturbable good nature, frequently laughing harder than anyone else at his own discomfitures.

Who of those who heard it will ever forget Henry's account of the ghost which he swore he saw one night swinging from the limb of the tree on which "Big Mike" had been hanged by the vigilantes some time before?

Some graceless fellow had, it seems, suspended from the limb in question a white quaking asp log about the length of a good sized man, and as it slowly swung to and fro from the limb of the tree which most of the men in camp always regarded with a certain amount of squeamishness when passing it after dark, it looked as much like a ghost as it is possible to imagine, and presented a spectacle well calculated to send a chill to the stoutest heart. Henry had, I think, a firmly grounded belief in ghosts, but in any event it was not at all surprising that, when passing this lonely and uncanny spot one night and seeing this sepulchral like object slowly swinging from the limb of "Big Mike's tree," as it was called, he should be grievously shocked and frightened. There was not the slightest doubt in his mind that he was gazing on a real ghost, which opinion was amply confirmed by his appearance when he reached camp a few minutes later, for he told me confidentially that he "runned like der duyvl vas after me." Out of breath, with pale face and bulging eyes, he rushed into the store where there were a dozen or more men gathered, and so evident was his agitation that several voices simultaneously asked what was the matter with him. Casting a frightened glance behind him as though fearful that the spook might still be after him, he managed after considerable effort at composure to reply, "Vhat vas de matter mid me? Vall, I shust see a—vot you call dot somedings dot vas ded already yet?"

No one for a moment seemed to comprehend the drift of his question, but in an instant some one replied: "Do you mean a ghost, Henry?"

"Yah, yah, yah," he excitedly exclaimed, "dot vas vot I see on de tree, vot they hang 'Big Mike' on."

His appearance and excited demeanor left no doubt as to his thorough earnestness in the matter, and inasmuch as several of the men were inclined to believe in spooks, and all of them had a sort of creepy feeling when passing "Big Mike's tree" at night, Henry's positive assertion created something of a sensation. The look of amusement upon their faces gave way to expressions of startled interest, and there was an evident purpose to learn the particulars of Henry's experience, when some one remarked in a tone of decided incredulity: "Oh, pshaw! You didn't see anything on that tree. What are you talkin' about?"

"Don'd I?" shouted Henry in a tone of excited, indignant protest. "Vas I plind? Vas I grazy dot I don'd know noddings vot I see somedimes?" And then after a moment's pause he added in a tone of contemptuous disgust: "You make foolish."

"What did you see, Henry?" asked another of the men anxious to hear his story.

"Vall," he replied in mollified tones turning to his questioner, "shust as I cross dot pole breedge I see dot long somedings vhite shust like a pig man. He go dees vay und den he go dot," imitating the slow swinging motion of the log. "Gott und himmel, don'd I vas scared! Den I dink I hear somedings in de droat like a man vas shoking much, und den I hear noddings more for I runned like der duyvil."

Time may efface many things from my mind, but it can never efface the effect of that brief speech, set off as it was by Henry's appearance and actions. The effect was irresistible, and although many of those present were inclined to think that perhaps he did see something after all, yet no one could resist the effect of that speech, and an uproarious shout of laughter followed his last words.

"Maybe you mens dink I vas a liar?" said Henry in an injured tone, "but I bet you anydings you vant dot you mens von't make so foolish ven you see dot ghose shust like I."

The next morning revealed the cause of Henry's alarm, and much to his disgust and disappointment, for I think that he took a deep sense of satisfaction and pride in the thought that he really had gazed upon an undoubted spook. "It vos dot Dan Peeler" (Beeler was his name and he delighted in playing tricks on Henry), he said, "he do dot to make foolish of me by der mens."

But the "chef d'œuvre" of Henry's experiences, the one incident that will go rumbling down the musty annals of time, was his adventure with the bear. I cannot swear to the truth of this from actual knowledge, but Henry solemnly swore that it was gospel truth, and, save in unessential details, I am rather inclined to believe that it is as he declared it to be.

A good share of Henry's time was occupied in prospecting about the tops contiguous to Geneva Gulch, and when so engaged he lived in an old log cabin down in the valley. A fellow by the name of Joe Bullen, a prospector like himself, occupied the cabin with him, although they worked independently of one another. They were an odd pair, but seemingly got along very well together, having many tastes in common, not the least of which was a pronounced one for schnapps and beer, which they gratified occasionally at the stage station at the mouth of the gulch, a few miles distant.

One memorable Saturday night they had a more than usually interesting seance of this character, one feature of which was a most sanguinary struggle at "old sledge," in which Henry, fortified by numberless glasses of beer, succeeded in inflicting a veritable "Waterloo" upon Joe. Joe was usually the victor in these contests, and Henry's unequivocal triumph this night filled his heart with that haughty "pride which goeth before a fall." He could not refrain from mildly taunting Joe about his defeat, all of which the latter took in a very ill-natured spirit, so much so as to finally declare that he didn't want to have anything more to do with Henry, and declined flatly to go home with him when he announced his intention of returning to the cabin. There was ground for the suspicion that Joe's decision in this matter might have been influenced to some extent by the rather unstable condition of his legs, which owing to the fact that he had been steadily imbibing schnapps during the progress of the game, seemed to be on the verge of a sudden attack of muscular failure. Henry evidently thought that a little delay would not be detrimental to his partner, for he didn't urge him to accompany him, but started out for the cabin alone. He was moved to do this by a knowledge of the fact that Joe would probably follow more quickly when thus left alone, than if he were to stay and urge him to accompany him.

It may be remarked incidentally too, that Henry was feeling pretty well himself independent of the exultation incident upon his victory over Joe, but his locomotion was not affected, and it did not take him very long to cover the distance to his cabin. This, too, despite the fact that he carried quite a load, for he had invested in a good-sized piece of bacon and quite a large chunk of fresh meat, this being a luxury which he seldom indulged in save when he chanced to bag an occasional black tail or antelope, or when some passing hunter gave to him from an abundant store. All the way, up his mind dwelt with a sense of most pleasing satisfaction upon his victory over Joe, for it was a consummation which he had most eagerly longed for, and many times was his face wreathed in smiles as he recalled the evident chagrin with which Joe took his defeat.

It was in this frame of mind that he reached his cabin, and after depositing his burden on an old table he lighted a candle, filled his pipe and sat down to enjoy again in retrospection the sweets of his recent victory. The cabin contained two rooms, or at least there was a rough, low partition which purported to divide it into two rooms, the outer one of which—that near the door—was used as a sort of store room, while the other was devoted to living purposes. It was in the latter that Henry sat down and puffed away in a state of boozy, happy content, now recalling various incidents of his contest with Joe and then speculating as to Joe's homeward progress, for he had little doubt that his partner was now on his way to the cabin.

Thus he sat for some little time, when suddenly the door opened and he heard a slow shuffling movement as of some one crawling across the floor.

"My, but don'd vas Sho awful drunk," he thought to himself, and he shook with inward laughter at the sad plight of his pardner. "Sho he drink too much schnapps," ran his thoughts, "den I dink he vas all proke up by dot vay I peat him," and again he was convulsed with inward laughter.

"I vonder dot he effer got home, he vas so drunk," he went on, "he must all preak up shoost vhen he got by der haus, odder he haf never been here by morgen yet."

Then he heard the sound of tearing paper in the other room and then one of his bundles of meat fell to the floor with a heavy sound.

"I dink Sho vas hoongry," he thought, and again was he overcome with merriment at the thought of his pardner trying to eat the raw bacon and meat which he had brought home with him. "Maybe he vas so mad abowd dot game dot he don'd gare vedder dot meat vas cook oder not;" which thought tickled him so immensely that it was only with the greatest difficulty he was able to keep from laughing outright.

Then the sound of some one crunching meat came to his ears, and of such a stalwart character was it that it surprised him not a little.

"My, I dink Sho vas gone grazy dot he eat dot meat so," he thought. He had previously decided to preserve a strict silence until Joe saw fit to come into the room where he was, but the sounds that came from the other room made him feel a trifle uneasy, until at length he thought it better to break his silence.

"Sho," he said in kindly tones, "don'd eat dot meat, it don'd vas cook yet, it make you seek already."

But no response greeted his words, and after waiting a minute or so, during which the munching sounds came steadily to his ears, he spoke again and this time with a slight tone of disgust in his voice: "Sho, don'd make foolish. Don'd make mad abowd dot game yet. I peat you fair, und vhy don'd you stop dot foolish abowd it."

Again did silence follow his words, save for that steady, persistent crunching. "Sho," almost shouted Henry this time, "don'd make so foolish mit me. Ven you peats me I don'd vas so fool like you vas abowd it."

Silence again, and then Henry, thoroughly exasperated, shouted as he rose to his feet, took the candle and started for the other room. "Sho, I dink you vas so big a fool vot I never haf saw. I vas dink you know somedings, but I don'd somedimes any more yet."

As he entered the other room he was confronted not by Joe, but by a big black bear, which, having finished Henry's supply of fresh meat, was looking about, Alexander like, for more worlds to devour.

To say that Henry was surprised is a rather feeble estimate as to the real facts in the case. He was figuratively and literally paralyzed, and afterwards he owned up to me confidentially that the shock which he experienced from beholding the spook in "Big Mike's tree" wasn't a circumstance to the one which took hold of him as he gazed on that bear. He stood for a moment rooted to the spot, and then with a wild yell of terror he dropped his candle and made a mad plunge for the outer door.

There must have been something appalling about Henry's appearance and yell, for bold bruin, who had hitherto seemingly been unmoved by the presence of Henry in the other room and the sound of his voice, suddenly became inspired with a frantic longing for the freedom of the open air, and he likewise bolted for the door. If the bear had only delayed his departure a moment all might have gone well, but as it was he reached the door about the same moment as Henry, and as they were moving from opposite directions the old formula of two imponderable bodies meeting was again illustrated with the usual results. Henry swears, too, that the bear gave him one with his right, but, however that may be, he described a graceful inshoot and during the course of his flight collided with the old table, and with most disastrous results to this piece of furniture. Desperate as was his situation, it was rendered infinitely more unpleasant by the fact that the outer door was closed, which fact explained why the bear had not gone away with his booty after capturing it; and as Henry could hear him scratching at it and working desperately to make his way out, he lost all interest in the door as an avenue of escape for himself.

Several moments thus passed, during which time Henry lay very low, for he was not at all anxious to remind the bear that he was still present with him, when suddenly the door was pushed open from without. Joe had returned, and as he pushed open the door the bear, which had gradually been working up to a state of considerable nervous excitement, took advantage of the opportunity and proceeded to get out. There wasn't the slightest decorum or formality about his departure either, and as he shot out he struck Joe and sent him a-sprawling several feet from the door.

The man, still befuddled as he was with liquor, was too surprised for a few seconds to form any idea as to what had struck him, but in a moment he decided as to the cause, and as he slowly picked himself up he roared in a fury of half drunken rage: "Ye Dutchman. What do ye mean by jumpin' on me like this? Ye ain't satisfied with beating me at cards, but yer want ter kill me, too. I kin lick yer, and I'm goin' to do it, too."

Henry had by this time reached the door, and as Joe's savage threats came to his ears he understood in a moment what had happened. The keen humor of the situation appealed to him irresistibly, and although he tried to smother his laughter he succeeded very poorly as he answered: "Sho, it don'd vas me, it vas a pear."

"A bear," roared the other, more infuriated than ever by Henry's evident mirth. "What do yer take me for? I'll bear ye." And with that he made a rush at Henry. The latter was no match for Joe in a rough and tumble fight, and he knew it, and without stopping to argue the matter he turned and fled. Joe only chased him a few feet when he turned about, entered the cabin and proceeded to close and bolt the door.

Then the element of humor seemed to Henry to suddenly fly out of the situation, for he realized that Joe probably would not let him in, and the prospect of camping on the outside for the rest of the night without covering of any description was not pleasant to contemplate. He decided to wait a few minutes in order to let Joe's anger cool off a bit and then to attempt to explain the matter to him.

After a little he approached the door and knocking at it vigorously said in a very conciliatory tone: "Sho, Sho, I want to oxblain dot matter mit you."

"Get out," came the surly response from within.

"But, Sho, it don'd vas me," said Henry in an entreating tone; "one bear it vas done it und he eat my meat und he drashed me already yet."

"Well, ye'd better go and find him and bunk with him, then," said Joe, "fer I'll not let ye in here to-night." And Joe was true to his word, for despite Henry's most seductive pleading he declined to open the door to him.

And thus it came about that after an hour or so of waiting around Henry finally started for the stage station, for the night was too cold for him to remain outside. Quite naturally his disgust with the bear and especially with Joe was utterly immeasurable, and his explanation to those at the station of the cause of his return was nearly responsible for several cases of hysterics.

The next morning Joe readily saw from the appearance of the door that Henry's tale about the bear was true after all, and when a little later Henry hove in sight Joe was profuse in his regrets for having locked him out the night before. At the same time I have always thought that there was a rather deep sense of satisfaction to him in the thought that he had evened up matters with Henry quite effectually for his defeat at "old sledge."

The incident was so remarkable that Henry had to come over to our camp that day and tell us about it, and when under the inspiration of several glasses of beer he recounted the story much as I have told it, its effect upon his auditors can readily be imagined.

There were not a few who were disposed to think that he made it out of whole cloth, but his very evident sincerity impressed me with the fact that he was telling the truth. In any event, it was a good story, and as such I give it to the FOREST AND STREAM. SANCHO.

Prairie Chickens.

RECENT reports received by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from stations in the prairie chicken country of Minnesota and South Dakota all indicate a prospect of the best hunting for years. Chickens are very plentiful and in fine condition. Duck shooting prospects are also good. Full information can be had by addressing Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 207 Clark street, Chicago.—*Adv.*

AN ENGLISHMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF FLORIDA FISHING.—I.

BY ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

It should be a source of pleasure to all who are interested in the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race to know that the number of British sportsmen who visit the United States each year is increasing. English big game shooters no longer visit the States for buffalo and have turned their attention to Africa and Asia, but it is inevitable that the United States, which is one of the best and certainly the cheapest angling country on earth, must in future years attract vast crowds of Englishmen in search of sport with rod and reel.

Salmon fishing of England, Scotland and Norway has become so expensive as to render it impossible sport for all save people with more money than they know what to do with. The competition, too, for merely average angling in these countries is preposterous. The rent of trout streams in England has quadrupled in the past few years.

Tarpon fishing has for some years aroused considerable interest in England. I met a goodly number of British anglers in Florida last winter. More than one of our makers supplies complete outfits for the sport, and I hear that a great deal of business is being done for next season. Since my return to England and the publication of some papers on Florida fishing, I have received letters from Englishmen in all parts of the globe anxious to try for tarpon, and considering the relative cheapness of a trip to Florida, where all sport is free, and a corresponding visit to India, where, though mahseer fishing is open to all, expenses of travel are great, I feel disposed to think that some of the tarpon records will come to this side of the water for a good many years. One or two I believe are already held by us. A winter holiday that will combine the maximum amount of sunshine with good fishing has not hitherto been considered easy of attainment by Englishmen. And thus it is that of the scores of thousands who exchange frost and fog for blue skies and flowers every Christmas, few, even though their angling proclivities be of the keenest, take their rods with them.

I have tried most of the popular winter quarters of my own people, and have usually found that fishing either with fly or float is rarely enjoyable in any of the Egyptian or Mediterranean holiday places. As many American readers will know, there is sport to be had on the streams in the Italian Riviera; Cyprus has fairly good sea and river fishing if one happens on the right place, and the Nile has fish in plenty, though few seem game, and so far as I am aware, only two kinds rise to the fly.

I was almost in despair of getting any sport last winter within a fortnight's distance when a friend recommended Florida. Upon this I wrote to headquarters, that is to say, to a member of the staff of the London Fishing Gazette, and asked him for information. The editor very kindly referred me to Mr. A. N. Cheney of Glens Falls, N. Y. His name is almost as well known in the old country as in the new, and with that generous desire to assist the Britisher which I found among all American sportsmen, Mr. Cheney, though a stranger to me, went to vast trouble in obtaining information.

I cannot thank him too much for his exertions on my behalf. His kindly task was all the more difficult because Florida is a State of the Union about which comparatively little seems to be known in America. It is true that a number of Northern people go there every winter, but as a rule they sit about the hotels, and talk money, politics or dress, as may be. Mr. Cheney had not himself been to Florida, but he immediately placed himself in communication with a number of gentlemen who had fished there, and these also took any amount of trouble on my behalf.

From Tampa we went to Punta Gorda, and here I had my first day's fishing. Punta Gorda is a day's journey further south. The pleasant and extremely cheap hotel there was filled with tarpon fishers, who sat patiently out in their boats all day and discussed every possible phase of tarpon fishing at night. It was pleasantly reminiscent of home to sit round a blazing wood fire (for it was chilly in the evening) and hear sportsmen exchanging experiences in the capture of what is undoubtedly the finest game fish in the world—and that the tarpon is the finest game fish in the world is admitted by every salmon fisher I have met who has ever taken both fish.

Tarpon fishing is quite a new sport. Up to March, 1885, no large tarpon had ever been captured with rod and reel. In that year, however, a Mr. Wood of New York city was successful in bringing to gaff a tarpon weighing considerably over one hundred pounds, a scale of which is on my desk as I write, a present from Mr. Cheney.

The fish itself is in reality a gigantic herring. The finest salmon I have ever seen must yield to it in point of looks, strength, activity and cleverness. One of the best authorities on the tarpon is Colonel W. N. Haldeman, editor of the Louisville Courier Journal. Mr. Haldeman told me that the tarpon is essentially a sea fish, but that for the pursuit of small fry it will ascend rivers for a considerable distance. Very little, however, is known as to the habits of the fish, and I find that many experienced anglers contradicted each other flatly on many points with regard to its capture.

On the morning following my arrival at Punta Gorda I arose early and put in a couple of hours "trout" fishing. The fish I caught were not trout, but as they had spots on them and were fairly game they were therefore so regarded.

The clearness and warmth of the atmosphere at 6 a. m. was equal in every respect to that of Egypt, and I thoroughly enjoyed my experience. Before breakfast I had landed half a dozen, weighing anything from half a pound up to a couple of pounds. They seemed to take live bait, phantom minnows or fly with equal avidity. After some experiments with a bamboo pole, I used an 8½ foot greenheart rod, with an ordinary light reel, and from the head of a small jetty about a quarter of a mile out in the creek I found, to use a very common expression in these parts, that "one could get all the fish one wanted" (pronounced "wornted").

That this particular salt water fish is not a trout is obvious from many points, not the least of which is that it is a scaled fish. It has silver sides, a dark bluish, greenish back, with rows of black spots above the lateral line. The head is small, mouth fairly large, and for a minute or two it fights well.

My fly was a silver doctor, to which I had added a largish white feather. What particularly surprised me in Florida fishing was the enormous amount one could catch on favorable days. Using a small local fish known as the minnow, but resembling what we call a king carp, a local urchin had, I was assured, captured over a couple of hundred of these sea trout, weighing between half a pound and six pounds, in one day. I myself, on more than one occasion, captured nearly 100 pounds of fish in a morning, and all of them fighting fish.

These southern sea trout are most delicious eating, and for anyone who does not get tired of catching the same kind of fish hour after hour afford very satisfactory sport.

The hotel people at Punta Gorda and the kind-hearted American visitors, anxious that the Britisher should get the best possible chance at tarpon, had accorded me one of the best guides, Fulton McGuire by name. Maguire is a colored man, and though experience has taught me to beware of trusting any but white people in cases of emergency, I found him to be thoroughly reliable in every respect.

He came early to the hotel to overhaul my tackle, concerning which I now propose giving a brief description. Expert tarpon fishers will please kindly skip these details and excuse any of the errors that will inevitably creep into the rough notes of a traveler with regard to my views of what I saw on your side.

The tarpon rod is a 7 foot Conroy, made all in one piece; the guides are circular eyelets, and at the top of the rod the line passes through and out of a brass hole lined with agate. The butt is stringed like that of a cricket bat, and the method by which the reel is attached to the cord is particularly strong, though for safety sake every other tarpon fisher whom I met invariably lashed the reel with string, or better, with leather boot laces, in order to make it yet more secure.

The reel is a Vom Hofe "Silver King." It cost, I think, £6, but it is worth it. It runs on ball bearings and with marvelous freedom, is comparatively light and has stood the strain of catching half a dozen sharks measuring from 7 feet to 9 feet in length.

Attached to the reel is a small leather guard, which, in addition to the check, can be used as a brake by pressure of the thumb on the reeled line.

I need scarcely say that it would be almost impossible to fight a fish weighing from 100 pounds to 200 pounds unless one had some rest for the rod.

You may kill your tarpon in ten minutes if you are very lucky. On the other hand, he may fight you for five or six hours. In order to afford more security it is well to wear a butt rest—a substantial leather belt worn around the waist, having in front a stout leather cup into which the butt of the rod fits.

To press the rod against the otherwise unprotected abdomen may result seriously, and I would impress upon all those who go out to battle with tarpon not to neglect this simple protection. I would suggest also the taking of india rubber finger tips, such as are used by photographers who do not wish to soil their fingers with chemicals. Frequently, in the excitement of a run, one may forget to apply the leather brake. On one occasion I unconsciously applied my bare thumb to the line on the reel. It was running out at a tremendous pace, and the friction took the skin from my thumb and made it painful for many a long day.

Upon the reel was wound 600 feet of 18 line. At the end of this is attached a hook. This hook is attached by a strap, or snood, of raw hide, two and a half to three feet in length. It is concerning these snoods that so much difference of opinion occurs. My snoods that so much difference of opinion occurs. My hook was first attached to a swivel and then to a snood. I found some who objected to the swivel. One man believed in snoods made of stout blind cord with thin piano wire running up its center. Some used plaited snoods of cotton; others again adopted snoods made of simple unprotected wire. Colonel Haldeman describes a good snood as absolutely necessary as a safeguard against the scissor-like jaws of the tarpon.

The fish's teeth injure only by abrasion, but his jaws are massive and powerful enough to crush the back of a hardshell crab with ease. Therefore the snood should obviously be of a soft and pliable texture rather than such as to offer any resistance. There are many other kinds of snood, and there are various kinds of hooks. In tarpon fishing in some parts of Florida one needs a large supply of snoods and hooks for reasons I will describe presently. Next time I visit Florida I shall take a couple of hundred with me at least, for my own use and for the many folk who go insufficiently provided.

The rest of the equipment for a day's tarpon fishing is a very large sized gaff. Those with the telescopic handles seem popular.

With a good lunch on board we left the Punta Gorda Hotel for Tarpon Camp about 9. We are running up Peace river. Picture to yourself a wide inlet bordered on each side by mangrove swamp or great reedy grasses, filled with all manner of wild fowl. The sky is dazzling and cloudless, and round about us myriads of mullet jump, sometimes singly and sometimes in shoals. The mullet is one of the most familiar features of Florida waters. It is quite unlike our mullet, weighs, I was told, up to three pounds, though I never saw one over one and one-half pounds, is caught, it is said, by fishing with light tackle and paste, and has most remarkable powers of jumping. As a rule, a mullet skips out of the water three times in succession. In the intervals of tarpon fishing I have counted the jumps of hundreds of them. On one occasion one jumped four times, another five, but nine times out of ten there were three distinct jumps. Florida anglers often wonder why the mullet jumps; but I heard of no satisfactory reason. It is certainly not after any kind of fly or insect visible to the human eye. Sometimes, no doubt, they leap when chased by larger fish, but usually they appear to be merely disporting themselves. To tarpon fishers mullet are essential. They form his bait.

Our little naphtha launch travels gayly up the wide river, and we amuse ourselves by taking a flying shot at an alligator as the great mass of his long dark body glides from the bank into the stream.

On this particular day my companion shot a handsome "gator" nearly ten feet in length, and the brute, stuffed by our London big game naturalist, looks at me as I write. It was a particularly good shot, as he was only armed with a revolver and it is not easy to kill an alligator with a revolver from a boat traveling at six or seven miles an hour. It is not easy to kill an alligator at all at a distance. I sometimes put as many as seven shots into one of them with a rifle without effect. The old delusion about hitting them in the eye is a mistake. Except on the back a rifle bullet will penetrate anywhere. On the other hand, an alligator will carry as much lead as most creatures.

One sees all sorts and conditions of strange fish and fowl in these Florida waters. Not the least curious is the horse shoe crab, of which I brought several specimens home. It resembles no living thing that I had hitherto seen, and it has the honor of possessing the most ancient descent known of almost any creature of life, for it is found in the earliest geological deposits.

The turtle, too, is a queer thing to set eyes on for the first time. As we were gliding up the stream I saw what I took to be the head of a dog occasionally popping out of the water, snapping its jaws the while, and presently a large dark mass appeared. That it was a turtle did not occur to me, for I had imagined turtles to lie lazily floating at ease on shallow shores, but here was an animal that traveled as fast as we against stream. I was raising my revolver when he caught sight of us and disappeared.

All the hotel world at Punta Gorda were going tarpon fishing that day. At Punta Gorda most of the visitors are from the Northern States. The traveling Englishman is there of course, as everywhere else, but we had just managed to miss some of our countrymen, for which we were not sorry, for the Englishman abroad is often a most unpleasant creature unless you can devote a considerable portion of your life to getting to know him.

Some six miles from the Punta Gorda Hotel was a little camp consisting of a single tent and a log fire, a small pier and a dozen tarpon boats It was here that we said goodby to the naphtha launch, and Fulton Maguire and I removed our tackle (and our lunch) into one of the boats. They are simply ordinary small rowing boats with flat bottoms. In the center is a revolving chair upon which the tarponer sits. We pulled up about a mile, the anchor was cast overboard, and then Maguire cut off the head of one of the mullet we had brought, attached a long skewerlike handle to a snood, threaded the flesh on to the hook, fixed the snood to the line, and standing on the boat cast out the bait with considerable dexterity. As a rule, such tarpon or other fishers as I saw were not remarkable casters from our point of view.

Maguire was quite the best of them. He threw the bait with unerring accuracy in any direction. Then began my first moments of tarpon fishing, and monotonous as the sport may seem I am bound to confess that I was never for one moment tired of it. The check is taken off the reel and some spare line is kept coiled up in the boat so that in case of a run the fish may be able to take the bait without feeling any weight. But here is one of the points upon which tarpon fishers appear to divide. I was assured over and over again that should a tarpon feel the least resistance he will drop the bait at once, and my experience teaches me that this opinion is the correct one. It appears ridiculous to suppose that a monster fish weighing perhaps 200 pounds should be shy, but in a peculiar way the tarpon is certainly most timorous.

The bait being cast and some spare line in hand, you sit back in the boat and bask in the sun. Some tarpon fishers read, others write, all smoke and one or two sleep. One's whole surroundings are so peaceful, the mere chance of a run so exciting, that boredom was out of the question.

From Maguire I heard much that was interesting concerning the status of the negro in America, and, that apparently without the least prejudice on his part. He is a man of intelligence above the average. He understands the relative positions of the European States, and appreciated the difference between the English and American character, has a good sound commercial head, has read a good deal, and is as good a companion for a day's sport as any Thames boatman or Scotch gillie of my acquaintance. Naturally our talk turned upon tarpon. It is, as I have said, the great subject for conversation, not only at Punta Gorda, but at Fort Myers, St. James City, Punta Rassa, Naples, and other places in the Gulf of Mexico. The element of luck that is part of the charm of all fishing is particularly in evidence in the pursuit of tarpon. There are authentic cases of men who have fished steadily for a month at the right time of year without getting a single fish. On the other hand, a Mr. Mygatt, an Englishman, I was told and hope, caught no fewer than eight in one day; and a delightful old gentleman, a certain Dr. Prime, author of a particularly delectable book, "I Go A-Fishing," who is a well known figure at Punta Gorda, caught 26 in a little more than a fortnight.

When I say that more than once a tarpon has completely out-tired a fairly strong man, it will be understood that the feat of catching eight tarpon in one day betokens not only luck and skill, but also immense strength.

As I sat there I placed my rod across the boat and lazily watched the slack line. Now and then it would tighten; and at first my heart began to jump with pleasurable anticipation when it crept out some 10 or 15 yards. This, however, meant nothing, that is to say, a catfish. These catfish are the curse of sport with rod and line in Florida. I am not sufficient of an ichthyologist to know to what species of fish the catfish belongs, sufficient to say that it is the most

deep, bottle shaped house at a great expense of time, labor and mucilage, but the dangers which surrounded the original barn swallow have ceased to exist and the cunning workman, realizing this, now makes a shallow and more simpler nest, which answers the purpose equally as well. In the outskirts of cities and towns, where birds of prey seldom come, the oriole builds a more open and loosely woven nest than does his country cousin, who must protect himself from ariel foes.

There are few more interesting subjects for study and observation than the reasoning power of the birds in rearing and guarding their families, and it would be easy to point out and multiply instances of it. How, before the leaves are fully out they build their nests with a view to being shaded and screened when the foliage is more mature; how the woodpeckers in the South locate their dwellings on the north side of the tree to avoid the heat, while those in the higher latitude build in the south side to secure warmth; how the arctic owl lays her eggs at intervals of several days, so that the first are hatched before the last are laid, thereby making the warmth of the young birds assist in hatching out their younger brothers and sisters, while the parents are away in search of food. These and a thousand other marvelous things are revealed to him who has the leisure and the inclination to wander through the fields or sit at the threshold of the forest and study the habits and characteristics of the birds. Soon his eye and ear will become trained to catch the sights and sounds which hitherto have escaped his notice, the shrike impaling his victim on a thorn, the mother partridge feigning helplessness and fluttering along the ground just out of reach, attracting the attention of the pursuer while her chicks run away and hide themselves; the sentinel crow, always posted where he can get a wide view of the surrounding country and notify his companions if an enemy approaches. The keen observer will surprise, in their furtive and unnatural act, the cuckoo and the cowbunting that lay their eggs in other birds' nests and know nothing of the joys of mother hood. He will be able to distinguish the notes of the birds and to call them all by name; the wren's cheery diminuendo, the kingfisher "sounding his rattle along the fluvial street;" the hermit thrush thrilling the forest with his melody, the yellow hammer sending his mellow, rippling call across the sunsteeped fields, and the rollicking bob-o-link balanced on some swaying weed and pouring out a torrent of sweet sounds.

Like every other affection, a love for birds is susceptible of development. It grows by what it feeds on. and we may indulge it without satiety and without harm.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

PASSAIC, N. J.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see that the question of the better protection of Adirondack deer being agitated through the columns of your excellent journal. As I live in the Adirondack woods all the year round and note the workings of the present law in all its features, I trust that I may not be considered incompetent to offer a few suggestions in relation thereto. I would suggest that the law be amended so as to prohibit the hunting of deer with dogs in the Adirondacks. It must be evident to every one who gives it the least thought that a method of hunting that requires no experience, no skill, no good shot and one that forces the deer into the water without any effort on the part of the hunter, and when once in the water the game is reduced to the same condition as in the snow crust, a club being the only weapon necessary to complete the work of destruction, must be more destructive than any other.

The sportsman that visits only the interior of the Adirondacks and employs law abiding guides has no conception of the extent to which deer are slaughtered nearer the borders of the woods. This easy and sure method of hunting deer invites hundreds of people into the woods who care nothing for deer protection or the law, only intent on killing all they can. Two years ago deer were fairly plenty about here. But at the opening of the hounding season the woods were filled with hunters, and every pond, lake and stream was watched. Over three hundred deer were taken out, besides supplying the camps and feeding the dogs, which would require ten deer each dog. Deer wandered in here during the past season from adjacent private parks, so that there were a few here at the opening of the hounding season. But then even more meat and skin hunters were on the ground and the same slaughter was repeated, until now there are no deer left here.

Hunters of this class do not go far into the wood if expense is incurred, so that sportsmen who visit only the interior are not fully impressed with the destructiveness of hounding. This method reduces the hunting of deer to a level. One as well as another can kill a deer. It is virtually placing the deer in the hands of the public and trusting them for their protection. And how well the public acts as a game protector we have only to look to the past. Extermination has followed where hounding has been continued in all places like the Adirondacks abounding in lakes and ponds. The lake region of Florida and Maine are examples. Maine had reduced her deer to a scarcity by hounding. I happened to travel through the Maine woods only a year or two after hounding was prohibited in that State. There were very few deer left. I would sometimes travel two miles through the best game woods without seeing a deer's track. I have visited the same locality every year since with the exception of two years. I have noted the steady increase of deer. Slow at first because the breeding stock were so few, but gaining faster each year. And the past two years the increase has been astounding. This fact has been abundantly substantiated by reports published in Forest and Stream. I traveled over the same grounds last fall and judging from the tracks I should say that where there was one deer six years ago there are fifty now. And this increase is made with the law adverse to their protection, as the open season continued late in the winter when snow aided the hunter and passably deep and crusty snow.

I would have a heavy penalty for the owner or harborer of a dog caught running at large on grounds inhabited by deer.

I would also prohibit killing deer by jack light. It has been suggested that the killing of deer in the water be prohibited, but this would amount to nothing so far as protection is concerned and would render the enforcement of the law impossible without an army of protectors. All the runways leading to the water would be watched and if a deer slipped by and got into the water it would be an easy matter for the hunter on the lake to place himself where the deer is coming out and shoot it as it gets well on the bank. Besides, there are hundreds of lakes occupied by hunters during the hounding season, and who will be there to see that there is no deer killed in the water. The hunter will certainly not report each other. This only adds complication and the enforcement of the law is impossible. But with the dogs excluded from the grounds at all times the enforcement of the law would be a simple matter, for no one would take the chance of evading the statute. The above amendments to the game law would insure the rapid increase of deer in the Adirondacks. Owners of private parks and club preserves may object. If so, then exclude the dogs from all lands in the Adirondack not posted according to law. Deer protection will be a farce so long as this most destructive method is open to the public one month in the year.

MUSSET.

The Supervisors of Broome County have adopted this resolution relating to deer:

"Whereas It is a well known fact that the wild deer in the forests of this State are becoming anually more scarce, and

"Whereas, We believe it for the best interest to the sporting public as well as a humane preservation of the noble game that further rstrictions be placed in the method of hunting deer, therefore, be it

"Resolved, "That we recommend to and request our representatives at Albany and they are hereby requested to adopt such means as may seem best to them to procure the passage of an amendment to the game laws prohibiting the hunting of deer with dogs in each and all counties of the State of New York."

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

Deer and Turkey.

SAN ANTONIO, Dec. 25.—Charley and Billy Campbell, two well known votaries of the gun and rod, returned last week from their anual week's outing on the Trio. Charley says that he is not a good hunter, as he likes the soothing sensation of a prone position under the sheltering branches of a friendly live oak much better than a stumped toe amidst the crags of the canyon's sides. He was thus dreaming of home, sweet home, and wondering what he would buy to please the blue-eyed baby the most on Christmas day when he was startled out of his delightful reverie by a turkey flying up the tree. It being nightfall the hunter immediately guessed that the bird was going to roost. Up flew another, then another and in a few moments at least twenty-five of the bronzed backed beauties were smoothing their plumage preparatory to slumber. Charley crawled out from under the tree, and as he straddled a grape vine out flew a big gobbler stuttering out a frightened "put-put-put!" The gun quicklyspoke and the bird thumped against a flat rock as it fell stone dead. Then another flew out, and as the hunter turned sharply to kill he tripped and fell headlong in the midst of a bed of newly sharpened thongs, which brought blood in many places. Of course, the turkeys all flew off the tree before Charley could recover his equilibrium. The American turkey has that habit largely developed. They don't tarry long when they know the enemy is about.

Charley reached the camp with his big gobbler just as Billy, his brother, staggered up with a pretty little buck on his shoulder. They killed all the turkey the ranchmen could eat, brought a dozen nice ones to San Antonio together with five deer, three bucks and two does. The boys report squirrels very numerous, also state that they saw numbers of the famous Messina quail. I am tempted to go there.

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To Eliminate Fraud.

The Texas State Sportmen's Associaton will hold its 19th annual tournament on May next at San Antonio. The committee on rules have been in session, and I am assured by a member thereof that the amateur trap shooter will have no fault to find with the changes made in the shooting rules. While I am not fully in possession of all the facts, I am authorized to say that the "old timers" and experts will not have it their own way and that no dropping for place will be tolerated. It will be severely punished when detected. The shooting will be straight, and any one attending the tournament will be made to feel at home. It is proposed by the management of the shoot to issue the most attractive programme ever sent out from this State. An effort to raise $1,000 in prizes will be made and every cent raised for that purpose will be given as promised. The guarantee is made that the disgraceful scene of 1891 will not be repeated.

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Quail Returning.

For the past three years it has been very evident to every sportsman in this section that the quail or partridges have migrated to pastures new and greener fields. Where there were thouands in former years there were none at all the last season. Several theories have been advanced and rejected and the mystery is still on.

Marcellina, a flag station thirty miles south of San Antonio, was a famous place for quail a few years ago. All of a sudden the birds disappeared and up to last season one could walk himself blind without starting a single covey. This year, however, the birds are plentiful, having evidently returned from their migrations. This is good news for San Antonio sportsmen.

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After Canvasbacks.

Mr. Dick Merrill, the celebrated dog man from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, left the city on the 15th inst. for Rockport, where, in company with the Messrs. Schmidt of Milwaukee he will try to lure the gay tarpon from his damp abode and plunk ye canvasback as he flies. Dick says that he is about to purchase another celebrated dog to add to his already large and choice collection of canines, and he proposes to pay a large sum for him.

Game on the Border.

J. M. McCormick, an energetic hunter and first rate trap shot, who has the honor to attend to a bell rope on the Southern Pacific, came in on Christmas Day. Mc. says that the famous bottom of the Rio Grande in the free zone of Mexico abounds with game of all kinds. That reminds me of a delightful fishing trip I had two years ago at San Juan de Allenade, 40 miles in Mexico, where I spent a week with the fiercest black bass I ever encountered and saw turkey and deer every day, and not a human being but members of our pary during my entire stay. Great country for game.

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Chickens on St. Joseph's Island.

A few years ago Mr Wynne Andrews, then general passenger agent of the Aransas Pass Railway, stocked St. Joseph Island, owned by Col. Sam Allen, with quail and prairie chicken. A visit to the island elicited the knowledge that both the quail and grouse were doing well and multiplying at a gratifying rate.

TEXAS FIELD.

OUR BOSTON BUDGET.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 25.—Pickerel fishing has begun unusually early this season in Massachusetts. The ponds have been covered with ice earlier than usual; and this is the signal for the traps to be put in order. Mr. E. C. Paull was elected the other day as one of the Common Councilmen of the City of Taunton, but he likes to go pickerel fishing or yachting just as well as before he went into politics. About Thanksgiving he was doing Sampson Pond with pickerel floats. The shores were icy. Almost everything was icy, in fact. In running for a float that was "bobbing" he stepped into an old boat that was icy. His feet flew forward with such velocity as to cause him to sit down very suddenly. His landing position was a graceful one; upright as one would naturally sit. But the sitting down was so sudden as to jar the gold fillings out of several teeth in his upper jaw. Such is pickerel fishing in slippery weather. But Councilman Paull caught a good string that day.

Mr. A. W. Tompkins loves his camp and fishing tackle about as well as any busy commission merchant in Boston, and the camp on the Sudbury river is kept up. The other days he rode up to see how things were for winter, hardly thinking of going fishing. He scarcely thought that the pond was frozen over, in fact. But he found ice and it would bear his weight. The pickerel tackle was there and it was easy cutting holes. Out came the rigging. A farmer, a short distance away, was interviewed for the "shiners" for bait. It was fun alive. He took forty-two fish, all pickerel, but a perch or two and one or two bass. He regards his success as pretty good for the first pickereling of the season.

Mr. Claude R. Tarbox, with his friend Charlie Bailey, has been the first to try the Byfield ponds for pickerel. The other day the ice proved to be sufficiently strong and the boys went on and cut holes enough to put out about forty traps. The fish bit splendidly and they got thirty-two. While they were fishing a party from Haverill came down to the pond and asked for advice as to the best points for putting in lines.

Mr. Bailey and Mr. Tarbox answered that their own lines were already in the best places they knew of on the pond, and that other positions would be simply a matter of experiment. The Haverill party tried several other positions, with very little success.

Some of the Boston parties who have been after moose this season have had most remarkable success. Mr. M. L. Pratt, prominent in the Boston Athletic Club, and Mr. Talbot Aldrich, son of T. B. Aldrich the poet, with another friend, have been successful in taking a couple of moose. They went into the region of Umbazooksis Lake (the spelling of this name I am not certain about) and they were greatly delighted with the country and their success. The friend who gives me the information does not care to have his name mentioned till he is fortunate enough to get his moose.

Mr. R. P. Woodbury is one of the greatest lovers of the rod and gun to be found in Boston. At the same time he has the courage of his convictions, and his convictions run in the direction of the truth. He is recently back from a Maine hunting trip after big game. He bought his moose meat and he has the courage to say so. He says he "owns a little hatchet and is proud of it," and dislikes the big stories told by other hunters, where he is perfectly well aware that their guides really kill the game. He went to Elliotsville, about 15 miles from Monson, a region that has given him great sport in years past. He hunted in the vicinity of Boarstone Mountain. But the crust was terrble, and besides every native for miles around was in the woods with a Winchester rifle. Mr. Woodbury says that the number of rifles owned by the citizens in that part of the country would surprise anybody who had been there before the great increase in big game. They are all hunters and hunting; but the amount of game they take is not great, when the number of gunners is taken into account. Mr. Woodbury's moose was killed by a French man, who followed the big fellow for days; first wounding him, and then getting several shots that brought him down with a broken leg or two. But the hunter's ammunition gave out at this most important time. He tried to club the noble fellow to death with his rifle, and then with such other clubs as he could get without an axe. Failing in this, as the moose would strike terribly with his forefeet, he tried to lash his hunting knife to a pole and thus cut the throat of the poor beast. In this he failed, though cutting him terribly with the dull point of the knife. He had to give up the fight that night. The next day he returned with more ammunition and put an end to the sufferings of the poor beast, whose only sins were that of being a noble game animal, such as God saw fit to make him. Such killing is the worst of hunting. If the Maine forests could speak out the tales of wounded moose and

far as its source in the Rocky Mountains. This was the wildest country I saw. I ascended some mountains over 5,000ft. high, and found little snow on them." Count de Sainville recently sent to his relatives the first letters he had a chance to mail in five years. He expects to return to France and write a book.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

ROUND ABOUT NEW ORLEANS.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 22.—The protracted drouth still continues without a break, much to the injury of shooting, and to the injury in particular of shooting with the wild-fowl. In respect to the latter, shooting parties report most unsatisfactory experiences. Many of the bayous, sloughs, lagoons and marshes being entirely dried out, or in respect to the larger ones, lowered to a degree beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the ducks frequent new haunts. Swamps which ordinarily have from one to four or five feet of water, are now dry, and lakes, in places unapproachable owing to swampy borders, have a good footing around them.

The warm weather, too, has kept vegetation rank and thus increased the difficulty of shooting on the uplands. All reports are that quail are in abundance, but, owing to the dry weather and the consequent dryness and hardness of the prairie, the snipe shooting practically amounts to nothing. In ordinary seasons at this time of the year much of the prairie is good snipe ground, the heavy rains softening it and forming sheets of water here and there, making most abundant feeding grounds for the snipe and woodcock. Some of the bags made in good seasons are enormous. There are authentic records of bags of between three hundred and four hundred snipe being made by one shooter in one day. The largest one is said to have made by Mr. Pringle of New Orleans, famous as an expert shot throughout the Southern country. It is said that the record bag of nearly four hundred, which he made some years ago, was made with two guns, one being insufficient, as, in rapid shooting, it becomes too hot to hold. A darkey carried the spare gun, others carried the ammunition, and still others retrieved the birds and carried them. A little figuring will show that this was pretty rapid work, and to the sportsman whose experience has been limited to snipe shooting in the North it may seem to be in the realm of fairy tales. But Northern snipe shooting is no standard of measurement for the shooting in the South. In favorable seasons in the South the shooter simply walks along on the feeding grounds and flushes and shoots, sometimes as fast as he can load and fire. A dog is no service then except to retrieve. Still, it is a most uncertain sport, owing to the erratic habits of the birds, for a ground which is swarming with snipe one day may have none on the next day.

The most successful bag made recently in last week's trip out to the duck mines of Bayou des Allemands, so far as I have learned, was that made by Messrs. Frank Ellermann and L. Wenet, 47 ducks, and these were gotten by hard work. That is, by walking through mud in the prairie to a hole where the ducks were seen to frequent. They report ducks very wild and the shooting to decoys as very poor.

The Market Shooters.

No section of country can preserve its game supply if it is systematically worked by market hunters. Few sportsmen realize the enormous destruction of game which is constantly in progress to supply the demands of the market. Forty or fifty birds each day to one gun do not seem to be a destructive quantity, but it amounts to an enormous total in four or five months. When there are several guns in one neighborhood, used in market shooting, such shooting must result in the destruction of the game in that section.

The western part of the State, I have been informed, is losing its game birds rapidly from this cause. Market shooting is in progress there on an extensive scale, and not the old-time style of shooting, wherein the shooter relied on his individual effort and carried his modest bag to the nearest dealer to sell for such sum as he could get, but organized shooting with modern equipments. The shooters scour the surrounding country, killing all the birds that they possibly can. A wagon is engaged to visit certain prearranged points at stated times to collect the birds killed, and take them to the town in which is the shooters' headquarters. The birds are put in a refrigerator box made for the purpose, and when 1,000 pounds are collected they are shipped in the refrigerator to New York.

I was told that the shooters netted from $4,000 to $5,000 per year from their work in market shooting. This State needs a non-export law badly. The law protecting the birds is lax. Quails and prairie chicken can be killed from October 1 to April 1, six months in the year, which, so far as it protects, is no legal protection at all, since it covers a longer time than the natural conditions of climate cover, etc., will permit sport, and it unquestionably covers a longer period than in which the game should be permitted to be shot. With the modern equipment of improved guns, improved ammunition and multiplication of shooters, the present destructive conditions are not those of a few years ago. As game becomes scarcer in the North, the Southern game sections will be more and more invaded each year by non-resident shooters. The number which come here now is quite large. While no legislation, in my opinion, should be made to discriminate against the non-resident shooter, legislation which will preserve the game sufficiently to guard against its decrease is necessary.

No land in America is more favored in its bountiful variety and quantity of game than is Louisiana and eastern Texas. Wild fowl in countless numbers winter there. Snipe and woodcock, the latter in the last of December and early January, are in abundance, so great that to the non-resident any mention of their vast numbers or the great bags made savors strongly of Munchausenism.

Bears, too, are quite numerous, though difficult to kill owing to the protection which their habitat, the dense swamps, affords them By the way, I notice in a local paper a mention of a party arriving here in quest of bear. Under date of December 19 it states:

The Kenton Hunting and Fishing Club, of Kenton, O., comprising the following prominent business men: Col. J. M. White, D. W. T. Gemmel, Dr. A. D. Bailey, George L. Barrett, P. H. Hisey, W. D. Bich, Wash Shadler, John L. Valley, John Wilkins, W. Emmons, Eugene Crawford, John E. Helman and George Roberts, arrived here this morning in their private car, and will spend about thirty days fishing and hunting on Bœuf River. They were well equipped for sport, having with them cooking utensils, dogs, and all necessary accoutrements. They say they are here for a general hunt and frolic. Mr. B. V. Lilly, with whom they corresponded, met them at the train and at once piloted them across to the camping grounds. Mr. Lilly has killed more bear than any other one man in the State, and will spend his time with the club, and a grand hunt is assured them.

Deer, too, are quite plentiful, but, owing to the denseness of the swamps and forests, they are difficult to shoot. Capt. A. L. Bordes, a local rifle man of extraordinary skill, told me of three deer being killed near the city limits near the swamps last Sunday.

My reference to the deer shooting brings to mind a most charming afternoon spent with Capt. Bordes last Tuesday, and I then learned much concerning rifle shooting in New Orleans. It is the shootingest city that I ever was in. There are about fifteen rifle clubs in this city, all strong in membership, and nearly every one has its own range. The club of which Capt. Bordes is a member has about one hundred and fifteen members. In a turkey shoot, closed last week, about 10,000 cartridges were fired, which will give some idea of the interest in shooting. The shooters were divided into three classes, according to their skill, and each class had a turkey to shoot for.

The range is fifty yards, two inch bullseye, with rings one-half inch apart, scoring from one to thirteen, the latter the bullseye. Each shooter has 25 shots, shot in series of 5 shots. Thus a possible for 5 shots is 65, and the possible total is 325. To win a prize requires almost perfect shooting.

Capt. Bordes kindly showed me the club house and grounds. It is on Broad street near Dumaine, in the older part of the city, which still retains its quaintness of architecture and customs and a pervading air of content and easy going habits. The club house was on the first floor, open on the side facing the range, thus affording accommodations for the shooter when a contest practice was in progress. A long bench at the score made a convenient place to hold cartridges or to lay the rifle on when not in use during the shoot. At the other end of the range, fifty yards distant, were the targets in a row, each one numbered.

On the second floor was a locker for the rifles and a kind of club room for meetings or gatherings. The captain very kindly gave me an exhibition of shooting, and the precision with which he would ring the bell at fifty yards was extraordinary. It is no easy matter to hit a two inch bullseye at fifty yards. I know because I tried it. Still, I hit the target, which the captain informed me, after it was all over, he did not think I would do, as before shooting I struck about the same shooting attitude that a lady does when about to throw a stone.

Rifle competitions are numerous. There are two leagues, the State and a city league, about the same number of membership in each.

The following clipping from a local paper will give an idea of the scores with the 22 calibers at fifty yards:

The Jackson Rifle Club held a turkey shoot at their range last Saturday, and the following scores were made:

P. Carvers 189, D. Fleishinger 187, G. E. Hauck 186, J. F. Bank 185, L. A. Joachim 180, Louis Wieland 179, E. Herman 178, A. Campson 171, C. Desemare 168, C. Hurley 166, A. Fleishinger 164, H. Carvers 160, J. Lambert 156, I. Rachel, Jr. 155, Jos. Hug 153, E. Shuster 151, L. Huber 150, S. Stumpf 148, H. J. Mindchen 147, W. Walz 144. The shoot will close at 4 P. M. next Sunday, when the prizes will be awarded. Next Friday night the Jackson Rifle Club will compete with the Eureka Rifle Club in a shoot by electric light at the Young Men's Gymnasic Club. The teams are practicing for the event, and promise to make the score interesting.

In reference to Sunday shooting, it is not looked upon here as any violation of the day of rest and devotion. It is considered more as a harmless diversion and pleasant recreation, in the same manner as it is considered harmless in some sections to go walking or driving, or on an excursion on Sunday. It carries no sacrilegious violation of religion either in act or intent, from the ethical standpoint of this community.

The customs of one's own province always seem to be the correct standard by which to measure what is right or wrong for all communities, just as the horizon of one's own knowledge is a measure of all knowledge. But as to which horizon is right I do not pretend to say. The custom, so far as refers to this section of Uncle Sam's territory, is so old that the mind of man runs not to the contrary.

A new hunting and fishing club was organized here recently, with the following membership: M. O. Shaughnessy, captain; Jos. H. Darr, president; W. J. Stoessel, secretary; W. J. Scanlan, C. Shurt, Jos. Brown, J. L. Sprich, T. Burke, E. L. Stream, A. C. Grosskoff, A. Bothe and L. Picker; and O. M. Dunn, honorary member.

B. WATERS.

A Game Menu.

NEWBERN, N. C., Dec. 25.—On this Christmas day the Hotel Chattowka, Mr. D. C. Smith, late of Minneapolis, manager, set out a game dinner which I dare say has been seldom equalled except by friend Drake of the Grand Pacific in Chicago. Twelve kinds of fresh fish, including shad, twenty-one kinds of game, with oysters in variety, winter radishes and asparagus, made up a menu which is not only hard to beat in itself, but is strikingly indicative of the abounding forests and covers of this delectable region. Bear meat, wild turkey, venison and opposum figured prominently, all of them home products, while the quail, woodcock, goose, mallard, pintail, redhead, butterball, canvasback, brant and Carolina dove all come from our own fields and waters. Thermometer at noon 63 degrees. Negroes hilarious with horns, firecrackers and persimmon beer. Sunday school children happy and everyone enjoying the charming weather and bright sun. C. H.

(Where did the Buffalo tongue come from? Here is the full list of fish and game: White fish, trout, shad, redfin, mullet, redsnapper, sturgeon, eel, pickerel, halibut, flounder, drum, ham of black bear, wild turkey, leg of mountain sheep, buffalo tongue, venison tongue, saddle of antelope, opposum, loin of venison, pintail grouse, Virginia partridge, American woodcock, Wilson snipe, Canada goose, mallard duck, pintail duck, redhead duck, canvasback duck, brant Carolina dove, butterball duck, quail.

Natural History.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

There is an old East Indian proverb to the effect that "an abode without birds is like a meat without seasoning." That would indeed be an insipid spring, or an unsavory summer, which found us deprived of this piquant sauce to out-of-door feasts. The return of the birds marks a bright spot in our calendar and the most sluggish blood is stirred when the first blue-bird sends his divine note over the brown fields or the pioneer robin offers his melodious spring greeting.

These feathered messengers are always on time and there are no delays nor mistakes in the train service which conveys them to their destination. The first real snow storm brings the snow birds as certainly as if they fell out of Heaven with the flakes themselves. The unfailing accompaniment of the first balmy spring day is the blue bird, and when the reign or frost is fairly over and the nights and days are warm alike the chimney swallows bring us notice that they and summer have come to stay. How came they at the right moment? By what mysterious foreknowledge do they plan their journeys and arrivals? And by what unfailing instinct do these tiny wanderers, traversing hundreds of miles of country, crossing mounains, lakes and rivers, at last settle down with unerring precision upon the very spot they left the year before, so that the oriole rears another brood in the same tree and the ground sparrow builds another nest under the identical tuft of grass which shadowed her the previous season?

As with our human companions, so with our feathered friends, the most familiar ones are dearest, and although we gaze curiously upon strange or rare species we most love the common songsters. If all our birds were pelicans, parrots and cockatoos we could soon tire of their presence and their barbaric utterances, but the robins, the thrushes and the song sparrows seem as much a part of our orchards as the blossoms and the fruit, and belong in our gardens as assuredly as the hyacinths and roses.

It is a fact worth noticing that the gentlest and most inoffensive of our songsters have the sweetest voices. Their notes are the smybols and exponents of their loveable dispositions. Timid, but not wild, and seeming to be in a measure dependent upon man, with whom they associate and share the results of the cultivation of the soil, they are very properly called our domestic birds, and their cheerful ways and joyous minstrelsy insure them a warm place in our regard. When we come to the more quarrelsome and beligerant birds, such as the blue jay and the king bird (appropriately named the tyrant fly catcher) we are struck with the sharpness and harshness of their cries. There is something disagreeable and metallic in their voices. What they have gained in ability to defend themselves and create a disturbance among their fellows they have lost in these softer charms which distinguish and endear to us the more peaceable and helpless birds. Those fierce and predatory rovers, the eagles hawks and owls have no song at all. Nature is consistent in all she does, and to put a sweet song into the throat of a bird of prey would not be in the eternal fitness of things. Bloody deeds are generally done in silence and when the woods and fields are filled with the melody of the little songsters no note of music comes from the rapacious birds. The scream of the eagle, the shrill cry of the hen hawk and the dismal hoot of the owl have a quality in perfect consonance with the nature of the birds that utter them.

Sweetness of song, however, is rarely accompanied by brilliancy of plumage. But as nature has kindly planned some compensations for homely people, so the sober-tinted birds are in some respects better off than their gaudy fellows. There is an element of safety in dull plumage, because it blends so harmoniously with the colors of the weeds, grasses and bark of trees where the birds build their nests that they thus escape the notice of their enemies. Contrary to the laws of dress with us, the male member of the bird family wears the most showy garments, while the wife and mother is clothed in Quaker colors. But this, too, is a wise provision of Providence, because the female does most of the nest warming, and her inconspicuous dress contributes to the security of herself and young.

It is worth noting in this connection that the birds of brilliant hue take the greatest pains to make their nests secure against the attacks of their foes. The scarlet tanager builds a model house, and, like "the straight and narrow way," few there be who find it. The golden robin swings his hammock from the long, pendulous branches of the elm, where no terrestrial enemy like the squirrel or the snake would venture, and the pouchlike nest, which almost closes at the top with the weight of the mother bird, is so deep that no claw of hawk or owl can reach its inmates. The ruby throated hummingbird also deems it necessary to construct his nest with a view to attracting as little attention as possible, and although it is usually in an exposed position, saddled on a tiny limb, it is built with so much art that only the most practiced eye can discern it. The cunning architect sticks bits of moss and lichen on the outer surface to make it resemble the bark of the tree. Thus we see that even among the birds beauty is a dangerous thing and must be hedged about with many safeguards, while plainness has little need of concealment or defense.

These little feathered people know how to adapt themselves to circumstances and spare themselves unnecessary labor. Under changed conditions they vary the character and style of their living and building. The European martin used to construct a globular house, with a hole in one side, thus protecting herself at nearly every point; but the sanitary arrangement of this sort of nest was bad and proximity to man made such an elaborate shelter unnecessary, because the predatory birds were driven away. Therefore the martins, recognizing the situation, made a new depature in architecture and began to build open nests!

Our common eave swallow formerly constructed a

numerous annoying and one of the most unpleasant of the fishes in these waters. No sooner has one cast one's bait than the catfish assemble round it in myriads. Frequently I have lost almost a whole bait in ten minutes. If it were not a fact that in most places one can catch hundreds of catfish in an hour it might be some sport to play with them on a light rod. I did so on one or two occasions, but was speedily tired of it. The trouble of removing the fish from one's hook is considerable. They are not only strong, but possessed of sharp spines, which inflict poisoned wounds; indeed, so sharp and hard are these spines that I have seen them sticking into a deal board. Maguire had a theory that by catching a couple and attaching them by short lines to a bottle they would scare all the others away, but it did not appear to be effectual. Their number is legion. As one reels in the remains of one's bait in order to replace it by a fresh mullet, such as is left on the hook is followed up by a small army of these nuisances.

Nor is the catfish the only thorn in the side of the tarpon fisher. There is a heavy and dull creature known as the Jew fish. The Jew fish possesses a particularly ugly head. I do not know exactly what it weighs, but I was assured they have been caught up to 400 pounds. I hooked more than one, but rather than go through the labor and waste of time of killing it I reeled in as much of my line as I could and cut him adrift. The Jew fish is not a good fighter; it relies on its weight and its power of hiding itself among the roots of the mangrove trees. In addition to the Jew fish there is the shark, but as I was not troubled with sharks at Punta Gorda, and as shark fishing with rod and reel is, in my opinion, excellent sport, I will defer them until another chapter

Toward the evening the mosquitoes get troublesome, and later on in the season comes the minute insect called, for some reason I do not understand, a sand fly. The Florida mosquito does not seem so bad as the others of its kind, but it is occasionally extremely numerous.

If heat and sun be drawback, I fear tarpon fishing must be considered uncomfortable. Personally I did not suffer. I do not object to either heat or sunburn, so long as I am not obliged to wear a collar three inches high.

All that day Maguire and I sat steadily on without the least sign of a run. The only thing I captured was one of the biggest appetites I ever remember, and here let me say that, despite the heat, this part of Florida (I do not refer to the internal swamps of the country) is distinctly bracing. Our party did not suffer a moment's illness the whole time we were there, and though we were told by New York doctors to take quinine and be most careful of malaria fever, we not only did not suffer from anything of the kind but did not even hear of any illness.

As a country Florida is poor, and in many parts extremely unhealthy. Thousands of young Englishmen and young Americans from the Northern States have been entrapped there by stories of the alleged profits derived from orange growing. The people who get them there are land speculators; some of them, I regret to say, Englishmen. At the present time thousands of fine young fellows are eating their hearts out in Florida without the least chance of bettering their position. The place contains a number of Englishmen of the retired officer type, many of whom have sunk their little all in an orange grove. Not even local patriotism could induce "crackers," as the inhabitants of Florida are called, to pretend that Florida has the least chance as a center for emigrants.

Englishmen have lately opened up phosphate mines there, and have undoubtedly made fortunes, but from the agricultural standpoint the soil of Florida is so poor that it will never become a prosperous country for agriculture. Its ranges are good, though they are in many ways not equal to those of Spain or the East. One day, when they have proper railway facilities, this vast country may derive profit from its wonderful fisheries, and in course of time it is destined to become the great winter health resort of the United States.

But to resume. Towards 6 o'clock the naphtha launch came along and took us up. It was chilly as we went down the river towards Punta Gorda, but I had the plesaure of seeing one of the famous Florida sunsets. They have not their equal anywhere in the United States, and I doubt whether the famous desert sunsets present more remarkable effects.

It was quite dark when we reached the hotel, and it was pleasant to come into the bright hall with its crowd of sportsmen in careless attire lingering round the fire or rocking themselves in the national chair.

There had been no tarpon caught that day or for many days previously.

In all these tarpon hotels a list is kept in the hall of the fish killed in the local water, and the record is kept in a unique way. The scales of the tarpon are often as large as a five shilling piece and occasionally considerably larger. Upon these scales the weight of the fish, the name of the captor, the minutes or hours of the killing and the date are written. The scale is then pinned to a board. It is the ambition of every angler who visits Florida to figure on one of these hotel records.

(*To be continued.*)

In the San Joaquin Valley.

Away up at the south end of the great valley of the San Joaquin river in California, the land spreads out like a plain that reaches away off to the hills of the snow-crested Sierras Nevada, whose wintry peaks tower high above the clouds, far in the blue Italian sky, and the rarefied air blows every night, cool, dry and stimulating. Happy is he who on horseback gallops with comrades in this fragrant mountain air, over the green sod spangled with poppy violets and fileria, riding away off to the pine clad knolls that fade afar in the smoky distance. Aside from the scenery and invigorating air, the gunner will find plenty of game, ducks and geese in abundance, rabbits and quail, and larger game further back in the mountains. The jack rabbit is in his element here.

H. T.

AN INCIDENT OF TURKEY CALLING.

Some weeks ago a friend from your city, M. C. E. Gudebrod, of the firm of Gudebrod Brothers, silk manufacturers, spent a few days with us here in the county of Goochland, Virginia, and tried his hand at wild turkey shooting, that sport so wearisome to the unpracticed, so fascinating to the adept. He was a true sportsman, and derived enjoyment from the charming exercise of tramping from morning to night during the delightful autumn days of the "Old Dominion," through the sweet-scented woods and old field pines, even though he did not slaughter much game in pot-hunter fashion. He succeeded, however, on his first hunt, in bagging a fine gobbler, and saw a great many turkeys, and became personally cognizant of their extreme timidity and wariness, which alone have prevented the extermination of this noblest of all game birds of America. Especially was he struck with the vigilance of the old gobblers. These are generally found in pairs or small flocks by themselves, and when found have to be "scattered," and it then ordinarily requires hours to decoy one by the skillful use of the "yelp," within gunshot of the spot where the huntsman is concealed.

Upon his return home Mr. G. stopped in Ashland and informed his friend, Mr. J. M. Leake, himself a great lover of the sport, of the large number of turkeys in Goochland, and as an instance of their wariness said that the old gobblers in approaching a call took and carried before them in their bills an evergreen brush, cuningly concealed behind which they would reconnoitre to discover whether the call proceeded from a turkey or a man. Fired with ambition to out-general and bring to bag one of these, Mr. L. immediately paid a long promised visit to Goochland to try his luck.

On his first day's hunt he found and scattered a large flock and killed two fine turkeys, and could have killed more out of the flock, but they were young and did not satisfy his ambition. Soon after he flushed a flock of old gobblers and selected and arranged his "blind" with every precaution known to the art, exerting every device that experience and skill could suggest, yet hours went by and still he heard no sound of the game At length, as the sun was jetting low in the west, in response to one of his most persuasive calls, there came a far off answer. He waited some time and then called again. Again he was answered. Presently he heard distinctly the tread of the turkey in the dry leaves as it approached. A stick cracked and then all was still. Again he uttered a low call, and again he was answered, and again heard the same distinct sound of footsteps as the turkey cautiously advanced. It drew nearer. With gun ready and every nerve strained with expectation, he peered through the evergreen boughs which hid him behind an old log from sight, but could see nothing, except a small cedar rustled by the wind; but still he heard the tread of footsteps in the leaves. "Is it possible," thought he, "that some man has mistaken my call for that of a turkey and is creeping up to get a shot at me?" The idea was startling. He recalled an instance where a man had been shot in that very way near Ashland. He grew nervous. The slow measured tread grew louder. Drops of perspiration stood on his brow. He could stand it no longer. Springing up in his blind he shouted: "Who is that? Don't shoot!" Instantly there darted away from behind the cedar a magnificent turkey clothed in all the gloss and beauty of perfect plumage, and before Mr. L. could recover from his fright he was gone.

Inasmuch as some uncharitable persons might question some of the facts stated above, for most of which I will vouch, I have given the names of the gentlemen concerned.

I have just ordered a renewal of my subscription to Forest and Stream. As the years go by it becomes, like an old and trusted friend, nearer and dearer to my heart. It is associated in my mind with the names of honored and departed friends, and among them that charming writer and excellent gentleman whose nom de plume was "By a Mule," and the genial, witty and whole souled "Wells."

M., OF NORTHSIDE.

CALLING MOOSE.

There is no department of the noble science of woodcraft that needs more skill and nerve and patience than that of moose calling.

The game is as wary as a fox—his powers of scent and hearing are nothing short of marvelous—and he is almost certain to detect the first false step or the first false note in the music.

There is room for question whether the moose is ever wholly deceived by the call even when it is given by a past master in the art. He thinks it is the voice of his lady love, but he is not without suspicion. The conjugal impulse is wearing out his very soul; his appetite for food is gone; he has been living the life of a vagabond, his days without rest, his nights without sleep; he has been pawing up the black muck on the barren these moonlight evenings and strewing the mountain trail with saplings torn up by the roots in his sullen fury, and now—Great Scott!—what is that sweet and soulful sound he hears stealing up from the shores of the lake? Is it the voice of his only ownest Mary Ann, who ran off from him in a huff a year ago, or is it Sarah Jane, the giddy jade, who eloped with that worthless wretch, William Henry, last Sunday night? Or is it the cry of that phantom maid, of whom he has been warned, whose glances pierce the heart like fiery hail, and from whose mystic bower no bull moose e'er returns? If it is our own Mary Ann it is all right. If it is Sarah Jane we'll have to fight lively with William Henry, that's certain. But by the Big White Moon, what if it be the phantom maid? It didn't sound at all like Mary Ann, that's a fact, but mebbe she has a bad cold, or mebbe she's got an old whopper of a lilypad root stuck slashways in her gullet. She always was a holy terror on roots. Well, whose's afraid, anyhow? We'll just sneak down to the shore of the lake, and if that miserable, low-lived William Henry is there we'll proceed to knock spots out of his mangy carcase and shovel him into the lake if it takes all night to do it. But, hark! there it is again. That was never Mary Ann nor Sarah Jane either! If that is the music of the phantom maid she needs a new set of reeds in her throat right away. Well, there's no great rush about it; here's a nice old blowdown; we'll just lean up against this and smell and listen for all we're worth. We feel very much like giving a grunt to show we're here, but we won't; we'll keep our beautiful mouth shut for fear of accidents. Come to think of it, things have been going on kind of queer about the lake these last two days, anyhow. The ducks have been quacking and flying about to beat four of a kind. We saw the smoke this morning over on the point; we heard the sound of blows and falling trees and we smelt a track on the shore unlike anything we ever struck before. What if it should be a Man, the animal that walks on two legs, the foe of everything that breathes and everything that grows? He slew our forefather before us and our hind father behind us. Hush! there it is again. Jumping Jupiter! there never was a maiden moose on earth with such a harsh and hollow croak as that. It must be a Man. It is a Man. Good day, Mr. Man, we'll see you later!

There is no material to be found in the woods that is put to so many uses by the hunter as birch bark. It supplies him with a roof for his camp; with a kindling for his fire; with a torch to light him through the wilderness by night; with a canoe by which he speeds in silence and security over the lakes and rivers and under which he may seek shelter from the storm; with pot, pan, kettle and dipper if need be, and with writing paper by which to send as chance occurs a message to the outer world. Last but not least it supplies him with his moose call.

This implement is made from 16 to 20 inches in length. It should not be shorter or it will not give sufficient volume, and its tone will be harsh. It should not be longer or the human lungs will not suffice to fill it. The tree from which it is taken should be well nourished with sap so that the bark shall be soft. With four strokes of his knife the caller cuts the bark and strips it from the tree. Then peeling the bark as thin as he can with safety, he trims it in the general form of a triangle and rolls it in the shape of a horn. The small opening should be about three-quarters of an inch across; the large opening about five inches. If there are spruce trees growing near, the hunter simply shoves his horny hand down in the soft, black mould and speedily yanks out a long, tough and pliable root. Stripping off the bark, he splits the fiber from end to end, and with the string thus made secures the horn at either end. Then he raises the horn to his lips and (if he really knows how to give the call) gives forth the most plaintive, melodious, voluminous, soul-moving sound that e'er was heard on sea or shore. There is a drop of two full octaves from the first flute-like whimper to the deep, resonant chest note at the close. Yet the caller is not quite satisfied with it. He trims the horn off at the big end, or he rolls it more compactly together, or he opens it and trims off a wart or two on the bark inside.

He raises the horn to his lips and again that weird, wailing cry echoes and eddies down the valley and over the hills. When he takes it down he says: "Well, I guess she'll do." I should think so!

There is seldom any heaven-appointed spot at which to call for moose. It should be where the signs are fresh. It should be away from the sounds and scents of the camp. A good place to call is on the shore of a lake, or pond, or dead water, or on the edge of a barren, where the king of the valley can be seen as he draws nigh. There is not much need of concealment at first; a moose is not at all keen of vision; when he comes you are going to see him swaggering, or lounging leisurely up the shore, or hear him pushing his way through the bush in plenty of time for you to break for cover. The main thing now is not to let him catch your wind, for if you do the jig is up. You are at liberty to take the buck fever, of course, but I don't see why you should. If you can hit anything you ought to hit the broadside of a moose. If you know what a good rifle will do, you ought to reflect that you are going to punch an awful hole in that moose if only only keep cool. You need not be afraid of the moose for, after all, the number of full grown men that have been devoured by bull moose is comparatively small. It is a thrilling experience, no doubt, to ride through the forest on the chair car of the bull moose express; still the chances are that the train will not stop at your station. If you positively cannot pull yourself together in any other way, lean your gun bush fashion against a tree or over a log or stump, or lie down if you can and shoot from the elbow. Take lots of time, aim straight, aim a little lower that you expect to hit and keep aiming till you hear the gun go. Then, unless your moose is down, man the pump as soon as you can and shoot—and shoot—and shoot.

Now and then it happens that the guide, while tramping along the trail, thinking how he can pull your leg for the greatest number of dollars in the shortest space of time, will find himself minus his horn, right on top of the awfulest big moose on record. There is only one thing to be done and that is for the guide to use his hand for a horn. It can be done, but it takes an artist to do it.

Bull moose are dead ripe early in September and unless the law says otherwise that is the time to look for them. The mating season is just then beginning; by the last of the month nearly all have mated, and the chance for calling then is not as good as it will be a month later when the cow has tired of married life and the old man is keeping bachelor's hall. Last year my friend Braithwaite called up three moose at once on the 15th of November, but this is very unusual.

As a rule, the best time of day to call for moose is about sundown. The wind will have calmed down then, if it is going to calm at all, and the horn can be heard a long way off. It is almost useless to try it on a windy day as the call can only penetrate in one direction, and the roaring of the trees drowns out all other sounds. The moose cannot hear you and if he could you cannot hear his answering grunt. Moreover, like most wild animals, he is restless when the wind blows and very much on the alert. Indian callers generally begin about sundown and keep on calling by moonlight until a late hour of the night. Moose will then respond more readily than in the daytime, and from a far greater distance, but it is going to be difficult to plant your bullet in the right spot. The noble red man is not

deer would strike to the heart of anybody but a butcher. It is a pleasure to hunt, but to wound game and suffer it to escape is a shame. The leaving of it half killed over night is something sad to think of.

Mr. Woodbury worked hard for a deer, and jumped many a fine buck, but that region had been hunted till the deer had found out the forms and generally the scent of their worst enemies. SPECIAL.

DEER IN MICHIGAN.

LANSING, Dec. 24.—Mr. O. D. Hardy, with C. Towner, Harland Towner, J. C. Harrington, George Northup and Clyde Smith, have just returned from their annual camping and deer hunting trip to Northern Michigan. They had the good luck to get eleven deer—two bucks, two fawns and seven does. In the immediate vicinity of their camp a great many deer had been killed during the close season, and the people paid no attention whatever to the law prohibiting the killing of deer or to the game warden. It is reported that the deputy warden visited one of the camps and not finding the campers at home inspected the camp and found abundant evidence of illegal shooting. He returned to town for assistance, and with the sheriff again visited the camp and attempted to arrest the hunters. The hunters pulled out their guns, and with the business end of three or four Winchesters pointing toward them the wardens took their departure and gave up the arrest.

The Hardy party have gone deer hunting so many years together that when the season opens no questions are asked, but each member of the old company gets out his rifle and with camp equipage always ready and supplies by the carload, they fall in line like veterans, and start on their journey. Last year I gave you a full report of their hunt and as a result the woods were full of hunters in the neighborhood of their camp, so I conclude that hunters read Forest and Stream pretty generally, and that they pick up all the good points and make good use of alll suggestions that come their way. This year the location of the Hardy hunting camp they keep to themselves. The party from Bath, consisted of Mr. Tricker, Tom Hall, Cyclus Rose and Charles Cushman. This party is also an old one. It was organized a great many years ago. The membership has changed a little, but its constitution and by-laws never change, no more than the Declaration of Independence. The party always get plenty of deer, because they know how to shoot, and this year they have splendid luck. Last year they got a big bear, but this season the bears were not at home.

In the vicinity of their camp this year hunters were so plenty and the shooting so careless that many of the hunters wore strips around the shoulders to distinguish them from the deer. Hounding was practiced quite generally all throughout Northern Michigan. The location of the Bath camp was kept concealed because of the great number of new comers who visited their last year's camp before the season opened. It would seem that our letter to Forest and Stream "gave away" all the good things of that section, and was instrumental in flooding that country with a new set of hunters.

Mr. Hardy met a hunter from up North who claims that he saw the elk that was shot up there. He states that the elk—the shooting of the elk—and the 600 pounds of dead elk—was a fact. How the elk got into Michigan is quite a question.

It is the opinion of most of these hunters that a better law is needed in Michigan, not only for deer, but for all kinds of game. They suggest a uniform season for all Michigan and Wisconsin, a tax on non-residents, prohibition, the sale of all game, limiting the amount of game allowed to one gun and prohibiting the shooting of does and fawns. JULIAN.

A Virginia Game Country.

WEST POINT, VA.—Being a generous and philanthropic sort of shootist and not even remotely related to the dog in the manger sportsman, who keeps a religious and awe inspiring silence whenever he finds a good thing, I have decided that (now that I have finished) the rest of the world may have a chance, and if you appreciate the information of virgin possibilities as I think you do, he who runs may read. Perhaps thirty or more investigating hunters, besides yours to command, have enjoyed the almost unlimited sport to be had in the swamps and territory contiguous to the Mattponi and Pamunkey rivers, thus far this season. Did those who are rushing off to Missouri and other foreign countries know what they are missing we would not be able to kill mallards off the Terminal Hotel verandas, as Mr. Wm. T. Mayer of Albany, N. Y., did yesterday. This, however, is no novelty, for in the short time I have been down I've seen three flocks within gunshot of the hotel. Messrs. Piel and Cook of Brooklyn went back this week loaded to the guards with everything but deer, and it was only because they didn't go after the last named game that there is something left for the rest of us. Last Thursday a local hunter bagged two deer weighing 116 and 164 pounds respectively in one afternoon. As I said before, I merely want some of the rest of the world to benefit by my experience. THOS. M. WILLIAMS.

Foxes in the Mohawk Valley.

ROME, N.Y.,—Sound the tally-ho horn, for the woods are full of foxes and the foxes are full of the poultry they are stealing from the farmers in the valley of the Upper Mohawk. During one night of this month a nd of these wily midnight maurauders made a raid on a well known poultry yard about three miles north of us, stole sixteen Christmas ducks, then taking them down to the moorlands, but a short distance away, they seemed to have held high carnival over the feast for the rest of the night.

From the number of tracks made in the new fallen snow it would seem that they must have been at least one hundred of the "varmints" at the banquet. Yet it is not probable that there were more than three or four in the ring. With high bred hounds, costly guns and all the trappings going to make up the fox hunters' equipments, the boys are prepared for the chase and the way they will soon make the fur fly will be a caution to all they do not kill dead on the spot.

In the town of Lee, bounding us on the north, the officials report that six hundred turkeys have been destroyed during the past year, and they are praying the Board of Supervisors' to offer a bounty of one dollar per head for all foxes killed. As that part of the town bordering on the big woods and that famous old trout stream, Fish Creek, has ever been the home of game indigenous to the State of New York I believe the statement given to be true. J. B. MCHARG.

Combination Arms.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 8 Mr. J. J. Meyrick writes so earnestly and well concerning combination arms and guns generally that I regret feeling obliged to form an issue with him on a collateral matter. But it seems necessary. The reason lies in his prefatory paragraph which says that in your paper for Oct. 8 "there is an article by Cayuga condemning the combination gun chiefly on the ground that it is inferior to a shot gun for winged game shooting, or to a repeating rifle for large game." Hence when I read this statement I turned to my file of FOREST AND STREAM with some misgiving that perhaps my residence among the Siwash of the North Pacific coast had distorted my comprehension of "English as it is spoke" on the Atlantic seaboard.

So I called in a philological expert, whose name is ornamented with several university degrees, besides being learned in Chinook, and bade him read and interpret. He says my demurrer is sustained, and in my opinion that settles it. Now let Mr. Meyrick again read my little script in your issue of Oct. 6, read as carefully as he shoots, and perhaps he will discover that I did not condemn the combination arm, per se, but the all-round arm, so called, as not possessing perfection under all conditions. I think he will also notice that I spoke favorably of the combination arm for certain uses, pointing out, however, that it is fallacious to treat it as an all-round weapon of complete satisfaction where special calls will frequently be made upon it for artistic, economic and effective service, all of which is not in controversion of the fact that the union of a rifle with double shot barrels for a general outing in some particular locality is a most desirable combination.

CAYUGA.

Tiger-Slayer-in-Chief.

To those who are aware of the proficiency and courage shown by French sportsmen in their pursuit of big carnivora, it will be no surprise to learn that the Governor of the Straits Settlements has just selected a citizen of that aspiring nation, M. De Nancourt by name, to fill the post of "Tiger-Slayer-in-Chief" at Singapore. It appears that M. De Nancourt has killed 500 tigers with his own rifle, against a bag of only 400 made by Major-General Probyn, the well known English shikarri. Some of our Parisian contemporaries claim credit for the French nation as supplying an official akin to their own Grand Louvetier for employment in a British colony.

We are reminded by our lively friends across the Channel that until M. Du Chaillu encountered and slew the gorilla we knew nothing as to the existence and habits of that formidable monster, and that the greatest of our living hunters Mr. Selous, is of French origin. If M. de Nancourt is able to keep down the number of tigers in the jungles and woods of Singapore and taking toll of the native inhabitants, neither the latter nor any other British subject will take any exception to his nationality. The great bulk of the population of Singapore, numbering altogether nearly 200,000 souls, are Chinese and Malays, who, like the natives of India, look to white shikarris to rid them of dangerous and savage beasts of prey. In the meantime the importance of Singapore and of the other dependencies of Great Britain in its neighborhood demands that what is called "the scourge of the colony"—the tiger—should be kept within reasonable limits.

We hear, therefore, with satisfaction that a "Tiger-in-Chief to the Governor of the Straits Settlements" has been created for this purpose. The commerce of the colony has increased enormously within the last few years, justifying the acumen and foresight of Sir Stamford Raffles, whose early death at the age of 47 was a severe loss to this nation.—London Daily Telegraph.

Talk of Gun and Rifle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Positions in shooting, combination arms, aiming at the head, light loads and heavy—what an enticing list of subjects for the cranks to spin theories about. Already the flood of manuscripts which "Uncle Belknap" anticipated has begun.

Now, I have long been a convert, theoretically, to that business of aiming only at the head or neck, but "most ingenerally always" when I get a chance at a nice deer I seem to forget, and let drive at the place that is easiest to hit. I mean, of course, the vital part of the bouy; I am not such a chump as to shoot at the hams or side back of the ribs. I scarcely think the objection of deer getting away with a broken jaw is valid. The point of aim is really the neck, as one does not care to spoil a pretty set of antlers, and every experienced hunter is very cautious about shooting over. A shot in the neck with a decent bullet, if it does more than cut the skin, will, as a rule, knock the animal senseless. Though I will confess that I let a little deer get away from me once with his under jaw smashed by a .44 bullet. The thing troubled me a whole lot, too, poor fellow.

I was surprised not to find in "Modern American Rifles" (good book, that), among the many cuts illustrating positions in shooting, one that is exceedingly common among the mountaineers of the West and which I often employ. Perhaps the reason it is not included is that it is scarcely feasible on perfectly level ground. It is simply sitting down with the feet near together, the knees thrown apart and the elbows resting on them. If on a hill side, where the feet can be placed on a level slightly lower than the seat, it is a position that can be taken with great ease. Even on level ground it is not impossible if one's joints are still supple. (I have just now tried it on my study floor and find that I can get the muzzle of my gun down to the level by something of an effort.) This position offers the advantage of a comparatively firm support for the arms, with almost entire freedom from the effects of heavy pulsations. I have found it especially good after a run up hill. But, nevertheless, I pin my faith to straight off-hand shooting, with the arm pretty well extended. I think if a man is going to use the rifle he ought to learn to stand up and shoot it like a man.

That is some interesting information that J. J. M. gives us about loading heavy guns with a light ball. When men have actually tried and proved a thing, as he and "Iron Ramrod" (why can't we have something from his interesting pen again?) always do, it gives much weight to their advice. I have a .45x90 rifle, and got from the Ideal man a little mold for a light bullet (192 grs.). The twist of this gun is about the same as that of the .44-40 Winchester, and I saw no reason why this bullet, which weighs about the same as that of the cartridge mentioned, would not perform well with the same charge of powder. But all I got in the way of results were some shells swelled at the point where the bullet was seated till they stuck in the chamber, and the bullets scattered all over the target at fifty yards.

If I can get some lubricated wads I am going to try Mr. Meyrick's plan of leaving the bullet in the mouth of the shell and seating the powder with a wad. I wish very much to get a charge for this gun that will do good service at squirrels and rabbits and that will kill a turkey without blowing it into atoms.

"Projecting" with the service charge of this gun has given me great amusement. I have at last settled down to the load of 85 grs. powder and the 330 gr. Gould bullet. I am surprised that the Winchester people do not put this load on the market. It is the most accurate one at the target that I have tried, beating both the 90-300 solid ball and the 85-300 hollow point. I have not tried the 85-350 solid ball load fully, as I fancied the recoil was greater. I believe in the hollow bullet for game, anyhow, though the 300 gr. hollow point is too much taken up by the hollow and flies to pieces badly on striking. I have only killed one deer as yet with the Gould bullet, and that was shot through the neck, so that I could not study the effect of the bullet to advantage. But I believe if your "Tenderfoot" correspondent—who is, by the way, no great shakes with the pen—had used it his big elk would have tumbled at the first shot, instead of scaring him to death by walking off. (I had a big buck deer treat me that way once, when I was using a .38-40 Winchester).

The three-barreled gun stands well here in Mexico, though most that I have seen are in the hands of men who use the shot gun comparatively little. It seems to be a well made and honest weapon. It is muzzle heavy, of course, and clumsy about the breech, but is a shooter with both ball and shot. A friend of mine and companion of many a hard-fought still hunt after the cunning white-tail, has just killed his one hundredth deer with a three-barreled .38.55-rifle. He is under promise to write up the story.

I want to ask a question of those gentlemen who have been recommending means of making shot act as a solid ball, cutting around the shell, stringing them, sticking them together, etc. Would they risk that in a choke-bore gun with light barrels? And, by the way, again, what makes a choke-bore gun shoot about a foot higher with heavy buck shot when you have fitted them to the muzzle than it does with drop shot? Mine shoots nine buck shot (about 1⅛ oz.) very close together and drives them home, but throws them too high at forty yards.

About the time I get this folded and sealed I'll think of something else I meant to say. But probably the Editor will be glad I forgot it. Next week we're a gwine after the tigres. If we get one you shall hear about it. I think about all the ducks in Mexico are wintering in Acambaro. I was there the other day, passing through, and, between trains, killed twenty-five. I never saw fatter fowl. There are none hereabout. No water this year. Acambaro is about half way between here and the city, and on the main line of the Mexican National. The railroad has a fairly comfortable little hotel there. AZTEC.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mex.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

"Greetings from Red Spinner."

In a recent personal letter from Mr. Wm. Senior fishing editor of The London Field, he refers to the proposed organization of a Fly Fishers' Club in this country in a way that I predicted he would should he know about it.

"I have just seen The Forest and Stream of October 20, in which your proposed Fly Fishers' Club is dealt with.

"You are perfectly right in thinking that such a scheme is one that interests me quite as much as it does our always good mutual friend Marston. Let me, therefore, in formal words send you greetings that are not second to his in heartiness, and wish your Fly Fishers' Club an out and out 'God speed.' That is not a bad idea of Marston to make your club a sort of Siamese twin, for the States and the Dominion, in the matter of fishing, are bound very close together by kindred interests. I do not see, however, why there should not be two clubs, one American and one Canadian, in close and clearly arranged affiliation. When I was in Canada last year they told me that all the good salmon fishing there, if possible, was snapped up by cute sportsmen of the great Republic, so there is a really practical, as well as a sentimental, connection between you.

"We are having our annual dinner of the Fly Fishers' Club here on Friday next and I wish you were here to respond to the toast of the visitors. Our success has been really a marvelous one, for we have only a modest club room (although it is a very beautiful and well furnished one) we have no water of our own, we publish no proceedings, yet here we are with, I think, about three hundred members, more or less, and we shall sit down Friday night under the presidency of 'John Bickerdyke,' about two hundred strong, and all gentlemen representing the highest branches of the sport that we all love so well. Marston is not one of our seniors, either in years or appearance, but he is practically the father of the club, and but for his almost superhuman energy and perseverance during the early years of its existence, the institution would not have existed.

"Our harmony has never been broken and I doubt whether there is a more delightful brotherhood of the kind in the world. I suppose when your fishing club is formed you will, as usual, "go one upon us in many things, but I do not think you will beat us in that primary essential of all club life—good feeling.

"This will reach you in time to wish you and all American anglers, in the old English phrase, 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year;' and for next season health, happiness and sport of the best."

This letter is characteristic of the great angler, "Redspinner," who is the embodiment of kindly good feeling, which radiates from him as heat from the sun, not only at this glad season, but at all seasons. But I am of the opinion that our club in New York City can be made broad enough to shelter the fly fishers of the United States and the Dominion of Canada. This also seems to be the opinion of Canadian anglers so far as they have expressed themselves on the subject, and yet for actual fishing American anglers are turning their faces more and more toward Canada.

A few days ago I lunched at a club in Albany and afterward talked fish and fishing with friends over our cigars, and I was surprised to hear a gentleman whose interests are largely in the Adirondacks say that the fishing in the North Woods was good enough for those

enthusiastic gunner will remain out all day, picking up the scattering birds that come along.

Marsh shooting is also very good here. A large pond lying directly back of the beach affords good opportunity to secure an occasional wild goose, as well as quite frequently black and teal duck, small birds—yellow legs, jack snipe and plovers—are also quite plenty in their season.

Partridge shooting is very good and an occasional woodcock or quail is found, as there is quite a heavy growth of woods near by.

With all our experience in eating the various kinds of birds we have never eaten a "coot stew." The smaller birds are broiled, the large ones roasted, and if you want a really fine dish let us recommend a thoroughly well cooked young grey coat or a more delicate black duck. But remember that three things are very necessary in cooking sea fowl: Plenty of salt, plenty of black pepper and plenty of onion, and then there will be no complaint of their tasting fishy. We seldom parboil a bird, as it is liable to leave the flesh too dry; but depend rather on long and moderatey slow baking, keeping the bird well basted. The old farmers about here consider loons, which they parboil and then bake, a great dish, exceeding to their taste even the domestic fowls; but as a general thing the gunners do not care for them. The coots sometimes bed off the coast here, and if left undisturbed for awhile afford great sport for the gunners and give excellent opportunity for some large bags. There is usually a ready market for all the birds and the fine feathers secure a ready sale, to say nothing of the delight derived from the sport itself.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. MILO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The West of the Present and the Past.

UNCLE BILL HAMILTON.

CHICAGO, Ill. Dec. 22.—He lives, as I have said before, by the side of the great Yellowstone, whose green waters whisper up all kinds of things to the cabin window, and over Uncle Bill Hamilton's little home floats a tattered flag. Uncle Bill is getting old now, beyond the limit set for the average man, but he is still straight as an arrow, and there is fire in him yet, if you only can get him talking and thinking of the old times in the West. It is easier to get him to think than to get him to talk, but he was kind to us, and in his quiet fashion told us many things. One would be sorry to report him inaccurately in even the least detail, and if any word of what he told us is not said as he said it he will pardon the error, for the wish is really to give the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM a little news about the life of a genuine old-timer, faithful in every respect and vaunting in no wise. Uncle Bill has had little newspaper talk made over him because he has never wanted it, but has sought to avoid it. As modest as a girl ought to be, he has set an example the direct opposite of that of most or many would-be old-timers, and has kept out of print all he could. He has never yet sent me that picture of himself which he promised, because he is afraid it would get printed, and probably it would. But while I ask him to exclude himself from the notoriety-loving class of "Scouts," Wild West posers and long-haired people for whom he has so ready and thorough a contempt, I beg him also to exclude FOREST AND STREAM from the general class of sensation-loving newspapers. Before the FOREST AND STREAM family Uncle Bill can come and talk without reserve, because they are the right sort, and have no use for pretenders, but love a man of actual deeds.

Hamilton's History.

In Uncle Bill's light hair, blue eyes and florid complexion one can still see the Anglo-Saxon trace. The dare-devils of the forest, who followed the life for the adventure of it and not for the commercial gain mostly had Saxon in their ancestry, unchanged by generations, perhaps, of American ancestors. Uncle Bill was entitled to be called both American and English. That he was of English birth you could tell by his accent even to-day. That he was an American you could tell by his talk and by the tattered flag whose colors are never lowered from above his cabin on the Yellowstone. As a matter of fact, Bill Hamilton was born outside of America, of English parents, perhaps in England. He came to New Orleans more than 70 years ago, when he was a child two and a half years of age. There is a story that once he served in the English navy, but he says little of that, and probably got tired of it. At any rate, he drifted West, just as naturally as water runs down hill. At the tender age of twelve we find him out at a trading station, where Laramie now is. He was for a time a protege of Bill Williams, one of the border characters, and Williams thought much of him. It was only a short time after his appearance at the post before the young Hamilton showed his great national aptitude for the "sign language" of the Indians. (He has long been known as an authority on sign talk, and probably no white man ever surpassed him in facility in the unspoken language.) "Mark my words, fellows," Bill Williams used to say, "this boy is going to beat us all at the sign talk."

Hamilton as a Sign-Talker.

He did beat them all, and became known to scientists who were interested in this strange and universal language of the American races.

"I once met in California years ago," said Bill Hamilton to me, "a scientific gentleman who had traveled a great deal in South America. He told me that he had learned the sign language of some of those tribes, and when I heard that I began to talk with him in the sign talk of the North American Indians. We found that we could converse pretty well, in fact, get along and make ourselves perfectly understood. He told me that he thought the sign language must be universal on both continents.

"There were more scientific men came and talked with me over this and some years ago they sent me up into British America to go among the tribes there and try to learn what was the beginning of this sign language, and where it came from. I found that I could talk with all those strange tribes, but I did not learn where the sign talk began. They would tell me, 'Our father had it, and their fathers gave it to them.' Then they would make the sign of 'ice,' and of 'dog,' and of 'sledge,' and point to the Northwest and stretch points of the fingers of their opposite hands as far apart as they could and say, 'ee-ee-ee-ee,' meaning a 'very long time.' That was all they could say about it, but they seemed to think that the sign language came with their fathers across a frozen sea to the Northwest."

Even to-day, when Uncle Bill meets Indians with whom he wishes to converse he usually talks with his hands to them. It is an interesting sight to see them sit down thus, often for an hour or more, steadily talking and never saying a word. The rapid motions of the arms, hands and fingers are graceful and interesting to the last degree. If you will notice Uncle Bill when you speak with him you will see that he uses a great many gestures, especially for a quiet and self-restrained man. Undoubtedly this is a survival of habit from the old days, when he traded and talked with his fingers so long and so generally. I can refer all scientists interested in this fascinating study to Uncle Bill Hamilton, who is to-day no doubt the best authority on the sign speech of the American tribes.

In those old days Bill Hamilton came to be an Indian in every respect of practice and habit. He lived with them, rode with them, hunted with them and followed their customs in every way, even to those of costume. He was widely known among the various Indian tribes, and universally respected by them. The Indians always said he was the only white man they ever knew who could ride over the plains day in and day out, naked except for the breech-clout, and never be burned or blistered by the sun.

Hamilton as Explorer.

Uncle Bill was on the plains sixty years ago, and that means a great deal. What days those must have been! How puny are the deeds of our hunters to-day, how narrow the "wilderness" in which they perform! California in '49 Uncle Bill took in as an incident, but he cared little for gold. He pushed on to the wilder North, and always respected and trusted by those who knew him, notably by the officers of the U. S. Army, he filled various terms as scout, guide and hunter. He was employed by the army commandant then stationed at the chief Oregon post to cross the Rockies to the east and thence go north in order to feel the disposition of the tribes (of what is now Montana), whether friendly or hostile. Bill had with him one companion whose name I have not now with me. These two men, absolutely alone, away back in the days before Montana had been dreamed of as a gold field, crossed the continental range, working over the rough Cœur D'Alenes and thence southwest, working east of the range as low down as what is now called Gold Creek. They crossed the rich gold fields which were later developed, but knew nothing of gold, cared nothing for it. Then they went north, keeping east of the Rockies, getting beyond the St. Mary's country, well up into the British possessions. They had long since developed the disposition of the tribes and found them about all full of fight and scarce of friendship. From their northernmost point they went back southeast. "From there to Lake Pend d'Oreille," said Uncle Bill, "we had a hard time. We lost about all we had and barely made the lake. We had an Indian fight every day. We got so used to it that we looked on it as a matter of course. I don't know how men came through such trips, but they did in those days. We shot and ran ourselves out of the country. Of course, we were fine rifle shots, and the Indians never were as brave as some writers have made them out to be. I never went much on the 'heroic bravery of the red man' that we read about and never did like Injuns much, anyhow." In this way at least, Hamilton got to Lake Pend d'Oreille, though I believe his friend was killed before that. Hamilton got through all right, after crossing the lake and made to his commanding officer a report which was of the greatest value and which governed army action very largely. Together Uncle Bill and I hung over a big map while he traced with his long forefinger the line of his path in those old, old days, talking to me the while in his low, monotonous, even tone of voice, as if we were speaking of a journey some one had made with a cow outfit the year before. I could feel a little of the thrill I used to feel when as a boy I read about Daniel Boone.

As Frontier Sheriff.

The whole of that great stretch of country between the Pacific coast and the Missouri river seems to have been roamed in the old days by these men of the wilder West, the West of the past. The hunter was here this year, perhaps the next year with a tribe far away. Of course, Uncle Bill—who in those days wasn't Uncle Bill yet—had varying fortunes. Sometimes he was rich, sometimes he was poor. His occupations often changed. He was what his environments demanded. But always he seemed to be respected as a square man, so say other old-timers who knew him, and always also feared as a man who would fight a-plenty when the time came. In course of time he came to be sheriff of Choteau County, Montana. He was sheriff in the wildest days of old Fort Benton. There used to be so many Indians killed out there that the United States Government sent out a peace commission to inquire about it. That was in Bill's regime. The commission was a real nice lot of men, and in great earnest about their mission. They were all in full session one day when there was a great cry of "Injuns" and a galloping of horses down the street and much shooting. The procession was led by Bill Hamilton in his favorite costume—that is to say, nothing at all—who was riding bareback and pining for a fight. They do say that the Indian fight was bogus, got up to scare the commissioners out. And some do say that the commissioners were candidly told that they would be hung if they stayed. On these points Uncle Bill saith not. Anyhow, the commission adjourned, and the steamer was very soon carrying them back down the river.

Bill Hamilton's Duel.

I suppose no human being ever had a grander physical constitution than Bill Hamilton, and greater natural powers of endurance. His feats in this line are quoted even to-day along the Yellowstone. It was a favorite thing for him to straighten up, after a whirl with the boys, by getting into a redhot sweat, then stripping naked and jumping through a hole in the ice into the river (a very good way, I should think). This he learned of the Indians, but he was the only white man who kept it up as a pleasant pastime, and the old-time men speak of him now with a shiver. Once a man, an Englishman, I believe it was, anyhow some stranger who had rather stilted ideas about affairs of honor, got offended at some prank of Bill and challenged him to fight a duel. In a country where duels usually began synchronously with the challenge this struck Bill as being rather funny, and he accepted promptly, naming the conditions himself. The contestants were to fight that night by moonlight in the street. Both were to be stark naked and were to fight with swords or knives if swords could not be found. Before fighting each man was to jump four times, naked, through the ice into the Missouri river (it was in the winter), four holes having been cut for each man. The entire town turned out to see the fight. The challenger was game and stripped and took the plunge into the icy bath, the water catching him above the waist. The first dip was enough to take all the fight out of him, and he crawled out, shivering.

"Git into your next hole!" shouted Bill, who was standing in the water with his head just showing over the ice. "Git in or I'll claim the fight!"

"Then t-t-ake your old fight," chattered the other. "I w-w-won't fight t-t-this way to please no man!" So he broke and ran up the street in the moonlight, with Bill chasing him, swinging his sword around his head and uttering yells of triumph. This heroic battle has never before been described, but it is worthy of the wild days and the wild men of the past. You can't get Uncle Bill to talk much about that duel now, but he is older and more dignified nowadays.

Pursuit of a 'Savidge."

Another episode of the old days which I had to get from a friend of Bill (Liver-eating Johnson, another Montana character, of whom I must say something) still further illustrates the eccentric personal habits of Mr. Hamilton in the past.

"We wuz all kind of having a good time at a saloon one evening," said Liver-eating Johnson, "and Bill wuz, as usual when he wuz feelin' good, without no clothes on. He had crawled into a back room, sort of store room, and wuz fast asleep in there with his head sort of restin' on a cake of ice fer a piller. All at once in comes a bad man, with plenty of guns and a big-jag. He begins to shoot around and make trouble and be real annoyin'. He runs about everybody out of the place and not wantin' to kill the feller nor see any of my friends get into trouble I steps back into the back room to wake Bill up. 'Bill,' says I, laying my hand on him and sort of laughin,' 'you better git up; they's a savidge out there that's shore bound to kill everybody round yer.' Bill he didn't rightly understand me, I reckon, or else he woke kind of dazed, not knowin' just what was goin' on. When I said that he just jumped up on to his feet at one motion and he grabs the first thing convenient, which happened to be a big cheese knife and out he goes on the full jump into the other room where this yer bad man wuz. Well, when this feller sees what wuz comin'—a long, slim, naked man wavin' a long knife round his head—he wuz scared the worst I ever seed a man git scared. He just dropped his gun and run with Bill after him. 'Where is the savidge? Show me the savidge!' Bill wuz a-hollerin,' 'I'll fix the blame savidge!' I thought I'd die a-laughin' at the way that feller run. I'll bet he thought he wuz among savidges hisself!"

Good Shot.

Our friend W. J. Dixon writes from Cimarron, Kan.: "I killed a buck antelope that weighed 125 pounds after his entrails were removed. I shot at his heart and hit him in the ear, But I got him, wind was blowing hard. My horses are fat and very unruly. I am going to Colorado now to eat chile and converse with Mexican ladies.. Tell the Hon. W. Mussey if he will go I will share both chile and conversation with him. A man told me he was one of the best men in camp he ever saw."

It will be observed that Mr. Dixon is not losing any of the dead shot propensities of his earlier days. There is no better place to hit an antelope than in theear.

Another Man in the Mackenzie Country.

Count V. E. de Sainville, of Paris, is a lucky man. He has had a wilderness experience of a very genuine sort up in the Mackenzie country and the wild northwest, and which will before many years be hard of duplication. Before long the wealthy men of adventurous turn of mind will be advertising in Forest and Stream, "Wanted; some Wild Country." The newspaper which interviewed the traveler speaks of his experiences as follows:

Count de Sainville left Edmonton in 1888 and has spent the past six years in the Mackenzie territory, arrived at San Francisco on Oct. 29 by the steam whaler Jeannette. "I did not intend to stay any length of time," said the Count, "but when I got so far north and found that so little was known of the country, I decided to turn explorer. I had the best maps with me, but I found many inaccuracies in them. These I corrected as I descended the great river of the north, and my notes will make material changes in the geography. I expected to find winters in the north long and wearisome, but I was mistaken. I like them better each year. There is no more ideal place for a hunter than along the north coast of North America. I found plenty to do. Deer were plenty, and while not hunting I was studying language. I discovered that Esquimaux Lake is merely a chain of small lakes, beginning not far from the Mackenzie River, about 300 miles south of the mouth, running in a northeasterly direction and emptying into the Arctic Ocean near Cape Bathurst. One summer I explored the delta at the mouth of the Mackenzie and I found many inaccuracies in the maps and charts. The great river itself is some distance from the place assigned to it on the maps. New islands are being formed at the mouth. When Mackenzie discovered the river about 100 years ago, he reported clear water north of Holket Island. Now he would have to pass many islands north of that island to find clear water. The river is a tremendous stream—one of the greatest in the world. The quantity of sediment it carries down is enormous. One summer was spent in exploring the country west of the Mackenzie. I started out as soon as the snow left the ground, with two natives, and ascended the Peel River as

much gifted in the musical line, and I am compelled to admit that the call he gives is usually a monumental fake.

A common mode of calling is for the guide to climb a tree. From this elevation he can reach further with his horn, see further and hear sounds which cannot be heard on the ground. It is unwise to conclude because you have heard no answer to the call that there is no show for moose meat. If your moose is at a distance of half a mile or more he is apt to take his own elegant time about it, and come poking around mussing things up an hour or to after you have lost patience and gone back to camp. As a rule, if an unmated moose is handy to the horn he will give the answering grunt. As he comes nearer he will stop now and then and listen. This is the time the caller needs to know his business. If he is not a master of his profession he had better lie low and run the chance of the game coming within range. He should never give the loud call, for the moose would detect it at once. If he knows how to give the low call, or "coaxer," he will probably bring the noble game to the firing point without delay. When a moose is mated he will often answer the call, but will not come to it, unless he is a very short distance off. He is a firm believer in the adage that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The curse of the hunter if he is trying to still hunt a mated moose is the moose calf. He is always scouting around, somewhere within a radius of a quarter of a mile of his mother, and upon the advance of the enemy is sure to give the alarm. No matter how badly he is off for milk he is never fool enough to come to the horn.

In the mating season the bull moose is the most tyrannical brute on earth The cow can often be heard bellowing in distress at the abuse she receives from him. At last, poor soul, her patience is exhausted and she runs off into the dense thickets where, from the obstruction offered by his horns, he is unable to overtake her. It is the firm belief of most old hunters that the immense horns carried by the moose at this season of the year are placed there by a wise Providence to enable the cow in this way to escape.

A singular fact observed by all woodsmen is the very irregular manner in which the sexes are distributed in a given district. In one section of the country four out of every five animals will be cows; in another section the proportion will be reversed. In the winter when the snow is deep the old bulls fraternize, and it is not uncommon to find half a dozen of them in a single "yard." There is not the least need in this province of prohibiting the killing of bull moose in the calling season, for the number of animals then killed in fair, open, honest sport must in the nature of things be very limited. It is the indiscriminate killing of moose by trappers, loggers and Indians in the deep snow that calls loudly for a remedy.

There is a marvelous difference between a bull moose in September and the same animal in March. In the former season he is kingly in his strength and courage —the veritable monarch of all he surveys; in the latter his regal crown is gone, he is wearied with his long battle with the snow and the scanty food he obtains has greatly impaired his vitality.

The height of a full grown bull moose at the shoulder is about seven feet, never under six feet and a half, never over seven feet and a half. He is much darker in color than the cow—in fact, almost black—and somewhat larger. The widest spread of horns ever mounted by Mr. Carnall, the well known taxidermist of St. John, who has handled some hundreds in his time, was five feet two inches. Mr. Phair of Fredrickton, has a set that measures just five feet, from which the outermost prong on one side is missing. In the Crown Land office is a pair of antlers with a spread of four feet ten inches. The average spread of horns on a moose five years old and upwards in this province appears to be about four feet. All bull moose have the bell at the neck, but with some it is not fully developed.

By some writers the bull moose is described as "bellowing." What these gentlemen heard, if they heard anything, was doubtless the call of the cow moose, which on a still night in September can be heard for miles. When Braithwaite was calling with us last fall he was answered once or twice by a cow moose. The resemblance between the genuine and the spurious article was very close indeed. The call of the bull is a short, basso-profundo grunt, or succession of grunts, pitched at so low a note in the musical scale that, like, the drumming of a partridge, it is impossible to tell how far away it is. It seems to come out of the ground almost at your feet. Unless you are listening for it you will hardly hear it at all, and on a windy day the most experienced caller will imagine he hears it a score of times when all that he hears are the myriad murmurs of the forest.

The birch bark horn is used as a caribou call as well. The cry of the caribou is very easy to imitate. It is the same with both sexes—a very short grunt that is almost a bark—and the doe is just as apt to answer the call as the buck. When a caribou comes to the horn he comes on the dead run and will circle around the hunter as if totally bereft of reason. The main difficulty in calling caribou is that the call is so low that it can only be heard for a short distance, but when a herd has been alarmed it can often be used with good effect in bringing the game to a stand.

I wonder how many of the readers of The Forest and Stream have ever worn a moose shank? In the fall of the year a pair of shanks is the finest footgear the hunter can wear, being perfectly noiseless and water tight. They are made from the skin of the hind legs of the moose, the hide being stripped off intact from a point about a foot above the joint to about a foot below. After drying in the sun for a day or two every scrap of fleshy matter is carefully scraped away, the lower end or toe is tightly sewed with sinew thread and then the shoe is turned fur side out and is ready to be worn. The heel is perfect. The toe is a little tight, but will soon stretch to the shape of the foot. The leg will be rather large, but you can gather it in with a cord, or else cut out a section and lace it up. Three pairs of socks should be worn to protect the feet when traveling is rough. Having once experienced the unspeakable luxury of the moose shank you will not want to wear anything else. But how are you going to get your shank until you have got your moose? Well, if your guide is worth a kettle of beans he will have a lot of old moose shanks knocking around the camp and he will soak a pair of them over night and rig you up in a jiffy.

One of the most thrilling adventures with a moose that I ever heard of befell the veteran caller, Braithwaite, a year ago last October. Having just completed an engagement with a hunting party he was trying to pick up a moose on his own account. For over a week he called at all the best calling grounds without success. At last he shouldered rifle and pack and started to work his way out through the fifty miles of unbroken forest that lay between him and the nearest settlement. When he arrived at Two Lakes he sat down for a rest and gave a casual call. To his surprise and delight he was answered at once from the other shore of the lake. He had just time to throw his pack to one side and hide himself in the hard hacks when a noble moose appeared on the opposite bank and stood for some time looking straight towards him. As Henry gave the "coaxer" the moose walked boldly into the water and started to swim across. Nearing the spot where the hunter was concealed he stood up in the shallow water and listened eagerly, the last ruddy rays of the last sun that he was ever to see lighting up his antlers till they shone like a crown of glory. Again the lone hunter breathed the low, sweet, whimpering call, and the lordly animal waded through the rushes and lilypads until he stood at the very margin of the lake within twenty feet of his hidden foe. His ears were thrown forward, the whites of his eyes gleamed through the gathering shadows, the steam rose from his nostrils and every hair upon his big black mane stood up as straight as the sentinel firs from which he had emerged. He gave himself a mighty shake and threw the spray from his back and mane in a shower over the breathless hunter. Henry could have shot him with ease where he stood, but did not want to drop him in the water. For at least five minutes he stood there as motionless as a statue, one of the grandest, most awe-inspiring sights that ever the eye of man beheld. Then he gave a kind of whistle as if puzzled by the silence and stepped upon the firm, dry land. Out of the dusk came a sheet of flame and a crash, and ere the echoes of the shot had died away among the hills the noble brute lay lifeless on the bank with his great heart torn by an express bullet into atoms.

Henry said when he stood over the prostrate form he felt so sorry for the life he had taken he could have cried. It was not fair play, it was trickery—it was murder. Yielding to the universal instinct, to the master passion of his nature, the king of the valley had been duped and decoyed to his doom by the voice of the siren just as many a human king had been.

But Henry soon got over his grief and proceeded to skin and carve the old chap up to the queen's taste, and when he tumbled into bed that night he took a rare nip of very old Gaelic and felt as happy as a king full. And that, I think, was very human, too. PROWLER.

FREDERICTON, Jan. 3, 1895.

THE OLD MACON DEER PARK.

LITTLETON, N. C., Dec. 21.—Many persons still make pilgrimages to see the historic old country home of Nathaniel Macon, the patriot and statesman of Warren County, N. C., and to hear the stories of his simple everyday life. The quaint old house, in which he often entertained distinguished guests like John Randolph of Roanoke, still stands almost as he left it. The ample fire places, requiring a wagon load of wood to fill them, are unchanged. The old moss covered house stands in a 50 acre grove of lordly oaks. In a shady glen there flows a bold, magnificent spring of cold, pure water. This is called the "Buck Spring" and has been so known for a hundred years. It was a famous "deer stand" in the old days, and many a goodly buck has been killed within a few rods of it When Mr. Macon settled this farm he gave it the name of "Buck Spring," which it bears. He organized some high old hunting parties in this, then out of the way, place. It was his often expressed opinion that neighbors should not live near enough to each other to hear the dogs bark at night. And he lived up to this belief when he built his home in the middle of his thousand acres, noted for many miles around for the great abundance of large game, especially deer.

There are some few old men in this community who can remember Mr. Macon's deer park and the large herd of tame as well as wild deer it contained. The one hundred acre park was in a beautiful, oblong valley, well watered, shady and fertile, producing the greatest abundance of tender grass. It was surrounded by a high, strong fence running along a few yards from the foot of the hill and so inclined inward that it was an easy leap for a deer to jump inside the enclosure. But when once within there was no escape, it being impossible for one to jump high enough to overcome the acclivity of the hill and the height of the fence. In the season of oestruation the wild bucks were attracted from the adjoining forest by the captive does with whom they were forced to take up a permanent abode. It was quite a common sight to see two large bucks engaged in furious combat, the half tame fellow resenting the intrusion of the wild visitors to his harem, while the mild eyed does gazed on in indifferent wonder, and the speckled fawns frisked about like playful kittens. Generally the visitors proved the stronger, and in consequence more wild blood was infused into the herd.

They had food thrown about the enclosure in winter, and venison was almost as common and staple an article of food upon Mr. Macon's table as mutton or beef. In fact, after the building of the fence and the capture of a few fawns, always easy enough when they are young, the trouble of rearing was at an end, and they gave him not as much concern as a flock of sheep, or any other of the domesticated animals. The gambols of these graceful animals gave much pleasure to this old man, great in his simplicity, during his vacations from Congress.

His son-in-law, William Eaton, likewise a resident of Warren County, owner of thousands of Roanoke river lowlands and hundreds of slaves, widely known because of his wealth and high social standing, had constructed a deer park similar to that of Mr. Macon, except that he only arranged that part of the park lying next to the woodland for the wild deer to jump in. He, too, was very successful in his venture, and raised a large herd of deer, many of them coming to his call and eating from his hand. Both of these parks were only five or six miles from this place and often serve as a theme of discussion for the old lovers of the chase. A former neighbor owned a large yard enclosed with a high picket fence. I have seen eight or ten game deer grazing around the house. It was his habit to tie a small bell to their necks when he allowed them to run at large in the fields or woods so that persons would know that they were tame and not shoot them.

If they were molested by dogs they would make a bee line for home. One old doe that had been raised in the yard produced a pretty pair of twins every season.

There are large bodies of woodlands in this immediate vicinity, and deer are still quite plentiful. I notice their tracks very often when I am shooting quail in the low lands along the creeks and branches. Farmers are very anxious to have them shot very often because they are destructive to the pea fields.

During the fall season venison is exposed for sale in our markets at the nominal price of ten cents per pound. It is almost as easy for John Reid and Sharper Kearney to kill a deer as it is for me to shoot a rabbit. They know of all their lairs and runways, their walks and rambles. If John Reid could write poetry he could tell more of a deer hunt than you can find in the "Lady of the Lake." John delights in "driving a buck right slap over you," as he describes it, and has often offered to serve me that way. But I have never yet been mad with a deer. In good truth I feel very much like my friend Polk Miller, who says he had "just as soon shoot a calf through the fence." However, there are lots of good fellows who do not agree with us, and if, perchance, any of them would like to kill a deer I am sure John Reid will give them as fair a chance as can be had. We are only three hours from Norfolk on the Sea board Air Line Railroad, and John Reid lives four miles from the town in the deer section.

L. J. PICOE.

P. S.—I would be grateful indeed if some gentleman could tell me who garbled, interpolated and abridged my "Wild Goose Shooting on the Roanoke River in North Carolina," published in Forest and Stream several years ago, and published it in a late issue of The New York Sun, as an original article. Leslie did me the honor to make a graphic illustration of the story, but forgot to say who wrote it. This was not very "frank."

OFF RYE LEDGE.

Rye Ledge, N. H., is down only on the large maps, for it is a small place, although Rye Beach, of which it forms a part, is well known as a summer resort. But small and insignificant as it is, there is probably no place where more genuine sport has been enjoyed at sea fowl shooting than right here. To be sure, the number of gunners is somewhat limited, seldom exceeding eight or ten, but they include some of the best shots along the coast. The Forest and Stream is a household friend here and the accounts of sea fowl, or coot shooting, are always particularly interesting. But we have never seen an account which described the gunning exactly as we are in the habit of enjoying it.

In the first place, the start from the shore is made at just before daybreak. The boats preferred by the older sportsmen are similar to a dory, only lower sided and rather smaller, having the advantage of showing less prominently in the water. The color should always be white. The start is made directly from the beach and as it slopes off quite abruptly the surf is not very heavy on account of the depth of water, and consequently we are able to get out in nearly all weathers.

The shooting ground which is preferred is off the point of a ledge of rocks, which make directly into the sea from the mainland and which are almost entirely covered at high water. A short row of fitfeen minutes and you are there. Now over with your killock or anchor and out with your decoys. The decoys are of two kinds, the block and the board. Those of the board being made in pairs. The boats, if there are several, are stationed about 75 to 100 feet apart, each with strict orders never to fire across another gunner's boat, a caution unnecessary except with a novice in the sport.

But already the sky is growing red and signs of sun rise are very apparent. Get your guns and ammunition ready. And now just a word about the ammunition.

For loons we use No. 3 shot, for coots and other fowl, No. 5 is the favorite, although some gunners use larger sizes. But we are assured by several sports that their experience proves satisfactorily that the smaller shot do equally good execution. The great difficuly to be overcome in shooting loons is that an amateur is liable to shoot when the birds are too far away, their large size making them very deceptive. An old and thoroughly experienced gunner, who has a record of nine loons killed one morning before 8 o'clock, on that occasion used the smaller sized shot. It should be understood in connection with this that loons are only obtained here singly and on the wing The average weight of them is eight to ten pounds, although they often weigh twelve pounds or more. The same gunner on examiniing the heart of a loon killed by him, and which had lived some little time after being shot, found that a shot had passed directly through the heart, showing the tenacity to life of this really remarkable bird. And, by the way, we never shoot more than two to five feet ahead of a bird, supposing the bird to be 30 to 50 yards distant, the gun, of course, to be carried along with the bird for some little distance and gradually drawn ahead as the bird approaches its nearest point.

The coots which here fly earlier than the loons, one frequently shot as soon as daylight permits their being seen. They come along about an hour before sunrise, which is the time loons are usually looked for. Besides the birds mentioned we get sheldrake whistlers or golden eye, scolders, dippers and various other fowl.

Although the birds are not found here in such large numbers as in some other places, still with a favorable southeast wind a bag of twenty to forty is quite frequently made. Small bags are the rule rather than large ones. Nine or ten o'clock is generally the limit for a morning's shoot, although frequently a particularly

who liked that kind of fishing, but, now, when he went for the very best of fishing he went to Canada.

On the same day I met Mr. Harry Sweny and asked him about the reported sale of his property on the Restigouche, telling him what I had written about it in The Forest and Stream. He said the sale had been made and the price was $35,000 and the purchaser Colonel Payn of New York City. He knew nothing about the sale of the Alford property, which is on the opposite side of the river, nor about any Georgia people forming a club to control it, with the Sweny property, which rumor is not at all probable now that the name of the purchaser is known.

I had written to this point and put down my pen to look over my evening mail when I found a souvenir of the Radnor (Canada) Forges, containing, "Among the Laurentides," written by Dr. W. H. Drummond. One paragraph struck me as being apropos of what I have been writing about. Writing of the Canadian sporting clubs the author says:

"The most prominent organizations are the 'Laurentian,' which has for its president Mr. Frederick Stancliffe, of Montreal, and the St. Maurice, which is presided over by Dr. W. H. Drummond, also of Montreal. The aggregate strength of these two clubs is hree hundred and fifty members; they are principally composed of American citizens, as for some occullt reason—difficult to divine—Canadians have always been lamentably blind to the beauties of their own fair heritage, and it is but fair to admit but for these same Americans, mostly men of culture and refinement, neither of the above mentioned clubs would be in existence to-day."

There is one thing which can be said with truth. Canadian sportsmen are most generous, companionable men and possess a great amount of what Senior says is essential of all club life—good feeling.

From a Woman's Lips.

Really, I thought the back-number testimony about the saibling of Sunapee Lake was all in, but I now have what I believe to be positively the last, and this was exhumed in consequence of my note on the subject a week or two ago. A lady in New York city read my note in the Forest and Stream about Mr. Steven's hindsight, and was at once reminded of summer days spent on the shore of Sunapee. It seems that a house near where she boarded was presided over by a woman who, during all her good life, had lived every fall and winter on the fish of Sunapee. She, too, remembered well the saibling on white trout of the lake and often referred to the good old days when they were abundant and to be had for the picking up. My corresponent has been kind enough to send me the testimony of the good woman in her own language as nearly as written words will express it, and it is positively unique: "You hev to go fishin' in these days with hooks and lines to ketch a tra-owt, but when I was a gal, the tra-owts ust to come into the space in the rocks at high tide, and then wen the tide went out and left the fish in the rocks we ust to wade ain and pick up grade big uns! These fish commishuns are no good, fer you hev to fish with hooks now." Poor soul! It is true that the days for picking up trout or saibling left behind by the receding tide of our mountain lakes are gone; gone likewise, in some degree, the days when the fishing was done chiefly with spear and club at spawning time.

Doubtless she was sincere in thinking that the brook trout (for such the fish were—not saibling) ketched in shallow water in the fall were left behind by the outgoing tide, but it only shows how worthless the testimony of memory of forty years ago really is on the subject of Sunapee saibling existing at the at time.

A Question of Policy.

Mr. B. A. Warner, of Granville, N. Y., writes as follows: "I have just been having a discussion with a friend of mine who is not a sportsman in regard to the pecuniary benefit to a State resulting from the propagation and protection of fish and game within its limits. He claimed that all the money invested for such purposes is lost to the State; that the State taxes individuals to raise the money and that individuals who are not sportsmen obtain no return for money expended. He says that the entire benefit resulting from a good supply of fish and game is monopolized by sportsmen, hotel keepers, guides and such individuals as the hunters and anglers come in contact with in pursuit of enjoyment. I claim that if a State invests $1,000 in fish and game which results in bringing into the State $2,000 from non-resident sportsmen the State in question derives a benefit from the investment. He claims that under these conditions the State loses $1,000 and individuals gain $2,000. I told him that the Hudson river if made a self-supporting salmon river would be a great financial benefit to the State. He replies that the money invested for that purpose would be lost to the State and the return from the investment appropriated by a few individuals with whom the patrons of the river came in contact. Please inform me which of us is most nearly correct in our views on the subject."

Of course your view of the matter is the correct one. Your friend has probably recently returned from a long sojourn in Darkest Africa, where, perhaps, the doctrine may prevail that the individuals of a community can in some mysterious way prosper financially while the collective individuals of the same community make a general assignment and settle for ten cents on the dollar. Fish and game until reduced to possession belong to the State, and the State, like any possessor of property, cares for it in a business-like manner. The State does spend money to propagate and protect its property in fish and game for the benefit of all the people, although all the people may not eat fish and game. The State also spends money to build, repair or maintain and operate the canals as a part of the State system for benefiting all the people, although all the people do not own canal boats, tend the locks or drive the mules. In fact, many of the people live far away from the towpath; and may never ship a pound of freight through them, or perhaps never see one of them; but that is no reason why the canals do not add to the general prosperity of the State, which possesses them. So long as money circulates and fish and game add to the food supply of a State or nation it will continue to be a wise policy, an economic policy, to propagate and protect it. The position assumed by your friend is not worthy of being considered seriously at any length.

The Lady and the Deer.

This is not an angling note, and properly it belongs under a different department head, but as I am a little proud at being able to relate what follows, I put it here because it is good anywhere and at any time. A valued friend wrote me a day or two ago about a number of things, and this is one of them, told in a most matter of fact way: "By the way, that reminds me of a funny thing that happened to my wife on Friday morning when we were after reynard. She had gone up the meadow, just across the broad brook back of our house, and where the hill comes down near to this open field had stationed herself on a fox runway while I took the hounds up the hill further south and started them on a fresh fox track. Hardly had the hounds opened up when over the fence popped a big doe and came within nine feet of her (actual measurement) and stopped until she said: 'Well, you are a beauty!' Even then the deer did not seem to be much afraid, and only walked behind some trees near by. Think of the temptation—loaded gun, deer nine feet away, had not killed one this season and then not to shoot!" I wish I was at liberty to say more about this lady and the deer, but I must stop after a statement of the bald facts. I could, if permitted, tell of this lady's skill with rod and reel and of her skill with the double gun, and it would make the best of reading, no matter under what heading it ought to be printed.

Trout in Alien Waters.

A writer in Land and Water asked: "Do trout, turned into strange waters, maintain their identity?' Mr. J. J. Armistead, one of the oldest and best known fish breeders in Great Britain, answers the question at considerable length and gives so much of information that will be valuable to American readers, particularly those who are given to making new species or varieties out of trout that may differ in color from their fellows, that I quote a portion of his reply: "The great variety of color and marking which exists among trout must have struck everyone who has had much to do with them. There are many influences at work, each of which produces its own peculiar variety; then, again the blending of these influences and their consequent coloring, the crossing of different races, hybridism, age, sex, good or bad breeding, migration, season, food, surrounding, bottom, and last but not least the quality, as well as the quality of the water itself—to say nothing of exposure to light or otherwise—all these and sundry other influences are at work, making up an innumerable number of varieties, many of which have been regarded as distinct species.

There it is in a nutshell, and his explanation will account for varieties and even species, which are constantly troubling some of our own people.

Mr. Armistead says further: "It is quite easy, in the course of a few generations, to so alter the typical coloring of a trout that it would not be recognized as one of the variety or race from which it had sprung." He gives what I believe to be, and have contended for years, a comparatively little known, but living truth, in the following words:

"Breeding in-and-in is undoubtedly a cause of degeneration among fish, and we find on a fish farm that it is just as needful to introduce fresh and selected blood as it is on a cattle or poultry farm. Now, as regards the growth of big trout. This is largely a question of food supply. Many people seem to think that all that fish require is plenty of water, but they must also have a good supply of suitable food, otherwise they will starve, or become stunted in growth, like any other members of the animal kingdom." There is much more of the same sort of information, and as it is a subject that I have harped upon for years I am very glad to quote what I have of it from such an authority.

A. N. CHENEY.

Kennerley's Salmon.

NEW WHATCOM, Wash., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A correspondent of Forest and Stream of Nov. 24, signing himself "El Comancho," in a lengthy communication, undertakes to settle the question of what is commonly called the "red fish" of Puget Sound. It is just possible that the fish of which he writes are an entirely different article from those found in the waters of Lake Whatcom, for their existence here and the variety were known by the Smithsonian Institute during the fall of 1886, samples having been sent them for the purpose at the time, the identification classing them as a species of land-locked salmon. The habits of this fish are almost sufficient to classify them. They are never seen except in the fall of the year, when they come from the deep waters of the lake in countless myriads and enter the small tributaries on their way to the spawning beds. At this time they are remarkably pugnacious, but are never known to take a fly or bait of any character. They are so vicious in their attacks upon one another that they will tear out great pieces. This warfare is kept up during the entire spawning season and the same time the little streams are lined with dead fish, while the waters are filled with living ones, some apparently healthy and some without tails or fins and in a dying condition.

That they are not the common trout is evidenced from the fact that the latter is often taken with the "fly" from the midst of the redfish and is easily distinguished from them by the difference in shape and color, the redfish being, with the exception of its difference in size and the "trout spots" on it a small specimen of what is called here the dog salmon.

As stated above, the redfish are never seen except in the fall of the year, and that they are a deep water fish was exemplified during the summer of 1889. At that time two parties were drowned in Lake Whatcom and dynamite was brought into use in an attempt to recover them (the lake at that point being about 200 feet in depth). After the discharge of the explosion hundreds of these little fish came to the surface, showing the same difference from the common trout that they do in the fall of the year. The decision of the Smithsonian Institution was given during the fall of 1886 and fully substantiates the facts contained in this communication.

T. C. AUSTIN.

[See also note on page 471, issue Dec. 1.]

About Black Bass.

The letter of A. N. Cheney with the above title in the current number of Forest and Stream (Dec. 22, 1894) I have just read with much interest. It discusses some of the habits of the black bass, but fails to mention the ordinary nocturnal habits of this interesting fish. From personal observation or from reading I know nothing whatever of the ways of this fish after dark, but since 1886—in which year I had reason to make microscopic sections of the eye of this fish and note the peculiarities of its retina—I have been curious to know whether the black bass maintained a stationary position during the hours of darkness. I am led to think that the black bass (large mouth variety) does not swim around in the dark, from the fact that I do not believe that it can see to do so, because of the histological character of the bacillary layer of its retina, which consists solely of cones. Birds with nocturnal habits, as the owl and bat, sections of whose eyes I have now before me, have only rods in the bacillary layer of their retinæ. Animals of mixed habits—i. e., those which see well in bright and in poor degrees of illumination—have an admixture of both rods and cones. The human animal is an example of this class. Therefore, because of the absence of rods in the retina of the large mouthed variety of black bass I am lead to think that it cannot see to swim around, or, at least, cannot see objects in the dark. If my conclusion should prove to be correct it will be interesting to know that with the microscope alone we can decide the nightly habits of this fish. Will Mr. Cheney or some other naturalist-fisherman kindly throw sufficient light upon this subject to decide the matter? ALFRED HINDE, M. D.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Fishculture and Fish Protection.

The New Hampshire Trout Season.

CLAREMONT, N. H., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are having beautiful weather here at present, but not good for hunting, as there is a crust on the snow.

I took my horse and carriage yesterday and rode up by the Corbin Park, and it was a very pretty sight to see the elk lying out on the bare knolls in the sun. One old bull had a tremendous set of antlers. I never saw such large ones. I let the little beagle out in a piece of woods and shot three hares on the crust, and had a very pleasant day of it.

I read in the FOREST AND STREAM Mr. Cheney's note as to changing the brook trout opening of New Hampshire to May 1 instead of April 15, as at present. I am a crank on brook trout and I doubt if there is a man to-day in this State who spends any more time than I do with brook trout. I will do all in my power to keep and improve the stock. The law now says no fish may be taken under 5in. in length, and the season is from April 15 to Sept. 1. I go the law one better. I throw back all under 6in., limit my catch and I leave off fishing as soon as I find the trout begin to have spawn. I have fished continually in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont streams for thirty-one years, and ought to know by this time the habits of the brook trout in the regions mentioned. I have never failed to find brook trout after April 15 that were not well filled with spawn, and this year I found them by July 23, and I did not wet a line after that date just on that account. Now, what sticks me is this, why so much is said about the April 15 law and nothing said about August, when our trout are full of spawn. It seems to me as if somebody did not understand our trout here, or is it done to accommodate a few summer boarders? If so, why not extend it until Dec. 1 to accommodate the farmer after his harvesting is done? One plan is just as sensible as the other. I say, when trout are in spawn let them alone for future increase. In the localities I have named all the trout one can catch between April 15 and May 1 in our cold water brooks will not deplete the trout supply one-thousandth part so much as the amount generally taken in August with their spawn. Although I am well aware that trout are in a lank, poor condition in early spring, I prefer to eat a lank trout to one in spawn, and it does seem good to go out for a day when spring comes around and just wet up your line. If you don't catch as many as in summer you do catch a breath of pure spring air and see the buds on the trees beginning to swell, ready to burst and throw up the beautiful green leaves. A butterfly perchance goes sailing by, you see the early violet springing into bloom, perchance you pick a few to carry home to the wife. There is music even in the clatter of the crows. And if you have been lucky enough to catch a half-dozen trout you are happy, far happier than you would be with a creel full in August, when the crows' clatter is a nuisance, when flowers are all around and the leaves begin to fade. If it is necessary to fix our law to May 1 fix it, but I say that the other end needs it the most, and cutting to Aug. 15 is better than extending to May 1 to save the trout. COLUMBIA.

Protection in Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This week has developed several little items of news. On Thursday at Park Rapids, the local gun club caused the seizure of three saddles of venison that were offered at the railway station for shipment, and will prosecute the persons who had the game in charge.

On the same day at Tracy the sheriff served warrants on several persons about town for illegal fishing, and secured convictions before the magistrate, with the result that at least two $20 fines will find their way into the State treasury. The arrests were brought about by the publication in the local paper by one of them of their "great catch." This sheriff is a wideawake fellow, and we extend him our hand. Efforts like these by citizens give great encouragement to the State Game and Fish Commission.

We note also that on the 21st articles of incorporation of the Linwood Gun Club were filed in Minneapolis. The stated objects of the club are to promote the protection of game and fish; to stock the land and waters owned by the club with game and fish, and to own and operate hunting possessions in the Northwest. Several of these gentlemen are recognized earnest game protectors, and have already been written to to co-operate in the new movement for a State game and fish protective association.

A private letter from Denver, Col., gives some notes of interest from that section. The Colorado law is silent on the subject of sale of game other than that taken within its boundaries. There is no co-operation with neighboring States, and as a consequence game killed in these is forwarded to Denver, and game can be bought in their markets at all seasons. This oversight has opened an avenue for deception which at present it is impossible to prevent. Game is killed out of season near the northern State line, shipped over into Wyoming, and from there is reshipped to Denver.

An effort will be made this winter to amend the game law in this direction. Owing to various original package decisions, they will not be able to get at the bulk consignment; but an attempt will be made to pass a law to forbid the retail of the divided portions of the original package, and so break up the business.

The present Colorado game laws, allowing for some bad mutilations of the measure by the committee on engrossment in Legislature two years ago and some compromises that had to be made in deference to the wishes of settlers in order that any law might pass, are very creditable. The State is indebted

to the earnest work done by the Colorado Game and Fish Protective League, and it is to the credit of Gov. Waite that he allowed this measure to become a law, which is in striking contrast to the action of the Populist Governor of North Dakota two years ago.

There is plenty of game in Colorado, and with proper protection it will care for itself in the wilds of the Western slope.

WILLIAM L. TUCKER.

New York State Association.

The annual winter meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in the assembly room of the Gates House, Syracuse, Thursday, Jan. 18. The secretary is John B. Sage, Buffalo, and the president, Gen. D. H. Bruce, Syracuse, either of whom may be addressed for circular call relating to the meeting. As the incoming Legislature will deal with fish and game bills, it is highly important that the pending measures should be carefully considered by the Association. Clubs are requested to send representatives. The question will be an important one.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 11 to 15—CINCINNATI.—Al. G. Eberhardt, Supt.
Feb. 19 to 22—NEW YORK.—W. K. C., Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 26 to March 1—CHICAGO.—Mascoutah K. C., J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 5 to 8—DENVER.—Western K. C. Co., E. T. Welant, Sec'y.
March 5 to 8—DETROIT.—City of the Straits K. C., J. W. Garrison, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14.—SALINAS, Cal.—Pacific Coast F. T. C.
Jan. 21.—WEST POINT, Miss.—United States F. T. C., Trials B., P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—NEW ALBANY, Miss.—Southern F. T. C., T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga., Sec'y.
Sept. 10.—MORRIS, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.
Jan. 7 to 12.—BARRE, Mass.—Brunswick Fur Club's Winter Meet, B. S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass, Sec'y.

One of My Dog Friends.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The true story of little Bug in a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM revived a long drawn out intention to write a few anecdotes of my dog friends in the hope of inducing other loving masters to do likewise, that the skeptics may be convinced by solid weight of testimony that a dog has a soul attuned to higher thoughts than his dinner, and an intelligence and individuality well worthy of cultivation. If it be true, as the wise men tell us, that the dog has no soul, he certainly possesses something nearly akin to it, which governs his conduct and inspires his heart with such loving fidelity and honest obedience as would put many a man to shame, and ought to entitle him to a heaven of his own with a canine St. Peter at the gate to bar the entrance to all human souls.

Belonging to a family of dog lovers, I have had infinite variety in my canine friends. Among them was a lineal descendant of Scott's Maida, whose aspect was solemn and stately, but who was the veriest offshoot of Satan that ever waved a tail.

He was a fascinating gentleman and a witty one, but for "ways that were dark and tricks that were vain" he, like the "Heathen Chinee, was peculiar." Another was a collie whose family tree had root in aristocratic circles in the land of the heather and bluebell, and who was possessed of so much intelligence as to affright a kitchen divinity into refusing to stay in the house alone with him. "Sure, ma'am," she would say, "he isn't a right dog at all, it's the sense of the ould one he has." A third was a setter who I always maintained was undergoing reincarnation; and after him a greyhound, whose brains never mounted higher than his legs. At odd times there have been terriers of high and low degree, winsome beasties all, and endowed with the wit and wisdom of the sages.

The collie was a member of the family for nine years, and until age and rheumatism dimmed his eye and stiffened his joints he was the most beautiful creature I ever saw. He impressed everyone alike, experts and ignoramuses, and even so won the heart of the usually unemotional railway official that his many journeys partook somewhat of the nature of a triumphal procession. He never saw the inside of a baggage car, but porters were proud to exercise him on the platform, and conductors often urged him to partake of whatever refreshment their car afforded. When arrayed in his traveling gear, his London collar and silver chain he always rose to the occasion and assumed a benignity of expression and suavity of demeanor which lasted to his journey's end.

Usually so ready to rebuff the advances of a stranger, he endured placidly all manner of attentions from all manner of people, and submitted without a whimper, to be trampled on in crowded stations, stifled in stuffy trains and compressed into the narrow limits of a tuttish Adirondack boat. Arrived at his journey's end, he felt his responsibility of guardian to his beloved family greatly increased by his strange surroundings. He followed their every step like a shadow, and woe to the careless body who jostled his charges. A portentious growl, the erection of every hair in his splendid frill and a clap of his powerful jaws insured a right of way in future. A drunken man was his especial abomination, and I remember once his effectual "sobering up" of a bibulously friendly sportsman who ventured to put a hand on the back of my chair.

He ever after hated the man and would growl fiercely at the mention of his name, so that it became a never-ending joke of the Saranac guides to ask Wynn what he said to Uncle ——. He never considered it safe for his "dear miss" and "his auntie" to go fishing without his protecting presence, and he learned so well how to accommodate his bulk to the knees of the frail boats that he could stretch out his head over the side and take a consoling drink without unbalancing us in the least. He, however, shared our guide's antipathy to pickerel, and was so ridiculously energetic in his objections that between our laughter and the dog's attempts to assist at the death of the flopping slimy monster we were again and again within an ace of being served up with lily pad sauce at a pickerel banquet.

Like many of his race, he dearly loved a fight, and took his walks abroad in the very evident hope that some gentleman would tread on the tail of his coat. Many were the whippings he earned from his exasperated mistress, who was often sorely taxed to preserve friendly relations with her neighbors. He had two inveterate enemies, a huge mongrel red setter and a plucky Irish terrier, who lived in the same house and were a terror to every dog within miles. The terrier always gripped the victim just above the hock, and by a twist that John L. might envy plumped him on his back, when his throat was an easy prey to the setter, who without the terrier was an abject coward. Wynn learned this, and if on nearing the house his mistress said, "Rowdy's away!" he would prance boldly along, flinging insulting defiance at the cringing Duke, not in too loud tones, however, as Rowdy was quick of ear and fleet of foot. If, on the contrary, he heard, "Both dogs out, old chap!" he would take a discreet circuit and meet his family further down the street.

After an encounter with Duke and Rowdy he was apt to restore his vanished self-esteem by a gratuitous assault upon an inoffensive setter belonging to our next-door neighbor. Poor Nat was not ever really hurt but he was hustled most unmercifully through the neighborhood until our "Richard" felt himself again. He was decidedly boss of his district, and would permit no other dog to enjoy privileges which were denied him.

When he came into the family he had a villainous habit of rushing out at carriages, grabbing frantically at the wheels and hurling himself like a catapult at the horses' heads with the apparent intention of strewing the road with wrecks for his especial diversion. His former owner had vainly tried to correct his ways and assured me it was wholly impossible to break a collie of that trick. Judicious application of the dog whip most vigorously laid on created a change of heart, but he never after saw another dog enjoy the sport without administering a thorough punishment.

His greatest pleasure was to follow his mistress on her rides. It was useless to shut him up; he would break loose somehow (once jumping from the stable loft onto a concrete walk) and track us unerringly, always arriving with such buoyant confidence that his being left was all a mistake and of course we wanted him as much as he wanted us, that we were weak-minded enough to let him stay, though he usually was a most tumultuous escort. At times he was convenient, for he would carefully pick up anything shown him in the road, standing on his hindlegs or even jumping to deliver the article safely, as we had a predilection for tall mounts. Even shell combs or hairpins could be trusted to him without the slightest fear of injury.

On one unlucky day there was an accident which hopelessly crushed two toes and put an end to his joyous scampers for a weary while. Under the veterinary's hands he was the soul of patient endurance. Our back porch was the consulting room and operating table where the poor foot was dressed daily.

At first the doctor gave ether and put on a tape muzzle for fear the pain might make him savage, but the ether made him very ill, and his feelings were so hurt at our distrust of his temper and comprehension of the situation that ever after his head was simply laid in my lap, while I held the injured leg firmly against involuntary twitchings, and the tedious dressing of the wound was endured without a sound or motion. The doctor admired the dog greatly for his intelligence and fortitude and would gladly have made friends, but Wynn would have none of him. The sight of the doctor's genial face coming down the street would send him in a panic to the house, and a threat to call Dr. Peabody was always sufficient to quell any insubordination.

With all his exuberance out of doors, he was a perfect house dog, never climbing on furniture, scratching at doors or putting his paws on window sills. His "grandma," a title in daily use long before Petie Toone, Esq., and Horace Chace were created by Miss Woolson, was an immaculate housekeeper, and cherished insurmountable objections to dogs' hairs in inappropriate places, and dogs' footprints on polished stairs. That fact was firmly impressed on Wynn's mind, and he was assured that his residence in the family would be brief if he ever forgot that back stairs were made for dogs. He learned his lesson well and always waited for some one to open the back door, though he must sometimes have wished we were as considerate of his needs as he was of our prejudices. Only two occasions I remember his taking the law into his own hands. Once when a heavy picture fell in the dead of night with a crash very suggestive of dynamite and burglars. And again when I rolled off the sofa in a faint, dropping the hem of my gown dangerously near the blazing fire. Not being able to rouse me, he took the nearest way to alarm his master in the dining room. Once when little more than a puppy he was left by accident entirely alone for six hours in the third story; nothing but his conscience prevented his joining the nursery party on the floor below—but I found the blessed beastie with all his playthings gathered about him, lying close to the staircase, a pathetic bunch with paws hanging over the edge and eager eyes peering down, wondering in his doggish soul what he had done to be so neglected.

Like all bright dogs who are constantly in their master's company, Wynn understood much that was said not only to him directly, but in general conversation. If from his rug in the hall he heard mention in the dining room of a bone to be put aside for his future delectation he would come bouncing in with the request that he have it at that instant moment. Or if he heard a bath suggested he would pretend that urgent business called him outside. He could count also, always listening intently to the telephone call, running to hurry our answer to No. 5 and passing Nos. 4 and 6 with absolute indifference. We at first tried to puzzle him by pretending to answer the wrong number, but were soon daunted by his contempt for our intellect, and ended by trusting his ears in preference to our own. The various electric bells in the house were so nearly similar in tone that we were daily confused. But Wynn was never puzzled, correcting our hurried rushes in the wrong direction with most superior air.

He had speech of his own also—a bark in one tone meant food, another to be let out and a peculiar clapping of his jaws that he wanted water. He was so devoted to his "Miss" and "Auntie" that he never would be out of their society a moment that he could help, even imperilling his digestion in his eagerness to spend no unnecessary seconds over his meals. He particularly enjoyed eating a dog biscuit in the house and a cloth was kept in an especial corner for that indulgence. He soon learned to fetch it to me and beg for the privilege. If told yes he would carry the cloth to his own rug, make frantic efforts to spread it out, then rush downstairs to ask cook for the biscuit, which he would bring carefully to me, fairly drooling with impatience, though never taking a nibble until given permission. He was proficient in the usual doggish accomplishments—could shake hands, speak, whisper, sit up, walk on his hind legs, die, wash his face, fetch his mistress' slippers or gloves, and play hide and seek or "I spy" with all the zest of a child. Indeed, my difficulty consists not in the memory, but wherein to make an end of my reminiscence of the dear old chap whose death left a vacancy in my heart that can never be filled. The tale is already over long, and any mention of Wynn's companions and successors would necessitate a supplement to the week's edition and arouse enthusiasts in other departments to watchful lament that the FOREST AND STREAM had gone to the dogs. DE. F.

International Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As Mr. Davidson, in his letter, has something to say about my dogs and myself, would you kindly allow me space to reply.

As Mr. Davidson is much put out by your reporter's account of the trials, let me first say that I do not altogether agree with it. I do not think that Luke should have been placed over Tobe, or *vice versa*, until they had had a good test heat together, without which I contend that no man could properly place the two dogs. Both had run excellently; they are different in style, manner of going to their game, in action and in almost every particular. However, I suppose your reporter is as much entitled to his opinion as others. Mr. Davidson thinks he is prejudiced in favor of my dogs. He might say Mr. Davidson is prejudiced in favor of Mr. Davey's dogs, as they strain back to his old native stock, and he might also say that it is a well-known fact that he has very little regard for Toledo Blade's get. It might also be worth mentioning that Mr. Lacy, representing FOREST AND STREAM, and Mr. Stoddard, representing the *American Field*, were last year of the opinion that Luke should have had better treatment when Tobe was placed over him by the same judges, this in spite of the fact that he had no special preparation and was much too heavy to run well. It is only fair to Tobe to say that he also ran a better dog this year as to bird work, but I don't think his speed was any better, if as good.

Mr. Davidson makes comparison between the ground run over by the two dogs, contending that single work in high weeds is much easier than in bush pasture or slashing. My experience does not conform with this. Birds when scattered into brush piles and treetops, having lots of cover, move about freely, letting out the scent, and all a dog has to do is to catch the wind, go as close as he likes and point; a good kick is necessary to flush the bird and sometimes the pile has to be torn to pieces. In heavy weeds, on the contrary, birds as a rule lie very close and a dog has to get quite close before catching the scent, while the noise he makes is very likely to flush the birds. Mr. Davidson admits this when he makes excuses for the flushes in the Tobe—Cleopatra heat. I should have considered Luke lucky to be put down where Tobe did his single work, and nearly every dog that ran there, viz., Dock, Beppo's Maid and Cleopatra, did good work, whereas along the creek the single work, with the exception of Luke's, consisted of points and flushes. One of Luke's points was in weeds waist high and I had to be guided to him by Mr. Davidson himself from the top of the bank. Mr. Davidson is unfair to Luke when he blames him for not finding the birds again from his point in the small bush around which Tobe and Cleopatra had just been run for an hour and a quarter. It was the second time the birds had been flushed; they were not marked and the dogs were only worked in their direction as far as the end of the bush, after which we were ordered in another direction.

For all any one knows to the contrary, Luke pointed all the birds on the ground he worked over, as no birds were seen in any of his beats except those he found. Tobe certainly might have done more bird work in his heat with Cleopatra.

I contend the last heat, if such it could be called, was no heat at all. Four minutes in a very small field, with one dog obeying frequent calls from nature, was no test, and the judges must have had their minds made up before it was started. Why they did not give them a good test heat, as they did other dogs in both Stakes, I am at a loss to know? I have never seen such an unsatisfactory ending to a good trial.

"I have given notice of motion at our next meeting to change the running rules, to read: "Unless the first and second dogs have come together in the first or second series, they shall run a deciding heat of at least thirty minutes' duration."

A member of the club who was at the last trials, writing about the proposed change, says: "I think your suggestion about running first and second dogs together until thoroughly tested an excellent one, and do not see how it is possible to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion otherwise, especially if the two dogs are evenly matched, which is very likely to be the case. It has appeared to me the judges slide through the last series rather easily, and that they do not want the good ones together for very long—which is exactly wrong."

When Mr. Greydon has attended a few more field trials, his *ipse dixit* will be taken with more weight; one does not learn all about field trials in a day. I trust he will not let the interested individual with little regard for truth—who deprived Fanny of even the poor consolation of a back—discourage him. What the object of the individual could have been it is hard to say. Perhaps he had his eye on last place. WM. B. WELLS.

A Friendly and Sportsmanlike Challenge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Long and explanatory challenges being in order at this time, I propose a friendly and sportsmanlike one to Mr. Avent. He, I think, knows I am not in the slightest degree unfriendly either toward him or his dogs. I appreciate his skill and the merits of his setters and have no designs upon his money. He remembers that I let him off at Lafayette, La., when our contract was in the hands of Mr. Norvin T. Harris for $200 a side to run F. F. V. against any dog he could produce, eight-hour heat, then and there. He ought to accommodate me now. He claims that Chevalier is "the best combined shooting and field trial dog anywhere." I think Lady Margaret is his superior. The best combined is unquestionably the best. "Chev." was the best that he started according to the decision of the B. F., L. H. and P. W. combination at the Eastern trials. I admit that he is the most conservative and reliable dog that I have ever seen him start. He and Margaret were started three times together at the Southern trials last year. Margaret got the better of him in the first, we were in the downpour the second, and Margaret was "stuffed" (accidentally, of course, I believe) before the third. Chevalier beat her on coveys, she beat him on scattered birds; neither was placed. Both were in the two-hour race this year at Newton, N. C. Margaret ran the first in the morning when the ground was frozen, and the hoar frost, like snow, covered the earth and vegetation. She ran principally down wind, was started on ground on which no birds were found last year or had been found this year. I was handicapped for the first forty-five minutes by being mounted on a 2-year-old colt which refused to cross the ditches, thereby getting behind the judges and other horsemen, and by being directed to hunt in the vicinity of the cabins where curs, chickens and cats were in full force, and where quails were *non est*. In this heat she showed decided superiority over the president's dog, that was good enough in the All-Age Stake to be placed second, and would have no doubt been placed first had he located the covey which Topsey's Rod found when brought up, and which the president's dog seemed to be working when he entered the woods. Margaret was going stronger and faster than Chevalier during the latter part of their respective heats; she was also hindered by the opposing handler's whistle, and his rushing in ahead of her when on point or about to locate scattered birds. Some of the judges also had to be called to order by me for going in advance of me and flushing scattered birds when she was working on them. Therefore she had no opportunity to do her best work in this heat.

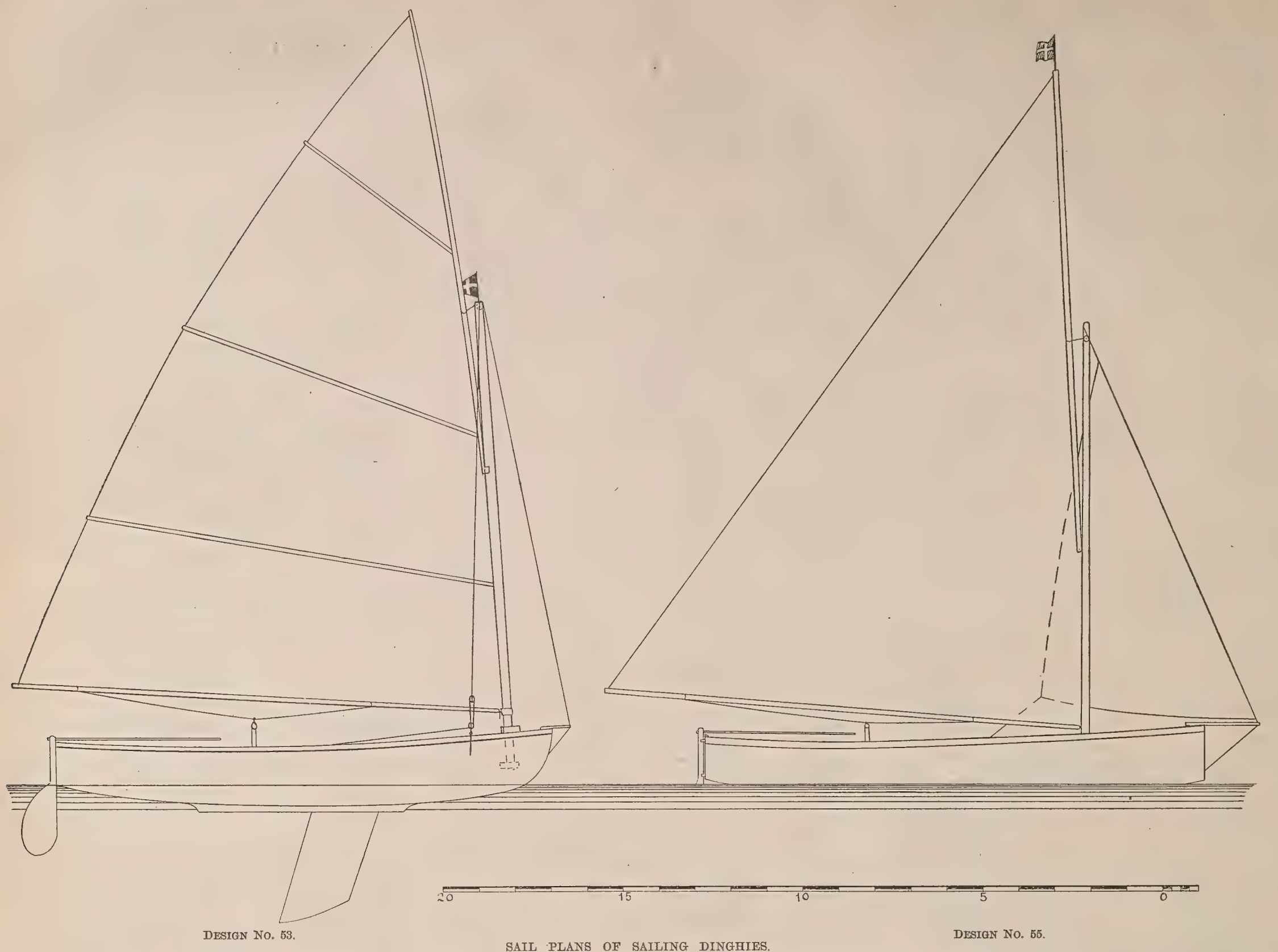
Chevalier was started in the afternoon with a reliable pointer in the hands of a comparatively quiet handler; the ground had thawed and settled; a gentle breeze blew in their faces and birds were plentiful and moving. Mr. Avent is too experienced not to know, as does the merest tyro, not an idiot, that the best dog living under the first conditions could not nearly make the same showing that any ordinary average dog could under the last-named conditions. It is true that the judges had "backbone" enough (quotation from Mr. Avent) to decide this race, the most important of what was once considered the first field trial club in America, without running even the second series.

The presiding judge admitted this year that he was wrong in agreeing to a decision last year without further running, though a second series was run because Rip Rap was run twelve or fourteen miles from where the other four dogs in the second and repeat race ran in the first series. The only question upon which the judges could possibly attempt to render a decision approaching a logical or righteous judgment was as between Rip Rap and Chevalier. No competition between either of those or Topsy's Rod and any other dog in the Stake. Surely the best dogs competing with other dogs under unfavorable circumstances should have been braced up and run on the same ground and at the same time with those that were placed. That's what we put in our $50 on Oct. 1 for. Now I want to run Lady Margaret vs. Chevalier for a nominal prize, three hours or two hours, under the Southern rules (the most perfect). We can run a fair and square race under judges as stated in your challenge to Mr. Damon, Jan. 12 or 15, near West Point. "Marg." has been bred to Cid, and should not be run after the U. S. Trials. Win or lose we should be friends. J. R. PURCEL.

NEWTON, N. C., Dec. 20.

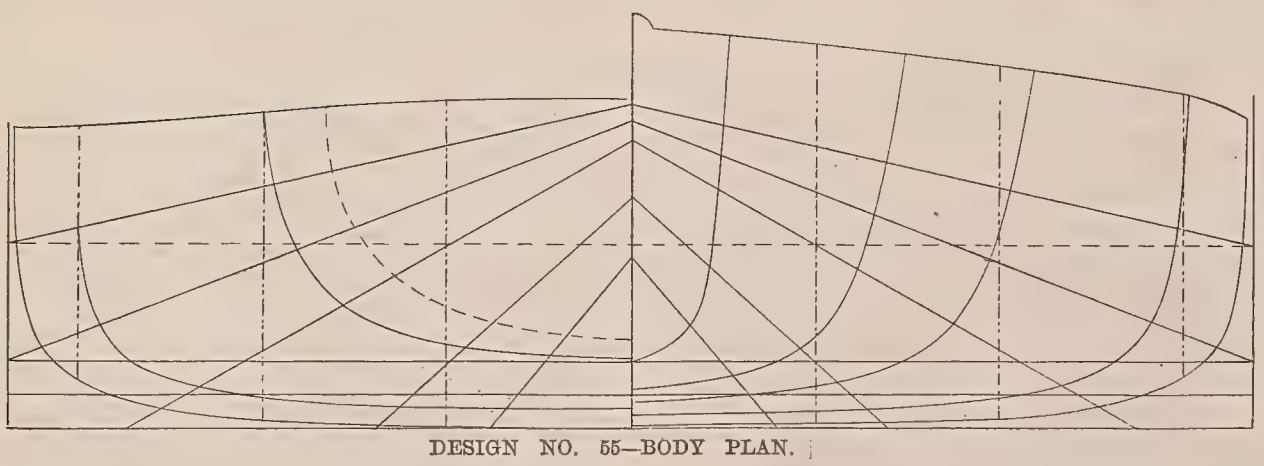
The A. K. C. and California.

An editorial which appeared in *Pacific Field Sports* recently is quite to the point in regard to A. K. C. legislation for dog shows on the Pacific coast. We have before alluded to the fact that the dogs owned by exhibitors at Californian shows have no chance to become champions on account of the A. K. C. rule which says that one of the prizes which count for the title of champion must be won at a show where there are not less than 500 entries. Judging by past shows on the Slope, such an entry is hopeless for some time to come, and unless an owner sees fit to send his dog across the continent to one of the large Eastern shows the Californian dog stands a poor chance of ever securing the coveted title, though in merit he may be the equal or superior of many of the Eastern dogs that manage, under more favorable circumstances, to become champions. This is scarcely fair, and it seems as if the A. K. C. might well make an exception to this rule in favor of dogs shown at the Pacific Kennel Club, Southern California Kennel Club, Alameda County Sportsman's Association shows, and others on the coast. That would give the dogs a reasonable chance to gain the title. In the editorial alluded to the suggestion is made that the Pacific clubs start an organization of their own that will control their shows and dog owners. The Alameda Club at present has no delegate accredited to the A. K. C., and of necessity the other two clubs are represented by Eastern men. Viewing their interests from an equitable point of view, it looks as if the Californians had good reason for a little grumbling.



DESIGN NO. 53. DESIGN NO. 55.

SAIL PLANS OF SAILING DINGHIES.



DESIGN NO. 55—BODY PLAN.

rule, so that a type of vessel of more compact form and having greater depth of underwater body may be produced. The rating rule committee will be much obliged if you will be good enough to consider this matter and suggest what formula you consider necessary to attain the object the committee have in view.

On Dec. 8 a meeting was held, at which the following gentlemen were present, to consider the above request: Messrs. R. E. Froude, G. L. Watson, Wm. Fife, jr., J. Soper, C. P. Clayton, A. E. Payne, C. Nicholson and A. Richardson.

Canoeing.

One of the discouraging incidents of canoeing is the absolute lack of interest on the part of all, racing men, cruising men, if there be any, and canoeists in general, in the very radical change in the method of racing which was recommended by the Executive Committee for next season. The regatta committee has already communicated personally or by letter with a large number of representative A. C. A. men, asking their opinions as to the proposed change and the necessary details; and in particular urging a thorough discussion of the subject through the FOREST AND STREAM.

The result is evident in our columns, half a dozen letters, but one of them suggesting anything of a practical nature so far as handicapping is concerned, and that ended with a postscript which we omitted at the time, "—— a handicap any way." There were men who spoke for the scheme at the annual meeting, and men who voted for it; but now there seems to be no one who cares what is done, one way or the other. Certainly there must still be men who are interested in canoeing, in the A. C. A. and in canoe racing, and who have, or who should have, some ideas on such a vital subject as the radical change of the racing system in a number of important events. It is to such men that the regatta committee has a right to look for aid in carrying out an exceptionally difficult task, imposed upon it, as it would appear now, without good and sufficient reason. If nobody wants a handicap system, and thus far no one has come forward in its advocacy through our columns, then there can be no use in the committee wasting time over the arranging of one. If there is anyone who favors such a scheme, and who has worked out any definite plan, the sooner he makes it known the better the chance of a successful trial next summer.

A. C. A. Membership.

Central Division: George J. French, S. D. Enoch, Clarence P. Moser, A. M. McDonell, Rochester, N. Y.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—Mr. Robert Lamp writes from Madison, Wis.: "Our canoe club here is booming in good shape, and we may look for several new canoes on our lakes. Last Saturday Vice-Com. Porter and myself went down to Milwaukee to consult with Sec'y Dickens and Huntington about the location of next summer's meet. We should like to have them come to Madison again, but there seems to be a strong pull for Ballast made by the Eastern men. We doubt whether canoeing will be benefited by going to Ballast, and the only argument they advance is that there is always a sailing breeze at Ballast. The midwinter meeting is to be held in Chicago, probably Jan. 12, 1895."

Rochester C. C.

At the annual meeting of the Rochester C. C., held on Dec. 12, at the uptown rooms in the Granite Building, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Capt., Harry V. Backus; Mate, Al. T. Brown; Purser, Charles A. Bruff; Meas., Robert Minnick; Executive Committee, William H. Burtis, Geo. Herzberger, Milton H. Smith; Regatta Committee, Harry S. Stewart, C. F. Wolters, Will. H. Martin.

Several new members were elected. The membership of the Rochester C. C. is a limited one of fifty, and there are now forty-six names on the roll. Forty-two canoes in all are stored at the club house, exclusive of the 30ft. war canoe built by Ruggles.

The club has decided to erect a ladies' dormitory in connection with the club house at Irondequoit Bay. The plans have already been prepared and call for two living rooms for the steward and a workshop on the ground floor, while the ladies' dormitory will occupy the entire second floor.

The season of '94 has been the most prosperous that the Rochester C. C. has experienced for several years past. The regattas were a success. The orchestra in attendance during all the races was an innovation that every one appreciated. The club expects that its membership will be more than filled by the time the March meeting is held, and looks forward to a still more successful season than the one that has just passed. Does that look as though canoeing was on a voyage up "Salt River?"

The annual supper will be held on Jan. 11, 1895, at the Alberger. This committee consists of Capt. Harry V. Backus, Mate Al. T. Brown, W. Brown, W. H. Burtis, George Herzberger and Milton H. Smith. Financially the club is in first-class condition, the purser's report showing the largest surplus ever shown since the foundation of the club.

The Revival of Canoe Racing.

MONTREAL, Dec. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been requested by the chairman of the regatta committee of the A. C. A. to give my idea regarding a practical way of handicapping canoe sailing for 1895.

After much consideration, I can see no fair means of doing so without the results being more disastrous to canoeing than the lack of entries is at present.

My idea would be to reduce the advantage one canoe has over another. I do not mean by this to limit the sail area, as I think that one who owns a good honest boat should be entitled to carry a large area in a light wind, thereby preventing a keen canoeist from the evil of a hull cut away to get the best advantage from a limited area.

I would suggest limiting the distance that a hiking seat be allowed to slide outboard to windward. It is well known that sail carrying is pretty well governed by length of seat as well as the agility of the man.

But whatever is done, it must not increase the expenditure attending canoe racing, but rather to decrease it, for to my mind it is largely due to this that we do not have more entries.

Should be glad to hear an expression of opinion through your columns regarding the advisability of the above. MAB.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following.

Jan. 9.—YARDVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot at live birds; handicap, 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra

Jan. 10-11.—FANWOOD, N. J.—Two days' tournament of the Climax Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds

Jan. 15-17.—HAMILTON, Canada —Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

Feb. 5-7.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two first days, targets; last day, live birds. Open to all. Send for programmes to E. D. Fulford or H. L. Gates.

Jan. 24.—NEWARK, N. J.—Newark City handicap, 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club. Shoot to take place at Erb's grounds.

Feb. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, of the series of 1895, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Henry A. Kratz, Sec'y.

Feb. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Second bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Events open to all.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kas.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

May 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

May 14-16 —DAYTON, O —Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24 —Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30 —CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-day's tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31 —GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 4-7 —MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21 —CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in bash added.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament.

increase of power for the purpose, the Ardent's engine having about 5,000 horse power on the last pair of runs.

"The absence of vibration, which has been so happy a characteristic of the later vessels of this class, was also noticeable in the Ardent while and her improvement was the very small amount of flame to be seen at the tops of the chimneys, even when running at highest speed.

A Restricted Racing Class.

The extreme development of purely racing features, and the rapid outclassing of new boats by others a little newer and of more extreme type, has resulted in the production in England, Scotland and Ireland of many special classes, independent of the recognized rating rule of the Y. R. A., and governed by certain arbitrary and often stringent limitations, intended at least to secure to a boat a longer racing life than one or two seasons; and also, in many cases, to produce a generally useful boat at a moderate cost. Among these classes are the Kingstown "Mermaids" and "Waterwags," the boats of the Munster Model Y. C., the 18 footers of the Mersey, the 19 and 23ft. classes on the Clyde, and a new class of centerboard boat just established in the latter locality. In many cases the rule is "one class, one design," all the boats being built to a standard design, both in model and construction, thus lessening the cost and making the racing purely a test of individual skill in handling. In other cases different designs are allowed, but under such general restrictions as shall prevent the production of a boat of much greater power or sail area than the average of the class.

The boats here illustrated are intended for such a limited class, of sailing dinghies, which exists in the vicinity of Dartmouth, England; used for regular racing through the season, and also for pleasure sailing. The limitations of the class are: the boats to be unsinkable, length over all not to exceed 14ft. l. w. l. not to exceed 13ft., draft not to exceed 1ft., no outside ballast, but metal centerplate, the trunk of which shall not rise above the gunwale, no limit of sail area, but all spars must stow inside the boat on the thwarts. The two designs were made by Capt. Henry E. Bayly, of Exmouth, an amateur whose work is well known to our readers; the first one, No. 53, having been made last year and the boat built and raced with success. The second, No 55, is now building, by Wm. Hodge, of Dartmouth, for A. F. Wood, Esq., with a third, No. 56, for the Earl of Drogheda. The dimensions are as follows:

	No. 53.	No. 55.	No. 56.
Length over all	14ft.	14ft.	14ft.
l.w.l.	13ft.	13ft.	13ft.
Beam, extreme	5ft. 3in.	6ft. 3in.	6ft. 2in.
l.w.l.	5ft. ⅛in.	5ft. 10in.	5ft. 7in.
Draft, hull	8⅜in.	4in.	4in.
with plate	3ft. 10½in.	4ft 3in.	4ft. 3in.
Freeboard, least	1ft. 1¾in.	1ft. 2¼in.	1ft. 2¼in.
Sheer, bow	6in.	6in.	6in.
stern	1in.	1¼in.	1¼in.
Displacement	896lbs.		
Centerplate, weight	60lbs.		
thickness	¼in.	3-16in.	
Ballast, inside	192lbs.		
Mast, gunwale to truck	12ft.	11ft. 6in.	
Boom	13ft. 6in.	13ft. 4in.	
Yard	13 ft.	13ft. 4in.	
Mainsail, luff	6ft. 9in.	5ft.	
leech	21ft. 10in.	21ft. 4in.	
Jib, foot		6ft.	
luff		10ft. 10in.	
leech		9ft. 6in.	
Areas, mainsail	139sq. ft.	120sq. ft.	
jib		28.5	
Total		148.5	

The weights of No. 53 are: construction and equipment, 336 lbs., centerplate, 60 lbs., crew, 308 lbs., ballast, inside, 192 lbs., total, 896 lbs. The centerplates are of the new knife pattern, very narrow and deep, as in Mr. Linton Hope's Sorceress, lifting by a tackle on the inner projecting arm. In the first design the mast is set rather high, and supported by a thick partner piece or upper thwart on top of the gunwales, with an iron hasp on the after side to permit of easy stepping. We believe that this piece and all forms of tabernacles and telescoping masts are now prohibited. The sails are really leg-o-muttons, though set as lugs, the yards being up and down the masts. The yard is set up by flexible wire tye, a single part, with a tackle on the lower end, the fall leading to the middle of the boat. A heelrope is also used, by which the yard may be jammed close to the mast when the sail is reefed.

The boats are fitted with long cylinders of painted canvas stuffed with cork, one lashed fast in each bilge; they are 10ft. long and 10 in diameter, tapering to 4 in at ends, and make good seats for the crew in sailing. The large design shows No. 53, the body plan and sail plan of No. 55 being also given. The latter is quite an extreme of beam and light draft; No 56 being more cut away, and easier in form. The boats are entirely open, as required by the rules, but movable washstrakes are fitted above the gunwales in bad weather.

Captain Bayly has just completed for his own use next season a 1 rater of extreme proportions, 28ft. over all, 18 ft. l.w.l. 7ft. 10in. beam, 5in. draft, with a knife plate weighing 10 lbs and giving a total draft of 6ft. 8in. The rudder, of the fishtail form, will house, through a long well in the counter. Her name will be Boucanier, a new spelling of an old word.

The Valkyrie-Satanita Collision.

The suit of Lord Dunraven against Mr. A. D. Clarke for the loss of the former's yacht Valkyrie II by collision with Satanita was tried before the Admiralty Court, in London, on Dec. 17-18, being decided in Mr. Clarke's favor. The *Field* discusses the main question involved as follows:

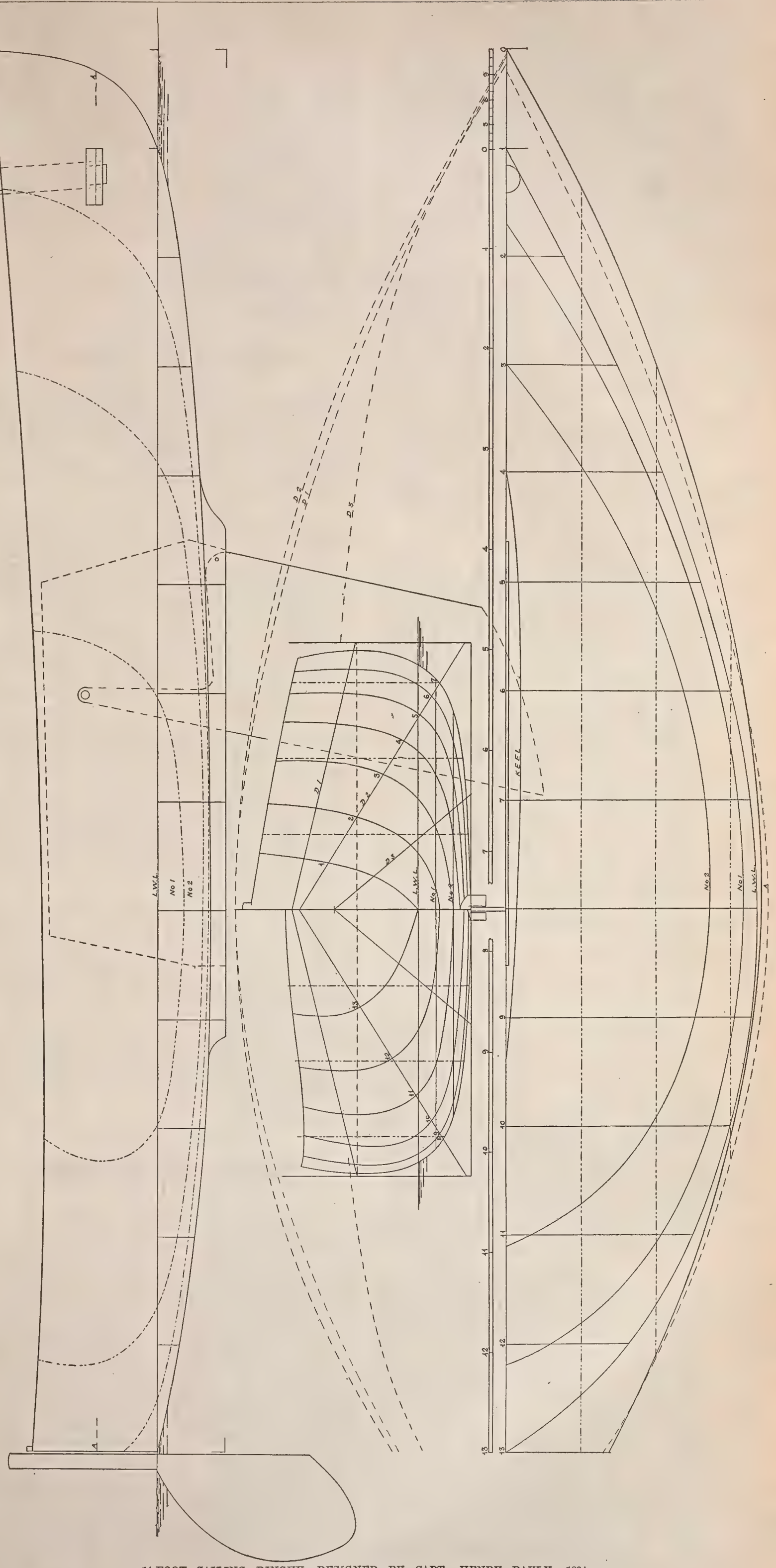
It will be remembered that the Satanita sailed into and sank the Valkyrie yacht at the regatta of the Mudhook Yacht Club on the Clyde in July last. The underwriters of Valkyrie treated the case as one of total loss and paid up the insurance. An action was then commenced against the underwriters and owner of Satanita to recover the money paid for the loss of Valkyrie.

The statement of defence of the owner of Satanita (Mr. A. D. Clarke) has now been delivered, and the case, we understand, is set down for hearing on Dec. 18. He admits the collision and damage was due to the faulty handling or navigation of Satanita, but denies that he himself is blamable for it, and claims to have the case settled under the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act, where collisions take place without the fault or privity of the owner of the vessel to blame. Under this provision the amount recoverable would be only £8 per registered ton.

For the representatives of Valkyrie, on the other hand, it is claimed that the owner of Satanita contracted himself out of the provisions of the Merchant Shipping act by the declaration in the Y. R. A. rules, as follows: "I undertake that while sailing under this entry I will obey and be bound by the sailing rules of the Yacht Racing Association."

The Merchant Shipping Act contains no clause giving permission for the owner of a yacht or other vessel to contract himself out of its provisions, and this point will have to be settled by the Court before the case comes on for hearing on its merits.

In the Oimara *vs.* Fiona case (see the *Field*, Oct. 2 and Nov. 13, 1875), Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in giving judgment, said he was obliged to decide the case under the regulations for the prevention of collisions at sea, as the parties would not agree to have the case decided by the yacht club sailing rules. The Fiona was held to blame, and the Commissioner concluded by saying "he hoped before any yachts were allowed to enter a race there would be a distinct pledge insisted upon that any dispute should be settled by the yacht club committee." Of course this pledge is given, and its observance is a question of honor among the parties concerned, but it can scarcely be expected that underwriters, where their interests are involved, will allow them to be sacrificed on account of a convenient and honorable agreement which other parties have entered upon. However, it is a question of great importance to yacht owners, and we trust the point will be ably argued. It is of special importance to those who insure against racing risks, and we ought to know beyond all doubt to what extent a yacht owner contracts himself out of the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act when he signs the yacht racing declaration we have quoted. The owner of the Satanita admits his vessel to be in the wrong—presumably whether under the provisions of the regulations for the prevention of collision at sea or under the yacht racing rules; but what we want to know definitely is whether by entering his vessel under the yacht racing rules he legally abrogated all rights he or others (by underwriting or otherwise) had under the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act? As we before said, it is a matter of great importance to yacht owners, and we hope the case will be well threshed out and an authoritative decision given.



14-FOOT SAILING DINGHY, DESIGNED BY CAPT. HENRY BAYLY, 1894.

Changes of the Rating Rule.

A circular has been sent out by the Y. R. A., worded as follows:

The rating rule committee are of opinion the present rule tends to produce in yachts unduly large circumscribing dimensions relative to displacement and useful living room on board; they consequently consider it advisable to alter or modify the

DOG CHAT.

On Friday last, during the Lexow police investigation, Capt. Schmittberger testified that he did not owe his promotion either to money payments or political pulls, but to the fact that he found Commissioner Wheeler's lost dog. Another proof that the dog is man's best friend after all.

The Pacific Fox-Terrier Club, at a meeting held Dec. 14, condered the question of holding a fox-terrier show in connecon with the Poultry Show to be held in San Francisco Jan. 3, 895. Why not wait until the regular dog show in May? Dog shows and chicken conventions never mix well.

Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., owner of the Hill Hurst Kennels, has made an addition to his already spacious kennels by building a winter kennel. This is 36ft. by 9ft., divided into eight compartments, with room for stove. These compartments lead to a piazza of the same dimensions with a separate runway. This arrangement provides warm quarters for winter puppies, and dry, sheltered exercising grounds, thus giving the youngsters a good start in life at the most unseasonable period of the year.

At a meeting of the Boston Terrier Club held Dec. 20 at Young's Hotel, Boston, Messrs. H. N. Richards, C. F. Clarkson, T. C. Hollander and T. W. Thorndike were elected to membership, bringing the number of the same up to thirty-five. A change was made in the by-laws raising the initiation from $2 to $5, and the annual dues from $6 to $10. Forty dollars were then appropriated for specials at the W. K. C.'s coming show, and the same amount for specials at the Mascoutah Club s show. Mr. C. F. Leland of New York city was appointed the club's delegate to the A. K. C., and a committee of three were appointed by the chair to submit nominations for next year's officers. The club then adjourned until the annual meeting in January.

We have received a very good picture of Mr. Geo. Douglas's young cocker bitch Woodland Princess (Woodland Prince—Woodland Jude), that won first in puppy class at Toronto show, 1894. Mr. Douglas avers she is the best bitch he has ever bred, and that is praise indeed, when we remember the kind of cockers that have come from the Woodstock kennels. Wood- and Princess will be shown at New York, for we can assure Mr. Douglas that there will be no guessing, though we are not at liberty to give the judge's name.

Kent Elgin, the noted pointer, has been bitten by a mad dog, and will probably be sent to the Pasteur Institute in New York.

The paintings and sketches left by the late J. M. Tracy will be sold at auction at the American Art Association, New York, during the W. K. C. show. In the current issue of the *Quarterly Illustrator* there is an interesting article "With Horses and Dogs" by Miss Marguerite Tracy. In this we are told how her father became an animal painter. The text is liberally interspersed with original illustrations of his works by Mr. Tracy—such as "Southern Field Trials," English setter "Dashing Monarch," "The Enemy in the Camp," a sketch of the Meadowbrook Hunt, Irish water spaniel "Gip," together with a number of pictures of noted horses. In speaking of the trouble in making dogs pose for their portraits, Miss Tracy says: "The contrivances for keeping the model quiet and inspiring the needed expression were as numerous as ingenuity could suggest, for the amount of persuasion that is required to make some dogs pose is past belief. My father always had a man who held them, petted them, tempted them into the desired position with bits of meat. In extreme cases the whole household was called on to assist, and it must be confessed that some of the most perfect "points" of champion dogs have been made not at quail but at cats." The writer gives the pointer a bad character when she says: "The thoroughbred pointer is a thief. This is such an important characteristic that it is really hard to understand why it is not down in "Stonehenge," the great English authority on dogs. At one time and another almost all the famous dogs have sneaked into our kitchen while the servants' backs were turned, and custards, cakes and legs of mutton disappeared. No one really objected except the cook, who accused me of aiding and abetting them, and I remember a company dinner that passed off pleasantly in spite of the fact that old Tammany had embezzled one course."

There are rumors of dark horses to come out at the W. K. C. show, but a St. Bernard that we hear of out Flatbush way should make a sensation. Eleven months old and weighing 198lbs., but "its head is too large for its body," so our informant told us. The sire is Eboracum and the dam Huddersfield Belle, an imported bitch.

Mr. R. Leslie, of Lynn, Mass., has sold his pointer Kentwood (26556), by ch. King of Kent ex ch. Belle Randolph, to Mr. Warren E. Foote, Newton Centre, Mass. Kentwood is two and a half years old, and was trained by Mr. B. C. Miller, Little Rock, Ark.

The judges for the Westminster Kennel Club show are as follows:

St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and pugs, Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.; mastiffs, great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, poodles, all terriers, except fox terriers, basset hounds, dachshunds, whippets, Italian greyhounds, schipperkes, toy spaniels and miscellaneous classes, Mr. James Taylor, of the *English Stock-Keeper*; bloodhounds, deerhounds, foxhounds, setters, Chesapeake Bay dogs and English retrievers, Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; pointers, Mr. Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.; spaniels (except toys), Mr. E. M. Oldham, New York; collies, Dr. L. C. Sauveur, Chestnut Hill, Pa.; bull dogs, Mr. John H. Matthews, New York; fox-terriers and Old English sheep dogs, Mr. R. F. Mayhew, New York; beagles, Mr. Joe Lewis, Moodus, Conn.; Boston terriers, Mr. C. F. Leland, New York.

On Christmas Day the members of the Westminster Kennel Club had a royal time at their club house, near Babylon, L. I. Pigeon shooting was followed by a dinner in the club house. The feature of the day, however, was the presentation of a handsome silver-mounted orange wood cane to James G. K. Duer, the president of the club, by George De Forest Grant, in appreciation of Mr. Duer's long and faithful services to the club.

Mrs. Smyth is still improving, and her many friends will be pleased to hear that her removal from the hospital was accomplished in safety, and she is now enjoying the care and attention that only a home can offer.

With the advent of a new year fanciers' thoughts turn to the spring shows and the W. K. C. show in particular. The coming champions are weighed in the balance of their owners' judgment, the seasoned winners are looked over with a view to preparation for another circuit, and, in case the kennel is a large one, the teams are selected that are to do battle for the kennel prizes. The careful and far-seeing kennel manager should now examine his show dogs carefully as to the state of their general health and for any signs of worms or skin diseases, the main stumbling blocks which he has to contend with in bringing them to that fine condition which all dogs should show when put on the bench. A few weeks of general preparation now are worth much more than a hurried stuffing and conditioning a week or two before the show. Intestinal parasites should be sent to the right about, thin dogs put on a more liberal diet, and the dogs which have spent a lazy winter and which may have a consequent accumulation of adipose matter, should be exercised gently at first. The main points the exhibitor should bear in mind in conditioning his dogs for a show are to create a natural hunger with judicious exercising, avoid drugs, loosen the dogs' bowels by a liberal course of vegetables mixed with other foods rather than by physicking, and regular meals and daily grooming with brushes adapted to the dog's coat. Large dogs should be walked every day, terriers and other small dogs, which are often kept where the owner has little convenience for exercising, may be tuned up into good hard flesh by retrieving a ball, and no better method of exercising every muscle in a terrier can be found than in attaching a ball or stout piece of canvas to the end of a string attached to a stiff fishing rod or light pole; by jerking this about in front of your terrier for ten minutes, morning and night, you will soon put him in shape and afford endless amusement to owner and dog, with little exertion on the former's part. Many of our large breeds, mastiffs and St. Bernards especially, are often shown with thighs as flat as a board, but daily walking exercise would soon fill out the muscles and produce the rounded full appearance they should have. The careful owner will study the dog's health, and by providing clean, dry quarters, free from draughts, judicious exercise, plenty of "elbow grease" for the coat, and a variety in feeding, the burden of conditioning his dogs for the bench will not be a difficult one. As a general diet eggs beaten up in new milk for the morning meal and dry biscuits, varied with well-boiled mutton or beef and vegetables, mixed with stale bread, rice or oatmeal, will afford a scope of dietary measures that should bring any dog not actually sick into proper condition for show purposes.

W. E. Warner, manager of Mr. George J. Gould's kennels, is still strengthening his team of pointers, the latest purchase being Marguerite Kent, by King of Kent, from Mr. F. W. Shaw, owner of the Canadian Pointer Kennels, Forest, Ont. This bitch ran well in the field trials.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

The sportsmen throughout the country will regret the death of Mr. N. D. Wallace, of New Orleans. He died during the past summer. Field trial competitors and supporters will remember that he was prominently connected with the Southern field trials held during the early 80's. If my memory serves me correctly he was at one time president of that club. He acted also in the capacity of judge at Canton, Miss., when the Southern trials were held there. He was a most amiable sportsman and gentleman and had many friends.

A TIP.

From a local paper I take the following, which may be valuable or not, in determining the dog's manner of communication:

"According to the London *Dispatch*, Dr. Louis Robinson, of that city, who has been investigating the mysteries of canine language, has practically set up the theory that a dog speaks with his tail tip. There is certainly a deal of expression in the wag of a dog's tail, and Dr. Robinson, says the Philadelphia *Record*, must be credited with having given a novel and interesting tip to that portion of the scientific world which devotes itself to philology."

Still, in some manner inexplicable with the theory, bobtailed dogs manage to communicate quite as well as the long-tailed ones, and all dogs manage to communicate in the dark when their tails can not be seen. I am disposed to think that the learned Dr. Robinson, notwithstanding that the family is wide and of long standing, has been playing horse with the press of London and elsewhere.

Mr. Norvin T. Harris, who is famous both as an admirer and owner of well bred horses and dogs, contemplated spending the winter in New Orleans after Dec. 20, but I was told that it was possible that he might change his plans and not come here, or at least not till much later than he originally contemplated.

The breeder of a good dog is entitled to no small share of the credit which comes from the dog's successful competition and good performance. In this connection, it may not be amiss to mention that Mr. J. M. Freeman, of Bicknell, Ind., was the breeder of Mr. P. T. Madison's famous dog Rodfield. Mr. Freeman does not make much hullabaloo in the papers, but he is one of the men who are reliably present when the trials come off, and he is a supporter of field trials.

In the *Times-Democrat* of Dec. 22 I note the following: "An appeal case was filed in the Civil District Court yesterday from the First City Court by Col. J. C. Wickliffe against the Red River Line. The petitioner, Col. Wickliffe, claims that he sent his dog by freight on the steamboat Hallette of the Red River Line and those in charge carelessly put the dog in the engine room, where he was killed by the machinery. Col. Wickliffe valued the dog at $100, which amount he sues for. He says the dog is not only valuable as an animal but as a watch dog, and that on one occasion the dog saved the life of one of his children. The dog was killed some time ago."

The most difficult part of litigation is, generally speaking, to prove that the dog is worth anything at all. I think that if Col. Wickliffe were to write to Mr. J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn., he could get valuable information in respect to precedents and the rulings in suits for damages of a similar nature, as I was told that he had collected a large mass of evidence for use in his own suit which he won some time ago. B. WATERS.

NEW ORLEANS, La.

Hunting and Coursing.

Shall it be Speed or Nose?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the FOREST AND STREAM for a long term of years, and I have not taken much of your valuable space in a controversy with the beagle men, but in an issue of your paper of Dec. 15, in a communication of Mr. Buckstaff's in "Shall it be Speed or Nose?" he struck me in a tender spot when he says, according to all reports, his Royal Rover beat my Nell R. and did it easily. Now, I wish to say to Mr. Buckstaff, that the reports say no such thing, and further, that Royal Rover cannot beat Nell R. for speed, nose or any other hunting quality, for fun or money. "Bradley," in his report to the FOREST AND STREAM, says: "Rover fairly outworked Nell, as she acted as though she was tired." This I admit in part. They ran the day before over two hours together. No part of the heat was satisfactorily seen by the judges and the dogs were ordered up. The next morning they were put down again and a few minutes after Mr. Chapman kicked out a rabbit. Rover was put on the trail immediately, and the rabbit at once left the brush and went into a mowed field and took nearly a straight line for a garden. Nell at the time the rabbit was started was a number of rods away from Rover and did not know that he had a rabbit running until I called her out of the brush. She then had to make up some twenty rods before she could get in with Rover and, I think, did not get ahead of him. The rabbit was soon lost in the garden. What dog found the trail, drove the rabbit into the rails and marked him, and was ordered to be caught by the judges as she was trying to work into the rails after her game? are the questions that I wish to ask Mr. Buckstaff, and I venture to say that if he will take the trouble to inform himself he will find that it was Nell R., and also, that the rabbit might have been in the garden now for all Rover did toward driving him out. Was there anything about that heat upon which Mr. Buckstaff can claim that Rover beat Nell so easily?

When the notice was given out of the dogs that were to be left in for the second series I was satisfied to find that Nell had been left out. I well knew that she could not get into the money, for I had not seen anything done by her or Rover that would entitle either of them to run again. Nell being only a little over one year old, and having to run in the Derby the next day, had a chance to rest up, and, I think, her heat with Lucy in the Derby was the fastest and truest heat of the entire trials, and if Rover had run against her that day it would have been "poor Rover."

Now, in the heat between Buckshot and Rover, Mr. Buckstaff says: "After a hot heat it was decided that Rover had the best nose, but Buckshot was too fast for him." Not any, please, Mr. Buckstaff, no such decision was given out by the judges, for the facts of the case are that Rover never led Buckshot, except for some few rods when he was first put on the rabbit. In the report of FOREST AND STREAM, written by Mr. Turpin, one of the judges, and he came very near having seen all the work done by the dogs that was possible for him to see, he says. "Worked into a grass field. Both began to trail, Buck in advance until Buck started his rabbit." Whose nose did this piece of work I would like to ask Mr. Buckstaff? I think the judges, handlers and spectators will all remember that drive up to the hedge row. The next rabbit was soon lost after being started by Rover. The next work done was on a trail found by Buckshot and I called judge Lewis's attention to the dog, and told him to let him work and he would start the rabbit, and he did so. Report in FOREST AND STREAM says, "Buckshot leading the way and catching most of the turns." I would like to ask Mr. Buckstaff if he can see anything in that heat that any judge should say that Rover had the best nose. I guess not. I do not own Buckshot to-day, but the beagle that has got a better nose than he has does not spell his name Royal Rover. Buckshot beat Royal Rover at both Oxford and Hempstead under four different judges. If Royal Rover was sent East as an object lesson for the benefit of the Eastern beagle men I think he was a failure. If Mr. Buckstaff had sent such a dog as Dime, Buck, Nell or Lucy we should have had something that was able to win, with nose and speed combined.

In regard to the judges' decision, any one who has ever attended a trial where Messrs. Lewis and Turpin have been judges will see how close they try to keep up and how careful they are to place the dogs right, will never kick if his dogs do not get into the money.

About a year ago Mr. Buckstaff had an article on speed against nose and wished to hear from the beagle men. I will answer him now. I want a beagle that is fast, and the faster the better, with a nose equal to his speed, and that on a loss will swing and swing at the top of his speed until he strikes the trail again; built to stand as many days' hard work as I wish to hunt, a good barker, good starter and a stayer. This is the kind of a beagle I have been trying to breed for the last fifteen years. I have not been going down the beagle ladder, but climbing up and trying to make the dogs that beat mine climb, and when those dogs get through a trial against my dogs they will not leave that field saying that they have beaten them "easily." If Mr. Buckstaff had not used the word "easily" I don't think I should have answered his article, but I could not quite stand that. In regard to those long-legged, quaint, terrier-looking beagles will say they must nearly all have been West, as I did not see any at the New England or National Beagle Club trials. I have yet to learn why a fast, true-running beagle is a handicap for a hunting beagle; I am sure on our large rabbit they are the kind we must have. It is no sport for me to shoot a rabbit sitting still or just crawling along in front of a slow beagle, simply because the dog has not nose and speed enough to drive him into a run. Did any beagle man ever see a fast, true-running beagle that did not have a good nose? Thanking you for the space this letter will take, I will step down, but not out, for I have a few beagles to run next fall, just to keep the judges from catching cold.

GEORGE F. REED.

BARTON, Vt., Dec. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I like to read, in your paper, the views of others regarding beagles and their hunting qualities. In regard to the letter on speed and nose, I fully agree with Mr. Buckstaff that nose is the desirable quality in the beagle for this game. I have hunted a great deal after cottontails with beagles, in fact, have been thanked by farmers for hunting them where they were a pest (but that time is past). If you hunt with a very fast dog and put up an old rabbit where there is not much cover, away he goes, driven by your fast dog. With the slower dog, and of good nose, the rabbit will hide and dodge around, and in all probability you will soon have him. In proof I will relate what I saw on a hunt. My dog had been running a rabbit, but the dog was a long distance off, but still working out the trail. I saw the rabbit squat, so I watched his actions. He cleaned his head with his forepaws, then he brushed and cleaned his whiskers with his forelegs, all the while sitting on his haunches. But as the dog came nearer he squatted low and soon started. He seemed to be playing hide and seek. I did not shoot that rabbit.

Now, in regard to nose. One time I had my beagles taken five miles through a strange district, in a wagon to the hunting grounds. In hunting we lost one dog in the woods, and when ready to go home we found the other dog was missing. One dog arrived home about 3 P. M., the other about 8 P. M. Their only chance to find home was by following the smell of the horses' hoofs. Another example. I had taken my dogs to an Illinois village; they had never been there before, were fresh and wanted a hunt. After hunting all day, about dark I heard them giving tongue in a large field of tall weeds, and they drove four rabbits past me. I shot two, although it was too dark to shoot properly, but the dogs would not come in. I was about three miles from home and was afraid I would lose my dogs, but concluded to give them a test. I had rubber boots on, and following the path from the field into the main road, I walked the three miles, in the center of the road, to my lodgings. I was much concerned about my dogs, but about 9 P. M. I heard a whimper at the door and opening it found one of my beagles. Shortly after I heard another whimper and the other beagle was on the doorstep. Do you wonder that the hunter loves his hounds—what but good nose would have brought those dogs home? JOHN BATEMAN.

DEC. 14.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The London (Ont.) Hunt Club is usually represented by one or two couples of good English hounds at the Toronto shows, and a little news in regard to this well-known hunt-club may not be amiss while Jack Frost holds the country in his hard embrace and horses and hounds are eating their heads off in their warm quarters at "Glenmore." An interesting account of the club's organization appears in the London (Ont.) *Daily Free Press* of Dec. 22, and is embellished with numerous pictures of the leading members, the club quarters and the pack. There is also a capital picture of a fox, but this is purely theoretical, as unfortunately these hounds are compelled to follow the lame but strong-smelling anise seed bag. The club was organized in 1885 with a membership of twenty-five; this number has so increased until the club now counts 188 names on its roster. Five years ago the club leased a beautiful old country place called "Glenmore," situated not far from London, and here are the headquarters of the Hunt. There is stabling for thirty horses, and the well appointed kennels accommodate fifteen couple of hounds. We note with pleasure that our friend Dr. J. S. Niven, president of the Canadian Kennel Club, who has been such a good fancier for years back, his name being a household word in cocker and Irish terrier circles, has almost from the first been high up in the club's official list. In 1887-88 he was second vice-president and afterward first vice-president for three years. In the season of 1889-90 he was elected M. F. H., and this argues that he must be familiar with the saddle and a straight rider, for though drag hunting lacks the exciting element of sport that sly reynard furnishes, still a drag is no mean substitute, and nerve and a good seat are required in those who wish to see the finish of a ten-mile burst. Some of the highest jumpers in the world received their schooling over the "Glenmore" fences—Rosemary, Bismark, Maud, Glenmore, Gatling, Rosebud, Dexter, etc. Rosemary, who is now dead, it will be remembered, held the world's record of 7ft. 4½in. made at Chicago in 1890.

* * *

On Dec. 26 the sport-loving inhabitants of Westchester, Pa., enjoyed an hour's run after a bagged gray fox. The event had been prepared for during the past month and there were nearly

under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

The Maplewoods Kept Christmas.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., Dec. 26.—It is the custom of the members of the Maplewood Gun Club to meet at their grounds each Christmas Day and indulge in sweepstake shooting. Some time during the day sides are chosen and the annual supper is contested for. The winning side pays for the targets and the losers for the supper, which is held on New Year's Eve, at which time the annual meeting of the club is held.

This year proved no exception to the rule. The boys first started in at 4 live birds, and a better and tougher lot never left the trap. No straights were made in the first sweep, as it was found out afterward that the birds had 31yds. start. This was reduced 3yds. in the next event, and as the scores will show, better work was done. The South Orange Field Club was well represented in the morning, which was appreciated by the Maplewood boys. After the live birds were disposed of, targets were next in order, and as the scores show, it was a continual bang until darkness put an end to it. The contest for the supper proved to be very interesting and well contested, as only two breaks separated the teams at the finish, President J. Warren Smith's team pulling out ahead. Scores follow:

Four live birds, $3.

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Eager	210*—2	020*—1	Rayes	*220—2	....
Lightifer	12*0—2	1221—4	G Smith	02*1—2	102*—2
Yeomans	1021—3	201*—2	Babson	2*00—1	*022—2
Doc	*122—3	2101—3	Williamson	1020—2	1221—4
Von Lengerke	1202—3	0222—3	Foster	*020—1	0212—3
Quigley	022*—2	0*20—1	Drake	0112—3	*221—3

No. 3, 10 targets, 50 cents:

Yeomans	1111111111—10	Lightifer	0101110101— 6
W Smith	1101111111— 9	Babson	1101010110— 6
Quigley	0101101111— 7	Eager	1111101110— 8
Foster	1011110111— 8	Van Iderstine	1111110110— 8
G Smith	0101101101— 6	Thomas	1011111100— 7
J von Lengerke	1111111111—10	Williamson	1111111110— 9
Story	1111111011— 9	Siggins	0001111011— 6
Fisher	0111110110— 7	Reeves	1011111110— 8
Drake	0111111111— 9		

No. 4, 10 targets, 50 cents:

Thomas	1101101111— 8	Yeomans	1111011011— 8
Foster	1111011011— 8	Drake	1111111111—10
Quigley	1101100110— 6	Story	1101101011— 7
W Smith	1111111011— 9	Van Iderstine	1111011111— 9
Lightifer	1100011111— 7	Fisher	1101111110— 8
J von Lengerke	1111111110— 9	G Smith	1110111101— 8
Williamson	1111101110— 8		

No. 5, 10 targets, 50 cents, unknown angles:

Thomas	1111001101— 7	Siggins	1111101101— 8
W Smith	1111111111—10	Drake	0111111011— 8
Van Iderstine	1110011111— 8	Reeves	1110011011— 7
Yeomans	1111111111—10	Eager	1111111011— 9
Williamson	1111111011— 9		

No. 6, 10 targets, 50 cents, unknown angles:

Thomas	1111111001— 8	A Sickley	1100111011— 7
Williamson	1110011111— 8	Sopher	1011110011— 7
Drake	1110111101— 8	Jackson	1110111011— 8
Yeomans	1111110101— 8	Eager	0110110110— 6
W Smith	1111111001— 8	E Sickley	1000111101— 5

No. 7, 10 targets, expert rules, 50 cents: Yeomans 5, W. Smith 8, Drake 5, Van Iderstine 5, Thomas 8, Williamson 9.

No. 8, 10 targets, 50 cents, unknown angles: Williamson 9, Yeomans 7, Drake 9, Van Iderstine 9, W. Smith 8, Thomas 8.

No. 9, 10 targets, 50 cents, unknown angles: Williamson 8, Yeomans 7, Van Iderstine 8, W. Smith 6, Thomas 9, Siggins 7, A. Sickley 9, Drake 8.

No. 10, 10 targets, 50 cents:

Sofer	1111101110— 8	S Sickley	1011011100— 6
Tillou	1111111111—10	Jackson	0111011111— 8
Williamson	1111011101— 8	A Sickley	1111111111—10
Quad	0111101111— 8	Miller	1011111011— 8
W Smith	1111111111—10	Drake	1110111111— 9
Eager	0011101010— 5		

No. 11, same:

Jackson	1101101110— 7	Fisher	1101011111— 8
W Smith	1111100111— 8	Drake	1011111111— 9
Williamson	1111011110— 8	E Sickley	0011101101— 6
Miller	0111011110— 7	Eager	1110111101— 8
A Sickley	1011111111— 9		

No. 12, 10 targets, 50 cents: W. Smith 9, Yeomans 10, Williamson 10, Van Iderstine 8, Sopher 8, Thomas 8.

No. 13, same: W. Drake 9, Yeomans 9, Van Iderstine 5, Thomas 8, Sopher 8, Williamson 9, Drake 9, A. Sickley 9.

No. 14, 15 targets, $1:

A Sickley	111111111111110—14	Drake	111111111111111—15
V'n Iderstine	011101110111111—12	Sopher	110101110111110—11
W Smith	100010111110101— 9	Miller	101111011111110—12
Jackson	110110011110111—11	Fisher	111101111111111—14
Tillou	111101011101101—11	E Sickley	111011101100100— 9
Williamson	111101101111111—13	Eager	111110110110111—12

No. 15, team race, for supper:

W N Drake's Team.

W N Drake	111110111111111111111111—24
Dr Jackson	111110101111101111111111—22
D W Van Iderstine	010111111101111101101110—19
S B Tillou	101111010101011100111100—16
Dr Fisher	111011111101101111010001111—19
A S Sofer	110111111011101011111001—19—119

J Warren Smith's Team.

J W Smith	111111011001111111011111—21
A Sickley	111111011111011111111111—23
J Williamson	011111111000111111010110010—17
E D Miller	111111111111101111011111—23
H Quad	110111011100111101101111—19
G Eager	111110111111100111110100 0—18—121

W. N. DRAKE.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Dec. 26.—The following scores were made at our Christmas shoot:

Sweep No. 1, 10 singles: Huck 9, Richmond 9, Laurenson 1, Welles 5.

No. 2, same: Huck 8, Richmond 7, Frank 6.

No. 3, same: Paul 7, Huck 10, James 7, Richmond 8, Lane 7, Laurenson 1.

No. 4, same: James 5, Laurenson 1, Frank 6, Huck 8, Richmond 8, Welles 7, Lain 8, Hutchinson 3.

No. 5, 25 singles: Paul 19, Huck 19, Lane 15, James 18, Laurenson 6, Richmond 19, Welles 13, Frank 15.

No. 6, 10 singles, expert rules: Huck 9, James 7, Paul 8, Jeannette 5, Lane 6.

WM. H. HUCK.

New Utrecht's Christmas Shoot.

The Members of the New Utrecht Gun Club turned out in force on Christmas Day; the weather was favorable and as a consequence a lengthy programme was disposed of, some 430 birds being trapped in the eight events shot off at Woodlawn, L. I.

The ball opened with the return match between the Furgusons and the Lohmans, the seniors having defeated their sons by one bird in a 50-bird race on Dec. 15, the score being 36 to 35. In the return match the number of birds was limited to 30 each side, 15 for each contestant; the result, which is given below, shows that the boys turned the tables on their fathers, defeating them handsomely by three birds, the score standing 21 to 18. Conny Furgueson beat his father by one bird, Danny Lohman leading E. Lohman by two.

The second event was a 50-bird race between C. Furgueson, Jr., and G. W. Coulston. In this event Furgueson handicapped himself too heavily, allowing his opponent one yard and five misses to count as no birds. At the end of the 47th round Furgueson withdrew, the score standing 41 to 40 in his favor Coulston, however, had not taken advantage of his handicap. Considering the way in which Coulston has been shooting of late, the terms ot the race were exceedingly severe. His form during the day was remarkably consistent; altogether he shot at 86, scoring 77; in the sweeps he killed 32 out of 34, with one more dead out of bounds, his average for the day being nearly 90 per cent. In addition to the match Coulston also won the Holiday Cup contest by killing 15 straight, Conny Furgueson making him shoot up to win it; out of the five sweeps he won one and divided first money in the other four. Scores:

No. 1, return match, fathers versus sons, 15 live birds each, fathers at 30yds., sons at 26yds.:

C Furgueson, 3d, 26	211220202222222—13
Danny Lohman, 26	*1002220*122200— 8—21
C Furgueson, Jr., 30	222201122002222—12
E Lohman, 30	212000120200000— 6—18

No. 2, match, 50 live birds each, Coulston receiving 5 misses as no birds:

G W Coulston, 29	0*22210220221022212122212—20
	21212210222222212110222 —20—40
C Furgueson, Jr., 30	22222021222222021220222222—22
	22222022202202022222222w —19—41

No. 3, Holiday Cup, club handicaps, 10 live birds, with allowances:

Class AA.		Class A.	
Furg'son, Jr., 31	2112011121— 9	G Nostrand, 30	112020*121— 7
Class B.			
G W Coulston, 29	1112112122—10	W Lair, 29	1101202212— 8
Kattenstroth, 29	1202121112— 9	H Fessenden, 29	0*122221*0— 6
P Hegeman, 29	0012221112— 8		
Class C.			
Furgueson, 3d, 26	2021211*12— 8	C Pennington, 27	1120201022— 7

Ties for Holiday Cup, miss and out: Coulston 5, Conny Furgueson 4, Kattenstroth 1.

No. 4, 3 birds, then miss and out. No. 5, 5 birds, $2. No. 6, same conditions. No. 7, same. No. 8, same.

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Coulston, 29	2111-4	12221-5	12220-4	112*2-2	22112-5
C Furgueson, 3d, 26	2222-4	20212-4	21002-3	202*2-2	.....
C Furgueson, Jr., 30	222*-3	22221-5	.....	20221-4	.....
Danny Lohman, 26	1210-3	12010-3	.....	.....	.....
E Lohman, 27	200 -1	00102-2	.....	.....	.....
D Deacon, 27	000 -0	.....	.....	.....	.....
Kattenstroth, 29	....	22222-5	00222-3	2*222-4	02102-3
G Nostrand, 30	....	12122-5	.....	.....	.....
C A Sykes, 29	....	11101-4	.....	.....	.....
H P Fessenden, 29	....	12010-3	00022-2	01222-4	12012-4
D Bennett, 29	....	.....	21001-3	22*01-3	.....
C T Pennington, 27	....	.....	10100-2	02112-4	11122-5
W Lair, 29	....	.....	001*0-1	11001-3	01222-4

Dec. 22.—This afternoon the fourteenth and closing shoot for the handsome sterling silver cup presented to the club by C. Furgueson, Jr., was won by C. A. Sykes, secretary of the New Utrecht Gun Club, with a score of 10, making his total 95 for the ten qualifying shoots. Mr. Sykes is a class B man, his handicap allowing one miss as a no bird. His nearest opponents were T. W. Morfey, class A, with 94 per cent. for ten shoots, and Conny Furgueson, the 11-year-old champion, with a similar number of kills in the ten shoots he took part in. Conny's handicap allows him one miss as a kill and another miss as a no bird; he stands at 26yds. and shoots a Francotte 16-gauge gun. In consideration of his brilliant work on the club shoots the board of managers, on behalf of the club, have awarded him a special sterling silver cup as a memento of his excellent record at the traps in 1894.

Scores made in to-day's club contest and sweeps are as follows:

Club shoot for New Utrecht Club cup of 1894; conditions, 10 live birds, club handicaps and allowances; class A shoot at 10 birds, class B allowed one miss as a no bird, class C allowed one miss as a no bird and one miss as a dead bird:

Class A.	
Furg'son, Jr., 30	2222202222 — 9
Class B.	
C A Sykes, 29	11221202212—10
G W Coulston, 29	2121222212 —10
Class C.	
Furgueson 3d, 26	1122022202201—9
E Lohman, 26	0012002*2211—7
L Pennington, 27	1120002002001—6
D Lohman, 27	1100022*0221—7

Sweeps, with club handicaps, were shot as follows at 5 birds, $2:

C Furgueson, Jr.	11121—5	22222—5	21222—5
C Furgueson, 3d	11012—4	11202—4	02001—2
G Coulston	01220—3	21202—4	11011—4
C T Pennington	01020—2	10210—3	.....
P Moore	.....	12002—3	00000—0
D Lohman	.....	02021—3	.....
E Lohman	.....	*0001—1	22001—3

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 27.—The Eureka Gun Club's Christmas shoot was started punctually at 9 A. M. on the morning of the 25th. A large attendance of a strictly amateur class was present, many of whom were there, not to shoot, but simply to look on. Few, however, could withstand the temptation to try their skill at 10 or 20 targets, but, unfortunately, the result of their efforts will remain to a certain extent unknown to the outside world, the reason being that some one purloined a few of the score sheets. Twelve events in all were shot, only nine of which are given below:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Morgan 7, Abel 2, Ferguson 3, Dr. Carson 5.

No. 2, same: Morgan 3, Able 2, Ferguson 5, Dr. Carson 3.

No. 3, 20 targets, unknown angles, $1.50:

Morgan	10101001101011010111—12
Abel	01000000010010001100— 5
Ferguson	11111101110000010101—12
Dr Carson	01100001100000111011— 9
Hendricks	01010100010100100110— 8
Taylor	01101000000110010101— 8
A W Hammond	00000100100100000010— 4
Maltby	00000000001111100001— 6
Glover	01010011100000010001— 7
DeWolf	10110011110100011111—13

No. 4, 10 targefs, unknown angles, $1: Morgan 7, Able 3, Ferguson 8, Carson 6, Hendricks 4, Hammond 3, Glover 5, DeWolf 2, Morton 2, Goodrich 7, Maltby 2.

No. 5, same: Morgan 8, Abel 2, Ferguson 8, Carson 6, Hendricks 1, Hammond 4, Glover 6, DeWolf 7, Morton 2, Goodrich 5, Maltby 5, Young 3.

No. 6, 20 sweeps, unknown angles, $1.50:

Morgan	10101101010110011111—13
Ferguson	11000101010001110001— 9
H Jones	00000000000000010000— 1
Glover	00001111100100001010— 8
DeWolf	01110101110111101111—15
Goodrich	10100000000100100001— 5
Maltby	11000000001011110010— 8
A M Jones	10100000010010110001— 7
Hendricks	00001010100100011110— 7

No. 7, same: Morgan 13, Abel 7, Ferguson 11, Glover 11.

No. 8, same: Morgan 13, Abel 7, Ferguson 9, Glover 10, Taylor 4, Carson 5.

No. 9, 20 targets, expert rules, $1.50: Morgan 15, Glover 14, DeWolf 17.

W. F. D.

Larchmont Club Scores.

A strong northwesterly wind on Saturday, Dec. 22, helped to make the live birds at Larchmont strong and fast. As a natural result scores did not rule high, notwithstanding the presence of such men as Fred Hoey, J. P. Knapp, L. T. Davenport and Capt. Money. J. T. Taylor and F. G. Moore were also on hand and shot in a few sweeps, the former also shooting a race at 25 birds with Knapp; that race was won by Knapp with a score of 23 to 22. Knapp's form has so materially improved that he is now placed on the 30-yard mark; his percentage on Saturday was over 88, as he killed 61 out of 69 shot at. Taking into account the conditions as to weather and birds, the percentage is a high one. Davenport killed 32 out of 38; Hoey 33 out of 40; Taylor 41 out of 50; Money 17 out of 23; Moore 15 out of 19. Exactly 239 birds were trapped, out of which 199 were scored within bounds, an average of 83 per cent. Scores:

Special match, 25 live birds, 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary.

J P Knapp	1222220222122102222222222—23
J T Taylor	2011111221212022021212221—22

	No. 2, handicap sweep, 5 birds $5:	No. 3, same:	No. 4, miss and out.
Fred Hoey, 31	0 —0	11020—3	22220—4
J P Knapp, 30	22222—5	00 —0	12222—5
Capt Money, 30	02210—3	10121—4	22211—5
J T Taylor, 30	02022—3	0210 —2	.....
L T Davenport, 30	22221—5	21022—4	0 —0

	No. 5, same as No. 4:	No. 6, 10 birds, $10:
Fred Hoey, 31	22—2	2222200 —5
J P Knapp, 30	10—1	2222102221—9
Capt Money, 30	21—2	021020 —3
L T Davenport, 30	20—1	0221122122—9

	No. 7, same as No. 6:	No. 8, same as No. 6:
Fred Hoey, 31	2222222220—9	2222222222—10
J P Knapp, 30	1222222202—9	2222222220— 9
L T Davenport, 30	02210 —3	2122112122—10
F G Moore, 30	2002222222—8	022222220 — 7
J T Taylor, 30	212111200 —7	210212121 — 8

Ashbourne Defeats Somerton.

SOMERTON, Pa., Dec. 24.—The Ashbourne (Pa.) Gun Club's team of 12 men came to Somerton on Saturday, Dec. 22, and defeated the home team by no less than 17 targets. Each team was composed of 12 men, each man shooting at 25 targets. Scores:

Ashbourne.

J Peterman	1111111111111111111111111—25
H Thurman	1111111110111111111111111—24
Dr Yeakel	0011111101011111111111111—21
W Muench	1111111111111001101111011—21
W Hallowell	1111111100110111101101101—19
J Rouse	1110001101110111001011101—16
H Wood	0101011100110101101010101—16
H Lockwood	0010111001100101100110011—13
J Hallowell	0010110101001100010110011—12
B Tomlinson	0100010001010101000101111—11
E Boileau	0000001001010010011010111—10
A Hallowell	1001011010100100010001010—10—198

Somerton.

H Johnson	1011101110111011111011111—20
S Larue	0011101111111011110101111—19
G Tomlinson	1101110110011111011011111—19
W H Ridge	1111101111110110110101101—19
G McMullin	1110100110110110110111111—17
G Wynkoop	1010011100111010111011011—16
J Depew	0110110101100111000011111—15
S Houpt	0011010011111010011010111—15
E Swartz	0000100000111000111111111—13
H Tomlinson	1011000001101010000100111—11
H Knight	1010010100100001001010000— 8
M Vandergrift	0001001000110000101001000— 7—179

Climax Gun Club Scores.

FANWOOD, N. J., Dec. 22.—The following scores were made at the Climax Gun Club's regular monthly shoot, held on Dec. 19:

Regular club handicap, target allowances, 25 empires, unknown angles:

Keller (scratch)	0110111101110111101111111 —20
Brantingham (scratch)	1111101111110101101100111 —19
Hobart (scratch)	1111111101100111111010111 —20
Van Dyke (scratch)	1101000111101111011111101 —18
Manning (4)	1101111110101111101111110111 —24
Squire (5)	1011111111011010111111111100 —24
Goodman (5)	1101111011111111010001000101001 —18
D Darby (5)	1111100011111111001111111111111 —25
Scott (3)	0001101101111111111111111010 —21
Swody (10)	1111110010000111111111110111011111010—25
J Zeglio (8)	1110110110101000110100111101010101 —19
J L Darby (8)	1110011000111111111111111101110111 —26
W Terry (5)	0100101110111111111111001011111 —22
D Terry (2)	1111111011101110110111111100 —21

The following sweeps, nominal entrance, were also shot:

Ten empires, unknown angles:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Keller	1110011111— 8	1101111111— 9
F Van Dyke	1111111111—10	1110111111— 9
Hobart	1101101111— 8	1111111111—10
Brantingham	1111111111—10	1111111011— 9
Woodruff	0011111111— 8	1111111111—10
J Zeglio	1000011111— 6	0111011000— 5
Swody	1111111101— 9	1010011111— 7
Manning	0111110111— 8	1111011111— 9
Squires	1111101011— 8	1101111001— 7
Darby	1011100101— 6	1001101110— 6
J Darby	0110110010— 5	0111011101 — 7
B Goodman	1100101001— 5	1111011111— 9

No. 3, same:

Hobart	1111111111—10	Van Dyke	0111111110— 8
Brantingham	1101110011— 7	Darby	1111101110— 8
Keller	1111000111— 7	W Terry	0100101111— 6
Manning	1111111001— 8	Woodruff	1111101111— 9
Scott	0011111011— 7		

Cobweb Gun Club of Harlem.

WEST FARMS, N. Y., Dec. 22.—The Cobweb Gun Club of Harlem held their annual shoot at live birds on Dec. 20, at the above grounds. In the medal shoot James Looney came out ahead with a straight score of 10. Scores:

Medal shoot, 10 live birds: J. Looney 10, F. Train, T. Odel P. McKeon, Bannon and F. Hendricks 8, J. Elliott, P. Pell an E. Fay 7.

Sweep, 5 birds, $5: T. Odell 5, P. McKeon and P. Pell 4, J Elliott, J. Looney, F. Train and F. Hendricks 3.

Sweep, 5 birds, $5: J. Elliott 5, F. Train, E. Fay and P. Pell 4, F. Hendricks and P. McKeon 3, T. Odell 1.

Match, miss and out, $10, Elliott vs. Train: Train 9, Elliott 8.

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Dec. 28.—The dates chosen by us for our tournaments to be held in 1895 are May 9, 10 and 11 and Oct. 9, 10 and 11. We expect to make them the best we have ever held. The first two days of each tournament will be devoted to clay birds and the last day of each will be devoted to live birds.

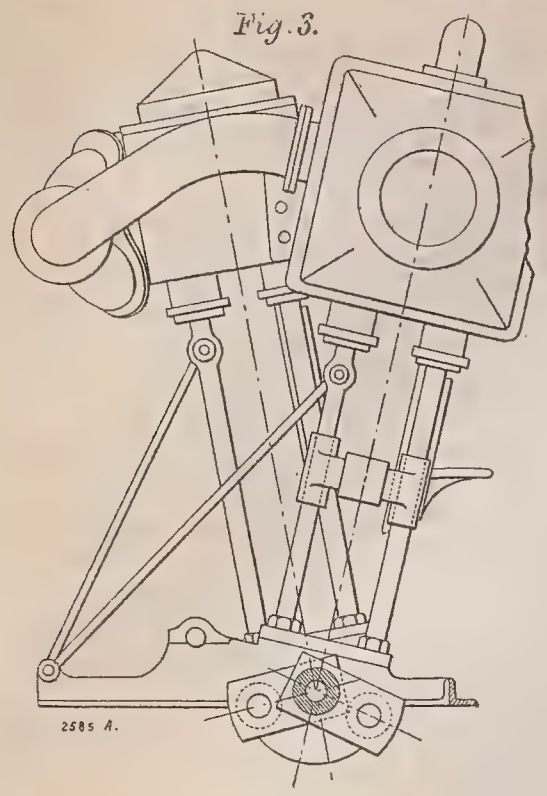
WM. C. GIBB, Sec.

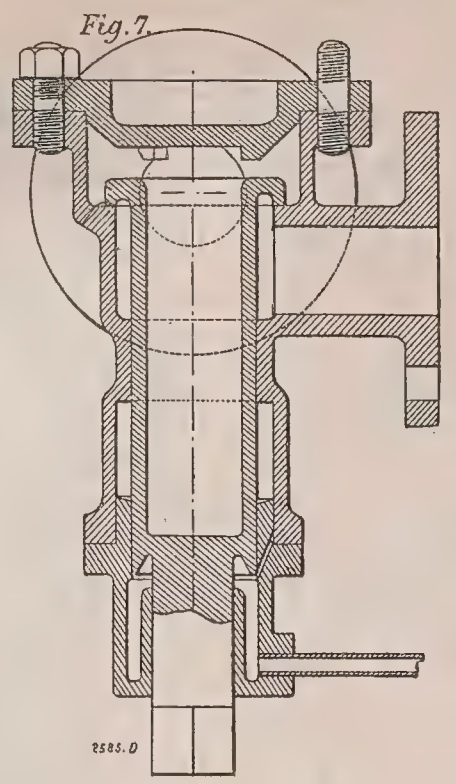
Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club.

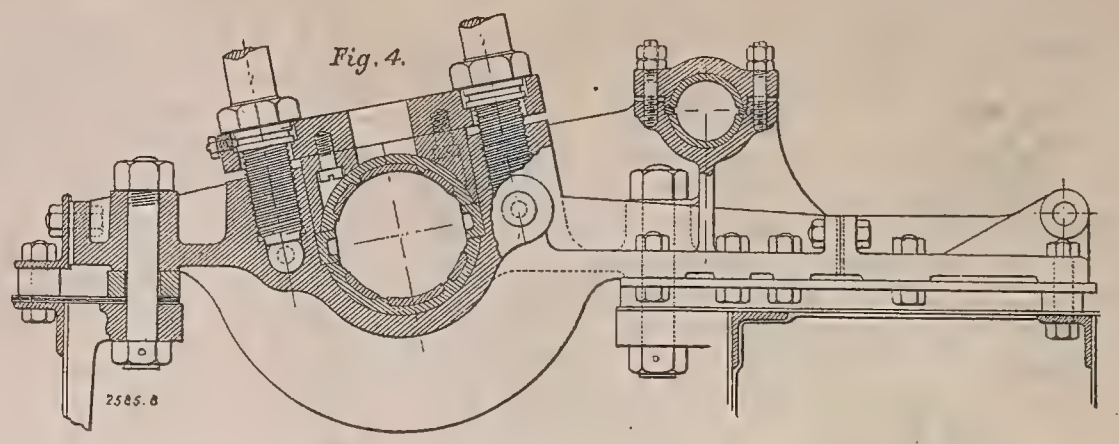
NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—The members of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club enjoyed a good day's shooting at Rockaway Park yesterday. Each event was at targets and the weather was such that only one straight score was made during the day; that straight was made by Louis Schortemeier in the eleventh event of the day. All the events were one money, high guns dividing.

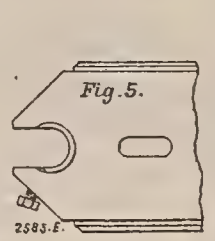
Keystone Shooting League.

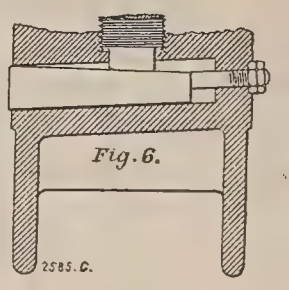
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 26.—The Christmas Day shoot of the Keystone Shooting League was well attended, and those members of the club who journeyed to the grounds at Holmesburg Junction were well repaid. Everything was well arranged, the club house was extremely comfortable and everybody got all the shooting they wanted.











be open to all recognized yacht clubs, and a close regatta on Labor Day.

The rebuilt Thetis, now a schooner with a modern bow, was launched from Lawley's yard on Dec. 22, in the presence of her owner, Mr. E. B. Baugh, of Philadelphia, who has renamed her "Mon Reve." Apropos of Thetis, the story of her race with a cutter is going the rounds of the papers in a very incorrect shape, the 45ft. cutter Maggie being named as her antagonist. It was not Maggie, but Stranger, a much larger boat, of the same length as Thetis; after the race at Newport for the citizens' cups, in Sept. 1886, the two started around the Cape for Boston, not racing, but starting at the same time to make the passage. Some very coarse weather was met with and Stranger hove to under the Cape, from all accounts making bad weather of it, while Thetis went on her way and made her port in good time.

Wadena, steam yacht, J. H. Wade, arrived at Bangkok on Nov. 25, with owner and family on board, and was to sail Dec. 2.

The Christmas number of the *Yachtsman* this year is the regular issue of the paper for Dec. 13, of the usual size page, but containing in all 60 pages. Three colored supplements are given, one of the bows of Vigilant, and two of Vigilant and Britannia. The different pages are printed in various tints which serve to bring out well the smaller illustrations, of which there are a great many. Two designs are given, one for a 40 rater of 57ft. l.w.l. of semi-fin type and with a most peculiar rig, the mast well forward and but one headsail, tacked to the stemhead. The other design is for a 2 rater with two centerplates. The reading matter is very good, the biography of Capt. John Woods, who sailed Livonia here in 1871, being specially interesting.

There has been a dearth of news this week, pending the meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron on Jan. 7. The present status of the negotiations is discussed at length on our editorial page. While no positive action toward building a Cup defender has yet been taken, it is certain that an order will be placed with the Herreshoffs as soon as a race is decided on. Mr. George Gould, who has been nominated for Commodore of the Atlantic Y. C., will bring Vigilant home if she is needed for the trial races.

High Speed Vessels and Engines.

A great deal has been heard at times in this country of speeds of 30 knots and over by various high speed craft, but so far as thorough, authenticated tests go, all such claims must give way to the official records of the latest torpedo boat destroyers turned out by Messrs. J. I. Thornycroft & Co., of Chiswick, on the Thames. We are indebted to *Engineering*, of Nov. 2-16, for the accompanying descriptions and illustrations:

"The engines here shown possess especial interest from the fact that the Daring attained the extraordinary speed of 29¼ knots during one run on an unofficial trial. An account of this trial appeared in these columns, and it will be remembered that the fastest run on the mile was made against a tide which, though slack, certainly did nothing to accelerate the speed of the boat between the section posts. In order to prevent misconception, it should be added that the vessel was not carrying her full load, as required by Admiralty regulations. Nevertheless, the performance was an extraordinary one; and on her contract trial she made a mean speed of 28.213 knots during the six runs on the measured mile. It may be as well to state here generally that in estimating the relative speed of vessels it is important to note whether the recorded rate of steaming is that attained on the contract or taking-over trial.

"The engines illustrated are of the three-stage compound type, and have high and intermediate pressure cylinders 19in. and 27in. in diameter, while there are two low-pressure cylinders each 27in. in diameter. The stroke is 16in. The general design, as will be seen by our illustrations, is quite novel. The set of engines (there are two sets to each vessel, as the torpedo boat destroyers are twin-screw) is structurally divided in two parts, of which the high and intermediate cylinders form one, while the two low-pressure cylinders form the other. This is well shown in Fig. 1. As will be seen by our illustrations, the cylinders are inclined from the vertical, and this enables the engines to be contained in a shorter fore-and-aft space than if they were upright. The crankpin bearings are of the great length usual in fast-running engines of this type, and, the cylinders overlapping in the way they do, there is no room for main bearings between the cylinders of each pair. Each pair of cranks is therefore arranged in the following manner: There are two ordinary crank webs forged in one with the shaft in the usual manner, and from these the crankpins project. At the other end of the crankpins is a double web common to both crankpins, one pin projecting from one end of the web and the other pin from the other end. For purposes of description it might be said that there are two overhung cranks connected by an intermediate web.

"The framing of the engines is no less unusual than the crank arrangement. In place of the ordinary pillar standards placed back and front of the cylinders, there are central pillars in pairs, which extend down to the main bearings, being formed, in fact, by a prolongation upward of the keep bolts of these bearings. In this way the standards are almost directly over the crankshaft, and practically in the same fore-and-aft plane as the piston rods. They, therefore, take the thrust of the pistons directly, and it will be evident that the breastplate can thus be very much lightened. There are also diagonal stays, as shown in Fig. 3. Between each pair of these central standards, and attached to them, is a strong steel casting, plainly shown in Fig. 2. The bottom ends of the slipper guides are bolted to this casting. When it is necessary to examine or remove the main bearings, the nuts on the combined bolt and standard can be moved up on the latter, and the keeps can then be slid up, thus exposing the brasses.

"In these engines a successful attempt has been made to arrange the moving parts so that they may counterbalance each other, no weights being necessary especially for balancing purposes; naturally a point of advantage in regard to the saving of weight. The cranks, as already stated, are arranged in pairs, each crank of a pair being almost opposite to its fellow. By this means two adjacent cylinders have, at any given time, their reciprocating parts moving in opposite directions. With regard to fore-and-aft vibration, there is a couple tending to rotate the shaft in a vertical longitudinal plane round a center between any two adjacent crankpins, but the cranks being so close together—having no bearing between as already described—the effort is so small as to be inappreciable. We have said that the cranks are almost opposite to each other, and it will be seen that if they were diametrically opposed they would not pass the dead centers at the same instant, owing to the different inclinations of the cylinders. For a portion of the stroke, therefore, the pistons would both be moving in the same direction, and the engine would be unbalanced to this extent. The cranks of each pair of cylinders are, therefore, set so that the angle between them is 180 deg., less the angle corresponding to the inclination of the cylinders from each other, and in this way both pistons reach the opposite ends of their respective strokes at the same time. Another useful end attained by this arrangement of cranks is that the pressure on the bearings is relieved throughout the stroke. Were the cranks opposite, both pistons would press in the same direction during a part of the stroke. As a practical result this system of natural balancing works out excellently. During the trial of the Daring, when running at full speed, vibration of the boat was hardly felt, as stated in the account of the trial published in our issue of June 29 last; and it is said that when the boat was steaming 29¼ knots one of the Admiralty officials wrote his name on a piece of paper which was resting on the deck at the stern, and though the writing shows slight evidence of tremor it is perfectly distinct.

"Although the idea of placing the engine cylinders at a small inclination from the vertical, and the device of having the main standards over the main bearings (the latter was, we believe, first introduced by the Herreshoffs in some vedette boats built for the British Navy in 1883), are not new, the engines we now illustrate show a bold departure from recognized practice, and Messrs. Thornycroft are to be congratulated on the remarkable success that has attended their excursion into the often dangerous territory of originality in mechanical design.

"The boilers of the Daring are of the new Thornycroft water-tube type, three in number, and have a total heating surface of close upon 8,000sq. ft., the grate surface being 180sq. ft. The propellers are three-bladed, the blades being of phosphor bronze.

"On the preliminary trial above referred to, when a speed of 29.268 knots was reached on one run, the boiler pressure was 215lbs. to the square inch, and the revolutions 395 per minute. The power given off by the main engines was 4,842 indicated horse-power.

"With regard to other novel points of the design, Fig. 4 shows the details of the cross-bearers of the engine. Strictly speaking, there is no bedplate to these engines, the cross-bearers being attached to the floors and longitudinals of the hull by a single bolt at each end as shown. The bearers however, are connected together longitudinally in the front by a stout steel angle-bar, which is plainly shown in Fig. 2, and in section in Fig. 3. It should be noted that our engravings, Figs. 1 and 2, have been prepared from photographs taken when the engines were standing in the erecting shop. Our readers will distinguish between the four erecting-blocks shown on the timbers and the engines themselves. The latter end with the angle-bar shown. At the back the cross-bearers are connected by a steel plate plainly illustrated in Fig. 1, where three timber erecting-blocks are also shown. It should be stated that when complete the cylinders have coverings of sheet steel, which give them a more sightly appearance than they have in our illustrations, although as depicted a better idea is gained of the general design. Fig. 5 illustrates a device which has been introduced for facilitating the removal of the main bearing keeps. In place of the columns passing through holes, as was the case in the Daring's engines, a notch is provided, as shown, and by tilting the keeps they can be removed bodily. In order that the useful effect of the keep in tying together the two sides of the cross-girder may not be lost, the part where the nuts bed is recessed as shown. Fig. 6 illustrates the method followed of preventing end shake in the columns. There is a wedge which can be set up by the nut, thus pressing the column upward and jamming the thread of the screw. Fig. 7 shows in section a steam-reducing valve placed on the connections between the high and intermediate pressure cylinders. The chief object of this is to equalize the load on the two cranks at starting. Steam passes into the annular space shown and lifts the cylindrical valve in the center with turned-over lip as shown. This allows steam to escape through the branch at the back. As will be seen, the valve is of the differential type. Its action may be expressed as follows: If the area of the upper side of the valve is n times the area of the annular lower side, the valve will close when the steam pressure above the valve is more than $\frac{1}{n}$th of that below the valve, and will again open if the pressure falls below that limit. Thus the valve will take steam from the engine side of the main stop valve, and deliver it reduced to $\frac{1}{n}$th of its initial pressure to the intermediate steam chest (by means of the pipe shown in Figs. 1 and 2) as soon as steam is admitted to the high pressure cylinder, and will automatically close as soon as the pressure from the exhaust steam from the high-pressure cylinder is greater than $\frac{1}{n}$th that of the initial steam pressure. A similar valve was also fitted in the Daring's engines between the intermediate and the low-pressure cylinders, as shown in Fig. 1. This enabled the low-pressure pistons to start the engine if the high and intermediate cranks were on their dead centers.

We append a copy of the details of the runs on the mile made during the official contract trial; the displacement being about 240 tons on a draft of 5ft. 7⅛in. forward and 6ft. 11¼in. aft.

No. of Run.	Steam in Boilers.	Revolutions per Minute. Starboard.	Revolutions per Minute. Port.	Speed in Knots.	First Mean.	Second Mean.
1	203.8lbs.	379.8	380.8	29.032	28.111	
2		395.1	392.9	27.190		28.194
3		330.0	389.5	29.364	28.277	28.308
4		389 2	389.2	27.314	28.339	28.198
5		386.4	386.9	28.800	28.057	28.151
6		389.0	391.4	27.692	28.246	
Mean of means		389.38	389.15	True mean speed, 28.213		
Do for both engines...		389.26		Mean indicated horse power=4644.		

"On Nov. 9 there was made a preliminary trial of the torpedo boat destroyer Ardent, the first of three sister vessels which have been built by Messrs. J. I. Thornycroft & Co., of Chiswick, to the order of the Admiralty. The torpedo-boat destroyer class, like all other types in the Royal Navy, is still growing; the new vessels, of which the Ardent is the first, are 15ft. longer than the destroyers Daring and Decoy, lately completed for the Government by this firm. The engines are similar to those of the Daring, which we recently illustrated and described. The Ardent is, therefore, 200ft. long, 19ft. wide and 14ft. deep, the latter dimensions being 1ft. greater than in the Daring and Decoy. The description of the latter vessels in our issue of June 29 last, will apply generally to the Ardent, so we need not go again into details. The vessel is twin-screw, and the engines are of the three-stage compound type, having cylinders 19in. in diameter and 27in. in diameter for the high and intermediate pressure cylinders respectively, while there are two low-pressure cylinders to each set of engines, each of which is also 27in. in diameter. The boilers are of the Thornycroft type, similar in general design to those of the Daring. In the Daring's boilers there were two close walls of tubes forming the exterior of the furnace space or combustion chamber; the products of combustion passing to a space, or uptake, in the center of the boiler between the two furnaces. In the Ardent's boilers the same outer rows of adjacent tubes are retained, but bent inward toward the furnace space is a row of other tubes, which, however, are not touching each other, so that the heating gases can pass between them to the walls of tubes at the back. In this way an addition has been made to heating surface, and, though the back tubes are somewhat masked, the arrangement has resulted in more steam being generated, with a corresponding increase in power developed by the engines.

H.M.S. ARDENT, AT THE MAPLIN, NOV. 9, 1894.

WITH NATURAL DRAFT.

Number of Run.	Steam.	Receiver Pressure. M. L.	Receiver Pressure. L. P.	Vs	Revolutions. Port.	Revolutions. Starboard.	Time.	Speed.	Mean Speed.
	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.	In.			M.S.	Knots.	Knots.
1	110	42	10	27	280	277	2 48	21.429	
2	85	40	9	27	269	269	3 22	17 322	19.275
3	90	39	8	27	272	269	2 51.2	21.028	

WITH ⅝IN. AIR PRESSURE.

1	160	80	24	26	355	351	2 11.8	27.314	
2	167	84	27	26	370	368	2 19 6	25.789	26.787
3	160	78	26	25	368	366	2 7.4	28.258	

WITH 2IN. AIR PRESSURE.

1	200	100	43	24	411	408	2 7.6	28.214	29.182
2	195	95	41		407	405	1 59.4	30.151	

"The trial of Friday last, as stated, was of a preliminary nature, the official trial with all weights on board being yet to be made. Occasion was taken, when making the preliminary trials of the Daring, to get runs at progressive speeds, and the same course was followed with the Ardent in order to get further evidence bearing upon the performance of these vessels. Daring made 7.86 knots at 91 revolutions, 14.2 knots at 175 revolutions, 18.3 knots at 238 revolutions, 23.4 knots at 322 revolutions, and finally 28.656 knots at 334.3 revolutions, the steam pressure being 200lbs., and the power 4442 indicated horse power on the latter run. The table gives the results obtained last Friday.

"It will be seen, therefore, that the Daring's speed has been exceeded by the later and longer vessel, but it has required an

one hundred hunters present with almost as many hounds, the Westchester hunt predominating. The fox was set free at 10 A. M. and took a straight course to his old home in the Brandywine Valley. The hounds were soon in pursuit, but after running an hour somehow took the back track and brought up at the starting point, while sly reynard laughing in his brush will serve for another day when the hounds, it is to be hoped, will take a truer line.

* * *

The energetic secretary of the Dixie Red Fox Club, Mr. J. H. Wallace, Jr., of Town Creek, Ala., sends us the prospectus and constitution of the club. From this we gather that the first annual hunt will be near Rowland, Limestone county, Ala., for six days between Oct. 1 and 15, 1895. The main object will be sport, but those who wish to have trials can compete in an All-Age Pack Stake, all hounds eligible, entry fee $1; fees to go to the purse and additional money to be added by the club. The Derby is for hounds under twenty months, with same conditions as to fees and purse.

* * *

The example of the Brunswick Fur Club seems to be spreading apace, and from present indications it looks as if foxhound trials will soon become as numerous and popular as pointer and setter trials have been.

* * *

Mr. O. F. Joslin, of Oxford, Mass., has presented his well known foxhound Rock to Mr. J. E. Carr, of Holliston, Mass. As we always understood that Rock was the apple of his owner's eye as a foxhound, Mr. Carr must be congratulated on his good fortune.

* * *

A contemporary says that before the next meet of the National Fox Hunters' Association a number of foxes will be "deliberated." While this may be a deliberate truth, the success of future meets will depend more upon the deliberations of those who are responsible for the arrangements than the deliberation of the foxes.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Fannie Bly—Old Boy.—Dr. H. Williamson's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Fannie Bly (champion Mike—Nellie Bly) to H. F. De B. Cameron's Old Boy (champion Bendigo—Hilda), Dec. 11.

Hilda—Old Boy. H. F. De B. Cameron's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Hilda (Dandy W.—Blackie H.) to his Old Boy (champion Bendigo—Hilda), July 24.

Cliquot—Old Boy. Major Webster's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Cliquot (champion Bendigo—Maud S. II.) to H. F. De B. Cameron's Old Boy (champion Bendigo—Hilda), June 6.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Mere Summons. Mere Kennels' (Tarrytown, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Mere Summons (Lucifer—Wrestless), Aug. 18, five (four dogs), by their Ripon Stormer (Stipendiary—Belmont Jinny).

Dame Primrose. Mere Kennels' (Tarrytown, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Dame Primrose (Diplomacy—Hunton Sortly), Dec. 20, three (two dogs), by their Fijah (Dashing Duke—Boston Daisy).

Mere Cleo. Mere Kennels' (Tarrytown, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Mere Cleo (Despoiler—Dame Primrose), Dec. 22, three (one dog), by their Ripon Stormer (Stipendiary—Belmont Jinny).

Mere Mollie. Mere Kennels' (Tarrytown, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Mere Mollie (Suffolk Surprise—Mere Benson), Oct. 19, five (two dogs), by their Fijah (Dashing Duke—Boston Daisy).

Dudley Nettle. Mere Kennels' (Tarrytown, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Dudley Nettle (Kingcraft—Starden's Brownie), Sept. 21, four (one dog), by F. Redmond's Dominie (Pitcher—Vene).

Ray of Light. Mere Kennels' (Tarrytown, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Ray of Light (Ripon Thunderer—Day Dawn), Aug. 21, six (four dogs), by Raby Barrister (Stipendiary—Rhodie).

Hilda. H. F. DeB. Cameron's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Hilda (Dandy W.—Blackie H.), Sept. 23, seven (four dogs), by his Old Boy (champion Bendigo—Hilda).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Czar. Black cocker spaniel dog, whelped Sept. 23, 1894, by Old Boy out of Hilda, by H. F. DeB. Cameron, Detroit, Mich., to Ed. Pipher, Detroit, Mich.

Old Boy—Hilda whelps. Black cocker spaniels, whelped Sept. 23, 1894, by H. F. DeB. Cameron a dog and bitch to W. C. Davis, Kalamazoo, Mich., and a dog to C. Michaelis, Detroit, Mich.

Mere Jollice—Mere Emia whelp. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 19, 1894, by Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., to G. von Nimptsch, New York.

Mere Jollice—Boston Daisy whelp. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped July 10, 1894, by Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., to H. Leeds, Jr., New York.

Fijah—Mere Mollie whelp. Fox-terrier dog, whelped Oct. 19, 1894, by Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., to C. K. Berdan, Paterson, N. J.

Fijah—Mere Benson whelp. Fox-terrier dog, whelped April 17, 1894, by Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., to J. M. Wallis, Altoona, Pa.

Mere Chance. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped Dec. 29, 1892, by Suffolk Surprise out of Wrestless, by Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., to T. Martin, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Mere Apresa. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped April 17, 1894, by Fijalo out of Mere Benson, by Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., to A. C. Coddington, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Glenwood. Fawn greyhound dog, whelped June 1893, by Glenkirk out of Gilda, by American Coursing Kennels, Huron, S. D., to C. H. Arkright, Yankton, S. D.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

1. The Irish terrier The Emerald Queen is not registered in the E. K. C. S. B. 2. There is no real cure for chorea; it will not affect the bitch's general health.

J. T. N., Philadelphia, Pa.—Antonio is by Roderigo out of Bo-Beep, by Rake out of Clara Dale; Roderigo, by Count Noble out of Twin Maud. Mark, by Rob Roy out of June, by Rake out of Fanny; Rob Roy, by Fred out of Rhœba. Princess Belton is not registered, and so we cannot carry on Bessy's pedigree.

"Forest and Stream" Fan Pedigree Blank.

FOR some time past breeders of dogs have demanded a pedigree form that would afford spaces for a more extended pedigree than those hitherto published. The difficulty has been in arranging a form that, while admitting the required extension, would be compact and not too large for mailing. This difficulty has been solved in the "FOREST AND STREAM Fan Pedigree Blank," which is so arranged that a dog's pedigree can be recorded for eight generations, and the spaces, radiating from a center the reader is enabled to trace at a glance the different strains which lead from sire and dam. Spaces are also provided for recording the name of dog, its breed, color, sex, breeder and address, dates of birth and purchase, from whom purchased, E. K. C. and A. K. C. Stud Book numbers and certification. These blanks are for sale at $2 per hundred, 30 cents per dozen, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

Mounted Heads.

MESSRS. W. W. HART & CO. are offering this week an unusual opportunity for sportsmen to purchase mounted game heads at low prices. In many cases the heads are sold at a less price than the cost of mounting alone.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

The *Yachting World* falls into a curious error in speaking of the chairman of the cup committee as "Mr. Smith, President of the New York Yacht Club." The New York Y. C. has no president, and Mr. Smith has no title save the honorary one of "Commodore," which he shares with a great many other prominent yachtsmen. There is no question, however, that the office which Mr. Smith has so long held, of mover of all motions relating to the America's Cup, and head of all cup committees, is deserving of suitable and formal recognition of the club. We would suggest to the club that at the coming meeting it establish a new office, that of Lord High Concessioner and Interpreter of Deeds, of which Com. Smith shall be the first incumbent.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

A special meeting of the delegates to the Inter Lake Yachting Association was held on Dec. 6 at the Boody House, Toledo, the following gentlemen being present: Commodore G. W. Gardner, Secretary E. W. Rader and Delegate G. W. Leutkemeyer, of Cleveland; Delegate L. Lockwood, Sandusky; Delegate V. W. Dollen, Put-in-Bay; Delegate Vice-Commodore Gates, Judge A. P. Crane, Captain Roland Potter, Frank Frey and Brayley.

Secretary Rader presented a long and comprehensive report, touching on the experience of the past season and suggesting many points which demanded consideration and action. The report was discussed, and it was resolved to call a special meeting in January, prior to the annual meeting of the Association, to consider proposed changes.

Elma, schr., formerly the sloop Priscilla, designed by A. Cary Smith in 1885, has been sold to Messrs. Beeman and Worthington, of Cleveland, part owners of Wasp, schr. This latter yacht has been sold to W. S. Jones, of Buffalo.

The Pavonia Y. C., of Jersey City, has elected officers for 1895, as follows: Com., D. W. Kohn; Vice-Com., J. A. Dennin; Fleet Cap., L. W. Forbell; Meas., A. P. Curtis; Surgeon, Dr. L. Bauman; Cor. Sec., W. A. Miller; Fin. Sec., W. F. Tobin; Treas., B. H. McClain; Trustees, W. J. Kent, E. J. Smith, N. Pritchard, G. A. Skinner, W. B. Adams; Finance Committee—R. Koster, E. R. Wessels, F. A. Agens; Regatta Committee—N. L. Rowe, L. Mittelsdorf, B. H. McClain; Anchorage Committee—A. J. Kremeyer, A. F. Roe R. H. McFarland; House Committee—N. L. Rowe, L. Mittelsdorf, W. Willis, J. Leonard, J. H. Van Mater; Delegates to N. Y. Yacht Racing Association, N. L. Rowe, F. M. Randall, J. A. Dennin.

Resolutions of regret were adopted on account of the death of ex-Gov. Leon Abbett, who was an honorary member of the club.

The annual meeting of the Rochester Y. C. was held on Dec. 10, the following officers being elected: Com., A. T. Hagan; Vice-Com., F. S. Todd; Fleet Cap., J. W. Robbins; Sec. and Treas., T. B. Pritchard; Cor. Sec., Herbert Leary; Directors, R. K. Dryer, J. R. White, J. E. Burroughs, W. H. Briggs; Delegates to Lake Yacht Racing Association, J. E. Burroughs, T. B. Pritchard, W. H. Briggs; Alternates, E. N. Walbridge, D. R. Clark, B. E. Harding, Professor La Bonde, John Wood, Clarence Whittlesey, James Hudon.

Lagonda, steam yacht, has been chartered by Rev. W. L. Moore to D. E. Mantelli.

At the meeting of the Peewaukee Lake Yacht and Ice Boat Club of Peewaukee, Wisconsin, Gen. Lewis Auer was elected Com., A. Hathaway, Sec., and Chas. Kipp, Treas.

John Lee Carroll, Jr., son of ex-Gov. John Lee Carroll, and brother of Royal Phelps Carroll, has been adjudged insane by the Maryland courts. Mr. Carroll purchased Minerva from Mr. C. H. Tweed in 1891, and raced her for the season. He has been in ill health for some years.

On Dec. 21, the Bath Iron Works signed a contract with R. H. White, of Boston, for a steel steam yacht similar to Mr. Slater's Eleanor, but of smaller size; 151ft. over all, 129ft. 4in. l.w.l., 22ft. 6in. beam and 11ft. draft. The engines will be triple-expansion, 14, 21 and 34 by 24in., and the guaranteed speed will be 16 miles.

The Harlem Y. C. has elected the following officers for 1895: Com., Walter A. Brady; Vice-Com., John Wimmer, Rear Com., Lorenz Zeller; Fleet Cap., Frederick A. Wendal; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. M. Cox; Meas., W. D. S. Hyer; Treas., T. Charles Allen; Fin. Secty., Harmon B. McAllister; Rec. Secty., Sidney Macy; Cor. Secty., Frank W. Creegan; Steward, Michael L. Goetz; Board of Directors, James F. Lalor, Daniel Ryan, B. F. Saxton, E. F. De Levante, John A. Kipp, J. H. Andrews and Dr. F. E. Bauer; House Committee—Walter Scardefield, John Traugott, John Mooring, Samuel J. McCauley and Frank Felleman; Membership Committee, John S. Mileer, George J. Oakes and Augustus W. Warner.

The club has withdrawn from the New York Yacht Racing Association, and will probably hold two regattas next year—the regular spring regatta on Decoration Day, which this year may

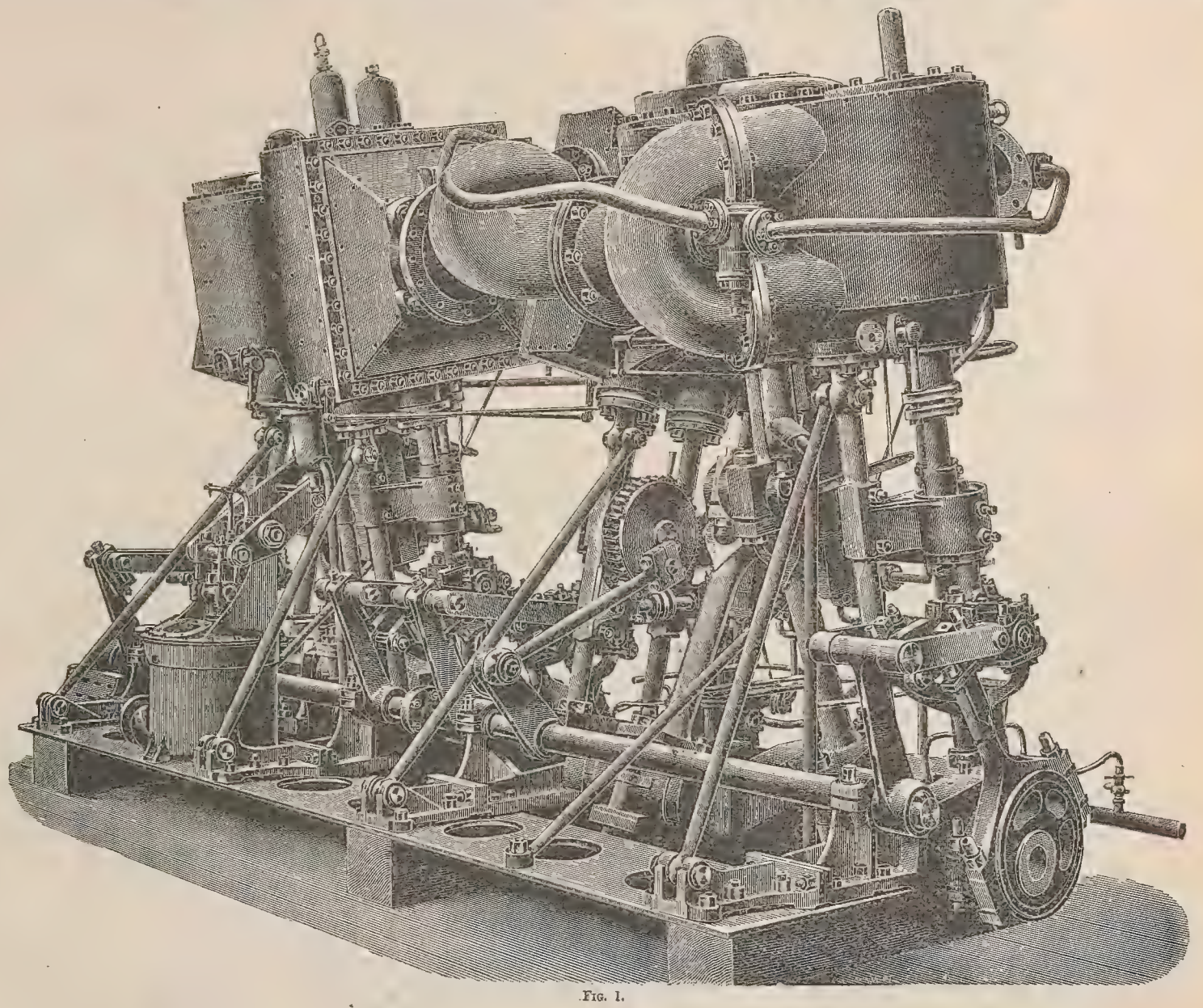


FIG. 1.

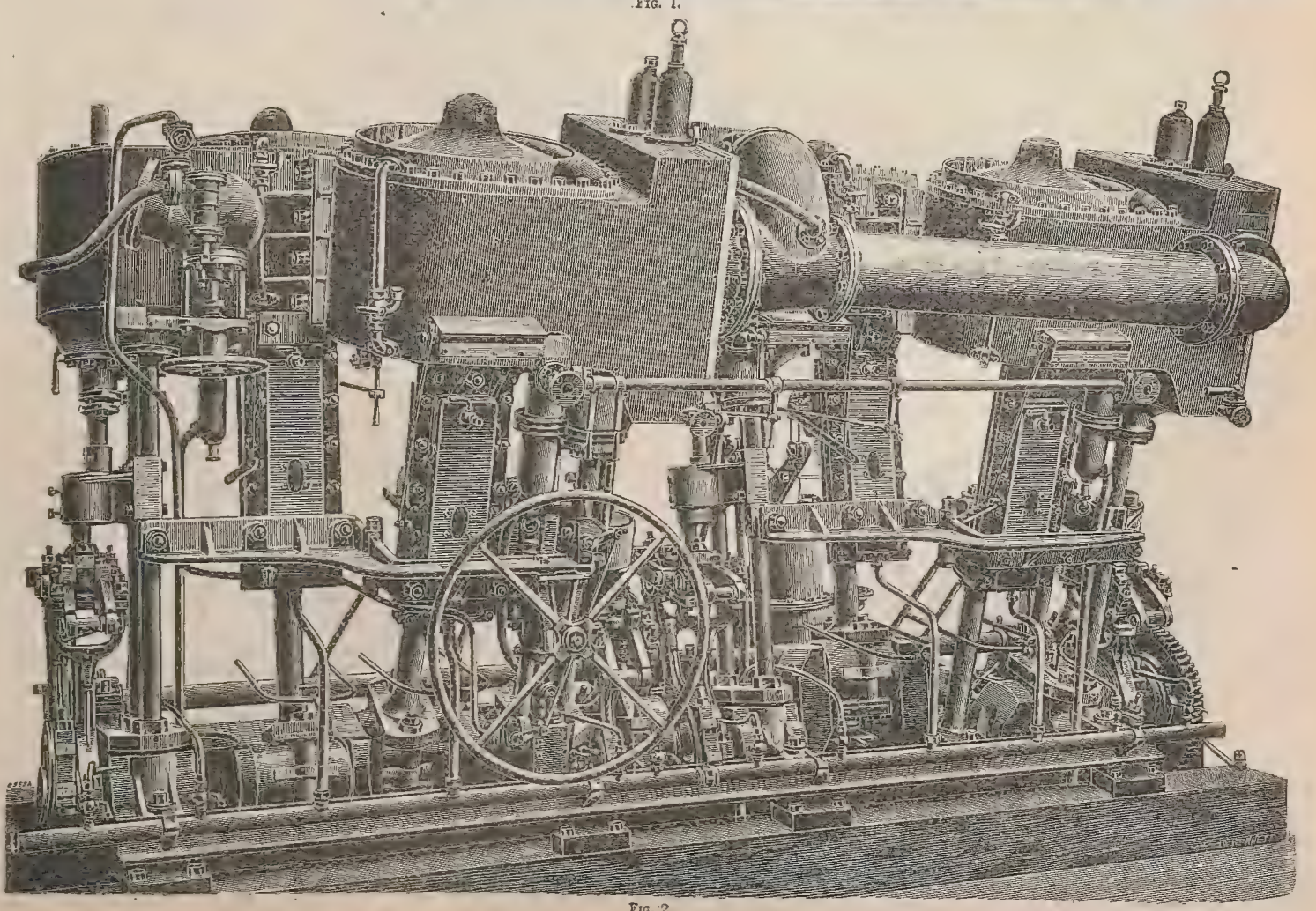


FIG. 2.

ENGINES OF TORPEDO DESTROYER "DARING."

Control of Trap-Shooting.

If the agitation against dropping for place, as evinced by the many letters published on that subject in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, should bear no more fruit, it has at any rate placed before the trap-shooters of the United States the fact that dishonesty and crooked work at the trap must be put an end to, or else trap-shooting as a sport and a pastime must go by the board.

The December issues of FOREST AND STREAM have been, therefore, of especial interest to trap-shooters. The hearty indorsements of the scheme propounded for the control of trap-shooting have been worded in no uncertain language. The demand for some national association, some head, endowed with the government of matters pertaining to trap-shooting, has been as widespread as the evil which it shall be the part and duty of that association to combat and overcome.

But the organization of this association must be the work of the trap-shooters themselves. In their hands alone lies the redemption of the sport of trap-shooting from the level of a business, to which it has been reduced by the malpractices of a comparatively small number of consistent "droppers." On black sheep is said to spoil a whole flock. Certain it is that the actions of a single "dropper" will mar the pleasure of an otherwise successful tournament. And it has been urged that much of the dropping for place that has of late been so marked a feature of our tournaments is caused by a semi-instinct of self-preservation. It is but a poor argument at the best, and is equivalent to the claim made by many a game law violator: If I don't kill them, some one else will. The proper and the only manly way to combat this dropping for place is to organize, adopt a constitution, legislate against all crookedness at the traps, and see to it that these laws are lived up to. Then, and then only, can trap-shooting as a sport, and as a means of recreation and honest rivalry, thrive and flourish as its best friends would have it live and grow. Memphis sounded the keynote some time ago; Cleveland and Pittsburg, two great trap-shooting centers, are also well to the fore; Massachusetts has also been heard from, and there is no doubt about New York, New Jersey or Pennsylvania.

In response, therefore, to an expressed demand for the organization of a National Association of Trap-Shooters, a convention of those interested in the future welfare of the sport will be held at the Astor House, New York city, on Thursday, Jan. 24. The names of those who back this call for a convention, together with the terms of the call itself, will be given in our next week's issue.

In the time which will elapse between now and Jan. 24, it is the duty of every gun club to take action on this matter. Whenever possible delegates, one from each club, should be appointed to attend this convention; if this is impossible, some resolution indorsing the purposes of the convention should be passed, thus strengthening the hands of those who are able to attend in person. All such communications may be addressed to "Control of Trapshooting," care of Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

That is the way to commence the year of 1895.

Hebbard Goes on Record.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Would that we were any of us half so immaculate as we insist that our neighbor shall be."

Ever since this old world of ours has swung around on its axis, and its surface been trod by people, just that length of time it has been the object of man, in whatever position he has been placed, to get the best of the "other fellow," or to use the phrase from the subject we are discussing, "to drop into a better place" than any one else occupies.

And why?

Simply because it is human nature, in which is instilled a spirit of ambition, of rivalry, of trying to 'git thar," which pervades each and every one of us in more or less degree, and the more one man is blessed with this spirit the easier it is for him to "drop into the best places" in this life.

Beginning with Adam and Eve, we find them happy in the Garden of Eden, but thinking to better themselves they "dropped into a place," *i. e.* tied with the serpent and were "shot out" of Paradise, so we are told.

Old Noah had better luck and "dropped for a place" on Mt. Ararat, and was all alone for first money and everything else in sight.

And so it goes, and has gone until the present day.

It is understood that I have no sympathy with the "dropper," nor do I attempt to defend his practice in any way, but there is one point all of your correspondents, I think, have overlooked, viz.: Has he no rights in the premises under the present rules and methods of conducting tournaments?

When caught in the act or even accused of it, he will quickly ask you, what of it?

Yes, what of it?

He will also ask you if this shoot is not advertised open to all; if he has not paid as much entrance money as any other contestant; if he is not shooting strictly under American Association rules, revised by a person who never shot in a tournament in his life; and also if he has not as much right to break a certain number of targets, or miss them all if he desires, as any other shooter has to try and break them all.

His questions are pertinent, in fact unanswerable.

You will tell him that it is not sportsmanlike, and that the tournament is given for the recreation and enjoyment to be obtained from it, to gentlemen, by gentlemen and for gentlemen; but his reply will be that it is your privilege to get all the pleasure and glory possible, but he has the same right to get the cash if he can.

He will beat you in an argument on facts, under present conditions and rules, as easily as his combination can get the bulk of the purses. But there is a remedy. It is this:

Rx A few grains of caution, mixed with specific conditions, well agitated by the FOREST AND STREAM, and the patient advised that a second dose will be unnecessary, as this is guaranteed to kill or cure.

The articles that have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM recently on this subject of dropping for places has been very interesting reading and instructive in more ways than one; while I do not think it can be at once entirely eliminated from the game of "Pull, bang and dead bird," I think it cowardly to say, that in associations and meetings of what are supposed to be composed of gentlemen, it cannot be finally controlled to such an extent as to be in time almost unknown, and to make one who attempts it ashamed to look an honest shooter in the face and cause him to be held up to ridicule by all who simply follow the sport for the recreation and pleasure they obtain from it.

Different systems of dividing the purses may to a certain extent prevent it, but to my mind the best way is the course the FOREST AND STREAM has taken. But I would go further, and when it is positively known that certain shooters are combined or dropping for place, to publish the fact in all the sporting papers, so that "he who shoots may read," and managers of tournaments can state on their programme that the pleasure of such and such parties' presence is respectfully declined.

In other words, "black list" the man who does the trick, and, my word for it, after one or two examples have been made at prominent tournaments, and the fact published that such parties had been debarred from participating, you will find all contestants striving to do their best, lest suspicion be directed against them.

CHAS. C. HEBBARD.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

At Prosser, Yakima county, Washington, a new club has been organized under the title of the Prosser Rod and Gun Club; nineteen members were enrolled at the first meeting. The club's grounds are in the immediate vicinity of Prosser; the initial shoot was expected to come off about Christmas Day.

Golden Rod and Gun Club, of Morrisania, elected these officers: President, John J. Doyle; Vice-President, Wm. Coffey; Secretary, George Halliday; Treasurer, Len Cronaker; Sergeant-at-Arms, Robert Lewis; Athletic Department—Milton Daub, Captain; Oliver Gilliland, Assistant Captain; Judge and Manager, H. A. Burdett; Scorers, Geo. Halliday and A. Robe.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., and the Maplewoods will probably shoot a match early this year for the club championship of the State of New Jersey.

In the eight wins scored to him for the Riverton Plate, R. A. Welch has made an average of 88¾ per cent. His highest score was 98, made against James Wolstencroft on Aug. 2; his lowest, 79, was scored against T. S. Dando on Dec. 6. Four matches were won by a single bird: June 2, versus George Work, 30yds. boundary, score, 84-83; June 4, versus Fred Hoey, 50yds. boundary, 91-90; Aug. 8, T. S. Dando, and on Aug. 22, L. Finletter, were each defeated at Riverton, 30yds. boundary, by similar scores of 91-90.

In the notice of the 25-bird race at Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J., on Jan. 9, which appeared in "Drivers and Twisters" of last week, the item should have read, "$50 cash added to the purse if there are 30 entries." From all accounts the 30 entries will be there or thereabouts, as Zwirlein's grounds are decidedly popular. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. sharp; lunch will be served on the grounds.

On Dec. 22 C. Furgueson, Jr., shot at 25 live birds in the various club events brought to a conclusion on the New Utrecht Gun Club's grounds; out of those 25 he is credited with 24, a score which, considering the quality of the birds, was a very marked improvement on his recent form. Mr. Furgueson has been shooting a gun recently with an extreme drop and was consequently undershooting his birds. The stock has now been straightened and he attributes to that fact his return to his old time form.

The Elizabeth Gun Club's second bi-monthly shoot is announced for Feb. 27-28. First day will be devoted as usual to targets; the second day to live bird events. Their tournaments are open to all.

WEIR CITY, Kan., Dec. 26.—The last meeting of the Business Men's Gun Club of Weir City, Kan., was well attended, and a lively interest in the present and future prosperity of the club was manifested. By a unanimous vote the club decided to increase the amount of added money offered in the "owl shoot" to be held under its auspices on May 8, 9 and 10 from $200 to $300, thus making $100 a day. The following officers were elected for 1895: Mayor Dorking, President; C. H. Calhoun, Vice-President; W. W. McIlhany, Secretary-Treasurer; T. C. Histed, Captain; J. W. McKim, Referee. The officers of the club constitute its executive committee.—MAMALUKE.

The result of the two matches between Fred Hoey and R. C. "Nathaniel" will, in all probability, lead to a third, each having won a race by two birds. Mr. Hoey's antagonist is some years his junior and his right name (Nathaniel, of course, being an assumed name) would be new to most readers of FOREST AND STREAM's trap columns. His recent work at live birds, however, guarantees that he has not been heard from for the last time.

There will be a large delegation of New York and New Jersey trap-shooters at the Hamilton, Can., tournament on Jan. 15, 16 and 17. The United States team in the live bird race will contain some well-known names on its list. The Hamilton shoot looks as if it was going to be a big success.

In the recent shoot of the Onondaga county (N. Y.) Sportsmen's Club at Maple Bay, near Syracuse, N. Y., Harvey McMurchy won the club medal for Class A with a score of 45 out of 50. Crittenden won the Class B medal with 39, while Herman took the Class C medal with a score of 32.

A new shooting club was organized on Saturday night at the Bradford Hotel, corner of Atlantic avenue and Bradford street, Brooklyn. William Ehrichs, the well-known deer hunter, was in the chair. After many suggestions, the name of the Chippewa Gun Club was finally adopted. A board of managers, including President Ehrichs, J. C. Becker, Henry Ehrichs and John A. Hatter, was chosen. The club will have its own grounds and paraphernalia, and will shoot once or twice a month at targets and live birds. The members, however, will not shoot at pigeons, but at all live bird matches sparrows will be trapped.

The monthly shoot of the Johnstown Rifle and Gun Club came off on the afternoon of Dec. 20 at the Morrellville grounds, in the presence of a large number of spectators. There was not as big a turnout of shooters as was expected, but those who did attend shot for blood, as the scores will show. It was a close and pretty race from start to finish, each man shooting at 50 targets. Following is the score: J. A. Rhoades 42, S. A. Snook 41, J. B. Holsinger 39, J. C. Condon 38, H. Felix 35. The result of this shoot places the men in the following order for the prizes for the year: J. B. Holsinger takes first prize, a cartridge loader; J. A. Rhoades, second prize, a fine leather gun case; S. A. Snook, third prize, an Ideal loading flask; J. C. Condon, fourth prize, a fine set of ducking scenes. The fourth prize was donated to the club by W. J. Copeland of Stanton's Mills, who is the champion wing-shot of Somerset county.

Louis Duryea is shooting a fast gait just now, and could make it warm for any of the club cracks around this city. On Christmas Day he shot a race at 25 live birds with B. F. Kittredge, beating him by 1 bird. Duryea conceded his opponent 2yds. and two misses as no birds. That this handicap was a severe one is proved by the fact that the winner had to kill his 25 birds from the 30yds. mark to score a victory. Kittredge scoring 24.

The midwinter shoot at Utica, N. Y., on Feb. 5-7 comes at a time when there is no shoot to clash with it. The programme will be ready about the first of the year, and can be had on application to the promoters, E. D. Fulford or H. L. Gates.

The Worcester (Mass.) Gun Club held a shoot on Christmas Day. Wonder how the "Mayor of Sutton" came out of it?

Secretaries of gun clubs should remember that shooters like to see their own and other shooters' scores in type; it all helps to keep up the interest of club members in their own club shoots, and thereby increases the attendance at the same. It takes very little time and trouble to send them to FOREST AND STREAM. Let them come.

The formation of a circuit for the Interstate's shoots for this year is now under consideration. With the exception of the Grand American Handicap at Paterson, N. J., and possibly a tournament at Pittsburgh in the latter end of April or May, and one at Grand Rapids, Mich., on May 30-31, the circuit will be wholly in the South. Lynchburg, Va., Wilmington, N. C., Lexington, Ky., Atlanta or Macon, Ga., etc., are among the places suggested at present. Clubs desiring a tournament should apply early.

The Altoona (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club will probably give a tournament at Lookout Point, Wopsononock, the latter end of June.

Since Reynal, of the Country Club, has shot his two matches with Fred. Hoey, shooting under the name of "Nathaniel," a good deal of attention has been attracted by the scores he made in those matches. At the Country Club match on Dec. 26 he broke the record for those grounds by scoring 89 out of 100, while Fred. Hoey tied the previous record with 87. Up to that day Capt. Money's 87 was the record. Hoey was fairly beaten by his 98th bird, which was a veritable hummer, just the bird that beats the best man living; he was also handicapped badly by a swollen cheek, which was discharging all the time, and by his gun, a Purdy, the rib of which came unsoldered.

The Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, with grounds at Holmesburg Junction, expect to have a big day on Jan. 7. Anybody who attends the shoot is sure of a warm welcome. The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament for 1895 will be held on the club's grounds next October.

On Dec. 28 at Oskaloosa, Ia., Dr. Carver shot a 100-bird race with Marshall, defeating him by the score of 92—90. The weather is stated to have been very cold and raw, while the birds were "tame."

In this issue will be found a table of all the principal live bird events decided in 1894. The list is bound to be of interest to trap shooters.

EDWARD BANKS.

Danger of Overloading Nitro Powders.

FOXBORO, Mass.—Believing that a stitch in time might prevent some brother sportsman from overloading nitro compounds, I wish to relate a little incident which happened to a shooting companion of mine one day recently.

While returning from partridge hunting, my friend wishing to target his gun (a $60 grade) with nitro powder, fired at a piece of paper that we had previously pinned to a telegraph pole.

The pulling of the trigger was followed by a terrific report, the gun jumped clear of the shooter but was caught before it reached the ground. Upon examination we found both locks blown off, the trigger guard twisted, the breech block broken off below the plungers and the stock broken above the grip. The shooter luckily escaped injury. One other peculiar action of the powder was the flattening of the head of the shell to the thinness of tissue paper, and this was the only piece of the shell we were able to find.

The shell, a 12-gauge, contained 3¼drs. nitro powder with two felt wads on top, and 1⅛oz. No. 8 shot covered with one cardboard wad. The distance the target was shot at would be, rough guessing, about 30yds. and the size of the target about 12x14in. Upon examining the paper we found four shot marks.

Any one used to loading nitro powders will acknowledge that although this charge is a little in excess of the usual load, it goes to show that this particular brand, at least, cannot always be relied upon, as this gun had fired upward of 700 loads identical with the one referred to and we cannot account for this particular load acting in the manner in which it did unless nitro compounds are erratic in their combustion.

Before concluding I would like to ask if there are not some FOREST AND STREAM readers in some of our adjoining towns who would be willing to put their shoulder to the wheel in helping to organize a gun club in this vicinity. We have plenty of good material and why couldn't we bring it above water in some trap shooting the coming season.

SHARPS.

Phœnix Gun Club.

PORT DOVER, Ont., Dec. 26.—Below find scores of our club shoot on Christmas Day. Live birds, 30yds. boundary:

No. 1, 6 birds; No. 2, 6 birds; No. 3, 6 birds; No. 4, 3 birds; No. 5, 3 birds.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
A W Lawrie	*01101—3	001210—3	10*0*1—2	111—3	002—1
J Cruickshank	10*010—2	.....	.....	...	...
J Ross	001100—2	000110—2	.....	...	...
H McQuaid	110110—4	.....	221121—6	102—2	...
C McQuaid	0*0011—2	...	.....	...	...
J B Fick	101011—4	111120—5	012111—5	010—1	110—2
C Scofield	001200—2	.....	0*00*0—0	020—1	...
C Ansley	000111—3	....	.....	...	...
E Skey	110001—3	000110—2	010101—3	111—3	000—0
R Skey	111212—6	021020—3	.....	...	220—2
H Williams	000120—2	101111—6	112111—6	111—3	000—3
H Barrett	101122—5	101122—5	.....	...	000—0
J Alexander	001122—4	.....	.....	...	...
P Walker	.....	001101—3	.....	...	...

The fifth event was shot in the dark and it was impossible to locate birds shot at. The scores look very ragged, but the birds were a hard lot and required a lot to stop them, those killed being done so cleanly.

Trap at Newburgh, N. Y.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Dec. 26.—The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association had a good time on Christmas Day. During the day live birds and targets were shot for practice, the scores appearing in detail below. That lunch at Gidney's was, as usual, immense. Scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, practice shoot:

C Leicht	1110011101010111010111011—17
Sneed, Jr.	0000001010101001110000001— 8
Higginson	1111111111101110001111111—21
Taggart	0101101001111111100111110—17
Donohue	1011111111111111010111001—20
Dixon	1000000100100000000100001— 5
A Leicht	1010010111001001110000010—11
Stansbrough	1001001011011110101101111—16
Likely	1110111111001110111110111—20
Sneed, Sr.	0000100111101011111001101—14
Sutton	1000010110110010010111000—11

No. 2, 10 live birds, 28yds. rise, practice shoot:

H C H	0211021*11—7	Taggart	00112011*0—5
Stansbrough	2022022222—8	Gibb	0002010120—4
Likely	2011210001—6	Brown	221*2*200*—5

No. 3, practice shoot at live birds:

H C H	0221201112112 00—11	Gibb	1222111001	— 8
Taggart	0200021112121 22—11	Brown	1101111*1212222	—13
Stansbrough	2020010221202 22—10	Sutton	2100200200	— 4
Likely	2211001222*21120—11	C Leicht	02	— 1
Dixon	1212020111**2112—11	A Leicht	00	— 0

DAVID BROWN, Vice-Pres.

Dexter Park, L. I.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., Dec. 25.—There was a full day's fun at the traps here to-day. In the morning target races were all the go, while live birds occupied the attention of the shooters during the afternoon.

A start was made at 11 o'clock, Warren Thompson and his brother Fred shooting a race at 10 targets each, Fred winning with the score of 5 to 4. "Job Lotz" and C. W. Floyd next tried conclusions at 20 targets, Lotz winning with 18 to his opponent's 16. Three sweeps at 10 targets each were then decided:

No. 1: C. W. Floyd and Tom Short 8, F. A. Thompson 7, W. H. Thompson 6, Owen Bowen 5, W. J. Passmore 0.

No. 2: Floyd and W. H. Thompson 7, F. A. Thompson and Bowen 5, Short and Passmore 4.

No. 3: Floyd 8, Lyons, W. H. Thompson, F. A. Thompson and Bowen 7, Short 4.

During the afternoon five events at five live birds were decided. Jim Elliott was on hand and was very much in evidence, scoring 24 out of 25 from the 30yds. mark, his lost bird falling dead out of bounds. Full scores in live bird events follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
J A R Elliott, 30	22222—5	2221*—4	21211—5	12112—5	2222'—5
C W Floyd, 28	11211—5	20100—2	22200—3	21111—5	11111—5
F A Thompson, 28	01212—4	....	....	....	...
O Bowen, 28	01221—4	....	....	....	....
W J Passmore, 28	01210—3	....	....	....	....
Pfaender, 28	....	20122—4	111*1—4	12212—5	....
Metz	....	22110—4	01201—3	...	....
Job Lotz	....	02000—1	0122*—3	11022—4	01211—4
L Gehring	....	....	01101—3	11212—5	12111—5
Burtell	....	....	00200—1	....	....
Detlefsen	....	....	....	02021—3	22012—4

Some Christmas Trap Meditation.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

RESEMBLANCE TO OTHELLO.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 25.—On this bright and happy Christmas morning, when all the world is full of pieces of things and occasionally a bit of good will, I find it difficult to harbor animosity to everybody, and can even confess to a feeling of pity for certain individuals. I pity the fellow who hasn't got a lick of sense on earth. I pity the man who breaks up his own business and the man who eats transitory goose instead of continuous egg sandwiches. I pity the man who pretty soon won't have any Christmas stocking, and who won't have any Christmas, and who will not know what it is to hear the scraping of Santa Claus as he humps himself down the steam coils.

This is indeed a hard Christmas for the dropper, the man who goes around to trap shoots and plays a crooked game, and makes a bad reputation for a good sport. It is going to be a bad time for the dropping business, and before the year is over there is going to be a lot of droppers who will resemble old man Othello in two ways—they will be black in the face, and they will be out of a job.

I can very well remember the time when old John Watson and I used to laugh at ourselves for trying to "elevate the trap," and seeking to stop the open practice of dishonest shooting. Nobody else over the country was saying a word, so far as I remember now. John the Baptist, whose voice was as of one crying in the wilderness, was right in the heart of the city compared to John Watson. FOREST AND STREAM was the only paper that dared to say a word against what was even in those early days confessed to be a general practice and a dishonest one. The practice was thought to be too strongly grounded to be successfully combated. Self-interest on the part of many shooters, and timidity on the part of all papers but FOREST AND STREAM, kept a muzzle on criticism. The dropper was king. He sat on his rocky slope and looked down on men and ships and things, and allowed he had a cinch. But when the sun set, I mean when Christmas came, where were they, and where was he at? He is still on the rocky slope, and it will get rockier and rockier for him this year. I'm sorry for him, this glorious Christmas morning. Pity the poor dropper, gentlemen. He has a wife and seven children, and he was too crooked to be straight.

THE FIRST HEAVY GUN.

The scattered writings which appeared from time to time in FOREST AND STREAM (nowhere else), voicing the John Watson beliefs as to the "elevation of the trap" were like the skirmish fire preceding the opening of a battle, and their effect was relatively light. None the less they presaged as well as preceded an actual battle, the first heavy gun of which was heard in the FOREST AND STREAM editorial headed "Control of Trap Shooting," in the issue of Dec. 1. There have been few editorials printed in sporting journalism which ever impinged more promptly and unmistakably. The responses to it came from so many good men in a way admitting of no doubt. Without doubt, the battle is now on between the honest shooters of this country and the dishonest ones, between the spirit of fair play and straight sport and that of treachery, crookedness and theft. The conclusion is foregone. I can only repeat that the sole wonder to me is that the battle has been postponed so long, and that a state of affairs so anomalous and so injurious has been so long allowed to exist and flourish, to the detriment of a sport which has in it naturally every element to commend it to gentlemen, and which should always and under all circumstances have been kept free to offer to gentlemen its own natural invitation to fearless, equal, unsuspecting, gentlemanly competition.

It is too late in the day now, after the events of the past four weeks, to go back to the threshing of old straw, and to take up a useless and absurd argument as to whether or not there is or has been any dishonesty in the prevalent practices of trap-shooting tournaments. There will always be men who for reasons of interest or ignorance will believe there never was a French Revolution nor a Reign of Terror, because they didn't see it. I do not wish for a moment to state, or to be garblingly quoted as stating, that all trap-shooters are dishonest, or that all trap tournaments have dishonest shooting in them, or that the practice of crooked shooting prevails in all clubs and associations shooting at the trap. I do not wish to say that the fifty trap-shooters at whose door we may rightly lay most of the disrepute into which tournament-shooting has fallen should be said to have instituted an actual reign of terror. The growth of the sport, the sale of targets and ammunition, the forming of new clubs, all show that the evil has not been fatal. But an evil may be not fatal and still not desirable. That the evil of dropping, in and out shooting, pooling and combining has been a general one all over the trap circuit, East and West, is known to every one not ignorant or interested.

A WELL-COVERED VICE.

It is not easy to detect, even when in full swing and under open observation, and that is the very reason why it has grown so, and that is the very reason why it should be ferreted out and exposed and made public and shameful. In the rush and swing of a tournament there may be a regularly organized gang quietly "shooting in" and saying nothing. A busy man or one not acquainted with the game could not detect the crooked work. Even those who were looking for it and who knew the ins and outs of the various shooters and their doings would be unable to prove their positive beliefs in anything like a positive manner. (There is no evidence that can be actually collected. If you tried a man you couldn't prove anything against him. The most peculiar thing about this whole question is this inability to get proof. It may look like injustice to order a man out of a squad and off the grounds because you have a suspicion that he is not shooting his best, but singularly enough this very suspicion must always be the test, and not the weighing of evidence. In the past, managements have been afraid to act on such suspicions. In the future they will not be so much afraid. They will post due legal notice in their programmes that they are reserving the right to decline the money of any man they prefer not to have in their sweeps. If the man comes there under that notice, he has no recourse. All the dropper can do will be to boycott shoots which he thinks are going to be honest.) Such being the veiled conditions of affairs, it is no wonder that the custom of dropping grew, and that it often went on unsuspected. My friend Jack Parker says there isn't so much of it as there once was. I hope not, and I have more respect for Jack Parker's judgment on shooting matters than for almost any one's I know. But I could take Jack Parker and we could pick a third man, and we could go to any big shoot of the '94 circuit, and we would not fail to find in any instance some case or cases of dropping or combining. They are there when you look for them right and nobody knows that better than Jack. In my own small experiences I have seen so much of that sort of thing that I have almost been disgusted with tournament shooting—so much that I don't mind saying all over again that these fifty men or so who do most of that dishonest work have put a stigma on the sport, so that it is as they practice it, "more dishonorable, more corrupt, rottener than ever horse racing was." This is true, and the shooting public knows it to be true. In spite of this the better features of trap-shooting grow. But how much more might they otherwise have grown? If every shooter of the land knew he would get an absolutely fair show at our big tournaments, what would not those tournaments be? But are not the common shooters wary of those tournaments? Why are they so? Any shooter can give you the answer. I say you can make rules, and handicaps, and classifications till you are gray, but you won't begin to get the confidence of the common shooters till you begin to take droppers and combiners and crooks at the trap by the back of the neck and kick them out of the grounds and out of the game. You can do this by a national association, and you can do it in the newspapers, and you can do it right at home. It is going to be done. A few dishonest men are not forever going to be allowed to injure the reputation and the success of a manly and popular sport such as that of shooting at the trap.

ALL ABOUT THE WASHERWOMAN.

If Mr. Banks will pardon me, I should like to revert to a statement of his published some weeks ago in comment on what I had tried to make a straightforward and fearless setting forth of practically these same features. Mr. Banks is good enough to say:

"Mr. Hough has evidently had but a limited acquaintance with either one or the other of the branches of the sport he names, horse-racing or trap-shooting."

Quite right. I have had a very limited acquaintance with either of them, or both of them, or any other line of sport. He, nor any one else, must not mistake me to be claiming very much of an acquaintance with anything, and I am very far from wishing to pose as an authority, for I don't feel that I am one. All that I claim to be able to do is to see a load of hay, and all I claim to be is a newspaper reporter not afraid to print the truth about said load of hay. Probably that is one of the things Mr. Banks would rather not have said, however, because it wasn't in very good form, you know, really. Besides, it has the same bearing on this case as would Mr. Banks's personal opinion as to the color of my best girl's hair, or the especial nature of the articles of bijouterie with which my washerwoman may see fit to adorn herself. I led up to this comparison by stating that horse-racing had become crooked enough to drive the Washington Park Club, of Chicago, one of the most prominent racing bodies of the land, quite out of the practice of it. I am not anxious to split hairs, or stand on comparisons, or discover too accurately which is the worse of two things, either of which is bad enough. But the best possible answer to any criticism on the accuracy and justice of my comparison is to be found over Mr. Banks's own signature, and in the very column in which he doubts the justice of my comparison. In the story of the "Public Outrage," wherein Mr. Banks fearlessly and fairly prints the disgraceful truth about the Morfey-Batsch race, he unconsciously puts on record a piece of rottenness which in quality, if not in size, it would puzzle the annals of the turf to equal. These things are much a matter of opinion. It has been the approved custom for the crooked trap-shooter to rob his associates. This custom should be changed. It is changing. It will be changed. Nothing will change it more quickly than the condemnation of the decent sporting press. That the evil in case has long had proportions sufficient to warrant such condemnation has been very fully proved by the editorial position of FOREST AND STREAM, taken since the time of publication of the matter above alluded to, and by the comment from the soundest men of the country thereon, and by the published opinion of FOREST AND STREAM thereon in the Trap department, notably where it is stated in the same issue of Dec. 22:

"The letters we continue to receive on the proposed National Association of Trap-Shooters, all have the same sound ring. There is a sentiment abroad that something must be done, and that speedily, if trap-shooting is to retain its popularity, to prevent dropping for place and pooling or combining."

If we are to have a National Association, what is it for? To control something which doesn't exist? It is going quite too far back on the trail to argue much about that. For one more good instance in point, see Col. Anthony's comment in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 22, where he mentions shooters on the firing line cautioning each other "not to tie." I never knew jockeys at a fixed horse-race to publicly announce their intentions of throwing a race or of fixing it up among themselves. Those who don't believe tournament trap-shooting to be openly and generally rotten had better make a hurried investigation of the facts, or they will soon be behind the time. The wave started slow, but she's rolling mighty fast now, honey.

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE TRADE.

It has been intimated that in some of my earlier remarks I have been too severe on "rounders" and traveling representatives of the trade who attend shoots. For the crooked rounder, who travels in the systematic trade of treacherous cheating, I can think of no word severe enough, and I shall go after him while I have my health, and spoil his business if I can. For the representative of the sporting goods trade we should have no reverence on earth except what his character as a man and a gentleman demand. I know practically all of these men personally, and few classes of men average higher. I want no better friends than some of them, and they need no better friend than FOREST AND STREAM. Yet FOREST AND STREAM is fearless and independent and wise enough to print these words of comment on these men in last week's issue:

"The principal manufacturers of shooters' supplies have traveling representatives at tournaments, to show their goods to shooters and to prove their excellence by taking part in the contests at the trap. Such representatives are the most faithful attendants at all shoots; they are usually men of agreeable personality, and among them are some of the very best shots in the land. For these and other reasons they are of great influence in the trap-shooting world. Their words and actions carry weight. Most of them, no doubt, are honest shooters, but some are open to the suspicion of now and then dropping for place. The truth is that the whole atmosphere of trap-shooting tournaments has become so vitiated that the moral sense of the most honest man may become hardened, and he may now view with indifference acts that a few years ago he would have roundly condemned."

I have known many and many a case of proved or acknowledged dropping or combining by trade representatives at tournaments. I could print names and dates and instances which would cause considerable commotion, if this were wise to do. Later on it may be wise, and for my part then I shall have no reverence for any man except that which his character as a man and gentleman inspire. A newspaper should print the news. But I believe the bulk of these men do shoot straight, and others would shoot straight if there were anywhere made a stand for a better sentiment. The best of them always have shot honestly. Almost all of them may be believed when they say they are going to shoot square. At Knoxville shoot last summer one of the very most prominent target shots of the world said to Tom Divine, who invited him to come to Memphis shoot next June:

"Mr. Divine, I admit that I have at times dropped birds for the money there was in it, and have combined with others, and I don't know of any man on the circuit who hasn't. But if I come to your shoot, and say I will shoot square, you can believe what I tell you."

Mr. Divine did believe it and so do I. What is needed is a rallying point. The change in sentiment will turn some shooters in the honest path. The fear of a disbarment or an inquiry will check many others. The establishment of a national board of control would in thirty days make a revolution in tournament matters—provided always that the members of the board were not timid or over-cautious, provided they had no axes to grind, and provided they did not look for or wait for a strictly legal class of proof against an offender. The latter they could never have. Missing the last bird or entering low down on the entry list is by no means evidence of the only crooked work going at the score. It may exist in the very first squad to enter, among high-class experts, who pay the whole day's entry in a lump. I knew of a glaring case of just this sort at a tournament I recently attended, and the fact was so open that two of the men in that very first squad, who had that same place all through that tournament, will next year be invited "not to attend." (These were not representatives of the trade.) If they once had the publicity of being summoned before a national board of control the mere publication of the fact would be notice of warning to other towns against them. They would be straight shooters after that, or would be out of a chance to shoot. This always in case that the board were composed of the right men. A few weak sisters there could do infinitely more harm than good and the battle would have to be fought all over again by the individual clubs.

I never thought that a man who was paid to shoot, who drew a salary or expense money for that, or was otherwise paid for it, ought to be allowed to shoot in on the same basis with amateurs who pay their own expenses, even where the skill of both parties is the same. About all the better class traveling men agree to this. Mr. R. B. Organ of this city suggests that such paid experts should be taxed an extra entrance fee, say $3 in a $2 sweep. At Memphis shoot last summer there were about two dozen such paid shooters, and they made the local shooters of that country feel very sore.

HARD FOR DROPPERS AT MEMPHIS.

The public blackboard is an invitation for a shooter to drop At the coming Memphis shoot the blackboard will either be abolished or put above the firing line, so that shooters cannot see it. This will help make crookedness harder. I have already spoken of Memphis tournament, often as the only one I ever attended where the management had sand enough to back up its published warning that dropping for place would not be permitted. There have been so many pitiable examples of managements who have hung up that warning and then weakly ignored it. It has always been like hanging a card on a stone dog, saying, "Beware the dog." The shooters have always known the dog was dead. At Memphis next June the dog is going to be alive and wideawake, and ready to do business. There has at last been discovered one town with a gun club willing to make the risky experiment of holding an honest shoot—one which will be placarded as honest and which will be kept honest at any cost of money. These Memphis men are not afraid, and they mean what they say. They will really give a square shoot. For it I bespeak the support of all men who love fair play and a day of gentlemanly sport at the traps. If there is any jockeying tried at that shoot we are likely to hear of some fun. The Memphis Gun Club will reserve the right to accept only such entries as it chooses. Should it lose money on this novel experiment of holding a shoot absolutely fearless and honest, would it not be an odd commentary on the status of tournament shooting in America? Let us see whether or not Memphis is boycotted by the "gang," and if so, how much! All honor, I say, to the Southern city which has been first of all the land to take the stand against dishonesty in shooting, and all shame to the North, where the stand has been so long needed and so long delayed.

FOREST AND STREAM'S PLAN.

But the stand has been taken now, and the banner set, wisely, calmly, dispassionately and fearlessly, as has always been the custom with the actions of FOREST AND STREAM. The paper deserves the congratulations of the fraternity of shooters at the trap, and of those who would like to shoot at the trap. Nowhere does it deserve heartier congratulations than from the great trade interests lying back of an industry whose best interests have been injured only too long and seriously. The trade and the representatives of the trade will be among the first to show their satisfaction with a new order of things. As to any enemies that may be made by a policy such as that laid down by FOREST AND STREAM, I don't imagine that cuts much figure. If there are any, they can be picked out from about fifty shooters, East and West, who shoot for business and not for sport, and who shoot dishonestly, who are treacherous, who steal. These fifty men have kept, so far as we know to the contrary, 500 other men away from the trap who would like to shoot for sport, not for business. Which body would be better for the life and growth and perpetuity of the sport? For my part, if I were to pick enemies, I would choose them from among men who rob their friends. That's the sort of enemies FOREST AND STREAM can afford to have. It won't have even those very long.

ORGANIZE IT.

Certainly then, form the national board of control. Do it quickly. Organise it at once. The season of 1895 will soon be upon us. It will be a red-letter season for the sport if it sees a systematic organized effort to set that right which has so long been wrong.

Thus far I have wandered, on this bright and cheerful Christmas day, when I ought to be eating apples and sliding down the cellar door, from my original purpose of wishing his late majesty, the Dropper, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. He'll do well here. He'll lay up money. I know he'll like the place.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Christmas, 1894.

Fred Hoey Defeats Nathaniel.

On Friday, Dec. 21, an interesting pigeon match was decided at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I. Fred Hoey was booked to concede two yards to R. C. Nathaniel, a member of the Westchester (N. Y.) Country Club. Nathaniel's record is not nearly as well known as Fred Hoey's, but he has made a name for himself on his own club's grounds, winning the Westchester Cup twice and scoring a run of 53 straight on Saturday, Dec. 15. When the match was made it was decided to toss for choice of grounds; as Hoey won he chose the Kennel Club's grounds. The day was decidedly favorable to high scores, but little breeze blowing during the first half of the match. The largest run was made by Nathaniel, who killed his first 20 straight; Hoey had runs of 19 and 16. George de Forest Grant acted as referee. Score:

Fred Hoey (30)	2222222221112112*22222222	24
	0222122222222222*22222221	23
	222222102 222222*22212221	22
	122222222120221112222222	24—93
R C Nathaniel (28)	222 2222212222222220*222	23
	2222202222222222*22220222	22
	2220222222202222222222222	23
	202222222*022222202222222	21—89

Mechanicville's New Gun Club.

MECHANICVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 25.—We have recently organized a Rod and Gun Club in this village. The club has 27 members and has elected as its officers for 1895 the following: President, A. C. Johnson; Vice-President, Fred Hayner; Secretary, W. L. Howland; Treasurer, A. J. Harvey; Captain, F. C. Vernon; Directors, T. L. Pratt, S. J. Moore and Chas Brothers. The club's grounds are south of the Paper Mill, on North Main street. Our regular shooting days are every second Friday. To-day we had a practice shoot in the morning; during the afternoon we shot for a club championship medal, E. S. Moore winning with 20 out of 25. Score:

Club championship, 25 targets per man:

A C Johnson	1110101111011100010100011	—15
E S Moore	1011110111111111011010111	—20
S J Moore	0111111011011111110011100	—18
Luther Moon	1101111001101101100010111	—16
H S Miller	0010000000011000101001100	— 7
W L Howland	0001110001101001100C01111	—12
L L Pratt	0100000000011001000010110	— 7
Chas Brothers	0111010110000011111001110	—14
Frank Bonton	1000101010011010010100010	—10
A B Orcutt	0011010101001110001000001	—10
J B Bradt	1111100001111010111010001	—15

W. L. HOWLAND, Secretary.

The Anderson Brothers Won.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 22.—An interesting live-bird event took place yesterday on the private shooting grounds of J. S. McIntosh, Spring Hill, Pa. Among the contestants were several of the best live-bird shots in Western Pennsylvania. The main event at 25 pigeons, the scores of which are given below, was really a match between the Anderson brothers and Messrs. McIntosh, McCance, Boyd and McNaughter As will be seen, the Anderson brothers won easily by the score of 83—73. Scores in detail:

G B Anderson	2012220122211212220222122	—22
W M C Jones	2011211211010222120222222	—21
J S McIntosh	1121220102121220201121112	—21
J G Anderson	2220222220021222202221222	—21
C Anderson	0112222012222120021221022	—20
J N Anderson	0212222210212222022220022	—20
Boyd	0102022211121101201021110	—18
McNaughter	0000202202121101121121121	—18
McCance	2110210102212012112001100	—17

Christmas Day at Flushing.

Flushing, L. I., Dec. 26.—The attendance at the Flushing Shooting Club's grounds yesterday was very satisfactory. In the club shoot for averages C. M. Donnelly won with a straight score of 10. The other club races have resulted as follows: C. Hance won the first shoot with 9 out of 10; J. H. J. Stewart won the second shoot with 9 out of 10. The next club shoot takes place on Jan. 1, New Year's Day. Scores:

No. 1, third contest for club average prize, 10 live birds per man, club handicaps. No. 2, 5 birds, $2.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
C M Hance, 28	2210211100—7	....
D LeRoy Dresser, 25	1122212020—8	20200—2
G B Nickle, 25	1112002012—7	....
J D Willis, 25	2012000100—4	22101—4
F J J De Raismes, 25	0022111102—7	12210—4
C M Donnelly, 26	2222222222—10	01220—3
L E Embree, 25	0202222100—6	....
G A Barker, 25	....	00120—2

No. 3, 5 birds, $3. No. 4, same.

	No. 3.	No. 4.		No. 3.	No. 4.
C Hance, 28	01111—4	12011—4	L Embree, 25	00100—1	....
D Dresser, 25	10122—4	20102—3	G Barker, 25	02002—2	02000—1
Donnelly, 26	21101—4	20012—3	J Willis, 25	20101—3	20211—4
G Mickle, 25	12101—4	11200—3	Burnham, 23	20010—2	....
Lawrence, 30	12020—3	....	DeR'ism's, 25	22100—3	....
E Clark, 25	21120—4	20101—3			

W. T. Wilcox, Sec.

Live Birds at Weir City.

Weir City, Kan., Dec. 26.—A friendly team race between W. W. McIlhany, of the Business Men's Gun Club, and B. C. Best, of the Columbus (Kan.) Club, on the one side and Messrs. Calhoun and Blackett, of the Business Men's Club, on the other, was shot on the grounds of the Business Men's Club on Monday, Dec. 24. A strong north wind was blowing, which, with a selected lot of birds, made it very hard to run high scores. The match was shot under American Association rules, the losers to pay for the birds. The race was close enough throughout to be quite interesting. Scores:

Team race, 50 birds a side, losers to pay for the birds:

McIlhany....1*1121120112111111121101101—21
Best....1101112210112020112121212—21—42

Calhoun....*2101211012122121210102 22—20
Blackett....2011200122111 1*1210112111—20—40

Mamaluke.

Nathaniel Defeats Hoey.

On Friday last, Dec. 21, Fred. Hoey shot a 100-bird race with R. C. Nathaniel, and defeated him by 2 birds, the contest taking place on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I. Notwithstanding this victory, the friends of Nathaniel had every confidence in his ability to defeat Hoey on the terms of the handicap, 2yds. A return match was quickly arranged, the date and place named being Dec. 26 and the Country Club's grounds, West Chester, N. Y.

The race was a very exciting one throughout, Nathaniel eventually winning by 2 birds, when Hoey lost his 98th and 100th pigeons. The start was not a propitious one for Nathaniel, his 1st and 3d birds getting away from him, and the score at the end of the 19th round standing 16—13 in favor of Hoey. Then Nathaniel did some great work, killing his next 55 birds straight, entering the last quarter of a century one bird to the good. Dropping his 80th bird, the score was a tie, with only 20 more to shoot at. Hoey, however, dropped his 83d, 87th and 90th birds in quick succession, whereas Nathaniel lost but one, his 89th, during that time. This gave Nathaniel the big lead (at that stage of the match) of 2 birds. His 91st and 92d then got away from him, the score again being tied at the close of the 92d round. Each killed 5 more straight, the score being still a tie at the close of the 97th round with only 3 more birds to shoot at! Then came the surprise of the match. Hoey missed 2 out of those 3 birds, and Nathaniel killing straight won by just the same margin he lost by on Friday, Dec. 21. Score:

Nathaniel vs. Hoey, 100 live birds, Hoey at 30yds., Nathaniel at 28:

R C Nathaniel (28)....0202222201022220120122221—19
2222222222222222222222222—25
2222212222112222222212220—24
2212022222222010022222222—21—89

Fred Hoey (30)....2222220102202222222222011—21
2222222222222220222222201—23
2221222022222212221222011—23
2222222022202202222212010—20—87

Rifle Range and Gallery.

St. Louis vs. Rochester.

Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 22 — *Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 22, under the heading of "Rifle Notes," we find the following paragraph: "The St. Louis riflemen have issued a challenge to any club who [*sic*] desires to accept its conditions. This reminds us of the youth who dared the other fellow to come over into his yard and fight."

The imputation is that our conditions are such as no respectable club would think of accepting. This is a slur which the open and clean record of our club does not deserve. It is also a reflection upon the good sense of the Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club of Rochester, which promptly accepted our challenge, and with which we hope to engage in a friendly and honorable test of skill on Jan. 10 next. As your statement was not accompanied by any explanation, although the terms of the match accompanied the challenge, we believe the fair-minded riflemen of this country would rather hear the facts and judge for themselves than trust the dictum of an irresponsible paragrapher. We ask, therefore, in the spirit of fair play, and in justice to the team with which we will shortly have the honor to compete, that you publish the rules which we have forwarded for their acceptance. They are as follows:

"The match is to be shot on Thursday, Jan. 10, 1895, beginning at 7:30 P.M., Eastern standard time, and 8:30 P.M. Central standard time, so as to be practically simultaneous. The distance is to be 75ft. The shooting is to be off-hand, without the use of palm rests, sashes, rods or other artificial aids in holding. Telescope sights are not allowed. Any rifle of .22cal. to be used, the ammunition to be the ordinary .22cal. rim-fire cartridges. The target to be the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club target of which samples are inclosed, it being the German 25-ring target reduced to 75ft.

"Each team is to consist of ten men, who are to be regular members of the respective clubs. Twenty shots are to be fired by each man, ten shots on each of his two targets.

"Our captain will send you forty targets like the sample inclosed, which will be signed by him. Your shooting master will countersign twenty of them and return them to us for our use in the match, and will keep the other twenty for your use. The match must be shot on these forty signed and countersigned targets, which are to be exchanged by first mail after the shoot.

"The shooting is to begin promptly on time; the total scores to be telegraphed each other as soon as the tenth man has finished his score. Each club is to mail its targets, with referee's signature attached, to the other club immediately after the shoot.

"The rules governing the valuation of shots are to be the regular German rules (same as Creedmoor). A bullet must not merely bend or break a line to count on that line, but must cut it.

"When a shooter is at the stand with rifle at his shoulder, any shot fired by him counts, whether intentionally or accidentally fired.

"As regards details not specified above, the shoot is to be governed by the official rules of the German 25-ring target.

"The referee should have this letter in his possession."

It will be seen that our challenge was to shoot what is called a telegraph match—this being the only kind that we can shoot with outside clubs during the winter season. We are not aware that any code has ever been officially established for the conduct of such matches, and since the conditions differ essentially from those where two teams meet and shoot over the same range, it is necessary that some definite rule should be specially framed and agreed upon by the respective clubs. Now, is there anything in the above rules that discriminates unfairly against our competitors? We have asked that our targets be used rather than theirs. But why? Because ours are the regular 200-yard targets reduced to 25yds. (save that the bullseye begins with the 20-ring, making it the same size as the one at which our Rochester friends have been accustomed to shoot), and because our targets are printed on stiff cardboard through which a bullet will cut cleanly, thus helping the referee to avoid mistakes in scoring. If this be a discrimination, then we are ready to shoot on any target offered by the other club. In our challenge we offered them their choice between the standard American and the 25-ring targets. In the matter of referees, we have practically left the choice of our referee to our competitors. We believe them to be gentlemen. We have suggested to them the name of a prominent newspaper man of this city to serve as their referee, but only because in him they would get a man who knows a bullseye from a bullet hole, and can be depended on for accuracy. The suggestion was merely a courtesy, and they are in nowise bound to accept him.

Now, why should we be judged in advance as seeking an unfair advantage, or as indulging in a cowardly bit of bragadocio? Is it impertinence on the part of a young club to challenge all comers? You may have mistaken your men. It is true that our club, as such, is young; but its members were not born yesterday. We do not underrate the skill of Eastern riflemen, nor brag about our own. We simply ask to be met with powder and lead at the targets—not with abusive words. Our club is made up of gentlemen, who will take victory or defeat with composure, gentlemanlike. Horace Kephart, Secretary.

New Orleans Rifle Shooting.

New Orleans, Dec. 21.—The rifle contest between teams of the Jackson Rifle Club and the Eureka Rifle Club took place on Friday evening, Dec. 21, at the rifle range of the Young Men's Gymnastic Club, New Orleans. Each team numbered 6 men. Following are the scores: Jackson Club—P. Carvers 288, R. Fletshinger 284, D. Fletshinger 278, P. Perez 289, G. E. Hauk 272, A. Buissan 277. Eureka Club—H. S. Keelt 252, W. Corcrant 291, H. Callien 300, R. G. Sampers 304, F. R. Kaure 293, F. Orfica 297.

The Jackson Club elected officers as follows: President, H. S. Mindkins; Vice-President, G. Hauck, Jr.; Financial Secretary, J. Hug; Recording Secretary, G. Wolfe, Jr.; Treasurer, G. F. Campson; Captain, E. Herman; First Lieutenant, J. H. Beonsel; Second Lieutenant, A. Campson; Third Lieutenant, F. Rockel, Jr.; delegates to Louisiana State Rifle League, L. A. Jackson and C. F. Campson; Grand Marshal, C. Hurley; Collector, C. H. Davenmuller; Board of Directors, L. H. Jackson, H. S. Minaken, G. Houk, Jr., C. F. Campson, H. S. Beonsel, M. Walz, T. Emke and J. Hug.

The Rifle at Hartford.

Hartford, Conn., Dec. 22.—I inclose you scores of the Hartford Rifle Club, shot at their regular shoot this afternoon, German ring target, 200yds. off-hand. There was a two-point wind blowing from 6 to 9 o'clock, and at the close it was so dark that it was impossible to see the marker except through the telescope.

Medal Match (one entry).

H M Pope	21	23	23	20	21	21	24	23	25	23	—224
S J Lyon	20	22	22	24	22	22	22	25	21	23	—223
J Edwards	19	24	12	22	18	24	22	22	21	16	—200
H A Fox	20	9	17	20	21	18	19	11	18	25	—178

Re-entry Match.

Pope (50 shots, Pope barrel, .33-45-218	25	18	20	20	22	21	22	24	24	24	—220
	21	23	23	20	21	21	24	23	25	23	—224
	19	22	23	24	19	20	18	24	22	24	—215
	22	22	17	25	24	20	24	22	24	24	—224
	22	23	23	19	23	21	21	17	25	18	—212—1095
Lyon (Schalke barrel .33-40-168)	22	20	23	20	23	21	23	21	17	22	—214
	21	24	23	22	17	22	23	21	21	25	—219— 433
Fox (.32-40 Win)	22	23	14	20	18	23	19	17	11	18	—185
	10	21	22	15	15	15	17	22	20	10	—177— 362

Bad weather and hard work (14 hours a day) have kept our attendance very low, there not having been more than two members present for several shoots. H. M. Pope, Sec'y.

Prize Shoot at Zettlers.

New York, Dec. 22.—A prize shoot was held at the Zettler gallery last week for five fine prizes. The following parties received the same, three best bullseyes to count by measurement:

	Class I.				Class III.			
M Engel	13	15½	18	—46½	H Muller	14½	19	20½—54
	Class II.				Class IV.			
Rosenbaum	12	15½	25	—52½	C Zettler, Jr	21	24	25½—70½

Prizes—M. Engel, fine statue; Rosenbaum, dozen silver knives and forks; H. D. Muller, handsome silver goblet; C. Zettler, Jr., handsome silver caster; H. D. Muller also received a fine cigar holder with some very fine cigars for making the most red flags.

H. D. Muller.

New York Rifle Club.

The New York Rifle Club opened its gallery practice on the Zettler range Dec. 19. Eight men participated in the competition for club prizes. M. Herrington and A. H. Isbell had a close race for first position. Herrington was first by one point. Scores:

Herrington	245	245	Th Lloyd	241	240
A H Isbell	244	245	Maj Crocker	238	237
Dr Cantrell	233	230	C C King	241	240
R J Young	238	241	E B Barker	239	235

Miller Rifle Club.

Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 20.—The Miller Club held its weekly shoot at headquarters last night. Meyns was high with 241. Scores: Meyns 241, Miller 236, Stadler 235, Scott 232, Follon 230, Dewey 225, Taylor 224, Rogers 221, Nelson 220, Vanderheyden 218, Kemme 209.

Dec. 27.—At the weekly shoot of the Miller Club last night David Miller shot himself into first place and won the first class trophy. His score was 242 Capt. Dewey was a good second with 239. Scores: D. Miller 242, Capt. Dewey 239, G. W. Rogers 233, A. Meyns 232, Sohn 228, Vanderheyden 227, Stadler 225, Sanders 224, Wilson 224, Hardy 223.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

West New York, N. J., Dec. 18.—The Schlicht Club held its weekly gallery shoot at headquarters last night. Geo. Schlicht won the champion medal on the good score of 245. Scores: George Dorr 239, Charley Meyer 238, George Schlicht 245, Gus Tribout 213, Jacob Diehl 234, Fred. Lambrix 227, George Reichert 229, Jacob Schlicht 222, William Schlicht 236, Peter Mau 212, George Lautenberger 233, C. Schlicht 214, Henry Aufdertheide 233.

Medal winners: George Schlicht, champion medal, 245; Jack Diehl, first class, 234; George Lautenberger, second class, 233; Henry Aufderheide, third class, 233.

Greenville Rifle Club.

Greenville, N. J., Dec. 22.—The Greenville Rifle Club opened its new series for the coming three months at its headquarters last evening. The club shoots under the class handicap system. The good judgment of the shooting committee in the pastin fixing the handicap upon the members in the several classes has resulted in bringing the members very close together in their totals at the close of each series. As a consequence there is a lively interest in the result of the coming series. The prize winners in the series which closed last week are appended, 13 scores to count:

First Class—Geo. Purkess, 3 points per score, 3,154, first; W. C. Collins, 4 points per score, 3,153, second; J. Boag, 4 points per score, 3,143, third; M. Dorrler, scratch, 3,132, fourth.

Second Class—C. W. Agneau, scratch, 3,034, first; W. Charlock, 2 points, 3,027, second; C. H. Chavant, scratch, 3,021, third; H. Gotthardt, 5 points, 3,005, fourth.

Third Class—E. Wuestner, Sr., 50 points, 3,034, first; V. Holzapfel, 2 points, 2,932, second; Geo. Renker, 6 points, 2,924, third; E. A. Graef, scratch, 2,898, fourth.

The scores for the opening of the current series are appended:

First Class.

M Dorrler	245	Collins	238
J Boag	243	Scheeline	237
Purkess	242	Agneau	235
Plaisted	240	C Boag	234

Second Class.

Dodds	236	Spahn	220
Charlock	234		

Third Class.

Renker	234	Hill	219
F Wuestner	224	E Wuestner	202

Dec. 28.—Weekly shoot. Scores: First Class: J. Boag 241, Collins 234, Purkess 236, C. Boag 238, Dorrler 242, Robidoux 238, Scheeline 239. Second Class: Chavant 235, Dodds 237, Spahn 221, Charlock 228. Third Class: Hill 215, Graef 231, E. Wuestner, Jr. 229, F. Wuestner 204, Holzapfel 226, Renker 232.

RIFLE NOTES.

The Glendale Schuetzen Park, Glendale, L. I., was the center of interest to New York's great army of riflemen on Wednesday of last week. It was the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone for the new shooting house for the new range, which will be used next July during the great international festival which opens at this park on June 30. Representative riflemen from New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey, to the number of 500, assembled in the park in the early part of the afternoon. William B. Weber, the president of the Bund, assisted by Capt. Henry Offerman of the New York Corps, Capt. L. Zeller of the Harlem Independent Corps, Capt. D. Meerse of the New York Central Corps, B. Walther, president of the Zettler Rifle Club, Capt. Theo Walters of the Elite Corps, Capt. Christ. D. Rehm of the New York City Corps, had charge of the ceremony incident to the laying of the initial foundation of the coming festival. President Weber made an eloquent and earnest discourse upon the coming festival, its object and its undoubted success. He exhorted all present to enter into the work of building upon the foundation before them a structure in the interest of rifle shooting whose arch should be capped with the keystone of concord. Capt. Zeller of the Harlem Independent Corps, and Capt. Offerman of the New York Corps, followed President Weber in remarks that were in harmony with the occasion.

The lady rifle shooters of Hoboken are making a record for their sex in handling the rifle. The *Observer* says: "The shooting done thus far by the members of the Our Own Ladies' Rifle Club is of the high class order. Mrs. Seymour, in particular, is distinguishing herself. Although her first shot was fired two months ago, a few evenings since she rolled up a total of 221 points. The proposed match between herself and husband, the captain of the Our Own Rifle Club, is off, as the captain now realizes that his wife is the best shot."

The New York Schuetzen Corps will hold its fourth bi-monthly gallery shoot on the Zettler ranges on Jan. 4.

The Freitag Rifle Club held a successful Christmas shoot on its gallery ranges on the 22d and 23d. There was a large gathering of local marksmen. The Greenville contingent turned out strong, thirteen men being present and participating, eleven of whom came in for a division of the spoils. John Rohhan of the Hudsons was one of the fortunate marksmen who went home loaded with pork.

The match between Plaisted and Dorrler is off for the present.

The Empire Rifle Club team will meet the Greenville Club team on its home range the first week in January. A return match will be shot off on the Zettler range later on.

From Hoboken comes the following query: Wouldn't it be a good plan to arrange a tournament for local rifle clubs for the championship of the city? With the Millers, Friday Nights, Young Men's and Moltka rifle clubs entering teams, a lively tourney, to be decided at the winter's close, could be gotten up. The teams would be of say five men from each organization. What do they think about it?

Louis G. Mertz, No. 943 Broadway, Brooklyn, which, by the way, is at the junction formed by Broadway, Myrtle avenue and Jefferson street (Five Corners), has fitted up two fine gallery ranges on his premises. The Elite Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Theo. Walters, has made these ranges its shooting headquarters for the winter. The fact that these ranges are located at the junction of two elevated roads make them easy of access from all parts of Brooklyn. Good management on the part of mine host Mertz should bring its reward in the form of liberal patronage from Brooklyn German-American riflemen.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The weekly shoot of the Zettler Club, which was held at head quarters Dec. 19, brought the usual number of experts and lay members into the competition for honors and other prizes incident to the regular programme. For the past two weeks Flach has had rather the best of the argument. Last night Fred Ross and Philip Feigel had a turn for the honors for high scores. Ross captured the champion medal and also made the highest total for the five best scores. Philip Feigel carried away the honors for the best 10-shot score, making 249. Best 10-shot score: P. Feigel 249, F. C. Ross 247, L. Flach 247, M. Dorrler 246, H. Holges 246, H. D. Muller 246, R. Busse 244, F. Schmitt 243, G. Nowak 243, C. G. Zettler 243, B. Zettler 243, S. Buzini 237, H. Manz 234, G. W. Downs 232.

Five best scores:

F C Ross	245	247	246	246	247	—1231
L Flach	244	243	245	247	245	—1224
H Holges	241	246	245	246	241	—1219
M Dorrler	241	244	246	244	245	—1220

Champion medal: F. C. Ross 245, L. Flach 244, M. B. Engel 244, B. Zettler 243, P. Feigel 242, H. Holges 241, M. Dorrler 241, C. G. Zettler 241, F. Schmitt 239, R. Busse 237, H. D. Muller 336, G. Nowak 234, H. Munz 234, S. Buzzini 222, G. W. Downs 220.

Dec. 25.—Weekly shoot. Scores: Champion medal; C. G. Zettler 245, H. Holges 244, M. B. Engel 244, F. C. Ross 243, L. Flach 243, M. Dorrler 243, B. Zettler 241, P. Feigel 240, R. Busse 243, H. D. Muller 239, S. Buzzini 229.

Best five scores:

F C Ross	243	248	247	247	248	—1233
H Holges	244	244	246	242	245	—1221
L Flach	243	245	240	245	245	—1216
M Dorrler	243	243	245	241	246	—1218

Best 10-shot score: F. C. Ross 248, H. Holges 246, M. Dorrler 246, L. Flach 246, C. G. Zettler 245, R. Busse 246, B. Zettler 244, M. B. Engel 244, H. D. Muller 243, P. Fiegel 240, S. Buzzini 229.

Ross vs. Martin.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 28.—There was an interested group of riflemen assembled in the headquarters of the Elite Schutzen Corps, No. 943 Broadway, last night, to witness a 100-shot gallery match between Fred. C. Ross and Ignatz Martin. Ross granted Martin a handicap of 75 points. Ross won by the small margin of 2 points. Scores:

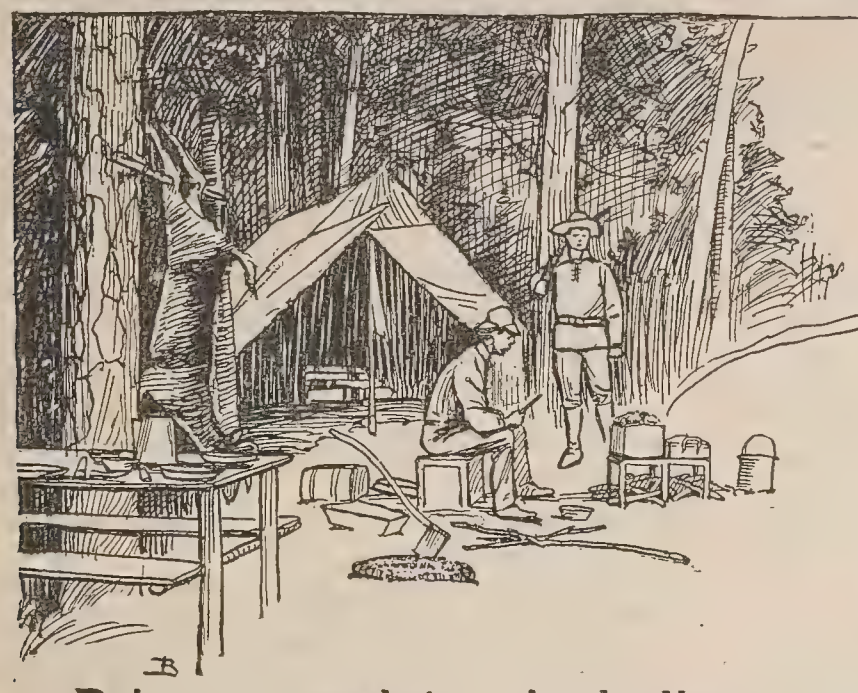
Ross	239	244	240	243	246	243	243	241	248	245	—2432
Martin (75)	217	230	235	239	233	239	242	240	242	238	—2430



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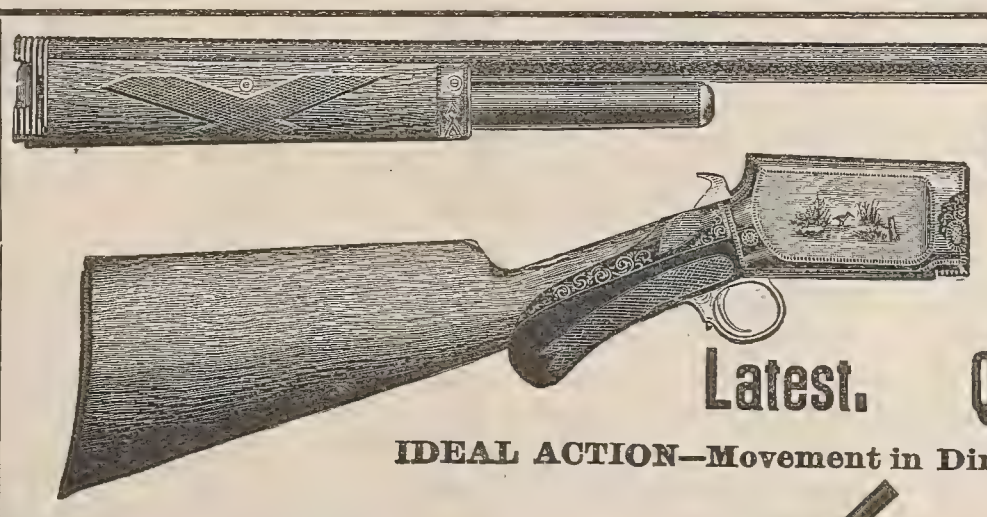


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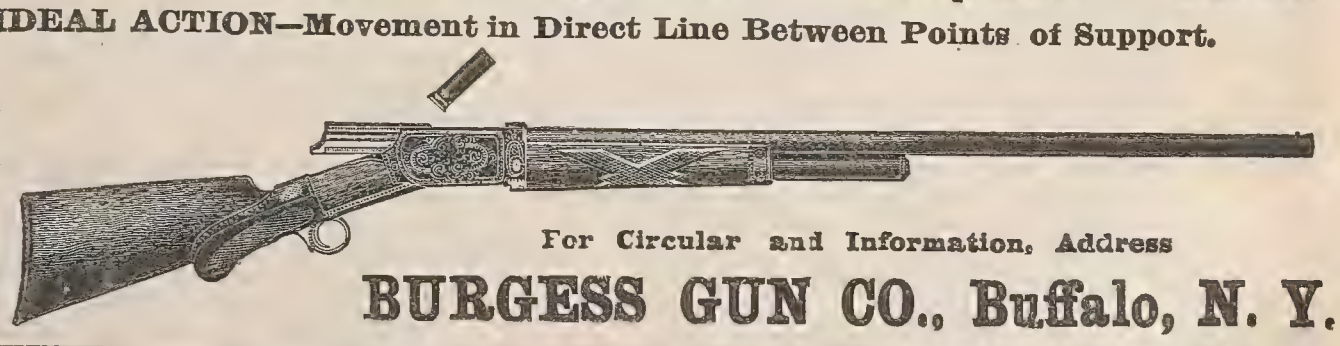
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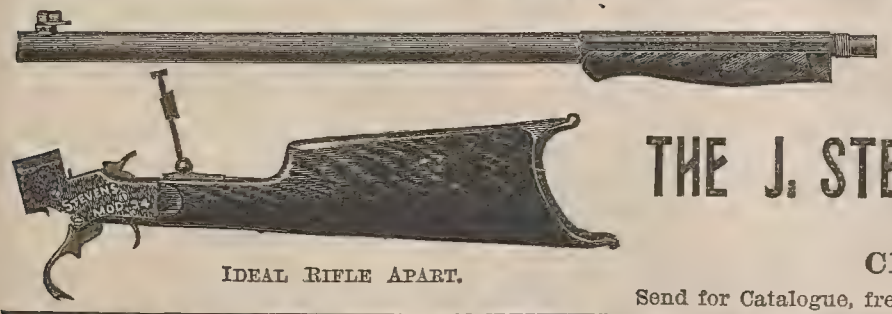
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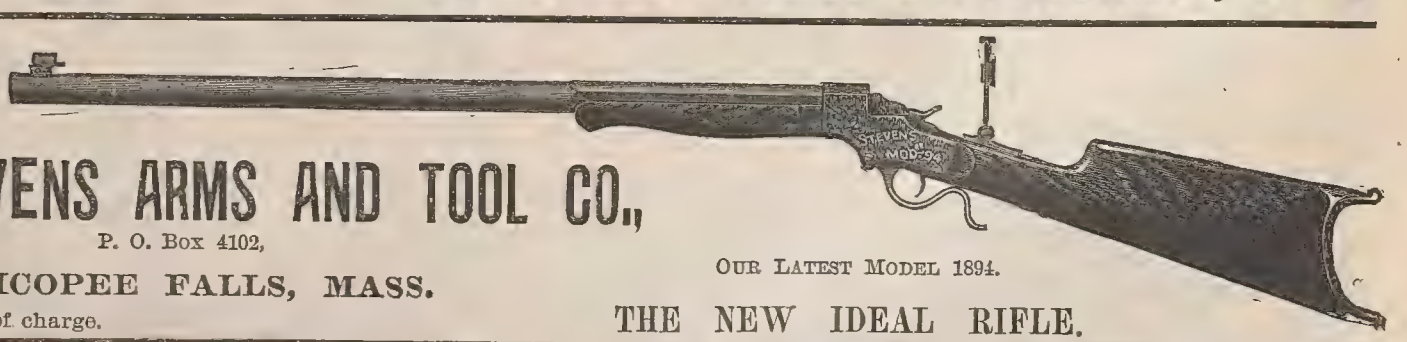
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VOL. XLIV.—No. 2. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

THE FOREST RESERVATION BILL.

Attention is again called to the neglect of Congress to provide any system of protection for the forest preserves set apart within the last few years by Presidential proclamation. As we have frequently shown, these are reservations in name only. They exist on paper, but there is no law governing their care or providing for their protection. Any one is at liberty to go within their boundaries, and there commit any act of depredation, and there is no federal law that can be enforced to punish him.

The singular apathy with regard to forest preservation which has long been manifested at Washington has at length been broken by the passage of Mr. McRae's bill, H. R. 119, entitled, An Act to Protect Public Forest Reservations. The best that can be said of the measure is that it is perhaps better than no bill at all. Its passage at least establishes a precedent for forestry legislation and indicates that Congress is willing to take some slight interest in a matter which is vital to the nation's welfare. In its best form the measure was not a very strong one, and during its passage through the House it has been burdened with amendments, which, in large degree, render nugatory the benefits which it might otherwise have conferred.

The measure places these forest reservations under the charge of the Secretary of the Interior, and directs him to make provision for their protection against fire and depredations, and to make such rules and regulations and establish such service as will insure their object. He is authorized under certain restrictions to sell dead or matured timber, and the proceeds of such sales are to be held as a special fund to be expended in the care and management of the reservations under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, or as Congress may provide. But it is provided that nothing in the act shall be construed to prevent the Secretary of the Interior from permitting, under regulations, the use of the timber and stone free of charge to setters, miners, residents and prospectors.

The Secretary of War is authorized to furnish troops to act as a police for protecting these reservations on the requisition of the Secretary of the Interior.

The Secretary of the Interior is authorizd to restore to the public domain any public lands embraced within the limits of any forest reservation which shall be found better adapted to agriculture than to forest uses and any lands which may be shown to carry mineral. Further, prospectors are given full liberty to prospect for mineral on such forest reservations.

So long as the Secretary of the Interior is interested in the preservation of our forests this bill will be a useful measure. It throws the whole responsibiity of their care on that officer and will enable the present Secretary to set on foot a system of protection, which his successor may or may not feel inclined to carry out. On the other hand, any such system of protection is very much hampered by the invitation which the bill extends to settlers, miners and prospectors to go and come at will over the reservation, and to make free use of the timber for their purposes.

The provision authorizing the return to the public domain of any lands that, on examination, may be found to be agricultural opens large opportunity fo revil, and its practical effect may be the absolute ruin of these forest reservations. One result of such a provision is likely to be an influx of settlers along the stream valleys in all the reservations, in some cases cutting them up into small strips, and everywhere increasing a hundredfold the difficulties of forest administration. Thus, the bill, while professing to protect the forest reservations, really threatens their very existence by leaving the question of their integrity to depend not on the law but on the judgment of a single individual.

The section of the bill which authorizes the employment of troops to protect these reserves is a wise one, and practically this is all the bill gives to the friends of forest preservation. On the other hand, the bad features of the bill are very obvious.

A Secretary of the Interior who cares little for the preservation of the forests may, in accordance with the provisions of this bill, practically destroy the forest reservations, which the wisdom of Secretaries Noble and Smith have set apart.

In its present shape the bill can arouse no enthusiasm on any hand, and its inadequacy is apparent.

A FLORIDA SILVER MINE.

Those who have followed the fishing reports sent to us from Texas cannot have failed to note the warm but good natured rivalry between Texas and Florida as to which shall be esteemed to hold out superior attractions to tarpon fishermen Florida and tarpon have come to be synonymous. If one says that he is going South for fishing it is assumed quite as a matter of course that he is bound for Florida; and in these times going to Florida for fishing means an expedition to the West Coast for tarpon. Texas is a tardy claimant for tarpon custom; she has only her innate modesty to blame, that she has permitted Florida to take the lead and obtain the dollars of Northern and Western anglers.

For this tarpon fishing is business, just as truly as orange growing or phosphate mining is business. Florida transportation managers and hotel men have long been alive to the financial profit of exploiting this big fish, and they have made the most of him. Tarpon angling is, from their point of view, commercial fishing. If the history of the name "silver king" were investigated probably we should find that the cognomen arose not from the splendor of his scales, but from some shrewd hotel man's recognition that if properly worked the fish was as good as a silver mine. If we had the data to compute the amount of money expended by tarpon fisherman in Florida for railroad and steamboat fares, board at hotels, hire of guides and boats, sums paid for tackle and to taxidermists for mounting the fish, the aggregate would atonish people who have given little thought to the dollars and cents view of pleasure fishing. In Florida sport with the tarpon is confined to the West Coast. The fish are occasionally seen on the East Coast and are taken there after the tourist season, but they are not among the trophies entered on the hotel score books. The East Coast people would like nothing better in the way of fisherman's luck than occasion to proclaim to the world that a few tarpon had been taken in the waters of the Mananzas, Halifax, Indian River or Lake Worth.

THE CUP CHALLENGE.

In default of more detailed and positive information than that furnished in the brief cable report of the R. Y. S. meeting, it is impossible to say just yet what action the Squadron has taken, or how much further negotiation may be necessary before a race is finally arranged for 1895. The recognition of the new deed is qualified by Sec'y Grant's telegram, "Having regard to the construction * * * by the New York Y. C.," and just what this may mean is yet to be seen.

Thus far the Squadron has only the unofficial statement of Commodore Smith that the onerous demands of the new deed are a dead letter, and may all be disregarded under the mutual agreement clause. We doubt very much whether even the Royal Yacht Squadron will be satisfied with such an unofficial statement, which may be repudiated at any time in the future by the New York Y. C.

It is probable that a race will not be assured until the New York Y. C. shall have made an official and binding statement of its interpretaiton of the new deed.

The basis of the present agreement may be briefly stated thus: If the New York Yacht Club will declare invalid all of the distinctive parts of the new deed, the Royal Yacht Squadron will recognize the deed as valid. Such an agreement, if finally ratified, must obliterate the dimension cause, the ten months limit, the limitation of all races to dates between May 1 and Nov. 1, the limits of over 65 and not over 90 feet, and the requirement that vessels must sail to the site of the races on their own bottoms. If the present interpretation of the new deed, under which the R. Y. S. has agreed to recognize it, be indorsed by the New York Y. C., a future holder of the Cup can agree to a challenge from any club and in any size of yacht.

In an interview on Jan. 7, Gen. Paine is quoted a saying: "The fairness of the new deed has now been acknowledged." Apart from the question of the right of the New York Y. C. to make any change of the trust conditions, and of the action of the club in hurriedly making such a change after it had received a challenge, the charges of unfairness in the conditions of the new deed rest first of all on the demand for the four dimensions. This demand was largely the work of Gen. Paine, a member of the famous committee of 1887. For five years it put a bar to all racing, and a challenge was only obtained by the distinct repudiation of th's demand by the New York Y. C.

It was through Gen. Paine as much as any other member of the commitee that Clause 5 was formed, compelling a challenger to place himself absolutely in the hands of the holder ten months before a race, compelling him to reveal the beam and draft of his vessel, and binding him to the dimensions registered in the challenge; before he could ask for a mutual agreement "as to dates, courses, number of trials, rules and sailing regulations."

In order to obtain a challenge, the New York Y. C. has been forced to abandon the demand for the dimensions and for ten months' notice, and to recognize fully and completely that right of a challenger to a mutual agreement as to any and all conditions, which it has denied to every challenger, and in particuar to the Royal Clyde Y. C.

In making the new deed of gift Commodore Smith and the committee sought to surround the America's Cup with such safeguards and restrictions as would make the winning of it by a challenger almost an impossibility. After seven years these same gentlemen have been forced to abandon every restriction, and to throw the Cup open to competition on fairer terms than they have ever granted in the past.

If this is a victory for them, and a vindication of the new deed, they are welcome to it. In the face of Gen. Paine's assertion, as quoted above, we maintain most emphatically that the present position of the America's Cup committee, as represented by its chairman, in abandoning all the requirements of the new deed, is an open admission of the charges of unfairness made against them.

THE CAUSE OF PROTECTION.

The year 1895 promises to be an important one for game and fish protection. The cause is one that is growing rapidly in popular appreciation, and this will be a year of activity. We mean to make The Forest and Stream more than ever a journal of protection. With this issue we have instituted a special department devoted to the subject.

It will be a department of news, of suggestion, of practical helps and hints for club and association and individual effort. Secretaries and other members of clubs are invited to communicate to us for publication reports of the progress of their work, with its failures and its successes. By such an interchange of practical experience one may learn from one another.

There is promise of much legislation as to fish and game this year. New Jersey sportsmen are asking for numerous changes. The Michigan Game and Fish League met in Lansing the other day and determined to ask the Legislature to make the open season for deer throughout the State from Oct. 10 to 31 inclusive; to forbid the transportation of venison unaccompanied by the owner, and to limit each hunter to two deer in a season.

The New York law has been codified by the Senate Committee and the proposed form will shortly be submitted at Albany. It is understood that as to the fish commission a reduction in the number will be recommended from the present five to three or one. The draft of the new law was to be discussed at the Syracuse meeting of the State Association at Syracuse last Thursday. A report of the convention will be given in our next issue.

Does it cost money to go fishing? One might think so form the $500 price mark on a rod in a Broadway show window. But some rods do not cost so much as that, one may get off much more cheaply. Fishing is like most other necessities—or luxuries—costly or inexpensive as one may care to make it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE TURKEY I DIDN'T GET.

It was 3.30 o'clock in the morning in the fall. I had not been brought up standing in bed with every hair on end and gooseflesh all over me by an alarm clock going off with clangor of four pair of cymbals and a triangle, because there wasn't any alarm clock on the premises. I have an alarm clock in my head when I am going hunting. The only objection I have to my clock is that it sometimes wakes me up two or three times before the appointed hour, so as to be sure I don't get left. Better that than the store affairs that slip a cog now and then and keep quiet, allowing the sleeper to do likewise until broad daylight, when he should have been in the woods an hour before.

On that patricular morning when I had jumped out of bed and consulted my watch, I slipped into my hunting togs and opened the door of my cabin to see how the weather fitted me. To my delight there wasn't a tremor of a leaf in the oaks that spread their broad arms above me. Not a pianissimo zephyr kissed my modest cheek, much as I like to be kissed. All the stars twinkled cheerfully in a sky as clear as a baby's conscience, and, altogether, it was a morning calculated to make the mountains hop like rams, and the little hills skip like lambs. At any rate, I hopped—into the house, after abluting, and prepared my frugal meal. "A short horse is soon curried." There wasn't much to get, and it didn't take long to get it. That safely stowed away, I took my gun from its case and, locking the door behind me, strode into the morning.

I was going after turkeys. I had shot several near home, but had heard of a larger gang about four miles away that had not been so much molested, and that would probably afford more sport. Something just ahead in new territory attracts the sportsmen as much as it does people in other pursuits.

It was pretty dark. In going across the corn field my toes found a good many stones they had never met before, and some of them came perilously near giving pride a fall, but I got into the road all right and opened the throttle, for I had but an hour to make the distance, and before it was light I must be sitting in the shadowy wood, quietly listening. So I paddled along with heart so light I could scarcely keep it down, until I came to a trail leading through a large piece of woods, which I entered. Here it was darker than ever, and the trail was partly obliterated by fallen leaves, so that two or three times I ran off at a tangent, losing the trail entirely, but I managed to pick it up again, and so, in alternate clearing and woods, awaking the bark of the watchful dog that had heard the rapid footsteps along the road, skirting thickets where the momentary rustle of the leaves betrayed the scampering rabbit, in a road for a bit and out of it, again descending into hollows where the air was damp and cool, crossing little streams and mounting the ridges again, following which the trail led deviously through the silent forest, I came at last, just as the dash lamps of Phœbus' turnout had projected the first faint flush upon the dark curtains of the east, to the fence bordering the isolated clearing of a farmer, near which the turkeys had been repeatedly seen during the summer and early fall, and where, among the springing wheat, shocked corn and uncut buckwheat, they ventured occasionally to watchfully glean in the early morning hours.

I had been out one morning previously and had heard some turkeys fly down from their roost in some trees that stood a few rods from the edge of the woods, and hoping that they might be there or thereabout, I tiptoed down the fence until opposite the spot, when I crept in among the shadows, choosing each step carefully, and when I judged I had gone far enough I sat down with my back to a tree and awaited developments.

Silently the forest awaited the coming of the day. Half an hour passed without a sound. Slowly the gray of the morning rose in the east, permeated the darkness and revealed bit by bit the recesses of the wood.

Then I heard the farmer bang the door behind him a hundred rods away as he came forth from sleep to feed his stock, while a chanticleer from his harem sung out lustily.

In my front the east reddened perceptibly through the branches, for the ground fell away in that direction for a half mile toward a creek in the valley, and only the nearer trees obstructed my view. I searched the trees carefully near by and farther and farther as the light increased for dark feathered forms, but in vain. A chipmunk came out of his hole near the foot of a tree and made his toilet, with interruptions of vigorous scratching, and suddenly, seeing me wink or catching some motion from me, sat upright, drooping his little paws and endeavoring to satisfy himself as to this unwonted appearance. I made a quick motion with my foot, and the way he dove into his hole was laughable.

It was time for turkeys to leave their roosts. The sun would soon appear, and they would be on the move. While I debated what move I ought to make, I heard, away on my right, the sound of wings, then another and another, and another and another, and the debate was closed. Of course I did not know they would feed in my direction, but I hoped they would, and determined to meet them at least half way, and if they did not I should be that far on my stalk, so, stooping low, I trotted down into a little ravine, one of several running at right angles to my course and which united to form a large ravine below. Then I crawled cautiously up to the top of the little rise and carefully peered over. Nothing in sight and no sound. As noiselessly and as rapidly as possible I crawled down into the next hollow, took a breath, and with my hat in my pocket crept up the slope and inch by inch let my eye uncover the territory beyond. There were some scattered low bushes in my front, and looking long enough to satisfy myself that there was nothing moving in sight, I made another spurt into the cover of the next hollow. I saw that a I had gone far enough then to be near a meeting point, if those turkeys had fed my way, and so my movements up the next rise were made with redoubled caution, but nothing rewarded my search. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, I rose on my knees, gun at a ready, and looked over into the next hollow as far as I could. Nothing there. Then I slowly turned my head to the right and searched in that direction up the slope. Nothing there. But just as I turned my head to look to the left down the hill my eye caught a movement among some low bushes, and in a second I saw a number of heads appear near the ground whose owners were feeding along unconscious of danger about fifty yards away.

I raised my gun very slowly so as to be ready for the most opportune moment, but the ever watchful eye of a young gobbler caught the slight movement, and as my gun touched my shoulder stretched his neck inquiringly and alarmedly, and by a queer coincidence just at that moment the gun went off just as it covered that outstretched neck. The smoke hung heavy in the damp air and the other turkeys went off down hill on the wing, thus gaining quick headway, while my gobbler was making a big noise with his powerful wings as he beat the earth in his death struggles, but soon lay quietly, a fine last year's bird in fine feather.

Inserting another shell I picked him up, noting that he was heavy and very fat and hoping that his companions would get scattered and would want to get together again. I went down the hill into the large ravine, and seeing a large tree blown over about thirty yards up one side from the bottom, I sat down beside it took out my call, and waiting about fifteen minutes tuned up gently, but got no response. In a moment or two I tried again and a welcome "kronk" came down from the top of the hill on my side, but the bird was out of sight. Then I called again, and this time in addition to the first call which was made by a bird of that season, an old gobbler with a voice like a fog horn tuned up. "Aha," said I to myself, "the racket thickens. Oh! ye brave come down and see me and I'll save—one or two of you for the pot." Cautiously I kept their interest and anxiety alive, and for quite a while my calls went up and theirs came down, but their bodies did not, when all at once I saw in the air far above me two turkeys flying across to the hilltop on the other side, to see what they could see from that point of vantage. As I turned my head to watch their fight, one of them alighted on the dead top of a big oak, but his sharp eye, even as he flew, had caught the movement of my head, and he was off like a shot again. The other alighted in the leafy tops of a smaller tree and failed to see me. The big gobbler had not moved and kept calling anxiously, but would not come down.

I soon started a conversation with the newcomer, and we had quite a dialogue, during which or just previous to which it flew to the ground, though I did not hear it, but though I did my best to convince it that there was an awfully lonesome turkey down my way, I could not coax it any nearer.

Finally the old gobbler drew out of the conversation and either wandered off to find some more sociably inclined turkey or was stealthily picking his way down towards me. I shall never know which (for turkeys often cease calling when they begin to approach), for just about that time, as I had begun to think I was going to lose both, I heard from the other side the ravine under cover of the bushes and limbs a pat, pat, pat, that told me my persuaded turkey was coming down the hill, betraying its whereabouts at every step by the rustling of the leaves. Then it stopped, but a faint call from me started it again, and I pocketed my call and pointed my gun about where I thought the bird would appear.

It was a very interesting moment, and if that turkey had known what was waiting for it up there on the hillside, the interest wouldn't have been confined to me. But down the hill those steps continued to come, and I said to myself, "two turkeys will make a pretty good load to back four miles," when the glossy, black-breasted creature came into view, but not exactly in line with my gun. I had to swing the muzzle some six or seven inches to cover it, but that was enough to catch the eye of the wondrously wary bird, and it stopped instanter, with its head and neck covered by a little brush. A few feet in my front stood a sapling and almost in line of aim. I leaned over to the left the better to cover the bird and pulled quickly, the turkey standing as it stopped broadside to me, a very bad position for a shot, being protected by the heavy wing, but I was as certain of that turkey as though I had it under my arm, for the distance was not over thirty yards. The roar of the gun rolled from side to side of the ravine, and away down into the bottom and up the other side, as I jumped to my feet to see the turkey—not in its death flurry, as I fully expected, but after a few preliminary flaps set its wings and sail away, away down the ravine just as easy as though there had not been a gun within forty miles.

At first I thought there had been another turkey near by, and looked closely to see if my bird wasn't lying dead, but there was no bird that I could with any degree of confidence or propriety call mine anywhere around. To say that I was surprised wouldn't be telling anything about it. I was simply dumfounded. To have a great big turkey as big as a calf, pretty near, get away like that was just dazing.

I walked down the hill and up the other side to where the bird stood and couldn't find a single shot mark on stone or bush, nor a single feather, and stood there apostrophizing the shooter and the situation in divers and sundry ways, endeavoring to work out a solution of this extraordinary puzzle, but it wouldn't work worth a cent. It was one more of the unfathomable mysteries connected with turkey hunting, to lay away and harrow a man's feelings as long as he lives. There was just one thing I could understand, viz., the turkey was gone, but it was surely hard hit and must be that moment lying wounded or dead down the ravine—of course it must, and I would find it. So I hung my dead turkey in the dead limbs of a tree and went down to where I last saw the turkey and searched the side hill up and down, back and forth among the bushes, round and round, down into the creek bottom and back again, but to no purpose, except to make me leg-weary, and as I finally stood revolving things in my mind, like a flash the solution of the matter was revealed to me, and I could have propeled myself with severe rearward castigations all over that region.

During the fall I had carried turkey cartridges in my right coat pocket, and small shot cartridges for quail and rabbits in my left. A week previous to this hunt I used the last of the small cartridges and couldn't conveniently get more, so I carried turkey cartridges in both pockets to balance. The day previous I got some small shot cartridges and put them in my left pocket as of yore, and when I shot the gobbler I hastily shoved a cartridge from that left pocket into the gun as I ran up to the bird, and now I had been trying to kill the king of American game birds with quail shot, and through its wing, too. What would you do with such a man as that? Why didn't I shoot the other barrel that had No. 1's in it? Well, somebody guess.

The idea of that turkey lying around there wounded or dead suddenly became very, very ludicrous, and I ascended the hill, seized my gobbler and before noon laid it down at my domicile with a sigh of relief that it wasn't two.

O. O. S.

"Scantogrease."

I am very glad that my friend Judge Greene gave us that etymological treatise on Scantogrease, for that word bothered me a heap, and I feared I should have to tackle it myself. I thought it was some Molalla or Crockamilk Indian word signifying "plenty rain" or "heap fish," that the Judge or Billy had run across in the brush somewhere in some of their fishing trips. I would rather choose that derivation than that from the Piker. The Judge has got off easily on this, but when he hitches on to words like Squawlickitawickyup or Smilkamooleyakum he'll get into trouble.

Speaking of fish, though, prompts me to say that there have been some pretty tough fish and other stories in The Forest and Stream during the past few years, stories hard to swallow even with all the accompanying lubricants, but what are they all to that story of the Judge's about Billy and the club and bull dog catching more salmon than a horse could pull. Why, that's a huckleberry above the Keosu bull head story. I have read stories about men killing cougars and bears with a club, and they seemed reasonable enough, yet the authors where hooted down the ages so far, but this story is swallowed as slick as though none of the readers were Scantogrease. Not a choke or a protest. I tell you, that great West is a terror of a country.

I see friend Belnap is somewhat exercised about the tales of "derring do" that he has read in your paper. I should hardly have expected this of him, living as he does in the State of wondrous possibilities. I'm sorry I stimulated his salivary glands and envy to such a degree in the relation of the pawpaw incident, but I couldn't help it. I don't blame him a bit for longing for "the fleshpots of Egypt." He ought to live in a State where delicious fruit grows. And as far as the cougar is concerned, if the cougar could only have had just one ripe pawpaw to hold under the animal's nose his fangs would have been drawn that instant, so to speak, and he would have followed the hunter like a lamb. There would have been no need of a club. If friend B. will live in Washington his penchant for horticultural delicacies will have to be gratified through correspondence, but he'll never suffer as long as he reads Forest and Stream.

O. O. S.

ROUND ABOUT NEW ORLEANS.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 4.—Christmas day in New Orleans was of the summer time in respect to weather, delightfully warm and clear. There was no jingle of sleigh bells, crisp air and muffled figures striding swiftly and vigorously about to keep warm, all of which give so pleasant a surface aspect to a Northern Christmas time, though underlying it all is the suffering of the poor, for weather which is simply bracing to the well fed and clothed is a pain to the poverty stricken.

Heavy rains set in on Christmas night, followed by a severe cold snap, some of the overflow from the great cold wave of the North, that is, it was cold for this section, the thermometer on Friday night last indicating 28 degrees above zero, an extraordinary low temperature for this section, cold enough to kill many of the tenderer forms of vegetation. While the cold is more favorable to general shooting, the dry marshes and low water still remain and are unfavorable conditions.

While calling recently on Mr. R. W. Foster, a sportsman who has been for many years actively interested in promoting field trial matters, and who is connected with the firm of J. U. Payne & Co., I had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Payne. Of course, the conversation turned soon on matters of shooting. Mr. Payne referred pleasantly to some business trip he made years ago in the North and West. He mentioned particularly the vast herds of deer and prairie chickens innumerable, which he had seen many years ago in Illinois and Indiana, also of the abundance of game in Missouri and Nebraska. Apparently Mr. Payne was a hale man of about 65 years, vigorous and clear in intellect, with a wonderfully retentive memory, for he would give the dates of circumstances which happened in the dim past, as if they were of yesterday. He mentioned a trip he took in 1835. I must have unconsciously betrayed some wonderment, for Mr. Foster remarked: "You must consider that you are talking to a gentleman who is 92 years old, and who therefore was born near the year 1800." In the North such an advanced age, with clear-cut thought, clear-cut memory and vigorous powers accompanying it, would be extraordinary, but here it is not at all uncommon. This section contains a greater number of aged people in ratio to the population than does the colder climates—aged, too, without the infirmities of age which obtain in the colder climates. They ride horseback, attend to business, go shooting, enjoy life; in short, while their physical powers may be somewhat diminished as compared with those of youth, their intellect remains clear and active, with the improvement which comes from broad experience and accumulated knowledge. Aged men in active business life are numerous. Longevity in the South is far greater than it is in the North.

In this connection it may not be amiss to correct some prevalent errors of belief concerning the climate and healthfulness of this section, and which are quite common in the North It is generally supposed that

Louisana is largely composed of swamps, and that intense heat, malarial fevers and general unhealthfulness prevail all the year round. Nothing could be more erroneous. The greater part of the State is dry. In the parishes along the Mississippi River and the Gulf, a small area comparatively, there are much swamp and marsh. It is hardly necessary to add that in the swamp region it is not healthy, though not so unhealthy as one might imagine. The State as a whole is remarkably healthy. There are none of the violent extremes of heat and cold which so sap the energies of the dwellers in the North, and which bring so much hardship to the poor and aged, the ones least able to stand the rigors of an exceedingly cold or warm climate. Life is much easier here, for the mild climate dispenses with the necessity of heavy clothing; expensive homes built with a view to withstand the cold; abundance of fuel and all the necessities enforced by six months of winter weather and barrenness. Neediness comes here only from prolonged negligence and shiftlessness, although the low price of cotton and the repeal of the sugar bounty have caused temporarily much financial distress. But financial distress here does not imply the domestic distress which comes from an empty pocketbook in the great agricultural districts above the snow belt. Wheat or corn may sell below the cost of produciton and destitution may follow, but who ever heard of a famine in the South? The same effort of the wheat or corn growers applied in this country would produce far greater results. The winters are so mild that work can be carried on the year round. The growing season is so long that two crop of potatoes can be grown in one season, and the hardier vegetables can be grown all winter. Sugar growing requires a lot of capital, as at present conducted, but there is a tendency to smaller holdings of land and greater economy in the production of the cane. Much of the land is alluvial and wonderfully fertile.

But, above all, for the sportsman it is a paradise. There are many varieties of game and abundance of each. Wild turkeys, deer, bear, ducks, geese and prairie chickens, the latter in the western part of the State, on the great prairies, once numerous, but now almost destroyed by the market shooters. Mr. A. Cardona, Jr., a famous sportsman of New Orleans, whose business requires several trips through the State each year, assured me that he did not think there were 500 chickens left in the State, the market shooting causing the destruction. Quail are in abundance at all times and snipe and woodcock are in still greater abundance in the winter months. Here they avoid the cold of the North, and, as the snipe family congregate in the Southern coast country, some faint idea can be found of their number. They can be found plentiful in October and November, after which the most of them go still further Southwest, though a few stragglers remain during the winter. In February and March they are abundant again. Last week a gentleman who shot near Abbeville bagged over one hundred, which is not poor for a mid-winter day.

Early in the present week, through the kindness of Mr. Foster, I had the pleasure of a shooting trip to Tangipahoa, situated on the Illinois Central Railroad, about eighty miles from New Orleans, in Tangipahoa Parish.

A parish in Louisiana corresponds to a county in other States. The outlying country about Tangipahoa is covered with pine woods, and has a poor soil with its consequent returns for the farmer's effort, but the pine woods of Louisiana is a favorite habitat of the quail, though they are in but moderate numbers about Tangipahoa. The straight, clean trunks of the pines, with no limbs lower than thirty or forty feet from the ground, and with abundance of opening between the trees which is entirely free of undergrowth, makes no destruction to good shooting. The flight of the birds can be marked so well that it is but little trouble to find them again after the first flush.

We took the evening train so as to be ready for a good start in the morning. The indications were for pleasant weather, indications which proved disappointing, for a cold rain set in early in the morning, which, after about two hours' cessation, settled into a steady downfall. By Mr. Foster's prearrangeemnt we were met by Mr. R. S. Nicholson, who combines agriculture and dog training as an occupation, and he has a good patronage from Southern sportsmen, having in charge a number of dogs, some in training and others in condition for shooting. A drive to his home on the outskirts of the town, a quick rearrangement of the trip, three of us mounting horses, the "hack" filled with a relay of dogs and we were soon started for the pine woods close by. Mr. Nicholson had four dogs at heel, where they remained steadily, showing remarkable discipline. It is no small matter to train dogs to remain at heel behind a horse. When ready for work he sent them out one at a time, working all four at once. I had some apprehension that there might be trouble in the way of a mix-up when birds were found, but, on the contrary, Mr. Nicholson had them so well trained that the work was quite finished. One would point and the rest would back. When searching for bevies they ranged independently and to the gun.

The steady, cold rain became heavier, making most unfavorable conditions for finding birds, though three bevies were found by the dogs. Mr. Foster had his Antonio-Daisy hunter bitch Charlie along, giving her commencement outing for the season's work. Notwithstanding her well rounded form, a product of good living, she ranged fast and well. She was left with Mr. Nicholson for further education. He handles quietly and skilfully, having learned the secret of training the dog to work intelligently to the gun without the offensive whistling and bawling so often heard, particulary at field trials. In his string was a dog owned by Mr. Omer Villere, who once was an active supporter of field trials. Another was owned by Mr. Pringle of Franklin, the famous snipe shot of Louisiana. The rain at last drove us to cover. We took the train in the evening for New Orleans. While we did not a have a big day from a shooter's standpoint, we had a pleasant one from any standpoint.

A most remarkable feature of the return trip was the great number of shooters on the train. From Tangipahoa, more or less of the city shooters got aboard the train in twos and threes and small squads at every station. Some were deer hunters, some were duck shooters and a few were returning from a quail shoot. None had any success, but all were pleasant and satisfied. The smoking car was filled, two men with two guns in each seat, and the shooting costumes were as various as were the shooters. The next car had a lot of shooters also. I was told that nearly every road centering in New Orleans had a similar patronage. B. WATERS.

A BLUENOSE BEAR FIGHT.

Gideon Perkins of Hartland, Carleton County, had a controversy with a bear in haying time that discounts any episode that ever occurred to Gideon before. It was one of the longest and toughest bear fights on record. It bids fair to immortalize Gideon. No matter where Gideon goes now his reputation travels in the same train. He is obliged to stop at every way station and water tank and explain the whole business. The facts related by Gideon are here given in Gideon's own words:

"I claim that I had one of the most faithful dogs on earth. There was nothin' on dry ground he wouldn't tackle when I told him to. He was a sandy colored dog and I guess he was sand clean through. He was none of your milyun-doller peddigrees, but jist a regular, common, every-day dog. Likewise he was the most serious, solem' lookin' dog I ever see. He was skeered o' nothin', and he was never knowed to bark, even at the full of the moon.

"On Sunday, 'bout hayin' time, my little girl, Emerenzy, she was over to ole Jeff Slocomb's house and one of the young wimmin sings out: 'Emerenzy, what's that critter comin' down the line fence over on your alder flat?'

"Sez Emerenzy, 'I don't know.'

"'Well,' says she, 'better go tell your ma 'bout it.'

"So over she comes and hollers to her ma, and her ma 'lowed it was a bear. So Sybil, that's my wife, she runs down the hill on to our flat and the bear was makin' for the brook then, but the dog tackled him and drove him over the fence into Laskey's medder. So when she was goin' down one side of the fence the bear was comin' up tother, and there was bushes all along, and she couldn't see him, and the fust thing she rightly knowed the bear hops over the fence jist about foninst her, but mebbe a leetle slashways. Laskey's wimmin see the bear and hollered across the flat for her to run. I guess the bear cal'lated to grab her, meetin' her so sudden like, but jist then the dog jumps over the fence and nips him in a tender pint and the bear wheels and makes a swipe at him and then heads into a clump of bushes and hardhack on my front.

"Then Sybil, that's my wife, she makes a beeline for the cow yard, where I was, and sez she: 'Gid, the biggest bear I ever see sence I was raised is down on our flat!'

"I sez to the boys: 'Git the axe and we'll go down and have some fun.'

"There was young Beniah Slote and Charlie Callop and Ben Laskey, and the women came along, too, and the hull passel of us went down together. I stationed 'em all along the brow of the hill to head off the bear while I went into the bushes with the dog to drive him out. In two shakes of a lamb's tail the dog rout the bear, and the fust I knowed he came tearin' by me, crashin' through the hard rack and growlin' like mad. I had no axe nor nothin', but I made straight for him. He went smash through the alders and up the hill, and the dog after him and me after the dog. When he comes to the clearin' the dog nails him agin. Ben Laseky said every hair on the bear was standin' on end and Lish Wilson said he see the bear chuck the dog over the top of the alders seven feet in the air! Then young Beniah and this here Laskey makes across and heads the bear off and fetches him with a rock 'bout as big as my head. With that the bear turns tail for the woods agin.' He come right on to me makin' fifteen foot a spring and the dog nippin' him near about every spring. I stepped behind an ole rampike that was there, and the bear was so rattled that he ran agin the rampike full split and canted over on his back. He riz up quick and started for the brook, but the dog kep' orderin' steak all the time and the fust I knowed down they went in the mud, bear on top, dog underneath. I thought the dog was a goner, but he wiggled out under the pie somehow and nipped the bear close to the gamble jint. With that the bear fetches the dog a regular stinger and knocks him clean off the lot, and tacks up an ole road that made through the bushes right into my medder.

"Now, Sybil, that's my wife, she was standin' right there to see which way he'd go, and the bear went tearin' by her so close that she declared if she'd only had the broomstick she could have knocked him cold! By this time the dog and the bear was gittin' pretty well played. Howsomever, the bear started to get over the line fence into Laskey's foller and the dog pulled him back. He tried agin, and the dog pinned him agin. The third hitch he got over. That kep' him back some and when I came along the bear was makin' for the high land across the plowed field, but Lish Whalen's boys hammered him with a fence rail, and he turned back agin and made for the brook. Ole Nige Whalen set the dog on, but the bear ketched he dog where Mary wore the beads and chucked him over the bank into the brook. Then I started across a kind of ox-bow to head the bear off. It was gittin' 'bout sundown and Lish Whalen's boys and Ole Nige hung back and said it was no use folerin' the bear any furder. Sez I: 'I'm goin' to have that bear or know the reason why.' I had no weapon in my hand, but I jist cal'lated he was my bear and nobody else's.

"When I cut across the ox bow and came up to the bear he was gittin' mighty tired. I told the dog to take hold of him, and he did, and with that the bear wheeled and rolled clean over him and I thought my dog was gone, sure. He was out of sight so long that I cal'lated for a spell that he must be inside the bear. Howsomever, I picked up a big rock and pounded the bear in the head, and that took his 'tention so the dog climbed out from under and off he goes agin straight for the woods. I guess when landed in the woods he got his dander up and cal'lated to have it out right here. He came rollin' and wallerin' down a little piece of swaley ground that was there, straight for me, and when he got about ten feet away he sot up on his hind legs and snapped his teeth at me like's if I was very unpopular.

"Howsomever, when I see the ole feller headin' this way there was a club 'bout as big round as my wrist layin' round in the road and I picks it up and prepares fer battle. The club was all dotey, but I didn't have time to see whether it was good or bad. I didn't run a mite, but stood my ground. When he come within range I whacked him over the head as tight as I could lick, but I broke the club the first whack, and it took no effect on him whatsomever. Thinks sez I: Ole feller, you're bound to make a meal off me this time sure. I backs up a step or two and then he didn't come quite so rash. Still he kep' movin' my way and he was jist goin' to clinch me when I hollered fer the dog, and the dog ran in and ordered more steak and the ole feller reached for him, and then tumbled right over backwards. But he was on his feet in a jiffy, and fer quite a spell the dog and him had it nip and tuck, and there was enuff hair flew to stuff a pillow case. Acorse the dog went under and I went in and pounded the bear to make him let up on the dog. I really 'magined then I was never goin' to see that dog agin alive. I laid over him so hard that he left the dog and made a pass at me and when I jumped back the bear started to run. He was so tired then his tongue was hangin' out 'bout a yard. I told the dog to take hold of him, and the bear faced round and showed fight.

"There was an ole pine root right there, and the bear backed up agin the root and faced us. I could see he was sparrin' fer wind, and I guess fer a fact the dog and me was pretty much as badly blowed as he was. I kept hollerin' all the time fer help and quite a crowd got round outside, but they 'peared a little bashful 'bout comin' in. The bear got uneasy 'bout so much holllerin',—he cal'lated this was jist a private scrap I guess, and off he starts agin. I told the dog to clinch him, and as I did the bear made a bolt and clinched the dog. That was a signal for me ter sail in, and I did sail in and walloped him till I made his head ache. With that he drops the dog and makes off agin. There was a little brook run down there through a kind of ole cedar swamp and the bear got over the brook, but on tother side the bank was pretty steep. As the bear went up the bank the dog nabbed him and hauled him back. He fetched the dog a winder in the bread room and tried it once more. But the dog meant business jist the same as I did. He took a mouthful out of the bear and then both bear and the dog keeled over in the brook. There they both sot within a yard of each other, the bear lookin' at the dog and the dog lookin' at the bear, and their tongues hangin' out, like's if they was jist havin' a nice little sociable bath together on a hot day.

"Then I thought it was about time to close the agryment. I fetched the bear on the nose with the club, but as I did he made a glom for my leg and ketched my foot. I sprung back to clear myself, but my foot was fast and I went over on the broad of my back. I sposed the bear would be on top of me that minnit, but the dog took another sample out of him and he wheeled and grappled with the dog. When I got up the bear and dog was havin' a tussle in the brook, and the water was flyin' in all directions. I sailed in with club and pounded him three or four times across the small of the back, and when the dog clim from under him, there sot the three of us in the water, him as innocent and friendly as you please and the dog on one side and me on the other. We didn't move for quite a spell, but every feller yarded out his tongue fer all he was worth.

"I hollered fer help as soon as I could ketch my breath, and bimeby Melkisedek Sloat came in with the axe. He made a blow at the bear when he was mor'n twenty feet away I sez: 'Melky, don't be scared, come up close and hit him in the head.' I guess Melky was afeared he'd overreach him. Second time he struck he was only 'bout six feet from the bear. I sez: 'Melky, come up and hit the bear or else gimme the axe.' With that his prejudis agin the bear 'peared to wear off, and he come up and hit him a corker with the pole of the axe. The bear reached fer Melky, but jist then he got another clout, and rolled over on his side and that was the end of him.

"I never did see sich a whopper of a bear in all my life. He was jist rollin', swimmin', you might say, in fat. It took eight or ten of us to haul him out of the swamp, and when we hitched ole May and the drag onto him the horse couldn't haul him mor'n three or four rod till he had to stop and rest. I had a set of scales in my barn that would lift four hundred pounds, and another that would lift three hundred, and we jacked the bear up to both pair of stilyards and then we couldn't weigh him. I cal'late the heft of that bear was about 800 pounds.

"So I really think I had one of the most faithfullest dogs that any man ever had. Howsomever, that fight 'bout finished him. Fust he took to barkin' in his sleep. Then he took to howling all night long. Bimeby he 'peared to have the agoo or 'stericks or somethin', and never stopped shiverin.' But last Sunday morning he stopped barkin' and shiverin' forever, so Lish Whalen's boys and me carried the mortal remains of the ole feller over in the cedar swamp and berried him by the brook where he nipped the bear for the last time."

FREDERICTTON, N. B. PROWLER.

TRAVELING IN LUXURY.

Southern Railway (Piedmont Air Line) New Florida Short Line Limited.

Ever ready to provide everything for the accommodation of the patrons, the Southern Railway Company has added to their service a new train to the South known as the New York and Florida Short Line, Limited, which is, beyond doubt, one of the finest trains in the world. The Dining and Sleeping Cars are all of the Pullman Company's most modern make and are but a few weeks from the shops, the Southern Railway and the Pennsylvania Railway being the only lines who have as yet received any of the new Pullman Compartment Sleeping Cars.

The New York and Florida Short Line Limited leaves the Pennsylvania depot daily at 3.20 p. m. It is a solid Pullman Vestibule train and runs between New York and St. Augustine, carrying also through sleeper New York to Tampa and Augusta; the train is composed of dining car, compartment, drawing room and stateroom sleeping cars. The stateroom sleeping cars enable one to enjoy perfect seclusion, the same as a drawing room, cost being little more than a section in ordinary sleeper, each stateroom being provided with two berths, wash basin, lavatory, etc. Passengers on this train go through to St. Augustine and Tampa without changes, dinner being served at Jacksonville at seven o'clock, St. Augustine 8.15 p. m., on the evening of the day after leaving New York.—*Adv.*

AN ENGLISHMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF FLORIDA FISHING.—II.

BY ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

It had been our intention from the start to see some of the wilder life of Florida, and I may here say for the enfit of some Boston or New York knownothings of their own country of Florida unmapped and indeed, unexplored. A very small portion is inhabited by the Seminole Indians—inoffensive creatures enough, and still adhering in places to their picturesque costume.

Punta Gorda is about as far south as most people go on the Gulf of Mexico coast. A few may visit Punta Rassa; others St. James City on Pine Island; and a few, very few, our own destination, Naples. We left Punta Gorda very early one morning on one of the quaint, old-fashioned American tugboats plying in those parts.

In some 25,000 miles of sea travelling I remember no more delightful voyage than that perfect February day's trip, in which we glided past the fairylike palm-covered islands and down into the treacherous Gulf. Like the Mediterranean, the Gulf of Mexico is often perfection; equally often its bad temper displays itself in sudden squalls, known as "Northers," in one of which our little party, some weeks afterwards, was to have a narrow escape of death. At sundown we came to Naples—not the Naples of Byron and Shelley, but a newer, sweeter, if less interesting spot, and one destined, I think, to form a great winter resort of our American cousins within the next few years.

The township of Naples belongs to a certain charming old American gentleman, Colonel W. N. Haldeman. Outside these extremely comic, if hospitable, folk, the "400," most of the people in America seem to me to be presidents of some corporation or another, or connected with newspapers. Colonel Haldeman is both. He is the president of that well-known Kentucky publication, the Louisville Courier-Journal. At Naples he answers to our English notions of a squire, and does it remarkably well. Far away down there, on the shores of the great Gulf, miles from civilization (I forget how many scores of leagues from the railway train or telegraph wire), he has built for himself a comfortable little home—not the ordinary American frame building, but just such a house as one would see between Genoa and Mentone. Close by he has put a hotel, wooden, it is true, but comfortable nevertheless.

The hotel stands back some three hundred yards from the sea, and from the verandah—or the piazza, as you are fond of calling it over there—of the little hostelry there runs a wooden tramway, which extends from the door to the wooden pier that juts out perhaps one hundred yards into the Gulf.

A little company of daintily attired maids and matrons was gathered at the head of the pier as we arrived, and without any of the inexplicable aping of last year's Anglicisms we encountered when they knew we were English, a particularly warm welcome awaited us. Indeed the warmth of the welcome extended by the Americans to the English folk all over the United States is most puzzling to me. That your people as a rule dislike us there cannot be the least doubt in the world One rarely sees an American newspaper without reading some attack on the old country. Candid American friends will tell us that we are not loved. Canadians told me over and over again that the Americans were always in a state of irritation against England. I asked the reason of numberless people over there. A distinguished Presbyterian minister of New York, on our way down from Naples, told me that it was envy. There is obviously some truth in it, but "John Bull" is, I fear, overbearing and purse-proud in a manner that does not go down with people of our stock like you, though it works profitably if unpleasantly enough with inferior races.

"While we spend months of time on the acquisition of Hawaii," remarked the clergyman in question, "you grab half a continent and say nothing about it." A very distinguished banker in New York told me that the reason can be directly attributed to our vast investments in the United States, more especially to our great holdings of American railway bonds. "You are denuding the country of gold, and our people do not like it," he observed.

Whatever may be the cause, there can be no doubt as to the fact, and it is a pity. The Americans as a nation and individually are so popular with us that one feels sorry to think that the feeling is not returned. Perhaps it is between the Americans and the English as it is between the English and the Russians. We regard the Russians as our enemies, they, on the other hand, seem to know nothing of such a feeling.

But to Naples again. There are practically only two houses, Mr. Haldeman's and the hotel. A few wooden cottages are dotted about, but within fifty yards of the hotel door you can lose yourself in the palmettos. Quite close to the hotel they found panther tracks one day. The gardener coming out of his cottage killed a rattlesnake on the threshold, and deer have been shot at the very doors. For sport, therefore, Naples is distinctly the place. For health, sleep, and appetite I have found nothing to equal it outside my own little sea girt home in Kent.

Between ten and fifteen miles south of Naples is Marco. At Marco is the only shop or store in a couple of hundred of miles of coast, and in the creeks thereabouts are thousands of tarpon.

Mind you, Marco is not a fashionable tarpon resort at present. It is at Fort Myers that most fish are killed, and as I write this I learn from an English friend there that the tarpon record has been beaten this year by a fish weighing over 220 lbs. Sometimes, as I thrash a Kent or Hertfordshire stream in the endeavor to master the art of dry fly-fishing, and in the hope of perhaps killing a two-pounder, I look back regretfully at one particular day in Florida when I was surrounded by hundreds, I believe I might say thousands, of finny gentlemen weighing anything between fifty and a couple of hundred pounds. On my next visit to Florida I shall make Naples my headquarters, and do most of my tarpon fishing at Marco, for, though arrangments are primitive there, the fish are innumerable.

All the people staying at the Naples hotel had come for sport, and before we retired that night we knew what to do and where to go. There were four guides in the neighborhood, two negroes, who did not prove satisfactory, two Americans, one a Georgia man. Hart by name, and a well known character, "Everglade Ned," who originally hailed I believe from Pennsylvania The party divided itself into two portions. My wife and I formed the fishing contingent, our companion shot most of the time.

My first day's fishing at Naples took place in the Gordon river, and it was a distinctly successful beginning. I tried English tackle at the start. An ordinary phantom minnow attached to a light gut cast was my first idea. I had scarcely thrown the minnow from the boat, which was being pulled up the stream, when a fine fish rose. I struck him hard and the line came back at my face. Friend Hart—and I say friend advisedly, because he and I grew great chums before I left Florida—smiled a smile as who should say, "British tackle is not much good for a free-born, independent, 'bully for G. Washington' American fish," but I had other phantom minnows with me, and in a few moments I had altered the gut trace to one of wire. Then I cast diligently from side to side of the boat for half an hour, and presently my reel gave a great scream of delight, and I had something at the other end churning the water like a screw propeller. Of a sudden a beautiful silvery fish leapt out of the water, not such a leap as one would see at home in a fish of this size, but a distinct jump into the air of at least three feet.

"A lady fish," remarked Hart. "I guess you will see some sport."

He was right. I was fishing with a light fly rod that had been rather smiled at by the people at the hotel, a plain, rather short greenheart. We were in the middle of the river where it widened out into a small lake, and my victim went away at a tremendous pace. It is characteristic of Florida fish to require more line than I have ususally found necessary in our own waters. For tarpon fishing, as I have pointed out, six hundred feet is usual, and it is often not enough. This particular fish required all the line at my disposal, for I feared to give it too much butt. A light greenheart top is, as I daresay most anglers know, occasionally treacherous. When all my line ran out, the fish was apparently at bay. It amused itself by leaping out of the water at intervals. Presently I began to tire it. My first Florida fish took twenty minutes to kill. With heavier tackle, of course, I could have settled it at once.

I have hardly ever seen prettier fish than those "lady," or "bone" fish, as they are called. They are not good to eat, but are most beautiful in appearance. The bright silvery sheen of their scales is equalled only by those of the tarpon. My pocket scale pointed to six and three-quarter pounds, the best lady fish I caught in Florida. though I heard of them running up to sixteen and eighteen pounds.

Immediately after I hooked a cavallio, sometimes known as the jack fish, and also, I believe, called the horse fish. In shape they are not unlike our bream, of a dainty yellow color, and game as one could wish. With heaiver tackle I could have landed twenty or thirty in an hour sometimes.

It was hot work I can assure you, standing up under a blazing sun, with the temperature at ninety, and the glare off the water hot enough to take, as it did, the skin completely off the face and hands.

And such thirsts as those at Florida! It is well that the wisdom of the inhabitants has, in a great portion of the State, prohibited the consumption of alcohol, or the consequences might otherwise be too terrible to contemplate.

It seemed to me that Belfast ginger ale is the great temperance drink throughout the general part of the State. The boatmen and I occasionally got through a dozen bottles between us on a fishing expedition.

Playing a big fish on a light line in that weather became no joke after five or six hours' sport, and, but for the novelty of the thing, I doubt whether I could have kept it up as patiently as I did.

The variety of the fishing in Florida is one's great incentive to regular work with the rod. That morning, in the Gordon river, my wife remarked that all the first five fish were of entirely different kinds.

After I had brought to creel my jack fish there came at my phantom minnow something that looked remarkably like a pike, and a big one. I confess I am not one of those who are able to tell the weight of fish by its amount of pull. Had I guessed the weight of No. 3 when I struck him I should have said that he scaled considerably over 20 pounds. He fought doggedly and brilliantly. Many times in my tussle with him did I tremble for my rod; many times was my guide prepared for the "I told you so" as the light greenheart doubled and strained. After a time he came in easily and stupidly, as a grayling will occasionally; but, when I thought I had him, he, like the grayling, made his best rush of all. He was off and away, and I thought it best to let him work his wicked will. As he slowed down I wound the line against him, and gave him all the butt I could. Hart backed the boat towards him; I reeled up rapidly, and, before he knew where he was, he was gaffed. As a rule, I do not think it fair to gaff a fish under 10 pounds; this gentleman weighed barely 8 pounds.

"Rovallio," remarked Hart.

"That is what you called the other," I replied.

"No, that was cavallio."

Though the names are similar the fish are quite different. He was indeed a beauty. On closer inspection he still maintained his resemblance to a pike.

My phantom minnow was played out, and so was I. We resolved to row further up the river and take lunch in the shade of some mangrove trees.

"Perhaps if you trail a spoon bait behind the boat you might pick up something going along," observed Hart.

Happy thought! Trailing, as a rule, is poor sport, but in this climate a rest was very welcome. I was not however, to rest long. I attached a mother-of-pearl spinner, purchased in New York, to my trace, and trailed it about thirty yards behind the boat. We had barely started when a splendidly joyous song from my reel (is there sweeter music in the world?) told of something good. What it was I could not tell yet.

He had his own method of fighting, and a determined one at that. Occasionally I wound in a little, but he seemed to fear the boat, and was apparently able to see us better than most fish, for directly Hart began to row toward it he was off again. We finally determined to stop still and play it. With three previous fish I had fought rather nervously. I had not been quite sure of my tackle, despite my patriotic assertion that an English reel will stand anything. I felt confident now, and I thought I would be able to kill him in a minute or two, but it was no good, he was able to travel against all the butt I could give him and did so. I gained on that fish nine or ten times. On one occasion I had him within three yards of the boat, but it was no good it was not until Hart rowed against stream for a quarter of a mile or so that I drowned him. As we drew him in, we found him to be a channel bass, pronounced by all to be the best small game fish in Southern waters. For his size, I believe him to be as good as the tarpon. He runs from 11 pounds (when he is known as a school bass) up to 40 pounds, I think. I give all these extreme sizes on hearsay, I did not see a 40 pound bass, but I heard of them, and I am bound to say that I did not find much exaggeration among Florida anglers. With game fish scaling up to 200 pounds, it is unnecessary and difficult for them to exaggerate.

Black bass fishing I have not tried, but was assured by those who had caught most of the basses that the channel bass is as active as any of them. In color it is a dark coppery red. The changes in its tints when dying are most beautiful. Presently our guide, Hart, rowed us under a mangrove tree, where, in the intervals of killing mosquitoes, we consumed vast quantities of grape fruit, bananas, Florida oranges and venison. We grew rather tired of venison, by the way, at Naples. The local steamer broke down twice, the wind would not permit sailing boats to approach, and we were cut off from civilization for nine or ten days, and only an occasional wild turkey varied our diet.

After lunch, Hart proposed we should pull slowly down to the mouth of the Gordon river and try for tarpon. We had brought some mullet with us for bait, and truly, as he suggested, playing game fish on a light rod was a good deal too hot for a day of that kind. As we glided gently down stream we found that the only way of keeping cool was to sprinkle ourselves and the boat with water. Every now and then we dipped our wide felt hats in and soaked them thoroughly. A very few minutes of the hot sun was sufficient to completely dry them.

In pulling down we passed a school of young tarpon. Their dark fins appeared every now and again on the top of the water and told us they had arrived in full force. I was greatly tempted to troll for them with a minnow, but my guide did not think it good enough.

"It is much easier," he said, "to catch a large tarpon than a small one."

That seemed a curious statement. Most fish, I think, are captured more readily when young than when fully grown. Colonel Haldeman says in American Game Fish: "I should not forget to mention one remarkable characteristic of the tarpon. Comparatively few of the smaller ones are caught with rod and line. The young fish seem, contrary to the general rule, to be more wise and wary than the older ones. In my experience ten fish weighing 75 pounds are caught to one weighing less."

After making this quotation I need scarcely say that it was a young tarpon I caught on the following day. I should not have reproduced Colonel Haldeman's words had I killed a 100 pounder. That, however, as Mr. Kipling says, is "another story." Suffice it to say that I marked those tarpon down, and resolved to try for them on the next morning after a method of my own.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MEAT OF THE COCOANUT.

We townspeople who take to the brush only now and hen are a little prone to write all round the story when we come to write about it. We see so many things along the path that the life and action of the scene loiters and is left behind, at times, simply because the by-play is so novel and strange to us.

And yet if we write about what we have actually experienced, despite the slight tendency to self consciousness, the life and reality is there and sufficiently apparent at all times to stamp the tale as genuine, in contradistinction to the elaborate compilation of the gushy space writer of the newspaper syndicates. In the internal evidence of truth consists the whole charm of the tales of Forest and Stream, whether written with or without the capitalization. Lots of the gentlemen of the gun have read with absorbing interest the tale of a warrior bold who never fought a fight; but there is the hunter who will waste his time reading of a hunt that never was hunted, written by a sportsman who never chased anything but a Faber lead pencil.

Our dear friend Hough knows this, hence, when he would write us out a little entertainment, he first hies him down out of the Security Building, Chicago, Ill., to the woods, circumambient or otherwise, even if he has to travel on snowshoes to get there, and then, when the thing has happened, Bismillah! it has happened. And now and then he gets a line from one of the fellows who live in the midst of the fun all the time, it is brief and sometimes it is misspelled, but when you read it you can smell the damp odor of the forest and you can feel in your bones the vigorous sparkle of the frontier, and with his good literary perception he sees that "we all" will be pleased to read it, and he pops it into his letter.

All of which is by way of preamble to Blanton's letter to the Colonel, which follows.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

"Our boys went hunting yesterday out where we made our first drive. Ran two old bucks off of that mountain, one red fox, one large gobbler. Tims was too fast with his drive. Ran the biggest deer, so Bennie says, he ever saw out before he got to his stand, that is where Mr. Kennedy stood down by the field. Well, I came along after awhile with the hounds, bringing a red fox to the first stander he stopped him. I blowed a few blasts on my old horn and thought, "here's to you and Kennedy

"Then I dropped back a little and started up the

mountain, then I saw one of my hounds Rare up and smell a bush and start off switching his tail. I knew what that meant. I put spurs to my pony, the hill being steep and them little dogs striking ahead. I just got to the point in time to see my old buck start down the other side. I knew from the way he was jumping and the music behind him there was no use of me trying to head him, so I stopped to listen. So, pretty soon I heard a shot ring out; then another and another, until I counted nine shots. I made up my mind the magazine had blone up, for I Knew Bennie was down there with a good .38 and plenty of shells. I could hear the dogs go out of hearing. I hustled down there. Couldn't find anybody and began to hunt for tracks. Pretty soon I found Bennie's mule's track coming out in the road. He had fled to the creek, where the dogs had him dead. He had shot 8 shots at him while running across the field. Two balls passed through his body, one cutting his melt half in two, then ran a mile and a half to the creek. Tims had shot the first shot at an old gobbler that couldn't stand the music of the hounds. The deer and the turkey had both put for the creek. When we all got there the fun commenced again. They put the deer on Bennie's mule, and tied it on tight and then the mule bucked everything off but his hide and ran off home, so my pony had to pack it in, as Tims had to go clear back on the mountain after his horse and gobbler. You see there is a little game here yet. Dr. S. went down to Mr. J.'s last week. He says there is a deer to every acre of land. Tims says if you all cant come down we will go down and camp a week ourselves.

"Yours truly,
J. F. BLANTON.

Natural History.

Kingbird and Hawk.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 4.—While hunting grouse in September last I was passing from one piece of woods to another when I saw a kingbird chasing a hawk of some species for a long distance, and from the motions of the hawk I thought that the kingbird was not having its own way in the fight. Finally, and just before they reached the piece of woods that was my objective point, the hawk made a sudden dive and both birds disappeared from view across a rise in the ground, and I supposed that the hawk had reached the woods in safety, and the kingbird had given up the fight. The sequel showed that such was the case.

When I was about ten rods from the woods, I saw sitting on a log what I supposed was a grouse, and prepared to take it in as it flew up on my approaching nearer, but I failed to do so, and then I saw that instead of a grouse it was a hawk. As I shot it dropped something, which, on securing, found to be a kingbird as neatly decapitated as if done with a knife. From the nearer view I had of the hawk I saw it was the Cooper's hawk. This is the first instance I have known a hawk to get the best of Tyrannus tyrannus.

J. L. DAVIDSON.

Herding with Buffalo.

NEW MEXICO, Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Old buffalo hunters will remember that in the early days it was not uncommon to find domestic cattle and even horses runnng wild with the buffalo herds and apparently accepted by them as welcome associates.

I remember well an old Texas cow that I often used to see ranging with the buffalo on the north fork of the Arekaree Fort of the Republican river about where the line between Kansas and Nebraska now runs. I have many a time crept within a short distance of the bunch of buffalo with which she ranged and have taken notes of the actions of the animals. Many a "scrap" have I seen for her favor, and often a buffalo on either side kicking her. She was fat, sleek and in the best of condition, and she seemed to recognize that she was one of the elect and accepted her honors with the air of an aristocrat. I think that very likely her color accounted for the partiality which the buffalo manifested for her. Although I have before and since seen cattle and even horses in buffalo herds, I never observed the same attention paid them as in this case.

I have been asked whether I supposed that the feelings of the buffalo toward this cow were different from those which a mule feels for a colt. I am inclined to think that they were. The mule is swayed by the same emotions that govern the human being when he looks upon the helpless infant. These are awe, love, or it may be the instincts of protection or maternity. In the other case the controlling sentiment is admiration such as we would feel for a beautiful woman or a type of beauty altogether different from anything we have ever seen.

F. T. W.

The Deer of Druid Hill Park.

Baltimore's greatest park is Druid Hill, and it has a present interest because a sharp contest has been started by wealthy men of the city against the park commissioners allowing deer to range at large.

In 1867 Thomas Winans presented to the park fifty-two deer, which had been tamed on his Baltimore County farm. Many have been killed and sold since then, but the herd now numbers 140, ranging at will throughout the 700 acres. It is claimed by these gentlemen, who are owners of fine horses, that the deer cause driving accidents and are general nuisances. An instance is given where an infant lost its life in a runaway caused by one of the animals. The allegation is: "The maintenance by the Park Board of this large herd of wild, mischievous and dangerous animals, not confined to a certain part of the park, is illegal; and the city is liable for any injuries done directly by them to the person or property of the citizen, and for damages occasioned by runaways caused by them. It is a misuse of their powers by the Park Board to maintain this herd of deer to the detriment of the trees and shrubbery—the principal ornaments of the park—to the disfigurement of the park by unsightly devices resorted to to prevent the ravages of these animals, and to lavish such an enormous expenditure as is spent on such a worthless object." They further point out that the interest on a principle of $400,000 is expended substantially to preserve these animals.

The park officials stand faithfully by the deer, and the general population seem to want them to remain, but those who have fine horses are opposed to them. It is true that it is not always pleasant, when taking a quiet drive in the wooded section of the park, to have a skittish stag spring like a bolt of lightning across the road; but then the thousands who use the park most do not drive, and the tricks of the deer constitute a large part of their interest in the park grounds. Druid Hill is the only park in the United States where such a herd would be allowed; that is to say, in other words, it is the only park of its kind that we have in this country. Its unique points always repay the attention of the visitor.

If you come to Druid Hill looking for landscape gardening you will go away disappointed. It is no more like Central Park in New York than the forest is like a conservatory; it is no more like Fairmount Park in Philadelphia than a good country road is like a speedway. Long ago nature claimed it as her own, and in spite of many imperfections in the way of modern improvements nature still holds sway in a goodly proportion of its 700 acres. It is the only forest park in the country.—[Correspondence New York Evening Post].

Cormorant Caught in a Steel Trap.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 22—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While I was stopping at Theresa, N. Y., the past season Mr. Fred Rodenhurst, a prominent hardware dealer and sportsman, informed me that last April he noticed at different times a pair of large birds flying about Red Lake, a few miles from the village, and often saw them sitting in the top of a dead tree, but could not get within shooting distance of them, and concluded to set a steel trap for them, which he did, and secured one of them, and it proved to be a cormorant. This is the first instance to my knowledge that this species occurred so far inland from the great lakes. Mr. Rodenhurst kept this bird about the store for a week, to the terror of the dog, which it would attack on sight. Finding that it was unhurt he gave it its freedom thinking it might rejoin its mate and breed in the vicinity But nothing was seen of them after its release.

A few days after this was related to me I was entering the lake from the Indian river and just as I had left the outlet two large birds came flying over the boat. My gun lay beside me, but as I had my wife and daughter with me I did not have any shell in the gun having them on the seat. It was but the work of an instant to drop the oars, pick up the gun and slip in a No. 4 shell. The next moment one of the birds dropped in the water with a broken wing. My first thought was that it was Mr. Rodenhurst's cormorant, but on securing it I found it was an American osprey. At that time the water at the outlet was very shallow and often in passing in and out mullet and pickerel could be seen, and these were probably what the ospreys or fish hawks were after. On passing out of the lake within an hour I shot a marsh hawk, which fell within ten rods of where the osprey had. While the stomach of the osprey was empty that of the hawk contained the remains of two birds—one of which was that of a white crowned sparrow, which at that time was very plenty along the river and lake shores.

J. L. DAVISON.

Range of the Blackfooted Ferret.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The range of the blackfooted ferret (Putorius Nigripes) is known to cover Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming and perhaps other parts of the West, but I do not know how far North it goes.

Recently while at Blackfoot, a station on the Great Northern Railroad in Northern Montana, just east of the mountains a half breed Indian named Francois Monroe presented me with the dressed skin of what he called a "spotted mink." He evidently thought it a partial albino of Putorius vison, but it is a black-footed ferret. On inquiry I learned that it had been taken in a steel trap on Willow Creek, and that another "spotted mink just like it." had been killed a short time before by an Indian on Milch River about twenty miles further north, and not far south of the 49th parallel.

On writing to Dr. C. Hart Merriam to learn what is the northernmost locality recorded for this species, I learned from him that he knew of none so far north as Blackfoot. That the animal is not common in this locality seems probable from the fact that the Blackfoot Indians do not know it as a species. Further south—say in Nebraska—the Pawnees know this animal well. With them it goes under the name "ground dog," and certain curious beliefs are held about it. It is an animal rarely seen, and when not abundant might well escape observation for a long time. The early history of the species and the fact that for some years it was "lost" show this

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

A White Crow.

I enclose a photograph of a white crow which I shot last September in Connecticut, eight miles below Hartford. I had hunted him off and on since June without getting a shot, but finally came upon him while I was paddling in a canoe after ducks. His bill and legs are perfectly black. He was always in company with half a dozen other crows and never was seen far from a grove of willows on the banks of the Connecticut River, where he was shot.

J. E. B.

December Robins in Pennsylvania.

CHESTNUT HILL, PHILA., Pa., Dec 31.—Dear Sir—Yesterday (Dec. 30), while taking a short stroll near the border of a wood I was surprised to hear the call of a robin, and on close inspection discovered a flock of at least 25 birds. What do you think they are doing here at this time of the year? Had they just come North? Or were they going South? They were very disconsolate looking. They had evidently been feeding upon the sumach berries, of which there were a great many in the neighborhood.

A READER.

[Belated birds or possibly winter residents.]

A Connecticut Wildcat.

PORTLAND, Conn., Jan. 1.—A willdcat (Lynx rufus was taken here Dec. 12, 1894, and through the kindness of Mr. J. C. Reeves is in my collection. It is a half-grown kitten, and weighed ten pounds. So far as I know, this is the only specimen killed within the limits of the town for more than sixty years. As rattlesnakes have heretofore been the principal "game" for our citizens, it is a pleasure to state that at least one wildcat has come to stay.

JOHN H. SAGE.

Linnæan Society Meeting.

A regular meeting of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, at 8 o'clock. Dr. Allen will read a paper on the Mammals of Southern Arizona.

Old Mexican Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over an old Mexican history, published in 1817, I find the following regarding dogs, which may interest some of your readers:

"The Itzcuintepotzotli and Xoloitzcuintli are two species of quadrupeds similar to dogs. The Itzcuintepotzotli are hunch-backed dogs, as large as a Maltesan dog, the skin of which is varied with white, tawney and black. Its head is small in proportion to its body, and appears to be joined directly to it on account of the shortness and greatness of its neck; its eyes are pleasing, its ears loose, its nose has a considerable prominence in the middle, and its tail so small that it hardly reaches half way down its leg; but the characteristic of it is a great hunch which it bears from its neck to its rump. The place where this quadruped most abounds is the Kingdom of Michuacan, where it is called Abora.

"The Tepitzcuintli, that is, the mountain dog, is a wild beast so small that it appears a little dog, but it is so daring that it attacks deer and sometimes kills them. Its hair and tail are long, its body black, but its head, neck and breast are white. The Xoloitzcuintli is larger than the two preceding, there being some of them whose bodies are even 4ft. long. Its face is like a dog, but its tusks like the wolf, its ears erect, its neck gross and tail long. The greatest singularity about this animal is its being totally destitute of hair, except upon its snout, where it has some thick, crooked bristles. Its whole body is covered with a smooth, soft, ash-colored skin, but spotted in part with black and tawny. These species are almost totally extinct, or at least very few of them remain."

In a footnote to the above is added: "Giovanni Fabri, a Lincean academician, published at Rome a long and learned dissertation, in which he endeavored to prove that the Xoloitzcuintli is the same with the wolf of Mexico; having without doubt been deceived by the original drawing of Xoloitzcuintli which was sent to Rome with other pictures of Hernandez; but if he had read the description which this eminent naturalist gives that animal in the book of the 'Quadrupeds of New Spain,' he would have spared himself the labor of writing that dissertation and the expenses of publishing it."

The illustrations of the Itzcuintepotzotli which accompany the above, are strange-looking canine specimens, but are said to be taken of drawings from the original.

F. W. HOYT.

SHARON, Pa.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

Knowing that you, your readers and every true angler seek to gather data pertaining to the gentle art, I beg leave to call attention to the facts narrated herein, only vouching for the truth thereof and modestly leaving to each to determine for himself the exact significance and scientific value of the things set forth. At the noon hour, on a day in August last, we met on the banks of a trout stream for lunch. In the party were B. and L., brothers-in-law; B. distinguished by a nose most decidedly hooked. After lunch the fishing of the morning was discussed, as we rested and smoked, under the shade of an old oak. Gradually the conversation drifted into reminiscences of former exploits and adventures. An experience had by B., often hinted at but never told in detail, was called for. Finally, after much urging, he was induced to unfold his tale. "No, sir, I don't tell that story, for I know you will all say it is a yarn, but it's true—every word, and there isn't anything funny about it." More urging brought the story. "Well, I was fishing this stream one hot day, and becoming thirsty I kneeled down to drink from the stream. Just as my lips touched the water a trout seized me by the nose and gave it a strong yank. Yes, sir! he just held on and shook my head from side to side. I could have landed him, but I was so astonished and scared that he got away."

A profound silence followed, which was finally broken by L., who, after a long, deep sigh, said in a tone of remonstrance: "B., that can't be true—no trout in the world that once got hold of that nose could ever get away, there is too much hook in it."

SEVENTY.

The Buffalo of North Carolina.

Editor Forest and Stream: In criticising the menu of a game dinner given at the Hotel Chattawka in Newbern on Christmas day you sententiously ask, 'Where that buffalo tongue came from."

Now, that tongue was all right. I anticipated that exception would be taken to that item in the menu on account of the scarcity of buffalo in the West. I beg to assure you, however, that these viands are a staple article in this State and that buffalo, so called, can be found all along the North Carolina coast. The breed first came to notice during the war, and representatives are even seen to this day. Quite a number of them were present in Newbern on the occasion of the reception of the veterans of the Connecticut 15th Regiment last November, and the tongue referred to in the menu was probably procured by the enterprising proprietor at that time. I hope, sir, that you will be satisfied with this explanation and grant the landlord immunity from the operation of the game laws, governing the slaughter of Bos americanus.

C. H.

TO TELL WHEN

Consult the *Game Laws in Brief*. All dealers. 25 cents.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, N. Y.

Game Bag and Gun.

A CONNECTICUT WILD GOOSE HUNT.

My Western brethren, who are in the habit of killing geese by the hundreds, perhaps, will probably ridicule this little affair of mine in which I became so deeply interested. Not so, however, with my Eastern fellow sportsmen, especially those who live in my own State.

For ten days or so previous to March 14th, 1894, a small flock of wild geese had been making its headquarters at Shaw's Lake, about two miles distant from my place. The geese were, in all probability, on their journey north and presumably waiting for milder weather to resume their trip. The fact of their being in the lake and remaining for such a length of time created no little excitement among our local sportsmen; but the extreme wariness of the geese kept them well out of range, at least for shot guns. I could not rest content without making an effort to secure one or more of them, although I knew it would be a very difficult task. On Wednesday, March 14th, I visited the lake to reconnoiter. The geese, fifteen in number, were there. The sight of the lusty fellows stirred the sporting instincts within me to the utmost. It was useless, however, to attempt anything that day, as they kept well in the center of the lake. I returned home with the intention of visiting the spot early the next morning, surmising that they would come in near shore to feed.

At 3.30 Thursday morning I was up and made ready for a start to the lake, taking my light weight gun. A brisk walk of half an hour brought me there at the vicinity known as "Blackbird Swamp," where I intended to secrete myself and trust to luck for the rest. Judge, then, of my surprise when on arriving at the swamp, I found the geese already there, within seventy-five yards of me, in a small spot of open water, as most of the swamp was covered with ice. Not that I saw them, for the moon had dropped behind the woods and hills at the west, which of course cast a shadow on the west inside of the lake where I was. But I heard them very distinctly. It was at that time approaching daylight. I supposed everything was in my favor and dropped on all fours to creep, or crawl, to within good shooting range. In less than a minute, I was most woefully disappointed to hear a great flapping of wings and honking of geese. I listened and heard them swish into the water again, nearly opposite me, about midway of the lake. I also concluded that the geese had seen me (even though it was dark) and that had occasioned their flight. I felt that I had occasioned their flight. I felt that I was out-generaled in handsome shape, but decided to make one more trial. Leaving my position I secreted myself thirty or forty rods further up the shore, where the land jutted well out into the water. This position left the geese below me. It was now light enough to distinguish objects at quite a distance, and I very soon located the geese about 200 yards below me but well out in the lake. I decided to wait as long as I could withstand the bitter cold without freezing

I had been lying prone upon the ground for about half an hour when I saw seven black ducks approaching, swimming. I allowed them to pass within easy range unmolested; I also discovered some shell ducks above me. All this I concluded was in my favor, as I hoped it might decoy the geese. I was right. In a short time I had the satisfaction of seeing the geese coming toward me, a long way off, but surely coming. Up to this time I had suffered intensely with the cold; but the sight of those noble fellows steadily approaching seemed to stimulate my circulation into wonderful activity. The geese were now within a hundred yards of me, swinging in shore, and also up the lake. If they keep their course, I will surely get a shot, at long range, however. Still they come, only eighty yards away, a moment later, seventy-five yards; a moment or two more of terrible suspense, from sixty to sixty-five yards away. They are drawing past me in single file, from two to six feet apart. It is now or never. I draw a bead on the leader, and send some No. 4 shot in that direction. The geese all rise from the water, including the one shot at. I yet have the second barrel which is loaded with TT shot. The second goose is shot just as it is rising from the water and falls handsomely. "Shades of Jupiter!" Have I shot a wild goose? I rush down to the beach to give it another shot as it goes flapping and paddling away from me. What do I see yonder? The first goose which I had shot at is tumbling from quite a height and strikes the water, apparently dead. It is and begins to drift toward the shore and will come in below me, but on my side of the lake.

My second goose is able to get out of range, although desperately wounded. The flock has again taken to the water in the center of the lake, and my wounded goose is putting in his best licks to join them. In due time the dead goose drifts ashore. Did any one with his uncounted millions ever feel as happy as I did at that moment, when I drew the lusty fellow from the bright, sparkling water?

I started for home with my prize, and also resolved to visit the lake later in the day and secure the wounded goose, if possible. There are no boats on the lake during the winter time. I was obliged therefore to procure one of Mr John Brown, whose boat had been stored all winter, and was so shrunken as to be unseaworthy. With the help of Mr. Brown and a young man we had the boat in readiness to launch about 1.30 P. M.; but so far as the range of our vision extended, not a goose, dead or alive, was to be seen. I took the oars, however, with the view of making a survey of the lake. The young man went with me.

After pulling half way across the lake, I discovered three geese away below me, on the east shore. I turned in that direction, and when we had approached to within 200 yards of them the entire flock took wing. We counted them and made out thirteen. There was a missing goose. Evidently the wounded bird was somewhere in the lake. Two moments later, and there he goes, right out from under an old snag near the shore, and on the wing. I am completely nonplussed at this, and made a grab for my gun, which is in the stern of the boat. Too late He is out of range before I can insert a shell and fire at him. He flies very low and drops into the water half a mile above me. The prow of the boat is headed for him, and now begins a regular "wild goose chase." I was certainly gaining on the goose after a pull of five or ten minutes. This encouraged me to make an effort to overtake him. The goose was on to this sort of thing, however, and made a spurt headed for the beach. I called on all the reserve force in bone, muscle and sinew, but in spite of all I could do that goose beached himself two minutes ahead of the boat, and marched off around a curve of the same, out of sight.

The trail was a warm one, however, and in less than another moment I came up to him.

He offered no resistance whatever, and seeemed to be completely exhausted from his recent efforts in trying to escape. It proved to be a larger specimen than the one I took home in the morning, and weighed 10½ lbs., measuring six feet from tip to tip of wings.

The smaller of the two geese I presented to Mr. Brown for his kindness and assistance in capturing the wounded one. The weight of the smaller goose was 9 lbs., spread of wings five and one-quarter feet.

Thus ended my first and, probably, my last wild goose hunt, as such occasions are of very rare occurrence in old Connecticut. WM. L. CONE, JR.

MILLINGTON, Conn.

NOTES FROM THE PLAINS.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 1, 1895.—So far as field shooting is concerned Nebraska sportsmen have pretty generally encased their fowling pieces for the winter. The close season for both quail and chicken began yesterday, and there is not sufficient inducement in jack rabbit shooting or the uncertain pursuit of the clumsy fox squirrel to warrant the loss of time and incident exertion. Chicken shooting the past season was possibly the poorest we have experienced out this way in a decade. The drought was so severe and wide-spread that the best grounds in the State were found absolutely barren this fall. That the birds had been forced by lack of feed to temporarily leave the country, however, is made certain by the large influx of both chicken and grouse since the cool days of early December in almost all of their former haunts. I met Mr. Hardin, who owns a large ranch north of Paxton in the western sandhills, yesterday, and he told me that the spectacle of a bunch of several hundred birds was almost a daily occurrence now, where a month ago it was next to impossible to jump a single one. With abundant crops the coming season, I have but little fears that we will have our full quantum of sport again next fall. The quail shooting during the past season has been just the opposite. Everywhere there has been an unprecedented supply of birds, and good bags were the rule. Quail shooting in Nebraska, however, at its very best is laborious sport on account of the dense vegetation to be encountered wherever the birds are to be found, which is largely in the tangly bottoms and impenetrable grape and plum thickets. There is little or no field or stubble shooting here, and the gunner who bags his two or three dozen birds—and that is plenty—only does so after a hard and industrious day's work.

And this reminds me of a little story. Two weeks ago E. S. Dundy, Jr., United States Commissioner, and Lawyer Myron Learned and myself were out at Clark's, goose shooting. We did most of our work on the bars on the Platte, and while the birds were off feeding in the fields we devoted our attention to the quail, which were found by the hundreds amidst the network of brushwood on the numerous small, oblong islands with which the old stream is filled at this point. In fact. I never saw birds more plentiful in the old days back in Ohio than they were here. As winter sets in all the birds in the country seem to leave wooded arrayos and creek bottoms and assemble within the mazy depths of these islands for protection from the advancing cold. Their retreat, too, is a wise one, for there is plenty of feed here, the shield from the steely winds the very best, and the dangers from hunter, hawk and coyote at its minimum. Of course, all shooting to be had on these islands is of the "snap order," and it is generally about five or six shells to the bird. Once in a while an open shot is obtained, if the gunner happens to be on the very outer edge of the island, and a bird flushes and attempts to cross the river. As a usual thing they are extremely hard to flush until they have all been driven to one end or other of the island. They will run along before dog and hunter, beneath the reticulated vines and shrubbery, until they can go no further, when they flush together and shoot one of the numerous channels to a neighboring island or the mainland. Dundy and I were making one of these drives, he in the middle of the island, while I skirted the edge. He could hear the birds pattering along on the dead leaves and hear them dipping as they ran along under the matted brushwood, but seldom caught sight of one. Suddenly Dundy called me to come where he was standing. I made my way through the thicket to the spot, and pointing to a small hole at the foot of a good sized tree, he said he saw a quail go in there. I knelt down, thinking to catch the bird alive, but the hole extended back further than I could reach and was evidently a hollow rot. Dundy tried his luck with no better success, and determined to catch Bob after this failure we finally concluded to dig him out. With a couple of stout sticks we soon reached the root, which we found too green and too bulky to cut into with our pocket knives, and were again nonplussed. We were about to give the job up when Dundy asked what was the matter with shooting a hole into it, and as I could see nothing the matter with it, we located the quail so that he would not be injured, and with a half dozen shots a hole sufficientiy large to admit a hand was blown into the green root; and reaching in I pulled out the bird alive. He was a handsome cock, and after a laugh over the peculiar method of catching quail, I told Dundy we must give him a chance for his life. So, pulling up our hip boots we waded out some twenty-five yards into the rushing Platte. I was to throw him up and Dundy was to do the shooting, and at a given signal up he went The first barrel was a miss, but the second tumbled him neatly into the floating ice.

But speaking about goose shooting reminds me that this royal sport has been magnificent here since the middle of October up to date. Even the late sub-zero weather was not enough to drive away all the Canadas and they yet linger in considerable numbers along both the Platte and the upper Missouri. On the trip above alluded to the three guns netted twenty-nine big Canadas and a half dozen canvasback in two days. The white and Hutchins geese all have been gone for a full month.

There has been better antelope shooting in this State than for a long series of years. I met Jack O'Hern, superintendent of the Union Pacific shops, at Cheyenne the other day, while en route to Clarke, and he told me that he had just returned from an antelope hunt at Bushnell, Kimball County, this State, and had met with great success. He said the last morning his party was there they saw three bands of antelope, from the top of a high knoll, at one time, and there wasn't less than twenty head in each band. SANDY GRISWOLD.

WITH THE GREENE RABBITS.

A few days since S. invited me to go down to his cousin's at Greene for a day's rabbit shooting, so the other afternoon we packed up our duds, took the train and bumped along toward the hunting ground. S. had advised them a few days before that we were coming, but there was no one at the little station, and upon going to the post office we found there the letter, which we took along with us through the woods and delivered in person to the rather surprised good people. As we came in sight of the big, old fashioned house we ran across B., who, after looking after the guns, said he guessed we had come down for a hunt, and that he would shut the hounds up so that we would know where they were in the morning.

We received a jolly, old fashioned welcome indoors, and spent a pleasant evening talking shooting lore and in anticipation of the next day's hunt. S. brought along a supply of "dynamite" shells (nitro powder) at which the local shooters looked rather dubiously.

We rolled over in the big feather bed next morning early, but could see nothing through the window. Scraping the frost from the glass we beheld rather a poor outlook. It was a raw, cold morning, and the ground was half covered with frost and sleet. After a light breakfast we went down to the barn, let out the hounds and started for the fifty acre wood lot, where there is good shooting.

As we walked along toward the edge I heard a rustling behind me, and turning quickly saw a little gray scurrying form rapidly disappearing in the brush. The little 12 gauge came up in a hurry and cracked, but "Bre'r Rabbit" got along, and I scored the first miss. It started the hounds, however, and in a few minutes there was sweet music. We now strung out and drove through the east end of the wood. A partridge sprang through the brush ahead, too far for a snap shot. In a few minutes we heard old trim and Stubb yelping down toward the left, and found they had holed the rabbit. Calling off the dogs, B. started them again on a new track. Now, about this time there is a little joke on me. I lost track of dogs and men, and after beating around for a time, yelling and hearing nothing of either, I concluded to make back tracks for the house, as I had no idea of getting down in that swamp when I knew absolutely nothing of the country, and must confess had some doubts about being able to even find the house. However, I found the trail, came in sight of the house, and thinking the boys would come later, started for an inviting looking piece of squirrel timber and sat down to watch for a chance gray. None came, so back I went, and was met by two of the hounds. S and B. said they reckoned they had better keep a string tied to me after that, but I assured them they had no need, for I should keep a pretty close watch on them both.

Well, started out again, and as the ground was getting in better condition, the dogs soon had another jumped. Now comes the joke on S. He and I were listening to the dogs, and as he started to go forward a rabbit jumped from behind him, running straight away. S. pulled on the gray bunch, missed and pulled again. From the rear I could watch the proceedings, and wondered why the second barrel did not speak. Come to find out, S. was pulling the right hand trigger for the left barrel. He looked rather sheepish, and said he and I were quits for the miss I made. I felt a trifle encouraged.

By this time we could hear the hounds off to the right and driving our way. We again spread out, S. going down a side hill, B. toward the starting point and I remaining near an inviting looking opening. Directly I saw S. bring his gun to his shoulder and waited for the report of the nitro. None came, and S. ducked his head one side and then the other, then started forward a few steps and looked up with a puzzled expression. "Art, where in the deuce did that rabbit go? I saw him coming straight for that stump and pulled up, expecting to let drive as he came out the other side, but he didn't come and I'd like to know where he went. He was a white one, too." We went down to the stump, and found what looked to be a hole, and when the hounds came up put one of them in, but old Trim started off again, yellling in his peculiar manner with the rest of the pack at his heels, echoing in good style.

"Hello," came from over the hill. "That's B.," said S. "Trim's started a white one I reckon, from the way he runs," came from over the hill again.

"Yes," answered B. "He drove him down here, but the rascal has slipped us."

We could now hear the hounds driving directly back toward us, and again taking up our positions, waited for a glimpse of the runner. Farther and farther away came the voices of the hounds, until they were lost in the distance. S. left his place and came over to have a smoke and a talk. We were taking it easy, when a rustle through the brush away over towards the position S. has left told us that something was passing, and a few moments the hounds came crashing through, almost in the very track of the sociable S. "Oh, what a chump I am. Why in blazes didn't I stay there."

About this time B. came rushing through. "Didn't either of you blind-eyed Indians see that rabbit?" was his salute. "No," we replied, but we didn't let on why. "Well, keep your eyes peeled. He's a white one

and will keep the dogs running all day if somebody don't get a crack at him."

Back we went again, and when our fingers grew stiff with the cold gun barrels and arms cramped from the constrained position of "ready," our ears were gladdened by the faint sound of old Trim's whining yelp, echoed by Rover and the bark of Stub. They were circling towards B., and in a few moments later came the heavy bang! bang! from his gun. We knew that meant business.

We then headed toward the house, when the dogs started another gray, and there was more lively music and the usual excitement. Then striking into the cart path towards the barns we walked slowly along, each telling of what he had seen, why he had missed, etc.

Up at the big house a good old fashioned dinner was waiting, and three hungry fellows were soon storing away the good folk's eatables. TODE.

RHODE ISLAND.

CENTRAL NEW YORK NOTES.

ITHACA, N. Y., Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps it may be nothing out of the common for wild geese to remain on Northern lakes during the entire winter, but prior to last winter I don't happen to know of a flock of these wary birds wintering on Cayuga Lake. Stroud Bush of Lansing tells me that a flock containing at the beginning of winter nineteen geese, passed the entire winter of '93 and '94 along the east shore of the lake some eight or ten miles north of Ithaca. The birds made daily trips to the bleak, wind-swept buckwheat fields of South Lansing for several months without mishap, but finally a couple of gunners chanced that way and secured five of the gray honkers. The remaining fourteen birds lingered until the soft south winds brought a cheering message from warmer climes, when they wheeled into line and joined the northern flight.

So far as such papers as the Elmira Sunday Telegram represent public opinion, the presumption may be accepted in good faith that a good many wild fowl gunners located adjacent to Cayuga Lake are bound to have spring shooting on ducks if possible. The fact that the open season on these birds expires the last day of February is gall and wormwood to the gentlemen afflicted with microbe of discontent. They claim it to be an impossible feat to score decently on ducks during the full flight owing to certain local drawbacks which are not sufficiently noteworthy to call for discussion here, and consequently they clamor for the right to shoot the lean and cadaverous birds on their northward journey. I haven't any smypathy for this class of shooters. Their contention finds its inception in the slaughter yard and reads like the wail of the market shooter. March 1 to September 1 as a close season on ducks for the seven central New York counties is good and effective enough to be left severely alone. Prithee, gentlemen, let it stand shorn of not a single vestige of protective benefits.

Anent the question of the increase of the quail supply arising from a protracted close season, I am pleased to say that so far as Tompkins County is concerned the prolonged close season is a saving factor. There is not merely a perceptible increase, but, according to John McCormick, a thoroughly well posted sportsman, there is a pronounced and clearly defined increase. Up the valley south of Ithaca farmers report quail more numerours than for years past. Finding the birds protected by an adequate enactment the farmers have adopted the practice of feeding the birds when necessary, and the supply has steadily increased. From the western part of the country I have lately received encouraging reports, so that I am glad to pin my faith to the beneficial results brought about through an extended close season. The stock of quail in Tompkins County at one time so nearly resembled the little end of nothing whittled down to a point and the width of a hair punched out, that it affords me a lot of pleasure to report the above satisfactory condition of affairs.

M. CHILL.

QUAIL IN MICHIGAN.

HOLLAND, Mich., Jan. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice some of our Michigan sportsmen are again agitating making a close season on quail for a term of years. I cannot see that this will secure the desired result. True, quail are scarce in one State, but what is the cause? I think all must admit that overshooting is not the cause. Bob White is fully able to take care of himself with the average gunner.

As I understand game protection, the idea is to so limit the taking of the game that there will be enough for an occasional shooting and to leave enough for future breeding, that those who come after us may have a taste of the sport.

Now, as to the cause of the present scarcity. I submit that it was the severe winter of 1892-93. During that winter I was afield twice each week with my pointer to see how the birds were getting along. From December 15 (when the season closed) to Jan. 10, I found large numbers of birds, some bevies which had apparently not been shot at. Then we had the severe cold and deep snows which covered the field. After that I saw very few quail and no evidence of illegal shooting. Many farmers and others reported having found entire bevies under brush piles, frozen to death Surely overshooting is not the cause of the scarcity.

It is true that we had fine shooting after the three years' close season which expired four years ago. But during those three years we had no winter so severe as that of '92 and '93. If we had there would have been no more quail than we have to-day.

Suppose we do make a close season for, say, four years, and the first three winters are mild. There will, no doubt, be an increase of birds. Then suppose the fourth year we have a severe winter. The result will be the same as in '93—no birds. Have we benefited ourselves or the quail by that close season? It is plain to everyone that we might just as well have a little shooting each year, and would have just as many birds left in the covert in the end.

If it is deemed necessary to give the quail more protection I would favor making the open season shorter, limiting it to the month of November, for instance. Usually we have no snow in that month, the birds are full grown, as they are not in October, and those who find "sport" in raking a bevy on the ground get no chance.

Fellow sportsmen, we should pay more attention to enforcing the laws we have. We all do a great deal of talking aobut what laws we would like, and how much better if it were this way or that. This is all right in its way, but how many of us are doing anything toward real, practical protection? Our Game Protective Association here is doing much toward protecting the game and fish. Some of the oldest and worst offenders have been caught and punished. One man paid $50 fine for killing four quail and three partridge. Do you not think he will have more respect for the game laws hereafter?

For the various kinds of game the season should be as nearly uniform, as to date, as possible to make protection easier. Quail and ruffled groose the month of November; woodcock, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Ducks, geese, snipe, plover, rail and all the different shore birds, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Deer to be killed only by still hunting, and then only bucks.

Forbid the sale of game.

Make good appropriations for enfocrcing the laws. Prohibit the use of ferrets in hunting rabbits.

Personally, I do not care much for "Molly Cottontail," but many do. Then it is a good thing for the birds to have rabbits plentiful, for many hunt birds when there are no rabbits. Make a close season on rabbits, say, from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1, and there will be no excuse to be afield with a gun after Jan. 1.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

An Exaggeration.

A San Antonio paper spreads itself in a grandiloquent effort to advertise Mr. Joe George, postmaster of that city, as having killed 200 ducks in one day on the coast on the 31st ult.

There is nothing very remarkable in the report, because such exaggerations are in perfect accord with the usual manner in which such alleged killings are chronicled. As a matter of fact, Mr. George brought exactly 75 birds with him, the result of three guns for two days at Gum Holllow—no more, no less. The shooting was honest, straight flight shooting, and every bird was earned. This is written in order to take the sting out of anything which might emanate from the slanderous pen of the few individuals in this city who never go hunting, but sit in their offices and endeavor to injure the good reputation of sportsmen whose success afield is roughly exaggerated by a well meaning but erratic local press.

* * *

News comes from Galveston that his Excellency, Governor Hogg, accompanied by the erstwhile banker but now the close associate of market hunters and canvasback butchers, and a few others were caught in the norther of last week upon their return from Lake Surprise, Moody's rice duck preserve, where the market hunters had loaded them down with game. The party was driven upon the shoals, the boat run aground and partially filled with water. They passed the entire night in this pitiable plight, and were rescued in the morning by a passing oyster sloop. "By Gatlins, we had a narrow escape!"

* * *

From along the line of the Arkansas Pass Railway to the coast comes the word that the quail have been returning to their old haunts this winter. There is fine shooting at Marcellina, Floresville and all the way down to Sniton. There is also some very good turkey shooting at the last named place.

* * *

One of the most noted duck hunters in San Antonio tells this. He is a crack shot with the gun and a straight one with his tongue, and the story will pass for the exact truth.

The scene is laid on one of General Felton's dams, built at heavy expense to hold sweet water for cattle raising purposes. The blue bills, canvasbacks and redheads feeding on the bay become very thirsty, their coppers become very hot and they go to the sweet water pond to slack their thirst. On this occasion our friend the duck hunter was perched on the dam in question along with his hunting partner. On their left were two fair samples of the coast butcher, armed with a villainous face and a ten gauge Richards or Moore gun that had seen long service in the bottom of a duck hunting sloop, in the chambers of which reposed two large Peters Prize shells (5 drams of powder and God knows how much shot).

A flock of blue bills came skipping by and the coast hunter shook the dam with a double detonation without any other result than making the birds scatter a little. Our hunters neatly dropped a bird each, and as they slipped another shell in place of the empty one the C. H. deliberately picked up one of the dead birds and resumed his place on the dam. The robbery was so flagrant and plain that notwithstanding the fact that a blue bill does not "cut very much ice" in point of value, it aroused the ire of our Nimrods. But the C. H. stood pat and refused to believe that he had not killed the bird and resumed his ten gauge pounding, shooting at the rate of 20 shots per dead bird.

One of our Nimrods then took a stand a little closer to the C H., and directly a pair of swifters came whizzing toward the dam. Two ten gauge loads were belched at the birds with no result; two little reports and one bird fell dead and the other winged.

"Did you kill either of these birds, Mr. Hunter?" derisively inquired he of the little gun.

"Naw! I know when I kill a duck," said the ten gauger.

"Thanks," replied the small gun. "I thought that you had hit one hard and that the bird simply died when I fired."

A look of withering scorn was shot, coast fashion, at the small fry and then he squatted as a single blue bill came right at him. He aimed a long time, but when the bird came within 30 yards, the little gun had him, and the dead bird came like a bullet, and had not the C. H. dodged it would have plinked him right in the middle.

As he arose and shouldered his fusee he remarked: "Guess youse fellers think youse mighty smart. But eff you wait till termorrer I'll bring brother Bill and he'll make ye tired shootin' ducks."

As he left a pair of redheads flew over him, but he did not even look up. He trundled his gun in a two-wheeled cart, cut his yellow dog across the back with a whip and he was off. TEXAS FIELD.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

One of the best hunting parties of the season left Boston on Thursday, Dec. 27 for the Maine woods. This party was made up of something like a dozen of the family and guests of J. Parker Whitney. In the party were Mr. Whitney, wife and daughter and two sons; Mr. Gilbert E. Jones of New York, wife and son; Miss Dillon, daughter of Judge Dillon of Colorado, and Mr. George F. Whitney, nephew of Mr. Whitney, and a Harvard sophomore. Mr. Jones was one of the former owners of the New York Times, and Mr. Whitney is well known for his articles last year on the taking of salmon from the waters of the Pacific coast by trolling. Mr. Whitney has, in fact, conferred a boon upon fisherman, for the reason that he is the originator of taking out salmon in that way. Other articles have appeared from Mr. Whitney's pen, and more partitculaly on the trout of the Rangeleys. The party went directly to Mr. Whitney's beautiful camps at Mosquito Brook, Lake Molechunkamunk, and will remain till near the middle of the month. But they are up there without roads, and much will depend upon the state of the weather. The ladies and baggage will be taken in and out by teams on the ice, but the boys propose to make at least one trip, some 20 miles, through the woods. Mr. Whitney remarked that they had seen enough of warm weather in California and New Mexico, where he has een of late, and that they were going into the woods for some Maine cold weather that is genuine. Hunting, snowshoeing with toboggan slides and possible ice boats, will make up the sports of the day. Mr. Whitney's daughter Helen was born at the camp at Mosquito Brook, and Mr. Whitney fondly considers the camp his home, though owning thousands of acres and almost entire blocks in the cities of the Pacific coast. He went to Maine first in his boyhood, with nothing but the most primitive camping outfits, but he has clung to the spot ever since, beautifying it and visiting it nearly every year, and sometimes spending a good part of the year there. He is a sportsman of long experience, and an observer of the habits of fish and game. He never allows the killing of game or the taking of fish out of season.

The members of the Ragged Island Club, with club house and headquarters at the upper end of Currituc Sound, are evidently enjoying duck shooting this winter. Mr. Walter L. Hill is just back from his annual shooting trip to that happy spot, where he goes as the guest of Mr. C. A. Woodward, one of the prime movers of the club, and for some time its president. The shoot was a very enjoyable one, as it always is to Mr. Hill, than whom there is not a more active business man in Boston, nor one who better loves his annual fishing and shooting trips. He still hopes to introduce Mr. Woodward to Maine trout fishing, and probaby deer hunting. On this trip the ducks were plenty. The preventing of night shooting, once suggested in The Forest and Stream, after talking with Mr. Hill and the "rest days"—three in a week—on which no shooting is done, are among the good works of the Ragged Island and other clubs on the sound. On this trip Mr. Hill shot canvasbacks, black ducks, red heads, ruddy ducks, mallards, and almost every other sort of a duck, as well as geese. Last, but not among the warmest of his receptions, he got into the water.

Mr. G. L. Wakefield, a Harvard student, is just back from a Maine hunting trip, where he took two deer. On Saturday evening he gave a venison supper to his many friends at his home in Wakefield.

Dr. Heber Bishop is back in Boston again, after another successful moose hunt in Maine. On the last days of the season the doctor killed an enormous bull, weighing some 1,400 pounds, and one of the largest he has ever taken. He went in via King and Bartlett, and around into the Moose River region. He also took a handsome caribou.

Captain Fred C. Barker was in Boston the other day on a hurried trip. Later in the season he hopes to spend some time in Boston, and possibly New York. He is greatly pleased with the increase in big game that is noted around the Rangeleys. He has had many years of experience as a guide, and later as a steamboat proprietor on those lakes, and the increase in deer is almost a surprise to him. No amount of fair hunting, in his opinion, can destroy them nor prevent a healthy increase. In proof that he is right he quotes from the Forest and Stream in several recent articles. He believes that there are good and sufficient laws enough in Maine, if they are enforced, and thinks that it would be a stumbling block to enact some of the laws proposed. The railroad through from Rumford Falls to Bemis is being pushed. It is graded as far as Houghtons, in Byron, and some nine miles from Bemis. But Captain B. scarcely expects it to be pushed on to his place for a year at least, though it will make a complete change in the routes of hunting and fishing travel to the Rangeleys.

There is a great deal of interest among Boston sportsmen as to what is to be done in the Maine Legisature in regard to fish and game. What may be done in Massachusetts cuts a very small figure beside the interest in regard to Maine. A number of gentlemen are in correspondence with prominent fish and game protectors in Maine. Mr. David H. Blanchard of Boston has prepared a letter of recommendation and forwarded it to the commissioners and the Maine Game and Fish Protective Club. The letter recommends the greater conservation of moose, urging that the killing of cow and calf moose be prohibited at all times; recommending the cutting down of the number of deer a hunter may take to two, and one caribou or one bull moose; that the close time on partridges be continued till October 1, when it shall be legal to hunt all game, and commencing the close time on moose, caribou and deer to Decem-

ber 1, instead of January 1, as under the present law. His paper is thoroughly indorsed by the best sportsmen in this vicinity, but recent advices suggest little will be done to the laws this winter. Mr. Blanchard also earnestly urges that the better class of guides be made game wardens, for the reason that they can do more toward the enforcement of the laws than anybody else, and because they are beginning to see that the enforcement of the game laws is for their benefit.

Mr. Blanchard has just received a letter from E. C. Farrington, secretary of the Maine Game and Fish Protective Association, stating that matters had been changed a good deal at the last meeting at Augusta. The letter expressed the idea that not much special legislation would be asked for by the association, but rather, a general law would be preferred, giving the commissioners power to regulate fishing and shooting in certain sections, on petition of a given number of citizens and the publication of due notice. The association does not expect to change the law on partridges, unless woodcock can be included, and that is likely to be opposed. A law preventing the killing of cow moose will be asked for, but no attempt to restrict the amount of game to be taken further than the existing law is recommended. To reduce the amount of trust or land-locked salmon to 25 pounds instead of 50 pounds, as under the present law, will not be attempted. An attempt to prevent the taking of deer with jacklights will be made. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fox River Fishing.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 28.—There is a howl from the mackerel fishermen of Wisconsin against the passage of a law which is before the Legislature of that State and which is very likely a good law. Here is what the fisherman's side says:

"GREEN BAY, WIS., Dec. 25.—The Wisconsin Fishermen's Association will hold a mass convention here Dec. 28 for the purpose of discussing the question of stopping net fishing in the Fox River. This matter is of vital importance to the fishermen in this section of the State, as the passage of the proposed law would mean practically the ruin of hundreds of men engaged in this industry. The fishermen oppose the law which is proposed by the gamesters of the State who fish for pleasure, as fully one-half of the fish which are sold from this market come from inside of Long Tail Point, the limit which the proposed law prescribes for fishing. One firm in the fish business here for the last year did a business of $345,000, which was all spent in this city in wages. Some idea of the extent of the business which the sportsmen propose to ruin may be gathered from this. The convention will take vigorous action against the bill and will ask instead that a law be passed prohibiting fishing altogether during the spawning season."

Other Side.

There will be a meeting of sportsmen at the Sherman House, Chicago, to-morrow, Dec. 29, to revive the old Fox River Association of anglers. The laws are being violated to the worst extent and it is sought to again wipe out the illegal and destructive fishing, as was done under the vigorous administration of President George E. Cole. Mr. Cole I have always held to be the brainiest and best executive and foremost and most practical organizer ever connected with protection of fish in this entire Western country. Lukewarm support drove him out of the work and his loss has never been overcome.

Warden Kills an Indian.

Dispatches of Dec. 14 from Rice Lake, Wis., had an account of the killing of an Indian who resisted arrest by a warden. I think wardens can find plenty of white men to arrest, and they are more destructive of game than the Indians.

Case Didn't Stick.

Advices from Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 23, state that Judge Wallber refused a continuance in the Duke case to allow the District Attorney an opportunity to secure necessary evidence and dismissed the case. Duke was charged with selling game out of season contrary to the game laws. A. W. Friese, representing the National Association for the Protection of Fish and Game appearing as prosecuting witness. Mr. Friese testified to purchasing one dozen quail from Dukes' store on Grand avenue a few days ago.

Off For Texas.

Mr. A. W. Adams of Chicago has started for San Antonio, Texas, where it is his custom to winter. He says there is no place like it on earth, and he is right.

Mr. Harry R. Laning of Chicago starts to-morrow for San Antonio, Texas, and will spend the winter there. He goes on the strength of the "Dixie Land" stories of last season in Forest and Stream, and the additional testimony which I could give him after the long trip south from which I have just returned.

Mr. C. E. Willard, Western representative of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Co., starts on Jan. 12 for Texas, and will go to Rockport and will look up the yacht Novice, covering much of territory from which our party has just returned. He will go with the special car of Marvin Hughitt, Jr., of Chicago. Mark Cummings of this city also goes. I trust they will have all the sport gentlemen could ask.

Mr. Thomas A. Divine of Memphis and Mr. Randolph W. Foster of New Orleans entertained Mr. R. B. Organ of this city and myself in Louisiana, Tennessee and Mississippi last month, and of this I shall write at length with pleasure.

Mr. W. W. Peabody, Jr., assistant general manager of the B. and O. Southwestern Railroad, was the host of our party west of New Orleans. He brought with him his good friends, Mr. Wilbur Dubois and Mr. Robert Burton, also of Cincinnati, and Mr. Richard Merrill of Milwaukee. The latter was met last winter in Texas, but the Cincinnati gentlemen were new in that country, and they were charmed to a degree and vow they will return next year. We had a great trip, of which I also shall write at better leisure and at length. Mr. Merrill remained behind in Texas and is much to be envied. He meets two Milwaukee friends—the brothers Schmidt—at San Antonio, and will, no doubt, see many more Northern friends before the winter is over. All the gentlemen above named went to Texas because Forest and Stream had told about Texas. I fear a Southern boom has been started, and I don't know whether to be glad of it or not, looking ahead to what that may mean in the future. Next year there will be more yet going South. Among all these there will be all sorts. I suppose I have sent twenty or thirty men to Texas points, and how many have gone who have never heard from, wiled by the pen of Oscar Guessaz of "Texas and the Southwest" no one knows. All the Northern tarpon fishers of the season past at Rockport went there through the Forest and Stream reports of that country

Off For Egypt.

Within the next ten days Mr. Carter H. Harrison, son of the lamented Mayor Harrison of Chicago, will start for a long and delightful journey among other lands. He and his wife first go to Egypt, with friends. The ladies of the party then return to Rome, Mr. Harrison and friends going on to India for some big game shooting, tiger, if posible. Returning thence they join their party at Rome and all sail for Havana, Cuba. They go thence to Mexico, and will come North from Mexico to Chicago sometime next winter, being absent about a year. No one deserves a glorious time like this more than Mr. Harrison, who is an unostentatious but keen and thorough-going sportsman and lover of out-door things and places.

Off For the South Seas.

Mr. Preston Harrison, brother of Mr. Carter Harrison, leaves also shortly for a long trip, but goes in the opposite direction. He leaves San Francisco for a long cruise around the South Sea Islands. He will go as far South as he feels like and stop where he likes in that delightful country. His absence may extend over nearly a year. Both of these gentlemen were recently in active management of the daily newspaper, The Times of Chicago.

Christmas Fox

Daily despatches say: "Batavia, O., Dec. 25.—The initial race of the Fox Hunters' Club resulted in the capture alive of a ten pound fox in two hours and forty-eight minutes. Fourteen hounds were entered. Two hundred horsemen participated. The second run takes place to-morrow."

Dec. 29.—The meeting of the Fox Lake Fish Protective Association at the Sherman House this afternoon brought out about twenty members, gentlemen belonging to the various sportsmen's clubs located along the Fox Lake system. Ex-Alderman John W. Lyke was in the chair. Mr. D. S. Daly acting secretary. The gentlemen raised $55 cash and will add $200 more to stop the illegal fishing which has been going on there so disastrously during the present season of low waters. A working committee of three was appointed, Mr. John Wilkinson, L. M. Milander and C. J. Paterson. A committee on legislation was also appointed, Messrs. Henry C. Hertz, Clarence Knight and M. R. Bostree.

A warden will be secured and sent up to Fox Lake soon, and in about two days he can stop the illegal fishing if he looks sharp. The Stanley outfit of guides, boatmen, etc., are the worst. They are always breaking the laws, but will be easy to corral.

From Dakota.

Mr. C. E. Robbins of Fargo, N. D., sends me the following account, as given by the local press, of a meeting of the sportsmen of that vicinity for the purpose of furthering the interests of game protection, and for the organization of a North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association. The cutting reads:

The sportsmen's meeting held in Scofield's gun store Thursday evening was attended by the following gentlemen: Hon. Augustus Roberts, Dr. Henning, W. W. Smith B. D. Scofield, E. G. Bowers, Dr. Carpenter, S. S. Lyon, G. W. Garrett, Dr. Hinebauch, John Rentschler, C. E. Robbins and others. Among those present from a distance were: Dr. J. A. Rankin and Hon. Andrew Blewett of Jamestown, who gave the meeting valuable assistance and advice with respect to game law legislation.

S. S. Lyon was elected chairman and C. E. Robbins secretary. Mr. Robbins called attention to the fact that the game law of Minnesota was framed from a bill adopted at a conference of the game and fish commissioners of the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, North and South Dakota, held in Minneapolis in December, 1892, and it was suggested that a similar law would be good for our State.

The sentiment was unanimous that another meeting should be held prior to the convening of the Legislature, at which the sportsemn of the entire State should be repersented.

Dr. Hinebauch moved that a committee of three be appointed to prepare a fair apportionment of representation for the next adjourned meetng from all the counties in North Dakota. Carried. Motion was made by Mr. Bowers that a committee of five, the chairman included, be appointed to draft a bill for protection of game and fish in North Dakota, the same to be presented at our next adjourned meeting. Carried.

W. W. Smith moved that the delegates to the next adjourned meeting use every effort to organize a North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association. Carried.

The committee on preparing a game law is, S. S. Lyon, chairman; Andrew Blewett of Jamestown, F. B. Morrill, W. W. Smith and W. L. Wilder of Grand Forks. The committee on apportionment is Dr. Hinebauch, chairman; A. B. Guptill and E. G. Bowers. There is some feeling at last beginning to arise among Daokta shooters against the ruthless destruction of game by non-resident shooters. Mr. Robbins inquired for precedents on non-resident license laws. The organization of a State Asociation could have no worthier object than the agitation of game law and game protection matter, and we must hope that the meeting of Jan. 7 at Fargo will be a large and earnest one, with a strictly business" on its banner. Trap shooting and talk are not among the sole possibilities of an organization of that kind. It can do actual good, and I hope this one will.

He Is Good Natured.

Jan. 4.—Often in the past I have had occasion to speak of Mr. A. Hirth, or "Papa" Hirth, as the boys all affectionately call the enthusiast who presides over the Spaldings' tackle counter. I believe he is the best natured man on earth. Once a robber knocked him down and took about all he had, but when he came to he woke up laughing. "Such a joke on that fellow," he said, "here's a pearl collar button he overlooked. Which way did he go?" You can't rile or rattle Papa and he is one of the attractions of Chicago. He has dyspepsia, rheumatism and neuralgia, though you wouldn't think it to look at him—but no one ever heard him complain, or saw him out of humor. "There's only about half of me left now," he says, "but it's the best half. No one ever got the best of me yet." And I guess that's true, too. Well, what I was going to say is, awhile ago Mr. Hirth felt that he must lay off from work for a time or else get sick. So he knocked off and went down to Hot Springs, Ark., for a rest. He has just returned, and is as frisky as a yearling colt, his improvement being in no wise more notable than in the vigor and elasticity of his imagination. "I killed 9 bear, 17 deer and 28 turkeys while I was gone," said he. "Billy, go and bring out those bears skins—but I didn't hunt very much because I was busy working on a volume of memoirs I am going to bring out before long—all about the kind of fishing talk Napoleon Bonaparte used. But that's a great country. Billy, fetch out some of those deer heads." Everybody abuses Papa and everybody loves him, except Billy Morgan, who accuses him of getting gay and threatens darkly to lay for him some dark day after business hours. Even Billy is secretly glad that Papa is back, and with health far better for his trip to a kinder climate than this horrible one.

A Man From Corpus Christi.

Mr. Grant R. Bennett, now of Corpus Christi, Texas, who was one of the many kind hosts our party had during our trip to that country last month, turned up in Chicago this week en route to his old home, Portage City, Wis. I met him swapping lies with Pa Hirth and there was a good Chicago blizzard blowing outside at the time. Mr. Bennett was the coldest man in Chicago, and the most discontented. "I surely will never come into this country again in winter," he said. "This is awful, and I'm going to get out of here as soon as I can." Mr. Bennett will, soon after his return to Corpus Christi, start for a trip into Honduras, where he expects some novel experiences.

Many Going South.

Both of the gentlemen above mentioned commented on the unusually large number of gentlemen who are going South this winter. It is astonishing how much the winter fishing tackle trade in Chicago amounts to, much of it in the form of tarpon gear. Hon. Hemstead Washbourne, ex-Mayor of Chicago, has just outfitted for a tarpon trip to Florida, and there are many anglers and non-anglers who will avail themselves of the chance to get away from Chicago in the winter within the next ten days. It certainly seems that the new tide of sportsmen travel to the South is getting in strongly and unmistakably. I hope that neither side will ever come to regret this.

Mr. Fred Badger of Dorchester, Mass., who asked directions of me for a trip to Corpus Christi, writes me from Galveston that he concluded to stop there, and that he is engaged in skirmishing around the edges of the famous Moody preserve on Lake Surprise. He says that there "must be six or seven hundred thousand canvasbacks on those waters," and that "when they rise it abounds like a cyclone." That's a good many ducks, but that is really the best canvasback country I know of.

Mr. John J. Mott of Michigan City, Ind., and Mr. Jos. Winterbotham of Joliet, Ill., came up the other day to make inquiries about Texas tarpon and Texas climate, being in hesitation between that country and Florida for a pleasure trip this month. I could not tell them much about Florida, but if Florida is any better than Texas it must be a James bird of a place.

From Nebraska.

Mr. W. C. La Tourette of McCook, Red Willow County, Nebraska, and his young son George, came to the Forest and Stream office here yesterday, and I am glad he did. Mr. La Tourette says that for some reason they have had very few prairie chickens in his country latey, though quails are very abundant. He says there is no market shooting, but that the farmers trap large numbers of quail all the winter, more especially if snow falls.

Mr. La Tourette and I were speaking of our old friend Buffalo Jones, who used to live at McCook, but he could not give me his present address. Singularly enough, Buffalo Jones himself came into my office this morning, though at the time I happened to be out. He came and departed mysteriously as usual, and I cannot say where he came from or what his present abode, though I would like to see him.

Off For the Arctic Circle.

Dec. 29.—The following word comes down from a Winnipeg paper, showing that Mr. Casper W. Whitney of New York is rapidly getting to the edge of railway travel on his journey to the far North:

W. H. Heming, Hamilton, and Casper W. Whitney, New York, were two signatures found on the Manitoba register last evening. The gentlemen who inscribed their names proved to be associated with an enterprising journalistic venture and also to be possessed of interesting personalities. Both are connected with *Harper's Magazine*, and are on their way to the haunts of the musk ox and wood buffalo in the far North, for the purpose of studying the habits and characteristics of those interesting members of the Canadian fauna. They have mapped out a route northward from Edmonton to Fort Rae on the Mackenzie River, which follows generally the waterways used by the H. B. Co., making the company's posts their sources of supply. This will enable them to travel "light," a sort of flying column, and they hope to accomplish the object of their trip and return to civilization by April next. They will travel on snowshoes and transport their equipment and provisions on dog sleighs. Their larder will be meagre, stocked only sufficiently to serve them from one post to another. They will sleep in Eskimo bags in the

open air, using a canvas windbreak when necessary. They intended to carry with them a quantity of alcohol for fuel, but have decided to depend on the forests and scrub along the route for their fires. Arriving at Fort Rae they will penetrate the Barren Lands until they encounter the musk ox, and after securing data for sketches and letter press will retrace their steps southward and invade the territory inhabited by the remnants of the wood buffalo and will then hurry back to Edmonton.

This is certainly a remarkable undertaking, and if the Messrs. Homing and Whitney succeed they will have achieved a feat that will stand unparalleled in the records of Northwest travel. The journey involves elements of danger, but the young travelers are not daunted by the difficulties that face them, and rather enjoy the expectation of living on a frozen diet. They will continue their journey to Edmonton this afternoon.

The Adirondack Deer.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am delighted to see that Forest and Stream is right in its position on the Deer law, as it usually is on all such questions.

The hounding of deer as practiced in our North Woods in nothing but butchery. To my own knowledge there were parties in the woods this last fall who, for the time being, forgot that they were civilized. One party of ten went in there with a pack of dogs, and in a short time killed eighteen or nineteen deer, the dogs driving them to water and the "hunters" (so called) working their magazines till they butchered hem. I believe that there were more deer killed with the use of dogs in a single week then during the entire first six weeks of the open season. I mean to supplement Forest and Stream in its efforts to have proper legislation on the subject this winter.

While it is true that deer are in much better condition in September than in August, yet I am not in favor of changing the date of the open season, for two reasons, namely: First, but very few deer are killed in August; this fall a great many parties who went in coming out without any; secondly, because such a change in the law would entirely cut off the opportunity of many who are obliged to take their vacations before September 1. Every sportsman knows that we get health and sport even if we are not successful in bagging much game.

F.

The Views of a Well Known Guide.

INLET, BENSON MINES.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I, for one, am glad to see that the people are getting their eyes open and are preparing to put a stop to the hounding of deer. I think it should be a State law, and the sooner the practice is entirely stopped the better. The hounding of deer will certainly use up twice the number of deer, or drive them out of the country. I wish to be understood as being in favor of entirely stopping the hounding of deer, and there are but very few guides in this section of the woods who are not opposed to hounding. I hope that everything will work all right, and that a bill will go through this winter.

The hounding of deer in St. Lawrence County was stopped entirely some time ago, and as a result we have got more deer than any other section of the woods.

GEORGE NUNN.

Catching a Deer by Hand.

GLENCOE, Minn.—The deer season in this State closed with a less number of deer being killed as compared with last season. Good tracking snows did not arrive until the season was well advanced, rendering it difficult to approach or track deer to any advantage. Moose are doing well and are increasing under the present law. There have been more bears shot in Northern Minnesota than for a long time heretofore; it is probably owing to the forest fires driving them from their secluded abodes. An old deer hunter up in the Red Lake country, Oly Dolburg, came as near dropping a buck without making a scar or drawing blood while hunting last season as anyone I ever heard. He got a running shot at a buck one day, and with the third shot the deer fell. Dolburg dropped his rifle to stick the deer, when to his surprise the buck he supposed dead sprang to his feet. Dolburg, fearing that the wounded animal would offer battle, sprang and caught him by the antlers. After a hard struggle all round, Dolburg managed to cut the deer's throat. On examining his victim he found that his shot had struck at the base of one of the antlers, leaving a slight lead mark. Aside from this shot, there was no other bullet marks to be found.

REMAC.

The Maine Game Season.

EUSTIS, ME., Dec. 30.—As the shooting season is now closed we will give you a true statement of the game taken at our ranch this season: Four moose, three caribou, one bear, twenty-six deer, 318 partridges, five foxes. This amount brought to camps shows the marked increase of game in our section of Maine, to say nothing of over a hundred outright misses caused by buck fever and the inexpertness of amateur hunters. The reliable guides of this country state that moose, caribou and deer, especially the latter, are on the increase.

DOUGLASS & WITHAM.

A New Choke Bore.

While in the Catskills last summer I came across an old muzzle-loader which for years had been the favorite toy of my host's youngsters. Their method of loading and firing had been to ram in some dirt and pebbles, and then shout "bang" in the direction of the enemy. My diagnosis showed that the barrel was nearly two-thirds full of these loads, packed in too tightly to remove easily. I took off the nipple and dug enough of the dirt, etc., to get in 5drs. powder; then inserted a piece of blasting fuse, and after removing the stock, took the gun to the orchard and, lighting the fuse, skipped.

When I next viewed that gun the stock prongs were buried some four inches deep in an apple tree, and a foot from the muzzle was a swelling, exactly like a wipe joint on a lead pipe. I was satisfied that the gun was done for, so imagine my surprise when after a good deal of work, I got it away from the apple tree and found that at 35 yards, with a load of 3½-1¼-8 it put more shot in a 12-inch circle than my own gun could in a 24-inch circle, at the same distance, and my gun is no mean shooter, either. I used the gun several times on the only available thing there—woodchucks—and found it a remarkably strong and close shooter.

B. H.

Protection.

NEW JERSEY ASSOCIATION.

There was an unusual meeting in the State House at Trenton yesterday, and it was none other than a gathering of the State Fish and Game Commission and the fish and game wardens, with representatives of the various gun clubs in the State. Until this year the Fish Commission has been almost a mythical part of the State government, and its operations altogether hidden by its inactivity. The rarity of the event inspired enthusiasm which continued during the five hours' session of the commission. There were present thirty fish and game wardens and representatives of the gun clubs, as delegates from the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Association, which was recently formed at New Brunswick. Ex-Senator, but now United States Marshall, George Pfeiffer presided. He was a member of the old commission, which did nothing worth mentioning, and he blushed profusely when he alluded to the fact during the course of the session. Commissioner Frothingham was the secretary. He stated that the wardens in the State had done well for a beginning, having made 290 arrests for violation of the Game and Fish law and collected over $800 in fines up to date.

A. G. Stroud then gave some specific information about the conclusions and recommendations of the representatives of the gun clubs at New Brunswick. At this meeting W. R. Hobart of Newark presided. The committee appointed at this meeting resolved that the season for quails, rabbit, squirrels, ruffled grouse, woodcock, male European pheasants and wild turkeys should be from October 14 to December 1. Wilson snipe, reed and rail birds, marsh hens and woodcock from August 31 to December 1. Upland plover and doves, August and September. Deer, October 14 to 26. Wild geese, duck and other webfooted wild fowl except woodduck between August 3 and March 1.

This schedule was made the basis of discussion. The first move made was to get an expression of opinion as to a general open season for all kinds of game. J. L. Smith of Warren County read several letters from Warren County sportsmen, who favored a general season, during the period from October 1 to December 15; both those from South Jersey objected because of the coast shooting coming earlier.

The result of a free and easy expression was some changes in existing laws as follows: Deer to be killed during the first ten days of the season only. Squirrels, rabbits, ruffled grouse, and woodcock from October 15 to December 16. Wilson snipe, reedbirds, rails, marsh hens and upland plover, August 31 to December 16. Pinnated grouse and European partridge from October 15 to December 15.

The section covering English partridges and pheasants is to be amended by striking out the word hen wherever it occurs in the section.

There was considerable discussion on the section that imposes a penalty for hunting rabbits with ferrets. A. G. Stroud stated he had learned that in Sussex County there were a number of farmers who kept ferrets for running down rabbits. No attempt was made to conceal the fact, and reports came from Warren County that they were being generally used there. He suggested that the law should be amended so that the owners of ferrets would be obliged to register ferrets, and in this way the game warden would know who had them and could watch the owners. J. L. Smith said that in Warren the owners of ferrets were regarded as suspicious persons and cordially disliked by all sportsmen. Commissioner Page did not think it would be fair to enact any special legislation that would impose a hardship on the owners of ferrets, because they had a legitimate use, and in some cases were needful. The game wardens have a law which prevents their use for running down game, and if they are watchful the owners can be caught and punished.

Sunday hunting was discussed at some length, but the law will not be changed. President Pfeiffer said that in Camden County the violation of the Sunday law had become general, and he had instructed the warden to break it up by a thorough policing of the localities where the Sunday law is violated, and the commission would expect considerable activity in this direction.

Secretary Frothingham was short and emphatic in his criticisms of that part of the law which sanctions the issuing of permits to shoot birds for scientific purposes. He did not think it wise to put permits in the hands of young boys for such a license, and it was not the right way to study birds. More information could be obtained by going to the museums, where they are classified and described.

Shooting by night has the effect of driving birds from their nesting place, and it was the general expression of the commission that section 20 should remain as it is.

President Pfeiffer delivered an address in which he advised the wardens to put themselves in communication with all sportsmen in their locaities and have all of them become interested in the work. All violations of the law could in that way be brought to their notice, and some spirited prosecutions would have a wholesome effect.

A. G. Stroud announced the formation of the State Game and Fish Protective Association, which had held a meeting the night before and elected J. L. Smith of Hackettston, president; A. G. Stroud of Hunterdon, secretary; W. R. R. Hobart of Newark, treasurer; G. Viehme, of New Brunswick, and R. C. Griscom of Atlantic City, the vice presidents. He said that it desired the co-operation of all the sportsmen in the State to assist in restocking the State with game and protecting the existing game and fish. President Peiffer announced that the Commissioners would join the association and assist it.

B. B. Morris made the motion that all favorable to giving the State Commissioners all the assistance in their power should arise, and the motion was unanimously carried. Before adjourning Secretary Frothingham announced that all suggestions that had been advanced during the conference should be reduced to writing and forwarded to him at once.

The report of the Commisioner to the State and Governor has been prepared and filed. The reports of all the fish wardens are appended. The facts contained in it briefly stated, are that the Commissioners have held regular meetings and kept an office at 1 Exchange place, Jersey City. Their predecessor left them no legacy in the shape of records or minutes. The existing laws from 1808 had been codified. There are thirty-three wardens, but legislation is needed to better regulate their compensation and their powers to employ help. They are allowed $3 per diem, and up to December, 1894, $12,000 had been expended. The Commission recommends the appointment of twenty Fish and Game wardens, who should have jurisdiction in all counties and shall get $50 a month, and not exceed $200 per annum for expenses. There should also be a Fish and Game Protector who should receive $100 a month and an allowance of $300 for expense to have a general supervision over all the wardens. The wardens shall have no right to employ deputies without the consent of the Commissioners, who will appoint on receiving a petition from ten freeholders that a deputy is needed.

Special mention is made of the good work of Commissioners Ricardo, Shriner of Passaic and Terhune of Bergen, Schneider of Atlantic and Dore of Cumberland.

—Newark Call, Jan. 6.

Proposed Nebraska Law.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The presen agitation in the interests of our fish and game gives promise o glorious fruition. The meeting at Parmelee's gun store Satur day evening was large and enthusiastic. Those present were John S. Collins, George A. Hoagland, John M. Thurston, Judges B. E. B. Kennedy and G. W. Tunnecliffe, W. H. S. Hughes, Frederick Lewis, Frank Parmelee, A. C. Claflin, M. C. Peters, Fred Montmorency, H. A. Dupont, Will Townsend, John J. Hardin, J. C. Knowles, Will Simeral, Stockton Heth, J. E. Shepherd, H. B. Kennedy, J. C. Read, G. W. Loomis, J. C. Day, J. C. Morrison, and in fact all the prominent sportsmen of the city. Judge B. E. Kennedy was in the chair, while S. G. V. Griswold acted as secretary. The committee, J. B. Meikle, Judge Kennedy, Fred Montmorency and S. G. V. Griswold, appointed at a previous meeting to draft a law for the preservation, propagation and protection of Nebraska's fish and game, submitted a synopsis of the same, which was discussed thoroughly by sections, but finally adopted as a whole.

This proposed law provides for a State game and fish warden at a salary of $1,500 per annum and expenses not to exceed $1,000. Also a clerk at $800, office at State Capitol, and to be appointed by the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners.

2. Insectivorous and song birds, excepting English sparrow crow, raven, crow blackbird and kingfishers.
3. Prairie chicken and grouse, open season Sept. 1 to Nov. 1.
4. Quail and wild turkey Oct. 1 to Dec. 1.
5. Woodcock, upland plover and turtle doves, July 15 to Dec. 1.
6. Geese, ducks, all wildfowl, Sept. 1 to April 15.
7. Wilson snipe, rail and the waders, April 1 to Oct. 1.
8. Squirrels, all kinds, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1.
9. Deer, elk and antelope killing in any manner prohibited for five years.
10. Violations of law on birds, $5 fine each bird killed, and not more than $100 in all, and imprisonment for 10 to 30 days.
11. Killing squirrels the same. Elk, deer or antelope from $50 to $100, 10 to 30 days, costs of proposition.
12. Possession of game in close season, misdemeanor, punishable same as for killing.
13. Shooting wildfowl before sunrise or after sunset prohibited; penalty same as for killing out of season.
14. Non-residents must pay a license of $50 a year to shoot in Nebraska.
15. No one will be allowed to employ parties to shoot for the market or any other purpose.
16. Ice house or cold storage plants for freezing game for market will not be tolerated.
17. That a close season for game fish be provided from May 15 to Nov. 15, to be protected on their spawning beds, etc., etc.

After considerable more interesting discussion upon the proposed bill, on motion of Mr. Hughes the same committee was instructed to draft the law complete and present it to a meeting to be held next Saturday evening at the same place.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Massachusetts Association.

The nominating committee of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association presented the following list to be acted upon at the January meeting, Jan. 9: For President, Benjamin Cutler Clark; for Vice-Presidents, George W. Wiggin, C. J. H. Woodbury, Edward E. Hardy, Dr. John T. Stetson, Ivers W. Adams, Edward J. Brown, Edward E. Allen, of Watertown; for Secretary and Treasurer, Henry H. Kimball; for Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; for Executive Committee, Herbert Bishop, Sidney Chase, Dr. W. G. Kendall, W. B. Hastings, Chas. G. Gibson, Hon. W. F. Ray, Chas. A. Allen, of Worcester, Loring Crocker, Jr., W. B. Smart, Rollin Jones, Henry J. Thayer, Edward E. Small; Membership Committee, Edward T. Barker, Arthur W. Robinson, Walter C. Prescott; Fund Committee, Dr. J. W. Ball, W. Hapgood, Edward Brooks.

The annual dinner will be given on Wednesday evening, Jan. 30, at Young's Hotel.

New York Forestry and the Deer.

From Gov. Morton's Message.

The preservation of the forest domain of the State is a subject of deep concern to the whole community, involving as it does the preservation of the natural sources of water supply. Peculiar significance was given to this question in the recent Constitutional Convention by the fact that the amendment providing for the keeping of the forest reservations for ever as wild forest lands was urged by important commercial interests and was the only amendment that was adopted without dissent. Due attention should be given to the necessary legislation to carry the will of the people into effect.

The carrying out of these provisions will also tend to the preservation of game birds and animals on the public lands, a subject worthy of legislative attention, especially with respect to the advisability of prohibiting the use of dogs in the hunting of deer. The decimation of herds does not result from killing by the dogs, but the hunted animals almost invariably take refuge in the numerous lakes, ponds and brooks, where they are so helpless that they fall victims to other hunters who lie in wait for easy captures.

Megantic Club Dinner.

The annual dinner of the Megantic Fish and Game Club was held at the Vendome, Boston, on Thursday evening of this week. A report of the occasion will be given in our next issue.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fly Fishers and Duffers.

Since my first note was printed in Forest and Stream about the proposal to organize a Fly Fishers' Club in this country a number of letters relating to the subject have been sent to me. Some of them contain queries that I have not been able to answer because other matters have demanded my time and attention, and some contain queries which only the club or a committee appointed to organize the club can answer. I will say here that I will later acknowledge all letters as soon as it is possible for me to do so, and answer such questions as it may be possible for me to answer. Two gentlemen have asked, to put it briefly, who would and who would not be eligible for memberhsip in a Fly Fishers' Club. Naturally, this is one of the matters for the club itself to determine, but the London Fly Fishers' Club held its annual dinner on Dec. 14, and the last issue of The Fishery Gazette devotes over three pages to a description of it, with an illustration of the members and guests seated at the tables, and portraits of "John Bickerdyke," (Mr C. H. Cook), the chairman, Mr. Marston, the honorary treasurer, and Mr. David Wilson, honorary secretary.

The London club is so prosperous and has been growing so steadily in membership that it has been proposed to have a club house of its own, instead of renting rooms, as at present, and the chairman referred to this subject in his speech, from which I take an extract: "It has been the dream of my boyhood, the hope of my middle age and the consolation of my declining years that we should some day have a clubhouse of our own. But we cannot have a clubhouse of our own on 300 members, and yet I don't see how we can have more than 300 members if we do not have a clubhouse of our own. So that it cuts both ways. If I tell you a story it will illustrate my meaning. In the rural parts of France it is the custom for the parish priest to go round at certain seasons of the year, accompanied by the peasants, to bless the fields, and the fields are supposed to yield more produce because the priest has blessed them. Well, there was one very wise old priest who was going round blessing the fields. At last he stopped at one which he refused to bless. 'Why, father,' asked his people, 'why don't you bless this field?' 'My children,' he replied, 'it will do no good whatever to bless it; the field wants manure.' Now, that is my point. Mere blessing won't make our club grow. The club wants a fertilizer, and how are we going to get it? The enricher that I propose is—Duffers. We, gentlemen, are the finest fly fishers in the world. There is no one in the whole of Great Britain who is a good fly fisher who is not a member of the club. It would be mock modesty on my part to say that we are not the best fly fishers in the world. We glory in it. Except ourselves, there are really no great fly fishers left. So, when we ask a gentleman to become a member of our club he says: 'Oh, but I am a duffer; I would only be a duffer in the Fly Fishers' Club.'

"Well, I think we should welcome duffers, because if we don't have duffers in the club there is no one to whom we can tell our fishing stories with effect. The question is: What is a duffer and where shall we draw the line Of course, a man may be so great a duffer that he should not be eligible for election. * *

"What I would suggest as the requisite qualification is that everyone who has caught three trout, each over 3½ ounces and is in possession of five flies and a fishing rod, should be eligible to become a member of the club."

While Mr. Cook's proposed qualifications may not serve as an answer to my correspondents, or be accepted by the committee on rules of the American Fly Fishers' Club, they may be taken as pointers. A nice, patient, long-suffering duffer is one of the noblest works of his Creator. Somewhere in his composition, down deep and very faint, perhaps, there is secreted a love of fishing. It may be only a spark, but susceptible of being fanned into a living flame. He may not freely understand that he possesses it, and certainly he does not know how to cultivate it. It is like the facial memory of a song to which he cannot fit words, nor even make sense of the music.

When the fly fisherman strikes the duffer with the undeveloped love of angling in his soul he treats him accordingly as he may be a fly fisherman of high or low degree. If the former, he treats the duffer tenderly and gently, discovering the spark and fanning it into a gentle flame until the duffer becomes a full fledged fly fisherman. If a fisherman of low degree hooks a duffer the duffer has my deepest sympathy should he stay hooked. In such a case my memory usually goes back to my schoolboy days. A fisherman of low degree was in the habit of hooking a duffer in the lower part of the city of New York and leading him into a Fourth avenue car at City Hall Park, and then he would take him up to Twenty-sixth street and into one of the steam cars that the horses hauled up to Forty-second street, where the train was made up; and when the engine was coupled to the train the fisherman took his duffer somewhere into the upper part of Westchester County. It was always the same duffer, and as near as I could judge he was hooked and played daily. As a boy I named the fisherman the "horse car fisherman," for though he had acquired the newspaper habit I in some way got the idea that he did the greater part of his fishing in the horse cars and in the articles he wrote for the papers. I did not then recognize the duffer as a duffer, but I called him the "victim." Time and again have I heard the horse car fisherman pour (that's the proper term) his impossible, to say nothing of improbable, fishing stories into the ear of the duffer. For a time I was fooled myself, because I thought a man who had acquired the newspaper habit could not lie about fishing. This was before Forest and Stream was born and before men had been made better by its influence, but I finally dropped to the game and then, at any time, I would not have been surprised to see a halo appear—a rich and rare halo—midway between the top of the silk hat on the duffer's head and the advertisements of "444 Broadway" in the deck of the car above it. He was such a good natured duffer, and had such a pleasant face and laughed so heartily, though gently, as if he enjoyed the catching of every fish from Spruce street to Twenty-sixth. He was a rare bird even for a duffer, for he never even attempted to do any of the talking, and his laugh was so low that the horse car fisherman did not have to raise his voice much above an ordinary tone to make all the people in the car hear. I suppose that over and over the horse car fisherman was, in fact, must have been, voted an ass by the other and older passengers, but I came to think chiefly about the long-suffering duffers, and from that time to this I have been his friend. By all means vote into membership all the happy-face duffers, and while about it vote out the horse car fisherman.

Fishing Changes with Changed Conditions.

It is to be presumed that nearly every angler who has fished waters widely separated in this broad land has observed that the habits of fish may change as they are found in one water or another. Rules which govern fishing in one lake for one species of fish may be of no avail to bring success when applied to the same species of fish in another lake. As an example, I know of one lake in which it would be comparatively useless to fish for black bass during the day in the month of August except in water 20 to 25 feet deep having a grass bottom. True, in this lake a few bass may be caught morning or evening in shallow water on the shoals, but the fishing is not at all certain to bring fish to the angler, and it is not practised to any extent. This lake has an utlet into au other and larger lake, and there in August the best fishing is on the shoals, and at high noon one may catch big bass in water that little more than floats the boat from which the angler fishes.

Ordinarily the black bass in New York have retired to the rocks in water 30 to 40 feet deep by the time October comes around, although there are exceptions; but one long to be remembered fishing which I made to Canadian waters in October I found the best of black bass fishing in water 8 to 10 feet deep, and on one very rough day caught bass in water not over three feet deep. Such examples might be extended indefinitely if that were the purpose of this note, and I shall not attempt here to give reasons for the change of habits of the fish in different waters.

Last spring I mentioned in this column that apparently the habits of lake trout in Lake George were changing from what they had been so long as any one could remember, and promised to refer to the matter again.

Originally the chief food of lake trout in this lake was the round whitefish or "frost fish." When the ice left the lake in the spring the frostfish appeared at the surface and the trout with them, both remaining at or near the top of the water for about ten days or two weeks, after which both retired again to the depths.

Surface trolling for trout extended over the period during which the trout and its food remained "up." Lately it has been observed that the trout remained "up" for a longer time than formerly; even six weeks after they first came to the surface some were caught near the top of the water by fishing in the early morning hours. What has occasioned the change of habit? In 1887 whitefish from the Great Lakes were planted in Lake George, and while these big whitefish come to the surface with the trout and frostfish they do not go down again when the frostfish do, and therefore offer an inducement for the trout also to remain up as they did not before the big whitefish were introduced. Fish culturists will say that if one wishes to have trout that will take the artificial fly readily they should have food for which they will have to look up to the surface, rather than down at the bottom. The food question is one that fishermen think little about as a rule, but it is fully as important as the fish question if one is to have good fishing. A gentleman came to see me yesterday and asked about planting a small spring pond with trout, and when he asked if they should have food and I said yes, and among other things suggested May flies, he looked up from his memorandum and over his glasses at me and exclaimed: "May flies!" in a tone of voice that he might have used had I said bull pups. But it is an easy matter to plant May flies, and they are excellent food. Trout in ponds that contain no other fish life are the best trout in the world, and yet the first thing which suggests itself to the average man who is forced to plant fish food is "minnows." But this is subject matter for a book instead of a note.

Cut.

A letter just at hand from Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth of London tells me something of his recent experience in France, where he has been for some time past each year for many years. One thing he learned which was new to him and it is also new to me. He says: "While the best gut in the world comes from Murcia in Spain, it is a curious fact that this silk worm gut can only be produced in a district not more than two miles in area. In this district a certain kind of mulberry leaf grows, and it is from this small place that all the best gut in the world comes." I say this was new to me, and by this I mean that it was new that the district which produces the best gut is so small, but the next sentence is the one which made the greatest impression upon me. "A certain kind of mulberry leaf." To me that opens vast possibilities. We have in this country a native silk worm which will produce gut nine feet long, round and smooth, and when a certain kind of leaf is found on which to feed the worms we will have the finest, longest and best gut in the world. This long gut—each length long enough and thick enough for a salmon leader—possesses every necessary quality except strength. That lack of strength in the gut is due to lack of proper food for the worm (that "certain kind of leaf") is established from the fact that when the gut has been drawn in Ohio it is as strong as the gut from the Chinese worm, but when drawn in Vermont it lacks strength.

In the light of Mr. Harmsworth's statement it is more than likely that it requires a certain kind of soil to grow the food for the silk worm to produce gut of the required strength for leaders. To the best of my recollection the native worms from which Dr. Garlick in Ohio drew the long, strong gut, each strain a perfect nine feet leader, were fed on the cotton ball bush, while the worms from which Mr. Orvis drew equally long gut, but lacking in strength, were fed in Vermont on plum and apple leaves. We have four native silk worms, the Attacus cecropia having the larger cocoon, and it is the one from which the largest gut has been drawn. The A. prometheus is nearly as large, and Mr. Orvis cultivated both, I think, although it may have been the cecropia and the polyphemus. The fourth, Attacus luna, is a rare moth, so rare that I certainly know nothing about the worms (larvæ). Mr. Orvis found no trouble in cultivating the larvæ of the two moths and the cocoons were gathered easily, but he gave up the cultivation of the larvæ because, and for this reason only, he did not find that certain kind of leaf necessary to the worm to produce strong gut.

A. N. CHENEY.

A Taut Line on Bass.

Will you excuse me if I dance a pigeon wing after reading Mr. Cheney's advice to a correspondent anent slack or taut line and leaping bass. We have been told to believe by high and mighty authorities for generations that the object bass had in leaping was to hunt up a slack line and leader and then wrapping themselves all round these things and tying knots in them, to cast themselves with mighty impetus into their native element, snapping line and leader, also their tails in derision. But somehow in all my bass fishing, when one leaped, instinct always seemed to impel me to keep a taut line, and I almost always managed to keep my fish with it. How can a bass fall on a taut line. If he falls on a line at all, it will have to be in a position so that he can fall on it, which is slack. Why is advice given to keep a taut line while the fish is in the water? So that the fish can't shake the hook out. And when the fish is in the air we must give him slack so that he can shake it out, eh? If you have a proper rod and common sense a taut line on a leaping fish will never help the fish escape or break your line or leader. Thanks, Mr. Cheney.

O. O. S.

Fishculture

Fishculture in Europe and in America.

In *Science Progress* for December Prof. W. C. McIntosh contrasts the support given to the Scottish Fishery Board for scientific investigations and fishcultural operations with the appropriations for the same objects in North America. The Board receives only $15,000 annually for all branches of its work, while Canada expends $500,000 per annum, of which $50,000 is devoted to fishculture, and the United States appropriates $350,000 a year for its Fish Commission, besides supporting two steamers, a schooner and a large number of smaller craft. The State of New York alone expends nearly three times as much annually for fishculture and protection as the entire grant to the Scottish Board.

Europe does very little to encourage public fishculture, four-fifths of its hatching establishments belonging to private parties. Norway is the only European country worthy of mention for its work in that direction. It begun the hatching of cod nearly a quarter of a century ago.

T. H. B.

New Hampshire Trout Season.

CLAREMONT, N. H., Jan. 4.—In my article on brook trout you made me say that I had never failed to find brook trout after April 15 that were not filled with spawn. It should read "Aug. 15" instead of April 15. We ought to have a law forbidding brook trout fishing after Aug. 15 in the State of New Hampshire.

COLUMBIA.

A Travelers' Opinion.

I had been told that the scenery on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad was fine, that its grandeur was varied in scores of unexpected combinations of mountains and rivers and clouds and forests. I had learned from others who had been over it that whereas there are roads in America and Europe with points on their route of as great picturesqueness as these hills afford, nowhere is there a line having such constant interest for hundreds of miles—and, notwithstanding that I had heard and read these things, I was totally amazed at the reality.

The service is worthy of the road. The famous F. F. V. Limited—the most celebrated train in the world to-day—runs solid between New York and Cincinnati via Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and carries a Pullman sleeper from Washington to Louisville, Ky., without change.

Another vestibuled limited train runs solid between Washington and Cincinnati. This train carries a Pullman sleeper between Washington, Indianapolis and St. Louis without change, and makes close connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Washington in both directions.

Both trains are vestibuled, electric lighted, steam heated and strictly up to date.

Observation cars run on the F. F. V. through the most picturesque regions of America, and there are no flaws in either the cuisine or appointment of the dining cars, which serve meals on all through trains.—*Adv.*

Dictionary of United States History—1492-1894.

The Dictionary of United States History from the press of the Puritan Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., is a valuable work of reference. The facts of our history from 1492 to the present time are concisely stated, and arranged alphabetically for ready reference. Utility has been the foremost consideration in the preparation of this book, and great pains have been taken to make it both comprehensive and accurate.

The book covers a wide range of subjects, and is handsomely illustrated.—*Adv.*

1895 Outlook.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and the number of large orders already placed for sundries indicate that the production of wheels next year will be fully as large as anticipated by the most sanguine. Cushman & Denison, who make oilers for the leading manufacturers and jobbers of bicycles, are very much rushed on their '95 orders and will make a larger stock than ever before.

The "Perfect" Pocket Oiler is being made even better than at present. In spite of the reduced price of wheels and the consequent tendency to use cheaper material, the "Perfect" Oiler will be used with almost all the really high grade wheels.—*Adv.*

"Forest and Stream" Fan Pedigree Blank.

FOR some time past breeders of dogs have demanded a pedigree form that would afford spaces for a more extended pedigree than those hitherto published. The difficulty has been in arranging a form that, while admitting the required extension, would be compact and not too large for mailing. This difficulty has been solved in the "FOREST AND STREAM Fan Pedigree Blank," which is so arranged that a dog's pedigree can be recorded for eight generations, and the spaces, radiating from a center the reader is enabled to trace at a glance the different strains which lead from sire and dam. Spaces are also provided for recording the name of dog, its breed, color, sex, breeder and address; dates of birth and purchase, from whom purchased, E. K. C. and A. K. C. Stud Book numbers and certification. These blanks are for sale at $2 per hundred, 30 cents per dozen, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Jan. 11 to 15—CINCINNATI.—Al. G. Eberhardt, Supt.
Feb. 19 to 22—NEW YORK.—W. K. C., Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 26 to March 1—CHICAGO.—Mascoutah K. C., J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 5 to 8—DENVER.—Western K. C. Co., E. T. Welant, Sec'y.
March 5 to 8—DETROIT.—City of the Straits K. C., J. W. Garrison, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14.—SALINAS, Cal.—Pacific Coast F. T. C.
Jan. 21.—WEST POINT, Miss.—United States F. T. C., Trials B., P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—NEW ALBANY, Miss.—Southern F. T. C., T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga., Sec'y.
Sept. 10.—MORRIS, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.
Jan. 7 to 12.—BARRE, Mass.—Brunswick Fur Club's Winter Meet, B. S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass, Sec'y.

Shall it be Speed or Nose?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read the opinion of our various beagle friends on speed versus nose, I would like to give my opinion if you deem what I shall say of sufficient interest to the many readers of your valuable paper.

I claim speed and nose constitute only a small portion of the necessary requirements of a good beagle. He may have both, and of the very best, and still be as useless for rabbit hunting as a collie. A good beagle must be bred and broken to the work; must have an inherent love of the chase; must be sagacious (better known as level headed); must have persistence to follow the trail when at a loss, staying till he works it out, running only as fast as his intelligence tells him by his scenting powers he is right, following true and steady, giving deep, melodious tongue.

Scent and intelligence must be paramount, otherwise he will over run the track, pick up his losses indifferently and without courage and persistence, quit. He is not required to catch the game for this very reason, the beagle is used for rabbit hunting and the standard for height has wisely been placed at 15in. Small, true, slow-running dogs are better for rabbit hunting for the reason that as a rabbit runs in a circle the slower he is run the less he is scared and the smaller he makes his circle; thus the slow, true-running dog brings the game most quickly to the gun, for it stands to reason the larger the circle the less chance the hunter has of shooting.

Now if a fast-running dog is preferable, why use beagles, and if you do use beagles, why not 15in. beagles, as they can outrun their smaller companions and would certainly be the better rabbit dog of the two, all else being equal providing speed is required? Now no hound is worth hunting with who is a quitter or cannot last the hunt out if ended in one day. He ought certainly to last as long as a man, and my experience with both beagles and foxhounds is that no hound can stand it to run all day who runs faster than his strength will hold out. Therefore a steady, true-running dog is much preferable to one whose pond is run out before the hunt is half over. Give me a true, sure trailer, a sticker and laster, one who works his ground not madly and frantically, but carefully, eagerly, judiciously and persistently; who goes to work as soon as the brush is reached and holds his own till the hunters are ready to go home, be it in one hour or ten. And day in and week out I can kill more rabbits with him than the fastest-running dog that ever lived.

Yours for work, J. F. STODDARD.

GEORGETOWN, N. Y.

Work for Terriers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letters in your last issue on "Work for Terriers" will have, I know, been read with interest by many who, like myself, have always kept terriers for work and not for show, killing barn or Norwegian rats along the hedges and ditches in England with four or five well-trained terriers is first rate sport. But to my mind, the place where the best work is got out of terriers is along the rocky shores of northwest Scotland and the Isles, where we used Skye terriers to bolt the otters from the cairns and the foxes from the rocks on the higher ground. I have tried all sorts of terriers for this work, but have never seen any that could equal the old-fashioned Skyes. It takes a very good dog to bolt big, strong otters. The modern fox-terrier is too much given to fighting, and when two are to ground together they will often fight each other in the earth, when greatly excited. There are a few good strains in England, notably the terriers of the Duke of Beaufort, who has bred them for years to go to ground for otter and fox. In Skye, where it is impossible to hunt foxes with hounds, terriers are used to bolt the foxes, which are then shot. I have a little bitch here now that I lately brought over that bolted over thirty foxes last year.

It is of course very hard to get a good dog, as not one in twenty are really first class; it seems to me that there is plenty of work for terriers here, for men who hunt foxes in the big rocky hills of the East. Last Saturday my hounds ran a fox to ground in a very large earth, I took the hounds back, coupled them up, and tieing them 100yds. off put the terrier in. Although she worked for an hour she could not move the fox, who must have been out of her reach in some very small corner. A run is so often cut short by the fox slipping into the rocks that my advice is to have a good terrier, get your hounds off, and after bolting your fox, give him a fair start and put your hounds on again. That fox will run much better and probably will not go to ground again. Never use a terrier that will seriously hurt your fox in the earth. NOEL E. MONEY.

OAKLAND, N. J.

Work for Terriers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"H. W. L.'s" letter in your current issue, under the heading of "Work for Terriers," shows him to "have been there;" yet I think that in the latter part of the summer and early fall the terrier men could work their terriers on muskrats where they were plentiful, as usually at that time many of the holes that were under water when the stream was in a normal condition would be open to view when the water is low at the season mentioned. Of course I refer to the slow-running streams that nearly dry up during the early fall. There is also another time when the dogs might be used on muskrats, the same as I have used the fox-terrier many times on the English water rat, and that is when there is a sharp rise or freshet on the stream. Then the rats will be entirely driven from their holes and seek refuge in a stump or bush out in the water, or even on a floating rail or piece of driftwood. When this is the case a boat is generally required to have good fun; then let the dog do all the work, and it is about as interesting as catching a winged wild duck. The dog that is used to the game will be ready to jump from the bow of the boat at the first appearance of a rose. I have had good sport with the ordinary barn rat by having the professional rat catcher bring me a cageful of live rats, once or twice a week, when a few of us would retire to the mill dam with two or three dogs and there turn in the rats one at a time; being in strange water they could not find any hole, so they kept going until they were nearly drowned, provided the dogs did not catch them first.

Of course the common barn rat is not so much at home in this work as the water rat, yet he will dive a long way the first time and come up all right, but each succeeding dive will play sad havoc with his appearance. If any one should attempt to use a cage of rats in this way let him put a few handfuls of short refuse hay or rubbish in the cage with the rats and then he can take them out one by one with his hand with impunity, until the last rat or two, when it will not be advisable to put in one's hand again. It is necessary when the rat is handled to take hold the same way as in handling a ferret so that the rat cannot turn his head; all the body to the back of the head should be inclosed in a fair grasp of the hand, the head should not be grasped nor should the body of the rat be squeezed. In putting the rat down let go at once and the rat reaches the ground. Rats may be caught in the same manner when they are at liberty by those having a good eye, quick hand and lots of confidence. I have even taken a rat away from the ferret, alive, when he was easy of access and there was a possibility of the two getting back into the hole again to finish the battle. It is easy enough to kill the rat with a quick grip of the hand, but it needs some practice to take up the rat and let him go again with so little injury that he can run nimbly away.

That there are lots of rat-infested buildings where the owners and occupiers would be glad to have some one come now and again and run their ferrets through for the sake of the sport, there is little doubt, in fact in close proximity to most water courses rats are to be found in the majority of old buildings and in some of the new. While the quantity of rats killed would not be as large as what one might procure from a bean stack such as "H. W. L." speaks of, and which from personal experience I can report as not being more than would be likely to be found in such a stack, yet there would be a chance to see if this terrier shakes his rat or if that one just grips and drops it ready for the next one; whether Nettle will mark a hole or Bristles is steady on ferret; or if the puppy "cried" when that big rat got a-hold of him. My suggestion to the ferreter in the buildings, when he has once got his crew and dogs all placed, is to say once only, "Look out!" and not speak again until he gives the order to catch ferrets, or else he will have his terriers so demoralized and excited that all the rats will get away while the dogs will take it out of each other in fight and there will be a general fuss all round. Above everything keep cool and quiet; fox-terriers soon learn what "Here he is" means and all rush to one spot. Never use a stick or a gun only when there is a good, clear way; better not at all than endanger a human or a dog's life. I can kill more rats with one ferret, one dog and my feet and hands, than six active men or boys with sticks and guns, shooting, striking and banging away. COMEDY.

MELROSE, Mass., Dec. 30.

Cheaper Stud Fees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Has it ever occurred to any of your readers that are possibly interested in the advance of some particular breed of dog in this country, the effect the present rate of stud fees has upon such advancement?

It is fair to admit that for the best results, as to quality of stock and the strong support of specialty clubs and dog shows, a large number of competitors is necessary, and the larger the number the better the result in each case. Let the present condition of the dog fancy in England be taken as an example of the result of such competition. One cannot help but note that instead of three or four large kennels owning all the best specimens of any one or even two breeds, as is generally the case here, such specimens are distributed among many owners and number many more. A proportionally strong support is given to specialty clubs and dog shows as a result.

Now, let your careful reader glance over the stud advertisements as they appear in any English kennel paper and compare the fees with those charged in this country. If he is fortunate in possessing some files two or three years old, he can note the stud fees of dogs that are now in this country and compare them with the fees of the same dogs as advertised by their present owners here. Then he will see for himself that the stud fees here are twice and even three times higher than those of England; and in consequence, making all due allowance for the youth of our fancy here, we are doubly weaker in the support of our clubs and shows, even when we take into consideration the greater expanse of territory and the less dense population.

Naturally, it is of course to be supposed that the higher the stud fees of our best dogs the more readily will the small owner be induced to make use of them, and thus improve his stock. Surely nothing could be more convincing. We should all insist on having them even higher; the higher the better. Yes, the better and sooner the extermination of clubs and shows for want of support and entries.

But we are Americans, we are a progressive people, and my brothers of the Fancy show it even in small (?) things—even in stud fees. AMERICUS.

NEW YORK.

Notes from the Northwest.

THE circuit of shows comprising the Puget Sound and British Columbia towns of Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Victoria appears to have been abandoned the present year. This is to be regretted, as the doggy interests have been much neglected in the territory named. They are also in an embryo state and require development.

The circuit of 1892 and 1893 was very successful; great interest was displayed, the classes all filled well and the losses to management was nothing or very slight.

The Irish setter, English setter and pointer have had considerable attention. Fine specimens are plentiful and the classes for Irish setters at the Seattle show of 1893 were really excellent and very large.

Irish water spaniels, Chesapeake Bays and collies are the most neglected of any; the two former would be in the greatest demand among the many hundred duck hunters of the country, and would bring fair prices, while the latter would take well with the many farmers who are at present using very inferior dogs on their stock ranches. A good kennel of these three breeds, properly bred, advertised and handled, would in this district pay better than at any other point the writer knows of.

Portland, Ore., has several good kennels, Seattle has a few, and Tacoma and Victoria are well represented. Many valuable individual Irish and English setters, and several high-class pointers are owned in these cities.

The Mongolian pheasant has bred rapidly in Oregon and is found in large numbers in some sections. Many sportsmen think them equal to prairie chickens for work with a dog. It is doubtful, however, if they will supply the lack of Bob White and pinnated grouse. With a fair supply of the two latter scattered over the country and properly protected a few years would see some excellent specimens of pointers and setters, and a boom in the doggy world. J. C. N.

Kent Elgin.

In our last issue we were unable to more than allude to the fact that the noted pointer Kent Elgin had been bitten by a supposed mad dog at his home in Birmingham, Ala. Kent's owner, Mr. T. T. Ashford, at once telegraphed FOREST AND STREAM to arrange for the dog's treatment at the Pasteur Institute in New York city. Arrangements were immediately made and the results telegraphed to Mr. Ashford, who shipped his dog on Tuesday morning, Jan. 1, the dog arriving in this city on Thursday morning. He was at once delivered to the Institute and in the afternoon received his first injection under the Pasteur method for prevention of hydrophobia by inoculation. He now receives four injections daily, the strength of the virus being increased daily. This will continue until Jan. 15, when the treatment is completed.

It seems that on Dec. 28 and 29 a mad dog ran amuck through Birmingham, Ala., and did not fail to bite everything in his path—both men and dogs. The dog was killed and a post mortem examination held by Drs. French and Drummond, veterinarians, showed a very suspicious case. Mr. Ashford is not easily scared on the subject of mad dogs, but as his dog was bitten by this animal on the ears his love for Kent Elgin prompted him to take every precaution and incur the heavy expense that is charged for the Pasteur treatment.

On Saturday last we visited Kent Elgin to see how he was getting along. Dr. Gibier, to whose untiring efforts is due the standing of the Institute at the present time, conducted us to Kent's quarters on the roof of the large Pasteur building. Here, in a large room fitted along one side with large double-decked compartments, about 3ft. square, with wire doors in front, we found Kent occupying one of them. His compartment is darkened to keep him quiet. On opening the door of the cage Kent welcomed us and responded to our pat as a dog of good disposition will do.

He is a handsome black and white dog and is evidently in excellent condition. While under treatment he is fed twice a day on soup. Several dogs are undergoing treatment and seemed happy enough; one was a very fair ginger-faced mastiff whose boisterous welcome made one feel pretty qualmish considering he had been well primed with the virus that produces the dread disease. A box full of sleepy-looking nondescript puppies are being experimented with in the interest of the cure of another disease no less horrible than hydrophobia in its results. In answer to our question as to how long the period of incubation extends from the time the dog is bitten, Dr. Gibier said three weeks.

This unfortunate mishap to Kent Elgin will probably interfere with his field engagements, as we understand he had been doing little work lately, and in the event of the Strideaway challenge being accepted, would have been put into training at once.

DOG CHAT.

The great Dane fancy seems to be spreading. We are told that there is a good demand for puppies, harlequins especially, and the prices received must be very gratifying to the fortunate breeders. As an instance, the white-faced harlequin bitch Irene, that Mr. Schultz showed at Danbury last year, winning second in open and first in puppy classes, was sold lately to a New York man for $200. Mr. Thiman sold four recently for $450. Several gentlemen who have not been identified with the breed in a public way are thinking of forming a new great Dane club, membership in which will be confined to active breeders only. Dr. Kleine, of New York, has lately imported a very fair dog that, we understand, has done some winning in Germany. This dog is said to stand fully 34½in. at shoulder and is well built in every way.

The members of the pet dog fancy will regret to hear of the death of Mr. E. H. Morris's King Charles spaniel Rob Roy (30,359), that died Dec. 28, 1894, after a series of epileptic fits. Rob Roy, had he lived, would have appeared at New York show in the challenge class. Good King Charles spaniels are scarce enough in this country, and the fancy can ill afford to lose such a good dog. His late owner, however, is still in the ring, for he has at present six stud dogs in his kennel.

We regret to hear that Mr. H. S. Pitkin's St. Bernard Prince Barry, a picture of whose head had long adorned the business columns of FOREST AND STREAM in Mr. Pitkin's advertising space. Prince Barry in his early career won several prizes, and was a dog that showed a great deal of true St. Bernard character. He was by champion Merchant Prince out of Bernie V. and was born April 23, 1886. His first appearances in public were at Boston and Hartford, 1887, when he won firsts in the puppy classes.

The fault that lies at the door of "fancy" is that in the perpetuation of certain types and desirable points breeders have resorted to inbreeding, and thus weakened the dog's constitution and possibly in some cases its intelligence. Intelligent breeders then seek an outcross that will restore to the strain its original virility. The correspondence now going on in our columns regarding "Work for Terriers" is evidence that some of our breeders are awakening to a sense of their responsibilities, and while none the less anxious for bench show honors, are still considering the best interests of their dogs in seeking to indulge them in the work and sport they were originally bred for.

Indications point to a successful show at Cincinnati, O., to be held in connection with the Poultry Association. The premium list is out, but did not reach us in time for notice last week, and the entries closing Jan. 7 it is not necessary to give particulars, the prizes being on the percentage plan. One hundred and fifty entries have been received already. The South Bend Kennels, of South Bend, Ind., will send champion Major McKinley. W. L. Washington, of the Kildare Kennels, who is down to judge Irish setters, will bring champion Ruby Glenmore, the noted Finglas and four others for exhibition only. Chas. A. Robinson, of St. Louis, has entered four greyhounds; J. Taylor Williams, the English setter breeder, enters six for exhibition, as he is to judge setters and pointers. About twenty-five St. Bernards are already entered. Dr. F. H. Hoyt, the "dago" man of Sharon, Pa., writes he will enter six Italian greyhounds and is coming on himself "just to see Eberhardt, Mack and Rockwell judge." Roger D. Williams enters a bloodhound, barzoi and foxhound. The dogs will be directly under Al Eberhart's care and will be properly attended to. The express companies will carry dogs at the usual show rates and Mr. Eberhart will see that the dogs are shipped home promptly after the show. All dogs should be sent addressed to him at Music Hall, Cincinnati, O., and must not arrive later than Friday morning, Jan. 11.

In his article on "The Dog" in the June *Scribner*, Prof. Shaler says: "So long as our dogs were employed in the labor or the organized recreations of man, the tendency of the association with the superior being was in a high measure educative. They were constantly submitted to a more or less critical but always effective selection which tended ever to develop a higher grade of intelligence. With the advance in the organization of society the dog is ever losing something of his utility, even in the way of sport. He is fast becoming a mere idle favorite, prized for unimportant peculiarities of form. The effort in the main is not now to make creatures which can help in the employments of man, but to breed for show alone, demanding no more intelligence than is necessary to make the creature a well-behaved denizen of a house. The result is the institution of a wonderful variety in the size, shape and special peculiarities of different breeds with what appears to me to be a concomitant loss in their intelligence. It appears to me, in a word, that our treatment of this noble animal, where he is bred for ornament, is, in effect, degrading." This is true in a great measure, but while dog shows have been the means of improving the appearance of our dogs, they have also led to a greater demand for all kinds of dogs. We do not believe that there is really much decadence in intelligence; it is merely a matter of circumstance and environment. The cur dog is apt to display more intelligence than his more carefully nurtured brother, but this probably arises from the fact that in his battle for existence his wits are sharpened by necessity and contact with the world.

The list of judges selected by the W. K. C. for its nineteenth annual dog show has been the one subject for discussion in local kennel circles during the past week, and the opinion seems to be general that it is about the strongest and most practical one that has so far been arranged. With one exception thes e judges have been tried before. Miss Whitney has headed the list for several years, and we trust the St. Bernard breeders who have disagreed in the past year or two with some of Miss Whitney's decisions will consider the interests of the breed rather than personal differences of opinion and again accord our only lady judge a bumper entry. Mr. James Taylor, who takes a number of breeds always difficult to find good judges for at this show, is known to few exhibitors on this side of the water, but his connection with the English *Stock-Keeper* as reporter-in-chief, and the fact that he is one of the best all round judges in England, should secure for him a fanciers' welcome, and his decisions in several of the breeds will, no doubt, be looked forward to with no little interest. Mr. John Davidson requires no introduction; he is the oldest judge we have and, though more at home with the setters, his judgment may be depended upon in the other breeds he adjudicates upon. O

course, he cannot please every one, but he will let the losers down as lightly as possible. Mr. Oldham has the confidence of the spaniel men and women, for he is a consistent as well as a conservative judge, and while he leans rather to the "parlor" cocker he is not so bigoted but that, if opportunity affords, he will "raise them up" a little provided they have the requisite type. Dr. Sauveur made his debut last year and acquitted himself so well that it was almost a foregone conclusion that he would again don the ermine. Mr. Charles Heath is an out and out pointer man, clean cut in his opinions and, moreover, has the confidence of the pointer fraternity. Mr. John H. Matthews, the bulldog judge, we have reason to believe, is not in love with the position half so much as he is with the breed, but as a breeder for years past his experience with the breed and the study he has made of the bulldog should serve him in good stead, and in pleasing himself he should place them about right. Mr. Mayhew is an old hand at the game, still his task is not an enviable one, for he will have, in awarding the specials between wires and smooths, some very delicate and difficult questions to decide, and, no doubt, he will be thankful when it is all over and the bobtails are called in. Mr. Leland is an enthusiast in that much-abused breed the Boston terrier, and his selection is a good one, for we believe he knows as much about the breed as any one else—and perhaps a little more, for he is, at least, consistent. Mr. Joe Lewis is at home with the beagles in the field, and this fact combined with a good idea of type makes his selection a judicious one. It is a pleasant task to be able to write in such a vein, for while the judges at a New York show do not influence the entries to the extent of those in our lesser shows, still the club deserves to be congratulated on its judgment and success in securing so good a list. The entry of last year was a record one and the management will be sorely tried to accommodate a greater number.

Mr. T. A. Carson, of Kingston, Ont., has purchased the noted Irish water spaniel Biddy Malone. This addition gives him about the strongest kennel in this breed.

Mr. "Dick" Morgan, who has been located at Humboldt, Tenn., since October, in sending us a "Kennel Special" and the compliments of the season, calls our attention to a circular which he encloses, entitled "How I Manage My Dogs A-Field," that gives the sportsman a few hints in the way he should train up his dog, and from which we gather that Mr. Morgan's maxims are to go slow, keep your powder dry and your temper cool; don't defer till to-morrow the punishment or correction that should be given to-day, and make a companion of your dog whenever it is possible.

Mr. Morgan's experience with field dogs extends over a period of thirty years, and this fact, as he aptly remarks, argues that he is no "chicken" at the game. It is not often that one can get trainers to "give away" their kennel secrets, but "Dick" Morgan is an exception, and a few of his simple directions for dogs at work in the field will no doubt prove of practical benefit to the rising generation.

"1. At night remove every burr or foreign substance in dog's coat before he sleeps. Examine between his toes for burrs and briers and remove them.

"2. To toughen or harden a dog's feet, the bottoms, pour some common pine tar in a pan and put the dog's feet in it, so that the ball and bottom of foot is thoroughly covered. If there is any dust in the road just simply walk the dog along in it two or three times and that will be sufficient to harden his feet good. If dust is not available dry some road dirt before the fire and use it. This remedy is used for hardening dog's feet for the prairie, and is good and sure.

"For canker in the ear take one pint cider vinegar, 16 grains of iodine and 32 grains of iodide of potassium. Mix, wash out ear well and apply daily. Two or three applications will cure any case I have ever seen.

"4. Wash for dog's eyes. Cold tea is very beneficial.

"5. Purgative. To move a dog's bowels I use castor oil.

"6. Emetic. I use common table salt dissolved in warm water.

"7. Tonic. Every week or ten days I put a handful of lac sulphur in my mess of feed; about a teaspoonful to each dog.

"8. To keep skin in good condition. First keep him in a clean place, warm and dry. Change his bedding at least once a week, and see that at no time he fouls it. By giving your dog a run night and morning he will keep his quarters clean. This applies, of course, when the dog is not being hunted. I feed once a day only, except when I am working my dog hard, then a light breakfast is in order.

"9. Sore ears; the leathers. I use vaseline.

"10. Chafing. Under his arms and around his stern, where there is any friction to his working parts, I use the following, rubbed in with a sponge or paint brush, going over every part thoroughly: Oil of tar 2 ounces, sulphuric acid 1 ounce, fish oil 1 pint. Mix. This is also a good mange remedy.

"Feed. Where table scraps can be had in sufficient quantities I prefer them if they are not spiced up. My feed in the South consists of old corn meal two-thirds, and wheat bran one-third. Beef boiled until in pieces, thickened, and then put in cooling box and fed cold. Never be afraid to give your dog fresh meat. Some every day would be good, and a dog will relish it after a day's hunt. In confinement fresh meat is not so essential, still a little will not hurt him at any time."

These are the common complaints that all dogs at work in the field are subject to, and their remedy, according to the above, has this advantage, that it does not require a whole pharmacopœia to accomplish.

A quarterly meeting of the New England Kennel Club was held in the club rooms on Tremont street, Boston, Jan. 3. The members present were President Brooks, James L. Little, Geo A. Fletcher, A. B. Cobb, Samuel Hammond, Jr., O. W. Donner, C. S. Hanks, W. B. Atherton, D. E. Loveland. There was little business transacted, the committee on constitution and by-laws making their report, which was accepted. Preparations are being made for the show in April next, which is expected to excel all previous efforts. A very enjoyable smoking concert was held by the club, and as "Work for Terriers" seems to be the main topic of conversation among the New England terrier men just at present, President Brooks gave a dissertation on Dandies with one of his terriers as an object lesson. Where several New England dog men are gathered together there is usually a lunch not far off, and this occasion was not an exception. An enjoyable evening was spent and it is expected that the experiment will be repeated. What a funny thing it is that New York fanciers cannot start a semi-social club! Surely it would not require much preliminary outlay and would be the means of affording dog men an opportunity to discuss the merits and demerits of their favorites, and contribute to a general good feeling among the fanciers of the city.

It is reported that the well-known bulldog Handsome Dan has joined the majority. Probably there was no bulldog in the country better known to the general public than Mr. Graves's Yale mascot. In 1892, we believe it was, Dan, decked out in Yale blue, was paraded round the football field before the memorable match with Princeton; and again on the occasion of a late Yale-Harvard boat race, Handsome Dan occupied the post of honor in the bow of the Yale launch. Handsome Dan was whelped Nov. 6, 1887, and during his career had won several prizes. Though never in the front rank as a show dog, he occupied first place in the hearts of all contemporary Yale men, and they at least will be sorry to hear of his death. His owner, A. D. Graves, was a prominent football player, and also rowed in the winning boat during his college term.

Mr. E. D. Damon, owner of the pointer Strideaway, has sold the well-known brace of English setters, Rod's Chaff and Rod's Mirth, by Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl, to Mr. George Crocker. These two, it will be remembered, were of the same litter as the noted field trialers, Rod's Sue and Dot Rogers. Mr. Crocker also purchased Jilt, a daughter of Strideaway, and Ightfield Tegie. She will be trained for future Derbys. Mr. Damon has purchased the English setter dog Cash Boy by Vanguard—Georgia Belle, to breed to his Count Noble bitches. He believes he is the only dog that represents the Gleam line of blood in the East, and thinks this is a line of blood breeders must look to in the future.

We are surprised to learn that Dr. Griffin, of Hamilton, Ont., has disposed of his noted Wentworth Kennels of bull-terriers. Champion Principio, Edgewood Robin, White Rose and White Star are now owned by Mr. F. T. Miller, of Toronto. Barton goes to N. N. Taylor, of Kingston, Ont., and Mr. R. Kay, of Detroit, bought Wentworth County and Wentworth Prince, and J. D. Bruce, Northwestern Territory, purchased Murray. Wentworth Thelma finds a home with Mr. Miles Hunting, and Dr. Griffin presented Wentworth Beau to Mr. John Hendrie, of Hamilton.

Simonian, the noted greyhound, was received at Elsham from Russia in such an emaciated condition that Col. North refused to take him. Only the greatest veterinary skill succeeded in keeping the dog alive. He is better now, but will be useless at stud. Word has been received from Russia to sell him at auction for what he will bring, and the crack will probably be put up at auction at Rymill's sale at the Barbican Repository on Jan. 26.

A movement is on foot to organize a Bedlington terrier club. The promoters are Messrs. W. H. Russell, Thomas Pearsall, H. R. Childs and M. A. Theiberg, to whom communications in regard to the proposed club should be addressed. A meeting will be called this month and the first annual meeting may be held during the W. K. C. show. The Bedlington terrier has languished somewhat in late years and a specialty club to look after its interests will, no doubt, help to make this game terrier better known.

National Beagle Club Meeting.

A quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, Jan. 4, J. W. Appleton in the chair. The other members present were H. F. Schellhass, George W. Rogers, George Laick, John Bateman and N. A. Baldwin.

The new officers for this year were installed and are as follows: President, H. L. Kreuder; First Vice-President, T. W. Appleton; Second Vice-President, Herrman F. Schellhass; Third Vice-President, George B. Post, Jr.; Treasurer, George Laick; Secretary, George W. Rogers. Executive Committe, with the above officers: A. D. Lewis, N. A. Baldwin, J. B. Loxier.

Mr. J. W. Appleton resumed the chair in the absence of the president. On motion the chairman appointed a committee to audit the accounts of the secretary-treasurer for the year 1894.

In the matter of alleged fraudulent beagle pedigrees issued by Mr. John Jarvis, it was voted that Mr. Best be advised that the case was brought before the A. K. C., which recommended the following, "That charge be dismissed, but that Mr. John Jarvis be reprimanded for carelessness in the issuing of the pedigrees and warned that any future errors of a similar nature will be severely dealt with, and the A. K. C. requests the privilege of retaining the correspondence."

After considerable discussion it was voted that the club claim the date Nov. 11 for their next field trials, and the A. K. C. will be notified of such claim.

In the case of the killing of Mr. John Bateman's two beagles, Mr. Bateman said that he personally did not wish to prosecute the man for certain reasons which he stated, but would appear as a witness and state his case before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals. It was voted that the chairman appoint a committee to confer with the Society and lay the evidence before them, and try and have the man punished. Mr. H. L. Kreuder and H. W. Lacy were appointed.

The following new members were elected: Daniel F. Summers, Thorndale, Pa.; A. D. Heald, Westchester, Pa.

It was voted that Mr. Pottinger Dorsey's name be stricken from the list of the club's official judges and that the American Kennel Club be notified to that effect.

It is proposed by the club to offer at the coming Westminster Kennel Club show a special prize of a piece of silver plate for the best beagle bred by a member of the club, to be competed for by members of the National Beagle Club of America.

The meeting then adjourned. GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

NEW YORK CITY.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. H. A. P. Smith, Digby, Nova Scotia, has been having a sad time with distemper in his kennels, and has lost seven foxhounds and three beagles. The death of the beagles was particularly unfortunate, as they were by Louie—Fitz Lee, and the only ones of his get which Mr. Smith possessed. Louie, it will be remembered, made a wonderful record at the first New England beagle trials, and was lost this year just previous to running in the second trials. Mr. Smith has just added to his pack the foxhound Joe Forester, winner of the highest honors at the second field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club.

* * *

Mr. R. D. Perry has closed Popple Camp, so well-known to New England fox hunters, and taken up his residence at Freeport, Me.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. A. O., Oswego, N. Y.—My setter dog is so lame in one hind leg that he will not touch it to the ground. It has been most thoroughly examined. No reasonable amount of pinching or twisting will make him flinch. It came on rather gradually. After each hunt he would be more lame, and then would improve with rest; but now has become chronic. He will scratch himself with that foot as vigorously as with the other. Is it weakness, paralysis or rheumatism, or something of that sort? Ans. Probably disease of some of the joints. Take him to a veterinarian.

W. B. W., Chatham, Ont.—Pontiac, by Pride of the Border out of Petrel. Lovelette and Breeze are not registered.

S., Oxford, Mass.—Are the following beagles registered in the A. K. C. S. B.: Col. Lee (27,459), champion Tricotrin (20,780), Lee Dorsey (32,829)? Ans. Yes, Lee Dorsey was registered March, 1894; but the Stud Book for last year has not yet been issued.

J. T., Carolina, R. I.—The English setter Royal George is by Royal Prince II. out of Nina Laverack, by Prince Napoleon II. out of Nellie Laverack, by Perfection, out of Lit Laverack; Prince Napoleon out of Belle of Bryn Mawr; Royal Prince II. by champion Sir Alister out of champion Novelty, by Royal IV., out of Novel; Sir Alister by Tam O'Shanter, out of Daisy. Probably you mean Countess C. She was registered by John Kennedy, Providence, R. I., and is by Rowdy Rod, out of Celeste C., by King's Dan, out of M'Liss, by Sportsman out of Gath Lit; King's Dan by King Noble, out of Elsie Belton; Rowdy Rod by Roderigo, out of Juno A.

A. P. V., Mariner's Harbor, S. I.—If the building is tight and you provide plenty of dry bedding and change it often, you you should be able to keep the puppies without artificial heat unless the weather is more than ordinarily severe. Feed the bitch good broth, made from lean beef or mutton and vegetables, mixed with stale bread, boiled rice, oatmeal or dog biscuits—alternately. In the morning you might give new milk and whatever table scraps you can spare.

MORRISTOWN.—Unless you have the pedigrees of the stud dogs for three generations back you cannot register your toy spaniels; the same applies to the dam's side. Not being eligible to registration, you can "list" them with the American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, New York, by paying 25 cents on each dog. If you can give the breeding do so. Listing confers the privilege of showing the dog at any show held under A. K. C. rules.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Waldine—Diamond Joe. A. Beckman's (Milwaukee, Wis.) dachshund bitch Waldine to W. Loeffler's Diamond Joe (Hundesport's Bergman—Polly), Dec. 30.

Adelina—Hillside Royal. Wawaset Kennels' (Wilmington, Del.) fox-terrier bitch Adelina (Ford Veni—Dusky Beauty) to their Hillside Royal (Starden's King—Hillside Freda), Aug. 26.

Hill Hurst Pansy—Cribbage. Wawaset Kennels' (Wilmington, Del.) fox-terrier bitch Hill Hurst Pansy (Brittle—Petition) to Hill Hurst Kennels' Cribbage, Oct. 23.

Columbia—Raby Prince. Wawaset Kennels' (Wilmington, Del.) fox-terrier bitch Columbia (Declare—Winning Hand) to their Raby Prince (Raby Palissy—Richmond Jessamine), July 21.

Red Riding Hood—Hundesport's Bergman. J. Wedekind's (Chicago, Ill.) dachshund bitch Red Riding Hood (Hundesport's Zaenker—Lina L.) to W. Loeffler's Hundesport's Bergman, Dec. 18.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lina K. W. Loeffler's (Milwaukee, Wis.) dachshund bitch Lina K. (Feldman K.—Lina L.), Dec. 8, six (three dogs), by his Hundesport's Bergman.

Columbia. Wawaset Kennels' (Wilmington, Del.) fox-terrier bitch Columbia (Declare—Winning Hand), Sept. 21, six (three dogs), by their Raby Prince (Raby Palissy—Richmond Jessamine).

Adelina. Wawaset Kennels' (Wilmington, Del.) fox-terrier bitch Adelina (Ford Veni—Dusky Beauty), Oct. 30, five (two dogs), by their Hillside Royal (Starden's King—Hillside Freda).

Hill Hurst Pansy. Wawaset Kennels' (Wilmington, Del.) fox-terrier bitch Hill Hurst Pansy (Brittle—Petition), Dec. 26, four dogs), by Hill Hurst Kennels' Cribbage; one puppy since dead.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Raby Prince. Fox-terrier dog, by Raby Palissy out of Richmond Jessamine, by Wawaset Kennels, Wilmington, Del., to G. L. Townsend, Odessa, Del.

Wawaset Scrap. Fox-terrier dog, whelped Oct. 30, 1894, by Hillside Royal out of Adelina, by Wawaset Kennels, Wilmington, Del., to D. W. Hulburd, Wilmington, Del.

Wawaset Prince. Fox-terrier dog, whelped Sept. 21, 1894, by Raby Prince out of Columbia, by Wawaset Kennels, Wilmington, Del., to G. R. Allen, Philadelphia, Pa.

Raby Prince—Columbia whelps. Fox-terrier dogs, whelped Sept. 21, 1894, by Wawaset Kennels, Wilmington, Del., one to Dr. Frank Belville, Delaware City, Del., and one to Dr. J. A. Ellegood, Wilmington, Del.

Hunting and Coursing.

The Cup Correspondence.

The following letters were made public on Jan. 2 by Com. Smith:

NEW YORK, Dec. 24, 1894.

Richard Grant, Esq., Secretary Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

DEAR SIR: We write to confirm our last cables. On Dec. 10 we cabled Lord Dunraven: "Can agree to no conditions as to holding Cup. If the challenging club will sign a receipt for the Cup as provided in the deed of 1887 we will accept the challenge. We must adhere to the ten months' notice from Dec. 6, but will advance date later if possible. We think best to leave all other unsettled questions until your arrival. SMITH, Chairman."

On Dec. 17 we cabled you: "As the America's Cup is purely a challenge trophy, and only valuable as such, we cannot agree that squadron, after having won a match for it, may reject the custody of it." By cable of Dec. 19 we agreed to accept challenge on condition that squadron would receipt for Cup on terms of deed without conditions. We will wait until Jan. 15 for official reply from squadron, and fix first race ten months from receipt of their answer, and will advance date if possible later on. SMITH, Chairman."

On Dec. 20 we cabled you: "Will fix first race eight months from receipt of advice from squadron that terms of ours, 17th, are officially agreed to, and Dunraven's request for three weeks to fit out after arrival is granted. SMITH, Chairman."

We repeat these cables to prevent any error in transmission or from lack of punctuation, and to point out that the question requiring the squadron's action is fully stated in our despatch of Dec. 10, to which the others respectfully refer.

In respect to your last cable of Dec. 19, and our reply, a few words of explanation seem proper. Your expression, "or within three weeks of arrival," we interpreted to mean that, in case Lord Dunraven's vessel arrived less than three weeks before the date set for the first race, we should shift the date so that he could have the three weeks to fit out.

We were unable to understand your repetition of the proposal already submitted in your message of Dec. 15, viz.: That "the matter of receipting satisfactorily to the New York Yacht Club for the Cup should be left until after the race." As we had already declined this in our message of Dec. 17, we think a disagreement as to terms and a refusal to take and defend the Cup after having sailed a match for it would have been a most deplorable state of affairs for both parties. We were also entirely in doubt as to what portion of Lord Dunraven's letter of June 24, 1889, you alluded to or what the force of this reference was. For the above reasons these portions of your despatch were not specifically replied to. We remain, your obedient servants.

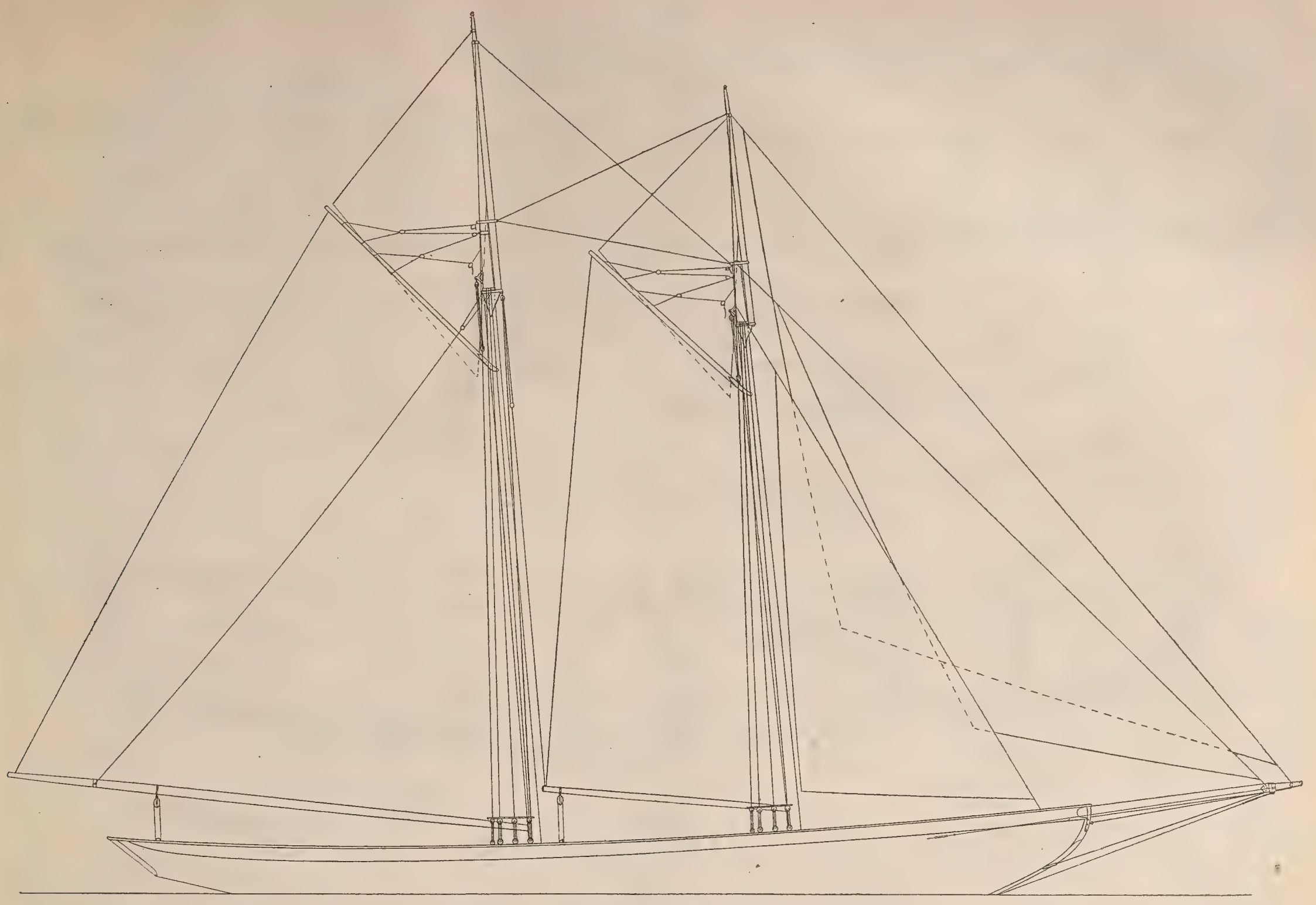
A. CASS CANFIELD, Sec'y. JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.

27 NORFOLK STREET, PARK LANE, LONDON, Dec. 21, 1894.

DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge the receipt to-day of your letter of the 11th inst. As the question of the nature of the receipt which the New York Yacht Club require the Royal Yacht Squadron to give in the event of their representative winning the Cup will be brought before a special meeting of the squadron on Jan. 7, it is unnecessary for me to trouble you with my personal views on the matter.

It will be within your recollection that the committee appointed by the squadron in 1889 declined, for certain reasons mentioned in their letter of June 27 to you, to agree to confirm my challenge with the condition attached that "if the Cup is won by the club challenging, it shall be held under and subject to the full term of the new deed." Obviously that opinion cannot be amended nor in any way altered save by the authority of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and therefore I demur to the assumption in your letter that I personally have any power, or have had any power in the matter. I regret that I was not able to announce my intention of challenging earlier than I did, but as I had never received the slightest intimation that the challenge accepted in 1892 was considered unsatisfactory in any way by the New York Yacht Club, it never entered into my head that a similar challenge would be refused in 1894, and that any controversy on that subject could possibly arise. In my letter of Dec. 1 I gave my reasons for not wishing to race in October, or even late in September, and asked for a modification of the ten months' notice. The challenge was cabled out and was received on Dec. 6, and I would point out that had the question of the terms on which the Cup should be held in the future not been raised, a very slight modification of the ten months' notice would have met my views. I much regret that we are somewhat driven into a corner as to time, but as I could not possibly foresee that a challenge accepted in 1892 would be refused in 1894, I do not think I can blame myself for it. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, DUNRAVEN.

JAMES D. SMITH.



SAIL PLAN OF PILOT BOAT, DESIGNED BY A. CARY SMITH, 1894.

The New Smith Pilot Boat.

There was a time when New York could hold her own in all that pertained to shipbuilding and naval science with any port in the world, when from her shipyards were launched the fastest yachts and clippers, the finest passenger steamers for both river and coast work; and when foreign powers were glad to buy their warships of the great American builders, the Webbs, the Berghs, Bell, Eckford and Steers. After the magnificent record of the first half of this century, it is sad to think that progress has been backward instead of forward, that not only has the shipwright's art died out, but improvement has wellnigh stopped. For many a year past, progress has been supplanted by conservatism, until her oldtime glory has departed.

No other city in the country offers the same support to wildcat schemes of a nautical nature; squirtboats, gasboats, air and water ballast, four-day steamers and other impossible or fraudulent craft all flourish in the great metropolis; but when it comes to the commonplace effort to keep ahead of or even abreast of the times in all that pertains to ships, New York hangs back and contents herself with boasting of the glories of the past.

One of the striking examples of this conservatism is found in the pilot boat fleet, one of the important adjuncts of the immense commerce of the port of New York. There was a time, just fifty years back, when the New York pilot boats, especially those of the talented Steers, were known all over the world. It is almost that length of time, however, since all improvement stopped, and the models of to-day are no better, if as good, as those of forty years since. Highly as they are held in the estimation of their owners and of the general public, it is a fact that they are years astern of the times. In each new boat the old models are reproduced by the old methods, a block model is chopped out, the lines taken off and laid down more or less faithfully, and the frames got out. Boston discovered the defects of her pilot and fishing fleet years ago, and availed herself of the skill and genius of such men as the late D. J. Lawlor to remedy them, the result being such craft as the well-known pilot boat Hesper, and later the fine fleet of modern fishermen, such as the Fredonia, turned out by the late Mr. Burgess. The professional designer long since secured a deserved recognition among the pilots and fishermen of Boston, but it would be a strange sight to see a New York pilot in conference with a designer over a new craft.

That a pilot should come all the way from Florida to order a pilot boat from a yacht designer, is something that the pilots of New York may well lay to heart; but such an unheard of event has lately happened, the pilot being Capt. T. B. Laserre of Fernandina, and the designer Mr. A. Cary Smith of New York. The reputation of Mr. Smith's cruising yachts is widespread along the coast, such craft as Iroquois, Intrepid, Fortuna, Lasca, Norna and the little Whim; and it was this that suggested to Capt. Laserre the idea of a pilot boat from the same designer. The new craft, which, by the way, will be laid down to the outside instead of the inside of the planking, the thickness of the planking being taken off on the floor, thus insuring a perfect reproduction of the design, will be 93ft. over all, 72ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam and 10ft. 10in. draft. The latest theories of the yacht designers are represented in her long ends, giving life and buoyency in a sea, and a combination of power and easy form through the full waterline and fair diagonals. The stern may be condemned by some as too long for a rough-water craft, but it must be considered that it is not the length but the shape of the counter which makes trouble in a sea; and the modern round sections are very different from the old flat floor carried out over the water in a "fantail." The keel has a strong drag and the forefoot is well out away, balanced by a raking sternpost, all in order that the craft may work surely and quickly, as is required in her special service. The good work of Iroquois in her many offshore cruises suggested the placing of the mainmast and the center of buoyancy of the new boat in the same relative positions, and she will lay to under main trysail. By cutting away the forefoot, a proportionate reduction of bowsprit and headsails was made possible, a great gain in sea work. The masts were raked on account of the difficulty of carrying runners. The short foretopmast will be used to carry a large jibtopsail when free in light weather, and a small one to windward.

The vessel will be built in Florida, the keel of live oak, sided 16in. amidships and tapering to the siding of the stem and sternpost, 7 and 8in. respectively. The deadwoods and keelsons will be of yellow pine, the latter sided 7in. and moulded 10in. The frames will be of live oak, single, as far as possible, sided 3¾in., moulded 6in. at heel and 3⅝in. at head, spaced 16in.; floors also of live oak, sided 4½in., arms 3ft. 6in. long. The shelf will be of yellow pine, 4x5in.; the clamps, three on each side, of yellow pine, 2x8in. amidships and tapering at ends, the planking of yellow pine, fastened below water with copper. The sails, spars and ironwork will be made in New York. We have no doubt that the vessel will prove successful, and lead to others of her type.

The Value of the Alva.

The report of Commissioner Frederick Cunningham, who was appointed by the United States Court to assess damages in the case arising as a result of the collision between W. K. Vanderbilt's yacht Alva and the H. M. Dimock, was made public on Jan. 4 in Boston. Mr. Cunningham finds that the yacht was five years and five months old, cost $388,291, but that she could not at the time of collision have been sold probably for more than $125,000. He concludes that a fair value of the yacht was $190,000, to which should be added $5,000, the value of Mr. Vanderbilt's personal effects. From this total should be deducted $3,500, the amount received from the sale of the yacht, making the total value $191,500, with interest from July 24, 1892. The grand total found due Mr. Vanderbilt is $220,000.

Mr. Cunningham finds further that the amount due the seamen on board the yacht for loss of personal effects is $4,827.35, with interest from the time of the collision. In the present case it is claimed by the owner of the Alva that she could not be replaced in the market; that she was always kept in the best condition; that there had been no deterioration, and that he is, therefore, entitled to recover substantially what the yacht cost him.

The Commissioner says: "This proposition I cannot accede to. The courts have never gone so far as to give a new boat for an old one. It was shown that the Alva was a vessel of its own kind, one which could not be used to any advantage for commercial purposes, of a sort very rarely bought and sold, whose market value bore such a small proportion to her actual value to the owner that she could not in any just sense be said to have a market value. To hold that the measure of damages for the loss such a vessel is her market value would be, as the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has said in a case involving somewhat similar principles, 'merely delusive.' To give the owner of the Alva what she would have fetched in the market would be to give him much less than full restitution."

It now looks as though the case will be bitterly contested in the courts, although the Master has found that Mr. Vanderbilt and his seamen have suffered a loss of $225,000. Counsel for the steamship company say that there can be no recovery of any such sum in any event for the reason that the liability of the Metropolitan Steamship Company has been limited to the value of the Dimock, and the value of the latter has been appraised at $95,395.33.

Mr. Vanderbilt did not want the case tried in Boston. He began his suit in New York, but the lawyers for the company filed in the Federal Court a petition to limit the liability in the case to the value of the Dimock, and the New York court decided that this gave the Massachusetts court jurisdiction, and abated the suit in New York.

The R. Y. S. Meeting.

The special meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron called to consider the question of indorsing Lord Dunraven's challenge for the America's Cup under the new deed of gift was held on Jan. 7 at the Boodles Club, London, with the Prince of Wales, as Commodore, presiding. Among the forty members present were the Vice-Commodore, the Marquis of Ormonde, Admiral Montague, Lord Lonsdale and Lord Dunraven. The latter gentleman spoke in favor of the Squadron accepting the America's Cup under the new deed, and a motion was made by the Vice-Commodore, seconded by the Earl of Coledon, to the effect that the Squadron would accept the Cup in the event of winning it. The cable reports give no details of the discussion and motion further than was intimated in the following cable, which was at once sent to Commodore James D. Smith:

"Having regard to the construction placed upon the deed of gift of 1887 by the New York Yacht Club, the Royal Yacht Squadron is willing to give a receipt on the terms contained in the deed of gift. GRANT, Cowes."

A motion was then made and carried to appoint a special "America's Cup committee," including the Prince of Wales, the Marquis of Ormonde, Sir Charles Hall, Q. C.; Sir Allan Young and Justice Sir Gainsford Bruce.

After the meeting the following cable was sent to Commodore Smith;

"We cable you to-day the result of a special meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and conclude that the challenge is definitely settled. GRANT."

The statement that the challenging yacht, Valkyrie III., was already well under way has been positively denied by Lord Dunraven, and in the matter of construction, in the event of a race being finally arranged, the two sides will probably start on an even basis. Mr. Watson has doubtless completed the design, and has everything in readiness to begin at once the actual work of construction at Henderson's yard. On this side there is a general reluctance to take stock in Cup defending syndicates, but at the same time the necessities of the case make it certain that the money will be forthcoming from the New York Y. C. for the construction of one yacht. Mr. Herreshoff is prepared, so far as the design goes, to begin work at very short notice, and to carry it forward without delay, so that the yacht may be afloat early in the spring. This will give an advantage of about two months to the New York Y. C., as the challenger must lose that time in making the ocean voyage and fitting out at New York. If the challenger is ready by that date, Com. Smith will hold the races about Sept. 7. It is reported that Lord Dunraven will have Capt. O'Neil and some of his crew to help Capt. Cranfield, and also that in place of Capt. Cranfield he will have Capt. Sycamore, Admiral Montague's skipper. Our editorial comments will be found on the first page.

The New York Y. C. cabled on Tuesday, Jan. 8, to Sec'y Grant: "Terms of challenge, as modified by your cable of 7th, are accepted. SMITH, Chairman."

The Satanita—Valkyrie Collision.

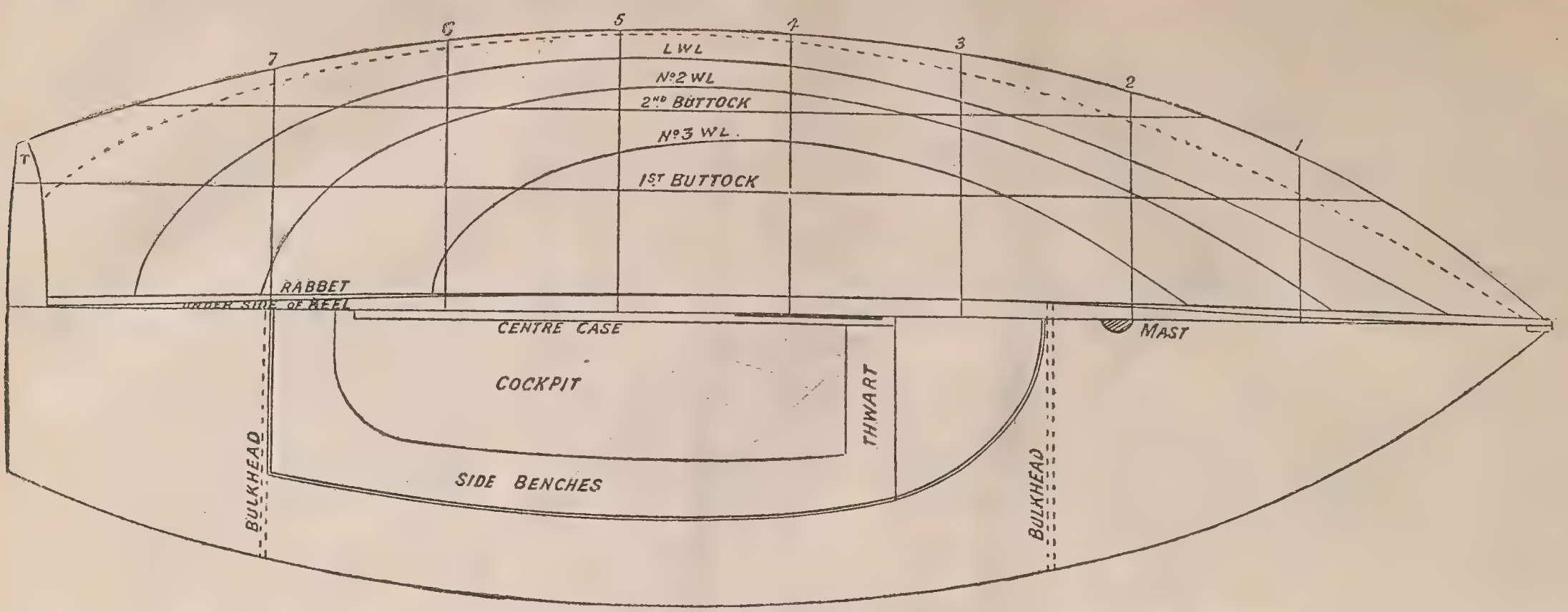
[*From the Field.*]

(Before Mr. Justice Bruce, with Trinity Masters.)

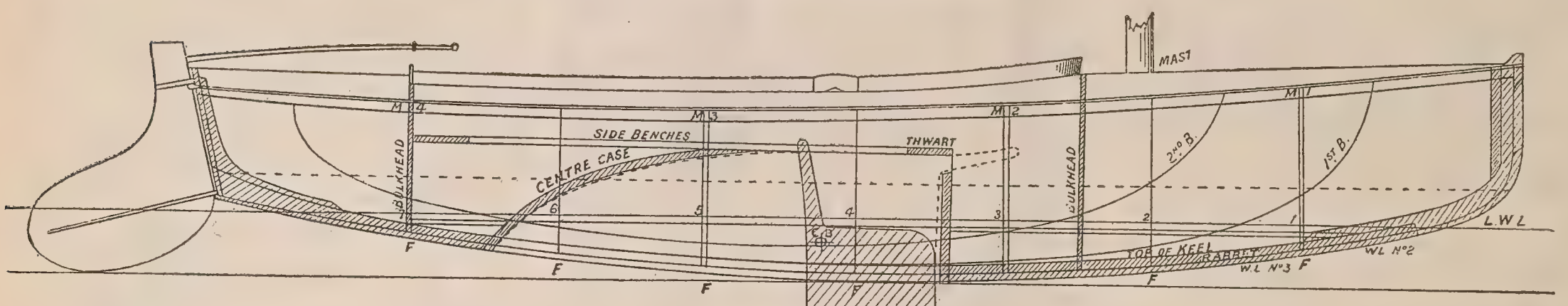
This was an action for damages arising out of a collision between Lord Dunraven's yacht Valkyrie and Mr. A. D. Clarke's yacht Satanita. The collision occurred in the Clyde, near Hunter's Quay, on July 5 last, and resulted in the sinking of the Valkyrie.

Sir Walter Phillimore, Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C., and Mr. L. Batten appeared for Lord Dunraven, and Mr. Fitzroy Cowper for the master and crew of the Valkyrie; Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., Mr. Edwin Pollard and Mr. Stuart Moore for the defendant.

The two vessels were preparing, in company with the Britannia and the Vigilant, to take part in the fifty-mile race at the regatta of the Mudhook Yacht Club. The race was held under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association, there was a fresh breeze from the southwest and the tide was flood of no appreciable force. According to the Valkyrie's story, she was off Hunter's Quay at 10:30 A. M. ready to start, under single-reefed mainsail, jib-headed topsail, staysail and jib, close hauled on the starboard tack, heading about south, and making from seven to eight knots. The five-minutes gun had been fired and the Blue



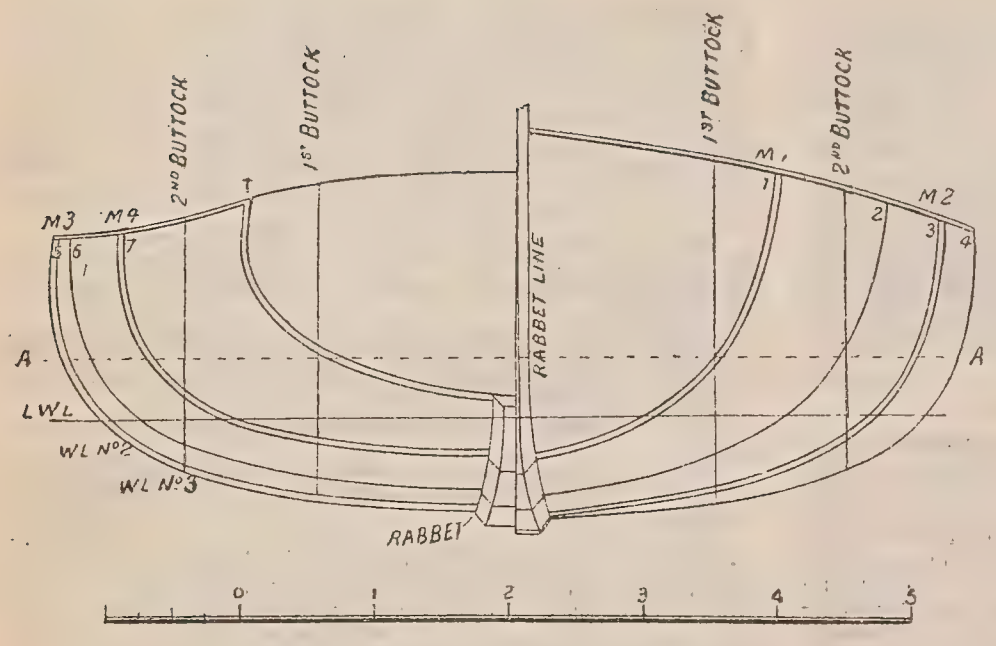
HALF BREADTH PLAN (½-INCH SCALE).



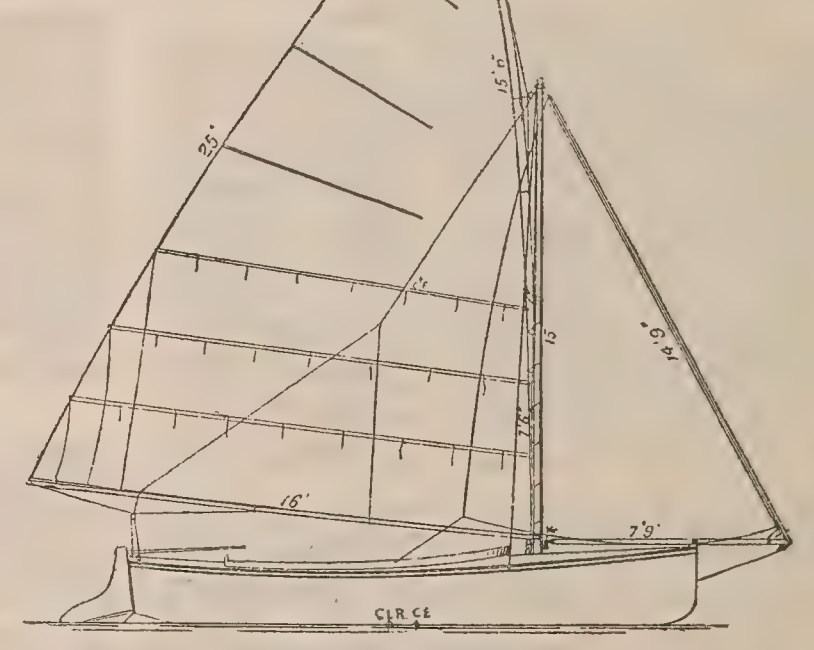
Scale 7/16 inch to 1 foot.

18FT. CLYDE SAILING BOAT.

DESIGNED BY MR LINTON HOPE
FOR MR A. W. STEVENS.



BODY PLAN.



SAIL PLAN

Peter hoisted, and the Valkyrie, with other yachts, was cruising about and waiting for the second gun to cross the starting line between the commodore's steam yacht Lutra and the markboat, the former on her weather bow, and both at some distance. The Satanita was then seen approaching on the port tack at about 500yds. distance and broad on the port bow of the Valkyrie about three points. She was sailing fast, ramping full and heading across the bows of the Valkyrie. The latter kept her course, close-hauled on the starboard tack, until it was seen that a collision was imminent, when she put her helm down and luffed up to ease the blow. The Satanita then struck the Valkyrie amidships on the port side abaft her rigging, doing such damage that she sank in a few minutes. The plaintiffs charged the defendant with improperly failing to keep out of the way of the Valkyrie, and also with neglect of Article 14 of the regulations for preventing collisions at sea and of the 18th sailing rule of the Yacht Racing Association. The Satanita alleged that she was hampered by a small sailing boat as she approached the Valkyrie and so failed, or was unable, to keep clear of her. The defendant paid £952 7s. 4d. into court, being the amount of damages for which he was answerable under the statute, calculated at the rate of £8 per ton, with the admission for the purposes of this action that if the collision was caused by the improper navigation of the Satanita it occurred without his own actual fault or privity.

Mr. Clarke, owner of the Satanita, said that the vessels entered had to be steered by amateurs and members of certain Scotch clubs. He was not a member of any of these and had never steered. Mr. Robert Ure steered on this occasion and was assisted by Dr. Robertson. Diaper, the skipper, was in charge, and the only order he had given him was that he (Clarke) took no risk at all and if there was any danger he was to take the helm. He took time on the companion.

Cross-examined by Sir Walter Phillimore.—They were close hauled and there was a nice breeze, but it was quite easy for one strong man to steer. There was a third amateur standing near and ready to help. There might have been a sudden puff just before the collision, but it could not have been avoided by having more hands at the helm. He did not see the Valkyrie until after he had seen the small boat. He knew no navigation, and never interfered with the management of his boats.

The master of the Satanita said it was rather puffy, but they had plenty of power at the helm. He had first stated that she had run off her helm, but afterward contradicted it.

Sir Walter Phillimore said that after the evidence which had been given he did not propose to call any evidence in rebuttal.

Sir Richard Webster then said that the only point now would be whether the defendant was liable to pay any portion of the amount claimed.

Sir Walter Phillimore said that, although it could not be said that the collision occurred with the defendant's privity, there was clearly a contract between those who entered for this race that they would obey the sailing rules, and that those who failed to obey them would pay in full for any damage so caused. In other words, the common law, which was specially excluded in Admiralty causes, should here apply—"Gray *v.* Pearson" (L.R., 5 C.P., 568).

Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C., further pointed out that in a race like this there were risks which were not usually present in cases of ordinary merchant shipping.

Sir Richard Webster, for the defendant, argued that the reasonable and proper construction of the rules was that breach of them involved liability to pay damages which were by law recoverable. The statute had for nearly a century limited the liability of owners where the accident did not occur through their fault or privity, and it would require express language to provide that it was not to apply to a collision of this nature.

Mr. Justice Bruce said he thought that the owner of the Satanita was entitled to have his liability limited under the statute, as the damage was admittedly caused without his fault or privity. Then there was the question whether Mr. Clarke, by entering his yacht for this race under the Mudhook and Yacht Racing Association rules, had abandoned his right to limitation of liability under the statute. Although he was not prepared to say there was not a good contract, he thought it most improbable that Mr. Clarke did intend to waive his rights. He was evidently aware of the risks attending the use of an amateur helmsman from what he said to his skipper, showing also that he appreciated the latter's experience and skill. Then, if there was a contract, he thought the reasonable construction of the words was that the owner should not be liable for any damages over and above those for which the law provided. There, therefore, would be judgment for the defendant.

The Clyde Restricted Class.

We are indebted to the *Field* for the accompanying design made by Mr. Linton Hope for the new sailing club, established last November on the Clyde. The boats will all be built to the one design by Allister of Dumbarton, the cost, as stated, being about $165 for hull and spars. The dimensions are: Length over all 18ft., l.w.l. 16ft., beam 7ft., draft 10in., with plate 6ft., displacement 1,818lbs., sail area, actual, 275sq. ft., by Y. R. A. rule, 261sq. ft., rating 0.7; no ballast being carried and the crew limited to three. Two watertight bulkheads make the boats unsinkable. They will be used for afternoon sailing and for races. A movement is now on foot for a restricted class of small craft on the Thames; and this sort of boat sailing is growing very rapidly in Great Britain.

The Yokohama Sailing Club.

We have at various times had the pleasure of noting the successful progress of the flourishing little club maintained by the European and American residents of Yokohama, and of publishing the very full and exhaustive annual reports of the club's racing. We have lately received a very pleasant reminder of the club's continued existence in the shape of a handsome and unique volume of portraits of the yachts of the club, sent us by the compiler, Mr. Alan Owston, one of the leading members. The book, which is published in Japan and bound in a very attractive and striking cover, contains twenty large collotype plates, from photos by Messrs. O. E. Poole, W. K. Burton and C. D. West, the reproductions being made by K. Ogawa, of Tokio, while Mr. Owston has furnished the descriptive text. The twenty-seven yachts and boats illustrated are of various sizes and types, many of them built in Japan by native builders, from designs by members of the club or from various published designs. Some of the yachts were designed or built in the United States, but the sails are mostly made by Lapthorne & Ratsey. In spite of the great variation in size and type, the club has managed to keep up a good deal of keen racing. The book is not only interesting, but is artistically a most creditable production.

The St. Johns and Indian River.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have a 30ft. cabin steam launch which I expect to ship to Jacksonville, Fla., in January, and after making the trip up the St. Johns wish to take her across to the Indian River by the easiest route. A suitable truck for handling her will go with her to Jacksonville. Any one who has made this trip or

who possesses information as to the most available point and best means of getting such a boat across from one river to the other will confer a great favor by addressing me either through the FOREST AND STREAM or direct to E. F. C., Box 465, Lansing, Mich.

The Challenge for the Cup.

From the Yachtsman.

One has long since become accustomed to the marvellous amount of correspondence that must pass between a would-be challenger for the America Cup before the aspirant can obtain the honor of being permitted to race for a trophy which was originally given to the N. Y. Y. C. as a perpetual challenge cup, open for competition to the yachts of all foreign yacht clubs. "Histories" galore have been written of the Cup, and it has been illustrated *ad lib.* in countless journals, and it may be doubted whether its celebrity is so much due to the actual contests for it which have taken place on water, as to the wonderful amount of ink that has been shed for it on paper. It is the best advertised cup in existence, and its fame is at the present moment growing apace.

It is to the New York Y. C. that the trophy owes the greater part of its distinguished status, and the club has ably proved its compatriotism with him who boldly proclaims his pills to be "worth a guinea a box," although he kindly sells them for less.

The New Deed is the price the New York Y. C. has placed upon the Cup, and they are willing to follow in the pillman's steps, and make a slight reduction. Everybody knows that the intrinsic value of the pills is far below even the philanthropic consideration for which they may be obtained by suffering humanity, but then the pillman has a patient for his pills, and the New York Y. C. has no patient for the Cup. It is not their absolute property, and never has been. Yet they have twice given it away absolutely, and the donees were so much struck with their generosity that they actually gave it back, each time with increasing benevolence toward the N. Y. Y. C. expressed in legal phraseology indeed, but plainly intimating their desire that the price should be raised. When bidders came along then the N. Y. Y. C. always kept this guinea-a-box wish in mind, and although they did not stick to the outside figure, they were enabled not only to make a fairly satisfactory deal, but, from the amazing quantity of higgling, to advertise the article still more and more; and Lord Dunraven's latest effort to attract their attention to his coat-tails has materially assisted in the great work.

But it must have been discouraging for the New York Y. C. to hear that the Earl has expressed his willingness to leave the Cup out of the question altogether, if the New York Y. C. will only arrange matches similar to those which he hoped to sail before the "receipt" clause blocked the way. He actually means that he is content to play at racing for the America's Cup. This is a dreadful blow to the prestige of the trophy, and yet, after all, it is the only reasonable thing to do unless the New York Y. C. consent to make a flare-up of the new deed, and this is our reason for thinking so: The R. Y. S. issued Lord Dunraven's challenge in 1892 with this proviso—that in the event of winning the Cup, it, the R. Y. S., should hold it subject to challenge under precisely similar conditions to those contained in Lord Dunraven's challenge, provided always that the R. Y. S. should not refuse any challenge according to the terms of the New Deed. The New York Y. C. accepted that challenge, and now it is sought by them to show that the above condition was not a contracting out of the "receipt" clause of the new deed, which entails the execution by the winner of a legal agreement to recognize all the terms of that deed; and they insist that in the present case this "receipt" clause must be observed.

Now the R. Y. S. have repeatedly declined to recognize the validity of the New Deed, and it is not likely that any honorable body of men will ever be brought to say that the document is binding, for it must be remembered that by doing so the club would deliberately place itself in the same relation to all foreign yacht clubs as the New York Y. C. did in 1887, and confess that they were wrong in uplifting their voice against what was the most unsportsmanly piece of trickery ever indulged in by any club.

But even supposing that the R. Y. S. were content to indorse the new deed, and that the Cup should come into their possession, there would be nothing to prevent any of our big raters from immediately challenging the R. Y. S. under the terms of the original assignment, and compelling the club to defend the Cup under its conditions. It must be remembered that every yacht club has an interest in the Cup, and that the holders for the time being are merely their trustees; and, therefore, an agreement made by the R. Y. S. with the New York Y. C., to recognize the conditions of the New Deed is absolutely worthless, because the new deed varies the terms of the trust. Lord Dunraven's idea of playing at racing for the America's Cup is the best: it is, in fact, what he did in 1893, for he would not have got the Cup even if he had won it.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The *Yachting World* is laboring under a curious misapprehension as to the nature of the dispute over the new deed, which it describes in the following words: "The present hitch is about the custody of the Cup. The New York Y. C. decline to hand it over, if won, to a private individual. They maintain that it is a challenge trophy, and that this characteristic should be preserved. We are inclined to think that this is by no means an exorbitant demand." This is quite as wide of the truth as the statements of the New York papers. In discussing the new deed in another article, the *Yachting World* quotes the mutual agreement and the receipt clauses as the material ones, omitting all mention of the real grounds of objection—the arbitrary and unfair exactions of the dimension clause.

On Dec. 28 Col. David E. Austen, secretary of the Atlantic Y. C., gave a dinner at the Democratic Club, New York, to Mr. George Gould, the officers and some of the members of the club being invited. In the course of the evening Com. Banks proposed the nomination of Mr. Gould for the office of commodore in 1895. The annual election takes place on Feb. 11.

The Chicago women who enjoy yachting at Fox Lake in the summer have thus early started arrangements for holding women's regattas there the coming season. They have formed the Ladies' Cascalver Y. C. and appointed Miss Marion Mason, Miss Jennie Brophy and Miss Jessie Waters as regatta committee. The first regatta is set for July 4, to start from Mineola Bay. About twenty-five entries have been made.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The shoal yawl designed by Wintringham and recently built at Mumm's yard for H. M. Billings, has been named Wantauga.

The nominating committee of the New York Yacht Racing Association, comprising Charles E. Simms, Jr., F. M. Randall and William Ross, have made the following nominations for the coming year: Pres., Alanson J. Prime, Com. Yonkers Cor. Y. C.; Vice-Pres., Norman L. Rowe, Pavonia Y. C.; Sec'y, George Parkhill, Columbia Y. C.; Treas., Robert K. McMurray, Staten Island A. C.; Executive Committee, E. Langerfeld, Com. Harlem River Y. C.; Dr. E. N. Brandt, Tower Ridge Y. C.; A. C. Longyear, Newark Bay B. C., and Alexander F. Roe, Jersey City Y. C.

Congressman-elect Philip B. Low has disposed of his rigging business to his foreman, John F. Byno, for whom he vouches that all work intrusted to the latter's supervision will be promptly and well done. Capt. Low is one of the foremost and best known riggers in the United States, and it is to be regretted that he has concluded to abandon the profession he has so long and ably filled. Let us hope, however, that in his new calling, that of assisting in law-making for the nation, he will make as great a name for himself as he has in the less conspicuous business of rigging.—*Marine Journal.*

Heika, centerboard sloop, has been sold by E. H. Converse, Brooklyn Y. C., to Chester W. Chapin, who will use her on the Florida rivers. Capt. Eldredge is now refitting her, and she will soon be shipped South by steamer.

The Chelsea (Mass.) Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., W. H. Wedger; Vice-Com., T. G. Hughen; Sec'y., J. W. Pool; Fin. Sec'y., L. B. Butler; Treas., F. V. Prior; Directors, Amos W. Kincaid, H. E. Fowle, F. T. Clayton, J. F. O'Kelley, S. C. Gleason.

By a purchase of one-sixth interest from Mr. Governeur Kortright, and one-sixth interest from W. K. Vanderbilt, Messrs. Robert and Ogden Goelet are now the owners of all of the wharf property at Newport occupied by the New York Y. C. The property is practically in the hands of the New York Y. C., and will be improved to meet the club's requirements.

Taurus, steam yacht, has been chartered by Hugh Andrews, an English yachtsman, to William Salomon, of the New York Y. C., for a Mediterranean cruise.

Mr. F. P. Sands, one of the best known of the Newport contingent of the New York Y. C., owner of the cutter Uvira, has purchased Crowley's yard and ways at Newport.

We have received from the Royal Hamilton Y. C., of Hamilton, Ont., a handsome New Year's card, in colors, with the compliments of the commodore and officers, and wishing fair winds and a prosperous voyage through the year.

The indestructible nature of teak is an old story with the mariner. It grows only in India and Burmah, and no one save a shipwright knows just how many parts of a ship are built from this muscle of nature, but every one who has walked the deck of bark or steamer has a consciousness that no amount of holystoning, or dragging of cargo over, or wear and tear of feet and traffic can in an ordinary sense affect a teakwood floor. The Burmese wood-carver knows that his art is almost hewn in stone when he coaxes leaf and flower, sacred cow and festival cart, grotesque sprites and elves, gods and Buddhas, out of rugged trunks. The little prow of the sampan shaped like a wishbone, the stern of the paddy boat as brown with age as the naked figure upon it is with the elements, the strange plinths of stranger pillars, the embellishments of the temples, the playthings of the children—all these are carved from teak.—*Exchange.*

On Jan. 1 the Lynn (Mass.) Y.C. elected the following officers: Com., W. H. Russell; Vice-Com., James A. Clough; Clerk, F. E. Newhall; Treas., W. A. Estes; Meas., A. H. Larrabee; Directors, J. G. Jones, J. W. Haines, F. E. Baker, F. L. Ingalls, J. A. Clough; Regatta Committee, A. H. Larrabee, C. J. Blethen, A. Putnam, W. M. Pingree, T. B. Howe; Membership Committee, H. P. Armstead, W. A. Estes, W. H. Russell.

Messrs. Seabury & Co. are building a mahogany flyer for Mr. Alfred Marshall, of the Larchmont Y. C., 48ft. long, 7ft. 5in. beam, 4ft. deep, 2ft. 6in. draft, and will be fitted with a triple expansion engine and a water-tube boiler. The firm also have an order for a 35ft. launch for Mr. H. G. Seguine, of Rossville, S. I., to be 35ft. long, 6ft. 9in. beam, 3ft. 3½in. depth, 2ft. 6in. draft. This boat will be cedar planked and be fitted with a standing roof top and canvas side curtains. The interior trimmings such as seats, coaming, etc., will be of ash and oak.

Huguenot Y. C.

On the lower harbor of New Rochelle, just a few feet away from the landing for the chain ferryboat to Glen Island, is located the new house of the Huguenot Y. C. The site is happily situated; in fact, a more cosy berth for the little fellows could hardly be wished for than that offered by the long, narrow stretch of water, with its many little coves, that is dignified by the name of New Rochelle Harbor.

On New Year's Day the Huguenots broke out their handsome burgee, and a reception and collation followed the formal baptism of the club.

The ceremonies, which were in charge of Vice-Com. Connolly, were very well attended. Among those who graced the occasion by their presence were Com. Chas. Whann, Vice-Com. Chas. M. Connolly, Rear-Com. Sands Gorham, Sec'y Robert T. Badgley, Treas. Arthur F. Townsend, Trustees McArthur and Ketchum, Fleet Captain Clifford. Messrs. Hazen Morse, J. D. Sparkman, Lieut. V. L. Cottman, U. S. N., T. F. Day, Thomas Webber, T. B. Aldrich and Lyons.

The Huguenots have furnished their house and will hold a series of lectures on yachting during the winter months.

The anchorage and the waters lying adjacent to the house will be sounded, and a chart prepared for the use of members. It is the intention of the officers to make the Huguenot Y. C. a thoroughly practical yachting organization.

The Boston Knockabouts.

On Dec. 2 a meeting was held in Boston at which the following definition of a knockabout was adopted:

A knockabout boat is a seaworthy keel boat (not to include fin-keels) decked or half decked, of fair accommodations, rigged simply, without bowsprit, and with only mainsail and one head sail.

The load waterline length shall not exceed 21ft.

The beam at the load waterline shall be at least 7 and not more than 8ft.

The freeboard shall be not less than 20in.

The forward side of mast at the deck shall not be less than 5ft. from the forward end of the load waterline.

The planking, including deck, shall be not less ¾in. thick, finished.

The frames shall be not less than 1in. square and spaced not more than 12in. on centers.

The deadwood shall be filled in.

The rudder shall be hung on sternpost.

The outside ballast not less than 3,500lbs.

The limits of the freeboard, beam, planking, frames, deadwood, rudder and place of mast shall not exclude any existing knockabout boats which otherwise come within the restrictions.

The sail area shall be limited to 500sq. ft., measured by the formula, viz.: Multiply 85 per cent. of the base by half of the sum of the gaff and the distance from the top of the sheave of the upper throat halliard block to the stern head.

Shoal Draft Cruisers.

The little skipjack recently illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM has struck the fancy of several of our readers; a friend informed us the other day that he was having one built of about 10ft. l.w.l. with iron keel for his wife to sail, the boat being easily handled and non-capsizable. A correspondent in Maine writes us: "Though I have read the FOREST AND STREAM quite regularly for some time, I have not been a subscriber prior to last fall. Desiring to build a small sailboat, I felt that it would pay me to subscribe to the paper; in the first issue, Nov. 3, was a design which just suited me, that of the Myra, from which I am now building." Another correspondent in Michigan writes for additional information prior to building from the design.

John MacGregor's Philanthropy.

John MacGregor ("Rob Roy") was a very Low and Broad Churchman; officially he fought the battle of the Protestant faith as secretary of the Protestant Alliance. He has all the credit of originating the Shoeblack Brigade, in spite of the sneers and horseplay of the ragged street arabs, and the unfriendly indifference of the police. The brigade gradually grew from insignificant beginnings till it earned an income of something like £70,000. With his amphibious temperament and seagoing tastes, he took an immense interest in the boys in the training ships, and followed them anxiously in their subsequent careers. He was concerned with his friend Laurence Oliphant in the various schemes for the restoration of the Jews to their land and the revival of the prosperity of Palestine, and, during the absence in America of his eccentric chief and ally, he used to act as Oliphant's secretary and representative.

For many years he contributed to *Punch*, and once, in Palestine, he showed not only his humor, but his presence of mind, by persuading an Arab chief to commit himself with a pinch of salt; when slapping the Bedouin pleasantly on the shoulder, he made a sign equivalent to "sold." He saved his property and possibly his life, for the man who had eaten salt with the Sheikh was inviolable. His generosity was extraordinary. His books sold well, and we believe that the profits were invariably handed over to charitable purposes.

Finally, when "Rob Roy" came up as a lion of the day from the swellings of Jordan, he intimated his intention of giving a course of lectures, and, fixing a minimum price, he drove rather hard bargains. He actually realized £10,000 at the cost of extreme personal exertion, but not one penny did he pocket himself. John MacGregor had his foibles, but there are very few men who have acted so consistently up to their principles or who have done so much practical good.—*The Saturday Review.*

Canoeing.

The Field of Dec. 29 states, "on good authority," that Mr. William Willard Howard intends to challenge again for the R. C. C. cup. Nothing is known in New York of this rumored intention, and no notice has thus far been received by the New York C. C.

Handicap in Canoe Sailing.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been trying to figure out some plan for handicapping canoes for next season, but can think of nothing better than two which I suggested to the chairman of the regatta committee, as published by you some three or four weeks ago. If canoe sailors must be handicapped I should be in favor of the second suggestion, that of using a well-known canoe as a basis and allowing a canoe of her weight a certain amount of canvas, then adding or deducting a certain amount of canvas for each pound of weight—weight to include all fittings and not to go over or fall below a certain figure.

I do not wish to take up too much space, but I would like to quote some notes that I have at hand in regard to handicapping. The first is an editorial in the *American Canoeist* for July, 1893.

"The handicap matter is a problem never yet solved for the canoeist. It has always to be given up. * * * So our advice would be to allow no time, * * * but start all at scratch."

The second is from the same paper and is a letter from W. Baden-Powell, published in August, 1885, wherein he suggests that in classifying or handicapping size, weight and sail area should be considered.

In the same journal of February, 1887, the editor favors the handicapping of the Canadian paddling canoes by restricting them to the use of the single blade, and in March, 1887, appears a wail and a protest from W. G. MacKendrick, in which occurs the following:

"*Editor Canoeist:* I notice that in your February issue you state that it is the idea of the regatta committee to handicap open Canadian canoes, and these only. Is it because they are too fast or because they are Canadian? If it is the former I have a few words to say on the subject. I will just copy from my letter to Mr. Gibson on the same subject:

"With reference to the open canoe question, I would say that the single blade was the legitimate paddle of the open canoe before the A. C. A. was established, but since then in paddling, as well as in sailing, a great many legitimate things have been ruthlessly discarded for the sake of speed, and the single blade is one of them. In '83 all of the open canoes but two used the single blade. Now, go to the '86 meet and count them; you'll not find a single one in the races there.

"You see the chickens are coming home to roost. When the A. C. A. should have given races for open canoes and single blades to encourage that kind of craft they did not do it, and the open craft were compelled to use the double to keep up with the times.

"Now, as one who has tried them, * * * and because they are light and fast you want to handicap them.

"I will have to twit you with inconsistency, for when writing about 'Pecowsic' in the FOREST AND STREAM you say:

"'It is provoking, but if a rival will not go as slow as we do we must try to even up by going as fast as he does. We don't want to hold him back, that is not the way at all, and what you were preaching on Oct. 28 you go back on now and say we do want to hold the men with fast open canoes back, they are too fast, *i. e.*, you want to so fix the races that the slow canoe wins. * * *"

Now, I agree with Mr. McKendrick in a great many particulars. Of course, his was a plea for a special canoe, and would differ in a great many respects from the present intention. But, first, don't you think a whole lot of chickens are coming home to roost? Haven't you put a large and valuable premium on special appliances and large sail area, and the sacrificing of everything to speed? And if you handicap by limiting sail area or any kind of handicap are you not putting a further premium on light, unseaworthy canoes, cut away to nothing and fit for nothing but to sail one season to win the A. C. A. trophy with?

Does not a handicap bring you right back to the thing that "Snake" so emphatically declared on Oct. 28, 1886, he didn't want to do? to the fact that you are trying to hold back the fast man and let the slow one win?

Why not for a starter try the suggestion of "Mab," in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and throw away the sliding seat? I guess that would be handicap enough for most of us and we would not carry over a thousand feet of sail.

Why try to handicap a canoe anyway? You all know you can't do it and what's the use of trying the impossible?

For my feeling in the matter I would refer you to my words quoted in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. No. 1511.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The proposal made by "Lieda" in your issue of December 29 amounts to this. Having already got too much canvas on our canoes, let us now invent more devices to hold them up, and the device he proposes is a 6ft. draft centerboard; imagine 6ft. draft for a canoe.

This is traveling in the wrong way, it is working in a vicious circle. Having got one evil—excessive canvas—other evils are proposed to balance it.

Once you begin scheming on "devices" to hold up a boat to its canvas there is no knowing where to stop, and you are inevitably led to such monstrosities as the "bulb-fin," etc.

The only legitimate outcome of the sliding seat, if it is carried far enough, is to convert every canoe into a "catamaran." Why not prolong the sliding seat a dozen feet or so and hang another canoe to the end of it?

The only possible way out of this mess is to abolish once and for all everything in the nature of a "device" aiming to make a hull carry more canvas than it can naturally and rightly carry, not to propose new devices as "Lieda" does.

As suggested in my letter printed in the same issue, if the sliding seat is abolished and a large practical open well insisted upon, those measures alone will go very far to abolish the sailing machine and place canoe racing on a natural and rational footing.

A slight misprint (or was it a slip of my pen?) in my letter I may here correct, though it is sufficiently obvious. The last paragraph but one should begin "If points 3 and 4 are admitted, etc."

If canoes are open and the sliding seat abolished there will be no need to limit sail area. It will limit itself. BASSILLE.

BOSTON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems to me, from my experience in these waters, that the falling off in the interest in

canoeing is due to several conditions, which I will enumerate as follows, viz.:

First—The rules have allowed the modern canoe to develop into an extreme racing machine, carrying too much sail and too long a sliding seat, and thus making it so much work and also so dangerous that most people, and good canoeists too, don't care to keep it up.

Second—For the above-mentioned reasons canoeing is now a much more expensive amusement than it was or should be. It costs considerably more to build and rig a canoe of to-day than it did ten, or even five years ago, when canoeing was "rushing."

Third—It is now impossible to go out even for a short spin, if there is a good sailing breeze, without getting wet through. And it was very often the case, when we had moderate rigs, that we could have good, comfortable sails and enjoyable times without having to work for them; and it is hard work, too.

Fourth—A man has got to be an expert gymnast, above the average, to sail a racing canoe in a race, and where there is one expert, there are a great many who are not, and who would never be, let them practice as long and as hard as they want, as it has got to be born in one, etc., etc., etc.

Now, Mr. Editor, I contend that if the rules were amended so that a canoe could be sailed by the average man and not an expert gymnast or monkey, that there would be more entries in the races and more general all-round canoeing than there has been the last two or three seasons.

I would respectfully suggest the following, viz.:

1. No canoe or canoe-yawl allowed to carry over 130ft. of sail.

2. No canoe or canoe-yawl allowed to carry over one-third of the total sail area in the dandy.

3. Length of sliding seat outboard limited to four-fifths of the beam of canoe or canoe-yawl.

4. At any point of canoe or canoe-yawl and half way from the top of gunwale to the center of keel, measured outside, said canoe or canoe-yawl must measure whatever proportion to the overall beam (as found by experiment) at that said any point that would prevent the canoe or canoe-yawl from being built with an extreme V section.

5. No canoe or canoe-yawl allowed to have a cockpit less than 5½ft. in length, measured on the under side of the coamings.

GUYASCUTUS.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Chas. Fred Bigelow, Frederick Coulson, Burton W. Grant, John C. Spiers, Philip W. Southgate, Chas. H. Prentice, Chas. L. Gates, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Henry Southee Hartford, Conn. Atlantic Division: Miss Edith M. Samnis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

Having in the autumn rushed at the idea that handicap racing would revive the stagnant state of sailing racing in the American Canoe Association, our cousins are just awakening to the fact that, apart from the miserable nature and surrounding atmosphere of the idea "handicap," there is grave difficulty in designing a scheme of handicap. If it is a true "handicap," it is unfair to everything except ignorance, indolence or vice; the "good boy" ought to die; but to make such a true handicap entails that the handicap makers shall know all men's secrets; know, in short, all the qualities of a stranger man's new boat, which he keeps out of possible public sight until the race. As we have said before, it cannot be seriously taken as sport. No Englishman would go across to America to race there under arbitrary handicap. Of course the trophy race may be left fair and square open, but suppose a foreign representative did go to America and succeed in the trophy race, in fair sport he would go into all races he could enter, but handicapping might put him out of race after race, and these "losses" might be totted up against him in the reports. More surely, even in America than in England, is the intermediate useful cruising or general purpose class of sailing canoe wanted. Scarecrows, Glorianas, Tomboys and a dozen more, are only doing the same in America against fair canoeing as Nautilus, led away in England by designing Mona, Jennie, Deva, Humbug, and there were a dozen more of other men's designs, drawing canoe men out of canoes into mere small yachts. But where ignorance is bliss it may be wise to follow: ignorance can have no purpose, but its leader may have; and the object of the leader may have been to attract away from the useless racing machine sailing canoe gradually by the golden valley of the canoe yawl, small at first, but surely larger until too large and costly, and then back by an easy slide to real canoe nature into the cruising class now accepted by the Royal Canoe Club. Why not rest content there and race cruiser versus cruiser for sport? A "racing canoe" is very like a share in a gold mine—very nice to read about, nothing more.—*The Field.*

The 1895 catalogue of the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co. of Clayton N. Y., is similar to that of last year, but altered and improved to keep pace with the times. The cover design is displayed to much better advantage on a yellow paper, making a handsomer book, and the list of boats of all kinds has been revised and improved. The two types, La Gloria and Scarecrow, still retain an important place, the firm having built a great number of them, of various sizes, and fitted with fin-keels and heavy center-plates, during the past year. In canoes nothing has been produced of late to supercede the two standard designs of the racer, Avis, and the cruiser, Bat. In answer to the desire so often expressed of late for a wider canoe of modern type, the company is now prepared to build a canoe-yawl of 16ft. over all, 14ft. 6in. l.w.l., 3ft. 4in. beam, 6in. draft, with cruising arrangements, watertight bulkheads, sleeping space, etc. The boat will be small and light enough to be easily handled afloat or ashore by one man, but will give ample room for two with their duffle. The other lines, of St. Lawrence River skiffs, rowboats, steam launches, shell and club boats, are all well represented by modern designs. The company is now handling the Layman Pneumatic Sporting Boat, and reports a very large demand. As in the past, they are ready to furnish special designs for all sorts of pleasure craft, in addition to those listed.

At the annual election of the Oakland Navy, on Dec. 23, our old friend George A. Warder was elected secretary, having recently returned to the Pacific from a visit to Ohio.

Mr. Harry N. Cole, 22 West Twentieth street, Erie, Pa., writes that he is desirous of making a canoe cruise next season and wants a companion, and that he would be glad to correspond with the canoeist who proposes to cruise from Dunkirk to James Bay.

We have constant inquiries as to the manner of joining the A. C. A. Blank forms of application may be had of the pursers of each division, whose addresses are published from time to time in our columns.

The Irondequoit C. C. held its annual meeting and election of officers on Jan. 3: Com., H. M. Tease: Vice-Com., F. L. Smith; Purser, Geo. J. French. The officers constitute the managing committee of the club. The commodore appointed S. D. Enoch clerk of the course for the season of 1895, who will announce the other regatta officers at the February meeting. Several applicants for membership were received and laid over under the rule until the next meeting. The Irondequoit C. C. is one of the few clubs whose members are all practical canoeists and are all A. C. A. members.

At the annual meeting of the Hoboken C. C. on Jan. 2 the following officers were elected: Com., Chas. Ahrnke: Vice-Com., Theo Forst: Sec'y. P. Muller; Treas., L. Kretzmer; Captain, J. Warnecke; Lieut. P. C. Gottschalk.

"Trap-Shooter's Ready-Reckoner."

AN extremely useful pocket reference book for trap-shooters. Its full title reads: "Trap-Shooter's Ready Reckoner. A series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all conditions, simple and complex, with entries from one to fifty. For use by individuals, clubs and tournaments. Compiled by G. C. Clark, Secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association." Price 25 cents, postpaid by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

Jan. 15-17.—HAMILTON, Canada.—Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament; $1,000 added money. J. W. Bowman, Sec'y.

Jan. 17.—FLUSHING, L. I.—Flushing Shooting Club's 50-bird handicap for the championship of Queen's county, N. Y., $25 entrance, half forfeit, entries close Jan. 15. Open to members of any organized gun club. Wm. T. Wilcox, Sec'y.

Feb. 5-7.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two first days, targets; last day, live birds. Open to all. Send for programmes to E. D. Fulford or H. L. Gates.

Jan. 24.—NEWARK, N. J.—Newark City handicap, 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club. Shoot to take place at Erb's grounds.

Feb. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, of the series of 1895, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Henry A. Kratz, Sec'y.

Feb. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Second bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Events open to all.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kas.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

May 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-day's tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 4-7.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Targe Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in bash added.

CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

If there still remains in the mind of any trap-shooter a vestige of a doubt as to the desire of his fellow sportsmen as a whole for the purification of the sport, let him look below, and read carefully the call for a convention of trap-shooters signed by sixteen good men and true. Each of these men is well-known in shooting circles; each one is above suspicion of any conduct unbecoming a sportsman, and each one is in earnest when he issues that call in his name and in that of his fifteen fellow shooters.

It is a cause for regret that more time could not be spared for the purpose of obtaining the names of some Western men to back the call. But they are for it, and have signified by their hearty good wishes, that they are in favor of a central body for the control of trap-shooting.

It is extremely important that *each* gun club or kindred association should, wherever possible, send a delegate to attend this convention. If for any reason such action is impossible, the next best thing to do is to call a meeting of the club, discuss the question and indorse by resolution the purposes for which the convention is called. Such action on the part of a gun club will not only strengthen the hands of the delegates present, but will also place that club on record as favoring honest and square work at the traps. All such resolutions should be addressed, "Control of Trap-Shooting," care of Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York. This will insure their being delivered to the proper officials at the convention of Jan. 24.

It is for trap-shooters themselves by the voice of their delegates in the convention, or by the wording of, or suggestions contained in, their resolutions, to decide what steps shall be taken to place the sport of trap-shooting on the high plane to which it rightly belongs.

One other thing must not be forgotten. It is now or never; the opportunity is presented by the invitation given below.

Let it be now.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

War has been declared! It is now merely a question of survival.

Straightforward, honest work at the traps is to prevail in the future, or— Dropper, Pooler & Co. are to run things to suit themselves. Which is it to be?

Here's the call for the convention. Look at it! Study the signatures at its foot, and decide quickly whether you are with them or against them.

THE CALL.

"In view of the fact that there is unquestionably much crooked work indulged in at the trap tournaments throughout this country, and being certain of the fact that such cannot but be prejudicial to the best interests of this sport, we, the undersigned, do hereby issue a call for a convention of those interested in the future welfare of trap-shooting to meet at the Astor House, New York city, on Thursday, Jan. 24, at 2 P. M. The purposes of this convention will be the organization of a governing body for the trap-shooters of the United States, and the consideration of the best and surest method of combating the evil referred to. We ask all gun clubs and kindred organizations to elect a delegate to attend this meeting, or in default of so doing, to send to the convention a resolution indorsing the purposes thereof.

J. T. ANTHONY, Charlotte G. C., Charlotte, N. C.

B. H. BREINTNALL, South Side G. C., Newark, N. J.

DAVID BROWN, West Newburgh G. & R. A., Newburgh, N. Y.

WM. L. DAVIS, Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Association.

T. A. DIVINE, Memphis G. C., Memphis, Tenn.

CHAS. FEHRENBACH ("Bilderbach"), Wilmington R. & G. C., Wilmington, Del.

W. S. GUMMERE, New Brunswick (N. J.) G. C., Trenton, N. J.

J. B. HALSTED, Peekskill G. C., Peekskill, N. Y.

C. M. HOSTETTER ("Old Hoss"), Pittsburgh G.C., Pittsburgh, Pa.

G. V. HUDSON, M.D., Emerald G. C., New York city.

N. A. HUGHES, Williamsport (Pa.), G. & R. A.

T. J. JACKSON, M.D., Union G. C., Springfield, N. J.

P. A. JEANNERET, Boiling Springs G. C., Rutherford, N. J.

J. T. MASCROFT, Worcester Sportsmen's Association, Sutton, Mass.

D. J. O'CONNELL, Chattanooga G. C., Chattanooga, Tenn.

GEO. H. TAGGERT, West Newburgh G. & R. A., Newburgh, N. Y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The programme for the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament is to hand. Owing to the demand made upon the trap columns of FOREST AND STREAM by the rush of Christmas and New Year's tournaments, an extended notice of the programme is reserved until next week. For the present it is sufficient to say that the present programme is a perfect specimen of the high class work gotten out now by the printers of the United States; it is also full of interesting reading matter as well as being profusely illustrated.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Jan. 1.—Arrangements have been made for a series of five shoots between the Passaic City and Boiling Springs gun clubs; the conditions are twelve men to a team, 25 targets per man. The first of the series will be decided on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Club, Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12.

The annual meeting of the Union Gun Club, Springfield, N. J., took place on Saturday last, Jan. 5, at the residence of Dr. Jackson. The club will hold a tournament the latter part of this month.

The Flushing (L. I.) Shooting Club will hold a live bird shoot on their grounds near Murry Hill Station, Long Island R.R., on Jan. 17. The main event will be a handicap at 50 live birds per man, entrance $25 and cost of birds; purse divided into four moneys, 40, 25, 15 and 10 per cent., high guns to take the money, the club donating a $100 silver trophy provided there are ten shooters. Entries, which should be made to Wm. T. Wilcox, secretary, Flushing, L. I., not later than Tuesday, Jan. 15, must be accompanied by 50 per cent. of entrance fee as forfeit.

The Climax Gun Club's two-days' tournament on Jan. 10 and 11 is bound to be a thorough success if fine weather prevails. Philadelphia and southern New Jersey will have representatives present on both days, while the New England contingent will be there in full force. Targets first day and live birds the second is the programme, details of which were given in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 29.

The main live bird event of the season, as far as amateur circles are concerned, will be the $100 sweep at 100 birds per man, which commences on Friday, Jan 11. The shoot will take place on the grounds of the Larchmont Club, and will take two days to decide, in all probability.

The boys are all talking about the Hamilton shoot on Jan. 15-17; it's going to be a big thing in the way of tournaments.

Details are being arranged for a live bird match between W. G. Clark of Altoona, Pa., and W. M. C. (better known as "Alphabetical") Jones of Pittsburgh, Pa. The match is to be at 100 birds each, $100 a side; date and place have not been decided as yet; it will probably come off this month.

RIVERTON, N. J., Jan. 1.—John C. Jones, treasurer of the Riverton Gun Club won the New Year's Cup in the sweepstake shoot on the club's grounds to-day by killing 16 straight. The contest was at 15 birds each, with bird allowance and club handicap. Jones and Sterling each killed 15, but in the shoot off, Jones killed his bird, while Sterling missed.

At a special meeting of the John F. Weiller Gun Club held on Dec. 27 the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, W. LaMonte Gillette; Vice-President, A. W. Beatty; Recording Secretary, E. F. Miller; Financial Secretary, Charles Kramlich; Treasurer, John F. Weiler; Trustees, Charles Hohe, Walter Biery; Captain, Oscar H. Acker; Assistant Captain, John F. Weiller; Tranper, Frank Moyer; Sergeant-at-Arms, Arch Lester; Collector, W. LaMonte Gillette.

The Hackettstown (N. J.) Gun Club has elected the following officers: President, Nelson Mitchell; Secretary and Treasurer, L. L. Ayers; Field Captain, J. L. Smith.

The Wampa Gun Club, White Plains, N. Y., held a live bird shoot on Christmas Day. The main event was a sweep at pigeons $25 entrance. There were nine entries, Frank Fowler taking first money, W. W. Banks second and Henry Travis third.

The Maplewood Gun Club, of South Orange, N. J., held their annual meeting for the election of officers at the South Orange Hotel on the last night of the year 1894. The following were elected: President, J. Warren Smith; Treasurer, T. B. Smith; Secretary, Walter G. Laidlaw; Corresponding Secretary, O. T. Yeomans; Manager, D. W. Van Iderstine; Field Captain, W. N. Drake; Governing Committee, Samuel B. Lillon, J. Higgins, W. J. Smith, William N. Drake, A. Parry, Dr. J. W. Fisher, D. W. Van Iderstine, O. T. Yeomans, G. H. Smith, Water G. Laidlaw.

Many Northerners, as well as Southern trap-shooters, know Abe Frank of Memphis, Tenn.; there is no more popular member of the Memphis Gun Club than he, and his boundless good nature and ready wit have made him many friends outside of his own city. Latterly he has had two extremely close calls of crossing the Great Divide, having had a very severe attack of typhoid fever. Just when he was well on his way to recovery he experienced a relapse which once more laid him at death's door. Latest advices from Memphis state that he is now almost convalescent and will in all probability be on hand at the tournament in June.

Enoch D. Miller of Springfield, N. J., was present at the South Side Gun Club's New Year's tournament. Enoch's scores don't show up as well as usual but it must be remembered that he was using a Winchester "pump" for the first time: his 25 straight, however, showed that he was catching on very fast.

Jim Elliott has made a proposition to Frank Class in answer to Class's offer of backing the birds against Elliott on 45 kills out of 50 birds. Elliott will take him up on the bet if Class will agree to the following: He will bet $50 he can kill 43 birds, $50 he can kill 44, $50 on 45 and a fourth $50 on 46. Class to pay for the birds. The races can all be shot off at one lot of 50 birds on any day Class may fix; or may be shot off on four different days at four different lots of birds. This is a fair proposition, save that perhaps the loser should pay for the birds. On the other hand, Elliott says Class would have gate money, if any, and all the other emoluments that would attend such a match.

The Reading (Pa.) *Telegram* of Dec. 27 contains the following: "Yesterday the South End Gun Club held their shoot at their grounds, south of the Lancaster bridge. The shoot for a gold club badge, suitably inscribed, was won by Edward Rhoads. Following were the scores made at 25 bluerocks, under regular prescribed rules: Brooke Harrison 21, Francis Yost 20, John Shaaber 23, M. R. Eshelman 21, William Moore 12, Heber Yost 22, Frank Gearhart 22, Edward Rhoads 25, George Ganster 23, Peter Texter 20, Charles Miles 17, Charles Keever 20, George Miller 23. The club will hold another shoot on Washington's Birthday.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company of Bridgeport, Conn., has issued a very taking calendar for 1894; the picture represents two little children, veritable babes in the wood, asleep under a tree, with a timid fawn peering round the bole of the tree at what it deems are intruders upon its domain. They are positively "three little dears."

At the annual meeting of the Central Gun Club of Long Branch, N. J., the following officers were elected: President, A. P. Cubberley; Vice-President, H. B. Wallack; Secretary, Arthur Sussman; Treasurer, Japhia Van Dyke; Field Captain, John J. Price; Club Surveyor, Elisha W. Price; Board of Directors, C. Morris, W. A. Seaman Wm. R. Joline, J. V. Emmons and B. Drummond Woolley. The Centrals will shoot a team match at live birds with the Riverside Gun Club of Red Bank on Washington's Birthday.

Dr. Van Ord won the Pfaender diamond badge at the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club's shoot at Dexter Park on Jan. 2. Jas. Orr forced the doctor to kill 13 out of 14 to win the medal, while W. Lair was close up with 11 out of 13.

The members of the Bronx River Gun Club, with grounds at West Farms, N. Y., will hold live bird shoots on the second Saturday in each month. The chief event on these occasions will

be a 10-bird race for gold medals donated by E. P. Miller, the medals going to the best shots in class A and class B. The club will also have regular club shoots on the last Saturday in each month at targets, 25 to a man; three gold medals will be hung up as prizes in these shoots.

W. "Tramp" Irwin of Peoria, Ill., and Deterline of Keithsburg, Ill., will shoot a 100-target match at Kewanee, Ill., on Jan. 11, $50 a side, expert rules.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) *Public Ledger* of Dec. 27 is answerable for the following item: "The Keystone Shooting League decided yesterday to accept the challenge recently received from the Cosmopolitan Gun Club of New York, for a series of three live-bird team matches, 10 men to a team and 15 birds per man, at 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary and under Association rules. Though the dates of the contests have not yet been decided upon, it has been arranged, however, that the first match shall take place on the grounds of the local team at Holmesburg Junction, the second at Yardville, Pa., and the final match at a time and place to be agreed upon later on by the two captains. The contests will be for a purse and the Interstate championship." The Keystone Shooting League won the team championship of Pennsylvania at live birds at Altoona last August.

Irby Bennett was in town last week and was naturally very full of the Memphis tournament next June. The plan or programme of the tournament is not quite ready for publication, but it is breaking no confidence to state that the $2,000 added money will be cut in half; one-half will be hung up for those who averaged last year 85 per cent. or better, the other half being split up among those whose percentages are below 85. The tournament will be under the personal supervision each day of either Mr. Divine, president of the club, or of Mr. Bennett, each taking charge of two days. All manufacturers' or dealers' representatives will be classed as experts, whether they are 85 per cent. men or not. Irby held up his right hand and swore that there would be 65 shooters in the "below 85 per cent" class, for the southern portion of the States below Memphis. It should be added that the entrance fees in each class belong to that class alone; the experts cannot get any of the amateur's money. As for "droppers," "poolers," etc., Irby says they'll get the good, swift kick we read about.

Jack Brewer and Sim Glover of Rochester, N. Y., are booked to shoot a race at 100 live birds, $100 a side, both on the 30yds. mark, Glover using a 10-gauge gun. The date set is Jan. 1, the day previous to the opening of the Hamilton, Can., three-days' tournament.

Fred Hoey sailed for Europe on Wednesday last aboard the Majestic. He will soon get down to work at Monte Carlo preparatory to the big events early in February. Should Hoey strike his gait his opponents on the Monaco grounds will find him decidedly dangerous, the short boundary being no stranger to him. The general conditions, birds, etc., are so totally different to what he has been accustomed to in America that it is hardly fair to expect too much of him, although he is undoubtedly one of the best shots, amateur or professional, in this country.

EDWARD BANKS.

Not So Black As It's Painted.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—"Some Christmas Trap Meditation," in last week's issue, was good reading, excellent reading, as all the articles from Mr. Hough's pen invariably are. But Mr. Hough seems to be a pessimist so far as his opinion of trap-shooting as at present conducted is concerned, and, despite the letters of Irby Bennett, Jack Parker, etc., etc., sticks to his opinion, and fearlessly brands trap-shooting in latter-day tournaments as corrupt as a sport which has added to the English language such words as "tout," "welsher," "ringer," "blackleg," and which has also given to the word "jockeying" a meaning totally at variance with its original one. Worst of all, Mr. Hough charges me with proving his own case, simply because I called attention to a single instance. I was always taught, and still firmly believe, that it is the exception that proves the rule; and I maintain that the case referred to was one of those exceptions.

The strongest argument against such pessimistic views is the identification with trap-shooting of such gentlemen and sportsmen as have signed the call for the convention on Jan. 24. Were the sport as corrupt and rotten as claimed, would such men as they be identified with it? Nay, Mr. Hough, trap-shooting is unquestionably cancerously inclined through the actions of a few, very few, men, but the bow-wows have not got hold of it yet; the prompt and fearless use of the knife in the hands of a national organization will make that body in a healthy condition once more. The evils of dropping, pooling or combining, etc., exist: no one has denied that fact. But it has been denied, and not by myself alone, that it does not exist to such an extent as our Western friend would have us believe.

As for the traveling representatives of sporting goods dealers, I want to say something in regard to them. My intimate acquaintance with them is far more limited than Mr. Hough's: I have known them well for a little less than two years, but feel that those months of acquaintanceship entitle me to say a few words in regard to their actions at tournaments. The men I refer to particularly are R. O. Heikes, F. Van Dyke, Irby Bennett and W. R. Hobart, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Paul North, of the Cleveland Target Co.: B. A. Bartlett, of the Burgess Gun Co.; "U. M. C." Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co.: T. H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Co.: A. W. DuBray, of Parker Bros., and several others with whom I am not personally so well acquainted. Of the above men I can say without fear of contradiction, that I have never seen either one of them guilty of dropping a single target in any one event. Of course, I don't argue from this that they have never done it; but I have seen it done by others many times, and it is those "others" that we must hunt. The paid representatives are after percentages and may be trusted to break all they can. Handicap them if you like: they risk next door to nothing and should be treated accordingly, but don't be always looking after them, as they are not the men who are causing all this trouble.

EDWARD BANKS.

Wilmington Won the Deciding Match.

WILMINGTON, Del., Jan. 5.—The Wilmington Rod and Gun Club went to Charleston, Md., to decide the question of supremacy as between it and the Riverside Gun Club, of Charlestown. The match was made for fifteen-men teams, but Wilmington could only muster ten men when her representatives arrived on the grounds; to make up the specified number five Charlestown men were pressed into service, whose names will be found marked with an asterisk in the scores given below. The shoot was at 25 targets per man, 375 to a team. Wilmington won by 31 breaks, scoring 271 to 270: the substitutes led the last five of their brother members by 9 targets. Scores:

Wilmington R. and G. Club.—A. H. Stout 19, Bilderback 19, Palmer 14, Clark 19, McConnell 15, Williamson 16, Burroughs 24, Hartlove 22, Gaughen 17, Marr 22, *W. Gibson 18, *J. Graham 19, *W. Cooper 14, *E. Murphy 18, Jno. Algard 15: total 271.

Riverside Gun Club.—Jas. Heisler 13, W. Barnes 17, R. Smith 20, P. R. Heverin 20, G. Pryor 15, E. Calvert 13, A. Richardson 16, R. L. Barnes 14, E. K. Barnes 17, H. Barnes 17, S. Steele 16, W. Heverin 14, W. Richardson 14, R. Gibson 18, G. Haines 17; total 240.

DEL.

Mattern Defeats Green.

WEST RUSH, N. Y., Jan. 3.—A very interesting live-bird match came off at West Rush on New Year's Day between J. E. Mattern and J. Green. The conditions were 50 live birds, $25 a side, 50yds. boundary, each man to pay for his birds. The match was shot in a snowstorm, with quite a strong wind, which helped the birds to fly well. The birds were a good lot, quick to leave the trap and strong on the wing. The ground being covered with snow made it difficult to get on to white birds. Green shot a good pace for a new man at the trap, it being his first experience at live-bird shooting, although he is a good clay bird shot. Mattern won by 4 birds. Green shot a Parker Bros. hammerless 12-gauge, 7¾lbs., 3¼drs. Wood powder, 1⅛oz. No. 7 chilled shot in both barrels, U. M. C. smokeless shells. Mattern shot a Parker also, 7¾lbs., 12-gauge, 40grs. E. C. powder, 1¼oz. No. 8 shot in first barrel and 1¼oz. No. 6 shot in second barrel. Score:

J E Mattern	11112122*1211021112210112—22
	12121112222122110121222212—24—46
J Green	02221*2222222102222122202—21
	21111220022211221202221102—21—42

J. E. M.

New Year's in Chicago.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Jan. 2.—The following scores were made at John Watson's Park on New Year's Day:

	No. 1, 5 birds.	No. 2, 5 birds.		No. 1, 5 birds.	No. 2, 5 birds.
A Kleinman	11112—5	11112—5	Furgeson	11020—3	21121—5
H Ehlers	02011—3	11121—5	Wells	12201—4	21220—4
Lansing	12222—5	22102—4	Laterette	22121—5	21121—5

RAVELRIGG.

The Grand American Handicap.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Jan. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Judging from the number of inquiries I have received, a great many sportsmen are under the impression that the $1,000 guaranteed by the Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association in the Grand American Handicap will be divided so as to cover the three days of the tournament. For the benefit of all who are of this belief I will state: The Interstate Association guarantees that the one event, viz., the Grand American Handicap, will be worth $1,000 or more; which will make first money not less than $500, second money not less than $300, third money not less than $200.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager I. M. & D. A.

Good Work at Little Rock.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 28.—The twelfth shoot for the Pulaski County Medal, which took place Friday, Dec. 21, was the most interesting contest that has ever taken place for the trophy, the competition being keen and spirited from start to finish. The shooting of Duley and Dickinson was of an exceptionally high order. When each competitor had shot at 25 targets, Duley and Dickinson were tied on 22 each, with Cunningham one behind with a score of 21. In the next 25 Duley and Dickinson kept up their fine work, while the other fell gradually behind. It soon became evident that one of these shooters would prove the winner. When the race was over they were tied with 46 out of 50, each having scored 24 out of their last 25. Everybody expected Duly to go straight in his last 25, as he was shooting in grand form, centering his targets well and pulverizing them into dust. For quite a while he led Dickinson by one target, the latter having lost his sixth target in his second 25, Duley kept smashing them until the forty-ninth round, when he let an easy left-quarterer get away from him, after having made a fine run of 34 straight, the race resulting in a tie, each having scored 46. It was agreed to shoot off the tie at 25 targets each. Duley kept up his grand work, and duplicated his previous good score by again scoring 24 out of 25. Dickinson having only scored 22, Duley won the trophy after the most exciting contest that has ever taken place for the medal.

Aside from the medal contest a number of live birds had been procured and some of the boys took a shy at them. Dickinson did the best shooting at pigeons, scoring 27 out of 32, with 3 out of bounds. The weather was perfect, with just enough wind blowing to help the pigeons along, which were of the finest quality, while the Kings automatic traps that were used made corkers out of the majority of them. Scores:

Medal shoot, 50 targets, unknown angles:

Pemberton	00111110110100010110111111—16
	01111111111111111011101111—22—38
French	11111111100011101101111101—19
	01101111111111111010111111—21—40
Duley	11110111101110111111111111—22
	11111111111111111111111101—24—46
Conner	11000111110011001111111111—18
	11110001101111101101011111—18—36
Cunningham	11111101111011111110110111—21
	01000100011110110101110010—13—34
Dickinson	11111011111111110011111111—22
	11111011111111111111111111—24—46
Irwin	10000000000111101111110111—13
	01110000011101101001101111—14—27

Ties for medal, 25 targets, same conditions:

Dickinson	11110111111111111101011111—22
Duley	11011111111111111111111111—24

Live bird scores for practice:

Dickinson	022211112*12111*1*12102112221111—27
Duley	02000122000111011011000000*111112—16
Conner	0122111101*10021211100101 —17
Pemberton	1121*021111 — 9
Cunningham	1120020022 — 6

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Live Birds Under Difficulties.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 25.—No shoot under more disadvantageous circumstances as far as the weather was concerned was ever held in this section than the 25 live bird, $20 entrance, handicap conducted by the Herron Hill Club on the Brunots Island grounds yesterday.

Woe to the prophet that predicted that we would have a mild winter! Had the shooters found him yesterday he would have been compelled to act as judge in a nitro powder contest. Here is an idea of the conditions: Thermometer 12 deg. above zero, high, biting wind, 15in. genuine A No. 1 snow, and, mind you, no bar within a mile! And what was worse, the island was never harder to reach. The car line to the ferry uses electric heaters and they don't seem to heat in cold weather. In addition one had to be ferried over the back channel through a sea of ice. Thoughts of an upset in the frigid water was enough in itself to make a man wish he had stayed at home.

A big cannon stove in the club house boomed out heat, and so freely was it patronized that the air was redolent with the fragrance of gum boots, all wool coats and sole leather. Unless a man was in the race his audience outside generally consisted of the referee, trap puller and scorer. "How many did you get?" was the general query when he came hustling in and crowded his way to the stove.

The first few birds showed that shooting was going to be rather trying on the nerves, temper, eyes, fingers and toes. A blinding snow came up every now and then, and when the beautiful stopped a peculiar sheen was cast off by the snow-clad range and cloudy background. White pigeons, and they were plenty, made the shooter mutter in an undertone. The birds were blinded by the snow and many of them wouldn't take to wing until the scare rope was brought into play. "No bird" was called at least a score of times. The pigeons were out in the cold all night and this made them doubly sluggish. Several crates were put near the fire and the birds brightened up in good style.

Secretary Lautenslager got the list ready by 11:30 o'clock and fifteen minutes later Alex. King, Jr., went to the score: Several old-timers were missing but there were a couple of new-comers who started off at a gait that soon caused some guessing. The visiting contingent consisted of J. E. Wright, the clever Wheeling expert, Levi Stephens and C. E. Verges of Lowell, O., and R. Clark of Parkersburg, W.Va. The handicapper had put Clark in at 27yds., but when the little fat fellow cut loose with a 10-gauge gun the boys began to look at each other and say, "Did we get it?" As the race went on there were some growls heard about "cannons," etc. Clark was in the hunt. His only lost bird dropped dead a yard out of bounds. "G. Cleveland" was a well known distiller. He said he wouldn't be in the race, so he took the duck hunter's name in vain. The shoot began to draw down after the fifteenth bird and the boys to make the finish quite interesting got up an optional sweep at $2 each on the last seven birds. This added much to the sport.

On the last round each man shot at four birds. Shaner was he only man who then had a chance to make a clean score. He has never done much live bird shooting and had given the boys a shock by his clean work. Bird No. 22 went down all right. On the second call of "pull," trap No. 3 opened and a genuine duffer began to wobble off, quartering to the right. "Bang!" went the first barrel, and the snow flurried in front of the bird, amid cries of "Oh, Elmer." The pigeon lazily flopped along, crossing trap No. 4. Shaner again cut loose. Once more the pellets dallied with the snow in front and the dub pigeon wallowed out of bounds amid cries of "What do you think of that?" Shaner joined in. He had lost just $93.75 by missing a slab pigeon through carelessness. He got into the 24 hole by nailing the next two.

When Stephens came up there was a craning of necks and these side remarks of "If he drops into the 23 hole he may get second money all alone." Mr. Stephens tried to get his 24th pigeon, but it was a strong tailer and got away with shot from both barrels. Verges and Clark wanted to bet a cartwheel that he would get his last bird. He did, and so captured $56 unassisted. Mr. Stephens shot well, especially for a man who has only one hand. His right hand is off at the wrist. He balances the gun on the disabled member and shoots from his left shoulder. Despite his affliction he swings a gun into line very quickly.

The optional sweepstakes on the last 7 birds was divided. Full scores below, 25 birds, handicap rise, $20:

Bessemer, 29	2222222202222222222222222—24
R Clark, Jr, 37	11111111111221211202112 11—24
E E Shaner, 28	12211221111121122212210 11—24
J E Wrigth, 29	12122211211 11*22212212222—24
L Stephens, 27	02112221211121212222222201—23
T H Ewing, 28	11011011011212221111111 11—22
W M C Jones, 28	22220222202222202222222222—22
A H King, 30	22022220221202222122222222—22
C A May, 29	11101111222211221001111 11—22
W S King, 28	11221011210101121121120 22—21
C E Verges, 28	11112110111120121101101 2—21
J R Hostetter, 28	00122210220210221222222222—20
"G Cleveland," 27	21111212200011211022211 00—19
S McPherson, 26	22010122022210112102220 21—19
J H Shaffer, 26	02121212012222000121121 110—19

They Respect the Birds Now.

TROY, N. Y., Jan. 3.—The new Village Gun Club held its firs shoot at Sliters Hotel, Snyder's Corners, Troy, and Sand Lake road, on New Year's Day, the weather being all that could be desired. The majority of the members faced the traps for the first time and consequently held the birds in greater respect than before. The score in the live bird contest for the Club's gold challenge medal was as follows, 10 live birds, handicap rise:

J Potts, 28	110012200*—5	J Willert	000010001*—2
W Jackson, 28	1002000102—4	W Payne	0000000000—0
W B Christopher	*1010*200*—3	W Christopher	10200 —2
S A Christopher	101120*001—5	J Hyde	00010 —1

At the targets, Potts won three of the four events with 20, 18, 21 out of a possible 25 empires; Jackson won the fourth with 18 out of 25.

THOS. BALDWIN, Sec'y.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

WOODLAWN PARK, L. I., Dec. 29.—It was by no means a pleasant task this afternoon that fell to the trappers at Woodlawn. The field was covered with frozen snow and the strong wind made it extremely chilly work for all who had to be outside the club house. Only seven members showed up to compete for the fourth contest for the E. C. Powder Company's cup. G. W. Coulston, who is shooting in capital form just now, carried off the honors of the day, winning the cup with a score of 9 out of 10. Scores on the cup and other contests were as follows:

E. C. Powder cup contest, 10 live birds, club handicaps and allowances:

G W Coulston, 29	211*122121—9	W F Sykes, 29	22222**202—7
C A Sykes, 29	12*2112120—8	Capt Money, 30	*2002*1111—6
R Peet, 29	2210202122—8	CT Pennington, 27	1000102210—5
Furgueson, Jr., 30	121*222022—8		

Sweeps: No. 1, 5 birds. No. 2, miss and out. No. 3, 3 birds.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Money	21111—5	11110—4	122—4
Pennington	12111—5	22112—5	000—0
Coulston	10111—4	220 —2	220—2
Furguesón	00122—3	22222—5	012—2
W F Sykes	00011—2	....	..
C A Sykes	*101*—2	21220—4	..
R Peet	10020—2	....	..

No. 4, same: Furgueson and Coulston 3, Money 2, Pennington 0.

No. 5, miss and out: Furgueson and Coulston 2, Money 1.

The Interstate is After Droppers.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "One of the cardinal points of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association is to elevate trap-shooting, and eliminate abuses connected therewith." Having this object in view, the executive committee decided at a recent meeting that at all future tournaments given under the auspices of the Association, "dropping for place" will not be tolerated. A notice to this effect will appear in all programmes issued by the Association, and a determined effort will be made to enforce the rule.

The stand FOREST AND STREAM has taken against "dropping for place" should meet the hearty approval of every true sportsman throughout the country. That the evil exists it cannot be denied, but not to the alarming extent claimed by friend Hough. Except at one particular tournament or the series given by the Interstate Association during the past season, I can recall but two instances wherein targets were purposely missed.

In connection with this subject I personally, take exception to your editorial mention [issue of Dec. 22] on practice of professional experts "dropping for place." In my experience, covering quite an extensive period, I have found that the professional expert who represents the manufacturer, breaks all the targets he possibly can. He pays his entrance all through the programme at the beginning of the day, generally shooting in the first or second squad in every event; he has not, even if so desired, an opportunity to drop for place. His average per cent. for the day is to a certain extent his stock in trade, and is of more value to him than the few dollars he might gain by "dropping for place." I have had the professional expert come to me where a mistake had been made in his score giving him one target less than he really broke, the place paying him more money, however, than his right score would have paid, and ask to have the mistake rectified, as it affected his average for the day. At the same time he had first average already won by a long majority. Now, had it been the money he was after he would never have said a word about the mistake. This is not an isolated case either. If the expert shot who is not in the employ of the manufacturer would shoot as honestly as the professional expert, there would be very little "dropping for place."

I am a firm advocate of a board of control for trap-shooters, but whether or not that body should be a national trap-shooting association I am not prepared to state. Similar associations in recent years have proven failures, and the confidence of the gun clubs in such associations have in a measure received a severe "jolt."

I admire the pluck of the Memphis Gun Club in throwing down the gauntlet to place-shooters. They have announced, "That dropping for place will not be permitted at their tournament, and parties so offending will be requested to leave the grounds." If such action was concurred in by other gun clubs who give tournaments, I believe the complaints regarding the abuses of trap-shooting would be few and far between.

In my opinion the remedy for "dropping for place" is in the hands of the management of tournaments, and it will only require the making of a few examples to put a stop to the practice entirely.

ELMER E. SHANER.

Ben. O. Bush Suggests a Change.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* FOREST AND STREAM in its efforts toward the reformation of trap-shooting should meet with the hearty approval of all lovers of the sport.

Dropping for place has long been an evil, but just so long as shooters can make a dollar by dropping, why they are going to drop, that's certain; because human nature is human nature with shooters as with all other persons, and each one looks out for himself. Under the rules at the present time the shooting is generally so easy that there are many ties for each of the moneys in a match, thus practically making an incentive for a shooter to drop should a hole be left open.

This should be changed; the shooting should be made more difficult, thus causing fewer ties, and instead of handicapping the experts, the poorer shooters should be given more opportunities. Let the shooting be rapid-firing, from five unknown traps, expert rules, 18yds. rise for all. Have an automatic unknown pull, which will secure equality to every shooter, so far as the pulling of the traps is concerned; then confine the experts to the use of but one barrel, and give the balance of the shooters the use of both barrels. Fine every shooter $1 (to be added to the pot) who turns away from a firing point before opening his gun, and whenever a shooter shall have reached first money by the use of two barrels in one event, then confine him to the use of one barrel in subsequent events until he fails to reach any of the money. Do away with the blackboard and use a more modern apparatus for refereeing and scoring; run every man off the grounds who is found keeping track of the scores, because such men never shoot, but always tell their friends among the shooters which place is the best to drop into. Some shooters shoot for fun and some for money; those who shoot for fun are generally the poorest shots, consequently allowing them the use of two barrels would be granting them more fun as well as enhance their chances of reaching the money.

Some may raise the objection that there will be many straight scores where the use of two barrels is granted. Not if the targets are thrown hard and swift; for if the experts can't make straights with the use of one barrel, then the poorer shoots cannot do it with the use of two. "The shooters are outgunned," is a wail I hear from somewhere; but this is not so, as the longest shot is from No. 1 score to No. 4 trap, which is less than 23½yds. rise on a practically straightaway target. If all shooters could score every target at which they fire, then trap-shooting would soon cease; for it is the uncertainty which adds zest to all tests of skill, as it breaks the monotony of a too frequent repetition in the attainment of perfection.

BEN. O. BUSH.

Views of a Manufacturer's Agent.

DAYTON, Ken., Jan. 1, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is thoroughly in accord with the high standard that has always governed the management and general tone of FOREST AND STREAM that this paper should be the one to openly organize a vigorous crusade against the glaring abuses that have so long hampered, and frequently openly disgraced, trap-shooting.

It was FOREST AND STREAM, years ago, that sounded the alarm cautioning sportsmen against the use of that malignant form of dynamite known as Ditmar powder, the introduction of which caused so much damage at the time, and subsequently withheld so many from using the more modern kinds of nitro powders as they came along, causing many to cling to the black, from sheer fright of what might reasonably be expected from any other kind—and well they might after having once been exposed to so much danger.

Some one as a natural result has to bear the brunt of all radical evolutions, and while the change may, and probably will, during its inauguration cause much complaint, and even engender bitter feeling, yet it is quite evident that some system should be adopted which will more evenly and fairly place all on an equal footing, and at some time peremptorily debar from further competition all tricksters and droppers for place.

But, gentlemen, in our zeal to accomplish great things, let us not overlook little ones. Let us be fair and just, and discriminating enough to properly weigh all men and give all honest shooters a fair chance. A man's skill and not his occupation should clearly be the standard by which he must be gauged. It is obviously unjust to wage war against a set of men who sell guns or ammunition simply because that is their business, and arbitrarily handicap these regardless of their skill. To call a man a professional because he sells guns or ammunition, irrespective of whether he can shoot or not, is so absurd that it should never be considered *au serieux*.

Are the men who stand behind counters and sell guns, etc., professionals? What are they paid for? Shooting as a means of subsistence or for an income, or merely to talk gun?

If on the other hand the gun and ammunition men are barred now because of their superior skill, how long will it be before another set of men step to the front and distance in like manner the poorer shots? Then what? Are these to be ruled off too? If so, better not squander any more money or waste further time learning to shoot, for when excellence is attained ostracism follows!

This is all so clearly unjust and unreasonable, not to say un-American, that it seems strange any would-be formulator of rules should indulge in such ideas in print, because they at once show a narrow-minded spirit and malicious intent.

As I take it, what we want to eradicate from our tournaments are tricksters, brawlers, rowdies in disguise, whatever their occupation, toughs, schemers and general pirates. Such are a nuisance anywhere, whether posing as unsuspecting dove-like amateurs or full-fledged professionals. I can't for the life of me see the difference. To be inflicted with such persons under any circumstances is bad, and the sooner we are rid of them the better. And that is what FOREST AND STREAM with the influence it wields can do.

What we want now is a system of handicap that will in a measure equalize men and insure more of the money going to a greater number of participants. Large purses accruing from added money subscribed by the clubs giving the shoots will always attract a big array of talent. Let these purses be within the reach of a greater percentage of the shooters, bar no one who behaves himself and who shoots squarely, but devise some system of shooting that imposes a handicap on the best shots, be they who they may, regardless of station in life or occupation. Help along the weaker shots, thereby encouraging new men and more of them to join the ranks of the greatest and most enjoyable sport we have. Then if some of the more fastidious though perchance less deserving, deem this a too democratic way of shooting, let the said select few congregate by themselves—but by all means allow the great army of shooting men to go marching along; otherwise it is going to be hard to discriminate between the open and above board gun men (*i. e.*, known representatives of gun firms) as against the sub rosa agents who, if not numerous to-day, do exist, and who under the proposed system of "professionals barred," will soon multiply, and from the very fact of their secret mission will render themselves formidable because unknown. GAUCHO.

Morfey Won by Two Birds.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 3.—T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., won a well-fought match to-day from John Rothacker, of this city, the score being 92-89. Morfey allowed his opponent to shoot at 106 birds to his 100. At the end of the first 25 the score was a tie, both killing 24; the 50th round found Morfey only one bird ahead, with a score of 44 to 43, by no means a winning gait. The third 25 saw Morfey gain two more on his antagonist, the score at the commencement of the 75th round standing 66-63 in his favor. This left Morfey but 25 to shoot at, while Rothacker had 30; it began to look like Rothacker's match. Morfey, however, pulled himself together and killed straight, the match being practically over at the 100th round, Rothacker being 7 behind with only 6 to shoot at; his misses in the nineties were fatal to his chances. How nearly Morfey came to losing this match is shown by the fact that at the commencement of the 91st round Rothacker was only four behind him with 16 birds to shoot at against Morfey's 10.

The match was shot on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, at Holmesburg Junction. These grounds are well fitted for events of this character, the club house and all the appointments of the grounds being of the first order. A large number of spectators were on hand to witness the match. Among the number were: W. H. Wolstencroft, Jas. Wolstencroft, J. H. Wolstencroft, Jr., J. L. David, —. Worrell, N. Swope, Wade Wilson, Geo. Beck, Walter Sterling, Robert A. Welch, R. Provost, H. Eilenberger, V. D. Konover, Charlie Zwirlein, "Dutchy" Smith, Chas. Reeber, Gus Muller, Chas. Brown, Wilmer Thomas, Chas. Irwin, John Hack, A. Jacob, H. Ridge, E. David, Captain Pack, Wm. N. Pack, J. W. Budd, Geo. Cubberly, Dr. Allen, A. J. Rust, H. "Landis," Henry Wolf, J. Dean, J. H. Davis, etc., etc.

The birds were a mixed lot, a number of them being very good ones. Morfey's weakness was on towering birds, his 9 misses including three towering outgoers to the left, a circling incomer to the left that towered, and two towering right-quartering drivers; his other misses were a straight driver, a circling right-quarterer and a right-quartering driver. T. H. Keller, of New York, officiated as referee; Al Rust was official scorer, while F. "Henry" looked after the pulling of the traps. Scores:

Morfey vs. Rothacker, 100 birds, Morfey conceding Rothacker 6 extra birds, $100 a side, winner to pay for birds. 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary:

T W Morfey	1111111112112112122210222—24
	2120211 2*2212221222*22001—20
	212222*2221222002222222—22
	2122222222222222222222222—25—91
John Rothacker	2211222222111021122222222—24
	0220101101012012222221222—19
	2221120101112*1*1121*2222—20
	2*2222221112222201*0221121—21
	222220 — 5—89

Terry's Opponent Failed to Appear.

FANWOOD, N. J., Jan. 2.—Dan Terry of Plainfield and Frank Batsch of Elizabeth were booked to shoot a match at the Climax Club's grounds, Fanwood Road House, yesterday; $25 had been deposited as a forfeit in the hands of Nate Astfalk of Elizabeth, N. J. Terry was on hand and so were the birds and a good-sized crowd of would-be spectators, but Batsch never showed up; neither did he send any message so far as could be ascertained. As other men and other guns were present the following events at targets and live birds were shot off:

Twenty-five empires, unknown angles:

Keller	1111111111011111111000111—21
Croft	1111111110101111111001111—21
Schortemeier	1100111111101111011111011—20
D Terry	1111011111111100111101111—21
Apgar	0111111100110101101011111—18
W Terry	0110111111111111111110111—22

The following live bird events were also decided during the afternoon:

Nos. 1 and 2, 4 live birds, $2 entrance; No. 3, miss and out:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.		No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	
D Terry	0011—2	2221—4	222—3	Keller	01*2—2	2112—4	2*	—1
Scott	0022—2	2210—3	220—2	Benner	1201—3	1110—3	0	—0
Croft	2121—4	1212—4	0	—0	D Darby	2110—3	2101—3	20 —1
Schorte'r	2222—4	1211—4	222—3	N Apgar		2222—4	20	—1
W Terry	2221—4	00	—0	111—3				

Flushing Shooting Club Scores.

Strong and fast birds, a brisk breeze and a glare from the frozen snow, made the shooting on New Year's Day at the grounds of the Flushing (L. I.) Shooting Club anything but easy. Six events at live birds were shot off during the day, the following being the scores:

No. 1, 10 birds. No. 2, 5 birds, $2.50:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
J N Winslow (30)	0211222001— 7	....
G A Barker (25)	0101001012— 5	00010—1
*J LeRoy Dresser (25)	2212222222—10	12222—5
C M Donnelly (27)	2012000200— 4	02121—4
*F J J De Raismes (25)	2011220022— 7	21221—5
*J T Richards (27)	2012210111— 8	11121—5
*E J Clark (25)		21221—5

* Ties in No. 2 shot off in No. 3.

No. 3, same as No. 2: No. 4, same. No. 5, same.

	No 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Dresser (25)	22222—5	....	....
De Raismes (25)	02222—4	02200—2	10021—3
*Richards (32)	21010—3	02001—2	21222—5
Donnelly (27)	20122—4	....	....
Clark (25)	21220—4	21111—5	21211—5

* Shot a 10-gauge gun.

No. 6, same: Richards 4, De Raismes 2.

DURYEA WON THE CUP.

Jan. 3.—By doing some good shooting from the 32yds. mark, L. T. Duryea to-day won the Flushing Club's invitation cup for the third time. It thus becomes his absolute property. The cup is a remarkably handsome $150 silver trophy and was well worth winning. The efforts of the club, however, to provide an interesting contest did not meet with the success they deserved; the first and second contests produced but two contestants each time, three being present to-day to fight for the cup. Duryea's three wins were characterized by some capital shooting. In the first contest he killed 25 straight from the 30yds. mark. In the second, standing on the 31yds. mark, he killed 20 out of 25. To-day, penalized one more yard, he scored 21 on strong birds. Score:

Invitation cup, 25 live birds, $10 entrance, handicap rise:

L T Duryea (32)	2202222222222221201201210—21
Geo Roberts (27)	1111022020002110010220 12—16
F J J De Raismes (25)	0202002222020010120120022—14

Boiling Springs New Year's Day.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Jan. 2.—The following scores were made at our club's grounds yesterday:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles: Richmond 22, Collins 17, Paul 19, Brooks 12, Abbott 11, Evans 10, Lenone 9, Kelley 11, James 16, Kevitt 14, Jeannette 11.

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles: Richmond 14, Hall 8, Hutchinson 5, James 8, Collins 13.

No. 3, 10 targets, expert rules: Hall 7, Collins 5, Richmond 8, James 3, Hutchinson 6.

No. 4, 10 targets, unknown angles: Abbott 5, Paul 4, Brooks 5, Coe 3, Kelly 1, Lenone 4.

No. 5, 10 targets, unknown angles: Huck 7, Richmond 4, Brooks 4, Collins 6, Abbott 5, Paul 8, Jeannette 5, Coe 3.

No. 6, 10 targets, unknown angles: Hall 9, Richmond 7, Paul 8, Collins 6, Hutchinson 5.

No. 7, 5 pairs and 10 singles: Richmond 9, Hall 10, Paul 12, Hutchinson 9.

The following live-bird events were also decided:

No. 1, 10 birds, $7:

Richmond	2222221010—8	Hall	1122212222—10
Collins	1222122102—9		

No. 2, miss-and-out, $5:

Hall	21211—5	Hutchinson	10	—1
Richmond	22220—4	James	20	—1
Collins	22220—4			

W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.

The Season Opens at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Jan. 1.—The Memphis Gun Club opened its season on Dec. 22, the scores given below being made by the members present. From now on until April 1 the club will hold two shoots a month. After that date shoots will be held once a week. Scores of opening shoot:

No. 1, 10 targets:

Divine	1111111101—9	Schmidt	1101111101—8
Poston	1111011110—8	Duncan	1110110111—8
Bennett	1111110011—8	Allen	1110101111—8

No. 2, same:

Poston	1110010111—7	Bennett	0110111111—8
Neely	1111101110—8	Taylor	1011101011 —7
Schmidt	1101110011—7	Divine	1111101111—9

No. 3, same:

Divine	1111011111—9	Schmidt	1011110111—8
Poston	1111011110—8	Duncan	1111111011—9
Bennett	0111110111—8	Allen	1111011111—9

No. 4, same:

Poston	1111111011— 9	Bennett	1101111101— 8
Neely	0011111111— 8	Allen	1111111111—10
Schmidt	0011110110— 6	Divine	1111111111—10

No. 5, same:

Poston	1111111111—10	Schmidt	1111101011— 8
Snowden	0111010111— 7	Neely	1111111010— 8
Allen	1111111101— 9	Divine	1111101101— 8

No. 6, same,

Bennett	1111101111—9	Schmidt	0111111111—9
Duncan	1111011111—9	Neely	1101101010—6
Sullivan	1111110100—7	Snowden	1101111110—8

No. 7, same:

Neely	1111011101—8	Schmidt	0111011110—7
Poston	0101011001—5	Duncan	1111110110—8
Sullivan	1110111011—8	Allen	1011110111—8

No. 8, same:

Neely	1110101011— 7	Divine	1111111111—10
Poston	1111111101— 9	Bennett	1101110111— 8
Allen	1111111011— 9	Duncan	1111111101— 9

The Country Club's Cup Shoot.

An even dozen members of the Country Club, Westchester, N. Y., put down their names on the score board for the cup contest. Knapp was heavily handicapped with a penalty of 31yds., both he and Seaver Page, who stood at 30yds., conceding one miss as a kill, besides several yards, to such men as N. C. Reynal, E. C. Potter, etc. Harriman, the winner, at 25yds., killed 19 out of 20, his allowance making his score 20 straight; the bird he missed was his fourth. This made his score at the end of the 10th round equal to Page's straight score of 10; on the shoot off Harriman killed 10 straight, while Page missed his 10th; the latter's score is worth noting when the handicap is taken into consideration. Scores:

Club cup shoot, 10 live birds, club handicap rules and allowances, 28yds. men and under allowed one miss as a kill:

*J B Harriman	1110111111111111111—20
J Seaver Page, 30	1111111111111111110—19
Duncan Elliot, 24	1111111110 — 9
N C Reynal, 28	111111110 — 8
P H Adee, 26	1111101 — 6
J P Knapp, 31	111110 — 5
Paul L Thebaud, 26	111110 — 5
E C LeMontagne, 26	111010 — 4
N D Thorne, 27	101110 — 4
F W Thorne, 23	111100 — 4
A deNavarro, 26	11010 — 3
E C Potter, 28	1100 — 2

* Harriman lost his fourth bird, but it was scored dead according to the allowance.

Knapp Was in Good Form.

The third contest for what is known as the President's Cup was decided at the Carteret Club's grounds, Bergen Point, N. J., on Wednesday, Jan. 2. The terms of the contest are 20 birds, handicap rise, ties miss and out. Knapp, who is shooting in very good form just now, won the race with a clean score of 20 to his credit; this makes his second win, as he came out ahead on Dec. 19 with a score of 19 out of 20; Fred Hoey has the other win, the initial shoot for the "cup" (which, by the way, is a Purdy gun, presented by the president of the club, George Work) to his credit with the score of 33 out of 34; Knapp was the runner up with 32 out of 34, his 14th bird in the ties dropping dead out of bounds. Just how well Knapp has shot in these three contests is shown by the scores he has made: 32 out of 34, 19 out of 20, and 20 straight, a total of 71 out of a possible 74.

The birds trapped on Jan. 2 were a mixed lot; had it not been for Phil Lumbreyer's patent "scare-ups" they would have been classed as quite moderate. As it was, the ingenious arrangement of red flannel and wood at each trap made a number of the birds remarkably fast and tricky. The weather was all that could be desired, save perhaps that a little wind would have been of benefit to the birds; the glare, too, was in a certain measure trying to the eyes. The race was not without interest, as Mackey and Duryea chased Knapp right home; he couldn't afford to make a single skip. Duryea, besides drawing an unusually large proportion of outside traps, was careless with his third bird, an easy left-quartering incomer; that miss kept him to the collar all the way through the race, but he forced Knapp to kill straight to win. Mackey, on the 27yds. mark, also killed 19, missing his 11th bird, a fast outgoer to the left; Mr. Mackey's first barrel was very effective, his second barrel being called into service but twice in the last nine birds.

Of the other shooters, Floyd Jones and Mead were the first to be actually out of the race, as they had three misses to their credit at the end of the 13th round; they shot along, however, until the conclusion of the 19th round. Seaver Page withdrew in the last round with a score of 17, having no chance of either first or second place. Capt. Money was shooting away off with his first barrel; he was consequently heavily handicapped, as he usually plants his first quickly and effectively. Scores:

President's Cup, 20 live birds, optional sweepstake:

J P Knapp, 30	22222222222222222222—20
L T Duryea, 30	22012222222222222222—19
O T Mackey, 27	22221221210111112112—19
J S Page, 30	2211102012221111212 —17
F Jones, 29	202*11112122*111221 —16
W H Mead, 24	21102110211*022121 —15
Capt Money, 31	2222212*1222220120 —15

Referee, John S. Hoey.

The way the traps fell to each shooter was as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Knapp	2	6	3	6	3
Duryea	6	5	1	0	8
Mackey	5	4	3	4	4
Page	4	7	3	1	4
Jones	4	3	6	2	4
Mead	7	3	5	0	4
Money	6	3	5	3	1
	34	31	26	16	28

Krueger—Ertter.

YORK, Pa., Jan. 4.—Not long since one of our daily papers published a challenge in which a gentleman from Gettysburg, Pa., challenged any man in Adams or York counties to a 100 live bird match for $100 a side under American Association rules. The challenge was accepted by A. C. Krueger of Wrightsville, this county, who probably under his shooting *nom de plume* of "Blackbird," is known to the shooting world as one of the best target shots in the State. On several occasions he has held his own with the best shots in the country. He and the gentleman from Gettysburg met and arranged a series of five 100 bird matches, one being shot in each of the following places: York, Gettysburg, Lancaster, Columbia and Harrisburg. Quite an interest has been manifested in these matches, as Krueger, although having a reputation as a target shot, is known to have done but little live bird shooting, whereas Ertter has the credit of being a very good live bird shot.

The first match of the series was shot on the Fair grounds at

York on New Year's Day. The weather was cold and unpleasant, the ground covered with a sheet of snow which with its glaring surface made the shooting very difficult. The birds were an excellent lot; duffers were the exception; most of them were very good and quite a good percentage were "corkers." As will be seen from the scores given below, Krueger made the excellent run of 34 straight in the beginning of the match, and on the best birds of the match at that. He made this run with his new L. C. Smith ejector, made by the Hunter Arms Co., shooting it for the first time. The gun was ⅛in. longer in the stock than any Krueger has shot heretofore, and not being accustomed to this, the gun punished him so that he was obliged after shooting at 35 birds to change guns; this undoubtedly was the cause of his losing the match. His load was 45grs. American E. C. powder in U. M. C. Trap shells with strong 1⅛oz. No. 7 chilled shot in both barrels. Ertter also shot a Smith ejector, the property of a gentleman of this place. Ertter used No. 7 shot in the first barrel and No. 6 in the second. He is a very deliberate shot and makes some beautiful kills. Krueger is quick and snappy in all his movements, and when shooting his best does some brilliant work.

The second match is to take place at Gettysburg, the home of Ertter, within a week or ten days. The date has not yet been set, but FOREST AND STREAM will be furnished with the scores. The following are the scores of the first match, being one bird shoot. Only 99 birds were shot at by each man:

First match between A. C. Krueger of Wrightsville, Pa., and C. R. Ertter of Gettysburg, 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, American Association rules:

Krueger.....2211112112222121211112222—25
2212122220101112121202122—22
2210211121101211122012010—20
1101221120220111101102O0 —17—84
Ertter.....1121111111212101211120110—22
1110221020011202201111111—20
2122201101221212221101202—21
2212012111211122211122O2 —22—85
YORK.

Rye Defeats Coscob.

The Rye (N. Y.) Gun Club and the Coscob (Conn.) Gun Club shot a ten-men team race on Christmas Day on the grounds of the former at Brookview. Each team shot at 50 birds, losers to pay for the birds. Rye won after an exciting contest by two birds, the scores standing 33-31. Live bird and target events made up the balance of the programme for the day's sport. The same clubs will shoot a return match at targets on the Coscob grounds during the second week in January; the change from live birds to targets is necessitated by the law which forbids live bird shooting in Connecticut. Scores:

Rye Gun Club.		Coscob Gun Club.	
L E Ganum	02200—2	W Ingersoll	11221—5
D Budd	21112—5	G Wood	21212—5
S Gedney	12201—4	E Lockwood	22010—3
"Sure Shot"	21022—4	G E Martin	01022—3
J Budd	11012—4	G Ferris	20000—1
E J Pope	01122—4	S Chard	10200—2
J Gedney	22000—2	W A Winthrop	21020—3
T C Field	10002—2	W Peck	10002—2
H Graham	11222—5	C Blakeslee	21022—4
P Hodgins	00200—1—33	M Woodruff	01022—3—31

Trap at Wilmerding, Pa.

WILMERDING, Pa., Jan. 3.—The Wilmerding Gun Club held an all-day shoot on New Year's Day. In the morning a couple of events were shot at live birds, the afternoon being devoted to the breaking of bluerocks. Notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, there was a satisfactory attendance of shooters. Scores in the live bird events:

No. 1, 10 birds, $5: S. Bishop 10, D. Boyd 9, F. McIntosh, W. Sharrard and P. Reich 8, J Gilm 7, P. Boli and J. McIntosh 6.

No. 2, miss and out, $1: J. McIntosh 4, W. Sherrard and P. Boli 3, J. Hancock and S. Bishop 2, F. McIntosh 1, D. Boyd 0.

Fifteen shooters toed the mark in the target events, among them being "Old Hoss," Elmer Shaner, "Bessemer," "Hamilton," J. Gilm, J. and F. McIntosh, etc. The following is a summary of the scores, each event being at known angles with an entrance fee of $1 in the 10-target races and $1.50 in the 15-target event:

Number of targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*Broke*
Cutler	6	7	4	5	7	8	9	5	51
Old Hoss	8	10	6	8	7	6	7	6	58
E E Shaner	3	6	5	8	12	6	10	6	56
Herron	6	7	8	7	6	3	6	..	40
J Gilm	10	8	8	6	11	8	6	5	62
J Hancock	8	5	3	3	..	..	..	..	19
Hamilton	9	6	8	6	11	8	4	..	48
F McIntosh	3	5	6	2	10	4	6	6	42
Sharrard	7	5	6	7	11	..	..	..	36
Peters	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Bessemer	6	5	6	9	14	6	9	5	60
S Bishop	6	..	..	4	..	..	..	3	13
J McIntosh	8	8	9	6	8	7	4	7	57
Shaw	6	5	4	7	4	..	..	..	26
A A Mackert	.	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

A. A. MACKERT, Sec.

New Year's Day at Wellington.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Jan. 2.—The Boston Shooting Association started the New Year with a shoot at this place. The chief item on the day's programme was a team race, nine men on each team, losers to pay for the dinners. Twenty other events were shot off under various conditions, 3,020 targets being thrown during the day. LeRoy was shooting well as usual, having eight straight scores to his credit, Wheeler coming next with four. The team shoot resulted as follows:

Herbert's team—Herbert 16, Wheeler 13, LeRoy 16, Allison 18, Kennison 15, Puck 20, Pray 16, Adams 14, Freeman 8; total 138.

Sawyer's team—Sawyer 16, Dickey 19, C. B. Sanborn 11, Mascroft 13, Curtis 17, W. A. Sanborn 10, Warren 8, Buffum 14, Hanson 4; total 114.

Ayling Defeats Mosher.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 27.—Chas. F. Ayling and George Mosher of the Syracuse Arms Co., shot a live bird match yesterday afternoon on the grounds of the West Shore Gun Club. At the close of the 21st round the score was a tie, each having killed 15 birds. Both men then missed their 22d birds, leaving the score still a tie; Mosher, however, dropped his 24 and 25 birds, while Ayling killed his last three. This ave the match to the latter by two birds, the scores being 18-16 in favor of Ayling. Score:

Match: Ayling vs. Mosher, 25 live birds per man:
C F Ayling.....1212002212222202200100222—18
George Mosher.....1021210222220220002220020—16

Clark Won the Medal.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 30.—W. G. Clark of Altoona, and W. Hepler, better known as "Wellington," of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, shot a race yesterday for the Keystone Top Shot Wad Company's medal, which was held by Hepler. The latter recently defeated J. O'H. Denny in a match for the same trophy by scoring 20 straight. Yesterday afternoon Clark, who is shooting in a much improved style, turned the tables by scoring 19 to Hepler's 18.

Owing to the club shoot the match did not commence until 4:45 P. M., the last half being shot in the dark. The day was clear, but cold and windy, while the birds were a fair lot, with now and then a corker. The grounds are some three-quarters of a mile from a street car track, a distance that necessitated a drive to the grounds, particularly as there were 14 inches of snow covering the surface of the earth. The traps are located on the brow of a hill, all birds with an outgoing tendency being quickly lost to view. There is also a bad background caused by thick woods. Clark apparently had the luck of the birds, but this was unquestionably due to the fact that he didn't give his birds a chance to get hard, killing them all close to the traps, centering them well and shooting in quick time. His 15th bird started as a driver and was hit hard with the first barrel; it then towered and was hit again with the second barrel; turning right back, it flew toward the score, going out of bounds about 1yd. high, finally turning and dropping dead 5yds. inside the boundary between the 30yds. mark and the traps. Clark's best birds were his 5th, 7th, 8th, 15th and 17th, every one of which was a hard bird.

Hepler's 3d bird was a low-twisting driver, brown and white in color, but still hard to see on the snow; it was hit hard with the first barrel. His 7th left the trap like shot out of a gun, but was beautifully killed with the first barrel; 10th bird was a zigzagging corker, missed with the right but stopped with the left in quick time about 15yds. from the trap; 14th and 15th were low-flying snow scrapers, which almost disappeared over the brow of the hill; the first was well killed, but the second was only feathered with both barrels, being gathered in by the solitary scout who had enough interest and animal heat to brave the elements in the hope of a supper; the 18th was simply a streak of white, and was killed with the prettiest shot of the day.

The medal is now held in Altoona and will be defended by Bill Clark. Scores:

W G Clark..... 222122211111221*11112—19
W Hepler.....2102211122211202121l—18
ADAMS.

New Year's Day at Saranac Lake.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Jan. 1.—There was a good attendance at the New Year's shoot of the Saranac Lake Gun Club this forenoon, many ladies being present. The shooters were divided into three classes, the winner of each class shooting a handicap for the prizes, which were: First, brass clock; second, 10lbs. E. C. powder. The boys have only been shooting at the trap for three months, so that we do not make any very high scores, although we have lots of fun.

Club shoot, 30 empires, known traps and angles:

Class A.

Trudeau.....000010100111111001101111010011—17
Ruhl.....101111111101101011001101010010—19
Howard.....110011001101101011111111101111—22
Trudeau, Jr.....101110111001011111101110000l010—18
Crane.....000111011111611110111111101101—22

Shoot off:

Howard.....1111011100—7 Crane.....1110110111—8

Class B.

Denison.....101011100000000000000001110101—10
Carpenter.....100000001101111001100110001111—15
Duryea.....000110101001011000011001111100—14
Coe.....010011000001110110001100000000—10

Class C.

Tears.....011010010100010010000101101000—11
Warren.....0100000000000000000 — 1
Smith.....010000000001000010000 — 3

Handicap shoot off, dead birds allowed:

Crane.....111101110011011—11 Tears, 6.....000010000011000— 9
Carpenter, 4.011000111101000—11

Shoot off:

Carpenter, 4.001011110011001—12 Crane.....0111111101100w — 9

Carpenter won first prize; Crane took the powder.

W. R. DENISON, Sec.-Treas.

Bronx River Gun Club.

WEST FARMS, N. Y., Jan. 2.—The members of the Bronx River Gun Club held a shoot on their grounds at West Farms on New Year's Day. The shoot was at live birds, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. Scores:

Five live birds, $2:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
B G Loomis	01110—3	21212—5	11122—5
W Fisher	01022—3	12111—5	21201—4
C A Cowen	01110—3	1020—3	....
D Wheeler	01110—3	01002—2	....
J Murphy	11102—4	11210—4	22121—5
C Zorn	10221—4	....	....
G L Nichols	....	22211—5	11121—5
J Cornwell, Jr.	....	21100—3	22111—5
W S Brown	....	01021—3	....
T J Byrnes	....	....	01020—2

JOHN T. MURPHY, Sec'y.

Westminster Kennel Club Scores.

BABYLON, L. I., Jan. 2.—The following scores were made on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club yesterday, New Years Day:

No. 1, 5 birds, $2. No. 2, same. No. 4 was an allowance handicap; 28yds. men, one miss as a no bird; 27yds., one miss as a kill; 26yds. and under, one miss as a kill and one miss as a no bird.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 4.
B R Kittredge, 28	202 —2	22102—4	112020 — 4
G B Magoun, 26	1220 —3	20122—4	01200 — 2
G W Ewing, 27	12222—5	20102—3	2220211211 — 9
L T Duryea, 30	22222—5	21002—3	1122220 — 6
L Q Jones, 27	....	....	21121212222—11
G de F Grant, 28	....	....	00 — 0
Henry Steers, 25	....	....	1212200 — 5
J Snedecor, 25	....	....	0221010 — 4

No. 3, four-handed match, 10 birds per man, $10:
Kittredge, 28...0120222221—8 Ewing, 27.....002212112w—7
Magoun, 26....211222122 —9—17 Duryea, 30....0212220lw —6—13

Trap at Orangeville, Md.

ORANGEVILLE, Md., Dec. 26.—Mr. J. A. Hartner gave his annual shoot yesterday to the members of the Wood Powder Gun Club. During the day he attempted to break 50 targets straight, but failed on his 45th target, scoring 49 out of 50. He also gave an exhibition of his powers with a Winchester .22cal. rifle; he also proved that Mrs. Hartner has every confidence in her husband's skill with that weapon, as she allowed him to shoot at and break ten small bromo-seltzer bottles, the bottles being placed on her head.

Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, 50 cents: Steever 8, Shackleford 6, J. Evans 7, Stine 8, Hughes 8, Overman 7, Kelly 6, Caler 7, Wilkerson 6, Mrs. J. A. Hartner 8, Riley 6, Hartner 10.

No. 2, 10 targets, $1: Lynch 7, J. Evans 8, Shackleford 8, Overman 6, Hughes 8, Steever 9, Caler 7, Wilkerson 5, Mrs. J. A. Hartner 7, Riley 6, Stine 7, Hartner 9.

No. 3, 10 targets, $1: Hughes 9, Caler 8, Stine 7, Wilkerson 9, Steever 10, J. Evans 8, Overman 7, Lynch 6, Shackleford 8, Eiler 4.

No. 4, attempt to break 50 straight:
J A Hartner.....11111111111111111111111—25
11111111111111111111011111—24

No. 5, 10 targets, $1: Steever 9, Overman 7, Caler 8, Kelley 6, Stine 8, J. Evans 6.

J. EVANS, Sec'y.

Shooting for Suppers.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 29.—Trap-shooting in this vicinity has been very dull since the advent of the game shooting season in October, as the boys put in all their spare time with gun and dog in the field and covers after quail, pheasants, etc.

A meeting of the association, however, was held and two members appointed captains to select teams for our annual banquet shoot. The conditions of this shoot are that the losing team put up the dust for a supper for both teams. Mr. Geo. R. Fleming and Mr. F. R. Leib were given the honor of choosing the teams. Originally there had been 27 members chosen for each team, but owing to the intense cold and deep snow only 10 men to each team turned out to shoot. These, however, made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers, and what was most pleasing, there were quite a number of members who shot that had never, or very seldom, been to any of the shoots heretofore. Altogether it was a very pleasant and sociable gathering, and the match went off without a hitch. Mr. W. G. Clark of Altoona, Pa., and Mr. C. H. Cleve of Mifflin, Pa., were interested lookers on, Mr. Clark refereeing the match in a very satisfactory manner. Scores:

Team race, Leib's team vs. Fleming's team, 10 men a side, 8 live birds per man, losers to pay for a supper for both teams:

Leib's Team.		Fleming's Team.	
F H Leib	21012012—6	G R Fleming	20122021—6
F H Worden	11201212—7	Longenecker	11212012—7
Hummel	12120100—5	Hoose	12112100—6
H B Shoop	11212122—8	Duizer	02121102—6
Hy Dill	12221212—8	Hepler	21122021—7
Russ	11021201—6	Todd	21201202—6
Doehne	21112012—7	Whiteman	00012112—5
M H Brensinger	21012012—6	J H Worden	12021202—6
Roat	21020120—5	Kinzer	11221022—7
C Leib	C1222021—6—66	Fry	21220102—6—62

SULL.

New Utrecht's Holiday Cup Shoot.

The first day of the year was a big day at Woodlawn, L. I. Nineteen members shot for the Holiday Cup, Dr. Little, a class C man, winning the trophy. Coulston, who is now a class A man, and who killed 46 out of 48 during the day, gave the doctor a good hustling before the decision was arrived at.

Other events were also decided during the day. The third contest between the fathers and sons was brought off, the seniors winning by three birds. A three-cornered match at 25 birds a man for the price of the birds resulted in Capt. Money having to pay for 74 pigeons. In the sweeps Coulston was once more well to the front. Scores:

Third match, fathers versus sons, 15 birds each:
C Furgueson, Jr, 30.....222211122102222—14
E Lohman, 30.....220210011001110— 9—23
C Furgueson, 3d, 26.....022222212201022—12
Danny Lohman, 26.....100111222*00100— 8—20

Three-cornered match, loser to pay for birds, 25 birds, 30yds. rise:
G W Coulston.....121111221222221221l202121—24
C Furgueson, Jr.....221212222102222221*222122—23
Capt Money.....112221121101022l2*022222 —20

Sweeps, 7 birds, class shooting. No. 2, miss and out.

Coulston	2221111—7	122—3	Money	0212112—6	121—3
Street	1121121—7	20 —1	Fessenden	1022021—5	10 —1
W F Sykes	1221212—7	20 —1	Kattenstroth	2000222—4	120—2
Furgueson, 3d	1221022—6	0 —0	Furgueson, Jr.		222—3
D Bennett	1011111—6	...			

Holiday Cup, club handicap, class B one miss as a no bird, class C one miss as a kill and one miss as a no bird:

Class AA.

Capt Money.....2102121*10— 7 C Furgueson, Jr..2202211020— 7

Class A.

G W Coulston.....2222222222—10 C A Sykes.....0122111102— 8
G Nostrand.....0102211122— 8 W Wynn.....0022221212— 8

Class B.

W Lair.....2101211112— 9 G E Street.....12112*1020— 7
Dr V F Parker.....1101212121— 9 G Blandy.....21*2022200— 6
Kattenstroth.....1122220210— 8 J E Lake.....211*01012*— 6
Dr Fuller.....11*0111221— 8 Stuart.....0012011220— 6
A A Hegeman.....112120112*— 8 Conny Fergueson.*0012w — 2
H P Fessenden...121222100*— 7

Class C.

R E Gray.....2112222211—10 Dr Little.....1222111111—10

R. E Gray and Dr. Little were credited with clean scores on their allowance. On the shoot off Gray missed his first bird, and Coulston dropping his third, Dr. Little won the cup.

Jersey Sweeps at Erb's Grounds.

The following scores were made at Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J., on Jan. 1. Each event was a Jersey sweep, 4 live birds, $3:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Cannon	1102—4	0212—3	2002—2	0012—2	0212—3
Erb	0111—4	1111—4	2201—3	1010—2	1112—4
Shword	1110—3	0110—2	....	....	....
		No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
Cannon		0102—2	1010—2	1200—2	2010—2
Erb		1211—4	1111—4	0012—2	1211—4
Shword		1011—3	0200—1	....	....

Dec. 25.—The following scores were made at the above grounds on Christmas Day. Each event was a Jersey sweep, 4 live birds, $3 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Erb	1012—3	0122—3	2222—4	2111—4	1211—4	1001—2
Castle	1210—3	1212—4	2111—4	1111—4	2110—3	2012—3
Geoffrey	2122—4	1200—2	0212—3	2201—3	2202—3	1122—4
Johns	....	....	2210—3	1110—3	0121—3	2201—3
		No. 7.	No 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No. 11.
Erb		1122—4	1111—4	2011—3	1121—4	1110—3
Castle		1011—3	1020—2	0021—2	0012—2	....
Geoffrey		0001—1	1200—2	1120—3	1121—4	0102—2
Johns		1011—3	0111—3	2110—3	1121—4	2012—3

Honors Divided at Canajoharie.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., Jan. 2.—On Christmas Day T. C. Peguin and Chas. Weeks, members of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club, shot a race at 20 live birds per man for the price of the birds. The result was as follows, 20 live birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, 3 traps, for the price of the birds:

Chas Weeks.....02202212122212 210100—15
T C Peguin.....11212012210220022001—14

Jan. 1.—On this date a match between the same parties, but the conditions were somewhat different, the number of birds shot at by each man being 12, the consideration at stake being $25 plus the cost of the birds. Peguin won by two birds as follows:

T C Peguin....222211112102—11 C Weeks.....122210200122—9

CHAS. WEEKS, Sec'y.

Union Gun Club's Record in '94.

SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Jan. 1.—The winners in the monthly club contests for the prizes annually given by the Union Gun Club are given below. The conditions governing these prizes are as follows: Club shoots once a month, 30 targets per man, 3 unknown traps, targets to be thrown as far and as fast as possible, six highest scores to count:

Class A—E. D. Miller, first prize, 160 out of 180; W. N. Drake, second, 156 out of 180; A. A. Sickley, third, 147 out of 180.

Class B—R. S. Williams, first prize, 146 out of 180; W. Sopher, second, 140 out of 180; Joseph Briant, third, 138 out of 180.

Class C—Dr. Jackson, first prize, 136 out of 180; he was the only one to qualify in Class C.

E. D. MILLER.

The South Side's Fourteenth Annual.

The South Side Gun Club of Newark, N. J., has a history that few clubs can boast of. Organized on March 15, 1881, it will soon have completed the fifteenth year of its existence. During the whole of the time that has elapsed since the organization there has never been a single Saturday afternoon on which its club house doors have not been opened to members and their friends, or on which traps and trappers have not been on hand and ready to provide amusement for all such visitors as might happen to show up. The first day of each year also since the birth of the club has witnessed a gathering of shooters who have kept the targets flying briskly until sunset.

New Year's Day, 1895, was no exception to this rule. Thirty-nine shooters took part in the different events shot off during the day, and 3,950 targets were thrown from the 5 traps. The

weather was perfect for the purpose of target shooting, although early in the day the sun shone with quite a glare on the snow, making it somewhat difficult to "break them all" until the sun had passed the meridian.

Among the shooters were Enoch Miller and Dr. Jackson, of Springfield, N. J.; "U. M. C." Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn.; L. H. Schortemeier and M. Herrington, of the Emerald Gun Club; Warren Smith and Billy Drake, two cracks from the Maplewoods; F. V. Van Dyke and his "pump;" W. S. Gummere, of the New Brunswick Gun Club; T. H. Keller, of the Climax Gun Club, busily telling everybody about his club's shoot on Jan. 10 and 11; Chas. C. Hebbard, of the Empire Target Co.; while among the home members were R. H. Breintnall, Lemuel Thomas, Asa Whitehead, Hoffman, Dr. Hunt, Fisher, E. A. Geoffrey and a host of others whose names appear on the score sheets. Robert A. Chetwood, president of the Elizabeth Gun Club, and W. M. Parker, also of Elizabeth, were among the spectators.

The officials of the South Side Club are: President, R. H. Breintnall; Secretary and Treasurer, W. R. Hobart; Manager, J. H. Terrill. The above, together with Asa Whitehead and E. L Phillips, form the governing committee. With such men to look after the comfort of their guests, it is unnecessary to say very much more. The cashier's office was presided over by John H. Hedden and W. R. Hobart, who kept things moving in a lively manner, payments being made promptly after each event. The scorer's box was occupied as usual by Theodore E. Burt, the club's official scorer. Mr. Burt has acted as official scorer for the club almost since the first day it was organized; no better testimonial as to the accuracy of his work need be quoted. The targets used were empires, thrown from bluerock traps, North's electric pull being used. All the events were at known angles unless otherwise stated.

No. 1, 10 empires, $1: Van Dyke 10, Breintnall 6, Keller 7, A. C. 5, Hobart 9, Hoffman 7.

No. 2, 10 empires, $1: Yan Dyke 9, Breintnall 10, Keller 7 Hunt 7, U. M. C. 8, Hoffman 7, Roberts 8, Parker 9, Shorty 9, Geoffroy 9, Thomas 9.

No. 3, 15 empires, $1.50:

Van Dyke	111110111111111—14	Roberts	011111111111111—14
Breintnall	111111111111111—15	Hunt	111111111011000—11
Keller	111111101011011—12	Thomas	111111111101111—14
Geoffroy	101111011011111—12	Whitehead	111111111010111—13
U M C	110111101111011—12	Schorty	111111110111111—14
Hoffman	111111111111011—14	Hope	111010110101101—10

No. 4, 10 empires, unknown angles, $1: Van Dyke 9, Breintnall 8, Keller 8, Geoffroy 9, U. M. C. 7, Hoffman 9, Roberts 9, Thomas 6, Schorty 8, Hope 8.

No 5, 20 empires, entry $2:

Van Dyke	11111111111111101111—19
Breintnall	11111111111101011111—18
Keller	11011111111101111110—17
Geoffroy	11111111111111111111—20
U M C	11101101101101111110—15
Hoffman	11011101111111111111—18
Fisher	11100111011011111111—16
Parker	01111111111101111111—18
Hunt	11111100111111110011—16
Roberts	11111111111111101111—19
Hebbard	01111111111111111111—19
Hope	11101010000110100111—11
Drake	01111111111111111111—19
Thomas	11011111101101111110—16
Schorty	11111111111111111010—18
War Smith	10111011111111111111—18
G H Smith	11111111111011111111—19

The following are the totals made in the different events programme and extra, during the day:

No, of targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	Extras *10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Van Dyke	10	9	14	9	19	15	24	10	13	15	9	10	...	9	13	10	9	10	10
Breintnall	6	10	15	8	18	11	21	9	14	12	10	7	9	7	11	6	9	..	..
Keller	7	7	12	8	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
A C	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	8
Hobart	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hoffman	7	7	14	9	18	12	25	7	14	10	7	9	8	8	12	7	10	9	8
Hunt	.	7	11	..	16	8	..	7	15	14	5	8	7	9	12	..	..	..	..
Thomas	.	8	12	7	15	10	18	6	11	11	6	10	..	..	..	7	6	..	..
Roberts	.	8	14	9	19	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Parker	.	9	..	..	18	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shorty	.	9	14	8	18	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geoffrey	.	9	12	9	20	14	23	9	13	12	8	9	..	..	13	8	7	8	9
L Thomas	.	9	14	6	16	..	..	10	13	..	10	8	..	..	12	9	6	9	9
Whitehead	.	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	7	9	7	..	..	8	..	..	..
Hope	.	..	10	8	11	..	..	5	12	..	5	7	..	..	12	5	..	..	..
Fisher	.	..	..	..	16	9	19	8	12	9	8	8	..	..	11	7	10	8	7
Hebbard	.	..	..	..	19	..	23	..	11	11	8	9	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Drake	.	..	..	..	19	9	24	10	11	15	10	10	..	..	13	8	10	10	10
W Smith	.	..	..	..	18	13	23	10	15	15	9	10	..	..	13	9	7	10	10
G H Smith	.	..	..	..	19	5	..	7	13	11	8	7	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
P M Day	.	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J C Day	.	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stultz	.	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Strader	.	..	..	..	..	8	19	7	11	13	9	9	..	..	8	8	9	..	..
Sealey	.	..	..	..	..	6	19	..	11	10	8	9	..	..	11	5	6	..	..
Proctor	.	..	..	..	..	10	23	10	14	11	5	6	..	..	14	8	7	..	..
Fry	.	..	..	..	..	8	19	..	13	11	6	8	..	..	9	6	7	..	..
Creveling	.	..	..	..	..	8	20	10	11	14	7	7	..	..	..	10	8	..	..
E D Miller	.	..	..	..	..	7	25	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	9	6	8	..	..
Dr Jackson	.	..	..	..	..	10	24	8	13	12	7	7	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Craft	.	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herrington	.	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	6	7	..	8	..	..	..	11	7	..	..
Young	.	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fletcher	.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	10	..	..	11	6	9	..
Tillou	.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	7
J H T	.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Yeomans	.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	9	9	9
Williamson	.	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5

	Broke.	Per c't		Broke.	Per c't
Van Dyke	218	.95	P M Day	9	.90
Breintnall	183	.83	J C Day	7	.70
Keller	58	.77	Stultz	7	.70
A C	25	.62	Strader	101	.75
Hobart	18	.90	Sealey	85	.68
Hoffman	201	.84	Proctor	108	.80
Hunt	119	.77	Fry	87	.70
U M C Thomas	127	.73	Creveling	95	.80
Roberts	61	.87	E D Miller	63	.74
Parker	36	.80	Dr Jackson	90	.78
Shorty	59	.84	Craft	20	.80
Geoffroy	183	.87	Herrington	60	.71
L Thomas	131	.85	Young	16	.80
Whitehead	57	.81	Johnson	12	.80
Hope	75	.65	Fletcher	52	.74
Fisher	133	.76	Tillou	31	.77
Hebbard	91	.83	J H T	16	.80
Drake	159	.91	Yeomans	51	.93
W Smith	162	.93	Williamson	5	.50
G H Smith	80	.73			

Mechanicville's New Year's Shoot.

MECHANICVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 2.—The following scores were made at the New Year's shoot of the Mechanicville Rod and Gun Club:

Club championship, 25 targets, unknown angles:

S J Moore	01111110101011111111110101—19
Ed S Moore	00101100110111111101011011—16
Luther Moore	00110011011111000000010010—11
T L Pratt	00001100011000111001001 01—10
A J Harvey	00010001001010000000010011— 7
Fred H Hayner	00011101101011110011101 10—15
Bradt	00101111111001100101010 0—13
Arthur C Johnson	00011010101100101111011100—13
Philip Miller	10001000110011011010100 11—12
C H Kipp	10111111011111111101110011—20
P Kane	00001000100011111001000 10— 9
Chas Brothers	01001011111010111100011010—14
Wm L Howland	01101001111011111110111101—17

WM. L. HOWLAND, Sec'y.

Nebraska Trap-Shooters.

OMAHA, Neb.—We are enjoying quite a flurry here just now among the trap-shooters. J. C. Read won the championship of Nebraska at the State shoot at Central City last June, and some ten days ago issued a challenge through the *Bee* to shoot any resident of the State a 100 live bird match for $100 a side on the grounds of the Bemis Park Gun Club just across the river. And Mr. Read suddenly finds himself with his hands full. John J. Haidin, of this city, has accepted his defi for Jan. 12, and Geo. Nicolai, of Sutton, for Feb. 7. Mr. Read is one of the coming trap shots of this section, but both of these men will make him shoot all he knows how.

Referring to trap-shooters, it may not be generally known but is nevertheless a fact, and that is that Omaha boasts of one of the best all-round shots in the world, and his name is Frank S. Parmelee. While Col. Parmelee does not enjoy quite the notoriety of Champion Elliott, Capt. Brewer, Dr. Carver and one or two others, he is undoubtedly the peer of any of them, and in a 100 live bird match has an even chance to beat any man in the country. Of course this is only my opinion; but I have seen them all shoot, and Col. Parmelee suffers none by comparisons. He beat Elliott on the grounds at the State shoot a year ago, killing 98 out of 100 to Elliott's 91, and has a snap at any time and always with any of the local men in this land of fine shots.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Princeton Points.

Misfortunes never come singly, and Princeton looks black (and orange) over her double defeat—at football and trap-shooting.

Very little interest is shown in gun club matters as compared with last season, which will probably account for the surprise party tendered to the Princeton Gun team and their 'busload of fair admirers by the Yale-Harvard contingent at New Haven.

Two members of the Princeton Club, Mr. E. P. Ward, ex-member of the board of directors, and Dr. E. L. Tiffany, ex-captain, spent Christmas in conducting a very successful holiday tournament at their home, Dansville, N. Y., an account of which will be found elsewhere.

WADS.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 30.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended. Conditions, 200yds. off-hand at the Standard target. Wellinger distinguished himself by making a clean score, his first one, counting 90. To say he was tickled is drawing it mild, and congratulations were unanimous. It was quite a fitting score to wind up the old year with:

Gindele	10	10	8	7	7	10	10	9	10	8—89
	10	8	8	9	7	9	8	8	10	7—84
	10	8	10	7	9	9	8	5	10	8—84
	10	8	8	8	8	9	10	9	6	7—83
Weinheimer	7	9	8	8	6	10	5	5	6	7—71
	6	5	8	7	10	7	5	5	10	7—70
	7	6	4	6	6	8	10	9	7	8—71
	8	10	6	7	8	7	8	8	9	10—81
Wellinger	5	7	8	10	6	9	9	6	7	9—76
	7	6	6	9	7	5	10	8	8	7—73
	9	10	9	5	7	6	7	8	6	9—76
	10	9	8	9	9	9	8	10	10	8—90
Hake	7	4	5	8	5	7	5	9	9	10—69
	10	6	10	7	4	9	4	9	6	6—71
	6	5	6	4	4	5	4	4	6	9—53
	6	10	7	7	7	4	5	6	5	6—63
Drube	7	9	3	9	6	7	8	8	6	7—70
	6	10	9	9	10	6	7	5	7	8—77
	7	9	9	10	9	8	9	6	4	6—77
	9	7	5	7	6	8	9	8	5	5—69
Simon	10	7	7	5	7	8	7	4	7	4—66
	8	6	5	6	6	8	10	7	6	6—68
	4	9	6	4	8	5	6	8	6	9—65
	8	6	6	8	6	8	7	8	2	9—68
Stegner	3	9	6	9	5	8	10	7	5	7—69
	7	8	8	8	9	9	6	6	4	9—74
	6	10	9	9	7	5	8	10	7	5—76
	10	5	6	4	6	7	8	8	9	6—69
See	9	7	6	9	7	6	9	8	8	9—78
	6	10	6	6	9	8	4	8	10	8—75
	7	8	8	9	8	7	8	9	8	7—79
	7	9	7	9	6	9	7	8	10	8—80
Schmidlin	4	3	4	2	8	5	4	10	7	7—54
	10	5	9	6	7	6	10	6	4	4—67
	3	1	8	5	4	4	6	5	10	6—52
	8	7	4	7	4	2	5	5	4	1—47
Topf	5	5	4	8	9	9	6	4	7	8—65
	4	6	7	4	4	4	6	8	9	5—57
	10	3	6	5	5	6	6	7	6	1—55
	10	7	2	8	4	4	4	5	7	6—57
Hans Jackson	3	5	3	6	5	7	6	6	1	3—45
	5	3	5	3	2	2	8	3	5	5—41
Payne	8	7	8	10	9	7	8	9	7	9—82
	8	5	5	7	8	7	8	9	9	7—73
	6	8	8	9	9	8	7	6	7	6—74
	5	5	6	8	10	10	7	7	9	7—74

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 29.—I inclose you scores of the Hartford Rifle Club shot on Christmas. With the exception of about half an hour of tricky wind, the shooting conditions were of the best. Two hundred yards, off-hand, German ring-target:

H M Pope (100 shots, Pope barrel, .33-43-218).	25	23	22	21	25	24	22	22	24	24	—232
	25	24	23	23	18	22	21	23	22	21	—222
	22	21	23	22	22	17	21	24	21	23	—216
	20	24	22	23	24	23	21	24	21	21	—223
	18	19	19	22	21	22	22	22	22	21	—208
	23	21	24	24	24	25	20	20	22	23	—226
	21	24	20	22	17	16	23	23	23	23	—213
	24	25	23	21	24	19	23	20	23	23	—225
	21	22	22	19	25	22	22	18	19	22	—212
	19	16	20	23	18	22	24	23	23	17	—205—2182
D S Seymour (50 shots, Pope barrel, .33-43-218).	22	20	23	19	22	18	24	18	20	24	—210
	21	18	23	20	19	25	16	23	22	18	—205
	21	23	17	23	19	24	17	16	20	24	—204
	20	19	24	17	21	24	20	19	22	23	—209
	20	24	25	20	22	16	20	23	23	19	—212—1040
W J Dunbar (50 shots, .32-40 Winchester).	21	18	15	21	20	19	24	16	17	24	—195
	20	23	18	23	19	17	21	21	19	24	—205
	22	24	23	18	20	14	23	23	25	19	—206
	22	19	19	14	14	20	20	19	24	25	—196
	21	21	17	20	18	21	23	24	20	25	—210—1012
H A Fox (50 shots, .32-40 Winchester).	13	23	10	23	11	20	19	14	23	19	—175
	18	22	12	12	19	24	21	15	16	18	—177
	20	13	20	17	20	22	16	21	22	24	—195
	22	22	18	17	15	18	21	20	20	18	—186
	23	21	18	6	21	21	16	20	21	15	—182— 915

H. M. POPE, Sec'y.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—The Zettler Rifle Club held its monthly meeting and regular weekly gallery shoot at headquarters this evening. The struggle for first place on the list between the four high men continues to be close and interesting. In the competition to-night Henry Holges got rather the best of his competitors. He won the championship medal, scoring 246. He made 1,227 in his five scores, beating Louis Flach one point. Holges and Flach also tied for high score, each with 248 points. Scores:

Champion target: H. Holges 246, F. C. Ross 245, R. Busse 243. L. Flach 243, B. Zettler 242, M. Dorrler 241, M. B. Engel 240, Ph. Feigel 238, S. Buzzini 233, H. D. Muller 233, H. Munz 223.

Best 10-shot score: H. Holges 248, M. Dorrler 247, L. Flach 248, F. C. Ross 245, B. Zettler 245, R. Busse 244, M. B. Engel 243, Ph. Feigel 241, H. D. Muller 235, F. Buzzini 235, H. Munz 235.

Five best scores:

F C Ross	245	241	245	245	244	—1220
H Holges	246	242	245	248	246	—1227
L Flach	243	248	245	245	245	—1226
M Dorrler	241	241	247	245	242	—1220

New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—The New York Rifle Club held its weekly gallery practice on the Zettler Bros. range last night. Seven men participated. The scores are appended:

Isbell	245 247	Young	234 238
Herrington	242 244	Barker	233 235
Lloyd	244 245	Shorkley	226 240
Crocker	238 339		

Zettler Defeats Rosenbaum.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—Young Charles Zettler in a 50-shot match on Saturday night with William Rosenbaum ("Boff"), defeated the latter by a score of 1216 to 1213.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—The New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Henry Offerman, held its bi-monthly shoot on the Zettler range last night. The attendance was smaller than usual. Only 20 men participated. The two team matches resulted in a tie.

Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Jan. 3.—The Miller Club held its weekly shoot at headquarters last night, 12 members participating. Scores: Meyns 236, Miller 233, Dewey 228, Nelson 220, Scott 231, Vanderheyden, 229, Rogers 221, Stadler 230, Gallon 225, Sohe 232, Taylor 226, Kammel 220.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Jan. 5.—The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Club last night was well attended. Twenty members participated in the competition for class prizes. Some of the members were a little out of form from their New Year's experience. None of them, however, had lost their enthusiasm for gallery practice. Scores: First class—Geo. W. Plaisted 243, J. Boag 240, Wm. H. Robidoux 238, Wm. C. Collins 237, M. Dorrler 236, C. Boag 235, C. Scheeline 234 C. W. Agneau 231. Second class—C. H. Chavant 237, Henry Gotthardt 239, Wm. Charlock 235, John Spahn 236, Frank Chase 227, Jas. Dodds 226. Third class—A. E. Graef 233, Geo. Renker 227, John Hill 225, Edw. Barr 221, E. Wuestner, Jr. 222, F. Wuestner 217.

Deitrich Defeats Dutcher.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 5.—Aug. Deitrich and Wm. Dutcher, of the Paterson Rifle Association, recently shot a series of matches at 100 and 200yds., best two out of three, for $25 a side. Deitrich won the gelt. Scores: Dutcher, 100yds., 435; 200yds., 452; total, 887. Deitrich, 100yds., 433; 200yds., 508; total, 941.

Second match: Deitrich, 100yds., 437; 200yds., 503; total, 940. Dutcher, 100yds., 449; 200yds., 501; total, 950.

RIFLE NOTES.

The New York Schuetzen Corps held its annual meeting for the election of officers at headquarters on Jan 3. Capt. Offerman was renominated and unanimously elected to fill the position for another year. He, however, declined the honors and fought hard to have the honors of captain placed upon the shoulders of some other member of the corps. Capt. Offerman's kick, however, was of no avail, for the members would not accept any other nominee than Henry Offerman, and in the end Capt. Offerman was forced to reconsider his previous negative to the honors and will continue for another year as Captain of the New York Schuetzen Corps. Barney Kunner was re-elected Secretary, as was Aug. J. Christian Finance Secretary; E. Meyer, Corresponding Secretary; F. W. Meyer, Treasurer; John Bunz, Quartermaster. The election of the two shooting masters was laid over until the next meeting owing to the fact that no member present would accept the position of first shooting master.

The first match between teams representing the Empire and Greenville Rifle clubs will take place on the Greenville Club range Jan. 17; the match opens at 8 P. M.

Capt. A. W. Money, the famous pigeon shot, was elected member of the Zettler Rifle Club at the monthly meeting last week. If the Captain can reach the bullseye with the same ease with the rifle that he does the pigeon with the scatter gun, he will make some of the experts hustle for honors in the future.

That old champion and expert, Wm. Milton Farrow is reported as being desirous of entering the ranks of the Zettler Club. Mr. Farrow, as a member of the club, was the "Schuetzen" King of the great festival held in Union Hill Park in 1879.

Bicycle riding is said to be good for one's health. We heard one of our veteran rifleman who has been riding his "bike" for the past six months, make the remark last week that he had made up his mind that his use of the machine had interfered with his shooting and he was going to discontinue its use.

Wm. Rosenbaum, of the Empire Rifle Club, is at the present time shooting in fine form. At the weekly gallery shoot of the club last week he made a total of 2,451 in 100 shots. On his second string of 100 shots he made the following scores: 248 248 245 246 247 245 246 249 246 246; total, 9,466. An average of 245.8 for the 200 shots.

The Elite Schuetzen Corps has increased its membership to about 140. Capt. Walters and Shooting-Master Ignatz Martin should lose no time in getting the members into active gallery practice. The most successful rifle clubs are those that contain the active shooters.

The riflemen throughout the country are clamoring for the English edition of the programme of the great shooting festival (Bundes Fest). The festival opens June 30, and the by-laws of the Bund say that all societies wishing to join the Bund must make their entries four months before the opening of the festival.

The Iroquois Rifle Club of Pittsburgh held a successful Christmas Day shoot on its gallery ranges. The programme onsisted of cash prizes, sweepstakes for turkeys, etc.

The Zettler Rifle Club will hold its annual gallery prize shoot on its ranges, No. 219 Bowery, on Jan 19, 20 and 21.

The team shoot between the Empire and Greenville clubs has been postponed to Jan. 17.

The Friday Night Club is another one of Hoboken's many rifle clubs that keep pegging away at the gallery target from week to week.

The Philadelphia Schuetzen Verein held its annual election of officers for the coming year on Dec. 27. Wm. Gelzer was re-elected President, Jacob Roth, Vice-President and Jacob Weber treasurer. The association has sold its shooting park property on Queen Lane, Logan Station, to the city, realizing the neat sum of $110,359.05.

The Zettler Club at its last meeting voted to appropriate $150 to the "target of honor" at the Bundes Fest. This prize will be in gold, inlaid in a fancy case and incrusted with the Zettler Club monogram. The lucky shooter who wins this prize will have a fine memento to remind him in after years of the festival of 1895.



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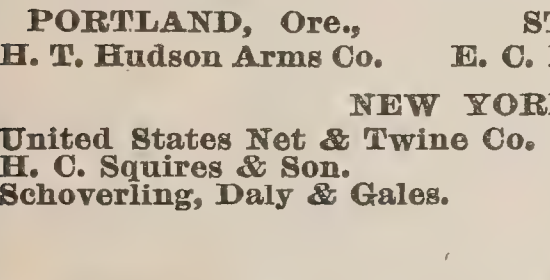
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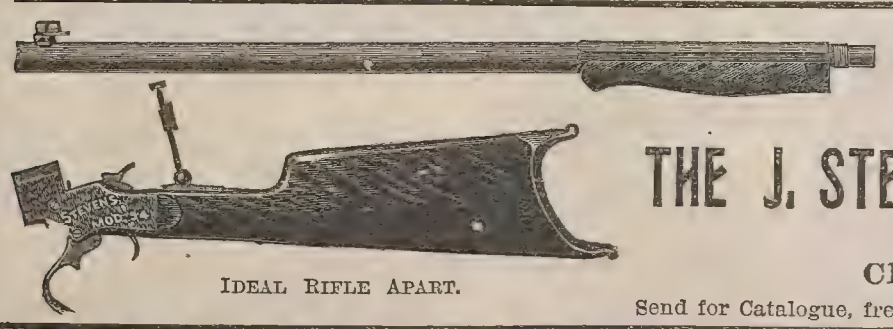
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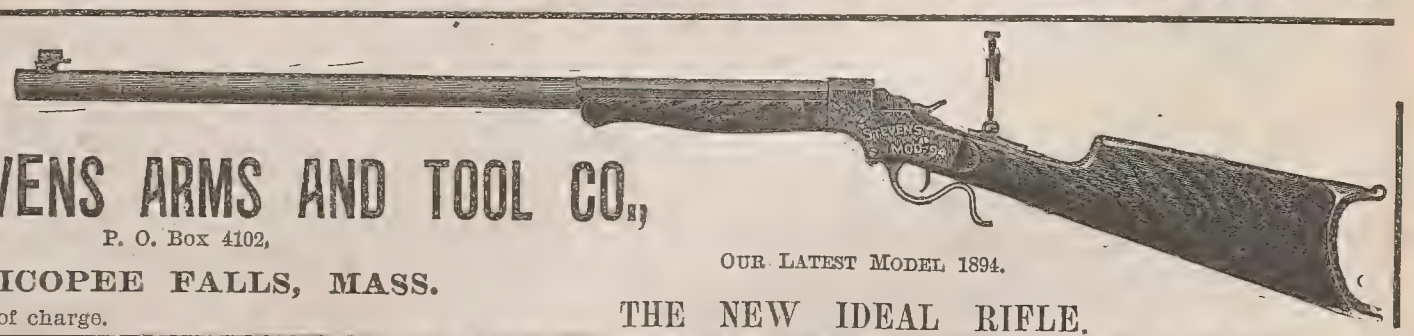
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THE TERMS OF THE CUP RACES.

The past week has brought out nothing beyond a brief cable from Secretary Grant already published and the still shorter reply from Commodore Smith to show the exact basis of understanding on which a race has been finally arranged. The report of the Cup committee to the club on Monday night was conspicuous for its lack of information on this most important point, and we doubt whether the members who voted to accept the report and the challenge have any exact and definite understanding of the terms of the new "agreement." The committee has vouchsafed no information as to the nature or extent of the "concessions" which it has made, nor has the nature of these "concessions" been disclosed in any other way.

So far as it is yet known the Royal Yacht Squadron has had no definite and official statement of the position of the New York Y. C. since the resolution of May 17, 1888, that the club would accept a challenge under the terms of the races sailed in 1885-6-7; and it is hardly probable that the squadron would after so many years accept this as a good ground for the recognition of the new deed. It is, however, in every way probable that some assurance has been given by Commodore Smith to Lord Dunraven as to the present interpretation of the new deed.

The report of the committee is a masterly document. It affirms the integrity of the new deed as governing the proposed races; it contains no recognition of any rights accorded the challenger, and it mentions casually that certain concessions were made to secure a match, leaving it to be inferred that they were too trivial to demand specific mention. In this report, and in the minutes of the club, there is nothing to indicate the long struggle between the two parties, and it reads as though the New York Y. C. had received and accepted a challenge complying in every respect with the requirements of the new deed.

The assertions of American papers and of American yachtsmen are all in the same line, that the Royal Yacht Squadron has at last withdrawn all opposition to the new deed and has agreed to challenge under it.

How this view of the case will be accepted by British yachstmen is yet to be seen, but from all appearances the case is exactly the same as in 1892-3, one party claiming one thing and the other the reverse. As opposed to the American view the Field of January 12 says: "All yachtsmen approve of the Royal Yacht Squadron's accepting the custody of the Cup. The New York Yacht Club metaphorically consumed the deed, seals and all. The mutual agreement clause being interpreted to mean every clause, the deed can be wiped out of existence if the parties arranging the match so agree. The Royal Yacht Squadron will virtually hold the Cup, if won, as though no deed whatever existed. The situation obviously is a great absurdity, but this is not of the least consequence if the Royal Yacht Squadron be fortunate enough to become the holders of the Cup."

Each side has a right to its own opinion, but when, as it must sooner or later, the matter comes to a final test, the New York Yacht Club will be able to back its interpretation of the present agreement by its minutes, and by a receipt from Tiffany vaults for the America's Cup; while the Royal Yacht Squadron will have nothing to fall back on but some vague and worthless cablegrams to the effect that the new deed means nothing.

SALMON AT SEA.

One of the most carefully guarded secrets of the ocean is its relation to the growth and development of the salmon. We are to some extent acquainted with the movements and habits of that aristocrat of the fresh water streams when the instinct of reproduction leads it within the range of our observation; but after the stages of ascent, nest building and descent are ended the salmon is soon among the mysteries of the deep and gives us but a few transient glimpses of its oceanic life, and for these we are indebted to commercial fishery.

In a recent publication of the U. S. Fish Commission Dr. Hugh M. Smith has brought together a number of notes on the capture of salmon at sea, for the most part in pounds and weirs and, more rarely, on trawl lines set for cod, haddock and other bottom fish. To cite some instances bearing upon the object of this article:

At the Cranberry Isles, about twenty-five miles east of Penobscot Bay and thirty-five miles in a straight line from the mouth of Penobscot River, on July 14, 1888, six salmon weighing from four to six pounds each were taken in a herring weir. In June, 1893, a number of salmon of twelve to fifteen pounds were caught on cod trawl lines baited with herring and set on the bottom in rather deep water.

Two significant points are presented, the presence of the fish on the bottom if they really took the hooks on the bottom and not while the trawl was being lowered or raised, and the return of young salmon so near to their birthplace before maturity compelled their movement shoreward. It is generally supposed that salmon live near the surface, and the only known important winter fishing for them takes place in the Baltic and is carried on with short lines attached to a surface trawl. The return of immature fish, of which examples will be mentioned, supports the theory of Mr. Blackford which was published in Forest and Stream some time ago, namely, that salmon do not migrate far from the river mouths.

In December, 1891 a salmon weighing twenty-eight pounds was taken on a cod trawl near Halfway Rock off Salem Harbor, and in September, 1893, one was caught off Gloucester, Mass., on a hake trawl. These lines were set in depths of 120 to 150 feet. Mr. Blackford receives a few salmon every winter from the Atlantic coast. They are captured at Provincetown and North Truro in mackerel nets in very deep water off the cape. In Maine the smelt fishermen get them in their nets occasionally.

Referring again to the return of small salmon as described in Dr. Smith's notes:

Captain Atkins Hughes of North Truro, Mass., has for two or three years observed large numbers of young fish about six inches long in pound nets during October. Each net takes one or two barrels annually. In 1893 very few of such small ones were taken. At Provincetown, in September, 1892, Mr. V. N. Edwards saw a great many salmon weighing four or five pounds, each caught in pound nets In a single net he saw enough to fill two sugar barrels.

In Sandy Hook Bay the number of salmon taken has been increasing for the past three years in the spring only, and among them are sometimes seen fish weighing half a pound. In May, 1893, two medium size were caught at Mantoloking, N. J., thirty-five miles south of Sandy Hook, where none had ever been taken before.

The greatest distance at sea at which salmon have been captured was the record of Captain Solomon Jacobs about April 10, 1893. While cruising for mackerel about fifty miles E. S. E. of Fenwick Island lightship and sixty miles from the nearest land, he took a sixteen pound salmon in a purse net set around a school of mackerel. Another salmon was reported in the seine, but it escaped. No parallel case is known to the mackerel fishermen.

About the middle of December, 1894, a five pound salmon was reported as captured on a trawl with cod and haddock by a Gloucester fishing schooner. Many additional notes of similar character are among the records of the U. S. Fish Commission, and will soon be brought out, but enough is here stated to show what we started out to establish, the presence of adult salmon in winter near the coast and the frequent, we may almost say the regular, occurrence of young salmon not far from the fresh waters in which they were born. These facts appear to give great weight to the belief that the sea life of the salmon is passed in near by waters.

At a most opportune moment for this discussion, Mr. H. J. Barling contributes fresh information about the salmon of Alaska. Mr. Barling has spent many years at the great fishing centers and is well posted as to the movements of the fish at the most critical period of their life. He states that about the middle of May, 1894, just when the ice passed out of Karluk River, Kadiak, young red salmon came down the stream in myriads. To use his own words: "They looked like hail stones on the river." The run lasted a week. The fish were two and a half to three inches long.

The little salmon went right out to sea and disappeared. During the descent shags, gulls and divers were abundant and played havoc with the fish. With the departure of the salmon the birds went off and did not return until after the fishing season opened. These great runs of young salmon take place only once in two years, and this corresponds with our own observation on the spawning habits.

During the season of 1894 Mr. Barling caught forty salmon measuring six inches, and he saw a great many escape through the meshes of the nets. Sometimes they take individual of nine or ten inches. It was a pleasure to be informed that the increase in the size of the mesh has allowed the escape of nearly all Dolly Varden trout which were formerly killed by thousands and wasted on the beach.

Fully nine and one-half millions of salmon were caught in Alaska for canning and salting in 1894, or more than enough, if placed one behind the other, to reach from New York to San Francisco. It seems impossible that the supply should long stand such an enormous drain.

SNAP-SHOTS.

The Minnesota Fish Commissioners have been successful in establishing a breed of albino brook trout. As trout culturists know, it is not uncommon to find albino among newly hatched fry, but such individuals are usually of deficient vitality, and, as a rule, do not long survive. Three years ago several albinos were found in a lot of fry at the Willow Brook hatchery at St. Paul. From those which lived 147 true albino were obtained, and the stock had with fluctuations been preserved, until now the ponds contain nearly 2,500 of this year's hatching, and 22 which are two years old. The fish are to all appearances quite as strong and as healthy as their commonplace speckled relatives of corresponding ages. This new albino trout of the Minnesota hatchery is a marvelously beautiful fish. The body is a pure white, with the iridescent spots most delicately marked; and the fins shade from a delicate pink to a creamy white. If the stock shall be perpetuated we may be sure that there will be a great demand for the new fish.

Mr. John B. Lawrence, Jr., of New York, president of the Narrows Island Club of Currituck Sound, N. C., had an unusual experience recently with English snipe. He was shooting, Dec. 29, at Flanders, Long Island, not far from River Head, and started a lot of snipe from an open spring hole. The thermometer stood at 14 degrees Farenheit, and the bay was frozen over this spring hole being the only open water in the neighborhood. Mr. Lawrence killed eight snipe that day, two the next day and two more the day after. The birds were reported as having been there for a week or more. They were very fat.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE BIG THICK.

In 1882 an uncle who was a railroad contractor had a large contract on the New Orleans and Shreveport Railroad, which was then building. Through his influence I secured a position as transit road man in a corps of engineers who were on the point of starting a preliminary survey from Alexandria, La., to Eagle's Pass on the Rio Grande River. I knew that we were going to a wilderness, and one of my first thoughts was to purchase a rifle. But imagine my chagrin when my rigid old chief told me to leave it behind, as he had one gun, and that was enough to provide fresh meat for the whole outfit. We were advised, however, to each carry a good Colt revolver as a matter of precaution, as we had heard numerous, and, I dare say, exaggerated, stories of the travelers who had been held up and even murdered in the lonesome pine woods between the Red River and the Sabine. It was not necessary to remind the boys a second time. Nearly all of them provided themselves with a pair of .44 six shooters, belts and scabbards and lots of cartridges, and as each axe man carried an axe and a long cane knife or machete, with which to cut the way through cane brakes and vines, I declare we were a formidable body of men, in appearance at least.

The first fifty or sixty thousand miles was without interest, as our course lay through the never-ending plantations white with cotton or green with sugar cane. We made rapid progress, and in about a week rose out of the low country into the hills. As soon as we were fairly in the timber we commenced to jump both deer and wild turkeys. Now came the trying ordeal. Lots of game and no time to hunt. Our sagacious old captain had anticipated this, and for this reason had forbidden any guns in the party, except the one owned by himself, which was a .44 Winchester rifle. He carried this rifle simply to kill meat for his men, and from no sporting instinct. He consoled the younger and more ardent of his troupe, however, by promising that we could take turn around and hunt on Sunday. This declaration will no doubt startle my religious reader, but when one considers the fact that there is no Sunday in Louisiana, except a regular gala day, and also that we were miles back in the wilderness, where we disturbed no one, it will be more excusable. As we advanced into the depths of the wilderness the game became more and more plentiful. We often jumped up whole droves of deer, and on one occasion counted over thirty deer as they ran off through the pine woods. The country between the Red River and the Sabine is very thinly settled, and the few squatters who occupy the section hunt only for their meat. It is a rolling, hilly pine woods, green with tall grass and well watered, and will some day become a productive section. In 1882 it was an ideal hunting ground, and a good hunter could kill all the deer and wild turkey he wanted. I would kill deer almost every Sunday, the only day in the week that I could hunt, and as I was the only natural born Nimrod in the party, the rifle was generally surrendered to me on that day. Our colored cook found time to kill as much game as the party required, and you know twenty strong, hardworking men can almost eat a deer a day. Of course, we had plenty of bacon, hams and that kind of meat along with us. But we looked to that rifle for most of our living.

The fishing was also magnificent. Every small creek that we camped near seemed alive with bass, trout and bream. Our sedate old captain was himself very fond of fishing, and as soon as camp was established upon a stream he would get out his artificial flies and go to work. He was an expert in the art of angling, and would land his fish nine times out of ten strikes. The captain, of course, did not stay out on line all the time. We had an excellent transit man, a fine young fellow from New Orleans, who was a good worker and true mathematician, as he was a genial and whole-souled gentleman. The conduct of the survey was principally carried along by the transit man, so that the captain or chief of our party had good time to look up good camping grounds, and to fish. We had to move camp three or four times a week, as the survey was pushing along rapidly, and the camp had to keep up with the men. In this way we found many fine creeks and fishing places. We always had either venison, wild turkey or trout for supper when we got back to camp after a hard day's work. I remember how we used to enjoy those meals. We had an excellent cook along with us, a colored boy named Graham, who had learned his trade on the large steamboats running into New Orleans, and where none but experts are employed. We paid him big wages, but we obtained grand results. Our captain used to say that there was nothing on earth that would come so near keeping a crowd of men contented as to feed them well and have their food well cooked and nicely served; and I think he was about right.

We went through awful experiences after we left the high, pine hill country, and got into the Sabine swamps and in the "Big Thick" of Eastern Texas.

One day before we were out of the hills we had stopped on the bank of a small stream to eat our luncheon. We had all learned to be "good soldiers" by this time, and would take advantage of every opportunity to rest. We had finished our luncheon, and all the boys had lain down on the ground to catch a short nap before our dinner hour was over. I was the only one awake, and I was half dreaming, and playing mumble peg with my pocket knife, when I heard a noise near by. I looked up, and there, within fifteen feet of me, were five large deer drinking at the brink of the stream. They had come down the steep bank of the creek almost to the spot we occupied and had not seen nor smelled us. I drew my revolver and put a ball into the deer nearest to me. They all ran off, and we tracked my wounded deer some distance, but finally lost the blood trail and had to give it up. I suppose the deer ran off somewhere and died. I would like to have bagged that particular deer, just to say that I had killed a deer with a revolver, but fate decreed it otherwise.

We finally emerged from the hill country and entered the dark and dismal swamps of the Sabine River. Now our privations and tribulations began in earnest. The river was out of its banks in the last part of October, as the fall rains had set in, and rains in that country mean downpours or torrents. I do not believe any of us had a dry thread on us for three weeks. We had to cross the overflowed swamps, and there was nothing to do but wear it. Lots and lots of times I have stepped off a bank or into a hole and gone out of sight head and ears only to come up snorting and swearing. I had to lead the van. That was my place, and I could not even compel one of the axe men to go ahead and see how deep the water was. It was lucky that I was an expert swimmer or I would not have filled the place. I went plump into the Sabine River before I knew I was within half a mile of it. The only way I found it was by walking into it, and then I knew by its depth and current that it was the river.

Well, we ran our line up to our bank, and I crossed the river on a Choctaw log, and then we triangulated the stream and found its width, and started our line in the overflowed swamp on the other side. Our camp outfit and wagons had to go nearly one hundred miles out of the way to find a ferry boat to cross We could not afford to lose the time by going with them, so we crossed the river on logs lashed together with pins and stays and existed rather than lived for four days without beds or anything to sleep on at night, or any cover from the rain which was falling constantly. We walked out of the overflowed swamp every night to high ground, built a big fire and roasted there till morning, and then plunged into the cold water again to remain all day. The depth of the water was anywhere from knee deep to shoulder deep, and often over our heads. We came near losing our field instruments half a dozen times. I thought to myself a thousand times that if that was civil engineering I would study law as soon as I reached civilization. However, everyone must learn his trade in the hard school of experience, and many times until I gave up the profession I had almost as hard experiences as the ones narrated.

We finally got out of that swamp only to plunge into another. The bad season set in, and a miserable time we had, plodding in mud and mire, chopping our way through impenetrable thickets, and cane brakes, and almost sleeping in the nasty, slimy, slippery ooze. The whole of east Texas, from the Sabine to the Nachitoches River, is an almost impenetrable thicket. They call it the "Big Thick" of Texas. It is one continued cane brake, with matted vines and small bushes as thick as the hair on a dog's back. Sometimes we would not progress a half mile in twelve hours' hard chopping, and we only cut a line open enough to get a sight through our telescopes, on the instruments How I have heard our transit man swear. He was an ambitious fellow and wanted to make a reputation, and half a mile a day would never make him one. I used to try to console him by telling him that if the company had not sent us into this "God forsaken" country they would never have known what it was, and as it was essential to know what the country was like, and what kind of a road bed could be gotten, we were doing the full measure of our duty. And we were.

To make a long story short, we chopped and chopped for two months, and about the first of January, 1883, emerged from the "Big Thick." There is plenty of game in there, but it can stay there so far as I am concerned, for I will never bother it again. I killed several deer, plenty of turkeys and many ducks and coons and oppossums, and squirrels and such small fry. Our cook laid a bait down and killed one good sized black bear, which came to it, so we had bear meat once on the trip. I cannot say that I enjoyed the hunting while in this thicket, because I was wet all the time, and one has to be tolerably comfortable to enjoy anything. On the Louisiana side of the Sabine, however, in the rolling pine hills, the deer hunting is simply grand. One can still or stalk hunt there to his heart's content, and kill deer every day of his life if he knows anything about hunting. One cannot help but jump them if he walks through the woods, and if he knows how to use a rifle he is sure of meat. I am going back to that country some day, and as there is still no railroad near it, I know the deer are bound to be there still.

As to the rest of our survey. We ran the line as fast as possible, so soon as we reached the prairies, to make up for lost time. We encountered some antelope, but they were so shy and wily that we could not kill any of them. We also came across numerous flocks of prairie chickens, but could do very little with them.

I have failed to mention the jack rabbits of Texas. The first one I jumped out of the grass, I vow I thought it was a fawn. They have ears from six to eight inches long, and the rabbit itself is as large as a small greyhound, and it takes a greyhound to catch one, too. I saw a beautiful race on the prairie near Hempstead, Texas, between a jack rabbit and four large fine hounds. An Englishman at Hempstead owned a pack of English deer hounds. One day while we were running the line near Hempstead, he came out with four of his dogs to have a race with a rabbit or an antelope. He jumped a rabbit, and it was a race for life and death. At first the rabbit gained on the hounds, then they gained on him, and the rabbit commenced to double on his track like a fox and run in a circle. Every now and then one could see the rabbit jump clear of the grass so as to locate the dogs. It took those dogs nearly an hour to catch that rabbit, and they finally overhauled him in less than a mile from where he started.

We reached our western terminus about the 1st of April, after running a line about 750 yards long and taking seven months to run it. We passed through some very disagreeable country in Western Texas, and got into the chapparel and mesquite thickets, and between that and the cactus we came near losing all of our clothing. When we got back to Shreveport we were a browned and hardy looking set, and would then have made good soldiers. We brushed up, bought new clothes all round, drew our eight months' pay and were happy. The railroad was never built. It was found that it would not pay, as the company was fearful lest they would have no local travel from the "Big Thick," and other sections of Eastern Texas, excepting the bears and alligators, and possibly the coons and catamounts. For that reason I say that the game is still in Western Louisiana, the garden spot of earth for deer hunting, the "happy hunting grounds."

I will in my next give you some minute descriptions of several deer and bear hunts that I had two years later in the Bolivar country, Mississippi, about one hundred miles south of Memphis, in the canebrakes of the Mississippi River swamps.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

TENNESSEE.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF FLORIDA FISHING.—III.

BY ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

I have said little of the Florida scenery, because it is difficult to convey any notion of its simple beauty in words.

We passed down a river which narrowed occasionally to a few yards only, and then broadened out to the width of half a mile. The water was blue as the cloudless sky, the trees for the most part monotonous—the strangely rooted mangrove, varied by magnificent palms.

As we emerged into a wide lagoon the mullet were jumping. I shall never forget the sound of those tens of thousands of fish leaping at one moment. A pound trout can make a fairly loud "swack" as it comes down. Try and imagine myriads of fish doing this at the same moment, picture them extending in gleaming shoals almost as far as the eye can see.

They ceased as suddenly as they had begun, and we went on and on through lagoon after lagoon until we grounded on one of the many beds of oysters that infest—yes, that is the correct word—the creeks and rivers of Florida.

Those who are fond of what it seems to be the thing to call the "succulent bivalve," should take a shipload of brown bread and butter, with an adequate supply of pepper and vinegar, and emigrate to Florida at once.

Oysters are to be had there for the picking. We got out of the boat, procured a mass of them and proceeded down stream eating them as we went.

A little further on I was reminded that travelers' tales are occasionally true. I daresay a good many of us have read one time or another a paragraph that often goes the rounds entitled "Oysters that grow on trees." Most of us have probably set the statement down as a thundering lie. I did certainly. I regarded it as of the same category as another popular paragraph that tells us about the gentleman of South Africa who has trained monkeys to serve as clerks. Having seen the tree growing oysters I can almost swallow the monkeys (metaphorically, of course).

The mangrove tree spreads in a curious way. As it grows, its branches dip over into the water and make fresh roots. To the drooping branches the oysters attach themselves, and thus it is that one can cut off a young limb with four or five dozen oysters attached. These tree growing oysters are not, as a rule, good to eat. They told me in Southern Florida that it is always dangerous to eat oysters that are uncovered at any state of the tide.

Presently we passed out of the wide lagoons into a narrowing portion of the river, where the rush of the water reminded me of the Rhone as it enters the Lake of Geneva. We had been more or less drifting hitherto, but now Hart had his work cut out. Owing to some curious natural formation it appears to be difficult to row going either way a little above Gordon Pass. The natives, with that delightful lack of formality which distinguishes American nomenclature of places, terms this "Pull and be d——d," and it was hard to suppress a smile when this free and easy name was mentioned quite seriously by some solemn old gentleman in discussing his adventures of the day.

A few yards more and we were to commence tarpon fishing. We anchored the boat at the verge of a large pool, and, though I did not know it, I was on the eve of an exciting experience. Having rigged up my tarpon tackle in the manner described in a previous chapter, I donned the necessary belt, cast out my mullet, sat down, lit a pipe, and prepared for a doze. I have described to you the stiff 7 foot rod, and the big reel that runs on ball bearings and carries 600 feet of fine salmon line.

Resting the rod across the boat I was indulging in a post-prandial day dream, when the handle of the reel began to revolve. I was awake in an instant. The check was off; I had come to the conclusion, after careful consideration, to invariably keep it off during the first run of a tarpon, in order that he might gorge the bait sufficiently without feeling any strain.

"Tarpon?" I said to Hart, interrogatively.

"I think so, sir," he replied.

About seventy-five yards of line ran out, when, to our dismay, the line speedily began to slacken. Either the tarpon had dropped the bait or it was not a tarpon at all.

"I guess it is a shark," remarked the guide.

Standing up in the boat, placing the butt of the rod in the cup of my safety belt, I swung round and struck the fish with all my strength and weight.

Whatever it was, and at eighty yards we were too far off to see, it came to the top of the water and plunged furiously. Hart was puzzled.

"I never saw a tarpon stop so soon as that," he said, "but I never saw a shark come to the top of the water in that way when he struck."

We had no time for colloquy, for the fish began manoeuvering in a style that was quite new to me.

Up came the anchor, and the next moment Hart was pulling with might and main for the centre of the pool, in order that I might have the best opportunity of playing whatever it might be.

The line suddenly slackened, I wound faster and faster till my fingers were going at their utmost speed. It is not easy to describe what passes through the angler's brain at an exciting moment like this, but for a brief instant I felt certain that whatever had taken my bait was off. But no! Of a sudden the strain on the line commenced again. I tried what I could do to weaken the fish by pulling against it. The result was merely to send the reel dashing round again, and it sang, for the check was now on as though it were being worked by some rapid machinery.

"That's a shark, sir," remarked Hart.

What was to be done. Playing shark on a light line is a sport that had never occurred to me, though it is one that in my opinion is next only to tarpon fishing

for excitement, as thrilling indeed as one could wish. A 7 foot shark is supposed to be as strong as three men. He can swim at twelve miles an hour, and can tow a heavy boat with the greatest ease.

The inevitable revolver, which I had taken to Florida on the advice of a friend who had been there, and which I found to be useful in more ways than one, was in my belt, and knowing that it would be absolutely impossible to gaff and kill a monster of this kind by the ordinary method, I got Hart to remove the "gun" and see that it was all ready for action if necessary. I was, however, slightly too previous. It did not occur to me that the killing of our friend would occupy the time it did.

"You must get him as soon as you can, sir," remarked the guide, "otherwise he will bite through your leather trace, and be off." So I resolved to try and fight Master Shark by strength alone. Pulling directly against him, however, I could do nothing; but when I worked my rod sideways with my whole weight, and the impetus caused by Hart rowing in a direction contrary to the fish, I found that I was able to turn him, and this, I think, is the secret of tiring a giant of this type.

Again and again I repeated the maneuver, and presently I began to gain on my fish. All this time, however, we had been traveling rapidly up stream. Resolving to get to close quarters and shoot the brute if possible, I told the guide to row his hardest in pursuit.

As he rowed I wound. We got within four or five yards of the monster, and I saw his great, pale brown hideous body, six or eight inches under water. Clasping my rod firmly in my left hand I took my revolver, attempted to lift the shark's head slightly, and fired

That was an exciting moment, for the fish might upset the boat. It is all very well for Floridians to tell one that a shark does not damage a "human" once in ten years in those parts. I do not believe the statement, and even if I did, a shark is such a loathsome and terrifying brute in appearance that I would certainly not care to be in the water with one in close proximity.

The bullet struck him at the back of the head and the result was scarcely what I hoped. He lashed the water furiously for a second, and was off down stream at a tremendous speed. By this time the perspiration was rolling from me, and I was getting tired. There was nothing to be done, however, but to follow him. He ran for a hundred yards.

I tried to check him several times meanwhile, and made him tow the boat a considerable distance, but I began to fear that either rod or line would give. Having placed himself at a safe distance from the boat, he commenced a series of jerking motions of the head that sent a nervous chill up the line and made me think that he was fairly certain to get away, and that I might as well end matters by cutting him loose.

"Nothing venture nothing have," and after a rest for a moment we were after him again.

He varied procedings this time by getting on the other side of a sand bank.

I could feel the line rubbing against the sand, and hoped there were no oyster shells in those parts. In a moment or two we were upon him. He bolted round the far side of the sand bank, towing us with him, and then out again into the middle of the pool. I tried my old tactics of dragging his head round sideways. He could not stand this.

Whether it pained him or tired him I am unable to tell, sufficient to say that we got him within six or seven yards of the boat, and were getting the revolver ready, when there was a repetition of the previous miniature maelstrom on the water, and down he went.

But for the dexterity of my guide he would have upset the boat, for he went directly underneath it.

Lowering the point of the rod I let him tow us. He was evidently tired, and perhaps the wound was telling upon him.

I could feel that he was struggling along against the stream with that heavy weight behind him, and I had that peculiar intuitive feeling that I had my fish. I gave his head a tremendous side turn, wound rapidly, and we were up to him.

Hart put the revolver in my hand. Bang! bang! bang! The water was red all round us, and with a horribly suggestive sound Hart drove the big gaff well into him. I shot him in the right place near the top of the nose, where the shark's brain is to be found. He was as dead as a door nail, and a particularly unpleasant sight into the bargain.

What was to be done with the brute? "A portion of the backbone would make a nice walking cane," remarked Hart. We towed him ashore, dragged him high and dry on land—but I will draw a veil over the next half hour, suffice to say that at the end of that time I had a trophy consisting of a long strip of shark skin, which is now being made into a cigarette case, and all the elements of an excellent walking stick.

We had scarcely settled down to fishing again when I had another run. What it was I shall never know. We came to the conclusion that it was a Jew fish. Jew fish attain a tremendous weight, and they have a more hideous looking head than one has ever seen in a nightmare. The bait was gone, a new one was necessary.

Almost immediately there came a run about which there was no mistake. One shark a day is quite enough for a strong man, and I am by no means a Samson. I did not wish for another battle, but the quarrel was forced upon me. Not having started with serious thoughts of tarpon fishing that day we had brought with us only two hooks. If I had cut loose this shark our sport would have ended for the day.

Having gained experience by this time, I should no doubt be able to kill him quickly and save my hook. The newcomer behaved in a different manner. He began by sulking. More than once we had him directly under the boat. As soon as our shadow passed over him he was off, first up stream and then down, and then from side to side, until the roar of the breakers told me we were not far from the mouth of the river. How many times I wound in on that gentleman and tried to shoot him I cannot remember, but over and over again I had him almost in sight and then he either saw or heard us and was off. The tide had turned, and he towed us down to the Pass, as the mouth of the river is called.

We had no intention of being towed out to sea, as have many other fishermen in those parts, and we resolved that as soon as we were able to do so we would land on a little sand bank at the mouth of the river and play him from the shore. There was some brisk fighting, however, before we got there, and I fancy I tired him more than he would have cared to confess. Once on shore we managed to get him into shallow water, shot him and hauled him up. Attached to him were a number of those little flatheaded fish which are said to follow the sharks in all parts of the world, and are known as pilot fish. It was most pathetic to see the way they attached themselves to their master as we drew him up. He was small, between five and six feet long, but very game. Some genial sportsmen from Toledo, Ohio, who were trolling at the mouth of the Pass helped us to cut him open, and I remember that his heart beat for some minutes after we had removed it from the body. Can there be anything more cold and greedy than the pale and stony green eye of a shark? This unpleasant fish has the smallest heart and eyes and the largest stomach of anything of its size that walks or swims.

UNCLE RUSTY AND OLD SILE.—II.

A Backwoods Correspondence.

Hawley's Meadows.—The folks have gone to meetin' and me and Jack are left to hum to see that the cows don't git into the mowin' lot. Can't ye imagine we're a settin' on the fence over thar?

See that brindle cow over yonder, rubbin' up agin that oak tree? Wall, sir, she sarved me the curiost trick once ye ever heerd of. It was two year ago last August; I was settin' out in the summer kitchin shellin' peas, and Jerushy was out in the woodshed pickin' up kindlins. All of a suddent she yelled, "Rusty! Rusty!" I said, "What is it?" kinder perlite and calm, for I was feelin' in good spirits that day, for I'd just finished hayin'. "Well," she sung out, "old Brindle's up in the orchid gorgin' them cider apples that's piled up under the pippin tree." Course I went up quick as I could and druv her out and put up the bars. Said I to myself, that cow'll be dead fore mornn'. She hed et about a bushel of apples. Next mornin' I milked her and kep her milk separate. Jerushy churned it to see if it was any good, and bimeby it come, and she says, "Look here, Rusty," says she, "what funny lookin' butter." I looked into the churn and there was about four pound of the nicest apple butter a feller ever see. Cider apples at that, too. Maybe you don't put much confidence in that there story—but it's gospel truth, and we 'gzibited the butter at the fair down to Cherry Park and got fust premium

Your letter come all right. I tell ye I was glad to git it. Does a feller good to git out and stroll round and see how things is getin' on. See the old bee tree where ye took out the honey last fall, and go down the old stone bridge over the brook and lie down on your belly and watch that big trout you uster watch, every now and then flap his fins to keep in the same place; walk up to the pasture with the black birch standin' in the corner, and see the skeleton of Mr. Fox ye killed last winter ahead of the old dog; and while ye set there thinkin' a couple of jays come and set in the cedars and pick them purple berries and scream at ye. Then go down to the flats along the river, go thro' the alders aways till ye come to a little open medder about an acre, all overgrown with wild rice and rushes and medder-rue, and ye'll see the old mushrat house tore down jest as ye left it last spring when ye was trappin'.

Go up on the hillside in the orchard that runs right up the hill till it comes to the woods; set on the fence and whittle—set thar awhile and mebbe ye'll see that old gray squirrel come out and bark at ye, and a little further on ye'll see a yeller and black bird come flittin' along and light on a candy thistle and scatter them down all round—don't move or ye'll scare him. Let the little feller git the seed he's arter. Hear that? That's a partridge drummin' up in the timber. Yes, sir; he's about half a mile away and ye kin hear him so plain jes like he was rite back of ye; that's cause the woods is so still. Ain't the hill hazy and far off? Pretty, ben't they? Gol, ain't that a sweet note back in the woods! That's a hermit thrush; ye'll go in thar and find ye can't see him, but he's in thar among them catbriars.

Thar, sir, Jack's got a woodchuck in the stone wall—hear him whistle and make that throbbin' sound and snap his jaw and chatter? Ye can git him out jest one way if the wall is too big to pull down, and that is to take a stick with a short fork on the end and push it in till ye comes up against Mr. Chuck; then twist it round and pull back—he's got to come then.

See that brindle cow gorgin' them cider apples. She'll be sick in the mornin'—but I won't prevent her. She b'longs to Stevey Pitkin, and me and him don't cotton on to one another not this summer—not sence we had that leetle dispute about what becomes of my traps what I had sot on his land last spring. Gol, how I wisht I could set here forever and watch things goin' on so pleasant like, but, let's see; I presume likely it's about 4 o'clock, and thars six cows to milk—come Jack—you'd most likely howl and claw about that stone wall the rest of the day if I'd let ye. Come, Jack, stop yer noise and let's go and fetch the critters. Yours,

RUSTY.

Through Parlor Car Express to Atlantic City via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The New York and Atlantic City Through Express via the Pennsylvani Railroad will be placed in service Monday, Jan. 14. This train will be composed of Pullman buffet parlor cars of the latest design and the standard passenger coaches of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and will afford a most comfortable means of reaching the popular "City by the Sea." The train will leave New York, stations foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets, at 1.50 P. M. week-days, and arrive at Atlantic City, without change, at 5.30 P. M. Returning, it will leave Atlantic City 9.00 A. M. week-days and arrive in New York 12.43 P. M. Stops will be made in each direction at Newark, Elizabeth and Trenton.

This arrangement will afford excellent connections to and from New England, Eastern, Central and Western New York State.—*adv.*

Natural History.

QUAIL AND INSECT FOOD.

Cincinnati, Jan. 4—The quail shooting in Ohio during the past seasoan was poorer than I ever saw it before. In the early part of summer they were plenty, and their clear notes could be heard almost anywhere outside of the cities. But as fall approached they became fewer and fewer, until when the open season came there was scarcely a covey to be found. I do not mean throughout the whole State, for there were some good bags made in some localities if I was rightly informed; but generally speaking they were scarce. Since the first of June last I have been in the country, fishing and shooting, but my principal pastime was collecting insects, the study of which I am passionately fond of, and this, as everyone who follows it knows, places one entirely in communion with nature, and after a few summers of such work an object is exceedingly small that will pass one's eyes unseen. It teaches one to sight quickly and to catch the faintest sound. Many times while down on my knees picking over some bits of moss and rotten wood in search of some particular specimen, I would hear some little sound come from the leaves around me, and placing my ear close to the ground have listened to the sweetest chorus of insect voices that one could imagine.

With myself, and probably others, it is a problem what had caused the scarcity of our quail, but I have solved it to my own satisfacton and I hope to the satisfaction of others.

While on some of my rambles along the banks of Talawanda Creek, near the classic little village of Oxford, I came on to a quail's nest containing twelve eggs. Two days later when I visited the place they were gone. I called and soon had an answer from the mother bird. I dropped down and called again and listened. She answered again and came toward me through the grass and weeds, and I had a chance to view her with all her children but one. I was at a loss to account for it absence. The mother stood and watched me, while her children hugged the ground pretty closely, and if one would move she would give a chuckle and down would go its head as though it were shot.

The next day I found another covey of nine young birds. These were about one week old, and a day or two later I found still another covey of eight. Now these three coveys I watched day after day, but every time I found them one or two were missing. I went away on a collecting trip, and when I returned in September I looked for my pets, but, alas! I could not find one. So I borrowed an old pointer and tried again. After working hard for an hour or so, the dog made a stand while I tried to locate them over her head, but she sprung forward and caught one in her mouth while the mother bird and the surviving offspring, which was not much larger than a sparrow, arose and took to the thicket. The dog nearly killed the one it caught, so I had to finish the work to put it out of misery. This dead bird I dissected, and am now fully convinced as to what caused their deaths, and probably caused the scarcity of quail throughout the country.

Young quail live principally on insect diet and other soft food, the insects that the quail feed on require rich and rank vegetation, and the rich and rank vegetation requires rain. During all the summers I have collected, I have never found insect life so wanting as this summer. No rain, no rank vegetation, no insects, no quail. Is the problem solved? F. B. MAGILL.

THE PUEBLO BEAVER COLONY.

Lake Molechunkamunk, Maine.—Some of your readers may remember an article of mine which appeared in Forest and Stream number of March 23, 1893, regarding the unusual action of a colony of beaver, which came into the city of Pueblo and established itself well within the city limits in a marshy tract of land adjoining the union station of three railroads back of the Grand Hotel.

I was in Pueblo last month and interested myself in the subject, visiting the tract, and found the conclusive indications that the colony was still there, and evidently in a prosperous condition. The runs among the dead reeds and grass of the marsh were clearly evident, as well as on the firmer land of the shores, and their habitations beneath the banks were clearly indicated.

The situation had improved for the beaver by the unusually high freshets of last May and June, which threw up a substantial embankment at the south end of the marsh, saving the beaver the necessity of doing this work. The marsh is fed by a number of large springs, which creates an abundant supply of water, the surplus of which flows out beneath the railroad track to the Fountain stream below. In the marsh are many succulent tule, and grass roots which supply food, and about the spot are a number of cottonwood trees. The latter did not seem to have been disturbed since my last visit in March, 1893, when a number had been neatly cut down by the beaver, one of which I observed to have been twelve inches in diameter. The limbs had been entirely cut away from the parent trees, and conveyed into the marsh, and laid the foundation of the larger embankment now existing, which caught the debris of the last summer's freshets.

The body of permanent water now retained is increased over any previous holding, and results from the ingenious construction of the beaver upon taking possession of the marsh in January or February of 1893. I will confess that I was much surprised and delighted to find the colony still in possession, despite the proximity of so large a population as that of Pueblo, which cannot be less than 35,000, and which must certainly contain its proportion of adventurous boys. But the beaver colony has evidently failed to attract any special attention, and it is doubtful if more than a very few residents of the city know of its existence.

It is a very remarkable feature, that of the colony, that it should have become located where it is, and that it should have continued its existence in the midst of its most implacable foes. Within a very short distance is the railroad station of three large continental railways, the Denver and Rio Grande, the Union Pacific and the Missouri Pacific. From this station, erected

at a cost of over $30,000, a stone could almost, if not quite, be thrown by hand into the beaver colony; yet in speaking of the subject to the station master I found he was entirely ignorant of the subject.

In conversation with Colonel Stanton, an old and prominent citizen of the town and of Colorado, the owner of the land where the colony is located, and who is quite interested in this family of squatters who have taken possession of a portion of his land, he estimated that there were fully a dozen, and perhaps more, of beaver in the settlement, and that he had in a few instances warned off parties whom he had feared might intrude upon the beaver. He informed me that he had not known of any disturbance of them, and he should exert himself to see that they were not molested. Although he frequently visited the spot he never caught sight of the residents but once, and that only a few days before my interview, when, with a friend, approaching the marsh, they both saw a large beaver on the bank, which, disturbed by an incautious step, plunged into the water and disappeared beneath the shore. J. PARKER WHITNEY.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

Holland, Mich., Jan. 8.—For the benefit of those who may desire to rear the mongolian pheasant, to stock our woods and fields, I will give the result of my first year's experience with them. In the fall of 1893 I purchased four hens and two cocks from Mr. V. DeGuise, Mahwah, N. J. These I kept one winter without losing a bird. They slept out of doors in the snow all winter. And they did so from choice, as they could go into a warm barn if they desired. They do not roost together in a bunch as do quail, but scatter all over the pen. The hens began to lay April 15, and laid 175 eggs, the last one August 26.

I was compelled to use Plymouth rocks or other large hens for setting, as no bantams could be obtained. These hens killed a great many chicks by stepping on them, and I believe a large number were smothered in the nest. In each setting there were from two to six dead chicks in the nest. They had got out of the shell all right, but I think the great weight of the hens killed them.

The chicks will run soon after hatching. Here is something to guard against. I lost fifty per cent of my first hatch, as I did not think of their leaving the nest so quickly. It was cold and they were chilled. Several I found apparently dead, but upon being placed near a warm stove they soon revived and were all right in a day. The nest box must not be made so small that the young birds will be compelled to stay in the nest, because if it were the hen would be very liable to break the eggs by jumping upon them when returning from her feed. I make the nest box as small as practicable and take the chicks from the nest as soon as they are hatched and place them in a warm room until the eggs are hatched. Then I give all the chicks to the hen.

Before setting the hen sift her feathers full of Persian insect powder and put some in the nest.

I usually make the nests right on the ground. Cut a sod, hollow it out in the center, on the bottom, place it in the nest box with some straw upon it. I put the sod moist, so the eggs will not get dry, which would prevent their hatching. At any rate this is my theory, although it was somewhat shattered when a friend set twenty-three pheasant eggs under two hens, in a box four feet from the ground, where there was no moisture, and hatched seventeen live chicks.

An amusing incident occurred in connection with this hatch. Both hens were set in the same box at the same time, and of course both settings hatched at the same time. One of the hens was apparently puzzled at the peculiar looks, actions and noises of her brood. Jumping upon the edge of the box, she eyed them curiously for awhile, then gave a loud cackle and left the nest and could not be induced to return. The other hen readily took the addition to her brood and cared for the entire seventeen.

The chicks should be well protected from the cold and wet for the first few weeks of their lives. I kept my hens and chicks in a barn for the first week, then they were taken out into a run 4x8 feet in size, of inch mesh, wire netting. It is best to cover the runs with fish net or something of that description, as the young birds are very wild and liable to injure themselves by flying against the top of the run when disturbed. The runs should be placed on grass, or better, in growing clover—which will supply insect food—and a small spot should be spaded so that they may roll in the sand, something they enjoy. Every night and on rainy days I cover the runs with old matting, or oil cloth, to keep out the dampness. I tried placing a box in the run for them to roost in at night, but frequently they did not all get in, and if the night was cold I would find one or two outside dead in the morning. Before placing the chicks out in the runs I dust them and the hens well with insect powder, and have had no trouble with lice, not losing a bird from this cause.

I feed for the first week eggs boiled twelve minutes, chopped fine shells and all, and rolled in ground barley—barley-meal. Use enough of the barley so that the feed will not be sticky. Feed four times a day for the first week, first giving the hen all the grain she will eat, or the young pheasants will not get much of the egg. After the first week or two gradually give them a little grain each day, changing entirely to grain after two months. Chopped meat should be given occasionally, also cabbage, lettuce, clover, etc.

Having read that it was absolutely necessary to feed the larvæ of flies to the young pheasants, I experimented a little. I placed two broods in the same situation and treated them exactly alike, except that I fed the larvæ to one brood only. The birds which had none did exactly as well as the others. The eggs partly supply the insect, or animal, food.

I set about 100 of the eggs laid and hatched about sixty chicks. It does not seem to pay to set the eggs after the warm weather comes on, as I got but one or two chicks out of each setting hatched during July and August. It would pay better to feed the eggs to the young chicks.

I now have seventeen young pheasants alive, eight hens and nine cocks; the rest have been killed by the hens stepping on them or by fighting among themselves, and several have escaped.

In the early spring I shall set five pairs at liberty, the rest of the hens I shall keep for breeding purposes. The surplus males I shall dispose of in some way. The birds raised this coming season will be turned out in September. A few days ago one of the old males, in an endeavor to get into an adjoining run, got its head fastened in the netting and was dead when I found it. I have it mounted and in my collection of game birds. I am very much indebted to Mr. F. L. Rogers, with the Wyandanch Club, for many valuable hints and would probably have been more successful had I followed his suggestions more closely. ARTHUR J. BAUMGARTEL.

THE ZOO IN WINTER.

Paris has two great collections of living animals in its Jardin des Plantes and Jardin d'Acclimatation. A French journalist has recently visited the former and has published his impressions of recent improvements in one of the daily newspapers. It appears that the Jardin des Plantes has introduced a style of descriptive label which is to be found in its perfection in the Zoological Garden of Antwerp and elsewhere on the Continent. It is a card giving the class to which the animal belongs, its common and scientific names, the name of the describer of the species and the habitat.

Along with these dates is a small map of the world on which is marked in red the area over which the animal is distributed. This method of condensing a great deal of useful information within a small space has added much to the pleasure of visitors and is, therefore, very popular.

The difficulties to be overcome in imitating the natural surroundings of certain animals and the effects incident to change of season are set forth by the correspondent in the following quaint style: "The air is keen, intensely cold; a sheet of ice covers the winding streams. The easy carriage and satisfied countenance of the polar bear are explained by the descriptive label, which states that he is a native of boreal regions, and it is pleasant to feel a temperature which recalls his birthplace. On the other hand, what cruel irony pursues these poor sheep frisking about awkwardly in their furs! They are from the Atlas Mountains, and now, for Mount Atlas, they are reduced to an enclosure of a few metres in the middle of which rises a ridiculously little rock heap.

"These goats are from Morocco; they have a sorrowful look which excites our pity. They shiver and murmur through their small teeth to whoever approaches: can you tell me the country wherein the orange flourishes? They are not consoled by the thoughtless reply of the Parisian: It is the Garden of the Tuileries."

It is gratifying after all to observe the progress shown in providing for the wants of animals kept in captivity—progress which is not limited to the older establishments of Europe, but is equally manifest in our own country. Nature has surrounded many of her wild creatures with conditions which are almost impossible of reproduction, but humanity has labored faithfully to render captivity as little painful and as favorable to longevity as circumstances will permit. T. H. B.

Frozen Fish and Greedy Ducks.

Titusville, Fla., Jan. 6.—The following may interest your readers, showing one of the results of the cold snap on the Banana creek and Mosquito Lagoon in Florida.

The water is very shallow, and it became so cold (ice making along the edge on the banks) that myriads of fish died, of all kinds and sizes, so that they lay in a continuous string along the shore. I found an alligator apparently dead at the water's edge, and slipped a noose over his snout, when he opened a fishy eye and backed off. He was finally shot, and measured ten feet two inches. A man at the foot of Mosquito Lagoon gathered in forty green turtles in one day, most of which died shortly after.

The most curious result of the fish being killed was that the broadbill ducks, of which there are many here, took to feeding on the small dead sea trout, which they dove for and picked off the bottom before they had decomposed enough to float. In the small cove by the side of the Canaveral Club house seven ducks were found floating, and stranded on the shore dead, each choked with a fish half out of its mouth, too large to be swallowed. Another still warm and apparently just dead was picked up while I was out shooting. No doubt very many met their death in a similar manner. W.

Early Generic Names Restored.

In the first number of the new series of Science, a publication which for some little time has been suspended, Dr. C. Hart Merriam announces as a result of his investigations that the generic name Mazama, which for years has been employed for the mountain goat of the West, must be supplanted by the name Oreamnos, which Rafinesque also proposes for this genus. The goat's name, therefore, according to the most recent authority, would be Oreamnos Montanus.

In the same article the name Anisonyx Raf. is given as the earliest generic name for that group of ground squirrels which we have known under the name Spermophilus.

Wild Pigeons in New Jersey.

Princeton, N. J.—I see in the last issues of The Forest and Stream various notes on the occurrences of the wild pigeon in New York State. I thought that it might interest a few to know that New Jersey was also favored. About the third week of last August I saw a flock of 28. These did not look as if they were going to stay with us very long, as they were flying south, but they were quite near and low, so there was absolutely no mistake as to their identity. These are the only individuals I have seen in years. In September, 1881, I shot a single bird, and in August, 1891, while in the Adirondacks, on the Moose River, two separate individuals. It is to be hoped that the few that remain will be permitted to make the attempt at least to keep thei race from dying out entirely. It was with great disgust that I read that hunters were trying to shoot o catch with nets those that were seen in New York.

A. H. PHILLIPS.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN MASSACHUSETTS COVERS.

One Sunday in last August, while picking my way along a muddy wood road some thirteen miles from Boston, my attention was attracted by innumerable holes that might have been made by thrusting a lead pencil into the soil. I had, however, heard of these often enough to feel no surprise when my dog came to a point, and on walking up I flushed a woodcock, which rose silently and slowly made its way to a patch of alders. Though an inexperienced shot myself, I could not help wondering how sportsmen could have found pleasure in shooting these birds when the season opened in July and August, finding them almost featherless and lifeless.

During my walk I located three other woodcock, two of which were near stone heaps on a scrubby hillside, and a covey of eight grouse. These few encouragements made me spend much of my spare time before September 15 in like manner, and I noticed that, although a careful examination was made, there were no footprints of the birds around the borings.

September 15 came at last, after what seemed to me several months of waiting, and was a perfect day for shooting. Determining to get a good start, I retired early the night before, giving strict orders to be called at 5 a. m. I was therefore somewhat annoyed, on waking myself, to find that my "day off" was to begin at 6.30 instead. In half an hour I was on my way to the woods with twelve shells of No. 9 and ten of No. 6 shot (I am cranky on loads, for, after experimenting, I find that 3¾ drms of powder under 1⅛ oz. of shot suits my 12 bore as well as any load.) The high spirits of my dog soon improved my temper, and by the time we came to my first location I felt that if I got only two or three birds my day's vacation would more than pay me.

For some time I had seen little of the dog, his bell telling me that he was well within the regulation distance, but soon he trotted carelessly towards me through a bunch of alders and had come within thirty feet of me when his head suddenly jerked to one side and it seemed as if he had seen the head of Medusa. Although taken while completely off his guard not a muscle stirred after catching the scent; how awkward he seemed compared to the graceful poise taken when stopping on a bird after trailing it.

However, I knew that of the two this was the better way of showing his nerve, so getting in the best position possible, I watched him a full minute before giving the signal to flush. He did not stir, and only after being ordered the third time did he give that well known leap and land, with forepaws stretched well in front, almost on top of the hiding bird. A shrill twitter of wings (or throat, as some say), and "Philohela minor" was at the top of the trees, to pause an infinitesimal period, then dart like an arrow out of sight. It was my first shot of the season, and I was so much occupied by the actions of my dog (it is not all in shooting to shoot) that the gun did not speak out until the bird had disappeared. However, as the dog had not budged after flushing and seemed anxious, I sent him in, and was soon agreeably surprised to see him reappear with the bird in his mouth. It was only winged, and its head and neck, stretched from the dog's mouth, kept perfect time to his motions as it looked in all directions for some way of escape. I admit, I felt badly.

The next location was at the edge of a marsh some half a mile further on, but before reaching it we flushed three more, of which only one came to bag. This was scarcely surprising, as the cover was so thick as to make it almost impossible to see the birds when they rose. On coming to the edge of the meadow the borings were all there, but the bird was missing. After considerable search I came upon two empty shells, which explained both the absence of the bird and some shots I heard the day before.

Moralizing on how some men stretch the game laws, I wended my way to the stone heap above mentioned, where Polly struck a trail and soon came to a point under a scrubby oak. Being on the wrong side I was walking around when Philohela decided that he had been there long enough, and went out on the opposite side from me. I caught just a glimpse and let drive through the thick of it, when, after the smoke had cleared, I saw the token of success shown by a dozen downy feathers which floated aimlessly above the trees.

This soon convinced me, as it has done often before, that a good sized charge of powder will send shot through a branch with better results than a small one. I had gone scarcely ten steps farther on when a bur-r-r to my right made me whip up and take a snap shot at a reddish grey streak as it appeared for an instant in the scrub. I listened anxiously until a dull thump, accompanied by a hurried rustling in the leaves, told me that a ruffled grouse was shortly to be added to my bag. I was now feeling friendly with everything, even with the twigs that occasionally snapped back into my face, for I was convinced that my previous poor opinion of my skill was entirely erroneous. In fact, when, a mile or so further on, another woodcock leaped from under my feet and flew through an opening toward a thick swamp, I felt sorry for him as, taking cool and perfect aim, I pressed first one trigger and then the other. But my previous sorrow for the cock was not a circumstance to what I felt for myself as the bird, with never a feather missing, winged his way to what I knew was safety.

Just then a series of whistles warned me that it was noon and high time for lunch, so I started homeward by a circuitous route that lead me through a grove of young pines standing at the foot of an oak ridge. Here, as I expected, six grouse rose and hurried up the ridge, despite my two pressing invitations to stop. Thinking that was all, I started after them, when another rose and immediately put a pine between him and myself. This was a good idea, but it failed, as the pine was too small to completely hide him.

Now, "enough is as good as a feast," so I left the others, thinking I had enough for one time, and continued homeward. I had almost arrived there when a twitter came from my left (the dog was tired and must have stumbled on it accidentally) and standing perfectly still, I was rewarded by seeing a woodcock appear over my head to drop not ten feet from me. It repeated the

actions of one I had noticed last year, and perhaps a description may prove interesting. As soon as it reached the ground it ran about two feet at right angles from me, when, suddenly looking around, it saw me. Immediately squatting close to the ground, it curved the tail well over its back and held the head with the bill pointing to a spot on the ground about three inches away. This was undoubtedly a method of concealment, for it made a nearly perfect imitation of the dry oak leaves that lay scattered about. Suddenly stepping forward, I had the longed for opportunity of seeing him rise from the ground. The bird accomplished this by leaping almost perpendicularly into the air, and spreading its wings immediately after leaving the ground. I had to stop him before he went far.

After a hearty lunch, I amused myself by taking a series of photographs of my game. The one given shows that, of the woodcock, there was but one young bird, which seems singular, as the season was a very fair one for breeding. At half past four, while thoughtfully looking out of the window, I saw three gunners heading in the direction of my favorite spot. It lay in the opposite direction from the locality of my morning hunt, so feeling sure they were of that class known as "pot hunters," I seized my gun, hat and a few shells and hurried towards the place. My conscience troubled me a little until when almost there I passed one of them, who was giving vent to a number of stentorian signals in order to convey to the others an idea of his position.

The "spot" is a line of alders and birches which separates a cow pasture from a woody swamp, so, knowing that the birds would not go toward the pasture, I sent in the dog and walked along the swampy side. The line was some two hundred yards long, and on coming to the end, I had two more fat woodcock in my pocket and another goose egg to my credit on a bird that flew in plain sight for some fifteen feet. How on earth did I miss it? I wonder if I am the only one who has asked himself that question. I rather think not.

J. H. BOWLES.

A HUNTING TRIP IN NORTHERN COLORADO.

It happened one bright September morning that five congenial spirits in Northern Colorado found themselves confronted with a week's enforced idleness, and by a unanimous verdict it was decided to spend that week in the mountains among the lonely parks and rushing streams that are the home of the elk, deer, bear, mountain lion, trout and many varieties of smaller game. These five were known as Mark, Pete, Smithy, Old Si and Frey.

Mark had been a cowboy in Kansas, and at one time drove a stage coach between Canyon City and Cripple Creek. Any one taking this drive at the present time will long remember it. The coach, drawn by six horses, leaves Canyon City in the morning and immediately traverses a desolate prairie seamed with deep arroyas and covered with sage brush and cactus. But when the mountains are reached what a change! The road is hewn out of the steep hillside. Above are peaks and lofty mesas, below are canyons so deep that cattle at the bottom look no larger than rabbits. The rocks are of all colors, red granite and sandstone predominating. Occasionally a huge fragment of red sandstone may be seen perched upon a weather beaten column of the same material, the whole resembling a gigantic king in a set of chessman and reminding one of the mushrooms in the Garden of the Gods.

The road from Florence to Cripple Creek, although perhaps not so grand, is much wilder. For miles, it winds through deep canyons with almost perpendicular sides, in some places so narrow that there is scarcely six inches of space each side of the wheels. The new Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad follows this canyon, and is a splendid example of railway engineering in the mountains. When it is completed the gold ores from the Cripple Creek mines will be shipped to Florence, where suitable smelters will be erected.

As one continues the ascent toward the great gold camp the mountains become less rugged and gradually merge from rocky peaks into gigantic soil clad domes, from the tops of which the beautiful Saugre de Christo range can be barely discerned in the distance, more like a phantom than a reality. This name, meaning 'Blood of Christ,' was applied by the early Spanish discoverers owing to the prevailing color of the rocks.

For miles around Cripple Creek the mountains are literally dotted with prospect holes, and the loose brown soil thrown out from each reminds one of a gigantic colony of woodchuck burrows.

Passing through Arequa, Anaconda and other camps Cripple Creek is finally reached. Here all is excitement. The town is brilliantly lighted with electricity, and numerous gambling halls luxuriously fitted up with facilities for playing poker, faro, rouge-et-noir, roulette and the Mexican game of craps beguile the lucky prospector or the hardworking miner into parting with his lucre much more rapidly than he made it.

Cripple Creek is at an altitude of about 9,000 feet above the sea level, and anyone wishing to climb another thousand feet up to one of the gold mines in the vicinity must give himself ample time, for the atmosphere is so rare that breathing becomes very difficult after an unusual exertion.

But to return to the trip. Mark's armament consisted of a .44 caliber Winchester and a heavy ten bore shot gun, both of which he well knew how to use.

Pete had been a globe trotter and was at one time a trumpeter in the United States Cavalry during Indian campaigns in Arizona and Colorado. He had traveled in France, Spain, South America, British Columbia and all over the United States, and never tired of singing the praises of Salt Lake City with its wide, well shaded streets and inexhaustible supply of flowing well water. It may sound strange to a resident of the well watered Eastern countries to dwell upon a supply of pure well water, but when it is remembered that all the towns and mining camps use long distances from snow fed mountain streams the advantages of such a supply will be appreciated. A remarkable similarity exists between the topography of the Salt Lake Valley and the Valley of the Jordan, Palestine. Let the reader compare a good map of each of the two countries, and nearly every lake, river, mountain range and peak in one will be found to have its counterpart in the other

Pete carried an "old reliable," and about whose accuracy and killing properties we were constantly reminded.

Smithy was the largest, strongest, best natured and sleepiest man in the party. It was a half hour's job every morning to get him out of bed, but once up he worked as hard as any one. Smithy was armed with an antiquated Sharp's .45-70, with which he could not first hit a deer at 50 yards, but he improved greatly with practice. His favorite weapon was Mark's shot gun, with which he was constantly trying "double raises" on grouse or magpies.

Old Si was the youngest of the party, and was so nicknamed on account of trying to palm himself off as a youth of 19. He rode a little gray mare which persisted in shying at every black stump and large bowlder she saw, but a couple of days' work soon quieted her down to business. Si was the authority on fishing matters, and was armed with a Winchester .38-40, with which he could barely hit a 12-inch circle at 20 yards. He improved wonderfully before the end of the trip and did some good shooting.

Frey was a tenderfoot from New York State, and had only been in the Western country six months. He was a regular crank on shooting matters, and carried a Marlin Safety .38-55 and a Colt's .38 caliber six shooter with both of which he had won several matches in local contests. As he had never seen big game, there was considerable speculation as to his probable success.

The blankets, cooking utensils and provisions are packed in a light wagon and sprawling on top of the load are Mark, Pete, Smithy and Frey, while Old Si brings up in the rear on his old charger.

It is late in the afternoon before the start is made, and we stop for supper beside a cool rill of water. We have brought enough bread for the first two meals; after that has gone we will have to cook flapjacks and bake biscuits in a Dutch oven.

This is simply a shallow iron pot with a tight fitting cover and is indespensible in a camping outfit. It is placed upon a bed of coals and embers are piled upon the cover; thus the bread is thoroughly baked on both sides.

After supper we start up a canyon toward the high mesas. A rabbit runs across the road in front of the wagon. "I'll get it," says Old Si, but he doesn't. "Watch me hit him in the head," says Mark, but his rifle is sighted too high and he overshoots bunny, who concludes to take his departure for more salubrious climes. The road now becomes steeper and the boys walk to lighten the load. The sun has set and the moon is in the first quarter, making everything visible, yet indistinct. Graceful, white-stemmed quaking asp, resembling the silver poplar of the East, grow on each side of the road and in the moonlight the trunks have the appearance of silver.

After a delightful climb the boys reach the mesa and wait for the wagon, which overtakes them in about half an hour. In this high altitude there is frost or ice nearly every night, even in summer, and the rainfall is sufficient to ensure a luxuriant growth of grass. All round us are groves of quaking asp and pine, which undoubtedly shelter deer and perhaps elk. It is 11 o'clock, but still we push on, for we cannot camp without water. Finally we notice a deep depression, and following this down we discover a spring almost ice cold, so we light a fire, boil some coffee and are soon asleep, with the sky for a canopy.

At daybreak next morning Mark and Frey start on a hunt for grouse. Mark finds one, and tries to shoot its head off with his rifle, but just as he pulls the grouse jumps and the bullet catches it in the back without injuring the flesh. Frey follows a deer trail and is soon in thick foliage, where the light is very dim. Stepping slowly and carefully so as not to break a twig he suddenly beheld a shadowy pair of antlers rise over a knoll in front. Instantly the rifle is raised to his shoulder, but the buck sees the motion and turns to flee. Bang! and down he comes, shot through the heart. To say that Frey is proud is feebly expressing it. He has killed the first wild deer he ever saw at the first shot. Hastily bleeding his prize he blazes a trail to the clearing and starts back to camp for a pack horse. Mark and Si return with him, and soon the deer is in camp and a nice slice of venison and a fat grouse are cooking over the camp fire. After breakfast Frey rides Old Si's charger and acts as advance guard to warn the others of the proximity of game. Soon he sees a jack rabbit, and riding back tells the others. Old Si is the first on the spot, but is not quick enough, for Brer Rabbit lights out just as Si pulls and the bullet only kicks up a cloud of dust behind him.

In the afternoon we commence a long descent to a splendid river, and at noon stop at its edge for dinner. Smithy and Si rig up their tackle and catch a few fine trout, while Mark and Pete cook dinner. Pete makes the slapjacks, and they are indeed a substantial job. There is no attempt at deception—they are full weight, every one and are guaranteed to stay in a person's stomach twenty-four hours without going to pieces. Smithy suggests that we save some for sinkers, and Si ties his horse to one to prevent its straying away. Frey grumbles at the coffee and tries to improve it by a double dose of condensed milk, but this only makes it worse He finally discovers that the coffee is all right and that the trouble lies with the milk, which he afterwards lets severely alone.

We are soon in motion again and follow a well made road up the river. In a clump of bushes a flock of magpies are squalling, and Frey jumps off to shoot one, for the fancies the wings will be pretty for his sweetheart to trim her hat with. Taking a careful aim he tries to knock the head off one, but the bullet just grazes the wing, cutting nearly all the feathers off, so that the bird cannot fly. As magpies can be taught to talk, and make nice pets, Frey catches this one and ties it with a rag and a string around its leg. It soon becomes quite tame, and eats meat from his hand, but the rag wears off, and Miss Mag escapes.

That night we bivouac beside the river, and have a splendid meal of venison, trout, potatoes, onions and coffee, not to mention the slapjacks.

We have scarcely finished supper when a fine doe comes bounding along within fifty yards of our camp, but we have sworn not to shoot a doe, so she is allowed to go unmolested.

Next morning we make an early start, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we reach our destination. We have scarcely jumped off the wagon when Mark and Smithy catch sight of an animal which they mistake for a squirrel. Instantly the Winchester and shotgun commence a serenade, and after running about twenty yards the squirrel drops. Upon examination he proves to be a woodchuck or ground hog, not very common in this locality. A bullet from the rifle has shattered one fore leg near the shoulder, and the stricken animal is now endeavoring to amputate the useless limb. A shot in the head soon puts him out of his misery. We camp in a beautiful spot with water and wood handy, and plenty of good pasture for the horses. The river is close by, and from it we can catch a magnificent string of trout. Early next morning Mark, Frey and Old Si start for one of the nnest haunts of the deer in America.

It is a beautiful park, with lofty hills clothed with quaking asp and pine rising on each side. Deer are all around us, feeding among the trees on each side of our trail, and as Si has never shot a deer he goes ahead with "Old Ebenezer," which he has borrowed from Pete. His motions started the deer, and they leisurely trot away in every direction. We wait for some time, but hear no shot. Suddenly he returns pale and breathless. The gun won't go off owing to defective ammunition, so he borrows Frey's Marlin, and soon four shots ring out, but nothing drops. Si has got the buck fever badly, and is doing some very wild shooting. Soon he gets another chance, and this time drops his deer with a neat shot in the head.

Mark makes a wide detour and comes upon a beautiful mountain lake, deep and tranquil with the tall pines on the mountain side mirrored in its depths. All around are stumps of trees which have been felled by beaver; and there, far across the lake, are two elk. Mark cautiously moves out of sight and makes his way to a point from which he can obtain a good shot, but the elk disappear and all attempts to find them fail. Since he cannot get elk Mark concludes to try a shot at deer, and soon has an opportunity at a big buck, which comes bounding past. Bang—miss—bang—he's hit, but too far back. Bang—miss again. Bang—and over he rolls, shot through the heart. After much difficulty we pack the two deer so that they will stay on the horse and commence our return journey to camp. The trail widens down a deep canyon, over boulders and fallen trees and through streams, and before we get to the worst part the sun goes down and we are left in darkness. We manage to keep the trail, however, and arrive safely in camp.

Next morning Pete and Smithy start for elk. They follow the trail that the boys took the day before, and leave their horses in a grove of quaking asp, taking the precaution to light a fire so that the smoke will enable them to locate the spot from the mountain where they propose to hunt. Up they climb into the heavy timber. Deer are almost constantly within range, but they are after nobler game. For two hours they climb the mountain side, carefully hunting through every promising clump of timber, but although the full round tracks of the game they are seeking are plentiful their makers are not visible. Discouraged they retrace their steps toward their horses, and just before reaching them are startled by a splendid bull elk not twenty yards away. The two Sharps ring out almost as one; the bull staggers, but keeps on his pins. He is hard hit, and the boys have little difficulty in keeping within sight of him. He soon grows weak from loss of blood, and Pete ends his sufferings by a shoulder shot. After dressing the carcase it is carefully covered with leaves and left, to be called for next morning, for it is too large to pack on one horse, and the boys are too tired to walk and pack both horses. Next morning they return with a spare animal and two pack saddles, the meat is loaded on two of the horses, and the boys take turns riding the third.

Toward evening Frey takes a stroll up the hillside to see what he can find He has scarcely gone a quarter of a mile when he beholds above him a triangular head with two round ears peering over a log. It is a silver tip bear, a species much larger than his black cousin, and nearly as fierce as the cinnamon. Frey draws a careful bead on the snout and lets drive. With a bound the bear springs from behind the log and starts down hill for the hunter, who hastily fires two more shots, drops his gun and starts for the nearest tree. Of course, it is very foolish to run away from a wounded bear (in print), but in real life somehow it does not seem so ridiculous. A bear may have a dozen heavy bullets through his vital parts, any one of which will prove fatal, and yet live long enough to kill his assailants. When a bear receives a wound he generally starts to run in the direction he happens to be heading when the wound was inflicted, and if the hunter happens to be in that direction he had better remember the old rhyme.

'He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day,

and act accordingly.

After making a 100-yard record for himself, Frey ventures to look around, and to his relief finds that the bear is not in pursuit. Drawing his six shooter he cautiously retraces his steps, and recovers his rifle. Not twenty yards away is the bear dead. The first shot had struck him in the mouth, coming out at the back of the head and causing almost instantaneous death. His first convulsive jump had started him down the hillside, and he had continued rolling until stopped by a boulder. Frey had actually run away from a dead bear, but in his delight at having slain a near relative of "'Old Ephraim" he does not think of that. The pelt is removed with great care, and two of the boys, having come to see what the shooting was about, help him carry in his trophy, which he fondly dreams will some day form a rug for a dainty pair of feet to rest upon.

We have now as much meat as we can carry home and decide to break camp next morning, so are up bright and early, and the second day arrive at home with our meat in perfect condition. We dry the greater portion of it, and for many a day it serves to remind us of our trip in the wilds of northern Colorado.

COLORADO. EDW. F. BALL.

A CARIBOU PARADISE.

It has long been suspected that there was no lack of caribou in New Brunswick. If positive evidence was needed it is more than supplied by a hunting party which returned the other day from Nor-West Miramichi waters, where they fell over so many caribou that all the big game yarn spinners have been thrown out of a job for the winter. The story told by the boys reads like a romance, but they are both good boys, who read Forest and Stream every week of their lives, and there is no reason whatever to doubt a word of it. There were two of them—Billy Chestnut and Bunny Phair. Billy has had a good deal of experience in moose and caribou shooting, and is a cool, reliable shot. Bunny has had a whole lot of experience, too, but is liable to very sudden and severe attacks of buck fever. They had with them as guide the well known hunter and trapper, Arthur Pringle, who is a deadly marksman as well as a gentleman and a scholar, and who for many moons sat at the large, but luminous, feet of Henry Gamaliel Braithwaite. For several seasons the two men trapped and hunted together, until, strange to say, the fur became scarce, when the partnership was dissolved, Pringle opening up a business on his own hook on Nor-West waters, while Braithwaite hung out his sign at the old stand on the Little Sou-West Lake. As all-around woodsmen they have no equals in this province. When you come to talk of big game, there is not much choice between the two districts. Last fall a year ago Pringle and his brother shot three fine moose, one of the heads measuring four feet seven inches from tip to tip. If any of our American friends want to see where nature fairly humps herself—if they want to get away from the "debts, duns and deviltries" of city life—if they hanker for to slay the mighty moose and the coy, capricious caribou—I can recommend Arthur Pringle, Wayerton, Northumberland County, N. B., as a guide who will give them complete satisfaction. I am under no obligation under Heaven to Mr. Pringle. I simply say it because it is so. His location is easily reached, for there is an excellent wagon road from Newcastle to Camp Adams (36 miles), and from there, in the early autumn when big game is ripe, you can pole up the Nor-West in canoes to the very center of the hunting grounds where moose and caribou abound. I will advise also that a cook, or general utility man, be employed, whereby the guide can be left free to attend to hunting, and the work of carrying, of which there is more or less to be done, can be reduced to a minimum. The leading features of the hunting trip above referred to I give in Billy Chestnut's own words:

"We left Fredericton on November 8, and sledded it through from Newcastle to Camp Adams on the Nor-West Miramichi, where Pringle met us on the 10th. He had just shot a young bull moose, and had a fine supper in readiness for us. We had expected to proceed to Camp Crawford, twelve miles further up stream, by canoe, but Pringle had not brought the canoe down, owing to the ice forming in the river, so we shouldered our packs at sunrise and frogged it through, reaching Crawford's in the evening. Here Pringle makes his base of operations. Two days later we tramped six miles further up the Forks, where Pringle has one of his hunting camps. We saw two fresh moose tracks on the shore, but did not follow them. Next day we started for Smoky Camp, six miles distant. We had scarcely taken leave of the Forks when we sighted three caribou, one of which had a fine set of horns, out on the big barren. We got within 150 yards of them.

"I had entered into a solemn contract with Bunny that he was to have the first shot, or I would have opened the ball at once. Bunny thought the game was too far away for a sure shot, so Pringle and he worked down wind for the purpose of creeping up, but in the meantime the caribou took alarm and disappeared.

"We found on reaching Smoky Camp that it was well named. It was the joint product of the architectural genius of Braithwaite and Pringle, when they were trapping on these grounds some years before, and it must be admitted that, except as a smoke house, it was not a huge success. Our stay there, however, was short, as we pushed forward the next day, leaving the Nor-West stream behind us and then crossing the head of the Sevogle and camping on the south branch of the Nepisiguit. Here we pitched our cotton tent, banked up the sides nicely with boughs and made ourselves as snug as possible. The chief difficulty was the item of fuel, as the only wood to be found was tamarack and prince's pine.

"We had not left the camp more than twenty minutes next morning till we struck the trail of sixteen caribou. The tracks were all spread out at first, but as we followed them they converged and united in a single well-beaten path. As we were hustling over the barren in pursuit, a herd of five caribou, one a dignified old buck with a fine pair of horns, crossed the trail ahead of us. Bunny fired twice, but failed to connect. We found as we cruised around the barren that the larger drove had been only a short distance ahead, and had made off on the ball hop when they heard the crash of Bunny's 50-110 Winchester. Sadly we retraced our steps for lunch when, within 200 yards of the tent, on a little island in the stream, we routed another herd of twenty caribou. Bunny was at once seized with acute symptoms of buck fever and fired his cannon again without success. I managed to let down the tail ender of the drove as they galloped off through the green woods.

"After dressing the caribou and stowing some of it away, where it did a lot of good, we started out again. A small doe caribou showed up away off on the barren. Bunny braced up in great shape and scored a clean kill at 100 yards. He then climbed to the top of Bald Mountain, which is a hill about 200 feet high, completely covered with white moss, not a tree or switch upon it of any kind. It is a famous resort for caribou, owing to the white moss on which they feed. From the summit we had a view of nine caribou down on the barren on the other side, one of which had a big spread of antlers. We slid down the hill, but when we got within range of the herd, the buck was not to be seen. We did not fire at them. Suddenly we caught sight down the barren to our left, and about 300 yards away, of the old buck aforesaid, and within a rabbit jump of him was the biggest drove of caribou that Pringle says he ever saw or heard of The hard-hacks seemed to be fairly alive with them as they moved quietly around, cropping the moss and twigs. The plain was open on all sides and the problem was how to get near them. Whenever the animals had their heads down and none of them seemed to be on the alert Pringle and I ran rapidly towards them, getting such shelter as we could from the hard-hacks, posting Benny behind as a rear guard. We did not get more than half way down when we saw they were becoming restless. I fired at the old buck and dropped him in the snow, whereupon the whole drove lined up for a peep at us, and then, with cracking hoofs and waving flags, charged up the barren and out of sight around the spur of the hill. I counted 43 of them as they went by, and Bunny said there was a left wing of seven caribou that went off in another direction. As the animals surged up the slope Pringle tumbled two fine bucks in their tracks. We could have killed a number of them, but there were no other large heads among them.

"Next morning we went out to carry in the heads, but as Bunny had not yet brought down any horns he and Pringle took a cruise up the barren while I stayed behind to skin the buck I had shot the afternoon before. In less than half an hour they ran into a bunch of 12 caribou The walking boss was scratching his shapely head in the bushes. Bunny fired five rounds from the cannon without disturbing him; then, as his ammunition had given out, he tried him with Pringle's rifle and laid the brave old patriarch low. As they went up to skin and dress the buck, the remaining 11 caribou stood looking at them not more than 20 or 30 yards away. Then they started off in single file, but when Pringle gave the caribou call they halted and wheeled to the front and stood facing him like a rank of soldiers. They remained there motionless for over a minute and then went off like the whirlwind, scattering the light snow in clouds behind them. While I was dressing my caribou a young buck came up and walked around me in a circle for fully twenty minutes, but as he had no horns I did not bother with him, and he walked off quietly around the mountain.

"After yarding up the meat for future use, we started next day to carry out our heads, and as we also had our packs and rifles were obliged to make a double trip of it to the Forks. Pringle was away from us for three days, having gone down to Crawford's to pole up the canoe. While on the trail between Smoky Camp and the Forks we saw a drove of 33 caribou feeding in the valley of the south branch of the Nor-West. We had all the heads we could lug out in the time at our disposal and did not molest them. We poled down to Crawford's with our whole outfit, and were detained there two days by a heavy snow storm. The ice in the river was now quite strong—in the more rapid stretches the water was open—at other places we had to haul the canoe over the ice. We abandoned the water route at McCulley camp, four miles above Camp Adams. At the latter camp we were obliged to wait there until a portage team came in. While Pringle was looking after his traps on November 24 he ran across three buck caribou, and it is interesting to note that while one of them had a nice set of horns, another had only one horn, and the biggest buck had shed both of his horns. Pringle said that he had picked up in previous years freshly shed caribou horns as early as November 15.

"While delayed at Camp Crawford we saw some moose signs, but the weather was bad and the crust heavy, and we spent only half a day in looking for them. In this vicinity are the best moose grounds on the Nor-West waters, and the chances for calling at the right season are good. All three of the fine heads Pringle and his brother brought out last fall were secured within two miles of Crawford's camp.

"Pringle says that it is a mistake to suppose that there are two varieties of caribou in New Brunswick. The woodland variety is the only one he has ever seen. There is a great deal of difference in the appearance of individuals as to size and color. Some are fawn colored with dappled spots on the back; some have perfectly white necks and bellies, while others have markings of drab or dirty grey. The color of their horns, as in the case of the moose, is somewhat affected by the bark they have rubbed against. The number of points will indicate, though not with certainty, the age of the animal. It often happens that some of the points are entirely rubbed off when the horns are in the velvet. There is the greatest possible variety in the shape of caribou horns, no two animals by any chance having horns that look much alike. Young bucks have comparatively straight horns, with few branches, and in a tussle for possession of the harem they are usually more than a match for the older ones My own buck had 28 points, Bunny's had 29, and Pringle's largest had 19. Pringle says that some caribou are much less addicted to rubbing than others and carry the velvet as late as September. It is my opinion from what I saw on this trip that nearly, if not quite, all cow caribou carry horns of some description."

Strange to say, Bill's testimony differs from that of Bunny on the cow-horn problem; the latter claiming that very few of the cows they saw had any horns at all. It also differs from the observation of the undersigned. During our cruise with Braithwaite this fall, Mr. Ireland and I saw only one cow caribou that wore these ornaments. On the other hand, my venerable friend, Chief Gable, who is so old that he ought to see the importance of telling the truth, and who has killed so many caribou in his time that he is afraid to tell about it when he happens to be sober, says that all cow caribou over two years of age without exception carry horns. It looks to me as though the most that can be said is that some cows have horns, while others have not. We will have to posses our souls in patience until somebody gets up in the amen corner who can tell us the why and wherefore and how many. PROWLER.

FREDERICTON.

Answers to Correspondents.

P. L. B., Dresden, O.—1. Where can I find good deer and bear shooting in the Virginias? 2. Can the above be found in Ohio in fair numbers? 3. Can I find good turkey shooting any place in Ohio? If so, where? Ans. 1. Write E. A. Watson, Nimrod Hall, Bath county, Va. 2 and 3. We know of no place.

R. S., Madison, Wis.—You may piece out the weak priming by using black powder, but it is better to use the primers specially made for nitro powders.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The West of the Present and the Past.

UNCLE BILL HAMILTON.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—No man could have been sheriff at old Fort Benton in the old days without being of approved bravery and decision of character, and all through his term of office Bill Hamilton was respected alike for his courage and his integrity. It is a curious comment on the methods of those days that, after Hamilton had served satisfactorily for some time in office, it transpired that he had been naturalized in British America and had not taken out his naturalization papers again in America, where he had once been naturalized—if, indeed, he could have done so in the second instance. But the fact that he was a citizen of both America and England, or perhaps of neither, did not seem to make much difference to the men who elected him sheriff. They wanted him to catch their criminals for them, and he did this faithfully and satisfactorily. There are a great many needless frills in political matters, anyhow.

Hamilton as Prospector.

Uncle Bill does not appear to have cared much about mining, and preferred scouting and Indian trading. Yet, when the "Wind River Stampede" of the early 70's took place, when the big band of prospectors left Bozeman to go through the Big Horn country, he appears to have forgotten his preferences. Maybe he went as guide through the hostile Indian country. Anyhow, he was along—possibly through sheer love of adventure. The history made by this band of frontiersmen is written deep to-day in the hearts of the tribes who opposed them. The expedition was made up of the flower of the Montana frontiersmen, and they left a terrible record behind them.

No expedition of the West was ever more disastrous to the Indians, or more successful for itself. These men were out for several months. Uncle Bill told me that they went down the Yellowstone Valley to the mouth of the Big Horn, then up that stream. All along the latter stream they were fighting Indians. The expedition fought thirteen pitched battles with the united forces of the Indians, and had skirmishes almost every day. Let us remember this was not an army expedition, but just one of men going out to see the country. Uncle Bill says they probably killed 200 Indians. They played all kinds of tricks on the Indians, such as leaving poisoned sugar behind in the camp, or "doctored" rifle cartridges, loaded with dynamite instead of powder. Sometimes they would make believe they had buried a man, planting instead a lot of dynamite, with cap and fuse fastened to a board, so that the Indians in digging up the supposed white man in order to get his scalp would set off a baddish sort of torpedo instead. The mining men and their dynamite played so many tricks of this kind that after a while the Indians thought that there were evil spirits among the whites, and finally ceased to follow them, and called back the tribes. This was the more easily the case because of the exceptional good luck of the white men. They lost only one man killed on the trip, and he was buried and his grave covered by the earthworks which the whites threw up, so that the Indians never found the grave. They said the white men were devils and could not be killed.

Surely that must have been a hard fighting crowd. Uncle Bill told me that the Indians were about them in swarms. "In one fight," said he, "40 men whipped 1,500 Indians. We formed a line and waited for them as they charged. Each man was on one knee and in front of him he had his hat full of catrridges. We mostly shot the old Sharp's buffalo rifle. We waited till they got pretty close, and we were all good shots and we fairly mowed them down. The white man could always outshoot the Indian, and he was always braver. Those Indians would rarely ever come back for more than one charge. I count the Cheyennes as the bravest fighters of the Indian tribes. They would nearly always charge twice. The Arapahoes would also sometimes charge twice.

The Sioux would hardly ever charge more than once.

None of them were real fighting men such as we had. Why, we had mere boys, farmer boys 18 years old, from the Gallatin Valley back of Bozeman, who outfought any Indian that ever lived. In fact, they fought just as well as any of us older men. Once, I remember, when we had a heavy charge coming in front and most of us were on the firing line there our leader called for volunteers to go back and clean out a coulee full of Indians who were creeping in back of us. Eight of those boys, that we didn't think steady enough for the firing line, volunteered, and they jumped down into that gulley with nothing but their six-shooters and ran every Indian out of it and shot them right and left. And yet they talk to me about the heroic bravery of the redman!" And here the old man's fist smote the table, his voice rising in the only excitement I ever saw him show.

Hamilton as Scout.

When the army was operating in the Yellowstone, Big Horn and Rosebud countries in the 70's, before the time of the sad Custer campaign, there was much need of good guides and scouts, and many of the old-time frontiersmen went into the service, Bill Hamilton naturally among others. Hamilton, Johnson, Laforge, Mitch Booyer, Reynolds and, in all, dozens of others I suppose, all hardy fellows and many of them fine ones, were out with one or other of the columns of the army, one division of which was under Custer, and history tells that not all of these men came back. Hamilton was among Custer's first scouts and was with the army years before the Rosebud campaign, employed at the close of the Nez Perce campaign, and a great friend of Lieutenant Bradley, who was killed at the battle of the Big Hole (Lieutenant Bradley was the author of a most interesting monograph on Indian life and customs, which in the manuscript fell into the hands of the Montana Historical Society. That body will soon publish a part of it.)

A very common arrangement with these scouts, perhaps not understood at the War Department, but certainly understood by the commanding officers on the front, was for a scout to hire out, say, for $5 a day and

rations, and all the horses he could steal from the Indians. These articles of war were not to be found in the military regulations, but nevertheless many and many a one of the best scouts worked on just this basis, stipulating that they should own all Indian ponies captured by themselves. The army thus protected the scout and the Indian was the loser.

"I didn't go into that business for my health," said Bill, "but for horses. You may well suppose that when I was on ahead of the troops and spied out an Indian village, the first thing I did was to run off the horses and then to go back and inform the troops that I found the Injuns." Here the old man fell into a fit of musing.

"Tell me about the Slim Butte fight, Uncle Bill," said his friend Lovekamp. (We were talking out at Billings.) A faint gleam came into Uncle Bill's eye.

"Eh?" said he, in feigned ignorance. But we made him talk.

"Well, in that fight," said he, "I was scouting ahead, and I found the camp of the Indians in a little valley. I saw a mighty fine big black horse, tied in front of a lodge which had a chief's shield hanging in front of it. I wanted that horse pretty bad, and I waited all night, and before daybreak I crawled into the village and cut the horse loose and led him out of camp. I got a nice big mule out of the herd, too, and was nearly out of danger before any alarm was given. Then I got away and got back to the troops, and in the morning I led them on to the village. We were walking in company down over the rough country, expecting every moment to jump the Indians, when just over a low ridge we ran square into an ambush they had laid for us. There were twelve men abreast and I was in the front rank, walking, and leading my new black horse. They rose right up against us and seemed to shoot a blaze of fire right into our faces. Out of the twelve men in the front rank two officers, fine young fellows they were, brave as lions, were killed and six men were killed or wounded besides. I don't know why I wasn't killed, I'm sure. I didn't think my black horse was a lucky find, though. When the Indians fired into us the troops dashed right on in and the Indians ran, of course.

"I musn't tell stories about the army, of course, for that wouldn't be right," continued Uncle Bill, "but there was one thing happened at that Slim Butte fight, or we will say it happened there, though may be it didn't, which I have always remembered. About all the U. S. Army officers are brave men, as brave as any in the world, but at this fight the commanding officer, Colonel M., was a coward. He just stayed back of the troops, behind a bank, and when the firing began he hugged the ground as close as he could, and every time a bullet came over he would butt his head into the bank till he could get his head clear into it. He was the only one who wasn't forward in the firing line before the fight was over. Those soldiers used to love a fight mostly.

"It was quite another man, Colonel McKenzie, who was in charge at the Tongue River fight," continued the old man, now that he had started in this reminiscent mood, and going on to tell of one of the most dangerous exploits of his whole life. "Colonel McKenzie was brave enough, but he was always waiting to 'form fours.' Now, you can't always count fours when you're fighting Indians.

"I was on ahead in that action, too, and I found it the village, and I saw there was a big pony herd. I thought there were about 350 head of horses, some good ones. This seemed to me a chance to make a big strike, and I determined to run off the whole herd for myself, before the troops came up, or else get killed a-trying to do it, because I knew I had the best sort of a chance there to make a lot of money. We had a lot of Snake Indian scouts along, but, as usual, they were a good ways off from the hostiles—they knew enough for that.

"I made a bold rush, in plain daylight (it was early morning), and I stampeded the whole herd. I got them headed for a little sort of box canyon, and I kept right after them, yelling and riding hard as I could, and there wasn't a head of their horses left except what they had tied by their lodges. The whole camp of them got out after me, over a dozen of them on horseback, and they rode right up with me, all of us mixing up in making the running horses. They shot at me all the time, and I shot at them, but I kept on running the herd, and the shooting only helped scare the horses on more. I had Indians ride right up along and grab at my bridle, and at the last I threw my empty pistol into the face of one who was trying to reach me with a knife. But I kept on a-running them horses off all the time, you see.

"There was a sort of pile of rocks near the mouth of this little canyon, and It hrew myself off my horse there and he went on back of me up the canyon. I had the herd back of me, and the whole Indian village right up against me in front. I didn't know whether I could hold them horses or not, and I knew it was a close corner. I had nothing but my rifle, but I lay close and waited till they came up near me and then I shot as straight as I could. (His friends say he killed 10 Indians there in a few moments, but I could never get Uncle Bill to say about that.) Whenever I shot they would fall back, and that was the way it went. None of them happened to hit me.

"When the troops, back a couple of miles or so, heard the firing, they came forward, or at least the first company did. Colonel McKenzie kept the others back, forming company front or something or other. From where I was lying I saw the first company, a few men, coming down into the little valley to one side, all regular and steady and at a trot, mind you, at a trot! Lieutenant McKinney was at their head, as fine and brave a man as was ever on earth. I tried to get them to hear me, and called loud as I could to them to charge but they were too brave, those fine fellows. They came on at their steady trot and the Indians rose up and mowed them down. Lieutenant McKinney was shot down not far from me, and I ran out and dragged him in with me, behind my little pile of rocks, and took care of him, but he was dead. Then the second troop came forward and they came down that hill just a-boiling, and of course the Indians broke and run; but out of 60 men who went into that valley, 36 were killed, and the Indians hardly lost a man killed by the troops. That was a brave lot of men in that troop. One sergeant of that troop was the coolest man I ever saw in a fight. His commanding officer rebuked him for not going into skirmish line. 'I don't know anything about skirmishing,' said the sergeant, 'all I know about is shooting, and I wanted to get where the shooting is good.'

"After that fight was over I was mad all through at the thought of the poor fellows who had been killed before the second troop got up, and for once in my life I felt like cursing a commanding officer. 'Why, in —— didn't the second troop get up?' I couldn't help saying.

"'We were forming fours,' said Colonel McKenzie.

"'Yes,' said I, 'and while you were forming fours you were letting some of the finest men in the United States Army get killed!' I couldn't help saying that, with the thought of Lieutenant McKinney and all those other brave fellows, who wouldn't have been killed at all if one good swift charge had been made.

"That was how I ran off the herd at Tongue River. And I never got a head out of all the herd, which I had risked so much for, thinking I would quit the trail after that, perhaps. Captain Egan took all my horses and gave them to the Snake Indian scouts, who did nothing whatever in the fight or before it. I have never forgiven Egan for that, and I think that to-day the United States Government owes for those horses, which were taken from me directly contrary to the agreement made with me by General Crook himself. I have always felt a little sore over that ever since."

Stories like the above may read a trifle oddly in army circles, but I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of Uncle Bill's statements, subject to the lapse of years in memory and subject to any unintentional inaccuracy in reporting. Many other such stories of the old days I could tell as they came from the lips of this remarkable and really lovable old timer, perhaps the worthiest man alive to-day to speak to us about the West of the Past. But these will do for now. Later I wish to speak of the causes of the sudden disappearance of the buffalo, as Uncle Bill Hamilton describes that. Then we must bid him goodby for awhile, though he has invited me to come and join him on "one last hunt," as he calls it, and promises that if I will come he will take me into that very corner of all the Rocky Mountains least explored and least known to-day. As that is his secret by choice, it must also be ours, for a time at least.

From Utah.

Mr. John F. Cowan of Butte, Mont., spent Christmas in Salt Lake City, Utah, and writes me from there very entertainingly about shooting matters. He describes that section as a great one for shooting, but says, "there is a fine opening for missionary work such as your paper is carrying on." Any reader who notes the destruction of ducks mentioned by Mr. Cowan will agree with the above. How long will it go on, this absurd, unreasonable, ungentlemanly practice of butchering the last bird possible? It isn't sport. There can only be one consequence upon it. The game will soon be all destroyed, so that respectable shooters will have no shooting. Mr. Cowan says that the shooters mentioned were two men who once shot in the Kansas City Gun Club. They were so called sportsmen. If Mr. Cowan will give me the names supported by witnesses of those who saw the bags mentioned I shall take pleasure in making the full details public, as I would in the case of any man, "sportsman," or not, wealthy man, distinguished citizen or what not. Forest and Stream may get itself disliked by certain short-headed individuals who want to kill all they can, but it will not be disliked by the long-headed man, who are in at the end of an enterprise. Mr. Cowan says: "At Salt Lake City fine duck shooting can be secured within a few miles of the city, or if that is not satisfactory an hour's run on the cars to the north or south will place one on as fine ducking grounds as there is in the United States.

"I am tempted to tell of some of the bags made at the mouth of Bear River, where it runs into Salt Lake. I say tempted because I am really ashamed to tell of the number which some of the shooters, I won't say sportsmen, claim to have killed. I am ashamed because I know that every true sportsman will say those fellows are either champion liars or the greatest game hogs on earth. Think of two men in less than two days shooting and killing 700 ducks, and this is what I was assured was done there last year. And the same two men this year killed 600; one of them killing 183 mallards between 3 and 6 o'clock one afternoon. I was assured by one man that last year he and six or seven others killed over 3,000 ducks. I wonder if it ever occurred to such shooters that possibly at this rate the supply might soon be exhausted. I wonder, too, that if they would stop and think about in the right way if they wouldn't feel just as well after it was all over if they had stopped shooting when half that number were killed. Try it once and see, and my word for it you will feel more enjoyment than to go killing as long as there is a duck in sight."

I know of no better way to stop such slaughter than to print the facts in a journal which goes into the hands of the reputable sportsmen of the country. There are few men who will approve of such killing. Indeed, the change of sentiment in such matters is one of the most distinctive features of modern sportsmanship.

An Old-Timer Now.

I have recently come into possession of one of the old-time "Old Reliable" Sharps' which were the joy of the old timers' hearts long years ago, and which are still sworn by in the mountains by the old timers, who will not hear to a repeater. By means of this gun I hope now to be able to pose as an old timer myself before long. I think I will cut the notches for Injuns along the lower edge of the stock, and those for bears and other large game along the top. If I run out of wood I can go out on the fore end. I feel that a man with a buckskin shirt and a Sharp's Old Reliable is somewhat of a figure hisself, and I want to post people about this.

Wants Pointers on Skunks.

Mr. Sam. D. McMillan of West Salem, Wis., writes me as follows:

"Did you ever hear tell of a skunk farm? Where can I get some pointers on the subject?"

If this were submitted to the Information Wanted editor he would probably reply in his cold, heartless way: "Ans.—(1). Yes. (2)—Get about 400 yards to leeward of the farm." I wouldn't do a thing like that, because I am naturally polite. Really, I can't tell Mr. McMillan much about the skunk industry, but I know there is such a farm, if not more than one, somewhere, and I have no doubt that some one will come forward in Forest and Stream before long and give the information about it. I don't think the habits of the skunks would be any bar to the industry, nor do I think the scent glands need be removed. I have seen a captive skunk handled with impunity by his keeper (at San Pedro Spring gardens, San Antonio), who picked it up and touzled it about as he liked. "They seem to have no scent when they are tame," said he, "or at least they never use it."

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, CHICAGO.

NOTES FROM THE PLAINS.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 10.—The lack of wild fowl shooting in this vicinity during the past fall season was in a great measure counterbalanced by the excellent quail shooting. There were more of these birds, all the regular shooters agree, than there has been for a period of ten or fifteen years. In fact, it is doubtful whether they were ever so plentiful before. With no backset this winter the crop next fall should be larger than ever. Of course, there were many birds killed. They retailed at $1 per dozen part of the season in the open market, but a great abundance has been left over for seed. Stockton Hith and Fred Montmorency were up at Honeycreek on the last day of the open season and say that they flushed covey after covey that had evidently never been shot into. However, it is not the gunner who decimates the ranks of Bob White out this way, but old Crimp and the hawks. The mercury drops as low as 28 degrees below out here, and hawks are no more plentiful anywhere in the country.

My old duck hunting host, Anse Newberry, of the Sugarbeet marshes writes me that big gray wolves are very numerous and very aggressive throughout the north part of Cherry County. These fierce brutes are very destructive on the stock and seem to have an especial appetite for horse flesh. When once they select a victim he rarely escapes. A sneak, a sudden spring and the horse is hamstrung and at their mercy. A Mr. Bridgeman, near Newberry's, lost two fine colts New Year's night.

Lou May, a very energetic member of our State Fish Commission, has just returned from a couple of months' sojourn in the Gulf States. He had some great sport with the sea bass at Pass Christian, and can spin about as many and about as good piscatorial yarns as the next one. There is only one man whom I know who can beat him, and that is Charlie Richards of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. May says the commission has a great campaign mapped out for the coming season—that over thirty lakes and streams in the sand hill country are to be stocked with bass, croppie, pike and pickerel fry.

As usual, the wild fowl shooters are all predicting great sport the coming season, but just what they base their prognostications on I fail to see. There never has been such a woeful scarcity of rain in this country, and the outside world is pretty familiar with the calamitous drouth out this way during the past summer. The truth is I cannot recall such a thing as a hard, rushing fall of rain, of any considerable continuance, within the past year, and last fall there was little or no water on any of our famous ducking grounds. So far this winter, however, there has been a goodly fall of snow in the mountains, and when the usual thaw comes this will be sufficient, in all probability, to swell our streams and fill our lakes in a way that will delight both hunter and fowl. Last fall was the poorest season I ever experienced out this way. There were scarcely any ducks at all, save blue and green wing teal, and they never fail, and the geese came in along the Platte and the Loup in thin and spasmodic flocks. In fact, the honkers have been much more plentiful since the first of December than at any other time and tolerable bags have been made off and on, so far, all through the winter. Last spring it was just the opposite. Birds have not been known as plentiful in ten years, and canvasback were particularly numerous. Lawyer Simeral, Ed. W. Hamilton and I bagged 169 in a single afternoon's shooting—all canvasback!

CAMP NINE AGAIN.

Sand Lake, Mich., Nov. 26.—Pursuant to a previous letter, this writing finds us home, after a two weeks' outing, not exactly upon our own grounds, as we found them already occupied, so we moved a half mile up the road, the boys protesting against trespassers, but good naturedly making the best of it. Two days of work were necessary to make our new site habitable; but we were in it to stay, and soon had fine quarters with dry jack pine wood in the woodshed and were ready for business.

The first day I spent in visiting a section (640 acres of pine forest.) Here, with the singing sea of resinous boughs overhead, their delicate odor imparting new life with each inspiration, the earth a carpet of pine needles, with acres and acres of winter green with berries so dense that yonder hillside seems painted red-brown and beautiful beyond description, we forget all else in our admiration of "God's first temple," and our day's pleasure is marred only by the thought that the once magnificent forest of Queen Michigan will soon be gone forever.

On Tuesday, Nov. 6, Nine Powell, the father of the camp, scored the first venison, a 150 pound buck and a beauty. On the 9th one of the boys brought in a fine doe, and three more were added on the 18th and 19th, making five deer, one red fox, four partridges, one mallard, seven fox squirrels, numerous adventures and several narrow escapes, two we think worth recording.

The principal actors in the first were Gil. Reynolds of the Big Rapids National Bank, and a 200 pound buck, which had been startled by others of the party and was accompanied by three small deer. Gil tells it: "I was standing in a very thick growth of scrub oak when a crackling of brush caused me to look behind me, and suddenly the air was full of deer tails. Bounding

straight toward me was a monster buck of gay color, surmounted by a pair of horns as large as a tree top. For an instant I was terrified. As he was almost upon me I swung my gun toward the rushing mass and, closing my eyes, fired as he flew past. How either of us escaped destruction will forever remain a mystery."

We measured the distance between Gil's track and those made by the deer and found it exactly six feet, and all admitted it to be rather close quarters.

On the 20th two other members of the party tracked a large black bear a few rods; and discussing the probable size of the "critter," perhaps not over anxious to find bear, not having lost any, then walked carelessly around a fallen tree top, when out scrambled the bear from almost under their feet and they haven't seen him since. "It's a wonder," said Nine, as we walked over to the place and found it only four steps from the bear's bed to the point where the boys "charged backwards," "that he didn't get both guns away from them."

Laughing over this characteristic dry remark of Dad, we returned to camp to prepare for home. All agree we have had a great time. If deer have been a trifle wild we better appreciate those we were fortunate enough to get, and arranging our game before our cabin, we prepare for a photograph by Louie, the cook, who, by the way, is quite an artist.

We met Deputy Warden Brewster on the train homeward and learn that 21 violators have been "called down in Lake County to the tune of from $20 to $50 each. The moral is plain: Leave the dogs at home.

JIM.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

Protection Needed.

Several gentlemen of San Antonio were discussing gun and rod matters a few evenings since, and during the conversation the "stop the sale of game" platform of Forest and Stream was freely dessicated. The wholesale butchery of canvasbacks and redheads on our coast was touched upon and several plans were ushered into being having for their objects—first, the stoppage of the slaughter, and second, the prohibition of the shipping of game out of the State. By securing a passage of a law at the hands of the incoming Legislature, which convenes in Austin this winter, a great blow would be struck at the coast pot hunter of Texas. He would be prohibited from shipping his ill-gotten game, and not finding high toned patrons in paying quantities within the boundaries of the Lone Star State he would probably be driven to the desperate expedient of blowing up bladders in a snuff factory, or to representing some rural east Texas district in the Legislature. There he would find congenial fellows in those whose only legislative effort in the past has been the exemption of his territory from the application of the game law.

One gentleman (a visitor from Chicago) related how the opulent and aristocratic (?) sportsmen of the North and East produced a tickling sensation in their palates by ordering Texas canvasbacks for dinner. It struck some of us that if sufficient gentlemen of the North having the preservation of the high toned birds of Texas would masticate on pintails, blue bills or some other plebeian bird, that perhaps the Texas canvasbacks and redheads would be a drug on the market. Now, as these gentlemen are at present howling themselves red in the face about stopping the sale of game, would it not be well for them to add another aphorism to their platform: "Stop the buying of game." Don't order canavsbacks and redheads when you are entertaining a friend. If he is of the right sort corned beef and cabbage will satisfy his appetite; besides, it is much more wholesome food. A little help on the part of the Northern epicure and a sharp stick from Texas might make the pot hunter abandon his nefarious occupation.

A gentleman just in from the duck regions of the coast state that the natives don't kill mallards and teal, and turn up their very red noses at pintails and blue Williams. They are all after canvasbacks and red heads, and where they were plentiful a few years ago there are none to be had now. They pursue the birds as far as one can go by boat or any other means of locomotion, and yet but few of these contraband hunters are citizens of this State. They come from other States, bringing their ammunition and guns with them, pay not one cent toward supporting the Government, kill off all our game and ship it out of the State.

A Man With a Hatchet.

I stopped to examine some quail I saw dangling like dish rags in front of an alleged game stand in San Antonio last week and found that out of about a hundred birds not a single one had been killed by the gun. They were all trapped birds, the lives of which had been mercilessly squeezed out of their pretty heads at the sacreligious hands of some mercenary cut-throat who ought to be hung.

A thing in human shape stepped forward to inquire what I wanted. I inquired that I wanted to know where he bought the birds. He said they had been shipped, and when he was told they were trapped in violation of the State law, he replied that it was just as bad to shoot them as to trap them, and went on to tell me the law was wrong and that he was of course right. I disagreed with him energetically with a lot of choice Billingsate I picked up from Br'er Hough during his last visit to Texas. The alleged man didn't do a thing but step back behind his counter and come at me with a cheap and chippy chopper in the shape of a hatchet with which he proceeded to enforce his argument.

He didn't enforce much. I am on a still hunt for the trappers, and will surely get them, or stop their little game.

Unfit for Food.

By the way, a few words of warning to the public will not be amiss while we are under the nauseating head of quail trapping.

A few years ago, before the law prohibiting the trapping and netting of quail, there were thousands of live quail daily exhibited on the plazas of San Antonio and offered for sale. While wandering around on several occasions I noticed that a great many of the birds had died, some of them by beating themselves against the sides of their prisons, but most of them from starvation. When an order came in from a hotel or restaurant the murderer clutched the live birds in his villainous hands and crushed the little heads until dead, then the whole mass was tied up in bunches, including the sick birds that had died, those that had starved, and then they were sent to the purchaser for the delecation of his guests.

I rather incline to the idea that the epicure of to-day will not relish a bird that died in a coop by being trampled down by its companions. But still they eat them, and as a matter of fact, nine-tenths of the birds offered for sale in San Antonio are birds that have been trapped and a great proportion of them are unfit for food and positively injurious to health.

Visiting Sportsmen.

It did me a world of good to-day to skake hands with Mr. Willard Adams of Chicago, who reached San Antonio last week. He looks a little peaked owing to the fetid Chicago air he has been breathing for the past year. Everybody seems glad to see "Big Adams" somehow. A very pleasant hand shake was exchanged between the writer and Mr. Laning, also of Chicago, who is searching for ozone and quail. He'll find both in plenty before the winter's over.

Deer on the Islands.

A party of duck hunters just returned from the coast say that the shooting for the past two weeks has been the best they ever saw. On the shell banks, a few miles from Rockport, thousands of pintail, blue bills, canvasbacks and redheads are feeding every day and the evening flight is something immense. During a short visit this party made to one of the neighboring islands they saw 19 deer in one herd and saw deer every day of their stay there.

TEXAS FIELD.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Boston, Jan. 12.—A Supreme court decision of a good deal of interest to those who use the gun has just been handed down in Boston. It was an overruling of defendant's exceptions in the case of Charles E. Whitten of Lynn vs. John Hartin of Boston. The plaintiff brought action to recover for the loss of a leg. Whitten was shot November 10 in the leg. The accident took place in Maine. The defendant Hartin was firing at a partridge at the time and did not see Whitten, who was sitting down not five feet off the traveled road or way. The claim set up by the defendant's counsel, after the adverse verdict was rendered at the trial at Salem, was that the plaintiff was careless in leaving the road and sitting where he was liable to be shot. The Full Bench holds that, on the evidence the plaintiff was not negligent in leaving the road and sitting down to rest by the roadside, and that it appears that he gave the defendant all the warning that he could when he first saw that he was about to be shot. The verdict must stand, and it gives the plaintiff $5,545. This was a very costly partridge for the defendant. Some sportsmen and hunters are pleased with the rendering of the Full Bench, and think that the result upon other careless hunters will be good. On the other hand, prominent sportsmen claim that the ruling is unjust, as well as the verdict, for the shooting was purely accidental, and will be just as likely to occur again. "No hunter in the world," they say, "would ever shoot in the direction of a human being, if aware of his presence."

"Speaking of rulings," a Lewiston, Me., gentleman said the other day, "reminds me of an offhand ruling of the late Judge W. Virgin of Maine. In his lifetime he was one of the legal lights of that State and an ardent friend of fish and game protection as well as a lover of the rod and rifle." The Lewiston gentleman and another man were fishing in Weld Pond, close by the Judge's boat. "The other man hooked a salmon but lost it," said he, "the hook bearing out. Soon I had the same fish and landed him. The other fellow pointed out his hook mark and claimed the salmon. We agreed to leave it to the Judge. He rendered the law unto us like this: 'Wild game belong to no one until it is in the possession of some one. You may shoot a deer, and if it runs around and falls at my feet and I put my hand on it, it's mine. The salmon belongs to the man who caught it.'"

Pickerel fishing continues to be in order, though the recent very cold weather has not been favorable. Irving Powers, A. E. Aldrich and W. Shapley are just back from a pond somewhere in New Hampshire and did not get many fish, though they positively refuse to enlighten their friends on the subject. They are not willing to even give the name of the pond. They quiety refer inquirers to Mr. R. H. Jenkins, whom they call "Jink." They say that he is telling the story. Now, Jink was not with them, but he tells a good story of their success. He says that they obtained a "fishing board" of a countryman, or "board for fishermen," he is not sure which. They spread the board on the snow and began to fish, and when they had fished awhile they counted and counted 105 pickerel, all laid on the board. At this point the man who furnished the board declared there was "some game" and that he "was not in it." They told him that the fish were game or game were fish and referred him to the laws of New Hampshire. At this the fellow went off in a huff, and the boys came back to the Boston Chamber of Commerce without any fish. Jink declared that all this happened at Moosehead. Now, since there is no Moosehead Lake in New Hampshire, and since there are no pickerel in Moosehead Lake in Maine, the conclusion is that Jink knows nothing about the fishing trip of the boys. But no one thinks of accusing him of telling a fish story, because he rarely goes fishing, besides being one of the Aldermen of his city, and having run for the Great and General Court.

Claud H. Tarbox and Charlie Bailey have been on the Byfield pond again after pickerel. This time their old friend the Colonel was with them. They were off for the pond at 5 o'clock in the morning. The Colonel had all his traps with him, as well as those of the other boys. The pickerel bit pretty well, but not at the Colonel's hooks. He could not understand it. The others told him it was on account of "his age and failing eyesight," a standing joke of the boys when the Colonel, who is a crack shot and a good fisherman, happens to miss. He usually retorts with: "Well, I taught you fellows all you know about fishing or shooting, anyway."

SPECIAL.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Are They Grayling?

Under this heading Mr. B. A. Warner of Granville, N. Y., sends me the following query: "A year ago last July I fished in a stream in this State (New York) and caught fish that were before unknown to me. I will describe them to you and probably you can tell me what they are. From the descriptions I have read and the illustrations I have seen of the Michigan grayling, I should say that the fish I caught were very similar in shape and coloring. The general color is silvery white; the back is shaded with grayish green; the belly a beautiful white; the sides showing when fresh from the water a delicate iridescence.

"The fish takes small trout flies eagerly and is very quick in its movements and a good fighter. I found them in swift water and in pools at the foot of the rapids, the larger ones in the pools. I caught 30 in about two hours' fishing, weighing from two ounces to half a pound each. The stream in question flows into a larger body of water, but I think the fish do not leave the stream and enter it, as I have fished there without catching any of them. Do you know of any fish answering this description?"

I should say positively that the fish were not grayling; and I should guess that they were fall fish, "or cousin trout," as they are called in New England, Semotilus bullaris. They are called also silver chub. I do not at this moment recall the iridescence on the sides, still the fall fish may possess it. Otherwise, so far as the description goes, the fish may be the fall fish.

It is a spring spawning fish, and at spawning time the males develop crimson on the belly and lower fins. I should call the color of the back a steel blue. They rise to the fly and fight when hooked much like the brook trout. Hence the name "cousin trout." They are found in trout brooks, also in ponds and lakes, and grow to over two pounds in weight. There are two reasons why the fish mentioned were not graylings. The first is because there are none in this State (which statement I will qualify later), and second, had they been grayling the first thing to strike the observer would be the great dorsal fin, colored like the dorsal fin of no other fish found in the fresh waters of this country, and the black markings on the sides. The best picture that I ever saw of the grayling is a photograph reproduced in Forest and Stream December 22. The black markings in the photograph are faint and are not shown at all in the half tone.

Mr. Mitchell, in sending me a photograph of the grayling, said: "The curiously shaped and placed black spots do not show as plainly as I had hoped they would. The dorsal of the fish in trout shows up well, but the stripes on the ventrals do not appear at all. The iridescence of the caudal and the beautiful tints of the body are, of course, impossible in a photograph."

Here is a description of the coloring of two of the fins of the grayling: Ventral fins ornate, dusky, with diagonal rose colored lines; dorsal with a black line along its base, then a rose colored one and then a blackish one, then rose colored, blackish and rose colored one, the last stripe continuing as a row of spots; above these is a row of dusky green spots, then a row of minute rose colored spots, then a broad dusky area, the middle parts of the fin tipped with rose."

Once you have seen this fin of the "banner bearer" you will never mistake it for the fin of any other fish.

I said there were no grayling in this State, and while I believe this to be absolutely true, to be historically correct, I will add that some years ago when Mr. Fred Mather, the present superintendent of the New York Fish Commission, maintained a hatchery and trout ponds at Honeoye Falls, Monroe County, New York, he procured grayling eggs from Michigan and hatched them at his hatchery. Later he allowed all the fish of the species to run down into the outlet stream, and within a few days he has told me that he never heard of them afterwards.

About Black Bass.

Dr. Hinde's comments upon the habits of black bass at night in Forest and Stream of Jan. 5 I read with great interest, and while I cannot give him any positive evidence upon the subject, I will explain why I have come to believe that the small mouth black bass remains stationary during dark nights.

For a number of years I fished for small mouth black bass in Back Bay of Lake Champlain, and one of the best fishing places at certain times was Wood's bar. This is a bar of white sand extending eastward from Wood's Island until it forms a point, and then suddenly breaks off into deep water. After a few days of wind from the north or south the water would pile up in one end or the other of the bay, and upon settling back to its normal condition the water made a strong current past the point of the bar, and that was the time to fish it. I fished it very early in the morning, always trying to anchor on the point of the bar before daylight. Black bass assume the color of the bottom over which they rest, and I think this is a good time and place to say that I was the first to publish this fact. I discovered it by accident, and by keeping my eyes open. Those who read angling works will find this peculiarity of the bass mentioned in a book, but the author forgot to say that I told him about the discovery in a personal letter some years before his book was printed and at the same time informed him where I would make it public within a few days of the date of my letter, which I did. This is a trifling matter, but as it has been on my mind occasionally for years I thought I would unload it here.

The first bass that we caught in the morning on the bar were very light colored, and in 1890 in Murray's "Lake Champlain and its Shores" I mentioned one morning's fishing thus: "Before the sun fairly appeared above the hills I noticed the light color of the bass, which was evidence that the fish had been on the white sand all night." That was my belief then and it is the same now. After the light colored bass were caught and the sun came up, or, at least, after daylight, dark colored bass were caught, showing that the fish were coming in from deep water to feed. I did not attribute

the stationary habit of the bass at night to faulty eyesight. I knew that the fish came on to the bars and shoals at night to feed, and supposed that when gorged they remained till morning. In the same lake it was customary to catch bass on the shoals in the evening, waiting for them to come on, long after dark. Then, too, bass are often taken on very dark nights. I recall that one night on Schroon Lake when returning from fishing to the hotel it was so dark that the boatman was rather feeling his way, so to speak, when my fishing companion startled me by an exclamation that made me think for a moment that he was going overboard. His line and flies in some way became loose from the reel bar where the stretcher fly was fastened, and unknown to him was dragging in the water behind the boat, when one of the flies was taken by a black bass. It was so dark that we could scarcely see one another in the boat. Every one who has fished much for black bass can doubtless furnish instances of the fish taking bait or fly at night when it has been dark as Erebus, and on moonlight nights often feed in a way to spoil sport on the day following. It is more than likely that evidence similar to that which I have related may be forthcoming as to the stationary habits of the fish at night, and it will be of interest to hear further from Dr. Hinde on the subject.

Spawning of Trout.

Following Dr. Hinde's note about black bass is a note on the New Hampshire trout season signed "Columbia," and from it the reader must infer that the writer favors closing the open season for brook trout about the first of August (I assume April 15 to be an error), because trout have been found to contain spawn in July. One would think that "Columbia's" thirty-one years' experience as a trout fisherman would have taught him more about the spawning of trout than he admits in his article. If the open season for trout fishing is to conform to the time when trout are found without spawn in some stage of its development, and there is no fishing allowed through the ice, the anglers of New Hampshire might well hang up their rods for good.

It does not follow because trout are found during the summer months with undeveloped mustard seed eggs that they have any idea of depositing ripe spawn before the regular time in October and November. Prof. Goode says: "The spawning season (for brook trout) begins in New England in October, and continues from three to six months, and during this period the fish should be protected by stringent laws."

Livingstone Stone, one of the best fish culturists in the country, is a New Hampshire man, and for years maintained trout ponds at Charlestown, N. H., and he records that the earliest spawning of trout in that State is on Oct. 12. In New York State some trout spawn as late as the month of March. Last June I saw a Sunapee trout opened at Sunapee Lake, N. H., and it contained such spawn as to cause two gentlemen who were with me to comment upon it, and yet that spawn would not have been ripe until November, for these trout or saibling do not begin to spawn until after the brook trout. Ripe brook trout eggs vary greatly in size, but if any one whose conscientious scruples about catching trout in August will get a pea 3-16 inches in diameter, or an "A" shot, and put it in his vest pocket and then get some less sensitive angler to catch a few trout in August and compare the spawn of trout as developed in August with the pea or shot it will be found how unripe August spawn is, for the pea of this size given is about the average size of ripe trout eggs. As to eating these slimy, half-fed, ill-conditioned trout in April, that is a mere matter of taste. Most people, I think, will prefer the fat, clean, well favored trout of August, even if they have partly developed spawn, for at that time they are in the best condition. The fact that the eggs are partly developed should carry no weight, for the eggs are also partly developed in June, the difference being only in degree. Shad are at their best for the table just before spawning, but who eats shad just after spawning?

If there be any well founded objection to August fishing, and I doubt it, it does not arise from the fact that the trout will spawn from two to three months later, but from the fact that at that time the streams may be low and that the trout congregate at spring holes where they may be, and are slaughtered by those who exercise no good judgment in fishing.

There is no hard and fast rule about the time at which trout spawn in different waters, but trout spawn earlier in running water than in ponds. I have seen trout gathering about spawning beds in the Cupsuptic River in Maine from the 5th to the 15th of September, while at Paxmachenee Lake, seven miles away, the trout were just beginning to come up out of the deep water on the 19th of September the same year. In water with low temperature they spawn earlier than in water with higher temperature. Some years ago, for the purpose of putting this subject before a legislative committee, I obtained some information from the hatchery superintendents in New York. Mr. Mather wrote from Long Island: "Brook trout begin to spawn on Long Island in November. Last year we took the first eggs the last day of October—two small fish. The length of the breeding season is from Nov. 10 to 30, although some fish struggled along till January."

Mr. Green wrote from the Caledonia station in the western part of the State: "Trout spawn in Caledonia about October 15. Spawned the first trout to-day (Oct. 15) at 2.20 p. m."

Mr. Roberts wrote from his station in the Adirondacks: "Trout came on quite heavy about the 1st of October. I took one female September 21, but this is quite rare, and I got no more until October 11. They usually spawn early in October."

On two different years a female trout was found in the ponds of the Plymouth hatchery in New Hampshire in August with ripe spawn, but there were no ripe males and the spawning was considered one of those rare and unaccountable things we hear of occasionally. There has been a heap of nonsense written about the close season for trout fishing because immature spawn has been found in trout in the summer months, but for all that trout do not spawn before the early days of October, and the season can be kept open, I firmly believe, with profit until the 1st or 15th of September.

Spawning of Land-Locked Salmon.

The spawning of trout reminds me of another matter which I find noted in my notebook. A few years ago a New Hampshire Fish Commissioner, now dead, put in circulation a statement that land-locked salmon did not spawn until they reached a weight of about five pounds. Last year a female land-locked salmon of less than two pounds' weight spawned at the Plymouth hatchery in New Hampshire. I have taken male salmon smolts o less than three ounces in weight with ripe milt

Shrimps.

Mr. George E. Winton, Bridgeport, Conn., writes: "I write you for information. We have a stream stocked with trout, and we are informed that there is a fresh water shrimp cultivated for feeding trout and if put into a stream will increase to an extent that will supply food for the fish. Can you give us any information on the subject or refer us to some one who can?"

Fresh water shrimp are not cultivated, but they are found in abundance in some streams. They multiply rapidly and are excellent trout food, and it is such crustaceous food that gives the trout the rich red flesh that some trout possess. Write to James Annin, Jr., Caledonia, N. Y., whose advertisement will be found in this journal and he will supply the shrimp for $2 per thousand. I may add that last season, when a younger brother asked me where to get some trout to stock a tank, I told him and advised him to get shrimps for food at the same time. Afterwards he found a stream near where he lives in which shrimp could be collected half a bushel at a time. The fresh water shrimp is not unlike the salt water shrimp in appearance, but it is much smaller.

A. N. CHENEY.

THE MEGANTIC BANQUET.

If that good fellow Shakespeare had attended the eighth annual banquet of the Megantic Fish and Game Club in Boston last Thursday night he might have been inclined to re-edit some of his previously expressed opinions and admit with one of the speakers that there is no bond like sport to make the whole world kin. He would not have needed Chairman Prescott's assurance that the accidents of birth or wealth were not necessary qualifications for recognition there, for he would have seen the backwoodsmen, Rob Phillips and Jack Boyle, as honored guests as Governors and Senators, and he would have realized that the only qualifications expected were good sportsmanship and good fellowship. It was pleasant to see how all artificial bounds went down before those hearty sportsmen, the bond of age among them. The old veterans of the club forgot their years and dignity and for the time being ate and drank and talked and sang with all the ardor and dash of youth—even if the songs were of a light and frothy order and dealt with "Daisy Bell" and the "Bowery." And all the new recruits held their own with the veterans—for it was nothing if not equality—and even guyed them and interjected gags (not jags) in the best considered parts of their speeches. But the veterans were boys for the moment and accepted all the freshness and irreverence of their juniors good humoredly and returned it in like coin, and often with a decided advantage to their side of the argument.

At 7 o'clock nearly 150 members and guests had assembled in the reception rooms of the Vendome. This was a large gathering considering the fact that one of the worst storms of the winter was raging outside, and showed the stuff the Megantic men are made of. Rain and snow had fallen till the streets were flooded, and if the rain had lasted a little longer canoes and setting poles would have been necessary to reach the hotel. But as it was, only one man stayed away on account of the mixed up state of the elements, at least only one gave that excuse for staying away.

The long dining hall was decorated at one end with the arms of the commonwealth of Massachusetts and the national colors, while at intervals along the walls were placed the mounted heads to moose, caribou and deer, loaned by members of the club for the occasion. But the chief object of interest was the carcase of Dr. Bisnop's moose which lay in state at one end of the room. This moose was a grand old fellow, nearly black, and looked all the larger for being beneath a tessellated ceiling instead of the roof of his native evergreens He weighed over 1,000 pounds, but had rather disappointing horns for such a big fellow. Particular interest attached to him, however, on account of his fighting qualities, and the way he met his death was told by the doctor.

Before the feast of reason came the pleasant task of reducing the compound equation of the menu to simple terms, and in this the assembled hunters were highly successful. That there are diversities in the gift of eloquence most people will admit, but as far as could be observed there was no such diversity in the appetites of those present, and from the haunch of the lordly moose down through the gamut of corribasset caribou and Crosby Camp venison to the cubs of black bear—juicy little innocents as they were—nothing was slighted. These pieces de resistance are mentioned especially as coming from the Megantic Club preserve. It is a question whether any other game club in existence could duplicate that menu.

It took 250 square miles of woods and rivers to make it in this case, and the select minority of preserves that boast such game are not apt to get it all at once. Their moose and caribou and bear and deer will not time their deaths so conveniently to the date of the club banquet that they may be punctually there. Generally they have other engagements.

Beside the big game on the menu there was the usual assortment of lesser varieties to fill up little unsuspected vacancies in the physiology of the guests, and though the equation was an elaborate one the guests had no difficulty in solving it. This done they settled back comfortably in their chairs, and as the smoke of their cigars arose, awaited the second installment of the feast. President Alexander Taylor, Jr., of Mamaroneck, N. Y., was not present, and the part of the toastmaster devolved on one of the club's vice-presidents, Mr. Walter C. Prescott.

Mr. Prescott opened with a few well chosen remarks He said the objects of the club were the propagation and protection of fish and game, and the sport of its members. In all these objects the club had been highly successful. As a result of protection they have to-day more game than ever before, and more fish than they ever dreamed of. The club has always been a factor for good, both in Franklin County, Maine, and in Quebec province Canada. It has not looked selfishly solely for its own interests, but has had the interests of the settlers included in their territory always in mind, and has benefitted all the neighboring hamlets by its existence. Mr. Prescott incidentally mentioned that the extent of this benefit last year was upwards of $14,000. He stated that the club had on its roll 281 members, but that he should not be satisfied till he had seen the full complement of 300 reached and a waiting list besides in order that the lukewarm members might be weeded out and the club still further strengthened.

The chairman then introduced General Dalton, who filled the gap occasioned by the absence of Governor Greenhalge, who at the last moment had been called away by telegram. General Dalton welcomed the out of town guests of the club, and his remarks were the occasion for hearty cheers for some of the woodsmen present.

Commander Henry T. Lyons of the Charlestown Navy Yard—hero of Samoa and ex-captain of the Nipsic—was present as an honored guest. Toastmaster Prescott in introducing him generously forbore to make capital by punning on his name, but he would not have been far out of the way if he had presented him as one of the club's lions. The commander was heartily cheered and his name was frequently upon the lips of subsequent speakers.

His remarks were chiefly relative to the country in the neighborhood of the River Platte, which he said was the finest country for small game he had seen in two trips around the world. He said that while there in the Yantic his navigator shot 3,642 birds of which he kept record. These included five kinds of duck, three kinds of partridge or ruffled grouse besides English snipe, wood pigeons, doves, swans and marsh birds. With reference to Samoa, Commander Lyons said that there was very little game there but a great deal of trouble. He modestly concluded by affirming that they had done very little that men fighting for their lives would not have done.

The newly elected president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, Mr. P. C. Clark, remarked that as a fisherman he felt that his lines had fallen in pleasant places. He was glad to be there, and glad that the interests of all present were identical in the matter of game protection. He cited the advances protection had made in Maine, New Jersey and Minnesota, and mentioned some of the problems still to be solved. Mr. Clark said further that after the grass and green things had been created right at the very start of things the Infinite mind thought of fish and game as a measure to make the world pleasant. Bearing this in mind when he killed his three thousandth coot some years ago he put on it this inscription with all due reverence: "Oh, all ye fowls of the air, praise ye the Lord!"

When he came to his four thousandth, however, as he did last September, Mr. Clark was obliged to go to Shakespeare for an inscription. He said he could find nothing more fitting than the quotation about Hamlet's uncle: "He did murder most fowl."

Dr. C. H. Gerrish of Exeter, N. H., a well known wing shot, was the next speaker. He took as his subject "The Ideal Sportsman," and a very pretty portrait he painted.

He began by taking up cudgels with those who did not believe in the sportsman's truthulness. He acknowledged the melancholy fact that there were such, and asked why it was that no one would believe a man who stated he had killed two different things with the same shot. The doctor knew this to be a fact from personal experience, for he had once killed a mink and an eel at the same time. He was on his way home from a shooting trip, and seeing a commotion in the water of a brook that ran near the road he was following, slipped a couple of shells in his gun and ran down to see what the trouble was. He saw the mink, and when he shot it found that he had also killed a large eel that had caught on to the mink and was trying to swallow it.

The first man he met asked what luck he had had.

"Well," said the doctor, "I got fifteen birds and a mink and an eel." The man turned on his heel and I walked away without saying a word. The next man he met asked the same question. "Fifteen birds," said the doctor, and then remembering the other item in his bag, added, "and I killed a mink and eel with one shot."

"Well, that's too bad," said his friend. 'By the way, what brand did you say you are taking now?"

The doctor said that not "every man who gets his gun off" is a sportsman. He must be a gentleman. He must also be a temperate man, and take the good things of life just as he loads his shells—with moderation. One of his crisp aphorisms was: "We hate the man who shoots just after us and never misses anything."

During the intermission that followed the Beth Huron Male Quartette entertained the assemblage with some well rendered selections. Secretary Robinson read letters of regret from a number of invited guests or members who were prevented from attending the banquet. Among these were letters from Roger Walcott, Edw. U. Curtis, Wm. E. Barrett, ex-Speaker of the House and Congressman-elect, A. C. Gould, editor of Shooting and Fishing, ex-Governor Russell, A. G. Bouthby, general passenger agent of the Maine Central Railway; L. H. Trotter of Philadelphia, who put his regrets into verse; the editor of the Maine Sportsman, W. Y. Wentworth, A. G. Mills, president of the Adirondack League Club, Fred C Barker, Camp Bemis, N. G. Shaw, the lumber king; Hon. Hy. Elmer, Canadian counsel; W. W. Brown, Hon. A. H. Stroud, Hon. E. L. Pillsbury and others.

President Marsh of the Inglewood Fish and Game Corporation of New Brunswick, was the next speaker. He spoke of the bounds that separated Canada and the United States, raised by politics, and allegiance to different governments, but said that when sportsmen grasped hands these bounds were wiped out of existence. His speech was a prose poem and received some hearty cheers.

Captain William H. Jackson was introduced as one of the "live oak timbers" of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. He told a whimsical story of his trip to

New Brunswick for caribou during the fall, and in concluding said that he wished to be enrolled as the 282d member of the club.

Rev. Charles Follen Lee said that his wood days were no more, and told of the deer he had shot at distant five yards, and how badly he scared it. Mr. D. J. Flanders, general passenger agent of the Boston and Maine road, was called upon for a speech, but did not respond. Fred Beal of the Sandy River Railroad, and Editor Brackett of the PhilipsPhonongraph, than which no paper gives more hunting news, each made a few remarks. Then Dr. Heber Bishop told the story of his moose in a graphic way.

Capital speeches were also made by Mr. C. J. Woodbury, vice-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, and Hon. George W. Wiggin, ex-president of the same association.

The club song "Ozone," to the air of "Daisy Bell," was then sung with a spirit, and the club banquet was over. J. B. BURNHAM.

Cod Fishing on the Al Foster.

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 13—Since writing my last article on cod fishing I had the pleasure of meeting several admirers of Forest and Stream on the Al Foster, and all agree without exception that a great deal of pleasure can be had in catching a cod. My friend Mr. William H. Van Cott, Jr., caught three the last trip of the Al Foster—total, 36 pounds—and regrets that this last storm has driven the fish away. I had the pleasure of catching my largest cod, weight 30 pounds, and trust the bad weather we have had will soon clear up so we can again try our luck. The largest cod fish I saw caught with rod and reel on the Al Foster weighed 45 pounds, and the one who caught it—Mr. Smith—told me, "it was a serious question at one time who owned the rod." H. C. W.

A Lazy Man's Fishing Dog.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—The secretary of the Grassy Lake Club has a fishing dog, so he says. The mode of working him is to plant the rod, adjourn to the shade for refreshments, and when the fish bites the dog barks. If the fisherman loses the fish the dog shows his disgust in the plainest terms. I have not seen that dog fish yet, and for further details refer you to the honorable secretary. J. M. R.

Game and Fish Protection.

The Michigan Export Law.

ESCANABA, MICH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quite a sensation was caused here the other day by the arrest of Q. R. Hessel and Charles Grunert, of this city and Capt. Thompson, of the schooner Frank Miner, on the charge of having venison in their possession. In some manner the officers discovered that the schooner Frank Miner, lying at the Merchant dock, had a huge quantity of venison aboard which was billed for some point in Wisconsin, and made an investigation, which confirmed their suspicions. The captain of the vessel was, of course, indirectly interested in the matter, but he was brought before Justice Glaser and fined $10 and costs, amounting in all to $17. Hessel, it seems, induced the captain to take the venison, but claims that he was ignorant of the contents of the boxes and was merely doing a friendly act for Grunert. However, the officers considered the evidence accumulated sufficient to warrant the arrest of both Hessel and Grunert, and on Monday morning the latter appeared before Justice Glaser and was fined $50. Hessel entered a plea of guilty yesterday morning and was discharged after paying a fine of $16. The contraband venison was disposed of according to law.

The Adirondack Deer.

HAMILTON, N. Y., Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to record my opinion as to the hounding of deer. Two hunting trips to the Adirondacks have convinced me of the mistake in allowing the use of dogs. The real sportsman will feel more satisfaction in getting his deer by honest stalking than in any other manner. There is no honor in standing by a runaway and murdering a deer that is driven before the muzzle of one's gun by dogs. There are enough deer in the wilderness to give any one who is willing to work for the opportunity a fair shot. I hunted only ten days each trip, and could desire no better chance for success. During my first outing, which was in September, 1893, I saw eleven deer with two standing shots, and last August I saw four deer, two standing within thirty-five yards. With the convening of the new legislature let us have a new deer law. COLLEGIAN.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of this association was held at the Hotel Thorndike last evening. After seventy-five members had fortified themselves with a good dinner they got right down to business, and after the election of four new members—Messrs. J. Payson Bradley, Wm. B. Kehew, Sanford Phipps and Edward W. Morse—and the choice of Mr. Isaiah C. Young of the State Fish Commission as an honorary member, the report of Secretary-Treasurer Kimball was in order. This gave the very gratifying information that the bills were all paid and that there was upward of $2,000 in the treasury. During the year the work of the association has been considerable, and several prosecutions for illegal fishing have been made; this has been especially the case in Worcester county, where the work of Deputy Warden John F. Cuming has been very effective; he has received substantial encouragement from the committee of the association on the enforcement of the fish laws to continue the good work. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Benjamin Cutler Clark; Vice-Presidents, George W. Wiggin, C. J. H. Woodbury, Edward E. Hardy, Dr. John T. Stetson, Ivers W. Adams, Edward J. Brown, Edward E. Allen, Secretary and Treasurer, Henry H. Kimball; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Executive Committee, Herbert Bishop, Sidney Chase, Dr. W. G. Kendall, W. B. Hastings, Chas. G. Gibson, Hon. W. F. Ray, Chas. A. Allen, Loring Crocker, Jr., W. B. Smart, Rollin Jones, Henry J. Thayer, Edward E. Small; Membership Committee, Edward T. Barker, Arthur W. Robinson, Walter C. Prescott; Fund Committee, Dr. J. W. Ball, W. Hapgood, Edward Brooks.

Mr. George W. Wiggin retires voluntarily from the presidency after several years of faithful and efficient service, but the board of management will continue to have benefit of his careful judgment and wide experience. Mr. B. C. Clark, who succeeds him, has been one of the most active members of the association for many years, and its affairs could not be intrusted to safer hands.

The annual dinner—always an interesting occasion—takes place at Young's Hotel, Wednesday evening, Jan. 30, and acceptances have already been received from a brilliant galaxy of after-dinner speakers, so that the affair promises to be up to the usual high standard. A big moose is already in the cold storage at Quincy Market. Dr. Heber Bishop, returned from Megantic region, will lead the choruses. WM. B. SMART.

New York Association.

The annual winter convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held in the Assembly rooms of the Yates House, Syracuse, Jan. 10, President D. H. Bruce in the chair. The meeting was a great success in every way—attendance, earnestness and attention to business. The following delegates were present:

Anglers' Association of St. Lawrence River—G. M. Skinner, R. Grant, H. C. Cornwall, W. H. Thompson.

Honeoye Falls Anglers' Association—A. Mather.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club—H. D. McVean.

Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club—Chas. B. Lapham, Chas. T. Mitchell.

Genessee Valley Fish and Bird Protective Association—F. J. Amsden, F. W. France, H. S. Wadsworth, H. H. Weidemer.

Niagara County Anglers' Association of Lockport—Wm. H. Chase, F. K. Sweet.

Caledonia Fishing Club—Jas. Annin, Jr.

New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game—John G. Hecksher, Robt. B. Lawrence.

Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club—Andrew S. White, A. R. King, Myron Weidman, Nathan Ayres, Wm. Prettie.

Anglers' Association of Onondaga County—Gen. D. H. Bruce, C. S. Smith, R. A. Molyneux, D. S. Morgan, Amos Padgham, Henry Loftie, Chas. H. Mowry.

Black River Fish and Game Protective Association—W. E. Wolcott, G. G. Chassell.

Morehouse Lake Club, Middleville—W. W. Mosher.

Chautauqua County Association for the protection of Fish and Game, Jamestown—F. H. Garfield.

Honest Fisherman Club, Seneca Falls—Dr. F. G. Seaman, Ernest G. Gould.

Steuben County Fish and Gun Club—L. S. Parker.

Central New York Fish and Game Protective Association—H. C. Carr, J. D. Alden, W. S. Gavitt, S. S. Granger, E. J. Gould, Dr. Seaman.

Franklin County Fish and Game Protective Association—Morton S. Parmelee, H. C. Skinner.

There were also present Chief Protector J. Warren Pond and twenty-five of the district protectors. The attendance of the protectors has come to be a regular feature of the State Association meetings, and the effect is beneficial and stimulating to all concerned. If anything were needed to rouse enthusiasm it was supplied when President Bruce made his opening address. The services of Gen. Bruce in revivifying the Association and putting it upon a business basis, are well understood and appreciated. The recommendations as to legislation adopted were as follows:

Prohibit floating or jack-shooting for deer and the killing of does at any time. The transportation of deer after Nov. 5 should be prohibited. The hounding of deer should be permitted only between Sept. 10 and Oct. 11.

It is the sense of this Association that the open season on rabbits and hares in the whole State, except Queens, Kings, Suffolk and Richmond counties, and in the counties of St. Lawrence, Franklin, Essex, Clinton, Lewis, Warren, Hamilton and Herkimer be confined to the open season on woodcock and grouse, and the use of ferrets be prohibited.

Web-footed wildfowl, except geese and brant, shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted, killed, possessed or sold between the first day of March and the first day of September, and shall not be pursued, shot at, hunted or killed between season. On the Hudson River, south of the Troy Dam, and its tributaries, boats propelled by hand may be used for the purpose of shooting web-footed fowls.

Amend Sec. 74 by striking out "16th day of August" and inserting "1st of September" as opening day on ruffed grouse and woodcock.

Amend Sec. 76 by striking out the words beginning "unless it be" and ending "out of the State."

Amend Sec. 79 by making the season for meadow larks open Aug. 15.

Amend Sec. 82 by including English pheasants.

Amend Sec. 102 as follows: Any illegal device to be used for taking fish being found in possession of any person on any of the inland waters of the State when such use of such device is prohibited on shore or islands of said waters, shall be deemed a violation of Sec. 102.

The section fixing the open and closed seasons for bass was approved.

There was considerable discussion over Sec. 111, resulting in no changes of the section; length to be continued at 8in.

Amend Sec. 132: That Sec. 132 be amended so as to read after the words "nor in Lake Ontario within one mile of the shore nor any islands therein," nor within three miles of the mouth of Niagara River.

Sec. 132, strike out: "The waters of Lake Ontario to the county of Jefferson included between Blue Rock within the town of Brownville and the town lying between the towns of Lynn and Cape Vincent, including Chaumont Bay, Griffin Bay and Three Mile Bay and in the county of Oswego between the northerly line of the town of Mexico and Jefferson county line are hereby exempt from the provisions of this act."

Resolved, That the above-named wording of Sec. 132 be hereby repealed.

Sec. 134: Resolved, That it is the recommendation of this Convention that Sec. 134 be changed so as to make the size of bar of meshes of nets used in Lake Erie and Lake Ontario one and one-half inches instead one and one-eighth inches as the law now reads.

Resolved, That the Board of Fish Commissioners be authorized to fix conditions under which Canadians may be permitted to fish in American waters and hunt in American fields such as shall fairly accord with similar provisions of the Canadian officials.

Sec. 141, strike out: "Suckers, bullheads, eels and dogfish may be caught at any time by means of hooking and spearing in any of the waters of this State."

Sec. 145: Restrict the length of minnow nets to twenty feet and their width to four feet. The young bass, pike or wall-eyed pike shall not be taken or used as minnows for bait but all such young fish when taken must be returned to the water without unnecessary injury. This section shall not authorize the placing or use of nets or any other device of the kind used for catching fish in the streams, or the taking of trout by means of nets or other device except angling, in other waters.

Sec. 149: Resolved, That all net fishing, except for minnows, in all inland waters of the State be prohibited.

Second resolution: Resolved, That all fishing in the inland waters of this State with nets, except for minnows, should be prohibited, but if such prohibitions should not be made, then it is resolved that Sec. 149 be amended by striking out the words "may prescribe such rules and regulation," etc., and insert "shall prescribe such rules and regulations," and at the end of such section add the following: That no nets shall be drawn for whitefish except under the supervision of a regular or special game protector or their duly constituted deputies; that each and every person shall pay a license, to be fixed by the Commissioner of Fisheries, for the privilege of drawing a net, said license to be paid to the person or persons so supervising the drawing of the same; that no person shall be licensed to draw a net until the name of the applicant shall have been submitted to the organization in the locality where he resides, and that a copy of the rules and regulations shall be forwarded with each license issued.

Add to Sec. 150: That licenses shall, upon application, be issued by the Commissioners of Fisheries to those parties who desire to deal in live game, birds or game fish, and without such license no persons shall deal in live game or fish.

Amend Sec. 231: That this Association recommend the penalties to be imposed for violation of the game laws be fixed as follows, except dynamiters: for conviction, first offense, a fine in the discretion of the court; for conviction, second offense, not less than $25; for conviction, third offense not less than $50; for conviction on any subsequent time, no fine imposed, but imprisonment within the limits fixed by law.

W. S. Gavitt, James Annis, Jr., and A. C. Cornwall, as a nominating committee, brought in this list of officers for 1895: President, Frank J. Amsden of Rochester; Vice-President, Robert B. Lawrence of Flushing; Secretary and Treasurer, John B. Sage of Buffalo. The nominations were ratified.

The following were appointed a legislative committee to prepare the resolutions adopted at the meeting, and to bring them before the Senate committee: Cornelius W. Smith, Syracuse; J. S. Van Cleef, Poughkeepsie; Howard Widner, Rochester; Dr. J. S. Parker, Bath, and Charles Lapham, Canandaigua.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Gen. Dwight H. Bruce, the retiring president, for his efficient work done in the past for the Association.

The National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 11.—As announced earlier, the annual meeting of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association occurred at the Sherman House this city, the first session being on the evening of January 9, the concluding one on the evening following. On both occasions, President M. R. Bortree was in the chair, filling the duties handsomely. The secretary, Mr. Fred E. Pond, being detained at home by sickness, Mr. W. H. Thompson, of Waukeka, Wis., was chosen secretary pro tem., serving thus acceptably for both sessions. It was a singular, but I hope not inauspicious fact, that when the meeting was called to order, both on the first and on the second evening, there were 13 members present. These increased to sixteen the first evening, and to about 20 on the second. There were present Mr. A. L. Lakee, of Kalamazoo, Mich., Mr. C. F. Bates, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mr. W. H. Sharpe, of Waugeke, Wis.; Mr. Howard Bosworth, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. L. K. Buntain, head fish and game Warden of Ohio, from Dayton, O.; Mr. I. W. Sharp, of Indianapolis, Ind.; the remainder was made up from Chicago. Several new members were admitted, making the total membership for the United States now foot up about 250.

It would waste valuable space to no purpose to take up in detail the routine business of the first evening. The only real news of the evening, and it was very good and interesting news, too, lay in the remarks on the raising of Mongolian pheasants, made by Mr. Howard Bosworth, Warden Buntain and Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Bosworth said that he started two years ago with eight birds. This fall he had had 150 full grown birds at one time, but a mink got into his coops one night, and killed fifty birds. He paid $5 each for his parent birds. He had put $2,500 into the project, and all he wanted was to get the birds introduced and protected in Wisconsin. He would furnish eggs next season at nominal cost to anyone wishing to rear the birds. He thought about forty of his birds had escaped and were now wild near his place, fifteen miles out of Milwaukee. He thought the Legislature would soon pass a law protecting the birds.

Mr. Bosworth said that these birds were prolific, laying from forty to sixty eggs in sixty days. One hen laid eighty-one eggs one year. They were polygamous, one cock being proportioned to five hens. The cocks had to be separated by high base boards in the pens, so they could not see each other, as they fought viciously. He said he had lost ten broods of chickens by putting the eggs under hens infested with vermin. (All hatching had to be done under dosmestic hens.) He had found it best to build the nest on top of a pile of sulphur, and lime. He first put in three hen's eggs, to see whether his hen was going to set. He shut her up on these eggs, and after a day or so let her out. If she returned to the nest, he placed the pheasant eggs under her, first killing the vermin on the hen. This was done by holding her up by the wings, and filling the reversed feathers, even to those of the neck and head, full of insect powder. Three days after that, the same treatment was given again, and it was repeated about three days before the hen was to come off, (which is twenty-four days, three days more than will domestic fowls).

Mr. Bosworth said he had found dry maggots the best food for the young birds. These he obtained by hanging raw beef above the coops the maggots dropping down. The slaughter house maggots scurvied the young birds so that they died. The young birds were large and active. The old birds stood the winter very well. They lived on buds, etc., much as wild grouse do, but would eat grain if necessary. He thought their adaptibility to this region as established beyond doubt. He had wasted money in his ignorance, but thought he was on the right track now. His coops were made tight, to keep out wild animals, and his runways were 250 feet long, covered with fine wire netting.

Mr. Sharp told something of his personal knowledge of the success of the Oregon experiment with these birds, and Mr. Buntain, the Ohio Warden, spoke in a very interesting way of the attempts to introduce the bird in Ohio. This, he said, had been done by the State of Ohio as a State, $800 having been appropriated for that purpose, to the Fish and Game Commission of Ohio. Their first three attempts had been unsuccessful, but now they had ordered three dozen ring-neck pheasants (at $45 per dozen), and one dozen Memphis pheasants (at $70 per dozen(, and he supposed these birds were now at hand at the State hatchery at Salina Ohio. He said the State would push this well, as they had sportsmen on their State Board, and a fund to work with. He thought it was advisible as to have public fish hatcheries. The Board would probably lease Rattlesnake Island, in Lake Erie, about seventy acres in extent, to use as the breeding ground.

Mr. Thompson said that he and some friends had a few birds at Gay's Mills, Wis., and that one or two having died, the others had escaped, one cock and three hens, and were now wild in the woods near there. He also knew of three pairs that were loose and wild in the woods near Muscoda, Wis.

GOOD WORK IN OHIO.

Warden Buntain gave an interesting story of the State work in Ohio against game law violaters. He said that a year ago last August he had a midnight fight with five illegal seniers. He was forced to shoot three of them down, and knock the other two down with a rock, being shot twice in the fight himself, and having his skull fractured by a blow from a rock. This injury necessitated trephinning of the skull, but he said he wasn't dead yet, nor was any one of the men arrested. He took them all into town in a farm wagon, all unconscious, fainting away himself after they had been taken care of. While waiting for the wagon, he had his five men all piled up like cordwood, and was sitting on top of them, on the point of shooting the whole gang, one by one, not feeling very well himself. Mr. Buntain said there was no worse State than Ohio, but that an entire change of sentiment was occurring, so that his work had full support.

Mr. Buntain said Ohio had stopped the sale of quail, and its Supreme Court had affirmed its decision in the Roth case, of Cincinati, which held that Indiana quail could not be sold in Ohio. (A most important decision it would seem.)

THE SECOND EVENING.

At the election of officers the following were chosen to serve for the ensuing year: President, M. R. Bartree, of Chicago, re-elected; 1st Vice-President, Jos. Hunter, of Washington, D. C.; Secretary, A. L. Lakee, of Kalamazoo, Mich.; Treasurer, W. H. Thompson, Wauzeka, Wis. State Vice-Presidents will be appointed later. The next meeting will be at Chicago. Several reports were read, including the interesting ones of the President, Mr. Bostree, and of the attorney, Mr. F. S. Baird. A long list of recommendations was advanced by its committee, on recommendation being in tote such as would need enthusiasm, but little was said about better executive measures in putting into effect the laws now on the statute books. As much discussion seemed inevitable over such details as how best to spend the $50,000 which a $1 que tax would raise for the protective purposes (provided it were past and collected and as little had been said as yet by way of practical action, it

was at length wisely concluded to adopt all the recommendations in toto, on the basis that they were all good things, which wouldn't need any pushing along. One phrase of these resolutions, taken up by Mr. R. S. Mott, was the nearest approach to national action if anything offered. Mr. Mott's motion was to the effect that the executive committee should be instructed to take the necessary steps to memoralize Congress to take action in accordance with the suggestions of the recommendations adopted. This was made of record. Several letters from absent State officers were read. There was much aimless discussion, as is usual in such meetings, but the intentions of those present were no doubt sincere for the most part. We could well report that such meetings must so often take on the phase of a debating school, when so much remains to be done by way of practical work. State Warden Blow, of Illinois, talked at length upon theoretical and practical phases of protection.

E. HOUGH.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22—NEW YORK.—W. K. C., Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 26 to March 1—DETROIT.—City of the Straits K. C., J. W. Garrison, Sec'y.
March 5 to 8—CHICAGO.—Mascoutah K. C., J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 12 to 15—DENVER.—Western K. C. Co., E. T. Weiant, Sec'y.
May 7 to 10.—SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Jan. 14.—SALINAS, Cal.—Pacific Coast F. T. C.
Jan. 21.—WEST POINT, Miss.—United States F. T. C., Trials B., P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—NEW ALBANY, Miss.—Southern F. T. C., T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga., Sec'y.
Sept. 10.—MORRIS, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.

The Specialty Clubs and the W. K. C. Show.

The different specialty clubs which make a point of doing their best for the W. K. C. Show have again provided a valuable and varied list of specials. The Mastiff Club sets forth an array of plate and medals valued at over $900, and the club's generosity should meet with a better response from exhibitors than is usually the case. The St. Bernard Club donates the usual silver medals, and their offerings, considering the importance and popularity of the breed, pale considerably by comparison with other clubs which, though not so well taken care of in the regular prize list nor so generally popular, are much more enterprising and generous.

The Westminster Challenge cup, which Mr. Moore has won twice, and which if he wins once more he can claim as his personal property, is not offered in the premium list, nor are the *Herald* medals, which lapses, may, we trust, be merely the result of oversight. The new Bloodhound Club makes its bow with an encouraging list, their handsome challenge trophy being supplemented by gold medals which follow the winners in the regular classes. The two Great Dane Clubs have done nothing so far, and the National Greyhound Club does not seem to be in a generous mood, not even one of their handsome medals being put up.

Considering the popularity and importance in every way of the pointer, and setter breeds, one would expect to find the clubs that are intended to help these breeds, represented by an array of specials second to none, and it would seem that, if the Pointer English and Irish Setter clubs are not willing to do more than they are doing now they had better dissolve and give way to individual effort as in past years, when valuable specials were offered by friends of the breeds which gave rise to no end of friendly competition and excited interest. The Gordon Setter Club, with its very limited resources, and considering the position of the Gordon in public favor, deserves credit for its efforts, for six specials of $5 each are provided besides a $100 silver vase.

"How are the mighty fallen!" one cannot help exclaiming when, on turning to the first catalogue of the W. K. C. Show, we find special prizes given by lovers of the pointer and setter aggregating in value over $1,500, and most of these prizes had no string attached but were won out and out at the first try. We understand, of course, that pointers and setters at that time were the most important breeds, but does not the present interest in the breeds as shown by the special lists prove the splendid enterprise of the owners of the non-sporting breeds and the decadence of such enterprise on the part of the pointer and setter men. For instance, there was not a special offered for mastiffs, St. Bernards, bulldogs, spaniels, collies or fox terriers at the show in 1877. The Spaniel Club, as usual, comes well to the front with prizes valued at $365. The Collie Club, with its trophies and cups valued at $650, not to mention the Stud Dog medal and the valuable annual sweepstakes, shows that this breed is well taken care of. Then the Bulldog Club, which really has done so much for the breed it fosters, puts up an array of trophies valued at $650 in addition to the handsome club medals. The young Boston Terrier Club offers four $5 specials, open to all, as well as a $10 special confined to club competition.

Although the Fox Ferrier Club does not announce its specials in the premium list, this healthy and vigorous club will be sure to have lots of work provided for the judge when the catalogue is published. The different rough terrier breeds seem to be content with the W. K. C. $20 kennel prize, but friends of these breeds, who should amalgamate and form a Terrier Club will probably put up something for their pets before the show opens.

The Pet Dog Club seems to be resting on its oars as far as the premium list is concerned. Dachshunds depend upon the Manice Challenge Cup, value $250, and the W. K. C. Kennel prize, and a piece of silver plate is the extent of the Beagle Club's offering, but this club generally distributes its favors to other shows during the season. From the foregoing it will be seen there is ample food for thought on the subject of specialty clubs and their value to the breeds they represent.

The A. K. C. and Its Disqualified Members.

At the last A. K. C. meeting, notice was given by Mr. Watson, of a proposed rule that would prescribe disqualification by the A. K. C. for exhibitors who happened to exhibit dogs at shows where an exhibitor disqualified by the A. K. C. was allowed to compete. While the A. K. C. evidently had some such rule in mind in order to make their penalty of disqualification more severely felt by the unlucky one that had incurred it, such wholesale and uncalled-for legislation struck them as too general. The committee on rules met subsequently and discussed the question in all its phases, but could come to no definite decision until the secretary proposed the following rule, which was unanimously adopted by the committee, subject, of course, to its endorsement by the delegates to the A. K. C.:

TO BE REGULATION IX.

"In the event of any persons or club, not a member of the American Kennel Club, holding a show at which the entry of any person not eligible to make entries at American Kennel Club shows is accepted or who may be permitted to show dogs or act as agent for any other exhibitor, and officiate in any capacity at the show, every person officially connected with such show shall at once be suspended by order of the president and deprived of all privileges of the American Kennel Club, pending the holding of the next meeting of the Executive or Advisory Committees, at which meeting the committee must either remove the suspension or impose a penalty of disqualification for such period as they may decide upon."

One can quite understand that those in power in A. K. C. affairs desire to make their penalty of disqualification as far reaching as possible, still the question naturally arises, what business has the A. K. C. to interefere with men who give a show outside of their jurisdiction? If this rule becomes an A. K. C. law, a person disqualified by the A. K. C. cannot even handle a dog at any show held in America. It would be well for the A. K. C. to consider carefully every phase of this question before making such a sweeping and arbitrary rule. The A. K. C. practically controls all the principal shows held in this country from Maine to California, and in them no disqualified exhibitors may participate in any capacity.

Is this penalty not severe enough without seeking to render innocent men liable for another man's A. K. C. crimes? In the event of passing this rule, the A. K. C. will have to keep track of all the entries at shows held in the country, but the disqualified exhibitors can easily get around the difficulty by showing their dogs in another name. But outside of this contingency, the rule, while better than the one first proposed, is arbitrary and uncalled for. There are several small shows given in this country by Fair Associations and other people who have no idea of or affinity with A. K. C. jurisdiction, and over whom the A. K. C. can have no control whatever and therefore what business has the A. K. C. to seek to bring these people into disrepute, as a sentence of disqualification would in a sense? Let the A. K. C. be content to legislate for its own members and let the other part of the world jog along as it may. Even the English Kennel Club has not sought to extend its arbitrary powers in this direction and if the A. K. C. is well advised they will let well enough alone. The question arises in this connection whether shows have the power to refuse any entry when accompanied by the proper fees. This new rule may be aimed at the Toronto Fair Association, which last year allowed an A. K. C. disqualified exhibitor to compete at their show. On the committee of this show are men who are valuable in the fancy and against whom there is no breath of suspicion of wrong doing, still if this rule passes these men, who are personally every bit as worthy of the confidence of their fellow fanciers as the President of the A. K. C. himself, if they allow this disqualified exhibitor to compete at their next show, will be branded as wrong doers and their names will be included in the black list that is sent to every A. K. C. show committee on application. The proposed rule should be killed at the first opportunity.

The W. K. C. Premium List.

The advance sheets of the W. K. C. premium list were received too late last week to admit of extended notice. The lists are now in the mail and we find that in the aggregate there is about the same amount of money offered as in 1894, but the classification is enlarged from 215 to 238 classes. While some of the breeds suffer a reduction in prize money, additional classes have been provided in the more important, or rather, popular breeds. Nearly all the breeds have challenge classes, with prizes of $15, $10 and $6, but in many of the principal breeds the first prize last year was $20. Those breeds having $15 and $10 in challenge, and $20, $10 and $5 in open classes are mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, setters, collies and smooth fox-terriers. The breeds that get $15 and $10 in challenge, and $15, $10 and $5 in open classes are field and cocker spaniels, poodles, deerhounds, greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds, English and American foxhounds, beagles, wire fox-terriers, Irish, black and tan, Bedlington, Scottish, Skye, and Yorkshire terriers and Italian greyhounds. Mastiffs do not get a novice class this year, but St. Bernards have the same full classification as last year. Newfoundlands are cut down to one class. Bloodhounds, great Danes and Russian wolfhounds have puppy classes added, but greyhounds will have to be content with one class for the youngsters. Gordon setters have a much larger classification this year, puppy and novice classes being divided and a field trial class added. In spaniels, Irish water and Clumbers have their classes divided, field spaniels are cut in puppy and novice classes, but two more important classes are given to cockers to make up for this. Rough collies, while sharing in the reduction in challenge prizes, have a new veteran class provided for dogs and bitches over five years, with prizes of $15, $40 and $5. Two new classes are for dogs and bitches under two years, which should meet with much indorsement from the collie men. Poodles do not fare so well this year, corded and curlies go together in the challenge class and the puppy sexes must also compete together. Bulldogs secure divided classes in puppy and novices, which add $30 to the prize money over last year; in bull-terriers there is no change. Boston terriers fare much better this year, as they have separate classes for sex and are divided by weight. The beagle classification it not altered with the exception of the field trial class, which is cut $10. Smooth fox-terriers have a new veteran class added for terriers over five years old that is sure to bring out the old boys, while wires get an additional puppy class. Black and tans fare the same as in 1894. Irish terriers are cut down to the level of other roughs with three open class prizes instead of four and $40 less. Other roughs the same as in '94, excepting Scottish, whose classification is doubled, in keeping with the growing influence of the breed. Classes for the American breds and puppies are added, which means an extra outlay of $90. Yorkshires are cut one challenge class, and wisely so. Toys and pugs are not altered, but toy spaniels are pretty much huddled together. One challenge class for all breeds and the other breeds have one class each, which represents a saving of half the money given in 1894. Of course this will not please the owners of these pets but then it is difficult to please every one and it must be remembered the W. K. C. have to pay the bills. A new class is made for Schipperkes and Italian greyhounds get the same as last year.

In most of the breeds the W. K. C. gives $20 kennel prizes.

Spratts Co. will attend to the commissariat, and may be depended upon to bench in their usual artistic manner; while to Sanitas Co. will be intrusted the task of purifying the air.

The entries close on Feb. 4, and as before, it will cost $5 to enter a dog. Intending exhibitors should bear in mind that entries must this year be sent to Mr. James Mortimer at 59 Liberty street, room 2. Premium lists can be secured at this office.

International Field Trials.

MONROE, MICH., Jan 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Jan. 5, appears a letter from Mr. W. B. Wells, wherein he states that in a letter of mine I had something to say about his dogs and himself. If he was the reporter for your paper at the International Field Trials then I had something to say about him,—if he was not the reporter I said nothing about him. By referring to my letter his name does not appear in it. I cannot see any reason why a judge or judges, who are accused of placing dogs wrongly are not entitled to say anything in their own defense. Mr. Wells must have changed his mind since last year when he contended that the rules did not require that the first and second dogs to run together and Cleopatra got first, without running against Tobe, who won second. Mr. Davey did not insist upon his rights, when asked what he meant to do in the matter, Mr. Wells arguing he was correct in his construction of the rules. If I was prejudiced in favor of Tobe this year because of his running back to my old strain, why was I not prejudiced last year also, when he only got second without an opportunity of being put down with the winner of first.

Whatever Mr. Lacy and Mr. Stoddard thought of the treatment Luke got last year was not asked by the judges—but notice Mr. Stoddard, who is a practical and experienced handler of dogs, did not agree with Mr. Wells in a decision given by the latter in the Northwest last September. If Mr. Stoddard was correct in one instance, is he not likely to be correct in another? Mr. Wells' experience does not confirm my comparison of the grounds run over by Tobe and Luke, but think I have bagged more varieties of grouse and more woodcock and quail, over pointers, setters and spaniels, than Mr. Wells ever saw alive, and have run dogs over a greater and more diversified territory than he ever saw, excepting when he might be examining a map, and I make no admission to the contrary in the Tobe-Cleopatra heat.

Where Cleo did her good work I fail to see. She did make one point on quail in her two heats, and her wretched work on birds was done on what Mr. Wells claims the most easy ground for a dog to find and point birds on. She got them out of the brush pile when she came up to where Tobe was pointing, without the necessity of pulling or tearing the pile to pieces. Just a little time previously four dogs were tried in those woods, and Tobe was the only dog of the four that got a point on the scattered birds. One covey was flushed outside in the stubble when Tobe and Cleo were down, Cleo flushed a covey later on the opposite side of the woods, and Luke pointed a covey soon afterward near the centre of the woods. Those birds which were flushed outside went directly into the woods, and those Luke pointed were not seen to leave the woods, so if they were not there they must have either gone into the ground, or evaporated, and as Luke could neither find them, nor the holes they had gone into, they must have taken the latter course. Where there is a might not be, there is often a might. The four minutes beat Mr. Wells speaks of between Tobe and Luke in the small field, the judges' notes give as ten minutes, and one of the largest fields run over during the trials, and certainly one of the best for a dog to show his range, speed, quartering and style of going, indeed it was so large Luke never found the outside of it. When ready to be put down, Tobe was held until Luke had obeyed those calls of nature Mr. Wells mentions, and they were sent off as evenly as a brace of greyhounds from the slips in a coursing field, but before Luke was half way across the field, Tobe was racing down the fence on the opposite side, when the former returned to his handler, only to be urged out again and showed quite an indifference about getting away at all. A dog going out from his handler and keeping out until signaled or called in, who points his birds steadily, allowing the shooter to walk leisurely and quietly up to him and flush the birds, is more likely to create a favorable impression than one who is frequently returning to his handler and requiring urging to keep him out and when he does point has to be reached in the most speedy manner possible. I don't think that a dog which goes off like an overjoyed collie before a butcher's cart, only to return and go similarly out again when ordered on, can be considered very proficient in quartering. Where Mr. Wells got his information about my opinion of Toledo Blade is a mystery to me, unless it comes through his gift of imagination. I understand, however, that he has bred or contemplates breeding to Tobe; if such is the case, he may get a little more independence into his kennel and reach a point that the records show the Campbells left off at (with natives) and later Manitoba Frisk, who has the same native blood in his pedigree as Tobe. As I never turn over a trusty, tried friend for a doubtful new one, I hoep to retain as far as possible, the same strain until I am convinced I have seen a better, or until I become unfit to use a dog.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

During the recent field trials in North Carolina, Mr. Lorillard made some remarks on the conditioning of dogs, and on the dissatisfaction of owners who were not entirely practical, which impressed me as being very sound. He referred particularly to instances were an owner sent a nice fat dog to a handler to be educated, and the dog afterward was returned thin in flesh and with a rough surface. Many owners under these circumstances at once conclude that the dog has been half starved and ill-treated. They do not know that a dog at work must be thin in flesh and hard in muscle, and that, when working in brush and brier, in grass and in mud, in rain and in sunshine, a smooth coat is an impossibility. Mr. Lorillard further mentioned that similar beliefs were prevalent among horse owners who were not practically experienced. They sent smooth, rounded horses to the trainer, which were returned in thin flesh, affording the owner ground for conclusion that neglect and starvation had been his horse's lot.

There is no doubt of the truth of the foregoing, although there is also no doubt but what dogs have been ill-treated too. Of that there is no question. But many times owners have felt aggrieved at the conditions of their dogs after a season's work, when there was no just cause for grievance.

A dog, then fleshy, is in much worse condition for work than one which is half starved, and also is in much worse condition physically, aside from all considerations of work. The fleshy dog is think in wind, indolent, or at least incapable of more than a few minutes of exertion, which is followed by great distress and exhaustion.

Owing to the inability of such dog to work more than a few minutes at a time, it requires many days and sometimes weeks, to work off the fat, tone up the degenerated tissues, strengthen the thick wind and restore the powers of endurance. A fat habit of body is sometimes made permanent if of long duration, and it is impossible to get the dog out of his habits of indolence. He will not or cannot work enough to reduce his flesh. He is predisposed to disease, for, like all carnivorous animals, his natural condition is thinness of flesh. His natural habits of life are those of constant activity. Indolence and fatness invite disease and shorten his life. It is no kindness to feed a dog more than the wants of his system demand. A master who overfeeds his dog may be kind but he is thoughtless. He is kind from his own standpoint of what he requires himself, but he is unkind when he applies his own standard to the needs of the dog. Man can eat three meals a day, with one or two extra ones thrown in on occasion. The dog is fully supplied with one meal a day. He is a carnivorous animal, and therefore requires a generous proportion of meat in his diet. He thrives well on a straight meat diet, all authorities to the contrary notwithstanding. The error in feeding meat, as in feeding in general, is in giving it too often. Once a day is sufficient. Gluttony in man or dog can not end beneficially. It is true that the dog will eat vegetable food, but he eats it from necessity, not from choice. In a mixed diet containing meat, he always picks out the meat first when he can do so. After all, the centuries of domestication with its enforced vegetable diet, have not changed the natural craving of the dog for a meat diet. His teeth, digestive organs, instincts and natural cravings, have not been changed. However long he may be in the confinement of a city, he shows his rejoicings by capering about and barking joyously when taken into the freedom of the country, and at first sight he will chase a rabbit fiercely, all of which indicate that he is not a vegetable eater from choice.

B. WATERS.

NEW ORLEANS.

The True Type of Skye Terrier.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am somewhat curious to know if you have been taking notice of the correspondence in the English *Stock-Keeper* between our best Skye terrier judge, Mr. James Pratt and others regarding the true type of Skye. Mr. Pratt holds that those which are now shown on the English bench are not Skyes at all, but are what he calls "Lothian Terriers," and that they have robbed the genuine Skyes of their birthright. If this be the case I am sorry for fanciers who are overstocked with so-called "Lothian Terriers," both in the States and in England, and I think it is a great pity that Mr. Pratt did not open up this subject long ago instead of judging and recognizing "Lothian Terriers," as Skyes (when really he did not think them Skyes) and thus allowing and encouraging fanciers to go on producing what he calls the wrong sort. I am glad to say that I am fortunate enough to have both types and can thus please the fancy of different judges.

Mr. Pratt, I believe, intends bringing out some Skyes shortly, which he calls the true type, as he wishes to teach fanciers what Skyes really ought to be and I am wondering very much if they will be the produce of my bitch "Phumps," which he got from me for a time until he had a litter or two from her, after which I got her back again. This bitch won first prize at Toronto show and is the dam of my grand little terrier, "Buccaneer." I may mention that when in England I first showed this bitch at Malden show, Mr. Pratt judging. He was so struck with

her that he was very curious to know where I had got her and remarked at the same time, "That is the stamp of bitch I have been looking for for the last ten years."

Mr. Pratt is a great admirer of her son Buccaneer, and he tried to purchase him from me before I left England. He now advises me to go on breeding the Phumps and Buccaneer stamp, so as to show the Americans what Skyes really ought to be.

I do not and never will agree with Mr. Pratt that what he calls "Lothian Terriers" are not true Skyes, but as I said before, I have both types and can follow whatever the fashion be in Skyes.

MRS. E. M. WILLIAMS.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.

DOG CHAT.

Is it strange that England leads the world in show fox terriers, when the breeders over there have such a crowd of dogs to choose from? But the real toppers are scarce even there. It is estimated that upwards of 72,000 fox terriers were bred in the decade preceding 1892, this calculation being made in the basis of one terrier in every litter of four being registered on the E. K. C. Stud Book, the registrations from 1880 to 1892 numbering 18,000. Making allowance for the large number of fox terriers bred by people who are not in any way connected with the fancy, it is estimated by Mr. Gresham, in the *Live Stock Journal* that upwards of 9,000 fox terriers are bred in the United Kingdom every year.

The Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., about three weeks ago lost, while out at exercise, a very promising fox terrier dog, about nine months old. He was marked half black head and black ears, black spot on back, and root of stern, and had on a leather kennel. He was the best of their older lot of last year's crop, and his loss is the more aggravating as he was to be shown at the coming New York Show. The finder will be generously rewarded, and should communicate either to this office or the owner. The kennel has a bitch pup by Ripon Stormer that is expected to "speak for herself" when shown next month.

The Bedlington Terriermen are in earnest in their endeavors to organize a specialty club for the breed and will meet at the Forest and Stream office, 318 Broadway, New York, on Friday, Jan. 18, at 1 P. M. All who are interested in this game terrier are requested to attend.

St. Bernard breeders, the world over, will be sorry to hear of the sudden death of Champion Keeper; "Keeper of the perfect head," as Stock keeper (Eng.) long ago dubbed him. It seems that Keeper expired after a few hours illness, and it is supposed that he had ruptured himself. This grand dog was imported to England from Switzerland by Mr. H. J. Betterton. He was whelped in May, 1887, and was by Ino. out of Sans Peur; Ino. by Leon, out of Belline, a noted matron. Mr. J. F. Smith, of Sheffield, afterward purchased Keeper and he died in his kennels. Keeper was perfect in disposition and as a stud dog was renowned for transmitting his intense quality to his progeny. During his show career he had won the stud dog prize every time he competed for it, as well as the St. Bernard Club's 100 guinea challenge cup three times. There is a good deal of Keeper blood in our best smooths, that noted matron Judith, being a daughter of his out of Regina. The beautiful Empress of Contoocock is also a litter sister of Judith's, and from him no doubt the wonderful family, by Alton-Judith, derive their wonderful type and St. Bernard character.

The rumor that the Southern California Kennel Club would not hold a show this year is unfounded and their annual show will be held as usual. This year's will make the seventh show this plucky club will have held and is expected to be as good if not better, than preceding ones.

That lawyer who said, during his pleading in a will case trial in Alameda Co., Cal., when evidence was given that the testatrix had seen the spirit dog, that "It is no more irrational to believe that dogs have spirits than that men have them." must be a dog lover and therefore a good sort.

It is possible that the Oakland Kennel Club, of California, may hold a show either just before or after the San Francisco show. With the turn of the new year kennel affairs seem to be looking up on the coast. Portland, Ore., has just held a small show in connection with the Exposition. The dogs were for exhibition only, but a good deal of interest seems to have been taken in them, and we trust this will induce the Columbia Kennel Club of that city, to bestir themselves and hold a show after the California events.

The prospects of the Pacific Coast Field trials held this week, at Salinas, Cal., are said to be excellent. Birds are plentiful and the grounds in good shape. The Amateur Stake is expected to draw well, and increase the interest in field sports on the coast. In this connection it is interesting to note in our lively contemporary, *Field Sports*, that California is fast coming to the front with excellently bred field dogs. They have in the State in English setters a son and daughter of Gladstone, a son and daughter of Count Noble, two sons and a daughter of Roderigo, three daughters of Gath's Mark, a son of Gath, several sons and daughters of Dan Gladstone, a whole litter by Sportsman, a son of Eugene T., and any quantity of the descendants of sires of lesser note. In pointers they have a son of King of Kent, two daughters of Rip Rap, a daughter of Strideaway, several sons and daughters of Vandevort's Don, a daughter of Proxteth, a son of Upton of Blithe, a daughter of Graphic and many others. In Irish setters are a son of Bruce, a son of Elcho, Jr., a son of Beau Brummel and Coleraine, two litters by Finglas and many others of good blood.

With all due deference to our friends who ridiculed our criticism of Ealderman's, the mastiff, ears being too small, we decline to "shake," and still maintain our assertion in spite of the "disinterested" evidence of those authorities who have never seen the dog and of the instigator who bred him but has not seen him since a pup. Ealderman's ears are next door to a rose ear, are small, held from the head, and "crimpled" at the roots and on a head of the size of Ealderman's, they appear as small and out of comparison as his kennel mate Leamington's are too large. We have without doubt seen more mastiffs on the bench than our Hulton friend, and had still more opportunities for comparison and, while not by any means setting up to be as great a theoretical authority, are quite convinced that such an ear as Ealderman showed at Toronto, is not to be desired on any mastiff. And could Mr. E. Court Rice, Dr. Turner, Mr. Taunton, Mr. Cook, and other practical mastiff men see the ears in question, they would doubtless be of the same opinion.

Another well-known fancier has joined the order of Benedicts. This time it is Mr. James E. Greene, of the Wankie Kennels, who is so well and favorably known in kennel circles, and we are sure that those who know him will join us in extending congratulations and wishing the happy couple every prosperity.

The premium list of the City of the Straits Kennel Club's third annual show is out in good time. Contrary to expectations the club has cut down the prize list considerably both in money and in classification. Mastiffs and St. Bernard must be content with two prizes in the open of $15 and $10, and challenge prizes of $15, and St. Bernard's get a local class with prizes of $5, $3 and $2, an innovation that is sure to be appreciated and add to the entry. These two breeds are the only ones in which puppy classes are provided with prizes of $10 and $5. Pointers and English and Irish setters do not fare so well as last year, having prizes of $10 in challenge and $10, $5 and $3 in the open classes. Gordons get $10 in challenge, and $10 and $5 in open classes. Great Danes, cocker spaniels, collies, beagles, and fox terriers (smooth) get separate challenge classes, with $10 prizes and $10 and $5 in the open divisions. Those breeds in which challenge dogs compete together are Russian wolf hounds, greyhounds, field spaniels, poodles, bull terriers, pugs, black and tan terriers and Italian greyhounds, with $10 in challenge and $10 and $5 in open classes. Other breeds not mentioned above do not have challenge classes, bloodhounds, dandie Dinmonts Skyes, Yorkshire, toy and Scotch terriers have but one class each, and in regard to the latter now important breed, this is not a wise classification as no doubt the principal kennels will be sending dogs to Chicago and would like to take this show in on the way. There is no Bedlington terrier class this year, and this will afford the proposed new club an opportunity to show the good it can do. Local classes, in addition to those mentioned, are given to pointers, English and Irish setters, cocker spaniels, fox terriers (smooths), and pugs, competition in these divisions being confined to dogs and bitches owned in Wayne Co., Mich., and Essex Co., Ont., Canada. The club donates $10 kennel prizes to most of the important breeds, competition being rightly restricted to four from each kennel. The entry fee is $3, except for locals, which are charged $2, and entries close on Monday, February 11. The usual arrangements have been made with the American, National and United States Express Companies.

The judges are restricted to two well-known adjudicators. Mr. John Davidson takes foxhounds, greyhounds, pointers, setters, dachshunds, deerhounds, beagles, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous, and Mr. James Mortimer will place the mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, collies, bloodhounds, wolf hounds, spaniels, poodles, all terriers, bull dogs and pugs. The bench show committee is composed of Messrs. G. M. Hendrie, Chairman, J. W. Garrison, R. Bangham, Guy D. Welton, C. A. Parkinson, W. Howie Muir, T. C. Ouelette and Charles Thurman. All entries must be made with J. W. Garrison, 18 Peninsular Bank Building, Detroit.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, of the Bloodhound Club, it was decided to hold the first annual meeting at the New York Show, on February 20, at 2 P. M. The secretary, Mr. Charles H. Inches, says that as the club has been so liberal in its offers of specials, a large exhibit of this noble breed is expected.

Mr. George Thomas will return from England early in February and is getting a good team together for the W. K. C. Show. He sent three dogs over that arrived Jan. 7, but particulars regarding them have not yet arrived.

Mr. L. A. Rice, late of the Scotswood Kennels, has accepted a position at the Bartholdi Hotel, New York, and will be pleased to welcome any of his old friends.

Champion Obo II is dead. Spaniel breeders the world over will feel more than a pang of regret and give a kind thought to the old dog that has done so much for the cocker spaniel in America and sympathy will be generously extended to his late owner, Mr. J. P. Willey of Salmon Falls, N. H., for the names of both are inseparably connected with the foundation and building up of the cocker to the high standard in which we find it to-day. Although Obo II did not live to see the day when the vexed question, "What is a cocker?" will be definitely settled, had dogs the power of retrospection this great stud dog might well have indulged in self complacency. For his influence on the breed was unique; and no other stud dog, of any breed, unless it be Elcho Jr, the Irish setter, has so indelibly fixed a type through his sons and daughters. There has scarcely been a winning cocker produced during the past decade that did not trace almost directly to "old Obo II"—as he was affectionately termed by those who were wise enough to follow Mr. Willey's lead. The old dog has failed visibly during late years and his death was to be expected any time. He received the tenderest care, but the end came on Jan. 2. Mr. Willey is inconsolable. Obo II was whelped Aug. 7, 1882, and was by Obo out of Chloe II. Mr. Willey bought him when a puppy from his breeder, Mr. F. F. Pitches, Claremont, N. H. He was first shown at Manchester, N. H., in 1883, and then won firsts at Lowell, Mass., New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, and at Boston in 1885, when with champion honors thick upon him he was retired and his energies were henceforth devoted to the improvement of the breed. He was indeed a "pillar of the stud."

Mr. E. M. Oldham, the well-known spaniel judge, will probably be more intimately connected with the shows on the circuit this season and is desirous of acting as superintendent. His experience with shows and exhibitors should well fit him for such a responsible position.

The annual meeting of the United States Field Trials Club will be held at West Point, Miss., Wednesday evening, Jan. 23.

The dog show held at Cincinnati this week is a most gratifying success to those who have been hard at work in arranging the details. An entry of three hundred was secured, and the quality of the dogs shown was good. The report of the show will appear next week.

The noted Boston terrier, Jem Mace, who is said by many of the experts on this style of dog to be one of the best in his class, has been sold by Mr. Tom Plant to Mr. H. Alward, Chicago, Ills. Three hundred dollars was the price given.

Word was received in New York last week that the important mastiff case, in which the well-known Beaufort's Prince was claimed by Mr. Martin Fallon, of Bridgewater, Mass., as a dog he had lost in 1893, was decided in favor of the plaintiff and against Dr. C. A. Lougest, who owned and was showing the dog at the time it was claimed. The verdict seems unaccountable, in view of the evidence, and Dr. Lougest will receive the sympathy of his fellow breeders. It will be remembered by our readers that Beaufort' Prince was attached by Mr. Fallon at the last Boston Show, and a bond of $500 being put up he held the dog until a final decision was rendered as to his identity. In the first case, tried last summer, Dr. Lougest gained the verdict, but Mr. Fallon appealed the case, retaining possession of the dog meanwhile. On Jan. 4 to 8, in the Third Superior Court at Boston, the appeal was heard. No new evidence seems to have been adduced by Mr. Fallon, and notwithstanding the evidence of such well-known dog men as Herbert Mead, secretary of the Mastiff Club, who sold Prince to Dr. Lougest and J. L. Winchell, who bred the dog, and the deposition of Mr. Fraleigh, who originally purchased the dog from Mr. Winchell, and who in turn sold the animal to Mr. Mead and Dr. H. C. Glover, Dr. J. Stewart, John Read, B. F. Lewis, Geo. Glazier, Charles H. Innes, C. Walter Lougest, S. Jeff and Dr. Lougest, who are all more or less familiar with the dog, either in its public or private life, the jury rendered their verdict in favor of the claimant, and in addition awarded $25 damages. The lawyer for the plaintiff, in addressing the jury, made a serious accusation when he characterized Dr. Lougest's witnesses as "A parcel of dog men from all over America, whose evidence was manufactured to bolster up the case." We trust the case will not rest here and we believe it is Dr. Lougest's intention to carry the case to the Supreme Court. This is a matter of vital importance to exhibitors of dogs. The mastiff in question is well known to be Beaufort's Prince, and though Mr. Fallon may be perfectly honest in his conviction that the dog is the one he lost, there is no room for doubt but that he is mistaken. The case is of such importance that some action should be taken by his fellow fanciers, to help Dr. Lougest in his struggle, for the result of this verdict practically leaves dog owners in a critical position. If their dogs can be claimed on such evidence as that adduced in this case, no man's dog will be safe unless it is surrounded with a bulwark of identification marks that even an ordinary jury can appreciate.

Hunting and Coursing.

BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB'S WINTER MEET.

The success of the Brunswick Fur Club as an association of enthusiastic foxhunters is amply proved by the gathering of sportsmen now comfortably installed in the hotel at Barre, Mass. Nothing stops a New England foxhunter, his dogged enthusiasm sustains him throughout the wretched weather that we may expect at this time of the year; rain or snow, sleet or blow, it's all the same; he will try for a brush and tramp many a mile in the cold slush, happy if he hears the hounds scream once in a while and happier still if sly reynard comes sneaking his way and he gets a shot at him. The opening day was not very propitious, the thaw having made the going very sloppy and although foxes are said to be plentiful, the hounds could do little driving owing to the excess of moisture. There are upwards of forty foxhunters here with about thirty-five hounds, and among them several that have made notable records in the hills of New England. A pleasant feature this year is the presence of the noted Kentucky fox hunter, Mr. W. S. Walker, with three hounds of a strain that is known in almost every fox hunting state in the Union for their gameness and speed.

He arrived on Monday afternoon from his home at Point Level, Ky. The dogs he has with him are Joe Carr, Alice and Big Stride that ran in the trials at Olympian Springs, Ky., last November. His presence gave rise to an interesting talk on southern and northern hounds and he showed New Englanders that the prevalent idea that Kentucky hounds have no trouble in catching their fox is altogether erroneous, not more than one fox in thirty starts being run into.

The Worcester Fur Company is here in force represented by such fox hunters as A. B. F. Kinney, O. F. Joslin, D. C. Luther, W. R. Dean, G. H. Waite, O. M. Bell, Frank Stone, E. T. Whittaker, W. S. Perry, A. H. Perry, John R. Thayer, and E. S. Knowles. Among the other hunters and members of the B. F. C. are: B. S. Turpin, the secretary, who brought R. D. Perry's famous hounds Clinker and Trailer along with him; A. M. Snow, H. J. Given and F. G. Andrews, of Brunswick, Me.; H. M. Gregg, L. V. Dennison, W. B. Stone, W. H. Flagg, C. L. Wellington, of Waltham, Mass.; F. G. Fox and W. H. Perkins, of Ware, Mass.; E. Hill, of Phillipston; Ben Holden, of Princeton, Mass.; L. Smith, of Weston, Mass.; P. F. and R. B. Holden, of Boston; G. P. Barry, of Salem, Mass.; F. W. Eddy, of West Newton, Mass.; W. H. Bragdon, of Portsmouth, N. H.; R. D. Perry, of Portland, Me.; J. M. White, of Milbury, Mass.; Mr. Carr, of Holliston, Mass., and others.

On Monday evening the members of the Worcester Fur Company, held a meeting and decided to hold their annual snow hunt on January 23, at Sutton, Mass., providing the weather is favorable, if not the hunt will be postponed till the next day.

The annual meeting of the B. F. Club was held on the same evening, with Mr. L. O. Dennison in the chair. After the annual reports were read and accepted, the chairman spoke of the necessity of choosing the officers according to their ability and not altogether as they stood in popular favor. He was in favor of such changes of the running rules as would tend to create greater interest in the club among fox hunters.

Dr. A. C. Heffinger was nominated by A. B. F. Kinney, but was opposed by some of the members on the ground of his leaning toward the southern hound in preference to the native. Mr. Dennison, though also nominated, declined the honor. The first ballot resulted in a tie vote on the two nominations, but on the second, Mr. Dennison being firm in his refusal to serve, Dr. Heffinger was elected president. Messrs. Kinney, Given and Joslin were appointed a committee to nominate the other officers and they were elected as follows: Vice-Presidents, L. O. Dennison, O. F. Joslin and H. J. Given; M. F. H., R. D. Perry; Treasurer, W. B. Stone; Secretary, B. S. Turpin; Executive Committee, A. B. F. Kinney, R. Seely, A. MacDonald and L. E. Conant; W. S. Walker, A. K. Walker and Dr. Wash Miller, of Kentucky, and F. M. Whipple, of California, were elected Honorary Members. The committee appointed to revise the constitution and running rules is composed of Dr. Heffinger, B. S. Turpin and R. D. Perry. The rest of the evening and most of the night was given up to social jollity and those who essayed to gain a little sleep in preparation for the labors of the morrow had a troubled time of it. Among the hounds that are here are: A. B. F. Kinney's Pepper and Diamond; D. C. Luther's Nigger; O. F. Joslin's Juliette; W. R. Dean's Dime; G. H. Waite's Rover, and A. B. McGregor, is here with N. Q. Pope's two couple, consisting of Zach, that ran so well in the B. F. C. trials last year; Sunmaid, also a winner in the trials, and Duke and Flirt.

TUESDAY.

The horn sounded for breakfast at 6 A. M., and an hour later the barges were ready to convey the hunters to their hunting grounds. The main body was conveyed about two miles to the northern edge of the township. A party of six, under Mr. Stone's leadership, went to the grounds west of the hotel.

At 7.30 the first pack was cast off.

In this pack were Pepper and Diamond, Joe Carr and N. Q. Pope's hounds. They were put on the east side of the Templeton road, but failed to strike. Meanwhile the main party which cast the hounds off at the upper end of the grounds had little better luck, but after thirty minutes they struck a trail in a clump of pines and the Kinney party's hounds closing in, the united pack drove the fox toward the Thousand acre swamp to a loss. A track was found and a young hound put on, but he did not do more than a little whimpering on it and then came in. Mr. Conant's, hound, a son of the well-known Bonny, got off on a line by himself and was heard doing some good driving.

The party that hunted west of the hotel did the only real work of the day. Half an hour after the throw off their hounds started a fox and drove reynard for more than three hours. Not content with this they started a second fox for another good run, during which Mr. Smith was given the only chance for a shot, but was unable, owing to his awkward position, to bring down the game.

The hunters straggled in about noon, and many of the hounds felt like their masters, pretty tired out and followed suit. Messrs. R. D. Perry and J. M. White arrived about this time, the latter bringing the celebrated hounds, Logan and Fly. Then the snow commenced to fly, and only stopped at five o'clock. This makes the hunting conditions more propitious and good sport is expected to-morrow.

WEDNESDAY.

All the disappointments of yesterday were forgotten when the blinds were raised this morning, for the inch and a half of snow that fell yesterday afternoon put the grounds in excellent shape for trailing and as foxes were reported more plentiful than the experience of yesterday would indicate, bright anticipations were indulged in, and the hunters were not disappointed, for the members of the B. F. C. enjoyed some of the very best fox hunting they have ever seen. The trailing conditions could not have been improved, the snow was just moist enough to hold the scent well and not impede the going.

The start was made at 7 A. M. for grounds west and north west of the hotel, which are admirably adapted for this sport.

The hunters divided, the main party cast off their hounds a mile west of Hotel Barre. Duff, Bonny and four other hounds were sent in first and when they had started a fox, after a few minutes trailing, others were cast off at intervals further up the road. The air was soon full of music, for the hounds seemed to be driving hotly in almost every direction and the hunters on their stands had never long to wait for a sight of the fleeing fox. The first hounds put in drove their fox in great style for two hours, when reynard saved his brush by an ignominous retreat into mother earth. But the hounds would not be denied, and in an hour had another fox moving and bustled him along in such shape that he took refuge in Thousand Acre swamp.

The other party composed of L. O. Dennison, W. R. Dean, D. C. Luther and others, tried the grounds to the northwest of the hotel, putting in six couple of hounds near Sherman Hill. While uncoupling the hounds there was music on the Hill, for a local farmer had cast off two couple, and they had a fox before them. The club hounds soon started another one and he took them at a great pace straight over the hill. Andy McGregor, Mr. Pope's manager, scored the first brush on an outside fox, killing with the second barrel, but as "Andy" was not in the pool the winner of which must shoot the first fox, the pool remained. R. D. Perry wished he was up in the open country of Labrador, when he spied his fox, but could not get a bead on owing to the thick brush. Messrs. E. Hill and H. Given viewed a fox and catching one of the White Oak hounds, put him on the hot trail. The hound ran a short distance and then put for the hotel, and his dinner. The southern hounds did not run up to expectations, and many of them were seeking the hotel by noon time, along with some faint-hearted northern hounds, but the latter were in the minority. In the evening Mr. Kinney, whose hound Logan, had been missing since yesterday, received word that a fox had been shot last evening, by C. B. Caldwell, of Cold Brook, which was closely pressed by a hound wearing a collar with Mr. Kinney's name on. This turned out to be the sensational Logan, who is such a corker when he knows there is a brush in front of him. Opinions varied as to the number of foxes started during the day, some said twelve, others twenty, and calculation and comparisons showed that about seven foxes were on the move at one time. As there is every prospect of the good weather continuing, the hunters are delighted, and many will stay the week out.

THURSDAY.

The conditions, contrary to expectation, were not so good today, and the going was very poor, both for hounds and owners. A fine, dry snow was falling, and the wind from the northeast was chilling and boded ill for good scenting. Still, undaunted, the hunters went at it, and few stayed in. About ten couple of hounds were sent off to-day. The hunters split up into numerous parties so as to cover the country more thoroughly, and swampy ground was made for. An interesting party was composed of such veterans as A. B. F. Kinney, O. F. Joslin, W. S. Walker, L. O. Dennison, R. D. Perry and J. M. White, and they tried their luck in the country west of the hotel, with seven hounds. A little over two miles from the start, a fox was jumped and he had to bustle along for two hours before he saved himself. The south end of the township was tried by another party, and within half an hour of the cast off a fox was up and they had an exciting time. The fox was hard pressed and made toward Paul Wheeler's stand. This hunter sent two barrels into him. Though the fox was hard hit it managed to get into the brush, Wheeler's hound leading, the others close up. Wheeler, going into the brush, found his hound had run into the varmint and the latter, though wounded, was holding his own with a neck hold on the hound. Wheeler tried to aid his hound, and reynard gave him a nip on his hand, but was soon killed. Dr. Heffinger came up, fortunately, and attended to Mr. Wheeler's wound.

C. Howe, with Dick Turpin and A. Fisher's Jack, put his couple in on the north of Sherman Hill, and had the best fun of the day. The two hounds soon jumped a fox and ran him without a check to Howe's stand, and death. They wanted more blood and soon put up another red one, when a splendid drive followed, the hounds bearing reynard toward Mr. Howe's gun until finally another brush fell to this lucky hunter's bag, and gave him a record.

Although at noon most of the hunters had made the hotel and the welcome fire, a number of hounds were still out, among them Mr. Walker's Joe Carr. Duff, though scarce in condition, is full of gameness, and when he came in it was seen that he was bruised in two places on his side, probably the result of a fall. Three couple of hounds are reported lost so far.

FRIDAY.

The last day of this most successful winter hunt closed with the death of four foxes. The weather moderated during the night, and though the air was raw the dampness had softened the crust, and the scent-holding conditions were good. Most of the hunting to-day was in the open and woods, away from the swamps, and foxes were seen so frequently that the hunters had plenty of excitement. Again Mr. J. H. Walker's Dick Turpin proved himself the hero of the week and was responsible for pressing two foxes to their death. Soon after 7 A.M. the hounds were cast off in different sections to the south of the town. In one pack were Dick Turpin, Rover, Clip, Clinker and Billy. They soon had a fox moving and gave out some glorious music. Two other foxes were also on the go. To Mr. Howe, the lucky shot of the week, fell the first fox, Dick Turpin leading the other hounds. Dick soon after had another one up and driving full cry toward E. T. Whittaker's stand the latter bowled the red varmint over and scored another brush. The third fox was going great guns pursued by C. Pierce's Mayor and Sport but he did not go fast enough to get out of the way of Alvin Fisher's good aim and his pelt soon hung at the belt of the man from West Rutland. W. L. Stone, of Worcester, provided material for a lot of good-natured chaff through his experience with the fourth fox. Clinker and Gip were screaming on a hot trail and going toward Mr. Stone. The fox soon came within view and Stone let go. The fox turned and faced him and gathered in the second barrel; still he wouldn't turn up his toes but stood his ground like a statue. Three more charges were sent toward him but no go, for at the third report he whisked his brush and with a scornful ta-ta lit out. But he was doomed, for shortly afterward J. W. Jones of Needham stopped his earthly career. Most of the hunters then made for the hotel and prepared for their return home after enjoying the best hunt in the annals of the B. F. C. Several hunters will be compelled to stay over as their hounds are lost, presumably in the big swamp. Among them is Mr. W. S. Walker's fine Kentucky hound Joe Carr, who has been missing since he entered the Thousand Acre Swamp on Tuesday. W. R. Deane and Charles Pierce are also feeling anxious about their hounds which are still out. W.

Brunswick Fur Club's Business Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club was held in the parlor of Hotel Barre, Barre, Mass., on Jan. 7, Vice-President L. O. Dennison in the chair, and a large number of members present.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. The latter showed the club to be in excellent financial condition, with a balance of $225 in the treasury.

The election of officers for 1895 resulted as follows: President, Dr. A. C. Heffinger; Vice-Presidents, L. O. Dennison, O. F. Joslin, H. J. Given; Master of Hounds, R. D. Perry; Secretary, Bradford S. Turpin; Treasurer, W. B. Stone; Executive Committee, A. B. F. Kinney, R. Seely, A. McDonald, L. E. Conant.

The following gentlemen were elected active members of the club: Hon. John R. Thayer, Worcester, Mass.; Pitt F. Holden, Charlestown, Mass.; Geo. E. Carr, Hollistown, Mass.; Marshall Parks, Bradford, N. H.; Geo. B. Appleby, Oxford, Mass.; Wm. H. Perkins, Ware, Mass.

The honorary members elected were: W. S. and A. K. Walker, Point Level, Ky.; F. M. Whipple, Pasadena, Cal.; Dr. W. Miller, Lexington, Ky.

L. O. Dennison, R. D. Perry and Bradford S. Turpin were appointed a committee to revise the running rules and constitution.

Speeches on various matters of fox hunting interest were made by Hon. J. R. Thayer, W. S. Walker and others, and at a late hour the meeting adjourned to Wednesday evening.

The adjourned meeting was called to order by President Heffinger. It was voted to request the American Kennel Club to appoint a committee from the Brunswick Fur Club to examine the pedigrees of fox hounds offered for registration, and to suggest as members of that committee Dr. A. C. Heffinger, A. B. F. Kinney and R. D. Perry.

It was voted to make an exhibit of fox hounds at the New England Kennel Club Show, and to hold the field trials during the week of Oct. 28.

The following committees were appointed: On field trials—R. D. Perry, N. Q. Pope, R. Seely, H. J. Given, A. McDonald.

On Judges: Bradford S. Turpin, Stephen Decatur and S. Knight, Jr.

On Membership: A. B. F. Kinney, H. A. P. Smith and A. G. Hall.

Adjourned to Friday evening.

At that time Vice-President Dennison called the meeting to order. The Executive Committee of 1894, to whom was referred the protest entered by J. M. White, owner of Logan, regarding the award in the trailing class at the '94 field trials, reported: "That the committee have carefully investigated all the evidence in the case and find that Logan led the chase much of the time, and under the field trials rules, which appear to have been misunderstood by the judges, should have had a place among the winners in the trailing class."

The following gentlemen were elected honorary members of the club: H. F. Maxwell, East Sharon, Mass.; Lemuel Smith, Weston, Mass.; Chas. Gregg, Bedford, Mass.; Q. A. Faunce and A. A. Lincoln, Walliston, Mass. Adjourned.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Secretary.

Fox Hunting in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The series of fox chases given by the Batavia Fox Hunter's Club, of Batavia, Ohio, continuing from Dec. 25 to 29, ended on Saturday in a glorious sight chase after reynard. Being the last day of the series a great throng was out to witness the event. Nine puppies were to have been cast off after the fox, but other ambitious owners of hounds put their dogs in, running the fox to earth in less than thirty minutes, and spoiling what promised to be a protracted run by the young dogs. Christmas Day was celebrated right merrily, in the saddle, by the club members. The weather and other conditions were favorable, and the best fun of the series followed in a hot run of two hours and thirty-five minutes. The pace, a hot one, was too much for his foxship, who to save his brush, sought refuge in a hollow log, and was captured alive and sound. Bad weather on Wednesday and Thursday made outdoor sport impossible, a strong north east gale, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow interfering greatly with the hounds, making trailing next to impossible. On Friday, however, notwithstanding the very deep snow, and zero weather, seven couple of hounds were cast off in the morning, one and a half miles from Batavia, and soon jumped a fox, running until almost two o'clock in the afternoon, or altogether five hours and forty minutes, when reynard, tired out, took to a den in the low hills just west of the town. Many horsemen on good mounts saw most of this race.

In the club's kennels are some excellent dogs, Mr. Thomas Glancy's Lead and Grover being the best. Of the visitors Col. A. B. Whitlock, of Kentucky, participated, bringing along six from his famous pack of shaggy hounds. His red dog, Gregg, and white and black bitch Bird, outran everything during the meet, and for hounds combining nose, speed and endurance, they have no equals in this section. Mr. Anderson, of Cincinnati, entered five Kentucky hounds, his large white, black and tan Dock, showing rare speed and great staying qualities. In choosing territory for the next meet of the National Fox Hunters' Association, the section adjacent to Batavia offers exceptional inducements, namely, an abundance of red fox, splendid country to hunt over, hospitality of its people, ample accomodations for all and superior facilities for reaching it by rail or pike with horses and dogs, being less than twenty miles from Cincinnati. Hon. R. W. C. Gregg, Chas. Tatman and Thomas Glancy entertained from Cincinnati during the meet Messrs. Langdon, Anderson, Isbell, Eugene Hoffman, G. G. Johnston, and Col. Whitlock, from Kentucky. CLERMONT.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

It is not generally known that Mr. E. H. Rummele, Jr., of Sheboygan, Wis., sold his noted beagle Base to a gentleman in New York. The latter sent the dog to the Rockland Kennels to board and Mr. Kreuder has just purchased him. Base is one of the best field trial beagles we have, as his consistent record shows. In 1892 he won second, All-Age Stake, National trials, and repeated in 1893. His race with Glory, when Messrs. Dorsey and Ashburner hung over the fence, run to a standstill will long be remembered by those fortunate enough, or otherwise, to be there. At the Northwestern trials in All-Age Stake, 1894, Base won first. Base was whelped Feb. 5, 1889, and is by Spelo out of Gypsey Belle, running back to Ringwood and Blue Boy, and to Mr. W. H. Ashburner belongs the credit of breeding him. Mr. Kreuder now has an opportunity of settling, on his own ballywick, the respective merits of the Eastern and Western winners of 1894—Buckshot and Base. Base, this week, together with Buckshot, champion Frank Forest and others, is placed in our stud columns, and surely with this array of talent close at hand New York beagle men should be able to breed something that can show heels to those demons from Vermont and other outlying districts.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

G. G. H., Stamford, Conn.—I have an Irish terrier bitch a little over a year old afflicted with chorea, I think. It began with twitching in a hindleg, and now both front legs twitch. Is there any remedy for this, and will it result fatally if not attended to? It does not seem to trouble her. 2. Is Emerald Queen, Irish terrier, registered in the E.K.C.S.B.? Ans. You do not state how long she has had the twitching and whether it was preceded by distemper. Try the following:

Rx	Pot. brom.		
	Sod. brom.	*aa*	dr. ss.
	Tr. bellad.		dr. i.
	Syr. simpl.		oz. i.
	Aq. ad.		oz. vi.

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day. 2. No.

P. F. A., Alliston, Ala.—Can you give me some remedy that will cure my pointer dog of mange. He is about 3yrs. old and has had mange three or four months. His skin is thick and red and seems to itch terribly. Ans. Treat for worms. Use following medicine:

Rx	Pot. bi-carb.		
	Sod. bi-carb.	*aa*	dr. ss.
	Liq. arsenicalis.		dr. i.
	Aq. ad.		oz. vi.

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day. Use the following dressing: Cocoanut oil, castor oil, kerosene, sperm oil, equal parts of each; mix together. To be well rubbed all over the dog every other day.

B. Z. BREWER, Canandaigua, N. Y.—Neither Dixie Daken nor Romp 3d are registered, therefore we have no means of completing the pedigree.

Yachting.

A part of the every-day experience of the business man is the crowded L car or suburban "trolley," with a seating capacity of possibly a third of the number of passengers; the majority, including some ladies, depending on the lofty and greasy roof strap for a precarious support. The male portion of those fortunate enough to obtain seats may be divided into two classes—first, a very small minority whose inborn chivalry and courtesy prompts them to rise on the instant and offer their seats to a lady; second, the great majority who, secure behind the bulwark of a morning paper, absolutely decline to move under any circumstances. The third class includes a comparatively small number whose courtesy is not unmixed with due caution, and who, instead of jumping up the moment a lady enters the car, prefer to wait until it is clearly evident that no one else proposes to sacrifice himself. They would not see a lady standing while they are seated—of course not—but a due regard for the feelings of others leads them to retain their seats until it is absolutely certain that they are robbing no one else of the blessed privilege of self-sacrifice.

A very similar state of affairs maintains just now in the matter of Cup defense, and those who are so liberally blessed by fortune that they can afford the luxury of the sole ownership of a 90ft. racing cutter, or even of the possession of a few shares in a syndicate, may be divided into three similar classes. The first class, those who jump in at the first news of a challenge, as Gen. Paine has thrice done, and as the Puritan, Priscilla, Atlantic and Colonia syndicates, has totally disappeared, the experience they have gained has come high, and any addition to it must be paid for at a still higher figure. There is not a man in the New York Y. C. to-day who is anxious to build alone a 90ft. Cup defender; and we doubt whether there is one who has any strong desire to put upward of $20,000 in a syndicate. All the talk of syndicates in the daily papers is absolutely devoid of foundation, and of the many names suggested as anxious to begin at once, not one is correct. Among those mentioned who will not build Cup defenders, and who are not hunting even for chances to invest good money in syndicates are Com. Gerry, Com. Brown, Com. Smith, Com. Morgan, Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, Archibald Rogers, R. S. Palmer, Gen. Paine, W. K. Vanderbilt, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John E. Brooks, J. Malcolm Forbes, Bayard Thayer, J. Pierpont Morgan, and C. W. Chapin. Nearly all of these gentlemen have had a trial of the syndicate business, and they very wisely know when they have had enough of a good thing.

The second class, of those who will not go into a syndicate at all, is a very large one, much larger than in 1893; but it would obviously be improper to mention names. The third class, of those who are quite willing to give every one else a fair chance for the honors before claiming them for themselves, is a small one this year; Mr. George Gould and a few others may come forward voluntarily in view of the necessities of the case, but it is unlikely that there will be enough to make up a syndicate of say a dozen men; and the probabilities are that a great part of the necessary sum, say $150,000, will be contributed more or less unwillingly by prominent members of the club whose *esprit du corps* leads them to come to its aid. Time enough has already elapsed to show that there was no one eagerly awaiting an opportunity to win yachting laurels in the defense of the Cup; and also to bring out positive statements from Gen. Paine and others that they could not be counted on this year.

At least one new yacht must be forthcoming, for the reputation of the club if nothing more, even if a new and larger yacht were not imperatively needed for the safe defense of the Cup; and such a yacht will undoubtedly be built, regardless of cost; though up to the time of writing there is no definite news of the organization of a syndicate. As a matter of course, she will be designed and built by the Herreshoffs, and in all probability of Tobin bronze throughout. The question of type is still a matter of rumor; but there is a growing impression that Mr. Herreshoff may this time resort to a keel boat. This would surprise us little, as we look at the course of yacht racing from Minerva and Gloriana to Vigilant; but though we are still in hopes of seeing the keel model for the first time fairly tested in the largest class, we hope that the Cup defender of 1895 will be more or less modeled after Vigilant and Navahoe, with a centerboard as a distinguishing feature.

To our mind, the chances of a successful defense of the America's Cup were never as doubtful as in the present case. Looking at the enormous natural advantages which inhere to the defender, as was proved in the case of Britannia against Vigilant last year, to the skill of Mr. Herreshoff and presumably of the managers of the defending yacht, we should certainly back their chances, in betting on the result. There are, however, certain different conditions from those which existed in the past, and which must be taken into consideration.

In the first place, Mr. George Lennox Watson is no fool, nor even the ignorant copyist of other designer's ideas which he is represented on this side of the water. He made a mistake in Thistle, and Valkyrie was beaten by Vigilant, but he has turned out scores of successful boats of all sizes, including Britannia. He has twice raced for the Cup, he is well acquainted now with the probable weather conditions, and, since Valkyrie was designed, in the fall of 1892, he has greatly increased his experience through her and Britannia, and in the very interesting 40 and 20-rating classes. It is safe to assume that Mr. Herreshoff will turn out a faster yacht than Vigilant; and it is equally safe to assume that Mr. Watson will turn out a superior craft to both Valkyrie and Britannia. Assuming further that the American boat is again the better of the two so far as model and original construction are concerned, the chances are still decidedly favorable for the foreign craft.

On this side, there is very little likelihood of more than one new boat, and for working her up to racing form there are available at most five older and smaller boats, Volunteer, Navahoe, Jubilee, Colonia and Vigilant. Of these, even if all be fitted out, which is very doubtful, three require material alterations before they can be made available for any trial races, one is on the other side and must be brought over and fitted out anew, and the fifth, Navahoe, is very much of an unknown quantity. The

working up to racing form of a real 90ft. racer, attempted for the first time, is a larger task than has yet been thrown upon the defenders of the Cup; and the means thereto are much less adequate than in former contests.

On the other side, Britannia is a known quality, sailing better last year than in her first season, ready now for a preliminary racing season in the Mediterranean, to return in still better racing form as a trial horse for the Dunraven cutter. Whether Satanita will be fitted out is uncertain and of minor importance; but there is now well toward completion the new 90ft. Fife cutter Ailsa, which will, we understand, be ready for the Mediterranean races in March against Britannia. When the Dunraven boat reaches the Thames by May 17 for her first race, she will, if nothing unforseen interferes, meet both Britannia and Ailsa; sailing about a dozen matches against both before she strips for the Atlantic voyage. While not altogether settled, there is even a chance that the challenger may be allowed to select the faster of the two new boats, Valkyrie III. and Ailsa, for the Cup races.

In any event, the opportunities for determining and remedying the defects of the new boat, and of working up to the highest racing form, are very much better on the far side of the Atlantic than at home. Of course the challenger must lose all of July and August in stripping, crossing to New York and refitting, and will have nothing to race against here by way of trial prior to the Cup races; but apart from this drawback, the chances for thorough preparation and the realization through practice of the highest possible speed of the vessel, are on the side of the challenger.

There is one way in which these changes might be materially improved; by sending over Ailsa, Britannia, or both, with Valkyrie III., and the sailing of trial races off Sandy Hook, for the purpose of tuning up the latter, even if the final selection of the fastest of the three be denied by the New York Y. C. By this means the serious drawback of loss of trim in refitting may be entirely avoided.

In yachts of this size, and for this special purpose where draft and cost are not counted, we believe the keel type to be quite as much superior to to the centerboard as it has proved to be in the 40 and 46ft. classes; but if everything is to be risked on one big boat, even more of an experiment than the four 87-footers, and with no other new craft as a trial horse, we hope that this boat will be a centerboard, like Vigilant. Should she be a keel boat and be defeated by any untoward circumstance, the blame would be laid to the keel type and not where it belongs—to the depending for Cup defense on but one vessel.

Though the new deed has failed of attaining most of the objects of its framers, they have succeeded in one, that of limiting the competition to yachts of 90ft. waterline. It must be evident to any observing yachtsman that such yachts as even Mayflower and Volunteer, when rigged with a single stick, are abnormal, outside of the legitimate demands of yacht racing in America, and that no permanent and well-filled classes can be maintained. However much has been learned in the past from them, the net result has been disastrous, to abolish the individual owner, to limit the number of yachts built and raced and to limit the functions of men who were once keen racers to the drawing of checks for syndicates. The defense of the Cup would be infinitely safer to-day if instead of one big boat paid for by a popular subscription or a syndicate of reluctant yachtsmen, it depended on half a dozen 70-footers, each owned and sailed by one of such representative men as Archibald Rogers, C. Oliver Iselin, A. Cass Canfield, Gen. Paine, R. S. Palmer, August Belmont, E. D. Morgan, Bayard Thayer and the Adams brothers.

There is little doubt that nearly all of these gentlemen would welcome the chance to race against their own craft if such work were at all within reasonable limits for a private purse; and a racing 70-footer, as the cost goes in this country, would be quite as expensive as most men would care to go when the short racing life of modern craft is considered. The America's Cup was given primarily for the building up of yacht racing in this country, and in no way could that end be better obtained than in reviving the 70ft. class. As matters now are, the only use of the Cup is to produce a single expensive craft fitted for but one purpose, the winning of three races; and equally worthless thereafter whether she wins or loses.

No small part of the widespread interest in the past races for the America's Cup is of a sentimental rather than of a practical nature; and is dependent on such names as Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer and Vigilant, with those of their respective opponents. Had the owners of all past Cup defenders been content to name each boat in turn America, with successive numerals as the sole means of distinguishing them, the history and traditions of the Cup races would lose all their interest. From this point of view it is to be regretted that Lord Dunraven has sacrificed all sentimental considerations in naming his new challenger after his two former yachts, leaving it to a numeral to distinguish them. Beautiful and poetic as they are, the names of the daughters of Wotan, and especially of Brunhilda, have become wofully stale and hackneyed in yachting, and for each of the ten original Valkyries of the old myth there are probably two or three namesakes afloat. Though but a small detail of the Cup racing, it is a pity that Lord Denraven has not given to the new challenger such an original and distinctive name as her prominence entitles her to, thus avoiding all confusion with other Valkyries.

The New York *Sun* is responsible for a long article by a "marine draftsman," condemning the long overhangs of modern yachts. We quote the following definition of the metacenter as important if true: "The exact distribution of the sail area around the center of lateral resistance, gravity and buoyancy, *collectively known as the metacenters*, is the utmost that science has accomplished in modern yacht designing." This is on a par with the New York *Herald's* definition of the metacenter quoted some time since.

Southern Y. C.

One day last week, Mr. A. Cardona, Jr., who represents Mallard Bros., wholesale grocers and commission merhants of New Orleans, kindly invited me to take a trip with him to West End, a pleasure resort on Lake Ponchartrain. Its chief attraction to us, however, was its yachting features. The club house of the Southern Y. C. is there, and a large part of the fleet was in harbor safe from danger, for the lake in its angry moods is dangerous. It is quite a large body of water, about 58 miles long by 26 wide. A short pass connects it with Lake Borgne on the east, thence is an open course to the Gulf.

I had known Mr. Cardona many years as a gentleman sportsman, but I had no knowledge of his enthusiasm as a yachtsman and his reputation and record as a skillful amateur sailor and racer. He is a member of the Southern Y. C., a powerful organization of about 1,500 members. Races are held regularly and frequently in the proper season, and no better evidence of their popularity and the popularity of the club can be mentioned than the large attendance of gentlemen and ladies who fill the balconies of the club house whether the contest be between two of the smallest boats or the whole fleet, great and small. The club house is a substantial structure, roomy within, and with a broad balcony on the side facing the lake, from which a good view of the whole triangular 15-mile course can be obtained. The main hall is decorated with yachting pictures, mostly of famous yachts and races. Nor are the social features overlooked or neglected. An ample lunch and good welcome are provided for the friends who attend the club's events, and social gatherings in the club house between times keep the yachting spirit aloof from dullness.

The club is in an excellent financial condition, solidly progressive and free from the distressing fluctuations in interest and membership which come to organizations whose treasury and membership ebb and flow quickly. B. WATERS.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 4.

Racing Fixtures.

The British yacht clubs have just done a good work in holding a meeting of representatives, on Dec. 20, at which dates for the principal events of the season were arranged, as follows:

May 17, New Thames.
May 18, Royal Thames.
May 25, New Thames to Harwich.
June 1, 3, and 4, Harwich.
June 7, Royal London.
June 8, Nore to Dover.
June 10, Royal Cinque Ports.
June 13, Royal Southampton.
June 14 and 15, Royal Southern.
June 20 and 21, Royal Mersey.
June 24, Isle of Man.
June 26, Campbeltown.
June 29 to July 15, Clyde.
July 19 and 20, Royal Ulster.
July 23, Royal Alfred.
July 24, 25, and 26, Royal Irish.
July 25, 26, and 27, Royal Yorkshire.
July 29, 30, and 31, Royal Cork and Royal Munster.
Aug. 2, British Channel and Royal Cornwall.
Aug. 5, Royal London, Cowes.
Aug. 6, Royal Yacht Squadron and Royal Southampton.
Aug. 10, Royal Portsmouth Corinthian.
Aug. 13 to 16, Royal Victoria.
Aug. 19 and 20, Royal Albert.
Aug. 23 and 24, Royal Dorset.
Aug. 26 and 27, Torquay.
Aug. 30, Royal Dart.
Aug. 31, Start Bay.
Sept. 3, 4, 5, and 6, Royal Western and Plymouth.

Other dates arranged were June 29 and July 1, Antwerp; July 13, 14, and 15, Havre; July 18 and 19, Royal Cinque Ports; July 20 to 25, Ostend regatta, and July 26, Ostend to Dover.

In the event of Vigilant sailing, in some of the early races at least, on the other side, these dates will be interesting to our readers. The circumstances of yacht racing in this country unfortunately do not call for any common arrangement of dates for the whole coast; but at the same time the yachtsmen of certain localities, as New York and the Sound, and of Boston Bay, might well follow the same course and arrange local circuits which would avoid the clashing of fixtures and promote inter-club racing.

This Year's Concessions.

The following list, presumably official, of the "concessions" so generously granted to the challenger this year, is given by the New York *Herald:*

"It may be in order, now that the challenge of the Squadron has been accepted and the races next fall are assured, to note for the information of yachtsmen generally just what concessions the Cup committee have allowed the challenger. The load waterline length of the yacht only is required to be given, which is 89ft. Five races will be agreed upon. The system of measurement, time allowances and racing rules of the New York Y. C. will govern. Six hours will be the time limit for each race. The measurement of the yachts will be made with all live weights on board, and the measurer will properly mark the boats forward and aft. The withdrawal of the original challenge and the simultaneous acceptance of a new challenge, that the best of the British boats may be sent here, will be in order. The ten months' notice is waived and eight months substituted, and all races will be started to windward that are practicable to do so. That is a fair and sportsmanlike list of concessions, and reflect much credit upon the liberality of the Cup committee in their interpretation of the mutual agreement clause of the deed of gift."

Out of this formidable list there is but one point which is not clearly a right of the challenger according to the recognized usages of match sailing—the granting of five races instead of three. The Cup committee has conceded nothing in accepting the waterline only when it could get a race on no other terms; it concedes nothing in sailing the race under its own rules and time limit rather than those of the challenger; in agreeing, through measurement, to prohibit a "ballast crew," it gives up nothing, as the same expedient would be open to the other side if not specially forbidden; it has not yet agreed to the substitution of another boat; and the requirement that all races must be started to windward, if practicable, was originally made to favor American boats. We would like to see, on the part of the *Herald* or others who share its views on this subject, a list of half a dozen real concessions made by the holder to the challenger in the entire course of Cup racing from 1870 to 1893. We have never been able to discover this many, and we doubt whether our opponents can do so.

Magnificent But Useless.

Since the days of Puritan and Mayflower the FOREST AND STREAM, while recognizing the fine racing afforded by a fleet of 80 or 90ft. cutters, has held the view that such a class could not be maintained permanently in American yachting, and that far better results would be had by abandoning the occasional expensive experiments, such as that of 1893, and devoting all efforts to the permanent maintenance of a class of 70-footers. The following editorial from the New York *Times* is in line with the arguments which we have always advanced:

"It is rather a pity that the famous deed of gift provides in effect that the possession of the America's Cup shall be contested by vessels which are of no use for any other purpose than contesting it. That is true, at least, on this side of the water. On the other side there are races enough provided for single-stickers of the first class to appease the ambition of an ambitious sportsman, and would be even if there were no such trophy as the America's Cup in the world. Even in England, however, the fact that the trophy exists has exercised a distinct influence in increasing the size of cutters. Nobody builds a first-class cutter with a view to racing without cherishing a secret hope that, after she has been proved to be the best of British yachts, she may prove to be good enough to win back the cup and gain for her owner immortal renown. So first-class cutters have been growing bigger and bigger ever since the first contest in which a cutter took part, that in which the Genesta was the challenger. And now it is recognized that the challenger, in order to have a fair chance of success, must 'build to the limit.' So, of course, the defender must build to the limit also.

"The trouble is that a defender is of no use for anything except cup defending. The builder of a successful competitor for the honor and glory of defending the cup has his reward in the honor and glory. But the builder of an unsuccessful competitor has no reward at all for a very large expenditure. There is no racing season here that would justify the richest owner in maintaining in racing trim a boat that takes thirty or forty men to handle properly. When the unsuccessful competitor has been proved unsuccessful there is nothing to be done with her except to convert her into an undersized schooner or to convert her into junk. In neither case is there anything like a fair return for the outlay. If she be not good enough to defend the cup she is good for nothing. The case is much worse with a racing yacht than with a racehorse. The thoroughbred has been said to be a mere gambling implement, but that is absurd. A thoroughbred is an excellent animal for many other purposes than racing, and he is also useful for improving the breed of horses. A racing yacht is not at all in the same situation. You cannot cross her with a shovel-nosed coal barge and produce a fast and game half-bred coaster. You can do nothing but turn her into a poor schooner or break her up.

"So it is unlikely that, with the experience of 1893 behind them and with the existing financial conditions, there will next season be a squadron of competitors for the honor of defending the Cup. It is possible that the owners of one or more of the vessels then built may think that they did not have a fair chance and may fit them out anew to try again. It is fair to presume that there will be at least one new boat built in New York, and to hope that one will be built in Boston to try conclusions for the honor of these ports. If there should be only one it would be necessary to rent one of the old ones, or to bring the Vigilant back from British waters for the purpose of getting 'a line' on the new boat. For evidently it would not do to run the risk of meeting a British challenger with a boat that had never been tried against anything of her own size. But it is pretty plain from experience that we cannot trust to an old boat, for it is extremely likely, to say the least, that the Thistle would have been too good for the Puritan and the Valkyrie for the Volunteer. The America's Cup is the American trophy that is most eagerly coveted in Great Britain, and it is not to be imagined that we will let it go for want of spending money to insure its retention."

A Cup Defender from Baltimore.

We give the following from the New York *Tribune*, for what it is worth, as a good example of the tales with which yachtsmen will be deluged in a short time. It is remarkable that the fame of this 14-knot yacht, designed on the lines of Valkyrie, but presumably with 4½ft. draft, has not long since reached New York:

"Yachtsmen and ship-builders of this city were talking to-day about building a cup defender. The fastest clipper ships in the world were built in Baltimore yards, and there are several shipbuilders here who believe they can construct faster yachts than any that have sailed in the races on this or the other side of the Atlantic. A prominent Baltimore yachtsman, who desires his name withheld until a syndicate is formed, says he is willing to start the subscription with $1,000, and several other subscriptions of $500 each have been volunteered. N. G. Moore, designer of the famous clipper yacht Baltimore, has offered to build a winning yacht for $35,000, or receive no pay for his time and work beyond the actual cost of the materials. The clipper Baltimore was designed something on the line of Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie. She beat every craft that raced with her. The model of this yacht is still in the possession of her designer and builder, Mr. Moore, who is the only man living who knows the lines upon which she was built. Her equal for speed, he claims, has never been built. Mr. Moore says he knows that the yacht easily made fourteen knots on more than one occasion, and that he received the solemn assurance of the Virginian who purchased her that in one trial of speed she made the remarkable time of sixteen knots an hour, a record that none of the modern flyers has ever equaled.

"In building the new yacht Mr. Moore said he would sacrifice everything for speed. The boat would be about 95ft. long with 80 or 82ft. keel, and would draw 4½ft. of water. She would be rigged entirely with wire rope, and her sails would be of a peculiar make. One set would be used for preliminary trials, and the other would be foiled in a prepared solution and tested shortly before the race. Cedar would be chiefly used in the construction. One novel feature of the rigging would be the manner in which the mainsail would be kept close to the mast. Most of the modern racers have their sails fastened to the mast with iron hoops, and there is always a space of several inches through which the wind rushes, thus taking considerable pressure from he surface of the canvas. The new Baltimore would have her sail fastened in a groove in the mast so that not a single pound of wind pressure would be wasted.

An Auxiliary Knockabout.

Mr. Arthur Binney has recently designed for Mr. C. F. Lyman, a knockabout of a new type, which is described as follows in the Boston *Globe:* "The boat will be a keel knockabout, with good cabin accommodations and a fair-sized sail plan. She will be 38ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 10ft. beam and 4ft. draft, with a cabin 8ft. long, having 5ft. 7in. headroom under a low house. The cabin will have the usual berths, sofas and lockers, with a small sideboard forward. There will be a toilet room, galley and sleeping place for a boy forward. The cabin finish will be mahogany.

"The most interesting part of the boat is, however, the motor. It is of a comparatively new model, and works on an entirely different principle from the ordinary naphtha engine. It is really a gas engine, in which the vapor of naphtha, mixed with air, is exploded in the cylinder, and strong claims of safety, cleanliness and freedom from offensive odor are made for it. No fire or special lighting when starting is required, and the motor is easily controlled and reversed.

"The motor occupies only a space of 4ft. in length, and as some of this can be put under the cockpit floor, an extra space of only 2ft. 6in. is required between the cockpit and the cabin. The after bulkhead of the cabin will be made unusually solid and tight, to avoid any chance of odor in the cabin. The stack, through which the products of combustion are carried off, will be led under the cockpit seats and up through the deck aft of the cockpit combing. The part above the deck will be telescopic, so that it will not interfere with the main boom when the boat is under sail.

"The motor can be started, stopped and reversed from the cockpit, and by an ingenious arrangement the two-bladed screw can be detached from the shaft and lifted from the water through a hatch just forward of the tiller. The screw can also be readily replaced by means of the slides in which it runs.

"About five-horse power is expected to be developed, and a speed of four or five knots. Due attention will be given the lines of the boat, and a fair speed is expected under sail, although such good windward work as would come from greater draft is not looked for. The boat will be built by the Fore River Engine Company."

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia was held on Jan. 9, when the following officers and committees were chosen to serve for the ensuing year: Com., Edgar T. Scott, steamer Sagamore; Vice-Com., Russell E. Tucker, cutter Mermaid; Rear-Com., Edwin P. Baugh, schr. Mon Reve; Sec'y, Addison F. Bancroft; Meas., G. Herbert Millett; four trustees to serve for three years—Edgar T. Scott, Russell E. Tucker, Addison F. Bancroft, Robert K. Neff; these with the present trustees, W. Barklie Henry, Alexander Van Rensselaer, Louis P. Evans, Henry S. Jeanes, Anthony J. Drexel, Victor J. Petry, Robert J. W. Koons and Frank H. Rosengarten, constitute the Board of Government for the present year; Race Committee—Addison F. Bancroft, Wm. R. Ellison, Isaac W. Jeanes; Committee on Ad-

missions—Chas. H. Brock, Edward D. Toland, Alexander Van Rensselaer, G. Herbert Millett, Robert K. Neff.

The report of the Board of Trustees and Treasurer showed the club to be in a flourishing condition. The club has now a membership of 153, consisting of 130 resident, 16 non-resident and 7 honorary members, with a fleet of 69 yachts enrolled, divided as follows: 6 schooners, 16 cutters, 13 sloops, 2 yawls, 13 open yachts, 9 steamers and 10 launches.

The report of the regatta committee showed that, in addition to the annual and autumn regattas, ten special races had been sailed during the season, and that the outlook for the coming season was very encouraging.

The annual dinner of the club will be given at the Hotel Stratford on Jan. 19.

The R. Y. S. Challenge.

A special meeting of the New York S. I. was held on Jan. 14, with Vice Com. Brown in the chair, to consider the report of the America's Cup Committee, as follows:

"New York, Jan. 14, 1895.

"To the New York Yacht Club:

"Gentlemen—The America's Cup Committee have the pleasure to report that, having made such concessions as were, in their opinion, necessary to insure a match, they have succeeded in obtaining from the secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron a definite assurance by cable that the America's Cup shall be held according to the terms of the deed of gift. It is as follows:

London, Jan. 7, 1895.

Smith, Yacht Club, New York:

Having regard to construction placed on deed of gift, 1887, by the New York Yacht Club, the Royal Yacht Squadron are willing to receipt on terms of deed of gift, 1887. Grant, Cowes.

"The Committe have replied that with this understanding the terms of the pending challenge are satisfactory, and they, therefore, request the club to take action in the matter, as power of formal acceptance was not delegated to the committee.

"The following is, therefore, proposed:

"Resolved, That the challenge for the America's Cup from the Royal Yacht Squadron, dated December 2, 1894, be accepted, with the understanding that the squadron have agreed to receipt for the Cup according to the terms contained in the deed of gift. JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.

"A. CASS CANFIELD, Secretary."

A motion to accept the report and adopt the resolution was then carried by a rising vote, and Secretary Oddie was directed to notify the Royal Yacht Squadron, by letter, that its challenge had been accepted. Vice Com. Brown then made the following statement: "The Chair states, for the information of the club, that efforts, with promise of success, are being made to secure requisite funds for a new boat for the defense of the America's Cup, the result of which will be announced shortly." The meeting then adjourned, after which the Cup Committee met and prepared the following circular.

"The America's Cup Committee of the New York Yacht Club beg to announce that, for the purpose of selecting a vessel to represent the New York Yacht Club in the coming contest for the America's Cup, trial races will be sailed during August. These races will be sailed under the rules and time allowance of the New York Yacht Club, as far as practicable, but any excess of length on the load water line over 89 feet will be counted double for time allowance. These trial races will be open to all vessels of one mast, constructed and owned in this country, and between 65 and 90 feet on the load water line.

In their selection of the vessel best adapted in their judgment for the defense of the America's Cup, the Committee reserve to themselves the absolute freedom of choice, based upon all-around qualities, the results of the trial races not to be considered as necessarily conclusive, and the evidence furnished by previous performances prior to such races to be considered or not at their discretion.

Due notice will be given of the exact dates of the trial races.

James D. Smith, Latham A. Fish, A. Cass Canfield, J. Fred Tams, Archibald Rogers, Gouverneur Kortright, C. O. Iselin, Committee.

N. Y. Y. C., 67 Madison avenue, New York, Jan. 14, 1895.

While rumors of all sorts are afloat, there is very little reliable news to chronicle. One of the most important items is that the New York Y. C. is having no easy task in arranging a syndicate to build a Cup defender, and the plan of a popular subscription to raise money has been seriously proposed. Another interesting item is that considerable feeling exists on the part of some members of the New York Y. C. against Mr. George Gould, the one man who thus far appears to be willing to put up any large amount of money for Cup defense. On Jan. 14, the final order to begin the work of construction on Valkyrie III. was received at Henderson's yard. Among the many unauthorized rumors is one that a syndicate has been partly formed, of which Mr. Gould is not a member, and that he will for another syndicate, the boat to be managed by Mr. W. Butler Duncan, Jr.. As a matter of fact, there is quite as much difficulty in finding a man to manage a syndicate boat as in getting the money to build and run her. Various rumors are afloat as to who will sail the new challenger, one report being that Captain Cranfield will not bring her across, but will come out by steamer, if at all; another being that he will go in Mr. Gould's service, and that Sycamore will take his place.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Jan. 8, at the town club house, Mr. John E. Roosevelt, the senior captain present, occupying the chair in the absence, through illness of Com. Hill. The routine reports for the year were read, showing that the club was in a prosperous condition in spite of the general hard times, the membership being but twenty less than in 1893, and the fleet practically the same. The following officers were elected: Com., E. C. Benedict, steam yacht Oneida; Vice-Com., Henry C. Rouse, schr. Iroquois; Rear-Com., S. V. R. Cruger, slp. Indolent; Trustees, Henry Stanton and Charles H. Leland; Sec'y, Henry W. Hayden; Treas., Walter C. Hubbard; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, J. West Roosevelt; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. George R. Vandewater; Race Committee—Oliver E. Cromwell, Walter C. Kerr, Valentine Mott, Charles A. Sherman and Charles W. Wetmore; House Committee—Geo. Bullock, Colgate Hoyt, Walter T. Owen, Edward M. Townsend, Jr. and Camille Weidenfeld; Committee on Lectures and Entertainment—Robert Center, Clarence Goadby and J. Howard Wainright; Committee on Lines and Models—John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and Wm. P. Stephens; Law Committee—F. Kingsbury Curtis, Alfred Ely and Frederic De P. Foster. The report of the race committee dealt in detail with the successful race inaugurated last year from Oyster Bay to New London and return, on the occasion af the Yale-Harvard rowing race, and of its peculiar features, the cumulative time and variable wind factor, and suggested that the event be made a permanent one. The following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, That a race to New London be made an annual event of the club, and, unless otherwise determined by the race committee, it shall be sailed three days prior to the Yale-Harvard boat race." The date set for this year is June 25-26, and that for the annual regatta is July 2.

On Jan. 4 the Massachusetts Y. C. held its annual meeting, the following officers being elected: Com., E. P. Boggs, steamer Nashawena; Vice-Com., Frank E. Simpson, steamer Avenel; Rear-Com., Oliver H. Perry, slp. Fanita; Sec'y, Wm. B. McClellan; Treas., R. C. McQuillen; Meas., Wm. E. Waterhouse; Assist. Meas., Chas. H. Dodd; Directors—Henry W. Savage, Erastus Willard, Stewart Jordan, W. O. Gay; Race Committee—Louis M. Clark, Percy Hodges, S. P. Perrin, W. S. Crosby, C. E. Bockus; House Committee—Francis Gray, A. J. Clark, E. H. R. Revere, Jacob Barbey, John Dearborn: Membership Committee—Gilmer Clapp, W. A. Underwood, A. W. Randall, Wm. T. Jenney, C. D. Parkhill, E. R. Wise, John S. Clark. The race committee of the club was authorized to try to arrange for a series of union races similar to those of last year.

At a meeting of the New Rochelle Y. C., on Jan. 7, the following officers were nominated, to be voted for on the first Monday in February: Com., Wm. Buchanan; Vice-Com., Henry Doscher; Rear-Com., S. C. Baldwin; Sec'y, Frank M. Hunter; Treas., B. B. Strong; Meas., Henry Andrus; Regatta Committee—Oscar Chellborg, J. W. Rough and W. E. Moore; Membership Committee—Harry Thompson, Fred W. Schoonmaker, Charles Towle; Trustees—G. K. Thompson, Dr. F. S. Grant, W. S. Spencer; Law Committee—Chas. Voltz, J. F. Lambden. A report was presented to the meeting stating that C. Oliver Iselin would not give a new lease of Echo Island to the club. A committee was appointed to see if Harrison Island, which is situated between Echo Island and the mainland, could be secured.

The annual meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C. was held on Jan. 8, the following officers being elected: Com., R. C. Hopkins, slp. Faus'ina; Vice-Com., C. H. Humphreys, slp. Adele; Rear-Com., Geo. R. Wheeler, catboat Rosamond; Meas., H. W. Kilbourne; Pres., P. H. Jeannot; Treas., Willard Graham; Sec'y, Wm. Cagger; Trustees—John Macrae, C. H. Oliver, Geo. P. Foote, Daniel O'Reilly, M. J. Hanly, F. H. Brunner, Louis Wunder, Edward Salt, E. H. Chandler; Membership Committee—A. G. Walden, C. H. Frost, G. C. Shafler; Regatta Committee—Geo. R. Whitehead, F. L. Townsend, F. W. Bobbett.

Canoeing.

The sharply rounded keels of the English canoes have never been generally adopted in America, the longer and more open courses permitting of a straighter keel; at the same time the keel perfectly straight from end to end, in Mr. William Willard Howard's canoe Yankee, is not a feature of the fastest American canoe, but, with the larger sail area aft, is a fad of Mr. Howard's to which he has clung tenaciously for some years. Shortly before his departure last spring, we had the pleasure of explaining to him the nature of the sailing grounds on the Thames, and of the type of canoe used there; and to point out that, even if advantageous on American courses, a canoe with a perfectly straight keel would have no possible chance on the Thames.

Mr. William Willard Howard.

According to the *Yachting World*, Mr. William Willard Howard, the American canoeist, has left London for the south of France, with Mrs. Howard. From another source we learn that Mr. Howard is on his way to Armenia, in a journalistic capacity. We clip the following from the *Field*: "Short of the actual word of the owner of the American canoe Yankee, we hear on 'good authority' that Mr. Willard Howard intends to again challenge for the Royal Canoe Club sailing challenge cup in 1895. Of course, such a challenge comes under the new rule of the club, and needs two months', or sixty days', notice before the day of the race. We shall in due course probably hear all about the canoe with which he will tackle our men, but in the meantime it would be idle merely to venture opinion as to what form she will probably take. One thing, however, is probably certain; that is that she will no longer represent the American racing model of to-day; that she will not be straight on keel, with plumb stern and post; indeed, we may safely doubt whether she will in any important particular approach the Yankee model and fitment of 1894. The 1894 craft proved herse'f too slow in stays; indeed, too uncertain, and a miss-stays in rough water would mean a certain capsize; her rig was faulty for windward work and for running; and her Salcombe performance showed that capsizing ran very near being a dangerous performance with her in open water, whatever it may be on the upper reaches of the Thames.

"Seeing that the Royal C. C. sailing races for 1895 are to be on open salt or tidal water, we may anticipate a wholesale change in the model of the American craft; but we do not forget that in America some wonderful sailing has been done on open salt water by canoes not differing very greatly from Mr. Howard's Yankee. Then we have also a well-authenticated notice of a competitor from the Northern C. C., on the Tyne; and it is stated in the south that Dragon, which was designed by Mr. Linton Hope this summer, has been overhauled, and will be brought out "up to date;" probably that means both in ballasting and sail plan. The interest of such racing would, of course, be greatly increased if one or more expert canoe sailers were to bring out a powerful open-water type of canoe with liftable bulb-fin—big-bodied boats up to full beam of 36in.

"The Crouch estuary can be pretty rough at times, and one of those times may be the cup race day. We do not say that the small, shallow 30in. up-river canoe cannot be sailed on such a day in such waters, but that, in all probability, the extra 6in. of beam and suitable freeboard, coupled with a bulbed fin and sloop rig, would probably show the way round."

The *Yachting World* further says that Mr. William Willard Howard will spend next summer on the Solent, with a half-rater of the Spruce III. type, now building, and with which one match has already been made. His canoe Yankee is at Plymouth, ready to be returned to America to have her forefoot cut away and her hollow spars renewed.

The Royal Canoe Club.

At the annual meeting on Nov. 29, the Royal C. C. adopted a proposal advanced by Mr. Baden-Powell for the establishment of a special class of cruising canoes, the limitations being as follows:

II. New Rule, New Class. Rule 23.—A cruising canoe, to be classified for racing purposes, shall be sharp at each end, with no transom or flat stern. Any metal keel, centerplate or ballast, shall be detachable from her, and any "bucket well" fitted within the sleeping compartment shall be detachable. Dimensions, maximum, length over all not to exceed 16ft., beam not over 42in., sliding seat, if any, when rigged in, to be within the beam of the boat. Her fixed draft, including keel, or drop keel when hauled up, shall not exceed 14in. Extreme length of any spar shall not exceed the load waterline length or the rating length. Rating, by rule $\left(\frac{\text{l.w.l. x sail area}}{6{,}000}\right)$ not to exceed 0.3. Minimum dimensions—depth inside, from deck to skin (to be taken at any point within 3ft. of the mid over-all length, and at not less than 10in. out from the middle line) shall not be less than 14in. Depth outside, from top of deck at middle line to under side of keel (taken anywhere up to 1ft. from either end) shall not be less than 12in. Sleeping space not less than 5ft. 6in. in length, with hatchway thereto of not less than 18in. in width for a distance of length of 3ft. Rule 22, as to certificates and marking of l.w.l., shall apply to cruising canoes.

The so-called "canoe" created by this new rule is really what has always been known hitherto as a canoe-yawl, of the type of Cassy and Ethel. After thus recognizing the canoe-yawl in place of the canoe, the R. C. C. has gone a step further in altering its definition of a canoe-yawl so as to admit of a counter and of any position of the rudder, though it is provided that the boat "shall be sharp at each end with no transom or flat stern." This change, which makes the canoe yawl merely a racing half-rater, was probably necessary, the latter craft having practically supplanted the old canoe-yawl; the new "cruising canoe," too, will make an excellent craft for many old canoeists; we note with regret, however, this fresh evidence of the disappearance of the 16x30 canoe and the several types of canoe-yawls proper. It may be that both of the new classes are best fitted to modern requirements; but we cannot forget the pleasure we have had of old, and the great good that has come to boat sailing through the old types.

A new rule was passed, doubtless in view of the American challenge of last year, as follows: "Challenges or entries from abroad in relation to either of the challenge cups shall only be accepted if received at the club over sixty days before the day appointed for the cup race." Under the old rules, a foreign challenger might quietly sail away from New York or Boston with his canoe, secure in the knowledge that the challenge cup races of the R. C. C. were mere perfunctory affairs, with two or three starters, and present himself and his entry a week before the race.

Red Dragon C. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Red Dragon held its annual meeting and dinner at the Imperial Hotel on Friday, January 4, with an attendance of twenty-four active and associate members out of thirty-one total membership. The purser reported the club free of debt, with a good balance in the treasury. Commodore McCormick then read a report containing rules of the measurement and racing of the unclassified boats, the canoe yawls and cruisers. The report was laid over to be acted on at the February meeting. The election of officers for 1895 resulted as follows: Commodore, A. S. Fenimore; Vice-Commodore, H. W. Fleischmann; Purser, Omar Shallcross; Quartermaster, J. E. Murray; Fleet-Surgeon, Dr. F. O. Gross; Correspondent, M. D. Wilt. The meeting then adjourned, all proceeding to the dining-room. Dinner was served at 7.30 P. M., and everybody had a very large time. All the officers had to make speeches, except Mr. Wilt, and he was made to sing. After he was done, the club wished he had been allowed to speak instead. Anyone who has ever heard Mr. Wilt sing will understand why. Some of our members are quite musical, if he isn't, and between courses, Messrs. Wise and H. W. Fleischmann made things very lively with mandolin and guitar, and the club quartette, Messrs. H. and R. Fleischmann, Wise and Bachmann, was very much in evidence. The party broke up at 12.30, with everybody happy and full (of supper) and all resolved to make 1895 the best year we have ever had.

M. D. W.

A. C. A. membership, Central Div.: Will M. Comb, Jr., Rouse's Point, New York; Eastern Div.,: Burton W. Grout Worcester, Mass.

Puritan C. C. Annual.

The seventh annual meeting and dinner of the Puritan C. C. of Boston, was held at Young's Hotel on Jan. 5. A goodly proportion of the members were present and an enjoyable evening resulted.

The annual meeting was held before the dinner. The club treasury was found to be in excellent condition. Plans were discussed for a club house on the new Strandway (a marine boulevard and park being constructed by the city of Boston). It is the intention of the club to build a model canoe house within a year. The members of the Puritan C. C. have seen most of the canoe club houses in the country, and will combine the good points to make a model house. The election of officers gave the following board for 1895: Com., Jas. W. Cartwright, Jr.; Vice-Com., Geo. B. Underwood; Rear-Com., Howard L. Rogers; Sec'y, Chas. T. Dodge; Treas., L. Hedge; Board of Directors, the foregoing officers and Jas. Bragdon and E. S. Gilmore; Membership Committee, F. A. Heyer, Sam'l Johnson, 2d. Frank R. Kimball; House Committee, Commodore, Treasurer and L. J. Webster; Meas., John R. Robertson.

After the business meeting was adjourned, the members and their guests discussed the good things. After a couple of hours at table the members took their sheets aboard and tacked for their respective homes. In the race home the Hon. Secretary was disqualified for rounding too many lamp posts; but to his credit be it said, that he reached home without a capsize.

Time, 12 P. M. Weather, clear. Wind, N.W. x S. ¼ E.

The new club house is on Dorchester Bay. If you are over that way, drop in.

ILEX.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

Jan. 22-23.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Tournament of the Union Gun Club; targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

Jan. 23.—ALTOONA, Pa.—First match W. G. Clark vs. W. M. C. Jones, 100 live birds, $100 a side.

Jan. 24-25.—LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Winter tournament Little Rock Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

Jan. 24.—NEWARK, N. J.—Newark City handicap, 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club. Shoot to take place at Erb's grounds.

Jan. 30.—PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Second match, W. G. Clark vs. W. M. C. Jones, 100 live birds, $100 a side.

Feb. 1.—BURNSIDE, Ill.—Kleinman vs Carver, 100 live birds, championship of America and a stake of $200

Feb. 5-7.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two first days, targets; last day, live birds. Open to all. Send for programmes to E. D. Fulford or H. L. Gates.

Feb. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, of the series of 1895, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Henry A. Kratz, Sec'y.

Feb. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Second bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Events open to all.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual grand American handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kas.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

May 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-day's tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House June 4.

June 4-7.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Targe Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in bash added.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament

Oct. 3-6.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooticg League of Philadelphia, John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford. Pa.

Oct, 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

Little Rock Shooting Association.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 10.—Please announce that the Little Rock Shooting Association will hold its winter tournament Jan. 24-25. Everything will be done to make the shoot attractive and interesting. Live birds and targets will be used. Two cents will be charged for targets, deducted from the purse. Fifteen dollars will be given as average money. To the shooter making the best average on th first day $3 in cash will be paid, and the one making the next best average will receive $2 in cash. The second day the same average prizes will be given, while the shooter making the highest average in the two days will receive $5 in cash. Lunch will be served on the grounds gratis to the shooters.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

Thursday, Jan. 24, will be an important day in trap-shooting circles. The formation of a National Trap-Shooting Association or whatever the title of the new organization may be, is an object that interests every trap-shooter and dealer and manufacturer of guns and ammunition, targets and traps, throughout the length and breadth of this great country.

It is perfectly true that trap-shooting has grown in popular favor very largely during the past five years; it is also perfectly true that there are many more successful tournaments held now than could possibly have been carried to a satisfactory conclusion less than half a decade ago. All this, of course, is very gratifying; the congregating together of brother sportsmen in front of the traps cannot but be productive of much good. The sport is a manly one and the spirit of emulation engendered by it is healthy. But the number of shooters and the number of successful tournaments might be increased yet more.

Human nature, however, is so constituted that it is very rarely that any competition of skill can be brought about without some incentive, such as a medal, cup or cash. Sweepstake shooting with several moneys, class shooting, introduced into the sport with a view to popularizing still further these trials of skill, has undoubtedly aided greatly in inducing tyros to try their hands at the trap, with the result that these same tyros have become wedded to the sport and have oftentimes become real experts. But this class shooting wherein it is possible, as pointed out by "Basille" elsewhere, for a man by making a lower score to win a larger amount than another does who breaks a target or two more, has opened up an avenue for in-and-out shooting that has brought a more or less evil reputation to trap-shooting in general. A national organization may not be able to stop it altogether, but it is cowardly to say that it cannot. The more sportsmanlike class of shooters are very strongly opposed to the wilful missing of a single target, the sole object of that miss being to drop into a better place. It is naturally distasteful toa gentleman to do anything dishonest, and it cannot be argued that dropping for place is an honest action.

But the organization of a national association can do much to help along the cause of trap-shooting, outside of legislating against droppers. At present clubs are merely individuals, some stronger than others, like human beings. A government, some republican form of government, is what is needed to weld all these units into a homogeneous whole. If there are any arguments to be adduced against the formation of such an organization, those arguments should be presented at the convention of Jan. 24.

It is specially asked that all gun clubs take action on this matter and either appoint a delegate or send resolutions setting forth the stand taken by their members. All communications on this point should be addressed "Chairman of convention, care of Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 318 Broadway, New York." This will insure that all such will reach the right hands.

The call given below has received six more signatures since last issued, Chicago desiring to add her influence to the matter:

THE CALL.

"In view of the fact that there is unquestionably much crooked work indulged in at the trap tournaments throughout this conntry, and being certain of the fact that such cannot but be prejudicial to the best interests of this sport, we, the undersigned, do hereby issue a call for a convention of those interested in the future welfare of trap-shooting to meet at the Astor House, New York city, on Thursday, Jan. 24, at 2 P. M. The purposes of this convention will be the organization of a governing body for the trap-shooters of the United States, and the consideration of the best and surest method of combating the evil referred to. We ask all gun clubs and kindred organizations to elect a delegate to attend this meeting, or in default of so doing, to send to the convention a resolution indorsing the purposes thereof.

J. T. ANTHONY, Charlotte G. C., Charlotte, N. C.
A. C. ANSON, United States G. C., Chicago, Ill.
F. R. BISSELL, Audubon G. C., Chicago, Ill.
B. H. BREINTNALL, South Side G. C., Newark, N. J.
DAVID BROWN, West Newburgh G. & R. A., Newburgh, N. Y.
WM. L. DAVIS, Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Association.
T. A. DIVINE, Memphis G. C., Memphis, Tenn.
CHAS. FEHRENBACH ("Bilderbach"), Wilmington R. & G. C., Wilmington, Del.
J. GILLESPIE, Calumet Heights G. C., Chicago, Ill.
W. S. GUMMERE, New Brunswick (N. J.) G. C., Trenton, N. J.
J. B. HALSTED, Peekskill G. C., Peekskill, N. Y.
C. M. HOSTETTER ("Old Hoss"), Pittsburgh G.C., Pittsburgh, Pa.
G. V. HUDSON, M.D., Emerald G. C., New York city.
N. A. HUGHES, Williamsport (Pa.), G. & R. A.
T. J. JACKSON, M.D., Union G. C., Springfield, N. J.
P. A. JEANNERET, Boiling Springs G. C., Rutherford, N. J.
J. T. MASCROFT, Worcester Sportsmen's Association, Sutton, Mass.
W. P. MUSSEY, Chicago Shooting Assobiation, Chicago, Ill.
D. J. O'CONNELL, Chattanooga G. C., Chattanooga, Tenn.
ROLLA B. ORGAN, Chicago Shooting Association, Chicago, Ill.
L. H. SCHORTEMEIER, Rockaway Point (N. Y.) G. C.
HENRY STEPHENS, Cumberland G. C., Chicago, Ill.
F. P. STONE, Audubon G. C., Chicago, Ill.
GEO. H. Taggert, West Newburgh G. & R. A., Newburgh, N. Y.

Shooting at Towanda, Pa.

TOWANDA, Pa., Jan. 5.—The New Year's programme of the Towanda Gun Club will no doubt be remembered by its participants as a most pleasant one, if not financially a success. Owing no doubt to the severe cold weather, the thermometer registering anywhere from 10 to 20 deg. below zero, many were kept away. Many ardent lovers of trap-shooting, however, were on hand, the excitement of the sport no doubt keeping their blood in circulation while facing the traps, the club room stove also being very useful. M. F. Lindsley and his wife, Ed. Kniskern and Mr. Baldwin of Elmira, N. Y., braved the cold, along with Park and Martin of Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nelson and Fisher Welles of Trvalusing, Pa., Dr. Keyes of Willawanna, Pa., McCabe and Forbs of Rome, Pa., Montanye, Shiner, Dittrich, Parrott and Pitcher of Towanda, Pa.

The Towanda Gun Club grounds have always been conceded by those who shot on them as among the hardest in the world; the difficult background, the shooters standing above the traps, will account for the ragged scores; there was also a dazzling sunlight on the snow, with the piercing cold. The two highest averages for the day were Montayne 71 per cent., Park 65 per cent. Scores as follow. Ten targets each, entrance $1:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Montanye	9	8	6	7	8	9	7	6	6	8	Shiner						6	5	.	4	.	.
Park	4	5	7	7	8	5	8	.	.	7	Pitcher			1	2	5	4	.	.	.	.
Lindsley	3	5	6	9	.	9	4	.	5	6	Wanda						6	3	.	.	.
Martin	4	5	4	4	3	.	.	.	.	3	F Welles				4	7	5	.	.	.	4
Keyes	.	.	.	3	3	4	.	.	.	3	Kniskern									5	8	6
Parrott	.	.	.	1	.	3	3	.	.	.	Baldwin								1	5	1	2
Dettrich	.	.	.	3	.	.	2	.	.	.	N Welles									5	6	7

Live bird scores were as follows, the three first events being at 5 live birds with $2 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Montanye	11000—2	12201—4	10010—2
Lindsley	22*21—4	20212—4	02211—4
P Welles	02011—3	11011—4	22111—5
Baldwin	10001—2	20001—2	20000—1
Kniskern	01200—2	11101—4	11110—4
Wanda	01000—1	....	....
Martin	00110—2	20111—4	11211—5
N Welles	01111—4	10111—4	10211—4
Park	11111—5	10211—4	00211—3
Shiner	10010—2	11010—3	....
Parrott	....	00200—1	....

A $1 miss and out was also shot, being won by Montanve; the score was Montanye 6, Kniskern 5, P. Welles and Baldwin 2, Lindsley and Park 1, Martin and N. Welles 0.

During the afternoon "Wanda" shot at six birds in accordance with the request of the members of the club and of several spectators; of the six she killed five. W. F. DITTRICH.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The secretary of the Bronx River Gun Club writes that the following officers have been elected for the ensuing year: President, James Duane; Vice-President, Dr. J. P. Adams; Secretary and Treasurer, J. T. Murphy. The club grounds are situated at West Farms, directly across the road from the station of the Harlem River branch of the New Haven Railroad, so that nothing more accessible could be desired. There is more or less shooting every Saturday afternoon, and all interested are cordially invited to give them a call.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 11. New Jersey Trapshooters League. The fourth annaul meeting will take place on January 21, at one o'clock P. M., at the office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, 312 Broadway, N. Y. City. Clubs not already members are cordially invited to affiliate and send a delegate to this meeting. W. R. Hobart, Secretary.

What becomes of all the empty shells used at the traps? The London (England) Gun Club, evidently believes in letting nothing go to waste, judging from the following advertisement in the London *Field:* "For sale, a large quantity of best once used Central Fire No. 12 Cartridge Cases, Price 7s. per 1000, package included. —Postal order to be sent on application to Secretary the Gun Club, 4 Carleton street, London, S. W."

Carver won the second match of his series with Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ills., by the score of 75 to 72. The shoot took place Jan. 11, at Kewanee, Ills.; both men shot badly, while the birds were a very good lot.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 11.—The shoot between the Leavenworth Gun Club and the West Side Gun Club, of Topeka, for the State championship trophy, held here yesterday, was won by Leavenworth. The shoot was for 250 birds a side, divided into thirty singles and ten doubles. Score: Singles—Topeka, 115; Leavenworth, 125; doubles, Topeka, 70; Leavenworth, 69.

The New Haven Gun Club will hold shoots during the present year the second Wednesday of each month, rain or shine. There will be two sets of prizes, one to be competed for the first six months, and the other the last six months, the four highest scores to count on each.

Lieut. Gibson, writing to "Wick" of the Cincinnati (O.), *Tribune*, says: "Trap birds (English blue rocks) are far different from the live pigeon in America. Every one flies, and that hard, and it takes a good gun, as well as holder thereof, to stop 'em. I shot at twenty, ten each time, and, feeling in most excellent form, scored but six out of my first, and but five without a miss in my second ten. You know the Grand Prix is a miss and out. So where will I be?"

George Klinman, the champion live bird shot of America, has accepted Carver's challenge, and will shoot him a race at 100 live birds, $100 a side, for the championship badge. The shoot will take place at Watson's Park, on Feb. 1.

R. A. Welch, of the Riverton, N. J., Gun Club, one of the best amateur live bird shots in this country, has been declared the winner of the Riverton Challenge Plate, he having successfully defended it against all comers in '94, defeating among others Work, Hoey and Dando.

The Newark (N. J.) Gun Club's big live bird sweep, at Erb's grounds on Jan. 24, will have a large entry list from all accounts.

Jim Elliot won first money alone in Charlie Zwirlien's 25 bird race, $10 entrance, birds extra, on Jan. 9. There were 24 entries, including Morpey, Hill, Brewer, Van Dyke, etc.

Wm. T. Wilcox, secretary of the Flushing (L. I.) Shooting Club, was present at the big shoot at Larchmont on Friday. Mr. Wilcox expects that his club's 50 bird handicap on Jan. 17, will have a liarge number of entries.—EDWARD BANKS.

Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J., has found a man willing to bet $50 that he can kill 44 of 50 birds trapped under the same conditions that Brewer backed himself to kill 46. The man is Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J., and the shoot comes off on Wednesday, Jan. 16, at the Morristown Driving Park.

Some of the city dailies speak of Knapp, the winner of the Larchmont championship cup, as a comparatively unknown man and as a surprise party. As a matter of fact Knapp was the favorite, and would have sold as such in all probability had there been any pools on the event. A match between George Work and Knapp on even terms, 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary, would be a capital betting race at 21 yards boundary. Work would seem to have an advantage; he is quicker and his lightning second barrel is a great advantage under such conditions.

H. W. Lacy, the kennel man of Forest and Stream, is a member of the Yanticaw Gun Club, of Nutley, N. J. On New Year's Day, Lacy shot with the club for the first time. Being a member of Forest and Stream's staff, he was presumed to be almost an expert, receiving but two targets allowance. The result was rather adverse to the reputation of Forest and Stream, Lacy's score being only 7 out of 25. Twitted with this poor score, and his connection with the paper referred to, he acknowledged the corn, but added, "You just talk dog to me!"

W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa., and W. M. C. Jones, of Pittsburg, Pa., have signed articles to shoot a couple of matches at 100 birds each for a stake of $100 a side, each match and expenses. The following note from Altoona, Pa., explains itself: "Altoona, Pa., Jan. 10. The proposed matches between W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa., and W. M. C. Jones, of Pittsburg, has been arranged and will be shot during the present month. The first will be in Altoona, on Jan. 23, the second in Pittsburg, on Jan. 30. The races are at 100 birds per man, each event, and for $100 a side and expenses. "Old Hoss," of Pittsburg, will be referee, and stakeholder, Grant."

The Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., has elected the following officers for 1895: President, Alex. H. King (re-elected); Vice-Presidents, J. E. England ("Bessemer"), and H. L. Born; Secretary, Louis Lautenslager (re-elected); Directors, H. J. Levis, John H. Shaffer, W. S. King, Captain "Bessemer"; Shooting Committee, Louis Lautenslager, "Bessemer," and Jacob Motz. At the meeting at which the above officers were elected, a delegate was appointed to represent the club at the convention of trap-shooters in New York, on Jan. 24.

The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., celebrated its 14th anniversary in fitting style on Jan. 7. Live birds and targets formed the day's programme. A team race at live birds between the members of the club, 12 men to a team, 7 birds to a man, resulted in a victory for No. 1 by one bird; scores, No. 1. 65; No. 2, 64.

Springfield, N. J., Jan. 9. At the annual meeting of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., held on Jan. 5, at the house of Dr. T. J. Jackson, the following officers were elected to serve during 1895: President, Dr. T. J. Jackson; Vice-President, L. T. Terry; Secretary and Treasurer, E. D. Miller.

Knoxville, Tenn., Gun Club shows up well according to the figures and facts quoted by R. Van Gilder, the club's active secretary. Mr. Van Gilder's letter is worth reading, and he is perfectly correct when he says that shooters like to read what their brother shooters have been doing.

The Peekskill Gun Club has elected officers as follows for the ensuing year: President, Milton Jordan; Vice-President, H. B. Wygant; Secretary, O. J. Loder; Treasurer, E. F. Hill; Captain, H. P. Dain; Directors, H. L. Armstrong, P. H. Mason and William Dunphy.

The programme of the Utica (N. Y.), tournament, to be held on Feb. 5-7, is now out and can be had by addressing E. D. Fulford, or H. L. Gates, the managers. The programme for the first two days are exactly similar, each containing 8 events at 20 targets each at a uniform entrance of $2. The events are class shooting, four moneys, known angles, birds extra at two cents each. Thursday, Feb. 7, is the live bird day. On this date the Central New York handicap, open to the world 20 birds, $10, birds extra at 25 cents each, handicap rise; four moneys, will be the main event. American Association Rules will govern all contests which handicaps 10 gauge guns, two yards. Firing points will be protected, so that no matter what the weather may be, the shooters will be fully protected and comfortable.

Enoch Miller, secretary of the Union Gun Club, Springfield, N. J., writes under date of Jan. 10, as follows: "This club will open its grounds this season with a two days' tournament on Jan. 22 and 23. The tournament is open to all. Ten dollars will be given for general averages, for the two days' shoot. The grounds are easily reached from New York or Newark by the D. L. and W. R. R., to Milburn Station, where hacks will meet all trains. Everything will be arranged at the club grounds for the comfort, and to the satisfaction of, all contestants. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. each day. The club has just put in a complete set of expert Empire traps."

The Rockaway Point (L. I.) Rod and Gun Club has elected the following officers for 1895: President, Edward Bourke; Vice-President, Major Spott; Treasurer, Commodore Steinbrucker; Secretary, Josephus Bourke; Steward, Van Roosevelt Meyer; Captain, L. H. Schortemeier.

The Amateur Championship.

The Larchmont Club, and incidentally J. P. Knapp, deserve more than the ordinary amount of congratulations upon the successful result that has been arrived at in the biggest amateur shoot ever held in this country.

The affair took place on the club's grounds on Jan. 11 and 12. It is no easy matter to find nine men in any locality who are willing to plank down their $100 and shoot through a 100-bird sweepstake. It is all very well, now it's over, to look back and say that there should have been more entries. Perhaps there should, still nine entries is a very satisfactory number.

There were several well-known names absent from the scoreboard when John S. Hoey, the referee, called Knapp to the score to open the match. Among the more prominent absentees were: Fred S. Hoey, who is knocking over pigeons at Monaco; L. S. Thompson, who is now convalescing after an attack of pneumonia; the three Philadelphia cracks, Charles Macalester, T. S. Dando and R. A. Welch, Macalester and Welch being probably two of the best amateur shots in the country; Macalester in particular having the great record of an unbroken string of victories in all the matches he has shot. G. W. Coulston, a member of the New Utrecht Gun Club, is also shooting in form good enough to warrant the supposition that he could hustle any of them for first money. The reason Welch was not present was because he was on a shooting trip down South at the time of the shoot; otherwise nothing could have kept him out.

Although very few individual wagers on the result were made, the general opinion seemed to be that Knapp, Duryea, Work and Moore were the most dangerous men. Knapp was picked every time as due for first or second place, the honors for next choice being divided equally between Duryea and Work; the latter owes his position in this match to the fact that he has been absent from the trap for some few weeks, whereas Knapp and Duryea have been in steady practice and have both shown excellent form. It was a very plucky thing of Edey and "Madison," both members of the Westchester Country Club, to enter in such a big race. It is true that both are capital shots on their own grounds where the birds are not so very fast; but at Larchmont, in addition to the background being by no means as good as it might be, they met fast birds; these two items formed an important factor when it came to shooting in hot company. C. Furgueson, Jr., is a shooter who has shown time and again that he is a good stride above mediocrity; in this match he drew a quantity of hard birds with the inevitable result.

Dr. Wynn, a member of the New Utrecht and Larchmont Gun Clubs, is one of those persons whom (without any attempt at flattery whatever) it is always a pleasure to see engaged in an event of this kind. Dr. Wynn is not in his *premiere jeunesse* so far as years go, but if there is any truth in the saying that no man is older than he feels, then Dr. Wynn may be said to be only a colt. Although he has shot pigeons for over 30 years, and although it would be impossible to find a black hair on his upper lip or under his soft felt hat, yet the doctor enjoys pigeon-shooting as well as anybody does, and what is more can kill as many as most. There is another feature about Dr. Wynn's pigeon-shooting that is so uncommon that it is worth mentioning, as I have a few lines to spare; he takes a joke just as readily as he puts the laugh on one of his fellow shooters, and no amount of "kidding" can phase him.

Capt. Money, another veteran at the traps, was one of the entries in this big race. For about two months past the captain has been shooting away behind his true form. His score of 19 out of each of the first two series of 25 birds is probably some 6 or 8 birds less than he ought to score upon such pigeons as were trapped for him on Friday. His repeated misses bothered him a good deal, and he did a lot of thinking. Toward the close of the day he came to the conclusion that he had during the above two months unconsciously so altered his position at the traps as to place him at a disadvantage. Whether this was so or not, his last nine birds out of the first 50 were killed in his old style, his first barrel being as deadly as usual, while incomers were just like finding them.

Of course an event of so much importance attracted lots of attention, not only from clubmen but from the daily press, every paper of any note in this city being represented on the press bench. Where so many well-known shooters and clubmen are present, it is almost impossible to mention all. The following is a partial list: De Forrest Manice, Gouverneur Kortright, C. W. Bird, Gerard M. Barretts, Robert A. Bull, William R. Brixb, Newberry D. Thorne, W. H. Harper, Frank Duryea, William Potts, Arthur Duane, L. Q. Jones, W. T. Wilcox, the Hon. Henry A. Gildersleeve, H. B. Fessenden, Chauncey Kerr, George I. Seney, William T. Murray and F. T. Pelton. James S. Taylor, one of the best live bird shots in the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, Newburgh, N. Y., was also present. Mr.

Taylor shot a match with Knapp some time before Christmas, Knapp beating him by but one bird in a 100-bird race.

The weather was fine overhead, and at times the sun shone brightly, but scarcely a breath of wind came during the whole day to aid the birds. Had their been any sort of a breeze it is safe to say that Knapp's 46 would not have been scored, as the birds were a really good lot. They were all blue, and as quick on the wing in the majority of cases as it was possible for them to be. To the average spectator they might not seem an extra fast lot, as now and then a streak of loiterers would be met with. That is one of the peculiarities of pigeon-shooting when a large number of birds are required; one crate contains nothing but fast birds, while the next crate, precisely similar in every other respect, will have several duffers. The table given below showing the flight of the first 450 birds gives a good idea of the general quality of the birds. It is to be noted that whereas only 89 showed any incoming tendencies, there were altogether 246 outgoers. The background already referred to made high scores under the circumstances that existed almost impossible. Immediately over No. 3 trap is a broad stretch of swampy ground with a fringe of dark timber on the far side; to the right is a rocky knoll covered with a heavy growth of large trees; over No. 2 trap was a grassy hill with a few apple trees on it, and with some large grey rocks cropping out just above a snow-drift; to the extreme left was the side of a hill that made a very bad background during the duller portions of the day, and which had the effect of making mortally wounded birds struggle hard to get over the boundary. Moore lost four birds that fell dead out of bounds just over the left field bonndary line, all very nearly in the same place.

The shoot began promptly at 11:09 A. M. with Knapp to the score, the order being Knapp, Work, Wynn, "Madison," Furgueson, Edey, Duryea, Moore, Money. The first 100 birds were shot in exactly 60 minutes; the second 100 in 59 minutes; the third 100 in 62; fourth in 60 minutes, and the remaining 50 in just 30 thirty minutes, making a total of 4 hours and 31 minutes for 450 birds. This time is remarkable for many reasons—first, there were nine men shooting in the match, each man shooting but one bird at a time; second, the dogs Don, Snipe and Topsy were quite slow in retrieving; third, the trappers did not appear to be trapping fast, but this slowness on their part was probably due to there being no particular hurry as they were generally in before the dogs when the birds killed were outgoers; fourth, the regularity with which each series of birds was disposed of, the third series being the longest. Fred North, the superintendent of the club grounds, was trap puller, and had everything in capital shape by the time the match was started. The birds he furnished would be creditable to anybody.

Work's first miss was excusable; he shot at a flipper from No. 3 trap, the bird, which was missed clean, being undoubtedly on the ground again when the first barrel was fired. Work dwelt a bit before trying his second barrel, the bird jumping just as he pulled the trigger and going away unscathed. Edey's 34th was an exact reproduction of Work's bird and escaped in a precisely similar manner. Each bird, if killed by the second barrel, would have been "no bird if gathered."

The post of referee was filled by John S. Hoey. That's all that need be said of that department, Mr. Hoey's work being too well known to need any further mention. As for the shooting of the different contestants, the general results as shown by the scores is the best criticism. The tables also given below will be of some interest. The first of these is a list of the flight of the birds drawn by each shooter: *

	D	RQD	LQD	RQ	LQ	RQI	LQI	I	H
Knapp	7	4	11	4	15	4	3	2	0
Work	10	8	12	6	8	3	1	0	1
Duryea	11	4	11	3	11	3	2	5	0
Wynn	12	5	10	5	8	2	6	2	0
Moore	11	8	11	3	6	6	1	4	0
Furgueson	9	6	12	4	10	1	7	0	1
Money	8	7	15	3	7	1	5	4	0
Edey	10	5	13	6	5	3	6	1	0
Madison	10	8	8	1	6	6	5	5	0
	88	55	103	35	76	29	37	23	2

* D, driver; RQD, right-quartering driver; LQD, left-quartering driver; RQ, right-quarterer; LQ, left-quarter, RQI, right-quartering incomer; LQI, left-quartering incomer; I, incomer; H, hoverer. Work and Edey lost two "sitters."

The following table shows the way in which the traps were pulled; it will be noticed that Nos. 1 and 5 were the most favored, Furgueson drawing No. 1 no less than 21 times out of his 50:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Knapp	12	10	8	11	9
Work	13	9	8	7	13
Duryea	10	10	8	10	12
Wynn	10	10	8	10	12
Moore	12	14	5	7	12
Furgueson	21	9	4	7	9
Money	13	9	8	11	9
Edey	11	10	7	11	11
Madison	14	10	6	11	9
	116	91	62	85	96

The first day's scores showed Knapp leading by two birds with the score of 46; the others followed in this order: Work 44, Duryea and Wynn 43, Moore 42, Furgueson 40, Money 38, Edey 36, Madison 33.

Second Day.

Saturday, Jan. 12, was a day that would have been a credit to April; January, as a rule, has very few such days on her list. The pleasant weather, added to the closeness of the previous day's scores, brought forth a much larger attendance of spectators at Larchmont. Among those present were: Jordan L. Mott, Jr., Hon. Henry A. Gildersleeve, Augustus Munroe, De Forrest Manice, J. F. Lovejoy, Wilson Marshall, Francis D. Beard, George I. Seney, Randolph Hurry, Wilson S. Alley, Lloyd Taylor, Alfred Marshall, George A. Cormack, H. P. Benjamin, Charles A. Boyd, D. I. Jackson, Archie Pell, George Barnes, J. Otto Donner, Archibald Le Roy, R. M. Bull, C. F. Ulrich, W. C. Wilcox, Arthur Duane and Paul L. Thebaud.

The shooting was of a higher caliber than that shown by most of the contestants on Friday. Of course "Joe" Knapp, as his friends call him, did some great work with his gun, and by that work deservedly won the $250 cup presented to the winner by the club. He led off by killing 11 straight in his third 25. His 12th bird was a left-quartering driver from No. 5 trap; the first barrel effectively killed it instantly and Knapp thought it useless to make sure with his second; breaking his gun he turned from the score. The bird, though, was not dead; when the dog got to it, up rose the pigeon and fluttered out of bounds. That settled it; Knapp never saved any more shells, but settling down to work he ran out his 100 birds with 38 straight, his total for the day being 49 out of 50, with one dead out of bounds. The winner has been shooting in wonderfully improved form during the last two months, and judging from his more recent records no one living has any license to beat him easily.

Work was second with 89, while Duryea was third with one less. In fourth place Furgueson and Moore were tied with 86. Edey and Capt. Money, who pulled up well on his last 25, came next with 23, the two last being Wynn and Madison in the order named with totals of 79 and 65 respectively. Dr. Wynn's form on this day was very different to that which he displayed on Friday, when he left off with a score of 43, being tied for third place with Duryea. Edey's shooting was far superior to his work on Friday, when he only made 36. By dint of some capital work he raised his total to 80, scoring 44 out of 50 with two dead out of bounds.

The double figure runs made by each of the shooters were as follows: Knapp 38 (unfinished), 27, 17; Work 27, 15, 14; Duryea 13, 12, 11, 10; Furgueson 14, 13, 13; Moore 22, 12; Money 20, 10; Edey 17, 12, 10; Wynn 15, 12.

In dead out of bounds, Wynn and Madison tied with 7 each; Moore lost 6 birds that way and Edey had 5 carry his charge of shot over the boundary; Knapp and Duryea each had 4 "dead out," Work, Furgueson and Money losing 3 of the same kind. Every one of Knapp's above-mentioned 4 birds would have been gathered in an 80yds. boundary, his score thus being equal to 99 out of 100 with that boundary.

The scores of this day on the last 50 birds stood: Knapp 49, Work, Furgueson and Duryea 45, Edey and Moore 44, Money 42, Wynn 36, Madison 32. It took nearly half an hour longer to shoot the 450 birds to-day than yesterday; the match began at 11:30 A. M. and the last bird was killed at 3:55 P. M., a total of 4 hours and 52 minutes.

Another table that will be of interest is the following, showing the traps pulled; No. 1 was again very materially to the fore:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Kapp	12	8	5	13	12
Work	12	13	6	6	13
Duryea	10	12	4	16	8
Furgueson	15	16	5	10	4
Moore	14	7	6	11	12
Money	18	11	3	10	8
Edey	21	7	7	5	10
Wynn	11	7	9	13	10
"Madison"	10	13	7	11	9
	123	94	52	95	86

The flight of the birds was as follows:

	D	RQD	LQD	RQ	LQ	RQI	LQI	T
Knapp	3	10	16	5	5	10	1	0
Work	4	6	16	5	3	11	3	2
Duryea	7	6	9	13	2	9	1	3
Furgueson	6	12	21	6	0	3	2	0
Moore	4	5	12	6	3	17	2	1
Money	8	6	14	3	1	9	7	2
Edey	6	1	17	11	1	9	2	3
Wynn	6	8	12	5	1	12	2	4
"Madison"	3	6	16	8	1	9	2	5
	47	60	133	62	17	89	22	20

The full score of both days is given in full below. It is of especial interest, as this shoot is the biggest of its kind ever held in this country. Its success will unquestionably lead to others of a similar nature, and such contests will always be popular, not only with the shooters themselves, but also with the general public, who take particular interest in amateur work in every field of sport. It is very seldom that in a championship contest the winner was spotted so very generally from the start, that is, by those who follow the sport closely. Public form in this instance was considered and the result justified the selection. For second choice it was the prevailing opinion that between Work and Duryea there was but little to choose. Captain Money's position may be said to have been the disappointment of the match.

Full scores follow:

Amateur championship contest, 100 live birds per man, $100 entrance, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary; for the amateur championship of the United Stetes and a cup, value $250, donated by the Larchmont Yacht Club. Purse divided (after deducting 10 per cent. for the club) into four moneys, high guns to win, 50 per cent. to winner, 25 per cent. to second, third and fourth dividing remaining 25 per cent.:

J P Knapp	22221222210*2212221221222—23
	22122222211122*112*222222—23
	12122222222*2222222222222—24
	22222222222222222222222—25—95
Geo Work	11210222122120122122221222—23
	2120022222*12*22112222222—21
	22222222222221222*02222222—23
	12112222022022022212222—22—89
L T Duryea	2222222222*22022222222222—23
	22002221222222022022221120—20
	*22222222222222022222222120—22
	22121*1111*22222122212212—23—88
C Furgueson, Jr.	2222*02222022022222220212—20
	2*01012122202111222212122—21
	*22211022222222222222222—23
	22202222222222222222220220—22—86
F G Moore	20212221211221*2222222*22—22
	22022220*1212*22221110122—20
	12120201121102222112*2211—21
	12112211222222212*112202—23—86
Capt Money	*1012220*2122122022221220—19
	10122*10211200202222111112—19
	20122102011122122021200022—19
	22022211222222222222221102—23—80
W S Edey	22122022*2222122222022202—21
	2220200*0002121*120121022—15
	2022022222*22222210222112—21
	12221122222*221211222211—23—80
W Wynn	22221111122221201228*12012—22
	22122122210221128*02122012—21
	01211211110111*0**22211*2—18
	12*22112222020111100022201—18—79
B Madison	20222212220210218*2*2*222*—18
	2**01220022220122002028*22—15
	22202000022022220220020012—15
	22002212222000202022022222—17—65

EDWARD BANKS.

Memphis Asks Suggestions.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 4.—In the view of the present agitation in trap circles on the question of honest shooting, the following from the Memphis Gun Club may furnish interesting reading. Memphis has attained a rapid reputation as being without doubt the first city to take a practical and absolutely fearless and sincere position against dropping and combining at tournaments. The dropper who is suspected at Memphis will have to go, and the search for him will be sincere and earnest. The intentions of the Memphis gentlemen may be thwarted, though I doubt this extremely, but that they are eager to go surely and carefully can be seen from the remarks of Mr. Divine, who sends the following comment on the proposed regulations of next June's Memphis tournament. I hope that if any one can think of a way to make dishonesty more difficult he will volunteer suggestions, so that the final form of the Memphis programme regulations will be practically perfect so far as the present wisdom of honest trap-shooters can make them. Mr. Divine writes:

."I inclose you some manuscript rules which we contemplate using in the programme of our coming tournament. Thinking it would be a good idea to have this appear in the FOREST AND STREAM, as foreshadowing what will probably be the rules and regulations under which the Memphis tournament would be held, I send it to you for the purpose of bringing out any comment or suggestions from others outside of the tournament."

The text mentioned runs as below:

"It is the sentiment and desire of the Memphis Gun Club to give a shoot free from pooling or dropping for place, a shoot which will give the amateur and expert gentlemen the same chance, and we hope by adopting rules herein to make it possible for both classes to have a fair and equal chance. We assure all visiting shooters that we will do all in our power to make this tournament a pleasant and enjoyable affair, both to the good and poor shooter.

"There will be a committee of three appointed, whose duty it will be to classify all shooters, who will closely scrutinize the shooting of all participants, and where they detect the least disposition on the part of any shooter to fail to make a good record they will call his attention to the fact and place him in a higher or lower class. This change when made, will provide for the party remaining in that class all day.

"The members of this club are determined to have a fair, high-toned, gentlemanly shoot, and they intend to do everything in their power to make it pleasant and fair to every one. If we fail it will be for want of that gentlemanly co-operation which we shall expect from every one attending this tournament.

"We assure every one coming to this tournament that if they lodge a complaint with this committee they will investigate the same, and if the charge is sustained they will immediately expel from the shooting grounds such parties, or any other party pooling or dropping for place, or guilty of any ungentlemanly conduct.

"We cordially extend the hospitality of the club and its members to every visitor who comes to our tournament to shoot upon the great level of gentlemanly merit, and who are determined to assist us in eliminating from our company the gamblers and cheats.

RULE 1.

"There will be two classes, known as expert and amateur. There will be $250 added money to both classes each day.

RULE 2.

"The expert class will be composed of all known experts, who will be required to shoot in this class throughout the tournament. All amateurs having or making an average of 85 per cent. or over will be placed in this expert class, and will remain there until their day's average falls below 85 per cent. The highest average made by amateurs during the shoots of 1894 will be taken as a basis for classification for the first day.

RULE 3.

"The shooters, so classified, shall shoot in their respective classes throughout that day. Those amateurs shooting in the expert class failing to make an average of 85 per cent., will be put back in the amateur class on the next day's shoot. All amateurs shooting in the amateur class making 85 per cent. and over, will be advanced to the expert class for the next day. These classifications will be made at the end of each day's shoot.

RULE 4.

"There will be the same amount of added money in each class; that is, $250 in each class each day. Both classes will shoot at known traps and unknown angles at the same time.

RULE 5.

"There will be four moneys in the amateur class, divided as follows: 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. There will also be four moneys in the expert class, divided as follows: 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Advanced amateurs in this class failing to make 11 out of 15 or better, will be entitled to a rebate of one-half their entrance money.

RULE 6.

"All matches will be shot at 15 birds each.

RULE 7.

"All birds will be thrown as near 7ft. high 20ft. from the trap as possible, and as fast as the traps can throw them."

There is no uncertain sound to the above. The Memphis Gun Club men are not running any stone dog. Can any shooter tell them how to make their game harder and squarer? I would suggest that nothing is said as to the question of salaried shooters. Shall we see Mr. Organ's suggestion of an increased entrance fee for them embodied in the final programme, or should the plan be adopted which is announced in the programme (a very elegant and thorough-going little book too), which the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co. have put out in announcement of their second annual tournament, June 19-21. The Chamberlin plan allows all manufacturers' agents and professionals to share only in the first, second and third divisions of the purses at any time. I do not think the better class representatives will object to this. But of the sliding-scale classifications I would think the Memphis plan, which keeps a shooter in his class for the entire day, better than the one announced fo the Chamberlin tournament, by which a man may be put up or down after each event, "the scores of each event forming the basis for handicapping in the following event." Skillful crooks at the trap have often "beaten" that plan of classification, which at first sight would appear better than to make a man shoot in the same class all day. There are only a few days at a tournament, and the dropper who would drop all day in order to get into a lamb fold the next day would probably be corraled by a sharp committee before sunset of the first day, even were he not held up by the hope of average money or some of the other valuable considerations by which shooters are these days induced to favor managements with their presence. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Dropping for Place.

YOUNG'S POINT, Ont., Jan 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am not a pigeon shooter, but always read with interest the accounts of it in your truly admirable paper. The mysteries of dropping for place were hidden from my understanding until explained in the extract, "Pittsburgh is After Droppers," in your issue of Dec. 29.

Now I know nothing about it, but it really seems to an outsider very extraordinary that the rules should be such as to encourage the practice. It really seems unfair that if A and B tie for first place they have to divide first money, each thereby getting less than C who is only the third best shooter, and yet gets second money and more than the better shots. Of course gentlemen are not supposed to be after the dollars, but only honor and glory; but still on the bare principles of justice it seems to an outsider that A and B should either toss up for first and second prizes, or else that the first and second prizes should be added together and divided equally between them, C getting only what he is justly entitled to, the third prize. When an unfair principle of awarding the prizes prevails, it must be expected that sometimes it will be met by unfair shooting; at any rate the temptation seems to be purely gratuitous.

Then again, how can any judge or referee pretend to say for certain that a bird has been purposely missed. The most honorable shooter may be placed in a very unpleasant position; the very fear of being thought to have dropped for place may cause a nervous miss. It seems to me that the very existence of such a rule should make straight men chary of entering a competition when an accidental miss can be open to evil constructions.

Is there really any reason against ties dividing the two moneys.

BASSILLE.

Clark and Adams Tied.

ALTOONA, Pa., Jan. 5.—An interesting live bird contest took place to-day at the Juniata Base Ball Park between W. G. Clark and "Adams," at 50 birds each, for a private consideration. The afternoon was an exceedingly cold one, the thermometer being almost to zero. As a consequence many of the birds were slow in starting. They were a very strong lot, however, and the scores are not as poor as they look on paper. The match was governed by revised Hurlingham rules, and was refereed by G. G. Zeth; C. F. Stoltenberg trap puller.

Adams went to the score at 3:15. His first bird was a difficult right-quarterer, and was grassed in fine style. He is practically a new-comer in the trap-shooting ranks, and shows a very high degree of skill. His misses were in nearly every case excusable, for the light was very poor. A heavy cloud, stretching from Wopsononock Mountain to the city, made it almost as dark at times as night.

Clark shot a nice race, but had some very hard luck in birds falling dead out of bounds. Seven of the nine lost were retrieved by the dogs just beyond the ropes.

The resu't was a tie, and darkness prevented the shoot-off. They decided to arrange a similar race for a near future date, when the present one will be decided. The scores:

Fifty live birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, nominal stakes.

Clark	111111012*1*110222*122**1—18
	21121212111*111222122122*—23—41
Adams	22221101222221122222022202—22
	0222022*20112012222122110—19—41

The traps were pulled as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Clark	8	11	15	11	5
Adams	13	10	9	10	8

GRANT.

Western Traps.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 11.—The old reliable Illinois State Sportsmen's Association swings into line on the usual early June dates, which for 1895 are 3-8. The annual convention will be held at the Sherman House on the evening of June 4. There will be a banquet this year, on June 4, and this will no doubt be a pleasant affair. This meet is always a good one, and everything points to a great time this year. The new secretary, Mr. Herman Meyer, is a hustler, and the new president, Mr. Shepard, who was the old secretary, is as dependable and accurate as ever.

Dispatches announce to-day that the tournament at Kewanee, Ill., is doing well. Tom Marshall shot his second race with Dr. Carver there yesterday, and Carver won with 75 to Mr. Marshall's 72. Deterline and W. T. Irwin shot a target race to-day and there will be a team race between Kewanee and Neponsett towns.

Mr. Jesse Pumphrey of Columbus, O., and well known at the traps, was in Chicago for a short time this week.

Dorsey Burgess writes me from American Falls, Idaho, that the boys out there are going to have their first try at pigeon shooting this week, and they are loading up with No. 4 shot and F. G. powder. That ought to kill them all right. Mr. Burgess sends me a tracing of a Snake River trout, 25in. long. This fish weighed 8½lbs. Which shows that a trap-shooter can be something of a fisher himself.

Audubon Gun Club, of Chicago, met last night, Jan. 10, and elected as officers for the ensuing year Chas. Kern, President; C. S. Wilcox, First Vice-President; Chas. Morris, Second Vice-President; W. L. Shepard, Secretary-Treasurer. Directors will be F. A. Place, R. B. Organ, L. M. Hamline, C. S. Wilcox and C. B. Dicks. This club will shoot for the following year on the same sliding handicap used by the Chicago Shooting Club, the invention, I believe, of Mr. Organ. To illustrate, using the handicaps of the latter body; Geo. Kleinman shoots at scratch, but should he fail to win, he is allowed one bird in his next shoot, never any more than one bird, and this to cut off when by winning he goes up again to scratch. Eddie Bingham is allowed one bird all the time, never more or less. R. B. Organ is allowed one bird, with a slide of one bird. And so on down, the entire handicap and the slide for each man being determined by the close knowledge of the ability of each shooter, gained through long and intimate acquaintance at the trap at the club shoots. There is no fixed rule of handicap, and indeed such a rule is hard of laying down. These clubs find the sliding scale entirely satisfactory as among themselves. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Jones-Knapp vs. Edey-Reynal.

L. S. Thompson and W. S. Edey were matched a short time ago against J. P. Knapp and Chauncey Floyd-Jones, the match being arranged to take place on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I. Thompson being taken ill, the match would have fallen through had not Edey agreed to take N. C. Reynal as his partner, all bets on the other match being off, the new race being made for the price of the birds. Side bets on individual scores kept up the interest in the match until the last bird was shot.

Reynal has been shooting very well lately, but on Tuesday, Jan. 8, the day of the race, he was decidedly off color. The birds were very fast, as a rule, and when he tried to be careful it seemed as if he couldn't get on to them in time to be dangerous. Floyd-Jones started out rockily, missing seven out of his first 25 and then dropping three more out of his next 13. From that point up to his last three birds he did as good shooting as he has ever done, scoring 56 out of the 60 birds. Two more would unquestionably have been scored to him, making that total 58, had a man, or even a careful dog, been sent to gather his 66th and 71st birds. Kitty, the club's brindled retrieving bull-terrier, was wild and over-anxious, causing both birds to flutter over the boundary; Kitty's small mouth is to be urged in mitigation of her misdeeds, and, as a further set-off, must be credited with brisk and lively work under unpleasant conditions.

Knapp is shooting very strongly just now and would prove a warm antagonist for any live bird shot. His score of 85 is much better than it looks, as he experienced an unusually large amount of ill luck in the way of "dead out of bounds." No less than seven of his 15 lost birds fell dead just out of bounds, the birds being very strong ones and their wings escaping injury. Fast as were the great majority of the birds, Knapp's time was just as fast, several of his kills being very fine ones. A better lot of birds is very seldom trapped in this country; they were all blue and as quick as English snipe when once the traps were opened. Well as Knapp shot, only one bird separated his score from that of his partner. As a matter of fact the way in which Floyd-Jones pulled himself together after the 38th round was the feature of the match, his first-barrel work being particularly effective.

Edey started out well, killing 17 out of his first 19: this work was all the more creditable as he was standing at 30yds., some 2yds. more than his usual handicap. His longest run was only 14, from the 14th to the 56th round inclusive. Floyd Jones had a run of 27 and another of 16; Knapp had one of 23, while Reynal's longest run was a 16, made in his first 25.

At the end of the 25th round Reynal and Edey were two ahead, the score standing 41 to 39; when 50 birds each had been shot at Floyd-Jones and Knapp led by 5 birds, the score being 85-80. The next string of 25 each showed the same pair leading by 9, the score sheet showing 129-120 in their favor. In their last 25 birds each Knapp and Jones killed 40 to their opponents' 35, gaining five more, winning the match by 14 birds, the totals being 169 to 155. The order of shooting was Floyd Jones, Edey, Knapp and Reynal; Floyd Jones beat his man by 7 birds, while Knapp at the close also led Reynal by the same number.

Floyd Jones led off and missed a fast twisting right-quarterer, Reynal also missing a very quick bird from No. 3 trap that went to the right; Knapp's third fell dead out of bounds, giving their opponents the lead. At the end of the 19th round this lead had been increased to 4; then Edey missed his 20th and 21st, but Knapp's 22d and Floyd Jones's 23d both being scored lost, the score at the end of the 23d round was still four in favor of the Country Club men (Edey and Reynal). Both, however, missed their 24th birds, and the first quarter of a century showed them only two ahead. The 32d round was marked by Edey letting off a driver from No. 4 trap, the score then being tied, the lead having been reduced to a single bird in the previous round. Floyd Jones lost his 33d bird, but Reynal did the same thing, so the score was still a tie, remaining so until the 35th round, when the same shooters slipped up on a right-quartering incomer from No. 1 trap. That gave the lead to the Westminster Kennel Club team, a lead that they gradually increased until the 90th round found them 15 ahead. The 94th round showed a gain of one more when Edey's bird fell dead out of bounds. Although he followed this up by losing two out of his last five, the lead of 16 was reduced to 14, owing to Floyd Jones and Knapp each losing two birds out of the same number. Reynal's finish on his last string of 10 birds was totally at variance with his previous work; he shot in good time and centered his birds well, killing them all close to the traps.

The result could hardly be termed a surprise, as on paper Knapp and Floyd Jones are a strong team, particularly if, as happened on this day at Babylon, the latter should strike his old-time gait. Experience goes a good way toward winning a match at pigeons, and both the Westminster Kennel men have shot far more pigeons than their opponents from the Country Club. The total of 155 is, of course, not exactly the true form of Edey and his partner: the result seemed due more to the fact that they were up against faster birds than they have generally been in the habit of meeting, an extra fast lot having been supplied for this match. There were some amusing features in the day's sport, the majority of them furnished by Kitty, the bull-terrier, and the "scouts" down by the barn, who blazed away at everything in sight. As for Kitty, she can run almost as fast as a pigeon can fly, and when she chases one out of bounds, as she did Reynal's 36th and Floyd Jones's 66th and 71st birds, if there's any fly in them, she won't come back until she's got them.

The collapse of the Country Club team in the eighties was a very bad one, Edey losing three out of the ten, while Reynal went him 100 per cent. better, dropping no less than six. The day was by no means a good one for the birds, although there was a fair breeze from the north and northwest, both at the beginning and during the last 25 birds. The absence of a strong wind, combined with the presence of a cold drizzle, is usually enough to make any birds slow. These birds, however, were a capital example of birds well chosen and well trapped. The time occupied by the match was just 4 hours and 33 minutes, divided as follows: First 100, 65 minutes; second 100, 70 minutes; third 100, 94 minutes; fourth 100, 64 minutes. A curious incident was furnished in both the 87th and 89th rounds, when Knapp, Edey and Reynal each missed their birds.

The traps fell to each shooter as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Floyd Jones	23	20	24	18	15
Knapp	13	22	22	19	24
Edey	22	16	28	22	12
Reynal	26	14	22	16	22
	84	72	96	75	73

The flight of the birds shows them to have been an extraordinarily good lot considering that the wind was at no time strong. The following table gives the direction of the birds and the number of each drawn by the individual shooters: *

	D	RQD	LQD	RQ	LQ	RQI	LQI	I	H	T
Floyd Jones	23	25	13	22	7	5	1	4	0	0
Knapp	24	25	13	13	8	5	4	6	2	0
Edey	31	17	12	18	4	5	6	5	2	0
Reynal	14	22	11	20	8	10	2	11	1	1

* D, driver; RQD, right-quartering driver; LQD, left-quartering driver; RQ, right-quarterer; LQ, left-quarterer; RQI, right-quartering incomer; LQI, left-quartering incomer; I, incomer; H, hoverer; T, towerer.

The above table shows that no less than 230 out of the 400 had an outgoing tendency, 82 of that number being drivers; there were 73 right-quarterers, 27 left-quarterers, while only 64—that is, 16 per cent—had an incoming tendency; there were also 5 hoverers and 1 towerer.

Floyd Jones shot an Atkin gun, his powder charge being 44 grains of American E. C.; Knapp was shooting 45 grains of hard grain Schultze, his gun being a Francotte Purdey; Edey's gun is a Francotte, while Reynal's is a Purdey; Edey used 45 grains of Schultze, Reynal pinning his faith on 31 grains of Walsrode in U. M. C. special Walsrode shells.

Score:

Team matce, 200 live birds a side, handicap rise, 50yds. boundary:

C Floyd Jones, 28	022122220011012020112101l—18	
	2220122*12110211221222222—22	
	1221211211111121*1211*1212—23	
	022220212211212212112200l—21—	84
J P Knapp, 30	22*222222*2222222*222*222—21	
	222222222222212222222*2221—24	
	11222202*2202222222222021—21	
	1*222212222020021222012011—19—	85
		169
W S Edey, 30	2212222*11102222222002201—20	
	021222021120100120221222l—19	
	122211202221222021022222l—22	
	2102011220202002l2*102202—16—	77
N C Reynal, 28	02222*0222221222222222202—21	
	2222022020*22222222220222—20	
	22*11*2220200222222222*02—18	
	222220202000202222222222—19—	78
		155

EDWARD BANKS.

The Knoxville Gun Club.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fourteenth annual meeting of the Knoxville Gun Club was held Dec. 29 for the transaction of general business and election of officers. The old officers of the club were unanimously re-elected for the year 1895 as follows: S. B. Dow, President; T. C. Eldridge, Vice-President; S. Van Gilder, Captain; J. C. White, Treasurer; R. Van Gilder, Secretary.

The annual report of the secretary was read and approved. It was the consensus of opinion of the members present that the Knoxville Gun Club received and disbursed more cash than any other gun club in the country.

It is a well conceded fact by all that the club is the "livest" one in the country, and has done more in past and present to elevate and build up the great sport of the trap than any other gun club.

What club was it that four seasons ago started the added money scheme with $500 in '92, then $1,000 in '93, then $1,000 in '94, than $1,500 in '95, or a grand total of $4,000 in four seasons?

Now, boys, show up your record; and see where you "air at" and where you ought "to be at."

We wonder if the dealers and manufacturers fully appreciate the past and present efforts of the club for their profit.

We know, we are glad to say, that the vast concourse of gentlemen who attend our annual meetings are pleased and happy beyond question with our endeavors to give them a shoot that is "equalled by none." They all say so, so don't get "green-eyed," my brother shootists. A shoot that one can go to and be treated as a gentleman, and where dropping for place (the now agitating question of the day) is but little known but by few and far between scores—thanks to Mr. Fulford for his compliments, as well as all others.

Now, to the dealers and manufacturers we say we are going to give them a chance soon to see how very liberal they can be toward advancing the cause, and say by their —— how they appreciate the efforts of the club, backed up for May '95 by over 100 of the representative shooters this country can produce. Dealers and manufacturers who are friends of the club, come to the aid and assistance of a club which has been the direct and indirect medium of putting thousands of dollars in your pockets by increased sales of ammunition supplies!

We are glad to note in the past a few liberal friends; but this season of '95 the club wants the largest meeting ever held in this country. The scheme, you say?

The club adds $1,500, 100 men will give $10 each, making $1 000, and now all we ask is for ten manufacturers to subscribe the small proportion, $500, making a grand total of $3,000 added money. Who are the first to put themselves on record and show by gift and deed they are our friends? Our friends the shooters (those 74 men enrolled on the famous list), what say you? Don't you think you are entitled to some consideration? Our friends the dealers and manufacturers, what say you? Will it not be money well spent for the good will of over 100 representative men of this country? Now, I am sure such an appeal will not go unnoted, because the time is ripe and the cause just for the best meeting ever given by any club. Our club has the entire confidence of the shooting fraternity at large of knowing how to run a tournament conducted upon business principles. The Knoxville Gun Club was the only club for years that had "the sand" to add $1,000 to its purses. When other clubs saw our success and consulted our methods, they commenced in '94 to go and do likewise. This season of 1895 has ushered in, so far, more large added money events than ever before known in the history of trap-shooting. Such are some of the good results that have been brought to light by the direct influence of the Knoxville Gun Club.

The club feels proud to be enabled to say that such results are due to the great labor not only of the club members, but also of its many friends over the whole country by their always saying a good word for our boys. And our boys always feel toward them the very kindliest feelings of gentlemanly sportsmen, as the aid of all the shooters is needed to make a meeting a success. With the assistance of the boys in May, '95, our meeting will be "a daisy."

Already 74 names are enrolled on the $10 list, payable March 1, 1895 (send it to R. Van Gilder, secretary). All who want to get on that list, and for $10 be able to participate in a $3,000 shoot, had better hustle along mighty quick with their names, as *no one will be allowed to shoot who is not down on the list and has paid his* $10. *This is final.* Boys, you know what that means. Don't delay the game, but send in your names at once, if you are coming to Knoxville.

But to other matters pertaining to the club. The accompanying table is self-explanatory:

One Certificate Weekly 25 bluerocks, known traps, unknown angles	Weekly Certificate Wins.	Challenge Wins.	Challenge Loss	Order Merit: Certificate Left.	Order Merit: Total No. Certificate Won.	Average Per cent. Weekly Wins.	Average Per cent. Challenge Wins.	Mean Average. Per cent: Weekly and Challenge, Wins.
J W Conner	15	26	16	25	41	95.20	93.00	94.10
R Van Gilder	13	23	14	22	36	93.85	94.61	94.23
A E Mead	8	18	21	5	26	96.50	95 32	95 91
S Van Gilder	2	10	12	0	12	88.00	89 25	88.63
F A Morris	3	1	4	0	4	92.00	79.00	85.50
E H DePew	2	0	2	0	2	92.00	92.00	92.00
S B Dow	2	0	2	0	2	92.00	92 00	92 00
C Ross	2	4	6	0	6	90.00	94.00	92.00
J M Ross	1	0	1	0	1	90 00	90.00	90.00
D Lindsay	1	0	1	0	1	96 00	96 00	96.00
F S Mead	1	0	1	0	1	96 00	96 00	96.00
L D Tyson	1	0	1	0	1	96.00	96 00	96.00
J W Slocum	1	0	1	0	1	76.00	76 00	72 00
Summary	52	82	82	52	134	.....	.....	.....

The club decided at the '94 meeting to hold weekly shoots and issue a certificate of merit to the highest score made. The member holding at the end of the year the greatest number of certificates won to be given $50. Any holder of a certificate could be challenged by any other certificate owner upon depositing with the secretary a challenge fee of 50 cents for second and third prizes. This plan has done more to create rivalry and interest than any yet devised. Upon examination of the table we find the following winners:

John W. Conner, first prize, $50, holding 25 certificates.

R. Van Gilder, second prize, $35, holding 22 certificates.

A. E. Mead, third prize, $6, holding 5 certificates.

The fight for first place was close between Conner and Van Gilder, Van Gilder holding up to the last two shoots 25 certificates to Conner's 18. Conner, by magnificent form, breaking 216 out of 225, won 7 certificates on different challenges, and reduced Van Gilder to 23 to his 25, which, with only one more shoot, virtually gave him the match, amid much excitement and applause, as such form is rarely shown.

A further examination of the table shows that A. E. Mead has developed some (?) speedy shooting. The table shows his percentage is highest for the number of his wins. A further examination shows that Conner and Van Gilder shot at 1,925 targets and averaged 94.16 per cent.—a pretty fair average for any two amateurs. Mead comes along with 95.91 per cent. at 650 targets; or making the three men shooting at 2,575 targets averaging 94.75 per cent. What club can show up to this bona fide record? All who have shot at the targets as thrown on our grounds know they are screamers. Ask them.

But I must bring to a close this resume of the Knoxville Gun Club for the year of '94, else the editor of this great and most enjoyable companion to the sportsman may grow aweary and consign this "much ado about nothing" to the waste basket.

Brother secretaries, send in your reports, as we all like to read what you are doing especially to build up this great sport of trap-shooting. I am sure the columns of this paper are alwa s open to news of interest. R. VAN GILDER, Sec'y.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Jan. 5.—The following scores were made at our regular monthly club shoot this afternoon:

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Richmond	0101011110011110111101111—18
James	1111011110111111110111111—22
Paul	1111000111111111110011111—20
Huck	1110111111010011111111111—21
Krebs	1111110010100101111010111—17
Burgess	0101000001110110111000111—13
Jeanneret	0101101101011110001101110—15
MacKay	0101000111011111001100111—15
Van Dyke	1111111110111111110110111—22
Hobart	1111111111101111110111111—23

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Van Dyke 8, Hobart 6, Richmond 6, Huck 8, Paul 5, Jeanneret 4, MacKay 4.

No. 2, same: Richmond 9, Huck 8, MacKay 7, Hobart 7, Paul 6, Van Dyke 10, Burgess 4, Hutchins 3.

No. 3, 10 targets, everything known: Hobart 7, Paul 6, Van Dyke 8, MacKay 4, Huck 9, Jeanneret 6.

No. 4, 10 targets, expert rules: Hobart 10, Van Dyke 8, MacKay 6, Paul 4, Burgess 4, Huck 7, Jeannerette 7.

No. 5, 10 targets: Richmond 6, MacKay 6, Hobart 8, Paul 9, Van Dyke 8, Huck 9, Jeanneret 6. WM. H. HUCK, Sec.

Live Birds at Willard Park, N. J.

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 7.—The following sweep was shot at Willard Park on Jan. 5:

Four-cornered match, 25 live birds. $25 entrance:

Eddie Morgan (28)	2211122121212111022222O*—22
T W Morfey (35)	0112221222222112222202O*2—21
Jones (28)	22221*111022220122*111*2*—19
J L Brewer (35)	021*0222222**2201222w —14

DUTCHER.

Rye Gun Club.

RYE, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot brought out a goodly number of shooters, chiefly gentlemen from Stanford, Bridgeport, Coscob and Yonkers, who as usual made the leading scores. The 10-target match shoot between P. Eat and "Captain" was won by the Captain in a walk. The Captain surprised all of the boys, including P. Eat with his easy manner of shooting, "gun below elbow" style. P. Eat, as loser, had to pass around the cigars, remarking that he was an easy mark this time, but look out for the results of the next match. Scores:

Five birds:	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
S Gedney	12000—2	01002—2	....
J Moller	10210—3	01100—2	12002—3
L Ganum	01022—3	10002—2	10020—2
H Hill	21120—4	12211—5	....
G Valentine	11121—5	00211—3	....
E J Pope	....	....	12201—4
H Billington	....	....	012**—2

No. 4, same: Sanger 5, Valentine and Hill 4, Lockwood 3, Moller 2.

Target events were as follows:

No. 1, 3 pairs: Hill 4, Ganum and Valentine 3, Moller and Gedney 2, Pope 1.

No. 2, 5 targets: Hill 5, Valentine 4, Moller 3, Ganum 1, Gedney 0.

No. 3, 10 targets: Lockwood 9, Valentine 8, Sanger 7, Moller and Hill 6, Anthes and "Granger" 5, Field and Hodgins 4, J. Gedney 1.

No. 4, 10 targets: Sanger 9, Valentine 8, "Granger" 7, Hill 6, Lockwood, Billington and Pope 5.

No. 5, Match, 10 targets: "Captain" 7, P. Eat 3.

Jan. 3.—The match shoot at 15 live birds between Mr. Lewis and "Doctor," two prominent members of the Park City,

Bridgeport (Conn.) Gun Club was shot on the club grounds Jan. 3 and was won by Mr. Lewis. A large number of the Bridgeport and Coscob gun clubs' members witnessed the match and entered the sweepstake target events which followed:

Ten targets, Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association rules:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Hill	1010111010—6	0111101101—7
Longdon	1011110011—7	.....
Lockwood	1111101010—7	1010111110—7
Lewis	0001010010—3	0111011111—8
Beers	1000001000—2	1101011111—8
Thomas	0101001111—6	1100001111—6
Wheeler	1000101111—6	1101111011—8
Tuttle	1101101001—6	0111110101—7
Blakeslee	1001111100—6	.....
Cummings	0011010101—5	1110110100—6
Clarkson	0001011100—4	1000100000—2

A sweep at 4 live birds was also shot, the following being the scores: Beers 3, Tuttle 1, Cummings 0. E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

The Cleveland Programme.

The programme for the second annual tournament of the Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company, of Cleveland, O., is to hand, even at this early date. It is composed of such material that it is likely to be read and re-read many a time before June 19-21, the dates of this tournament.

Seven pages are devoted to what is practically a review of the history of target shooting in this country, together with many valuable hints as to running tournaments, getting up gun clubs, etc. This makes good reading, and Paul North has handled his subject well, and has illustrated his work with some capital half-tones. The cut of "A Model Trap House," alone is worth a good deal as a hint to gun clubs how to make a practically safe, and at the same time, neat trap house. The one in the illustration is now in use on the grounds of the Rochester (N. Y.), Rod and Gun Club.

The events in each day's programme are precisely similar; Nos. 1-4, 15 target events; Nos. 5-8, 20 target events; unknown angles and a uniform entrance fee in each and every event. The programme thus provides for 140 shots for $24. On the first day $250 is added; $340 on the second, and $380 on the third; a total of $970. In addition to this amount special prizes are offered, details of which appear below. These prizes bring up the total of added money to $1,200. The following are the rules and regulations governing the tournament:

Shooting will commence promptly at 8.30 A. M. each day. Latest revised A. S. A. rules (rapid fire) to govern, except that ten gauge guns will shoot from reverse traps; that is, contestant standing at No. 1 will have No. 5 trap sprung; at No. 2 score, No. 4 trap; at No. 3 score, No. 3 trap; at No. 4 score, No. 2 trap; and at No. 5 score, No. 1 trap.

All shooting will be at known traps and unknown angles. There will be no handicap applied to events No. 1, 2, 3 and 4, each day. Events No. 5, 6, 7, and 8, each day, will be shot under the Blue Rock handicap, as described elsewhere in programme.

No dropping for place will be tolerated, and we mean it.

A $50 diamond watch charm will be given for best average in all events. No one barred. Fifteen cash prizes of $10 each ($150) will be given to the next fifteen high averages in all events. Manufacturers' agents will be barred from winning any of these prizes.

We would request contestants to enter for all day, the first thing in the morning, and, as far as possible, to make up squads and shoot together during the day, as this greatly facilitates the running of a tournament. If, for any reason, any one desires to drop out, entrance money for all uncontested events will be refunded.

Chamberlain cartridges of all kinds will be for sale on the grounds at reasonable prices. Write for instructions in regard to special railroad rates. Traps will be open for practice, Tuesday, June 18. American House, headquarters, rates, $2 to $3 per day.

The Climax Club's Tournament.

The two days' tournament of the Climax Club, which was held at Plainfield, N. J., on Jan. 10 and 11, would have been a very great success had the weather on the first day been anything like decent. When 17 shooters can be found who will be willing to enter in a 25 target race and stand outside in a driving rain there is surely something for a club to be proud of. Thursday, Jan. 10, was about as bad a day as it possibly could be; dull, lowering sky, driving rain, and a wind that at times almost approached the dignity of a gale, was the distinguishing feature of the weather.

Among those present were: The Bennett Bros. from Boston; Oscar Dickey, Wellington, Mass.; B. "LeRoy" Woodward, Brockton, Mass.; V. D. Kinesson and J. T. Mascroft, Worcester, Mass.; H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro', Mass.; Rollo O. Heikes, "the Daddy of them all;" F. V. Van Dyke, Charlie Helbane, "Dutchy" Smith, Neaf Apgar, "T. K." Keller, Tom Brantingham (still thinking about his New London, Conn., trip last September), W. R. Hobart, W. N. Drake, W. Fred Quimby, M. F. Lindsley, Dr. Jackson, W. H. Manning, president of the Climax Club, etc.

So bad was the weather that the management proposed several times to stop shooting, but the boys said "No, we're here to shoot; let's keep at it." J. T. Mascroft, "the Mayor of Sutton," as he is duly entitled, helped materially to enliven the day's proceedings. By dint of some good shooting he beat T. H. Keller in a private match which was shot off in the 25 target race. The honors are now even, Keller having won at Worcester; the stakes are $12.50 a side, and the only condition is that the match must take place whenever they meet at any tournament during 1895, the result depending upon their scores in the 25 target race on the day's programme.

Scores for the first day on the programme events are given below, over 3,000 empire targets being thrown during the day:

No. 7, 25 targets, $3:

Keller	1110011101110111111111010—19
Jones	0110111111111111101111101—21
Dickey	1101100111111011011111010—18
LeRoy	1110111111111111110111101—22
Kennerson	1111111111011110111101111—22
Van Dyke	1100111111101111111100101—19
Heikes	1111111111111111111111110—24
Mascroft	0011111101111011111111111—21
Wheeler	1110110111101111101111111—21
Hobart	0011111111010111110011111—19
Morfey	0001111111111111111110101—20
Hebbard	1101011111111001001000011—15
Drake	1110110101111101111111110—20
Lindsley	1010001100001011110110111—14
Miller	1011111011001101110100011—16
Jackson	1010100111110111101110101—17
Hunt	1011110011101111011101101—18
Smith	1000010011101101111011111—16
Apgar	1111111101011101111111111—22

No. 2, 10 targets, $1.20: Heikes 7, Mascroft 10, Wheeler 9, Brantingham 10, Hobart 8, Drake 9, Keller 9, Jones 10, Dickey 10, LeRoy 10, Kennerson 9, Van Dyke 9, Manning 7, Shaaber 9, Hebbard 9, Smith 5, Bennett 8.

No. 3, 15 targets, $1.80:

Keller	111111011111110—13	Shaaber	001101011111111—11
Jones	111111111111111—15	Manning	111101111101110—12
Dickey	111111111111111—15	Hebbard	011111101111110—12
LeRoy	111111011010111—12	Bennett	111100011111100—10
Kennerson	010111111011111—12	Smith	011011110110111—11
Van Dyke	111111011101111—13	Heikes	111111111111111—15
Hobart	110111111111111—14	Mascroft	110111110111101—12
Brantingh'm	111101110110110—11	Wheeler	011111111111111—14
Drake	101011111111110—12		

No. 4, 10 targets, unknown angles: Keller 9, Jones 8, Dickey 7, LeRoy 10, Kennerson 8, Van Dyke 10, Heikes 10, Mascroft 6, Wheeler 9, Hobart 7, Brantingham 7, Manning 6, Bennett 9, Drake 9, Shaaber 4, Smith 7.

No. 5, 20 targets, $2.40:

Keller	11011111111011101111—17
Jones	11010111010111111111—16
Dickey	11111101111110111111—18
LeRoy	10111101111111110011—16
Kennerson	11110101111111111110—17
Van Dyke	11111111111111111111—20
Heikes	11111111111111110111—19
Mascroft	11001111111111111111—18
Wheeler	11111111111111111110—19
Brantingham	11011111111111011001—16
Hobart	11111001101110111111—16
Manning	01011100010111111110—13
Shaaber	11111011111111111111—19
Bennett	01111010110001110101—12
Drake	11101111010001011111—14
Smith	11111011100011111111—17

No. 6, 15 targets, $1.80, expert rules, use of both barrels:

Keller	111121121211211—15	Brantingh'm	111011001111011—11
Jones	001010002001112— 7	Hobart	111111211101121—14
Dickey	111110210010111—11	Quimby	110222101102100—10
LeRoy	111120121111111—14	Miller	210111220100111—11
Kennerson	112110001011120—10	Woodruff	011211112111011—13
Van Dyke	111112211111111—15	Smith	111000112100 — 7
Heikes	211211111121111—15	Bennett	101111112111101—13
Mascroft	011010110110112—10	Jackson	112111110021022—12
Wheeler	121011210211101—12		

No. 1, 10 targets, $1.20: Keller 10, Jones 9, Dickey 7, LeRoy 8, Kennerson 8, Van Dyke 7, Heikes 6, Mascroft 9, Wheeler 10, Brantingham 8, Shaaber 6, Smith 8, Manning 7, Bennett 8, Drake 7, Hobart 10, Hebbard 8.

Second Day.

This day's programme contained three live bird events—a Jersey sweep, a six bird race, $5 entry, and a $1 miss and out sweep for a horse valued at $65. In the latter event no shooter was entitled to shoot off more than five chances. As it was darkness put a stop to the shooting when there were 19 clean scores of 7 birds each, divided as follows: Bennett 4, Kenesson 3, Wheeler 3, Mascroft 2, Astfalk, Heikes, Dickey, Elliott, D. Terry, LeRoy, Dickson, Folsom and J. Benner 1 each. There were altogether 30 shooters who took between them 77 chances. The names of these shooters, together with their handicaps, were as follows: John Lee (25), T. H. Keller (27), J. T. Mascroft (26), Charlie Zwirlein (29), Eddie Hill (31), Van Dyke (31), N. Astfalk (26), Folsom (27), Bennett (29), Goodman (25), Hobart (28), Dickey (30), Heikes (30), J. A. R. Elliott (32), V. S. Kennerson (27), "Dutchy" Smith (29), M. F. Lindsley (30), H. G. Wheeler (28), B. LeRoy Woodward (29), W. Terry (27), Scott Terry (28), W. Fred Quimby (30), J. Benner (26), D. Terry (29), W. Drake (29), Wood (26), Dickson (28), Aaron Woodruff (31), Geo. H. Taggart (29), Turner (26). Some of these handicaps seem a little hard on certain of the shooters, but then it is always a difficult matter to correctly place men in a hurry. The scores in the other two events follow:

No. 1, 4 birds, $3; No. 2, 6 birds, $5:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Jones	0222—3	011*20—3	Smith	2222—4	111221—6
Heikes	2211—4	211111—6	Keller	2111—4	111121—6
LeRoy	2212—4	222220—5	D Terry		110212—5
Mascroft	1210—3	022202—4	Van Dyke		202122—5
Kennerson	0202—2	011222—5	Hobart		*02222—4
Dickey	1112—4	122122—6	Thomas		101112—5
Wheeler	2120—3	121212—6	Lee		*12000—2
Bennett	2222—4	221212—6	Zwirlein		011111—5
Elliott	1222—4	220222—5	Hill		221121—6

No. 3, miss and out, $1 entrance, no one shooter to take more than five chances; horse valued at $65 donated, and all surplus added: Turner 0, Lee 4, Keller 1, Mascroft 0, Zwirlein 0, Hill 2, Hill 0, Van Dyke 0, Astfalk 7, Folsom 3, Bennett 1, Goodman 2, Hobart 0, Dickey 5, Heikes 7, Elliott 0, Lee 5, Keller 6, Mascroft 7, Zwirlein 4, Kenerson 7, Hill 5, Van Dyke 1, Astfalk 3, Dutchy 5, Lindsley 0, Bennett 7, Dickey 7, Elliott 7, Kenerson 7, Lee 3, Keller 1, Mascroft 0, Dutchy 2, Bennett 7, Kenerson 7, Keller 5, Mascroft 1, Dutchy 5, Bennett 7, Kenerson 3, Keller 6, Mascroft 7, Dutchy 3, Bennett 7, Kennerson 2, Wheeler 5, LeRoy 5, W. Terry 1, Scott Terry 1, Quimby 5, Folsom 7, Benner 7, D. Terry 7, Drake 2, Wood 0, Dickson 2, Wheeler 3, LeRoy 5, Benner 0, Wood 4, Dickson 7, Wheeler 7, LeRoy 0, Benner 6, Wheeler 7, LeRoy 7, Benner 6, Wheeler 7, LeRoy 0, Zwirlein 5, Taggert 0, Quimby 3, Taggert 0, Taggert 1. (Woodruff took two chances, but declared forfeit on learning his handicap.)

Live Bird Scores in 1894.

Below will be found a table giving the date, place, number of birds shot at by each side, and winners' and losers' scores of all the important live bird events in 1894. The Carver—Elliott series; the run of victories scored by R. A. Welch, of Philadelphia, in defense of the Riverton (N. J.) Challenge Plate; T. W. Morfey's 13 wins without a single loss credited to him—all these results and many others will be found tabulated below:

Date.	*Place.*	*Winner's Score.*	*Loser's Score.*	*Shot at.*
Jan.				
9..	Marion, N. J.	N.J. 18-men team, 229	Kings Co. 18 men, 215	270
16..	Paterson, N. J.	T. W. Morfey..... 36	T. C. Wright..... 35	50
20..	Norfolk, Va.	Neaf Apgar..... 82	"Dutchy" Smith. 75	100
25..	Utica, N. Y.	A. S. Hunter..... 86	Dr. W. H. Booth. 81	100
Feb.				
1..	Dexter Park, L. I.	Newark, 14 men..120	Parkway G.C., 14..100	140
17..	Riverton, N. J.	New York team: Fred Hoey...35 Capt. Money.33 Geo. Work...34 E. Murphy..35—137	Philadelphia team: Macalester 24 H.Y. Dolan.28 R. A. Welch.26 T. Dando...28—106	200
19..	Utica, N. Y.	A. S. Hunter..... 94	Dr. W. H. Booth. 87	100
21..	Willard Park, N.J.	T. W. Morfey..... 38	J. Outwater. 35	50
Mch.				
2..	Babylon, L. I.	New York team: Fred Hoey..47 Capt. Money 37 Geo. Work...42 E. Murphy .42—168	Philadelphia team: Macalester.46 H.Y. Dolan38 R.A. Welch.37 T.S. Dando.44—165	200
3..	Morristown, N. J.	E. D. Fulford..... 47	Frank Class..... 46	50
8..	Central City, Neb.	J. C. Read..... 68	W. S. Duer 62	75
15..	Willard Park, N.J.	T. W. Morfey..... 38	T. C. Wright..... 34	50
15..	Riverton, N. J.	C. Macalester....176	George Work....169	200
21..	Willard Park, N. J.	T. W. Morfey..... 44	Gus Greiff..... 33	50
23..	Marion, N. J.	A. Woodruff..... 73	"Dutchy" Smith. 71	100
23..	Carteret Club	L. Thompson 91 Fred Hoey....85—176	Geo. Work...91 C.Macalester 79—170	200
24..	Larchmont Club	L. T. Duryea..... 87	J. P. Knapp..... 82	100
25..	St. Louis, Mo.	J. E. Haggerty... 90	M. C. Brown..... 85	100
27..	Doylestown, Pa.	Keystone S. L. of Phila., 10 men..114	Doyleston G. C., 10-men team..102	150
29..	Babylon, L. I.	Fred Hoey....97 L. Thompson 93—190	C.Macalester 94 Geo. Work....93—187	200
April.				
2..	Willard Park, N. J.	T. W. Morfey..... 41	A. Willey..... 39	50
3..	Willard Park, N.J.	J. L. Brewer..... 86	A. Willey..... 85	100
*5-6	Dexter Park, L. I.	T. W. Morfey..... 35	Capt. Money 2d.. 34	37
6..	Watson's Park	O. Von Lengerke. 43	Dr. Frothingham 38	50
9..	Dexter Park, L. I.	Wolstencroft. 91 Neaf Apgar..88—179	T. Peacock..90 R. O. Heikes. 81—171	200
13-14.	Tuxedo, N. J.	Geo. Work..... 96	Seven entries....	100
14..	Willard Park, N.J.	T. W. Morfey..... 88	"Tampa"..... 85	100
20..	Willard Park, N.J.	T. W. Morfey..... 44	J. H. Outwater.. 40	50
25..	Fanwood, N. J.	Scott Terry..... 42	Dohart..... 40	50
May.				
4..	Riverton, N.J. (Riverton Chal. Plate)	Fred Hoey..... 56	F. G. Moose, 2d. 55	59
19..	Chicago, Ill. (Prairie Gun Club trophy)	R. Merrill..... 25	43 entries.....	25
26..	Hollywo'd, N.J. (Riverton Plate)	Geo. Work..... 92	T. S. Dando..... 85	100
28..	Richmond, Va.	E. D. Fulford.... 48	W. T. Mitchell.. 47	50
June.				
2..	Hollywood, N. J. (Riverton Plate)	R. A. Welch..... 84	George Work.... 83	100
4..	Riverton, N. J (Riverton Plate)	R. A. Welch..... 91	Fred Hoey..... 90	100
4..	Chicago, Ill. (B. of T. Diamond Badge)	H. Ehlers..... 35	69 entries.....	53
6..	Chicago, Ill. (Ward & Co. Diamond Trophy	J. J. Smith..... 15	51 entries.....	15
16..	Utica, N. Y. (Dean Richmond Trophy)	New Utrecht G. C. Sykes .....17 C. Furguson, Jr 19 G. Nostrand..20— 56	2d Oneida Co. S. A. H. L. Gates..18 Mayhew.....16 E. D. Fulford 20— 54 (12 entries.)	6
21..	Morristown, N. J.	J. L. Brewer..... 96	F. P. Class..... 91	100
30..	Rutherford, N. J.	J. H. Outwater... 44	C. F. Lenone.... 43	50
July.				
12..	Kansas City, Mo.	Elliott..... 96	Carver..... 95	100
13..	Kansas City, Mo.	Carver..... 94	Elliott..... 92	100
14..	Kansas City, Mo.	Carver..... 95	Elliott..... 94	100
19..	Matteawan, N. J.	J. L. Brewer (12ga. 30yds.)..... 91	Van Brackle (10ga. 26yds.)... 91	100
31	Saratoga, N. Y.	H. R. Sweny..... 45	Ned Garrison.... 43	50
Aug.				
2..	Riverton, N. J. (Riverton Plate)	R. A. Welch..... 98	J. Wolstencroft.. 89	100
8..	Riverton, N.J. (Riverton Plate)	R. A. Welch..... 91	T. S. Dando..... 90	100
22..	Riverton, N.J. (Riverton Plate)	R. A. Welch..... 91	L. Finletter..... 90	100
24	Altoona, Pa. (Williamsport Trophy)	R. A. Welch..... 35	2d Brensinger... 34 (24 entries.)	35
24..	Altoona, Pa. (L. C. Smith Trophy)..	Keystone S. League R. A. Welch...15 J Wolstenc't.14 W. Wolstenc't.15— 44	2d Heron Hill G. C. A. H. King...15 J. O'H. Denny.15 F. H. Denny.13— 43	45
Sept.				
3..	Willard Park, N. J.	T. W. Morfey..... 93	C. F. Lenone.... 86	100
3..	Riverton, N.J. (Riverton, Plate)	R. A. Welch..... 87	J. H. Davis..... 85	100
15..	Kansas City	Elliott..... 99	Carver..... 91	100
17..	Kansas City	Elliott..... 95	Carver..... 93	100
18..	Kansas City	Elliott..... 96	Carver..... 95	100
22..	St. Louis, Mo.	Crosby..... 95	Carver..... 93	100
23..	St. Louis, Mo.	Carver..... 95	Crosby..... 89	100
24..	St. Louis, Mo.	Carver..... 95	Crosby..... 92	100
26..	Riverton, N.J. (Riverton Plate)	R. A. Welch..... 89	W. C. Downing.. 80	100
Oct.				
1..	Burnside, Ill.	J. J. Smith..... 43	R. S. Mott..... 42	50
11..	Kansas City, Mo.	Carver..... 94	Elliott..... 92	100
12..	Kansas City, Mo.	Elliott..... 100	Carver..... 99	100
13..	Kansas City, Mo.	Elliott..... 99	Carver..... 93	100
13..	Brunswick, N. Y.	A. C. Stone..... 30	W. M. Smythe... 26	35
15..	Des Moines, Ia.	Carver..... 95	C. W. Budd..... 88	100
16..	Des Moines, Ia.	Budd..... 92	Carver..... 81	100
18..	Morristown, N. J.	F. Class..... 35	Hill 33	50
24..	Dexter Park, L. I.			
25..	(Empire City H'c'p)	F. Van Dyke, J. G. Knowlton, T. C. Wright... 25	51 entries.	
29..	Yardville, N. J.	Eddie Hill..... 44	Frank Class..... 43	50
30..	Carteret Club	George Work..... 98	J. L. Brown.. ... 97	100
Nov.				
8..	Country Club (Westchester, N.Y.)	Unfinished. Page 159 out of 191 Brokaw 156 out of 192		200
13..	Hollywood, N. J.	G. Work (21ys. b'y) 91	L. S. Thompson. 82	100
16.†	Burnside, Ill. (Champ'ns'p U.S.)	George Kleinman 91	2d, J. L. Brewer. 89	100
16..	Yardville, N. J	T. W. Morfey..... 93	Eddie Hill..... 92	100
17..	Burnside, Ill.	Chas Grimm..... 86	Carver..... 84	100
19..	Burnside, Ill.	Carver..... 95	R. S. Mott..... 89	100
19..	Burnside, Ill.	Carver..... 90	George Kleinman 87	100
20..	Burnside, Ill.	Carver..... 82	J. J. Smith..... 77	100
22..	Peoria, Ill.	W. T. Irwin..... 87	Gus Walpert..... 86	100
22..	Pittsburgh, Pa.	J. O'H. Denny... 83	John Shafer..... 77	100
24..	Peoria, Ill.	W. T. Irwin..... 79	Gus Walpert..... 78	100
24..	Woodlawn, L. I.	Capt. A.W. Money 45	C. Furguson, Jr.. 35	50
28..	Yardville, N. J.	Eddie Hill..... 87	J. H. Dilts..... 72	100
29..	Springfield, Ill.	W. T. Irwin..... 42	Capt. Bogardus.. 40	50
30..	Ridgefield, N. Y.	H. R. Sweny..... 81	J. B. Sanders.... 71	100
Dec.				
5..	Carteret Club	Capt. Money..... 86	J. Seaver Page. 84	100
6..	Riverton, N. J. (Riverton Plate)	R. A. Welch..... 79	T. S. Dando..... 63	100
6..	Country Club (Westchester, N.Y.)	E. C. Potter...86 W. S. Edey....91—167	W. G. Brokaw. 82 C. O. Iselin..80—162	200
8..	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joe Glesenkamp. 81	S. H. Vandergrift. 79	100
8.‡	Carteret Club	J. Seaver Page... 81	Capt. Money..... 77	97
12..	Burnside, Ill.	Chas. Grimm..... 96	Carver..... 93	100
13..	Burnside, Ill.	Carver..... 89	Grimm 83	100
13..	Earle's Half-Way House	Aaron Woodruff. 86	Frank Batsch... 83	100
15..	Pittsburgh, Pa.	T. Hostetter..39 D. Hostetter..38— 77	Glesenkamp. 42 S. Vandergr't 30— 72	100
17..	Altoona, Pa.	T. W. Morfey..... 95	W. G. Clark..... 86	100
19..	Paterson, N. J.	T. W. Morfey..... 90	W. G. Clark..... 82	100
20.§	Morristown, N. J.	Brewer..... 40		50
20..	Pittsburgh, Pa.	T. Hostetter..... 84	Joe Glesenkamp, 76	100
21..	Babylon, L. I.	Fred Hoey..... 93	N. C. Reynal..... 89	100
21..	Yardville, N. J.	T. W. Morfey..... 94	W. G. Clark.. ... 88	100
26..	Country Club	N.C. Reynal..... 89	Fred Hoey..... 87	100
28..	Oskaloosa, Ia.	Carver..... 92	Marshall..... 90	100

*Grand American Handicap, 53 entries.

† Other entries: Carver, Grimm, Elliott, Bingham, Mott and Budd.

‡ This match was concluded on Dec. 19.

§ In this match Brewer was backed to kill 46.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

The following is a copy of Secretary W. R. Hobart's annual report, which will be read at the fourth annual meeting of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, which will be held Jan. 21 at 1 P.M. at the office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, 312 Broadway, New York:

During the period covered by this report there have been one meeting of the delegates and five of the governing committee. At the former, which was held at the office of the W. Fred Quimby Co., the clubs represented were the Union, Endeavor, South Side and Maplewood. Mr. Miller of Union presided. Applications for membership were received from Climax of Plainfield and Brunswick of New Brunswick, and those clubs were duly elected members. Mr. P. A. Jeanneret of Boiling Springs, the president of the previous year, tendered his resignation, which was accepted with regrets. The election of officers and governing committee resulted in the choice of Messrs. R. M. Pettitt, Brunswick, President; W. R. Hobart, South Side, Secretary-Treasurer; E. D. Miller, Union, Manager, and C. W. McPeek, Endeavor, and S. B. Tillou, Maplewood, Governors. The first tournament of the season was to take place in February, and the choice of club to hold the same fell to the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City. The other meetings were held on the grounds of the various clubs, and were simply for the drawing of the clubs to hold the following tournaments:

The tournaments held during the year were Feb. 28, on the grounds of the Endeavor, at which all the teams were present and 4,205 targets were thrown; March 22, Maplewood, had all the teams, and 3,225 targets scored; South Side drew the next tournament, which was held on April 26-27, the teams shooting on the second day, the targets thrown being 2,185 and 4,421, or a total of 6,606; May 9 was chosen by the Climax for their day, when all the teams were on hand and about 3,500 empires slid from the traps; on June 26 Union had the call, with one absent team (Myrtle Park), when 2,710 targets were thrown.

There was no tournament held in July on account of the intense heat and the absence of shooters. Brunswick drew the card but exchanged with Myrtle Park, which club held the tournament on Aug. 30, with four teams present, and the club threw about 2,000 targets; Sept. 20 was the date selected by Brunswick to hold the final contest, when seven teams were on hand and 3,500 targets scored. Total number of teams present was 45, the men composing them shooting at 5,625 targets, and the total targets thrown in sweepstakes was 20,121, or a grand total of 25,746 used in all the tournaments held by the League in 1894. The figures in some cases are approximate, in the case of the third, sixth and seventh meetings being estimated on the basis of 100 shots for each team man present. No return of this has

ever been made to the League secretary, who based the other figures on an actual count of the sweepstakes reported by the sportsmen's journals. No one who has never undertaken to get up such a report has any idea of the labor involved, and it would be a good thing if the secretaries of clubs would make a brief summary of the targets thrown in their tournaments. This would prevent mistakes and put the clubs on record.

The following is the standing of the clubs in the League contest:

Clubs.	Shot in.	Total score.	Average.	Standing.	Best five.	Average.	Standing.	Best four.	Average.	Standing.
Maplewood...	7	760	86.86	1	567	90.72	1	462	92.4	1
South Side....	7	746	85.26	2	550	88	2	444	88.8	2
Union.....	6	630	84	4	534	85.44	4	433	86.6	3
Climax.....	7	738	84.34	3	538	86 08	3	432	86.4	4
Endeavor.....	6	591	78.80	5	485	77.60	5	398	79.3	5
Myrtle Park..	6	542	72.27	7	461	73.76	7	379	75.4	6
Brunswick....	6	548	73.07	6	463	74.08	6	378	75.3	7
Total.....45		4,555	80.98		3,598	82.24		2,926	83.6	

In the above it will be seen that both the best four and best five scores have been figured. This was done because the secretary needed the advice of the governing committee before paying the prizes, and each computation alters the standing of four clubs. The by-laws require that in order to qualify a club shall shoot in one more than one-half of the total number of contests held during the season.

It is therefore necessary for the committee to decide under which computation the prizes shall be divided, the secretary believing it should be on five, as four is not one more than half seven—the number of tournaments held. The secretary would also call attention to the case of the Union Club, which shot on their teams in contests Nos. 4 and 5, men whose names did not appear on the roll. If these scores are thrown out as required by section 11 of the by-laws, it will also affect the standing of two clubs, making a tie between Climax and Union and throw Endeavor into fourth place. And if the committee decide that five scores shall be necessary for qualification Union will be disqualified. Other clubs (Maplewood and Myrtle Park) were also guilty of the same offense, but their action did not affect the result. Climax shot two men in contest No. 7, Scott and McGinty, neither of which appear on the roll, but the secretary believes them to be assumed names. The final result would not be affected, however, but it should be understood that in shooting on a team a man should be required to use his own name and so prevent confusion.

In the individual scores the shooting was of a high order in many cases, and among those who shot at 100 targets or over in the team contests, one scored over 95 per cent, seven 95.90, nine 85.90, five 80.85, four 75.80 and three 70.75. The individual scores above 90 per cent. are below in the order of merit:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Total average.	Best five.	Average.	Best four.	Av'ge.
Van Dyke.....	150	140	93.33	118	94.40	95	95
Brantingham....	175	162	92.57	119	95.20	96	96
Yeomans.....	125	114	91.25	114	91.25	93	93
Miller.....	150	136	90.66	115	92.00	93	93
Sickley.....	175	158	90.39	118	94.40	96	96
Drake.....	175	156	89.14	116	92.80	94	94
Geoffroy.....	175	157	89.71	115	92.00	94	94
Ed Collins.....	150	134	89.33	113	90.40	92	92
Hoffma.....	150	128	85 20	110	88.00	91	91
Sigler.....	150	131	87.33	112	89.60	91	91
Breintnall.....	175	152	86.86	112	89 60	90	90
Thomas.....	175	151	86.28	111	88.80	90	90

In regard to the scores kept during the year, the secretary has to say that the last was never forwarded to him by the manager, but was copied from the files of the *American Field*. The score of contest No. 6 was sent in by the courtesy of Mr. C. H. Townsend, late of FOREST AND STREAM. It is to be regretted that no solicitation of prizes was made as in previous years. At the last annual meeting the matter was generally discussed and it was requested that each delegate should interest himself in that regard.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. R. HOBART, Sec'y.

New Year's Day at Elgin, Ill.

ELGIN, Ill., Jan. 4.—Inclosed find the scores of the Elgin National Gun Club, made on the club's grounds on New Year's Day. The weather was delightful, and there should have been a much larger attendance. We were glad to see three of the cracks from Rockford, Buker, Bean and Helm, also the Dunnell brothers and Pitzen from Fox Lake, and several shooters from Aurora, Chicago and Burlington. The Rockford boys rather had the best of it, Buker breaking his 50 targets straight.

The live birds were fair flyers only, but lack of practice was apparent when our club men toed the mark. Hard times have made shoots scarce here lately.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, unknown angles, $1: Pitzen 6, B. Dunnill 10, W. H. Doe 5, McGough 7, A. W. Church 2, Kelley 5, Mallard 5, Webster 5, H. Dunnill 7, Nish 8, Fletcher 5, Tilden 6, West 7.

No. 2, same: Pitzen 8, B. Dunnell 9, Tilden 6, McGough 8, Nish 9, Doe 7, H. Dunnell 7, Mallard 4, C. Howard 7, Webster 5.

No. 3, 5 live birds, 28yds. rise, $2:

Pitzen	110*2—3	H Dunnill	11122—5
Doe	22001—3	B Dunnill	21110—4
Nish	22121—5	Tilden	01022—3
Mallard	21002—3	West	11000—2
Webster	1*122—4	Adams	21110—4
Brewer	20011—3	Church	*0010—1
McGough	0211*—3		

No. 4, 8 live birds, $3:

Pitzen	21200222—6	Adams	*0112012—5
H Dunnill	12100201—5	Nish	20*12222—6
Howard	12222*02—6	McGough	02 10110—4
Webster	10021120—5	B Dunnill	21122111—8
Buker	22101122—7	W H Doe	00112011—5
Helm	02202222—6	Church	00000001—1
Bean	12122212—8	McConnell	02112022—6

No. 5, 10 targets, $1: B. Dunnill 9, Pitzen 7, Helm 8, Buker 10, Doe 8, Adams 7, Howard 9, Bean 9, Dahlborn 6, H. Dunnill 9, Nish 10, McConnell 5, McGough 8, Tilden 6, DeWolf 6.

No. 6, 10 targets, $1: Helm 9, Doe 7, B. Dunnill 9, Nish 8, Buker 10, Adams 6, Bean 9, Howard 5, Tilden 8, Pitzen 8, De Wolf 7.

No. 7, 15 targets, $1.50:

DeWolf	011011101011111—11	Adams	101111111111111—14
Nish	111111111011111—14	Helm	111111111111111—15
B Dunnill	111111011111011—13	Bean	111111110110.0—12
Tilden	111011011001111—11	Pitzen	011011110111101—11
Buker	111111111111111—15	McConnell	110011000010.11— 8
Howard	111110110111101—12	Dahlborn	101101001101101— 9

No. 8, 15 targets, $1.50:

DeWolf	111110110111111—13	Helm	111111011011111—13
B Dunnill	111111111011101—13	Buker	111111111111111—15
Pitzen	110111101100111—11	Nish	101111110010111—11
Adams	111111110010111—12		

ELGIN.

Trap at Salt Lake.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 5.—In the course of his interesting letter from Salt Lake City, Mr. John F. Cowan has the following pleasant little comment on trap and trap-shooters in that section of the mountains. It will be news to very many.—E. HOUGH.

Away back in the seventies, when the name of Bogardus was the synonym of the champion shot of the world, and when the old plunge trap was the only one known to the pigeon shooters of America, Salt Lake boasted a shooting contingent which would be considered fast company in any land. But for some unknown cause the sport fell into disrepute, and one day a moral spasm took possession of the law-makers of Utah and they passed a act making it an offense against the law to shoot pigeons from the trap, and thus it stood until last winter, when, by a determined effort, the sportsmen of Utah had the law repealed. And as a result the interest in trap-shooting is growing rapidly. There is no place in the land more favorably situated than Salt Lake from a sportsman's standpoint. Pigeons can be had in an abundance at 25 cents per pair.

On Christmas Day a goodly number of the sportsmen from Salt Lake and vicinity assembled on the grounds, which are located on the military reservation and just below the picturesque and beautiful Fort Douglas. Mr. Brockbank, of the Salt Lake Club, furnished the birds, and a splendid lot they were. Among the visitors were the Browning brothers of Ogden, the men who for the last eight years have kept the Patent Office busy, and they do say they keep the Winchester Arms Co. broke buying their patents. It is a fact, however, that to the inventive genius of John Browning the Winchester people are indebted for every patent which has made their guns so popular in the last eight years. It started with the new breech block in their rifle in 1886, then came the single-shot rifle, then the magazine shotgun, then another magazine shotgun, and now Mr. Browning has a magazine hammerless repeater which is simply perfection. It isn't on the market yet and it may be a breach of confidence for me to mention the gun at all, as Mr. Browning was kind enough to show me the arm at his shop in Ogden. This gun works so smooth and easy that any one can use it, and when it is put on the market, which it will be shortly, you will see the king of repeaters. Both Nat and John Browning are of the quiet, unassuming type of the Western sportsman, always pleasant and mild in manner, but holy terrors when it comes to raking down geese ann ducks and grinding up bluerocks. The pigeons were a nice fresh lot, just caught, and the corkscrew curves they made as they left the traps caused the oldest shots to fall down.

The light, too, was bad—the shooting was toward the south, the bright sun shining on the snow made it very difficult to judge a towering straightaway bird. Below are the scores: M. Browning 7, Bigelow 7, Cowan 8, J. Browning 5, J. Sharf, Sr., 6, W. Young 7, Ellerbeck 3, Brockbank 7, Tremayne 8, Ward 3, Picknell 5, Sheldon 1, J. Sharf, Jr., 1.

Scattered all over the range were ready gunners, who had considerable sport picking off quite a number of the 56 birds which escaped. Without delay the second contest was opened, and this time 53 pigeons flew outside the bounds and were lost to the marksmen. The score was as follows: May 4, Anderson 8, Cowan 8, Becker 6, Brockbank 7, Tremayne 8, Ward 4, M. Browning 10, J. Browning 6, W. Young 2, J. Sharf, Jr., 6, J. Sharf, Sr., 8, Ellerbeck 4, Bigelow 5.

Then the game was switched and bluerock traps were set in position at the usual rise. Ten singles, individual sweepstakes, were the only combinations shot. The scores of the first, second and third shoots were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.		No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Cowan.....	8	10	7	W Young.....	8	..	..
J Browning.....	10	9	10	Bigelow.....	8	9	10
Sharp, Sr.....	8	7	..	Ensign.....	10	9	9
Brockbank.....	9	7	7	Ellerbeck.....	5	..	..
May.....	8	7	9	Picknell.....	8	10	8
M Browning....	10	8	9	Anderson.....	9	10	10
Sharf, Jr.....	9	7	1	Daniels.....	5	5	8
Becker.....	9	9	9				

All of the gunners but seven here dropped out and another sweepstake was shot with the following result: M. Browning 9, J. Browning 9, Bigelow 10, Becker 10, Daniels 10, Ensign 10.

JOHN F. COWAN.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

St. Louis Defeats Rochester.

The telegraphic rifle match between the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club of St. Louis and the Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club of Rochester, on the night of Jan. 10, resulted in a victory for the St. Louis men by a score of 4368 to 4105. The details, German ring target, are:

	St. Louis.										
Capt Schaaf	24	21	20	20	23	20	23	22	20	18	
	24	24	25	21	20	18	22	22	20	25	—432
Col R Buchanan	24	17	23	18	24	23	15	25	17	21	
	17	24	21	25	24	23	23	24	25	22	—435
R W Staley	21	18	25	23	18	25	20	23	18	23	
	24	18	19	20	24	25	22	22	19	22	—429
H Kephart	22	25	25	22	25	19	23	20	25	21	
	23	21	22	22	25	25	21	25	25	24	—460
L Sicher	25	20	23	19	16	21	22	24	25	19	
	24	24	21	20	15	23	23	23	19	17	—433
C Vogt, Jr	18	12	20	23	18	19	25	17	18	19	
	20	18	19	19	18	16	19	25	18	22	—382
Geo T Dunn	24	21	21	25	21	24	23	20	25	23	
	22	23	24	24	22	19	20	21	22	21	—447
A Gfeller	22	24	22	25	17	23	20	18	24	20	
	20	24	24	21	21	23	21	25	24	24	—442
F Hutchinson	23	23	25	21	25	24	25	24	18	18	
	25	25	23	20	25	22	22	14	15	22	—442
S G Dorman	23	23	22	22	21	25	21	22	24	25	
	25	25	23	24	23	21	25	25	23	24	—466—4368
	Rochester.										
C H McChesney	25	22	21	20	19	19	16	15	17	11	
	25	22	21	21	19	19	20	02	9	21	—350
W L Douglas	25	25	24	24	23	20	19	21	29	16	
	24	24	24	22	22	21	21	20	19	17	—430
C S Quick	23	23	21	21	20	20	17	18	15	16	
	25	22	22	21	21	19	10	19	18	18	—398
H M Stewart	25	25	25	23	23	23	21	20	19	15	
	24	24	20	19	19	19	18	18	16	16	—412
Thos Henley	25	24	24	22	23	22	22	22	18	14	
	24	23	21	19	18	18	18	15	15	14	—402
D S King	23	22	22	22	20	20	20	18	16	19	
	25	24	23	23	23	22	22	22	15	0	—401
S B Williams	24	24	23	22	21	20	20	18	17	12	
	22	23	22	22	21	21	21	20	19	16	—499
I H Andrews	24	24	23	24	23	22	22	21	16	16	
	25	25	25	23	22	21	20	20	19	13	—427
C L Hoyt	25	25	23	23	22	20	20	19	16	11	
	25	24	22	21	21	20	19	16	16	16	—403—4105

New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—This club held its regular shoot to-day at Zettler's. The following scores were made, off-hand, German ring target, 75ft., any rifle, sights and trigger-pull, two best scores to count, honor target:

Isbell (68)	246	245	Shorkley (65)	239	235
Herrington (66)	245	244	King (59)	238	256
Young (71)	244	242	Walters (57)	235	234
Lloyd (72)	242	241	Mason (43)	235	223
Crocker (58)	240	237			

E. R. YOUNG, Sec.

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 13.—Scores shot Saturday afternoon, German ring target, 300yds., off-hand; weather conditions fairly good. medal match, one entry only:

H M Pope	23	20	20	22	25	21	23	23	24	21	—222
J M Foote	21	15	23	21	24	23	23	18	22	22	—212
Re-entry match:											
Pope (Pope barrel, .33-43-218)	20	20	19	21	22	12	18	23	24	22	—207
	22	22	19	23	25	24	21	23	23	22	—224
	24	20	24	23	23	24	23	23	22	24	—230
Lyon (Schalke barrel, .33-40-163	23	23	25	20	21	20	19	24	19	25	—219
Foote (.32-40 Win.)	23	19	22	22	21	19	20	21	18	19	—204
	21	21	21	20	20	22	22	19	23	20	—209

H. M. POPE, Sec.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The winter gallery shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club is rapidly developing a red-hot struggle between the past masters of the club for the main chance in the final "round up" in April. Messrs. Dorrler, Ross, Holges and Flach are the high men in the race for the first place on the list of prize winners. The shoot last night was the eleventh event of the twenty-seven that comprise the whole number of shoots on the programme of the winter series. Each man in the competition is allowed five scores of ten shots each at each shoot, or 135 scores for the entire series.

The situation of affairs between the four leaders at the present moment is as follows: Dorrler, Ross and Holges are tied on a total of 13,452 points, Flach is 27 points in the rear, each man having shot 55 scores. An interesting feature in the struggle between the four is being developed by Louis Flach, who at the start was in hard luck with his rifle, being at the finish of the third shoot 65 points behind the leader. Since then he has reduced the lead to 27 points, his present position. Max Engel, one of the old veterans of the club added a little riffle to the already agitated conditions last night by making a total of 1,241 in his five scores. Up to the present time Engel has not been looked upon by the four leaders as a factor to be considered in the struggle. Engel's work created a momentary panic in the ranks of the quartette until the record was gone over to see what his position was. The research brought relief to the quartette, for Engel was far in the rear.

Flach won the championship medal with the score of 246. Engel was second with 245. Engel was high for the best single as well as the best five scores. Scores:

Champion medal, first entry: Louis Flach 246, M. B. Engle 245, M. Dorrler 244, H. Holges 243, F. C. Ross 242, B. Zettler 242, C. G. Zettler 241, Dr. Grosch 239, F. Schmidt 236, J. Blumenberg 236, H. Munz 236, H. D. Muller 234, G. Nowak 234, A. Klein 228, S. Buzzini 225, G. W. Downs 225.

Best 10-shot score: M. B. Engel 249, L. Flach 248, H. Holges 248, F. C. Ross 247, M. Dorrler 248, G. Nowak 245, B. Zettler 245, C. G. Zettler 246, F. Schmidt 242, H. D. Muller 241, Dr. Grosch 240, P. Feigel 244, H. Munz 236, A. Klein 233, S. Buzzini 235, J. Blumenberg 236, G. W. Downs 232.

Best five scores:

M B Engel	245	249	242	249	246	—1231
L Flach	246	248	248	245	242	—1229
H Holges	243	244	244	244	248	—1223
F C Ross	242	245	246	247	245	—1225
M Dorrler	244	246	248	246	248	—1232

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J., Jan. 8.—The Schlicht Rifle Club held its annual election of officers last night. The new board is as follows: J. Dedrick, Captain; G. Reichert, Assistant Captain; Gus Tribout, Secretary; Geo. Schlicht, Treasurer; Jacob Diehl, First Shooting Master; Fred Lambrix, Second Shooting Master; W. Schlicht, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Following the election came the competition for the class; the scores are appended: Geo. Lautenberger 232, Geo. Schlicht 244, C. Meper 234, Aug. Tribout 219, Fred Stambrix 220, Geo. Reichert 234, Wm. Schlicht 225, Jacob Schlicht 206, C. Schlicht 207, H. Aufderheide 219, Capt. J. Dedrick 226, Jacob Diehl 231, Aug. Meyer 231. Medal winners: Jacob Diehl, champion medal; C. Meyer, first class medal; Geo. Reichert, Second class medal; Capt. J. Dedrick, third class medal.

The Farmers Win.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Jan. 10.—The club house of the Greenville Rifle Club was the center of interest to Hudson county riflemen last night, at the first match between the Our Own Rifle Club team of Hoboken and the junior team of the Greenville Club, ten men a side. The scores are appended, 10 shots per man, German ring target: Greenville team—Agneau 231, Chorlock 228, Lutz 228, Chase 229 Graef 222, Dodds 222, Reuker 207, Gotthardt 2030, Spahn 224, E. Wuertner 220; total, 2243. Our Own team—Henken 221, Dilger 221, Kruse 235, Murray 217, Broeser 209, Seymour 193, O. Lone 199, Struhman 191, Molkenbor 193, Steuber 236; total, 2,115.

RIFLE NOTES.

The Elite Schuetzen Corps is growing in membership at a prodigious rate. The figure now stands 165. The corps begins its weekly gallery practice for 1895 on Mertz's gallery on Friday night of this week.

The New York Schuetzen Corps holds its fifth bi-monthly gallery shoot on the Zettler range on Friday night.

The first of the series of team matches between the Empire Rifle Club, of New York, and the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club, comes off on Thursday night. The contest takes place on the Greenville range.

It is reported that the shooting season for 1895 will be opened at Cypress Hill Park, Long Island, on Decoration Day (May 30). A liberal programme will be put up for the New York and visiting riflemen to compete for. It is intended to have the same style of targets that will be in vogue at the Bundes fest.

Barney Koenig says he will have the new target house and range at Glendale ready for practice shooting in the early part of April.

Work for Terriers.

SAND LAKE, MICH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If "Terrier's" dog ever follows a muskrat to his native lair it will be necessary to provide the dog with a rubber suit as he will otherwise get wet. What angler but has watched with interest these busy little water dogs, and as he became more acquainted with their habits found something worth remembering even in the humble muskrat?

As winter approaches, these untiring workers begin operations by selecting a bog or old log a few rods from shore, in about two feet of water, and gathering reeds, grass, sticks, etc., build a house thereon, resembling a small potato pit, perfectly tight at the top with an opening inside into the water, and here a nest is built just above the water line. Meanwhile another stronghold is located in the bank or shore where commodious rooms are formed, nicely lined with dry moss and leaves. This is also entered by a channel beneath the water and is the home of the family consisting from two to a dozen. Perhaps across the lake are a dozen other families with houses like the first and, approach the house on the ice ever so carefully you will hear a "plunk" and our friend has taken a header for shore.

Now if "Terrier" will persist in killing our harmless muskrat we must say, put in your dog, we'll risk our friend, and in fact we almost agree that a hole in the ice is nearly the proper place for a family with no honest vocation or visible means of support.

Why not talk of spaniels? We see very little of those lately, and this recalls our Dow—peace to his ashes, boyhood companion. I taught him and he taught me to hunt partridges, and I fancy the smile of contempt of the owners of blue blooded Irish, Gordon and plain setters and pointers when I say he was the most level-headed dog I ever knew. I could march him straight up to a covey, two steps at a time and he was always steady. In my eagerness as I cracked away at the buzzing meteors, scoring misses at every crack, he would look over his shoulder at me as if to say, "Steady yourself, you're the one that's 'rattled', what are you talking steady to me for?" and when it was all over how he would display his natureal instinct as a retriever, and as he laid the prize at my feet and looked up for the expected word of praise I could almost read his thought—"Golly! but we ought to have got a couple more, you must hold about four feet ahead of those fellows, old man." We all mourned when the dog poisoner got him, and have never owned a dog since; when we do, it will be a lemon and white spaniel with eyes that almost talk and we will name him after Dow.

JAMES H. BRAYMAN.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NON-RESIDENT DISCRIMINATIONS.

The Forest and Stream is on record as being opposed to those fish and game laws which discriminate between the citizens of different States. Broadly stated, the objection to such statutes is that being sectional in spirit and application they are contrary to the American idea. Instead of promoting among traveling sportsmen the feeling of brotherhood and citizenship in one great and common country, they nullify that sentiment and tend directly and strongly to intensify sectional jealousy. No sportsman citizen of one State may go into another State and be taxed there as a foreigner without feeling that he is a foreigner, and that the people who have imposed the non-resident tax upon him are foreigners. That this consideration is in no wise fanciful is demonstrated by the actual experience of those who have thus been subjected to such discriminations. At the meeting of the New York Association in Syracuse the other day indignation was freely expressed on the part of New York gunners who had been compelled to pay license fees in Canada for the privilege of shooting and fishing, and it was proposed to adopt retaliatory measures in order to "get even" with the Canadians. Something of this feeling has frequently been expressed by those who have gone from one State into another and have there been treated as aliens. Because of this radical and inherent objection contained in all non-resident laws, we believe that they are unwise. No matter how effective they might be for game protection, even this would not justify them if they are in essence unpatriotic and un-American.

In many instances non-resident discriminations are of the-beam-and-the-mote order. They are restrictions sought to be put on strangers by communities whose own residents know no limit to their own excesses with gun or rod. In nine cases out of ten no one thinks of outlawing the foreigner from a sister State, until the game or fish supply has been ruined, not by foreigners, but by natives. If reasonable fish and game laws, applicable to all men alike, without respect to residence, were enforced impartially and only half-way thoroughly where they are now not in effect in the slightest degree, we would never hear of non-resident restrictions. It is so much more easy to raise an outcry about the wrongs perpetrated by outsiders than it is to curb the lawlessness and greed of the folks at home.

A non-resident law will accomplish nothing which may not be secured much more effectively in other ways. If market shooters from other sections invade a country to kill its game for market, laws against shipping to market and prohibiting export from the State will afford the ample remedy. Witness Minnesota; and inquire of Executive Agent Andrus as to the market shippers who seek to evade the law of that State, and whose business has been broken up by the enforcement of the law, whether they are foreigners from other States or residents of Minnesota. If shooters who come into a State from outside kill an inordinate amount of game, limit the number of birds or quadrupeds permitted to any one gun, whether the arm be in the hands of a resident or non-resident. In short, restrictive measures, which apply to all men alike, have been found amply sufficient when enforced and in so far as enforced.

It goes without saying that game and fish are unprotected for the most part because the laws which are now on the statute book are regarded as dead letters, applicable neither to resident or non-resident. Entirely too much time and attention are expended in discussing the theoretical working of regulations which might supersede present statutes. The good which might be effected by enforcement is lost, while men are looking for other statutes which will in some miraculous way enforce themselves. Talk of the utility of non-resident laws and of taxes on guns and of various other expedients is often loudest and longest in sections where there are more than sufficient laws already to answer every purpose if they were given half a chance.

Are laws which discriminate against sportsmen from other States constitutional? This is a question which has been asked many times; and when we put it to Hon. J. M. Rose of Little Rock, Ark., the other day, like every good lawyer he refused to answer it off hand, although he himself had been chiefly instrumental in drafting such a law himself. After investigating the subject Mr. Rose expresses an opinion that some laws of this character may be constitutional and others not. Where it is expressly provided by statute, as in Arkansas, that the game and fish are the property of the commonwealth and that their taking is a privilege accorded by the State, the State may impose a non-resident limitation and it will be upheld by the courts. On the other hand where legislation is not based upon this foundation of the State's declared property right in its fish and game, a similar non-resident provision might not be upheld.

SNAP-SHOTS.

So "Piseco," in the person of Rear-Admiral Beardslee, has sailed away in the good ship Philadelphia on his mission to the Sandwich Islands. If he encounters there one of those little blue and white signs, which enjoin to "Report your luck with rod and gun to Forest and Stream, New York," and which are gradually finding their way over the civilized and uncivilized world, we hope that he will let us hear from him about the fishing out there. The last report from "Piseco" was of fishing in a Georgia River, where the mode was for the fishermen to plunge into the water and drive the prey into the nets. They do this better out in the Sandwich Islands. A native method is to dive down and place among the stones at the bottom baits of a plant named anhuhu; this intoxicates the fish and they are then caught by hand by the divers. If "Piseco" will study this mode he can give his Georgia friends points on their favorite methods.

United States Consul DeKay sends home from Germany to the State Department a report setting forth the cheapness of venison in that country, and suggesting that the same food might have a more important place in the economy of the United States if deer parks and forest preserves were established here.

Slightly Utopian, perhaps, yet the next generation may see it. The next generation is destined to witness many changes from the game conditions now prevailing; and it is by no means improbable that in those days there may be more deer confined within private parks than there will be out of it. Of one thing at least Americans appear to be convinced; this is that the time has come for him who can to get control, either individually or in association with others, of as much hunting territory as possible from which the public is to be excluded.

We invite the attention of the authorities of Idaho to the showing made in our columns to-day by a correspondent who writes from that State of the havoc the netters and jiggers and spearers have made with the trout supply. A few more seasons of this unrestrained drain on the stock will practically make the end of fishing in these waters. It is a shame and a disgrace that such things are permitted in these days of enlightenment. Idaho and every other Western State should have advanced beyond this primitive stage of improvidence just as they have advanced beyond the condition of mind which made a joke of blowing up the Indians with dynamite. It is astonishing that the Union Pacific Railway should advertise fish spearing as among the attractions for tourists.

THE CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

For some weeks past the trap columns of Forest and Stream have contained letter after letter, written by shooters of all classes and from all sections of the country, each one upholding the stand taken by this paper in the matter of the purification of trap shooting.

It cannot be denied, and never has been denied, that a considerable amount of questionable work is carried on at the tournaments of the present day. The one cry has been: "Stop it." The agitation of these few weeks has done much to strengthen the hands of the gun clubs themselves in their efforts to do away with that which robs the sport of the healthy rivalry which has had much to do with the popularity that the sport of trap-shooting now enjoys.

The call for a convention of trap-shooters to be held in this city on January 24, signed by twenty-four well-known shooters whose reputation is above suspicion, has appeared in these same columns. The feeling that something must be done to rescue this sport from becoming a purely money making machine is widespread; it is not confined to any one section.

Neither is it intended that any organization of trap-shooters, such as that contemplated in the call for the convention in question, shall be in any sense otherwise than national, in fact as well as in name. Attached to that call are the names of shooters prominent in the North and in the South, in the East and in the West. Those names are a guarantee that there will be nothing sectional in anything they may undertake to do for the present benefit and future welfare of their sport and pastime. The cause of purity at the trap may be safely left in their hands.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

The committee of the Sportsmen's Exposition make an interesting report of progress, which is printed on another page. As a business measure the association has been incorporated, and there is some probability that out of it may grow a permanent organization which, if planned and developed on right lines, cannot fail to be of direct and lasting benefit to the several interests concerned.

It is gratifying to learn that the exposition spaces are being taken up, and that manufacturers and dealers appreciating the opportunity the exposition will afford them, are preparing to make adequate and effective displays. The educational and advertising possibilities of the Sportsmen's Exposition can hardly be overestimated. In Madison Square Garden next May will be gathered thousands of visitors, intent upon seeing and studying the development of sporting goods in all the variety and perfection there set out. The effect will be not alone to stimulate the interest of those who are already enrolled in the roster of sportsmen, but to bring in a multitude of recruits to swell the army of shooters and anglers. If rightly conducted—as the list of managers gives promise that it will be—this first annual sportsmen's exposition will mark an era in the history of field sports in America.

The exposition will be in progress just at that particular season of the year at which, ever since the time

When Adam dolve and Eve span,

the thoughts of the young man and of the old lightly turn to thoughts of fishing. It will be the season to study rods and flies and all the angler's outfit; and if the tackle houses make the displays they ought, to meet this demand, we may expect to see no parts of the great exposition surrounded by denser throngs than those devoted to the angler's art. The nature of angling supplies is such that with the decorative devices which naturally accompany them, exhibits of these classes may very easily be made the most attractive and enticing in the entire exposition. In no other classes is there likely to be so immediate and generous returns as with these.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AN OUTING IN ISLAND PARK.

In days gone by I had some rare outings, as the old files of Forest and Stream bear witness, but somehow during the past few years I have felt that they did not "pan out" as of old. I sometimes, however, think the fault is in me and not in the outing. The declension of enthusiasm is one of the penalties of age, and it may be that I am beginning to suffer in this respect. I was in the full vigor of mature manhood before I took an outing worthy of the name, and that was before I ever read Forest and Stream, and I read it from the beginning. My fellow campers are beginning to call me, though irreverently, as I sometimes think, and yet truthfully, as I am bound to concede, "the old man," and not infrequently I detect the rascals planning in the kindness of their hearts how to make it "easy for the old man." "Confound you," I say on such occasions, "I can carry each of you and his load!" Nevertheless, I let the boys have their way. I appreciate their kindness and am always careful to let them know it. I am afraid that from this introduction the reader will imagine me to be older than I really am. The truth is that which I set out to say was that while my own outings of late years are not characterized by that indescribable pleasure that used to fairly make me tingle from head to heel, nevertheless I find as great pleasure in the narratives of others' outings, as printed in Forest and Stream, as I ever did. That I have so long been debtor for these narratives is my excuse for this paper.

In the summer of 1892, in company with a sportsman friend, I made the journey in a two-horse wagon from Great Falls, in Montana, down through the State and into and around the usual traversed route of the Yellowstone Park. The trip was so delightful, and the things to be seen the park were so wonderful, that I planned and carried out another trip in company with my wife and daughter the following year.

On this trip we took tickets to Beaver on the Utah and Northern road to the west of the park, whence we traveled by wagon to and through the park and thence back to the railroad at Beaver.

But it is not of the park I purpose writing at this time, however fruitful the time might prove, but of certain outing experiences I had midway between the railroad and that place. It is about three days' journey from railroad to park, and after one has traveled about forty-five miles from the former place he comes to the valley of Short Gun Creek, an affluent of Snake River. Here lives George Rae, a veteran hunter, trapper, miner, with a smart sprinkling of Indian fighter thrown in, who is, or was, in 1892 engaged in the more peaceful and prosaic business of improving his water privilege on the Shot Gun, with the view to the propagation of fish.

This Shot Gun Valley lies cradled between two cast and west parallel ranges of mountains, tha tare ten or twelve miles asunder. According to Mr. Rae it was at one time marvelously well stocked with game of all kinds peculiar to the country, but now nothing remains save a few antelope and many sage grouse. I was greatly surprise at the great plentifulness of this truly magnificent bird. About the time of our return from our park trip the females were down in the valley with their broods ready for the shooting. A party of Chicago sportsmen were at Rae's place, and I had ample opportunity to witness the slaughter of the young grouse. Their mode of hunting was for two, three or four hunters to hunt the plains in a two-horse wagon. When the ground over which they wished to hunt was reached, the dogs were sent out and the men followed, while the driver with his team brought up the rear. As the birds are shot they are thrown toward the center of the line, where they are picked up by the driver, who draws them and then throws them into the wagon. The sage hen is not difficult to shoot. It is as large or larger than a barnyard fowl, and when once up it flies straight from the hunter. It presents an easy mark to hit. By invitation I accompanied the hunters on one of their excursions. There were three guns, mine counting one. After firing sixteen cartridges, I ceased, and thence only two guns did execution. On our return after having been in the field not over three hours, if so long, there were over seventy-three birds in the wagon.

How long the sage grouse will last at the rate they were being killed off in the Shot Gun in 1892 a very few years more will determine. The birds killed by the Chicago party and not eaten by them and others at Rae's, were given to old Tom Somebody, a mossback living hard by, who hauled them over the mountain into Montana, where he sold them. But sometimes, as I was told, the birds were left in piles by the roadside to rot. It is in Idaho, as it seems to be everywhere else, no man can ever kill enough. Some of the Chicago party would shoot till it was too dark to see a bird.

But the grouse shooting was only an incident to my outing. Wife and daughter wanted to go home as soon as they had seen the park, but I did not, and so they went, and I stayed. Over the mountain from Rae's to the southward was a region known to fame as Island Park. I heard a great deal said in praise of Island Park. Snake River ran through Isiand Park, and I knew that Snake River was a superb trout stream. Geese and ducks were to be found in abundance in Island Park, everybody said, and so to Island Park I determined to go, and hired Mr. Rae to haul me and my little camping outfit over the mountains to the new promised land.

Island Park I found to be a most charming spot. It was a sort of enchanted land. Never will I forget the view as we came through the notch in the low mountain range, and looked down the valley in which clumps of pines and sage brush plains alternated, and through which the river ran, making many a loop and fold, but ever broad and shallow and fairly green with its hundreds of islands—islands ranging in size from a breakfast table to an acre. It was literally a river of islands flowing through a park-like valley, the whole as beautiful as an Eden.

Down close by the river I found a pine tree with a wide spreading top, and in the shadow of that tree I set my tent. A hundred springs, fed by the melting snows on the surrounding mountains, for all I knew, were to be found within half a mile from my home, and the nearest, seventy-five yards distant, answered my purpose. I lived alone two weeks in Island Park, and many were the hours I sat in the shadow of my pine and looked out upon the surrounding world of beauty. To the southward, rising high above the mountain range and rim, and peak, were the Tetons, their heads white with the everlasting snow, and although seventy-five miles away, through the glass could be seen the track of a great canyon, extending from the lower rim of the snowcap far down toward the base—a canyon that zigzagged its way down the tremendous heights, and whose great masses of snow and ice imprisoned within its rock walls, looked like a chalkline against the far distant background.

Island Park contained about sixty square miles, it was said, and there were living with its precincts two families and one bachelor. One family lived two miles westward from me and the other a like distance to the southward, while the bachelor, Tom Ball, lived less than three quarters of a mile away, and with him I neighbored.

I think that the best trout fishing with which I was ever blessed was in Island Park. It required but few fish for the tables of myself and Tom, but that did not stay my fishing. One, two, three and even four pound trout rose to the fly, and I had no motive for withholding my flies, but I remember my fish in mercy, and let the uninjured go as fast as they were caught.

The river was in general wide and shallow, so shallow that it was easy wading, but there was an abundance of deep water in places where the trout never failed. A mile or less below my camp a ledge of volcano crossed the stream, through which the waters rushed in a narrow channel, and below which they widened out into an extensive and deep pool. Into this I made a cast one day, and were I to tell the truth as to the hour's fishing which followed, my story would not be believed.

As I sometimes dream over my Island Park outing and come to that day's sport, I can scarcely believe the story myself. The last cast I made that year was at that place. I had on two flies, and as they fell upon the swirling water there was a splashing and a commotion, and I knew that there were two fish fast. How many failed to strike the hook I did not know. At once the fun began. All I could do was to save my rod, a seven ounce split bamboo rod, which if not of any great value had, nevertheless, served me many a good turn. There was no one to witness the sport, but I enjoyed it none the less for that. I remember that as my two captives fairly lashed the water into a foam in their efforts to escape, I "hollered," "hollered" for very joy. Presently, however, the smaller of the two kicked loose, taking the dropper with him, whereupon the other gave up the battle and allowed me to take him up on the shingle without any resistance. It was a magnificent cut throat and if it did not weigh four pounds, it ought to. I guessed it off at that and don't think I missed my guess. After examining its markings and stroking its plump body to my heart's content, I put it back to its native element with my blessings upon its head. I don't think I ever caught a fish that did me quite so much good as did that Snake River trout. And what is more it survived to tell the story of its awful experience to the others of its tribe.

Ducks? Yes, and geese, too, and plenty of both. But that does not mean that many ducks fell to my gun, or any geese. It was too early in the season for the ducks to be on the wing to any extent, and as the river banks were low and clear of trees and bushes, and I had no one to drive for me, I found duck shooting uphill work. Still, I had no trouble in supplying my own table, and what more ought I to have done?

The geese gave me the good-by on all occasions. Any one who has anything like a true conception of the wariness of a wild goose can readily understand why I did not fool away any time trying to do the impossible thing of shooting a goose in Island Park.

What, with fishing and duck shooting, and tramping and exploring, and looking at the mountains, some near by and some afar off, and reading novels and cooking and sleeping, my alloted time went swiftly by. It was with some misgiving that I ventured into my Island Park camp alone. "What if I should become lonesome?" I asked myself before making the venture. Lonesome is a state or condition of which I had little knowledge, experimentally, and I must say that when I struck my tent in the Island Park, I was still without that experimental knowledge. The days were too short for all my plans, and as for my night, did I not make up for all the wakeful tossings of a whole year?

Tom Ball's mother lived in the valley of the Shot Gun, and she, learning of my contemplated visit to the neighborhood of her son, had admonished me before crossing over to the park to stop with him. Motherlike, she was concerned about him living alone, and in the same wagon in which I and my outfit were hauled over, she went, carrying for her hopeful's use a couple of loaves of bread and bag of doughnuts. In my simplicity I thought her mission a bread-and doughnut one altogether, but I might have learned better my first night in camp had I cross-questioned the young man as I might have done. It was Tom who did the cross-questioning on that occasion. He called at dusk with a can of milk, and had I known him then as well as I came to know him ere I left him, I would have known there was something on his mind. It struck Tom at once that I would "chance to get very lonesome, not having no man nor even a dog" with me. Conceding the possibility of it, I asked how he managed to endure being alone year in and year out.

"Well, it's this way. During the summer, when a feller can be out of doors it's all right. But in the winter, when he has to be in, it's jist awful!"

"Well, why don't you get some one to stay with you?" I asked.

"I did have a boy, but the sucker ran off. He couldn't stand it no longer, I allow, gol darn him."

Then why not get a wife?"

"A wife," says Tom. "Women's as hard to find in this country as gold mines, and when you do find one ten chances to one she won't pan out. I cal'late you know all about them. You've had lots of experience! Aren't they apt to be sort of flickety like? And do you think one would stay inside a durn place as this, and if she did wouldn't a feller be better off without than with her?"

I did not deny but what I had had some experience, but I stood up for the fair sex, declaring that none of them were "sort o' flickerty," though I did not know just what that meant, and I assured Tom that he would do the fair thing by one, she might be induced to live in his clay roofed and dirt begrimed shack, though I did not use precisely those words.

I did not know then what I knew before I left the country. Tom's mother was on a weightier mission the day I moved over than the bearer of bread and doughnuts She was on a matrimonial mission. Jane, a virgin of peculiar beauty and of marriageable age, had come into the Shot Gun valley and was at that very time abiding at the home of the mother. "Now, here's the very chance for Tom," thought that good woman, and the mission over the mountains was to acquaint Tom with the fact. Here, then, was Tom's chance. Would he take it?

The second evening after Tom's visit to my tent, I went to his shack after milk. It was dark, and as I approached I heard voices and saw a light through the window as two lanterns were burning. On entering I found myself in presence of company. Jane and a gentleman I had seen at Rae's place before I left, and one or two others besides were with Tom, at the table.

Jane had evidently ridden over the mountain to see the "durn place," and the shack and for aught I know its owner. She was availing herself of her privilege and was radiant, charming, and had evidently made up her mind.

As for poor Tom, it was plain to be seen that ho had been hunted into his hole.

As long as his mother and the young woman were on the other side of the mountain Tom felt himself able to maintain somewhat of a defense. He could meditate upon "flickety" female nature and gravely discuss the question as to whether it would pay to have a woman around or not. but now, Oh, Tom! no more discussion for thee, I fear.

I saw little of Tom after that, until the time came for me to start for home. Where he kept himself I never knew. His cows were neglected. His cat became wild and his dog went to the neighbor's who lived over the river, while his horses ranged the plains and ate grass and waxed fat.

The day my two weeks' stay was out Tom came by my tent early in the morning on the hunt of his horses and said he was going in the afternoon to see his mother, and he proposed hauling me over. I jumped to the conclusion at once that he was on a lover's errand bent. At the appointed hour he came after me, and driving back to his old home who should come out and take her seat in the wagon but the blooming Jane.

Six weeks after my return home Tom wrote me that he was married, but whether his marriage had taken place before I left Island Park or after he did not say. Nor need I have concern as to that. Idaho romances are like all other romances. It is enough for us to know that Tom is a downright good fellow, that he drives a jam up good team and that he will make it pleasant for all fishermen who will stop at his place in Island Park.

D. D. BANTA.

THE SPORTSWOMAN.

It is said that the young women of to-day are gaining in stature and robust qualities, and while this applies probably chiefly to the class possessing wealth, leisure and opportunities for physical development, it is a hopeful sign of still better things to come. It is only what might be expected from the tendency of the times. For out-of-door sports are finding greater favor each year, and in tennis, wheeling, golf and various other athletic exercises the ladies are vieing with the men and dividing with them the benefits if not the prizes thereto appertaining.

That this physical improvement will continue we have little reason to doubt, because the various forms of open air sports are becoming fashionable and popular, and are brought, in one shape or other, within the reach of all. Now that the common prejudice against women engaging in these recreations has been removed, we may expect to see them following up the advantage they have gained until they are excluded from nothing less violent than football or other contests calling for great strength and endurance.

I can see no good reason why the ladies should not become ardent and successful disciples of Nimrod and Isaak Walton. Certainly enough of them have already demonstrated their skill with the gun and rod to warrant others in making the attempt. And the men, if they are wise, will encourage them in it, even from no better motive than selfishness.

Rip Van Winkle is not the only man in tale or history whose wife regarded hunting and fishing as a waste of time and money, and fitting texts from which to preach lengthy and acrimonious sermons. Possibly, if Rip had induced Mrs. Van Winkle to go along with him and had permitted her to participate in the triumphs of the chase he and his dog would have had a warm place by the fireside instead of being driven out of doors. I presume that many a man since the days of Irving's hero might have found an added pleasure and been spared a domestic infelicity if he had taught his wife to shoot and fish. It is not to be imagined that "sporting blood" runs in masculine veins alone, or that women are incapable of inheriting or acquiring a fondness for those things which lend a zest to the lives of men.

I have in mind an example to support my theory, and I advise men to follow it, because I myself followed it with the most satisfactory results. An enthusiastic sportsman, whose leisure had always been spent in hunting and fishing, married a wife who not only disclaimed any taste for these barbarous amusements

herself, but also deprecated them in others. She was not especially strong, and this model husband made a martyr of himself throughout one season, heroically devoting himself to purely social festivities, while his former comrades shook their heads sadly and took to the woods. In the following spring, however, his longing for the old delights were too strong to be ignored, and he finally persuaded his wife to join him in a few hours' quest of trout, where the fishing was good and the traveling was easy. He studiously pointed out the beauties of the scenery, baited her hook and taught her how to land the fish properly, taking good care to stop before she became satiated or fatigued. With some show of reluctance he permitted her to repeat the experience under less favorable conditions, and craftily allowed her to catch more fish than he did. And so he lured her along by easy stages, until she became proficient with the rod, and could climb brush fences and wade through bogs without any assistance. From that time on his deep laid scheme worked beautifully, and the logical relation of the gun to the rod was easily eastablished. The last I heard of this couple they had gone to the Rocky Mountains in search of big game. The little lady, who had been somewhat fragile and incapable of great exertion, was then strong and well, and from what I heard of her skill with the rifle I have no doubt she gave a good account of herself and made her husband hustle for his laurels.

This case appealed so strongly to me that I decided to copy the experiment, not, however, without some serious misgivings as to its success. I purchased a seven pound Marlin rifle, and other necessary accoutrements, and sent my wife to a primitive little hotel, far in the Adirondacks, where the quarters were comfortable and the game was plenty. Six weeks later I followed her into the mountains and learned to my supreme satisfaction that she had killed a fine buck, by very creditable shooting, and had acquired a genuine taste for camp life. In the reminiscences of delightful days spent together on lake and stream, or still-hunting, in the forest, and in the anticipations of similar joys in store for us, we have found a double pleasure. I have ventured to relate this bit of personal history in the hope that others may profit by it.

It was a revelation to me to discover that those of the so-called weaker sex are by no means so feeble as we think, and that, when properly dressed, they are capable of vigorous and sustained exertion without fatigue in the bracing air and wholesome surroundings of the woods and mountains. By proper dress in this connection I mean plenty of warm woolens, short corduroy skirts and leggings. A costume of this sort is ample protection against the night air, which, in high altitudes, is cold even in summer. Thus clad the woman of average strength can tramp unimpeded through the forest and along rough trails which would look impossible to the uninitiated in long skirts. As a result of wearing strong, comfortable shoes, short skirts and easy fitting garments the hampered, mincing step so natural to women gives place to a free, graceful stride; the unconfined muscles perform their proper functions and Dame Nature proceeds to reward this good sense in dress with an elasticity of nerve and sinew, a heightened color and a roundness of body and limb which are a pleasure to behold and a luxury to possess.

Women are credited with a love for novelty and a keen appreciation of the beautiful. They are therefore peculiarly qualified to enjoy the lively experience and charming scenery which are the usual accompaniments and accessories of hunting and fishing. Why, then, should they not engage in these sports, to their everlasting profit and advantage. Why should they deprive themselves of pleasures which are productive of healthy bodies and sane minds? If they hesitate to make the test, let them remember that

"Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

NEW JERSEY. ARTHUR F. RICE.

It must be said that a new element is gradually being introduced into the hunting camps of our northern border which in the end may work favorably for the big game. I mean the presence in increased numbers of sportswomen in camp. The sweet things, having learned some time ago that young men of nerve and mettle do not frequent the fashionable watering places —only the dudes go there—have been on the search for the nobler lads they long to win, and they have not been slow in discovering that in the numerous sportsmen's clubs and hunting camps there some stalwart youths betake themselves betimes.

To be sure, they are always chaperoned by somebody, and everything pertaining to their scheming is laid out in orthodox fashion, but the truth remains that henceforth the boys are going to be hunted by the dears with only one result, namely, the dears will bag the sportsmen and perhaps create a little diversion in favor of the antlered, ruminant quadrupeds.

CONNECTICUT. C. H. GLEASON.

Massachusetts Luck in Maine.

Boston, Jan. 9.—My shooting partner, G. J. Brann, of Revere, came home last week from a five weeks' hunt in the jungles of Aroostook County, Maine. He was accompanied by a friend, Mr. Carver, who secured two deer and came back to Boston, but Mr. Brann was like young Oliver—he yearned for more. He hunted for a week and failed to secure a shot; but he is blessed with an abundance of that spirit that makes successful hunters. On the eighth day he was gladdened by the sight of the noble game he was in quest of. A fine bull caribou was the first tribute the woods of Maine offered to him. Two shots were required to bring him down, and there was a four mile jog back to camp to secure help before his prize could be moved to safe quarters. He hunted over Mt. Katahdin and ascended to the summit. The tramp up the mountain was a bitter one, as the cold was intense. He secured three more deer and he returned to Boston a happy man. Vickary of Lynn has the four heads, which he is mounting. JAY PEE.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF FLORIDA FISHING.—IV.

BY ALFRED C. HARMSWORTH.

Next day I was up early, prepared for my attempt to capture a small tarpon with a phantom minnow. A part of the jaws of the tarpon are of great power, and able to cut through any ordinary material, so I attached a wire trace to the minnow and fastened that to an ordinary spinning line.

Our habits down in Southern Florida were primitive. The ordinary hour for breakfast was 7.30, but the healthiness of the climate was such that even at that hour one could tackle a large meal. And here let me say a word in favor of your American breakfast. With us breakfast, except in country houses, is, as a rule, a scant repast, not more than sufficient to carry us along till the snack that we call luncheon. Throughout most parts of the United States breakfast is a much more serious affair. The charming manageress of the Naples Hotel, Miss McLaughlin, was a Kentucky lady, and Kentucky is famous not only for its fine horses and handsome dames, but for its curious and many kinds of bread. I never could manage the names of all these breads, but I remember that we had five or six kinds every morning, nearly all of them hot, many of them sweet, all of them pleasant. Venison was one of our staple dishes, with sea trout, and sheepshead, of which fish more anon, grape fruit, oranges, bananas, coffee and the inevitable iced water, without which no American table is complete.

Breakfast over we sallied forth with our rods and guns to the boathouse by the river side. Naples Hotel is so situated as to afford seafishing in front of the house and river fishing behind. To-day we were after tarpon, and our goal was the Gordon River. We pulled slowly up stream, looking about carefully, but could see no sign of the school of the previous day. I cast from side to side diligently for an hour or so, with here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a lady fish, but these were not what we wanted.

For five hours did we toil in the fearful heat until our hands and necks were so scorched that they were absolutely painful. I killed over 35 pounds of fish before mid-day, by which time we were quite ready for lunch and rest. We drew up as usual under the shade of a mangrove tree, and varied the proceedings by a short stroll.

A few yards from the river side we found, snugly ensconced under the big cypress trees and the palms, a hunter's hut, or shack, as they are called there. These Florida shacks are peculiar to the country. They are light structures, composed almost entirely of dried palmetto leaves. They are cool, self-ventilating and at the same time water-tight. Many a man who in better days has lived in snug 'varsity college rooms and dined in hall is living out his life in a palmetto shack in Florida; indeed, one of the saddest features of Florida life is this human driftwood from the whirl of wealth and life of the old country.

The under-gardener at the Naples Hotel was an English public school boy; a youth who ran the post boat up the Indian Settlements is a relation of a well-known English peer; a man now well on to middle age, who owned a small boat for taking garden produce up the coast, had done well at Jesus College, Cambridge.

One finds these isolated Englishmen all over the world, but in Florida they seem to be more numerous than anywhere. It is not that they are ne'er-do-wells. I can safely say that all I met there could have done well at home. One at my suggestion has returned to England, and has already proved himself able to engage in an arduous business.

We cannot too sufficiently blame the parents who condemn their sons to such a hopeless country as Florida. For a man with a small income and a taste for sport Florida is, I admit, unique; but in a country so unnaturally bereft of capital and natural resources, it is impossible for a young Eastern man or Englishman to do nearly so well as he could in London.

Over and over again in our journeying through Southern Florida we passed these palmetto shacks, sometimes inhabited by living scarecrows, who it was hardly impossible to recognize as Englishmen of good birth, sometimes deserted and desolate.

An hour's rest from the noon-tide sun and I was keen on killing my tarpon. How often it is in fishing that the first cast does it. It seems to me to be especially so in the May-fly season. If you can get your fly well over your fish at first cast there is that delightful ripple, the fascinating strain on the line and all the bending of the rod and the disturbance of the water that makes angling one of the things best worth living for in the world.

We rode to the center of the stream, when Hart's keen eye discerned dark fins heading the stream some fifty yards off, looking for all the world like trailing trout.

We were naturally all excitement, for they were unmistakably tarpon. Hart pulled slowly up to within seven or eight yards of them. My minnow was out and over them in a moment, and then, as I reeled in the line, there was a few seconds of delightful uncertainty, followed by the most delicious run of line I ever remember. I was in for a tarpon at last. One of the great charms of angling is undoubtedly one's great anxiety at the moment of hooking a big fish. This was one of the great moments of my angling life. I was fastened to a fish I had come between five and six thousand miles to kill, and in the capture of which there was all sorts of delightful possibilities. If I had the fish it would prove that after all a young tarpon could be caught on a light tackle, and I should be the first tarpon fisher of the season on that coast, and there was all the glorious sport of paying him in store. Only one horrid, gloomy thought came across me. When I saw the mighty jump that he gave I knew that no landing net on earth would hold him unless he were thoroughly killed, and to kill a tarpon I knew to be a big task.

Out and out went the line, until it became necessary for the sake of safety to stop this reckless extravagance, so I checked him, delicately, but firmly. A description of a tarpon leap into the air in strong sunlight has been written over and over again, but no account that I have ever read has done justice to the silvery splendor of the king of game fish. Those who have seen a tarpon scale will know that it is silvered over with what looks like artificially applied metallic paint.

Pinned on the wall in the room in which I write is a tarpon scale from the first tarpon caught with rod and reel, sent me by my friend, Mr. A. N. Cheney. Years have elapsed since Mr. W. H. Wood captured that fish, yet all the friends who see the scale say to me, "but surely that is not natural." Indeed, had I not taken scales from tarpon I could hardly have believed it myself. This particular scale I may mention, though it is by no means the biggest, is exactly seven times the superficial area of a 50 cent piece.

It was not until we saw the silvery mass rise into the air some three or four feet that we were quite sure I had a tarpon. There was no mistake about it once it had come down. In its confusion of falling into the water again I was able to wind in a little, when it went up again. Hart rowed for dear life that I might wind in line, and I did so until we got so close that the fish saw us and was off once more in one of his wild rushes. On we went after it down stream for a quarter of a mile or more, by which time it became necessary to either loose him or check him. I checked him, and there was the same leap, a higher one this time, showing that far from being fatigued the fish had awakened to a full sense of its danger, and was even more active than at first. All the time the difficulty of landing my prize without a gaff was in my mind. About a couple of hundred yards further down stream there was a shallow, and we plotted that we should get him down there, that Hart should leap out of the boat and try and take the fish in his arms.

It was easier said than done, for again and again he rushed and leapt. How my rod stood the strain I have never been able to ascertain, but it did so, and is none the worse. It seems to me that light tackle will stand a great deal if it is not jerked. He had leapt eight times by actual count when we got him down beside the shallow bank where we hoped to finish him. His eighth leap was a poor one. He was weak. I got him almost up to the boat and he was on his back. Hart was out into the water in a second. He was up to his waist, but he is a sportsman, every inch of him, and would have swam any distance after that fish. No sooner did Master Tarpon catch sight of this human foe than he made one more rush and gave one more jump. This last run of his, however, was ill judged; for it took him into water little more than a foot deep, and as Hart pursued him he ran on to a shallow where he was scarcely covered by his proper element. The boat was meanwhile drifting down stream, and I was getting further and further away from the fish, which presently began to follow the strain upon the line. Soon I had him up to the boat. Hart had waded after, and seeing the tarpon well played out he was ready with his hands, which he cleverly passed under the fish's gills, and threw him well into the boat. In the excitement of the moment I shall never remember how I managed to keep him there. He leapt and struggled and leapt again. A dexterous use of my hunting knife finished his struggles, and I had him there absolutely unscratched and a perfect specimen for mounting.

After that I had no desire to fish more that day. We gathered a large number of palmetto leaves, covered him from the sun, pulled him down in triumph to the boathouse, placed him on a board and carried him up to the hotel, where, I need scarcely say, his arrival created much interest. His size, as I pointed out, did not detract from the excitement, for the capture of a small tarpon is a rare occurrence. Except, indeed, at Naples, I did not hear of them elsewhere, and, as the writer of the article on "American Game Fish" says, young tarpon appear to be more wily than the older ones.

I have been asked over and over again by the salmon fishers whether or not tarpon can be caught with a fly. I believe it is not possible to kill large tarpon with anything but a bait that can be gorged. Small tarpon have risen to salmon fly, but it was the usually accepted belief of all the tarpon fishers I met in Florida that the mouth of a big fish is not strong enough to stand the strain of the almost inevitable power of its pulling and leaping. The reason the tarpon were not captured with rod and line until recently was that early tarpon fishers struck immediately the tarpon took the bait, with the consequence that the line came back in their faces.

So far these papers on angling in Southern Florida have dealt with fly-fishing and spinning. There are many anglers who, while they prefer the use of the fly-rod, heartily enjoy a day with the float or ledger, and I am one of them, though by no means of the "roach fishing a fine art" school. Many anglers are devotees of fly-fishing, and dry fly-fishing in particular, merely because they have not given a fair trial to float-fishing. An extremely accomplished dry-fisherman once told me that any one could catch fish with a float. I demurred. Not long afterwards the angler in question had a chance at some particularly good carp, and though he adopted old Izaak's special injunction with regard to this branch of the sport, he had an absolutely blank day, while a friend of his killed some seventeen fine fish. If difficulty is the point at issue, I am bound to say that, in my humble opinion, carp, trench and some other fish require as much ingenuity in their capture as trout.

Unfortunately, we did not have proper tackle for float fishing in Florida, but what we took with us afforded very good sport. One of the most delicious fish in those Southern waters is the sheepshead. It is difficult to describe this fish, because I know nothing like it on our side. In shape it is like a perch with a hump back. It takes its name from its mouth, which is with teeth exacty like those of a sheep. For the most part it lives on shell fish resembling our limpets, and it can bite through a shell fish as easily as though it were an egg.

We found these sheepshead to be capricious creatures. As a rule they feed near piers, old stumps of trees, and in any place where their favorite food abounds. The first day we tried for them were not successful, because we did not know that in order to catch them it is necessary to strike very quickly and with great vigor.

I hired a naphtha launch, which we anchored some yards from a place where there were a number of dead trees in the water. For bait we placed a small piece of mackerel at the end of a large perch hook sunk some four

feet from the float. Bites were numerous enough. Occasionally one of the fish gave a fine run, but that was all the sport we got.

When we went down to Naples we found people there who taught us how to catch sheepshead properly. Mr. Conroy had supplied me with two or three kinds of suitable hooks, some attached to double gut, some to gimp, others to wire. The wire seemed to frighten the fish, and we stuck to gimp. One afternoon, tired out with fly-fishing, we came back to the hotel, and after a siesta went out to the end of the pier at Naples, where we found that people were catching sheepshead at a tremendous rate.

For some reason or other the sheepshead were as madly on the feed as trout are supposed to be at Mayfly time. Three kinds of bait were in use, tiny crabs, known as "fiddlers," in those parts, a small silver fish, like a bream, called a "minnow," and the legs of large crabs. This, of course, is salt water fishing, but, as I pointed out, many game fish in the southern parts of the United States inhabit the sea and the mouths of the rivers. The sheepshead cannot be called a game fish, but it is a very strong one. As one peered down the turquoise blue water one could plainly see myriads of these large grey fish wandering about. Then was the time to drop one's hook carefully over them and strike at the first indications of a bite. It was most tantalizing. Time after time I missed fish, while an American lady by my side whipped them out every minute, but presently I learned that it was necessary to strike at the actual instant of a nibble. From that time all went smoothly. There were a number of barrels at the end of the pier, and as we caught our fish we threw them into them until we had enough to last the hotel several days, when we desisted.

It is by no means always possible to catch sheepshead. We tried on another occasion for a couple of hours without any success. Split open and grilled, our friends in the barrels proved most excellent eating. Catching sea trout with a live bait was by no means bad sport, terrible as it sounds. There were days when these fish absolutely refused to take a fly. In cold weather I imagine them to go to the bottom, and then one's only chance of capture is to fish deep with a float or "bobber," as they call it in Florida. The best trout killed during our visit to Florida was taken by my wife in this way.

Among the natives of Florida fishing is merely regarded as a means of filling the pot, and they have no delicate scruples on the subject. The Seminole Indians fish with a handline passed through a hole in a sunk stone. I saw some of these stone sinkers that had been found in a disused canal, a canal believed to date back to the Egpytian Pharaohs. The Indians were adroit in casting small nets.

It struck me as being curious that in a land where a man can catch as many fish as he wants for a day's supply in an hour or two fish diets should not be more popular.

We have a great many faddists on this side of the water who believe there is as much nourishment in fish as in meat, but I was assured by Englishmen who have lived long in Florida that they had grown utterly weary of fish food. The inhabitants of Florida, who certainly eat more fish than any other people I have encountered, are not healthy specimens of humanity. Thin and attenuated, the "crackers" are despised even by the negroes. I write this statement considerably more safely here in London than I should down in Florida, where firearms are used on the slightest provocation.

We regard the Buffalo Bill style of life as a thing of the past; many of us doubt whether it exists at all. Down in Florida, and especially in Southern Florida, human life is held at a discount. A "shooting" is an almost everyday occurrence. With that extraordinary capacity for humbug, which the Anglo-Saxon in Florida shares with his brothers in Great Britain, the lawlessness was absolutely denied by many Floridians to whom I spoke on the subject, yet almost every village has its tale of a recent "shooting" and always a cowardly one. This is not a pleasant thought for the Englishman who goes to the remoter parts on a sporting expedition, and for this reason I would advise any Britisher, or man from the Northern States, to take a revolver with him, and have it in his pocket at all times.

It is easy to point out the swift and sure methods of British justice, but on the other hand, I do not think that even our detective force would be able to do much in a country like that we were visiting. The fugitive from justice, armed with a repeating Winchester rifle, hides himself on a small island, some four or five miles from the nearest civilization, and as soon as the sheriff comes along with his warrant, tells him plainly that his magazine contains fourteen rounds, and that he will "pump lead" at the first man who moves forward another yard.

Under the circumstances it is natural that a large number of villains escape, and even when brought to trial, juries dare not return a verdict against them, for fear of revenge on the part of their comrades. This state of affairs I consider to be a great drawback to Southern Florida as a health resort, but, doubtless, as civilization advances and population increases, we shall hear of fewer of these dreadful tragedies which are now a blot upon this fair land.

Fishing with a float has one sterling advantage in hot climates. Whipping a stream with even a four ounce rod is no joke with the temperature at 100 degrees, and, added to the physical discomforts and fatigue, there is the chance of sunstroke. When I next go to Florida I shall take a large white umbrella and plenty of tackle for float and ledger fishing. For a couple of hours in the evening several species of fish rise splendidly to the fly. At the time of sunset one could kill, on the five evenings out of seven, fish of many kinds and considerable size on a big Jock Scott.

I fear I have already tried the patience of your readers, so I will wind up my line, put away my rod, and go home, remarking as I go that more frequent exchange of visits between English and American anglers would do a great deal to remove a little of the vast amount of international ignorance which appears to be a bar to more friendly relations.

Natural History.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

Auburn, Cal.—In The Forest and Stream columns, under date of January 5, there is an article by Arthur F. Rice, which I have found great pleasure in reading. Anything about birds captivates my attention at once, and this writer shows such sympathy with the subject as to prove that he is a genuine fellow lover of "God's earthly angels."

With some of his conclusions, however, I hold friendly difference, and with all due deference will attempt to show where we are at variance. I will first quote his passages wherefrom I differ and then give examples to sustain my opinions.

"These feathered messengers are always on time, and there are no delays nor mistakes in the train service which conveys them to their destination." Oh, yes, there a great many mistakes in this train service! Birds, from their own experience, and, for want of a better term, from what is termed inherited memory, make their migrations at a time when the seasonal average calls for the arrival of spring or winter. If the season is not an average one, but is either hastened or delayed, their plans, like those of mice and men, "gang aft agley." Did you never hear the old song about the pair of birds that arrived ahead of time, and without proper foresight.

> . . . "too soon in life they started.
> Their nest was filled with ice and snow;
> They had a tiff, and parted!"

I have on more than one occasion found song sparrows dead that undoubtedly perished from a premature arrival in spring. On one occasion, many years ago, a pair of robins made a nest in a corner of a post and rail fence, and began the raising of a family too early in the year. A cold term came on, and one morning I found the female cold and stiff upon the nest, a victim to her maternal instinct, and a misplaced confidence in the weather.

I am speaking now of my eastern experience, of many years ago, near the northern borders of Vermont, on the Canadian side. Of course, the season is later there than in New Jersey, but as I have lived in both places I know that the season is as liable to befool the birds in one latitude as in the other

In the locality I speak of the crows do not winter, but leave for the seashore, and more southern parts, in the late autumn, returning about the first days in February. One day when I was a lad my father observed a crow picking up dead bees from the surface of the snow near the bee house, and going out caught him in his hand and brought him in. There had been some warm, sunny days, which had brought the crows and enticed the bees from their frosty slumbers. Many of the bees fell and perished in the snow. The weather changed and a long cold term ensued, and even that sagacious bird the crow got fooled and no doubt many of his kind perished. The one in question was almost starved, and so reduced in strength by cold and hunger that he stupidly allowed himself to be captured rather than to desert the feast he had providentially found.

Again, when a season is abnormally early, we miss our feathered friends for a time, but at the average time their train arrives and our eyes and ears are once again gladdened with the sight and sound of our longed-for harbingers of spring.

That is the one sensation of the year that one misses in California. Here the seasons vary so little, one from another, and merge so gradually into each other that the absence of one friend is scarcely missed, as his place is supplied by another.

Again I quote: "Nature is consistent in all that she does, and to put a sweet song into the throat of a bird of prey would not coincide with the eternal fitness of things." This is in the main correct, but not altogether so. Show me a fiercer, a more rapacious or insatiable fiend than the shrike, and yet how innocent and engaging is his song? you would think, while listening to him, that according to the old saying, "butter would not melt in his mouth." But let him spy some innocent warbler, and he will drop his song to slay the victim and to impale it upon some neighboring thorn—not because he wants or needs it, but simply to gratify his cruel appetite for slaughter.

Did my friend ever hear a mother owl talking to her babies? If not, he has yet something to live for. I believe it to be a maternal lullaby, although by some it is believed to be a love song uttered by the male. I have heard it in the depths of the forest, in the still night hours, when my nerves fairly quivered with delight at the soft and pleasing notes. And perhaps the jade had a poor field mouse grasped in her ugly crooked talons at the moment.

Again I quote: "Sweetness of song, however, is rarely accompanied by brilliancy of plumage." Not so rarely. Many exceptions come to mind. What about our burion, or house finch, so conspicuous in his scarlet head and neck? Our orioles, with their gaudy uniforms? Our cardinal birds, especially the Texas cardinals that are poems in color? The bob-o-link in his nuptial dress is a brilliant looking fellow and very showy with his marked contrasts of color! The nonpareil is quite a little dude, and even the common robin is no inconspicuous object, while his western brother, the Oregon robin, is a perfect dandy. The blackheaded grosbeak is a gaudy bird, with a whistle that entrances.

A far larger number of plain and inconspicuous birds have harsh or unmusical voices than do those of brilliant plumage, because the number of soberly dressed birds greatly preponderate in numbers of species.

I heartily argee with Mr. Rice as to the educational abilities of birds. They can put two and two together and find that four is the result, just as well as their haughty neighbor—man!

In these columns, some months ago, I noted the fact that I had never observed the nest of an Arkansaw tyrant flycatcher without finding several nests of more inoffensive birds in its near vicinity. These latter undoubtedly reasoned that they would receive incidental protection by building in the neighborhood of this courageous species of kingbird, and that the jays and other predacious birds would be made to keep their distance. I have thus observed this bird's nest, with orioles, chipping sparrows, Arkansaw gold finches and tits, all living in security around it in the same tree.

If you will notice any small island in a lake or river you will find it populated with birds to a greater excess than ten times the same amount of ground on the mainland. What but its freedom from the presence of predatory animals and snakes leads the birds to choose such a nesting place? They have to seek all their food upon the mainland. Then, why not nest there? Because they reason that the island is the more secure place. Take note of this. You will find it true.

The observation of birds and their ways is the most charming occupation in the world, and I delight to greet a congenial spirit in Mr. Rice. AREFAR.

Some Big Moose Heads.

St. John, N. B.—I had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. J. H. Carnall, the well-known taxidermist, on the subject of moose heads. Mr. Carnall stated that he mounted every year about fifty moose heads. Last year he handled sixty-eight heads, and he thought the total this season would run up to seventy-five. He is of the opinion that the supply of moose and caribou in these eastern provinces is on the increase. The widest spread of moose horns of which he has any knowledge belonged to the head of an animal shot by Sir Harry Burrard, at Canaan River, in this province fifteen years ago. They measured 5 feet 4 inches. After being taken to England they were presented by Sir Harry to the Prince of Wales. Last year Mr. Carnall mounted a pair of antlers for Mr. F. H. Hale of Woodstock, N. B., that measured just 5 feet. This moose was shot on the Tobique River. He has never mounted a head, whether of bull or cow moose, that did not carry the bell at the neck. A moose shot in Maine by Captain Sears, an English sportsman, had a bell 18 inches long. He has mounted one cow moose head that is adorned with two perfectly developed bells. He claims that all caribou cows have horns, which statement, in view of his large experience, ought to just about settle this disputed question. At all events, it drives the hornless cow into a hopeless minority. PROWLER.

A Blue Jay Pet.

I think that few people know what a nice pet a blue jay makes. One summer while walking through a swamp I found a young jay, which evidently had left his nest but a day or two before. After quite a chase I caught him, and bringing him home, put him in a large cage. At first I fed him from my hand with corn meal, bread and insects of all kinds, but he soon began to eat for himself.

In about a month he was fully feathered, and I found he had become so tame that I could let him go out of doors, and he did not attempt to leave. He would sit on my hand while I walked through the grass, and as soon as I started up a grasshopper would chase it and catch it, then return with it in his beak to my hand to eat it. All the small birds around the place hated him, and he would often be surrounded by half a dozen different kinds, all threatening, but none of them having the courage to really touch him. He occasionally came in my bedroom window, and would sit on the bureau and amuse himself by picking up pins or anything bright which caught his eye. Toward winter I caged him again, and left him to the care of another person, but to my sorrow he died in a few months. I would be interested to hear through this paper from others who have had blue jays as pets. MAC.

Lake Champlain Ducks and Gulls.

Essex, N. Y., January 14.—Lake Champlain is still open at Essex, and, in fact, seldom closes until February. The lake here is 399 feet in the deepest part. Many ducks and gulls, driven to the open water by the ice both north and south, are every day seen, sometimes alone sometimes sporting in company among the whitecaps, from which the gulls can hardly be distinguished, when the sun strikes them fairly, making them seem as white as foam, but in fact they are more grey than white. They are much more wary than the ducks, seldom being seen less than half a mile from shore. C.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Another Turkey That Got Away.

The interesting article of P. O. S. in your issue of the 12th inst., entitled, "The Turkey I Didn't Get," reminds me of a turkey I didn't get. It is sometimes even pleasant to be reminded of any unpleasant event that has happened to us so long ago, that, like the uncut diamond, the sharp edges have worn off revealing the light and laughter.

The years of 1848-9 found me down on the White Mountains in Greene County, Ind., helping to build the Wabash and Erie canal, built to connect the water of Lake Erie with the Ohio River, but which was never completed, and I think the section (101) which my brother and I built was never used at all, though the upper portion down as far as Terre Haute was used for a time. But what a country that was for game in those days—and what a paradise for the sportsmen would it be now if it only remained as then! I wrote the postmaster at Bloomfield a few years ago inquiring for some of the old settlers who were there then, and also about the game. The answer was, Gone, gone, all gone! No deer and turkey left; and the old settlers whom I knew had crossed the river one by one and others had taken their places in the moving ranks of progress.

But to return to the turkey I didn't get. I did not get much spare time for hunting, for with looking after the 100 or so men we worked and the stock, carts, tools, etc., I was pretty well tied up, for we did our own bossing. One day it had rained too hard for work, but when it cleared up toward evening I took my gun and started for the bluff skirting the bottom lands. I had followed along about half way up the bluff, and just below where Uncle Zed Adams lived (I hope some one

may read this who knows the locality, for I see it just now as it was then), when I heard the lively barking of a little dog, two or three hundred yards off down in the bottoms; and about the same time I began to hear and see the turkeys fly in all directions. One big fellow lit in the top of a tree about 150 yards away and about on a level with me and after tetering a little got his balance and sat quietly. Of course I said that's my turkey, and getting a tree top between me and him, picking out the tree from which I should ring out his death knell, began very cautiously creeping down the hill to my vantage point. I knew the gobbler would be interested in the yelping of the little dog which kept up his yip yip in the opposite direction. I had reached the butt of the tree from which I was to shoot, about 30 yards from the one on which my turkey sat—had taken off my hat and peering cautiously out could see his head and neck back towards me. Oh, how I gloated over my prize, and how carefully I raised my gun to bear upon it. But, alas, just at the supreme moment I heard the crack of a rifle and saw the big beauty come crashing down through the branches striking the ground like a bag of meal.

Did I go to see how big he was, or who shot him? No, sir! I picked up my hat, turned my back on the whole business, and wended my way homewards, a wiser and sadder man A.

CONNECTICUT.

Uncle Lee's Big Bite.

Uncle Lee Watkins, as the boys called him, was one of the best fishermen that ever wet a line in Elkhorn Creek, and that is saying a good deal when one remembers that General George B. Crittenden and Hillary Bedford, and Dr. Will Morris and Llewellyn Halton and Todd Sullivan were wont to entice the wariest bass from its pools and rocky shallows. Uncle Lee was one of the patient sort, and knowing every shelving rock and projecting crag beneath the surface, he was only satisfied when his baited hook dropped in the exact spot where he knew the fish should be. Then his favorite plan was to insert the end of his rod in a crevice, or push it in the soft bank, and lighting his pipe, await a bite.

One day he had been wading the creek catching minnows, and after baiting and casting his hook to the right spot, he stuck his pole in the bank and went off a short distance to change his wet clothes for dry ones. Two anglers from Frankfort—Jimmy Gibbons and Wiley Williams—were fishing near by and close enough to observe events. Suddenly there came flying down the creek that awkward, ungainly bird called "shite-poke" or "water hen." Seeing Uncle Lee's rod projecting conveniently near the water it lit on the end, and after balancing itself with some difficulty and looking around, it walked down the rod somewhat as a boy walks a "teterplank," stepped over the rail and disappeared in the grass.

Just at this moment Uncle Lee caught sight of his pole that continued to bob up and down from the "shite-poke's" balancings. "Thar's a bite," he exclaimed.

Holding up with one hand his pantaloons, not yet fastened, he made his way to his rod and loosening it from the bank waited for the line to run out.

Gibbons and Williams, convulsed with laughter, laid their rods down and rolled on the ground.

"Jerk him, Uncle Lee, jerk him!" exclaimed Gibbons as soon as he could get his tongue.

"Not yet, not yet," said the old man. "Wait till he runs a bit."

After a five minutes' wait Uncle Lee wound in his line and found the bait intact. "Singular," said he, "mighty singular—never saw anything like that before—a big bite and bait ain't touched." Replanting his rod, he proceeded with deliberation to complete his toilet, while the two spectators went off, leaving him none the wiser. OLD SAM.

FRANKFORT, KY.

Another Fisherman's Dog.

J. M. R.'s note of a lazy man's fishing dog in your last issue recalls an amusing incident of last summer's fishing. Judge Wm. B. Guild and myself were enjoying ourselves at that fascinating sport of snapper fishing at a point on Shark River where the channel sets in near the bank, making connection from our boat to the there an easy matter. Seated contentedly on the bank and engaged in his favorite sport of plaice fishing was the familiar figure of Archie Applegate, known to everybody as one of the most persistent fishermen in Southern New Jersey. By his side, and evidently as intent as his master, lay his dog, a nondescript mongrel, possessing no noticeable virtue other than the deep interest manifested in Archie's endeavor to secure a bite. "Say you fellers are in jest about the exact spot where I made my big haul of weakfish several years ago," he drawled out.

"Now you will hear something," exclaimed the Judge in an undertone, and then to encourage the story, "Caught them with hook and line, I suppose, Archie?"

"Yesseir! I had been pounding round all over the river the hull day and jest no luck at all and was fagged out and ready to go home when I chucked anchor 'bout where you are, and heaved my line overboard, when, ker slop! somethin' catched holt and lit out for the inlet like all possessed. After a scrimmage in which he jig-sawed my fingers almost off, I landed the all-firedest weakfish you ever see, as big as a cordwood stick; and every time I baited up I got one of 'em, till the bottom of my boat was covered and I had to stand on the seat; and afore that school of fish petered out I was standin' with one foot on each gunnel of the boat to keep from mashin' the fish. I got so tuckered out I had to take my boat ashore or I could have sunk her right where I was in a few moments more.

"How long were you making your catch," I interposed.

"Jest about an hour, I think! Jest about an hour."

At this point his dog began to evince uneasiness by moving around and whining impatiently.

"The dawg is gittin' unesay," exclaimed Archie, with his indescribable drawl, "if I could hook a fish now I'd show you a trick he learnt himself. Soon as ever I hook one and get him to the edge of the water, that dog will grab him and pull him back where he is safe. Then he'll jest put his hind feet on the fish's head and with his paws he'll make the scales fly till the air looks like a March snow squall. Then he'll turn the fish over with his nose and dress the other side the same way. Why, I don't think me nor the old woman has had to scale a fish in five years."

As we raised anchor and drifted slowly away with the tide I turned to the Judge, who with a look of mingled disgust and amusement on his kindly face remarked, 'That fellow beats Ananias." LEONARD HULIT.

Foxes and Porcupines.

Last Sunday Winston Harris came down to see me, and read Forest and Stream. After reading about the foxes climbing trees he said: "Of course they climbed trees; thought everybody knowed that. When I was a boy I saw one in the fork of a swamp ellum, 'bout 60 foot high. I wanted that fox mighty bad, but hadn't any axe or gun, 'n I knowed if I went after 'em the fox'd git down and run off, so I just out with my knife and cut the bark at the foot of the tree 'n then peeled it up in long strips, 'n jerked 'em loose up at the fork, leavin' the tree slick as ice. Then I went away and hid, and the fox tried to climb down, but he slipped off and the fall killed him."

I showed Winston some porcupine quills and asked whether anybody knew what a porcupine was good for.

"Yes," said Winston, "they used to be mighty handy to pick up cider apples. There was lots of 'em round here in an early day, and we had a big orchard right on the edge of the woods. We had a tight fence round it to keep the porcupines out, till we had picked the keepin' apples. After that we opened holes in the fence, and of nights the porcupine would come in and scrape a lot of apples together, then roll over them till their quills were stuck full, when they walked off. They looked just like a half bushel full of apples sliding along the ground. They took them to a big hollow log, rubbed them off the quills with their feet and then stored them in the log. When it got full we split it open and took the apples. Then we put the two halves of the log together and they would fill it up again."

I asked Winston if he hadn't been drinking some of the cider made from those apples.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Game Bag and Gun.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

The annual report of the Massachusetts Fisheries and Game Commissioners gives these particulars of the proposed stocking with Mongolian pheasants:

Immediately after the passage of the resolve appropriating $150 toward the introduction of these birds, we opened correspondence with everyone we could find who had them or was supposed to have any knowledge of them. Porf. John Hudson of Washington State, who had agreed to obtain some for us, could not get them. We found one or two dealers who claimed to have them asking exorbitant prices, which we might have been tempted to pay had we not discovered at the last moment that they were the ordinary ring neck, a very different phesant from the Mongolian. Our investigations led to the conclusion that there were no pure Mongolian pheasants this side of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Woodward of New York proposed to import some from China, and obtained orders amounting to twelve hundred birds, at ten dollars a pair. We put in an order for as many as he could spare. They were shipped and reached Gibraltar all right, but soon after the steamer encountered a cyclone, and from that time the birds began to die, and when New York was reached all had died. There are thirteen or more varieties of pheasants in China, and, unless some one who knows about them is on the ground to look after them there is no certainty as to what will be shipped.

The law against exporting pheasants from Oregon is so severe that no express company would take them. We had nearly given up our efforts to obtain them this year, and had accepted a setting of English pheasant eggs from Mr. Samuel Hanson of Boston, one of the exectuive members of the Liberty Hill Club of Connecticut. This cub has been very successful in raising these birds, and we have no doubt that in some parts of the State they would thrive; but they are not so prolific, and are more tame and logy than the Mongolian, and would therefore more easily fall a prey to the unskilled marksman. The experience we have had with them will be of advantage in rearing the Mongolian, for we are satisfied, after careful investigation, that the latter is the most desirable, and perhaps the only variety adapted to our woods as a game bird.

Finding that they could not be obtained at any price in sufficient numbers for stocking, our only alternatives were either to abandon the experiment or to provide for breeding them. Believing that it was for the interests of the State that they should be introduced, we chose the latter, and have constructed nine large aviaries, covering about two thousand square feet, vermin proof and securely roofed over; a number of hatching boxes with small yards have been made, and about twenty-five bantams secured as mothers. To complete the plant there should be more hatching boxes, and the enclosure of about a quarter of an acre of grass land for the young birds to forage in.

In confinement the Mongolian lays from sixty to eighty eggs duriing the season, and by using bantam hens as setters the phesants are not depended on for brooding.

For the breeding birds we have we are indebted to the energy and generosity of Mr. Samuel Forehand of Worcester, president of the Forehand Arms Company. While in Oregon and Washington State last summer, Mr. Forehand, at the suggestion of Mr. Buffington, spent several weeks in investigating this matter, and is thoroughly satisfied of the importance of introducing them into this State, both as a game bird and as a source of food.

The bird he obtained, and those he is still to receive, have cost him hundreds of dollars. He presented them to the chairman of the commission, with the understanding that, if the State saw fit to encourage their introduction, they were to be used for that purpose.

During Mr. Forehand's stay in Oregon he formed the acquaintance of Judge Denny, who introduced the Mongolian pheasant into that State, and from letters received from that gentlemen since we are permitted to make the following extracts:

Twenty-eight birds were sent to Oregon in 1881. Their phenomenal increase is apparent, when I tell you that the game warden, Mr. McGuire, estimates the number killed last season in three months, in Linn county alone at thirteen thousand; and that a year ago last winter, when the sleet and snow were on, twelve hundred dozen of these birds were sent to one dealer in San Francisco. This is not only a first-class game bird, but a delicious morsel of food; hardy, and belongs clearly to a survival of the fittest. They have, besides, proved a great benefit to the farming and other agricultural pursuits in this State, in that they feed on the pests and enemies of the crops, including worms, grubs, borers, flies, cutworms, codling moths, aphis, and other insect life, including their larvæ, without doing damage to agricultural and garden crops. O. N. DENNY.

We fed our young pehasants every kind of bug and larvae we could find, and they ate evergything except the potato bug. As they search the trees as well as the ground for their food, they may yet be found a factor in the destruction of the gipsy moth.

In answer to the query as to whether they drive out other game birds, Judge Denny says: "No, it is not true that these pheasants drive out other birds. On my farm the grouse and partridge are as plentiful as ever, and I often flush grouse and pheasants from the same cover."

The arrangements, now nearly completed, will enable us to raise hundreds of pheasants for disribution all over the State. An excellent plan for the distribution is to furnish breeding birds to game clubs and public spirited individuals, who are willing to build aviaries and hatch and liberate young pheasants on public grounds. If the young birds are allowed to go out when from six to eight weeks old they will return to the coop to feed for several weeks, thereby establishing a locality which otherwise they might not obtain.

Should this plan be acceptable the commission would furnish breeding birds and information to such parties, and in this way the stocking would be greatly facilitated. There would be no difficulty in finding any number of public spirited persons who would be willing to contribute their share of the work.

As these pheasants belong to the fields as well as to the woods, living in summer on grubs and injurious insects, the farmer will find it to his advantage to protect them.

THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON.

One could scarcely say that December 31 was an ideal day, such as you read of, but it was the last of the Indiana open quail season, and that certainly covers a multitude of faults.

With about five inches of snow and the thermometer fooling recklessly with the zero mark, the conditions didn't savor much of that bracing November air that seems so invariably connected with the quail hunt tales. The opportunities for a day off this season had been mighty few, and this last one had been longingly looked forward to. After discreet remarks with our farmer friends as to how the "hunters were treating them," and "if they had any birds left," we thought the vicinity of Milroy, twelve miles north of us, held our best chances.

That meant a breakfast before daylight, but we were equal to it, and without daring to look at the thermometer, we started—my fifteen-year-old brother and myself, and our much-thought-of son of Robin Adair, Pedro. Pretty cold drive that. To thaw out we took a brisk run from our friends' barn to the woods, where we felt we would find them. A short walk there soon showed us that we had struck the right cover. Those tell-tale tracks were fresh, and we followed the trailing dog as closely as the thick growth would permit.

Presently much sought whirr told us they were up. "Did he flush?" I thought; but a few steps showed the dog firmly pointing a tree top twenty yards ahead.

An hour's hunt through that patch was rewarded by the sight of one lone bird, which flushed very wild and headed for another woods three hundred yards away. The rest were turned to snow for all we knew. We concluded to hunt up the single one, especially as it went in about the right direction. That's where we struck it.

I was on the fence trying to locate the bird when I saw Pedro stiffen out close to a big brush heap. I called Ed, and after telling him to keep cool, I kicked the pile and a fine covey got out instead of the single one we expected. Guess I needed the advice most myself, for Ed. got in a cracking good double, and I had to be content with one.

Those birds scattered throughout the thicket. Mean shooting? Well, I rather think so. About that same kind as when one flushes an old woodcock in late September and gets a glimpse of him as he twists around a clump of willows. But how good you feel when you see the bird fall.

The lad had two the best of me when we worked around toward where a corn field joined the woods. Here Pedro pointed, Ed. stopped and I went next to the fence. To my surprise three birds flushed thirty yards in the corn, and after an upward flight that started over my head, looking to me for all the world like a bumble bee race to a pet clover field.

When the little gun cracked twice and Ed. yelled, "You got 'em both," I don't think you could have handed me a ripe peach. The dog still held, though, and after a quick loading up I kicked two more up, in front of me. We saved them nicely—Ed. one and I the other.

A hunt through the upper end of that woods found us two more coveys. These scattered badly, and it took time to get them out. Then, too, the birds always had a happy faculty of having a convenient clump, or tree top, to twist around, and they did it. But we had sport, and several times that brother of mine showed me that his first season's shooting was mighty near phenomenal. Nine birds in that cover was mighty good for a fifteen-year-old lad.

We scored up 21 birds and two rabibts. True, not a large bag, but a well earned one, and the memories of a delightful day W. T. WEST.

ROUND ABOUT NEW ORLEANS.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Trout Cultivation.

General F. F. Myles, always progressive and alert, has recently attempted the cultivation of rainbow trout in this section, by stocking some spring-fed ponds with one thousand fry, at the Retreat, near Lafayette, La. where he keeps his large kennel of dogs, and where he seeks relaxation from business in the sports of rod and gun.

Should the experiment prove a success, it will undoubtedly be an incentive to further and greate: at empts in fish propagation.

General Myles recently took a shooting trip to the Retreat, after having made a visit to the great salt mines of his company at Avery Island. The mines are a wonder in their way, consisting of a lump of pure, solid salt, large enough to supply the needs of the world. General Myles reports quail in abundance and snipe scarce

Duck Weather.

The long drouth was broken at last. Monday of this week it started in to rain, gently at first for a few hours, then after dark it started in earnest. The downpour during several hours of the night was constant and heavy. There is no cessation. The heavy big drops almost touched each other and came straight down. Intense lightning and heavy thunder were mixed with the storm. The din of falling water could be heard everywere in all its variety of sounds of roof, sidewalk and waterspouts. All the water channels were soon overcharged and their fussy rushing soon grew to a steady overflow, which later filled the streets from walk to walk in some sections; in others the sidewalks were submerged to a depth of one or two feet. Belated pedestrians waited in vain for the flood to subside. The returning theatregoers caught the storm at its worst. After waiting to no purpose, at last the men would take off shoes and stockings, then wade through the deep water to the opposite side. The example once set, was followed in general. The ladies were not afraid to wade. But, alas! there were many mishaps in the black water and its white contrasts. As everyone knows, the drainage of New Orleans flows on the surface, in the gutters on either side of the street. Although a sidewalk may be ten or fifteen feet wide a single slab of stone, or at most, two, covers the gutters at the cross walks. To walk accurately across the streets and strike those slabs submerged as they are in water, was a task which all could not accomplish. As a consequence, many were the ones which toppled over into the water. One gentleman, gallant and zealous, attempted to carry the idol of his heart across. He took her up in his arms and started forth boldly, not to say proudly. According to all the forms of romance he should have succeeded. But he didn't. They both went down into the dark and chilly waters together. In romance the heroine shrieks, but this one squealed.

Improvised bridges were soon up, built by enterprising bootblacks and gamins. They enacted five cents toll for passage, and did a good business for several hours. The reporter of a local paper, with the winning audacity of the guild, without any questions, started to go across one of the bridges. The promoter of the syndicate demanded five cents.

"Have you a license to build a bridge and demand toll?" said he, as his thin lips curled in lofty contempt. Not a word in reply, but the bridge was instantly kicked from under him and he was raging in the water in the glare of the electric light.

He accumulated himself quickly and paced swiftly out of sight amidst the ha! ha! of the populace.

But it was great duck weather. Nearly all the ducks had been driven to the larger bodies of water, which had not been dried out by the drouth. There was no flying in and out to feeding and roosting grounds, for the sloughs and smallest streams of the prairie were dried up. From being shot at a great deal, they became wise and stayed out near the center of the lakes.

Still, a great many ducks were marketed notwithstanding the shooting disadvantages of the season.

An old duck shooter told me yesterday that he never saw so many mallards and pintails in the big lakes as there were this season, which he said was easily explained: The mallards (called French ducks here) and the pintails (called pinion queue) preferred the swamps in the woods and the sloughs and small water holes so numerous in the prairie, but all these being dried up this season they were forced to frequent the larger lakes. Since the heavy rain of this week they have betaken themselves to their favorite haunts in prairie and woodland.

The Duck Grounds.

All the southern portion of Louisiana is peculiar in relation to both its features of land and water. It is supposed that in times past the whole southern part of the State was made by deposits from the Mississippi River, making an alluvial soil of great depth and richness—that is, the section of country south of the hill country, and bounded on the east by Pearl River, a boundary line between Louisiana and Mississippi, and on the west by the Atchafalaya River, which in itself is not a river proper, but is a part of the intricate bayou system of the State. It has its source in the Mississippi at the northern point of Pointe Coupee Parish, and it carries an immense body of water from that river in a shorter and straighter course to the Gulf. Indeed, a few years ago, so great was the widening and deepening of the Atchafalaya year after year, particularly during the period of springtime flood in the Mississippi, that the greatest apprehension was felt lest the latter stream should change its channel permanently to the Atchafalaya and leave the cities below with nothing but a great river bed to mark where once was the Father of Waters. Had it done so, New Orleans would have lost much of its commerce. Still, the Atchafalaya now serves to relieve the Mississippi of a great pressure during the heavy spring floods when the Ohio and Missouri and the Mississippi above the snow belt break up from their winter rest. Between the Atchafalaya and the Pearl River are numberless bayous which tap the Mississippi, chiefly on the southwest side, as the river swings on a southeast course to the Gulf. They really form deltas within delta. They undoubtedly assisted in forming the alluvial soil of the State.

Many of the bayous are higher than the outlying adjacent country, the surface of the ground sloping in a gentle watershed away from the bayou. This is contrary to all one's preconcieved ideas of streams and valleys. A stream running along the backbone of a ridge seems anomalous. However, it should not be forgotten that these are not streams having their source at the head of some valley and depending upon its water shed for their supply, but streams having a constant supply at their head in the greater stream.

They run very even in depth and width and fall, as might be expected of streams which inverted the common order of cutting their way through the soil, by building its own bottom and sides instead. But how could a river build its own bed and sides? It could not ordinarily, but it could under the peculiar conditions of the lower Mississippi. In the time of flood, that river is laden with sediment, the detritus of the great valleys of the Ohio, Red, Missouri, Tennessee and of the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries. When it reaches Southern Louisiana the watershed is not great. The water rushes into the bayous and overflows them. The greatest deposit is near the bank, gradually growing less and less as the distance from the banks is greater. When the water recedes, the bayou has built its banks higher than the outlying country. Of course it could not build them up in a sharp slope, as such would make a swift fall and naturally cut itself away. This action repeated for centuries, would gradually build the outlying country higher and higher, though of course it never could be higher than the level of the original water supply. From this peculiarity one sees the paradoxical sight of a steamboat plying through some of the bayous of the interior, the steamer seemingly being higher than the level of the surrounding country, as indeed it often is. This highness of the bayou is greatly increased sometimes in the smaller bayous, more sluggish of current from being laden with sediment. The bayous being unable to overflow and deposit it on the surrounding soil, a large part of it is deposited on their bottoms, thus raising them. As the bottom is raised it necessitates a corresponding elevation of the levee. Of course, all the bayous are not so. Some have settled to steady channels and permanent banks.

Any one who cares to do so can see the same work going on at the delta of the Mississippi. Any map will show the manner of its working.

It will show the river running through a long tongue of land into the Gulf. The wonder is how it should follow the tongue of land to its extremest point. The explanation is simple. It made the land itself. The same process of land formation is incessantly going on at the delta. What are now North Pass and South Pass and Main Pass and Grand Pass, may centuries from now be great streams, ramifying from the Mississippi as the Atchafalaya, Bayou Lafourche and others do now.

As might be gathered from the foregoing, the alluvial land is quite flat. Along the Atchafalaya and the coast there are thousands of acres of marshes. In some of the building up process, the freaks of the water left numerous lakes. The alluvial bottoms and marshes produce food in abundance, and with water, marsh and food supply, and a mild climate that section is the natural winter home of the duck. It is a vast winter resort for them. The network of bayous along the coast and thousands of square miles of marsh and lake, all well stored with food, could harbor and feed comfortably all the ducks of America.

But even in a marsh country, all the surface is not marshy. Some of it is dry and fertile. When cultivated it produces enormous crops. Still, in extremely high water, large sections, ordinarily, are in danger of inundation. In an overflow an astonishing quantity of sediment is deposited, sometimes one or two feet in places favorable to it. No healthier climate, however, can be found than that of Louisiana.

Lake Catherine.

Last Wednesday Captain J. K. Renaud called on me with the pleasing information that a duck shoot had been arranged for me at Lake Catherine, and that General Myles had intended to accompany me, but business of importance intervening, he was forced to forego his kind intentions.

But the ducks were there and in abundance, he said, and he gave me much information as to where the best points on the lake were situated, and other needed information. I thought instantly that there was every reason why I should go duck shooting.

At 3.25 I was on the L. and N., when it started eastward on its run to Mobile. Lake Catherine is a station twenty-six miles east from New Orleans, named after the lake near which it is situated. The road runs through a very flat country, largely marsh with its heavy growth of coarse grass, or woods with an impassable undergrowth of palmetto and heavy, rank swamp growths. Along much of the way a deep and wide ditch had been dug along the right of way to get earth to raise the roadbed above the heavy tides or water driven in from the sea in heavy storms. Lake Catherine is a famous resort for duck shooters. It is at the extreme easterly point of Lake Pontchartrain, between it and Lake Borgue, and connects with the Rigolets, which connects Lake Pontchartrain with the ocean. It is about seven miles long, of varying and irregular widths, the widest being three miles.

Captain Renaud gave me a letter of introduction to Captain C. A. Jacquet, who lives about a mile and a half from the station. Thence the trip is made by boat, one mile of which is by the railroad, about thirty feet wide and ample depth for a boat, and the rest of the way by the bayou which leads to Lake Catherine. I found Mr. Jacquet's son, Mr. Peter, awaiting me through the prearrangement of General Myles or Mr. Renaud.

On landing, Mr. Jacquet received me with the grace and affability which only come from true kindness. Near the landing was a shed which, containing dozens and dozens of decoys, pirogues of different sizes, boats, etc., gave every evidence of sporting practices.

Now, it is not considered good form for a man to go into ecstacies over a good dinner, though he may caper as nimbly about good duck shooting as he pleases. But that dinner of gumbo file, black bass cooked to a turn, roast duck of delicate flavor, flaky biscuit, cold ham, claret and desert, followed by black coffee, is worth mentioning.

A dish of genuine gumbo is fit for any man, even though he be without sin. It is good in itself, but place a fiery, small green pepper in the middle of it, stir it up and it becomes the best dish either to tickle man's palate or rejuvenate his strength. Duck shooting is a great and enthralling attraction, but as between duck shooting and one of Captain Jacquet's dinners, give me the dinner. You don't have to get up at 4.30 o'clock in the morning to eat gumbo, either.

Soon after 5 o'clock we made the start for the ducking grounds. Mr. Fred Cober and Mr. Peter Jacquet, two as companionable and obliging young men as one would meet in a lifetime, and myself comprised the party.

The wind had blown hard during the night, and in consequence the lake was very rough. We were to make the trip in pirogues, the two young men in one and I alone in a smaller one. The boats to me looked all right as they lay high and dry on the shore. When they were put in the water they didn't look so large. When a dozen of decoy ducks were in one end and I in the other, a few feet apart, it looked still smaller. I was questioned about my knowledge in handling a pirogue, kindly but firmly. I confessed an ignorance of the pirogue, though I thought I knew a good deal of the properties of water.

They seemed to think I would do, so we started across the water into the night. The water looked awfully cold. I recalled many instances of the tenderfoot who tempted fate by getting astride bronchos and stepping into canoes and pulling lions' tails and so on. They all came to an unhappy ending.

The pirogue still looked smaller and the water colder. It was two miles and one-half to the shooting grounds. I wondered if duck shooting was really good sport when sought with a pirogue. I put my gun close to the bottom, for I had an idea that some ballast would not be a bad thing. Then I placed the cartridge box close on the bottom—they were safer there. The boat seemed to have no visible habits.

The pirogue is the nervousest boat imaginable. Some people may not know what a pirogue is, but if they learn to ride in one after they have passed their boyhood years by a score or two, they will never need a reminder of it It is simply a log dug out and sharpened at both ends, and as some logs are bigger and longer than others so it is with the pirogue, though they have the generic property of aground, slippery bottom and hair-trigger sensitiveness of perpendicular when in the water. Now, in riding a pitching broncho you have a firm, hard seat, a known quantity, a point of resistance, always; that is to say, it is not of the evanescent character demonstrated by stepping on a banana peeling. If a fellow cannot stay on he can at least look on where he had been. He can see where he was at. Not so with a pirogue.

After paddling awhile the boys waited under the lee of some rushes for me, and said they would give me a tow. I thought this was real nice of them and I said so, whereupon Mr. Coben told me they would rather do that than wait for me out in the lake. We started then across wind into the open lake, getting the full force of the wind and waves. We were in the trough of them, though they would not be considered big if a fellow were in a bigger boat. Then the little pirogue was in its delight. It would slip around in any direction regardless of natural laws. When a wave struck it sideways it would give me an unpleasant sensation that the boat and I could not agree and would part soon. Finally I learned that when a wave struck me on the windward side, I could steady the boat by giving a hard stroke on the leeward side. But when it reached the top of the wave it would land as lightly and feel as insecure as if one were astride a big soap bubble sliding down a cloud. All the time it was necessary to keep the whimsical craft in a straight line with the craft ahead, lest otherwise a sudden jerk of the tow line might throw the fairy boat over. I kept up a lively study of perpendiculars, indeterminate perpendiculars, ones attached to nothing, ones chasing each other about—it was too dark to see any fixed point and a fellow had to furnish his own center of gravity or go into the cold water. Coben shouted that we were in water forty feet deep. That was reassuring. It might have been eighty. At last we got across. We paddled down the Bayou Jeanne near where it empties into Lake Jeanne, not far from the Rigolets.

The east was flushed with crimson and gold as we set out our decoys, and prepared for the slaughter. We remained till midday.

How many ducks did we get? Peter got 23. As for how many Mr. Coben and I got it is better to let that matter rest. Some things don't improve by being too curiously investigated. We might have got 100 and we mightn't have got any. But at all events we had a good appetite when we returned to the house, and a good dinner made the world plesanter again.

But about the pirogue. It is easy to ride when you learn how. Do not sit in it too stiffly, but let the body move easily from right to left to maintain the center of gravity as the cranky thing skates around sideways, and don't get scared The latter must be strictly observed. Mr. Coben confesses he felt scared going across the lake, at which I marveled much, for there is nothing about a pirogue to scare one except the water. The pirogue is easy.

In the bunch of ducks killed by Peter were pintail, widgeon, (ziu zin), saw bill (beque seil), blue bill (dos gris), spoon bill (maque reuse) and grey ducks (canard gris). Mallards (French duck) had been in abundance. The local names are in the parentheses. Ducks were not flying much that day, though they were plentiful.

Some Fishes.

I had quite an interesting talk with Mr. Jacquet about the fishing resources of the section. The lake contains both salt and fresh water fishes. Redfish, sheepshead, black bass and speckled trout. It is fished with seines for commercial purposes and great quantities are shipped every day in the proper season.

Tarpon

But one piece of information will be of great interest

o tarpon fishermen in respect to their favorite fish. It s] commonly supposed that the tarpon frequents deep water. Captain Jacquet assured me that they had been often seen in the lake in shoal water not over a foot or two deep—great fellows, too. Several times they have been caught in the big seines only to break through to the great damage of the seine, or they escaped by leaping high over the seine. Only once did they succeed in capturing one, a big fellow 7 ft 9 in. long. Once they got a whole school in the net, fourteen in all. They escaped by jumping high over the net. Two nearly struck Mr. Jacquet, and one barely missed his son. The coast along Louisiana and Mississippi thereabouts abounds with them. One incident was most melancholy in its ending. The captain related the circumstances. A party of three young men were fishing from a boat near shore on the Gulf coast. Bait running short, two volunteered to seek bait ashore while the other one fished. After being put ashore they noticed that their companion had fastened a big fish. They encouraged him to hold on. Suddenly a big tarpon jumped out of the water straight at the lone fisherman, struck him in the chest with his head, smashing his chest in and killed him instantly.

Captain Jacquet scoffs at the idea of the tarpon being strictly a deep water fish. Mr. Cardona informed me they are abundant off Biloxi in the Gulf waters.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Jan. 11. B. WATERS.

THE CANVAS-BACK DUCK SUPPLY.

The author of an interesting and brightly written article on "The Ducks of the Chesapeake," in the January number of Lippincott's Magazine, predicts deploringly the extermination in fifty years, "of that finest of wild fowl in the world"—the canvasback.

He gives in circumstantial detail the premises from which he draws such conclusions. The present writer sympathizing deeply—as will all sportsmen—with him in his anxieties in this matter, proposes to examine into his premises to see whether they really afford grounds for his gloomy inference.

To do so it will be convenient to quote entire, from page 81 of the number, his paragraph in that behalf, marking alphabetically, in the order of their occurrence, the basic propositions therein. He says:

(a) "The breeding places of the Chesapeake ducks are in Canada, (b) where they are being destroyed in vast numbers by the cutting away of the forests which shelter the lakes and pools where they harbor, (c) and by the use and sale of their eggs. (cc) Thousands of these eggs are annually marketed, and by these methods, rather than by the numbers actually shot, they have been greatly diminished. This condition of things seems to be beyond remedy, since a State cannot make a treaty with a foreign power, and the general government is not likely to interfere on behalf of what is practically a Maryland industry, or to (d) provide such compensation as Canada might see fit to ask if a proposal was made to her to protect the ducks in their native habitat. So the prospect is that fifty years will see the extermination of the finest wild fowl in the world, and one of the most prized delicacies of the table."

From his context it is to be presumed that by "Chesapeake ducks," at the beginning of the paragraph, he means specially the canvasback, and possibly also intends to include the redheads, though the closing phrase "one of the most prized delicacies of the table" would seem to confine the application of the paragraph to the canvasback, certainly excludes the other common or inferior ducks. With this preliminary clearing of terms we will take up the lettered propositions.

(a) Canada extending conventionally to the apex, at the North Pole, of a wedge shaped slice of the terrestrial orange, the birds leaving the United States and going northward in spring, and returning thereto in winter only, may safely be affirmed to have their breeding grounds in Canada somewhere. We may therefore pass (a) as being correct.

(b) That they are being destroyed in vast numbers by "cutting away of Canadian forests which shelter lakes and pools where they harbor"—meaning by "harbor" live and breed—is news indeed to the present writer, who has spent nearly forty years in outdoor life in Canadian forests and prairie, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean, and has been observing and shooting wild fowl and other game every year of that time; and news to scores of shooting men in Canada of similar experience.

It would astonish such to meet one man, white or red, who could say he had ever seen a canvasback, or redhead either, nesting in lake or pool in the Canadian forests, whether of those forests that are being cleared away in the progress of settlement, or even in what could properly be called Canadian woods beyond settlements. Far to the north, where the forest dwindles down to scrub birch, spruce and willow, is, in my opinion, the summer habitation of the canvasback and red-heads that fly northwards along the Atlantic coast in spring from Chesapeake and other southern waters of that coast. But as, at the farthest north I have been (some hundreds of miles north of any Canadian settlements, and on waters of Hudson Bay) they arrived in autumn flying southward, i. e., from farther north. I affirm no personal knowledge of their breeding ground, and would have to refer inquiries to the Esquimax as probably knowing more about it.

(c) The Esquimax aforesaid may "use" and "sell their eggs," and (cc) for aught I personally know to the contrary, have markets where "thousands" of these eggs are annually disposed of, but, as the transactions would by the circumstances necessarily be of similarly profitable nature to those that occurred between the two small boys who tried to make a fortune by swapping knives all day while confined by rain to the barn, I fear that the industry would, notwithstanding the complete protection it must enjoy in that region, soon die a natural death.

(d) On this score Chesapeake sportsmen need not be stimulated by the Lippincott author to take any diplomatic action towards inducing Canada to legislate in protection of wild fowl.

They may, after perusal of that author's remarks, be surprised to learn that no State in the Union has more rigid laws protecting wild fowl and their eggs than those in force and strictly administered in Canada. The game laws of some of the States are, or were, I should judge, more lax than those of Canada, if personal experience, when South, of what I could shoot and when—on authority of hospitable and kindly local sportsmen—is to count.

The summing up, therefore, is that if the extermination within fifty years hence of the Chesapeake canvasback hinges—as affirmed by the author quoted—on the methods of its destruction practised in Canada, indicated by him, the sportsmen and epicures of the United States, and elsewhere, may consider the time limit of such extermination as indefinitely extended.

MONTREAL. COUREUR DES BOIS.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

A Pot Shot.

The Corpus Christi correspondent of the San Antonio Express is again suffering from an attack of drawing the long bow, or he has accidentally stumped his toe against a full grown truth. He says, January 12, that Ed. Grant, pot hunter and ragtag and bobtail par excellence, killed 60 ducks in two shots while hunting on Mustang Island.

The most abominable thing on earth to my thinking is a pot hunter that kills for profit. I have met market hunters, lots of them. Some were very bad, but I have met some of whom a good word might be spoken. This was a fair man. He paid his debts and always killed his birds on the wing, and his neighbors never knew him to pot anything. But here is a fair sample of the coast pot hunter, and he has killed sixty ducks. The daily press, always anxious to record great deeds and daring feats, puts a three-story heading over it and says to the world that Ed Grant has killed 60 ducks in two shots. Corpus Christi should hide these things. The fair little town should know that she loses caste when she announces to the world that such a thing exists as "Ed Grant."

But while I am under the pot hunting heading, let me say a few words about the city high-toned gun club men whom I saw "potting" a few weeks ago on a favorite duck shooting resort. There was a pair of them—and a precious pair they were—and they went hunting on the premises of one of nature's noblemen without even indulging in the courtesy to ask his permission to do so.

For at least half an hour the pair were heard across the lake. They were endeavoring to hire the privilege of shooting from a pot hunter's blind and over his decoys. The P. H. wanted $2. They offered $1, and spent an hour trying to jew down the price. They finally offered $1.50, which was reluctantly accepted. Ah! They are off! They reach the blind and the business begins.

About the first thing that comes along is a nice bunch of blue bills. They pass over the flight shooters, a pair of birds are killed and the birds fly down to the occupants of the pot hunter's blind, and as they hover over the decoys the precious pair empty their guns at them. Presently a pair alights and the birds swim amidst the decoys when the murderous discharge cuts them down. Can the pot hunter do worse?

He does not shoot nitro-powder, and he lets the ducks gather in larger numbers than the city club pot hunters do, but are they any better than he is? Guess not. I should have said two pairs, instead of a precious pair in the beginning of this narrative, for besides the pair spoken of there were two others. They were said to be Chesapeake Bay retrievers. One thing is certain, however. Their education had been sadly neglected as far as water was concerned. It was great fun to see the owner of one of these dogs giving him a lesson in retrieving. The owner undoubtedly thought it strange when the animal resented having a blue bill stuffed down his throat and his middle pounded on as if it were a drum. Suffice it to say that the dog didn't retrieve worth a cent, and its owner returned to the blind to "pot" some more ducks.

There are pot hunters and then some—we'll let it go at that.

The Gun Was all Right.

Last week one of our popular gun stores was visited by a farmer of Teutonic persuasion. He was grisly with whiskers and his embonpoint gorgeous. He wanted a gun—a cheap one He was shown several modern engines of game destruction, but the prices were all out of reach of his finances. He didn't like the place. He couldn't do well there.

The gun store man happened to think of an old Zulu gun which had been exchanged for a more modern arm, and desiring to rid himself of it offered it to the old farmer for $2. The price was all right and as the hayseed clutched the 15 pound hammer and raised, a widespread look of satisfaction settled on his complacent features as gracefully as a belated green head drops his legs in a puddle at nightfall. He blew in the muzzle and got red in the face. With a look of withering scorn he handed the gun back to the store man remarking that the gun wouldn't shoot. It was stopped up.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the merchant as he place a big new hat cap on the nipple. It is a little dusty on the inside. This will blow it out."

I should think it did. When the smoke cleared away the horrified gun man found that the hidden load had ruined about 10,000 much advertised top wads, blown out of existence a whole row of petmecky cleaners, to say nothing of the hole in the wall and the fine of $10 which he had to pay in the morning.

The farmer was the first to recover his equilibrium. His extended hand contained $2, which he gave to the dealer. Then he grabbed the Zulu and waddled out with the air of a farmer fully convinced that the gun could shoot.

Pneumonia Killing Fish.

About two months ago the Crystal Ice Factory, located on the upper part of the San Antonio River, had its ammonia vats cleaned out and the contents emptied in the river. The experiment killed thousands of fish and wagonloads of the stupefied denizens of the deep were carted away.

Mr. Lanning, a visitor from Chicago, who is a devoted disciple of Isaak Walton, procured a boat near the Lone Star brewery, where the water is deep and blue, and tried the depths for black bass.

As he floated down the stream he passed a fair specimen of the broad-jawed loafing-fishing "nigger" and asked him, "What luck?"

"Lor', massa. Ise jest been fishin' hyar fo' mo' den fo' hours an' nevah did get a bite. Evah sence the Crystal ice factory put dat noomonia in de water day ain't bin no fish in de ribbah, sah."

En Route to the Coast.

Jolly Charley Willard of the Colts Firearms Company, accompanied by Messrs. Marvin Hughitt and Mark Cummings of Chicago, passed through San Antonio in a private car en route to the coast, on the 14th. They go to Rockport, from where they will sail for Kemp's place, where they are sure to find plenty of canvasbacks and red heads.

Messrs. Ernest Stevens and A. C. Guessay of San Antonio will join Colonel Sam Allen and his two sons at Houston for a week's frolic on the Galveston Bay. This is an annual party which never kills much game, but, oh! how they live and how much fun they seem able to pound out of life. That's just the party Hough would like. They'll do well

Dog Stories.

I don't like to inflict them on an unoffending people, but there is a man in San Antonio who always bores me by relating some impossibility performed by his old dog. I have warned him repeatedly not to do it again, but he gathers himself together, takes a fresh hold and then gracefully slides to second. Here is one of them:

Scene, depot. Train coming at full speed. Dog on track, tail up toward the train. Doesn't wag his tail sufficient to flag the train. No time to lose. Remembers the dog obeys every command. "Charge!" the owner suddenly commands and the ever faithful pedigree-as-long-as-your-leg-Llewelyn setter "charges" between two rails. Train thunders over dog, passes, and master and dog are merged into one crying, suffocating mass.

TEXAS FIELD.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

NEBRASKA'S GAME FIELDS.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 19.—The committee consisting of J. B. Miekle, Frank Parmelee and Fred Montmorency appointed at the general sportsmen's meeting some three weeks ago to go to Lincoln and see about getting the new game and fish laws in the hands of interested members. report that they were cordially received, and have even reason to hope for a favorable consideration of the matter in hand. The bill providing for the protection of game and fish was entrusted to Representative W. H. Harrison of Grand Island, one of the most prominent and enthusiastic sportsmen in Nebraska; the bill providing for a State game warden to Representatives Hargrave of Sutton, another old sportsman, and the bill providing for a license for non-resident sportsmen to Representative Crow of this city, which is guarantee enough that it will not be neglected.

The wild fowl shooters are becoming apprehensive that the coming spring will afford but meager sport in this line. Most all of the most famous feeding grounds last fall were baked as hard as cement, and the shooting was the poorest known for years on this account, and as up to date we have had absolutely no rain or snow here this winter the shooters are making up their minds for another disappointment. The flight of the wild fowl last fall was all down the Mississippi Valley, hundreds of miles east of here, and if the same conditions prevail this spring they will assuredly return north by the same route. Last March I spent two weeks at Goose Lake, four hundred miles west of here. The water averaged ten feet all over the lake and our bag reached over a half hundred canvasbacks and redheads. I put in another two weeks at the same place last October. The water was not a foot deep in the deepest place, and our bag summed up 26 canvasback and probably 150 mixed. The Sandhills people, however, claim that their lakes are not dependent upon rain and snow for their supply of water, but upon the countless springs with which the hills in a lake country are filled. They claim that after a long summer, and with no extra rain or snow falls during the following winter, the lakes will be recharged through February and March from this source to their normal depth. I take little stock in this, however, and still it may be true. I heard just this week from both of my favorite haunts, and in neither was there any more water than there was in October.

If the ducks and geese were scarce in the sandhills this fall there was one beautiful game bird that wasn't, and that was the avocet. One afternoon in the upper shallows on Blue Lake, which is one of a chain on one which I do a great deal of shooting fall and spring, I saw them by the thousands and tens of thousands. They were feeding upon the tiny mollusks with which these waters teem; and the whole upper end of the lake, possible two or three hundred acres, was dotted with them as thickly as you ever saw sea gulls. I got a good position in the reeds, and in one hour's shoot killed something like seventy birds.

The first shot put them in noisy flight, but they decoyed well to the dead and wounded, kept circling, and for the period mentioned furnished unexampled sport. The avocet, as is generally known, belongs to the grallatorial family. It has a long bill turned up at the end like a sickle bill curlew. It also has very long wings and exhibits a general white color, but the back and wings of the male are a deep velvety black, while those of the female are a brownish-black.

They are extremey plentiful in the Sandhill lake country, and are a capital table bird, especially if skinned before baking or broiling. Unless this precaution is taken or unless the bird has been killed and neatly dressed for many days it is quite apt to be a trifle strong for epicurean taste.

Geogre Strong, while rabbit hunting west of Bellevue Friday killed a handsome specimen of the Artic owl, also a garter snake, and with the thermometer at the freezing point at that. SANDY GRISWOLD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Maybe Not.

Chicago, Jan. 19.—The press reports for this week state that the celerbated outlaw, Bill Cook, has been captured near Roswell, New Mexico. The despatch is sent from Fort Stanton. This is all country where I used to live once, and at that time I used to think that if I had committed any crime and wanted to escape I would hide in that country so that no one on earth could ever find me. But study of the past shows that a great many intelligent young men in the outlaw business have come to grief in that country, and since Col. Bill Cook's nabbing, before he had time to learn which way the Pecos River was running, leads me to feel less confident in my ability to pull the hole in after me in the mountains of my old hunting grounds. A fellow might, but maybe so not. This country is all going to the dogs. That corner of the world used to be a real nice place in the days of Billy the Kid and before Pat Garret's time.

Compliments to Conan Doyle.

Mr., or Dr., A. Conan Doyle is the last Englishman to strike the American pocket in a good place. Mr. Doyle writes some mighty good stories, and some not nearly so good as that. Of course he writes of America, and uses American dialects. For all this one can forgive him, but when he comes to writing of Arizona and Montana as being slap up against each other and speaks of Arizona as a country where the deadly upas tree and the tropical jungle and all that sort of thing grow on the low, damp morasses and the hot, humid air, I think A. Conan is off his trolley a whole lot. But A. Conan wrote that before he came to America. Perhaps now that he has come he is sorry he had not come before he had wrote it. These Americans are such extraordinary persons!

Hardy Bill Hamilton.

Mr. J. D. Losekamp writes from Billings, Mont., as below in request to a late illness of our old friend, Uncle Bill Hamilton, of whom I have lately written so much. It seems that he can't learn that he isn't as young as he used to be. Mr. Losekamp says:

"No doubt you will be interested to hear about our friend Bill Hamilton. Bill has been quite sick. A letter from Col. Ike Allen received this morning states that our old pioneer friend has about pulled through. Owing to the very fine weather Old Bill was over confident, so one day he donned his straw hat and with a pair of carpet slippers on he went down on the ice near his house and began fishing for the festive trout, lingering unusually long to catch the last fish, when all at once he was caught with pneumonia. It gave the old man a close call, notwithstanding he took it in his uusual lighthearted way.

"From letter under date of January 12 I am informed that fishing through the ice is good, but my time is too much occupied to enjoy the sport."

A Whack at the Nobility.

I was speaking of Colonel Doane, or Conan Doyle, a moment ago, and before I forget it must have another whack at his country. There is a theatrical company in town this week, "Gaiety Girl," all the way from Lunnon, seeking en passant, as we say in Chicago, a few more American piastres. There are not many jokes in the performance, (which, I believe, in England is called a comedy, but ranks here as a tragedy), but there is one thing which is strange if true. One sweet thing says to another sweet thing:

"Of what use are the nobility at any rate?"

"Oh," says the second s. t., "if it weren't for the nobility and their shootin', how would the game markets be supplied?"

There were only a few bright beings like myself who fell on to their joke, But it cawn't be, now cawn it, that the nobility of England are all market shooters? If so, we will be obliged to reclassify some grades of our society and set right a great wrong which has long been done a member of our social system, to wit, the market hunter.

Curling Irons at Milwaukee.

All this week there has progressed at Milwaukee the biggest curling bonspiel ever known in this country, and apostles of the broom and stone have gathered there from all the cold country of the western and northwestern States, and from all over Canada and Manitoba. Winnipeg has sent down her best men, including the famous team of which Mr. Thomas Johnson, well known to the kennel and sporting world, is a member. By the way, it was the Winnipeg rink that came into the last competition with the Statesmen yesterday for the international championship emblem, and Winnepeg lost to the Yankees by just one solitary, lonesome point. That, I feel sure, was because Thomas was not elected to make that last shot, which should have scored four, and only scored a miserable little one. But Mr. Johnson is coming over to Chicago this week, and he will tell me how it happened.

The Great Lone Land.

Speaking of Manitoba, reminds me of a late clipping from a Winnepeg paper kindly sent me by Mr. Johnson, which describes the return of Mr. J. B. Tyrrel of the Dominion Geological Survey, and Mr. Ferguson, extra A. D. C. to the Governor, from a seven months' trip through the great lone land of the sub-artic country. These gentlemen had traveled probably 3,000 miles by canoe, sledge and snowshoe, and had traversed country never before visited by white men. They walked 700 miles in the last month. Mr. Tyrell spoke as follows of their hazardous journey:

They started out on the journey from Selkirk on the 15th day of last June, and went from there to Cumberland House. Going up the Saskatchewan one of the canoes upset, resulting in the loss of some trifling articles, among which was a pair of carrier pigeons.

From Cumberland House they went northward over the Hudson's Bay Company old canoe route by way of Big Frog portage to Churchill River. Following this adown stream they reached Deer River, which took them into Deer Lake. Across this they paddled until they reached a trading post at its northern extremity. From this to Churchill on the Hudson's Bay was a barren expanse, with not a white man to be seen. It was an entirely new country, one in which they were particular to make careful geological surveys. Having reached White Partridge River, Mr. Tyrrel knew that of necessity its outlet should be in Hudson's Bay, for the year before he had navigated a river still further north and had found that to empty itself in the bay. Accordingly they followed the course of the stream until it brought them to Neville inlet, which is about 300 miles north of Fort Churchill. For three weeks prior to reaching Neville inlet they didn't see the sun. The weather was quite wintry like, with northeast and southwest winds blowing the drifting snow. This was on Sept. 18. The shores of the bay were then skimmed over with ice in some places, for winter had set in. Navigation was not a thing to be desired, in a light canoe. Paddling down along the western shore of Hudson's Bay for a distance of 300 miles they arrived at the mouth of Churchill Bay and enterad the fort on Oct. 1. Here they remained for two months. They were too late to undertake the return trip by canoe, and too early to go a foot, as the rivers had not yet frozen solid enough to allow of crossing upon the ice. The two months spent at Fort Churchill were not lost, on the contrary the gentlemen had an opportunity of studying the nature of the surrounding country, watching how the traders carry on their work, procuring trinkets from the Esquimaux and the Chippewa Indians, and in many other respects of gathering interesting data. At Fort Churchill the only business is trading. Twice each year the Chippewa Indians come in to the fort with skins, furs, etc., for which they receive in exchange some provisions, though not very much, clothing, ammunition, etc. During their stay here the semi-annual visit of the Indians and Esquimaux was made and the explorers were thus enabled to purchase a team of five Esquimaux dogs for the return trip. Dogs are very scarce here, in fact, it would have been impossible to procure them had they not been brought in by the natives. At Churchill there are about forty white people, all English-speaking. There is also here a representative of the Church Missionary Society.

On Nov. 30 they set out on foot for home and struck across country to the Nelson River, thus avoiding the circuitous route via York Factory. They struck the Nelson at Split Lake, not far from Norway House. On Christmas Eve they reached Norway House, where they met the first white people they had seen since leaving Fort Churchill The tramp down Lake Winnipeg was fraught with much hardship. The wind was constantly blowing and the cold was intense. The first ice that formed on the lake more or less melted, and thus when the second coating came, the surface was very much roughened, making travel exceedingly laborious. The entire distance from Fort Churchill to Dog-Head, some 700 miles, was covered on foot.

North Dakota Sportsmen's Association.

The sportsmen of North Dakota will hereafter have an organization, the first of its kind in the history of the State. Few States need such a body more than North Dakota, for in few States has the game been more ruthlessly and disastrously destroyed, in no wise so much as by the illegal non-resident shooters. The young association will have plenty of work to do, and I hope it will not lose sight of its original aims and become a mere trap shoting body, as so many other State associations have done.

The meeting of permanent organizations was held January 15. The first annual meeting will be held at Fargo. The following officers were elected to serve until the next annual meeting: President, C. E. Robbins; first vice-president, J. A. Rankin of Jamestown; second vice-president, W. L. Wilder of Grand Forks; secretary, W. W. Smith; treasurer, H. E. Magill; attorney, Judge W. H. Winchester of Bismarck.

The president appointed as a board of directors, August Roberts, chairman; J. A. Rankin, S. S. Lyon, G. A. Carpenter and G. E. Bowers As a law committee, S. S. Lyon, chairman; P. Blewitt and A. B. Guptill. As a tournament committee, G. E. Bowers, chairman; C. Smith and G. A. Carpenter. It was decided to hold the membership list open till the first annual meeting, and that all persons elected and subscribers to the constitution and by-laws by that time shall be considered charter members of the association.

Among the gentlemen present were: A. J. Schirrman, G. W. Garrett, H. E. Payne, W. H. White, J. J. Rentschler, H. E. Magill, B. D. Schofield, G. A. Carpenter, G. E. Bowers, J. D. Henning, F. B. Manning W. F. Cramer, G. B. Schofield, C. W. Bowers, A. B. Guptill, Nick Paul and C. E. Robbins.

Duck Island Club.

The Duck Island Fishing and Shooting Club, whose famous duck preserve is in the old Spring Lake tract of the Illinois River and whose membership is made up of men from that country and from Chicago, held a meeting at Peoria, January 15. Reports and routine business took up most of the time and the treasurer showed a good record. The following officers were elected: Ferd Luther, president; W. L. Shepard, vice-president; N. E. Huggins, secretary; H. A. Fahnestock, treasurer. The above, with addition of W. H. Shaw, also make the directory.

A singular thing has happened in the record of this club. They were troubled with low water, which of course hurt their shooting, so the directors resolved to take the weather into their own hands. They put in a great pump, which transfers a stream about a foot square steadily from the Illinois River over the bank and into the club marsh. This fall there were fifteen inches of water all over the marsh, and the members are hugging themselves over the way they solved the low water problem so effectually and permanently. Now they have plenty of feed, plenty of water and plenty of ducks.

What show has a duck got against a man, anyhow?

Proposed Illinois Law.

The executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association met at the Sherman House Thursday evening, January 17, present Mr. Shepard, president of the association, chairman; R. B. Organ, Messrs. Abner Price, F. M. Hamline, C. S. Wilcox, A. C. Patterson, also Mr. Herman Meyer, secretary of the association. Most of the evening was taken up in careful discussion of a game law drafted by State Warden Charles Blow, which was approved with some few small additions and changes, which were annotated on the printed copy. This bill would open the shooting date on all game birds, except quail, on September 1, closing it January 1, thus cutting off spring shooting. The open date on quail would be October 1—January 1. The sale of game would be forbidden except between dates extending five days after the opening day and five days before the closing day of the season. This would stop early shooting and late selling, and would cut off January, one of the greatest game selling months. No game would be exported, and all confiscated game would be turned over to charitable institutions. No rifle would be allowed used on lakes or open waters. No hunting on enclosed grounds without first obtaining owner's consent would be allowed. The most noticeable feature of the bill is the clause requiring any shooter to pay $1 for yearly license. A scientific or collector's license is set at $20 yearly. The license fees are to be turned into a game fund, to be used in paying a salaried chief warden and assistant wardens, also in propagating game birds.

Mr. Price thought much good could be done even if the present law were enforced. The committee resolved to do all they could to that end. Mr. Hamline thought the daily press should have news of the committee meeting in protective matters; the secretary was instructed to furnish proper reports to the city papers.

Mr. Patterson called attention to the fact that at the last convention a $10 assessment was laid on each club of the association to raise funds for protective work, and that only a few of the clubs had paid this assessment. It was made the sense of the committee that all such delinquent clubs should be at once notified once more, and if they did not pay up immediately that they should then be dropped from membership in the association.

On motion of Mr. Price, it was put on record that the committee would rigidly enforce the rule against dropping for place in the touranment shooting. The members of the executive committee all expressed themselves as vigorously opposed to crooked shooting.

And Still They Go to Texas.

The tide of Forest and Stream travel to the happy hunting grounds to Texas still continues and increases. The last party to start from Chicago for Rockport is made up of Messrs. W. D. Boyce, a well known publisher here and owner of the new Boyce Building; Mr. Wm. McKnight of the Briggs House, and Sheriff James Pease. These gentlemen will go direct to Rockport, and I have sent them to our old friends, the Bludworth boys and the yacht Novice at that point. If they do not have a good time there they will be the first ones who have not.

The Butte Fatality.

So far as known at this writing no sportsmen were injured at the great Butte casualty of the present week, in which so many lives were lost by the explosion at the depot fire. One old-time hunter by name of Johnson is reported killed. He was just preparing to take a party into the mountains—for what reason I cannot say.

909 Security Building, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

THE SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION.

New York City, Jan. 19.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Sportsmen's Exposition Association recently held a very interesting and important meeting. On January 8 the officers decided to have the association incorporated. The necessary papers were prepared, and I have the pleasure of reporting that the inccorporation of the association is now consummated. The association will be known hereafter as the Sportsmen's Association. The particular business of the corporation, or the operations for the conduct of which it is incorporated, is the study of field sports; the holding of expositions promotive of field sports; the establishment of assembly rooms or headquarters in New York City, where those interested in field sports may assemble; and incidentally the founding of a sportsmen's library in such headquarters for the use of members and visitors The principal office of the corporation is to be in New York. The names of the incorporators are: Charles Daly, John S. Wise, J. A. H. Dressel, Jacob H. Studer, Frederic S. Webster. The names of the trustees for the first year are: Charles Tatham, Charles Daly, Frederic S. Webster, J. A. H. Dressel, J. Von Lengerke, John S. Wise, Jacob H. Studer, Archibald Rogers.



The intention of the corporation is to acquire as large a membership as possible, and a vigorous effort will be made to enroll every sportsman as a member. This may seem a herculean task, and not possible of accomplishment, but the support of hundreds of sportsmen can be reasonably expected. When the constitution is made public the advantages to be derived from membership will be evident to all sportsmen who have the general welfare of the fraternity at heart. It is believed that much permanent good will result from the founding of an association of this character. The policy of the trustees will be all that could be desired.

The interest in the forthcoming exposition of the association is daily increasing. The spaces are more than half taken by the leading firms and associations. Many of the exhibits are very unique and attractive and prepared especially for this occasion. The historical and educational features enter largely into the character of the displays.

The first annual trade convention of the corporation will be held May 16, 1895, at 3 p. m., during the week of the exposition.

Special arrangements will be made with all the railroads in the United States for one and one-third rates to all persons attending the convention.

Full particulars will be furnished by all local ticket agents at the proper time. This is an arrangement which will enable all sportsmen and people who desire to visit the exposition to do so at a reasonable expense, and this opportunity, and the splendid and elaborate character of the displays, and the benefits to be enjoyed should ensure a rousing gathering of sportsmen from all parts of the country. FREDERIC S. WEBSTER, Sec.

ALLIGATOR HUNTING IN MISSISSIPPI.

Alligators are known to be very fond of young pigs, and they are quite a nuisance to the farmers who are eking out an existence along the banks of Black River. During the fall of 1894 there was quite a drouth in that locality, and the swamps were about as near void of water as they had been for years. As a consequence the alligators had taken to their winter quarters, which were holes made in the bank of some slough or low-lying lake. These holes frequently extended some thirty or forty feet back from the opening, which is usually very little larger than the alligator. These places contain water when everything else goes dry, and the alligators take to them and get their living as best they can. Sometimes a pig will come along, and finding a good wallowing place in the soft mud at the mouth of one of the watery dens, will proceed to root out a good place to take a quiet snooze. But usually it is not long before the 'gator discovers that there is something eatable at the mouth of his den, a pair of bright eyes may be seen taking in the situation, and then a huge mouth opens and the pig goes sliding back into the water to be eaten at the leisure of his captor.

This irritates the farmer. When he finds his "raisor back" being bodily taken away from him he organizes a posse and procures munitions of war, consisting usually of a long pole with a steel hook securely fastened to one end, a ball of traut line cord and an axe; and the posse proceeds to the holes, pokes around with the hook and finally raises the ire of the tough skinned monster within. He gets mad and bites the pole, and finally gets the hook fastened in the tender part of the lower jaw, when all hands get hold and pull. It is only a question of strength then, for the stronger is the master. Usually the alligator comes out with his legs set like those of a young bull being pulled by a rope against his will. As soon as the 'gater's head is fairly out of the hole he is dispatched by a single blow of the axe between the eyes, and the farmer returns merrily home, thinking not of the brutality, and with the exclamation that, "That old red-eyed rascal will never get another of my pigs."

Those who hunt the alligator for their hides and teeth pursue an entirely different method. The favorite way is to hunt them with a headlight at night in a bateau or dugout. The little craft is paddled close to the pair of glistening eyes and as soon as the distance is near enough a load of shot is sent into the skull between the eyes; and as soon as possible a sharp hook is thrust into the alligator, he is towed ashore and the desirable parts of the hide and teeth are taken and the carcase left to the buzzards to devour. PLUMB BOB.

PARSON UZZELL'S RABBIT HUNT.

December 19, 1894, late in the evening a party left Denver on a special train, under the direction of Rev. Thomas Uzzell of "The Tabernacle" for the second annual rabbit hunt on the Arkansas River. By the time the train reached Lamar, a hundred and forty miles southeast from Denver, the party had been increased by additions at Colorado Springs and Pueblo to about one hundred men, with shotguns. The instructions directed each man to have two hundred cartridges, so the party was well provided with ammunition.

The train next morning on its arrival at Lamar was met by fifty or more ranchmen with conveyances of various kinds, and the hunters were at once taken to the farms up and down the river, being scattered a distance of fifteen miles. After breakfast the hunting commenced. Each party of two, three or four hunting on, and in the vicinity of the ranches, where they were taken as guests, and paying no attention to any one else. It was not a general organized hunt by surrounding the country and driving the rabbits in, the tendency being rather to scatter than to corral the rabbits. The farmers turned out in their wagons and helped by gathering up and bringing in the rabbits as shot, but they did little, if any, shooting leaving this to their guests. The hunt continued two days, the party meeting again the second evening, bringing in the rabbits by the wagon loads. A summing up from the reports of the different parties showed by actual count five thousand one hundred and forty-two (5,142) rabbits killed and brought in, the result of the two days' shooting. They weighed over fifteen tons, and were brought to Denver the following day on the fast freight, making a full car load.

Mr. Uzzell is the pastor of "The Tabernacle," a large mission in the lower part of the city. The rabbits were distributed to those who applied for them, principally to the poor, and undoubtedly a great deal of good was done thereby. All who participated in the hunt were fully repaid by the sport.

This article will give an idea of the enormous number of these animals, and the rapidity with which they are increasing. The Alfalfa fields, becoming so numerous and extensive in Colorado, are particularly attractive to them.

Other hunts by smaller parties have been made in other parts of the State with excellent results. The farmers everywhere are glad to have hunters come and kill these animals, as they have become almost, if not quite, a pest. They furnish good sport, and although they make a large target, it takes quick shooting, as they go in a hurry when they start. GEO. HARPER.

Home Made Skis.

Okonagon, Wash.—I will tell the boys how I make my skis. I take a fir board 4¼ in. wide, 1¼ in. thick and 12 feet long; shave the front end down to 3-8 in. thick and back 14 in., and from there back I groove the bottom out 5-8 in. Then I shave the top off to a sharp edge in the center, leaving a place 18 in. long where the foot rests. Then steam them well and put in a press and let them dry. Then take a piece of natural crook ½ in. thick 1 in. wide and fasten to the front end with screws. This keeps the shoe point always in its proper shape; and when the shoe runs away and strikes a tree or any solid object the point cannot break off. I put the toe strap on so as it will come back to the big point of the toes. I put a piece of hard wood on for the shoe or boot heel to come against and leave a small shoulder on each end of the piece. Then I put a stiff piece of leather on each side from the toe of the boot back 2 inches farther than the heel 7 or 8 inches wide and put a piece of leather across in front. This will keep loose snow from falling in and packing under the feet, which without these you will have to stop quite often and clean out your shoes. For dope I use paraffine and lard oil. Melt two or three paraffine candles in a quart of lard oil and put it on smoking hot. When the shoes are properly grooved out they will not sink half so deep in soft snow as those that are flat, and unless the snow is as hard as ice they will not slough.

While I am not an expert on shoes, I am very fond of the sport and have had some splendid rides every winter for the last forty years. LEW WILMOT.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE FISH FESTIVAL OF JAPAN.

The war between China and Japan has aroused in the minds of the whole civilized world an interest in everything that pertains to the habits and customs of these peculiar people, especially to the everyday affairs of the Japanese.

A traveler making a tour through Japan is strongly impressed with many of their strange festival days, no one of which interests him more than the "Boys' Fish Festival," commencing each year on May 5, and lasting several days; the whole population giving up their time to make ths festival an impressive one to the young. Ths festival is destined to keep fresh in the minds of the youth the importance of perseverance and the surmounting of all obstacles which they may have to encounter from youth to manhood. One of the principal features consists in flying paper fish. The festival originated many hundreds of years ago, and is both historical and traditional.

Nineteen hundred years ago, tradition says, Japan and Corea were on very friendly terms, the friendship continuing until the reign of the Emperor Chuai, when their friendly relations were severed. About this time the Emperor died and his wife, the Empress Jingo, with her minister of state, To-ke-uchi-Su-kune, was obliged to go to war and punish the Koreans. Before starting on warlike expeditions it was the custom of the rulers to go to the river and cast in a hook. This the Empress did, and to her great delight, she drew out a large carp, which at once was taken as an omen of her sucbess in the battles thatwere to follow. The koe (carp) is famous for leaping up waterfalls over rocks and surmounting all obstacles in its progress up the stream. The army was successful and conquered all Korea. At this time the son of the Empress was born. The prince grew strong and beautiful, and to honor and perpetuate his memory, as well as to celebrate the conquest of Japan over Korea, the Empress established the "Boys' Fish Festival," sixteen hundred and ninety-one years ago, which has continued until the present time and is general throughout Japan, but more particularly is the celebration observed by flying paper fishes in the province of Joshiu.

These fish are made of strong native paper, and are constructed in imitation of the carp. They are of various sizes, from one to over thirty feet in length, hand painted and decorated in a highly artistic manner, Japanese artists being very skillful with the brush. The head, fins and even the scales of the fish are made to appear quite real. The paper is cut out, firmly joined and pasted together to form the body, after which they are painted. The colors used are red, yellow, black and blue, with a touch on the scales and eyes of silver and gold. Separate pieces are added to form the dorsal, pectoral and abdominal fins, and a circular piece of rattan is pasted in front to make the open mouth, an aperture being left at the end of the tail, allowing the air to pass through and inflate the fish. To the mouthpiece are fastened strings, which are tied to long bambo poles or rods, which are then placed in the ground and fastened to the housetops. At the extreme end of the rod they attach the red rising sun of Japan with streamers, upon which are painted pictures of hideous, terrifying warriors. One fish after another is added, indicating the number of boys in the household. (When a baby boy is born the relations present the family with a paper fish.) If the wind is brisk the fish become distended like a balloon and float about in the air, much as they would swim in their native element, making a pleasing and striking appearance.

When the older residents are questioned as to what is the meaning of all this great display and festival, they will in most instances reply, "We do not know." When we reflect how many hundreds of years back the origin of the ceremony dates, the answer is not strange. We can readily realize that even in one hundred years from now many people then living in the United States may not be able to tell what great event in our history the Fourth of July commemorates.

Should you be so fortunate as to occupy a house commanding an elevated view in any city in the province of Josiuh on the morning of May 5, you would be startled by the gorgeous and beautiful sight presented to your vision. The city would seem to be covered with a brilliant cloud floating above the low roofed houses, which upon closer inspection would prove to be myriads of flags, streamers and fishes of all sizes fluttering in the air. You would at once try to reassure yourself whether you were really in the sea breathing salt water or whether the fishes had left the water and had taken wings and were flying about the city. J. B. KING.

An Artist's Grayling.

The beautiful illustraiton of Michigan grayling in our issue of December 22 last was from an original water color by Mr. Robert Porteus, and credit should have been given at the time. The work is one of the best fish pieces we have in a photograph, and of course the photograph loses very much of the original, for the curiously shaped and placed dark spots do not show well, and the stripes on the ventrals do not show at all. The caudal is well shown, also the great dorsal fin. The iridescence of the fins and the beautiful tints of the body are of course impossible in a photograph.

BLACK BASS BY NIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:—I was very much interested in the point raised by Dr. Alfred Hinde in his letter which appeared in your paper of January 5, as to the nocturnal habits of black bass. The doctor states that he "made microscopic sections of the eye of this fish," and that he has been led to think that the black bass (large mouth) "does not swim around in the dark," and that he does not "think it can do so." In speaking of the results of his microscopic examinations he says: "If my conclusion should prove to be correct it would be interesting to know that with the microscope alone we can decide the nightly habits of this fish. Will Mr. A. N. Cheney or some other naturalist-fisherman kindly throw sufficient light upon this subject to decide the matter?"

While I am not a naturalist, and cannot therefore reach any scientific conclusion, yet I have had considerable experience fishing for black bass during the past eleven years, and have naturally acquired considerable information regarding the daily and nightly habits of this grand fish. For many years I labored under the delusion that black bass could not see after dark, and for that reason did not make any effort to find out to the contrary. But last summer I had an experience which satisfies me beyond the shadow of a doubt that black bass (both varieties) not only move around at night, but can see very well. I will briefly relate the experience.

Last August a party of seven, including myself, were camping at the narrows between Six Mile and Crooked Lakes, which are located near the Georgian Bay, Canada, between the mouths of the Severn and Muskosh rivers. One beautiful moonlight night, about 11 o'clock, several of our party were lying on the rocks exchanging fish stories, when it occurred to me that I would try and catch a "channel cat," which fish can be taken better after dark than at any other time. I aroused my Indian, who had gone to sleep, and told him of my desire. Without a complaint he cheerfully got up and put a canoe on the water. In reply to the question whether there was any bait, he said there were three or four small frogs, but that he would take along a piece of smoked venison. He paddled out about one hundred yards from the shore and told me to drop in my line, which I did. The bait had not sunk more than six feet before I got a savage bite, and immediately hooked a very lively fish, which was landed as soon as possible, and imagine my surprise when the Indian said it was a small mouthed bass. Casting the line again, I told the Indian to move on to the narrow channel which connects the two lakes.

At this time a Mr. Stephenson of our party, who was still lying on the rocks, having become excited over the catch of a black bass at night, waked his Indian, got a canoe, and started for the same point in the channel to which we were going. He got to the spot first, and cast his hook baited with a small piece of venison. The moment the bait struck the water it was taken by a large fish, and when I came up and inquired what the noise was about he replied that he thought he had an immense bass. Without waiting for him to land his fish my Indian paddled up alongside and I threw in my line, which was immediately taken by a fish. Both of us were using light lines, rods and reels and the fun began. The fish would make the most terrific runs, then leap out of the water, then under our canoes, almost doubling our rods, and then the reels would sing out those songs which make the fisherman's heart leap for joy. We did not know what kind of fish they were, but we knew they were the hardiest and gamiest fighters we had ever had on our lines. Both fish were successfully landed, and behold they were the genuine black bass weighing about four pounds each.

I then followed Mr. Stephenson's example, and baited with smoked venison, and as soon as our lines were cast again each had another bass. In one hour at that place we landed 26 of the handsomest bass I ever saw, all of which were the large mouthed variety except three or four. There was not a small one among them; not one that we thought would weigh less than three pounds, and others we estimated at four and one-half pounds. We only camped there one other night, and I took advantage of it by trolling for fish at night. The result was that I caught one bass and one wall-eyed pike in about half an hour. I have no doubt I would have caught more had we kept along the shore, but the Indian was afraid of snags and rocks and kept well out in the lake.

Every statement made can be proven by witnesses if Dr. Hinde is at all incredulous. Upon my return home I told a friend about the experience I had had, and the following month (September) he went to the same place, and had a similar experience fishing for bass at night. He states that in some places the bass were swimming so near the top surface of the water that their fins were sticking out, and they seemed to be in large schools. He caught bass at night as fast as he could cast his line, and as he could make no use of the fish returned them to the water. So I concluded that black bass can move around at night, and can see perfectly well. From close observation last summer I am convinced that black bass go on to the shoals at night to feed and can be caught then more easily than in the daytime, when they are frequently in hiding in deep pools under the edge of the rocks.

PENNSYLVANIA. EDWARD O'NEIL.

Alabama is Hospitable.

Jerseyville, Ill., Jan. 14.—Moses Collenberger, one of Illinois, noted trap shots, and Amos Pessings, both of this city, have just returned from a month's shooting in Alabama. The party were located about sixty miles northwest of Mobile and report very fair sport and a most enjoyable time. They hunted quail principally, but killed also three deer and a number of turkeys. The quail and turkey were numerous, but deer were scarce.

These gentlemen speak in the highest terms of the hospitality shown them by all classes with whom they came in contact. Their camp was visited by numerous parties, some of them staying all night and all coming well supplied with eatables. Mr. C. gives it as his opinion that they are the best feeders he ever saw.

Invitations to shoot over their lands came from everybody, and each seemed to try to outdo the others in the efforts to entertain the "Yanks" as the party were called, and make their trip pleasant. L. S. HANSELL.

ANGLING NOTES.

Drawing Silk Worm Gut.

A gentleman in Philadelphia writes me as follows: "That part of your article in last issue of Forest and Stream relating to silk worms used for leaders has interested me to the extent of inducing me to write to you for the purpose of asking how this gut is drawn out. I presume the cocoon is the part used, and I would like to know how the chrysalis is extracted, and how the cocoon is prepared and how the gut is drawn."

Before I could write a personal reply to this letter I eceived another somewhat similar one, and previous experience in such matters warns me that still others will be coming along later after the contents of that particular issue of Forest and Stream have been fully digested, and possibly I can answer all who may be curious about drawing of gut from native silkworms at one time.

The gut is not drawn from the cocoon, but from the worm or larva. The cocoon is of silk, which the worm spins about itself, but that particular silk is like the water that is passed and with which you cannot grind, for it will not make leaders, as leaders, or gut of commerce. comes from the silk sacs of the worm at about the time that it is ready to spin the cocoon. What follows is taken chiefly from an article which Mr. C. F. Orvis wrote at my request after his experiments with American silk worms, and I will be as brief as possible. The two moths with which Mr. Orvis experimented were the polyphemus and cecropia. The cocoon of the former is attached to a tree by a slender thread of spun silk, usually wrapped around the stem of a leaf, and because of its slight fastening is frequently blown to the ground by the wind, and it is more difficult to find than the cocoon of the cecropia, which is firmly bound to a small twig. The cocoon of the polyphemus is about two inches long, one inch in diameter, cylindrical in shape, both ends round and closed. That of the cecropia is considerably larger, being from three to four inches long, one and a half inches in diameter and pointed at either end. These descriptions are sufficient to enable the seeker to distinguish one cocoon from the other. The cocoons when gathered may be kept in a spare room, although Dr. Garlick kept them in his parlor. The moths emerge from the cocoons, the cecropia quietly, giving no warning, and the polyphemus after a struggle extending over days, and then they should be transferred to cages of cheese cloth or mosquito netting, placed over a framework of wood. In the cages the moths must be mated, and this is sometimes difficult to do unless one has a large number of cocoons. Of perhaps a dozen cocoons that I had in a drawer of my dressing bureau every one was a male. During their short lives the moths take no food. The male lives from six to twenty days. The female lays her eggs the second or third day after leaving the cocoon, and dies a few hours later. The male moth may be distinguished from the female by the greater breadth of his antennæ, it being not only wider, but feathery as compared with that of the female. The female moth is less brilliant in coloring than the male, and the spots on the wings are smaller, but her body is much larger and fuller. The moth lays from 250 to 300 eggs. The cecropia a round, slightly flattened egg of deep cream color, with a small depression in the middle of coffee color; the polyphemus, a tiny kidney shaped egg. The moth is from four to six or even more days in laying her eggs, and they hatch in about twelve days. The larvæ when first hatched are about one-eighth of an inch long, and must at once be placed on the food prepared for them. The larvæ of the cecropia grows to a worm 4½ inches long. I went to Manchester, Vermont, to witness Mr. Orvis's experiments when they were in different stages of development, and I shall not soon forget his great crop of larvæ of the American silk worms. I shall not refer here to the food of the larvæ but in the article in Forest and Stream to which both of my correspondents refer the types make me say "cotton ball bush," when I wrote button ball bush, and by which I meant the button bush or water sycamore.

The treatment of the worm for the purpose of drawing the gut is the same as with the Chinese silk worm, from which the gut now in common use is obtained. Silk and gut are both obtained from the same substance at different stages of development. Each worm possesses two silk sacs, each of which produces a strand of gut. When the worm is about ready to spin, which it indicates by refusing food, the sacs are ripe for drawing. The worm is placed in vinegar or acetic acid, which instantly kills it, and is left for a few hours, then it is placed upon a board and with a sharp knife the head is severed. By gently pressing the lower end of the body of the worm the two silk sacs, which are of gummy consistency, are forced forward until, in the case of the American worm, they can be seized with the fingers and carefuly drawn out, stretched on a board between two pins and left to dry. With the Chinese worm, the silk sacs being much smaller, the sac is drawn out with a pin. The worms vary in size and consequently the gut is longer or shorter as the worms may be large or small, and the fineness of the gut is dependent upon the amount of stretching that it gets. When the gut is drawn and dried it has not the appearance of the gut that is bought in the hanks in the tackle shops.

For a long time I kept on my desk a lot of "unbleached" gut, as the crude article is called, and of all the many anglers that I showed it to not one of those knew what it was. The crude gut is covered with a yellow skin when it is dry and it looks like anything but the strand of a leader. Formerly this skin was removed by girls who drew the gut through their teeth and thus peeled it, but now it is done with a chemical of some sort, and occasionally I imagine it is over done, which will account for the fact that we sometimes get a fine, strong-looking hank of gut that is not worth a baubee.

In Spain the drawing of the gut is done by women, and according to "Mona," a writer in The Fishing Gazette, London, a couple of years ago, the worms are not previously dipped in acid. Of the washing of the gut after drawing "Mona" says:

"The links are gathered by children and brought to the sorters. They deftly separate the precious, perfectly cylindrical links from the rest and hand them over to the washers and stainers, who subject them to a long process of bathing, which imparts to them the well known tint of the gut of commerce and develops that bark which renders this gut so valuable. This is the rare and expensive undrawn gut which only kings and editors use. * * The composition of the washing and dressing baths is a strictly guarded trade secret, though amateurs unacqaintedwith it have frequently been known to turn out a very well dressed gut with preparations of their own."

This washing and dressing, I imagine, is nothing more than the proceess of removing the outer skin that I have already mentioned, and the dealers have hedged it about with a mystery for purposes of their own. Remove the skin and you have the gut of commerce, and that is all there is of it. And you have it with its "bark" or enamel if the gut is drawn at the right time, and washing will not add to or take from it. "Mona" says one thing which is of interest: "All the remainder of the gut (i. e., all but the cylindrical sort used by kings and editors) is therefore flawed, and constitutes by far the largest portion of the gut produced. Flaws are caused by flattening and attenuation."

This flawed gut is then worked up into "drawn" gut, and I will explain what this means, for comparatively little drawn gut is used in this country, although it is common enough in England, where it is largely employed in dry-fly fishing. After the gut is drawn from the worm, or the silk sacs are stretched as described, it is natural, or "undrawn" gut, to distinguish it from "drawn" gut, which is produced from the flawed strands or links exactly as wire is drawn, by pulling the strands through holes in metal plates, which scrape or cut the gut down to cobweb-like attenuation. Therefore, be it understood that "drawn" and "undrawn" are terms applied to the gut after it is taken from the worm, stretched and dried.

Gut being nothing more than "silk in a certain stage of arrested development," it is claimed that "the action of sunlight upon it causes a sort of obscure revival of the metamorphic process which disintegrates the gut tissue." I have long believed that sunlight is not good for gut; and I do know positively that gut may be kept for years in oiled paper, placed in a dark place, without losing its strength, so I cannot understand why anglers persist in wearing leaders around their hats all summer unless they are intended for hat leaders and not fishing leaders.

A. N. CHENEY.

THE STORY OF OLD JACK.

Old Jack is a trout (or was, for he is no more). His home was in little Diamond pond, N. H., that empties into a tributary of the Magalloway, which in turn is a tributary of the Androscoggin River. We have no means of arriving at his exact age, but our acquaintance with him extends over several years.

He was readily distinguishable from others of his species by an abnormal elevation of the back directly beneath his dorsal fin. Mr. Kendrigen, veteran fly fisherman of Waterbury, Conn., is supposed to have hooked on to him several times within the past ten or fifteen years. This hump in the back was the seat of tremendous muscular power, for as often as he was hooked leaders, lines or hooks were smashed "all to flinders." He was never known to bite at worms or sunk hooks of any description. He is supposed to have risen to flies out of "pure cussedness," for the waters of this pond teem with minute animalculæ which furnish ample sustenance for all the fish.

The methods of this fish were peculiar to himself. For instance, he would never leap and thrash in and out of his element as his very name indicates (salmo fontinalis). So soon as he was struck he would dive immediately to the muddy bottom.

No coaxing, no pulling, hauling or prodding would suffice to move him from his position, for there he would remain till the sportsman, wearied with his quest, lifted a little too strongly on his line, when, lo! the tackle would be found to have divided itself between the man and the fish.

Every sportsman, truth teller or otherwise, frequenting these waters would always affirm whenever he lost a hook or leader that a tussle with old Jack had been the cause of it all.

Everybody said the trout was a "whele," that he would weigh at least five pounds. Harvey, the guide, said that he was as big as a "dog," but as there are dogs and dogs, the idea of weight under this title was somewhat confusing, but the thought to be conveyed was that the fish was a monster in size.

These facts (?) concerning old Jack were narrated to me in cold blood by Mr. Shurtleff, game and fish commissioner for the State of New Hampshire, and the facts were sworn to also by J. H. Dudley, Esq., of Colebrook (though Mr. Dudley is no fisherman, but his wife is). The personality, habits and whereabouts of old Jack were more accurately defined when Mr. Shurtleff determined to sweep Diamond pond with nets to secure fish for spawning purposes. When this work was thoroughly done old Jack "turned up" in more senses than one. Finding himself entangled in the delicate meshes of the silken net used for the purpose he fought so desperately that the very first year he came near killing himself before coming to hand to be squeezed. To be sure, he was not weighed—it is just as well not to weigh the fish of phenomenal size—but the commissioner affirms that old Jack would easily weigh five pounds or more!

Now, I had from time to time fished in this pond without ever getting snagged by this old fellow, and you must understand that I had become a little skeptical regarding some of the details of the foregoing description. I therefore sought out Mr. Keyes, who is always called in to manage the netting business in the spawning season, to learn from his own lips whether these things were so. When I had approached the aforementioned gentleman I was politely led by the buttonhole out into a by-street of the town, when, in a very oracular and dramatic manner, he proceeded to discourse about old Jack. "To be exact," he began, "old Jack weighed precisely three pounds and two ounces."

"But," I said, referring to what had been previously told me that he had never been weighed, "how can you be so minute on this point without a pair of steelyards?"

"Old Jack is dead," he continued under his breath. "He struggled a little too hard the last time we got him in the net. But it is a profound secret, for the commissioner and everybody else supposes he is still swimming in his native element—and of course we weighed him before we ate him."

Mr. Keys stated then and there what I had not known before, that it is easer to handle females, expressing their spawn with less danger to life as they are the more tractable when caught, than the male trout.

I may add that the work of restocking northern New Hampshire with trout goes forward in a very satisfactory manner under the guidance of Mr. Shurtleff and Mr. Keys.

C. H. GLEASON.

Humoring Finicky Trout.

My friend Mr. G. A. Riley, a most persistent and successful fisherman, was induced by that very readable illustrated article in your paper a year ago of "Jim's" visit to the Penobscot Lake region to make the trip for himself with a company of gentlemen. He was more than pleased with the results of that trip, but he found a pond near at hand where trout were very numerous, but would bite neither worm nor fly. The fact that everybody else failed to catch trout out of this pond did not deter him from making the tria . He indeed found, as others had before him, that trout were jumping everywhere, but that the ordinary lures were unavailing. On close observation he discovered that an insect, peculiar to these waters, alighted on the surface of the wate:, deposited a grub, and then flew away. His trained eye saw at a glance that the trout were waiting for the grub to materialize, when, presto! it was seized as the one dainty morsel. Having along some No. 10 flies—no bigger than a house fly—he caused these to float near the grub and by so doing caught after long labor and watching 13 trout. He secured a specimen of this grub, and has had artificial ones made which he will bring into use on that pond next season, no doubt with good success.

C. H. GLEASON.

Game and Fish Protection.

Report of the New York Senate Committee on Fish and Game Laws.

The Senate Committee on Fish and Game Laws, which, by resolution adopted by the Senate, was authorized and empowered to sit during the time intervening between the adjourning of the Legislative session of 1894 and the convening of the Legislature in January, 1895, and to visit various portions of the State for the purpose of taking testimony and making inquiry as to any needed changes or modifications of the existing fish and game laws, respectfully reports as follows:

That pursuant to the above-mentioned resolution the Committee gave public hearings in various portions of the State, to wit, at Freeport, Queens County, on July 12, 13, and 18; at Bayville, Queens County, July 19, 1894; at Islip, Suffolk County, July 26, 1894; at Oyster Bay, Queens County, August 1, 1894; at Schroon Lake, Essex County, August 16 and 18, 1894; at St. Hubert's Inn, Keene Postoffice, Essex County, August 20, 1894; at Saranac Lake, Franklin County, August 21, 1894; at Rochester, Monroe County, August 28, 1894; at Jamaica, Queens County, December 3, 1894; at New York City, New York County, December 3, 1894.

That at such public hearings the testimony of a great number of witnesses was taken, consisting of guides, experts in fishing and hunting, hotel keepers, officers of associations devoted to the preservaton of fish and game, and such of the inhabitants and residents of the various localities referred to as had special knowledge of the matters coming within the scope of this Committee's inquiry. The testimony of the witnesses and a large number of written communications on the subject in question, are filed herewith.

From the evidence produced before this Committee and the information obtained, it would appear that the present general game law, so far as it is intelligible and capable of being easily understood, is, in the main, acceptable to the people of the State, and no radical changes in substance are necessary. Nor is it, in the opinion of your Committee, desirable that a law to which the people have become accustomed should be heedlessly or unnecessarily altered. Most of the defects in the present law and its accompanying amendments or modifications are matter of form rather than substance.

The most frequent adverse criticism passed upon it is that the law is often obscure, sometimes contradictory, giving rise to great uncertainty as to what constitutes a violation of the law and what is the present penalty for such violation.

Much of the difficulty in this respect has arisen from the power conferred upon local Boards of Supervisors to modify or amend the game law in a restrictive manner at their discretion. The power thus referred has resulted in alterations of dates for the close and open seasons for hunting and fishing to such an extent that each locality has practically a law for itself, and in some cases where a body of water covers portions of two adjoining counties we have the anomaly of one body of water entirely within the State governed by two conflicting laws. This has lead to jealousies and ill-feeling between citizens of neighboring counties and townships, has encouraged violations or evasions of the law, and brought about a general disrespect and disregard for its provisions.

There is also a widespread feeling apparently that much of the legislation passed in recent years for the protection of fish and game has been adopted in the interests of associations of private individuals forming themselves into sporting clubs, and that too little regard has been shown for the interests of the mass of the people, who rely upon food fish for part of their sustenance, or upon the proceeds of hunting and fishing as a means of livelihood.

There also seems just ground of complaint that the creation of private preserves by the purchase of State lands, has, by reducing our State forest area, worked a serious detriment to the game interests in which all the people of the State are concerned.

Suggestions were made by witnesses in different portions of the State that the open season for black bass should, by the general game law, be made to commence on the first of July, instead of the 31st of May, as under the present law. But due consideration for the interests of other localities, especially what is known as the St. Lawrence River Section, renders this change unadvisable. The slight advantages which would accrue from such change in some portions of the State would be more than offset by the serious business loss which would ensue in the sections last referred to.

The testimony taken in the Adirondack region developed the fact that the permitting of still hunting under the present law for a period of two weeks previous to and for
days following the expiration of the hounding season, is in very large measure used as a cover for illegal hounding. It has been proposed to abolish the separate still-hunting season entirely, making the season for the killing of deer by hounding and still hunting identical, to wit, from the first day of Septem

ber, to about the twentieth day of October. If these suggestions were adopted, thus abolishing the still hunting season between August 15 and September 1, it would result in a practical abolishment of "jack" hunting, which cannot be successfully carried on after the cold weather of September begins. This has been strongly urged by many people interested in the preservation of game. But in the opinion of your Committee, there is no need for the adoption of such a stringent measure; for though "jack hunting" perhaps does not involve a very high degree of sportsmanship, it still is a popular sport, and furnishes a strong inducement for many people to visit the Adirondack regions during the closing weeks of August, and is thus a source of very considerable profit to the people of that locality, furnishing employment to many of the citizens; and the recent marked increase in the total number of deer in that region, as shown by the evidence, renders the abolishment of "jack hunting," unnecessary for the protection of that species of game. As a compromise on this point it would be well, in the opinion of your Committee, to continue to allow still hunting from August 15 to September 1, and make the open hounding season from September 1 to October 20, both inclusive, at which latter date the hunting or killing of deer by any method should be prohibited. The adding by this course of ten days to the end of the hounding season would more than compensate the people of the Adirondack region for depriving them of the privilege of still hunting for the period from October 20 to November , and would not result, in the opinion of your Committee, in the killing of any greater number of deer.

The testimony is uniform that no material change is needed as to the open season for trout fishing; though in the opinion of your Committee, it is desirable that there should be a uniform open season for the entire State (with the exception of Long Island and adjacent counties), to wit, from the fifteenth day of April to the first day of September, on Long Island and the counties adjacent thereto the open season should commence on the first day of April and close on the fifteenth day of August. There is strong testimony to the effect that more stringent measures should be adopted to prevent net fishing and to construe a stricter infliction of the penalty for such violation of the law.

A demand is also made for a bounty upon foxes and owls, which, according to the testimony, are very destructive of various kinds of game.

A most serious conflict has arisen in connection with the shell fish industry between citizens of some of the board towns and private corporations who, according to the testimony taken before this Committee, appear to have recently occupied much of the best natural oyster and clam beds for their private business purposes to the serious loss and detriment of such of the inhabitants as formerly followed the calling of clamming, or clam digging, and who, by reason of such appropriation of the natural oyster and clam beds have been largely deprived of their means of livelihood. If it were possible by statutory enactment to furnish a remedy against this encrouchment by monoply upon the rights of individual citizens; but the situation is very much complicated by the fact that under ancient charters the county of Suffolk and some of the townships in the county have vested rights covering the control and management of lands under water, with which rights the Legislature has seemingly no power to interfere; and it does not seem possible to suggest any legislation which would offer adequate remedy in this regard. In the opinion of your Committee this matter must be left for local adjustment.

Relief to the people of these localities, however, and a great benefit to the general public would result from the establishing of one or more places by the State for the propagation of oyster seed. This by placing the cost of oyster seed at a nominal price, would enable individual baymen to loose and cultivate oyster grounds of unlimited area, which they are now practically precluded from doing, by the difficulty in obtaining oyster seed except through a large outlay of capital.

There is no respect in which the propagation of food fish is of greater importance to the entire people of the State than in connection with the furnishing of shell fish.

It appears from the evidence, as would be apparent from a consideration of their respective geographical positions that the southernly portions of the State, consisting of the counties of New York, Westchester, Kings, Queens, Richmond and Suffolk, and the salt water adjacent thereto, differ so materially in point of climate and other respects from the other portions of the State that those counties should, in many respects, be governed by a separate game law. The spawning season for fish and the visits of migratory birds occur there at an earlier period than in the more northern portions of the State; and the shell fish interests which are of such great importance to the people of those counties are a matter entirely foreign to the rest of the State.

It is gratifying to notice the progress made in the science of fish culture; and the attention which has been paid to the propagation of food fish is especially noteworthy and commendable. In 1885 and 1886 ten millions of fish were hatched and distributed at a cost of six cents and ninety-seven one hundredths of a mill per fish; in 1888 and 1889 thirteen millions of fish were hatched at a cost of 158 one hundredths of a mill per fish while in 1893 and 1894, one hundred and thirty-six millions of fish were hatched at a cost of thirty one hundredths of a mill per fish, and of this number 134,000,000 were food fish.

As a result of the evidence brought before us, and a very careful consideration of the matters involved therein, we would respectfully recommend the following:

First, That the main features of the present game law should remain unchanged except in the instance herein after referred to, or where changes are needful to make the law clear and more readily comprehensible.

Second, For the purpose of making the law more readily understood, we recommend that at the end of each section of the law the penalty for its violation should be distinctly set forth without requiring, as at present reference to various other sections.

Third, Penalties for ordinary violations of the law should not be made unduly harsh for first offenses; but for the more serious violations of the law an additional or increased fine should be imposed for repeated offenses.

Fourth, The killing of the fish by the use of dynamite or other explosives should be punished with the utmost severity, including imprisonment, and this should be made mandatory, and not discretionary with the acting magistrate.

Fifth, That the use of nets for catching fish of any kind in fresh waters of the State should be prohibited, except at a distance of one mile from the main shore, or from the shores of any islands in said waters.

All nets used in the fresh waters of the State, except scap-nets, or other small nets used for the catching of bait, should be licensed by the Fish Commissioners, who should be authorized to seize and destroy all unlicensed nets.

Sixth, The season for the killing of deer in all portions of the State except Long Island and the adjacent counties should be from August 15 to October 20, both inclusive; hounding should be permitted only from September first to October 20, both inclusive; and the killing of deer between October 20 and August 15, by any method should be prohibited throughout the entire State. In Long Island and the adjacent counties a close season of two years, prohibiting the killing of deer should be established, after which an open season from the first to the sixth of November, both inclusive. should be permitted.

Seventh, One or more places should be established at State expense for the propogation of oyster seed.

Eighth, The special enactments by Boards of Supervisors heretofore adopted modifying or amending the general game laws should be repealed, and, except in connection with the shell fish industries, where vested charter rights are involved, the Board of Supervisors in the respective counties, should have no power to in any way modify or amend the game law.

Ninth, The unlawful transporttion or possession of deer by any person while ostensibly engaged in the employ of a common carrier should be made an offense on the part of such common carrier and punishable as such.

Tenth, The law should be made as liberal as possible in permitting the spearing of suckers and the taking of other common food fish in waters throughout the State not inhabited by trout, in order that the rights of the people in this respect may not be unnecessarily interefered with.

Eleventh, Without reflecting at all upon the present Board of Fish Commissioners, against whose administration of their office no complaint of any nature has been made to our Committee, we feel that the protection of fish and game is of such vital importance to all the people of the State that at least one of the Commissioners having charge of this department should be paid a salary sufficient to compensate him for the time and labor which the proper performance of his duties involves. We should also recommend that the number of Commissioners be reduced to three.

Twelfth, That the number of game protectors be increased from twenty to forty. All of which is respectfully submitted.

Assemblyman Husted has introduced a bill providing: "It shall be unlawful to kill or attempt to kill any deer swimming in the water of any lake or pond, or, while hunting any deer, to use a boat in pursuing or heading it off while so swimming, or to use any jack light or other artificial light in hunting or killing or attempting to kill any deer."

Fish and Game in Idaho.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I noticed a communication headed: "A Paradise for Poachers," by "Salt Lake," relating to the wholesale destruction of trout in the north fork of Snake River. The writer hits the nail on the head; but he does not tell half the story, undoubtedly because he is acquainted with a small part of this beautiful stream only.

The unlawful catching of trout by seine, spear, dynamite and fish traps has been carried on successfully by a whole community for the last ten years or more, without any serious molestation for the fishermen. True enough, at rare intervals arrests have been made, but not once have any of the lawbreakers been convicted. The attorneys for the defense have succeeded in demonstrating that the old law was unconstitutional, and under the new law the only case that has come up had to be dismissed for want of sufficient evidence.

Prior to the new State law of 1893, trout could be caught at any time during the year, and spearing and seining were carried on openly, so much so, that the U. P. Ry. in its "folder," describing the pleasures awaiting the tourist going into the Yellowstone National Park by way of Beaver Canon, advertised the spearing of trout as one of the great features of the trip, speaking of catches of a thousand pounds in one night.

There is no more spearing done at the old Snake River Hotel, the property having changed hands some five years ago, but even to this day the U. P. continues to advertise the spearing of trout, as one of the tourist's pastimes, though it is contrary to the law of 1893.

According to this new law trout can be caught between the 15th day of April and the 15th day of November, and that with hook and line only, and the selling and shipping of trout is prohibited. Notwithstanding this stringent law the unlawful fishing has been continued the same as of yore. Not only is spearing carried on in an extensive scale at the Upper Crossing, but there is not a hole in the river between that place and the lower end of Island Park, a distance of about twenty-five miles, that is not seined out as regularly as the contracts for the supply of the markets of Helena, Butte, Salt Lake City and Denver demand it. All the tributaries to the North Fork are depleted of trout and as thoroughly cleaned out as the warehouses of dry goods merchants by means of their "bargain days." Buffalo River, which in years gone by was beaming with heavy weights of from 3 to 5 pounds, is a barren stream now. Shotgun Creek, Mack Creek, Icehouse Creek, and Sheridan are, everyone of them, considered by the fishermen as their prviate property.

The demand for large trout has decreased considerably—they are worth only about 15 cents for the seined and 10 cents for the speared fish—whereas small trout, brook trout, is worth 25 cents. These are in great demand; hence the smaller creeks have to supply the markets. The different forks of Camas Creek are seined out periodically by an old "sportsman," who, I am told, is a contributor for one of the sporting papers, and the Pacific Express agent in Beaver Canon is kept busy shipping as salmon-trout, the fish which come in wagon loads twice or three times a week.

Icehouse Creek furnishes its quota, which is marketed by the fishermen in Shotgun Valley. One of these boasts of a "fishery," covering 600 acres, most of which is dry land through. He has never made an attempt to stock it in a legal manner; it is nothing else but a huge fish trap for the trout of Snake River.

Island Park, besides being the favorite resort for the fishermen of Upper Snake River is also much fancied by certain parties from around Egin and Rexburg, who get in their work and spear. I have been told that these same parties have been going as far as Jackson's Hole, and Jackson's Lake, and have done their work in such a business-like manner that the settlers in that part of Wyoming have given them warning not to show themselves any more under penalty of being handled without judge or jury. (These Jackson's Hole fellows appear to be put up of the right kind of stuff and it looks as though the Fremont County people might buy some of their pluck.)

Notwithstanding the closed season from Nov. 15 to April 15, the winter fishing at Henry's Lake was carried on last year as usual. "Salt Lake" speaks of 70 tons (seventy tons) having been taken out of that spawning bed. One hundred tons would be nearer to the truth as last winter's catch. The markets of Butte and Helena were so overstocked with trout last winter from Henry's Lake, that thousands of pounds spoiled on the fishermen's hands.

The fishing is not so much done with the spear, as related by "Salt Lake," as with hook and line. They do it quite comfortably, too. A board shanty is built on the ice; a small stove keeps the person warm (women fish as well as the men), a hole is cut through the ice inside the shanty, and another hole on the outside. The light reflecting through the outside hole enables the person inside to see the trout through the inside hole and as they congregate in large numbers underneath the air hole, and are so hungry that they will bite at a piece of red flannel as bait, the fish can be hauled out as fast as they can be unhooked. Grub worms are also used as bait; they are worth two cents a piece but one worm does for a number of fish. Three hundred pounds per day is about an average catch.

Another way to catch the trout is by means of the gaff. For the sake of the uninitiated, let me explain that a gaff is composed of three large hooks, fastened together to a line on a short stick. Above the three hooks is a smaller hook which is baited. When Mr. Trout comes to examine the bait, the line is suddenly drawn up and the fish is pulled up with one of the three hooks imbedded in his belly.

One would naturally wonder how such a state of affairs is permitted to exist. The solution is a very simple one; on account of the interests centered in the salmon-trout fisheries in the Northwestern part of Idaho, the new law was not made applicable to salmon-trout. The fishermen were not slow in taking advantage of the wording of the law. They procured some of the largest specimens of the Rocky Mountain trout—cut-throat trout—*Salmo mykiss* and sent them to the Governor of the State and to the U. S. Fish Commissioner in Washington; and they have claimed ever since that both these authorities decided that the trout sent them were salmon-trout, though every one knows that there is no salmon-trout in Snake River above Shoshone Falls, for the simple reason that they cannot ascend the falls. Besides, there is as much difference between a salmon-trout and a Rocky Mountain trout as there is between a pike and a herring.

So far then the fishermen have had things all their own way, and as "Salt Lake" correctly remarks, nobody seems to care, and the State authorities are either too busy to enforce the law or else they are asleep to one of the best interests of the State. Instead of preserving the fish for the benefit of the residents of the State, and of encouraging the visiting sportsmen from all over the United States to bring into Idaho part of the money, which, as a rule, is freely spent by them, year after year, in less favored localities, the State and county authorities permit a few to infringe upon the rights of the people at large, by allowing those few to destroy a source of revenue without the State receiving a dollar in return.

The class of people who carry on the unlawful fishing as a business are, as a rule, neither a benefit to the community nor are they themselves benefitted by their vocation. They despise manual labor of any kind, they sow not, neither do they reap, they are just as poor to-day as they were ten years ago, for they spend what they get in way of returns for the fish shipped, as easily as they catch the fish, many of them not having enough at the end of the season to buy their winter's "grubstake" with. The amount of taxable property owned by them amounts to very little if anything. The people who live on their spoils are a few saloon keepers, the Pacific Express Company comes in for its share, but those make the most on the fish are the dealers, in the adjoining States, who know full well what a hold they have on the fishermen, and who make to them such returns only as they please. In the meantime the trout is rapidly disappearing, and the white-fish, which, next to the fishermen, are the trouts' greatest enemy, are flourishing and increasing rapidly.

I have fished in many streams but I have yet failed to find Old Snake River's equal for the sport it has afforded hitherto and which, unless radical measures are taken for the preservation of the trout, will soon be a thing only to be looked back upon with both pleasure and regret. BOISE.

Genesee Valley Association.

The annual meeting of the Genesee Valley Fish and Bird Protective and Propogatory Association was held in Rochester, Jan. 9, a good attendance being present. Secretary Amsden read the report of the Executive Committee, as follows:

"Your Executive Cmommittee is pleased to report that the past year has been very satisfactory; our waters have been better protected than ever before, the prospect for good fishing is excellent.

"Our protectors, Messrs. Schwartz, Marshall, Brooks, and DeLaverne, have been most efficient and deserve the praise of the community and our association. Their arrest of violators and destruction of illegal devices have been so general and numerous, as to thoroughly discourage the miserable fish pirates.

"We believe that the good fishing in our waters around our city next season will so convince the public of the wisdom of our efforts that this association will be more than ever appreciated; that sentiment in favor of protection is growing we are confident; that fish in public waters belong to the people, and laws have been enacted to protect the fish. The laws must be enforced is the motto of our association. We look for the time when any citizen, rich or poor, can take a rest from his labors and catch a fine mess of fish for his table.

"The ponds west of Charlotte, the bay, the river and the lake at Charlotte, Black Creek, and the upper river are grand fishing waters and fine breeding places for fish, if kept free from violators, and can be made alive with fish. From reliable sources we learn that the fishing in the bay and ponds has shown a decided improvement during the past season.

"The Park Commissioners have joined with us in the work, and are determined that the water under their care shall not be poached. If their efforts prevail, the upper river will again be what it once was, a choice water for anglers and a blessing to our hard-working clerks and mechanics, giving them an opportunity for a quiet and successful angle after the day's labor is over, and furnishing another added charm to our system of parks.

"The New York State Fish Commission, appreciating our work, has been very liberal to us in the distribution of fry for planting, and the coming season we are promised another large supply. Hemlock and Conesus lakes, both resorts for many of our citizens, have been well looked after by the local organizations, and the people in the vicinity, who at first were in opposition, now see the benefits and give these organizations their support.

"While looking after the fish we have not been forgetful of the birds, for the association was formed to not only protect fish but birds—song birds as well as game birds. One section of the State laws prohibits the railroad and express companies from transporting birds unless accompanied by the one who shot them; this is an excellent provision and will do much if enforced to stop the shooting for market purposes. Your committee has been giving the matter special attention. We have also in a careful manner tried to plant or introduce the Mongolian pheasant and quail; this has been left to our Special Bird Committee, which will make a separate report.

"Our funds have been limited, as you will see from report of the Treasurer, but we have been careful to live within our means.

"The preservation of forest, fish and birds is attracting attention in almost every State of the Union. Tracts of land are being set apart for public preserves, by the State and National governments, numerous fish and game commissions have been formed and better laws enacted, and State and local protective clubs organized which have resulted in a greatly increased public sentiment."

Teasurer H. D. McVean's report showed receipts for the year of $322.58, and expenditures of $222.22, leaving a balance in the treasury of $100.36.

Chairman Thomas W. Fraine, of the Bird Committee, reported that a hundred Mongolian pheasants' eggs had ben purchased last June from Verner De Guise, of Mahwah, N. J., and that fully one half of these were successfully hatched. These birds, he said, were being cared for by Thomas Toogood, of this city; J. Hitt, of Penfield, and L. D. Ely, of Brighton, and were all doing well. He said that the committee expected to have at least 150 pheasants for liberation this year. The report showed that eighteen dozen quail had been imported from the South and that the birds had been liberated in Genessee Valley Park, Seneca Park, Penfield, Wheatland, Brighton and in this city. Mr. Fraine said these quail were all doing well. Specimens of both the pheasants and quail were exhibited for the inspection of the members.

A resolution recommending that the Legislature pass a law prohibiting rabbit shooting after the first of January was adopted. Secretary Amsden said that this would do away with the "accidental" shooting of game before season while huntsmen were ostensibly out for rabbits.

The following resolution commending Game Protector George M. Schawrtz in his efforts to enforce the game laws was then adopted:

"For the past eighteen years Goeorge M. Schwartz has acted as one of the State Game and Fish Protectors of this State. During all of that time his record as a Game Proctector has been open to the scrutiny of the public and has at all times met with the unqualified approval of all persons interested in the enforcement of the game laws.

"His record as a State Game and Fish Protector is excelled by none of the game protectors of this State and is equalled by very few, if any. We acknowledge our appreciation of the

work done by him in the past in the enforcement of the game laws and we pledge him our hearty support in the future in the enforcement of said laws.

"We deem it but just to Mr. Schwartz to place this testimonial upon our records in appreciation of his past services, and we earnestly recommend that in the event that any change is made in the personnel of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Mr. Schwartz be retained in office as one of the State Game and Fish Protectors of this State, knowing that the enforcement of the game laws in this vicinity may be safely entrusted to his hands."

A like resolution, acknowledging the services of Chief Game Protector J. Warren Pond and recommending his retention in office was also adopted.

W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons, advocated the passage of a law allowing the shooting of quail in the season following their liberation. L. E. Gates, of Honeoye Falls, said the quail liberated by the Genesee Valley Association in and about Lyons three years ago had rapidly increased.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Herbert Wadsworth; First Vice-President, A. Emerson Babcock; Second Vice-President, Harry S. Woodworth; Treasurer, H. D. McVean; Secretary Frank J. Amsden; Executive Committee, John B. Y. Warner, Daniel C. Bascom, H. M. Stewart, Thomas W. Fraine, Dr. David Little, James H. Brown, H. H. Widener.

The Adirondack Deer.

WEST PORT, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see that Gov. Morton in his message, in speaking of the hounding of deer, in substance says: "The dogs do no harm to the herds of deer; the mischief done is the driving of deer to water, where it is so easy to kill them by the merest novice."

This is true so far as the water killing goes, but it is also well known that the dogs really do great harm to the deer aside from driving them to water. I have lived and hunted in the Adirondacks for fifty years, and respectfully beg to differ from the Governor's statements in some respects.

The Governor must remember that there are dogs and dogs. Some are slow, some are fast, and some are very fast and savage too. It must be remembered that a woods deer is not a fast runner when compared to a deer brought up in the open country. The woods deer of necessity learn to jump high when they run, as they have to clear the underbrush, logs, etc. The deer of the Adirondacks jump very high, even in the open, which very materially reduces their speed. A full-blooded hound, that runs with his nose close to the ground most of the time, ordinarily will not catch a deer on soft ground, but let the ground be frozen, the deer slips and soon gets lame, when the hound, if a good one, can catch and kill him, especially if the lakes and streams are frozen over.

It has been a practice among hunters to use mongrel dogs. They are considered better. Cross a hound with a bird dog, and he will run mostly with his head high, thereby making immensely better time than the full-blooded hound. A dog of this kind has been known to start his deer on soft ground and catch him before the deer had gone a half mile.

I have known a hunter to put out a mongrel hound when there was an inch or two of snow on the ground; after the dog started his deer the hunter would follow on the track to get the deer that the dog hardly ever failed to kill. This hunter got quite a number of deer in this way.

The present game law is very lax in regard to hounds. It does not require the owner to confine or take care of his dogs. It simply says he must not let his dog run at large in the woods where the deer inhabit. One hundred game protectors cannot keep the dogs out of the woods or catch them. The dogs do most of their hunting at night. Hounds if not confined will take to the woods to hunt as quick as ducks will take to the water.

The law says a dog found chasing deer can be shot. I have yet to hear of a dog being shot under the present law. It is not comfortable or safe to shoot a man's dog in the Adirondacks. I think the regular guides in the interior of the Adirondacks confine their dogs better than they do near the borders.

I know that on and near the borders there is no pretense made of confining the hounds at any time. I also know that the dogs chase deer at their own sweet will out of season a great deal. Last winter two fine bucks were found dead—killed by dogs—near a place called New Russia. I heard also other reports of deer killed by dogs out of season.

Some men who hunt deer out of season use what they call deaf and dumb dogs. That is, they take a hound out and muzzle him just enough to keep him from barking; then go to some retired place or pond in the woods, put out their "deaf and dumb" dogs, get their deer and no one the wiser.

I think the law should look to it and either banish all deer dogs from the Adirondack region or compel the owners to strictly confine their dogs, when out of season. GOSHAWK.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see from the dispatches that it is purposed to amend the game laws of New York State in the line of prohibiting the jack-hunting of deer, if not to prohibit deer hunting altogether. It is a mystery to me and to hundreds of other hunters, that legislators will persistently ignore facts and conditions, and as persistently seek to do the wrong thing. I do not uphold jack-hunting, but I do say that it is far less a menace to the Adirondack deer than is hounding. Three deer are killed with the aid of hounds in that glorious region to one killed with the aid of boat and jack. And it is also a fact that the hounded deer has less of a chance for his life than is the case in any other character of hunting. If it is desired to preserve the deer, jacking and hounding should be stopped forever. If only one step toward preservation can be taken, then hounding should be prohibited.

I have had the pleasure of many trips to the Grosse River country with C. R. Egbert and Emmett Lathrop, old deer hunters, and I think they will bear me out in the statements I make. The past year the three of us camped for three weeks in that country. In all six deer were killed. Of these two were killed with the aid of a jack light. The others were shot in the woods while members of the party were still-hunting—the only sportsmanlike method of hunting deer. Only the "dude sports," as they are called, use hounds. They cannot, in a contest of wits and care, enter into a contest with a deer and win. They must secure an advantage over the animals, and once the latter are driven to water, as is invariably the case, it is no difficult matter to complete the slaughter. The dogs do the hunting—the dude does the killing only.

Talk with any of the conductors on the Adirondack Railway—who are in a position to know whereof they speak—and they will tell you that the hounding parties are the ones who shed the most deer blood. They will tell you that during the hounding season last year hundreds of deer were carried out of the woods, while before and after that season the shipments were small. They will tell you, further, that almost invariably a hounded deer is shot through the head or neck, and that the fur is powder-burned. Do the legislators call this sport in its truest sense? Heaven forgive them if they do.

In all my experience in the woods—and this statement I also believe Egbert and Lathrop will indorse—I have known more deer to escape death or murder at the hands of a jack hunter two to one than fell a victim to his bullet. I believe this is the rule the woods over. Still I make no defense of jack-hunting. The hounded deer invariably dies. He can't escape from dog and man in broad daylight. The jack-hunted deer has the benefit of darkness and he can't be pursued. He also soon learns the meaning of a bright light at night and goes away from it.

Do you know that guides—residents of the mountain regions—are, next to hounders, the greatest enemies of the deer? It is true. They kill in season and out, many of the lumbermen do likewise. If what I heard is true, many deer were killed last summer in the vicinity of Childwood station. The residents make sausage, mincemeat, etc., of the flesh. They know no law. A year ago this winter two hounds were run along Grasse River by the meanest man in all that region, I am told. They pursued two deer to Burnt Bridge Pond and then killed them on the slippery ice. Yet hounding is prohibited in St. Lawrence county. Ask Uncle Hi Hutchins, an honest, law-abiding old hunter, what he knows about such matters and he may startle you, if he will talk.

Mr. Egbert informs me that he has heard of "guides (hogs) who boast of having killed twenty and twenty-five deer last season!" Think of that! The laws are not severe enough. They are not enforced. The meanest curs in the woods are not the hounds. These are the facts that should be considered in making laws. All kinds of curs should be found out. Then there will be deer in plenty.

Another thing: The proposition to prohibit the killing of does is another bit of buncombe. It would be a dead letter. There are probably twenty does to one buck in the woods now, if not more. The average hunter sees fifteen does to one buck. The best hours for deer hunting are in the early morning and just before dark at night. The light then is uncertain. The body of a deer can be plainly seen, but it is impossible to discover whether or not it has horns. Do you suppose the average hunter would leave his larder empty in such an event, simply because he did not know the sex of his quarry? Such a law would be silly, simply because it could not be observed. It is but a sample of the persistency with which game-law makers go after the wrong idea. Stop hounding first. Stop guiding second. Stop the sale of game third. And there you are, with game preservation assured. FRED LESLIE.

Pennsylvania Fish Protection Association.

The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, January 12, and was well attended.

The reports of the Treasurer and Board of Trustees showed that the Association was in a prosperous condition financially.

The joint committee on codification of the fishery laws, reported that the time intervening between the meeting of the committee and the assembling of the Legislature for business is so brief that it is doubtful whether a codification of the fishing laws could be made in time for passage at the present session of the Legislature. The committee should, however, be continued for the subsequent performance of this desirable work.

The following emendations of present laws, and new enactments should be recommended for passage by the present Legislature, and with their enactment much of the inefficient working of the present laws would be obviated.

1. In section 1 of the Act of May 22, 1889, the clause "Provided," "That the provisions of this act shall not apply in the open season to the catching of suckers, eels and catfish in streams other than trout streams partly or wholly included in the survey of farm lands owned by any citizen of this commonwealth, but nothing contained herein shall permit fishing by seines at any time," shall be stricken out.

2. To make all penalties in this act mandatory and not subject to the discretion of the magistrate or court.

3. To amend section 4 of the Act of 1889 so as to prevent the taking of black bass or pikeperch, under nine inches in length.

4. To make it illegal to have trout in possession or for sale under 6 inches in length under a penalty of $10 for each fish so taken or kept.

5. To introduce the bill preventing the pollution of streams endorsed by the several Commissioners of the State.

6. That the Act of May 23, 1887, establishing a close season for German carp be repealed.

The report was unanimously adopted and the committee instructed to proceed.

The following was adopted and forwarded:

To the Hon. Robt. E. Pattison, Gov., of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The Petition of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, Respectfully that it has come to the knowledge of the Petitioners that certain persons are about to become incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth for the purpose of building one or more dams in the Susquehanna River within the limits of the State.

Your Petitioners hereby enter their earnest protest against the granting of Letters Patent creating such corporation, unless restrictions be imposed upon such corporation buildings such dam or dams, requiring the erection of fishway or fishways therein for the passage of shad or other seagoing fishes.

If such restrictions are not imposed the fisheries on the Susquehanna River will become valueless and the rights of the citizens in such fisheries will be seriously impaired.

H. O. Wilbur, President. M. G. Sellers, Secretary.

The Secretary of War, having re-opened the movement to bridge the Delaware River, it was decided to bring the attention of the Fish Commissioners to the matter, that all necessary precautions could be taken to protect the fishery interests, during its completion.

A special committee on Legislation was appointed to keep fully informed on all bills introduced to the Legislature relating to fish, and to co-operate with the State Fish Commissioners in bringing its influence to bear upon the Fish and Game Committee of the Legislature to secure the better protection of fish.

A resolution was adopted to notify the public that blank applications for trout fry could be obtained on application to the Association.

A lengthy communication was read from Hon. S. B. Stillwell, Fish Commissioner, of Scranton, advising the arrest and conviction of persons erecting wing walls and washing culm in the Susquehanna River.

Officers elected were: President, H. O. Wilbur; Vice-Presidents, Edwin Hagert, Dr. Bushrod W. James, Howard A. Chase; Secretary, Marion G. Sellers; Corresponing Secretary, J. Penrose Collins; Treasurer, Wm. S. Hergesheimer; Executive Committee, Henry C. Ford, Geo. T. Stokes, C. H. Fitzgerald, Wm. P. Thompson, Col. John Gay, Henry A. Ingram, F. W. Brown, Dr. W. W. McClure, Geo. W. Reader; Trustees, Collins W. Walton, Bernard L. Douredoure, R. M. Hartley.

President H. O. Wilbur addressed the meeting at some length in regard to the work to be done.

M. G. Sellers, Secretary.

National Association.

PRESIDENT BORTREE'S REPORT.

In brief the president's report was as follows: "The mission of the Association, he suggests, must be advisory rather than competitive. Its work must lie in the direction of arousing among those who shoot and fish active interest in the cause of protection. Legislators, in framing laws, will do well to follow, as nearly as possible, those which have been confirmed by the Supreme Courts of the several States. Every State should have a game warden system. Efforts to enforce laws without wardens will prove failures, as experience has shown. The sale of game should be prohibited everywhere. If this be done, the farmer will get more for his poultry and the game dealer can sell more poultry if he does not keep game. There is hardly a time during the open season in Chicago when the markets are not overstocked with game. Stopping the sale of game stops the inducement to kill large amounts, and to cut off the market supply would be to reduce the annual killing of birds and animals one-half. The markets, if there must be game markets, should be closed on Jan. 1, particularly in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Most of the game sold in the Chicago market has been shipped in violation of the laws of some State. To provide funds for the enforcement of the game laws, the revenue laws should be amended so as to place a tax on all guns owned by sportsmen, this tax to be $1 on each gun. The Western States should have license laws requiring the payment of a fee by sportsmen coming into the State for shooting or fishing. Sunday laws should be strictly enforced, that the game may have one day of freedom from pursuit. The success attained in the propagation of Mongolian pheasants in various parts of the country is a promising indication that this bird will be permanently counted among our game supply. It is hoped that pheasants may be introduced into Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri and Arkansas. Public sentiment is growing in support of game protection. Members of the National Association should be alive and active on behalf of its objects. All violations should be brought to the knowledge of members and should be prosecuted by him or made known to the proper State officials."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22—NEW YORK.—W. K. C., Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 26 to March 1—DETROIT.—City of the Straits K. C., J. W. Garrison, Sec'y.
March 5 to 8—CHICAGO.—Mascoutah K. C., J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 12 to 15—DENVER.—Western K. C. Co., E. T. Weiant, Sec'y.
April 16 to 19.—BOSTON.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveand, Sec'y.
May 7 to 10.—SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 5.—NEW ALBANY, Miss.—Southern F. T. C., T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga., Sec'y.
Feb. 11.—SALINAS, Cal.—Pacific Coast F. T. Club.
Sept. 10.—MORRIS, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Dog Show.

The show held in the Music Hall, Jan. 11 to 15, was a success; during the last two days the building was very crowded. A good class of dogs was shown, and in all there were nearly 300 entries. The catalogue must have been slightly confusing, as the dogs seemed to have been given numbers without regard to their classification, probably just as they were entered. Further notes of the show have been promised us, but the report is not yet to hand. The judges were: A. G. Eberhart, mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, all spaniels, bull-terriers, Boston terriers, bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, dachshunds and all other non-sporting classes not assigned to other judges; Roger D. Williams, English greyhounds, deerhounds, barzois, foxhounds; J. Taylor Williams, English and Gordon setters and pointers; W. L. Washington, Irish setters; J. W. Mack, pugs, Italian greyhounds, Yorkshire and black and tan terriers; J. Englehardt, fox, Scotch, Irish, Skye and Dandie Dinmont terriers; R. I. Carter, poodles and bulldogs; J. S. Rockwell, Irish water spaniels, Dr. Harry D. Heywood, beagles; Billy Gale, King Charles and Blenheim spaniels; John Hawkes, collies.

Al. G. Eberhart was the superintendent and worked hard, contributing no little to the success of the show.

The bench show committee was composed of R. I. Carter, Al. G. Eberhart, W. J. Wallingford, Louis H. Finch, J. W. Mack, J. S. Rockwell, J. Englehardt, Frank J. Vincent, Dr. H. Heywood, and Dr. A. H. King was the veterinarian.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Dogs: 1st, H. Assel's Clifford; 2d, S. J. Murray's Grover; 3d, W. Bankemper's Grover; 4th, J. Spengler's Nero. Very high com. reserve, A. L. Stevens's Rex. Very high com., H. Tuch's Jack, E. Puthoff's Howard. Novice—Dogs: 1st, H. Rainforth's Cæsar. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, M. A. Frank's Lion; 2d, P. Corrigan's Campbell.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, A. Froembling's American Cæsar; equal 2d, H. Hartig's Eden Justice and C. W. Baker's Duke; 3d, G. Fox's Eden Aristocrat; equal 4th, G. Fox's Sir Edendale and W. Biedenbender's Brusch. Reserve, L. Remke's Grover. Very high com., A. Wessel's Hector, G. Sprenger's Prince George II., H. E. Boyd's Duke, T. E. Smith's Don. Bitches: 1st, Mrs. J. L. Rice's Arline; equal 2d, G. Ewald's Silverro and G. Fox's Chequasset Lucretia; 3d, H. Fisher's Venus; 4th, G. Ewald's Cleo. Very high com., J. Beck's Gipsy Girl, Dr. A. Hoeltge's Autumn Queen. Novice—Dogs: 1st, S. A. Stephan's Mardo; equal 2d, H. Hartie's Eden Justice and G. Fox's Eden Aristocrat, 3d, W. Biedenbender's Brusch; 4th, G. Sprenger's Prince George II. Reserve, H. E. Boyd's Duke. Very high com. res., A. Wessel's Hector. Bitches: 1st, S. A. Stephan's Belle of the Zoo; equal 2d, G. Fox's Chequasset Lucretia and J. H. Weiss's Donna Palos; 3d, J. F. Dorger's Queen; 4th, W. M. Thompson's Aurilla T. Reserve, Dr. A. Hoeltge's Autumn Queen. Very high com., H. O. Kimball's Lady Sherwood II. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, G. Fox's Edenton; 2d, W. H. Botley's King Botley. Bitches: 1st, J. T. Dorer's Queen; 2d, E. B. Pfau's Dixie, Jr.; 3d, J. Beck's Gipsey Girl.—SMOOTH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, A. Van Bibber's Lord Keeper. Bitches: 1st, A. Froembling's Audubon Marguerite; 2d, J. Deberby's Daisy E. E. Novice—1st, A. Van Bibber's Lord Keeper; 2d, W. W. Parker's Don Vulcan. Very high com., S. Holmes's Rover. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, C. A. Mull's Montezuma.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Bitches: 1st, Rockwood Kennels' Vigilant.

GREAT DANES.—Challenge—1st, H. D. Johnson's Major McKinley. Open—Dogs: 1st, F. S. Anderson's Anderson's Sandow; equal 2d, E. C. Buck's Hector and J. Yeckel's Napoleon; 3d and very high com., M. Eichler's Tony and Flock; 4th and reserve, S. J. Kreig's Nero and Nigger. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, H. D. Johnson's McKinley's Son; 2d, Col. J. Frye's Nero.

ULMERS.—1st, C. Fleischman's Cæsar; 2d, S. Klein's Bismarck.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Dogs—1st, Rockwood Kennels, Danicheff.

ENGLISH GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs—1st, C. A. Robinson's Monk Bishop; 2d, A. C. Carpenter's Rome Marble; 3d, C. E. Miller's Montezuma; 4th, H. Ohler's Sanco. Very high com., Col. A. Davezac's Fountain. High com., Mrs. F. D. Stayton's Towser and W. F. Hill's Cæsar. Bitches: 1st, C. A. Robinson's Maid Marion; 2d, D. A. Smith's Daisy. Novice—Dogs: 1st, Dr. H. D. Heywood's Nero; 2d, R. J. Holmes's Hidalgo. Puppies—Bitches: 1st, C. E. Miller's Fannie Davenport.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Dogs: 1st, J. Donohue's King Ferguson. Bitches: 1st, F. Unnewehr's Nellie. Puppies: 1st, J. Donohue's Pilot.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Bitches: 1st and 2, E. Weis's Flora and Rose.

POINTERS.—Challenge—1st, Eldridge Kennels' cham. Rush of Lad. Open—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Clark's Stanley; 2d, B. H. Whiteley's The Sheriff. Bitches: Equal 1st, W. H. Clark's Stella C. and J. A. Durrell's Queen Kent; 2d, Lord & Hall's Beauty D.; 3d, Dr. H. L. Retter's Lady of Rush; 4th, T. Anderson's Pet. Puppies.—Dogs: 1st, Lord & Hall's Ben Hur. Bitches: 1st, J. M. Scarborough's Graphic Girl; 2d, Dr. H. L. Retter's Lady of Rush. Novice—1st, Fishbach & Baught's Daisy Kent; 2d, T. Anderson's Pet. Black—1st, G. F. Brown's Dock.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, W. H. Wallingford & W. P. Biddle's Ben Hur, Jr.; 2d, W. J. Beck's Chesterford Surprise; 3d, L. F. Hobart's Major; 4th, E. Armstrong's Pride of the Ridge. Reserve: Lord & Hall's Don L. Very high com., Fishback & Baughn's Jeans Val and H. Stephens's Buster. High com., B. Knight's Baille and L. F. Hobart's Mac. Bitches: 1st, Wm. J. Beck's Miss Pick; 2d, M. Clark's Birdie Clark; 3d, H. Stephens's Nettie S. Novice—1st and 2d, W. J. Beck's Chesterford Surprise and Miss Peck; 3d, M. Clark's Birdie Clark; 4th, L. F. Hobart's Major. Reserve, Miss E. Condron's Tony. Very high com., Fishback & Baughn's Jeans Val and L. F. Hobart's Mack. High com., W. H. Palmer's Spartacus. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, A. M. Klein's Spike Wakefield. 2d, W. H. Palmer's Spartacus; 3d 4th and reserve, J. Becker's Mark of Ichtfield, Monk of Ichtfield and Count of Ichtfield. Bitches: 1st, Lord & Hall's Lady Nell; 2d, J. Becker's Nell of Ichtfield.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs: 1st, T. N. Lupton's Ben Harrison; 2d, Wm. T. Hill's Sargent. Bitches: 1st, G. Strietman's Rose; 2d, J. Schinider's Sport; L. Rinninsland's Lily. Novice: 1st, J.

H. Grasse's Nellie G.; 2d, E. McClintock's Ned; 3d, T. N. Lupton's Ben Harrison; 4th, E. T. Fries's Duke Elcho IV. Puppies—Dogs: Equal 1st, E. T. Fries's Duke Elcho IV. and W. B. Jones's Bruce Minor.

GORDON SETTERS—Dogs: 1st, F. Kardel, Jr.'s Rye. Bitches: 1st, M. Clark's Hussey.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, J. Moerlin's Friar Monk.

COCKER SPANIELS.—1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Fannie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, Lord & Hall's Irish Pat.

SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, M. A. Frank's Baby. Bitches: 1st, H. Walkenhorst's Daisy; equal 2d, C. W. Kobb's Bell and E. Wise's Fanny. Puppies: 1st, O. Rogers's Vic.

COLLIES.—ROUGH-COATED—Dogs: 1st, F. S. Anderson's Toronto Wonder; 2d, L. F. Menken's Duke of Westminster; 3d, J. E. Dougherty's Scotilla IV.; 4th, W. J. Davi'ss Moray. Bitches: 1st, G. Ewald's Alexine. Novice: 1st, L. F. Menken's Duke of Westminster; 2d, W. J. Davis's Moray. Puppies—Bitches: 1st, J. E. Dougherty's Dazzle.

BULLDOGS.—Dogs: 1st, F. Hassureck's Toby. Bitches: Eberhart Pug Kennels' Lorna Doone.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, W. Crellin's Dick. Bitches: 1st, W. Crellin's Nellie. Novice: 1st, C. C. King's King.

DACHSHUNDS.—Dogs: Equal 1st, M. K. Bonsall's Schnapps and A. Froembling's Reinecke's Pick. Hound type: 1st, E. Brunhoff's Faldman; 2d, F. Weinheimer's Dick. Bitches: 1st, V. Gluchowsky's Fanny. Novice—Dogs: 1st, A. Froembling's Dreadnaught; 2d, C. Kenning's Grover; 3d, M. K. Bonsall's Schnapps. Puppies: 1st and 2d, E. Brunhoff's Pluto and Don Quixote; 3d, Dennison Hotel's Clem. Novice puppies—Bitches: 1st, E. Brunhoff's Tressie II.; 2d, Dennison Hotel's Katie.

BEAGLES.—Dogs: 1st, 2d, 4th and reserve, T. J. Ellis's Little Dick, Blue Billy, Little Mack and Joe; 3d, Lyons Kerans's Seppo Racket. Very high com., E. D. Fox's Howard's Dan. Bitches: 1st, H. Buning's Queen of Rockland; 2d, J. J. Banahan's Lady Keen; 3d and 4th, A. Jones's Miss Flue and Miss Ripper. Reserve, T. J. Ellis's Speck. Very high com., L. Keran's Dollie Varden. Novice—Dogs: 1st, H. Bunning's U. S. Eagle; 2d, E. L. Fox's Hustler. Bitches: 1st and 2d, H. Buning's Queen of Rockland and Little Dot. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, A. Jones's Hoosier Bornce; 2d, 4th and very high com., H. Buning's Spotty Campbell, Corbett and McKinley; 3d, T. J. Ellis's Joe. Bitches: 1st, H. Buning's Lady Taylor.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Smooth—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Dr. J. F. Belt's Hillside Royal and Wawaset Baron; 2d, G. Ewald's Domo; 4th, L. D. Meader's Bubele. Reserve, B. C. Thomas's Audubon Wang. Bitches: 1st, G. W. Price's Quaker Lass; 2d, F. J. Vincent's Madge II.; 3d, T. W. Tuggle's Peg Woffington; 4th, J. F. Belt's Columbia. Novice—Dogs: 1st, Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Baron; 2d, E. C. Buck's Freddy; 3d, C. Hoffman's Patsy; 4th, Dr. L. D. Meader's Bubele. Reserve, B. C. Thomas's Audubon Wang. Bitches: 1st, G. W. Price's Quaker Lass; 2d, H. B. Pohlman's Snow P.; 3d, T. W. Tuggle's Peg Woffington; 4th, Dr. J. F. Belt's Columbia. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, W. A. Manser's Nip. Bitches: 1st, T. W. Tuggle's Peg Woffington; 2d, F. J. Vincent's Rosanna; 3d, W. A. Manser's Tuck.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Equal 1st, W. H. Clark's Highland Boy and C. E. Mull's Jamie II.

RUSSIAN POODLES.—Dogs: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Bounce.

FRENCH POODLES.—CURLY—Dogs: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Black Jack, Jr. Bitches: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Queen Zip. Puppies: 1st, Dr. Insley's Lord Moughlow.

FRENCH TOY POODLES.—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. Bernard's Poli; 2d, C. Dilg's Christie. Bitches: 1st and 2d, J. Weisner's Topsey and Queenie. Puppies—Dogs: 1st and 2d, J. Weisner's Frenchie and Tip. Bitches: Eberhart Pug Kennels' Jessica.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Dogs: 1st, J. H. Brinkman's Dan.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Challenge—1st, J. Farley's champion Teddy. Open—Dogs: 1st, L. Finch's Prince of Norwood; 2d, J. Farley's Victor; 3d, C. H. Dilg's Tom. Bitches: 1st, C. Hudson's Lady Fern; 2d, N. Hirsch's Nellie Grant; 3d, C. H. Dilg's Daisy. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, C. Herrmann's Teddy, Jr.; 2d, J. Smith's Bob. Bitches: 1st, O. Elzemann's Bess; 2d, J. Smith's Daisy; 3d and very high com., C. H. Dilg's Kate and Bettie. Novice—1st, Mrs. Sol Sharp's Sport; 2d, 3d and 4th, J. Smith's Bell, Kitty and Dot.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—Dogs: 1st, F. A. Bradley's Pasha 2d, Mrs. J. A. Frazer's Tory.

BLACK AND TAN TOY TERRIERS (under 7lbs.).—Dogs: 1st, W. Sullivan's Dude; equal 2d, D. Brannon's Dandy and His Royal Nibs. Bitches: 1st and very high com., J. Q. Dobell's Tootsy and Lucy; 2d, W. Sullivan's Daisy; 3d, M. Juelz's Tutsy. Novice—Puppies: 1st, W. Sullivan's Daisy; 2d, J. Farrel's Minnie.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Puppies—Bitches: 1st, H. Eichler's Cyrene.

ENGLISH PUGS.—Challenge—Dogs: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart Cashier. Open—Dogs: 1st and 3d, Eberhart Pug Kennels's Patsy Bolivar and Sir Douglass; 3d, J. Englehart's Trot; 4th, E. Pelstring's Cip. Bitches: Equal 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Queen Zitka and Mabel E.; 2d, J. Englehart's Ruby E.; 3d, Miss M. I. Kykin's Toy. Novice—Dogs: 1st, Mrs. T. N. Eller's Cedric Errol; 2d, E. Pelstring's Cip: 3d, G. F. Brown's Max. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' LaBelle Senora and Cyrene; 3d, Miss M. I. Dykin's Toy; 4th, J. Gerrard's Cute Lady. Reserve, Fishback & Baughn's Pet. Very high com., T. E. Smith's Bunnie. Puppies—Dogs: 1st, J. Gerard's Romeo; 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' The Boss. Bitches: 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Vera. Black—1st, Miss L. Leonard's Francis.

DALMATIANS.—Equal 1st, S. C. Barhite's Nellie and D. A. Smith's Cora.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, C. Fleischman's Herr Feltman, Peter Sonn's Hans and M. Kahn's Osman.

ENGLISH SHEEPDOGS.—1st, J. E. Dougherty's Nabob.

ANGORA CATS.—1st and 2d, R. P. Thrasher's Fuzzler and Plume. 1st, R. P. Thrasher's Sweet Marie.

SPECIALS.

Best pointer dog (2), Rush of Lad. Best bloodhound, Vigilant. Best St. Bernard, American Cæsar. Best greyhound, Monk Bishop. Best bulldog, Lorna Doone. Best Poodle, Eberhart's Bounce. Best Italian greyhound (2), Psyche. Best English setter (2), Ben Hur, Jr. Best pug dog, Eberhart's Cashier; best bitch, Nancy; another one Nancy and Queen Zitka divided. Best Yorkshire terrier bitch, Lady Fern. Best curly poodle, Queen Zip. Best great Dane, Major McKinley. Best kennels.—Pugs, Eberhart Pug Kennels; English setters, J. Becker; St. Bernards, Eden Park Kennels; dachshunds, Ed. Brunhoff; beagles, T. J. Ellis; Yorkshire terriers, J. Smith; French poodles, Eberhart Pug Kennels. Best Irish setter, Rose. Best fox-terrier, Hillside Royal.

More Challenge Proposals.

HICKORY VALLEY, TENN., Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue I read with interest Major J. R. Purcell's challenge, and must say that it sounds as if he means business, and I am proud to say that the major is no part of a would-be sportsman. The major has a good pointer and he is not afraid to run her against good pointers and setters. All I will make a match with the major for is just to accomodate him, and for a chance to win the money that is up. I will run Chevalier aganist Lady Margaret, the exact race that the major is dissatisfied with, if the Subscription Stake of Easter Field Trial Club, the race to be 2 hours, under the Easter or U. S. Club rules, to run first suitable day after the U. S. trials, B, are over and on their grounds at West Point, Miss. I will select Mr. F. R. Hitchcock as my judge, the major can select one, and they can select the third. The judges to have full control of all details not mentioned. If Mr. Hitchcock cannot act, I will select someone who has acted as judge, and is thereby competent, and I hope the major will do the same. The amount of purses to be $300 a side, or as much more as the major wants to make it, up to $5,000. I name Mr. P. T. Madison as stakeholder, and have mailed him check for $150, half of the amount, as a forfeit, showing good faith. As Chevalier has no stake that he can run in, I hope the major will cover my forfeit at once before I spend any of my time on him. I mail the major a copy of my challenge. If the major beats me I will shake and congratulate him on his success.

J. M. AVENT.

DOG CHAT.

Mr. Geo. H. Hill, the superintendent of the coming Mascoutah Club show, has taken up his quarters at 952 Monadnock Building, Chicago, and to this address all communications in regard to the show must be sent.

It was rumored recently that old Mr. Spracklin, of Woodstock, Ont., the spaniel man, had departed to the happy hunting grounds, but we are glad to state that he is very much alive at present. He has taken a farm and has 127 spaniel puppies, 27 brood bitches and 6 stud dogs! He has also launched out into mastiffs, and has some bull-terriers and collies. To manage such a kennel as this he must be a pretty lively man.

An executive committee meeting of the Spaniel Club was held at Dr. Bradbury's, 110 East Twenty-second street, New York, on Jan. 12. Those present were A. C. Wilmerding, president, R. P. Keasbey, E. M. Oldham and Dr. Bradbury, the new treasurer. The treasurer's report showed a balance of $170 in the bank and dues to come from members amounting to $130. All bills have been paid and the club has a membership of 65. The annual meeting is to be held at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 20 at 4 P. M., and the annual club dinner will take place afterward. Messrs. Oldham and Keasbey were appointed a committee to make all arrangements for this interesting function, and communications in reference to it must be sent to Mr. Oldham, 166 West Seventy-ninth street, New York. On the call for new business Mr. Oldham arose and startled the president with the following speech: "Mr. Wilmerding, it is my pleasant office this evening to wish you on behalf of the members of the American Spaniel Club every conceivable happiness that the interesting and holy state on which you are about to enter can confer. You have, as we all know, from the first formation of this club always used your utmost endeavors to advance its interests. To-day we are pleased to think it stands second to none in the kennel world, and we feel that, as it has been in part through your efforts that this desirable end has been attained, so should the voice of the club be heard on an occasion when you are about to take the most important step of your life. In the name of the American Spaniel Club I beg to present you with this little souvenir commemorative of this occasion, wishing you and your intended bride health, wealth, and last, but not least, happiness." Mr. Oldham then presented Mr. Wilmerding with a handsome siver cake salver and knife, on which was engraved: "Presented by the members of the American Spaniel Club to their president, A. C. Wilmerding, January, 1895." Mr. Wilmerding responded in the following words: "Mr. Oldham and gentlemen: I am indeed quite overcome and hardly know how to reply. Your very beautiful token has taken me completely by surprise. While I have always served the club with my best efforts—as I think you all know—yet I do not feel that I deserve so handsome a remembrance at your hands. I shall always cherish it highly as coming from a body of men whom I can never do aught else but respect and esteem. Accept my thanks." The meeting then adjourned. Mr. Wilmerding was married Jan. 22, at Trinity Chapel, New York, to Miss Bache, of Morristown, N. J.

A rather interesting question arose at the last meeting of the American Spaniel Club regarding specials offered by a certain exhibitor who, since the specials were offered, has been disqualified by the A. K. C. These specials have to be won a certain number of times, and while the donor was in good standing they were put up twice and consequently the temporary winners have an interest in these specials. The club, therefore, feels that in justice to them it would be proper to submit the question, as to whether they may be offered, to the A. K. C. at its next meeting so as to get a ruling on the point. There should be no difficulty in this as the specials in question are now controlled by and in a sense are the property of the Spaniel Club.

Another meeting of the Montreal Kennel Association was held last week with Dr. Mills in the chair. Mr. James Lindsey read a paper on "The Smooth Fox-Terrier," and Mr. J. A. Pitt gave a dissertation on the St. Bernard. Both gave interesting particulars regarding the origin of the breeds and the different well known dogs that have been exhibited. Several of the members were accompanied by dogs of these breeds and these were used to illustrate the standards.

Mr. Geo. W. Runton's promising young bull-terrier Tarquin, that came out at the Saratoga show, met with an aggravating mishap in a disagreement with his kennel mate Edgewood Tipsey, a couple of weeks since. The roots of one ear were torn and the ear now falls over on the head when the dog is excited. With care the injury may be remedied.

In England those who dock a dog's tail are liable to a penalty of $25.

The crack collie Ormskirk Amazement has been sold by Mr. Stretch to a Mr. C. Lymott, of Australia, and sailed for his new home on the last day of 1894. Such a dog should have a great influence for good on the breed in the Antipodes.

The pointer Kent Elgin completed his cure at the Pasteur Institute, New York, on Thursday, Jan. 17. He has taken his medicine like a man, and has received during the fortnight about thirty-four injections altogether and as many as four a day toward the end of the period. On the day he was shipped to Birmingham, Ala., the dog shook paws with us from his recumbent position on Dr. Gibier's knees. The dog's good nature and intelligence have made him a general favorite among the doctors, and that he had made a good friend at court was evident from the fact that we found Kent quite at home in the Doctor's study. He has gained in flesh and to every appearance is in perfect health. That Mr. Ashford felt justified in placing Kent under treatment may be gathered from a recent letter, in which he says: "There is now no doubt in my mind about the dog being mad that bit Kent. A few days later two dogs were taken to French & Drummond's Veterinary Hospital and developed full-fledged cases. I have also heard of other dogs being killed, supposed to be mad. We have had an epidemic of mad dogs here for the past six or eight months. The Pasteur Institute in New York had a young man patient from here the past year. He was bitten by his pet terrier; I saw the dog every day during his confinement, and before being confined he bit his owner and dozens of dogs. During last year I have seen a dozen cases at the Veterinary Hospital. I write you this to show you I had good grounds for feeling alarmed for Kent's safety. Dr. Posey, a gentleman with whom I frequently hunted and fished, and who lived ten miles from here, died from hydrophobia last year. Though a rich man and able to go to New York, he did not think the dog was mad. Three children bitten at the same time and by the same dog are still living." We trust that Kent Elgin will be one of the excepted ones, and that he will live out his natural life, ready at any time to meet the Strideaways of his breed in the field.

The marriage of Miss Maie Byrne to Mr. Harrison, of England, and late M. P. for the mid division of County Tipperary, Ireland, on Jan. 16, will be of interest to the members of the Bulldog Club from the fact that Mrs. Harrison will now reside in England. Her well-known bulldog Found It will probably not be seen at future shows in America. Found It was placed second to His Lordship at New York last year.

In view of many valuable dogs shot, poisoned, lost, stolen and otherwise made away with lately in different parts of the country, would it not be advisable to organize a National Dog Protective Association, with branches in all the principal towns where valuable dogs are owned? Grand Rapids, Mich., has an association of this kind and a dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune* from Minneapolis, Minn., says: "A plan is on foot for the formation of a canine mutual protective association which if carried out will save for its owner many a valuable dog. The scheme is outlined by O. B. Clarke of this city and it is proposed to have a small annual due. Each member will be furnished with a list of the dogs owned by the other members and a basis of identification will be arranged. Lost or stolen dogs can be traced and dog thieves can be caught. The dues will be used as a fund to prosecute persons caught with stolen canines. It is expected a thousand members can be obtained." If such an association as this could be organized in New York, cases like the shooting of Mr. Bateman's beagles, for instance, could be dealt with in a manner that would probably have a deterrent effect on a large class of individuals who seem to think that the best way to treat a dog is to kick it, if they can do so with safety to their own precious skins.

The New England Kennel Club will hold its eleventh annual show at Mechanic's Hall, Boston, April 16 to 19, rounding up the spring circuit as usual. When Mr. Loveland remarks, "Things are booming," we may take it for granted that the Boston show will be a success.

A Bedlington Terrier Club.

The American Bedlington Terrier Club was organized at the office of FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 19, by Messrs. Martin A. H. Thelberg, Thomas Pearsall, John Hopkinson, Harris R. Childs, Justus D. Smith and H. W. Lacy. Under the constitution adopted the following were elected an executive committee: Messrs. Wm. Henry Russell, Thomas Pearsall, Martin A. H. Thelberg, John Hopkinson and Harris R. Childs, with Mr. Russell President and Mr. Pearsall Secretary-Treasurer of the club. The English club's standard was adopted. The annual meeting was set for the week during Westminster Kennel Club show.

A vote of thanks was given Mr. Lacy for his courtesy and assistance to the young club. The club intends to have an attendant in uniform at the New York show, and the club offers $10 for the best American-bred Bedlington at that show. The members already number ten, and if the enthusiasm of the breeders present at the meeting is to be taken as a guarantee, the breed is bound to be well supported by the new club.

Last week a letter on "Work for Terriers" found its way into the Rifle columns. Rifle butts are the last places one would look for work for terriers.

Death of Kent Elgin.

All field trial men and pointer breeders generally will sympathize with Mr. Ashford over the loss of his noted pointer, Kent Elgin, by rabies. Our readers are familiar with Kent's visit to Pasteur Institute, in this city, and his treatment. When we saw the dog at the institute on the 17th, the day he was shipped home, he showed not the slightest sign of such a dreadful end. He was bright and seemed in perfect health. Mr. Waters' telegram shows that the dog must have died the day after his return home. Mr. Ashford has the slight consolation of knowing that he did all that lay in his power to save his dog.

The Mercer-Mills Case.

In our issue of May 26, 1892, appeared a letter from Dr. Mills in which he stigmatized as a fraud Mr. Mercer s action in entering, unknown to the owner, Mr. Little's clumber Newcastle, in view of the fact that this entry completed the number necessary for a division of the challenge class at the Ottawa show in 1891, in which Mr. Mercer's dogs were entered. Mr. Mercer then brought a libel suit against Dr. Mills. On the case coming to trial, the prosecuting counsel had scarcely commenced his speech when the judge exclaimed, "It is a fraud," and dismissed the case. Mr. Mercer appealed on the ruling and got a decision on the ground that the judge had no power to throw the case out before it had been considered by the jury. Several dates were fixed for the new trial, but the case was postponed on account of Mr. Mercer's illness. Finally on June 16 and 17 the case was tried at Ottawa in the Supreme Court before Chancellor Boyd and a jury. Mr. Little went up from Boston and gave his part of the story. Dr. Mills testified that he still was of the same opinion. The entry blank and letters which passed subsequently between Messrs. Mercer and Little were produced and evidently influenced the jury. Alfred Geddes was also called on behalf of the show committee. Each counsel consumed an hour in summing up and a fair hearing resulted. The judge's charge was fair, but against Mercer. In ten minutes the jury returned a verdict for the defendant in both cases. The judge accepted this and added costs.

Mascoutah K. C. Premium List.

"Heard anything from Chicago?" has been the question among fanciers the past week, and many were the surmises as to who would don the ermine, and while we were informed as to the names of two prominent judges we preferred to follow the Mascoutah Club's lead and wait until the full list could be sprung at once. The list will furnish a surprise to many, for the club has made a commendable move in looking around for fresh judging material, and the selections as a whole are good. R. J. Sawyer, Menominee, Mich., takes St. Bernards; Arthur Trickett, Little Rock, Ark., mastiffs; G. Muss-Arnolt, New York, great Danes; B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O., pointers; W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont., English setters. Then the old reliable veteran John Davidson will have his work cut out considering the many breeds he assumes. They are Irish setters, Gordons, Newfoundlands, Russian wolfhonds, deerhounds, greyhounds, bloodhounds, foxhounds, Chesapeake Bay dogs, beagles, all terriers except foxterriers, Yorkshires and bull-terriers—Schipperkes, old English sheepdogs, Dalmatians and miscellaneous; J. A. Long, collies; August Belmont, fox-terriers; Andred Laidlaw, all sporting spaniels; E. A. Woodward, Chicago bulldogs; Wm. Mariner, Milwaukee, Wis., bull-terriers; Jos. Wedekind, Chicago, dachshunds, and T. Farrer Rackham, East Orange, N. J., poodles, pugs, Yorkshires, toys, King Charles, Blenheime, Prince Charles, ruby and Japanese spaniels and Italian greyhounds. The latter has the distinction of being the only one who is not particularly identified with the breeds he will adjudicate upon, but we know not what a man can do until he is tried, and we trust he will be successful. Mr. Rackham has been judging acceptably in the South during the winter.

From advance sheets of the premium list we find that 205 classes are provided. In mastiffs and St. Bernards the prizes are challenge classes $15 and $10; open classes, $15, $10, $5 and $; puppies $5 and $3 and the same in the one novice class. Great Danes have the same classification and prizes except that puppies compete together; deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds (types divided), field and cocker spaniels, Irish water spaniels (open classes only) Dalmatians (open classes only) bulldogs, bull-terriers, beagles, smooth foxterriers, Irish, Scottish, black and tan, Bedlington, Dandie Dinmont, Skye and Yorkshire terriers and pugs are given $10 in challenge classes and $10, $5 and $3 in open classes, and most of them, except the rough terrier breeds, have puppy and novice classes, with prizes ranging from $5 and $3 to $10 and $5. Wire-haired fox-terriers, dachshunds, Irish terriers, Scottish, Dandie, Syke, Yorkshire, King Charles, Italian greyhounds, bloodhounds, dachshunds and foxhounds have one challenge class. Those breeds with $10, $5 and silver medal in open classes are poodles and Boston terriers. Smooth fox-terriers have a bronze medal for fourth prize in open classes. The toy spaniels, Italian grey-

hounds and miscellaneous get $5 in the challenge classes and $5 and $3 in open, King Charles and Blenheims getting a third prize of a silver medal. Pugs get a bronze medal for fourth in open classes. Kennel prizes ranging from $15 to $10, according to importance and size of breeds, are given by the club. The array of specials is very noteworthy, the Mastiff, St. Bernard, Spaniel and Boston Terrier clubs being especially active. The Mascoutah Club also donates a number of club medals, and there are a good many cash specials, given by outside people, to be picked up in the different breeds that time and space, however, compel us to omit particular notice of this week. Entries close Feb. 16, and the fees are $3 each. In the additional rules we notice that the club draws attention to a very commendable clause, "No exhibitor will be permitted to change the number or location of the stall allotted to his dog." This is a move in the right direction, and is one that FOREST AND STREAM has continually urged. All communications regarding the show should be sent to Geo. H. Hill, Monadnock Building, Chicago. Spratts Patent will bench and feed, and Sanitas Co. will disinfect.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

In a letter under date of Jan. 5, Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, writes me as follows- "You will be sorry to learn that distemper, in its most malignant form, struck my kennel, and cleaned it out of every pointer I had."

I am indeed sorry that Mr. Johnson has suffered such a severe loss. He had an exceptionally healthy, trim-built, gamey and well-bred lot of pointers, all in the pink of condition when I saw them in Winnipeg last fall. From their energetic ways and with the blood which they possessed, I expected that they would make a record among the first in the canine world, but that terrible disease of the dog, distemper, has destroyed them as it has thousands before. The disease, being of germ origin, would seem to be amenable to treatment similar to that applied to other germ diseases, and is worthy of the investigation of veterinarians from that standpoint.

Mr. G. T. Cullins writes me that his English setter bitch had a remarkable litter of fourteen puppies, eight of which were dogs. Dr. Rogers's Andrew Dixon is the sire. B. WATERS.

The Baltimore Field Trials.

The ire and indignation of the members of the Baltimore Gun Club, one of the leading sporting organizations of this State, has been aroused by the following article which appeared in one of your contemporaries the other day:

"The Baltimore Gun Club seems to have been having some amateur field trials, which is not in itself anything marvelous; but it is extraordinary to learn that the trials were run 'within the city limits,' when for the last few years the public has been gradually taught to believe that a medium-sized country is hardly big enough for the high-class field trial winner. The Baltimore *News* has this to say about the trials: 'A special permit was granted the members of the Baltimore Gun Club by Mayor Latrobe to hold their first field trials yesterday at the country place of Mr. John S. Gittings, on the Liberty Road, which is within the city limits. The trials were not particularly successful, as the dogs showed up in comparatively poor form. Three dozen partridges were used in the trials and most of them were finally shot.' What is meant by 'three dozen partridges were used,' etc.? Can it be possible that the members of the Baltimore Gun Club went out to the suburbs, turned down three dozen partridges, and proceeded to run field trials on vacant lots and among the sign boards of real estate dealers?"

Now, what object a paper whose mission, it claims, is to build up sport and encourage it, could have in publishing such a misstatement of facts and try to ridicule the Baltimore Gun Club is more than any fair-minded lover of the dog and gun in these parts can account for. In the first place there was nothing amateurish about the trial. The gentlemen who entered their dogs were all expert shots both in the field and at the traps, and should the father of that article think otherwise he can call at the club's headquarters, 15 St. Paul street, and find plenty of coin to shoot for.

As to "vacant lots" and "signboards of real estate dealers," we cannot be clear on that point. The "lot" on which the trial took place comprised 100 acres of an estate containing 600 in all. One part of the "lot" was covered with sedge grass, while the balance was composed of woodland and plowed ground.

During the trials no less than four rabbits were kicked up, and a number of field larks were also killed.

Now, if the cities of Chicago and New York have 600-acre town lots with rabbits and field larks on them, their ideas and those of the people of this section differ considerably on the words "town lots."

While the grounds were within the city limits, the nearest house was a roadside inn. The city proper is some three miles from Mr. John S. Gittings's estate, on which the trials were held, this portion being known as the annex or belt. But as it is under the jurisdiction of the city officials a permit had to be secured from the mayor to use firearms.

As to the Baltimore *News* statement that the "trials were not particularly successful," there was no representative of that paper present, and in fact there never is at any sporting event of any character, to use a slang phrase, the young man who wrote it was "talking through his hat." The only newspaper representative present was Mr. H. L. Clarke, of the Baltimore *Sun*, who was delighted and so expressed himself through the columns of his paper.

Now, as to the dogs: We flatter ourselves that we know a dog when we see one, and there was not a single pointer or setter out of the whole fifteen on the field that day that could be bought for a $50 note. In fact, the next day one of the dogs exchanged owners for the sum of $105.

The dogs all found birds, dropped to shot or wing, back stood and retrieved. What more a man could want, unless a circus dog, is hard to say.

As to the killing of the birds, some few were shot to try the dogs on retrieving, but every bird was given a fair chance for his life. Out of the thirty-six birds thrown out six were known to have sought refuge in a large pile of wood, and yet were not disturbed.

The result of this "amateur field trial" was such that it has created great interest in a sport that has been quiet in Maryland for years.

Next season we propose to hold one on a larger scale, and will invite owners of dogs from other States to participate, but will not solicit any aid from those that call a 600-acre farm a "town lot." Our ideas of an American field are vastly different.

WM. L. STILES.

United States Field Trials B.

WEST POINT, Miss., Jan. 21.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The Pointer Derby has nine starters—Delhi, Roderick T., Tippoo, Tamarack Jr., Lad's Lady, Staunch George, Hempstead Don, Rex Faust and Louis Kent. Heavy rain in the forenoon prevented a start; the afternoon was clear and pleasant. Grounds were wet and heavy. Birds were found in abundance; fourteen bevies were found by horsemen and dogs. Sedge grass is rank and dense. Seven were kept in the second series—Rex Faust, Delhi, Tippoo, Tamarack, Jr., Hempstead Don, Louis Kent and Lad's Lady. Quite a number of visiting sportsmen are in attendance. Kent Elgin died of rabies last night at Birmingham, Ala. Weather raining and unsettled. The work was commonplace. Judges are Maj. J. M. Taylor, J. M. Freeman and St. Marc M. Mundy, who takes the place of Mr. Royal Robinson.

B. WATERS.

Chevalier—Lady Margaret.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of $150, from Mr. J. M. Avent, as forfeit money, to bind a match between his English setter dog Chevalier and Major. J. R. Purcell's pointer bitch Lady Margaret. Said match to be run at West Point, Miss., immediately after the conclusion of the trials of the U. S. F T. Club.

P. T. MADISON.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Feb. 12 to 14.—BUCKFIELD, Me.—Monmouth Fur Club's winter meet.

Monmouth Fur Club Meet.

MONMOUTH, Me., Jan. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The mid-winter meet of the Monmouth Fur Club will be held at Buckfield, Me., Feb. 12 to 14. All fox hunters are cordially invited to join us in a grand hunt and to bring their dogs. There are good hotel accommodations at reasonable rates, plenty of foxes and fine hunting grounds. The club headquarters will be at Hotel Long. WESLEY PRESCOTT, Sec.

* * *

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

A correspondent kindly sends us the following clipping from the *Daily Local News*, of West Chester, Pa. It is merely another proof of the resources of American fox hunters who, unlike their English cousins, bid defiance to "Jack Frost" and even make the latter an accessory to their sport: "Perhaps one of the most novel and exciting fox chases ever witnessed in Chester county occurred on the old Brandywine battlefield yesterday (Jan. 3). Shortly before noon about one dozen members of the West Chester Fox Hunting Club, each and every one of whom was equipped with either a pair of skates or a sled, started on a tour of the country lying south of town, accompanied by the pack of eager hounds. The earth, clothed in a thick coating of snow covered with a crust sufficient to bear almost the weight of a horse, was in good condition for a day's hunt, but no steeds could be used. Upon arriving at Noble's woods, about a mile south of town, the hounds jumped a trail, and the hunters scudded merrily across the fields on their steel runners, and were thus enabled to get a good view of the run. The dogs furnished lots of music and made things decidedly lively for reynard, which immediately headed toward Painter's bridge. Arriving at the latter point, the fox turned in a southerly direction and ran toward Chadd's Ford, in which country he circled about for a considerable length of time and finally retraced his steps again. The sport was kept up until the shades of night were falling, when the hounds were called off and the hunters returned. The ice-covered snow was in excellent condition for a chase of this character, and the hunters were enabled to make good time on the runners adopted for the run. The scene, as viewed from an eminence in Birmingham, was a very pretty one, and the hounds could be observed until they neared Chadd's Ford. This was the first big hunt of the kind on record, and should the weather remain cold it may be repeated in a few days."

* * *

Mr. O. F. Joslin was elected delegate to the A. K. C. at the meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club, held at Barre, Mass., Jan. 9.

* * *

On his way home from the Brunswick Fur Club trials, Mr. Turpin went to see Mr. A. H. Morse, of Qunniebaug, who has the noted Clyde, who is still looking well and hearty, and is full of hunt. So are the other dogs, including Lady Novice and Blossom, the field trial winners; but the rabbits are of the Oxford type—"hole darters."

* * *

Mr. John H. Wallace, Jr., of Town Creek, Ala., secretary of the Dixie Red Fox Club, sends us an account of a novel hunt, in which it is shown that Alabama foxes can climb trees as well as their Florida and Texas cousins: "While out hunting with the Kittikaski pack a few days since his hounds struck a warm trail, and were soon moving at a lively clip. When the hounds had trailed perhaps a mile through fields and timber, all came to a dead stop. He had a friend whom he requested to go down into the thicket of scrub oaks and blackjacks and attempt to ascertain the cause of the check. His friend soon called to him that he had found the fox. Mr. Wallace went down, and was astonished to find a large red fox securely perched in the forks of a bending blackjack tree. Upon close examination, he discovered two foxes up the tree lying side by side, apparently very unconcerned, in a bed built of leaves. A negro boy was called and sent up the tree, being cautioned, if possible, to make only one jump out. The hounds were called away, and soon Reynard No. 1 came down. After a start of several minutes the hounds were put on his trail. He made a large circle to the north and was caught in forty-five minutes. The hunters then came back to the place of starting, called the boy, and soon fox No. 2 was going, with the pack at a Salvator clip uncomfortably close at his heels. He made a large circle to the south, and was caught in fifty minutes, not a hundred yards from where the first fox was caught."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

G. DE C., New York City.—You can have a veterinary surgeon cut the ears so that they will fall perfectly, but of course you will not be able to show the dog, as that is considered "faking." It is not necessary to register a kennel. If you wish to claim a kennel prefix you must apply to the American Kennel Club and pay a fee of $3, and if the name is not already claimed yours will be allowed and no one who shows under A. K. C. rules will be permitted to use the same name or a similar one.

C. T. B., New Bedford, Mass.—The pedigrees of the Gordon setters are: Champion Flash—Sire, Crown, by Brownell's Dash out of Handy Trix, by Dorris's Don out of Rodman's Nellie; Dash by Doane's Tom out of Doane's Chloe. Dam, Dell's Cute, by Rosa's Don out of Kirby's Nellie, by Chandler's imported Sailor out of his imported Fannie. Don, by Polhemus's Duke out of Bramster's Queen Bess. Major S. Stockton's Dash and J. W. White's Fly are not registered in either stud book. Pansy, by Howe's Fritz out of Gay's Gipsey; Fritz, by Howe's Ranger II. out of his Fanny II.; Gypsey, by Howe's Fritz out of his Nellie. Marble's Grouse, by Duke of Buccleugh's Grouse out of his Flora, further pedigree is not given, as Grouse is not registered. Nellie Horton, by Duke of Gordon out of Dream; Duke of Gordon, by Shot out of Maud; Dream by Ranger out of Juno.

C. S. M., Battineau, N. D.—This is rather close breeding, but under the circumstances, providing both are healthy and have no hereditary defects, there would be no harm in doing so.

C. R. C., Belfast, Me.—My Irish setter has a kind of skin disease, which causes him to itch and constantly scratch himself. There are many small places on him that break out and form dry, hard scabs, and where he scratches so much occasionally it bleeds. Ans. Wash in a solution of creoline (1 to 60 of water) once or twice a week. Give the following mixture:

Rx Pot. citral.....drs. ii.
Liq. sodii arsenicalis.....drs. i.
Aq. ad.....oz. vi.
Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

J. A. B., Chicago.—I have a pointer pup one year old who is losing his hair in spots. Tar and usual remedies applied have failed. Treat for worms. Ans. Apply tincture of iodine to the spots. See answer to "C. R. C."

H. C. D., New York City.—Try manganese di oxide given in the form of tablets, each containing one grain. Give one three times a day after food.

G. DEC., New York City.—1. Is there anything I can do to make my fox-terrier's ears hang right? 2. Also, please give a cure for external canker on a spaniel's ears. Ans. 1. First try "weighting" them down with small pieces of lead placed between layers of adhesive plaster and then stick on (inside) tips of ears. 2. Apply balsam of Peru to the sore and remove the collar; put a cap on to prevent the dog shaking his ears.

P. H., Albany, N. Y.—My Gordon setter for two years past has had a sort of irritation which commences in the fall and lasts through the winter. Is continually licking his paws and back, in fact every part within reach, and the places become raw sores. The odor is offensive. Ans. Try some of the advertised mange cures and give the following powders:

Rx Antim. tart.....grs. i.
Hydrang. sub. chlor.....grs. ½
Sacch. lact.....drs. i.
M. et. div. in pulvo. xxiv.
Give one three times a day shaken on the tongue.

C. E. R., Waltham, Mass.—My beagle puppy, nine months old had distemper and an abcess formed over his eye. I opened it removed the pus, and he seemed to be doing finely; was smart, ate well and recovered his flesh, when he was taken with pains. It seemed like colic; I gave him a dose of castor oil and he got over the pains in about a day, but has seemed weak since. His belly is tucked up as though his intestines were drawn up into his stomach and he vomits if he has meat or anything hard to digest, and cannot retain castor oil. He shivers almost all the time, is rather costive and likes to lie near the stove. He is not feverish, his coat looks well, his eyes are bright, but when he walks his hindlegs seem stiff and weak and he arches his back slightly. I have been giving Nestle's food three or four times a day. Ans. Give an enema. In addition to the Nestle's food mentioned give a little raw meat chopped up very finely, or raw meat juice. Give following powder:

Rx Bismuth sub. nit.....scr. ii.
Cerii. oxalis.....scr. i.
Pepsin.....grs. xxiv.
M. et. div. in pulvo. xii.
Give one three times a day shaken on the tongue.

H. B. W., Long Branch, N. J.—About two weeks ago my English setter dog, 2½ years old, came to me crying without any apparent cause, and shortly afterward I noticed that he whimpered a little when he stretched himself. I find no distension of the stomach or anything to indicate the trouble, and no soreness, but upon moving either hindleg to the side, that is, spreading them, he cries and is evidently in pain. Ans. Rheumatism. Give the follwing mixture:

Rx Sodii salicylas.....drs. iss.
Syr. simple.....drs. iv.
Aq. ad.....ozs. vi.
Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day.
Apply this liniment to back:
Rx Spts camph.....ozs. iss.
Chloroform.....drs. iv.
Lin. saponis ad.....ozs. iv.
Lini. Apply to back and sore places two or three times a day.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared blanks sent free on application.**

Spencer's Julia. By H. Spencer, Marysville, O., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Feb. 7, 1894, by Hazel Lem (Duke Boy—Sue Ellen) out of Gipsey Cambridge (Count Paris—Nellie Cambridge).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Topsy F.—Ezra Noble. C. F. Trethar's (New York city) English setter bitch Topsy F. (Roderigo—Lee Gladstone) to J. E. Borden's Ezra Noble (Count Noble—Alphonsine), Jan. 8.

My Lady Jane—Jasper. F. W. Kitchel's (Perth Amboy, N. J.) cocker bitch My Lady Jane (champion Doc—My Lady Betty) to his Jasper (Red Roland—Floss), Sept. 6.

Gertie—Jasper. W. Batts's cocker bitch Gertie (Beau Brummel—Bijou) to F. W. Kitchel's Jasper (Red Roland—Floss), Jan. 11.

Jessie—Jasper. Dr. Lyman Clark's cocker bitch Jessie to F. W. Kitchel's Jasper (Red Roland—Floss), Dec. 8.

Lady Bug—Jasper. F. W. Kitchel's (Perth Amboy, N. J.) cocker bitch Lady Bug (Rollo W.—Brown Gyp) to his Jasper (Red Roland—Floss), Nov. 18.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lizzie M. G. G. Williamson's (Muncie, Ind.) English setter bitch Lizzie M. (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), Jan. 3, seven (five dogs), by Blue Ridge Kennels' Gath's Mark.

Tootsey Davenport. Oak Ridge Pug Kennels' (Brookville, Pa.) pug bitch Tootsey Davenport (Daisey—Topsy), Jan. 5, four (two dogs), by Eberhart's Bradford Ruby II. (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.).

Peggy Pryde. Oak Ridge Pug Kennels' (Brookville, Pa.) pug bitch Peggy Pryde (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.), Jan. 1, two bitches, by Eberhart's Happy Toby (Spokane—Nelly T.).

My Lady Jane. F. W. Kitchel's (Perth Amboy, N. J.) cocker bitch My Lady Jane (champion Doc—My Lady Betty), April 22, six (four dogs), by A. Laidlaw's Commodore (Red Roland—Ula).

Ladybug. F. W. Kitchel's cocker bitch Ladybug (Rollo W.—Brown Gyp), June 8, five (four dogs), by Othello (Pat—Ruby).

Cleopatra. F. W. Kitchel's cocker bitch Cleopatra (Obo C.—Black Cherry), June 16, seven (one dog), by Jasper (Red Roland—Floss).

My Lady Jane. F. W. Kitchel's cocker bitch My Lady Jane (champion Doc—My Lady Betty), Nov. 6, seven (three dogs), by Jasper (Red Roland—Floss).

Ladybug. F. W. Kitchel's cocker bitch Ladybug (Rollo W.—Brown Gyp), Jan. 15, six (four dogs), by Jasper (Red Roland—Floss).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

King of Hessen. Liver, white ticked, pointer dog, whelped June, 1891, by Duke of Hessen out of Hedge Rose, by H. T. Longnecker, Allentown, Pa., to Dr. J. M. Hoffman, same place.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. W., Philadelphia.—It is a bad practice to shoot shot from any rifled barrel. If your barrel is leaded, plug up one end with a cork and pour a small quantity of mercury into the open end. Then plug this also, and shake the gun so that the mercury comes in contact with all parts of the bore. In this way you will generally be able to remove the lead. Another method is to warm the barrel and push through a rag anointed with mercurial ointment, which makes an amalgam with the lead. In either case clean the barrel carefully before putting away. Professionals of the class who shoot repeating rifles from horseback have the barrels of their guns bored smooth, as the rifling causes the shot to scatter and makes close shooting an impossibility.

J. H. L., Buffalo, N. Y.—The rifle you mention should prove satisfactory for your purpose.

G. M., Denison, Tex.—1. The Krag-Jorgensen rifle cannot be bought. 2. Charleston, W. Va.

W. H. G., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—The target forwarded to FOREST AND STREAM counts thirteen bulls and two centers, 73 points Creedmoor count.

SANCHO PANZA, Patterson, Pa.—1. Goldsmith, in his "Animated Nature," says all of the deer kind lack the gall bladder. Is this true? If it is what organ performs the function? 2. Is the liver of the deer eatable? Ans. 1. The gall bladder is absent in all deer. The matter is not well understood. 2. Yes.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

Jan. 30.—PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Second match, W. G. Clark vs. W. M. C. Jones, 100 live birds, $100 a side.

Feb. 1.—BURNSIDE, Ill.—Kleinman vs Carver, 100 live birds, championship of America and a stake of $200

Feb. 5-7.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two first days, targets; last day, live birds. Open to all. Send for programmes to E. D. Fulford or H. L. Gates.

Feb. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, of the series of 1895, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Henry A. Kratz, Sec'y.

Feb. 22 —MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club; targets. O. L Yeomans, Sec'y, Orange, N. J.

Feb. 27-28 —ELIZABETH, N. J.—Second bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Events open to all.

March 5-7.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Three-days' tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; first two days targets, last day live birds. Wm. H. Huck, Sec'y.

April 3-5 —WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added. All ties in Grand American Handicap must be shot off; three moneys, three high guns.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kas —Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

May 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

May 14-16 —DAYTON, O —Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-day's tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich —Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House June 4.

June 4-7 —MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21 —CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Targe Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in bash added.

June 25-26.—ALTOONA, Pa —Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec'y.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S D —Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament

Oct. 3-6 —Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

Thursday of this week is the day set for the meeting of trap-shooters for the purpose (inter alia) of organizing a national association for the protection of the sport of shooting at the traps.

The call for a convention, published in these columns, has met with a hearty response and there is every prospect of a thoroughly successful meeting. A full report of the doings of those present will be given in our next week's issue.

The letters received from those who are unavoidably detained by business, and who therefore cannot be on hand at the convention, are full of the most hearty good wishes for the success of the organization.

There is no question about it, "dropping for place must go."

The Hamilton Tournament.

A midwinter tournament for trapshooters is always slightly risky on account of the variableness of the weather. Trap-shooters think two or three times before they leave home, if the trip they have to make is a long one, and the weather is at all doubtful. For that reason the success of the Hamilton Tournament last week, both in point of weather and in the number of shooters, was all the more remarkable.

When I left New York, en route for Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday, Jan. 1, at 9 P. M., the thermometer, according to the official score, was registering 9 degrees above zero. Inside the sleeper, Jack Frost was decidedly not in it, although the trainmen said that it was the coldest night of the season. Rochester, N. Y., was reached on time; it was at this point that we first found traces of the blizzard which had swept across Buffalo, and was even then raging in that city. John L. Brewer was booked to shoot a 100 live bird race with "Sim" Glover, of Rochester, the match to take place on Monday, Jan. 14. The story of that match is told eslewhere in this issue, the detailed score, however, being incomplete, as I had to leave at the end of the 75th round. Brewer was finally defeated by the score of 94-90.

At Buffalo, on that Monday night, snow was still whirling around corners and filling the New York Central Depot with feathery flakes. A force of men was busy loading the snow that had found its way into the station on to gondolas. Judging from the number of car loads in sight, they must have had a touch of a real old-fashioned winter during the previous 6 hours. The 9.10 P. M. train carried me that night as far as Niagara Falls, the accounts I heard of the winter effects at that place, being too tempting. By getting out of bed in good time I was able to sandwich in an hour and a half's sleigh ride through Prospect Park, etc., before being landed at the Niagara Falls station on the Canadian side in time to catch the Toronto train at 9.40. The river below the falls was full of ice and the natives were looking forward to the formation of the ice gorge which always draws a crowd during the dead season.

The only shooter on the above train was E. H. Rounds, of the Burgess Gun Company, Buffalo, who on his arrival on the Canadian side, shipped his gun in bond to Harte & Lyne, of Hamilton, Ont. This was the plan suggested by the management of the tournament, and it worked well, doing away with all the bother attending the transportation of a gun through the Custom House. Mr. Rounds' presence was a godsend to me, the car being so overheated that it was impossible to read a newspaper; the very words danced in hot air. A couple of argumentative politicians also served to keep the atmosphere of the car unfit for quiet enjoyment. In talking about the Burgess gun, Mr. Rounds mentioned an addition that had been made to it since I last handled one of their "pumps"; this addition is a flat rib on top of the barrel. When later on I saw his gun, it seemed to me that the rib added very much to the appearance of the weapon; many men will find it a great help to accurate work. He also told me that the company has gotten out a weapon built for the purpose of protecting express messengers, etc., in the West; this weapon is a gun with 20 inch barrels, so hinged to the stock that it can be doubled up and put away in a leather case of less than 24 inches in length; at the same time the magazine can be left loaded with perfect safety. All an express messenger, or anyone else who is in a tight place, has to do is to pull his gun from the case, snap it together and start pumping lead into anybody and everybody.

Hamilton, Ont., is about one of the liveliest cities of its size on this Continent. Situated at the head of Lake Ontario, some 40 miles from Niagara Falls, it is not very far removed from being an American city. Its 50,000 inhabitants are just now enjoying all the sports and festivities incident to a Canadian winter; every vehicle is on runners, and the sleighing last week was just about perfect. Snow and ice are such common articles to the youthful Kanucks, that the sleds so much fancied by young Americans are but little patronized. It may be that the level streets of Hamilton don't offer the same facilities for enjoying "belly-whoppers" that those of more hilly cities do; that may account for the extreme rarity of a boy with a sled in that city, at any rate on one of the main streets. Hamilton boasts justly of her driving park; it is all that one could wish, and its mile trotting track, mile-and-an-eighth running track, which encircles the course for the harness horses, its grand stand, stable, etc., are of a class that is unusual even in far larger cities. The concourse of trotters to be held there next month is being anxiously looked forward to, and every effort is being made to make the meeting a success; the trotters' mile has been flooded, and sleighing behind a fast horse on Hamilton's race track is something that we in New York can't realize. Another thing that Hamilton is blessed with is a system of trolley cars that run in all directions, and transfer passengers to all parts of the city without further cost. The company is very accomodating in that respect, so that the luxury of street car riding doesn't come high. In the matter of transfer checks a policy of strict economy is practiced; instead of giving each member of the party a transfer, the conductor finds out how many of his passengers want to be transferred, at any one point, punches that number on a single check and hands it to the most responsible looking member of the party. I got the check as a rule.

The Hamilton Gun Club leases a level field just across the turnpike from the driving park; it also has club rooms at the Park Hotel. An unpretentious frame work of scantling and boards does duty for a club house in the shooting field; extra accomodation for the tournament was provided by a temporary shed-like structure of planks, while a large and well-warmed tent erected just back of the live bird traps also did duty as a protection for the visitors and their hosts from the cold and penetrating air that whistled around the spot during the three days of the tournament. A small tent for the purpose of sheltering the birds, and a little shanty for the trap pullers at the live bird set of traps, completed the list of structures on the grounds of the Hamilton Gun Club.

As live birds and target events were shot off simultaneously, a double set of officials was necessary. James Crooks, Vice-President of the Hamilton Gun Club, acted throughout the meeting as referee in the live bird events, while J. A. Wigglesworth, scored the kills and misses. The target shooting was very slow, interest being centered in the live bird events, and no squad hustler and no referee being on hand. Secretary Harry Graham and his assistant, Albert Smith, looked after the cashier's department, and got through their work satisfactorily. Although the Hamiltonians seemed to look upon target shooting as of secondary importance, a little more organization in that department would have enabled the club to throw from 4,000 to 5,000 targets each day; the boys were there to shoot, they had shells, and they had money. This is a hint to the management for their next year's tournament. There's money for the club in target shooting.

Dinner was provided at the hotel, but the "'ot pie" man got his share of the trade that was going; at a nickel a piece the "'ot porkpies" were full value received. How grateful and comforting those pies were may be judged from the fact that when someone said to Capt. Money, who was busily munching one of the pies, "I wouldn't eat one of those things; you don't know what's in them; it's probably dog!" the captain replied with his mouth full of the article in question, "If this is dog, then let me eat dog many times." The captain's sentiments were mine, and apparently Seth Clover's also.

FIRST DAY, JAN. 15.

The programme for the first day contained but three target events: a 20 target race; a 15 target race, $30 guaranteed; and a 20 target, $40 guaranteed; three extras, 10, 15 and 20 targets respectively, were also decided, making 100 targets for each man who shot in all the events. Some hustling on the part of the management would have readily turned this total into 200, as the traps were idle more than half the time, whereas the shooters wanted to be doing something, and only seven men at a time were engaged at the live bird traps. The trapper boys were as good a lot as I've ever seen, while the puller did his work exceedingly well for so young a lad. The club lost lots of money that might just as well have been its own by neglecting this portion of the tournament. The scores made by the shooters show a remarkably high average, the result being that straights sometimes received less than the entrance money paid in. The first 20 target race had four straights and eight men in second place with one less; the second, 15 targets, had seven straight scores; the third, 20 targets, 6 straights and 5 nineteens!

The scores in the first days target races were as follows:

No. 1, 20 targets, $2, known angles:

G Mosher	11001111111111111011—17
Roberts	11111111101111110111—18
Upson	11111111111110111111—19
Heikes	11111111111111111111—20
Fletcher	11111011111101011111—17
Van Dyke	01101111111111011111—17
Hobart	11111101101111111111—18
Money	11111111111111011111—19
D Mosher	11111111111001111111—18
Sweny	11111111111111111111—20
Greigg	10111111111111111111—19
Fairbairn	11111111111111110111—19
Morfey	11011111111111111111—19
Kelsey	11111111101111111111—19
Hammond	11110111111111111111—19
Campbell	01110111111110111011—16
Bates	10111100101100100111—12
Carleton	01111111011101111111—17
McMurchy	11110111111111111111—19
Brewer	11111111111111111111—20
Lyons	11011111001101001111—13
Wayper	11111111111111111111—20
Fulford	11101011111111111101—17
Andrews	10111111011101011111—16
Clifford	11111110010100111111—15
D Smith	11010111111111111111—18
Clover	11111111110101011111—18
Dodds	11111011110111111110—17

No. 2, 15 targets, $1 50, $30 guaranteed:

Upson	111111111111111—15	Clover	111110101111111—13
Van Dyke	111111111111111—15	Clifford	001111111110110—11
Morfey	011111111011111—13	Kelsey	111111111111111—15
Heikes	011111111111101—13	Hammond	111111101111111—14
Roberts	111111111111111—15	Wayper	111111111110111—14
Dr Mosher	011111110111111—13	Fletcher	100011010010001— 6
Hobart	010111101111111—12	D Smith	011101011111111—12
Money	110011111111111—13	Pope	111111111110111—14
Fulford	111111111111111—15	Greigg	011011110011111—11
Sweny	111110101111011—12	Wheeler	111111111111111—15
W Stroud	110111111011101—12	McMurchy	111111111111111—15
Wilson	011011111011111—12	Ruth	111011010110001— 9
Brewer	111111111110111—14	Fairbairn	111111010111111—13
Lyon	111111010010111—11	Andrews	101111101110111—12
Campbell	101111011110111—12	Dodds	111110111111110—13

No. 3, 20 targets, Tuckett guaranteed purse of $40:

Heikes	11111111111111111111—20
Van Dyke	11111111101111011111—18
Upson	11111111111111111111—20
Morfey	11111111111111111011—19
Money	11011111111111011101—17
Sweny	11101111111111111011—18
Brewer	11111111111111111111—20
Parker	01111111111111111111—19
Fairbairn	11101111111101111101—18
Hobart	11111111111111101111—18
Dodds	10110110111011010111—14
McMurchy	11110111111111111111—19
Clover	11111111101111111111—19
Wheeler	11101111101111011100—15
Kirkwood	11111111111111011011—18
Lyon	11011110111111111011—17
Pope	11001101111001111111—15
Andrews	11111111111111111111—20
Hammond	11111111111111111111—20
Roberts	11111111111111111011—18
Blackall	10101111110011111101—15
Dr Mosher	11011111111101111011—17
Wayper	11111111111111111111—20
D Fletcher	01111111011101110111—16
Dick	11111011101111011111—17
W Stroud	11111101111101110101—16
Clifford	11110111111111111111—19

No. 4, 10 targets, 50 cents: McMurchy 9, Sweeny 10, Andrews 8, Kelsey 10, Comelon 8, Pope 8, Mosher 5, Greigg 9, Hammond 9, Fletcher 10 Parker 8, Kirkwood 3, Roberts 10, Dr. Mosher 6, Upson 10, Fulford 9, Van Dyke 10, Campbell 6, Heikes 10, Money 8, Fairbairn 7.

No. 5, 15 targets, $1.50:

Sweeny	011111111111101—13	Hobart	111111110101111—13
Van Dyke	111111111111111—15	Fulford	111111111111111—15
Upson	010011110111111—11	Clover	111111011100111—12
Heikes	011111111111110—13	Dick	011110111111111—13
Wilson	111111110111111—14	Parker	111111111111111—15
Kelsey	111111111111111—15	Rounds	111100111011010—10
Hammond	111111111111111—15	Brown	011011110111111—12
Mosher	111111110101011—12	Andrews	101111100011111—11

No. 6, 20 targets, $2:

Morfey	01111111111111111111—19
Fulford	11011010111111101111—16
Mosher	10110101111110111111—16
Hobart	11111111111111111111—20
Hammond	11111111111101111111—19
Money	11101011010111111011—15
Kelsey	11111111111111111111—20
Andrews	01011111111110111010—15
McMurchy	11111101111111111111—19
Brewer	11101111111111111111—19
Clover	11110111111101011111—17
Upson	11111101111111101111—18
Dodds	11111111111111110111—19
Pope	10101111010100w — 8
Dick	11101111101111111111—18

At the live bird traps business commenced at 10 A. M., with the first squad of 7 men in the 20 live bird race, $10 entrance, birds extra, $700 in gold guaranteed. This race had 53 entries, leaving the club $170 to add to the purse to fill the guarantee.

The contestants were divided into eight squads, five of the squads containing seven men, the three others being made up of six shooters. The way the race was shot was as follows: The first squad was called and shot its string of twenty birds; each man shot two birds and then fell back, the squad shooting in rotation in this manner until the 20 birds to each man had been shot at. Then the second squad was called up and shot its string of 20 birds, and so on. The result was that only four squads, numbering altogether 27 men, had shot their string at the close of the first day, and of this number, E. D. Fulford was first alone with twenty straight, Brewer being alone with 19, while there were no less than 8 men with scores of 18 to their credit.

All live bird events were high guns to take the money, and were shot under Hamilton Gun Club rules. As these rules are out of the ordinary, a few extracts and remarks will be of interest. Rule 9 defines the boundary as follows: "The boundary for both single and double bird shooting shall be a 100 yards circle. The circle shall be drawn from the centre trap." There is no dead line as we understand a dead line under these rules, the circle being carried round behind the score. Lots of birds that would, under Hurlingham, American Association, or London Gun Club rules have been unquestionably scored as lost through their flying over the dead line, were retrieved and scored "dead," after they had perched on the tents or other buildings that were within the 100 yards circle. Hence the scores look far better than they really were. Rule 19 provides that, "a bird killed on the ground with the first barrel is a lost bird." Nobody but the referee can call a "no bird." Rule 20 says that "a bird hit with a missle or walking three yards from the trap shall be declared a no bird. The referee may declare a bird refusing to fly when the trap is pulled a no bird." Challenges for flesh shot marks are also permitted.

Under the above rules, notably the boundary rule and its attendant chasing of birds among the tents and other buildings, the no bird rule, and the rule in regard to challenging for shot marks, makes the shooting in such a large event slow work. Only 540 birds were trapped on the first day. In this, the main event of the tournament, the $700 guarantee is divided into 14 prizes as follows:

1st prize, $200; 2d prize, $100; 3d prize, $75; 4th prize, $60; 5th prize, $50; 6th prize, $40; 7th prize, $30; 8th prize, $30; 9th prize, $25; 10th prize $20; 11th prize, $20; 12th prize, $20; 13th prize, $15; 14th prize, $15. With a list of prizes like the above, in which the winners of 13th or 14th actually saved their stake, a larger list than that of 53 entries might have been expected. As it was, eighteen out of the 53 got places, there being three straight scores of 20; three men with 19, and an even dozen with scores 18 that entitled them to something. Instead of shooting off the ties they divided the last eight prizes, each man just about clearing expenses.

Among those who took part in this shoot were: Chas. Wilmot, of Credit Forks; J. Geddings, American Consul at Port Hope; E. Andrews, Sardinia, N. Y.; D. Miller, Woodstock, Ont.; Jack Parker, Des-Chree-Shos-Ka, Detroit; Geo. Briggs, Toronto; Harvey McMurchey, Fulton, N. Y.; J. L. Brewer, New York; T. W. Morfey, Paterson, N. J.; E. Cantelon, Clinton, Ont.; A. J. Bright, Seaforth; Capt. A. W. Money, Oakland, N. J.; J. Wheeler, Paris, Ont.; Jas. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City; A. P. Pope, Olean, N. Y.; H. Bates, Ridgetown, Ont.; G. Margetts, Niagara Falls; Dr. Harrison, St. Catherines, Ont.; George Mosher, Syracuse, N. Y.; C. Charles, Toronto; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; F. D. Kelsey, Syracuse, N. Y.; D. A. Upson, Cleveland, O.; F. Van Dyke, New York; J. Wayper, Hespeler, Ont.; H. R. Sweny, Albany, N. Y.; R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; M. D. Campbell, Oshawa, Ont.; E. H. Rounds, Buffalo, N. Y. M. M. Mayhew, Utica, N. Y.; Dr. Blackall, Clinton, Ont.; C. ("Cox") Cockburn, Toronto; Sydney Fairbairn, Minnedosa, Man.; T. H. Robinson, Toronto; F. Baxter, St. Catherines, Ont.; H. C. Eddy, Scotland, Ont.; and others. The club members who took part in the main events were J. S. Kirkwood, John Fitch, A. Smyth, Chas. Forsyth, Robt. Stroud, Harry Graham, W. Fitch, Morris Reardon, D. C. Smith, C. "Wilson," John Stroud, John Crooks, W. Stroud, John Smyth and M. Fletcher; all the above members shot in the 20 live bird event, making fifteen entries from the home club alone, a more than creditable entry list when the number of "cracker jacks" is taken into account. W. R. ("Billy") Hobart was on hand, but did not try his hand at the live birds: he devoted himself to targets when he got the chance, and made them suffer as usual. A. W. Cameron, the representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company in the eastern portion of the Dominion, was present during the three days of the tournament, looking after the interests of his company. Seth Clover, of Dunkirk, N. Y., didn't do a thing to the boys when it came to targets. Seth has just produced a new expert trap that is a beauty to look at, and apparently as good as it looks, judging from the exhibition of its capabilities that Seth gave the boys during the second day.

When the above list is scanned it will be seen that the Ameri-

can contigent was a hot one. A live bird team composed of Brewer, Elliot, Fulford, Morfey, Heikes, Capt. Money, McMurchy, Van Dyke, Parker, Clover, Mayhew, Sweny, Pope, Kelsey, Upson, and George Mosher, would make it hot for any equal number of shooters. It is very seldom that so many really good men get together before the traps; thus the Hamilton management has another cause for mutual congratulation.

During the afternoon the boys had a good laugh at Brewer's expense. The "Union and Advertiser," an evening daily of Rochester, N. Y., of Monday evening, Jan. 14, had come out with a cut of Brewer in honor of his shoot that afternoon with Glover. The cut was a dandy and caused lots of fun. The following paragraph also from the same paper caused many a favorable comment to be passed upon the fertile imagination of the reporter who was answerable for the article: "The members of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, under whose auspices the shoot is being held, were early on the ground, and some little time before 11 o'clock a sweepstake shooting began. Among the out of town men to indulge in the sport were Fred Quimbly, "Jim" Elliott, Fred Van Dyke, "Tom" Morphy, Capt. Money, "Tom" Kellar, Charles Smith and Miller Lindsay. Beside these Daniel Lefevre and Harvey McMurchey, of Syracuse, and E. D. Fulford, of Utica, tried their skill. Each man had ten birds and the scores were very good, considering the conditions." There's no doubt about it; "the scores were very good, considering the conditions," seeing that not a single one of the above shooters was in or near Rochester on that day!

SECOND DAY, JAN. 16.

The second day's programme, like that of the first, contained both live bird and target events. At the target traps six events were shot off, five at 20 targets, unknown angles, and one, a 15 target race, at traps in reversed order. Heikes was very much to the front in these events, breaking his first 60 straight, but missing five out of the last 55, his average was 96 per cent. for the day. The scores as a whole were extremely good, the backround not being as good as it might be, owing to some trees that shut out the sky line. All events being at unknown angles, there were fewer straights than on Tuesday; Heikes and Kelsey had three each, McMurchy two, Andrews, Brewer and Hobart one each.

At the live bird traps the $700 guaranteed purse event, commenced on Tuesday, was finished just before dark. Four squads, containing 26 men in all, shot their strings of 20. In the first squad, John Stroud, a Hamilton man, killed 19, while M. M. Mayhew and Dr. Blackall killed 18. By this time it was pretty well certain that nothing but eighteens would be in it, there being now one straight, two nineteens and 10 eighteens for the 14 prizes. The next squad brought out two more straights, Jim Elliott and a young man from Ridgetown, Ont., H. Bates by name, being the two fortunate individuals. The third squad produced another 19, in the person of Sydney Fairbairn, the Mayor of Minnedosa, Man. At one time it looked as if the Mayor was going to make a straight, but he slipped up on a fast driver from No. 4 trap that would have beaten many a good shot. Mr. Fairbairn shoots in the old style, gun below the elbow, bringing his gun to his shoulder in a very easy manner. Quite a groan went up from the crowd when he let his bird go, spoiling his chances of a straight. The last squad had two eighteens, Chas., Forsyth of Aldershot, and G. Margetts, of Niagara Falls. The prize winners therefore were E. D. Fulford, J. A. R. Elliott, and H. Bates, 20; S. Fairbairn, J. L. Brewer, and J. Stroud, 19; while the twelve eighteens divided the remainder of the purse; i. e.: the last eight moneys, a sum of $175.

There being yet a little time before dark, four men, Fulford, "Cox," Sweny and Briggs, shot their strings in the "Grand Stake Race," 15 live birds, $15, birds extra. Entrance in this event had to be made by Nov. 10, a forfeit of $5 accompanying the entry; a second payment of $5 was made Dec. 10, and the final $5 being paid on Jan. 10. There were thirty entries in this event, making the respectable purse of $450 to divide into five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., high guns to take the money.

Fulford scored 14 out of 15, "Cox" and Sweny 13 each, Briggs losing three out of his 15. This closed the second days' shooting, 580 birds being trapped on this day, as against 540 on Tuesday.

No. 1, 20 targets, $2, unknown angles:

Kirkwood	11111111110101111110—17
Hobart	01101111111111111111—17
Money	11111101011010111111—16
Van Dyke	01111111011111111111—18
Dr Mosher	11111101111111111110—18
Wheeler	01111011110101101111—15
Kelsey	01111111111111111111—19
Heikes	11111111111111111111—20
Brewer	10111111111110111111—18
Hammond	11111100101011111111—16
Morfey	11010111110111101111—16
D Smith	01111111111011111111—18
McMurchy	11111111001111111111—18
Upson	11111101111111111111—19
Mosher	10110111111111111111—18
Roberts	11111111111111111111—20
Dodds	01111011011101001111—14
Clifford	11110110100111111111—16
Clover	11110111111111111111—19
Parker	11111111111001101011—16
Sweney	11111111111111011011—18
Wayper	11111111101111011111—18

No. 2, same:

Money	00111111111111011111—17
Morfey	11111111111011111111—19
Hobart	11101111111111111111—18
Van Dyke	11101111111111110111—18
McMurchy	11111111111111011111—19
Dr Mosher	11111111101111111111—19
Heikes	11111111111111111111—20
Upson	10111111111111111111—19
Hammond	11111111101111111101—18
Brewer	11111111101111111111—19
Sweney	11011101111111110011—16
Mosher	10101111110111111111—17
Roberts	11101111111111111111—19
Kelsey	11111111111111111111—20
D C Smith	10111111111111111111—19
Lyons	00100110011111100111—12
Rounds	00101011011111101011—13
Clover	11111111011111111111—19

No. 3, same

Money	11111111010111111111—18
Morfey	11011111111011111110—17
Van Dyke	11011111101111111111—19
Hobart	11011111111111101111—18
Greigg	11011111111111011111—18
Upson	11111111011111111111—19
Sweney	00001110001100110110— 9
Cantelon	11011110111111011110—16
Mosher	00100101111011111111—14
Clover	01011111110101011111—15
Heikes	11111111111111111111—20
Wheeler	11001111110111111111—17
Graham	11111111011111111111—19
Clifford	01011111110111111111—17
Brewer	11110111110101111101—16
McMurchy	11111111111111111111—20
Dick	11111011111011110111—17
Hammond	11011111111111111111—19
Wayper	01111111111111111111—19
Parker	11111111111110111001—17
Kirkwood	11101111011110111111—17

No. 4, same:

Morfey	11111011111111110111—18
Money	11111110101111111110—17
Kelsey	11111111111111111111—20
Van Dyke	11110101111111111111—18
Upson	11101101111111111111—18
Hobart	01111010111111111110—16
Heikes	11111111011101111111—18
Sweney	11011111111111111111—19
G A Mosher	11111101011110101111—16
Rounds	10001000101101111100—10
Greigg	11111111101111111111—19
Wheeler	11100101111110111110—12
Hunt	11101110011101100001—11
Clifford	11111110100111111110—16
Cantelon	01111101011011011111—15
Dick	11111101101111110111—17
Parker	11111011111101111111—18
McMurchy	11111111111111111111—20
James	10100101111010111110—13
Lyons	10010110000100010010— 7
Dodds	10111111010011111111—16
Pope	11111110011001100101—13
Andrews	11111111111111111111—20
Graham	11111001010110101111—14

No. 5, same.

Upson	11011111111111111111—19
Money	11100111111111111011—17
Van Dyke	01111101111111111111—18
Hobart	11101111111001101011—15
Sweny	01011111111101111111—17
Morfey	11111011111111110111—18
Rounds	11110101100111110111—15
Kirkwood	11010101010111111111—15
Heikes	11101111111111111111—19
Kelsey	11110111111111101110—17
McMurchy	11111111111011111111—19
Andrews	11001101100111101111—14
Dodds	10110111100111101111—15
D Smith	11101111111111011101—17
Cox	11100101111111111111—17
Brewer	11111111111111111111—20
Campbell	11111100111111111111—18
Fairbairn	11111010111111111111—18
Wayper	11111111101111111111—19
Greigg	11100111111111111011—17

No. 6, 15 targets, $2:

Heikes	101111111111110—13	McMurchy	110111001111111—12
Money	111101110001110—10	Wilson	111111110111011—13
Sweny	100100111111011—10	Dick	111000111101101—10
Van Dyke	110111101111101—12	Wayper	111111110111111—14
Upson	000111111101011—10	Kirkwood	101111110011100—10
Parker	111111111101101—13	Wheeler	110110101111001—10
Hobart	111101111110111—13	Greigg	100111010110101— 9
Morfey	011101101010101— 9	Dodds	011110011111111—12
Kelsey	111111111111111—15	Fulford	111110110111111—13

THIRD DAY, JAN. 17.

The target traps were pretty nearly deserted on this day, but very few events, with only a small entry list in each event, being shot off. What shooting was done was varied in character, one event being shot at expert rules, one man up in the centre, and another being at five pairs; in the latter event Heikes was the only straight.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1: Wilson 8, Kirkwood 9, Van Dyke 9, Campbell 10, Dick 8, Morfey 10, H. Bates 8, Lewis 8.

No. 2, 10 targets, $1: Farwell 7, Blackall 10, Greigg 10, Ruth 7, A. Bates 4, Dick 9, Parker 9, Van Dyke 7, Heikes 7, McMurchy 7.

No. 3, 5 pairs, $2:

Clover	00 10 01 10 11— 5	Pope	11 10 11 10 11— 8
Morfey	11 11 01 11 11— 9	Parker	10 10 11 11 11— 8
Van Dyke	11 00 11 11 11— 8	Fulford	10 11 11 10 11— 8
Hobart	10 11 01 10 11— 7	Upson	11 11 10 10 11— 8
McMurchy	11 01 11 11 10— 8	Campbell	11 00 11 10 10— 6
Heikes	11 11 11 11 11—10		

No. 4, 15 targets, 5 unknown traps, one man up:

Morfey	101111111100010—10	Van Dyke	111110111101101—12
Hobart	111111011010111—12	Heikes	111110111110011—12
Upson	111111101111111—14	Kelsey	011111111101111—13
McMurchy	111111111111111—15	Fulford	111101001101111—11
Money	111111111111111—15	Wayper	111111011111111—14

At the live bird traps things moved pretty briskly, the number of birds trapped in the two events decided being, strangely enough, precisely the same as that trapped on Wednesday, viz.; 580. The remaining 26 entries in the Grand Stake Race shot their strings of 15 birds, Heikes and J. Strond alone killing all the birds; these two divided the two first moneys, 30 and 25 per cent. of the purse. This left 45 per cent. to divide between six shooters with 14 a piece: Bates, Blackall, Elliot, Fulford, Kelsey and Morey.

There being no chance of an international team race, the Canadians being unable to get together a team that would be able to make any sort of a showing against the men from the Unted States, it was decided to put up a sweep at 10 birds, $7 entrance, including birds. This event had nineteen entries, out of which number only four made straight scores; these were: Heikes, Fulford, Upson and J. Stroud. The purse was divided similarly to the purse in the last event, the four shooters above named thus dividing 90 per cent. of the pot, leaving 10 per cent. to be distributed among no less than 9 nines.

J. Strond, the Hamiltonian, need not be ashamed of his record in the live bird events, his total and that of Fulford's being the same, and the best made during the tournament. Each man killed 44 out of 45 shot at. Heikes killed 43 out of his 45, while Bates answered for 34 out of the 35 he shot at.

The scores in all the live bird events decided during the three days of the tournament were as follows:

No. 1, 20 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, Hamilton Gun Club rules, 53 entries, $700 in gold guaranteed; shot Jan. 15 and 16:

H Bates	22222211222222122222— 20
J A R Elliott	22222212211222122112—20
E D Fulford	22222222222212222222—20
J Brewer	12222121112212221022—19
Sydney Fairbairn	12111111122112112021—19
John Stroud	11111222211201211112—19
E Andrews	22022122110221122211—18
Dr Blackall	21121212221221120101—18
M D Campbell	11212121211112212200—18
Chas Forsyth	11121121101111021112—18
R O Heikes	12211211120120111112—18
T G Margetts	10212111121112111011—18
M Mayhew	21222110222220222112—18
H McMurchy	11112101111112110112—18
D Miller	22211211120121122220—18
T W Morfey	22221022222222220222—18
H R Sweeney	22222222222222220220—18
F Van Dyke	02222222212222011222—18
Wm Fitch	01211211021212120112—17
W Gregg	02110210111211111212—17
F D Kelsey	11122221022021211011—17
A P Pope	10121222002121121211—17
J Wayper	11211111121011121002—17
J Crooks	00002112012111221221—16
Harry Graham	11120210102120221111—16
D James	11000122112101222111—16
J S Kirkwood	12102211221112200101—16
J Parker	11021022212201110211—16
M Reardon	21021210212011201112—16
A Smyth	20012222122022221012—16
W Stroud	21111210201212021210—16
D A Upson	22220012222022022121—16
C Charles	01202220221210212202—15
C "Cox"	21120102112102001111—15
J Fitch	10220220111121102201—15
M Fletcher	01222120022111210012—15
Chas Wilmot	02101221110011121022—15
J Geddings	22220201020111201112—14
T H Robinson	10202111222102200210—14
D C Smith	22220011001111221010—14
R Stroud	12212100012220212100—14
E Cantelon	02101011120110111001—13
G Mosher	21110000010012211221—13
C "Wilson"	20220212020200121220—13
F Baxter	02021200102222020102—12
Geo Briggs	22210010101212001002—12
H Eddy	11022020220200200122—12
Capt Money	02020201111010210012—11
E H Rounds	02100001100010110101— 9
John Smyth	222111110010w — 9
J Wheeler	102212010201w — 8
A J Bright	200020110120w — 6
Dr Harrison	210022010w — 6

No. 2, Grand Stake race, 15 live birds, $15 entrance, birds extra, Hamilton Gun Club rules, 30 entries, 5 moneys, high guns, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. of purse, shot Jan. 17:

R O Heikes	121211121212121—15	D A Upson	220120211222222—13
J Stroud	122221211222122—15	J L Brewer	212220222011220—12
H Bates	122022221222212—14	G Briggs	111112202110022—12
Dr Blackall	101221112111122—14	McMurchy	110122011101121—12
J A R Elliott	221211111211202—14	D Miller	112211012021202—12
E D Fulford	222220222212222—14	T W Morfey	202222022220022—11
F Kelsey	111201111222112—14	H Eddy	2111111022220w—11
Capt Money	112202222212221—14	J Wayper	2111120121110w —10
W Campbell	112102111121101—13	E Andrews	10211112110w — 9
C "Cox"	020111221121211—13	D C Smith	2210212102w — 8
J Crooks	201121201112112—13	R W Gregg	122212020w — 7
W Fitch	121102101111111—13	M Reardon	212022210w — 7
S Fairbairn	121121011212101—13	Bellamy	11012110w — 6
M Mayhew	222021121011112—13	C Forsyth	21011201w — 6
H R Sweny	222222220220222—13	J S Kirkwood	20021100w — 4

No. 3, extra event, 10 live birds, $5, birds extra, Hamilton Gun Club rules, prizes divided same as No. 2, shot on Jan. 17:

E D Fulford	2122222222—10	W Stroud	1211022112— 9
R O Heikes	1111212122—10	F Van Dyke	2110122222— 9
J Stroud	1111211112—10	L Wheeler	1211201121— 9
D A Upson	2211222222—10	W D Campbell	0212210111— 8
Bellamy	0222122122— 9	J A R Elliott	2210112202— 8
C Cox	2211021122— 9	M Mayhew	1222021202— 8
J S Kirkwood	1112101111— 9	Capt Money	0211120112— 8
H McMurchy	2211221202— 9	A P Pope	2122211000— 7
D Miller	1110122212— 9	S Fairbairn	2100w — 2
T W Morfey	2222222022— 9		

A DAY OF MATCHES.

Friday, Jan. 18, was a day of matches, as will be seen from the scores given below. The club had about 1,000 good birds on hand and it wanted to get rid of them as far as possible. As a matter of fact the birds liberated on this day, up to the time when I left the grounds, 2 P.M., to catch my train for New York, were the best that had been trapped during the entire tournament.

Among the matches were the following: J. S. Kirkwood versus D. C. Smith, two local men, 25 birds, $25 a side; R. O. Heikes versus T. W. Morfey, 50 birds, $50 a side; both these matches were shot under Hamilton Gun Club rules. Then came a match between Morfey and J. Stroud of Hamilton, 25 birds, 30yds. rise, 15yds. boundary, $25 a side. The last was John L. Brewer versus C. Cockburn ("Cox") of Toronto, 50 birds, $50 a side. Dominion rules, gun below the elbow until bird is on the wing, 26yds. rise.

In the first match Kirkwood easily defeated his opponent, scoring 23 to 21. The second match, Heikes versus Morfey, excited a vast amount of interest, Morfey selling in the pools as favorite, although the Heikes end was very readily taken. The race was a capital one, the score being a tie at the end of the 41st round. Then Heikes lost three birds while Morfey killed straight, winning ultimately by the good score of 47 to 44 on an excellent lot of birds.

The following are the scores of these two events:

Match, 25 live birds, $25 a side, 30yds. rise, Hamilton G. C. rules:

I S Kirkwood	21102212121201212111111221—23
D C Smith	1*21122122020121*22222222—21

Match, 50 live birds, $50 a side, 30yds. rise, Hamilton G. C. rules:

R G Heikes	11222221222221121212222022—24 21221222012*211100221*212—20—44
T W Morfey	22211112101112122221122222—24 22*12222222222*22122222221—23—47

For the balance of this report I must rely on the statements of several acquaintances on whose good faith I can safely rely.

The Morfey-Stroud match passed off pleasantly, Morfey winning by two birds, killing 21 to his opponent's 19. Besides the 21 scored as above, Morfey also killed three birds just outside of the 15yds. boundary, thus making his total for the day 71 out of 75. The excellence of this score will be better appreciated by those who saw the quality of the birds.

The Brewer-Cockburn match broke up the shoot, and made a great big blot on the escutcheon of the Hamilton Gun Club. Brewer of course sold as favorite in the pools, although the Cockburn end of it was taken very freely. Brewer was using a 10-gauge Greener in this match and smashed his birds down with wonderful regularity. He was shooting in great form and when the match was two-thirds over, or thereabouts, he was two birds in the lead. Although it was then a moral cinch that Brewer would win, yet the Cockburn men were just as ready to buy their man in the pools. From the facts that developed later it began to look as though they must have known something.

A few birds from the finish Brewer's load was challenged by his opponent; the referee (whose name I am unable to ascertain) took one of Brewer's shells and the match was shot out, the score standing at the close 44-45 in Brewer's favor.

The shell was then opened and it was discovered that it contained 1¾ozs. of shot! The referee reserved his decision on the match, Brewer claiming that he was told that the shells contained only 1⅛ozs. of shot, which amount he said he understood he was entitled to shoot. The shells were some which had been loaded by the loader for the club and in the club's own room, and I understand that the boy afterward made a clean breast of the whole affair, implicating the pool sellers. I also understand that certain parties who backed Brewer in the pool boxes have instituted legal proceedings against the pool sellers to secure the money they deposited in them, charging fraud.

The whole affair is a most unfortunate one for the future tournaments to be held in Hamilton. It is therefore to be devoutly hoped that the authorities of the club will not let the matter drop but probe it to the bottom, meting out punishment to all who deserve it. That is the only way it can ever hope to hold another tournament as successful as the one which closed so disastrously.

EDWARD BANKS.

AN EXPLANATION FROM HAMILTON.

In regard to the Brewer-Cockburn ("Cox") matter above referred to, Mr. J. W. Bowman, secretary of the live bird department of the Hamilton tournament, writes as follows:

"I regret to say that there is a contest on the Brewer vs. Cox match; this race was a very hot one, and on the 45th bird Mr. Cox challenged Mr. Brewer's shells; the remainder of the match was shot under protest, and as the score shows, Brewer won. Brewer claims that he was told that the only thing he had to do in these old Dominion rules was to hold his gun below the elbow, and Brewer put in 1⅛ oz. of shot. He shot Stroud's 10-gauge gun. I am sending you papers with accounts of match as well. I am very sorry that there has been any trouble, as it is most unpleasant. It is the old story, however. They shot under rules that apparently neither of them were up in."

Harrisburg on Top.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 12.—For some time quite a rivalry has existed between some of the cracks of Harrisburg, Altoona and Mifflin, a number of events having been pulled off the past year by different shooters from these places with various results. The main event, however, was shot this afternoon on the

grounds of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. The match had originally been arranged as a four-cornered race between Messrs. Clark and Adams of Altoona on one side and Wellington and Sullivan of Harrisburg on the other, but owing to an accident Sullivan was unable to be present. Brewster took his place and held his end up in great shape, the Harrisburg team winning in a canter. The birds were a selected lot furnished by Worden Bros., and they were mainly corkers, not a duffer being among them. The traps were this time not on the brow of the hill, but were placed on perfectly level ground on the southeast side of the club house; the raw north wind blowing diagonally across the traps made the conditions favorable for fast birds. A good crowd of interested spectators were present from Altoona, Mifflin, Steelton and West Fairview, while the home contingent were not lacking. Mr. Adams's setter dog Rock did the retrieving in a very satisfactory manner. A return match will be shot at Mifflin in the near future by the same teams and under the same conditions. Score:

Team race, 50 live birds per man, $50 a side, losing team to pay for the birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, Adams being allowed three lost birds as dead birds:

Wellington	11111112202222221121*1222—23	
	22111212112111221111101112—24—47	
Brewster	22201211222222212**1222021—21	
	12012211111212222222211*22—23—44	
		91
Adams	01*2221120220212*22222222—20	
	200220222200222*222222*02—17—37	
Clark	21001212222212*2211222112—22	
	11112122202212211111221*20—22—44	
		81

Referee, J. H. Worden. SULL.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

The fourth annual meeting of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League was held Monday afternoon, Jan. 21. The clubs represented were: South Side Gun Club, Newark, W. R. Hobart; Climax Gun Club, Blainfield, T. H. Keller; Union Gun Club, Springfield, E. D. Miller; Endeavor Gun Club, Jersey City, C. W. McPeek; Maplewood Gun Club, Maplewood, W. N. Drake; Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, P. A. Jeanneret. The Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, and the Elizabeth Gun Club, of Elizabeth, were represented by J. P. Cooper and R. E. Chetwood respectively. Both clubs were unanimously elected to membership.

The following is a list of the officers for 1895: President, E. D. Miller; Secretary-Treasurer, W. R. Hobart; Manager, W. N. Drake. The above, together with C. W. McPeek and R. E. Chetwood, form the Governing Committee.

Reports of the secretary and treasurer for 1894 were read (the secretary's report was given in full in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM). It was also decided that all team shoots should be at known traps, unknown angles; and that the secretaries of all League shoots should render a statement to the League secretary, showing the number of targets thrown at their respective shoots. A committee of three, Dr. Jackson, P. A Jeanneret and W. N. Drake, was appointed to solicit merchandise prize.

Places of the League shoots for '95 were selected by drawing lots, and resulted as follows: February, Boiling Springs; March, Myrtle Park; April, Maplewood; May, Elizabeth; June, Endeavor; August, Climax; September, Brunswick; October, Riverside; November, Union; December, South Side. It was decided not to hold any shoot in July on account of its being such a hot month.

Trap at Little Rock.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 17.—This being the day set for the 13th contest for the Pulaski county medal to take place, the shoot came off despite the fact that the day was the most disagreeable one we have had this year. The sky was heavily overcast, making it dark and gloomy and a very uncertain light for target shooting. The atmosphere being laden with moisture made it altogether a very unpleasant day for recreation of this kind, and one had to be a good deal of an enthusiast to brave such weather for the purpose of shooting targets. Only four shooters put in an appearance, but as the score will show, each one of these seemed to be out for blood. The race was an interesting one, for when each man had shot at 25 targets, three of the four were tied on 23. After this, Dickinson gradually drew away from the rest and won rather easily with 46 out of 50. Dickinson has been doing some remarkably fine shooting of late. He has averaged 46 out of 50 in the last four contests and has won the medal three times. The race has now narrowed down to Dickinson, Duley and French, and one of these three will eventually become the permanent possessor of the medal. As only four more contests will take place for the trophy and each one being determined to win, some interesting contests may be looked for.

Medal shoot, 50 singles, unknown angles:

Dickinson	11111111111101111111011111—23	
	11111111111011111111111101—23—46	
Duley	11111101110111111111111111—23	
	10011000111111111111111111—20—43	
French	11111111111101111111111101—23	
	11101111100111111101011110—19—42	
Conner	00111101101111111111111001—19	
	11111111111111110101001111—21—40	

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Brewer and Glover.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 14.—The match shot this afternoon between John L. Brewer of New York city and "Sim" Glover of Rochester, N. Y., was decided under most trying conditions. The day was bitterly cold, the thermometer below the 'teens and the air at times filled with blizzard-like flurries of snow. The race was at 100 birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, Brewer with a 12-gauge, Glover using his 10-guage, a handicap in Glover's favor of quite 2yds.

Brewer looked far from well and complained much of an attack of the grip which had caught hold of him. He was by no means cheerful and was totally unlike his old self. His antagonist, Glover, is probably the best shot in this section. At targets he is the champion of New York State, and is an over 90 per cent. man every day in the week at inanimates. At live birds he is very little known outside of this immediate section, still he has readily found friends willing to match him against one of the best (Brewer would say "the best") live bird shots in the world.

The match was shot right out in the oval formed by the track at the driving park. Not a plank or stitch of canvas was erected to protect the shooters or spectators from the biting cold of a 10 deg. above zero southeast wind. A foot of snow, freshly fallen, covered everything, and at the outset the air was filled with snow that came down wind in an uncompromising manner. It was no day for pigeon shooting with the best of protection provided; with nothing but tramped-down snow to stand upon, and no protection whatever from the weather, it was tempting providence to go out and shoot as Brewer did. He looked blue with the cold, and stood all drawn up by the severity of the weather like a chicken with the gapes.

The birds would have been a good lot had they been given a chance, but everything was against them, and the temptation to fly toward the hotel or the grand stand was more than they could resist. The traps were composed of three triangular pieces of sheet-iron hinged to a board; it required two trappers to trap each bird, one to hold the trap together, the other to fix the catch and put the pigeon in. Two or three times a bird killed by one or the other of the shooters fell on a trap and knocked it open. The pulling was the old way, five cords stretched on the bare snow; the consequence was a dog could not be used retrieving as it would have pulled off the traps over and over again.

Each shooter had a bird drop dead out of bounds in the first 25, Brewer's 23d, an incomer, being let off by the shooter who appeared unable to pull his gun off. The wonder was either Brewer or Glover could shoot at all. The latter has done no live bird shooting for some time to amount to anything; in practice during the past week he showed up well. That he can shoot is proved by his score. No matter how poor birds are, his score would be counted good. But among these birds were several very fast ones indeed, and Glover killed them as easily and cleanly as he did the easy ones. E. C. Meyers undertook the thankless, and on this occasion very arduous, task of refereeing the match. Had the weather been anything like decent, there would unquestionably have been a good crowd present. As it was, there were at least 250 spectators who wandered back and forth between the hotel and the snow-covered waste which was the scene of the shoot in the effort to thaw frost-bitten ears, noses and fingers.

Brewer killed his second 25 straight, while Glover missed one of his; the score at the close of the 50th round being a tie on 48 each. The close of the third series of 25 each found Glover with a lead of three, Brewer having dropped that number while Glover killed straight. The latter was shooting well and made some capital shots; one in particular attracted considerable attention from the fact that he had his safety up and drew a fast right-quarterer. As soon as he found out what was the matter, he shoved the safety up, feathered the bird with the first barrel, but brought it down dead as stone just inside the boundary with a phenomenal second.

The full score up to the end of the 75th round is given below; at that stage of the match I had to leave the ground, being frozen clean through and wanting to catch a train on to Hamilton, Ont., Can. It was then 4:15 P. M., two hours and twenty-two minutes since the commencement of the match. At that rate, with 25 birds each yet to shoot at, the match could hardly be finished before nightfall. Score up to end of 75th round:

Match, Brewer vs. Glover, 100 birds, 30yds. rise, 50 boundary, Glover using 10-gauge gun:

J L Brewer	12222222222222222222*1022—23	
	22122222222212222222222212—25	
	22222*21222212022222222120—22—70	
S Glover	22211122122121211*111111212—24	
	12222122222222121122*112—24	
	22122212222112121121221112—25—73	

(Glover ultimately won the above race by the score of 94-90. The following card has been received, dated Rochester, Jan. 19: "Capt. Brewer and Sim Glover will shoot their second match at 100 live birds per man, Jan. 21, at the Rochester Driving Park grounds; the stake is $150 a side and the local talent is backing Glover to win.—O. S. B."

EDWARD BANKS.

Maplewood Gun Club.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., Jan. 12.—The Maplewood Gun Club opened the season of 1895 under very favorable conditions. They have two contests each month, viz: Medal shoot, one for each of three classes—A B and C. Conditions, 25 single targets per man; one man up shooting from unknown traps. This shoot takes place the second Saturday in each month. The fourth Saturday in each month is the day for the silver champion cup, to cost $25, which is shot for under a handicap system, which will be explained later. The shoot to-day was for the medals, and as the score shows the shooting was of a high order, Warren Smith breaking straight (Boiling Springs must look out for him.) W. H. Drake was breaking in a bran-new L. C. Smith (he thinks his score will be examined by Boiling Springs); Dr. Jackson, "old reliable," not shooting quite up to his form on the Maplewood grounds. The B and C class men did well, as the following scores show:

No. 1, 10 singles, keystone system: W. Smith 10, Dr. Jackson 9, Drake 9, Reeves 8, Van Iderstine 7.

No. 2, 10 singles, keystone system: W. Smith 10, Dr. Jackson 9, Drake 9, Reeves 8, Van Iderstine 8.

No. 3, 10 singles, expert: W. Smith 10, Dr. Jackson 7, Drake 8, Reeves 6, Van Iderstine 7.

No. 4, 10 singles, expert rules, 50 cents: W. Smith 9, Yeomans 9, Siggins 10, Quad 8, Dr. Jackson 10, Van Iderstine 7, Reilly 6, Eager 7, Drake 9, Parry 6, Lightipe 7.

No. 5, 5 pairs: Drake 8, Dr. Jackson 9, Van Iderstine 6, Yeomans 9, Quad 6, Siggins 7.

No. 6, 5 pairs: Yeomans 10, Drake 9, Dr. Jackson 6, Van Iderstine 5.

No. 7, medal shoot, 25 targets, one man up, unknown traps:

Class A.

W Smith	1111111111111111111111111—25
W N Drake	0101111111111110111111111—22
O L Yeomans	1110111111011111101110111—21
Dr Jackson	1111001110111111010110101—18

Class B.

J Siggins	1111110100111110111011011—19
H Quad	0011111011111111111101010—19
Van Iderstine	1011111111111101101110101—20
Reilly	1110101011111011100110110—17
Parry	1111111111110110100011010—18
Lightipe	1010111111101010110111111—19

Class C.

Reeves	1111010101111011010110101—17
Eager	0111010000111101010111111—16

W. N. DRAKE.

Passaic City Wins from Boiling Springs.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Jan. 12.—Below are the scores made on the Boiling Springs Club's grounds this afternoon; the main event was a 10-man team race between the home team and a detachment from Passaic City, in which the latter came out ahead by the score of 196-179, a lead of 17 targets. Several 10-target races were also shot for nominal entrances. Scores:

Team race, Passaic City vs. Boiling Springs, 10 men a side, 25 empires per man:

Passaic City.

Palmer	1011111111110110101111111—21	
Kevitt	1111011011011100011011101—17	
Kelly	1111011110100110111011111—19	
Jelleme	1111011111110110110011111—20	
Coman	0011111011111010111111100—18	
Wise	1110110110101111111010011—18	
Abbott	1111101111101111101111101—21	
Bowes	1111000111110101111101111—19	
Lenone	1011101101110101011111111—19	
Bary	1111111111111111111111101—24	—196

Boiling Springs

James	1101101110111111001110111—19	
Outwater	1111001110110110001101101—17	
Paul	0011111011111101111110111—20	
Burgess	1000101000111000100010110—10	
Jeanneret	1101110110110100011110011—16	
Krebs	1101101011100111101100110—16	
Wood	1111110110011101111010010—17	
Huck	1111111111110111111111110—23	
Hollister	1111111111101101110111111—22	
Westbrook	1110011101101111101101111—19	—179

No. 1, 10 birds, 50 cents: Hobart 8, Hall 5, Palmer 8, Wise 5, Shaw 3, Kelly 5, Huck 8, Hollister 9, Coman 9, James 6, Paul 5, Westbrook 6, Frank 5, Fergey 6, Outwater 8, Burgess 4, Keritt 9, Wood 7, Jelleme 8, Bowes 7, Barry 7, Jeannerette 6, Hemion 6.

No. 2, same: Wise 9, Palmer 10, Burgess 5, Goethins 3, Kelly 8, Fergey 6, Bowes 6, Paul 9, Lenone 9, Creveling 9, Hobart 8, Westbrook 10, Huck 10, Hemion 6, Barry 8, Eddy 4.

No. 3, 10 birds: Paul 7, Kelly 10, Palmer 7, James 3, Barry 8, Hemion 9, Burgess 3, Shaw 5, Wise 7, Huck 8, Bones 7, Lenone 7, Hobart 7, Abbott 10, Turner 5, Hollister 8.

No. 4, 10 birds: Wise 10, Kelly 8, Palmer 7, Outwater 7, Hollister 9, Hobart 9, Huck 7, Westbrook 8, Paul 8, James 4, Fergey 5, Barry 6, Wood 7, Abbott 7, Lenone 10, Jeannerette 7, Barrymore 9.

No. 5, 5 live birds, $3:

Lenone	00000—0	Abbott	10202—3
Wise	12200—3	Barry	10222—4
Hollister	12002—3	Kelly	10020—2
Palmer	20200—2		

WM. H. HUCK.

Mosher Defeats Mayhew.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 12.—On Wednesday last, Jan. 9, Geo. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co., and M. M. Mayhew, of this city, shot a race at 25 live birds for the price of the birds. After a very tight race Mosher won by one bird. At the 21st round the score was a 17—16 in Mayhew's favor; the latter then dropped his next three birds, while Mosher killed two out of three. This gave him a lead of one, which he cinched by killing his 25th bird. The pigeons were a very lively lot, going off with a dart as soon as the traps were opened; most of them, too, were drivers. All things considered, the scores made were good ones. Other events followed. Scores:

Match, Mosher vs. Mayhew, 25 live birds, for price of birds:

Mayhew	2211222022100102222210001—18	
Mosher	222111*21221110022002110I—19	

	No. 1, 10 birds, $5:	No. 2, same.
Mayhew	2211222022—9	1001022221—8
Mosher	222111*212—9	2111002200—6
Hunter	0121111222—9	0202211121—8
McMurchy	1102112111—9	0202111121—8
Mowrey	01001*0211—6	00100w —1
Ayling	0000012*11—4	1110100022—6
E D Fulford	11111111*2—9	1222221102—9

No. 3, for birds:

McMurchy	12110	Kilbauer	21220112
Hunter	1211201111	Mayhew	0210
Breamer	1022202210	Richardson	12

FULLER.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

That was a great aggregation of American wing shots that took part in the live bird events at Hamilton, Canada, last week. The three winners on the 20-bird race used the following powders: Elliott and Fulford, E. C. powder; Bates, Wood powder in his first barrel, black in his second. Elliott used Winchester Leader shells, while Fulford was shooting the U. M. C. green trap shell, factory loaded, with 50grs. of powder.

Dr. Carver and Geo. Kleinman shoot for the championship of the United States on Feb. 1. Dr. Carver has accepted the challenge of John Webster of Manchester, England, to shoot any man at 100 English bluerocks for $1,000. Dr. Carver only asks Webster to name date and place and to post his money, giving him (Carver) time to get to England with a few days to spare.

C. Cockburn of Toronto was very anxious to shoot Elliott a race under the same conditions that he afterward shot Brewer a race on Jan. 18. Jim offered to shoot him two races, $250 a side each race, one match to be at Cockburn's game, Dominion rules, etc., the other 30yds. rise, both barrels, 50yds. boundary. They couldn't come together, however.

The Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, Pa., has elected the following officers: President, George Cohen; Vice-President, Wade Wilson; Treasurer, George E. Pack; Secretary, John C. Shallcross; Field Captain, Al. J. Rust; Associate Field Captain, W. H. Pack; Trustee, W. H. Wolstencroft; Scorer, Newell Bancroft.

E. D. Fulford has backed himself to kill 45 out of 50 birds at Frank Class's Driving Park on Jan. 23, Wednesday of this week. Brewer and Eddie Hill have both gone down easily before Class' birds.

The following are copies of two resolutions passed at a very recent meeting of the North Side Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa.: "Resolved—That any member of this club who shall intentionally miss a target or live bird in a sweepstakes or prize shoot for the purpose of increasing his interest financially shall be suspended from shooting on the club grounds for such length of time as the club at its discretion may deem just, or he may be expelled. Any visiting contestant who may be found guilty of same offense shall not be permitted to shoot in any future events of the club.—E. O. SCHUSTER, Sec'y N. S. G. C." The second resolution reads as follows: "Resolved—That the North Side Gun Club cordially indorses the scheme originated by FOREST AND STREAM to organize a trap-shooters' association or council for the purpose of controlling, eliminating abuses and the elevating of trap-shooting in the United States.—E. O. SCHUSTER, Sec'y N. S. G. C.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., elected the following officers for 1895 at its annual meeting held on Jan. 8: President, Z. P. Fletcher; Vice-President, Frank Post; Secretary, J. A. Creveling; Treasurer, C. W. McPeek; Captain, A. R. Strader. Directors: E. Hollister, J. D. Polhemus, A. R. Strader.

The Maplewood Gun Club will give an all day target shoot at its grounds on Feb. 22; programmes will be issued later. O. L. Yeomans, sec'y, 13 North Jefferson, Orange, N. J.

On March 5, 6 and 7, the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., will hold a three days' tournament at targets and live birds; March 5 and 6, targets; March 7, live birds. Fuller particulars will be given shortly.

The Little Rock (Ark.) Shooting Association held a two-days' tournament at targets on Jan. 24 and 25 of this week. Paul R. Litzke, FOREST AND STREAM's correspondent at Little Rock, is the moving spirit in trap matters down there.

Robert Boyle, of Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., writes under date of Jan. 14, as follows: "In the Paterson (N. J.) *Call*, of Jan. 8, Brewer offers to make a match to shoot at 100 trained pigeons and kill 90 of them, for $250 or $1,000. I will make that match with him for $250 a side, and will put $50 up as a forfeit any time that the Captain will do the same between now and Feb. 1. I will back my birds, the shoot to take place on Feb. 22, at 2 o'clock, at Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J. The rise to be 30yds. and 50yds. boundary. If Brewer does not accept, this holds for any shooter in the country."

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 13.—The Boston Shooting Association held its annual meeting Monday evening, Jan. 7, preceded by an all-day shoot at its grounds at Wellington, Mass., with 25 members participating. The annual dinner was held in the banquet hall of the club house at 5 P. M., after which officers were elected, as follows: Capt. E. B. Wadsworth, President; Wm. Pray, Vice-President; O. R. Dickey, Treasurer; Herbert Federhen, Secretary; the above and W. A. Sanborn and B. L. Woodward, Executive Committee; O. R. Dickey, Captain and Superintendent.—E. B. WADSWORTH.

ALTON, Ill., Jan. 16.—At the annual meeting of the Piasg Rod and Rifle Club, of Alton, Ill., J. N. Drummond was elected President; Chas. B. Johnson, Vice-President; J. M. Ryrie, Secretary; R. F. Seely, Treasurer, and G. H. Lane, Captain of the shotgun division. A lively interest is taken in shooting at bluerocks, and some good scores were made last fall. G. H. Lane averaged 90 per cent. for several months, and some of the others were not far behind.—J. M. RYRIE.

In the accounts given elsewhere of the unfortunate *contretemps* on the last day at Hamilton, Canada, I give the statement of eyewitnesses. Clippings from various papers, evidently United or Associated Press reports, give Brewer's load as 1½ozs. of shot, not 1¾ as it was told to me. It is true that 1¾ozs. seems out of all proportion, but the powder charge was 4½drs. of a nitro powder and the gun was a 10-gauge, not a 12-gauge. Unfortunately Brewer is not in New York just now, so that I cannot give his side of the case.

E. D. Fulford beat S. Fairbairn in a 25-bird race, for $50, gun below the elbow until the bird was on the wing; score 23-21.

New fixtures this week are the Maplewood Gun Club's all-day shoot on Washington's Birthday; the Boiling Springs Club's three-days' tournament on March 5-7, and two-days' shoot at Wopsononock the last week in June. The latter shoot will surely catch the boys, as the Altoona Gun Club always shows their guests a good time.

EDWARD BANKS.

Those Who Do Not Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ills., Jan. 19—In a letter from Davenport, Ia., which place he was visiting when he attended a meeting of the Forrester Gun Club, Mr. Paul North of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company writes me as follows:

"The question of dropping for place came up and it was unanimously decided that it would not be tolerated at their shoot.

"There was considerable discussion as to the best method to adopt to put a stop to the practice and finally on my suggestion they decided to ask each contestant at their shoot to sign a "roll of honor" agreeing not to drop a bird or target intentionally and to assist the management in making the tournament as strictly gentlemanly as possible. Anyone 'dropping' will be invited to leave.

"You know that this is my idea of the best way of stopping the evil, and this will be a good test of the effectiveness of the plan. If it doesn't stop it you can make up your mind that the majority of the shooters that attend tournaments are satisfied with the present plan and that they don't want any change."

Yes. And how would those shooters vote the majority of whom are *not* attending tournaments? Would they like a change?

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPAIA, Pa., Jan. 12.—Prior to the annual meeting of the Keystone Shooting League, held at the club's grounds, Holmesburg Junction, on Jan. 7, a team race at live birds was shot with the following result:

Team shoot for suppers, 12 men to a team, 7 birds per man:

Capt. Rust's Team.		Capt. Wolstencroft's Team.	
A Rust	1121222—7	W Wolstencroft	0122222—6
Landis	2222222—7	A L Lamb	1120110—5
H Thurman	1220211—6	G Elmer	2022122—6
E David	1220221—6	P Flack	2002020—3
J Moore	1221100—5	I H Wolstencroft	1102202—5
J Bowers	0012222—5	J Dannecly	2102120—5
J Rice	1120021—5	W Wilson	2120222—6
C W	0010020—2	J Tredway	2210222—6
H Ridge	1012101—5	W H Pack	2210012—5
J Leaming	2022120—5	Henry	2212212—7
E Miller	1122201—6	Capt Bartlett	0010212—4
Paddock	2222011—6—65	H Jacobs	1222220—6—64

N. M. BANCROFT.

The Birds Beat Eddie Hill.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Jan. 16.—Eddie Hill was out-birded by Frank Class on Wednesday, Jan. 16, at Frank Class's driving park. Hill had taken up Class's offer to bet $50 that he (Hill) could not kill 44 out of 50, Class finding the birds. The birds were a good lot but the heavy snowstorm made them comparatively sluggish; had the day been a clear one Class thinks Hill would have been shot out on 25 birds. The following score shows that the race was over on the 38th round:

Match for $100, Eddie Hill of Trenton, N. J., backing himself to kill 44 out of 50, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary:

Hill ..... 1222022222222222201222220—22
2020022222220w — 9—31

In Favor of Handicaps and High Guns.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer does not see how you are to detect droppers with anything like certainty. Why not drop class shooting and adopt an actual handicap, not an imaginary one. A pigeon match was shot in New Jersey the other day, in which one of the contestants allowed his adversary to shoot at two more birds than he himself shot at. Pigeon matches are shot every day at different distances rise. These are both actual handicaps. Does not the expert always break his target yards nearer the trap than the amateur? Why not then move the expert back that distance? I suggest this: All events at twenty targets, same distance. First event, club to handicap contestants, or all to shoot 16yds. rise. In subsequent events add 1½yds. for each target broken in excess of sixteen. Distance in each event to be governed by score in preceding event. This would be the result:

16 targets (or less) broken shoot at 16 yds. in next event.
17 " " " " 17½ " " "
18 " " " " 19 " " "
19 " " " " 20½ " " "
20 " " " " 22 " " "

Or how would this do? All events at twenty targets, same entrance. First event club to handicap contestants or all to shoot at twenty targets. In subsequent events allow each contestant an additonal target for each one missed in preceding event, up to a total of twenty-four targets. This would be the result:

16 targets (or less) broken shoot at 24 targets in next event.
17 " " " " 23 " " "
18 " " " " 22 " " "
19 " " " " 21 " " "
20 " " " " 20 " " "

All scores of more than twenty to be counted as twenty.

These are actual handicaps. Do away with class shooting and dropping for place will go with it. Adopt real handicaps and you can do away with class shooting. C.

Bronx River Gun Club.

The members of the Bronx River Gun Club held their initial shoot of the season on Saturday, Jan. 12, at the club's grounds West Farms, N. Y. The club shoot was at 10 live birds for the "Miller" gold medal, the following being the score:

O T Mackey	2201112012—8	C A Cowen	1112220100—7
G L Nichols	2100011012—6	H Cathcart	2111002212—8
M Herrington	1201111112—9	W L Hall	1010121200—6
G E Greiff	2012112112—9	J Cornwell, Jr	0010011002—4
B G Loomis	2122122112—10	Wm Fisher	1111111120—9
W S Brown	02200021w—4	H Feusterer	2112010101—7
E Ontwater	0012202101—6	Chas White	1011202220—6

The next shoot for this medal will be held on Saturday, Feb. 9.

During the afternoon of Jan. 12, three 10-target sweeps were shot off, each event being for a uniform entrance of $1.50. The next 25-target club shoot for three gold medals will be held on Saturday, Jan. 26. Scores of events shot on Jan. 12 follow:

Ten targets, $1.50:	No. 1.	No. 2.
W S Brown	1101111111—9	1101110101—7
M Herrington	0010101011—5	1010001000—3
W L Hall	1010001110—5	0110100110—5
O T Mackey	1110100010—5	1010011100—5
G L Nichols	1111111011—9	0010100110—4
G E Greiff	1111010111—8	1011100100—5
B G Loomis	1110111110—8	1001011111—7
R R Pero	0101001110—5	1001110011—6

No. 3, same: W. S. Brown 7, G. L. Nichols 8, B. G. Loomis 6, W. L. Hall 6, R. R. Pero 5, Wm. Breidenbach 7.

Trap Notes from Nebraska.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 8.—Frank S. Parmelee, the champion trapshot of this section of the country, forwarded a challenge to Dr. Carver, who is now in Chicago, a few days ago, for a 100 live bird match for $100 a side and the price of the birds, American Association rules, the shoot to take place here on Feb. 8, the day after the Read-Nicolai shoot. A reply came from the alleged "Demon of the Plains" this afternoon, and in it he states that he cannot come to Omaha to shoot, as the city has such a bad record. He said he would accommodate Parmelee, however, if he would come to Chicago, and instead of a single match for $100 a side, he would make it a series of three matches for $50 a side. Mr. Parmelee was exceedingly wrathy at Carver's audacious letter, and this evening mailed him a volume of pyrotechnics in reply.

In defense of Omaha and trap-shooting interests, I would say that all the trap-shooting here is done on the handsome grounds of the Bemis Park and Omaha gun clubs, on the Council Bluffs side of the river, where there is a cosy club house and all modern concomitants to a first-class and perfectly appointed shooting grounds. The membership of these two organizations is made up of the city's solidest and most reputable business men. They are much interested in trap-shooting and could only accord a strange contestant every courtesy and fairness devolving on them as gentlemen and owners of the grounds, which are never rented for private purposes.

There was another splendid meeting of sportsmen at Parmelee's sporting headquarters Saturday evening and the new game laws in their entirety were read and indorsed by a unanimous vote. This morning J. B. Meikle, Frank Parmelee and Fred Montmorency, a committee appointed for the purpose, went to Lincoln to lay the bills before the Legislature. The local sportsmen's association has every assurance that their efforts will be crowned with speedy success. S. G. V. GRISWOLD.

Live Birds at Fanwood.

On Friday, Jan. 18, a shoot at live birds took place at Fanwood, N. J., the following scores being made:

No. 1, 8 birds, $5: Rothacker, Terry and Scott 8, Keller and Smith 8, Piercy, Darby and P. Jay 6, Benner 5.

No. 2, miss and out: Keller, Piercy and Scott 4, Terry 3, Benner 2, Smith, P. Jay and Rothacker (re-entry) 1, Scott and Rothacker 0.

No. 3, 5 birds, $3: Keller and Benner 5, Smith and Darby 4, Rothacker 3, Piercy 2.

No. 4, 5 birds, $3: Keller, Smith, D. Terry and Scott 5, Benner, J. Darby, Rothacker and Piercy 4.

No. 5, miss and out: Keller, Smith, Scott and P. Jay 5, Benner 4, Darby, D. Terry and Bowlby 2, Rothacker 1, Piercy 0, Piercy (re-entry) 0.

Climax Gun Club.

The Climax Gun Club of Plainfield, N. J., held their first club shoot of the season on Wednesday, Jan. 16, on the club grounds near the Fanwood roadhouse. The following were the scores in the club point handicap:

Club shoot, handicap allowance of birds, 25 targets for the scratchmen; unknown angles:

C. Smith, 0	1111111111111111111011111	—24
R. Manning, 2	1110111111111111110111111111	—25
J. Zegler, 4	1100000001010110100100010 1001	—11
P. Jay, 5	1110110101111100100010111111101	—20
Scott, 3	1111101010111110100110111010	—19
J. Darby, 7	0111011110010101111011100110 1010	—20
D. Terry, 1	1110111111110111111010111 1	—22
Squires, 2	1001101111001111101101100 01	—19
D. Darby, 5	0101011111011111011111111111011	—24
W. Terry, 4	1101110110111100111010001 1011	—19
Swode, 6	0110101000101101010011110101100	—16
Goodman, 4	0011001101001000010110011100010	—13
Williams, 5	1101101111011010111111010011 11	—22
Keller, 0	1011101111110110011111111	—20
Brantingham, 0	0111011111011101110111111	—20

At the club's annual meeting the following officers were elected: President, R. B. Manning; vice-president, Charles Smith; secretary and treasurer, D. H. Terry; directors—T. H. Keller, John Darby, Thomas Brantingham, Dr. Zeglio, R. B. Manning, C. Smith and D. H. Terry.

The contest for the prizes donated by the club to those members scoring more points in the regular club shoots last year were won as follows: Joseph Zeglio first, $5 in gold and a pair of Quimby hunting shoes; W. Squires second, receiving the same; R. B. Manning third, $5 in gold and leather gun case; V. Swody fourth, $5 in gold and leather gun case; D. H. Terry and W. Terry fifth and sixth, received a shooting blouse and a gun case respectively; Scott Terry seventh, leather shell box; Charles Smith eighth, a hunting hat; D. L. Darby ninth, a leather vest; Thomas Brantingham tenth, shell box; W. Williams eleventh, hunting cap; Joseph Goodman twelfth, hunting cap; "P Jay" thirteenth, hunting leggins.

The records for 1894 show the following as the standing of the members for 1894:

Name.	Handicap.	Targets Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.	Points Scored.
T H Keller	0	200	165	81½	10
C Smith	0	250	216	86⅜	26
Thos Brant'gham	0	300	247	82⅓	24
N Apgar	0	74	68	92	11
F Van Dyke	0	50	43	86	5
M F Lindsley	0	25	23	92	4
D H Terry	2	324	263	81¼	36
A Woodruff	2	27	24	88 9-10	5
H Campbell	3	112	100	89¼	16
R B Manning	4	348	269	77⅓	40
W Williams	4	290	200	71 2-5	23
"P Jay"	4	232	160	69	17
W C Squires	5	300	235	87⅔	41
Aug Trust	5	90	74	72 2-5	16
D L Darby	5	270	194	72	25
William Terry	5	330	246	74½	36
J H Cramer	5	60	49	81⅔	11
W F Quimby	5	30	22	73⅓	3
Jos Zeglio	8	316	276	70	45
J L Darby	8	330	205	62	23
L Van Dyke	8	165	107	64 4-5	4
V Swode	10	315	211	67	38
J De Lancy	10	35	25	70 1-7	6
J A Smith	10	35	23	65 1-7	4
W A Coddington	10	35	26	74⅓	6
W Stephenson	10	105	69	55⅓	12
G Richter	10	105	51	48½	0

Team Shoot at Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan 19.—Frank S. Parmelee and M. C. Peters and George W. Loomis and J. C. Read met in a 50-live-bird match team shoot yesterday afternoon on the Omaha Gun Club grounds for $25 a corner, the price of the birds and a supper at McTague's. Conditions 50 birds to the man, five unknown ground traps, 30 yards rise, 50 boundary, American Association rules. The weather was charming, and a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen witnessed the sport. The score:

Parmalee..21211*12011012111111111112101211121111121111111010—44
Peters....12**21101021102121211*11011212211212102 12*11112111—41
— 85

Read.....21220*12121212002 1*22221121*212111111212*22101121*—41
Loomis....11222222200121211222201212*21202201222100102221112—41
— 82

Referee—Goodley Brucker. Time—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

A good deal of rivalry exists amongst the various trap shots of the State, and yesterday a match for $25 a side was made between A. C. Connors of Central City and Ted Ackerman of Stanton, at 50 targets each. The date of the shoot has not yet been fixed upon, but it will probably take place in this city Feb. 8, same day as the J. C. Read-George Nicolai 100-live-bird shoot.

S. G. V. GRISWOLD.

Endeavor Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, Jan. 19.—The following scores were made by the members of the Endeavor Gun Club at their grounds this afternoon:

No. 1, 30 targets, expert rules:

Collins.....111101011111101101111111011111—25
Brown.....000100100100010001001001001011—10
Creveling.....110100111100110101111011010111—20
R Strader.....011010110100100100101101001 01—15

No. 2, 25 targets:

Sealey.....1001010110100110001011110—13
A Strader.....011111110001011100111011 1—17
Creveling.....110110111011111110010110 0—17
Collins.....110111011111111101111111 01—21

J. A. CREVELING, Sec.

Essex Gun Club, Newark, N. J.

The following scores were made on Thursday, Jan. 17, by the members of the Essex Gun Club at John Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.:

Griffin.....1*22012112—8 Geral.....0021001120—5
Herrington.....1212001111—8 Lisch.....2110122002—7
Hawes.....2022120200—6 Green.....1011001122—7
Walters.....2110122122—9 Braintnall.....1121222201—9
Thomas.....1001101202—6 Hedden.....2121202*21—8

Jersey sweeps:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Griffin	2021—3	1021—3	0010—1
Braintnall	2210—3	....	....
Thomas	1000—1	....	....
Walters	2221—4	....	....
Lisch	2210—3	....	....
Erb	....	1111—4	2112—4
Herrington	....	0110—2	....
Castle	....	2101—3	1111—4
Green	....	1112—4	2210—3

The Emerald's Monthly Shoot.

Thirty-three members of the Emerald Gun Club put in an appearance at Dexter Park, L. I., on Jan. 15, the occasion being the monthly club shoot at live birds for points. The attendance at the Emerald's club shoots is something remarkable, and is probably unequaled by any other club in this country. The birds were a capital lot of strong flyers; as a result only five straight scores were made, R. "Woods," J. H. Moore, T. H. Keller, W. Hartye and H. P. Fessenden being the leaders. N. Maesel officiated as referee, Dr. Hudson looking after the score, which is given below:

Club shoot, 10 live birds, for points, Emerald G. C rules:

N Maesel, 25.....0210112121— 8 L C Gehring, 30..021*001220— 5
G Greiff, 30.....1020121021— 7 W Hartye, 28.....2212212112—10
P Butz, 28.....21002*2110— 6 J H Voss, 30.....*222110122— 8
Dr G V Hudson..2021*222**— 6 H Thau, 28.....021112*011— 7
G Nowak, 28.....022*0020*0— 3 J Wash, 28.....021201*002— 5
J Maesel, 28.....212*100110— 6 D Mulcahy, 28.....12200222*2— 7
R "Woods," 30...2122222222—10 W E Hogan, 25...0022221*02— 6
L Lots, 30.....*1**112212— 7 F C Hamilton, 25.1122212002— 8
R Regan, 25.....0120121112— 8 T Codey, 25.....2020101011— 6
T Short, 28.....2220102*12— 7 C Maesel, 25.....2020101021— 6
J H Moore, 25...2122211222—10 S Pierson, 28.....1010200011— 5
T H Keller, 28....2211122212—10 F Walters, 30.....2122011222— 9
F Quimby, 30.....0012*12121— 7 F Loebel, 28.....0112110212— 8
T P Purcell, 25....2121012021— 8 *A W DuBray, 30.1210101222— 8
E Doeinck, 30....2122201011— 8 *Lee, 30.....2021210222— 8
W Levens, 28.....1*00222122— 7 H P Fessenden, 28.1222211211—10
M Herrington, 30.1111201020— 7 J Woelfel, 25.....0*1*211211— 7
F W Place, 25.....2112012011— 8

*Not members. G. V. HUDSON, M.D., Recording Sec'y.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

The first club shoot of the year at Woodlawn, L. I., was won by George W. Coulston on Jan. 12, with a clean score of 10 birds; four other shooters were close behind him with 9 each. In his match with Kattenstroth, in which he allowed the latter 4yds., scored 22 out of 25 from the 32yds. mark, defeating Kattenstroth by one bird when that shooter missed his 25th bird. The scores made during the afternoon were as follows:

Club shoot, 10 live birds, club handicap:

Class A.

G Coulston.....1112221121—10 D Deacon.....1201122222— 9
C A Sykey.....0222221211— 9 C M Meyer.....2122220222— 9

Class B.

C Furgueson, 34..0122112102— 8 Kattenstroth.....1200120010— 5

Class C.

Dr Littlefield....0212222222— 9

Sweeps at 5 birds:	No. 1.	No. 2.	Shoot off for 1st money.
Coulston, 30	21222—5	11*01—3	.....
Sykes, 29	11222—5	....	.....
Deacon, 30	11110—4	....	.....
Kattenstroth, 28	12002—3	....	.....
C M Meyer, 30	....	22222—5	222211212—9
Dr Littlefield, 27	....	21121—5	212112120—8
Smith, 29	....	11201—4	.....

Match, 25 live birds, Coulston at 32yds., Kattenstroth at 28yds:

Coulston.....2*22210201122112122211121—22
Kattenstroth.....2*02102222222222222222120—21

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—The club held its regular shoot to-day at the Zettler gallery. Off-hand, German ring target, distance 25ft., any rifle, sights and trigger pull, two best scores counted:

A H Isbell, 72	247	247	C E Gensch, 59	239	240
F Walters, 61	241	240	R J Young, 68	237	237
M Herrington, 66	240	240	G L Mason, 53	229	231

R. J. YOUNG, Sec.

Our Own Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Jan. 17.—The regular weekly shoot of the Our Own Club took place last night. The medal winners were Dilger and Stuhrman.

Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Jan. 17.—Nine members of the Miller Club participated in the shoot for club medals at headquarters last night. Scores: A. Meyns 244, Dewey 243, Miller 240, Scott 235, Stadler 229, Taylor 228, Gallon 226, Rogers 223, Kammel 221.

A Bright Red Bullseye.

Mr. James S. Conlin sends us specimens of his new red bullseye targets for gallery shooting, with a note saying that the color works well in actual shooting.

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Jan. 18.—Fifteen members of the Greenville Rifle Club participated in the weekly gallery shoot this evening. The scores are appended: First class—Purkess 241, Collins 240, C. Boag 238, Robidoux 238, Plaisted 237, Scheeline 237, Agneau 232, Lutz 222. Second class—Chavant 237, Charlock 233, Fagen 230. Third class—Hill 220, E. Wuestner, Jr., 217, F. Wuestner 219, E. Wuestner, Sr., 209.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—The New York Schuetzen Corps, Captain, Henry Offerman, held its fifth bi-monthly shoot on the Zettler ranges last night; 25 members were present and participated in the team competition. Scores:

Lempke's Team.	1st match.	2d match	Tholke's Team.	1st match.	2d match
Lempke, capt	236	232	Tholke, capt.	230	230
Zettler	238	243	Feigel	233	242
Bonn	241	241	Christian	239	337
J Schmidt	241	238	Bradley	231	228
Strate	219	224	Berenestein	227	222
Gobber	213	198	Klee	233	232
Karlen	223	221	Woodbrock	216	215
Walta	220	190	Mohrmann	214	223
Decker	227	217	Berla	182	206
Mann	201	194	Meyer	216	217
Hogestedt	211	211	Giebelhaus	224	216
Grosch	234	238	Hermann	229	210
David	192	212			
	2704	2648		2675	2678

Schlicht Rifle Club.

WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., Jan. 15.—The Schlicht Club held its weekly gallery shoot for class medals last night. Scores: Geo. Dorr 238, Geo. Schlicht 243, Charley Meyer 239, Aug. Meyer 231, Capt. J. Dedrick 233, Geo. Lautenberger 231, Jacob Diehl 230, Fred Lambrix 230, Wm. Schlicht 229, Geo. Reichert 230, Jacob Schlicht 222, Andrew Deubline 210. Medal winners—Geo. Dorr, champion medal; Aug. Meyer, first class medal; Geo. Lautenberger, second class medal; Capt. Dedrick, third class medal.

Greenville vs. Our Own.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Jan. 16.—The return match between teams representing the Greenville Rifle Club and the Our Own Club was shot off on the range of the Our Own Club this evening. There was a large gathering of Hudson county marksmen present to witness the contest.

The Our Own team shot in better form than in the previous match, but the Greenville team being reinforced by some of its first class men held the Hoboken team safe and won the match by 35 points. Scores:

Greenville Team—Agneau 222, Charlock 233, Chase 222, Dodds 239, Holzapfel 210, Collins 243, Purkess 237, Chavant 240, J. Boag 240, E. Wuestner 193; total, 2,279.

Our Own Team.—Kruse 223, Sessman 214, Steuber 233, Dilger 220, Malz 234, Heucken 220, Kloepping 228, Murray 226, Stuhrman 219, Meyer 212; total, 2,214.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—The Zettler Club held its weekly shoot on Tuesday night for prizes in the winter series; 13 members were present and participated in the competition for high scores.

Philip Feigel made 245 on the first entry for the champion medal; this score remained high for the night. The best 10-shot score was made by Holges and Dorrler who made 49 each. Louis Flach made the highest total for the best 5 scores, 1228; Ross was second with 1225. Scores:

Champion medal: Ph. Feigel 245, F. C. Ross 244, M. B. Engel 243, Dr. Grosch 242, L. Flach 242, M. Dorrler 241, H. Holges 241, H. D. Muller 239, C. G. Zettler 238, B. Zettler 237, J. Blumenberg 235, G. Nowak 234, S. Buzzini 229.

Five best scores:

L Flach	242	248	248	248	242—1228
F C Ross	244	246	243	246	246—1225
M Dorrler	241	243	249	247	244—1224
H Holges	241	240	245	249	242—1217
M B Engel	243	247	241	241	244—1216

Best 10-shot score: H. Holges 249, M. Dorrler 249, L. Flach 248, M. B. Engel 247, B. Zettler 246, F. C. Ross 246, Ph. Feigel 245, G. Nowak 245, H. D. Muller 239, Dr. Grosch 242, C. G. Zettler 243, S. Buzzini 233, J. Blumenberg 235.

A Close Shave.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Jan. 17.—One of the best team contests shot in or about New York in many a day was shot on the Greenville Club ranges to-night.

It was the first of the series of matches between teams of eight men representing the Empire Rifle Club of New York and the Greenville Rifle Club of this borough, locally known as the "Farmers."

The Empire team next to the famous Zettler Club is known as the strongest group of gallery marksmen in New York, and when the match was made it was looked upon as a cinch for the Empire team. But the result of the match proves the old saw to be true: "There's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip." There was a large gathering of riflemen from New York and Hudson County and the club-house was taxed to its utmost to accommodate the crowd present.

After the members of the two teams had shot their preliminary practice score the match was opened, Barney Zettler of the Zettler Rifle Club was elected referee and C. W. Agneau of the Greenville Club scorer. Wm. Rosenbaum of the Empire team was the first man to enter the contest for his team. This marksman is considered one of the best gallery shots in New York and he was booked to put up a score that would paralyze the Jerseymen. But Rosenbaum was not equal to the task laid out for him. In previous practice he had put up 246, and now he made 234. Another good thing gone wrong. George Purkess of the Greenville team was the first man to lead off for the Jerseymen. Purkess is one of the reliable men of his team and is usually good for an average score. But Purkess was out to the Hoboken match the night previous, where the team did not reach home until the morning light was breaking, tired nature exerted itself and the result was that Purkess quit with a total of 233. So the Empire team started off in the lead.

As the match progressed the men of both teams with few exceptions were a disappointment. When the seventh man of the Greenville team had finished his score, the eighth and last man of the Empire team had finished and the total for the Empire team was 1882 points. The eighth and last man of the Greenville team, M. Dorrler, had yet to shoot and in order to win the match Dorrler must make 243 points; this score would give the match to Greenville by a margin of 1 point.

When Dorrler went in to shoot his score the positions of both teams were decidedly interested in the outcome of the old veteran's labor. Bets were freely offered and quickly accepted that Dorrler would not make the number of points necessary (243), to give Greenville the victory. Dorrler's first four shots had the effect to cool the ardor of many of his friends, for he had six points off. He had six more shots to shoot and to win he must make five forty-fives and one twenty-four. Would he do it?

Dorrler's fifth shot was in the center, a twenty-five. The shout went up, Mike's all right. He's found the shot. His sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth shots were all in the twenty-five ring. The last shot was to come. A twenty-four would win.

There was a long wait before Dorrler consented to press the trigger to let loose the last bullet that was to decide the momentous question. At last it came and settled itself well in the twenty-four ring. Greenville wins! Dorrler is king! Long live Dorrler. A rush was made for Dorrler, and the old veteran perched upon the shoulders of his clubmates was carried around the club-house midst the greatest excitement. There was considerable argument on the part of the Empire's men over the score of one of the men of the Greenville team (Plaisted) whose second shot was a matter of dispute, the Greenville judge claiming it to be a 25 and the Empire judge calling it a 24. The decision was left to one of the visiting marksmen, W. J. Hennessey, of the Excelsior club. Mr. Hennessey decided the shot to be 25. So the Greenville club added one more mark to its long list of victories.

The average of the two teams was low, much below what was expected to be the result of the match But this is accounted for from the fact that the men of both teams were worked up to a high tension. "We must win" was the all absorbing topic of both teams. The usual result followed; low score and individual disappointment. The Greenville club, under the lead of its president, Edwin Barr, had prepared a fine lunch for the visitors, and as "chef" for the occasion, Mr. Barr allowed no visitor's stomach to depart in emptiness. Every one went away with a "deck load." A return match will be shot off on the Zettler ranges, No. 219 Bowery, New York, on Jan. 31. Scores:

Greenville Team: Dorrler 243, Collins 241, C. Boag 230, Chavant 227, Plaisted 236, J. Boag 236, Robidoux 237, Purkess 233. Total 1883.

Empire Team: Rosenbaum 234, Maisenholder 235, Kohn 232, Grimm 231, Buss 245, C. Zettler 234, H. Zettler 231, Zahn 240. Total, 1882.

Zettler Club Tournament.

The three days' prize shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club was brought to a close last Tuesday night. All the prominent gallery experts in and about New York were present and participated in the contest for the prizes. The programme called for fifteen prizes on the ring target. On the bull's eye target there were ten prizes for the best centre shot and two premiums for the most bull's eyes. The shooting was of a first-class order, many full scores being made on the ring target scores:

Ring target, 3 shots per score, two best to count: A. H. Isbell 149, H. M. Pope 149, Louis Flach 149, H. Holges 149, F. C. Ross 149, M. B. Engel 149, M. Dorrler 148, Wm. Rosenbaum 148, Jos. Dodds 147, W. C. Collins 146, C. G. Zettler 146, C. Horney, Jr., 146, B. Walther 146, Ph. Feigel 145. H. D. Muller 144.

Bull's eye target, 10 prizes for best centre: Louis Flach 9 deg., Wm. Rosenbaum 9½, Gus Norook 10, Henry Holges 10½, W. C. Collins 11, B. Zettler 11½, M. B. Engel 12, Philip Feigel 13½, B. Walther 13½, C. J. Zettler 15½.

Premiums: Most bulls, H. D. Miller 26, M. Dorrler 22.

The shooting committee of the National Bund has issued the English edition of the programme for the great festival which takes place in Glendale Park, Long Island, next July. Any person desiring a copy of the programme and rules governing the shoot can procure the same by addressing the secretary, Chas. F. Roedel, No. 12 St. Mark's place, New York city. All rifle associations in the country who are interested in promoting rifle should avail themselves of the opportunity to join the Bund before the entry books are closed. Only members belonging to societies in the Bund can participate in the competition for prizes on the Columbia and German targets. The prize list on these two targets will aggregate thousands of dollars in cash and merchandise.

The Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club at its last regular meeting voted to join the Bund.

The Williamsburgh Shooting Association, of Brooklyn, E. D., will hold its annual gallery tournament next month.

There will be a meeting of the delegates of the National Bund at headquarters, No. 12 St. Mark's place, on Friday night of this week.

We have received from the New York branch of the Rochester Brewing Company a handsomely lithographed calendar. Around the sides are half a dozen steins of various forms represented as hanging from a door, while in the centre is a picture of three old cronies enjoying their beer.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Lagonda, steam yacht, under charter by Rev. W. L. Moore to D. C. Mantell for a cruise to the West Indies, has been held at Fernandina on charge of carrying munitions of war. It is supposed that she and another steam yacht, the Amadis, chartered by the same party, are to be used in some filibustering expedition.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, sailed from New York on Jan. 17, for Gibraltar, in charge of Capt. Edwd. Sherlock. On board were Messrs. T. C. and W. I. Zerega, who will be joined later by Mr. Palmer. A broken leg, which is just healing, has compelled Mr. Palmer to make the passage by steamer.

Sylvia, steam yacht, Vice-Commodore E. M. Brown, New York Yacht Club, arrived at New York on Jan. 16, having left Queenstown, on Dec. 20, calling at Madeira on Dec. 26-27, and at Bermuda, on Jan. 10-12. Captain Arthur H. Clark was in command, accompanied by Mrs. Clark. The yacht proceeded to Port Jefferson on Jan. 18, where she is now laid up.

The R. Y. C. Challenge.

The *London Times* of Jan. 8, gives the following report of the meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron on the preceeding day:

"It is now certain that there will be a contest for the America Cup next fall, between a new 80 foot Valkyrie, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, for Lord Dunraven, and a Cup defender to be built in America. The members of the Royal Yacht Squadron held a special meeting Jan. 7 at noon at Boodle's Club, St. James's, to consider the nature of the receipt which the New York Yacht Club requires the Royal Yacht Squadron to give in the event of their representative yacht winning the Cup. It was unanimously agreed to give a receipt for the Cup on the terms of "the deed of gift," 1887, without conditions, and thus a mutual understanding between the Royal Yacht Squadron and the New York Yacht Club Committee has been arrived at, the formal acceptance of the challenge being now only required to complete negotiations. The Prince of Wales, Commodore, presided at the meeting, and there were present the Marquis of Ormonde (vice commodore), Lord Ashburton, Mr. R.A. French Brewster, Mr. Godfrey Baring, Sir R. H. Buckley, Mr. E. S. Bowlbey, the Earl of Caledon, Mr. W. R. Cookson, Capt. J. Towers Clark, Lord Colville, of Culross, Mr. W. N. Diggle, Earl of Dunraven, Sir Henry Edwardes, Major Seymour Wynne Finch, Sir John Fowler, Mr. Montague Guest, Mr. Henry Hervey, Mr. A. Harcourt, Mr. F. M. Huth, Mr. William James, Lord A. Gordon Lennox, Lord Lonsdale, Mr. S. H. Montgomery, Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, Mr. Philip Percival, Jr., Lord Revelstoke, Major W. H. Roberts, Col. John Sterling, Lord Suffield, Mr. S. Nugent Townsend, Mr. Arthur Verschoyle, Mr. John Wardlaw, Mr. J. Roberts West, and Sir Allen Young.

"Lord Dunraven explained the situation at some length, to the meeting. He alluded to the objections raised by the Royal London Yacht Club in 1887, when the new deed of gift was made public first, to the resolution passed in 1888 by the Yacht Racing Association to express their disapproval of the form of the deed, to the refusal of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club to forward a challenge under the deed, and to the negotiations of 1889. All these matters having been recounted in full by the *Times*, do not require repetition. The position now, he said, was similar to that which had been left open in 1889, the races of 1893 having taken place on the special terms that "should the Cup come into the possession of a British yacht club, it should be held subject to a challenge on precisely similar terms as those contained in this challenge; provided always that the club shall not refuse a challenge in accordance with the conditions laid down in the deed of 1887." In 1894, however, the New York Yacht Club went back to the position in 1889, but held the opinion that the mutual agreement clause would overcome all difficulties. Thus Mr. Smith had written Nov. (15, 1894), "Any agreement that the Cup if won by you should be held open to challenge under precisely the same conditions as those under which you challenge is superfluous, for, under the provisions of the deed, a winner would certainly be entitled to do so, without any acquiescence on the part of the New York Yacht Club, and be perfectly free to publically announce his intention of so doing." The same gentleman had written (Dec. 11, 1894), "We cannot understand why, with power to make any agreements desired for a match with the holder of the Cup, the Royal Yacht Squadron, for example, should expect us to covenant that must do what they can do and want to do, nor why, after all the correspondence which has taken place, there should be any fear in the absence of such agreement with us, of even appearing to expect, as the party challenged terms different from those under which you challenged, as expressed in your letter of Nov. 7, 1892." The New York Yacht Club, Lord Dunraven said, evidently placed a very broad intrepretation on the mutual agreement clause, and further, by proposing to sail in November, had shown that it was possible, in their opinion, to break one of the most stringent clauses in the deed of 1887. Indeed, if this clause could be broken by mutual agreement, it was obvious that no binding clause could be attached to any clause or condition in the deed. For his own part, Lord Dunraven did not think the construction placed upon the deed of gift was correct, and believed that the mutual agreement clause was intended to apply to the details of the races; but if the New York Yacht Club placed their construction on the deed, he saw no reason why the Royal Yacht Squadron should object. They could not be said to be receding from their position if they accepted the New York interpretation, and the sole question for them to consider was whether, having regard to that interpretation, the Royal Yacht Squadron could give the required receipt if the occasion for doing so should arise.

"The Marquis of Ormonde proposed, and the Earl of Caledon seconded, that the following should be telegraphed to America forthwith: "Having regard to the construction placed on the deed of gift of 1887 by the New York Yacht Club, the Royal Yacht Squadron is willing to give the receipt on the terms contained in the deed of gift, 1887."

"This resolution was unanimously agreed to, and subsequently telegraphed to Mr. Smith, as well as the following from W. R. Grant, the Secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron: "To Smith, Yacht Club, New York—Cabled you to-day result of special meeting of Royal Yacht Squadron; conclude challenge now entirely settled.—Grant, Cowes."

"Subsequently, Lord Dunraven having expressed at the meeting his strong feeling that something ought to be done to prevent the necessity of the long correspondence and to meet in advance the difficulties which had arisen in 1889 and 1894, a committee, consisting of the flag officers of the squadron, Sir Allen Young (who, with Mr. J. Mulholland and Sir James Baring, was on the special committee of 1889), Sir Charles Hall, and Mr. Justice Bruce, was appointed to deal with any questions which might arise.

"The challenge sent on Dec. 2 is subjoined: 'R. Y. S. Castle, Cowes, Dec. 2, 1894 Dear Sir—I am requested by the Earl of Dunraven to forward you a challenge for the America Cup on the terms and conditions of the challenge sent by me on his behalf on Nov. 25, 1892, but subject to any modifications as to dates, courses, starts, and other details which may be agreed to between Lord Dunraven and the committee appointed by the New York Yacht Club to conduct negotiations and arrange details. I, therefore, on behalf of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and in the name of the Earl of Dunraven, a member of the squadron, challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht Valkyrie against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America, for the America Cup. The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel, viz.: Owner, the Earl of Dunraven; name of yacht, Valkyrie; length on load water line, 89 feet. The Custom House measurement will follow as soon as the vessel can be measured for registration.—I have the honor to be, dear sir, Richard Grant, Secretary R. Y. S."

The above is the only detailed report of the meeting yet seen on this side. From the above, it is evident that the action of the R. Y. S. in finally indorsing the new deed of gift, was brought about solely by the influence of Lord Dunraven. In presenting the case before the Squadron, Lord Dunraven, still harping on the fact that the races of 1893 were sailed on special terms, and not under the new deed, has evidently glossed over the real issues of the case, as repeatedly summed up in the Forest and Stream, and has dealt at length with the unofficial utterances of Commodore Smith. The result is that the Royal Yacht Squadron has at last backed down completely, and has been forced to recognize and accept the new deed of gift. It is more than likely that the future will disclose that the Squadron has no more idea of what it is doing now than it had when it challenged in 1892-3, but this makes the case no better. The main fact is that the New York Yacht Club has at last received an unconditional challenge under the new deed of gift from the *premier* British yacht club.

The position of the Royal Yacht Squadron in the matter is not one that will add to the reputation of that august body. After having objected on principle to the action of the New York Yacht Club, in 1887, as illegal and unfair, it has at last withdrawn its objections in a way that is an admission that they were groundless. It is true that the New York Yacht Club has, in the present case, granted more favorable terms than ever before, but as far as all the vital issues are concerned, they are exactly the same as in 1887. If, as we believe, the Squadron and other British clubs were right in protesting then, they are wrong now in quietly recognizing the claims of the New York Yacht Club to the ownership of the America's Cup, and to the right to regulate at will the conditions under which it may be sailed for.

As to Lord Dunraven, his position is a peculiar and a most unenviable one. The friends of fair play and of international yachting, on both sides of the Atlantic, have been engaged for many years in the effort to secure to all challengers for the America's Cup those rights as the equal of the holder in making a mutual agreement which were given them by the original donors. Since the making of the new deed in 1887, by which the challenger was deprived of all rights, this work has been still more imperative and more difficult. On several occasions, however, the club has been on the point of repudiating and abandoning the new deed on account of the serious opposition to it, and the failure to negotiate a race.

On each occasion Lord Dunraven has come to the assistance of the New York Yacht Club with an offer to waive all questions of principle, provided the club would grant him such immediate conditions as he wished. It was through his efforts that in 1892-3 the Royal Yacht Squadron was induced, without its knowledge or its will, to endorse the Valkyrie II. challenge, and this year he has gone still further in inducing the Squadron to offer an unqualified challenge under the new deed, with the assurance that it will receipt for the Cup, if won, as required by that document. The position of the Royal Yacht Squadron is a humiliating one to all British yachtsmen, accepting as alms and concessions those things to which they are entitled by right, and looked on by the American public as both greedy and ungrateful. That they must occupy such a position in all future races for the America's Cup is due solely to the long continued and finally successful efforts of Lord Dunraven. The Yachtsman of Jan. 10 has the following editorial on the matter:

We confess to a feeling of surprise, which, we think, will be shared by many British yachtsmen, at the humiliating submission of the Royal Yacht Squadron to the New York Club. After repeatedly refusing to accept the "New Deed" on the score of its invalidity and the base nature of its birth, the club has now seen fit to reconsider its opinion and has claimed itself content to hold the trophy, should it be so fortunate (?) as to come into possession of it on the conditions of that document. Yet the facts of the case remain unaltered since 1887, and the same objections to the action of the Royal Yacht Squadron will hold good should it receive the Cup as have been levelled at that of the New York Yacht Club. It is no palliation to say that the R. Y. S. had no hand in framing the obnoxious document. That is merely to deny to the club what little admiration may have been excited by the acuteness of our friends beyond the ocean.

Lord Dunraven's eloquence, and his ardent love of racing—with a strong predilection for international struggles—have no doubt achieved this notable change. But surely it must have crossed the minds of some of the R. Y. S. committee that Britain and America are not the only nations on the earth which pursue yacht-racing as a sport. We have within the last three years or so seen a great impetus given to French and German yachting, and it is by no means beyond the bounds of likelihood that either of these countries might in a year or two produce an aspirant for International honors. How then, is the R. Y. S. to meet them, supposing that it holds the Cup? By insisting on the terms of the "New Deed," of course. But what if such a Continental challenger should refuse to sail under those conditions, on the ground that they are illegal? Presumably the R. Y. S. would take shelter under the "mutual agreement clause," by way of showing that it walks in the path of right. But the mutual agreement clause, as twisted by the N. Y. Y. C. Committee, has been itself illegally dealt with, even supposing the validity of the "New Deed." The deed has definite conditions which may not be altered, and yet the mu

tual agreement clause has been astoundingly utilized to modify them in every conceivable form. If the Continental challenger (say, Germany) were content to accept such a makeshift arrangement, it is quite within the rights of France to step in and object. The proposed match between Lord Dunraven's yacht and the selection of the N. Y. Y. C. is arranged quite ultra vires, even on the showing of the New Deed itself; and, although neither France nor Germany may covet the Cup while it is in the possession of America, the case might be very different if it were at Cowes, and it would be open to either to raise the whole question of the legality of the "New Deed", by challenging under the only original and valid deed, and, in the event of a refusal (which would be inevitable), sailing over the R. Y. S. course and claiming the Cup. The R. Y. S. would fare badly in that case. It is bound, by its promise, to the "New Deed," and yet it knows full well how hopeless a task it would be to uphold it in a British law court. These are merely possibilities, but they are so very painful to the R. Y. S. that we think it would have been wiser in that body to have weighed the subject more carefully than it has done before committing itself to insist upon any foreign nation accepting conditions which are contrary to the expressed wishes of the donors, and which the club knows and has said are illegal and unfair. Was it intended to be ironical, we wonder, on the part of the Squadron to appoint so distinguished a lawyer as Mr. Justice Gainsford Bruce to serve on its 'America Cup Committee?'

However, apart from the unpleasant contingencies which the proposed match entails, all will be pleased at the prospect of another race. That International sailing gives a spurt to the sport in those countries which indulged in it is very patent, and, although, as we think, a reaction often results from it, our trans-Atlantic friends may well thank Lord Dunraven—it will be a change for him if they do—for yachting in America is in a pitiable state. In England, however, our large class, next season, will not derive a great amount of benefit, for it is stated that Viligant will leave us to test her metal in the trial races for the selection of a Yankee champion. Some trifling difficulties still block Lord Dunraven's way, but no doubt these will be easily overcome in view of the great joy that the R. Y. S. has given to America and the great triumph of the New York Yacht Club.

The *Field* of Jan. 19 says, in speaking of the statement that the Royal Yacht Squadron has promised to hold the Cup under the new deed:

"This, we venture to say, is not the case. It is either a delusion or a misrepresentation. What the British clubs understand is, that the Royal Yacht Squadron accepted as correct the New York Club's interpretation of the sweeping power of the mutual agreement clause, and agreed to give a receipt on that interpretation alone. The Royal Yacht Squadron is thus pledged to accept a challenge upon the terms now agreed for coming matches, and will not hold the Cup according to the deed.

"It would certainly have been more in accordance with our ideas of courage, dignity, and fairness if the New York Club had straightened itself out and obtained a nullification of the deed which has brought so much opprobrium upon its members."

We fear that the *Field* will have trouble in finding any direct interpretation of the new deed on the part of the New York Yacht Club apart from the very indefinite resolution passed seven years since. As the committee's report shows, both the committee and the club are kept clear of committing themselves in any way; they have received and accepted a challenge rom the Royal Yacht Squadron under the deed of gift of 1887, nothing more.

The New Cup Defender.

On Jan. 17 the news was announced that a syndicate had finally been organized to build a Cup defender, the members being W. K. Vanderbilt, E. D. Morgan, and C. Oliver Iselin. The latter gentleman will attend to all practical details, Com. Morgan being now in England, while Mr. Vanderbilt sailed from New York for Europe on Jan. 16. Up to Jan. 21 no contract had been made for a new yacht, but Mr. Iselin had been in close communication with the Herreshoffs, and a new Bristol boat is a certainty. She will probably be a centre board boat, of Tobin bronze, though Mr. N. G. Herreshoff is desirous of building a keel craft, and composite construction has been discussed.

The one man who has been really desirous of going into a syndicate is Mr. George Gould, who has offered to pay one quarter of the cost of a new boat, but there is so much feeling against him within the New York Yacht Club that his offer has not been taken up. Mr. Gould has, however, offered to bring Vigilant over for trial purposes, and to place her at the disposal of the club, which offer has been acknowledged as follows:

Jan. 18, 1895.

George J. Gould, Esq., 125 Broadway, N. Y.

Dear Sir—Since my interview with you I have presented your generous proposal to bring the Vigilant from England to America, and have her fitted for the trial races as a Cup defender in the Autumn contests of 1895, at your own expense, it being your request that the New York Yacht Club should select a committee of one or three, as they may elect, to take charge of her in the trial races and in the match, if selected to defend the Cup. On behalf of my committee, I have to advise you it was accepted with great pleasure. I will add that Vice-Commodore Brown and other leading officials of the New York Yacht Club have expressed themselves to me as highly appreciating your offer, and that they will be glad to know that your intentions in this respect may be consummated.

I enclose to you the circular of the America's Cup Committee, which has just been issued.

I remain, very truly yours,
James D. Smith.

Canoeing.

W. C. A. Midwinter Meet.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

THE EXECUTIVE SESSION.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 13.—The midwinter meet of the W. C. A. was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, this city, Saturday evening, Jan. 12, and was an occasion of unusual interest in several respects. Some changes in the sailing rules were made, after discussion over the classification of the racing machine and the all-round canoe. Spirited arguments also took place over the selection of the place for next summer's meet, the vote going to Ballast Island after long discussion pro and con, which narrowly escaped making feeling among the Wisconsin members.

It is the plan of the W. C. A. to hold an open court at its business session, this being really a meeting of the executive committee held with the full membership of the Association present. After their advisory meeting, in which the sense of the majority is well determined, the executive committee holds its private session, its vote being final on any matter.

The open session, at 2 P.M., showed a good attendance. From Madison, Wis., there were Messrs. L. F. Porter, Robt. M. Lamp, F. W. Curtiss, G. E. Gernon, S. C. Hanks and Chas. M. Mayers. Milwaukee sent F. W. Dickens, F. B. Huntington, E. H. Holmes and A. W. Friese. Dayton, O., of course was represented by the stand-bys, W. H. Crawford and A. Woodruff. Mr. C. F. Penniwell came from Detroit; Henry D. Spencer from Bloomington, Ill.; J. Hepburn from Toledo, O.; W. P. Jewett from St. Paul; G. H. Gardner and B. M. Gardner from Cleveland. The Chicago men were out in full force, among them Com. W. B. Cook and his sons Nat and Harry, Mr. J. Herbert Ware, Mr. D. H. Crane, Mr. J. B. Keogh, Mr. J. Turrill, Mr. W. H. Quaw, etc., etc.

The meeting was held with Com. W. B. Cook in the chair, the minutes, officers' reports, etc., taking up the early portion of the time. The regatta committee, by its chairman, N. H. Cook, recommended a number of changes in the sailing rules, which were placed on the table in writing and recommended favorably by vote of the house. The committee submitted a regatta programme of nine events.

BALLAST BY A NECK.

On the question of the location of the summer meet, Mr. G. Harry Gardner spoke at length in favor of Ballast Island, setting forth its well-known attractions. Mr. D. H. Crane, of Chicago, also spoke in favor of Ballast, and Mr. Penniwell, of Detroit, also said Ballast would please Detroit. Mr. J. Herbert Ware read a letter from Mr. W. C. Jupp, president of the Detroit Boat Club, and added his testimony for Lake Erie and Ballast.

The opposition to Ballast, and the element believing in change of site, now took up the other side of the question, Mr. Porter speaking at length in favor of Madison, Wis. He was seconded ably by Mr. Lamp. Nat. Cook responded in favor of Ballast. Mr. Spencer mentioned tentatively the waters near Charlevoix, at the head of Michigan south peninsula. Mr. Crawford, of Dayton, threw a great deal of light on this same country, and spoke of the Cheneaux islands as a fine place for the meet. This created much interest, and Mr. Crawford had everybody about converted for that locality, when he hurriedly corrected himself and said that he thought the meet should go to Ballast this year and the Cheneaux Islands next year. Mr. Lamp, seeing that Madison could not win, and noting the drift toward a good compromise spot, better for Wisconsin than Ballast, withdrew Madison. Mr. Hanks called for an informal ballot to develop the strength of the Ballast and anti-Ballastites. It was learned that twelve were in favor of Ballast and ten opposed. At this Mr. Lamp, thinking it the graceful thing to do, moved the vote be made unanimous, and this was done. Mr. Lamp in this was hasty, for a vote on the Cheneaux Islands was never taken, and it is very likely that if this had been offered as a compromise, it would have brought out over twelve votes.

There was some talk among Western men of making a split on the Ballast question, and organizing a Northwestern association. This I should consider it extremely unwise to do. It would seem better counsel to pull altogether this year for Ballast and have a big meet there, and then go to the Cheneaux or elsewhere the year following. In turn the Ballast men should not selfishly consult their own personal pleasure or preference at the expense of the W. C. A., and should not thrust a personal majority upon that body; but should bear in mind that to insist on Ballast always and every year would mean an association fixed, hidebound, and done with growth and progress. It would still be a pleasant body of summer sailors, but it would not be a great and influential organization of Western canoeists. It would not seem that mere cheapness of building docks and convenience of access should be the determining factors in establishing a canoe camp. In short, there is much to be done by way of careful thought and concession on both sides of this question. It is the best thing, however, to unite heartily and with full vigor on Ballast this year, and give the Ballast men no cause for regret at having voted as they have. Ballast is a pretty place, and there isn't a bad fellow in the lot of those who love it so well and stick to it so faithfully. If the meet fails there again this year as it did two years ago, I don't think the Ballast boys will want to try it there again for a while. If it succeeds, they will feel generous and will be ready to go to some other point. I think by that time they will begin to see that a too steady insistence on Ballast will kill the Association in respect of its best and widest purposes. But it is Ballast this year by vote of the majority, and therefore there should be firm resolution on the part of every man to be there with a canoe and a jolly heart and an unreserved disposition to have nothing but a good time and plenty of it. It is no time to talk of a Northwestern association, and this I feel sure the Ballast boys will prove first of all when it comes to '96.

THE BANQUET.

The members of the banquet committee, Mr. J. Herbert Ware, chairman, Messrs. D. H. Crane, J. B. Keogh and H. B. Cook would all be wearing laurels now if the W. C. A. boys knew where there was a laurel patch. As it is they wear each a vote of thanks tendered by the body in general for as complete and elegant and thoughtfully arranged an affair as ever made glad the heart of sailor, be it of salt water or of fresh. Much of the credit devolves upon Mr. Ware, who knows all about everything in matters of this sort. Mr. Ware was Maker of the Feast. He wore on his breast a large crystal star with a ruby in the middle of it. Mr. H. D. Spencer, who was chosen as toast master of the evening, wore a similar star and sat at Mr. Ware's right at the banquet. Both these gentlemen wore bright, glad smiles, but so did about everybody else. The head of the board was also honored, of course, by the commodore of the W. C. A., the venerable and much-beloved N. B. Cook, who evaded active responsibility for the eloquence of the evening in favor of his usual quietude. Mr. L. J. Marks, of the Chicago Canoe Club, who is justly looked upon as the oratorical *piece de resistance* of the W. C. A., was corraled and kept close by, where the toast master could put his hands on him. Mr. Marks was becomingly garbed in evening clothes of the most correct finish. And his golden hair was hanging down his back.

The menu offered by the Grand Pacific Hotel was perfect as that well-known hostelry can arrange and left nothing to be desired. Everything went merry as a marriage bell, and before long there was a sound of revelry by night. Also, music arose with its voluptuous swell. When it did not arise satisfactorily, some one or other of the canoe boys would be apt to go over to the orchestra and deprive a player of his guitar or mandolin and show him how the thing was done when done properly. Great discrimination and precise judgment in musical matters was displayed by those present, the classical bent of the members being easily apparent. Perhaps the most popular number was the "Little Alabama Coon," which came near ending the banquet, though enthusiasm was scarcely less great when in the middle of one air struck by the orchestra, nearly every man about the table was on his feet melodiously declaring that he loved his love in the springtime, and that he loved his love in the fall, but that, all things considered, he rather believed that in the mellow summer time he loved her best of all, though through all the changing seasons he intended to keep up his lick and continue to love his love *tout le meme*.

Thus matters progressed as they can progress nowhere else in the world but at a canoe banquet, and it had come so far along as *fromage de Brie* and the waiters were trying to take away the debris and leave the *fromage*, as Mr. Marks suggested, when Mr. Spencer served notice that he would begin pestering before long. So after a while he rose and talked nicely about unity, fraternity, equality and Ballast Island, and said everybody must be there next year, which was good advice, too. Mr. Spencer then referred to the respected commodore of the Association, whom he mentioned as being the best all-round canoeist he ever knew, a type for the class, and without doubt the oldest active canoeist in America (Mr. Cook is in the seventies).

Com. Cook said he could well remember the early days of canoeing in this country, when a canoe was a traveling craft and not a racing machine only, and he rather liked that notion of a canoe still. He could remember the birth of the A. C. A. and of the W. C. A. later. He had been at a meet where there were canoeists from California, Canada, New York and Chicago. He hoped the W. C. A. would grow and never lose sight of the essential features of canoeing as a successful amateur sport. He thought Ballast Island an ideal place for a meet and had always thought so.

MR. MARKS AND HIS SWEETHEARTS.

The chairman now called on Mr. L. J. Marks to respond to the honored toast, "Wives and Sweethearts." Mr. Marks arose and asked, "Which ones?" and was assured that any would do. He protested that he had never been married and had never had a sweetheart of his own, never saw one except in a photograph, so they couldn't prove anything by him. At this there were loud cries of "Aw!" and "Come off!" so that Mr. Marks was forced to admit that he had heard other gentlemen tell about wives and sweethearts, and was disposed to think that they might, under some circumstances, be a good thing, though at present to be viewed with alarm, as witness the history of the Chicago Canoe Club, which was ruined by the baleful presence of sweethearts and the pernicious practice of marriage. He could not speak encouragingly of the habit of having either wives or sweethearts. Then Mr. Marks told a story about a married woman who was looking for her dead husband in a morgue, and who thought she had found him till the corpse's false teeth fell out. This latter incident sent her away and so irritated the keeper of the morgue that he thumped the unfortunate dead gentleman on the back, saying: "You blame fool, if you'd just kept your mouth shut you'd have had a christian burial!" Mr. Marks feared that on so delicate a subject, addressing gentlemen each of whom had several wives or sweethearts, it might have been better for him to have kept his mouth shut. But as he swung into a rattling good speech, the boys told him they were glad he hadn't. Mr. Marks wished to deny the assertion that the sailing breeze at Ballast was attributable to the presence of his whiskers. He hurled back the calumny with scorn. Then everybody said "D-z-z-z-z," in imitation of the low, soft soughing of the wind.

The chairman said some nice things about FOREST AND STREAM, and asked its representative to tell what he knew about the press anyway. After this he wanted Mr. Friese of Milwaukee to tell which he preferred, a yacht or a canoe, and Mr. Friese said a yacht was better, because if you stopped to pull a cork on a canoe you tipped over, while on a yacht you didn't.

Grandpa Huntington (the youngest member of the W. C. A.) told what he knew about Milwaukee, and short responses were made by Harry and Nat Cook, when the chairman announced that "civilized man could not live without Cooks," and neither could the W. C. A. Brief remarks followed by Dave Crane on the practice of cold baths. Mr. Penniwell (the Commodore of Lost Island) answered the toast, "Where is Detroit?" Mr. Robert Lamp told a fish story about the Madison lakes, how the bass stopped a threshing machine, but was told that the W. C. A. could not endure fish stories. Mr. R. P. Marks made some remarks, stating that, referring to the gentleman at the head of the table, he considered it unconstitutional to invite a man to a banquet and then expect him to keep his mouth shut.

At this stage of the game Mr. E. H. Holmes, of Milwaukee, was asked to sing, and did so, solemnly asserting that he never, no never, wandered from his own fireside. Whereafter Mr. Gus White informed those present that his bonnie was unavoidably detained from the banquet, being at that writing lying over the ocean, also over the sea. Mr. Gernon told more things about Madison, and Secretary Dickens told about tin-horn canoeists as a class, and Mr. W. P. Jewett spoke of the canoeing situation at St. Paul.

By request Mr. Kitchin, of Chicago, sang verses 1, 5, 7, 13 and 24 of "There Was a Little Man," telling again the story of the hat that was "all bound round with a woollen string." Then everybody sang "Auld Lang Syne," and the pleasant meeting came to an end, after such an evening as only canoeists know how to have.

Those present at the banquet were as follows: Messrs. Geo. B. Powell, Orrin L. Evans, W. H. Quaw, Nat H. Cook, J. D. McWhorter, E. H. Holmes, H. B. Cook, A. W. Friese, G. E. Gernon, F. W. Curtiss, Chas. M. Mayers, F. B. Huntington, L. F. Porter, L. C. Hanks, J. W. Hepburn, W. P. Jewett, O. A. Woodruff, F. W. Dickens, W. H. Crawford, A. Kitchin, C. L. Penniwell, Gus White, Gus Hessert, R. P. Marks, D. H. Crane, G. H. Gardner, James B. Keogh, L. J. Marks, this being their order to the right of Com. N. B. Cook, toastmaster Henry D. Spencer and the maker of the feast, Mr. J. Herbert Ware. One rarely sees a more goodly company of sportsmen assembled.

The executive committee continued its session on the morning following the banquet and made some changes of sailing rules, which will be duly handed in by Mr. Dickens, the secretary.

There is a good healthy condition in the W. C. A. and it is bound to grow. The meet at Ballast next summer promises to be a good one, and it deserves the hearty labor of every member of the Association for its success.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

CHANGES IN THE SAILING RULES.

Following are the changes in sailing and regatta rules determined upon by the committee in executive session, the draft of which being kindly furnished by the urbane efficient Secretary, J. W. Dickens, of Milwaukee, Wis.:

The rules received more consideration and discussion at this meeting than at any previous meeting, and these are the first changes of any importance made in the rules.

The rule relating to sails, which heretofore specified that sails used in all canoes, must be a hoisting rig and capable of being reefed while afloat, was changed to apply to Class "C" canoes only, thus allowing the standing rig to be used in Classes "A" and "B". The four classes of paddling canoes were cut down to two classes, viz.: Class 1—Any Canoe. Class 2—Canoes with same measurements as classes "A" and "B" sailing canoes. In the sailing canoe classes the only change made was in the measurement of centre boards in classes "A" and "B." The change made in this rule was, instead of centre board being measured from garboard streak allowing 18 inches as maximum drop of board, to read, "they must not drop more than 28 inches below the water line when canoes are in light trim, (without crew, sails, deck seat "or ballast.")

The rule specifying that canoes sailing in races must carry flags, numerals or other such marks of identification was dropped out entirely.

A member can enter one sailing and one paddling canoe in the races, the rule before allowed but one canoe to be entered by any one member for racing, but was invariably violated, and the change is a wise one.

The rule specifying seven record events at each meet was cut down to four, and the points in figurnig the record were changed to 5-4-3-2-1 instead of 50-40-30-20-10.

A new scheme for figuring the position or number of points a canoe has earned or entitled to, in the summary of the record, was adopted, which is claimed will prevent two scores from being tied and makes the manner of figuring record positions clear.

The programme of races for next meet is as follows:

No. 1 Paddling Class, 1. 1-2 mile.

No. 2 Paddling Class, 2. 1-2 mile record event.

No. 3 Hurry Scurry (All classes).

No. 4 Sail and Paddle, Class A. and B, 1 1-2 mile, record event.

No. 5 Gardner Cup (Sailing) free for all classes. Best two heats in three, record event for Classes A and B.

No. 6 Trophy Cup (Sailing) Classes A and B only. Best two heats in three, record event.

No. 7 Longworth Cup (Sailing) Class C. Best two heats in three.

No. 8 Passenger (Sailing) free for all. One heat, three miles.

No. 10 Consolation (Sailing) free for all. One heat, three miles.

The allowance of standing rigs in Classes A and B is a departure from the old rules regarding sails, that perhaps will be welcomed by the canoeists owning modern racers.

The rule relating to the measurement of centre boards in classes A and B permits the fin keel, but does not give this class of canoes any advantage over others, so far as depth of centre board is concerned. Heretofore the question of what constituted the garborad streak in a fin keel was always raised and disputed. The rule governing the manner of figuring record points was always a source of annoyance, as there was generally questions raised whereby more than one construction of the rule might be applied.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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PELAGIC SEALING.

Complying with the request of the House of Representatives, Secretary Carlisle has recently furnished information as to the result of the articles of the Behring Sea Tribunal, in saving the fur seal herds from destruction, the condition of the seals on the Prybilov Islands, and the relation of the revenues derived from the herds to the expense of enforcing the regulations of the Paris award.

The Secretary stated that 121,143 seals were landed by pelagic sealers from the North Pacific Ocean during the last season, and of that number 55,686 were taken from the so-called Alaska seal herd in that ocean and in Behring Sea, 58,621 from the coasts of Japan and Russia and 6,836 from undetermined sources. The fleet which obtained these skins contained 60 vessels belonging to Great Britain and 35 to the United States. The whole number of seals killed in 1894 was about 142,000, which includes 20,000 probably shipped to London from the Asiatic coast via the Suez Canal.

The Secretary emphasizes the unprecedented increase in the number of seals taken by pelagic sealers with a consequent alarming decrease in the seals on the Prybilov Islands, and an enormous number of pups which presumably died of starvation, their mothers having been killed at sea. The Treasury agent counted 12,000 dead pups on the accessible parts of the rookeries and estimated the total loss at nearly 20,000.

In four or five weeks the vessels in Behring Sea, only about one-third of the fleet, killed more seals than were obtained in four months' sealing on the American side of the North Pacific, and Secretary Carlisle reiterates the conclusion expressed in his annual report to Congress that long before the expiration of the five years, when the regulations of the Behring Sea Tribunal are to be re-examined, the fur seal will have been practically exterminated.

Of the American catch of 26,095 seals, 3,099 were males, 15,976 females and the remainder pups and seals whose sex was not determined. The British Columbia schooners reported 26,425 from Behring Sea, of which 14,702 were said to have been females. The present condition of the fur seal herds on the islands is reported to show a dangerous decrease, the number having fallen off at least one-half during the past four seasons.

The amount to be paid to the United Sates by the lessees of the islands for the year ending April 1, 1895, will be $214,298.37, representing rent and tax and bonus on the skins taken. It costs nearly $200,000 per annum to police the sea, not including the salaries and expenses of agents at the Seal Islands, or the pay and rations of officers and men in the patrol service. Thus the efforts to save the herds have involved enormous expense without preventing the destruction of the seal.

From Collector A. R. Milne's customs report at Victoria we learn that in Behring Sea the catch was made outside the 60-mile protected zone in latitude 55, 56 and 58 degrees, and longitude 171 to 175 degrees from August 1 to the middle of September. On the Japanese coast sealing commenced about latitude 36 degrees, and continued north. In waters adjacent to Russian territory the fleet kept well outside of the 30-mile zone, operating chiefly about 10 miles southeast of Copper Island. On the British Columbia coast sealing began about latitude 37 degrees and extended northward. The vessels returned to port during the close season and at the end of July those equipped with spearsmen put out for Behring Sea.

The white hunters soon learned to rival the Indians in the deadly accuracy of their work with spears. A single little schooner, the "Triumph," took 3,240 seals in Behring Sea, and 1,720 on the coast of British Columbia, so easy is it to paddle upon a lseeping seal and capture it. A naturalist on the "Albatross" has often been within easy striking distance for a spear and has phostographed the sleeping seals. Everything seems to conspire to aid in the senseless butchery of fur seals on the high seas and the speedy exterminations of the race is threatened.

Warned by he letter of Secretary Carlisle, Mr. Dingley introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives (H. R. Bill 8633) entitled: "An act to prevent the extermination of fur-bearing animals in Alaska." This is a proposition to repeal the acts preventing the killing of female seals on the islands, to take each and every fur seal found on the Prybilovs and to provide the means for doing so unless Great Britain will immediately co-operate with the United States in preventing the extermination of the seals by pelagic sealing in Behring Sea.

This measure, harsh and improvident as it may at first appear, is more than likely to become law because of the absolute and disastrous failure of arbitration and other temporizing expedients to prevent the object for which they were ostensibly instituted.

FISH, FORESTS AND POLITICS.

The New-York Senate Committee on Fish and Game, to whom was entrusted the responsible duty of investigating the need of the State as to fish and game protection and fish-culture, and of recommending legislation to meet the need, have failed to perform that duty. Their failure is embodied in a bill introduced by them last Monday evening, which provides for a reconstruction of the Fish Commission on political lines.

The terms of the measure are that the Fish Commission and the Forestry Commission shall be combined in a board of five commissioners of fish, game and forests. The president shall have a salary of $5,000, the others of $1,000 each. Their duties shall be the propagation and distribution of fish, the enforcement of the fish and game laws, and the protection and preservation of the State forests, including the Adirondack Park They shall appoint thirty fish and game protectors, one of whom shall be designated as chief protector, and two others as assistants to the chief. The protectors shall hold office during the pleasure of the board, who may summarily remove any one of them and appoint another in his place.

This plan of reorganization of the Fish Commission does not meet the need of the State; nor shall we be so simple as to credit the Senate Committee with being so simple as to suppose that it does.

One drawback to efficient administration of the fish-cultural interests and of protection is the entanglement of politics. The reform most urgently demanded by intelligent public opinion is the absolute divorce of politics from the work proper of commissioners and protectors The demand is not based on theory. It is the teaching of experience—an experience so costly that it might well enough be profited by.

If, after all the months they had to study the subject and learn the facts, the Senate Committee failed to acquaint themselves with the true nature of these conditions, they were incompetent and stupid. If they di l understand the matter as it is, their recommendations show them to be something worse than stupid. Their report declares that they "came squarely" to their conclusions. The coming may have been square enough, but the conclusions are crooked.

The simplest way to rid the Fish Commission of the curse of politics would be as suggested in these columns to separate entirely the two branches of fish-culture and protection. There is no good reason why the Board of Commissioners should be concerned with the appointment and direction of the protectors. There is one good and sufficient reason for relieving them of these duties. It is that they cannot attend to fish-culture and politics, too.

Under the system proposed by the Senate Committee we shall not have more efficient service in either branch. What we shall have will be a new piece of political machinery. Five commissioners, with their clerical force and thirty protectors, whose heads may be chopped off at will. That is an arrangement perfectly adapted to the schemes and purposes of political bosses. It gives every evidence of having been planned and dictated by a political boss. Its evident intention is not to increase the fish supply nor to render more efficient the protection of fish and game, but to strengthen the machinery of partisanship. Under the pretense of public economy it will provide a system, which, by reason of incompetency and demoralization inseparable from it, will prove not economical but tremendously expensive. There can be no economy in putting the public interests of fish and game and forest into the control of a machine.

We have heard an intimation that this scheme of consolidating the two commissions has been devised with a special purpose to make a $5,000 berth for Mr. Barnet H. Davis, of Wayne County. We have never heard of Mr. Davis's qualifications as a fish-culturist; probably no one ever dreamed of them. He is known as a politician, however, and as such, if we have correctly estimated the purpose of the bill, he might be an admirable man to do the work it is intended to accomplish.

If the citizens of the State of New-York would save their fishery, game and forestry interests, they must defeat the measure submitted last Monday.

SCOUTS FOR THE PARK.

After twenty years delay Congress last spring passed a law for the protection of the Yellowstone Park, but seems still unwilling to provide the means by which the provisions of that law may be carried out. In the Sundry Civil Service Appropriation Bill, which recently passed the House of Representatives, and is now in the hands of the Senate, there is no appropriation to pay for the extra scouts asked for by the Superintendent of the Park. The amount called for was trifling—only $1,800—and the scouts are absolutely needed to enforce the law and to preserve from extermination the few buffalo remaining in the Park. Practically it does not make so very much difference if a few elk are killed now and then; there are plenty of elk in the Park and elsewhere, but every buffalo slaughtered by the poachers who hover about the borders of the Park brings extermination a long way nearer for the greatest animal indigenous to this continent.

The small sum required to pay these extra scouts is greatly needed, and the item in the bill which relates to the Yellowstone Park ought to be so amended in the Senate that funds will be available for this purpose. The Senate has always shown itself more interested than the House in the protection of the Park, and it can now give practical expression to this interest by insisting that means to enforce the law shall be provided for the Superintendent.

There is now only a single scout employed there to look after a territory as large as the State of Connecticut, which in winter can only be traversed on foot and with much hardship and even danger. The Superintendent has asked for authority to employ four more scouts for six months of the year at $75 each per month, and even this force would be miserably inadequate to the needs of the reservation. Five men, however, could do five times as much as one, and the knowledge that the force had been increased would do much to keep the butchers and skin-hunters away from the reservation.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and done within the past few years, the fact remains that the buffalo in the Park are rapidly growing fewer in number, and unless they are energetically protected now, the day of extinction is close at hand.

We took occasion the other day to point out the magnificent showing of Minnesota in enforcing its game and fish laws under the direction of Executive Agent Andrus; and to-day we devote a generous share of space to the report of State Warden Hampton, of Michigan, who is deserving of unstinted credit for the efficient conduct of his office. We trust that his report may have appreciative reading. The record of law enforcement in Michigan for 1894 shows a total of 492 cases of charged violations investigated, with conviction in 324 cases, and a collection of $3,320 in fines. History is making so rapidly nowadays in fish and game protection that at the best one cannot more than keep pace with the accomplishments and results of the present; but as to Michigan we ought not to forget the men—Holmes, Mershon and others—who, by unselfish and persistent effort, prepared the way for the system now in force.

Our fish culture columns contain a summary of the good work accomplished by the California Commission in 1893 and 1894. With a grant of only $17,500 for protection, propagating and distribution, the State planted nearly four and one half millions of trout and black bass in 1894 besides hatching upward of seven millions of salmon eggs furnished by the United States and the prosecution of offenses against the laws was so vigorous as to make fish cultural operations very successful.

The State now has our eastern brook trout, black bass, muskelunge, shad and striped bass and all of them promise to remain permanently thrifty. We cannot foretell the result of introducing black bass into trout waters, but hope it will cause no harm. The brook trout may or may not hold their own with the rainbow, which grows much larger.

The New-York Fish Commissioners have made Mr. James Annin, Jr., general superintendent of hatcheries. It is an admirable appointment. Mr. Annin is a fish-culturist of wide, varied and successful experience, and in every way well fitted to assume the duties and do the work of the new place.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TO THE GULF OF CORTEZ.

About a month ago, my brother, who is a very sagacious physician, advised me to take the fresh liver of a mountain sheep for certain nervous symptoms which were troublesome. None of the local druggists could fill the prescription, and so it was decided that I should seek the materials in person. With me went my friend J. B., the pearl of companions, and we began the campaign by outfitting at San Diego, with a view to exploring the resources of the sister republic in the peninsula of Lower California. Lower California is very different from Southern California. The latter is—well, a paradise, or something of that kind, if you believe the inhabitants, of whom I am an humble fraction. The former is what you may please to think.

At San Diego we got a man, a wagon, four mules and the needed provisions and kitchen—all hired at reasonable rates, except the provisions and kitchen which we bought. Then we tried to get a map, but were foiled. My furniture contained hundred cartridges, a belt I always carry, given by a friend, with a bear's head on the buckle (a belt which has held, before I got it, more fatal bullets than any other west of the Rockies), and my usual rifle. J. B. prepared himself in a similar way, except the belt.

Starting south from San Diego, we crossed the line at Tia Juana, and spent an unhappy day waiting on the custom house officials. They, however, did their duty in a courteous manner, and we, with a bundle of stamped papers, went on. The only duties we paid were those levied on our provisions. The team and wagon were entered free under a prospector's license, for thirty days, and an obliging stableman signed the necessary bond.

The main difficulty in travelling in Lower California lies in the fact that you can get no feed for your animals. From Tia Juana east to Tecate, where you find half a dozen hovels, there is hardly a house, and not a spear of grass for thirty miles. At Tecate there is a little nibbling. Thence south for twenty-five miles we went to the Agua Hechicera, or witching water; thence east twenty-five miles more to Juarez, always without grass; thence south to the ranch house of the Hansen ranch at El Rayo, twenty-five miles more. There, at last, was a little grass, but after passing that point we camped at Agua Blanca, and were again without grass for thirty miles to the Trinidad Valley, which once had a little grass, now eaten clean. Fortunately we were able to buy hay at Tia Juana, and took some grain. Fortunately also we found some corn for sale at Juarez. So, with constant graining, a little hay, and a supply of grass, either absent or contemptible, we managed to pull the stock through.

Besides our four hired mules there was another belonging to our man, Oscar, which we towed behind to pack later. The animal was small in size, but pulled back from two hundred pounds to a ton at every step. Its sex was female, but its name was Lazarus, for the overwhelming necessity of naming animals of the ass tribe either Lazarus or Balaam tramples on all distinctions of mere sex. We started, prepared for a possible, though improbable, season of rain; but we did not count on extreme cold, yet the first night out the water in our bucket froze, and almost every night it froze from a mere skin to several inches thick. To give an idea of the country, I will transcribe from a brief diary a few descriptions. Starting from Tia Juana, we drove or packed for nearly two hundred miles in a southeasterly direction, until we finally sighted the Gulf and the mountains of Sonora in the distance. At first our road lay through low mountains, in valleys abounding in Cholla cactus. From Tecate southward the country was rolling and clotted with brushwood, until you reach Juarez. Juarez is an abandoned, or almost abandoned, placer camp. Here amid the countless pits of the miners the pinons begin, and then, after a short distance, the pine barriers stretch for forty miles. Beyond again you pass into hills of low brush and plains covered with sage and buckweed, until finally you cross a divide into the broad basin of the Trinidad Valley. This is a depression some twenty miles long and perhaps five miles wide on the average, with a hot spring and a house at the southwestern end, walled on the southeast by the grim frowning rampart of the San Pedro Martir range, and on the other sides by mountains of lesser height but equal desolation.

We had intended at first to strike for the Cocopah range, near the mouth of the Colorado River, and there do our hunting. Several reasons induced us to change our plan and make for the Hansen ranch, where deer were said to be plenty and sheep not distant; so we turned from Tecate southward, made one dry camp and one camp near Juarez, and on the fifth day of our journeying reached a long meadow, called the Bajio largo on the Hansen ranch. We turned from the road and followed the narrow park-like opening for four miles, camping in high pines, with water near and enough remnants of grass to amuse the animals. This region of pine barriers occurs at quite an elevation, and the nights were cold. The granite core of the country crops out all along in low broken hills, the intervening mesas consisting of granite sand and gravel, and bearing besides the pines a good deal of brush. Thickets of manzanita twisted their blood-colored trunks over the ground, and the tawny stems of the red-shank covered the country for miles. The red-shank is a lovely shrub, growing about six or eight feet high, with broom-like foliage of a yellowish green, possessing great fragrance. If you simply smell the uncrushed shoots, they give a faint perfume, somewhat suggestive of violets, and if you crush the leaves, you get a more pungent odor, sweet and a little smoky. Also, the gnarled roots of the red-shank make an excellent cooking fire, if you can wait a few hours to have them burn to coals. All things considered, the pine barrier country is very attractive, and if there were grass, water and game, it would be a fine place for a hunter. From our camp at Bajio Largo, J. B. and I went hunting for deer, which were said to be plentiful. We hunted from early morning till noon, seeing only one little fellow about the size of a jack-rabbit scuttle off in the brush. Then we decided to go home. This, however, turned out to be a large business. The lofty trees prevented our getting any extended view, and the stony gulches resembled each other to an annoying degree. At last even the water seemed to flow the wrong way. So we gave up the attempt to identify landmarks, and following our course from the sun, we finally came again to the long meadow and followed that to camp. Here we violated all rules and shot at a mark—our excuse was that we had decided to leave the vicinity without further hunting; and, at all events, we spoiled a sardine-box, to Oscar's great admiration.

In order to get a fair day's journey out of a fair day, we had to rise at four or five o'clock. Oscar once or twice borrowed my watch to wake by, but the result was only that I had to borrow J. B.'s watch to wake Oscar by; so I afterwards retained the timepiece and got up early enough to start Oscar well on his duties.

The question of fresh meat had now become important. We let Bajio Largo and drove to Hansen's Laguna, a shallow pond over a mile long, much haunted by ducks. Here we made a bad mistake, driving six or eight miles into the mountains, only to reach nowhere, and be forced to retrace our steps. Night, however, found us at El Rayo, the Hansen ranch house, and, as it turned out, the real base of our hunting campaign. The Hansen ranch is an extensive tract named after an old Swede who brought a few cattle into the country years ago. The cattle multiplied exceedingly, to the number, indeed, of several thousand, and can be seen at long range by the passer-by. They are very wild and gaunt at present, and will prance off among the rocks at a surprising rate before a man can get within two hundred yards of them. Ex-Governor Ryerson now owns these cattle, and his major-domo, Don Manuel Murillo, a fine gray-haired veteran, learning that I had known the Governor, gave me much friendly advice and sent his son to guide us well on the road to the Trinidad Valley and the sheep land. He also provided us with potatoes and fresh meat, so that we lived fatly thenceforth.

Our track lay past an abandoned saw-mill, built by the International Company. Thence we were to go to Agua Blanca, the last water to be had on the road; for the next thirty miles are dry. The saw-mill was built to supply timbers to the mining town of Alamo, some twenty-five miles south. This camp is now in an expiring state and needs no timbers, but is said to shelter some rough and violent men. The road from the mill was deep in sand, and our pace was slow. The darkness was coming cold and fast when we finally drove on to the water and halted to camp.

Two men were there before us with a saddle-horse each, and no other apparent equipment. When we arrived the men were watering their animals, and at once turned their backs, so as not to be recognized. Then they retired to the brush. We supped and staked out the mules, and then sent Oscar to look up our neighbors. Oscar went and shouted, but got no answer and could find no men. We thought that our mules were in some danger, and J. B., who is a yachtsman, proposed to keep anchor watch. So Oscar remained awake till midnight, when he awoke me and retired freezing, saying that he had seen the enemy prowling around. I took my gun and visited the mules in rotation, till 2:30. Then J. B. awoke chattering with cold, but determined, and kept faithful guard until five, when we began our day with a water-bucket frozen solid.

All our property remained safe, and a distant fire twinkling in the brush showed that our neighbors were still there. After breakfast Oscar again sought the hostile camp and finally found a scared and innocent Frenchman, who cried out:

"Holy Mary! I took you for American robbers from the line, and I have lain awake all nigh watching my horses."

From Agua Blanca we drove across the Santa Catarina ranch, for the most part plain and mesa covered with greasewood and buckbrush. This latter shrub looks much like sage, except that its leaves are of a yellow-green instead of a blue-green. It is said to furnish the chief nutrition for stock in several great ranches. Certainly there was no visible grass, but buckbrush can hardly be fattening. Toward night we crossed the pass into the Trinidad Valley and drove down a grade not steep only, but sidelong, where the wagons both went tobogganing down and slid rapidly toward the gulch. The mules held well, however, and before dark we were camped near the hot spring at the house of Alvarez.

Our friend Don Manuel Murillo had recommended us both to Alvarez and to his sister, Senora Paula, but both of these were absent. Don Manuel had also urged us to get the Indian Anastasio for a guide.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, "don't venture without a guide. You may perish from thirst, as others have done before you."

We tried at first to hire burros and let our mules rest, but the Indian who owned the burros stated that his terms were "one burro, one day, one dollar," an impudent attempt at robbery, which we resented.

We interviewed Anastasio, however, who said he would start at any moment, and after leaving Oscar to guard the wagon, we packed two mules, saddled two more for J. B. and myself, and giving Anastasio the tow-rope of a pack-mule, we started after him. Anastasio was the most interesting figure of the trip, and I must be pardoned if I go into some detail about him. He spoke some Spanish and understood a good deal When he did understand he never stated that fact, but either assumed a stony look or answered at cross-purposes, so that we did not get to know a great deal about each other for some time Aside from his Spanish, Anastasio was a fine representative of the best of the stone age, and as we journeyed on one got an excellent idea of the life of the savage here in early times. About three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the only water spot on the trail. Anastasio parted some withered reeds, and looking earnestly, said "dry." A little further up he repeated the word, and yet again, till, at his fourth attempt, he said, "very little," and we camped. By scraping away the mud and grass we got a little gravelly hole and dipped out the slowly seeping water, a cup at a time. We thus managed to give each of the mules a little in a pan and to get a canteen full for cooking.

Then I noticed Anastasio gathering wood, which I thought at first was for general use, but I found it was a private pile to be used, so to speak, for bedding. Anastasio did not take the ax to secure his wood, but smashed off mesquite branches with a rock or pulled out some old root. He quite despised pinon and juniper logs, saying they gave no heat, meaning, probably, that they burned out too soon.

We turned in soon after supper, and the night was cold. Anastasio said he feared snow. The reason for his fear was soon evident. My bed was about twenty feet from Anastasio's, and during the night I would turn and watch him. He carried but one small blanket of about the texture of a gunny-sack. He lighted a long smouldering fire, stripped himself naked, except a breech-clout, and with his back to the coals and his front protected by his gauzy blanket he slept until the cold roused him, when he put on more wood and slept again. I offered him four pairs of warm horse-blankets to sleep in, but that was not the thing. He said he needed to have the fire strike him in the small of the back, and he slept in that way always. So all night in my wakeful moments I saw the light reflected from his mahogany person. Evidently snow or cold rain would be disastrous to people who need a fire all night, for with no covering against the cold and with fires extinguished by storm, they might easily freeze to death.

We were packed and marching at 7:30 next morning, and to those who know the inwardness of packing in winter that statement means a good deal. It means, for instance, that J. B. got up, at my summons, long before dawn, and cooked a splendid breakfast, and that the mules were caught and grained and saddled, and the packs made and lashed, by the earliest sun.

J. B. was a wonder. He seemed to enjoy giving his fellow mortals the best breakfasts and suppers—for we never had any midday meals—that our supplies could furnish. Always rising at the first call, in the dark, sometimes with an accompaniment of snow or rain, he managed the commissariat to perfection.

I in my humble way packed and saddled and did other necessary work, and Anastasio regarded us with benevolent curiosity, though always ready to get wood or water or mules when we asked him to do so.

We were now approaching the true desert. This term is not restricted to the broad level sand wastes along the Gulf, but includes the arid and waterless mountains adjacent, and this must be borne in mind when the Mexicans tell you that sheep are to be found in the desert.

We passed the last of the brushy hills, and crossing a small divide came over slopes of volcanic cinders to a little water spot with dwarf willows and grass. This was our hunting camp. The country through which our route had lain heretofore was altogether granitic, though one could see hills apparently of stratified material in the distance. Toward the desert we met beds of conglomerate and tractiye and mountains covered with slide-rock ringing iflnty-like clinkers from some great volcanic furnace, but doubtless some accurate and industrious German has described all this in a work on the geology of the peninsula, and I will refer you to that valuable treatise for further facts.

The vegetation had somewhat changed. There were more cactus, particularly the fleshy kind called venaga, though I noticed with surprise the absence of the great fruit-bearing cactuses, the Saguarro and Pitaya, all along our route. The Spanish daggers were very numerous, as were also Mescal plants, both of these forming veritable thickets in places.

This makes the third variety of wilderness encountered in the peninsula. There are four: First and best, the pure barrens; second, the brushy hills and plains covered with sage, greasewood and buckweed; third, this spike-bearing volcanic region, and fourth, the appalling desolation of the acknowledged desert.

The moment we had unloaded and watered our animals, Anastasio and I set out to look for deer. Anastasio wore the spotted and tattered remnant of a frock-coat once green, given him by an Englisman, of whom I shall say more later. He had guarachis, or sandals, on his feet, bare legs, a breech-clout, and on his head a reddish bandanna handkerchief in the last stages of decay, and as he peered over some rock, glaring long and earnestly in search of game, he reminded one of those lean and wolfish Apaches that Remington draws in a way so dramatic and so full of grim significance.

Anastasio was fifty-one years old and had no upper incisors, but the way he flung his gaunt leathern shanks over those mountains of volcanic clinkers, armed with the poisoned bayonets of myriads of mescal, cactus and Spanish dagger, was astonishing.

I told him that I was not racing, and that he would scare the game. In fact he did start one little fellow, but he said he always saw the game first, and for this day I was quite powerless to hold him in; so I decided to return to camp before dark. This disgusted Anastasio greatly. "In this way we shall never kill," said he. "We are going to suffer from hunger." I assured him that we had plentiful supplies, but he had come for meat. Unbounded meat had been the chief incentive for his trip, and hungry he was determined to be.

The next day J. B. set out early with the red man. I arranged camp and two or three hours later took what I supposed was a different direction, but soon encountered the pair returning. J. B. had a painful knee, and Anastasio had started his racing tactics and kept them up until J. B. was quite lame.

The Indian reported that he had seen sheep. J. B. had used the glass without finding them, and then Anastasio captured it and looked through the wrong end, nodding and saying he could count five, very big. This, I am sorry to say, was false and affected on Anastasio's part, and J. B. was skeptical about the sheep altogether; but I knew how hard it was to find distant game when you don't know exactly how it should appear. To reach the supposed sheep the mountain must be climbed and the crest turned, for the wind permitted no other course. J. B. did not feel up to the task, and I directed him to camp. Anastasio and I climbed for about four hours, and reached a position whence his sheep would be visible. He stared long, and said he could make out one ewe lying down under a juniper. I tried the glass. He was right. His unaided sight seemed about equal in definition to my field-glass. On this occasion he declined to use the glass. We could get no nearer unseen, and though the distance was very great, I decided to risk a shot.

I fired in fact, two or three shots at the ewe, alarming her greatly, when from beneath a cliff which lay below us a band streamed out. Two big rams started off to the right. Anastasio and I ran down a bit, and I tried a long shot at the leading ram. The distance was great, and the run had pumped me a little. I missed. The second ram

was still larger. He stopped a moment at a hundred and fifty yards, and I dropped him. Anastasio grunted satisfaction. I swung to the left, where the rest of the band was journeying sighted at the shoulder of a young ram and fired. The ball passed through my intended victim, dropping him, and entered the eye of a yearling ram who stood behind, thus killing two rams at one shot—a most unusual accident.

The rest of the band were now quite distant, and though I fired several shots, at Anastasio's desire—he said he wanted a fat ewe—none took effect.

I cleaned the sheep and skinned out the big head. Anastasio took one small ram entire on his back, supporting it by a rope passed over the top of his head, and I with the big horns started down. It was one o'clock. The head might have weighed thirty-five pounds fresh. It grew to weigh fifteen hundred pounds before dark. Stumbling down through the slide rock with legs full of venomous prickers, I passed below camp without noticing it, and was well on the other side, when I thought I had gone about far enough, and shouted. J. B.'s voice answered across a small hill, and I found that he had never found camp at all, but had found a water spot, and wisely decided not to leave it without good reason.

I scouted a bit to the west, but found unfamiliar country, and as the sun had set we were seemingly about to stay by that water all night, when I turned around and saw a pale column of smoke rising above the crest of the ridge against the evening sky.

At once we marched around the ridge, and as we rose over the divide we saw the whole hillside flaming with signal fires. Our dear old Anastasio had become alarmed, and set fire to fifteen or twenty dead mescals in different places to guide us home. God bless a good Indian!

The next day I spent the morning in washing, resting and cutting spikes out of my legs. Anastasio packed in the second small ram, and ate ribs and slept. Then, in the afternoon, we got the rest of the big fellow down. Anastasio, to make his load lighter, smashed off the shanks with a stone, although he carried a knife in his belt—a striking trick of heredity.

And then we talked. "The Trinidad Valley is not my country," said Anastasio; "this is my country. Yonder, under that red rock on the mountain-side, about five miles away, there is a spring in the gulch on the edge of the desert. I was born there and lived there twenty years with my father's family. Here where your camp is"—about twenty feet square of slide rock level enough to stand on—"we sowed crops. We scraped a hole between the stones with our hands, put in squash seeds, watered them by carrying water from the spring in our hands, and raised several hills."

So he went on, not in so connected a way, but showing, bit by bit, his manner of life. His tribe, which he called the Kil-ee-ou, must have been very restricted in numbers at best. His territory was a few leagues of desert, or almost desert, mountains, every yard of which he knew by heart, while just over the ridge dwelt the Cocopahs, his mortal enemies. Sometimes a score of men armed with bows would start a tribal hunt for deer, though the sheep were beyond their means of attack. Sometimes they journeyed a few leagues to the Gulf to eat mussels. We could see the great blue sheet and the leagues of white salt incrusted on the hither side, and at one spot on the horizon the blue peak of some Sonora mountain rose out of the seeming ocean.

But a few deer and mussels and a half dozen hills of squashes could not fill the abyss of the Indian appetite. The stand-by was roasted mescal. These plants grow in great numbers, and at every season there are some just right for roasting. The Indians selected these and cooked them for two or three days in a hole in the ground by a process called tatema, similar in principle to a clam-bake. This roasting converts the starchy leaves and heart into a sugary mass, so that the resulting food is something like a sweet fibrous beet. The Indian's life really lay in gathering and roasting mescal. And when a storm prevented the necessary fires, the tribe passed days, often many days, without food.

So much for Anastasio's early life. A year ago, he told us, he went hunting with two Americans. One of them came from under the earth, where there were six months of night, and had passed two seas and been a month on the train. We supposed, from this, that Anastasio had served as guide to an Englishman whose home he described at the Antipodes. The six months of night were, perhaps, represented by the London fogs and if he passed a month on the train he must have come by the Southern Pacific. The Englishman had presented Anastasio with the very undesirable gaberdine I have before described. Anastasio said that the Englishman shot quail in the head every time with his rifle, but on meeting a band of eleven sheep he fired nine shots without hitting. Anastasio said he trembled, but I incline to think that the Indian had run him out of breath. Finally the Englishman secured two ewes and a lamb, after three weeks of hunting.

Look at my fortune! A single day on the mountain, and three rams to show for it; one with horns that are an abiding splendor—seventeen inches around the base and forty-two inches on the outer sweep."

I thought at first that the horns made more than one complete spiral, but on levelling them carefully I saw that the entire curve would not be complete without the points, which were smashed off. In this connection it is only fair to consider that I carried my lucky bear's head belt, and invariably sacrificed to the sun, as several ragged garments hung on spikes and branches may still testify.

The weather threatened storm. J. B.'s leg would not permit him to hunt. Anastasio was full of meat, eating roasted ribs night and day, besides his regular meals, and we decided to retreat.

I noticed that the sheep hides had little of the under wool that the northern sheep have in December, nor were the animals fat, though the flesh was sweet and tender, and the livers had their desired medicinal effect.

Anastasio said it was customary to hunt in summer, when the sheep were fat, and were compelled to resort to the water holes. Aside from the meanness of taking advantage of the animals' necessities, the summer is bad, both because the flesh is rank and spoils quickly, and the heat and insects are intolerable.

We packed in a gentle rain, and Anastasio made a great bundle of rejected meat for his own use. To get rope, he slightly roasted the leaves of the Spanish dagger, tore the hot spikes in shreds with his tough fingers, and knotted the fragments into a strong, pliable cord.

In two days we were again in the Trinidad Valley, and in two days more we had reached our old friend, Don Manuel Murillo, at El Rayo. Here we lay over a day to rest the animals, and Don Manuel again played the part of a good angel in letting us have some hay.

I tried a shot at a duck on a little pond. The shot was a costly success. The duck died, but I had to wade for his remains through many yards of frozen mud and dirty water. The duck, though lean, was tender. My last hunt was for deer at El Rayo, with a boy of Don Manuel's for guide. Toward noon I saw two deer and shot them. I do not at present know just how to class them. The tail is that of the ordinary mule-deer, or black tail of Colorado and Montana, but there is no white patch on the rump. I shall have to send a skin to the editor for identification.

Our journey home was accomplished in the worst weather. Snow, cold rain, gales of surprising violence, made life a struggle; but we jumped at every chance for progress, and finally crossed the line twenty-five days after we had left it, tired, ragged, dirty, but with our mules alive and our hearts contented.

Our experience of the peninsula indicated that there were few inhabitants of any kind, brute or human. We hardly saw a dozen rabbits on the trip. There were some quail, and many ducks, but the latter were visitors only. Deer were very scarce, and there were but a few half-wild cattle visible.

As for human beings, there was not an inhabited house on our road from Alvarez Place in the Trinidad Valley to El Rayo, a distance of fifty-five miles; nor from El Rayo to Juarez, twenty-five miles more. Indeed, except for the few hovels at Tecate, the houses for the rest of the way were hardly more numerous. And yet we had a strong impression that the country had nearly all the population it could support. Given a moderately dry year, and the part of Lower California which we visited can be thought fit only for bogus land companies and goose-egg mines, or, yes, it might be an ideal spot for a health resort or a penal colony.

And for intending visitors I will echo the words Don Manuel used to me: "For Heaven's sake, take a guide, or you may die of thirst!" as good men are doing every year. Also, if you go in winter, leave straw hats and cotton socks at home.

H. G. DULOG.

THE RANGELEYS IN WINTER.

BY MOLECHUNKAMUNK.

I have revisited the Rangeley lakes again in winter. Since the closed months have been established by the laws of Maine, prohibiting trout fishing from October 1 to May 1 (and a very good and essential law it is), there are but few, if any, sportsmen that visit the Rangeleys after the game shooting season, which ends Dec. 1.

It is difficult to get at the principal lakes, excepting Rangeley Lake proper, which adjoins the small town of Rangeley, and there are no settlements nor towns adjoining the big lake or the smaller lakes or the Richardsons, excepting the town of Andover which is twelve miles from the head of the lower Richardson, and which is connected by a road so little used in the winter that I usually have to get it broken out for my party, and have sometimes had to go to the expense of $40 or $50 to do so.

In one instance, a number of years ago, five feet of snow fell while I was at the lake, and drifted so badly that I had to snow-shoe my way out with a companion over the mountains, 22 miles, (we being up the lake twelve miles), which required our almost consecutive exertions for seventeen hours, leaving at 6 A. M. and arriving out at Andover at 11 P. M. In one instance we were two days in getting over the road from Andover, twelve miles to the arm of the lake, although we had two stout teams, but had to shovel and tramp through heavy drifts of snow, and were compelled to camp over night on the road. Several other times I have been compelled to camp at the arm of the lake by having the ice break up after it had frozen, and in one instance I had to wait a week at the arm for the ice to form sufficiently strong to get over. In fact I have had quite a number of adventures in getting up to camp on the Upper Richardson Lake, over the ice in the winter, and especially since the comparatively late law on deer shooting, which ends the season on Dec. 31.

To get the late December shooting about the lakes is difficult, as one must get up the lakes by boats, or on the ice.

From the middle of November the ice generally makes about the shores, making it difficult to get boats in or out, and very seldom does the ice hold after its first freezing over, although it may get an inch or two thick, and sometimes it breaks up when it is three inches thick from the sea made by a high wind on open places. The open places will grow larger, and sometimes break up the entire lake, at other times it will open in three or four or more parts, while the parts left closed will accumulate ice to the thickness of seven or eight inches, and at such times one must haul a boat over the frozen portions and row through the open ones.

The lake generally freezes up from the 10th to the 15th of December, wholly, or sufficiently so as to pass teams over. Parts of the lake in vicinity of springs or currents will continue weak at all times in the winter, and it is not very uncommon to break in with horses, though they are generaly hauled out safely, owing to the firm ice which adjoins the soft parts. The weak parts are pretty well known however, and avoided.

While the cold in the winter as indicated by the thermometer, would seem extreme, it is not particulary severe to those who come well prepared, and have a comfortable camp, for the dryness of the atmosphere militates against the effect of the cold in a most favorable manner. That chilliness and bone penetrating cold which one experiences, even in moderate weather on our eastern or western seaboard, is little felt at the lakes in winter, and familiar as I am with many climes, I will say that I have suffered more from cold, which my memory vividly reminds me of, south of Washington and amid the orange ripening localities of California, than I have in all my experiences in winter at the Rangeley lakes.

Yet during my last excursion here in the winter of 1890 and 1891, the self-registering thermometer in front of camp, indicated for thirteen consecutive mornings an average of 8 degrees below zero, the coldest, lowest marking being 26 degrees below, and the warmest morning being 12 above. That was an extremely cold spell, as noted by the usually reliable oldest resident in the country, who had no remembrance of so cold a period in forty years.

But the cold of this winter has not been far behind it; yet no day at the lake has been too cold for the children of our party to be out snow-shoeing, skating, and tobogganing.

Our trip was not made for shooting or fishing, as we arrived on the last day of the open shooting, Dec. 31, and we are strict observers of the game laws. We came to enjoy the cold bracing weather, to enjoy the sports of winter, and to view the beautiful ice bound lakes and the forest and mountains clad in their white vestments; to witness the dark and purple hues of the fringing woods, and of the distant ravines; to observe the countless minor features incidental to the season at the lakes, of which a recounting would be tiresome perhaps to our readers, but of constant note and attention to all lovers of the woods and waters.

We have a fine toboggan slide in daily use, and have created several skating courses on the lake by aid of horses and scrapers. We have snow shoe tramps through the forests and over the lake, and take occasional lunches by great fires on the lake shores, where some gigantic cedar or pine has sprawled out its dry roots for an inviting match.

At some risk of being tiresome, but to show how little the cold has interfered with our enjoyments, I will give some reference to the mercurial indications in front of our abode, distant as it is, twenty miles from a post office and forty miles from the railroad station of Rumford Mills.

Our party of nine, four being children, and two ladies, exclusive of guides and assistants, came in safely from Andover, Maine, on Dec. 31. We were held up two days at that town by the general blizzard, which coming from the west gave the New England coast a cold blocking storm. The weather during the two days at Andover was simply howling, the mercury holding obstinately below zero, and the air most of the time filled with cyclonic whirls of snow. But we were comfortable at French's Hotel. On the morning of the 31 it was still and clear, with the thermometer 18 degrees below zero, and it held below zero all day, closing at sundown 10 below, and opening the following morning at camp 22 below.

The trip of twenty-two miles through the woods, and nine miles up the Richardson lakes was entirely comfortable and free from touches of King Frost. It was slow going, however, from the necessity of breaking out the road and testing the ice, consuming four hours, including the stop of an hour and a half midway for lunch, and warming up at the foot of the lake.

During our stay of two weeks, now terminating, we have had but few mornings when the lowest markings of the thermometer was above zero. On Jan. 5, three of our party left to meet friends at Montreal. The marking of the thermometer was 14 degrees below zero at time of leaving, ten o'clock, for Andover, and closing at night 8 degrees below, but the trip was made without any discomfiture whatever. The night of January 4 was the coldest of any, there being a perfect gale of wind from the northwest all through the night, with the thermometer 18 degrees below zero, but the morning opened still and clear, and comfortable enough.

A gale of wind with the thermometer nearly 20 degrees below zero, constitutes unmistakably a blizzard, which would be fatal to human life unless somewhat protected from its fury. In our case, although the camp was openly exposed upon the lake shore to the full blast, we experienced no inconvenience. With double windows, and large fireplaces in every room, filled to repletion with consuming birch and maple, we were hardly conscious of the extreme cold outside, and passed the evening in witnessing the theatrical entertainment given by the children. To be sure, the cold gale was searching, and despite the fires continued through the night, it found out the water pitchers in remote corners, and glazed them over with its imprint.

The night was a comfortable one, for a slight freezing in one part of a room with a glowing fire in another, cannot be otherwise than comfortable in a dry air, to a well clad and a well nourished mortal. Still the contrast was striking, between the blizzard of the night, and the still air of 18 degrees below in the morning. It seemed hardly necessary to wrap up for snow-shoeing.

I would account a still clear cold of 60 or 70 degrees below zero, to be far more comfortable than a gale of wind having a velocity of twenty miles an hour with the mercury at 15 or 20 degrees below zero. The first could be endured very comfortably in an ordinarily well protected apartment before a glowing fire, but the latter has a searching power, which insinuates itself through the slightest crevices of the doors, windows, and floors, and of penetrating, when one is exposed to it, all the clothing one can put on. A moderate head wind at zero is far more biting than still cold at 30 degrees below. In fact no one but an Esquimau or the exceptional man, can endure the facing of a gale at 20 degrees below zero, with any part of his face exposed, for more than a few minutes, for the white frosting will form on the skin almost immediately, and with double veiling, the eye lids will soon glue together, and a glazing of ice will form over the mouth and nostrils. The face would freeze so quickly that one would hardly be aware of it, as it would be comparatively painless.

I was snow-shoeing in the afternoon before the blizzard. The morning had opened 22 degrees below, but not seemingly very cold, and during the forenoon the mercury crept up within a few degrees of zero, but began to drop steadily after ten o'clock. I had crossed the lake with one of my boys, to enjoy our lunch by a fire built upon the opposite shore, perhaps two miles from camp. I observed that the sun had a peculiar cold aspect and that the air was filled with countless particles of snow, which although as minute as diamond dust flashed and scintillated in the sunlight, a sure indication of intense frost. The tiny flashing crystals came from the moisture in the air, for the sky was cloudless, although tinted with an ominous hue which indicated some change from the quiet of the previous few days. I deemed it prudent to retrace our steps to camp, for the winter's short day was drawing to a close. When half way across the lake we observed from the upper end, approaching eddies of whirling snow,

and before we reached the camp they were about us, and the sun had disappeared and the whole sky had become obscured from our sight by the driving flurries. The blizzard which lasted through the entire night had commenced. The wind fortunately was at our backs, and with well hooded faces we experienced no inconvenience.

It was four o'clock, about sundown, when we reached camp. The thermometer indicated 10 degrees below zero. Before six o'clock, the mercury fell to 18 degrees below, where it remained all night, accompanied by howling bursts of wind which seemed bent on forcing in windows and doors. But the fury of the gale was lost upon us, and the morning opened quiet and serene, and seemed moderate in its still coolness of 18 degrees below.

A few days after this blizzard we learned that an unfortunate visitor at the big lake two miles above us (the Mooseluckmaguntic) had been caught out in it and very nearly lost his life. Alone and on foot he attempted the passage of eight miles from Haines landing to the Upper Dam, and when overtaken by the whirling clouds of snow which hid the shores, lost his bearings.

He could not face the gale and drifted with it until he reached the shore, a long way from his course Here, after passing into the forest a bit, and getting some shelter, he succeeded in building a fire which saved his life. His ears, hands and feet were half frozen. In the morning he found he was near the closed camps of Capt. Barker at Bemis Stream, four miles out of his course. He was unable to proceed further, still being eight miles from the Upper Dam. He broke open one of the camps, when he found plenty of firewood, but nothing to eat, and remained two days without food. He then made his way to the Upper Dam, arriving in a most wretched condition.

FLORIDA FUN.

It was on the 8th of January that four congenial souls started south from Richmond, Ind., bent on camping, shooting, fishing and a general good time in the south, the first stop to be at De Tuniak Springs, Fla. The party consisted of Gus, an old deer slayer, who looks on a shot gun with contempt; M. T., another deer hunter, and also a quail shooter from way back; while Billy and H., the other two of the party, were quail shooters, but not well up in deer shooting. Last, but by no means least in importance, was old Joe, whom the readers of "our paper" have frequently followed through its pages after quail and ruffed grouse.

The journey was without special incident. It was just forty-three hours of plain, every day riding on the cars. The ground was hard frozen when the party started, it snowed all the way across Tennessee, sleeted and rained all the way across Alabama, and at Pensacola the house roofs were sprinkled with snow. From Pensacola to De Tuniak Springs, eighty-five miles, it was all piney woods, probably called piney because the trees do not grow thick enough to be called pine woods. The ground is sand and the lay of the land varies from level to quite rolling. In the bottom of the narrow valley between hills is always a narrow strip of dense thicket, the leaves as bright green as in summer. In the uplands the ground is everywhere covered with grass a foot high. For a description of the transcendent beauties of De Tuniak Springs, the reader is referred to the numerous real estate and railroad descriptions, that describe them much fuller and in a far better light than this poor pen can do it. The writer has some remnants of a conscience and still has some respect for the truth, and the fellows who wrote the descriptions referred to are not handicapped by any such trifles.

Billy and M. T. had been down here last winter, and arranged for the camping, and supposed that their party would find their man ready to start their outfit into the woods in an hour after it was taken from the cars, but H. told them it would be to-morrow instead of to-day, for no native of Florida was ever known to do a thing before to-morrow. Sure enough, when they arrived they found their man instead of meeting them at the depot was out of town, but would be ready to go to-morrow.

After dinner the party took a stroll for quail, and found a covey which dropped into and along the edges of one of the "bays," as the dense thickets are called by the natives. H. and Joe went into the thicket to rouse the birds. Billy took the farther side, and M. T. stood at one end. Billy walked up three, soon as he got through the brush, tried to make a double and got one. At the same instant H. walked up two, and got one, while the other flew out to M. T., who downed it. During all this fusilade Joe was solid on another one which H. put up and killed. Gus, who carried no gun, was a much interested spectator, and his contempt for bird shooters was pretty well evaporated. M. T. marked two birds that got up wild, while the dog was getting the dead ones. Joe pointed one of these, and H. flushed and killed another while going to him. He then called to Billy to come over and have a shot at the bird which Joe was still pointing. The bird came out on the wrong side of a bush and Billy missed, then H. took a shot, making a clean miss. Billy said there were two more birds a hundred yards down the thicket, and he and H. went after them, M. T. going down the other side. Joe went into the bushes and got lost from the men, but at last M. T. found him, pointing the bird Billy and H. had missed. M. T. missed it with both barrels. Joe then came across to H. and Billy, and found one of the birds, which was killed by H. The other bird was not found. After two hours more hunting without a find, the party voted that the birds were scarce and went back to town.

The liveryman showed up after supper and declared he would start at 8 o'clock the next morning. H. told the boys they would eat dinner at the hotel and start about 2 o'clock, but to his surprise the procession started at 11.10 a. m. By sundown they had gone twenty miles, the sandy roads forbidding faster travel than a walk. At the top of a beautiful slope, covered with grass and pine trees, they made camp. A pole twenty feet long was put up between two trees, the pole being held about nine feet high by two forked poles leaned against the two trees. Against this pole other poles twelve feet long were leaned, and the big tent was doubled and spread over them. In front they built a rousing fire of "fat pine logs" and pine knots, which sent up a cheery blaze and thoroughly warmed the camp shelter. At a smaller fire they made coffee, and fried bacon. After supper they lay on the bedding under the tent, enjoying the genial warmth, cigars, good digestion, funny stories and the anticipation of shooting fat bucks and fatted turkeys. But by 9 o'clock drowsiness prevailed, and one by one they drew the covers and fell asleep.

At early dawn next morning everybody was astir, and by 7 o'clock they were started. Towards noon two hounds belonging to the liveryman took a deer trail, and were soon a mile away from the road, and presently out of hearing. An hour later they were heard again, and it was evident that they were coming up a bay (a small creek bordered by dense thickets), that headed 250 yards to the left of the road. From the road to the bay head was a gentle slope, covered with grass and shaded by stately pines. It was a park, in perfect order, with no underbrush nor any rubbish of fallen trees or branches. The thicket at the foot of the slope was 100 yards wide, the bushes 30 feet high and so thickly covered with leaves that its edges appeared a solid wall of green. No prettier sylvan scene has ever been spread before the eye, and no pen picture can give an idea of its beauties. Opposite the bay head the teams were stopped, and all the hunters except H. sprang out and ran to where the hounds should drive the deer. All of them ran ahead of the teams except M. T., who went straight toward the bay head. The hounds were now quite near, and a moment later the deer came out, almost opposite M. T., and seeing him and the teams circled to the left, going a mile a minute. Then M. T. began to work his Winchester. Bang! Bang! Bang! till seven shots had been fired, and M. T. stood in a cloud of smoke, and the deer ran on, crossing the road 110 yards behind the teams, and H. had the rare good fortune to see it all as he sat in the carriage. He will never witness such a scene again, and would not have seen much of this one, had he been trying to kill the deer. While this exciting episode was going on there was a tragedy enacted in the edge of the thicket, for there the hounds were killing a broken legged fawn they had pulled down. After the hounds had killed the fawn they took up the trail of the deer and were followed on a run by M. T., and one of the teamsters. From the noise of the hounds it appeared that the deer was running nearly parrallel with the road, so the rest of the party decided to drive on a couple of miles and then wait for the men. The noise of the hounds grew fainter, till at last they were out of hearing, and in an hour one of them came up with the teams.

Then H. took the hound and Joe and started on a little hunt of his own, and as usually happens to the man who don't care anything about it, he got a deer, less than half a mile from the wagon. The hound chased three out of a thicket and H.'s second shot broke one's back. A yell brought the teamster, who carried the deer to the wagon. (It must be remembered that a Florida deer is a very small animal compared with the northern one.) H. went on after more meat, and in an hour flushed a turkey from almost under his feet. He killed that turkey easily, and it got mighty heavy by the time he carried it two miles to the wagon.

After the party all got together and ate dinner they held a council of war and decided to make their permanent camp. The site was selected in one of the exquisitely beautiful pine parks, on the brow of a hill at whose foot there ran and murmured a brook of pure, cold water. All hands worked with a will, and before sundown the 16x24 wall tent stood among the trees, the baggage inside, the beds made, the stove red hot and the cook getting supper ready, while the rest of the party put up a dining table, wash stand, gun rack and various other little things necessary to the general comfort. Billy had named this first night's stopping place Camp Necessity, and now named this one Camp H., because H. had brought the first meat to it. That night the party suffered some from cold. Some of the blizzard at that time sweeping the North was still following them. The stove was amply sufficient to keep the tent warm, but the pine knots used for fuel would soon burn out, and then the boys would wake up shivering. Next night they got some oak logs, and they burned all night. In two days the weather became delightfully warm and remained so all the week. The subsequent doings of the party will be given in a future chapter.

O. H. HAMPTON.

THE CALLING OF A MOOSE.

Woodcraft in its many varieties is a study—in its entirety a wonderful profession. It cannot be taught except in its minor details, as was clearly and delightfully done by Nessmuk in his little volume bearing on the subject. One can go into the woods year after year, and having competent guides, can by watching and talking with them learn much of the art. Especially if one is fortunate enough to secure for his service an old woodsman and hunter, one who has lived in the woods from childhood up, is this true. Passing as he has his whole lifetime in a lonely struggle to exist, through hunting, oftentimes without shelter or food, he has been forced to exercise all his ingenuity to keep from perishing. Dire necessity is truly the mother of invention. The old hunter has discovered methods and means of securing the game, that none other would ever even imagine. Practice makes him perfect. He knows the habits and characteristics of all the game that he hunts, differing with the seasons of the year. Full well too he knows how to outwit their wisdom, calm their wildness, and above all secure them.

Many volumes of intense interest to any and all sportsmen could be written upon the subject of woodcraft. It is a subject without beginning or end, and could never be described even approaching entirety. The ingenuity displayed is wonderful. It sometimes produces something from nothing. Given an ax, nature furnishing all the rest in the forest, the old woodsman will produce anything. In desiring to secure game, if obstacles prevent pursuit, he will bring his game to him. If ammunition is exhausted yet will he secure game of all kinds through his ingenious traps. In a word the old woodsman can do and produce all things that life in the wilderness necessitates.

I have never seen anything written descriptive of the possibility, or better still, of the actual act of calling a moose a long distance, to the very point where the hunter awaits him. It was my good fortune to see this actually done, and as it was of intense interest to me I can well imagine what it will be to others.

In going into the Triton Tract in Canada early in September last, I was particularly fortunate to secure as one of my guides, an old hunter and woodsman, Canadian French, a man over fifty years of age. I quickly discerned that he well understood all of the elements of woodcraft. Almost every night I sat with him at our cheerful camp-fire, and listened to his experiences, anxious to learn. All that he related was of absorbing interest, so much so that our talks often lasted into the night.

He had commenced life in the woods at the early age of ten years, and had continued constantly at it winter and summer since. Without boast he could tell how dire necessity or unexpected circumstances had been his teacher to invent and learn. The large number of moose, caribou and bear that he had secured, indicated how well his lessons had been taught and learned. He had rarely if ever used a gun, but had been successful through the medium of his traps and his wonderful facility for drawing his game to them. He modestly asserted that he could imitate the cry or call of almost any of the birds or animals in that country, and in this his brother guides warmly substantiated him. More frequently he spoke of calling the moose and of his success in doing so. "Perhaps," he would say in his French patois, "we will hear one then, if you want him I will call."

I often asked him to imitate the call then and there, but he would always say, "wait until we hear one, then you will see."

It always hasbeen my ambition to shoot a moose, and unfortunately it is all ambition still. This was not through any fault of Lavoe, nor mine, only unfortunately circumstances. He fully proved his adeptness, and had not in any measure overrated his ability. He did the calling, I was ready to do the shooting, but—I am digressing.

Naturally I was all eagerness to see the feat of moose calling performed, and during all of our canoe expeditions for fish or game, I believe that I did much listening for them to the detriment of my other sport. Two weeks passed and I was unrewarded. Three caribou, a cub bear, small game, and trout unnumbered had kept four tables well supplied. Yet no moose in the flesh nor the voice of one was heard. At last the day came to break up our camp on magnificent Lake Batiscan. A cold heavy rain was falling, and an extremely strong wind blowing. We had been paddling up the Moose river for some two hours, when suddenly Lavoe who, had the bow paddle, ceased his labor and listened intently. Naturally I was all ears, but for the moment they failed me. Quickly turning to me he said, "a large moose, did you hear him call?"

"No," I replied, I heard nothing. "How far away is he?"

"Wait, I will see."

After a few moments I heard an indistinct cry, seemingly at a great distance. "I heard that," I said, "how far away is it?"

"About two miles." Suddenly in his best English, which was confined to a few words, he said, "you like?"

All excitement in a moment, I answered in my best English, "You can bet your boots I do."

He seemed to understand, or at least take it for granted that I did want it, and he immediately pushed the canoe to the opposite bank. After we had stepped ashore he seemed to examine the direcion of the wind carefully, and finally stated that it was "very bad." The Moose river takes its course through high mountains and hills and the wind being strong seemed to ricochet from all sides. For success in our attempt the wind must blow towards, not from us. After some study we concluded that our present position was the better one. The canoes were drawn from the water and hidden in the bushes and we also concealed ourselves. Lavoe alone remained standing. Forming a tube of each hand and placing one against the other, to make it as long as possible, he raised his hands to his mouth. Taking a full inspiration, he commenced in a low tone a prolonged cry sounding like ou-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u-u. This he gradually increased in volume to the full power of his lungs, then again making it gradually die away. Finally ending in two sharp calls, ough!" ough!" This call lasted nearly a minute in its entirety. Eagerly we listened, and after an interval of two or three minutes Lavoe repeated his call louder and longer, and after an interval the answer came nearer and clearer. Following this Lavoe made his calls less often, and almost every call brought a response, each time nearer.

There was no question of his success, and the two questions arose, would the moose continue to come until he reached the river opposite? Would the wind favor us? Lavoe advised us that a moosecould not be content with another in his immediate neighborhood during the rutting season or thereabouts, and was always ready and willing to measure his strength with the intruder. Hence the reason he could be easily called, if the cry was correctly imitated.

The calls and answers were continued at long intervals; and with rifle poised and all excitement I awaited the appearance of the moose opposite. Nearer and nearer the answers sounded. Lavoe concealed himself, and it seemed but a few moments more, and our game would appear in view. Suddenly we heard the breaking of sticks and branches, certainly not one hundred feet back from the water. I almost felt that I already had the magnificent head in my possession, when all at once the breaking of branches ceased, and for a moment all was still. Lavoe again made his call, and for a few moments there was no answer. Suddenly we heard a startled ough! ough! but a very short distance from the river, immediately followed by a terrific breaking of trees and branches, as though a large body was rushing through the woods at headlong speed. For a moment no one spoke, disappointment was seen on every face. Everyone knew instinctively that the moose had winded us. This was where the element of ill-luck came in.

Lavoe finally broke the silence saying, "It is too bad, it was a very, very big moose. The wind was bad. Next time better luck. You see a hunter can call a moose. It is easy for him, but hard for you."

We again embarked filled with disappointment and an-

ticipating within a half an hour a new two and a half mile portage in a heavy rain. The disappointment was forgotten, and the portage was made in due time. How often I have thought, though, that I could have made a portage many times two and a half miles long, could I have been loaded down with that moose head, as my share of the baggage.

I have heard almost all animal calls imitated under various circumstances, by many guides during many trips made into the wilderness. The case that I have just related excels by far any that I have ever seen or heard. I can only add that I believe it to be the perfection of woodcraft.

EUGENE MCCARTHY.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

A Successful Trip.

For the past three winters the writer, always lucky, had the good fortune to make one of the famous Sam Allen fishing and hunting parties on Galveston Bay.

Col. Sam Allen needs no introduction to the readers of Forest and Stream, neither do his two sons, Balders and Percy. But then one never tires of talking and writing about good people, and as far as Houston is concerned, the jeunesse doree of the past decade did its best in producing such a man as Sam Allen.

We left San Antonio on the 14th of January, chaperoning Mr. Ernest Steves, who has earned a Lone Star fame a selling long 3x4 planks and telling 50x75 shooting stories. He is blessed with a face that is always resplendent with Southwest Texas bonhommie, with an appetite that is always necessary to support a large and muscular frame. I'll say nothing about the thirst, but the blue marks on various portions of my anatomy at the gentleman' good-natured habit of planting his fist forcibly upon you when he is in real good humor. The good humor never running short, the good-natured pounding is always on tap.

At Houston we were met at the depot by Mrs. Balders Allen who escorted us to the steam yacht Portland and barge under the efficient charge of Captain Thomas and pilot Pendleton. Of course, the cook and porter need no introduction so we will waive that ceremony.

In ten minutes more we were dodging barges and things on the narrow bosom of Buffalo bayou, but a few miles brought us skimming along the surface of a beautiful stream, profusely fringed on both banks with a heavy growth of semi-tropical plants and flowers above which towered giant pines and cypress trees. The ride was delightful, the colonel at his best and a halo of jovial spiritualism surrounded the expedition.

I had a good view of the famous and historic spot where the handful of American patriots bled and died in defense of their homes, fighting against the invading Mexican hordes commanded by the butcher Santa Anna.

At the battle San Jacinto 1300 Americans were pitted against nearly 4000 Mexicans. "Our boys," remarked Colonel Allen, "killed them as fast as they could load and shoot or smash their heads in with gun barrels. I tell you they didn't mind taking a pot shot in that fight. They killed until it ceased to be sport, and undoubtedly fearing that the game would spoil on their hands, they captured Santa Anna and the rest of them, tied them up in bunches and took them to Houston. As we passed the place, felt as though we were on sacred ground, and maybe surrounded by the spirits if they who so nobly made the greatest sacrifice that one can make—died for their flag: who knows? But my emotions were quickly dispelled as we passed a sign that has been erected not more than two hundreed yards from the monument erected to the memory of the brave dead. It reads thus:

"San Jacinto Battle Ground Tract, 20,000 acres at $20 per acre."

The Mulberry Sellers of the age has been there and left his sign.

After a most interesting ride down the bay, or across the bay, we reached the mouth of Trinity River. The ducks there had been "burnt out" by an army of market hunters, who shot by day and by night, until the water fowl sought new feeding and roosting grounds.

Col. Allen is much more of a disciple of the rod than a votary of the gun, and being thoroughly posted on salt water fishing, he was soon spotting around for shell banks. There being no shooting, and having had no fishing for a long time, I concluded to join the Colonel while the rest of the party went gunning.

We soon found the shell bank, and right here I experienced something I never had before. The voracity of the red fish and trout cannot be described on paper. There were three rods in the boat, and frequently these rods were almost bent double under the weight of a heavy fish. We caught none weighing less than two pounds; from that to ten pounds. It is the best fishing from every standpoint that I have had in twenty-five years. It is a dream.

It is still there, and should any of my Northern brethren hunt me up with fine sport in view, I'll send him where he'll like the place and do well.

A Market-Hunter's Preserve.

Now, Mr. Banker-Market-Hunter Moody of Galveston, Chambers County, of rice farm and canvas-back duck preserve fame, comes forth and soars into the empyrean blue with the grandiloquent statement that he saved the only canvas-back lake on the Texas coast from the rapacious clutches of the market hunters. That he is "preserving" the place against the murderous ravages of the indiscriminate market hunter, and that he defies the lake and surroundings by the sacred halo that surrounds ex-Governor Hogg and staff, when he invites them to go duck shooting.

I also understand that several gentlemen, one of whom is well known in shooting circles of Austin, have stated that Mr. Moody has done a great thing for the sportsmen in the State by appropriating Lake Surprise. The Austin gentleman referred to says that several years ago, while hunting the high-toned canvas-backs that sport on the broad bosom of the lake, he was shot at by one of the "gang" of market hunters that infested the place. That he is glad that Colonel Moody has driven them out and given the "sportsmen" of the State a "go" at the birds.

What a Lot of Rot.

The facts are, that while Moody has discharged one of the market hunters, and another has left him, he has replaced them with others more expert in duck killing, and that he is still a beneficiary of the practice of slaughtering ducks for the Northern markets. The "gang" that "infested" the lake heretofore are the Stevensons, and I was told last week by a good man who lived on the lake for years, that it was "Bud" Stevenson who shot the Austin gentleman in the mouth with a load of BB's. The Stevensons are now, and have been since the securing of the questionable patent by Moody, in command of the canvas-back slaughterers. They direct the movements of the murderous "gang," place Governor Hogg and his lickspittles on the duck stand, and often do the shooting for them.

In the meantime, Moody still receives his pound of flesh in the shape of one-fourth of the proceeds of this delectable game. He is not very particular as to his reputation as a sportsman—such men never are. But then he is very rich, and he proposes to fight with his money any attempt to dispossess him from the lake. A great many people worhip at the money shrine, but "Texas Field" does not and never will.

How about that party of gentlemen who asked Mr. Moody's permission to hunt on the lake for a brief week a year ago? If Mr. Moody was anxious to grant sportsmen the entree to the "preserve," why did he refuse them on the ground that he would not interfere with the "poor people on the lake who made a living there? He did not then say that the "poor people" he spoke of were the cordon of market hunters whom he had placed on the lake and from whom he exacted one-fourth of what they killed.

Nice way of "protecting" the game! Make an alliance with a lot of pot hunters, and not only exclude reputable gentlemen, but publish falsehoods about them in the Galveston News.

There is another thing yet to be touched upon: In order to secure the papers vesting the title in Mr. Moody, it was necessary to prove beyond a doubt that the lake was not a permanent body of water, and accordingly the Galveston contingent soon scraped up about fifteen affidavits to the effect that they knew the lake to go dry.

In a little over six months I have secured affidavits from not less than twenty people, some of whom have lived within a mile of Lake Surprise, to the effect that the lake never has gone dry; that it is a permanent body of water, and that it cannot be drained.

These affidavits will be presented at the proper time to the Galveston grand jury, and the gentlemen who have been so anxious to swear to something they knew nothing about will be called upon to explain before that tribunal.

The Sick Sportsman.

The hospital department reports progress. Mr. A. W. Adams, of Chicago, who has been visiting San Antonio this winter, is much improved in health. Mr. Laning has gone to the coast with A. B. Critzer, in search of web foots.

Quail.

Very plentiful and good sport may be had fifteen miles from San Antonio. Messrs. Rothwell and Phillips returned from their weekly hunt last Sunday evening with seventy-three quail and a lot of doves. I saw several other parties and all seeme,d to have had a good time and nice sport.

After Dr. Carver.

In a letter to me, Mr. E. Brown, of Burton, Texas, says he would like to have Dr. Carver come down to Texas and swipe the ozone with him. He only wants the doctor to call off five misses in a hundred birds, and wants the event to come off at the State shoot, in May next.

TEXAS FIELD.

ROUND ABOUT NEW ORLEANS.

Game Resources.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 18.—It is extremely difficult to write of the game and fish resources of Louisiana without raising in the mind of the reader a suspicion of gratuitous exaggeration. The stories of the bags which have been made and are made of the swarms of game and fish at different seasons and places, in their relation sound more like apocryphal flights of Munchausen than they do of the statements of plain truth.

But the infrequent accounts of the abundance of game of Louisiana, published as a fragment of an outing story, are wholly inadequate to give any clear conception of Louisiana's game supply. The fifty or sixty birds shot in a day by the shooter, while large within the scope of a personal experience, are a mere nothing as compared to the great whole.

Nevertheless, I believe that the game supply of Louisiana is diminishing. So far as the migratory birds are concerned, ducks, geese, snipe, woodcock, plover, etc., any diminution of their numbers in the North would be correspondingly but not so perceptibly felt here—not so perceptibly, because the ducks of the vast regions of the North, all congregating en masse in the vicinity of the Southern coast in winter, would then appear to be plentiful, even when the grand total had seriovsly diminished. That the incessant slaughter of ducs from early fall till late spring, commencing at the extreme North and continuing through the length and breadth of their Southern flight, and, most destructive of all, through the winter months, when they have settled in steady habits of habitat and feeding grounds, then in the spring the same merciless destruction awaiting them on their return Northward migration, will eventually exterminate them, I firmly believe. Shooters and improved methods are constantly increasing. The duck region is progressively more thoroughly covered by the shooters. There is hardly a slough, stream or lake from far North in British America to the Southern limit but what has its quota of shooters. The destruction in each place continues from the time that the ducks appear till the moment that they leave for elsewhere. But going elsewhere is but to run into the same vigilant destruction which awaits them everywhere. It is difficult for a duck to find a place whereon to safely lay his wearied head.

Were the destruction carried on by the sportsmen of the land, there is no doubt but what the natural increase would more than keep pace with the destruction caused by them. But the demands of the market are far greater than the demands of sport. Few people can shoot ducks, yet all can eat them. There are not ducks enough in existence to supply the constant demands of the market. The population is constantly increasing, while the ducks are decreasing.

Granting that the same efforts will be made to supply the demands of the market in the future as in the past, the fate of the duck is easily forecast. In the North I have heard the remark made that the ducks had abandoned some of their old routes and feeding grounds once favored by them in their Southern flights. The true explanation, I believe, is that there are not sufficient numbers of ducks to make the showing in their flights as in the years gone by. It is not reasonable to assume that there are just as many ducks after killing them as before killing them.

Game Preserves.

I believe that the game preserve is the solution of the problem so far as preservation relates to the birds which are not migratory. As to the migratory birds, the game preserve will prolong their existence indefinitely, perhaps permanently, for it will shut off territory from the multitude of shooters and reserve it for the use of the few. If the territory so preserved is large enough, it is plain that, with the restrictions which would be imposed by personal ownership, the perpetual preservation of the migratory bird would be assured.

Even in this section of favored abundance, the game preserve is coming into favor. The need of game laws, properly enforced, is also beginning to be duly appreciated. Still, a vast negligence or indifference prevails amongst the masses.

On West Pearl River there are about thirty fishing camps owned by amateurs. On the Queen and Crescent Road, situated on the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain, there are a number of camps, and there are also a large number of camps on the Morgan Railroad, the local name for this branch of the Southern Pacific. These so-called camps often are houses comfortably furnished. Several sportsmen club together, form a kind of joint stock affair, raise the necessary funds and build and furnish the house. They, of course, select a place in a favorable game section. There they spend a pleasant day, week or month, alone or with their families or friends, a most delightful way of taking an outing. As the fishing and shooting seasons are much longer here than in the North, a great deal of return can be gotten for the investment in a permanent camp.

The points mentioned, however, are still accessible to strangers, and live minnows and shrimp can be obtained for bait for black bass, known here locally as green trout. So far as fishing and shooting is concerned, any stranger who comes here properly accredited can have both to his heart's content.

No more generous sportsmen exist than those of the South. There are no latch-strings on their shooting or on their doors, so far as it refers to their hospitality. In giving this imperfect description of the evolution of sport and of the sport itself, I desire to pay this passing tribute to a class of sportsmen whose nobility withstands the mutations of time and progress.

Game Preserves for a Song.

The game preserve, in this section of abundance, is much in the nature of a gift to him who will take the trouble to reach forth his hand to accept it.

In a conversation with Mr. E. T. Manning, who is a perfect encyclopedia of sporting information, he gave me much valuable information. Said he: "The amateurs have just begun to appreciate the value of the great advantages of New Orleans as a starting point from which they and their friends can reach favored shooting and fishing grounds. In fact, the various clubs have begun to buy up the desired property from the State. That property, being overflowed land, has been transferred by the United States to the State authorities. Those lands can be bought for twelve and a half cents per acre from the State. The taxes are merely nominal, being 70 cents on every $1.00.

"Com. Thomas Sully, of the Southern Yachting Club, jointly with some friends, through Mr. James L. Bradford, a land attorney who made heretofore some very valuable selections on Lake Borgue shores, has secured several sections for a duck and fish preserve. Those localities are entirely free from market shooters, and as yet have but one camp of fishermen in that whole section.

"By making selections of the grounds adjacent to the entrances of the bayous and the bayous proper, he has been enabled to control enormous stretches of country where the greatest quantities of wild fowl and snipe are to be found, and of the waters where the black bass grow largest. At the entrances of the bayou sea fish, such as speckled trout, sheepshead, flounders, redfish and many other varieties less well known to the public, are taken in great quantities.

"In one trip of the 'Helen (Com. Sully's cruising yacht) eight of the party took 165 fish in three hours. The fish were speckled trout, redfish and sheepshead. At the same time, three guns got 82 ducks in the three hours' shooting, of which 50 odd were mallards, about 30 spring tails, and the rest teal. That was not an uncommon bag.

"Speaking of game, I remember, in 1886, we had a team shoot. Mayor Guillotte was captain of one team, and I was captain of the other. We had almost every variety of game as the result of the shoot—deer, turkeys, all kinds of ducks; in short, all kinds of game and animals but bear. Hawks and owls were also killed. My bag consisted of 67 woodcock, which counted 25 points each. There were over 76 men at the club dinner which followed, and at $20 per man of the losing team, the dinner was a good one."

In response to my question as to the extent of market shooting, he said:

"There are between 400 and 500 men engaged in market shooting within a radius of 30 miles of New Orleans. The largest camp of all is controlled by Mr. Felix Roux, at Bayou des Allemands, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. At that point there are from 100 to 130 men who shoot for market. The records of the station agent show that from 87 to 110 baskets of ducks are shipped daily, through the season, from that one point, and are shipped to L. Bartholomew & Co. in the French

Market. That means from 8,700 to 10,000 ducks shipped daily from that one point alone.

"Only one firm ships to New York. It operates at a point between Houston and Galveston, and it ships only high-class ducks, sprigtail and canvas-backs. All its ducks are shipped to Delmonico, with whom the firm has a contract to deliver all that it kills.

"Deer are killed within the city limits, at Lees and Michaud, on the L. & N. R. R.

"The protection to fish and game and the total prohibition of gill netting in waters contiguous to New Orleans, and the prevention of duck-shooting before the 1st of November, have resulted in a great and material increase in their numbers. The city laws are in addition to the State laws. The former are being enforced by the recorders of the courts. The effect is that the game has increased both for the professional shooter and the amateur.

'The regular market shooters have themselves established stringent regulations on duck-shooting, limiting the shooting from daylight to 9:30 or 10 o'clock A. M. These men often kill in a morning from 80 to 160 ducks.

Tarpon.

Mr. Manning also told of the vast numbers of tarpon seen in Lake Pontchartrain and Lake Maurepas, which are connected by Pass Mauchac. They could be seen jumping out of the water in great numbers. There is no doubt but what the tarpon abound in great numbers in the vicinity of New Orleans, and along the Gulf coast from Florida far West on the Texas coast.

Robins.

The robin seems to serve a double purpose in the domestic economy of man. In the North it is loved for its simple melody and pleasant association, for it makes its nest near the abode of man. In Louisiana it is prized as an article of food, and for that purpose is killed in great quantities. It is not an uncommon sight to see men walking along the streets with a large bunch of them, which they offer for sale or are carrying home. In the French Market bunches of them on sale can be seen at almost every stall where game is sold. B. WATERS.

Natural History.

THE SENSES OF ANIMALS.

Editor of Forest and Stream:

Under the heading, "The Lyre of Orpheus," in Forest and Stream of Dec. 22, is an article from one of your correspondents upon the very interesting subject of the senses of animals.

While it is doubtless true, as he remarks, that in a large majority of species smell is the most important and reliable of their senses, there are some decided objections to this rule, caused most probably by the nature of the surroundings, in which certain animals have ilved for many ages, having called other senses into greater use that that of smell.

Judging fom what many expeiernced hunters state about the moose, it seems almost certain that hearing is the most acute and valuable to that animal of all its senses. An Indian with whom I once encamped, many years ago in the bush of New Brunswick, told me that when he was stalking moose in very stormy weather, they took no notice of branches or twigs snabped off by the wind, but if he broke one with his hands they instantly detected the difference in sound and ran away.

The common antelope and gazelle of Ludia (Antilope Begoartica) and (Gazelle bennetti) always appeared to me to epen for safty almost entirely upon their sight, which is extraordinariyl long and good. The reason of that is that they have dwelt for great periods of time upon wide open plains where sight was more serviceable than hearing or smell, in saving them from danger. I have frequently observed them watching me from great distances. So long as I walked from them, or at right angles to their position, they stood still, but the instant I walked toward them they would run away, even when 800 or 1,000 yards distant.

Although their ears are large, I doubt if their hearing be very acute. I have often, by walking quietly in places covered with bushes, stalked to within 60 or 70 yards of an antelope and 20 to 40 yards of gazelle even when the ground consisted of bare hard clay or gravel, and I was wearing ordinary thick shooting boots.

I also feel sure that either their sense of smell is dull or else that, being in the habit of feeding in cultivated countries they have learned to pay little attention to the scent of man.

On one occasion I crawled to within 100 yards of a group of gazelles that were feeding upon the leaves of the bushes. I lay for a coniderable time watching their actions, and although a direct breeze was blowing in a direct line from me to them, they showed no suspicion of my presence. At length I tried to get a shot, but the instant that a few inches of the rifle barrel protruded outsie the bush behind which I was concealed, they saw it and ran off.

There is no doubt that deer living habitually in thick woods depend for safety chiefly upon smell and hearing.

Even if the sight be good, it seems in some species, decidedly limited in range.

When stalking axis deer (Axis maculatus) and some kinds of antelopes which live much in thick jungles, it is not very difficult, by attending to the direction of the wind and gliding quietly from one tree trunk to another, to approach within 60 or 80 yards, even on ground where the trees are not particularly close together, and where some of the animals ought to see the hunter if they were long sighted. Deer and antelope living in mountains, where bare of trees like the Alps and Himalayas, have an acute smell and hearing, and also long and sharp sight.

Mr. W. Baillie Grohman, in his work on Tyrol, says of the chamois. "Frightened by some unusual sound or sight, and dashing down the precipitous slopes of the most inaccessible mountains, it will suddenly stop, as if struck by lightning, some yards from the spot where recent footprints are visible in the snow, or when, by a sudden veering of the wind, its keen scent has warned it of the vicinity of a human being."

Lions, tigers and other animals of the cat tribe appear, from all accounts, to have only power of smell, and, to depend chiefly upon sight and hearing for either avoiding danger or finding the prey.

Elephants certainly have very inferior sight, but their senses of hearing, smell, and touch, are wonderfully good. I believe that a wild elephant that had become totally blind would have little difficulty in finding food and accompanying the rest of the herd anywhere.

I was once for several days with a shooting party in the Terai, a broad belt of jungle at the foot of the Himalayas. Each of us had an elephant to ride, and one, upon which a friend was mounted, was perfectly blind in both eyes, yet he kept, with apparent ease, in line with the other elephants when walking at their usual pace, and avoided trees, crossed swamps, and went in and out of water courses (some of which had perpendicular sides and were 7 or 8 feet deep) quite as safely as those which could see. The end of his trunk was constantly at work, feeling the ground and everything within reach.

On another occasion when I went shooting in the Sewalik Hills, at the northwest point of the Bengal Presidency, accompanied by a native shikari, we came upon the tracks of wld elephants and, following them for some distance, suddenly found ourselves in sight of two bulls, two cows and a calf about the size of a bullock. They had thrown sand over their backs to keep off the flies, as is the custom of tame elephants, and were browsing upon some small trees some seventy yards from us. Although the intervening ground was perfectly bare they did not see us, and we sat down upon a grassy back to watch their actions. There was no wind, but in a very short time the two bulls smelled us, and turned their heads in our direction. They stood moving their trunks from one side to the other to discover our exact position, and, having made up their minds about that, pointed their trunks straight at us for a few moments, then turned and walked rapidly away, followed by the others.

It is often supposed that the elephant is a clumsy animal, but, out of curiosity, I followed their tracks for about two miles, and found that they had walked up ridges so steep that I was obliged to hold on to the rocks with one hand while climbing them, and in some places they had apparently knelt and slid from the top to the bottom of grassy slopes that I could only descend in an oblique direction.

The statement of old writers about elephants making the ground tremble when they walk are utter nonsense. An elephant driven by his mahout, at a fast walk along a macadamized road, steps so lightly that he sometimes overtakes a man and passes within a yard before the latter is aware of his presence.

While it is generally true, as your correspondent remarks, that wild animals realize danger only in life, and life only in motion, it is wonderful how soon they learn to distinguish between that which is dangerous or otherwise, whether alive or not. Wild elephants, for instance, are greatly terrified at lightning, probably because they sometimes see their comrades killed, or trees destroyed by it.

In parts of India where there are few native shikaris, antelopes, gazelles and nilghai, allow natives to pass them on open ground within 60 or 70 yards, while Europeans, trying to stalk them have much difficulty in approaching within treble that distance.

It might be imagined that nothing would be more terrifying to wild animals than a railway train rushing along at full speed, but they soon discover that it does not hurt them if they keep off the rails. When traveling by train I have passed within 50 yards of herds of antloepe, and noticed that they were so unconcerned that those which were lying down did not take the trouble to rise.

Some animals seem to distinguish between a man with a gun and one without. Rooks in England undoubtedly do so, and there is reason to believe that other animals can learn the difference. I was stationed for six months at a place where jackals swarmed, and as they destroyed a great quantity of feathered game, I tried to diminish their numbers. The district being too thickly inhabited to make the use of a rifle safe, I generally carried a shotgun when out walking in the evenings, but never once had a chance of firing at a jackal. On many occasions, when I had no gun, they came out of the growing crops, and stood looking at me within thirty yards, or walked quietly across the road, not more than that distance in front of me.

There is one point upon which opinions of practical sportsmen and naturalists would be interesting. Are not wild creatures subject, like ourselves, to absence of mind?

There seems no other way for accounting of the fact that one of them will occasionally, though of course very rarely, stand looking toward a hunter until he is quite near, and then apparently awake with a start and bound away. J J. MEYRICK.

Maine Local Laws.

Legislation is progressing slowly in Maine, but both House and Senate are flooded with a mass of proposed law, both for private districts and waters. Some of the propositions are absurd, and sectional in the extreme. Capt. Fred C. Barker, of Lake Mooselucmaguntic, was in Boston Friday, for a short trip, in the interest of a continued charter for his steamers. He hopes that little new legislation will get through concerning fish and game. He believes, that with a very few changes, the laws now in force are excellent. It is better enforcement that is wanted. He is strongly in hopes that the added appropriation, asked for by the friends of protection, will be obtained. A hearing has been had before the committee on Judiciary, in the interests of the proposed change to a commission to take all special and local matters effecting fish and game protection in charge, and has already been explained in the Forest and Stream. The measure was thoroughly advocated by some of the best game protectors in the State, and it is believed that the committee may recommend a bill. It is believed that a measure of this sort, while stopping the continued string of special laws asked for and sometimes obtained, will also put the special protection of streams and ponds and sections of country into the hands of a good commission, which would be more likely to rule according to the merits of the case. This commission would have the power to prevent fishing and shooting, in cases of extreme need, at any and all times. The advocates of such a commission say that it often happens that very disastrous fishing and shooting is indulged in at times and seasons when the law is inoperative. Deer, for instance, have, the past two years, come down into the more settled counties of the State, and have fed there unmolested till the open season began, when immediately they have been set upon by a score of hunters and every one killed, nothwithstanding the owners of the land where they have frequented. and many of the best citizens of the towns would have been glad if they could have been let alone for a couple of years at least. Again certain waters are frequently excessively fished, when if there was a reasonable commission to stop it, the fishing might be preserved, to reasonable fishermen, instead of being utterly destroyed in the open season.

SPECIAL.

Hudson River Fishways.

Mr. A. C. Johnson, an engineer living at Mechanicsville, N. Y., has taken an active interest in the building and maintaining of fishways in the Hudson River since the first salmon appeared in the river opposite the village in which he lives. I am under obligations to Mr. Johnson for frequent reports concerning the condition of the fishway at Mechanicsville, and about the salmon in the river. He now writes me: "Do you know what is to be done this winter in the Legislature about fishways? I see not a word in the newspapers about it. I think there was not a single salmon at Mechanicsville last season, and yet I never saw a word in the Troy papers as to why they where not there. There should be some provision made for repairing fishways, for as it now stands there is no money for such repairs. For $50 the fishway at our place can be repaired so that driftwood cannot get into it. At present it is filled with drift. The game protector cleared it all out last summer, but he had no orders nor money to fix it so that it could not again fill up, and it is about full again. If called upon, I will do all I can to make the situation here plain. We must have the fishway in the Troy dam rebuilt next season, but I cannot learn that anything is being done about it, and I am getting so uneasy that I had to write you. I have watched the working of this fishway so closely, and know what it will do if attended to, that I am anxious that an early move should be made on the Legislature that we will not get left in the rush at the close of the session.

We have formed a Rod and Gun Club here, as you will have learned through Forest and Stream, for practice and for the protection of fish and game. As president of the club, I wish to say we will do all that we can to aid in procuring fishways, but if the fishway is to remain useless by reason of the driftwood in it which prevents fish from passing through it, we would like the signs removed which forbid fishing within a certain distance of the fishway. We would much prefer to have the fishway epaired and kept in order.

In the last published report of the New-York Fish Commissioners, for the year ending September 30, 1893, they say, on page 12: "The fishway at Lackawaxen was so damaged by the ice last winter as to be useless, while the one at Troy was entirely destroyed in the early part of lastsummer." It will be seen, by looking at the provisions of the chapters referred to (Construction of Fishways), that the maintenance of these two important fishways, as well as other fishways in the State, is wholly in the care of the Superintendent of Public Works. The Commissioners of Fisheries are entirely helpless in the matter. In the instances above referred to the Commissioners have both, by letter and in person, repeatedly urged upon the Superintendent of Public Works the urgent necessity of repairing the fishway at Lackawaxen and replacing the fishway at Troy. This certainly ought to have been done so that next spring the fish might ascend to their spawning beds. His answer to our request was that there were no moneys available for such purposes, and the most important fishways in the State are useless. Then follows a request that provision be made in the Supply Bill for money to make the necessary repairs.

Nothing was done in the matter by the succeeding Legislature, nd the Commissioners refer to it again in their report for 1894, not yet printed. It is true that the laws providing for fishways direct, that they shall be built and maintained by the Superintendent of Public Works, under the direction of the Fish Commissioners, but up to very recentlythe Fish Commissioners have understood that they were to keep the fishway open and free from drift, and they did it by giving orders to he game protectors to this effect.

I cannot say what legislation may be expected on this subject, but the Mohican Rod nd Gun Club, of Glen Falls, with a membership roll embracing the officers of the corporations, paper pulp lumber mills and factories that occupy nearly all the water-front above the fishway last built, will send a petition to the Legislature, asking that the Troy fishway may be rebuilt and that fishways may be built above Thomson's Mills. The club has sent circulars to the members of the Legislature, containing an agerement in favor of building of fishways.

A. N. CHENEY.

Game Bag and Gun.

SHOOTING AT GREEN LAKE.

Portland, Oregon, Jan. 16.—The pleasure to be derived from sports afield can only be determined by each individual sportsman's measure. What would constitute sport for one man would be spiritless and insipid to another. One would be disappointed if he did not succeed in bagging a cart-load of ducks, while another would be ashamed to bring such an evidence of a porcine nature into town. In nothing else does a man's true nature shine out so justly and faithfully as in his treatment of the lower orders of life from what he is pleased to designate "the sportsman's standpoint." It has been said that open confession is good for the soul; and while I would scorn to be recognized as a game hog, I must confess that I have always been rather proud of big bags and well-filled creels. I am getting rid of that disposition to a degree, but the boys cruelly insinuate that it is because I am getting old.

Byron, speaking of his governess, said: "She taught me how to read, and taught so well, that she herself, by teaching, learned to spell." So might my friend J. Roberts Mead say of me. Coming here from Connecticut, ignorant of this country, its sporting resources and its sporting customs, he appealed to me, some years ago, for direction, if not instruction. We have just returned from an outing wherein Brother Mead instructed me somewhat in the ethics of true sportsmanship.

Let me tell you about it. Saturday morning weather indications pointed very favorably toward ducks. Mead undertook the difficult task of inducing me to accompany him on a trip down to his preserve, the famous Green Lake in Washington. Well, he succeeded in his undertaking admirably; and 2 P. M. found us, well equipped, aboard the little river boat "Iralde," bound for the "happy hunting ground," so to speak.

We ferried across Lake River while it was yet light, and found Johnny ready for us with a fine hot supper. Johnny, you must know, guards the lake from trespassers; and incidentally cuts wood, washes dishes, stows the boats and puts decoys away after the day's shooting, and makes himself decidedly useful. In fact, Johnny is a prize, and Mead may consider himself fortunate in securing such a man for the place. While I am not ignorant of the fact that Forest and Stream has prohibited essays on the subjects of eating and drinking, I would like the privilege of informing the general public that Mead is a good provider and a marvelous cater. In the matter of selecting good things to eat and drink, and knowing how to cook and eat and drink them, Mead is a great success, and the sportsman lucky enough to secure an invitation to accompany him to the Green Lake had better accept. Well, after supper we proceeded to do just about what other hunters would do under like circumstances. We smoked and talked over the many hunting and fishing

trips we had enjoyed together in years gone by, and finally went off to bed, pleased with the past, contented with the present and full of happy anticipations.

Many years ago I was caught in a great dead'ning on the crest of the Coast Range in a terrible storm. Luckily for myself, I came out of that storm physicaly uninjured. But from that day to the present I have been very sensitive in the matter of wind storms. Any little zephyr irritates me and makes me uneasy. Well, Mead and I had just nicely got to sleep and commenced to dream of great bags of geese and ducks when whish! whish! went the wind through the great trees surrounding the cabin, and out on the floor went your humble servant in dread of falling tree-tops. I stirred the fire, lit my pipe and proceeded to keep Mead awake by all the annoying methods at my command.

The wind grew stronger, and sleep was entirely out of the question with me, so I shouldered my gun, whistled up old Mike, and started out for coons. I don't mind the storm if I can see it, but I dislike being cooped up in a cabin surrounded by tall firs. The moon was shining brightly, and the old dog and I proceeded to make the best of it But, as Frank Robinson said, when speaking of Mike in connection with the subject of cougar hunting: "He wasn't that kind of a dog." Mike could find plenty of tracks, but no coons. After about three hours of unsuccessful coon-hunting I went back to the cabin, to bed, and to sleep. The wind had settled into a stiff but steady breeze, and my nerves were correspondingly steady. By the way, it seems to me that nature has made some mistake out here in Oregon. Either the velocity of the winter gales should be abridged or the height of the firs and spruces somewhat abbreviated.

Morning found us full of bright hopes and an excellent breakfast; but it had been raining very hard for several days, and the lake was rising rapidly. The ducks were anxious and uneasy, and the prospects were anything but flattering. A rise in the Columbia is sure to make itself felt in the Green Lake, for the lake's outlet is into the Columbia not far below. Nevertheless, we set out and had fair shooting until noon, Canvas were anything but plentiful, but mallard and teal were there in reasonable abundance after the wheat discreetly deposited there by Johnny for their special benefit. Canvas are not at all partial to wheat, but they will eat it when it becomes a case of wheat or nothing. None of our sportsmen exactly approve this baiting with wheat, but since the "bloody carp" have destroyed every vestige of vegetable food in the lakes a little wheat now and then may be excusable. There are myriads of wild fowl along our coast, and the boys feel that almost any scheme that will bring a few of them to bag is justifiable, under the circumstances. But by the middle of the day the blinds were mostly under water and shooting with any degree of comfort was entirely out of the question. We returned to the cabin with a fair bag, cleaned our guns and set them away. Leaving the guns at the cabin, we strolled around the lake and over the meadows during the afternoon, taking stock of the Mongolian pheasants and quail. We found the pheasants in great numbers, all seemingly in fine condition. There is very strict protection for the Mongolian in Washington at present, and the indications are that they are thriving beyond the most sanguine expectations. Quail are not so abundant. The Mongolian is a better rustler than the quail, and far more prolific. The king-neck or Mongolian pheasant will be, if he is not now, the game bird of the Pacific coast. Being hardy, prolific, alert, cunning and a fine table bird, he possesses about all the requisites. He is all right, and long may he wave.

But I started in to tell you how Mead instructed me a little in the ethics of true sportsmanship. You see, I was somewhat disappointed in not securing a bigger bag of ducks, and was not at all backward in expressing my opinion of the duck shooting in general of hte present day as compared with the shooting of "ye olden time." Then Mead followed with his views of the game hog compared with the sportsman that goes to the lakes and the woods for recreation, fresh air, exercise and a whole lot of other things that I have forgotten. The argument was distasteful to me, and I declined further discussion of the subject. Comparisons are odious, anyway. Do you know that during the years I have hunted and fished with Mead I have never heard him complain of his luck. Whether the results were good, bad or indifferent, it was all the same to him. After being "skunked" I have known him to plan another trip over the same ground while on the way home. It is my opinion that such a disposition is entirely too angelic for the hunter and angler of this earth. My experience warrants the assertion that the only comfort left to the unlucky sportsman is in the exercise of the inherent right of "kicking."

S. H. GREENE.

A Monstrous Serpent.

Prometheus records the exhibition, at a recent meeting of learned society at Cassel, of the skin of a serpent (of very extraordinary dimensions) from Sumatra. The length of this skin reached 8 1-10 meters without the tip of the tail, which was at least 20 centimetres long. (Thus the snake measured nearly 27 feet.) This serpent, of the genus Python, was taken in a poultry-house just after it had swallowed nine chickens. These chickens, recovered intact, or nearly so, in the stomach of the reptile, were the pets of the native Malays who assisted in the capture of the serpent.—Revue Scientifique.

Winter Birds.

Binghamton, N. Y., Jan. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream.—A perfectly reliable person came to me yesterday and stated that on January 17 they saw the meadow lark To-day while passing along the road but a little way from the town I was surprised to see a wild pigeon start up near me. I was told that it had been seen there nearly every day. It may not be out of the order of things for these birds to be here at this season of the year, but they are the first I have ever seen at this time of either variety.

H. W. BROWN.

Antlers of Cow Caribou.

Burlington, N. J.—I hunted in Newfoundland twenty-three days last fall, and killed eight caribou, five stags and three does, and saw over 1,000 caribou. I took particular notice as to antlers on the cows. Those that carried antlers were the exception, not the rule. The taxidermist quoted by "Prowler" may base his claim that all cows have horns on the fact that no hornless ones have been sent to be mounted.

Holding the Rifle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having lately had the pleasure of a short examination of three late copies of your interesting paper I noticed an inquiry in regard to the position which different riflemen adopt when they have the opportunity to take a leisurely shot at game; and as I have found position, and the manner of holding the rifle, a very interesting point in rifle shooting. I will, with your permission, give the method which has enabled me to enjoy a satisfaction in rifle shooting that I never knew until I adopted it.

Place the left heel about five or six inches to the left of the hollow of the right foot, with the toes of the two feet pointing at nearly right angles to each other. Assume an erect position with the shoulders thrown well back, the weight of the body thrown slightly forward so as to rest squarely on the flat of both feet, and a little more weight on the left foot than on the right; place the butt of the rifle squarely in the hollow of the right shoulder, the right elbow well elevated and the stock of the rifle resting as little as possible against the breast and muscle of the right arm; grasp the grip of the stock firmly in the right hand, pressing the butt of the stock firmly into the hollow of the shoulder in such a manner as to support the weight of the rifle and balance it with the right hand at the grip, the left hand grasping the forestock well forward.

Avoid making a rest of the left hand, but let it assist slightly in pressing the butt of the stock back against the shoulder.

Now see that the barrel of your rifle is held perfectly level, the trigger finger just feeling the trigger and free to make a slight pressure at the right moment without disturbing a muscle of any other part of the body.

If the above position is well taken, the weight of the body and rifle are well balanced squarely on both feet in an easy and natural position, with the whole length of the rifle barrel partaking of any slight swaying of the body, without the muzzle bobbing about while the breech is stationary or *vice versa*, as in taking a muzzle rest without having a body rest at the same time.

Now, with a rifle that is sighted at point blank for a distance further than you can see where the bullet strikes fire five shots before going to see where the bullets have struck, holding as nearly the same as possible each time; if the balls are grouped in any particular direction from the center of the target, try five more shots in the same manner, but aiming first at the center of the group, changing your aim from thence to the center of the target and gently pressing the trigger at the moment the sights are coming in line with it.

After a little practice in this way it is doubtful if you will care to seek for a rest; in fact, it would not be surprising if you found you could shoot better off-hand than at rest.

The object of changing the aim from the first group before pressing the trigger is to compensate for the habit which most people have of making some slight and usually uniform movement at the moment of pressing the trigger in spite of all efforts to avoid it; though if you are shooting to the right or left it may be in consequence of not holding the barrel level, in which case turning the barrel over a little from the direction of the group will correct it.

Always have your rifle sighted low enough to shoot as the sights are coming in line with the target from below. A rather short barrel and stock will usually be found best adapted to this style of holding, and I consider a pistol grip an abomination on any gun.

GEO. H. GRACE.

IDAHO.

A Relief From Court Wrangles.

I enclose check to pay for subscription for the ensuing year. It came to me last year as a Christmas present from a niece of mine, and it has really afforded me a great deal of pleasure, the most relaxation I have had. The change from briefs and opinions and court wrangles to the literature in FOREST AND STREAM is very restful. I read with amusement the criticisms some one made of the picture on the front, and I have never picked the paper up since without thinking of them, and I think the artist who originated that picture should have a medal.

For the Eye of "Tenderfoot."

I can only hope that the gentleman who wrote the capital account of elk-stalking over the signature of "Tenderfoot," failed to read my prattle about rifles, calibers, etc., printed last week. But for fear he did, I hasten to say that I did not say that he was "no great shakes with the pen." What I wrote was a play on the pseudonym, viz., that he was no great shakes of a tenderfoot in wielding the pen, a statement for which I am sure I can get plenty of backing. I hope none of the gentle and gentlemanly fraternity, who write for and read these columns, will think me capable of such rudeness as the types laid to my charge. The very land I live in, of soft speech and suave manners, preclude such a thing.

And, while I am doing the great American mule act, what makes the editor and everybody else write bronco with an h in it? Spanish spelling is the essence of simplicity. The combination ch has the English not the hard Greek sound. Put it down a plain c, my Lord.

AZTEC.

San Louis, Potosi, Mex.

Usually Ahead, but this Week a Day Late.

There is very evidently something ailing the typography of the FOREST AND STREAM this week. It is all owing to an accident which on press night cast a generous portion of the type into the street in what is known to printers as "pi"; and only a printer can know what it means to repair such a catastrophy and to get the paper out, even a day late.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Say It Will Be No Fake.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 25.—During the World's Fair, it may be remembered, there was some talk over the much-advertised cowboy race from Chadron, Neb., to the city of Chicago. As I reported in these columns at the time, I saw the horses of the first riders to arrive, and I commented with considerable skepticism over the fresh condition they seemed to enjoy, stating at the time that a 60-mile ride ordinarily took much more out of a horse than these horses seemed to have lost. The condition of the horses was enough to found suspicion in any kind of a horseman's mind that the race was a big fake from start to finish, though at that time open evidence to that effect was not at hand.

And now we are told that there is to be another cowboy race, this time from St. Paul to Chicago, the start to be made February 7. The starters are to be Bud Ford, Jim Seeger, Bogie Henderson, Bill Anderson and Henry Benson, all hailing from divers parts of the West. These will race for a purse of $700, and each man is said to intend taking five horses at the start. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this race is the naive comment its projectors make on the Chadron affair. They say: "The forthcoming race will be on the square, if ever one was run. It is one of the requisites that every man register at points twenty-five miles apart, in order to show that he rode the entire way and to prevent any soldiering en route. As soon as any of the racers shows an inclination to put up a 'game,' it is the intention to put him out of the race. The cowboy racers in the Chadron affair would take a team for thirty or forty miles at a time, and some of them abandoned their ponies, taking the railroad train for fifty or more miles. It is to prevent a repetition of this sort of 'racing' that all of these safeguards are being atken, and it will be almost impossible for any of those participating to anything but straight work."

Our friend Dick Merrill, whom our party left behind at Rockport, Texas, on our return from this season's trip to that country, writes as follows concerning his later doings there.:

"We have made several trips on 'Novice' since you left, and have had fair shooting on redheads. There are large numbers of birds here, but they do not seem to work as well as they did last year. You will find them banked up along the shores of the bays, and they will stay there all day, beginning their flight along the coast late in the afternoon.

"John and Jim Bludworth and myself went over on St. Joseph Island for deer, and on the third day of our hunting Jim succeeded in killing a fine five-point buck. They followed this buck and a doe, after having shot at them, running across a flat, for fully a mile and came upon them unawares behind a hill. The deer started running on seeing them, and they opened up on the buck, and were gratified in seeing him tumble Found a 38-calibre bullet in the carcass, the size that Jim shot. Jim and Gaston Moquin and myself started out to day in 'Novice' to try the redheads again, and I will go over on the island and try and kill my buck, as I was not successful on the last trip.

Mr. John F. Cowan, of Butte, Montana, gives the following graphic account of the late dynamite disaster there. Among the few items of what can be called good fortune at such a time is the fact that the members of the Butte Gun Club were not added to the roll of victims, as came so nearly being the case. Mr. Robbins, who lost his life, I did not know personally, but no doubt many readers of Forest and Stream did. Mr. Cowan says:

"Your telegram received this morning, asking about the explosion here. The only sportsman hurt was Mr. E. W. Robbins, who was instantly killed by the second explosion, while in the act of carrying away some of the dead firemen. He was living near the scene of the fire, and as soon as the first explosion occurred he rushed to the rescue of the injured. He was a man of about fifty years of age, and an honored member of the G. A. R. He had of late years been acting as guide to parties making trips through the National Park and to the hunting grounds in the various posts of the Rocky Mountains. He was engaged for an extensive trip after big game for the coming summer by Theodore Roosevelt and other parties. He was considered one of the best posted men in the West as to the habits and haunts of the large game. Two years ago a wealthy gentleman from Switzerland came to this country for the purpose of photographing elk in their wild state. He engaged Mr. Robbins as guide, who took him in south of the National Park. They met with the greatest success, often getting within 25 or 30 yards of the game. Mr. Robbins was a thorough sportsman in every particular; and while making his living by conducting hunting parties no charge of wanton slaughter was ever laid at his door.

"All attempts to give anything like an accurate idea of this fearful explosion fall far short of the reality. One who has not seen such explosions can form no conception of the fearful force exerted by the exploding of tons of giant powder. The reason why so few people who were near the fire escaped unhurt was that the buildings burned were used as warehouses for two large hardware stores. In one of these was a room 12x16 feet, in which the powder was stored. To protect the powder against stray shots from outside parties the warehousemen had built up around this room a solid wall made of small iron plates, which were four inches square and one-half inch thick. When the powder exploded these plates were hurled with fearful force in every direction, some of them going through brick walls at least a quarter of a mile away. The powder was stored in these warehouses against the plain provisions of both State law and city ordinance. No complaint had been made for years about the storage of such explosiues, and the inhabitants had become so accustomed to the handling of giant powder that a two-horse load of it hauled through the streets occasioned no comment. But its strength and danger was demonstrated in a most cruel manner on the night of the 15th. Fifty-four deaths have occurred already, and there will be at least a dozen more. The only thing that saved the town from total destruction was the fact that a large par of the powder was frozen and did not explode. Those firemen nearest the building were literally blown into pieces, parts of human bodies being found scattered all over the section where the explosion took place. There were two heavy and distinct explosions which took place about ten minutes apart, and had the second one been three minutes later, half of the Butte Gun Club would have been among the victims, as they started in a body from the club-rooms for the fire immediately after the first explosion, and were within about 250 yards away when the second one took place. The scene as it was beggars description, and it is one no one wants to witness a second time.

"We have a new game law before the Legislature, and expect to repeal that prize 'fool fish law' you wrote about some time ago."

When, something over a year ago, I suggested that parties of shooters should send in quantities of cottontails or jack-rabbits to the Relief Society of Chicago for food to be given to the poor, there were some who smiled at the idea. Out in Lamar, Col., in the holiday season of this winter, a minister of the gospel started the same idea, and the people thereabout made a hunt and killed 5,142 jack rabbits in one day, all of which are said to have been shipped to Denver and given to the poor—over 35,000 pounds of meat This was probably a hunt more for blood advertising than for charity, and it was carried too far But what I want to know is, did that Denver minister read Forest and Stream?

Mr. McMillan, who lately inquired for data regarding skunk farming, may be interested in the following letter:

"Delaware, Ohio., Jan. 19, 1895: I saw your note in Forest and Stream of January 19, 'Wants Pointers on Skunks.' In 1891 the Rural New Yorker, published in New York City, contained quite a lengthy letter from a Michigan man, who is engaged in skunk farming. Mr.

McMillan could more than likely get some information from there.

"There is a skunk farm near Martinsburg, Ohio, but I have never obtained the owner's name. This, however, I will be pleased to do to enlighten Mr. McMillan should he not be able to get the information from the publishers of the Rural New Yorker.

"C. W. SEARS."

Michigan Partridge Shooting.

Mr. Bert Funk, of Baraga, Mich., writes this business-like account of a little partridge shoot he and a friend had:

"A chum of mine, Tom McGrath, and myself make trips every fall to a certain partridge ground. On October 12 we arranged to go out that night and stay a day for shooting. We left town about 8 P. M. on the 10th and drove about fifteen miles to the Silver River. When we arrived there we tied our horse to a tree and built a fire, then we rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep. In the morning we were up at 6 o'clock, and after our breakfast we started out on an old logging road. We had gone about a mile before we saw a bird, but pretty soon we started a covey in the brush, numbering six birds. We shot four of them. We travelled about five miles and shot twenty-three birds, and on our return killed eight more, making a total of thirty-one birds for that day. We had enough sport then, so we went back to our fire and hitched up our horse and started for home.'

"Pop" Hirth is Wrathful.

About two weeks ago I wrote a nice paragraph about Pa Hirth, Spalding's fishing-tackle chief, giving the affable old athlete as good a send-off as I knew how In return for this he chased me out of the store the first. time I went in. "There have been fifty people here inquiring for my dyspepsia," he said, wrathfully, "and I have had several letters from friends, telling me what to do for rheumatism." Here is a letter from a friend who believes all you said, and who recommends some English pills that he uses. Now, I'm not sick, never was sick, and can't get sick I was a color-bearer in the war, and I'm tough as they make 'em. I want you to say that I have not got rheumatism, neuralgia or dyspepsia, and never did have. You'll be saying I've got wooden legs next."

I must be all wrong in my diagnosis of Papa, but consultation with Dr. George Whitney, who runs the dog medicine counter next to Mr. Hirth, leads me to believe that it is biliousness that is what is the matter with Mr. Hirth. Does anybody know what is good for biliousness? If so, don t be afraid to tell him, for he is the best-natured man on earth, as I said before. Dr. Whitney has offered to prescribe, but Mr. Hirth counsels him to go hence.

E. HOUGH.

THE BOSTON MARKET.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 26.—Game does not cease to be shown in the Boston markets, nothwithstanding it is now in the close season, for almost all classes of game and game birds in the New England States. Boston game dealers are allowed to handle game at almost any season, and the greater is the pity, since there is always a temptatoin foor illegal shooting and fishing, if the game and fish can find a market. A handsome caribou was shown in a Quincy Market stall the other day—after the close season had begun in Maine, and the provinces as well. It evidently came from Maine. In another stall was a monster black bear, which had evidently just arrived. How this bear was taken in midwinter, it would be interesting to know. But the marketmen know, or pretend to know, but very little about the game they are handling.

Never in the history of the Boston markets has there been such a volume of rabbits received as at the present time. They have been coming in by all sorts of ways, and from many directions. One reciever of game has received "jacks" from the plains by the carload. He received almost 5,000 rabbits in a single consignment the other day. They went into store, such as were not piled up outsdie the sidewalk; for it is next to impossible to sell them. There are the small gray rabbits from Nebraska and Colorado, as well as the great northern hares from Maine and New Hampshire. These come in boxes and bundles, frozen stiff. The other day a lot came in bags to a well-known commission house. The receiver remarked that he could not sell them. "Anybody can have them, who will pay the freight." It seems to be a great pity that such a volume of game should be wasted, for wasted it will be, a good deal of it. In the Maine Legislature a bill has lately been introduced, making a close time on rabbits for a part of the year. The desire for such a close time evidently comes from the hunters in the more settled sections of the State, where excessive hunting has made the game scarce. The Forest and Stream's effort to stop the sale of game might apply to rabbits in Maine, where they are generally fairly plenty, but where the rate of slaughter and shipment that has prevailed the present season will soon reduce them to the small numbers of other game and game birds.

The unusual number of whistlers along the coast, and even in the inland rivers this winter, is a surprise to the duc-shooters and naturalists.

The Inglewood Club will sowwild rice this spring at its preserve in New Brunswick, to mae feeding ground for the ducks. Mr. Harry B. Moore, of Boston, has been commissioned to obtain the wild rice for seed.

The hearing before the Committee on Fish and Fisheries in the Maine Legislature has been set for January 29, and that for better game laws, before the Committee on Game, will take place on February 5. Several Boston sportsmen propose to be present at the latter hearing.

SPECIAL.

West Virginia Game.

Randolph County, W. Va.—The game season here was only fairly successful to the sportsman. A short time after it opened we had a pretty good snow, which gave us about a week of good deer hunting. After that it froze upnad the conditions were mostly unfavorable subsequent snows crusted Some twenty deer or upwards were secured in my immediate vicinity. My son and I got but one; we had lots of sport nevertheless. We also secured one small black bear in fine condition, the only one procured in the neighborhood.

Ruffed grouse were tolerably plentiful; quail almost unknwn, as faor as I could learn. The terribly severe winter two years ago destroyed them almost entirely. As fro wild turkey, I heard of but one being killed.

In our deer hunt we track detwo large cougars, or panthers, as the old hunters call them. We followed the trail about two miles, but night coming on, were forced to abandon the pursuit without coming up with the cats.

I intended giving you some of my more or less cranky experiences about loading for game, but will reserve that for a future article. BACKWOODS.

New Hampshire Deer.

Josh Farnsworth, of Connecticut Lake, a veteran sportsman, tells me that up to November 1 he kept tally, and that the score for First Lake alone for the season of '94 numbered 70 deer. How many were afterwards killed by tracking on error, I have no means of knowing; but for upper Coos County more than 100 deer were known to have been killed the past season.

These figures need no comment. I would advise the New Hampshire Legislature, while reading of the stringent protection granted deer in Vermont, Canada and Maine—regions bordering on Coos County upon three sides—to put these facts in their pipes and smoke them.

C. H. GLEASON.

Imported Game in Connecticut.

Leriden, Conn., June 16.—The English pheasants have done first rate during the past year. The prairie chickens, which were brought here last year, do not seem to thrive very well in our climate. Partridges and quail did exceedingly well and are standing the winter well so far. More quail will be imported this spring by the club. A great horned owl has been having a good time stealing pheasants and porairie chickens until Warden Stiles trapped him, and now he numbers one among my collection. T. A. J.

Illinois Quail and Doves.

Jerseyville, Ill.—Several petitions to the Legislature now in session at Springfield praying that the opening of the quail season be changed from Otober 1 to November 1 and to end January 1 instead of December 1, as at present, have been circulated and signed by many of our sportsmen and farmers in this and adjacent counties. These petitions also ask that doves be classed as game birds, and a suitable open season be assigned for them.

L. S. H.

Sportsmen's Association of Cheat Mountain.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 22.—At the annual meeting of the Sportsmen's Association of Cheat Mountain, held January 21, 1895, the following persons were elected to serve the ensuing year: President, W. M. Kennedy; vice-president, W. K. Shiras, D. M'K. Lloyd, W. S. Edwards, Utilies Baird, Nathaniel Ewing; secretary, Theophilus Sproull; treasurer, D. P. Corwin; naturalist and surgeon, Dr. J. W. Riggs; board of directors, W. G. Brown, A. P. Tallman, C. C. Scaife, Dr. Jos. N. Dickson, S. B. Elkins, Geo. Shiras, III, H. P. Pears. In order to raise the amount necessary to build a telephone line from Huttonsville to club house the board of directors have made the annual dues for this year $15. The 50,000 acre preserve of the association is near Cheat Bridge, P. O., Randolph County, W. Va.

A Large Adirondack Buck.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 21.—Editor Forest and Stream: While still hunting on the St. Regis, Franklin County, last October, I shot an eleven prong buck which weighed, dressed, 213 pounds. The long tines measure 11½ inch each, the next one on the left side 9 inch, corresponding one on the right side, 8 inch. The antlers are beautiful in shape, being very regular and finely curved. One of my friends says they look as if they were "steamed and bent" I have the head finely mounted and shall be glad to show it to any of the rifle fraternity when visiting Rochester. I have read accounts from time to time of some good sized buck, so I submit my story and figures, and shall be pleased to hear through your paper of some one who has done as well or even better than myself. I was told by the guide that this was a very unusual specimen, and this, coupled with the fact that I made a running shot at 50 yards (guide's measure, take off ten), I think warrants me in putting myself on record. The measurements given above are taken from exact base of prong where it joins the antler. With best wishes to all lovers of the still hunt who "climb the crag and thread the brake." FRANK E. SHEPARD.

Sea and River Fishing.

A DAY WITH THE STEELHEADS.

On the Eel River, about 25 miles from Eureka, Humboldt County, Cal., is a deep pool three-quarters of a mile long and 150 yards wide, known as the "Grizzly Bluff Pool." It takes its name from a mountain peak which rises from the river's edge, its sides covered with redwood and madrone, but the top as bare as the writer's head.

The party, consisting of our kind host, his wife and daughter, and two ardent fishermen from San Francisco left the country home of the former at 6 a. m., and after a drive of six miles reached Alston, where our host left us to go to Eureka. We soon arrived at the pool, and procuring boats from Mr. Weymouth we were ready for anything from a half pound salmon trout to a twenty-five pound steelhead. The ladies took one boat and we followed with other. It was a clear September morning, cool and bracing, and the trout were in evidence in large numbers as they leaped out of the water, their silvery sides shining in the sun's rays. My partner took the oars, and with a slow stroke, keeping near the deep, alder covered banks the boat was impelled up stream.

Suddenly George cried, "A strike!" and dropping his oars and grasping his rod the butt of which was resting on the bottom of the boat within easy reaching distance he commenced to reel in slowly. The fish would take a notion that the spoon belonged to him, and George would let him take it until, thinking that the trout had gone far enough in one direction, he would check him with the reel. He was finally coaxed to the landing net, and the first battle ended in a defeat to a two-and-a-half salmon trout. By the time we reached the riffle at the began to think "we were in it," when, meeting another fisherman and asking him, "What luck?" he held up a end of the pool five more trout were brought to net, and we six-pound steelhead for our inspection. This cheered us, for we now knew that the big ones were around. Examining our tackle and finding everything O. K., started down stream, occasionally picking up a trout to relieve the monotony. By 12 o'clock we had fifteen beauties averaging a pound.

The ladies in the meantime had not been idle, for they had beaten our score by two. This defeat we took as a matter of course, for their catch outnumbered ours everytime we fished in their company.

The inner man had now to be repleted, and, landing on the gravelly beach, we were soon busy with the lunch. Pipes for the men were now in order, and as we rested, gazing at the timber-clad mountains, I thought with compassion of the poor fellows in town slaving at their desks or in the workshop, but did not think of the short time that would elapse ere I would be one of them.

I was awakened with the admonition that the day would not last forever, so hastily packing up the remnants of our lunch we got into the boats and were ready for business once more. The fish were also taking a siesta, and the strikes were few and far between. I was lazily watching the little trout jumping near the boat when suddenly the pole was almost snatched out of my hands, the reel commenced to hum and I knew that I had hooked on to something big. The way that small silk line run off the reel was a caution, and I began to fear that there would not be enough to last out this trout, as I had only sixty yards. I did not dare to raise the tip of the rod much for fear that it would not stand the strain.

The extra drag was applied to the reel and while busily engaged with this, George sung out, "There he is, and he's a steelhead sure enough." Hastily looking up I saw him as he was returning to the water, and he looked as big as a mountain. George had reeled in his line and I had plenty of room to play him. The strain on the line was not severe by this time, and I commenced slowly to reel in, gaining about ten feet, when he made another dash, breaking water again and taking about twenty more feet of line. My friend commenced to pull slowly toward the fish while I took up every available foot of line and soon had gained enough to feel comparatively safe, especially as the heavy drag was beginning to tell on my antagonist. He still kept fighting, and broke water twice more, but his mighty rushes were over and he sounded for the bottom of the river, which was about thirty feet deep at this spot. Slowly working the boat to the opposite bank, where the water was shallow, we landed on a gravel bar and cautiously drawing the trout over it (for we had no gaff) we dragged him on to the bank.

While the fish was in shallow water I was fearful that it would break away in one of its flurries, and asked my friend to wade out and get behind it with the landing net. As he started from the boat I heard his reel playing out at an alarming rate and asked him if he had a strike. He replied that the spoon had caught in his clothing. "Why don't you take it out, then?" I said, impatiently waiting for him to go to my assistance. "I can't get at it." Quickly moving over to where he was I found the hooks imbedded in the seat of his trousers. I gave the spoon a yank, not caring in my excitement whether the whole seat gave away. Luckily only a few threads parted and he was free.

When we reached home a tape line was produced. The steel head measured 27 inches and weighed 9½ pounds. A few days before I saw one taken from this pool that scaled 14 pounds, and one was caught several years ago weighing 25 pounds.

As a fish possessing all the game qualities of a fighter the Eel River steel head has few peers and no superiors.

JAS. S. TURNER.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 28.—The Senate Committee on Fish and Game to-night introduced a bill for the consolidation of the Fisheries and Forest Commissions. The Committee's report sets forth:

"The proposition for the consolidation of the Fish and Forest Commissions originated with the Committees on Finance and Game Laws in the Senate, and is submitted after a thorough investigation of the powers, duties and operations of the two commissions. The Committee on Finance at the last session of the Legislature was directed and empowered to make a thorough investigation into the workings of the several State commissions and ascertain if it were not possible to consolidate some and reduce the expenses of others inasmuch as the burden of maintaining these commissions had grown to be intolerably great. The attention of the Legislature was also called to the advisability of consolidating commissions having powers almost similar by the Governor in his admirable message. The two committees at the beginning of their investigation naturally directed their attention to the two commissions above mentioned, as in their very nature they were working upon almost parallel lines. The Committee on Finance considered whether the Fish Commission might not very properly assume the care of the Adirondack Park and the preservation of the forest, or whether the Forest Commission could not perform also the duties relating to the preservation of fish and game. They also considered whether it was not practicable to compel the fish and game protectors to perform the duties of forest inspectors and foresters, or whether those latter officers could not, without much additional trouble, take care of the fish and game. The Committee on Game Laws of the Senate, after a thorough investigation of the operations of the game laws of the State, came squarely to the same conclusion. They agreed with the Committee on Finance that the two commissions might very properly be consolidated; that a Commission of Fisheries and Forests, with a paid president, could very easily take care of the forests as well as provide for the preservation of the game and fish they contained. As a result of these conclusions this bill has been prepared. It provides

first for five commissioners, to be known as the Commissioners of Fisherries and Forests, with a paid president, who is required to devote his entire time to the duties of his office. The bill also provides for the necessary clerical force and for the appointment of thirty game and fish protectors, who will possess the powers now enjoyed by foresters and other employees of the Forest Commission, as well as those they enjoy under the present law. A very careful expert estimate has been made, and is given below, of the total cost of operating the new commission, with two additional fish hatcheries and an increase of ten in the number of game protectors, and it is conclusively shown that a saving of over $30,000 a year can be effected to the State."

ANGLING NOTES.

Mohican Club Officers.

At the annual meeting of the Mohican Rod and Gun Club, of Glens Falls, N. Y., the following officers were elected: President, A. N. Cheney; Vice-President, Byron B. Fowler; Treasurer, Stephen A. Hays; Secretary, Franklin F. Gunn; Executive Committee, N. R. Gourley, J. M. Davis, D. L. Robertson, Dr. T. I. Henning and Beecher Clothier. The club has a local membership of nearly 120 and a non-resident membership of over 40.

Spawning of Salmon.

Mr. Edward Hallam writes me: "In your article of Feb. 19th you speak about the spawning of land locked salmon. You mention one case where a salmon spawned at Plymouth Hatchery, N. H., that weighed two pounds. Now this may be all right as far as freight goes, but still it is indefinite. Could you not tell us how many years or months elapse from the time the eggs of land locked salmon hatch before the salmon so hatched begins to reproduce its kind. This would be worth knowing. According to your theory food makes weight and growth, and following out this line of thought a fish that had all it could eat might be only two years old and still weigh five pounds, while another salmon hatched at the same time, if it did not get enough to eat, might live five years and weigh only five pounds. Wont you please give it to us in years and months instead of in pounds."

The note referred to was written because of a statement concerning the weight of spawning land locked salmon, the age not having been brought into the question. Land locked salmon in wild waters will spawn in their third year (confinement in hatchery ponds or tanks may change the habits of fish slightly, depending upon the conditions which obtain), or, to follow the life of a salmon, the eggs taken last fall will be hatched this spring and the fry will remain in the brooks for one or two years according to the man who tells the story, for there is an honest difference of opinion about the matter when observations have been made in different waters.

I planted one lot of land locked salmon in the month of May in a brook which never had seen them before, and in a year from the following October they were still there in such numbers as to make me think none had left, but some few must have gone, for two were caught in a mill flume in the river below. The fish which ran down would be called yearlings, for they went down the next year after they were hatched, but as they were hatched in the spring and ran down stream in the fall they might have been 19 or 20 months old from the egg. Therefore when I say they spawn in their third year—I write of an actual case of a newly planted stream in New Hampshire—as they are born in the spring and spawn in the fall the salmon are in reality three years and eight months old or thereabouts.

The young land locked salmon run down from the streams where they are hatched or planted into the lake, which may be called their home exactly as the sea salmon in smolt stage run down from the fresh water streams into the sea.

That "food makes weight and growth" is not a theory, but a condition, if I may borrow that expression, but the land locked salmon does not begin its remarkable growth until it has left the stream of its infancy and gone down into the lake of rich pasturage.

The salmon of smolt stage when it runs down into a lake, weighs but two or three ounces, but in another year or two it may weigh four to six pounds.

Death of Thomas Andrews.

The last issue of Fishing Gazette, London, announces the death of Thomas Andrews, one of the best known and most progressive of English fish culturists. I have had occasion to quote from Mr. Andrew's personal letters concerning his methods of rearing fish several times during the past few years in this column, particularly his advocacy of rearing and planting yearlings of the salmonidae to obtain the best results and concerning his methods of rearing natural food for trout. For the past two years at intervals he has furnished to the Gazette papers upon "How to Breed and Rear Trout," and they have been written with such care as to details and have been read with so much interest on this side of the ocean, that I have urged upon the author and publisher the desirability of printing them in book form.

It is to be hoped that the papers were completed before the author's death as they will serve as a monument to his memory. The Gazette states simply that Mr. Andrew's died of pleurisy and promises a sketch of his life later.

Eyes of Fishes.

A friend who has read Dr. Hinde's note in Forest and Stream of Jan. 5, concerning his examination of the eyes of the large mouthed black bass writes: "While these deductions are apparently conclusive, it would be interesting to know how under such conditions black bass are able to protect their young at night. That the fry have nocturnal enemies cannot be doubted. The catfish, or bull head, which is generally supposed to be a night feeder is one of them. A microscopic examination of the retina of the eye of the catfish might reveal some facts whether its habits are nocturnal or not. I do not know as you will agree with me as regards the nocturnal habits of the catfish. I only know of this from observations in the brackish water in the bay in front of my residence. I have often seen these fishes at night during a moon, chasing the fry of edible sorts on the edge of the beach, and feeding upon them. How it is with the fresh water catfish I have no positive knowledge."

The fresh water catfish or bull head or horned pout is a night feeder. So much so that there is a popular delusion that the pout will not bite during a bright day. They are usually fished for at night, at which time they bite ravenously. The eye of the bull pout is very different in appearance from that of the beach bass, and I presume Dr. Hinde will be glad to act on the suggestion, and examine and compare the eyes of the two fishes, but whatever the results may be, I doubt not that plenty of evidence will be forthcoming that the black bass does feed at night.

In a previous note I referred to a belief that artificial propagation made salmon less game when they became dult, and said that I would submit the matter to the veteran John Mowat. He writes me: "As to the salmon of the Restigouche, not fighting or being as game since artificial stocking began, it is all nonsense. Pisci culture has no doubt increased the average weight of the fish with better protection and care, and a heavy fish is not game as a rule. Fish from 17 to 25 pounds, are the game fighters, above that it is more brute force than gameness. I am sending yu some chats on the salmon for Forest and Stream, and I amy chat over this subject by and by."

Brook Trout Abroad.

The dis cussion about our native brook trout in the waters of Great Britain has brought out some curious testimony as I have already related. One writer comes to their defense as follows:

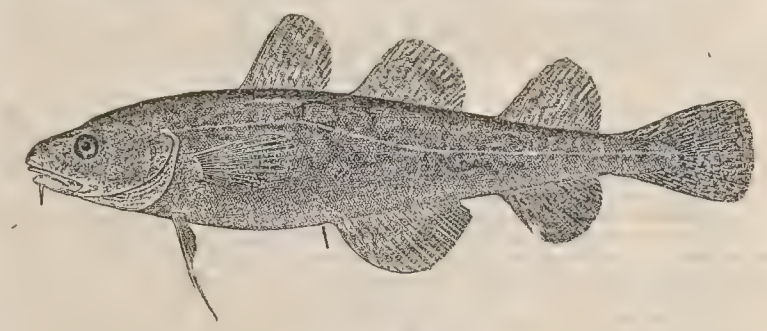
They are the wickedest little fellows I have met with, for they rise well and fight their battles on the surface."

A. N. CHENY.

THE TOMCOD.

Now is the time for tommy-cod fishing in our neighborhood.

I don't know what family of fishes he belongs to and I do not suppose he is a cod at all. Doubtless thousands of your readers do know, but those are not the ones I have inquired of. All I know is that the French people call him petite morue (little cod), and the English people, "tommy cod." Down in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where he is very plentiful, I believe he is called frost fish. What his habits are in that region somebody else may tell. I only know he comes along here about Christmas and continues about three weeks; not longer. He is fished for here through holes cut in the ice from little cabins set just along the line of rocks that borders the channel of the St. Lawrence on the north side. He does not wander far on to the flats nor out into the strong current, but keeps just along the edge of the slack water. When the tide gets to running heavy he disappears. One may sit and bob there for hours without a bite, but for a while at about high or low water he usually takes hold well. The night tides are best, and not seldom three, four or five hundred are taken from one cabin by a couple of men or boys in a night. Here they are only caught with hand lines, but at some places farther up the river a great many are taken in traps. One night last winter



THE TOMCOD.

two men took fifty bushels in a night, selling them on the spot at fifty cents the bushel, which is about the usual price. When frozen they would run about 250 to the bushel.

One would hardly suspect a little fishery of the kind lasting only three weeks, to be of commercial importance, but a few years ago when the winter was so mild, that there was no ice on the flats and the cabins could not be placed at the proper time, we reckoned the loss to the village at about $2,000.

The fish go to the head of tide water to spawn, coming back in two or three weeks, very hungry, but so poor and thin as to be scarcely eatable. In the spring the fry may be seen along our shore in millions, making their way to their summer habitat in the salt water.

Just now the fishing is a little past its best, and the close of the week will almost see the end of it. For about a mile the edge of the channel is lined with cabins. We can count nearly a hundred of them, some only large enough for only two men or boys, and a few to accomodate four or even six. In these pleasant moonight evenings the lights resemble those of a miniature Canadian village. If you go to a man's house to inquire for him, the chances are fully three out of five that you will be told he has gone fishing. And not only the men but the women and children, boys and girls, youths and maidens, go to fish for tommy cods, although these last mostly in the daytime, for the distance is long and the way over the ice not the best.

And besides the villagers, parties come from the country and even from Quebec, for a day or a night's fishing. These are mainly people who have friends owning cabins and who come for a little lark, bringing their provisions with them, of which a good share is in bottles. Doubtless they enjoy themselves and they make no disturbance, so we will not begrudge them their pleasures.

Years ago, along the Beaufort shore, and by the mouth of the river St. Charles, at Quebec, people used to build similar cabins but larger, having facilities for cooking and eating the fish on the spot. Probably they do so now, but these improvised restaurants must be better conducted than they sometimes were formerly. I remember one winter when the carousals held at some of them scandalized the community to such an extent that I believe the clergy was obliged to interfere.

Some places were decently kept and were frequently visited by highly respectable people; but it can well be imagined that situated as they were, quite far from shore, beyond police supervision and often difficult to reach or leave in a dark night, there would be some that would be frequented by characters that decent folks would prefer not to meet.

But in the cabins along our shores we hear of nothing objectionable and the people who have little to do at this season, comfortably seated in warm cabins, doubtless enjoy catching tommy cods to last them through Lent just as much as the millionaire enjoys taking the salmon that perhaps costs him a hundred or two dollars and that he hardly knows what to do with when he has it.

And this one of the fishes that asks no law for its protection. Its wonderful instinct makes all the law it needs and man can apparently do nothing to apparently diminish its numbers. Ages hence future generations of Canadians will doubtless find the petite morue as plentiful as it is to-day.

QUEBEC, Jan. 10. G. DE MONTAUBAN.

Special writes of tomcod fishing in Massachusetts: The fishermen in the vicinity of Salem, Beverley and Byfield tong them. This tonging is a peculiar method, but it affords the boys some amusement, and takes the fish. A pair of wooden tongs are constructed, with sharpened brads between the jaws, in such a way that once they are closed on to the tail of the tomcod, "he is a goner." The fishing or tonging is done at low tide, and at the mouths of brooks and rivers that enter the salt water over a rocky bottom. The tomcod swim up among the rocks as far as possibe, at this season of the year, and are caught among the rocks in shoa water, when the tide is out. Then comes the tonger. He quietly crept up, clad in rubber boots and with waterproof gloves, or old mittens that he does not care for. Down among the rocks the wriggling tail of the tomcod is seen, when down go the tongs, and with one bite of the bradded jaws the tomcod is out of the water and in the basket.

THE COLOR OF BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream: I agree with Mr. Cheney in his belief, expressed in your issue of January 19, that small-mouth black bass take on a color similar to the bottom over which or about which they rest; but I do not think this color results simply from the stationary, as alleged, habits of the black bass on dark nights, nor that this color demonstrates that the habits of the black bass on dark nights are stationary.

I think the color depends upon the residence of the black bass—whether of stationary or restrictive character—and whether such residence be during the day or the night. It is the home where this valiant warrior of flashing eye and quivering fin finds his most delightful siesta or dress-parade or base of assault, which gives to him his light or dark coat. Roaming elsewhere for temporary purposes, whether impelled by hunger or a desire to see the world, he carries with him to the new grounds the distinctive evidences of the character of territory in which he most delights.

Bass naturally seek, when hungry, places where food is attainable. Who has not seen them chasing minnows on shoals and riffles where the water scarcely covered their backs, yards away from their usual haunts, and where not a cannibal fish would be "fool enough' to make his residence? And again on these same shoals, when jigging suckers and "red hoss" at night by the light of a torch, who has not seen bass of goodly size darting away to the deeper water?

Among the rocks and deeply-submerged limestone shelves of Elkhorn Creek, I have often taken bass of dark color and lighter ones from the shallower sandy bottoms. Amid the immense cavernous rocks and exceeding depths of Rockcastle and Cumberland Rivers I have taken bass almost inky black, and at any time of the day.

Mr. Cheney says: "I knew that the fish came on the bars and shoals at night to feed," and again, "It was customary to catch bass on the shoals in the evening, baiting for them to come on, long after dark." Does this indicate that the habits of the bass at night were stationary?

The man who knows when the black bass are going to be "on their feed," I think has not yet been born. If he has ever lived, he joined the silent majority without giving to the world a secret which anglers have thirsted to know since the memory of man My judgment is that the black bass feeds when he is hungry, and that time is, as yet, beyond human ken.

Nor do I think that the stationary habits of the bass attach to the night alone. In a five-weeks' fish on Elkhorn Creek, the past summer, I daily took from under ledges and shelving rocks, often within a foot or two of the shore, small-mouth black bass, and rock bass, or "red eyes," that I am satisfied had been daily stationary from dawn to dark. Nor was there any "luck" in dropping the bait in the chaneel or open deep water. Fishing without float or sinker, the minnow was laid alongside or in front of the rocks or ledges underneath which I knew, with almost certainty, the bass were gently resting. They would not deign to come out two or three feet to take the bait, but it had to be laid under their very noses and even, at times, temptingly wiggled to induce them to take it. As the creek was low and the water unusually clear, this tempting of the wary bass grew almost into a passion, and often, when feeling certain of one's presence, the playing of the bait was variously continued for many moments before its disappearance denoted the biter had bit.

As to bass biting at night, in company with another "Kingfisher," the past summer, we had opportunity to make a test. We were fishing in Clear Lake, Canada. After supper, one afternoon, we took boat and slowly trolled along the shores, using grasshoppers for bait. Not a bite did we get until twilight deepened into night, and the night grew into nine o'clock, too dark to see our lines or even the end of our rods. Then suddenly one of the party felt a jerk and found work in hand. A small-mouth bass was landed, and within the hour five or six bass and as many pike were taken. We finished by guess. The biting ended as suddenly as it began.

Enlarge the bill of particulars, Mr. Cheney, and widen the logical deductions, and see if we can't agree that it is the residence of the black bass, whether he is at home, by day or night, that tends to fix his color and not the mere remaining stationary on dark nights that gives the color, nor, inversely, that the color proves he remained stationary on such nights.

OLD SAM.

Angling With a Bulldog.

Editor Forest and Stream: In the last issue of Forest and Stream my very good friend, "O. O. S." manifests a decided inclination to reflect upon Billy's story about catching salmon with a club and a bulldog. When I say Billy's story, I do not wish to be understood as "hedging," and if Brother Smith feels disposed to hold me responsible for the yarn, why, I suppose I will have to shoulder the responsibility and accept the burden of proof; for a friend is not much of a friend when he deserts a fellow in deep water. Brother Smith knows how devotedly I have stood by him through all these years about that cougar story of his, and I will stay by him closer than the old she-cougar did, even until the end; and Billy has always been a faithful friend to me, and I shall proudly back up his story about the bulldog until he himself weakens.

And I want to tell Brother Smith right now that Billy is no "spring chicken," and is not likely to weaken about the truth of any of his stories. The story is undoubtedlly true, and none of us old mossbacks ever thought of doubting it. If Brother Smith thinks that it is a pretty tough story, he only manifests his ignorance of the wonderful resources of this wonderful country. Why, I can find him a dozen or more old Oregonians that will gladly give Billy cards and spades in talking about salmon. I myself feel as if I could say something when you begin to talk about chinook salmon. Yes, I have gone in among them on the riffles in spawning time and thrown great big fellows ashore just for the fun of it, and then returned them to the water, and my teeth are not half as well developed as are Billy's bulldog's. Now I am not disposed to assume any more responsibilities in this matter, but I wish that my friend Smith could hear a gang of "old settlers," regular old webfooters, talk about salmon for a while. He would never again think of questioning so simple a story as Billy's bulldog story. Knowing Billy as I do, I am only surprised that he let the boys down as easy as he did. There is nothing about the story that is at all unlikely. What would Brother Smith think of salmon crowding a stream during spawning time so that you could not drive a team and wagon through; frightening the horses by running against their legs and crowding between the spokes so that the wheels could not be turned. And yet no old Oregonian would think of doubting the story. As a matter of fact, Eastern people can have no conception of the myriads upon myriads of salmon that thronged the streams of Oregon and Washington in the early days, and the man that undertakes to tell of it takes great chances if he has any respect for his reputation for truth and veracity. Of course, the salmon are not so plentiful now as in years gone by, but I myself have seen them so thick below the Falls of the Willamette during the running season that, by lying down and looking across the surface of the water one could see only a living mass of leaping salmon, thousands upon thousands of them. As Brother Smith well says: "That great West is a terror of a country," and nobody ought to know it better than he, if my recollection serves me right.

S. H. GREENE.

Portland, Oregon

Fishculture

California Fishculture.

With an area twelve times as great as Massachusetts, the State of California appropriates very little more than the former for the protection and propagation of fish and game. Its grant is only $17,500, of which $7,500 was for the support of three hatcheries, located at Sisson, Olema and Tahoe City, besides several temporary stations.

The Sisson establishment received 27,000 eggs of Eastern brook trout from the Nevada Fish Commission, February 1, 1893, and planted the fry in Castle Lake, Shovel Creek and the headwaters of the Sacramento. These waters contain rainbow trout, and it remains to be seen whether that spring spawning fish will destroy the smaller brook trout, which spawns in the fall. The Dolly Varden will also figure in the struggle for the survival of the fittest, making the game at least a triangular one, to say nothing of the various little acres of rainbow and steel-head which are making life a burden to zoologists, as well as to the small fry.

The brook trout hatched at Sisson were supplemented by a much larger number, 226,000, obtained from Marlette Lake, Nevada, and developed at the Bear Valley hatchery at Olema, in 1893. The same establishment distributed 181,000 brook trout fry in 1894, while from Sisson 85,000 were planted in the latter year. The species has been widely distributed over the State, and if it thrives as well as in Nevada and Colorado, Californians will soon have superb fly-fishing.

It is surprising to note the growth and multiplication of Eastern fontinalis in Colorado. From two stocked lakes visited by Mr. H. D. Dean, from Leadville, for the United States Fish Commission, more than one million eggs of that fish were taken during October and November, 1894. Even in Jefferson Lake, at an elevation of 11,000 feet, the brook trout grows and increases rapidly.

The work of the California Commission during 1893 and 1894 can best be shown by the summary which follows. The salmon were furnished by the United States Fish Commission.

FISH DISTRIBUTED CALCFORNIA.

	1893.	1894.
Quinnat salmon	2,554,450	7,776,400
Brook trout (fontinalis)	251,500	266,000
Rainbow trout	754,000	1,080,240
Red throat trout	106,000	2,983,950
Black bass	155	9,350
Muskellunge	93,000	
Total	3,759,105	12,115,940

The young black bass distributed in 1894 were taken in Russian River. The Commission has a good word to say for the introduced catfish, and even for the carp, which has proved of the greatest value as a food for the striped bass, another immigrant from the East, and more esteemed than any other. The shad also continues to multiply so that the dealers have been compelled to limit the fishermen's catch in order to avoid a continual glut in the market.

The report from which these notes are drawn is nicely illustrated by pictures of the Sisson hatchery, the shad, striped bass, golden trout, muskellunge, wall-eyed pike, the black basses, lobster and spring lobster, and is supplemented by an article on Salmon and Trout of the Pacific Coast by Dr. David S. Jordan, which also contains numerous illustrations. The adult male rainbow trout facing page 137 represents a fish artificially reared at Verona, Missouri.

California is to be congratulated upon the growth of public sentiment in favor of fish and game protection and the vigorous enforcement of close seasons by its officers. It is that alone which makes the artificial hatching of quinnat salmon and other valuable fishes possible. T. H. B.

New York Hatchery Superintendent.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: At a meeting of the Commissioners of Fisheries held at their office in the Capitol to-day, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, At a time when but four hatcheries were operated by the Commissioners of Fisheries, a system was adopted of having a superintendent for each hatchery, with a Commissioner of Fisheries in charge. And,

"Whereas, The operations of the Commission have become so extended that to-day there are seven regular hatching stations each with a superintendent, and in addition thereto a station for hatching muscalonge at Chautaqua Lake, a station for hatching pike at Oneida Lake, a station for hatching white fish and ciscoos at Alexandria Bay, and a station for hatching shad on the Hudson River. And,

"Whereas, The old system inaugurated when there were but four hatcheries is plainly inadequate to meet the requirements of the present situation. Therefore,

"Be it Resolved, That a General Superintendent of Hatcheries be appointed who shall have full charge of the hatching and distribution of fry for the Commissioners of Fisheries. And,

"Be it Further Resolved, That James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, Livingston County, N. Y., be and he hereby is appointed General Superintendent of Hatcheries, for the Commission of Fisheries, at an annual compensation of $2,500, payable in equal monthly installments, together with his actual travelling and incidental expenses."

Mr. Annin, Jr., is the well-known proprietor of the Caledonia and Randolph trout ponds. He is the only man in the State who has made a business success of hatching fish fry for sale. Mr. Annin was strongly indorsed for his position by Hon. Eugene G. Blackford, for many years President of the Fish Commission, by Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, President of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, by William Hamilton, of Caledonia, by Senator Parsons, of Rochester, and many others throughout the State. Mr. Annin has been engaged by the United States Fish Commission as an expert to pack eggs for foreign shipment, and received a diploma for his exhibit at the Berlin Exposition in 1880. He began his fish hatching work in 1870, and has had twenty-four years' experience.

E. P. DOYLE, Secretary.

Game and Fish Protection.

An Adirondack Game Police.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My notion of a game police for the Adirondacks is briefly this: There should be an Adirondack police to have powers for the enforcement of all laws, but with special reference to the forestry laws, to wit, the preservation of game, the protection of timber and the prevention of fires. At present these various duties are dvided, very much as if in New-York we should have separate establishments for the prevention of larceny, and murder, and street incumbrances. Such a police should have a responsible single head who should have not merely a nominal but a real supervision over the whole Adirondack region; so that if the law were habitually violated in any district he would know it promptly and could send men there. The men to be employed should not, I think, be residents of the Adirondack region, or at any rate should not be residents of the particular district in which they are to act, although they ought to be familiar with game and with timber. If residents are employed they are apt to use their power chiefly to spare their friends and oppress their enemies. A single police for all classes of offenses would not only result in great economy, as far as time and money employed in traveling around went, but would often find the same persons violating more than one statute. A timber thief is very apt to be a game thief as well.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the conditions in other parts of the State to know whether the Adirondack region could be best treated separately or in conjunction with the rest of the teriritory, but I see no reason why such a system as I propose could not be applied at least to all regions where the State has forest lands, and it could certainly work in co-operation with, or subordination to any central authority to which the State might commit the general enforcement of the game laws.

HERBERT M. LLOYD.

Michigan Fish and Game Interests.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you copy of extracts from my monthly reports as transmitted to the Secretary of State. Chas. S. Hampton, Game and Fish Warden.

Until last year the law forbidding the export of game was a dead letter, hunters from other states taking hundreds of deer home with them packed in baggage. This year by securing the co-operation of transportation companies and arranging for a systematic watch of all trains leaving the deer region, and a search of all suspected baggage, freight and express, the export of venison by hunters has been almost entirely broken up. The arrest and conviction of so many who attempted to violate the law, and the seizure of tons of venison, deterred scores of outside hunters who have been in the habit of disregarding the law, and saved hundreds of deer for the use of our own citizens. About a thousand pieces of baggage were searched by the state warden and his assistants, and great credit is due to all the county and deputy wardens for their careful and efficient work in preventing the export of game, even when shipped to some point near the border, to be secretly conveyed across the line. The papers speak of the cold storage warehouses of Chicago being filled with thousands of deer from Wisconsin and Minnesota. But thanks to the efforts of my assistants, and to the public spirited friends of game protection who gave us hints and information, the markets of the Union are not supplied with Michigan game.

The law against the use of dogs in hunting deer was more generally observed this year than it has ever been before, but in some counties, particularly in the northeastern part of this peninsula there were numerous violations. From the very nature of things it is a most difficult matter to secure sufficient evidence to secure a conviction for putting dogs upon deer tracks, and the law should be amended so as to make it more easy of enforcement. If dogs were used only by men possessed with the true instincts of the sportsman it might do to permit their use. But in most cases they are simply used to drive the deer out of the swamps and bring them within the range of guns in the hands of pot hunters who would sooner kill a deer swimming in the water than in any other way. I visited one camp on Hunt's Creek, Montmorency county, where fifty-three deer were killed within a circle of five miles the first two weeks of the season. Outside hunters to the number of about twenty were camped with a resident who had a number of dogs. The owner of the dogs and his hired man would take the dogs into the swamp and unseen by any one put them on the track of the deer, and the men who presumably paid for the privilege, although there was no way to prove it, surrounded the swamp, making escape impossible. And, strange to say, the sympathy of the community seemed to be with the men who were responsible for this ruthless slaughter.

In accordance with former custom I present with this report for the last month in the last year of my four years of service as Game and Fish Warden of Michigan, suggestions for the consideration of the Legislature and my successor in office, together with information for the general public. In this connection I wish to express my hearty appreciation of the assistance I have received in the discharge of the duties of this office. As a rule the county wardens have been much more active and faithful in the discharge of their duties than could be expected, the compensation of all being small, and in most cases nothing at all. The deputy wardens have been faithful and reliable, and have almost invariably shown good judgment in the discharge of their difficult duties. Among those to whom I am most indebted I cannot forbear mentioning Deputies F. O. Mayotte, Chas. E. Brewster, Leander Rivard and Jason E. Nichols. Great assistance has also been received from officers and members of fish and game clubs and from hundreds of private citizens all over the state who realize the necessity of restricting the destruction of game and fish. The transportation companies have shown their appreciation of the efforts of the wardens to save them from unnecessary annoyance and expense, and by yielding a cheerful obedience to the law and exacting a rigid compliance on the part of their employees have done a great deal to put a stop to violations. The increasing public sentiment in favor of the game and fish laws which has been mentioned in previous reports by my predecessor and myself is constantly becoming more marked. It was only a few years ago that these laws were absolute dead letters, and no one even took the pains to make a pretense of observing them. Now, however, open violations are unknown, except in those neighborhoods where all laws are disregarded, and people have learned that secret violations are liable to become known, and that if reported to the state warden, with information as to time, place and witnesses, will be properly prosecuted. Laws of all kinds will be violated, but I doubt if there are any of our laws punishing misdemeanors which are more generally observed than are the fish and game laws; and it is certain that these are much better enforced than the liquor laws, the Sunday laws, or other similar police regulations.

Michigan has been making rapid strides in the direction of fish and game protection for the last few years, and now stands ahead of every other state in the Union. The wonderful record of enforcement this year, which has resulted in the conviction of 324 violators, and the collection of $3,320 in fines (not including costs) is one that stands unparalleled, particularly in view of the small cost of the enforcement in this state, compared with that in others.

One great reason for our superiority is the fact that our laws, imperfect as they are, are better in some respects than those of our sister states. This is largely due to two acts of 1893, one extending the powers of the warden and his subordidates, providing for search and seizures, giving complete power over prosecutions, etc., and the other affirming state ownership of fish and game under any and all circumstances, and providing easily enforced regulations concerning the possession, use, sale and transportation of fish and game. The amendments to the Game Warden Act which I presented to the last legislature were bitterly opposed because the arbitrary power given the wardens might create serious trouble if injudiciously used. I am pleased to say, however, that there has not been a single instance of the abuse of this power, and in the two or three instances where innocent parties have been put to inconvenience or loss by mistake, they have been properly reimbursed. The wonderful results achieved this year by the deputy wardens with less than two thousand dollars in all for salary and expenses proves the great superiority over the plan of paying a fixed salary. Michigan has accomplished a great deal more with ten men and two thousand dollars, than a rich and experienced state accomplished with fifteen wardens on salaries of a thousand dollars each.

No doubt the principal reason the present warden has received such cordial co-operation and assistance, regardless of party prejudices, is because in employing deputies he considered the fitness for the work in hand, regardless of politics. There is no doubt but that the same policy will prevail in the future, for while the office of state warden is very properly considered a political office, the subordinate positions are of no political consequence.

CHANGES IN THE GAME LAWS.

A session of the legislature without a new game law would be like playing Hamlet without the melancholy Dane. There is no question that all our laws are changed too often, and unless there are good reasons it is better to leave the provisions with which the people are already familiar. There are some changes, however, which are absolutely necessary. The difference between the upper and lower peninsula seasons on deer and partridge leads to great confusion, and interferes with the law concerning sale, etc., during the close season. The season for pinnated grouse should be made to conform with other seasons. I do not consider it my province to advise what the seasons on various kinds of game should be, but I would caution our law makers to profit by existing blunders and use the same and unmistakable words in prescribing each season. It should also be borne in mind that it is better for our seasons to be the same as in other states, to cut off the peripatetic pot hunters. The experience of the upper peninsula, where the theory of the people that an early season for deer would prevent shiping and thus keep away outside hunters has proved to be such an utter failure, should also be kept in mind by our law makers.

SALE OF GAME.

Enthusiastic sportsmen are very generally in favor of prohibiting absolutely the sale of game, even in the open season. I fear such a law would not meet their expectations. In the first place it would be considered as legislation in the sole interests of the small class who have time and opportunity to kill their own game. Fish and game belong to all the people in common, and the great mass of the people would not cheerfully pay the expense of enforcing laws for others while they could not buy a brace of their own birds or a pound of their own venison. In my opinion the result would be to create a prejudice against the game laws that would do more hurt than all the good that could be accomplished by the best possible enforcement.

LICENSING HUNTERS AND OTHER RESTRICTIVE LIMITATIONS.

There are other means of restricting the killing of game, such as forbidding the killing of female deer, restricting the number that each person may kill, and restricting the number that may be transported. I am of the opinion that a law licensing all hunters, those of our own state being charged a mere nominal fee, while non-residents are compelled to pay twenty-five dollars, is for the present, at least, the best restrictive measure. The decision of the supreme court of the United States in McCready vs. Virginia (94 U. S. 391) would seem to set at rest all doubts as to the constitutionality of such a law. Any man carrying a gun and not having a license in his possession, or refusing to show it to any citizen on demand, should be subject to penalty. The license should contain a description of the holder, like an enlistment blank, by which he could be identified and fraud prevented. Licenses should be issued yearly by the Secretary of State. Our own citizens should have their applications accompanied by an official certificate that the person described is a voter in that particular precinct, this entitling him to the nominal fee. The money received from non-residents would pay the entire cost of enforcing the law, and if (as in my opinion would be desirable) the non-resident holder of a hunter's license was permitted to take a limited amount of game home with him, the law would be a benefit to the sportsmen of other states, and would be popular with everybody, except those who would like to indulge in ruthless slaughter to supply the markets of Chicago and New York. The license system, too, is the most feasible way of restricting the number of deer shipped by our own citizens, if that is to be done. By requiring the surrender, punching or cancellation of the license, or the removal of a coupon, before game could be received as baggage, express or freight, all evasion of the law could be readily avoided. I therefore again present the license system for consideration by this legislature, as I did two years ago.

THE FISH LAWS.

The fish laws need a thorough overhauling, and the substitution of one, or possibly two acts for the score or more of conflicting and inconsistent acts which now encumber our statutes. All of the local acts should be repealed, and all desired variations from the general provisions of the law should be included in one section of the general law, so that changes to suit the preferences of different localities could be made by the change of a single section. If it is thought best not to put all the provisions for the regulation of fishing in one law, I would recommend that there be but two, one "An act to protect fish and regulate fishing in the boundary waters of this state," and the other "An act to protect fish and regulate fishing in the inland waters of the state."

GAME STATISTICS AND ESTIMATES.

There has always been a great diversity of opinion as to the increase and amount of game, and the state warden has received many inquiries upon these matters. In order to secure information which could safely be made the basis of estimates, I have sent out hundreds of reply postal cards during the month of December, containing blanks for answers to printed questions as to the increase of game in general, the increase of deer, the number of deer shot that could actually be counted up, the number actually shipped from that particular place, an estimate of the number of deer killed in the county, and the probable number of men from other states who hunted in the county this fall. These inquiries were sent to every county in the upper peninsula, and to all the counties in the lower peninsula north of Montcalm, Gratiot and Saginaw. They were sent to all county wardens, and to every editor and station agent in each county, and to a large number of postmasters. While the replies cannot be expected to be anything more than approximately accurate, they nevertheless furnish the best basis for estimates concerning the game of Michigan that has ever been obtained, and the results of this first attempt to secure systematic information are so interesting and valuable that it is to be hoped that next year the warden will arrange to secure more extended and carefully prepared information, and give notice in advance that it will be called for.

The replies received this month have been tabulated and placed on file with the other records of this office. It is gratifying to see the number of informants who state that game is increasing in their vicinity, particularly deer. Many informants state that the increase "has been noticed the last year or two," "seems to be lately," etc. Such replies are so general in regions where there has been an awakened public sentiment and a more rigid enforcement of the law, that they furnish conclusive proof of the value of game laws properly enforced. There are only two counties in the upper peninsula from which any considerable number of replies were received reporting deer increasing, and even in these, Gogebic and Mackinaw, it is quite probable that the increase was due to the animals having been driven in from some other vicinity. But in nineteen of the northern counties of the lower peninsula the great majority of my informants state that deer are now becoming more plenty, notwithstanding the armies of hunters in the woods. This is certainly most gratifying information to every citizen of Michigan, and it indicates that by wisely checking the

slaughter of deer, the thousands of square miles of vacant land in our northern counties, much of it unfit for cultivation, being deserted tracts stripped of the timber or stretches of plains and swamps, will become a great range for deer, affording a source of profit to the state, as well as pleasure for sportsmen and food for settlers.

The number of deer killed can only be roughly estimated. In forty-two counties there were 3,423 deer shipped this year from 192 different places. The average of the estimates of the number killed in the several counties would be nearly ten thousand, but my estimate of the number killed in the forty-seven counties from which reports were received is eight thousand. This is based upon the most reliable reports from each county, the number actually known to be killed and the number shipped from different stations, and is probably a safe estimate.

The average number of hunters from other states reported in forty-four counties would make a total of over three thousand. The total of the best estimate I am able to make for these counties is 2,755 and making allowance for the duplications from parties who moved from one county to another, it is my opinion that there were about two thousand non-resident hunters in Michigan this fall. I have hoped to secure more accurate data from the railroads, but so few of them have reported up to the present time that I am compelled to realy principally upon local reports.

Trap-Shooting.

CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

The convention of trap shooters, held at the Astor House in his city January 24, accomplished about all that its promoters could hope for. The copy of the minutes of that meeting given elsewhere, shows that there was a unanimous desire for the organization of a governing body for the trap shooters of America. The question of rules, handicap, punishment for work that might bring discredit upon the sport, and various other matters, were all judged to be fit subjects for a governing body to act upon.

It is a noteworthy fact that no argument, either by personal representation or by letter, was adduced to show that such an organization was undesirable. This fact is very cheering. On the other hand, for a meeting of this class there was a very good showing, and the number of encouraging letters received was decidedly reassuring.

The plea of "too short notice" advanced in many instances was undoubtedly well founded. It was, therefore, a very wise thing to postpone final organization for a couple of months. This postponement will enable every club to make arrangements to be represented on April 3, by delegate or by proxy. It will also enable those clubs to study the proposed plan of organization, as well as the constitution and by-laws which will be recommended for adoption at the next meeting on April 3. It is hoped that the above documents will be ready for publication at least one month before the date set for the meeting, as it would be an impossibility to mail a copy to every club without running the risk of forgetting one or more. The decision arrived at is that the publication of the same in the columns of the sporting papers shall be accepted as notice to every gun club of the proposed organization. It will, of course, be understood that the publication of these documents as above is ordered for the purpose of receiving suggestions for amendments.

The fact that a decision was arrived at not to organize permanently until all sections of the country had full opportunity to be heard in the matter, is a positive guarantee that there is to be nothing sectional in the proposed organization.

FOR ORGANIZATION.

On Thursday, January 24, at 2 P. M. a meeting was held in the Astor House, New York city, in response to the call issued in the columns of Forest and Stream, signed by the following well known shooters:

B. H. Breintnall, South Side G. C., Newark N. J.
David Brown, West Newburgh G. & R. A., Newburgh, N. Y.
Wm. L. Davis, Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Association.
T. A. Divine Memphis G. C., Memphis, Tenn.
Chas. Fehrenbach ("Bilderback"), Wilmington R. & G. C., Wilmington, Del.
W. S. Gummere, New Brunswick (N. J.) G. C., Trenton, N. J.
C. M. Hostetter ("Old Hoss"), Pittsburg G. C., Pittsburg Pa.
J. B. Halsted, Peekskill G. C., Peckskill, N. Y.
G. V. Hudson, M. D., Emerald G. C., New York city.
N. A. Hughes, Williamsport (Pa.) G. & R. A.
T. J. Jackson, M. D., Union G. C., Springfield, N. J.
P. A. Jeanneret, Boiling Springs G. C., Rutherford, N. J.
J. T. Mascroft, Worcester Sportsmen's Association, Sutton, Mass.
D. J. O'Connell, Chattanooga, G. C., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Geo. H. Taggert, West Newburgh G. & R. A., Newburgh, N. Y.
L. H. Schortemeier, Rockaway Point G. C., N. Y.
W. P. Mussey, Chicago Shooting Association, Chicago, Ill.
Rolla B. Organ, Chicago Shooting Association, Chicago, Ill.
F. R. Bissell, Audubon G. C., Chicago, Ill.
F. P. Stone, Audubon G. C., Chicago, Ill.
J. Gillespie, Calumet Heights G. C., Chicago, Ill.
Henry Stephens, Cumberland G. C., Chicago, Ill.
Capt. A. C. Anson, Chicago, Ill.

The meeting was called to order by Edward Banks, Chairman pro tem., who with the assistance of W. R. Hobart, Secretary of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, received credentials, and drew up the following roll of those clubs which were represented:

North Side G. C., Pittsburg, Pa., Elmer E. Shaner.
Herron Hill G. C., Pittsburg, Pa. (by proxy), Elmer E. Shaner.
Braddock G. C., Braddock, Pa. (by proxy), Elmer E. Shaner.
Emerald G. C., New York, Dr. G. V. Hudson.
Park City G. C., Bridgeport, Conn., W. M. Thomas.
Peekskill G. C., Peekskill, N. Y., B. C. Everinghim.
West Newburg G. & R. A., Newburg, N. Y., David Brown.
Boiling Springs F. & G. C., Rutherford, N. J., J. H. Richmond.
Pittsburg G. G., Pittsburg, Pa., J. A. H. Dressel.
Brunswick G. C., New Brunswick, N. J., H. H. Stevens.
Flemington G. C., Flemington, N. J., J. L. Chamberlain.
Essex G. C., Newark, N. J., R. Heber Breintnall.
Union G. C., Springfield, N. J., Dr. T. J. Jackson.
Keystone Shooting League, Philadelphia, Pa., W. H. Wolstencroft.
Altoona Rod & G. C., Altoona, Pa., Edward Banks.
Hartford G. C., Hartford, Conn., C. H. Burbridge.
Hell Gate G. C., New York, L. H. Schortemeier.
Endeavor G. C., Jersey City, N. J., W. Fred Quimby.
South Side G. C., Newark, N. J., W. R. Hobart.
Climax G. C., Plainfield, N. J., Jacob Pentz, who also represented Shooting and Fishing.

There were also present P. A. Jeanneret, of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Justus Von Lengerke, and representatives of the American Field and Sportsman's Review, etc.

The roll of delegates being completed, Mr. Banks stated that it would now be in order to elect a temporary chairman. Major R. H. Breintnall was duly elected as temporary chairman, W. R. Hobart being chosen as temporary secretary.

The chairman directed the secretary to read the call for the convention which runs as follows: "In view of the fact that there is unquestionably much crooked work indulged in at the trap tournaments throughout this country, and being certain of the fact that such cannot but be prejudicial to the best interests of this sport, we, the undersigned, do hereby issue a call for a convention of those interested in the future welfare of trap-shooting, to meet at the Astor House, New York city, on Thursday, January 24, at 2 P. M. The purposes of this convention will be the organization of a governing body for the trap-shooters of the United States, and the consideration of the best and surest method of combating the evil referred to. We ask all gun clubs and kindred organizations to elect a delegate to attend this meeting, or in default of so doing, to send to the convention a resolution indorsing the purposes thereof."

Mr. Justus Von Lengerke started the discussion by asking the chairman to call upon Mr. Edward Banks, of Forest and Stream, to explain to the meeting the object of calling it together and also to give the meeting his views on the subject.

Mr. Banks stated that he had set forth his views from time to time in the columns of the paper which he represented, but that he might as well state again that he was satisfied that there was a necessity of some governing body for the trapshooters of America. At present they had no head, and he thought that the exigencies of the case demanded some such head. He was in favor of some permanent organization based on the same lines as the League of American Wheelmen. He thought that the best time to organize was the present, although he had received several letters urging that the notice of the meeting had been too short.

Letters were then read by Mr. Banks from Messrs. T. A. Divine, President, and Irby Bennett, of the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club; Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.; Capt. E. B. Wadsworth, President, Boston Shooting Association; H. W. Brown, Binghamton (N. Y) Gun Club; J. M. Ranger, President, Lynn (Mass.) G. & F. P. Association; Archie R. Stokes, Secretary, Charlotte (N. C.) Gun Club; J. H. Healey, President and Chas. R. Combs, Secretary, Belfast (Me.) Gun Club; W. L. Davis, Worcester (Mass.) Sportsman's Club; B. G. Empie, Secretary (pro tem), Lynchburg, Va., Gun Club, etc., etc. A telegram from Irby Bennett to the following effect was also read: "Am with you in spirit."

Mr. Pentz said that, in view of the tone of certain letters read by Mr. Banks, which letters seemed to suggest that sufficient notice had not been received by the different gun clubs, he was opposed to immediate organization, thinking it better to continue the temporary officers until some future day when it was likely more clubs would be represented.

Mr. Everinghim was opposed to delay as he thought the public had had sufficient notice to be represented either by delegate or by letter. The meeting, he thought was quite large enough and representative enough to warrant the forming of a permanent organization. Tournaments, also, were being advertised, and he felt that it was time that some action was taken toward forming a national association.

Mr. Pentz stated that his understanding was that the object of the meeting was of national importance, and that as with but few exceptions only local organizations have spoken, he felt that more time should be allowed in which to hear from other and more distant portions of the states.

Mr. Von Lengerke said that a general discussion should take place in order to get the thing started and also in order to be able to formulate some plan of organization; and also to find out whether the organization should be formed of clubs, associations, or individuals. A committee on constitution and bylaws should also be appointed, which would report same at the next meeting; they would then have something to work upon.

Mr. Shaner said that the clubs he represented were in favor of a judicial body to govern trapshooting, but that those clubs did not know what line of action would be proposed. He was opposed to any merely local organization, but said that Pittsburg would be satisfied with any organization which contained representatives of North, South, East and West. He recommended that the next meeting of the present temporary body (as suggested by previous speakers) should be held on some evening during the Grand American Handicap week.

Mr. Pentz agreed with Mr. Shaner and said that he thought the suggestion a good one as there would be a very large delegation of shooters present in New York at that time.

Mr. W. M. Thomas said that his club (Park City, Bridgeport, Conn.) was in ignorance of what was proposed to be done at the convention, but that it was in favor of anything that would really benefit trapshooting.

Mr. Banks remarked that the real object of the meeting was to ascertain the sense of trap shooters on the questions touched upon in the call for the convention.

Mr. Quimby said he had listened to the remarks of the various speakers, but had so far heard no plan of organization presented. It seemed to him that all dishonesty at the traps should be punished and that an organization should be formed with power to punish all evildoers. In doing so he felt that such an association would be advantageous not only to sportsmen, but to the trade in general, manufacturers of guns, targets, traps, ammunition, etc. He therefore made a motion "that a committee be appointed to obtain subscriptions from the sporting goods houses, in order to defray the transportation of delegates, one from every club, to attend a general convention to be called at some future date." For his part he was willing to give from $25 to $100 a year toward such a fund.

Mr. Richmond said that his idea was that state associations be formed and from them a national association be organized.

Mr. Jeanneret thought that states should be represented by delegates in proportion to the number of clubs in the state. He was of the opinion that the manufacturers of sporting goods were taking both ends of the string, getting the amateurs' money for ammunition, targets, traps, guns, etc., and then taking more money out of their pockets by paying the expenses of, and salaries to, experts to shoot their guns and ammunition, these experts taking the majority of all the prizes at the tournaments. He thought that trapshooting should be less of a business and more of a sport.

Mr. Pentz asked how many would shoot if there were no stakes to shoot for. Dr. Jackson (Springfield, N. J.) stood up as one who did and always would, saying that though he shot in many tournaments, he only shot for "birds."

Mr. Banks also stated that secretary Hobart would bear him out in the statement that at the last tournament of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J. held on New Year's Day, 1895, there was quite a kick among many shooters because there were often 20 to 30 entries in some events, half of which entries shot for "birds."

The chairman, Major Breintnall, added: "Yes, and there was a big kick, too."

Mr. Wolstencroft thought that the rules were at fault; these rules, he said, were drawn up simply to benefit manufacturers, the object being to shoot off as much ammunition and break as many targets as possible. He recommended the adoption of the "one man up, five unknown traps" system. In his opinion, 16 yards was too short a rise for any expert shots.

Mr. Shaner said that Mr. Quimby's idea would necessitate an outlay of $50,000, that is, if it was intended to pay the transportation of a delegate from each club in the country. Within a radius of thirty miles around Pittsburg there were as many gun clubs with a membership of over 500 shooters.

Mr. Schortemeier said he did not believe that anything would be gained just now in discussing shooting rules, but thought that a committee should be appointed as a judicial body for the purification of trapshooting. He said that the Emerald Gun club at its recent tournament had added a fifth money in ten target races to encourage the shooting of amateurs. Although this had been money out of pocket for the club, yet the plan gave satisfaction.

Dr. Jackson said that a national association should be formed, but that it was a question whether it should be composed of clubs or individuals.

Mr. Quimby's motion not being seconded, it was accordingly dropped. In order to bring things to a head, Mr. Quimby said he would like to make another motion. "That we now form a permanent organization." This was seconded by Mr. Schortemeier.

Mr. Everinghim said that he would be willing to come to New York once a week if any good could be done the cause thereby. Dr. Hudson, too, believed in striking while the iron was hot, adding that if nothing was done at this meeting, those present would say that nothing would ever be done. Mr. Shaner thought that there was probably not enough general representation of the gun clubs of the United States at the meeting, and that therefore those not represented might say the organization was purely local.

Dr. Jackson thought that if there was likely to be any feeling of exclusion, he was opposed to forming a permanent organization; he thought, however, that there was a good nucleus for a grand association.

Mr. Thomas thought that if the association was formed it should be composed of individuals, while Dr. Hudson said that it should be composed of clubs; adding that if a club did not care enough to pay a nominal initiation fee that club would not be worth having as a member.

Mr. Jeanneret moved to amend Mr. Quimby's motion as follows: "That it is the sense of this meeting that it is necessary to form a permanent organization in pursuance to the terms of the call for this meeting, published in Forest and Stream." Mr. Shaner seconded the amendment.

Mr. Quimby withdrew his motion in favor of the amendment; and Mr. Jeanneret's amendment was then put to the meeting as the original motion, and was carried unanimously.

Mr. Dressel moved "That the present officers be continued until a permanent organization is effected, and that the chair appoint a committee of five to present a plan for such permanent organization, and to present also a draft for a constitution and bylaws, at the next meeting to be held for the purpose of organization." Mr. Chamberlain seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Hobart being unable to fulfil the duties of temporary secretary, owing to his other business connections, begged leave to resign. His resignation was accepted, and Mr. Banks, of Forest and Stream, was elected unanimously to fill the vacancy. Mr. Banks stipulated that, in view of the pressure upon his time, the publication of these proceedings, the draft of the proposed constitution and bylaws, and the proposed plan of organization, in the columns of Forest and Stream, American Field and Shooting and Fishing, should be taken as service of due notice upon all gun clubs and kindred organizations throughout the country.

Mr. Everinghim moved "that it is the sense of the meeting that the proposed organization should be composed of both clubs and individuals." The motion being seconded, it was carried unanimously.

Mr. Thomas moved "that when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet on April 3, at 8.30 P. M., in the Astor House." Mr. Dressel seconded the motion, adding that he would make it a point, as secretary of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, to write a personal letter to every person who entered in the Grand American Handicap, asking them to be present at that meeting as delegates from their clubs, and also to obtain as many proxies as possible, in order that a thoroughly representative meeting might be had. The question was put and carried unanimously.

On motion, meeting adjourned to meet as above.

The chairman (Major Breintnall) appointed as committee on constitution and bylaws, etc. J. A. H. Dressel, Pittsburg Gun Club, chairman; Edward Banks, Altoona Rod and Gun club; B. C. Everinghim, Peekskill Gun club; L. H. Schortemeier, Hell Gate (N. Y.) Gun club; W. H. Wolstencroft, Keystone Shooting League.

W. R. HOBART, Acting Secretary.
EDWARD BANKS, Temporary Secretary.

Christianson Defeats Budd.

Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 18—To-day, George Christianson, of Randall, and C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, shot a pigeon match on the grounds of the Highland Gun Club, of this city, for $100 a side. Budd stood at thirty-two yards, Christianson at thirty yards. The birds were an uneven lot, some slow and some extra fast. In the first fifty birds Christianson was favored by the birds, but in the last fifty they ran quite even. There was a high wind to help the birds along, and quite a number fell dead outside the boundary. Both contestants used L. C. Smith guns, Winchester Leader shells, and E. C. Powder. Score:

Budd	2212022202122221222202022—21	
	2122022222022231221221222—23	
	1222220222221222002202202 —20	
	2111202121220122202222222—22—86	
Christianson	2022112212122122201122121—23	
	0122122222100201222110110—19	
	2222122022221111222121222—24	
	2200212222221222022011121122—22—88	

C. W. BUDD

Illinois Trap Notes.

Henry, Ill., Jan. 22.—It is quite the fashion now to have shooting tournaments, as they have been held this winter, in almost all the towns of central Illinois. So few of them are written up for the sporting press that I have taken up the laborious task of writing something of those I attend. One thing I notice is that the management do not get the programmes out soon enough, and do not send a notice of nor advertise them in the sporting press, hence the most of the shooters are local.

Henry has a good club, and the fair grounds afford ample facilities for the comfort of shooters in either hot or cold weather. Hotel Camp is very accomodating and furnishes 'bus to the grounds.

One of the Henry shooters is coming rapidly to the front, as Mr. Bacon, in a 25 live bird race defeated the crack shot of Peoria by killing 25 straight to his opponent's 21. The match was made during the tournament, 25 live birds, $25 a side, American Shooting Association rules. Mr. Mallett, of Milo, was chosen referee, and Mr. Irwin, of Peoria, and Mr. Brossfield, of this city, as judges. There never was any difference of opinion between the judges, save that of a bird or two killed on the ground. The birds were a poor lot of flyers, and mostly killed inside the traps They were shipped from commission houses in Chicago, and were nothing to be compared with good country birds.

Most of the two days was occupied by smashing targets.

WINGSHOT.

Clark Took the First.

Altoona, Pa., Jan. 25.—The first of the matches arranged between W. M. C. Jones, of Pittsburg, and W. G. Clark, of this city, was shot at the Juniata Baseball Park, this city, on Wednesday, Jan. 23. There were present from Pittsburg, Elmer E. S. Shaner, who was official scorer; C. M. Hostetter (Old Hoss) referee; George Snow, J. N. Anderson, Jr., J. S. McIntosh, A. H. King, D. S. Boyd, Dave Creelman, Jno. F. Lewis, E. W. Lewis, J. F. Stoddard, O. J. Bannon, Jno. Hancock, E. M. Boyer, C. C. Anderson, H. J. Levis, L. G. Hanna, etc.

The day was extremely cold and stormy, the shooting being done under difficulties as a result. The birds were an excellent lot throughout, and the scores were good under the circumstances. After the first quarter Jones weakened considerably, and Clark finished an easy winner. After the first thirty birds were shot at there was not a doubt as to what the result would be. The run of the birds was pretty evenly divided. The race was for $100 a side and expenses. Scores:

W. M. C. Jones	0222222222202222002*22222—20	
	0002202222202222220202220222—17	
	222222*2022222022222*2222—21	
	2220022*0002222022000222—15—73	
W. G. Clark	1122222220212123*0021212 2*—20	
	2222202102 2*2022220212222—20	
	1222*2*2211232121022222222—22	
	2222222231022112211121200—22—84	

The next match will be shot at Pittsburg on Wednesday, Jan. 30.

There were two other matches also shot at the same place, and on the same date as the above match. One was a match which has been pending for some time; the contestants were Ed. Kottman and W. F. Tappan, both well-known members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, and both of them capital shots in the brush. The conditions of the match were 25 live birds, $20 a side, loser to pay for the birds, Rhode Island rules. Kottman was an easy winner by three birds; "Tappy" starting out very poorly, was never dangerous. W. G. Clark refereed this race.

The other match, refereed by W. Sands, was between W. G. Clark and J. H. "Kane," the latter having challenged for the Keystone Top Shot Wad Company's medal, held by Clark. The scores in both matches are as follows:

Match, 25 live birds, $20 a side, loser to pay for the birds, Rhode Island rules.

Kottmann	1101111111*11*0*01101101—17
Tappan	*1001110101110011101100 10 —14

Challenge shoot for Keystone Top Shot Wad Company's medal; 20 live birds, 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary:

"Kane"	22*02220211110221112—16
Clark	2211111122122*2*2221—18

GRANT.

Live Birds on Horicon Marsh.

Horicon, Wis., Jan. 23.—An interesting live bird contest between J. M. Yorgey and F. A. Melcher took place Jan. 20th at the club on Steamship Island at 70 birds each for a consideration, and price of birds. The party, consisting of the contestants, their families, John Little referee, Chas. Dowe, trap puller, and several others, bundled themselves into sleighs and started the day's programme with a six mile ride on as fine ice as one could wish for to the Island, where fires were built, and after a good warming up, the shooting commenced in a dense fog, which hung over the marsh like a veil. As the first string

of 25 was finished the women folk called dinner, and found every one ready, as we all expected the fog to blow off by the time we had finished dinner. However, we were sadly disappointed, the fog was thicker than ever, and before the shoot was finished had turned into a fine rain; at times the birds could hardly be seen, especially the white ones. They were a picked lot of old birds and would make any shooter smile Everything considered, the scores are much better than they look. American Association rules governed the match.

J. M. Yorgey.....*2111112111111111220210111—22
01112111112210020112010000—17
2102*0121*1211111111 —16—55
F. A. Melcher.....220*1220122211222012221121—21
20102202012110210211102l1—18
21112111*2022020110 —15—54
J. M. YORGEY.

Morgan Shot A Good Race.

Willard Park, Jan. 12.—There was an interesting match shot here this afternoon between Gus Freche, of Newark, N. J., and Ed. Morgan, of the Patterson Gun Club, at 50 birds each, $50 a side, Hurlingham rules, 50 yards bounds, 30 yards rise. The weather could not have been improved upon as it was an ideal day for shooting. The grounds were heavy with mud, making it hard work foi the dogs. Quite a large crowd was present to witness the shooting, considerable interest being taken in the result of the match. George Hopper was referee, H. Wolf pulled the traps, while Chris Reinhardt turned the indicator. The birds were a good fair lot, mostly dark in color, some of the birds trapped were as good birds as ever any man shot at. Morgan was never headed after the 20th round, running out the conqueror by five birds, his score standing 43 to Freche's 38. Score:

Freche.....*2110111121111101112*12*01—19
220221*12121222120221100*1—19—38
Morgan.....21111202*2211210*12221122—21
21222211*22212122220021122—22—43
DUTCHER.

Sweepstakes at Yardville.

Yardville, N. J., Jan. 26.—The following scores were made at a live bird shoot held at Charlie Zurrlein's grounds this afternoon:

Sweep, 25 birds per man.

G. Culberly.....1111101111101110111011111—21
H. Habron.....1111110111010101111110111—20
C. Cole.....1011101111011001011111111—19
F. Barber.....1101111100111011010111011—18
M. Johnston.....1111010001111101111010111—18
C. Zwirlein.....0101110010111011111011111—18
G. Giberson.....1101000010011111111101011—16
C. Borden.....0100011001111110111101010—15
E. Gaskill.....1010100111011100110111100—15
D. Sprouls.....0011011001001101000101000—10

Boiling Springs Takes the Second.

The score made in the second team race between the Boiling Springs and Passaic City Gun Clubs, decided on Saturday last, Jan. 26, is given below. The race is the second of a series of five; the score is now one each; third match comes off at Ruth erford, N. J., Saturday, Feb. 2. Neaf Apgar officiated as referee. Score:

Team race, 12 men teams, 25 targets per man:

Boiling Spring Gun Club.

Paul.....0000001111011010110001010—11
James.....0010100011111010111001101—14
C. Collins.....1011110101001001011001100—13
Jeannette.....0101000001011000011001100— 9
Orlin.....1111110110111111111111010—20
Krebs.....1100011111110110100101011—15
Klees.....1111000110100100001001100—11
Westbrook.....0000011010001010111000110—10
Griffiths.....1101101111101111111111100—20
Huck.....1111011111111100111011011—20
Hollister.....0111111111111011001111111—21
Lou.....0010110111101111100101001—15—179

Passaic Gun Club.

Abbott.....1001011110100110111110111—17
Ferguson.....1011100011111011110111111—19
Kelly.....0001101110100110111010111—15
Kevitt.....0100111001010011000000010— 9
Palmer.....1111100110111011110101101—18
Leuone.....1011011011101111111011010—18
Jelleme.....1001000100100100111010010—10
Bowes.....0100101001111111110111000—15
Cowman.....1101001011010100010100011—12
Gardner.....1110111000011101101001000—13
Wise.....1101011110010111011111111—19
Barry.....0001000110101010101010010—10—175

Terry vs. Hopper.

Scott Terry, of Plainfield, N. J., and Garry Hopper, of Paterson, N. J., shot a race at 50 live birds each for $100 a side on Jan. 22, Terry beating this man by 5 birds. The score stood 36-31 at the end of the 47th round when Hopper retired. The following were among those present: T. W. Morphey, Chris Wright, Eddy Morgan, Bunn, H. Wolfe, Harry Folsom, Frank La Mott, Tom Brantingham, John Benner, "Dutchy" Smith, Neaf Apgar, Jerry Maher, Al. Heirtage, etc. Score:

Match, 50 live birds, $100 a side.

Scott Terry.....2112111022010121121102101—20
12*01222212*0201111022 —16—36
Garry Hopper.....2122102202020001200022222—16
*2*21201*2022201112120 —15—31

Referee: H. Wolfe; puller, Heritage, Jr.; scorer, C. Smith.

Krueger—Ertter.

York, Pa., Jan. 20.—The second Lion Bird Match between A. C. Krueger, of Wrightsville, and C. R. Ertter, of Gettysburg, was shot on Friday, January 18, on the historic battlefield of Gettysburg. The conditions of weather and light were about the same as on the occasion of the first match, the light perhaps being a worse one; the grounds, background and arrangements generally left much to be desired. Nothing was done to keep the spectators away from the score, and at times the shooters could only with difficulty reach and leave the score. The attendance was quite large, York, Harrisburg, Christiana and many other surrounding places being represented at the gathering. The birds proved rather an uneven lot. I remember in particular three individuals which were positively the best birds I have ever seen leave a trap, not excepting the bird on which E. D. Fulford dropped out of the tie for third place in the Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park last year, which I always thought was one of the hardest birds of my experience.

The retrieving was done by an eight-year-old son of the famous Irish setter champion "Brush." This dog, "Oro Fino," is the property of R. M. Sefton, of Gettysburg, and is a splendidly bred dog, and although carrying good age and an excess of fat, stuck gamely to his work, and never hesitated to retrieve every bird of the match; by his clever work he saved both contestants several birds. The scores, although not in the nineties, must be looked upon as good ones, considering the disadvantages under which the shooting took place. Krueger was not at all well on this occasion, suffering from a severe cold. Both men did fine work. Ertter started in with a strange gun and missed three out of his first six; he then went back to his own gun and finished in something like his old form.

H. A. Dill, of Harrisburg, acted as referee, George Bushman, of Gettysburg, as official scorer, and M. J. Corcoran, of York, as trap-puller. The following are the scores:

Krueger.....1112222102212202212112210—21
2121202111111211*121112221—23
2212012222122012212211200—21
2111221202111211202112210—22—87
Ertter.....2*2*021222111202212112211—21
2112211111111212011121100—22
1211211112121202112220111—23
1111121121011011010011*11—19—85

CUMMINGS—TAYLOR.

January 24.—A very interesting Live Bird match was shot on Tuesday, January 22, between Dr. W. G. Taylor, of Columbia, Pa., and W. Park Cummings, of Lancaster, Pa., at Hambright's hostelry, on the Lancaster and Columbia Turnpike, about three miles west of Lancaster. The match was shot under American Association rules, 100 live birds a man, $50 aside. Aside from these stakes close to $1,000 changed hands on the result of this match. The birds furnished by Mr. Hambright were a splendid lot, not over a half dozen of the lot refusing to fly when the traps were sprung, and most of them leaving the trap like streaks. The shooting was of the hardest kind, the ground being covered with snow and a stiff, raw wind blowing from the southwest across the traps. Physically the two men form a marked contrast, Cummings being a picture of health and weighing well over two hundred, the doctor, on the other hand, being much smaller. Cummings' experience in shooting individual matches gives him an unquestionable advantage over the doctor, who had no actual experience of the kind. Another match between the two men is spoken of. Messrs. Duffy, of Marietta, and Grube, of Lancaster, acted as judges, and Wylie, of Lancaster as referee.

Cummings.....220222111*12*0212221*2011—19
1*2200222111*2121*2102121—19
2112*2020221222012211122—21
11220221120—68
Taylor.....0221*0011002212202001201l—15
0100001001121011202200*00—11
1022014001012222212*110*11—17
2201212110—8—51

As will be seen from the above, Taylor had four dead out of bounds, while Cummings had seven. The element of luck was rather in favor of the latter. Of the better birds, Cummings' fourth, thirteenth and forty-first, and Taylor's tenth and forty-ninth were veritable, "corkers." Some of the best kills were made on the following birds: Taylor's sixteenth bird from trap No. 5, a very swift left quarterer, missed clean with first barrel, was cut down as clearly with the second; his eighteenth, a bird from No. 4 trap, a speedy right quartering driver was scored in the same manner; his eightieth, a straight, strong driver from No. 5 trap, was probably the most difficult second barrel kill in the doctor's string. Cumming's thirteenth, a fast direct left quarterer from No. 5 trap was hit hard with both barrels, but dropped out; his twenty-seventh from No. 2 trap taking the same flight was also hit with both barrels, but also fell dead just outside of the line, in fact so close to the line that the judges and referee lost quite a little time in coming to a decision. Some of his better second barrel kills were his thirty-third, thirty-ninth, forty-first and forty-fourth, the latter being the star second barrel kill of the day.

After the conclusion of the match and after the thawing out of frozen limbs a ten bird sweepstake, $5 entrance, was shot. Ten shooters entered the event. Score:

Kendig	0222222222—9	Duffy	0121211200—7
Franklin	1122012012—8	Grube	1011222001—7
Taylor	0221011210—7	Harsh	2022201010—6
Fendrich	0111111200—7	Myers	2202022000—5
Wylie	0202222022—7	Evans	1010110200—5

YORK.

Fred Hoey at the Gun Club.

The English Field, of Jan. 19., contains the scores made at the Gun Club's meeting of Jan. 12. These scores are of interest to Americans as they contain the first data in regard to Fred Hoey's campaign in London and at Monte Carlo during the next few weeks. A record of 6 out of 9 does not sound very encouraging, yet strangely enough with that record, he divided the second event with the score of 4 out of 5. The lowness of some of the handicaps will surprise all who have never shot at English bluerocks. All events and miss are out. No. 1 was the New Year's Cup, value, $100 or specie, added to a $10 handicap sweepstake; No. 2 was a $10 sweepstake, 30 yards rise; No. 3 was a $10 handicap, same handicap as No. 1. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Lord Westbury, 24	1111111—7	10 —1	....
H Barker, 27	1111111—7	0 —0	....
Firwood, 27	1111110—6	10 —1	....
Skillow, 28	111110 —5	0 —0	1111—4
Lord Vane Tempest, 25	11110 —4	11010—3	1111—4
Calder, 29	1110 —3	0 —0	....
Vernon Barker, 30	110 —2	10 —1	....
H M Beddington, 23	110 —2	0	10 —1
Fred Hoey, 29	110 —2	11011—4	0
Anton, 22	0	10 —1	10 —1
Revel, 24	0	0	10 —1
Hewson, 25	0	0	1110—3
Leigh, 28	0	0	0
J H Hannay, 26	0	11011—4	0
R S Heygate, 29	0	10 —1	....
Parker, 25	0	0	0

Good Scores in a Gale.

When George Work and J. P. Knapp entered into an arrangement to shoot a race at 100 live birds, they completed the preliminaries for one of the most interesting matches that will find a record as one of the events of this year of 1895. George Work's reputation as a shot has been assured for the past two or three years. He is to-day, in all probability, the best man on fast birds, 21 yards boundary, in America, nobody barred. Knapp, on the other hand, is a man who has come to the front comparatively recently. The general public, who, perhaps, know him better as "J. K. Palmer," only began to realize that he was a dangerous man short time before Christmas; the members of the various clubs of which he is a member recognized early last fall that "Joe" Knapp's form was rapidly improving. At Carteret his handicap was 29 yards to Fred Hoey's, George Work's and L. H. Thompson's 31; that was last year. The way he made the cracks hustle in the cup contests at that club, particularly in the last three contests of the year, added one yard to his handicap, but still he was not placed on an equal footing with the three above named. It required his record of 95 out of 100, made in the Larchmont Club's championship $100 sweep, January 11 and 12 of this year, to make people fully acquainted with the excellence of his work with the gun. After that event a match with George Work on even terms was by no means considered a cinch for the latter. In 'Drivers and Twisters" in Forest and Stream of January 19, I said that "a match between George Work and Knapp on even terms, 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary, woud be a capital betting race; at 21 yards boundary Work woud seem to have an advantage; he is quicker, and his lightning second barrel is a great advantage under such conditions." That's what I wrote, but the printer, though he knew what I meant better than I did. He therefore elminated the semi-colon after the word "race," and placed a period after the words "21 yards boundary," fixing things to suit himself.

The result of the race shot one Wdnesday, January 23, the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I., shows that I was not very far wrong in my estimate of the two men's powers. On ordinary good club birds it would be nip and tuck. That day, with a strong gale behind the birds, Knapp was beaten by three birds. The conditions being 21 yards boundary, the majority in favor of Work would probably have been close to double figures. As it was, Knapp's showing on such birds as those provided by Superintendent George Mott was an excellent one, when the disastrous start he made is cosidered. The wind that day was blowing strongly from the west in New York City; at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds that westerly wind attained the dignity of an able-bodried gale the sweep over the even country of Long Island beingno bar to its progress. Prior to commencing the shoot, the Old Glory that waved from the club's flagstaff had to be hauled down to save it from being blown to pieces.

Shortly before noon Work shot a few practice birds, and was quickly satisfied that his time and aim were all he could expect under the existing conditions. Knapp, however, was utterly at sea when he went out to shoot his "byes." Bird after bird got away from him, some untouched, others hit hard but not fare enough forward, while others again fell dead out of bounds. It was not until he had managed to kill three straight that he expressed his readiness to start the match. Work stepped to the score at 12.01, and the race was on, with a dead out of bounds to his credit as a starter. Knapp killed a fast left quarterer and led by one bird. The second round saw the score tied, when Knapp only feathered a driver from No. 2 trap. His fourth bird, a driver from No. 1, fell dead over the line, giving Work the lead at the close of the first 25 Knapp was three birds in the rear, with 18 to Work's 21; in the next 25 that lead was reduced to a single bird, Knapp killing 22 to Work's 20, the score for the first 50 pigeons being 41—40 in favor of Work. The 52nd round saw the score a tie once more, when Work lost a very fast driver (dead out of bounds), from No. 5 trap. Ciphers were very numerous just then; Knapp lost his 53rd and 54th birds, both dead out of bounds, Work losing also his 54th and 55th birds. The last cipher again tied the score. Then Work had his 63rd bird, a towering driver from No. 1 trap, playing a mean trick on him; he hit it hard with the first, and apparently killed it stone dead with a second barrel stop that called forth a generous round of applause. Just as the dog reached it, up got the pigeon and was over the boundary before the dog managed to retrieve it. This gave Knapp the lead for the first time since the second round. He didn't keep the lead for more than a few minutes, as his 67th bird, a twisting driver that towered as it left No. 1 trap, getting away without apparently losing a feather. At the end of the 57th round the score was still a tie, 62 everybody. Each man then killed five straight, the 80th round finding both men credited with 67 kills. Then Knap let his 81st bird, a driver from No. 2, escape him, but Work evened matters up once more when he missed a twisting driver from No. 2 in the 83rd round. Knapp's 84th, an incomer from No. 1, somehow or another managed to get over the dead line, notwithstanding the strong wind. Again Work tied the score by losing a driver from No. 2 in the 87th round. Both men killed their 88th birds, the score being a tie, with but 12 more birds to shoot at. Out of that 12 Knapp lost his 89th, dead out of bounds, also slipping up on his 91st, 93rd and 99th birds, whereas Work only missed one, his 92nd. After such a close fight for the 50th rund, Knapp's defeat by three birds at the very finish of the match was a surprise to his friends, particularly as he had shot such an uphill race from the very beginning of the match, the 26th round ending with Work in the lead by four birds. The extraordinary quality of the birds, aided as they were by a gale directly behind them, makes the scores good ones, notwithstanding their comparative lowness. Prior to the commencement of the match it was acknowledged as a pretty sure thing that 85 would win; the only bet Work said he'd make on the result, so far as birds were concerned, was that he'd kill 83!

The luck of the birds was apparently somewhat in favor of Knapp, as the table given below will show; his slightly slower time, however, enabled his birds very often to become hard when quicker work would have stopped them close to the traps. He materially improved his shooting in this respect during the last 75 birds; given a little more practice on birds as fast as those were on January 23, he'll be a hard nut for anybody to crack. The following gives the flight of the birds:

	D	LQD	RQD	LQ	RQ	LQI	RQI	I	HorT
Work	42	27	17	7	3	—	—	3	1
Knapp	39	27	9	11	5	2	1	4	2
Totals	81	54	26	18	8	2	1	7	3

The above shows that out of the 200 birds trapped, 161 had outgoing tendencies, over 50 per cent. of that number being actual drivers.

In the fall of the traps, Work drew a majority of No. 3 and No. 5. The even manner in which all the traps fell to Knapp is worthy of note:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Work	14	22	26	13	25
Knapp	22	21	20	17	20
	—	—	—	—	—
	36	43	46	30	45

The time taken to decide the match was two hours and six minutes, as follows: 1st hundred—62 minutes; 2nd hundred—64 minutes. The extra two minutes in the last half of the match was due to a slight falling away in the strength of the wind and also to the fact that a gatherer was sent ont twice to retrieve doubtful birds. Work had five birds drop dead out of bounds to Knapp's eight; had these birds been scored to each of them, the totals would have shown 89 apiece. George Mott, superintendent of the club's shooting grounds, acted as referee; his duties were very light, there being but one or two close things for him to decide.

Match, 100 live birds, 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary:

George Work.....*12222122*0221022222222212—21
2222*20222022221*2202212l0—20
1*1001222222*2222222211122—21
2212221022202222202122222—22—84
J P Knapp.....202*2202220222222*222*20—18
0*2222222222222202222*2222—22
22**2222222222220222222222—22
2222*2022*2222*202022222021—19—81

The following sweeps were shot after the match, entrance optional, 5 birds, 27 yards men receiving one miss as a kill:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
P H Morris (24)	10001 —2	00110—2	01101—3
W Stafford (27)	0011 —2	1100 —2	1001 —2
F G Moore (30)	1011 —3	1011 —3	11111—5
J P Knapp (30)	01 —1	11111—5	101 —2
Magoun (26)	111111 —6	010 —1	010 —1
G Work (30)	110 —2	....	....
Ewing (26)	1011110—5	1010 —2	1100 —2

	No. 4.	No. 5.
P H Morris (24)	1100 — 2	.....
W Stafford (27)	1111111111—10	1100 —2
F G Moore (30)	1011 — 3	111110—5
J P Knapp (30)	110 — 2	11110 —4
Magoun (26)	010 — 1	111110—5
Ewing (26)	1110111110— 8	111111 6

George Work and P. H. Morris also shot a 5 bird race for $25 a side, Work to stand at 30 yards and use one hand, Morris to stand at 24 yards with the use of both hands. Work won with the score of 3 out of 4 (one dead out of bounds) against his opponent's 2 out of 5. On his fourth bird Work made one of the most phenomenal second barrel kills ever made on these grounds, killing a fast driver from No. 5 trap when the bird was fully 30 yards from the traps.

EDWARD BANKS.

Bronx River Gun Club.

West Farms, N. Y., Jan. 26.—The Bronx River Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot at targets this afternoon. The class A medal was won by B. G. Loomis; in class B, H. Fensterer and W. L. Hall tied with 12 each, Fensterer winning on the shoot off; M. Lipps won the medal in class C. The next club shoot takes place Feb. 9, at live birds.

Club Shoot for Medals, 25 Targets per Man.

Loomis, B. G.	1101111111101111001111l001—19
White, C.	0010011000100101111101111—14
Adams, Dr. J. P.	0110111001100110001111101—15
Brown, W. S.	1100000100111000100111110—12
Duane, Jas.	0001110101101100011100000—11
Fensterer, H.	1101011000010110011001001—12
Hall, W. L.	0011011001100001011100101—12
Dittamr, C. H.	0000100100010000101000000— 5
Cathcart, H.	0110010111101000001000001—10
Lipps, Martin	1010111100110010011001001—13
Cruger, Bertram	0001101110000100010000000— 7

The following live bird sweeps, 5 birds, $3, were also decided:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Loomis, B. G.	11111—5	21101—4	20012—4
White, C.	20021—3	11200—3	11110—4
Hall, W. L.	22101—4	12111—5	21120—3
Pero, R. R.	21002—3	00121—3	20210—3
Knapp, A. D.	01201—3	10221—4	12002—2
Kendall, C. S.		10210—3	01010—3
Cathcart, H.		11002—3	.....

JOHN T. MURPHY, Secretary.

Union Gun Club's Tournament.

The Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., held a two days' tournament January 22 and 23 at its grounds near Springfield. Various causes militated against a large entry list, but those present had a good time. On the second day the wind blew almost a gale, making the targets at times very erratic in flight.

Scores of both days:

FIRST DAY.

No. 1, 10 Empires, $1.00: Sigler 7, Miller 8, Thomas 6, Hoffman 7, Drake 9 Hebbard 9, Jackson 7.

No. 2, 10 Empires, $1.00: Sigler 8, Miller 10, Thomas 7, Hoffman 9, Drake 10, Hibbard 8, Jackson 8.

No 3, 15 Empires, $1.50:

Sigler .....111111111111111—15 Hebbard ...111010011101111—11
Miller. .... 111111011111111—14 Drake.....111111111111100—13
Thomas.....110011111101110—11 Jackson .... 111111110110101—12
Hoffman. ...101011010111111—11

No. 4, 10 Empires, unknown angles, $1.00: Thomas 7, Drake 8, Hoffman 10, Lindsley 6, Vandyke 7, Sigler 7, Miller 9, Jackson 5 Chase 5.

No. 5. 20 Empires, $2.00:

Vandyke	11111111111111111011—18
Drake	11111111100111111110—17
Hoffman	11111110011111111111—18
Sigler	11111111101111111111—19
Miller	11111011111111111111—19
Hebbard	11110011011011111111—16
Jackson	11011111110011011111—16

No. 6, 15 empires, unknown angles, $1.50:

Van Dyke..111111111111111—15 Miller.....111010110101111—11
Drake.....111101111111111—14 Thomas ....010111110111011 –11
Hoffmau....011011111101111—12 Lindsley .., 110011001111111—11
Sigler .....111111111101100—12 Jackson ....011111011111111—13

No. 7, 15 Empires, $1.50: Vandyke 13, Drake 14, Seigler 13, Lindsley 9, Miller 12, Hoffman 13, Jackson 9, Hibbard 10, Thomas 9.

No. 8, 15 Empires, unknown angles, $1.50: Van Dyke 13, Sigler 10, Drake 13, Miller 14, Hoffman 14, Hibbard 9, Jackson 13, Lindsley 12, Thomas 11.

No. 9, 20 Empires, $2.00:

Sigler	11111111111111111111—20
Miller	01111011111111111110—17
Drake	11111111111111101111—19
Hoffman	11111110011111111111—18
Van Dyke	11111111111111110111—19
Lindsley	11111111110101111111—18
Jackson	11111101011111101111—17
Thomas	11010111011011100111—14

No. 10, 10 Empires, $1.00: Sigler 9, Miller 8, Drake 10, Hoffman 10, Van Dyke 10, Lindsley 7, Jackson 9.

Match, Van Dyke vs. Hoffman, 25 targets, $2.00 a side; loser to pay for targets.

Van Dyke	11111111011001111111111—22
Hoffman	11111111111111111111111101—24

SECOND DAY.

No. 1, 10 Empires, $1,00: Hoffman 10, Jackson 7, Drake 6, Miller 8, E. Sickley 5.

No. 2, 10 Empires, $1.00: Hoffman 9, Jackson 8, Drake 8, Miller 8, E. Sickley 8.

No. 3, 15 Empires, unknown angles, $1.50: Hoffman 15, Jackson 11, Drake 12, Miller 14, Sickley 13.

No. 4, 10 Empires, unknown angles, $1.00: Hoffman 10, Jackson 10, Drake 6, Miller 10, Sickley 8.

No. 5, 20 Empires, $2.00:

Miller	11111111111111111111—20
Hoffman	11111111011111111100—17
Jackson	00111111111001111111—16
Drake	11111111101011111010—16
Williams	11111001100111010111—14
Woodruff	10011111111111110001—15
Eager	11111111011010101111—16
E. Sickley	01110101111111011101—15

No. 6, 15 Empires, unknown angles, $1.50: Miller 13, Hoffman 14, Jackson 13, Drake 13, Williams 11, Woodruff 10, Eager 5, Sickley 14.

No. 7, 25 Empires, unknown angles, $2.50:

Miller	10111111111111111111110101—22
Hoffman	11110111111001111110111111—22
Jackson	01111010101111111111101101—20
Drake	01111111111111101110111111—22
Williams	01111111111001111100111111—21
Woodruff	10011111001111100101111100—17

No. 8, 15 Empires, unknown angles, $1.50: Miller 14, Hoffman 12, Jackson 12, Drake 13, Williams 8, Woodruff 11, Eager 8, Sickley 12.

No. 9, 20 Empires, unknown angles, $2.00:

Miller	11101110111111111111—18
Hoffman	11111111101111111111—19
Jackson	11100101111111001110—14
Drake	01111111100111100011—14
William	11100111110010011011—14
Woodruff	10110101011001110110—12
Eager	01101100001110001001— 9
Sickley	00111011111111001111—15

No. 10, 10 Empires, unknown angles, $1.00: Miller 7, Hoffman 9, Jackson 6, Drake 8, Williams 9. Woodruff 7, Eager 4, Sickley 7.

Some Suggestions Worth Noting.

MASSILLON, O., Jan. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream*; With the last issue of Forest and Stream, I see that a long cherished dream is about to be realized. War has been declared! The enemy, Pooler, Dropper, Kicker Boor, et al., are already trembling in their shoes. The call to arms, bearing the signatures of honest, ardent sportsmen is the opening gun and the battle will be short and decisive. If the shooting public are what they ought to be, they will rally to the support of these gentlemen at once and help them to accomplish the desired end. There is something good to come out of the year 1895 after all. We are about to place trap shooting on its proper level, with kindred American sports. With the call for a convention of trapshooters, such as you have just published, having such a commendable object in view, and backed by the signatures of men whose honesty of purpose is unquestioned, every trapshooter in Amreica who has a drop of true honest blood in his heart, should offer up a benediction of thanks to Forest and Stream for its good work in bringing this about, and should do everything within his power to aid and assist the movement.

I regret exceedingly that the meeting could not have been held at a point nearer the geographical centre of the trapshooting world, for it is highly important in organizing bodies of a national character that all parts of the country should be well represented in order that unanimity of opinion may be reached. I also join you in your expressed regret that the call does not contain the names of some of our well-known Western shooters, but while I, like many others, will find it impossible to be with you in person at the convention, I feel sure that the Western element is thoroughly in accord with the Eastern and Southern gentlemen who have signed the call, and are satisfied to await the final outcome of the meeting, safe in the assurance that the undertaking is in excellent hands.

While you are about it, gentlemen, do not stop at a simple house-cleaning of the sport, which will do away with dirty work at the traps, but go farther and establish a national organization of trap shooters which will give us a clean fraternal organization which gentlemen will be glad to join. I would respectfully urge upon the meeting the desirability of considering a plan of organization somewhat similar to that of the American Wheelmen, as suggested by "National League," in a recent issue of this paper. I have been a member of that body for many years, during which time I have held a number of its important offices, among them chairman of its racing board, and am somewhat familiar with the work of the organization and its most excellent results. It is to-day the largest amateur athletic body in the world, and its growth and popularity is phenomenal, which fact proves conclusively that its rules and their rigid enforcement are sound in every particular, and while, of course, it will be necessary to make many changes in the constitution and by-laws, in order to make it fit trapshooting, I think a careful examination of its general make-up will reveal many important ideas which will be of great benefit to the proposed trap-shooter's league. Especial consideration should be given to the rules of the L. A. W. racing board. Through this board the cycle racing of the entire country is controlled. In their hand lies the fate of any man who is guilty of violation of the rules and the prompt manner in which these rules are enforced has made bicycle racing one of the cleanest and most successful sports in the world, and it is to-day entirely free from foul play, underhand, ungentlemanly attributes. Trap-shooting can be made as clean, and the new organization intends to make it so.

There is no doubt in my mind about the fact that considerable questionable work is done at most of our tournaments, but it strikes me Mr. Hough's ideas of the sport are very largely overdrawn. If we have been associating at tournaments all these years with touts, cutthroats, ringers, confidence men, etc., etc., etc., as he claims, it is a wonder that we have not all been contaminated, and that we are allowed to live in decent communities. If our wives ever get a peep at his article, we will all have to sell our guns, or confine ourselves to field shooting. I sincerely hope that the meeting will be well attended, and that by this time next month the new organization will be an established fact.

GEO. S. ATWATER, Tuscarora G. C.

Kelley Gun Club's Tournament

Des Moines, Ia., January 17.—Enclosed please find scores made yesterday at the tournament of the Kelley, Iowa, Gun Club. The weather was cold and blustery, the scores, in consequence of the weather and lack of practice, being by no means good ones. Among those present were Grubben, Peterson and Hamaker, of Randall; Hicks, Milner, Kirshaw, Whitney and Budd, of Des Moines. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, $1.00: Hamaker 6, Williams 9, Gray 3, Swede 10, Freese 8, Gubben 7.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50: Gubben 13, Hamaker 12, Williams 12, Freese 12, Sweede 12.

No. 3. 10 targets, $1,25: Hamaker 8, Milner 7, Williams 5, Grubben 8, Budd 6, Hicks 8, Sweede 8, Freese 8, Kirsher 8.

No. 4, 5 pairs, $1.50:

Milner .....11 11 11 10 10— 8 Freese.....11 11 10 11 10— 8
Budd.....11 11 11 10 10— 8 Grubben ....11 11 11 11 11—10
Hamaker....00 11 00 10 10— 4 Hicks.....11 10 10 11 10— 7

No. 5, 15 targets, $1.50

Budd	111011111101101 12	Williams	011100111101101 10
Freese	111111110111111 14	Kirsher	111100101010111 10
Milner.	011111101111111 13	Hicks	001111110110110 10
Hamaker	111101011010111 11	Grubben	001111111111111 13
Sweed	110011011101111 11		

No. 6, 8 live birds, $5:

Budd .....21221222—8 Milner.....20122220—6
Grubben.....20122222—7 Hicks .....21202222—7
Kirsher .....11121010—6 Freese .....02202020—4
Williams .....00021200—3

No. 7, 10 targets, $1.25: Budd 9, Freese 6, Miller 10, Hamaker 10, Grubben 8, Williams 7, Hicks 6, Kirsher 8, Sweede 9.

No. 8, 7 singles and 4 pairs, $125:

Budd	1101111	11 11 11 10—13
Freese	1111111	11 11 10 11—14
Hamaker	1010100	11 11 11 11—11
Grubben	1111011	11 11 11 11—14
Milner	1110101	11 10 10 11—11
Kirsher	0011111	11 10 11 11—12

No. 9, 15 targets, expert rules:

Freese .....111111101011110—12 Grubben....111111101111011—13
Hamaker...110111110001010— 9 Kirsher, ...000200000001100— 5
Budd ..... 101011110111011—11 Milner.....111101101011010 –10

No. 10, 10 live birds, $5:

Budd .....2102102221—7 Williams.....0222020220—6
Kirsher .....2221011112—9 Milner.....0222222202—8
Freese.....2022202022—8 Hamaker .....1202000202—5
Gubben .....0231222122—9 Hicks.....2022020111—7

No. 11, 10 targets, $1.00: Freese 9, Hicks 7, Alfred 7, Hamaker 7, Milner 6, Budd 7, Kirsher 9, Martin 3, Grubben 8, Sweede 10.

No.12. 12 targets, $1.25: Freese 12, Hamaker 8, Budd 11, Milner 11, Grubben 11, Hicks 9, Martin 5, Sweede 7 Kirsher 10.

No. 13, 15 targets, $1.50: Freese 14, Hamaker 11, Milner 15, Budd 13, Grubben 14, Williams 10, Alfred 11, Kirsher 14, Sweede 10.

No. 14, 10 targets, $1.00: Freese 9, Hicks 7, Budd 10, Martin 3, Hamaker 6, Grubben 9, Milner 9, Kirsher 10, Williams 7.

No. 15, 15 targets, $1.25: Freese 11, Budd 13, Grubben 14, Milner 14, Grey 10, Kirsher, 11.

C. W. BUDD.

Annie Oakley On the Stage.

Miss Annie Oakley, who is now starring in "Miss Rora," in all the principal cities and towns of Great Britain, is making quite a hit according to reports received from her. The following is clipped from a long notice which she received in a Hereford (England) daily: "Miss Annie Oakley's abilities as a shot are equally well-known in England and America, and in the first act she entertains the audience with a remarkable performance in this direction, proving herself to possess almost dexterous and unswerving aim. She is also a lithesome actress, and sustains the role of Rora with much vivacity, seeming to be completely enthralled with her part. The last scene in which she appears with her trained horse and a small pack of fox hounds, is very effective." In addition to appearing on the stage in Hereford, Miss Oakley has been giving the Britishers a taste of what she can do behind a flying pack of hounds over the stiff country that is met with in Herefordshire.

Cos Cob Gets Even.

Rye, N. Y., Jan. 19.—The postponed shoot of the Cos Cob and Rye gun clubs was shot at Cos Cob January 17. About twenty five friends of the Rye Club attended to witness the sad defeat of our boys by the score of 128 to 79. The unusually poor shooting of the members cannot be accounted for, or excuses given as the grounds, traps, targets, etc., were all that could be desired

The shooting, in general, was far from the club's average,, Mr. Bulkley being the only local shooter to make a favorable score. The "boys" are not discouraged, but take their defeat kindly, and are anxiously awaiting the third shoot of this series. This will occur on the Rye Club's grounds during the latter part of January. They will then endeavor to "load up" once more.

Team race, 9 men teams, 25 targets each.

Cos Cob Gun Club.

Wood	01111111010011111101111011—19
Chard	00110011110110110010100000 -12
Peck	01101110101101011110100000—14
Kalb	10101010010100111010101101—13
Lockwood	01001110101111111110001101—16
Cummings	11111011010000001101010010—13
W. Sanger	01000111100010010011110100113
Hoffington	00001101010100111010100000—10
W. C. Sanger	11111001111001001011111111—18

128

Rye Gun Club.

Raymond	00110010001000100010001l0— 8
Racer	00000010110010010100101100— 8
Mooney	10010001000010000000000000— 4
Ferguson	00000101010110011000100001— 9
Gedney	00100100101001111001110001—11
Moller	11010110001010000000100000— 8
Bulkley	11100101111111111010101l0—18
Graham	01000101000010010000000000 — 5
Budd	00100000001000101111000001— 8

79

E. J. POPE, Secretary.

The Question of Handicapping.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been watching your columns with additional interest since the crusade against modern methods of trap-shooting has opened, and have read all the various trains of thought suggested by various gentlemen, all interested in the assassination of the "combines" and "droppers" and other malodorous attachments to a tournament of the day, and the possible but extremely improbable equalization of two unequal things—*i. e.*, the expert and the so-called amateur.

The extinction of the gambling element seems to me an easy task at all large tournaments if the management get down to business and *stick*. No man of a dozen I know will shoot crooked so long as every one else goes straight; but it is against human nature to have the ability to place one's self where there is most money and not do it, where it is the rule and not the exception for every one to do the same thing.

The result of the Memphis and Knoxville tournaments will be looked for by hundreds who long for genuine sport at the traps.

Agreeing that such drawbacks can be removed, there remains what, to me, seems an insuperable obstacle, viz., equalizing two opposing elements in a tournament—the expert and the amateur. By expert we mean the man who goes from one tournament to another either as the accredited representative of some firm or sufficiently expert to render it a means of at least winning expenses; by amateur we mean the man who shoots in a desultory sort of way, perhaps once a week, certainly not oftener than twice; he is used to a quiet shoot, the pools, if any, are small, the competition not great, and his scores range up in the nineties.

This man goes out to a tournament where the conditions are totally different to any he is acquainted with, and he is a loser. He kicks then, and wants the expert handicapped to his class. Why? To make the expert a loser and himself a winner.

Now, I am an amateur myself, and yet, honestly, I cannot see why any man who, by reason of ability or practice, becomes an expert should be handicapped to place him on a level with others who are unable to get into his class. But how is it possible, without being unfair to the expert, to adopt a method where each will be able to shoot on a plane of equality? To me it seems like trying to mix oil and water. Any one of a dozen schemes to thus handicap the expert seem to be plausible; but is it a fair thing to do?

It seems to me that the plan of hiring an expert to show off sporting goods and entering him in the events of a tournament on the same level as the man who puts up his own money is not fair to the amateur. It seems to me that these paid experts would be just as larged-sized advertising cards if they were present at the tournament as exhibition shooters and not as competitors, especially as the manufacturers are themselves not only profiting by the enormous sales of guns and ammunition stimulated by tournaments. They are not only reaping the harvest from their sales, but getting their expenses of advertising back from the winnings of their paid expert advertisers.

The general equality of amateurs is more nearly equal; few of the many who attend our tournaments have more advantages for practice than others, hence it seems to me that this question hinges upon the admission as competitors in the pools of paid experts, and a proper method of handicapping amateurs.

If men tell the truth, all they want to do at a tournament is to come out square; if this is true, winners of first money in any one event have no business in the class in which they won, certainly until they fail to win either first, second or third in another class, but placing them up with experts whose whole time and sole business it is to win handicaps them too severely.

The fact is that just so long as money is the attraction to our tournaments, just so long the losers will be calling for handicaps. It has been my experience that no winner has ever been heard to want anything better than the game at which he wins, and until some scheme is evolved wherein the entrance money cuts but a small figure in the possible amount a man can win just so long will trap-shooters be anxiously looking for a plan whereby a 60 per cent. man can win from a 90 per cent.

SAM'L J. FORT, M.D.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

A new gun club has been organized under the title of the Holley (N. Y.) Gun Club. Its officers are: President, B. B. Atkins; Vice-President, C. Frank Bennett; Secretary, A. G. Southworth; Treasurer, Floyd Storms; Shooting Master, Dayton F. Groves; Executive Committee, B. B. Atkins, A. G. Southworth and Edward Peck.

The officers of the Pittsburg (Pa.) Gun Club for 1895 are: President, George E. Painter; Vice President, Samuel Shaner; Secretary-Treasurer, E. E. Shaner; E. E. Shaner; "Old Hoss" and "Jim Crow" form the Board of Directors.

The Kensington Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., has elected its officers for 1895 as follows: President, J. F. Schauffele; Vice-President, J. Link; Secretary, R. Walters; Treasurer, C. Baumann; Field Captain, T. Doell; Official Scorer, F. Guenther.

Although Mr. Bowman, of Hamilton, Canada, stated that he would mail us papers giving an account of the Brewer-Cockburn match, shot at Hamilton on January 18, no papers have reached me. As the whole matter is now in the hands of the law, it will be better to let the affair rest until it becomes a matter of record in the Canadian courts.

The Newark (N. J.) Gun Club held a most successful shoot last week. Twenty-seven entries in one event of 25 live birds is something for Secretary Green to plume himself upon.

At the Newark shoot the air was full of matchmaking. Elliott and Fulford agreed to shoot a series of three 100 bird races, $100 a side, at Marion, N. J., on February 19, 20 and 21. Frank Class and Tom Morfey were also matched to shoot a similar series of races for a like amount; the first race to take place at Morristown, N. J., February 7; the second at Willard Park, February 12; the third is set for February 19, but place was not named. Chris. Reinhart and Frank Class also made a match which was shot on Thursday of this week, January 31, under the following conditions: 50 birds, $50 a side, Class at 30 yards, Reinhart at 28.

It will be noticed that the first Class-Morfey match clashes with the live-bird day at Utica, N. Y., and that the date set for the third is the same as that for the first Elliott-Fulford match. Why couldn't this third match be shot at Marion, N. J., either before or after the Elliott Fulford match; The two events would be a big drawing card.

By the way, the Utica shoot is going to be a good one. Fulford says that they have got everything in first-class shape to give the boys a rattling good time.

Lynchburg, Va., Gun Club announces that they will give a two days' tournament on April 17, 18. This shoot will be held under the auspices of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. As Lynchburg is easily accessible from all points South, as well as from the North, this shoot, coming as it does at the very commencement of the season should be an exceptionally good one.

New features this week are a three days' tournament of the Boston Shooting Association, to be held at Wellington, Mass., on April 9-11, and the annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, at Kansas City, Kansas, may 21-23.

The following press clipping tells who possesses the badge emblematic of the live bird championship of the United States: The championship live bird shoot for $100 a side between Dr. Carver and George Kleinman, which was to have been held at Watson's Park yesterday afternoon, was forfeited by Kleinman, he being sick with the grip. Dr. Carver took the championship medal and half of Kleinman's forfeit money and returned last night to Kansas City. He was in good form for the match. In the morning he killed fifteen birds straight for practice.

It is said that Rolla Heikes will come East some time soon, and shoot a 100 bird race with T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J.

E. D. Fulford, on January 23, tried conclusions with 50 pigeons, provided by Frank Class, the latter betting $50 that Fulford could not kill 45 out of that number. The birds are said not to have been nearly as good in quality as those provided for either Brewer or Hill, yet Fulford only just managed to squeeze through with exactly 45 kills.

Altoona, Pa., Jan. 24.—The Altoona Rod and Gun Club held its annual meeting January 19. The following officers were elected for the year: President, G. J. Bell; Vice-President, W. W. Wilson; Treasurer, R. H. Fay; Secretary, W. G. Clark; Captain J. F. Killitts; Directors, Ed. Kottman, J. K. Roush, W. E. Bell, G. G. Zeth, F. Bender, W. S. Bookwalter, C. F. Slottenberg. A review of the past year shows the club to be in a healthy condition, with a membership of 129. It was decided to hold a two days' target tournament on June 25 and 26.—

Clashing of Dates.

As the approach of every tournament season the same trouble of clashing dates is encountered to a greater or less extent. This is apparently unavoidable, as many fixtures are sent in during the same week, the dates chosen having been previously unclaimed. Sometimes this clashing of dates occurs through inadvertence, or through parties being unaware of a supposedly priority of claim. Although this clashing causes a slight trouble, owing to the necessity often times of another change of dates, the clubs which happen to have chosen the same dates generally come together and agree upon a change for one or the other.

The following letter from T. A. Divine, president of the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club, explains the change of dates for that club's annual tournament next June: "When we selected our dates for our annual tournament, we were not aware of the fact that the Illionis State shoot had for years claimed and held dates 3rd to the 8th, and in deference to and out of courtesy for this association, we have decided to postpone our dates, and will claim the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of June."

Another instance is the claim made by the Saratoga, N. Y., Gun Club for June 24-28, as the dates on which the New York State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament will be held. The Altoona, Pa., Gun Club last week announced that it claimed June 25 and 26 as the dates for its annual tournament at Wopsononock. The tournaments of this club have always been largely attended by New York shooters, so that it looks as if it might be advisable for that club to change its dates

Could not this clashing of dates be done away with, or at any rate reduced to a minimum, when a national association is formed, by having all claims for dates made to the governing body, the claims being filed as received? In case of a conflict of dates, the secretary of the club that applied last could be informed at once that the dates claimed by his club were already secured. Of course, as a rule, tournaments could be held simultaneously in the East, North, South and West, without either endangering the success of the other. It is only tournaments on a large scale and those held in adjoining States that need any consideration.

Newark City Handicap.

Twenty-seven men put down their names on the entry list for the Newark City handicap, at Erb's Grounds, Newark, N. J., on Thursday, Jan. 24. Among the number were such cracks as Elliott, Fulford, Morfey, Class, Capt. Money, Van Dyke, Clark, Capt. "Jones," Lindsley, Eddie Hill, etc. With men of such calibre entered, it looked dollars to doughnuts that a straight score would be made. Such, however, was not the case, 24 being high, and only two being in first hole at that. Elliott and Capt. Money both missed their last birds, falling into second place with no less than six others; that 25th bird would have been worth a good deal to either of them. Owing to the large number of entries, it was impossible to finish the event on the first day; it was finally decided on Friday afternoon. Scores:

Newark City Handicap, 25 live birds, $16.25 entrance, including birds:

Capt. Jones, 30	1110221121121112112222121—24
M. F. Lindsley, 30	2222122220222222222222222—24
Sam Castle, 28	1111111111101112112110211—23
J. A. R. Elliott, 33	2221222211212221120222120--23
H. W. Green, 28	1221212211121221121112002—23
J. Hoffman, 28	2222222220220222222222222—23
Capt. Money, 31	1211222212221221221011220—23
Chris. Reinhart, 28	1121211011202121111221211—23
H. H. Stewart, 29	1002111112111121222212121—23
T. C. Wright, 28	2222120102221222222222222—23
W. G. Clark, 30	0221221112110202212222222—22
E. D. Fulford, 33	1221212220102121221211220—22
F. Van Dyke, 30	2102022222222201112222222—22
W. S. Canon, 26	2010120112222012211221222—21
John Erb, 28	2221111211211201200012211—21
Henry K., 28	1112011200111112201211211—21
T. W. Morfey, 33	0022222222020212221221222—21
F. Walters, 28	2220222001211222122201122—21
"Adams," 28	0222222201222121202202020O—18
J. Timmons, 28	1211221101012020200111201—18
F. Class, 30	0120222012121220222220 w.—17

C. Zwirlein, Eddie Hill C. W. Smith, G. Piercy, Dickson, and Scott Terry, withdrew.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

The New Utrecht Gun Club had a 25 live bird handicap sweepstake on Wednesday, Jan. 23, at the grounds at Woodlawn, L. I. The entrance money was only nominal, $5. birds extra. Capt. Money and C. M. Meyer were easily top scorers, with 23 each, their nearest opponents being M. F. Lindsley who scored 19. It is only fair to say that no less than five out of his six cyphers were scored to him for birds that fell dead out of bounds. Capt. Money seems to have found his form again, shooting in quick time and killing his birds well; he was shooting Du Brays' gun on this occasion, a Parker with Whitworth fluid steel barrels. Meyer is just now shooting in very good form, and is a hard man to beat; his score of 23 on birds like those trapped in the event is a capital one in every respect. The following tells the tale:

Capt. Money, 30	2211220111122112022212212—23
C. M. Meyer, 30	2222221022022222222222222—23
M. F. Lindsley, 30	0222222*22222*2222*2*22*2—19
W. Lair, 28	1020111102001211*2210111—18
H. P. Fessenden, 28	02*22220120111121002102012—18
D. Littlefield, 28	0211001120*21212222202120—18
C. T. Pennington, 28	1022020001200211102221222—17
Gus Greiff, 30	*0201*02222220*22202022222—16
A. W. Du Bray, 28	*1110202201212210110l0 w.—15
Dr. Parker, 28	0022212020121210012200w.—14

NEW YORK, January 23.—The club held its regular shoot to-day at Zettler's, 219 Bowery. The following scores were made, off hand, German ring target, 75 feet, any rifle, sights and trigger pull, two best scores to count:

A. H. Isbell, 71	246	245
C. C. King, 65	241	246
M. Herrington, 63	245	245
T. Lloyd, 63	241	244
Geo. Shorkley, x	240	242
R. J. Young, 64	240	242
C. E. Genoch, 64		242
G. L. Mason, 51	228	230

R. J. YOUNG, Secretary.

Knoxville Gun Club.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being fully aware of the lack of interest that at times possess the membets of a gun club to go out and shoot, we herewith briefly state the plan adopted by this club for its '95 club contests. This scheme was tried during '94 with success, and the following is an improved addition:

Club Days—Every other Saturday in the afternoon.

Purses—$75 by the club, and all challenge fees added, to be divided into 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. at end of season.

Conditions—16yds. rise, rapid fire, known traps, unknown angles, 25 targets, class shooting.

Handicap—Allowance of targets—*i. e.*, the poorer shots to shoot at say 32 targets on down to 25, which equals the scratch man—to be determined by genetal six or twelve-months' averages of each member, and to be corrected every two months by the handicap committee.

Plan—The secretary issues to the highest scores—class shooting—three "certificates of merit" (one to each class) of equal value toward winning the prizes. The four members holding at end of the year the greatest number of certificates win the four cash prizes respectively.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. All scores of 25 targets in regular order as shot to be each shooter's record to determine the winner of the regular club certificate contest. The first 25 shot at on the grounds to be counted as his club certificate record, or win.

2. All ties shall be shot to a finish on same day of any contest, unless either party can show satisfactory evidence to the handicap committee for a postponement. The other party to the contest shall have no right in the decision of the case at issue.

3. Any certificate holder may challenge or be challenged by any other certificate holder upon payment of a challenge fee of 25 cents to secretary—but no certificate owner can contest at any time for more than three challenges, and then only on the regular club days.

4. All individual challenges shall be made after the regular certificate contest on club day. The right of challenge being with the lowest score and then in regular order up, one challenge to each and repeat—to not exceed giving and receiving three to each certificate holder. After leaving club grounds unfilled challenges to be open to all provided they are filed with secretary two days preceding the regular club day.

5. The challenger or challengee may for good cause hand in writing to the secretary a day before the contest his excuse to postpone a challenge contest to an agreed date before the next regular club day, otherwise by default he will forfeit his certificate of merit. A postponed challenge must be shot to a finish and shall not conflict with any regular challenges that may be in order to either, to be shot on the regular club day,

6. Any member absent from any regular club certificate contest can use up at the next club shoot he attends his back chances. He must shoot one, next after his regular certificate score, failing to win it; if he wins the regular club certificate in his class he then carries along with him this back shoot or shoots (chance or chances) to be used when he does fail. If he has more than one back chance to use up he can elect to do so in regular order of scores at each following club shoot or all of them on the same day.

This plan has proved entirely satisfactory in getting the boys out. Try it and see when about a dozen certificates are out if the fur don't fly on challenges, and then look out for friendly rivalry. To get a "yaller ticket" is the animating desire, as no fellow likes to be the under fellow in any contest.

Three cheers for the Knoxville Gun Club, and all have in their mind's eye visions of that $3,000 added money on May 21-24, '95.

How do you feel, boys? R. VAN GILDER, Sec.

Shall it be Speed or Nose?

Wakefield, Mass. Editor Forest and Stream: It is with great pleasure that I read articles in your paper from the pens of experienced beaglemen. While not as experienced in beagle work as some of your contributors, I believe, as a result of my observations, that breeders need to strive for courage, "hunt," nose and staying powers more than for speed in begales for practical work. I like a dog that has ambition, is not timid, and when cast off will get to work a tonce, going at a good clip and having the nose to back up his "hustle," not having to depend on a slow dog to work out the trail. Speed is desirable, but we should not be so carried away with the "speed craze" that we neglect the more necessary qualities of hunting and nose. A hustling man does not amount to much without a level head, and a hustling dog does not suit a practical hunter, unless the dog has keen scent. Too many begales of long pedigrees and of bench show stock, and some of fiel.-trial fame, have to be coaxed to "hunt 'em up," when the hunting ground is reached. Let breeders aim to produce dogs with the eagerness to hunt that spaniels have.

Mr. Kreuder, in your issue of December 22nd, says: "Speed without nose is all poppycock, and is a physical impossibility." I cannot agree with him, for I have seen beagles hustle a rabbit fast and true for quite a distance, but when the scent became weaker on less favorable ground, where it required a good nose to carry the trail, these dogs were at a loss until my dog Ringwood—Flute M. stock—nearly as fast, but with better nose, worked out the trail for them. Now, these dogs had speed surely, but were without the proper nose for such speed; so I claim, speed without a good nose is a physical possibility, and in too many cases a sad fact. Jean Valjean cannot be a dog of this sort, or he would not have rightly beaten Buckshot at Oxford. Jean must have the proper nose for his legs.

I once knew of a half-breed foxhound and Gordon setter that drove foxes very fast, and would take a fox away from any hound in this vicinity; but as his nose was not as fast as his legs, he would get a "check," and after the hounds straightened it out for him he would outrun them again. Now, which style of a beagle is the best gives the most satisfaction when hunted alone; the sprinter without the right nose, or the steady driving, keen-scented dog? I like Mr. Stoddard's letter in your recent issue, but do not like a dog with a "farmhorse" jog. I believe in the hustling, level-headed, sure-scented, staying road horse style of a beagle. RURAL.

Yachting.

The Origin of the Centerboard.

The following is taken from the Philadelphia Press, of January 20, and is at least amusing:

"Here of late considerable discussion is going the rounds as to the relative merits of the centreboard in vessels as being a distinctly American invention, and for that reason resting its chief claim for superiority.'

To Benjamin Franklin belongs the honor of having first perceived its utility. It was while working at his trade of printer in London that one day in crossing the Thames the strong currents carried the flat rowboat he was in down the stream, and it occurred to him at once that if a movable board were placed at the side and lowered as occasion required the boat would be less liable to be affected by the currents. This was done so successfully that lee-boards, as they were called, soon began to attract notice for use on shallow vessels, until ultimately they have developed into the more pretentious name of centreboards. It is a little singular that the change from lee-board to centreboard has not been, in the estimation of the profession, attended with anything like the advantage the original form first presented to Franklin's notice. One may see now but very rarely on those long, narrow, and as they are called, canal schooners, with their sides straight up and down as a brick house, the heavy, cumbrous looking lee-board, one on each side, about midway, slung in heavy chains on one end and pivoted on the other for raising or lowering. This was Franklin's idea of placing them on the sides, and practice has shown that in this position they are at their best, notwithstanding custom has relegated them to the centre of the vessel."

"The chief difficulty in placing lee-boards on the sides is in keeping them there. The same holds to a certain extent with the centreboard."

"Here, again, another problem presents itself, viz: Does not the keel in its rigidity bear the same relation to the moving vessel as does the fin. That is to say, if a rigid fin fails to hold a vessel up when close hauled on the wind how is it reasonable to expect a keel to do so when the construction is nearly similar?"

"To take a more familiar illustration, did any one ever see in running matches a sprinter making phenomenal speed with his arms (fins) rigid against his sides? There is a natural law that it may be well to quote, "Like causes produce like effects," and following up this line of reasoning the superiority of the American centreboard asserts itself and it ceases to exist as an abnormal growth. Broadly speaking, all pressure is in the line of least resistance."

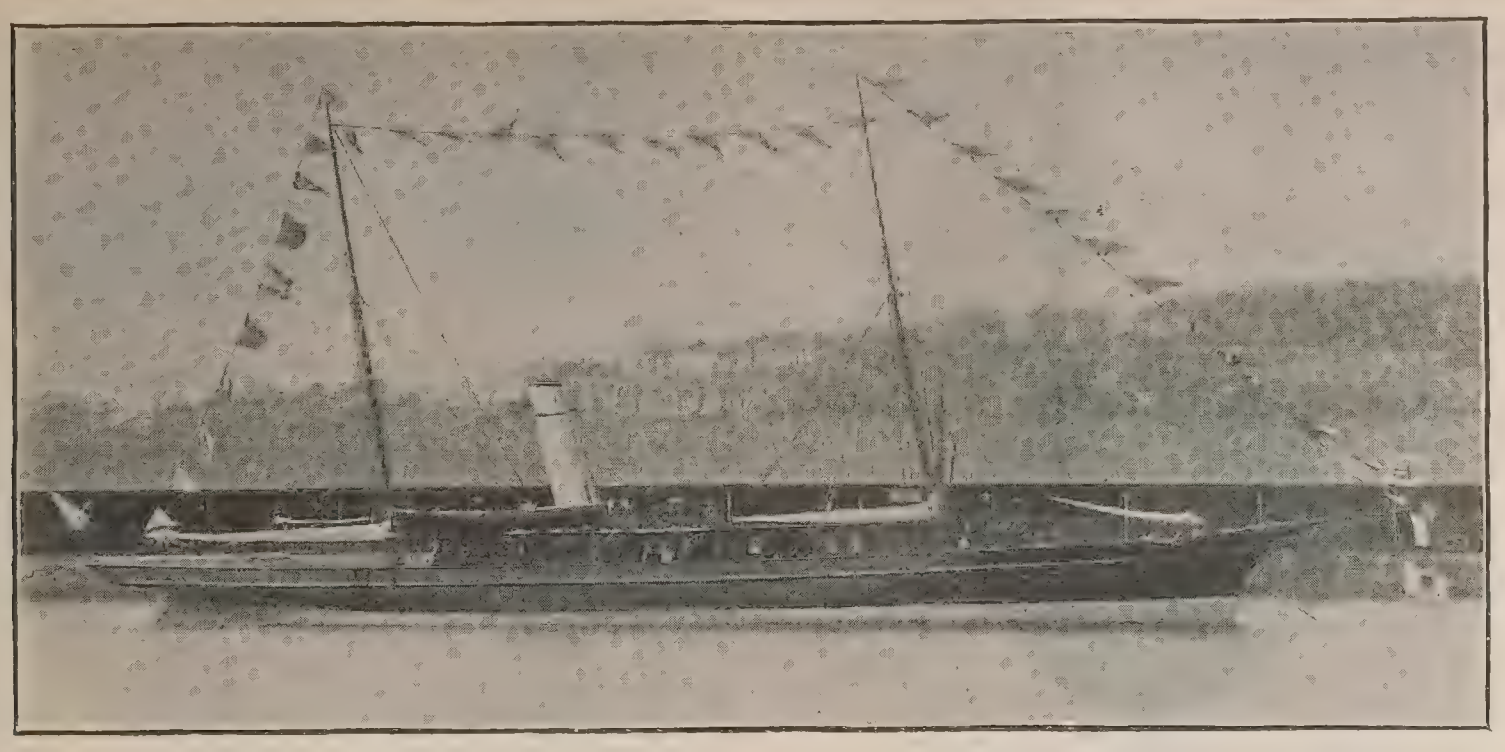
"In the case of the keel and fin the resistance becomes greatest in their immediate vicinity, hence we cannot look for pressure when the least resistance is located elsewhere."

"With the water passing swiftly along a vessel's bottom and the blade of the board moving at will up and down constantly creates a least resistance vacuo, against which the water rushes with telling effect and the consequence is the 'end justifies the means,' the pressure of the water rushing against the submerged movable board forces the hull around toward the wind and holds her there until another change creates a vacuum when the same forces act again. It is the creation of vacuum that gives to the American centreboard its superiority over the rigid keel or fin."

"When we discard the appendage in our racing yachts we run the risk of losing the cup. The keel is good and far superior to the fin. The use of all three at their best is not absolute, but relative to high speed, therefore, the relation of keel with centreboards to use a Hibernicism to take the boat in places 'where the hand of man never put foot,' used in conjunction they become invincible. Designer Burgess believed thoroughly in this, with other things. See how heavily he leaned on the keel with the centreboard and how admirably both work together has been attested by the splendid victories of his yachts over the narrow, deep keeled English cutters sent over here to race."

The Voyage of the Sylvia.

The steam yacht Sylvia, whose name has appeared so frequently of late in connection with various startling reports, is a small craft, as modern steam yachts go, but trim and shapely, of 130 ft. B. P., 18 ft. 6 in. beam, 9 ft. 4 in. depth of hold and 10 ft. 10 in. in draft. She was designed and built in 1882 by the firm of A. Stephens & Sons, at Glasgow, of iron, with four bulkheads, and is still classed 100 A 1 at Lloyds, with a star, denoting special survey. Her engines are two-cylinder compound 17 and 28x27 ins. of 60 H. P. Late last fall the yacht was purchased in London by Capt. Arthur H. Clark, of New York, for Vice-Com. E. M. Brown, of the New York Y. C., to replace the steam yacht Sheerwater. Com. Brown was for some years the owner of the wooden steam yacht Fedalma, built in New York in 1886, which craft gave place last yearto the Sheerwater, a nice little Burgess boat, but small for her owner's wants. As there was nothing suitable to be found on this side, Capt. Clark was commissioned last October by Com. Brown to purchase a boat in England, and the Sylvia was finally selected. Capt. Clark was accompanied by Com. Browne's sailing master and engineer, both of whom had been in the old boats, and for some years in his employ. The yacht was purchased, then lying at Dublin, laid up for the winter, the captain and engineer took



STEAM YACHT "SYLVIA," COM. E. M. BROWN, NEW YORK Y. C.

charge, and the balance of the crew was sent out from New York. The foremost jacks were Norwegians and Sou'wegians, the captain and officers being all Americans. The yacht was turned over to them on October 10, being then in good condition, and Capt. Clark returned to New York, expecting the yacht to follow as soon as she could be fitted for sea.

On Nov. 14 a cable message to Com. Brown brought the news that the yacht was at Waterford, Ireland, and that the crew refused to proceed in her, on the ground that she was unseaworthy. In this emergency Capt. Clark was called in and advised shipping an entire new crew and continuing the voyage, but a difficulty arose in the refusal of the underwriters to continue the insurance in view of the action of the crew and the season of the year. They finally offered, however, to continue the policy on condition that Capt. Clark would bring the vessel over himself, and in the latter part of November he, accompanied by Mrs. Clark, left New York on the Teutonic, arriving at Queenstown on November 27.

Next day Capt. Clark visited the yacht and found her uninjured, but entirely unprepared for a long sea voyage. Arrangements were at once made for returning all hands to their homes safely and comfortably by steamer, and shipping a new crew of sailormen, preparatory to continuing the voyage. A force of scrub women were set to work below, a spar maker and sail maker were called on to overhaul the rigging for the winter trip across the Atlantic, the rigging was rattled down, storm cloths fitted on the bridge, the stores re-stowed and the vessel completely overhauled fore and aft. Although time and money had been freely expended on this work in the original fitting out, it had been very badly done, and the yacht had started in no condition to go to sea. It came out incidentally that on her voyage from Dublin to Waterford she had never been out over night, running by day from port to port, a safe and easy proceeding that answered for a time, but could hardly have been continued much further in the direction of New York.

Nearly three weeks were spent in preparation, and on December 20, at 11:05 A. M., the "Sylvia" cast off from the moorings of the yacht "Celia," in Queenstown harbor, dipped her colors to the Roval Cork Y. C., passed the "Majestic," just from New York, saluted the big "Warsprite," lying in harbor, and with a flock of sea-gulls following in her wake she made her number at noon off Roche's Point. Captain Clark was in command, Mrs. Clark accompanying him, the other occupants of the cabin being a handsome little Irish terrier presented to them in Queenstown, and their cat, Belgic, who always travels with them. An entire new crew has been shipped. The bunkers were full, 40 tons of coal, the average daily consumption being 4 1-2 tons.

On Friday, December 21 the yacht took her departure alongside of Daunt's Rock Lightship, and set the log soon after setting mainsail, foresail, main and fore staysail to a fresh N. W. wind which held throguh the night, with light rain squalls. The log records: "Ship going along finely, throwing spray across the decks, but no solid water."

On December 22 the same N. W. wind held, growing fresher, and the same canvas was carried until 4:30 P.M., when the staysails were taken in, the wind hauling to S. W. and increasing. 8 P. M.: Blowing hard from S. W. through the first watch, high sea, ship going through it finely, throwing spray fore and aft, but no green water except over whaleback forward. At 11:30 P. M. shipped heavy sea forward, carried away weather cloth on bridge and broke stanchions. Slowed down and hauled up to S.W. by W. Middle watch, high sea, ship behaving splendidly, hove to, no water on deck. 6 A. M.: Wind hauled to northward. Kept off to S. S. E., easy speed, with oil bags over starboard bow, keeping sea smooth. 8 A. M.: Full speed, course S. W. 1-4 S. Set all fore and aft canvas. Day ends fine, with high sea.

December 23 came in with a moderate breeze from N. N. W. and high and confused sea, clear and fine overrhead, all fore and aft canvas set, but taken in at 4 A. M., the weather being calm, with long rolling sea. 8 A. M.: Foggy, continuing through the day.

December 24: Fine, with light northerly breeze. 2 P. M.: Set all fore and aft sails. Through the night fine, with long rolling sea. 2 A. M.: In all fore and aft canvas. 6 A. M.: Fine strong breeze from N. N. E. Set squaresail with bonnet off, considerable sea, ship running well. 11 A. M.: Set fore and mainsails and main staysail, day ends with strong N. N. E. wind and high sea. Overcast, with light rain squalls.

Tuesday, December 25: Comes in with strong wind from N. N. E., overcast, high sea, square sail, foresail, mainsail and main staysail set; engines racing considerably. 4:30: In squaresail, wind hauling more to the eastward. 12:20 A. M.: Stopped engines to repair valve of air-pump; turned ahead at 4 A. M. 6 A. M.: Sea smooth, decks dry for first time since leaving Queenstown. At sunrise clear and mild, gentle breeze from N. N. E. Ends fine, light breeze from the eastward and smooth sea. All fore and aft canvas set.

Wednesday, December 26: Comes in fine, with smooth sea. 3 P. M.: Calm, in all fore and aft canvas. 4 P. M.: Sighted Porto Santo, 40 miles distant, dead ahead. At 8 P. M. western end of Porto Santo abeam. At 8:10 sighted Fora Island. Light ahead 20 miles distant. In company with steamship bound in. At 12:30 anchored in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira, 5 days 12 hours from Queenstown. The daily runs were: 237 miles, 4 1-2 tons of coal; 178 miles, 4 tons; 242 miles, 4 1-2 tons; 251 miles, 4 1-2 tons; 208 miles, 4 1-4 tons; 98 miles, 3 tons; a total of 1,217 knots, an average of 9.2 knots, on 25 tons of coal.

December 26-27 were holidays in Funchal, and no work was done. Repairs were required on the air-pump, but the machine shop ashore was closed, and it was not until Saturday, December 29, that the yacht was ready for sea again, having repaired the pump and taken aboard 23 tons of coal in the bunkers and 29 tons on deck, a total of 67 tons. The day was clear and fine, with a strong N. E. wind, and at 9:30 A. M. the anchor was weighed and the yacht passed out to sea, saluting H. M. S. ship "Rambler." The departure was taken from Loo Rock at 9:50 A. M.; and at 11 the large squaresail was set.

Sunday, December 30: Comes in with strong N. E. wind and high sea, the yacht shipping considerable water. The large squaresail was set; oil bags were hung over the bows. 8 P. M.: Sea and wind moderating; fine through the night, with light rain squalls. 6 A. M.: Wind hauling to the eastward; set main and foresails and main staysail. Day ends fine, with heavy rollers from the eastward. Distance by revolutions from Loo Rock, 257 miles; 5 tons of coal burned in 27 hours.

Monday, Dec. 31: Fine with moderate breeze from the eastward. 3 P. M.: Calm, with heavy rollers from northward; ship rolling and squaresail slatting. At 3:30 in squaresail. 10 P. M.: Fine, with fresh breeze from N. E.; set squaresail. Fine through the night. 6 A. M.: Rigged port squaresail boom, which sets sail finely. 8:45: Stopped engines to repair air-pump, breeze moderate from S. E., making 3 knots under fore and mainsails and squaresail. 10:20: Ahead at full speed. Ends fine, with wind fresh from S. W. Distance, 210 miles.

Tuesday, January 1, 1895: Comes in fine and clear, with fresh gale from E. S. E.; squaresail and fore and aft canvas set. Through the night, strong S. E. wind and high sea: heavy squalls of wind and rain. Carrying canvas hard to drive her along. At 4 A. M.: In a heavy squall, burst the foot of squaresail and took it in for repairs. Through the night large quantities of water on deck. Ends with gale from E. S. E. and high sea. Distance, 245 miles.

Wednesday, January 2: Comes in fine with heavy sea and strong wind from E. S. E. 6 P. M.: Heavy squall of wind, rain and lightning. All fore and aft canvas set, but too heavy for squaresail. Through the night, heavy sea from southward and sharp squalls of wind and rain from S. E. 8 A. M.: Rolling rail under and filling decks with water. Fore and aft canvas set to ease her. Ends clear, with heavy sea. Distance, 230 miles.

Thursday, January 3: Comes in fine, with heavy sea, from southward. 4 P. M.: Sea moderating; sighted large four-masted ship to the southard, bound N. Through the night high sea, heavy squalls of wind and rain from S. W. 8 A. M.: Sighted a barque to the southward, bound E. 10 A. M.: Large ship and barque in sight, steering to the northward. Exchanged signals with the barque, but could not read her number. Ends clear and fine, with high sea from westward. Distance, 220 miles.

Friday, January 4: Clear, with high sea from westward and S. W., with passing squalls of wind and rain from the southward. Wind strong from southward. 8 P. M.: Sky clear and wind and sea moderating. Ends with strong gale from the west and high sea from southward. Decks constantly full of water; ship going through it finely. Distance, 210 miles.

From Madeira Captain Clark had steered a S. W. course to catch the N. E. trades about latitude 25; and at noon on January 4 was on that latitude, in longitude 40-16. The looked-for N. E trades and fine weather had not yet appeared, and the original plan of running along latitude 25 until well to the southward of Bermuda, was abandoned, and the yacht at once hauled up for that port, on a N. W 1-2 W. course.

Saturday, January 5: The day opened with a continuance of the sea and gale, and at 2 P. M. the course was shifted from W. to N. W. by W., for Bermuda direct; setting main and fore staysails to steady the ship. The log notes: "I am satisfied that there is no better weather for steaming here than further to the northward, and so have decided not to run our easting down on latitude 25, but to steer for Bermuda direct." Through the night fine and clear: but with heavy sea. Day ends fine, with moderate breeze from W. N. W., but less sea. Distance, 210 miles.

Sunday, January 6: Comes in fine, with moderate wind from W. N. W., and high sea from westward. Evening and all night fine, with heavy sea from westward, and strong wind. 11 A. M.: Wind hauled to the northward. Set foresail and fore and main staysails. Ends with moderate wind from northward and high sea. Distance, 200 miles.

Monday, January 7: Comes in clear, with heavy sea from N. W., strong breeze from N. N. W., and hauling more to northward. Through the night, less sea and steady wind. At 7 A. M. set mainsail and unbent squaresail, and got yard on deck. Day ends overcast, with sea making from northward. Ship going well. Distance, 223 miles.

Tuesday, January 8: Strong gale from northward and heavy sea. Ship rolling lee-rail under and filling decks. At 1 P. M. took in fore and mainsail to ease ship. Have never seen any vessel run better across heavy seas. 4 P. M.: Sea broke across bridge and forward house. Should heave her to, except that we have barely coals for Bermuda. Through the night the same. 3 A. M.: Shipped heavy sea, filling decks. 4 A. M.: Heavy squall, took in fore staysail. Day ends with less sea, set fore and mainsail and fore staysail. Distance, 205 miles.

Wednesday, January 9: Comes in with fresh gale from N. E., and considerable sea. Fine through the night. Wind haulnig to the eastward, and less sea. At 1 A. M. set main and foresails, sea smooth, ends fine. At noon St. David's Head bore W. N. W., 35 miles distant. Distance, 248 miles.

Thursday, January 10: Comes in fine, with light passing rain-squalls. At 2 P. M. sighted St. David's Head, 1-2 point on starboard bow, 15 miles distant. At 3 P. M. took pilot on board; at 4:30 P. M. health officer; 5:30 P. M., made fast to coal hulk in St. George's Harbor. Twelve days 5 hours from Madeira. Distance steamed, 2,734 miles. Coal consumption during passage, 55 tons leaving 12 tons in bunkers.

January 10-11 were spent in coaling, 30 tons being taken aboard, the voyage being resumed at 11 A. M. on the latter date, the pilot being discharged at noon outside St. David's Head.

Sunday, January 13: Comes in fine, with fresh breeze from S. S. E. At 12:30 the N. E. buoy bore west. At 1 P. M. set all fore and aft canvas. 4 P. M.: Moderate breeze hauling to S. W. Fine and clear through the night with moderate sea. Ends with strong breeze from S. W., clear and fine. Distance, 245 miles.

Monday, January 14: Comes in with heavy gale and high sea from S. W., throwing spray fore and aft, and some solid water, filling decks. Washed away breakwater on whaleback and shifted starboard anchor and hawser on main deck. Day ends the same; the little ship making good weather and going through the seas finely. Distance, 168 miles.

Tuesday, January 15: Comes in with strong N. W. gale and high sea; toward night more moderate. Midnight, sea much smoother and fine overhead. 10 A. M.: Made Barnegat Lighthouse on port bow, 15 miles distant. At 11 A. M. took New York pilot from schooner "Fannie," No. 17. Day ends smooth and fine. At 3 P. M. passed Sandy Hook. 5 P. M., and let go anchor off Bay Ridge; weather fine and clear. So ends this voyage. Distance steamed from Bermuda to Sandy Hook, 685 miles; coal consumption, 16 tons. The average revolutions for the voyage was 93; the coal consumption 4 1-2 tons per day. The distance covered, from Queenstown to New York, was 4,636 nautical miles, the time being 20 days, 22 hours.

On January 16 all hands were employed in cleaning up and stowing away gear, being paid off next day; the chief engineer and two firemen, with three of the crew, being retained to take the yacht to Port Jefferson, which was done on January 18, the vessel being moored securely, after which Captain Clark hauled down her colors and gave over the command to her original captain, who had reached home safely by steamer some time before.

The "Sylvia" is, we believe, the smallest steam-yacht which has crossed the Atlantic, with one excention. When Captain Clark took the little sloop "Alice" across from Boston to Cowes, in 1866, she was the smallest yacht that had then made the Atlantic passage. November 29, years later, he has made another record for the smallest steam-yacht to make the winter passage. That the voyage was no mere pleasure trip is shown by the abstracts of the log; but at the same time it presented no difficulties nor hardships to appall a competent and courageous seaman.

That the fears and complaints of the first crew were groundless, and that they slandered the little ship, are proven by her performance through a long stretch of rough weather. Just who is to blame for the disgraceful fiasco, we do not know, nor does it much matter, the captain claims that he was ready and willing to make the voyage, but that his crew refused to sail and this may be true; but it speaks poorly for American seamen when an American crew refuses to do the work that is done later by a mixed crew of all nationalities; and when an American skipper, with a good ship under him, and every inducement to make a passage, makes no attempt to replace a poor crew with a good one, but deliberately gives up the task to another and goes home by a big liner. We are glad that, after some Americans have thus failed, their task has been completed, not by a foreigner, but by such a true American seaman as Captain Arthur H. Clark.

A Racing Circuit on the Sound.

The question of a racing circuit on Long Island Sound has been under discussion for some time, and the initiative was at last taken by Mr. F. B. Jones, of the Indian Harbor Y. C., who issued the following call:

"You are invited to attend a meeting of the chairmen of regatta committees of yacht clubs located on Long Island Sound, to be held at the Arena, 41 West Thirty-first street, New York City, on Monday, January 28, at 8 P. M., the object being to arrange, if possible, a schedule of dates for racing events for the season of 1895, and to discuss other matters relating to the racing interests of the different clubs."

The response was most encouraging, the following yachtsmen being present.

F. A. Moore, Horseshoe Harbor Y. C; Thomas Fleming Day, Huguenot Y. C., New Rochelle, N. Y.; C. F. Pierce, Riverside Y. C., Riverside, Conn.; T. W. Creedon, Harlem Y. C., New York City; J. W. Shephard, Huntington Y. C., Huntington, L. I.; E. W. Sheridan, Sea Cliff Y. C., Sea Cliff, L. I.; Oscar Chellborg, Knickerbocker Y. C., College Point, L. I.; F. T. Alder, New Rochelle Y. C., New Rochelle, N. Y.; F. B. Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C., Greenwich, Conn.; C. W. Wetmore, Seawanhaka-Cor. Y. C., Oyster Bay, L. I.; J. Howard Wainwright, American Y. C., Harrison, N. Y.; D. M. Goodridge, New Haven Y. C., New Haven, Conn.; Dr. A. G. Weed, Stamford Y. C., Stamford, Conn.; Julius Finkenstern, Roton Point Y. C., Rowayton, Conn.; J. Douglas Sparkman, Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, New Rochelle, N. Y.; E. S. Wheeler, Cedar Point Y. C., Saugatuck, Conn.; James C. Green, Norwalk Y. C., Norwalk, Conn.; W. G. Newman, Douglaston Y. C., Douglaston, L. I., and W. H. Bradley, Shelter Island Y. C., Shelter Island N. Y.

Mr. W. H. Bradley was elected temporary chairman and F. B. Jones secretary. Mr. Jones addressed the meeting, stating the need of concerted and harmonious action. A proposal was advanced to form an association but the prevailing idea was that for the present nothing more should be done than to agree on dates, which were finally arranged as follows:

RACING FIXTURES.

June 8—Knickerbocker annual.
June 15—Larchmont spring regatta.
June 22—Douglaston annual.
June 24—Seawanhaka Cor. annual.
June 25—Seawanhaka Cor. run to New London.

RACING CIRCUIT.

June 29—New Rochelle annual.
June 1—Indian Harbor special.
June 3—Seawanhaka Cor. race to Larchmont.
July 4—Larchmont annual.
July 5—American special.
July 6—Riverside annual.
July 8—Seawanhaka Cor. special.
July 9—Horseshoe Harbor special.
July 10—Huguenot special.
July 11—New York special.
July 12—Larchmont special.
July 13—Hempstead Harbor Club annual.
July 20—Sea Cliff annual.
July 27—Indian Harbor annual.
Aug. 3—Shelter Island annual.
Aug. 3—Larchmont special.
Aug. 10—American annual.
Aug. 15—Sea Cliff special.
Aug. 17—Huguenot annual.
Aug. 24—Horseshoe Harbor Club annual.
Aug. 24—Norwalk annual.
Aug. 3—American special.
Aug. 31—Huntington annual.
Aug. 31—Larchmont special.
Sept. 2—Larchmont fall.
Sept. 5—Larchmont special.
Sept. 7—Larchmont special.
Sept. 12—Sea Cliff special.
Sept. 14—Larchmont special.

The chairman, on motion of Mr. Jones, appointed a special committee of three to draw up a resolution to be presented by the assembled delegates to their respective clubs, stating the objects of the new association:

C. W. Wetmore, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., as Chairman; F. B. Jones, Indian Harbor C., as Sec., and S. C. Pirie, Cliff Y. C.. The committee submitted the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the various yacht clubs situated on Long Island Sound should co-operate to promote the interest of yacht racing, and to that end that the question should be submitted to the various clubs at their next meetings of considering what measures shall be adopted to further this purpose.

The resolution was unanimously adopted, after which the meeting adjourned, to meet at the call of the chairman, in the spring.

Yacht News Notes.

Mr. A. Cary Smith has just placed an order with Harlan & Hollingsworth for a steel schooner for W. G. Brokaw, who has sold his schooner Viator to Alfred J. Morgan, of New York. The new yacht will be 99 ft. over all, just under 70 ft. l.w. l, 21 ft. beam and 12 ft. draft, though having a centreboard. She will have the handsome sheer for which Mr. Smith's boats are noted, emphasized by long ends, with low buttock lines. The fore end shows the modern Roman nose. Mr. Smith has also an order for a steel steam-yacht, beside several catboats.

Mr. H. C. Wintringham has completed a very taking design for a 34-footer to the new Larchmont special rules; the lines are very handsome, and the interior shows an amount of space in excess of the requirements of the rule. Anyone intending to build for the class may find in this design at the least a handsome and comfortable craft, and from all indications a speedy one as well.

Vigilant is still minus her centreboard, nothing having been done to replace it. She will probably be brought over early in the season and refitted here with a new board for the trial races.

The New York Herald and the New York Sun have each started a competition for names for the new syndicate cup defender. In the case of the Herald, some unknown yachtsman has offered a prize of $100 for the best name sent in by March 1. The three owners of the boat will decide the best name submitted.

Columiba, schooner, is at Port Jefferson, being replanked.

Mr. Clement Gould, President of the Gas Engine and Power Co., died in New York on January 17, at the age of fifty-three. The great success of the naphtha launch industry is due very largely to Mr. Gould's energy and business ability, and the company will find it very difficult to fill his place.

The Albany Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., B. M. Gordeniet; Vice-Com., John C. Hughson; Sec., John Vlasblom; Treas., H. A. Grey; Meas., John Apple; Board of Trustees, W. A. Bloomer, James D. Glenn and C. M. Bacheller; Inspectors of Elections, T. B. Wilkinson, Louis Van Kamerick and Edward Du Bois.

Eleanor, steam-yacht, was at Bombay on January 24.

Yampa, schooner, R. S. Palmer, was spoken on January 21, in latitude 33-20, longitude 57-30. All well.

The latest report concerning Valkyrie III. is that Captain John Carter, of Britannia, will sail her in the cup races. Captain Carter is well known here, having sailed Genesta in 1885.

A canoeists' dinner will be held at the Arena, 41 West 31st street, on Saturday, February 9, at 6:30, the cost being $1.50 per plate. Mr. C. V. Schuyler, 860 Broadway, N. Y., has charge of the arrangements.

At the annual meeting of the Biscayne Bay Y. C., held on the first Saturday of the year, officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:

Com. R. M. Munrod; Vice-Com., Lewis D. Benton; Secy, Kirt Munroe: Treas., Walter H. Browne; Meas., Albert L. Caillet.

Commodore Munroe, having sold Wabun, has brought out a new boat this winter that he had built at Tottenville last summer, and sailed down the coast in the fall, taking two months to one trip. She is Utilis, a remarkably seaworthy little craft, only 33 feet over

all, carrying but two, full battened, working sails and a ringtailed topsail similar to those used about San Francisco Bay. She promises well and will undoubtedly be heard from at our forthcoming regatta. O. K. CHOBEE.

Yacht Building at Bristol.

Preparations are being made here among the yacht builders, such as the J. B. Hcreshoff company, and George H. Saunders, for great activity in the immediate future.

Large quantities of material, such as Tobin bronze plates, oak planking, etc., have arrived during the week. Should the Herreshoff company receive an order for the new cup defender, room would and could be immediately made in the south shop for her, by launching John B. Hereshoff's new steam yacht, which is practically completed.

In the north shop Mr. Theodore R. Hostetter's (of Pittsburg) new steam yacht is approaching completion. She is all planked to the water ways, and the coal bunkers and compartments are under construction. One 10-rater on the stocks is all planked, lacking two streaks on her top sides.

The 20-rater for Mr. Howard Gould is double planked to the wales, and her Tobin bronze plates for her fin keel are being bent —the spars are also in hand.

The yawl Gannet, owned by a New Yorker, will be changed in rig to a sloop yawl.

Mr. Geo. H. Saunders, of Bristol, must be given a position in the front rank of successful designers and builders, if those for whom he has designed and built have any right to an opinion. He is always better than his word, which is as good as many a man's bond; the writer from personal knowledge, both as regards a yacht built for himself and as well as for others, can honestly state that Mr. Saunders gives a realization to owners of their highest expectations. The following list of yachts can attest the statement, for their honest construction, excellent design for the purpose in view, and in all cases for the speed developed.

Lena, now owned in Philadelphia, sloop-yawl; Elsie, Mr. Brooks, Fall River, R. I.; Tarpon, Dr. Howe, Philadelphia, cat-yawl; Wanita, Dr. Hollingsworth, Philadelphia, cat-yawl; Lilly, Mr. Purse, Providence, cat-yawl; Rana, Mr. Weightman, Providence, R. I. sloop-yawl; Razzle Dazzle, Mr. Geo. Gladding, Bristol, R. I., cat-yawl; Bambino, Mr. Grinnell, New Bedford, R. I., cutter; Hadassah, Mr. Merriman, Providence, sloop-yawl; Eveline, Miss Perkins, Hartford, Conn., cat-yawl; Sea Gull, Mr. Low, Brooklyn, N. Y., cat-yawl; Eclipse, Mr. L. M. Cortwright, Bristol, R. I., steamer-yacht.

Some few remarks on these boats may show the quality of design and build.

Lena was built for a small cruising fishing smack and was used for the cod fishing off Block Island, and in surrounding waters. She was renowned for her speed, weatherly qualities, beside being an extraordinary sea-boat in very heavy weather, often remaining out until the schooners were forced to run for harbor.

Lena is now a yacht enrolled in the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C., under a new name.

Tarpon and Wanita—Two sisters boats, the record of the last named was published in The Rudder some three years ago, and caused a good deal of favorable comment. She proved an ideal boat in every respect.

Lilly was built off the same moulds as Wanita, but lengthened bodily three feet, the same may be said of the Eveline, both of them having been ordered upon the strength of Wanita's extraordinary record for ability, speed and weatherly qualities.

Rana, belonging to Mr. Weightman, of Providence, has given perfect satisfaction, but is for sale, as the owner desires to build a larger yacht of 40ft. low waterline from designs by Mr. Saunders.

Razzle Dazzle cannot be bought, her owner simply swears by her in all weathers and under all conditions.

Bambino makes her home in New-Bedford waters, and has proved most thoroughly satisfactory.

Hadassah has an unbroken record of victories—in fact, her ability and speed is such that she has invariably made a splendid record in all the R. I. club runs, with their largest class.

The Forest and Stream has already printed a description of her.

She is to have alterations to her sail plan made in order to increase the area. She is to be a full sloop yawl rig. Saunders has finished the design for the alterations, and will make the changes necessary in time for the early June races.

He has just received an order for a large cat-yawl of the following dimensions:

Length over all 34ft., low waterline 26ft., extreme beam 9½ft., extreme draft 4ft. 6in. Lead ballast all carried on outside. Headroom in cabin 5ft. 3in.

The plans for the cabin accommodation show great care and forethought in the distribution of space conveniently. Under the cock pit floor there is to be a water tank and a refrigerator, the latter reached by the swinging of the companion ladder. The cabin shows as a very large and commodious one for a yacht of her dimensions, and every inch is utilized in a surprising manner for convenience and comfort. Forward of the cabin is a large forecastle separated by a bulkhead, furnished with a forehatch for access to deck and ventilation; a single gas pipe bunk is fitted in and an oil gas stove and dresser find places. Water closet and washstand finds room in a most ingeniously contrived space beween forecastle bulkhead and cabin.

The lines of this yacht are such as to be a treat to sore eyes, as they seem to insure great buoyancy with speed and seaworthy qualities of a high order. The owner will be able to congratulate himself upon testing this new creation of Saunders.

A beautiful set of lines for a schooner yacht, for a gentlemen living in Philadelphia, is attracting a good deal of attention among the local yachtsmen here in Bristol. Inquiries have been made for specifications, price, etc., for one 18ft. low waterline pole masted fin keeler, also for two more of the same class with slight alterations in construction. BOWLINE.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Scores at Shell Mound Range.

San Francisco, January 13, 1895.—To-day was the initial shoot of the various clubs that patronize Shell Mound Range.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle club offers a somewhat elaborate programme for 1895 (a copy of which I shall forward as soon as possible). They offer solid gold medals to all comers for pistol, target rifle, military rifle, rest shooting, revolver, .22 calibre rifles for ladies and "all around" shooting. Also, a new feature has ben introduced, the "Columbia Diamond 50 shot Pistol Medal," to be shot for quarterly. Conditions: Only one entry allowed each competitor, cost $5, with 80 per cent. of receipts returned to shooters in three prizes. The medal is perpetual, and is offered to stimulate our would-be "cracks" to show what mettle is in them.

To-day Smith Carr set a hot pace for the pistol devotees by leading off with 97 out of 100 in the Blanding Allcomers Medal contest. E. Hovey pushed him sharply with 96, followed by F. O. Young 94, Dr. Rodgers and F. Gehret 92 each.

On the Kuhnle Allcomers, Target Rifle shoot Dr. Rodgers won the honors with 90 (standard American target); F. O. Young and Col. Kellogg 81 each.

For class medals, Target Rifle, champion class, A. H. Pope 85, Dr. Rodgers 80, F. O. Young 81, C. M. Daiss 76, F. Gehret 71, and P. Bohr 67.

Second class: A. Fetz 61, F. Dennis 59, J. Mannel 56.

For Pistol Class Medals.—Champion Class: Col. Kellogg and A. H. Pope 90 each, C. M. Daiss 89, S. Carr 88, F. O. Young 87, E. Hovey 86.

First Class: F. Baumgartner 88, Dr. Rodgers 88, J. E. Gorman 84, F. Gehret and A. Gehret 81 each.

Second Class: H. Folster 76, A. H. Kennedy 75, L. Zimmermann 70.

At the annual election held January 7, the following officers were elected: President, Dr. L. O. Rodgers; secretary, F. O. Young, 43 Phelan Building, S. F.; assistant secretary, C. M. Daiss.

ROEEL.

Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You will notice that the rings on our targets are ⅛in. apart, instead of ¼in. as on the targets of the Zettler and other clubs. Ours is the regular German ring target reduced to 25 yards. The 20-ring of the Zettler corresponds to our 14 ring.

We were glad to see that you published the score of our shoot with Rochester. We can do better next time, as Staley was not in form, and we will substitute another man for Vogt, who went to pieces. Our "Infant Class" (B team) outshot the Rochester score last week by 85 points, so we have good material for substitutes.

The accompanying card was shot January 17 by Robert W. Staley, of the Missouri Rifle and Pistol club, at 75 feet, offhand, using a 10 pound Stevens ideal rifle with 12 ounce single trigger, and ordinary .22 short rim fire Winchester cartridges. The shots were fired in the following order: 25 23 25 25 25 25 25 25 21 23—242.

Seven of the shots entered or cut the 25-ring, which is only ¼ inch in diameter Staley was not satisfied with his score in the



Rochester shoot, being out of form at the time, and he has been practising steadily of late. His last twelve consecutive scores on above target, to date, are as follows: 223 229 239 226 242 222 227 225 232 235 228 237—2765.

This is an average of 230 5-12. HORACE KEPHART, Sec'y.

RIFLE NOTES.

WINONA, MINN.—At the present time one of the frigid regions in Uncle Sam's domain contains quite a number of enthusiastic riflemen, whose circulation is such that they can brave the terrors of zero weather, and put up scores that would worry many of our Eastern experts to equal under the most favorable summer weather conditions. On Dec. 18, the Winona marksmen held a swwepstake shoot, 100 shots per man. The weather conditions are said to have been of the blizzard order, yet, with such conditions, many scores of over 2,000 points per 100 shots were made by the competing marksmen.

Many of our Eastern riflemen hardly wait for Autumn frosts before they begin to show signs of hibernation. Some years ago the shooting element in the Zettler Club as well as that of the other local societies, could be found on the Guttenberg, N. J., range one day in the week during the entire winter. Good scores and good fellowship were the order in those days. We trust that Eastern riflemen will improve the opportunity to take in the Great Shooting Festival which takes place in New York next July. Go in and put a first mortgage on the long list of prizes that will be put up for competition, and show Eastern experts "Where they are at," then perhaps we way see a little more life and energy injected into our local experts whose exploits have in a measure become a matter of ancient history.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22—New York—W. K. C., Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 26 to March 1—Detroit—City of the Straits K. C., J. W. Garrison, Sec'y.
March 5 to 8—Chicago.—Mascoutah K. C., J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 12 to 15—Denver.—Western K. C. Co., E. T. Weiant, Sec'y
April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb. 4—New Albany, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. T. M. Brumby, Marietta, Ga., Sec'y.
Feb 11—Salinas, Cal.—Pacific Coast F. T. Club.
Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.

Don't forget that entries for the W. K. C. show close next Monday, Feb. 4, with James Mortimer, 59 Liberty street, Room 2, New York.

U. S. F. T. C. ANNUAL MEETING.

On Wednesday evening, January 23, the annual meeting of the club was held in the Holt House, at West Point, Miss., in accordance with the change made at Chicago at the last annual metsng.

Mr. Madison presided. The matter of selecting a judge for the Pointer Stake was considered. Mr. W. W. Titus was selected.

The old Board of Governors then met. Mr. W. B. Stafford presided. Major Purcell's protest was read in respect to judging one of his dogs. The decision of the judges was sustained.

The resignations of H.J. Smith, J. A. Balmer, R. L. Shannon, R. P. Daggett, Col. G. Sloo, B. Waters, Julius Winter and H. L. Smyser were accepted.

Messrs. Louis McGrew, Allegheny, Pa. N. B. Nesbitt, Charlottesville, Miss.; P. M. Essig, Natchez, Miss.; S. L. James Angora, La.; C. E. Buckle, Charlottesville, Va.; D. G. Rowland, Louisville, Ky.; Prof. Edmond H. Osthaus, New York were elected to membership.

The Board of Governors adjourned.

The club's annual meeting was next in order Mr. Stafford presided. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Committee on Grounds was not ready to report. The grounds inspected at Elizabethtown Ky., were not satisfactory. Mr. Adams explained that there were good grounds at Irvington, Ky., but that there was doubt as to the birds being in sufficient numbers. Hotel accommodations, he said, were ample. The Committee on Grounds was continued.

On recommendation of the secretary, Dr. N. Rowe and Mr. William H. Child were elected life members without dues.

The list of the new Board of Governors is as follows: Dr. N. Rowe, J. M. Freeman, Norvin T. Harris, J. M. Avent, W. B. Stafford, C. E. Buckle, J. Adams, D. G. Rowland, P. M. Essig, St Marc M. Mundy, P. T. Madison, H. Hulman, Jr., S. L. James, J. N. Seale and Richard Merrill.

Voted that the Board of Governors be requested to hold a chicken trial in the Northwest.

Voted that the annual meeting be held now at West Point instead of at the Mascoutah Club's next bench show.

The Board of Governors' meeting was next in order. Following is the new list of officers: President, Dr. N. Rowe; 1st Vice-President, Norvin T. Harris; 2nd Vice-President, H. Hulman, Jr.; Secretary-Treasurer, P. J. Madison.

The hour being late, the meeting adjourned till the following evening at 7:30.

At the adjourned meeting, Thursday evening, Mr. W. B. Stafford in the chair, it was voted that three trials be held by the club—one in the Northwest, one at some central point, and one in the South.

Carried that the trials on chickens comprise two stakes, each stake for setters and pointers.

Carried that for the chicken trials the club offer a purse of $700, divided into $350 for each stake, four prizes, $125, $100, $75 and $50. Derby fee, $20, divided into three payments, $10, $5, and $5, to start. All age fee, $20, divided into two payments, $10, and $10 to start.

It was decided that the trials commence on the first Monday in September.

A committee was appointed to select grounds, a restriction being made that they be selected within the United States. The committee is W. B. Stafford, P. T. Madison and J. M. Avent.

The chicken Derby closes May 15. Second forfeit to be paid July 15. The all age stake entries close August 1. The last payment of both stakes to be paid the night before starting. Carried that there be but two judges to judge the chicken trials.

The committee on judges appointed is as follows: P. T. Madison, Norvin T. Harris and J. N. Seale.

Carried that the fall trials (A) be held on either the 7th or 11th of November, to be determined by the secretary, the latter date being contingent on making arrangements with the E. F. T. C. to hold its trials a week later than it commonly does.

Voted that the purse of the Derby be $1,000 in each of the trials, A and B, the same amount as that of the all age stake, and divided into five prizes as at present, for pointers and setters respectively, $500 to each.

The Committee on Field Trial Grounds, appointed by the old Board of Governors, was discharged on motion of J. L. Adams. Messrs. Madison, St. Marc M. Mundy and D. G. Rowland were appointed a new committee on grounds, and authorized to expend the amount for birds now expended for grounds, if necessary to do so, contingent on getting new grounds free of rent.

Carried that Trials B be held at West Point on the third Monday of January.

The club tendered a vote of thanks to the M. & O. R. R., its officials and employees, for favors extended the club; also a vote of thanks to the good people of West Point and vicinity in general, and to Mr. Titus in particular, also to the press of West Point for the many favors extended to the club, also to the judges.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Madison by the Board of Governors for valuable services rendered for and in the interest of the club. The meeting then adjourned.

Following herewith is Mr. Madison's annual address, which is most instructive reading. It gives some valuable comments on doggy interests, besides giving a review of the club's interests. He said:

"Gentlemen: In making my annual report, I am pained to say that the past season has been a disastrous one for field-trial clubs. The great falling off in entries and starters made it difficult for clubs to get through and survive, yet I am pleased to state that our club will come through the ordeal and have a surplus of about $500 as a nucleus for next season.

"Making a report of the financial condition of the club at this time gives you only an approximate one, as it is impossible to tell what the receipts and expenditures of trials B will amount to. I desire to call your attention to the physical condition of our honored president, Dr. N. Rowe, who has done more for the club than any other member. The doctor's health, I have just heard, is improving. I ask, in appreciation of his valuable services and his many favors extended to the club, that you honor him with a life membership free of dues. I also desire to call your attention to the physical condition of William H. Child, a member of this club, who has been confined to his bed over two years. Mr. Child has been an ardent admirer of the club since its inception, but on account of his extended illness, which has cost him an immense outlay, he now reluctantly tenders his resignation I ask that Mr. Child be also elected a life member free of dues. I think the club will do itself proud in extending these favors.

"The life of a field-trial club depends on the allegiance of its members and the confidence of the public. The members should throw no impediments in the club's road to success, but should endeavor to create a friendly sportsmanlike feeling among outsiders as well as members, try to get new patrons each year, and let us by our conduct show to our outside friends that they will be kindly treated, and their dogs will receive the same opportunities extended to those of members.

"It is natural for an owner to see faults in the dog of another quicker than he does in his own. We should be generous enough to acknowledge that our own dogs are imperfect. The place to test a dog's qualities is in a competition in the field, and not in the columns of our sportsmen's journals, and as field-trial clubs are organized for the purpose of affording times and places for these competitions, I think it advisable for this club to discourage private matches, and I earnestly hope that the members of this club as well as all outsiders will abandon the challenge business and if they are as successful as past challengers have been they will run one race in a decade. If journals of the country will decline to publish matter of this character, they will become much more instructive.

"The question of holding trials on chickens in the Northwest next fall, also one on quail in the Midde States in November, and one in the South during next winter, should receive your earnest attention at this meeting.

"I thank the members for the many favors extended in the past, and ask that the same may be extended to my successor." P. T. MADISON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

The reference to the "challenge business" stirred up a

good deal of discussion. A motion to adopt the address was opposed, and it was finally decided that it was out of order Mr. J. L. Adams and Mr. J. M. Avent were the parties who seemed most aggrieved. Indeed, there are many columns of high-colored bombast called challenges which have never yet resulted in a match. It is doubtful if in writing them the intention to make a match was near so great as the intention to secure cheap advertising On their face, most of the challenges bear the imprint of an intention to advertise free and a lack of sincerity in issuing them.

Were the parties sincere in their long-spun effusions which they cloak under the misnomer of a challenge, they could arrange all the details privately by mail, and announce the results when the match was made. But what kennel owner sends a private challenge by mail? There is no advertising in that manner of challenging. After mutually belittling each other and each other's dogs for weeks, the challenge which began in wind ends in nothing but ill temper between the parties directly concerned, with perhaps a few friends involved, and with much disgust to the general public. Forsst and Stream has kept its columns free from the bombastic trash called challenges, when it was plain that they were simply a vehicle for advertising dogs at the expense of others. Mr. Madison was right. B. WATERS.

DOG CHAT

Mr. F. W. Kitchell, of Perth Amboy, N. J., the well-known spaniel breeder, in sending a batch of Kennel Notes alludes to the vagaries of spaniel breeding. The last litter by his Jasper (Red Roland—Winter's Floss) is phenomenal for variety in color. There were six pups in all. One black, one yellow, one lemon and white, two black and white, and one with a trifle of black. It has long been Mr. Kitchell's ambition to show a good team of parti-colored cockers of his own breeding, and if these live his dream will be realized. They should make a good team for the field, anyhow.

Mr. W. B. Wells writes that the sense of his letter on the International Trials and Brighton Tobe was altered by a typographical error, and his argument weakened thereby. In referring to the single work along the creek, Mr. Wells says he wrote: "Whereas along the creek the single work, with the exception of Luke's, consisted of 'flushes not points,' and not a printed, Points and Flushes," which certainly makes a material difference.

The Pacific Kennel Club has secured the Pavilion for its coming show.

The bulldog Sheriff, a winner at New York shows, has been purchased from Mr. E. K. Austin by Mr. Charles Parsons, Jr., He will probably be shown at New York next month.

During the past year the sport of whippet racing has been brought very prominently before the better class of sportsmen in England, and the late meeting at the New England K. C. Terrier Show, held at Brookline, Mass., last November, has served to create an interest in whippets among our wealthy dog-owners that is bound to provide a good deal of racing in the near future. In this country whippet racing has been confined to certain sections and among a certain class, and the general run of sportsmen know little of the fun that competitions between fast whippets can afford. A few more meetings such as that held at Brookline will surely bring the sport into prominence. To meet the demand for points on whippet racing, the well-known writer, Mr. Freeman Lloyd, has written a full treatise on whippets and the manner in which the racing is conducted. Chapters are devoted to the make, shape and characteristics of the whippet, training, racing rules—in fact, every information in regard to the conduct of a meeting; tables of times, distances and weights, how to lay down a track, rules of handicapping, etc. The proper feeding requisite for a whippet in active training is also treated of, as well as the diseases these delicate little racing machines are liable to. Excellent half-tone portraits of noted English whippets afford an opportunity of forming an idea of the characteristics of the breed. The book is well printed and arranged, and is bound in an attractive and suitable manner. "The Whippet and Race Dog" is for sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Price $1.50.

Mr. H. B. Cromwell, who is spending the winter in the Adirondacks for the benefit of his health, came down to the city for a day or two recently. His friends will be pleased to hear that he has derived much benefit from his soujourn among the pines. Mr. Cromwell has done a great deal of quiet and unostentatious work for the American Kennel Club during the past two years, and his presence will be sorely missed in the preparation for, and conduct of, the W. K. C. Show this year, for, as one of the bench show committee, he took very active interest in its affairs. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Active preparation for the W. K. C. show next month is now fairly under way and in answer to the many queries as to the extent of the entries, this year, we may say that the number is ahead of the number for corresponding years. A big batch of entries has come in from Philadelphia already, and the dam and for premium lists indicates another record entry when the fees are counted after Feb. 4. Probably owing to Mr. Mortimer's recent visit to England, and his close relations with a number of prominent exhibitors over there, there has been an unprecedented call for premium lists from the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. F. R. Craven, the owner of the celebrated collie, Doon Perfection and other cracks is an applicant. Our old friend "Scotch" Baillie, who managed a large kennel in Lexington, Ky., several years ago, and who now manages Mr. Robert Chapman's large asssortment of Gordon setters, pointers, spaniels, etc., at Glenboig, Scotland, wishes to know how the prizes will suit him, and should he decide on an invasion, his many friends will not begrudge him a hearty welcome. Mr. Sam Woodewiss one of England's principal exhibitors, has vouchsafed an intimation that he will be here with a team of bull dogs, greyhounds, and old English sheep dogs. His presence would indeed lend an international flavor to the show, and we trust that he will carry out his intention. Mr. Edward Booth is also anxious to know what can be won in St. Bernard's. English exhibitors have been liberally supplied with entry forms, and it is to be hoped that some of them will take the hint.

The premium lists having been sent out somewhat earlier than usual, many specials were omitted. In addition to those already published, St. Bernard breeders will be pleased to hear that the W. K. C. Challenge Cup, valued at $500, and contributed by Col. J. Ruppert, Jr., Mr. W. C. Reick and the W. K. C., for the best American bred St. Bernard sired in America, after March, 1890, will again be offered. A friend of the W. K. C. also offers $20 for the best St. Bernard in the show. Mr. George Elliot offers a silver cup (plated) for the best Irish setter dog that has been placed at any public field trial and another one for the best Irish setter dog that has been placed in any public field trial, to be shown with two of his progeny, the merits of both to be considered. Mr. C. Albert Stevens' special, already announced in the lists, is for the best American bred bull terrier dog under 12 months old. Mr. Stevens also offers a silver cup, valued at $50, for the best two bull terrier bitches entered and owned by one exhibitor. In our review of the specials published last week, we remarked that no doubt the Foxterrier Club would as usual come to the front with a good array, and in a letter to the club, Mr. H. W. Smith, the secretary, writes: "We have got up a list of specials for your show, and I am only waiting to have Mr. Young send me on a notice of his special sweepstakes for wire haired foxterriers, so that I can send them all out together." Mr. Young is the originator of a special sweepstakes for wires which will be as follows: A. F. T. C. Special Sweepstakes, for American bred wire haried fox terriers. Purse, $100, in two divisions. Division A, for dogs and bitches born previous to Jan. 1, 1894. Open to members only. Entry fee, $2. The prizes in each division will be $25 and 50 per cent. of entry fees to first; $17 and 35 per cent. of fees to second; $7.50 and 15 per cent. of fees to third, also $10 to absolute winner in both divisions. Entries to be made with Mr. James Mortimer, 59 Liberty street, room 2, New York.

It is popularly supposed that the W. K. C. makes money out of its shows and the large crowds which attend would lead one to form such an opinion, but far from being financial successes late shows have barely paid their way, in fact the last two shows failed to do so. But the W. K. C. is composed of sportsmen, and it must be remembered that in giving a show of such magnitude, they assume a responsibility that few clubs would care to undertake. The regular prize list foots up a total of over $8,000, and with a $6,000 rental to pay for the use of Madison Square Garden, in addition to the other incidentals, such as attendants, catalogues, etc., the club is responsible for an outlay of over $15,000. It is easily imagined, therefore, what havoc a couple of wet days would make in the returns. Bearing this in mind exhibitors should support them to the best of their ability, for in doing so their own interests are served. A gathering of dogs such as is seen at New York is a public educator in cynology, as Dr. Mills would say, and the shows given by the W. K. C. have exerted an influence on dog breeding which cannot be easily estimated but is proved by the great advances made in so many breeds during the past years. Further, it is an accepted fact, among breeders, that no show in the country affords such a market for high class dogs, the sales made at New York far outnumbering those of any other show in the country, not to mention the orders for puppies that are booked by the large breeders. In many cases these buyers become exhibitors, and so the good work goes on. Intending exhibitors should bear in mind that entries close on Feb. 4, and that no entries will be received after that date. Extra puppy classes will be made, and those classes where sexes compete together will be divided if a sufficient number of entries are sent in.

The owners of the Terra Cotta Kennels, of Hamilton, Ont., do not seem to be disheartened by a few defeats, and are going sensibly to work in strengthening their kennel of wolf hounds by importing a couple of Russian bred hounds, and winners there. On the S. S. Bovic, that is due to-day, Monday, is Ataman IV., whelped March 16, 1888; color white, with brindle markings. He is a winner of the silver medal at Moscow show in 1892. He is said to be a strong, powerful dog. As Argoss was also a winner of this medal, it will be interesting to note the difference in type between the two dogs, and ruminate over the fact that both dogs could win it. We are premising, of course, that Mr. Rousseau, from whom Ataman is purchased, will send over an animal of that style of dog he is on record as upholding, and which, on the many discussions on these dogs during late years, we have termed the "distinctively Russian type," as exemplified by such dogs as the late Leekhoi, Col. Dietz, Princess Irma, etc. Ataman IV., we are told, was purchased as a sapling for $1,000 roubles by Count Strogonoff. A bitch is also coming, Biddy Rees, whelped May 15, 1893. Color, white, with lemon markings. She is by the noted Ataman, and out of Mr. Rousseau's Outschischka, which is said to be the only wolfhound living holding the Russian K. C. gold medal. Biddy is a sister to the Princess of Wales' dog, Alix, and before being shipped from Russia was bred to the celebrated stud dog Zlobrey, being due to whelp in February. The Terra Cotta Kennels have had a share of fancier's ill-luck lately, as they have lost a dozen greyhound and wolfhound pups from distemper. The new dogs will be seen at New York and on the circuit.

A letter from Mr. W. Partridge, of Boston, Mass., well known in spaniel circles, years ago, reminds us of the days of Champion Helen, Champion Rob, and many others that won ribbons in the cocker classes. Close upon the heels of the announcement of the death of Champion Obo, II., comes word that Partridge's champion Critic, another old timer, has been gathered to the happy hunting grounds. She died Jan. 20, presumably of old age, as she also was whelped in 1882—May 1, and was by Imp. Brush II. out of Imp. Blackie, II. Those who care to weave a pretty romance around the death of Obo II. and Critic, have ample material when it is known that there were "first loves" from which union resulted such a good one as Champion Helen; they were whelped the same year, and died in the same month and year. Mr. Partridge loses an old friend, and we sympathize with him.

Another good bull dog has been shipped to this country. This is Mr. George Smartt's Baron Killarney, by Smartt's Punch, out of Curme's Zabetta, was whelped Sept. 29, 1893. Price and purchaser are unknown.

The horrible death of the noted pointer, Kent Elgin, has been the subject of much discussion among dog men during the past week, and considerable sympathy is expressed for his late owner, Mr. T. T. Ashford. The first inclination is to sneer at the Pasteur treatment, and deride the "cure" as quackery; on the other hand the Pasteur people talk statistics that almost bewilder one, and that seemingly prove that there must be "something in it." This claim we are quite willing to admit, something for the Pasteur people. Kent Elgin was bitten on Dec. 29, by a little common cur which, seemingly mad, ran amuck and bit a negro and several dogs. Kent was slightly bitten on the right foreleg, just above the pastern. The dog that made the trouble was killed by a policeman, and the postmortem examination by Dr. Drummond proved that the dog had rabies. Kent Elgin's wound was at once thoroughly cauterized at French and Drummond's Hospital. Then Mr. Ashford taking advantage, as he supposed, of every safeguard, wired Forest and Stream to make arrangements for the Pasteur treatment in this city, as already stated in these columns. This office being closed early on Saturday, Dec. 29, the telegram was not opened until Monday morning, Dec. 30. We at once communicated with Dr. Gibier, and advised Mr. Ashford, who shipped the dog on the first available through train. Kent arrived in New York on the Tuesday folowing at 6.22 A. M., and the Adams Express office in this city was advised by the Birmingham office of the urgency of the case and requested to deliver at once. But the express people, with their usual nonchalance, where a dog is concerned, however valuable, did not deliver Kent until 5 P. M. It is the opinion of doctors in Birmingham that every hour was of vital importance, and this delay at a critical period, is very much to be regretted, and may lead to a claim for damages. We have given the particulars of Kent's treatment in previous issues, up to the time of his shipment home. On January 17, he was expressed to Birmingham, seemingly in good health, but arrived at 1.30 P. M. on January 19, showing every symptom of a fully developed case of dumb rabies. Mr. Ashford at once telegraphed Dr. Gibier to that effect, and asked for instruction as to treatment. The latter, in answer, advised that Kent be bled freely. When Mr. Ashford went to the hospital where Kent had been confined, he found the dog raving and vicious; it was subdued and freely bled, but died at 8.30 o'clock on Sunday night, Jan. 20. At 3.30 P. M. that day, Mr. Ashford was called to the hospital and found Kent a raving maniac, and a demon in fierceness, though naturally he was a dog of a most lovable and kind disposition. Kent Elgin's remains were taken in charge by a taxidermist and will be mounted. Kent was by King of Kent, out of Vera Bang, and was bred by Dr. H. B. Danforth of Trimble, O. His performances in the field are familiar to field trial men. One consolation in the unhappy affair remains to Mr. Ashford, Kent Elgin left a son that we hope will prove as good as his sire.

The citizens of Birmingham are so worked up over this mad dog scare that a committee went before the Mayor and requested him to take such steps as would mitigate the danger, and the next day he issued an order to enforce the law regarding dogs at large. Three mad dogs were killed between noon Jan. 19 and 20, and a mule that is supposed to have been bitten by a mad dog died in great agony on Jan. 20, at the French and Drummond Hospital, where it had been taken for treatment.

Kent Elgin's case seems to have been an authentic one of dumb rabies, proved by careful postmortem examinations both in his case and the others that died after being bitten by the same dog. The disease is so rare that in view of the undeniable failure in this instance one cannot help wondering if the so-called "cures" on which the Pasteur people base their statistics are cures at all. The majority of the people bitten never having really been in danger, except possibly from their own nervous fears, which probably in most cases the belief and faith in the Pasteur treatment served to allay.

The Pointer Club secretary informs us that a meeting of the club was held Jan. 25, to reconsider their donations to the W. K. C. special prize list. They decided that the following be offered: $10 each for the best heavy weight dog and bitch and $10 each for the best light weight dog and bitch; to be competed for by members of the Pointer Club only. The American Field Cup is offered, and the Grand Produce Stakes will also be decided at this show. We are pleased to see by the above that the Pointer Club is willing to prove itself disinterested and offer prizes that will produce general competition and consequently help the breed. It now remains for the English setter and Irish setter Clubs to come forward in a similar manner.

The entry blanks for the wire haired fox terrier sweepstakes at the W. K. C. show and other information in regard to it may be had of Mr. A. M. Young, 19 West Thirty-first street, New York.

The Pacific Coast Field Trials have been postponed until February 11, on account of the heavy rains in the neighborhood of Salinas. Much of the country is said to be under water.

Mr. J. W. England, of Redlands, Cal., has purchased the noted pointer bitch, Hempstead Blossom, from the Hempstead Farm Kennels. She will be bred to Sandford Druid before leaving for her new home. This good pointer should prove a winner at the Coast shows.

Mr. George Crocker, of San Francisco, is bringing home a bull dog which is said to be a "pointer"—if such a bull will be allowed. His friends wish him to challenge the all age winner at the coming trials out there.

George Thomas, so Mr. Symonds informed us last week, has sent three dogs over from England. Two are wolfhounds: Trajan, by Dosuydai, out of Palma, and bred by Count Stroganoff. Trajan is white and fawn, with gray patches, and is said to be a very handsome dog; the other is a bitch called Vera Vassalovitch, by Sovonchai, who is by Attaman ex Leverkai, and out of Oulechka; breeder, George Kalmouzky. The third importation is a collie bitch, Endcliffe Flirt, by Rivelin Cocksie, out of Rivelin Nellie. She is a black, white and tan, and bred by H. S. Sanfield. This bitch has whelped a fine litter of seven to the crack Southport Perfection, since her arrival, but will probably be shown at New York. The young Irish terriers in this kennel, by Jack Briggs and Brickbat, Jr., have just come in from walk, and are said to be fit for ribbons.

The United States Field Trials.

THE POINTER DERBY.

West Point, Miss., Jan. 25.—There were nine starters, rather a light stake in respect to numbers and in respect to the quality of the competition it was mediocre. Indeed, it was uniformly so. There was no sharp, accurate work even in parts of the competition, but it can be said in extenuation that sometimes the birds ran a great deal, and everyone knows that it is extremely difficult for a dog to show much apparent precision in points on running birds. Granting this unfavorable circumstance, the bird work was poor nevertheless.

The interest taken in the trials was greater than has been exhibited for some time. Quite a number of newcomers were in attendance, giving evidence by their presence and interest, that the support and interest in field trials is not dead yet. Indeed, the love of the dog and good competition is so great that field trials will probably exist for a long time to come.

This stake was for all setters and pointers, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1893, with five prizes as follows: To first, $200; second, $150; third $100; fourth, $75; fifth, $50.

The dogs were run in the following order:

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel's liver and white dog Delhi, Rip Rap Queen II., C. E. Buckle handler with T. L. Tinsley's liver and white dog Roderick T., Dash Ranger R., Jr., Fanny Kennerly, Geo. Richards, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel's liver and white dog Tippoo, Rip Rap, Monterey, C. E. Buckle, handler, with H. K. Devereux's liver and white dog Tamarack, Jr., Tamarack, Maud Graphic, Geo. E. Gray, handler.

L. W. Blankenbaker's liver and white bitch Lad's Lady, Lad of Rush, Lady Margaret, owner, handler with Maj. J. R. Purcell's black and white dog Staunch George, Lad of Rush, Lady Margaret, owner, handler.

Hempstead Farm's liver and white dog Hempstead Don, Sanford Druid, Merry Legs, J. M. Avent, handler, with W. B. Stafford's liver and white dog Rex Fast, Rex, Mousey, owner, handler.

W. J. Love's black and white dog, Love's Kent, Kent Elgin, Mac's Juno, a bye. J. M. Avent, handler.

Second Round.

Tamarack, Jr., Delhi.
Don, Tippoo.
Rex Fast, Love's Kent.
Staunch George, Lad's Lady.

Third Round.

Roderick J. Rex Fast.
1. Delhi.
2. Tamarack, Jr.
3. Hempstead Don.
4. Rex Fast.
5. Love's Kent.

MONDAY.

The weather was so unpromising that the start was delayed for a while. Heavy, broken masses of clouds soon joined into a black whole. Then it rained. From a gentle start the rain increased until it fell in torrents. By lunch time the sky had cleared up, and the sun shone clear and warm. The fields were wet and soft, and, in cultivated ground, they were muddy. These conditions made hard running. After lunch a start was made.

Birds were found in abundance during the afternoon, numbering about fourteen bevies found by the puppies and horsemen, the latter riding up a few bevies. In some instances two lots of birds were found so close together as to raise the presumption that they belonged to one bevy. The bevies were large and numerous, showing that pains had been taken to preserve them for the field trials. The work was ordinary, but the birds ran from the dogs points many times.

FIRST ROUND.

Delhi-Roderick T. At 1,30, they were started in open sedge. Both showed good speed and range. Delhi was a bit head strong, went beyond control sometimes and did not heed properly the interests of the gun. Roderick seemed able to get where the birds were, but was very faulty in his point work. At the edge of woods. Roderick pointed to a flush, or the birds flushed afer he had pointed them. The heavy sedge concealed him partially from view. At the same time, about thirty yards away in the woods. Delhi pointed another bevy. About fifty yards further on Delhi roaded and the birds flushed wild. Next, Roderick made several bad flushes in succession and Delhi made one. Delhi made a cast into woods and pointed a single well. Roderick made another flush and the heat ended. Down 30 minutes. Delhi showed good speed and wide range. Roderick also was speedy, and wide in range, but his faulty point work spoiled his chances.

Tippoo-Tamarack, Jr. They were started at 2.20. Tamarack pointed well an outlying bird of a bevy after two or three had been seen to flush. Then he drew on to a good point on the bevy and was steady to shot. Next he pointed near a plum thicket. Gray failed to flush the bevy. The birds were partially across wind from Tamareck, and therefore were difficult to locate. Tamarack drew on carefully. At the same time, Tippoo began to draw straight up wind to a point on the bevy at the same time Tamarack pointed it. Moved on. Tippoo pointed at the same moment that the bird flushed. Up at 3.10. Tippoo handled hard. Tamarack showed good judgment and accuracy in roading and pointing his birds. Both ranged well. Their point work, however, was not up to thier opportunities.

Lad's Lady-Staunch George. They started at 3.15. George flushed a bevy in woods. He flushed a single wilfully. In woods, Lady pointed and George backed. Sent on, George, going down wind, flushed the bevy. Lady ran about irregularly and with poor judgment. It was said that he was in season. Neither one showed much range, and they beat out the ground without exercising judgment. Maj. Purcell explained that the bitch being season spoiled his dog's work. The heat was a poor one.

Hempstead Don-Rex Fast. They were started at 3.51. Don, in the open, made game and pointed the bevy which was flushed by his handler. The birds were followed. Don made two false pionts and was backed. Rex made a point on a single, flushed twice and pointed another single. Sent on. Don pointed a bevy, and Rex, apparently not seeing Don, drew by him three or four yards to one side, and pointed the same bevy. Both were steady to shot. Don pointed a single. Next he roaded, pointed, roaded, and Rex, crossing in ahead, took up the same trail, and roaded the bird. He stopped at the moment it flushed. Rex pointed a single. Up at 4.30. Don's style was poor. He had a sneaky, slow manner of roading, with head and tail carried low. Rex showed fair ability in his point work. In range, they were fairly good.

Love's Kent was started alone at 4.37 and ran 30 minutes. He started very slow and pottered close about his handler. Toward the last of the heat he showed more spirit and industry. He made two points to which nothing was found. Next he pointed a bevy which ran away from his point, and was seen running along the hedge close by. The birds flew up the hedge. Kent got two birds on the scattered birds, and made a fair showing out of what apparently was at the start a very poor heat.

This ended the day's work.

TUESDAY.

A frosty morning, a clear sky, and a balmy temperature were conditions favorable for good work on the part of the dogs, and pleasant for the spectators. As the day advanced there was a slight tinge of coolness in the air. A gentle breeze sprung up and prevailed during the afternoon. A start was made at the Jourdan place, nearly five miles from town. The cover on the grounds was much thinner and there was a larger ratio of area under cultivation than in the grounds of yesterday. There were plenty of birds, still the pointers showed an inferior competition, and some of it was decidedly poor.

After the first, second and third, it was very difficult to select the winners of the remaining places, so indifferent was their work.

SECOND ROUND.

Tamarack, Jr.,-Delhi. Owing to the Derby being drawn in the morning, and the longer distance to the grounds, the competition was begun late, at 9.10. Delhi drew nicely to a point on a bevy in open weeds and sedge; Tamarack backed nicely. Both were steady to shot. The scattered birds were followed. Delhi pointed and roaded in a cotton field, then Tamarack pointed; nothing found.

A bevy was marked down by spectators and it was followed. Delhi made a sharp point on a single bird. The birds appeared to be holding their scent and lying very close, for they were flushed by the handlers, judges, etc., after once walking through and past them. Down 40 minutes. Both ranged well, and with good judgment, though Delhi was better and did a higher class of work. He stayed out well, beat out his ground with judgment, and was uniformly industrious.

Hempstead Don-Tippoo. At 9:57, they were cast off. Tippoo worked out of control several times during the heat, and, while he showed first rate speed and stamina, he was faulty in being disobedient and in not working to the gun. Both pointed; nothing found. Don showed an inclination to false point. He pointed a bevy by the edge of woods, a good steady piece of work. The birds were followed. Tippoo wheeled to a point close to a single bird the moment it flushed. He seemed to point it to wing. Tippoo made two flushes and Don pointed a single. Both were drawing together, Don in the lead and the bevy flushed ahead of them. Don pointed a single bird. Up at 10.56. Don secured some good points on birds, but his manner of working was inferior, and he needed a deal of coaching to get his points accurately.

Rex Fast-Love's Kent. They were started at 11.18. Rex pointed two birds on a side hill in sedge. They proved to be outlying birds of a bevy. Kent took up the trail and roaded a few yards to the bevy and pointed it. The credit of the find was Rex's. On a bevy marked down in woods by spectators, both did sloppy work. Both ranged close and pottered frequently. Rex was the better performer in a poor performance. Up at 11.48.

Six dogs had been kept in but the work was so poor that Staunch George and Lad's Lady were given another chance.

Staunch George was started alone at 11.50. He pointed a bevy in sedge, and was steady to shot. In woods, on scattered birds, he pegged a single nicely. Next, he pointed on foot scent. He flushed a single. He pointed to wing and another single bird was flushed behind him. Next, he pointed, then roaded cautiously and a single was seen to flush in the woods about thirty yards ahead. While going down wind, a bevy was flushed by the handler or dog. Up at 12.11. His range was narrow.

Lad's Lady started at 12.14. She was worked to where a bevy had been marked down in open sedge. On the scattered birds she did some bungling work. She flushed twice, pointed well once, and lost several good opportunities. Up at 12.24. She pottered frequently and her range was close. She was in season, which may explain her poor performance. Lunch was next in order. The judges, owing to the poor performances of some of the competitors, were unable to decide the stake, so Roderick T. was called up. While he was being brought from town, the setter Derby was begun. Three heats were run before the Pointer Derby was resumed.

Roderick T-Rex Fast. They were cast off at 4.23. Both roaded in open sedge to a point on a bevy. Rex a bit in the lead. The birds were marked down in the open. Rex pointed a single well. He was about steadying on another when his handler called to him to go on, thinking he was on foot scent. Rex held the point on a bird. Next he flushed a single which he was drawing carefully on. Roderick flushed a single. Up at 4.42. Rex came in to his handler once in awhile. While Roderick ranged well and showed good speed, his point work was very faulty.

Staunch George-Love's Kent. They were started at 4.44. Kent pointed a bevy in the open field. The birds were followed and Kent secured another point on the same bevy. He flushed a single. Next, on marked birds, he made game, and George, about fifteen yards ahead, pointed the scattered birds and chased them when they flushed. Up at 5.11.

This ended the day's work and the stakes. In the evening the judges announced the winner, namely, first, Delhi; second, Tamarack, Jr.; third, Hempstead Don; fourth, Rex Fast; fifth, Love's Kent.

The stake was most difficult to decide after the first three places were decided

Delhi showed excellent capabilities, though at times hard to handle His point work was sharp and accurate, and he beat out a lot of ground with good judgment.

Tamarack, Jr., also was speedy, and covered a great deal of ground in his ranging, but in work he was outclassed by Delhi.

As for the rest, their work was from ordinary to less than ordinary.

THE SETTER DERBY.

There were fourteen starters, a number of them were dogs which had competed in the fall trials, and therefore their doings in competition are not new to the reader.

There was quite a difference in the class of work in this stake, as compared with the preceding one. It was much better.

The dogs were drawn in the following order:

Blue Ridge kennels' black, white and tan bitch Lady Mildred (Antonio—Ruby's girl) D. E. Rose, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch Tory Dotlet (Count Gladstone —Tory Della), J. M. Avent, handler.

Blue Ridge kennels black, white and tan dog, Tom Beggs (Antonio—Ruby's girl), D. E. Rose, handler, with Minnesota kennels' Jock Scott. Geo. Richards, handler.

Manchester Kennel company's black and white bitch Dashing Novice II (Gladstone's Boy –Queen Novice), A. P. Gilliam, handler, with Jackson and Denmark kennels' black, white and tan bitch Lady Clare (Prince Lucifer—Clare) Thos. Bond, handler.

Norvin T. Harris's black, white and tan bitch Cynosure, Rodergo—Norah II), J. M. Avent, handler, with Fox and Seiler's black, white and tan dog Tony's Gale (Antonio—Can Can), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Norvin T. Harris's black, white and tan dog Dixie's Flag (Wun Lung—White Wings), J. M. Avent, handler, with Blue Ridge kennels' black, white and tan bitch Nellie Fox (Antonio —Can Can), D. E. Rose, handler.

Major J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan dog Joe Cummings (Antonio—Piscaola), W. W. Titus, handler, with Norvin T. Harris's black, white and tan dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress) D. E. Rose, handler.

Avent and Thayer's black, white and tan bitch Clementina (Roderigo—Norah II), J. M. Avent, handler, with Geo. H. Read's blue belton dog, Wun Lung's Pride (Wun Lung—White Wings), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Tony's Gale ran a high class race, ranging well and with judgment. He showed that he could find birds and point them too. The flaws in his work were not at all serious and will be corrected by a greater experience.

Tony Boy ran a very creditable race, and proved himself a good finder, and his point work was superior. His range and speed were good. He has trained on remarkably well since his previous competition.

Lady Mildred showed excellent capabilities, though her range was but middling. Her work was not uniformly good.

Cynosure ran below her best form, not being in good condition.

Lady Clare was quick and sharp in her bird work and a good finder, but she marred her work by false pointing.

The full report of the running will be published next week.

FIRST ROUND.

Lady Mildred—Tory Dotlet.

They were cast off at 1.33. Lady drew prettily in the open to a good point on a bevy and was steady to shot. Sent on. About forty or fifty yards further, she pointed another bevy nicely. The birds were marked down in the open. Rose was ordered to hold up his dog till Avent caught up, but he kept pushing quietly ahead till he got his dog pointing the scattered birds, then he waited. Dotlet backed; Rose shot and Dotlet chased. Avent complained that Rose ought not to have done so, and Rose explained that he didn't mean to do so. Sent on.

Lady pointed one of the scattered birds at the moment it flushed. She pointed a single and flushed one. Dotlet pointed a single.

Next Lady pointed a bevy on top of a hill in sedge and was steady to shot. Dot pointed a single and Lady made a flush. Up at 2.14. Dotlet had an energetic manner of going, but was overcautious when on game and required some urging to keep her going among scattered birds. She had not the quick accuracy and judgment displayed by Lady in her point work.

Tom Beggs—Jock Scott.

Tom was first to point, in a corner of woods, on a bevy. On the scattered birds he was less successful, flushing twice and scoring a doubtful point, made simultaneously with the flush of the bird. In the open, he pointed a single which Rose failed to flush. He ordered Tom on and the latter drew to an excusable flush. Jock in bottom pointed to a flush and Tom backed. Tom pointed in open sedge; nothing found. Toward the last of the heat, Tom pottered now and then. Both had shortened their range. Tom was making game, apparently on larks. He was working on a bevy. Rose ordered him on and he flushed it. The birds were followed. Jock pointed and roaded, but failed to locate. Tom pointed a single. Up at 3.18. The point work fell short of the opportunities. Tom, however, did fairly well. Both showed good range, which was well maintained till toward the close of the heat.

Lady Clare—Dashing Novice, II.

A bevy was seen to flush with Lady not far away from it. Both pointed about 100 yards apart in the open. Lady had a bevy: Novice had no birds. Sent on. Novice flushed a bird. She stopped to the flush and half pointed; Gilliam flushed a remaining bird ahead of her. Both pointed some scattered birds. Lady pointed a bevy at the same time that Novice was making game on it. The latter drew to a point and both then ad a point on it. On the scattered birds, Lady made one and Novice two points. Next, Lady made a flush. Up at 3.58. Lady was the better ranger and finder, and was sharper in her point work. Novice's work was but fair.

WEDNESDAY

A crisp morning gradually warmed into a delightfully clear and pleasant day, too warm in the midday hours for the best working conditions. It was one of the mild balmy kind, enjoyable in itself apart from all considerations of sport. Birds were found in plentiful numbers. The work was excellent in part, with some of the rest of it fairly good, and a small part of it ordinary. An early start was made and the competition was kept going all day with very little delay between heats.

Cynosure—Tony's Gale.—They were cast off at 8.15. Each pointed single birds separately in woods and were steady to shot. Sent on, Gale soon found and pointed a bevy—a good piece of work. Cynosure was not near at the time. On a side hill, Gale pointed a single bird well. At the same time, a short distance away, Cynosure pointed a bevy. Working after the scattered birds in an open field, Gale pointed a bevy. In the meantime, Cynosure made two points on the scattered birds of the bevy found previously. The point work was very clean, sharp and accurate. Gale ranged the wider and with more regularity. Cynosure ran a bit heavy. It was said that she had had but little work in three weeks, having been in season. Up at 8.56.

Dixies Flag—Nellie 'Fox.—At 9.04 they were cast off. Nellie pointed a bevy nicely. The birds lit in rank, heavy weeds where it was impossible to get good work. An effort was made to get some points on them, but was abandoned. Nellie, while being worked toward them, made a firm point; nothing found. Nellie pointed scattered birds in heavy weeds. Sent on. On the next bevy, found in heavy weeds, both dogs were found pointing it. A frightened rabbit, while scrambling through the weeds ran almost under Nellie, and she looked hard after it, but remained steady. The birds were followed. Nell made two flushes, and another one was hers on circumstantial evidence. Up at 10.11. The heat was inferior. Both ranged fairly well in the beginning, but gradually showed signs of weariness. They worked far under their opportunities.

Joe Cummings—Tony Boy.—They begun at 10.21. Joe flushed a bevy in heavy sedge. Sent on. In jumping across a ditch, Tony, as he landed, flushed excusably a single, then wheeled to a point on the rest of the bevy, which was on the opposite side from him. In a plain thicket, both roaded. Joe made a point close on a single which flushed a moment afterward. Sent on. Tony pointed a bevy in open sedge, and was steady to shot. Sent on, he pointed nicely another bevy and Joe backed prettily. Joe ranged well at the start, but gradually changed to irregular effort and did not keep up a uniform interest in his work. Tony kept up a well sustained range, and his point work was quite good as also was his success in finding.

Clementine—Wun Lung's Pride.—Down at 11.16. Clementine flushed a bevy in a thicket in a run. Next she pointed in weeds; nothing found. After nearly an hour's run, Clementine pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds, Pride pointed, and was backed. He roaded on into a cotton field on the trail of a running bird but gave it up. It flushed afterward and joined other flushed birds in their flight. Clementine pointed a bird. Pride flushed one. Sent on. Clementine pointed a bevy on a side hill in weeds. Next, sent on Pride got a point on a bevy in weeds. Up at 12.24. Neither ranged well and the manner of their work was inferior.

SECOND ROUND.

This ended the first series. Eight dogs were retained in the second round, with Joe Cumming's and Dixie's Flag in reserve to be called up again in the event that the judges so decided.

Lady Clare—Lady Mildred.—They began at 1.34. Claire soon found and pointed a bevy and at the same time Mildred about eighty yards away, found and pointed another bevy. Claire was a bit unsteady. She made two points to which nothing was found. Next, she pointed a bevy on a side hill in sedge. Mildred at the same time pointed a bevy. Next Clare made a good point on scattered birds after which shs made two barren points. Up at 2.11. Mildred did not run up to the excellent form of her first heat, though doing creditable work. Clare marred her excellent form of her first heat, though doing creditable work. Clare marred her excellent capabilities by false pointing. Both exhibited firm capabilities as finders. Their range was middling and they were industrious.

Tony Boy—Tory's Gale.—Off at 2.21. Tony pointed and was nicely backed. Nothing found. Tory next pointed a bevy in open sedge. There was some haste exhibited by the handlers, and Major Taylor admonished them that they must go slower and let their dogs come to them instead of going after their dogs at every long cast. Tony pointed a bevy. Not so certainly as he might have done. He flushed a single. Tory pointed and Tony backed to caution. Nothing found. Sent on. After going about sixty yards, Tory pointed and as Tony came up he drew aside at sight of Tory and refused to back. Tony pointed; nothing found. He next pointed a single bird. Up at 3.14. Both handled hard. The work was not up to the opportunities, though both showed capabilities of doing better work. They ranged wide and fast, and seemed to handle harder than they really did handle, owing to the handlers, who were mounted, following their dogs when a long cast was made.

Cynosure—Wun Lung's Pride.—They were started at 3.17. Pride roaded a bird and Cynosure passed ahead and flushed it. Pride pointed a bevy in sedge and was steady to shot. Cynosure got a point on two birds. Pride backed. Pride pointed a single and next both got a point on the scattered birds. Cynosure pointed, Pride backed; both then roaded, pointed and roaded, Cynosure finally locating and pointed the bevy, Pride close behind. The credit of the find was Cynosure's. She next pointed a single bird. Pride pointed; nothing found. Up at 3.57. Prides range was greatly shortened as the heat progressed, and he showed signs of fatigue. Cynosure's point work was good, but her range was not well sustained, though she kept diligently at work.

Clementine—Nellie Fox.—They ran 43 minutes without finding. Their ranging was defective in its irregularity.

Dixie's Flag—Joe Cummings.—They were cast off at 4.49. Flag pointed a bevy in sedge and Joe flushed it. Joe pointed a bevy in woods and was steady to shot. He pointed well a single remaining bird. Following the bevy into woods Joe pointed it. He pointed a single and flushed one. Flag pointed; nothing found. Next, he pointed a single after which Joe pointed one. Up at 5.10. Neither showed good range. Joe showed good p ting capabilities, but apparently was a bit careless.

THURSDAY.

A cloudy, raw morning gradually changed to a good working day, a gentle, fresh wind blowing most of the time. Birds were found in abundance, the judges having a record of twenty-two bevies found by lunch time, but not all of them by the dogs. The interest of the spectators was well sustained. Thirty-five bevies were found when the work ceased.

FINAL.

Tony Gale—Lady Mildred.—They were started at 8.48. This was the concluding heat of this stake. Tony pointed and Lady backed. Nothing found.

He made a similar point in a cornfield. Next he made a good point on a bevy, and Lady back indifferently. Johnson failed to flush the birds, and sent the dog on. They were afterward flushed behind the place where the dog pointed. Sent on. Lady pointed a single bird in sedge and was steady to shot. Next, Lady pointed a bevy, after which she moved on about forty yards and flushed some remaining birds. Tory pointed well a bird in sedge. Next he found and pointed a bevy well.

Up at 9.27. In this heat, as in his previous ones, Tony found his bevies by casting for them and beating out the ground with judgment. He was industrious and constantly seeking for birds. His speed was well sustained, and he showed great staunchness in holding his points steadily when a long distance from his handler. Lady Mildred worked decidedly under the working form of her first heat. While she had capabilities for good work, she did not display them uniformly at their best.

This heat concluded the stake.

The judges soon announced the winners:

First, Tony's Gale; second, Tony's Boy; third, Lady Mildred; fourth, Cynosure; fifth, Lady Clare.

ALL-AGE POINTER TTAKE.

Full reports of Thursday and Saturday's running not having arrived yet, we take the following from dispatches.

This stake had fifteen starters, and the first series was finished on Thursday. Thirty-five bevies of birds were found. The day was cloudy, but favorable. Major Purcell's Lady Margaret, and N. T. Depauw's dog Jingo, ran first. Both were ordinary in pace, range and bird work. The second brace was Major Purcell's dog Cid, and the Charlottesville Kennel's dog Dogwood. The latter ran well and proved himself superior in all qualities. Next came Major Purcell's dog Sam Bang and Robert Leslie's dog King of Lyn. The latter moved well enough, but flushed all the birds he found. Sam Bang did some point work, but was ordinary in other particulars. D. P. Ritchie's Don and H. K. Deveraux's Tamarack, Jr., ran next. The latter was by far the best, though he hardly ran in his best form. G. R. Howse's bitch Lula K. beat W. N. Kerr's dog Little Ned. The Charlottesville Kennel's Delhi ran in good form, far outclassing Major Purcell's Saint Blaise, who is out of the race. Stoddard and Kidwell's Tick Boy and E. O. Damon's dog Strideaway ran a good competition, with honors about even. Charlottesville Kennel's Selah ran better than Louis McGrew's Spot S., the latter being the poorest dog in the stake. C. W. Depauw's dog Verge ran a bye heat, finishing well enough to start again in the second series, which had ten to run, as follows: Dogwood with Tamarack, Jr., Delhi with Tick Boy, Jingo with Lula K. Strideaway with Selah, and Cid with Verge.

FRIDAY.

A severe rain storm prevented any running in the trials today.

SATURDAY.

The conditions were very unfavorable to good work as the ground was frozen hard and very slippery after the rain. In the Pointer All Age stake, the first brace down in second series was Dogwood and Tamarack, Jr. The latter did better point work, though in much of the work there was little difference between the two.

Delhi and Tick Boy came out next and the former kept up his good running, proving superior to the other dog. Strideaway and Jingo—Jingo did the best work in any one heat during the trials, and outclassed Strideaway, who did not range out as he should have done. Lulu K. and Selah and Cid and Verge did only ordinary work.

The winners were: Delhi first; Jingo, second; Tick Boy, third; Strideaway, fourth; Tamarack, Jr., fifth.

Then the All Age Setter stake was started and first series run through. Eighteen starting.

West Point, Miss., January 28. Special to Forest and Stream:

Rain and sleet storm prevented the competition from starting to-day.

(Full reports will appear next week.) B. WATERS.

SOME MORE DOG CHAT.

The annual meeting of the Boston Terrier Club was held at Young's Hotel, Boston, on January 23, and the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Herbert Merriam; Vice-President, Dwight Baldwin; Secretary, Frederick G. Davis; Treasurer, Robert J. Clark; Executive Committee, George N. Phelps, J. F. Holt, William E. Bright, together with the above-named officers. Delegate to the A. K. C., L. A. Burritt.

The annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club of America will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, on Wednesday, February 20, at 7:30 P. M. The members are requested to send in their annual dues ($5) and the names of those to be proposed for membership to L. A. Van Zandt, Secretary-Treasurer, 938 Prospect avenue, N. Y.

In our business columns will be noticed the announcement of Mr. F. Schmidt's well-known St. Bernards being placed at stud. The Hell Gate Kennels hold a pretty strong hand in this breed since Mr. Schmidt purchased the bulk of Col. Ruppert's kennel, and we have interesting accounts of the litters sired recently by the Hell Gate dogs. Royal Duchess had a litter of seven by Ch. Otos, and Ruth Cleveland is nursing seven by Kingstonian Count. The well-known Altonette is the mother of nine by Roland, Jr., and Tyra also has a litter of nine by the same dog. Lady Bountiful had ten by Ch. Otos, and Nellie Bly ten by Franciscan. Kingstonian Countess and Glory are also due in a few days. We give these particulars to prove that one breeder at least cannot complain of bitches missing. Naturally the Hell Gate Kennels are crowded, and it is no wonder that Mr. Schmidt wishes to sell some puppies.

Mr. E. Bardoe Elliott, of the Chesterford Park Kennels, Maywood, Ill., writes: "It having come to my knowledge on several occasions lately, both verbally and in writing, that unscrupulous parties are selling and representing dogs as having been purchased at or come from these kennels, I write this to warn all those who may have purchased such dogs, and intending buyers, that no dog leaves this kennel without a certificate of sale stamped: 'The Chesterford Park Kennels,' and signed by me as manager, and therefore to demand this certificate with all dogs represented as having been sold as bred by me, and if it cannot be produced to stamp the party offering such dogs as frauds."

The following intimation was received too late for publication in our last issue. In regard to the Chevalier—Lady Margaret race, Mr. Avent writes that as Major J. R. Purcell might think it too long to wait until after the U.S. field trials to bring off the race, he was willing to have the race run any day during the trials when the judges would not require his dogs for two hours. Major Purcell was advised of this in due season, but we have not heard if the proposed match took place.

The British Fancier has made a new departure by issuing its first Annual Review in book form. This innovation redounds greatly to their credit. A feature of the work is an illustrated account of the Kennels and Homing Pigeon Lofts of the Prince of Wales, at Sandringham. The reviews of the various breeds of dogs in 1894, are very interesting, and valuable for fancier's reference and the portraits of the writers seem to bring us nearer to acquaintance with men whose names are household words in the canine world. From this work the reader can form a very good idea of the standing and merits of the leading dogs of all breeds in England, and acquire a knowledge of the progress or decline of the different breeds. The same scheme is also carried out in regard to poultry and pigeons and the British Fancier is to be congratulated on its enterprise, of which we shall take opportunity to avail ourselves later on.

In bulldogs the Mascoutah Kennel Club desire to encourage the breed in Cook County, Ill., for all their medals are offered to local competition only. The bull terrier list is at first sight rather imposing, but closer examination shows that Cook County and Illinois get the plums, this rather narrow policy should not be carried too far, that is if a good class of outside dogs are expected. The Boston terriers are well provided for, and the B. T. C., with their usual pluck, offer cash specials. Beagles and Dachshounds cannot complain, but in fox terriers one finds the Cook County proviso again prominent. The Chicago Fox Terrier Cup and the Garfield Cup are valuable trophies of $50 and $150 respectively. The Bench Show Committee this year is composed of Walter C. Gunn, Chairman; A. J. Caton, J. Wallace Wakem, W. E. Rothermel, Paul Warren. Of course the president, Mr. W. J. Bryson, will be a busy man again and we trust that Mr. Payson, the treasurer, will have his hands full. Entries close Feb. 16.

The annual meeting of the Philadelphia Kennel Club was held at the Aldine Hotel, on Tuesday, January 22. The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, Dr. G. G. Davis; Vice-President, Mr. George H. Thomson; Treasurer, S. Murray Mitchell; Secretary, Dr. Alexander Glass; Directors, Messrs. J. H. Winslow, Francis G. Taylor, Charles H. Phelps, G. Schreiber and Dr. George D. B. Darby. Delegate to the American Kennel Club, Mr. Francis G. Taylor.

We note in our business columns that Mr. Geo. W. Price, offers for sale a more than average good bitch, by Warren Landlord and Warren Chance, by Royal and Diana. Lass won first, open and novice, at late Cincinnati show, first time of asking.

The Grand Jury at Columbus, O., reported on Jan. 25, that the county ought to purchase a pack of bloodhounds to be kept by the Sheriff at the county jail, so that the criminal bailiff as soon as a crime was reported, in outlying districts, ought to repair to the scene and place the dogs on the trail.

Mr. Sam Woodiwiss has cabled the W. K. C. that he will surely bring over a team of bulldogs, old English sheepdogs, and greyhounds.

The Llewellyn setter, Count Beaufort is now being put into bench show condition by Ben Lewis, and will be shown by this "Prince of Handlers" as the advance agent would say. This is confirmation enough to stamp the dog a good one. Mr. Diffenderffer, we understand, would like to sell him at the coming show, as business does not admit of much time being devoted to shooting. Particulars of this dog may be found in our stud columns.

A Brooklyn youngster has a pair of St. Bernards which he drives hitched up to a handsome little sleigh. The dogs are well trained and are said to enjoy the fun. Thus is the original reputation of the St. Bernard turned to practical account in this latter day century.

The sale of the late J. M. Tracey's paintings and sketches will take place at the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms, New York, on Feb. 18 to 22. The executor, C. Klackner, 7 West Twenty-eighth street, New York, will provide on applications catalogues.

Recently, we noted a rumor to the effect that the bull dog Handsome Dan was dead. We were unable to confirm this news, and a letter from Mr. Dole informs us that Dan is "not dead nor anywhere near it," and will surely face Mr. Matthews in the judging ring at New York. We are pleased to know that the pride of all Yale is still on the campus. Mr. Comstock's Irish terriers Dummurry and Merle Grady are at Mr. Dole's kennels, and the latter dog is said to be extremely fit just now. This is a crack pair for anyone wishing to own Irish terriers that can be depended on to win. Frank Dole will show the best team of a dozen bull terriers that Madison Square Garden has ever seen, at least, that is what wer are told.

The Chicago shows have the same regulations regarding exercising hours as at New York, 12 to 1, and 6 to 7 P. M., and only large dogs are to be exercised on chain. Beside the regular club medals, and a silver cup, St. Bernard breeders can win about $100 in cash specials, and these "talk" as the saying goes when the grasping expressman C. O. D.'s one. Mastiffs are well taken care of by the Mastiff Club, and setter and pointer men will find several specials offered by individuals, that will be worth winning, and the spaniels come in for a good deal of attention, too. While there is not much circulating metal to be found in the Collie announcements, there is plenty of glory in the form of medals and cups.

The committee appointed by the A. K. C., consisting of Messrs. Mortimer, Morris and Webster has not met with much success so far in the endeavor to lighten the burdens under which the exhibitors labor in regard to being compelled to send their dogs to shows by express. A meeting was held Monday last to discuss a letter received from the Trunk Line Association, in which they stated that after due consideration of the petition so numerously signed by the exhibitors, they had come to the conclusion, that in view of the responsibility in transporting valuable dogs, they could not see their way clear to interfere with the existing rule to turn all dogs over to the express companies. It is now thought that an effort will be made to win over the officials of the different roads that compose the Trunk Line Association, aided by letters from influential exhibitors such as J. Pierrepont Morgan, August Belmont, George J. Gould, etc. This question of transportation is assuming a serious aspect, and will, without doubt, interfere with future shows, especially considering the inattention and carelessness of the express companies and the safeguards they seek to throw around themselves, to void off possible damage suits.

The Preston-Morris case is still unsettled, Mr. Preston not having yet settled the case according to the arbitration verdict. There is rumor of more law, but we have not been able to get Mr. Preston's version of the case since Mr. Mortimer's decision was rendered, valueing the bitch in question at $135, and therefore prefer not to enter too deeply into the intricacies of this knotty spaniel problem.

We draw attention to the announcement in our stud dog columns of the placing of the Woodland Kennels' Cocker spaniel Black Duke at public service. It is not necessary to tell spaniel breeders who breed for show, of the merits of Black Duke as a sire, but the one dog owner should know that this dog, while at the top of the tree himself as a show dog, is also the sire of several notable winners. It should be remembered that bitches sent to Canada for breeding purposes are admitted free of duty.

The premium lists of the Western Kennel Co. of Denver, Col., are out, but we have not been favored with one as yet. Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes and entries close Feb. 27. The club is to be congratulated on the grading of entry fees. For the large breeds a fee of $3 is required, and $2.50 for all other breeds except foxterriers, pugs, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds, and whippets, which pay $2. The large breed get $10 and $5 in prizes, and $2 entry fee is for prizes of $5 and $3. Further informatoin will, no doubt, be afforded by the Secretary, E. T. Weiant, 1724 Lawrence street, Denver.

Mr. E. M. Oldham is now under contract with Spratts Co. to superintend their arrangements at the coming dog shows and represent the firm generally in the sale of their valuable dog foods and medicines. By the way, Spratts medicines have not received that attention among dog men that their well-known efficacy entitles them to.

The Pointer Club's annual meeting will be held February 21, at 3 P. M. in Madison Square Garden, New York.

The White Star Liner, Bovic, due last Monday, brought over fifteen greyhounds consigned to Messrs. Baring, Magoun and Co., and one greyhound for Messrs. J. Girdwood and Co., beside the two wolfhounds, already spoken of elsewhere, for the Terra Cotta Kennels.

The Poultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association, of Victoria, B. C., intend holding a dog show Jan. 29 to 31.

We draw the attention of coursing men to the announcement of the Altcar Coursing Club's Produce Stake, for dog and bitch puppies at $20 each, half forfeit; or if declared out by August 15, $5 forfeit, or if declared out by May 15, only $2 forfeit. Entries, which must be accompanied by $2, close March 1, second forfeit of $3 must be paid on or before May 15; third forfeit of $5 must be paid on or before August 15; balance, $10 must be paid on or before 6 P. M., the night of the draw, viz.: October 14, 1895. To winner $100 added by the Altcar Coursing Club of America and 35 per cent. of all moneys; runner up, $50 added by the club, and twenty-five per cent. of all moneys; third and fourth, 10 per cent. each of all the moneys; four winners of two courses 5 per cent. each of all moneys. (Should more than 32 dogs start, division of moneys will be made satisfactory.) For further particulars nominators must write T. W. Bartels, Denver, Col.

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We have received no further word from Detroit in regard to the coming dog show. We suppose all due preparations are being made.

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As we go to press we learn that an extra class, 102 A, has been provided at New York for field and spaniel puppies and a challenge class, 127 A, for curly poodles. Spratts' Patent offer a $5 cup for the exhibitor having the largest number of dogs at the show, which must be bona fide property of the exhibitor.

* * *

The St. Bernard Club offer additional specials. A silver cup each, for the best St. Bernard dog and bitch; a silver medal, each, for the best American bred rough coated dog and bitch and the same for the best American bred smooth dog and bitch These are open to members only. The American Spaniel Club offers for the first time their new American Spaniel Club Trophy, value $100, for the best sporting spaniel over 28 pounds to be won four times. Dr. S. J. Bradbury offers one Tom Thumb camera, value $10, for best field spaniel bred by the exhibitor, also $5 for the best field spaniel puppy. Donor not to compete. The National Greyhound Club offers the Tubby Hook Cup for the best bull terrier dog, same conditions to govern as when previously offered. The Vetera class will be for smooth foxterriers over seven years of age, instead of over five years as stated in premium lists. The Westminster Kennel Club offers $25 cash for the best pointer got by their stud King of Kent.

The New Haven Fox Hound Club had good sport at Woodmont, Conn., on the 15. A fox was soon started, and at the close of a long chase shot by A. R. Andrews, between Round Point and Gulf Mill. Another fox was put up, but after a long run the hounds were drawn off. The fox shot weighed 13 pounds. So far this winter the members have shot five foxes. Those who took part in the Woodmont run were: Robert and Frank Meecham, Major Todd, H. Thompson, J. B. Robertson, R. Penn, J. Savage, A. Treat, John Rockefeller, and A. R. Andrews.

* * *

On Jan. 18, the members of the Rose Tree Hunt Club enjoyed a good run. The fox was started in Upper Providence, Pa., at 10 A. M., and led the hounds a merry chase, darkness ending the run with reynard far enough in the van to save his brush.

* * *

The officers of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club were elected Jan. 22, at Delmonico's New York, and are as follows: President, William Jay; Vice-President, H. V. R. Kennedy; Master of Hounds, Frank Gray Griswold; Secretary and Treasurer, Egerton L. Winthrop; Stewards, Sidney Dillon Ripley, O. W. Bird, Ralph N. Ellis and E. L. Winthrop.

* * *

The Southern Railway company is evidently not a soulless corporation, for their efforts in the encouragement of sport are well known to sportsmen. We are advised that a Fox chase will take place at Asheville, N. C., February 20, and that indications point to the attendance of a large number of hunting men from clubs in the North. The Southern Railway company have made special rates for the transportation of horses, etc. Now that the hunting set are frost bound, a run down south will give good sport, and serve to keep horses and men in condition for the spring meets up north.

There will be a meeting of the Irish Setter club, of America, held at Madison Square Garden, on Thursday, February 21, at 3 P. M.

Capt. Robt. A. De Leslie, of the Detroit Snap Shots, writes that his club will open its 1895 season at 160 Michigan avenue, Detroit. A cordial invitation is tendeed any marksman who may find himself in that city during the next twelve months.

The condition of the contest for the Kemp trophy, which is competed for annually by the companies of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. N. Y., are as follows: Each company is allowed to enter a team of 25 men, and each man on the team is allowed to fire five shots standing and five shots prone at the 200 and 500 yard ranges. The trophy is held by the winning team until the close of the succeeding competition.

Retrieving.

Hoosick, N. Y., Jan. 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: I had quite an animated discussion one day last week, with one of the prominent sportsmen of this town in regard to breaking dogs to retrieve. He was very much opposed to it, and was very angry with me because I upheld it, even going so far as to say that any man who taught, or allowed his dog to be taught to reirteve, was not fit to own a dog.

Now, I am not a very old or experienced dog handler, and therefore did not like to argue with him, yet I am far from being convinced that he is right, and would like to hear the opinions of some of the older and more experienced sportsmen in regard to the matter. J. A. C.

Spaniel Lost.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This morning the servant let out a black field spaniel that had just been given to me. He naturally ran away, where, I do not know; but I expect, as he was a handsome dog, some one has found and kept him. If any fellow sportsman has him offered for sale or hears of a strange black spaniel and will give me any information which will lead to his recovery I shall be duly grateful. I can give no means of identifying him than that he was suffering from a severe canker in his right ear.

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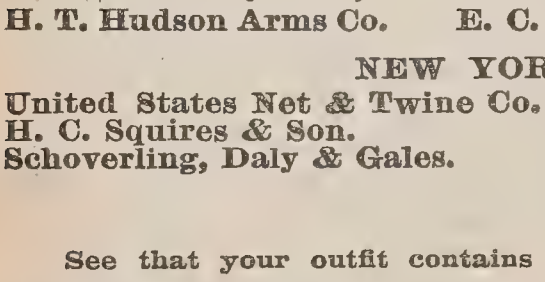
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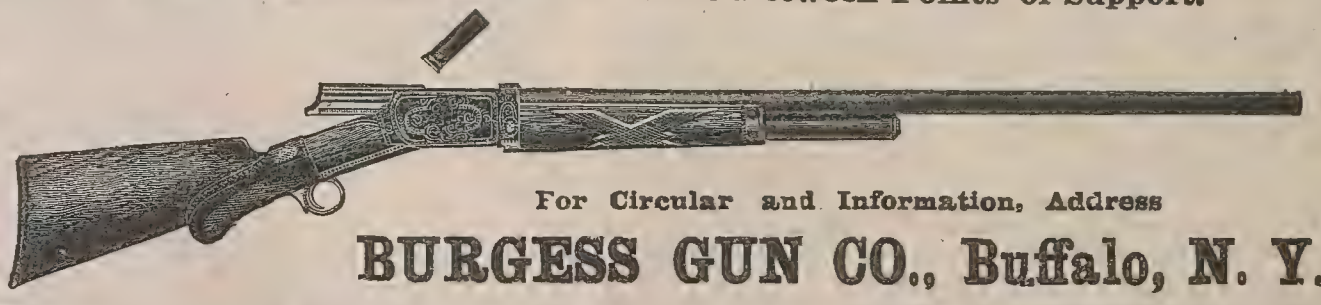


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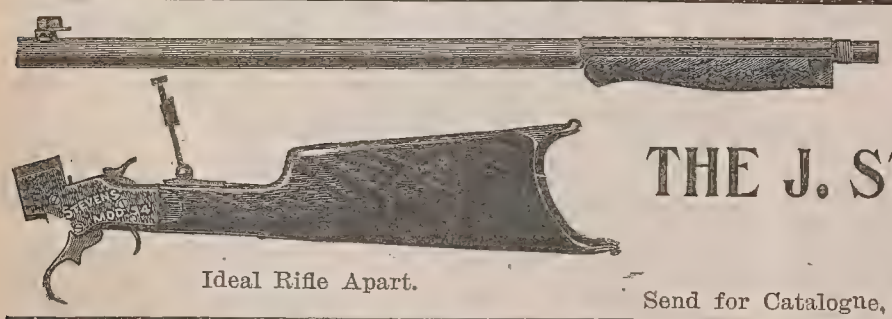


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For Subscription and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

A SHOT AT A DUCK.

Was ever shot at a wild duck so fateful to men and empires as this?

A father and his son were hunting wild fowl on a northern marsh. The young man shot at a duck, dropped it, and hurried to gather it. Reaching the spot where it had fallen, he found himself in an oozy, treacherous slime, into which he began rapidly to sink. In response to his son's cries of alarm, the father hastened to the rescue, and being a man of prodigious strength succeeded in extricating him, but not before he himself had become thoroughly wet through.

The two duck hunters hastened home. That home was the palace of Spala. The father was Alexander III., Czar of Russia; the son was the Grand Duke George. From the chill that resulted from the exposure undergone in saving his son from the duck bog was developed that malady which ended in the death of the Czar.

Thus the fortunes of a dynasty were changed by a chance shot at a wild duck on the marsh. Was ever such a shot at a duck before or since?

PERHAPS THE MISSING LINK.

Many years ago when the evolution theory first began to attract general attention, and still more when it began to find general acceptance, there was much inquiry for the missing link, and the phrase became then a cant term much in use. If it was true, as most naturalists maintained, that man was merely a more highly developed form of the brute, there should be some way of narrowing the gap which confessedly existed between the lowest human and the highest brute—between the Australian, let us say, on the one hand, and the orang utan, on the other. To this objection the men of science could only reply: "The record is not complete. We believe that some time, somewhere, remains will be found to bridge over this gap. There will be found the bones of an animal higher in development than the highest of the anthropoid apes (orang, chimpanzee, and gorilla), yet lower than the lowest man; but as yet we have not a particle of evidence that such a creature ever existed."

When they had said this the men of science went about their business, and worked on such material as they had. For example, Huxley proved that the birds were descended from the reptiles; Marsh made out the family tree of the horses, tracing them back to a little four-toed animal as large as a fox, which lived in early tertiary time, and which he showed to be the ancestor of the horse of to-day; while other men did much good work in similar lines. Still the people who did not believe in evolution, and who thought the distance which separated man and the higher apes, greater than that between the birds and the reptiles, cried out for the missing link, but it was not to be had.

It is true that not a few ancient bones of men had been discovered in caverns of Europe, mingled with skeletons of animals, such as the hairy rhinoceros, cave bear, elephant, cave lion, and other long extinct species; but in most cases the human bones so found did not belong to men of low type—were not, in fact, markedly different from the men of to-day. There was one skeleton, that of Neanderthal, and one jaw-bone, that of Naulette, which were distinctly of low type—but while the Neanderthal skull had a low forehead and prominent brow ridges, somewhat ape-like, yet its cranial capacity was about seventy-five inches, or about the average human capacity, while the bones of the arm and thigh, though very stout, were proportioned about as in man. Huxley said of the skeleton: "In no sense can the Neanderthal bones be regarded as the remains of a human being intermediate between man and the apes."

Within a short time, however, remains have been discovered in the Island of Java, by Dr. Dubois, a surgeon in the Dutch-Indian Army, which seem to indicate that at last the much sought for "link" has been discovered. These remains consist of a part of a skull, a molar tooth and a femur, or thigh bone of a large anthropoid ape, which is believed to represent a new genus and family intermediate between the Simiidae or apes and the Hominidae or men. These remains were found near each other, though not actually together, imbedded in a volcanic tufa near Trinil, in the Madiun Province, in Central Java.

The skull has a brain cavity absolutely larger and in proportion to its size much more capacious than in the apes, and its capacity is about two-thirds that of the average man. It is long in proportion to breadth—thus differing from that of the chimpanzee—and has none of the crests for the attachment of muscles which are found in the gorilla. The tooth is somewhat ape-like. The thigh bone is almost exactly like the same bone in man, the resemblance being so close that only a careful comparison could distinguish them.

This animal which Dr. Dubois calls Pithecanthropus erectus" walked erect like man and in size, brain power, and erect posture is much nearer man than any known animal living or extinct.

Further researches will sooner or later throw much more light on this newly-discovered near relation of all of us.

THE ILLINOIS SITUATION.

A game bill has been prepared and sent to Springfield, which, if adopted, will open the Chicago and Illinois markets for the sale of game all the year around, without let or hindrance. The section relating to sale, reads as follows:

"It shall be lawful to buy or sell any of the game birds or water fowl mentioned in this act commencing five days after the opening date and closing five days before the ending of the legally constituted open season. Any person, firm, or corporation offending shall be fined on conviction $10 for every game bird or fowl found in his or their possession coming from the State of Illinois, and said game shall be confiscated and turned over by the warden to the charitable institutions of the county in which seized."

This contains not an iota of prohibition of game selling at any time. We do not wonder that the Chicago commission merchants and their attorneys are solid in support of the Blow bill. They themselves could not have drawn one to suit their demands more perfectly. If the bill shall go through in this shape, the markets will be open the year around.

This is the situation; and it is one to demand the immediate, determined, and resolute action with which the Sportsmen's Association have met it, now that at this tardy hour they have had their eyes opened to the true nature of the section. In this fight against this impudent and iniquitous measure the Association officers and committees should have the support of every citizen of Illinois who would prevent the immediate destruction of its game supply. This is a time for Illinois sportsmen to rally for the fight under the Association's banner. The battle is not for Illinois alone, but for every State whose game goes to the Chicago market. The fate of the Blow bill at Springfield will be watched all through the West; satisfaction at its defeat will be as genuine in the Dakotas as in Illinois.

Warden Blow's sneer at the State Association as a body neglectful of its protective work is under the circumstances peculiarly ill-timed and foolish. He accuses it of sleeping on post; but the fact is that this man's righteous indignation at the Association's somnolence has been excited because he has just now found it wide awake and on guard. It is precisely as if a fellow bent on mischief were to blackguard as a sleepy sluggard the alert watchman who had taken him by the throat and turned him back. Warden Blow has run up against a body of men who are very wide awake. If he has not found this out yet, he will realize it before he gets through the Illinois Legislature any bill which permits the sale of game the year around.

Mr. Blow complains that the Association wants game laws for the benefit of sportsmen. Now that is a queer complaint for a game warden to make, is it not? Of course they do. If sportsmen did not want game laws for sportsmen there would be no game laws, nor game, nor wardens to take care of the game at a salary of $1,500. Take away from Illinois the game protective work of sportsmen for the last twenty-five years and what would be left? Certainly not Mr. Blow's game warden job. He would not be warding, for there would be nothing to ward. The revenue Mr. Blow has derived from his work as an officer he owes to the sportsmen of Illinois. The slurs contained in his letter indicate a frame of mind quite unbecoming in a creature toward its creator.

SNAP SHOTS.

William B. Moore, of Moscow, Me., seventy-seven years of age. Killed his first moose sixty-one years ago. Before nine out of ten of you who read this paragraph were born. Has killed a moose every year since. More, too; 276 all told, in newspaper report. A large number of moose for one man. But consider that he has been sixty-one years in doing it. Who can equal the record?

Does a Connecticut brook trout ever grow to the length of six inches? The editor of the Hartford Courant believes not. The General Assembly is considering the adoption of a law prohibiting the killing of fish under that size, and the Courant man solemnly warns his readers that the law might "better prohibit trout fishing outright than to relegate it to the regions of the unattainable." With such a law, he urges, the underbrush would renew its youth and obliterate the familar tow-paths that now mark the margin of every brook in Hartford county. Unquestionably tow-paths and fingerlings do go together; but there are fishermen even in Connecticut who would prefer the underbrush and the big fish. If Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell, or some other equally qualified angler of Hartford, would make it his business to open the eyes of the Courant writer by plunking down on his desk some of these fine days an adult, mature, full-orbed nutmeg trout from a Connecticut stream, it would wean the editor from his fingerling and tow-path nonsense and convert him to common sense and a six-inch trout law.

Fish Commissioner R. E. Follett, of Connecticut, has been fined $300 and costs for having netted trout in Massachusetts waters. A man convicted of illegally netting fish is not fit to be a fish commissioner. Other peculiar conditions of this official's holding his place are that he is not a resident of Connecticut, but of Massachusetts; and that he is reputed to be interested in a private hatchery from which as a public official he is said to buy fish for the State. Under such circumstances if for one's official illegal netting one were often fined as a private individual, he would find it necessary as a private individual to sell himself a good many trout as a public official in order as a public official to recoup himself as a private individual.

The Massachusetts Association banquet last week was the occasion of celebrating the society's coming of age. It has had twenty-one years of useful existence, and gives full promise of living as much longer and of doing quite as much in the future as it has in the past. We trust that we may chronicle for it a year of progress and achievement under the leadership of President Clark.

There ought to be a thorough overhauling and reorganization of the New York Fish Commission. The way not to do it is to accept the resignation of the politician commissioners now in office, and to substitute others as has just been done in the case of Mr. Hamilton resigned and Mr. B. H. Davis appointed to succeed him. Mr. Davis is known as a politician, and that very fact is sufficient to raise grave doubts as to his fitness for the place. We understood that Messrs. C. W. Babcock, of Rochester; Edward Thompson, of Northport; D. Bauder, of Rheims; James E. Richmond, of Canajoharie; Moses S. Parmelee, of Malone, and A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, are candidates for commissionerships. Of all of these, Mr. Cheney is the only one known to the public to be equipped with practical knowledge of fish and fish culture. His qualifications in this respect are so preeminent that the citizens of this State cannot well afford not to avail themselves of the services Mr. Cheney might render.

To organize a fish commission with the sole view to the most efficient administration of the State's fishery interests; to appoint men to the office having regard alone to their fitness for it, and requiring of some of them in office only the legitimate duties of the position—this would be a novel state of affairs in New York. Unless the scheme proposed by the Senate Committee shall be thwarted, we shall have just the reverse—a political machine, manned by politicians for political purposes. Such an arrangement will mean public robbery. That is the plain, simple, accurate definition of it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

PIONEER LIFE IN MAINE.

BY GEORGE SMITH,

In accordance with the suggestion of those who had listened many times to these stories of the dangers and privations of the pioneer settlers, the following account of the early settlement of the town of Freedom, Me., and pioneer life in that region, accompanied with a brief record of the years spent in the West, was written by the author at the age of eighty-one.—D. C. SMITH.

My Dear Son: Agreeable to your wishes, I have sat down to narrate some incidents of my father's family. Of their ancestry, I know but little, except that his father's name was Joshua Smith, a descendant of old Parson Smith, who was a chaplain in the French and Indian War, and a resident of Old York, Mass., as I have been informed; that his father's wife's name was Elizabeth Hodgdon, of South Berwick, Me., and my father after serving in the Revolutionary War with Great Britain came to South Berwick about the year 1780, and there married Mercy Andrews, the daughter of John Andrews, an emigrant from England.

His father, having sold out his possessions in Old York, determined to emigrate to what was then called the District of Maine. He settled on the Damariscotta River, then called Jones' Creek. My father, having heard of the wonderful chance there, for the lumbering business, soon followed him, and there, with his other brothers in partnership, followed the lumbering business for several years. The country back being entirely unsettled, and game, such as bears, beavers, and moose being plenty, they made much business in following up the several streams, taking great quantities of game as they proceeded up the river on snow-shoes in winter. Frequently they would kill several moose on their route that they would bury up in the snow with other smaller game; then returning home they would take their handsleds and go after the game till all was brought home and well saved for future use. In this way they supplied themselves with an abundance of meat for several years til the settements became cleared up, as no domestic animal could be kept at first, on account of their being destroyed by the bears that infested that region.

About the year 1793 they made an excursion into the interior, up the Sheepscot River to its head waters, which had their source at the west side of Hogback Mountain—as they called it—this was also, on the eastern side, the source of the Megunticook stream, leading into Camden Harbor. Here, at the westerly side, right opposite the source of the river, they discovered a beautiful tract of land of some six hundred acres, which they had surveyed, and then divided it into four lots, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and gave each one a chance to draw for it in a lottery of their own making. The names of the four brothers were Stephen, Joshua, James, and John. My father being the oldest, they agreed he should draw first, and he drew lot No. 1, on the most southerly part of the survey, with which he was well pleased. He then sold out all his right in the lumbering business to the others, and having collected in all about $200, and hired two ox-teams on Jan. 1, 1795, he started the first family up the Sheepscot Valley, through a howling wilderness not less than forty miles in extent. As no roads were in existence at that time, they had to follow the lumbermen's trail as best they could till they struck the "Great Pond"—so-called—on that stream, now in the town of Palermo, and there they were left by the teams to get along as they could. Here happened to be a lumberman by the name of Turner, encamped with his wife and two children. My father got the privilege of his family's staying there a few days till he could clear a road some ten miles to a settlement of three or four men, who had settled near "George's Pond," as they called it, which is now in the town of Liberty.

My father's family now consisted of seven persons besides himself and wife, the oldest about fourteen years old. Their names in order were James, Miriam, Joshua, John, George, Stephen, and Benjamin, a babe at the breast. We all tarried at Turner's till father and his boys had bushed out a road, so that a horse and sled could pass through to this new settlement, by which means we made out to get through to the settlement in about two weeks. Here my father got permission to live in one end of a log-cabin, without floor or windows; the other end being occupied by a Mr. Leighton and his wife. We remained here till the next May.

The First Log Cabin.

During this time my father and this man felled trees—the first ever felled in what is now the town of Freedom—sufficient to build a log-cabin 18x24. At the end of the winter they had got up the walls only, and as the spring was warm and early on May 5 my father having a spotted line and beaten trail all the way through a gigantic forest to his log-cabin, a distance of four miles, determined to show us our future home. Therefore, early in the morning on May 5, 1795, we were all six paraded in Indian file, father and mother with the babe in her arms. We soon entered a most darksome forest, which led us over and down a long, tedious hill two miles in extent. We were often seen seated on the fallen logs to get breath to renew the journey. In this manner we reached our new dwelling about noon. But, oh, reflect ye complaining ones! if this were your situation, how could you endure it?

A log-cabin without a roof.

With no floor but the ground.

With neither chimney nor stove all around. But we soon had a nice floor of new boughs, and before night the same cover on the roof.

In this situation, with not a square rod of ground to improve the ensuing year, with not a domestic animal, except cat and dog, with no road, with no neighbors, with no stock of provisions on hand, nor any to be had short of thirty miles, through a dismal, uninhabited wilderness three-fourths of the way, with nine in the family all told to supply with bread—in this situation father had often to go to the nearest market, which was at least twenty-five miles or more to what was called Damariscotta Mills, to buy corn, as that was the only kind of bread then in use. Having bought two bushels, he was obliged to hire a horse if he could, and in case he could not obtain one, he had made for himsef a large knapsack that would hold a bushel of corn, and swinging this to his back, with gun in hand, he would start for home through a dismal forest with nought but spotted trees as a directory. He would reach home the second day, and after waiting one day would return and get the other. This was the process the first two years, till he got a few acres felled and cleared, so as to be able to raise Indian corn on the burned land. Although the burned timbers lay on the ground, the corn was inoculated among them with sharp sticks, and a good crop was always the result. At that time, as no grist mill was nearer than twenty miles, he invented a samp mortar by cutting off a log two feet across and three and a half feet high, and then setting it up endwise, and building a fire on the top, which he kept burning two days and nights. At the end of this time, he had a cavity twelve inches deep; this he completely scraped out, and it then became a nice mortar. Placing it in one room of our cabin, he fixed a spring pole, to which was attached a heavy pestle, with a cross-pin through it, in reach of the hands; in this way in fifteen minutes a peck of corn would be reduced to handsome samp and meal of a nice quality, which were separated by sifting. The meal being made into thin cakes and basked on wooden trenches before a blazing fire formed an excellent bread.

But, as bread alone, without butter or milk soon becomes stale to our tastes, and as our father and mother were never at a great loss for a remedy, my father would rise early in the morning, take down his gun, and visit the inhabitants of the forests who were making the woods vocal with their music, which would often have to stop, while they beat time to the thrilling crack of his deadly fowling-piece. In this way a valuable acquisition was made to our bread without milk or butter, and this was frequently varied by the addition of a squirrel or hedge hog. This first year was the most distressing, on account of our arriving too late in the spring to improve the abundant chances for making maple sugar, which, ever after, was one of our greatest blessings. Thus passed the first two years of our campaign in one of the most gigantic forests that ever grew in Maine, which my father and his boys caused to bow to their sturdy blows every day during the summer of 1795.

January, 1796, came in with terrible snowstorms. Snows fell to the depth of three and a half feet in all directions, but we had our cabin well finished off with a good roof, covered with new spruce bark; with a good hewn plank floor; a good stone chimney up to the mantle-piece four feet high, with jambs five feet apart and topped out with "cat and clay," as it was then called; the old cabin well "chinked" with moss, and plastered with clay; with an abundance of the best wood in the world, right at our own door that needed no hauling—thus situated we considered ourselves a happy family when enjoying in the evening a blazing fire, such as no one in these days will ever see.

The ensuing spring, father got everything ready beforehand for making maple sugar. The trees being so near the house the sap was brought to it, and that was our first sugar-camp; and never was a family of children any happier than when the first batch of sugar was stirred off, and each one was allowed a good lump on an old-fashioned pewter plate. Father and his boys made about four hundred pounds of sugar, and in order to save it, he hewed out some ash-holders, and in these stored it with good success. This same spring he had about four acres of felled trees to burn, and as the spring was dry he got an excellent burn, and then planted corn among the logs.

A Visit From a Bear.

Having the prospect of raising a good crop of corn, he thought it best early in the spring to get a swine that he might raise pigs. When brought home she was allowed to go at large wherever she pleased, and the weather being warm she frequented a brook that ran close by the house, where she would lie and bathe in the day-time. Our stock was increased by four pigs. One day, when these were about two weeks old, my father happened to be absent from home, when about noon we heard the hog squeal at the brook. My mother caught the gun from the hooks, and rushed down to the brook with her dog in advance, just in time to see a bear, with the hog in his arms going up the hill on the other side of the brook. She set the dog on him, and he dropped the hog to give fight to the dog, which bit him behind; in this way he showed himself openly to my mother, who was so terrified at so monstrous a creature, she could do nothing but scream aloud. Although she had all the means of war in her hands she forgot to use them, and the bear was allowed to finish his dinner of fresh meat on the top of the hill. But his supper, the next night, cost him rather more dear. On returning home, father determined to have redress, and make him settle for his dinner like a gentleman. Accordingly, he collected the fragments of the stolen dinner, and having surrounded it with a hedge—except a small door at one end—within the inclosure he set his gun well loaded, drawing its line across the door-way with the remnants of the dinner at the further side of the inclosure, and in this way he gave the bear a good chance to come to his supper. The night being dark and rainy, father thought it very favorable, as he said, they always took such nights for mischief. This evening we determined to keep awake, in hopes of hearing the salute on his arrival, but sleep took possession of us all too soon for us to enjoy the privilege so much desired. Toward the latter part of the night we heard father jump out of bed, saying to mother: "He has got it." And, sure enough, in the morning when we went to the yard, there he lay fast asleep with his head just across the line. Never was there greater rejoicing in one family since Wolf took Quebec, than was in our little household. He was in excellent order, and weighed about two hundred pounds. We had him salted down in one of father's new-fashioned sugar tubs, and never was meat eaten with a better relish than this. Father often said he was "well satisfied, that the bear paid well for his dinner;" but mother did not feel so thankful as the young pigs left motherless on her hands, needed milk, and we had none to give them. However, necessity being the mother of invention, she made nice sweetened porridge, and fed them with a teaspoon till they learned to eat, and so she succeeded in raising two of them.

This year my father raised a nice crop of Indian corn, the first ever harvested in what was afterward called Beaver Hill Plantation—so named from a beaver's having been caught—some four hundred feet above the stream, at its base. There was a beautiful flowing spring at that altitude, across the mouth of which he had built a dam, no doubt for summer bathing. The inhuman trappers could not let him enjoy this in peace; therefore, because he wore a coat so much finer than theirs. they murdered him for the sake of his fine coat, but he has the honor of having given a name to this hill, and his works are yet to be seen.

Adventure With a Bear.

As we had an abundance of corn, my father thought he could keep a cow, and immediately bought one, which added greatly to our living. In three years from this time we had three others of the same kind. Their only pasture was the woods, and being belled, they had to be hunted up every night before sundown. Only the oldest boy was trusted to enter the darksome woods, and that with gun in hand, well loaded, and supplied with ammunition. Thus equipped, one dark, rainy day in July, 1799, he set off early to hunt up the cattle. After traveling down into a low meadow he heard the bellowing of a cow in distress. He hastened to the place from whence the noise seemed to proceed, and running to the side of a brook through the thick alders, on the other side, he discovered a huge bear with a cow down on her side, he tearing and eating her back and shoulders. He drew near as possible, and discharged his gun at him, loaded with two balls. This gave him such a hint he thought it best to retreat. My brother dared not move till he had reloaded his gun, thinking the bear might return. In the meantime the cow made out to rise, and crossed the brook toward him. In his excitement he became completely lost to himself, and had not the cow been able to lead the way he would not have seen home that night, but he followed her and came out safe. This was a heavy blow to us, as she was the only one that gave milk. For three years we had lived without milk, and now in the best part of the season for making butter, all was gone for that business.

The next morning the cow could not be made to rise. As much as two feet of her back was laid bare to the bone, and the weather being so warm and flies so thick, father thougth it best to kill her. "No," said my mother—a woman of indomitable courage—"you make a good booth over her to keep off the hot sun, and I will take care of her myself; the children can gather her food." She made a covering sufficient to cover the hole in the back, and with the roots of the Life of Man and Sarsaparilla she made a salve, and a wash compounded of many other herbs; these she daily applied. By this treatment, in thirty or forty days, the cow was able to rise alone, and by Sept. 1 was completely healed, though with rather a crooked back. She was perfectly dried up, and being well fatted was sold for beef to some young men who had come to see the country and take up a possession. This enabled my father to buy another cow in the spring, and as one of the heifers came in that spring we had two cows.

Increasing Prosperity.

From that day forward my father began to rise in property; every year felling from five to ten acres of trees to be burned and planted with Indian corn, and the last piece sowed in to grain and laid down to grass. In the year 1800 he bought the first sheep he ever had, but he was almost obliged to take them into the house to keep them from the bears. He made a log pen, tight and close, well covered over with heavy timbers, with a strong door well barred inside, and this was joined to the house. The sheep had to be put into the pen every night. The bears were not pleased with such treatment, and determined to storm his castle the first convenient opportunity. Consequently the first dark night that offered itself they were on hand, and having approached his castle, although it looked so strong, they concluded to try their hands at its strength. They succeeded in making a breach in its walls, by which they entered, and after examining the whole number and putting their mark on all they carried off the seventh as a fee for their trouble in handsomely marking all the others.

The New House.

My father thought he was now able to build a frame house and barn; as his stock and hay were yearly increasing, he decided to have the barn first, and it was raised July 6, 1802. The roof was covered with long shingles, laid two feet to the weather. The walls were not boarded, as there were no boards to be had at that time, but it was filled with hay, to the ridge-pole, the first year. The next year he began on a house frame, and got it all ready, but did not raise it till 1804. The roof of the house was shingled without boards; the ribs being laid twelve inches to the weather. Hearing of some boards about twelve miles distant, he went in search of them, and bought enough to wall in our house—the dimensions of which were 36x30 feet.

As boards were so scarce, and good pine timber so abundant, he determined to make boards more plenty, and having a most excellent privilege, he at once built a good saw-mill, and got it going the second year, and now, for the first time, we had our buildings well covered.

In the year 1806 we bade adieu to our old log-cabin, and moved into our new house, which had a stone chimney with three good fire-places and a large oven in the same. These two buildings were the first built in—what was then called Beaver Hill Plantation—now the town of Freedom.

Eclipse of 1806.

This year, 1806, it had been predicted that some great calamity would befall the inhabitants of the world. It had been asserted by a traveling preacher, who was going about the country, that a wonderful phenomena was to take place on June 16; that there would be total darkness at noon, that the stars would be seen as at midnight, and it might be the Day of Judgment, for aught he knew, or could tell. All of which did take place, as I can testify, being an eye witness. The day was perfectly clear, and when the sun was two-thirds covered the whole western hemisphere, from north to south, became black as sackcloth, and on earth it was the same. This was a most gloomy scene to all. Work of all kind was suspended, and many took to their houses, called their children around them, and sat in fear and gloom as the darkness increased every minute. Total darkness set in at twelve o'clock, candles were lighted, and fowls went to roost as at night. The gloom and darkness lasted ten

minutes, when the westerly limb of the sun began to appear again, and well do I remember how glad I was that the sun was going to shine again, as all around were feeling so chilly. A cold summer followed, and no corn was raised in Maine. I have been thus particular in describing this eclipse, as no one now living will ever experience the dread and terror that filled the hearts of their ancestors in their ignorance of the cause of this phenomena.

About this time it seems important that I should say something of my father's family, as there was something singular about it. My father's name was Stephen, he lived to be eighty-six years old; my mother's name was Mercy, she lived to be seventy-eight years old. They had twelve children, eleven of whom, nine boys and two girls, grew to be men and women. Eight of these nine boys were produced at four births; their names were Joshua and John, George and Stephen, Paul and Silas, Samuel and Eli. Eli died in infancy. The single ones were James, Miriam, and Benjamin, and Rebecca. Rebecca, the youngest of the family, died at the age of seventeen years; the next that died was James at the age of fifty; the next was Stephen at the age of thirty-six—mate to George—the next was Paul—mate to Silas—called the seventh son, who, it was said, performed many cures by the laying on of hands, and many medicines of his own invention; the next was Silas—mate to Paul—who was a medical doctor. While attending cholera patients in the city of Miamisburg, O., he took the cholera himself, and died in twelve hours, at the age of fifty years; the next was Joshua—mate to John—who was the first of the boys who went to Ohio in 1810, a mechanic by trade. He afterward joined the Mormons, went to Nauvoo, and there died, aged about fifty; the next was John—mate to Joshua—a mechanic also, who went to Ohio, but returned again to Maine, and in about a year after the death of his wife and three children, died at the age of fifty-eight. The remainder of the family now alive, are: Miriam, now in her eighty-eighth year, a widow of indomitable will, who may outlive all the rest of the family. She has no children. The other two, are George and Benjamin. Benjamin is an architect, seventy-eight years old. He has had three wives, and is now a widower with three children, two boys and one girl. His sons are likely men, living in the State of Michigan. George is also a mechanic, but has carried on a farm thirty years in the town of Freedom, county of Waldo, State of Maine. He is now eighty-one years old, being born Aug. 30, 1791, and was married March 28, 1821, to Mehitable Clifford, who was born in the year 1792, in the town of Candia, State of New Hampshire. Six children, four boys and two girls, compose our family; they are Amelia, Francis, George Warren, David Clifford, Ben. Franklin, and Nancy Cordelia.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DOWN IN THE MARSH.

The time is about October 20, 1894; the scene the Mississippi valley. A wild rice lake surrounded by smaller lakes with strips of timber between, the Wisconsin bluffs on one side and the Minnesota's on the other. Look sharp, and on a point extending out into the larger lake you will see two brown specks; you may see them and you may not, for they are as near the color of their surrounidngs as it is possible to be; and it is getting dusk. The strip of golden light that fringes the tops of the Minnesota bluffs is fast growing dim. But as we look a streak of fire darts forth, accompanied by the sharp crack of the nitro and the dull thud of a falling mallard tells the whole story. Now, dear reader, suppose the two brown objects above referred to are you and I; the reeds and rushes around about us are beginning to crackle, indicating the change from sunshine and warmth to that of dampness and frost; a few mallards are still coming in, but it's getting too dark to shoot with any degree of certainty and we let them drop into the wild rice, which they do with a contented quack, safe at least for one night from the bombarding which has been going on all along the line. And we are glad of it, for we belong to the army of protectionists which are fast growing. We are not pot hunters, and never sell any game; and as we have enough ducks for our own use and a few for friends let us shoulder them and go to camp, which is about half a mile away over in the timber, beautifully situated on the bank of the little Zumbro river, a stream that for its size has yielded a wonderful amount of fur, fin and feather in years gone by. Our tent is a 12x18 wall with fly, inside of which are nearly all the comforts of home—a mighy good place to go to about this time of day or night.

As you are a stranger in these parts, I'll lead the way, for if you don't know the way out here you never would find our camp to-night except by accident. Of all places to get lost, a wild rice marsh in a dark night is the worst. I have been there and know whereof I speak. But look at the old dog as he stands there on the trail, wagging his tail and looking back at us, he knows it's time to go to camp, and if you were to follow him he would take you there by the shortest route. He did that very thing by me one night in a snow storm when I could see no trail and scarcely anything else. Now I am particularly anxious to get back to camp to-night, for there on a box at the head of my bed lie the two last numbers of Forest and Stream which were sent to me to camp to-day, one of which contains the soap story from the "Man from Corpus Christi."

"A merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

And an hour later finds me reading that soap episode aloud to the boys, one of whom rolls out under the tent into the Zumbro, and another, a late comer in, just eating his supper, nearly chokes to death, and the dogs are barking and it seems as though pandemonium has broken loose generally when a head is thrust through the opening of the tent and a voice inquires: "What's the matter here, you fellows all going crazy?"

"Well, pretty near it," said I as I recognized a neighbor who was camped with some friends nearby. 'You just take this over to your camp and read it to the boys," and I handed him Forest and Stream containing the "Soap Story." He did so, and a little later, as we were tucking ourselves in our blankets, we could hear, amid the rain drops that were just beginning to patter on the tent, a sound of boisterous laughter pealing up through the woods from the camp below.

Minnesota. WAPAHASA.

Natural History.

A TALK ABOUT PHEASANTS.

Pheasants have attained such popularity throughout the country, and I receive so many letters requesting information on various points concerning their habits, that I have not the time to answer each in full. I am therefore going to request the medium of your columns and give a few words of advice which may be of some use to amateurs of these birds.

For instance, I am often asked if they are polygamous or monogamous; they are most decidedly the former, having just the same proclivities in this respect as the barn yard fowl, to which they are distantly related. In the breeding season each cock will collect a harem round him, by cajoling sundry hens, and depriving weaker brethren of their lady loves. In their company he will strut in burnished plumage through the glades in springtime, but his roving eye will ever be on the watch for newcomers. Should he meet another bevy of beauty in charge of their lord, the two males will do battle at once, whilst "bright eyes behold their deeds," and at its close the vanquished will leave to his opponent all the sweets that the victory can afford.

Again, many persons, knowing how pheasants love the shade, think that these birds will inhabit the recesses of large forests. It is true that the pheasant is essentially a woodland bird, desiring the harborage that wooded country affords. However, they never wander far into a large forest, though roosting among the branches at night, and sheltering themselves therein during the noontide heat of summer. But it is over the adjacent fields that they wander morning and evening in search of food. They are a woodland bird, in that they spend much of their life within its borders, but the open fields are their feeding grounds, and where they cannot obtain an abundance of "meat and drink" handy they will never make an abiding place.

I continually am asked if pheasants can stand the cold of the Northern States. Well, they are a success in Nova Scotia, and I think that is sufficient recommendation to calm all fears in this respect. I have stocked one of the largest preserves in Vermont, whence I receive yearly most excellent accounts of the shooting enjoyed there. I have 1,000 birds now in front of my window, in the deep snow, protected solely by a few leafless apple trees and heaps of brush. In addition, my land lies on an exposed ridge. No, I do not dread the winter's cold at all for them, and the birds never look so handsome as when displaying their glossy feathers against the snow. During the first year that I kept these birds here, I had perhaps a half dozen slightly frost bitten, but now they are proof against any attacks of Jack Frost.

Let me urge that every game preserve should be systematically ridded of its vermin, winged and furred. The pheasant, after its second month, always slumbers on a branch out of harm's way, and therefore is not such an easy prey to their foes as quail and other game that roost on the ground. But during their early infancy they are defenceless against snakes, minks, weasels, hawks, and all such depredators. Trap all ditches, culvers, hedges, stonewalls and streams unceasingly, especially during the winter. Such labor will be found to be amply repaid when the bag is counted up in the autumn. I heard that at Tuxedo Park, owing to the persistent trapping by their late gamekeeper, the head of partridges had wonderfully increased.

So many persons insist on having the pure Chinese pheasant (Phasianus torquatus) in preference to any other that I must reiterate my words of caution about these birds. In no country where pheasant shooting has assumed the rank of a national pastime have the Chinese variety been permitted to usurp the place of the dark necked English pheasant (Phasianus calchicus). In England the cross between these two breeds, termed the English ring-necked pheasant, is very common, but even there many of the best sportsmen have eliminated all trace of the Chinese bird from their coverts. On the Continent, in most places the dark-necked bird is alone known. Every authority agrees in condemning the pure Chinese pheasant. It is a tremendous wanderer, here to-day and there to-morrow. This evil propensity does not belong to the English bird, and even in the cross is not so conspicuous. This half-breed is as fertile and hardy as the pure Chinese, but larger and less of a tramp. I believe that the pure English pheasant would flourish here, but as it is said to be less strong than the Chinese I do not advise the propagation of the former as much as I denounce that of the latter. In a word, the English ring-necked pheasant is the kind to rear throughout the length and breadth of the States for sporting purposes, as it combines all the best qualities of both parents and discards their drawbacks.

As regards the size of the Chinese pheasant, I do not find that specimens I have seen from Oregon compare with those I have here, and I imported myself. Perhaps I may be thought to view them with a prejudiced eye, but I have heard others make the same remark. I fancy that years of careful rearing and selection of stock and abundant feeding have originated a finer strain than the wild bird. I cannot say I have had a very large number from Oregon to compare with mine, but the opinions of several people I have consulted coincides with my own. Roughly, I should say that the average weight of the pure English pheasant was nearly a pound more than that of the pure Chinese, the cross between the two approaching nearer to the former in this respect. The Chinese pheasant is a great runner, he gets over the country with his legs, not his wings, and does not care to fly till forced to. I own that he may rise quicker than the heavier built English bird, but who shoots a pheasant till well on the wing except boys and pot hunters? The English pheasant lies far better to a dog and will not commence his leg work till he has been flushed and flown his bolt.

Another point I am often asked is, if the eggs will deteriorate in fertility during a long journey. This just depends on the way they are packed. I have sent eggs on a four days' jaunt that hatched out better than some bought by the same person only twenty miles away. And the same with birds. Experience in dispatching and such matters renders disappointment at the other end almost unknown, except when the treatment on the road has been brutal or lengthy delays have caused the utmost precautions to "gang agley." Where eggs have not given a proper return I have seldom found it attributable to aught else but carelessness on the part of the purchaser. This subject is too long to enter on now, but I will just give these few words of advice:

Alwasy have the sitting hens waiting for the eggs, not vice versa.

Give the eggs a day's rest after unpacking them.

Never place the hen on them till she is quite firm on her nest, and never in the daytime.

Keep the eggs clean, the nest airy and the hen quiet. Verb. sap. These are the fundamental truths which every hen wife knows, and many pheasant rearers ignore. After the sale of many thousands of eggs during the season, I generally get one or two letters of complaint, but on investigating the source of such discontent I always find it attriubtable to the neglect of the above sine qua nons. When I have letters to prove that from eggs I have sold such results are frequent as 95 birds out of 100 eggs, 289 out of 300, 450 out of 500, and 800 out of 1,000, I feel I know whereof I am speaking. Another word of warning: Many people buy eggs late in the season, when they are cheapest, and thereby think that they are creating a saving. It is the dearest possible plan. As the season advances the cocks lose their vigor, the hens lack shell forming material, and the young birds are far harder to rear. Skill and experience can in some degree counteract such difficulties, but they exist all the same.

Another question frequently put to me is, What is the right kind of pheasant to cross with the game fowl. My reply always is, "Don't." A pheasant and a game fowl are each noble birds; the sterile hybrid loses the best features of each, a bad game bird, a worthless fowl. I heard of a man once in Scotland whose fancy ran on this mixture, but his name never gained celebrity, and I expect his craze is spent long years ago, as well as his money. Pheasants are lovely fighters in the breeding season, so are tomcats; but neither of them are of use at the stud to progagate nondescripts inheriting their pugnacity. A pheasant, a game fowl and a cat are most excellent each in their way; so leave well enough alone. The only kinds of pheasants that will breed with the game fowl are the English, the Chinese and the Japanese (Phasianus versicolor), which are very closely related to each other, and are distantly connected with the game fowl through the jungle cock, which is said to be the primeval ancestor of the world-wide barnyard rooster.

With your permission, I will return to the discussion of these birds again shortly, and hope that meanwhile others may recount their experience with the Phasianidae.

VERNER de GUISE.

MAHWAH, N. J.

A SPARROW TRAGEDY.

A tragedy in bird-life came under our observation last spring in which the punishment most certainly did "fit the crime," and no particle of sympathy stirred our breast for the victim. It happened in this way:

A bird-box had been put up at the end of a grape arbor for the express accommodation of a pair of house wrens, who visited the garden every May. For three or four weeks previous to the coming of the wrens the quarrelsome English sparrows had fought among themselves time and time again for the possession of the bird-box. But no matter who was the victor, he was unable to utilize his hard won prize, for with a wisdom born of experience, we had made the entrance to the box so small that the broad-shouldered foreigners could not get in. At last the day came when the wrens arrived from their southern home, and right glad we were to hear again their joyous little song and to watch their lively antics.

They were exceedingly sociable and seemed to know no fear; one would hop up to the kitchen door and perched on the edge of the step, look in, flirt his short tail and chatter away as if to say: "I'm not afraid, you're big and smart, but you can't catch me!" And how they would scold when "Topsy," the old black cat, would get up from her nap in the wood-shed and slowly walk up the garden-path. After many animated discussions and several examinations of the bird-box, both inside and out, it was deemed satisfactory by the pair and building operations begun; or rather we should say the furnishing of the house was begun. It was interesting to watch the tiny feathered home-makers. One would fly up to the little round hole with a long stick in his bill, held in the center. Of course, he could not enter with it in that position—at right angles to his body—so carefully working it along in his bill until he could hold it by the end, he would dive in, pulling it in with him. At other times his mate would meet him at the door and relieve him of his burden, arranging it indoors to suit her own fancy.

This peaceful state of affairs did not last long, for one of the "rats of the air," as a writer has very aptly dubbed the English sparrows, discovered the wrens at work, and with a wild war-whoop fell upon them. They in emphatic language told the sparrow to attend to his own affairs, but he continued his attacks until the wrens, tormented beyond endurance, turned on him, gave him a good thrashing, and compelled him to fly for his life. Maddened by his defeat, in less time than it takes to write it the burly fighter returned to the scene with a dozen "hoodlums" like himself. Outnumbered now, the wrens were forced to retire from their half-completed home, taking refuge in a pea-patch in the garden.

The sparrow mob, after yelling themselves hoarse over their victory, seemed determined that they would get inside the wrens' home this time, and to that end the leader made a dash at the little door. Unable to force himself in further than his shoulders, he attempted to back out. And now were the wrens avenged! In some way the sparrow's head became wedged fast in the tiny door, and there he was, a prisoner. Alarmed by his wild struggles for freedom, his one-time friends flew off and left him to his fate. Ready to aid him in his lawless attack on the innocent wrens they desert him as soon as he gets into trouble himself.

Whether he died of remorse, or chagrin, or starvation,

we cannot be certain; suffice it to say that soon after the incident just described, the dead body of the criminal disappeared and the wrens returned to finish their home. The box was completely filled with sticks and "rubbish," a cosy little bed of feathers being prepared for the five little brown speckled eggs, and later the wren babies.

The sparrows seemed to profit by their lesson, for the wren-box was given a wide berth all the summer by the noisy, quarrelsome crew, and the wren family, as the story books say, "lived happily ever after."

N.B.—Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon, but it is rumored that the life of the wicked sparrow ended, not by remorse or starvation, but at the hands of a person unknown to the authorities, who discovered the trespasser fast in the wrens' door-way, climbed up the arbor, seized him, and with one vigorous twist dislocated his cervical vertebrae. "Sic semper tyrannis!"

H. L. GRAHAM.

PENNSYLVANIA.

THE POST BEEF HERD.

Not very much is known, and singularly little has been written about the tendency in animals, wild and tame, to confine themselves to particular localities. The ranchman knows that the horses and cattle, which feed on his range, divide themselves up into little bunches, each of which selects for itself some special area where they spend all their time, rarely moving far from it, except when they may be obliged to take journeys to water, or at some change of the seasons, when they may move from summer to winter range or back again. We all of us know how common it is to find in a certain piece of woods or in some particular swamp, all through the season, an old partridge, which makes its home there, and which we feel sure is always the same bird.

A similar condition of things prevails among our larger game animals. White tail deer are greatly attached to particular localities, and when undisturbed confine their wanderings within very narrow limits. If to-day an old white tail buck is run with dogs, he may make a long chase and cover a wide stretch of country, but to-morrow he will probably be found in his old home again. In the same way antelope, mule deer, mountain sheep, and white goats show their attachment for localities, and unless persistently disturbed wander but little.

In domestic stock, such as horses and cattle, this attachment to locality is so strongly marked that it is a very common thing for animals that have been driven to a range hundreds of miles distant from that on which they have been accustomed to feed, to travel back to their old haunts as soon as they are turned loose. We have known cases where one-third of a large bunch of horses, driven to a new range four or five hundred miles away, were, a year later, gathered again on their old home range.

During many years experience with big game we have often had similar facts thrust on our attention, but the attachment that wild animals feel for particular localities and the slight disposition that they have to wander is remarkably well shown in the story given below, which we recently heard from the lips of Captain G. W. H. Stouch, Third Infantry, a veteran soldier of nearly thirty years experience on the plains. Nothing could better exemplify the buffalo's attachment to locality, and its natural inertia, than this story which is given as nearly as possible in Captain Stouch's own language.

In the fall of 1866 I was directed to proceed with Company C. to re-establish old Fort Fletcher on the north fork of Big Creek, sixteen miles below the present Fort Hays, Kansas, when on Oct. 16 we marched down to the site chosen, and went into camp, I noticed half a mile above us on the creek bottom a considerable herd of buffalo feeding; there were, perhaps, eight or nine hundred of them. As soon as I saw them it occurred to me that I would leave them undisturbed, and that so long as they remained there they might furnish us a supply of beef at very little cost of time or trouble. I therefore ordered the men not to hunt up the creek, or to disturb these buffalos in any way, instructing them to do all their hunting down the stream.

In order to put my idea in practice at once, I detailed one of the soldiers as hunter and butcher for the company, and told him to go up the creek and kill a buffalo, but not to show himself either before or after firing the shot—merely to kill a fat cow and then to remain under cover until I joined him with a wagon. He did so. At the report of the rifle the buffalo fired at ran a few steps, and then lay down, while those nearest to it made a few jumps, looked around, saw no one, and then went on feeding. From the camp we were watching the result of the shot, and as soon as fired I went with a wagon to bring in the meat. As the wagon approached the carcass, the nearest buffalo moved out of the way without showing any special fear, and the wagon returned to camp with its load. This was repeated daily, the buffalo never being frightened either by the shot or the wagon, and seeming to become more tame as time went on, often approaching within a few hundred yards of where we were at work erecting the buildings.

About Nov. 1 Troop E., Seventh Cavalry (under Lieutenant Wheelan, Second Cavalry) arrived to re-enforce the post, and about Nov. 19 Company B., Thirty-seventh Infantry (under Lieutenant Phelps), also arrived. I explained my plan of operation to these officers, and requested them to detail hunters from their companies, and to order their men to hunt down the creek and not to disturb what I had come to regard as the post beef herd. They did so, and the herd still remained with us.

One morning in Feb., '67, a sergeant whom I had sent the day before with a small detail to make a scout, rapped at my door, and reported his return. Among other things, he said: "Lieutenant, I met our buffalo herd traveling up the creek about fifteen miles from here. They were moving slowly, just feeding along."

I determined to see if they could not be brought back, and taking twenty-five men (accompanied by Lieutenant Cooke, Third Infantry, Adjutant Assistant-Surgeon Fisk, and Mr. Hale, the post trader) rode up the creek and entered the valley above the herd. Then forming a skirmish line across the bottom, we very slowly advanced toward the buffalo. When they first noticed us the leaders seemed uncertain what to do, but as they had been accustomed to seeing large partiess of us, instead of running, as I feared they might, they at length turned about and began slowly to work backward in the direction from which they had come. By nightfall the herd was on its old feeding ground, and there we left it, and there it remained until spring, and would no doubt have remained longer, but unluckily the Seventh Cavalry, under General Custer, rode in upon it as they came down the creek to the post for supplies after their unsuccessful chase after the Cheyennes, who had run away from General Hancock. General Custer detailed two troops with orders to secure meat for the command. After chasing it, and killing forty-four head, the herd was scattered and never returned. The herd supplied the post (consisting of about 300 officers and men) with fresh beef from Oct. 16, 1866, until about April 20, 1867.

Water Prevents Freezing.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have observed that domestic fowls and small domestic animals, usually kept in enclosures and under roofs, frequently suffer from frost bitten toes, ears, etc., while the wild game survives unscathed cold and stormy periods which would be injury or death to confined animals and birds. I have noticed also that ruffed grouse, wild turkeys, quail and deer are generally found near the streams in extremely cold weather and not far up the sides or on top of the hills, as they often are in moderate weather. This is the case with all game with which I am familiar. A mountaineer friend, who has noted this circumstance and always uses the knowledge to his advantage when hunting, attributes it to the instinct of the game, and he believes that the water "draws" the frost away from anything near it, and gives this as the reason why grouse never have frozen feet while poultry kept away from any considerable amount of water often suffer. It is said that "care will kill a cat," and no doubt pampered domestic birds are less hardy than their wild relatives, but "Pennsylvania Dutch" farmers place tubs of water under blossoming trees to prevent them from freezing, then why not in the hen coop? I believe the wild birds practice this plan of roosting near the water for protection in extremely cold weather and would like to hear what some other Forest and Stream woodsmen know about it.

GREENSBURG, PA. DEACON.

A Frozen Wildcat.

Town Creek, Ala.—Jake Bear, painter and lockmaster of lock No. 5, witnessed a novel sight on Dec. 29.

While tricyling over the railroad on the tow-path between locks five and six he discovered a large wildcat with one foot on the north rail, standing motionless. Jake came to a sudden halt, but as the cat did not move, he advanced to investigate. He found the cat benumbed with cold, with its feet frozen hard and fast to the rail. As the entire body of the animal was bedecked with ice, and frost it is evident that it had swam across the canal, either to elude pursuers or in search of food, had climbed out on the tow-path to survey its surroundings, and been overcome by the cold.

At any rate, it was frozen to the rail when discovered by Jake Bear, and with life almost extinct. Jake promptly dispatched the cat with a club, and turned it over to Mr. Reuben Patterson, the taxidermist, who has preserved it in form and features. The facts, as stated above, will be verified by Major McFarland, chief of the department, at Muscle Shoals.

J. H. WALLACE, JR.

Remora and Shark.

I have followed with great interest Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth's articles on Florida fishing. There is a sentence in the last paragraph of the third article that should be revised. It reads: "Attached to him were a number of those little flat-headed fish which are said to follow the sharks in all parts of the world, and are known as pilot fish." The little flat-headed fish referred to are no pilot fish but remoras. I have seen sharks swimming in the clear waters of the Mexican Gulf, with one or more of these parasites attached to their backs. To all appearances they allow the sharks to do the foraging while they get their share of the spoils without any exertion on their part. Their upper jaw is somewhat corrugated, and they maintain their hold through suction.

IVANHOE.

[The remora was described and illustrated in our issue of Nov. 25, 1893.]

White Wild Turkeys.

While in Amelia County, Virginia, on a deer hunt a few days ago, I was invited to the hospitable home of Mr. Wickliff Jackson, where I found a gang of eleven pure wild turkeys. They were raised from wild turkey eggs found in the woods. They are so gentle that they will eat from the childrens' hands; but are taught to go in a pen for most of their food.

W. G. D.

Nov. 6, 1894.

Tough Old Ganders.

It may be of interest to some of the readers of your valuable paper to know of the old age to which geese live. This subject came to my notice last fall while spending a few days with friends at a gunning-stand at Lakeville.

"You see that old gander out there on the point of the beach," said an old veteran in the party. "Well, that chap I've gunned over for thirty years, and I know the man what owned him for ten years previous to my owning him."

This seemed incredible to me, but later a gentleman told me that he had a gander that he knew was seventy years old, and how much more he could not say, as the old fellow had been wounded from a flock of wild geese. The most remarkable part of it is, that Old Ephriam, as the gander is called, was father to six handsome goslings last spring. On looking into the matter I find that it is a very common occurrence for geese to live to the ages of from fifty on to ninety years. I should like to hear from others regarding the ages of geese.

R. CLEMENT STEVENS.

Game Bag and Gun.

A WINTER DAY WITH GROUSE.

Grouse hunting near the heart of what is to be "Greater Pittsburgh.

When the gay holiday season had once more come, bringing its accustomed pleasures to all, and, in addition a week's vacation to the writer, my annual longing for the free, Bohemian life on the farm came also. Yielding to this desire, I decided to spend the days of my vacation in once more shooting over the rugged hills of my "Old Homestead."

On Dec. 26 I hurriedly gathered up my hunting paraphernalia, borrowed my neighbor's Gordon setter dog "Dan," hurried down the street to make the 3.15 train east, glad with the joyous anticipations of a week's hunt. While the train rumbled along over the rails, I noticed the wind had veered around from the south to the east, and a fine dust-like snow was beginning to fall.

It snowed uninterruptedly until the next afternoon, by which time it had dropped fully fifteen inches of the fleecy whiteness over the brown earth. The wind then veered to the north, when it grew bitterly cold, registering somewhere near twelve degrees below zero.

Friday, in spite of the protests of my friends, who declared we would be frozen, my brother Dave and I determined to drive eight miles back into the country to the home of my childhood, in quest of the wiliest of all American game birds—the ruffed grouse.

As the roads were unbroken, and the drifts up over the fences, we decided to drive those eight weary miles in a buggy.

It was a weary ride, indeed, but I comforted myself by recalling to mind the many happy years I had spent in quest of this the gamest of all game birds; I recalled the only time I had ever seen this stately bird unrestrained in its native haunts, when, as a barefoot boy with cheek of tan, I had driven the cows to a pasture near a forest. While I was resting in the angle of a worm fence I peeped between the mossy rails and saw a splendid pair of grouse emerge from a patch of briars followed by their ten lively children almost full grown.

They had evidently just fared sumptuously upon the ripe blackberries that hung in great clusters on the bushes from which they had just come; and were in a jolly good humor. They would make a ludicrous attempt at fighting, ruffle up the tufts of feathers on their necks. One would rush away eagerly pursued by all the others. The mother gave a few peculiar clucks, when the whole brood started up the hill as on a dress parade, a step or two, then their magnificent tails would unfold like my lady's fan, the bronze tufts on their necks swell out like a blower pigeon's. They took a few more steps, uttered a few short notes, and then another grand panorama of plumage. Oh, what a magnificent bird the male seems as he instinctively stretches up his bronzed neck to scent any possible danger! Did more grace, beauty, or strength ever walk in feathers, as he stands up so bright, so keen, and so alert, but Jack, the "chum dog," is on my track, and comes tearing through the dry stubble the old patriarch scents danger. There is a beating of wings, like the rush of mighty winds, and the whole colony is off and my opportunity to learn the domestic secrets of the American ruffed grouse is at an end.

By nine o'clock Saturday morning eager and expectant, we started across the fields to Leslie's Thicket, a fair jungle of thorns, crab apples, hazel bushes, and briars.

Bierhorst, my neighbor, of whom I had borrowed Dan repeatedly told me: "I never knew Dan to flush a pheasant." My personal experience with the grouse of Pennsylvania had led me to consider him an exceedingly coy bird, but Dan worked so slowly and cautiously that I had no reason to doubt my friend's word. We had not yet entered the thicket until Dan was on the alert, and showed signs of great excitement. He crept along through the deep snow for fully sixty feet, and finally came to a stand about forty feet from a fallen white oak. When I had so located myself so as to get a good shot no difference how they flew Dave threw in a stick and seven as fine specimens of the noble ruffed grouse as ever gladdened the heart of a hunter came up with a rush and a roar, and shot down the long ravine straight away from me. I pulled both barrels on the fast vanishing birds; but neither shell exploded.

Only those who have experienced similar disasters can comprehend my chagrin and disappointment, when on examining my gun I found both plungers frozen fast. I coursed and marked down the last of the vanishing birds. I decided he had found cover on a high ridge about 500 yards ahead. Dan looked both disgusted and discouraged.

In a small clump of thorns and wild cherries nearer than I had thought, Dan again began to show signs of excitement. He slowly and stealthily crept through the snow finally making a staunch point in front of a large stump partially covered with briars and fallen brush. I had melted out my gun by striking matches, snapped it a number of times to be sure the plungers would work freely. I could see the tracks of the bird leading into the cover.

This was the critical moment. Dave threw in an exploded shell that failed to bring the bird up, then a club was tossed in that brought it up with a rush and a roar, and it plunged to my left toward a ravine. I cut loose with my right barrel loaded with No. 6 shot, scoring a clean miss; letting my trusty left barrel go loaded with No. 4s, I noticed the bird sort of squat as he passed out of sight around the bend in the ravine. "He's hit," shouted Dave, as he plowed through the snow in the direction it had flown. About one hundred yards down the ravine we located him in a tree top, and with some difficulty we caught him. I assure the reader it was with feelings of shame that I noticed the poor bird's wing was badly wounded.

We retraced our steps, hunted out the same thicket thoroughly, hoping to raise the others; but our efforts were unavailing.

We crossed the ravine into the clear woods, where my brother flushed a bird about seventy-five yards to my left. He had a single barrel, muzzle loading gun that had a reputation for long distance shooting. Dave excused his neglect to shoot, on the ground that his gun was no good, and again: "I am only along with you for company."

Nevertheless the bird's sudden departure had evidently taken his nerve, for the space was open and the bird was flying almost straight away, yet he failed to shoot.

We coursed the bird, and followed him down through the woods to a small draw where I noticed Dave acting very strangely. Right out in an open spot that had been cleared he made a half-point, crept forward six or eight feet, and made a sort of a point but seemed uncertain. We soon learned the cause of his difficulty. Right at the dog's nose was a slight rift in the snow, as if a stone had fallen into it. "The pheasant's in that hole," whispered Dave. This I was inclined to doubt, thinking the bird on a tree across the fence, but as I never had hunted the birch pheasant, or grouse in deep snow I was willing to investigate. I walked up to the hole, took a step in the direction he seemed to have gone, when up came the pheasant right at my feet, and took a left quarter. I was a magnificent shot, and I lost no time in covering my bird. I fired bringing him down at about seventy-five yards distance. The others of the covey we failed to find.

We crossed a large hollow and skirted along the brow of the hills. I halted to examine my gun to see whether the plungers would still work, the tired dog lay at my feet, Dave walked on.

I saw a pleasant, leisurely walk out in front of him from a ledge of rocks under the roots of a pine-tree, and patiently waited till Dave shot it.

We hunted on down the valley but succeeded in bagging only a rabbit. On the homeward march I saw Dave cautiously creep up to a white oak-tree, peep out from behind, and dodge back again and finally take deliberate aim and fire. I had raised cain with him for shooting his first pheasant sitting, and hardly thought he would disregard my wishes so soon. I was amazed to see him run to the spot and triumphantly hold up his second pheasant, shouting lustily: "Hammerless guns are no good, muzzle loaders are the thing!" Thinking there might be more birds around I hunted out a thicket to my left, but the dog was by this time so tired that he stayed at my heels and refused to hunt. His persistence in hanging at our heels on account of being tired, suggested to our minds the "ward heeler," an individual born tired, so we dubbed the dog "The Third Ward Heeler."

When we got home I heard Dave telling the folks at the house of his good fortune. He was showing his two plump pheasants, when I noticed that one's feathers were very much ruffled and it was frozen stiff. When I asked: "What's the matter with your pheasant?" He then told me. Said he: "I saw the pheasant lying dead in the snow, and to play a joke on you I pretended to shoot it, so as to have as many pheasants as you." The poor bird had been wounded, and had flown under the snow, and finally crawled out in the open air to die. We had hardly got done laughing about the joke when who should drop in but Jack Williams, the crack shot of the whole country side. We told Williams where we put the birds up, how often we flushed them, and where, adding that we had found a bird that had been wounded lying dead in the snow. "Did you find it at the lower end of Snyder's point near that brush fence?" said Williams. Yes, that was where Dave had found it. "Well," said Williams, "I shot that pheasant last night just at dark. I knew it was badly wounded; I hunted for it, but couldn't find it." Thus the noble bird had died in its heroic efforts to escape its most dreaded enemy, the hunter.

Feeling that the tramp over the hills of my father's farm had made me ten years younger in spirits, I returned to the city to take up the tread mill of daily toil, with the bright hope in my heart that some sweet day I may again hie away to the woods of the old homestead and hunt the wiliest of all game birds, the American grouse.

JAMES M. MORRIS.

OMAHA MEN AND WOMEN.

Omaha, Jan. 26.—At last Nebraska has had a good old-fashioned snowstorm, and the beautiful snow covers the earth all over the State from six inches to a foot in depth. This, with what is certainly yet to come in future storms of snow or rain, will certainly once more fill up our lakes and marshes. Anyway, the wild fowl enthusiasts are counting on this, and are correspondingly happy, for plenty of water means plenty of shooting in the spring. The rabbit hunters all over the State have been industriously at work since the snow fell, judging from the piles of jacks and cottontails that adorn the sidewalk along commission house row. On Friday one firm received a consignment of 500 jacks and 202 cottontails. Nebraska is a great State for rabbits, but what becomes of all that are shipped into this market is a mystery. They are certainly not consumed here, however, I know that stewed and baked jack rabbit is a common dish among the poor. Jack's retail at from 10 to 12 1-2 cents, and cottontails as low as 5 cents. A good-sized jack will provide a good, substantial meal for five or six persons, and I know of no other meat as cheap in the market. Still, if everybody in the town subsisted on jack rabbit I don't believe they could get away with the car loads that come in here with every cold snap.

Previous to the present wintry spell, we enjoyed a two weeks interval of unprecedentedly mild weather. House and store doors were kept wide open through the day, the trees and shrubbery buds began to swell, honey bees and flies emerged from hibernation, and the general condition of things was like the opening of a very warm spring. Some good bags of geese were made along the Platte, and a few mallards were received in the market. I saw jay birds on my way down town every morning, and last Thursday, the day before the storm, I heard a robin chirping petulently in the big trees in Senator Thurston's yard. Blue jays, I think, remain here more or less all winter, for it must be remembered we have had three very cold snaps out here, in one of which the mercury fell eighteen degrees below.

By the way, our newly-elected United States Senator, John M. Thurston, is an ardent sportsman, and is well up in the lore of mountain, woods, and stream. Of late years he has done but little shooting aside from an annual trip to the Rockies for big game, but has been devoted more to the pleasures of the line and rod. At the gentle art he is an adept, and so is Mrs. Thurston. She handles a rod and reel with the dexterity of a master, and for that matter is quite a shot with shot-gun or rifle. She accompanies Mr. Thurston on all his outings, and is a great lover of outdoor sports and pastimes. She is a splendid horsewoman, and rows a boat like a champion. In fact, Mrs. Thurston is a very charming and a very superior woman, and will be an accession, indeed, to the social circle at the capital. We have still another lady here who is famous for her capabilities in the field or on the stream—Mrs. E. S. Dundy, Jr., daughter-in-law of Judge E. S. Dundy of the United States Court. She can do about as good work over one of her husband's fine dogs on chicken or quail as the average sportsman, and last winter at Sutherland, Fla., in a team target shoot, in which were a number of expert gentlemen wing shots, carried off the palm by killing 23 out of 25 birds. For this feat her husband shipped her a high grade 16 Lefever, with instructions to challenge the best shot at that resort. Mrs. Dundy is a magnificent rider, rower, and swimmer, and these accomplishments, together with her rare beauty and intellectual attainments, makes her a popular person indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Dundy and Miss May Dundy sail from 'Frisco for Japan Feb. 9.

Speaking of Mrs Dundy reminds me that Judge Dundy himself is worthy of a line or two. He is known out here as one of the greatest bear hunters in the whole West. Notwithstanding his age—he is in the sixties—he makes annual late summer trips to the mountains in quest of his favorite game He goes alone, with guide, dogs, and arsenic, and spends from four to eight weeks in the lonely fastnesses of the Big Horn range, and has yet to score his first failure on bear. Last September he killed two big grizzlies, two cinnamon, and a silver-tip.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

Boston and Maine.—Mr. J. E. Hutchinson, President of the Boston Fruit and Produce Exchange, is a lover of quail shooting, and with his friend, N. L. Chaffin, makes a trip South for this pastime almost every season. The party left Boston, Jan. 25, for North Carolina, and will be absent some three or four weeks. The company is composed of A. M. Tucker, N. L. Chaffin, Captain Harrison Aldrich, Mark E. Tucker, wife, and daughter, John P. Tucker, G. A. Abbott, and Mr. Hutchinson. They are to visit a particularly good hunting ground, and good accounts of sport may be expected.

Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley has been in Boston the past week. He came fresh from the legislative halls at Augusta, Me. He is strongly in hopes that no "very foolish" game and fish laws will be suffered to pass and receive the signature of the Governor, though the air is full of them, and every session is thronged with petitions for peculiar and special laws. With some slight changes in the present code of game and fish laws, and a sufficient appropriation for their enforcement, he believes that the game and fish in Maine can be well taken care of, in the most reasonable manner for all concerned. He is liberal in his ideas; believing that Maine is the best supplied of any State in the Union with big game, and can soon be equally supplied with fish, since she has already the best trout and landlocked salmon in the world. The proposed law preventing the killing of cow and calf moose at any time he has little doubt of the friends of the moose being able to pass. About the success of any law closing September, or a part of it, to partridge shooting, he has grave doubts. A good and liberal appropriation for the better protection and propagation of fish and game he thoroughly expects. He has strong hopes that a measure putting special and minor laws, affecting the fish and game interests into the hands of a commission will be passed.

A resolve was introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature the other day making an appropriation of $5,000 for the introduction of Mongolian pheasants into the State. The measure has not yet met with any special opposition. It is understood that the market interest agrees not to oppose the appropriation, provided that the friends of fish and game protection will not attempt further legislation against their business; that of selling game in the markets.

SPECIAL.

SOUTH DAKOTA GROUSE FIELDS.

The Wakpa Shicka or Bad River, in South Dakota, is fed along its entire course by countless creeks, which empty into it on either side. These creeks are fringed with a dense growth of buffalo berry bushes, diamond willows, and wild roses. These often reach back from twelve to thirty miles from the river, through the draws, and then expand. Here is the natural haunt of the ruffed grouse. The Missouri River into which Bad River empties directly opposite the beautiful little city of Pierre, the growing and busy capital of South Dakota, is the dividing line between the pinnated grouse or prairie chicken and the sharptail. Seldom, indeed, does the sportsman find a pinnated grouse on the west side of the Missouri, while on the east side, along the rugged bluffs which mark its tortuous course, a day's shooting will result in bagging probably an equal number of each; and going ten or twenty miles east you will find nothing but the pinnated birds. On rare occasions I have bagged a bird bearing the distinctive marks of both—viz., feathered legs and sharp tail and an apparent intermixture of color, in fact a sort of "what-is-it." I have always considered them a hybrid from cross matings.

But I hear some impatient one say: "That's enough about the birds; let's go after them." All right; go down town and tell L. and Mc to be ready to start at five o'clock to-morrow morning as the close season is over to-day. We will get a livery team and canopy top spring wagon, cross on the pontoon bridge, drive up Bad River to Willow Creek by six o'clock or quarter-past, and hunt until ten, then lay up in the shade until perhaps four, then after the evening's shoot we can drive home.

As per programme we start at half-past four, a little ahead of schedule time, but all the better as it bids fair to be a hot day, with not a sign of a cloud in sight. Our shells are loaded with 8's, and both dogs are in good shape for hunting. That little shower in the night has cooled off the ground, the dogs will work well. Our "impatient sportsman" handles the ribbons nicely, and the six miles are soon covered, L. and Mc having had their usual wow-wow with each other, occasioned by L. asking Mc if he were sure that he "had them located," an old gag dating back to the previous fall when Mc rounded us up one October afternoon to go after geese ten miles north of town, assuring us that he knew "just where they were lighting by the thousand." Our business was laid aside for the day, shells were hurriedly loaded, and we made the trip only to find on enquiring of farmers that not a goose had been seen that season.

On reaching the mouth of Willow, we turned up an old trail leading along the west side, and half a mile travel brought us to the first "likely" place. Our guns were quickly gotten out of the cases, and telling our driver the route we were soon at work. The black dog struck a scent, and following it up came to a stand, backed by his mate, on a covey of at least twelve grouse, eight of which were bagged. By ten o'clock we were nicely ensconced in a shady nook, with thirty-eight birds in the ice-box, which is an absolute necessity in hot weather hunting. The dogs were suffering from the intolerable heat, and did not have much show for good work. Our driver was very enthusiastic over our success, which we assured him was only moderate, and I arranged that he should take my gun for the evening's shoot, while I drove for the rest of the day. This suited him exactly, and the start was made about 4.30 P. M., it having clouded over in fine shape in the meantime. The dogs worked well, the birds lay close, and the boys had sixty-six grouse by seven o'clock—one hundred and four for the day's shoot.

This is an actual day's experience, and has been "laid in the shade" several times by other parties, who stood the sun and kept at it all day long. My memory also recalls trips when twelve birds were all that were bagged. In fact, in '93 the grouse were never so numerous hereabouts, while in '94 we could not account for their scarcity. No severe storms occurred during the hatching season, nor could any early prairie fires have been the cause. Yet a bag of twenty for a day's shoot was good, and one of thirty-five or forty very unusual. Can any one say why this was so?

CAMP FIRE.

PIERRE, South Dakota.

KEEPING WARM.

Not all of the ardent sportsmen of this country are hardy, robust men, inured to privation, exposure, and fatigue In fact, I believe most hunters will agree that a large proportion of their ilk are men of sedentary habits and indoor occupations, men who enjoy more keenly their occasional outings because they are deprived of daily contact with Dame Nature. For such men, especially those who are within reaching distance of the plains, I beg to suggest a few points.

Every one knows that to reach good shooting, as a rule, long wagon or stage rides are required and that after hours of exposure to intense cold he is apt to arrive on the grounds so benumbed that he has lost all interest in the sport (if that be possible), and is apt to swear that he will never again go out in a storm—only to forget ("just at the moment he should not") his resolves the first time an opportunity arises to try the trip again.

Experience of eight years traversing the plains, long before the railroads laid their iconoclastic hands on the beauties of that section, resulted in five years of misery whenever winter came. After that three years of absolute immunity from suffering with cold. To tell the truth, most of the time, even during the severest weather, I was, when in my buggy, too warm. My method was inexpensive, and required but few "ingredients."

In the first place procure a thin board two feet long and eight inches wide. Get a common railroad lantern, such as switchmen use, and some sperm oil to fill it. With wire firmly attach the base of the lantern to the board. Around and above the lantern make a cage "wick-up" shape about three inches larger than the lantern. Your wires will be sufficient for this, and allow ready access to light, or fill, or remove globe for cleaning.

When you get into the buggy arrange blankets so that cold cannot get in from under the seat, light lantern, turn it down low—don't forget that or you will have some new blankets to buy—pull blankets up over your knees and tuck in the sides. In five minutes you will feel as if you were sitting with your feet upon a chair by a country hotel stove.

Of course, the object of the board is to enable you and your partner to each put one foot on it, and thus prevent the lamp from overturning in case of sudden fall, or movement, as you can always tell by the "feel" just where the lantern is.

Don't use kerosene—it's too dangerous. I knew four persons to be killed by an explosion, who were using a lantern, which upset through not being secured as above described.

If starting out, as I assume, in mid-winter, and you expect snow, the warmest and most comfortable foot-gear is a pair of thick felt stockings, worn over a light pair of socks—reaching to the knees. Over these wear a common pair of buckle arctics—your feet can't get cold thus equipped.

Underneath your common winter underwear put on a suit of cheap cotton gauze underwear. You will understand why if you ever try it. Any cloth turban cap that pulls down over your ears will do. Don't use a cap with a vizor. The wind whistles under it in a storm, and speedily gives you a bad headache. If you can't stand the glare of the sun use a pair of colored goggles, with rims leather covered. These are especially useful in a blizzard, as they protect your eyes from the ice crystals in the air. They should be used, summer or winter, the first few days on the prairie until one gets accustomed to the strong light.

For the neck use a moderate sized silk handkerchief, and carefully fasten it in place with a strong safety pin. For the wrists, a good long pair of wristlets must be worn.

Now, one of the most important points. To protect the hands properly a pair of cotton, or lisle thread, or very thin buckskin gloves; close-fitting but perfectly flexible. Over these place a pair of extra long sheep mittens, woolly side inside, skin side outside, rather loose, and with gauntlet laps reaching half-way to the elbows—over your overcoat cuffs.

Frequently during the day game may spring up along

the road, and one of the party should have a weapon handy. In such event just grab the gun with left hand, catch tip of right-hand mitten between your teeth and jerk it off, in a second you are all ready for a shot you could not have secured if you had had to fool with a pair of thick, clumsy gloves. Besides gloves are cold.

Frequently the harness gives out, or for some reason you want to use your fingers freely. The thin pair of gloves recommended enables you to do so without chapping your hands, and with this equipment your hands are always warm and flexible, and you can do in a moment what would be almost impossible with stiff, benumbed fingers.

Never, under any circumstances whatever, go out in the prairie without a compass, and plenty of matches in a waterproof box; and be sure to always have these on your person. Prairie fires are most dangerous in fall and winter, and the matches will be needed at a time when stores are not convenient. A little ingenuity will enable the duck hunter to utilize the lantern suggestion in his blind, greatly to his comfort.

For rough, rainy weather, or in extreme cold weather, the common cowboy's "slicker" beats any rubber coat or mackintosh ever made.

If you are fond of "a wee drop," one caution—never while on a long, cold ride, indulge in whiskey—en route. A tipple before starting might be permissible, perhaps, and quantum suff. after arrival, but you will keep warmer if you leave it alone while on the trail.

ALGODON.

A DAY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

What a faithful friend to the man of clear conscience is memory, for it lays before him such pleasant recollections, and I think this particularly true of the man who loves his gun. The day before Christmas I found myself in the lovely city of Los Angeles, with nothing to do. To the active man far from home this is sometimes a sad state of affairs. I found it was likely to be so with me unless I found something in the way of amusement. I was certainly very tired of walking up and down the street, looking at dolls in the show windows. A day or two before this my friend, Mr. Rice, with a genuine Massachusetts twang to his voice, had said there were plenty of quail over at Sierra Madra, where he was staying, and that he would like me to try and help him get some. He had tried, but found them very flighty. Recalling this cordial invitation, I immediately telephoned Mr. Rice I would be with him in just one hour and a half, forgetting at the time that I had to borrow a gun from one of the most charming hotel clerks in the world, hire a team, change my clothes and drive fourteen miles. However, the fever was on and we made it in just two hours. We reached Sierra Madra in great spirits. The livery horses didn't and why shouldn't we? The way was for fourteen miles along a road of palms, green hedges, flowers and orange orchards all surrounded by snow capped mountains glistening under the rays of what would be an early May sun in New York State. Past the Hotel Raymond at the peak of an immense mound of every kind of flowers in full bloom, through Pasadena, with its lovely avenues of homes and sunshine, with the prospect of quail further on, to say nothing of our most modern host at the villa. Surely this sort of a drive on this sort of morning with a hammerless gun, under the seat, was inspiring, and the fever grew worse.

Half an hour later we began to shoot, and that, too, within half a mile of the villa. We had no dog. No use taking a dog along. You can find plenty of quail without one and not lose any time looking for such animals. I am quite sure a dog would need an experienced and faithful guide to keep tab on him in that brush on those foothills. We had plenty of shooting, if we didn't get many birds, and a splendid day's outing. These California quail are beautiful birds, of a bluish color, with remarkably rich brown marking on the breast and the male bird carries a plume of blue black on his head.

Mr. Rice claims that there is no bird on earth that can get up and get away as quickly as these blue quail. I asked him if he ever tackled any of those brown three-year-olds in North Carolina. He hadn't, and I thought not, or he wouldn't kick so much at the gait of these Western toughs.

Now, most hunting trips, if they are hunting trips of the right sort, have a moral as well as a healthful benefit. This one was not without one or both that day. Mr. Rice killed his first bird. This may seem strange, but I assure you he had hunted there before this day many times, and he had not only hunted them, but actually fed one covey night and morning on the wheat from his neighbor's barn and sat under an orange tree eating last year's oranges, watching them feed. What Mr. Rice needs is five expert traps and five thousand clay pigeons. Jenkins' standing with the guests of the Hallenbeck and with his family was never so high. Three quail and I have forgotten how many cottontails were proudly displayed on the counters, while Charles called "front" with a vigor and a voice before unknown to him. And I—well I staved off a spell of the blues; witnessed how heaven itself has endowed that wonderful country with a perfect health-giving climate, a place where the tried, tired and weary can find rest, out of the land of snow and darkness into the land of sunshine and flowers, a veritable garden of loveliness. And my birds—well, I trust, sincerely trust, that Mrs. Doan enjoyed the brace I sent her. If she enjoyed them with the same relish I did her Christmas dinner next day all is even, and I shall ever be thankful that I killed that particular pair of birds.

But farewell Los Angeles and Southern Califorina. I carry away an impression of your fairness and fitness that will last me a lifetime, even though I should never visit you again. I shall go there, however, if I have to walk. The snow of Montana is now dritfing under the sash of my window and my ardor has cooled off. The trunk must be packed and that same faithful memory calls me to duty where a shotgun is not needed. But I sometimes think a good stout club would come in handy. Needless to say, I am not journeying for pleasure, but in the capacity of commercial traveler. THOS. ELMER.

Butte, Mont., Jan. 13.

BUTCHERS RED AND BUTCHERS WHITE.

It seems that there is yet some big game in the Far West. Mr. Charley Hardy, of Auburndale, Mass., but now at Colorado College, Colorado Springs, is an enthusiast with the rod and rifle, and has done considerable hunting in the Eastern States. But his health not being sufficiently robust for the East, he has been obliged to leave Harvard for a college in the high altitudes of Colorado. He writes a business friend here who also loves hunting and fishing, a letter from which the following extracts are made: "I was very glad to hear that your trip in Maine was a success. The game must be increasing, if you saw so many deer in so short a trip, and I imagine it must be due to the vigorous enforcement of the game laws of that State. At present I am on a hunting trip in Northwestern Colorado, between White and Bear Rivers, just west of the Continental Divide. We are in the winter range of the deer—a little too low for the elk—and to give you an idea of how plentiful they are, it will be enough to say that in three days mountain lion hunting I counted on each day, respectively, 251, 137, and 124 deer within good gunshot. Thus far I have hunted for five days, perhaps three hours a day, and have killed nine. It takes about three or four deer a week to feed the dogs, not to mention what we eat ourselves. Most of our time is devoted to hunting lions, and in two weeks we have killed four, the largest of which was seven feet five inches long, and measured thirteen inches around the forearm. What with the Utes, the lions, and the hunters, it is a wonder that the deer are not thinned out, but they are quite as plentiful as ever, according to old hunters. The Utes hunt about ten miles to the west of us, and each brave kills an average of eight or ten deer a day, merely to sell the hides at fifty cents apiece. The settlers and the cow men raid their camp and stampede their ponies about twice every year, and drive them back into their reservation in Utah. But they come back again each succeeding year, buying unauthorized permits from their agents. There is talk among the cattlemen of driving them out with arms, and for good, but whether they will carry this threat into effect will be more or less decided by the decision pending in the courts concerning the Utes in Utah." SPECIAL.

Editor of Forest and Stream: The wanton butchering of game in this country and especially in the Far West is not confined to market hunters as the following account will show:

Last fall Mr. Gerry, a son of Eldridge T. Gerry, of New York City, accompanied by his doctor, went big game shooting in White River country, Colorado. They had for guides the Tatkenbaugh Bros., of Glenwood Spring, Col.

These two young gentlemen were in the woods not quite a month, and they admitted killing thirty-one head of game—deer, antelope, and one elk. But even this slaughter did not satisfy these butchers, for a great many deer were found around their camp without even their throats cut. A man named Roberts counted twenty dead deer in the vicinity of their camp on the Williams Fork of the Bear.

From hints dropped by the men who acted as packers, etc., it may be inferred that the slaughter was simply awful, and that deer were killed right and left just to see them fall.

What makes this so much worse is that all the deer were killed when in the velvet, and so the butchers could not save horns or meat.

It is a common report in Colorado Springs that young Gerry's father retained a lawyer in the Springs in case his son had trouble with the game wardens.

Here we have two men who have not the least bit of a sportsman in their make-up, but who, protected by great wealth, are allowed to kill game to their heart's content without having a word said from anybody.

I trust you will have space to publish this in your valuable paper, and you will also add a few words yourself. WALTER S. CASH.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Death of Mr. Low.

Jan. 30.—Too late for announcement in this week's Forest and Stream came as sad a piece of news as could befall this community of sportsmen, and one which it would be less sad if we need not announce at all. The death of Mr. Wolfred N. Low was not expected, few of his friends knew that his old throat trouble had finally taken him to bed, and at last proved fatal. Yet his death on Monday last is now part of the record of disaster to the craft of Western sportsmen.

Mr. Low was forty-eight years of age. His death occurred at his residence, No. 1,708 Barry avenue, ensuing after a final illness of about one month. The funeral was held at eleven o'clock Wednesday last from the Hesperia Lodge Rooms, 76 Monroe street, and was attended by large numbers of Chicago sportsmen, among whom Mr. Low was the most beloved of men. The funeral cortege left the lodge rooms for Rosehill Cemetery.

Mr. Low was in all ways a prominent and stalwart figure in Illinois sportsmanship, and especially represented much of the legal bone and sinew of the State Sportsman's Association, on whose law committee he had long served.

Mr. Low had been a member at the Chicago bar for twenty-five years. He enlisted in an Illinois regiment, and served through the war. After being graduated from Oberlin law school he began practice in this city. He was a prominent figure in G. A. R. circles, and had twice served as President of Illinois State Sportsman's Association; President of the Veteran Union League, and Commander Columbia Post. He was also an active member of Hesperia Lodge, A. F. A. M., Cumberland Gun Club, Prairie Gun Club, Eagle River Hunting and Fishing Club, Calumet Heights Club, and Chicago Bar Association.

His death leaves a vacancy in sportsmanship, and an ache in many sportsmen's hearts.

The Passing Show.

Feb. 2.—Mr. H. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., and a large and persistent cold with him, spent a short time in Chicago this week, stopping here twice en route to and from St. Louis. Mr. McMurchy and his cold will soon start on the annual Coast trip, and will go via the Southern route, to see what can be done for the latter. Mac reports a slow improvement in the gun trade.

Mr. Fred Biffar, of the H. & D. Folsom Arms Co., of New York and New Orleans, was also in Chicago on business this week, spending some time socially with Mr. McMurchy, the two being friends, after the lonesome fashion of traveling men, who have to live in hotels and dislike themselves therefor.

Mr. A. F. Young, a very old angler and a skillful one, paused in Chicago, on the way East to Ithaca, where he will finish the winter. Mr. Young is the sort of angler who makes his own rods, and makes goods ones. He showed me a fifty-yard fly casting-line which he had just completed. It was dull grey, and all made of braided horse-hair of that natural color. This was a line that would make Izack Walton turn in his grave in envy, if he knew of it. Mr. Young is an ardent trout fisherman, but he says the lake market fishermen have ruined what was once fine shore fishing in Lake Michigan for the large brook trout.

Mr. James B. Meikle, of Omaha, fish commissioner of that State of Nebraska, paused at the Forest and Stream office this week. Mr. Meikel says that protective work is still primitive in his State, though there is need of it. He has introduced a bill making an appropriation for fish and game protective purposes, and hopes for brighter days in the near future, in which wish all sportsmen will join him.

Back to the White City.

Mr. Blake B. Babcock, of Hornellsville, N. Y., writes me a letter which carries one back to the days of the White City. I will let it speak for itself. He says:

"Several months ago you published an article in the Forest and Stream, describing your encounter with Harold B. Rose at the World's Fair, and you wrote so feelingly upon the subject it occurred to me you might like some inside history of your little friend. The conditions upon which Harold and Carlton went to the World's Fair were that they were to make notes of everything that interested them and write it all up when they returned home. They were not allowed to look in any guide book or magazine while writing, but had to depend upon their own notes and memory. This explains their readiness to fire questions at everybody they met. They were in search of material for their work. The only help they had was in grammar and spelling, as you will readily see upon an examination of the book which I send you with this letter. The fall and winter term of school having opened, Harold did not take his trip to the Adirondack Mountains as he fully expected to do with his Uncle Edwin and myself. We will probably take both the boys on a hunting trip in Maine next fall."

The book written by these boys shows the many views which newspaper enterprise has made famous to the public, but the most entertaining portions of it are the naive, but usually succinct and clear comments on the things which impressed the boyish authors at the Fair. As I said at that time, few more interesting visitors ever came into the Forest and Stream exhibit at the Fair than these two bright, little fellows, and to be again so uniquely and nicely reminded of them and of the glorious days of the immortal pageant is a pleasant experience for which I must express my thanks.

E. HOUGH.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

Notes From New Mexico.

Santa Fe, N. M., Jan. 27.—Our Legislative solons are at work now and we tried to get a "no sale plank" through, but the people are not educated up to that at present. A bill has already passed the Council that is a great improvement over the old absence of law, and it has a good chance of passing the house. When it gets through I will send you a copy of it. The slaughter of deer by market hunters has been greater than usual, and is still going on in the deep snow of the Sangre de Cristo range, and choice venison is worth five cents a pound.

Some months since some gentleman from a location in Texas inquired about a good cross for a wolf dog. My idea is that there is no need of a cross of any kind. I think it is much better to mix the breeds in the pack instead of in the dogs. This gentleman spoke of wanting a pack of about thirty, and my advice would be to get about ten each of foxhounds, staghounds, or more properly speaking, deerhounds, and greyhounds. I would get the puppies and raise them together and train them to hunt together. The foxhounds should be from some large strain noted for courage and fighting qualities. I would rather have such a pack than any cross breed dogs that were ever raised. I have never tried the Russian wolf hounds, but should presume that they would be good to put in such a pack.

Speaking of three barrel guns, I want to say that I have used several combination guns of various makes and for mountain hunting like them very much, especially in a grouse, turkey and deer country.

My favorite, which I am now using, is a 12-gauge, with .40-70-330 rifle, all weighing 8½ pounds. It suits me to perfection for an all-round camp gun. I think that .40-70-330, is one of the best cartridges ever made, and I am glad to see that the Winchesters have gotten out a model 1886 to use this load.

I took a short trip to the plains in November for antelope, and saw lots of them, but they are not the antelope of ten years ago. They are very highly educated at present, and do not seem inclined to take many chances. I only scored one hit and brought home a young spike-horn.

My principal amusement these days is to take the greyhounds out after jack rabbits, which is really good sport. H. B. HERSEY.



The Game of North Carolina.

The Newbern (N. C.) Annual Fair, which occurs on the 18-23 days of Feburary, offers no less than $287 as premiums for live specimens of game, birds, and animals, indigenous or visitants, to the tide water region of that State. An enumeration of the same is interesting, the list being especially large, to wit:

Quail, woodcock, English snipe, graybacks, single rail, double or king rail, doves, plover, meadow larks, willets, curlew, yellow shanks, beach robins, wild turkeys, and the following varieties of water fowl and ducks—namely, mallards, shufflers, black ducks, sprigtails, baldfaces, green and blue wing teal dippers, noddies, water witches, coots, white brant, black brant, bald brant, spoon bills, redheads, canvasbacks, bullnecks, hairyheads, south-southerlies, summer ducks, blue-peters, shelldrakes, whifflers, cormans, boobies, blue herons, bitrons, shipcoks, marsh hens, swans, loons, and geese—the local names being given as in premium list. There are also $125 offered as fish premiums, and $56 for oysters, besides prizes for dogs (two classes), pigeons, and domestic fowls and poultry, amounting for these, in all, to $330. Some thirty varieties of these are specified. These exhibits are always very interesting. One year no less than eighty varieties of fresh water and salt-water fish were displayed on ice at the same time, all directly from near-by waters, and also nineteen varieties of oysters. There are no oysters like the best of North Carolina oysters. Readers of this paragraph ought to take in the show.

C. H.

Aiming at the Neck.

San Luis Potosi, Mex.—Editor Forest and Stream: There is nothing like a little experience to take the wind out of foolish thorizing. Just after writing somewhat dogmatically that a shot in the neck with a fairsized bullet would always stop a deer, I went hunting. A little deer that I walked up on one day, after a few big bounds, stopped to look at me. With great cunning he got behind a decayed oak stump which had two forks. When he placed his head and neck in the time of the fork, thought it was broad daylight, it took me perhaps a minute to make him out, so nearly was the color of his neck matched. I was about half sick, and couldn't hold my gun steady. The first shot was a miss, but at the second he came down with a thump. I was sure the 45 Gould bullet had smashed his neck, and turned around to get a shot at his companion. It was fire minutes, perhaps, before I returned. When I got near where he lay, he jumped up with a grunt and dashed into the bushes. He had bled a good deal and struggled on the ground. I followed him nearly half a mile by the blood, but failed to get him. He ran rather blindyl at first, striking obstacles of various kinds, but afterward seemed to get his head. He might have had a broken jaw, but I think the shot was in the neck. At any rate it was a capital illustration of the validity of Mr. Meyrick's objection. Moral—Be careful how you disagree with experienced riflemen, and when you knock a deer down, go and make sure of him.

AZTEC.

Mexico.

Sea and River Fishing.

CHATS OF THE ATLANTIC SALMON.

In commencing these chats on Atlantic salmon in Canadian rivers it would perhaps be not amiss to inquire for a little as to their habits. The cause of their migration from sea is well known to be the propagation of their species. Whenever the ovaries reach a proper state of development the fish leave the sea, uniformly finding the river in which they spent their youthful days, and it is now conceded that they make no mistake in finding it. How they do this is somewhat of a mystery. If not endowed with some instinct and simply seeking for fresh water, would they not ascend the first river they came to, leaving others barren. Every salmon river has its own variety, distinct in contour, size, markings and color. No two rivers produce fish exactly alike. Even when a river has large affluents entering miles above tidal waters, and where the salmon swim together for miles, each variety as it comes to its own branch invariably takes it. How do they know it? We know they left it when they were six inches long. A few of them are four pounds now, a few 10, but the majority from 20 to 35.

I have no doubt that the larger ones have made previous visits, and it is yet a disputed question whether they have done so annually or biennially. From all the experiments I have made I think the visit is made only every second year. Some say they have the sense of smell; others of taste, and they may have both to a certain degree. Trout have, we know, but I do not believe the salmon has any while in the fresh water. As he takes no food it would be useless to him.

There is one peculiarity about the grilse. He returns from 2½ to 3 years old, always a male fish fit for procreation, weighing from 3 to 4 pounds. His arrival is erratic, both as to time and numbers. Some years there are very few. Some rivers never have any; others again as many grilse as salmon. We may suppose they have been destroyed at sea, or anything else we choose; only this, that they did not go astray, and get lost in old ocean.

Instances have been given of a few salmon being caught by cod fishermen. I should say quite possible, as the fish is a voracious feeder at sea and on the coast. Any fish from a capelin to a mackerel he will take.

We can only judge of their speed in swimming by the times of catching at different points of the coast or estuaries on their approach to the rivers. On their entering no freshet or water will turn them. I have caught them forty miles above sea water with the sea louse attached and with a partly digested capelin in the stomach, conclusively showing that their speed must be very great.

One thing will cause a salmon to run down stream. Should he have been gaff wounded, or escaped with the hook fast to him. I know this by salmon caught in this condition on the upper side of nets on the way back to sea and hooked from 10 to 15 miles above.

No doubt the early run fish go furthest up the stream. They seem to know they will want good water to reach their old homestead. Still, a few remain in the lower portions of the river. I think I hear you ask, How do you know this? First, by having caught fish on the lower pools in July and August bearing unmistakable signs of having been three months in fresh water, and second by taking them seventy or more miles up the river before a fish was supposed to have arrived. In all our rivers nearly all the run is in by July 15th. In the smaller streams the early portion may run up whilst the water holds good, but the larger portion lie out in the months and estuaries, ripening the ova and waiting for the October water. This in many places has given rise to a theory of a late winter run, but such a theory is disproved by the fact that in this conutry such fish have their ova as far advanced, or nearly so, as those fish which have been four months in the river. I remember a small stream or brook on P. E. Island, from which I tried to obtain some parent fish. I watched it without result until Nov. 12. After that date the fish came in, and in one night spawned on three miles of the small stream, showing the knowledge they possessed that it was not safe for them to appear by daylight.

I believe that in many Scottish rivers the autumn runs are of gravid fish, which have ripened outside waiting for the fall run of water. Even the late or fall run of the sockeye salmon on the Fraser river are nearly ripe, spawning with the July run, we have very few of those fish in the Restigouche, the river with whose fish we are trying to chat about.

Canada. JOHN MOWATT.

TROUT AND SALMON FLESH.

How do you account for the pink color of the meat of salmon and trout? is a question frequently asked of Forest and Stream, and it is sometimes varied by a request for the explanation of individual differences in respect to the intensity of that color.

A theory, widely disseminated and pretty generally accepted, attributes the pink tint to the small fresh-water and marine crustaceans which form the favorite food of the fish. That theory has been advocated by Agassiz, Day, Gunther, Goode, and others and is referred to by Richardson, Yarrell, Seeley, and various writers without accepting or rejecting it.

Agassiz has stated his views about as follows: "The most beautiful salmon-trout are found in waters which abound in small crustacea, direct experiments having shown that the intensity of the red color of their flesh depends upon the quantity of gammarinae (fresh-water shrimps), which they had devoured." According to Richardson, Dr. Knox's researches give a nearly similar result, by proving the red substance which is generally to be found in the intestines of a salmon that has recently quitted the sea to consist of the eggs of echinodermata (sea-urchins, sand-dollars, etc.) and crustacea. To this rich aliment he attributes the brilliancy of the scales of a salmon in prime condition, and the high flavor and deep color of its flesh.

Gunther, in his "Introduction to the Study of Fishes," thus expresses his opinion: "Chemistry has not supplied us yet with an analysis of the substance which gives the pink color to the flesh of may salmonoids; but there is little doubt that it is identical with, and produced by, the red pigments of many salt and fresh-water crustaceans, which form a favorite food of these fishes."

In his "American Fishes," Goode says: "When salmon live in the lakes they prey upon minnows and other small fishes, but those of the sea delight also in small crustaceans and their eggs, to which they owe the vivid color of the flesh." On a subsequent page, he writes: "In the sea, too, the flesh assumes a reddish color, due no doubt to the absorption of the pigments of crabs and shrimps eaten by the fish. Red flesh is also found in some inland races."

Dr. Ray, in "British and Irish Salmonidae," pages 213, 214, has the following about the colors of the flesh of the Von Behr or brown trout (S. fario): "The difference in the color of the flesh of trout is interesting for several reasons, and may be seen from as highly colored as in a salmon to being perfectly white, but this color is not invariably a test as to its suitability for the table, for some white-fleshed forms are excellent, and those which are rosy fleshed not invariably so, still the reverse is generally the case. I carefully examined a large number in Sutherlandshire, mostly from Loch Assynt, in June, 1886, and found the flesh to be of all colors, from as red as a salmon to quite white, but as food they seemed all equally good. "Although, as I have already stated, in some places the redness of the flesh appears to be caused by the diet of the fish, and that fresh-water shrimps, Gammari, are one of its causes, such does not seem to be always the case. In the stream Churn, passing Cowley and Colesbourne, an affluent of the Gloucestershire Colne, there are quantities of the Gammari, but the flesh of the trout is white, and it is not until they near the Colne that they get a slight pinkish tinge, yet all are equally good. T. Medwin, Angler in Wales, remarked that 'trout which feed on leeches cut up red.'

"A correspondent of Land and Water, June 14, 1884, observed that 'hitherto it was a very exceptional thing to take any other than white-fleshed trout (above Totnes weir); now, however, that the dapping season has commenced the large fish in the deep water above the Totnes weir have been taken in considerable numbers; similar-sized fish were last year all white-fleshed trout, but now a large proportion of them are pink. I consider this is caused by the fish feeding in the tidal waters below Totnes weir on shrimps and other salt-water food, and they are able by means of the fish pass to get up again to the fresh water which formerly they could not do except in floods, and then rarely.' "

Seeley, in "Fresh-Water Fishes of Europe," quoting from and commenting upon Dr. Day, says in substance:

"Crustaceans abound in the lower part of the Itchen beyond Alresford, while there are none in the upper part of the stream; the flesh of cooked trout (S. fario) from the lower river cuts pink, while the upper part is nearly white. Where S. fontinalis has been introduced into rivers of Cardiganshire, it is good and rich, with a peculiar gamboge color; but in Perthshire it is fat with firm flesh of a beautiful pearly white, while in other localities it is said to be pink. The same species of trout is known similarly to vary in contiguous streams in Wales."

The statements given above are purposely quoted at some length in order that the basis of the theory as to color of flesh may be clearly shown. There is nothing in any of them to indicate how the theory came to be accepted by its advocate—not a single experiment by which to establish the truth of the hypothesis. At the best the relation between the pink flesh of crustaceans and that of certain trout and salmon is merely an inference, and there is little reason for accepting the conclusion as to cause and effect.

Yarrell must have felt suspicious as to the subject when he wrote: "The qualities of the salmon as food are ascribed to the richness of the crustaceans, etc., upon which the fish subsists; but the salmon trout (salmo trutta) lives very much in some localities on the same kinds of food and never acquires the same exquisite flavor."

Seeley could not have accepted the theory without question, for he said: "Not much is known of the food of the salmon while they are in the sea, but they feed greedily on sand-eels, smelts, sea-urchins, star-fishes, shrimps, and other crustacea, and the fry of all kinds of sea fishes. In rivers they take bait such as lug worms."

Another author, Richardson, I believe, states that "salmon do not feed exclusively on crustaceans and the eggs of echinoderms at sea, but upon sand eels, capelin, herring, and various marine animals. At the mouths of rivers they take artificial flies freely, and the common earthworm is a deadly bait."

The land-locked salmon does not feed upon red crustaceans, nor do the fresh-water trouts; yet their flesh is frequently as highly colored as that of the sea-run salmon. The fry of the sea salmon while in fresh water subsist upon small insects, worms, larvae of flies, and beetles, and these little fish have pink flesh, although their food is not red. A Greenland trout, described by Fabricius, feeds upon capelin, herrings, sticklebacks, small crabs, worms, and spawn of fishes; yet its flesh is beautifully colored.

The lake trout ("namaycush") feeds principally, in some waters, upon suckers, burbots, and lake herring, and its meat is reddish or orange. The white fishes live chiefly upon small crustaceans and insects, but they have white flesh. The lake herring is notorious as a consumer of the eggs of white-fish, and they do not change the color of its meat. The grayling eats crustaceans, including fresh-water shrimps, and its flesh is white. The smelt also subsists chiefly upon shrimp in some rivers, yet it is a white-meated fish. The cod consumes many highly-colored crustaceans. The common mackerel and the river alewife do the same, but none of these have salmon-colored flesh.

The fresh-water shrimps or fleas, called gammari in the books, vary greatly in color, few of them being pink or red. There is probably no other crustaceans as well known, and as widely distributed in our trout waters. A little examination at Caledonia Creek, for example, where the shrimp are highly colored, will show that the trout (brook trout) feeding upon the same shrimp vary greatly in the color of their flesh. In Colorado recently the writer opened a great many brook trout, introduced from the East, all of them males of about the same size, all taken at the same time and place, and found the color to range from whitish to deep salmon.

It is not a pleasant task to attack accepted theories, but due consideration of the facts set forth above has forced me to state my disbelief in the long current explanation of the cause of the pink flesh of salmon and trout. In the presence of so many contradictory observations the explanation simply does not explain.

T. H. B.

OUR FIRST FISH IN THE PACIFIC

"Well, by the great horn spoon!" It was Jack who was speaking, and we were standing at the far end of the wharf at Long Beach, Southern California, staring at a fish he had just landed, as it lay wriggling on the wharf. It was a mackerel about eight inches long; and as Jack proceeded to unhook it, he further remarked: "If this isn't enough to cramp a dog."

"Keep still, say no more, here is the mate to it," I said, as a jerk at the line on the end of my twenty-foot bamboo pole admonished me that I had a fish hooked. I swung the fish up, describing the larger part of a great circle in so doing, and laid the fish alongside of Jack's. He gave a snort of disgust, then I laughed and he laughed.

"We have caught trout on the North Shore, no larger than those mackerel," I said.

"Yes, in some small stream, but here we have the whole Pacific Ocean, and this is the fishing it affords us."

There was more than a suggestion of infinite scorn in Jack's tones as he said this, but we baited our hooks again and cast into the briny deep, which was at least eighteen feet below us, and was rising and falling in regular pulsations as the long swells came in and breaking several hundred feet in from where we stood, ran far up on the sands which form the beautiful beach from which the place takes its name. There was no suggestion that it was winter. The calendar read Dec. 3, but the sky was blue and the sun was hot, the trees masses of living green, to be sure, they were orange, lemon, eucalyptus, and pepper trees—but then——

In the distance were the mountain peaks bare and brown, later we saw some of them white with snow. Off to the west Point Fermin, jutted out far into the sea, on the extreme point stood the light-house and a long uplift of land thirty-five miles south-west from where we stood showed where Santa Catalina Island rose from the ocean, and furnished a good breakwater for San Pedro Bay. Here and there a white sail marked the place of a fishing-boat; a long trail of smoke off southward was a signal to us that an ocean steamship was on the up course. Over in the roadstead toward Point Fermin, a large three-masted vessel was discharging a cargo of lumber by means of "lighters," for the lumber docks of San Pedro. But what are these lubberly-looking forms which come pitching and rolling, leaping and diving, swirling and swashing along just outside the breakers? There must be a hundred of them. "The porpoises," quoth Jack, "great pigs of things, they remind me of a lot of awkward school boys playing." They evidently know what they are about, for when near the wharf all go under water and do not reappear until a good distance beyond, and then on they go down toward Alamitos Bay. What is that black head sticking up out yonder for a half moment then disappearing? That's a seal. The seal came nearer until we had a good view of it. "Git down there, you critter," Jack said, as it thrust its head out of the water quite close to where our lines were. "The beast grinned at me," he said, apologetically, as the seal disappeared at his command. Now there is a commotion, down the wharf where a sail-boat has run up. We go to see what is the cause of the excitement, and find the boat has a shark in tow. It is quite dead, and with much ado is hoisted on the wharf. It is a thresher shark, a

trifle over eight feet long. We punch it in the side examine its teeth and slap the planks with its queer tail.

"Hain't you glad you're here, old fellow?" said Jack, giving me a punch in the ribs.

"Just see the strange beasts, and fishes, and things which do abound hereabouts."

"Yes," I responded. "But the fish are not noteworthy either for size or variety."

"That's so," he cheerfully assented. "But then we're fishing in the Pacific Ocean just the same."

I could not deny this, so we went to fishing again. How many did we get? Honest now. Well, we caught and safely landed seven mackerel, ranging from five to eight inches long; five smelts of about the same size; two sardelloes, and one pompano. Laden with these, all told, including basket, they would weigh perhaps three pounds, we wended our way homeward at the time of the going down of the sun, and thus ended our first fishing in the great and mighty ocean.

MYRON COOLEY.

COLTON, Cal.

GUDDLING TROUT.

Auburn, Cal.—Some time ago there were several articles upon this form of sport; and it seemed to be the concensus of opinion that it was no sport at all. Some of the writers even questioned the possibility of capturing trout in the hands, in the way described. The term "guddling" was even sneered at, as a fitting name for an unsportsmanlike pursuit. I confess that in my youth I used to "guddle," myself occasionally, the knack of it having been handed down in the family from my Scotch "forbears." Poor, misguided boy, I did not know it was unsportsmanlike in those days! Doubtless had I done so, I would never have tickled a trout.

So, when the question of guddling was "on," in Forest and Stream columns, and I found the popular sentiment overwhelmingly against the practice, I discreetly held my peace.

The other day I was reading one of the works of the Scotch author, S. R. Crockett, and came across a chapter entitled "Legitimate Sport." It gave me such delight in the reading that I thought I would quote, almost entire, for the benefit of the readers of "our" paper. I will have to preface the story with a short explanation.

The work quoted from is entitled "The Lilse Sunbonnet," and no doubt has been read by many who will see these lines; but for the benefit of those who have never seen it, I am going to beg the author's permission to steal the chapter.

It is a good, clean, healthy love story, such as I confess to an enjoyment of, even yet. It is strong of the Scotch vernacular, and in that respect also is congenial to my taste.

The young hero of the tale, Ralph Peden by name, and a divinity student by occupation, has had a slight misunderstanding with his sweetheart, Winsome Charteris, and she slips out of the house while he is in conversation "wi' her granny," and takes her away to a mountain stream in "fair Galloway," in company with a cottar's lad named Andra Kissock. This "bit laddie," Andra, has a fervid imagination, and about this time is fevered by some letters from his brother in far America, and in consequence is continually "playin' Injun," as our youngsters would term it. This explanation is needed to make intelligible some of Andra's actions and expressions, and now to our tale. I quote:

"Ralph passed through the yard to the gate which led to the hill. As he was crossing the brook which flows partly over, and partly under the road at the horse watering-place, he looked down into the dell among the tangles of birch, and the thick viscous foliage of the green-berried elder. There he caught the flash of a light dress, and as he climbed the opposite grassy bank on his way to the village, he saw immediately beneath him the maiden of his dreams and his love-verses. Now she leaped merrily from stone to stone; now she bent stealthily over till her palms came together in the water; now she paused to dash her hair back from her flushed face. And all the time the water glimmered and sparkled about her feet. With her was Andra Kissock, a bare-legged, bonnetless squire of dames. Sometimes he pursued the wily burn trout with relentless ferocity, and the silent intentness of a sleuth hound. Often, however, he would pause, and with his finger indicate some favorite stone to Winsome. Then the young lady, utterly forgetful of all else, and with a tremulous eagerness, delicately circumvented the red-spotted beauties.

Once, throwing her head back to clear the tumbling avalanches of her hair, she chanced to see Ralph standing silent above. For a moment Winsome was annoyed. She had gone to the hill brook with Andra, so that she need not speak further with Ralph Peden, and here he had followed her. But it did not need a second look to see that he was infinitely more embarrassed than she. This is the thing, above all others, which is fitted to make a woman calm and collected. It allows her to take the measure of her opportunity, and assures her of her superiority. So, with a gay and quipsome wave of her hand in which Ralph was conscious of some faint resemblance to her grandmother, she called to him:

"Come down and help us catch some trout for supper."

Ralph descended, digging his heels determinedly into the steep bank till he found himself in the bed of the streamlet. Then he looked at Winsome for an explanation. This was something he had not practiced in the water of Leith. Andra Kissock glared at him with a terrible countenance, in which contempt was supposed to blend with a sullen ferocity characteristic of the noble savage. The effect was slightly marred by a black streak of mud, which was drawn from the angle of his mouth to the roots of his hair. Ralph thought from his expression that trout-fishing of this kind did not agree with him, and proposed to help Winsome instead of Andra.

This proposal had the effect of drawing a melo-dramatic "Ha, ha!" from that youth, ludicrously out of keeping with his usual demeanor. Once he had seen a play-acting show unbeknown to his mother, when Meg (his sister) had taken him to Cairn Edward September fair.

So, "Ha, ha!" he said, with a look of smothered desperation which to the unprejudiced observer suggested a pain in his inside. "You guddle troot!" he cried, scornfully, "I wod admire to see ye! Ye wod only fyle (dirty) yer shoon, an' yer braw breeks!"

Ralph glanced at the striped underskirt over which Winsome had looped her dress. It struck him with astonishment to note how she managed to keep it clean and dry, when Andra was apparently wet to the neck.

"I do not know that I shall be of any use," he said, meekly; "but I shall try."

Winsome was standing poised on a stone, bending like a little maid, her hands in the clear water. There had been a swift and noiseless rush underneath the stone; a few grains of sand rose up where the white underpart of the trout had touched it as it glided beneath. Slowly and imperceptibly Winsome's hand worked its way beneath the stone. With the fingers of one hand she made that slight swirl of the water, which is supposed by expert "guddlers" to fascinate the trout, and to render them incapable of resisting the beckoning fingers. Andra watched breathlessly from the bank above. Ralph came nearer to see the issue. The long, slender fingers, shining mellow in the peaty water, were just closing when the stone, on which Ralph was standing precariously, toppled over and fell into the burn with a splash. The trout darted out, and in a moment was down stream into the biggest pool for miles.

Winsome rose with a flush of disappointment, and looked very reproachfully at the culprit. Ralph, who had followed the stone, stood up to his knees in the water, looking the picture of crestfallen humility.

Overhead on the bank Andra danced madly like an imp. He would not have dared to speak to Ralph on any other occasion, but guddling, like curling, loosens the tongue. He who fails, or causes the failures of others, is certain to hear very plainly of it from those who accompany him to this very dramatic kind of fishing.

"O' a' the stupid asses!" cried that young man. "Was there ever sic a beauty? a pund wecht gin it was an oonce! an' to fa' off a stane like a six-month's wean."

His effective condemnation made Winsome laugh. Ralph laughed along with her, which very much increased the anger of Andra. Andra was moved to the extremity of scorn.

"Hey, mon!" he called to Ralph, who was standing in the water's edge; "hey, mon!" he cried.

"Well Andra, what is it?" asked Winsome Charteris, looking up after a moment. She had been busy thinking.

"Tell that chap fra Enbro (Edinburgh)," said Andra, collecting all his spleen into one tremendous and annihilating phrase—"him that tummilt aff the stane—that there's a feck o' paddocks (a good many frogs) up there in' the bog. He micht gang up there an' guddle for paddocks. It wod be safer for the like o' him!" The ironical method is the favorite mode or vehicle of humor among the common orders of Galloway. Andra was a master in it.

"Andra," said Winsome, warmly, "you must not——"

"Please let him say whatever he likes. My awkwardness deserves it all," said Ralph, with becoming meekness.

"I think you had better go home now," said Winsome; "it will soon be time for you to bring the kye home."

"Ha ye aneuch troots for the mistress's denner?" said Andra, who knew very well how many there were

"There are the four that you got, and the one I got beneath the bank, Andra," answered Winsome.

"Nane o' them haf the size o' the yin that he fleyed (frightened) frae ablow (below) the big stane," said Andra.

"It's near kye-time," again said Winsome. "I'se no gaun a fit till I hae showed ye baith what it is to guddle. For ye mauna gang awa' to Enbro, an' think that howkin' (wi' a lassie to help ye) in among the gravel is guddlin'. You see here!" cried Andra, and before either Winsome or Ralph could say a word, he had stripped himself to his very brief breeches and ragged shirt, and was wading into the deepest part of the pool beneath the waterfall.

Here he scurried and scuttled for all the world like a dipper, with his breast showing white like the bird, as he walked along the bottom of the pool. Most of the time his head was beneath the water, as well as all the rest of his body. His arms bored their way round the intricacies of the boulders at the bottom. His brown and freckled hands pursued the trout beneath the banks. Sometimes he would have one in each hand at the same time.

When he caught them he had a careless and reckless way of throwing them up on the bank without looking where he was throwing. The first one he threw in this way took effect on the cheek of Ralph Peden to his exceeding astonishment.

Winsome again cried "Andra!" warningly, but Andra was far too busy to listen; beside, it is not easy to hear with one's head under water, and the frightened trout flashing in lightning wimples athwart the pool.

But for all that, the fisherman's senses were acute, even under the water; for as Winsome and Ralph were not very energetic in catching the fish which found themselves so unexpectedly frisking on the green grass, one or two of them (putting, apparently, their tails in their mouths, and letting go, as with the release of a steel spring) turned a splashing somersault into the pool. Andra did not seem to notice them as they fell, but in a little while he looked up with a trout in his hand, the peat-water running in bucketfuls from his hair and shirt, his face full of indignation.

"Ye're littin' them back again!" he exclaimed, looking fiercely at the trout in his hand. "This is the second time I hae catched this yin wi' the wart on its tail!" he said. "D'ye think I'm catchin' them for fun, or to gie them a change o' air for their healths, like fowk thot come frae Enbro?"

"Andra, I will not allow——" Winsome began, who felt that on the ground of Craig Ronald, a guest of her grandmother's should be respected.

But before she had got further, Andra was again under water, and again the trout began to rain out, taking occasional local effect upon both of them.

Finally Andra looked up with an air of triumph. "It taks ye a' yer time to grup them on the dry land, I'm thinkin'," said he, with some fine scorn; "ye had better try the paddocks. It's safer." So, shaking himself like a water-dog, he climbed up on the grass, where he collected the fish into a large fishing-basket which Winsome had brought. He looked them over, and said as he handled one of them:

"Oh, ye're there, are ye? I kenned I wad get ye some day, impidence. Ye hae nae business i' this pool, anyway. Ye belang hauf a mile faurer up, my lad; ye'll bite off nae moir o' my heuks. There maun be three o' them i' his guts, the noo——"

Here Winsome looked a meaning look at him, upon which Andra said:

"I'm juist gaun. Ye needna tell me that it's kye-time. See you an' be hame to tak' in yer grannie's tea. Ye're moir likely to be ahint yer time than me."

Having sped this Parthian shaft, Andra betook himself over the moor with his backful of spoil.

There now, you sneerers at guddling; how do you like that picture?

Can you not smell the moist, sweet scent of the purling stream; can you not see the dancing shadows of the leaves on the white sand; or the "frightened trout flashing in lightning wimples athwart the pool?"

Go to! There is fishing and fishing! It all depends upon the spirit in which it is done—whether for sport, or I was going to say, profit—but will substitute greed.

AREFAR.

"We Anglers."

Mr. Joseph Ferris, of No. 202 Hope street, Glasgow, sends us an angling song, which in words and air is so taking that we have reproduced the musicfto go with it. WE ANGLERS.

Wha on a bonnie morn in May
Get up before the break o' day
And to the rivers make their way?
We anglers, we anglers,
And even altho' the weather's wat
Wha no a button care for that
Nae mair than duck or water rat?
We anglers, we anglers.

Wha on their way to hae a wap
Abhor the very name o' Nap,
And never, never taste a drap?
We anglers, we anglers,
Wha wonder mony a weary mile,
Through bog and moss, o'er dyke and style,
And sing and whistle a' the while?
We anglers, we anglers.

Wha hae the quick and ready e'e
A glint o' rising fish to see?
Wha gently o'er them drap their flee?
We anglers, we anglers.
Wha see the swirl, wha feel the pook,
Wha gie the twitch to fix the hook,
Wha creel them for their freens to cook?
We anglers, we anglers.

And when the fish are takin' weel,
Wha sometimes get a guid fu' creel,
Wha like its sonsy wecht to feel?
We anglers, we anglers.
But "noos and thans" things look gey black
When troot and greyl'in winna tak,
Wha then vow they will ne'er gae back?
We anglers, we anglers.

Wha after just a guid nicht's rest,
Forget their vows and a' the rest,
And start again wi' keener zest?
We anglers, we anglers.
Wha o' contentment keep the key,
Wha're just as gude as men can be,
Wha hardly ever tell a lee?
We anglers, we anglers.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

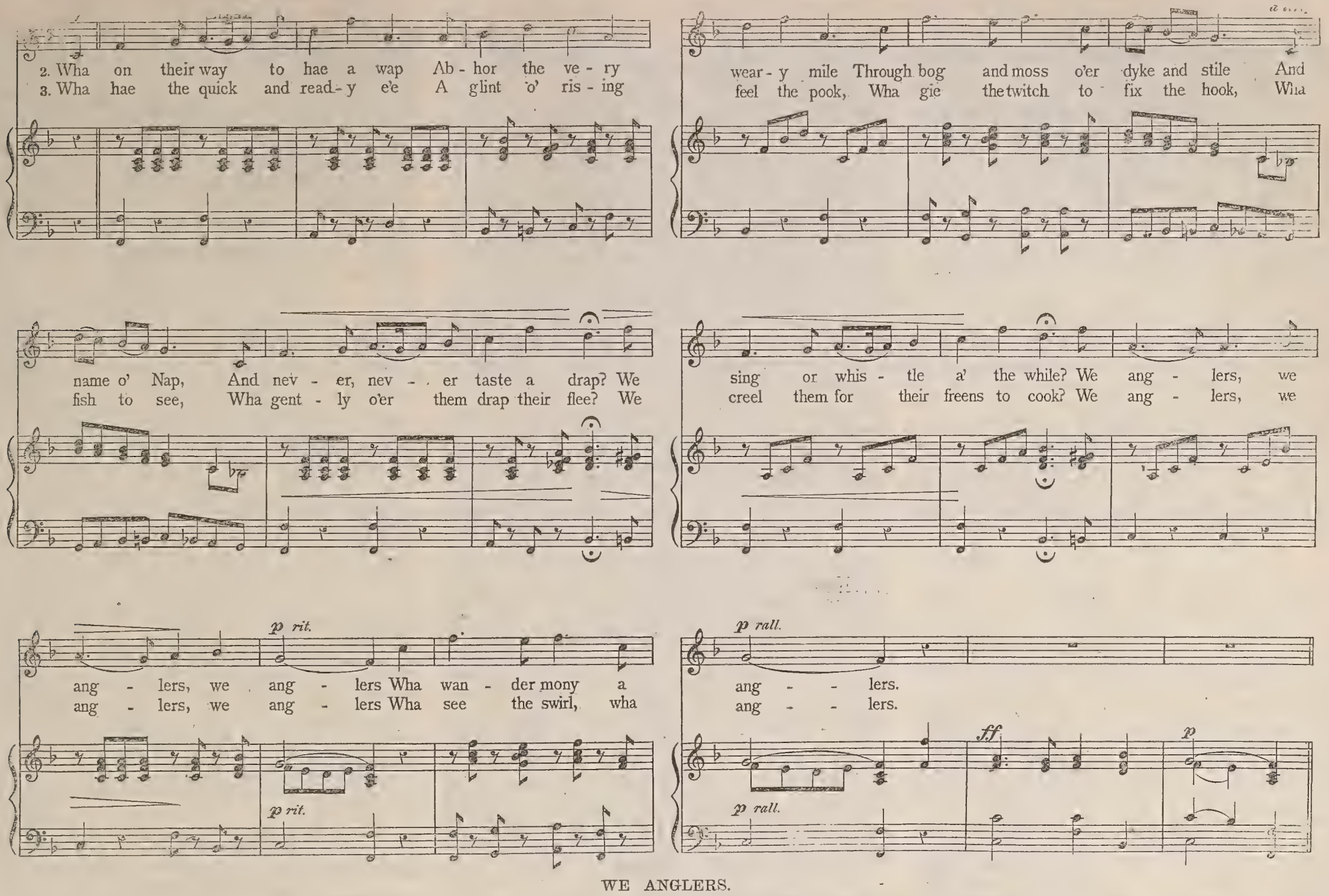
Boston, Jan. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: The annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association—an occasion always looked forward to with a great deal of interest—came off last evening at Young's Hotel, and from a variety of causes it was the general opinion that it was the most successful symposium ever enjoyed by the members and their friends. The committee entrusted with the arrangements were: John Fottler, Jr., chairman; Wm. B. Smart, secretary; B. C. Clark, C. I. H. Woodbury, Walter M. Brackett, Dr. Heber Bishop and W. B. Hastings. I can bear witness that they all did faithful work, especially Dr. Bishop and Artist Brackett, to whom were entrusted the important items of music and decorations. The walls of the hall were hung with the best fish and game paintings of Mr. Brackett and his son, Arthur. Splendid heads of elk and moose were shown, while upon the tables were elegantly mounted specimens of all the game birds, including a fine specimen of the Mongolian pheasant, which is to be introduced into this region under the auspices of the association. The invited guests present were Gov. Wolcott, Rev. M. J. Savage, Capt. John C. Wyman, Speaker Meyer of the House of Representatives, Rev. E. A. Horton, Senator Smith, chairman of the Fish and Game Committee; Fish Commissioners E. A. Brackett of Massachusetts, Wm. H. Shurtleff, Wm. H. Griffin and Nathaniel Wentworth of New Hampshire, J. W. Titcomb of Vermont, and Henry O. Stanley of Maine, P. A. Chase, president of the Metropolitan Park Commission; A. M. Howe and Theodore H. Tyndale, well known members of the bar. For the musical part of the programme Dr. Bishop furnished Tom Henry's orchestra and a band of colored singers furnished instrumental and vocal music, and you may be sure that there was plenty and all good. The menu was an elaborate one, and included about all the game in season, in addition to a saddle of moose that had been in the cold storage several weeks and which proved very toothsome. When cigars were reached President Clark spoke as follows:

Brethren of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association:

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of congratulating you upon this brilliant gathering, and of extending in your name and on your behalf to all our guests who have honored us with their genial presence to-night, the heartiest and most cordial welcome which the warmest hospitality can offer.

I need hardly remind the older members who are present that this occasion is the twenty-first birthday of our Association, dating from the time when in 1874 our organization began its existence and was duly incorporated by the authority of the General Court under the name of the "Massachusetts Anglers' Association."

At that time the purpose of the Association as defined in the Act of Incorporation was "for the purpose of securing and enforcing proper restrictions upon the taking and killing of fish,



WE ANGLERS.

shell-fish, and bivalves; the promotion of fish culture, and the introduction of new species and varieties of fish, and to disseminate information relating thereto."

Three years later we assumed our present name, and to our powers were added "the promotion of the culture and the introduction of new species of game."

In reviewing the history of the Association from its infancy to the time when we have attained our majority, the most noticeable and striking fact is the growth and development of the Association, in the constantly increasing interest in this as well as in other States, near and remote, in the culmination of enlightened public sentiment in relation not only to the preservation and protection, but to the propagation of fish and game.

"Much has been done but more remains to do," and when we learn of the laws which have been passed in Minnesota and Dakota, and nearer home, the contemplated action of the Legislatures of Maine and New Jersey, we may well realize that in our own State of Massachusetts, which commenced to legislate on this subject seventy-three years ago, our laws still need amendments and additions, and we should see to it that we do not fall behind.

With associations as with men, we must fully realize those strong words of James Russell Lowell:

> "No man is born into the world whose work
> Is not born with him. There is always work
> And tools to work withal, for those who will."

In the brief space of time at my command I can only give you one illustration of the kind of work which engages, at the present moment, the attention of this Association.

I refer to the proposed legislation in regard to lobsters. An increase of more than 50 men engaged in this fishery in 1894, an increase of over 3,000 pots, and a decrease of more than 52,000 lobsters in the total catch, the decrease from 71,000 egg-bearing lobsters in 1890 to 32,700 in 1893, and 34,500 in 1894, have at last impressed not only the consumers of this most desirable food supply, but also the fishermen themselves, who now seem to be alive to the fact that at no distant day this industry, by which they live, will be of little value unless some decided step is taken, and that immediately.

A single illustration, as to locality, will suffice. At Cohasset, on the South Shore, there are engaged in the capturing of lobsters 22 men who took during 1894, 80,000 lobsters, this being the third locality in our bay in point of importance.

A close season has been always objected to by these men, but to-day at the hearing before the Joint Committee at the State House I presented a paper signed by 19 out of the 22 fishermen, asking for a close season for the months of June and July.

If this action is taken and the penalty of a fine and the confiscation of any pots found set in the Bay is enforced, and no lobsters allowed to be sold in the State during those months, there will be no difficulty as to the future supply of mature lobsters.

The abundant increase naturally yielded is seen from the fact that the 4,026 egg-bearing lobsters collected at the United States Commission Station, at Wood's Holl, Mass., produced 97,635,000 eggs, which produced 69,000,000 fry, or seventy per cent. of all eggs taken; 14,000,000 of the eggs were bad, so that the true per cent. hatched was 83.

The introduction of the Mongolian Pheasant promises to be a great success in Massachusetts. Twenty eight of these birds were sent to Oregon in 1881, and their increase was phenomenal. The game warden estimated the number killed last season in three months, in Linn County alone, at 13,000, and two years ago 1,200 dozen of these birds were sent to one dealer in San Francisco. This is a fine game bird, and a delicious morsel of food. It is hardy and has two recommendations, the importance of which can hardly be overestimated It feeds on the pests and enemies of the crops, and it does not drive out other birds.

Now we have the advantage of thorough organization, and a modest though constantly accumulating fund, and judging from the statement made to you recently by my predecessor in office, that of late years there has been no measure advocated by us which has been defeated, and, on the other hand, no measure has crystallized into law which we have opposed, we have every reason to believe that we have only to use our best efforts wisely and carefully in the prosecution of the work before us, and we may have faith that they will be crowned with success.

And now one word, in closing, as to the motive which should serve to encourage us in our labors, for I take it that the best results are accomplished in this world by individuals and by the associations where there exists a sentiment which acts as an inspiration. Back of the artist's and the sculptor's work is the dream which neither ever realizes in marble or on the canvas—back of the great lawyer's argument and fee lie his worship of law, order, and justice—back of the work of the great physician with its compensation is the privilege of helping the world to bear its pains—back of the work of the clergyman with its beneficent and kindly ministries lie the souls of men and the reflection that he works not only for time but for eternity—back of the skill of the manufacturer is a finer product than was ever woven or twisted by loom or spindle—and so if the "undevout astronomer is mad" far more so is the undevout and thoughtless hunter. For the appreciative sportsman there exists a vast world of beauty, where nature, in all her varying moods, conspiring to delight his eye and feed his better nature, spreads before him all her treasures, and he is rested and refreshed by her for all the work of life as he views the darting life of the fish, the ever-recurring miracle of the flight of birds, the tints of the sea-shell, the rustle of the autumn leaves, and the plash of the wave on the pebbly beach.

> "He goes forth under the open sky, and lists
> To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
> Earth, and her waters, and the depths of air—
> Comes a still voice. The hills
> Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> The venerable woods; rivers that move
> In majesty, and the complaining brooks
> That make the meadows green; and poured round all,
> Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,"

all are his.

A great heritage has come to him, and feeling the responsibility of having, to some extent, dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowls of the air, and in gratitude for his enjoyment of it all he unselfishly desires to do something, in his small way, to hand this inheritance down unimpaired to those who shall live when the dust rests upon his memory.

The other after dinner speakers were Gov. Wolcott, Speaker Meyer, Rev. Mr. Horton, Captain Wyman, Rev. Mr. Savage, Mr. Tyndale and Commissioners Shurtleff of New Hampshire, Stanley of Maine and Titcomb of Vermont. They were all interesting, containing, as they did, appropriate hits at some of the peculiarities of rod and gun men, as well as sound and practical words upon the importance of fish and game protection. In conclusion let me say that Mr. B. C. Clark, the new president, has three important qualifications for his new position—means, inclination and time. In the past he has employed all these liberally in behalf of the association—that he will do in the future goes without saying.

WM. B. SMART.

Revolvers Not Essential in Florida.

Hawthorn, Fla.—Editor of Forest and Stream: I have read carefully all of Alfred C. Harmsworth's letter on Florida fishing. His statement that we dislike Englishmen from envy is not true. Whenever Englishmen show desirable qualities they are fully appreciated. But in most cases Englishmen show so little common sense, good judgment and attractiveness, that we feel disgusted, or a sympathy for them, not envy, I assure you.

The main point I wish to speak of is this statement in his letter of Jan. 26: "Down in Florida, and especially in South Florida, human life is held at a discount. A shooting is almost an everyday occurrence." Then he advises all Britishers or men from the Northern States, to take a revolver and have it at all times. He says that we have a large lot of villains here, and that our juries will not return verdicts against them for fear of revenge. These are ugly falsehoods.

I appeal to the thousands of pleasure-seekers and sportsmen who come to Florida every winter, to bear witness that each and every one of them who have come here, acting as they should, if they have not had the very best return for it. They have had no need for the revolver, unless to shoot a snake, 'gater, or at a mark. Eleven or twelve years ago, when whiskey was sold in every little town, and the cowboys would get drunk and raise the wind, it was quite frequent that one of them got a bullet that was deserved. Now things have changed. In very few places without police force sufficient to control these things is there any whiskey sold? The people of Florida to-day are the most temperate, most moral, and most ready to do a stranger a favor of any State in the Union. There is less stealing here than in any place I know of. We leave our houses all open night and day, in the country and small towns. Mr. Harmsworth's friend, Hart, is a fair sample of the Florida cracker—kind, obliging, faithful, brave, and easily satisfied. The twelve years that I have been shooting and fishing all over Florida, I have met many like Guido Hart, but none that want to shoot me.

W. S. MOORE.

THE SHARK AS GAME FISH.

"Some years ago I had the temerity to advocate, I think in the Forest and Stream, the shark as a game fish, describing some of my experiences with these creatures in Florida from the mouth of the St. John's to Loggerhead.

When a dozen men are arrayed against a shark it is an unequal fight, but let one man challenge an ordinary ten-foot shark and there is sport for either one and sometimes for both.

Some of the finest sport I have ever had with a rod was with a small oil shark at Santa Catalina Island, Southern California. Vicious sharks are unknown here, but on the west side of the island in a perfect miniature harbor, that almost cuts the island in two, is found a harmless member of the family, known as the oil shark, which affords fine sport. It attains a length of about 5 1-2 feet, and a weight of from 40 to 70 pounds, and apparently frequents the shallow waters of the upper harbor to feed.

One morning we left Avalon, the little town of the island where the hotels are, for Catalina harbor, making the trip of about fifteen miles in an hour and a half, and anchoring in Isthmus Cove, walked over the narrow isthmus to the harbor where we soon took our places on the beach. I had a 16-ounce bass-rod which I had fitted with a short split bamboo trout tip. The line was 500 feet of 18 strand cuttyhunk, very small and light, two feet of piano-wire leader, and a stout, though not large hook, about the size used for cod and hake in the East.

The fish were well out from shore, and it was necessary to unreel about one hundred feet of line, and throw it out, as the bait was a three-pound fish, too heavy to cast with the rod.

There were five in the party, all trying to break the record for the largest fish on the lightest rod. I had fastened my line on a small stick as a tell-tale, and it was not long before it dropped and began to run out. I gave it about twenty feet, then hooked my fish. As it felt the cold steel, the shark, a finely-shaped, harmless fellow at least five feet in length, dashed clear of the water in as fine a rise as I ever saw a black bass make, shook its head

a moment, falling back with a crash and making the reel sing and play. A companion timed me, and doing my best it was about twenty minutes before I could bring this fancy fish to the beach in a foot or more of water and within reach of the gaff. It fought me at every turn, taking in all four hundred feet of line; making desperate rushes in every direction, and several times almost taking me into the water to save the rod. Repeatedly the fish, which is known to science as "Galeorhinus zyopterus," went into the air; then it would rush at the beach quicker than I could reel in and turn and make a run down the harbor that threatened rod, reel, and line. It was a good pull for a boy to haul the thrashing fish out of water, but finally we had it on the sands where it was found to weigh a little less than sixty pounds, which I considered a good catch for twenty minutes when the trout tip of a split bamboo and an 18-strand line is taken into consideration.

Each of the party caught a shark. One completely demoralized a rod, while many hooks and much tackle was lost on others; but I think I could have managed a six-footfish with ease.

If we had not known the fish to be sharks we would have considered the fishing fine sport; in fact, it was certain no game fish made a better fight for its life than did these sharks of Catalina Harbor.

This section of the island has no hotel, but there is a good one eight miles away at Little Harbor, and others at Avalon, reached by launch daily; or if one desired to camp, the isthmus, winter and summer, is a good locality, quail, dove, and wild goat being plentiful in the immediate vicinity. There are no dangerous sharks here, the place being famous for its bathing; the sharks being a small-mouthed oil shark.

PISCATOR.

ANGLING NOTES.

Silk Worms.

I have a letter from Mr. Charles F. Orvis which is self explanatory. ''Have just read with interest your article in Forest and Stream on silk worm gut.

"You are, I think, just right in saying that the 'working and dressing' of the silk worm gut is nothing more than removing the outer skin, and I will add that I do not believe a word about anything being used in removing this outer skin, for I feel sure that the skin is nothing more than the covering of the silk sac, and we found after the strands of gut were quite dry that this skin came off quite easily and was quite brittle.

"We drew fine strands of gut from some Chinese worms that we procured, and when this outer skin was removed the surface of the gut was just perfect; glossy and strong and excellent. There has been a good deal of nonsense written about this silk worm gut business, I think.

"The silk composing the cocoons of the native worms we experimented with was of good strength and of large quantity, but the silk sacs in the worms when we came to draw them were not at all well filled. I think it is not possible that the large amount of silk that there was in the cocoons could have come from the silk in the sacs as we found them, but I think the worm secreted the silk rapidly at the expense of its full, large body as it spun the cocoon.

"The sacs in the Chinese worms were as large in diameter as those in the native worms, but they were not as long as the sacs of the natives. The diameter of the sacs of the native worms was very small when compared with the size of the body.

"I do not know that you, being a fly fisherman, will care to have such a long letter about worms, but you should not write about worms unless you expect to hear from others on the subject of worms."

Since the death of Dr. Garlick Mr. Orvis is the only one that I know who has experimented in taking gut from native silk worms, and what he says will be read with interest. Gut from Chinese worms that I have had with the outer skin still on it peeled much as Mr. Orvis states when it was very dry, in fact, would fall off of itself in places when coiling or uncoiling the strands, but in other places it adhered for years. I imagine the process of removing the outer skin is practiced before the skin is thoroughly and fully dry, but I am very glad to have Mr. Orvis from his personal experience confirm what I have written about the enamel or "bark" of the gut. This letter that I have quoted only confirms my belief and brings us back to the starting place, that when that "certain kind of food" for our native silk worms is found, silk producing food and food that will give strength to the gut, we will have the very best leaders that it is possible to procure from silk worms.

A. N. CHENEY.

RED TROUT.

Seattle, Wash.—In your issue of December 1st, Mr. S. C. Rice gives his view of the "red trout" question, and in the issue of January 5th, Mr. T. C. Austin also throws some light on the question. Both gentlemen state, in good faith, that the "red trout" is Kennerley's salmon; yet both are mistaken in my fish, which they confuse with an entirely different individual, as I have taken pains to find out. Kennerley's salmon exist, or, at least, fish tallying exactly with that description exist in both Lake Union and Lake Washington, and are yet running to a limited extent, while the fish described as "red trout," so called, have ceased their run entirely.

Mr. Austin describes the actions and appearance of a small fish, which I first noticed at the portage between the two lakes, about the time the salmon commenced to run up from the Sound, and which I took for young male salmon, from the fact that those of ten or twelve inches in length were all males, while those of only a trifle larger size showed a preponderance of females. In general appearance they resemble very closely the jack salmon of the Sound, except that they are very light or pink-red in color, the spots showing darker on this ground color. This fish is what I now suppose to be Kennerley's salmon, and it is running yet to a limited extent. I found them also in the same stream that I found my red trout in, and also in other small steams flowing into Lake Washington. But these fish are not the red trout at all.

The fish I had reference to in my article is still, I believe, one which differs slightly from, yet closely resembles, the common lake trout, on the way to some particular spawning ground, and must not be confounded with the fish native to the stream which the red trout ascend, for they ascend only the one stream, so far as my knowledge goes at present. The native stream fish are rainbow trout, which are there the year round, and which will, as Mr. Austin says, "take a fly from the midst of the red fish." There are apparently two kinds of trout in Lake Washington and Lake Union, which look almost alike, yet are not alike if examined side by side, one being heavy and chunky in shape, while the other is slimmer and of more graceful lines. They are both caught on the same fishing grounds and with the same bait and on the same day, but are different fish apparently, for many reasons which show on close examination. Now, I have a theory (it is only a theory because I am not at all certain), that the chunky trout spawns in the lake, while the slimmer one goes to the stream, for they do not bite at the time of the red trout run, and I think they are the red trout spoken of in my article on that subject, because they conform in every detail, except color and a decided sick look, with the slim lake trout. They certainly do not bite in the lake at this time, and they do not resemble the fish I take to be Kennerley's salmon except in the same general way that all the family of trout resemble one another.

The case stands this way with me. I find that a fish which I believe to be a species of lake trout ascends one particular creek running into Lake Washington for a few weeks in the fall in countless numbers. I can find no other stream used by this particular fish. In appearance, it is an inflamed, unhealthy red, apparently from irritation and contact with obstacles in the stream; has what appear to be almost running sores, or places which would be produced in flesh by a splinter or thorn entering, festering and then healing up without being extracted, leaving a hard, whitish place of the same general appearance of a sore on the sides. The fins and tail are whitish and sore looking and badly worn. White worms cling to the gills in such numbers sometimes that they must interfere largely with the regular work of these organs. A white worm of different appearance clings close to the body near the root of the fin or where the fin joins the body. The fish is indifferent to the presence of man, though in plain sight. It is of lean and slender form, but has very slight cleft or fork to the tail, a feature generally pronounced in a slender fish of any kind. To sum up, this fish is undoubtedly diseased, wormy, sluggish, sick, sore, and about half-dead. Is it, then, Kennerley's salmon? Is it a fish whose color has gained it the name of little red fish? I doubt it. I am not positive that I know Kennerley's salmon when I meet him, yet, if he is such a disreputable, small-pox looking tramp as the red trout (for want of a better name) seems to be, I think I do not care to meet with him at all.

As Mr. Rice intimates, I can stand a little or a whole lot of contradictory evidence, in fact, I'm looking for it and am glad the gentleman spoke, but I must say decidedly that I think both he and Mr. Austin have drawn a conclusion too quickly and have confused two fish, which have some general characteristics in common. Both gentlemen mention Lake Whatcom as the abode of the "red fish." I have never been to Lake Whatcom, but I think they describe the red fish which lives in Lake Washington, and it is probably identical but it is not the red trout by a long way. I am going to keep on investigating this subject, and if I find that my red trout is Kennerley's salmon, I shall be glad to say so, for I chased up a rumor and found a fish at the end of it, did not recognize the brand, and told Forest and Stream about it, as I think all hunters and fishermen should do when they find anything strange, new or interesting, for it makes good reading, and is the only way to settle many a vexing question and to identify strangers. Forest and Stream has a pretty good-sized and very attentive audience, whose lives are volumes of experience, and there is always some one among them who knows more about some particular subject than his neighbor, and gives information free gratis when called for by a brother knight of the open air. It is an educator, fair, impartial, and just, which gives a man's view as he sees it, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions, and for that reason should not be abused by making a personal controversy of any subject. I have given my view on the red trout question, deducted from those "untellable" signs which we all understand but cannot express to others, and have read and re-read the views of Messrs. Rice and Austin. All may be right or all may be at sea. Quien sabe? The matter comes to just this: The red trout is either a new species of fish, or rather my hope was to give a description of its habits not well-known before; or else it is Kennerley's salmon doing some very reckless acts and in need of watching anyhow. I shall watch my part every time I get a chance, and at the first opportunity shall paddle over and have a "hias wawa" with John, an old Siwash who has navigated these lakes since he was a boy. May be he will a "tale unfold."

EL COMANCHE.

The British Nobility and Game.

Commenting upon Mr. Hough's note of the Gaiety girls' "gag" that the British nobility were only of use to supply the game markets, Mr. Verner de Guise writers:

"In England when the owner of the shooting has supplied hampers of game to the companions of his day's sport, sent some to his friends, and often to the poor and sick, the balance is not to be thrown away, must be sold to dealers, whereby is afforded an abundance of cheap and pleasant food, a change of diet for the delicate and those whose incomes prevent them from ever shooting a pheasant on the wing, and who would otherwise be deprived of enjoying such a dainty dish. 'Pot-hunters' is the last name to apply to English sportsmen, each head of game costing much more to produce than can be got for it when dead. In addition, consider the thousands of men, who in various ways gain a living from the liberality with which in England game preserves are stocked. It will be a good time when such a practice is the rule throughout the States."

Burpee's Farm Annual for 1895.

Always fresh and original, BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1895 is even better than ever before. The cover is most artistic and beautiful; lithographed in ten colors, it shows on the front an attractive bouquet of the new Sweet Peas, now so fashionable while on the rear is a bird's eye view of FORDHOOK FARM where many of Burpee's seeds are grown and where there were conducted the past season more than six thousand trials of vegetables and flowers grown from seed. This Catalogue is really a complete book on seeds, as it contains 174 pages, besides several colored plates and special circulars. The illustrations, 400 in number, are all true to nature, being mostly engraved from photographs, while the descriptions of both new and standard seeds are noteworthy for their accuracy. Messrs. W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO. make the nominal charge of 10c. for the Farm Annual, which is less than actual cost of publication, but will be pleased to mail a copy free to many of our readers who intend to purchase seeds this spring. It contains much useful information which cannot be had in any other form, and we strongly recommend all who have occasion to buy seeds to consult the Catalogue of these well-known Philadelphia Seed Growers.—Adv.

Fishculture

The Follett Case Ended.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the case of the appeal from the District Court in Great Barrington, Mass., February, 1894, where the defendants were convicted of netting trout contrary to law in Lee Brook, in the town of Sheffield, Mass., and were fined, R. E. Follett, $150, and J. M. Davis, $10, has just again come before the January session of the Superior Court in Pittsfield and they were again found guilty. R. E. Follett was convicted of taking illegally sixty fish, for which offense the law imposes a fine of $5 per fish; and J. M. Davis, who aided and abetted him of taking two fish. The evidence in the case divulged the fact that R. E. Follett, who holds the office of Fish Commissioner of the State of Connecticut, is not a resident of that State. He admitted on cross examination that his home and residence was in the town of Sheffield, Mass. It will be remembered that Mr. Follett claimed he had a right to net in this Lee Brook, a portion only of which he holds under lease, because in June, 1893, he turned into the brook from his pond some twelve hundred cultivated trout and which he claims were fed liver and lights near the head of the stream. He admitted netting and taking fish down some two or three miles of the stream, and that in September, when he claimed to net them, some sixty or seventy-five days after he had turned in these cultivated fish, and they had run with the wild trout up and down three or four miles of the stream, he could readily distinguish his trout from the wild ones. The court ruled that after having turned his fish into the running waters of the stream he had no longer any control over them. The sportsmen of Southern Berkshire feel gratified at the result of the trial, because it indorses their views of the illegality of the netting which has virtually destroyed one of the best trout streams of Southern Berkshire, and they desire publicly to express their appreciation of the services of Game Warden Benjamin Smith, of Pittsfield, Mass., and District Attorney C. L. Gardner, who so ably presented the case for the commonwealth.

REPORTER.

New York Fish Commission.

Gov. Morton has appointed Barnet H. Davis, of Palmyra, Commissioner of Fisheries to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Robert Hamilton.

Game and Fish Protection.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Large Illinois Negro Discovered.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 1.—The Executive Committee, of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, met this afternoon. The result is the discovery in the association woodpile of the largest negro known to date. In brief, the committee found that they had been asked to father, and to some extent had unwittingly already fathered, a legislative measure which would, if passed, wipe off the statute books of Illinois every trace of game protective legislation. Moreover, they found that there was extreme danger of the passage of the measure at an early date.

By the above, reference is meant to the so-called Warden Blow bill, which was substantially indorsed by the Executive Committee at their last meeting, as reported in these columns.

At that meeting there was no attorney present from the law committee. The bill purported to have been endorsed at one time by Mr. Wolfred N. Low (this week deceased). No member of the committee suspected any covert meaning beneath the wording of the bill, and it was not examined as to its technical construction. With a few suggestions it was reported on favorably. At once State Warden Blow, who was at Springfield, attending the assembly session, busied himself in the interest of the bill. Members of the State Association did all they could to influence members of the Legislature in its favor. Senator Campbell was induced to assume the task of introducing the bill.

A Good Bill for the Game Dealers.

The discoverey of the contents of the woodpile, of the true inwardness of this bill, is due to just one man, and he happened not to be on the law committee, Mr. F. S. Baird, one of the prominent sportsmen of the association. Mr. Baird read over the measure and found that all it meant, legally construed, was to throw open the markets of Chicago for the sale of game the year round, to abolish the present game law entirely, and clean the State of the game and game laws at one motion. Horrified at this, and made suspicious by some things he had heard, Mr. Baird went to President Shephard, and Chairman Organ, of the committee, and begged the speedy calling of another meeting. Meantime, a telegram, over President Shephard's name was sent to Senator Campbell, not to introduce the bill, and that another meeting was called for Friday afternoon. Warden Blow was by wire invited to attend the meeting, and Senator Campbell showed him the message. Warden Blow was not at the meeting. But this morning's dispatches from Springfield stated that the Blow game bill was introduced yesterday by Representative Snedeker.

The Bill Found Very Faulty.

Thus the sportsmen were put in the unenviable light at Springfield of being divided among themselves and of not knowing their own minds. This in the face of the game dealer's forces, always strong at the Legislature, and in spite of the well-known hostility of the man Altgeld, Governor of unfortunate Illinois, to any measure of game protection.

Such was the state of affairs when, in some consternation, the Executive Committee met this afternoon. There were present, Messrs. Organ, Shepard, Meyer, Wilcox and Price, officially of the committee; Mr. F. S. Baird, the discoverer of the flaw in the bill, Mr. M. R. Bortree, Mr. W. J. Edbrooke, some representatives of the press, and others interested in protective matters. The meeting was made open to all.

Mr. Mott, of the law committee, had prepared an opinion on the bill, with some suggestions of improvement. This opinion was read, after Chairman Organ had briefly stated the purpose of the meeting, which he did by declaring that it looked as though the bill had been drafted in the interest of South Water street, and he did not care who heard him say it. Mr. Mott's legal opinion made the Blow bill out to be an injury and not a benefit. The present law was declared to be much better. The proposed bill would not prohibit the selling of robins, larks, etc., in open market. It made the shooting season too long on game birds, and that at the time when the birds were young

and easily destroyed. It would not forbid the destruction of the eggs and nests of snipe, rail and other birds. The new bill omitted the prima facie clause in the trespass feature, and laid no penalty therein, and provided for too large pay for the warden, and this was not done contingent upon a fund raised by licensing the gun, but was left to stand, an amount of over $7,000, to be paid its poorer deputies, each year, no matter what the license fixed. The "dangerous weapon clause," to stop rifle shooting on open waters, was not germane to the purposes of the bill.

Mr. Mott pointed out that section 13 of the bill permitted the sale of game for three months, but that nowhere in the entire bill was there a word said about prohibiting the sale of game, at any season whatever! This covert clause, he showed, would leave the State practically without a law to control the markets. The bill further covered only Illinois game, and did not forbid the selling of game killed outside the State. Furthermore, while the penalty for illegal killing of game was raised, the fine for illegal selling of game was put at $10, ridiculously low. The bill as framed would permit the trapping and netting of wild turkeys in Illinois.

The Blow bill would seem to be stringent on the exportation of game, but in fact it was too stringent. It had just such a clause as had been shown in Kansas to be unconstitutional, an interefering with inter-state commerce. Decisions kindred to this were of record for Indiana, Maine, New Jersey. The old law was far better. The Blow bill opened too wide a gate also for sportsmen to carry game out of the State.

With these few trifling exceptions, Mr. Mott said in speaking of the report, such as opening the selling season the year round, abolishing the old game law, making the business of the game dealer easier and not harder, and throwing open the gate for destruction of all the game of Illinois, the Blow bill now before the committee, was a pretty good bill. For South Water street it was a very good bill. Mr. Mott thought the bill had been drawn by a very clumsy or a very skillful lawyer, he would not say which. He would not impugn the motives of Mr. Blow, who had shown himself a very active, efficient warden, at out-of-the-city work. He thought Mr. Blow might be sincere, but his place was at executive labors, not legislative, if the criterion was to be the bill now in hand.

This then, was the bill which, if passed, would wipe out the old law, the only fault of which was its weak executive clauses, but which, section by section, almost through its entire length, had been tried, and proved, and passed upon by the Supreme Court of Illinois and found good law for the sportsmen. This, too, was the bill which had unwittingly been indorsed by the committee of the association, and which even now was introduced by the State Warden in spite of the request of the President of the Association not to do so.

Mr. Baird's Plain Speech.

Mr. Baird was asked to speak, and did so with plainness and frankness.

"I do not hesitate to say that the question of protection in Illinois is in more danger than it ever was," said he, "and we will have hard work to save the day now. I say plainly that if this Blow bill was not framed by South Water street, it at least was revised or approved by their lawyers, and of this I have proof."

Mr. Baird was at supper in a Chicago restaurant and chanced to meet Mr. Cooper, a lawyer friend.

"I see you're going to have a new game law," said Mr. Cooper.

"What law?" said Mr. Baird.

"Well, a South Water street client brought one to me and I examined it."

"Was it a good one?"

"Good enough for South Water street," Mr. Cooper said.

"Which one was it?"

"The one they call the Blow bill, I think," said Mr. Cooper.

There was a sigh of astonishment at this, but Mr. Baird said that he made no charge connecting Mr. Blow and the South Water street men, and did not charge Mr. Blow with intentionally getting up any bill to suit South Water street. All he knew was that it did suit South Water street and that South Water street wanted it passed. Still another friend, a member of the Legislature, had told him that a South Water street man had told him that the Blow bill was one the South Water street dealers wanted to see passed, and "were raising a little pot to help it along."

Mr. Baird said that this Blow bill would throw Illinois wide open for the killing and selling of her game, and would help destroy all the game of other States shipping game here to Chicago. It gave a sop to the warden in shape of a good salary, and in return gave the game market open doors the year round, by means of the precious trick which had been pointed out. Mr. Baird said the railroads favored this bill, because they wanted to serve game on dining cars. He had had a tip to that effect. Moreover, he had been told that Gov. Altgeld would sign no other law but this one. Gov. Altgeld was known openly to believe that game should be sold "the same as butter and eggs."

Mr. Baird said South Water street had broken faith with the Illinois Association plainly enough. He was in favor of prohibiting the sale of game absolutely and altogether in Illinois now, and to declare war on the street which favored this bill. But he did not attempt to disguise the fact that the situation at Springfield was serious, and that something should be done at once. It made no difference whether the bill was the product of ignorance or of craft, and he would not say whether a clumsy hand or that of a mighty shrewd lawyer had framed it. In any event it was extremely dangerous, and should be fought at once. He intended to go to Springfield and fight it, no matter what the committee did.

For and Against.

There was a distinct ripple of surprised interest at Mr. Baird's remarks, and much whispered and open comment. The representative of a Chicago sporting newspaper, which has long since committed itself neck and crop to the Blow bill, got up to refute any allegation of duplicity against Warden Blow. The latter had printed the bill four months ago, in the Chicago papers, and had invited comment from sportsmen on it, and had 503 letters of approbation of said bill now in his inside pocket. This should be proof that Mr. Blow's intentions were perfectly open and honest. The representative of the Chicago paper thought you didn't need to publish a sale of game specifically, as would be inferred from the clause allowing only a short selling season.

Mr. Baird—"The Supreme Court of Illinois doesn't infer anything."

The newspaper man further thought game should be sold some of the time, else how could he ever get to eat quail.

A member—sotto voce, "That's so; he couldn't hit 'em.

The representative of the Chicago paper thought Mr. Blow the best warden we have ever had. It was Mr. Blow's theory not to work in South Water street, but to get outside the city and arrest the killers of the illegal game. Mr. Blow had more convictions to his credit than all other wardens. It was wrong to attribute any ill motive to Mr. Blow. To go back on this bill would be a wrangle among the forces of sportsmen on the eve of battle.

It was pointed out by Mr. Mott and others that there was no wish to be unjust to Mr. Blow or to ascribe anything to him without proof. It was not a question of Mr. Blow, but a question of this bill. What should be done about it?

Mr. Wilcox, of the committee, moved to disapprove of the Blow bill and to request the law committee to draft a few slight amendments to the old game law. The motion was carried. Then Mr. Price moved to clear the record by a formal vote of reconsideration of the action of the committee at its last meeting. Mr. Wilcox, in still another motion, which was carried, moved to formally withdraw the approval of the commitee from the Blow bill.

Word from the Warden.

At this step of the proceedings a letter was produced from Warden Blow himself, explaining something of the reasons why he was not present at the meeting. The reading of the letter caused surprise. It was as follows:

Springfield, Ill., Jan. 30.—Officers and Members, Illinois State Sportsmen's Association: Having this day received forwarded mail, requesting me to attend a meeting to be held at the Sherman House, Friday afternoon, February 1, I regret very much not being able to attend. Having in the meantime been informed the object of the above meeting, I will say it does not surprise me to learn the object of said meeting. Having come in contact with a good number of the above members, I have always found them as being opposed to anything anyone else suggested outside of a so-called sportsman. Any change in the game law must be for the sportsman and no one else. Of course, the present proposed law was published, and at the same time suggestions were called for upon the subject. I have in my possession over 500 letters from all over the State, and from them I drew my conclusions. Not a word from this so-called sportsman's association did I receive until the bill was corrected, the expense of which I paid, outside of that contributed by H. H. Fahnestock, $13, and C. Kern, $20. The said bill cost considerable over that. But what surprises me is that at this date those agitators put in their appearance. I would suggest that the above association get up a bill to suit their interest, and not lose any time over mine, as I shall let the intelligence of the General Assembly decide which is best for the people.

I learn your great object is that the hotels, commission men and railroads are detrimental to your so-called association, except when any of your members want a pass to go hunting or fishing; they are in line then. I would like the above association to tell me what objects Illinois law-makers have in protecting game in Canada or Montana, Dakota or other States where game comes from? Is it so that when these so-called sportsmen go there they will find plenty of game to kill because they pay no attention to their own State, or is it to drive a legitimate business from the State of Illinois to some other State? Show me one case which the above association has prosecuted for killing game out of season, or the game wardens under their direction. I say not one. They have always directed their persecutions at innocent parties, such as commission men, hotels or restaurant keepers. Does that protect the game? I say no. You must make laws for Illinois and have your wardens go out in the field and keep the game alive and not shout after it is dead. What interest has Illinois in the game of other States, that it should make laws of that kind? Is it not a discouraging fact that this association only meets once a year, and what do they meet for? My personal experience is, they meet to talk over trap shooting, proper charges of sheils, handicaps, etc., from 8:15 P. M., until 11:20 P. M., forgetting altogether that they were incorporated for the protection of game and fish, and had not the chairman called their attention to the above facts, they would never inquire about game. At your last meeting I was called upon to make my report, which I did, and of which I am not ashamed. They were more than surprised to find I had been out in the State and tried to stop the illegal killing of game at the root, where the evil exists. They encored my methods and passed a resolution to reimburse me for my shortage. Now, did I get it? Yes, I got it from eight or twenty-six or thirty clubs up to this date. The above was ordered June last. Now, this is what this so-called association amounts to. I would respectfully suggest that you call it the Illinois Trap Shooting Association. It would be more fitting, for the support you give the game in comparison to the making up of purses to shoot pigeons, to give it the above title. I believe in enacting laws for the whole people of the State, and not for the few. Yours truly,

C. H. BLOW, Game Warden.

This direct sap in the face of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association created comment very unfavorable to Warden Blow. It was considered an intentional affront, and will probably be treated as such. President Shephard, in his gentle way, expressed surprise. Unofficialy he said later, that no more club assessments would ever be collected for Mr. Blow. Chairman Organ jocularly referred to the measure as the "Blow-South-Water-street-American-Field-Bill." Mr. Baird said: "I openly call this the 'South Water street bill.'" Mr. Baird was appointed a member of the law committee on the spot by President Shephard in place of Mr. Low, deceased. Mr. Baird declined the honor, and said he would rather fight the bill alone and not as connected with any body of sportsmen. Mr. Bortree and others spoke briefly on the subject of a gun license or gun tax as an amendment. Mr. Blow's remarks on "driving a legitimate business from the State," were not well received, and it seemed the sentiment of the majority of those present that it would be a good thing for the sportsmen if the Chicago market was closed forever, and it was strange the warden did not think so too.

Such are the facts at present, and Forest and Stream is concerned with the facts only and not with any inferences. It is true beyond doubt that a split has been made in the ranks of Chicago sportsmanship at just the wrong time. What the result will be depends on the freaks of legislative action at Springfield. This bill may be pushed forward rapidly and become dangerous. In any event, it is not the sportsmen's bill, no matter whether or not it is called the sportsmen's bill. The sportsmen have repudiated it, and no sincere sportsman can wish to see it passed as it stands now.

An Unlucky Newspaper.

One singular outcome of this dangerous entanglement is the interesting journalistic position in which the Chicago sporting newspaper above referred to now finds itself. It once more learns, or should learn, the danger of partisanship. It has strenuosly supported this Blow bill, and has publicly called it good, possibly for titilative reasons of a dorsal location. Now, if this bill does not pass, this paper must see its measure die at the hands of the sportsmen of the city, and State. If the bill does pass, the unfortunate journal must reflect that it did all it could to abolish the game laws of Illinois, and deliver its sportsmanship over to the hands of the spoiler. This is the same Chicago paper which is the parent of the absurd ten gauge trap rules, and the same paper which did all it could to kill the World's Fair shoot. It now is doing all it can to kill the Illinois State Association and the game laws and the game of Illinois, all this latter through an inadvertence as serious as actual intent. In a time so hazardous as this the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association needs even the small assistances, and behind it and its able lawyers, there should be the support of every sportsmen's journal without reference to personal or partisan motives. The thing to do is to kill this Blow bill, and kill it quick, to hold on to the old law, and offer for it no sweeping amendments, but only such modest ones as may have a chance at Springfield. We do not want to come out of this with no law left at all.

Too much credit can not be given Mr. Baird for bringing these matters to the attention of the association. At his suggestion the adjournment was made till 4 P. M. of Feb. 4, at which time the law committee will report on proposed amendments to the old game law.

More About the Blow Bill.

Feb. 2.—The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association prints the following comment to-day on the Blow-American-Field-Bill, which has been sprung on the Legislature at Springfield:

"We have caused this bill to be carefuly examined by our attorneys, and their report to us shows that it is a document carefully prepared in the interests of the market hunter and the commission merchants of Chicago who deal in game We are informed that the game dealers have raised a fund to aid in its passage, and this alone is sufficient to condemn it. The principal objections to the bill are:

1. It permits the hunter to trespass on the lands of another without his consent. True, the law says that he cannot, but it omits the penalty contained in the present law, and with no penalty imposed the provision is worthless.

2. It gives the game warden power to arrest without warrant at pleasure, and does not provide for immediate trial, nor for any trial.

3. It says when game may be sold, but does not prohibit sale of game at any season of the year.

4 The present law prohibits the sale of game killed in Illinois, except water fowl. The proposed law omits this provision entirely. Shall the quail, prairie chicken, wild turkeys, etc., of this State be potted for the Chicago market?

5. The present law prevents the trapping, netting or snaring of quail, prairie chicken or grouse at any time. This bill allows it in the interest of the market hunter and the game dealer.

6 The proposed law provides for the payment of large salaries to the game warden and eight deputies without making the payment of such salaries conditional upon a sufficient fund being realized from fines, etc. This imposes an additional burden upon our taxpayers.

Our game must not be snared, trapped or netted and permitted to be sold on the Chicago market, nor our open season extended, and this bill must be killed as quickly and surely as its passage would kill all our game.

The situation is desperate. Chicago game dealers and their allies are at Springfield working for the passage of this bill.

Its Gullible Gullet.

The above must be rather hard reading for Mr. Blow, who by it would seem to have been deceived by the South Water street Philistines, a great, large, big, plenteous lot. It must be a trifle hard also for his self-instituted godparent.

A Protest to the Legislature.

If the above is not sufficient to show the opinion of the sportsmen of Chicago about the bill in question, perhaps the following will. It is a protest printed by the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association to-day. It goes to the Governor and Legislature of the State signed by many prominent sportsmen. Still another private protest against this bill, signed by many leading citizens of Chicago who are not sportsmen, will, so I understand, be forwarded to the Governor, though this has nothing to do with the protest of the Association, which reads as follows:

To the Honorable the Governor and the Members of the Legislature of the State of Illinois:

Gentlemen: The undersigned, the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, composed of the sportsmen's clubs and sportsmen of the State of Illinois, pledged as one of its fundamental principles to the protection of game birds and song birds in this State, do hereby protest against the passage of the bill known as the "Game Warden Bill," recently introduced by Game WardenBlow. This bill, previous to its introduction in the Legislature, was submitted to the Executive Committee of this Association in the absence o the Law Committee, and this committee believing that the bil had been drawn in the interest of game protection and was being advocated by persons interested in game protection, did not give it the close scrutiny which they would otherwise have done, and after a casual perusal of the same approved of it. But about the time it was being introduced into the House the attention of the President of the Association was called to the fact that the bill was a bad one in many respects and ought not to become a law in its present form. Whereupon a copy of the same was submitted to the attorneys of the Association and at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Association, held at the Sherman House, in Chicago, on February 1, 1895, the opinion of the attorneys was read and other facts were brought before the committee which disclosed to it the fact that the said bill had been revised by the attorneys of the South Water street game dealers and was in the interest of game destruction instead of game protection, and was being vigorously pushed by the game dealers of South Water street, in Chicago, with the avowed purpose of having it become a law. Said bill, if it became a law, would be instrumental in destroying all of the game in this State before the meeting of the next Legislature, when it might be repealed. Said bill does not prohibit the sale of Illinois or other game. In other words, it allows the sale of Illinois and other game every day in the year. It does not prohibit the trapping of game in Illinois at any season of the year, thereby allowing quail, prairie chicken and all other game in Illinois to be trapped at all seasons of and sold at all seasons of the year.

It does away with the penalty for trespassing upon the land of others, thereby allowing the game destroyer free access upon every farm and every piece of ground in Illinois and destroy the game thereon without any penalty for so doing. It also provides that the Game Warden shall have power to arrest persons on sgiht, without a warrant, without making any provision for trial or other means of ascertaining whether the person arrested is guilty or not.

It also provides that out of the State Treasury shallbe paid the Chief Game Warden a salary of $1,500 a year, and to each of his eight deputies a salary of $800 a year, making a total of $7,900 additional burden upon the taxpayers of the State of Illinois, without any just compensation therefor.

The bill attempts to provide for a fund by licensing shooters, but in its present condition it does not state that the Game Warden is to be paid exclusively out of such a fund. It lengthens the season for shooting game by adding sixty days to the open season, in the interest of those interested in the destruction of game for the market. It is a well-known fact that the game animals and birds of Illinois are rapidly disappearing, and unless our present laws are more strictly enforced our game will soon entirely disappear. Our present laws are good in nearly every particular. They have been affirmed by our Supreme Court, and the only changes that may be necessary to more fully protect the game of this State would be to give some few additional powers to the Game Warden, and shorten the season for the sale of game from other States. For, as our Supreme Court said in the Magner case, reported in 97th Illinois, the prohibition of the sale of game from other States in this State has a tendency to protect the game of this State.

Directors: R. B. Organ, Chairman; L. M. Hamline; A.C. Paterson; C. S Wilcox; Adbner Prrce; W. L. Shepard, President. W. J. Edbrooke, 1st Vice-Pres't; N. J. Hindert, 2nd Vice-Pres't; H. B. Meyers, Sec'y-Treas.

ILLINOIS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

It may be seen that the sportsmen are now undeceived, and are in earnest in their effort to kill the Blow bill, and to undo as far as possible the ill-judged work which has been done in its favor. The game laws of this State were never in so critical a condition.

E. HOUGH.

909 Security Building, Chicago, Ill.

Later Chicago, Feb. 3.—In an interview published this morning Warden Blow says:

"I had given the men who have seen fit to criticise the bill every opportunity in the world to suggest changes. I submitted the bill to them, asked them to read it and criticise or approve, saying that I wanted to meet with their approval in every move made for the protection of game. They read the bill and approved it, and now at the last moment they are raising a cry that I am inimical to the interests of the game and of the sportsman. This is untrue. I have been an active game warden. I believe the way to stop the sale of game is to prevent its being killed. You cannot legislate a dead bird back to life. I have traveled all over the State and have faced man after man in the field, arrested them for violations of the law and had them fined. I have made 483 arrests for violations of the law during my short incumbency in the waden's office.

"I see now that the sale clause in the bill which was prepared and introduced was faulty. Its wording should be revised. I go down to Springfield to-morrow night and Monday morning I shall ask to have the change made. The law was passed upon by good lawyers and declared all right. I am not to blame for the weak clause. It would have been changed long ago if any one of those now clamoring had called specific attention to it. I have had changed already the wording of the clause which refers to the trapping of birds. It now reads so that trapping shall be illegal the year through. I will have inserted the 'possession clause' in the song and plumage bird act, so that a guilty man may be punished even though he may not be caught in the act of killing. All insectivorous birds are now covered by the law. The women of the Audubon Society know what I have done to protect the birds. I have spent my own money and have worked hard for the cause for pure love of it. For twenty years we have done nothing for game protection through the markets. The work must be done in the field. Give me the assistant game wardens I ask and I will protect

the game and replenish the well nigh exhausted coveys and flocks.

"I have risked my life often for the birds and will do it again. Many a time I have arrested men for illegal acts who have shown the button of a sportsmen's association. Give me the warden act that I wish and I will wipe illegal killing and snaring out of existence, and there will be no politics nor 'pull' in it."

Jack Light or Hound.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The wide difference of opinion respecting the wisdom of enacting laws which shall altogether prohibit hounding, or jacking, or both, tempts me to express my convictions. Last year an attempt was made to legislate jacking out of existence, but the Committee on Fish and Game decided, very wisely, I think, that this change should not be made. This year both hounding and jacking are to be attacked, and the advocates of stringent laws against these forms of deer hunting are numerous and determined.

I desire to put in my plea for the jack; and in so doing I believe I voice the sentiment of many who answer to the name of sportsmen, and claim the right to be called such. No wise and just game law ever contemplated carrying the protection and preservation of deer to the point of shutting out the hunter from a reasonable amount of sport at the proper season. The greatest good to the graetest number applies to this subject as well as to any other. Now, the majority of those who take an annual outing to the woods, select, from preference or necessity, the late summer (when they are still privileged to fish), or the early autumn, returning before the hounding season begins. To deprive them of jack shooting would, therefore, deprive them of every feature of the sport save still-hunting, which, in certain territories, and under certain conditions, offers little promise of success. Why should this large class of sportsmen be robbed of their opportunities for pleasure? I do not doubt that previous to the enforcement of the law prohibiting the sending out of venison, the permanent residents, who are familiar with all the water and runways, may have killed and shipped to market a great many deer; and, so long as this was a legitimate source of revenue, the jack was a deadly instrument in their hands. But I do maintain that the number of deer killed at night by visiting spotrsmen is somewhat overestimated. There seems to be a popular notion that all a man has to do, who desires to secure a few carcases and heads and horns, is, to get into a boat, put on his jack, and be paddled along a line of deer standing on the shore or river or lake. He is there supposed to select such animals as he wants, and blaze away until he has filled the boat and exhausted his ammunition. The wholesale slaughter of the buffalo in years past is thought to have been as nothing, compared with the terrible carnage in which the jack hunter takes part, and the unsophisticated summer visitor is prepared to find the streams and ponds reeking with the blood of the murdered innocents.

As a matter of fact—at least so far as my limited observation and experience go—the jack hunter works harder for the meat he gets, and gets less for the work he does, than the still hunter or the runway statue. If a man is looking for luxurious comfort and effeminate ease he will, if he is wise, search for it elsewhere than in the bow of a boat, on a chilly night, with a jack boring into his skull. After a few hours of this sort of pleasure, varied by an occasional wading trip through rapids or shallow water and floundering back to camp over a wet trail, or no trail at all, the avearage sportsman begins to realize that jack hunting is no sinecure, and that every deer he gets in this way demonstrates the truth of that old German proverb, "In war, hunting and love, for one pleasure a hundred pains."

I do not wish to be understood as depreciating the charms attendant upon this sport, for it is largely because of them that I approve of it, and defend it. What can be more strangely enchanting than to float noiselessly down a river, surrounded by dusky shadows on every side, the tall firs and spruces outlined like spires against the sky, the air saturated with the pungent fragrance of pine and balsam, and the entire scene

> More beautiful far to the eye,
> Than if day in its pride had arrayed it.

It may be that my fondness for night shooting is in part due to the fact that thus I killed my first deer. Certainly I can never forget the exciting novelty of that experience, and the thrill of exultation which came with the successful shot. I now vastly prefer still hunting; but I would indeed be sorry to feel that I could never again legally indulge in this wierd phase of deer hunting. One of the chief arguments quoted against it is, that many deer are wounded and escape, only to wander off to die. This may be true, but I presume it is also true that very frequently the slightly wounded animals ultimately recover if left to themselves; whereas, if pursued by dogs they are almost invariably run down.

It is astonishing how tender and humane the advocate of hounding suddenly becomes of the thought of the sufferings inflicted by the jack hunter on the innocent denizens of the forests! Men who can see nothing unsportsmanlike in driving a deer in to the water and—having gotten him out of his element—shooting him, at short range, from a boat, nevertheless inveigh against those who, at a considerable disadvantage, shoot at the gleaming lights of a deer standing on his native hearth, ready and able to fly at the least suspicion of danger. A man who is too sensitive to shoot at a deer under these conditions, should never go into the woods with a gun. He might possibly hurt something with it, and should confine himself to firing at starch boxes and tomato cans in his back yard. The chances are, that if the matter were left for the deer to decide, they would all vote to have the dogs kept out of the woods, and to take their chances with the jack hunters.

This is not intended to be a tirade against hounding, but rather as an argument in favor of jacking, if a comparison or a choice between the two is to be made. Don't put out the jack just yet! Let this ignis fatuus light up the fringes of the forest along the shores of lake and stream, startling the musk rat and heron, and drawing from the antlered buck a snort of surprise. Call off the dogs, if need be, but suffer the jack to remain a feature of the camp outfit.

Generally speaking, still hunting is the most artistic method of hunting the deer. You meet him on his own ground, and put your patience and skill against his keen instincts and wariness. It is the most wholesome and beneficial form of the sport, for you are frequently on the move instead of being cramped in a boat or glued to a single spot on the runway. Not one but many pages of the book of nature are turned over in a day's sport. The forest gives up its secrets to the still hunter. The smaller furred and feathered tribes seem to know that you are not out for them this time, and tantalize you with their reckless exposures to your rifle. The cock partridge, with spread tail and erect rufi, struts up and down a log and dares you to fire at him: the sly fox stops long enough to allow you to peep through the sights at him two or three times; the hen hawk preens his feathers before your very face; and the squirrel shakes his bushy tail and snickers derisively at the thought of having you for once at a disadvantage. Then you are constantly coming upon evidences of the proximity and recent presence of big game. Here is where Mrs. John Doe and her freckled daughter took their midday nap: there is a big, compact, and shapely track made by the father of all bucks! You wonder how many times he carried on his noble head, and whether you would be able to "back him out" in case you shot him; and here, fresh, in the soft, black ground beside the swamp, is the great plantigrade impression of old bruin himself, who evidently hasn't cut his finger nails lately. As you see the place where he has wallowed slowly filling with water, and realize that he may be in the tamaracks yonder, you congratulate yourself that modern mechanical skill has given you a rifle with a dozen charges in it instead of one, and so you boldy hunt for the owner of those portentous tracks, forgetting that he is even more timid than yourself, and is probably quater of a mile away by this time.

And then at last comes the supreme moment when the deer breaks cover, and the pump begins to work and the bullets fly. Down he goes! Venison in camp to-night instead of pork! The hard tramp, the exasperating briars, the dagger-like stubs on the fallen trees, are all forgotten now, and you stagger along cheerfully under your heavy load, laughing at the tumbles which made you angry earlier in the day. And when the noble animal is hanging, heels up, on the birch beside the fire, and you stretch your tired body on the balsam boughs inside the camp, trading the day's experiences with your comrades, and getting occasional divine whiffs from the frying pan, you realize in full, the delights of still hunting.

Yes, this is best of all; nevertheless, I say, save the jack! You may want it; and venison pulled out of a boat is almost as good as that brought home on your shoulders, and much better than that which has been chased all day by dogs.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

THE VALUE OF FISH AND GAME.

ADDRESS OF E. C. FARRINGTON, SECRETARY OF THE MAINE SPORTSMEN'S FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION, BEFORE THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE, UPON THE VALUE OF THE FISH AND GAME INTERESTS OF THE STATE, AND THE PROPER METHODS OF LEGISLATION FOR IMPROVING AND PRESERVING THE SAME.

What are these interests, gentlemen, about which there is so much discussion, and of what value are they to the State?

We cannot determine them in the same manner that one may other interests upon which it is easy to put a value in dollars and cents, by standards commonly accepted as correct.

We can, however, determine them by different methods, and arrive at a very reasonable conclusion. Taking the valuable report of the Hon. S. W. Mathews, for the year 1893, who acting under and by authority of the Legislature, made an exhaustive examination into the "summer resort," business, placed the number of different persons visiting our State from out of the State, at 200,000. This he said was a conservative estimate, and is based upon actual returns made by hotel and boarding house keepers and transportation companies, an estimate that I have never seen questioned. Fifty dollars per person, covering all outlay of such visitors from the time they entered the State till they left it, cannot be regarded an extravagant estimate of the amount each person pays out. This would make, as the commissioner stated, $10,000,000.

How much of this amount comes to the State, on account of the advantages given for taking fish and game? We believe it fair to assume that one-fourth of the number is attracted here on that account. It must be remembered that Maine has the finest sporting grounds upon the face of the globe, and when you take into account the availibility of reaching them, the best that can be found in any land. Unlike other somewhat noted places, the sportsmen and their families find complete immunity from the myriads of poisonous insects and reptiles that infest most sporting grounds in warmer climates. Hundreds and thousands of men seeking rest and recreation, take their families and locate near or convenient to some waters where, while their family can have all the benefit of pure air and water, and scenery that always gives health, joy and comfort, they can beguile their hours with the pleasure of fishing and hunting. Hardly, if any, town in the State can be found but has its annual summer visitors, and hardly a brook or pond but receives their praises and give to them pleasures that cannot be found elsewhere.

If the estimate mentioned is considered fair, and we conclude that $60 per person is not unreasonable, for money left by such visitors from the time they enter the State till they depart therefrom, we have $3,000,000 which is distributed among our people annually, which would not come to us, were it not for our sporting interests. Again, take the report of our fish and game commissioners, of 1894:

"What is the value to the State of its fish and game interests? Various estimates have been made, ranging from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 per annum. We think the smaller is a conservative statement as to the amount. We reason from the known to the unknown. We know that each year there go to the Rangeley lake region 5,000 sportsmen and hunters. They remain there on an average of ten days each. Counting the expense of each person from the time he enters the State until he departs from it, including railroad and other traveling expenses, hotel bills at the lakes, cost of guides, canoes, boats, and other incidental expenses, to say nothing of luxuries, is $75; aggregating $375,000.

"We next take the regions east of the Rangeleys, south of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, crossing the northern section of Somerset county; we then take the Moosehead lake region, which is by far the most important section of the State, both as to fish and game, with larger territory, better equipments, and greater attractions; then taking lthe lower lakes on the west branch of the Penobscot, the east branch of said river and Aroostook county north of the European and North American Railroad, including Aroostook and Fish rivers, as the fourth section; and then that territory which lies south of said just mentioned railroad and east of the lower Penobscot river, and we have divided the game section of the State into five parts. Then applying our best knowledge, which in the main is supported by actual calculation, based upon facts furnished from the sources hereinbefore mentioned, we find that the result brings us $2,500,000. Outside of the sections already mentioned are all of the seacoast counties west of the Penobscot river and Kennebec, Androscoggin and Oxford counties.

The influx of sportsmen has caused the erection of many small hotels and cottages along the shores of our lakes and rivers, and there are upon the inland lakes of the State, 138 boats propelled by steam, worth on an average $1,800 each, the aggregate being $248,400. It costs to operate one of those boats for the period of 150 days, including wages of crew, fuel, and supplies, $960, multiplying this by the number of boats, we have $132,440 as a cost of operating this means of travel.

"Another industry of our State which grows out of this interest is the work done by taxidermists. A leading taxidermist, and one who has several branches of his business at different points in the State, informs us that $50,000 per annum is paid to members of his trade, and this is largely paid by non-residents. There is hardly a department of industry or trade that is not touched and benefited by this important resource of our people. Sportsmen come from abroad and from our large cities in the State and spend their money freely. They buy not only the labor of 500 professional guides and as many cooks, servants and helpers, but they also enter our marts of trade and purchase arms, ammunition, fishing tackle and every convenience for a hunting and fishing outfit. They also purchase strong, coarse clothing, underwear, boots and shoes, blankets, and every article of convenience and sometimes of luxury to make their stay in our State pleasant and comfortable and their trip successful.

"If these great interests be maintained and put in condition for the best results of the State, it will be necessary to make much larger appropriations than have ever been allowed to this department. We shall ask for $30,000 for the propagation of fish and the enforcement of law for the protection of fish and game. This would be but 1 per cent. upon the $3,000,000 which comes to the State from these sources."

The foregoing statement of the fish and game commissioners, it seems to me is worthy of your consideration. For one I am satisfied that the estimate is too low. From sources which may be taken as reliable, the numbers frequenting the Rangeley section mentioned, are nearly double that stated by the commissioners. Probably no man is better able to give a fair estimate of those numbers than Mr. F. C. Barker, of Rangeley fame, who thinks that the number given is not much more than fifty per cent. of those coming into that section. Five thousand might be a fair estimate of the non-residents who go there. If we may rely upon the figures given, as to the amount of money left in Maine on account of our sporting interests, what does it demonstrate? Three million dollars is the estimate at six per cent. upon $50,000,000. Therefore this game plant is worth to-day $50,000,000 to the State of Maine; more money than you could sell the whole 9,000,000 acres of wild lands, forests and all, and all the water front of all other lands bordering upon the inland lakes and ponds in the State. In order to get a clearer idea of the value of these interests, a comparison with the benefits of other large interests, may throw some light upon the subject. The report of the State assessors make the value of the wild lands in Maine $17,103,317. The direct benefit received by the State in taxes is $42,758.28. How great an amount of taxes comes from sporting property, which would be reduced in value or cease to exist, if Maine had no fish and game interests.

The commissioners tell us that there are 138 steamboats upon our inland lakes, worth in the aggregate, $248,400. We know that there are scores of cottages and hotels that are exclusively kept and maintained by reason of our sporting facilities; that many large hotels costing from five to many thousands of dollars are maintained from this source alone; that many other hotels, and many other steamboats are partly thus maintained, and if these interests failed, such property would be greatly reduced in value, or be valueless; that the value of land upon the shores of rivers, lakes and ponds is enhanced from really no value at all, to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Considering all this, would an estimate of $3,000,000 be too large to claim as a fair value upon property that exists through and because of these interests? Probably twice that amount would be nearer correct. Suppose, however, it is $3,000,000, and pays taxes averaging one and one-half per cent., which is, I think, the average amount of tax paid, and you have $45,000 in taxes, lightening the burdens in the various municipalities in the State. When you consider that the property of railroads, hotels in cities, and large steamboat lines would be materially affected, were it not for our sporting interests, the direct benefits would be greatly in excess of the amount stated.

Quoting from the interesting report of Hon. Charles E. Oak, land agent, in speaking of the great value of our forests to the State, he says, "that the total cut of the State from these wild lands has equaled at least 500,000,000 feet, upon which, the average stumpage has been about two dollars and one-half per thousand, making an annual income from stumpage about $1,250,000 or approximately seven per cent. of the total value of the wild lands each year." That is to say that all the other value of this vast amount of lumber is swallowed up or absorbed by labor, which shows its importance as an industry to the State. How much in money is absorbed in labor? If we assume that three-fourths of its manufactured value goes for labor, then the labor interests of the State, gets not far from $4,000,000 annually from the lumber interest. This interest has been considered so great, of such importance to the State, and rightly too, that the protection of the same has been made the subject of much consequence in our national halls of legislation, and will claim your attention it is presumed this session. And still gentlemen, the amount that subserves the interests of labor, probably does not exceed the benefits arising from our fish and game interests. The fish and game in our waters and forests are worth more to the State of Maine, if properly cared for, than all the lands which is properly termed "wild lands." and I have not the slightest doubt but that, if the State would purchase every foot of them, and issue its bonds for the same, it would be the best investment that the State could possibly make. Do not infer from this comparison that I do not appreciate the great importance the "wild land" of the State has to the prosperity of our State at large, for I consider them of great value to the State. The State would then have fair value for all that was paid, in the forests and soil, and have such control that the game interests could be made worth ten millions annually in the future. Not only this, as was so clearly stated by Hon. J. Manchester Haynes, who preceded me, that upon the preservation of these vast forests, some six millions of acres which are, nor never can be available for settling purposes, depends not only upon our game, but all the water powers of the State, so marvelous in volume and value. Let the State own these lands and they will, properly cared for, in game and timber, produce revenues that would more than meet all the expenditures of our State.

Take one other great interest of this State, the farming interests. The Governor tells us in his message that there "are sixty-five thousand farms in Maine, containing 552,578 acres, and of an estimated cash value of $102,557,615, producing farm products in 1893 of the value of more than twenty-two million dollars."

That is to say, the total income from the sixty-five thousand farms is about twenty per cent. of the value of the farms. But let us inquire what is a fair estimate of the income. After deducting a fair amount for labor, fertilizers, etc., what would be left to put away or lay out in improvements? From the best information I can get on the subject, four per cent. would be a fair estimate, for net income. That is virtually saying that the farming interests of Maine pay out 18,000,000 of dollars to get four millions net income. We, gentlemen, ask the State to pay out $30,000 only, to get $3,000,000, very nearly this amount returned to the State. Our waters and forests are giving to the people of the State one-seventh as much money as all the farms of the State produce. To not provide liberally for a continuance and increase of this great interest would be a grievous and lamentable mistake.

These millions of dollars that come to our people, are of far greater consequence than the same number of dollars, which come from local industries, like the manufacture of lumber or from operations of other interests by which there is put in circulation large sums of money. The money coming from our fish and game, is so much added to our circulation, money brought from out of the State and put in circulation here. Our local industries keep up the circulation of what we may have in the State. The cry comes up from almost every State, give us more money, we want a larger amount to do business with, and this is the great question to-day before our law-makers at the national capital,—how to get more money into the business and add to the circulation, so that the wheels of industry may be put in motion. Those who spend the $3,000,000 that we get, come from out of the State and do not take away a single dollar's worth of property, as reckoned by the laws of valuation. It is so much revenue for the privilege of enjoying the delights of our good State of Maine. All that the State has to do to receive the large amount of money, which comes from our game interests, is simply to preserve the plant. The State invests a few thousands of dollars and gets $3,000,000 in return. No other business in this State pays any such revenue to the people.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Eastern Markets for Western Game.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: We are endeavoring to curtail the killing, shipping and selling game in all parts of the West. We are, however, meeting with two serious difficulties. One is, that our game dealers here insist that they are not fairly treated, that when our markets are closed here, their shippers forward their game to New York, Boston and other Eastern cities. Also the market hunters in the West continue their depredations in spite of State laws long after the closing season in their respective states, and forward the same to these Eastern markets. Why is it that the States of New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, do not pass laws closing their markets against the receipts and selling of our Western game, birds and animals, the same as they do for the game in their own respective States?

I trust that you may bring this matter to the notice of the legislators, who are now making some amendments to some existing game laws. MAURICE R. BORTREE.

Michigan's New Game Warden.

A matter of considerable importance just at this time, and especially to the sportsmen of Michigan, in connection with proposed legislation this winter in the interests of game and fish protection, is the appointment by Gov. Rich, of Chas. S. Osborn, of Sault Ste Marie, as State Game Warden. The appointment is one which is regarded with general satisfaction, in the belief that he will give the office a vigorous policy.

He has the appointment of ten deputy wardens, and it is pretty certain that they will be selected for their courage, intelligence and sagacity. Mr. Osborn is a true sportsman, one who has no possible sympathy with violators of our game laws, nor with pot hunters of any stripe. Mr. Osborn, like Mr. Hampton, his predecessor, is a newspaper man, being the owner and editor of the News, of Sault Ste Marie, Mich., a bright and able paper. He has had previous experience on the press, five years on the Evening Wisconsin, at Milwaukee, as reporter, and four years as editor of the Mining News, at Florence, Wis. He is now President of the Michigan Republican Newspaper Association. His term begins on February 1.

B.

Connecticut Brook Trout.

A bill has been introduced into the Connecticut Legislature providing that:

1. Everey person who shall take, sell or exchange, or offer or expose for sale or exchange, or have in their possession any dead brook trout less than six inches in length, shall be fined not more than $7 for each fish.

Canoeing.

The Revival of Canoe Racing.

Philadelphia, Jan. 11.—Editor Forest and Stream: We are not all built alike. This is fortunate, for if we were there would not be nearly as much good solid fun in reading the various plans for reviving racing and reforming the A. C. A. in general. The regatta committee would not suffer so much, either. I am sorry for the regatta committee, for they have not brought it on themselves. The following plan may be open to a good many objections, but it cannot be worse than some of the others, and may be a little better. I think the racing programme is too loose and cumbersome. I doubt if it could be shortened to advantage, but it could be made, I think, more interesting and compact.

Last year there were at least four sailing races and two paddling races that might just as well not have been contested for all the good they did. The novice sailing, club sailing, outclassed sailing and sailing maneuvering were to all intents and purposes walk-overs, and the passenger race, if I remember rightly, was not sailed at all. The war canoes were not raced at all, though that was due to an accident, and the club four race was confined to one club, which entered two crews.

I think the division of the racing men into classes similar to those of the oarsmen is about as good an idea as any I have heard of. Let us have a senior class, to be composed of (this year) all the men who have been placed first, second or third in the more important races in any previous years, say the record races, any of the trophy races, the unlimited sailing, tandem paddling and single-blade paddling. After this year, in addition to the men already noted, let all be added to the senior class who compete in that class, whether they win or not.

Then form an intermediate class to be composed (this year) of those who have in the past competed without being placed, but after this year let a man become a senior who wins an intermediate race.

Then have a junior class, to take the place of the novice class, and let a man remain a junior until he wins a junior race or voluntarily forfeits his junior standing by competing in a higher class. Any man may enter a higher class than his own, but he forfeits his right to contest again in the lower class by doing so. Keep the paddling and sailing classes distinct. A man may be entitled to intermediate or senior standing in sailing, but not in paddling, or vice versa. Then let us have a list of races something like the following:

Events 1, 2, 3, record races, as at present (open only to seniors).
Event 4, trophy paddling, as at present (open only to seniors).
Events 5, 6, 7, paddling, open canoes, single blade, with a separate race for each class.
Events 8, 9, 10, unlimited sailing, a separate race for each class.
Event 11, trophy sailing, as at present (open only to seniors).
Event 12, Dolphin trophy, as at present.
Event 13, unclassified sailing, as at present.
Events 14, 15 and 16, tandem paddling, a separate race for each class.
Events 17, 18, 19, club fours, paddling, a separate race for each class.
Event 20, combine the hurry-scurry and paddling upset into one race.
Event 21, sailing upset, as at present.
Event 22, war canoes, as at present, if you can get them.

Let us leave out the novice sailing, club sailing, passenger sailing, and outclassed sailing and gymnastics altogether. A programme as outlined above would draw more entries, and the men would be better distributed; the same set of men would not do all the racing. There would be very little trouble in getting more entries than at present. Especially in the club fours, Ianthe would have no walk-over; Orange might give them a good race, if no one else did.

Now for the boats. Don't do anything such as Lieda suggests. The machines are bad enough already, do not make them any worse.

I think "Mab's" suggestion to limit the length of the sliding seat a good one, but make it a practical limit of not over 4 ft. or 4 ft. 3 in.

Do not limit the sail area, for it will limit itself. Limit the length of cockpit to not less than 4 ft. 6 in. between bulkheads, for any canoe, and the coaming to be not less than 4 ft.x16 in., and have no floor above load waterline.

Some of the Yonkers men have solved that pretty well, as in the canvas-lined cockpits of Chiquita, Foggy-Dew and other boats.

I think "Bassille" goes quite too far in proposing to do away with the sliding seat altogether A canoe can be sailed with a good-sized rig and no slider, but so she can without a centerboard, somehow, or with a folding one, and she can be steered with a paddle and not a rudder. Would "Bassille" do away with these also? He should, to be consistent. The slider is just as much a necessity to a good modern sailing canoe, carrying more sail than a handkerchief, as the other two. There is no reason for any back-breaking, uncomfortable, cut-your-legs-in-half-with-the-coaming business in our endeavor to get back to a reasonable type of sailing canoe.

No. 2263.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The parties who recently broke into the house of the Holyoke C. C., and broken open all of the lockers, have been captured. They proved to be the same ones who entered the canoe lodges up the river last fall and took away much plunder, some of which has been recovered. A reward of $75 was offered for their arrest by the club, and this doubtless aided in their capture. At the police court they were bound over for the Superior Court in May.

The Shuh-shuh-gah C. C., of Winchester, held its annual meeting on January 15, and re-elected the following-named officials: Capt., Raymond Apollonio; Lieut., Mr. Moulton; Sec., H. C. Holt; Purser, J. W. Richards. W. W. Holt was elected Member of the Executive Committee at Large, vice J. Murray Marshall.

Yachting.

The Squadron and the Cup.

At last the building of opposing boats is well under way, and the many disputed points relating to challenging and holding have been laid aside. We would be glad to say that they had been permanently and satisfactorily settled on such a basis that international yacht racing would be carried on in the future without further quarrels and disputes, and with such mutual good feeling as befits the dignity of two great nations; but it is quite clear that such is not the case. The present agreement, like that of 1892-3, has no stable foundation, quite the contrary; and, so far from enduring for all time, may not even last through the present match The only point that is absolutely certain is that the New York Y. C. has received and accepted an unqualified challenge from the Royal Yacht Squadron under the new deed of gift.

It is more than likely that the Squadron did not intend to make such a challenge, did not know that it was doing so, and may some day deny that it has; but all this goes for nothing as long as the New York Y. C. has possession of the America's Cup. There is nothing to show just what interpretation the R. Y. S. has put upon its side of the agreement; but the position of the New York Y. C. has been made perfectly clear through the report of the Cup committee and the resolution of the club at its last meeting, under which it accepted a challenge from the R. Y. S. under the new deed of gift. When the question of the terms of the agreement of 1895 again comes up, the New York Y. C. will be prepared to prove its position; but we doubt whether the Squadron will be any better off than in 1893.

We are indebted to the English weekly, Vanity Fair, for the



THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

From "Vanity Fair."

opportunity to place before American yachtsmen the portraits of the leading yachtsmen of the Royal Yacht Squadron, whose "diplomacy" has finally resulted in the recognition of the new deed of gift.

The foremost figure of the group, the portly but handsome gentleman holding a cigar in his right hand, is His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Royal Thames Y. C. and the Royal Western Y. C., and President of the Yacht Racing Association. The Prince has been a yacht owner since 1865, owning at different times Dagmar cutter, Hildegarde and Aline, schooners, a couple of steam yachts and later the cutter Britannia. He is a yachtsman and a good sportsman; and the renewed interest in yacht racing which he has displayed in building Britannia has been of material service to British yachting.

Passing now to the extreme left of the picture, we find a gentleman who has risen rapidly in the world of late years, William of Hohenzollern, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, and Commodore of the Kaiserlichen Yacht Club, of Germany. Considering his many important interests and the calls on his time, His Imperial Highness is deserving of much credit for his efforts in behalf of yachting in Germany. Since 1891 he has owned and raced Thistle, the Cup challenger of 1887, and though she has hardly realized those expectations of speed which her royal owner evidently cherished when he changed her name to Meteor; she has been raced steadily and heartily, and in addition to some other prizes, has won a Queen's Cup—by virtue of a very queer decision of the R. Y. S. The Emperor has now on the stocks in the Germania shipyard, Kiel, a 20 rater from Mr. Watson's designs. In the case of the recent meeting of the Squadron, His Imperial Highness can establish an alibi.

The next gentleman to claim our attention, though relegated by the artist to the background, is none the less prominent, thanks to his Roman nose, neglige attitude and white ducks. He is the third Marquis of Ormonde, Hereditary Chief Butler of Ireland, Lord Lieutenant of Kilkenny, and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, of which he has been a member since 1867. He is not a racing man, but has done plenty of deep water cruising, first under sail and later in steam craft, now owning the steamer Mirage. He is a practical yachtsman, and holds a master's certificate. He has the doubtful honor of proposing the resolution under which the challenge was made.

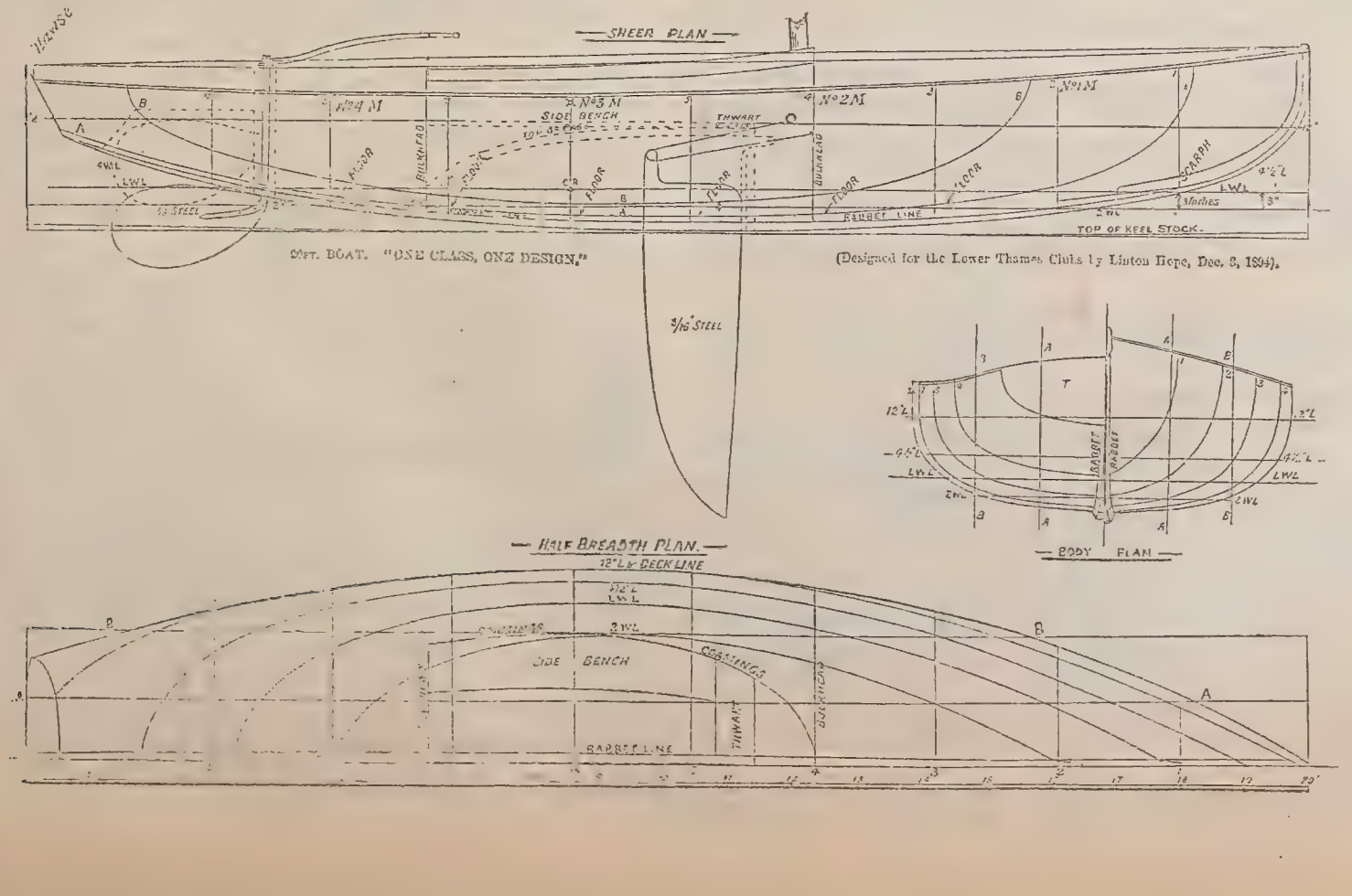
Now passing to the right hand of His Royal Highness, we find, in the gentleman with flowing whiskers and a single reef in his trousers,a typical sea-dog, Admiral, The Honorable Victor Montague, R. N., second son of the late Earl of Sandwich. Admiral Montague, after a long and honorable record of sea service, has settled down to yacht racing, first in the old Solent length classes, and more recently in the 40 rating class, of which he is the chief supporter. He has built in succession Corsair, Vendetta and Carina, racing them with a spirit such as one would expect from his record as a sailor.

The youthful figure which next engages our attention, as well as that of the Emperor William, is that of Thomas Wyndham Quinn, Esq , the Earl of Dunraven, K. P. His Lordship was born in 1841, in County Limerick, Ireland, and has attained fame and reputation as a war correspondent, writer, sportsman, statesman, and more recently as a yachtsman. His yachting career began in 1888, with the unsuccessful Petronilla, since which he has owned Valkyrie I. a half of Valkyrie II., and will own a fourth of Valkyrie III., now building. Lord Dunraven has labored long and earnestly to secure for the new deed of gift that recognition from British yachtsmen which was at first so justly denied; and his efforts have at last been crowned with success. The last figure of this interesting group, the gentleman on the extreme right of the picture, needs no introduction to Americans, having already achieved more or less fame of a newspaper description in various lines, chiefly as the manager of a variety troupe which met with a well-deserevd failure in New York a few years since. The Honorable Hugh Cecil Lowther, third Earl of Lonsdale, has had a varied and interesting career as a traveler, sportsman, manager and explorer, but he is new to yachting, having begun last year with the purchase of the 20 rater Deirdre from Lord Dunraven, with whom he is now associated as one of the syndicate of four, including Lord Wolverton and Capt. Harry McCalmont, who own the third Valkyrie. Several of the members of this historic group will be seen in America this summer, and it is even rumored that H. R. H. himself may be among them.

The Yachting World has taken a most extraordinary position for an English journal in, so far as we can judge from its rather confusing statements, admitting the complete ownership of the Cup by the New York Y. C. and the right of the club to dispose of the Cup as it pleases. In its issue of Jan. 18, it says editorially:

"The American eagle, voiced by the Forest and Stream, has uttered a piercing shriek. In the last issue of our contemporary to hand it has anticipated the march of events, and its dolorous diapason has sufficient volume to drown a fleet of steam whistles. The noble bird screeches in agony over the moral obliquity of the New York Yacht Club. America's Cup, as the great yachting trophy, has been discredited, and nothing but trouble is in store for the land of the Stars and Stripes. The eagle is now only fit, we presume, to be put into a menagerie, and all this has been occasioned by the New York Yacht Club preferring to have a race to troubling its head about the custody of a mouldy old trophy.

"The Yankee bird has its imitators in England. They are inclined to think that the Royal Yacht Squadron has stultified itself by accepting the deed of 1887. We are glad to find that the foolish counsels which have prevailed in former years have not been heeded on this occasion. The legality of the deed has nothing to do with us. Whether it is valid or invalid is a question solely for the New York Yacht Club, and the members have practically guaranteed the deed to be legal. At the same time it is a matter of indifference to the Royal Yacht Squadron whether it is legal or illegal. Lord Dunraven has stated that he only wants a race, and does not care about the cup, so that if there is any objection to



20FT. BOAT. "ONE CLASS, ONE DESIGN."

(Designed for the Lower Thames Clubs by Linton Hope, Dec. 8, 1894).

hand it over, should it be won, the Royal Yacht Squadron will not bother about it. In any case, it will be the New York Yacht Club that will have to fight the question in a law court, should the affair develop into that stage. Thus, as far as this matter is concerned, we can view any course that events may take with equanimity."

"Enthusiasm still reigns in press circles on both sides of the Atlantic with regard to the forthcoming matches for the America Cup. We limit the enthusiasm to the press advisedly, for in England the majority of yachtsmen feel much regret at the Royal Yacht Squadron's abandonment of its dignity. But, with the exception of this journal, the action of the R. Y. S. was greeted with the approval of the whole British press, and since the club swallowed the bitter pill the America Cup has once more assumed the importance of a topic of the day---sometimes disguised, indeed, as the 'Queen's Cup,' a mistake so long since corrected as to show how little the press generally understands a subject with which it has not hesitated to deal. But one must not take the words of the daily papers as indicating the general opinion of yachtsmen on this subject; they are the conventional press tribute to each and every act of such a distinguished club as the Squadron.

' But the influence of yachting opinion seems in one short week to have completely altered the attitude of our marvellously acrobatic contemporary, the Field. That journal heralded the 'knuckling-down' of the R. Y. S. with a joy that was somewhat inconsistent with its former utterances as to the 'New Deed.' But now we find it becoming dubious as to the palatability of its jubilation, and expressing its displeasure on reading that the N. Y. Y. C. has 'succeeded in obtaining from the R. Y. S. a definite assurance that the Cup would be held according to the deed of gift.' In spite of the Field's denial that such is the case, the statement is by no means wide of the truth. In consenting to sign the receipt clause the R.Y. S. undertakes to hold the cup, if won, under the terms of the New Deed.' It may salve its amour propre by saying that tne conditions of the forthcoming races will govern the Cup when in its possession, but it seems difficult to see how, after honoring the receipt cluase, the club could say that it does not recognize the legality of the 'New Deed' from its inception. The significant persistence with which the N. Y. Y. C. has continued to attach the receipt clause to every communication dealing with the acceptanec of the Squadron's challenge completely estops the latter body from denying its complete recognition of the 'New Deed.'

"We have already pointed out the exceedingly falseposition which the Squadron will, and does, hold in relation to foreign yacht clubs with regard to the Cup. Nothing can alter this now that it has done exactly the same thing that has brought so much obloquy upon the New York Y. C.---arrogating to itself the right to hold the Cup in defiance of the terms of the original and valid deed of gift. This is the position inwhich the Squadron is placed, and even from its own point of view its action cannot be easily justified, for after signing an agreement to observe the terms of the New Deed, in accordance with the receipt clause, may the club put any construction on the New Deed save such as it can strictly bear? That it has been induced to sign such an agreement by the concessions of the N. Y. Y. C, and that its intention is to hold the Cup under similar conditions as those agreed upon with Lord Dunraven, does not alter the fact that after signing a formal adoption of the New Deed the club must put a proper construction upon it Deeds cannot be varied at the sweet will of trustees, and therefore, even from the most agreeable point of view, the Squadron's faux pas is fraught witn unpleasant consequences."

After the charges of Anglomania which some of our American contemporaries have made against the Forest and Stream, it is refreshing to be charged by an English journal with spread-eagleism, as it is quite evident that both charges cannot be true; and attempts to prove them so must naturally tend to prove them equally false. We cannot reproduce in full the Yachting World's editorials of Jan. 11 and 18; the above specimen must suffice, but there is nothing in them to suggest that careful and thorough study of the subject which is essential to a fair judgment, on one side or the other. On the contrary, as in the case of some of our opponents nearer home, there is every evidence of a hurried attempt to fill space with something, whether right or wrong, that will attract temporary attention.

We would remind the Yachting World that the whole effect of the latest discussion of the new deed is to prove that British yachtsmen, as well as the yachting world at large, have no rights whatever in challenging for the America's Cup; but must present themselves humbly before the present holders with a polite request that they be obliged to race.

The fact that in this case, as in 1893, a race has been arranged on fair terms, has nothing to do with the principle involved. As soon as the New York Y. C. is tired of Cup racing for the time, it may fall back on the full text of the new deed and put a positive bar to all challenges. That fair conditions are being made to-day is only due to the absolute necessity on the part of the New York Yacht Club to obtain a challenge for the Cup; so far as the rights of British yachtsmen to demand a mutual agreement in which they shall be on the same plane as the holder, they are less to-day than in the days of Mr. Ashbury.

The New Thames "One Design" Class.

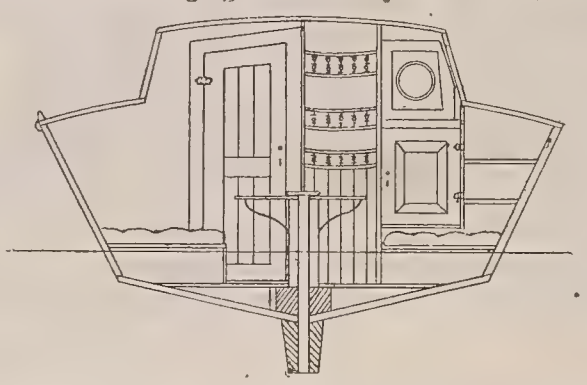
We are indebted to the Field for the accompanying design, made by Mr. Linton Hope, for the newly established Thames class, designed for racing and general knockabout work on the Lower Thames. The boats, of which a dozen have already been ordered of Forrest & Sons, will be 20 ft. over all, 15 ft. l. wl., 6 ft. beam and 5 ft. draft with board down. The sail area will be 200 sq. ft., giving a rating of 0.5; the jib, of the roller type used on the Solent, being comparatively large, though coming inside of the stemhead. The centerboard is of 3-16 in steel and the rudder of 1-8 in.; the latter housing in a well in the counter when in very shoal water. The comparatively small well and the bulkheads should make the boats very safe. They will be of ribband carvel build, planked with 3-8 in. stuff, and will cost, with sails of Union silk, oars, rowlocks, boat-hook, anchor and cable, but $215.00. It is hardly necessary to say that the idea of the promoters of the class is not to produce the fastest possible sailing machine on 15 ft. l. w. l., but to promote racing for sometime at least, and in boats of moderate cost and of general utility.

Minocqua—A Shoal Draft Cruiser.

The accompanying drawings, for which we are indebted to Mr. G. Griffith Clapham, illustrate a specially serviceable type of cruiser, designed and built by his father, Mr. Thomas Clapham, of Roslyn, Long Island. The boat is safe, being practically non-capsizeable and unsinkable; she is of very light draft, moderate cost, and offers excellent accommodation. Rigged as shown, she is practically a single-hander; she is weatherly and speedy as a cruiser, and still faster with a racing rig, as has been proved in a sister boat sent out to Buenos Ayres and successfuly raced there. The dimensions of Minocqua are as follows, additional particulars being given in Mr. Clapham's letter:

Length over all	36ft.
l.w.l.	28ft.
Beam, extreme	8ft. 9in.
l.w.l.	7ft.
Freeboard, lowest	1ft. 9in.
Sheer, bow	1ft. 6in.
stern	1in.
Depth, rabbet to plank sheer	3ft.
Draft	2ft. 2in.
with centerboard	5ft.
Mainsail, area	346sq. ft.
Jib	192sq. ft.
Mizen	118sq. ft
Total	656

Editor Forest and Stream: The building of the new 34 ft. class of racing yachts, which has been started by the progressive Larchmont Y. C., is evidently designed to encourage a class of more sensible cruising racers than have been seen in the last few years. While commending their action in a general way, I want to call your attention to the fact of what is really the most sensible class of cruiser being barred out. It strikes me that in the first place the class is a trifle too large and costly, as, after all, it will be mainly in the nature of an experiment. The second mistake is made in encouraging such a heavy draft as is called for in



a boat built in accordance with the rules in regard to depth under deck beams and cabin carlins. However, as the men who framed the rules know what they are after much better than I do, I will leave the subject of their rules and give you a description of a little yacht in which I did considerable cruising last summer, and which is, to my mind, the embodiment of all that is essential in a cruiser.

The little yacht Minocqua, owned by William. J. Starr, and designed by Thomas Clapham, was in my hands last season, and a brief description of one of my trips in her will show what she is. The yacht is yawl-rigged—and right here I would like to come out strong in favor of this rig as being the best I have ever used for cruising purposes. About the middle of last July I concluded to take a sail to Milford, Conn., and though my wife is timid on the water, I prevailed upon her to accompany me with my little three-year-old girl. The main reasons she consented were that this yacht was uncapsizeable, unsinkable and comfortable, and so easily handled. All this she had seen proven, as we had been on many a short sail in the little craft, and had found that we could trust her in any weather.

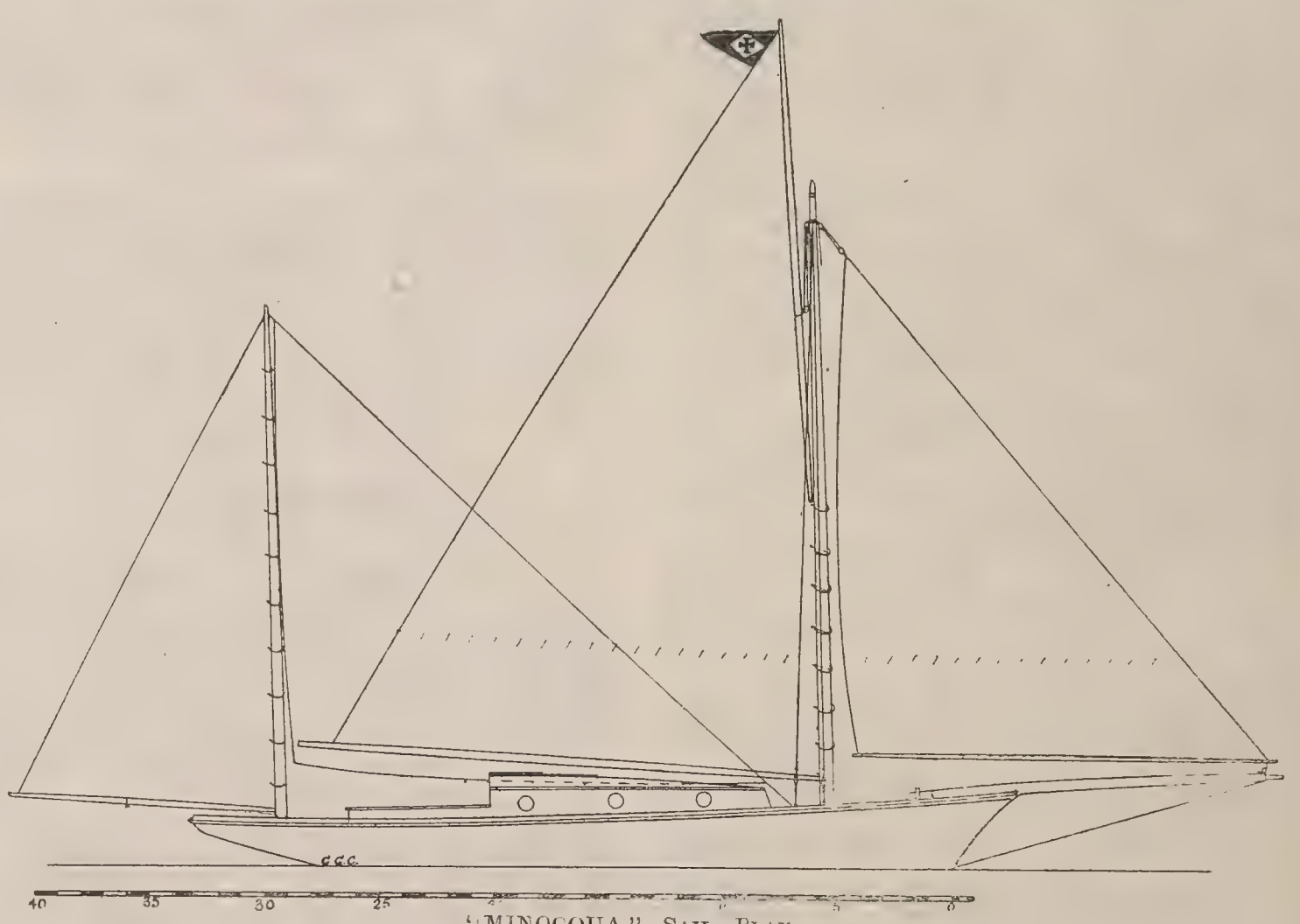
We made a late start from Glen Cove at 9:30 A. M., but there was no wind, and it was merely a drift until nearly 2 P. M. Then we had only gone about four miles, when a breeze came up from S. W., and we flew down the Sound with an ever-increasing wind gathering force in our wake.

When off Bridgeport, it began to be rough, and the wind came in bunches, so I concluded that a reef would make it more comfortable in rounding Stratford Point. Now, on a sloop yacht this would be a mean job, for I was sailing single-handed, so far as male help went, and that is the way to sail if you want to have the most genuine enjoyment; it is on a par with driving a spirited team and handling the ribbons yourself, as compared to sitting on a back seat and having a coachman do it for you. With my yawl rig, reefing was a very simple trick, and leaving the little girl in the cabin, where she was safe, my wife took the tiller, while I lowered the mainsail, a triangular one, light and easily handled. This was just what was needed, and without apparently diminishing our speed (for it was now blowing very hard), we went along in as dry and comfortable a manner as could be wished for. At 6:30 P. M. we had cast anchor way up in Milford Harbor, and all sails were furled.

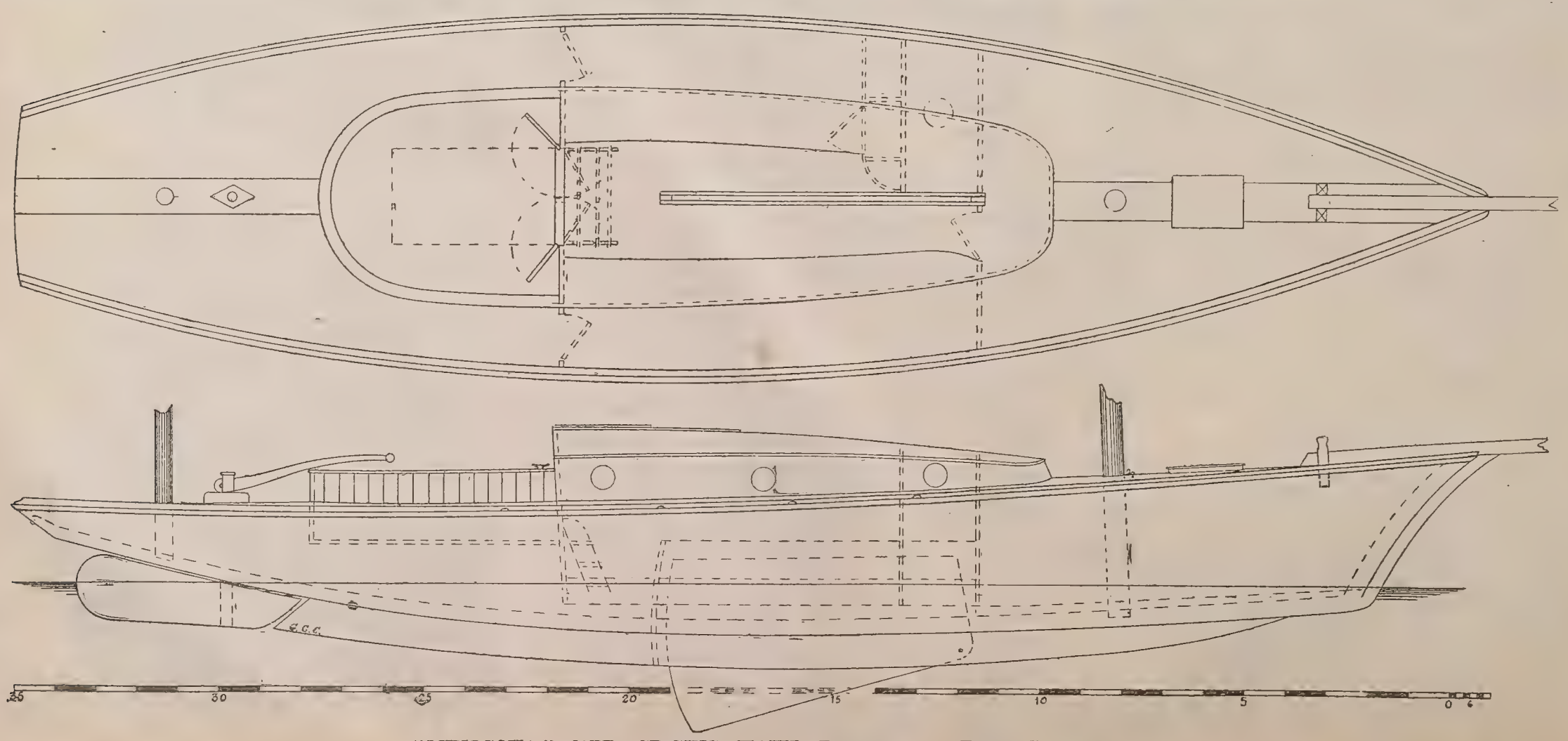
Though Minocqua only carries some 600 sq. ft. of sail, I would have very much enjoyed having some cutter of her size trying to keep in company with her on that run. The distance was about 38 miles, so you can see she is a smart boat.

On the way back, going out of Milford, another phase of the boat's handiness was shown. The channel is only some 60 ft. wide, with mud flats on each side. With a head wind, and not over-strong, I worked her out of this narrow way with only a little piece of the board down, and in several places the water was less than four feet deep. Minocqua draws 26 inches. Rounding Stratford on the way home, it was a beat to windward, and quite a sea on, with head tide. If I had been forced to go round outside the buoy, in the full sweep of the tide, it would have made a deal of difference in time. Knowing there was over five feet on the shoals, and secure in my light draft, I was able to keep well inside the buoy, and reached Bridgeport and was anchored with everything snug long before dark. Another and deeper craft, much larger and of greater draft, with which I had had it nip-and-tuck off the Point, kept outside, and when I lost sight of her in the darkness, was still bucking the tide and sailing a losing race with the red buoy, as a rule, I am not in favor of going inshore of the buoys; but when you are sure of your ground and have a light draft boat, it will often make a vast deal of difference, an advantage which a deeper craft would lose.

Despite her light draft, I have never sailed on a dryer, more sea-



"MINOCQUA"—SAIL PLAN.



"MINOCQUA"—28FT. CRISING YAWL—DESIGNED BY THOS. CLAPHAM.

worthy, safe and comfortable yacht than this same little Minocqua. Many yachtsmen will remember the northeaster that last Labor Day spoiled the special race of the Indian Harbor Y. C. Out of over 20 entries only 6 yachts in three classes sailed the course. The sea was running very high, but in Minocqua I was able to accompany the yachts over the course and take the time of turning at each buoy and at the finish, this being the only yacht which did this.

Another good feature is that she does not pound; even in this half a gale we were dry and comfortable—two of us, myself and my father. I would very much like to see Minocqua race with the 34-ft. class, if put in racing trim; but unfortunately she has not the requisite amount of standing room called for by the rules. Yet, by looking over plans and dimensions, you will see she is a very comfortable little cruiser. She is a little narrow, but this and her fine lines forward prevent pounding, and probably make her more speedy. She is made uncapsizeable by 1,250 pounds of lead in a shoal keel, through which is cut the centreboard slot. As there is enough wood in hull, etc., to float this weight, she is unsinkable.

Beside the cabin, with two wide locker berths, there is a long forecastle and a toilet-room, the latter, as shown, to starboard, with W. C. On each side of the cockpit under the deck is a long locker, opening into the cabin; and under the cockpit, which is water-tight, is a large drawer running on rollers and holding both water and ice in two compartments. The fore end of the cabin on starboard side is arranged with shelves and lockers. The amount of space is shown by the sectional view. Another thing in her favor is, she can be built for less than $1,500, while one of the new 34-ft class, could not or will not be likely to be built for less than $3,500. As to rig, Minocqua is perfectly balanced. I have tried her often without touching the tiller, and find she can be steered perfectly by sails alone. Altogether she is the finest single-hander I have ever seen or sailed on, and why not a good type to encourage?

G. GRIFFITH CLAPHAM.

The Huguenot Y. C. Races.

The race committee of the Huguenot Y. C. have laid out a series of events which, to say the least, are novel, and ought to prove interesting. The first fixture will be in April, when all classes of boats in commission will be permitted to enter a cruisers' race. The start will be made from an anchor, and the contesting crews will have to make sail, cut anchor, and cross a line as soon as they can. The rules will thoroughly test the seamanship of the different crews. In May a race will be held, and none but ladies will be permitted to take the helm on any contesting boat. The list of features is quite extensive and assures an interesting sailing event in each month.

The Huguenots will have their annual regatta on August 17, and steps are being taken to make this one of the most successful regattas of the season.

The Huguenot courses are laid out from the easterly end of Huckleberry Island. There are three distinct courses; one is square and two are triangles. The small boats will sail a five-mile course, and the larger boats an eight-mile course. The regattas will all be held in the afternoon, and short courses have been adopted in order to insure early finishes. The racing will all be held under Seawanhaka Rules.

The Huguenots now have a good house, but before spring will open their new edifice, which is now being laid out by the architects.

There are now over sixty members in this young club.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The prosperous growth of yachting in France has called into existence a new journal specially devoted to yachting, under the title of "Le Yachting," a weekly of good make-up and very attractive appearance, published at No. 5 Rue Scribe, Paris, the subscription being 25 francs, $5 per year for France and Algeria, and 30 francs for foreign countries. The paper is well illustrated, the first two numbers containing supplemental plates very finely executed, portraits of Rear Admiral Baron Lage, of the French Navy, President of the Union des Yachts Francais, and of Eugene A. Perignon, the Vice-President of the Union. The second number contains the lines of a very successful 7-tonner, by the French rule, the Maia, designed and built by M. J. Guedon. The new venture has our best wishes for its success.

The following list of candidates for 1895 has been posted by the nominating committee of the New York L. C. The election takes place on Feb. 7.: Com., Edward M. Brown, steamer Sylvia; Vice Com., Henry C. Ward, sch. Clytie; Rear Com., James C. Bergen, sl. Hildegarde; Sec., J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch; Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell; Committee on Admissions, Frank T. Robinson, Robert Center, Daniel T. Worden, Charles McK. Loeser, and Joseph Stickney; House Committee, Edward E. Chase, C. Alfred Grymes, H. Edwards Ficken and Arthur Ingraham; Library Committee, Fordham Morris, William Gardner and Arthur H. Clark; Committee on Club Stations, William H. Thomas, E. C. Benedict, Clarence McKim, L. Vaughn Clark, Frank L. Anthony, Frederick P. Sands and Lewis Cass Ledyard.

Niagara, the new Gould 20-rater, is well advanced at the Bristol works. Her sails will be made in the new sail-loft lately established by the Hereshoff Mfg. Co., in connection with their building plant.

Britannia, cutter, the Prince of Wales, left Cowes last week for the Mediterranean.

Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Gentlemen: At the January meetiug of the Albany Y. C., the follwiug officers were elected: Com., B. M. Gordenier; Vice-Com., John C. Hughson; Treas., H. A. Grey; Sec., John Vlasblom; Meas., John Apple; Board of Trustees, W. A. Bloomer, C. M. Bacheller, Jas. D. Glenn; Inspectors of Election, T. B. Wilkinson, Louis Van Kamerick, Ed. Du Bois.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Cleveland Y. C., held on Jan. 18, the following officers were elected: Com., Luther Allen; Vice-Com., Geo. H. Worthiugton; Rear Com., Percy W. Rice; Sec.-Treas., John Barth. The Regatta Committee elected includes: Messrs. W. P. Frances, W. H. Kalbe and H. Lyman. The House Committee includes Messrs. G. F. Overbeke, P. P. Wright and John Barth. At a stockholders' meeting, held Jan. 9, the balance of the officers were elected as follows: F. W. Radcliffe, Asst. Meas.; E. H. Junge, Surveyor; H. Richter and Fleet Surgeon, Dr. E. E. Beeman. The Commodore will shortly appoint a building committe, and this committee, with the three flag officers, will also act as a subscription committee, it being the intention to build a club house this summer, the foundation being already in place. Commodore Gardner was elected Honorary Commodore of the C. Y. C., in recognition of his faithful services rendered the club during his long term of office. He retires, at his own request, from active service, owing to his failing health.

JOHN BARTH.

The Corinthian Mosquito Fleet has been especially fortunate in securing a long lease of Harrison Island, in New Rochelle Harbor, where it will in the future be permanently established. The New Rochelle Y. C. was also desirous of securing the same location, its lease of Echo Island expiring this year, and Mr. C. Oliver Iselin declining to renew it. The Mosquitoes, however, as alert as their name implies, were already on the spot, with a lease signed, by the time that the other club had made up its mind that it wanted the island.

The new Huntington Y. C. now incorporated, has leased the Ketchum dock property, and will build a neat club-house, which will be ready, with landing stage by the opening of the season.

A syndicate of yachtsmen, including L. A. Fish, C. P. Brigham and Thos A. Howell, has purchased the Smith and Terry property at Greenport, and will build a complete yacht-building plant. The plot is 460 on the water-front and 110 deep. The channel will be dredged out and a good harbor made.

New York has lost a good yachtsman in the person of Mr. Harold Sanderson, who sailed on the Majestic, on Jan. 30, with his family, to take up a permanent residence in Liverpool. Mr. Sanderson, who has been for some years the New York manager of the Wilson line of steamers, has resided at Larchmont, and been very intimately identified with the Larchmont Y. C., formerly owning the yawl Nonpareil. He has made many friends in yachting and business circles about New York; and for the three weeks preceding his departure he has been busy mainly in attending farewell dinners in his honor. He leaves America to take charge as general manager of the Liverpool offices of the White Star Line of steamers.

Yampa, schr., was reported at the Azores on Jan. 31. All well.

The annual meeting of the Quincy Y. C. was held on Feb. 2, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles F. Pettengill; Vice-Com., William H. Shaw; Sec. and Treas., James S. Whiting Meas., George Crane; Regatta Committee, William P. Barker, John T. Cavanagh, Henry M. Faxon, George E. Pfaffmann; House Committee, Horace R. Drinkwater, William C. Harrison, Gordon M. Keating, C. Eaton Pierce, Fred B. Rice, Arthur J. Shaw, Walter B. Wilson.

The election took place under the Australian system of voting, the first time, we believe, that this has been tried by a yacht club. The following amendment to the sailing rules was adopted: "Sailing measurement shall be length on waterline from point of immersion forward to point of immersion aft, with maximum crew aboard and amidships when yacht is measured."

Tomahawk, cutter, has been sold by the Crowninshield estate to Geo. H. Perry, Mars, S. C.

Murray & Tregurtha, South Boston, Mass., are building a 100 h. p. Tregurtha boiler for Mr. Robert Palmer, Jr, Noauk, Conn. This is the second order from that gentleman, who has had one of these boilers in use for three years past. They have recently finished a 35-in. Tregurtha boiler for Mr. Joseph. Williams, Taunton, Mass., and are building a 32-in. for Mr. H. H. Townsend, of that place. They have also shipped a 29-in. Tregurtha boiler and 4 1-2x5 engine to Mr. D. Knowlton, Washington, D. C., and have an order from Mr. Fort Smith, of Galveston, Texas, for a 44 in. Tregurtha and two 4 1-2x5 engines for a twin screw boat. In their boatbuilding department they have completed 25 ft. and 28 ft. launches, and are building a 28 ft. cruising cabin launch for Boston parties.

The contract for the new steam yacht designed by A. Cary Smith has been awarded to the Crescent Shipyard at Elizabethport, Mr. Lewis F. Nixon.

Mr. G. Griffith Clapham will give a blackboard talk on model yachts before the Philadelphia Model Y. C., on Feb. 28.

A. C. A.—Membership, Northern Division, Henry C. Macaulay, Victoria, B. C.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22—New York—W. K. C., Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 26 to March 1—Detroit—City of the Straits K. C., J. W. Garrison, Sec'y.
March 5 to 8—Chicago.—Mascoutah K. C., J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 12 to 15—Denver.—Western K. C. Co., E. T. Weiant, Sec'y
April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club.
May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Feb 11—Salinas, Cal.—Pacific Coast F. T. Club.
Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.

U. S. F. T. Club's Trials.

Trials B.—(Continued from Page 99.)

A remarkable interest was shown in the club's Trials B, as evidenced by a good attendance of sportsmen, several of them newcomers.

P. T. Madison, the secretary-treasurer of the club, was on hand bright and early, looking after the business arrangements of the trials, and with him came J. E. Horn, of Bicknell, Ind. From Indianapolis came Messrs. H. A. Comstock and S. H. Socwell. Pennsylvania was represented by Messrs. P. J. Dean and Henry Klee, of New Castle. From Illinois were Messrs. Jno. Wood and C. M. Bowers, of Decatur, Ill.; Dr. Grinstead, Cairo, Ill. There was a good representation from the section south of the Ohio River. There were Mr. S. L. James, Angola, La.; Philip M. Essig, Natchez, Miss.; Whyte Bedford, Memphis; W. R. Holliday, Prairie Station, Miss.; A. M. Young, J. L. Adams, D. G. Rowland, St. Marc M. Mundy, J. N. Seale, Superintendent of the M. & O. R R.; Mr. Harris, traveling passenger agent of the same road; Major J. W. Renfroe, and other well-known sportsmen whose names I do not recall.

Major Val Young and Capt. Billy Young, gentlemen famous in the guild of fox-hunters throughout the land as eminent in the chase and owners of the Waverly pack, were in attendance, and received a most cordial welcome. They gave a few most realistic descriptions of some great fox chases

The judges were: Major J. M. Taylor and Messrs. J. M. Freeman and St. Marc M. Mundy. In the All Age Pointer Stake, Mr. Mundy, on account of some published matter referring to pointer challenges, withdrew. In that stake, Mr. W. W. Titus judged instead.

The grounds are all that could be desired. Of all the field trial grounds so far used, they are much the best. There are in them miles of open fields with hardly a fence to obstruct the course. A continuous course could be taken with good ground from the start to the finish of each heat. There was abundance of room. In respect to the surface, it is mostly open. The percentage of woods is very small. It is not rough, but is gently sloping ridges and shallow valleys. Sedge grass is everywhere between the relatively small fields, under cultivation in cotton and corn, which are the common crops.

There were a few patches of sorghum, the seeds of which are sought for food by the birds. Heavy rains had soaked the grounds so that, on the first two days, they were very heavy and hard to work upon. They steadily improved till Friday, when a heavy rainfall fell from early morning till noonday. No work was attempted on that day.

In respect to the general circumstances which do so much to make a pleasant and successful trial, such as a cordial welcome and goodwill on the part of the residents, nothing more than was extended to the sportsmen at West Point could be asked for. The land-owners in particular were noticeably kind and obliging. A great deal of praise is due to Mr. Titus for his energy and attention in looking after many local details of the trials. His influence greatly assisted. The horses were a superior lot. The hotels were comfortable, and exerted themselves to the best of their resources in making the stay of their guests pleasant. On the whole, the club could not do better than to again select West Point for the location of its trials next year, as it did do.

Some of the stakes did not fill so well as the club had reason to expect, but there is an ebb and flow in all matters. It may be better next time. As will be seen by the report of the club meeting, there is quite a distinct change in the personnel of the club, particularly in the Board of Governors, and it is to be hoped that the change will be a benefit to the club, that they will improve on the good and successful work of the previous Boards, and that its scope will grow more national than it has ever grown heretofore.

The trials were well managed and skillfully conducted. The time limit, with its fallacy and its annoyance, bobbed up betimes. In such instances as a dog is palpably inferior under the rules he must have thirty minutes to show the full measure of his worthlessness. However, the competition was conducted on the true theory, that is, each brace was given full opportunity in the first series, so that the judges thereby established ample data for making estimates of the relative merits of the dogs. There is some precision in making decisions from a competition so conducted.

THE ALL AGE POINTER STAKE.

This stake was for pointers which had never won first in an all age stake in any recognized field trial in America. The prizes are: $150 to first, $125 to second, $100 to third, $75 to fourth, and $50 to fourth. Total value of stake, $500.

Mr. W W. Titus judged in place of St. Marc M. Mundy in this stake, the latter retiring voluntarily as an incident of the challenge literature which has so long regaled the public.

The competition was quite high-class, and would rate well with the best setter work. It established that there is a decided and permanent improvement in the breed of pointers

Delhi, the winner of first, showed an excellent quality of field work in all the details of seeking, finding and pointing. Although closely pressed by two or three others, the uniform excellence of his work pulled him to the front. He is a first-class worker.

Jingo, winner of second, ran one most excellent heat, but his work was not uniformly good throughout the stake, though on the other hand there was none of it which could be called poor. He was quite successful at finding in his second heat.

Tick Boy, third, was a close competitor. His work was quite finished, taken as a whole, and there were but few faulty performances in it. He ranges with excellent judgment, is accurate in his point work, and knows how to find. He takes cover unflinchingly. Strideaway ran much under the best form he has shown at previous trials, and while he did some good work it was mixed with much that was faulty.

Tamarack, Jr., ran a creditable race and showed merit, but was not a dangerous competitor with those placed over him.

The stake was, in merit, superior beyond question.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

Major J. R. Purcell's black and white bitch, Lady Margaret (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang), owner, handler, with N. T. De Pauw's liver and white dog, Jingo (Mainspring— —), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Major J. R. Purcell's liver-ticked dog, Cid (Duke of Hessen-Barmaid), owner, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog, Dogwood (Ightfield Dick—Cowslip), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Robert Leslie's liver and white dog, King, of Lynn (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso), J. N. Lewis, handler, with Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog, Sam Bang (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang), owner, handler.

D. P. Ritchey's liver and white dog, Don (Trinkett's Coin—Molton Patti), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler, with H. K. Devereux's liver and white dog, Tamarack, Jr. (Tamarack—Maud Graphic), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

G. R Howse's liver and white bitch, Lulu K. (Ossian— —), owner, handler, with W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog, Little Ned (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton), J. M. Avent, handler.

Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog, St. Blaise (Guy-Lady Spotswood), owner, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog, Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen II.), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Stoddard & Kidwell's black and white dog, Tick Boy (King of Kent-Bloom), J. B. Stoddard, handler, with E. O. Damon's liver and white dog, Strideaway (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog, Selah (Rip Rap—Dolly), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Mr. McDowell's liver and white dog, Spot S. (Dick Swiveler—Vixen), Louis McGrew, handler.

C. W. De Pauw's liver and white dog, Verge, a bye. N. B. Nesbitt handler.

SECOND ROUND.

Dogwood—Tamarack, Jr.
Delhi—Tick Boy.
Jingo—Strideaway.
Lulu K.—Selah.
Cid—Verge.

FINAL.

Delhi—Jingo.
1. Delhi.
2. Jingo.
3. Tick Boy.
4. Strideaway.
5. Tamarack, Jr.

FIRST ROUND.

Lady Margaret-Jingo.—They began at 10:52. Jingo began the bird work by nicely pointing a bevy at the edge of sedge, and was backed. Both were steady to shot. Lady made two flushes. At the same time, Jingo pointed, probably foot-scent. Both trifled with a rabbit trail. Lady flushed a bird, and missed several opportunities to point the scattered birds. She also at times tagged after Jingo. Lady pointed a bird in a plum thicket, and at the same time, Jingo having been working in an opposite direction on scent, pointed a single bird. Lady made a good point on a bevy. Each got two points on the scattered birds. Lady made a flush before stopping to one of her points. Jingo had a good range; up at 10:47.

Cid—Dogwood.—They were cast off at 10:55. Cid pointed nicely a bevy in weeds, and was steady to wing. Next, Dogwood made a good point on a bevy at the edge of woods, and was steady to shot. The handlers, being separated, were brought together. The birds were followed. On one Dogwood pointed well and Cid backed. Up at 11:35. Dogwood had an upheaded, dashing style of going, and he beat out his ground with excellent judgment. His point work was quite good. On the whole, he made a good showing. Cid also ranged well and showed very good finding and pointing abilities. Both were independent and industrious workers, though Cid showed a lack of finish in his performance.

King of Lynn—Sam Bang.—They ran a light heat, from 11:38 to 12:07. Sam pointed a bevy, and was steady to shot. King made three flushes in succession, two on singles and the other one on the bevy. Sam pointed a bevy in sedge and was backed; both were steady to shot. Sam, sent on, found and pointed another bevy. Up at 12:07. Sam ranged within narrow limits, and he pottered a bit at times. While he made a good showing in finding birds, he did not do so by covering much ground. King's performance was inferior.

Don—Tamarack, Jr.—They were cast off at 12:10. Don ran with little judgment in beating out his ground, and indulged in a great deal of idle wriggling. Tamarack pointed a bird well. A bevy was marked down in woods. Don pointed one of the birds, but was not staunch. Some work was done on a bevy in woods which I could not see. Next, Don pointed, then roaded to a flush. He next made two flushes and one point. Tamarack was the better in every respect. Up at 1:12. The party went to lunch.

Lulu K—Little Ned.—Off at 2:04. Lulu was in season. She pointed a bevy in sedge, and was steady to shot. On some scattered birds, Ned made a flush and Lulu made two points. Up at 2:48. Their work was of an ordinary grade. They were running in company and heeding each other quite as much as they were their work. Ned ran much under his form of previous competitions. Lulu, being in season, was frivolous.

St. Blaise—Delhi.—The heat began at 2:50. A bevy was soon found. Blaise caught scent of it, but withdrew, and Delhi, going up a moment afterward, pointed it. Delhi next made three points on scattered birds in woods. Up at 3:21. Delhi had the better work in every respect.

Tick Boy—Strideaway—At 3:26 they were started. Strideaway, at a point of woods, made a slack point, then gave it up and moved on. He seemingly disliked to go into the cover. Tick, coming in shortly afterward, caught scent near the same place promptly, drew into the woods a few yards, and pointed the bevy well. It was a good piece of work. Next Strideaway pointed in open sedge. Nothing found. In the meantime, Tick made two points on single birds. Both pointed in sedge, then moved a few yards and Strideaway pointed the bevy. Tick backed well. Working on scattered birds, Strideaway dropped at the same moment a bird flushed close in front of him. Tick pointed; nothing found. Next, he flushed a single bird. Up at 4:28. Tick showed great improvement in his form over that shown in his last trials. He worked prettily to the gun. He took hard cover without flinching, while Strideaway preferred the more open going. Strideaway covered the more ground, but he did not do it with so much judgment, and his point work was far from equal in precision to that of Tick.

Selah—Spot S.—They ran from 4:33 to 5:05. It was a poor heat. Selah pointed a bevy. Spot was a narrow and irregular ranger, pottered much and loafed not a little. Selah was irregular in range and handled hard.

Verge ran a bye while the heat last mentioned was run, Mr. Titus taking charge of it. The work was fairly good, and Verge was retained in the second round.

FRIDAY.

Torrents of rain fell in the forenoon. The afternoon was clear and pleasant, but the grounds were so wet that it was considered inadvisable to start the competition on that day, therefore no work was attempted.

SATURDAY.

Saturday night, the temperature fell below the freezing point. Frozen ground and raw wind. The existing weather conditions were unpleasant for field work, but the pointers faced them bravely. The ones which ran in the morning hours had much the harder work. Gradually the temperature rose, the ground was thawed, and then the conditions for work were fairly good. Birds were found in ample numbers. The start was made a short distance from town. The work on birds was exceedingly difficult, as they ran from the points.

SECOND ROUND.

Ten dogs were retained in the competition.

Dogwood—Tamarack, Jr.—At 8:25, the start was made. Dogwood soon pointed a bevy. Tamarack, coming in nearly across wind, ran into and flushed the bevy. Sent on, Dogwood soon pointed again, but up wind of the bevy. Tamarack, striking in behind, drew to an accurate point on it. The credit of the find was Dogwood's. Both were steady to shot. Dogwood flushed a bevy in open, and did not seem sorry for it. At the same time, Tamarack pointed a bevy in open sedge. Dogwood backed. Up at 8:50. Both showed a middling range. Dogwood ran under the form shown in his first heat. Tamarack required and received a deal of cautioning when on point and when the birds were flushed to his points.

Delhi—Tick Boy.—They began a first-rate good race at 9:04. Both pointed on a side hill in sedge. The birds were running and difficult to locate. A horseman, after the dogs moved on, flushed

a bird near where the dogs pointed. Tick pointed a single, then he roaded on, pointed and roaded quite a distance. Some horsemen flushed a single near where his last point was made. Sent on. Tick pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. Good work. Delhi was not near to back. Moved on Tick pointed sparrows. In a strip of plum bushes, Tick made a point. Delhi pointed close by a moment afterward; Tick moved on and flushed the bird. Delhi made a good point on a bevy in open sedge, and Tick backed, and both were steady to shot. Good work. The bevy lit on a wet corn-field, bare and a bad place for point work. The dogs were worked on it. Tick passed close to a bird, caught scent, and was wheeling to a point when the bird flushed. It was entirely excusable. Each then pegged a good point on separate birds. Up at 10:10. Tick severely injured a toe-nail on the frozen ground during the heat. The heat was excellent, and Delhi had very little margin to spare in it. It was an exceptionally good exhibition of intelligent and workmanlike performance on birds.

Jingo--Strideaway.---They were started at 10:28. Strideaway pointed a bevy in woods, and was backed by Jingo. The birds were followed into a scattered growth of small oaks. Jingo pointed a bevy and afterward pointed a single bird well. The dogs separated in their work for a few moments. Jingo was found pointing a bevy. Sent on. Jingo soon found and pointed another bevy. Strideaway was not near at the time. Jingo outworked Strideaway in every detail of the competition. He ran in high-class form, better than in any other part of his competition. Up at 11:16.

Lulu K.---Selah.---At 11:26 they were cast off. Lulu flushed a single. Worked on a marked bevy, both got a point on it. On scattered birds, Selah flushed a single The heat was ordinary. Selah was much the better ranger. Lulu, being in season, was changed, from the order in which she was first announced to run with Jingo, on account of being in season.

Cid—Verge.—They were cast off at 11:56. Verge flushed a bevy. Next he pointed a bevy, and Cid, coming in, flushed it. Up at 12:28. Their performance was ordinary.

The running was suspended till after lunch.

Delhi---Jingo.---They began at 1:29. Delhi pointed a bevy in a thicket. Jingo, coming in, flushed it. In the same thicket, about fifty yards further on, Jingo pointed a bevy. Both were steady to shot. In the open field, both pointed and nothing was found. Sent on, Jingo pointed and Delhi backed well; nothing was found, but about thirty yards further Delhi pointed some birds. Next he pointed a single bird well. Up at 1:14. Delhi had by far the best of the heat.

The judges then announced the witness. First, Delhi; second, Jingo; third, Tick Boy; fourth, Strideaway; fifth, Tamarack, Jr.

THE ALL AGE SETTER STAKE.

This stake had 18 starters, most of them well known, for at least 12 of the 18 had competed before, and of the 12 several had won something in public competition.

The purse and its subdivisions were the same as in the All Age Pointer Stakes, namely, $500, divided into $150, $125, $75 and $50. The stake was for all setters which had never won first in an All Age Stake in any recognized field trial in America.

The order of running was as follows:

Dudley Schofield's black, white and tan dog, Joe Bowers (De Soto---Ruth Gates), Capt. R. P. McCargo, handler, with J. H. Winslow's black, white and tan dog, Breeze Belton (Breeze Gladstone---Nellie Belton), John . Lewis, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch, Bessie houpe Gath's Hope---Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s Gleam's Pink (Van Guard---Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch, Tory Topaz (Count Gladstone IV.---Tory Diamond), J. M. Avent, handler, with W. W. Titus' black, white and tan bitch, Minnie T. (Dick Boudhu---Bettie B.), owner, handler.

C. W. De Pauw's black, white and tan dog, Auld Clootie (Dick Boudhu---Sheena Van), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch, Allene (Gath's Mark---Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog, Blue Ridge Mark (Gath's Mark---Ollie T.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Dr. C. W. Duke's black, white and tan dog, Acolyte (Toledo Blade---Sue II.), Thos. Bond, handler.

Jackson and Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch, Lillian Russell (Phillip Gladstone-- Lou G.), T. Bond, handler, with P. T. Madison's black, white and tan dog, Rodfield (Antonio ---Nellie Hope), John T. Mayfield, handler.

Nat. B. Nesbitt's black and white bitch, Flirt C. (Czar---Zoe L.), owner, handler, with D. G. Rowland's black, white and tan bitch, Camille II. (Roderigo---Topsy Avent), Horace Smith, handler.

Nat. B. Nesbitt's black, white and tan bitch, Blue Kate (Blue Mark---Collie B.), owner, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s dog, Gleam's Sport (Van Guard---Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam handler.

Theo. Goodman's black, white and tan bitch, Dan's Lady (Dan Gladstone---Lilly Burgess), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Avent and Thayer's black, white and tan dog, Topsy's Rod (Roderigo---Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

SECOND ROUND.

Minnie T.---Auld Clootie.
Allene---Gleam's Pink.
Rodfield---Blue Ridge Mark.
Dan's Lady---Lillian Russell.
Joe Bowers---Tory Topaz.

1. Rodfield.
2. Blue Ridge Mark.
3. Minnie T.
4. Gleam's Pink.
5. Dan's Lady.

The judges handled the competition skillfully, and, as in the other stakes, their decisions, as a whole, were well received.

The quality of the competition was inferior to that of the Pointer Stake, and the best of it was no better than that shown by the best pointers.

Rodfield, the winner, needs no lengthy introduction. His win at Bicknell is still fresh in memory. He gathered new honors at West Point, under the disadvantages of having an injured jaw and tongue. How the injury was inflicted, no one knows. Rodfield, as a performer, is in the first flight. He has an easy stride, runs swiftly, carries himself gracefully and points in an animated and stylish manner. He has good judgment in beating out his ground, and is wise in his bird work. He works most pleasingly to the gun.

Blue Ridge Mark is also well known as a successful competitor. He, too, has a stylish action, beats out his ground with judgment, and is successful at finding and pointing. He works well to the gun.

Minnie T., winner of third, is an excellent performer. She shows great skill and diligence in beating out her ground to advantage, and she has a most complete knowledge of the best manner to work on her birds after she has found them. She handles easily, works perfectly to the gun, and has a most sweet and cheerful disposition.

Gleam's Pink, fourth, is an honest worker, and showed skill in locating, pointing and finding. He was lacking somewhat in enthusiasm and cheerful action. He worked nicely to the gun.

Dan's Lady ran one great heat with Topsy's Rod. Had she maintained the same class of work throughout, she would have been well to the front in the winners. It was not entirely a fall down in her work—the chances worked against her somewhat. She is a most diligent worker, beats out her ground with judgment, and works on her birds with skill. She works prettily to the gun.

It seems that the handwriting is on the wall for the heady dog which works to please himself, which does not work to the gun, which requires a lot of furious riding to keep trace of his whereabouts; in short, which does not work as a properly trained and good-intentioned dog should work.

SATURDAY.

First Round.

Joe Bowers---Breeze Belton.---They were cast off about 2 o'clock. Each made a point to which nothing was found. Sent on, Joe pointed a bevy well, and Breeze backed; Joe moved on a few yards to locate, then Breeze moved on and pointed the same bevy. Sent on ranging, Joe pointed a bevy nicely, and was steady up to back. The heat ended at 2:29. Joe worked intelligently and correctly to the gun. His range was medium. Breeze made an indifferent showing.

Bessie Shoupe---Gleam's Pink.---They were cast off at 2:36. Bessie was first to point; Pink backed. A single bird was flushed, but the point apparently was on foot-scent. Next Bessie pointed; nothing found. Sent on. Pink roaded and pointed alternately, Bessie joining. They pointed at the same time about 40 yards apart; Pink had a single bird. He then roaded to a point on the bevy. At the same time, about 30 yards to one side, Bessie pointed. The birds had run about 200 yards, all told. Next, on top of a hill, Bessie made a true point on a bevy, and was steady to shot. She secured a good point on one of the scattered birds, and Pink backed. Pink was the wider and better ranger. Bessie had but irregular middling range. Up at 3:25.

Tory Topaz---Minnie T.---They started at 3:30. Tory dropped to a point in the open, Minnie backed; nothing found. Sent on. Tory pointed and Minnie, coming in, also pointed; then both roaded to a point on the scattered birds, which flushed wild in a cotton-field. Tory pointed on a side hill; nothing found. In woods, Minnie made six single points and one point on a bevy which flushed wild. The dogs separated during the latter part of the heat, working then on different ground. Mr. Avent, to the judges, raised an objection to the manner in which the heat was run. Tory pottered betimes during the latter part of the heat. Up at 4:08. Minnie was the better worker in every way.

Auld Clootie---Allene.---They started at 4:11. Allene roaded nicely to a point on a bevy, from woods to open sedge. Clootie pointed a bevy in woods and was steady to shot. The birds were followed. Clootie pointed; Allene backed; Nesbitt failed to flush the bird; the dogs were sent on, and Allene flushed the bird; Clootie pointed; no bird. Allene pointed a bird. Clootie made two points on single birds. Allene roaded to a point on a single bird; Clootie backed. Neither ranged wide, and their point work was average.

Acolyte---Blue Ridge Mark.---They started at 5 o'clock, rather an unfavorable hour, as the temperature was getting colder and night was approaching. Mark pointed a bevy in sedge. Part of the bevy was a few yards away, and Acolyte pointed it independently. Each pointed a single bird. Sent on. Soon each pointed, about 40 yards apart; nothing found. It might have been where a bevy flushed, as it was about the hour when the birds flew to roost. Acolyte flushed a bevy, and then made two flushes on singles. Mark pointed a single and Acolyte backed. Mark ranged wide, beat out his ground with judgment, and his point work was good. He took a cast, found and pointed another bevy. They ran 30 minutes.

This ended the day's work.

MONDAY.

The forenoon was most disagreeably stormy. Rain mixed with sleet fell from early morning till near midday. The ground was covered with slush. Although the afternoon cleared up, no attempt was made to start. The grounds were totally unfit for work.

TUESDAY.

The morning was dark, slightly foggy, densely cloudy, slushy, raw and uncomfortable. There was a cold dampness, most penetrating and chilling. Heavy wraps were in use. Tiny patches of snow thickly dotted the grounds till near noonday. Soft mud was everywhere. The sun peeped out through rifts in the clouds about midday, but this hopeful sign of pleasanter weather soon disappeared. Though the sky remained darkly and ominously overcast, the temperature grew perceptibly warmer, still not warm enough for comfort. Birds, nevertheless, were found in abundance.

Rodfield---Lillian Russell.---They started at 8:28. Rodfield, notwithstanding that he was suffering from an unaccountable injury to his jaw and tongue, speed over the ground merrily and industriously. Both roaded and Rodfield pointed the bevy. Lillian backing. Both were steady when the gun was fired. The birds were followed, and Rodfield made a stylish point on a single. Lillian backing or pointing, a single bird being flushed close to her by the flush of the dog's bird. Lillian next got a point on one of the birds, and Rodfield backed. Lillian pointed; nothing found. Rodfield at the same time pointed a sparrow. Lillian in open sedge dropped to a point or flush on a bevy; Rodfield, 40 yards away, backed. Sent on, Lill pointed a bevy and Rodfield backed nicely; then Lill moved on down wind and flushed the bevy excusably. In the open, Rodfield pointed, and nothing was found. Lill pointed a single well. Rodfield was quicker and sharper in his point work, and beat out his ground with better judgment than Lillian. His style on point and on gallop was excellent. Up at 9:06.

Flirt C.---Camille II.---They began at 9:08, a poor heat. Flirt made a point on three birds, and was steady to shot. She made two points on singles afterward. Up at 9:39. Flirt had an irregular range, narrower than was desirable. Her pointing was fairly good. Camille was erratic in beating out her ground, pottered occasionally, and was disobedient.

Blue Kate---Gleam's Sport.---They began at 9:48. Sport roaded to a point on a bevy. Kate crossed in ahead and roaded to a point; then both roaded to point, moved on, and a single bird flushed wild close by. Kate dropped instantly to a flush on two birds. A bevy flushed by the judges was followed. Sport pointed the scattered birds and Kate backed. Sent on, Kate dropped to a point on a bird. Sport pointed a rabbit. Next he roaded to a good point on a bevy. Both were steady. Up at 10:41. Sport did not put much enthusiasm in his work, though he was industrious, and his locating and pointing were fairly accurate His action was lacking in dash, and his style on point was poor

Dan's Lady---Topsy's Rod---They began an exceptionally one-sided heat at 10:45, which lasted 55 minutes. Rod pointed in open sedge; nothing found. Rod flushed a bevy. The heat can be easily summed up. Lady found and pointed four bevies, by good work in searching, locating and exercising good judgment. She worked nicely to the gun. She made one point on scattered birds. Rod flushed a single and made a point on one. He was disobedient and refused to work to the gun properly. It required constant whistling and loud orders to handle him at all, and he worked out his ground with little judgment or reference to the success of the gun. The loud whistling balked Lady at first, but toward the latter part of the heat she did not seem to mind it much.

The party then went to luncheon.

SECOND ROUND.

Eight dogs were kept in the second round.

Minnie T.---Auld Clootie.---They were cast off at 1:08. Minnie pointed a bevy in open sedge. She showed excellent skill and judgment in locating, besting out her ground and working to the gun. Clootie pointed three or four times to where nothing was found. They backed each other in woods. Minnie had a decided superiority in every respect Up at 1:41.

Allene---Gleam's Pink.—At 1:45 they were cast off Pink pointed a bevy in sedge. On scattered birds, Allene flushed two single birds. Both pointed in woods; nothing found. Allene pointed a bird and a number of others then flushed wild. Allene pointed a sparrow and Pink backed. Pink pointed in woods; Allene backed; nothing found. Pink pointed in the open; Allene dropped to a back; then Pink moved on to a point on the bevy—a good piece of work. Pink pointed a single and dropped to wing. Allene pointed scattered birds. She next pointed at the same time the bird flushed. Her work was quite faulty. Pink had much the better of the heat. Allene's range and bird work showed poor judgment. Pink's style was poor.

Rodfield---Blue Ridge Mark.---They started at 2:43. Mark pointed larks. A few yards further, Rodfield pointed and Mark backed; nothing found; foot-scent, presumably of larks. Both pointed a bevy in open sedge. Sent on. Rod pointed a single and Mark backed; both were steady to shot. Rodfield found and pointed a bevy. Mark sent on, soon pointed; nothing found. Rodfield was very stylish, running easily with pleasing action, and he showed a different style of point almost every time he pointed. Though ranging well and with graceful action, Mark seemed a bit heavy in his stride. Up at 3:14.

Dan's Lady---Lillian Russell.---Off at 3:21. Lillian pointed; Lady backed; nothing found. Lillian roaded and pointed a rabbit. Lady at the same time roaded along the edge of woods and pointed after a single had flushed. Lillian pointed a rabbit in cotton-field. Lillian in a pasture which was almost bare, pointed a bevy and Lady backed nicely. The bevy flushed wild. Sent on. While searching for the scattered birds, both pointed a bevy. Lillian pointed in a thicket; nothing found; but about 15 yards further on, Bond flushed a single bird. Still when sent on, Lillian should have roaded to it and pointed it. Lady pointed in woods near a cabin; nothing found. On scattered birds of bevy flushe by the handlers, Lillian pointed one just an instant before it flushed. Next she dropped to a point on scattered birds. Lady backed. Sent on. Lillian pointed; Lady backed. Up at 4:10. The heat was a sloppy one. Lillian showed a tendency to false point and was lacking in precision in her point work. She still showed a good deal of field quality. Lady ran far below her performance with Topsy's Rod.

This concluded the second round. But the judges called in two more.

Tory Topaz---Joe Bowers.---They were started at 4:22. Their work was far below the numerous opportunities offered. Topaz pointed a bevy, and next pointed a single in a thicket. Topaz next flushed twice. She next pointed and roaded in woods; nothing found. Joe made a good point on two birds and was steady to shot. Topaz made a point on two outlying birds of a bevy. Both dogs were up in front and a bevy was seen to flush. Next Joe pointed a bevy. Next both pointed; nothing found. Up at 4:39 Birds were in abundance, and many were flushed on ground when the dogs passed over. There was a good deal of scrambling. Neither ranged wide.

This ended the running. The judges announced, in the evening, the winners as follows: First, Rodfield; second, Blue Ridge Mark; Third, Minnie T.; fourth, Gleam's Pink; fifth, Dan's Lady.

Southern Field Trials.

New Albany, Miss., Feb. 4. (Special to Forest and Stream).—Fourteen starters in the Derby, namely: Cynosure, Palerma, Joe Cummings, Tom Beggs, Delhi, Ida B., Tony's Gale, Shad, Clementina, Lady Clare, Tony Boy, Mars, Typhoo and Lady Mildred. Of these Joe Cummings, Delhi, Tony's Gale, Tony Boy, and Lady Mildred ran fairly good heats, though none of the work was noticeably meritorious. The rest of the competition was decidedly poor. Birds were difficult to find, and not plentiful enough to give a thorough test in point work. Judges are Dr. M. F. Rogers, T. M. Brumby and J. King. Grounds wet and heavy from recent rains. There will be about fourteen starters in the All Age. Few visitors present.

New Albany, Miss., Feb. 5.—(Special to Forest and Stream): Eight in second series, namely: Palerma, Joe Cummings, Cynosure, Tony Boy, Delhi, Tony's Gale, Lady Clare, Lady Mildred. All Age stake has seventeen starters: Acolyte and Tremont, Tick Boy and Gleam's Sport, Tory Topaz and Ightfield Rosalie, Lillian Russell and Lady Margaret, Minnie T. and Topsy's Rod. Cid and Allene, Gleam's Pink and Blue Ridge, Cid and Allene, Gleam's Pink and Blue Ridge Mark, St. Blaise and Tony Boy, Joe Bowers a bye. B. WATERS.

Detroit Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The outlook for the annual bench show of the City of the Straits Kennel Club, is most encouraging, and unless all signs fail, and many untoward circumstances intervene, it is expected to be the largest and best exhibition yet held. The secretary, Mr. J. Wm. Garrison, reports an unusual interest on the part of breeders and owners of the best kennels in the country, every mail bringing letters of inquiry and requests for entry blanks, from every part of the United States and Canada. The final arrangement for dates for Detroit, Chicago and Denver appears to give general satisfaction, and is really the most natural and logical that could have been fixed upon.

The building in which the show will be held is the same as last year, the Auditorium, which is well adapted to the occasion, large, roomy, well heated and ventilated; easy of access in the heart of the business portion of the city, with convenient offices and other necessary rooms, for the use of the officers and exhibitors. The local interest in the coming event is shown by the application for premium lists, and the great number of special prizes offered for Michigan or Detroit dogs, which will doubtless result in a much larger exhibition than has ever been seen in this city. KENKA.

The Worcester Fur Co.'s Hunt.

Those Worcester fox hunters who had such an exciting time at the B. F. C. hunt at Barre, Mass., must have felt disgusted at the result of their own meet, held Jan. 23-24. The weather conditions were unfavorable. The mild weather melted the snow, and a cold snap setting in on Tuesday, Jan. 22, soon frozo a crust on the snow that would bear a man, in some parts. There was no moisture in the snow and consequently scent lay badly and the hounds could do little with the foxes that were started; added to this the clean misses which some of the veteran hunters made when they did get a chance to pot a fox, while they served for general amusement, did not improve the hunters' temper. No fox was shot during the two days' hunting. Most of the besthunting was in the Merriam district, which lies between Westboro and the Upton road about five miles from Millbury. Foxes were plentiful, signs abundant and the country open and well adapted to this style of fox hunting. Those who were out are as follows: F. E Garvey, Boston; W. N. Walling, Auburndale; E. L. Walling, Auburndale; and L. W. Ballou, of Brown University, Providence; R. D. Perry, Portland, Me.; W. S. Perry, Allie H. Perry, Princeton; E. S. Knowles, George W. Roraback, President of the Massachusetts Fox Club, Westfield; A. B. F. Kinney, J. B. Stuart, of Millbury; A. W. Walls, C. W. Walls, C. A. Barber, Spencer; Bradford S. Turpin, Boston; John R. Thayer, F. Lenoir, Fitchburg; C. H. Steele, L. E. Conant Waltham, and Charles Healey, Lynn. There were a number of dogs in the party. The White and Kinney pack contained Logan, Aggie, Fly, Ben, Ring, Diamond K. Slick and Ned. The Wallings had Hunter and two beagles named Dime and Little Drive. Mr. Stuart had Peter, a dog that knows the country thoroughly and never quits. C. W. Walls had Trip. President Thayer had Duff and Dick. W. R. Dean was out with W. R. Hager, of Southbridge, and was trying a new dog, named Ragen. Dean also had Dime with him, and the old fellow, who is known throughout the State, made a good showing for himself, as he usually does. Dean followed the hunt in his carriage, and he was in all of the drives. Harry W. Smith, Will Smith and H. Winfield Wyman, were on the lookout early for Reynard. They came in two teams, and Mr. Smith drove his high stepper Duster.

DOG CHAT

The American Kennel Club will remove its offices to the Bryant Building, 55 Liberty street, corner of Nassau street, about April 1. The Stud Book for 1894 will be issued about March 1.

In the December issue of the Kennel Gazette, just received, the financial statement for 1894 is anything but a rosy one. There is a nominal balance of two thousand and three dollars and ninety four cents. We say nominal because there are bills payable amounting to $1,896.98 to offset which is a problematical amount of $807.47 of bills receivable, which amount is made up of back advertising accounts, petty accounts, and dues from active members. Against the balance is also to be placed $465 which is included in the balance on hand though it really belongs to the 1895 account as it represents dues of Associates for this year. A little addition and subtraction will show that the A. K. C., far from preserving its balance, will have to sail close hauled for a while until it reaches smooth water again. The anxiety about the A. K. C. balance in regard to specials for the improvement of dogs in general, is evidently unnecessary, on the other hand the dog men must rally to the support of the American Kennel Club.

Mr. George F. Mooney, the secretary, tells us that the Columbus Fanciers' Club Co., have not been able to procure a hall that would bench more than 150 dogs, therefore, they will not be able to hold an A. K. C. show this season, but instead will have a local show for the benefit of the "Humane Soceity."

Exhibitors at the coming shows should bear in mind that something more is due to their dogs than merely to enter them and then throw down an extra meal by way of preparation. Mambrino King was acknowledged to be one of the handsomest trotters that ever stepped into a show ring. But this fact did not prevent his owner from turning him out in the most perfect condition that it was possible for hands to make him. His coat shone like satin. How many of our best dogs are put down, especially long haired dogs, in a manner that they should be. With a conscientious judge this very lack of grooming and preparation is responsible for many hard words and sore feelings between judges and exhibitors. In the field we expect to see dogs in the rough, or as the term goes—working condition—but at a dog show, dogs are supposed, to be placed on the bench for the admiration of the public and how can anyone admire a dog, however good the dog may be in regard to standard points, if to pat him is to carry away an odorous memory that clings to one's hands for hours after. It is not necessary to be continually

washing dogs; clean quarters and regular grooming are the only necessary requisites, if the dog is in good health. Wash the brushes if you itch for the soap suds. In the case of fox terriers, bull terriers, and such dogs, instead of washing just before the show it is better, especially this weather, to make a paste of buttermilk and sulphur lac, rub it on the dog, box up in clean straw, and in an hour or two when dry, brush the powder out and the dog's coat will be whiter and cleaner than soap and water can make him and without the danger of his catching cold. If a St. Bernard has a good solid orange or brindle body color, it is only necessary to wash the white parts on muzzle, neck, chest and legs. To wash the body a day before the show, after you have put plenty of "elbow grease" on his coat, is often to undo the work of weeks, the natural oil and gloss is taken out of the coat and the hair looks stiff and dull. This applies with equal force to spaniels. A dog's coat will be improved by feeding him raw eggs. If dogs must be washed, use the English "crown" soap, which can be procured at most harness stores. This soap produces a good lather, and does not dry up the hair like most of the ordinary soaps.

Everyone in the W. K. C. office looks happy to-day, Saturday, for entries have come in far ahead of the corresponding date last year. We believe it is customary for every secretary to vouchsafe this information to those in quest of news, but we are assured that it is really the case in this instance. The rush, however, will come on Monday and then a more definite idea can be obtained as to whether this year's entries will exceed former years. A batch of fifteen entries of beagles has come in from Mr. C. S. Wiscon, of Covert, N. Y. Mr. Geo. J. Gould, of Vigilant fame, enters eight pointers and wolfhounds. A cable to the effect that Mr. S. Woodiwiss, London, England, has entered ten bull dogs, sheepdogs and greyhounds, is a fact of considerable interest, and our breeders must do their best to bring their dogs to the mark in good condition and keep the laurels, or rather ribbons, at home. Since the entries closed, Mr. Mortimer thinks they will run ahead of last year.

A very useful little volume reached this office some time since through the courtesy of the editor, Mr. Hugh Dalziel. This is vol. V, of the "Fox Terrier Club Stud Book and Show Record," giving winners at English shows from Feb. 1892 to Dec. 1893. The pedigree of each winner is given, and of many noted dogs, traced back to their most remote ancestors. Mr. Dalziel had given up thoughts of publishing this stud book after Vol. IV. han been issued, in February, 1893. Consequently the2e were twelve months in which he did not secure catalogues of shows, and after the Fox-Terrier Club decided in February, 1894, to continue the publication of this useful little stud book under Mr. Dalziel's editorship, the latter had considerable trouble in securing the necessary marked catalogues of shows held in 1893. Some of the show secretaries failed to answer his requests, while others offered to sell their catalogues. As the editor justly remarks, such conduct is contemptible, especially considering the value to fox-terriers and their owners such a publication must be. The man who breeds fox-terriers should possess these stud books. For through such records he is enabled to trace winning strains, and afterward in mating his dogs take advantage of the knowledge so easily gained. L. Upcots Gill is the publisher for the F. T. Club, and the books can be obtained of Forest and Stream Pub. Co. Vol. VI. will include the shows of 1894, and will be published shortly.

The annual meeting of the A. K. C. will be held at Madison Square Garden, New York, on Friday, Feb. 22, at 2.30 P. M. The regular quarterly meeting of the executive committee will be held immediately after. The Associate members' annual meeting will be held at Madison Square Garden, on Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8 P. M.

At the Mascoutah Club show, poodles will be judged by Mr. John Davidson and not by Mr. T. Farrer Rackham.

Additional classses have been made as follows: Class 177 A, challenge bitches, prize, $10. The club's silver medal will be offered for best Skye terrier exhibited. In Irish terriers a class, 162 A, is made for challenge bitches, prize, $10. Class 164 A, for puppies, dogs and bitches, prizes, $5 and $3; class 164 B, is for novice dogs and bitches, prizes, $5 and $3. The best kennel of four cocker spaniels, other than black, will take the club's silver medal. The National Greyhound Club offers its medals for best greyhound dog and best bitch. Two valuable silver cups are offered, one for best English setter, and another for best collie under two years old, but competition is confined to members of the Mascoutah K. C., at least the collie must be bred by a member. $10 is offered for the best black and tan dachshund in open class. Mr. G. D. McLaughlin offers a solid silver cup for the best American bred fox terrier under two years old. The Bull Dog Club offers for competition, confined to members, the club's silver medal, each, for best bull dog and bitch; also its silver medal for best American bred dog or bitch. The best smooth St. Bernard bitch that has never won a prize before will win $10, if exhibited by a resident of Cook County, Ills. We have had several complaints in regard to the Detroit and Chicago show confining so many of their specials to local competition. In a list sent us of extra Detroit specials, numbering twenty-seven we find all but nine, and most of the latter are not at all valuable, have a local string to them. If a show committee desires to have a representative class of dogs they must in great measure depend on dogs from all parts of the country, but in the present unsatisfactory condition of the transportation facilities, when dogs must be shipped by express, a question of a few dollars in the way of specials or a trophy or two to be won will often decide the owner of a prominent dog as to whether the latter leaves his kennel and runs the risk. As one correspondent writes us: "Another thing, the specials for bull terriers at Chicago are all for Cook County dogs, that isn't right. It was at Chicago that Streatham Monarch and Carney met and Harvey Goodman gave them equal first; it was at Chicago that Monarch was beaten by Corova. What took these good dogs so far from home? It was the good cash specials. * * * The 'boys' may be pot hunters, but they bring good dogs." And show committees should remember this.

It is the opinion of handlers and exhibitors in the East that the Detroit and Chicago show committees would be doing a good turn for the men who send and bring good dogs to their shows and also increase their entries if they would make some arrangements toward having a special car leave New York at the close of the W. K. C. show. Few exhibitors will risk sending dogs by express unattended so far as Detroit and Chicago, and if these clubs desire a good Eastern exhibit, they shoud meet the handlers half way –say the handlers pay one way, the clubs the other; or one-half. In this connection we may note that Messrs. Brooks Brothers, O. Ames, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., J. L. Little, and W. S. Clark, have joined forces and engaged a special car to bring their dogs from Boston to the New York show and return. This is a wise and humane move.

The first annual meeting of the American Terrier Club will be held at 1 P. M. on Wednesday, Feb. 20, at the W. K. C. show. New members are applying for admission and the prospect seems bright for the new club. A description of the Bedlington and information pertaining to its history will be issued in pamphlet form for distribution at the coming shows, and an attendant will be provided, clothed in a distinctive uniform, whose duty it will be to care for members' dogs and answer questions regarding the breed.

The King Don Pointer Kennels, of Attica, Ind., send us a novelty in advertising, pictures of their Naso of Axtel, Naso's Fancy, Pride of King Don, Leach's Bele II., and the old pointer Drake, taken from a cut in "Stonehen," being strung together in handy hanging form, surmounted by a photo of Mr. W. A. Thompson, the secretary, who, judging by the accompanying catalogue, must have a penchant for pedigree research. The dogs in this kennel are well known for their field abilities.

Mr. T. G. Davey, of London, Ont., will shortly remove his Lares and Penates to Toronto. In June he sails to England on a two months' business trip.

We received the Denver show premium list a day after going to press last week. From it we learn that in addition to the scale of prizes already spoken of the Western Kennel Club Company offers kennel prizes of $15 in the large breeds, and $10 for kennels of bloodhounds, wolf hounds, deer hounds, greyhounds, fox hounds, pointers, setters, field and cocker spaniels, (each), collies, beagles, fox terriers, and pugs. As an inducement to handlers the club offers $1 for each dog shown, provided there are thirty or more shown by one handler, and all dogs to be in good show condition; this to be decided by the judge. This prize is not open to local competition. Entries close Feb. 27, and must be forwarded to the secretary, 1724 Lawrence street, Denver, Col. The show is of course under A. K. C. rules. This kennel club is doing good work in the shadow of the Rockies, and the fact that they met with anything but good luck last year, should impel exhibitors to give them a rousing support this time. As the show comes after Chicago, and no other shows are as yet announced between the latter date and the Boston show, there is ample time to take the trip and then afford the dogs a chance to recuperate for the show in the city of culture.

The "greyhounds" that we spoke of coming over in the S. S. Bovic, consigned to Messrs. Baring, Magoun & Co., are fox hounds, and are intended for Austin Corbin's game park in New Hampshire. They will be used to oust the wild boars which are said to have become unpleasantly numerous on this great game preserve.

In keeping with the patrician characteristics of the breed, the Meadowmere Kennels have arranged a very dainty catalogue giving particulars of their poodles. Printed on heavy paper, the seventeen half tones of the principal intimates of this well-known kennel are illustrated in an artistic manner. In addition to the cracks, Champion Milo, Champion Chloe, whose picture is a very clear and faithful likeness, and Champion Dinah, several of the dogs Mr. Trevor's imported last fall are reproduced. No less interesting are groups of prize dogs and bitches, held on chain by his clever kennel manager, T. T. Corrigan, and assistant McGovern. The picture on the cover gives a capital view of the extensive kennels and the manager's house. The whole is a very creditable production.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 1—Editor Forest and Stream: I saw, in the "Answers to Correspondents," in Jan. issue, an inquiry for the pedigree of Princess Belton. She was by Yale Benton, ex-Polly Blue; by Gun, ex-Pearl Blue. Yale Belton is registered 5,716, I think, and Gun is 1,616. Pearl Blue is A. K. R., 1,542 I know. It was J. T. N., of Philadelphia, who wanted to know, and as I have considerable trouble to find out some pedigrees for myself, I am glad to help others. Perhaps I will want something out of J. T. N. one of these days.

Mr. James Taylor, who is to judge at the coming W. K. C. show, sailed last Saturday on the Umbria for New York. He will probably arrive to-day. Mr. Tayor is sensible. To arrive here on the eve of the show, amid the bustle and hurry of such an importatnt event, is to place one's self at a disadvantage. With ten days to spare Mr. Taylor will have a chance to get his land legs again, and to become acquainted with his cousins in the fancy.

Stockkeeper, in commenting on the diminished glories of Hanley show reminds us of the old days, when it "whispers"—"We remember the specials in those days consisted of beautiful china and all kinds of excellent specimens of the potter's art." Our earliest recollections of fancy are inseparably connected, for reasons that are obvious, with a china service won by pater familias at a Hanley show though if memory serves us right, it was won by the aid of a light Brahma "rooster" and not a dog. The St. Bernard Clifford Marvel, one of Marvel's best sons, died very recently from a tumor, which formed in the neck of the bladder. He had won over forty prizes and was owned by Mr. G. S. W. Harding.

It is a rare occurrence nowadays for a disappointed exhibitor to abuse the judge in the ring and especially to use foul and disgusting language as an exhibitor at Derby, Eng., show held a couple of weeks ago, was guilty of. The judge ordered the man out of the ring, and the case will come before the Kennel Club. Of course the dog suffers from the owner's misconduct and though the best in the show received no mention.

Grim death seems to have been busy among some of England's leading mastiffs. Mr. W. Norman Higgs who lately lost his crack dog Ch County Member is now mourning the loss of Viscount who died suddenly from fits. Mr. Henry Clay's mastiff, Kaiser Frederick, a winner at leading shows, died from blood poisoning, according to our contemporary, Stockkeeper, Eng.

From the same journal we gather an interesting account of a dog's devotion. A man who had been missing since Jan. 12, was found dead on Slanwouro Mountain in South Wales. He is said to have succumbed in a snow-storm prevailing at the time. His dog returned home on the 17th and is supposed to have kept guard over the body for five days.

An important case bearing on the legality of cropping terriers' ears is now before the courts in London. The S. P. C. A. is prosecuting Robert Carling, his wife, and another man, for inflicting cruelty on a terrier by cropping its ears. A number of prominent dog men were summoned to bear witness for the defense. Expert evidence was furnished by vets to show that the practice was cruel, that the skin of the ear is the most sensitive part of a dog and that the inside of the ear was left unprotected. The defense tried to prove that cropping bull terriers' ears was a kindness, advancing the time honored plea of affording the other dog less to chew on. Vero Shaw was called to the stand and gave an interesting lecture on bull terriers, illustrated by one of Mr. Pegg's terriers. Mr. W. H. Sprague was another witness who astonished the audience with his knowledge of the dark side of a "business" bull terrier's life. Mr. J. W. Berrie also testified. A vet from Birkenhead declared that after a certain nerve had once been severed further slicing was painless! A good deal of evidence was given to show that in the present case the burr of the ear had been removed and that this was more sensitive than the flaps of the ears. Stockkeeper, from whom we take these notes, says that an amusing feature of the case was the indefinite idea of the dogman in court as to what was the burr of the ear. The case is not yet concluded. Robert Carling will be known to old timers as kennel manager for Mr. H. Lacy in the days of the black and tans, General, Belcher, Saff II, Queen II., and Collie Ch Mec, etc.

The curly poodle has decidedly ousted the corded variety in public favor in this country through the exertions of the Meadowmere and Hill Hurst Kennels' owners. But the corded poodles seem to claim the prizes at English shows to the exclusion of the smarter type. Mr. Robert Long writes a plea to the Stockkeeper urging recognition on the part of show committees for the curlies. In the course of his remarks he says: Poodles were originally very largely used for sporting purposes and with great success, which, no doubt, they still might be, as they have wonderful powers of scent, are very soft in the mouth and their high degree of intelligence would allow of their being trained to an exceptional standard of excellence." He then goes on to say that the most ardent admirers of the corded would scarcely admit that their type would be suited for such purpose and shows how mud on land would soon impede his movements, and how impossible it would be to use him as a water dog, while as a domestic pet he must be considered only as a fine weather one, for if he accompanied his owner on muddy roads his long cords would soon be in a state entailing endless labor to restore to their normal condition. "Take, on the other hand," he now remarks, "the curly dog. By his natural shape and make he is enabled to do all these things which I have named, and do them well. His coat is not so long as to be a nuisance, and even after a long run over muddy roads and behind a trap he picks up but liitte dirt. His great muscular strength fits him for every considerable exertion, and as a breed I consider him very fond of water." A corded poodle well taken care of is a handsome animal, there is little doubt, few have the time to spare, or the knowledge of how, to keep the cords in good condition, and there is nothing more loathsome and offensive than a matted, dirty corded poodle, so it is little wonder the Canichе has been given the right of way over here.

Many of our principal dog owners were prominent in the list of prize winners at the Poultry Show held in New York last week. Mr. Ed. Brooks took seveal prizes in white cochins; while the Sharp Brothers, good sportsmen both, were unapproachable in buff Cochins and made a good haul in light Brahmas. W. C. Baylies, a prominent member of the N. E. K. C. was also a successful exhibitor and Mr. Waldron, Providence, whose fancy takes a higher flight, scored in Jacobins and pouters. Then Rowland P. Keasbey, the Spaniel Club's secretary, was very busy round the game bantam aisles and won several prizes; John Brett had a stylish red pile game cock that would surely have won but for an accident. The Hempstead Farm was, as usual, at the head of affairs in black and white Langshans. As showing the value of a good specimen, of buff cochins we may say that the Messrs. Sharp sold a cockerel for $250 and won in prizes and cups $150 more, making $400 in all from one bird whelp---hatched we mean, last May.

It is welcome news to hear that a kennel of Clumber spaniels will be shown at New York this month. Lately this handsome breed seems to have dropped out of sight at our shows. If sportsmen in general would acquaint themselves with the good field qualities of the Clumber we are sure the dog would soon be taken up. And then as a companion alone the Clumber is a most intelligent and friendly dog and withal there is a certain aristocratic bearing about the animal that divide him from all other spaniels.

Mr. Geo. R. Preston, Jr., has bred some good ones and has been fortunate enough to secure others, so that he feels confident in putting down a good team. Mr. Preston is also importing a crack field spaniel dog through George Thomas and we understand a large price was paid. As Mr. Thomas brought over Staley Baron, the best in the country at present, it will be interesting to see if his judgment has been equally successful this time. Perhaps this is the dog Dark Despair which Mr. H. Pallard, M. R. C. V. S., has sold to come to America.

At Patchogue, L. I., on Jan. 26, a fox hunt was participated in by a large number of people who had brought with them some of the best foxhounds on the island. A drag was trailed along one of the principal streets and a fox liberated when the drag was stopped. The hounds were put on at the Exchange Hotel, and made a charming sight as they raced up the main street in full cry. The hounds were well bunched until the trail of the real article was reached. Then they separated and trailed off, those of W. Homan, W. O'Berry, C. Smith, J. Raynor, and H. C. Dare, taking the lead Smith and O'Berry's hounds singled themselves out from the others after an hour's run, and took a lead of thirty yards from the rest of the first bunch, which in turn were a long distance ahead of the main pack. After a run of ten miles, the fox was run into by the O'Berry-Smith hounds. Fully twenty-five couple of well-known hounds were out. It was found that the straight bred foxhounds were the fastest on a good trail, but at a loss the cross bred "fox and deerhounds," so the dispatch says, were found to pick out the trail the quickest. The deerhounds here mentioned being probably the hounds used in tracking deer.

Mr. Fred Church has bought a pair of bull terriers from Mr. F. F. Dole. The dog is byGully the Great, and the bitch by Ted Pritchard out of Edgewood Matchless, the marked bitch that won at Providence. They will be shown in the under 30 pouds classes. By the way, Mr. Dole intends exhibiting at the Detroit and Chicago shows, and is willing to take a few other dogs in addition to his own.

The Spaniel Club's annual dinner will be held at Zanghere's, 17 East Twenty-second street, New York, on Wednesday night, Feb. 20, at 8 P. M. This interesting event is expected to excel all previous efforts, as novel features will be introduced.

Tony Gale's Pedigree.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Feb. 2, Editor Forest and Stream: We wish to correct an error as to the breeding of Tony's Gale as it appeared in your report of the U. S. Field Trial, Setter Derby. His breeding should read, by Antonio ex-Nellie G., instead of Antonio ex-Can Can, and his breeder Theodore Goodman, of Terra Haute, Ind., instead of ourselves. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. J. H. Johnson, of Carlisle, Ind., for the manner in which this puppy was developed, as he was not placed in Mr. Johnson's hands until late last August, having had no previous training whatever.

Fox and Seiler.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

By a Staff Correspondent.

Good fellowship was in evidence at a dinner given on Monday night, Jan. 28, at the Holt House, by the U. S. F. T. Club, in honor of the landowners and others who had shown friendliness and good will toward the success of the trials and toward the visiting sportsmen. The grounds for the trials just ended, were given free of charge. The stormy weather undoubtedly kept many away. Still, the dining-room was filled nearly to its capacity. Of the residents there were Mayor L. C. Jordan, Dr. Brothers, and Messrs. W. Heard, S. E. F. Rose, W. A. White, D. Cottrell, J. J. Williams, J. R. Sinder, Goodwin Crump, James Evans, and Mr. Bailey, editor of the West Point Forum, and of the visitors there were: Dr. R. T. Mead, of Minnesota; Maj. J. R. Purcell, Prof. Edm, H. Osthaus, Maj. J. M. Taylor, Mr. St. M. M. Mundy, and Messrs. Rose, Nesbitt, Buckle, Mayfield, Richards, Gilliam, McCargo, Smith, Bond, Titus, and the writer. Toasts were given, and the kindliest feeling prevailed. The landowners assured the club that there would be no difficulty whatever in securing sufficient grounds for next year's trials, on the most favorable terms. No one could be treated with more kindness than was each one of the visiting sportsmen.

Mr. Madison's Resignation.

Nearly every institution has its rise, progress and decline, some by natural law, some by adverse circumstances. Of the latter is the U. S. F. T. Club, in respect to its decline.

Though the U. S. F. T. Club is a new club when measured by the yardstretch of Time, it is not new in the work it has done, nor is it new in its work, which it has left in its history. It was competent from the beginning. Among its members were men who had had extensive experience in field trials. Among them were men whose energy, enterprise and sagacity were second to none. Among them were men who represented the best type of the gentleman sportsman. They held annually one field trial at first. Next, they held two. This season, the club contemplated holding three, one of which was to be on chickens. The club was ever alert to advance the interest of the dog and of its patrons, from the gentlemanly standard of sportsmanship as a guide to action.

In its work, from first to last, the club relied, for the execution of its plans, upon Mr. P. T. Madison, it's secretary-treasurer. As to his fitness, the record of the clubs successes are an incontrovertible witness. But there is also the testimony of his re-election every year, unanimously carried and with no one in nomination against him. There is the testimony of his popularity with the owners, the handlers, the press and the public. His integrity, ability and energy are beyond question. Through the past years, when hard times oppressed both business and pleasure, the U. S. F. T. C. held its two trials, paid out its large prize list, and had a little balance left in its treasury each time. It weathered the storm of business depression. It had planned greater fields of action. Yet Mr. Madison resigned, with his interest in the club, in field trials, and in his office of secretary-treasurer, unabated.

What were the changes which brought this action about and with it the sudden decline and inevitable decay of the club? They were not natural.

They were purely artificial in their origin. They were purely natural when the disintegrating factors began work.

The readers of Forest and Stream will remember that in its columns from time to time were uttered words of warning against handlers becoming club members. The warnings were founded on the antagonistic position of the handler in his double capacity of handler and club member. The warnings were quite as much in the handler's interest as they were in the interests of the clubs, for both were mutually dependent. It was shown that the handler's affairs could not be mixed up with the club's affairs without bringing on a loss of interest and a loss of membership. It was shown, furthermore, that it was to the handler's interest in every way to encourage the clubs by good behavior and good words; for the field trial club is the life of the dog trainer's business. When the club members quit there is no loss to them; but when they quit there is a certain question concerning bread and butter interesting the handlers.

In its four years of existence, the club has distributed many thousands of dollars (about $20,000) in prizes. And who were the beneficiaries? The handlers.

It has been said, not wisely, however, that the clubs could not run field trials without handlers. If a club could not hold a field trial, who would be the losers? It seems to me it would be the handlers.

As to the personality of the handlers, no objection has ever been made. The whole question hinges on the impropriety of a competitor having a voice in arranging the competition.

But the words of warning were not heeded. The U. S. F. T. C, had two handlers in its membership, namely, Messrs. Stafford and Avent. Avent was on the Board of Governors, an office which he should never have held. He was always distinctly prominent in the club's affairs whether as competitor, high kicker, club member or club officer. It may be in order to say that he should have not been an officer, because there were matters, often coming before the Board, in which he was a competitor. In an evil hour his ambitions grew. It was not enough for him to be a beneficiary as a competitor. It was better to have all the golden eggs at once. It was better to have a cinch on the club itself. It was better to sink sportsmanship and become mercenary and sectional. It was, but it wasn't.

At West Point, at the annual meeting, it was plain to everyone that a preconcerted plan of action had been adopted to get possession of the club. Indeed, several handlers assured me that they had been solicited by Mr. Avent to join the club, and one gentleman had been solicited to join on the ground that it would throw the governing power entirely into the South. Those handlers assured me that they thought that handlers should not be club members. They were frank and honest and intelligent. I have some very good reasons for believing that the handlers who did become members at West Point, joined under a misapprehension, and I know that they regretted their act afterward.

Immediately after the election, it was apparent that the club had changed decidedly in its policy and its personnel. Mr. Avent's wire pulling in behalf of sectional interests and in behalf of the handlers who were competitors, had aroused a feeling of supreme disgust, first, because the club was in no sense sectional, and second, because the hungry commercial spirit exhibited was not in accord with anyone's ideas of sportsmanship. Notwithstanding Mr. Madison's forbearing disposition, and just pride in the club, he resigned his membership and office.

The foregoing imperfect description of circumstances will give the reader an imperfect knowledge of the causes which led to Mr. Madison's resignation, and the decay of the great club.

West Point, Miss. Jan. 30, 1895.

It took Maj. Purcell and Mr. J. M. Avent several weeks to arrange a match, dog against dog, through the columns of a contemporary, with all the collateral information which they desired the public to have In a few minutes at West Point, Miss., they arranged that there would be no match. The bombast, boasts, defiance, and banters, which they inflicted on the public, ended as all of the kind do—in vacuity. In the meantime, the public paid for the space occupied by the so-called challenger, really advertisements.

Dr. R. T. Mead, Manistee, Mich., has bought of Mr. J. M. Freeman the English setter dog Dan Burgess. Dan has won some prizes in field trials.

B. WATERS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. and A., Windsor, Ont.—The fox-terrier Mischief won third at London and at Toronto, 1890, and was owned by Mr. Geo. Douglas Woodstock, Ont. Probably he could give you the desired information.

F. G. D., Camden, N. J.—The best remedy we know of for curing a dog of this annoying habit, is to tie the chicken securely to the dog's neck, under the jaw, and keep it there as long as it is possible.

J. C. V. E., Elmira, N. Y.—As the dog is two years old the amount of trouble and patience required to cure him of gun shyness would not be worth while assuming. Elaborate directions for the cure of gun shyness have been given by various correspondents in these columns, and they all entail an amount of endurance and patience on the trainer that few individuals care to undertake the task.

C. E. S., Middletown, O.—I have a pointer pup, whose eyes have been affected for about two months. They seem weak. for when he gets out in the light he cannot see, and they water very much. The eyelids are red and inflamed. Ans.—Bathe the eyes three or four times a day with a solution of boracic acid (1 drachm to 8 ounces). Also drop one drop of the following in eyes twice a day.

Atroph. Sulph.	1-4 grs.
Cocaine Hydchlor.	vi. grs
Aq. a.	ii. drachms
Sol.	

ST. BERNARD.—Dew claws on a St. Bernard are not necessary, and certainly their presence would not influence your chance to get the pups registered with A. K. C. You must be able to show a pedigree of three generations back on sire and dam's side before you can register them.

T. F., Pawtucket, R. I.—The dog otter-hound should stand about 26 inches high at shoulder, and the bitch 24 inches.

O. A. M., Albany.—A claims that a 28-inch barrel gun, weighing from 6 to 6 1-2 lbs., will shoot as hard and kill as far as a gun with 30-inch barrels and weighing from 7 1-2 to 8 lbs., everything being equal in the way of bore, choke and load. Will you kindly give your opinion on this question? Ans.—Theoretically there would be no difference between the guns, but as a matter of fact the gun weighing the most would have the advantage when shooting heavy charges.

E. W. C., New Haven, Conn.—In all probability, the English setters will be judged the first day at the New York show.

J. J. B, Chicago.—We can find no traces of the fox-terriers Prince and Daisy in the stud books.

P. F. A., Anniston, Ala.—My pointer dog has had a severe case of mange for six months. Have tried advertised remedies. He is in good health otherwise. His skin is very red, the hair comes out and leaves him ragged and scaly-looking. Ans.—Use the following as directed:

Sublimed sulphur	1-2 lb.
Cocanut oil	1 lb.
Kerosene	1 pint
Sperm oil	4 pints.

Mix together.

To be well rubbed all over the dog every day for two weeks, then wash off and repeat in a few days, if necessary.

Ferri phosph.	
Sig. arsenicalis	ii. drs.
Aq. a.	vi ozs.

Mix.

Give one tablespoonful twice a day after feeding.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

Feb. 5-7.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two first days, targets; last day, live birds. Open to all. Send for programmes to E. D. Fulford or H. L. Gates.

Feb. 7—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—First match of the Class-Morfy series.

Feb 11, 12.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Winter tournament of the Hot Springs Gun Club; targets. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec.

Feb. 12.—WILLARD PARK, N. J.—Second match of the Class-Morfey series.

Feb. 13.—YARDVILLE, N. J.—Live bird handicap at Chas. Zwirlin's; 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra.

Feb. 15, 16.—ROME, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rome, N. Y., Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Feb. 19.— .—Third match of the Class-Morfey series.

Feb. 19, 20, 21.—MARION, N. J.—Elliott Fulford Series of three races; 100 birds, $100 a side.

Feb. 22.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the North Side Gun Club; handicap target shoot.

Feb. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, of the series of 1895, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club, Henry A. Kratz, Sec.

Feb. 22.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club; targets. O. L. Yeomans, Sec., Orange, N. J.

Feb. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Second bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Events open to all.

March 5-7.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Three-days' tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; first two days targets, last day live birds. Wm. H. Huck, Sec.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added. All ties in Grand American Handicap must be shot off; three moneys, three high guns.

April 3.—ASTOR HOUSE, New York.—Trapshooters' Convention, adjourned meeting; 8:30 P. M.

April 8-10.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready March 1. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec.

April 9-11.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Three days' tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club claim May 2 as the date on which it will hold its tournament under the auspices of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec.

May 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and P Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec., 8 West Third street. Cincinnati.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec., Kansas City.

May 21-24.—KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-days' tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament Convention at Sherman House June 4.

June 11-14.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec.

June 25-26.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 3-6.—FRANKFORD, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec., Frankford, Pa.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

Rome.

The programme for the Rome, N. Y., Gun Club's two days' tournament, Feb. 15, 16, is to hand. The first day is devoted to targets, the programme events being as follows: Nos. 1, 2 and 4, 10 targets, $1; Nos. 3, 5, 7 and 8, 20 targets' $2; No. 6, 25 targets, $3. All events are rapid firing; birds included in entrance money. Four moneys; 5 per cent. of each purse deducted for average moneys, 60 and 40, to go to the two best averages in all programme events. Feb. 16, live bird day, has but two events on the programme; No. 1, 5 birds $5; No. 2, 10 birds. $10; birds, 25 cents each, included in entrance moneys; handicap rises, 4 moneys. Extra events will be shot if time permits. The following gives all the information required:

American Association Rules will govern all contests which handicaps 10 gauge guns, two yards. Shells for sale on grounds. No matter what the weather may be the shooters will be fully protected and comfortable. Positively no outside shooting will be permitted. We shall spare no pains to make this shoot a grand success. The grounds are about the finest in the world. Sky for a background. Home comforts. Spacious club house Street cars every fifteen minutes right to the grounds which are only ten minutes from depot. For programmes and to secure accommodation rates address; W. P. Rayland, M. R. Bingham, J. S. Wardwell.

Onondaga.

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 31.—The Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club held their regular semi-monthly Medal shoot on Thursday, Jan. 31. Although the shooting was not quite up to the standard, there was some excuse for the boys They have only about one hour and forty-five minutes between trains, as they are obliged to go and come on the D. L. & W. R. R., and on account of the increasednumber of shooters they were obliged to rush things along this afternoon. As it was, they did not have time to finish the shoot, as the rules call for fifty birds. There were a number of visitors at the club shoot, Mr. Waldron, a sporting goods dealer from Binghamton; Mr. Kendall, a noted local trap shot. etc. Trap shooting is beginning to boom here again. About twenty shooters turned out to shoot for the medals. but some were unable to shoot on account of lack of time. The event was, as usual, at unknown angles: A. G. Courtney 30, C. F. Arno 29, D. Lefever 27, Ginty 24, A. White 27. Luther 26, W. Morris 23, Livingston 29, Kendall 15, Duguid 14, Waldron 14, D. Walters 20, Boyd 24, Burrows 9, H. Jones 19, F. Lefever 20, J. Dally 21.

A. R. K.

Maplewood.

Maplewood, N. J., Jan. 26.—The first monthly contest for the 1895 silver cup was shot off to-day. The weather was decidedly against trap shooting, but six of the boys turned out to enjoy the sport. Where was Warren Smith? This is the first regular shoot of the club he has ever missed. No one present could account for his absence. A new addition to the fraternity, Mr. Abbot by name, did exceedingly well for the style of shooting and the fact that this was his first attempt at the traps. This cup represents the championship for the year, and is contested for the fourth Saturday in every month. Each shooter is graded according to his ability, and the one making the greatest number of points in the year is champion and receives the cup. The number attached to each name represents his handicaps, viz., Dr. Jackson 16; by breaking 17 he makes a point or a possible 9 in 25; Reeves 10, or a possible 15 out of 25. This rule applies in each case.

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles, 50 c.: W. N. Drake 9, Van Idustine 7, Reeves 10, A. Sickley 8, Jackson 7, Abott 4.

No. 2, same: A. Sickley 9, Jackson 8, Drake 8, Reeves 6, Van Idustine 9, Abott 3.

No. 3, 5 pairs, 50 c.: Drake 9, A. Sickley 6, Jackson 5.

No. 4, 10 targets, expert rules, 50 c.: A. Sickley 9, Jackson 9, Drake 9, Reeves 8, Van Idustine 8, Abott 6.

No. 5, Club cup contest, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Jackson, (16)	1111111111101101111111111---23
Drake, (18)	0111111111111111111110111---23
A. Sickley, (18)	1111011111101111010111011---19
Van Idustine, (15)	1111111101011110110101111---19
Reeves, (10)	1011001001101011010101100---13
Abott, (0)	1111000110010010000101001---13

W. N. DRAKE.

They Enjoy Life at Newburgh.

Under date of Jan. 25, David Bown, vice-president of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, writes as follows from Newburgh, N. Y.: "On my return from the convention I had it in my mind that our association had a shoot for a supper on that day, Jan. 24, Capt. Higginson and J. S. Taylor choosing sides. Though too late for the shoot I was in good time for one of Jake Gidney's great suppers; roast turkeys, etc., etc. This same supper was first shot for on Jan. 17, when it resulted in a tie, thus calling for more sport. On the 17th it was decided to have the supper last night whether another tie occurred or not. Capt. Higginson's team won, as you will see by the enclosed scores. We do not get any replies to our challenge to rifle clubs; we wish that they would wake up."

In explanation of the scores given below, it may be stated that the team shoots were decided in conjunction with the regular club handicap shoots for two prizes, value $10 and $5 respectively. These shoots are allowance handicaps; practically so many misses allowed as breaks. The score of the shoot on Jan. 24 shows that 25 targets are shot at in the club shoots; the first 10 everything known, then 3 pairs, the last 9 being at unknown angles. There is nothing to show the style of shooting in the race shot on Jan. 17 but it was probably under the same conditions. On that occasion Mitchell and Higginson tied for first prize, Wood winning second prize. Each of these prizes must be won five times before becoming absolute property. In each race only the totals minus the handicap allowances were counted in the struggle for the suppers.

FIRST MATCH, JAN. 17.

Taylor's Team.

Taylor, 1	1111110101000010011111111—17	
Taggart, 4	1011101101001000110101111—15	
Stansbrongh, 3	1100110010000010011111111—14	
Mitchell, 2	1111011011100011111011111—19	
Harrison, 6	1101001000101010011001000—10	
Rogers, 10	1100111010000000001110000—	9—84

Higginson's Team

Wood, 5	1010111001100000110111110—15	
Higginson, 0	1111101011111110011111111—21	
Likely, 3	0010111110000010111111111—16	
Kissam, 3	1101110101101110001011011—16	
Donohue, 3	1111010110101000000001100—11	
McDowell, 10	0001000000010010000101000—	5—84

SECOND MATCH, JAN. 24

J. S. Taylor's Team.

Taylor, 0	1111110101111010111101101—19	
Taggart, 4	1010111011000001001010010—11	
Stansbrough, 3	1111011110111000101111101—18	
Mitchell, 2	1001010100000000100100111—	9
Harrison, 6	0101001010101101110010111—14	
Rogers, 10	0100110001100000101001000—	8
Gibb, 4	1110011101000010110000001—11	
Kerr, 6	0110101001001010000001000—	9
Dowd*	1101010011001000100001010—10	109

*Not a member of the Club.

H. C. Higginson's Team.

Higginson, 0	1111110111111101101011111—21	
Wood, 5	1010011111101000111111111—18	
Likely, 3	1011100111001010011110011—15	
Kissam, 5	1011000011111010101111100—15	
Donohue, 5	0101001011100000000111001—15	
McDowell, 7	1001111100000001001000110—10	
Sutton, 3	0111111101110100111001112—18	
C——, 3	1011111100101010000011001—13	
Drumville, 10	0000001100111001000101001—	9 129

Higginson's team won the supper, while Wood won a heat for the first prize; ties for second prize not shot off.

Two Unique Matches.

On Thursday, Jan. 31, George Work and P. H. Morris, shot a couple of 50 bird races on the Westminster Kennel Club grounds at Babylon, L. I. These races were two more of that class of pigeon matches which Messrs. Work and Morris seem to enjoy. The previous day, as told elsewhere, they shot a match at the Carteret Club grounds, Morris using his 12 guage against Work and his 4(guage. On Thursday the conditions of the matches were as follows: First match, Work at 38 yards, with an 8 guage; Morris, at 24 yards, with a 12 guage; Second match, Work 38 yards, with a featherweight Francotte, 12 guage; Morris, 24 yards, with Work's 8 guage gun!

So quiet had these two matches been kept, that outside of the two principals and the representatives of Forest and Stream, and Shooting and Fishing only one other person was, present. That person was W. A. Watrous, of Tuxedo, who was on hand to handle Work. Mr. Morris, having no handler it was arranged that Mr. Pentz should look after his interests, while the scoring was entrussted to Forest and Stream's representative, who also pulled the traps.

The first race was very close indeed, Work winning after 65 birds had been shot at. Morris started in by missing a right quartering incomer from No. 1 trap, a bird that he is very

weak on. Work let his third bird get away hard hit, tieing the score. Morris next slipped up on a direct incomer, in the fifth round, and steadily lost ground until at the end of the 13th round the score stood 11-8 in favor of Work. Then Morris settled down and killed the next 19 birds straight, tieing the score on the 29th round, when Work had a right quartering driver drop dead out of bounds. The 30th and 31st birds both got away from Work, leaving Morris two ahead; he quickly reduced this lead to one by missing his 33d bird, a precisely similar bird to his first one. When he let his 39th bird get away with the loss of only a few feathers, the score was again a tie. Work drew ahead in the 42d round, when a corking twister from No. 5 trap got away from his opponent; it looked like Work's match then. The 43 round was notable for the fact that when Morris called "pull," he discharged his first barrel before the trap went over; the bird, however, sat long enough for the shooter to kill it with the second, thus obtaining a decision of no bird." His next one, above mentioned, was a corker, with nothing slow about him. Work's 43d fell dead out of bounds and the score was again a tie, Morris being one to the good when Work missed his 45th. Both men then let their 47th birds get away from them, the score showing Morris one in the lead with only three more to shoot at. An extra fast bird from No. 5 trap beat Morris on the 48th round, the score being again tied with 38 kills each. The 50th round found them still a tie with 40 kills to their credit.

It was decided to shoot off the tie at 5 birds. Morris' first fell dead out of bounds, and it again looked as if Work had the race. His 55th bird, an easy right quartering incomer, tied the score by dropping dead not more than two or three inches over the back boundary. Five more birds were then shot at, Work losing his 58th (third in the series of five). Morris having killed his four birds, he had but to kill to win. He drew a dark blue driver from No. 1 trap that hardly appeared to be damaged at all. Morris never forgot that bird for the rest of the day! His misfortune appeared to rattle him, as he dropped his first two birds on the next series of five birds; that lost him the match, as Work missed but one out of his five, four of which were perfect screamers. The total score showed Work 52, Morris 51. It is only fair to add that Morris having run out of shells, had to use strange ammunition on his last 8 or 9 birds.

An adjournment was made for lunch, after which the second race was started. Both men commenced poorly, Morris in particular being unable to do anything with the big gun, missing seven out of his first nine. He then steadied down, killing 31 out of the remaining 41, beating Work by two birds. It was almost a sure thing for an incomer to escape from Morris if it was at all fast; he was unable to swing the big gun quickly enough; ten out of his 17 misses were on fast incomers. George Work's handling of his little Francotte was a capital advertisement of the capabilities of that weapon. His score of 31 was a great performance, but still it ought to have been increased to 36 as he had five birds scored lost which ordinarily were sure things for him, birds, too, on which his handicap was actually an advantage: his 4th and 20th birds, a direct incomer, and a right quartering incomer respectively, dropping dead just over the dead line. Work's score is all the more remarkable when it is considered that the right barrelof this "feather-weight" is a pure cylinder; the gun is in fact his quail gun!

The scores are as follows!

First Match.

```
                5 1 5 1 3 3 2 1 4 3 3 5 4 5 3 4 3 2 1 1 2 3 1 2 1
Geo Work, 8ga→↘↑↑↑→↘↙↘→→→↑→→↑↙↘↗→↗↘↗→↑
  38yds.....1 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—22

                1 5 1 5 5 5 4 3 3 4 1 2 3 1 3 2 4 4 4 5 2 1 5 2 1
                ↗→↘↗↑↗↗↓↗↗$↘↘↘→↑↙↑↘↙↑↖↗→→
                0 2 2 0 0 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 0 2 2 1—18—40

                1 2 4 5 1 4 1 4 4 5 3 2 1 5 4 3 2 4 1 5 4 1 4 3 5
P H Morris, ↘←↗→↓→↙↗↗→↑←↗$↘↗↖↗↗↗↗↓↖↗
  12ga, 24yds....0 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2—20

                2 4 4 4 1 1 5 3 5 4 3 1 3 1 2 2 5 4 5 2 3 2 5 1 4
                ↗↑H↗→→←↘↓→→→↑↗↖↗↗↗↗↗→↘↖←→
                2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 0 0 2 2—20—40
```

Ties shot off at 5 birds:

```
                          1 2 3 5 4      1 5 3 2 4      5 3 2 5 5
                          ↓↑↖↗↘      ↘↘↑→↑      ↑↑↑↙↑
Geo Work.....2 2 1 1 0  4  1 2 0 2 1  4  1 1 0 2 2  4

                          4 5 4 3 2      3 4 1 2 1      4 5 3 5 4
                          ↘↗→→↙      ↗→→↗↑      ↓↑↘↗↓
PH Morris.....0 1 2 1 2—4  2 2 1 2 0—4  0 0 2 2 2—3
```

Second Match.

```
                1 2 3 2 2 2 3 3 4 2 5 5 4 4 2 3 2 2 3 2 1 5 1 3 2 1
GeoWork, 12ga→↑→↓↑↑↑↑↘←↗→↖↗↗↑↓→↗↘↗↓↑↘↗
  3 yds.....2 2 0 0 0 2 1 0 2 0 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 0---16

                • 3 2 1 3 3 4 1 2 5 2 1 1 5 5 1 3 2 3 5 2 5 1 5 1 2
                ↑↙↑→↗↑↙↘↗↑↙↗↑↑↘←←↓↗↑↘↑↓↖↗
                0 0 0 2 0 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 5 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 0---15--31

                1 1 1 4 2 2 5 4 5 1 1 3 1 1 4 1 4 4 3 4 4 2 3 4 2
P H Morris, ↘↑↑→↑↑↗↓↘↙↓↗↗↘↖↘↑↗↗↗↓→↘↘↘
  8ga, 24yds....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 1 0 2 0 1 2 1 2 0 1 1 0 2---14

                1 5 1 2 2 5 1 2 1 2 1 1 3 3 2 2 2 3 2 1 4 4 3 2 3 1
                →↓↘↘↑↖→↖→↘↑→→↗↑↑↗↘↑↘↖→→↗↘
                1 2 0 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 0 2 1 1 2 0---19--33
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EDWARD BANKS.

A Good Attendance at Carteret.

Wednesday, Jan. 30, was only an ordinary club day at Carteret, but no less than 14 members put in an appearance before the traps. It was a lovely day for the shooters and spectators, but a poor one for the birds, who found not a breath of air to aid them in their flight; as a result kills were numerous and cyphers correspondingly scarce. The main event was a $10 sweep, club handicap. This handicap is undoubtedly very severe on the scratch men, so long as the birds are only ordinary ones. It runs as follows: 30 yards men and over, miss and out; 28 and 29 yards men two misses as kills; 27 yards men, 3 misses as kills; 26 yards men, 4 misses as kills; 25 yards men and under, 5 misses as kills. With such men as Mr. P. H. Morris at 24 yards, Messrs. Sullivan Mead, and Stafford, at 26, and Mr. O. T. Mackey at 27, it can readily be seen that the scratch men have no picnic. As it was, all of the latter except J. Seaver Page were out of it before the 9th round commenced. While the 11th round was in progress it was agreed that the nine men still in the race should divide the purse in order to let some minor sweepstakes be shot. At the close of the round, Page and Godchalk had eleven straight to their credit, while Du Bray, with 10 straights, took his one-ninth without shooting at his eleventh bird.

Prior to the commencement of the big event, George Work and P. H. Morris shot one of their specialties. This match was at ten birds under the following extraordinary conditions: Morris stood at 24 yards, using a 12 guage, while Work stood on the 21 yards mark using a double 41 guage built by Greener; this gun is generally styled a "collector's" or "taxidermist's gun." With this toy weapon Work outshot his man on the 9th round, killing 7 out of the 9 shot at! Work afterward gave proofs of the killing powers of the little gun, making some astonishing shots at pigeons that were flying around the club house.

Handicap Sweepstakes, with allowances; $10 entrance:

J. S. Page, 30	21212222212—11	P. Morris, 24	*1222112110— 9
E. Godchalk, 29	22222222112—11	W. Stafford, 26	*212212*212— 9
*A. DuBray, 28	1221212222 —10	Capt. Money, 31	21221210 — 7
O. Mackey, 27	2122*221222—10	R. Welch, 32	2221220 — 6
W. Meade, 26	02212111112—10	Geo. Work, 32	122220 — 5
H. "Butler," 28	10102121221—10	T. "Mott," 30	22* — 2
A. Sullivan, 26	21121*10111— 9	J. Knapp, 30	0 — 0

*DuBray only shot at 10 birds.

Sweepstakes, 5 birds, $5 entrance, were shot after the above event had been called off as stated above. Each man shot at the same mark as in the main event, but there was no bird allowances. No. 1 was divided between Mott, Stafford, Knapp and Du Bray at the close of the third round of the ties. No. 2 resulted in a division between Welch, Page, Knapp and Post without the fifth round being shot. A third sweepstake similar to the others was started and at the end of the third round six of the nine competitors, Welch, Page, Mott, Work, Knapp, and Post, had each killed three straight:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Welch, 32	12211220—7	1212—4
Seaver Page, 30	200 —1	220 —4
Money, 31	0* —0	220 —2
"Mott," 30	11111211—8	120 —2
Morris, 24	2011 —3	000 —0
Work, 32	2111* —4	120 —2
Godchalk, 29	1210 —3	2* —1
Stafford, 26	22122121—8	20 —1
"Butler," 28	11221110—7	220 —2
Knapp, 30	22222222 —8	2222—4
DuBray, 28	21122222—8	1220—3
Post, 27	—	2222—4

Little Rock's Winter Tournament.

Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 29.—The winter tournament of the Little Rock Shooting Association gave every promise of being a very successful affair. Shooters were in attendance from the neighboring cities, and considerable interest was manifested by the local shooters. The horrible weather that prevailed, however, during the two days of the shoot, came very near causing it to be a failure and but for the enthusiasm of our visitors such would have been the case.

The day preceding the shoot was as fine a day as one could wish. The sun was shining brightly and it was so warm and pleasant that wraps and overcoats were unnecessary. The opening day of the shoot dawned bright and clear, and every one expected that we were going to have a fine day, but in this they were all doomed to disappointment. By 10 o'clock the sky became overcast with a haze that gradually grew darker, the breeze that was blowing from the northwest was soon converted into an awful gale, while the thermometer rapidly ran down to the freezing point.

The club grounds are located right on the bank of the river, and there is not a tree or a house of any size within several hundred yards of the club house to break the force of the wind. There is no stove in the club house, as previous to this season very little trap shooting had been done here in the winter. A large fire was kept roaring in the open air, but very little comfort could be had from this, as the wind was so cold that while one was warming his back his face would be freezing. This made the shooting much more difficult, as the high wind caused the targets to skip about in a very erratic manner. The cold, too, had a very depressing effect on the pigeons, making them slow to start, but screamers when once on the wing, as the wind which was blowing directly away from the shooter soon carried them out of bounds. The shooters were also very much hampered by the cold, as it was impossible to shoot without a coat on, consequently the scores are not as good as they would have been under more favorable circumstances.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the programme and several extras were run off on the first day. By night the wind had abated, but the clouds had become darker, and at 10 o'clock it was raining hard. This caused some of the visitors to return home, and also kept others away, as the prospects for favorable weather on the morrow was not very flattering. It rained steadily until 11 o'clock the next morning, by which time about three inches of rain had fallen, and the water was standing in large pools on the grounds. At noon it had cleared off and the sun was shining again, but the wind was blowing even worse than on the previous day, and directly from the West. The air grew steadily colder and ice seemed formed on the water. Nevertheless there were some of the boys who were willing to brave the elements and attempt to shoot out the programme, which was done in a few hours, as only a few shooters participated.

Among the visitors in attendance were: Irby Bennett, of Memphis, Tenn., southern representative of the Winchester Arms Repeating Co., Capt. A. R. Smith, and John J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, Ark. Bennett was under the weather, having contracted a severe cold on the train the previous night, but despite this handicap he succeeded in winning first money alone in the first event, second money in the pigeon match, and later in the day he shot out all of the boys in a miss and out. Bennett did not forget to tell the boys that they were going to have a shoot in Memphis next June. Sumpter did not shoot up to his usual form, as he was using a new gun, an L. C. Smith ejector, that he had only shot once or twice previous to this shoot, and to which he had not yet become accustomed.

Dickinson did the best shooting during the tournament, winning the $3 for the best average both days, and the $5 for the best average in the two days. Alexander won the $2 for the second best average on the first day, and Dickey won the $2 on the second day. Droppers were conspicuous by their absence, and it is safe to say that at no time during the shoot was this contemptible trick resorted to. All events were known traps, unknown angles. Three moneys when less than ten entries, and four moneys when ten or more entries. American Shooting Association rules governed. Appended are the scores made on the first day:

No. 1, 15 targets, 1.

Dickinson	111011101011111—12	Pemberton	101100001011001— 7
Duley	110111011111001—11	Alexander	010110101011111—10
Sumpter	011111011111101—12	Smith	110001010110111— 9
Bennett	011011111111111—13		

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.

Dickinson	111101110111111—13	Pemberton	010110111101111—11
Duley	010101110111001— 9	Alexander	111111011100111—12
Sumpter	001101010111110— 9	Bennett	110111011011111—12
Smith	111110111111101—13	Litzke	101110111110101—11

No. 3, 15 targets, $1.

Dickinson	111111111101111—14	Smith	011101110111111—12
Duley	111011110011011—11	Pemberton	111111011111101—13
Sumpter	101110110111111—12	Alexander	111101111111111—14

No. 4, 20 targets:

Dickinson	11110001111101111111—17
Duley	11100111101111110111—16
Sumpter	00101110010110010010— 9
Smith	10111110100110111101—14
Pemberton	11111111111111111101—19
Bennett	01011011110000001011—11
Alexander	10111011100111011111—15

No. 5, 15 targets, $1.

Dickinson	010111111000111—10	Smith	111011011111111—13
Duley	110110111111101—12	Bennett	111111000001110— 9
Alexander	011111001111110—11	Sumpter	111111110111111—14
Pemberton	111111111110111—14		

No. 6, 15 targets, $1:

Dickinson	111100111110011—11	Smith	011111110111010—11
Duley	011010111101001— 9	Alexander	111110111111111—14
Sumpter	011101010111111 —11	Bennett	011001100111111—10
Pemberton	111101111110100—11		

No. 7, 10 live birds:

Dickinson	1110211212—9	Smith	1221002x02—6
Duley	0010112001—5	Lenow	x020210010—4
Pemberton	2000211210—6	Woodson	0121210201—7
Baise	0110220101—6	Bennett	12211021x1—8
Sumpter	20012x0122—6	Alexander	0010211001—5

No 8, 15 targets, $1:

Dickinson	111111111110010—12	Smith	010101011011001— 8
Duley	011111111110101—12	Alexander	110111111111110—13
Pemberton	111110111101111—13	Bennett	000110111011100— 8
Conner	111110101000110— 9	Baise	010001111101111—10
Sumpter	101110001111100— 9	Lenow	111110010111110—11

No. 9, 20 targets:

Dickinson	10110111111111110111—17
Duley	01010101100111111111—14
Bennett	01110111100011000011—11
Pemberton	11110100001000111110—11
Smith	11011001111010101111—14
Alexander	11001011111111110111—16
Sumpter	11101110010011110111—14
Conner	11100001111001001011—11

No. 10, 15 targets, $1:

Dickinson	101111010103111—10	Cum'gham	001011010010110— 7
Duley	011100111101111—11	Smith	111110111100111—12
Pemberton	101111011011110—11	Sumpter	111100111011010—10
Alexander	101011111111101—12	I. Brown	010111101111111—12
Woodson	111110100000011— 8	Bennett	010000011011111— 8
Baise	110011111011101—11		

As there were never more than six, and most of the time only four, entries on the second day, it is deemed best not to publish the scores made on this day, although the shooting was considerably better.

The next gathering of the cranks will be at Hot Springs, February 11 and 12. On these days the Hot Springs Club will hold a two days' tournament. On the afternoon of the 12th, Dr. W. F. Carver and Hon. Tom A. Marshall, of Kiethsburg, Ill., will shoot a match; conditions, 100 live birds per man.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Committee at Work.

The drafting of a constitution and by-laws for presentation at the adjourned meeting of the trap shooters convention on April 3, at the Astor House, New York city, is no simple matter. As a rule a committee appointed to draw up such articles have something similar to pattern after. A constitution and by-laws for such an organization as the one which it is proposed to form will necessarily include many articles peculiar to itself.

The publication of the draft of the constitution and by-laws in the different sporting papers will greatly facilitate discussion on the same at the above mentioned meeting. It will also enable gun clubs and other kindred organizations to correctly guage the purpose of an association such as it is proposed shall be organized on the above date, and to decide whether or no they are in accord with the principles of which such an organization will be the exponent. Another important item, the natural result of the publication of the proposed constitution and by-laws, will be the receipt by the committee, appointed at the meeting of January 24, of questions in regard to the composition of the constitution and by-laws.

The committee appointed by temporary Chairman Breintnall met on Friday afternoon, Feb. 1, and commenced their undertaking of drafting a constitution and by-laws. Those present were: Messrs. J. A. H. Dressel, chairman of the committee, B. C. Everingham, L. H. Schortemeier and Edward Banks, temporary secratary of the present organization. Mr. W. H. Wolstencroft was prevented from being present owing to sickness, a telegram having been received by Mr. Dressel during the morning to that effect. After drawing up a rough draft of the proposed constitution, the meeting adjourned until Friday afternoon, Feb. 8, when it is hoped the main portion of the committee's work may be gotten through.

It is expected that the drafts both of constitution and by-laws will be ready for publication in the columns of the sporting papers by the end of the present month. This should allow ample time for the consideration of details.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association announces that it will hold its fifth annual tournament at Hot Springs on April 8 10 P ogramme: will be ready after March 1, and may be obtained from John J. Sumpter, Jr., secretary of the association.

Dr. W. F. Carver, and Hon. Tom A. Marshall, Mayor of Keithsburg, Ills., have arranged to shoot a live bird race, 100 birds per man, at Hot Springs, Ark., on Feb. 12. On the preceding day, Feb. 11, Carver and Marshall will shoot a race at targets against George W. Hughes, and John J. Sumpter, Jr., the consideration will be $25 a corner. In connection with these two races, the Hot Springs Gun Club will give a two day's tournament on the above dates.

A cup has been presented to the Larchmont Yacht Club, by J. P. Knapp, for competition among members of the club at the club's shooting grounds. The cup will be shot for under the following conditions, providing there are eight or more entries: 25 birds, optional sweepstake $25 or $12.50 entrance, handicap rise and allowances; 28 yard men allowed one miss as a no bird; 27 yard men allowed two misses as no birds; 26 yard men allowed three misses as no birds. Purses divided as follows: 10 per cent. to the club, 40 per cent. and cup to winner, 30 per cent. to second gun, 20 per cent. to the third high gun. The competition will take place on Feb. 9, on the arrival of the 1 o'clock train from New York.

The Blairsville, Pa., Rifle and Gun Club was organized on Aug. 11, 1894. It has a roll of 28 members and is in a decidedly healthy condition. Its preparations for 1895 show that the club does not mean to go to sleep.

The Wollaston, Mass., Trap Club has elected the following officers for 1895: President, H. T. Whitman; Secretary, H. W. Marsden; Treasurer, A. G. Olney. At its annual meeting it was agreed to increase the membership limit to 30 and the initiation fee to $5.

The Hartsville, Pa., Gun Club, has decided to apply for membership in the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. It is also said that the members of the club are contemplating the erection of a club house on its grounds.

W. G. Clark, secretary of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, conclusively proved on Wednesday, Jan. 30, that Pittsburg's choice, "Alphabetical" Jones, is no match for him at live birds. Since his series of matches with T. W. Morphey, Clark has had the stock of his gun considerably altered by J. P. Dannefelser, 9 Chambers street, this city. When Clark shot the series in question, the drop of his stock was about 3 1-4 inches; it is now 2 5-8 or thereabouts. His improved scores are unquestionably to be traced to the straightening of the stock; 95 out of 100 one day and 49 out of 50 on the day following is pretty warm work. The Utica shoot, Feb. 5-7, was the chief event in trap shooting circles this week.

Saturday, Feb. 2, with its heavy snowfall, spoiled many a weekly reunion in the vicinity of New York city.

A. W. Du Bray, the Southern representative of the Park

Gun Company, has started on his Southern trip, and will now be in evidence whenever the boys do any shooting. Mr. DuBray's work on live birds while in this city has shown that the man, the gun, and the ammunition are all right.

Fred Hoey has been showing the foreigners that he can kill their blue rocks. When he has had more practice on the Monte Carlo birds, he will, without a doubt, make a better showing, as he is a quick shot and a good man in sweepstake shooting.

W. P. Mussey, of Chicago, Ills., has been in New York for the past week. During his stay East Mr. Mussey found time to shoot a few live birds. On Friday, Feb. 1, he shot a 100 bird race with W. S. Edey on the Carteret Club's grounds. The match resulted in a tie, both men killing 86 birds; Edey missed his last bird when he had but to kill to win.

A match will shortly be shot between teams of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., and the Cob Web Gun Club, of New York. A supper at Jack Gedney's in the evening is not the least attraction on the programme for the day.

The 50 bird handicap of the Heron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburg, Pa., $50 entrance, was marked by some good shooting. Clark's 49 straight after missing his first bird, was worth about $150 to him. It is said that the Altoona contingent backed him freely against the field (even after he had missed his first bird), thereby taking several hundred of the Smoky City dollars back to the heart of the Alleghenies.

The programme arranged for the winter tournament of the Hot Springs, Ark., Gun Club on Feb. 11 and 12, shows that the boys are alive to the best interests of the sport down there. The following sentence, which brings the programme to a close, needs no further comment: "Dropping for place will not be tolerated at this shoot."

The Essex Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., held its annual meeting on Jan. 24 The following officers for 1895 were elected: President, R. H. Beintnall; Vice President and Treasurer, Wm. Hayes; Secretary, Asa Whitehead; Executive Committee, R. H. Breintnall, Wm. Hayes, Asa Whitehead, Lemuel Thomas, and Fletcher Walters.

The note that went the rounds of the city press to the effect that George Work had challenged Edgar Murphy to shoot a series of three 100 bird races, for large sums of money, was without foundation.

To secretaries of Gun Clubs: Send in scores made at your club shoots to Forest and Stream. It costs you nothing more than a little time, and a stamp or two. By attending to this matter you let other clubs know that you are alive, and that fact alone is of some interest to many readers of Forest and Stream. In sending in your scores be sure and give date, style of shooting (whether known or unknown angles), amount of entrance, conditions of prize contests, in fact, anything you would want to know if the scores were made by another club. Address all such matter to Forest and Stream and mail it promptly.

Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., announces another 25 bird handicap sweepstake, $10 entrance, birds extra, for Wednesday next, Feb. 13. Zwirlein's handicaps are always popular and this one should be no exception to the general rule.

EDWARD BANKS.

Clark Owned Pittsburgh.

The second match in the Clark-Jones series was shot at Exposition Park, Pittsburg, Pa., on Wednesday, Jan. 30. It resulted like the first of the series, in a ridiculously easy victory for Clark, who upheld the honor of Altoona by making the great score of 95 out of 100, beating his opponent by 14 birds. The first match was won by the score of 84-73; thus Clark beat his man by 25 birds out of the 200. Jones was clearly outclassed and probably shot below his form.

Clark's shooting on any kind of birds is good work; in this match the birds are said to have been a mixed lot affected somewhat by the cold weather. Still the fact that Jones could not score more than 81 shows that they were not entirely dead easy. A glance at the detailed score given below, shows that after missing his third and sixth birds, Clark went on and killed 51 straight, finishing his hundred with another run of 26; Jones' longest runs were two eighteens. C. M. Hostetter ("Old Hoss") was referee, and Elmer E. Shaner, official scorer.

There was very little betting on the result, Clark being too hot a favorite among the spectators. The Pittsburgers were apparently satisfied that their man had no chance, the only gleam of hope they experienced being when Clark missed his third and sixth birds. Even that was very quickly dispelled, as Jones dropped his sixth, seventh and ninth, and rapidly fell behind, never again getting within hailing distance.

Match, 100 live birds, $100 a side, 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary:

W. G. Clark	1102202221222212221222222	—23
	2122121122122222122222211122	—25
	1122222101121122112120220 2	—22
	1222122121212211221122212	—25—95
W. M. C. Jones	2222200202102220222220022	—18
	2222222222222222202222220 2	—23
	2222022202220220220222220222	—19
	2222222220222222200222222200	—21—81

On Feb. 1, the Heron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., held a big shoot at Exposition Park, all the cracks of Pittsburg and vicinity being present. W. G. Clark followed up his good work of the previous day by making the great score of 49 after missing his first bird. The following, from the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette, tells the story:

"Mr. William G. Clark, hailing from Altoona, Pa., is a very smooth article, much too clever for any of the wing shots in or around Pittsburg at present. He spent two days in the city, and when he wanted to go home last night he was forced to hire a boy to carry his money to the train. He took all kinds of coin out of town last evening, having won the big sweepstakes at Exposition Park in a canter.

"If an amateur can shoot like this man, the fates protect us from the professionals; was the burden of song last night warbled by the unfortunates who had each put up $50 to see how bad Clark could beat them. The bare fact that Clark killed 49 out of 50 birds at the mark tells the tale. Many of the Clark followers, seeing their man's remarkable work in the contest with Jones on Wednesday, were prepared to back him against the field, but when time came to start the game yesterday morning, not a cent was up. The Altoona man came up in his turn, got an easy bird, whaled away and missed by a mile or so.

"Ah! ha! We have the villain, shouted the anti-Clark element as they dove into their clothing for their coin to bet against his winning out. They figured that the blonde mustached gentleman having beaten Jones on Wednesday, had gotten swelled up until he couldn't see straight. They are now sorry they thought. The field against Clark looked like a double rivetted good thing and many of the boys took a chance. Clark's friends had money and put it up with apparent recklessness on his chances. By the time Clark came up to shoot his second round there was quite a roll of coin up. Then it was that Mr. Clark took an extra hitch in his trousers, and went to work. But why dwell on this painful scene? Suffice to say that the visitor didn't miss again. He took them every way and it looked as if he wouldn't in 30 years, by the way he was shooting. Mohler and W. S. King had a pretty race for second money, resulting in a dead heat, stakes divided. Bessemer, Jones and A. H. King divided third money, each having killed 45. The money was divided as follows: Clark, $157.50; H. B. Mahler and W. S. King, $94.50, divided; A. H. King, Bessemer and Jones divided $63."

Sweepstake, 50 live birds, $50 entrance, 30 yards rise:

W. G. Clark	0122222122111212121121122	—24
	2222221111121221112111212	—25—49
W. S. King	2221211221121222112211101	—24
	2212202221210012221222222	—22—46
H. B. Mohler	2111220222222121210222202	—22
	2221221112021111222121212	—46—46
"Bessemer"	2222222221210222202022222	—22
	2211022222222222222211022222	—23—45
A. H. King	2222022212211222222222222	—24
	2222222220202200221221222	—21—45
W. M. C. Jones	2222022222212022221222202	—22
	2122222220222222222202222	—23—45
J. E. Wright	1222121222122222220120022	—22
	0212221202220222222222212	—22—44
J. H. Shafer	2222211122202022010011102	—19
	2202212220222220102020012	—18—37
Chas. Stevens	0202202122222200210112002	—17
	2110006012101211201010211	—16—23

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Constitution and By-Laws.

We have frequent calls for Constitutions and By-laws of rifle and gun clubs. Here are those of the Blairsville, Pa., Rifle and Gun Club, which will serve for a model:

CONSTITUTION.

Article I.—Name—The name of this Club shall be The Blairsville Rifle and Gun Club.

Article II.—Objects—This Club shall be for the benefit and pleasure, as well as the advancement, of its members in the art of Rifle and Wing Shooting, and to encourage a genuine sportsmanlike spirit among its members.

Article III.—Officers—The officers of this Club shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Captain and two Directors, who together shall constitute and form the Board of Directors.

Article IV.—Management of the Club—The entire management of the business concerns of the Club shall be entrusted to the Board of Directors, who shall have entire charge of the property of the Club, with full power to make all repairs or additions thereto. They shall make all arrangements for matches and shoots, subject to the approval of the Club. Four shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Article V.—Election of Officers—At the first regular meeting, in January of each year, the Club shall elect by ballot a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Captain and two members of the Board of Directors. A majority vote of the members present shall be necessary for an election.

Article VI.—President—Sec. 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Club, to maintain order, to enforce the rules and regulations of the Club, and to inspect all ballots of candidates for membership. At the regular monthly meeting in December he shall appoint an Auditing Committee, consisting of three members, to inspect the books of the Secretary and Treasurer for the past year. He shall call special meetings as he shall deem advisable, or at the request of five members of the Club.

Vice-President—Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to perform the duties of the President in his absence. In the absence of the President and Vice-President, a temporary chairman shall be chosen to preside.

Secretary—Sec. 3. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Club, a record of the name of each member, his residence and place of business, issue notices of all meetings or shoots of the Club, when so directed by the President, and attend to all its correspondence.

Treasurer—Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all money due the Club and keep an accurate account of the same, keep a just and true account between the Club and its members, and act as purchaser for the Club, subject to the approval of the Board of Directors. He shall report to them quarterly the business transacted.

Captain—Sec. 5. The Captain shall have the entire management of the Club at all shoots, and enforce the rules and regulations on the Club grounds, and with two members, selected by the President, shall decide selection of teams in all matches. In case of the absence of the Captain at any shoot, there shall be a temporary Captain appointed by the members of the Club present. He shall also collect all moneys for targets and ammunition used by the members, and pay the same to the Treasurer, he being held responsible for all targets and ammunition used on the grounds.

Article VII.—Fees—Sec. 1. The membership fee shall be one dollar, to accompany each application.

Sec. 2. The yearly dues shall be three dollars, payable quarterly in advance, at the regular meetings in January, April, July and October.

Sec. 3. The Club shall have the power to levy an assessment on each member, the same not to exceed one dollar, to meet any extra expenses of the Club. Members refusing or neglecting to pay their quarterly dues, and assessments properly levied, within thirty days after due notice, shall forfeit their membership in the Club.

Sec. 4. New members shall not pay any dues until the first regular collection of dues in the months of January, April, July and October next following their admission.

New Members.—Sec. 5. Each applicant for membership must be proposed in writing by a member of the Club. Honorary members may be elected by a unanimous vote of the members present at a Club meeting. The application of every candidate, unless by the unanimous consent of the members present, shall lie over until the next meeting of the Club, and a committee of three be appointed to investigate the same. If the report be favorable, he shall be balloted for. Three negative votes shall constitute a rejection of the application.

Article VIII.—Withdrawals—All withdrawals from the Club shall be made in writing, to the President, and all interest in the property of the Club of members withdrawing, or in any manner ceasing to be members of the same, shall be vested in the Club. No member in arrears shall be permitted to withdraw. Members are considered to be in arrears when in any way indebted to the Club.

Article IX.—Liquor and Betting—No intoxicated person, nor intoxicating liquors of any description, shall be allowed upon the Club grounds, nor will betting be permitted, under a penalty of one dollar for the first offense, and expulsion from the Club for the second offense, at the option of the Club.

Amending Constitution.—A two-thirds vote of the members present shall be necessary to change any of the Articles or provisions of this Constitution. Any member desiring to have any Article or provision of this Constitution changed, amended or stricken out, must give notice of the proposed change, in writing, to the Club, at a regular meeting, to be acted upon at the next regular meeting.

BY-LAWS.

Article I.—Meetings—Sec. 1. The regular meetings of the Club shall be held on the second Monday evening of each month at 8:30 o'clock. Eight members shall constitute a quorum.

Sec. 2. The order of business at meetings shall be: 1. Roll call; 2. Reading of minutes; 3. Reports of committees; 4. Proposal and election of members; 5. Collection of dues; 6. Unfinished business; 7. New business.

Article II.—Any person not a member of the Club may be admitted to the Club grounds, not to exceed six times a year, when introduced by a member of the Club in good standing. Said member shall be responsible for the behavior of the visitor so introduced.

Article III.—Regular Shoots—Sec. 1. The regular shoots of the Rifle department shall be held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, except when otherwise ordered by the Board of Directors.

Sec. 2. The regular shoots of the Gun department shall be held on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, except when otherwise ordered by the Board of Directors.

Sec. 3. Any member shooting outside of the score at a shoot of the Club, may be fined, reprimanded or expelled by a vote of a majority of the members present.

Any member of the Club taking advantage of a shooter, by talking or otherwise, will be subject to a fine of not less than one dollar, and for a second offense, expulsion.

The American Shooting Association Rules shall govern all trap shooting.

Shooting Rules of Rifle Department.—Rule 1. Any rifle may be used having a weight not exceeding ten pounds and a minimum pull of trigger of three pounds, with any sights, except telescope and such other front aperture sights as solid disks, pierced in the center and covering the target and danger signal. Rifles with hair or set trigger will be allowed, subject to a handicap of two points in ten shots.

Rule 2. The position in matches up to and including 200 yards, shall be standing; at 300 yards, standing or kneeling; beyond 300 yards, any position may be taken; in all cases, without artificial rest for rifle or body.

Rule 3. Any regular target may be used, according to the choice of the Board of Directors.

Rule 4. Any shot which actually touches the dividing line shall have the benefit of the touch. Any objection to the scoring of a shot must be made before another shot is fired.

Rule 5. Sighting shots may be allowed at the discretion of the Captain. A tie shall be decided by inverse order of shots, counting from the last backwards.

Rule 6. Whenever the danger signal shall be displayed, the person about to fire must open the breech lock of his rifle. If he leaves the firing point, he must draw the cartridge, or, if a muzzle loader, remove the cap.

Rule 7. The foregoing rules shall govern in all rifle shoots; and for further rules not contained herein we adopt the rules of the National Rifle Association of America.

Any alterations, additions or amendments to these By-Laws must be made at a regular meeting, to be acted upon at the next regular meeting, when they may be adopted by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

New York Rifle Club.

Jan. 30.—This club held its regular shoot to-day at Zettler's. The following scores were made by the members present. Offhand, German ring target. Distance 75 feet. Any rifle, sights and trigger-pull. Two best scores counted: A. H Isbell (69) 247, 248; M. Herrington (66) 245, 246; C. E. Gensch (58) 242, 247; C. C. King (57) 244,245; D. Crocker (62) 238, 242; R. J. Young (63) 240, 241; F. Walters (56) 237, 240; G. L. Mason (63) 228, 232.

R. J. YOUNG, Sec.

Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club.

St. Louis, Feb. 1— At the regular weekly medal shoot of the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club, the following scores were made on the German ring target reduced to 75 feet: R. Herold, 237; R W. Staley, 237; E. L. Zukoski, 235 Capt. W. P. Schaaf, 233; G. F. Knapp, 232; H. Kephart, 230; Col. R. Buchanan, 228; G. T. Dunn, 228; E. Kaiser, 226 C. Vogt, Jr., 226; G. C. Farley, 225; M. Summerfield, 223; A. Gfeller, 222; E. Wright, 217. All of the men shot the same gun, a new Stevens Ideal, 22 short, which Capt. Schaaf recently added to his armory.

HORACE KEPHART, Sec.

More Scores from Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Jan. 27.—The following scores were made by the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at its range to-day, at the Four Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions: 200 yds., off hand, at the Standard Target. At the next regular shoot (Feb. 10), 12 members of this association will shoot a telegraph match with the St. Louis Rifle and Pistol Club. Conditions: 200 yds., off hand. Standard Target, 25 shots per man, all shots outside a three counted a miss.

Gindele	8	9	10	8	9	10	9	8	10	9	—90
	8	9	8	7	9	9	10	10	7	8	—85
	7	9	9	10	7	10	7	10	9	9	—87
	8	9	8	10	9	9	6	8	9	9	—85
Louis	5	8	9	8	8	6	8	8	5	8	—73
	10	6	7	9	8	7	6	6	4	9	—72
	7	5	6	6	9	7	4	7	8	7	—66
	8	8	4	10	7	5	7	5	6	6	—66
Weinheimer	10	9	7	6	8	2	6	9	8	10	—75
	9	5	8	7	6	6	8	7	7	8	—71
	8	7	5	9	9	7	7	9	6	8	—75
	5	8	9	7	4	10	9	7	9	9	—77
Wellinger	9	8	7	8	7	9	7	6	8	9	—78
	9	6	6	10	7	10	7	6	8	8	—77
	10	6	7	7	10	8	5	7	8	6	—74
	9	8	5	5	9	7	8	6	6	6	—69
Hake	5	6	5	8	6	6	8	10	6	4	—64
	6	9	4	9	9	7	5	6	4	5	—64
	4	7	6	4	4	7	4	5	3	9	—53
Simon	10	5	10	10	8	6	4	7	7	7	—74
	8	6	7	7	8	4	8	7	8	9	—72
	9	5	9	7	8	7	8	5	7	6	—71
	8	6	7	7	6	8	7	6	10	3	—68
Stegner	5	10	9	6	5	5	8	10	8	7	—73
	7	7	10	7	8	6	6	4	9	7	—71
	5	9	10	3	7	8	8	7	8	9	—74
	9	10	4	8	6	9	10	7	6	6	—75
See	7	8	7	10	6	6	6	9	6	10	—75
	8	10	6	4	7	10	4	10	8	7	—74
	8	9	8	10	8	9	6	6	8	9	—81
	9	7	7	9	6	6	7	8	7	9	—78
Moore	4	3	1	5	1	5	5	4	3	7	—43
	2	7	8	4	4	3	3	7	5	3	—46
Schmidlin	5	9	3	4	3	5	3	3	7	5	—47
	6	2	7	6	4	5	5	4	8	5	—52
	4	6	4	3	8	6	5	6	5	6	—53
	5	7	6	3	9	4	6	7	3	5	—55
Payne	7	8	6	9	8	10	9	9	5	7	—78
	7	7	9	10	8	4	6	6	9	8	—74
	8	7	5	6	7	8	9	10	7	8	—75
	6	6	7	6	8	8	10	9	9	6	—75
Topf	4	9	5	10	1	5	3	7	7	5	—56
	5	5	6	5	9	10	7	8	6	6	—67
	1	4	6	10	7	1	6	10	6	5	—56
	6	7	6	3	5	5	6	3	7	7	—55
Hazenzahl	9	8	6	9	8	7	7	8	10	9	—81
	5	7	9	7	9	8	10	7	10	7	—79
	5	7	10	8	5	8	5	8	10	6	—72
	8	8	6	7	7	10	8	5	6	9	—74

Rifle Shooting at Syracuse.

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 30.—The Syracuse Indoor Shooting Club has just concluded a very successful tournament which has been in progress since Jan. 1, every Tuesday and Friday. The club was organized in 1892 with a membership of fifteen, and through the able management of its officers has now 37 active members and is rapidly on the increase, containing some of the best shots in the State. The members are nearly all representative business and professional men. Great interest has been manifested during the prize shoot. The officers of the club are: President, F. C. Ainslie; Vice-President, J. F. Helm; Secretary and Treasurer, R. Robotham, or as the boys call him, "Old Ro," who will make it very pleasant for any one who may see fit to call on the club. The shoot has been for merchandize prizes donated to the club to the value of nearly $100. The shooting was done on a twenty-five and a half inch German target, and as the scores will show, were of a rather warm character. The best three scores of five each to count; highest possible score would be 375: Stillman, 371; M. Grossman, 367; Seeley, 366; Ainslie, 364; Leighton, 364; Cooke, 361; Smith, 361; S. S. Spire, 360; A. J. Spire, 360; Zischang, 358; Robotham, 355; Ball, 355; Thurwacher, 355; Becker, 354; Joslyn, 353; Helm, 351; Rowlands, 346; Barnes, 349; Nearing, 349; Beng, 348; Reed, 343. Pistol.—Possible 150 at 60 feet. Stillman, 133; Helm, 132; Thurwacher, 120. There were 25 prizes in all, 23 for rifle and three for pistol, and the men won in order named. There was a great deal of interest and enthusiasm during the shooting off of the ties, especially between Ainslie and Leighton, who are rival shots; they tied the score the second time on 70 out of 75 on three shots. On the third score Ainslie won amid geat exciement.

A. R. K.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE MARKETS AND THE GAME.

Whatever may have been the motive of Game Warden Blow, of Illinois, in preparing a bill to open the Chicago market for traffic in venison and grouse and quail and ducks, the year around, it is certain that the measure flies in the face of the growing conviction, held by all who are interested in preserving game, that legislation worth striving for must be in the direction of limiting the sale in market.

The markets are consuming the game of the land. To that consumption must be credited the destruction which has made barren of fur and feather most of the depleted wild game districts of this Continent.

Inordinate slaughter by sportsmen—or by butchers so miscalled—is without excuse; no right-minded person would think of presuming to defend it. Wanton killing is wicked and inhuman. But when the score has been made up, when "sport" has been charged with the utmost tittle that belongs to it, the sum is so inconsiderable as to count for nothing, when compared with the steady, consuming, and tremendous machinery of market hunting.

This is a principle perfectly well understood by all of us who have known the conditions and studied the facts; and because we are familiar with these conditions of the game supply, we are also, most of us, agreed that successful achievement in protection lies in the direction of shutting off the markets.

It is the province, the duty, the right, and the privilege of representative journalism, to be ahead of and not behind public opinion. The Forest and Stream's "Platform Plank"—The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons—is perhaps far in advance of the unanimous public conviction of the day. But if so, then rightly so. That is as it should be. The platform is not ahead of the convictions of the leaders in game protection. It is not in advance of sound common sense and good public policy. It is, no doubt, beyond present practicability of attainment as to many sections of the country. But it is not beyond what we must come to—and some day will come to—if the game destructive agencies now working shall go on unchecked.

Meanwhile, here and there, advances are making toward the absolute prohibition of market killing. We suspect that an analysis of what has already been accomplished in this direction by one State, and another would excite astonishment. We shall give such an analysis in an early issue.

As was suggested on this page last week, the prompters and promoters of game laws in this country are now and always have been the sportsmen. If they had not provided protection, there would have been none. But if any one shall assume from this fact that game protective laws are devised in the interest of a class, or that they operate to the advantage of one class, and not of all classes, he falls into grave error. For sportsmen are not a class, set off from the rest of the community. They are made up of all classes, and of every class, high and low, rich and poor, breadwinners and spendthrifts, the horny-handed wage-earner and the dude who never earned an honest dollar in his life. It is worthy of note as a curious fact that some people seem determined to discuss this question of game protection with the dude ever in the foreground; they refuse to consider the wage-earner. Good game laws are for the advantage of sportsmen; but that is only another way of saying that they are for the benefit of the community at large.

Individuals who seek to secure game legislation opposed to the sportsman's interest may possibly be sincere in believing that they are working for the public good; but they are not. They are on the wrong track. Game laws can benefit the community only as, and in such degree as, they are in the interest of sportsmen. It follows, then, that any advocate of a game bill, who should sneer at sportsman's interests, as, for example, Game Warden Blow has sneered at the Illinois Association, should be closely watched, not only by sportsmen, but by the public at large; for it would almost certainly be found that his measure was opposed to the interests it purported to defend. In this particular case the Springfield bill, whose sponsor has such a fine scorn for sportsmen, turns out to have the backing of the Chicago game dealers; and the main end to be attained by it is disclosed to be the unrestricted sale of game. However efficient Warden Blow may be in detecting and punishing offenders in the rural districts, he is an unsafe counsellor at Springfield, and his attitude toward the Chicago market is such as to demonstrate that to some one else should be entrusted the duty of enforcing the law in South Water street.

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW.

Twenty years from now a student of international yachting history might repair to the Mercantile Library of St. Louis, and by courtesy of Librarian Horace Kephart be permitted to consult the files of the New York Sun and of the Forest and Stream for the year 1895.

In the Sun of Feb. 8 he would find a cartoon from the English Vanity Fair, and in connection with it some very interesting paragraphs of personal gossip of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Then, turning to the Forest and Stream of Feb. 9, he would find there the cartoon and the same biographical notes word for word. Comparing the dates of the two papers, Feb. 8 and Feb. 9, he would naturally conclude that the Forest and Stream of Feb. 9 must have stolen the material from the Sun of Feb. 8.

He would be mistaken. The article was stolen, but it was the Sun that stole. The Forest and Stream of Feb. 9 was issued on Feb. 6; its yachting article was stolen by the Sun on the 7th, and printed on the 8th.

We explain this for the instruction of the St. Louis Mercantile Library reader of 1915; and to show him that figures may sometimes lie, and date lines be unreliable when one is fixing responsibility for literary theft. He will find frequent and extensive identity of articles in the Sun and the Forest and Stream; we ask him to believe that whatever the date lines may appear to show, the original publication was with the Forest and Stream.

CONCERNING CHINESE WALLS.

Hon. J. M. Rose, of Little Rock, resents our having said in a recent issue that he ever drew a non-resident game law for Arkansas. He repudiates the notion in toto, and appeals to us to say that as for himself individually, and as for the sportsmen of Arkansas, they welcome their fellows from other States to shoot and to fish, and to make test of Southwestern hospitality. The quail in the 'old fields," the bears in the canebrake, the shovel-nosed catfish in the muddy rivers—all these and more too are free to the stranger from other parts; and Heaven forbid that the country blazed by the axe of Davy Crockett should now prove churlish and play the dog-in-the-manger. So much for Arkansas and the hands of her sportsmen outstretched to grasp in welcome the hands of those from other States.

Another story comes from Michigan, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and other States in the West, and from Maine in the East, where they are proposing to adopt the Chinese wall system of forbidding non-residents to hunt without first having paid a fee and taken out a license. We have said so much in an endeavor to point out the un-American and unpatriotic character of legislation of this brand, that it is gratifying to receive from another such an incisive and well put presentation of the case as that which is printed on another page, from the ever pithy and pointed pen of George Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy writes from Missouri. As a Missourian he claims brotherhood with the Nebraskan in a common country. He makes a lofty and patriotic plea for a recognition of that brotherhood. He describes such non-resident discriminations as "un-American, Chinese, selfish, brutally discourteous," and calculated to check the growth of co-operative game legislation. All of which is true, every word of it. And no whit the less true because the prophet who proclaims it lifts up his voice in the good old State of Missouri.

But "come now, you Nebraska, we mean Omaha, fellers," we will whisper to you, confidentially, just what retort you shall make to this Missouri man, and you shall constrain him forever after to hold his peace, and never again to use the Forest and Stream as a telephone to shout into your ears his reproaches and exhortations concerning your non-resident discriminations. Just you say to him: "Come now, you Missourians, we mean you St. Louis feller, you have slapped all outsiders in the face, and we have come back at you. For read your own non-resident discrimination as contained in Sec. 3905 of your law, given in the Game Laws in Brief:

"If any person, being a non-resident of this State, shall kill any deer, fawn, wild turkey, pinnated grouse, ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, goose, brant, duck or snipe, coon, mink, otter, beaver, bear, muskrat, or other furred animals, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor."

"If any of our game laws deserve to be written in Chinese characters, how would it do, Mr. Kennedy, to make a beginning right down where you live?"

May it, perhaps, be said in explanation of this Missouri man's crying from behind his own Chinese wall to builders of other walls, that the Missouri structure has so fallen into decay and crumbled to dust, that its very existence has been forgotten? Certainly, no vision so clear, no sentiments so broad and so patrotic could have been his who was consciously walled in by this section of the Missouri Revised Statutes of 1889.

Or, to employ another figure, shall we regard these non-resident shooting laws as Chinese torpedoes of the variety described in the New York Times last Monday as planted for the defense of Taku. The steamship Tie-Ching in crossing the bar ran into one of the torpedoes, and damaged it so severely that complaint was made by the authorities against the steamship company for having injured their torpedo defenses.

FIELD ANDROMANIACS.

Dr. Parkhurst has written for a woman's journal a paper about "Andromaniacs," by which term he designates women who aspire to be mannish.

A woman who joins in the field sports of the rod and the gun is not by reason of that participation inevitably an andromaniac. She may make her part in such pursuits so distinctively feminine, and in them so show forth her womanly qualities, that as a sportswoman she shall be more than ever attractive and lovable—witness the husbands, and fathers, and brothers, who have from time to time set forth in these columns the satisfaction they have found in feminine comradeship in the field.

But if we are to have multiplying hosts of sports women and fisherwomen, it is not to be expected that there will be no andromaniacs among them—women moved by an unworthy aspiration to outdo the braggart feats of masculine but unmanly killers for count. Indeed, the field andromaniacs are already with us. The Florida newspapers have of late busied themselves with the story of a Philadelphia woman and her husband who in the western part of that State recently scored 629 quail and other birds in four days, and a total of more than a thousand in nineteen days. The item has been copied extensively, and in some instances clearly at paid rates as an advertisement of the hotel where the bags were scored; and the hotel people and the parties immediately concerned appear to think that this feat of outdoing all previous records is one which should be heralded to the entire civilized world. So it should, and to the uncivilized world as well.

DUCK EGGS.

During the consideration recently of the Sundry Civil Service appropriation bill in the Senate, Mr. Mitchell, of Oregon, introduced an amendment appropriating the sum of $5,000 to investigate the supposed destruction of wild fowl eggs in Alaska for commercial purposes, about which much has been written. In his speech, however, Senator Mitchell indulged in glittering generalities only and gave no hint that he had definite information on this subject. Five thousand dollars would certainly be ample to pay the expenses of a special agent to Alaska, and would enable him to spend a delightful summer studying the fauna of that region, but before such a junketing trip is set on foot, it would seem that some evidence ought to be presented to show that there is a basis of fact for Mr. Mitchell's statements. No one questions that our wild fowl are each year less numerous than they were the year before, but it is not necessary to go to Alaska nesting grounds to discover the cause of this decrease. It is to be found between the parallel of 49 degrees and the Gulf of Mexico at any time between September and May in any year. Our shooting season for wild fowl is too long and too many birds are shot, and until some reform in this respect takes place the fowl will continue to decrease.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN MINNESOTA WILDS.

I.—A Race With a Prairie Fire.

"Game of all kinds abounds here. Moose, elk, caribou, deer, black and brown bear, chickens, partridges, pintail grouse, rabbits, wolves, fox, skunk, martin, fisher, lynx, otter, mink, musk rats, wolverines, geese, ducks, crane, snipe and fish, bear, and elk come into my garden." Thus wrote the guide who was to take me into the wilderness of Northern Minnesota. Dear reader you have probably been written to just the same way, and you have probably been preyed upon just the same way. We are all wiser the next time.

However, the lure proved too much for me, and on Oct. 6 I started for this "game paradise" over the B. & O. R. R. to Chicago, thence to St. Paul via the W. C. R. R. and over the G. N. R. R. to my destination. In mentioning these railroads, I desire to extend my hearty thanks for the many courtesies shown me and my dogs, neither road making any charge for transporting my dogs and outfit from Philadelphia to Stephen, Minn. I found the train hands most kind and obliging, and especially were they good to my dogs. After leaving the train we had to stage it forty miles across the prairie in the face of a biting wind, the remains of a blizzard which had struck there the day before. It was a long, tedious ride, and I was only too glad when it ended. After leaving the railroad the country is level prairie for thirty miles, but as you go east it becomes broken into ridges and muskeags, and to one never having been in such a country it is a novelty in its way. One can almost lose himself by closing his eyes and turning around. The ridges all look alike, and all appear to run north-east and south-west, with a muskeag sandwiched in between. These muskeags are covered with tall grass and reeds with a bunch of willows thrown in here and there. In many places the reeds are so tall and thick that one can scarcely find his way through them. In the fall of the year the ground is soft and boggy, in places covered with water; in the spring-time they are veritable lakes. There seems to be only a crust of turf in some places and to break through that is to get into quicksands. The country is one massive spring bed to supply the lakes and rivers which abound there. You can dig in almost any place, and strike water at a depth of three feet, and in many places less than one foot. The ground is covered with tiny shells wherever you go, and from the formation of the country one would suppose it had been made during the glacial period. It is one of the most desolate-looking places it was ever my good fortune to visit. Game of all kinds was very scarce there, as the forest and prairie fires had preceded me and done its work most effectually. Apropos of prairie fires, were you ever caught in one? No? then your adventures have not been complete. Tongue or pen cannot describe it. We were camped two days' drive from the ranch, and about eighty-five miles from the railroad on a branch of the Roseau River, in a big muskeag after ducks and geese. We had noticed the smoke in the distance for a day, and that night retired with some little misgivings that we might be compelled to fight fire before morning; however, we were not disturbed. The next day by noon the fires seemed to be starting in all directions, and we came to the conclusion that it would be safer to break camp and get off the muskeag; in the meantime the smoke from the fire we had noticed the past two days had become dense and black, and was approaching us rapidly. We had expected two gentlemen from Nebraska to join us in this camp, and so became anxious about them, as this particular muskeag is a most treacherous one.

It did not require long to get camp and outfit ready to pull out, and we started in earnest. The wind had freshened and was blowing a gale, and toward us. We had scarcely gone a mile when we noticed what we thought was a camp flying a signal from a pole. Thinking this was the signal of our friends to attract attention, we started for it. The fires were rapidly closing in on us from every quarter. We were completely hemmed in by fire and water. In driving from one was to drive into another. Imagine, if you can, a fire covering an area of twenty miles in semi-circular form on your right, and an impassable river on your left. We drove as rapidly as our horses could go through the thick jungle of grass reeds and willows. When we had gotten within a mile of the supposed camp, we found it to be a log shanty, and the signal was a tattered and torn Stars and Stripes. I don't think I ever revered the nation's flag so much as I did then. It proved a blessing to us, for had we gone in the direction we had first intended we would never have gotten out. About a mile and a half from this shanty to the right was another similar house situated in a small grove of poplars; this we concluded would be the safer of the two places should we be compelled to do battle with the flames.

It was a most fortunate thing for us that we went there, as we found later. Some plowing had been done on one side of the house, but the other three sides were almost unprotected. Going up to the shanty we found one poor, helpless old woman, crippled with the rheumatism so badly that she could scarcely stand; on inquiry we found that she and her daughter and little granddaughter lived there; the daughter and child were away at the river two miles distant fishing, but were expected home at six o'clock. She gladly welcomed our arrival, and invited us to pitch camp there. Promptly at six the daughter returned with her child, and an old man whom she introduced as her father-in-law, Mr. Ripenback, who lived in the shanty from whose roof floated the American flag. He insisted on us all going over to his place as "it was the best place to fight fire." "He had done some mowing and a little plowing during the summer, and it was safe," he said. We hitched the horses to the wagon, which was still partly loaded, and made up our minds that if the fire broke through the thicket about a mile back of the house we would pull out for the Ripenback ranch, thinking of course that would give us ample time to make it.

In the meantime I climbed on top of the shanty to watch the progress of the fire. I shall never forget it As far as the eye could see was one seething mass of flames, now running along the ground like an enormous serpent, then suddenly leaping fifty feet in the air into all sorts of shapes and roaring like forty locomotives. I did not realize how fast it was traveling until a few minutes later. Almost before I had time to think it had broken through the thicket and was coming down on us like the wind. Jumping from the roof I gave the alarm, hurried the old man and his daughter-in-law and child off in advance, so that, if necessary, we could pick them up on the road, and rushed in to carry the old lady out and place her in the wagon. This required some little time, for the woman weighed about two hundred and twenty-five pounds and, as we were all light weights, it was a case of tug. By the time we had got her in and had started, the flames were within five hundred yards of us. Then began a race for life with all the odds in favor of the fire should the slightest mishap occur to us. We ran those horses as fast as they could go, yet the fire gained on us slowly, but perceptibly. When we had gone two-thirds of the distance we overhauled those we had sent on ahead and it was only a moment's delay to stop and toss in baby and mother; but when we tried to get the old man in that was different, he wouldn't budge, but insisted that we should go on, that he could take care of himself. He was carrying a grubbing hoe in each hand and a bandbox on one arm, a more stubborn old fellow I never met. By the time we had argued with him a minute the fire was within fifty feet of us, and it began to look as though it might be all night with us. There was no alternative but to pull him out, which was done by grasping his right hand and throwing the hoe away and putting spurs to the horse. He was about played out when he reached the shanty, but had he remained on the prairie two minutes longer he never would have gotten out, as the fire was within twenty-five feet of us.

From that time until morning we fought fire with wet carpet and sacking, oftentimes having to stop and put out the fire on each other. One of the most remarkable things about it was that it burned entirely around the camp that we had vacated and did not touch it; and had we remained there we would have been perfectly safe.

Strange to say the natives in that country use more precaution to save their haystacks than their homes and families. It is a common occurrence to see the haystacks completely plowed around, with no plowing at all around the house. They will actually leave women and children in such houses to go to the fields to endeavor to save the hay. Racing with such a fire as this one was is not at all amusing. It was my first, and I trust my last one. It was the most sublime, yet most fiendish sight I ever witnessed. And after it, what a dismal, blackened, dreary waste of country. What there is in that country to attract a man from civilization I cannot see. For these two families I have spoken of had left comfortable homes and were well educated people, and had evidently moved in very good society in one of the largest cities in Wisconsin. This fire burned over an area of seventy miles. We could have back-burned, of course, and moved on to it, but in such a country that is a last resort. One hesitates to start a fire there as you never know where it will end, or how many helpless people it may destroy. A man who has once had such an experience will never forget it, and certainly it should remind him to never throw lighted matches around, or leave camp-fires to burn out. Even fire knocked from a pipe in the dry grass in that country will more than likely start a fire that might burn for days, and destroy much life and property.

Last summer a certain lawyer living not many miles from Argyle was hunting big game on a muskeag near the main road running to Jadis. He became tired waiting for the game to come to him, so thought he would drive it out by firing the muskeag, which he proceeded to do. He succeeded in escaping with his life, but had to fight for it. Many of the settlers lost everything they possessed, and barely saved themselves. That one fire must have burned over an area of seventy-five to one hundred miles.

It will not be healthy for this same attorney to hunt again in that locality, as among those who lost everything, are many low-caste Bohemians who swear they will kill him, if he is caught there. And can you blame them? It seems to me the only thing to deplore is that he escaped the fire he started.

We didn't waste any more time in the burned country, so early in the morning pulled out for the Manitoba line, where we camped on a branch of the Rouseau River, which I will endeavor to describe to you together with the sport to be had there. WABASH.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RHINO'S PROMENADE.

ARUSA, GALLAS, Africa, Dec. 14, 1894.—Since my letter to the Forest and Stream on elephant shooting a year ago, I have spent most of my time in the best game country in Africa, where previous to my expedition the sound of a rifle had not been heard.

We camped one day by a sandy river-bed, where there were pools of water about a mile apart. Tracks of elephants, rhinos, zebras, and lions were to be seen at every step. I determined to have a try for the beasts over a water-hole, so I had a little zariba built on a high rock above the water. I took my boys, Karsha and Hersi, to keep watch during the night, while I made myself a comfortable bed with rugs. But there was not to be any sleep that night. The sun had scarcely set when we were on the alert. Yes; there were distinctly the sounds of a heavy beast approaching. Was it an elephant or a rhino?

Steadily the footsteps drew nearer, and then suddenly a huge animal ran down the bank on to the broad stretch of sand in front of the pool It was a rhino, and I could distinctly make out whether he had good horns or not as the night was so bright and starry. He did not come to drink, but walked up and down within twenty yards of where I was, as though he had made a rendezvous there. Four zebras were the next to appear and several hyenas. The zebras tried to approach, but the rhino repeatedly drove them away.

Now, I thought, surely elephants were approaching, as I heard several heavy footsteps; but no, it was a family groupe of rhinos. On they came, now halting, now going forward a few steps, apparently without any object. Three were full grown, while the fourth appeared as small as a young donkey. It was amusing to see the little one's perfect behavior. It kept close to its mother's heels the entire time, never looking to the right or to the left, but stopping when she stopped and advancing just as many paces as she did. The scene was most interesting. This spot, which in the daytime was one of the loneliest places in the world, now presented a most gay appearance. Rhinos, zebras, and hyenas were scattered all over the sand. The country about was very bushy, and I believe this large open space answered the purpose of one of our parks. The animals were there, not only to drink, but to see their friends. This sort of thing kept up all night. As soon as one lot of beasts had disappeared another came to take its place. I was so absorbed watching the love-making and fights of the animalsthat I did little shooting.

Only two drank from the pool, which I considered rather strange. My boys were constantly urging me to shoot, but I would not do so for a long time, knowing I had plenty of shooting before me. About midnight a rhino appeared that seemed to have better horns than usual. He stood for some time directly in front of me, and I succumbed to that desire for killing that does take possession of one at times. I put up my 577 express rifle and fired. Up went the sand in all directions, and there was such a snorting and puffing as only a rhino can make. The huge beast was as active as a thin pig, and after turning in many circles made his way up the opposite bank into the bushes. Here there was a crash, a few snorts, and we could hear that all was over with him. I went out with my boys, and found my rhino as dead as a stone. He had, as I had judged, a fine pair of horns.

The next animal I shot was a zebra. He had had a rendezvous here with his mate. The female first appeared, trotting straight up to the pool. She stopped, put up her ears, and waited like a statue for some minutes. Then there was a sound like a mule's bray, only more shrill, and out galloped a splendid stallion from the opposite direction. There was much crowded into the space of a couple of minutes for that fond husband, as he was to meet his doom almost before the sound of the wedding bells had died away. His mate trotted away, pleased as Punch, while he stooped to take a long drink. I needed meat, and here was the beast to take. I put a ball into his vertebrae that settled his career on the spot.

I did not shoot for some time after this, but toward morning there was such a spendid pair of rhino horns in front of my zariba that I let the owner have it in the neck. Off he dashed up the opposite hill, turned, ran amuck among the bushes, and finally fell down a bank twenty feet high. This tremendous shock was not enough, however. He disappeared around a curve on a run, and I was afraid I had lost him. The day broke, and I had not had a wink of sleep. Except for a short time after my shots there had not been an instant but what some beast could be seen from my zariba. I went out with my boys to track the rhino I had wounded. We found him half a mile off, dead. His front horn measured twenty-four inches around the curve.

My experience was not yet finished. On our way back to camp we started a rhino out of the bushes close to us. I fired quickly, and hit him too far back. Without a second's hesitation he charged us like a steam engine. We had just time to dodge behind bushes. He kept on a straight line for fifty yards, and stopped. He let me get quite close to him before I fired, and put an end to his sufferings. A. DONALDSON SMITH.

PIONEER LIFE IN MAINE.—II.

BY GEORGE SMITH,

In accordance with the suggestion of those who had listened many times to these stories of the dangers and privations of the pioneer settlers, the following account of the early settlement of the town of Freedom, Me., and pioneer life in that region, accompanied with a brief record of the years spent in the West, was written by the author at the age of eighty-one.—D. C. SMITH.

Departure for the West.

Before proceeding further, it is important that I should give a more detailed account of myself and my brothers connected with me; especially as my brother Joshua was the first, who entertained an idea of going to Ohio.

After contemplating the undertaking for a long time, he at last started on the enterprise in Sept. 1808. Having heard of mechanics being in good demand in the new State, and as all business was at a stand-still, an embargo having been laid on all commerce between England and the United States, as war was expected to take place between the two countries, he thought he should be more out of its reach; and, besides, he would be able to see more of the country, and give us all an early account of its facilities for a future residence of young men. With these impressions, he started on horse-back, at the time stated, and arrived in Ohio in twenty-five days. He went to work at his trade, in Zanesville, at $1.00 a day. As he wrote us that business was good, we determined to follow him, as soon as possible; but times were so hard, and money so scarce, we must wait till we had the means to undertake the journey.

Then followe three years of harder times than ever. War being declared in June, 1812, many young men enlisted to go to Canada to fight the British. At last, a company was called for to go "Down East" to stop the smuggling on the line, and as there was nothing else to be done to get a dollar in money, I enlisted for one year, and was all the time on the frontier, from Eastport to Calais, where at last I was discharged, having served out my year fully. In the year 1813, my brother John, having married and settled in the town of Readfield, wanted me to work with him at the carpenter's trade; said he was going to Ohio in the fall, and as I had read Joshua's letters, I felt quite anxious to go on with him to see the new country, So I went to Readfield that summer, and made all preparations to start in September, at an early day, which we accomplished.

A Ghost Story.

My brother Stephen, a mate to me, was determined to go on to Ohio with us, so I went down one Sunday afternoon, from Readfield to Augusta, where he was at work, to inform him of the time of our intended start. As he was about ready, he concluded to go back with me that night. Some little business detained him, and I walked on, intending to wait for him at the Davis Hill Cemetery. The sun was down and the weather fine, and as I was soon to leave this part of the country, the thought

struck me that I would go into the cemetery and take a last look at the graves of my old uncle and aunt, who had lately been laid there; and though the gate was high and picketed, I made out to climb it and get in. As the grass was very high, I had some trouble to find the graves. Besides keeping watch for my brother, I had to make all the haste I could, as it was fast growing dark. I travelled from one grave to another, pulling the tall grass aside from the tomb-stones to see whose they were, and having found them, I had to kneel down, bending the grass with one hand, to enable me to read the inscription, still watching the gate, lest my brother should go by unobserved. I began to feel a little nervous at the thought of being in the congregation of the dead.

I remembered seeing some lines at the bottom of my aunt's tombstone, and knelt down again to read them.

Just at this moment I heard something step behind me —I began to tremble, but in a moment more I determined to turn my head, and take one look, though it prove my last—and I did take that look; but I cannot describe the scene to you. There stood an object about three feet from me, drawn back in an attitude of defense, having on his head a pair of the largest horns I ever beheld, with a pair of large twinkling eyes that glowed in the twilight like two fire balls. At the sight I screamed aloud, and fell prostrate upon the ground. In a short time I became conscious again, and my strength having returned, I hurled a good sized stone at the monster, as he leaped through the tall grass up the hillside.

I was at a loss to know whether my brother had gone by, however. I went to the gate, and gazed through the slats, till I got restored a little. It seemed as though I should never be able to climb over the gate again; but stay there, I could not, and I must try again. I did try —but never experienced such a weakness before, as in the attempt to climb that gate. At last I succeeded, and sat down on a stone by the side of the gate, covered with such a prespiration as I never enjoyed before. Hearing some men coming down the hill, I inquired if they had met a man on the road. All said no; so I concluded he had been detained longer than he expected, which I soon found to be the case, on his arrival. I merely said, "I feared you had gone by"—and started with him up the hill, which seemed so long. I feared I should never be able to reach the top. Sitting down, the first chance I found, he said to me, "You look tired, is anything the matter?" "I feel faint," I said. He sat down also, but as I knew we had six miles to travel that evening, I dare not say a word to him of what I had seen. We had often heard our parents and others tell of such sights being seen in such places—the recital of which I was not able to endure at the time. I therefore said, "Let us be going, we shall be late home." As most of the way was rising ground, and we had to sit down so often, I thought we should never get there; but at last we came in sight of my boarding house, and there was a light in the window.

As soon as I entered the door, old Mrs Allen, who was up waiting for me, exclaimed "Why Mr. Smith! What is the matter? How pale you look!" I said, "I had an ill-turn this evening." My brother said, "He merely gave out on the road; he had to stop to rest several times." "Shall I get you something to take?" said Mrs. Allen. I assented, and she brought me some cordial, which, she said, was good for anything. I took some of this, and felt better. My brother said, "He was well enough when I left him. I had some business with a man who was owing me, and he told me he would wait for me at the graveyard, at the foot of Davis' Hill, where I found him sitting by the side of the gate. I thought then he did not look as well as usual. Mrs. Allen exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Smith, that was the worst place you could stop at, there are such sights seen there by many folks; I would not have sat there for anything in the world. Did you see anything to-night?"

By this time I was more troubled than ever, with those horns and eyes before me; and, as I did not immediately answer her, she raised her hands, saying emphatically, "I know he has!" At last my brother said, "George, did you see anything there to-night?" I then related to them the story, as I have here. Mrs. Allen again raised her hands, exclaiming, "It must have been the devil. What color was he?" "As black as tar," said I." "Then it was certainly the devil, I'll go and call up Mr. Allen; he thought he saw something there the other night as he was passing by the graveyard." "No, no, Mrs. Allen," said I. We must all go to bed. I cannot sit up any longer." She said she should not sleep a wink that night. I slept but little, for that monster was magnified to me ten fold every time I closed my eyes, by her stories.

This was the first time I had heard of that place being haunted, but, though I had always been hearing of such places being haunted from my childhood, and it had a dreadful effect upon me—as most people believed such things to be true, and in this way, it was magnified a hundred fold to me.

Mrs. Allen, being one of the greatest workers ever seen in those days, was up betimes the next morning and had her breakfast ready by sunrise. As we went down to breakfast her first salutation was "Have you slept any?" She said that Jotham, her husband, and she hadn't slept at all since he heard about what dreadful sights I had seen in the graveyard.

I said, "Possibly some creature might have got into the yard." "No," said Mr. Allen, "that is not possible, for a dog could not have entered through the pickets—besides, no creature is ever allowed to be kept there." "Well, now," said Mrs. Allen, "You get your horse and wagon ready, Jotham, as I have a tub of butter to sell; and go right down to Augusta, and there you can know all about it, and if there is any creature kept in the graveyard; then Mr. Smith can be satisfied." When Mr. Allen asked what it looked most like—I said, "A great black ram; but a black ram I never saw." "No," said he, "nor did anyone else ever see such a thing."

Off went Jotham, with the tub of butter, and strict charges from all, "to find out about the graveyard." So, after selling his butter, he inquired if any creature was kept in the graveyard. "It is not allowed," said the man, "but old Spectacle Davis, on the hill, bought a pair of merino sheep in England that cost him $500; after shearing them, he was so afraid of losing them, he tarred them all over with tar, and got leave to put them into the graveyard this summer."

When Jotham returned, all were anxious to know the result of his investigations; and when it was told, as above related, I was relieved of one of the greatest trials of my life. The old lady declared she didn't care, she knew something was seen there after all.

The Start for Ohio.

Everything being ready, Monday, Sept. 6, 1814, was fixed as the day for our departure. Father and mother came up from Freedom to take their leave of four children, whom they had reared under the most trying circumstances imaginable. This was a day of no ordinary occasion to us all. Breakfast being over, and our horses in the wagons, we all sat a few minutes; while the tears fell from every eye, not a word was spoken. This was indeed a house of mourning, though no one was dead. At last, I broke the silence with this stanza:

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms."

After singing this, we rose, and taking each by the hand, with an embrace for each, we left the house, mounted our wagons, and swung our hats as a last adieu to the many who had collected by the wayside to see us depart, father and mother following us, as mourners. In this way they followed us about four miles to the fork of the roads, where we all rose from our seats and bowed them a last adieu. A most trying scene was this, you may believe.

We directed our course to Monmouth, and here we had our first sight of a cotton factory—the first built in Maine. From here we went to Portland, and spent the first night of our journey in Gorham. Our next stoppings were as follows: South Berwick, Maine; Haverhill, Mass.; and Concord, Mass., till we arrived in Chelsea, a little way from Boston, which city we did not care to enter, as the British fleet was all in sight, and the militia were going into Boston, expecting to have a fight. Here we saw a woman clinging to her husband, in the greatest distress, crying, "You shan't go. You shan't go to Boston!" as he left the house to join the company going to Boston; but he went with them.

Proceeding on our way, we came to Lexington, where we tarried to visit the common, and see the monument erected in memory of those who fell in that eventful battle, where was shed the first blood in the cause of liberty. Our next place was Worcester, the handsomest place we had yet seen.

We Meet the Tithing Man.

Saturday night found us at Tolland, Connecticut. The following morning, Sunday, we harnessed and proceeded on our journey. We had gone but a few miles, when we came in sight of a church, and people going to church. Just as we were passing, a man came out with a long pole in his hand, and demanded where we were going on the Sabbath. Brother John, who was in advance, had stopped till we came up; "This man," said he, "says we have got to stop and go to meeting this forenoon at least." I explained to the man that we were on a long journey to the West, and could not stop without a great damage to ourselves, as we had three horses and five persons, and it would cost us too much; besides, no one, thus far, had said we must stop on Sunday. "There is the tavern yonder," said he, "you can go there and stop till meeting is over, then you can go on." "We will agree to stop at your expense," I said, "but not on our own." "I will not pay the expense," said he. "Move on, boys," said I. He threatened to "take notice" of me immediately. "What is that painted post, and horizontal beam for in front of the church?" I asked. "To put Sabbath breakers in, like you," he replied. "Boys, let us move," I said. He shook his pole at us, and said, "Don't you pass that tavern without stopping,"—to which we made no reply, but kept right on, and have not heard anything from him since.

We next arrived at Hartford, where we went to visit the State House. The lower story was of red sandstone. In one room was a museum of many curiosities. But in the Senate Chamber we were most edified by seeing the figure of General Washington in full uniform, as natural as life. This was the more interesting to us, as we had heard our father tell so much about him, and what a fine appearance he made in uniform. We went on to New Haven, one of the most beautiful places we had ever seen, where we imagined most people would like to live. On arriving at Fishkill, N. Y., we were much interested in visiting an old armory, of which we had heard our father speak many times, where General Washington always kept a guard, and of his being stationed there many times during his service.

We crossed the Hudson River in a great scow, to Newburg, on the western side of the river; from here to Morristown, N. J., passing through Newton, N. J., Reading, Penn., to Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. This place also was very interesting to us, being in a beautiful farming district. The State House was a lofty building of two stories, built of the bluest limestone, broken in every shape and form, with a white cement encircling each piece.

Carlisle, we found a beautiful city, built of freestone. James Madison, President of the United States, was here with seventy-four wagons, containing the Public Documents from the city of Washington, the British fleet having entered the city and blown up the President's house and many other buildings, and destroyed the Navy Yard. This was reported to have been accomplished through the treachery of the Governor of Maryland. Chambersburg, and New Bedford, our next stopping places, were both beautiful cities.

Crossing the Alleghanies.

From thence, we came to the town of Somerset, rightly named, situated on the top of the Alleghany Mountains. In those days this was considered the highest range of mountains in the United States. As the road was then travelled, they began to rise on the easterly side at the town of Strasburg, and continued to Pittsburg. The only travel to the Western States was right over these mountains in wagons carrying five or six tons each, drawn by six horses; one would often see eight or ten of these wagons in company, bound to the Western States. The time allowed was thirty days to Cincinnatti, Ohio; and so dangerous was the journey, that wagons loaded with goods were often cast away on these mountains. As no two wagons could pass each other, except at turn-out places, a mile or two apart, they had to wait many hours either in ascending or descending; to do otherwise was certain destruction. In going up, they had to beat, as vessels do against the wind. The mountains are vast bodies of conglomerate limestone, and wheel-ruts were often cut down a foot deep on either side; therefore single wagons were often wrecked by their wheels falling into thees ditches, and to go safe between the great tracks made by the large wagons was all important, for if you slid off into one of these ruts your case was hopeless. We used the greatest caution, sending one ahead to keep a look-out; two others walked, one on each side of the horses, to keep them on the track. It took us about a week to go eighty miles.

As we were going down the last dangerous mountain we met a man, his wife and two small children, one of whom he was drawing in a hand cart; his wife and the other child walking. On our making inquiries as to how he came to be in this situation, he said he had started to go to Ohio, with his family; in passing down the mountain, his horse ran off the track, and was killed, and his wagon was stove to pieces. His wife received a broken arm, for which reason he had been "lying by." He had spent all his money for a doctor's bill, and having fixed up the wagon, was trying to return to New Hampshire. People had been very kind to him so far. We each gave him half a dollar, glad that we were able to do it.

We were now past the dangers of the road and on coming to a more level tract of land, we stopped at a place called Blood Run, a small brook running across the road —so called because Washington was attacked here by Indians who fought till the brook ran red with blood, which event is still on record by historians. Our travels brought us to Washington, a smart place in this rough region. A day's journey of a gradual descent, and we found ourselves in Brownsville.

From thence we went to Wheeling, Virginia, here we crossed the Ohio River in a great flat boat propelled by the current of the river, coming to the town of Belmont, Ohio; this was a place of considerable trade though most of the buildings were log cabins. Cambridge was a smart looking place, having many handsome wooden buildings, well painted in New England style, yet the country looked new, as it used to in Freedom. We next reached Zanesville, the place of our destination, after a long, tedious journey of twenty-eight days, including our delays on the way. Here we found our brother Joshua, who had rented a house for our reception, where we drove up and unloaded for the first time since we started.

This place is situated on the east bank of the Muskingum River. It then contained a population of 3,000, and was a place of great importance to the surrounding country, as it was the only place of any trade on the river, except Marietta, about fifty miles below.

WHY WE WENT.

We are now preparing for a week or two in the open for the coming summer. We always do this about this time, always, and we have such vivid imaginations that we camp once a week regularly on Saturday nights.

Up to last summer this was as far as we got, and until the arrival of our annual disappointment, we extracted unlimited satisfaction from the solemn contemplation and arrangement of details as they were spread out on paper before us once in seven days from Jan. 1 to the last of September. Then the question being put, it was always decided that for "good and sufficient reasons" it would be impossible for the Manglers to take their annual outing.

We have now on the minutes that phrase, "for good and sufficient reasons," in four different places.

Each writing of it stands for the shattered hopes of nine months of preparation and careful forethought, minute calculations in regard to rations, argument, and heated debate; discussions tending to show the value of the lowly bean as an article of nutriment; grave deliberation as to the relative value of about thirty-five different styles of tents, which with voluminous correspondence from their respective advocates, furnished a subject for several months of ghostly powwow about the fire-place, and ended in a generous and feeling exchange of personalities. During this latter proceeding, it was beautiful (for a neutral person) to note the degree of accuracy which several years of association had enabled the Manglers to estimate the character of one another, and to put their final decision in forceful language, calculated to carry home to the complimented party, the meaning and magnitude of his exceeding insignificance.

Matters culminated in a manner which threatened the dissolution of the Manglers.

One Mangler was pushing the canvas monstrosity of an ingenious and practical friend. By a simple arrangement of hinges, springs, sticks, poles, ropes, boards, and a collection of some forty-five or fifty guys, it was made, as he clearly demonstrated, to serve such an astounding variety of purposes, that by its use we would have to take nothing but that and our tobacco. The tent furnished everything else.

As an unnatural curiosity, it couldn't be beat. You read about some aboriginal beings of the untamed, hairy West, buying a saddle and getting a horse to torture with it, gratis. This tent sold on a similar, but much more extended plan. When you bought one, you filled an order with a lot of printed questions like the "Symptoms" in a patent medicine ad. They filled the prescription according to your answers. For instance, these were some of the questions which you might answer to suit yourself:

"Are you herbivorously or carnivorously inclined?"
"Do you take cream in your coffee?"
"Do you prefer feathers or springs in your mattresses?"
"My favorite wines are——"
"Do you prefer bay rum or Florida water for shaving?"
"Shall we equip your billiard table for pool?" etc.

There were anywhere from fifty to five hundred of these questions. They made a record of every order they filled, and numbered your tent. Then when the trip was over, you just calmly packed her up and took her home. When you were ready for the next camp, you sent in your tent like a doctor's prescription; they filled it, and there you were. No trouble to yourself, no worrying, no agonizing dread that you had forgotten your slippers, or your lamb's wool fleece-lined triple thickness change of

underwear. Look at the relief! Look at the simplicity of the thing!

Such was the line of argument that benighted Mangler hurled at us.

He attempted to lure us on by promising reduced rates to introduce the thing, and even went so far as to offer stock in the company which was to keep this aggravated case of general country depository and pill works; for this was a combination scheme, they furnished your medicines, quinine, magnesia, Jamaica ginger, rheumatism remedy, and anything else your doctor ordered, or they would send their own physician to examine and prescribe for you.

We argued gently with him at first, and tried by kindness and mild treatment to bring him round. But he would have none of it, and injudiciously got his back up.

That Mangler is a wonder at ingenious epithet, the curious part of his performance being that he keeps his condemning discourse entirely free of profanity.

In four minutes by the watch, four years of dissatisfaction and disappointment were seen flying through the air in all directions.

It was impossible to be on the field, even as an innocent reporter, and not be hit by from one to a dozen sarcastic charges of duck loads.

In the midst of the fracas the door opened. The door, through which none less hardy than a Mangler ever passed, and the absent member entered.

He asked what the trouble was in the pleasant voice of an expectant peacemaker. In his hand he had a book. It was a small book. It didn't appear to be a particularly remarkable book. It was sort of light mud colored. Some gilt lettering was stamped on the outside. To the casual observance of the Manglers it resembled an elaborate tent catalogue.

The temporarily insane member said he needn't bring in any more of his infernal tent lies, the tent was decided on.

Thereupon the struggle, which had lulled for a moment began afresh. The new-comer made an unsuccessful attempt to escape, was cornered by above member and instinctively put up the book to shield himself from the wrath of the irate Mangler. He gave it one glance, and backed off. We had gathered for the rescue. Now we wanted to know what had forestalled us. We looked! No! We could not doubt it. In a drove of ten thousand moose, we could not mistake the remarkable features of the Forest and Stream representative fossil! Shades of Arabian Nights! That talisman would shield any holder. Then, the Manglers coming to their senses, also came to order, and the new-comer told a tale of a mighty combat with an advertisement, and described how he had captured what we had been pleased to call a tent catalogue, from the same. He proceeded to tell us that the book was the one we had been looking for, and we believed him, although we had not previously known that we had been looking for any book, and told us it was "Woodcraft," by Nessmuk.

The Manglers called seven extra sessions, discussed "Woodcraft," also digested it, and as a natural sequence to this, when the time came they went, had a royal time, and will positively appear next season with the original cast.

TOREN THURSTENSON, Secretary.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—I.

Ibn Hankal's Geography.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 21.—There are many kinds of philosophers, each of whom has his own brand of philosophy, and personally I take pleasure in sampling a little of one or other sort, along about the middle of the night, before the hour for splitting kindling wood has arrived. The trouble about most folks is that they think they have to accept all the philosophy they read as true, or else they have to get violently angry with it. Now, that ain't right. The way to do is to let every fellow have his own philosophy to suit himself. If you do this, you will find it more fun to read philosophy. Personally, I don't always agree that Ralph Waldo Emerson was a great man, because he lived in New England and ate oatmeal and wrote almighty bad poetry, and a pretty tough class of prose, but I let it go at that, and take pleasure in finding his egotisms, of which all men have a plenty, the most pretentiously modest man usually having more than anybody else. As I have said before, Ralph Waldo Emerson was named after me, and I like him pretty well on that account. Anyhow, proceeding on the above basis, I sometimes read Ralph Waldo, and once in a good while find something of what an editor would call good stuff. He was a great fellow to like things a thousand years old, and anything Greek, or Egyptian, or Arabian was nuts to him. This is how he happened to know about Ibn Hankal, whom most of us have never met. I was interested in reading what he said about Ibn, which was as follows:

"Ibn Hankal, the Arabian geographer, describes a heroic extreme in the hospitality of Sogd, in Bukharia. When I was in Sogd I saw a great building like a palace, the gates of which were open and fixed back to the wall with large nails. I asked the reason, and was told that the house had not been shut, night or day, for a hundred years. Strangers may present themselves at any hour and in whatever number; the master has amply provided for the reception of the men and their animals and is never happier than when they tarry for some time. Nothing of the kind have I seen in any other country."

KNOWS THE COUNTRY.

Now, what I was trying to get at is, that though I never met Ibn, he has got none the best of me, for I have been in that same country and know it well. But Ralph Waldo is wrong about the locality. It isn't in Arabia. It's in the sunny south of the United States of America, a country not yet known to old Americans. For three winters I have visited the country, and have written of it, and now I shall please at least myself by writing more of it.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

One day last summer, as I have earlier stated in these columns, I was sitting in my office grappling with large questions, when there appeared a nice looking gentleman, accompanied by a slim lad. At first I distrusted an agent of some sort, as a great many nice looking people come in city office buildings who are disguised agents for insurance, books, and that sort of thing. I have had a nice-looking young woman come into my office and sell me a "Life of the Patriarchs" before I knew what had happened. Yet I do not need a "Life of the Patriarchs" in my business. This, you see, is why I have come to distrust all nice-looking people, and why I looked with suspicion on this gentleman, though I could not understand the boy, who I supposed was going to turn out after a while as the only survivor of a horrible railroad wreck, or something of that sort.

My visitors, as I had said, turned out to be Dr. W. D. Taylor and son, of Brownsville, Tenn. Dr. Taylor had never met me, but had read the last year's articles in Forest and Stream on "Dixie Land." All he wanted to do was to get me to sign a contract to come down and visit him at his home when the quail season was on. And after he was gone I began to get ashamed of myself, reflecting that probably he was alone in the city on a visit and unacquainted. This is the North of it—for which the necessities of city business life have much to say in explanation. But the South of it I am going to tell later.

Not long after this Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, whom also I had never met, wrote up, and said he thought I must be a nice man, and would I join him as his guest on a camping trip in the fall, down at the mouth of the Mississippi River? And about the same time Mr. W. W. Peabody, Jr., of Cincinnati, who also had never met me, wrote and said he thought I must be a nice man, or I couldn't stay on Forest and Stream, and how would I like to travel in a private car with vassals and serfs at my side, away down in Texas once more? Things were evidently coming my way. In a great spirit of self-denial I accepted all three of the invitations.

OPENING DAY.

It was just on the evening of opening day on quail in Tennessee when I stepped off the Illinois Central train at Memphis, feeling the keen zest which comes with the prospect of a long rest and a good shooting trip combined. I had worried Toby Bennett, the Winchester man, whom I knew, to meet me at the train, not wishing to trouble Mr. Divine, whom I did not know. But Toby was in New York, and his telegram was read by Mr. Divine in some way or other. Down in Memphis the boys all read each other's telegrams and letters, and often get on to good things that way. Anyhow, as I got off the train I heard some one calling my name, and at once Mr. Divine, whom I had never met before, introduced himself, also his friends, Mr. Lee J. Lockwood, of Memphis, and Mr. R. W. Foster, of New Orleans, both of whom, it seemed, were to be of the camping party at the mouth of the river. These all thought a dinner up at the club would be about right, and long before that was over we were all very well acquainted, in the swift fashion of men who love the same pastimes.

It now was made plain that the Louisiana party was all to meet at New Orleans on Nov. 8. Meantime, as I had promised to visit Dr. Taylor at Brownsville, and as Tom Divine wanted me to stop off for a day in Mississippi, "just long enough to kill a bear," as he expressed it, it was evident I would have to hurry, much to everybody's regret. Brownsville is about fifty miles east of Memphis, on the L. and N. Road, and I found I could make the eleven o'clock train that night after dinner, so pretty soon I bade my Memphis friends a temporary farewell, and was rolling out toward the hill country. I did not see Mr. Lockwood again at all, and Mr. Foster I did not see until, after a great many adventures, we met away down at the mouth of the Mississippi.

THE SOUTH OF IT.

In the north I had, of course, left winter, but at Brownsville I found it mild and pleasant when I stepped out from the hotel in the morning. I made an early morning call on Dr. Taylor, whom I found living in a great big southern house, which straightway I envied of him. Mrs. Taylor with all the easy friendliness of the true Southern lady put the stranger at home at once, and I was soon acquainted with all the youngsters of the family, including the lad I had seen in Chicago. Next we saw all the horses and dogs which are part of every Southerner's establishment, and by this time my baggage had been brought over from the hotel, and I was one of the family.

This was the south of it.

I had only two days to spend with my friends at Brownsville, though I sincerely regretted it was not a week. We had two days of quail shooting, such as one can have nowhere in the country north of Mason and Dixon's line. Dr. Taylor had two fine young dogs of his own, one impressed Mr. Moore's old setter Joe, one of the best meat dogs I ever shot over. I always fall in with a meat dog wherever I go, and this suits me to a nicety, for if there is anything I do detest it is a field trial winenr, and if there is anything I love it is a regular meat dog, that knows his business and knows what he is out to do. Our dogs left us nothing to ask, and surely pleasanter shooting companions than Dr. Taylor and his friend, Dr. T. D. Cooper, no one ever did have, having a habit of too great courtesy on their part, which wanted me to do all the shooting.

On our first day with the quail we rode on horseback—all the hunting in that section is done on horseback—until we were two or three miles from town, and then worked around over the open fields. It came on to rain, and the birds did not move—or as the keeper at whose cabin we stopped to get water for our luncheon, said: "They wuzn't very free jumped up," so we did not have much shooting. At this Dr. Taylor was disgusted beyond measure, and tried to make me promise to stay a week, till he could show me what his country could do by way of quail.

A CHARMING DAY.

We needed only one day more to learn about that. The morrow dawned bright and fair, an ideal day for sport. We took another road out of town, and by ten o'clock were busy with our first bevy, Dr. Taylor's son holding our horses for us while we shot. I never saw better sport than we had. We shot all day on a little strip of ground, not over three-fourths of a mile square, and the birds just seemed to bubble up out of the ground. The dogs did their part nobly, and, all in all, we had a charming day. We bagged forty-seven birds to the three guns, by which it may be seen we did not want the last bird there was. Both my friends proved to be excellent field shots, as indeed nearly all Southern shooters are. Dr. Taylor used a 16-gauge, a Lefever, and he is the only man I ever knew to shoot wood powder in brass shells. He uses the American Wood, and if his load was not effective none of us could discover the fact, for he killed his birds as far and as clean as any of us.

When we returned from our shooting that evening we found that Mrs. Taylor had arranged a surprise for us, in the form of a dinner party, in preparation for which we were urged to hurry out of our shooting clothes. I spent no evening in the South more pleasantly than this. Beside the ladies, we had with us Dr. Cooper, Dr. Sevier, Mr. Mann, Mr. Kiethley, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Moses, and Mr. Dan Miles. It was just cool enough to make the fire in the fire-place of the big drawing-room seem pleasant, and around this—the only kind of a fire on earth to have—we sat in a ring and told stories in a symposium, which I wish I could reproduce. Mr. Miles especially proved to be a raconteur of natural talent, and often kept us either attentive or convulsed. Mr. Miles is a snake-story artist, and I could wish he were known to the circle of Forest and Stream readers in this capacity.

THE HORN SNAKE ESTABLISHED.

Once more I found occasion to disagree with our friends the naturalists, who seek to deprive us of some of our most cherished beliefs. Thus Forest and Stream, some years ago I believe, took great delight in proving that beyond a peradventure there never was nor could be such a thing as a horn snake (a snake with a horn in the end of its tail), because naturalists had not seen this sort of snake. Yet at our fireside council that evening there were three men—Dr. Taylor, Mr. Miles, and Mr. Kiethley—each of whom had personally seen and examined a specimen of this same horn snake. All agreed that the horn in the end of the tail closely resembled the spur of a rooster, being between one and two inches in length, and running down to a point. Legally, three affirmative witnesses outweigh a great many witnesses who are merely negative by reason of not having seen the thing testified to. Therefore, while I respect Forest and Stream very much, I really must insist on the revival of the cherished popular belief in the horn snake. We should not be robbed of all our ideals in this materialistic age.

THE EVER-OPEN DOOR.

And then we talked of many things; of the negro problem, which no Northern man is fitted to discuss who has not lived or been much in the South; of the distinction of Northern from Southern customs in life and business pursuits. In Mr. Miles it was not hard to recognize a man of strong original thought. "I mean no offense to the North," said he, "when I say that we of the South do not need its 'progress.' God prevent that the South shall ever have that spirit of progress! What is it but the chrysalis of anarchy?" And as I reflected on the coldness and emptiness of the life in the toiling, troubled city, where so recently the poor were arrayed in arms against the rich in that struggle whose beginning only is now and whose end no man can tell, except that the rich can never prevent the progress of the struggle—as I thought of the wide difference of life in such a center of progress and that in the pleasant and sincere social system here about me, I could well add echo to the words I heard, and in my own breast say: God forbid the South shall ever change, its woods be felled, its birds be killed, its social system overthrown, its beautiful Americanism be destroyed! Progress! Is it not enough that the South has progressed to be the only American part of America?

And so I shall not say anything more about this part of my visit in the South, except that when I left Brownsville I felt actually cut up over the heartiness and sincerity of my reception there, and fairly ashamed for myself and for my country. In the North we have not the art of entertaining, and there is no use in making the claim. All the glory I claim of this is my right to ask the question, even before going further on in the story I shall tell whether I have not, equally with Ibn Hankal, found the land of the ever-open door? God bless the land, and may it never change!

CHANGE.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

FLORIDA FUN.—II.

A half-mile from the camp lived a hunter and woodsman named Bolton, who volunteered to be a guide for the party, not for pay, but because he was glad to have company. He would have been insulted at an offer of pay in money for his services. Every morning he appeared at camp, ready to pilot the party anywhere they wished to go, and then they started for long tramps down one bay and up another, two men and the hounds keeping close to the bay, to drive out the deer, and one man on each side, a hundred yards out on the ridge on each side, and somewhat in advance of the men near the bay. For five days they hunted in this way, but the dogs were unmanageable, and generally made so much noise that the deer kept out of the way. Occasionally one was seen, and then the Winchesters awoke the echoes, but they failed to stop any of the swift-footed runners. By this time they were acquainted with the woods, and there being little danger of getting lost, they got to going out alone, and wandering all day in the beautiful woods, but failed to bring in any game, except some squirrels.

H—— got tired of camp life with no game, and began to long for the flesh pots of a hotel, so one day he strolled down to old Jordan's, to study a Florida "cracker," and see whether the old man could be induced to take his baggage to the railroad. At the end of a five mile stroll through the woods there appeared an old log-cabin, at one side of a fifteen-acre clearing. A man with a gun on his shoulder was approaching it from an opposite direction, and an old woman sat on the porch. H—— introduced himself, whereupon they shook hands with him, said they were very glad to see him, asked if he kept well, and said Mr. Jordan was down in the swamp killing some hog meat, but they reckoned he would be back 'fore long. Presently there came out of the cabin a woman of thirty-five or thereabouts, with perfectly formed head and face, and of good form, but the snuff stick was in her mouth, and the face wore a dull, ignorant, and hopeless expression, or rather lack of expression. The idea conveyed to H—— by her looks and movements was, that nature had laid the foundation for a woman of intellect and great personal beauty, but she had been hopelessly dwarfed by the poverty-stricken soil in which she had

been planted. It needed but one look to see that in her there had once been hope, which had long ago been choked out by grim despair that will never leave her. She could not read, and probably had never eaten a meal from a table covered with a white cloth.

Presently there came two men from the adjoining swamp, each carrying half of a dressed hog. One of them, an old man, bent with age, was introduced as Mr. Jordan. He shook hands cordially and "reckoned" H—— kept well, and then began admiring the dog, Joe, and asked if he would "ketch," meaning, would he pull down a wounded deer or hold a savage wild hog. On being told he would not, he said it was a pity that "sich a big, strong dog should be no account. And he is the purtiest dog I ever seen, too." H—— then explained Joe's uses, and how he pointed birds, and then asked Joe if he sucked eggs, which Joe answered by a sharp bark, whereupon the whole family took him right into their affections, and Mr. Jordan said: "If he was my dog I wouldn't take a big cow for him, but it's a pity he don't ketch."

After Joe had been fully discussed, the old man turned to the daughter mentioned above, and in tones tremulous with age and affection, asked: "Is dinner ready, honey?" The dinner consisted of boiled "hog meat," corn bread made by mixing corn meal, salt, and water, and baking in a Dutch oven, and coffee made probably of dried and parched sweet potatoes, there was certainly no coffee in it. This food was just what they have had, and what they will continue to have, except when an occasional deer or turey is brought in. Sometimes they have a little "flour bread," and they "make" a few sweet potatoes, and some cane syrup and sugar.

After dinner H—— drew the old man into talking about himself. He said: "I've been livin' right yere for thirty-seven years, an' I've allers made a good livin'. It's a mighty easy country to find support. The cattle an' hogs an' sheep run in the woods, an' don't have to be fed, an' all we have to do is for a lot of us to git together an' go out an' ketch 'em. How much is a good cow worth? 'Bout six dollars, I reckon; I don't sell any. Then they's deer an' turkeys, too, though they hain't so plenty as they used to be. Could you gimme a chaw of your tobacker?" Mr. H—— proffered his plug, and the old man said: "I reckon I'll get you to cut me off a chaw." H—— cut off a liberal chunk, and returned the plug and knife to his pocket, but the old man still held the "chaw" in his trembling fingers, turning it over and looking at it in a meditative sort of way, finally saying: "I reckon Mr. H—— I'll have to git you to cut off a leetle more. This yere piece ain't quite enough for a chaw. It'd be enough for my wife, an' my daughter don't take quite as big a chaw as this, but I chaw a leetle more.

"I wish a lot of people like you could get interested in this country enough to come yere an' settle. I ain't never had a neighbor nearer than four miles, an' we can't have any school, an' it's seven miles to church, and seven miles to the doctor's, an' twenty-five miles to the springs, where we have to buy supplies. It's a pity that dog don't ketch."

"He catches tramps at home," said H——, "but probably you are not bothered with them here."

"Well, we are," said the old man. "There's lots of 'em."

H—— said he supposed houses were so far apart, the tramps would have a hard time of it. "Well, you see" said the old man, "this yere is one of the mainest traveled roads in the whole country. If anybody goes from yere to the springs, or to Mossy Head, or Pensacola, or Mobile, or New Orleans, or anywhere else, they have to go along this road. I reckon it goes to nearer every place than any other road in the world."

I have described the old man and his family because they are an average family of the "piney woods" residents. They are, to some extent, passing away, but because of the worthless character of the lands they live in they will not become extinct for many years yet.

In these vast stretches of forest and swamp, affording unlimited food, abundant cover and so genial a climate, it seems strange that there is not more game; but it's scarcity is due to that most ugly, vicious, and altogethe depraved brute—the Florida dog. He ranks next to the deer in fleetness, and his sense of smell is as acute as that of the best setter. Every foot of the ground is explored by him at frequent intervals, and the turkey's nest of eggs is one of his luxuries. If the egg is hatched before he finds it, he will most likely get the young turkey before it can fly, for he follows their trail and scents out their hiding-places as surely as any dog could do it, and he even catches the old hen turkey, while she tries to defend her brood. Many fawns are his victims as soon as they come into the world. The hogs follow the herds of sheep for days, and get every new born lamb that is dropped; and sometimes they pull down and devour the full grown sheep. New-born calves are another favorite game, and the cow must be far away from any of these beasts, if she saves her offspring. If the turkey or the fawn has escaped the hogs, great eagles are soaring overhead, on the alert for something to devour, and at night the wild cat is hunting for anything he is not afraid to attack. But, after all, the hog has come to stay. It would hardly be possible to exterminate him, and, as an article of food, he ranks superior to any other animal of this region. In spite of the repulsive ugliness, and ugliер disposition of the Florida woods hog, its flesh has a tender juiciness and a delicate gamey flavor that are altogether lacking in his corn fed relative of the North, and which captures the taste of every one who partakes of it. These hogs are of domestic origin, but there are many of them that are veritable wild boars, with tusks six inches long; and when brought to bay by the dogs they charge at everything that moves, and often a dog is killed at a single stroke. A lot of specially-trained curs are used in hunting them. They bay the boar, but are careful to keep out of his reach. When the hunter comes up and shoots the boar, the dogs close at once, and woe be unto them if the shot has not been a stunning one, for some of them will be killed. These old fellows are not used for human food, but are killed as nuisances; and the flesh is sprinkled with strychnine and hung up for the eagles and wild cats to eat.

On the 18th H—— said good-by to his companions of the camp, and departed for De Funak Springs. If the stories told about quail by the residents of this place were true, H—— was going to have some great sport. He hunted two days and found one little bunch of quail. Then his host, Mr. Tom King, planned a trip to his big plantation twelve miles north from town. Mr. King said there were three miles of old fields, and two dogs could find fifty to one hundred coveys in a day. The party was to be made up of Mr. King, Mr. Cawthon, and Mr. Hall, of Mobile. Mr. Hall came on the evening trani, and at supper talked quail just like everybody else, and declared the party would get one hundred birds to-morrow.

H—— said: "Mr. Hall, did you know that Solomon had just returned from a Florida quail shooting trip, when he said in his heart that all men are liars?"

"Well," said Hall, "I'll bet you $100 to $50 that we get one hundred shots out there."

The importance of an early start was urged by Mr. King, and the cook was ordered: "Have breakfast ready at five o'clock sharp, do you hear?" But all the same H—— lay in bed still, and then dressed leisurely, and waited twenty minutes for breakfast. Their road lay nearly all the way through the beautiful piney woods, the weather was very pleasant, and the only drawback was the sandy roads which everywhere in this region make travel slow and wearisome to horseflesh. Arrived at the plantation, they found the old fields grown up with sedge and briars, while along the numerous rivulets there was a dense tangle of trees and bushes. A good deal of the old field ground had been worn out and abandoned ten years before, and these portions were grown up with a thick forest of pines seventy-five feet high. By noon three coveys had been found, all of which plunged at once into the thick brush, and were seen no more, although they could be heard when they flushed. Five birds had been bagged, and the clothing, hands and faces of the party showed evidence of conflicts with briars.

It was voted too tough a country to hunt in, so after lunch the party drove toward home, stopping at another plantation that looked very inviting. More than one hundred acres of promising looking ground was hunted over, resulting in finding one small covey, from which six birds were secured. Just at dark, while still six miles from town the party were overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm. The rain came down in sheets, and the wind threatened to uproot the tall pines, while the blinding flashes of lightning and the crashing and reverberating thunder were sublime beyond description. To him who has no fear of lightning, there is no grander or more enjoyable phenomenon in nature than a thunderstorm, and H—— enjoyed this one more than he did the quail hunting, although getting somewhat wet.

The next day H—— and Joe rested until noon, and spent the afternoon in a stroll to Lake Stanley, a pretty sheet of water three miles out in the woods; they brought in one mallard. The forenoon of the following day was spent in rest, and the afternoon in hunting quail near town. While hunting in a weed grown orchard, a man some distance away said: "Say, mister, I'm a little afraid your dog will get poisoned if you hunt in there. I've put out poison to kill the rabbits and coons that bother me so, and I'd hate it if your dog got some of it." H—— wandered over to him, and talked awhile, during which the man said he had walked up two bunches of quail the day before, about three-quarters of a mile south in an old field, and gave minute directions how to find it. H—— started to hunt them up. Before getting across the orchard, Joe found a small covey, but they went off safely, though two charges of shot were fired at them. They went into the swamp, of course, and H—— and Joe went in after them, and with a good deal of floundering through the mud and water and sundry conflicts with black briar vines, they managed to rouse out five or six birds, and bagged three of them. Then they started for the old field, where the two covies were, but mistook the directions and sundown overtook them before they found it, so they walked back to town, some two and a half miles.

That night, Mr. Wolfe and H—— went to Caryville, eighteen miles east, getting there at eleven P. M., and found the landlord of the hotel gone to bed, but the doors were not locked, and Mr. Wolfe being acquainted with the landlord and his ways, looked around until he found a room with three beds in it, two of which were unoccupied, and then they turned in. Mr. Wolfe said the old man's custom was to go to bed when he felt like it, and guests arriving after that time were expected to hunt their own beds, then in the morning the old man went around to see who had come in during the night. This morning just at daylight he knocked at the door, then opened it, and was confronted by Joe, sitting on the foot of H——'s bed and growling at the intrusion, whereupon he hastily retired. H—— told Joe to be quiet, and called to the man to come in. When he came in, he said: "My gracious, I thought he was a bear sitting on the bed, and he does look like one, he's as big and as black, and got the white spot in his breast, an' say: Ain't he the purtiest dog I ever see? Now, you all git up, and wash your faces, for breakfast is most ready."

After breakfast the hunters started to some old fields, which they worked faithfully till noon, but failed to start a single feather. H—— was disgusted with the long continued bad luck, and wanted to go back on the afternoon train, but Wolfe said he was so disgusted he wasn't going to go home till the night train, so they struck out for some fields two and a half miles out east from town. A mile out along the railroad track, Mr. Wolfe shot a hawk, a short distance out in the woods. The hawk fell fluttering into the grass, and near it a quail arose but dropped into the grass again a rod away, evidently afraid to risk a flight through the open woods. Then Wolfe and H—— stepped out there and flushed a covey, most of which flew right over their heads, and went to the swamp. It was such an unexpected sort of flight that they did not get a bird. One was marked down in the open woods, and was soon secured. Several more were flushed in the swamp, and two shots fired at them, but they got safely away. A further walk of a mile and a half brought them to the fields, and there they hunted an hour before Joe pointed along a little branch fringed with bushes. As Wolfe was up in the woods, and H—— thought the birds would go there, he flushed them and got one, but instead of flying to the woods they came down further up the branch. Wolfe came over, and they flushed again, every bird getting up at once, and only one killed, the others going away into a swamp. It was evident that it was not one of the shooting days for either Wolfe or H——. Half an hour later Joe located another covey in open pine woods. This time two fell, the rest as usual going into a swamp. Here a couple of hounds joined the hunters, and going into the swamp did good work driving the birds out. Two shots and two birds resulted. Further search after some scattered ones failed to find them. Men and dog were very tired by this time, and it was near sundown, so they took up the long walk to town, had some quail cooked for supper, and arrived home at 8.20 P. M. Here, H—— learned that the rest of his party had returned, evidently pretty tired, as they had gone to bed at eight o'clock.

Next morning Billy said: "We hunted every day after you left us, and had the usual luck. I got a 250-yard shot at a turkey and made him jump, and Bolton got one deer, but Mr. T—— and Gus did not get a shot at anything. Day before yesterday we broke camp, and started the baggage to the railroad, and we stayed all night at Bolton's, and walked to the railroad next day. You missed an experience by not staying over night at Bolton's. All three of us had to sleep in one bed. The bed was narrow, but the room was only two feet wider than the bed. The mattress had been made of a mixture of cotton and tow, but there had been a war between the tow and cotton, and they had separated into hard lumps of cotton here and lumps of tow there, with large areas of neutral ground between them. We had to use some of our comforters for covering, and everything about that bed was so dirty that we just came away and left the comforters on the bed. Truly, it was a long and miserable night, and could have been passed by a pine knot fire in the woods with much less misery. The breakfast was so abominable, we just went back on it, and started on our fifteen mile tramp to the railroad on empty stomachs, and a hungry lot we were long before we got there. We made the fifteen miles in five hours, and by rushing the last mile got there ten minutes before train time. I forgot to tell you that Ben Cockroft came to the camp, and hunted with us three days and one night undertook to show us how to kill deer by torchlight, but a heavy fog came up from the gulf, and Ben got to traveling in a circle, and coming in sight of some live coals that had dropped from the torch, mistook them for deer's eyes, and took a shot at them. We can't vote the expedition a success, if we reckon it by the amount of game killed, but we have had a big time all the same, and feel benefited generally."

"What will you do next?" said H——. "Going to start home to-day," said Billy. "Are you going with us?"

"Not much," said H——. "I've sent for my wife, and will meet her at Pensacola. From there we will go sailing along the coast, picking up shells, ducks, and fish till we get tired of it. If we are not satisfied, then, we will go to Havana. Won't you go along, boys?"

They all declined, and H—— told them if they preferred snow and ice to summer and green leaves it was all right, but for himself he proposed to stay with the summer.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Natural History.

CONFIDING CHICKADEES.

I have a friend—not unknown to the world of art and literature—who is a keen observer and lover of nature withal. He has the migratory instinct so firmly implanted in him that he always comes back to pass the summer months on the old homestead, which he has watched over and guarded, that no vandal hand might destroy or cut any of the wild things that have beauty, rarity or oddity to recommend them to a foothold. He has improved on nature by making a woodland path here, another there; a fine tennis court beneath the shade of giant pines which the "wood hawk," with his eye may look at but must not touch. In quiet and shady nooks are inviting seats, where one may listen to the flute-like evening song of the hermit thrush, and hear the whistle of the woodcock and the whirr of the ruffled grouse. He has set out in congenial situations very many of the rarer wild flowering plants and ferns, trees and shrubs, so that it has come to be a veritable arboretum, and a list of the faunal, floral and scenic attractions would occupy more space than I feel at liberty to ask.

East of the house, and on the easterly edge of the garden, stands a pear tree, which at about three feet from the ground divides into two trunks or virtual branches. One of these trunks was several years ago sawn off, leaving the other to become the trunk and bear the fruit. Of course, that portion of the main trunk below the scar became somewhat decayed, and six or seven years ago a pair of chicadees excavated for themselves a home a few inches below the edge of the scar, and on the west side, facing the garden and the house, and commenced housekeeping there, evidently with complete success, for they returned year after year and sent out into the cold world their annual quota of fine black-capped destroyers of bark infesting pupæ. They were always very tame and confiding, permitting the closest examination of their domestic affairs. And so everything was harmonious and to the complete satisfaction for landlord and tenant, until two years ago, when my friend found in the spring that a portion of the bark about six inches square—the part through which the hole had been cut—had been torn away, exposing the interior.

Now, besides being an artist and a scholar, my friend is a very skillful wood carver, and he went to work to repair the little home and thus keep the tenant, with the result that he very nicely fitted a piece of pine bark into the place where the natural bark had been removed; cut a hole in the proper place and awaited developments with some degree of doubt I imagine.

To his delight, however, when the right time came, one morning he saw a chicadee fly out of the artificially constructed doorway. Watching a few moments he saw it return with its mate, who had building material in his bill. Then he knew that they had accepted the situation and his kind intentions as well. The interesting story of the chicadee's life was continued through another summer of contented prosperity until the young arrived at months of discretion, when the whole family became hopelessly mixed with the rest of the race in their vacation rambles

and their identity was lost in the tide of Bohemian bird life as it ebbed and flowed through the fall and winter—another winter of discontent—for when the spring days prompted the parent birds to come back to the old pear tree they found that decay had been at work, assisted perhaps, by fungoid growths, and perhaps by an inquisite, thieving crow, for there was a large hole in the roof—the scar of the sawn off limb—through which came the sunshine and the rain, conditions not at all favorable to the development of hole nesting birds. But the same skillful hand that had repaired so acceptably the damages of the year before came to the rescue, and this time fitted a tin roof over the whole scar, making a habitation as obscure from the inclemency of the weather as any chicadee ever possessed.

In the light of former experience, it is perhaps needless for me to add that the hole was occupied as before, and in just sixteen days from the day they commenced to sit, five more little titmice burst their shells and commenced to tax the industry of their brave little parents to supply the cravings of their very prominent appetites, and finally to go out as many others had gone before, perhaps to tell of one man at least who is a friend of the birds.

MASSACHUSETTS. CHAS. E. INGALLS.

Winter Robins in North Latitude.

Lake Champlain, N. Y.—In Forest and Stream of Jan. 12 I noted the appearance of a bunch of robins at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. On Jan. 12 I saw two robins on the lake shore road, and one on the 13th. The mercury has been here 20 degrees below zero this month, but on the 12th and 13th rose to from 30 degrees to 38 degrees. These birds must be winter residents, perhaps from the deep woods of the Adirondacks, venturing out during the thaw. GUY FERGUSON.

A Winter Red Bird.

CARTHAGE, Ohio, Feb. 1.—After several weeks of sharply defined winter weather, with snow and ice accompaniments, and the promise by the weather bureau of another cold wave coming, you may imagine my surprise at hearing a red-bird giving out his choicest strains from his perch on the upper limb of a larch on the morning of Feb. 1. Is it a harbinger of an early spring, or has he "lost his reckoning" and appeared too soon? Time will tell. E. S. WHITAKER.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The "boys," young and old, were collected around the stove in the tavern one winter evening, when the talk turned upon fishing in general, and catching bullheads in particular. "Say, Uncle Jess, didn't you catch an all-fired big pout down in Massapoag a few years ago," said Cy Smith, addressing one of the elders of the party.

"Wal, yes; I did, fer a fact; the biggest pout I ever see, or any one else, I guess," replied the veteran. "Haow much did he weigh?" cried several voices. "Wal, fact is I never weighed him, but he was a whopper, an' I believe he was old enough to be the gran'ther 'f all the bullheads raound here. Mighty curis thing abaout that pout, tew," said the old man, gazing at the upward curling smoke of his pipe in reminiscent mood. "Tell us abaout it," said Cy. The old man hitched uneasily in his chair, knocked the ashes from his pipe on the stove-hearth, and taking his jack-knife and a plug of tobacco from his pocket, began to prepare a fresh charge.

"Wal," said he, after a few moments of silence, "yer see, durin' the winter, Ivory Damon had be'n cuttin' ice on the pond fer Joe Goodrich. Naow yer know Ivory was a kin' o' queer critter, allus studyin' over mathematics or phrenology or some sech stuff, didn't know what he was doin' half the time. Wal, he was cuttin' ice there all alone with a cross-cut saw—that was 'fore those ice-plows had been got up—an' the first thing he knew, he sawed off the very cake he was standin' on, and down he went. 'By Cracky,' said he, 'I thought I was a goner, but I c'd just reach the ice ladder and pull myself out; but the saw went to the bottom.' Wal, 'long next May, I went daown there one evenin' with one of the Walker boys—Art, I b'lieve 'twas—thought we'd get a mess o' pouts We had pretty good luck for a while, then they stopped bitin', 'Guess thee's an eel araoun',' said Art. 'Wal,' said I, 'I'll have him if thers' one here.' So I put on an all-fired big bunch o' worms, and flung her over. In abaout tew minutes I felt somethin' take hold an' bear daown hard. 'By George,' says I, 'I've got him.' Wal, I tell yer we had a tussle, but we hawled in the biggest pout I ever see. We had to hit him with the oar 'fore we could keep him in the boat. I thought ther' was suthin mighty curis 'baout his maouth, but I didn't pay much 'tention tew it till I come ter dress him nex' mornin', an' as trew as I live, that ole feller had got Ivory's saw crossways in his maouth an' was a-wearin' it fer a set o' false teeth." CATACOONAMUG.

A Feline Catastrophic Coincidence.

Nearly thirty years ago when I was stationed in Canada with a battery of royal artillery, the building in which the officers lived was greatly infested by cats, which frequently awoke us at night by their hideous squallings. We used to get out of bed, and fling our boots in the direction of the sounds, down the dark passages into which our doors opened, and on two occasions I even fired a pistol loaded with small shot at where I guessed the cats to be. The other officers objected to that, because they feared being hit by a stray bullet, if they happened to be in the act of throwing a boot, but we all agreed that the cats must be reduced in numbers.

I borrowed a rifled air-cane which carried 120 round balls to the pound and kept it, ready pumped, in a corner of my room. A few days afterward, seeing a cat walking across the ground at the back of the building, I snatched up the air-cane, rammed home a bullet, and, aiming at the back of the cat's head, pressed the trigger. The bullet struck between the ears, and went out at the chin—so the animal rolled on his back dead without a kick. I thought he had strayed from some house at a distance but discovered shortly afterward that he belonged to a major, who had retired from the army and was living near us.

By a remarkable coincidence, at the exact instant that I shot the cat, the owner and an officer were standing at the window of another room, and engaged in conversation. The major remarked: "That is my old Tom cat walking there. I have had him since the Crimean War, and he has become such a nuisance in the house that I am going to borrow a gun and shoot him. By Jove, he's dead! But what on earth can be the cause!"

The noise made by the air-cane was so slight that they had not heard it, and could not account for the sudden death.

On hearing afterward to whom the cat belonged, I wrote to the major apologizing and explaining how the mistake occurred. He replied that he was very glad I had saved him the trouble of killing the old wretch.

J. J. MEYRICK.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN WILD PIGEON DAYS.

Your recent notes on the wild pigeon of America were interesting and recalled some of my own experiences with this noble bird some years ago, before the murderous netters had quite succeeded in exterminating them.

In the fall of 1875 we had in this section of mountain country the heaviest beech mast within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant; it could be scooped up in double handfuls anywhere under the beech timber and as that kind of timber prevails here to a considerable extent, some idea of the quantity of mast can be conceived, in a year that it "hits," as we say. The wild pigeons came in countless numbers, and by good fortune, this being a somewhat out of the way locality, the enterprising netters did not get word in time to get in their work.

I was using at that time as my "all around gun" a ten-bore double muzzle loader. A windfall in the game line does not come often and this one was by no means to be despised. Providing myself with a bountiful supply of ammunition, I would get out in a favorable spot in the evening, as the hosts would be flying to their roosting ground. Many a time I have fired until the old gun became so hot I could scarce bear my hand on the barrels and was forced to cease for awhile to allow them to cool before I dared reload again. The flocks was so dense that I literally made it rain pigeons. Fat! Did you say? Well! The wild pigeon is generally poor in flesh, and blue looking as to meat—the old ones pretty tough. But all the birds that year were a squab of fat. When dressed they looked as yellow as gold and were very juicy and tender. Upon striking the ground, many of them would burst open, the crop being gorged with the beech nuts. My wife and oldest child, a girl of eight, would generally go out with me, as this shooting was convenient to the house, gathering the dead in a large basket we took for the purpose. We had pigeons for dinner all the winter, and did not waste a single bird; for besides supplying some of my less fortunate neighbors, we salted down over four bushels of nicely dressed birds. We had pigeon pie and pigeon served in every style we could think of, galore.

In feeding, which pigeons do in flocks quite dense and numerous, they form long lines along the ground, almost like soldiers in line; feet and wings are in constant motion turning the dried leaves, and they seem to roll over one another as they advance in line gathering the mast. Frequently, immense masses of them, as if actuated by a simultaneous impulse, move a short distance to a more favored spot, the flutter of this countless number of wings making a noise like rolling thunder. After gorging themselves with mast, sometimes they will settle upon the adjacent timber, forming lines on the branches as close as they can well sit; thus perched they will emit a call or cry to passing flocks, which generally has the effect of calling these down to join their fellow brethren. The call does not at all resemble the cooing or call of our tame pigeon, but on the contrary, is more like the quack of some of our small ducks in tone, not prolonged like the duck, rather more harsh and very quickly repeated; once heard by the sportsman, never forgotten.

In the pursuit of this bird, on this glorious hunt, ever to be remembered, I would often secure raking shots at them when perched in close masses on the timber. The wild pigeons, at least when they existed in these numbers, do not appear to be at all shy and wary like most game; but will permit, generally with an apathy most astonishing, approach to close quarters, affording a most destructive fire. The slaughter on such occasion was prodigious. One evening I took a station in a low gap in the mountain, about a mile from home, and in direct line of the flight of the pigeons to their roost. On they came! More numerous than the fabled hosts of Xerxes—"Like the sands of the sea."

I did not move a dozen steps from the spot I had selected, stood, loaded and fired with tremendous energy; utilizing the few minutes required ever and anon to allow of the cooling of the gun, by hastily gathering the game and piling it at my feet. The flight lasted till in the gloom and darkness of the approaching night; most of the heavy masses flew quite low, you could hear their wings strike in the branches of the surrounding timber. My last shots that evening were simply directed at the roar of wings overheard, as it was not sufficiently light to take any aim in particular. I strung my birds on pieces of twine provided for the purpose, and was literally so hampered and loaded down with the game that I scarce made my way home in the gloom. Early next morning I returned to the spot and gathered quite a goodly number of cripples and dead that had escaped my belated search the evening before.

Like most of the feathered tribe, the process of digestion is quite rapid in the pigeon. Birds shot in the morning as they leave the roost for their feeding grounds have empty crops; those killed later in the day, and especially upon their return in the evening, are literally gorged, and as the myriads fly over you, the sound of their droppings is like a shower of rain upon the surrounding foliage.

After the pigeons left that season, I visited their roosting ground, some two miles from where I lived. It was a sight to behold! Great trees had been utterly denuded of their branches, some of the timber entirely broken down from the weight of the mass of bird life. Feathers, frames and debris of all kinds littered the ground. The manure from this host was actually two feet in depth. This is not one whit exaggerated, as the entire surroundings came under my personal observation.

Four years after, the fall of 1879, we had a pretty fair mast crop, but it was not so general, nor in as great quantity as the above. Numerous pigeons put in an appearance, but not nearly one-fourth the quantity of the season spoken of above. From some cause they seemed restless, continually on the move, from no apparent reason. In some spots the mast was plentiful enough to satisfy the demands of even a pigeon, yet you could scarcely ever catch a flock feeding. I secured very few that season.

Beech mast of late years is an uncertain crop. Some seasons it makes a fair start, but blasts before filling. Old-timers tell me that when they were young men, beech nuts nearly every year was the rule rather than the exception. Two years ago there was a sprinkling of this mast, but no pigeons; beyond hearing of a few stragglers, and the reports not very well authenticated at that, I have known of none for several years.

Six years ago this coming spring, early in the season, a bunch of several hundred of them put in an appearance quite early. They nested here, on what is known as the Sugar Ridge, on the headwaters of Greenbrier. I noticed on that occasion, they were sadly decimated in number to what I had formerly seen. I shot a few of them in their passages to and fro; most of them squabs fully grown, in good order and making quite a toothsome dish. These were the last I ever killed; so few in number were they that I was content to secure shots at single birds when no better offered, as stragglers sometimes get behind their fellows of the main flock. Fly rapidly? I should think so! Given a wild pigeon a little behind his relatives, feeling quite well and having a determination within himself to catch up or die in the attempt, and the way he pulls out would startle even a Dr. Carver or any one of those big match champions. It requires a quick eye, steady hand, and a liberal allowance of "holding ahead" to grass him. You don't do it, then, every time.

It is deeply interesting to watch wild pigeons in their flight. They have a habit of suddenly swerving from a direct course, as if each individual bird at the same identical instant of time was moved by the self-same impulse. Surprising, indeed, is the rushing noise of their wings when performing one of these curious gyrations. Frequently when stationed on their line of flight, have I succeeded in catching them as they bunch up in a dense mass with an impetuous rush; the havoc I have wrought in their ranks by a well-directed charge of shot, gratifies the pride as well as replenishes the game bag.

"You don't catch any enemy twice in a scrape like this," was the remark of Napoleon, after a noted battle resulting disastrously to his adversaries. I cannot hope to see the wild pigeon in such numbers again.

BACKWOODS.

COMBINATION ARMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—As requested by "Cayuga" in Forest and Stream of Jan. 5 I have again read his letter respecting combination guns, and find that I did, to some extent, mistake his meaning.

The chief sentences which caused me to do so, were: "I have looked for the all-round rod, boat, and gun, and express my belief that such a factor among the impediments of sportsmen has not been produced."

"The advocates of the three-barrel have hit the mark nearly, . . . but it is also an undesirable combination when you are in pursuit of any one species of game."

If Cayuga means by "an all-round gun," one which is as perfectly adapted for every kind of game as a gun made for only one kind can be adapted to it, I admit, without hesitation, that no such weapon ever has been, or ever can be, made. If, however, we reflect, we shall see that almost every gun is the result of a compromise between various desirable qualities, in order that it may be adapted to the pursuit of more than one kind of game.

A perfect gun for ruffed grouse or woodcock is by no means perfect for duck shooting, but a 12-bore of medium weight and choked in one barrel is very good for both kinds of game.

Similarly, a perfect rifle for killing grizzly bears would be very undesirable for small deer or antelope, yet a .45-90 repeater, with various modifications of powder and lead, is well adapted for killing either of these animals.

Cayuga seems to differ from me only in degree. He says that the three-barrel gun is good for certain purposes, and my object in writing was to show that, if made of the right weight and gauge, it can be adapted to act well for many purposes; its chief use being to kill both large and small game effectively, in places where it is impossible to know beforehand which kind of game will be met with.

Without doubt, if feathered game alone is to be pursued, a plain shot-gun is a better weapon, and for large game alone, a double rifle or repeater is, on the whole, preferable.

In the same number of your paper, Aztec writes of an unsuccessful trial of a 192 grains bullet in his .45-90 rifle loaded with 40 grains of powder. There would be about an inch space between bullet and powder, and I imagine some slight risk of straining the breech. If this space were filled with hard wood sawdust I think the results would be satisfactory. Two gunmakers in England have a special preparation for such purposes made, apparently, of sawdust soaked with a hard lubricant. I have not tried it, but a professional rifle and pistol-shot, who uses it, spoke highly of it, and told me that it keeps the grooves of a rifle perfectly clean after any number of shots; also that it acts well as a substitute for felt wards in shot cartridges.

A sportsman would have no difficulty in preparing sufficient sawdust for his own use.

While the 192 grain bullet ought to act well for the longer ranges at small game with, perhaps, 30 grains of powder, I doubt if it be so satisfactory as the round bullet for filling the pot when looking for large game. The chief advantages of the round ball are that it can be fired with hardly any noise, and that, loaded as formerly described, the trajectory is flatter than that of the shortest core, at the ranges within which grouse and rabbits are usually killed in the bush.

A round bullet fitting a .45 caliber weighs about 140 grains, and, with 7 grains of quick-burning shot-gun

powder, would probably act as well as the 102 grain ball of a .40 gauge with 5 grains.

Much of the accuracy with these small charges seems to depend upon distributing the lubricant very evenly round the mouth of the shell. The lubricant which I prefer is the purest vaseline melted with sufficient parafine to give it the consistency of butter. This prevents fouling quite as well as tallow, and possesses an advantage over any preparation of a fatty nature, in having no chemical action upon either the bullet or the brass shell. For some years past the lubricated bullets of my rifles, which remained at the end of the shooting season, have been put aside and have been found quite free from any corrosion six months afterward. J. J. MEYRICK.

ENGLAND.

THE BOSTON MARKET.

Editor Forest and Stream:—I inclose herewith clipping from Boston Globe of Feb. 6, which will explain itself. When I went to my door for the morning paper, the mercury registered 8 degrees below zero; in a very few moments after reading the inclosed my temperature was up to boiling point, and hasn't materially cooled yet. The story is of a schooner laden with 9,000 pounds of Maine venison bound for Boston. One cargo only of 9,000 pounds, 4 1-2 tons of venison saddles, and beyond question every ounce of it killed on the crust with a club or an ax, smuggled into the national dumping ground for illegally murdered game—Boston. And all this time the Game Commissioners of Massachusetts, instead of using their efforts and power to detect the entrance of such, notifying the Maine commissioners where to look after the poaching scoundrels that are killing and shipping, and in procuring the passage of a law absolutely preventing the having in possession any game whatever during close season, are working day and night for an appropriation for junketing trips or to introduce a modified barn-yard fowl dignified by the name of pheasant.

If those who seem to be so interested in trying to upset nature's laws in making new homes for the cuperculzic pinnated grouse, etc., in Maine, would devote some of their money and energy in making it impossible for schooner loads of venison to be killed, to say nothing of its being shipped from their shores, they would accomplish something, and with commissioners in Massachusetts who have game protection at heart, and a purpose to protect the game everywhere, this murderous work could be stopped.

Every sportsman knows what the buyers of illegally killed game will do to make the work difficult, and they also know the position they occupy in the commercial world. They are simply the "fences" of the game thieves, and like every one of their kidney stand in with the thief. It is preposterous for them to pose, as they do annually at the State House, as reputable merchants with large interests at stake. Every one knows they will buy anything that they think there is a dollar in, trapped bob-whites or bob veal, grouse or grass seed, venison or vinegar, it makes no difference; they are commission merchants, and so long as they are permitted to have in possession they will manage to get it somehow, lawfully or otherwise. Keep that "plank" in sight, and make the fight on the line of no game in possession in close season uncompromisingly. The antagonism will only be found in the guerillas, who would barter their birthright for a mess of pottage. The thieves' fence has as much logic in asking for protection on account of the vast moneyed interest involved. Venison won't be shipped to Boston, if there is no sale for it, and this is by no means the first cargo of the winter, nor will it be the last. North Market street has been clogged with Minnesota (?) venison this winter, and there will be more from that State or the Indian Territory (?).

Keep hammering away. I may not see it, but I firmly believe that the time is not distant when honest men will become convinced that the only course that will preserve what game is left is to legislate the game thief and his fence out of business unless he does it beyond the bars and the State bears the expense. ELTSAC.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—The extremely cold weather has kept the Massachusetts pickerel fishermen in doors for a couple of weeks. One or two Boston parties for Lake Winnepisogee are planned, as soon as the weather will permit. At the club dinners the matter of fishing is being discussed, and plans are being laid for the spring campaign. In Maine the season for fishing through the ice opened on Feb. 1. The peculiar feature of the fish protective law in that State is that inhabitants of the State may "fish for and take landlocked salmon and trout for their own use," after Feb. 1. In some cases, however, certain lakes and ponds are exempt from the provisions of this law. Such is the case with the Rangeley waters generally, but Moosehead is open to ice fishing after Feb. 1. The same is true of the waters in Monson and many other sections of the State. These waters were early visited by the ice fishermen, if we may believe the Maine papers. In the case of one pond in Piscataquis County, the holes were cut the day beforehand, and the hooks and lines were in the holes by daylight on Feb. 1. Nearly one hundred trout and landlocked salmon were taken in one day on the ponds in Monson. One of the fishermen froze his toes, and another his ears. The man with frozen toes had sixteen trout weighing nineteen pounds. One trout of eight pounds is reported to have been taken. Mr. Loring Farr, of Manchester, has presented a petition to the Maine Legislature for a law prohibiting the shooting of loons in that State. He sets forth in his prayer that if the shooting of loons is continued, that the last one will be destroyed or driven from the State in a few years. By "loon," it is presumed, that the great northern diver is meant, and it is a great pity that this bird has been shot and destroyed in the manner that it has. One of the charms of fishing and camping at the Maine waters is the presence of this bird. To-day their numbers are greatly decreased; the effect of continuous shooting at them.

There is danger that the bill asked for in that State, putting special and sectional laws into the hands of the fish and game commission will not succeed. The committees on fisheries and game has put the measure into the hands of a sub-committee, and it is believed that this sub-committee is likely to report adversely. A sort of "free to all" hearing on the game laws was granted by the committee on Feb. 5, but the committee has not yet reported in full, though it has reported "ought to pass" on the proposed measure to prohibit shooting deer by jack lights. Said a Boston gentleman, who annually goes into Maine each year after big game: "Maine has law enough already to prevent jack shooting, if the law was only enforced. The present game law prohibits the killing of deer during the months of May, June, July, August, and September, and I will defy the smartest hunter living, with the smartest guide in Maine, to get more than one or two deer, if any at all, in the open months in the night time by the aid of a jack. I have tried faithfully every October for the past three or four years to get a deer by jack hunting, and I have not obtained one yet. I am perfectly well satisfied that the deer do not come down to the water after the cool nights of October and late September begin. I have generally been on the ground and ready to commence jacking, if the weather permitted, on the hour of twelve midnight after Sept. 30. Others tell me the same story of their experience with the jack light after the hot months are over. Let Maine enforce the game laws she has already, and not lumber her statute books with a lot more of rubbish that she does not intend to enforce."

Mr. Young, of Springfield, Mass., has introduced a bill in the Massachusetts Legislature to permit of the sale of artificially raised trout during the months of February and March. This is the same old trout bill again. It has been twice vetoed by Governor Russell and once by Governor Greenhalge, I believe, and it is more than probable that Governor Greenhalge may be relied upon to veto it again. Verily the idea of selling trout in close time dies hard. The sportsmen believe that the legal permission to sell artificially raised trout in close time would open the entire markets to wild trout.

SPECIAL.

SPRING SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:—I have been reading your paper for several years, and have been greatly interested lately in your articles on the discontinuance of spring shooting of ducks. I started the ball rolling in the Locust Point Shooting Club, of which I am secretary, by having a resolution passed prohibiting all duck shooting on the club grounds from Jan. 1 to Sept. 1 of each year. This club owns about twelve hundred acres of marsh lands on the shore of Lake Erie, eighty miles west of Cleveland, Ohio.

At the annual meeting of the Ottawa Shooting Club, of which I am a member, I also advocated the abolishment of spring shooting of ducks and this was also carried. This club owns about eight thousand acres of marsh land on the Sandusky River and Bay. The Winous Point Shooting Club have also passed resolutions to prohibit spring shooting. This club adjoins the Ottawa Club, and owns about eight thousand acres. I have had a talk with the secretary of the Toussaint Club, that has twelve hundred acres east of the Locust Point Shooting Club, and he said that he would present the matter before his club at their annual meeting, which takes place in a few days, and he said he thought they would take favorable action on it.

I intend to bring this matter before every shooting club in Northwestern Ohio, and expect before spring to have resolutions passed in every one of them prohibiting the spring shooting of ducks.

There used to be thousands of canvasback and red-head ducks killed on our marshes every year, but in the past five years very few have been killed.

They stop on our marshes on their way North in the spring, but as they are shot at so much they select a different route to return South in the fall. I find in my hunting trips to the Northwest, to North Dakota with the "Saginaw Crowd" in October that we find more canvasbacks than they used to find in former years. This shows that these ducks are returning south in the fall by the routesleast frequented by hunters.

I am agitating this matter in the local newspapers here as you will see from inclosed clippings from Cleveland Press. I am trying to help your good work along.

FRANK B. MANY.

CLEVELAND, O.

Boone and Crockett Club's Annual Meeting.

At the annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club, held at the Union Club, New York city, President Roosevelt in the chair, there were present Messrs. W. A. Wadwsworth, Winthrop Chanler, J. L. Seward, T. H. Barber, J. Walter Wood, Elihu Root, Madison Grant, De Forest Grant, H. Casimir De Rahm, A. P. Proctor, John S. Gittings, and W. B. Devereux. In the absence of the secretary, Mr. Madison Grant was appointed temporary secretary.

The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That Captain Anderson be reimbursed in a sum not to exceed $125 for his expenses in the matter of the poacher Howell, and that the chair be authorized to give a testimonial from the club, in cash or otherwise, to the scout Burgess for his services in the matter of Howell.

That the club urgently recommend that four additional scouts be secured for service in the Yellowstone National Park;

That the club condemns the killing of deer in the water or by jacking, the use of hounds in New York State, the killing of does and fawns;

That the chair appoint a committee of three to take such action—by securing legislation or otherwise—as may tend to carry into effect the last resolution, to inquire into the condition of the New York game laws, and proposed legislation, proposed game preserve and parks, to promote such legislation as shall best serve such interests and to report to the club at the next annual meeting.

The chair, who is also one of the editorial committee, reported progress on the club's second volume. The election of officers resulted in the choice of the old officers throughout—namely: Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, President; George Bird Grinnell, Secretary and Treasurer; Archibald Rogers, W. A. Wadsworth, Winthrop Chanler, Owen Wister, and Charles Deering, Executive Committee.

Aroostook County Game.

From all accounts there were never so many sportsmen in the Maine woods as during the past season. Some were successful. A good many were not. From Township N. 7, in Aroostook, I heard quite early in the season that three moose and one caribou had been killed, the latter having an exceptionally fine head. C. R. Peavey writes me from Oxbow, saying: "I have guided twenty-eight sportsmen in all. They took out ten moose and eight caribou heads. A man came here in October who has been trying for a number of years to kill a moose. I could give him but three days of my time. The first night I called up a fine bull, and he got him. Game has been plenty, but it has been the worst time for still hunting I ever knew. Shall open some new camps in the spring on good moose ground. I hope you will come up next fall, I will give you a chance to kill a big bull."

Early last summer I wrote for Forest and Stream an account of moose hunting and spoke of Peavey's success. I had a great many letters from sportsmen in different parts of the country, asking about Peavey as a moose hunter and guide. My advice to one and all was to try him. Under favorable conditions for hunting a trip with Peavey would be quite sure to be successful. If, however, the conditions should be unfavorable, such as rough windy weather in calling season, or noisy crusty snow in still hunting time it is quite likely to be a failure. Uncertainty makes some things attractive, and uncertainty and hunting are closely connected.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

Look Out for the Quail, Boys.

This is the critical time of the year for them, and this is a hard season particularly. Turn out early in the morning, or even take a Sunday (after church), and with a bag of wheat and cracked corn over your shoulder, and a bundle of straw or hay tied to the end of a rope, stroll through and along the edge of the coverts. Their bright eyes will detect the straggling pieces of straw and hay you will leave in your trail, and a handful of grain now and again will help them more than you think. Next fall you will get your reward in the large well-grown covies you will find. This is the kind of planting that pays, is successful and worth dollars where any other is worth dimes. If you have real interest get some buckwheat and hemp seed, and mix with the grain. Don't wait until it is warmer. Do it now. Remember, no sport or gain is made without some trouble, and, after all, this is but little. You may possibly learn something as you travel around, also if you keep your eyes open.

ELTSAC.

A Florida Preserve.

PENSACOLA, Fla.—A few weeks ago Dr. F. A. Hodson, a well-known amateur sportsman of Chicago, spent some time with Colonel S. S. Harvey at his beautiful home and pear orchard sixteen miles north of Pensacola. Dr. Hodson was so well pleased with the country that on his return to Chicago he organized a party of sportsmen to come down here and establish a game preserve and winter club in this county. The territory upon which they propose to locate the preserve embraces an area of eighteen square miles, with the beautiful Escambia River (noted for its fine fish) running through the center. The site that will probably be selected for a club-house is a beautiful location, one hundred and eighty feet above the level of the gulf, and with a plentiful supply of pure spring water.

This region abounds in game, and no better selection for a game preserve could be made, as it is so near to the bay and gulf, where the sportsman can enjoy the finest fishing in the world.—Florida Citizen.

North Carolina Game.

NEWBERN, N. C.—Wild turkeys were never so abundant in this vicinity. They feed in the fields right up to the edge of town limits. The small boys have got on to them. On Friday, Eddie Hancock and Willie Blackledge brought in the biggest gobbler of the season, weighing 21 1-2 pounds. The day before Ed Clark and Dan Roberts brought back forty quail from Tuscarora. Messrs. Rapleigh, Ireland, and Gillespie, of New York, have been spending some days at their lodge on New River, a few miles below Jacksonville. Thus far they have succeeded in killing six fine deer and large numbers of turkeys, ducks, etc.

Down at Bogue Sound, just below, Mr. John Lewis killed 14 large raccoons, and 24 red-head ducks last week in three days' hunting; he sold the hides for 40 cents each, and the ducks for 60 cents per pair, and sold the coons for 25 cents each, what he didn't eat himself. C. H.

St. Augustine Barren Grounds.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Feb. 7.—We are in a doleful plight here in Florida. Not a green leaf to be seen, and hardly a quail within ten miles. Mr. Greatorex took Mr. Edgar out about ten or fifteen miles the other day, and only found a small covey of eight or ten birds. He took me out to Coulsen's prairie (ten miles) twice in November and we bagged over thirty snipe each time. There are more market shooters than birds about St. Augustine now. DIDYMUS.

Minnesota Wolves.

In the statement of receipts and disbursements of Kittoor County, Minnesota, for the fiscal year ending Feb. 1, 1895, is the startling item of $1,305 for wolf counties. Hog culture must be a precarious industry in that region.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Fishing Reels.

The Andrew B. Hendryx Company, of New Haven, issue a very handsome trade catalogue printed in gold, black and silver and bound in stiff book covers, embossed with Hendryx specialties. Of the 230 pages which the book contains, 100 are devoted to fishing reels and fittings.

The following announcement is made:

"We specially call attention to our patented Adjustable Globe Bearing. This improvement is the most important addition to Fishing Reels ever made, as no ordinary accidents will unfit a Reel, with those bearings, from use. The pivots are large and straight, perfectly fitted into a spherical box or bearing, and the box is fitted into the disks of the Reel. Should the disks from any cause be out of alignment, it does not prevent the Reel from working well, as the spherical boxes adjust to a perfect alignment regardless of the exact relative positions of the disks of the Reel Any fisherman will understand a Reel so constructed is a new departure, and has no competitor, and is the long wanted Fishing Reel.—Adv.

Death of E. P. Rogers.

Editor of Forest and Stream: On the 11th inst., at the house of his son, Archibald Rogers, Esq., passed away Edmund Pendleton Rogers. By all his friends and shooting companions Mr. Rogers was known as the "Governor," and a more genial, pleasant companion never went afield. For many seasons he has been my shooting companion and tried and trusted friend. Whether we were camping in the heart of the Rockies or shooting quail in the South, he took all the trials and disappointments with the pleasures in the same pleasant, genial manner, never losing his temper and always bright and cheerful, while his hearty, infectious laugh has made many a man forget hardships that had to be endured. For many years he fished the Restigouche in the summer and in the early autumn he was either off for the West for large game, or up North in pursuit of moose and caribou, while each winter we hunted South together. Mr. Rogers passed in most of last December with me at Blacksburg, South Carolina, quail shooting, and although very feeble, he stuck to the birds with the perseverance and persistency of a youth. A large gap has been made in my life, and the place he filled as a companion can never be taken by another. H. N. MUNN.

Sea and River Fishing.

CHATS OF ATLANTIC SALMON.—II.

The nest or ridd is altogether made by the female. If a male is with her he lies off a short distance, rushing at a trout, a grilse, or a smaller salmon, than himself; from a much larger male he will retreat. I never have seen an actual combat, the smaller fish always retreating. In any case he is quite unable to injure owing to the hook growth on the lower jaw, no doubt one of its principal uses preventing the fish from tearing and lacerating each other. It is simply a gristly growth, soft as the forefinger on the human hand, nearly the same shape and size, without the nail. It grows directly upward, forming a socket as it grows in the upper jaw, and is anywhere from two to three and one-half inches long. This new appendage begins to grow just as soon as the fish enters the river, and keeps growing until the graviod stage is reached, gradually disappearing during the winter, and when on his way to sea, the following spring, you can only determine the sex by the length of the head; the hook has disappeared, it would only prevent his feeding at sea. On his way there (when the bright, clean salmon are running in) he will take the fly, and sometimes take a trout bait, but I never have found signs of food in salmon (in the river) at any stage. Both the locality and material of this abnormal growth render it impossible to be of any assistance in forming the ridd or nest. All pisciculturalists are aware a fish can often be assisted in the ejection or expulsion of the eggs, perhaps more so in the salmon family than in many others, and I believe the hook of the male is used in this connection also, if needed.

Returning to the female and her nest. In such a river as the Restigouche, she selects a spot where the water runs smooth and strong, mostly on the brink or heads of rapids, with gravel not too fine, if it were it would not only destroy the eggs by its close packing, but the young fry could not emerge when the sac was absorbed. It is opened parallel with the current, and is done with the strong muscles of the tail, the fish turning herself party on her side, apparently grasping the stones and gravel, throwing them up to the action of the strong current, piling them up at the lower end of the ridd or furrow, and where the larger portion of both eggs and milt find a lodgment among the interstices of the loosened material. A large fish will make a nest three or four feet long, and one or more deep. When the nest has been completed she proceeds to lay, independently of the male. If he is there, he attends to the exuding period, emitting the milt at the same time side by side. On a favorite spawning bar fifty or one hundred fish may be congregated with probably a scarcity of males, perhaps a half dozen of the large ones will go carreering round chasing the grilse, and smaller males continually leaving probably one-half the eggs unimpregnated. The eggs once laid in contact with the water absorb it by the orifice, open for the reception of the male fluid, which very soon closes against any further reception of the milt. I never experimented with the eggs, as to how long they would retain their susceptibility to impregnation after extrusion from the fish. If allowed to remain in their own fluid, without contact in water, they might be retained for a short period. I have retained the male fluid for five days, and found it answered the purpose fairly well.

After the first or second deposit by the female she proceeds to turn down the sides of the ridd, enlarging it, and again depositing. After she has finished, which may be in twelve or twenty-four hours, she goes above the ridd, and works down on the nest a number of large stones often the size of a hat, so it is easy telling a finished salmon ridd. No doubt instinct teaches her that the nest if a freshet came would stand a chance of being destroyed. Still she is foolish enough in high water to nest on a bar, which gets dry in winter and her hatch is frozen. Salmon, as a rule, do not commonly nest in deeper water than three feet? Why, is yet a conundrum to me?

I see a Columbia River gentleman says the female fish there guards the nest until hatched. Well, it may be so. I am not in position to refute the assertion; but imagine it would be somewhat difficult to see this in its dark water; and if, as reported, the great majority die of emaciation after spawning (some say all), such an assertion won't hold water. Our salmon on this side could not stem the current on the ridds for the six months required. They drop into the large, deep, quiet pools, leaving for sea fine bright fish from May 20 to June 20, and very few dead salmon are ever seen on the Restigouche. JNO. MOWAT.

ANGLING NOTES.

Transplanting May-Flies.

Dr. A. T. Sanden, of New York City, writes: "In your interesting article in this week's Forest and Stream, I find this: 'But it is an easy matter to plant May flies, and they are an excellent food.' I spend most of my summer on a lake in Maine, which has a beautiful inlet, but I have never seen a fly of any kind rise from it. If you can instruct me how to plant May flies in this stream—the bottom is rock and sand—you will greatly oblige me. There are plenty of brook trout in the lake, but for the reason that the inlet has no food to offer, they are generally in the lake and very hard to get to rise to a fly." I have another letter on this subject from a prominent angler and well-known salmon fisherman in Tremont, who says: "I have just laid down Forest and Stream of yesterday, and am impelled to write you. The subect of fish food has interested me a good deal, especially self reproducing food, and such as does not itself destroy other natural food for say, (and especially) trout. I have written many eminent fish culturists, and they all say minnows. New minnows live largely on the crustaceans, which are the principal food of the trout itself, and so diminish the material resources of the water; but, worse than that, they are destructive of spawn and fry; therefore it is not economical, if scientific, to depend on them. Some kinds, like the so-called white fish of Lake Bomoseen, which are, I believe, simply a fresh water herring, are said to be grass feeders exclusively; if so, they would, perhaps, be free from both objections; but during ten months of the year, or more, they are in very deep water where the trout do not seek or find them.

You speak of the May fly, and the ease with which it may be planted. Have you had practical experience with it? Does it afford food during all the open (free from ice) months?"

An ideal trout pond is one that contains absolutely no other fish life, and I know of but two that have answered to this description. One still answers to it, and the other has been practically ruined and reduced from its ideal condition by the thoughtless introduction of minnows. New York contains trout that subsist entirely on insect and crustacean food, and Mr. Blackford said on one occasion that they were the finest flavored trout that he had ever tasted. Bowen Pond, on the top of a mountain, in Vermont (situated much as Wilmarth Lake is) and almost inaccessible, was once without other fish life than brook trout. Then the fish were all red meated, rich flavored, and surface feeders in the spring months. Some men went there in winter to fish through the ice with minnows, and when they were leaving, turned into the pond such minnows as were alive in their bait baskets, and they propagated and swarmed in the water. When I visited the pond the minnows were very much in evidence, but the bottom of the pond was fairly covered in places with the creeper (larvae) cases of insects—caddis.

My friend and companion who knew and fished the pond in the halcyon days was of the opinion that the trout did not rise to the fly as freely as before the minnows had taught them to look down, in a measure, instead of up, for their food. Not more than half of the trout we caught had the rich, red flesh which comes with a diet of insects and crustacean food, the others having pink or white flesh.

As to transplanting May flies. In the summer of 1891 it occurred to me that it might be possible to transfer the flies from waters where they swarmed in clouds to waters where they were not known, for the purpose of stocking them. I knew that the May fly had a short life; that it rose from the water, burst its skin, tried its wings, mated, laid its eggs, and died, all in a short time, but the actual length of its life I knew nothing about.

At the lake where I was spending the summer there is a hotel with a frontage of 350 feet, and it is five stories high. One year when the rise of the May fly (and I refer to the green drake) was at its heighth, the wind was just right to blow the flies against the hotel, and they fairly plastered the front of the whole house. Windows, doors and every opening was closed in consequence of the flight, and the people were forced to take refuge inside the building.

When I arrived at the lake the main flight of flies for that season was ever, and I found the cases in windrows on the shore when the wind was right, but the flies were still rising so that I could gather hundreds of them in an hour or so in the morning. I fixed a tin biscuit box with wooden perches for the flies and punctured it to give air, and then filled it with the flies. I also filled the inner part of a bait bucket, putting in some twigs for perches. At that time I had not heard of any attempt to transport the flies, and my sole object was to determine how long they would live, and thus find out how far they could be carried. In gathering the flies I gathered everything in sight. The gray drake is the metamorphosis of the female green drake, and the purple or blackish drake is the metamorphosis of the male green drake. Naturally, I gathered flies that had been out of their cases various lengths of time, from those just flying, up to those which were spent.

I have described in this column how the seemingly perfect May fly rises from the water, flies to a perch, where it hangs body downward and sheds its entire skin from tip of wing to end of antennæ.

Every spring a number of species of the smaller May flies go through the operation on the screens at my library windows.

Twenty-four hours after collecting the May flies in the biscuit tin and bait bucket, I found that a few were dead, but the larger part of them were alive and as active as they ever were. I was then called away temporarily, and in my haste I forgot to leave word to have the flies watched.

I know positively, however, that they will bear a journey of twenty-four hours, and more than likely a journey of double that time.

A year after I gathered the May flies, Major W. G. Turle made known in the London Fishing Gazette the result of his experiments in this line.

He says the May fly is very eccentric in its choice of a habitation, being thick on the waters of a river at one place and perhaps only a few hundred yards further up stream not a trace of them is to be seen.

For transferring the flies to stock waters where they were unknown, he prepared several bandboxes and baskets which he estimated would hold 5,000 flies. Inside the boxes and baskets horizontal lines of worsted threads were placed at intervals, to serve as perches, and the boxes were ventilated with holes in the sides. A hole two inches square was cut in the pasteboard cover to drop the flies through. Usually they dropped to the bottom of the box, and then they climbed up on the worsted threads until they "looked like rows of swallows on a telegraph wire." The flies were taken to the place where it was decided to establish them, and were shaken out of the boxes where the water was fringed with alders and sedges. He says: "I watched then for a time till I was quite certain that they had taken to their new abode. Next evening I went down to see how they were getting on, and rejoiced to find them dancing about in the air, as is their wont, before they drop their eggs in the water; therefore in a couple of years (the time generally supposed requisite for the maturing of the eggs) I might reasonably hope to see a rise of fly on that part of the river. In due course my hopes were realized. I congratulated myself that my care and trouble had not been wasted, for the May fly was firmly established."

Later, Major Lurle discovered that by transplanting the larvæ of the May fly, the same result might be obtained as in the case of the transplanted flies, and that if the larvæ is planted in the spring there will be a rise of flies the same year. Furthermore, that the May season may be lengthened by planting flies from water in which they rise late, in a stream or lake where they rise early, and vice versa, as tranpslanting does not change the time of their rising.

The ordinary season of the May fly is three or four weeks.

In a paper that I prepared for the American Fishermen's Society I referred to the subject of transplanting May flies and quoted from a personal letter by the late Mr. Thomas Andrews, I said: "Major Turle was of the opinion that it required two years for the eggs of the May fly to mature, but, as will be seen from Mr. Andrews letter it requires but a year." Later Mr. Andrews wrote me again, saying: "You should make a small correction in your remarks on my experience with the May fly. I said we found larvæ of the fly (which hatched out the same year) not the mature insect, as I am quite sure it takes more than one year to mature, and am not sure that it does not take three years for the fly to mature from the egg." I never have made this correction, but am glad of the opportunity to do so now.

Mr. Andrews had told me that he cultivated largely the Alder fly as food for the young trout in his ponds, and in this letter, from which I have quoted, he says: "Larvæ of the Alder fly does not live in a case. It is found on the mud and weeds and gravel, and is somewhat similar to the May fly larvæ, and might be mistaken for it at first, but on closer examination a great difference will be found. The eggs of the Alder fly are to be found on the rushes and grass hanging over the streams and ponds in May and June. I collect these eggs and hatch them out, turning the larvæ into the water. They are almost microscopic, and just the thing for the young fish.

Then there is the grannom fly which I cultivate by bringing home the eggs which are found in bunches attached to rushes, bits of sticks, grass and woodwork in the rivers. The eggs are placed in my ponds where they hatch out in due time. We also cultivate snails, and the young of these make capital food for my fish of all ages.

How largely trout feed upon the larvæ of the caddis fly is illustrated by the report made by Dr. Barfuth, of the University of Bonn, who examined the stomachs of some brown trout and found in five trout the creeper cases of the caddis worm as follows: respectively, 136, 585, 116, 115, and 186. If insect food is introduced as trout food, crustacean food should be added also, and fresh water shrimp and daphnids serve the purpose admirably, and about them I shall have something to say at another time. Both are very prolific; I might say wonderfully so in the case of the daphnids. Two species of daphnids that I have in spirits on my desk are so small that it requires sharp eyes to see them, and under a strong glass it will be perceived that they are burdened with eggs.

Game and Fish Protection.

THE VALUE OF FISH AND GAME.

ADDRESS OF E. C. FARRINGTON, SECRETARY OF THE MAINE SPORTSMEN'S FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.

WHERE DOES ALL THE MONEY GO TO?

Sometimes it is urged that but few get the benefit of this money brought into the State. This is a mistaken idea, as any thinking man who, for a moment, will give it consideration, will see.

A considerable amount, says one, goes to the railroad corporations. True, the smaller amount does. But what becomes of the money they receive? It goes to pay help, to give better train service, to swell their transportation earnings, increasing their taxes, improving their securities, nearly five millions of dollars of which are held by the savings banks of Maine, and nearly two hundred thousand dollars of its earnings finds its way into the treasury of the State. The Maine Central Railroad alone pays more than $80,000 taxes into the State treasury. Not only this, but those lines of railroad, like the Sandy River, Phillips & Rangeley, Franklin & Megantic, Bangor & Aroostook Railroads, as well as others, receive transportation earnings from sportsmen alone which aid in making it possible to sustain roads reaching the interior of our State. Hotels get a part of this money, only to pay it out in wages to Maine help, and largely for products of Maine farmers. Guides and all classes get a portion, and all these people pay it in turn to merchants, etc., for the necessities of life. Sections remote from centres of business find a market better than Boston or New York for farm products. The lumber manufacturer sells lumber for hotels, cottages, camps, etc., and our mechanics build them. The net profits that any or all these corporations or persons receive is very small, and the greater amount of money finds its way into every avenue of business. Right here in Kennebec county in the town of Belgrade, I am informed on good authority that five thousand different persons spend part of the season, coming here for the pleasure of fishing. The rainfall is not distributed for the good of all more evenly than these millions of dollars which come to Maine of our fish and game interests.

I desire to read a letter from our honored Senator, Hon. Wm. P. Frye.

"United States Senate, Washington, D. C., Jan. 8, 1895.

"Hon. E. C. Farrington, Augusta, Me. My Dear Sir: It would of course afford me great pleasure to address the Maine State Fish and Game Association at their next meeting, but it is impossible for me to leave here at present. You are not at all mistaken in supposing that I feel a profound interest in the preservation of our game and fish. For forty years I have been visiting the Lake Region and may be considered as one of the pioneers. I took an interest in the starting of the first club, the Oquossoc, and I have no hesitation in saying that that association has brought into the State of Maine thousands of sportsmen and left there millions of dollars. I proposed this last October to spend at least half the

month in the woods hunting for deer, caribou and moose. I hoped to find a place where I might be reasonably safe, but there was no spot not already pre-empted by sportsmen. In two days forty-two passed through Rangely en route to the woods. In my judgment the estimate that several millions of dollars were spent last season in our State by residents of other States seeking health and game, is not excessive. And if in the future, by wise legislation, careful guardianship and reasonable appropriations, our magnificent forests shall be kept replenished, that expenditure will be increased.

"Maine has been for the last two years more prosperous, less injured by the business depression, than any other State. I think that the enormous expenditure of money made there by sportsmen and by summer visitors may partially account for this.

"Private corporations owning streams in the Provinces do not hesitate to make large expenditures for the preservation of salmon. I think on the Restigouche a New York club appropriates every year from five to ten thousand dollars for guarding the stream. A gentleman told me a while ago that on the Tobique, which is a small river, they were paying four thousand dollars annually. Now these gentlemen do not mean to waste money. If to guard properly small streams entails so much expense and is a judicious appropriation of money, what can the State of Maine well afford to pay annually for the protection of the fish in twenty-five hundred rivers and lakes and for the game in forests into the center of which you might place the State of Massachusetts and then require a guide to find your way out over the borders?

"I do believe in economy; but my definition of the word is a wise and judicious expenditure of money, not a niggardly withholding of that which, if properly invested, would bring large returns. I trust that you will ask of the Legislature only what is reasonable, and that they, recognizing the soundness of your judgment, will make favorable respones. I am, very truly,

WM. P. FRYE."

So much for the value of our fish and game interests. A word now in relation to the manner of caring for the same.

The bill before you, which is the outcome of the excellent recommendation of Governor Cleaves in his message of 1893, in which he stated, "This special and private legislation is accumulating so rapidly that I deem it proper to suggest to the Legislature, for consideration, the propriety of providing by general laws for the regulation of matters of this character."

If this bill shall become a law, I feel sure that not only the Governor, but the commission who framed it, "have builded better than they knew." So far as relates to private and special laws affecting the fish and game interests of the State are concerned, the lumbering of the statutes, while a grievance, no doubt, and costs time and money of members, and the State, is of comparatively small importance, compared with the injury that comes to the fish and game interests by attempting to control and regulate this matter by special legislation. That the time taken to give attention to the demands for special legislation by the Legislature, and the increase in the numbers of acts that find their way upon our statutes, is of itself sufficient cause for a change in the manner of regulating the interests pertaining to our fish and game laws, no one familiar with the matter can well deny. If all the vexing questions could be determined better that way, it would not be wise to put this responsibility upon any other tribunal.

But they cannot. There is great confusion now regarding the restrictions placed upon our waters governing fishing, and no sportsman, whether in or from out of the State, is or can be, informed as to their general scope. He is not only in doubt where to fish, but is liable to be complained of for violations which he has no intention of committing. The interests are so varied and so extensive, and of such importance, that to longer continue the methods of the past must prove harmful to the State. The attempt to meet the requirements from session to session has proved a failure. I mean by this that while the commissioners have worked hard to carry out the policy of the State, every session brings more and more demands for regulating the fish and game interests. This proves two things, one that the interests are not properly cared for, and the other that they are regarded of more especial value each year. This manner of dealing is not only inadequate, but absolutely harmful. However desirous the Legislature may be to treat these questions for the good of the State, it is at the same time impossible for them to fully understand the merits of each case, and we find that while the wishes of petitioners have been respected, and laws passed to protect some interest, future developments prove that behind the demand has been motives not consistent with good legislation. Private interests, instead of public, are too often promoted by special legislation. Very many of these special laws which are supposed to be made for the better protection of fish and game, upon examination are found to be only anti-trespass laws, by which many of our citizens are prohibited from fishing in certain waters while others receive the sole benefit of such privileges. The reason given was to protect the fish, the object was to keep persons off from land adjoining such waters.

A large number of petitions are now before the Legislature asking for special legislation by which fishing shall be prohibited for a term of years in different waters in the State. Large numbers of special laws are now in force forbidding fishing upon certain waters for a term of years and in all these cases where the numbers of fish have been so reduced that these demands became necessary, it was the natural home of the best fish that live, fish which will, if properly dealt with, propagate their own species for all time. The history of special legislation in this line, and the hundreds of "Acts," now upon our statute books, are the landmarks that show what waters have been ruined for want of proper care on the part of the State. And they will continue to be, until a different policy is adopted. It is only a question of time, when in all parts of our State, there will be generally found special laws forbidding fishing for a term of years. If we could have had such a law as is now contemplated, ten or fifteen years ago, there would not be the slightest necessity of special legislation for the protection of trout and salmon, in many waters where they naturally propagate their own species, outside their spawning grounds. The supply, on account of illegal destruction, is slowly but surely giving out in many sections, sections which promised a few years ago to become the summer homes of tourists, which would add thrift to these localities, but must now await, we do not know how long, for a reproduction of these fish, once so abundant. To the lack of State supervision, and a resort to special legislation, we must attribute this loss to the State.

The result is precisely what it is with a provident farmer, who robs his rich lands by over cropping, only to find that he must wait and be content with crops that will not pay, till he can again restore the elements of fruitfulness. How much better to have pursued a policy which would have maintained the integrity of the soil and made it a constant source of revenue. The same may be said of valuable water power, the owner of which would neglect to repair the structure until decay or neglected water waste destroyed the privilege. How much better, in fact the only safe course, is to put this matter of such immense importance in the hands of a discreet and able commission, who will see to it that no loss comes from neglect, and that all our waters are made a constant and increasing revenue to our people.

A manufacturer will keep his mills in condition to run every day if possible. A railroad corporation worthy of managing an enterprise of that kind, will not only keep their road and rolling stock up so as to do a safe and prosperous business, but will each year make all its property more permanent and better fitted for doing business. From this day out, Maine ought to adopt a policy that each year will add an increase of fish and game to her forests and waters, equal to all the demand by fair angling and hunting. As I said, it cannot be done by special law. Authority must be placed in the hands of some board to look after these great interests and to provide for their continuance. Being familiar with all waters it will not be difficult to adopt such rules governing the taking of fish at certain times, in certain places, as will protect the breeding grounds, and keep up the supply of desired localities. In this way absolute prohibition of fishing in ponds, and in streams, outside of the spawning grounds would be doubtful, if ever, be needed. There is no danger of unduly reducing our fish in lakes and ponds if only fair angling be done in open season. The destruction comes from illegal methods, and brook market fishing. It has been remarked that it is of doubtful policy for the people to surrender their rights to a board of three men. The rights of the people are not surrendered. They are simply delegated to have done, that which cannot be properly done otherwise. This is the rule in all the departments of the State and government, and it is no more a surrender of rights, than to permit a trial justice, the court, board of health, care of schools, management of railroads, and other similar boards to do the bidding of the State under general laws which you adopt. It is the only feasible way to my mind that the State can wisely deal with this important question.

Every two years the State looks over the doings of its servants, and can increase, lessen, or take away the authority delegated, as the good of the State seems to require.

One word touching the worst features existing touching the enforcement of our game laws. A number of wardens, either without pay, with small pay, or hired for a little time to give special attention to enforcing the laws have received commissions as wardens. The smallness of the appropriation, for fish culture and enforcement of laws, has compelled this course. It has proved ineffective, and very obnoxious to almost all classes. In order to get some fair remuneration for services, many of these wardens have converted themselves into spies for the purpose of securing convictions and part of the fines. In fact if common statements can be relied upon, many have induced violations, that prosecution and fines might follow. The law has lost the good will of many good men on this account, and has become distasteful. The commission, I am informed, have no power, nor the State even, to terminate a commission of an unlawful warden, and this class of officers must remain with power for harm, till their commissions expire. A bill is already before the Legislature, which, if it becomes a law, will compel wardens to give bonds for the proper discharge of their duties. In view of this fact, and that a new departure may be adopted for the protection of fish and game, I submit if it would not be wise to pass a law, or amend the bill before you, terminating the commissions of all wardens.

In view of all these facts, and also in veiw of the fact that petitioners from nearly three hundred towns and cities, representing largely the business interests, and identified with the prosperity of the State, have petitioned this Legislature that these interests be placed in the hands of a commission who will be able to deal intelligently with all questions at issue, would it not be wisdom on the part of this committee and the Legislature, to place upon the statute a general law which will better meet the requirements of the State?

Chinese Methods of Game Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some weeks ago it was announced in the Forest and Stream that an Association of Nebraska Sportsmen at Omaha had prepared a game law for introduction to the present State Legislature, and later, that a committee had been appointed to urge its passage. The one feature in the proposed measure which contradistinguishes it from good game legislation is the Chinese Wall which it is thereby intended to build around the State of Nebraska, by means of a prohibitory shooting license for all non-residents of $50 per annum. A gun license or shooting license for non-residents never bars out the market shooter. He just moves into the State and takes up his residence there and never pays that license or any other license. It will never be collected from any non-resident sportsman because as it is such a pointed insult to the non-resident of Nebraska from the residents of Nebraska, that no gentleman will ever go there to hunt. No matter how well able he may be to pay fifty dollars for the privilege of a season's shooting, he will be too much of a man to submit to robbery and imposture combined with insult. At such a time, too, for such a law to be proposed in Nebraska of all other States in this Union! Ye gods! Why, there is a very considerable portion of that afflicted commonwealth that is just now on the very verge of starvation, that is being fed and clothed and warmed, to such a degree as the poor wretches can be, to a very large extent, by the gentlemen of her sister States. Corn and meal by the car load. Sewing societies in every community sewing and sending it there in boxes and barrels. Love by the ton, and sympathy without measure, from—not the Eastern part of Nebraska, where that law originates—at least not wholly or even in small proportion from there—but from this whole beloved and indissoluble country. Chicago, at the time of the fire; Charleston, at the time of the earthquake; Johnstown, at the time of the flood; Nebraska, at the time of the famine, all tell us that we are one country. Indeed, our whole system of law tells us this, and is constanttly trending this way and all judges of our courts of law and all wise legislators and law makers are so inclined. The judge who figures in that association is not in line with American jurisprudence. It is a travesty on the judicial ethics. Shame on the whole of them, and may their shadows grow lean and small in the land! If they want to hog the hunting in Nebraska, let them stand up in the courage of their conviction, and ask the Legislature to prohibit outsiders from hunting in the State at any price. That is what they are after, and I must say they are the first body of sportsmen I ever heard of who did not go after what they wanted as if they were sportsmen instead of sportsmen. I wonder, will the few individual members of the Legislature from the famine district vote for this measure.

This plan of game legislation is un-American, it is Chinese, it is selfish, it is brutally discourteous; but it is more than that. The time has come when the States in the Mississippi must unite in their game legislation to protect the ducks, the geese, the snipe and the chickens all along the line, and the introduction of the game warden system all along the line for the enforcement of the spring and fall seasons. If this is not soon accomplished, good-by to the duck shooting, the goose shooting and the chicken shooting. If it is done, it will all come back in all its old time glory and it will never leave. And just at this juncture, if the States begin to pass such laws as the one under discussion, this great scheme for the preservation of game in the great Valley of the Mississippi will never be perfected. What is wanted in all the States is for those sportsmen who come under the penultimate accentuation to have a hand in the passage of game laws, to the end that one system of laws shall prevail in one great stretch of country that happens, thank the Lord! to be inhabited by one common brotherhood of men. Nobody cares much about Nebraska. There are plenty of good places elsewhere to hunt in. But the devil of it is that if they pass such a law, every contiguous State, out of mere deference to its sense of outraged friendliness, ought to pass laws against the citizens of Nebraska being allowed to hunt there, and the law, when passed, ought to be simple and manly and to the point and read: "Nebraska men not allowed to hunt in this State, especially judges."

Come, now, you Nebraska—I mean Omaha fellers—you have slapped all outsiders in the face and we have come back at you. Let's declare an armistice and pull together on this great game law measure. It is deep in the heart of every sportsman in this great section of the country, and is of more moment than your shooting or my shooting. Don't pass the law. For if you do, there is not a State Legislature from here to kingdom come that will ever pass a law in comity with you, and the spirit will grow, and the first thing we know, our ducks will have followed the buffalo, the great auk, the Plymouth Rock bird and last year's corn crop in north western Nebraska.

St. Louis, Mo. GEORGE KENNEDY.

Michigan State League Game Bill.

The Tribune dispatches report from Lansing that the State Fish and Game League game bill as finally agreed upon makes the uniform deer season from Oct. 15 to Nov. 10, no person to kill more than two deer. Rabbit killing is permitted at all times, but squirrels can be killed only from Sep. 1 to Nov. 30. Spring shooting of migratory ducks is permitted. The open season for snipe and woodcock is from Aug. 1 to Nov. 30, and for quail and partridge from Oct. 15 to Oct. 30. The sale of quail, partridge and woodcock is prohibited. The league recommends that non-resident hunters be charged a license fee of $25. The fish bill makes the open season for trout from May 1 to Sep. 1, and prohibits the use of nets in all inland waters, including St. Mary's River, Lake St. Clair, and St. Clair and Detroit Rivers. Fishing through the ice is prohibited, as is spearing in inland waters at any time. The closed season for bass is from Nov. 15 to June 1. No trout less than six inches long nor bass less than ten inches long are to be taken, and under this size are to be handled as carefully as possible and put back into the water. No fishing is to be done within 100 feet of a fish chute, and fish in inland waters are to be taken only with hook and line.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

NEW FACTS.—THE ILLINOIS GAME LAW IMBROGLIO.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 7.—There is still trouble in Illinois, serious trouble. The game laws of the State are in more danger than ever. Warden Blow is out with another bill. Still further attempts have been made, either in ignorance or in craft, against the welfare of the sportsmanship of the State. It has been sought to divide that sportsmanship against itself. The eyes of the sportsmen of Chicago and of Illinois are now opened. They have formally thrown off a friendship worse than useless, and they are now out for war. Issue has been joined between the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association and the State Game Warden, Chas. H. Blow. It has been joined also with the game dealers of South Water street, and incidentally also with the so-called sportsmen's paper of Chicago which has been the champion of that warden and those dealers, and which has done its best, and still is doing it, to foist upon the people of this State a law which will open the market to sell Illinois game four months in the year, and the game of all other States, every day in the year—an equivalent to a wide-open Chicago market the year round.

That this preposterous doctrine could for a moment be favore by any warden or by any sportsman's paper seems at first blush absurd and impossible. But I will show that this is absolutely true, and moreover show that the attempt is still stubbornly and idiotically kept up. It is a spectacle for gods and men in the world of sport, and by all means the most sensational and singular piece of sporting news that ever came out of Chicago.

To make the entire situation clear will take some time and space, but it is worth it, and it is due the sportsmen of Illinois that they have some place where their views and the views of honest sportsmanship may get a full and careful showing.

I would not have it said that I am framing an attack upon the journal which is supporting the Blow bill. That singular and almost incredible situation is that the fight for protection and the saving of this State and all the warden states from the game markets of Chicago includes and implies of necessity an attack upon that paper. When it goes over to the enemy it must be assailed with the enemy. Never, in all the history of journalistic blunders, did any newspaper ever make such a fatal blunder as this one.

COMRADES.

Much of all this was brought forward in Forest and Stream last week. The Forest and Stream story was brought up to last Sunday, and we will continue it from that date.

The gentleman who purports to be the main moulder of public opinion on the journal above referred to during the present interregnum purports to be Mr. George Washington Strell, also Vice-President for the State of Illinois of the National Game, Bird and Fowl Protective Association. When this gentleman found that his proteges, Warden Blow and Warden Blow's bill, were getting a bad knocking about, he, or rather they, sought the daily press as a means of bolstering up the bill. The Tribune of Chicago was already on record against this infamous Blow bill, and so the Herald, whose editor was very likely never informed of the true state of affairs, was chosen as the meduim. Warden Blow reprinted in last Sunday's Herald his impudent letter of challenge and rebuke to the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. This letter was very possibly composed in the American Field office. If it was not, a copy of it was taken there or elsewhere before it was delivered to the executive committee of the Illinois State Association. It was the property of that body, and that body never authorized its publication in any daily paper. Yet, as if purposely to wound and injure that body, it was printed and Warden Blow added to it the following words in the interview he had with the Herald:

"Game Warden Blow, author of the proposed new law which was handled so roughly by the executive committee of the Illinois Sportsmen's Association at its meeting Friday, said yesterday the bill would pass, and that it had received the indorsement of 95 per cent. of all persons interested in the protection and propagation of game. It had even received the approval, the warden said, of the Illinois Sportsmen's Association.

"The objection offered to the bill by a very few," continued Mr. Blow, "is that it does not prohibit the shipping of game to Illinois from outside States during the closed seasons. Under the law now in force there is some such provision. We may confiscate slaughtered game out of season, no matter where found. It may have been killed outside of Illinois and may have been in a cold storage warehouse two years—that makes no difference. How is such a law to protect Illinois game, I'd like to know? There isn't enough game in this State to furnish a day's supply for Chicago. Hotels and other establishments should be permitted to stock their larders from other States. It makes trade for Chicago. So long as birds beyond our jurisdiction are to be killed why should they not be brought here instead of being sent to other cities? With wardens enough and a good law we will be able to protect the game in Illinois."

The statement of the first paragraph about "95 per cent." is, of curse, untrue and absurd. The statement of the second paragraph I submit with no comment whatever, except to call attention to the fact that it was made by Chas. H. Blow, present Warden of Illinois.

Yet, to the defense of such statements and of such insult to the Illinois association in the same column of the Sunday Herald comes Mr. Strell. He supports Warden Blow.

They were comrades!

I beg all to read the following extracts from this letter of defense from Comrade Strell:

"Editor Chicago Herald: I notice in a Friday paper an item entitled 'Sportsmen want a better law—They are considerably worked up over deficiencies in a proposed act.' Now, Mr. Editor, I ask only a fair hearing and a chance to combat the statements therein contained. Firstly, the proposed bill was published in circular form and distributed four months ago and suggestions for improvement invited; responses to the number of over 500 came from sportsmen all over the State of Illinois approving said bill with a few alterations, which Charles H. Blow, our State Game Warden, and the best one Illinois ever had, and the framer of this bill, adopted. Only on Jan. 17 the directors of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association met in Chicago and indorsed and recommended for passage, with a few alterations, Game Warden Blow's game bill. How could this State organization indorse and recommend for passage this bill and within two weeks decide consistently to frame another? Who has worked this sleight of hand trick without informing Game Warden Blow? This same article states the bill is in favor of South Water street, and the pothunters. Now, as a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind, for it allows the sale of game birds killed in Illinois only five days after the legal open season commences and ends five days before the legal open season closes, thus shortening the selling season of game killed in Illinois, whereas the present law allows the selling to commence the first day of the open season (where does the stock come from the first hour of the first day?), and five days after the ending of the close season.

"The penalties for selling or killing game at any other time are very severe, and full power is given the game warden and his deputies to arrest on the spot any violator. Is this in favor of South Water street and the pot-hunter? I have been all through South Water street and every commision man interview, said he was in favor of and would support a law just to all citizens alike, but not one would support a law which opened ways and means for blackmail. They all say they want to see game protected, otherwise their occupation, like Othello's, would soon be gone. Probably because they favor Game Warden Blow's bill instead of the present unintelligible bill is the reason for the statement that it favors South Water street. The item also states lawyers have

declared the new bill fatally weak. Then why was Warden Blow not informed of it during the past four months, during which time 5,000 copies have been distributed throughout the State for suggestions—a most fair and impartial way of dealing with a vast constituency—and not wait until the bill is introduced?

"The item also states the markets are free to sell birds the year round. How can they sell Illinois game, the killing of which is specifically prohibited except between certain dates, when it may be lawfully sold? As Illinois deer are protected till 1900, why should the bill prohibit the sale of these animals when none may be killed? Prairie chickens are ripe for killing Sept. 1, and because the present date is Sept. 15, through a clerical error in the existing law, is no reason why the expressed wish of sportsmen throughout the State, who prefer to go afield Sept. 1, should be ignored. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I will state, from personal knowledge, that over 20,000 shooters in Illinois are ready to make affidavit that State Game Warden Charles H. Blow is the only game warden who has traversed every part of Illinois and tried to stop the killing of game, instead of searching commission houses to prevent the sale of game. As our State Warden says: 'It is no use shouting after the game is killed—it is then beyond resuscitation. What we must do is to prevent the illegal killing, and the game will increase naturally.' GEORGE W. STRELL,

"Vice-President for Illinois N. G. B. and F. P. Association."

COMRADES AGAIN.

Of course, the above statement of Comrade Strell is full of absurd and untrue assertions about the actual features of the law, but this I will let the lawyers take up for us later on in the story. I want to call attention to only three points: The first statement that Comrade Blow has received 500 burning letters throbbing with approval needs a lot of salt. Mr. Baird later wiggled his finger in the face of Comrade Strell, and said:

"I will bet you the biggest dinner you ever saw that you and Blow can't produce 100 such letters of indorsement, let alone 500."

And Comrade Strell allowed maybe he couldn't.

Equally, or rather far more absurd, is the assertion of Comrade Strell that of his personal knowledge 20,000 shooters in Illinois are going to do anything one way or the other. A personal acquaintance of 20,000 shooters is a trifle large.

The last point of interest here is the reference to the blackmailing of the South Water street game dealers. Comrade Strell had discovered the species of tree-nesting mare! South Water street had been blackmailed under the old law. It was too bad. These South Water street men were friends of Comrade Strell! He had been all through the street.

They were comrades!

The above communications from Comrades Blow and Strell, specious and inaccurate and unfair as they were, were easily capable of doing a great deal of damage to the cause of sportsmanship when published in a daily like the Herald—which never would have published them had it known the facts. It will be noticed that seeming weight might be added by the signing of Comrade Strell's title as Vice-President, etc.

Comrade Blow and Comrade Strell published the above of their own motion. Comrade Strell added his title of his own motion. They thus conveyed an entirely wrong impression through the columns of the Herald.

THE COMRADES REPUDIATED.

Just to show how much weight there should really be attached to the letter of Comrade Strell, I beg to offer the three following letters, without comment:

"Chicago, Ill., Feb. 6. Mr. E. Hough. Dear Sir: I wish to state, replying to your inquiry, that the statements made in the Chicago Herald of Feb. 3 by Warden Blow and by Geo. W. Strell were not made on the motion or by the sanction of the Executive Committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and do not represent the opinions of the committee in any way. I consider them detrimental in a high degree to the best interests of sportsmanship. R. B. ORGAN,

"Chairman Executive Committee."

"Mr. E. Hough.—Dear Sir: As President of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, I fully indorse the above communication of Mr. R. B. Organ, and concur in the sentiment contained therein.

"W. L. SHEPARD,

"President Illinois State Sportsmen's Association."

Chicago, Feb. 8. -Mr. E. Hough. Dear Sir: In an article which appeared in the Chicago Sunday Herald of Feb. 3 Mr. George W. Strell, Vice-President of the N. G. B. & F. P. Association, makes some statements which are directly and by inference antagonistic to the avowed purposes of our National Association. These statements made by him should be taken as his personal views only, and they were not authorized and cannot be indorsed by the association. M. R. BORTREE."

(Mr. Bortr,ee is the President of the National Game Bird and Fish Protective Association.)

THE COMRADES ALLEGE BLACKMAIL.

But about the tree-nesting mare. The Illinois Association committee did not like the word "blackmail." They proposed to find out about that charge. They took the matter up at a meeting Monday, Feb. 4.

At that meeting the Blow bill came up for further scoring by Attorney R. S. Mott, who showed it honeycombed with flaws and fatal to sportsmen's interests. The committee decided again to stand on the present law, and a few amendments improving that law were approved. A committee was chosen to go to Springfield. Mr. Baird was working to get a joint meeting of the Senate and House Committees on Game and Fish (such joint meeting will be held Feb. 13. It was decided to wire these committees that the sportsmen would be with them.

Then the subject of blackmail came up. Comrade Strell said he would bring seven dealers from South Water street who would testify to blackmail under the old law. He was instructed to bring them in, being well fitted to do this through his friendship with the game dealers.

They were comrades!

It was decided to hold a meeting Feb. 6, and to have present the South Water street men, and to have a conference over the subject of proposed legislation.

COMRADES TAKE IT BACK.

At the meeting Wednesday afternoon the executive committee was out in full membership. With their journalistic friend came also two other representatives of South Water street, Mr. G. W. Barnett and Mr. Geo. Sloan.

They were comrades. But when they were, time and again, asked by Mr. Mott, Mr. Baird, President Shepard and Chairman Organ to name one case of blackmail, they declined to do so. They had heard that a warden in years past had accepted a salary to stay away from South Water street, but they knew nothing of it, etc. The committee had heard the same thing, and would have liked to get the names of the South Water street firms who gave him the bribe. But they couldn't. However, Comrade Strell was forced to admit that he had written his Herald letter of his own motion. Comrade Barnett said that letter suited South Water street, and so did the Blow bill.

It transpired that Warden Blow had now abandoned his old bill (House Bill No. 56), and had amended it so much that he had made a new bill of it. A copy of this new Blow bill, newly printed, was handed about.

THE COMRADES AID EACH OTHER.

Comrade Barnett admitted that South Water street had raised $110 and given it to Warden Blow to get his first bill printed. Mr. Baird said: "Didn't South Water street pay to have this Blow bill No. 2 printed also?"

"I decline to answer—I don't know about that," said Comrade Barnett.

"Well, what if we did?" blurted out Comrade Sloan.

A DECISIVE MEETING.

I wish I could take space to report in full this meeting, which was the sharpest, cleanest, most business-like and most decisive thing of the kind I ever saw. The animus of South Water street was shown up completely, and it was brought out unmistakably that there could be no union of interest between the sportsmen and South Water street. The meeting was courteous and diplomatic in every respect. Mr. Barnett showed himself full of tact and resource; but he was no match for the material brought against him. Mr. Mott's speech and his cross-questioning of Mr. Barnett as to the growing scarcity of game all over the country I consider to have been the finest and most decisive thing of the kind I ever heard at a meeting of sportsmen. Mr. Barnett naively admitted that the game no longer came from Illinois. "Illinois game amounts to nothing now," he said; but that it formerly came much from Illinois. Then it came from Missouri, but not now; once from Iowa, but not now. "Oh, Iowa has no game!" he said. Once, for a brief time, it came from the Indian nations, but not so much now. Mr. Barnett thought the game was getting less and less. "We get a few deer from Wisconsin now, but no chickens any more," he said. Then he was forced to admit that he knew it was illegal to ship venison from Wisconsin. Indeed, he was forced to admit a great many things. He exposed unwittingly the whole workings of the outrageous game trade of South Water street.

Mr. Sloan insisted that game was growing scarcer because the Illinois law was causing it to be shipped East instead of to Chicago. That sort of statement is nonsense, and needs no comment. Those who study the question all over the country know the game is becoming extinct, exterminated, all over the shooting country, and that it is only found in the markets because the last of the new covers are now being shot out and swiped up.

THE TWO BLOW BILLS ARE ALIKE.

The new Blow bill was discussed at the meeting, and shown to open the Illinois markets to sell Illinois game four months in the year. The present law forbids its sale at any season. It was further shown that it made Chicago a wide open market the year round for all foreign game. And now the true animus of the dealers began to crop out. They offered this resolution, signed by many dealers:

"We, the undersigned game dealers of Chicago, do solemnly declare, on our word of honor, that we are unalterably opposed to the traffic in game illegally killed in this or any other State, and will do all in our power to uphold a law just to all the people, and we further pledge ourselves to do all in our power to prohibit the buying, selling, handling or killing of any game during the season when such killing is by law prohibited; but when such game is killed and shipped legally, from any State, we claim the right, as American citizens, to buy, sell and handle it for the American people at large, who have rights in game as well as the sportsman class. Give us a law which will allow us to sell game during the legal open seasons, when all people want it, and you will not have any stanchre supporters of game protection anywhere. We indorse Game Warden Charles H. Blow's bill because it is just to all people alike, and is not class legislation like the existing law."

This might at first seem a fair proposition, but it is not fair; and unfair as it is is, South Water street means anything but the best part of that. That statement is the same as the Blow bill, and it insists that once South Water street has a bird in hand, it can sell it as it likes. "Shipped legally," forsooth! Where does South Water street get its game? From Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Dakota, Nebraska. Look at the laws of those States and see how many allow the shipping of game at any season. The game business of South Water street lives and thrives on the violation of laws of the other States, and none know this better than the most prosperous dealers of that street. Yet, by means of this precious warden and his precious bill, by means also, as much as possible, of a buncoed and unfortunate representative of a so-called sportsman's journal, South Water street comes boldly out and says to the sportsmen of Illinois: "You tend to Illinois and protect your Illinois game (which we don't want, because we have already sold the most of it long ago), and keep your hands off of our business. Don't you dare go outside of this State, and don't you ask us how or where we got our game. All you have to do is to leave us alone and let us sell it after we do get it.',

That is pretty doctrine to ask the sportsmen of Illinois to accept, isn't it?

THE COMRADES INSIST ON THE BLOW BILL.

They will not accept it. The lawyers of the committee showed what the Blow bill would do, and showed the two Blow bills to be alike and of equal viciousness. They offered to agree on a statement of facts and to go before the joint committee of the Legislature at Springfield with the South Water street men. "We want to shorten your selling season by thirty days," said Mr. Baird. "The old law was agreed upon as an armistice between the sportsmen and the dealers. Now we want to cut off January from your selling season. According to your own statement, you want to protect our Illinois game, and you don't want to sell illegal game. Then there is nothing between us except this thirty days. This comes up in Section 6 of the old law. Let us agree on all other points and join issue before the committee at Springfield on that one point."

"No!" cried Mr. Sloan; and Mr. Barnett in his smoother manner once more insisted that South Water street stood on the Blow bill and would fight for it. "That suits us," said he. "Mr. Strell's letter in the Herald is our position, identically."

They were comrades!

Thus one by one the masks were stripped off from every South Water street protestation. The dealers came out flatly, and said, "We want the right to sell game at any time that it can be sold in any other city." That is, they want to rival the iniquities of Boston and New York markets. Time and again Mr. Barnett reiterated the favorite doctrine of Warden Blow.

"Stop the killing of the game. Catch the killer before he kills (when you can't convict him), but don't try to control the bird after it is dead, nor punish any man for handling it after it is dead."

That is a fine war cry! And to what does it lead on? To coverts bare of game, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The lesson of the buffalo and the wild pigeon reads one way to the man who is intelligent and sincere.

Mr. Mott and Mr. Baird handled the sportsmen's case with ability and discretion, but they could get no more than the above out of the representatives of the game dealers. Mr. Sloan admitted that the street was going to fight now. They stood on this Blow bill. All they asked for was only everything!

Mr. Mott said that personally he would prefer to see no game at all sold at any time, but did not think a measure stopping the sale of game could be passed, and would not advocate it. But he feared a law like the Blow bill, which would be bad for Illinois game. In England they considered the non-importation of game laws to be one of the strongest preservers of English game. He asked the Chicago market to give up the month of January and to be content with three months.

But the discussion came to nothing. It was seen there could be no compromise, but that South Water street insisted on an open market. Mr. Mott said: "Then all we have found is that this Blow bill represents South Water street?" Mr. Barnett smiled deprecatingly.

NEW BLOW BILL UTTERLY VICIOUS.

The new Blow bill, on which South Water street and the American Field pin their faith, is utterly and absolutely vicious. It is no wonder that South Water street approves it, for a better bill for the game dealers could not be devised. All the way through the careful reader can see one trend. The law makes it mighty rough for the farmer boy who breaks the statute, but nowhere, in no clause in no one single particular, can anyone find a solitary provision adverse to the interests of South Water street. The bird may be killed illegally, but if once South Water street gets it you can't follow it. The warden is to be well paid. He and his men draw $7,900 a year of the farmers' taxes out of the treasury, whether or not the conditional fund covers it. The warden draws this pay, for what? For doing nothing. He cannot search South Water street. His wardens do the work outside, and the dealers have seen to it that all warden work must be done outside Chicago. It all rests on the activity of those deputies and the individual activity of their chief, whether game is to be protected. These farmers must be over the State of Illinois all at once. They must arrest the gun before it is fired at the bird—all over the State, and if they get there after it is killed is their theory of protection not exploded? Is not the bird dead in the country as dead as it is on South Water street? Ah, but listen! This bird now has a value If the deputy arrives too late, and if the bird is killed, he cannot follow it to South Water street. Once there it is safe, under Mr. Blow's theory and Mr. Blow's bill.

Under this new Blow bill the warden can "arrest on sight." Very well. But can he seize illegal game on sight? Bless you, no! That's against his theory and against his bill.

Under this bill the South Water street dealer can get his market hunter a license and send him down in the country to shoot. He is protected. But if my farmer boy chases a wounded quail over on to his neighbor's farm, he can be fined $10 to $25.

If the warden finds a man who has killed a dozen illegal birds, he can't fine him for each bird, as under the old law. In the new Blow bill the "separate offense" provision is left out. This leaves less latitude and discretion possible.

The new Blow bill does not make possession of illegal game prima facie evidence of guilt, as the old law did.

The new Blow bill permits the selling of Illinois game from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. The old law does not permit the sale at all.

The new Blow bill opens the market for the sale of foreign game the year round. This infamous measure was never before offered this community.

The new Blow bill wipes out the old search warrant clause, by which the warden could search for illegal game on South Water street, or elsewhere. He won't need to search any more, perhaps. That isn't his theory."

The new Blow bill repeals all former laws. It is new. It is untried. It is vicious. Yet it wipes out the old law, proved sound by the Supreme Court of Illinois.

LEGAL OPINIONS ON THE BLOW BILL.

The following legal opinions on this last product of Mr. Blow are from two lawyers, who probably know more about the game laws of this State than any two in the city. Mr. R. S. Mott writes of it the following opinion as an attorney:

"Chicago, Feb. 7. Mr. E. Hough, Forest and Stream.—Dear Sir: The new bill for the protection of game, prepared by Game Warden Blow and introduced in the Senate, and which is currently reported to be designed by the parties interested, to supersede House Bill No. 56, which has been severely criticized, is practically the same old vicious measure. It still permits the sale of Illinois game during the open season; the sale of game from other States at all seasons of the year; the trapping, netting and snaring of quail and prairie chickens during the open season, and in all probability the shipment of game from this State; it permits the sale and traffic in the eggs of game birds, which is now prohibited.

Section 6, in reference to hunting upon the lands of another without consent, contains the penalty which was omitted in House Bill No. 56, but has an additional clause which would require the farmer to post his farm as a game preserve, otherwise it is not necessary to obtain consent to hunt thereon. This practically nullifies the present law, and is clearly drafted in the interest of the market hunter and game dealer.

"From the two bills as drafted by Mr. Blow after defects therein were pointed out, and from his communications to the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association in reference to the sale of game, I am clearly convinced that any bill for the protection of game emanating from that source will be detrimental rather than beneficial and should be closely scrutinized by every sportsman in this State. ROBIN S. MOTT,

"Law Commiteet I. S. S. A."

Mr. F. S. Baird writes the following opinion as an attorney:

"Chicago, Feb. 8.—E. Hough, Esq., Forest and Stream. My Dear Sir: The so-called amended game warden bill recently introduced in our Legislature has been handed me, and upon an inspection of the same, I am of the opinion that it is equally as vicious as the original. It is not properly entitled. It should be entitled, "A Bill to Destroy Illinois and other Game, for the benefit of the game dealers."

"This bill is in nearly every respect similar to the original one, in that it is drawn up entirely in the interest of the game dealers and against the farmers and those upon whose land the game is raised and fed. It omits all penalties against the game dealer, and has stringent and exorbitant penalties against the farmer and the farmer's boy, and all others who have really an interest in the game.

"Sec. 1 extends the open season for killing game fully 60 days; it also allows the trapping of game during the entire open season. Sec. 3 makes it a penalty to rob the nests and destroy the eggs of game and other birds, but has no penalty for selling the eggs. Sec. 4 allows sale of Illinois game during the open season, viz., from September 1 to January 1. Secs. 7 and 8 attempt to make a license to persons hunting, and makes a penalty for any person to hunt without a license, of $10 for the first offense, and $25 for the second offense. But it does not make any license or penalty necessary for the game dealer who sells game. Persons owning farms are not required to procure a license to hunt upon their own farms, but if a farmer hunting upon his own farm should follow game onto another person's farm or land, without a license, he is liable to be fined $10 for the first offense, and $25 for the second offense. Sec. 9 is a sop thrown out to the game warden by the game dealers of South Water street, who had the revision of this bill. It gives the chief warden a salary of $1,500 per year, and each of 8 deputy wardens a salary of $800 per year, making a total cost to the State of $7,900 per year, without compelling or requiring the game warden or any of his deputies to perform any particular duties.

"Sec. 10 gives the game warden power to arrest without warrant on sight any person violating any of the provisions of this act, and does not provide for any time or place, or before what court the person shall be tried; in fact, does not provide for any trial. Sec. 13 prohibits the use of a rifle upon any of the waters of the State, and provides a penalty of $25 and costs, and makes no provision for the collection or enforcement of the same.

"This bill is vicious in a great many other respects, and if it becomes a law, will repeal all of our present very efficient laws which have been affirmed by our Supreme Court, thereby wiping out our present game warden act, which allows the game warden to swear out a search warrant and search the premises of the game dealers for illegal game, both in and out of season.

"This bill, if it becomes a law, will be the means of destroying all of the Illinois game before the next meeting of our Legislature, when the same might be repealed. It has in it some provisions for propagating game, all of which are very crude and incomplete, and were evidently put in for the purpose of diverting the attention of the reader from the glaring iniquities and deficiencies of the bill. I am of the opinion that our present game laws are of the very best, and should remain upon our statute books, except where it might be possibly better to amend the game warden acts so as to allow the game warden to seize illegal game on sight, and also give the game warden all of the fines. F. S. BAIRD.

MISTAKES OF A SPORTING MOSES.

And this is the bill which is sought to be foisted on the sportsmen of Illinois by the Illinois warden—a bill for the game dealer in every respect, and not for the protection of the birds. This is the bill, or its successor, on which "over 500 letters of approval" have been received by a warden, indorsed by a personal acquaintance of "over 20,000 shooters of Illinois."

This is the bill supported by the American Field, the biggest blunder even it has ever made.

Moreover, Mr. Strell in his Herald letter is committing his paper to a doctrine absolutely and diametrically opposed to the principles of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association, whose prime purpose is one of uniform and stringent game legislation, not in one State, but in all States kindred. Yet that writer is a vice-president of the National Association, and the paper he represents has sought to be the uncle, the godfather, the grandmother and everything else to the National Association. Now he slaps that association in the face just as he does the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

THE PROPER DOCTRINES.

Readers of Forest and Stream will find no inconsistencies in its position on this or any other question of game protection. Its word has always been, and always will be, for the loftiest principles of sportsmanship, and from its position thereon it has never been, nor will it ever be, bought, persuaded, threatened, cajoled or deceived.

FOREST AND STREAM "PLATFORM PLANK."

"Stop the sale of game" may be something ahead of the times, a measure yet hard to enforce, but it is the loftiest and wisest word possible on the question of game protection. Forest and Stream is the malicious enemy of no man, and of no class of men, but it can conceive of no union of interests between it and the dealers in game. This fact it will not, I imagine, seek to conceal. It will be, if gentlemen please, the enemy of those interests with which its contemporary is making friends. It will, if gentlemen wish to put it so, fight those men, the game dealers, and their policy and their bills. Forest and Stream prefers to stand with the sportsmen, and for the interests of these it will fight as best it can. For this it will claim no reward. In this it will ask no monopoly. Forest and Stream will get the news and it will print the news. It will kill the Blow bill, if it can. E. HOUGH,

909 Security Building, Chicago.

Later—Feb. 8.—The fight against the Blow bill is on at Springfield. This morning I saw Senator Campbell, who is up from Springfield. He says that several petitions have come in from the lower counties against the Blow bill. A long one from the town of Lincoln was filed against the Blow bill to-day. Senator Campbell thinks the bill will be defeated, and that we will come out with the old law, as it was before. This will be matter of rejoicing if it proves true.

Mr. H. H. Fahnestock, a prominent member of the Illinois association, whose residence is at Peoria, Ill., writes the committee that he sees the mistake made in the first Blow bill, and that the sportsmen must stand for a law to protect the birds.

The Illinois State Association, by its executive Committee, has requested the following gentlemen to be present at the joint committee meeting next Wednesday, Feb. 13, at Springfield, to assist in the argument against the Blow bill: Frank A. Johnson, W. L. Shepard, R. B. Organ, L. M. Hamline, A. C. Paterson, C. S. Wilcxo' Abner Price, H. B. Meyers, R. S. Mott, Charles Kern.

Our new department of Game and Fish Protection has proved itself a Minerva, sprung full-armed from the brain of Jove. It is and will be interesting, and practically useful. Clubs and associations are invited to send us notes of their meetings, and reports of the work undertaken by them. The interchange of experience and information given in this department in a year will be so invaluable that no one interested in these fields can well afford to neglect the Forest and Stream for 1895.

Yachting.

Apropos of the editorial on our first page, the Sun of Feb. 8 reprinted entire, without a word of acknowledgment, the interesting biographical sketch of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which first appeared in the Forest and Stream of last week.

The Ratseys & Lapthorne Sail.

Messrs. Ratseys & Lapthorne, of Cowes and Gosport, England, have obtained, under date of March 27, 1894, an American patent for the peculiar cut of sail seen here in Valkyrie's topsails and headsails two years since, and shown in the accompanying illustration. In all sails the cloths are so run as to bring the heaviest strains in the line of the length or the breadth of the canvas, and as little as possible on a diagonal line, where the stretch would naturally be greatest. The makers claim that sails thus cut will stand much better during rainy or damp weather than those of the usual cut; and also that they will fit the spars when new, and never stretch through use. The method has been tried with success for two seasons on a large number of British yachts, the remarkably fine topsails and headsails of Valkyrie and Britannia being cut in this way. The importance of perfect sails was never more thoroughly realized in America than at the present time; and the new method is well worth trying by American yachtsmen.

Model Making in Plaster, Paper and Papier Mache

Editor of Forest and Stream: It may appear strange to you that I should address you on the subject of model yacht building, as my confessed hobby is a love of dogs; but I have been greatly interested in the articles on this subject appearing in your valuable paper, and they have served to reawaken an old love for the little boats. I therefore beg a small space in quest of some information respecting the following method of construction.

I did at one time attempt to build some of these yachts on the "block" and "bread-and-butter" plans, but thorugh a lack in the skillful use of and the proper kind of tools, it did not result in the brilliant success, of course, anticipated. The idea occurred to me that some simpler method must be possible, and one in which the novice's mistakes would not necessitate his beginning all over again. This is my idea in the rough, and for the completion of which Isolicit suggestions from some of your readers who are more familiar with the materials and methods used:

Make first an exact solid model of the hull in sculptor's clay. This should be simple, as the clay is very easy to shape. Then take a plaster of Paris mould from it, and allow it to dry thoroughly for several days at a moderate temperature. When the plaster mould is made, make an accurate cover for it of the same material, on the inner side of which would be a curved surface equal to the air space of the inter or of the hull. When both parts are completed and thoroughly dry, putting them together we should have a mould of the yacht's hull, interior and exterior, which, of course, would require smoothing and finishing to enable us to take a perfect cast from it.

Now, having gone thus far, it remains for us to select some suitable material with which to mould our yacht, and which will be of similar weight and appearance to wood. This, I think, could be done with paper pulp as many useful articles, such as basins, buckets, etc., are now manufactured from this substance. This is the idea as I have it at the present moment, and to perfect or better it is what I wish to ask advice and suggestions about from your readers.

As paper pulp is somewhat lighter than wood, bulk for bulk, we might make the thickness of the sides slightly greater. When I mention paper pulp, I mean a composition of that material with glue and resin, usually known as papier-mache. I have also read of wood fiber being used for articles previously mentioned, but know little of the method of preparation. The paper pulp would, of course, be used in a moist condition, and a method adopted to make the plaster mould unaffected by the action of the water expelled by the pressure. That can be applied by the aid of an old letter-press or other similar screw contrivance; and also it would probably be necessary to box and metal-strap the parts of the mould to avoid any fracture during the operation of moulding. Should it prove difficult to take a plaster mould from the clay model, owing to the affinity existing between the two substances, the model could at a small cost be sent to a potter and fired, thus giving it a polished surface which could, as an additional precaution, be dusted with talcom or plumbago powder.

Once we have a paper hull, thoroughly dried and smoothed off, it could be treated with a waterproof enamel paint externally and thus made impervious to moisture. Within the hull a number of coats of some similar paint or varnish could be applied, and then the usual method of stiffening the hull might be also gone through; i. e., gluing in strips of linen, cut bias; the whole finished with more waterproof paint. Some suggestion respecting a method for this finishing which would obviate any tendency to warp or crack from the usual exposure the yacht would sustain, would be thankfully received. The decking and usual metal keel, attached to which is the lead fin or false keel, could, with a little care, be fastened on in the usual manner. A gelatine composition might also be used to mould the hull, provided a simple method could be found which would render this material unaffected by heat.

I hope that my crude ideas will meet with some small attention from other of your readers who would gladly avail themselves of the pleasures derived from miniature yacht racing, if a simple plan could be presented whereby the construction would be rendered easier and more exact for one inexperienced in the present method of building. Should my rough plan be sufficiently and properly improved upon, one could readily make two or three exactly similar hulls, and thus be able to test the advantage of one style of rigging over another; and thus also test his own ideas and be able to compare them with others, choosing the one best adapted to his model. A. M. YOUNG.

Our correspondent's plan would call for some method of producing two sides precisely similar for the clay mould; there would also be some difiiculty, after the first plaster mould was cast, of making the inner mould, or core, not an exact counterpart, but smaller all over by the thickness of the pulp or paper. We have had no experience in working pulp or papier mache, and while such materials can be made to give a strong and light hull, we doubt whether the method of working is within the reach of the amateur, very strong moulds and heavy presses being required. From what we have seen of linenoid, made by Crane Bros., of Westfield, Mass., it would be an admirable material for a model yacht hull, but we do not know whether it is used as a pulp or in sheets in applying to the moulds. We copy the following, bearing on the same subject, from the Yachtsman, of Jan. 17-24. As nearly all models are built from designs, the method of reproducing by the wooden sections and plaster has advantages over moulding in clay.

The following may interest some of our readers who are fond of designing, and may enable them to turn out a highly finished model for some of the exhibitions which have become so numerous of late. Lay the sections off on thin strips of wood, cut them out, and mount them by gluing, as in making an ordinary skeleton model. Be careful to space them without allowance for the thickness of the wood; namely, if the sections are 1 1-2 ins. apart, see that the space between each piece is 1 1-2 ins. Then get some plaster of Paris and mix it with water, fill up the spaces with this, and smooth it over roughly with a knife before the plaster is quite dry. It will cut easily for about twenty minutes, and by this time you will have faired it off to reach the wood of each section, the edges of which should be cut square and not bevelled.

Let the plaster harden, and then smooth it fair with sandpaper, taking care not to injure the edges of the wood sections. After this, insert an ordinary table-knife between the plaster and the board, and each piece of the plaster will come off clean from between the sections. Fasten these pieces together with thin plaster and again smooth the whole with sandpaper; the model will then, be completed. To give it a perfectly smooth surface, as smooth as china, coat it with a mixture of size and whiting, finishing off with fine sandpaper. This is a very speedy and accurate way of making a model, and if the knife or chisel goes too deep at any place, all that is necessary is to mix a little plaster and fill up the defect.

To "manifold" a model, or make fac-similes from one, unmount the model and put it on a plain board, giving the whole a coat of linseed oil. Get a box large enough to take the model and fill it with dissolved gelatine; place the model in the gelatine and leave it to harden to a thick jelly;; lift the model out, it will come away easily, and pour thin plaster of Paris into the mould left. Then, when this has hardened, take it out and smooth as before, with fine sandpaper and size and whiting. The plaster sets very rapidly, and care must be taken not to mix too much at a time, else it may harden in the can before the operator has time to use the half of it Once wet, it will not work up again.

The following appeared a week later in the same paper:

"In page 224 of last week's issue, directions were given for modelling yachts in plaster of Paris. As it may be desirable to make an exact copy for sailing from this model, it can be done by the following method: Having perfected your plaster model as directed, saturate it thoroughly with boiled oil, allowing time for it to dry in. Now provide a solution, half glue and half flour paste; keep hot in an ordinary glue kettle while using. Proceed to paste coarse porous brown paper in pieces about four inches square over your plaster model, beginning at the starboard bow and working regularly round to the port Rub the glue solution well on the surface of the paper. Upon this again put layer upon layer of the paper, working regularly round from bow to bow until you have a 1-4-in. thickness; rubbing well down all the time.

"Let it stand on the mould three or four days, until thoroughly hard. It will now easily leave the plaster-model, which is not in the least damaged, and you will then find a strong paper boat, very light, and harder than wood When thoroughly dry and hard, put it on the mould again, and with coarse sandpaper rub it well down, until you have a perfectly smooth surface. To make it impervious to moisture, saturate well inside and out with boiled oil. Two coats are enough to make it perfectly water-tight. When this is quite dry, varnish inside with shellac varnish. The lead ballast can now be put inside the keel, which is hollow to receive it, but, if preferable, fit a piece of wood into the hollow keel, fixing the lead on the outside by driving screws through into the wood. At this stage a socket had better be made for the foot of the mast.

"If the boat is about 40 in. long, you may put four beams across, screwing them to the sides by short, large-headed screws. Between each beam screw on the inside short pieces of wood.

"Having cut your wooden deck roughly, and made the mast hole, put it on the top of the boat, and put screws through into the beams and the intermediate pieces of wood. The joining between the deck and the sides is next to be filled with marine glue. Warm the marine glue before the fire until you can pull it out into long strings. Lay these on the joining, and run in with a hot iron. Trim the edges of the deck, and paint. Give the deck a coat of shellac varnish. When finished, it is impossible for anyone to tell, either by feeling or appearance, what material it is made of, and with comparatively little labor the result is a strong, water-tight model yacht."

It will suggest itself to the reader that after making the half model of, say, the starboard side from the wooden moulds and plaster filling, the same moulds may be set up reversed, on the other side of the mould board, to give the port side, both sides when completed, being joined by thin plaster to make a complete model. The matrix could be cast from this model; after which the model could be reduced all over to allow for the proposed thickness of the pulp. This could be done by making a simple cutter, a block of wood with a steel blade projecting the required distance, say, 1-4 in. With this, grooves of uniform depth could be cut on the model in various directions, the material between the grooves being then removed with a rasp, and the whole surface refinished with sandpaper. As we understand the second method given above, the finished model of paper must be larger than the plaster model from which it is made. We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who may have had experience with either plaster, paper or pulp.

The Skipjack Myra.

Mr. W. F. Nason, the designer and builder of the modern skipjack illustrated in the Forest and Stream of Nov. 3, 1894, writes as follows, in answer to many inquiries received from our readers. From the additional inquiries which we have received, it is evident that the little boat has attracted much attention and she certainly has much to recommend her both in actual merit and low cost.

"The cost of material was about seventy-five dollars; this includes rigging and cloth for sailing, my brother and myself doing all the work, including making the sails.

"The sails are made of heavy drill, and have three battens of hard pine 7-8 in. in diameter, running through pockets at the rows of reef points. Without the battens, perhaps heavier cloth would be needed, say, 6 oz. duck.

"The centerboard is of wood. A metal board would be better, perhaps, but would add to the cost.

"The cabin gives good room for two persons to sleep in, one on each side of centerboard trunk. Four have slept there, and seven took refuge there during a thunder-shower. How they stowed themselves, I do not know, for I was not there. The height is scant, hardly enough to sit upright on the floor under the companion slide. I think the house could be made 6 in. higher at after end without hurting the sailing qualities much.

"I had the top of the house arranged so that by unscrewing the bolts with which it was fastened it could be lifted up to give as much height as needed; but I never raised it, as with the tent over the cockpit I had room enough, and found no occasion to take the extra trouble. The cockpit is covered with canvas on sides and bottom, and painted, and is drained by holes into centerboard trunk. Some persons object to the bottom being planked athwartships, saying that it increases the resistance, and doubting the strength of such a construction; but I think the difference in resistance is but little, and as for strength I have sailed her in a strong wind with seven persons aboard and sailed with all the cloth she could lug with four men to windward, and I cannot see that she has been strained in the least. In sailing with other boats to windward I find that she can lay about half a point closer than most of them, and not forget to foot also; this I attribute to having rather more lateral surface for her size than most boats, and to the sails, which on account of the battens are very flat. The jib has a sprit from stay to clew like a Cape cat."

The table offsets for the original boat is as follows:

Stations.	Heights Above L.W.L.			Half-Breadths.	
	Keel.	Chine.	Deck.	Chine.	Deck.
Stem	1 8[1]	1 8[1]	1 11[4]	....	....
1	11[4]	1 5	1 1)	6[4]	6[7]
2	*3[5]	9[6]	1 5[6]	1 7[6]	1 1[3]
3	*1	4	1 3[1]	2 5[7]	2 5[4]
4	*1 3	6[3]	1 1[4]	3 0[1]	3 4
5	*1 1[4]	*0[3]	1 1[1]	3 2	3 6[3]
6	*7	1[7]	1 1[3]	2 11[7]	3 4[1]
7	2[5]	7	1 3[1]	2 7[4]	2 10[3]
8	1 2	1 5[5]	1 6[5]	2 1[3]	2 2[2]
Tr	....	....	1 7[2]	....	2 0[6]

* Depths below l. w. l.

The stations are 3 ft. apart, No. 5, amidship being 9 ft. 11 in. from fore end of l. w. l. The transom takes 6 in. The forward end of the centerboard slot is 2 ft. 11 1-2 in. from forward end of l. w. l. The length of slot is 7 ft. 1 1-4 in.

Tarpon Springs Y. C.

Tarpon Springs, Fla., Feb. 3.—We do not have any 89ft. Cup defenders on the Gulf Coast, but after all of your readers get through discussing the "new deed of gift," they may find time to read about how we enjoy yacht racing during the winter months in "the Land of Flowers." On Saturday, Jan. 19, five of the boats of the Tarpon Spring Y. C. sailed around the Spring Bayou, with a light westerly breeze, ready to start the first weekly regatta when the two o'clock whistle sounded. We start at two o'clock sharp, and allow five minutes to cross the line. Dr. Reed, of Atlantic City, N. J., was out for his first race in his new boat, Micanopy; this boat was modeled by the Reed family and built at Atlantic City, to show that they could compete successfully with South Boston in building racers, and also have them able to stand the rough storms of the Gulf around Trouble Creek. Dr. Reed showed his usual good judgment in sending to Wilson & Silsby for his sail, for the firm do know how to make a handsome sail and one that will fit.

Capt. Noblits was out for the first time in the Lucie B, since he had a new and larger suit of sails. Noblits had his coat off, which is a sure sign he was "out for blood." Capt. Clemson is sailing his old favorite, Topsy; his first race since he bent his new sail, also made by Wilson & Silsby. It is a perfect sail, and will push the Topsy to the front every time there is a good smart sailing breeze.

Mr. Disston is sailing his boat, built in Philadelphia last year, and means to warm the boys before the winter is over.

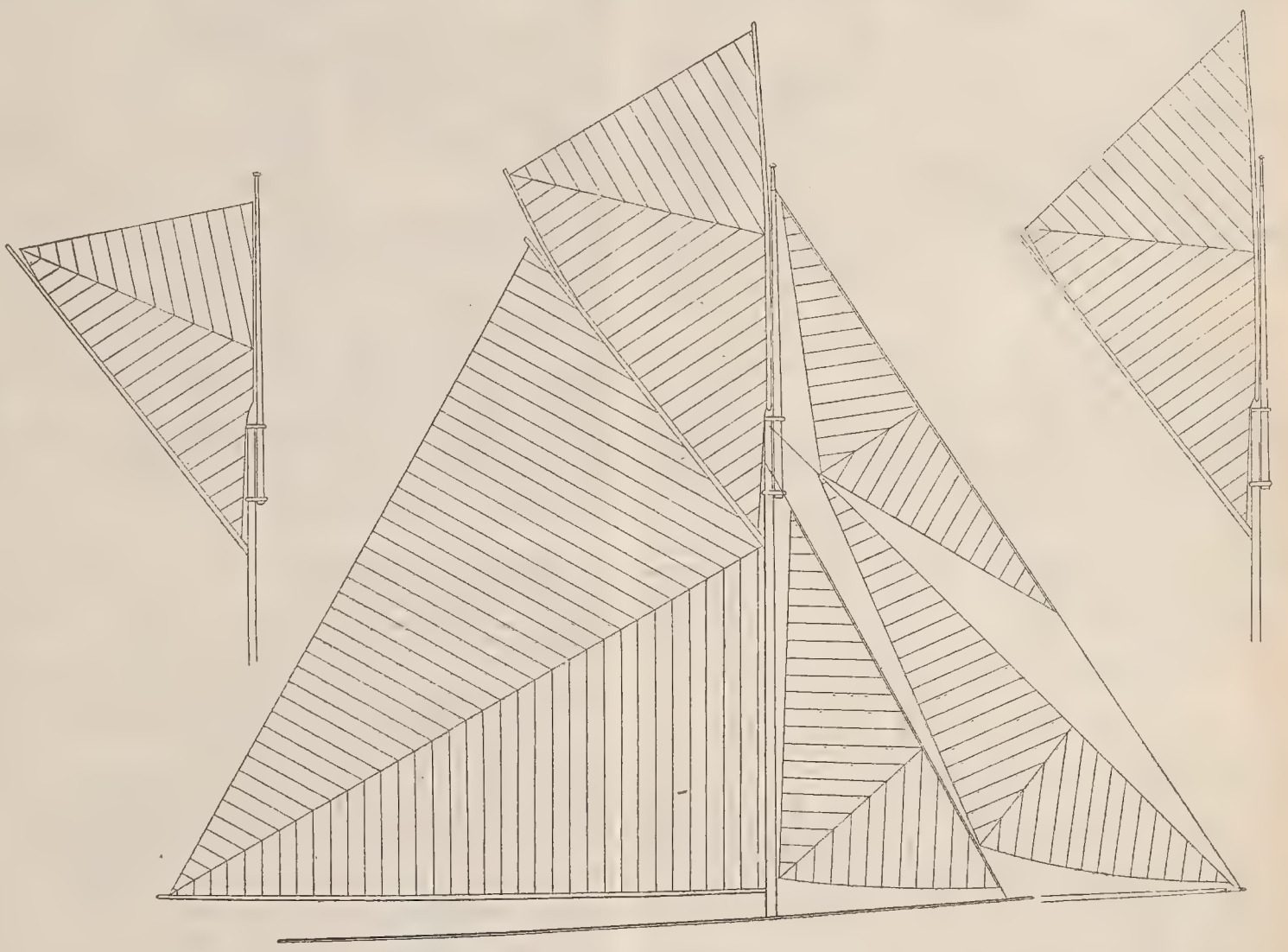
Topsy was the first to cross the starting line, closely followed by Silver King—a boat designed and built by the celebrated firm of Geo. F. Lawley & Father, of South Boston, and the old salts say the lines was taken from the well-known "Boston Bean Pot." It was whispered around the yard that George and Ad. put up a job on the owner, and gave him one reef more sail than they thought he could stagger under; but those two boys often get left with their jokes, for the Silver King wins every time, blow high or blow low, and stands ready to sail any boat in the Gulf of Mexico for money or marbles, first down, next come on.

The water was very low in the Bayou, which made it very difficult to beat out the narrow channel. We heard many a prayer, which went to prove that some boat had touched bottom, and the owner didn't like it. Horace stopped a second to kill some of his favorite sand-flies, and let Topsy's centerboard touch bottom, which put her into second place.

Slowly the fleet sailed around the course, the Silver King in the lead and Topsy a good second, the balance of the fleet having a close fight in the rear. Noblits strained every nerve and did his level best, but his favorite favorable puff never came, so he had to be contented to tie Dennis in time. Dr. Reed brought up the rear, but will do much better when he gets a longer mast and sails his new boat a bit.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen witnessed the race from the plank walk, and the Lovers' Retreat. After the race was over the old salts clustered around the spring, talked over the race, and proved to their satisfaction that it was no trick worth doing to win on the club's inside course, and told with a merry twinkle in their eyes how they would do up the Commodore's Silver King when they cotched him out on the Gulf.

This racing of small yachts may seem boy's play to some, but



THE RATSEYS & LAPTHORNE SAIL.

there is more in it than many think. First of all, it takes us out into the warm sun and balmy air, it puts a good thick coat of tar onto our homely mugs and strength into our muscle. Come down here and show us how to sail a boat, and we will give you a warm welcome and a jolly good time. PAYSON.

Regatta of the Tarpon Springs Y. C., Jan. 19, 1895:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Topsy, Capt. Clemson	2 02 20	2 55 07	52 47
Lucie B, Capt. Noblits	2 02 50	3 02 25	59 35
Silver King, Com. Phiuney	2 02 30	2 53 05	50 35
Dennis, Capt. Disston	2 03 25	3 03 00	59 35
Micanopy, Capt. Reed	2 03 00	3 03 15	1 00 15

The R. Y. S. Challenge.

Since the magnates of the Royal Yacht Squadron have come over to Com. Smith's opinions in Cup matters, the warmth of the Field's criticism has declined almost as rapidly as the temperature outdoors, and in the last issue to hand, Feb. 2, it deals thus mildly with the new challenge:

"Some of the American papers are still regretting that the Royal Yacht Squadron at last withdrew (as the Americans now state) all opposition to the new deed of gift, and agreed to hold the cup under it. Undoubtedly the Royal Yacht Squadron was in a very strong position, and, had the general meeting on Jan. 7 thought more of the deed and less of bringing about an international match, no doubt the New York Yacht Club would have had to actually destroy the new deed, as they have now done inferentially by declaring that every clause in it can be altered or abandoned, just as the holder of the cup and the challenger may agree upon. However, an international yacht match was what Lord Dunraven required, and that is also what most of the people interested in the nautical pastime also desired to see brought about. The acceptance of the interpretation put upon the mutual agreement clause was made, it is true, in rather grim silence by the general meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, but it is folly to say that any resolution was passed endorsing or agreeing to hold the cup under the terms of the deed. A difficulty may arise eventually, should Valkyrie defeat the American defending yacht; but the worst that can happen will be that the club will decline to hand over the cup unless the Royal Yacht Squadron makes a full concession of faith that the mutual agreement clause in the new deed of gift is all that the members of the New York Yacht Club declare it will be. In such an event the situation, as far as the holding and challenging for the cup are concerned, will be a little more absurd than it is at present—but nothing more."

After its sturdy and outspoken fight for eight years against the new deed, we are surprised that the Field has come to a quiet acquiescence in the views expressed by The Yachting World, and by a large part of the general yachting public; that the necessity for a race on any terms outweighs all questions of principle or fair play.

If it is so essential that international racing must continue, why has the Field opposed the new deed for so long; and again, if the Field has been right in the past, why this sudden conversion?

There seems to be some uncertainty as to just what resolutions were passed at the R. Y. S. meeting; but this very uncertainty makes it the easier for the New York Y. C. to defend its position; that it has received an unqualified challenge under the new deed. The telegram of Secretary Grant, making a specific offer to receipt for the cup if won, is now in the possession of the club, beyond recall by the Squadron; and on the other hand, the Squadron can show nothing from the club in the form of a written interpretation of the new deed or the mutual agreement clause.

In 1893, the R. Y. S., in the event of a victory by Valkyrie II., would have been able to present a very good brief in declining to receipt for the cup under clause 12; but the circumstances are now entirely different, and should Valkyrie III. succeed in winning three races, the Squadron can have no excuse for declining to sign any receipt drawn up in accordance with that clause.

Dredging the Delaware River.

At the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Y. C., held on Feb. 6 the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Philadelphia Y. C. condemn the plan of the proposed bridge of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Railroad Co. across the Delaware River, from Bridesburg, Pa., to Fisher's Point, above the water. There are few yachts owned in this city that could pass thereunder without striking their topmasts, but many which could not, at a height of 50 feet, and the use of the draw for yachts would be almost wholly impracticable. All yachtsmen and owners of vessels know that the draw of a railroad bridge is of litttle value, as sail tenders of draws of railroad bridges, either in obedience to orders of their superior officers, (who generally act in that respect as if they own the river or think they do, or have the same opinion themselves) suit their own sweet will in the opening of the draws, and no time is in their opinion too long for vessels, and especially for yachts, to wait. This has been the experience of yachtsmen and vessel owners everywhere, and we have no reason to believe that the present proposed structure across the Delaware will be managed differently.

The officials of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Railroad Company, and the U. S. Engineers, with little or no consideration for the interests of vessel owners, or even for the welfare of the city, have approved the plan herein condemned.

This fact should have little weight with the authorities at Washington or with the people, for some of these same U. S. Engineers have approved the dumping of earth, etc., (taken from the islands opposite the city) into the harbors of the leading Philadelphia yacht clubs, between little Tinicum Island and the main land, without the consent of the riparian owners, when they knew, or if they were competent, should have known, that the same earth, etc., would soon wash (as a large portion if, not the most of it, has washed) into the Ship Channel below.

It is not true that the location of the bridge will not interfere with the class of craft that navigate this part of the river. Hundreds of freight vessels and yachts pass this point annually.

We believe that the only proper way to do justice to all interests in the location and construction of this bridge is to submit it to a commission of competent persons to take testimony and to fully consider all of the interests that will probably be affected.

The Philadelphia Y. C., believing that the location of the proposed bridge at a height of 50 feet would be an irreparable injury to the rights of owners of vessels and yachts, earnestly request our Congress to do all in its power to secure the appointment of the commission referred to, so that the interests of the city and vessel owners generally shall be protected.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Secretary of War, General Thomas L. Casey, and to each of our Senators and city Congressmen.

New York Y. R. A.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. R. Association was held at O'Neill's on Feb. 6. The meeting was called to order by President Benjamin F. Sutton. Twelve out of the twenty-two allied clubs of the association present. The annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read, the latter showing the association to be out of debt and with a balance of $51.33 to its credit.

The Executive Committee reported that they had received the application of the Ossining Y. C., of Sing Sing, New York.

The Regatta Committee finally submitted a full report of the last Labor Day Regatta. The report showed a deficit of something like $137. This deficit is, in part, accounted for from the small attendance on the steamer on that day, due no doubt to the threatening weather and easterly winds.

Com. Prime was appointed a committee of one to procure prizes to be presented to the fifteen winners; a sum being appropriated to purchase them. The prizes will consist of a solid gold scarfpin with the association's flag and a small diamond in the center.

A resolution was passed thanking Mr. John O'Neill for the dinner tendered to the Commodores, and Mr. E. Langerfeld was appointed a committee to obtain a suitable souvenir to present to him.

The resignations of the Sing Sing, Canarsie and Harlem Yacht Clubs were now tendered and accepted. The matter of fixing the annual regatta for Labor Day now came up for consideration, and in view of the deficit at the recent regattas it created considerable discussion, and the question arose as to whether it would be advisable to hold it unless it would be supported by the members of the association. It is a well-known fact that this association for the several years since its organization, in 1889, has held the largest regattas ever sailed in New York Bay, and it is unreasonable to expect that a regatta of this magnitude can be held without expense. These regattas cost much less, although held on such a large scale, than those of the various individual clubs hereabouts. Monday, Sept. 2, 1895, was fixed, however, as the date of the seventh annual regatta. The Executive Committee was requested to take the matter of providing ways and means into consideration, and it will undoubtedly confer with the various clubs' members, and if the support of the latter cannot be obtained it will recommend, at a meeting to be called for the purpose, the abandonment of the regatta.

After some other business had been transacted, an election for officers was held, resulting as follows: Prest., Com. Alanson J. Prime, Yonkers C. Y. C.; Vice-Prest., ex-Com. Norman C. Rowe, Pavonia Y. C.; Secretary, George Parkhill, Columbia Y. C.; Treas., Robert K. McMurray, Staten Island A. C.; Executive Committee, Dr. E. N. Brandt, Tower Ridge Y. C.; Alexander F. Rowe, Jersey City Y. C.; Capt. Joseph Elsworth, Bayonne City Y. C.; A. C. Longyear, Newark Bay Boat Club; E. Pangerfeld, Hudson River Y. C.

In vacating the office of president, Com. Sutton made some appropriate remarks, and called the recently elected president, A. J. Prime, to the chair. Com. Prime spoke for some minutes, and during his remarks called attention to the new association about forming on Long Island Sound, and hoped that it would be formed and be a success. He said that in his opinion Hell Gate was the dividing line between the New York and Sound clubs, and that he was always unable to see how the latter could derive any benefit from this association. In conclusion, he hoped that the members would give him every assistance in the management of the association, and help him to lead it to a new era of prosperity.

Yacht Building at Bristol.

We are indebted to the Boston Globe for the following report, through its Bristol correspondent, of work at Bristol:

The most important matter of the week in connection with the new cup defender, in course of construction here, has been the visit to the Herreshoffs of the representative of the Ansonia Brass and Copper Company, of 19 Cliff street, New York. This is the only company that furnishes Tobin bronze, and the representative's visit here is supposed to have been for the purpose of arranging for the delivery of the Tobin bronze plates that must be delivered within a few weeks, and which must come from the factory at Ansonia, Conn.

This would confirm The Globe's exclusive story soon after the contract was signed, that Tobin bronze would be the material. That story was based on the knowledge that the Herreshoffs had secured an option on sufficient Tobin bronze plating for the boat, and was deemed to settle the matter of construction.

There are, however, indications, to those who know Herreshoff methods of work, that the plans have been changed, and that composite construction of wood on steel frames has been decided upon.

It is pointed out that it will be difficult to deliver a Tobin bronze boat by June 1, where a composite boat can easily be built before that time. To those familiar with steel construction it is also plain that it would be much easier to mold the lead keel in place after the boat was plated, as was done in Vigilant and Colonia, than to run the lead keel first, as is being prepared for now.

If the original plans have been changed, and a composite boat decided upon, the Herreshoffs are to be congratulated in securing a build undoubtedly lighter than Tobin bronze plating, and more desirable in several ways.

A composite boat could be so thoroughly strapped as to depend not nearly so much upon the strength of planking as might be thought. Double planking, with mahogany for the outer skin, would give all the needed strength and would give a bottom which could be made the equal if not the superior, of Tobin bronze for smoothness.

The announcement that the Herreshoff's have entered into an agreement, or signed a contract not to build another boat to defend the America's cup in 1895 is not given much credit here. But it is said that the firm will not build another for personal reasons, and for matters that arise when two or more boats are built.

When two or more boats are built the owners of the boat that is the slowest of the two, or more, feel that the designer did not bring his best talents to bear on the construction and designing of their boat, and naturally, though without apparent cause, feel slighted. This matter will be overcome when only one boat is built, and this is given as one of the reasons why the Herreshoff's will not build another in 1895.

During the past week copies of a newly printed set of rules and regulations for the employees of the Herreshoff shops have been posted in conspicuous places. They differ but little from the old ones, and do not state that the workmen must keep the goings-on in the shop a secret, although they are expected not to talk too much of the plans and other matters in connection with the new boat.

In the new machine shop the work of laying down the new boat and getting matters arranged for the bending of the angle irons has progressed slowly.

In the construction shop the workmen are busy on the mold for the enormous lead keel for the new boat. This keel, it is said, will weigh about 70 tons. The firm have now on hand about 125 tons of pig lead.

Judging from the height of a man standing beside the mold for the lead keel, it will be about five feet and a half in height.

The men have begun the work of lining up the mold and when it is finished, which will be in about a week, the mold will be placed where it is intended the new boat shall stand, on the new stone foundation in the south shop.

The severe storm of Friday created havoc in the shops of the Herreshoff's. The heavy southwest wind caused the sea and ice from the harbor to roll into the shops with considerable force and the very high tide floated everything movable. The steam yacht Eugenie, which is in the south shop, was afloat and lines were put out to save her from damage. The small boats were washed up to the east end of the works and N. G. Herreshoff, while engaged in securing the boats stepped into a scuttlehole from which the cover had been removed and had a cold bath.

The Eugenie will be launched as soon as the new engine is placed at the marine railway at Walker's cove. It is intended to haul out the steam yacht there as soon as she is put overboard. A trial was given the engine this week, and as soon as the weather permits it will be set in the building recently erected near the cove.

Many of the workmen in the construction shops were obliged to leave work Friday on account of the high tide. During the gale the big doors on the west end of the building were blown off. Workmen were engaged in removing the ice from the shops yesterday.

Mr. C. Oliver Iselin made a flying trip to the works this week for the purpose of looking over plans in regard to the new boat. There is some talk here about the sails for the new boat being made at the works, but this talk has been brought about by the engagement of new sailmakers within a short time. These men are at work on the sails for the raters for Howard Gould, the German baron, and George Owen, Jr.

Good authority states that the sails will be made by Wilson & Silsby of Boston, which firm made those of the Navahoe and Colonia. The sails of those boats were of Sea Island cotton, but those of the new boat will be very close in material to those used on the British boat, but of American made duck.

Work on the 20-rater for Howard Gould in the south shop has progressed slowly during the week. The men are at work on the fin for this boat. She is nearly ready to be lanched, and could be completed in a few days should the occasion of starting the new boat require it. Below the water line she has been painted a dark green.

In the north shop the deck of the 130-foot yacht for Theodore R. Hostetter is nearly laid. Workmen are also engaged on her large mahogany deck-house. The 30-rater for the German baron in the north shop, and the 30-footer for George Owen, Jr., of Boston, in the same shop are both nearly completed.

The work of carting the lead from the railroad yards has been finished, and yesterday a quantity of angle iron and mahogany planking, which arrived a few days ago, was carted to the works. It is expected that the work of laying down the new cup defender will be completed before the end of the coming week, when the work of shaping the frames of the yacht will begin in the boiler shop.

So far as can be judged from the shape of the mold for the lead keel, the keel itself will have a lateral plane of somewhat triangular shape, the deepest portion being considerably abaft the center, and the line of the bottom curving up at each end to meet the deadwood. The length of the keel will be much less than those of Vigilant and Colonia, and shows by this shortening and by its triangular form that attention has been paid in the design to making the boat quicker in stays.

The mold for the keel shows no sign as yet of a core for a centerboard slot, so that the original impression of a keel boat still seems to be a good one.

It is believed that the interior fittings of the boat will be as few and as light as possible, and that the crew will all be quartered on an attendant steamer. The cup defender will, therefore, be more of a racing machine than any of her predecessors.

The saving in weight by not having any quarters for the crew on board will be considerable, and the boat should gain speed correspondingly.

She is to be delivered June 1, and, therefore, must be launched by the middle of May in order to be fitted out, rigged and have a trial trip.

At the Saunders yards, that builder has the frames of the big catboat for J. P. White, of Warwick, R. I., up. She will be an able boat, being 10 feet beam, with a length of 28 feet. He also has the oak stem and keel of the big cat yawl for Dr. W. Wharton Hollingsworth, of Philadelphia, out, and is all ready to set up that boat.

The high wind and tide did considerable damage at the Saunders yard Friday, the water coming up half the length of the shop. Many of the yachts in the yard that are hauled up for the winter were thrown against each other, and more or less injured.

The well-known cat yawl Alice, which is acknowledged to be one of the fastest boats on Narragansett Bay, has been very much changed this winter. She is owned by Charles F. Herreshoff, a brother of the designer, and was formerly a centerboard boat Mr. Herreshoff has made her a keel boat, and it is the opinion that it will greatly add to her speed.

Such news as there is of late is mainly included in the interesting story from Bristol, for which we are indebted to the Boston Globe. Nothing is known yet of the new Valkyrie building at Glasgow, and the same foolish policy of secrecy is maintaained on this side. The indications are, however, as stated by the Globe, that the Bristol boat will be a keel craft, and of composite build, similar to Queen Mab, Genesta and the three Valkyries. The name of the new boat has not been decided on, but names by the thousand are being received by the New York Herald, in competition for the prize of $100 offered by a New York Yachtsman.

The owners of the various 30-knot steam yachts about New York and Philadelphia are once more bandying challenges, but with as little prospect as of old of a genuine race in which one boat shall win and the others lose. As long as the papers are content to print such challenges and letters as news, this cheap and exciting contest is likely to flourish.

It is encouraging to note of late a marked improvement in yachting methods that promises a return of yacht racing. The special committee of the New York Y. C. has recommended the adoption of such a classification by corrected length as was first advocated by the Forest and Stream over seven years since, and there is every probability that the measure will be carried at the annual meeting

The Larchmont Y. C., as mentioned in our columns some weeks since, has been at work remodeling its courses, and has now under consideration, for probable adoption this month, a series of entirely new courses, of triangles of short sides, to be sailed several times to give the required distance.

Such steps as these, long opposed by American yachtsmen, but at length recognized as desirable, augur well for an entire reconstruction of the existing haphazard and slovenly methods of racing with awkward courses, long intervals to start in, and faulty rules of classification, and the substitution of a uniform system of measurement and classification combined; of short triangular courses to be sailed over two or three times; of the one-gun start the measurement with crew aboard, and other desirable reforms The more nearly the conditions of yacht racing can be made to give accurate and fair tests of the boats, the greater the interest in the sport.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Philadelphia Y. C. was held on Feb. 6, the following officers being elected: Com., Francis Shunk Brown; Vice-Com., M. R. Muckle, Jr.; Rear-Com., J. G. Ramsdell; Treas., Samuel B. S. Barth; Sec., George T. Gwilliam; Meas., P. H. Johnson; Harbor Master, E. Y. McCurdy; Fleet Surgeon, Thomas C. Stellwagen, M. D.; Trustees, Samuel F. Givin, Frank Bement, Wm. S. Stockton, Robt. P. Thompson; Regatta Committee, P. H. Johnson, Chas. S. Warfield, S. W. Bookhammer.

The date of June 15 was fixed for the annual regatta. As will be seen from the resolution printed eslewhere, which was passed at this meeting, the club is taking active steps in opposition to a measure which must do serious damage to the Delaware River and to the yachting interests represented by the Riverton, Trenton, Philadelphia and other clubs.

At 9:30 A. M., on Jan. 23, the works of the Racine Boat Manufeaturing Co. caught fire while workmen were engaged in thawing out frozen steam pipes, and considerable damage was done, to the extent of some $3,000, before the fire was extinguished. Work will be continued as usual in the uninjured portion of the works but many valuable moulds and patterns were lost.

The sloop Nepenthe, C. P. Richardson, and the schooner Adrienne, Messrs. Gordon & Lawrence, both of the Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, are now cruising in the West Indies, the former bound for Havana and Jamacia, and the latter for Nassau. The two will meet later off the northern coast of Cuba, to return home in company. The Nepenthe was at Havana on Feb 7

The Rochester Machine Tool Works has received notice from its solicitor that its claim with reference to the Buckley water-tube boiler for yachts has been allowed by the Patent Office in Washington, and that the patent will be issued at once. This boiler is adapted for either oil or coal, and furnishes very cheap power in proportion to horse power. One of these boilers, which was sold to a party in Poughkeepsie in April last, has been supplying a 4x5 marine engine with all the steam it could use at 150 lbs. pressure. This boiler only occupied a space 22 in. wide by 23 in. long, and its shipping weight crated, was less than 350 lbs. Under a pressure of 125 lbs. this boiler developed 6 h. p. The company is also in receipt of a communication from its agent in Paris with regard to the practicability of using the boilers in a light road wagon to be propelled by steam, being fired by hydrocarbon fuel. The company recently constructed for Mr. J. B. West, of Rochester, a small reversing engine and boiler which he will apply to the same purpose, propelling a carriage on ordinary country roads.

Namouna, steam yacht, James Gordon Bennett, will fit out at once for the Mediterranean, and Capt. Martin J. Lyons, the New York pilot, who sailed on Valkyrie II., will command her, having sailed from New York last week to join her. Capt. Lyons was with Mr. Bennett at one time in the old Henrietta.

The annual meeting of the Riverside Y. C. was held on Feb. 7, the following officers being elected: Com., G. I. Tyson; Vice-Com., C. E. Diefenthaler; Rear Com., Daniel Prentice; Rec. and Cor. Sec., J. G. Porter; Treas., J. E. Peck; Meas., E. F. Lockwood Trustees—A. M. Brush, C. E. Wilson, C. E. Diefenthaler, C. T. Pierce, W. A. Hamilton, G. G. Tyson, William L. Marks and H. W. Tyler. Membership Committee—F. Beltz, S. D. Pierce and J. A. Oatwell. Regatta Committee—W. J. Selleck, S. D. Pierce and Edwin Binney.

The annual regatta was fixed for July 6, and two special races for the new Larchmont 34-footers and 21-footers were arranged. The annual cruise is to come off on July 15.

The Stamford Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., James D. Smith; Vice-Com., Howard C. Smith; Rear Com., Frederick M. Hoyt; Treas., Charles H. Leeds; Sec., Malcolm R. Pitt; Fleet Surgeon, Henry P. Gelb; Meas., Frank Wardwell; Chaplain, Richard P. H. Vail, D. D.; Directors—Henry K. McHarg, Schuyler Merritt, Albert C. Hall, Edward C. Hoyt, Walter M. Smith, Walto Ferguson, Archibald H. Smith, E. E. Bruggerhof, Sherman Dewey and Alfred S. Pitt; Nominating Committee for 1895-6—Franklin M. Jones, Austin H. Watson, Clark Dewing, William D. Phillips and Melville P. Hall.

George W. Hall, the New York representative of the Harlen & Hollingsworth Co., died in New York on Feb. 5, of pneumonia. Mr. Hall was at one time an engineer of the U. S. Navy. He was a member of the American Y. C., serving as treasurer for some years.

Canoeing.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

We learn on good authority that Mrs. William Willard Howard has challenged Miss Constance Bennett, the winner, in Spruce, Ill., of the ladies' race at the B. C. A. meet, at Lalcombe last summer, in which Mrs. Howard was second, to a race on the Solent next summer. Mrs. Howard will sail the new half-rater, to be built for Mr. William Willard Howard, and Miss Bennett, who has accepted the challenge, will probably have a new boat, Spruce IV., which Mr. J. Arthur Brand will build to succeed his present Spruce III.

The annual election of the Buffalo C. C. was held on Jan. 26, the following officers being elected: Com., E. W. Dunston; Vice-Com., H. D. Pulsifer; Sec.-Treas., F. D. Wood; Directors—E. W. Dunston, H. D. Pulsifer, F. D. Wood, C. P. Forbush, F. R. Rossel, G. L. Kelley.

A. C. A. Membership.

Atlantic Division.—E. M. Underhill, Yonkers, N. Y.; J. Richard Taylor, M. D., Sag Harbor. Central Division.—Percy Nisbet, G. Umfreyville Laws, W. V. Brewer, J. Arthur Brand, London; Ernest Kipling, L. McPherson, Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. C. Alderman, Worcester; Dr. John D. Haywood, Liverpool.

The first annual dinner of the Wawbewawa Wai Canoe Association was held at the Winter Palace Hotel, Boston, on Saturday evening, Feb. 2, and proved to be as fine a gathering of local canoeists as has been held in this vicinity for many a day. Twenty-four covers were set, and the following well-known A. C. A. men were among the members of this jolly crew. Capt. Louis S. Drake, Secretary Walter L. Perry and Purser Francis J. Burrage were in charge of the arrangements and held the seats of honor with President Hyde, of the Waltham C. C., and Louis F. Cutter, Purser E. D. A. C. A., as guests. Raymond Appolonio, Vice-Com. D. A. C. A.; Chas. F. Dodge, Secretary, and Howard L. Rogers, Rear Com. of the Puritan C. C.; J. Winn Brown, T. Bugham and W. W. Crosby, of the Innitous, Roger D. Smith, Geo. B. Smith and Edwin Esterbrook, of the Dedham Boat Club; Wm. V. Forsaith, John F. Linder, Jos. L. Clapp, R. A. Ballou, C. B. Mather, Clarence B. Ashenden and Wellington Wells. The association is in a very flourishing condition, with a membership of forty active canoeists living in the vicinity of the Hub. Strong crews will be entered in all the important races during the coming season, and the Wawbewawas hope to add more victories to their already long list, which includes two New England championships. Ex-Commodore Chas. V. Winn's jolly company was anticipated, but a disappointing telegram appeared at the last moment.

The A. C. A. Regatta Programme.

The regatta committee has prepared the following provisional programme for the races of the 1895 meet or the A. C. A., and will be glad to hear any criticisms or suggestions. In the absence of any better scheme of handicapping, the committee has decided on classing the men in the unlimited race, as seniors, juniors and novices. In starting, the latter will be started first, their signal being the preparatory for the juniors, whose starting signal will be the preparatory for the seniors. The cruising race offers the opportunity demanded by so many in the winter season, and which so few avail themselves of when the time comes. We hope this year that at least enough cruisers will present themselves to make a race and to avoid further discredit to an association which is nominally devoted to canoe cruising. The conditions of this race may be varied as circumstances suggest when the course and camp ground are finally selected.

The committee will call off every event for which, after due notice, at least three bona-fide contestants are not at the line at the specified time, and no prizes will be given for sail-overs.

If there are any suggestions or objections to be made, now is the time; and not after the programme has been finally published, beyond possibility of alteration.

A. C. A. REGATTA 1895.

Event 1. Paddling and sailing combined, 1-2 mile alternately, total 13 miles; time limit, 1 1-2 hours.

2. Paddling, 1-2 mile straightaway.

3. Sailing, 4 1-2 miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are record races under rule 5 of Sailing Regulations.

4. Trophy paddling, 1 mile straightaway.

5. Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3 1-2 hours. See rule 5.

6. Unlimited sailing, 3 classes, 6 miles. Class A to include all who have won an A. C. A. sailing prize; Class B, all others except novices; Class C, Novices. Class C shall have an allowance equal to one minute per mile over Class A, and Class B an allowance equal to 1-2 minute per mile over Class A. Time limit, 2 1-2 hours. Starters in the trophy sailing race to be selected from this race, according to elapsed time.

7. Club sailing, 3 classes as in event; 6, 4 1-2 miles: time limit, 2 hours. First three members of any one club to count. A club to be represented must enter at least three men; all men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1895 meet.

8. Limited sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1 1-2 hours. Sail area limited to 100 square feet, and sliding seat prohibited.

9. Cruising-go-as-you-please. Contestants to start at any time during the day (date to be posted) for a point not over 10 miles from headquarters, carrying a necessary camp outfit, which shall include at least one tent, one camp bed, or cot, one pair heavy blankets, change of clothing, cooking utensils, supplies, etc. They shall make camp and prepare a substantial supper and breakfast with at least one hot dish, beside liquids, in each. The start for return shall be by signal to be given at half-past eight the following morning. Everything used must be properly stowed, and carried both ways. Sail or paddle or both may be used. The committee must disqualify any contestant who shall violate the spirit of the regulations.

10. Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1 1-2 hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sep. 1, 1894.

11. Unclassified sailing, 4 1-2 miles; time limit, 2 hours.

12. Novice combined, 1-4 mile alternately, total, 1 1-2 miles; time limit, 50 minutes.

13. Paddling. Open canoes not under 50 lbs. weight, 1-2 mile straightaway; single blade.

14. Tandem paddling, 1-2 mile straightaway; decked canoes, double blades.

15. Tandem paddling, 1-2 mile straightaway; open canoes, single blades.

16. Club four paddling, 1-2 mile straightaway.

17. Paddling upset, 1-8 mile, usual conditions.

18. Sailing upset and maneuvering. At signal throw paddle over stern and recover; second signal, canoe to be heeled over until top of mast touches the water; canoes to be righted and cross the finish line under sail.

19. Hurry scurry Run, swim, paddle.

20. Gymnastics.

21. War canoe, 1 mile.

M. V. BROKAW,
A. C. NICKERSON, } Regatta Committee.
H. R. TILLEY,

In reporting upon the Gut Crop of 1894-5, I have to announce materially reduced production, which in the ordinary course would involve an advance in prices, but the excessively bad season last year left more than an average quantity in stock, and therefore prices will remain for the present either stationary or (in some cases) reduced.

The quality this year is fully maintained, and if buyers take the requisite pretautions to secure the present season's crop there is no reason to anticipate dissatisfaction.

For the information of purchasers, I have in this year's list given more detailed explanations of the technical terms used for Gut, which will enable intending buyers more perfectly to suit their requirements.

The two extremes of finest Trout and heaviest Salmon Gut are both scarce and expensive, as the quantity produced is under the average.—Adv.

R. RAMSBOTTOM,
81 Market Street,
Manchester.

Volume twenty-one of "Our Animal Friends," containing the twelve numbers for 1894, reflects credit upon the New York S. P. C. A., of which John P. Haines is president. The magazine is admirably edited and illustrated, and contains matter of great general interest. Its high standard should be emulated by other publications of this class, which are too often narrow and fanatic.—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22—New York—W. K. C., Jas. Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 26 to March 1—Detroit—City of the Straits K. C., J. W. Garrison, Sec'y.
March 5 to 8—Chicago.—Mascoutah K. C., J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 12 to 15—Denver.—Western K. C. Co., E. T. Weiant, Sec'y
April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveand, Sec'y.
April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club.
May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.

Don't forget that entries for Chicago close to-day. Feb. 16, with Geo. H. Hill, 95 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill. Fee, $3.

Shall It Be Speed Or Nose?

Oshkosh, Wis., Jan. 11. Editor Forest and Stream: When I wrote you in regard to speed and nose in beagles, it was after reading ther eports of the National trials in two great sporting journals and several lesser ones, and I gathered the data for my letter from them. It now looks as though the saying of an old lady I once knew is true, that "the newspapers is a passel of lies." We gullible, simple-minded Westerners believe all we see in the papers, and I had begun to think it was a mere oversight that Royal Rover did not get a better place at the National trials. But it seems now as though it was the decision of deliberate, cool, judicial minds working under the "spotting" system, which system I take for granted is responsible for Rover being dropped after his heat with Buckshot. But as I said in my letter, the judges might put new light on the matter if they chose to answer my question; so my object has been accomplished, and I have learned how judges decide at a field trial. But I am in nowise convinced that the system is right. "Out of the mouths of judges ye shall hear wisdom." Let us hear some of Mr. Turpin's remarks: "Buckshot showed fully as good nose, fully as good hunting sense, as Rover, and far greater speed. * * * In the race he led most of the time, and picked out a great majority of the turns." What business had Rover to be in the lead at any time of a dog with "far greater speed and fully as good a nose"? What was Buckshot doing when this dog Rover, with fully as good a nose as Buckshot, but so lacking in speed that he was dropped out after that heat, was leading him?

Picking up the turns I understand is the turn on the track where the rabbit turns or picks up the trail, if the dog runs by the turn. Now, what business had Rover to pick up even a small part of these turns? Was Buckshot so far behind that Rover picked up the turn before Buckshot arrived, or was Buckshot ahead, and Rover came up and picked up the turns before Buckshot could. It's all a mystery how Rover could at any time, be either in the lead or pick up losses first. Now I don't mean to insinuate or intimate that judges did not decide these races as fairly as they possibly could for I have seen several heats between very fast dogs and dogs somewhat slower and know how hard it is to suit all views of the case. If it were ever my misfortune to be a judge at a trial I should have the "wind-splitter" run alone for awhile, and see what kind of a show he would make. I think many of our beagle men and some of the judges would be surprised at the difference he would show in work done that way as compared with work done in a race with a slower dog. Before the game is afoot he has not the time or ability to take an old trail and work the rabbit up. He has got to go bird dog fashion and jump his rabbit and when he overruns he has not the help of the slower dog to aid him pick it up. He becomes "foxey," when hunting with a slower dog, takes one trail away from him by speed, and watches him on the turns.

I have just such a hound, and I know from experience that any beagle judge that I know of would give him the decision over Rover. If nothing happens, I shall send him to the Eastern trials, next year, and hope this description of him will not prejudice the judges against him.

I don't blame Mr. Kreuder for buying Buckshot and all the fast dogs he can find, if he never had a beagle worthy the man that could not keep within fifteen or twenty minutes of the best beagle living on a rabbit trail. I never had the misfortune to see such a dog myself. We don't breed such beagles in the West. I have one regret in regard to the National trials that Buckshot and Frank Forest did not run a heat together. It would have been interesting to have witnessed the result. Another word, and I will close. Mr. Clark judged the Northwestern trials on the same lines that the National trials were judged, I should think, and I now have no doubt more Western men are of my opinion that the system is wrong. In conclusion, please allow me to withdraw the offensive word "easily" from my version of the way in which Royal Rover beat Nell R. If he beat her at all, that is enough. But the excuse made that she was tired from a heat run the day before is rather hard on the bitch. Yet Mr. Reid says he breeds for staying qualities and bottom. Send a bitch West, Mr. Reid, and I will breed her to a dog that won't get tired out in a day or a week either, and won't charge you a cent.

G. A. BUCKSTAFF.

Work for Terriers.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 9.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am glad to note that my letter which appeared in your paper of Dec. 22, 1894, seems to have attracted some attention among terrier men and I hope and believe, that with the aid of your valuable paper the feasibility of having good sport with terriers on muskrats will soon be established. It would open a new field to the lovers of these game little dogs, and as H. W. L. states, "would bring one nearer to one's dogs." Many sportsmen, especially in this country, are prevented by business from enjoying outdoor sports with setters, pointers or hounds, as this often requires considerable time, and comparatively few have facilities to keep these larger breeds. But almost everybody—whether he lives in town or country—could keep a terrier or two. As companions, watch dogs, and for general good disposition, etc., they are not surpassed by any other breed, and if owners would see their way toward enjoying good, healthy sport with their favorites, the real merit and general character of the different breeds of terriers would soon be better understood and more generally appreciated.

It would be a welcome feature to sportsmen in general and to terrier men in particular, and last but not least, to the terriers themselves.

Since writing my last letter, I had an opportunity of seeing a number of "professional" trappers and hunters, men that are thoroughly familiar with the habits of such game, as would be suitable for the purpose, and they all seem to think, that the muskrats offer the greatest possibilities. Although these men have never made muskrat hunting with dogs a specialty, their suggestions may, nevertheless, be valuable, and may lead to the desired results. As pointed out by your correspondent, H. W. L., the principal difficulty consists in the fact that the entrance of muskrat holes are generally under water (although this is not always the case) and the animals escape through them and give the dogs but little chance to catch them. In many localities, and at certain seasons, muskrats can be found in large numbers along slow running brooks, where they live in burrows in the banks, and I have myself seen places that were actually undermined with them. The place suggested is, to select a narrow part of such brook or stream (where the rats are plentiful) and build a dam across it. Of course the water at the place would soon accumulate, and a spot must be selected, where by ditching, the overflow could be given another outlet, say into some swamp or into some other part of the brook, some distance below. In this manner any desired portion of such brook or stream could be more or less drained in a very short time, and many of the inlets to the burrows could be laid bare. It would now become a question of digging, and here a good terrier would be in his element. Beside, there will be plenty of pools left to give the dogs a chance to show their ability in the water.

All this may at first appear to necessitate a great deal of preparatory work, but where suitable localities can be found, this plan seems to be perfectly feasible. Although ferrets are unfit to work in the wet, they may be used to advantage after the place has been drained. Whether or not ferrets would bolt muskrats at all, is a question that some of your readers may be able to answer.

The above plan is more or less based on theory, but as it has been suggested to me by practical men, it may be of interest.

I have tried ferrets on woodchucks and found that, although they will not bolt them, they can be used to ascertain whether the woodchuck is at home or not, for after the ferret has entered, the grumbling and growling of the chuck can be distinctly heard. I have several times succeeded in digging out woodchucks, but as a rule, this work ends in disappointment, as the animal, when pressed, digs away from the dog, and while doing so fills up the passage behind him. The best way is to catch them above ground, and during the past three or four years I have had good sport with them and killed quite a number.

It is a pleaure to see experienced terriers take a hot trail where the chucks have been feeding, and after much eager work locate them under some stone wall, tree stump, etc., then dig their way to them and tackle them. I found that during the summer the early morning or late afternoon are the best time for such work, as the animals are then often found at some distance from their holes, and cannot make their escape that way.

Last year, one afternoon, my terriers succeedeed in killing four of them, and wherever they are plentiful, one is (with the aid of experienced terriers) almost certain to enjoy some good sport.

TERRIER.

Brighton Tobe's Pedigree.

Chatham, Ont., Jan. 17.—Editor Forrest and Stream: The en closed letter is the pedigree of the well-known field trial winner Brighton Tobe, and will no doubt be of interest to English setbreeders. I was led to breed to him as an experiment, thinking that he was a straight bred English setter.

Leddersdale, Il., the dam of Tobe, is by Knight of Snowden, his dam is Swan, she out of Lady Cypress, out of Hall's Lucy. In searching for the breeding of Hall's Lucy I wrote to Mr. John Hall, a well-known sportsman and setter breeder, of Hamilton, Ont., who replied that he had never owned such a bitch, but that it was very likely a man of that name living in Walsingham, Ont., who bred his dogs to some of Mr. Bailey Harrison's, of Tilsonburg, Ont. I wrote to Mr. Hall, of Walsingham, Ont., some time ago, and to-day got the following letter from Mr. E. Tinsley, a well-known sportsman of Hamilton.

Hamilton, Jan. 15. Dear Sir:—Hall's Lucy, a lemon and white bitch, was sired by an imported English setter, the property of Capt. Massie, who was stationed in Toronto some twenty years ago. Her dam was an imported Irish setter, the property of Mr. John Maughan, of Toronto. Lucy was stolen from Hamilton by an employee of a racing stable then located at Windsor; she was sold to a Frenchman in Detroit. Lucy was bred to Carlowitz, Lady Cypress being part of that union. You will find Lucy recorded in pedigree of Knight's Belle. At Mr. Hall's request I send you this, he having forgotten the particulars until reminded of them by me. Hoping they may be of service to you, E. TINSLEY.

Another Fox that Played 'Possum.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An account in your paper of Dec. 29, of a fox "paying possum," reminded me of a curious instance of the same kind, which occurred to myself and two others. We had started a gray fox with four hounds of mine soon after day, and had driven him into a gopher hole after a merry spin. I sent for a small grubbing hoe and cut a small sapling down, which I put in the hole to guide us in digging. As it eventually turned out the hole was short and straight, and I accidentally pinned the fox against the end of it. The grubbing hoe was then used to dig into the hole, where we judged the end of the sapling to be, and sure enough, as soon as the hole was reached, out popped the fox's head. I was not prepared for his appearance so soon, or I would have made the hounds stand back. However, as soon as they saw him they dashed in and fastened on, trying all they knew to pull him out. I soon made them let go, and there lay our fox, head and neck clear of the hole, and apparently the deadliest I ever saw. One of my companions then took hold of him, and by exerting all his strength he pulled him out—as limp as a dish rag. He held him by the scruff of the neck, and asked, "What will I do with him?" I replied, "Throw him to the hounds." No sooner, however, had the fox left his hands, than he came to life like a flash, and absolutely, "hit the ground running"! The hounds were as much taken by surprise as ourselves, and he got quite a good start, but after a desperate struggle of about 250 or 300 yards they dragged him down

Not the least amusing feature of the affair was the expression on the face of the man who had been holding him when he realized the truth.

R. F. B.

Fort Meade, Fla.

The Board of Governors of the U. S. F. T. C., may hold several more meetings to arrange definitely its business affairs, so says Mr. Stafford. It would seem to be a needless expense for the club to incur by sending the secretary on a long trip from his home in Tennessee to Indianapolis, Ind., for the sole purpose of securing possession of the club's books and papers on the 15th inst., the date on which Mr. Madison's term of office expires. The express agencies could perform the work quite as well and much cheaper. But the secretary was instructed to secure such information and suggestions as Mr. Madison would be pleased to give, rather a humiliating admisson, for why should the leaders of a great club ask anyone for information as to the best manner of conduucting it. For the secretary, under instruction of the club, to take a long trip from Tennessee to Indianapoilis, for the club's books, and to solicit information on club matters from Mr. Madison, is a tribute to that gentleman's value given in the most forcible manner. Inferentially his guiding hand will be missed for some time to come.

The action of the Board of Governors, at the New Albany meeting, in instructing the secretary to advertise that the club reserved the right to declare the chicken trials off immediately after the entries closed, if it thought best to do, was most unwise. Entries do not come in well when a culb is timorous in its own affairs. Never before did the club take such action. It may reconsider its action.

United States Club.

The Board of Governors of the U. S. F. T. Club held their special meeting in Dr. Rogers' house, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 5. Mr. W. B. Stafford presided.

Messrs. C. Cooledge, Boston, T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Bayard Thayer, Boston, and J. D. King, Jackson, Tenn., were elected to membership.

Mr. Madison's resignation was not accepted. Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus was appointed a committee to communicate with Mr. Madison and request him to withdraw his resignation.

On Wednesday evening the adjourned meeting of the previous evening was called to order by Mr. Stafford. There were present as follows: Messrs. Buckle, Mundy, King, Avent, Stafford; and Prof. Osthaus and Mr. J. B. King were invited to join in the proceedings of the Board.



THE TRACY PAINTINGS—"WOODCOCK SHOOTING," No. 131.

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Prof. Osthaus reported that Mr. Madison refused to reconsider his resignation. He had been communicating with him by telegraph. Prof. Osthaus offered the following remarks, which brought matters to an issue. He said: "As there has been, by members of the club, some talk of disbanding the club, with other matters in that connection, I wish to state that I believe that it is not in the power of the Board of Governors, to take any such action, and I believe the following resolution is the best thing to consider. I hereby offer it:

"Resolved, that when this meeting adjourns it adjourns to meet in Chicago, on Thursday evening of the Mascoutah Kennel Club's Dog Show, and that the Secratary, Mr. Madisno, be directed to notify each member of the club to send a written expression of opinion and instruction as to the future conduct of the club, in respect to continuing or disbanding the club, and that Mr. Madison be requested to act as Secretary until that time."

After some discussion it was agreed that proxies would be recognized. Mr. Avent opposed the resolution, and in substance stated that Mr. Madison had repeatedly declined to continue in office or in the membership of the club; that if the resolution was passed and Mr. Madison thereby conntinued in office till the Chicago show, it would put the club at his mercy. He had received several letters, he said, informing him that Mr. Madison was inimical to the club's interests.

Prof. Osthaus held that it would give all the members a fair chance to express their opinions and thus the wishes of the majority could be ascertained.

Mr. Stafford explained that 13 out of the 15 Board of Governors were represented at the meeting in person or by proxy, and that the Board comprised nearly all the club members.

Mr. King said action should be taken at the present meeting, and that if the club was to stay together, it was an oversight to leave it without a permanent secretary.

Mr. Stafford explained that there was money coming into the club's treasury, and there should be a proper officer to care for it.

A canvas showed the voting force as follows:

Mr. C. E. Buckle held the proxies of Messrs. Rowland, Adams, Madison, Freeman and Hulman.

Mr. J. M. Avent held the proxies of Messrs. Harris, James and Essig. Mr. W. B. Stafford held the proxy of Mr. Seale.

On Prof. Osthaus' resolution, Mr. Buckle voted his own and his proxies for it. With Prof. Osthaus' vote there were seven for it. Against it were Messrs. Mundy, King, Avent, and his three proxies. Mr. Stafford voted his proxy against it, which made seven against it. The chair announced a tie vote and recorded his vote against it and declared the resolution lost.

Mr. Madison's resignation was next considered. Mr. Avent moved that it be accepted with regrets. Carried.

The election of a new secretary was announced as next in order. Mr. Avent nominated M. Stafford. Prof. Osthaus and Mr. Buckle announced that they would refrain from voting in this election. Mr. Stafford resigned the chair to Mr. Avent. Mr. King moved that the secretary pro tem. cast a ballot for Mr. Stafford. It was so done. The vote was Messrs. King, Mundy, Avent, and by proxy, Messrs. Harris, Seale, James, and Essig, seven in all.

Mr. Stafford then resumed the chair. He asked if there were any other withdrawals. He said that there was a rumor that several members would withdraw. Mr. Buckle said that if any resigations had been sent in, they were probably in the former secretary's hands, and would be turned in in proper time, with the books, and would be acted on in proper order.

The chair then suggested that a motion was in order that Mr. Madison be notified to turn over the books and papers to the new secretary. Prof. Osthaus held that such motion would be needlessly offensive and that he felt sure that Mr. Madison would turn over the books, etc., in good time. It was explained that Mr. Madison delayed his resignation to Feb. 15, so that he would have time to close up the club's books before turning them over to his successor.

It was moved by Prof. Osthaus, seconded by Mr. Avent, that a vote of thanks be extended by the club to Mr. Madison for the many services rendered since the organization of the club, and to express the sincere regret of every member at Mr. Madison's withdrawal from the club. Carried.

Mr. Avent made a motion that Mr. H. Hulman, Jr., be appinted on the committee on selecting judges, etc., vice Mr. Madison. Carried.

Mr. Avent made a motion that Mr. Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, be appointed a member of the committee on grounds for chicken trials, vice Madison, carried.

On motion of Mr. King, Mr. Stafford was appointed on the committee on grounds of trials A.

The following list of members, proposed by Mr. Avent, were elected. It was proposed to elect them in a lump. Mr. Stafford suggested that some one might wish to cast a black ball, and that it was better to ballot on them one at a time. Prof. Osthaus explained that he did not desire to blackball anyone, and would refrain from voting. Mr. Stafford then asked if he desired to black ball anyone. Mr. Buckle said he did not and would not vote, but asked Mr. Stafford why he did not ask the others the same question. They were then elected as follows: Frank P. Johnson, F. W. Denison, J. J. Odum, Geo. Ubanks, and G. Chisholm, all of Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. Avent, as one of the committee on grounds of trials B, announced that the arrangements with the land owners, represented by Dr. Crump, of West Point, Miss., had been made and the contract signed, at a nominal rental of $75, which was to be used for protecting the grounds.

It was carried, on motion of Mr. Avent, that Mr. Stafford call on Mr. Madison on Feb. 15, to get the club's books, etc., and to obtain from him such suggestion and information as he would give the club.

On motion of Mr. Avent it was carried "that the secratary be instructed to advertise the stables of the chicken trials and state that the club reserves the right to declare the stakes off immediately after the entries close if it considers it advisable to do so." Adjourned. B. WATERS.

DOG CHAT

The following is the correct number of entries received for the W. K. C. show: Mastiffs, 14; St. Bernards, 148; bloodhounds, 11; great danes, 29; Newfoundlands, 7; Russian wolfhounds, 22; deer hounds, 3; greyhounds, 38; foxhounds, 15; retrievers 2; Cheaspeake Bay dogs, 6; pointers, 111; English setters, 102; Irish setters, 77; Gordon setters, 48; spaniels, 123; collies, 38; old English sheepdogs, 9; poodles, 77; bull dogs, 60; bull terriers, 80; Boston terreirs, 31; basset hounds, 4; dachshunds, 42; beagles, 54; fox, 143; Irish, 51; black and tans 19; white English terriers, 9; Dandie Dinmont terriers, 11; Bedlington terriers, 6; Scottish terriers 46; Skye terriers, 9; Yorkshire terriers, 29; toy terriers, 2; pugs, 8; toy spaniels, 39; Italian greyhounds, 8; schipperkes, 6; miscellaneous, 8; total, 1605. The duplicate entries number 205, leaving the management to tackle the questions of benching 1,400 dogs as aganist last year. In comparing he above entries with those of former years, from a fancy point of view, too much reliance must not be placed on mere numbers. Take English setters for instance, there were 235 shown in 1880, but it is safe to say the 102 entered this year are not worth the whole crowd as far as quality and type go. The continual steady advance in the bull dog must be gratifying to the progressive club that controls this special fancy. These bullterriers, also through their inherent good qualities, but without the aid of a specialty club, roll up an entry far ahead of former years. The same applies to "Scotties," evidently the coming breed in rough terriesrs, while Irish terriers, with 51 entries, show a very commendable advance since the four of 1885. There is a woeful falling off in pugs that is difficult to account for, but to offset this the toy spaniels have made a decided jump. Russian wolfhounds do not seem to carry out their promise of popular favor, and St. Bernards also show a falling off this year, but we trust the quality of the home bred ones will make up for this. Greyhounds seem to hold their own, and the quality is expected to be excellent. Spaniels, especially field spaniels, and clumbers, seem to be coming agian, the cocker entry, but for the reason already stated elsewhere, would have doubtless been a record one; as it is, it equals last year's. Yorkshire terriesr have taken a jump in numbers entered, and it is to be hoped the quality keeps pace, but we doubt it. The advance of the poode is very noteworthy from 58 last year to 77, this speaks well for those who have done so much to bring them forward; ten years ago there were 20 shown and a mixed lot, too. Black and tan terriers do not make much headway, but the beagle judge should feel proud of the entry of 54 which is within two of a record for New York. Pointers show a falling off, and it is a question if the quality will make up for it. The setters about hold their own. The Irishmen going a little ahead of late years. The lover of a good mastiff will deplore the continued falling in the entry of this grand old breed, the drop from 69 in 1889 to 14 this year is unaccountable. Still there are lots of good mastiffs in the country. Collies show a falling off from last year, but the quality can be counted on. All that remains now is to hope for good weather and a bid gate. Where the management will put all the dogs is a question we shall see solved on Feb. 19.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer in the severe loss they have sustained through the sudden death of their eldest son. He was seventeen years old and an enthusiastic athlete, a clever horseman and a bright and promising youngman. He caught a cold last week, and this settling on his kidneys, he was seized with convulsions on Friday and died early on Sunday morning, after only two days illness. He will be buried at Babylon, L. I., next Thursday.

If the entry for the Westminster Kennel Club's Show is any indication of success then their nineteenth annual gathering will be a record one. That the club, with a $5 entry fee, is able during these depressing times to secure an entry of 1,605, shows one of two things—either the times are not so hard as they are said to be, or the kennel interests of the country are really advancing in spite of the fact that fewer field trials and shows were and are to be held during this season of 1894-5. Increased classification has a good deal to do with an increased entry and the wisdow of the W. K. C. management in putting on 33 extra classes this year is shown by the results. This is far and away a record entry for American shows, last year's entry at New York being 1,526. It is safe to conclude that if Mr. John E. Thayer and the Swiss Mountain Kennels had made entries as usual, the total would have come very near the 1,700 mark. Mr. Thayer's best bitches are busy with maternal duties, and the cause of Mrs. Smyth's absence is the dreadful accident she met with last November, and the many friends of the invincible trio who generally piloted the dogs of this kennel to victory will, sincerely sympathise with them in their disappointment.

The W K. C. Show of 1895 will be memorable in many ways, and none more so than from the fact that a very important contingent of English dogs will invade New York during the present week. With Mr. James Taylor, the English judge, came Messrs. E. S. and S. Woodiwiss two very well-known exhibitors on the other side. They arrived on the Umbria last Sunday after a very rough and cold vogaye, the ship being coated with ice when she arrived at her dock. Unfortunately the dogs belonging to the Messrs. Woodiwiss were not allowed to accompany their masters on the Umbria, and will arrive some time this week on one of the Wilson Line steamers sailing from Hull.

Members of the Bull Dog Club who were girding up their dogs to meet Mr. S. Woodwiss's strong team of bulldogs, will be disappointed to hear that his bull dogs have not been entered. The other dogs the brothers bring over will, however, serve to make competition lively for the home bred ones in greyhounds, rough and smooth collies, and bobtails, dachshunds and schipperkes. In greyhounds Mr. Sam Woodwiss enters Chestnut Wonder, a winner of 13 firsts, and the noted Real Jam, who has 16 firsts to her credit. In rough collies his Sir Hector, who is noted as the sire of the crack Great Gun, in entered in open and novice classes; in smooths he has Sedgemere Piebald, a dog he purchased recently. In old English sheepdogs he shows Washington, who has scored 9 first prizes. Mr. E. S. Woodwiss is strong in dachshunds and the struggle for honors in this breed is likely to be exciting, as he brings over the crack dog King Sol, winner of 6 firsts and four specials, Jane Austen, whose winnings are composed of "many firsts," Widgeon and Danish Belle, who has scored two first prize wins. The admirers of Schipperkes, a breed that has made little progress over here, will be able to get a line on what a really good "shipwreck" is when they see Mr Woodwiss's Stoots, who owns up to winning 23 firsts. We trust that Messrs. Woodwiss's plucky venture is but a forerunner of future of International competitions which will do much to keep the game alive.

Lovers of dogs who have in years past been charmed with the late J. M. Tracy's portraits and pictures of dogs in the field, should remember that the sale of the collection that he left at his death will take place on the evenings of Feb. 20 and 21, at 8 P. M., at the Fifth avenue auction rooms, 238 Fifth avenue, New York. The collection includes finished oil paintings and studies in black and white of most of the celebrated pointers and setters from Gladstone down to Prince Lucifer and Duke of Hessen. There are also pictures showing scenes in the field, and the large canvas, "Candidates for the Horse Show," and Chesapeake Bay dog retrieving a wild goose, are works of the first order. Several genre pictures are extremely attractive, especially "The Orphans," a little girl feeding two lambs from a milk bottle. "Snipe Shooting," "Woodcock Shooting," etc.

The friends of Mr. Edwin Booth who has been spending most of the winter at his old home in Hull, Yorkshire, will be interested to hear that he returns on the Wilson Line Steamer Galileo, which should arrive on the 16th or 17. Probably the Woodiwiss team will come on the same vessel. Mr. Booth brings over a crack St. Bernard that will be sure to create a stir in St. Bernard circles. This is Duke of Lincoln, sire of Duke of Lincoln II. another big winner. Duke of Lincoln has won 45 first prizes, and specials and is counted by some of the foremost judges as the best rough dog in England. He is a large dog, standing 35 inches high, and weighing 209 pounds



THE TRACY PAINTINGS—"SNIPE SHOOTING," No. 34.

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Unlike most large dogs his legs are perfect, and he moves as active as a terrier. From press notices we have seen, his head is a strong feature in his favor, shape and markings are said to come as near perfection as we can hope for.

The mail vote for Associate Members' Officers of the A. K. C for 1895 resulted as follows: President, H. B. Cromwell, Vice-President, Edward Brooks; Secretary, A. C. Wilmerding; Delegates to A. K. C, H. T. Foote, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., A. C. Wilmerding.

SOUTHERN F. T. CLUB'S TRIALS.

The trials of the Southern Field Trial Club were brought to an abrupt termination by bad weather, the worst that any club has experienced since the trials at Vincennes, Ind., in 1880, which were also stopped by wintry weather. On Monday night heavy rains set in, which continued until the afternoon of Wednesday. Then in the night the weather suddenly turned cold. There was a cold slide from the North Pole. The thermometer about Thursday morning registered about zero. There was a strong, cold wind blowing steadily; the ground was frozen hard and covered with patches of snow. Everything, so far as weather was concerned, was unfavorable for the trials. The birds were scarce, far too scarce for satisfactory work. A start was out of the question.

A petition was signed by all those interested in the All Age Stakes, excepting Mr. J. M. Avent, who refused to sign it, the purpose of which was that the stake be declared off for the reasons afore mentioned. Owing to Mr. Avent's annoying refusal, the club disliked to declare the stake off. It preferred to have a unanimous agreement to that effect. Toward night, the bad weather still prevailing, the club took the matter into its own hands, and declared the stake off and divided the purse pro rata amongst the starters, each one getting $29 and a few cents. They based their action on a clause of the rules which reads as follows: "All stakes shall be run to a finish if possible. If not possible, the judges may select the winners according to work done."

The judges were Dr. M. F. Rogers, Messrs. T. M. Brumby, the Secretary, and John D. King, of Jackson, Tenn. They were quite accurate in their decisions, but, in conducting the competition, they permitted the handlers to drift wide apart many times, and there was often too much hurry.

On Tuesday night, Feb. 6, the club held its regular annual meeting, and inaugurated new stakes, pointer stakes, a welcome addition to the pointer interests. The old officers were re-elected, namely, President, Maj. J. W. Renfroe; First Vice-President, Capt. Pat Henry; Second Vice-President, Dr. M. F. Rogers; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. T. M. Brumby. The first Monday of February, 1896, was selected for the commencement of the next trials. The place of holding them will be determined later, but will be held at either New Albany or West Point, Miss.

The stakes are as follows:

Setter Derby, $450, divided into four prizes, $200, $125, $75, and $50. First forfeit $10, payable Aug. 1; second forfeit, $10, Nov. 1; $5 to start.

All Age Setter Stake, $400. Four prizes, first, $160; second, $120; third, $80; fourth, $40. First forfeit, Oct. 1, $10; second forfeit, Dec. 1, $10, and $5 to start.

Pointer Derby, $250. Four prizes, $100, $75, $50 and $25. The club agrees that if 25 entries will enter and pay second forfeit, it will increase the stake to the same value as the Setter Derby. The All Age Pointer Stake is of the same value as offered in the Pointer Derby with the same conditions, excepting time of entry and payment of forfeits, which are made the same as in the All Age Setter Stake.

The trials began on Feb. 5, at New Albany, Miss., and the same grounds were used as in previous years. The club shows most commendable energy in providing for the extra stakes for the pointers, and deserves the heartiest support. The club has striven earnestly to make a fair and equitable competition, without fear or favor, and it has succeeded in doing so, beside being in the van in field trial progress. In my opinion the club did wisely in cutting down the amount of its stakes. All clubs have been giving greater prizes than they could afford. It is much better to have clubs giving sure trials year after year than it is to give one trial at a loss and then quit, owing to too large prizes. The large prizes, therefore, make the competition too intensely professional.

THE DERBY.

The extremes of field trial competition, the very ordinary performance and the high class, were exhibited in the Derby.

But of the winners it can be said truly that they ran a well-sustained and superior race from start to finish, and, so far as natural qualities are concerned, their abilities were of an exceedingly high order.

Tony Boy, the winner of first, was the victor in an unusually hot competition. It took sound work and good finish to defeat his competitors. His excellent abilities to find and point were very closely pressed by both Tony's Gale and Delhi, but, in earnest work to the gun, he easily surpassed them. He ranges fast and wide, always keeping his handler's whereabouts in mind as a point to guide his range by. In beating out his ground, he showed excellent judgment. He stays out at his work without any urging. His locating and pointing are quick, accurate and sharp. His style in action and on point is pleasing. No better puppy has appeared in many a year. He has constantly improved from the beginning of the season, and is running better now than ever before.

Tony's Gale, second, is a dog of exceptionally high class field capabilities. A diligent, fast ranger; intelligent and successful in seeking; quick, stylish and accurate in his point work, he was a close competitor for first honors. He covered a great deal of ground, and displayed excellent judgment at all times. While he did not self-hunt, he did not work pleasantly to the gun, or, to express it more specifically, he handled hard. He is, nevertheless, a dog of very superior capabilities.

Delhi, third, is famous as the winner of first honors in both Derby and All Age Pointers, at West Point. He contested closely the honors for first. His failure was not in that he could not have done better, for he has most excellent capabilities, but in being sometimes disobedient and in some instances deficient in stanchness. He seemed to be impatient if held too long, on point, and did not care to honor his competitor's point at all times as he should have done to show finished work. At other times, he was perfectly reliable, whether on point or back. These faults are easily corrected. They are mere matters of training. With such a high-spirited dog, it requires time to complete his education to the gun. Both Delhi and Tippoo showed qualities in striking contrast to those of the pointers of a few years ago. The old time pointer was slow. He was disposed to potter and frequently was a loafer, or he would work a while and loaf a while. He was lacking in self-assertion and would much prefer to watch his companion or trail behind than to take the lead. Delhi goes at his birds with perfect confidence, and without any of the old time slovenliness. He stays out industriously at his work and covers a deal of ground. With more experience, his work to the gun will greatly improve, as will that, too, of Tippoo, a dog with most excellent natural abilities, which with more training will put him in the front flight, be the same setters or pointers. Seldom have the three winners in a Derby been of such genuine merit. In finding, ranging, bird sense, judgment and speed, Delhi was quite up with the best. His faults were chiefly faults of discipline.

The stamina of all the winners was not at any time lessened by the work required. They appeared quite as fresh and industrious at the last moment of the work as at the first, and some of their work was done in most unfavorable weather.

The drawing was as follows:

Avent and Thayer's black, white and tan bitch Cynosure Roderigo-Norah II.; with P. Lorrilard, Jr's., black, white and tan bitch Poloma, Eugene T.-Lou; Joe Tucker, handler.

Maj. J. W. Renfroe's black, white and tan dog Joe Cummings, Antonio-Picaola, W. W. Titus, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Tom Beggs, Antonio-Ruby's Girl, D. E. Rose, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Delhi, Rip Rap-Queen II., C. E. Buckle, handler, with Bryson and Bedford's white, black and tan bitch, Ida B. Tremont-Leda, C. A. Galloway, handler.

Fox and Seiler's black, white and tan dog Tony's Gale, Antonio-Nellie, G. J. H. Johnson, handler, with Pierre Lorillard Jr's. black, white and tan dog Shad, Eugene T.-Lou, Joe Tucker, handler.

Avent and Thayer's black, white and tan bitch Clementine, Roderigo-Norah II., J. M. Avent, handler, with Jackson-Denmark Kennels' lemon and white bitch Lady Clare, Prince Lucifer-Clare, T. Bond, handler.

N. T. Harris's black, white and tan dog Tony Boy, Antonio-Laundress, D. E. Rose, handler, with Patrick Henry's liver and white dog Mars, De Soto Roy-Gladstone's Girl, C. A. Galloway, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Tippoo, Rip Rap-Monterey, C. E. Buckle, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch, Lady Mildred, Antonio-Ruby's Girl, D. E. Rose, handler.

This stake was for all setter and pointer puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1893. First prize, $250; second prize, $20; third prize, $150.

MONDAY.

A late start was made owing to the drawing taking place in the morning, and the time required to appoint two judges in place of Messrs. J. Williams and W. Wilson, who were absent. The latter had gone farther South to seek health, he having had an attack of pneumonia. Dr. M. F. Rogers and Mr. J. M. Brumby were appointed to serve instead.

It was at first decided to leave the choice of judges to the handlers, but, immediately, among them there was wire pulling for and against available judges. Messrs. Avent, Bond and Gilliam lodged a protest with the club against a certain party as judge. The handlers could not agree unanimously on any one. Finally, the club did what it should have done at first, namely, appoint its own judges.

The competition was very sloppy. Birds were scarce, which undoubtedly contributed to the lightness of the work, but such work as there was, was inferior, excepting the work of Joe Cummings, Delhi, Tony's Gale, Tony Boy and Lady Mildred; the rest of it was extremely poor.

There was more changing of courses, and the consequent perplexing of handlers, than was necessary in skillfully conducting the competition. To arrange the course so that the heats will be run smoothy and progressively is quite an art in itself. In several heats the handlers were mounted, which occasioned much rushing and uncertain work. The walking, however, was muddy, and the handlers had petitioned for permission to ride.

Cynosure-Poloma.—The heat began at 9.49, and was a poor one. The handlers were mounted, the grounds being very muddy. But in nearly every heat wherein the handlers were mounted, they rode too fast, became widely separated, thus rendering the judging difficult. Poloma pointed a bevy in sedge and Cynosure backed; the former moved on to locate and Cynosure moving forward and to one side, flushed two outlying birds, then the bevy flushed. Both were steady to shot. The birds were followed. Poloma made two good points, Cynosure one. The latter was heavy in his stride and worked out the ground irregularly. Poloma was the wider ranger and showed more judgment in beating out the ground. The heat ended at 10.27, Poloma out of sight at the time, which was a mistake, as both dogs should always be in sight when a heat is declared ended. Poloma was found in sedge, ahead in the course, pointing a bevy a few moments after the dogs were ordered up.

Joe Cummings-Tom Beggs.—They started at 10.34. Tom showed a liking for pointing on false scent and pottered sometimes. Both had good speed. Joe maintained the more uniform pace and range. They were cast off at 10.34, and ran till 11.14. Joe pointed a bevy well among a number of field larks, in open sedge. Sent on, both pointed the foot scent of the bevy. Joe pointed the scattered birds, and Tom made two flushes. Joe had much the better of the heat in every way.

Delhi-Ida B.—They started at 11.19, and ran nineteen minutes, when the running was suspended for lunch.

The lunch was taken at Capt. Byas' place, same as in years past. The way in which the eatables disappeared was the best testimony to good food and good appetites.

At 1.13, the heat was resumed. Ida was ranging in the open field a short distance from the edge of woods. A bevy flushed and went in the same direction in which she was going. Some said she flushed it and chased, others said that the bevy flushed wild, and went in the same direction as the bitch. While she was running fast, yet she did not appear to be chasing. On a single bird Delhi made a good point, which he held sometime till his handler walked almost up to him, when he wilfully jumped in and flushed. Then he remained steady. Many seemed to think that it was an unpardonable offense. As he exhibited it, it was much less serious than a false point, since it was a mere matter of discipline to correct him. Delhi next pointed in sedge, and his handler said that the bevy flushed when he called point. Delhi roaded accurately and carefully on the trail of a running bird. He got a little too close on it and flushed it. He had a wide range, good speed and judgment. He was a bit disobedient. Ida made an ordianary showing.

Tony's Gale-Shad.—They started at 1.56. On scattered birds of a bevy flushed by horsemen, Shad made a good point. He was unsteady to shot. In open sedge, Tony pointed, Shad backed; nothing found. Tony next took a long cast and pointed and found a bevy. Sent on. He pointed soon another bevy and Shad backed. He took a cast and got a point on a single bird. He ran by far the best heat, and had much the better of Shad in every respect. There was a good deal of swift work in this heat owing to the handlers being mounted. Up at 2.39.

Clementina-Lady Clare.—Off at 2.43. Lady pointed, and a single bird flew from the branches of an oak tree overhead. Whether she pointed it or not no one could say. Some scattered birds were flushed closely, and it is more probable that she pointed it on footscent, or perhaps stopped at a flush. A bevy was marked down in open sedge. Clementina pointed a single and Lady got a good point on the scattered birds. Both behaved well to shot. Clementina, worked off the course laid out by the judges, pointed a bevy. Up at 3.24. Clementina was the better ranger, though she pottered at times, and required urging then to make her work. She showed better speed and judgment in beating out the ground.

Tony Boy-Mars.—They began at 3.28. The handlers soon became widely scattered, and worked on different ground for some minutes. Tony took a long cast and found, and pointed a bevy nicely. Next, he made another long cast, and found another bevy. He was held some moments while Mars was being brought up. Sent on, he drew in nicely and accurately through the sedge to the bevy and pointed it. Next, working on, a bevy was marked down in open range. Tony got two good points on the scattered birds. Up at 4.03. Mars made but an ordinary showing. Tony ranged well, beat out his ground with judgment and was correct in his pointing and locating. In his longest casts he was not working out of bounds.

Tippoo-Lady Mildred.—At 4.09 they began in open sedge. Lady found and pointed a bevy in a plum thicket. Tippoo coming in pointed the same bevy. The birds had run. Both moved on and pointed the bevy. Mr. Rose objected to Tippoo roading on birds his bitch had found. The birds were followed. Tippoo pointed one and was steady to shot. Lady made a good point on a single and Tippoo at the same time close by roaded to a point on a bevy in the woods. Lady pointed a single nicely and Tippoo backed. Next, Tippoo pointed a single well, then flushed it wilfully. Next, Lady pointed scattered birds, and Tippoo drew in and flushed them. Next, the handlers, quite a distance apart, Lady pointed a bevy. She was steady to shot. Tippoo, coming up, dropped to a point on footscent. Sent on, he wheeled to a point and dropped; two birds were flushed to it. Both ranged well and beat out their ground fast and with judgment. Both showed a good knowledge and capabilities of superior point work. Tippoo displayed an excellent nose. He could follow a trail very reliably and quickly, but he was not staunch. He did not back reliably. With more work on birds, if he trains on, which from his plucky way of working, there is every indication that he will, he will make a most excellent field performer. The heat and work of the day ended at 4.53.

TUESDAY.

The weather signs were unfavorable. Frozen ground, a cloudy sky, a chilly temperature, and a thin spit of snow were not good conditions for a competition. A late start was made, later than there was occasion for, since the conditions were no better in the start than they were in the morning earlier. Birds were scarce. It required long and diligent search to find them. The point work therefore was light. The course in each heat was better arranged and managed than on the Monday. There was less going one way and another in erratic courses at short intervals.

SECOND ROUND.

Eight dogs were kept in, more by three or four than the work justified. Cynosure was withdrawn on account of sickness. She had signs of distemper. This would account for her poor work on the previous day. Several more heats were run than there was occasion for, in deciding the prizes.

Poloma-Joe Cummings.—The start, a very late one, was made at 10.30, about five miles from town. Poloma was near a bevy which flushed. On scattered birds she made a good point and was nicely backed by Joe. Next both pointed scattered birds in sedge. Up at 11.16. Joe had the better speed and range. Poloma pottered once in a while. Joe came in to his handler for orders oftener than he should.

Cynosure and Tony's Boy were next in order, but on account of the illness of the former the judges permitted her withdrawal.

Delhi-Tony's Gale.—They began at 11.14. Delhi opened the work by pointing a bevy nicely and was steady to shot. In woods, Delhi pointed; nothing found. Next he flushed a single. Sent on. Tony pointed a bevy in open weeds; Delhi refused to back, drew by and stole the point. The birds were marked down in an open cottonfield. An attempt was made to work on them, but without success, the dogs not working near enough to them to get any points. Up at 11.47. Both showed a wide range, uniform, fast speed, and diligent seeking for birds. Delhi was wilful and hard to handle. He showed excellent natural capabilities, his errors being more of discipline than otherwise. Tony also handled hard, and while he did not self-hunt, he took longer casts at times than was proper to good work to the gun.

Lady Clare-Lady Mildred.—They ran 27 minutes, beginning at 11.56. Lady Mildred was a bit awkward on a bevy that she flushed. On the scattered birds, she got a good point in a very difficult place for point work, that is in high, heavy sedge grass. While up for a few minutes, going for better ground, Lady Clare had a violent fit, and the heat then ended.

Tony Boy was run alone, 15 minutes, beginning at 12.40. He first pointed larks, next he roaded nicely to a point on a bevy in open sedge. His speed and range were excellent.

The party then went to lunch.

THIRD ROUND.

Tony's Gale and Tony Boy had both shown superiority enough to run together for second prizes. There was a useless prolonging of the contest.

Tony's Gale-Lady Mildred.—They started at 1.54. Lady pointed a bevy. Gale pointed. Nothing found. In woods, Lady pointed a single, then chased it. Gale pointed a single well, and Lady backed. Sent on. Lady flushed a single. Gale was lost some minutes in woods. On a marked bevy, Lady flushed an outlying single bird, and Tony's Gale pointed nicely the remaining birds. The birds were followed and Lady made a point on some of them. At the same time, Gale had taken a cast about 200 yards away in the open weed field, and pointed a bevy. He held his point steadily and well till his handler went up to him. Up at 2.30. Tony was hard to handle when ranging, but showed judgment in beating out his ground, and excellent skill in his point work. Lady's work in this heat was ordinary.

Tony Boy-Delhi.—They started at 2.35. Delhi made two points and Tony Boy one, and nothing was found to them. Delhi took a cast and pointed a bevy well, and it flushed wild to his point Working for the scattered birds, Tony pointed; Delhi backed; nothing found. Delhi took a cast to a sassafras thicket; a bevy was seen to flush from it. Whether Delhi flushed it, or whether it flushed wild from his point, or what not will never be known. In the meantime Tony had pointed a bevy and was mildly unsteady to wing. Next, Tony pointed scattered irds. Delhi flushed a single and next pointed scattered birds. Tony was nearby and made a not wholly certain point on some remaining birds. Up at 3.22. Delhi was a bit headstrong and handled hard. Tony ranged nicely and beat out his ground with excellent judgment. Both kept up a uniform fast pace and they covered a deal of ground.

FINAL.

Tony Boy-Tony's Gale, descendants of the same sire, began the final competition for first honors at 3.29. Tony Boy dropped to a point in sedge, and Tony's Gale backed, or they backed each other, probably the latter. There was nothing found. Both standing besi e a plum thicket, pointed a bevy. The birds were followed. Tony Boy dropped to a single bird which flushed wild a moment afterward. Tony Boy flushed a single. Up at 3.38. Both were superior workers in every respect, though Tony's Gale handled hard at times. Tony Boy worked prettily and easily to the gun.

The judges soon announced the winners; First, Tony Boy; second, Tony's Gale; third, Delhi.

THE ALL AGE STAKES.

The All Age Stakes was begun immediately after the Derby was ended.

There were 17 starters. None of them were newcomers, all having run before in previous trials, and several of them were famous winners.

But the work of Tuesday ended the competition, for the bad weather interfered, and thus prevented further competition.

The conditions of the stake were as follows:

Open to all setters and pointers which had never won first in any recognized field trials in America. First prize, $250; second, $150; third, $100.

Following is the order of drawing:

Dr. C. W. Duke's black, white and tan dog, Acolyte, Toledo Blade-Sue II., Thos. Bond, handler, with Bedford and Bryson's black, white and tan dog Tremont, Gladstone's Boy-Speckle Gown, Capt. R. P. McCargs, handler.

Kidwell and Stoddard's black, white and tan pointer dog Tick Boy, King of Kent-Bloom, J. B. Stoddard, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s orange and white dog Gleam's Sport, Van Guard-Georgia Belle, A. P. Gilliam, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog Tory Topaz, Count Gladstone IV.-Tory Diamond, J. M. Avent, handler, with Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s orange and white bitch Ightfield Rosalie, Fred-Rosa, Joe Tucker, handler.

Jackson-Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Lillian Russell, Phillip Gladstone-Lou G., T. Bond, handler, with Major J. R. Purcell's black and white pointer bitch Lady Margaret, Dick Swiveler-Countless Bang, owner, handler.

W. W. Titus, black, white and tan bitch Minnie T., Dick Bondhu-Bettie B., owner, handler, with Avent and Thayer's black, white and tan dog Topsy's Rod, Roderigo-Topsy Avent, J. M. Avent, handler.

Maj. J. R. Purcell's black and white pointer dog Cid, Duke of Hessen-Barmaid, owner, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels

black, white and tan bitch Allene, Gath's Mark-Ruby's Girl, D. E. Rose, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s black and white dog Gleam's Pink, Van Guard-Georgia Belle, A. P. Gilliam, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Blue Ridge Mark, Gath's Mark-Ollie T., D. E. Rose, handler.

Maj. J. R. Purcell's liver and white pointer dog St. Baise, Guy-Lady Spotswood, owner, handler, with M. T. Harris' black, white and Tan dog Tony Boy, Antonio-Laundress, D. E. Rose, handler.

Dudley Schofield's black, white and tan dog Joe Bowers, De Soto-Ruth Gates, R. P. McCargs, handler, a bye.

Alcolyte-Tremont.—They started at 3.46 in the open sedge. A bevy was marked down and the dogs were worked toward it. Acolyte pointed the scattered birds in woods, and Tremont backed. A point was made by each dog in the woods in a kind of uncertain way, the birds flushing wild. Sent on. A bevy was marked down in tall grass. The handlers and dogs got in among them and the handlers succeeded in getting most of them up. The heat was a poor one. Up at 4.30. Alcolyte had the better range and speed.

Tick Boy-Gleam's Sport.—They began at 4.32. Sport pointed then drew on to a flush on the bevy inexcusably. Sent on, he carelessly ran into another bevy and flushed it. On the scattered birds Sport got two good points. Tick at the same time was working where the birds were supposed to be but were not. Tick pointed; nothing found. Sport roaded earnestly quite a distance and pointed; nothing found. Tick coming up a while afteward, pointed near the same place; nothing found; both dogs acted as if they were on the trail of birds. Tick next made several points to which nothing was found. The heat ended as darkness set in. Up at 5.17.

On the following day the stakes were divided among the starters. The selling stake was not run. B. WATERS.

Special Prizes.

Although the majority of the specials offered at Detroit are confined to local and Canadian competition, there are several which will command the attention of "outsiders." The exhibitor who enters the largest number of any one recognized breed will win $10; and he who owns the best four Scotch terriers, will pocket two fiyers also. The Detroit Citizens Street R. Co.'s is evidently not a souless corporation, for this company puts up $10 for a kennel of smooth St. Bernards, and $5 for the best Russian wolfhound. The best pointer in the show is provided with a silver cup. The field trailers are not forgotten, as an antique silver cigar box, value, $16.50 will go to the owner of the best English setter with a field trial record. For the best pair of Russian wolfhounds Mr. McMillan offers $10. The best Gordon setter in open class wins an additional $5. The Detroit Belle Isle and Windsor Ferry Co. donate $10 for the best four poodles; and Mr. Geo. Hendrie stimulates the bloodhound men by offering ten dollars for the best pair of bloodhounds. Then $10 is donated for the best pair of St. Bernards, composed of one of each sex. Irish setter breeders who own dogs with field trial records are expected to compete for a silver cup, plated. Five dollars is offered for the best St. Bernard in the show, barring Sir Belvedere. The cocker spaniel breedres will try for a stud dog prize of $5 for the best cocker dog and two of his get. Irish setters are not forgotten, as five dollars is offered for the best kennel. And the "scotties" will have a shy at a silver card case, value, $10, for the best of the breed. Canadian exhibitors of St. Bernards will have a chance to win a $60 cup for the best rough coated dog. Another cup, value, $20, is put up for best foxterrier dog or bitch from Canada and the Walkerville Brewing Co. offer a silver trophy for the best Canadian smooth coated St. Bernard.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

By a Staff Correspondent.

Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus and myself were the fortunate recipients of an invitation from Mr. W. W. Titus, to visit him at his home at Waverly, Miss., during the spare days intervening between the field trials at West Point and New Albany, Miss. We promptly accepted. The professor needed some relaxation from the incessant handling of paints and brushes, and I needed something that was an imitation of work.

Waverly is merely a station on the Southern Railway, about eleven miles east of West Point, and in the midst of one of the greatest game sections in the south. There were birds without limit. Every field had its own plentiful numbers. In one field, not great in its dimensions, Mr. Titus assured me that he had found six bevies. Forty to fifty bevies could be found in a day easily. I wouldn't mention all these good things, but for the fact that "Billy" has the shooting privileges, and therefore it would be useless to invade that particular section. Beside, in this county, the close season began on February 1st and lasted till September 15, therefore the shooting there is ended for this season. By the way, the game law is exceptionally strong in that county. The fine for an offense is a plump, arbitrary $25, of which $20 goes to the informer, and I believe each bird constitutes a separate offense. No shooting for outside markets is allowed at any time.

Mr. Titus has an ideal home for a sportsman. The house, a fine specimen of the architecture of ante bellum days, is situated on top of a gently sloping hill. Around it in every direction are the best of quail grounds. About one hundred yards from the house are the kennels and the kennel yards. The sloping side hill makes a natural drainage, and an artesian well furnishes a constant supply of fresh, good water.

Our quail shoot, made on the last day of the season, was much as other quail shoots are as to the shooting, but much unlike them as to the numbers of birds. Of the latter there was a bewildering abundance. Professor Osthaus shot a gun with barrels unusually short, 26 inches in length, something of a novelty, yet a most efficient gun in its execution.

But it is of the beagles I intended to write. Capt. James Young, whom his friends who love him call Capt. Jimmie, owned the pack. He is a brother of Capt. Billy and Major Val Young, owners of the famous Waverly pack of fox hounds. Throughout the land where fox hunters dwell, their names are household words. They and Mr. Titus are near neighbors, and were it not for the difference in names, they would be taken for brothers, so kindly is their social intercourse, and so generous are they in loaning to each other horses, saddles and other belongings.

They wished to make the stay of the stranger a pleasant one. So they arranged a rabbit hunt. It was planned that Capt. Jimmie and his pack would be pressed into service, or rather Capt. Billy was to call for him in the morning. There were six of us, Mr. J. T. Mayfield, joining the party, and there were but three guns. With the kindness so common in the South, every circumstance was so arranged as to give the visitors the sport.

There were seven beagles in the pack, most of them heavy with maternal possibilities. There were thickets surrounded by sedge and cotton fields. There was a scared little rabbit pursued by a pack of relentless little devils in full cry. As the rabbit passed Mr. Mayfield in the open cotton field he fired. The rabbit passed on. Next he faced death about fifteen yards from me. I looked calmly at him and felt sorry for him, for I was about to inflict sudden death. It is easy to kill a rabbit. This one was running very fast. By this time he was near a fence. It was time to accumulate him. I fired. The rabbit then was on the other side of the fence. We then looked for fur. When a fellow doesn't find the rabbit where he should have died, he looks for fur. The fur being found, the onus of the miss lies entirely with the rabbit. Mr. Titus found some fur and that settled it that the rabbit should have been shot. In the meantime, Prof. Osthaus' gun gave a hoarse, rude roar, and the rabbit was his. And so the sport went on. The voices of the beagles were, every few minutes, in eager cry after a fleeing victim. The result of the morning's sport was eight rabbits, of which Prof. Osthaus bagged three; Mr. Mayfield, two; Mr. Titus, one; myself, one, which ran inadvertently in the way, and the dogs caught one.

It is truly merry sport, full of swift action and ringing cry. It has all the features of a miniature fox chase, the cry nearby gradually diying away, then faintly heard in the distance, the voices growing louder gradually as the pack returns, till at last the full notes can be plainly heard again.

It was a great morning's sport, most interesting in itself, but rendered doubly so by charming companionship.

Professor Edm. H. Osthaus, who was in attendance at the trials at New Albany, left for Escambia, Fla., where he will enjoy the winter shooting and balmy climate. He has a lot of painting to do between times, or rather he has a lot of work to do and will shoot between times. At New Albany, he painted most life-like portraits of Delhi, Lillian Russell and Alcolyte, beside several other portraits in black and white.

The celebrated field trial handler, C. Tucker, was reported very ill at his home in Stanton, Tenn. He was suffering from a very severe attack of typhoid fever.

Mr. J. N. Seale, Division Superintendent of the M. & O. R. R., intended to visit the trials at New Albany, but was prevented by important business matters from so doing.

Mr. P. H. Bryson has not lost any of his old enthusiasm in a competition of good dogs. He came from St. Louis, his new home, to attend the trials at New Albany. With him came Mr. Whyte Bedford.

Maj. J. W. Renfroe, the President of the club, was also in attendance. He speaks in terms of praise of Seattle, Wash., where he will remain until the last of the present administration. His fine dog, Gleam II., a dog of grand style and some bird sense, a good, pleasing performer, went lame most unaccountably before the trials and for that reason he could not compete creditably, so was not entered. It was a great disappointment to him.

Mr. Spears, of Byhalia, a gentleman of renown in hunting circles, was present with a pack of his hounds. But the weather at New Albany was so severe, that all the chases were conducted at the fireside. There seemed to be a number of packs, each of which was the best. Mr. Spears, Capt. McCargs, Maj. Purcell, and Mr. Avent, were more enthusiastic in fox chasing than in setters and pointers. B. WATERS.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Count Noble Boy.—By H. S. Roberts, Providence, R. I., for Gordon setter dog, whelped May 23, by Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle), out of Lady Maud (Ranger B.—Countess Whip).

Snow Gladstone.—By Mrs. R. Von Ohl, Jobstown, N. J., for all white English setter dog, whelped Jan. 17, by Ch. Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), out of Mabel Petrel (Noble Petrel—Ruby II.)

Queen of the Fields.—By R. Von Ohl, Jobstown, N. J., for black, white and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped Dec. 4, 1894, by Ch. Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), out of Blanche Petrel (Noble Petrel—Ruby II.)

Little Joe M.—By R. Von Ohl, Jobstown, N. J., for white, with black ears, English setter dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1894, by Ch. Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), out of Blanche Petrel (Noble Petrel—Ruby II.)

Percy C.—By J. C. Maull, Camden, N. J., for white, with black ears, English setter dog, whelped Dec. 4, 1894, by Ch. Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), out of Blanche Petrel (Noble Petrel—Ruby II.)

Virginia of Virginia.—By J. C. Maull, Camden, N. J., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Dec. 4, 1894, by Ch. Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue), out of Blanche Petrel (Noble Petrel—Ruby II.)

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Music—Raffler.—H. F. Schellhass's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) beagle bitch Music to James Mortimer's (Agent) Raffler (Ch. Ringwood—Ch. Lonely), Dec. 5, 1894.

Nellie G.—Inspector.—H. A. Kerby's (Providence, R I.), English setter bitch Nellie G. (Breeze Gladstone—Lady Snowflake), to Tallman and Wheeler's Inspector (Rowdy Rod—Spectre), Jan. 14

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Blanche Petrel.—J. C. Maull's (Camden, N. J.), English setter bitch Blanche Petrel (Noble Petrel—Ruby II), Dec 4, four (two dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Champion Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone—Sue).

Mabel Petrel.—R. Von Ohl's (Jobstown, N. J.), English setter bitch Mabel Petrel (Noble Petrel—Ruby II.), Jan. 11, eight (five dogs), by F. G. Taylor's Ch. Breeze Gladstone (Gladstone Sue).

Blemton Dulcie.—Andrew Hopper's (Nyack, N. Y.), fox-terrier bitch Blemton Dulcie (Blemton Victor II.—Blemton Duchess), Jan. 17, four (one dog), by owner's Beverwyck Dobbin (Dobbin—Beverwyck Moonray).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

Forest Noble.—Gordon setter dog by Count Noble, out of Maud Noble, by Miss S. A. Nickerson's (Providence, R. I.), to George Munroe (Providence, R. I.)

Cute.—Gordon setter bitch, whelped May 23, 1894, by Count Noble, out of Lady Maud, by Miss S. A. Nickerson, Providence R. I., to Mrs. Forest F. Tebbetts, Providence, R. I.

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Butterflies and Moths.

"Butterflies and Moths" (British) is the second volume of Longmans, Green & Company's "Outdoor World" Library. It is illustrated with twelve colored plates, as well as numerous illustrations in the text, all of which must be very instructive to the lepidopterist. The chapter on catching butterflies and moths is a revelation to the lay reader, who is not previously aware of the subtleties of the art.—Adv.

The Florida Hill Country.

We have received from the Florida Central and Peninsular R R., Jacksonville, Fla., a handsome pamphlet descriptive of the "Features of the Hill Country of Florida." The Hill Country is in the northwestern part of the State, about Tallahassee. From the views given in the book it is a country of surpassing beauty, and it is, moreover, an interesting section for sportsmen on account of its unsurpassed fishing and shooting.—Adv.

A. S. Comstock's Protean Tent Catalogue for 1895 is out.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

Feb. 5-7.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two first days, targets; last day, live birds. Open to all. Send for programmes to E. D. Fulford or H. L. Gates.

Feb. 7—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—First match of the Class-Morfy series.

Feb 11, 12.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Winter tournament of the Hot Springs Gun Club; targets. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec.

Feb. 12.—WILLARD PARK, N. J.—Second match of the Class-Morfey series.

Feb. 13.—YARDVILLE, N. J.—Live bird handicap at Chas. Zwirlin's; 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra.

Feb. 15, 16.—ROME, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rome, N. Y., Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Feb. 19.— .—Third match of the Class-Morfey series.

Feb. 19, 20, 21.—MARION, N. J.—Elliott Fulford Series of three races; 100 birds, $100 a side.

Feb. 22.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the North Side Gun Club; handicap target shoot.

Feb. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—First tournament of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, of the series of 1895, under the auspices of the West End Gun Club. Henry A. Kratz, Sec.

Feb. 22.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club; targets. O. L. Yeomans, Sec., Orange, N. J.

Feb. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Second bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Events open to all.

March 5-7.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Three-days' tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; first two days targets, last day live birds. Wm. H. Huck, Sec.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added. All ties in Grand American Handicap must be shot off; three moneys, three high guns.

April 3.—ASTOR HOUSE, New York.—Trapshooters' Convention, adjourned meeting; 8:30 P. M.

April 8-10.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready March 1. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec.

April 9-11.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Three days' tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club.

May 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; New Jersey Trap Shooters' League events commence at 2 P. M. Rob't. Chetwood, Prest.

May 7-10.—CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Dupont tournament at Cincinnati. Liberal cash prizes added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, agent.

May 10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec.

May 9-10.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

May 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and P. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec., 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec., Kansas City.

May 21-24.—KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-days' tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House June 4.

June 11-14.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec.

June 25-26.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec., Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

Control of Trap-Shooting.

In a few weeks the work of the committee appointed at the Astor House meeting on Jan. 24, will be ready for the trap shooting public to criticize. That commtitee has about completed its labors so far as drafting a constitution for the proposed organization is concerned. The rough draft has been laid before competent counsel for an opinion, and it is possible that a few additions may be made to it at the next meeting of the committee, which takes place on Friday, Feb. 15.

There will unquestionably be much criticism, a good deal of it probably adverse criticism. The subject is one on which there is, in the details at least, a great variety of opinion. There is, however, no possibility of any difference of opinion arising in regard to the necessity of something being done to further the best interests of the sport of trap shooting. Contests among club members, for club badges, etc., soon fail to excite more than ordinary interest. Those members who are always at the top of the list naturally hunt about for new fields to conquer. But the tournaments of the present day do not satisfy them; and why? Is there not something in those tournaments, something for which under the present rules the management is not wholly responsible? Is it not possible that by concerted movement, by united action, that something might be rendered innocuous?

It would be no small inducement to shooters to go to a tour-

nament given by a club which was a member of the National Organization, if the fact that the tournament which was being given under such auspices was a guarantee that all the unpleasant features of many modern tournaments would be absent. The sport would then become more of a sport, and less of a machine for the annexing of other people's coin.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Buffalo has another gun club. On Thursday, Feb. 7, a new club was organized under the title of "The Keystone Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y.," The following is a list of the club's officers for its first year: President, E. Indenbitzen; Vice-President, O. V. J. Samson; Secretary, L. D. Kinney; Treasurer. W. J. Sulley; Captain, S. Duley; Official Scorer, J. Dugan.

Neaf Apgar and Aaron Woodruff, both well-known pigeon shots of this section, are booked to shoot a race at 100 live birds on Feb. 26, at Fanwood, N. J. Neaf Apgar, by the way, has severed his connection with Henry C. Squires & Son, and has gone into the shell loading business on his own account. He can now always be found at the store of the W. Fred Quimby Co., 294 Broadway, that being his place of business.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Interstate Association has made arrangements for the giving of a tournament at Wilmington, N. C., May 9 and 10, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association. Elmer E. Shaner, Manager I. M. and D. A.

There is some talk of another gun club, devoted exclusively to the smashing of targets, being organized by some New Yorkers. The club is to have its grounds at West Farms, N. Y., and to be quite exclusive.

The organization of the Greenville Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., has been thorough and successful. The club has secured certain lands on the New York Bay shore, suitably situated between Linden and Chapel avenues, and proposes to hold its initial shoot there on or about March 1. The erection of a commodious club house is now under discussion. The following is a list of its officers: President, R. Duff; Secretary, W. C. Collins; Treasurer, J. J. Hill.

Mr. W. L. Colville, late of the Baker Gun Co., of Batavia, N. Y., writes as follows: "My engagement with the Baker Gun Co. terminates March 1, 1895. So far I have not made any arrangements to represent any other company, and may not therefore visit the trade this season unless matters shape themselves to the contrary." In regard to the above, Mr. E. L. Baker, President of the company, writes that his company has "dispensed with Mr. Colville's services not because they were unsatisfactory, but simply that we have so many orders on hand that we can see no need of keeping a traveling man on the road."

The friends of Sim Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., have made arrangements for that gentleman to shoot Capt. Brewer five different races at targets and live birds, each match for $50 a side. These matches are not to come off before May.

Next week Elliott and Fulford will try conclusions at Marion, N. J., in three 100 bird races shot on three consecutive days, Feb, 19, 20, 21. Both men are shooting in good form, and speculation on the result is about even. Elliott's work since he came East has made him a number of friends.

New fixtures this week are as follows: All day shoot of the White Plains, N. Y., Gun Club, Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday. The shooting, which commences at 10, will be at targets. R. S. Waddell, general agent in the Central States for Dupont's powders, announces a tournament at Cincinnati, May 7-10. The Interstate Association, through its manager, Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburgh, Pa. gives notice that a tournament will be held at Wilmington, N. C., on May 9-10, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association. The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament will be held Aug. 20-23, not during the month of October, as previously announced.

Seth Clover, with his new trap and target, was not to be stopped by any such thing as a bilizzard and a temperature at 26 degrees below zero. Seth was duly on hand at the Utica shoot and showed the boys that what he was bragging about was worth looking at.

The following communication from Mr. Shallcross, Secretary of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., explains the change of dates for the annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsman's Association: "The committee of the Keystone Shooting League having charge of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's Tournament, that is to be held on the League grounds, at Holmesburg Junction, P. R. R. has decided to change the date of the shoot from the first week of October, as claimed, to Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 20, 21, 22d and 23d, 1895. This change was decided upon after obtaining the views of different members of the Association upon the subject, a full census of opinion showed that a better attendance could be had on the latter date than on the one originally claimed in October, as vacations would not be over, and the game season not in. It is the full intention of the Keystone Shooting League and its committee, to make this tournament a success in every sense of the word, and further, it is proposed to make the merchandise shoots particularly strong and interesting, and to further this, any donations that manufactureres or dealers may favor us with, will be duly acknowledged direct, and fully described and published in our programme and distributed direct to the sporting fraternity in all parts of the country, thereby calling direct and special attention to the goods and donors. We are also open to suggestions from any member of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association that they think will be of interest to the League. Jno. C. Shallcross, Secretary."

George Work and J. P. Knapp, both suffered defeat in two recent matches owing to conceding too great odds. Work shot a race with H. Yale Dolan, at Riverton, N. J., on Saturday, Feb 2, conceding his opponent six misses as kills. Had Work killed all his birds he would just have won, Dolan shooting ui his old form and killing 93; Work killed 96, thus losing by three birds = Knapp shot a 100 bird race at the Country Club, Westchester, N. Y., conceding his antagonist five misses as kills. The scores were, Knapp, 93; his opponent, 89; Knapp losing by one bird. This makes a new record for the Country Club; up until shortly before Christmas, Capt. Money held the record with 87 out of 100; then N. C. Reynal killed 89 in his match with Fred Hoey; Knapp has raised the record four birds by his last effort.

The following is taken from the Scranton, Pa., Republican, of Feb. 6: "Notwithstanding the bitter cold weather of yesterday, Mr. H. D. Swartz gave an exhibition in shooting at 50 pigeons on the grounds of the Green Ridge Gun Club, under the American Association rules, 30 yards rise and 50 yards boundary, in order to test his famous new, automatic "Scott Premier Gun." The following score will show how many he killed out of 50. The figure 2 denotes when he was compelled to use his second barrel. 11111211121211112222122221011112111121222222111221—49 killed. Mr. Swartz will shoot Dr. W. F. Carver, the champion wing shot of the world, a match, 100 birds each, 30 yards rise and 50 yards boundary, this coming April. Mr. Swartz has only missed one bird out of the last 75 he shot at."

The Greenwich Rod and Gun Club, of Greenwich, N. Y., formed to protect and preserve the fish and game in the vicinity of its headquarters, was incorporated at Albany, Jan. 31. The Directors are: Robert Hamilton, John F. Barber, George R. Alliger, J. Harrington Keene, Eugene Crandall, Samuel Wallace, P. A. Grimes and E. S. Newbury.

The Strathroy Gun Club, of London, Ont., has elected the following officers for 1895: President, James Mason; Vice-President, James H. Lee; Secretary, F. P. Hughes; Treasurer, L. M. De Gex; Captain, J. W. Prangley; Manager, L. H. Dempier; Executive Committee, W. Dawson, W. A. Armstrong, W. J. Seed and R. F. Richardson. The day for the weekly shoots was changed from Friday to Thursday.

Frey Hoey, although he has done some good shooting at Monte Carlo, was not placed in the Grand Prix, the main event of the meeting. First money went to an Italian, Benvenuti; two Frenchmen, Drevon and Descharmais, tieing for second place, while Calari scored 14. There were 95 entries for this event. The above is reproduced from a cable message and is given as such. In the Consolation Race, the day after the decision of the Grand Prix, Hoey won first money with 23 straight.

A report was out last week that Capt. Bogardus has died at Antsell, Ga. The captain's many friends will be glad to learn that he is alive and well at his home, Elkhart, Ills., bearing his 65 years as most people do 50. He is still willing to make matches.

Louis Duryea has recently returned from a ducking trip along the Eastern shore of Virginia. While down there he was fortunate enough to secure a male and female eider duck, right and left. The preserves of these birds so far to the south is a good proof of the severity of the weather up north.

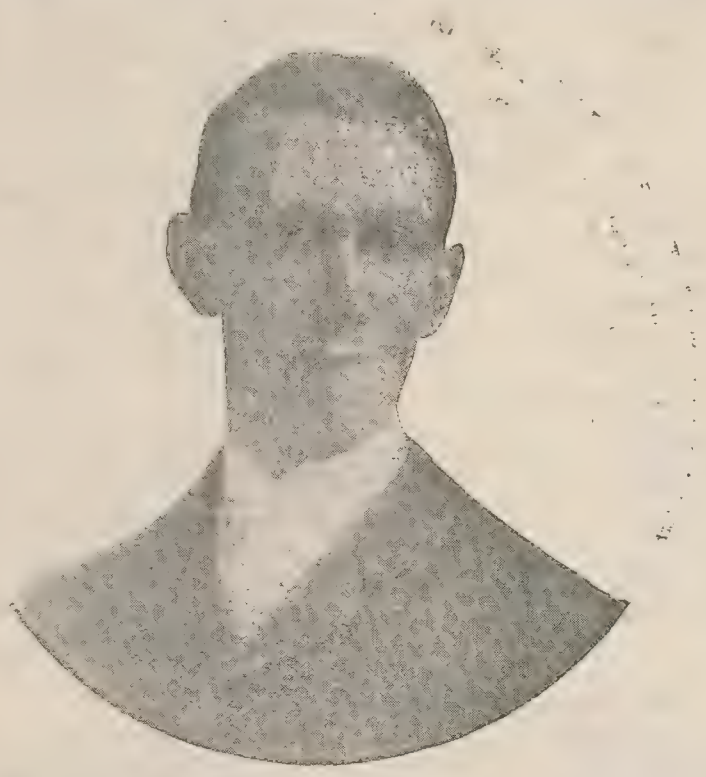
A note from Pittsburg, Pa., says that there is a probability of a series of 100 live bird races between Dr. C. M. Cundall, of Washington, Pa., and W. G. Clark, secretary of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club.

The first meeting of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League takes place on Saturday, Feb. 16, on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J.

EDWARD BANKS.

Death of Arthur E. Mead.

A brief telegram to Forest and Stream, dated Knoxville, Tenn., Feb. 9, and signed Paul North, told of the death while coasting of Arthur E. Mead, of that city. Later details are to the effect that Arthur Mead, in company with six gentlemen and two ladies, were coasting down West Cumberland street, Knoxville, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 9. It is not perfectly clear how the accident occurred, but it seems that while Mr. Mead was steering the sled in one of its runs, he suddenly lost control of the machine, the sled dashing with great force



against the sidewalk. Mr. Mead was thrown forward and his head struck a telephone pole, fracturing his skull. So serious were the injuries that he never regained consciousness, dying within 20 minutes of the occurring of the accident. Mr. Cary F. Spence, another member of the party, was thrown against the sidewalk and injured internally; it was said, however, that he would recover. The other members of the party escaped with only a few bruises.

Such in brief is the story of the accident which has robbed Knoxville of one of its best known and most popular young citizens. Mr. Mead was only 33 years old, but he was very prominent in both social and business circles. To readers of Forest and Stream he was best known as a member of that prominent Southern gun club, the gun club of Knoxville, Tenn. At the traps he was a first rate shot, a good companion and a gentleman. At the Chattanooga tournament last September, he shot through the programme but was not in good form. But that didn't worry him; he was satisfied, he said, that he'd get there some time. The records of the Knoxville Gun Club, published in a recent issue of this paper, show that he had completely recovered his form and was coming rapidly to the front when the season was closed. His average in the 'certificate shoots," of that club was the highest, but under the conditions of those contests he ranked but third.

Fond of a gun, a keen hunter, a good shot, quiet and unostentatious, the gap caused in the ranks of the Knoxville Gun Club by the death of Arthur Mead, "one of the Mead boys, of Knoxville," will remain unfilled for many a day.

Syracuse Gun Club.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 7.—The Syracuse Gun Club held its semi monthly shoot this afternoon. Seven enthusiastic sportsmen braved the elements and fought for the medals in the blizzard which was raging. The club is in a capital condition; has a large membership; a club house on University Hill; ten blue rock traps and an electric pull. The club house and traps are superintended by "Elder" Forsyth, who has everything in apple pie order. The club has a system of handicapping by which the better shots shoot at less birds than the poorer ones. Three medals are competed for, known traps, unknown angles. The figures in brackets after the shooters' names show the number of targets shot at:

Class A.

*Willard, 50	11101111101110011111111110	
	11110010111111111111111101	—41
Mann, 46	11111111110111111111111011	
	10111111111011000101	—38

Class B.

*Morris, 48	11111111111110101111111111	
	10101111111111011110101	—41
Livingston, 45	11110111111111110110111010	
	11111111111011111111	—40
Holden, 47	11111111011011011111101111	
	11101011110110111111111	—39
F Lefever, 45	11111111101111101111101110	
	01111111111101110111	—37
Hunter, 48	11010101101011111011111000	
	10110110011110100111111	—32

*Willard wins Class A medal; Morris wins medal in Class B.

A. R. K.

Class Wins the First.

Morristown, N. J., Feb. 7.—The first match of the series of three 100 bird races arranged between Frank Class, of this place, and T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., took place this afternoon at the Morristown Driving Park, Class' own grounds. The weather was rather unfavorable to large scores; the wind, beginning to rise about the middle of the day, terminating in a blizzard at night. Snow began to fall about noon and continued during the remainder of the day. These matches have created more than ordinary interest owing to Morfey's long and unbroken string of victories in all kinds of matches, one handed, two handed, gun below the elbow, etc. It was generally conceded that when the matches were first made that in Class, Morfey was meeting the most dangerous opponent that he had ever tried conclusions with. Still had any pools been sold on the first race, it is more than probable that Morfey money would have made him favorite. The result shows that to Frank Class belongs the honor of checking Morfey's victorious career, the latter suffering defeat by five birds, the scores standing at the finish, 95-90.

Morfey led off with a kill, whereas Class missed his first bird; Morfey evened matters up by losing his third bird. The next to miss was Morfey again, who let his 9th get away; Class returned the compliment by missing his bird in the next, the 10th round; the score again being a tie. Both men then slipped up on their 14th birds, the score remaining a tie until the 18th round, when Class missed, giving Morfey a lead of one bird; this lead he kept to the end of the first 25 birds. His first bird on the next series, his 26th in the match, got away from him, tieing the score once more; when he lost his 38th bird, Class took the lead and was never headed again. Class was doing some great work then; the miss of his 18th bird was the last cypher scored to him until the 94th round, his run of straight kills amounting to exactly 75; as a matter of fact he killed 81 out of his last 82 birds, work calculated to beat anybody! The close of the first half of the match found the scores 46-43 in Class' favor; Morfey killed his next 25 straight, so that Class lead of three was not increased. In the last 25, Morfey dropped three, his 85th, 91st, and 95th, to Class' one, his 94th bird, thus giving Class the match by five birds. Morfey's long run was 36. Details of the score are as follows:

Match, 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, 5 traps, 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary:

Frank Class	02222222201220121012222222—21	
	22212212121222212122222121—25	
	22122212212212122221222222—25	
	12112222222211212101221224—24—95	
T W Morfey	22012222022220121212121 —22	
	01221212121202222220120222—21	
	12221212121222222222222221—25	
	22212222120220220222122221—22—90	

Vernon Gun Club's Monthly Shoot.

New York, Feb. 4th.—The Vernon Gun Club held their regular monthly live bird shoot at Dexter Park last Saturday, the 2d inst. Nine members, including President Thompson, were present. The birds were a fair lot, but owing to the ground being covered with snow, they were slightly slow in getting off, the flush ropes having to be used on many occasions. When once on the wing they were as hard birds as are usually trapped at club shoots.

Club shoot, 7 live birds, optional sweepstakes:

Dr. Little, 29	1211112—7	F. Thompson, 29	0012112—6
W. Thompson, 29	1222202—6	John Wright, 25	20*1112—5
J. Wischertt, 26	2101112—6	Dr. Lamadrid, 27	1102010—4
H. S. Welles, 26	2111101—6	F. Barrow, 25	0201012—4
L. Emery, 25	1102211—6		

The following sweep at 5 live birds, $5 entrance, class shooting, all ties divided, was decided after the above event was finished:

F. Tkompson, 29	12122—5	Dr. Little, 29	01102—3
Henry Bolzer, 29	11011—4	Dr. Lamadrid, 27	11002—3
W. Thompson, 29	2*111—4	J. Wischertt, 27	*0110—2
H. S. Welles, 26	1111*—4	J. Landman, 27	02000—1

The next club shoot will be at bluerocks, on the club grounds, Atlantic avenue and City line, Brooklyn, on Saturday, Feb. 9. Visiting shooters are always welcome.

The Meadville Gun Club.

Meadville, Pa., Jan. 31.—The Meadville Gun Club, of which I am an humble member, has started out to do something in the line of improvement this year. A committee appointed at the close of 1894 drew up a list of all the single shots fired at targets during the year by each one of the twenty-five members who lined up at the score during the year; the number of shots made by each member with the number of targets broken and number missed, and the percentage of broken targets. A list of the members was made, beginning with the one having the highest percentage and running down to the lowest. This gives each member a proper view of his record, and it is believed will stimulate to greater exertions. The club has been in existence a number of years, but not till last year did it succeed in having a home of its own; like the country schoolteacher, it boarded around. Last year a club house was built and paid for. Several tournaments of a local nature were held, and quite an interest in the club awakened. To stimulate the members to further improvement this year, a committee, consisting of Col. Reisinger, H. A. Johnson and Prof. Smith, was appointed to prepare a code of rules for prizes during the coming year. At the last meeting this committee reported the following rules, which were unanimously adopted. The committee was continued indefinitely to consider and report any new features which they might devise, and also to procure the badge, and to carry out the rule adopted. In pursuance with these instructions two gold and one silver badge have been ordered and on next Wednesday afternoon the first monthly contest will take place, on which date we look to a good shoot.

The rules referred to are as follows:

First—The club shall be divided by their records of 1894 into three classes, designated A, B and C.

Second—Class A shall include all whose record for said year was 60 per cent. or upward.

Third—Class B shall include all whose record for said year was below 60 and not below 50 per cent.

Fourth—Class C shall include all whose record for said year was below 50 per cent.

Fifth—Club shall procure an appropriate badge for each class, which badges shall be the permanent property of the club, but shall be given out monthly to those meriting them, under the following conditions.

Sixth—There shall be a contest for these badges monthly, at the first regular meeting, and the winner shall be entitled to the badge for his class till the next monthly contest, and as much longer as he is able to make the highest score in his class at the monthly shoot.

Seventh—The contest for the badges shall be made in a test shoot at 50 birds—25 from known traps at known angles, and 25 from known traps at unknown angles. Entry in this contest must be made for the whole number before shooting. The shoot shall be the first event of the meeting at which it occurs, and shall be from five traps.

Eighth—The badges shall be given to the captain before the shoot begins, and at its close shall be awarded to the member making the highest score in his class. They shall be retained by the winners until the next regular contest, and then be returned to the captain in good condition before the beginning of the shoot.

Ninth—Entries for this contest must be made and money paid before the close of the shoot at known traps and angles by those previously entered. No exceptions to this rule will be permitted.

Tenth—All ties shall be shot off at 10 birds, five unknown and five known angles, and subsequent ties at five known.

Eleventh—A member of a lower class who makes a better score than the highest made in the class above him at any monthly contest, shall be promoted to the class above and take the badge of that class.

Twelfth—One of the events of other regular shoots shall be a practice shoot on the same conditions as the contest shoot, except as to prizes and time of entry, but members who wish may enter in the shoot for only 25 birds, if they so desire.

Thirteenth—A badge of suitable character shall be given to the member whose percentage for the year, estimated on his scores at the monthly contests, shall show the highest gain over his percentage of the previous year, provided his shooting last year amounted in the aggregate to 250 birds, and that during the present year he shall shoot in at least five of the monthly contests.

Fourteenth—A badge or medal shall be awarded to the member whose percentage in these contests during the year shall show the highest of all who have entered and shot in at least six monthly contests for the medal.

Fifteenth—If less than five contestants appear at the regular monthly contest, the captain may adjourn the contest one week; provided the lack of attendance be in consequence of weather unfit for holding the shoot with comfort or pleasure.

Sixteenth—These rules shall go into effect on the first day of February, and the standard of excellence of the members at the close of the year upon which they shall be rated for the next year's division into classes, shall be the percentage of dead birds made in the first 50 bird events of all the regular meetings in which they entered during the year after these rules shall have gone into effect.

CHOKE BORE.

Inhospitable Weather at Utica.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 8.—When Col. Courtney, of the Lefever Arms Co., and myself left this city on the morning of Feb. 5, we both felt as if we were bound on a fool's errand. A blizzard, with the thermometer touching 8 below zero, is hardly the weather to enjoy a tournament in, even if it is scheduled as the "midwinter tournament." We were the only two persons on the train bound for the tournament. At Rome another shooter came sneaking on board as if he was ashamed of being seen with a gun in his hand in such weather; this was W. Rayland, of the Rome Gun Club, which club by the way has a tournament on the 15th and 16th of this month. E. D. Fulford had things arranged capitally, having studied the comfort of the shooters. In the first place there was the club house with a good fire in it, and in the next place, a long shed also with a good fire in it, had been put up; under the shelter thus afforded the shooters stood and cracked away at the targets. Among those present were: V. D. Kenerson, of Worcester, Mass.; Ferd Van Dyke, of New York, the representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; the Browning Bros., of Ogden, Utah, the inventors of the Winchester gun; Sim Glover, of Rochester, N. Y.; W. R. Hobart, of New York, also a representative of the Winchester Company; H. R. Sweey, of Albany; M. M. Mayhew, John Fulford, E. D. Fulford, etc., of Utica.

The shooting was very difficult, as there was almost a blizzard raging, with a strong northwest gale blowing directly across the traps and drifting the snow around everywhere, making it almost impossible to see anything. The shooters were nearly frozen and danced around the shed until it was their turn at the score.

Sim Glover was in the best form and shooting well under the circumstances, but was closely followed by Fulford, Van Dyke, Browning Bros., Courtney and Mayhew. At 12.30 we adjourned to the cottage for lunch. I had fully expected to meet George Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co., at this shoot, but heard with regret that he had been suddenly called to Florida on account of the death of his brother.

The second day was marked by two notable features. One was the temperature—26 degrees below zero; the other was the arrival of Seth Clover, of Dunkirk, N. Y., who brought with him a sample of his trap and target, both of which he swears by. The shooting on this day was every bit as hard as on the first day, the intense cold being against good scores.

The live bird and 3d day of the mid-winter shoot brought together a larger number of shooters than the two preceding days. The day was clear and a little warmer, about zero weather, but the accomodations were bad for the live bird shooters, the shooters nearly freezing. The shed under which the shooters congregated was entirely too small, and open, and when a man went to the score he was shivering as if he had the ague. The new arrivals were Milt Lindsley, Corning and Evans, of Auburn; Smith, of Scranton; Pegnim, of Canajoharie, and a number of local live bird shots.

The first event of the day was a sweep of seven live birds for $5, birds included at 25 cents a piece. Sweny, of Albany, took first alone, killing all of his birds quick and clean. E. D. Fulford, Johnson, Van Dyke, Evans, Hobart and Hunter divide second. Corning and Clover divide third. Brewer and Kenerson, fourth. The birds were fair, very few duffers and a few corkers. The birds were deceiving; three-fourths of them were swift incomers as there were no buildings in sight except the sheds and club house. Van Dyke, Fulford, Hunter and Johnson really killed all their birds, those they lost falling dead out of bounds. The second event was the regular programme shoot. Twenty live birds, entrance $10, birds extra, and $5 for optional sweep of first fifteen birds, making $20 for the shoot, sweep and birds, ties divided 40, 30, 20, 10 in the regular shoot, and five high guns in sweep. Hardie Richardson took first alone, killing all of his birds clean, but was not in the sweep. Fulford, Van Dyke and Pegnim each killed 19, tieing for second place. Fulford and Van Dyke killed every bird, but were unlucky, each one having one falling dead out of bounds. Every shooter admired the quick, clean shooting of Pegnim; he fell down on a very fast incoming twister. Corning and Sweny tied on 18 for third money, Corning killing all of his birds, but losing two dead out of bounds; Kenerson, Hunter, Lindsley each killed 17, and divided fourth money. Kenerson was unlucky, drawing very hard birds; he also had one fall about six feet in bounds with its wing broken; in gathering this bird he went on the wrong side, driving it out of bounds. Mayhew was the most unlucky shooter of the day, drawing mostly white birds, and when the trap was sprung it was almost impossible to tell whether there was a bird in the trap or not. His gun also was out of order and would not cock at times. In the optional sweep, first 15 birds, Fulford first, Van Dyke and Sweny second, Corning third, Hunter and Mayhew fourth.

The third event was 7 live birds, $5, birds included, ties divided 40, 30, 20, 10, and was hotly contested. Van Dyke, Mayhew, E. D. Fulford, Scott, divide first; Corning, Glover, Sweney, Kilburn, A. S. Hunter, Evans, Lindsley, and Johnson, divide second; Pegnim and Clover, third; W. A. Hunter and Jones, fourth. The fourth event was 5 birds, $5, birds included, 3 high guns. E. D. Fulford, Van Dyke, and Evans divided.

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

No. 1, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

Van Dyke.....11001111111001111111—16
Kenerson.....11110001111111000111—14
Sweney.....01111011111111011111—17
Hobart.....10111011111010111111—16
Mayhew.....11111111101111111011—18
Glover.....11111111111110111001—17
Gibson.....0010[111001110100110—11
J M Browning.....11011011001111111110—15
M S Browning.....01111110111110001111—15
E D Fulford.....11111110100111111101—16
J W Fulford.....01101011000101000001— 8

No. 2, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40.

Kenerson.....11011011001110111111—15
Sweney.....11111110011111110111—17
Hobart.....11110110101101110010—13
Mayhew.....11111101111101010110—15
Van Dyke.....10111101111110110111—16
Glover.....01101111111111101111—17
Gibson.....10100001010011101101—10
J M Browning.....01101110111111111110—16

No. 3, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....1011011111011010111—15
E D Fulford.....0111111111111001111—16
J W Fulford.....0011011100101111011—13

No. 3, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

Kenerson.....11101101111011011010—14
Sweney.....10011010111111101111—15
Hobart.....01010000110110011101—10
Mayhew.....11011111111011101110—16
Van Dyke.....00011111110111101011—14
Glover.....11111111110110111111—17
J M Browning.....10011111111111111111—18
M S Browning.....11011111111111111111—19
E D Fulford.....11111111111111111110—19
Gibson.....11111110111111111101—18
Rayland.....11111100111101110110—15
Courtney.....01001110110011111111—14

No. 4, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40.

Kenerson.....10011110111001101110—13
Sweney.....01010111111111101001—14
Hobart.....01100101001110110110—11
Mayhew.....11100111011100111011—14
Van Dyke.....10111011111111011110—16
Glover.....01110111110111010111—15
Rayland.....11111110111111101010—16
Gibson.....01111111110101001011—14
E D Fulford.....11101111101101011110—15
J M Browning.....00111011111111111101—16
M S Browning.....10010100111111111111—15
Courtney.....01101110111111111111—17
J W Fulford.....10111011010011110011—13

No. 5, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

Kenerson.....11110011111011101111—15
Sweney.....11101110011101111111—16
Courtney.....11110110110100111011—14
Mayhew.....10110110010100010011—10
Van Dyke.....11101110111011111011—16
Glover.....01111111101111111111—18
J M Browning.....11011111101111011111—17
M S Browning.....01101111011110001111—14
E. D. Fulford.....11110011111111011111—17
Rayland.....11111110111101110101—16
Gibson.....11101101110111011111—16
King.....00011111110100011111—13

No. 6, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

Kenerson.....00111000011011101111—12
Sweney.....11111101111011110011—16
Courtney.....01001001000011001110— 8
E D Fulford.....11101111011101101011—15
Van Dyke.....10110000111111111111—14
Glover.....11111111101011111111—18
Rayland.....11011101010000001111—11
Gibson.....01000111110110111110—13
J M Browning.....11101111101101111111—17
M S Browning.....11101110111000110110—13

No. 7, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

Kenerson.....00111011110010010110—11
Sweney.....11011100110111111111—16
Courtney.....11111010011111010110—14
E D Fulford.....10100111111111110111—16
Van Dyke.....11111110000111101111—15
Glover.....01111111111111111111—19
J M Browning.....10010111111110110111—15
M S Browning.....11010111101111111111—17
Richardson.....11111111111011111110—18
Rayland.....10011111101101101010—13

No. 8, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40.

Kenerson.....10011101011001101101—12
Sweney.....10111011111100111111—16
Courtney.....11100111110110111011—15
E D Fulford.....11111011111111011011—17
Van Dyke.....11111111111101111111—19
Glover.....11111111111111111111—20
Richardson.....00111101011101111011—14
J M Browning.....11011000101111111111—15
M S Browning.....11110111011100111111—16
A D F.....11111001101000000011—10

SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

No. 1, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....01011111110011011001—13
J M Browning.....01111111001011101111—15
Hobart.....11101101011110111111—16
Kenerson.....11100101010011111111—14
Van Dyke.....11110011011100111101—14
Glover.....11111111011111111100—17
E D Fulford.....00111111111111111111—18
Mayhew.....01111110101110101111—15
Sweney.....10110011011110101011—13
Courtney.....11111111111101001111—17
Gibson.....00111101101010011111—13

No. 2, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....01111011001101010001—11
J M Browning.....00100100101111111111—13
Hobart.....11101101101001011111—14
Kenerson.....01101010011000110101—10
Van Dyke.....11110111100100110111—14
Glover.....11011111101011111101—16
E D Fulford.....11000110111110110011—13
Mayhew.....10110111110110010001—12
Sweney.....00100111110110101111—13
Courtney.....11011111000101101100—12

No. 3, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....11101111101000101100—12
J M Browning.....11101110111111111011—17
Hobart.....11101100011000000111—10
Sweney.....01101000011110110111—12
Van Dyke.....00111011001011111111—14
Glover.....11101011100101111110—13
E D. Fulford.....01011111001101110111—14
Mayhew.....11101101101111111111—17
Courtney.....11001101110111100101—16
Gibson.....10010011101111100010—11
Kenerson.....10100110111100111001—12
J W Fulford.....10111111101111010111—16

No. 4, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....01111011110010101111—14
J M Browning.....01111111101111111111—18
Kenersen.....11010000100001100101— 8
Sweney.....11111101011101101011—15
Van Dyke.....11111101111111101111—18
Glover.....01110111111111110111—17
E D Fulford.....01101111011111011100—14
Mayhew.....11111110110111011101—16
Courtney.....11111010110010111111—15
J W Fulford.....11011110101111111100—16

No. 5, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....11111011000010010110—11
J M Browning.....10111011010011111110—14
Kenerson.....11011011011111000010—12
Sweney.....11100001011110001110—11
Van Dyke.....10111110111111111110—17
Glover.....01011111110010010111—13
E D Fulford.....11111111111010110001—15
Mayhew.....11011101011101111000—13
Courtney.....00000101111100010111—10
J W Fulford.....01101101111111101100—14

No. 6, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....00110110111110101101—13
J M Browning.....10111111101111011111—17
Kenerson.....11111100110111111111—17
Sweney.....10101101111101110011—14

No. 6, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

Van Dyke.....11101111111111011111—18
Glover.....11110011101010111111—15
E D Fulford.....11110111111111101011—17
Mayhew.....01000001100011101011— 9
Courtney.....01011001010010111111—12
Hobart.....00111111100000100110—10
Richardson.....11010111111110110101—15
J W Fulford.....01111111111110110001—15

No. 7, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....01111011111111110000—14
J M Browning.....11110011111111101000—14
Mayhew.....11101011011011011111—15
Sweney.....11111111111101110001—16
Van Dyke.....10110111111101110111—16
Glover.....00111111111101000111—14
E D Fulford.....11101111111111111100—17
Kenerson.....11111011111111111011—18
Courtney.....01111010111011011011—14
Hobart.....00111110110110010001—11
Richardson.....10101111110111011111—16
Nellis.....11110011010111011011—14
Fairchilds.....11011111101111101101—16
Rayland.....10010010010110101110—10
J W Fulford.....10111111101111111111—18

No. 8, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....10101111111111101111—17
J M Browning.....11111111111100111111—18
Mayhew.....11011101111111111100—16
Sweney.....11111011001011011010—13
Van Dyke.....01111011110010110001—12
Glover.....11111011011111111111—19
E D Fulford.....11111011111111111111—18
Kenerson.....11111010110111110011—15
Courtney.....11111100101011111000—13
Richardson.....11001111111101100011—14
J W Fulford.....11111011010111111110—16
Rayland.....00011110111100011001—11

No. 9, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....11101111111110111101—17
J M Browning.....11111101001011111111—16
Mayhew.....11111111111111111101—19
Sweney.....10011110110001011011—12
Van Dyke.....01110111101110111111—16
Glover.....11111111911101111111—18
E D Fulford.....11010111111111011111—17
Kenerson.....10011111111100011101—14
Courtney.....11101111111101110011—16
Fairchild.....11011101110010110110—13
Richardson.....11011110111111111011—17
J W Fulford.....11110110101111111010—15

No. 10, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2.40:

M S Browning.....10111111111111011110—17
J M Browning.....11101110111111011101—16
Mayhew.....11101111111111100111—17
Richardson.....10111101111111111110—17
Van Dyke.....10001111111110110011—14
Glover.....11111110111111110111—18
E D Fulford.....10111111011111111110—17
Courtney.....11111000111111111110—16

THIRD DAY'S SCORES.

No. 1, 20 live birds, handicap rises, $10 entrance, birds extra, class shooting, four moneys:

↖←↓→↑↓←↖→↙↙↓↗↗↖↘↓↘→↙
H Richardson, 29.....1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1—20

↘↓↘↙↘↑↓↙↖↙↓↙→←↙↖←↙↘↗
*E D Fulford, 32.....1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 * 1 2 2—19

↙↙↓↙↙←↖←↖↘↘↙↙↓↙↙↘↘↗↗
*F Van Dyke, 30.....2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 * 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—19

↙←↑↙↘↗↓↑↗↗↖↑↗↙↕↗↖↓↙→
Pegnim, 27.....1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 2—19

↘↓↖↖↖↘↑→↖↑↖↙←↙↙↘↙↙↗↙
*Corning, 28.....1 1 * 1 1 1 2 2 2 * 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2—18

↑↓↗↙↙↓↗↑↘↘↑↙↙←↘↘↙↓→←
*H R Sweny, 28.....2 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1—18

↖↙↑↑↓↘↓↙↙↗↙↗←↑↖↑↑↕↙↗
*Hunter, 29.....2 1 1 * 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2—17

↘↑↙↑↙↘↙→↙↕↗↑↕↘↕↙↙↖↘
V D Kenerson, 26.....1 2 1 2 2 2 0 * 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 2 2—17

→↙↓→↗↙↓↗↕↙↖↙↙↙↙↖↙↓←
M F Lindsley, 30.....2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 * 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2—17

→↙↙↗↑↙↙↑↑↙↗↖↘↕↘↗↘↑→←
Seth Clover, 28.....1 2 2 0 2 1 * 2 2 2 1 0 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 2—16

↑↘↗↕↑↙↖↘↘↘↖↑→↕↑↖↖←↙→
*M M Mayhew, 29.....2 0 1 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 * 2 2 2 1 0—16

↙↜↗↗↗↖↙↙↖↙↑↓↗↙↗↑↙↙↙↖
*Sim Glover, 32.....1 2 2 2 2 * 0 * 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—16

↘↓↘↖↘↙↗↑↓↘↓↘↑↓↘↘↓↘↙↙
*Evans, 28.....1 0 1 2 2 2 0 * * 1 2 1 0 2 0 0 1 1 1 0—12

↘↗↑↗↘↗↙↑←↙↑↘↘↘→↙←↓↑↗
*Smith, 27.....0 1 0 0 * 0 1 0 2 1 0 2 0 0 0 2 * 2 1 2—10

*Entered in optional $5 sweep on the first 15 birds in this event. At close of 15th round, the scores of those in the optional sweep stood: Fulford 15, Van Dyke 14, Sweney 14, Corning 13, Hunter and Mayhew 12, Glover 11, Evans 9, Smith 6.

	No. 2.		No. 3.		No. 4.	
Fulford	21122*1	6	1222221	7	22121	5
Johnson	222*212	6	0222222	6		
Corning	1220*21	5	0122222	6	22*21	4
Van Dyke	112*222	6	1222222	7	22112	5
Brenier	0101102	4				
Evans	2021222	6	2211*22	6	11112	5
Hobart	2102121	6				
Glover	01*1121	5	1*21221	6	21022	4
Clover	1220212	6	01*1222	5		
Kenerson	0*20122	4				
Sweny	1222222	7	2202222	6	22220	4
A S Hunter	*221122	6	1221201	6		
Pegnim	20*1211	5	21202*1	5		
Mayhew	222*221	6	1122122	7	2122*	4
W A Hunter			0021210	4		
Scott			2121211	7		
Kilburn			2022222	6		
Lindsley			2220221	6	ow	o
Jones			0200121	4		

Nos 2 and 3 were of bird sweeps, $5 entrance, birds included, class shooting, four moneys; No. 4 was 5 birds, $5, birds included, three moneys, three high guns.

A. R. K.

Shooting Pigeons in a Blizzard.

On his return to New York after his match with Elliott on the Westminster Kennel Club grounds, at Babylon, L. I., on Thursday, Feb. 7, George Work did not tarry in the city long. Notwithstanding the terrible snow storm and gale which was raging around New York just after the sun had set, he crossed over to the Pennsylvania Railroad station and took the 7.50 P. M. train for Philadelphia. He was booked to shoot a 100 bird race with R. A. Welch, of that city, the following day, Feb. 8, on the Riverton, N. J., Gun Club grounds. The bone of contention was the Riverton Challenge Plate; in Monte Carlo they would call it an objet d'art; "challenge plate," however, will do for America for the present. This trophy has been won by Work twice; Welch on the other hand has successfully defended his title to it no less than eight times in succession.

It was very fortunate, as it turned out, that Work had gone

to Philadelphia over night; had he stayed in New York trusting to going over in the morning, he could never have reached Riverton in time to shoot the match that day. The blizzard that raged all the previous night and all day Friday, the day of the match, knocked railroad schedules sky high, and made pigeon shooting savor more of work than play. Bad as the weather was, and wildly as the gale swooped down on the grounds of the Riverton Gun Club, the match was shot, and some fifty spectators were on hand to witness the removal of the club's trophy to the Empire City in care of George Work.

Both men did great shooting, and the score made by Work is an extraordinary one, when the conditions are taken into consideration. Although Welch retired in the 89th round, his score of 76 out of 88 shot at is a good one. The birds were good, and the wind played Hail Columbia as it whistled through their feathers.

Out of his first 50 birds Work scored 48, 30 of them needing but the use of one barrel. Altogether Work scored 37 first barrel kills, Welch being credited with 35 of the same kind. Under the circumstances, Work's 82 out of 89 may be classed among the best of his performances. His long runs were: 24, 16, 15, 12, 11; Welch's runs were: 15, 15, 13. With a lead of six birds to overcome, and only twelve more birds to shoot at, Welch realized the hopelessness of his case, and retired at the end of the 88th round, Work shooting at and missing his 89th bird. Had Work shot at his 100, he had a chance of scoring 93; from the form he was shooting in, it was any odds that he would have made 90 or better. Score:

George Work.....1111211111122222121122220—24
2112112222112110112211112—24
2110212012221222122202222—21
22222222222120 —13—82

R A Welch .....2222221212221110221221202—23
2121112222220210220212222—21
2101112112112112112101110 11—22
22122022101110 —10—76

EDWARD BANKS.

Moore Won the Larchmont Cup.

Saturday, Feb. 9, was slightly better for pigeon shooting than its predecessor, Friday; only slightly, not much. The sun, it is true, was shining brightly, but a northwest gale was driving the powdery snow in blinding clouds across the Larchmont Yacht Club's shooting grounds the whole of the time that the competition for the cup presented by J. P. Knapp was taking place. A temperature of 10 above zero did not add to the enjoyment of the occasion. Unpropitious as the day was, it speaks well for the popularity of the donor of the cup; for the equitable nature of the handicaps served out to those who entered; and also for the great interest taken in trap shooting among the members of the clubs around New York, when it is recorded that eleven men accepted their handicaps and put up their money to shoot in such weather.

The event was an optional $25 or $12.50 sweepstake at 25 live birds; handicaps varying from 26 to 30 yards, allowances as follows: 28 yards men, one miss as a no bird; 27 yards men, two misses as no birds; 26 yards men, three misses as no birds. The score given below shows the totals as they stood after the allowances had been shot up; the allowances were shot up at the end of each round when required. In the first round, Stafford, Butler and Jones each missed, and shot their allowances with the result shown in their detailed score, Floyd-Jones again missing and being credited with a cypher. In the second round, Harriman missed a right quarterer from No. 4 trap; he retrieved the error by killing an easy left quarterer from No. 3. Stafford used up his allowance on the third round when he drew a very fast driver from No. 1; he was still credited with a straight score when he killed a right quartering incomer from No. 3. Edey missed a strong and hard bird from No. 5 in the fourth round, and used up his allowance, being credited with a kill of a left quarterer from No. 2 when he went to shoot his extra bird at the end of the round. Hopkins struck a bad streak in the 5th and 6th rounds, both his birds getting away from him; his fifth was an incomer from No. 3 which fell dead over the boundary, while his sixth was a left quartering incomer from No. 1, by no means a hard bird. To make matters worse he slipped up again when he shot off his allowance bird on the 6th round, a right quartering driver from No. 1. Harriman was compelled to use up the second of his allowance birds in the 7th round by missing an easy left quartering incomer from No. 1; as he killed his extra bird he still had a straight score. "Harold" also used up his allowance on the same round, having a right quarterer from No. 5 drop dead over the boundary. Hopkins took his third and last allowance bird in the 8th round after losing a fast left quartering driver from No. 4; he followed up this miss by duplicating his work in the 6th round by missing his extra bird. He was thus in a bad way, all his allowance birds gone and two misses credited to him. Harriman was now the only man left with any allowance; he had one more miss as a no bird; this allowance he took advantage of in the 15th round, when he missed a fairly easy left quartering incomer from No. 2. Killing his allowance bird he was left with a string of fifteen kills, having the only straight score on the board. Seaver Page made the longest run of the scratch men before he missed a bird, not dropping one until the 12th round.

Edey was the first to be dropped under the rule of three misses out; he missed his 7th, 8th, and 9th, the last two being extremely hard birds. Floyd-Jones joined him in the next round, when his 10th bird fell dead out of bounds. George Work was the next to receive the "green button," having dropped his 6th, 8th and 14th birds; he was clean off his form and shot somewhat as if he was stale. Stafford shot well, but drew some of the few corkers which were in the traps, the result being that he retired in the 17th round. The next to drop out was Harriman, who looked like a good thing for a part of the money. His 16th and 17th got away from him, and his 19th fell dead out of bounds. Butler, who had cyphers placed to his credit in the 2d and 7th rounds, was shooting in good form and was decidedly in hard luck when his 21st bird just struggled over the boundary, the wind materially aiding it in its efforts to get away.

This left five men in the race, their conditions being as follows: Knapp and Page had one miss each; Moore, Hopkins and Harold, two each. Page's 24th got away hard hit, falling dead a few yards over the boundary, a piece of extremely hard luck. Knapp had but to kill his last bird to win his own cup and first money, but failed to do the trick. Harold also missed his 25th, leaving the other four tied for the three moneys, on 23 each. The ties were shot off at three birds each. Moore, Knapp and Page killed their birds; Hopkins killed his first bird, thus completing the second longest straight run of the event, 18 straight; he had bad luck with his next bird, which fell dead just over the right field boundary; this seemed to dishearten him, as he apparently clean missed his next bird, an easy one, too. The next series of three birds settled the business. Moore, who was shooting very well, killed his three and won the cup and first money, finishing his work in this event with the high run of the day of 19 straight. Knapp missed his second bird of the series and took second money, Page having dropped his first two birds; the latter took third money, 20 per cent. of the purse. Knapp's position at the close of the event was not due entirely to his skill; he shot in different form to that which he usually displays, slobbering many of his birds in an almost incomprehensible manner. The birds themselves were somewhat of an enigma. They should have been good birds but they were not; strong as the mischief when once started, they were very loathe to leave the traps time after time, making the event a tedious one. The only explanation at all satisfactory is that the severe cold of the past few days had caused their feet to have been frostbitten; hence they would naturally be tender and would deter the birds from jumping briskly when the trap was opened. This made them necessarily a very uneven lot, corkers being mixed up with others that were next door to duffers.

The way in which the traps fell to each shooter is often a revelation as to how much of an element of chance there is in live bird shooting from five unknown traps. The table given below shows that 248 pigeons were shot at in the main event, including, of couse, the allowance birds. A due proportion for five traps would be nearly 50 for each trap; the table shows that No. 1 and No. 2 were pulled well below the average:

	No. 1.	No. 2	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Moore	6	5	8	8	4
Knapp	5	4	5	7	10
Page	3	6	8	6	8
Hopkins	4	4	11	9	3
Harold	2	5	6	2	11
Butler	2	7	4	7	2
Harriman	4	4	3	8	3
Stafford	5	1	5	4	4
Work	3	2	3	3	3
Jones	2	0	4	2	3
Edey	2	2	1	2	3
	38	10	58	58	54

Beyond the contestants, the puller, trappers, and representatives of the sporting papers, there were but few persons present at the shoot. Messrs. Arthur Duane and Jordan L. Mott, Jr., however, found the magnet too strong to resist, and with a few other fellow members, put in an appearance at Larchmont during the day. Mr. Mott was risking a great deal, too, as he has only just recovered from a bad attack of the grip. How the shoot progressed, and all the details thereof, is told by the following score:

Trap scord type copyright by Forest and Stream, 1895.

5 1 5 1 4 2 3 5 4 1 3 4 3 3 4 3 3 2 1 4 2 3 4 5 2
↑↓←↖↓↖→→←↗↖→↖←→↓↗↖→↑↖←↘↙→
F G Moore, 29.....2 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2—23

5 5 4 4 5 4 1 5 3 3 4 3 2 5 5 3 1 4 2 1 2 4 5 5 2
→→→↖↓↗→→←↗↖→↗←→↓↗↖←↑↗←↘↙→
J P Knapp, 30.....2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0—23

4 4 3 1 2 4 1 4 5 5 2 3 4 3 3 2 5 5 5 6 1 3 5 4 3
←↓↑↙←↗→↑↘↑↗↗↑↑↗↑↗↑H→H↑←→←
J S Page, 29.....2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 * 1—23

2 4 2 1 4 1 1 5 3 3 3 3 5 4 2 3 4 3 4 4 4 5 3 3 4
←←←↙↑↗←↗↖↑↓↑↗↖↘↖↑↖↑↑↖→↖→↓
A R Hopkins, 26..1 1 2 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2—23

5 3 3 5 4 3 3 4 5 2 5 1 1 5 3 2 5 2 3 5 5 5 5 2 5
→←↗←↑↗↑↖↓↙↓↙H↑↑H↑↓ H→↘→→H↗↘
G Harold, 28 .....2 2 5 1 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 * 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 0—22

3 5 3 4 3 2 4 2 2 3 2 4 5 2 4 2 4 1 1 1 4
↗↗↑↖→↑↑↑↑↑←↗↗↙↑→↑↑↑↖↘
H A Butler, 28....1 0 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 * w —18

3 3 4 1 4 4 3 4 1 5 2 4 5 4 2 2 5 1 4
↑←↖↗↙↙←↓←↗↗↑←←↖↖↗←↗
J B Harriman, 26..2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 0 1 * w —16

5 3 2 1 5 1 5 3 1 1 4 4 5 4 3 3 3
→↘↖→↑↖↓←↑↑↖↞↑↗↘↖↗
W A Stafford, 27..2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 0 w —14

5 1 3 5 5 4 3 2 4 2 3 1 4 1
↗←↓←→↑H↗↑↙↑↑↗←
Geo Work, 30.....2 2 1 2 1 0 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 0 w —11

5 5 3 3 4 4 3 5 3 1
↗↑↑→→↗↗→↑↖
C F Jones, 28.....0 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 * w — 7

5 4 2 2 1 4 5 1 3
→↑↘←↑↑↗↑↑
W S Edey, 28.....2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 w 6

Ties at 3 birds:

4 2 1 1 4 3 — 3 5 2 5 2 2
↓←↘ H↑↗ — ↖↘↑ ↘↑↑
Moore.....2 1 1 1 1 1—6 Page.....2 2 2 0 0 1—4

1 4 4 1 5 3 — 4 4 3
↑↓↖ ↘↑↑ — ↗↗↘
Knapp.....2 2 2 2 0 2—5 Hopkins.....1 * 0 —1

EDWARD BANKS.

For Cleaner Tournaments.

Galesburg, Ills., Feb. 8.—Editor Forest and Stream: Much has been written, good, bad and indifferent, on this subject; as a real lover of a manly and beautiful sport, I submit the following, it has the merit of at least being new:

We seek first to increase the number of shooters, and in so doing bring about a larger attendance at the tournaments; it seems to be very well established that both trap and field shooting are now extremely popular sports, and are destined to become more so. Such being the case, those who would further encourage its growth, must probe deeply and thoroughly, to find all the causes which now retard its increase, and prevent many from joining our ranks. In considering this question the first proposition that comes up is, that the professional shooter is utterly unworthy of consideration in this matter; if the manufacturers must have him, as an advertisement of their wares, then let him attend as many "shoots" as he possibly can, but so heavily handicap him, that he will leave some of his employers' money, instead of carrying off that of the men whose guest he is. In most trade gatherings, conventions, etc., the boot seems to be on the other leg, the salesmen for the supply houses take it upon themselves to spend their employers' money, and right royally, too, in entertaining the gentlemen who are their present or prospective customers.

The bad feeling engendered among visiting or local shooters, is a very unpleasant feature of many "shoots"; some are certian to win, and others must just so surely lose; the losers are apt to think that they have been discriminated against, by trappers or referee if they are visitors; while if, as is so often the case, they are the local boys, they often talk about "sharks," and "combinations," and "we will hereafter bar all professionals"; albeit that at many small "shoots" the very men referred to are in no sense professionals. Men like to be winners, whether it is a social game, a test of speed, or the race of life for business success or social prestige; and just so surely as the stakes are high and the reward great, is the competition strong and severe, and the temptation great to gain at all hazards and by any means, fair or foul, the desired end. The majority of trap shooters go to a tournament for the good time to be had, the commingling of kindred spirits, the being in and with a crowd whose inclinations are so similar; no thought of gain, he only hopes he wont lose too much; he expects to charge up a good round sum of money, "to fun," and if perchance he should win a medal of the value of a few dollars, how well repaid; what an ample reward!

On the other hand there are also present a certain class, who attend from one to three shoots a week (during the season), who represent some firm which wishes to sell to the shooter; these agents may be public or private; there is also the class who would like to fill such places; and a very small class who are there simply as an investment or speculation; these men are all cool, calculating and alert, with eyes open by which to gain an advantage, with wits sharpened and trained by experience, all of which helps them more or less, in doing the right thing at the right time, in dropping into the right place; or mayhap three or four have a little partnership combination, by which they make in the divide more than they could hope to alone. The amateur goes from all this, thinks and talks it over with his friends and many of them make up their minds; the result can be seen to-day, in slim attendance at what should be large gatherings.

As a remedy to really enhance trapshooting, as a lover of it for the sport of it, for which we are all willing to pay, in common with all sportsmen, to reduce the cost of attending a tournament to the minimum, why not eliminate the gambling feature entirely; cut it off, as the one thing without which, many other evils will at once cease to exist too; introduce a system of medals, merchandise prizes, or pay a small sum for each target broken; make a small and only nominal entrance fee thus doing away with the temptations to combinations, crooked work, etc., fix it so the rewards are honors and honorable, not financial and remunerating. Of course there are many who will object to this idea, but none of the better class will be found opposing it. The great majority to whom the trade look for support, can, with this idea in force, be gotten out in large numbers to local tournaments, and persuaded to shoot, just for fun. Another feature should be the introduction of certain events, for those who never took a prize, whose average is low (as shown by the books, if an organization should exist in that State), and another, for those who never shot at the trap. Cater to this class if you would put trap shooting on a higher plane, and make it more popular and widespread; do not let it be said, "we just pay our entrance fees for the privilege of shooting in the company of Expert, Shark, Rounder and Co.," Do not continue to conduct tournaments so that the sport of the largest number of attendants shall be materially cut down, by the thoughts of their contributions to a fat purse, in which they knew they could have no chance, when they entered. As a concluding thought, allow the suggestion, that if the idea of establishing classes of shooters, their standing being determined by the records of an organization, be carried out, that great results might be obtained. There should be a State League in each State, and a National League formed of delegates from each State League; then with properly kept books, every member's standing and class could be known each year, or such other time as thought best.

If the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, would really improve and increase trap shooting, would it not be a good plan for them to start work along some such lines as these, and labor for the great majority, to bring them out and increase their interests? At any rate let us hope that some one will feel called upon to move in the matter. The sooner, the better.

These ideas were in form some time since, but I hardly dared to give them expression, until I saw the courageous stand taken by Dr. Jackson, of Springfield, N. J., at the meeting held at the Astor House, in New York, on January 24; when he stood up as one, who always did and would, shoot "for the birds only."

NARRAGANSETT

Smeck vs. Eckert.

Allentown, Pa., Feb. 7.—The much talked of match for $500 between James Smeck and Isaac Eckert, of Reading, came off to-day at Hancock, Berks Co., Pa., on grounds near the public house of Mr. Swartz. The event was shot off in a blinding snow storm, with a strong west wind blowing across the traps; this combination made the shooting very difficult. A large number of sportsmen from all over the State were present at the match. The scores made do not look large when compared with the former records of the two men, but, taking the existing conditions into consideration, they must be counted as good ones. Smeck was the favorite in the betting, but there were plenty of takers; several good bets were placed before the starting of the match, and altogether about $1,000 changed hands on the result. When the match was about half over the Smeck men offered 100 to 50 on their man but found no takers. Some time ago Eckert beat Smeck in a 50 bird race, the scores standing 41-39; Smeck's victory over Eckert to-day makes the honors easy. A third match has been arranged to take place in about four weeks, under the same conditions as the one which was shot to-day. The following is a copy of the official score:

Smeck.....2020222200220022222220222—18
2202222202221110022220222—20
2201112222222212002222022—21
2222022222222002112102200—19
—
78

Eckert.....2202010201201210122222220—18
0022200222012001202002 22—14
2022210022222222212000122—19
1000101021000210020001210—11
—
62

J. W. B.

Carteret and Watsons.

Chicago, Ills., Feb. 5.—Mr. W. P. Mussey, of Chicago, who has just returned from New York, says that he found the Carteret grounds puzzling to shoot over. In his race with Mr. Edey, 11 out of the 14 birds Mussey missed were out of No. 1 trap. There was snow on the ground, a bad background for a white bird. The fence made a background for a gun colored bird, and worst of all, a great many left quarterers out of No. 1 trap flew toward the clump of trees, against which a dark bird was hard to see, for a fellow with glasses. Mr. Mussey says pleasanter men to shoot with than the New Yorkers could not be found, but he does not think the Carteret game is as hard as the J. Watson game, of Chicago, as the birds are taken right out of the coops, full fed and fat, just before they are trapped, and so do not fly for all they would be worth if handled to a better advantage. Mr. Mussey was not used to the croquet ball method of "flagging" a slow starter, and said it seemed to him like doing a combined shooting and bowling match. But he was delighted with his experience in the East, and the many pleasant gentlemen he met.

E. HOUGH.

Bronx River Gun Club.

West Farms, N. Y., Feb. 9.—The Bronx River Gun Club had a shoot this afternoon. It was originally intended to shoot for a Franchotte gun, offered by one of the members, but the inclemency of the weather acted as a deterrent to the members. The result was that only nine men were present. The club medal shoot was decided, Fisher and Loomis tieing for the Class A medal, W. S. Brown winning in Class B. In the second event, a 4 bird sweep, Jas. Duane killed all his birds, using a Winchester repeating shotgun with 24 inch barrels. The scores in the events tell the rest of the story:

Medal Shoot, 10 live birds, handicap rise:

M Herrington, 30. 2022220**0— 5 H Cathart, 28....2220220212— 8
G E Graiff, 30...2221221122— 9 B G Loomis, 30..1121222222—10
W L Hall, 28....1211002202— 7 Wm Fisher, 29..1111111211—10
C H Dittmar, 27. 1020120222— 7 C White, 30.....2121112*21— 6
W S Brown, 26..1212211220— 9

No. 2, 4 live birds, sweepstake: Jas Duane 4, M Herrington 4, B G Loomis 3, W L Hall 2, Wm Breidenbach 3.

J. T. MURPHY, Sec'y and Treas.

Christianson vs. Budd.

Randall, Iowa, Feb. 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: In report of Christianson-Budd match contained in your paper of Feb. 2, is following statement: "Both contestants used L. C. Smith guns, Winchester Leader shells, and E. C. powder." This may be true as far as Budd is concerned, but for my part it is not. My load was 3 drams Dupont Smokeless powder, Winchester Leader shell, primed, in first and 3-4 drams Schultz in U. M. C. Trap shell in second 1 1-8 oz. No. 7 Chicago chilled shot in both barrels. A participant is usually not a good judge as to whom the birds are favoring. My impression was that the first 100 birds ran fairly even to both contestants, but in the last 100, I was largely favored by the birds. It looks that way on the score, but Budd has it the other way, maybe he is right.

G. P. CHRISTIANSON.

Nebraska Trap Notes.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 3.—Ever since J. C. Read issued his broadcast challenge to the live bird shots of the State, we have been having quite a revival at the trap. Read has three acceptances on his hands, and is doing a great deal of preliminary practice. Last Wednesday he shot a novel match with Messrs. Parmelee, Loomis, Montmorency and Peters. Read shot against the quartette for the price of the birds, he shooting at 100 live birds and the other four at 25 each. The weather was windy and disagreeable and the scores were bad:

Read	1002202000121200111022121122220
	22212021221111121110102212*1**20221
	1022002022221111122211*1211211222—77
Parmelee	2011111122011022120111120—20
Montmorency	1011120121011121112221102—21
Peters	2210022110200211110122000—16
Loomis	1021100211011110111220212O—18

Total, Read, 77; Opposition, 75. Will Simeral, Esq., referee.

At the regular February meetings of the Omaha and Bemis Park Gun Clubs, the two leading organizations in this part of the country, the advisability of consolidation will be discussed.

The J. C. Read-T. J. Hardin 100 live pigeon shoot came off on the Bemis Park Gun Club grounds, over the river, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 31. A more disgustingly bad day could not have been conceived. A hurricane of sand and fine snow blew right across the range from north to south and the thermometer registered 6 degrees below. Incredible as it may seem, however, over two hundred enthusiastic sportsmen assembled on the grounds to witness the race, and the bulk of them had the fortitude to stick it out.

Of course a roaring fire was kept up in the club house, but this was not roomy enough to accomodate more than a fifth of the crowd, and how many endured those two and a half hours can be better imagined than described. The match was for $100 a side and the price of the birds, five unknown ground traps, 30 yards rise, 50 boundary, American Association rules; Goodley Brucker, referee, S. G. V. Griswold, scorer, and C. R. McCord, trap puller. The shoot was considered a cinch for Hardin, who is possibly as good a field shot as there is living, and there was quite a large sum of money changed hands. Read was groomed and handled by Frank Parmelee in a masterly manner, and it was to that individual's close attention and coaching that he was enabled to win. Hardin shot a ten guage, and was handicapped two yards. Read shooting a twelve guage. Hardin's blunderbuss missed fire only nineteen times, and he lost one bird by reason of his piece failing to cock. There was universal disgust at Hardin's work. That an old, intelligent shooter of his standing would enter a public race with such a gun was something that all failed to appreciate. The score follows:

Read	02220211100*1210122222120
	222111221*221022220021112
	21102121112221222222220011
	01202220210120012222120022—78
Hardin	22*21111110*2011101211011
	2112211202210*12222022110
	122112010221*111111001012
	21201121201010201001010—73

On Thursday afternoon next, Feb 7, the Read Nicolai shoot comes off at the same place and under the same conditions. Mr. Nicolai resides at Sutton, and is one of the expert trap shots of the State. On the same day, Billy Hardin, of Council Bluffs, and H. B. Kennedy, will shoot a 25 live bird match for $50 a side, and C. R. McCord, of Norfolk, Lawyer Will Simeral and S. G. V. Griswold will enter into a little triangle, 10 birds each, $10 a corner. With good weather there will be five hundred spectators present. With the thermometer averaging 2 degrees below zero for two weeks, this is a pretty fair evidence that there is a decided revival in trap shooting interests here, and the spring will see this largely augmented. If the Bemis Park and Omaha Gun Clubs do not consolidate, the Omaha will build a new club house and fit up grounds just west of the city. The Raymond Gun Club also intend to make many improvements on their grounds as soon as the winter breaks up and altogether the outlook is exceedingly bright for the trap shooter.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Zero, Mock Suns and Corkers.

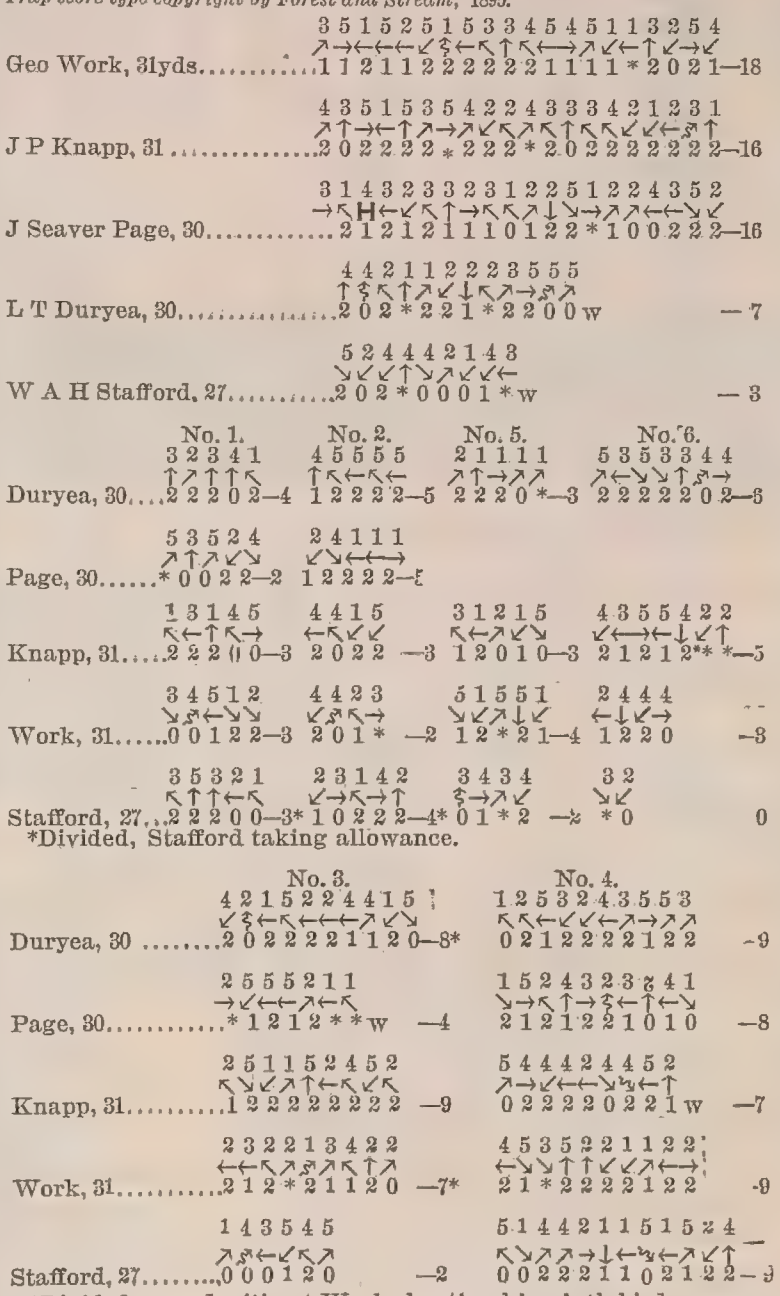
Such a combination as the above is calculated to make goose eggs plentiful, and to knock the spots off many a ninety per cent. man. It requires a good deal of nerve any way to stack up against such odds. As it turned out but five of the many members of the Carteret Club were found willing to risk the effects of the biting norwester that came from some region beyond the great lakes, and to compete at the club's grounds, Bergen Point, N. J., for the President's Cup, on Wednesday, Feb. 6. It isn't often that we of New York are treated to the sight of mock suns, but on the afternoon in question, Sergeant Dunn, of the New York Weather Bureau, had some capital specimens on tap. It is possible that they had something to do with the comparatively poor scores. Again, it is seldom that, here on the very sea coast, zero weather is dished up to us with a sauce piquante of a 40-miles-an-hour wind. That, too, had probably something to do with the registering of such a number of cyphers. Lastly; the pigeons at Carteret are generally only medium flyers; on February 6, Supt. Lumbreyer had a surprise in store for the members; his birds were strong, vigorous flyers; they had been kept well warmed and protected from the severe weather; this, added to "Phil's" patent "scare ups" and the strong wind, caused all calculations made on the way to the club to be rudely shattered. The birds were "corkers", scarcely a duffer among the lot. The scores show that out of the 260 birds trapped, only 182 scored as "good birds"; 22 others were "dead out of bounds." The following figures also speak for themselves: Work killed 46 out of 57, average 81 per cent.; Knapp with 46 out of 59, and Duryea with 42 out of 54, both averaged 78 per cent., Knapp's average being a fractional part of one per cent. better than Duryea's; Seaver Page scored 35 out of 47, averaging slightly better than 74 per cent.; Stafford averaged 53 per cent., killing 23 out of 43. When men like those named can only make the percentages quoted above, it goes without further parley that the shooting was extremely hard.

The trap score type plainly tells that there were many birds with incoming tendencies. And so there were, but those same birds came in like streaks of anything you please; the wind was behind them and almost all of them were in a hurry to keep appointments in the rear of the club house. The beauty of the whole affair was that there was no telling what sort of a bird was coming next. First it was a towering or twisting driver, then would come a left quarterer that skimmed swiftly over the frozen snow; the next bird might be an incomer that was blown high into the air by the wind the instant the trap was opened, being driven back over the score like a cock grouse, down a Jersey hillside. There was lots of fun in it, both for shooters and the onlookers. Some excellent kills might be mentioned, but it would take too long for particulars. In the cup match, Work, the donor, came out ahead by doing the best shooting of the day. The cup has now been competed for five times: Knapp won it twice, the dates being Dec. 19 and Jan. 2; Fred Hoey won it on Dec. 5; Seaver Page made 20 straight on Jan. 16, and scored a win; Work's win on this occasion was his first.

The one-handed matches that brought the afternoon's work to a close, produced some very pretty work. Knapp's shooting in these events is noticeable on account of this being his first essay at that kind of thing. Louis Duryea and George Work are experts at that kind of shooting. On Friday, Feb. 15, they shoot a match at 100 birds each; 50 using both hands and 50 using but one hand; Duryea calculates that he can beat Work in the one-handed half-century sufficiently far to counteract whatever lead (if any) Work may obtain over him when they use both hands. In event No. 4 Mr. Page was unfortunate enough to have his gun go back on him, in the 6th round, just when he was in the happy position of having the only straight score. His misses in the 8th and 10th rounds were probably due to the necessary change of weapons.

President's Cup, 20 live birds, handicap rise, optional sweepstakes, two moneys, high guns:

Trap score type copyright by Forest and Stream, 1895.



*Divided, Stafford taking allowance.

*Divided second without Work shooting his ninth bird.

Nos. 1 and 2 were five bird sweeps, Stafford being allowed one miss as a kill. Nos. 3 and 4 were 10 bird sweeps, Stafford allowed two misses as no birds. Nos. 5 and 6 were five bird sweeps, Duryea, Work and Knapp shooting one-handed, Stafford using both hands, standing on the 30 yards mark.

EDWARD BANKS.

Elliott Defeats Work.

When George Work agreed to shoot Elliott a race at live birds, it was generally believed among the few who were aware of the match that, whichever man won, he would, after the race was over, at any rate, have the pleasure of knowing that he had been engaged in a shooting match. Work's great hold is upon fast birds with a short boundary; Elliott believed that he could beat him under those conditions, and, as Work was willing, a friendly race was soon arranged.

The event was brought off on the Westminster Kennel's Club grounds at Babylon, L. I., on Thursday, Jan. 7. Both parties were in high hopes of a strong wind on that day, a wind coming fast from the north would cause the birds to tax the skill and quickness of each man. They were disappointed, however, the gale of the previous day, which made the Carteret birds fly well, died away during the night, until a gentle breeze was all that was in evidence when Thursday morning broke. At Wantagh, half way or so between Long Island and Brooklyn, fine snow began to fall listlessly; this was about noon. At Babylon, when the match commenced at 12.17, gentle puffs of the breeze that chopped around to all points of the compass between West, North and East, served at times to raise our hopes that a good wind would show up before the match was over. It never came, though, and the birds had to do it all themselves.

At the hour mentined, 12.47, Work, having won the toss, went to the score and killed; Elliott followed suit. The first 50 birds, trapped in 33 minutes, found both men with clean scores of 25 each. Elliott was the first to let a bird go; his 27th was a fast, strong bird, that was hit with both barrels but got away, only to meet its fate at the hands of a scout down by the barn. This was the only bird those scouts had anything to do with; it was a cold day for them, with no potpie at the end of it! Work slipped up on his 28th, by no means a hard one; it was barely touched and flew round to the coop as if nothing was the matter. The score was thus a tie again. Elliott's 30th bird was a towering left quartering driver from No. 5; it was only lightly hit, probably shot under, with the first barrel, the second dropping it stone dead only just a few inches inside the boundary. Work's 32d was a hummer from No. 1, that required a very quick second to score it. Then Elliott, for his 33d, drew a driver from No. 2, not extra fast at that, which he hit hard with both barrels; the pigeon, however, reached the barn in safety. Work thus again had a lead of one, but only for a few minutes as he was slow on his 35th bird, shooting too far behind a right quarterer from No. 1. A tie once more. The 36th round saw no change in the position of affairs, both men having their birds drop dead out of bounds. Work's was a very fast driver from No. 2, that fell stone dead about seventy yards from the trap, while Elliott's was a right quartering driver that seemd to duck at the flash of the first shell; it was killed with the second barrel, but fell several yards over the 50 yards boundary. Work went ahead in the next round, the 37th, when Elliott drew a "flipper" from No. 2; it was clean missed with the first barrel; the second load of shot was a foot to the right of the bird as it sat on the ground, Elliott trying to kill it so as to get a no bird. After these two narrow escapes the bird jumped up and sailed gently over to the club house, Elliott being credited with a lost bird. Work went still further ahead in the 41st round, when a strong right quarterer from No. 5 carried both of Elliott's loads over the 21 yards boundary, dropping stone dead about three yards inside the 50 yards wire fence. This lead of two thus early in the race, made Work's chances look very rosy for a few seconds; but when his 42d, a very hard bird, and his 43d, both fell dead out of bounds, and Elliott had killed both his birds in those rounds, the score was again a tie. Work wound up his first half century with a splendid kill of a very fast driver from No. 4. Both men were a tie, with 45 out of 50 when Elliott killed his 50th bird, an easy one from No. 2. The first 100 was shot in 70 minutes, 37 minutes having been consumed in shooting at the last 50 birds.

It was in the third series of 25 birds that Work really lost the match, losing four birds, all dead out of bounds; Elliott killed his 25 straight. Work's first cypher in this series was in his 54th bird, an extremely fast driver from No. 3; this bird fell dead just over the 21 yards boundary. His 57th and 59th birds were terrors, as good birds as ever were trapped; both towered slightly, and apparently Work rather undershot them; one fell dead just behind the dead line, circling back after it was hit; the other pitched head foremost into the snow, without a kick left in him, close to the outside fence. In the series that closed at the end of the 75th round, Elliott manifestly "outlucked" his opponent; the birds drawn by each man presented time and again a remarkable contrast in that respect. Elliott was undoubtedly shooting well and cleanly, but it is rather improbable that he would have had a straight score had he drawn the birds that Work drew in that 25. The 75th round found Elliott four to the good, a lead that was almost insurmountable unless luck changed completely.

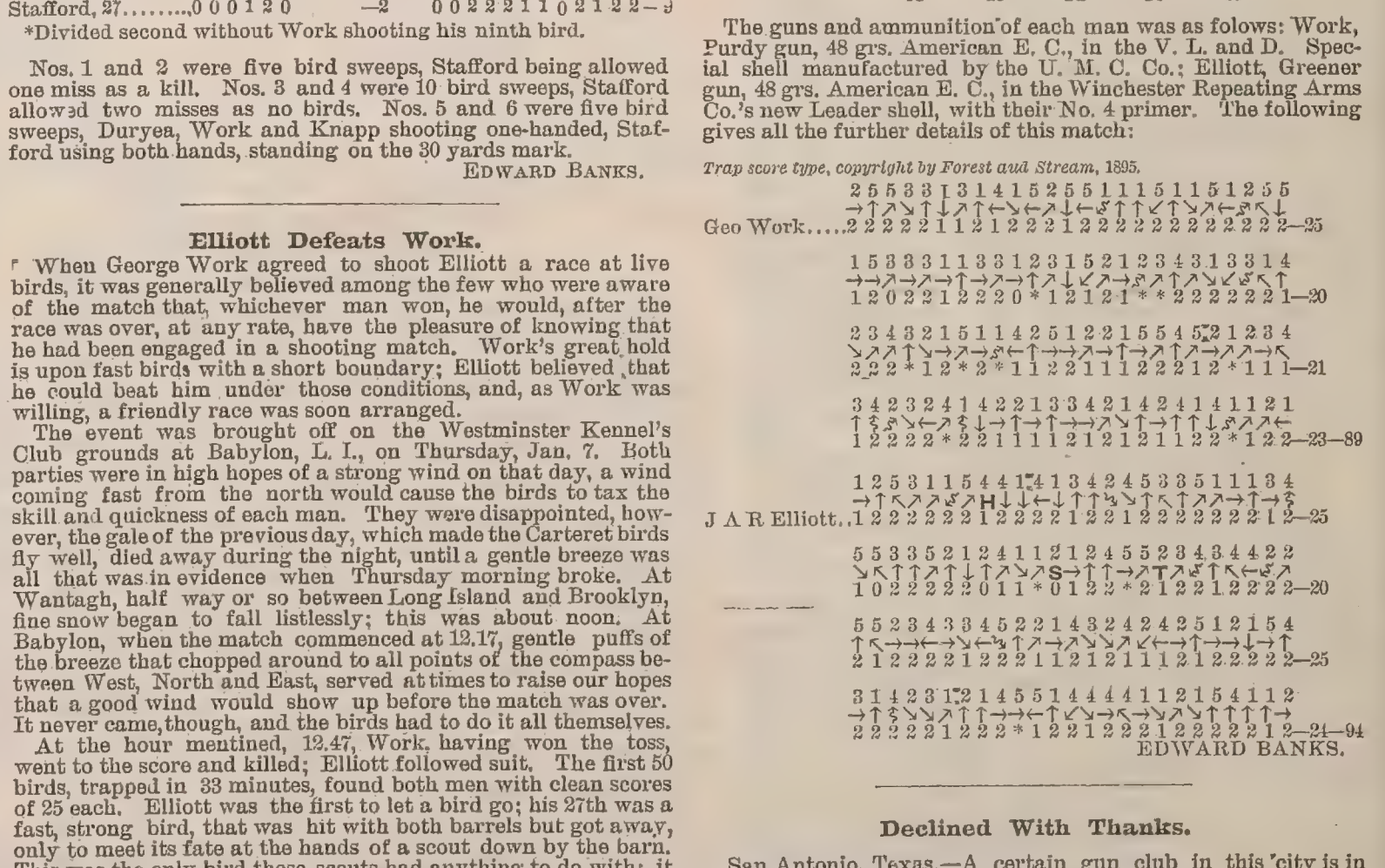
In the last 25 both men shot very well indeed; the united totals of 47 out of 50, three dead out of bounds, two of them inside the 50 yards boundary, makes a remarkable record, the quality of the birds being much improved. Work's 77th and Elliott's 78th were both hard birds, extremely well killed. Work's 81st carried his lead just inside the 50 yards boundary, Elliott's 85th serving him the same trick. Work's 82d, 86th, 87th, 95th and 98th birds were all very fast birds indeed; his 97th was hit hard with both barrels, but managed to fly clear up to and against the outer fence, before falling dead. Elliott's 82d, 83d, 96th, 97th, and 99th, were all excellent kills of hard driving birds. Out of his last 59 birds Elliott lost but one, his 85th, above mentioned, which would have been scored had the boundary been the usual one of 50 yards instead of 21 yards. The largest runs were: Elliott, 41, 26 and 15; Work, 27 and 15. Of Work's eleven lost birds, two fell dead inside the 50 yards boundary, and 7 fell dead outside that boundary but inside the lot; Elliott had three dead out of bounds, two of them inside the 50 yards boundary.

The result of the match cannot be said to satisfactorily determine the merits of the two men. Work was not shooting in his usual form, frequently undershooting towering birds. In addition to this he was certainly not fortune's favorite; the luck of the birds was decidedly against him. Elliott himself acknowledged this in a very straightforward way after the match was over: "I must admit," said he, "that I had the luck of the birds with me." On the other hand Elliott had a bad cold and a heavy cough, which necessitated frequent applications of Piso's Cure for Consumption during the two hours and ten minutes which it took to shoot the 200 birds. He complained, too, that never in all his pigeon shooting experiences had the five traps looked so far away from the score; he added, also, that never in any previous match had he used so much ammunition! He shot well, there's no two ways about that, although the birds were not really fast as a general rule in the Westminster Kennel Club's sense of the word. They were good birds, with several hummers among them The traps fell to each man as follows:

	No. 1	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Work,	30	21	19	13	17
Elliott,	25	19	15	23	18
	55	40	34	36	35

The guns and ammunition of each man was as folows: Work, Purdy gun, 48 grs. American E. C., in the V. L. and D. Special shell manufactured by the U. M. C. Co.; Elliott, Greener gun, 48 grs. American E. C., in the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s new Leader shell, with their No. 4 primer. The following gives all the further details of this match:

Trap score type, copyright by Forest and Stream, 1895.



EDWARD BANKS.

Declined With Thanks.

San Antonio, Texas.—A certain gun club in this city is in receipt of a neatly written letter, fresh from the typewriter, of an enterprising but erratic mayor of an Illinois town, containing a novel and unique request cut bias. It comes to southwest Texas in the conventional full dress, but I propose to give it to Forest and Stream rather decollette.

The writer says that he proposes to shoot three matches with Dr. Carver, otherwise known by the Indians as the Evil Spirit of the Plains, and by trap shooters as the bete noir of aspirant trap shooters who desire notoriety.

The gentlemen will shoot one match in Illinois, one in Arkansas, and, if the club in San Antonio pays all expenses, lends its name and embonpoint to the occasion, they will shoot the third match in San Antonio for the modest consideration of 50 per cent. of the gate receipts.

I might give the Illinois official's name, and would but for the fact that some very good friends of mine told me to-day that he was a good fellow only gone wrong for this time. I will state right here, for the benefit of all parties concerned, that the sportsmen of southwest Texas are well up in trap shooting, and that a contest which smacks seriously of hippodrome finds no favor with them. They don't care about seeing the Illinois mayor shoot with Dr. Carver for gate money. They shoot themselves, and if the gentleman from the Sucker State would spend a little of the gate receipts which he will undoubtedly secure through his two matches in Illinois and Arkansas, buy a railroad ticket to San Antonio, we might be induced to put him against a little Dutchman that we know of and that lives in Cuero. A few simoleons of the realm might be won in this manner by the gentleman, but I hardly think his proposed contest with the Evil Spirit would draw any more than the cheap cigars that can be purchased in our trans-San Pedro district.

TEXAS FIELD.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

VOL. XLIV.—No. 8. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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ON A WAR FOOTING.

There was tried in Chicago some years ago a scheme of uniting the interests of sportsmen and game dealers in an association of the two. It was fathered by South Water street and the same journalistic elements which are now again working in behalf of the street. The experiment was not a success—for the sportsmen. In any such arrangement their part must always be that of the motherless partridge of the fable, in which the elephant, moved by maternal instinct, sits down on the chick, to keep it warm.

Now that Warden Blow and his allies have come out flat-footed and under the thin disguise of a "compromise," show themselves bent on extending the privileges of the game stalls and ice-boxes and refrigerator cars, there is need of a clear understanding of the true attitude of sportsmen toward the dealers. They are now and must always be on a war footing. To act upon any other theory is to betray the cause of game preservation in this country. No one who adopts any other principle can be trusted to direct legislation or enforce the law.

SCHOONERS OF DEER MEAT.

A choice bit of farce-comedy might be written on that Yankee skipper's escapade with his cargo of Maine venison. Putting to sea with several tons of game unlawfully exported, he reasoned to himself that the cargo was contraband, and he might as well make something on it as the Boston fences to whom it was consigned; and so he put into another port and set out to peddle it on his own account. Detected, arrested, and haled before the Boston courts, he was made to "give away" the pals in Maine, who had shipped the game to their pals in the Boston markets. It just happened so, that a Maine Fish and Game Commissioner, in Boston at the time, got wind of this schoonerizing of Maine deer meat; and our Boston correspondent reports, having thus secured the evidence he now proposes to institute proceedings against the shippers. This is the funniest part of the whole story, that the Maine authorities should learn by accident in Boston of the exportation of schooner loads of venison from Maine ports. There is plenty of evidence to be had right in Maine—in Bangor, for instance, under the very nose of Commissioner Wentworth—of the unlawful exportation of Maine game. There is no necessity of the Maine Commissioners' going abroad to get home news of this sort.

There is farce-comedy in this; but there is something vastly more serious as well. A condition of affairs exists in Maine to-day with respect to the enforcement of the fish and game laws, for which it would be difficult to find any other explanation than one based on the theory that many of the wardens are vicious frauds. In what other way may we explain, for example, this wholesale export of game from Bangor, when the law says that it shall not be exported, and when the wardens are deputed to prevent its export? How shall we account otherwise for the fact that parties like Colonel Ziegler's, of Brooklyn, can go into the Maine woods with a retinue of fifty men, and live on deer and moose out of season, and these wardens be unable to find them when told to go and hunt them up?

If the Maine Sportsmen's Association shall get its bill passed, an opportunity will be afforded to cut off the whole lot of these thievish wardens; and what honest men there are among them can then be appointed. With the brains and integrity and public spirit of the Association and its leaders who are behind the new legislation, Maine may indulge the hope that a time will come when her game authorities will not have to go to Boston to get news of schooner loads of venison shipped from her own ports.

NEWS OF NIMROD.

The London correspondent of the New York Times cabled to that journal last Sunday that Professor Sayce, searching in Asia Minor for new cuneiform inscriptions, had come upon a memorial of Nimrod, the son of Cush, the mighty hunter before the Lord. This is the first time that anything has been learned of Nimrod outside of the meager and curiosity piquing mentions in the Old Testament. And it must be confessed that what the Times correspondent reports is most unsatisfactory. Professor Sayce, he says, identifies Nimrod "with Nazimuruda, and finds that he was the contemporary in Babylon of the Assyrian King, whose son restored Nineveh about fifty years before the exodus." That does not tell us what we all want to know about this oldest and most famous hunter of all history. What was his game, and how did he hunt it? Did he hunt for market or only for the fun of the thing? Did he kill his game in a truly sportsman-like manner, or was he in for hanging up all he could, in any way he could? These and a score of other details—just the data we require nowadays for estimating the standing and make-up of an aspirant for fame, as a mighty hunter—are the points we shall look for when Professor Sayce shall have deciphered his cuneiform record.

Our Chicago correspondent characterized his story of the Blow bill, the other day, as one of the most important and sensational pieces of news in this field that had ever come out of Chicago This cablegram concerning a hunter whose great grandfather sailed the Ark is the most curious and unique bit of "sporting intelligence" of the nineteenth century.

NEW YORK'S "BLOW BILL."

Always with the convening of the New York Legislature, the citizens of the State are called upon to exercise renewed vigilance and activity to restrain that body from doing the mischief it is capable of with respect to fish and game. What with the constantly recurring schemes of the party which happens to be in power, to debase the fish commission and the protective force to the level of political machinery, what with the silly and selfish plottings of individuals and local cliques for special privileges, and what with the demands of the dealers for enlarged license to sell game and fish, those who are really concerned for protection always breathe a profound sigh of relief when the session adjourns.

There is now before the Legislature a measure introduced by Mr. Wilks, which strikes at the foundation of the present market law. It proposes to add a new section as follows: "Sec. 249. No person shall be deemed to have violated any law or ordinance by reason of his selling, exposing for sale, transporting or possessing, or attempting so to do, the body, or a part of the body of any wild animal or bird in the close season for such animal or bird, provided it be proved by him that said wild animal or bird was killed outside this State."

There are two reasons why that section ought not to be incorporated into the law, reasons so cogent and involving such large interests that they should impel every individual sportsman and every association of sportsmen to protest promptly and emphatically, and to make the protest heard by their representatives at Albany.

The first reason is that the bill means an open game market the year around. That means the sale all the year of game killed in the State of New York.

The second reason is that it means also the sale all the year of game, killed in other States.

The New York Wilks bill is only another Illinois Blow bill.

New York cannot afford to have a market for her own game open all the year. She cannot afford to have a market for the game of her sister States open all the year.

With a law of this kind it would be impossible to check the market sale of game killed in New York, even if we were to have a force of protectors appointed and retained in office by reason of their fitness for the work. It would be all the more certainly impossible, when we shall have a force of protectors appointed, and retained for political purposes, as it is the intention of the leaders now in control to appoint and retain them.

PIONEER LIFE.

There died in Lynn, Mass., last week, a man who had witnessed from a rock in Nahant the fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon in 1812. That is a period which to most of us seems as far off as the days of the Pilgrim and Captain John Smith; and yet we venture to say that the first years of the century have been brought perceptibly nearer and made very real to every one who has read the interesting reminiscences of George Smith, printed in our last two and present numbers. "Pioneer Life in Maine" is a title not sufficiently broad for these recollections, for they have to do with Connecticut and Pennsylvania and Ohio as well. Moreover, there is in them something of the spirit of the pioneers of every Frontier Settlement and Plantation and Territory and State. Who can have read that story of the setting out for Ohio, the parting of the sons from father and mother, the saying of those "everlasting farewells," without recalling the scene of the old shoemaker and his wife going forth from Danvis, bound for the far-off 'Hio? They were men—and women—of high courage, and brave and patient and filled with faith and hope in the pioneer settlements of those days. And there are just such men and women in the forefront of civilization today. "It is a true story," writes a Maine correspondent of Mr. Smith's recollections, "and just an every day record of the struggles of many of our first settlers in most of our Maine towns. I have heard dozens of men and women tell of just such struggles and many much harder. In the town of Holden the first settlers located six miles from the river, in order to get high land for corn; and for years had to carry their corn on their backs six miles over very swampy ground to the river, then in a boat five miles to the grist-mill and then back. Even now many of our back settlers endure many hardships which few dwellers in town can realize."

SNAP SHOTS.

The Dingley bill, which proposed to allow all the fur seals on the Prybilov Islands to be killed unless Great Britain consented to join in preventing pelagic sealing has met with opposition before the Ways and Means Committee of the House. It was discussed in committee when objections were raised that the measure would be in violation of our treaty with Great Britain, and would contravene the contract with the North American Commercial Co., which has the right to kill a stipulated number of seals annually. On Monday last, Chairman Wilson of the Ways and Means Committee, reported a bill authorizing the President to negotiate with Great Britain, Russia, and Japan, for a commission to investigate the question, and meantime to conclude a modus vivendi with those governments for the preservation of the seals. If such an arrangement cannot be concluded, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to kill every seal on the Islands.

Triton, a Berlin society for aquarium and terrarium culture, has taken a new departure. A prize of $250 will be awarded to the inventor of a process for destroying the parasitic animals of the aquarium without injury to the plants and fish. This subject interests not only growers of aquarium plants, but especially fish culturists. The only successful means of killing animal parasites of fishes in the World's Fair aquarium was the free use of salt in the tanks. Fungus was destroyed by the use of salt and carbolic acid.

The segregation bill, which proposed to cut off from the Yellowstone National Park a great slice from the northeast corner, with other lesser slices on the north, west, and south, has been adversely reported by the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives. The reasons given by the committee, which have often been urged in Forest and Stream, are convincing, and set forth very clearly the dangers which would threaten the Park were any such action taken as was proposed by the bill.

The Sportsman Tourist.

EXPERIENCES IN MINNESOTA.

II.—In a Game Country.

Game in this section of the Roseau country is seldom disturbed by white men. Occasionally you will find an old half-breed hunter and trapper who ventures in, but they are few. Having made camp comfortable, H—— and I started out to explore the river to its source. This proved an undertaking such as we had not counted on, as the country is a frightful one to get through, windfalls so thick that it took us an hour to make a quarter of a mile; muskeags that few white men have crossed, covered with fallen trees, mostly old and partly rotten, yet solid enough to play havoc with moccasined feet; the grass grown to the height of three or four feet, completely covering holes as well as stumps and fallen trees, so that it is as dangerous, as rough. Naturally one must carefully pick his way. Once in a while we would strike a ridge where we found walking fairly good and could make time, considering the packs we were carrying.

It was on such a ridge bordering a small muskeag, that I sighted my first moose in that country. She did not see us, and fortunately the wind was in our favor; we got to within fifty yards of her before she saw us. She quickly walked behind a bunch of willows and came out about 150 yards in front of us. My guide wanted that particular moose badly, as he said "she was young and tender and he was tired of bacon and partridge." I never knew how stupid a wary beast could be. Every time he shot she would walk a step or two and stop to turn around and look at us, until several shots had been fired; when we did finally convince her that we were that savage creature known as man, she bade us good-bye and went. Fortunately she was not hit, and though I too wanted fresh meat badly, I was very glad she escaped unhurt.

I never in all my life saw so many partridges as there are in that section. Go where we would they were there and in great numbers. I believe that in one day we must have seen at least five thousand birds. At times you could see them in almost every place you would look, running in every direction and so tame you could almost reach them with your rifle, yet they told me "it was an off season for birds." We found more in this particular section than in any other; perhaps they had not been disturbed by fire for some time. We followed the banks of the river (so-called) as nearly as possible, though in many places we could step across the stream. I believe that few, if any, white men have ever followed this river to the lake it is supposed to start from. My old breed friend, Mimi, than whom no better guide or companion ever lived, told me that he "had once been there and knew of an old Indian who had hunted and trapped there, but never knew a white man to go there." Otter and beaver have their homes along the stream, and in one place we found the largest clearing I have ever seen made by beaver. Many of the cuttings were fresh, and they doubtless had been at work the day before. Some of the trees cut measured twelve and fourteen inches in diameter. Shortly after this Mimi went back there and set traps for them. He tells me that beaver are becoming very scarce in that country, though otter lynx, fisher, martin and mink are still quite plentiful. Muskrats are a drug in the market. One day I was out on the river after ducks, and fired into a colony of rats which were taking a sun bath on a large stone in the river; result, three rats. I saw at one look not less than twenty. There seemed to me an abundance of small game. There is no doubt that big game is quite plentiful, too, when not disturbed by fires.

In our search for the lake we had miscalculated our distance from camp, and after tramping for two days were compelled to turn back as our provisions were exhausted, having taken only a small supply with us. I should like to have gone back again with a fresh supply but time was limited. None of the small game seems to fear the presence of man. Several times I was close enough to that beautiful little animal, the mink, almost to stroke him. He would enjoy his morning bath, and come out and play around me, much to my amusement. He seemed to get as much enjoyment out of it as I did. All along this river there were tracks of moose, elk, and deer in great numbers, and all working toward the head waters or lake. There is no doubt in my mind that had we reached it we would have found an abundance of big game.

On our return to camp we found a native hunter had pitched his tent beside us for the night; that he was on his way to the nearest town or settlement; this we thought an excellent opportunity to send back to town a youth who started out with us "to see what camping out was like." He had been through the fire with us, and said his only excuse in going in was that he had some teeth that needed attention, as he had loosened the fillings the night of the fire. So he concluded to go in with the native. This same native was a walking arsenal, and if one did not know him to be all right he certainly would never guess it from his appearance. He carried a rifle, two revolvers, and an immense hunting-knife. He wore a vest and belt filled with cartridges. He was perfectly harmless, in fact a pretty good fellow. Now our youth wasn't particularly "stuck on" his face or his make-up, but concluded he would stay with him until the next day and go along to town. We broke camp at noon, and pulled out leaving him a ten-pound gun, about twenty pounds of ammunition, one pair of hip boots, a heavy fur overcoat, and some other necessary articles. We drove as rapidly as possibly, and stopped only when darkness had begun to settle, yet before we had finished making camp snug for the night who should walk in but the youth, carrying all his possessions and barefooted. He had sprinted it all the way. Fortunately for him we had been traveling on a well-beaten trail, or he would never have found us.

All through the country we had traveled were drying racks for preparing moose and elk meat for winter use by the Indians. Everywhere could be found the bones and skulls of moose, elk, and deer. The Red Lake Indians go over into Kittson County and slaughter them by the hundred. In such a country game wardens could not and do not exist. It would require a thousand good men to properly protect the game there, and then they should know the country. Natives and Indians slaughter game at all seasons of the year, yet a non-resident or sportsman who goes into that country is watched from St. Paul to the jumping off place. Perhaps the sportsman would be quite satisfied to shoot one moose for the sake of the head, that he might have to show to his children's children what grand and noble beasts used to roam over certain parts of the country. There is more game killed by the Indians in one season than by the sportsmen in ten. "Stop the sale of game" and you stop much of the slaughter by natives and market hunters. WABASH.

PIONEER LIFE IN MAINE.—III.

BY GEORGE SMITH,

In accordance with the suggestion of those who had listened many times to these stories of the dangers and privations of the pioneer settlers, the following account of the early settlement of the town of Freedom, Me., and pioneer life in that region, accompanied with a brief record of the years spent in the West, was written by the author at the age of eighty-one. ---D. C. SMITH.

Journey to Columbus.

It was now the first of October, and after looking round, my brothers went to work at the carpenter's trade as that was most in demand. I worked with them till December, and as the weather was so pleasant, I determined to take a tramp further west, across the State, and set out for Newark, the county seat of Licking County, arriving there about the 25th of Dec. I found it a pleasant location, but of not much enterprise. I continued my journey to Columbus, a distance of thirty miles, through a desolate wilderness, with the exception of one family. There was only a newly surveyed road, blazed out through a remarkably heavy-timbered forest. The country all the way was a dead level, and at this time of year the travel through this region was done on horseback. Mud was knee-deep the entire way. As I inquired of the man where I stayed one night, the distance to the first house, he said, "Stranger it is twenty-seven miles to Kilgore's, as you are afoot you will have a hard time getting through to-day, the roads are bad." As I felt so smart in those days, I determined to make the attempt, and started by daylight. The day was dark and rainy. I could not set foot upon the road without going nearly to the top of my boots. They had felled the trees on each side of the road, and I mounted these long trees to keep out of the mud. I clambered on, leaping from tree to tree, like a squirrel, and I fancied I was making good headway, till I perceived it began to grow duskish. I had no way of knowing how far I had gone, but I continued to leap from tree to tree, when suddenly I heard a terrible noise in the woods, as of some one in distress. I stopped a moment to listen, when the noise began on the other side of the road. Then I understood the music. I was sure it was wolves, although I had never heard their dismal howl before. What to do, I knew not. I thought of climbing a tree, and staying there till morning, but still I could not see a good chance for that. Soon the howling ceased, and I continued to leap as best I could, in the dark. At last, I could not see where to step, and losing my foothold on the logs, fell into the mud. Thinking this a safer way than on the logs, on account of the wolves, I continued in the mud. So having prepared myself with a shillaly, I continued to travel the rest of the night. After traveling in this way a long time, I began to feel tired, and never did a soul lament an undertaking more than I did at times. I had been told in the morning, I would see an old log cabin by the way, but no signs of it appeared.

Soon that infernal howl began again on both sides of the path, nearer than before. I smote on the logs with all my might with my shillaly; they would stop a moment then tune up again. I kept time for them, half an hour, till suddenly I thought I saw a light; after a moment I saw it again, right straight ahead. Never was a soul more rejoiced than I at this sight, and I put on the whole head of steam to reach it as quickly as possible; yet it seemed to be just as far off as ever in spite of my efforts.

At last I turned aside to meet it, and found the door, upon which I gave many solid raps, before I could wake the sleepers. A voice called out: "Who is there?" "A traveler," I replied. "We don't keep travelers, here," was the answer. "I am tired and faint, and cannot go farther," said I. "We have neither room, nor bed for one," said he. "Then let me lie on your floor, is all I ask," was my answer. I heard another voice say: "Let him in," and the door was opened, and I went in, took off my knapsack, and sat down on a bench, while the old man built a fire, for they had neither candles nor lamps.

By the time he had a good blazing fire, I had discovered they were Irish settlers. The old man began to inquire where I was from, and where I was going. When I told him to Columbus, he said that was a bad road of three miles. Seeing bread and milk on the table, I asked if they could let me have a dish of bread and milk. By this time, a girl was coming down a ladder from the chamber, "The stranger wants some milk and pone," the old man said. "No," said I, "bread." "You are a Yankee, I guess," said he. "Have you a wife?" he asked. When I told him, I had not, "you'll want one soon, I reckon," he said. "That may be, sometime or other," I replied, and the milk and pone being ready just at this moment, put an end to further conversation on this subject.

I sat up to a table of rare dimensions, being a large black walnut log, split in two, and the split side hewed off tolerably smooth, on the round side, four large holes were bored, and round sticks put in for legs, with the bark all on. But this did not hurt the milk and pone, for I enjoyed it that night, as I have ever since. As I turned away from the table the old man said: "And may I imagine how old you are, stranger? "Oh, yes, sir!" said I, "how old should you think?" Well, and I should think you might be twenty or twenty-five,' said he. "I am twenty-four," was my answer. "Indeed," said he, "but you must have a wife" Two more girls now appeared, coming down the ladder. I asked for a rug that I might lie down on the floor. "No, no," they all said, "stranger, you must go up chamber," there is a bed for you up there." The more I objected, the more they insisted upon my going, till I yielded; took off my boots, and up the ladder I went, one of the girls holding a roll of paper at the top of the ladder till I was in bed, where I was soon lost to all the wife introductions I had been hearing.

Being very tired, and having been up so late, I did not wake till I heard the old man coming up the ladder, to inquire after my health, as I expected. He shouted, "Have you rested well, and have you dreamed about your wife to-night?" I answered, "I have rested well, but have not dreamed much yet.' "You will soon," he replied, "for I've got a house full, and you can take your choice." I thanked him, and told him I would think more about it. As I came down into the room below, I was surprised to see four more girls sitting on the benches beside the mother, who was setting the table in the best possible manner. I asked if they were all of one family; the old man replied "yes, and I have one more, a son, who will soon be at home."

Breakfast of bacon and eggs being all ready, I was invited to breakfast with them. I could not well refuse, as I had such great offers made me of taking my choice of seven of the healthiest and homeliest girls I had ever met in one family; so I sat down with the old man and his wife, the girls arranged in the rear. Said the old man, "I reckon you are going to work in Columbus. What is your trade?" "Yes, if I can get a chance at the joiners' trade," said I. "You'll get a chance there, they are building many houses there." When breakfast was over, I offered to settle my bill. "Indeed," said he, "there'll be no bill if you take one of these girls along." I told him I could not maintain a wife, and the old lady said, "Let the young man do as he likes." He said the girls had never been from home to work, and were not as forward as other girls, nor should he allow them to go till they were married, as they would be spoiled. Finally, having heard his arguments through, in favor of taking a wife. I handed him two silver quarters, at which he was much surprised, as nothing but "scrip" was in circulation in those days.

I arrived at Columbus at noon, and immediately went to work at the joiners' trade at $30 a month. Here I remained two years—1815, 1816.

The Celebration of 1815.

The year 1815 was distinguished by the closing of the war of 1812, Jackson having settled the last accounts with them for going to Washington, and destroying the Navy Yard and President's house, and passed receipts in full with them on the 8th of Jan., 1815. On this occasion they had a great celebration in Columbus. As there was no cannon in Columbus at that early day; they invented a torpedo by sewing up a tanned cowhide in the strongest manner, into which they put a keg of powder, and then closed the aperture. They obtained a large roll of new tarred cable, which was wound round the cowskin in the most solid manner till it was all used; then another untanned ox-hide was put around the rope, and sewed up, as the first had been. Next, another tanned cable of greater dimensions than the first, was belayed about it in the best sailor style. It was then tarred all over and pronounced ready for use. A small tin tube was introduced into the keg of powder in the center of this torpedo, placed in a wagon and taken to Mound Hill, in the centre of Broad street, which was four rods wide, the mound filling the entire street and being twelve feet high, having three large trees growing on its summit.

The torpedo was hoisted to the top of the mound and placed between the stumps of these trees; the tin tube was filled with powder, and another fuse was attached to the tube. This fuse was a cotton thread, soaked in saltpetre and dried, reaching down the mound to the base, and buried in a train of powder which was arranged on a long strip of board. All things being ready, a lighted torch was produced, but no one dared apply it, as it was a dangerous undertaking. At ten o'clock, the way being clear, I took up the blazing match, swung it, and placing it on the train of powder, shot like an arrow down the hill to the company. As I turned, I saw a flash of the train, in a moment, saw the stream of fire going up like a rocket, with a deafening report, and a blaze that lighted up the surrounding country for a mile around.

There being no communication between the two countries, except by sailing vessels, the treaty of peace, signed long before this battle of New Orleans, did not reach us till months afterwards.

My brother Joshua, having come to Columbus, joined me in the work on the same building, and remained there two years. About this time John Smith came to see us, and after a short time went back to Zanesville. On the way he stopped in Granville over night. Here he found a man who wished to sell out, and John, liking the place, as the people were all New England people—bought the place and moved his family at once. The next year the people determined to build a large meeting house. He undertook to build it, and wrote to us to come on to help him; accordingly, we all worked on it the first year. Stephen—my mate—being single, and having no trade, carried on John's farm the first year. Two other young men, named Avery, owned the adjoining farm. They often changed work with each other, and, besides, the Averys had a sister, Polly by name, whose company Stephen was keeping, consequently there was much intercourse between John's family and the Averys'. It happened that the Averys were digging a well, with Stephen's help, when they had got to a depth of forty feet, they reached a ledge and was blasting it. They had ladders all the way down and a windlass to hoist out the rocks. A charge had been fired off in the well, and they waited for the smoke to clear away, that they might continue their work. Christopher Avery imprudently thought he would go down to see what luck in the blast, without tying the rope around his body, in case there should be need of its use. He descended the ladder backwards to the bottom of the well, and soon appeared again coming up; as he neared the top they noticed he did not take hold of the rounds of the ladder as he ought, and they reached down and got hold of one of his hands, but that moment he let go of the ladder with the other hand, and fell to the bottom of the well. The alarm was given, and all the neighborhood rushed to the scene. As all were sure he must be dead, it was proposed one should go down and put a rope about the body, and both could be drawn up together—Stephen undertook the job. He first tied a rope under his own arms, and then descended the ladder, and tied one end of another rope to the body, the other around himself, and shaking the rope as a signal, both were drawn up. Stephen was as dead as the other to appearances, the gas in the well had overcome him so, he had fainted, but the doctor being present with restoratives, at last brought him to. Polly being away, hearing the sad news, arrived home in time to see her brother

and lover—as she supposed—both dead. For more than a year she was a raving maniac, when she became sane again, and Stephen married her. I assisted him in building a small house, and he went to housekeeping in 1818.

Coming Home.

Silas and Samuel, having arrived in Granville this fall, concluded to remain with us. They lost their horse on the Alleghany Mountains by overfeeding. Silas went in to the business of making wagons, and Samuel went to work with John at the joiners' trade. As the meeting house was not finished, we had work enough for him. Having a fine lot of land in the village, I proposed to Benjamin, who was in partnership with me, that we should build on it the next summer. Accordingly, we began a two-story house, 30x46 feet. We got up the walls the first summer, when we received a letter from father saying he was coming on to Ohio, and as mother refused to come, he should leave her and Paul on the farm to do the best they could.

After hearing this letter read, it was decided that some one ought to go back. All were married but Benjamin and George, and we did not want to go, but they agreed at last, if I would go, to bear my expenses. I was to sell out the farm and bring mother on, as they all thought she would come if I went after her, so I consented to go. I found a man who was going to Massachusetts with two horses; he allowed me the chance to ride one by paying the expense of the horse. I left Granville the 6th of Jan., 1819. The winter was an open one, no snow on the ground, and I had good weather all the way, with the exception of one night, in Reading, Penn.

It was Sunday night; I stopped at a tavern kept by one Hoffman. I asked the barkeeper, who appeared at the door when I rung the bell, if I could be kept; he said I could, and I followed him to the stable to give orders about my horse, so we both went in together.

When he opened the bar-room door, such a sight met my eyes as I never saw before. About a dozen lying on the settees and benches, asleep, or drunk—the latter, probably—the floor covered with mud and water, and an inch deep, well mixed in with cigars, playing cards and broken goblets, or other hollow ware, and a well filled table in an adjoining dining room. They were very boisterous at times, speaking in a language, of which I could not understand one syllable, only when they swore; this was always in broken English, accompanied with a heavy smite of the fist, to make it more emphatic. I had called for supper on my first arrival, and the time seemed longer than I was accustomed to wait, so I called to the barkeeper, to know if my supper was ready. I was directed to the dining room, and there saw one of the ugliest looking wenches I had ever met, who beckoned for me to sit up. There was neither tea nor coffee on the table. I asked if they had any tea or coffee; she stood a moment, then went after the man, who said they had so many come in they were out of both; "then give me some water," said I, and I soon finished my supper of bacon and bread. When I inquired for a bed, the man showed me upstairs to a front chamber. Wherever I had stopped on my journey I had a lock and key to my door, and when I asked him for the key he said it was lost. So I shut the door and pressed my knife in over the latch as hard as possible. The room had no furniture but a bed and a chair. I took out my watch and laid it on the window stool close to the head of my bed, placed my pocketbook under the pillow, undressed as usual, lay down to sleep and was soon lost to all things around me.

How long I slept I cannot tell, but suddenly I was awakened by the sound of something falling to the floor. I raised myself up and looked at the door, and by the light of the moon shining in at the window, could see my knife on the floor. Then I understood what the noise meant. As I could hear the noise going on below, I began to feel rather fearful, knowing that someone had been trying my door, and my knife was out of the door. I lay still as a mouse, perhaps twenty-five minutes, when I heard the door latch begin to rattle, and I began to breathe like a person asleep, but kept my eye fixed on the door. Soon it began to open, and I could see the top of a man's head coming in; at last his face appeared in full view; I threw up my arms, and turned suddenly over, when he drew back, making no noise as he shut the door. I continued to breathe heavily, and it was not long before the door began to open, and the head appeared, then the shoulders and arms of a man. I could endure it no longer, and springing up in bed, I demanded his business. He drew back and quickly shut the door. I then jumped out of bed and dressed myself; it was but three o'clock, so I sat on the bed till four, when I took my portmanteau, and down stairs I went. All was quiet, and as I could not get my horse, I rung the bell two or three times before the man appeared, who asked, "What in h—l do you mean by getting up so early?" "I have very important business to attend to," I replied, "and must have my horse immediately." My bill was $1.25. I told him I had paid but 75 cents formerly; he "did not care, that was his price." So I paid the bill, told him he was keeping an excellent house, and I would make it known to all travellers I might meet, which I did at the next hotel where I took breakfast. They told me I was lucky to get off as I did, for it was the worst house in the State; many had been robbed there. A year before, a peddler, known to have considerable money with him, had stopped there one night, and was never seen or heard of afterwards, though his horse and wagon were found standing by the roadside, not far from the house, the next day. They were advertised, but no claimant appeared, and it was the general opinion that the man was murdered by some of the people who frequented the house.

I went from Reading direct to Elizabethtown, N. J., from there on to Newark, where I saw the first steamboat ever built in America—and I might say in the world—the Fulton. I crossed over to the city of New York, going out of the State by the way of New Rochelle, to Hartford, Conn.; from Hartford I went to Wrentham, Mass., where I left my horse as I had agreed, and took the stage to Boston, then to Newburyport, going on to Berwick, Maine, then to Portland, where I found a vessel all ready to sail for Belfast, the first fair wind.

Having waited two days, and no fair wind, I determined to go on foot to Hallowell, on the Kennebec River. It was now the 4th of February, 1819, with no snow on the ground, and very pleasant. I left Portland at six o'clock in the morning and arrived in Hallowell a little before ten o'clock in the evening; a journey of sixty-five miles, over four miles an hour. I was lame enough the next morning; however, I got ahead ten miles that day to a place called the Branch Mills, now in the town of China. Here I hired a horse, and arrived home at noon Sunday, the 7th day of February, having been on the road thirty-two days, and, what was most remarkable at this time of year, not a drop of rain or spit of snow fell on me in those days, nor did I see any snow on all the route, except some small patches on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, nor was there any in Freedom all the months of February and January, till the 27th day of February; it then clouded up, the wind northeast, and continued to snow four days and nights till the fences disappeared. It then rained a little, cleared off cold and freezing, so that it bore oxen anywhere over the fields, by which means people were enabled to go with their sleds into the woodlots and get their summer wood.

The snow soon began to melt away before the bright sun of March, though many had prophesied a great freshet; but it all went off by sunshine, without doing any damage on the river as was expected, and a warm, beautiful summer followed, the first, my father said, since 1816. No corn had been raised in Maine; the people had abandoned it altogether, and were raising millet instead. At that time Indian corn was $4 a bushel, brought in coasters from Boston. As the spring was so forward, I had half an acre planted, and it grew and got fully ripe, as it used to do, and thus it continued to do till 1834, when the cold seasons commenced again. On the 5th of May this year I rode to mill with a horse and sleigh, and the 15th and 16th of that month snow fell six inches deep, and no corn ripened that year, though it was planted June 12th; the water froze in many places, and snow did fall in old Freedom, Maine.

To return to my story; as my object in coming to Maine was to sell out the old farm, and take father and mother back to Ohio, I made it known to them in season. Father was well pleased, but mother would consent on no other condition than that I sell out the rest of the family and take them, too. As I could not consent to do this, I wrote to the boys in Ohio, asking what course I had better pursue. They wrote that I must not think of bringing on the others, nor of coming without father and mother. I offered the farm for sale, but it had no effect in gaining her consent, but the reverse.

About this time, our sister Rebecca, the youngest of the family, a beautiful girl of seventeen, was taken sick, and died in two months of quick consumption. This was a dreadful blow to all of us, as the bright star had set to rise no more to cheer us in this vale of tears. Now, my mother could not be induced to go, at any rate. "No, never," she would reply, if the subject was mentioned.

So I wrote to my brothers for directions—their answer was. "You must not compel them to come now, but you had better stay with them, as changes take place so suddenly—we cannot tell when—you had better wait a while." I did, and here I am in the State of Maine yet.

MY SAW MILL SITE.

Two men, two horses, and a burro; two Winchesters (one was a Ballard), and a pack. Every reader of Forest and Stream can finish the picture in his mind's eye, even to the mountains with their first covering of snow, to the valleys, the distant settlement and scattered ranches. Ostensible object—the location of a saw mill site for next season; real motive, anything shootable from elk to gopher, from American eagle to English sparrow. Opinion expressed before trip—by participants—"jolly good time, elegant saw timber, lots of game;" by family and friends—"whew! big fool, starve to death, heap cold, don't go!" Opinion expressed after trip—by all parties: "I told you so!" Hence all were bound to be satisfied.

Doc and I went together. I always hunt him up, because I don't like him. My wife does not like him either. She claims that he chews tobacco, and is not refined in his language. The fact of the case is she hates him, because on days when stoves have to be put up, or wood chopped, or the washer turned, Doc and I invariably have business appointments with the mallards on the lake, and those appointments must be kept even if it takes a leg. My reasons for dislike are very different. Doc can drop one with his right, and another with his left, while I get feathers with my right and left. He can outfish me, and out-prospect me. Why, the rascal actually left me hammering on a galena prospect this summer, and, strolling out on the mesa picked up in an hour, rough opal, white topaz, and hyalite that he sold in Maiden Lane for six hundred dollars, while my lead claim is waiting the next move in the tariff game. But Doc has one redeeming feature. He never complains about getting up and making breakfast. If we have no other work planned, he lets me sleep as long as I can, and he is my first partner to favor my greatest weakness. Since our prospecting trip I have been leaded as well as my claim, and I knew, especially as we were going to have some Massachusetts relatives visit us between Thanksgiving and New Years, that a change of scene and climate were essential to a restoration of health.

The region chosen was the eastern slope of the Wasatch Plateau in Sanpete and Sevier counties, Fish Lake Mountains being on southern limit. All the ridges and summits in our district were covered with pine timber, and the intervening canons and valleys afforded fair autumn feed. This is a spring range, and the showers of the late summer and early fall produce a good second growth when the cattle are being driven to their winter stamping ground in the Colorado valley below the Henry Mountains, and the sheep are hurrying to the desert wastes of the lower Sevier and of the sage-brush State. Of course, it is a good country for deer; but, on the other hand, it is a kind of mutual hunting ground for Thistle and Sanpete Utes, and we might get left. Fortunately all the bad Indians of Utah have had for two or three months past very important business dodging the government agents and holding pow-wows in San Juan County, and the good ones prefer to get their living from their white neighbors, so we were unmolested.

We packed light, having no use for a tent, and well aware that after we left the settlements we would have plenty of game of some kind or other. Not being an adept at the diamond hitch, I concluded that the less we took the less we could lose. Subsequent events ratified my judgment. Leaving Provo about three o'clock in the afternoon, that night we made Castilla Springs. The next day, through a light tracking snow, we followed the road over the divide between Utah and Sanpete valleys, and rested the second night in the hotel at Fairview. Fairview boasts two inns. It matters not at which the traveler stops, he invariably wishes that he had chosen the other. From Fairview we went east by a saw mill trail, until we had passed the last vestige of civilization and bumped against the precipitous bluff that forms the western face of the Wasatch Plateau.

Our noon camp was at the foot of the ascent, and with a mighty vow that until our return to the settlements we would abjure all the luxuries of city life, we disposed of a can of salmon while the horses finished the oats. Jack munched scrub-oaks and service-berry twigs until his hunger was satisfied, then we commenced to climb up the old cattle trail, knowing that we had flour, salt, baking-powder, and sidemeat enough to last ten days if necessity required. It was a long, hard pull to the summit, and the sun was low when we crossed the ridge. The last two hours we went through a foot of snow. Underneath, the ground was in some places soft, in others icy. We had to lead our beasts as best we could. On all that western slope we saw not a bird, nor a track, but when we reached the level upper terrace everything was changed. The warm Colorado valley winds had melted the snow from all but the highest crest-line and from canons with a northern exposure. The giant steps of the plateau province extended away toward the San Rafael swell. As we wandered down a short transverse divide we could see far to the south the summits of the Henry Mountains, while to the northeast lay Castle Valley and the deserts that border Green River canon.

Game was what we wanted. We had found the saw timber and buck tracks were of more interest than scenery. The buck tracks were present, but they were so cold that we felt that our venison would not be ready for the pan before to-morrow. In lieu of this we dropped a brace of pine hens from their roosting places, and made sure of a good supper. I believe Dendragapus, in late fall and early autumn, the most difficult bird in America to catch on the wing. It is no trick at all for a fair rifle-shot to pick off the heads of the fool birds as they rest in conscious and knot-like security on a dead limb. But they always select a tree that is close to a canon, and when once alarmed they stretch up their innocent necks and shoot, not up, but down like a streak of gray lightning that would beat a mallard backed by a gale, down and out of sight before the sportsman has caught even the direction. By long practice I have caught the proper angle, but cannot yet make sufficient allowance for velocity.

Camp was made about five o'clock. Doc dressed the birds, got supper, and fixed a "shake down" while I picketed the critters. Plenty of sign of big game encouraged us to believe that we had struck the right place. From the efforts of our live stock to stampede during the night we also believed that there was larger game than we anticipated in the immediate vicinity, and we kept a fire blazing that must have been regarded as a signal for a general uprising by the settlers in the valley thirty miles away. In the morning we found bear tracks within a hundred yards of camp.

For a week we plodded lazily southward, hunting early in the morning and in the afternoon, and moving camp in the middle of the day. We saw no person during that time, save our own two selves. We met with no startling incidents (honest confession is good for the soul). I learned to love Doc (at meal time). Doc conceived a similar affection for me (when I played night-herd and let him sleep.) We secured three bucks, one mountain lion, and one lynx. Had we been market hunters I believe that we could easily have secured twenty deer during our short stay. Then we crossed the divide westward into Grass Valley, coming through Burrville to Salina, and home by the Fairview route.

One fact of interest to ornithologists I must not forget to mention. In a warm sheltered "draw" having a southern exposure, I ran across a covey of Gambel's partridge (callipepla gambeli, Nutt.), here called "Arizona quail." I had only my rifle with me (44-70), but I secured one specimen. Although badly torn it was in recognizable condition. It was of a spring brood, and my identification of it was satisfactory. I took all the birds for this season's ('94) chicks. This is, I believe, as far north as this species has ever been found. The Arizona quail is not rare in the Buckskin Mountains, and it is sometimes found in the Valley of the Virgin, south of the Basin's Rim; but how this solitary lot of young birds got as far north as Fish Lake is a query with the undersigned.

This trip convinced me that, game commissioners to the contrary notwithstanding, there is on the Wasatch Plateau in Eastern Sanpete and Sevier, and Western Emery and Wayne counties an abundance of big game. The only thing for a white man to do is to get in his work before the Indians make their December round-up. Had we been two weeks later we might have been unsuccessful in everything but the location of the saw mill site.

SHOSHONE.

P. S.—The location of that saw mill site is unsatisfactory. I am going back next fall to locate over again.

PROVO, Utah.

Maine's New Laws.

Augusta, Me., Feb. 15, 1895.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Maine Legislature will probably make some changes in their game laws affecting the amount of game and fish taken, and close time. A bill has already passed to limit the taking of trout, and land-locked salmon to 25 instead of 50 pounds, as heretofore. It is provided that having less than 25 pounds, the taking of one additional fish is not a violation of the law. Another bill passed the house yesterday and probably became a law, making penalty for killing moose, caribou or deer, illegally, fine and imprsonment. Another bill has had its reading in the House, to prohibit the killing of cow or calf moose under penalty of $300, and imprisonment thirty days. The law on taking woodcock is most likely to be made Sept. 15 instead of Sept. 1, as now provided. A general law will be reported to-day making a new Board of Commoners, three instead of two, and increasing their power, also to vacate all warden's commissions with a view to start new, all wardens to give bonds. $30,000 is asked to enforce the law, and propagate fish and game. Most of these bills emanate from the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association.

CHANDLER.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—II.

CHICAGO, ILLS, Jan. 22.—When I returned to Memphis from Brownsville, I met in Mr. Divine's office the very man we wanted to see, namely R. E. Bobo, the champion bear hunter of the world. With him Mr. Divine wished me to have a hunt before going on down to the mouth of the river. Both of these gentlemen spoke of kiling a bear as nonchalantly as I ever heard anyone speak of killing a squirrel.

In regard to Mr. Bobo, I use the term champion bear hunter of the world advisedly and after deliberation, valuing as lightly as Mr. Bobo himself, the usually empty title of "champion." Mr. Bobo never entered into a contest of hunting of any kind in all his life, yet living alone on his Mississippi plantation—on the beautiful Anise Ridge, in what is called the Delta country, about eighty miles below Memphis—he has in his hunting for mere sport—and he never hunted in any other way—killed, I presume, twice as many bear as any other man alive today. The Rocky Mountain hunter who kills a half dozen bears in a year is an object of veneration. If he kills twenty in a year he is a Grand Mogul. Not long ago an account was published in the daily press, probably untruthful at that, about a certain hunter in West Texas who had killed 160 bear in one year and who therefore thought he "was champion of the world."

"That fellow makes me tired," said Mr. Bobo, referring to the Texas hunter. But what was Mr. Bobo's record I shall say later, because I can't hurry this story, it's going to be so good. Suffice it to say at this point that simply, directly, without a bit of plan or forethought, except as through the kindness of Mr. Divine, I afterward learned that with the invariable and infallible Forest and Stream luck, I had blundered right on top of the man who, out of all the hunters of the United States or of the world, so far as I can tell, is most justly entitled to the name of the greatest bear killer. This I say sincerely and truthfully, with no exaggeration about it and I shall in due course prove all I say. Did we get any bear? Well, I should say—but about that I shall tell later. This story can not be hurried. Only, I bless the day I first went South to hunt.

WHAT MR. BOBO LOOKS LIKE.

The typical Mississippian is supposed to be tall, slim and dark-complexioned, but if so, Mr. Bobo does not follow copy, though his father, who came from North Carolina, brought up his family in Mississippi. Bobo himself reminds you of a bear in build. He is one of the old frontier type, powerful, hardy-looking, with florid complexion, long, sweeping, sandy moustache, and the cold blue shooting eye. Bobo would be the best possible immigration sign for the Delta—put him up with the card over him, "no malaria here." In character he fulfils his type—headlong, impetuous, powerful, crashing through things, not going around them. I often laughed to myself, though Bobo didn't know it, to see him riding through the cane-brake. It was like a wild bull of Bashan broken loose. Many men have thought they could follow Bobo through the cane, but it is said no man ever did it. There is but one champion in a class. And by and by I shall tell what qualities the bear hunter in that country must have.

Tom Divine—for this being the second day I have known Mr. Divine, I was already very often calling him Tom Divine, just as everybody else does—and Bob Bobo are the best of friends in the world, and either honors the requisition of the other unhesitatingly That was the only way I could have gone hunting with Mr. Bobo. Mr. Divine said he wanted him to take me, and that settled it. Once somebody wanted to hire Mr. Bobo at $10 or $20 a day to take in a hunting party. My! wasn't he hot about that! He hasn't gotten over it yet. "I'm no guide!" he said, "and I don't hire out. I hunt for fun."

REASONS FOR FRIENDSHIP.

The way these two men happened to be such good friends is this. You see, Tom Divine is the claim agent for the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad, an arm of the Illinois Central, which not many years ago was built down through the rich Delta country, as all the valley of the Misissippi from Memphis down is called. It is Tom Divine's business to settle damage suits against the road. When a cow is killed the damage claim is handed over to Tom Divine, and if a man's wife and family are run over by the cars, it becomes Tom Divine's business to appraise the cost value of the lady and the offspring. You would think that his business would make him hard, crabbed and cynical, but, well, that's where you don't know Tom Divine.

Now, it is part of Tom Divine's creed, in his calling, never to offer any more than $15 to settle any damage claim, no matter how big it may be. If a man's horse and buggy are run over, it strikes Tom they ought to be worth about $15 if they were a good horse and buggy. In the same way, if a man's wife and family are killed, he thinks $15 ought to square it, (and I violate no confidence, I trust, in saying it has been known to square it, too.) Well, the railroad was new to the cattle of the Delta for awhile, and it used to mash up a good many of them, one day including two or three heifers belonging to Mr. Bobo. Bobo sent in his claim. Tom came down one day to settle it.

They sat on a log near the railroad, on Bobo's plantation, and discussed the value of the heifers pretty much all the afternoon. Tom offered his regular $15. Bobo said $55. They couldn't agree. "Why, those cows are dead now, man," said Tom, who had never met Bobo before. "What's more, you've buried 'em. They ain't worth more'n $15 to us, and I'm only offering that because I rather like you." Still Bobo held out for $50, and they argued it till near sundown. In the distance appeared the smoke of a train bound up to Memphis. Tom arose, folded up his jack-knife—for of course both had been whittling—and said, "Well, Mr. Bobo, I see we can't agree. There's my train coming, so I reckon I'll get aboard and get back to town.

As he said this, he stood at one end of the log and Bobo was astride the other end of it. What Bobo did was to pull a long, large gun out of his clothes and draw down on Tom. "I don't reckon that's what you're going to do at all, Mr. Divine," said he; "I reckon you're going to sit down on this log and write me out a check for $50, right now."

"Dear me!" said Tom Divine, "fifty dollars? Why, that's what I've said all along.' Is it possible you have misunderstood me?" So he sat down and wrote a check for $50.

Not long after that, a man a little further down the road lost his wife and family from too great familiarity with the cars, and Tom went down and offered his same old $15 to compromise the matter, but the offer was not accepted. The neighbors got together and said it was a shame, as nice looking a woman as that and several fine children, should go at $15. So they were going to hang Tom. It was kind of woolly down in the Delta in those days. They had Tom up on the table, with a rope around his neck, and were about to make him jump off when Bobo, who was riding by, came in to see what was the matter. He recognized Tom, and at once called a halt. "I know that man," said he, "and he's all right. Turn him loose." Bobo's word being law through many a mile of the Delta side, he was at once obeyed, and Tom was set free, and afterward convinced the man that as his wife was a bit cross-eyed, and one of the children had warts, the lot wasn't worth over $15 at the outside on the hoof. He has a cold sort of way of looking at things, I think.

It was shortly after this that in one of the race troubles which sometimes spring up in that country (in Mississippi, 69.3 of the population are blacks) that in response to certain decisive actions in regard to a couple of its Afro-Americans of his plantation, the blacks of that settlement swore revenge against Mr. Bobo. They formed what Rider Haggard would call an impi, and had by several indunas, got ready to march on the house, and so happened that Mr. Divine and four or five friends were in the neighborhood, about five miles away, and they got word of the trouble. At once, mounting, they rode over to Bobo's place, and said they were with him. There was no uprising when the indunas heard of this. By this time both Rob and Tom had learned that a friend in need is a friend indeed. They have been like brothers ever since.

DOWN IN MISSISSIP'.

According to Mr. Divine's plans, I was to go down to Bobo—for Mr. Bobo enjoys the distinction of having a whole town named after him—on Monday, devote that day and Tuesday to the killing of a bear or so, and take the south-bound train Tuesday night for New Orleans, Mr. Divine agreeing to be on that train with all my personal baggage, so that if necessary, I could take the train at some siding below Bobo station, in case our hunt took us far away from home. How this railroad fashion of bear hunting progressed we shall see. At any rate, I reached Bobo Monday at noon, about as incredulous a bear hunter as ever was, but none the less enjoying the visit to a country entirely new to me. I found the "Delta" country a land of luxuriance, of big trees and heavy corn and cotton. You could hardly see the ground in any place, so dense was the vegetable growth.

At Bobo station I was met by Mr. Bobo's plantation manager and taken up to the house, which I found to be long, low, and wide, one storied, with wide galleries all about it, a typical plantation house. On every side were the outbuildings, smoke-houses, barns, store-rooms, negro houses, etc., which belong on a Southern plantation. We were now in a country where there is plenty of room. No piling up of twenty houses, one on top of the other, on a bit of ground somebody's grandfather stole of an Indian, but a spreading out, widely and lavishly, of the twenty buildings over as much ground as one cared to use. In short, here was a country of breadth, not of narrowness; of liberality, not of sordidness; of generosity, not of avarice and selfishness. I could not help thinking of the expression used by Gus Matthews, the editor of the leading daily of Memphis, in a conversation not long before that: "Where the trees grow big, and where the wild fowl come—there is where God meant man to live." Here the trees grow big, and the wild fowl come to the lakes among them, and it seemed a country meant for man to live in without fretting out his heart. For the time, I pitied the city dwellers, and rejoiced that for a little while I had left the city far away.

"I have between 800 and 1,000 acres here," said Mr. Bobo to me, "and there is no richer soil on earth. I came here a little more than ten years ago, and at that time all this groundwas covered as thick as it could stand with heavy blue cane. This high ridge was called the Anise Ridge, and it never overflowed, and at the time of my first hunt here the game was thicker around than I ever saw it anywhere. I said then I would own this ridge some day, and so I did. Come with me and I will show you something about potatoes."

HOW A PLANTATION IS RUN.

We went out into one of the fields where the potato crop was not yet dug, and there I saw a revelation in soil. There had been no rain for eight weeks, yet, there was not a cake nor a clod visible. You could crumble into fine black flour in your fingers the hardest clod you could find. Mr. Bobo showed me that in this loose loam you could dig potatoes with the naked fingers, and we fished out some great big ones, fat and mealy, and these I bore with me and had them cooked for supper as trophies of a nove chase.

"I lease nearly all of the land to a firm of potato growers," said Mr. Bobo, the Barker Bros., of Tennessee. "They pay me $10 an acre cash rent for it, and do all the work. They raise two crops a year on the land, right along.

"We raise cotton and corn, and cattle and hogs, and about everything we need to eat on the place, and as we have over 100 souls on the place, we don't ship much except cotton, and, of course, the potatoes. The negroes do all the work, and we pay them wages, but they are really as dependent as they were before the war. The negro only cares for one meal ahead and a place to sleep over night, and the further he can get in debt the better he is pleased. They never have any cash, and we don't dare let them have, and we have to watch mighty close to keep them from getting into us. The whole place is run on a system of accounts, each negro being given a piece of ground and means to farm it. At the end of the year he turns in his crop against his store account, and he is lucky if he comes out even, though the more he is in debt the better he thinks he has done. During the year he will come to me and ask for everything he can think of, and if I would let him have the goods he and his family would live high and dress well. I have to fairly be a father to the whole improvident, shiftless lot of them, and I try my best to get them to work hard and live close and so get ahead of the world, but it isn't much use. As a class, they can not think, and bid fair to be always dependents. They make the great problem for this country, and the question is not settled. Treat one as anything but an inferior, and you ruin him. No Northern man understands the negro, and only the Southern man knows how to get along with him. My hands here know there can't be any foolishness, but they have good treatment, and every chance in the world to get ahead, and I talk to them and reason with them over it, but only a few of them remember it. They are the products of a rich soil and an easy climate, and they do not grow in intelligence in any such measure as they should. They look to the whites still for their thinking."

As we talked, Mr. Bobo and I walked on over the whole plantation, cotton, corn and potatoes, to the very edge where the big timber shut in, black and mysterious. We looked at the many horses and mules, the pigs, poultry and cattle, all the busy population of the place. The soil seemed fruitful of every sort of life. We went over to the cotton-gin, and it seemed a most singular and amusing thing to all the hands to see a man who had never seen a cotton-gin at work before. But I made a good photograph of it, so I am sure I would know the next one I saw.

THE BOBO BEAR PACK.

And now Mr. Bobo went into the house and took down his hunting horn. "I will show you a few dogs," he said, and blew a call, at which there arose a great confusion of tongues, and the bear pack came running in from every direction, and from every sort of place. From under the house and out of the house and behind the house, and from out of the barns and the sheds and from across the fields, the hounds came galloping in dozens, every one of them at cry, till the yard was full of a howling, jumping, baying lot of dogs, more than I ever saw in one pack before.

"This is only a few of them," said Mr. Bobo. "They are scattered over the neighborhood for miles. My friend Felix Payne and I hunt together, and he keeps some of the dogs, and the negroes have them all around over the country. I suppose there are sixty or eighty of them if we had them altogether."

"It takes all sorts of dogs to make a bear pack, as you see," he continued. "The base of this pack is the old pack of fox hounds my father brought from North Carolina. I have always kept up the pack. We are obliged to have a great many dogs coming in all the time, for the life of a bear dog in this country is only about four years, and not all the dogs will make good bear dogs. We have to be continually training and trying and selecting. No one knows how many times the material of the pack has changed, though, of course, I remember a long line of good bear dogs I have had.

"I like a cross of staghound pretty well; such dogs usually will run a bear trail. Then we have half-breed curs which do well, too. We never dare let go of the cold foxhound nose though, for that must puzzle out the faint trails. Plenty of cold-nosed dogs will not run on a bear trail, and some cold ones will run deer, or cat, or coons or such stuff, none of which we want. The right bear dogs has nose enough to trail bear, and will not trail anything else."

ONE BEAR, ANYHOW.

"Now you must see my pet bear," said Mr. Bobo. So we walked over to the little house where this part of the live stock was kept. "I nearly always have a pet bear or so around," said Mr. Bobo. "We had a mate for this one but it got killed. Come out here, Miss Alice!"

Miss Alice proved to be a youngster, rather over a year old, of the black bear, native to that region. She was fat, sleek and saucy, and not afraid of the dogs, though she had sense enough to run into her house when Mr. Bobo laid the dogs on for fun. Miss Alice was willing to stand up and eat from Mr. Bobo's hand, but for the rest of us, she showed a very capricious temper. Once I thought to stroke her head, but she made a lightning-like swipe with a paw which just barely missed taking off a leg for me. The only one for whom Miss Alice is constantly trustworthy and affectionate is Horace, Mr. Bobo's son, who can hustle her round as he likes. No one else takes many liberties with her. We spent some time watching the odd actions of the bear, and I got some pictures of it and a few of the dogs, and of Mr. Bobo and his friend Mr. Felix Payne incidentally, the latter having by this time come over to see about that bear hunt.

One habit of this bear I never saw in any other, and it reminded me of the mooted "whickering" of the coon. It would lie by the half hour and lick at the head of a nail in the side of its house, all the time uttering a rapid, twittering note much like the distant sound of the sickle-bar of a reaper, only of higher key. It had worn the wood away from around the head of the nail by constant licking at it. While at this pastime the animal would move its paws a little, and apparently be quite happy, as a cat is when it purrs. The note was very high and rapid, a sort of "whickering" sound.

On the shed near the depot I had noticed a bear skin tacked out, and commenting on this, Mr. Bobo showed me three more, also a very large wolf. "We had a little hunt two weeks ago," said he, carelessly, "killed five bear. They are not very plenty, some way, this fall, and I think they are moving off hunting for the mast. Still, I reckon we can get a bear. You could kill a deer this evening if you wanted to, over at the edge of the field, but we don't bother very much with deer. Of course, we never kill anything but bear ahead of the dogs."

A LAND OF PLENTY.

Thus we passed the afternoon even too quickly, and at dark sat down to a plantation dinner, such a dinner, if I may be forgiven comment upon it, as no city club man ever saw, unless he went away from home. After all, no cooks surpass the Southern negroes, raised in the art, and I do think they are the only beings on earth who really know how to make coffee. The many breads, the different honeys, the several preserves of fruits, the fowls, the many vegetables—above all the delicious yams; you can't get sweet potatoes in the North—everything, Mr. Bobo said, except the coffee and the sugar, was the product of the country. "And the sugar doesn't come from very far down the river," said he. Verily, you could build a wall

about the little plantation of Bobo and live like a lord, in defiance of the rest of the world (though I don't know about the coffee!) The lord of this manor, unconscious of the fact, lives as a patriarch of old, the protector of many, the head of a large flock—a type, as I have said before, of the only aristocracy America can afford. The "first families" of the cities, who dress and act and live and marry, and die by rule of three and never know the larger lines of an actual breadth and nobility of character —those little men, those little men! They make me sick. The hope of America and American character, is not in them. Rather look for it in the places where its trees grow big, and the wild fowl come.

As I reflected on the easy condition of life in this land of plenty, I called to mind by contrast the black prairies of Dakota and of Kansas, where life to those who make a living from the soil is often such a struggle. Even there, in November, snow and ice had covered many a farm where half the year the farmer worked in order to live through the other half, raising but one crop of one sort, forced to buy everything he used. I could recall wide strips of country once settled where the shocks are now empty, the stoves kept unwarmed, the farm untrod, except by the antelope. Of course, all that country must some day support its population, but there is easier country, where the land costs less, and where you don't have to burn hay or corn, about which the American people seem yet to know but little. When I told my Mississippi friends about twisting hay to burn in a storm at twenty below zero, they shivered and looked about them contentedly. "I reckon those negroes of mine would better stay here, and not go to Oklohoma or Kansas," said Mr. Bobo, grimly.

PLANTATION COURT OF APPEAL.

After dinner, Mr. Bobo seems to hold a sort of open court, in the big room where the wide fire place is. A negro rapped at the door.

"Well, what do you want?" Mr. Bobo asked.

"Well, sah, Mr. Bobo, sah, my boy done cut his foot 'bout off wid an axe, a' I wants a doctah, sah, mighty bad."

"Write him an order for a doctor, quick, Jim," said Mr. Bobo to his manager. "I'll come over and see the boy pretty soon."

Another knock, and enter just within the door another negro.

"Well, what is it, Pete?" asked Mr. Bobo, turning around in his chair.

"Well, sah, Mr. Bobo, sah, I wants ten dollars pow'ful bad, sah."

"Well, you know you can't have it, don't you?" Giggle on the part of the nigger, who resumes. "I like it mighty well, sah, w'en my folks we needs a heap o' things."

"Oh, you only want to get into debt, that's all you want. Haven't you got any meal?"

"Yes sah, a few."

"And bacon?"

"Umph—humph."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Well, sah, my oldis' gal need er pair shoes pow'ful bad."

"Well, why don't you go over in the field, all your family, and pick up potatoes for the potato man?" You can earn six bits a day there, if you work, and that's money you've got earned and paid for. Go to work and get your own shoes, and don't come to me for them. You've got the chance to earn the money and do it easily, and that's the best thing for you."

Exit negro, shaking his head.

"Will he go to work for the money?" I asked.

"No," said Mr. Bobo, "he'd do without the shoes It's easier Oh, these people!"

FACTS ABOUT THE BEAR CHAMPIONSHIP.

To me the pleasure of novel surroundings and new country has more charm than the actual hunting part of a trip to such country. But I suppose there are a great many who want to know all about the bear we killed, and how many Bobo ever killed, how many are left, and what is the shortest way to kill those that are left. As to what Mr. Bobo did, and as to his claim which I set up for him as champion bear hunter of the world, I will quote his words on that subject as he spoke that first night.

"When I first visited this country," said Mr. Bobo, "a friend and I came in on a hunt. We were in a dug-out, and had come down the river some distance. The overflow was on then, and all this high ridge was covered with game. We tied up and went out a little way from the boat. My friend saw a deer and killed it, and then we killed two more in a few minutes. I walked down the ridge and saw a small bear, and I shot it, and then I saw another, a very large one, and I killed it, too, and a moment after I killed a third. We hunted about fifteen minutes and then had to stop, for our boat would hold no more meat.

The next year I came here and settled, and after that the hunting was always at hand. The first week I came here I killed thirteen bear. In one hunt of five days I killed 2,100 lbs. of meat. I have killed 1,200 lbs. of bear meat in two hours and fifteen minutes.

304 BEAR IN ONE YEAR.

"In one year I killed 304 bear, 52 deer, 13 panther, myself. You could kill bear then like hogs. There was good meat, and the bear were everywhere. So far as I know, that is the largest number of bear ever killed in one year by any one man.

'How many bear I ever killed in all, I have no manner of idea, but many hundreds, surely. I have killed a many a one that I never even skinned. I have a sort of weak stomach for cleaning a bear, and if no one was around to do that, very often I would ride away and leave the bear lying.

"I never sold any meat or hides but once. There was a lot of bear hide knocking around the place, and a Jew peddler came along and offered me $3 a piece for the lot. He gathered up 180 in all, and I let him have them.

"I have killed seven bear in one day, and six the day following, and very often three or four in a day. Once I killed in three days fourteen, three and six bear. My dogs are always good, and if we jumped a bear we were about sure to get him. Felix Payne and I kept count one year, and we jumped 151 bear and killed every one before we made a lose."

Such was the environment into which the Forest and Stream luck had brought me. It began to look to me like bear.

E. HOUGH.

HERMIT WAYS.

Edwin P. Brown, the miser hermit, of Westport Harbor, Mass., is dead. He was starved and frozen to death in his lone cabin in the wild woods. He was aged about sixty-five.

I had known him ever since I was a boy, twenty-five years ago. He purchased a small lot of open land in the wild wood far from the public road, and built a stone hut about 10x12, with one window and door. He was not friendly to visitors. He worked for the farmers in the neighborhood, and almost always carried with him an old single barrel gun, which he secreted in the weeds in the field where he was working. The lock would be wrapped in a big wad of old rags to keep dry the percussion. He wore the same suit summer and winter, which was composed of probably a thousand patches of every color and filth enough to hold them together. With all of this nastiness, his premises about his cabin and the foot-paths leading to it were kept most scrupulously clean. If you should drop a match stick on the ground he would tell you to pick it up and carry it away with you, or correct you if you should spit on the grass. The grass was mowed often, and the bushes along the paths cut, with everything as neat as a lawn.

He always believed in keeping his woodpile as large as his cabin, but was sparing in the use of it. His food consisted of salted herrings, crackers, cheese, and tea. He used neither tobacco nor liquor.

He had two old guns, and sometimes used to carry them both around with him, and while not afraid of guns in his own hand, he was frightened to a crazy frenzy if some one else should shoot in his hearing. I remember one instance when he was mowing a marsh for my father, my brother and I not thinking, started in for a pistol match, using a 22 cailber, and shooting in an opposite direction. He was some three hundred yards away, and came running up to the house screaming and yelling that we had shot him. If a person should shoot at a sea fowl across the bay, and he should see the smoke before hearing the report, he would run quickly to one side to dodge the bullet which he imagined was shot at him.

One time a thunderstorm came up while he was mowing and he came running up to the house, and told us that the lightning had struck his scythe, and would have killed him had he not jumped to one side. It was not an uncommon thing to hear him in the night during a thunderstorm, bombarding the sky with his old guns as fast as he could load and fire.

In the fall he used to bury one of his old guns in the ground "to give it a rest," and dig it up in the spring and shoot a lot of gravel from it to "smooth it out in good shape."

I have seen him shoot at geese just as fast as he could, as long as he could see them in the sky, and then claim that the last one in the row was dangerously wounded and going off to die. He was careful about shooting around the beaches, if there was a vessel in sight from shore for fear of killing some one on board.

He was a hard working and honest man, but his mind was unbalanced—I hear it was caused by a love affair. He was intelligent and apparently well educated, and quite rational on some things.

He had accumulated and deposited in the saving bank, I understand, about $2,000. and had $40 in his pocket when found dead in his shanty.

He would receive no favor from any one. If he used your grindstone to sharpen his ax, he would insist on paying for it; if you would not take anything for it he would leave a few coppers on the frame. He wouldn't even accept a ride on the road with you unless he could pay you something.

It is said that he used to live in Wisconsin. No one ever knew what caused him to live such a life, and he carried the secret to the grave.

J. W. BABBITT.

DANVERS, Mass.

SPORT IN IRELAND.

Having recently occupied some space in Forest and Stream on the subject of Canadian fishing, "past and present," some brief notes may be of interest on a somewhat similar subject—viz., sport, "old and new," in the South of Ireland.

At the outset, I may say that, while I have arrived at that point of vantage in a life-time, middle age, I look back to early days, spent with fox-hounds and harriers, or with rod and gun, in Southern Ireland, as among the happiest.

It would require longer time and space than is now at my disposal, to refer to all these sports in detail. Permit me on this occasion to say a word about the gun and snipe shooting in particular. Unhappily, I can but show rapid deterioation in this sport, in the lapse of time. Oh! for those days of happy boyhood, when I could, without quitting the snipe region, leave the paternal roof-tree at early dawn, walk steadily till "dewy eve," without let or hindrance, without "smell dog" or other encumbrance, one's only care being to regulate the search for snipe, so that each bog or ravine should be taken down-wind, an essential thing in snipe-shooting. We found it of importance, too, to shoot without setters or pointers. The noise made by their movements, through long grass or marsh, would, to the watchful snipe, give timely notice of the approach of the gunner. A retriever is, however, a useful appendage to pick up duck or snipe which might fall beyond arm's length, in a deep pool or stream.

And what splendid shooting we had! Comparatively easy side shots, the snipe coming round to the wind instead of flying straight away with their peculiar well-known twist, as they would have done had we gone up-wind. Those happy days were before Captain Boycott appeared on the scene; before the sport, or want of sport, of tenant eviction on the one side, and landlord hunting on the other. Peace and plenty reigned supreme, and there was harmony and good will among all classes. Those days were also before the days of breech-loading guns, choke bores, or hammerless ejectors. There was the old song before starting for a day's snipe shooting, to ensure being properly equipped, "powder, shot, caps and wads." The word "luncheon" was at times added, but it was unnecessary; for you could not pass a friendly farm house, at the hour of noon, without being asked to partake of the family dinner, and what a sight it was! father and mother, sons and daughters, serving men and women, sitting beside the long table, with heaps of smiling "prates," and not merely "prates," and "point" —the "point" at the red herring for the head of the family, or at the flitch of bacon on the rafters but bacon and cabbage "galore," the height of good living, with milk in mugsfull to wash down the abundant dinner. After refreshment of this kind, to vary the day's amusement there was, perhaps, an invitation from the farmer to see a bit of coursing. The brace of grayhounds was brought out, and the hare, whose form had been spotted previously, was found, and showed the well-known questionable and short-lived sport,—the "hurrish hurrish, she's dead, not unlike the Chinaman's idea of toboganning, "whish! walkee back a milee."

You then proceed on your snipe beat, and you must have been a poor shot, wanting in savoir fair, or energy, or knowledge of country, if you failed to bring home ten or twelve couple of snipe, with two or three brace of wild duck, mallard or teal.

The knowledge of country is an important factor in the success of such a day's shooting —a false step on a "shaky bog" might produce disastrous results. I have vivid recollections of my experience in "shaky bogs". During a shoot with an elder brother, we saw two rival sportsmen making for the line of bogs we had in view, and, in order to cut them out, we resolved on taking a direct route through a treacherous swamp, when we came upon a questionable spot, a possibly concealed "shaky bog." Being the younger brother and the lighter weight, I was detailed to try and gain firm land beyond by soft and quick steps, from tuft to tuft of grass I had gone but a step or two when, suddenly, I found all foothold gone, and a rapid sinking of body in the slimy mire, with an equally rapid sinking of mind, as, out of reach of friendly brother's hand or gun, there was apparently no rescue from this bottomless abyss. In this extremity, a happy thought, at once acted on, took the place of dull despair. I then threw myself forward on my gun. That in itself was not enough to prevent continuous sinking, but, with the slight support of the gun, I was enabled, from that point, to carry out a series of corkscrew movements with my body, till, at last, after long and no slight exertions, I rolled out, not "clean out," of my mud bath. How I recovered my gun, memory fails to record . Of one thing I am certain, that one rival sportsman, by my mishap, secured range and wind of our pet bogs, and we returned home, one of our party to be numbered among the "unwashed" of the land.

It was shortly after this that I was stationed with my company of infantry at a small town, Kinsale, on the southern coast of Ireland. Here there was abundant scope for both woodcock and snipe shooting; but there was. however, but one proprietor of all the shooting lands which he strictly preserved. He had, unfortunately, a deadly hatred of soldiers, and invariably refused all their applications for permission to shoot on his premises. My Captain, as good a sportsman as he was a polished gentlemen, asked me to accompany him on a visit to the old landlord. Dressed in our Sunday best, we used our every argument with the old gentleman. In order to secure permission to shoot over his lands, at length, having prolonged our interview beyond reasonable limits, we obtained the eagerly wished for permission, with the clear understanding that no hares were to be shot, woodcock and snipe being, like ourselves, "birds of passage."

On the following day, it did not take long to prepare for a battue, in the woodcock coverts. After our morning parade in Barracks, we had a general parade of every man in the company at the covert side, and soon the woods resounded with "Hi cock!" Hi cock!" mark that bird!" "cock forward!" etc. Unhappily one gunner, whose nervous system was, I imagine, affected by these, to him, strange noises of the soldiery beaters, had forgotten the instructions not to shoot a hare, and, at an early stage of our proceedings, took steady aim at an old jack hare, and balled him over, amid the shouts of the beaters. This breach of contract soon came to the ears of our landlord, our permit was cancelled, we returned to barracks wiser but sadder men. and thus ended our first lesson in shooting hares without leave.

On another occasion, when stationed in another small town in the South of Ireland, Yougall, reference to the contour ordinance survey map of the country conveyed to me important information as to the whereabouts of every snipe bog within twenty miles of barracks, and many bag of snipe I filled in this country, hitherto not considered good for sport. Moreover, it was not, as a rule, necessary to obtain a permit, the snipe bogs not being preserved. In one of my "walks abroad," in "breaking new ground," I had just opened fire in a perfect bit of country, nearly opposite the Manor House of the locality, when the loud voice of the keeper warned me off those lands which, he informed me, were strictly preserved. In soft undertone, however, quite unlike his previously commanding voice, he requested me not to mind him. "Go on shooting, your honor. There is a very likely spot just in front of you," and so there was. Here I filled my bag, and half a crown rewarded the faithful (?) keeper.

Such occasions as this, even at that early period, in shooting the country at one's own sweet will, with a contour map as one's only guide, we were, I admit, liable to find ourselves on a bit of pet preserved land.

I cannot easily forget one occasion when, with a keen and kindly sportsman, whose only fault was his extreme deafness, I was beating down wind on a perfect piece of snipe ground, with no ill-will in my heart toward man, woman, or child. A bird got up in my direct front, and flew toward my friend, who was on my left. I fired, and hit the bird, falling in an adjoining field, the fence of which was the boundary of a property which was strictly preserved. My friend, with his accustomed courtesy (he is the most courteous of men, the most gentle of gentlemen), at once got over the fence to pick up for me my bird, while I was busy with "powder, shot, caps, and wads," in going through the tedious loading motions. Before he had picked up the dead bird, an angry landlord appeared on the scene, and a volley of strong adjectives, apparently gathered from the four quarters of the globe, without the aid of dictionary, and with no choice diction,

was hurled at my unoffending friend, who, happily, owing to his deafness, heard not a word, merely saying, in reply to the furious landlord, who was now calling for our names, in order to institute legal proceedings—"I beg your pardon, sir." Having given the enraged landlord ample opportunity to explode and exhaust his sufficient supply of strong language, my friend, who had retained his habitual coolness, in happy ignorance of cause or probable effect of the strange scene, quietly picked up my snipe, and, having rejoined me, we proceeded in our shoot in our unpreserved route, amid a "feu de joie" of adjectives.

I could go on and fill many a page with accounts of mixed bags on the grouse mountains and moors of Southern Ireland, where both pointers and setters are as necessary as their absence is desirable in a snipe bog, where we carefully worked every inch of ground, and where brother vied with brother in scoring high.

In the evening count of game on the cottage floor we with pride laid out grouse, partridge, snipe, duck, with an occasional hare, the result of our day's sport with dog and gun; and in those happy days tenant vied with tenant in showing the young landlord and his friends the spots where sport could best be obtained.

How sad the contrast between past and present, not only as regards the relations between landlord and tenant, but as to quantity and quality of sport. Legislation has been so busy with land improvement act and landlord and tenant act, that snipe and wild duck, grouse and partridge, have been improved off the face of the land; and Boycott and Boycotting have been so busy that foxhounds and harriers have only the half-hearted support of the community.

May we not hope that there is yet a good time coming for dear old Ireland in its every industry and its every sport.

MICMAC.

THE CAMP OF NINETY-FOUR.

Although Western New York was at one time a paradise for game, the time has long gone by when the deer and turkeys were computed by comparison with the leaves on the trees, and the man who would make a bag these days must know the country thoroughly and work hard. Likewise, Western New York has many pleasant spots toward which the toil-worn worker may direct his steps in vacation; but he who would camp where the "madding crowd" does not interfere with his going around with no wearing apparel but a pair of pants and one suspender, must hustle around right smart, or he won't find it.

One such spot do I know of, and there have we camped for the past seven years, each succeeding season adding more pictures to memory's wall, wherewith to beguile our winter evenings and strengthen our resolve to return next year. And it is a lovely spot. Where the blue waters of old Ontario spend their time trying to lick the beach, midway between two small lake shore villages, lies a forest stretching for half a mile along the shore, and for an eighth of a mile inland, divided about midway by a tributary of the lake. In summer this creek is closed by a sandbar across the mouth, and there is no current. It is simply a lagoon—an arm of the lake, full of weeds, and rushes, and pond lillies. Around this creek the trees stand like sentinels; here a mighty chestnut, there a pine, or a dead hemlock rearing its black and leafless branches against the sky. The whole effect is of solemn beauty. Up around the bend, the effect is livened by clumps of birches, standing on the steep banks, back of the deep-green rushes. On the whole, it is very pretty, and is an elegant place to go after breakfast, and kick yourself for the naughty words you said when you dropped your pipe in the oatmeal.

The season of ninety-four was drawing on toward September, when we found ourselves in camp once more. The party consisted of N. N., the Deacon, his Brother Bill, and myself.

There is great charm in getting under a canvas roof again, and consequently it was a very merry party that stood on the shores of the "Beautiful Water" when we first arrived in camp. Even the dog was glad—and we (i. e., the dog and I) didn't even fight with each other to see who was going to be pillow for the night. One of us was always pillow, part of the time, anyway. When we'd go to sleep, the dog would be pillow; but when we woke up, I generally found that there had been mutiny during the night, and that I was now filling the position of combined feather bed and pillow. Then the dog and I would carry on a little conversation with ourselves, and the dog would get behind a trunk and put her paws in her ears.

The days in camp pass along more than smoothly. You begin to get fat and feel your oats, and you don't care whether school keeps or not. Sometimes you take your gun and go after woodcock, which you don't get, owing to a peculiar habit this bird has of flying in a different direction from that taken by the shot. Then again, on a calm evening, when the sun is setting, and you see the shiners jumping out of the water, you think there must be bass out there; so you get out your fishing-rod, bait with a piece of bologna, and proceed to fool around in the boat, pretending to fish, while some of the rest of the gang get supper. One day Deacon and I did catch a fish. Poor fellow. He'd been disappointed in love, probably, and wished to commit suicide. We hit him with the flat of an oar-blade, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

After supper we swing the kettle—that dear old kettle. Some man ought to write an "Old Oaken Bucket" song about it—we swing the kettle off the fire, and pile on more wood. Then we light our pipes, and settle down to solid comfort. Stretched on the ground, watching the sparks which flew from the fire into the black void from whence no spark returns, beyond where the nearest bushes toss phantom arms in the fire-light, I conjured up fancies of the time when all this country was an unbroken wilderness, when, instead of the barges which now plow the waters of old Ontario, no craft but those of birch-bark had ever rested on its bosom; when the only sounds that disturbed the quiet of the forest were the cries of wild animals and the shouts of the Indian; when the Ongweehonwee danced their war-dance, celebrated their victories, and scalped their Algonquin enemies with reckless abandon. Musing thus on the past, I am suddenly made aware of a stir on the other side of the fire, and, looking up, I see that the Deacon has prepared himself for a speech. He turns a round-eyed, good-natured face, imported direct from Germany and guaranteed genuine, upon the rest of the crowd, and with the air of a man bestowing a wealth of thought upon some poor individual, he says, "Just think, boys! Perhaps this very log is one upon which old Pathfinder sat, when he held his council with Ching-ach-gook!"

"Yes," responds the unimaginative N——, with a slight tinge of sarcasm. "Or perhaps it's the one old Christopher Columbus brought over from Spain, to build a shanty with!"

This remark meets with the approval of the gang, but the Deacon's expression changes to one which might be called a "sardonic grin," and "Look here, you," he says. "What d'ye mean by insulting a gentleman? Don't you know that I'm the only man in the gang that you can't insult without getting hurt? You've got to fight; see?"

"All right, Julius," says N——, calmly. "Any time you wish to meet me in combat, you will find me right here, with my sleeves rolled up and spit on both my hands!"

At which the Deacon utters his well-known warwhoop, and advances upon the enemy. Not to be outdone, Bill and I likewise sail in, and for the next few minutes the air is full of flying blankets, pillows, and such-like weapons. The result is that we have to turn to and make the beds again, and eating everything eatable around camp, we turn in for the night, lulled to sleep by the monotone of the surf on the beach, and the wind in the trees. Bill attends to his last duty, which is that of adjusting his patent snorer, with which he proceeds to say nothing and saw wood.

Happy days! They come but once a year, but when they do we try and make up for lost time. Our camp-kit is all ready for next season, and our dishes still repose in a blissful state of uncleanliness. May they never be otherwise!

MAC.

Natural History.

WINTERING BOB WHITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:—Several times I have noticed articles in Forest and Stream on the propagation of quail.

I am prompted to give you a minute description of my experience, hoping that it may enable some of my brother sportsmen to have good shooting almost at their doors, if they live in a quail section of country. The expense and trouble are small.

About three years ago I bought eighteen Southern quail, eight cocks and ten hens. Their cost, delivered, was about five dollars.

I confined them in a box four feet square and ten inches high. The top of it was taken out. A strip, one inch wide, was sawed out of one side one inch above the bottom. This slot was three feet long, running from one corner to within a foot of the other corner. Through this slot the birds were watched and fed. To afford a water supply, an ordinary tin bread-pan was inserted in an aperture in the side of the box near the ground, the aperture being of the correct size for the pan to fit in nicely and securely.

To furnish a supply of sand and gravel, a board two inches wide and long enough to reach from side to side, was nailed across, one end being at the end of the slot described hereinbefore, thus fencing off a space one foot wide and four feet long. A small auger hole in the side, just over this space, afforded means for pouring in fresh sand, which was supplied through a funnel every few days. A piece of pasteboard was tacked over the hole when it was not in use, to prevent the birds from making frantic efforts to escape. They will endeavor to go through any opening above them, but not below them. Then the box was covered with cheese-cloth drawn taut and tacked securely around the edges. This covering gave plenty of light and air, and kept the birds from dashing their brains out in their struggles to escape whenever the cage was approached. They always try to fly up.

They were fed regularly twice a day, morning and night. Their diet was varied—cracked corn, wheat, buckwheat, and two or three times a week, cabbage, of which they are very fond. Watercress or anything green obtainable was also given them. I would sometimes slip in a large sheet of pasteboard covered with hayseed, and they would scratch and pick in it as if on their native heath. They were kept well supplied with sand and fresh water. I was particular to wash clean the watering pan every morning. The cage was kept in a large, airy, unused room where rats and cats could not enter. The temperature was kept at about 50 degrees, rarely below 32 degrees. Once in about every three or four weeks the cage was well cleaned and aired.

A small box, covered with burlap, having a sliding door at the bottom is used in removing the birds from the cage. The sliding door of the small box is placed against a similar door in the cage, the birds are driven into the small box, and thus the cage can be cleaned when necessary.

Some people may consider this method a great deal of trouble, but let them try it once, and if they have any sporting blood in their veins, they will soon become so interested that the care will become a pastime. At least, it was so with me.

As a result of my efforts, I had, on April 1, sixteen fine birds, two hens having died. Arrangements had been previously made with a farmer for the shooting privileges of his farm, about one hundred acres of which was comparatively dry bog meadow with plenty of cover. There were also in it two wooded islands of from five to ten acres each, surrounded by fertile grain fields. On one of these islands the cage was placed one night after dark in early April. A good supply of food was scattered about it, and the sliding door was drawn. Bright and early the next morning the quail walked quietly out into the woods. There was nothing to disturb or frighten them, and they forthwith selected that spot as their home.

Food was kept on the grounds, and they could be flushed within a short distance of it almost any day before they mated. Even then, they seemed to depend in part on securing their food from the supply furnished.

We observed that they did not pair off so early as our native birds.

There were hatched five or six bevies from these birds that season. We shot part of them. The next season they were more abundant and more were shot. Last fall "the woods were full of them," so to speak. As late as last Thanksgiving Day we flushed at least seventy-five birds within the limits of our domain.

Do not think that we left them to shift for themselves during the winter. In warm, sunny spots, with Southern exposures, on each of the islands, a low hovel or two was built by driving crotches in the ground. Palings were laid across and covered with straw, then brush was laid on to keep the straw from blowing away. In these little "quail houses," gravel was put and a good supply of grain was kept in them all winter. The quail soon discovered the shelter, and fed there regularly every day. When the weather turned very cool and the snow lay deep over the surrounding country, they fed and remained under these protecting covers nearly all the time. On two occasions, after a severe snowstorm, I blessed the thoughtful farmer who visited the covers and found the birds completely snowed in. Of course, they would have perished if he had not shoveled them out.

To repay us for these little attentions, we have each spring plenty of good strong birds for seed. From the little nucleus of sixteen quail, we not only get plenty of shooting for ourselves, but we have stocked the whole surrounding country. I have shot many birds, which I am satisfied were from our lot, at least two miles away from the original habitat.

One peculiarity I have observed: They have adapted themselves to this climate, and each succeeding season they nest nearer to the nesting time of our native birds. They grow to be much larger and finer than the original Southern stock.

At some future time I may give you a description of some of my pleasant and successful outings among them.

WAWAYANDA.

ORANGE COUNTY, New York.

Editor Forest and Stream;—Out of six pair of quail which I let out in April last, and which belonged to our gun club, there are left six bevies certain. They have been fed by a number of different persons here in town. The dozen I kept laid three nests of eggs, thirteen to seventeen in a nest. None of them hatched, so I let the birds out. I do not think they will thrive or propagate when shut up. But the law protects quail this season, which will make a big difference in our quail shooting next season, if the winter is not too severe.

C. F. ROBBINS, Fish and Game Warden.

OXFORD, Mass.

WILDFOWL BREEDING GROUNDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—In your issue of Jan. 26 is an interesting article by "Coureur des Bois" upon the canvas-back duck supply. In the conclusion arrived at—viz., "that the time limit of the extermination of the canvas-back supply of the United States may be indefinitely extended," I am inclined to agree with the writer, so far as the Canadian conditions have to do with that supply.

There is, however, one statement made by "Coureur des Bois" that is inaccurate. One would infer from the general tenor of his article that the canvas-back did not breed within the line of settlement in Canada. Seton in his pamphlet upon the birds of Manitoba and the North West Territories quotes Hines as saying that the canvas-back breeds in the vicinity of Lake Manitoba. Be that as it may, I know that it breeds in Muskago Lake at the head of the Qu'Appelle chain. Last summer I also saw an occasional canvas-back in the great Cumberland Marsh; but as I was there in the breeding season, and kept in the main channels of the river, I naturally did not see many ducks of any kind, as at that time they remain very quiet and do not fly much.

Reverting to the Qu'Appelle Lakes again—in the spring the first ducks to arrive are the golden-eyes and the large mergansers, followed very closely by bluebills. Then come the mallards, redheads, widgeons, gadwalls, spoonbills, etc., and, nearly last of all, the canvas-backs. Of course, I am now writing only in general terms of the arrival of the main flight of each species. I have seen several hundreds of canvas-backs upon the surface of Wyosung Lake, between May 1 and 15, busily feeding upon the tender roots of certain water plants, which they brought up from the bottom, or playing, or courting. By this time all the golden-eyes and most of the bluebills and other ducks have gone farther north, to be followed about May 15 by the great body of the canvas-backs. Every year, however, a number of the latter breed and rear their young in Muskago Lake, the next above Wyosung Lake. In '83 and '84 I saw a number of canvas-backs breeding in the sloughs and small lakes upon the prairie north of the Qu'Appelle River, but since then most of the water has disappeared from our prairies, and with it the ducks. Jack Leader, who first came to this country in '79 as a member of the N. W. Mounted Police, and who is a shooter of considerable repute, told me a few days since that he has seen canvas-backs breeding in the sloughs and lakes in many places between here and the international boundary, but he never saw one west of the Cypress Hills.

The Indians and their squaws were in the habit of going about in the lakes and sloughs in Assiniboia, and with their dogs locating the nests of the ducks, or chasing the flappers out of the long grass. The latter they clubbed to death, and the eggs they gathered and literally carted them away in thousands. These they used for food for themselves. No eggs were sold, however, for the practice of gathering the eggs and killing the flappers was discountenanced by the white people. Last year an Act of the Dominion Parliament came into force, which made the Indians south of the North Saskatchewan River and certain bands north of it amenable to the Territorial game laws, which prohibit the taking of eggs and the killing of game in certain seasons. The result has been that many thousands of our ducks have been allowed to raise their broods, that a couple of years ago would never have got farther than the laying of the eggs.

Spring duck shooting is still allowed by law here, and great numbers of, principally mallards and bluebills are murdered every year. Of course, the most of them are never used as food for the reason that worn out by their long flight, and from other causes, they are miserably

poor and unfit for food. Those in the best condition are picked out, and the rest are permitted to go to waste.

When the ducks first come there is very little open water, and the shooters have every advantage over the ducks, and as the bluebills and other ducks, at that season of the year, are possessed of an insane desire to get alongside of anything in the water, be it made of wood, tin, or rubber, that has the slightest resemblance to a duck, great bags are made. It is otherwise with the canvas-backs. By the time they arrive there is plenty of open water; they are more wary and not so eager to decoy; and, as a result, fewer birds are secured, albeit they are at this time of the year the best ducks we have. This does not suit the game hog, and, as a rule, the canvas-back escapes fairly well. F. C. C.

FORT QU'APPELLE, Assa., N. W. T.

AN ANGLER'S SNAKE NOTES.

I have knocked around fishing and camping for a good many years, mostly in West Virginia, and have hardly ever started on one of my trips without some one cautioning me about snakes. From my experience with snakes, I don't think the camper has anything to fear from them, as I have never known of one of any species getting into our tent, and I have seen but very few in the vicinity of our camps. Once when contemplating a trip to the Gauly Mountains and River in West Virginia, I was strongly advised not to go into that country, as it was alive with rattlesnakes. One friend told me that when he was engaged in running a line for the C. & O. R. R. through these mountains, he had found rattlers so thick that you could smell them all the time. I was not deterred, however, and spent ten days hunting in these mountains, and rambling along the banks of the river without seeing one snake of any kind. I told our guide, Andy, that I would give him fifty cents if he would show me a live rattler, and the way he worked to earn it was astonishing, but without success. He poked around among laurel thickets, and the loose bowlders in sunny spots, hunting assiduously in places I would not have gone into for anything, and I am not afraid of snakes. In all my tramps through seven of the wildest counties of West Virginia I never saw a live rattlesnake, and not more than half a dozen that had been killed.

The only live wild rattler I ever did see was in Massachusetts when a boy. I was driving from West Newton to Northboro, and got out to ease the horse up a steep hill. Seeing some tiger lilies growing in the woods near the road, I went in to gather them, when a strange buzzing sound greeted my ears, and an enormous snake moved near my feet. I was much frightened, but did not know the danger I was in. The ladies in the carriage screamed for me to get in, and bade me drive to a farm house near by. From there the alarm was given, and a party of men hunted the snake, which they soon found, and killed.

A rattlesnake got into a house where I was staying one summer on the south branch of the Potomac in West Virginia. The lady of the house went into the room where her children slept, to quiet one of them who was crying, and who told her mother there was a rat in the room. She called her husband to bring a light, and discovered a large rattlesnake coiled in one of the corners. It was killed, and an investigation showed that it must have come in through a knot-hole in one of the floor boards, there being no cellar under the house.

I have run across a great many copperheads and black snakes (and, of course, water snakes, but they don't count), and from what I know of the copperheads I should think it much more dangerous than the rattlesnake, for it gives no warning of its presence, will not run away from you, and its bite is very venomous. One day as I left the shore of a river to fish, I picked up a small tin box, by running my fingers through the slats and deposited it in the boat. Arrived at the fishing grounds I picked the box up in the same way, and put it overboard; as soon as it touched the water a copperhead of about fifteen inches came out of it, and swam toward the boat, and was killed with an oar. Why it did not strike my hand is a mystery to me, and can only be accounted for by the fact that it was either numbed by the cold, or had not room enough inside the box to coil.

One day while gathering peaches in an orchard in West Virginia, I was accompanied by a barefoot urchin four years old. A particularly luscious peach was knocked down, and as I watched it fall I saw a movement in the grass, just as the boy jumped to grab the peach. I grabbed him, drew him back, and carefully looking saw an enormous copperhead coiled alongside the peach. That was a narrow escape for that boy.

The greatest number of snakes I ever saw on any trip was during a canoe run of one hundred and ten miles down the Elk River, West Virginia. Water snakes abounded, and blackheads and copperheads were numerous along the shores. Our guide shot a large copperhead through the tail, and captured it. He tied it with some leather woodbark to a bush near the tent to show it to us when we returned from fishing in the afternoon. It was terribly angry and savage, striking at us viciously, springing as far as its tether would permit. It was an ugly customer, and we dispatched it at once.

Almost every guide and farmer you meet in West Virginia has some marvelous snake stories to relate, but from my own observations I think many of the fearful encounters and miraculous escapes from death from snake-bites which they tell of are either inventions of their own brains, or are exaggerations which they have told so often that they believe them to be true themselves. Several years ago on the shore of Lake Roland, near this city, there was a very large water snake, which had his den in some big rocks. He was very shy, and would hide himself immediately on the approach of any one, as many had tried to kill him. I was out one morning at daylight fishing for black bass, and noticed something strange looking waving to and fro at the water's edge, quite near these rocks. My curiosity was enough excited for me to leave my fishing to investigate. When within a few feet of the object I made it out to be the tail of a good sized catfish, flapping slowly backward and forward. I got a long stout pole, and brought it down with all my force, where I thought it would do the most good, supposing it was a snapping turtle that had the fish. But to my surprise I found it was that big snake, which had tried to make his breakfast of the catfish, and had swallowed it down to its fins. I hauled the snake out on the brink, and released the fish, which on being put back into the lake swam feebly away.

EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

SOME PENNSYLVANIA MAMMALS.

In Part III. of the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia for 1894, Mr. Samuel M. Rhoads has an interesting paper, entitled "Notes on the Mammals of Monroe and Pike Counties, Pennsylvania."

These two counties are sparsely inhabited, and some large mammals still exist there. Much of the region is elevated, lying from 1,000 to 1,500 feet above the sea level. The land is barren and stony, and has long since been denuded of its original forests of oak, pine and hemlock, which have been replaced in large measure by scrub-oaks and underbrush. The fauna and flora combine features of the Alleghanian, Canadian, and Carolinian regions.

Mr. Rhoads states that in spite of the immense range and the sparsely populated condition of the country, deer are becoming very scarce. Mr. Eilenberger, an old hunter, attributes this to continual destruction by residents at all seasons of the year, and to the forest fires, which often destroy newly-born fawns. This gentleman believes that a close season of three years and a law to prevent the export of deer for sale, would quickly and permanently restock the Pocomo wilderness with deer.

Mr. Rhoads expresses the opinion that the wapiti or elk was probably never so numerous in Pike and Monroe counties as in the Central Allegheny Mountains, but they were found here in some numbers, and the last capture in Pike County was not later than 1840 or 1845.

It will be remembered that remains of the bison and caribou were found in Hartman's Cave near Stroudsburg, and were described and figured by Dr. Joseph Leidy in the Pennsylvania Geological Report for 1887.

Old residents of this region agree in the belief that the beaver was exterminated in Northwestern Pennsylvania nearly fifty years ago, but their dams and meadows are still pointed out at various points along the Bush Kill and Dingman's Creek.

The black rat, though exterminated in most parts of Pennsylvania by its stronger relative, the Norway rat, still holds undisputed possession of the barn and outhouses of the more remote districts.

The Canada porcupine is almost, if not quite, exterminated on the Pocomo Plateau, and has not been seen by local hunters for several years.

Mr. Eilenberger assures Mr. Rhoads that a panther has not been killed in Pike County for thirty years, notwithstanding the frequent hair raising accounts of destruction by this animal which come from that locality. As this is the apparent starting-place of the bear and panther stories which occupy so large a portion of the Sunday Sun, Mr. Eilenberger's statement has a decided local interest. The wolf is reported to have been extinct in this region for forty years. The bear still exists, but the killing of an individual is a rare and remarkable event. The mink is still abundant, but the martin has been extinct for many years and nothing appears to be known by the inhabitants of the fisher. On the other hand, the otter is still moderately abundant, as are also the skunk and the raccoon.

Mr. Rhoad's paper mentions forty-five species, and is one of unusual interest.

Sea and River Fishing.

SOME ONE PLEASE TELL.

I am very fond of both rod and gun, and devote as much time as I can spare to the streams and woods in my immediate vicinity, but both fish and game are scarce. I am not much of a hunter and earn all I get. I have kept a little diary of my different outings the past season, and find that I was out 29 times after fish, the total catch amounting to 266 trout, 79 pickerel, and 1 bass. In hunting I have been out 21 times, and in all got 7 partridges, 2 grey squirrels, and 1 mink. The results must seem very small to many of your readers, but I take more pleasure in bringing home two dozen fair sized trout than if I got a hundred, and in hunting, when I can successfully still-hunt a partridge, getting him sitting, running or flying, I take more pleasure than if I shot a dozen over a dog.

I have been trying to follow in the footsteps of brother sportsmen by fishing with rod and reel in place of the 18-foot pole that I have used from a boy up to within the past two years, but have very often seen my neighbors pulling them in while I was trying with light tackle to keep a pickerel out of the weeds and finally losing him. I have also wasted a good deal of powder and shot on flying partridges; and so far have only been able to get one on the wing, but have hopes of better success some day when I get the hang of it. Last year I did not get a single duck, although several flocks hatched and were raised here; but they were nearly all shot before open season, in fact a farmer told me that on Aug. 1 he saw two men who had been shooting on the river and bagged 20 young ducks. I could not get sufficient evidence to make a case, but I intend to see that there is very little illegal shooting next season.

I am tempted to tell you of my first experience with rod and reel. It was two years ago when I got a nice little 8-ounce rod, some Natchaug silk line with a fine reel, and in a little canoe only large enough for one I tried the river one afternoon.

The wind was blowing quite fresh, but after getting about two miles up the river, finding I could not cast from the canoe I landed and tried from the bank.

At first cast I swung the hook behind me so as to throw well out in the river, but the hook did not come back worth a cent. I thought I must have too much line out, so reeled up a bit and tried again, this time I succeeded in sending the bait about two feet from the bank among the weeds. The hook caught there, and in pulling it off it came back with a spring and succeeded in winding the line about fourteen times around the pole. I got this disentangled, and tried again, giving myself a little more line but somehow the wind caught it and wound the line again around the pole. I got it straightened out once more, and thought it would be better to cast with the wind. This time I landed the bait about ten feet out on the water, and then tried to skip it along for pickerel. There seemed to be too much spring in the rod, as the bait would jump a foot or so above the water; and at the next try, in place of jumping I would find the line wound around the end of the pole. About that time I began to think that I would remain a "yanker fish-hog," or any of the numerous names found in Forest and Stream, to designate those who fish for fish; still I had invested about fifteen dollars in a lay out and hated to throw it away.

I fooled with it for some time but did not get a bite.

I wanted awfully to feel the limber rod bend, the reel sing, and all the other pleasures that we read about. I wanted, in fact, to get any kind of a fish on that hook so I would know how it would feel with so light a rod. I therefore dug up a couple of worms, and knowing that bull-pouts were plenty I determined to catch one of them.

I cast in bravely, after a little felt a bite, and remembering what I had read in Forest and Stream I gave him some line, say a couple of yards. Waiting till I thought he would be well cooled, I gave a quick gentle pull to plant the hook, but found that there was either too much line out, or he had come up near the bank to see what kind of fisherman I was. Anyway I did not seem to pull anything but slack line. Forgetting about the reel, and seeing the pole was not long enough to raise the hook from the water, I moved down the bank a few feet and tried again. This time the rod bent, and I felt I had hooked him. I had so much line out that I could not handle him, and just then I thought of the reel, but feeling a gentle tug I thought I would leave the line out, as he might want it when he made his "mad rush," when he "churned the waters, put on speed," etc., but he didn't seem to be built that way.

I then walked back from the bank a bit, so as to prick him up a bit and start him off on his "mad career," thinking that when he started I could run down toward the bank as fast as he could swim, and thus give him sufficient line to prevent his breaking away.

I felt he was still on, but nary a rush did he make.

I was doing some pretty hard thinking about the advocates of rod and reel, and concluded I would wind up sufficient line so that I could at least bring him to the surface and see what he looked like, even if then he broke away, as it was in my mind that I had to play him about fifteen or twenty minutes, drown him, and then pull him up the bank, as I had no landing net.

I therefore reeled up, getting the line into a snag on the reel; but after getting sufficient wound up I stepped back and prepared to run again when he started. I pulled up, he was still on, I worked him around to what I thought was a good position, and cautiously looked over, afraid he might see me and break away, my heart beating quite rapidly; in fact, I seemed quite excited, but imagine my disgust when I found a shiner 3 1-2 inches long that I had been working over for about ten minutes.

However, it was a beginning. I thought there still might be some hope. As the wind was blowing hard I determined to go up the river to the woods, get into some quiet bay and taking the shiner for bait try the pickerel again. Getting into the canoe I soon struck some good grounds and tried a cast, but not being able to stand up in the canoe, and the wind blowing it around as soon as I let go the paddle, my line wound around the pole, I got all tangled up and had to go ashore to get it untangled. While at work at this I managed to step on the shiner and spoiled my bait.

I had a good pork rind in my pocket, and made up my mind I would get so far back into the woods that the wind would not bother me before I cast again. I soon reached another place that I knew always yielded fish, and swinging the bait behind me prepared to make a good cast. I was not in luck. As the bait swung up the wind did catch it, and by the time the pole got back its swing the hook had caught in a branch over my head. I got out, climbed a small tree, cut off an inch limb with a small pocket-knife, recovered my hook and went further up.

It was then about 6 P. M., the wind was going down, and I soon struck a small bay that was perfectly calm. I made up my mind that I would here make a last effort. I paddled noiselessly up, going very slowly, and making hardly a ripple, as I wanted the canoe to stop in a certain spot, and having no anchor or anything to hitch to I did not want to make a noise stopping the canoe as I was afraid I could not cast far enough if I disturbed the fish. I finally reached there, took up my pole, shook the line out, and instead of swinging it behind me I swung it sideways, and cast back the other side of me. The bait seemed to barely touch the water about 12 or 15 feet away, when there was a splash, a very perceptible, in fact forcible yank, and the line started toward me, making straight for under the boat. I was between the fish and deep water. I thought he must be a big one, and would certainly prove the virtue of the tackle.

This all occurred in the space of about three seconds. The splash so unexpected surprised me and caused me to make an involuntary start which made the canoe rock. The fish was going under and would surely break the rod unless I could get it around the canoe before he commenced to pull it under, and in endeavoring to do this I upset the canoe. At the same instant, just as I was dipping under the water I noticed a big muskrat make a plunge about where my pickerel should have been. He seemed to scare the pickerel, as although I clung to the rod, there was a great pull, and the reel did sing, you bet. I let her sing as I had other business on hand. I was in about four feet of water, and steadily sinking in the soft mud. I wanted to play that fish, secure my paddle which was floating near, shove the canoe to the bank, put my watch into my upper vest pocket to get it out of the wet, and to get into more shallow water where I could work better, and wanted to do it all at once. I saw I could not accomplish it all, so I just put up the watch and turned to the reel, noticing that it was running out very fast. The fish seemed to be near the surface, as he left a ripple, but was already in deep water and making for the other shore, while I had only 75 yards of line on, and knew I had to check him at once or he would break away with all the line, and possibly might

yank the reel out of its seat as it did not seem to fit very well.

I caught the reel with my other hand, there was a great yank and a great commotion on the water. I involuntarily made a step forward, and in the same instant saw I had hooked a muskrat. But my step had taken me into deeper water, into a hole. I went under, and as I was going down the question rushed through my brain: "Had I better hang on, take the chances of losing line and reel, or the rat breaking away, or let go the pole and take the chances of the rat making the other shore, climbing the bank, getting the line wound around some tree or stick and thus breaking away or breaking only a piece of the line?

Under these circumstances, what should I have done?

J. BRUCE PAYNE.

OREGON NOTES.

As cumulative proof of the truth of the old saw that "a man that is born to be hung will never drown," let me relate the following incident: Last Saturday a party of us hunters chartered a small steamer, the Cygnet, for a trip down the Columbia. Among the party was my good friend Fred Swift, of the well-known hardware house of Hogue & Swift. As the sequel will show the main interest of this story will attach to the dress and paraphernalia of my friend Swift during the memorable performance somewhere in the "small hours ayant the morn" of Feb. 4, so I will describe them in detail as far as my knowledge will permit: A suit of heavy woollen underwear, a sweater, two pair of trousers, an undercoat, a leather overcoat, a shell-vest with forty loaded shotgun cartridges in it, a belt with about fifty revolver cartridges in it, a Colt six-shooter, frontier model, a large hunting-knife with scabbard for both revolver and knife, watch and chain, hat, woollen stockings with Arctic over-socks and hip rubber boots pulled up. There were other items of less importance, such as a dozen or more big silver dollars, match-box, comb, knife, keys, etc. About four o'clock in the morning, when it was darkest and the fog thick enough to slice with a cheese knife there came a cry of "man overboard!" It was Swift, of course. The steamer was stopped and the engines reversed, and in less than five minutes we had Swift with all his paraphernalia back aboard the boat except his hat. The waters of the Columbia are very cold at this season of the year, and particularly at that time in the morning, and it must be a matter of surprise to all old hunters how a little fellow of only a hundred and thirty pounds weight could keep himself above water for so long a time, particularly with such a load. He certainly manifested wonderful powers of endurance, and, withal must be an excellent swimmer. While stripping and congratulating him, Winters remarked: "Swift, I always thought you were a chappie sort of a sport, but there isn't another man in the State of Oregon that could have got out of that scrape alive," and we all concurred in the sentiment.

Swift and I were put off at Knapp's Landing, and the night was so dark and the fog so dense that we got lost in less than a minute and wandered around for an hour or more before we found the cabin. But Swift was the first man to have his boat and decoys out, and was ready for business with the ducks before the first streak of day, and stayed right by it all day. In the language of the Irish philosopher: "I must respect his pluck, but condemn his judgment," for such cumbersome loads as above described are unnecessary on such trips and are certainly dangerous.

J. Roberts Mead and Harry Beal went over to the Columbia yesterday for salmon trout, and fished all day with salmon eggs. There is nothing very remarkable about all this, if we will for the time forget the oft-repeated declarations of both these gentlemen that they would never, under any circumstances, fish with anything but the fly.

But there was one rather remarkable incident connected with the trip which I desire to tell readers of Forest and Stream about. Mr. Beal hooked, played, and with the assistance of Mr. Mead, properly landed a steel-head salmon (which Professor Jordan declares is a trout), which was thirty inches long and weighed nine and three-quarters pounds. And there would be nothing particularly remarkable about that if we did not consider the circumstances and tackle, for we have all hooked, played, and properly landed hundreds of steel-heads as large or larger. But Mr. Beal hooked and landed this fish with a No. 6 S. Allcock & Co. trout-hook attached to an ordinary trout line and rod. The fish had plenty of room for operations, for the Columbia is considerably more than a mile wide at this part, and all in all it was a most creditable performance on the part of these gentlemen.

Speaking of salmon reminds me of a good one on Mead, and I guess that I will have to tell it, even at the risk of losing the gentleman's friendship. It won't do to spoil so good a story for friendship's sake. He had been up to the falls of the Willamette fishing for salmon, and, in consequence of being a little too previous, the cold weather, water, and various other good and sufficient reasons failed to take a single salmon. Mr. Moore with his dip-net was there scooping up bushels of them, and not liking to see Mead go home empty handed gave him a couple of fine ones. Now, although Mead is one of the most honest, truthful and upright anglers I have ever met, he could not resist the temptation to claim these as his catch when he got home. Joe Paquet, one of our oldest and most successful salmon fishermen, could hardly believe that the salmon were taking the spoon so early, but his dreams were troubled that night and so the next day found him at the falls. Of course, he never got a strike, and while resting at the resort near the falls took occasion to mention to the proprietor that it was very strange that Mead could come up there and catch two fine salmon while he, the most expert of all salmon fishermen, could not even get a nibble. Then the resort man gave the whole business away, and Joe came home well satisfied of two things—viz.: the salmon were not yet biting, and secondly that the man whom he had always regarded as the personification of truth and veracity was as great a liar as any of us old hands at the business. But he said nothing. Shortly afterward Mead and I went up for more salmon, and, like Joe, we stopped in at the resort to rest. The proprietor did not know Mead from Job's off ox, and he knew, of course, that I would not lie, so he opened up on the yahoo that had been up there recently and gone back to Portland with a lie in his mouth about the salmon biting, and added: "Why, Moore gave the miserable cuss the only two fish he took home, and there was no necessity of his lying about such a little thing." The resort man had a great deal to say about the matter, and was very free in expressing his opinions about such contemptible creatures, that would rather lie when the truth would do better. Mead never said a word, then, but his face got very red, and when we came out he acknowledged the corn to me, and declared that it was the first time he had ever lied about fish, and, God helping him, it would be the last. I believe that Mead has sacredly kept that promise. He has so far as my knowledge goes.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

ANGLING NOTES.

Feeding Black Bass.

The voracity and pugnacity of the back bass have been favorite themes with fishermen for years, but the charges brought against the fish in these respects have been general rather than specific, as a rule, and doubtless many charges have been brought without foundation in fact. The last report of the United States Fish Commissioner for 1892, just at hand, adds to our knowledge of the qualities referred to in the black bass.

Generally new waters are stocked, or old waters restocked, by the introduction of adult black bass, but the United States has inaugurated the cultivation of young bass, not, however, as the young of the salmonidae are cultivated, but by the selection and separation of adult bass at spawning time, and the removal of the young after they are hatched naturally. Of a lot of black bass sent on to Washington from the Neosha station many died shortly after arrival, and an examination disclosed the fact that the fish had been injured by close contact in the cans, broken points of fins being found in their bodies, these wounds causing inflammation and death.

Fifteen bass were sent to Wytheville station where they spawned, and as soon as "the young were seen for the first time their innate voracity was shown by their attacks on tadpoles and other animal life that came within their reach."

At first food was furnished in the shape of frog and toad spawn, later in that of chopped and live fish, twenty to thirty pounds being supplied to them daily. Their appetite was unappeasable, apparently; the more they were fed the hungrier they seemed to become.

As they grew older their voracity knew no bounds, and in the absence of other food they hesitated not to devour one another. The report does not say how many of the bass were females, but say that eight were of that sex, and it must be assumed that only the young were left in the pond to be fed, and if the young of eight black bass consume from twenty to thirty pounds of food per day it will be understood that the question of food for fishes is one not to be lightly considered. I am fully aware that I may be accused of riding the hobby of fish food, but if it had been ridden more than it has been in the past there would have been fewer failures in fish culture and fish planting. If fish are to thrive in deep water they must have food and plenty of it.

Last season I went with a car load of fingerling landlocked salmon to plant them. A number of the fish died in the car, and upon opening them they were found gorged with chopped liver. I suggested that the next car load should not be fed for twenty-four hours before they were placed in the car. They were not fed for thirty-six hours before shipment, and were two days on the road. They came through with scarcely any loss, but where turned into the streams, then instant search for food was an object lesson. The turning into the water, the presence of men, the long journey on the cars, all gave way to a scramble for something to eat that was amusing to the spectator, showing that a hungry fish is very like a hungry man, and must be treated accordingly.

Goldfish as Bait.

A few days ago I was in a shop where there were a number of glass globes and jars, filled with water, gravel, water-weeds, and goldfish, and as I was talking with the man in charge of the aquaria a friend entered and suggested that the goldfish would make the best kind of bait for surface trolling for lake trout, and then asked: Except for the expense would not the goldfish make good black bass bait? I have not the least idea that any carniverous fish has, as a rule, any particular choice concerning the species of fish upon which it feeds. It is the attractiveness of certain small fish in the water, and their ability to survive changes in temperature, as well as to live long on the hook, that make them better bait than other small fish. I can recall a time when professional fishermen used small black bass as bait for pike, and they claimed that pike had such a dislike for and dread of the black bass that they took delight in eating their young. This seemed to be utter nonsense, and the eight-inch bass law stepped in to save the little bass from an ignoble death. On general principles a fish that is active and that can be seen the greatest distance in the water is the best bait-fish that can be used for any fish. Never having used the goldfish as bait for other fish, I cannot say how good a bait it may be, but I have paid fifty cents each for gold shiners to be used for lake trout bait, and I believe that goldfish can be bought for twenty-five cents each. Gold shiners (bream) are, I think, more attractive in the water as bait-fish than goldfish. The goldfish are of a deeper red color than the gold shiners, but the latter have glistening scales which the former lack. The gold shiner is a delicate fish, and the scales rub off easily, but there was a time, not very long ago, when in Northern New York they were considered the best obtainable lake trout bait, and as they were difficult to get in the spring they always commanded a high price. I say the best obtainable bait, because the best bait was a small white fish, and they have, since netting has been permitted, entirely taken the place of the gold shiner. In the palmy days of the gold shiner, when it was considered too good to be offered on the hook to pike, I went one spring to an Adirondack Lake for the surface trout trolling.

My guide had a bucket of frost fish (sound white fish) for bait, and judging from previous experience I concluded that I could just about clean the lake out of lake trout. I put a white fish on my gang, and trolled about half a day without getting a single strike, although I could see the trout breaking the surface from time to time. I finally said that white fish were altogether too rich for one who, up to that time, had been dependent for such bait upon finding an occasional white fish undigested in the stomach of a trout caught on a less common bait. In the bucket were a few plebeian suckers, which were rather more in my class. I exchanged the white fish for a sucker, and with it caught three trout in less than an hour's time, but that did not destroy my confidence in the white fish as bait. In the gold shiner days I have taken as many trout on suckers as I have on gold shiners. No matter what the bait may be it must be presented to a hungry fish, or presented in such a tempting fashion to a fish that is not hungry as to cause him to snap it, simply because he cannot resist the temptation.

Fishing is full of surprises, and I have just read:

> "We know it all at twenty,
> At fifty we confess
> We have unlearned a little—
> More or less."

But to answer the question, would goldfish make good black bass bait? I do not think they would, for the reason that black bass are peculiar, and seem to care only for food with which they are familiar. They would probably take goldfish if offered, but not regard them above other bait-fish. Some years ago in a pond where there were plenty of gold shiners the bass in the pond took them readily, but in a lake four miles away gold shiners were not considered a good bass bait. Crawfish is one of the very best of black bass baits, but in a lake where there are no crawfish the bass will take other baits much more readily than they will crawfish. But, then, bass are peculiar.

Do Fish Distinguish Color.

Dr. Hinde is not the only one who has been studying the mechanism of the eye of fishes. A friend has sent me a clipping from the London News with an article by an unknown angler, who says: "The more closely its fly (artificial) resembles the fly on the water the better chance we have. My notion is that the color attracts the fish. Now, Sir Herbert Maxwell, a practiced angler, avers that the part of the ocular mechanism, which procures color has not been found in the eye of fishes. He is more than inclined to doubt whether trout and salmon, can distinguish color at all. No fly is so large, and in color so marked as the May fly, as big as a small, yellowish butterfly. Sir Herbert thinks it quite conceivable that a trout, feeding on May flies, would take a scarlet or skyblue artificial imitation, if properly presented. He has not, it seems, made the experiment, because the May fly season is short and not to be wasted on mere science. But if Mr. Marston, or any other experienced angler, will try the experiment of scarlet and blue May flies, and if the trout take them the experiment is not crucial. The trout, an odd creature, may be trying an experiment, too. He may distinguish colors, yet have a fancy to partake of a red May fly. . . . Whoever will watch a trout feeding when they are fed with flies on the water, will note that he subjects every floating atom, say a petal of a flower, to the closest scrutiny. He sails off, and looks in a short-sighted way at objects hardly visible to the human eye, turning away his head with an air of mortification when they are not what he wants."

Doubtless there are times when some trout will rise at anything under the sun that has movement in the water, and it is quite likely that trout may be found that will rise at a blue May fly, for the trout is an odd creature as every trout fisherman knows, but let no one make the mistake of thinking that trout do not distinguish color, for if they do not I have spent my life as a fisherman for nothing. In no other way, than that trout do distinguish color, can I account for incidents in my own experience that would fill columns of this journal. The one incident that stands out prominently in my memory when trout did not or could not distinguish color was when I was fishing in the upper waters of the Hudson River for a big trout that was known to have its home in a pool where a trout stream came into the river. The very day that I had cast over the pool, as they believed in a workman-like manner, with flies of the most approved form and color to represent actual insects, a man came down to the bank with an alder pole, tied a line to it that was but little longer than the pole, fastened to the line a fly that was like nothing, in color or form, in nature, and wading out into the river, he cast over the pool that I had fished and caught a trout weighing over four pounds. He said it was a purple hackel that he used, and it was, but a purple that I had never seen before and have not seen since, and I think the receipt for making that particular shade of purple was lost as soon as that one hackle was made.

Two incidents of the other sort will suffice to relate. Fishing in the Adirondacks nearly thirty years ago in a pond where the trout were unsophisticated and so abundant that they tumbled over one another to get a fly cast on the water, I was using three flies alike in form and in size, but unlike in color. The trout rose persistently to our fly, and never to the others until that one was taken. There was no mistaking the fact that they wished that fly alone, and, hungry as they were, they only took the others after the blue-bodiced fly had been appropriated. I must confess that the fly of their desire was unlike any insect that I have ever seen, and with us it has not been a killer since that day. More recently I was fishing a pond made by damming a trout stream. The water was shallow, and the trout were educated. To get them one had to fish fine and far off, and even then do his most skillful casting. My fishing journal tells the story of the fishing: "Used Coachman, Green Drake, and Orange-black. The trout rose only to the Drake, and to test their perception of color I changed the Green Drake from one place to another on the leader and added from time to time a Professor, Grey Drake, Grizzly King, Stone fly, Red Fox, Montreal, Cowdung, brown Hackle, and Fern fly. Whatever the positions of the Green Drake on the leader the trout rose only to that, and paid not the least attention to the other flies named."

The Grey Drake referred to is so very like the Green

Drake that now, writing by artificial light, I can scarcely distinguish one from the other, but on that day the trout made no mistake. English anglers will say that during the May fly season they often cast an artificial May fly (and they make them over there to deceive the very elect) to no purpose, while the trout are rising all about to the natural fly. This, however, is a question of movement, not of color, but trout know more than they are sometimes credited with knowing.

A. N. CHENEY.

TROUT THAT RISE AT NIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:—I have been considerably puzzled over a matter which I would like to bring before the readers of Forest and Stream, in the hope that some of them, out of a more abundant experience than my own, may be able to solve the problem.

Several times in 1893 and 1894, while deer hunting I camped near a certain small lake in the Adirondacks, and on different occasions attempted to vary the bill of fare with trout, which I supposed must be found in this picturesque sheet of water. All the conditions seemed favorable. A clear, cold stream ran into the lake from a pond above where small trout were plenty, and in the outlet I took many small fish; but repeated casts with bait and all sorts of flies, failed to bring a rise from the lake itself. I paddled all over it, and tried a score of different places, patiently practicing every form of allurement that I knew of; but always with the same result. Others, I know, had met with a similar experience; and yet there was a tradition that some, when within the shadowy depths of that "gem of the woods," great trout were lying waiting for some past master of the gentle art to hale them forth. Evidently I was not that man, and as I had never seen a large fish break the surface of this water, although I had been on its bosom at daylight and at dusk, I began to think that its lily pads sheltered no fish of any size, and that for some inscrutable reason this promising spot had been omitted in the original stocking of the Adirondack lakes.

But I am now inclined to think differently, or at least to suspend judgment for the present. Late last August while in camp at this spot, having failed of securing a daylight shot I donned the jack, and my wife and I spent a considerable portion of the night on the lake. We neither saw nor heard any deer, but we did hear something else which has prompted me to pen this article. About eleven o'clock fish of some sort, and good big fish, too, began to rise all around us, and they kept it up until we left the lake at three o'clock A. M. Such a splashing I never heard, and I can truly say that it would have, and may have, prevented our hearing a deer come down to the water at any great distance from us. Now, what I would like to know is this, do trout ever rise at night in waters where they do not appear or take the fly by day? And, if so, what possible explanation can there be for this unusual proceeding? If it had been possible I would have remained over another night, and endeavored to settle this question myself, and I mean to do so yet; but I would very much like to know if others have noticed the same phenomenon, and satisfied themselves regarding it. I would also like to be informed as to whether it is a common thing for trout thus to indulge in late suppers and what sort of flies best suit their peculiar taste.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

ICE FISHING TIP-UPS.

In response to an inquiry we reprint some of the ice-fishing tip-ups that have been described in these columns. F. H. K. describes a tip-up and reel (Fig. 1). The tip-up is made of either pine or white wood, 20 inches long and 1-4 inch thick. Iron or brass wire, 3-52 of an inch is used. The balls weigh 15 to the pound. The drawing shows the tip-up when set and when sprung.

T. F. G. describes a tip-up (Fig. 2). Take a piece of any tough, elastic wood, 3 feet long, 1 inch wide by 1-4 inch thick at one end, and 3-4 inch wide by 1-4 inch at the top. Make a small hole through the top, and make a saw cut in top and bottom, 1 inch in depth, to wind the line on when it is not in use. Put the butt end in a cut made in the ice with an ax, stand the stick upright, then pack around the butt with snow and ice to hold the stick firmly. Tie a strip of black cloth on one end of the line. Put one end of the line through the hole at the top of the stick, the other end of the line with the cloth at the bottom. When the cloth is at the top it denotes a pickerel at the other end of the line.

A. F. describes a tip-up (Fig. 3). which he claims is good in all kinds of weather. When through fishing, the line can be readily detached from the hooked end of the wire. To set the tip-up, find the depth of water with the sounding-lead. The loop on the line is then adjusted, so as to suspend the bait at the right distance from the bottom.

Poke o' Moonshine recommends the following (Figs. 4, 5, 6, and 7): Place a round stick across the hole flat on the ice. Then take a stick with a crotch in it, one limb 6 inches long, the other 12. Attach the line to the longer one, and place the crotch over the round stick, the long butt lying on the ice. A dark rag is tied to the end of it. When the line is pulled the crotched stick will stand upright. Americus mentions two of the same mechanical principle but different in construction.

South Shore says that a cheap and good tip-up is made as follows: Take an oak strip, 6 feet long, 1 3-8 wide, 3-8 thick. Bore 3-4 inch holes at every 22 inches. The strips will make three traps. Saw so as to have half of the hole on the ends of each trap. Next saw off a strip 3-8 inch wide, two-thirds of the length of the strip, sawing off the strip on an angle so that it will turn only one way. Saw in a slit at the lower end for the flag and a short slit at the upper end for the line. Fasten on the flag with small tacks. A washer or burr between the strap and the main piece will make it much better. If properly made and set up at an angle of 45 degrees, South Shore claims that it can be seen further than any trap that he ever saw.

Ned describes a tip-up which he says is much used at the headwaters of Lake Champlain. Take four pieces of 1-2 inch spruce or pine board (spruce is the better, being stiffer) about 12 inches long. In the center, on one of the edges, cut a square notch 1-8 inch wide and deep. Take another piece of board, 1-2 inch square and 2 feet long, and put into the notch to form a cross. Fasten with a small brad. The cross-piece is placed two-thirds the distance from one end. Fasten the line to the short end, and place over the hole. A pull on the line will tip it up. Make also a common reel 16 inches long, out of a common board 2 inches wide by 1-2 thick. After attaching the line, place across the hole, leaving some slack loose on the ice. Then get a timber twig about 2 feet long, and stick it up beside the hole. Make a loop in the line, and hang it over the end of the twig in the loop. Attach a piece of colored cloth, and when the fish bites he will pull the signal off the twig. There being plenty of slack line, the fish has small chance to escape.

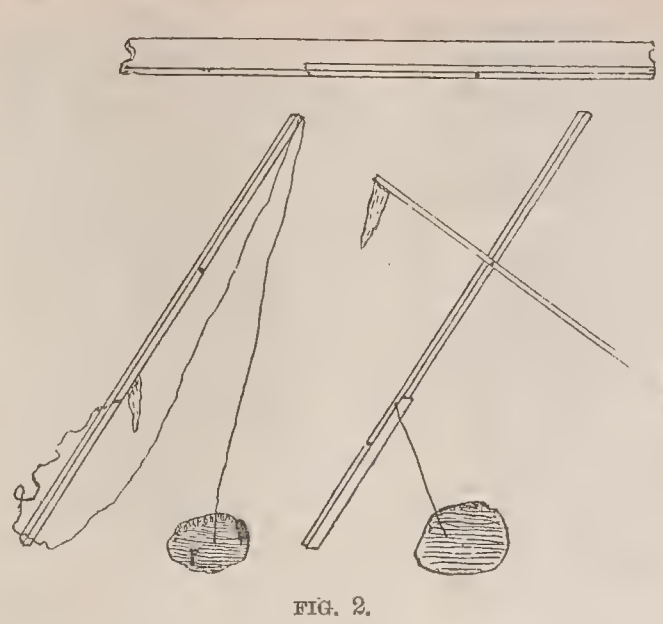


FIG. 2.

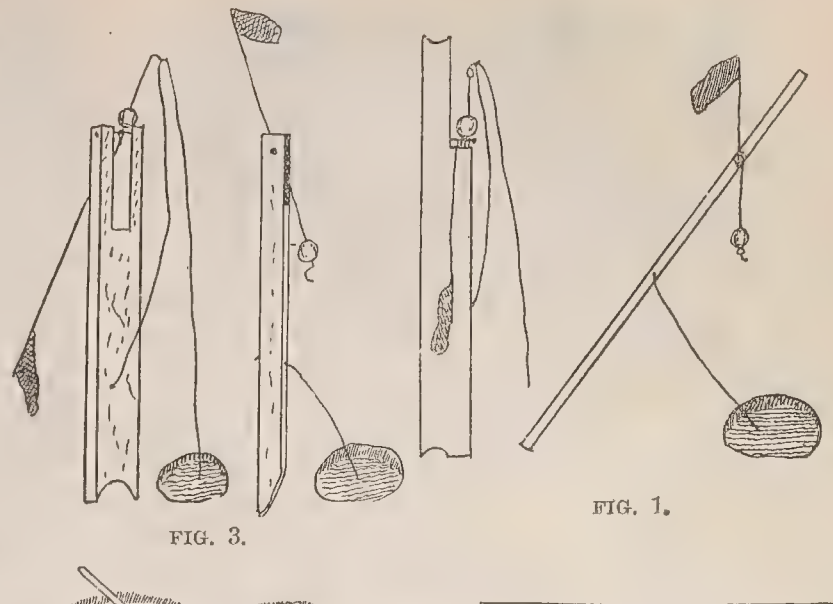


FIG. 3.

FIG. 1.

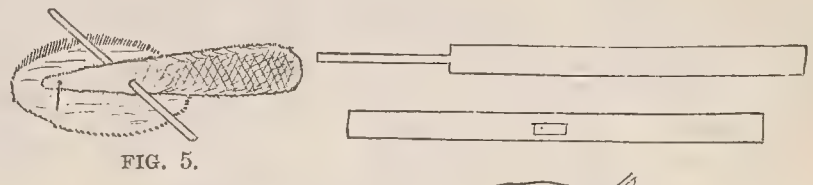


FIG. 5.



FIG. 7.



FIG. 4.

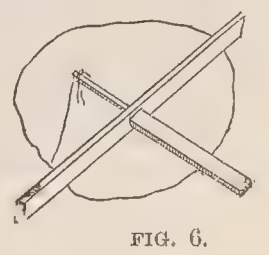


FIG. 6.

AMERICAN FISH IN BELGIUM.

The rainbow trout has become acclimated in the ponds of Baron Longchamps, near Waremme, Belgium. The baron has also some American catfish, which were obtained through the Central Society for the Protection of River Fisheries three years ago.

The fish are hardy, and have made considerable growth. There are two kinds of catfish in Belgium—the common horn pout or bullhead and the fork-tailed species. The former has reproduced readily, but the other has not been observed to spawn at all. Many of the young bullheads may be seen in the Antwerp Aquarium.

The Semois River has been successfully stocked with the large-mouthed black bass. On April 13, 1893, one hundred of the fish, measuring about 1 3-5 inches in length, were planted at a place called "The Neck." A fisherman, during several days fishing in the summer of 1894, took six bass by means of a dip-net in that part of the river, situated below the "Forge Rouselle" and below the point of deposit.

The fish averaged a little more than seven ounces in weight, showing a fairly good increase. On July 16, 1894, another fisherman had the good luck to catch on a hook baited with a worm, a black bass weighing nearly seven and one-half ounces.

Amateur fishermen, who have tasted the black bass, confirm what has already been said of that excellent fish—that its flesh is very firm and of a very delicate flavor.

Unfortunately the Semois contains trout also, the California rainbow having been introduced in its waters, and the battle for existence must be fought in Belgium, as it is now waging in certain parts of our own country, and with the odds in favor of the bass. The rainbow is increasing, and is being distributed far and near on the continent of Europe. It is now one of the commonest sights in the aquaria at Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Paris, but rather less common than our brook trout (fontinalis), which has also been introduced. T. H. B.

Winter Fishing on Tidewater.

NEWBERN, N. C., Feb. 15.—The temperature for the 10th instant was 21 deg., lowest; 11th, 19 deg.; 12th, 12 deg.; 13th, 17 deg.; 14th, 1 deg. Its effects have been peculiar here. In the first place, it has given our fish packers an unlimited supply of ice at the cost of harvesting it from the rivers. Some gatherers have made three or four dollars a day at the work, being paid by the boat load. Another Godsend to the poor has been the enhanced price of fish, and the facility with which the demand was met, fish appearing in great schools so benumbed with cold that they could be caught and lifted from the water with the hands. Thousands upon thousands of trout (weakfish), weighing from twelve to eighteen pounds, are found floating on the surface of New River and other estuaries, and are gathered up by every sort of device. Not only fishermen, but all who can get boats are out with rakes, pitchforks, dip-nets, oyster-tongs, and small sieves. One boy, fourteen years old, earned $24 cash in two hours. One man caught three thousand in five hours, and sold them to the fish packers for $240. They bring ten cents per pound in Newbern. Not only weakfish, but mullet, herring, shad, and other varieties of fish are caught. The crew of the Steamer Louise picked up 1,200 great trout on her trip from Jacksonville to Wilmington last Monday. Business is almost suspended along New River. The Parmlee Eccleston Lumber Mills, which have been running day and night gangs of one hundred and fifty hands, have shut down, because all the hands have gone fishing.

New River is an estuary three miles wide, and is receiving much attention at present. Government is making expensive improvements. Sportsmen are buying club sites. Fishing interests are being reinstated, and old fields resuscitated. Thomas A. McIntyre, Esq., of the New York Produce Exchange, has spent $100,000 on the Glencoe Stock Farm. The Wilmington, Newbern, and New York railroads has built docks 650 feet long, and warehouses for river traffic with tramways running to the main line; docks at two points. Steamboats connect at Jacksonville with the railroad. This is the most picturesque river in the whole tide water region, with high bluffs and wooded points of land and re-entering creeks. One of the most beautiful of these is Wallace Creek, opposite McIntyre's place. There is a most desirable property there, with 800 acres of arable land and timbers, and an old-time mansion with many outbuildings for sale at $10,000. In old times the seining privilege of this estate alone used to earn this sum every spring.

Shad fishing has already begun, and the season for herring and shad will continue until the middle of May.

The freezing weather has driven large numbers of ducks and other wild fowl to the open waters around Wilmington. One gunner in one morning bagged thirty-seven brace of mallard near the city. The woods around the town are said to be fairly alive with robins, and the boys are having fine sport with them.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Florida Black Bass.

On the first day of May, '94, I joined a hunting party at the little phosphate town of Arcadia, on the South Florida Railroad, in Southwest Florida. Our destination was Scooter Lake, on the big Kissimee prairie. The first camp was made about twenty miles out, near a clump of cabbage palmetto trees, that grew on the banks of a small lake. While the boys were pitching tent and making preparations for the night, I rigged up some of the fishing tackle, I always have in my hunting clothes. I fastened a cork, just extracted from a beer bottle, about three feet from the hook, baited with a piece of bacon, and twirling it around my head, threw it afar out on the bosom of the little clear water lake. Hardly had the bait settled down ere the bobber went out of sight, and I felt a tug at the line. I couldn't play him very well standing on shore with a hand line, so just hauled him in by main strength and awkardness. It was a big-mouth, black bass, in fine form, weighing, perhaps, three pounds. I caught seven inside of fifteen minutes, ranging from two to four pounds. Soon a portion of them were frying on the pan. We had fish for supper and fish for breakfast, all that four men and three dogs could eat. With a rod, reel, and boat on any of these South Florida lakes, the sport is unending. Nearly every one who goes to Florida to angle, does so on the coast. But I prefer the fresh water lakes, and the shade of an overhanging tree.

WALTER. H. LIGHT.

Revolvers in Florida.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Editor Forest and Stream:—The recent articles by Mr. Harmsworth in the Forest and Stream were very interesting, and especially so to those who have been in the localities which he mentioned, and can therefore assent to such portions of his experience as agrees with their own. I must criticize, however, his advice to his brother Englishmen to carry a revolver for protection in Florida, and think that such advice is not warranted by his own experience, and seems a poor return for such courtesies as were received by him while in that State. From my own experience of several winters of fishing in Florida at various points on the Gulf and Atlantic coasts, I do not consider it at all necessary to carry a revolver, excepting possibly as a part of a fishing outfit and for use only for firing at a mark, or for some shark that has taken bait and hook intended for some other fish. While I was at Cedar Keys several years ago, a man was killed in a quarrel in a saloon; and while I was at Lake Worth in November last, a colored man was shot while drunk and trying to force his way into a house in West Palm Beach; but the ordinary traveler, attending to his own business of sight-seeing, fishing, or hunting, has no connection with saloon quarrels or drunken burglars, and is as safe from insult or attack in Florida, as in any Northern city, or any city in England.

D. L. WHITTIER.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER.

In the Utica Herald, Mr. W. E. Wolcott publishes annually an article on the deer of the North Woods. His paper for this year is full of facts, and we extract the following:

Among the most important matters in connection with the game laws which will probably be passed upon this winter are the changes affecting the deer shooting season. The number of visitors to the Adirondack region last year was greater than ever before, a correspondingly large increase was shown in the number of hunters, and the slaughter of deer attained such proportions as to give rise to fears that the supply might at no far distant day become exhausted. Hundreds of sportsmen from Central and Northern New York, as well as many from other parts of the State, are in the habit of visiting the Adirondacks annually to enjoy a few days deer shooting, and they very naturally take great interest in the subject of game protection. Of course, all have their ideas as to what should be done to protect the deer, and the views expressed often differ widely, but there seems to be a great unanimity of opinion that some further restrictive measures regarding hunting should be adopted forthwith. Some believe that the existing laws are good enough if properly enforced. Some advocate prohibiting floating for deer, or night shooting with the aid of jacks, and a number of clubs in the Adirondacks have already taken this step. Others urge that the hounding season should be curtailed, and the time for still-hunting extended into November. There is quite a strong sentiment in favor of making it illegal to kill does at any time, and there are those who believe that no deer should be killed in the water. Many believe that both floating and hounding should be abolished for a term of years. Of course it is next to impossible to frame a law regulating the killing of deer which will please everyone, but it is earnestly hoped that some action will be taken by the present Legislature to afford more adequate protection.

The hotel men, guides and other residents are also deeply interested in the subject, and perhaps give it more attention than those who only spend a few days or a few weeks each year in the woods. With a view of getting something of an idea of how many deer were killed in the Adirondacks from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1, last year, by the different methods of hunting, and of obtaining views as to whether the animals were diminishing or increasing in numbers, the Herald recently sent out letters of inquiry to well-known residents of all the different counties in the forest preserve. The persons addressed were also asked if there were any changes that guides would like made in the game laws for the protection of deer. Abstracts from some of the replies received will be of general interest.

Orrin Harris, Pyramid Lake House, Essex County—I would like to have the hunting season commence Sep. 1 and close Nov. 1, all modes of hunting of deer to commence together and end together.

Theodore C. Remonda, Morehouseville, Hamilton County—The guides and residents would favor a law prohibiting the hounding of deer. The open season to extend from Oct. 1 to Dec. 1, which would allow nothing but still-hunting, and do away with both hounding and jacking.

H. S. Downs, Chestertown, Warren County—The guides in this vicinity would be glad to see a law passed doing away with hounding entirely. They are beginning to regard the hounding of deer as very unsportsmanlike sport.

Monroe H. Bullock, Beaver River Club, Lewis County—We believe in giving every one of the sportsmen their sport of killing deer their way. The game law is satisfactory with us in this section, and if they will live up to the game law as they do here, there will be plenty of deer.

W. H. Roblee, North River, Warren County—The guides would like to have dogging until Nov. 1; still-hunting until Nov. 15, and jacking prohibited entirely.

Warren Humes, Harrisville, Lewis County—Experienced woodsmen are all in favor of doing away with hounding. If dogs are allowed to run as they have for two years past, in two or three years the deer would be nearly extinct in the Adirondacks.

Samuel Dunakin, Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain—There are changes in the game laws to be desired, but I am afraid not attainable, as the knocking out of jack hunting is as strongly opposed by outsiders as it is desired by people here. The only remedy I can see for the cause is to keep the season closed at least until Sep. 1, and even that only half does it.

O. L. Howland, Rudeston, Hamilton County—I would like to do away with hounding and let the open season run until December 1. Hounding must be stopped or the deer will be exterminated in less than five years.

Henry Studor, White Lake—The guides of course do not want any changes in the game law, but this does not imply the protection of deer.

Thomas Salmon, Conklingville, Saratoga County—I am in favor of stopping dogging entirely, extending the time until December 1 for still-hunting, and having the hunting season opened September 15, instead of August 15. They have a new name for floating and call it still-hunting. It is carried on quite extensively in this county wherever deer come to water. If anything is done in this direction, there must be a stop to killing after dark.

Morton S. Parmalee, Malone, Franklin County—I am in the woods a good deal winters and summers. The deer in my immediate beat are decreasing, I think from hounding so early in the season, but good men like Major Pond, chief protector, think on the whole they are increasing. As I understand the sentiment of the guides it is to abolish jack hunting and the killing of does. My own views are that unless some restrictive measures are taken the deer will in a few years be practically exterminated, except in the private parks.

Charles Fenton, Number Four, Lewis County—The guides and all parties interested in the preservation of Adirondack deer are in favor of stopping both hounding and jacking. I think this locality the worst of any in the Adirondacks for the slaughter of deer by hounding, as so much of the woods is now protected by private individuals and clubs, leaving a little section here open to the public. Hundreds of hunters and dogs occupy every lake, pond and stream, and the woods are full of hunters beside. I think it safe to say that there were during the whole hounding season fully 300 men and as many dogs, within a radius of three miles. Deer are nearly exterminated here and would be entirely so were it not for the adjacent private parks, where deer are not slaughtered so. In 1893 fully 300 were killed here, and 200 is a low estimate for the past season. Almost the whole of these deer were killed by residents along the borders of the wilderness for their meat and skins and for profit.

Eugene Beach, Gloversville, Fulton County—There are very few deer in Fulton county, and but little hunting if any of deer is done. I am in the habit of making a trip every spring into Hamilton county in the fishing season. I am confident that last spring there were many less deer in the part of the woods which I have visited for several years, than in former years. This decrease is certainly due to the hounding of deer in the fall. Many were killed there in the fall of 1893 and many more last fall. I am informed that logging camps in the woods are, some of them, kept supplied with venison in and out of season by men who are hired to hunt for that purpose. It is believed that game constables are in some cases aware of the fact and that they could bring the offenders to account. If the present law were strictly enforced, much improvement would result. I am inclined to believe the privilege of hounding should be much abridged if not entirely withdrawn.

A. R. Fuller, Meacham Lake Franklin County—Thirty-six deer were killed here. The guests at Meacham generally respect my request that no does be killed, but by night hunting no one can tell what he is shooting at, and more does than bucks are shot. In Meacham proper only two does were killed. We do no still-hunting. I do not think the public generally understand the term still-hunting. I am sure many think it is jacking, but still-hunting is done on wet leaves or snow, when a track is left for the hunter to follow. This is considered the only sportsmanlike way of killing deer, but if the only way very few but experienced hunters would ever kill a deer. It is not only hard work, but very few have the skill to follow a deer after starting, as they make many crooks and turns in a day's journey. During the season of 1894, seven miles from here, on what is called good hunting ground, eleven deer were killed by night hunting and hounding. Oct. 14 there came about three inches of snow, and eight of the guides, who had gotten through their work for the season at Meacham, went out on the 15th and killed twelve deer. That was the only good still-hunting day of the season. I have talked with several guides who agree with me that no does should be killed. Night hunting should be stopped. The penalty for violating the law should be increased, hunting should begin September 1 instead of August 15, and the whole month of October should be given for hounding. Give the still-hunters the first ten days of November, and no time after Nov. 10 to bring in the deer should be allowed. Whenever such time is given to bring in the venison, it is simply so many more days to kill. Also fix our laws in regard to dogs, so that every dog shall have an owner and if found without the owner's name, to be killed by any game protector or constable. This may seem a little severe, but there should be some way to stop the running of deer out of season, and owners of hunting dogs should comply with reasonable laws if they are allowed to use dogs at any season for hunting deer or other game.

Deer are reported to be decreasing at Rudeston, Hamilton county, White Lake, Oneida county, Harrisville, Lewis county, Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain, North Lake, Herkimer county, Number Four, Lewis county, Morehouseville, Hamilton county, Franklin county. They are reported on the increase at North River and Chestertown, Warren county, slightly; Beaver River, Lewis county, Sacandaga Valley, Saratoga county, probably increasing in Fulton county, but there are very few.

Estimates as to the number of deer killed in the various parts of the Adirondacks specified, from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1, 1894, by the different methods of hunting are as follows:

	Floating.	Hounding.	Still-hunt'g.	Total
Honnedaga Lake	..	58	5	63
North and South lakes	15	41	5	62
White Lake	11	30	4	45
Fourth Lake, Fulton chain	70	100	25	200
Stillwater, Beaver River	15	13	6	34
Number Four	6	200	5	211
Harrisville	4	95	15	114
Morehouseville	7	50	4	61
Rudeston	45	200	13	258
North River, Warren Co	25	10	1	36
Chesterton, Warren Co	50	100	25	175
Pyramid Lake, Essex Co	..	8	..	8
Franklin Co	50	300	..	350
Sacandaga Valley	..	25	..	25
Cranberry Lake	180	..	40	220
Long Lake	21	35	20	75
Raquette Lake	44	90	8	143
	540	1355	176	2080

Over 2,000 deer were killed in 1893 and about the same number in 1892. Reports from the different counties indicate that more were killed last year in many localities than in either of the preceding years. The total of 2,080 given above of course does not cover all the deer killed last year, and it is probable that the aggregate was nearer 2,500.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

IT WAS A TAME BUFFALO.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 18.—Captain George S. Anderson, Superintendent of the National Park, who was in Chicago for one day this week, says that he investigated the report of the sale of buffalo meat in Helena, Mont., and found that one buffalo of the Allord herd had been slaughtered to keep it from dying anyhow, and that the carcass was put on sale at Helena.

MR. TRUDE ON GAME AND GAME LAWS.

Mr. A. S. Trude is easily the ablest and best known criminal lawyer of Chicago. Of late he has almost quit practice, and taken up the sports of the forest and stream. A while ago, I mentioned some facts in regard to Mr. Trude's shooting experience in the West. Nothing can be said against Mr. Trude's position in the following interview, which the Tribune of Chicago had with him this week after his return from Washington. Evidently he is in line with the true spirit of sportsmanship to-day, whatever may have been his errors in the past, and the value of his word and effort in the interest of proper legislation is hard to overestimate. All interested in the preservation of the Yellowstone Park game will read with interest what he says in regard to the latest attempt at spoliation of the nation's property. With acknowledgment to the Tribune, the interview is given in full:

A. S. Trude believes in the protection of game birds and fish. He came back from Washington yesterday, where he went to help kill a bill which provides for the building of a narrow gauge railroad into the heart of the Shoshone River country just west of the Yellowstone National Park. The ostensible object of the road, Mr. Trude says, is to bring out coal, but its real object is to give the pothunters, backed by Montana capital, an opportunity to get in there to slaughter the game for the Eastern markets, and to net, spear, or dynamite the fish for the same purpose.

"The Shoshone River is alive with mountain trout and salmon trout," said Mr. Trude. "There are 120 men at the head of the Snake River who are now killing off the fish there, and, seeing that in a short time the supply will be cut off, they are looking for fresh waters for fish and fresh fields for game. These men and others like them have depleted the Yellowstone, the Gallatin, the Madison, and the Jefferson rivers, and are now just about finishing up the supply in the Snake River. When they dynamite a stream they kill all the fish within the area of several acres and kill the deposited fish eggs as well. No supply can withstand such draughts. The statement that coal is the object of the proposed railroad is nonsense. There is no coal there, I think, and if there is any it could not be worked profitably. They are after the fish and game, and if we don't do something to stop their work there won't be anything left. I explained to a number of Congressmen the real objects of the bill to run a railroad over government land, and I think it will be killed. I saw Secretary Thurber. He is courtesy itself. I told him of the contemplated slaughter of game and fish by market hunters, and he intimated the President was too true a sportsman to sign a bill whose intent was to give market men a monopoly of the fish which belong to the people.

"By the way the Government extended the limits of Yellowstone Park the other day, in taking in sixty additional square miles and swallowing up "Trude Trail," and all this without consulting me. You see there was only one trail to the Shoshone River country, and it was a bad one. It was a spongy sort of trail, and mules would sink in it and drivers would swear on it. It was called S. B. Trail. I put some men at work, and cut out a decent trail which cost time and money. The men dubbed it Trude Trail. This has been taken in by the Government, and now I can't walk over my own highway without permission.

"The game is going fast. There are a lot of Englishmen who when at home will fine a man three times for killing a rabbit on their estates, but who will go to the Northwest of the United States and kill our magnificent elk just for the fun of seeing them fall. They don't touch carcass or horn; just shoot the animal and let it rot where it falls. These are the men who at home get after a man who kills a rabbit, first for killing the creature, then for trespass, and then for carrying a gun without a license. These men will send their dogs into Yellowstone Park to drive the animals out where they can be shot without subjecting their owners to the danger of arrest.

"It takes about nine days to get into the Shoshone country as things are now, and, of course, fish cannot be transported and kept in good condition for the markets. I brought out two young deer from there not long ago and gave them to Lincoln Park. I kept them long enough to acclimate them. The park people would not feed them as I directed, but gave them slough hay and killed them. That sort of treatment discourages one from doing anything more in the gift line.

"I went down to the Indian Territory just before I went to Washington. There and in Arkansas the market hunters are killing off the game and shipping it to the cities. The most of the quail are trapped. The markets ought to be closed to Illinois game at all seasons and there should be but a limited season for the sale of game from other States. An open market in Chicago the year through would be an invitation for law violation in those States which have non-export laws."

Mr. Trude was approached by a friend on the subject of the Blow bill, which it has been sought to foist upon the people of Illinois, this being the game dealers' bill alluded to in the last two weeks' issues of Forest and Stream. Mr. Trude was familiar with the bill, and he simply remarked with a wave of the hand:

"Don't you be worried over that for one minute. That bill will never pass. I know what I am talking about."

Mr. Trude's word carries weight. No man in Chicago can publish utterances of more interest and value to the sportsmen of the city than the statement printed above.

THE RIGHT TALK FROM DAKOTA.

Apropos of the above in regard to the attempted steal of the rights of the sportsmen of the West is the following letter from Mr. C. E. Robbins, the President of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association. It is the right sort of talk, and shows how ready a response the honest and fearless utterances of Forest and Stream on this question have found in the interested game country to the west of Chicago. It was well said editorially in Forest and Stream that Dakota was as much to be harmed as Illinois by the passage of the Blow bill in Illinois. Mr. Robbins' letter shows what the sportsmen of that State think about it. It reads as follows:

"The game law situation in the State of Illinois, as described in the last number of the Forest and Stream, is a question of vital importance to all law-abiding people in the North-west. It is a surprise to many that a man with experience like Game Warden Blow, should advocate such measures as are contained in his letter to the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. A person might believe from reading his letter that he considered it legitimate business for the game 'fences' of Chicago to buy and sell property stolen from other States.

"Whenever game is shipped during the close season to Chicago or other city markets, it is in direct violation of law; and all persons connected with the business should be prosecuted to the same extent as other dealers in stolen property. Mr. Blow's idea seems to be that each State should protect its own game regardless of the laws of other States. We are not so selfish; and the Dakotas and Minnesota have game laws that in many respects are identical. It is the aim of legislators in these States to secure uniform game laws. Game in the Dakotas is disappearing very fast. If it were not for the ravages of market hunters some species would steadily increase, but the game markets of the large cities furnish an incentive for lawless men, who are well able to earn an honest living, to become thieves, and steal the game during the close season; for they know that in case of arrest that money will be furnished by interested parties to defend them and prevent conviction.

"Game protection in North Dakota would receive a fatal blow should the bill presented to the Legislature at Springfield in the interest of game destroyers, become a law. We sincerely hope that the Illinois Legislature will consider the interests of other States as well as their own in this matter, for we believe it is better for a few game dealers to be permitted to do a less, but more honest business, than it is to rob the people of their own and other States of the pleasure of game shooting for the future. You are at liberty to use this communication in any way you see fit. C. E. ROBBINS,

"Pre't N. D. State Sportsmen's Assoc'n."

Mr. Robbins and his friends need have small further concern over the Blow bill. At this writing a conservative judgment indicates that it is a dead proposition; as, see other columns.

THE POSSUM CLUB.

Mr. William Werner, the well-known Chicago caterer, better known as "Bill Werner" or "Possum Bill" among sportsmen of Chicago, gave his annual possum dinner to the "boys" last Wednesday evening, at his beautiful new place at 3112 Michigan avenue. If such a thing be possible, this was the best of all the good dinners he has yet given. It does seem that the possums taste better every year, and that Bill Werner grows more genial and mellow and tells a story better each year. The ones who have been privileged to meet at these little informal dinners would be sorry to relinquish their yearly meeting. This Mr. Werner says they never shall, for while he lives he intends each winter to give this possum dinner, at that season when possum an' sweet potatoes are ripe. There were present last Wednesday evening Messrs. Abner Price, W. P. Murray, George Andrews and the writer, of Chicago, and Frank Parmalee, of Omaha. All were guests of Mr. Werner, but the chief guest of the other guests was Captain A——, of the United States Army. The latter came, inclined to be skeptical as to the excellence of possum, but went away convinced that he had never before known the capabilities of the bird. He declared that as served (Mr. Werner had two specimens baked at full length and brought on upon a vast platter) the creature looked like Sioux dog, and tasted like peaches and cream. The little gathering was purely informal. There was conversation but no speeches, but it was finally made the sense of the meeting that possum he sho' am good to eat, likewise that Bill Werner sho' am the only man that can cook him.

GONE TO TEXAS.

Mr. H. G. Northrop, of the refrigerator transit department of the Union Pacific Railroad, and his friend, Mr. Henry W. Magill, of the Phoenix Insurance Company, are the last to inquire at the Forest and Stream office for information in regard to the happy hunting-grounds of Rockport, Texas. I told them that I could not conscientiously send anybody duck hunting in March (the date of their visit), and that probably they would have little or

no shooting at any rate then, but that for sailing, fishing and loafing, they could find no better place at which to pass the blustery month of March. They concluded to go, and, as usual, I gave them the address of the Bludworth boys and the yacht Novice, in both of which I feel now as though I had a proprietary interest from long acquaintance.

Mr. M. R. Bortree, President of the National Association, has been seeing what he could see since the close of the selling season in game. In doing this he has been forced to be rude to Warden Blow's friends, the game dealers and sellers, and has violated Mr. Blow's theory of letting the sale of game go on unmolested. Yesterday Mr. Bortree found fifteen illegal quail at Philip Henrici's restaurant, No. 108 Randoph street. The case is set for to-day. E. HOUGH.

Game and Fish Protection.

New York Legislation.

Senator Donaldson's bill to combine the Fish and Forest Commissions provides for a board of five commissioners of game and fisheries, game and forest, to serve for five years. The president, appointed by the Governor, shall have a salary of $5,000; each other commissioner a $1,000 salary, and $500 for expenses. The board shall appoint a State Fish Culturist—not one of their own number—who shall have charge, under the direction of the commissioners, of the culture of all fish in the State, with salary of $3,500. They may appoint an assistant fish culturist, salary $2,500. A secretary is provided for at $2,500, and an assistant secretary at $1,500. The duties of the board are the propagation and distribution of food and game fish and shell fish; the enforcement of the game, fish and forest laws. One of them is to be the shell fish commissioner. The commission shall appoint thirty-five game protectors and foresters to hold office during the pleasure of the board, which may summarily remove any one of them. The board shall designate one of the protectors as chief, two as assistants to the chief, and one as oyster protector. The chief shall give bond in $1,000, the others $500. The chief shall receive $2,000 a year, with $1,000 for traveling expenses; each assistant $1,500, with $450 traveling expenses, the oyster protector $1,200, and $450 expenses, each other protector $500 and $450 expenses, with one-half recoveries of fines, after expenses of recovery are paid.

Bills introduced in the Assembly are:

No. 68. Amends sec. 141, excepts Chatauqua Lake, Cassadaga Lake, Bear Lake and Findlay's Lake, from law permitting in fishing.

No. 173. Amends sec. 49, by adding Saratoga and Washington counties to those in which the rabbit open season is Aug. 15 to March 15.

No. 182. Amends sec. 56 by forbidding the use of dogs for deer hunting at any season, making the open season for deer Nov. 15 to Dec. 1, and season for sale and possession of same.

No. 217. Amends sec. 132 by adding, "nor within three miles of the mouth of the Niagara River," to localities where net fishing is forbidden; and by omitting the exemption in favor of Chaumont, Griffin and Three Mile Bay of Lake Ontario.

No. 242. Amends sec. 57 forbids killing deer in water, or using boat to head it off, or jack light.

No. 265. Amends sec. 136 by permitting nets in Hudson River below northern line of Rockland county from sunset Saturday to sunrise Monday.

No. 314. Amends sec. 49 by extending close of open season for rabbits and squirrels—now Jan. 1—to March 1.

No. 341. Provides a bounty of one cent on English sparrows and five cents for nest.

No. 349. Amends sec. 141 by permitting fishing in Lake Keuka or Crooked Lake.

No. 343. Adds a new section 249. No person shall be deemed to have violated any law or ordinance by reason of selling, exposing for sale, transporting or possessing, or attempting so to do, the body, or a part of the body of any wild animal or bird in the close season for such animal or bird, provided it be proved by him that said animal or bird was killed outside the State.

No. 454. Amends sec. 163 relating to Long Island only, so as to make snipe close season—now in Jan. 16 to July 1—Jan. 1 to May 15; and trout close season—now Sep. 16 to April 1—August 1 to March 29.

No. 534. Amends sec. 141 so as to permit taking suckers, eels and bullheads in Seneca Lake with seines 4 rods in length and meshes not less than 1 1-4 inches in size; or with spears.

THE CODE.—Senator Donaldson introduced his revised code Tuesday, our press day.

An Adirondack Capture.

For several months past rumors have been afloat relative to the depredations of a couple of desperate characters who have been slaughtering deer in the remote portion of the Adirondack wilderness about the head waters of West Canada Creek. These parties, one of whom is a Frenchman known as "French Louis" and the other an Indian renegade from the St. Regis reservation, have been in the habit of killing large numbers of deer in and out of season. It is said that the Indian has averaged a deer a day for several months past. The other has killed since the 1st of September last, no less than 27 deer. Most of the deer killed have been disposed of at the various lumbering camps in the vicinity of the slaughter, and such as they have been unable to dispose of are left to rot or be devoured by beasts and birds. During the months of December and January the protectors succeeded in getting sufficient evidence and Protector Kenwell and Special Officer Lobdell went in after the pair.

After a long and tedious drive over very bad roads they reached a lumber camp in the town of Wilmust late in the night of Jan. 28, the camp named being located about 20 miles from that of Lief. Wishing to surpise the Indian in his camp, the officers remained here until the afternoon of the following day, and then proceeded on snow-shoes and by the aid of a lantern reached Lief's camp about daylight on the 30, and found it without an occupant, but found plenty of evidence of illegal deer killing. Lief was tracked to the camp of the Canadian, Louis, about six miles further in the woods, and there these two worthies were found.

Under pretence of desiring to purchase furs the officers endeavored to get sufficient information to convict the Canadian, but made only a partial success of it. Louis' case is one of "I killed the dog but you must prove it," and while there is little doubt of his having killed large numbers of deer illegally, the officers thought best to secure the Indian as the greater offender of the two and the stronger case for conviction. Lief accompanied the officers back to his own camp, for the purpose of selling them his furs, and was there put under arrest, after having shown Messrs. H. and L. a carcass of fresh venison that had not been discovered by them during their first visit. He also brought to light the heads of three bucks that had not been killed earlier than the latter part of Dec. last. Louis, who seems to have mistrusted that all was not quite right, followed the party back to Lief's camp, and appeared very much frightened when he found the Indian a prisoner. He denied having killed any game out of season, or otherwise illegally, but it is safe to say that there will be sufficient evidence forthcoming in the near future to convict him on several counts unless he shall in the meantime leave the country.

Lief was brought out to Sageville with the intention of taking him to Fulton county for trial, but at Sageville he offered to plead, and was permitteed to do so, when he very obligingly confessed to a killing, on which he could not have been convicted on any evidence in the possession of the officers and was sentenced to 40 days' imprisonment in the Hamilton county jail. There are at least four or five other clear cases against him that ought to keep him sent up for several months, after which he will be sued for the penalties in the several cases, and if he does not flee the country, the chances are that he will be kept out of mischief for some time to come.

A few years ago Lief turned up as a witness in a case of illegal deer killing, tried in Herkimer county, and by very stout swearing succeeded in preventing a conviction where the people had a very strong case against one of his pals. He is a thoroughly bad egg, and it is to be hoped that both he and the Canadian, Louis, may be finally driven out of the woods.

Both have been in the habit of selling large quantities of deer skins to parties in Fulton and Hamilton counties and have no doubt been engaged in slaughtering deer for the hides alone when they could not dispose of the venison. It is, however, difficult to convict on any evidence other than fresh skins, for the old story, "these skins were taken from deer killed by the several parties whom we guided during the season," will always be given as an excuse for having any large number of skins on hand. Lief is a half breed renegade from the St. Regis reservation, who has followed hunting and trapping in the Canada Lakes country for the past four years, and the Canadian, "French Louis," has followed the same vocations in that vicinity for a somewhat longer period. S.

Maine Venison in Boston.

Boston, Feb. 16.—That wholesale, illegal shipment of venison out of Maine, of which the Forest and Stream had an account last week, is proving to be a most interesting affair. Capt. Millard Mitchel and Mate Charles W. Allen, of the schooner Monticello, are under arrest here in Massachusetts for stealing 90 saddles and carcasses of venison, valued at about $580. The schooner was loaded at Addison Point, Maine. They were well aware that the game was being unlawfully shipped, it seems, and they conceived of the idea that since the shipment was illegal anyway, they might have a hand in the spoils. So, though the venison was consigned to several Boston parties, the captain thought he would put into Gloucester and dispose of the cargo there. He did so, and he with the mate, according to the story of the officers, succeeded in selling off a big lot of the meat at 10 cents per pound. The men admitted selling venison, and surrendered the money they had obtained for it. The reason they gave the officers who arrested them for appropriating the goods was that they were aware that the whole shipping transaction was illegal anyway, and that they might as well have some of the benefits of it as the other fellows. They did not believe that the consignors of the venison would ever dare to make any complaint.

But the shippers of the venison are not to escape this time. Their names are given as George W. Bucknam, William E. Bailey and Byron E. Tibbetts, of Addison Point, and Harley Worcester, of Columbia Falls. As good fortune would have it, Fish and Game Commissioner Henry C. Stanley, of Maine, was in Boston at the time the arrest of the officers of the schooner was made, and he at once took measures to obtain all the facts with the names of the consignors. A stenographer was employed, and duplicate notes of all the proceedings went to Maine. I have it from good authority that the shippers who sent the venison out of the State are being prosecuted according to law. The penalty for having in possession or attempting to take or send out of the State more than the prescribed three deer in a season is $50 for each deer so had in possession or shipped out of the State. The whole cargo of 90 deer can be made to cost the shippers the snug little sum of $4,500. Commissioner Stanley is now satisfied that by vessel, from some of the many little out of the way ports in Maine, is the way that so many Maine deer have been getting into the Boston markets. Including the shipment of the Monticello, probably no less than 500 deer have illegally reached the markets here the past season. The Forest and Stream has already had accounts of these many deer arrivals, with the fact mentioned that they have come by vessel. It certainly looks now as though a case of sufficient magnitude was to be made of the consignment of venison by the Monticello to make the danger of such shipment sufficiently clear to both consignors and vessel owners to make them stop it. All that your correspondent said last week concerning the evils of deer and other game being received in Massachusetts is just and true, and a good deal more, but since we cannot make Massachusetts pass a law to prevent the sale of game that is illegal in a sister State, let us be glad that justice is overtakiug the shippers this time, in a wholesale way

Superintendent Phillips, of the Megantic Club preserve, writes to L. Dana Chapman that the trout eggs in the club's hatcheries are getting along finely. There has been no loss from the recent extremely cold weather, as was feared there might be. Under the direction of Isaac Tibbets, who had charge of the Rangeley trout hatcheries last year, the club secured 50,000 trout eggs, last fall, and Mr. Tibbetts has these eggs now in charge in the hatcheries. These eggs were secured from the native trout. Land-locked salmon have been planted in the waters of the club, and also land-locked smelts; in order that the salmon may have food. Both officers and members of the Megantic Club are working earnestly for the propagation of fish in their admirable waters. SPECIAL.

Prairies and Market Stall.

Worthington, Minn., Feb. 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: The proposed Illinois game laws has caused much discussion among the sportsmen of the West, and the interest is almost as great as it would be were the bill introduced in our own Legislature.

The bill as it now reads is without doubt the most vicious piece of legislation on record, and were its author the greediest of market hunters instead of the sworn protector of the game, he could not well have devised a measure more favorable to its total extermination.

Mr. Blow asks "what interest the sportsmen of Illinois have in passing laws to protect the game of other States." Now it may not occur to that gentleman, or if it has he overlooks—apparently in his zeal to serve the game dealers—the fact recognized by all thinking men, that the more sparsely settled States must of necessity be the source of supply from which game must come to restock older and depleted covers, the nursery in which game must be protected for the benefit of all alike, if it is to be preserved from total extermination and that without the greatest care extinction will follow anyhow. Already the game supply of the Western and Northwestern States has dwindled to a comparatively small remnant through the greed of market hunter and game dealer and the bulk of this trapped and slaughtered game has found its way to the game dealers of South Water street, Chicago, both in and out of season.

Sportsmen throughout the West favor wise and strictly enforced game laws and do the best they can to have them enacted and enforced. They have before them, however, the great task of educating the people up to a sensible view of the subject, a task more difficult with us than in an older community like Illinois, and we naturally look to the older States to set before us an example and object lesson—just, wise and properly enforced.

Our own markets consume immense quantities of game, but were the drain confined to this alone, the natural reproduction would make good the loss. When, however, an immense population like the city of Chicago is accessible to the Western hunter, a market in which he can dispose of all the game he may capture by any and every devise, and the profit for which is sufficient incentive to induce him to set our laws at defiance, the slaughter goes on at a rate that is fast depleting our supply to such an extent that it is only a question of a short time until the last bird has disappeared, and this, too, with a comparatively short open season for the sale of game. Judge, then, how long the supply would last with Chicago—the greatest game market in the West—thrown open for the entire year, with no restriction placed on the sale of game, nor method used in its capture, so long as it was ostensibly obtained outside the State. I would ask Mr. Blow how long he expects the Illinois supply to last after that of the surrounding States is exhausted—destroyed in the interest of his friends, the game dealers. Will these very good friends of his make a distinction between the home grown article and that of other States, and make careful inquiries in regard to where and how it was obtained before purchasing? or will they in the future, as in the past, take everything offered in and out of season, sell it to safe parties and call it fictitious names and swear it came from outside the State?

Probably they will if asked to do so—raise another little jack pot to pay Warden Blow's salary. They should do no less for so zealous a partisan. The sportsmen of Illinois can hardly be expected to contribute anything towards it, for they can have nothing in common with the ally of market hunters and commission men. W. R. H.

Game Protection in Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association is doing good work in behalf of better game protection in that State. Although of comparatively recent organization, being not yet five years old, there is every probability of its accomplishing something at this session of the State Legislature, that will be of permanance and lasting benefit to the sportsmen of the Keystone State. Word comes from Harrisburg that the bills mentioned in the following communication are well in hand, with good prospects of their becoming a law before summer is on deck:

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association held at Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 7, 1895, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, game of all kinds within the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is rapidly becoming extinct, by reason of the inadequacy of our laws for their protection; therefore, be it resolved,

First. That we heartily indorse, and earnestly recommend the speedy passage of the bill creating a game commission, providing for game protectors, etc.

Second. The enactment of a law prohibiting the killing or taking of deer, squirrels, hare, rabbits, wild turkey, ruffed grouse, any kind of pheasant, quail, partridge and woodcock, at any time save between the 15th day of October and the 31st day of December next following, inclusive. Provided, however, that woodcock may be shot from the 1st of July to the 31st day of July, inclusive.

Third. That the fish laws be so amended as to prohibit the taking or catching of speckled trout for the purpose of sale.

Fourth. That the law permitting the gathering and taking the eggs of all game birds for scientific purposes, be amended to prohibit the taking of the same for any purpose.

Fifth. That Senator Grady's bill, No. 107, prohibiting the sale and exportation of game be amended by striking out all provisions relating to speckled trout, and extending its provisions to squirrels, hares, rabbits, wild turkeys, partridges, and all kinds of pheasants, and striking out in line 2, of section 4, the words "in this State or," and in lines 3 and 4 of the same section, the words "for the purpose of sale."

Sixth. That the legislative committee are hereby instructed to prepare the foregoing bills and amendments and urge the passage of the same.

N. A. HUGHES, President,
J. H. WORDEN, Vice-President,
HARRY W. THURMAN, Secretary.

New Jersey Legislation.

The bill prepared by Commissioner Frothingham and introduced into the Legislature last week is a comprehensive measure of which the chief points are as follows:

Wild deer, buck, doe or fawn may be killed or in posesssion only between Oct. 15 and 25 inclusive. Hare, rabbit, quail, ruffed grouse, gray, black or fox squirrel, European pheasant, European partridge, European grouse or woodcock, from Oct. 31 to Dec. 15 inclusive. Gray snipe (commonly called English or Wilson snipe), reed bird, rail bird or marsh hen, from Aug. 31 to Dec. 15 inclusive. Grass or upland plover or dove, from Aug. 1 to Sept. 30 inclusive. In shooting wild fowl, the boat or sink-box or other vessel cannot lawfully be placed at a greater distance than 100 feet from ice, marsh or meadow, bar or bank or heaped seaweed not covered with water at high tide; and the hours of shooting are between one hour before sunrise and one hour after sunset. Shooting at wild fowl from any vessel propelled by other means than oars or paddles is prohibited. The law prohibits owners from shooting on their own lands in the close season. It is unlawful to have in possession, sell or offer for sale any of the birds, fowl or animals enumerated after the same have been caught or trapped by means of any snare, swoop net, trap or device of any description whatever It is unlawful to have in possessison, sell or offer or expose for sale any game birds or animals enumerated, except during the seasons in which they may lawfully be killed. Sunday hunting, either with dog or gun, is prohibited. The law does not prevent individuals or associations from domesticating or bringing into the State animals or birds for propagation purposes, or to keep til a favorable season for release. Fishing with any contrivance whatsoever, except with rod and line in the manner called angling, is prohibited; this clause does not apply to eels caught by means of a wicker eel-basket or pot, nor to the spearing of eels, suckers or carp, the taking of winnows for bait with a seine not over twenty-five feet in length, provided that the young of trout, pickerel and bass are not injured; and it does not apply to the taking of fish under the direction of the Fish Commission of the State. Black bass, Oswego bass, can be taken between May 30 and Dec. 1 inclusive. Brook trout, April 1 to July 15 inclusive. Black bass less than nine inches in length, or trout less than six inches, cannot be killed, or kept in possession, or offered for sale. Explosives, drugs or medicated baits for taking or killing fish are forbidden. The turning of any deleterious or poisonous substance into the waters of the State, in quantities destructive to the life of the fish or disturbing their habits, is forbidden. Shutting off or drawing off the water of any pond, stream or lake, for the purpose of capturing fish, is prohibited. Set lines, or lines not under constant and immediate supervision, are prohibited in any waters inhabited by pickerel, black bass, perch or trout. Fishing through the ice, in waters inhabited by brook trout, and fishing for pickerel, pike or perch through the ice, except with single lines and hooks, one to each line, are prohibited. Fishing in any manner, from any lake, pond or stream stocked with fish by the fish and game commissioners, or by private individuals, is unlawful for three years from the time the stock is introduced; provided the fish and game commissioners post ten notices on the banks or shores of such waters. It is unlawful to enter or trespass on any land for the purpose of taking fish from any private waters if the same be posted. The term "waters of this State" means all waters within the State where the tide does not ebb and flow, but where the taste of said water is not brackish or salty. Waters under the exclusive control of individuals or associations, created and stocked exclusively by them, and not run ways for migratory fish, shall be considered private waters and exempt from the provisions of this act. Owners, lessees and tenants of any property shall not knowingly permit the erection or maintenance of any unlawful contrivance for the taking of game or fish, nor shall they permit the setting or drawing of any net whatsoever from the banks of any stream forming a boundary of said property; it is made their legal duty to immediately destroy all unlawful contrivances. It is unlawfu to remove from the State any of the birds, game or fish whose capture is prohibited or for which a close season is provided, excep when such are in the possession of the person who may have lawfully captured them, excepting unbroken packages in transit across the State.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 5 to 8—Chicago.—Mascoutah K. C., J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 12 to 15—Denver.—Western K. C. Co., E. T. Weiant, Sec'y
April 10 to 13.—Pittsburgh—Duquesne K.C. W. E. Littel, Sec'y.
April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club.
May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.
Nov. 9.—Chatham' Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

The Hill Hurst Kennels.

Hill Hurst is the name of Mr. Hunnewell's country seat, situated about two miles from Wellesley station, one of Boston's many picturesque suburbs. After a sharp drive in the keen, early morning air, we were quite prepared to carry out the first duty of the day—breakfast. A word or two about Hill Hurst, and we will walk across the lawn to the kennels. Mr. Hunnewell's house is beautifully situated on the crest of a hill, directly overlooking a large lake, a beautiful and picturesque sheet of water, at the other side of which rises the stately pile of buildings known as Wellesley College. In our many travels we have seen nothing to equal the picturesque peacefulness of this enchanting view from the windows of Hill Hurst. Park-like lawns surround the house, extending to the edges of the woods which cover some 300 acres.

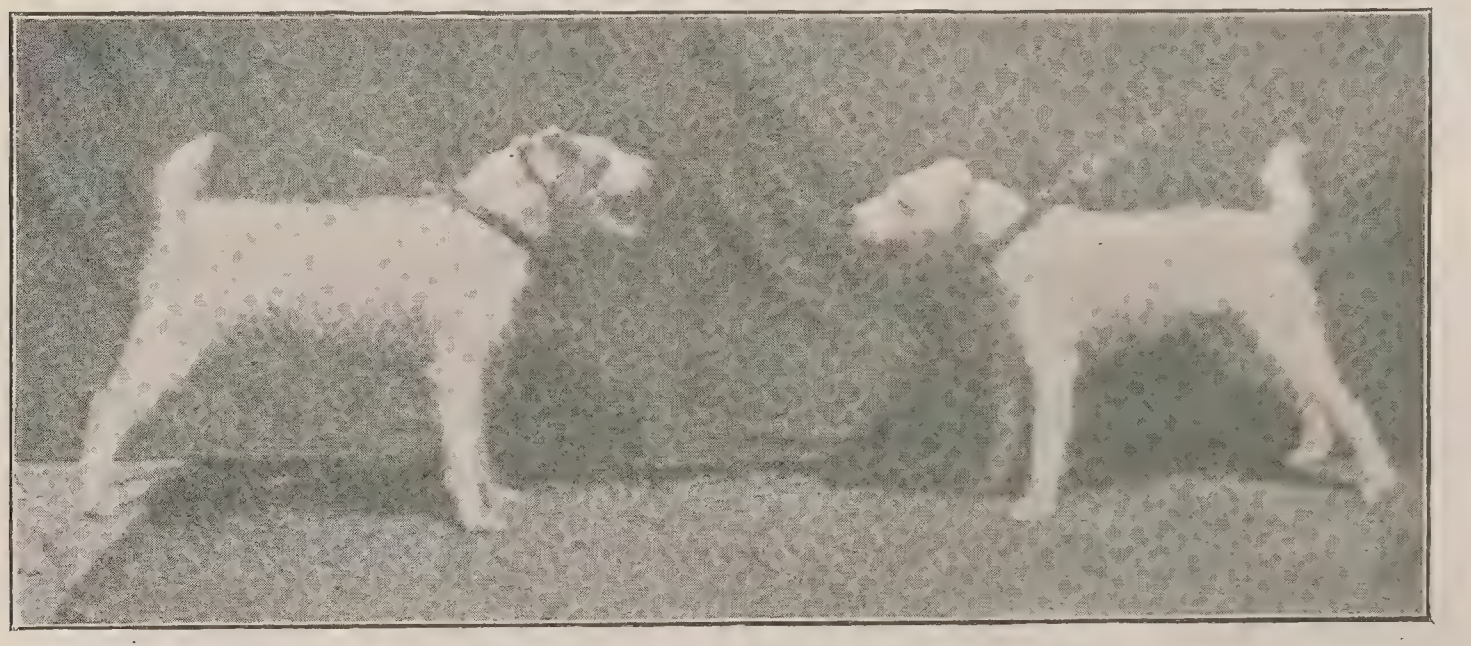
Lighting our cigarettes we strolled across to the kennels which are situated at the edge of the woods, about a couple of hundred yards from the home. All was commotion as soon as we appeared. Pausing on our way long enough to inspect an ice-house looking structure which proved to be a tennis court, Mr. Hunnewell being one of the acknowledged experts at this active game, we opened the double gates of the kennel yards. This gate within a gate is an excellent arrangement as any one will imagine who has tried to keep half a dozen squirming terriers from escaping when the kennel yard door is opened. Before giving particulars of the dogs we might as well describe the kennel buildings. These are said to be of Mr. Hunnewell's own designing, and as he had seen no other kennels when he built these, they may be said to be original. The main kennel yard, surrounded by wire fencing, eight feet deep, covers about an acre of ground, in the middle of which is a small cemented pond, as shown in the picture. A very useful adjunct to any kennel. To the right, before reaching the main kennel building, were three wire-fenced yards, running from small, lean-to kennels. In these are several pups both of poodle and wire persuasion, and they extended us a noisy welcome. Arriving at the main kennel the front door leads into a large room which contains an office on one side and cook room with stove and feed bins on the other. On the walls are hung pictures of dogs, show chains, prize cards, and the very artistic diplomas given by the Paris shows, where the poodles have won honors. Another door leads into the six foot vestibule, dividing the range of kennel compartments. There are eight of these, four on each side, about 12x8 feet. Each compartment is fitted with a hinged bench, about a foot high, running along the sides. A door at the end leads into separate kennel yards. The front doors of the compartments are of solid wood and divided into two sections so that the top part can be opened to inspect the inmates. Inside the doors are wire doors, so that in warm weather the solid doors are swung open, and thus plenty of free ventilation is assured. All the flooring of building and inner kennel yards is cemented. A door at the back of the vestibule leads to the poodle kennels which are not so elaborate; similar in construction to those situated in the front part of the main kennel yard. Situated at the edge of the woods the buildings are amply shaded, and sheltered, and a number of trees in the main yard also afford grateful shade in summer time. At the far side of the big yard is a large boiler, inclosed in a little shed, a good arrangement, as nothing unsettles the dogs more than the fumes of cooking. Patrick Grady, with sundry help, has charge of the kennel. He graduated from the stable or the cattle section we forget which, but that his work is a labor of love with him is proved by the excellent care that he takes of his charges, and the cleanly manner in which everything pertaining to the kennels is kept. Since our visit Mr. Hunnewell has erected winter kennels, consisting of a glass enclosed piazza, reaching from one side of the main building. This affords a warm sheltered run for the puppies. Many owners of large kennels know but few of their dogs personally, but Mr. Hunnewell is on intimate terms with all the grown dogs, knows their individual characteristic, and takes delight in rambling through the woods with a score of them at his heels on the lookout for "chucks" or anything that may turn up in the way of varmin or "work for terriers."



HILL HURST KENNELS.

Grady started the inspection by bringing out Mr. Hunnewell's first love, Oakleigh Bruiser, and his new crack Cribbage, which he recently purchased from Mr. H. W. Smith, of Worcester, Mass. Naturally these two rivals for the charms of the kennel talked to each other in an animated manner, but like many readers of Forest and Stream, they were "chained to business," and though they would dearly have liked a rough up, such specimens of the wire hair race are too valuable to be permitted this natural indulgence. There is a little of the tuft hunter in nearly everyone's composition, and so we naturally turned to Cribbage, the Sultan of the harem, and found him much improved even on his Providence form, stouter and sturdier, his only drawback being an excess of whisker, but this will be attended to before he makes another public appearance. Since writing the above he was shown at the New England K. C. Terrier show and was put down in the orthodox manner. Wire hairs require trimming just as much as a man. There are not many of us who wish to go round with a shock of hair like the up-to-date football player. Although Cribbage has occupied such a prominent position in "wire" circles, little has been written of his history and attainments. He first saw light in Mr. W. Carrick's kennels, Carlisle, England, April 4, 1890. His sire was Trick and dam Carlisle Tinsel. On his dam's side his blood goes back to the crack Ch. Carlisle Tack and Vice, the mother of the noted Carlisle Tyro; in fact all through, his pedigree teems with patrician blood and his services as a sire should prove invaluable in his new home. Nearly five years old, Cribbage stands to-day a wonderfully well preserved terrier, as good in head, eye, cheek and carriage as he ever was. His is one of those long, clean heads that may shrink but never grow coarse. He has the best of ears, well sprung neck, and typical front with beautiful legs and feet and his bearing shows him to be game withal. Since his advent in this country he has carried all before him, accomplishing the hitherto unprecedented feat of beating one of the best smooth dogs living. Among his most meritorious victories before his importation may be counted the Prix d'Honneur, for the best sporting dog in the show at Antwerp, Belgium, beating fifty-three other first winners; another win to be proud of was when he took first and the Fox Terrier Club Cup at the Oxford Fox Terrier Show at London, England, afterwards taking first and cup at Glasgow, Scotland, where he lowered Vice-Regal's victorious flag. As if this was not enough to satisfy the most exalted ambition he came over here and twice won the Grand Challenge Cup, given by the American Fox Terrier Club, for the best smooth or wire fox terrier in the show, taking the honor from August Belmont's Blemton Victor II., who held the cup for three years previously. In color, Cribbage is white with tan on head and ears. In England his list of firsts include such great shows as the Kennel Club, Birmingham, Darlington, Wolverhampton, Fox Terrier Club and Gloucester, etc. To give the whole list would occupy too much space. His last appearance in England was at Darlington, June 28, 1893, but being out of condition, the celebrated Prompter was, even with his handicap, in the opinion of many good judges, unjustly awarded premier position. Cribbage had already been purchased by Mr. Smith, and came to this country with Surrey Janet in September, 1893. He was not exhibited until New York Show the following year, when he easily won firsts in open and novice classes, and with Surrey Janet, took the wire haired brace special and those for best brace wire or smooth, best wire dog and best wire or smooth dog in the show; this carried with it the Grand Challenge Cup, which had hitherto always fallen to a smooth. He followed these successes up at Boston a few weeks later, again winning the Grand Challenge Cup. The specialty show in May also saw him a big winner and he won all put up for his breed at the Rhode Island Fair Show last fall. Since our visit he held his own at the N. E. K. C. Terrier Show, running Ch. Blenton Victor II. very close for best in show.

Among the good ones he has sired is Curio, winner of several first prizes, and his get over here will, no doubt, be heard of before long, as several youngsters are making up very nicely. But Oakleigh Bruiser is all this time protesting, in canine fashion, that the pats and nice things should not all go to Cribbage, so we turn to one of the best wires seen on American benches before the advent of the Cribbage-Surrey-Janet string. Bruiser is a terrier all over, and pussies, rats and woodchucks would be mighty scared varmin if he could have his way all the time. He gets it sometimes and shows a scar or two for the privilege. Mr. Hunnewell has not dropped across many bargains in dog flesh, but Bruiser proved to be the one exception, his present owner buying him from Mr. Lindsay Hogg, after he had won several prizes at English shows. Oakleigh Bruiser is by Dudley Rarity, out of Brunette, and is therefore strong in the new Forest and Broom blood, consequently having a mixture of some of the best smooth and rough strains. On the maternal side he is a grandson of that good old terrier Brittle, of whom more anon. When he first appeared in America, Mr. R. F. Mayhew, the fox terrier judge, wrote of him: "Almost as good in coat as could be, of a dense, hard nature, in addition to which has a lean, nicely chiselled head, good expression and character, with plenty of bone and substance, and a nice top. He is inclined to stand with his elbows in, and might with advantage be longer in loin." Bruiser should be most valuable on weak coated bitches, for his coat is like pin wire, and what is of much importance these days, is very dense. He was whelped June, 2, 1891, and was bred by Mrs. Lee. Bruiser was not long in finding his way to the challenge class, and at Boston Show last year he attained Champion honors. In 1893 he won second at New York, to Daylesford Broom; firsts, Boston, Newark, Rhode Island Fair Show, and Akron. Last year he began the season with first at Saratoga, then New York, Boston and the specialty shows, in challenge classes, and since our visit has added to his laurels firsts at Providence and second to Cribbage at the Terrier Show. He has sired some nice stock, stamping his get with his own good terrier character.



CHAMPION OAKLEIGH BRUISER AND CRIBBAGE—HILL HURST KENNELS.

"Bring out Janet," says Mr. Hunnewell, and out trips the best wire hair in America, to our mind, in Surrey Janet. She was scarcely in as fine trim as she appeared a month later, at the Terrier Show, having just weaned a litter by Brittle—what a combination of terrier character this mating should produce! In the August, 1893, issue of the Fox Terrier Chronicle appeared an excellent biography of this beautiful terrier, in which we find this interesting news regarding Janet's very early life. A Mr. Harrold bred his bitch Jenny to Northfield Besom and three pups were born. Two were given away, and when Surrey Janet was well grown, Mr. Harrold, being anxious to dispose of her, offered her for the magnificent sum of 15 shillings ($3.75), to several "cute" wire exhibitors, but they looked "askew." Then Mr. Mutter saw the bitch in the street, and looked, longed and never left her till he bought her, and luckily so, for she proved the corner stone of the noted Surrey Kennels. Her first appearance was in June, 1892, at Harlow, and under Mr. Astley she won three seconds and first in Maiden class, successes that promised well for her future. Another show intervened, and then at Market Harboro, Mr. Redmond saw something to love, and she won in open and puppy classes. Then followed many winnings, until we find her at the Crystal Palace show with firsts in open and novice clases and a special. Different judges seemed to have had different opinions as to her merits then, for at one show she could take a second and turn the tables on her victors at the next. But recovering her premier position an unbroken list of wins followed, beginning with Cruft's, where she also took the special for best rough in the show. Now she was in the challenge ranks, and after winning at Bath and Preston shows, and Mr. Mansell having a commission to purchase the best wire bitch in England, he plumped for Surrey Janet, and she became Mr. H. W. Smith's property. Under his name she won several firsts, notably at Leicester, under Mr. Vicary, beating the crack dog Jack St. Leger, and two days after she downed Champion Prompter for the special, at Darlington, a few minutes after the latter had lowered Cribbage's colors. But her biggest triumph, and fitting close of her English career, was at Cirencester, where Mr. Hayward Field placed her first and special for best in show, rough or smooth, beating her little sister Sister Mary and several crack smooths. One cannot better describe Surrey Janet than to quote the above journal: "A beautiful bitch of correct size, an extra coat of the right texture, a lovely neck and fine shoulders and front, good bone, and with the best of feet, and to add to all these, a varminty looking head, with perfect outline and ears and correct facial expression for a wire."

"Now those critics over there said she was not right behind, I'll show you that there is not a stronger or faster terrier in the kennel," says Mr. Hunnewell. Suiting the action to the word, he threw a ball the length of the big kennel yard and Janet beat Cribbage in every race, showing not the slightest weakness in her hind legs. Surrey Janet was whelped Aug. 18, 1891. In 1893 she came over with Cribbage, and her career since thne has been one series of victories, sharing with her kennel mate the brace prize specials, and winning all the specials for her sex at New York, Boston and the Specialty shows in 1894.

Bushey Bramble, big with maternal anticipations, was next trotted out. She was due on Oct. 30, 1894, and there should be a nice family growing up by this time. This bitch was imported last summer, and was whelped Sept. 2, 1890. She is by veins ex-Bramble, and is nearly smooth bred but is broken rough to be a wire, her coat partaking of the wonderfully hard texture of her sire's. Her legs, feet, head and expression, bone and quarters are her most noticeable points. In color she is white, with right ear black and left ear ticked, and a spot on stern. In England she won first at Leicester, Darlington and Barnet, in 1891; Barking, Kew and Enfield in 1892, and first at the London Fox Terrier Club Show, at Uxbridge, in 1893, besides a number of specials. Since coming to America she has won first at Providence, only time show. She should make a valuable brood bitch.

One of the handsomest wires ever exhibited on our benches

came out next for inspection, though at the time she was by no means herself. For the past year she had been, in the language of the kennel, a "bad doer," and had fallen away in consequence. Her pretty head, however, always commanded attention, the evenly marked black and tan blending with the badger tint being a rare charm. At home and among friends Ryedale Pattern showed herself off to perfection, but in the ring was not apt to make the most of the opportunity, and therefore required expert handling. Pattern was whelped Aug. 9, 1887, and was by Ryedale Tip out of Beacon Beauty, and although a true wire in every expression and attribute, a good deal of smooth blood ran through her veins. She was bred by G. W. Corner, England. Her first win was at York, in 1888, in 1889 she scored at Olympia Show, York and Birmingham; in 1890 firsts at the Kennel Club Show, Darlington, Leicester and Leeds, were among her honors; in 1891 she took winning brackets at the Midland F. T. C. Show, Gloucester, Malden, Barnet, etc.; 1892, Harlow; 1893, at Cruft's she won two firsts, and then was imported by Mr. H. W. Smith, of Worcester. At New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston and the Rhode Island Fair Shows of 1893 she easily downed the best of our wires, and by this time was a champion. In 1894 firsts at New York, Boston and Specialty Show in May, added to her fine record, and since our visit, greatly improved in form, she won her last ribbon at the Terrier Show. Pattern was imported in whelp to Cribbage and that this mating threw some game stock is proved by the following occurrence. One of her pups, born in this country, having had his leg broken by being stepped on by a cow, was given to a farmer. At eight months old he would tackle any woodchuck on the farm, and at a year old would either kill the chuck in the hole or draw him out. Last July the farmer's foxhound,



HILL HURST KENNELS' POODLE VIVETTE.

ran what was supposed to be a fox, into a ledge. The terrier was brought out and put in the ledge. There was a rumpus directly, and the fight continuing for two and a half hours, the noise issuing from the scene of combat convinced the bystanders that a coon was laid up. Opening out the crevice with crowbars and picks, the body of the terrier was exposed to view, lying apparently lifeless; but in a moment he was up and at the varmin again. Finally both coon and dog were viewed but could not be reached. They would fight for a few minutes then rest for breath, then at it again. By the aid of a wire the terrier was drawn out, but not until he had fast hold of the coon and both came out together. The coon was played out, and as soon as the terrier was released he nipped him in the back and it was all over. The coon weighed seventeen pounds and the terrier fifteen pounds. The latter's scars will always bear witness to the gameness he derived from his breeding. Ryedale Pattern died Jan. 29, from internal hemorrhage and her death is a severe loss to the kennel.

The next to demand attention was Petition, imported by Mr. Hunnewell Aug., 1893, after winning at Croft's and Oxford Shows. She was whelped March, 1889, and is by Ebor Nick out of Heldgate Belle, running back to good wire blood on both sides. In color she is white with black ear. She is what is termed a nice stamp of bitch, though she shows too much coat, and should be shorter and firmer in back. At the Rhode Island Show in 1894 she took third in open class. When we saw her she was in whelp to Ch. Oakleigh Bruiser, and he should certainly correct her faults in the offspring. Like Henry Ward Beecher's dog, Petition has one absorbing idea and this is to watch the drain hole in the kennel pond, which she stands guard over for hours if allowed to, and Micawber-like, waits for something to turn up.

Brunette had also been released. She is one of the younger matrons, being now about eighteen months old, and is by Oakleigh Bruiser. She was not yet furnished up, but is a promising sort. She won last year at Boston third in open, novice and puppy classes, and first puppy and second to Bushey Bramble in open classes at the Rhode Island Fair Show, and the Terrier show. Her coat is her strong point, being of the texture of a besom.

Then the old warhorse, Brittle, came jumping out as frisky as a two year old. Brittle's career is so well known it is not necessary to go into extended particulars.

He was whelped Aug. 23, 1884, and is by Brick out of Vamp, and runs back to a lot of patrician smooth and wire strains. In England he won many prizes, being exhibited when the quality of the wires was at its zenith. He has beaten all the cracks, Carlisle Tack, Jack's Yarn, Tees Nap, Briggs Bruiser, Carlisle Tick, etc. Brittle was one of the six wires selected to compete against six smooths at the York Terrier Show in 1888, and the wires won. His head is considered almost perfection, and his general contour, style and expression cannot be excelled. Naturally he has lost his mouth and he has gone wide in front, but he is a grand terrier yet, and game as they make them. Only last year he held on to a coon that dragged him a hundred yards. He is particularly suited to smooth bitches and has sired several cracks in England, notably The Reclaimed and in America he is responsible for those friendly rivals, Brittle Beaut and Mister Great Snap among many others. He was owned by Mr. R. F. Mayhew for several years and was brought over by him in 1892, then sold to Mr. H. W. Smith, who in turn sold him to his present owner, who no doubt will keep him to the end.

In quick succession we were introduced to a lot of youngsters, who are sure to make their names known in future prize lists. One was Hill Hurst Trick, by Cribbage, out of Petition, who boasts a capital long head. Later he won in the puppy class at the Terrier Show. H. H. Snowflake, a low set one, that had a walkover in the puppy class at the Terrier Show; H. H. Blossom, by Daylesford Broom, out of Pinkey, a smooth from the Rutherford Kennel. She took third in open bitches at the Terrier Show, and first in novices.

Pinkey, just spoken of, is a fat, motherly sort of no account show bitch, but she can produce winners.

Then there was the smooth Diana and several promising pups, in the inclosed puppy runs. Tagging round our heels was Briar, a big, coarse sort, but a family pet, and sire of a capital pup



HILL HURST KENNELS' FOX-TERRIER CRIBBAGE.

out of a bitch so bad that sudden death was her portion. Talk about the science of breeding! it cannot hold a candle to chance.

A glance at Flipperty Gibbert, imported, one that her owner is not at all proud of, for she is one of those "pigs in a poke," that do not always come up to expectations. She was bred by W. O. Greenside, England, and is by Lord Edward out of Camellia and certainly is well enough bred to throw something good if mated right. She had a nice litter of five, three weeks old, by Oakleigh Bruiser. Her redeeming feature is her gameness. H. H. Vamp, a daughter of hers, by Brittle, is a very pretty yearling, that would make a good companion for some one.

Passing through the main kennel we came to the outside kennels described above, where most of the poodles are housed. Here in the first compartment was Oakleigh Flirt, a deerhound from Mr. Thayer's kennels. In the next compartment were two English setters from the Bayard-Avent kennels. These are handsome dogs and good fielders. They are owned by a friend of Mr. Hunnewell's. A pretty sort is Rose (Brittle-Petition), whom we found in the next kennel, with her sister Hill Hurst Pansy, sold to Mr. Belt. She was on a visit to Cribbage.

Returning to the open yard the crack brown poodle, Poobah, came up for inspection. This stylish dog is known to most showgoers, and was one of the first lot of browns imported by his owner from the Parisian kennels of M. Conlon in 1892. He is by Punch, out of Posey. Punch has won several prizes at French shows, and Poobah himself, won third at the Paris show of 1890. When first shown he had to run against his kennel mate, Diamand and was second to the latter at several of the best shows in 1893. In 1894 he took first at Saratoga, New York and Boston. Poobah has shown himself a great stock getter, some of his youngsters coming on, give great promise and are especially rich in color. Then we turned to Diamand, who was frisking around in great shape. His merits have been repeatedly described in these columns. He is also a French bred one and is by Bizon, who won first at Paris, 1892, out of Negress never shown. Diamand's winnings include firsts at R. I. S. F., Newark and R. I. P. A., in 1893, and second to Poobah at Saratoga and New York, and first Philadelphia, 1894.

There is little to choose between these two good ones. Next came Vivette, by Cartouche-Bella, and whose sire was also a Paris winner, taking third in 1892. She has a rich color with tight curl, and is a very sprightly dame, but was then heavy in whelp to Poobah. She has an unbroken record of wins at R. I. P. A. Show, in 1893, Saratoga, New York, and Boston, as well as two specials in 1894. The bobtailed Bellone came prancing up. She has turned in color. Many of these browns after having puppies, get mixed in color, and this, while I think it adds to their appearance, tells against them on the bench. She is not so tight in curl as Vivette and has had to run second to her at Saratoga, New York and Boston in 1894. She is a capital mother, however, and therefore valuable to her race Others I was introduced to were: Hill Hurst Ida, another that in color runs to a roan. She is counted the best brood bitch in the kennel, and was in whelp to Poobah. Last year she had two litters of eighteen and all were sold but two, at $50 each.

Hill Hurst Posey is the puppy winner at Saratoga last year and was second to her kennel mate, Dinah, at Boston.

Hill Hurst Nap is another youngster that commands attention. He is by Poobah out of H. H. Ida, and thus brother to Posey. He was reserve in puppy class at Boston. H. H. Dinah is considered the best puppy; she won in puppies at Boston, 1894, and was third to the older bitches in the open class. Her color is getting a little mixed even now, but she carries a capital crisp curl. She was in whelp to Diamand. Then a litter of seven July pups by Poobah-Bellone, were turned out, and the fuzzy little beggars were up to all sorts of fun. Two more youngsters



HILL HURST KENNELS' FOX-TERRIER BRTTTLE.

born in May, by Diamand ex Ida, claimed our attention, rich in color, these pups looked charming on the green grass. One of them was sold to Mr. O. Ames, second.

"Do you find any sale for these brown poodles?" I asked Mr. Hunnewell.

"Oh, yes! I cannot breed enough of them. I have never pushed their sale, but have disposed of about $1,000 worth during the year." And Mr. Hunnewell has some satisfaction in knowing that those who purchased these pups all claim their's are the best, for he was frequently told at New York and Boston shows that those they had purchased could beat any on the benches. Before leaving the poodles, a word of praise must be given to Patrick Grady, the kennel manager, who always shows his poodles in such capital condition, every curl in its place and none longer than the other.

Time was pressing and we strolled over to the stables, where several neat "tits" were being well looked after. Then to the house and luncheon, and another long look at that beautiful view across the Lake to Wellesley College. Jumping into the carriage we were whirled away to the station, bearing away pleasant memories of a pleasant day, spent among surroundings where the veriest misanthrope could find some happy moments.

H. W. L.

If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and this was evidently Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, sentiment when he determined to give rein to his fancy and indulge in a kennel of high class dogs. A brown poodle, brought from Paris, proved the cornerstone of what is now one of our most prominent kennels.

Brown poodles, a couple of years ago, were rarities in this country, and those Mr. Hunnewell imported were the first seen on our show benches. But there is a certain touch of the drawing-room about poodles. To a man of Mr. Hunnewell's activity and love of out-door sport, something more was required, and becoming imbued with a love for wire hair fox terriers he imported a few of these game terriers and the nucleus of the Hill Hurst Kennels was duly formed. There was a field in that breed for this gentleman's energy and wealth, and how wisely he has chosen is already seen by the prominence of the kennel in the prize lists of late shows. With this slight introduction, we will pass on to the story of a very pleasant day spent at one of the most charming of New England homes.

When we heard that Mr. James Taylor was to judge at New York and to set at rest the confusion that seemed to exist in the minds of exhibitors in America over the two Taylors in the English fancy, the one hailing from Manchester and London and the other from "Owdham," we wrote to the Stock-Keeper for a photograph of the English judge, and for biographical particulars. The astute editor of that up-to-date journal had a similar train of thought, and being on the ground, he was able to carry out the intention and this week our readers are favored with a capital portrait of Mr. Taylor and particulars of his canine career. Mr. Taylor's father was a naturalist, and at



HILL HURST KENNELL' POODLE DIAMOND.

the early age of five, his playmates were dogs, so he is not "a five minutes fancier, cackling over immature opinions that have not had time to hatch." Mr. Taylor's first visit to a dog show was in 1866, and bulldogs were his first fancy. In 1868 he bought a bitch puppy, for $74, and naming her Maggie Lander, he won in the following year, second prize at Birmingham. When Maggie died she had attained the rank of champion. This was a purchase that certainly promised well for his future sound judgment. Talma, the seventy-eight pound dog, whose name appears in the pedigree of Monkey Brand, was also owned by Mr. Taylor, and sold by him to a Mr. Joplin, who won with him at the Alexander Palace Show. Another of his bulls was Heathen, the sire of Monkey Brand. During his career he has bred and owned a number of canine celebrities. He first donned the ermine in 1872, and four years later judged at Birmingham, an engagement which he kept for ten years in succession. Business ties prevented him from accepting more judging appointments, until about four years ago. Since then invitations have poured upon him, and last year he beat the record as an all round judge, with sixty-four appointments! An interesting event occurred in his career at Birmingham in 1880, when he was asked to act as referee between Messrs. Redmond and Southwell, who were unable to agree over the merits of the fox terriers Brockenhurst Joe and Brockenhurst Rally, the latter gaining his fiat. For some years he owned a prominent kennel of greyhounds and his connection with Yorkshire terriers dates from 1865. As a pigeon fancier he has also shown good judgment. This is his third year as the Stock-Keeper's reporter-in-chief, and he has the reputation of being both able and impartial, which he must be to occupy such an important position. Moreover, he is the only show reporter that does not exhibit on the other side, and this is very much in his favor, for obvious reasons. It will be seen, therefore, from the foregoing, that Mr. Taylor comes with a reputation that should ensure him the good will even of those who, in the course of his judicial duties, he will probably disappoint, and, as he comes to us representing up-to-date fashions in dogs, his decisions should go far to help our breeders along the narrow path that leads to dog show honors.

"Love is a plant that grows best when well tended, and there is no limit to the exuberance of its growth. Give your children pets and flowers," says Dr. Gordon Stables, "and you bring them into unison with nature and nearer to God, if you but show them how to tend and treat them And the exercise of loving care for the lower animals will enlarge the heart and affections, so that regard for their fellow beings, who may be in poverty or sorrow, will find plenty of space therein. A child who never has a living pet as a companion, is very likely to grow up into a selfish, discontented grump, or a canting hypocrite. The doctrine that everything was made for man's use, is accountable for one-half the cruelty to dumb beasts we see around us every day of our lives."

The W. K. C. Show.

The W. K. C. Show opened this morning, Tuesday, with 1,406 dogs benched. The quality in several breeds is better than last year, notably in some St. Bernard classes, greyhounds, wolfhounds, setters, and different terrier breeds, especially bull terriers. A number of the well-known exhibitors were present. The benching is well arranged, most of it being on the main floor, but less space is left the aisles. Everything seems to be moving with the customary smoothness under Mr. Mortimer's watchful eye. As we go to press within an hour of the commencement of judging, more cannot be said, but a full report will appear next week. The man who says "What do you think of that?" is out in abundance already.

DOG CHAT

Mr. George Thomas sailed from Liverpool, Jan. 27, with a big team of new purchases which include wolfhounds, Irish terriers, spaniels, Bedlington terriers, and greyhounds. Particulars of some of these we have already given He also brings with him a team of foxterriers entered by Mr. Geo. Raper. There are Raby Rival, own brother to Dudley Sholler. Raby Truefit, winner in two firsts at Bolton show; Richmond Pearl, a bitch that has won at several shows, and Richmond Victory, another well-known terrier, which according to Stock-Keeper, Eng., has always done well.

From the above journal we also learn that American fanciers "have missed a treat just by the skin of a hap'orth of argument"; the cons having, by their strange quantity, downed the pros in favor of Mr W. H. Sprague taking advantage of the opportunity presented by the New York Show to introduce himself and his "boots" to the American kennel public." This is sad. We have seen a picture of those boots—they are great—something on the ultra field spaniel order. Mr. Sprague is celebrated in bull dog and whippet circles, and is kennel editor of the Licensed Victuallers' Gazette.

In the third number of "Our Dogs," the new English kennel journal, a very interesting account is given of Mr. Moses Woolland's famous kennl of Sussex and black field spaniels. In addition to a capital picture of the owner, several of the best exponents of the Bridford strain are portrayed. These include Bridford Brilliant, Ch. Bridford Shah, Ch. Bridford Dolly and Ch Bridford Giddie. Mr. Woolland's kennel, as all spaniel breeders know, stands at the very top in his particular fancy, though the word fancy in this connection may be a misnomer, for Mr. Woolland, being an ardent sportsman, all his spaniels are brought up to the gun, and while "long and low" enough to suit the demands of the show ring, we are told that their owner shoots over all his best spaniels and has never yet found their equal for work. He characterizes the contention, so often ventilated in the press, that this style of dog is useless for field work, as nousense, and instances the case of one of these pessimists who really had had but two days' shooting in his life! Several of the Bridford's have come to this country, but as Mr. Woolland is very conservative in his breeding operations, not allowing the public the use of his famous stud dogs and not being particularly anxious to sell his stock, it is safe to conclude that only the culls are expatriated.

The noted prize winning pointer, Sandford Graphic, died recently of old age. He was owned by Captain Moreton Thomas and bred by that clever pointer man, Mr. E. C. Norrish.

The dog fancy is making such rapid strides in England, that there is no telling what new craze will be the outcome. The—shall we say New Woman?—has already introduced us to a Ladies' Kennel Association, and a Ladies' Kennel Journal, and as if this were not sufficient for the decade, a purely Ladies' Dog Show is announced to take place during the coming summer in the Ranelagh Club grounds, London. We wrote New Woman, but this is scarcely fair, for this feminine fin de siecle product is scarcely to be credited with stooping to canine devotion when domestic duties and affections are given the go-by.

Mr. Everett Millais, whose researches into the mysteries of distemper among dogs, and other diseases incident to the canine family, is to deliver a lecture, the 28th of this month, on "Two of the Problems of Reproduction," before the medical and physical society of St. Thomas's Hospital, London. This lecture will deal with the knotty question as to the influence of the sire and the previous sire, explaining all the experiments and their results which he has lately made. As proving one instance at any rate of the influence of the previous sire, we were recently shown a fox terrier bitch from Mr. Belmont's kennels, a very large bitch with a remarkably long, clean head. This bitch was accidentally mated with a St. Bernard, and although bred six times subsequently to pure foxterriers every litter but the last one showed unmistakable signs of the cross in individual members of each litter. In the six litters all the pups were pure fox terriers in appearance.

Dog breeders are often at their wits' end to save a valuable litter of puppies when the mother is either too sick to nurse her young or dies in parturition. And it would pay the owners of valuable kennel stock to always keep their weather eye open for foster mothers. Cats have been known to suckle a pup or two, but an unique case is related in "Our Dogs," where a Mr. White, when he lost the pug bitch Queen of Leeds, unable to secure a foster mother for the puppies, not even a motherly "tabby," kept them alive for several days by letting them have nourishment from a guinea pig!

The Chicago show entries closed last Monday, Feb. 16. In looking over our remarks on the subject of giving so many specials to local entries at Detroit and Chicago, we are reminded that there is another side to the question—one which is of material importance to the show management. It is a well-known cry that exhibitors make a show possible. That is acknowledged, but it must also be conceded that exhibitors themselves bring nothing to the gate, therefore, the people of the town wherein the dog show is held, are looked to for the wherewithal to pay expenses and save financial loss to the show promoters. A show committee, with the exception of New York, is generally dependent on local generosity for its special prizes, and the locals naturally donate their prizes in a channel that will prove of some benefit to themselves, and their fellow townsmen and often, as in the cases of Detroit and Chicago, the club must either curtail its special list, or coincide with the locals. The object of local classes is therefore to interest the people of the town, and this can be done in no better way than to offer prizes and other inducements for the local element to exhibit. Mr. Jones enters his ki-yudo and it is safe to say that Mrs. Jones, the little Joneses and their aunts, cousins and so on, will go to see ki-yudo on his bench, though they may have seen him every day for the past two years, at home. All their relations pay for admission, and the result shows the wisdom of encouraging ki-yudo. There is another reason, too. Mr. Jones, being drawn to the show and being a man of discernment, is probably tempted, when he sees so many better dogs than ki-yudo, to invest in a dog of good parts and breeding and before he knows it he is a fancier, and to encourage such men and such a feeling is or should be the raison d'etre of a dog show. The president of the Mascontah Club tried to get the "boys" last year to take up the idea of having a special car to Chicago from New York, but the scheme fell through, and late last year he proposed to Spratts' Co. that they should make the arrangement. This strikes one as a good idea, and should be carried out. If we are to have circuits why not consider the transportation problem in a business-like manner. If exhibitors kick at existing transportation rates they should make an effort to get round the situation by united action. Additional specials at Chicago are $10 for the best kennel of bulldogs and $10 for best bull terrier dog in open class over 30 lbs. A friend of the Irish setter offers silver cup for best dog that has been placed at a public field trial. Another similar cup for the best Irish setter dog that has been placed at any public field trial. The three to be judged together.

Our "Scottie" owners are full of pluck. One of them has made a bid of $500 for the crack Hyndman Chief, but unfortunately Mr. H. Wood refused the tempting bait.

Wire hair terrier breeders will regret to hear that Hill Hurst Kennels' well-known bitch Ryedale Pattern was found dead in her kennel Jan. 29. The cause of death is said to have been internal hemorrhage. Pattern had been under the weather for a year or so, but was coming round nicely at the late Terrier Show. She was a winner of many prizes, both in England and America, and was imported by Mr. H. W. Smith, and afterward sold to Mr. Hunnewell. She was a handsomely marked, stylish bitch, with a great deal of terrier character and is a decided loss to this kennel.

A special party of press representatives left New York last Saturday on the old Dominion Line Steamer Yorktown for Southern Pines, N. C., where they will take part in a series of Southern sports extending from Feb. 18 to 23. The affair is under the management of the Seaboard Air Line. Tuesday and Wednesday there will be quail hunts, Thursday, a rabbit chase, Friday, a squirrel hunt, and Saturday a wild turkey hunt. The week's hunting will be interspersed with many minor events, such as barbecues, 'possum suppers, banjo concerts, and a grand ball.

Mr. E. Hough, commenting on the above says: "This would be good for the New England people to note. Mr. H. S. Joslin, of Oxford, Mass., a well-known lover of that breed, called on this office this week, and interested me in his description of the rabbit hunting in his country. If he should get into the covers of the South, with his pack, they would be likely to die of nervous prostration, trying to find all the trails they would find."

Mr. Louis Contoit tells us that last week he visited the Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., to breed his well-known Irish setter bitches Bessie Glencho II., and Bessie Glencho VI., to Ch. Kildare. He found over one hundred dogs in the kennel and all in good condition. Mr. Contoit will breed Eudora to Kildare during the N. Y. Show and, as a little useful information for Irish setter breeders we quote his remarks regarding their mating: "All these bitches are of the pure Elcho, Jr., Bessie Glencho cross and all are wonderfully deep chested and fronted like terriers. These points are the only ones Kildare is deficient in and while my bitches are a little light in muzzle, Kildare is wonderfully good in thisrespect."

Another old landmark has passed over to the majority in Ch. Ossining. This good pointer was whelped in 1888, and was by Ch. Robert-le-Diable out of Countess Nellie O. The Pittsburg sportsman, J. O'Hara Denny, bred him. He was formerly known as Nellie's Bert, but as Ossining he was shown extensively by Mr. W. H. Hyland, Tarrytown, N. Y.

The kennel world will be delighted to hear that the Duquesne Kennel Club is once more an active factor in dogdom, and will hold a show April 10 to 13, the week previous to Boston's annual gathering.

Mr. W. E. Littel, the secretary, informs us that the premium lists, which will be issued the latter part of this week, will meet the views of the most exacting exhibitors. So far they have special premiums in the way of valuable merchandise and cash offered that excel in value all previous efforts in this direction. The club has secured the old City Hall, situated in the centre of Pittsburg, and is therefore within a couple of minutes walk of the leading hotels and railroad stations. The officers of the club are: President, John Moorhead, Jr.; Vice President, John M. Chaplin; Secretary-Treasurer, William E. Littel. Executive Committee, H. M. Breckenridge, Dr. John S. Philips, John Moorhead, Jr., John M. Chaplin and W. Arrott. Pittsburg is always a popular venue for exhibitors, being a sort of half way meeting place for the fancy East and West and the kind and considerate treatment previously accorded visitors by the fanciers of the Smoky City will, we are assured by Mr. Littel, be in no way relaxed this year. Mr. Littel's address is 79 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

An important meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club was held at Toronto, Feb. 7. Present, Dr. J. S. Niven, Chairman; R. Gibson, Dr. J. S. Griffin, R. W. Boyle, C. A. Stone, G. B. Sweetman and H. B. Donovan, Secretary. Messrs. T. G. Davey, R. McEwen and F. S. Wetherall were appointed a committee to represent the club with a veiw to an agreement with the American Kennel Club on the basis of the following motion by C. A. Stone, seconded by Dr. Griffin. "That this club, (C. K. C.), would be willing to recognize an agreement on the basis of a mutual recognition of wins and disqualifications, the wins at shows held under C. K. C. Rules to be published in the A. K. C. S. B. All dogs from Canada exhibited in the United States to be listed or registered with the C. K. C.; prize winners in either case, where qualified, must be registered with the club under whose auspices the show is held." The auditing committee reported for year ending Aug. 31, 1894, a debit balance of $11.89. On receipt of an apology and plea for reinstatement from Mr. F. H. F. Mercer, the club decided on motion of Mr. Sweetman and Mr. Stone, that on receipt of necessary fees he be reinstated. The following important letter was received from Mr. W. P. Fraser: "May I suggest that you bring before the Executive Committee at the meeting to be held at the Queen's Hotel, on Friday next, the question as to the advisability of abrogating the rules relating to the five hundred dog and five hundred dollar limit. This would enable the shows held by the Toronto Kennel Club, Hamilton Kennel Club, Montreal Kennel Association and probably Guelph Fat Stock Association at Guelph to be held under C. K. C. rules. As far as can be seen at present, there is no probability of the old agreement which existed between the American Kennel Club and Canadian Kennel Club being renewed, and thus Canadian dogs are practically shut out from qualifying for the title of champion.

"If the committee will take this matter under their kind consideration, and will see their way to repeal this rule, a fresh impetus will be given to clubs like above, and fanciers the Dominion over will feel grateful." Messrs. Fraser and Kirk argued in favor of this change, and finally it was voted that, "The Executive may use its discretion in modifying Section I, Rule XV., and Regulation No. V., by granting permission to recognized kennel clubs to hold shows under C. K. C. auspices, providing the entry list, judges and premiums offered, meet with the approbation of the committee and on payment of a fee of $10." Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, was elected a member of the committee, vice Mr. A. D. Stewart, resigned. Messrs. Stone, Davey, and Boyle were appointed to draft field trial rules and report at the next meeting. In the matter of F. Kirby's unpaid entry fees to the Toronto Fair Association's Show last year, the secretary was directed to write Mr. Kirby for an explanation. The following new members were elected: Alex. Gibb, Montreal; F. T. Miller, Trenton; C. M. Taylor, Lynn, Ont.; C. P. Simpson, Montreal; H. D. Smith, Compton; David Le Gault, Montreal; W. Wade, Oakmont, Pa. Mr. Donovan, the secretary, informs us that the meeting was unanimous and got through a great deal of business in a short time.

A number of dog chat "pars" were crowded out last week, among them the full description of Mr. E. Booth's new St. Bernards. In addition to Duke of Lincoln, he brings Kingstonian Guide for the W. K. C. Show. This is said to be a fine headed dog, a son of Ch. Scottish Guide, out of Lady St. Gothard and thus a grandson of St. Gothard III., that was shown here some years ago. Mr. Booth may also bring a son of Maroll.

Rather a novel situation cropped up at the Liverpool show. Mr. Mansfield was expected to judge Newfoundlands, but was unexpectedly prevented and sent his wife as a substitute. We have heard of the "grey mare being the better horse of the two," but we do not know whether the old saying is applicable in this instance.

America has drained England of some of her best collies and nothing in the male line seems to be coming up to take their places. Stock-Keeper remarks in the Liverpool report that there is an opening for a really tip top dog just now. Perhaps we can send them something very soon.

Mr. Henry D. Polhemus, of Brooklyn, died last week. He was a noted field sportsman, a member of the Robin's Island Club and the donor of the Polhemus cup that will be competed for at the W. K. C. Show this week.

Mr. A. C. Bradbury arrived safely on the steamer Cevic, Feb. 12. His trip was a hurried one, but he managed to do a good deal of business. Owing to the rough passage out, and delay in arriving at Liverpool, the poultry that he took over did not show to advantage, and he had to be content with V. H. C. cards instead of prizes. He brought quite a team of good dogs back with him, several of which are entered at the W. K. C. Show. At the Birch Bros. sale of collies, held during the Liverpool show, he purchased the collies Sefton Snow, by Sefton Hero ex-Sefton Grace; Sefton Ashleaf by Sefton Hero ex-Lucy Ashley, and two old English sheepdog puppies by Sir Tatton ex-Sefton Daisy. He also bought two more greyhound dogs, a black and brindle Greentick and the two—Butter Print by Herschel out of Greenfly, by Greentick, a white and fawn, and said to be a "real beauty"; White Faced Jim, by Page Boy, out of Tiny Laura, by Greentick, color red and white, and a fawn that completes the team. Butter Print is entered for the American Waterloo Cup, to be run next October. After N. Y. Show Mr. Bradbury will dispose of all his dogs and kennel fixtures, hampers, boxes, chains, etc.

A good show was held at Wellington, India, on New Year's Day, according to the Asian, classes were made for fox terriers and sporting dogs, and the rest came under the heading of Miscellaneous. The best dog in the show proved to be a bull terrier. The entries were chiefly owned by members of the English regiments stationed at Wellington and numbered twenty-seven.

Mr. Geo. Thomas arrived from England on one of the Leyland steamers last week and in addition to the Raper team of fox terriers brings for his own firm, the field spaniels Dark Despair, which he purchased from Mr. Pollard and Royd Monarch lately owned by Mr. Oates and a "young" English setter by Rockingham, the quotes around the young are ours as a dog by Rockingham cannot be counted very young. From Mr. Raper he purchased the Derby winning greyhound, Nap II, another Russian wolfhound and a capital brace of Bedlingtons, according to "Our Dogs."

Springside Kennels have purchased the noted pointers Duke of Hessen and Hempstead Pearl.

A dog show will be held at Oakland, Cal., May 1 to 4, the week previous to the San Francisco event. It is to be hoped that the A. K. C. will take some action at the annual meeting in regard to the 500 dog limit clause in challenge wins for the title of champion which at present works such a hradship on Californian, and Far Western exhibitors. It would be better to show magnanimity in this than to push that new rule disciplining officials of a show held outside of A. K. C. influence, who allow a disqualified member to exhibit at their shows.

The annual sale of Messrs. Rutherford's fox terriers will take place at the American Horse Exchange, New York, on Thursday, Feb. 21, at 2.30 P. M. A number of choice brood bitches and puppies will be sold. There are always good bargains to be picked up at these sales.

Visitors to the W. K. C. Show should not forget the auction sale of the Tracy paintings on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Feb. 20 and 21. The Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms are within a block of the show building.

Dr. C. A. Lougest, owner of the Mt. Vernon Kennels, Franklin, Mass., writes: "I have much pleasure in forwarding check for advertisement of bloodhound pups in your paper. I have had above fifty inquiries through the advertisement."

The Spratts (Patent) Silver cup, to be given to the exhibitor showing the largest number of dogs at the W. K. C. Show is valued at $50, and not $5, as stated in our issue of Feb. 2.

Death of Champion Ossining.

Feb. 15.—Editor Forest and Steram: Champion Ossining (13,325), died on the 9th inst. His death was caused by pneumonia.

I prized him more than any dog I ever owned, for as an all round dog I have never owned his equal and doubt very much if I ever shall again. We have had many a pleasant day afield, and many a bird I have brought to bag over his points; he was equally good on quail, woodcock and grouse, a pleasant dog to shoot over, a hard, industrious worker, and game as a pebble.

Judging from his bench record he was beyond a doubt the best son of Champion Robert-le-Diable. Following is a list of his wins: 3d, New York, 2d, Boston, 1st, Cleveland, Kingston, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal, Lynn, Danbury, 1st Challenge Gloversville, Pittsburg, Boston, and Omaha. In addition he won several specials. WM. H. HYLAND.

Pacific Coast Trials.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 18 (Special to Forest and Stream). The Derby winners were: First, C. Z. Herbert's pointer Doris, by Glenbeigh-Jill; second, J. G. Edwards' setter Nimrod, by Sportsman-Stephanie; third, S. F. Hughes' setter Silverplate, by Fred-Countess Noble. All Age Stake: First, Howard Vernon's Glenbeigh; second, W. G. Kerckhoff's Betsy Mark; third, J. M. Kilgariff's Sirius, by Sportsman-Sweetheart, and A. P. Kerckhoff's Mercury, by Dick Bondlure

A. R. C.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

Feb. 27-28.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Second bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds. Events open to all.

March 5-7.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Three-days' tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; first two days targets, last day live birds. Wm. H. Huck, Sec.

March 27.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J. E. D. Miller, Sec.

March 28.—NEWARK, N. J.—Live bird handicap at Erb's grounds, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club; 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps from 33 to 26 yards, class shooting, four moneys. W. H. Green, Sec.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added. All ties in Grand American Handicap must be shot off; three moneys, three high guns.

April 3.—ASTOR HOUSE, New York.—Trapshooters' Convention, adjourned meeting; 8:30 P. M.

April 8-10.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready March 1. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec.

April 9-11.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Three days' tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 12.—HARTFORD, Conn.—All day shoot of the Hartford Gun Club; targets. D. S. Wadsworth, Sec.

April 16-18.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, at Pittsburg, Pa., under the auspices of the Pittsburg Gun Club.

April 24-26.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club: first two days, targets; third day live birds. Orrin J. Loder, Sec.

May 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate

May 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; New Jersey Trap Shooters' League events commence at 2 P. M. Rob't. E. Chetwood, Prest.

May 7-10.—CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Dupont tournament at Cincinnati. Liberal cash prizes added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, agent.

May 10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec.

May 9-10.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

May 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and P. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club.
meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec., 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec., Kansas City.

May 21-24.—KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-days' tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House June 4.

June 11-14.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec.

July 11-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec., Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Changes in, and additions to, the fixtures list this week are as follows: Lynchburg dates are changed to May 17 and 18. On March 27 the second tournament for 1895 of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League will be held at Springfield, N. J., on the grounds of the Union Gun Club. March 28 will witness a 25 live bird sweep at Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.. April 16-18 will be worth noting, as on those dates the Interstate Association will open the ball in target shooting, with a three days' tournament at Pittsburg; everybody who shoots knows what that means. April 24-26 belong to the Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club, who advertise a three days' tournament on those dates; two days at targets, and one day, the last, at live birds.

T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., and Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J., made a match on Feb. 13, during the progress of the 25 bird race at Charlie Zwirlein's, the conditions of the race to be as follows: 100 birds each, $150 a side, loser to pay for the birds. Date and place are: March 7, at Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J. During the latter part of March, Zwirlein will hold a two days' shoot at live birds; he will give plenty of notice as regards dates, etc.

I understand that there is every likelihood of a sweepstake shoot at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., onMarch 4. The main event will be a 25 bird race.

The Interstate Association has closed for tournaments at Pittsburg, Pa., April 16, 17 and 18, and at Lynchburg, Va., May 17 and 18. The tournament at Pittsburg will be under the auspices of the Pittsburg Gun Club, and at Lynchburg, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club. Each of the gun clubs will add $200 to the purses.

ELMER E. SHANER,
Manager Interstate Association.

The West End Gun Club, of Ottumwa, Ia., held its annual meeting on Feb. 4, electing the following officers for the ensuing year: President, J. F. Powell; Vice-President, R. S. Field; Sec.-Treas., F. J. Scott; Capt., L. T. Crissman. The club is in excellent shape financially, and with an increasing membership the prospects are that lots of powder will be burned in the season of 1895.

F. G. SCOTT, Sec.

Morfey easily defeated John Rothacker, of Philadelphia, in the second match at live birds, Rothacker shooting at 106 birds to Morfey's 100. Morfey killed 49 out of his first 50, the last bird falling dead out of bounds. Score: Morfey 89, Rothacker 85.

Writing from Hartford, under date of Feb. 14, Mr. D. S. Wadsworth, secretary of the gun club of that city, says: "The annual meeting of the Hartford Gun Club was held this evening, the following officers for 1895 being elected: President, John Melrose; Vice-President, E. L. Ropkins; Sec.-Treas., Dan'l. S. Wadsworth; Capt., C. H. Burbridge. It was decided to hold a tournament at targets on Friday, April 12; programmes later." He adds "Enclosed you will find a programme of what we intend to do up to June 29. We have just started out for the season with 25 members, seven new ones joining within a month." The programme states that: "The Hartford Gun Club will hold a series of prize shoots, open to all, at Union Grove, every Saturday after this date (Jan. 30), commencing at 1 P. M. sharp. A number of merchandise prizes will be shot for in addition to the following cash prizes $15, $10, $8, $7 and $5. Conditions: 25 targets per man, known angles. The scores to close on Saturday, Jan. 29, and any ten scores to count for the above prizes. Targets at one cent each to all contestants."

Among the many shoots arranged for Washington's Birthday Feb. 22, was one at the Rye, N. Y., Gun Club's grounds. Owing to a delay in the mails, the notice of the shoot was not received in time for any note of the fixture to be made.

The Directors elected by the Paterson Gun Club for the year of 1895 are T. C. Wright, T. W. Morfey, G. A. Hopper and Robert Boyle. Shooting days are the first and third Wednesdays of every month.

The Forester Gun Club, of Davenport, Ia., got out a capital programme for Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. On Washington's Birthday, Carver and Budd shoot the third and deciding match of their series, 100 birds each, for a purse of $200.

Tuesday, Feb. 19, was taken up with a crow shoot at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, having made arrangements for a sweep at 50 crows, $10 entrance, class shooting, birds extra.

If the Interstate Association's tournament at Pittsburg next April is anything like the one held last year in the same month, it will be a good starter for the association's season of 1895. The tournament committee is formed of the following shooters: "Old Hoss," "Jim Crow," Louis Lautenslager and Elmer Shaner.

By the way, out of consideration to newspaper men, printers, and for the purpose of saving breath and the possible attendant results of profane language, the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association was knocked out of time last week, so far as the name went. The association is now exactly the same organization, has the same objects in view, and is just as active as ever, but it will in future be known as the "Interstate Association," the courts of New Jersey having permitted the change of title. What a relief!

The programme for the Elizabeth, N. J., bi-monthly tournament, Feb. 27 and 28, is to hand. The first day is devoted to targets, the second to live birds. On the last day a 25 bird race, $10 entrance, birds extra, is scheduled; for this event entries must be made not later than Feb. 26, to W. M. Parker, 24 Sayre street, Elizabeth, N. J. A deposit of $5 to be made at the time of making the entry.

EDWARD BANKS.

Nebraska Trap Notes.

Omaha, Neb., Feb. 13.—J. C. Read, of this city, and George Nicolai, of Sutton, shot their 100 pigeon race Friday afternoon on the Bemis Park Gun Club grounds, in the presence of six hundred spectators. The match was for $100 a side, 100 birds each, 30 yards rise, 50 boundary, American Association rules. Ted. Ackerman, President of the Stanton Gun Club, officiated as referee, while J. C. Spiece, of Columbus, pulled the traps and Captain Latchshaw, of Lincoln, and Billy Brewer, of this city, did the official scoring. Read shot a 12-guage Greener, 45 grains of E. C., and an ounce and one-eighth N. 9 chilled shot; Nicolai shot a $35 12-gauge Smith, 45 grains E. C. The weather, while cold, was admirable for the sport, with a gauze-covered sky and no wind. Several thousand dollars changed hands on the shoot, which was won by Nicolai by a margin of five birds. Read shot poorly and with little nerve, although on his own dunghill, while the agriculturist was cool and shady from "end to end." The score:

Nicolai—1122002 2x2022122212121x2022221222211220210111200221222022102 2201122222202202101211101122202221—82.

Read—2211220021201000211x21021212x01111101212222200200x0012220111112121222202122102201222222221212122201—77.

Read was badly broken up over the result, as he had counted on a lead pipe, still he had the courage to renew his challenge to shoot another similar match with any man in the State under the same conditions—Nicolai or Hardin preferred.

S. V. GRISWOLD.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

On Saturday, Feb. 16, the first tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, series for 1895, was successfully carried out at Rutherford, N. J., under the auspices of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Although it was well on towards noon before any shooting to amount to anything was done, yet no less than 3,390 targets were thrown before the boys quit shooting.

That these tournaments are popular is shown by the number of shooters present. Thirty-six entries in a 15 target race, and eight teams of five men entered in the big event, is extremely creditable. Of course the weather was delightful, but the sun during the earlier portions of the day made good scores extremely difficult to make, owing to the glare from the snow and ice on the meadows over which the targets were thrown. The Boiling Springs Club, as is the custom at these shoots, had everything in good running order and kept matters hustling. Among those who did most of the work were: Messrs. Edward A. Jeanneret, President of the club; Paul A. Jeanneret, Field Captain; Neaf Apgar, W. R. Hobart and John H. Outwater. W. N. Drake, Manager of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League was also on hand and conducted the preparations for the club race. This latter event up to this year has been shot at known traps and known angles. At the annual meeting of the league held recently, a motion was made, and carried, to change the conditions of the event to unknown angles. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction expressed by the members of several clubs at the action of the meeting, it being claimed that the change made the test too severe for the younger and less experienced clubs. This is undoubtedly so to a certain extent, but the case of unknown angles also introduces a measure of luck into the contest. It is argued, therefore, by the adherents of the new system that by making it "unknown angles," the poorer shots run a chance of drawing a series of comparatively easy angles, while the better and more expert shots may draw angles of a more acute nature. Therefore, it is claimed, the more inexperienced shots, have more chance to make a race of it at unknown angles rather than if these races were shot at everything known, the latter condition placing all shooters on an equal footing and eliminating the elements of chance. As this contest, however, is intended to prove the superiority of one club over another, it would seem better to cut off as far as possible any element of luck, making the game purely one of skill. Another argument that has been used in favor of unknown angles is, that under that system the conditions far more nearly approach field shooting than do those where everything is known; also, that "unknown angles" is the favorite system now, and that "everything known" is monotonous and artificial. These arguments would have far more weight if the question set for decision were not one purely of skill. To rightly determine degrees of skill, the element of chance must be eliminated as far as possible from the contests which are to settle those degrees. At the Boiling Springs Club's ground on Feb. 16, a good illustration of the luck in the matter of angles was given time and again. This was due in no sense to the club or its management; it was due entirely to the whims, occasional activity and impulsiveness of the boys who set the traps. The absolute need of the "stops," now placed on all the best traps for the purpose of preventing the boys from throwing the targets at extraordinary angles, was conclusively proved time and again that afternoon.

The day's shoot was a most pleasant affair, and the gathering together of so many representatives from different clubs at these monthly re-unions, does a world of good. A great deal of the success of these gatherings depends upon the home management. At Rutherford, on Feb. 16, the members of the Boiling Springs Club left no stone unturned to make things comfortable for their guests. To the Messrs. Jeanneret in particular the success of this shoot was due to a very large extent. Major R. H. Breintnall, who was decidedly off color in the shooting line, officiated as referee during the club race. The following clubs entered teams in that event: Union Gun Club, of Springfield; Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood; South Side Gun Club, of Newark; Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford; Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield; Elizabeth Gun Club, of Elizabeth; Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City; Union Hill Gun Club, of Jersey City. The two last named teams had many men on their teams who are expert shots at live birds and in the field, but as their scores show their experience at inanimate target shooting has been very limited. Considering the extremely hard shooting that was given them to try their skill in the club race, the results should not prove disheartening. Scores in detail below:

Union.

E D Miller	1011110111101111111001101—19
W Sigler	1111111111111100111111101—22
J "Fayette"	1111011101110111101111110—20
Dr. Jackson	1111100101100011111111100—17
N E Money	1111111111101111101111111—23—101

Maplewood.

F Van Dyke	1111111110111110111111111—23
Yeomans	1111011111111111000111011—20
Sickley	1111111111110111001111111—22
Warren Smith	1110101101111011010111111—19
W N Drake	1011100111111111111111111—22—106

South Side.

W R Hobart	1111111010101111110011011—19
Lem Thomas	1110110110111011111110111—20
J Duston	1111111111111101010000111—19
J Hoffman	0111110111111011101111111—21
Asa Whitehead	0111111001111111111111101—21—100

Boiling Springs.

W Simpson	1111111110111011111100101—20
W H Huck	0111010111111111111111111—22
Hollister	0011110111011111111011111—20
Hyde	1101101111111001121111111—21
J H Outwater	0111111111111111111011111—23—106

Climax.

Neaf Apgar	1111111110111011011111111—21
T H Keller	0011100101011110111110011—16
Manning	1110111001100110101111011—17
D H Terry	1111100110111101011111110—19
Edwards	0111100111000100011101011—13— 86

Elizabeth.

R S Williams	1111110101110101011111110—19
Aaron Woodruff	1101101101000111101011110—16
Lawrence	0000111110011111100011100—13
Parker	1011111101111111111111001—21
C Hebbard	1111101011110111111101110—20— 89

Endeavor.

E Collins	0001111111111100111111111—20
M F Lindsley	0100011111011100011111001—15
Strader	0000000100111001001111110—11
Frye	0000000001101101000100012— 8
C W McPeck	1001010111101111111010110—17— 71

Union Hill.

Waller	0000100001000010010000010— 5
Woolmington	0010100010100000010001000— 6
Sullivan	0000100011010000100001001— 6
Hughes	0001001111100000001010000— 9
Mehl	0110011011110111111101100—17— 43

No. 9, 15 targets, unknown angles:

Apgar	001111111111111—13	Miller	011101111011111—12
Morfey	111110110111110—12	Strader	110010101101000— 7
Van Dyke	110111011111011—12	Simpson	101111111111110—19
Hollister	110011011111111—12	Williams'n	111010101111101—11
Huck	111111111111111—15	Whitehead	111111111111011—14
Smith	111111111111111—15	Manning	110111101111110—11
Hobart	111101111101101—12	Woodruff	101100111111110—11
Edwards	001100111111111—11	Terry	101100111111111—12
Money	110111101111111—13	Lindsley	101111111111011—13
Hall	111101111111111—14	Yeomans	111111011111111—13
Sickley	111011111100111—12	Fayette	010111111101000— 9
Drake	011111001111100—10	Collins	101111111111111—14
Thomas	110110111111111—13	Duston	101111010100101— 9
Sigler	111111111111111—15	Keller	111111111111111—15
Lorance	010001010000001— 5	Hoffman	111110101111101—12
Breintnall	001111110111011—11	Strader	101101101000101— 8
Brewer	110111111111111—14	Williams'n	010110111111110—11
Hebbard	101111111101111—13	Williams	101111111111110—13

No. 10, 15 singles, known angles:

Brewer	110101011111111—12	Hoffman	111111110110111—13
Terry	111111110111111—14	Sigler	111111011100111—12
Hollister	101011001101110— 9	Miller	011111011010110—10
Keller	011111111101111—14	Duston	001110111101111—11
Hall	010110110100011— 8	Collins	111111011111110—13
Smith	111100111111111—13	Lindsley	011011100011110— 9
Sickley	111111111111111—15	Money	111011010111111—12
Edwards	0101101111100111—10	Strader	110100101010101— 8
Hobart	111011110111101—12	Apgar	111101111111110—13
Thomas	111111001111110—12	Morfey	001011101110110— 9
Whitehead	111110111101111—13	Roberts	110110111011111—12
Hebbard	111111011100001—10	Astfalk	000010010110001— 5
Mehl	001101011010011— 8	Woodruff	111010111011111—11
Drake	110111111011111—13	Huck	111111111111101—14
James	111001001110001— 8	Frank	101110111100111—11

No. 11, 5 pairs: Money and Edwards, 7; Morfey, Apgar, Paul and Hoffman, 6; Lindsley, 5.

Hartford Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 15.—This afternoon the third shoot for club prizes was brought off, the following scores being made in the club event:

Ford	1011111111011111111111111—23
Tucker	0111111110111111111111011—22
Mills	1101111001111111111111011—21
Wadsworth	1111101111001111111111011—20
Sexton	0111101111111101011110110—19
Melrose	0110110111010111011101111—18
Ropkins	1010011010101001111101111—16
Lucas	1000100100111011101011110—14
Britton	1000101100110000110010110—11

DANIEL S. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Auburn Gun Club.

Auburn, N. Y., Feb. 13.—In snowy weather the Auburn Gun Club held its monthly badge shoot. Ten members competed, five shooting from scratch, the others receiving target allowances. These shoots are at unknown angles. Nellis with top score is credited with one point; Egbert as second high gun scores one-half a point. Score:

Tuttle	1111111111111111001	—18
Cowing	1111011101111110111	—17
Carr	1111111110110111111	—18
Goodrich	1111011111110001111	—16
Tripp	1010101100011101011 1	—12
Nellis, 2	1111111111111011111111	—21
Smith, 4	0101110011101101101111101	—16
Egbert, 4	1111110011111111101111001	—19
Baines, 6	1000111101011101101110111	—18
Church, 8	0001001101100111111000010 10	—13

C. E. GOODRICH, Sec'y.

What Memphis Will Do.

Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: Finding that it will be impossible for us to get our programme in the hands of the shooters before the 1st of April, and in view of the numerous letters received from all over the country, asking information in regard to what rules we expect to shoot under, we deem it wisest to ask you to make the following announcement for us:

There will be eight 20 targets events each day with $500 added money each day, divided, 30, 20, 15, 15, 10, and 10. There will be $75 cash averages each day, divided, 50, 30, and 20, between shooters making the highest averages in the day's shoot, shooting in every event. There will also be $100 cash for averages, to be divided, 60 and 40 between the two shooters making the highest averages shooting in every event throughout the tournament. Known traps, and unknown angles; no handicap;

free for all; the world invited—especially the boys who were with us in our infancy, in 1894. We have special rates with the hotels, and feel sure of a half rate over all railroads. We are determined to make this the greatest gathering of high class shooters that ever met in the United States, and looking to that end, we are determined to give personal attention to all visitors and see that they enjoy themselves. T. A. Divine, Chairman; W. F. Allen, Irby Bennett, F. P. Poston, Fred Schmidt, Tournament Committee.

Essex Gun Club's Record for 1894.

The secretary of the Essex Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., Mr. Asa Whitehead, has issued the following particulars in regard to the club's record for 1894:

Number of active members on Jan. 24, 1894, 52; resigned during the year, 3; elected during same period, 3; number of active members on Jan. 24, 1895, 52. Number of shooting meetings held by club members, 10; average attendance at each club shoot, 9. Number of birds trapped in club shoots, 820; in sweepstakes, 628; shot at by members in club shoots, not entering for prizes, 88; total shot at during the year, 1,536. The table given below shows the scores made by the members at the different club shoots. For every bird killed above his handicap, each member scores one point:

	Handicap.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Shot at.	Killed.	Points.
1. M. Herrington	7	8	9	9	10	10	10	9	10	4	8	100	87	20
2. W. H. Green	7	10	..	10	9	10	8	10	10	8	7	90	82	19
3. Wm. Hayes	7	10	..	6	9	9	8	9	8	..	..	70	59	11
4. C.M. Hedden	7	..	7	..	10	9	..	10	..	..	8	50	44	9
5. Wm. Hughes	6½	6	8	8	8	9	..	..	8	..	6	70	53	8½
6. R. H. Breintnall	7	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	10	..	9	30	28	7
7. G. L. Freche	7	..	6	6	7	..	9	9	7	8	8	80	60	6
8. D. Sickles	7	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	26	5
9. F. Walters	7	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	17	3
10. D. Terrill	5	5	4	8	1	..	4	..	5	..	5	70	32	3
11. H. Leddy	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	20	15	3
12. M. F. Lindsley	7	..	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16	3
13. L. Thomas	6½	7	7	7	6	8	..	..	..	..	6	60	41	3
14. L. Schortemeier	7	..	7	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	20	16	2
15. G. A. Hopper	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	10	9	2
16. R. Mackay	7	..	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21	1
17. R. Tillou	6	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	1
18. T. W. Morfey	7	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	10	8	1
19. W. Roche	7	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	14	0
20. W. Simpson	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	0
												820	642	

The Rome Tournament.

Rome, N. Y., Feb. 15.—To-day, the opening day of the two days' target and live bird shoot, held at Rome, was a model one for target shooting, but few shooters were in attendance. We were met at the depot by a covered sleigh, and taken to the shooting grounds, which are among the best in the State; the club has a good house and a background that can hardly be beaten. The shoot was gotten up by W. P. Rayland for the revival of the Rome Shooting Club, which has been in a trance since the State shoot was held there. W. H. Crutenden had charge of the traps. Among the out of town shooters were: Dan Lefever and Courtney, Geo. Mosher, W. H. Cruterden, Mayhew and J. Fulford, Sim Glover and Frank Lefever. Mr. Rayland did not let the boys wipe his eye, as he took first average in the team shoot from such men as Glover, Courtney Fulford, Mayhew, etc., breaking 128 out of 135 shot at; Mayhew took second average, with 127; and Glover, third, with 123. The best shooting was done by Rayland, Glover, Mayhew, Courtney and J. Fulford. Geo. Mosher was unfortunately taken sick and did not finish his score; this sickness accounts for his not shooting in his old form. Mr. Rayland had studied the comfort of the shooters and had a rousing fire in the club house; a good lunch was also provided.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1. D. Lefever, 9; Glover, 9; Courtney, 9; Breston, 9; Mayhew, 9; Rayland, 9; J. Fulford, 8; Cruttenden, 8; F. Lefever, 7; Mosher, 7.

No. 2, 10 targets, $1. Mayhew, 10; Rayland, 10; D. Lefever, 9; Glover, 9; Courtney, 9; Cruttenden, 9; Breston, 8; J. Fulford, 8; Mosher, 8; F. Lefever, 6.

No. 3, 20 targets, $2. Glover 18; Mayhew, 18; Rayland 19; D. Lefever, 17; Courtney, 17; Mosher, 17; J. Fulford, 15; Breston, 13; F. Lefever, 13.

No. 4, 10 targets, $1. Mayhew, 10; Rayland, 10; Courtney, 9; J. Fulford, 9; F. Lefever, 8; Glover, 8; Mosher, 7; D. Lefever, 5.

No. 5, 20 targets, $2.

Glover	01111111111111111111—19
Rayland	11111111111011111111—19
Courtney	11011111101111111111—18
J. Fulford	11110111011111111111—18
Mayhew	11111111111010111111—18
D. Lefever	11111111001101111101—16
Mosher	11111111011100100101—14

No. 6, 25 targets, $3.

Mayhew	1111111111111111111111111—25
J. Fulford	1111011111111111111111111—24
Glover	1111111101111111011111111—23
Rayland	1111110011111111111111101—22
D. Lefever	1111011110101101111101111—20
Courtney	1110110111111011111101110—20
Mosher	1110111010111101111101110—19

No. 7, 20 targets, $2.

Glover	11111111111011111111—19
J. Fulford	11111011111111111111—19
Rayland	11111111111111110111—19
Mayhew	11111111111111101011—18
Courtney	11011110001111111111—16
Mosher	11110000101111110010—12
D. Lefever	00111110011100101001—11

No. 8, 20 targets, $2.

Rayland	11111111111111111111—20
F. Lefever	11111111111111111101—19
J. Fulford	11110111111111111111—19
Mayhew	11111111111111101111—19
D. Lefever	11111111110111110111—18
Glover	10111111111111111101—18
Courtney	11111101100101111111—16
Bassett	11011101010010001011—11

SECOND DAY.

Fortune again smiled on the second day of the Rome shoot; the weather could not be better. The new arrivals were: H. White, A. S. White, H. Ayling, E. D. Fulford, Richardson and Judson, of Utica; Brainard and W. H. Wild, of Sherburn. The shooting was from one rotary ground trap, under American Association rules, handicaps fixed by W. P. Rayland. The birds were handled by J. Fulford and were a fine lot, all good birds, with a large percentage of screamers. The retriveing was done by Ebe, Mr. Rayland's black setter, who did his work well. A. S. White took first average, H. White, second, thus proving themselves competent to kill hard birds with the average shooters. Too much cannot be said in praise of W. P. Rayland for the manner in which he looked after the comfort of the shooters.

	No. 1.		No. 2.
M Mayhew, 28	11111—5		211*012201— 7
Brainard, 26	12111—5		1111111010— 8
E D Fulford, 32	22111—5		12210*1222— 8
H White, 28	22221—5		21*2222221— 9
Richardson, 28	12210—4		*201220*11— 6
A White, 28	11120—4		1222222222—10
W H Wild, 26	10201—3		1011010*20— 6
Judson, 28			2*22222122— 9
Mosher, 30			10*2121020— 6

	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
H White, 28	22112—5	02102—3	212122220 — 8
Richardson, 28	11122—5	2*212—4	22221* — 5
Mayhew, 28	12120—4	10112—4	1221212220— 9
Brainard, 26	21110—4		
A White, 28	02212—4	12211—5	—0
Tulford, 32	22012—4	2*210—3	2122112122—10
W Wild, 26	22100—3		
Judson, 28		22122—5	0 — 0
Ayling, 28		11110—4	
Mosher, 30			0 — 0

The entrance money in the above events was as follows: No. 1, $5; No. 2, $10; No. 3, $5, birds included; No. 4, $5; No. 5 was a miss and out, $2 entrance. A. R. K.

Onondago County Sportsmen.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 14.—The Onondaga county Sportsmen's Club held its bi-weekly medal shoot at Maple Bay this afternoon. Only a few shooters braved the elements to go and battle for the medals, as there was a blinding snow-storm raging at 2 P. M., the time for the departure of the train. But those that did go found everything in first-class shape, two sets of traps and the electric pulls working in perfect order, keeping the targets in the air most of the time. It was a pretty race for the first-class medal between Courtney, Luther and Holloway; it was no one's race right up to the finish, when the colonel won by a single target. It was also a good race between Morris and Dalley, of Baldwinsville, and Hunter, of Fulton, for the second class medal, Hunter eventually winning. The best shooting was done by Frank Lefever, who missed his first seven birds, but eventually tied Courtney's score. The medal shoot is at 50 targets, unknown angles:

Clase A.

A G Courtney	11110111110110111101101110
	11011111110111101101101111—39
Giuty	10111100111110011110011111
	11111011111011001101111100—35
Holloway	00111110111111111110111001
	11001111011110111101101111—38
Luther	11111101101101101101101111
	11101011110011110000111101—35
Jones	01111010101100010111111110
	11110000000001101000011110—26

Class B.

Hunter	10011001111111110111101101
	11101110111111010110110001—36
Dalley	11111011011110110111111011
	01100111101111111011001100—35
Morris	11111111111011011100100111
	01111001011110011111100010—34
F Lefever	00000001111111111111111111
	11111100111001101111111111—39

After the medal shoot, the following two sweeps at ten targets each, unknown angles, were shot:

	No. 1	No. 2.
Luther	1111101101—8	1111111111—10
Morris	1011111010—7	1111101100— 7
Hunter	0001101111—6	1110001111— 7
Lifever	0111111110—8	1101110000— 5
Holloway	1101111011—8	
Jones	1111010100—6	

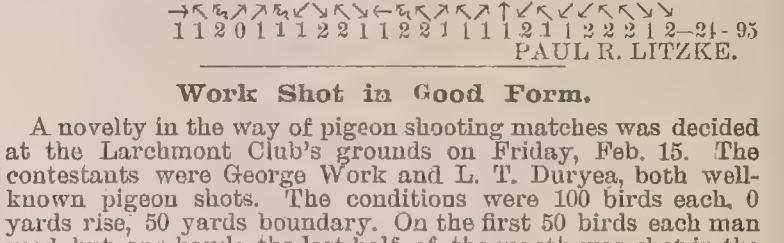
A. R. K.

Carver—Marshall Match.

Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 14.—The third match of the Carver-Marshall series was shot here to-day. This match was originally scheduled for Tuesday, Feb. 12, but owing to the inclemency of the weather it was postponed until to-day. Although the day was quite an improvement over Tuesday, is was by no means a suitable one for pigeon shooting. The ground was covered with snow and the cold, raw atmosphere, with no sunshine to temper it, made it very unpleasant for contestant and spectators alike. Despite the disagreeable weather, a hundred people paid fifty cents each to see the contest, among them being a number of ladies. Those who braved the elements had the satisfaction of witnessing an interesting race. The match began promptly at 2 P. M. Carver having won the toss, sent Marshal to the score first, who killed a fast right quarterer with the first barrel but used the second for safety. Carver killed his first bird, a driver from 2 trap, with one barrel. On the second round Marshall took the lead as he killed his bird in fine style, while Carver's crossed the boundary not much the worse from the two charges sent after it. Marshall did not maintain the lead long as he lost his sixth, a left quarterer, dead out of bounds. He displayed very poor judgment on this bird; he hit it hard with his first barrel, and then immediately snapped the other barrel at it without any effect, the bird falling dead out of bounds. Had Marshall been a trifle more careful he would have easily scored the bird. From the sixth to the twenty-third the match was a tie. Carver lost his twenty-fourth bird and Marshall again took the lead. At the end of the first string of 25 the score stood, Marshall 24, Carver 23. Each let their 26th bird escape; Marshall's fell dead out of bounds by a few yards, and Carver's escaped with the loss of a few feathers. The score was again tied when Marshall let his 29th, a right quarterer, that flew like a cork screw across the boundary unhurt Marshall did clean work up to the 43d bird, which fell dead just beyond where the deadline and boundary meets on the left.

Carver in the meantime had gotten down to business and was using his first with deadly precision. He killed straight from the 26th to the 52d round. At the end of the 50th round the score stood, Carver, 47; Marshall, 46. Carver lost his 52d bird, dead out of bounds, and the score was once more a tie. The Keithsburg man experienced another piece of bad luck on his 56th bird; this was a snow white one, which was released from number 2 trap, an incomer that quartered a little to the left; it was hit hard with the first barrel, but only slightly with the second; it just managed to cross the deadline, where it was picked up by a spectator. Each shooter killed 24 out of the third string of 25, and the score at the end of the 75th round stood, Carver, 71; Marshall, 70; Marshall did his best shooting from the 57th to the 79th round; by killing 25 straight at this stage of the race he succeeded once more in tieing the score, the doctor having lost his 79th bird. The pace that Carver set was too fast for Marshall, as his 80th bird beat him out, regardless of the fact that each shot made the feathers fly, and Carver again led by one bird. Marshall killed twelve more straight and then lost his 93d bird; this seemed to unnerve him, as he lost three of the remaining seven, and only scored 20 out of the last 25. The doctor was shooting at the same steady gait, and once more scored 24 out of 25. Thus the final score was, Carver, 95; Marshall, 90. The doctor lost one out of bounds, and Marshall five.

The doctor shot a 7 1-2 pounds Cashmore ejector gun, 4 drams of American Wood powder, 1 1-4 ounce of number 8 chilled shot, in U. M. C. Trap Shells. Marshall shot 7 3-4 pounds Smith ejector, 3 1-2 drams of E. C. powder, 1 1-4 ounce 7 chilled, in U. M. C. Trap Shells. G. W. Hughes acted as referee; John J. Sumpter, scorer, and your correspondent as rap puller. The birds were a good lot, and a number of fine kills were made by both shooters. The match was for $100 a side, 100 live birds each man, 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary, American Shooting Association rules to govern:



PAUL R. LITZKE.

Work Shot in Good Form.

A novelty in the way of pigeon shooting matches was decided at the Larchmont Club's grounds on Friday, Feb. 15. The contestants were George Work and L. T. Duryea, both well-known pigeon shots. The conditions were 100 birds each, 0 yards rise, 50 yards boundary. On the first 50 birds each man used but one hand; the last half of the macth was shot in the usual manner, both hands being used. On the first 25 birds in the one handed match, Duryea led Work by three birds; then Duryea struck a bad streak and the score was tied on the 34th round; it remained a tie until the 49th round when Duryea missed; following this up with a miss of his 50th bird, he was two birds behind when the match was half over. In the second half, using both hands, Work killed 45 to Duryea's 44, Work's last two birds getting away from him. The 200 birds trapped were a good lot of strong flyers, a brisk wind materially aiding them in their flight. Scores:

One Handed.

George Work	02222023220222222001200102—17
	2222020222222122222222222—23—40
L. T. Duryea	22220120222222220012222220—20
	22020002022222122222222200—18—38

Two Handed.

George Work	22222220222222222212221222—24
	22221222022222220222222200—21—45
L. T. Duryea	22012222222222220222212212—23
	22010022222212222220222222—21—44

Grand totals, Work, 85; Duryea, 82.

Feb. 18.—The outcome of the match shot Feb. 15 was a second match, which came off this afternoon on the same grounds and under precisely the same conditions, save that there was no wind to help the birds. Both men did some great work, as the birds were a good lot notwithstanding the lack of breeze to aid them. Duryea's uphill race on the last 25 birds of the match is specially remarkable; at the end of the 75th round Work led him by four birds, yet the 96th round found them separated by only one bird. Work then killed his next four, and Duryea doing the same, the score was unaltered, Work eventually winning by just a single kill!

One Handed.

George Work	22102012122120212222221221—22
	2212*2211122121012222212O—22—44
L. T. Duryea	111*01211*21212221122212—22
	01222211*22222022221222*022—20—42

Two Handed.

George Work	11222112211211211121211111—25
	20111201211011211111202122—21—46
L. T. Duryea	11121222022012211112222221—23
	21122211221012622111122222—24—47

Summary: Work, 44 and 46, total, 90; Duryea, 42 and 47, total, 89.

Weir City, Kansas.

Weir City, Kansas, Feb. 15.—I enclose scores made by a few members of the Business Men's Gun Club, at their regular medal shoots. The attendance was smaller than usual, and as some of the best marksmen in the club were absent, the scores ran low None of the boys were able to shoot their average, on account of the cold weather. Two gold medals were contested for. One is the regluar club medal, which is shot for under a handicap of birds allowed. The other is known as the "President's Medal," and was donated to the club by President King.

It is a very handsome badge, of unusual worth, and as the shooters are divided into amateurs, semi-experts and experts, according to the number of times they have won the medal, the interest in this shoot is always great. Wm. Sowers won both badges, and as he is by no means a veteran at the trap, naturally feels quite proud of his achievements. The figures in brackets after each shooter's name, denotes number of birds allowed.

Club medal contest, birds allowed,

McIlhany, 0	10011101111111011111111111—21
Sowers,* 3	11111011101111100111011O—22
Blackett, 4	11011011100110011101001l0—19
Beadle, 7	00111010100011101011011OO—20
Histed, 4	11101011010001110111011001—19
Abbott,* 8	11001110101001011001011l0—22
King, 8	00111000101101010110011O1—21
Morrison, 7	11000111011001101001011O—20

*In shoot off Sowers beat Abbott for medal.

President's medal—amateurs.

Sowers,*	11111111011111001110111O1—20
Beadle	11100110110110100111101O1—16
Histed	11111001111101011110111O1—19
Abbott	11111011100111011111100110—18
King	11001101111101011100110l1—17
Morrison	01110111001111010110111l1—18

Semi-experts.

McIlhany	11100011111011101111111O1—19
Blackett	11100111011010110010111l0—16

*Sowers won President's medal.

MARMALUKE.

New York German Gun Club.

The following facts in connection with the New York German Gun Club, furnished by the secretary, G. A. Leutheusser, will be of interest:

The officers elected for the coming year at the annual meeting held recently are: August Schmitt, President; Peter Garms, Jr., Vice-President; Fred Sauter, Captain; John Steuernagel, Recording Secretary; G. A. Leutheusser, Corresponding Secretary, and J. P. Dannefelser, Treasurer. The constitution and by-laws of the club were changed and revised. The shooting grounds of the club will be Dexter Park, as in the past, and the third Wednesday of each month was accepted as the regular meeting and shooting day. Distribution of prizes to the best scores during the past year as follows:

Captain Fred Sauter received a handsome sterling silver trophy, known as the "President's Cup," for the highest aggregate kills during the last year. The same gentleman won a corduroy hunting suit for most kills with first barrels. J. F. Wellbrock, one sole leather gun case for the most kills during all medal shoots. J. Fraser, gold medal for most kills in five club shoots. S. C. Edwards, won a cartridge case for the most kills during all private shoots. J. F. Wellbrock scored the

highest average with 90 per cent., and won the handsome gold medal of the club twice during the year. The medal will be still open for contest during the coming season, as it must be won three times in succession to become the property of the winner.

The past year has been one of successes for the club and the coming season promises to add greatly to the prosperity and welfare of our organization. We are indebted to the courtesy of several members for the following named prizes, which will increase the interest of our season's shoots: President, August Schmitt presented the club with a sterling silver trophy, "The President's Cup." Captain Fred Sauter, a valuable animal rug or game gun rack, as the winner may choose. Peter Garms, Sr., and Chas. Lenone gave a gold medal each. J. P. Dannefelser subscribed a gun case.

Unknown Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 14.—The Unknown Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held its monthly shoot at Dexter's Park, L. I., this afternoon. After the shoot the following officers for 1895 were elected: H. Knebel, President; E. B. Vroome, Vice President; Havan Staden, Treasurer; the election of Secretary will take place at the next meeting. The programme for 1895 is the following: Three cash prizes or more for each shoot, according to the number of members who attend the shoot; a gold medal for the best yearly average in seven shoots out of twelve; also twelve extra prizes to members who take part in four shoots or more up to twelve. The initiation fee for new members is $2; dues for one year, $3. After the meeting the club wound up with a supper and enjoyed a pleasant time. The following is the result of the club shoot:

C Akhurst, 25	1111111—7	A Bainppen, 22	1011010 4
E A Vroome, 30	1111111—7	H Knebel. 26	0101110—4
J Bohling, 28	111111—6	L Kolb, 25	0101011—4
J Flynn, 28	1101011—5	H Staden, 23	0111010—4
J Vagts, 25	0111110—5	W H Schumacher, 25	1110001—4
J C Braememan, 25.	1011101—5	M Chicester, 28	1011100—4

H. KNEBEL.

Leroy Defeats Dickey.

On Saturday, Feb. 16, O. R. Dickey, of Wellington, Mass., and B. "Leroy" Woodword, of Cambello, Mass., shot a little race at targets on the Wellington grounds. The conditions were: 50 targets each, 25 at Keystone system, 25 at Keystone reversed, $10 a side.

Leroy	1111111111111111111111111—25
	1111001110111111111111111—22—47
Dickey	1111011011111011011111101—20
	1111111111110101110110101—20—40

Shooting at Willard Park.

Paterson, Feb. 11.—A live bird shoot between Henry Wolfe, of the Paterson Gun Club, and Chris Huber, $25 a side, loser to pay for the birds, Hurlingham rules:

H. Wolfe	1220110210102221111122220—20
C. Huber	1212000120202010211212011—17

DUTCHER.

Good Scores at Yardville.

Yardville, N. J., Feb. 13.—In the 25 bird race, set for to-day at Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, the purse was divided into four moneys, and as all but three of the fourteen shooters failed to win a place, it shows that the shooting was of a high class. $10 entrance, birds extra, handicap rise, 50 yards boundary:

A. Ivins, 22; C. Wright, 17; J. W. Morfey, 25; J. A. R. Elliott, 22; Capt. Money, 21; C. Reinhart, 22; F. Class, 21; Eddie Hill, 22; J. L. Brewer, 23; J. Timmins, 22; A. Willey, 20; J. Riggotts, 21; C. Zwirlein, 20; B. Muser, 21.

THOMAS ABBETT.

Climax Monthly Shoot.

The monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., was held at the club grounds, Benner's Hotel, near Fanwood, N. J., on Wednesday, Feb. 13. The early part of the day was unpromising, a soft snow falling in flurries at intervals. About 1 P. M., the sun managed to show himself, the result being a pleasant afternoon for target shooting. A great addition to the club's property is a good shooting house, 16x44 feet, extremely well lighted, and, in short, all that one could wish. Eighteen members put in an appearance and shot their strings in the club race. This race is shot under what is commonly called around here, the Climax handicap; that is, the poorer shoots are given an allowance of extra targets to shoot at, the number varying from 1 to 10; scratch men shoot at 25 targets. Points are scored as follows: 20 breaks count one; 21 breaks count two points, and so on up to 25, which number credits six points to the man that breaks that number. No one, no matter how many more than 25 he breaks, can score more than six points in any one shoot. At the end of the year, merchandise prizes are given by the club to those who have the highest number of points credited to them in the total number of club shoots held during the season. This, the first shoot of the season, resulted as follows: "Edwards," 5 points; Neaf Apgar and C. Hebbard, 3 each; Van Dyke, D. Terry and Goodman, 2; Manning, J. Darby and McCarthy, 1. The club shoot as well as all the other events shot on that day were at unknown angles, except of course in the two last events, which were at five pairs with the usual angles. Scores:

C Smith	0011101110110101111111111	—19
Brantingham	1101111111100100111101110	—18
Apgar	1111111011110111111110111	—22
Breintnall	1111000011111001111111111	—19
Van Dyke	1111111010011111111111111	—21
Hebbard	1111111111111010111011111	—22
D Terry, 1	1101111011111110101111101	—21
Manning, 2	1100011011011101101111111111	—20
"Scott," 3	0101111010011000111101101000	—15
"Fayette," 3	1001111110000010101101101100	—15
W Terry, 4	0100111101101101011011011100	—18
Williams, 5	1000101111101111001110011001111	—19
"Edwards,"	1111111111111111001100101111101	—24
Trust, 5	1011001100011101100011000111111	—17
D Darby, 5	0001111100011101111111101111000	—19
Goodman, 6	1100111011001111011111011001101	—21
J Darby, 7	1010011010111111011010001110111O	—20
McCarthy, 10	0111111101000110000010101110011O111	—20
*Hobart	0110111101111 w	—11

* Not a member.

Crow Shoot at Hanover.

Hanover, Pa., Feb. 6.—Some members of the Hanover Gun Club had a shoot this afternoon. The event was a novelty in this section, being shot under the following conditions: Six crows per man, 30 yards rise, American Shooting Association live bird rules:

C S Shirk	221201—5	J F Bucher	001222—4
Jno Sanders	200200—2	W F Weaver	111201—5
Chas Rhine	000211—3	C Smith*	021 —2
W B Allewelt	000001—1	*Smith shot at only 3 birds.	

Boiling Springs Annual Tournament.

The programme for the annual tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., to be held on March 5, 6, 7, was ready for distribution on Saturday, Feb. 16. The programme contains a "short sketch of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club," reviewing in brief the history of the club since its organization on October 31, 1878, more than 16 years ago.

"The club has held several tournaments which have always been successful. At the contest of the New Jersey Trap Shooters League, held at Rutherford, in May, 1892, 900 blue rock targets were thrown in one day. The present tournament will, we hope, prove as great a success as any held heretofore. Nothing will be left undone to make any and all shooters comfortable; a good dinner will be served on the grounds, each day, from 12 o'clock to 2 o'clock; there are three good hotels in the town, and their rates are very moderate. All kinds of shells will be on hand at lowest prices. Excursion tickets from New York to Carlstadt or Rutherford, 40 cents; transportation from Rutherford to club grounds, 15 cents.

"The shooting at artificials will be at known traps, unknown angles; American Association rules, modified, will govern all contests. Targets, 2 1-2 cents each; one-half cent for each target thrown will constitute the average money to be divided, after each day's shooting, among those who have shot in all the events of the programme, and it is to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The handicap committee will consist of Messrs. Jacob Pentz, Justus Von Lengerke and Edw. A. Jeanneret; the standing of these gentlemen is a sure guarantee that every shooter will be justly dealt with. Entries for the live bird event will be received by Mr. Gus E. Greiff, No. 8 Murray street, New York City, until March 5. Each application must be accompanied by a deposit of five dollars. Should the event not be completed on the 7th, it will go over to the next day, March 8.

"P. A. JEANNERET,
"W. H. HUCK,
"GUS E. GREIFF,
"Tournament Committee."

There are one or two slight errors in the programme, neither of them, however, of much importance. The one which calls for most attention is that of the dates; those given on the cover name March 5, 6 and 7 as the days of the tournament, and those dates are correct; inside the programme the dates are the same in April; these are manifestly wrong, as April 7 is a Sunday, and the other days mentioned will be taken up with live bird shooting at the Grand American Handicap meeting, at Willard Park. The number of targets, 900, thrown at the tournament in May, 1892, is also manifestly an error. Another mistake is one which occurs at the foot of the cut of T. H. Keller, which graces one of the pages of the programme. Mr. Keller is not in any way connected with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company as there stated, but is a representative of the United States Cartridge Company. These little discrepancies, however, do not mar the make up of the programme to any extent. It is important, however, to remember that the dates are March 5, 6 and 7. The two first days are devoted to targets, and the events scheduled for each day are precisely similar; they call for 145 targets at a total entrance fee of $17.50, each event being at unknown angles. There are five 10 target, two 15 target, two 20 target and one 25 target races each day. The purses are divided as follows: 12 entries or under, 3 moneys; over 12 entries, 4 moneys. Shooting commences at 10 A. M., sharp, each of these two days. On March 7, live bird day, shooting begins at 9.30; the only scheduled event is a 20 live bird race, $10 entrance, birds extra, five moneys. The particulars regarding entrance for this event will be found in the last paragraph of the "sketch" given above. The members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club intend to make this tournament one of the pleasantest gatherings of the season and have made many preparations looking to that result.

Morfey Takes the Second.

Paterson, N. J., Feb. 12.—Honors are now easy between Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J., and T. W. Morfey, of this city. Morfey defeating Class by a single bird on this date, the scores being 93-92 In the first match, shot at Morristown, on Feb. 7, Class won by 95-90. The match to-day was shot at Willard Park, near Paterson; being so easily reached from New York there was quite a large attendance of spectators from that city. After the bad breaks made by both men on the first 25 birds, they settled down to business, and did some great work. Toward the close of the match, there was quite a lot of excitement, particularly when Morfey's 92d bird fell dead out of bounds, Class being consequently but one behind. A lot of money changed hands, the Paterson boys scooping in every Morristown shekel they could manage to get hold of. Scores:

Frank Class	↗↓↖↑→↠↗→→←→↟←↖↖↖↖↖↘↑→↑↗↖↖ 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 1 0 2 1 1—21	
	→→↗↑↙↗↘→↙↖→→↙↗→↖↖↖↖→→←↗↙↗ 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 0 0 0—22	
	↗↑→↖↗↖↗←↡↖←↑↑↓↙↘↗↖↖↖↓↑←←→ 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 1—24	
	↖↑↙↙↖←→→←→→↖↖←↗←←↘↑→→←↘←↗ 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2—25	92
T W Morfey	↑↖↗→→↖↗←↖↖→↘→↙←↙←↖→↖←→→→↑ 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 * 0 2 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2—21	
	↗↖↘↑→↖↑↘↑↘↓↑↑→↠↘↖→→↖→↗↖←→ 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1—24	
	↗→↗↗↖→↯↘←↖↖←→↖↘↘↖→↖↖↯↑↟→ 2 1 1 2 * 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—24	
	↘↗↙↘↙↘↖←↑↘↓↑←↑↖↙↙↖↙↗↘↑↖→↖ 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2—24—93	

Sweep, 5 birds, $3: This event had seven entries—Morfey, Apgar, Timmons, Reinhardt, Capt. Money and J. L. Brewer—each killed their 5 birds; N. E. Money killed 4.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

RIFLE NOTES.

The Zettler Rifle Club, B. Walther, President, with headquarters at 219 Bowery, New York, announces a two-days' shoot at their range on Feb. 21 and 22. A capital programme has been arranged by the shooting committee, which is composed as follows: Louis Flach, Chairman; H. D. Muller, Geb. Krauss, F. C. Ross, Henry Holges, R. Busse, M. Dorrler. B. Zettler is shooting master. Shooting commences at 2 P. M. on the 21st, and at 9 A. M. on Washington's Birthday; it closes each night at midnight.

There will be some unique prizes to be shot for, 100 yards range, at the parade of the Washington Rangers, Feb. 22, at Cosmopolitan Park, 169th street and Amsterdam avenue. A fine full dress suit will be offered for German members, an elegant bedroom set for Irish members, and a bicycle for members neither German nor Irish. Entries can be made at headquarters, 544 West Twenty-ninth street.

The Heidenreich Rifle Club, of New York, has decided to enter 25 members in the Schuetzen Bund.

At the match shoot held at George A. Schmitt's Evergreen Grove on Feb. 3, between Buff Rosenthal and G. Worn, with 180 shots a side, the following average was made, Rosenthal giving Worn a forty point handicap: Rosenthal, 245 1-10; Worn, 238. Possible, 250; distance 75 feet. Fred. C. Ross, referee.

There is some talk of a meeting between Prof. John Loris, now in England, and Dr. Carver, the weapons being rifles and pistols. The showing made by Loris while in Europe has been such that he has found a man willing to back him against Carver for $2,500 a side and the championship of the world. The meeting, however, is hardly likely to come off, as Carver has but little time given him for preparation. Carver, also, is busy with the shotgun, and could hardly reach England and be in trim to shoot for $2,500 or any part of that sum in the time stated—eight or ten weeks.

Accompanied by a large crowd of friends, both ladies and gentlemen, the New Jersey State Rifle Team left for the South on Tuesday, Feb. 19, to do battle with the crack riflemen of Georgia at Savannah. The Jersey team consists of Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice; Col. A. R. Kuser, of Gov. Werts's staff; Col. Decker, of Paterson; Capt. A. L. Reid, of Trenton; John L. Kuser, of Trenton; Theodore E. Beck and William Hayes, of Newark. The match is for a trophy to be porvided by the Georgia team and will take place on Washington's Birthday.

Company A, Seventh Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., won the regimental team race which was postponed from January. The scores are given elsewhere..

Rifle Shooting in Canada.

Parry Sound, Ont., Feb. 10.—The Dominion Off-hand Rifle Association shot their monthly match on Feb. 1 and 2 on their respective ranges. The following gives the scores in detail:

	100yds.	200yds.	Total.
Bradford.			
D Nielly	9 7 10 10 10—46	10 10 10 10 10—50	96
J G Nielly	9 9 10 10 8—46	9 10 9 10 10—48	94
H Parker	10 8 10 9 10—46	10 9 9 5 9—40	87
J Doolittle	8 6 8 10 8—40	9 10 8 7 10—44	84
J Nielly	8 10 7 6 7—38	10 9 8 7 8—42	80
			441
King City.			
E Brand	10 9 9 9 9—46	9 10 8 10 8—45	91
J W Crossley	10 10 8 10 10—48	10 9 8 7 8—42	90
Dr Norman	8 9 10 8 8—43	8 9 7 10 9—43	86
A Carley	10 10 9 5 10—44	10 6 8 8 6—28	82
W J Crossley	10 10 6 9 10—45	7 10 5 6 5—33	78
			427
Parry Sound Team No. 1.			
J Morrish	9 9 6 10 10—44	7 6 6 10 10—39	83
T White	10 10 10 9 9—48	9 8 8 0 10—35	83
F Laurie	8 8 10 10 8—43	5 6 9 7 8—35	78
G White	3 9 9 8 10—39	10 3 8 9 10—39	78
J R Leggatt	10 9 8 7 10—44	8 10 4 6 5—33	77
			399
Toronto.			
A Elliott	7 10 8 9 7—41	10 9 8 10 10—47	88
W J Graham	9 9 9 8 9—45	3 10 8 10 5—36	81
T S Bayles	8 10 10 8 10—45	5 5 3 4 6—23	69
Jas Thompson	8 9 6 7 8—38	10 8 0 10 1—29	67
J L Scholes	6 10 8 10 6—40	9 3 6 3 3—24	64
			369
Wausaukasene.			
Geo White	10 9 6 8 10—43	6 4 9 6 8—33	76
W F Thompson	5 9 10 7 5—36	10 4 10 10 7—41	77
D F Macdonald	10 10 4 7 4—35	16 0 6 9 10—35	70
R J Clarkson	7 4 10 5 8—34	8 8 10 7 2—35	69
G Richardson	8 9 5 9 6—37	10 10 0 9 2—31	68
			360

D. F. MACDONALD, Sec.

St. Louis Riflemen Won.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 15.—The return match between the Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club of Rochester and the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club of St. Louis, Mo., was shot last night. The conditions were the same as those of the first match, which was shot Jan. 10, excepting that this time the Columbia Club's target was used (25 ring, 1 1-2 in. ball, 1-2 in. center, 1-4 in. rings). St. Louis won again by a score of 4,734 to 4,631. Dorman and Hutchison, the "Dromios," of the Missouri Club, were absent, and their places were taken by Herold and Zukoski, of B team. Only two shots were challenged, which were decided, one in favor of Rochester and the other for St. Louis. The Columbia Club showed a marked improvement over its shooting in the first match. St. Louis shot in the following order:

Robert W. Staley	25 25 24 22 25 25 25 24 25 24—244	
	25 24 24 23 24 25 25 23 23 25—241	—485
Horace Kephart	20 25 23 25 23 23 25 24 24 24—236	
	22 25 25 24 24 23 24 24 24 24—239	—475
L. Zukoski	23 19 19 23 24 25 25 25 24 24—231	
	25 25 23 24 24 25 23 23 23 22—237	—468
Robert F. Herold	25 24 22 22 23 23 24 23 25 23—234	
	23 24 23 24 24 24 24 25 22 24—237	—471
Louis Sciher	24 25 22 20 23 25 23 24 17 24—227	
	23 24 25 24 24 21 21 24 23 22—231	—458
Vincent Rapp, Jr.	25 22 24 25 24 22 25 23 22 24—236	
	24 22 22 24 22 22 23 25 24 22—230	—466
Geo. T. Dunn	23 24 22 21 25 24 25 25 23 25—237	
	25 25 25 25 23 23 25 24 23 23—243	—480
Alfred Gfeller	25 24 25 24 24 25 25 24 24 25—245	
	24 23 25 25 20 24 23 24 25 23—236	—481
Col. Robert Buchanan	22 24 25 20 24 25 23 24 25 25—237	
	24 24 25 24 21 21 23 24 22 25—233	—470
Capt. Wm. P. Schaaf	25 25 25 23 24 24 24 23 23 24—240	
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		4,734

HORACE KEPHART, Sec.

The Burgess Folding Gun.

The Burgess Gun Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., has lately put upon the market something entirely new in the way of a repeating arm. It is a 12 gauge repeater, and is especially constructed for the use of police officers, sheriffs, U. S. Marshals, express messengers, prison guards, banks, etc., and is attracting a good deal of attention, particularly in the Western and Southern States, where the gun is being largely used. It will take the place of a revolver, and do much better and more certain work, and when choke bored it becomes a most convenient and effective gun for field and cover shooting.



It is known as the Burgess "Folding Gun." The barrel and stock part fold together, so as to shorten the gun to the length of the barrel, and when closed, the gun can be conveniently carried in a holster with belt, or in a valise, or kept in places where a longer gun could not be concealed or made available.

The breech mechanism is the same as, and interchangeable with that of, the Standard Burgess gun, which has met with such great success in the two years it has been on the market; but in place of the separable joint for attaching barrel to the frame, a slip hinge allows the gun to be carried folded and loaded in magazine and barrel. It is then only necessary to grasp the gun by the pistol grip and by a quick motion throw the barrel outward when it springs into place and locks, and the gun is instantly ready to commence firing

The heavy spring on top of barrel engages the frame to shift the joint vertically and interlock the threaded portions of frame and barrel the instant the gun straightens. The spring may be lifted from the frame by its lever, when the rear of the barrel may be struck down to unlock the threads, so the gun will then fold to half its length.

The weight of the gun is from five to six and one-half pounds. The length of barrels nineteen to twenty inches. The illustration shows the method of carrying gun in holster. The gun carries six cartridges. Drawing the gun from the holster and throwing it to the shoulder is accomplished in one motion so that the gun can be drawn and fired six times in three seconds.

Mounted officers or sportsmen shooting from horseback will find this the most convenient saddle gun ever made.—Adv.

Gun Grease.

The Martin Fire Arms Company, of New Haven, have placed upon the market a preparation for preserving metals, called the "Martin Rust Repeller." It is put up in collapsible tubes, and it is said that it will not gum or grow rancid.—Adv.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

8. Knickerbocker annual, L. I. Sound.
15. Larchmont spring regatta, L. I. Sound.
15. Philadelphia annual, Delaware River.
22. Douglaston annual, L. I Sound.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor., annual race, to New London.
29. New Rochelle annual, L. I. Sound.

JULY.

1. Indian Harbor special, L. I. Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Cor., annual L. I. Sound.
3. Seawanhaka Cor., race to Larchmont.
6. Larchmont annual, L. I. Sound.
6. American special, L. I. Sound.
4. Riverside annual, L. I. Sound.
8. Seawanhaka Cor. special, L. I. Sound.
9. Horseshoe Harbor special, L I. Sound.
10. Huguenot special, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont 34 and 21-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
13-21. Larchmont cruise, L. I. Sound.
13. Hempstead Harbor annual, L. I Sound.
20. Sea Cliff annual, L. I. Sound.
27. Indian Harbor annual, L. I. Sound.

AUGUST.

3. Shelter Island annual.
3. Larchmont 34 and 31 foot classes, L. I. Sound.
10. American annual, L. I. Sound.
15. Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
17. Huguenot annual, L. I. Sound.
24. Horseshoe Harbor annual, L. I. Sound.
24. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
31. Larchmont 34 and 20-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
31. Huntington annual, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

2. New York T. R. A. annual, York Bay.
2. Larchmont Fall Regatta, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont 34 and 20-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
7. Larchmont, cabin cats, L. I. Sound.
12. Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
14. Larchmont schooner race, L. I. Sound.

In the absence of a national yachting association, such as exists n Great Britain in the Yacht Racing Association and in France in the Union des Yachts Francais, the New York Yacht Club occupies a peculiar position in American yachting. While its direct nfluence for the betterment of yachting is perhaps no greater than hat of several other clubs, it possesses a very strong negative influence, such as is not enjoyed by any other club, and which enables it to control the progress of improvement in yachting rules. Of the many changes and improvements made in racing methods within the last dozen years, very few have originated within the club, and those of outside origin have had to encounter for its opposition.

The movement for the classification of yachts by racing length (length and sail area combined) was begun by the Forest and Stream in 1889, and met with hearty encouragement from both the Larchmont and Seawanhaka clubs. The friends of the proposed measure presented very strong arguments of a technical nature in ts favor, backed by statistics showing the operation of each system n practice, and the probable effects of the proposed classification on the American racing fleet. The special committee of the New York Y. C. favored the change, as did the similar committees of he Seawanhaka and Larchmont clubs, and strongly recommended its adoption.

The attitude of the club as a whole, however, was hostile to the measure, the majority of the members gave no thought to the matter and took no pains to inform themselves as to the points involved. A small but powerful minority, made up mainly of the Boston contingent of the club, put itself in active opposition to the change, and used all of their influence to defeat it. The many facts and figures in its favor presented by the Forest and Stream, and by the committees in their reports, were met by no rebutting evidence, but only by the statement that the men who had successfully defended the America's Cup were opposed to the change and that they knew that it would work to the detriment of yacht-racing.

Before the question of the simultaneous adoption of the proposed classification by the three clubs came to a vote, it was quite evident that the Boston influence, coupled with the general indifference of the members to an important matter, was quite enough to defeat it in the New York Y. C. The change could easily have passed the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., but when the position of the New York Y. C. became known, the committee of the former club recommended that no change be made by it; believing it better hat the then existing uniform classification by waterline length hould be retained by all the clubs until they were ready to act in unity in replacing it by a better one; rather than that there should be a conflict between the two systems.

The Larchmont Y. C., however, took a different view of the matter, and in the spring of 1899 adopted the new system of classifying by racing length in place of waterline, which it has adhered to ever since.

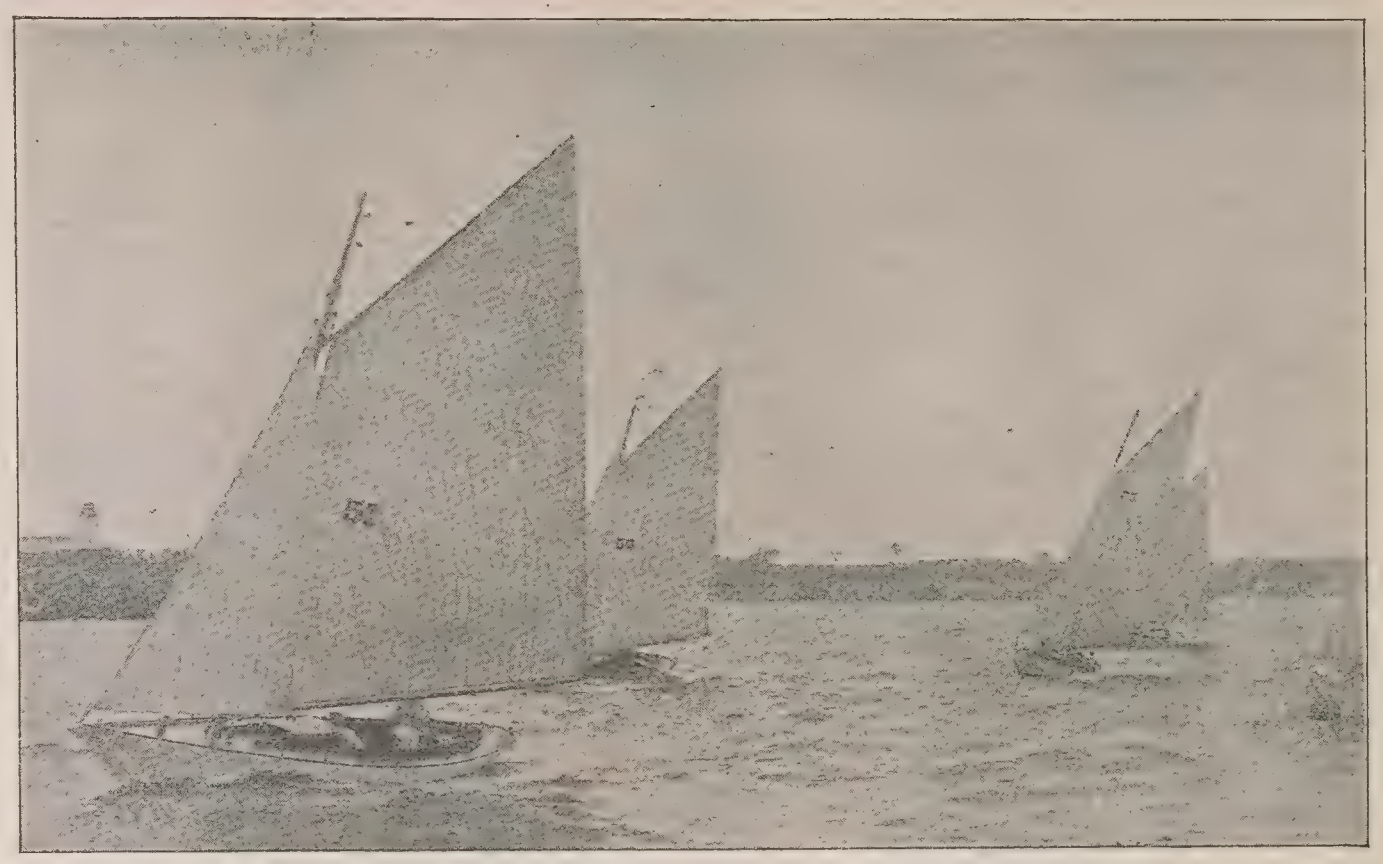
With the close of the season of 1890 came the death of the 40-ft class and the stagnation in building and racing which unfortunately still exists, broken only at intervals by such spasmodic attempts at class racing as the 46-footers and the Boston 21-footers.

With no building and little racing, the necessity for a classification almost disappeared; and it mattered little whether waterline or racing length was the standard.

In view of the depressed state of racing from 1890 to the present ime, it has always been a satisfaction to us that we were defeated n our efforts for the new classification, which would inevitably, if adopted, have been blamed for all the ills that have afflicted yachting since the death of the 40-footers. In this connection it is interesting to note that the club which has fared best in the racing during this time, with the greatest number of races and the largest entry lists, has been the Larchmont, with the new classification, and not the New York, the Seawanhaka, the Eastern or the Atlantic, under the old.

As we have had occasion to note from time to time, opinion has been gradually changing in favor of a racing length classification; and it has been evident that the measure could be passed at any time by a united effort of any two clubs. At the same time, with little racing and less building, there has been no pressing necessity for a change. The movement has, however, rapidly gained strength of late, and lo! now it has come to pass that the New York Y. C. has quietly accepted that which it once refused.

The New York Y. C. having finally accepted the new system, there is nothing to prevent the next step, the general adoption of a uniform system of classification by racing length, by all the large clubs. While this will be a decided advance, we do not look for any rapid revival of racing or building, as many unfavorable conditions outside of the measurement rule are still in existence. Should there be, however, a revival of building and class racing, the type of boat and the quality of the racing will be far better than under the old system.



FLEET OF "KNOCKABOUTS" IN MARBLEHEAD HEAD, CARL LEADING.
FROM PHOTO BY N. L. STEBBINS.

In justice to The Yachtsman, we would say that the comments quoted on page 114 of our issue of Feb. 9 should have been credited to it, and not, as would appear, to the other English journal first quoted. The Yachtsman has discussed the question of the new deed on its merits, and entirely apart from such an outside consideration as the action of the Squadron, and deserves every credit for its fair and independent position.

We learn from the American Shipbuilder that W. G. Nourse has purchased the entire working plant and equipment formerly operated by Chas. P. Willard & Co., of Chicago, Ill., and will operate the same in building marine engines and boilers, steam launches, etc. The works will be known as the Marine Iron Works, with Mr. Nourse as manager; they are located at Clybourn and Southport avenues, foot C street.

New Yachting Terms.

New York, Feb. 11. Editor Forest and Stream: In the description of the new British cutter Ailsa, as published in the daily papers, I note the phrase "a narrowing wind." Now, although judging from the context, I can frame a tolerably satisfactory definition I would like to see it officially explained. I have asked several yachtsmen about it, including one who sailed his own handsome schooner in English waters last summer, and all of them admit that the term is new to them, though in common with the rest of us they can give a shrewd guess at its meaning.

"Floaty," if I mistake not, was a new English coinage of last year, and now we have "narrowing." Why not its converse, "widening?" They are all good words. Don't denounce them simply because they are English. AMATEUR.

The term "narrowing wind" is, we believe, comparatively new; probably one of those attempts made at times, with more or less success by yachting writers, to enlarge the rather limited vocabulary at their disposal. Anyone who has ever attempted to report a yacht race in detail, and with regard to strict accuracy and clearness of expression, will understand that style is inevitably sacrificed to technical detail. In such a case, these special terms are a boon to a writer. The term "narrowing" was undoubtedly suggested by the common use of the word "broad;" which would seem to cover the case better than our correspondent's proposed "widening."

The other term, "floaty," is also new, but less definite and ex p icit.

There is a strong temptation to a writer to avoid a constant repetition, especially of names; and it is quite a common practice to speak of the "white boat," the "keel boat," the "cutter," or the "sloop," where but two boats are concerned. During the season of 1893 we received several vigorous protests against this practice. the writers all declaring that they could not distinguish the boats, and requesting that the names be used invariably.

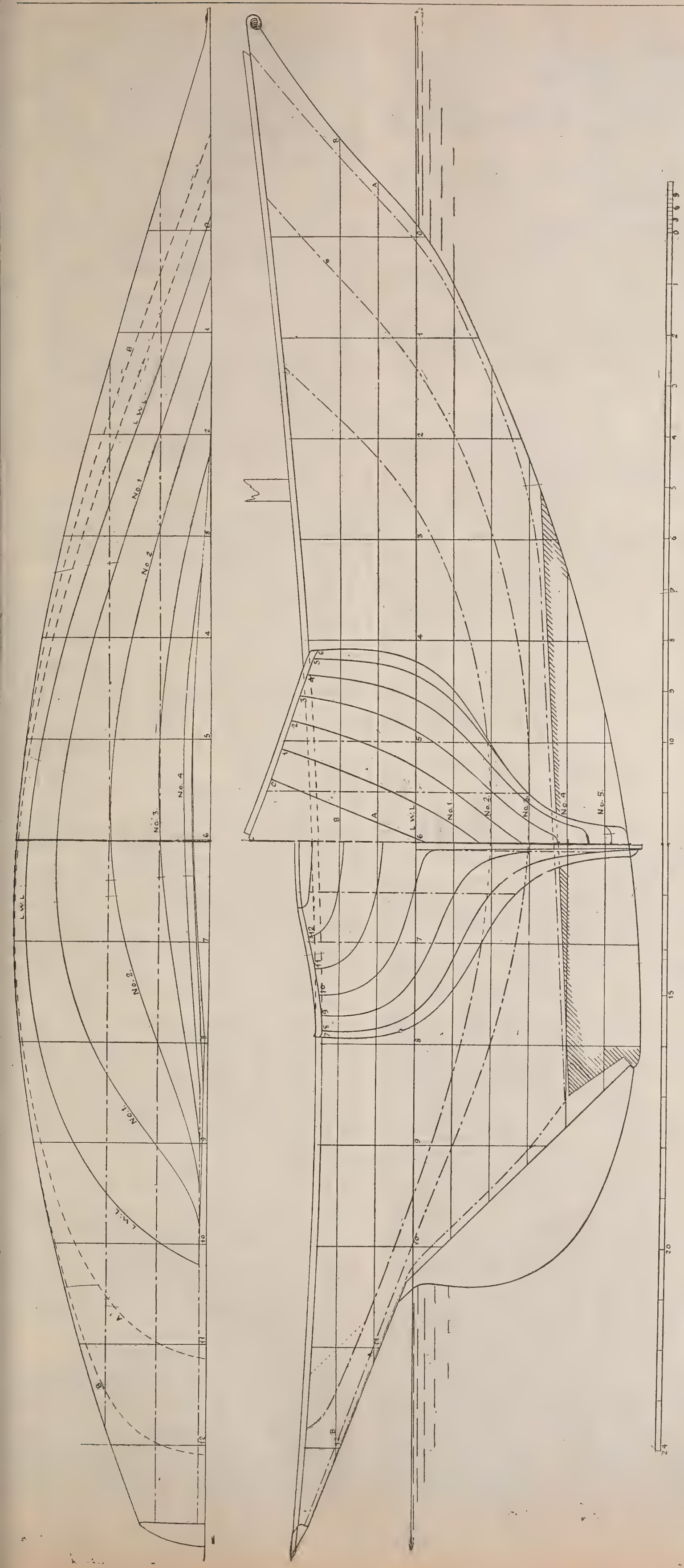
Model Making in Plastic Materials.

Editor of Forest and Stream: I am greatly pleased with the attention you have given to my letter respecting model yacht construction. Crude as my ideas were, they succeeded in providing me with a practical and novel method, explained in your columns of the last issue, and for which I thank you heartily. I have since learned that plaster of Paris is unsuitable as a mould, much greater pressure being necessary to compress the paper pulp than I at first considered; and its use would undoubtedly be impracticable for amateur designers and constructors. The "paper patch" method you so kindly explain, promises many more advantages to me, and no doubt to many of your readers, and I shall test it to the best of my ability at an early date, and will venture to report my experience. A. M. YOUNG.

We shall be glad to hear from our correspondent as to his success, and from others interested in the subject.



SAIL PLAN OF "KNOCKABOUT" CARL.



"KNOCKABOUT" CARL, DESIGNED BY W. E. WATERHOUSE, 1892.

The New York Y. C.

The annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Feb. 14, Vice-Com. Brown presiding. The reports showed the club to be in a very prosperous condition, with a membership of over 1,100, a fleet of 300 yachts, and a handsome balance in the treasury. The following officers were elected: Com., Edward M. Brown, st. Sylvia; Vice-Com., Henry C. Ward, sch. Clytie; Rear Com., James C. Bergen, sl. Hildegarde; Sec., J. V. S. Oddie; Treas., F. W. J. Hurst; Meas., John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M. D.; Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold, Irving Grinnell; Committee on Admissions, Frank T. Robinson, Robert Center, D. T. Worden, C. McK. Leoser, Joseph Stickney; House Committee, E. E. Chase, C. Alfred Grymes, H. Edwards Ficken, and Arthur Ingraham; Library Committee, Fordham Morris, William Gardnes, and Arthur H. Clark; Committee on Club Stations, W. H. Thomas, E. C. Benedict, Clarence McKim, L. Vaughan Clark, F. L. Anthony, F. P. Sands, and Lewis Cass Ledyard.

The following members were elected: A. G. Hamilton, Albert B. Hilton, F. M. Hoyt, Harry S. Henry, James Sibley Watson, Augustus S. Van Wickle, J. Henry Whitney, Charles H. McIntire, George R. Evans, U. S. N.; Harry M. Hodges, U. S. N.; W. J. Arkell, H. Ray Miller, E. C. Gregory, W. O. Hulme, U. S. N.; Henry E. Picking, U. S. N.; Percival W. Clement, William H. Watrous, Henry D. Macdonald, John A. Shearman, U. S. N.; R. C. Oswald, William H. Emory, U. S. N.; C. L. Wilson, Howard C. Smith, Walter Stanton, Hugh K. Norman, James B. Dickson, Stephen Loines, Edwin C. Hoyt, Thomas H. Kerr.

Mr. Ogden Goelet notified the club, by letter, that he would offer this year the usual $1,000 and $500 cups for a race off Newport. The announcements were made of a letter from Secretary Grant, of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and also that the club had renewed the leases of the town house and the Newport station, each for five years. The annual regatta was set for June 13.

The report of the committee on revision of the classification and racing rules was discussed at length, but the proposed amendments were finally carried, with two exceptions; that limiting the crew to the number on board when the yacht is measured, and the following: If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must, as far as possible, short of tacking, give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark.

The most important amendments were that establishing a classification on sailing length, and that limiting the number of crew in each class; both of which were adopted. We are unable to give them in full this week, but will do so shortly.

The Carl, 21ft. "Knockabout"

Widely as opinions may differ, both as to the ends to be attained in a perfect measurement rule and as to the extent to which existing rules exert a beneficial influence on yachting, there is one hard fact that cannot be disposed of by the advocates of unlimited sail area and other "plain and simple rules;" that, in these days at least, unlimited racing soon exhausts itself, leaving for a time nothing in its place. It is one of the healthy signs of the times that, the great yachting bodies having thus far failed, possibly for very good reasons, to produce a general measurement rule which does not tend to extremes, the smaller clubs are dealing with the question locally, but none the less effectively, by special legislation of the most extreme restrictive nature. Especially is this the case in England and Scotland, where the small rater, though perfect as a racing machine, quite evidently does not meet the wants of the majority of yachtsmen, who are not prepared to build a new and more expensive sailing toy each year. It is this class of racing yachtsmen which has produced the little "one-design" craft of the Clyde and Thames, and the older classes of the Clyde, as well as the Irish "Mermaids" and "Water wags;" the men who have organized each class having bound it with the most rigid restrictions, in many cases to the extreme of building from one uniform design and specification.

In this country the same causes are leading to the same results; we find first that any class, however popular at first, under the general measurement rule and existing classification, but without special restrictions, has a life of one or possibly two years. This has been the case of the forties, the thirties, the forty-six footers and the Boston twenty-one footers. The reaction caused by the lapsing of a class does incalculable harm to yachting, driving men into steam or into other sports; many of them being permanently lost to racing.

One of the most brilliant failures in the way of a regular racing class, limited only by the regular rule, is the twenty-one foot class of 1892 in Eastern waters; starting out with a burst of enthusiasm and showing a fleet of a dozen boats, but practically dying at the end of its first season.

In contrast to this brief meteoric racing is the class which has in a measure succeeded the twenty-one footers, of which Alpha was the head; a class that from a small beginning has grown lustily, and has now a fair promise of permanence.

Through the kindness of the designer, Mr. W. E. Waterhouse, of the firm of Waterhouse & Cheesebrough, we are able to illustrate the first and one of the best of the now famous "Knockabouts," the little Carl, built in the spring of 1892. The intention of her owner, Mr. C. H. W. Foster, of the Eastern Y. C., was to get a small and handy craft; not for racing, he then having the forty-six footer Barbara on the stocks, but for knocking about off Marblehead and Half-way Rock, alone or with a friend. To this end the hull was made of moderate dimensions and compact form; and with a very simple sail plan, the tack of the jib fast to the stemhead. From the first the boat was a success, showing very fair speed, even compared with the regular twenty-one footers in general sailing, though of course not fast enough to race with them. In point of convenience and sea-going qualities, she left nothing to be desired; the latter being tested once in particular, on the occasion of the Gloucester celebration in the fall, when Mr. Foster and his skipper sailed over from Marblehead to Gloucester and back to see the races in a gale that brought to grief some of the big fishermen, sailing in a race in the same water. The little boat was dry and easy, and made fine speed under reefed canvas.

The present "Knockabout" class had its origin in the Carl, and took its name from the work that she was built for, and so successfully accomplished. Before the first half-dozen boats had been built, it was seen that the class, as it then was, could be made to give plenty of good racing; but that unless some stringent limits were placed on outbuilding, it would soon degenerate into something no better than its predecessor. To this end various rules were adopted by the different clubs interested, the Corinthian of Marblehead adopting the following late in 1893:

"A knockabout boat is a seaworthy, keel (not to include a fin-keel), decked or half-decked boat of fair accommodations and rigged simply without bowsprit and with only mainsail and only one head-sail, and capable of being comfortably managed by one man in any ordinary summer weather.

"Limitations have been placed on the class as follows: l. w. l. not to exceed 21 feet; beam not to exceed 8 feet; crew three persons; depth amidships from gunwale to rabbet line shall not be less than 3 feet 3 inches; freeboard shall not be less than 18 inches; mast at deck not less than 5 feet from forward end of the water-line. The limits on beam, depth, freeboard and place of mast not to exclude any existing boats which otherwise would come within the requirements. The sail area shall be limited to 500 square feet, measured by this formula; multiply 85 per cent. of the base by one-half of the sum of the gaff and the distance from top of sheave of upper throat halliard block to stem head."

Last year the "Knockabout" class was remarkably successful, the racing about Boston practically centering in it; while at the same time the boats were used for cruising and general work. After the close of the season, an association composed of the owners of the boats formed and adopted the following rules, the necessity of prohibiting all "freak" features and extreme light construction being apparent:

A knockabout boat is a seaworthy keel boat (not to include fin-keels) decked or half-decked, of fair accommodations, rigged simply, without bowsprit, and with only mainsail and one head sail.

The load water-line length shall not exceed 21 feet.

The beam at the load water-line shall be at least seven and not more than eight feet.

The freeboard shall be not less than 20 inches.

The forward side of mast at the deck shall be not less than five feet from the forward end of the load water-line.

The planking, including deck, shall be not less than three-quarters of an inch thick, finished.

The frames shall be not less than one inch square, and spaced not more than 12 inches on centers.

The deadwood shall be filled in.

The rudder shall be hung on stern post.

The outside ballast shall be not less than 3,500 pounds.

The limits of the freeboard, beam, planking, frames, deadwood, rudder and place of mast shall not exclude any existing knockabout boats which otherwise come within the restrictions.

The sail area shall be limited to 500 square feet, measured by the formula, viz.: Multiply 85 per cent. of the base by half of the sum of the gaff and the distance from the top of the sheave of the upper throat halliard block to the stem head.

The Carl and her successors may be taken as the realization of that ideal which was sought for by so many with but indifferent success between 1880 and 1886, a small, smart and thoroughly serviceable cutter. That the early boats were more or less failures

was due to faulty dimensions, too little power and beam, heavy construction, insufficient ballast or similar defects; they did good work for their day, as compared with the existing boats then used for cruising; but all had serious faults. In the "Knockabout" of to-day, the skillful designers who have made the class, have utilized the experience and knowledge obtained in the 40-ft. and other larger and more important classes to turn out a 21-ft. cutter that is quite as near perfection as is likely to be seen for many a day. Staunch, strong and sturdy, widely separated from the freaks of the fin type, they meet the needs of a very large number of good keen yachtsmen; men who are wise enough to enjoy a close race in the class, even though some finny fellow sailing alongside is able to make loops around them.

As already stated, Carl was not built for racing, but with the growth of the "Knockabout" fleet and the introduction of racing, her owner was hardly the one to stay ashore, and last year she stood second on the record, according to the very complete summary prepared by the Boston Globe. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length over all	30 ft. 6 in.
l. w. l.	20 ft. 9 in.
Beam, extreme	7 ft. 9 in.
l. w. l.	7 ft. 3 in.
Draft	4 ft. 6 in.
Freeboard, lowest	1 ft. 10 in.
Ballast, lead keel	2.32 tons.
Mast from stem	5 ft. 3 in.
Deck to hounds	27 ft. 8 in.
Boom	23 ft. 3 in.
Gaff	13 ft. 3 in.

Carl was built by the Lawley Co., a guarantee of good construction, and she is neither flimsy nor clumsy, but put together to stand, and at the same time with every care to avoid useless weight. The cockpit is water-tight, and there is room for quite a cabin; some of the later boats of the class, fitted up for cruising rather than day sailing, showing remarkably good accommodations on the same dimensions. Messrs. Waterhouse & Cheesebrough have turned out a number of similar boats within the past two years, most of them being built by the Lawley Co.

A New Western Steam Yacht.

Editor Forest and Stream: The Detroit River Navy will next summer have added to its fleet of beautiful yachts a notable craft, by Commodore M. B. Mills, being the largest steel yacht ever launched west of Cleveland, the contract for which has been let to the Detroit Boat Works, after models and specifications by Fred. A. Ballin.

The interest in yachting has been rapidly developing in Detroit during the last four years, and within five years a number of very handsome and fast boats have been placed on the river. It was a long time before the advantages for the magnificent and fascinating sport offered to the people of the beautiful City of the Straits were fully appreciated by them at their true worth. Thirty years ago Commodore R. C. Barker brought to these waters the Coral, a very tidy and fleet little craft, and the interest in sailing yachts at that time was lively, though spasmodic; but the history of yachting in the vicinity of Detroit may be said to date from that time. Later, the predilection for steam yachts has been overshadowing the love for sailing craft, and the wealthy gentlemen of the city and vicinage have taken to the former.

Commodore Mills has been one of the most active men recently in connection with the advancement of the interests of yachtsmen, and the yacht Grace, which he now owns, has been regarded as one of the best boats on the river; but she, with all the rest, will have to be contented with a more modest position when the new craft is put in commission.

A description of it will, perhaps, be of interest in this connection, which is given your readers through the courtesy of the Detroit Free Press:

The length over all will be 132 ft., water line 110 ft., beam 17 ft. 6 in., and depth 8 ft. 9 in. She will be schooner-rigged with clipper bow, flush deck, metal bulwarks about 12 in. above the deck, and a netted handrail above. The hull will be of the best quality of milled open hearth steel. She is to have three water-tight bulkheads, one in the bow and one at each end of the machinery space.

The decks will be of clear white pine, in narrow width, fastened to the steel deck frame by brass screws.

The propelling power will be a triple expansion engine, 10, 16 and 26. in. cylinders by 6-in. stroke. There will be a surface condenser of the salt water type with the necessary air and circulating pumps, boiler feed pumps, blower engines and electric light plant. The boilers will be of Taylor's improved water tube type, 8 ft. in width and 9 ft. in length, with a heating surface of 1,600 sq. ft. It is intended that she will develop 350 H. P., which is fully 100 more than any yacht now in the river. There will be a special device for discharging ashes by the means of a steam blower, so that there will be no dust. The coal bunkers will have a capacity of twenty tons of hard coal and an arrangeme t will be made whereby the oil tanks in the machinery rooms can be filled through deck pipes which close up tight. Her propeller will be 4 ft. 6 in, diam.

On deck forward will be located a large deck house finished in mahogany. It will be 24 ft. long and the average width will be 8 ft. This will be used as a dining and lounging-room. The room will be designed and patterned according to the ancient style of Italian renaissance. The ceilings will be of electro-plastic metal, and around the sides will be continuous divans, upholstered in morocco leather, in colors to harmonize with the rugs and decorations on the ceiling. The windows will be of French plate glass, draped with curtains of brocaded silk. In the center of the room will stand a 12-ft. mahogany folding-table with lockers and shelves underneath. There will be china closets and lockers in the corners. The floor will be covered with linoleum and rugs.

On top of the deck house, which will be surrounded by a brass railing, will be the steering wheel, binnacle and a powerful electric search-light. Another feature will be an electric flag of eighty-five colored bulbs forming the commodore's private colors. From each side of the top of the deck house a bridge runs to the edge of the ship.

From the inside of the deck house a mahogany staircase leads down to the smoking-room, containing sofas on each side which can be converted into berths. This room will be 9 ft. by 15, and among its articles of furniture will be a sidebard with necessary drawers, lockers and shelves to be filled with cut glass, etc. The woodwork in this room will be cherry and patterned in the old colonial style. The ceiling will be decorated with lincrusta, colored and metalized to match the sofas and ottomans, which will be upholstered in morocco, harmonizing perfectly with the mohair curtains and Wilton carpets.

From this room a door leads forward to the captain's stateroom which will be finished in natural butternut, with all the necessary requisites of a perfect sleeping apartment. The engineer's room will also be a comfortable one and will adjoin the engine room.

Another door from the smoking-room leads to the lavatory and galley, the latter being fitted up with all the necessary lockers, drawers, shelves and racks for a first-class yacht, also a large ice-box holding half a ton of ice. There will be a sink, hot and cold water, a large yacht range and a dumb waiter to run to the deck house. The woodwork will be natural pine, the floor covered with linoleum and the ceiling tinted with light colors.

Forward of the galley will be located the crew's quarters, containing eight bunks of galvanized piping and with canvas mattresses. There will be lockers, seats, wardrobes, and a mess table in this room. A special companionway of mahogany admits from the fore deck to this room. Forward of the crew's quarters are chain lockers and a storage room.

Abaft the mainmast is located a companionway, from which a mahogany staircase leads to the passage below the deck from which admission is gained on the starboard side to the owner's stateroom. This room will be a marvel of beauty. The interior woodwork of this and the bathroom adjoining, will be of white mahogany, natural finish and in Louis XIV. style. The ceilings will be decorated in ivory with raised ornaments of silver. The berth will be finely decorated, the hangings being of the same general style as the deck house, of brocaded silk. The floor will be covered with the newest design in French velvet carpet. Adjoining this and connected by a door is another stateroom decorated in a similar style with the same woodwork. It will contain a stationary washstand with hot and cold water and wardrobes. The ceiling decorations will be gold leaf to correspond with the carpet.

Abaft this room communicating with the saloon is the butler's pantry, finished in quartered Cuba birch and containing an ice-box, china closets, lockers with cut-glass fronts, a small sink and racks for glassware.

Turning from the stairway through the passageway entrance is gained to the main saloon, the full width of the ship and 17 ft. long. The woodwork is quartered Cuba birch and the ceiling will be made of raised ornaments, festoons and wreaths, colored and richly gilded, Louis XIII. style. There will be continuous divans around the room which can be changed at will into four commodious berths, all upholstered in velour imperator, specially designed and imported for this room. The only occasion on which this material was ever before used in America was in the Pullman cars exhibited at the World's Fair. The curtains will be velour de Guinness in colors to match the covering and French carpet, which will be very elaborate. There will be a fine birch round table as well as a writing-desk and book-case built into the sides of the room. There will be a toilet room in one corner and a washstand built under the stairway. The sides between the side lights will be utilized for china closets, neatly decorated with spindle work and cut-glass mirrors.

Leading into the main saloon will be two spare staterooms containing berths, wardrobes and washstands with lockers under the berths. The woodwork will be mahogany, rococco style. The walls will be covered with French cretonne tufted. The hangings will be light silk trimmed with lace. There will be velvet carpets and the ceilings will be decorated to correspond with the colors of the cretonne.

On deck forward will be placed a power yacht capstan-windlass for working ship or hoisting anchors, of which there will be two. The anchor chain will be a three-eighths cable, forty fathoms in length. There will be davits for two life-boats, finished in natural wood with mahogany trimmings and gratings and nickel-plated fittings. There will also be a 21-ft. naphtha launch.

Awnings will be spread over the forward and after part of the ship with the necessary side curtains on the after-deck, the ridge ropes to be carried by crow feet from the gaff. By means of the side curtains the after-deck can be housed in and will be lighted by many incandescent globes from above.

The deck fittings, such as mooring bits, deck and bunker scuttles, will be of polished brass. The house over the boiler will be flush riveted steel plate. There will also be a large mahogany skylight over the engine-room, owner's room and main saloon, with brass guards, quadrants and hinges.

The steering gear is specially designed so that there will be no slack in the cable in any position. The engine signal from the top of the deck house and bridge will be brass cranks and all bell ropes leading through the cabin will be encased in polished brass piping. The interior of the yacht will be lighted by fifty 16-candle power incandescent lamps furnished by the dynamo in the engine-room, in conjunction with a storage battery plant. All fixtures, clusters and chandeliers will be of neat and original design in bronze.

KEUKA.

Detroit, Jan. 31, 1895.

The New 90-footers.

The designers and builders of the American defender and the new Valkyrie III. are equally active in guarding the secrets of the drafting-room and shops; the result being a host of idle and improbable rumors, many of them totally unworthy of credence. From the Clyde comes a report that the new Watson boat will be built of "nickel-plated steel," by which is meant "nickel steel," an alloy of great strength and having other desirable qualities. While Mr. Watson has doubtless investigated the subject of metal construction, in view of Vigilant's bottom of Tobin bronze, we doubt very much that he will forsake the method which has given such good results in Queen Mab, Valkyrie II., Britannia and many other yachts, the true composite build.

The refusal of the Hereshoffs to disclose anything about the new boat gives free scope to the imagination of writers, and wonderful tales of the "important if true" variety, are now coming from Bristol. The following story, by Mr. W. E. Robinson, in the Boston Globe, contains all of the facts at present known, and is reasonable and logical in its deductions. Stories of fin-keels and centerboards to the contrary, we look for such a boat as Mr. Robinson describes, a keel cutter of about 25 ft. beam and 18 ft. extreme draft, of the conventional construction, with frames running down close to the lead keel, as distinguished from the canoe hull with plate fin and bulb. At the same time the hull will be boldly cut away below, as in Calluna and Vendetta, making a model of fin type. The construction is more likely to be of composite than of all metal. The new steam yacht Eugenia was launched on Feb. 12, the ice being cut away from the front of the shop. As soon as the ice is out and the new railway of the firm in Walker's Cove completed, she will be hauled out. The Gould 20-rater is nearly completed, and will be moved over to the north shop, and the mould for the lead keel of the Cup defender will be placed very soon on the vacant ways in the south shop, where Gloriana, Wasp, Navahoe and Colonia were built. The masonry foundations of the ways have been strengthened lately, and a new melting-pot has been set in the yard.

Mr. Robinson's story is as follows:

"The probability that the Cup defender, now building by the Herreshoffs, will be a composite boat, wood planking on steel frames, as outlined exclusively in The Globe last Sunday, seems stronger than ever in view of the many known facts which point to that plan of construction as against the Tobin bronze plating on steel frames, which was originally considered.

"Work in the south shop on the mould for the big lead keel is proceeding, although somewhat slowly. The lead for running the keel is on hand and is piled just outside on the south side of the shop, where it is handy to the melting-pots. It is believed that this lead would not be on hand so early were the boat to be a Tobin bronze one, and the lead keel run after the boat was plated, as was done in Colonia and Vigilant.

"The preparations for the running of the lead keel in the very place in the south shop where the boat is to be built points almost conclusively to composite construction. With the lead keel in place, the fashioning and placing of the oak keel above it, the bolting of the two together and the framing and planking of the boat, follow naturally. If Tobin bronze plating were to be used, much of the work of riveting the steel keel plate, floors and frames could be done better without the lead keel.

"In view of the fact that the boat must be delivered June 1, and consequently launched a couple of weeks before that, in order to have a trial trip, it is more than probable that only the speediest and best methods of building will be used. Another indication of composite construction is thereby afforded. A composite boat can be built much more quickly than a Tobin bronze plated boat, and this is in itself a strong factor.

"The recent arrival by freight of a large quantity of mahogany in long lengths and of excellent quality is also a pointer toward composite construction. Double planking, with the outer skin of mahogany, is the most likely form such construction would take in the Herreshoffs' hand, and it would be no more difficult to do in a large than in a small boat. Thorough strapping by diagonal steel straps across the steel frames and deck beams would make dependence on the strength of the planking much less necessary than might at first appear, and double planking could be made light, yet sufficiently strong. A composite boat would be much lighter than a Tobin bronze or a steel one, and in lightness of construction lies much of success in the coming cup contest.

"Further bearing on the matter of composite construction is the fact that but a few steel workers have returned, and that more do not appear to be coming. The gang of steel workers now at the works is not large enough to plate a boat with the degree of speed which is a necessity in this case. It is only large enough to bend the steel frames and do what riveting may be required in setting up the frame and in strapping it. On the other hand the force of wood-workers in the shops is a large one, and as it is known that they all expect to be kept very busy until June 1, the inference of work on a composite boat is a very strong one. There is certainly not work enough on other boats in the shops to give so large a gang steady work for so long a time.

"With the arrival of the last lot of mahogany, there appears to be more of that wood in stock than would be likely to be used except for the purpose before named. The arrival of wood stock has also so much increased that help has been given the man in charge of measuring it up. In short, if the boat does not turn out to be a composite one, then all signs will have failed and the Herreshoffs departed much from their usual methods of work.

"As to the type of boat it can be asserted, with no small degree of confidence, that the Cup defender will be a keel boat, and as near a fin keel in model and shape as she can be made, and yet retain the ordinary form of construction without the use of a plate fin to carry the lead keel. Indications are that she will be of good draft, considerably more than Colonia of 15 feet, and if she has a centerboard it will be but a small auxiliary one forward to keep her from falling off when going to windward in light airs, a similar one, in fact, to the one found useful on Jubilee. She should not be much beamier than was Colonia of 24 feet, certainly the beam will not be nearly that of Vigilant, which was 26.

"The water line length is designed at 89 feet. This is four feet over the design of Vigilant and Colonia, but both those boats were over that line when in final racing trim, Vigilant measuring nearly 87 feet. The additional length, however, gives opportunity for fining the lines forward and aft, and the making of an easier form to drive through the water. The under water body will be fined away as much as possible and the deadwood cut away, both forward and aft, even to the possible extent of using a balanced rudder instead of one hung on the stern post.

"The keel, with its deep deadwood and lead keel below, will drop straight from the garboard, and the garboard itself will have just enough hollow for strength. The lead will be low down and rising 70 tons in weight. The boat will, therefore, be a powerful one, yet it is doubtful if a much larger sail plan than that of Vigilant will be carried, because of finer lines and an easier boat to drive. A 100-foot mainboom is about as long as can be handled and kept from buckling.

"The shortening of the keel and the cutting away of all deadwood, together with the upward-curving ends of the lead keel, will make the boat very quick in stays, and she should be at no disadvantage in this respect to her British antagonist. Should a balanced rudder be used, no one need be surprised to find a big tiller to control it, as on the British boats, instead of the usual American style of a wheel on all boats over 40 feet. British helmsmen have always claimed not only better and more sensitive steering from a tiller than from a wheel, but also greater quickness in putting a boat about. The latter portion of the claim seems substantiated by some observations of Navahoe's sailing abroad. A tiller on an American Cup defender would be a novelty, but would be a possible advantage and certainly not a detriment.

"The lead keel may be bulbed to secure lead at the lowest possible point, a feature which neither Colonia nor Vigilant had, alleged sketches and plans to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Confirmation of The Globe's statement of the saving in weight by having few interior fittings and berthing the crew on an attendant steamer is at hand. Mr. Iselin is looking for a steamer suitable as a tender to the new boat, and wishes accommodations on her for half a hundred men. He wants her by May 15, and presumably will have his crew ready by that time, so as to take charge of the new boat as soon as she is delivered to him.

"This shows that, as in the Vigilant's case, money is no object to the syndicate, and that the expense may run as high, if not higher, than it did then.

"Summing up the Cup defender, it can be said that although she is a keel boat, yet she will be no copy of keel boats from abroad, but a legitimate development from Wasp and from the successful fin keels of the smaller classes.

"She will be the fastest boat yet turned out from an American designer's hands, and unless all indications are at fault, she will be so much faster than Vigilant and the others that their use in racing will be only to tune her up to her highest pitch by forcing her to see how much she can beat them. The writer has always felt confident that the Herreshoffs could beat the Vigilant, but whether enough to beat an improved Britannia was the doubt. Now, however, he feels confident not only of beating the American boats, but also the challenger, whether Fife's or Watson's new one.

"The Cup will not, indeed, be defended without a close and interesting contest, in which neither side can afford to throw away any points, but the outlook for success is good if the Cup defender comes up to indications and expectations."

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Lampa, schr., arrived at Gibraltar on Feb. 15, all well. Her owner, Mr. R. S. Palmer, with Messrs. H. W. Bull and Lyman Colt, sailed from New York on Feb. 16 to join her.

Messrs. Waterhouse & Chesebrough have placed an order with the Canley Co. for a steam yacht of composite build, 125 over all, 100 ft. l. w. l., 16 ft. beam, 6 ft. draft, with a speed of 14 knots under natural draft. Her owner, as yet unknown, is presumably Dr. W. B. Hopkins, of Philadelphia, former owner of Gloriana and Cinderella.

After some delay due to ice and cold weather, which prevented her complete launching at the first attempt, on Feb. 7, the new Fife cutter Ailsa was set afloat on the following day, and eight days later she sailed from Glasgow for the Mediterranean, where she will meet Britannia. The yacht is very much cut away below, making her of the fin type, in spite of her composite construction, and she is heavily canvassed, her sail area being 11,500 sq. ft., and her rating 172.

The record for speed is now held by the new torpedo-boat destroyer, Boxer, built by Messrs. J. I. Thornycroft & Co. She was taken out on Jan. 8 for her second preliminary trial of speed at the Maplins, having a full load of 30 tons on board, and attained a mean speed over six runs on the measured mile of no less than 29.314 knots. The result is the more remarkable, as the boat was down to her load-draft of water, 7 ft. 2 in. She is 201 ft. 6 in. long, 19 ft. beam, and is fitted with boilers and engines of the same type and size as those of the Ardent.—Nautical Magazine.

This is all very well, as far as official trials over the measured mile, but an American yacht still holds unbroken the newspaper record, 3.16 knots.

The owner of the steam yachts Vamoose and Judge have finally agreed to race on the Sound in June, for $1,000 per side. The owners of Norwood, Yankee Doodle and Rex will be allowed to enter, if they are desirous of doing so.

The annual meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was held on Feb. 14, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles T. Willis, sloop Mistral; Vice-Com., William Osborn, slp. Crocodile; Rear Com., George G. Tyson, cutter Vorant; Sec., G. W. Pfeiffer; Treas., Richard Outwater; Regatta Committee—Frank B. Jones, Chairman; Richard Outwater and D. W. Merritt. Trustees (to serve three years)—D. Malcolm Winne and Louis R. Alberger.

The annual meeting of the American Y. C. was held on Feb. 12, the following officers being elected: Com., John H. Flagler; Vice-Com., Caleb G. Evans; Rear Com., Charles T. Willis; Sec., Thomas L. Scovill; Treas., William Porter Allen; Fleet Surgeon, Charles I. Pardee, M. D.; Meas., Charles H. Haswell; Consulting Engineer, George W. Magee, U. S. N. Trustees (to serve three years)—W. H. Starbuck, W. E. Connor; to serve one year, the unexpired term of Mr. E. S. Chapin, resigned, William H. Catlin; to serve one year, the unexpired term of Mr. Clement Gould, deceased, Edwin H. Weatherbee. Regatta Committee—Stuyvesant Wainwright, Chairman; Horace See, Marsells Clark Parsons, Isaiah Parsons and Simeon Ford. The club will run a coach between the clubhouse at Milton Point and 135th street, New York, during the season.

Mohican, schr., Dr. Herring, arrived at Plymouth, Eng., on Feb. 14, all well on board. The yacht left St. Michaels, Azores, on Jan. 31.

The annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on Feb. 11 at the Waldorf, in New York, Com. Banks presiding. The following officers were elected: Com., George J. Gould, steam yacht Atalanta; Vice-Com., Frederick T. Adams, schr. yacht Sachem; Rear Com., William A. Hazard, schr. yacht Fenella; Sec., David E. Austen; Treas., H. C. Wintringham. Trustees—David Banks, A. P. Ketchum, J. Fred. Ackerman, J. Rogers Maxwell, Jefferson Hogan, Thomas L. Arnold. Membership Committee—Philip G. Sanford, David E. Austen, Louis F. Jackson; Measurer, Henry J. Gielow; Regatta Committee—John L. Bliss, George H. Church. George W. M McNulty, Henry J. Gielow, Charles E. Walling; Nominating Committee for next year; Thomas L. Arnold, L. F. Jackon, David E. Austen, P. G. Sanford, John L. Bliss and George H. Church.

The Huguenot Y. C., of New Rochelle, is building a new house. The club has adopted the Seawanhaka rule, and one-gun start, and its courses will be four-sided, sailed twice around.

June 11 was set for the annual regatta, the cruise to be held in August. It was decided to admit to life membership all members of 15 years' standing upon the payment of $100; and also to admit not over 20 members of less standing on payment of $250 each.

At the meeting of the Eastern Y. C., on Feb. 12, the following members were elected: Com., William Amory Gardner; Vice-Com., Charles F. Adams, 2d; Rear Com., Henry W. Lamb; Sec., William S. Eaton, Jr.; Treas., Patrick T. Jackson; Meas., Henry Taggard; Members of Council at Large, Augustus Hemenway and F. E. Peabody; Regatta Committee—William S. Eaton, Jr., Augustus N. Rantoul, P. T. Jackson, Thomas Nelson and Henry H. Buck. Committee on Admissions, F. E. Peabody, Gordon Dexter, C. F. Adams, 2d., William Caleb Loring and the Secretary. House Committee—T. Wattson Merrill, Frederick E. Snow, Dr. Franklin Dexter, Robert Saltonstall and the Secretary.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

Vice-Com. Quick has called a meeting of the executive committee of the Atlantic Division, which will be held at Trenton, N. J., on Saturday, March 2, at 8 P. M., at the Hotel Algonquin. All members of the division are invited to be present. The majority of the committee expect to leave New York on the 5 P. M. train on March 2, Penna. R. R.

The annual meeting of the Palisade C. C. was held on Feb. 5, at the club-house, Hoboken, the following officers being elected: Com., P. Hildebrandt; Vice-Com., J. L. Held; Capt., C. Speer; Lieut., F. McKechnie; Sec., J. E. Davis; Treas., E. Baker. The Palisade C. C. has a limited membership of 30 and a fleet of 16 canoes, 2 canoe yawls, one 25 ft. war canoe and 2 club dingheys. A club four and a tandem paddling canoe will probably be added this season. In a couple of weeks Capt. Speer, who is an expert all-around canoeist, will begin to train a crew for the war canoe.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1895.

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BARRELS OF OYSTERS.

We observe with regret that some of our esteemed contemporaries have manifested a proneness to print unkind words about Secretary Doyle, of the New York Fish Commission, because they say he has been sending barrels of oysters to certain members of the Legislature. Mr. Doyle is interested in the passage of Senator Donaldson's bill to combine the Forestry and Fish Commissions into one fat salaried political machine. The Doyle oysters are reputed to have been put where they will do the most good; that is to say, they have been judiciously distributed among members who may make themselves useful in promoting the progress of the desired legislation. The oyster is well understood to be one of the most seductive things in creation; barrels of oysters impinging upon the stomachs of Senators and Assemblymen would in all probability prove absolutely irresistible; the stoutest virtue would go down before a continued bombardment. It is to be hoped that this new-fangled oyster culture of legislation may be investigated and scientifically determined by students of under surface politics, for if the tales of Secretary Doyle's bivalvular donations shall be shown to be founded upon an oyster bed of truth, so to speak, they will partially explain the confidence which the promoters of the Donaldson scheme express as to its future. It will be seen at once that the man who has planted his oysters in the halls of legislation has inside information as to what is going to happen. He is in the position of the race-track expert who lays his bets with confidence because he knows what the horses have been doctored with in the stable.

All we claim to know about this oyster business is what has been printed in the newspapers. We assume, however, that Mr. Doyle has not sent his oysters to unreceptive legislative stomachs. It is possible, indeed, that he has paid expressage on the succulent shellfish for no one who has not asked for them or intimated that such donations would not be unacceptable. It might even develop that these barrels of oysters represented a petty tax long levied upon officials connected with the fish commission, in substance a form of legislative blackmail resorted to by men who when they thought that a consignment of Mr. Doyle's oysters would go well had no foolish hesitation about asking for them.

This Donaldson bill is a natural outgrowth of the oyster barrel system of legislation. It is on the face of it the product of politicians who look upon the State Treasury as an oyster bed to be tonged and dredged and set out on the half-shell for the gullets of professional politicians. Here are some of the fat oysters it provides:

One President's salary	$5,000
President's expenses (say)	2,500
Four Commissioners' salaries	4,000
Commissioners' expenses	2,000
State Fishculturist's salary	3,500
Assistant's salary	2,500
Secretary's salary	2,500
Assistant's salary	1,500
Total	$23,500

The total of $23,500 is equal to two-thirds of the entire amounts expended in the fiscal year 1892--93 on all the fish hatcheries of the State, but it must be remembered that not a cent of this $23,500 is to go to the actual work of fish culture. None of it gets closer to that purpose than the item of the salary for a "State fish culturist." If the members of the Legislature who have not been oyster barreled, shall regard the raid on the Treasury contemplated by this bill as extravagant, they might, perhaps, compromise with their barreled associates and secure the elimination of this item of $3,500 for a "State fish culturist." It would be quite simple to demonstrate, we think, that no State fish culturist has ever lived or ever will live worth $3,500, when he has to have a $13,000 set of commissioners to "direct" him and a set of $6,500 assistants and secretaries to piece him out. Even the half-shell politicians might concede a practical fish culturist to be altogether superfluous in this fish and forestry scheme.

BLOW, WILKS & COMPANY.

Our Chicago staff-correspondent's report on the Blow bill gives the pleasing intelligence that the measure has received its death-blow at Springfield. The market men of Chicago have found out that the Illinois Legislature does not share Warden Blow's queer notion about the sale of game at all seasons of the year. There is solid ground for trust that the Chicago markets will not be opened for Western game, not this year at least.

We believe that there is equally substantial reason for believing that the New York Wilks bill, exposed in these columns last week, will be killed. This is a bill to permit the sale all the year around of game not killed in the State. It would practically mean the sale of game from other States and from New York as well. It is in effect a Blow bill; and every reason advanced for the defeat of the Blow bill at Springfield should be used in opposition to the Wilks bill at Albany.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN FOR NEWYORK

The project to establish a zoological society and a zoological garden for New York is one which appeals strongly to all who are interested in natural history. The matter has several times before been brought up and has always met with general approval, but for some reason nothing has ever been done in the matter. Such a society was formed in 1879, and two years later it was stated that it had obtained its land and was about to build, but that was the last heard of the matter. It is a wonder and a shame that, while many American cities have excellent collections of wild animals, New York, the greatest and richest of all, has nothing of this nature that is worthy of the name. The few animals on exhibition in the Central Park cannot be dignified by the name of a zoological collection and cannot be compared with those in the gardens of Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Washington and Chicago.

A bill recently introduced in the Legislature by Assemblyman Niles incorporates the New York Zoological Society, and provides for the establishment of a zoological garden in the city of New York. The names of a number of well-known citizens are given in the list of persons to be created a corporation, under the title of the New York Zoological Society. The corporation is to have power to establish and maintain in this city a zoological garden for the purpose of encouraging study and original research in zoology, and of furnishing instruction and recreation to the people; and for this purpose it may purchase and hold animals, plants and specimens appropriate to these objects. The usual business privileges of such corporations are granted to it; and, besides, the commissioners of the sinking fund are authorized to appropriate for its use any of the lands belonging to the city north of One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street. Such appropriation may be revoked, however, if after the expiration of five years from the passage of the act, a zoological garden is not established thereon. The lands so allotted shall be used only for the purposes of this zoological garden. The Park Commissioners are authorized to dispose of the animals and other property now constituting the Central Park menagerie to this corporation on such terms as they may see fit. As soon as any lands are set apart, or any city property shall have been transferred to the corporation, the Mayor of New York and the President of the Department of Parks shall become and be ex-officio members of the board of managers of this corporation. Admission to the zoological garden shall be free to the public for at least four days of each week, subject to such rules as may be prescribed by the corporation.

Of the desirability of establishing such a zoological garden there can be no question. Under the conditions prescribed in the bill it could hardly be self-supporting, and would probably have to depend largely on contributions. The bill should pass, and every encouragement should be given to those who are willing to undertake a work, which, under the most favorable circumstances can hardly promise a return on the money invested.

We hope for this project a better fate than that of its predecessors; and as an earnest of our good wishes for the success of the enterprise, we undertake that if any more Indian chiefs shall send grizzly bear cubs to the Forest and Stream, the zoological garden shall have them.

New York may, after all, have its zoological garden before it shall have its aquarium. Months and years have been consumed in doing over the historic Castle Garden, on the Battery, from a receiving depot for immigrants to an aquarium for fresh-water and salt water fish; and after spending tens of thousands of dollars in doing the work in a fashion hopelessly wrong, the bungling authorities are now spending vast sums in undoing their folly. Here was an opportunity to provide the finest aquarium in the world, but it was thrown away—and a lot of money with it

SNAP SHOTS.

Some farmers of Sussex County, New Jersey, have held a meeting for the denouncing of game laws. This prompts the American Agriculturist to suggest that such meetings should be held all over the country. "The so-called sporting element," it says, "has grown to be an intolerable nuisance and needs to be sat down upon." But just who is to do the sitting down upon the obnoxious element? Not the farmers, as a class, for they themselves largely compose that element, not the editors of agricultural papers as a class, for they are sportsmen, too; not the merchants, nor the lawyers, nor the doctors, nor the clergymen, nor the mechanics, nor the Army, nor the navy, nor the telegraph operators, nor the Senators, nor Congressmen, nor any other "class." Would not it be better for the farmer, instead of seeking the repeal of all game laws, to just join in and help make the laws effective, to the end that there may be fish and game for all of us, farmers included? We hesitate to assume the role of telling the American Agriculturist people how to run their paper, but that is about the doctrine we would cause to be preached if we were dictating a game law policy for a farmer's journal.

It will be remembered that in the Sundry Civil Service Bill, as passed by the House, the appropriation for the Yellowstone National Park, referred only to the improvement of that reservation, nothing being said about its protection. The importance of having a small sum of money with which to pay extra scouts for the protection of the game during the winter has often been insisted on in these columns and is recognized by all who are familiar with the needs of the Park. It is satisfactory to learn that the bill, as reported by the appropriation committee of the Senate, is so far modified that this item reads: "For the improvement and protection of the Yellowstone National Park, to be expended by and under the direction of the Secretary of War, forty thousand dollars, of which not more than one thousand eight hundred dollars may be expended for the compensation of scouts employed in the protection of said Park." There is every reason to believe that this item will be favorably acted on by the Senate, and it is to be hoped that the House will confer.

An officer of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was called the other day to shoot a disabled horse in the street, to put it out of misery; and he killed a man before he did the horse. Last week, near this city, an express agent was attacked by a masked robber; a fusilade ensued, and when the smoke cleared it was found that the highwayman had escaped, but a non-combatant pet dog had been killed. These incidents teach us that even the best intentioned bullets may fly wide of the mark.

The death of General R. U. Sherman removes a personality long prominent and honored in public life. General Sherman was an excellent type of those who dignify the recreations of wood and stream by participation in them. We quote in another column the tribute to him as an angler and nature lover, written by Mr. W. E. Wolcott for the Utica Herald.

Mr. F. F. Frisbie's capital photographs of scenes "on the trail," will bring to the memory of many another the glorious days spent in the Rockies. It is one chief charm characteristic of all such chronicler of the field that in them one may live over again his own out-door holidays.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE TRAIL.

Where rugged peaks with snowy summits high,
O'ertop green valleys low and pierce the azure sky;
Where foaming rapids roar, thro' canyons dark and deep,
Thro' forest shade, where lordly buck doth sleep.
Beside calm pools and gem-like "tarns," beneath whose crystal tide
Each rock an emerald seems, and beauteous trout doth hide.
We wander on, until the light of day grows pale,
And darkness gathers o'er our camp beside the "trail."

It is an argument held by many that civilization has increased the capacity of the human race for enjoyment. Is this so, or is it that civilization has given us more means of enjoyment? Do we, the civilized man, enjoy what we have more than our untutored progenitors, in the past ages, enjoyed what they had? Do not the so-called luxuries of our modern life bring in their train a thousand and one ills, trials and cares, that were unknown to the child of nature? The modern dweller in our cities, towns and villages, lives an artificial life, and the original animal man was not intended for such a life. It is not real, as anything artificial is not real.

I do not mean for one moment to advocate a return to "savage life," but I believe that many a man would be better physically, mentally and morally if he could, or would, leave behind him civilization for a season and live far from the haunts of man, free from the cares and trammels of modern society. To roam hither and yon, with no care for the morrow, commencing with nature in her wildest, as well as in her gentle moods, will teach a man much that civilization cannot. There we "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

Life in the mountains "on the trail," brings man near to Nature's heart, and he who has not tried it can not realize nor imagine the charms of such travel. It has been my good fortune to pass many months in the midst of nature's most charming nooks, and though at times the trail has been rough and the sky not always serene, the pleasures have far exceeded the hardships.

Let the reader (in imagination) follow us on one of our little trips and live a short season where the air is pure and "sparkling like champagne," where the sky is clearer blue than in the east, and where the mere fact that you are alive is a joy, and you bless the hour that gave you birth.

The Great Union Pacific Railroad, pioneer of trans-continental lines, with its many branches, carries the would be tourist and camper into many sections of the west that are as near perfection, for the pleasures of the camper, hunter, tourist and "disciple of the rod," as can be found. And that section of Idaho lying north of the Oregon Short Line division of the Union Pacific, has many inducements to offer that are worthy of mention. First, is the great variety and comparatively large supply of big game. We say, comparatively advisedly, as no section of the West has the hordes of wild animals that could be found a few years ago. Then, again, the angler can hope for success in most of the rivers, lakes and streams. The climate is fine, the altitude averages much lower than Colorado and some of the other Western States, and this to the tourist is a very important fact, as it takes time for the Eastern man's lungs to get accustomed to the very high altitudes before he can climb and hunt with ease and comfort.

There are many points that can be used as a base for an expedition, but in this case we will start from Mountain Home. We will skip all preliminaries, as it is not in the provinces of this short article, to give outfitting illustrations, and besides there are so many good works now published treating of these subjects so exhaustively, that it is better for the novice to procure these. The Forest and Stream's catalogue of sportsmen's books contains names of many of these works.

Mountain Home is a small, but growing frontier town, with fair hotel accommodations and good outfitting stores, as far as food supplies goes, but not a good place to procure a general outfit. It is from this point that the stage line for the Rocky Bar country takes its departure. Sixty miles north on the stage road you are in the heart of a mountainous country at an elevation of 4,000 to 8,000 feet. Along a trail leading from Junction Bar, the scene of placer mining in olden time, and the junction of Feather River with the South Boise River, we wend our way. Our pack horses are led, or follow the leader, the rear man urging them forward, or driving them back on the trail if they try to stop to crop the luxuriant bunch grass that covers the mountain side. The trail runs along by the river's side, and then strikes off into some grassy swale or shady grove of towering pines, or wends its way through thickets of quaking asp and bunches of sarvis berry bushes. Anon, it climbs some rocky knoll, or winds along the steep side or brow of some mountain, the precipitous side of which ends far below us and is laved by the rushing river, the roar of whose sparkling, dashing waters comes faintly up to us as we gaze down upon it from our lofty perch. Onward we ride, until we reach the waters of Willow creek,



ON THE TRAIL.
"Anon it climbs some rocky knoll."

which comes tumbling down over massive rocks and through meadows green, sending its share of the melting snows from the peaks above to join the greater volume of the Boise, which in its turn speeds on to the mightier Snake, which twists and turns in its sinuous course until it yields its tribute to the greatest of the western rivers, the mighty Columbia.

"Oh, rushing river, emerald hued,
How mad thou art and fearless,
No frowning gates though granite-barred
Can curb thy waters peerless.
The silent gods of stone
Revoke their ancient laws of might
When through the gorge with wing-swift flight
Thy wind-tossed waves are speeding,
Each moment wilder grown.—"Rhymes of the Rockies."

The trail we follow leads us now beside the willow clad banks of a veritable mountain trout stream. Its source is in a spur of the Sawtooth range, and cold springs and melting snows join their trickling waters, and gathering power and volume as they flow, become a respectable stream from a mere rivulet. Two species of trout teem in its waters and in the little brooklets that feed it. One of our party, an inveterate angler, cuts a willow switch, and tying on a hook, jumps from his pony, and with his hat knocks a grass hopper over, and soon has him fluttering on the hook. As we ford a little pushing, crystal stream, half hidden beneath the thick growing brush, our horses pause to drink. The angler dangles his hopper, not two feet from his horse's nose, and lo and behold! the next moment is taking in a half-pound trout. "Well, that beats me," said one of the party, "but I believe Joy could catch trout out of a meadow with a heavy dew on it."

The trail enters a rocky canon, and even the waters of Willow Creek make quite a respectable showing as they plunge through the narrow and rugged granite walls. The trail is rough, and further progress is blocked by the trunk of an immense fir tree which had fallen. We soon have the axe from its place on old Buck's side pack, its leather cover is removed, and sturdy arms attack the fallen giant, who disputes our right of way. Each man takes his turn, and the chips fly merrily. Soon we roll the severed log over the crest of the rocks into the torrent, and wend our way along among the rocks until the canon is passed. Grassy meadows and open glades now make our pathway easy, but in crossing through some jack pines, Pinto tries to rub off his pack; we dismount and tighten up the diamond, and see that the other packs are right, then on again.

As the sun gets low, a charming spot is reached; a grassy hillside with a spreading fir tree, and the rushing water of our stream just below us. We all dismount, off come the saddles, and while the patient pack horses are being relieved of their loads, the riding animals roll over in their joy that the day on the trail is done. Then we proceed to prepare the camp; but that is not the "trail," and we will not here describe the pleasures of camp life, but will say to those who have not been with us on "the trail:"

Far in the West there lies a charmed land, where the mountains
Lift, through their perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sounds, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp in loud solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine.

FRANK F. FRISBIE.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—III.

THE START FOR THE BEAR CHASE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 21.—Early on the morning after my arrival at the Bobo plantation we were in the saddle and off for our bear hunt. I had one day in which to kill my bear and catch a train. My personal baggage, consisting of my camera and bag, were to be put on the train at Bobo station that night. Twenty miles or so further down the road, nobody seemed to know just where, I was to catch the same train, we meantime having killed the bear. Mr. Bobo informed that, besides running his plantation, he had large timber contracts, especially with the railroad, and that a force of his men were then at work at one of his camps, about twenty miles below, on the Sunflower River.

"We will work on down in that direction," said he, "but will put out the dogs at another good place about half way to the camp. If we make a strike and kill there, we will not go on down to the camp, but will put you on your train at the nearest station on the road this evening. If we don't, we'll go on down to the camp on the Sunflower, and there we are sure of a bear to-morrow."

"But, my dear sir," said I, "what will Mr. Divine do if I don't show up on board that train to-night? I've promised to be there."

"I reckon Tom Divine knows what sort of man you're with," said Mr. Bobo, "and he can probably take care of himself, and you'll be getting plenty to eat yourself. Does he think I'm going out after bear and not get any bear? No bear, no train, my boy, so you might just as well be cheerful over it."

So I was cheerful, seeing that I was in the hands of my friends, though troubled a little about possible delay for the others at New Orleans on my account. Really, I wanted the bear as badly as anybody, and though I suppose I would have given up the bear to keep the engagement, I was not absolutely filled with grief to see the matter taken out of my hands thus decisively.

We made a great cavalcade as we filed out into the woods that morning. There were eight guns in all, Mr.



ON THE TRAIL.
"The precipitous side."

Bobo and his friend, Mr. Felix Payne, Mr. Bobo's son Horace and his nephew, Mr. Frank Harris, son of the county sheriff, and myself. Three colored boys of experience in bear hunting with Mr. Bobo, went along, Tom, Pete and Bill. These latter had been scouring the settlement the night before to get the dogs together, and complained they could not get them all, one valuable dog especially being missing, thought to be about eight miles up the railroad. I tried to count the pack as they swarmed around us, but I could not do so. The boys told us there were fifty-three in all with us. I imagine there are no larger or better bear packs in the country than the one we had, though Mr. Bobo complained that most of the dogs we had were young and inexperienced.



ON THE TRAIL.
Grassy Meadows and Open Glades.

"We might kill more bear by taking the six or eight best ones," he said, "but we have to be continually training the young ones to keep up the pack."

TRAINING THE PACK.

We had hardly gone half mile from the house before some of the puppies began to trail a deer, stringing out at cry. At once the process of training began, and it was a rough one. The young men, Mr. Horace and Mr. Frank rode in at speed, followed by Tom, Pete and Bill, and using clubs, rifle barrels, anything at hand, pounded the dogs back off the trail amid much doleful lamentation on the part of the dogs. For my part, I wish this need not have happened, for about half of the dogs had given tongue, and the music of it was enough to make one's shoulder blades creep. I noticed one old ginger-colored, big-headed half-breed, a stag and fox hound cross, with long white whiskers about his face, who did not stir from the path, and who looked with disdain at the noisy puppies as they came back.

"That's old Henry," said Mr. Bobo, "the best bear dog we've got. He won't open on anything but bear, and if he does open, you can bet it is bear."

I saw a slim, slit-eared, peaked-nosed fox hound go out and snuff at the trail the puppies had raised such a row over, then turn around and came back to the horses.

"That's Raphael," said Mr. Bobo, "he's got a colder nose than Henry, and Henry knows it. Raphael won't run anything but bear either, and if he opens, Henry will go to him. He won't go to the puppies. If Raphael opens, and Henry goes to him and opens too, you can bet all you have that it's bear, and pretty fresh, for old Henry's nose isn't cold enough to run a very faint trail. That's how we work one dog with another. When we get a bear trail lined out, we lay all the dogs on to it we can, and let 'er roll. I'm afraid we're going to have trouble with the puppies, but that's part of the game."

ON THE EDGE OF A CANE BRAKE.

We now rode through the magnificent timber of oak, ash, hickory and gum, and about eight miles from home came to a heavy cane brake, cut across by an old wooden tramway, once used in lumbering at that point. We now began to strike the bear country. The trees grew as large, but not so closely together. In the opens there were shrubs with tough, interlocking limbs. The brake itself was like a million cane fish poles set on end, so densely that it seemed a mouse could not crawl between. It was a thicket, a jungle, such as I had never seen in all my life before. Over the narrow tram road, whose loose and treacherous boards clattered complainingly under the horses' hoofs, the delicate green fringes of the cane met and interlocked. Nature was rapidly eating up the trace of man. Some of the boards of the tram were rotten, some were gone. The brake was swallowing the path. Into the dark multiplicity of the reiterant slender shafts of green, we sought to look, but fifteen feet from the eye the green was black, and the black was a wall. I had seen my first cane brake, and then at once I could understand why there were bears in this country. No riding, but foot over this country, and no stalking it, foot by foot, and no trapping over it, and no putting out of bait on it. The cover was the harborage of the game; everywhere in that cover the game could find its food. Why should a bear come out into the open and invite a bullet?

THE START.

But man, the great hunter, had invented for this country precisely the best way of killing the game desired, and this I was now to see in operation. There was a whimper from a puppy, a confused burst of twenty mingled tongues, and at length a tenore-robusto note from Raphael, answered by a deep "Boo-boo-boo-oo!" from Henry, as he sprang into the cover, and then—ah, me! but that was a glorious sound. I tingled.

"Come on!" cried Mr. Bobo, and off he went, I following, a thousand punishing switches of fine boughs cutting the face as we went at a run down the trail and cut into the old tramway. Of course we could not go into the cane. We pulled up together on the tram. "It'll cross near here if it heads this way," said Mr. Bobo. "Keep still now. Don't let your horse charge at the cane. Jerk his head off, jerk him! Keep everything still while I listen to the dogs. That bear ought to come right through here—oh, hang it! there's the pack split, and the young dogs are running a deer. Get after them, there, boys, get 'em off that deer! Raphael's alone, and he's right away off in there to the left of us; don't you hear him?"

I could hear what seemed to me a hundred thousand dogs, but they all sounded much alike, and they all made me feel one way; I wanted to shoot something right away.

"It's too bad about that deer," said Mr. Bobo. "Raphael's running a bear, but if he hears those others he may get jealous and cut over to them, thinking they've got his trail closer up. If he does that we're out of it. Hallo! here's Henry come back."

Old Henry walked deliberately out of the brake, looked up in his master's face, wagged an intelligent stump of a tail, and then taking his accustomed place at the heels of his master's horse, curled himself up for a nap, as if to say that he didn't care a cent what those fool puppies were doing.

"Too cold for your nose, eh, Henry?" said Mr. Bobo, and resumed his listening. "It looks bad for us," said he, "unless the boys can get the dogs over on to Raphael's trail. He's running the bear still, don't you hear?"

It was all my ears could do to catch the faint "ow! ow! ow-ow!" which was dying off in the distance, but Mr. Bobo knew which way the dog was going, and apparently what he was thinking about. I began to see something about where the skill in this sort of bear hunting was. It wasn't in the shooting, by a long ways.

Mr. Bobo and I sat on our horses at the tram for nearly two hours, and still the chase did not head our way. Horace and Frank came back, bringing a number of the dogs. They had seen a big buck lying within two feet of them behind a log, but obeyed orders and did not shoot. They reported that the colored boys had gone up to the head of the break, to try to turn the dogs there. After a while Bill came back, and said he heard "cane a-poppin' ahead of Raphel," and he thought it was the bear. Finally Raphael seemed to have headed over to some of the younger dogs, and the chase frayed out into nothing definite. Then everybody blew lustily upon his horn, and one by one for an hour the panting dogs came crawling in on the tram road out of the cane. Mr. Bobo was chagrined. "It wouldn't happen once in a hundred times," said he, "but I think they've lost the right trail, on account of the young dogs, and the deer divided the pack leaving Raphael alone. We might as well go on."

So we went on, passing along deer trails between great bodies of cane, down winding, dry bayou beds, through faint "hacks" (or trails cut through the cane) around and around, every way, till it puzzled me to tell what direction we had had or were about to have. It was plain to me that his was the easiest country to get lost in I had ever seen. Road, there was none. We simply were threading the brakes at the only thin places. Miss those, and—well, I don't know what then. But Mr. Bobo kept on with the instinct of the natural woodsman and the knowledge of the blind ways of the wilderness which years in these same woods had given him. The rest of us didn't know where we were going, only I knew I wasn't going to catch any train that night, sure.

THE SUNFLOWER WILDERNESS.

A couple of hours before dark we came out into open woods, and on the left could see the dark and sluggish waters of the Sunflower River. This stream was deep and narrow, and lay at the bottom of a great trough cut deep down into the allurium of that ancient valley. As we skirted along its banks, the surface of the water seemed a hundred feet below us, and we must have scrambled down that far from the top of the bluff to the point where we made our fording of the stream.

It was a pretty picture, that one at the ford. The deep banks, shaded thick with its many tints of green, were lit up by the evening sun which made bright the broken water. The horsemen, each with a rifle across his saddle bow, were scattered from one bank to the other of the stream. Upon the further bank one raised a horn to his lips and called long and loud to the dogs, some of which hesitated about taking to the water. A long line of swimming hounds crossed the river, while some were upon the further shore shaking themselves, many others, pursued by the whippers-in, ran up and down the hillier side of the stream crying to be carried over and afraid to make the plunge. A more spirited hunting scene would be hard to find than that presented us here in the heart of the great Sunflower wilderness, and I thought at the time that the artist who could paint it could achieve a lasting fame.

TIMBER FOR BEAR.

"We are now," said Mr. Bobo, "getting into the wildest country in the Mississippi valley. Below here I can show you a strip of country 40 miles by 60 or 75 miles, without a house on it, and it is full of game. All this land is as rich as any that lives out of doors, and some day it will be farmed, I suppose, though I hope I will never see that day. The valuable timber is just beginning to attract attention, and the first of the logging operations are now going on. The great market for this timber is in Europe, and a European firm is now operating below here. The finest ash timber in the world is in these bottoms, and no better oak ever grew than you see around you in these woods. Eventually the gum wood will come to be used for furniture and other purposes, and is a wood not yet appreciated as it will be. Very much of the European demand is for fine oak staves for use in wine casks. A stave piece of oak four feet long and eight inches wide, cut with the proper curve and about four inches thick, is worth $1.80 for each piece as it lies here on the ground, and it has to go all the way to Europe by water down the Sunflower to the railroad and thence out. This timber industry is one which will grow. As it does grow, the game will get more and more crowded out. It is not so abundant now as it once was, but it will be a long time before it is killed out. You may say that from here down to Vicksburg, and all along the Hatchee bottom is a big hunting ground yet.



ON THE TRAIL.
Ready to Break Camp After a Snowstorm.

BEAR WISDOM.

"I suppose you know that a bear is bound to go where the feed is. They will travel any distance to get to feed. All this in here is bear country. In the summer time the bear can get plenty of feed all over the country, poke berries and pawpaws, and all that sort of thing, up to about October. Then its summer feed dies down, and the bear go on to the mast, acorns and nuts. If there is

no mast where they are at the close of summer, they leave that section and travel till they locate the mast. A good bear hunter puts no dependence on what he hears about plenty of bear in the summer, for he knows that in the fall they may all have moved out and be a hundred miles from there.

"When the nuts get ripe in the fall the bear climbs the trees for them. They pull in the branches of the trees with their paws, and you can hear the limbs breaking and popping at a great rate. We say the bear are 'lapping' at that time, I suppose because they go up into the laps, or forks of the trees while feeding.

"Early this year we had a heavy freeze all over northern Mississippi, and this killed down the mast over a good deal of the country, and I know the bear have moved out very largely. A good bear hunter, when he goes out to hunt, does not just go into the woods hit or miss. He studies the feed, and knowing the habits of the game, he moves around until he 'locates the mast.' Now, if I had known you were coming down here for a hunt a couple of weeks before you came, I'd have known by this time right where the big body of the bear were feeding. The first thing I'd have done would be to find how far south this freeze went. Then I'd have gone down there and hunted up the watering places, and studied its feed and looked up the sign. Then I'd have been ready to go right where the game was at once.

"I am not exaggerating when I tell you that right where we will hunt we could kill bear like frogs if the mast was good. It is not good, but the bear have not all left, of course, and even if they were moving out we would hit some traveler's trail. Don't you be uneasy, we'll get our bear to-morrow. And I'll show you the wildest country you ever saw."



ON THE TRAIL.
Welcome back to the Ranch With a Load of Meat.

THE WILDEST COUNTRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

As to the accuracy of the latter statement there is no doubt. By mere chance I had blundered into what I now believe to be the wildest, most impenetrable piece of country in the United States and the best hunting country for bear, deer, turkey and fur. We hear all about the Rockies, and I read about the Adirondacks and other such well known regions till I get sick of it. Once in a while, too, we hear in a vague way about the hunting of the South, and it is understood there are still deer and a few bear there. But that there should exist so wide a strip of country so wild and so abounding with big game, I had never had any idea on earth, nor do I believe that many northern men have known of it. It was the Forest and Stream luck that led me to it. As it is certain that a great many others will now want to go there, and as it is also certain that most of these cannot go there, and could not do any successful hunting if they did go there, I beg patience while I try to describe, slowly and carefully, the conditions of the country and the necessities for sport there. This will best appear from the plain description of our own hunt, which was succesful.

AT THE TIMBER CAMP.

It was dusk when we reached the Bobo timber camp, on the banks of the Sunflower, about twenty miles from the plantation. Here we found three shacks, or cabins, made of upright shakes, two used for sleeping rooms and one for a kitchen. All about the woods and the dense cane brakes shut in close. The only road was the logging trail, a roll-way down to the river being established just back of the houses. We found Fitcher Bobo, Mr. Bobo's oldest son, in charge here of the gang of loggers and rafters. The foreman's name was Heide.

It was an ideal camp for a hunter as well as a timberman, this rough spot in the heart of the big wilderness, and indeed it looked a hunter's camp. Two or three hides of bear were tacked out on the walls of the shanties. Heide brought us the skin of a panther not long killed; a large one, measuring eight feet nine inches. He also exhibited with pride a great bear skin, killed by himself not long ago as he was walking out along the road after deer. The bear came out of the cane, and he killed it stone dead with a charge of buckshot. It was lean and the coat was thin.

Mr. Bobo made inquiries among the camp boys about bear sign, and I was glad to hear one of them tell of tracks lately seen at a water hole a couple of miles away. Mr. Bobo had not been down in this country before that fall, and proceeded to learn all possible about the water in such and such bayous, etc., points of interest for the hunt that was to follow.

BROILED DOG.

We had a pleasant time about the vast camp fire that night, and I recall one incident that will serve sufficiently well to illustrate the headlong and impetuous character of our hunt and hunter in chief. The camp was full of dogs, and it was a good deal of a task to get enough corn bread cooked for them all. They swarmed around underfoot, and whenever one dog jostled against another there was a fight at once. Every dog of the pack was a good, cheerful fighter, and didn't need a second invitation to pitch in. They would fight anywhere they happened to be, and they were usually between somebody's legs or under someone's feet. There were no stoves in the shanties, and our fire, a great affair built of long hardwood slabs, was built between two of the houses which stood end to end. The dogs were all around the fire, under the horses, and continually getting under foot. It seemed etiquette to stop a fight with a club. At length one particularly quarrelsome hound started a good lively fight with another dog right at Mr. Bobo's feet. He made a good free kick at the growling, biting aggregate, and happening to catch the hound just right, lifted him clear off the ground and sent him back downward right in the middle of the big log fire! Happily, the fire was not blazing, and the dog lit on a piece of log. Here he lay for a moment, wriggling to turn over, with a foul smell of singed hair arising, until finally he made a spring and got off. Running under the house, at once every dog under there jumped on to him and licked him because his singed hair didn't smell good, and for a few moments we had the biggest and most universal and loudest dog fight I ever heard or witnessed Meantime Mr. Bobo continued his story, not changing a muscle of his face. The dog was not hurt much, but I did not envy him his lot. To be kicked about in two, roasted alive, and then jumped on by your neighbors is what you might call hard luck, especially when it all happens in less than fifteen seconds, and right when you're not expecting it.

STORIES.

Mr. Bobo told us plenty of bear stories, as you may suppose, and I wish I had time for some of them.

"It is a mistake to think that the black bear of this country is a small and timid animal," said he. "They will run from a man or from the dogs just as every kind of bear usually will, but they don't seem much afraid to stop and fight the dogs when they feel so disposed. A bear won't leave his bed till the dogs get right on to him. If he's fat, he will climb a tree or sit up by a tree and fight, rather than run. If he gets hold of a dog he will bite his whole head in. Of course, the best bear dog is one that won't fight too close.

"I have had two or three bear come at me, one an old she bear which I shot almost up against me. I have killed many a bear with a pistol, and many with just my knife when the pack had them bayed so I could get at them close. Of course, it's all in the dogs. You rarely ever shoot a bear over fifteen or twenty yards at the outside. If you hit it anywhere in the hollow of the body back of its fore legs, the dogs will get it sure. Of course, wounded bear might come for a fellow oftener, but you see we always have the dogs there, so the danger is small. The shooting of the bear is the last part of the whole business. We all carry the light carbine model Winchester, 44-40 or 38-40, as that is the handiest gun to ride cane with. We are so close when we shoot that we usually hit the bear about right to kill him the first shot. It sometimes happens that a dog is hit by a bullet that has gone through a bear. I have had dogs killed that way.

"As to the size of bears in this country, I have killed them to weigh 700 pounds dressed. That was a fat bear. A weight of 300 or 400 is common, I may say.

"I consider the wild hog the most dangerous animal to meet in these woods. They will charge anything. All the other animals will run.

"There are some wolves in these bottoms. I once had a man out with me once who was treed, or rather chased up on a log, by a pack of wolves. He broke his gun stock off hitting them, but he killed several before we got at him.

"There are a good many panthers in these woods, but I never really knew of one attacking a man. One followed another man and me one night for over six miles. We had to swim our horses over a bayou at one place, and it left us there."

I asked Mr. Bobo the old Forest and Stream question whether or not the panther screamed, telling that some wise men had said it never did.

"Well, maybe they never heard one holler," said he, "and so they thought no one else ever did. They do, just the same. Their call is a sort of scream. No, I shouldn't say it was like a woman's scream. I have heard them give a sort of coarse, rumbling purr or whine. like a big cat, too. The panther that followed us was crying out every once in a while. It sometimes came up within a few feet of us in the dark. I think a good willow switch would do to scare away about any panther in the country."

Meantime the New Orleans express was speeding southward. I had quite forgotten it.

909 Security Building, Chicago, Ill. E. HOUGH.

FLORIDA FUN.—III.

The day after the boys started home was bright, with a bracing northwest wind, so after an early dinner H—— and Joe started for an old field three miles south from town, where a man said there were two coveys that had never been disturbed.

Arrived at the field, they canvassed it and the adjacent ground for two hours, without finding the least sign of quail, and at last, filled with disgust, reviling liars in general and Florida quail liars in particular, they started homeward, but when about half-way back to town, turned into a weed-grown pear orchard. They had found some in there, a week before, and the way Joe went to work showed that he was determined to find them again. He finally disappeared in the weeds, and did not come when called, so H—— started to hunt the dog, expecting to find him on a point, but happening to look toward the woods, he saw the dog sixty rods away, in full chase of something which could not be seen for the bushes, but which Joe soon ran up a big pine. H—— was not in a very good humor before this happened, and now he was glad of a chance to take it out of Joe's hide, so he cut a good switch and started for the dog. Joe knew what was coming, and meekly started to meet his expected thrashing; but his big, brown eyes flashed so eloquently to be let off easily that H—— only whipped him a little, and then sent him back into the weeds. In a few minutes he found the trail of a running covey, which he followed several hundred yards before they stopped. They wound around through the weeds, and crossed their trail several times. It was nearly sundown, and they were very much opposed to flight, and consequent scattering so near roosting time, but it was useless. Joe held to the trail as surely as if they had been leading him by a string, and at last they were driven into a corner and had to fly. H—— was very desirous of marking them down exactly, so decided to take but one shot as they rose. Selecting the extreme right-hand one, the shot left a cloud of feathers in the air and a very dead bird fell in the weeds. H—— watched their flight through the open pine woods, then saw them swerve to the right and drop at the edge of a little swamp. "All right, Joe, they are right on a line between the up-turned root and that magnolia-tree in the swamp. Now, we will go down there, and you will find them, and I'll undertake to kill every one you find." Joe had kept his eye on the spot where the dead bird fell, and did not look away from it now, but wagged his tail to say that he heard. Then he brought the dead one, and they started for the others, both man and dog fully determined to wipe that bunch of quail from off the face of the earth. Fifteen feet from the edge of the bushes Joe pointed. It did not fly twenty feet before it was knocked into pulp. It was not the way to get nice meat, but it would have been out of sight if it got ten feet farther, and H——'s blood was up, determined to kill every one of those birds. Another got up and tried to get back to the field, but dropped in the grass thirty yards away, leaving a lot of floating feathers, drifting slowly to the ground. Joe accidentally flushed the third one in the edge of the swamp. H—— made a clean miss with the first, and tried to get it with the second just as it disappeared in the tall, thick bushes, and got a lot of feathers, but did not see whether it fell, and Joe failed to find it. He came back and pointed another one, which topped the bushes, and went straight away, and H—— made one of those unaccountable and aggravating misses that fall to the lot of every sportsman. Then H—— sat down on a log, and gave himself a talking to.

"Now look here, old man. You said you were going to kill every one of those birds, and you've let two get away out of five. It's plain that you are rattled. You saw the bushes when you tried to kill those lost two birds. Now mind, you don't see any more bushes when you try to shoot. Just see the bird, and nothing else, do you hear? Joe is on a point now, but you just take out your watch and see that three minutes pass before you get up from this log."

When the three minutes were up, H—— walked leisurely toward the dog. The bird got up twenty feet away, and flew back over H——'s head. He threw up his gun, and was about to shoot before it passed over him, but said: "Steady, old man!" turned and watched the bird till his eye had correctly located the bird and the direction of its flight, then threw the gun to his shoulder and following the flight of the bird for an instant, pulled the trigger and made a clean kill, the bird falling inside of thirty yards. Whereupon he shook hands with himself, but with a caution not to get rattled again.

The next one found did not have to go twenty feet to get out of sight, but a charge of shot literally split it wide open. There was nothing left of it but two wings, held together by shreds of the breast. Then Joe found the trail of one that had run and followed it to a point, a rod from the edge of the bushes. H—— did not want to shoot the birds all to pieces, so decided he would get between this one and the swamp and take his chance on killing it, if it flew over his head as he expected it would, but it circled to the right expecting to enter the bushes thirty yards below. "You've got lots of time," said H—— to himself, and then dropped the bird just at the edge of the bushes. While he stood waiting for Joe to find some more, one flushed from almost under his feet, and by so doing made a fatal mistake. Then Joe was made to hunt the ground all over again very closely, but it was ten minutes before another one was found and added to the bag. Judging that this was about the last of them, H—— started to get up to the one he had missed, and marked. Joe found its trail in thick grass, followed it some distance and pointed, but before H—— got there it flushed.

probably remembering its narrow escape a short time before. As it was now dark and the bird flew in the wrong direction, it was not followed, and man and dog set out for the town—a mile and a half away. They were tired. They had been afield for six hours. H—— had not stopped an instant, except the few minutes he sat on the log while Joe had traveled full sixty miles. The faithful old fellow was so tired that he stopped at the first house they came to, and insisted on staying there, and lagged behind his master all the way to town, but they were very well contented as they trudged along, for both had done their very best and they had got the quail.

The next day it rained, and the next one was a continuation of the rainy one.

The following day being fair, in the afternoon Mr. Lee Cawthon, one of the thoroughbreds among sportsmen, suggested that H—— go with him to see if some quail could be found. They found three coveys, and did a lot of poor shooting, only getting sixteen quail out of about thirty-five shots. H—— remarked that if they only had somebody with them who could shoot a nice lot of birds would have been killed, but they consoled themselves by thinking that more fun could be had with the birds they did not kill than with the dead ones, and resolved to try it the next afternoon, and H—— also resolved to brace up and kill every bird he shot at.

On the next day's shoot the first find was in thin weeds in a pear orchard. Joe was going rapidly, right with the wind, when he dropped flat on the ground and lay motionless. When the shooters came up, quail got up on every side of them. Lee scored one on the rise, but H—— being a little too far off, and trees in the way, did not shoot. Three or four birds dropped in tall grass in the edge of the orchard, the rest dropping on the farther side of a narrow swamp. Getting the birds out of the grass, Lee got one and H—— got feathers from another, and marked it down on the farther edge of the swamp. Getting through the swamp, Joe struck the trail of another one, and followed it fifty yards along the edge. When it flushed, H—— showed what a full choke gun will do, when pointed right at a quail only twenty yards away. While hunting for this dead one, Joe flushed another, which H—— felt sure he would get, but just as he was about to shoot, the bird darted suddenly upward. H—— tried to follow this movement of the bird, but had so nearly pulled the trigger that the gun was fired before it caught up with the unexpected movement, and the bird disappeared in the swamp. Meanwhile Lee's pointer had given his master three shots along the edge of the swamp, but he scored only one, the others going into the swamp. Then the dogs got the trail of another, and followed it into the swamp, and out into the grass and back in the swamp again where they lost it. It had probably flown, while the men and dogs were busy with the others. Then H—— went to look for the one he had feathered when it flew out of the field. Joe pointed it, and when it was kicked out it could not fly, so Joe caught it, and while bringing it in made another point. Two birds flushed and flew right into the swamp, only a few feet distant. H—— remembered he was "not to see the bushes," and snapped both birds before they flew forty feet. Then he shook hands with himself, and sent Joe for the two birds. Lee now came up, and showed where he had marked the two birds in the swamp. H—— told him to get out on the farther side and be ready for them, when H—— and Joe should drive them out. They gave him a couple of shots, but both got away.

Now, just a word about Lee's shooting, which according to this account seems rather indifferent. It must be borne in mind that he is still a young man, and has had no such opportunities to perfect his shooting as H—— has had. In fact, there is no excuse for H—— not being a good field shot, for he has had a vast amount of practice. Lee has all the fine instincts of a thorough sportsman, and with enough practice will make an expert wing shot. H—— suggested that more birds could be killed with a cylinder bored gun; Lee said that was true, but it was lots more fun to kill one with a full choked gun, and, besides, it was hardly fair to the quail to use a scattering gun.

Next they got in the cart, and drove to an old plantation two miles farther from town. Here was an ideal place for quail. There was a hundred acres of sedge, briars, weeds, and dead grass, with two thicket-bordered brooks running through the center and woods all round. They entered this tract where there was a bare hill commanding a view of the whole ground. Joe paused a moment, and looked it over, then looked back at H——, gave one joyous bark, and sailed out into the sedge carrying a high head and waving tail, sure he would find birds. His black head can just be seen above the sedge as he makes a wide cast to leeward, then comes up against the wind in a bounding gallop, but presently he drops to a trot, then stops, and, turning his head, looks for H——, who is still standing on the hill. H—— starts toward the dog, and the black head drops out of sight. By the time H—— gets there the birds have run, but Joe speedily roads them fifty yards to a solid point. H—— has called to Lee to come on, and his pointer backs Joe. The dogs are on opposite sides of the birds, and are facing each other. For a minute the two men stand, and admire the two dogs, wishing for a camera to preserve the inspiring sight. Then they put them up and get two, the rest going just across the thicket, and dropping in very thick high grass. Joe gets out of sight, and they can't find him, but presently Lee's dog points in grass knee high. H—— flushes the bird, and it goes toward Lee, who is forty yards away. H—— said: "Shoot it," and Lee tried both barrels at it but failed to get it, and H—— tried to console him by telling him it was the most difficult shot ever tried. At the report of Lee's gun the rest of the birds flew out of the high grass, and then Joe walked out of it with a "what's the matter with you fellows?" look on his face.

These birds flew through the thicket, and scattered along it for a hundred yards. Lee went after them, and got several shots and bagged two, while H—— followed a single one he saw drop a short ways out in the sedge. The cover was thick enough to thoroughly hide a turkey, but that quail ran several rods before it was pointed. It rose high, and circled to the right, trying to get back to the thicket, but instead of getting there, it illustrated how badly a choke bored gun will spoil a quail, and another one that was near by did not feel safe and tried to dodge behind a bush and get safely to the woods, but just before it reached the bush the shooter held true on it. Then H—— went over to help Lee, and missed a couple that got safely into the woods. Lee went after them, and got one which he was a long time in finding, and H—— turned out into the sedge to look for another covey. The sedge was so high the dog was soon out of sight, and did not come when called; so H——, confident the dog was on a point, spent fifteen minutes hunting him, by climbing the tall pine stumps and, looking, but could see no dog. Finally he heard quail chattering, and a moment later saw them rise from the sedge, part going to the thicket and the rest going off to the right, were not marked. A little later a single one flew, and was marked. Joe came to where H—— was still standing on a stump, and Lee and his dog coming up, both went after the single bird. Both dogs got on its trail, and roaded to a point. Both men shot at it, and probably both hit it; anyway it was killed. Then the dogs struck out for more birds, and Joe was soon lost again, but was presently seen on a hill side, pointing in thick grass. H—— tried to flush the bird, and kicked the grass all around in front of the dog, but no bird came out. Then Joe was told to catch it, and pounced on a thick tuft of grass which he tore open and then caught the bird, but let it go, probably thinking H—— wanted to shoot it. Anyhow, he did shoot it. Soon afterward Lee's dog pointed near by, and it took both men to knock a few feathers out of it, but it was so hard hit that Joe caught it when they followed it up.

The dogs pointed again before going after the wounded one and two birds flushed. Each man picked a bird, and both made clean kills. When going after the wounded one they flushed another, which, by using both barrels, they managed to wound, but could not mark it, so did not go after it. Over at the thicket they got up the rest of the birds and scored two misses apiece. H—— marked one in the edge of the field, and got it; then the other birds were followed into the woods, but Lee's dog in trying to jump over a barbed wire fence got his flanks caught on the top wire and his struggles soon got his hind legs into a very serious tangle among the wires. It looked as if legs would be broken, and the dog's hide cut into strings. H—— dropped his gun, and tried to release the dog, but as he was a big dog and hung on the other side of the fence, he could not do much with him until Lee got on the other side and held him up, while H—— untangled him. Meanwhile Joe concluded that H—— and the dog were fighting, and had to be severely kicked to keep him from chewing the other dog's head off. For a few minutes the two men and two dogs were mighty busy, but the unfortunate dog was released without any injury beyond a few cuts and scratches from the barbs, and pointed a quail before he got one hundred yards from the fence. That was the last bird for the day, and it got away.

It was nearly sundown, and they noted they were tired enough to quit, so they got in the road and walked to the cart. At the foot of the hill they stopped to drink from the pure water that ran down the brook, and laid out their birds on the bridge floor to count them. There were just eighteen, and they thought it was enough. H—— has had many shooting companions, but none pleasanter than Mr. Cawthon. He has the true instinct of the sportsman, which takes care that a shooting companion shall have his share of the sport, rejoices at his success, and finds excuses for his failures. He is just the opposite of the game hog.

Florida quail are somewhat different from the northern ones in their habits. They are more frequently found in the woods, and the Florida dog hunts them in the woods, as well, or better than he does in the fields, but the northern dog is not a satisfactory woods hunter, because he has not been in the habit of finding them there. These piney woods quail are great runners, and do not lie nor fly closely pressed, and it is very seldom a dog finds them without trailing a long way, and when they alight they are almost sure to run some distance before hiding; neither do they lie so well as the northern ones, but will frequently fly from the dog after he has pointed and is perfectly quiet. For this reason it is well to get within shooting distance as soon as possible after the dog points one.

Very reluctantly H—— packed his trunk that evening to take his departure for Pensacola, for there were still quail to be had, and Mr. Cawthon urged him to stay, but that had to be the last of the quail shooting for a while, at least, though H——promises himself just a few more days with Mr. Cawthon, five or six maybe, before he has to face the cold March weather of Wisconsin. Now, H—— didn't know a soul in Pensacola, but two hours after he got there, he saw some guns and fishing tackle in Johnson & Forbe's show window, went in and introduced himself as a lover of field sports and as an occasional contributor to Forest and Stream. "Yes, glad to see you," said Mr. Willis. "We all are the biggest lot of gun cranks in town, and we read Forest and Stream, too. Mr. H——, shake hands with Mr. Beers, our full-choke duck crank, and Mr. B. Forbes, our cylinder-bored, all-round shooting crank, and Mr. H. S. Forbes, our full-choke quail crank." Then these big souled sportsmen took H—— right into their hearts, and began to overflow with plans for helping him to generous slices of quail and duck shooting, and offered to put all the fish in Pensacola waters at his disposal, if he would stay till they got ripe.

The first event to come off was a trip to the ducking grounds at the mouth of the Escambia River, where the club have a house, boats, decoys, etc. On this trip, Mr. Beers—Ben, the boys call him, took H—— under his wing, and sure did himself proud as an entertainer and chaperone to a lone duck hunter in a strange land. Every inch of him is good fellow, but he does not deserve any credit for it, because he is just built that way and couldn't help it if he tried. It is ten miles to the club house, but the road was good, the weather warm as summer, and the time so pleasantly passed in talk that it was a very short ten miles.

Mr. Beers said his first shooting experience happened when he was a small boy living in New Orleans. His father brought a musket from the war, and it lay around the house until Ben and his brother managed to get a cap and some powder. They had no shot, but substituted a handful of small nails. After charging the gun, they started in quest of game, and seeing a buzzard soaring high over the city, decided that their pet chickens were in great danger from this hawk, and thus they must kill it. The explosion of the over-loaded gun roused the entire population for several blocks around, and in a few seconds 500 people were collected to learn what had "busted." Then the little fellows got scared, and running into the house, never stopped till they were on the roof. As they cautiously peeped over the edge of the cornice, a policeman spied them and ordered them to come down or be instantly shot to death; so they came down and were marched off to jail for shooting in the city limits. But it did not break Ben from shooting, for he never misses a chance to go after ducks. A few days ago he was sitting half asleep in a blind, when he was roused by a rush of wings that made him think at least fifty mallards were dropping right among the decoys, and on looking out he was made very wide awake indeed by seeing an enormous grey eagle swoop onto a dead mud hen that lay among the decoys and start away with it. Then Ben stood up and put a charge of No. 5 shot right into the eagle, but it just humped itself a little and dropped the mud hen, but the second shot winged it, and it was Ben's eagle. Then while he and his boatman were examining the great bird, another eagle swooped down on the mud hen, lying only a few yards away, and carried it off, Ben and his man being so surprised that they never thought of shooting it.

It was dark soon after Ben and H. reached the club house, and soon afterwards a thunder storm came on, one of the big kind that always confine themselves to the South, but the hunters were so cosy before the bright fire in the old fireplace, and spent the evening discussing various social and political problems; then setting the clock to alarm at the next morning, they turned in. When they got up the sky was black as ink, and the wind blew forty miles an hour. The temperature had fallen twenty degrees. It was impossibe to row a boat against such a gale, and the intended trip across the bay after mallards had to be given up. So they waited till daylight and then went three-quarters of a mile down the river to try for bluebills. As they rounded a point, some green-winged teal got up, and H. being in advance, dropped one, then so soon as the gun was empty, a big bunch of mallards arose nearer than the teal, and I thought how useless was an empty gun. At the mouth of the river was a substantial blind, having a floor just above the water. Here part of the decoys were put out and H. put in the blind. Ben put out the rest of the decoys near the bank, put on his grass suit and sat down in the rushes, and the boatman started out on the bog to stir up the ducks. There were several shots offered during the next hour, but so violent was the wind that the shooting was almost at random, and ten shots only brought down six ducks, one of which fell into the bay and was blown out to sea. Another was only winged and the wind blew it so far away that it was out of range when it struck the water, so it deliberately swam ashore, walked up the bank and into the rushes. Another wounded one fell into the water fifty yards away, and in shooting at it on the water it was plainly seen that the wind carried the shot charge two or three feet to one side. In a couple of hours the wind had blown most of the heat out of the men's bodies, so they rowed back to the house, built a rousing fire, ate another breakfast, and after getting thoroughly warm started to Pensacola, voting they had had a good time anyway.

Dorsey, the boatman, is deserving of mention, for there is no better one. His mother was a negro and his father an Indian, and in this case the union bore good fruit. He rows a boat, handles the horses or cooks a good meal to perfection, and is entirely reliable. He is a keen sportsman, too, and no doubt would get his share of the game if he had opportunity to shoot.

Pensacola offers many inducements to the tourist angler. It is a very comfortable place to stop, water transportation is abundant and cheap, either by sail boats or naptha launches. Its land-locked bogs are of great extent and pretty enough to satisfy anyone, and there are a great many points of interest about the navy yard and the forts that have defended the entrance to the bay. Along the outer beach of Santa Rosa Island, the shell-gatherer can get all he wants in quantity and variety. In their season there is great abundance of nearly all varieties of both fresh and salt water fish, common to this latitude, but it is too far north for much good fishing before the first of March, and the winter weather would hardly satisfy those in search of a tropical climate. There is a good many days of perfect weather, but there are some rainy ones and cloudy days with wind that is too cold for the enjoyment of laziness. During March and April, both the climate and the fish just hump themselves to give the angler a good time.

H. has set his heart on landing a fifteen-foot shark, and harpooning just one big porpoise out of the scores that he sees tumbling and rolling in the bay, but as it is too early for this sport, he and Joe will go quail hunting for the next three weeks. The capture of shark and porpoise and a lot of ten pound red snappers will be duly announced—after they are landed. H. has thought every day of the many readers of Forest, and Stream who for various reasons cannot help him enjoy these good things in person, and hopes they may derive some pleasure from the next best thing, reading about them in "our paper," for he gets a vast amount of solid comfort from reading the narratives of his fellow contributors, and feels under obligations to them.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Expects to Read It Forty Years.

OREGON.—I consider the Forest and Stream the finest paper in the United States for a sportsman. My name has been on your list during the past ten or eleven years, and I expect to continue the balance of my lifetime, which should be thirty or forty years more, at least.

FRANK M. FARLAND.

"The Next Best Thing."

NEW YORK.—On account of my poor health, I am unable to have my usual hunting, but I get along very well reading Forest and Stream. I could not stand it if it was not for the old Forest and Stream; it fills a place nothing else can fill.

M. S. GOODING.

Vom Hofe Reels.

Anglers, before placing their orders elsewhere, should see the Vom Hofe reels, manufactured by Julius Vom Hofe, Brooklyn, N. Y. These reels are not sold at retail by the manufacturer, but may be found in the leading fishing-tackle stores everywhere. The angler who purchases a Vom Hofe reel, even in the cheaper grades, is sure of one of the best articles that skill and honest work can produce. The reels are unsurpassed for fine workmanship, smoothness in running and durability.—Adv.

Game Bag and Gun.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

May 13 to 18. Madison Square Garden, New York.—First annual Sportsmen's Exposition.

A SINGLE SHOT.

"Come Beau, old dog! how are your stiff, rheumatic legs this bracing September morning?' I called to the nine year old liver and white pointer, as he lay on his side in the sun, slowly and laboriously stretching himself, a result of the previous day's hunt.

"Do you feel like giving them another bout to-day?" For reply, the old thoroughbred speedily found his feet and nearly upset me in his gambols and efforts to lick my face.

"That will do, old dog. I knew it was idle to ask you, for you would go while you could stand, and, as you are agreeable, we will do our best to get that old grouse of the alder patch, which has cost me so many scratches and barked shins searching after him, and which has fooled us so often in coming out just where we were not."

So, picking up my cylinder Parker 12-bore, 6 1-4 pounds, we two fast friends left Rye Beach, New Hampshire, on that perfect morning, such a one as only that lovely resort can boast. We made across the stony fields for the cover of the native's "partridge," but my own dearest foe, the ruffed grouse.

At that season the trees are still in full leaf, and the hunting of the much-hunted grouse is not the tame affair it is in Maine or sections where their tameness at times encourages pistol practice at their heads, but it takes a past grand master of the guild to bring down the hurtling meteor of the woods, in the yard or two only of the glimpse he allows you to get of him.

Beau and I, in our many hunts of him, have mutually agreed that entirely too frequently he was one too many for us. The dog was seven years old when I began to hunt him, and his training in the field had been nothing, so that I despaired of teaching the "tricks" to a dog so old. But his strain was fine, and what he lacked in accomplishments he made up for in a way that only "blood will tell"; hence he was sadly handicapped in his encounters with this cunning ruffed grouse.

The bird we were especially after that day, "used" in a dense alder thicket, so heavy with undergrowth it was impossible to keep the dog in sight. On half a dozen previous days the welcome roar of his wings alone told me that he was there, or had been; for he stood not on the order of his going, and I never could get a sight of the color of his feathers.

The last time I came around the alders, I noticed a small clearing adjacent to them, and leading up into the woods—a tongue, as it were, about 40 yards wide—and I said to myself, "Old fellow, I believe you come out through here, and as I have always entered the alders on the opposite side, the trick was yours. We'll see what Beau and I can do with you the next time."

When we reached the woods, the dog soon limbered up, and had his hunting cap on, poor old fellow! he always wore it very jauntily so long as the flesh was willing, but it was not so strong as his spirit. Thereon he raised nothing, and as I had made a detour through the woods to come out at the upper end of my new-found clearing, I called him in to me.

"Beau, old dog, we've got a tough customer to deal with. This bird has fooled us so often; I reckon he thinks we are a pair of chumps."

The dog's big, brown eyes rested on mine as if to say, "I'm ready for him," but still the uncertain wag of his tail proclamed a certain spice of uncertainty.

Moving up to about twenty yards or so of the alders, so I could command a view over their tops, right in the centre of the little clearing I sent the dog in, and taking a firm grip of my Parker, I awaited developments.

For what seemed ages, so keen was I to bag that particular bird, I could hear the dog working in through the undergrowth, and I knew it would soon be pretty warm for old Mr. Grouse if he was putting up there that morning.

On a sudden, the noise the dog was making ceased. Firmer still I grip my gun and brace myself for the expected.

Yes, he's there, and as the welcome sound of his "rise" caught my ear, every sense and nerve was alert. Eagerly I scan the tops of the alders. For one instant he seems stationary in the air as he shot into view, balancing in his turn to get his line of flight, then bore down on me not fifteen yards high. What a royal bird he is! Now or never! With an effort when I first saw him, I pulled myself together. Calmly, now, my gun covers him and follows his flight until I judge he is past me sufficiently to make a fine driving shot. As I press the trigger and see him give way in his fall, while the smoke lifting reveals the welcome cloud of fine down floating off on the air, only those who have done likewise know how I felt.

As I slip another shell in, the old dog comes running up, both eyes an interrogation point. Did you get him? "You bet I did, thanks to you, old felllow."

Together we find him, for Beau is no retriever. As I smooth down his broad, brown back and place his black, velvety collar in place, I stow him away in my pocket with the remark, "You tried it once too often, my beauty."

J. L. B.

Sportsmen as Epicures.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As it is generally admitted that game of all kinds is yearly becoming more scarce, even to the extent of extermination, and many of my fellow sportsmen are publishing theories as to the cause. I wish to be permitted to express, through the columns of Forest and Stream, my views on the subject.

The present condition of affairs is attributed by some persons to the forest fires, by others to the severe winters; some say it is caused by game-destroying vermin; the poacher is blamed for it, and many persons believe that it is due to pot-hunting. But while I agree that all of these causes contribute more or less to the general result, I believe that the scarcity of game is to a great extent due to the selfishness of sportsmen.

I do not contend that the extermination of game may be caused by legitimate sport; on the contrary, I claim that the amount killed by sportsmen in a legitimate manner is much smaller than the natural increase, and that our game species would thrive and become plenty if they had nothing but their natural enemies and the legitimate sportsmen to contend against.

But in no other class of persons, in proportion to their numbers, are there so many epicures as among sportsmen. No one appreciates the flesh of a wild bird or animal so much as the person who has pursued them, and taking the markets of this city as a basis, I am confident that at least seventy five per cent. of the game sold is purchased by sportsmen. And these same sportsmen, after sitting down to a game dinner and partaking freely of game of various kinds, will write articles deploring the sale of game and condemning the poor devil who kills the game which they eat. "Consistency! Thou art a jewel." If these gourmands would only reflect they must surely see the absurdity of their position. The traffic in game, like the traffic in every other commodity, is governed by the law of supply and demand, and while there is game to be had, with hungry sportsmen willing to purchase, the nefarious practice of pot-hunting will continue to exist.

The most effectual, and in fact the only means by which the traffic in game can be stopped is to cut off the demand. If game cannot be sold, it will not be killed for that purpose; and if sportsmen and every person who delights in Nature and admires her creations would consider it their duty to discourage in every possible way the purchase and consumption of dead game the present system of market hunting could be completely eradicated.

PENNSYLVANIA. J. F. O'NEILL.

Four Deer With Four Shots.

The night before Christmas Arthur Snyder (a boy 15 years old) and I went out after deer. We had not gone more than a mile from the mill when my dog Frank struck a scent from up the canon. We rode slowly and looked the ground over carefully. Soon we saw a big buck pawing for browse. I saw but one; Arthur said he saw two. We hitched our horses and were slipping up very careful, as we thought, the snow was 18 inches deep, but it made a crunching noise. We had not gone far when we saw a deer running down the ridge from our right, about 100 yards beyond where we saw those feeding; it may have been mossing in a fallen tree-top and have seen us. We kept on, and soon I saw one standing about 300 yards off. I told Arthur I would take a shot at it, and if the others ran out he would have a good chance to shoot a buck. I thought the one standing was a doe; I raised my sight for 300 yards, sat down in the snow, took a knee rest, put the cross hairs on the centre of the neck and pulled the trigger. At the crack of the rifle, which was very little, for I was using a nitro-powder, the deer fell. In a few seconds Arthur pointed out two bucks trotting out up the ridge. I told him to wait and they would stop as soon as they got on to the ridge; they did stop; he raised his rear sight for 200 yards and fired off hand, and down dropped the biggest buck, shot through the back just over the heart. It was a splendid shot, and this was his second deer; he had killed one last winter.

Wednesday I went out on the mountain, back of the mill. I wanted to get a deer or two to make into sausage. I had got within half a mile of the summit when Frank struck a scent off at my left. I rode along very slow and looked the ground over very carefully. Soon I saw three deer lying under a fir tree; I got down from the horse and raised my rifle with the telescope sight, to take a look at them. When I got the glass on them they did not look to be more than twenty yards away, although they were about 100. I drew up off-hand and shot at the old doe's neck. The young ones did not get up; I shot at the head of the one that was lying next to the old doe. The other young one jumped up and trotted up on to a little rise about fifteen feet from where its mate lay; I shot at its neck, and it fell. That was four deer I had killed at four shots. It was the best I had ever done with a new rifle. They were the last deer I expect to shoot at this winter. It is forty-one years this winter since I killed my first deer, but I have never had a combination that is equal to the one I now have, yet I never expect to use it in hunting game for market, although I may kill a few deer to give to friends; but my love for hunting has not diminished, and it is the first winter I have confined my hunting to horseback. I am very anxious to try my new outfit on a bear, and I shall go over on Meyers' Creek as soon as they come out in the spring.

WASHINGTON. L. W. WILMOT.

OPINIONS.

"Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." Should you stand close enough to have your eye knocked out, do not blame the chip, but institute a "still-hunt" for the power that propelled the projectile.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a purchaser and reader of your sometimes valuable paper long enough to be the possessor of a number of opinions, distinctly my own (now published for the first time). Whether I have been a patron of sports long enough to entitle those opinions to space in your journal or not remains to be seen; but in this day of "full cry" about the "market hunter," we should at least study the cause and then as carefully apply the remedy or remedies.

It is very strange that some of the brainy people of sports have not thought to apply the law of supply and demand to the "disappearing game" question. There is a dearth of employment and an over-production of employees. While it is true that many people are outlaws by choice, thousands to one are outlaws from necessity, and what is true of transgressors of the law is also, in great part, true of the "market hunter."

Let us glance at two pictures that are not hung in rooms at the art loan now in progress in this city.

Picture No. 1.—The scene carries us back to the days of 61-65. There is a roaring camp fire on the corner in the village, and to the accompaniment of lusty cheers, a frothing speaker is telling the youth what a glorious cause is the cause of one's country. A mustering officer in a bright uniform paints in roseate hues to verdant aspirants for glory undying, the romantic life of a "bowld soger boy." How they will march as victors into the enemies' cities, the bands playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," that advancement will surely and rapidly follow those who now enroll their names upon the muster sheet. The company is filled and in a few days is on its way to the front. The recruit has been the recipient of many hearty handshakes, and of God speeds; and now that the parting with loved ones is passed, he pictures over and over again his old home as he last saw it, when the setting sun threw around it a glory whose memory will be his only companion during long and lonely vigils. We need not stop to detail the desperate fighting and weary marches, of the longing for home and loved ones. He is far out on the skirmish line one day, and along with others is surprised and taken a prisoner; and thus ends the first chapter in our heroe's war experience He had dreamed of leading captives through the enemie's cities; but the officer in bright uniform who enrolled his name made no mention of the uncertainties of war; and he who would lead the victorious captors is driven through the cities of the enemy an object of contempt to be spat upon. He asks his fellow prisoners whither they are bound, and they know not, but hope not to that prison, that with its keeper, has become the adjective of horror on all their lips. But it is so, and one day he forms one of the string of "fresh fish" that file between menacing arms into the dread stockade. During those dreadful weeks how the memory of brighter days come to dispel the gloom of his awful surroundings! how his fitful slumber is filled with faces away in Northland that he will never see more! Awakening, his surrroundings are more dismal than ever before! The mustering officer had not told him of the southern "preserves," and one day he oversteps the line—the guard fires, and a shivering, ragged wretch falls to earth, to gasp once or twice, and give up his spirit. Perish here all golden dreams of the returning conquering hero. Far away from friends and those most dear, perishes the victim of "preserves."

The other picture finds its scene in Fatherland. A flaming poster tells in ten line pica letters of the occidental El Dorado, the land of the free, where there is room enough and land enough for all, where sweet songsters warble all day in shady woodlands, and where laughing, sparkling waters, teem with finned beauties, while in the forest depths are found the deer and abundance of game. Added to the delightful climate, its diversified flora, its sunny skies, there is no place where the emigrant is more welcome than in America. She needs you all! Who will come and build up his fortune in the new land? The reader "enlists," and in a few days his belongings are on the wharf, while many promises are made to those he leaves behind to write them all about this wonderful land! He is hustled aboard along with others, and ere long his native shores fade from the sight of the watching emigrant.

The days upon the ocean are spent upon golden dreams of tomorrows, of the land where all are free, where a living can be had for the shooting of it, where the streams teem with fish life, and chance thought, has he not with him the trusty firearm that was his father's? and in a land where game is so plentiful, should employment fail, why could he not supply those who have not time to follow the chase?

His capture dates from the moment of his enlistment. On his arrival at Castle Garden he is corraled and in a drove with others is driven aboard his train. "Where to?" he asks the fellow in the next pen, but no one can enlighten him. "Westward ho!" the train trends, and he is as much of a curio to the people who crowd the platforms at way stations as our would-be hero was in the enemie's cities. He is set down in Minnesota. The snow has not come, and Autumn fires have spread destruction and desolation. There is no enjoyment! But a small amount of the hoarded coin is left between him and actual want. And this is the home of the free! Of nature's prodigality, where all who list can have a home! The wind's sighs as it disturbs the pine, find echo in the emigrant's heart—this recruit in life's army. Why not expend his remaining money for ammunition; go into the forest with the gun that had been his father's gift and secure some of that game with which the country abounds? The thought is put into practice and he soon finds himself on the edge of a fine forest. But what is this sign that meets his eye? He cannot read it, but a something in the very character forebodes him no good. A stranger approaches who is able to understand his question of the sign's meaning, and he interprets to him that it means "No Trespassing—Preserved." And he adds that the preserve belongs to one of the country's most popular "sportsman," who owns great chunks of stock in the particular "greyhound of the seas" that brought the emigrant to freedom's shore. In a strange land, far away from all restraining influence; with no money, fireside or food; betrayed by the millionaire "sportsman" hog, what will he do? What would you do, gentle reader?

We said the other fell a victim at the "preserve" line; and to you remains the finishing touch of the second picture, only asking that the last brush efforts be such as practical word artists would supply.

It is truly a matter of supply and demand. With four and one half million wage earners out of employment, in September, two hundred and seventy-one thousand more came during the year to supply that which we need not. I am one of the forty-seven thousand unemployed in this city alone; and should you for a moment think that I shall not join the army of market shooters another winter, you wrong me. And this in the face of the statement (B. Waters in "About New Orleans") that market shooters make from $5,000 to $6,000 per year net profit. If out of employment another winter and can shoot a couple of dollars worth per day, aye, even one dollar per day, I will do so rather than spend the time in idleness, when profit and pleasure can be combined.

We saw by the daily press a few weeks since that the President of the United States had gone to South Carolina for ducks. He got them. The press credited him with two hundred birds. Yet we find no comment on this slaughter when had a fortunate market hunter been about one-third as successful, the welkin would still be ringing with denunciations by the "sprotsman." How about this, "most potent, grave and reverend seignoirs, my very noble and approved good masters?"

Whisper! If a man whose rating is $6,000,000 and who is the recipient of a salary of $50,000 per year, is entitled to two hundred ducks, how many is the poor emigrant, whom the millionaire sportsman has enticed to this country for his passage money, and who possesess nothing but the old-time muzzle loader pathfinder of his dad, entitled to?

This use of "preserve" seems to be first met with in the biography of the first President. After mention of his stature and commanding appearance, the author goes on to speak of his strength, and said when he found a man hunting on his property he asked to examine his gun, which he thrust under the fence and easily gave it a twist which rendered it useless to its owner. This of the immortal Washington!

Forest and Stream, Rod and Gun.—How often have I studied that heading! On this winter's eve, me thinks I see foam at the vessel's prow, yet can hardly make out whether the canoe contains one of nature's sons or a member of one of the modern canoe club. The sky I paint myself. As I take it, it will be noon; and the sportsmen have come to the welcome shade of the branches that beckon to them. You can easily see Jean in the left foreground as he presides over the grilling board, and you wonder what's in the soup. In the right foreground are doe and fawn, eavesdropping the angler and hunter in their discussion of modern death-dealing sportsman's accessories. I have painted all this to myself again and again—in the glad springtime when the leaves first appear,—in summer's heat and in autumn's colorings—but at no time have I been able to paint the picture as a bench show with a bull dog in the first row!

Editorializing on the "hounding of deer," you publish J. C. Blanton's note in issue Jan. 12, about how "Bennie" and himself got deer by "hounding." Your position in the matter is very much like an over-indulgent father toward a very badly spoiled child.

Now, in conclusion, first to make a labor preserve of this country; close the Eastern gates and guard well the Northern boundary line; and when you have a contented, well employed, well paid laboring class, you have the major part of the disappearing game question settled.

Wherever you meet the "duffer" treat him cordially and well, let him try your improved arm that his conversion may be accomplished.

DON F. BARTLETT.

Natural History.

WOODS NOTES.

A MAINE BEAR RECORD.

In eight towns bordering the southern forest of Rangeley Lake, in the northwestern part of Oxford County, has been killed 77 bears the past season; in Bethel 14, Newry 16, Byron 14, Roxbury 12, Rumford 5, Andover 7, Gilead 5, Mason 4.

WINTER GAME HAUNTS THE WATER.

Apropos about grouse locating near streams and brooks in winter, I shot sixteen one morning following the bed of a brook, one winter before protection laws were made. They were mostly in pairs, and seemed to come from high land, making their way down toward the brook. I tracked them in the light snow, which had fallen the night before.

COLD WATER EXTRACTS FROST.

It is a curious fact that cold water will extract frost from a frozen object quicker than hot water or even fire. Thus frozen fish soaked in cold water will soften much more quickly than in boiling water. Often have I in the coldest winter days, while traversing over lakes, finding my feet freezing, cut a hole through the ice and stuck my booted feet down into the water, which immediately took out the frost and made them feel comfortable.

In our last cold snap, in which the thermometer fell to 26 below, attended with a heavy gale of wind, during the night our house plants froze and the ground in the pots solid. I profusely showered them with cold water and they are to-day bright as ever and in full bloom.

LOONS AND FISH.

In a late number of Forest and Stream a writer deplores the shooting of loons (the great northern diver), and fears their extermination. Any sportsman familiar with their habits knows very well that the loon destroys more fish in one day than would feed many men. And in good trouting waters they are very destructive.

WILD PIGEONS.

I can remember when the farmers in Northern Maine used to net them on the grain fields after harvesting in the fall.

They baited them with wheat several days, on a smooth patch of earth prepared for the purpose, and after the birds got familiar with the arrangement they set their net and would sometimes secure many dozens, which they killed by pinching their heads with thumb and finger, as they stuck their heads up through the net. I knew one man, who, after his thumb got sore in the operation, used to bite their heads with his teeth.

ANIMAL SENSE.

Whenever wild animals are suddenly started by coming upon them unexpectedly, they rush away at fearful speed for a short distance, say one-fourth of a mile or less, then stop short, raise their head high in air, and take a good look to see what frightened them; then they immediately continue their flight.

Whether or not it is the trait of curiosity, same as we mortals possess, or to ascertain if they are pursued, or to make sure of their sense of smell, we cannot tell; but it is, nevertheless, a universal trait in all wild animals.

Apropos of this fact, I was at one time roasting a grouse on a stick for a lunch, on a wet day in the Rangeley wilderness, way back in the forties. It was raining slowly, my gun sat against a tree at my back with the case on, and I was thinking how good that partridge would taste, for I was very hungry. All nature was hushed in the stillness like death. Not a leaf stirred in that lonely forest, fifty miles from an opening. Suddenly a loud snap of a broken stick behind the tree I was leaning against, brought me to my feet at a jump, and turning in the air before I struck the ground. There, within four feet of me, I beheld a large black bear. But he did not stay there a moment; in fact, he appeared to be as frightened as I was, and in five seconds was hidden in the thick woods.

He was probably attracted by the smell of the roasting bird. He had a white spot on his breast. I set a bear trap which I had with me beside that tree, and baited it with a grouse and started on up the mountain, and before I had gone a mile I heard him scream. He had come back to see what frightened him, and was caught.

MAINE. J. G. RICH.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The first cold snap of winter had struck the wilds of Muskoka, and the dry crispy snow was whirling into little drifts around the corners of the houses, while a few old sportsmen were seated around a warm, roaring coal stove and discussing the number of deer that had been killed and the amount of ammunition fired during the open season.

We were matching dog stories when Dave Sword dropped in. He listened to our dogs' great qualifications. J. B. had just told us what his dogs had done. Mac owned a good one, and he considered that old Captain would hold his own with the best of them. I was about launching out to recite the praises of my old pet, McGriffin, when Dave apologized for intruding, "but," he said, "gentlemen, I canna bide yere an' listen to sic dowg stories, while I ken I've ane o' the best dowgs that ever wagged a tail over his hurdies." "What is he good for?" we all queried at once. "What is he good for? ye say." "What is he not good for? I say." "Well, one thing he canna be beaten on, and that is treeing paitricks; and he never was beaten yet as a coon dog. I tell ye sirs what I've seen that dowg do. I've seen him charm a coon doon out o' the tap of a elm tree fifty feet from the ground. Yes, it may sound rediculous, but he has done it and can do it again, an' I'll tell you how he does it. He wheels about and grabs his tail in his mouth and spin aboot like a pivot, and he will keep up that cantantrup until coon comes doon to see what's the matter with him."

"And he catches the coon," we suggested.

"Na, na, not so fast as a' that; he canna catch naething wi' his head in such a swirl, but he has Collie trained to run in on the coon as soon as he strikes the ground."

We all passed, and Dave made his point alone.

PANSY SOUND, ONT. CABERFEIGH

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Having read the testimony of Old Sam concerning the color of black bass, their stationary habits, etc., I do not see that we differ materially.

It is true that I might have been more explicit, but on previous occasions I have written so at length upon this subject that I thought it all sufficient to say: "Black bass assume the color of the bottom over which they rest." It has long been known that the brook trout took on the general color of its surroundings, and that the change was made so quickly from light to dark, or vice versa, as to entitle the fish to be called a "lightning change artist."

Chase a trout in a brook from dark bottom to light and his color will fade while you are looking at him, if he remains stationary. I discovered this peculiarity in the black bass by putting them alive into the well of a boat. On the day in question my companion and I had talked of the various colors of the bass as we caught them. In one place the bass would be light, in another dark, still another barred, etc.

At the boat landing the coloring of the fish was referred to again, and as I took the bass from the well to kill them they were all of the same color.

In the case of the trout this peculiarity is said to be a provision of nature to enable the fish to hide, in a measure, from its enemies; but the bass does not need to hide for this reason, and it must chameleonize itself that it may the more easily prey upon other fish. So far as I have observed or know, the black bass may make the change in its livery as quickly as the brook trout. Reading over what I have written, I cannot see that I even intimated that daylight or darkness had anything to do with the change in the color of the bass, and I never remotely suspected that it had.

Old Sam quotes what I said about the bass coming on to the shoals at night to feed, and about waiting for them until long after dark, and then asks: "Does this indicate that the habits of the bass at night were stationary?"

I do not quite comprehend why, if I was to be quoted at all, I was not quoted in full, for I said further: "I did not attribute the stationary habit of the bass at night to faulty eyesight. I knew that the fish came on to the bars and shoals at night to feed, and supposed that when gorged they remained till morning."

I believe just that now. I waited for the bass to come in from deep water, where they were during the day, to the shoals to feed, and such as came in after feeding remained until morning. Naturally they took on the color of the white sand. Fish that came in to feed in the morning were darker in color, showing that they came from the weeds and grass and only recently arrived.

As a rule, during the month of August there are no bass on the shoals during the day, but they may be found there evening and morning.

The exceptions may or may not prove the rule, for bass have been taken at all hours of the night, as others have testified besides myself, and it would be consistent to say that this state of affairs offered the best possible evidence that the bass so biting had become gorged with food and therefore were not ready to settle down in one place for the night, or, in other words, to become stationary.

TIP-UP FISHING.

One of the most popular amendments to the Fish and Game Law of New York is that found in Section 141, which provides that "Pickerel, bullheads, catfish, eels, perch, and sunfish may be fished for through the ice with tip-ups in any waters of the State not inhabited by trout, lake trout, salmon trout, or land-locked salmon."

Fishing through the ice with tip-ups for pike and pickerel has been practiced so long by the country people that they came to look upon it as an inalienable right, and when the law forbade this style of fishing a howl went up that the game and fish laws were enacted for city sportsmen, and the country fishermen were ignored. Of course, there was no truth in this statement, but it caused a feeling of antagonism against all fish laws. Since the tip-up law has been restored, I have had more requests for information regarding its provisions than I have had in regard to any other one section of the game law, and this coupled with personal observation and conversation with fishermen generally has led me to express myself as in the first sentence of this note.

Game laws to be effective must, oftentimes, be framed to provide safeguards that seem at first thought rather unnecessary. For example, fishing through the ice in a certain lake was forbidden, because the lake contained trout, but it also contained yellow perch, and perch are an excellent pan fish, and there was really no good reason why they should not be caught as they supplied food to a community at a time when other food was not abundant. Perch fishing through the ice was permitted, and at once under cover of fishing for perch, the people for whom the law was passed began to fish for and catch lake trout. Perch and lake trout do not inhabit the same depth of water, or the same part of a lake in winter, and when a man was found with holes cut in the ice where the water was one hundred feet deep, those acquainted with the facts knew that he was fishing for trout, although he might declare he was fishing for perch, and the only way to convict him of law breaking was to catch him with trout in his possession, although the mere fact that he was fishing when it was known there were no perch, was moral evidence that his intent was to evade the law. This state of affairs made those who asked for the perch law clamorous for its repeal and the enactment of a law forbidding, all fishing through the ice in waters containing trout. The tip-up law as it now stands pleases a great number of people in the country, and others not of the country, and it can do no harm to the trout or salmon, but already it is sought to enlarge the privilege granted in Section 141, and no one knows where the end may be.

A bill has been introduced in the Assembly, its number is 349, amending Section 11 as follows: "Pickerel, bullheads, catfish, eels, perch, and sunfish may be fished for through the ice with tip-ups in the waters of Lake Kenka or Crooked Lake, and in any of the waters of the State not inhabited by trout, lake trout, salmon trout, or land-locked salmon."

Not much of a change from the present law to be sure but enough to admit—shall we call it the cloven hoof?

The change is indicated by the words underlined, and the waters so indicated are trout waters, and if these particular trout waters are excepted will any of the trout waters in the State escape. There must have been some good reason why fishing through the ice in trout waters has been forbidden, for such a law has been on the books for a number of years, and is there any good reason why any part of it should be repealed.

I heard this bill condemned most heartily by anglers in Albany a day or so ago, and one suggested that all ice fishing should be limited by the length of the line used; that no one should be allowed to use a line extending more than fifteen feet below the ice.

That is all right in theory, who is to measure the thousands of lines that will be used.

It is true that fifteen feet of line will be enough to catch all the pike and pickerel that swim at the season of tip-up fishing, and fifteen feet of line will not catch lake trout, neither will it catch perch. I have caught brook trout through the ice with less than fifteen feet of line, and I did it legally, too, but that was many years ago, although I suppose it may still be done. Limiting the length of line to be used will not answer, and the only way to save trout is to forbid all ice fishing in trout waters.

ADIRONDACK GUIDES.

The Adirondack Guides' Association, Hon. Verplanck Colvin, Honorary President; Senator F. D. Kilburn, Treasurer, and John H. Miller, Secretary, will hold their annual meeting in the Opera House at Saranac Lake, Wednesday evening, Feb. 27, to be followed by a banquet and camp-fire.

The secretary writes me that the association proposes to recommend certain changes in the Game Law. "The members of our association believe in supporting the Forest, Fish, and Game Laws of the State. We do not care for any particular change in the fish laws, but we do wish to have the deer season made shorter."

To become an active member of the Adirondack Guides' Association one must be a citizen of the United States, and have a permanent residence within the State of New York; to be at least twenty-one years old, and have been known as a resident of the Adirondacks for fifteen years, and an Adirondack guide having at least three years experience."

There are other requirements necessary to membership, but what I have given are sufficient to commend the association to sportsmen.

Too often one has to give himself over body and boots to the care of so-called guides who have not the least qualification for their alleged vocation, and who are utterly incompetent and irresponsible, and all who have had such experience and all who fear it, will uphold such organizations as the Adirondack Guides' Association, with an executive committee as a board of appeal, to adjust differences and protect employer and employee and create a feeling of security on the part of the employed, that must be of benefit to both.

PIKE, PERCH AND BLACK BASS.

Black bass have been charged with all sorts of destructiveness. It has been said that they destroy trout, exterminate pike, the so-called pickerel, and that they are scarcely fit associates for any other species of fish. It is true that the black bass is often accused unjustly, but the fish has acquired a reputation that it will take years to live down. The black bass now appears in a new role, as the oppressed and not the oppressor in the fish world.

Talking with Judge A. A. Yates, of Schenectady, recently, who is one of the most enthusiastic anglers of my acquaintance, he informed me that the introduction of pike-perch into certain waters had been opposed, because it was feared that they would destroy the black bass. Black bass and pike perch have lived together for ages, so far as we know, in the same lakes and rivers, and this is the first that I have heard of such a charge against the bass, and it is as groundless as some other and similar charges, with the bass as defendant. If one could hear Judge Yates expound upon the subject, drawing upon life-long experience with both fish, there would be no fear of introducing the pike-perch into any black bass waters, and from my own experience I can say such fears are entirely groundless.

BROWN AND RAINBOW TROUT.

A correspondent in Vermont writes: "Having noticed in Forest and Stream your readiness to give advice in angling matters, I write to ask your opinion on a matter in which a friend and myself are much interested. We propose making an attempt to restock a fine trout stream here which has been nearly fished out. The stream is large for Vermont, and has several good-sized tributary brooks and many small ones. There are but few brook trout remaining in the main stream compared with the number it once had, although quite a number are taken early in the season. We have the promise of about twenty-five thousand brown and rainbow trout, mostly this year's hatching, but a few larger ones as starters. Would you see any objection to putting these trout into the stream with what brook trout remain? That is, would the natives hold their own against the others? Also we wish to provide for some sort of fish food other than that already there. Would it be a good plan to obtain some shrimps, or could you suggest anything better? Shrimps are an unknown quality to us, all we know of them being what we have read in your columns in Forest and Stream."

There can be no reason whatever why the brown trout and rainbow trout should not be planted in such a stream as you describe. The rainbow trout will probably disappear after the second year, and that is the last you will hear of them, or be troubled with them, although of the two streams fresh in my mind where the rainbow have remained after being planted, one is in Vermont, and the other in Virginia. The rainbow is declared by Dr. Jordon to be the young of the steelhead, a Pacific Coast trout (once called a salmon), which runs down to the sea. Certainly in the majority of cases where the rainbow has been planted in Atlantic Coast waters it disappears forever after the second year, unless it is confined in ponds. The big stream will, in time, become the home of the big trout of native and brown species, and the smaller feeders will serves as nurseries for the smaller fish from which they will work down as they attain a size to fit them for it. Some years ago I sent a lot of brown trout to a stream in Vermont, similar to the one described. They have done well and there has not been a word of complaint about their destroying the native trout.

There can be no better food for the trout than the fresh-

water shrimp, as they are very prolific, and a shrimp diet gives a fine flavor to the fish which feed upon it. They may be obtained of James Annin, Jr., Caledonia, N. Y., whose advertisement will be found in this journal.

With the shrimp Mr. Annin will send water weeds from the streams furnishing the shrimps and all should be planted.

You might try also planting the May fly (green drake) as I have told in this column how to do it.

A. N. CHENEY.

FISHING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

It was a beautiful morning, about the middle of last May. The red birds were showing on the swamp maples, and one or two early robins were risking pneumonia by getting to the land of Evangeline so early, when the guides, moving quietly about the camp, around some disciples of old Izaak, who had already passed nearly two weeks at their favorite sport.

We had started in at the head of the Milfred River, and worked down it and crossed Cudgy McKedgie Lake, thence down the river of the same name, crossed both upper and lower Rossignal, and were now encamped at Indian Gardens, at the head of Sevenpool River, the outlet of the lower Rossignal, one of the n ost beautiful spots in Nova Scotia outside of the Annapolis Valley. On the easterly side of the river a gently rising knoll of clear green turf, with here and there a giant elm; on the west, the unbroken forest, there we camped. We had reached the end of our journey, not intending to go lower down, but to recross Rossignal and go out via Lows Landing. But finding the trout so large and so plentiful, we proposed a day's trip, two or three miles down through the rapids below the old dam, leaving the camp pitched at the Gardens and returning at night by the lumberman's path along the bank of the river, while the guides poled the boats up through the rapids.

We had been having splendid luck all the way down, more beauties than we wanted; in fact, all but the largest went back alive, if unhurt, into the water. We had even smoked a lot of them to bring home, until the colonel, who had fished almost everywhere, declared that he had never struck anything like it for spring fishing.

Below the old dam we saw water we could not leave without a try, hence this trip for the day was planned. After a good hearty breakfast of fried trout, ham, potatoes, buckwheat cakes, etc., which a good guide knows how to prepare, we packed a substantial lunch and started Isaak and I did not hurry. We let the other boats get a good start so as not to crowd each other in our fishing. I was in the stern with all my paraphernalia handy, and my trusty eight-ounce Leonard in my hand ready for business. Good old Isaak, of many years experience in the bow, his iron shod-pole in hand, and a good, big killig handy, ready to drop at a moment's notice—thus we dropped into the stream, stern first, and shot like a flash through the break in the old dam.

I could see the other boats some quarter of a mile below, and not wishing to crowd them, we dropped our killig, not a hundred feet below the dam, in boiling, rushing water that must have large trout surely in it.

We had been using rather small flies, number sixes and eights; but, in such heavy water, I thought I would try an experiment, so I took a new leader I always use, nine footers, and put on three smallish salmon flies. It worked like a charm. The first cast I made I hooked two beauties, and landed them both. Then for half an hour I had a bit of the best fly fishing I ever struck. Nearly every cast raised a fish. Without moving more than half a mile in the time named, I had filled my basket and not a small fish in the lot. As we had no need of any more, we pulled our killig and worked slowly down stream till we overtook Mr. P—— and his guide.

"What luck?" I asked.

"Not much," he replied.

"Try some larger flies," I said. "I have had great luck with them."

"This is as likely a spot as I ever saw," said he; "but I can't raise a fish. Make a cast while I am changing my flies and see what you can do."

And, in truth, it was a likely spot. The river at that point was some three hundred feet wide, rapid water, some six or seven feet deep, with here and there a bowlder, below which, of course, was an eddy. A large brook also entered here, forming quite a deep pool into which he had been casting.

We dropped our killig, and I made the cast. In an instant, Isaak jumped to his feet. "Hurrah, Mr. W——!" he shouted, "you have got three. Don't lose one, and we shall break the record for this trip." Meanwhile, my rod was doing nobly in a veritable rapid, with three heavy fish on my leader. It stood the test, and after some ten minutes of careful work, we landed them all. The two largest weighed two pounds each, and the third one and one-half pounds.

And so the early morning sped till 8.15 o'clock. As I noticed afterward the other boats were below us some distance. A full basket and ten or twelve besides, we pulled our killig and started after them.

We still had deep, heavy water, which carried us rapidly. Isaak stood in the bow and guided the boat with his pole. We had covered about half the distance, when, looking ahead, I saw a large log lodged on a rock across the stream. "Look out for that log, Isaak," I said.

"I see it," he replied, plying his pole vigorously, but an eddy caught us, and quicker than I can think of it now, we struck the log a little sideways, canted up stream, filled, and turned over. I went out head first, rod in hand. How Isaak went out, I didn't stop to see. As the boat went under, it raised the end of the log, and, when I came up, I was right under it. Throwing up both arms involuntarily, I got them around it, where I hung till I got my breath, then worked along till I could climb on the rock, where I found Isaak. Then the log floated off, to keep company, I suppose, with my fly look, leather jacket, landing net, etc., which had gone down stream. One of the other boats came to our assistance at once, and put us ashore. I started for camp on foot for dry clothes, while Isaak stayed to pick up what he could. But, excepting the boat, which was not badly injured, my leather jacket and the ax, we recovered nothing.

After getting some dry clothes, I returned to the scene of the accident and commenced fishing again, but, somehow, it spoiled the day. It certainly took some of the sand out of Isaak, and he didn't get it back for some days; but it was our first accident of any kind in many years' fishing, so we can't growl much.

But talking of large, gamey trout, that is the place to find them. W.

PALE CANADIAN FISH.

Mr. George H. Dana, a well-known landlocked salmon angler of Washington, is authority for the following curious phenomenon about the color of fish in Sandy Lake, Ontario. The lake is three miles from Hall's Bridge post-office, and lies nearly north of Peterboro.

In August, 1894, Captain C. M. Holloway, of Cincinnatti, while fishing in Sandy Lake caught nine bass (usually called black bass), weighing from 3 to 3 1-2 pounds. Every one of the fish was white, and so were the crawfish which he used for bait.

It is said that all the fish in the waters are white, even the bullheads. The water is so crystalline in its clearness that the bottom can be seen where it is fifteen feet deep, and every movement of the fish can be easily observed from the time it takes the bait until it is landed in the boat. Indeed, the fish scarcely seem to be swimming in water, but flying through the air.

The bottom is covered with a white deposit, but there is no information as to the character of the material. Whatever it may be all animal life found upon it partakes of the peculiar whiteness seen in the bass and the crawfish. T. H. B.

IN AROOSTOOK WILDS.

My first trip over the Bangor and Aroostook railroad this season was in the last of August. I met in Bangor a party from Boston, which wished to get some trout-fishing and bird-shooting. I engaged another guide, and we started.

We went over a hundred miles by railroad, thence some forty miles further by team, which carried our canoes and other equipment. We landed at a dead-water stream and pitched there our tents. By noon, the third day out from Bangor, everything was ready for fishing or for comfort. Dinner over, preparation were made for fishing. We started up stream. As I had never fished there, we had to seek the fishing pools; an easy search, for there were plenty of springy places making in from the shores, and wherever spring water came in, there were trout. But we only caught what we wanted for supper and breakfast. The small trout we returned to the water. The largest one weighed one and one-half pounds.

The shores were all trampled by moose, caribou and deer.

When we had caught what trout we needed, we paddled up stream, something like three miles from camp, as far as we could go in the shallow water. We saw one deer, and as we came round a turn in the stream near the head of the dead-water, we came across a big moose feeding on the lily pads and other water vegetation in the midde of the stream. He saw us, and thereupon walked lazily ashore, then turning around had looking at us for a few seconds before he struck a ten-mile gait, making the brush and dead limbs rattle. We then returned to camp.

The next day we went down the wide stream some three miles, winding through meadows and marshy land. Moose, deer and caribou signs were plentiful, but we saw none of these animals themselves, owing to the place having been fished and hunted a great deal. The deer, moose and caribou were working mostly by night, as is their habit in sections which are fished and hunted. We found one party of farmers near the stream, in a camp which was occupied by lumbermen the winter before. The farmers had with them a team, and were salting trout to take home. They had built a raft, the water being deep. On it they floated up and down stream and fished.

The water was deep, and fly-fishing was poor, but we caught what fish we wanted without using bait. We camped there a week, going betimes into the woods. There were fresh, hard-trodden deer trails, of which I never before saw the like.

On Sept. 1 we engaged a team to take our canoes and camp outfit to a lake about ten miles away. This lake is about six miles long. Other lakes were near by, and there also were several dead-water streams. It was a good locality for canoeing. Game was plentiful, but the trout fishing was poor, though there were lakes and streams about three miles distant where it was good. But we did not care for trout, as we could get all the ducks, partridges and pickerel we needed, and also wild cranberry sauce to go with them, though the latter tended to lower the weight of the sugar basket.

We camped at the narrows of the lake, a big hill on either side of us. It seemed to be a crossing place for the wild animals. We rarely went to the shores without seeing deer, and several times we saw them swimming across. One caribou came across and ashore near our canoes. The point on the opposite side below us we named Deertown.

We found plenty of moose signs. I had never called moose in the early part of September. I was at the head of the lake Sept. 6, just at night. I made a bark horn and called. Soon an answer came from a bog which led back nearly two miles among the hills. I called several times more, and perceived that the moose was coming. Then I started for camp and, when I reached the narrows I could hear the moose at the head of the lake at the place where I had called.

To see how a bull moose would perform when called out, two nights afterward, we went to some big bogs on another brook which was deep and about one hundred feet wide. We would not kill a moose in close time. We had merely a curiosity to see what one would do. I selected the mentioned place, so that, in the event of an attack, we could paddle out of the way. I called for nearly an hour, and was about giving up when I could faintly hear a reply. The sound grew plainer as the moose came over a high ride a mile away. He came nearer and nearer. The moon was shining bright. We went to the opposite shore and waited. I gave a call once in about five minutes. We could at length hear the rattle of antlers among the bushes and trees, and the breaking of big limbs until he reached the bog. We then could hear him walk. He would stop to listen we supposed. He came within sixty yards of us and stopped. He changed his grunting sound into a sort of louder bark, with a tone of anger in it. There he stood for nearly half an hour. He finally gave one of his barks or grunts from his throat and lungs, as if he were angry all through, and started away. We did not get a good view of him, as there was a steam rising from the water and drifting in his direction. He could scent us, which was probably the reason he would not come nearer. I did not dare to cross over to his side of the stream, having fears that he might charge, as sometimes has been the case. I never saw but one do so, and then he was in company with the cow. Had he been alone he probably would have retreated.

The next day we started for the settlement, leaving our canoes and camping outfit for parties who were coming later.

This party will lay its plans to return in the open season next year for big game. J. DARLING.

Megantic Club Finances.

Treasurer's report for year ending Jan. 31, 1895.

Receipts.		
Cash on hand Feb. 1, 1895		$535 36
From annual dues		4,082 50
Shares sold		950 00
Supply department		6,846 20
Other sources		357 88
		$12,771 94
Expenditures.		
Paid in wages improving property and general expenses	$6,585 79	
Supplies, wages and expense incidental to supply department	5,640 16	
	$12,125 95	
Cash on hand	645 99	
	$12,771 94	
Membership.		
Members February 1, 1894		268
Admitted during the year		36
		304
Sold out for non-payment of dues	5	
Stock transferred	17	
	22	
		22
Present membership		282
Gain		14
Assets.		
Cash		$645 99
Dues receivable		640 00
Supplies on hand		322 50
Due for rent		30 00
Camps, furnishings and boats		12,180 00
Lands at Spider Lake		1,500 00
		$15,318 49
Liabilities.		
Bonds and accrued interest	$1,867 50	
Bills payable	208 00	
		$2,075 50
Surplus		$13,242 99

L. DANA CHAPMAN, Treas.

THE RAINY LAKE COUNTRY.

As the east, south and far west are often heard from as to great catches of finny felows, the western middle frontier is very seldom considered worth mentioning, yet I want to say that at this point—the junction of the Otter Tail, Bois de Sioux, and Red River of the North, there is in the spring an abundance of real good sport. The Red River teems with fish—Winnipeg bass, sheep head, pickerel, pike, skipjack, rock bass, red horse, buffalo and cat. Sturgeon weighing as high as 165 pounds have been caught at this place, coming probably from Hudson's Bay.

The Otter Tail, whose source is away east in the pineries which are covered with lakes, is a swift stream, always cold, and the pike and bass are always sound and gamey. The Bois de Sioux, the connecting stream between Lake Traverse and the Red, is a slow, weedy and shallow stream, just the place for spawning. Early in Spring I have caught a good string of black bass, rock bass and pike, using frogs and angle worms. They will not take a fly, though I have tried every kind. The water is clear and deep in the Otter Tail for one mile from its junction, and from the three bridges which span it from the Minnesota to the North Dakota bank it is alive during April and May with anglers. Later the fish from these waters are unfit to eat, the flesh tasting weedy and flat. But, the angler has recourse a few feet further north where pickerel and pike weighing from a pound to three pounds take bait eagerly. Then comes the channel cat—great big fellows, whose meat is as firm and toothsome as one could desire. In the deep holes along the Red one can, by using grub worms, catch five to seven pound sheep heads. These are the gamiest fish in the river and fight to the finish, and it takes a good rod and reel to land them. These fish turn sideways and act similar to tarpon. They are from Hudson Bay. The next game fish is the channel cat, and if the angler has no gaff hook he will surely lose him. The black cat is also plenty, but come so late they are seldom taken.

When June comes these waters are deserted for the lakes east of us on the Northern Pacific Railway—the favorite place being Clitheral. Several of our citizens have beautiful cottages along the shores of Clitheral Lake and excursion trains are run every Sunday during June, July, and August.

But the best place to fish in Minnesota is at Alexandria, a pleasure resort, famed throughout the United States.

The Rainy Lake country is an attractive place for sportsmen of all classes. Everything from a cotton tail to a bear, and from a quail to a swan can be found there. The region is a dismal wooded district abounding in lakes and swamps. No roads have yet been cut through the district—but the sportsman who can stand a cracker and cheese diet can find plenty of game. The Minnesota game law is practically a dead letter in this district—but the environments outside are such that it is risky to attempt to bring game out except in open season.

J. B. Bushnell, one of the best known sportsmen in Western Minnesota, has established a summer resort on ten-mile lake, south of Fergus Falls, and James Nolan, an 1860 sportsman, has just erected sportsmen's quarters on Lake Lida, north of Fergus Falls. Fishing is the principal attraction.

Hunting in Montana is practically at a standstill, though I have a letter dated Gilt Edge, Jan. 29 last, which tells of a party of four with only one good shot in the party, bagging seventy deer in ten days. This is piracy.

Chicken and grouse are plentiful, and are being protect-

ed by local gun clubs. In this, Wilkin County, last fall it was almost impossible to hunt without first obtaining permission of the owner of the land. The Wilkin County Game Protective Association last fall had scouts employed six weeks before the open season, and the effect of this on the chicken murderers was astonishing. One party attempted to establish a refrigerator to store this class of game for market, but was given to understand that if he attempted to kill for market he would find himself behind bars, and he didn't put his scheme into practice. That's the way to protect game. It beats laws, unless they are enforced by local sportsmen. F. J. S.

BRECKINRIDGE, Minn., Feb. 12.

GEN. SHERMAN'S WOODS LIFE.

From the Utica Herald.

During the session of 1876 General Sherman originated the idea of having a committee on game laws in the Assembly. Although his party was in a minority in that body, the committee was appointed with Mr. Sherman as its chairman. This is the only instance in which a member of an opposition party has been made chairman of an important committee in the New York Assembly.

On April 2, 1879, he was appointed one of the commissioners of fisheries of the State of New York in place of ex-Governor Seymour. The general held the position until 1890, when he resigned. As a member of the fish commission, General Sherman was certainly the right man in the right place. His long experience, gained while hunting and fishing in the Adirondacks, and his superior knowledge of the habits of fish and game admirably qualified him for the position. His peculiar fitness for the place and his active, zealous and intelligent labors speedily won for him the confidence and respect of his associates on the commission, and in their plans for work and in the management of affairs generally great reliance was placed on his judgment. He devoted a good share of his time to the duties of the office while he held it, and the commission and the force of State game protectors subordinate thereto never did more efficient work than during that period. General Sherman was considered authority on fish and game matters by all who knew him, and the State has produced few men whose opinion was entitled to greater respect.

He was an ardent lover of nature, and it had been his custom for many years to annually spend from one to three months in the Adirondacks, which he was wont to call "The Promised Land." Although familiar with all sections of the wilderness, his favorite resort was the Bisby Lake region, and he had a beautiful summer home on the First Bisby. He was one of the charter members of the Bisby Lake Club, and held the office of president from the date of its organization to the time of his death. This club was the first one in the Adirondacks to have a preserve of its own. He was also a member of the Adirondack League Club.

He enjoyed life in the woods exceedingly, and to him nature unfolded many interesting secrets which are revealed only to the keen and appreciative observer and the apt and sympathetic student. He loved the grand old mountains, the placid liquid gems with which the wilderness is so freely adorned, the rushing streams, the majestic forest trees, the red granite rocks and the ferns and sedges growing beside the solitary foot-path, over which he passed when following a blazed line from one favorite haunt to another. With child-like pleasure he noted the advent of the hepaticas and trilliums in the spring-time, admired the orchids and pond lilies of mid-summer, and the golden rods and asters of early fall. He watched with interest the development of the vernal foliage and loved to see the forest clad in tender green. The deeper hues of maturer months were equally pleasing to his eye, and he gloried in the gorgeous tints with which artistic autumn paints the later landscapes. He loved the birds, both large and small, the robins, white-throated sparrows, hermit thrushes, partridges, king fishers, loons and gulls and they never had a truer friend. He delighted to study the habits of the speckled trout, lake trout and other denizens of Adirondack waters, and it was largely through his personal efforts that the Bisbys and neighboring lakes were kept liberally stocked with fish. The hiding-places and favorite runways of the deer were known to him, and he was always a great admirer of this noble game and an earnest advocate of measures calculated for their protection. All other animals, which are not destructive, found in him a defender, and he knew their ways and habits better than most men. He was an enthusiastic angler, and could handle a trolling line when lake fishing or a fly rod when whipping a stream for brook trout with a dexterity equaled by few. He enjoyed the sport of hunting, and was formerly expert with both rifle and shot gun. In fact, he was a true woodsman in every sense of the term, and in his younger days could follow a line of marked trees, carry a pack, build a bark camp, cut wood for the fire, cook a meal, row or paddle a boat as occasion might require. He did not need the help of guides, although for convenience he employed them.

The subject of Adirondack forest protection was one in which he manifested a deep and abiding interest.

FRESH-WATER SHRIMP.

The sea horses and pipe fish in the Fish Commission Aquarium, in Washington, are fed upon river shrimp or water fleas. They have steadily refused all other food, but are very fond of the diet now provided for them.

Desiring to know the scientific name of the animal some specimens were sent to Mr. J. E. Benedict at the National Museum, who pronounced them probably the Gammarus fasciatus Say. That species is exceedingly abundant, and ranges in fresh waters from Virginia, northward and westward to Michigan.

It seems likely that the shrimp of Caledonia Creek, which is so famous as a natural food of trout, belongs to a different species, as it is much larger than the Potomac River fleas and more nearly red in color. These little animals are scarcely more than one-half inch long, but they constitute the best food for trout of suitable age.

If the proper examination were made in trout regions no doubt the water shrimp would be found present in abundance. A singular name for it comes from Bedford, Pa., the euphonious name of "curly jukes."

T. H. B.

Game and Fish Protection.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

FATAL ILLNESS OF THE BLOW BILL.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 16.—For two weeks or more, Chicago and Illinois have been much torn up over the proposed measure known as the Blow Bill. Not much news is left of it all this week, and the gist of that is that the bill is doubtless dead. It will never get out of the House Committee, even if the Senate should pass it, and even should it ever come to a vote it would probably be killed in the House. A surprising development of affairs at Springfield is a growing sentiment among the legislators against longer seasons or an easier destruction of the game.

THE JOINT LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

At the joint committee meeting of the legislators last Wednesday, there were present for the sportsmen Mr. R. S. Mott, of the law committee of the Illinois Association, Mr. W. L. Shepard, President, and Mr. H. M. Meyer, Secretary; Mr. L. MacFarlane, and Mr. C. S. Wilcox, of the Executive Committee also were of the party. Mr. J. S. Baird and Mr. M. R. Bortree represented "the citizens of Illinois." There were 7 South Water street representatives on hand, their spokesman being as usual Mr. G. W. Barnett. Warden Blow was also there. The joint committee arranged to hear the speeches of the representatives of the above interests, giving the leading speakers 15 minutes each.

It was at first arranged that the sportsmen should open the ball, but Mr. Mott, who has very ably all along handled the legal case for the sportsmen, shrewdly suggested that as the sportsmen had no measure to put or propose, but simply said they did not want a new law, the burden of proof lay with those who did want a new one, and that the latter should first state their case.

Mr. Barnett opened for the game dealers and made a good talk, dealing as much as possible in generalities, and using the same old specious argument about the right to handle game once killed. He kept very silent about the game shipments from other States, but offered the inestimable privilege to Illinois' shooters of making laws for Illinois, which has little game left. This little the dealers wanted the privilege of selling for four months.

Mr. Barnett was careful, but he had a bad quarter of an hour before he sat down. Senator Berry, of the committee, extracted from him many admissions as to the real workings of the Blow bill should it become a law. He forced Mr. Barnett to admit that the law would open the market for the sale of the game of other States the year round, that it would endanger Illinois game, which could not be detected from foreign game, and that it would throw the burden of proof on the State, whereas, under the old law, the burden of proof was on the dealer. Mr. Barnett's case was none the better for Senator Berry's questioning.

Mr. Mott took the floor for the sportsmen, and made a clean, telling speech, subjecting the Blow bill to the criticisms which have already appeared in Forest and Stream. He took up the question of the burden of proof, and showed what the change of this onus would mean. He showed how the Blow bill could be used to create a demand for summer sale of game to clubs, hotels etc., and pointed out what he called the natural selling season of game. He touched on the constitutionality of the laws lately construed as forbidding the importation of game from other States, citing the excellent recent cases of Ohio and Minnesota. He then showed many errors, omissions and cancelments of the Blow bill, and in fact in every word of his telling speech did valuable service to the cause of sportsmanship in Illinois. Mr. Mott's ideas are incisive and direct, and his method of presenting them clear and forcible. He took up nothing in the way of generalities, and attacked only the bill in hand, showing how sorry a substitute it was for the present law. Mr. Mott's speech was one of value to the Illinois Association, on whose law committee he serves.

Mr. F. S. Baird was then given the floor, and stated that he represented no body of sportsmen, but stood by the citizens and of his own right. Mr. Baird showed the inwardness and the animus of the Blow bill, and then launched into an arraignment of the record and the motives of Warden Blow, whom he ripped up the back in red hot shape. Probably no game warden ever before sat in front of a body gathered for such purposes and listened to such charges brought in such a manner.

Warden Blow was allowed the floor in reply. He said that he had framed the bill, "in the interest of the whole people," though it wasn't turning out just the way he thought it would. He replied as best he could to Mr. Baird's charges, and then swung into his same old speech, which some of us have heard before, how he was great and good as they made 'em; how he had slept under haystacks to arrest violators; how he had 1,207 or 1,213 letters of endorsement, which he would file with the committee.

Mr. Baird was given five minutes to rebut Mr. Blow, and he asked the latter some hard questions. Mr. Mott developed from Mr. Blow that under his bill there could exist in Illinois a traffic in the eggs of game birds. Mr. Mott got out of Mr. Sloane, the South Water street dealer, the information that Montreal, Can., was one of the greatest purchasers of Chicago game. Turning to the committee he said: "And by this law our game can go to Canada the year round. But how much game can be shipped from Canada here? They legislate against us, and tax us to shoot there. Shall we legislate in their especial benefit?" Mr. Blow stood cross-examination very badly.

Mr. M. R. Bortree, of the N. G. B. and F. P. Association, was then given 5 minutes to talk on game protection and legislation and filled the time well, devoting part of it to arguments in favor of the idea of a tax on guns for the purpose of creating a protective fund. Mr. Barnett followed this in a 5 minutes closing speech.

Members of both committees said after the adjournment, that neither this nor any other Blow bill could pass the committee rooms. The sportsmen have every reason to believe their work has been well done, and that the Blow bill is in its last and fatal illness. The sportsmen were gratified at the courteous treatment accorded them and at the unexpected and intelligent interest which seems to have arisen in game protective matters among the legislators from the lower part of the State.

A LUCKY BLUNDER.

Much has been said about the blunder made by the sportsmen in their quasi-endorsement of a Blow bill at an earlier date in these complications, and it is called to mind that the bill had been published long before. It may have been published, but it had no publicity. It came to the Executive Committee unheralded and unknown, but said to be endorsed by lawyers. If in their hurried action that committee made any blunder, it was the luckiest blunder ever made in the history of sportsmanship. The result has been the greatest stir over protective matters ever known in this country. The daily papers have been full of this fight, and the Legislature is full of it, and there has been more talk and more growth of good game sentiment over it than has occurred in the last ten years. The most fatal foes sportsmen meet in their efforts of legislation are indifference and ignorance on game matters. These have never broken down so fast and generally in Illinois as they have in the past two weeks. We are open for a few more blunders whose results shall be so valuable.

THE NOBLE ART OF HEDGING.

Seeing that its measure is all wrong and doomed to defeat, or perhaps realizing that defeat is the only possibility it can win in either event, the Chicago alleged sporting periodical now known as the Game Dealers' Friend, is trying to hedge and get back into line. Its cry is now for "compromise." I should think it had already compromised itself enough. Just now its idea of sportsmen's journalism is to hold conclaves with the game dealers and the renegade Warden Blow. It held one of these sessions last Saturday, and announced one for to-day. On the latter there was a sad, cold frost. The game dealers, realizing that their newspaper ally was no good, forgot to attend the meeting. Mr. R. S. Mott, attorney for the sportsmen, was on hand to see what was going on, and so was Warden Blow, and so was the representative of the Game Dealers' Friend, whose officiousness has just gotten him into such serious trouble, and who now is anxious to get back under cover. To Mr. Mott, the latter admitted, that its pet, the Blow bill, was dead.

BLOW'S FLOP.

Warden Blow also admitted that his bill could not pass, and admitted that he had made a mistake. The details of his private conversation with a certain gentleman come to me under the seal of confidence, and as such must be respected by this paper, as communications of like nature always are. The Game Dealers' Friend speaks untruthfully, or more plainly, lies when it states that any Forest and Stream representative ever said he would publish confidential matter. What was said was that if excluded from a committee meeting the newspaper men present "would get the news anyhow." Forest and Stream printed the committee's criticisms on the Blow bill a week ahead of the Game Dealers' Friend, and hence the latter sneaks behind the first possible coat tail. It need not worry over so small a "scoop" as that. Forest and Stream has beaten it worse in the past and will beat it worse in the future, and will beat it on the Blow bill issue, which is dead to-day.

I can, then, only say that I have the most damaging admissions from Blow. On my own responsibility, without giving any reasons for it, I can say that Blow has flopped. He realizes that his egotism and love of notoriety have misled him. To-day he wants to get back into line.

To Mr. Mott, Blow said that he would now try to get passed any bill that he, Mr. Mott, would draft. Mr. Mott at once framed a red hot sportsmen's bill, prohibiting the sale of any Illinois game at any season, limiting the sale of foreign game to Oct. 15 to Feb. 1, and providing for arrest without warrant and seizure of illegal game on sight. Blow meekly said he would try and get this bill passed. If he does, he will be a warden without a "theory," and will have to fight his old friends, the game dealers. If the Game Dealers' Friend supports this measure, there will be in evidence one of the most ludicrous instances of the crawfish act on record in the history of misguided journalism. This act is now due, and is foreshadowed in certain long and visionary utterances—which one finds oneself not quite able to read through—in this week's issue of the Game Dealers' Friend. It really makes small difference at any time, and no difference whatever now, what measure the unfortunate Chicago journal supports or does not support. The sportsmen's interests have proved too strong for it to kill. It is hardly likely, however, that any new bill will receive much consideration at Springfield. It could not pass the Senate committee at best. The likelihood now is that the old law will be left unchanged. If there be any change it will be in the interest of the sportsmen. Mr. Mott stated the case to me exactly this afternoon.

"'They asked me what I was willing to do 'by way of compromise?' 'Compromise?' I said, 'What have we to compromise on? We've got you fellows licked, and you know it. I don't believe in compromising with a man after I have got him licked.'"

THE DEALERS ET. AL. BEATEN.

The vote at Springfield is not yet in, but it certainly seems that the game dealers and their friends, who were so bumptious and eager to fight the sportsmen, have been "licked" in fair fight. The Blow bill is a dead bill. If he brings in a new bill, he may make a sounding of trumpets, and so may the Game Dealers' Friend; but it will be over a bill framed by Robins S. Mott, of the law committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. In view of Blow's record in the past, it will be very well to watch closely that he does not tamper or tinker with even a straight sportsmen's measure. Blow is a dangerous man to trust. If the sportsmen want to introduce a new measure, the best thing to do is to introduce it themselves. The last thing to do is to trust the man Blow, who has done all he could to sell out the sportsmen of the State.

At any rate, the fight is over and the flop of the opposition is over. The sportsmen have won. Let the renegade warden any the renegade dealers' organ hustle to get back into line. Thed have had a good drubbing, both of them.

In his speech at Springfield game dealer Barnett said that at the close of the selling season this winter, $30,000 of game went East from Chicago at one consignment, also 40,000 pounds of other game. At hearing these figures, which the dealers advanced as proof of the loss sustained by the Chicago trade, Col. C. E. Felton, of Chicago, a prominent sportsman who has had a leaning toward the idea of commercial property in game, legally acquired, was dumbfounded. "If that is so," said he, "if there was so much game in Chicago markets, then I must change my former beliefs. We must certainly limit this selling season."

At Springfield, the representative who has been getting the Chicago paper above referred to into such a tangle, went to Mr. M. R. Bortree, and said: "What am I going to do? I'm in trouble. On one side they are crying to close the markets, and on the other, to open them. What am I going to do?"

"Do!" said Mr. Bortree, "Why, do what any real sportsmen's paper ought to do. Come out and define yourself. Come out and declare yourself against the sale of game under any circumstances! If you don't, in five years there won't be any need for your paper."

Some day the Chicago paper will do this, perhaps. To me, Mr. Bortree said that in one year the Forest and Stream doctrine, "Stop the sale of game," would be acknowledged as the right doctrine, and in ten years it will be the accepted doctrine, if not the accomplished fact of the sportsmanship of America.

SUMMARY.

To-day, F. M. Smith, the heaviest game dealer in Chicaog, said that the Blow bill would not pass.

To-day the Game Dealers' Friend admitted its belief that the Blow bill was dead.

To-day, Warden Charles H. Blow admitted that the bill would not pass, said he wanted to get back with the sportsmen, and would now advocate any bill they would get up.

To-day Warden Blow and all those who aided him in his attempt to sell out and clean out this State deserve to be taken by the ear and gently led to the outside of the door of honest and rational sportsmanship.

Look out next week for a new Blow bill, not drafted by himself and colleagues.

Look out next week for a repentant whoop of "compromise."

Look out for the triumph in 1895 of the sportsmen of Illinois and the greatest victory they ever won.

Look out next week and all the time, every week, for Forest and Stream when it comes to a question of honest and genuine sportsmanship.

And incidentally, gentlemen, let us stop the sale of game. If not entirely, then every inch and iota that we can, in Illinois, Dakota, New York, everywhere.

909 Security Building, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Advice is Cheap.

Touching the prospects and plans of the Connecticut Association of Farmers and Sportsmen for the protection of game and fish, the prospects are at present not of a remarkable brilliancy. The plans were for the vigorous enforcement of the game and fish laws—the plans remain the same. In the first place it will be well to remember that the Association is a voluntary one, and it moved along very nicely for a few years with funds. When the funds were exhausted the work stopped.

The farmers were admitted free, and the sportsmen were to furnish the funds, for work. I find, however, that the sportsmen, the ones mostly interested, are not willing to help financially to prosecute violators of game and fish laws. But help with advice, how to do the work, and how not to do the work, came pouring in (without the needed dollars) in such a manner that we have stored and on hand a large reserve fund of advise. This fund still increases, but as an asset it counts nothing. Our record is 175 successful prosecutions.

Giving advice is like the Western man's way who was afraid of bears. One night there came rushing into his cabin a very large and apparently vicious bear. The man quickly climbed the ladder leading to the loft above, and when there, in his usual cautious manner he pulled the ladder up, so the bear could not get at him.

The man's wife, being left on the first floor with bruin, the situation was critical, as the means for going higher was cut off by her loving husband's solicitude about himself. The woman seized a burning brand from the fire-place, and commenced to belabor bruin with it. Then the loving husband peered down and tendered his valuable advice as follows: "Hit 'im on this side, Mary; now hit 'im on 'tother side, Mary." The good woman succeeded in driving bruin from the cabin, and the cautious and discreet husband let the ladder down, and came down himself saying: "We licked 'im good, Mary, didn't we?" So much for advice.

Not long since, I received word that fish were being netted contrary to law in a lake, about forty miles from this city. I sent a detective there with instructions to catch any person violating the law. He caught a man taking up his net, and brought him before the party making the original complaint, this man objected to the netter being prosecuted, and prevailed on the detective to let him go. The party making the complaint said (naming certain parties) "are the ones to be caught." The dectective wired me what to do. I replied, "Stay and get evidence against the President of the United States or any others violating the law relating to fishing." The detective soon obtained evidence against several persons according to law. I then turned my attention to the first man, and brought him before another justice of the peace who fined the netter, much to the disgust of the prominent sportsman.

This is simply a sample case of the way sportsmen as a rule take hold of game and fish law prosecutions. They show unusual force and vigor and exceptional vitality, in wishing some poor "poacher" arrested, and signs of a rickety constitution when a prominent man is brought up with a round turn.

They remind me of the woman who had attended the ambulance classes and obtained the certificate. The street accident she had earnestly prayed for took place. A man had broken his leg. She confiscated the walking stick of a passer-by and broke it into three pieces for splints. She tore up her skirt for bandages. When all was completed, she summoned a cab and took her patient to the hospital.

"Who bandaged this limb so creditably?" inquired the surgeon.

"I did," she blushingly replied.

"Well, it is most beautifully done—most beautifully done; but you have made, I think, one little mistake. You have bandaged the wrong leg."

The prosecution of poor "poachers" and letting prominent persons go scot free is—"bandaging the wrong leg."

There are men who have a chameleon facility for assumin the guise of sportsmen, while sportsmen (as I understand the term) should be recognized with a pathetic certainty; they are men who are ever ready at all times to prosecute all wilful violators of the game and fish laws. This week I was approached by a gentleman connected with our present Legislature, who asked my opinion about taking the month of June out of our open season (now from April 1 to July 1). I asked the reason for the proposed change. He said, "In my county our streams are very low in the month of June, and the trout are netted." "Why do you not see that the persons netting trout are prosecuted, you are a lawyer," I replied. He said, "the persons that net the trout are friends of mine, and they would kill my business, they are lawyers and judges."

I then told him that, if "persons were mean enough to net trout in June, the mere matter of changing the date would not stop the work."

Such valuable information, tendered me by this sportsman, reminds me of the following story:

Daughter—"Mamma, that strange gentleman, who just got out, kissed me when we were going through the tunnel."

Mother—"Child, why didn't you tell me at once, so I could call him to account?"

Daughter—"Because, mamma, I—I thought we were coming to another tunnel." A. C. COLINS.

President Connecticut Association of Sportsmen and Farmers for the Protection of Fish and Game.

Michigan Game Laws.

Editor of Forest and Stream: The amendments to the existing game laws which the State Fish and Game League, at the recent meeting at Lansing, determined to ask from the Legislature, do not meet with the approval of certain parties in the State and out of it. Nor was it expected that they would please those who abominate any and all measures which look toward game protection. So long as men have porcine natures, just so long will they resist with porcine noises and porcine stubbornness any action which threatens to curtail the gratification of their porcine desires. This class is now talking loud, in the hope of influencing our legislators against the proposed amendments.

The proposition to make the open season for deer the same all through the State is open to some objections, but it is not without its advantages. As the seasons now are, two classes are especially the gainers. These are the wealthy who have time and means at command to enable them to spend three weeks in the Upper Peninsula and then come down and put in three more in the Lower Peninsula, and the market hunters, who invariably pursue the deer to the last legal minute and as much longer as it is safe to do so.

A season identical in both sections will cut their time down one half, the gain being on the side of the deer.

The proposed open time, Oct. 10 to 31, is rather too early for the Lower Peninsula, the weather at that time ordinarily being too warm for hunting. The leaves are still thick on the scrub oaks with which nearly all the old pine choppings are overgrown, and nobody but the man who has tried to stalk deer in scrub oak thickets, knows how those pesky leaves will rasp against his clothing in spite of all his care. Nothing takes them off until the snow comes and freezes to them, weighting them down so that the wind carries them to the ground. The still hunter, too, is always longing for snow to assist him in tracking the deer and an open season in October will certainly deprive the hunter of the Lower Peninsula of that aid. A better open season than that proposed would be Oct. 20 to Nov. 10, certainly not too early in the lower part of the State, nor, I think, too late in the upper Peninsula. However, if the Solons say Oct. 10 to 31, let it go. It will be so much the better for the deer. Driving deer with dogs—"a-haoundin' on 'em," in local parlance—has long been under the ban of the law, but the hound's mellow bay is still far too frequently heard on the trail of deer, in this neck o' the woods. And more deer are killed in the water—contrary to law—than out of it.

For my own part, I must confess that I prefer to hunt with dogs, and I am not a lazy hunter, either. I love to hear their faint, bell-like tones in the far distance, now swelling as the chase leads over some thinly clothed ridge, now dying away in the thick cover of some dense swamp until my strained senses lose it or mistake for it the beating of the hot blood in my ears. And then that grand burst of music, filling the air with maddening pulsations. When having aroused the quarry, they follow his flying footstep, straight toward the water which he knows will afford him safety—from them, at least—tearing the morning air with lusty mouthings at every bound! He who could listen unmoved by such music; whose pulses would not bound; whose eye would not flash lightning glances hither and yon in search of the coming deer; whose breath would not come quick and hard, whose very soul would not be moved within him, he indeed "would be fit for treason, stratagems and spoils!" I would not lend him my oldest gun, not to mention my dog.

As to the claim that driving deer with dogs tends to run them out of the country, I have my own opinion about that, and it is shared by no less an authority than Mr. S. S. Van Dyke, the author of that most excellent work, "The Still Hunter." So far as my own modest experience as a deer hunter goes—my hunting has been confined to Manistee County—I am satisfied that the dogs frighten the deer far less than the still hunters do. Every farmer keeps a dog, and the dog is constantly chasing the deer which feed, oftentimes with, or near the farmer's cattle, which browse at their own sweet will in the unfenced choppings. The deer easily shake the dog—seldom a good one—off, and soon learn to hold dogs in general in contempt.

I used to hunt for several years at a place that was not affected by any hunters except our own party. Three or four miles back of us there were always a plenty of still hunters. At the opening of the season we seldom had any success, but with each succeeding day the deer came into our section more and more, running away from the still hunters, and apparently untroubled by our morning run with our dogs. The last of the season was invariably the best for us, and as invariably the poorest for the still hunters back of us. Having stated my position and belief as to the dog question, I will now hasten to add that the law relating to the use of dogs in hunting deer should be more rigidly enforced. Why? Because those who use dogs will kill the deer in the water, law or no law. That is the trouble. The average hunter cannot kill a running deer once in four times, and he knows it; consequently, he posts himself near some lake or river, waits until the deer has entered the water, and then opens fire with his magazine rifle, which permits of such rapid shooting that he may miss half a dozen times and yet kill with a lucky shot. The deer must have a chance and the dog hunting must stop. But I do love to hear a good dog!

The proposed provision that deer shall not be transported by common carriers unless accompanied by the owner, is a good one. It can be got around by shipping under cover, but it will help. So will the provision to limit each man's bag to two deer. Two are enough for anybody, except the meat hunter. I would go another step, and prohibit the sale of game, especially deer. So long as an open market can be found for them, so long will the pot hunter have an incentive and an inducement to kill all he can. Take away his market and his occupation will be gone.

Go still another step, and prohibit the killing of does and fawns, at least for five years. Buck's meat, especially if the buck be old, is tough, but we can stand it for that length of time.

But what we need here in Michigan, far more than we need better game laws, is the better enforcement of the laws we now have. All the old denuded pine lands are wild and sparsely settled. The settlers, as a rule, are not in favor of game laws and violate them constantly. One warden, or two, in a county can do little or nothing in such a country and against such a sentiment. Every man's hand is opposed to him, and the only assistance he receives is from the Protective Associations in some of the larger cities. Convictions are hard to secure, and fines which country justices unwillingly assess are often ridiculously small. However, the protection idea is slowly gaining ground, and those who believe in it must keep up their courage and keep the protection snow-ball rolling. There are more deer now in Lower Michigan than there were five years ago, if common report is true, and there is no reason why they should not continue to increase. I hope that the amendments will be passed by the Legislature, and I hope that the State Game Warden will be more liberally treated in the matter of an allowance for prosecuting his work. F. A. MITCHELL.

Manistee, Mich.

New York Game Code.

The bill prepared by the Senate Committee of the New York Legislature to amend the game code has been submitted. The main provisions of the measure are here outlined. The close seasons named in the bill for the State at large are as follows, the present close seasons being given for purposes of comparison:

	Present Law.	Proposed Law.
Deer	Nov. 1 to Aug. 15.	Oct. 21 to Aug. 15.
Hounding	Oct. 11 to Sept. 10.	Oct. 16 to Aug. 31.
Squirrels	Jan. 1 to Sept. 1.	Dec. 1 to Aug. 31.
Hare	Jan. 1 to Sept. 1.	Dec. 1 to Aug. 31.
Wild fowl	March 1 to Sept. 1.	April 30 to Sept. 1.
Quail	Jan 1 to Nov. 1.	Jan. 1 to Oct. 31.
Woodcock	Jan. 1 to Aug. 15.	Jan. 1 to Aug. 15.
Grouse	Jan. 1 to Aug. 15.	Jan. 1 to Aug. 15.
Snipe	May 1 to Sept. 1.	May 1 to Aug. 31.
Meadow Lark	Jan. 1 to Nov. 1.	Jan. 1 to Sept. 30.
Trout	Sep. 1 to April 1.	Sept. 1 to April 15.
Salmon Trout	Oct. 1 to May 1.	Oct. 1 to April 30.
Land Locked Salmon.	Oct. 1 to May 1.	Oct. 1 to April 30.
Black Bass	Jan. 1 to May 30.	Jan. 1 to May 29.
Muskallonge	Jan. 1 to May 30.	Jan. 1 to May 29.
Salmon	Aug. 15 to March 1.	Aug. 15 to March 1
Pickerel	Not Protected.	Jan. 1 to May 29.
Pike	Not Protected.	Jan. 1 to May 29.
Wall Eyed Pike	Not Protected.	Jan. 1 to May 29.

Deer are protected for five years in Ulster, Greene, Sullivan and Delaware counties. One person may kill only two deer in a season. Transportation forbidden except of one carcass with owner. Sale forbidden from Oct. 31 to Nov. 10, except of venison killed out of State in open season. Hounding always forbidden in St. Lawrence, Delaware, Greene, Ulster, and Sullivan. Killing of fawns, working and yarding forbidden.

Ferrets for rabbit hunting forbidden. Rabbit close season in counties of St. Lawrence, Franklin, Essex, Clinton, Lewis, Warren, Hamilton, Herkimer, Richmond, except Aug. 16 to Dec. 31.

Bounty on for, $3, bear, $10, grown wolf, $30, pup wolf, $15, panther, $20.

Wild fowl shall not be pursued or killed between sunset and daylight, nor from "anyother than a boat propelled by hand or floating device," nor bough house more than 50 feet from shore. Boats propelled by hand may be used on the Hudson River below the Troy dam.

Quail shall not be killed in Genesee, Wyoming, Orleans, Livingston, Monroe, Cayuga, Seneca, Wayne, Tompkins, Tioga, Onondaga, Ontario, Steuben, Cortland and Otsego counties prior to Nov. 1, 1898.

Woodcock and grouse shall not be transported unless accompanied by owner.

Wild birds protected do not include English sparrow, crow, hawk, raven, crane, crow-black bird, common black bird, kingfisher.

Mongolian pheasants are protected to 1897.

Ice fishing is forbidden in waters inhabited by trout, salmon trout, or land locked salmon. Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Hudson and Niagara Rivers, excepted.

Trout, land locked salmon, salmon trout, may not be taken of less than six inches. They may not be transported save when accompanied by owner.

Black bass may not be taken under eight inches. Close season for Lake George except from Aug. 1 to Dec. 31.

Salt water striped bass may not be taken under eight inches; nor shall striped bass be fished for between Jan. 1 and April 30.

All county supervisor's fish and game ordinances shall be repealed by this act and supervisors shall not be empowered to legislate on species of fish and game named in the act.

The Long Island close seasons named in the bill are: Wild fowl, May 1 to Sept. 30; Plover, snipe, shore brids, except from May 16 to Dec. 31; ruffed grouse, Jan. 1 to Oct. 31; woodcock, Jan. 1 to July 31; meadow hens, Aug. 16 to Dec. 31; hare, rabbit, Nov. 1 to Dec. 31; deer are protected for two years from passage of the act, and for every alternate two years thereafter. In the open years the close period is except from Nov. 10 to Nov. 16. Black and gray squirrels, except from Nov. 1 to Dec. 31; Trout, except from March 29 to July 31; salmon trout, land locked salmon, except from April 1 to Sept. 30; black bass except from May 30 to Dec. 31.

Floating devices, sail boat and boats propelled by hand may be used for wild fowl shooting in Long Island Sound, Great South Bay, West of Smith's Point, Shinnecock and Peconic Bay.

Maine Legislation.

Editor Forest and Stream: The work of the Legislature in Maine in passing game laws, shows a lively interest, and an appreciation of the benefits that come to the State. The Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association are so far getting all legislation asked for. The general law asked for, which will put the control of fishing in the hands of the Fish and Game Commissioners, has received strenuous opposition from some leading members of the Legislature, the matter being presented in three different reports from the Judiciary Committee, to which the bill was referred—one report is that the legislation is inexpedient. Another is a bill, but gives no authority to the Commissioners to limit or control the taking of fish in waters where prohibition is needed. The other bill gives them this power, and will do away with special legislation, as has been recommended by the Governor. The Maine Sportsmen's Association favor the last bill, which is assigned for the 28th. If this bill is secured, then a large appropriation will be urged for the propagation and protection of fish and game. The outlook is good for securing these needed measures.

The opinion expressed in the Forest and Stream that the people of Maine wanted a law licensing sportsmen coming into the State, is not correct. This suggestion is made by only a very few, and does not represent the feeling in this State. The people are realizing the benefits that come to the State from sportsmen that come here, and the great aim and effort is to make it more pleasant for those coming, and have the fish and game increased. They do propose, as the increased penalties of laws passed, making imprisonment part of the penalty for such as come here and kill the game illegally; to make it exceedingly warm for such sportsmen. The whole warden system will be changed by the law now proposed, and an effort made to enforce the laws to the letter. CHANDLER.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 5 to 8—Chicago.—Mascoutah K. C., J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 12 to 15—Denver.—Western K. C. Co., E. T. Weiant, Sec'y
April 10 to 13.—Pittsburgh—Duquesne K.C. W. E. Littel, Sec'y.
April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Lovenand, Sec'y.
April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club.
May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club.
Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Woolton, Manitou, Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW

Feb. 19-22. Entries, 1607. Dogs Benched, 1406.

A great success was the general verdict. And the nineteenth dog show, held by the Westminster Kennel Club, will pass into kennel history as a record event. With a larger entry than ever before, it became a question of no little importance how to provide benching for such a number of dogs on the limited space, comparatively, at command, but that Spratts Co. solved the problem satisfactorily everyone conceded, although to do it the aisles, among the larger dogs, had to be made a little narrower, and with the great crush at times, these passageways were almost impassable. The toy dogs were not placed in a very acceptable manner. They faced the wrong way in the passage, on the top row of the amphitheatre seats, and as there was little space between the cages and outside wall, the crush was terrific at times and many visitors could not get a glimpse at the little ones. Six rings on the main floor afforded ample room for judging. A new move on the part of the management was the employment of a batch of Italian attendants, a scheme that did not work very well. Although good and willing workers, their ignorance of the English language and aptitude for dog handling, provoked many an aggravated smile. The judging was in many classes considerably delayed and the Italian attendants with the crowded aisles may account for it. The judges on the whole got through their tasks acceptably, and compared to the entry and number of exhibitors, there was little hard feeling. Mr. James Taylor, the English judge, had the most arduous task probably of his varied experience; commencing on Tuesday at 10 A. M., he did not finish until Thursday morning, and he can perhaps tell his fellow countrymen how it is we do not clear up the judging of 1,000 dogs in a few hours. Having to take notes on the dogs he judged while in the ring, his classes were considerably delayed in consequence.

Mr. Mortimer managed the show in his usual able manner and the doing of it seems to come more pleasantly and naturally than in early years, still he labored under a heavy weight of sorrow in the very recent death of his eldest son and that he acquitted himself so well shows how thoroughly he is imbued with the kennel show executive ability. Mr. Terry was a busy coadjutor and kept a roving eye on all points; having recovered his health this year, he was able to enter into the full spirit of the affair. Mr. Cornell I also saw busy in the rings, but many of the former active members, while strolling through the aisles every day, confined their attention to sight seeing. The building was at all times sweet and clean, "Sanitas" controlling any odor that might arise. The catalogues were tastefully arranged, the border of the prize diplomas being used as a decoration and a very appropriate one, as the pointer is essentially the W. K. C.'s patron breed.

The quality of the different breeds is spoken of in the detailed report. The weather proved, with the exception of Thursday, which was a little threatening, all that could be desired, and the crowds on Friday must have gone far to fill up the exchequer. Every exhibitor of any note and many who saw their first show put in an appearance during the week, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Boston being fully represented and to give a tithe of the names would fill too much space. Society, as usual, was out in force, and contributed in no small degree to the brightness of the scene.

The dogs, as a whole, were shown in much better condition, a very gratifying fact, proving that Forest and Stream is read among men.

H. W. LACY.

POINTERS (Charles Heath, Judge).—The classes were quite well filled, and the quality of the dogs was good. Heavy weight dogs, 55 pounds and over, had five entries, of which Champion King of Kent and Robert le Diable were not for competition and the latter was absent. Lad of Kent, shown in excellent condition, won easily over Sanford Druid. Bitches, 50 pounds and over, had four entries. Woolton Game carried

off the honors over Lady Tammany, second, and Josie Bracket. Woolton Game shows age exceedingly and her eyes, too, have become impaired. She still shows, much quality, notwithstanding her aged appearance. Still, against younger and more vigorous bitches, it is doubtful as to her being victorious much longer. Lady Tammany, second, is heavy in shoulders, and her head is not well shaped. Josie Bracket, unnoticed, is better in neck, shoulders, quarters, thighs and general symmetry, and I thought her the better of the two. In respect to Woolton Game and Josie Bracket, it is a question whether the quality of the former is sufficient to offset her aged form and trim over the younger bitch. In open dogs, heavy weights, Sir Walter, an excellent, large pointer, won first over fifteen competitors. His forelegs might have a more even muscular development, but he stands squarely on them; his shoulders are well shaped, body smoothly turned, slightly throaty, good stern, quarters and general symmetry. Prince Regent, second, is a trifle heavy in shoulders, stands on good legs and feet, head not clean cut. Ridgeview Bow, third, is a small heavy weight, nicely shaped, light in muzzle and not shown in the best of condition. Lord Bracken, fourth, is chunky in head, throaty, good body and legs. The reserve, Ridgeview Regent, is ordinary. Twelve competed in the heavy weight bitch class. The quality of the competitors was fairly good. First went to Lass of Kent, plain and short in head, well ribbed body, good neck, legs and feet. Devonshire Pearl won second. She is somewhat too light in bone, narrow in muzzle and too light in back, still she is smoothly turned and has a deal of pointer character. Springside Nell, third, carries some lumber and her head is of the chunky sort. Kent's Belle, fourth, has a narrow muzzle, ears set too high and her shoulders are too heavy. In dogs 50 pounds and under, challenge class, Duke of Hessen, won over Arthur and Ridgeview Tenny, the latter taking second. Duke shows age and he was not in the best of condition. Three competed in the challenge bitch class, Miss Rumor taking the honors, Hempstead Pearl taking second. In light weight dogs, seven competitors, Ridgeview Comet, a good dog, showing some throatiness and lumber in his shoulders, won first. Chancellor, second, has symmetry of form, but is cheeky and throaty. Springside Tammany, third, stands on sound legs and feet, is loaded in shoulders. Ridgeview Prince, fourth, needed more flesh to round him out. He is high on legs, head a trifle narrow; he is a fairly good dog. The reserve, Hempstead Carlo, is long cast. There was quite a good number in the class for light bitches, 18 appearing for judgment, though the quality of the competitors was of the highest order. Springside Lady, first, is light in muzzle, throaty, rather heavy in shoulders. Second went to Springside Jill, well ribbed and well shaped body. Lady Bracken, third and Brighton Faustina, fourth, are fairly good bitches. The rest of the class was about an average lot. Puppies were out in fair numbers, of dogs there were eleven; bitches, ten. Young Americus, a good leggy puppy was first in dogs, second going to a long cast leggy brother, Prince's Boy. The bitches were very ordinary. First went to Phryne, cowhocked, poor in head and ordinary. In novice dogs, Sir Walter, Springside Tammany and Ridgeview Prince won in the order named. In novice bitches, Springside Lady, Springside Jill and Brighton Faustina won in the order named, the same as in light weight bitches. In the field trial class for dogs and bitches, placed in any public field trial in the United States and Canada, the dogs were, one, two, three in the following order, Sanford Druid, Duke of Hessen and Woolton Game. The kennel prize was won by Mr. Geo. J. Gould, with Josie Bracket, Ridgeview Comet, Marguerite Kent and Miss Rumor. His man in charge, A. Warner, had the dogs in fine condition. Lad of Kent won the pointer cup.

ENGLISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—The quality of the classes was good and the number of entries large, therefore the judging was not easy. Mr. Davidson took great pains with all his classes, but did not succeed quite so happily in pleasing the competitors as in times past. Two, Glendon and Cactus, were competitors in the challenge class. The former is somewhat throaty and lanky, a fairly good head and he has better symmetry and setter character. Cactus, first, is more muscular. His coat was not in first rate condition, he was not so good in head as Glendon, and is a bit heavy in shoulders. In challenge bitches, Spectre won first. She moves badly behind. She is a good looking bitch and was shown in good condition. Albert's Nelllie, second, has thickened in shoulders, and was not in good coat. The reserve, went to Victress Llewellin, shown in good condition, and Blue Nell was vhc. There were 24 competitors in the open dog class. The Earl took first. He is heavy in build, an indifferent mover, good legs and feet, short in neck and something too heavy in shoulders. Though heavy, he has symmetry and is a good setter. Second went to Dad Monarch, a really heavy style of dog though well turned; he is heavy in shoulders, head not clean cut and is somewhat coarse; rather wide in back; thin thigh, stands badly in front and is a poor mover, legs and feet good. He is too heavy in build for the best type of work or beauty. Albert Ranger, third, is a better dog in every respect than Dad, in my opinion. He stands better on his forelegs, has a fairly good head, lean neck well set on good shoulders, back strong and shapely, coat only fair, and he moves well. Harry L., fourth, was not in the best show condition. Body well ribbed, legs and feet well made, head well shaped, ears nicely set on, a sound good dog and a good mover. Roi d'Or, the reserve, is a bit light in muzzle, and heavy in shoulders and does not stand well in front. He is a workmanlike dog. Washtenaw Grouse, a vhc. dog, could closely contest first place with the winner. He was slightly out of coat, but is a symmetrical, sound dog of excellent activity, and has improved in form with age. There were 21 bitces. Countess Zoe took first. She is well known. She is somewhat light in bone and muzzle, though she has a good head, body well ribbed, good quarters and good legs and feet. Second went to Maid Marion, a very good bitch, head too full under eyes. She has a well shaped body and stands on good legs and feet. Furness Maid, third, is only a fairly good bitch. Her head has not sufficient stop. Fourth was won by Nellie Breeze, light in muzzle and heavy in shoulders, and a bit light in bone. She is a fairly good bitch, has symmetry above the average, and is a good mover. The reserve, Albert's Moll, was about average. Wild Rose, vhc., is a sound, active little bitch. There were 12 puppies in the dog class, an average lot. Larkspur, first, is plain in head. Allister MacAllister is coarse in head and has a tendency to coarseness in his makeup. Brighton Prince, third, is plain in head, good legs, feet and symmetry and he moves well. Pontiac, unnoticed, is quite a fair puppy, excepting a poor head and was worthy of notice. There were four puppies in the bitch class. First went to Albert's Daisy Queen, a trimly built bitch, light in bone and plain in head. Lady Platt, second, was thin in flesh, and Vic Hollymere, third, is long cast. In novice dogs, Count Beaufort, a stout built dog, plain in head, and Rockland, ordinary and flat in ribs, and Cincinnatus Pride, were placed in the order named. In novice bitches, the winners were Furness Maid, a fair bitch, thin in flesh, and Lady Gathway and Wild Rose. The Victoria Kennels took the special kennel prize. Roi d'Or had a walk over in the class for dogs which had been placed in any field trials in the United States or Canada.

IRISH SETTERS (J. Davidson Judge).—There was some falling off in the uniform good quality of these dogs, as compared with that of previous years. The challenge class was strong in numbers. Kildare taking first, Finglas second, and Inchiquin, third. The remaining four were Blarney, Jr., Montauk, Jr., Glenmore and Duke Elcho, all well known. There were four bitches in the challenge class, Queen Vic taking first easily, Norna, second, and Delphinne taking third. The open dog class had thirteen competitors. Shamrock O'More, an upstanding dog of superior symmetry, won first. He has good legs and feet, stands squarely on them, body well ribbed, strong quarters, good neck, head not quite clean cut, and he shows a little throatiness. Bob, Jr., second, is high on legs and long cast. The third prize winner, Henmore Shamrock, has a plain, ordinary head, and is an ordinary, good dog otherwise. The reserve went to Dick Finglas, an ordinary dog. The rest of the class was hardly above average. There were 12 bitches in the open class. The winner, Lady May Swiveller, has a poor head and heavy shoulders. Nona, second, has a light head. Eudora, third, is quite a good bitch, well shaped in shoulders, body, head, legs and neck; her coat was faded slightly from exposure. Rosamond, fourth, is light in muzzle and deficient in ribbing. There were 14 dog puppies. First went to Kenmore Shamrock, poor in head, legs and feet good; second, to Glenmore V., a good puppy. Third went to Brian and the reserve to Henmore Shamrock, Jr. Bitch puppies had 6 competitors. Miss Ruby was first, Eudora II., second, and Biddy Finglas was third. Shamrock O'More was an easy first in novice dogs. Chappoquin and Killane, second and third, both being vhc. in the open class. The reserve went to Burke. In novice bitches, Lady May Swiveller was first, River Joe, second and Nancy Finglas, third. In the class for field trial winners, Finglas, Edna H., and Bedford were one, two and three. The kennel prize was won by the Oak Grove Kennels.

GORDON SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—The classes were quite well filled. In quality, there was a perceptible falling off. There were 5 in the challenge dog class, and the same number in that for bitches. In dogs, Heather Lad was first, Leo B., second, and Heather York, reserve, the latter better in markings and Gordon Setter character than Leo. In bitches, Highland Vola was first, Heather Bee, second, and Fan, reserve. The open class, dogs, had 5 competitors, of which Highland Kent was first. He was thin in flesh and his tan markings were mixed with black. Dick Noble, second, is light in bone and muzzle, smudgy tan. Heather Bruce, third, is thin in flesh and light in barrel; plain head; ordinary quality. Prince D., fourth, is a coarse dog, still possessing fair setter character. There were 10 bitches in the open class. Dwight Pearl was first. She was closely pressed by Dwight Effie, vhc. Second went to Princess Bonnie, light in barrel, and third to Sally Beaumont, plain in head, pale tan and about average in quality. Maid of Waverly, fourth, is a fair, ordinary bitch. The puppies were a fairly good lot. There were 7 in the dog class, 5 in that for bitches. Many of them were undeveloped. Novice dogs had 4 entries. Dick Noble, Prince D., Nero II., and Duke B., were first, second, third and reserve, respectively. In the field trial class, Count Noble was first, Flomont, second, and Sally Beaumont, third.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS (John Davidson, Judge).—This sterling breed of dogs was represented poorly in respect to numbers, there being but 6 all told, dogs and bitches. First was won easily by Deacon, second, by Pride, coarse in head, but fairly good otherwise, third, by Mary II., and reserve by Tuckermuck Favorite.

ENGLISH RETRIEVERS (John Davidson, Judge).—But two were shown, ordinary specimens. First prize was withheld. Hempstead Jet won second and Physician, third.

B. WATERS.

RUSSIAN WOLF HOUNDS (James Taylor, Judge).—There was a decided falling off in the entries in Russian wolf hounds, where there were but 21 against 30 of 1894. It is greatly to be deplored that such was the case, as I was in hopes of seeing this the banner year, and the fruits of last year's breeding prove to the doggy world we can raise specimens here as good as can be brought over from Russia. We certainly have the best blood attainable, but it is either due to the climatic changes, or the result of in-breeding, that staggers our breeders and prevents them from being able to raise their puppies and thus increase the number of exhibits. That the young ones are hard to raise is exemplified by the fact that the Duchess of Newcastle, with all the modern contrivances and kennel appurtenances, with experienced kennel men, and a celebrated "vet." almost at hand, has lost whole litters, one after the other, which unfortunate experience has fallen to our lot, on this side of the water. Once raised, however, to maturity, they are tougher than the proverbial pine knot and no amount of exposure, wet or rough usage seems to affect them, in the least. No new patrons have risen to bring this breed more prominently before the public, and I must still maintain that the cause is traceable to the ill advised statement made some time ago, and which was that the breed was unreliable, has done more than anything else to retard the advance and appreciation of the merits of the most beautiful and aristocratic breed of dogs, and rob it of the high esteem it should (and finally will) hold in the opinion of all who appreciate beauty of outline, poetry of motion and perfect sweetness of disposition. The absence of Champion Argoss, Leekhoi and Zerry, all in the challenge classes, reduced the entries here to only three for the two classes. Mr. Hanks opened the ball in challenge dogs with Col. Dietz, who, in the absence of Champion Argoss, had a "walk over." The Colonel has wonderfully improved since the last W. K. C. Show, having filled out considerably, and were he to be shown some 15 pounds heavier, the same being put on by good hard work, he would then be about the best dog (barring Champion Argoss) that is now before the public. However, his want of length on his extreme legginess will always prevent him from being a clinker, yet properly shown, he should give many of them a great deal of bother to beat him. Challenge bitches brought together Vinga and Princess Irma. The former met with a mishap on the way to the show, which destroyed all her possible chances of winning, but in whatever condition she might have been before starting, it is very doubtful if she could have beaten Princess Irma, who was shown in the very pink of condition, hard, well rounded, in beautiful coat and full of life and vigor. She has never been shown in such beautiful condition before, and will in the absence of Zerry be a hard nut for any of them to crack, if ever again exhibited as at this show. Ataman IV., a new comer, made here his debut in the open dog class, and while he had the easiest of an easy win, it was due entirely to the fact that he virtually had no competition, scarcely a dog in the class being in condition fit to show at a country fair. Ataman IV. is a memento from Mr. Rousseau, who sent out a consignment of Russian wolf hounds to Mr. Hacke, some years ago, in the entire lot of which there was but one good one, (and she a clinker), the beautiful Armada. Ataman IV. is a big, powerful white dog, with dark orange markings, a fair good head, and of the right length, but possessed of a very short neck, furnished with the most profuse and beautiful ruff I have ever seen on a dog of this breed. He has front length of great strength, bone and straightness, but so heavy are his shoulders and so straight set on, that the usefulness of his legs is greatly impaired. Obliquely set on shoulders, with a free and easy action of the legs, is as essential in a dog who has to depend much upon speed, as on good feet. Being always in favor of first-class feet, Ataman here received my undivided admiration. His ribs are good and well placed, but he is not as strong in back nor as powerful in hind quarters as a dog of his great size should be. His tail is not by any means a typical one, being decidedly marred by a decided upward curve at its base, whereas it should set close and not destroy the cimeter appearance we look for in specimens of this breed. One feature was very noticeable and that, that his hind quarters were not of sufficient power to counteract the fault of the front legs, in fact he seems to have the propelling power at the wrong end of him. Well bent stifles are an essential element in the ultimate success of any specimens of the hound type, yet so straight are Ataman's that his hind legs are almost straight and set very far under the body, thus robbing him of the proper power of propulsion. Little less of leg or more length of body would improve him, and build him on lines we wish to see in a hound, who is expected to do a bit of running on his own account. Sorvanets an old time face, and frequently described in these columns, won the second prize. He has not improved even a little bit in front, since last we saw him, nor is he likely to with age, which fact will always prevent him being in the front row of good ones. Had Trojan been a larger dog, and been shown in better shape, he would have rendered a much better account of himself. I like his type and outline immensely, far better than those of the second prize winner. Odrooski (reserve) was not in it, being shown in wretched condition, and unlike Colonel Dietz, has not improved in form since shown here last time. He is a dog of large frame, excellent type, but cannot win in good company except when properly shown. Zlobeliis, who started the ball rolling in the open bitch class, is somewhat plain in head, has good neck, legs and feet, but is only fair in ribs, back and loin. Her hind legs are set entirely too far under her body to be of proper use to her. Coat of only moderate quality and quantity, to which added her poor condition, did not make her a star of the first magnitude. Zmeika, second, fairly well shown, and heretofore described, deserved the prize she won Her glaring faults, so often commented on, will always prevent her winning premier honors in good company. Mr. Gould's Dagmar had to be content with third place, which might have gone to Lobedga without depreciating the value of the third prize winner. Puppies were four in number only, yet some were of such exquisite quality and outline, that they compensated for the fewness of entries. Leekhoi the Great could easily have given way to Alma for first prize, while Inkerman, third, should have been second, with Leekhoi in his place. There was far more quality and beauty of type in this class than in the open bitches, and had the pups been properly shown, they would have greatly enhanced the value of the exhibit. It has always appeared to me to be almost a fatal error to exhibit dogs out of condition, and to be far wiser to keep at home those that are not fit, than to tote them off to a show, thin and out of coat, devoid of life and spirits simply in the hopes that the competing ones shall be in even worse condition and so win a prize or two. However conscientious a judge may be, his first or previous impression of a dog may and is likely to be most lasting, and when one is brought out of coat, he remembers it in spite of himself, which militates against the dog's success or redounds to the advantage of his competitor. With the exception of Princess Irma, there was not one Russian wolfhound which could be said to have been shown in fine form. Certainly not in form consistent with the magnitude of such a grand show as the W. K. C. of 1895. Mr. Hanks had no trouble to carry off the W. K. C.'s special for the best kennel of Russian wolfhounds.

DEER HOUNDS (James Taylor, Judge).—The absence of Mr. Thayer's kennel of grand dogs reduced the entries in the four classes to a paltry three. Mr. Page's Lochiel had an easy win over Stag. Lochiel was well shown, and is a dog that will take some beating. First prize was withheld, and properly, too, in the bitch class, the second prize being awarded to a poor specimen.

GREYHOUNDS (James Taylor, Judge).—The entries here fell off from 42 of last year to 37 for this year, and while we note a decrease in numbers, the quality seemed to be much better, due largely to the recent importations. However much a judge may try, he cannot please everyone, yet it strikes me most forcibly, that however hard Mr. Taylor could have tried, he could not possibly have given less satisfaction to the "talent," and the laity as well. He jumped from one extreme decision to another, with such rapid movement that it made one fairly dizzy and thus set each exhibitor on tenter hooks to know what next to expect. Having heard Mr. Taylor was emphatically "a greyhound man," I looked with amazement on some of his awards. Some good specimens were sent off without even a c. card, much to the discomfort of the exhibitors. Gem of the Season was awarded first prize in the challenge class of dogs, a decision I do not think a single greyhound man could endorse. He has deteriorated greatly since the W. K. C. of 1894, having grown decidedly heavy in shoulders, while he appears to be more shoveled off back of the ribs than ever. Added to these, his left hind foot is in very bad shape, so I cannot bring myself to indorse the award; third prize would have been about the right thing for him in the condition in which he was shown. The second prize should have rested between Imperator and Lord Neverstill, and had the latter taken the blue ribbon, no harm would have been done. Imperator was shown in beautiful form, and as sleek as a mole, his black coat shining like satin, yet on account of his smallness as well as being so short coupled, I hardly see how he could have beaten the brindle with anything to spare. Lord Neverstill is a big, upstanding dog, with a very gamey appearance, grand legs and feet, but whose neck might be a bit longer to enable him all the easier to pick up a jack rabbit, a trifle straight in shoulders, nor does he cover as much ground as I look for, yet he has wonderful loin, back and quarters, essential qualities in a good greyhound. Both Imperator and Lord Neverstill are young and sound, neither of which cardinal virtues are possessed by Gem.

In challenge class bitches the judge awarded the blue ribbon to Bestwood Daisy, an award which I consider the least consistent of any made by Mr. Taylor, one also which I cannot bring myself to believe the owner of the bitch could himself endorse, considering he was once possessed of Southern Beauty. That Bestwood Daisy is a bitch of beautiful outline and rare quality no one will deny, but she is such a wee thing that her chances to win over such a peerless beauty as Southern Beauty are virtually nil. Beauty was very well shown, and her quality and general "goodness," all over should have given her the easiest sort of a victory, instead of having to be content with second place, to which the judge relegated her. It is very discouraging and extremely disheartening to an exhibitor to accept such awards, and a few such others would take the heart out of any man, however enthusiastic he might be. Spinaway was hard used by the judge. Like all of Mr. Lowe's dogs, she does not cover quite as much ground as desired, but is possessed of most excellent feet, legs, back, loin and beautiful hind quarters, showing great power, one of the essential elements so needed in a dog to do the work a greyhound is called upon to perform. Considering the judge's expressed opinions, in some of the other classes, this last award was not a surprise, though I must admit her condition was not equal to her kennel companion's, Lord Neverstill. In open class dogs, Southern Rhymes had it all his own way, and won handsomely. He is a big dog, a bit on the coarse side all over, has good legs, feet, back, hind quarters, but his loin is not all to my fancy, still he should do a lot of winning in the company of dogs we now have here. Considering the little mite of Bestwood Daisy to be justly entitled to first prize, in challenge bitches, the award of first to this big dog Rhymes was a poser to the "talent," considering, too, that there were several small ones in this class that were not half bad. Norway Star again got a slice of good fortune here, and was "a lucky dog" to get second. He is not a nice one in head or neck, has very heavy shoulders, which defects, however, are in a degree counterbalanced by his having good back and hind quarters. Jack of Clubs, a very plain looking dog, heavy in head, is common place, and is not possessed of the very best qualities back of the shoulders. Dakota was not in the money, but should have taken second prize without trouble. The judge was not very happy in the bitch class. Bed of Stone should have carried off the blue ribbon instead of being pegged back to third place. She is a daughter of Herschel and Green Fly, has a good head, though a bit weak before the eyes, good feet, legs and neck, fine shoulders, good strong back and loin, second thighs excellent, looks a goer and a stayer, besides having lots of quality. While not in tip top condition, I did not see one in better shape. Southern Gay Girl, second prize, has something wrong with her left eye, perceptibly so, which should have thrown her entirely out of com-

petition. White Lily, instead of receiving first prize, should have been content with second, being a bit heavy in head, only fair legs and feet, somewhat flat in ribs, and deficient in lung and heart room, radical defects in a dog, who, like the greyhound, is required to stand long and punishing courses, as are our Western dogs. In order to give a good account of himself, a greyhound must have so much heart and lung room, that no casue of failure to win in the field shall be attributable to this quarter. The Woodhaven Kennels won the coveted National Greyhound Challenge Cup, with their Spinaway and Ton and Thomas took the W. K. C's special prize for the best kennel.

HIGHLAND.

MASTIFFS (James Taylor, Judge).—That a grand old breed like the mastiff, with a specialty club at the back of it, should, at a show like this, poll no larger entry than fourteen, is most inexplicable. While we know that the best mastiffs are widely scattered, and that it is difficult to bring them all together, still one would think that there are more one-dog owners who would care to show, and thus increase the entry, even if the quality did not keep pace. The Mastiff Club specials were not awarded, owing to the rule requiring three dogs to compete for each special before it can be awarded, and the necessary number was not forthcoming in any division. In challenge dogs, Beaufort's Black Prince, seemingly in elegant condition, and as active as a two year old, had a walkover, Ingleside Minting not fulfilling his engagement. The sweet headed Lady Diana was also treated to a bloodless victory; she was nicely shown; if her head was larger it would be improved. Open dogs saw Emperor William an easy winner over Webster's Caesar, who lost to the other in volume of skull, wrinkle, shortness of muzzle, bone and especially body, though he is by no means a second rater; third to Hans Sachs who has a fair head if it were not so high in brow and skull; Prince Edward II., reserve, has a good type of head, short and well wrinkled, but not massive enough, and he should be better in ribs. The bitch class introduced us to Dr. Lougest's new bitch, Lady Cameron, a very short headed one, with beautiful wrinkle and ears, the latter, if I might be allowed to hazard an opinion on this delicate subject, being just small enough; to be smaller would be to make them ridiculous as aural appendages to a head the size of a mastiff's. Maggie Murphy, second, is a fair brindle, her head is depreciated by faultily carried ears, and she is light in rib, but has a rather nice front; Princess Leta, third, is plain faced and also wrong in ear carriage. The puppy class introduced to us Young Prince, another of the Fair Haven dogs, that gives promise of being a winner. The first out of the Beaufort's Black Prince—Brampton Beauty union. His muzzle is very deep and head well formed. Though perhaps too deep in stop the second winner is also a promising sort with well formed muzzle and skull.

ST. BERNARDS (Miss A. H. Whitney, Judge).—That the St. Bernard still holds its own as a popular breed is proved by the interest centered in the judging, though this may in part be accounted for by the presence of our only lady judge. The quality I thought, taken all round, showed improvement on last year, many of the home bred ones having better muzzles and better quality and better coloring. In the open classes there were some very richly colored animals, and those who are interested in the breed should feel encouraged from this fact—at one time it appeared as if the excess of white bodied St. Bernards would have a detrimental effect. The challenge rough dog class was a sight for "sore een," with Sir Bedivere. Altoneer, Otos and Roland, Jr. The first named I never saw in better flesh, and while short of coat, what he had showed evidence of Arthur's strict attention to the crack. The old dog looked even better than ever in head, and moved with great freedom. Altoneer proved the lucky one out of the three left to take second place, he loses in back and ribs principally, but there is no getting away from his quality; Otos, the richly colored son of Ben Lomond, took reserve, losing in head properties, eye, etc., to Altoneer; Roland, Jr., good, well-formed little dog that he is, is still far behind the three in quality and "gentlemanliness," if such a term may be used. Rustic beauty just won in the challenge bitch class, pushed very close by our old friend, Lady Livingston, who certainly need never be ashamed of her age. Beauty was scarcely in good coat and flesh as one could wish, this, as far as coat is concerned applies to her Ladyship, who also loses to the winner in massiveness of head, but nothing in quality; Miss Anna loses to both in size, but her superb quality makes up for any deficiency in that direction. Open dogs brought out thirty-five and proved a difficult lot to separate. Miss Whitney this time kept her ring clear by weeding out till the eventual winners were left in. Additional interest was lent to the occasion by the appearance of Le Prince and Duke of Lincoln, who had come to us with much reputation. And this the former fully justified. First went to Le Prince, who as far as coat went, was well shown, but could do with more flesh; he shows great quality; his head is a trifle long but very deep, and this may make his skull and muzzle appear narrower than they really are. He is flat-sided, but deep, and should be more rounded out in thighs and quarters, an active mover and well off for bone; he is a richly colored dog, that should prove valuable to our breeders. Second to Demetrius a dog of very opposite type, rather short in head, and showing too much wrinkle to our fancy, eyes too deeply set or else it is the excessive wrinkles make them appear so, short in neck, great bone, rich body color, and well formed: a small dog showing lots of quality and a likeness to his illustrious sire. Wach Erdman is a dog of different type still, having a very broad blaze that spoils his appearance; his head is very massive but there is something about it that is not just right, the shape being peculiar: not very good in front, though heavily boned; fourth to Duke of Lincoln, who, if he had not been so fat and had had time to get his land legs, having come off the vessel the same morning, would have been second, as he is really a capital dog, very large, active on his legs, nice markings, rich body color, and skull deep and massive; but his weak point is before the eye; if a little better filled up there his expression would be greatly improved, in pasterns he might also be a little thicker; he should have been second. A sterling good dog in Ashland Jumbo, took reserve, his light color is against him; lots of bone and substance, and massive head. There were several good vhc. dogs, such as Lord Wilton, who well deserved his letters; Ardmore, whose hind parts are his weak point, but capital in head and front; Nero D., a dog with a rather wedgy head, great bone, and deep, well formed body; Mauprat, a very large, richly colored dog in excellent condition, whose good points lie behind his ears. A crowd of very fair dogs followed these, among them Zampa, a very neat little dog, that might have had another letter, though washy in color, still shows lots of quality and is well shaped in head. In rough bitches, La Princess made her debut, a good headed one, whose lack of distinct blaze makes her black marked face appear rather hard in expression, a capital bodied one, and when in better flesh and coat, she will make the best hustle, in fact she pushed Rustic Beauty close for the special. Second fell to Kingstonian Beauty, a good colored and well formed bitch behind the head; third to Huddersfield Belle, a bitch of nice quality, who might be deeper in muzzle, and broader between the ears; El Oro should be shorter in head, but shows some quality; Otto Ruth, reserve, was first at Danbury; Countess Madge deserved more attention, although not in best of condition, in shape of head and volume she excels anything in the class, but of course her white face made her chance for recognition almost hopeless. Royal Duchess occupied a very inferior position this year, was not in shape. Rough dog pups were a distinctly poor lot. Adam's Jupiter, the winner, is not massive enough in head, but of good color; all were snipy. American Belle, a daughter of Otos', is a richly colored one, showing some promise. Challenge smooth dogs furnished a hard struggle between Alton II. and Melrose King, the brothers. There is little between them, Alton II. getting it a trifle in size and hind legs, and is truer in coat, but losing in color and face markings. Empress of Contoocock again furnished defeat for Melrose Belle, and the old bitch looked exceedingly well. Open smooth dogs were a poor lot compared to former years. Of course Alton, Jr., stands so superior to the class he was in we do not identify him with it. He was put down in elegant form and is still improving. What a dog he would be if rough coated, with the same frame! Plinimmon V. occupied the same position as at the Specialty Show, he was simply smothered by the winner—too long faced. Counch, third, should carry his ears closer, but has quite a fair head, better than Plim's; good legs, but needs more rib. Leicester, Jr., has a rather poor expression and is faulty behind, a good skull adds to his appearance, but he falls far short of his sire's good form. The others call for no particular mention except Clovis, a little one showing much quality, but lacking coloring. A capital class was that for bitches (10), and the winner is a very taking sort, cram full of quality, stands on good legs, though feet could be improved, neatly turned in body and has good action. Has improved on early form. Pandora well known, came second; she is a bit houndy in head, but a good upstanding bitch; Charmion is another that has a familiar name, she loses in size and general quality; Julia, a daughter of Kingston Regent, has good color and a fair head, but is a little off hind and fore. The well-known Melrose Judith in better condition than at Providence, took reserve, she is still light in body. Nothing of great promise was shown in dog pups, a son of Alton, Jr., and Lady Hannay proving about the best; more muzzle would improve him. A sister of his, with much the same characteristics, won in the corresponding class. Novice roughs or smooth dogs, held but two of the latter type. The rough dog Kingstonian Guide won nicely; just off the steamer he was not in the best fettle, but shows a good deal of quality, if broken up with more white his head would be still improved, a well made, active dog, all round, that only requires more flesh; East River Prince is a bit plain in muzzle, though deep and square, fair body, in fact a pretty one all round; Wach Erdman was rightly placed third and Nero D. fourth, mentioned above. The others were rather ordinary, excepting Ardmore, who certainly should have had more than vhc. Lady Hannay had no difficulty in winning from Princess Eulalie, last year's puppy winner, and a rather long faced bitch with good legs and body, Faint Heart should be broader and deeper in head. Alton, Jr., won the Westminster Challenge Cup outright for best American bred. Sir Bedivere took the special for best in the show, and the stud dog medal.

BLOODHOUNDS (James Taylor, Judge).—A very nice collection, as good as anything yet put forward in the breed. Champion Victor tied another win over Belhus to his collar, beating the old dog in length and depth of head, leather and condition. Another capital pair were Ch. Judith and Kaween, and though the latter has filled out on last year's form and deepened in head considerably, the winner's length and quality of head excels, also is better in body. Open dogs proved a canter home for the pup Jason, the new English dog, a regular model all over, though there is a trifle of coarseness about him, arising from his great substance and sturdiness, feet might be better, but has grand legs and body, while he boasts a head of good length, with plenty of loose skin and wrinkle, and capital earage; second to Alchymist, who should not have been shown, having a severe cold in eyes, and otherwise not in good shape; Berry's Bradshaw is a well put up hound, but loses so much in expression and true shape of head, that the decision must be considered just; reserve to Brough, a rather plain hound, inclined to coarseness. A sweet trio of bitches came forward in the next class, and really there is little to choose between them in head; Delfan, the winner, is faulty behind, but fore part is good, nice long, deep head, and good earage; Stella III. also has a good, well wrinkled, deep head, but I think Lady Marjorie excels both in earage and length; they are three that show lots of quality and should do good to the breed. Jason was alone in puppies. J. L. Winchell took the kennel prize.

GREAT DANES (James Taylor, Judge).—Outside of the challenge dogs there was really not what may be termed a good one in the lot. This is a sad commentary to make when we remember that there are two great Dane clubs in the country. Happily there are some good dogs in this country, but they stayed in their kennels this time. Major McKinley, looking as large as a horse, and was shown too fat, disposed of Stanley, though the latter has the better and more typical head and was superbly shown. Open dogs were a motley crew, butcher dogs, harlequins, blues, etc., etc., with no two alike except in the fact that they were no good. Faust IV. is plain in head and expression wrong, too much stop; Honeybowl, is snipy; and Pasha, third, has the best head in the class, but should arch more in loin. Bismarck D, reserve, is a coarse black dog. In bitches (10), Juno with a nice clean cut type of head, good front, won nicely, she would do with more rib. Cyrene, another fair headed one, would be better if not so high in brow, and is not clean enough in throat; Phryne, second, last year, has a very poor head; so has Malta, reserve, her faults being too short and weak in muzzle. A very promising pup won in that class; by Major McKinley, he has his sire's rich color, and will be better in body if he makes up right, good legs and arch of loin and at present good in head.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (Miss A. H. Whitney, Judge).—The supposed specimens of this grand breed must have impressed our English judge, when he took his notes, with the fact that Newfoundlands are not one of our strong breeds. As usual they were very poor, even more so than in former years. Princess Flora, the winner, has a rather typical head, short, with small, smooth ear, and her coat is flat—what there is of it; Black Prince, second, had the best head in the lot, and only correct sunken eye, good bone, but coat too curly; Rover is a small animal, light in eye, nice coat, showing evidence of care. Gyp is entirely too long faced and ear should be small and smooth of hair.

SPANIELS (E. M. Oldham, Judge).—As in former years the spaniel benches formed no considerable attraction for visitors and the enthusiastic element which grinds out prize winners with commendable regularity every year more than deserve the honors they won. While cocker spaniels about hold their own, an improvement is apparent in field spaniels, and the Clumbers seemed to have a new lease of life; but it must be said that the quality, with a couple of exceptions, was not very prominent. Irish water spaniels saw Dennis and Musha in open dogs; Dennis, though out of curl, excels his competitor so much in head, body and stern that the issue was not in doubt. In bitches, last year's Toronto winner, Marguerite, again furnished the winner, a little more curl and she will do; Belva, second, is not long enough in head, otherwise I think in curl and other characteristics, she beats the others. In Clumber spaniels, two kennels, New castle's and Geo. R. Preston, Jr's., supplied the entries. In dogs the nearly white dog Friar Boss, scored, although in anything but good skin condition; Glencoe, has a short, good head, not so good in body and length as the winner; Albert, third, is faulty in muzzle; in fact has a weak face. In bitches (7), first went to the typical well marked Glenwood Greeting, nice body and bone and good short deep head and correct Clumber benignant expression; Susie is too prominent in brow and base of skull falls away, good body and legs; Meta, third, has a typical good head, and is not so prominent in brow; reserve, to Rover Hepsey, of poor type; Vandah has a faulty light muzzle; Friar White has a weak colored eye, expression consequently poor, nice coat but her body should be longer. In challenge field bitches—no dogs being entered—Bridfood Ruby excelling in head, scored over Rosedale Bess. The open dog class had a surprise in store in the form of the new dog, Royal Monarch, Mr. Preston's latest importation through George Thomas. He is a dog of capital length and general make; an excellent, strong head, good bone and action, is a distinct acquisition to the breed, and he had little difficulty in wresting the prize from the hitherto invincible Staley Baron, whom he excels so much in points named; Drayton Warwick, third, is faulty in front, but rather good in head and length; Fashion, reserve, is too Roman nosed; Endcliffe Ebony, shown in good coat, hc. A good lot of bitches (8), came next. The well-known Midnight III., proving too much for Gossip in head, front and rib, nice bitch as the latter is. Maid has a rather nice head, but body should be longer for height; Princess Bolns is short of coat and light in bone; Dame Trot could not travel with the company, so dropped to vhc., her worst features are her weak, plain head and muzzle; another winner was Night, who has not improved on her puppy form. Open dogs any other color proved a good thing for Coleshill Rufus, he getting the verdict over the Drayton Shrewder. The winner is not in the best of condition, but scores in head properties and in body; third to King Don, who is too high in the legs; Romeo, vhc., had a dull lifeless coat, but is of better type than third. In bitches (2), Drayton the Shrew, had a walk over, in Diana's absence. Toby, the winning pup, has a capital head and nice long body that merely requires time to furnish; Drayton Shrewder came next, a liver and tan, a trifle plain in head—have more stop—is a little high on leg. Hindoo, reserve, I did not find in. Cocker spaniels. In challenge black or liver dogs, Black Duke scored once more over the cobby little one Pickpania. Both were well shown. The corresponding bitch class proved blank. In any other color challenge, Red Roland, a bit coarse in skull, and quite long enough in body, pulled off premier honors from Bambo, whose plain head makes him wonder how he got there. Open black dogs (12), was not a very difficult lot to get around, and Woodland Prince, active, well made dog that he is, and well shown, took the blue, followed by Bell Boy, who loses a trifle in front and head to winner, but I like his body; Chief, is light in body, in other respects he will do; the well-known Commodore was reserve—plain muzzle and full eye. Woodland Clipper among the mentioned ones was the best, good in legs and body, short enough in muzzle, and brow should not be so prominent. Brock is on the field order. In bitches, the Farm Show winner, Baby Ruth, who does not improve in body scored again, but Woodland Prince must have pushed her close; a little behind in head properties and quality, but better in other respects; the old winner, Rideau Reine, came next, reserve going to Cora II., faulty in head and front; Fashion was one of the best vhc dogs, and St. Lawrence Princess well deserved her letters; a little more rib would improve her; Topsy is too full and round in skull. Open red or liver dogs had the winner in Red Robin, with whom little fault can be found outside of a slackness in back; Derby, second, loses to him in head and front; Cardinal, third, has too much stop. Red Jocko, reserve, is a little short of rib. In the corresponding class, Fannie, a very pretty sort won nicely, though in head her stop should be more gradual and not so abrupt: Red Beauty, second, is another well made little bitch, faulty before the eye, but good legs and body and action; Edgewood Hebe has a sweet head, body would be improved by more depth of back ribs; Russette, reserve, should slope up better between the eyes, and be better in forelegs, but is a very nice little sort; a rich colored one is Red Rose, a trifle full in skull; Why Not well deserved her letters, more depth of rib would improve her, nice head. Any other colors proved another snap for Tonita, well shown; Woodland Bessie, second, is a rather plain headed liver and tan that should be straighter in front; Mrs. Bow-wow, a very pretty headed one, good bone and front, excellent features, should have been higher. Brantford Snap's good skull is qualified by a mean muzzle. Belle Boy and Woodland Princess were the best puppies, the latter also taking the novice prize. A lot of promising youngsters were shown, and doubtless many of them will be seen again. Royd Monarch won the field spaniel special and his owner took the kennel prize for best kennel of field, Clumber or Irish waters, a very commendable win; Geo. Douglas scooped the cocker spaniel prize.

COLLIES (James Taylor Judge).—A grand collection and in some respects even better than last year, and it is to be regretted that Dr. Sandeur was prevented from fulfilling his judicial appointments. Mr. Taylor in addition to his other arduous duties, had to assume an even harder task, and on the whole acquitted himself well. Challenge dogs had Sefton Hero, Wellesbourne Charlie, and Roslyn Wilkes, the latter has gone off, and competition lay between the two former, Sefton in great shape winning nicely, Charlie not being in his usual bloom. In bitches Charlton Phyllis held her own followed by Highland Floss, put down in beautiful shape and one that pushed them close, was old Flurry III., who holds herself like a maiden; Jakyr Dean was outclassed here. Veteran dogs had four, the prizes falling to Wellesbourne Charlie, Hempstead Zulu, and Christopher, though in the condition the latter was shown he should easily have beaten Zulu, so much better is he in head, coat and body. Open dogs had 13, not an unlucky number for Rufford Ormonde, who made his American debut—a grand dog, and considering the pain he must lately have suffered—was put down in excellent shape. In jumping out of a window he is said to have sprained his forefoot and ankle and could not put the foot to the ground. Domino II., is the debutant from Chestnut Hill, a big, slashing dog, rather pig jawed, but has great length of head, good coat, needs more time for body development, feet could be better, and ears are in the ultra fashion. Woodmansterne Trefoil, a good all round dog, must have run him close and Mr. Robinson had him in rare coat; Woodlawn Trefoil, a dog of good bone and substance, also well shown, deserved his fourth place; Hempstead Chief was a little short of coat; Hempstead Zulu looked a bit ragged; Hempstead Rex has not improved on puppy form, being still a trifle full in brow, excellent coat; Don Giovani is pretty, but scarcely of the type of these; Marvel was nfc. Open bitches showed a lot of quality, Woodlawn Sunset, the Providence winner, scoring again, dips a bit behind the shoulder but is a sweet quality bitch, more coat would improve her. Flora May was a little short and open in coat; Cragston Dulcet has a dense coat, faulty in front, and ears could be carried better; Ormskirk Susie, who should be a little flatter in skull, and harder in coat, well deserved her position. Woodmansterne Deborah and Cragston Pearl got three letters. In dogs under two years of age Domino II. and Woodlawn Trefoil won again with a good young dog, Cragston Wallace, third, a little short coupled, nice coat, head and ears. In the corresponding bitch class, previously mentioned ones took the prize. Domino II. repeated his victory in the puppy dog class, followed by a rather nice one, Cragston Douglas; a very pretty blue merle won in the bitch class in fact, with Cragston Pansy and Dulcet, Mr. Morgan took the prizes. H. Jarrett showed the reserve in Prude, a nice headed daughter of W. Charlie. The novice awards followed in order of the open in dogs and Flora May had a chance to win first in bitches. In smooths, Hempstead Maid followed the English dog, Sedgemere Piebald, a fair headed one with too much coat; Hempstead Maid beats him in head and coat; Blue Light, well known, was third. A fine lot of woolly soft coated old English sheepdogs that looked like exaggerated poodles, were shown, and Mr. Mayhew awarded the prizes, but our idea of a bobtail is evidently far behind the date and therefore we are at a loss to criticize them. They seem all coat and curly locks, and wholly different from the bobtails of fifteen years ago. Rufford Ormonde won the cup for best collie and Domino that for best American bred, an honor very soothing to his plucky breeder, who also took the sweepstakes, and the Stud Dog prize, and Mr. Morgan's special. He should be happy.

FOX HOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—The exhibit was not large, but it was fairly good. Two competed in the challenge class for English hounds, Vexation, first, was not in the best of condition. Rosemary, well known, won second.

Songster, a large specimen, had a walk over in the open dog class. The challenge for American hounds had three entries, Bowsprit, first, Commodore, second, and Ranger II., the reserve. Four faced the judge in the open dog class. Duke, first, is good in legs, feet, body, neck and head, but is short in leather. Clay, second, has a plain head and is light in bone. Zack, third, is a good average in quality. There were 4 bitches. Flirt, first, is quite a good all round bitch. Second went to a small bitch, Glenwood Bell, light in bone. Sunmaid, third, is long cast, flat in ribs yet good in hound character. The reserve, Mt. Vernon Fly, is rather coarse. B. WATERS.

BASSET HOUNDS (James Taylor, Judge).—Four very fair specimens were shown, that is for this country, where little attention is paid to the breed. The winner was Royal Hector, who beats Turk, second, in head, chest and slightly in body and lowness to ground; the well-known Drayman was third, there is little to choose between them, a little more quality perhaps is desirable; Rocky was reserve, another fair dog, but higher on the leg.

DACHSHUNDS (James Taylor, Judge).—There was a little mix up here in the judging. The Woodwiss dogs from England arrived just in time to compete, and were placed in proper order, but afterwards it was said that a protest had been filed on account of late arrival, but who entered it or any particulars in regard to it could not be ascertained beyond the fact that after the prizes were taken from them, the W. K. C. awarded extra prizes according to their standing in the classes. If a protest was filed it was not a very sportsmanlike action, as the delay was not avoidable, and after coming across the ocean the dogs should have been allowed any honors they could win. In challenge dogs Jay beat Don Quixote II., which he can do in head and front. Janet had to lower her colors to Jargonelle, from the same kennel in the corresponding class; the latter excels a little in muzzle, length of body, but not in quality and texture of coat and skin. Open dogs was a large class for New York (16). First went to the English dog, King Sol, a long fine headed one, with good, long body, excellent crook, one of the best seen here; Tack, second, or rather first, when the record was finally adjusted is rather coarse in comparison; Pedro a promising youngster, was second to Tack or third, really; with Leviathan, third, a nice, long headed one, with good length of body, but faulty in legs and feet, should be firmer in pasterns; Wamba, vhc., is a trifle coarse in head, but good body, legs and crook; Pretzel is going off in head, thickening in skull, but still is well made from there back. In bitches the liver, tan and white Princetta took the blue, a well formed bitch, with good chest, deep and low set, and plenty of loose skin, the winner in her class at the N. E. B. C. trials last fall; Weasel, a very appropriate name, came second, a bitch of good length and loin; E. S. Woodiwiss' Widgeon and Dinah Belle were given extra first and second and Jane Austen, reserve; they are all of nice hound stamp, show lots of quality and could they remain in this country, would help the breed. Pedro won in puppies. This short criticism does not represent the entry by any means, but a number of them were of the terrier or German type, and the judge passed them without a mention, at which there was considerable outcry, still he was consistent and followed his own type. For the Manice Dachshund Cup, Princetta scored, followed by her kennel mate, Pedro, the winner last year being left to congratulate only. Mr. Woodiwiss took the kennel prize.

BEAGLES (Jos. Lewis, Judge).—As usual there was a good gathering, both of the "merrie lytle hounde," and its owners. In challenge dogs the old champion had to give way to the more agile Sherry, who, while losing in head somewhat and in carriage of brush scores in front and hind action; Royal Kruger did not face the music but was benched. In bitches, Lonely, cleaner neck and front and more jaunty carriage, sufficed to beat our old favorite, Elf. In dogs over 13 inches, a class of ten turned out and the Providence winner again proved his merit and was in much better shape; second to Furrier, rather coarse in head, should have a little more rib, but good on his pins and in carriage of stern; Lee III., third, is a good bodied dog, but a little plain in muzzle. In the bitch pack, Daisy Corbett proved the winner, well-known as a good one if a little shorter in body; Oracle beat her last year, and it is just a toss up between them; Popsey, third, is too full and round in skull and her stop is too deep. Emeline II. is a well built bitch with unexcelled muzzle and skull and should have done better; vhc. went to Minnie L., whose muzzle is faulty and is too full in skull, but a nicely built little hound in other parts. Dogs under 13 inches proved a walk in for Razzle and Little Wonder, often described in these columns; the latter has the best head of the two, but is not so good in bone and front; Laick's Roy, while a little faulty in head is well put together behind the ear, and shows some type and quality; Laddie, the fielder, is best in body and expression; Young Royal, vhc., is too full and broad in skull. In bitches a whole color headed one in Lonely II. won from two better headed bitches in Evangeline and Dazzle, but is well off in body, bone and legs; both the others are well known; Kitty Clover, reserve, is too long faced and a trifle thick in shoulders; Spider, vhc., is very much too full in eye, which spoils her expression, a nice one otherwise. A nice pup in Alice won in the next class, a little long cast, perhaps, but will fill out; she also took the novice prize and the field trialers were headed by Frank Forest, the little sweet morsel of hound flesh Ava W., coming next. Hornell-Harmony took the prize for best four, but I must say the Rockland lot was a more level one.

FOX TERRIERS (R. F. Mayhew, Judge).—Of course we always expect to see the best at this show, but there was lacking a good deal of the interest that absorbed our attention at the late Terrier show. In the first place, Mr. Thayer's kennel was absent and that did not seem right somehow, and then the Rutherford and Blemton Kennels seemed to scoop up everything. Challenge smooth dogs had four—Blemton Victor II., the winner, Warren Safeguard, Ripon Stormer and Blemton Rasper. The feature of the class was Ripon Stormer's vast improvement; it is several years since he looked so well, as hard as nails and though a trifle thick in neck and shoulder, still bore little likeness to his late form. Safeguard seems to be thickening a little, but Gentleman Victor appears as clean as ever, and behaves like the veriest puppy on the bench, he certainly is a wonderful terrier. Warren Captious had her class to herself and looked very well. Old Raffle, just ten years old, shows age but can still hold a few of the rising generation. Open dogs (13), was a smart lot, and Blemton Stickler came to the front once more, a trifle more back rib would suit him, should be stronger in pasterns and carry his ears better, in other respects he keeps himself in good form; Warren Daybreak, second, is also well-known, and improving on his Providence form. Beverwyck Royalists is thickening a bit in head and neck, but is a well built terrier all over with lots of style; Warren Captor, fourth, is a bit coarse in head, but good in front, body and coat, Raby Rival, reserve, is one of the English dogs, fairly good in head and front, a little light in body a nice headed youngster is Sentinel, vhc. In bitches (12), first went to Warren Capture, a good headed one with clean front; second to Cowthorpe Jem, a trifle full in skull, but clean and straight in front, shoulders nicely set and good body and coat, Warren Sentence, third, another daughter of Safeguard's, needs time in body, but capital head and front; Richmond Victory, fourth, is a nice topped one with excellent coat, ears should be carried closer; Richmond Pearl, reserve, shows an excellent front, and fairly good head if stop was less defined; a nice, stylish bitch is Ray of Light, skull and front should be narrower, good legs but coat rather soft. Dudley Nettle, has a good front, nice small ear, but is rather plain in head. The puppies as a whole were not very promising, and Warren Daybreak and Sentence were the principal winners in dogs. In bitches, Warren Capture and Sentence and Leaflet took the honors, all from the Rutherford Kennels; a nice style of youngster in Mere Juliesta showed what Ripon Stormer can do; should be stronger in muzzle. Novice awards principally followed the puppies order. In wire hairs the Hill Hurst Kennels pulled off most of the ribbons. Challenge dogs saw Cribbage and Oakleigh Bruiser placed in the order named, both looked very well, and Surrey Janet was alone in her class and never looked better though a trifle out of coat. A rattling good terreir came forward in Endcliffe Banker, just over from England. He seemed to stand out a bit in front, but has a capital clean head and ears should lie closer, and coat fairly stiff; Marden, second, a trifle long perhaps, but if capital in front with a good long head and right wire coat, he ran the other more than close; Yale Tramp should be shorter in body, but will do in other respects; White Topper is much improved and was well shown, skull is his worst point. Mister Great Snap, a dog of excellent coat and character, must have pushed the others close, Dark Eye, should be longer in head, but was better shown than before; Brittle Beaut, loses in muzzle to a good one. Hill Hurst Trick is improving, has a capital head and is making up nicely in body. The well-known Bushey Bramble won in bitches and looked better than at Providence; Brittany, second, is good in front, ears well carried, but skull should be flatter; Brittanic is faulty in body but head well shaped and in coat is just fair; Hill Hurst Brunette should have more rib, a shorter body, but is well formed in other respects; Roath Rennie, a nice sort, might be narrower in skull. A good headed pup is Endcliffe Brisk, who won in dog pups with H. H. Trick, second. The bitch class was not so good, first going to Butterflies, and second to H. H. Bud. Endcliffe Banker, and Marden, repeated their open victories in the novice class. Mister Great Snap won well in hand in the sweepstakes for wires born previous to Jan. 1, 1894, and the building was too small for his owner; while Hill Hurst Trick added a well deserved laurel to the H. H. Kennels by his win in the class for those born after Jan. 1, 1894, followed by his kennel mate, Piquet. The Rutherford Kennel took the smooth prize, and Hill Hurst Kennels that for wires and Blemton Victor II. redeemed his laurels lost last year to Cribbage, by winning the grand challenge cup. Which will stay the longest?

IRISH TERRIERS (James Taylor, Judge).—The "dare devil" brigade made a capital display, several imported dogs and the best of the home talent being in keen competition, besides several good youngsters that made their debut. Jackanapes, Jack Briggs and Boxer IV., was the order in challenge class dogs; "Jack" was short of coat. In bitches, Dunmerry, getting gray, but holding her form in rare style, scored over Candor in front, ear carriage and coat, as shown. Judy was outclassed here. In open dogs, Brian O. 'K., a good, colored game sort, neat all round, with plenty of character, excellent in front, and good coat, and nicely carried button ears, won well, but Briggs' Best, when filled out in body will push the best; one of the best home bred ones seen out; Marton Shamrock looked well, but is inclined to coarseness. So is his Honor, reserve; Shamus is not true in color; Fenian Boy and Brick Bat, Bruiser and Briggs Bar, None the puppies, deserved their cards The bitch class scarcely proved so good. Deramore Biddy was the winner, excellent in ear carriage, a little shorter in pasterns and she will do, a bitch of good style and coat; Brickbat Brickle is a little full in skull yet, good coat, but ears have not come to their proper hang yet, a promising sort; Milton Droleen, third, was short of coat and patchy in color, but a very promising terrier, standing on good fore legs and feet and head is of correct shape. Most of the puppy winners were in the open and the same may be said of the novices, showing that their owners knew what they were doing to put up ten dollars on each. Toon and Thomas won the kennel prize.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (James Taylor, Judge).—The best we have were on the benches, but the old cracks are going off somewhat, and there seems nothing to take their places. In challenge dogs, Broomfield Sultan just scored over the rather leggy Glenwood, getting it in head and quality a bit and color; though Glenwood beats in pasterns and bone. Four matrons came forward in the next class and Ch. Meersbrook Maiden, gone off somewhat, had to succumb to Ch. Gypsey Girl from the same kennel. Broomfield Madge and Queen III. have both gone off considerably, especially the latter, who has gone quite gray, and wide in front. Open dogs were a poor lot, Chicago Spider winning, a fairly marked one, with the best head and front; Rochelle Rush is dark in markings; Sully has bad ears and mixed tan, good in body and coat; Rochelle Master, reserve, is very dark in markings. Surrey Gem was the winner in bitches, very nice markings, well shown, but a bit pinched in muzzle; Gypsey Queen, second, is a little too full in eye, thumb marks run in, rich head tan; Chicago Maiden, third, has good legs and body, but stop too defined, ears clumsy and uncropped; Canada Queen has gone off in head.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS (James Taylor, Judge).—There was really nothing startling here. Eyes and skulls wrong and not clean and long enough in heads.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS (James Taylor, Judge).—Mr. Ed. Brrooks, in his love for this breed, shows all the gameness of the terrier he fancies, and it is a matter for regret that the breed is not more considered—gamer, better terriers do not live. With two exceptions, Mr. Brooks supplied all the entries. In challenge class they were placed right at last, Amphion getting his deserts and he was well shown. We have always contended that he is the best Dandie on the bench; King of the Heather, second, and Amistey Daisy, reserve, both close to the winner in head, coat and body. Unfortunately the young stock shown in the open classes does not come up to the parents. Heather Deacon, in dogs, scores over Rhoderick Dhu, in head, especially in muzzle. In bitches, Lothian Judy, just over from the other side, won nicely though a little weak and short in muzzle, good length and coat. Heather Daffodil, second, should be better in bone and front, has a better head than H. Darling, but that is no great compliment.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS (James Taylor, Judge).—Really there was nothing first-class on the benches. We want stronger heads, a bigger type of dog and the correct texture of coat is very rarely found. In challenge class, Mount Vernon Tibbie scored, but in head only, for while of good size, her loinu is too flat and coat soft, besides she was not in condition; Qui Vive, while losing in head somewhat, scores in outline and coat; Chemist loses in muzzle, but has the best and most distinctive texture of coat, which should feel at the same time both crisp and soft, if such can be understood. In open dogs, The Professor won from Financier, the former scoring in head, front, top knot and ears; Postmaster has a rather good head, with nice top knot, but he is soft in coat. Beechgrove Blue Nell, scored once more in the ladies' division, but she showed no tips and is soft in coat; Endcliffe Wasp has a better coat, and a nice head, if flatter in skull; Polly Workworth is faulty in the muzzle and skull, and was short of coat. Financier won in pups, followed by Beauvisage and Yauticaw, who should be better in bone, fairly good in coats and will doubtless improve yet.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS (James Taylor, Judge).—One of the grandest displays ever seen in New York, but not superior to that at the Terrier Show last fall, where practically the same dogs were exhibited. The ball opened with challenge dogs, in which Kilroy, looking more like himself, scored over Tree and Rhudaman, an upset for the talent, but not more than the owners expected when the winner is in proper shape. Culbean again defeated Dankie Diana. In open dogs Bellingham Bailiff turned the tables on Wankie Tam, both have good, long keen heads, but the former scores in front and that only; Bailiff has improved in body, especially in loin; third to the new dog, Kilstree, whose rather nice head, excellent front and fair coat, deserved the attention; Dumbarton, reserve, is too large in ear; Wankie Dandie loses in muzzle, scarcely strong enough. The others, most of them well-known, deserved their cards. In bitches, Zembra, Vorda and Wankie Janet, took the money—all from the Wankie Kennels; the winner is rather coarse in head; Ranee, reserve, is also coarse headed and was shown fat; Cluthar, Wankie Daisy and Wankie Cambria have been out before and deserve their cards, and so did Newcastle Rona, for her nice head, should be harder in coat. In American bred dogs, Wankie Tam won well in hand, and Wankie Janet, Diana and Miss Ted divided the money for their sex. They have all been described at past shows. Dunbarton was the best dog pup, and a nice one Highlanda Fling scored in bitches with out trouble. Wankie Kennels took the kennel prize.

SKYE TERRIERS (James Taylor, Judge).—There was nothing new in this breed, the old winners, Sir Thomas and Barnaby Rudge and Elphinstone being placed as named, and all looked well; Queen of Skyes and Endcliffe Maggie fought their troubles over again, the latter losing in head and body, but both are very good. Rhoderic Dhu had the open dog class to himself, and Wheel of Fortune was out of luck to run second to Princess Mary, whom she beats very much in head, coat and style. Whippets had no entries, strange to say.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (James Taylor, Judge).—A capital entry, but the quality was not up to the standard, though in many exhibits better than our shows have seen lately. Minnie York, light in tan and body color, was alone in challenge class. Open dogs saw Bradford Rejected take the blue, a nice coated, correctly colored little dog; just arrived, Harboro Swell II., has a very nice coat and is clean in tan; Prince loses in these attributes; Toots must have been overlooked, one of the best, though light in tan. Pride of New York won in bitches, a good colored one, in profuse coat, and Duchess is not much inferior; Nell loses in coloring. The others were chiefly faulty in clearness of tan and body color, though generally in good coat.

The toys were the usual sort.

PUGS (Miss A. H. Whitney, Judge).—For some unaccountable reason this breed fell off alarmingly. There was really not a good one to be seen. Pomona Fritz, the winning dog, being the best, and he is mixed in color and long faced.

POODLES (James Taylor, Judge).—A high class of poodles was shown, but if we are to have classes for curlies let them be curlies and not brushed out corded dogs, with soft fluffy coats like the average Maltese kitten. Lion was alone in corded challenge class, and was nicely shown. In the corresponding curly class Diamand's colors were lowered by Rajah, but I think that though beaten in head, Diamond is so much more symmetrical and is better formed in quarters and set on stern. Two stylish Parisians came forward in bitches, Ch. Chloe getting the verdict over Vivette, the latter losing in muzzle, but was beautifully shown. In open cordeds Tell I. is an old face, a trifle cloddy, but nice length of cords. Lady Marquise should be stronger in muzzle, was shown too fleshy, nice cords; Flora I. is snipy in muzzle, Czar has the longest cords, but was too fat. In open curly dogs (black), Emperor, Mr. Trevor's new dog importation, scored nicely, crisp in curl, he is every inch a caniche, a sprightly, well formed chap; his kennel mate, Caesar, is a trifle woolly in coat, and not so good in hind legs; Carnot, another from this kennel, was in his right place; faulty behind; Carlos, reserve, is a trifle long in coat. These were all owned by Mr. Trevor. In the female division, Josephine, a little light in loin and stern rather low set on, but excellent in formation otherwise, and well curled, won nicely from Leah, who, perhaps, excels in head, especially in muzzle, coat and symmetry; Coquette II. was third, a trifle woolly in coat. In other than blacks, Mrs. Benedict scored with Zip and Marron, but we scarcely saw how it was done, for neither they nor Patsy were real curlies, just woolly coated dog brushed out; first should have fallen to Poobah, who is really what the class calls for, and was the only correct one in the lot. In bitches, the Hill Hurst Kennels redeemed themselves with H. H. Dinah and Posey as winners, both are too well-known to occupy more space. If these were good enough to win, then Poobah's placing was dead wrong. Yum Yum is faulty behind, drops away too much. Some promising puppies were shown but more attention must be paid to coats. Leah was the best youngster, winning in puppy and novice classes.

BULL DOGS (John H. Matthews, Judge).—As the judge has promised to publish some notes on these classes, together with his opinion of the club's efforts, our notes on this breed will be limited. His Lordship, well shown, beat King Lud once more, and afterward took the special for best in show, when he contended with King Orry and others, while the King excels in some essential points, considering taking the two all round, the decision was correct. Old Saleni scored once more over Graven Image. In open dogs King Orry won well in hand, his greatest claims to recognition are depth of foreface, breadth of under jaw, ears, length of skull, chest and swing of elbow; he is a bit on the leg and body and eye could be better, in color he is white and black, with either tan or light brindle on chops and cheek. Handsome Dan, neat dog as he is, should scarcely beat Sheriff, whose head is so superior, but the latter has not been well of late, and could have carried five pounds more of flesh, but was well shown; his down ear is also against him; Rustic Sovereign is plain. A great lot of bitches came forward and White Venn repeated last year's victory followed by Katisha, third going to Hucknal Gypsy, a very nice headed bitch, shown very fit, a little more out of elbow would improve her; she should have had second, I thought; Queen, reserve, is a Dudley, but well formed; Miss Venn was third last year, a good headed brindle. In light weights first went to Damon, good in muzzle and wrinkle, but would be better with a little more depth of stop; the neat headed Nugget came second, and Baron Killarney, third, good skull, a little deeper in muzzle, and more broken up. Captain B's. ears should be carried better. In bitches, Mr. Austen's Princess Venn won nicely, her face would be better if more broken up, and she is a little slack in back. Juno II. needs more breaking up, and loose skin, but is a very good sort. Some very fair pups were exhibited, and in novice dogs, King Orry and Sheriff filled first and second places; in bitches, Hucknall Gypsy and Primrose (formerly Princess Nan), that was at Providence, took the money. Woodlawn Park Kennels deservedly won the kennel prize.

BULL TERRIERS (James Taylor, Judge).—A capital lot, both in entries and quality. The breeders are producing home dogs that can more than hold their own, and the judge must have been surprised to meet such a collection after the sparsely filled classes he finds in England. Carney, a little above himself, was beaten by Cardona, who was very fit, and afterward beat Duke of Rochester for the special, winning in front and behind the shoulder; Duke getting a little bossy there. In bitches a grand class came forward, but the decision that placed Edgewood Tipsey first can scarcely be endorsed, either Castle's Kit, from the same kennel, or Attraction, might have had the verdict. Although the former was a trifle fat. In many open dogs, Duke of Rochester won well in hand from Diamond King, who, though he keeps himself well, loses in eye and front; Topsparkle, well known, came third, he loses in front and head to a real good one; White King, reserve, has a short cheeky head; Jack the Great, vhc., is coarse in head and light of eye; Count of Oaks should also be darker in eye and flatter in cheeks; Gully Boy has an excellent dark, small eye, and good head, but needs time to furnish yet; Greenhill Nunthorpe should have been near the top of the tree, his head is good, though getting a little cheeky, and shoulder might be better but he is a grand terrier all over. Frank Dole made up for this disappointment by winning first and second in the bitch class, with Edgewoods Flossie and Trilby—good heads, excellent in eye; the winner is ticked in body, it is close between them; third to Bonnie Kate a little long cast; reserve to the well-known Maggie Cline. Light weight dogs was a hot class, Rookery Boy winning, but his light eye, short face and rather coarse head, could not entitle him to honors over Little Flyer or Tarquin, the former has a much better head and front, losing perhaps a trifle in ribs; Tarquin was third, good eye, skull a

trifle round and one ear droops over, caused by a fight. Ted Pritchard deserved his place and a nice little dog all round was Little Ben, good fore and aft, should have a little more rib. Edgewood Matchless, the good headed patched bitch won in the next class; patched ones seemed to be allowed, and if so then the decision was right; second to Sabutia, a very nice headed one that might have won; Bess of Rochester is faulty in front and head is too round. In the class for under 20 pounds, Edgewoods Rose and Sport scored nicely and were well placed, Nellie Harper, getting thick in head, coming in between them. Edgewood Trilby, won in puppies, followed by Sully's Boy, two very nice ones, and Flossie and Trilby repeated their open class victory in the novice class. Frank F. Dole took the kennel prize, and Geo. P. Runton the special for best brace and Dr. Huidekoper for best in show.

TOY SPANIELS (James Taylor, Judge).—In challenge class, Romeo still held his own, followed by Exeter Earl, but poor King of the Charlies ran both very close if he did not beat them. He was one of the poisoned ones. In open King Charles dogs, first was secured by Duke of Chester, a capital headed one and good in coat, but rather light in tan; Tutti Frutti, second, a bit gray on muzzle, but has an excellent short face and high skull, with good stop; third to Romeo II., whose short, deep face and rich tan entitled him to it; Modern Charlie, reserve, is longer in muzzle. In bitches, Pet, a small sized one with a very short face, well marked, won nicely, followed by Sweet Marie, who, though good in shape of head, is smutty in markings; St. Joe's Myrtle is also quite a good one, excelling second in tan. These King Charlies were an excellent lot. In Blenheim's, first went to Murilla, an excellent skulled one; well known; Golden Prince, second, loses in skull and foreface; Young Duke is not high enough in skull, nice ears and coat; Chiselhurst Hero is not deep enough in stop and coat too curly, besides being a size too large. Rubies were not so good, if we except Marguerite, whose face could scarcely be shorter; Yetsan Chief won last year. Prince Charlies were fairly good, Bell, the winner, was one of the unfortunates; Betsey Trotman is lacking in tan and muzzle is snipy. Japanese spaniels were very choice, and here Mrs. Senn had a regular field day. The class was divided. In dogs, at least we suppose so, Mrs. Webster's short faced little darling scored, a most dainty piece of caninity. Mikado, poor fellow, is dead, and so is Kiku. In bitches Yatsu, good, short head and nice size, won, with Yokie second, and Kuma, a very pretty shaped one third. Most of these Japs were, as they should be, small in size and very short faced, with excellent coats and feathering.

The Italian greyhounds were really so mixed up in their pens it was useless to try and separate them. Ch. Spring again beat Ch. Sprite in challenge division, and the same owner was first in dogs with Prince and first in bitches with Jennie II., two very dainty, small little animals, and this is what they should be, most of them as shown are far too large, and whippety. An excellent show of Schipperkes, but the best by far was Ch. Stoots, from England, whose mane and culotte are much more conspicuous than in our home dogs. Mr Connolly, as usual, made a very pretty display. He practically has the breed to himself, and does not seem to tire of it.

The Miscellaneous class had a little of everything, the Esquimo Kimo winning, followed by a pretty Maltese terrier, that has scored before, another Maltese getting third, and an excellent coated one.

H. W. LACY.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—Challenge—Dogs: 1st J L Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince. Bitches: 1st, Dr C A Longest's Lady Diana. Open—Dogs: 1st, Dr. C. A. Longest's Emperor William: 2d, L. A Armsden's Webster's Caesar; 3d, H S Clark's Hans Sachs. Reserve, W P Smith's Prince Edward II. Bitches: 1st and 2d, Dr C A Longest's Lady Cameron and Maggie Murphy; 3d, W P Smith's Princess Lita. Puppies: 1st, J L Winchell's Young Prince; 2d, Dr C A. Longest's Nellie Bly.

St Bernards.—Rough-coated—Challenge—Dogs: 1st, C A Pratt's Sir Bedivere; 2d, E H Moore's Altoneer. Reserve, F Schmitt's Otos. Bitches: 1st, C A Pratt's Rustic Beauty; 2d, E H Moore's Lady Livingston. Reserve, J Rupert, Jr.'s Miss Annie.

Open Rough-coated Dogs.—1st, C A Pratt's Le Prince; 2d, Gramercy Kennels' Demetrius; 3d, Jacob F Lutz's Wach Erdmna: 4th, Edward Booth's Duke of Lincoln. Reserve.—Very High Com.—Frank Linck's Ashland Jumbo; A L Martin's Nero D; Tracy Gould's Mauprat; Bargess & Hall's Ardmore; Mrs Alexander McKenzie's Hughes's Lord Wilton. High Com.—

GREYHOUNDS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' Gem of the Season. 2d, Woodhaven Kennels' Lord Neverstill. 3d, D B Lemley's Imperator. Bitches-1st, Toon & Thomas' Bestwood Daisy. 2d, Terra Cotta Kennels' Southern Beauty. 3d, Terra Cotta Kennels' Wild Rose, V H C Res, Woodhaven Kennels' Spinaway. Open—Dogs—1st, Toon & Thomas' Southern Rhymes. 2d, W S. Gilson's Norway Star. 3d, J H Winslow's Jack of Clubs. Res, A C Bradbury's Dakota. V h c, White Oak Kennels' Oldstone. Dr S D Barr's Duke of Morningquest. C R H Wolf's Chester. J Kernochan's Hornpipe. F H Seitz's Spring of the Valley. Bitches-1st, Toon & Thomas' Wild Lily. 2d, Toon & Thomas' Southern Gay Girl. 3d, A C Bradbury's Bed of Stone. Res, White Oak Hill Kennels' Best of Fashion. H C J Hutchinson's Leila. J L Kernochan's Lady Herschel. Terra Cotta Kennels' Chips. C, Dr S D Barr's Duchess of Morningquest. J L Kernochan's Lady Ascot. Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—1st, Mrs E B Elliott's Lucy.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Challenge Dogs and Bitches -1st, J Smith's Vexation. 2d, H Janett's Rosemary. Open—Dogs—1st, N Money's Songster.

POINTERS.—Challenge Dogs, 55 lbs and over—1st, G Jarvis' Lad of Kent. 2d, Hempstead Farm's Sandford Druid. Bitches, 50 lbs and over—1st, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game. 2d, Springside Kennels' Lady Tammany. Open—Dogs, 55 lbs and over—1st, G S Mott's Sir Walter. 2d, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Prince Regent. 3d, Springside Kennels' Ridgeview Bow. 4th, G M Arnolt's Lord Bracken. Res, F A Hodgman's Ridgeview Regent. V h c, J E Bergen's Princess Lad. V h c, F H Feer's Gamester. V h c, A C Wheeler's Naso Bang. V h c, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Hempstead Prince. Bitches, 50 lbs and over—1st, G Jarvis' Lass of Kent. 2d, C D Roberts' Devonshire Pearl. 3d, Springside Kennels' Springside Nell. 4th, Springside Kennels' Kent's Belle. Res, S Tripp's Renie II. V h c, R. H. Robertson's Lass of Tammany. T G Davey's Brighton Leda. Spring & Lenoir's Urada.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, Henry Pape, Jr's Cactus. 2d, Rosecroft Kennels' Glendon. Bitches—1st, Bryce, Jr's Spectre. 2d, Washtenaw Kennels' Albert's Nellie. Res, Joe Lewis' Victress Llewellyn. Open—Dogs—1st, Victoria Kennels' The Earl. 2d, Samuel B Allen's Dad Monarch. 3d, Warwick Kennels' Albert Ranger. 4th, Clarence E Lewis' Harry L. Res, F R Huch's Roi d'Or. W S Diffendurffer's Count Beaufort. Frederick A Hodgman's English Jack. Netherwood Kennels' Netherwood Nimrod. Washtenaw Kennels' Washtenaw Grouse. John Duncan's Gamester. Edward Burdette's Cincinnatus Pride. H C Albert Boote's Jersey Count. H C Netherwood Kennels' Caucus. Dirk J Peters' Robin Goch. Bitches—1st, Rockingham Kennels' Countess Zoe. 2d, John Brett's Maid Marion. 3d, Oak Grove Kennels' Furness Maid. 4th, Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie Breeze. Res, Warwick Kennels' Albert Moll. V h c, F R Hitchcock's Tory Luna. Rockingham Kennels Wild Rose. Alfred Boote's Jersey Daisy. H D Ogden's Queen of the Elms. Netherwood Kennels' Inga. Victoria Kennels' Countess Christine. T G Davey's Misfortune. Warwick Kennels' Blue Jennie. H C John White's Dell. W M H Bruch's Eastern Queen. Dirk J Peters' Monk's Lill. Hempstead Farm's Thorndale. Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie Black Beauty. C, John Brett's Flower of Sulphur. L A Rice's Miss Shattuc. Puppies, Dogs—1st, Joe Lewis' Larkspur. 2d, J W Lawson's Allister McAlister. 3d, T G Davey's Brighton Prince. Res, Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie Rod. V h c, T G Brighton's Brighton's Snowball. T G Davey's Brighton Napoleon. H C, T G Davey s Brighton George. C J H Nowil"s Dike of Westchester. W A Meigs' Count Roseberry. Puppies, Bitches—1st, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Daisy Queen. 2d, Washtenaw Kennels' Lady Platt. 3d, William H Brush's Vic Hollymere. Res, Prof L P Braive's Quincy. Novice Dogs—1st, W S Diffendurffer's Count Beaufort. 2d, Frank B Landon's Rockland. 3d, Edward A Burdett's Cincinnatus Pride. Res, Joe Lewis' Larkspur. V h c, John Duncan's Gamester. Frank F Dole's Young Howard. Scotswood Kennels' Pembroke's Grouse. Wm H Brush's Beau Brummel. C, Netherwood Kennels' Brother W H C, Netherwood Kennels' Caucus. W. Rowland & Son's Brentwood Sandy. Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie's Rod. Richard T Bang's Spot. Novice Bitches—1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Furness Maid. 2d, Victoria Kennels' Lady Gathmay. 3d, Rockingham Kennels' Wild Rose. Res, Frank H Fleer's Elora. V H C, Netherwood Kennels' Rody. C, Netherwood Kennels' Splash. F Hitchcock's Tory Luna. H C, John White's Lettie. Dirk J Peters' Monk's Lil. Washtenaw Kennels' Nellie's Black Beauty. F R Hitchock's Tory Bloom. V H C, Victoria Kennels' Lady Richmond. C, Rosecroft Kennels' Woodlawn Grace. Field Trial Class for Dogs and Bitches that have been placed at any public field trial, United States or Canada—1st, F S R Hitchcock's Roi d'Or. Challenge Dogs, under 55 lbs—1st, Springside Kennels' Duke of Hessan. 2d, Netherwood Kennels' Ridgeview Tenny. Challenge Bitches, open under 50 lbs—1st, George J. Gould's Miss Rumor. 2d, Springside Kennels' Hempstead Pearl. Open—Dogs, under 55 lbs—1st, George J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet. 2d, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Chancellor. 3d, Springside Kennels' Springside Tammany. 4th, Springside Kennels' Ridgeview Prince. Res, Hempstead Farms' Hempstead Carlo. Open—Bitches, under 50 lbs—1st, Springside Kennels' Springside Lady, 2d, Springside Kennels' Springside Jill. 3d, G Muss-Arnolt's Lady Bracken. 4th, T G Davey's Brighton Faustina. Res, George J. Gould's Marguerite Kent. V h c, Thomas Thornton's Rare Jewel. Archer C Wheeler's Mamie Kent. Dr John R Daniels' Belle of Lancaster. Rinada Pointer Kennels' Lady Reveller. H C, W H Schieffelein's Brackett. Thomas Russell's Pearl of Duchess. Puppies, Dogs—1st, H Leroy Jones' Young Americus. 2d, H Leroy Jones' Princess Boy. 3d, George Jarvis' Beauford of Kent. Res, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Prince Regent, Jr. V h c, Frank K Pidgeon's The Brownie. Hempstead's Farm's Hempstead Rap. H C, F. J. Lenoir, King of Kent II. Puppies, Bitches—1st Rinada Pointer Kennels' Phryne. 2d, T G Davey's Brighton's Flossie. 3d, Claude Duval Phoebus' Trudie Howell. Res, Luke W White's Princess Grace. Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Jess. Frank K Pidgeon's Butterfly. Dr H L Retter's Lady of Rush. Novice, Dogs—1st, George S Mott's Sir Walter. 2d, Springside Kennels' Springside Tammany. 3d, Springside Kennels' Ridgeview Prince. Novice, Bitches—1st, Springside Kennels' Springside Lady. 2d, Springside Kennels' Springside Jewell. 3d, T G Davey's Brighton Faustina. Field Trial Class for Dogs and Bitches that have been placed at any public field trial in the United States or Canada—1st, Hempstead Farm's Sanford Druid. 2d, Springside Kennels' Duke of Hessen. 3d, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game.

DEERHOUNDS.—Open—Dogs—1st, Albion L Page's Lochiel. 2d, Robert Walker's Stag. Open—Bitches—2d, F E Bosworth's Kelpie.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Challenge Dogs and Bitches—1st, Joseph Smith's Vexation. 2d, Henry Jarrett's Rosemary. Open—Dogs—1st, Noel Moneys Songster.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Challenge Dogs and Bitches—1st, Muskedunder Kennels' Bowsprit. 2d, Dr C A Longest's Commodore. Res, Chas. D Bernheimer's Ranger II. Open—Dogs—1st, White Oak Hill Kennels' Duke. 2d, White Oak Hill Kennels' Clay. 3d, White Oak Hill Kennels' Jack. V h c, Joseph Smith. Open—Bitches—1st, White Oak Hill Kennels' Flirt. 2d, F A Oatman's Glenwood Belle. 3d, White Oak Hill Kennels' Sunmaid. V h c, Dr C A Longest's Mt. Vernon Fly.

ENGLISH RETRIEVERS.—Dogs and Bitches—2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Jet. 3d, Hempstead's Farm Physician.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOG.—Dogs and Bitches—1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon. 2d, Robert Milbank's Pride. 3d, B Alton Smith's Mary II. V h c, B Alton Smith's Tuckermuck Favorite. B Alton Smith's Bigelow's Rose. H C, H Alton Smith's wonder.

GORDON SETTERS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, Dwight Kennels' Heather Lad. 2d, Dr S G Dixon's Leo B. Res, James B Blossom's Heather York. Bitches—1st, Dr S G Dixon's Princess Louise. 2, James B. Blossom's Heather Bee. Res, Miss F A Nickerson's Fan. Open—Dogs—1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Kent. 2d, Miss E. A. Wadsworth's Dick Noble. 3d, J B Blossom's Heather Bruce. 4th, F Dewey's Prince D. Res, J B Blossom's Comus. Bitches—1st, Dwight Kennels' Dwight Pearl. 2d, Dr G Dixon's Princess Bonnie. 3d, J B Blossom's Sally Beaumont. 4th and Res, Dr S G Dixon's Maid of Waverley and Santa Marie. V h c, J B Blossom's Venus, Dwight Kennels' Dwight Effie. Miss S A Nickerson's Lady Maud. H C, C R Griffin's Ruby. Puppies, Dogs—1st, J H Strube's Can. 2d and Res, Miss S A Nickerson's Argus and Noble Boy. 3d, H G Roberts' Count Noble's Boy. V h c, Dwight Kennels' Dwight Jim. C, J H Carroll's General Jacqueminot. Bitches—1st, Dr S G Dixon's Princess Bonnie. 2d, Dwight Kennels' Dwight Sarah. 3d, Miss S A Nickerson's Janet II. Res, P Prasse's Juno. V h c, Dwight Kennels' Dwight B. Novice, Dogs—1st, Miss E A Wadsworth's Dick Noble. 2d, F Dewey's Prince D. 3d, C Balliard's Nero II. Res, H C Merry's Duke B. Bitches—1st, Dwight Kennels' Dwight Pearl. 2d, Dr S G Dixon's Princess Bonnie. 3d, Miss S A Nickerson's Count Noble. 2d and 3d, J B Blossom's Flomont and Sally Beaumont.

IRISH SETTERS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare. 2d, W L Washington's Finglas. Challenge Bitches—1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic. 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Nora. Res, Effingham Park Kennels' Delphinne. Open—Dogs—1st, Miss G. Shippen's Shamrock O'More. 2d, Z K Bartlesome's Bob Jr. 3d, Muckross Kennels' Henmore Shamrock. 4th, John J Scanlan's Cappoquin. Res, Kildare Kennels' Dick Finglas. V h c. Redstone Kennels' Erin's Lad. James B McKay's Killane. John J Scanlan's Pemberton. H C, J Ogden's Lou. Open—Bitches—1st, Alfred Von Gotzhausen's Lady May Swiveller. 2d, F L Roe's Mona. 3d, St Cloud Kennels' Eudora. 4th, Muckross Kennels' Rosamond. Res, Kildare Kennels' Ruby Glenmore. V h c, Kildare Kennels' Nancy Finglas. James B McKay's River Roe. John J Scanlan's Shandon Belle. H C Redstone Kennels' Daisy Redstone. Puppies, Dogs—1st, Mrs. Mabel A Downing's Henmore Shamrock. 2d, St Cloud Kennels' Glenmar V. Res, Charles Walker's Henmore Shamrock. H C, George Ferguson's Don. C, T J Farley's Henwood. Puppies, Bitches—1st L A Van Zandt's Miss Ruby. 2d, St. Cloud Kennels' Eudora. 3d, L A Van Zandt's Biddy. V h c. T J Farley's Effie. Res, Kildare Kennels' Kildare Annette. H C, T J Farley's Nellie Husted.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Dogs—1st. Andrew Laidlaw's Dennis. 2d, T A Carson's Musha. V h c, Res, B I Lewis' Kitty of Cork. Bitches—1st, T A Carson's Marguerite. 2d, Dr T J Kent's Belva. 3d, Anabel Green's Venus.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—Dogs—1st, Newcastle Kennels' Friar Boss. 2d, George R Preston's Glencoe. 3d, Newcastle Kennels' Albert. Bitches—1st, George R Preston's Glenwood Greeting. 2d, George R Preston's Susie. 3d, Newcastle Kennels' Meta. Res, Newcastle Kennels' Rover. V h c, Newcastle Kennels' Friar White. C, George R Preston's Vandah. H C, Newcastle Kennels' Rover Nancy.

FIELD AND SUSSEX SPANIELS.—Challenge Bitches—1st, R P Keasbey's Bridford Ruby. 2d, R P Keaseby's Rosedale Ress.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Open—Dogs (black)—1st, G R Preston, Jr's Royd Monarch. 2d, Wee Wah Kennels' Staley Baron. 3d, Dr S J Bradbury's Drayton Warwick. Res, Anabel Green's Fashion. V h c, R P Keaseby's Echo. H C Toon & Thomas' Endcliffe Loony. H C Anabel Green's Music. Open Bitches (black)—1st, Wee Wah Kennels' Midnight III. 2d, M A Viti's Gossip. 3d, W C, Dulles' Maid. Res, J Stacom's Princess Bolus. V h c, Wee Wah Kennels' Dame Trot. H C, Wee Wah Kennels' Night. C, R P Keaseby's Saybrook Bob.

FIELD OR SUSSEX SPANIELS.—Open—Dogs (any other color)—1st, R P Keaseby's Colesbill Rufus. 2d, Dr S J Bradbury's Drayton Shrewder. 3d, G F Merry's King Don. V h, c, Louis Batier's Romeo.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Open—Bitches (anv other color than black)—1st, Dr S J Bradbury's Drayton the Shrew. Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—1st, M A Viti's Toby. Res, Anabel Green's Hindo. V h c, M A Viti's War Dance. H C, R P Keaseby's Saybrook Guy. C, R P Keaseby's Saybrook Gaiety.

COCKER SPANIELS.—Challenge Dogs (black or liver)—1st, G Douglas' Black Duke. 2d, Concord Cocker Spaniels' Pickpania. Challenge Dogs and Bitches (any other color than black or liver)—1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Roland. 2d, Mrs. A L Churchill's Bambo. Open—Dogs (black)—1st, H Brooks' Woodland Prince. 2d, G Douglas' Bell Boy. Res, A Laidlaw's Commodore. V h c, William West's Climax. G Douglas' Woodland Clipper. H C, A P Fishiri's Toby H. Warwick Kennels' Brock. Open—Bitches (black)—1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Baby Ruth. 2d, George Douglas' Woodland Princess. 23d, Andrew Laidlaw's Rideau Reine. V h c, Res, Andrew Laidlaw, Cora. V h c, Edwin W. Fiske's Fashion. St. Lawrence Kennels' St. Lawrence Novel. Charles Backus' Topsy. H C, Edward Kierski's Topsy. Mrs. Al Churchill's Corrie. Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Hornell Belle. Open—Dogs (red or liver)—1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Robin. 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Derby. 3d, E N Munn's Cardinal. Res, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Jocko. V h c, Jones, Rogers & Co's Sir Roger. C, Thomas B Early. Brantford Rufus. Bitches (red or liver)—1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Fannie. 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Beauty. 3d, Frank F Dole's Edgewood Hebe. Res, Mrs C S Wixon's Russette. V h c, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Rose. Edwin W. Fiske's Why Not. H C, Mrs Rowland P Keaseby's Madge. Edwin W Fiske's Red Noble. C, Jones, Rogers & Co's Lady Rocke. Open—Dogs and Bitches (any other color than red or liver)—1st, William T Payne's Tonita. 2d, George Douglas' Woodland Bessie. Res, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Snap.

OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOGS.—(Bobtails) Dogs—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Boxer III. 2d, J Pierpont Morgan's Herdsman II. 3d, Francis A Watson's Sir Charles. Res, Hempstead Farm's Lord Mayor. V h c, Francis A Watson's Sampson. (Bobtails) Bitches—1st, Francis A Watson's Clarissa. 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Mayoress of Newport. 3d, Francis A Watson's Trilby.

POODLES.—Challenge Dogs and Bitches—1st, William Hitchcock's Lion. Challenge Dogs (curly)—1st, Morey Kennels' Rajah. 2d, H H Hunnewell, Jr's Diamand. Challenge Bitches (curly)—1st, Morey Kennels' Rajah. 2d, H H Hunnewell's Vivette. Open—Dogs and Bitches (corded)—1st, William Grebe's Tell I. 2d, Miss A L Terry's Lady Marquise. 3d, Wm. Grebe's Flora I. Res, Milton C Work's Czar. V h c, Central Park Kennels' British Lion. H C, Dominick Colaizzi's Othello. Open—Dogs (curly, black)—1st, H G Trevor's Emperor. 2d, H G Trevor's Caesar. 3d H G Trevor's Carnot. Res, H G Trevor's Carlos. H C, H G Trevor's Mignon. C, Morey Kennels' Diabolo. V h c, Adolph Roch's Nero. C, William S Edey's Black. Bitches (curly, black)—1st, H G Trevor's Josephine. 2d, Morey Kennels' Leah. 3d, H G Trevor's Coquette II. Res, H G Trevor's Fan. H C, H G Trevor's Niniche. H G Trevor's Empress. C, H G Trevor's Cybele. H G Trevor's Diana. Bitches (curly, other than black)—1st, H H Hunnewell, Jr's Hill Hurst Dinah. 2d, H H Hunnewell, Jr's Hill Hurst Posey. 3d, Peter Leckie's Yum Yum. Open—Curly Dogs (other than black)—1st, Mrs F H Benedict's Zip. 2d, Mrs F H Benedict's Marron 3d, Edward Clark's Patsey. Res, H H Hunnewell, Jr's Poobah. V h c, Mrs George Griswold's Giest. H C, Patrick Heely's Dandy. Puppies (any variety)—1st, August & Albert Baer's Milan. 2d, William S Edey's Maka. 3d, H H Hunneewll, Jr's Hill Hurst Fluff. Res, H G Trevor's Judy. H C, Morey's Sans Gene. Novice, Dogs and Bitches—1st, Morey Kennels' Leah. 2d, H G Trevor's Carnot. 3d, Mrs F H Benedict's Zip. Res, R Carman's Gipsy. V h c, Mrs H Benedict's Marren. H C, Mme L Trappier's Cora.

BULL DOGS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, W R Traver's His Lordship. 2d, J H Congdon's King Lud. Res, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Walhampton. Challenge Bitches—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Saleni. 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Graven Image. Open—Dogs, 45 lbs and over—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' King Orry. 2d, A B Graves' Handsome Dan. 3d, Charles Parsons, Jr's Sheriff. V h c. Res, John J Scannell's Rustic Sovereign. Bitches, 40 lbs and over—1st, W B Travis' White Venn. 2d, J H Congdon's Katisha. 3d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Bucknall Gypsy. Res, Jas A Stovell's Queen. V h c, D L Haight's Miss Venn. H C, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Grosvenor Lass. Open—Dogs, under 45 lbs—1st, Nathaniel Baldwin's Damon. 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Juno II. 3d, E X Austin's Baron Killarney. Res, D L Haight's Captain B. V h c, Mrs Robert S McCreery's Napper. H C, Edward F Kennard's Counsellor. Chas A J Smith's Heathen. Bitches, under 40 lbs—1st, E K Austen's Princess Venn. 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Juno II. 3d, John H Day's Daisy Belle. Res, R H Waugh's Hephazard. V h c, D L Haight's Sis-

Comparative Table of Entries at W. K. C. Shows.

Breeds.	1877	1878	1879	1880	1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895
Mastiffs	26	18	20	36	24	36	61	40	42	44	36	44	67	53	58	33	50	20	14
St. Bernards	17	16	14	33	24	52	64	97	73	92	101	113	166	152	197	130	149	174	148
Russian wolfhounds	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	19	50	22
Newfoundlands	12	13	20	25	7	20	8	15	17	11	9	11	8	9	10	6	14	6	7
Greyhounds	18	23	15	15	23	28	20	16	19	24	18	27	25	43	41	40	28	42	38
Deerhounds	9	4	5	7	4	11	5	18	14	15	20	17	19	13	20	24	16	18	3
Retrievers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	2	2	..	..	..	2	3	2
Great Danes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	7	17	34	36	37	45	24	29
Bloodhounds	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	4	4	5	3	8	8	6	11
Pointers	121	83	128	134	125	144	112	149	100	96	113	150	143	155	107	95	150	137	111
English setters	203	123	157	235	160	172	159	150	77	102	101	87	77	74	79	81	112	99	102
Gordon setters	65	64	73	74	91	58	56	53	36	38	14	43	51	48	42	36	54	44	48
Irish setters	149	118	158	135	97	99	97	105	84	67	62	60	89	74	102	74	64	69	77
Chesapeake Bays	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	4	1	..	10	8	4	7	1	5	7	6
Irish water spaniels	11	17	8	7	10	17	6	3	1	1	4	3	3	4	16	10	2	6	6
Field spaniels	32	18	31	41	43	56	8	13	20	19	17	22	28	36	27	25	26	23	30
Clumber spaniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	2	8	5	2	..	2	10
Cocker spaniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	31	39	59	49	67	64	72	59	63	62	77	77
Foxhounds	14	46	9	9	18	13	10	13	5	14	7	..	15	17	28	10	18	21	15
Beagles	6	5	15	13	36	13	10	22	26	31	24	47	23	36	24	39	55	40	54
Basset hounds	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	4	2	1	5	8	3	1	1	4	..
Dachshunds	16	11	8	9	17	12	6	11	19	10	11	13	21	13	30	27	21	22	42
Fox-terriers	25	36	45	63	69	60	56	78	50	89	79	87	137	151	161	116	136	121	143
Rough Collies	8	19	16	31	50	60	71	72	85	103	83	88	109	163	119	85	97	117	88
Smooth Collies	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	2
Old English sheepdogs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9
Bulldogs	10	10	8	19	15	14	23	20	17	12	26	15	19	19	51	42	58	57	60
Bull-terriers	11	29	36	34	23	24	15	19	34	25	30	28	40	24	37	47	50	52	80
Sky terriers	23	17	15	16	19	12	12	14	7	8	7	12	25	11	6	9	14	13	9
Irish terriers	..	..	..	..	4	3	5	..	4	5	8	15	14	22	31	25	38	45	51
Black and tan terriers	13	20	13	9	6	14	8	6	9	6	5	3	15	15	14	14	12	16	19
Dandie Dinmonts	10	3	3	6	5	6	4	3	6	3	2	3	9	8	7	7	7	5	11
Bedlington terriers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	6	7	3	7	6	6	6	11	6	7	16
Yorkshire terriers	..	30	26	26	30	18	22	25	30	19	25	8	21	25	25	18	18	11	29
Toy terriers	21	12	9	18	5	10	10	11	13	8	17	10	10	10	9	7	9	12	2
Pugs	27	40	23	33	22	32	40	47	31	23	23	40	33	42	33	23	24	28	8
Toy spaniels	8	13	13	9	13	15	10	15	18	29	22	36	18	17	55	45	38	27	29
Italian greyhounds	6	14	9	10	10	..	6	5	5	6	9	7	15	5	8	4	10	16	8
Poodles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	15	20	13	16	20	27	19	30	58	77
Boston terriers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	31
Scottish terriers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	15	18	46
Welsh terriers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	1	4	..	..
White English terriers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	5	6	9
Schipperkes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	2	3	..	6
Miscellaneous	23	8	27	38	23	18	26	11	28	19	12	2	20	26	5	12	10	27	8

ter. Puppies, Dogs---1st, Charles G Hopton's Irene's Ambassador. 2d, Richard A Canfield's Lud Boy. Res, Mrs S Maddox's Saxon. Puppies, Bitches---1st, Robert L Crawford's Sybil. Novice, Dogs ---1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' King Orry. 2d, Charles Parsons, Jr's Sheriff. Res, E K Austin's Baron Killarney. V h c, Edw P Kennard's Counsellor. Mrs Robert S McCreery's Napper. H C, D L Haight's Captain S. Miss Marie A Stovell's Bandy Boy. Novice, Bitches---1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Bucknall Gypsy. 2d, J H Congdon's Primrose. Res, E K Austin's Princess Venn. V h c, D L Haight's Sister. H C, Henry C Beadleston's Throstle.

BULL TERRIERS.---Challenge Dogs---1st, R S Huidekoper's Cordona. 2d, D F Mitchell's Carney. Challenge Bitches---1st George P Runton's Edgewood Tipsy. 2d, Frank F Dole's Attraction. 3d, William Hammall's Vesper Bell. Res, Rochester-Pittsburg Kennels' Lady Dinah. V h c, George P Runton's Castle's Kit. C, Thomas Holden's Enterprise. Open---Dogs, over 30 lbs---1st, Rochester Pittsburg Kennels' Duke of Rochester. 2d, Thomas Holden's Diamond King. 3d, Frank F Dole's Topsparkle. Res, William J Owens' White King. V h c, Mrs Mary B Hart's Jack the Great. John H Taylor's Count of Oakes. H Fred Church's Gully Boy. H C, Perry Tiffany's Brady. William Tavershams's Admiral Mello. Frank F Dole's Greenhill Nunthorpe. Open---Dogs, 20 lbs and not exceeding 30 lbs---1st, Thopmson S Craig's Rookery Boy. 2d, H Fred Church's Little Flyer. 3d, George P Runton's Tarquin. H B Combe's Ted Pritchard. V h c, James Patterson's Little Ben. Bitches, 20 lbs, and not exceeding 30 lbs---1st, Frank F Dole's Edgewood Matchless. 2d, H Fred Church's Sabutia. 3d, Rochester Pittsburg Kennels' Bess of Rochester. Res, S & M Valsey's Pearl Rochester. Open---Dogs and Bitches, under 20 lbs---1st, Frank F Dole's Edgewood Rose. 2d, Rochester, Pittsburg Kennels' Nellie Harper. 3d, Frank F Dole's Edgewood Sport. Puppies, Dogs and Bitches---1st, Frank F Dole's Edgewood Trilby. 2d, H Fred Church's Gully Boy. 3d, Edward Croker's Sir John. Res, Thomas Holden's Bonnie Kate. H C Perry Tiffany's Brady. Novice, Dogs and Bitches---1st, Frank F Dole's Edgewood Flossie. 2d, Frank F Dole's Edgewood Trilby. 3d, H Fred Church's Sabutia. Res, Thomas Holden's Bonnie Kate. V h c, C Wolfe's Trafalgar. Mrs Mary B Hart's Jack the Great. H C Perry Tiffany's Brady. John H Taylor's Count of Oaks. Wm Faversham's Admiral Mello. John Morehead, Jr's Streatham Monarch's Daughter. Rochester-Pittsburg Kennels' Daisy Belle.

(To be concluded next week.)

The Eastern Field Trial Club.

The meeting of this club was held on Thursday afternoon in Madison Square Garden. The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was dispensed with. Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus and Mr. F. A. Hodgman were elected to membership. The resignation of Mr. P. H. O'Bannon was accepted. The Secretary-Treasurer's report was not read, owing to his papers being absent.

The same stakes as those of last year were established, excepting the selling stake, which was abolished. The Members' Stake entry fee is $10, the prizes to be 60, 25 and 15 per cent. of entrance. The entries in this stake close the night before the running. Winners of open field trials are barred. The trials will commence with the Members' Stake on the third Monday in November. The Derby has $600, divided into $300, $200 and $100. All Age Stake the same. The Subscription Stake is open to all setters and pointers. The prizes are $300, $150 and $50. Each subscription entitles the owner to start any dog he pleases, whether it is his property or not. It is transferable to any man who is not objectionable to the club. Each heat is to be two hours long. It was carried that the initiation fee be suspended until further notice. A special meeting was called for the last Monday in March, 1.30 P. M., at the office of Mr. F. R. Hitchcock, 67 Wall street, New York. Notice of contemplated changes in the constitution was given.

The American Mastiff Club.

The club held its annual meeting on Feb. 20, in Madison Square Garden. Mr. Richard H. Derby in the chair. There were present Messrs. Stephenson, Winchell and Mead. The business of the last meeting and of the executive committee meeting was read and approved. The report of the committee on pedigrees was read and accepted, with the usual appropriation for clerk hire. The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Richard H. Derby; Vice-Presidents, Robert Lenox Belknap, F. T. Underhill and George G. Stephenson; Executive Committee, R. H. Derby, R. L. Belknap, F. T. Underhill, Geo. G. Stephenson, Edw. Dudley, J. L. Belknap, W. P. Stephenson, Herbert Mead, C. C. Marshal and J. L. Winchell; Delegate to A. K. C., Geo. G. Stephenson. The delegate to the A. K. C. was instructed to ask the indorsement of the A. K. C. in its action toward vindicating Dr. Lougest in a new action toward the vindication of Dr. Lougest.

The Collie Club of America.

The annual meeting of the club was held in Madison Square Garden, on Wednesday, Feb. 20. The seventh annual report of the treasurer showed the encouraging balance of $699.49 in the treasury. Among other matters, Mr. Shotwell in his report said: "More time and attention should be given to developing a greater interest than is at present shown in competing for the various stakes and prizes. There has been a great falling off in this respect, which with proper care might be regained. I feel, however, that it is impossible for me to give the time necessary to carry on this work, and the interest of the club requires that you should select some one to take my place. I cannot omit referring to Mr. John L. Lincoln, one of our Executive Committee residing in Chicago; he has obtained, during the past year, three life and five annual members." The secretaries report was accepted. Following is the list of officers elected: President. Jenkins Van Schaick; Vice-Presidents, Thos. H. Terry and J. Pierpont Morgan; Executive Committee, Jenkins Van Schaick, J. Pierpont Morgan, Martin Dennis, Thos. H. Terry, A. D. Lewis, J. D. Shotwell, Robert McEwen, James Watson, Dr. L. C. Sauveur, J. L. Lincoln, Jr., and Henry B. Cromwell; Secretary, A. D. Lewis, 44 Broadway; Treasurer, J. D. Shotwell.

The Irish Setter Club.

The annual meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America was held at the Madison Square Garden, on Thursday, Feb. 21, 1895. Mr. W. L. Washington in the chair. Present, Messrs. W. L. Washington, G. Langran, J. B. Blossom, Dr. G. G. Davis, and Geo. H. Thomson, and by proxy, Ray Tompkins and J. B. McKay. The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was dispensed with. The treasurer's report was approved. Dr. G. G. Davis and Geo. H. Thomson were appointed a committee of two to revise the constitution and by-laws, subject to the approval of the club. The following officers were elected: President, G. G. Davis; Vice-President, James B. Blossom; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. H. Thomson; Executive Committee, C. T. Thompson, F. L. Cheney, G. Langran, B. L. Clements, W. L. Washington, Ray Tompkins.

St. Bernard Club of America.

The annual meeting of the St. Bernard Club of America was held on Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8 P. M., at the Westminster Kennel Club Show. Present, Edward Booth, Miss A. G. Chandler, Miss C. A. Goodenow, Mrs. A. Mackenzie-Hughes, W. H. Joekel, Jr., J. F. Lutz, D. Mann, A. L. Martin, C. A. Pratt, Col. J. Ruppert, Jr., H. D. Johnson, and Miss Whitney.

The minutes of the previous meeting were approved.

Miss Whitney reported having examined about 300 pedigrees of St. Bernards sent to the club for approval, and found evidence of gross carelessness in many of them. Mr. Pratt was appointed to confer with the American Kennel Club to ascertain what could be done to secure greater accuracy and lighten the labor of examination. The treasurer's report showed a balance of $313.30 in the treasury. Mr. Joeckel stated that at the Farm Show in 1894, it had been decided to start a sweepstakes to be competed for at the show which was expected to take place in May, 1895, and that the blanks for it had been mailed to the members and only one entry had been received. He also reported that Mr. Terry stated that the Farm Show would not be held in May as at first proposed, but in November, during Thanksgiving week.

On learning that Mr. Hopf had not received one of the club medals, it was resolved to present a medal to him and to have it inscribed so as to express the respect and esteem entertained for him by the club.

The following officers were elected for 1895: President, W. H. Joeckel, Jr.; Vice-Presidents, Miss A. H. Whitney, R. J. Sawyer, Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr.; Treasurer, J. S. Hoyt; Governors, W. C. Reick, C. A. Pratt, A. C. Shallenberger, E. H. Moore, H. D. Johnson, K. E. Hopf, C. J. Bousfield, E. Sauerhering and Henry B. Turner.

DOG CHAT

One of the most shocking and diabolical acts ever perpetrated at a dog show was the poisoning, on Friday morning, of Mrs. Senn's kennel of crack toy spaniels, eight of which subsequently died. When Mr. and Mrs. Senn arrived about ten A. M., they at once opened the baskets in which they had put the dogs the previous evening, and found eight of their dogs dying and others dead. King of the Charlies, the crack King Charles, could just stand up, but died before an emetic could be administered. The names of the dead are: King of the Charlies; Japanese, Mikado, Chin, Kiku and Tamah; Lady De Lena, due to whelp in two weeks; the King Charles Yorkshire terrier, Brandy, and Prince Charlie Bell. Romeo, fortunately, had been taken home. The affair created great excitement and sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Senn, and a subscription was set afoot at once, and $255 were collected during the day, all but five dollars being poured in at Spratt's stand, in charge of Mr. Banks.



BOSTON TERTIERS TOPSEY AND COMMISSIONER II.

The W. K. C. and S. C. P. C. A. each at once offered $500 reward for the detection of the criminals, but there is little chance of the perpetrator ever being found out. Suspicions are rife, but no proof is forthcoming. It was evidently intended to poison all of Mrs. Senn's dogs, as some bits of meat covered with powder were found in the baskets, and these some of the animals likely refused. Mr. Webster will mount the poisoned dogs. The daily papers were greatly excited over the affair, some of the evening papers bringing out extras.

Sales at New York were scarcely so numerous this year as last, though there was some activity in the pointer circles.

The Morey Kennels sold their poodle Tribune to Mr. D. Hall Butler, for $80. The Meadowmere Poodle Kennels disposed of Dandy to a gentleman of Belleville, Ont. Carnot, one of the best, goes to Philadelphia at a long figure; Carlos, Judy and Rose to New York parties at good figures.

Mr. Geo. J. Gould bought the noted pointer, Chancellor from the Rinada Kennels.

Mr. Sam. Mann sold the winning Smooth St. Bernard bitch, Princess Eulalie, by Kingston Regent---Cleopatra, to Mr. C. A. Pratt, proprietor of the Argyle Kennels, Little Rock, Ark.

Dr. Foote now has the black-and-tan terrier bitch, Ch. Gypsey Girl, having exchanged his wire Brittle Bright and "some more" for her.

A Dachshund Club is to be formed with the idea of coming to some definite type to breed to and judge by.

The Metropolitan Kennel Club was started on Friday evening, the following gentlemen taking part: Dr. Foote, Temporary Chairman; E. M. Oldham, Secretary pro tem.; Thos. H. Terry, A. C. Pickhardt, C. F. Lewis, F. S. Webster, Geo. Jarvis, James Watson, James Robinson, Dr. Glover, A. D. Lewis, D. Purroy, C. M. Kernochan, Dr. H. W. Lincoln, Ed. F. Croker, E. C. Ray, J. W. Brittain, Jas. Patterson, James Mortimer, M. A. Thelbery, H. L. Kreuder, G. W. H. Pritchie and F. A. Hodgman. Several gentlemen spoke enthusiastically on the subject of a kennel club which should be social in its nature, have club rooms and otherwise advance the interests of kennel affairs in this city. Dr. Foote was instructed to select a committee of five whose duty it would be to arrange for the proper organization of the club at a future meeting to be called by them. This is something we have been suggesting for years, and the project should not be allowed to fail.

The Canadians have organized the Eastern Townships Kennel Club at Sherbrooke, another has been organized at Quebec, and with the one started in Montreal they will try to hold a circuit of shows after Toronto this fall. Enthusiasm runs high and there are many members in the clubs.

Fred Schmidt's St. Bernard, Kingstonian Count, died three weeks since from kidney complaint. This is a great loss to Mr. Schmidt, as he was a more than ordinarily good getter.

Mr. Jarrett's arrived just in time for the show on the Servia, from England, having gone over to purchase the crack hackney stallion Wildfire for Mr. Mitchell Harrison.

Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Geo. J. Gould have chartered a special car for the Chicago show, and thus have they solved their side of the transportation problem.

We were sorry to hear of Mr. Henry Brook's recent severe illness. He is on the road to recovery, fortunately, but was unable to attend the N. Y. show, not being alllowed to leave the house.

The American Spaniel Club held its annual dinner at Zanghern's on Wednesday night of the show. The affair was a very enjoyable one, and speeches more or less dignified and instructive were made by James Watson, who responded well for the American Spaniel Club; Geo. R. Preston, Jr., for the Clumber Spaniel and good fellows in general; A. Laidlaw, for the Irish Water Spaniel, remarking that the only place this dog got tight was in his rules; S. J. Bradbury, for The Field Spaniel; W. T. Payne, for the Cocker; C. M. Nelles, Our Canadian Brothers; H. W. Lacy, The Press. Mr. B. F. Miller and Mr. M. Oldham enlivened the proceedings with several excellent songs. Mr. Oldham, as the new president, made a very efficient chairman. In addition to those named above there were present: Rowland P. Keaseby, Ewin W. Fiske, Marcel A. Viti, "Uncle Dick," Geo. Douglas, Frank R. Carsdell, Henry Jarrett, W. A. Brook, P. F. Mead-

A message from Mr. Stafford, secretary of the U. S. F. T. Club, says that they will probably hold a field trial at Newton, N. C., immediately after the conclusion of the Eastern field trials next fall.

The annual dog show auction sale of H. Rutherford fox-terriers did not bring as good prices as usual. Prices ranged from $2.50 to $27.50 for a Safeguard-Warren Captious pup.

The Tracy sale of dog pictures proved an unexpected success, over $11,000 being realized from the two nights' sale. Particulars will be given next week.

Owing to the space required for the report of the New York show, a number of communications are crowded out this week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Y. Z., Baltimore, Md.---The only office of the Fox-terrier Chronicle is at 77 Fleet street, London, England. Subscription price is $2.85. The price of the Fox-terrier Club Stud Book is $1.25. We do not know where you can purchase pictures of the leading fox-terriers in America and England. The Fox-terrier Chronicle supplies pictures of the noted English dogs that have been published monthly in that journal, on special paper for framing, at 6d. each (12 cents).

T. W. H., Big Timber, Mont.---My setter spaniel puppy, nine months old, was taken with distemper six weeks ago, and had a pretty hard time of it. He is feeling fairly well now, but his eyes are sore, look red and somewhat swollen and bloodshot. Pus is constantly forming and running out at corners. I feed him mostly bread and milk. What can I do for him? What is the best wash for sore eyes in dogs?---Ans.: Give the dog a dessertspoonful of syrup of hypophosphites and a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil twice a day. Bathe the eyes with the following lotion: Acid Boracic, 1 gr.; zinc sulph., 1 gr.; tr. opii, ii. gr.; aq. a viii. oz. Apply to eyes three or four times a day.

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y.---I am the owner of a fox-terrier pup five months old, who eats everything he comes across---coal, wood, rags, etc. He has had one fit from eating rags.---Ans.: Treat for worms, using any of our advertised remedies. Most puppies have this annoying habit, unless their privileges are curtailed. Give your dog a good knuckle-bone to exercise his teeth upon, and put a little flour of sulphur in his food now and then.

Answers to Correspondents.

E G. C., Syracuse, N. Y.---During the early part of December last, a bird was brought to me to be mounted, which seems to be an entire stranger to all of us. In Jasper's works on "Birds of North America," the nearest illustration given, with description, seems to be that of the guillemot, although, judging from its plumage, it must be a young bird. As its back and head are of a dark slate or lead color, instead of jet black, as in the illustration. Its throat is mottled with stray white and lead color down to the breast, the rest is entirely white, like the illustration. The bird was shot on Oneida Lake by one of the local sportsmen; there was a mate with it which escaped.---Ans.: The description is too vague for a positive identification, and nothing is said about size. It may very likely be a guillemot, as these are sometimes found as stragglers on our inland waters, e. g., recently on Lake Champlain, etc.

A. G B., Holland, Mich.---Where can Dr. Shufeldt's "Scientific Taxidermy" be had? Where can Dr. Eliott's monograph of the Tetraonidal be obtained, and its size and price?---Ans. 1. Apply to the Smithsonian Institution; 2. A copy was catalogued by D. G. Frances, East Sixteenth street, New York, the other day, at $50.

J. A. E., Hackensack, N J.---Ans.: It is probable that the bird is a road-runner or ground cuckoo (Grococyx californianus), a well-known bird of California and the Southwest. Your description is very vague, but this is probably the bird. 2. We do not know the weight of the largest fish in the sea, but we trust that we may some time. 3. The trout or Long Island streams, which flow into the great South Bay, go down into the salt water.

S. B., St. Paul.---Can wild celery be sown among wild rice without choking the rice?---Ans. The two would not grow well in conjunction.

BLUE HARE.---A correspondent wants information respecting the introduction of the blue hare, or Scotch hare, into this country. If it has been attempted, what success attended the enterprise?

G. C. P., Aberdeen, Miss.---1. I own in this State a large shallow lake, say not exceeding three feet in depth. The mud in the lake is deep and sticky. I desire to know if wild rice will grow in this lake, and attract wild duck in the winter? 2. Will the planting of wild rice interfere with the fishing? 3. Where can I get wild rice, and at what price? 4. When ought it to be planted, and how?---Ans. 1. Probably, yes. 2. If your lake is nowhere deeper than three feet, the rice would probably spread pretty well over it. 3. Write to the advertisers whose announcement you will find in our columns next fall. The seed soon loses its vitality and is only good a few months after it is gathered. 4. As soon as you can procure the fresh seed, or about the last of August. The seedsman will give you particulars.

R. C. S.---You failed to give your post-office address. We would like the suggested description.

C. V. B., Chicago.---Will not the drainage from three good-sized hotels be injurious to the fish of a lake of about six or eight square miles area, whose inlet and outlet are at the same end? Are there any regulations in regard to this, and if there are to whom must one look for their enforcement? We people who have our summer homes at the lake do quite a bit of fishing, and are desirous of protecting the fish as much as possible.---Ans. 1. We think not. 2. You did not tell us what State the waters are in.

R. A. B., Rockville.—1. The sportsmen of this city have contributed $150 to buy some quail to re-stock our depleted covers, but some of our oldest shooters claim re-stocked birds will not stay, but will migrate in the fall, likely taking our home birds with them. Is there any truth in that? 2. Which of the many advertised birds would be the best kind to buy for re-stocking in this vicinity? 3. What is the best time and method to let them go? Ans.: 1. Imported birds undoubtedly occasionally leave the localities where they have been put out in re-stocking, but such cases are rare, and we do not think there would be any danger in your case of such an occurrence. 2. Birds from as far north as can be procured. 3. May. See answer to W. H. V.

J. W. B., Danvers, Mass.—Bendore gives the southern range as bounded by "the mountainous regions of Arkansas, Eastern Tennessee, Western North Carolina, Northeastern Alabama, Northwestern Georgia and Northern South Carolina. Throughout its southern range the ruffed grouse is mostly confined to the mountain regions, and is seldom if ever found in the lowlands during the breeding season."

W. H. V., Cincinnati, O.—1. Where can I buy live quail for stocking purposes, best acclimated to this section? 2. When is the best time to stock? 3. How shall I do it?—Ans.: 1. See our advertising columns. 2. About April or May for your locality. 3. See our issue of May 5, 1894, and article in last week's issue.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

March 5-7.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Three-days' tournament of the Boiling Springs Gun Club; first two days targets, last day live birds. Wm. H. Huck, Sec.

March 6.—PORT DOVER, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Phoenix Gun Club.

March 13 to 14.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—First annual live bird tournament of the Southern Gun Club at Whittington Park; 50 live birds, $25 entrance, four moneys, $500 guaranteed in this event. Entries close March 9 to H. O. Price, Southern Club, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 26-27.—ROCKFORD, Ill.—Live bird tournament of the Rockford Gun Club.

March 27.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J. E. D. Miller, Sec.

March 28.—NEWARK, N. J.—Live bird handicap at Erb's grounds, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club; 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps from 33 to 26 yards, class shooting, four moneys. W. H. Green, Sec.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added. All ties in Grand American Handicap must be shot off; three moneys, three high guns.

April 3.—ASTOR HOUSE, New York.—Trapshooters' Convention, adjourned meeting; 8:30 P. M.

April 8-10.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready March 1. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec.

April 9-11.—BURLINGTON, Ia.—Tournament of the Big Four Gun Club.

April 9-11.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Three days' tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 12.—HARTFORD, Conn.—All day shoot of the Hartford Gun Club; targets. D. S. Wadsworth, Sec.

April 16-18.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, at Pittsburg, Pa., under the auspices of the Pittsburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

April 15-18.—ATCHISON, Kas.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Lou Erhardt Sec. and Manager.

April 17-19.—CANTON, Ill.—Annual spring tournament of the Canton Shooting Club.

April 22-27.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. W. V. Rieger, Sec.

April 23-26.—GALESBURG, Ill.—Tournament of the Galesburg Shooting Club.

April 24-26.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day live birds. Orrin J. Loder, Sec.

May 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; New Jersey Trap Shooters' League events commence at 2 P. M. Rob't. E. Chetwood, Prest.

May 7-10.—CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Dupont tournament at Cincinnati. Liberal cash prizes added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, agent.

May 9-10.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

May 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and P. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

May 10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, under the ausnices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Ed. Taylor, Sec., 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec., Kansas City.

May 21-24.—KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 20-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Two-days' tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament under the auspices of the Interstate Association; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11-14.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 13-15—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee Sec.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec.

July 11-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec., Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

The Control of Trap-Shooting.

The committee appointed by the Trap Shooters' Convention, held in the Astor House, this city, on Jan. 24, has finished its labors so far as the drafting of a constitution for presentation at the next meeting, April 3, is concerned. The text of that constitution is given below in order that trap shooters, and others interested in the art and sport of wing shooting, may have a chance to study it at their leisure, prior to its consideration at the adjourned meeting in the Astor House set for the above date of April 3.

The South and the West have now an opportunity to see what the proposed association may be expected to accomplish. It was felt by those present at the meeting on Jan. 24 that too short a notice of the meeting had been given if proper representation was to be secured. It was also felt that the objects of a national organization should be laid before the public in order that trap shooters and others might learn the intentions of the promoters of the plan for the control and purification of trap shooting. With that idea in view, the delegates at the meeting in January passed a resolution empowering the chairman, Major R. Heber Breintnall, to appoint a committee of five, whose duty it should be to prepare a constitution and by-laws to be presented for adoption at the meeting on April 3, adding a proviso that the text of the constitution should be ready for publication, and should be published, four weeks prior to that meeting.

In accordance with that resolution, the chairman appointed as such committee: J. A. H. Dressel, chairman; W. H. Wolstencroft, B. C. Everingham, L. H. Schortemeier, and Edward Banks. The efforts of that committee in accordance with the instructions of the meeting, are therefore given in full below.

American Trap-Shooters' League.

PROPOSED CONSTITUTION.

Article I.—Name. The name of this Association shall be The American Trap-Shooters' League.

Article II.—Objects. The objects of this Association shall be, to act as a regulating body for the control of trap-shooting and the government of the same in the United States; to inquire into and decide upon all questions connected with trap-shooting in dispute between clubs or individuals; to apportion penalties for breaches of the rules of this Association; to assign dates for tournaments, with a view to avoiding a clashing of the same; to obtain, as far as possible, the adoption of uniform rules for trap-shooting; to assist in the enforcement of the game and fish laws, and to secure legislation to the same end, and to distribute information in relation to the game and fish laws of the various States; to further the best interests of the sport of trap-shooting, and to promote kindly intercourse and generous emulation among all classes of sportsmen.

Article III.—Membership: Sec. 1. This Association shall be composed of clubs and individuals. The term "club," when used in this Constitution, shall be construed to mean any society, league or association organized for the furtherance of trap-shooting or for the protection of fish and game.

Sec. 2. Any club duly organized for the furtherance of trap-shooting or for the protection of fish and game, shall be eligible to membership in this Association. Any person more than eighteen years of age, a resident of the United States, shall be eligible to associate membership.

Sec. 3. A club or individual seeking membership shall mail to the Secretary of this Association an application, on an application blank, to be obtained from the Secretary, together with the dues for the current fiscal year. Such application shall be acted upon by the Executive Committee. It shall require a majority vote of the Executive Committee to elect.

Sec. 4. Every club a member of this Association shall be entitled to one vote at any meeting of this Association. Associate members shall be entitled to all the privileges of the Association, but no associate member shall be entitled to vote, unless he be a delegate from a club of which he is a member.

Sec. 5. Membership in the American Trap-Shooters' League shall carry with it an obligation to encourage, by personal conduct and influence, a public interest in trap-shooting and also a public regard for the observance of the game and fish laws. All members shall be pledged to a hearty support of any and all legislation, approved by this Association, for the benefit of trap-shooting or for the protection of game and fish.

Sec. 6. Honorary members may be elected at any annual meeting. These members shall be exempt from the payment of dues and shall have no vote.

Sec. 7. The term "Executive Committee" used herein, shall be construed to mean the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors.

Article IV.—Meetings. Sec. 1. The annual meeting of this Association shall be held on or about May 15 of each year, in some city to be designated at the preceding annual meeting. No two annual meetings shall be held in consecutive years in the same State. The first annual meeting of the Association shall be held on April 3, 1895, in the city of New York.

Sec. 2. Special meetings shall be called by the President, upon the unanimous vote of the Executiev Committee or a majority of the entire Board of Governors. The object of such meeting shall be stated in the call, and at least four weeks' notice thereof must be given to every member, by mail, or publication in one or more of the recognized representative sportsmen's papers.

Sec. 3. At all meetings of the Association a club may be represented by proxy, provided that no member shall hold a proxy for more than one club.

Sec. 4. Fifteen members personally present shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Article V.—Officers. Sec. 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Third Vice-President and a Secretary-Treasurer.

Sec. 2. Immediately upon the adoption of this constitution, a board of fifteen governors shall be elected by ballot. These fifteen governors shall classify themselves by lot into one year, two year, and three year terms. At each succeeding annual meeting, five governors shall be elected by ballot to take the places of those whose terms of office are expiring. These governors shall elect the officers of the Association from their own body. An exception may be made in the case of the Secretary-Treasurer, who may be appointed by the Executive Committee from the members of the Association; they shall also appoint all necessary committees; the Chairman of all such committees shall be selected from the Board of Governors.

Sec. 3. All officers except the Secretary-Treasurer shall serve without pay. The salary of the Secretary-Treasurer shall be fixed by the Executive Committee, but shall not exceed $—— per annum.

Sec. 4. Vacancy in any office may be filled at any meeting of the Executive Committee. A vacancy in the Board of Governors may be filled by the Board for the unexpired term.

Article VI.—Duties of Officers. Sec. 1. President. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at the annual meeting.

Sec. 2. Vice-Presidents. In the absence of the President the Vice-Presidents shall perform all his duties in the order of their rank.

Sec. 3. Secretary-Treasurer. The Secretary-Treasurer shall issue calls for all meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee, when so ordered, and he shall keep a record of all such meetings. He shall keep a roll of membership and take charge of all papers belonging to the Association. He shall collect all moneys belonging to the Association and disburse the same under the direction of the Executive Committee. He shall transact such other business, and fulfill such further duties, as may be directed by the Executive Committee. All moneys collected shall be deposited in a bank to be designated by the Executive Committee and in the name of the Association. All payments of money shall be made by check only; and all checks shall be signed by the President and by the Secretary-Treasurer. He shall give a bond for the faithful performance of his duty, in favor of and satisfactory to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, to an amount not less than $—— before assuming office.

Article VII.—Executive Committee. Sec. 1. How Constituted. The Executive Committee shall be selected by the Governors from their own body; the term of office of the members of the Executive Committee shall be for one year.

Sec. 2. Duties. The Executive Committee shall have general charge of the interests of the Association, and shall select a Chairman from its number. It shall consider and report to the Association all proposed changes in legislation regarding trap-shooting; it shall represent to the different legislatures in which any such proposed change may be pending the sentiment and action of this Association respecting the enactment of such measures, and urge their adoption or rejection; it shall aid as far as possible in securing the enforcement of the game and fish laws in the different States of the Union; disseminate literature relating to trap-shooting and game protection, and adopt such other means as it may deem expedient to further the objects of the Association.

Sec. 3. Sub-committees. The Exeeutive Committee may appoint such Committees as it shall deem expedient.

Sec. 4. Financial Control. The Executive Committee shall have full charge of the funds of this Association and power to expend the same, but shall not make any expenditures nor create any liabilities for objects not named in Article 2, without a concurrent vote of the Board of Governors. The Executive Committee shall at the commencement of every fiscal year make appropriations for the ensuing year, not to exceed the receipts of the Association for the same period; and no liability shall be incurred unless a sum of money sufficient to liquidate the same is in hand, except as above provided.

Sec. 5. Meetings. The meetings of the Executive Committee shall be held at the call of its Chairman, and on not less than four days' notice thereof, by mail.

Sec. 6. Cost of Transportation of Members. The transportation of the members of the Board of Governors, together with the legitimate expenses of the same, contingent upon their attendance at the annual meetings of the Association shall be defrayed out of the funds of the Association. The transportation shall be furnished each member of the Board by the Executive Committee who shall obtain lowest possible rates for the same.

Sec. 7. Reports. The Executive Committee shall report to the Association annually at its annual meeting.

Article VIII.—Dues. Sec. 1. Clubs. The annual dues to the Association from each club to entitle it to the privileges and benefits of the Association and to vote at the annual meeting, shall be three ($3) dollars, payable on or before May 15, which shall be the beginning of the fiscal year.

Sec. 2. Associate Members. The annual dues to the Association from each associate member shall be fifty (50) cents, payable as stated in Sec. 1 of this article.

Sec. 3. State Associations may become Advisory Members of this Association by the payment of five ($5) dollars, payable annually as above stated, and on such payment shall be entitled to the rights and privileges set forth in the By-Laws.

Article IX.—Sec. 1. Tournament Board. The Tournament Board shall be appointed by the Executive Committee immediately after its election. To this Board shall be referred all questions connected with trap-shooting in dispute between clubs and individuals. It shall investigate and take action thereon, and the decision and penalty imposed shall be final, unless an appeal shall be taken thereon to the Executive Committee within thirty days thereafter. In cases occurring in a State when the State Association is a member of this body, the President of such State Association may act with the Tournament Board and have a vote therein.

Sec. 2. For special cause and on recommendation of the Chairman of the Tournament Board, the Executive Committee may suspend any person against whom charges shall have been made, from all right of competition at tournaments, pending his trial.

Sec. 3. Any person knowingly competing with a person under the suspension as herein provided or upon the decision of the Tournament Committee, shall be liable to suspension by the Executive Committee.

Article X.—Amendments. All proposed amendments to the Constitution shall be filed with the Secretary-Treasurer, and published in one or more of the representative sportsmen's papers at least one month before the annual meeting, and no amendment shall be adopted unless it shall have been so filed and published, and approved by a two-thirds vote of the members present at such annual meting.

Larchmont's Washington's Birthday Sweeps.

Both before and after the match several events were decided. No. 1 was 5 birds, $5, handicap rise; No. 2 was a miss and out, $5 entrance, 27 yards men and under allowance one miss as a kill. No. 3 was an extra under the same conditions as No. 2. No. 4, 10 birds, $10, 27 yards men and under allowed one miss as a kill; first round all shot at 22 yards, going back a yard each round, shooting the 10th round from the 31 yards mark. No. 5, 6 birds, Star sweepstakes of $5 entrance; $1 to star in rounds 1 and 2; $2 to star in rounds 3 and 4; $3 to star in rounds 5 and 6; miss and out after the sixth round. No. 6, battery shooting, all at 28 yards mark; 3 birds, $5. Nos. 7 and 8 were miss and outs, $5 entrance. Event No. 6, the "battery" event needs some explanation as it will be a novelty to most shooters. It is carried out as follows: The traps are supposed to be decoys with a flock of ducks "stooling" to them. The shooter lies on his back with his heels at the 28 yards mark, his head resting on a pillow, with his gun grasped in both hands but lying across his breast. (The shooter is now in his battery awaiting the arrival of the ducks!) These ducks are next supposed to have alighted among the decoys with which they are making friends; the sudden uprising of the shooter would naturally send them splashing and quacking away. To produce the same effect, the shooter in an event like No. 6 referred to, gives the usual caution, "Are you ready?" He gets the answer, "Ready," and then calls, "Pull." As he says the latter word the trap is sprung and a hand, that has been holding his head down to prevent him from rising until the word is given, is withdrawn from his head. The shooter then sits up and plugs away at the escaping bird while he himself is still in a sitting position. This sort of an event makes lots of fun, and, on this occasion, developed the fact that there are some dangerous battery shots in the ranks of the Larchmont Club. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J. P. Knapp, 30	12211—5	2222*—4	220 —2
F. G. Moore, 30	22212—5	—0	22212—5
W. A. H. Stafford, 27	2*010—2	22022—4	20220—3
G. "Harold," 28	2222*—4	22122—5	22220—4
E. L. Post, 29	10* —1	211* —3	0 —0

No. 1 was divided between Knapp and Moore; No. 2 between Harold and Stafford, the latter taking his allowance on one miss as a kill; No. 3 was won by Moore.

No. 4:

Moore	2212120222—9	Post	22212*112*— 8
Harold	221012*222—8	Work	2211222222—10
Stafford	0011111*10—7	Knapp	2220221122— 9

No. 5:

Moore	202212120 — 7	Post*	2100211222120—11
Harold*	2012*22122211—11	Work	22211222122210—12
Stafford	21001220 — 5	Knapp*	021***2222122— 9

*Harold, Post and Knapp divided.

No. 6 Battery shooting:

	No. 7.	No. 8.
Moore	221122—6	212220 —5	2122—4
Harold	212220—5	2222222—7	2221—4
Stafford	2*2 —2	220 —2	20 —1
Post	01 —1	221212*—6	211*—3
Work	10 —1	1220 —3	1* —1
Knapp	122220—5	2222222—7	20 —1

No. 6 was won by Moore, Harold and Knapp dividing second; No. 7 was divided between Harold and Knapp; No. 8 was divided between Moore and Harold. EDWARD BANKS.

Has its Disadvantages.

Mr. E. H. Madison, 79 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes under date Feb. 13, as follows: "As a pigeon shooter for over 25 years, I will give you a wrinkle used by the Long Island Club which put a stop to dropping for place most effectually, but also helped to kill the club. The plan was this: Every crack shot was put in class A; the next in class B; the poorest ones in class C. The men in each class were only allowed to compete for the prize offered in their class, making it practically a case of dog eat dog. As regards the kick against the professional who shoots and wins nearly all the money given at the tournament, that is easily fixed; as the experts are paid to show up the wares of the various houses they work for, let them shoot in all matches for a record only, waiving all right to any prizes. It will take time, perhaps, to classify the shooters, but this scheme, if carried out rightly, will stop all dropping, etc. What the future result would be, I know not."

Shooting Crows at Allentown.

Allentown, Pa., Feb. 21.—Gib Geiberson having over 100 crows on hand, Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., and Miles Johnson, of Newtown, N. J., came over to have some sweepstake shooting to-day. The first five events were at 5 crows, $2 entrance; one money. The last event was at 8 crows; $5 entrance. This last event could not be finally settled, each man scoring 7 out of 8, when the supply of crows came to an end. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
G Geiberson	11112—5	21102—4	11102—4	12212—5
M Johnson	10111—4	10111—4	11101—4	12211—5
P Geiberson	01012—3	11002—3	10111—4	01221—4
C Zwirlein			11212—5	11111—5

	No. 5.	No. 6.
G Geiberson	12121—5	12122210—7*
M Johnson	11111—5	
P Geiberson	01120—3	12222102—7*
C Zwirlein	12112—5	11222011—7*

*Divided, as there were no more birds on hand.

Shooting Pigeons at Stroudsburg.

Stroudsburg, Pa., Feb. 21.—At a live bird shoot held at East Stroudsburg, Pa., on Feb. 20th, under the management of John M. Hill, 21yds rise, both barrels, 80yds boundary, gun held under the elbow, the following gentlemen from out of town were present: John Broadhead, Joseph H. Graves, A. J. Smith, of Delaware water Gap, Henry T. Frankenfield & Son of Resca, Pa., 10 guage guns were not handicapped, three of them were in use, those who shot them being Messrs. Hill, Eilenberger and Van Why. The birds were a fair lot of flyers. M. E. Miller was referee, James L. Purington, scorer. Score:

John M. Hill	0212121*1*11— 9	C M Brownell	010112100101— 7
Wm Albert	111101011012— 9	H Frankenfield	012011102001— 7
Eilenberger	120121001012— 8	J H Graves	201212111121—11
J H Shortwell	100012000112— 6	A J Smith	110111021211—10
F Van Why	220101100101— 7	J Broadhead	201021122010— 8
Frankenfield	200002110200— 5	Skinner	220102121111—10

Essex Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 21.—The scores below were made by the members of the Essex Gun Club at Erb's grounds this afternoon. The birds were an exceptionally fine lot of flyers. No. 1 was the regular monthly club point race at 10 birds; No. 2 and 3 were Jersey sweeps. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Geoffrey	2221222221—10	2111—4	2210—3
Hollis	1101011111— 8	1011—3	1111—4
Erb	*121111120— 8	1111—4	10*1—3
Griffin	1111201010— 7	1112—4	2110—3
Smith	1100210121— 7	1200—2	0011—2
Herrington	21*0*10121— 6	2110—3	2012—3
Thomas	1001201211— 6	2001—2	1*10—2
Leddy	1200011001— 5		222*—3
Tillou	0101000000— 2		

ASA WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

Live Birds at Yardville.

Yardville, N, J., Feb. 20.—Miles Johnson, of Newtown, N. J., and George R. Givens, of Easton, Pa., shot a match here to-day, on Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, Givens winning by one bird. The conditions were 25 birds, $50 a side. The day was clear and cold with no wind, but the birds were good, only two needing to be flushed out of all the birds shot at during the day; match and sweepstakes continued. There was a good attendance of local shooters, the result being an enjoyable day. Sores:

Miles Johnson.....1021002012200021222120212—17
G R Givens.....0111121110011101101010111—18

The following sweeps were also shot—Nos. 1, 2 and 6 were miss-and-outs, $2 entrance; Nos. 3, 4 and 5 were Jersey sweeps, 4 birds, $3 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
M Johnson	0 —0	—0	1111—4	1111—4
G R Givens	10 —1	1120 —3	1111—4	1110—3
Eddie Hill	0 —0	1221110—6	1110—3	1111—4
Levi Grant	110—2	1221111—7	1111—4	0110—2
C Zwirlein	122—3	1122121—7	1111—2	1101—3
C Huston	0 —0	10 —1		
M Johnson*	210—2	0 —0		
B Browall			1001—2	1101—4
G Geiberson			1111—4	1111—4
Young			000 —0	0111—0
Camp			0111—3	0111—3

No. 5—Geiberson and Camp 4, Givens, Hill, Grant, Johnson and Zwirlein 3.
No. 6—Hill, Grant, Johnson and Zwirlein 2, Givens and Geiberson 1, Camp 0.

Mountville Gun Club.

Mountville, Pa., Feb. 15.—This afternoon we had a small shoot at 10 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, and 50yds boundary. The result was as follows:

Lefever	1111*21110—8	Harsh	0200122212—7
Kready	0012121210—7	Myers	2220120221—8
Taylor	2120120111—8	Clark	1121121011—9

This week we are going to have a tournament Match between two teams of two men each for a purse of $100. Each man shooting at 15 birds. The contest is exciting no little interest.
TELL.

Live Birds in Canada.

Lacolle, Canada, Feb. 2.—The opening shoot at St. John's, Quebec, Canada, took place this afternoon. It was an impromptu trial of skill among the Province of Quebec live bird shots; among them were Wallace, McPherson and McKenzie, of Montreal; McDonald and Roy, of St. Johns; Barton, of Toronto, and Brownley, of Lacolle. The event was a race at 15 live birds, 28yds. rise, 80yds boundary. The dead birds were given to the hospital at St. Johns for the benefit of the patients. Score:

Wallace	111111111101111—14	Barton	101111111111111—14
Brownley	111111111111111—15	McKenzie	111111111111110—14
McDonald	111110010111111—12	Roy	101111011111001—11
McPherson	110011000111001— 8		

THOS. BROWNLEY.

Freehold—Brunswick—Dayton.

Freehold, N. J., Feb. 22.—The scores given below were shot this afternoon on the Freehold grounds, the home team winning easily. It was nip and tuck between those old antagonists, the men from Dayton, N. J., and the team of the Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., the former winning second place by a single break. The high wind made very difficult shooting, hence the majority of the scores are far below par. Scores:

Freehold.

Davis	0111111111111111111110111111111—28
Walling	1111001000010111010000111001111—16
Snyder	1100111101010111111110101110011—21
Blair	1110001101001110011101111111111—21
Sherman	1111101111111011001111111111111—26
Denison	1011010110101011011010001101001—16
Throckmorton	0110000101111011111111111110111—22
Burtis	1101110111111101011101111101010—23
Hance	1011011111111111011111110101111—25
Ivins	1101011111101111111111111110101—25
Camp	1010110110110101011101011111011—21
Van Schaick	1011111101101111100100011001000 1—18
	262

Brunswick.

Booraem	1111011101011100111111011101110—22
Mundy	1011111110111011100001000111110—19
A. Petitt	0101011001110101111010111010001—17
Oakley	1110101101101110110110101001l1—19
Smith	0011011010010110010100110000000—12
Hoaglaud	1111111111011111111111000011111—25
Stevens	1010011111011100010101101011l0—18
Sperling	1111110111101111111111110110111—26
Fisher	1100111011011010111101110111011—21
Van Nuis	1011101001001110110111111001110—19
Walker	1001111000010111001000001100110—14
V. Voorhees	1011011111111111010101011111111—24
	236

Dayton.

McDonald	1111111110101100100100110001l0—18
Groendyke	1000100101110010101111101111011—18
McDowell	1101010100100001001111110110111—17
J. Emmons	0000010001011111010111111101100—16
R. Farr	1110101111110110110101001001l0—18
W. Farr	1111111100010010111111110111111—23
C. H. Allen	0110110100111000110111010010l1—16
Phillips	1110101111101101101111111011111—24
P. Emmons	1001011111111010111111111101110—24
Carroll	1001111111110101111111100111111—24
Barclay	1111011111011101111110000111110—22
Lyons	1010010001101110111000101001l0—15
	235

Boiling Springs Club In the Lead.

Rutherford, N. J., Feb. 22.—The Boiling Springs Gun Club is now one ahead in the series of team races between that club and the Passaic City Gun Club, of Passaic, N. J., having won two out of three matches that have been shot so far. The third one of the series was decided to-day on the Boiling Springs Club grounds, the home team winning by ten breaks, scoring 209 out of a possible 300, an average of nearly 70 per cent.; Passaic average 67 per cent. The races are at 25 targets per man, unknown angles. Score:

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Kreb	1110110111100110011101010—16
James	0100101111010101111101111—17
Mackey	1001101100010111100111111—16
Outwater	1111100110111111111011111—21
Westbrook	1001001100001110001100111—12
Collins	1111001101111011010111111—19
Wood	1110111011111011010111001—18
Jeanneret	0000110110110011110011110—14
Lowe	1101100001011111111110010—16
Paul	1111110111111101001111010—19
Hollister	1111001111110111111001101—19
Huck	1111011111110011111111111—23—209

Passaic City Gun Club.

Wise	1111110101111111111111011—22
Abbott	1110111111011111111011001—20
Bowes	1110110111011101111100110—18
Kelley	0111010011001011101101111—16
Fergerson	1100001110110110111000001—13
Kivett	1101000011110000100001011—11
Palmer	1011111101011000010101111—16
Jellemer	0111111000110111101110111—18
Coman	1011010101011011110010101—15
Gaston	0110001101001111100111001—14
Hemion	1111111111111101011111110—22
Lenone	0001101110000111111100101—14—199

Referee—Neaf Apgar. Scorer—George McAlpin.

Yonkers Gun Club.

Yonkers, N. Y., Feb. 22.—Members of the Yonkers Gun Club engaged in several sweepstakes this afternoon, which came off on their own grounds. The shooting was confined to live birds, under Hurlingham rules. The birds were a good lot and a strong breeze materially aided them. Although the weather was cold the sport was excellent, a number of fine kills being made by the participants in the different events. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
E Valentine	111111—6	111111—6	0 —0
J Hines	110111—5	01111 0—4	
O Austin	110111—5	111111—6	0 —0
P Kuss	110101—4	111111—6	0 —0
J Welsh	011110 4	101111—5	110 —2
G Engels	011001—3	000110—2	1111111—7
H Koster	010010—2	111011—5	
H Quinn		011111—5	1111110—6
A Meyers		001111—4	

Nos. 1 and 2 were sweeps at 6 birds; No 3 was a miss and out.
J. T. WARING, JR.

Elliott Took Three Straight.

By dint of good shooting, Jas. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, took three straight matches from E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., on Feb. 19, 20 and 21. In these three matches, which took place at Marion, N. J., Elliott showed his superiority over his opponent at every point in the game. He was quicker, surer, killed his birds in a cleaner fashion, and used better judgment than Fulford did. The latter's shooting was a great disappointment to his friends and to the spectators. Those among the latter who were Elliott's admirers, and who had money on him, were for the most part surprised at the result of the races so far as the actual figures went. They had looked for Fulford to give their man a close rub but, save in a single instance, he was never really dangerous. That single instance was on Wednesday, Feb. 20, when he was ahead up to the 53d round. Elliott's average for the 300 birds was a good one; he killed 91, 95 and 96 out of the respective hundreds, totalling 282 out of the 300 shot at, averaging 94 per cent. Fulford's average was 88, his total for the 300 being 264, his three separate scores being 88, 87 and 89.

FIRST MATCH.

Feb. 19. Over 100 persons paid admission to see the first match of the series. The day was pleasant, and there being little wind to aid the birds, high scores appeared a certainty. There was plenty of Elliott money in the crowd, which the Fulford crowd were not slow to pick up. In fact, there was quite a little wagering done before the match was shot. The birds were only a medium lot, and the prediction of high scoring seemed likely to be fulfilled; in fact, money was bet that 94 would be beaten by one or other of the shooters. When Elliott had finished his third string, with a total of 72 out of 75, those bets looked like finding money. His loss of five birds, all dead out of bounds, out of his next 12, knocked those calculations silly. The scores given in detail below tell the rest of the story:

Trap score type copyright by Forest and Stream, 1895.

```
                                3 2 3 5 2 5 3 1 4 3 3
                              ↘→↖→↗↗↘↖↑↘↗↙↘↙T↑→↖↘↖↙→↖↘
Elliott.....2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 1—23

                4 2 3 3 4 1 4 4 3 1 1 3 1 4 4 3 2 4 4 3 3 5 3 5 2
                ↙↗↗↗↖↘↖↘↖↘↗↖↘↗↗↓↗↖↑↗↖↖↑↗↗
                2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1—24

                5 3 3 4 1 3 3 3 4 3 2 4 3 3 3 1 3 3 4 5 5 1 4 3 0
                ↗↗↗↗↑↘↖↓↘↖↖←←↖→↗↓↘↖↖↓↗↘↑↑↖
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—25

                4 4 4 3 1 4 1 4 1 3 2 3 3 4 4 1 3 3 2 5 4 2 5 4 1
                ↗↖↗↑↖↗↗←↘↖↗↙↑↖↑→↗↘↖↙↘↗→↓↗
                1 * 2 * 1 * 1 2 * 2 1 * 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 9 2 1 1—19—91

                                5 4 3 4 3 5 4 4 2 5 5
                              ←↖↖↖↑↖→↙↖↗↗→↘↖↖↘↘↓←↗↘↗↙↗↙
Fulford.....2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 9 1 2 1—23

                2 1 2 4 5 4 3 3 3 4 3 4 3 3 2 5 2 5 2 3 5 3 2 4 2
                ↗↗↖↘↖↖↖↘↖↖↘↖↖→↘↑←↑←↗↑↗↑
                2 1 1 * 1 1 1 * 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 0 2—20

                3 5 5 4 1 3 1 4 5 4 4 4 5 2 5 6 1 4 1 3 4 5 3 5 3
                ↖↗→↗↑↗↑H→↖↓↘↙↗↙↘←↓↘↖↖↘↑↖↖
                0 2 2 1 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

                3 3 5 5 5 4 5 3 4 1 2 4 4 3 4 3 3 3 3 3 4 3 3 4 3
                ↖↗↗↘↘↖↘↑↗↗↗←↗↗←←↖→↖↗↗↖↗↗↗↙
                1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2—22—88
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SECOND MATCH.

Feb. 20. Notwithstanding the almost amateurish showing made by both men on the previous day, a good sized crowd of representative pigeon shooters was on hand to see the second match of the series. The day was bright and clear, with a breeze from the West, that was cold enough to chill the spectators long before the match was over. The birds were better than in the first match, but still not what they should have been considering the standing of the two men. Elliott again shot well, especially towards the end of the match, winding up with a run of 39. On the first string of 25, Fulford led him two birds, but in the next string, Elliott picked up one, making the score 47-46 in Fulford's favor at the halfway notch. At the 32d round, Fulford had a lead of three birds, and his prospects were exceedingly rosy. Elliott's greatest work on his last 80 birds was enough to beat anybody; of that number he lost but two, making runs of 11, 28 and 39! Fulford's best run was 20. Towards the close of the race it looked as if Elliott couldn't miss; he brought down some corking good birds, as easily as if they were the veriest duffers, and time and again he received hearty applause. Many of Fulford's shots, too, produced a good deal of hand clapping.

The most notable feature of the race occurred in the 66th round. The score was a tie; Elliott killed his bird; Fulford drew a low flying driver from No. 2 trap, that carried both charges of shot to a patch of ice on the right boundary, where it fell dead. The boundary was only marked by small stakes, and a dispute occurred as to whether the bird was in or out. Milt. Lindsley, the referee, after a good deal of argument had been heard on both sides, decided to have a stake driven in at the spot where the bird fell for the purpose of measuring the exact distance if that bird was the deciding one of the match; he stated all along that he thought it was outside the line, but withheld his decision as it was a close thing. At the conclusion of the match, there being no further question, and the bird not being as important as it might have been, Mr. Lindsley announced that he gave it as a lost bird without any measuring being resorted to. The decision was, according to general report, quite a proper one. This was about the only excitement of the whole match, which must, however, be classed as an excellent race up to that round. All interest was lost, save as to Elliott's total, when Fulford was unlucky enough to lose his 70th, 73d and 75th birds in quick succession, all dead out of bounds. Elliott had three dead out of bounds, and Fulford six. Scores of the second match:

```
                [3 2 3 3 3 5 4 4 5 4 1 4 3 4 3 2 4 5 4 4 4 2 1 3 1
                →↖←←↖→↘↘↗←↗↓↙↑↑↑←→→↗↑→↖↗↗↑↗↓←
Elliott.....1 * 1 2 2 1 1 * 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 1 1—22

                4 5 2 3 3 4 3 1 3 1 1 4 4 2 4 4 3 5 2 5 5 3 2 4 3
                →↑→↗↑↓↑H←→←↗↗←←←←←↘↘↖H↖↘←
                2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2—24

                3 3 3 4 5 3 3 3 1 3 1 4 3 4 4 4 4 1 4 5 4 3 2 3 2
                ↑←←→↘↖H↖↗↖↗←←↖↑←↗↓T→↗↖↘←↓
                2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1—24

                4 4 3 5 3 3 5 4 1 2 3 1 4 5 2 2 5 3 4 5 2 4 3 4 4
                →↑←→↘H↖↘↖↯H↘↑↘→↗↗→↘←→↗←↗←
                1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2—25—95

                3 1 3 4 5 4 5 4 1 2 5 5 3 5 4 4 4 5 3 5 4 4 1 1 5
                ↑←↓↗↗↓→↖↖←↗←↑↘↖H↙↘↯→↙←←↗→
Fulford.....1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                4 5 3 1 5 2 4 3 3 3 2 3 1 4 5 5 5 2 2 1 4 2 1 5 1
                ↗↑↖↓T↗H↖↑↗↖↗↖←→→↘→↓H←→↑↓→
                2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2—23

                2 3 1 5 3 2 2 5 1 2 4 3 4 4 4 2 5 3 4 3 5 5 1 2 1
                ↖←↗↓↗↓↗↗→↓↓↗↘↓→↑↙←↓↗←↬↙↑↑
                1 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 * 2 2 * 2 2—19

                4 4 3 4 3 3 4 4 3 1 3 4 4 4 3 1 4 4 3 4 4 3 3 3 1
                ↑←↗↯↑→←↘←↗↖↯←↗↓→↘↙↑←↖↓
                2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 * 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—21—87
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THIRD MATCH.

Feb. 21. On this day both men improved the totals made by them on the previous day, Elliott scoring 96 to Fulford's 89. Elliott's work was again marked by clear shooting and a steadiness that proved that he is at the top of the tree among professionals of the country. There may be some who are just as good, but they are remarkably scarce, as Elliott is shooting in wonderful form just now. This afternoon he braced up after his 20th, 21st and 23d birds and killed clear to the end of his 100, barring his 44th bird, which like his 20th and 23d birds dropped dead out of bounds. The only bird of the whole match which he did not account for was his 21st bird, thus actually killing 99 out of his 100! Fulford's best runs were, 19, 16 and 11; Elliott's 19, 20 and 56. The birds were the same as those trapped on Wednesday; that is, they were a good lot, with plenty of extra good ones among them. Scores:

```
                2 3 3 2 4 5 3 3 1 3 3 4 3 1 1 3 1 5 1 3 3 3 4 5 3
                ↗↗↖↑→↘↖←↖↓↑↗↖→↗↑→↖↗↗↑↗↓←
Elliott.....2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 3 2 9 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 0 2 * 2 2—22

                5 1 3 3 4 5 3 2 3 3 5 2 5 3 2 2 1 3 3 2 1 2 5 2 5 5
                ↗↖↖↗↗↑→H↓↙→↙↗←←↗↗↗↖→→→↗↗↘
                2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 1 2 2 2—24

                3 4 2 1 5 3 3 3 4 5 3 3 5 3 5 4 4 4 1 4 5 5 2 5 5 2 3
                ↗←↖↗↗↖↖↖↘↖→←←←↗←←↗→↘↖↖→↖←
                2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 * 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—25

                4 5 3 3 3 5 2 5 4 2 5 4 3 4 2 3 1 2 1 2 2 1 3 4 3 3
                ↖↘←↗↗↘→↗←↖↖↙↗↖↖↗↗→↖→↑→↑↗↗
                1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25—96

                5 2 5 3 3 2 5 4 2 5 4 3 4 2 2 1 2 1 2 3 2 3 3 3 3 5
                ←→↘←↖↘↘↖↘↘↖↖↗↗←→↖T↖↑↑↗↓→→
Fulford.....1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 * 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 * 1—22

                4 1 2 4 2 3 4 3 2 3 3 3 4 1 2 3 3 5 3 1 4 4 1 4 3
                ↖↗↗↖↗←←→→↘↗↗↖↗←↑↘→→↑→↓→↗↘
                2 1 0 0 2 2 1 2 * 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1—22

                3 3 4 4 1 3 3 3 1 3 4 3 5 3 3 4 5 1 3 3 3 5 3 3 4
                ↗←↗↘↑T↖H→↖↓↖↗↗↑↗←↖↘↓↑→↑→←
                * 1 1 2 1 * 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2—23

                1 2 1 4 4 2 3 4 1 1 5 4 3 3 4 1 4 5 3 3 1 2 4 2 3
                ↗↗↓↘↖↗↗→↓→↑↗↗↖↗←↑↘↗↘↗↗↗↗↖
                1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 1—22 -89
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Knapp Won by Three Birds.

The holiday programme at the shooting grounds of the Larchmont Yacht Club was a very varied one and included among its items, a 100 bird race between those two rivals, George Work and J. P. Knapp. This even was No. 3 on the programme, and was commenced on the arrival of the 11 o'clock train from New York. For the two hours and five minutes that it took to decide the match, the interest never abated. Both men shot well, Knapp being particularly brilliant with his second brarrel; Work acted at times as if he was a trifle stale, missing some of his birds in a most unaccountable manner; his timing and placing of his first barrel, however, was much superior to that of his opponent, Knapp throwing away his first shell time and again, only to redeem the mistake in the majority of instances by some really wonderful kills. The attendance of club members, who were not shooting, was good and the interest they took in every shot was very marked, applause from the gallery being very generous. It is impossible, owing to the pressure on the columns of Forest and Stream this week, to give as extended a notice of this match as it deserves. It would also be nearly an impossibility to particularize, as so many excellent shots were recorded, still Knapp's kill of his 40th bird with his second barrel aroused the spectators to a pitch of excitement seldom seen at a shooting match. The details of the score are told below:

Trap score type, copyright by Forest and Stream, 1895.

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                5 5 1 1 4 1 3 2 3 4 4 1 1 3 4 4 5 3 4 1 5 3 2 5 1
                ↗→↓↙→↘↑↑↟↑↑↑↙↟↑↑↓←→←→↬↬↖↗
George Work.2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 2 0 2 0 * 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1—20

                2 1 4 5 4 1 1 5 5 4 5 2 5 2 2 4 2 2 4 4 3 3 8 2 3
                ←↯↗↗→↟↑↑↑↑!↯↑↗↑←↑↟↗↘↟←←→T↗→
                2 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1—22

                5 4 1 1 2 4 2 1 2 3 4 3 3 4 1 5 3 3 3 5 3 1 4 4 5
                →→↖↖↟→↖↙←H→↯↑↓↑↓↑↑↙↯↗←↑↑↑
                2 1 1 0 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—21

                2 3 5 1 5 1 4 5 4 3 3 4 3 3 4 5 2 3 4 5 4 2 3 5 3 2
                →→↯↬→↯H↖↙←↬←↖↖↑↯↯↯→↗↙↟↘↖↙
                0 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 * 2 1 2—21—86

                5 3 3 3 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 4 1 4 3 4 5 3 2 3 3 1 3 2 4
                →↗↑↑↑←↗↟↑←↙↘↙→↖→↟↑←↑↖↑→→↟
J P Knapp...:* * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

                5 3 3 3 4 1 2 3 2 5 3 3 5 1 3 5 4 3 2 2 4 4 2 2 2
                →↑←→↟→↑↑←↗→↬↬←↯↗↙↬→↑↗↘↑→↗
                2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 2—22

                1 4 1 2 4 4 4 5 1 5 1 3 5 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 2
                →↟↖←↖↟↑→↯↘↑→→↗→↑→↗↯↗↗→↖←←
                2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 * 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—21

                2 4 2 5 3 4 1 3 5 4 1 3 5 4 1 3 1 3 4 1 3 4 4 5 5
                ←↯←↘→→↖↯↗↗←↟↘←↟↖↗←↬↖↓↑↑↯↑
                2 2 1 2 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 3 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—21—89
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Death of C. H. Townsend.

The death of C. H. Townsend, which occurred at his home in Newark, N. J., on Thursday afternoon last, Feb. 21, although not altogether unexpected, was none the less sad. At an age when he should have been doing his very best work—he was only 39 years of age—he has fallen a victim to consumption. As trap editor of Forest and Stream for several years, he came in contact with all classes of sportsmen, and "Charlie" Townsend, as soon as men got to know him, was deservedly popular. By his reports of shoots, and by his handling of other matters intimately connected with trap shooting, he did excellent work in these columns. When, owing to the ravages of the disease from which he has since died, he found he was unable

to do his work as he felt it should be done, he handed in his resignation, retiring from his position of trap editor as recently as Sept. 1, 1894.

Perhaps mercifully, his end came very suddenly. His intention had been to winter among the pine forests of Georgia, a region where he had many friends and some relatives, and where he had always found the air of great benefit to him. He had obtained a good position there, and was to have left for the South, and so wrote to Forest and Stream, just when the blizzard struck this country. The severity of the weather prevented his departure at that time. He had finally decided to leave Newark the latter part of last week, and was, preparatory to his departure, in the act of packing his trunk, when he was seized with a hemorrhage of so violent a nature that he died almost immediately. A peculiarly sad feature of his death is that the articles he was placing in his trunk at the time when death overtook him, were articles for use on hunting and fishing excursions. The last public shoot he attended was the Newark Handicap at Erb's grounds on Jan. 24 and 25 of this year.

The following obituary notice is taken from the Newark, N. J., Sunday Call, of Feb. 23: "Mr. Townsend was born in Orange thirty-nine years ago. He learned the trade of a printer, and afterward became a reporter of military and sporting matters, especially bicycling and trap shooting, for the Sunday Call. Several years ago he published in this city a paper devoted almost exclusively to the wheel. During the two years ending last fall he edited the trap shooting department of Forest and Stream, of New York, and traveled all over the East and South for that journal. He soon won a wide reputation as an expert in his work, and scarcely a month ago a similar position on the staff of a large Philadelphia paper was offered to him. For many years he was a lieutenant of Company G, of the old Fifth Regiment, of this city, and his intimate knowledge of military matters enabled him to publish for several summers a little pamphlet called "The Guardsman on Duty," for the instruction of the soldiery of the State, when in camp at Sea Girt. He was of a frank and manly disposition and he had many warm friends. He leaves a widow and three small children."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Rifle Club.

Feb. 6.—This club held its regular shoot to-day at Zettler's. The following scores were made by the members present. Off-hand. German ring target. Distance 75ft. Any rifle, sights and trigger-pull. Two best scores counted.

A. H. Isbell, 65	248	248
M. Herrington, 0	244	245
C. E. Gensch, 69	244	245
R. J. Young, 66	240	243
E. B. Barker, 62	235	240
C. C. King, 59	236	237
F. Walters, 0	234	236

Feb. 20.—The regular shoot under the above conditions decided to-day resulted as follows:

A. H. Isbell, 72	248	249
M. Herrington, 69	247	248
C. E. Gensch, 69	241	247
R. J. Young, 68	243	243
D. Crocker, 68	240	243
C. C. King, 67	240	243
E. B. Barker, 57	237	238
T. Monahan, 29	212	212

R. J. YOUNG.

Hartford Rifle Club.

Hartford, Conn., Feb 24.—Inclosed are the scores of the last two shoots of the Hartford Rifle Club, both shot under poor weather conditions of strong, gusty wind, and a harsh light with shadows on the target.

Feb. 9.—Medal Match (Single Entry).

H. M. Pope[1]	21	22	24	21	23	21	19	20	25	19	—215
J. Edwards[2]	22	23	23	20	20	23	18	22	19	22	—212
H. A. Fox[3]	21	24	21	17	22	21	6	15	23	21	—194
F. K. Rand[3]	19	19	23	24	0	19	19	19	22	23	—187
D. S. Seymour[3]	21	16	22	11	23	15	19	17	21	18	—183

Re-entry Match.

Pope	23	22	22	24	21	23	22	23	22	20	—222
	22	21	18	23	23	24	24	21	25	18	—219
Seymour	23	25	23	24	20	21	17	17	22	19	—211
	20	22	18	23	23	21	21	23	23	21	—215
Fox	25	24	16	22	21	23	15	23	23	13	—208
	20	24	25	20	24	20	21	21	18	20	—213
Rand	22	22	18	19	18	22	19	17	18	23	—199

Feb. 23.—Medal Match (Single Entry).

J. H. Foote, Jr.	22	23	25	20	23	21	21	24	23	24	—226
H. M. Pope	19	20	21	24	24	20	23	23	20	20	—214
H. A. Fox	24	23	20	19	23	23	20	16	18	25	—211
F. K. Rand	23	17	25	18	20	18	25	20	21	22	—209
W. J. Dunbar	25	15	23	23	23	14	23	21	14	19	—201

Re-entry Match.

Pope[3]	22	19	23	22	24	21	23	22	22	24	—222
Foote[1]	23	22	24	23	17	22	22	20	25	23	—221
	21	19	13	22	22	22	20	21	24	25	—209
Rand[3]	24	25	20	21	23	22	19	23	20	14	—211
Fox[2]	16	20	25	24	25	22	20	12	24	17	—205
Dunbar[3]	21	23	23	21	16	21	13	21	21	22	—202
	16	20	25	22	19	24	14	25	16	18	—201

[1] Pope barrel 32—43—200 grooved. [2] 32—40—165 Ballard. [3] 33—43—218 Pope.

H. M POPE, Sec.

Missouri Rifle Notes.

St. Louis, Feb. 8.—A bitter cold wave, and consequent low temperature in the gallery, interfered with the weekly shoot of the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club, but a few of the regulars turned out and faced the targets. The following scores were made: Zukoski, 234; Schaff, 231; Kephart, 223; Buchanan, 222; Wright, 220; Herold, 217; Krah, 217; Vogt, 215; Knapp, 213; Dunn, 211; Zink, 190; Lingenbrink, 183.

St. Louis, Feb. 22.—At the weekly medal shoot of the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club yesterday, the following scores were made: R. W. Staley, 241; J. H. Krah, 234; W. P. Schaaf, 233; G. T. Dunn, 232; A. Gfeller, 232; H. Kephart, 231; R. Buchanan, 229; E. Kaiser, 228; P. Kling, 228; C. Vogt, Jr., 224; M. Summerfield, 220; R. Herold, 219; S. B. Stannard, 217; E. Zukoski, 216; H. L. Lortz, 207.

The second telegraph match with the Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club of Rochester will be shot Thursday night, Feb. 14, on the Columbia's target.

HORACE KEPHART, Sec.

From the Pacific Slope.

San Francisco, Jan. 27.—The marksmen at Shell Mound to-day had to face a fierce north wind, and the muzzles of their rifles did some lively waltzing at times. Pistol shooting was especially difficult as the range is practically an open one. The scores made by the members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club in the contests for medals, open to the world, were as follows:

Target rifle, Kuhne medal—S. I. Kellogg, 87; Dr. Rodgers, 86; F. O. Young, 85; F. Schuster, 84.

Military rifle, Glindermann medal, 8-inch bull's-eye—H. R. Brown, 46; F. O. Young, 45; Col. Kellogg, 45; J. Utschig, 45; Dr. Rodgers, 42; P. Bohr, 41; A. Heenan, 40.

Pistol, Blanding medal—F. O. Young, 94; S. Carr, 93; J. E. Gorman, 86; Dr. Rodgers, 88.

Twenty-two calibre rifle for ladies, 50 yards. Rogers medal—Mrs. Nichols, 95, 97, 98.

ROCEL.

Feb. 10.—Notwithstanding a glowering, drizzly day, Shell Mound Range was a scene of activity, the various shooting clubs, civil and military, turning out in goodly numbers.

The Schuetzen Verein, champion class. Medal was won by Andrew Mocker, 420; first class, not won; 2nd class, J. Peterson; 3rd class, not won; Germania Schuetzen Club, champion class, Medal won by Dr. P. O. Rodgers, with 428 rings; 1st class, not won; 2nd class, not won; 3rd class, F. Schuster, 419. Militiamen, C. F. Waltham, 47; W. L. Pun, 45; C. Myer, 44; J. R. Barricklo, 44; P. Bohr, 43; P. M. Diers, 43.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club turned out with their nerves and eyes in fine shape. Smith Carr, E. Hovey, C. M. Daiss, and F. O. Young distinguished themselves at the 50 yard pistol range, followed by good scores from some of the lesser lights. At the 200 yard target rifle range, Dr. L. O. Rodgers was facile princeps, his score of 94 tying the highest yet made in the club. A. H. Pape fired one score on the 8-in. Creedmoor, rolling up the fine total of 47.

The numerous elegant medals offered by this club have had a highly stimulating effect upon its friends and members. Scores were as follows:

Target rifle, 200 yards, re-entry, Kuhne medal—Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 94; D. McLaughlin, 87; A. Gebret, 85; F. O. Young, 84.

In the contest for members only, no re-entry, the scores were: Champion class—Dr. Rodgers, 91; McLaughlin, 84; Young, 81; A. H. Pape, 80; Col. S. I. Kellogg, 80. First class—Phil. Bohr, 81; C. M. Daiss, 80; A. Gehret, 78; Charles Perry, 77; F. Baumgartner, 67. Second class—F. Dennis, 71; A. H. Kennedy, 69; Lieut. Davis, 67; J. E. Gorman, 63; H. J. Thompson, 62; G. Manuel, 62; H. R. Crane, 61; W. Umfred, 61; A. Fetz, 61; L. Zimmerman, 56; H. Foster, 55.

The pistol scores at 50 yards for members, no re-entry, were as follows: Champion class—F. O. Young, 93; Ed. Hovey, 91; S. I. Kellogg, 88; S. Carr, 86. First class—Dr. Rodgers, 88; A Gehret, 82; Gorman, 80; Davis, 79; Baumgartner, 78; McLaughlin, 77; Phil Bohr, 64. Second class—L. Zimmerman, 80; A Fetz, 73; H. Folster, 70; C. Perry, 70; H. R. Crane, 63; R. W. Forrest, 57; Kennedy, 55; W. Umfred, 53.

Open to all comers, pistol, Blanding medal, no re-entry—S. Carr, 97; Ed. Hovey, 96; F. O. Young, 94; C. M. Daiss, 94; Dr. Rodgers, 92; A. Gehret, 91; S. I. Kellogg, 88; J. E. Gorman, 86; F. Baumgartner, 82.

ROCEL.

Schlicht Rifle Club.

The Schlicht Rifle Club held its class medal shoot on Feb. 4, with the result that the following gentlemen were medal winners: Geo. Dorr, championship medal; C. Meyer, first class medal; George Lauterberger, second class, and H. Auf der Heide, third class. The following are the scores: J. Diehl, 230; Geo. Schlicht, 241; C. Meyer, 236; J. Schlicht, 232; H. Aup der Heide, 220; Geo. Dorr, 233; Geo. Reichert, 225; August Tribout, 215; C. Schlicht, 219;; W. Schlicht, 227; Geo. Lauterberger, 233; Aug. Meyer, 220.

New York Rifle Club.

New York Feb. 13.—This club held its regular shoot to-day at Zettler's. The following scores were made by the members present. Off-hand, German ring target. Distance 75 feet. Any rifle, sights and trigger-pull. Two best scores counted:

	Honor Target.		
A. H. Isbell	69	248	284
M. Herrington	65	247	248
Geo. Sharkley	65	243	244
C. E. Gensch	71	236	240
E. B. Barker	67	237	239

R. S. YOUNG, Sec. N. Y. R. C.

Seventh Regiment Marksen.

New York, Feb. 16.—The Seventh Regiment (N. G. S. N. Y.) team race, postponed from January, was decided this afternoon on the regiment's range. The conditions governing the team race are: Open to teams of three men from each company, except those with armory records of 65 or better, or who have shot on a regimental team at Creedmoor; no member allowed to shoot in more than one match; five shots standing and five prone; the Covell trophy to go to the winning team, to be held by them until the first competition in the succeeding year. Company A won, with a score of 130, Companies B and G being close up, with 128 and 126 respectively. Scores made were as follows:

COMPANY A.

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	Total.
Private T. E. Stewart	17	24	41
Private H. E. Mann	21	22	43
Sergeant G. W. Rosevelt	21	25	46
Totals	59	71	130
Company B	60	68	128
Company G	61	65	126
Company K	61	61	122
Company E	61	60	121
Company H	58	60	118
Company I	52	60	118
Company C	59	57	116

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 10.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to-day at their range. Conditions: 200 yards, off-hand, at the Standard target. Weather cold and clear, and a white blanket of snow covering the ground, making a blinding glare, which annoyed the shooters considerably. The event of the day was the shooting of a match between 13 members of this association and 12 members of the St. Louis Rifle and Pistol Club, the result of which will be given next week.

Gindele	8	8	8	10	6	10	9	6	9	10	—84
	9	7	8	7	9	9	7	7	9	8	—80
	7	7	8	9	7	10	7	9	7	8	—79
	8	8	8	7	8	6	9	10	8	9	—81
Weinheimer	8	10	9	7	9	6	7	9	9	10	—84
	10	5	10	8	5	7	7	7	6	10	—75
	8	9	6	8	7	10	7	8	9	6	—78
	9	6	6	10	10	4	6	10	7	6	—74
Wellinger	8	9	7	5	7	6	6	7	9	7	—71
	5	6	10	6	8	9	8	6	9	7	—74
	9	8	7	4	7	5	8	7	9	8	—72
	7	4	9	9	8	5	9	7	6	9	—73
Payne	10	6	9	9	9	8	6	9	9	6	—81
	8	10	10	9	7	9	9	10	7	8	—87
	8	7	7	9	7	9	6	10	8	6	—77
	8	5	9	7	10	8	6	10	6	5	—74
See	8	8	10	7	9	8	7	9	6	6	—78
	8	8	8	9	10	9	9	5	10	8	—84
	9	10	4	5	8	8	10	8	8	7	—77
	8	8	7	9	9	8	8	8	6	6	—77
Hake	4	6	4	10	8	6	8	3	9	4	—62
	6	6	6	6	5	9	5	5	5	6	—59
	8	6	9	5	6	4	6	7	5	7	—63
	6	7	8	8	8	4	6	3	4	7	—61
Goodman	6	4	2	6	7	4	5	6	5	6	—51
	5	9	7	8	5	6	8	8	4	8	—68
	4	6	4	7	4	7	6	6	8	7	—59
Simon	9	8	5	8	6	7	4	9	7	8	—71
	9	5	3	7	6	6	6	6	7	9	—64
	6	6	7	5	5	8	8	8	8	8	—69
	7	9	8	8	6	7	5	6	4	4	—64
Stegner	8	8	9	5	9	8	4	7	4	8	—70
	6	8	10	6	9	10	6	6	10	6	—77
	6	5	9	10	6	9	5	6	7	8	—71
	7	9	7	8	3	10	6	8	7	6	—71
Schmidlin	7	7	6	4	9	4	6	3	5	8	—59
	8	7	6	5	6	2	8	5	10	2	—59
	4	5	3	6	4	5	8	6	7	10	—58
Topf	6	6	5	10	4	5	8	4	4	6	—58
	2	6	8	4	6	6	6	5	5	8	—56
	6	5	4	5	6	7	4	6	3	5	—51
Trounstein	6	10	9	4	7	7	5	7	6	9	—70
	4	3	2	4	4	4	4	7	9	8	—49
	10	4	7	3	4	7	8	4	9	1	—57
	5	4	5	4	1	10	5	8	6	5	—53
Randall	10	8	3	7	5	8	9	5	6	7	—68
	10	5	6	5	7	5	9	8	8	7	—70
	6	5	9	5	9	9	10	8	7	6	—74
	8	9	8	9	9	10	7	7	6	7	—80
	7	7	5	7	5	4	6	5	5	5	—56
Louis	7	4	10	7	5	6	9	9	8	7	—72
	10	7	6	7	8	5	10	9	5	8	—75
	7	6	10	6	7	5	8	9	7	9	—74
	8	9	6	6	7	8	8	9	6	9	—76
Hazenzahl	9	7	8	6	6	7	7	8	6	10	—74
	9	6	8	8	8	9	6	6	6	6	—73
	8	8	7	6	6	7	6	4	7	9	—68
	8	5	9	10	5	5	7	7	6	10	—72
Roberts	8	8	6	8	6	7	8	10	9	9	—79
	7	6	9	10	9	4	8	7	6	7	—73

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

APRIL.

19. Mosquito Fleet Open regatta, Boston Harbor.

MAY.

30. South Boston Open, Boston Harbor.

JUNE.

8. Knickerbocker annual, L. I. Sound.
11. Atlantic Annual, N. Y. Bay.
15. Larchmont spring regatta, L. I. Sound.
18. Philadelphia annual, Delaware River.
17. Massachusetts open, Nahant.
22. Douglaston annual, L. I. Sound.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor., annual race, to New London.
29. New Rochelle annual, L. I. Sound.

JULY.

1. Indian Harbor special, L. I. Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Cor., annual L. I. Sound.
3. Seawanhaka Cor., race to Larchmont.
6. Larchmont annual, L. I. Sound.
6. American special, L. I. Sound.
4. Riverside annual, L. I. Sound.
8. Seawannaka Cor. special, L. I. Sound.
9. Horseshoe Harbor special, L I. Sound.
10. Huguenot special, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont 34 and 21-foot classes, L. I. Sound,
13-21. Larchmont cruise, L. I. Sound.
13. Hempstead Harbor annual, L. I Sound.
15. Savin Hill open, Boston Harbor.
20. Sea Cliff annual, L. I. Sound.
27. Indian Harbor annual, L. I. Sound.
27. Quincy, Boston Harbor.

AUGUST.

3. Monatiquoit open, Boston Harbor.
3. Shelter Island annual.
3. Larchmont 34 and 21 foot classes, L. I. Sound.
10. American annual, L. I. Sound.
10. Winthrop open, Boston Harbor.
13. American open, Newburyp't.
15. Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
17. Huguenot annual, L. I. Sound.
17. Corinthian open, Marblehead.
19. Manchester open, Manchester, Mass.
24. Squantum open, Squantum, Mass.
24. Horseshoe Harbor annual, L. I. Sound.
24. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
31. Larchmont 34 and 21-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
31. Huntington annual, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Lynn open, Nahant.
2. New York Y. R. A. annual, York Bay.
2. Larchmont Fall Regatta, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont 34 and 21-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
7. America's Cup, first race. New York.
7. Revere, open.
7. Larchmont, cabin cats, L. I. Sound.
12. Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
14. Larchmont schooner race, L. I. Sound.

In casting about for grounds of objection to the new classification of the New York Y. C., the Boston Herald brings to light the important facts that the new change is "English," that four of the committe which recommended it are non-owners, and that three of them are members of another yacht club. The idea of classifying by all instead of one of the elements of measurement is not only English, but it is right, which is of much more importance. At the same time the classification by racing length under the Seawanhaka formula is not English, but something radically different from the multiplication of the two factors and the division by a constant, as in the English rule; and with very different results in the proportions of length and sail area.

The objection that the proposal has been advanced by non-owners, and inferentially that it is against the interests of racing yachtsmen, is made in this as in scores of cases in the past, regardless of the fact that improvements in rules do not invariably originate with the owners of large yachts, but much more frequently with men who are not yacht owners, but whose love of the sport in all its phases has led them to make a life study of it, both in practice and theory.

One of the non-owners on the committee has served the club for more years, probably, than he would care to own up to, in many capacities, and on its most important committees; another is recognized as a mathematician of exceptional ability, as well as a practical yachtsman, who not only sailed but designed his own yacht, one of the largest. A third has placed all designers under lasting obligations by his original investigations of the wave form theory, the basis of modern designing; while he is a practical sailor and expert amateur designer. That all of these gentlemen are active and honored members of another yacht club, as well as the New York, is nothing to their discredit.

The methods of the writer who seeks to play upon any possible jealousy or hostile feeling between two clubs in order to hinder the adoption of the proposed change speak of themselves in the absence of any sound and honorable grounds of objection. As opposed to the idea sometimes advanced, that all of the wisdom and knowledge of yachting is confined to yacht owners, and mainly to those owning large boats, and that the non-owner who devotes the leisure of a lifetime to an intelligent study of yachting is but a mischievous theorist, we would point to the new deed of gift. Apart from all charges of unfairness, that instrument is now generally recognized as the worst piece of bungling work known to yachtsmen, requiring constant interpretation and explanation to help out its absurd and faulty wording. This new deed was the especial work of practical yacht owners, five of the six members of the committee which framed it being owners. After this piece of practical work had stopped international racing for five or six years, the New York Y. C. was very glad to call to its aid on the America's Cup committee two of the gentlemen whom the Herald objects to as non-owners and members of another club.

Two reports which were current last week, to the effect that Jubilee had been chartered by a syndicate of New York yachtsmen for the trial races, and that Colonia had been chartered by Mr. Iselin for training the crew of the new boat, are positively denied; the former by Gen. Paine. It is stated, however, that Mr. John B. Paine has made plans and obtained estimates for lengthening the yacht forward, to make her 90ft., in case anyone should want to purchase or charter her.

The offer of a prize of $100 through the New York Herald has brought in thousands of names for the new syndicate defender; adding to, rather than relieving, the labor of the owners in chosing a suitable name. There is one name which, from its associations, has every claim upon the New York Y. C., the new defender being practically a club boat. The club was organized 51 years ago on board of Com. Stevens' schooner Gimcrack, and no better name is likely to be found at this time, the beginning of the club's second half-century

The America's Cup Committee.

A meeting of the America's Cup Committee was held on Feb. 25, there being present Commodore Smith and Messrs. Canfield, Tams and Fish. A letter was read from Mr. Iselin, tendering his resignation from the committee, owing to his position as managing owner of the new boat, and the resignation was accepted. The following letters were read, action on the subject of crew limitation, as referred to in the first one being postponed to the next meeting of the committee.

Dunraven Castle. Bridgend, Glamorgan, Jan. 31, 1895. Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst., and received with pleasure the formal notification of the acceptance by the New York Yacht Club of the challenge forwarded for me by the Royal Yacht Squadron.

I shall consider the first race as provisionally fixed---as stated in your letter---for Sept. 7, and shall use my best endeavors to get across in time.

I do not know of any question which requires speedy settlement except that of the number of crew which the vessels may carry, or rather of the number of persons all told to be on board when the vessels are measured.

I have given Mr. Kersey authority to act for me in all such matters, an authority which he has been kind enough to accpt; and it would save time and trouble if your committee would settle this matter with him.

I have the honor to remain yours very faithfully,
JAMES D. SMITH, Esq. DUNRAVEN.

New York, Feb. 19, 1895.

Dear Commodore Smith: Referring to the question of the Vigilant, the time is approaching when we should decide definitely what is to be done with her and what measures are to be taken to bring her to the starting line to meet the new Herreshoff boat in a condition to show her greatest speed.

I am going abroad this spring, but expect to be home in August. If it is agreeable to your committee, I will take the boat, and promise that she will be at the starting line (of course, barring accidents) in the best of condition to show her full speed. With kind regards, sincerely yours,
Commodore JAMES D. SMITH. GEORGE J. GOULD.

The following reply was framed:

Feb. 20, 1895.

Dear Commodore Gould: I have yours of the 19th, and note what you say regarding the Vigilant and bringing her to the starting line in condition to meet the new Herreshoff boat. This confirms your verbal statement to me, which I submitted to the America's Cup Committee. Your action in the matter is quite agreeable to them, and they will be glad to have your proposition consummated. Yours truly,
JAMES D. SMITH.
To GEORGE J. GOULD, Esq.

The New York Y. C. Racing Rules.

The work of the special committee of the New York Y. C., appointed sometime since to consider and prepare amendments to the racing rules of the club, is shown in the report which we publish this week. The committee was composed of five of the ablest and most competent men in the club, men of long practical experience in racing, and at the same time fully conversant with the theories and formulas on which racing laws are largely founded. In carrying out their work, one difficulty has been to frame certain rules not merely to attain the best results, but to meet the views of the members of the club, some of whom are opposed to what they deem too radical innovations. It is quite certain that before it can attain its old-time popularity under the existing conditions of expensive construction and maintenance, yacht racing must be very thoroughly reorganized in its methods, with material improvements in details of classification, measurement, courses, starting, etc., all tending to make more exciting races and closer finishes; but such changes cannot be made in a day or a year, and many yachtsmen are still loth to give up the old easy-going ways.

The most important change recommended by the committee was that in Rule I., by which the basis of classification was changed from load water sline to racing length. This measure has long been advocated by the Forest and Stream, the reasons for it being given at length. In the present depressed state of building and racing, with just one new boat, a 70ft. schooner, on the stocks, it cannot be said that classification is a vital issue; but it has long been evident that, failing the discovery of some entirely new system of yacht measurement, the next step in this country was to classify as well as measure the yachts by the Seawanhaka rule; and, this being the case, no better time than the present could be had for the change. In saying this we do not overlook the fact that all changes of rules should be made in November, and not in February; but, this apart, there are really no racing clases at present, and consequently no vested interests within the club fleet. The table accompanying the report shows that no serious disturbance of existing classmates need result; the boats racing together about the same as of old.

While the classes as arranged are all right as far as the New York Y. C. is concerned, they at the same time conflict with the classes existing for five years in the Larchmont Y. C; a cause of trouble in the event of any general building to class in two clubs. The work of changing to the new classification cannot, however, be considered as complete until the other large clubs, the Seawanhaka, Atlantic and Eastern, shall unite with the New York and Larchmont, as in 1889, in the adoption of one standard classification. This work might well be undertaken now, with a view to the formulation and adoption of such a classification in the fall.

The other changes in Rules I. and II. are merely matters of detail, taking the measurement rule and list of club courses from the By-Laws, where they never belonged, and transferring them to the Racing Rules, as in other yacht clubs.

Rule VIII., now VII., has been re-written, but with no material change, no attempt being made to place a minimum limit on bulkheads and fittings, or to prohibit the use of stage scenery instead of solid wood in the construction of partitions and bulkheads.

The new Rule VIII. deals very ineffectively with an important matter; as proposed by the committee it would have been equivalent to the English method, of measuring with crews on board, the only fair way; but as finally passed after much discussion, it amounts to merely a limitation of crew, all hands included, to be carried in each class. The table shows a liberal limit, 60 men for Vigilant and 57 for Valkyrie II., the latter having carried less than 0 in her races in this country.

The changes in Rule X. are merely nominal, but Rule XVI. has been improved by the addition of the word "first," thus removing all grounds of dispute as to the right of a yacht to start as many times as she may please to, being timed only on the final start. Such starts have at times been allowed in other clubs, and there are some who contend that they have such a right, but the rule as it now stands settles the matter within the New York Y. C.

The most radical proposal in the entire report is that relating to Rule XVII., Section 14, which, we are glad to say, was rejected by the meeting; the committee, while introducing it, making no efforts toward its adoption. Under the proposed wording, the fact that the outer one of two yachts at a mark tacked, would be presumptive evidence for the disqualification of the inner yacht. It is claimed that by the introduction of the positive fact of a tack, the rule is made more positive and definite, but there would still remain the conflicting evidence as to whether a tack was really necessary; and the testimony of impartial witnesses would be essential to the satisfactory settlement of the dispute, just at present. In the case of the more likely contingency under this section of the rule, of a little judicious "hogging" on the part of the outer boat, she might clear herself of blame in the event of a foul by filling away on the other side, and claiming to have been forced about by the inner boat. Under the present reading, no such claim is possible, the sole point to be decided being whether the inner boat could have weathered the mark without tacking had the outer boat been entirely absent from the mark. In practice this is usually difficult of proof, but it is evident that it is the true point of the question: whether the outer boat tacks or not in giving way has nothing to do with the case. The adoption of the proposed amendment by the New York Y. C. would have made a serious conflict of rules, the present wording being now recognized by all yacht clubs; and in this respect would have been open to strong objection.

In Section 6 the words "(not a mark)" which were needlessly inserted in 1893 are very properly dropped.

Rule XVIII., relating to the departure from the rules in cases of special danger, is dropped entirely.

In the body of the report will be found the actual wording of the amendment in the few cases where that of the committee was not adopted verbatim.

Larchmont Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on Feb. 20 with Mr. A. Bryon Alley in the chair, Com. Huested being absent; while Mr. T. D. Rich acted as secretary in the absence of Secretary Little. The following officers were elected: Com., Henry M. Gillig, schr. Ramona; Vice-Com., George Work, slp. Katrina; Rear Com., Henry M. Bucknall, cutter Minerva; Sec., Charles C. Little; Treas., William Murray. Trustees, to serve three years—Charles McK. Leoser and William B. Jenkins.

The following appointments were announced: George A. Cormack, fleet captain, and Dr. C. F. Roberts, fleet surgeon. Regatta Committee, John F. Lovejoy, Otto Sarony and Alfred Marshall.

The treasurer's report was very satisfactory, showing that the club is at last clear of the financial difficulties consequent on the very large outlay in purchasing and improving the property. The secretary's report shows the following fleet: Schooners, 34; auxiliary schooners, 3; cabin sloops, cutters and yawls, 94; mainsail cabin boats, 14; jib and mainsail open boats, 22; mainsail open boats, 26; steamers, 52, and launches, steam or naphtha, 33; total fleet, 274.

According to the report of the library committee, the value of the pictures and books donated to the club within two years is over $12,000.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. J. Beach, of Hartford, Conn., presented to the club through Mr. George A. Cormack a silver trophy in memory of the late Com. Colt, to be sailed for by the schooners of the club.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

The annual general meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was held at the Windsor Hotel on Sat., Feb. 2. The secretary's report showed the year just completed to have been most important in the way of additions to property, membership, fleet, general interest as well as importance, that the club has yet enjoyed. This, with the financial statement, which proved most favorable, was unanimously adopted.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. Com., Sir Donald A. Smith, K. C. M. G., M. P.; Com., George W. Hamilton, cutter Coquette; Vice-Com., Lionel J. Smith, cutter Viking; Rear Com., Stonewall Jackson, sloop Soubrette; Sec.-Treas., James G. Monk; Meas., J. C. C. Almon, F. P. Shearwood, R. Fitzgibbon. Committee: Wm. Davidson, George H. Labbe, John F. Mackie, F. G. Beverly Hamilton, Gershom de Sola, A. Guy Ross, G. Herrick Duggan, W. McLea Walbank.

A motion allowing a yacht, if under charter to a member or members, for three yachting months to compete for a club prize was voted on and carried. A notice of motion was made that the annual general meeting be held on the first Monday (in place of Saturday, as now), in February. Winter sports being at their height in February, and Saturdays none too many, the yachtsmen considered they would be more in their element on the universal "washing day; so, no doubt, the next general meeting will approve of this change and a full house will be more readily obtained for '96 and after. Few other minor matters were attended to, when the meeting adjourned with a hearty vote of thanks to the retiring officers, to whom the club's present good standing is due.

New Yachting Term.

Editor Forest and Stream: I am disappointed in you. I asked you last week as prettily as I could to define the newly imported yachting phrase "a narrowing wind," and you don't do it. You say that you believe it is "comparatively new." Honor bright, now, did you ever see or hear of it before the case cited in my former note? Then you actually descend to mere commonplace journalism and seek to befog your innocent readers by a discourse on the paucity of expressive yachting terms.

Evidently your conscience troubled you a bit, for you "harked back" further on the term "narrowing" was undoubtedly suggestey by the word "broad." Now, if you had said "broadening," you would have had a better case; but I don't believe that you ever heard of a "broadening wind." Personally I like the term (narrowing wind." I mean), though being only an amateur, I shall not venture to define it, and I am quite willing to abandon "widening" in favor of "broadening." But please, Mr. Editor, tell us what they mean, or we shall suspect you of being doubtful about it yourself.

"Floaty," when I first saw it used in some English paper last year, struck me as a clever invention. To my mind, it immediately conveyed the idea of buoyancy with an indefinable something superadded. It seems to me that your condemnation of it as "less definite and explicit" is not well taken. If you rule out such words, your accounts of next summer's races will be very dull reading. I should really like to see a list of a few "definite and explicit" adverbs applicable to yachting.

While we are on the subject I may as well cite another term which was new to me last year, namely, "sweet curves." It was used, if I remember rightly, in some English description of the new cutters before launching. Since then it has become quite common, and it is pretty sure to be used by somebody regarding every notable yacht that is built. I do not altogether fancy it, used in this connection; yet I am very sure that there hinges in my memory something that some poet has said about "the sweet curves of neck and chin," or words to that effect.

Be that as it may, I defy you or any other fellow to define what a "sweet curve" is in terms that will enable an ordinary mortal to know one when he sees it, let us say, on a rival's boat or on the cheek of another fellow's best girl. AMATEUR.

The adjective "broad" has long been used by sailormen to indicate a wide angle, as in the case of a boom "broad off" at a considerable angle with the line of keel, or an object 'broad open," or bearing at a wide angle from another.

The term "narrowing," so far as we can recollect, we have seen only in the recent writings of a Glasgow correspondent of an American paper; as we understand it, the meaning is a wind which draws ahead, at a very small angle with the vessel's keel, exactly the reverse of broad; and presumably suggested by the common use of the latter term. We never have heard of a "broadening wind," and probably never shall, when afloat; but sailormen are not over-critical in matters of this sort, if a word serves its purpose and expresses to them a definite meaning, as does "broad" in seaparlance, that is enough. If our correspondent will only define the "indefinite something" conveyed to him by the other term, "floating," it may help us to a clearer idea than we now possess of its real meaning. The word "sweet" is in quite common use among boat-builders to denote a curved line or surface which is "fair" and true, and pleasing to the eye. Should we be fortunate enough to witness and report the races of next season, we shall try to find terms to do justice to them, and to make our reports both lievly and interesting.

The New Cup Defender.

The operation of casting the 70-ton keel of the new Herreshoff 90-footer was successfully accomplished on Feb. 21. The wood mould was laid on the slipway in the south shop, and well shored and bedded in earth. The new melting furnaces were built just outside the shop, with troughs leading to the mould. The pile of lead pigs was prepared for melting by covering with heavy canvas and steaming thoroughly until it was well heated. A large force of men was on hand, under the personal direction of N. G. Herreshoff, and very careful preparations were made to guard against possible mishaps. Everything passed off successfully, and though the keel is still in the mould, there is no reason to suppose that it is other than sound. Nothing more is known of the models or construction of the boat, but the indications are all in favor of composite build. No provision for a centerboard was made in the mould.

Tarpon Springs. Y. C.

The annual election of the Tarpon Springs Y. C. was held in the Town Hall on Feb. 6, and the following officers were elected: Com., James P. Phinney; Vice-Com., G. E. Noblitt; Rear Com., John F. Barney; Meas., John G. Boyer. Membership Com.: W. A. Richey, G. E. Noblitt, W. A. Badgeley, and Com., Vice and Rear Com., ex-officio. Regatta Com.: Jacob S. Disston, G. E. Noblitt, Frank M. Webster, R. W Clemson, M. E. Gregg. Trustees: M. E. Gregg, Joseph Griffin. Com. Phinney takes great interest in the club, having served in this office since it was formed, Feb. 28, 1887. He proposed the following names for membership at this meeting: P. L Webster, F. M. Webster, W. A. Badgeley, H. F. Drake, F. F. Marsh, Harry G. Marvin, Joseph Burby, John F. Barney, Merritt Clark, George N. Truax, editor Florida West Coast Truth; T. O. Marvin, Dr. H. B. Douglass, Edwin F. Douglass, C. H. Bigalow, Chas. E. Hyde, R. G. Fowler, W. H. Bigelow. This makes forty-six members proposed by him within one year, and he has twelve more to propose at the next meeting. If each member would do so well, it would be the largest club in this country.

The club is in a very flourishing condition, has a fine property, and is the only club that has two regattas every week through the winter, with members from every State, from Massachusetts to California and Minnesota to Florida. Commodore Phinney has two racing yachts designed by the justly celebrated Geo. F. Lawley Co., South Boston, that are ready to race against anything on the Gulf of Mexico, for money or marbles. Come on, out of the cold to the Land of Flowers and Sunshine; our fine hotel is crowded.

PAYSON.

New York Y. C. Racing Rules.

REPORT OF SPECIAL COMMITTEE, 1895.

Your committee appointed to revise the racing rules of the club recommend the following changes which they submit in the form of suggested amendments, as follows:

Rule I.—Classification. (As in 5th column of appended table.) Sec. 4. Strike out this section, as the so-called Class 8 is not one of the official classes of the club.

Sec. 5. Add this section to Chapter XVI. of the By-Laws; amend Chapter XIV. of the By-Laws by striking out "any change in these measurements to be reported by the owners, as customary, to the measurer," and substituting the following: "if any yacht, by alteration of trim or immersion, by dead weight, increase her l. w. l. length, or in any way increase her spar measurements, as officially taken, she must obtain a re-measurement," and then transfer Chapters XIV. and XVI. of the By-Laws to the Racing Rules.

Rule II.—Strike out this rule as it is only a reference to Chapte XIV. of the By-Laws.

Make Rules III., IV., V., VI. to read II., III., IV., V. and VI., respectively.

Rule VIII.—To be numbered Rule VII. To read as follows:

Section 1. Floors must be left down and bulkheads and doors left standing; water tanks kept in place, and at least one bower anchor and cable kept on board. Trimming by dead weight shall not be allowed after the preparatory signal. Neither ballast nor water shall be taken in or discharged after 9 P. M. of the day before a race, but the above restriction may be waived as to water only by permission of the Regatta Committee.

COMPARATIVE TABLE SHOWING PRESENT AND PROPOSED CLASSIFICATION AND RULE AS TO MAXIMUM NUMBER ALLOWED DURING RACES AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THE YACHTS AT PRESENT IN THE BOOK OF OFFICIAL MEASUREMENTS.

SCHOONERS.

Present Classification.	L. W. L.	NAME.	Racing Length.	Proposed Classification.	Rule as to persons on board during races.	Number of persons allowed by rule.
Class I. Over 100ft. L. W. L.	123 60	Coronet	114.84	Class I Over 95 ft. R. L.	1 man for every 2 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	54
	110 80	Ramona	105 84			53
	110 78	Vampa	106 48			54
	106 36	Constellation	107.24			54
	104 90	Fleetwing	100 66			51
	103.92	Palmer	102.11			53
	100 72	Intrepid	98 01			50
Class II. Not over 100, over 90 ft. L. W. L.	96 78	Fortuna	94.57	Class II Not over 95, over 85 ft R. L.	1 man for every 3 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	32
	90.98	Alert	91.58			31
	89 84	Merlin	93 35			32
	89.81	Lasca	93 17			33
	88 33	Alcæa	94.25			32
	87 26	Sachem	90.61			31
Class III. Not over 90, over 80 ft. L. W. L.	86 58	Mayflower	90 20	Class III. Not over 85, over 75 ft. R. L.	1 man for every 3 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	31
	86 80	Miranda	85.90			29
	84.82	Comanche	85.75			29
	84 33	Atlantic	86 31			29
	85 90	Emerald	89.51			30
	83 95	Crusader	83.36			28
	80 03	Iroquois	82.24			28
	80 60	Magic	78 22			27
	80 03	Marguerite	83 48			28
	79 85	Ariel	83.53			28
Class IV. Not over 80, over 70 ft. L. W. L.	78 30	Clytie	79 46	Class IV Not over 75, over 65 ft. R. L.	1 man for every 4 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	27
	76 62	Wayfarer	76 88			26
	75 00	Oenone	80.37			27
	70 22	Dagmar	75 43			26
	69 04	Elsemarie	75 60			26
	72 80	Sylph	72 40			19
	70 49	Shamrock	73 18			19
	69 78	Princess	71 47			18
	68 08	Peerless	68 03			18
	66 24	Harbinger	67 57			17
	65 10	Quickstep	70 11			18
	62 42	Viator	65 92			17
Class V Not over 70 ft. L. W. L.	61 04	Loyal	65.93	Class V. Not over 65 ft R. L.	1 man for every 5 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	18
	62 00	Triton	64 79			13
	60 85	Azalea	63 36			13
	58 06	Gevalia	61 91			13
	58 65	Lotus	60 85			13
	55 80	Agnes	58 44			12
	54 20	Neæra	59 31			12
	53.52	Fenella	56 39			12
	54 02	Tioga	55 20			12
	47 36	Leona	49 56			10

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

Class I. Over 80 ft. L. W. L.	86 23	Navahoe	92 42	Class I. 80 ft. R. L. and over.	3 men for every 5 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	57
	86.72	Vigilant	96 24			60
	85.96	Valkyrie	93.09			57
	85.43	Colonia	96 02			60
Class II. Not over 80, over 70 ft. L. W. L.	84.47	Jubilee	95 48			60
		NOTE—No boat ever built in this class.				
Class III. Not over 70, over 61 ft. L. W. L.	70 17	Bedouin	73 11	Class II. Not over 80, over 70 ft. R. L.	1 man for every 3 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	25
	69 55	Gracie	74 03			25
	69 34	Katrina	76 08			26
	63.50	Huron	68 44			18
	60.50	Wayward	65 58			17
Class IV. Not over 61, over 53 ft. L. W. L.	60 41	Hildegard	65.39	Class III. Not over 70, over 60 ft. R. L.	1 man for every 4 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	17
	59 95	Queen Mab	63.28			16
	59 74	Ventura	60 22			16
	57 14	Dare	60 08			16
	54 20	Athlon	59.08			15
Class V. Not over 53, over 46 ft. L. W. L.	53.05	Clara	55.12	Class IV. Not over 60, over 55 ft. R. L.	1 man for every 4 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	14
	52 17	Cinderella	57.86			15
	51 50	Whitby	56 32			15
	51.22	Eclipse	55.15			14
	50 66	Forget Me Not	54 53			14
	51 64	Fredonia	53.97			14
	45 92	Ilderim	54 88			14
	45 90	Nautilus	53 23			14
	45 90	Owenee	54 61			14
Class VI. Not over 46, over 40 ft. L. W. L.	45 88	Mikeete	53 09	Class V. Not over 55, over 50 ft. R. L.	1 man for every 4 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	14
	45.82	Jessica	50 22			13
	45.78	Sayonara	54 06			14
	45 64	Wasp	54.97			14
	45.62	Harpoon	54 85			14
	45 00	Gloriana	54.17			14
	43 80	Oriole (Ketch)	48 08			10
	42 60	Uvira	47 14			10
	44.11	Nirvana	49 91			10
	40 26	Awa	46.78			10
	39 96	Mariquita	48 09			10
	39.92	Gorilla	47.28			10
	39 93	Ventura	47.12			10
	39.87	Minerva	45 61			10
	39.80	Choctaw	47.08			10
Class VII. Not over 40 ft. L. W. L.	39.58	Tomahawk	48.65	Class VI. Not over 50 ft. R. L.	1 man for every 5 ft. of R. L. or fraction.	10
	39 50	Gossoon	47.83			10
	39 76	Mocassin	47 23			10
	37 80	Zingara	41 32			10
	37 00	Peri	41.50			9
	36 28	Drusilla	38 28			9
	35 00	Waif	25 43			8
	33 45	Sayona	40 22			6
	32 85	Daisy	37 61			9
	30 32	Bonnie Kate	36 39			8
	30 40	Gladys	36 68			8

Insert a new rule to read:

Rule VIII.—Crew. A yacht shall be permitted to have on board in races only as many persons as she shall have on board when officially measured, but this number shall not exceed that given by the following formula (Column 6 of appended table. Passed in this form):

"The number of men to be carried in races shall not exceed that given by the following formula."

Rule X.—Section 1. Insert the word "racing" before the word "rules."

Section 9 to read as follows:

Every yacht shall render all possible assistance to any vessel or person in peril, and if in the judgment of the Regatta Committee she shall have thereby impaired her chance of wining, they shall order the race re-sailed between such yacht and the winner in her class.

Rule XVI.—To read as follows:

Section 1 The time at the start and finish shall he taken when the foremast in schooners and the mainmast in single-masted vessels and yawls first crosses the line, after the starting signal has been given.

Rule XVII.–Section 14. First sentence to read as follows:

If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must, as far as possible, short of tacking, give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark. (Not passed.)

Sec. 15. Strike out "and does not involve any question of sea room."

Sec. 16. Insert "vessel" after "rock," "dangerous" before "obstruction," omit the words "not a mark," and add new paragraph to read as follows:

But should such obstruction be a designated mark of the course, a yacht forcing another to tack or bear away under the provisions of this section shall be disqualified.

Rule XVIII.—Strike out.

Rule XIX.—Sections 1 and 2. To read in one section as follows:

Every yacht must go fairly around the course and must not touch a mark or force a mark boat to shift its position but shall not be disqualified if wrongfully compelled to do so in order to avoid fouling or being fouled by another yacht.

With the exception of the changes in the classification and the substitution of racing length for l. w. l. length as the basis and the addition of the rule limiting crews the amendments the adoption of which is recommended by your committee are for the purpose of adding clearness and of collecting under the head of Racing Rules all that pertains to racing.

Your committee were unanimous in their opinion that the time had arrived when the club should adopt as the basis of its system of classification racing length in place of l. w. l. length.

The present basis of l.w.l. length apart from other reasons pre-

sents the inconsistency of using one factor for determining the classification and another for determining the time allowance that is the classification is based on the l. w. l. and the time allowance on the racing length.

Among other points in favor of this method of classification it may be said that it will give to the owner a much greater liberty in choosing the dimensions and proportions of his vessel. As the class into which any vessel would fit would be determined not by length of water line nor yet by sail area but by the divided sum of factors representative of these two features; so that it would practically make sail and length exchangeable—a part of one for the part of the other.

It would follow that an owner whose purpose and convenience would be met by having a vessel of somewhat greater length than others could have that kind of yacht if content with the amount of sail which corresponded to the length and which would keep his vessel within the limits of his class. The contrary of this would hold good also and by giving up some length a greater amount of sail—equivalent to the length given up—could be gained. Further than this the addition of length to a yacht to improve her speed or accommodations would not necessarily result in her leaving the class she had previously belonged to.

Whatever further advance may be made in future in a knowledge of matters and proportions which govern speed it would seem that nothing could to this end be more helpful and hopeful than the enactment of such a rule as is suggested with the enlargement of experience and opportunities for comparison which it would give in any class were it operated.

Your committee were also unanimous in their opinion that a limit should be placed to the number of persons a yacht might carry in a race so as to prevent the use of men as ballast and after consulting with a number of the leading racing men in the club the formula as recommended was adopted.

In order to place before the owners of yachts the bearing of the recommended re-classification and of the formula for determining the allowance for crew your committee have appended hereto a statement showing the present classification the proposed classification and the limit of crew applied to every sailing vessel on the list of recorded measurements at the date when this report was prepared.

A CASS CANFIELD
W. BUTLER DUNCAN JR.,
JOHN HYSLOP,
S. NICHOLSON KANE,
J. FREDERIC TAMS.

New York, January 29, 1895.

(The amendments were adopted as recommended, with the exceptions noted, to Rules VIII. and XVII.)

Steam Yachts at the Seabury Works.

Probably one of the busiest yacht building concerns in the country to-day is the firm of Charles L. Seabury & Co., at Nyack, N. Y. While half of the people in the country are worrying about the gold bonds, credit, etc., there are yet many left who have confidence enough to go ahead and enjoy themselves and take advantage of what they have, believing that the United States will come out on top, as it always has. Seabury & Co. have under course of construction six yachts and launches, from 35 up to 120 feet. They also have prospects of several other good sized ones. They are now building one 35 feet long for Mr. H. G. Seguine, of Rossville, S. I., a very complete little launch. The 50-ft. mahogany "flyer," for Mr. Alfred Marshall, of the Larchmont Y. C., will be planked and finished throughout in solid mahogany, the wood to be finished in natural color, thoroughly rubbed down and polished, and when completed will be almost too nice to be placed in the water; in fact, she will look more like a piece of house furniture in finish than a launch that is to stand the rough-and-tumble of the sea. This yacht is to have a speed of 20 miles per hour; thoroughly equipped with the latest design triple expansion engine and water tube boiler.

The next boat in construction is a 60-ft. yacht for Dr. W. A. Haskell, of Alton, Ill., a most beautiful craft. She is arranged practically as a day boat, but the transoms are also constructed so that the forward and after saloon can easily be changed into very airy and commodious taterooms. This yacht is of what is called the high trunk cabin type, and is of the very nicest design for inside work, and also for trips of a few day on the bays and Sound; they are also very good sea boats, as some of the yachts of the type built by Seabury have made numerous trips to Southern ports for winter cruising. The yacht is finished throughout in polished mahogany, fitted with proper toilet service and a large galley completely equipped. The furnishings will be of the finest silks and plushes throughout. A large pilot house is constructed forward, forming a delightful place to lay off for afternoon sailing. She will have a speed of about 14 1-2 to 15 miles per hour, and is fitted with a very fine triple expansion engine of the latest design, and a "Seabury" safety water tube boiler.

The next yacht under process of construction is a 65-ft. schooner rigged half trunk cabin craft with long overhangs forward and aft, for a prominent N. Y. yachtsman, who formerly owned a smaller yacht of Seabury's build. This is a more beamy yacht, and is built with a deck all around the trunk cabin, making her of a more seaworthy type, and capable of going anywhere along the coasst in the weather which generally prevails in summer. She will be thoroughly equipped from stem to stern, in the most approved modern style. The furnishings throughout will be of silk and plush, toned to match all the finish in the different saloons. There will be a large saloon arranged forward and also one aft. The after one will be used as a dining-room, and is in close connection with the galley. These saloons will be finished in ivory and gold, and will also be tinted partially in old rose; there will be a large pilot house and social hall constructed forward, pleasantly arranged for easy chairs. The social hall will be finished in polished mahogany, as will also be the toilet room, galley and wine locker. This yacht will be rigged with sails, awning, etc., and will make a perfect little home for cruising. She will be used mostly on L. I. Sound, around the prominent yacht clubs.

Last week the firm received an order from a veteran N. Y. yachtsman for a 100-ft. flush deck steam yacht, schooner rigged, of the very latest design, to be constructed with a large social hall on deck forward, with a bridge over same, brass rail all around the bridge and top of social hall, forming one of the pleasantest kind of yachts for extensive cruising during the yacht races. This yacht will be built with very good freeboard. Her deck equipment will be the most completed she will carry two boats; one to be a gig, the other one of the latest type launches about 17 ft. long. She will be rigged complete with sails of good weight suitable to do good service at sea, and will carry a jib, foresail and mainsail. A large social hall will be constructed on the forward deck, finished complete in solid mahogany, natural color, rubbed down and polished throughout.

A large buffet will be arranged in the after end of the social hall, of a very pretty and artistic design; this social hall will be arranged as a dining saloon, and a dumb-waiter will be connected with the galley arranged below. The main saloon and owner's stateroom will be arranged aft; thi ssaloon will be finished in ivory and gold. The owner's staterooms, two in number, will be arranged with two wide berths in each, also with large dressing-cases, with mirrors, etc. These rooms will be connected by sliding doors between same; this door will really be two large long mirrors, one on each side showing in each stateroom, which will be very much appreciated by the ladies. The finish of these saloons will be in maple, and the hangings will be of soft tones to match. A bathroom will be arranged, finished in cherry and plumbed in a most complete manner. On the opposite side of the yacht will be arranged the toilet room, which will be finished in cedar. All the hangings of the saloon will be in silks and plush of the very finest quality. The yacht will be lighted throughout with a large electric light plant, and a very powerful search light arranged on top of the social hall forward. In fact, she will be as complete and desirable a yacht as one could ask for.

The work on the Huntress, Mr. F. C. Fowler's yacht, is progressing very rapidly, she is nearly all planked, with double skin throughout. The decks are on, and all caulked and puttied. The saloon on deck is now being placed in position, also the joiner work for the main saloon and stateroom. The machinery is progressing very rapidly. The boiler is being set up in position in the boiler room of the yacht, and is progressing as fast as could be desired. This firm hope to launch the Huntress in the latter part of April, and from the way the work is now progressing there is every prospect that they will do so. No finer yacht for general cruising can be built; she will be thoroughly complete throughout in deck equipment, furnishings, electric light, search light, etc. The work of making the alterations to the steam yacht Silva, owned by Mr. Jesse Metcalf, of Providence, is progressing rapidly, and she will be ready in the early spring.

The firm has also a number of other yachts undergoing alterations and repairs; they are also building all the cutters and gigs to be used on the above-mentioned yachts; as well as several boilers and engines for yachts of other construction outside of their own.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Mediterranean regattas began at Cannes on Feb. 23, Britannia having no competitor but Valkyrie I., of 70ft. l. w. l., and disposing of her by some 16 min. On Feb. 24 the Prince of Wales arrived at Cannes. Ailsa has not yet reached the Mediterranean. Dacotah has been sent out, and will be raced against several French and English yachts.

Rex, steam yacht, formerly Dandy, has been sold by E. D. Fox to W. B. Tyler, of Fredericksburg, Va.

A new yacht club, named the Pleasant Point Y. C., was organized on Feb. 19, with the following officers: Com., Thos. O'Neil; Vice-Com., V. S. Henderson; Rec. Sec., Frank Smits; Fin. Sec., Chas. Raynor; Treas., W. B. Howard, Jr. Trustees: M. S. Hollis, Frank Francis, H. Planth, W. B. Howard, Jr.; Peter Lartmann, W. F. Kelly, V. S. Henderson, Charles Raynor, Thomas O'Neil, E. Kuhn and John Shearson. Regatta Committee: William B. Howard, Jr., V. S. Henderson and Frank Francis. The club has 25 members, and will be located at Pleasant Point, Jamaica Bay.

Wanda, steam yacht, H. S. Henry, reached Jacksonville from Havana on Feb. 9.

The building committee of the Huguenot Y. C. have commenced the erection of the club's new house at New Rochelle. The plans are quite elaborate, and provide for a workshop and locker-room, spar and sail loft, assembly room, library, janitor's rooms, and lavatories. The club has secured a lease of the plot of ground at the foot of Neptune Road, and will have splendid facilities for the landing of boats.

The Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co., of New York and Red Bank, N. J., has lately increased its cash capital and extended its plant to meet orders, being busier this year than ever before in the winter season. The boilers are now built on royalty by the Union Iron Works in San Francisco, and the Bertram Engine Works in Toronto. The company claims that it has the oldest pipe boiler in the market, and that in building nearly eight hundred boilers the only improvements have been in details of construction and the use of better material, the essential features of the design being unchanged.

Messrs. George F. and Jas. G. Bishop, sons of the late Wm. Bishop, are now carrying on the business of yacht plumbing, in which Mr. Bishop was so well known, under the name of Wm. Bishop's Sons, their main office in New York being supplemented by a branch in Brooklyn, near Tebo's. The firm has long been noted for the excellence of its work in all branches of yacht and ship plumbing and barss-work.

Canoeing.

In Fly Time.

The West Branch from North East Carry to Chesuncook Lake, is a strong river flowing between heavily wooded banks at a width of forty yards, its dark waters broken only by numberless miniature whirlpools. Sout woods predominate along the shores, which are impenetrable to any distance. One finds, however, many excellent camp sites, selected and cleared by skilled guides.

Late on the afternoon of June 21, 1894, Steve and I drove our canoe into a small creek above Moosehorn Stream. There was just time to swing the tent and carry three hundred pounds of "stuff" up a steep bank. Then came darkness, rain and mosquitoes. This was our "coming out" in Maine woods and we were objects of much attention. Forcing down a couple of sardine sandwiches and liberally sampling our several fly-creams, we fled to the tent, there to swelter under heavy blankets till sleep put an end to our misery.

The following morning we had our first taste of "quick" water in Rocky Rips and Pine Stream Falls. The former, a mile stretch of fairly heavy rapids, we ran without any trouble, painting all rocks of any size along our course. The latter consists of three distinct pitches, followed by a mile of still rapids. This is a favorite spot for inexperienced canoeists, as the guides would say, "to make holes in the water." We were fortunate in having a good pitch of water, and ran through safely on the paddle, taking the right at first, crossing and shooting the third pitch close to the left bank.

From the Carry to "Suncock" we saw seven deer, six of them does. They were quite tame, allowing us to paddle up within twenty-five yards. We had great hopes of one group, a buck, doe and fawn, "taken" near Fox Hole. In the negative, however, only the buck showed, and he so small that we call this our puzzle picture; the puzzle being to find the buck.

A strong north wind, not appreciated on the river, had blown up a nasty sea on the lake. Fierce waves struck the boom at the mouth of the river. Whitecaps extended as far as eye could reach, and a considerable surf broke over the marshy shores.

Making everything fast and spreading rubber blankets, we rashly set out for the mouth of Cancomgomoc Stream, a mile across the most exposed part of the lake. That we had underestimated the force of the waves was apparent on reaching the open. Huge yellow rollers swept clear over the stern, drenching Steve and fast settling the canoe, already loaded nearly to the gunwales. There was no turning back; it was a case of beat the waves or swim for it. The bow would run up on the crest of a big wave, then slump down into the trough, sending spray on either side and into my faces and over my knees. One minute my paddle would be wildly fanning the air, the next completely buried in the muddy waters of the bay. Steve in the stern fared little better. Desperate paddling, however, won the day and an hour later as we discussed a supper of fried bacon and potatoes, bread and coffee, in a cosy little camp just off the lake we blessed this same north wind for the most comfortable night of the trip.

It had been our intention to take only the regular Allagash trip, but we were so charmed by the Cancomgomoc that we could not leave it so soon for the slow, sluggish Umbazookskus.

Paddling through a pretty lakelet to the first falls, small patches three and four feet, respectively, we landed and pointed our rods for the first time. Chubb were plenty, but no trout, and making two short carries on the left, we pushed on two miles past Brandy Brook, to second falls, a single pitch of seven feet. Some large logs had hung up on the brink of the falls and from them I got our first trout, a beauty, weighing two and a quarter pounds. The carry here, a short one, lies also on the left.

In extensive marshes at the head of Black Pond, a bulge in the stream two miles long, we saw several deer and a caribou. The latter took alarm first and bounded away, his branching antlers laid far over his back. It was a pretty sight, and made Steve in the bow gaze wistfully at his 45:90, lying across the "grub bag."

Beyond Black Pond the stream narrows and the current increases. We were paddling leisurely along, enjoying the cool of early evening, when Steve suddenly dropped his paddle, and seized the rubber bag holding the camera. "What is it?" I whispered "A moose, see!" And, sure enough, wading along by the shady shore, was a large cow moose, the first we had ever seen. Such a homely, dirty beast. Several times she swung her great head toward us, then splashed along nibbling the green twigs. At one hundred feet Steve took up and pressed the button. The metallic click, when winding for a second shot, startled the moose and she shambled up the bank and away.

We had expected to see game, of course, but were hardly prepared to find deer, moose and caribou in such abundance, and tame enough almost to be caught with the proverbial salt.

Above Little Scott Brook, our hearts rejoiced to see just peeping over a high bank, where the trees had been felled, the roof of a logger's cabin. Quickly landing, we carried all necessary stuff up a thirty-foot bank to the cabin, a low unfinished affair, standing on the edge of some very swampy woods. It contained a small stove, and we celebrated the event by a supper of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. When overcome by heat or smoke, we had but to stand erect and our heads reached through a partially sheathed roof.

I fain would pass over the next few hours. The memory even is painful. Steve remarked on the absence of mosquitoes as we spread our blankets on the cabin floor. "What a snap," he grunted, refusing my cream and crawling into his blanket bag. Fifteen minutes later he broke a painful silence. "Midges! do you feel them?" Did I feel them? They filled that cabin in clouds. They filled our blankets. Any part of the body exposed for an instant burned as if by fire. No connected account of that night appears in our log. There are brief references and resolutions concerning logger's cabins in general.

The first gray dawn saw two miserable objects, each chewing a cold griddle cake, crawl down the bank and paddle silently away.

We had intended to breakfast at the lake, but had reckoned without the "Horse race." Here the stream for a mile literally tumbles down hill at a depth of from six inches to three feet. Our skill with a setting pole not being equal to the occasion, we simply dragged through. Now from the "Horse race" to the lake there are two miles more of heavy rapids. Dragging at best is hard work, and we, under the circumstances, found it doubly so. The longer we dragged, the less grew our interest in the lake, and at five o'clock we were glad enough to camp in a pretty spot a half mile below Cancomgomoc Lake. Here we stayed through the day and night, walking up to the lake, a beautiful sheet of water, seven miles long, and fishing with little success in nearby pools.

We passed yet another day on the stream at second falls. There are several good trout pools just below the falls. Toward evening we shouldered our rifles and took a stroll up the tote road. We saw no deer, but got a pair of red-eyed grouse, and ran across several coveys of partridges. The grouse were tough and tasted strongly of hemlock, but of course they went.

For several miles the Umbazookskus is a sluggish, winding river, its shores strewn with dead trees, a most unpleasant contrast to the pretty Cancomgomoc. Making fast to a stump, in midstream, we ate a cold lunch and pushed on to a lagoon where we had to get out and cut our way out through several rods of partially submerged tree trunks. Two miles of poling and dragging brought us to Umbazookskus Lake. One mile across the southeast corner is the beginning of the famous Mud Pond carry, announced by a tall pole topped with old pails and cans.

Mr. Smith, the proprietor of a substantial cabin just off the lake, being absent, we escaped a nasty night outside under his roof. Everything inside was as neat as wax. On the double husk bed was a barrel of hard tack for the fall campaign. Behind the range was a good pile of dry wood. Bringing up all our goods, we had a fine supper, and were soon glad enough to blow out our candle and lantern.

The next morning we walked over to Mud Pond in a vain hope of finding means of transportation across the carry. Only a dismal looking pond, some two miles across and dotted with muddy islands, rewarded our efforts. We evidently had struck the carry at high tide. From a couple of springs near the middle, streams of yellow water flowed in either direction in places deep enough to float a canoe. Tall spruce and hemlock woods through which the carry lies, were full of spruce partridges, and we ran across many fresh deer and moose tracks.

Seeing a shingle sign, "To C. Murphy's Camp and Chamberlain Farm around the Mud Holes," and trusting to find somebody at the former place, we started up the blazed trail. Shingles every few rods reminded us that we were near our route for the Farm "around the Mud Holes." As a matter of fact, for five miles we were constantly wallowing through very muddy holes, at times above our knees. A short distance from the lake we passed on the left, several large unroofed log cabins, presumably C. Murphy's. The association connected with log cabins being so unpleasant, we did not linger, but hurried on, and were soon seated on a large rock gazing across two miles of white-capped water, at Chamberlain Farm. How attractive the white unpainted buildings looked, standing out against a green hillside, glistening in the afternoon sunlight.

It was quite dark when we stumbled into one cabin, a pretty well done up pair. A brief interview with our "Saratoga," a small hand-bag containing fly cream, medicines, etc., gave us strength and courage. A good supper and pipe and we had forsaken our resolutions made in the depths, to camp where we spent a few days, then drop back to Kineo.

PHILIP A. FOWLER.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Sailing Under A. C. A. Rules.

(From the Field.)

The scene is ever changing in canoeing, whether it be to the river paddler subduedly screaming with rapture at the panorama of "pretty bits" unfolding constantly before him as he shoots the rapid, scrapes over the shallow, or glides down the silent, deep, black pool; or to the winter-bound sailing racing man eagerly contemplating the prospects of the coming season's sport. But the scene is, indeed, changing in the racing sphere, not only here in England, but also with our cousins in America. Racing in small canoes has, we have known for a long time, been on the ebb, and measures were at last accepted by some of our clubs to attempt to stop the downward ebb by the constitution of a relaxed racing class and a substantial cruising class. But, of course, it is not a mere definition or class creation that will of itself bring men and boats in to make a fleet. We have acted in England, and there can be little doubt that such action will generally tend to a better state of canoe sailing, and, in a larger class, to a more useful type and size of canoe.

On the other hand, in America, where canoe-racing is suffering much in the same line as ours is, no steps have been taken to alter the A. C. Association rules of regular classification, but all is being left to the chance of freaks and pranks of local legislation in clubs, and thus, with irresponsible critics and advisers hailing from various isolated parts of the country, peculiar developments may be expected in the clubs, if, in fact, they move; but, as a rule, they mostly race entirely under A. C. A. rules; if so, nothing will be done. However this may be, there are proposals before the American canoeists which may be acted upon, and even adopted, at the annual meet.

Some of the proposals are likely to "raise the dust," even though on the water, especially the suggestion to abolish the sliding deck seat; and that, too, is in America, under a rule giving unlimited sail, but at the same time limiting beam to 30 in.; it won't go yet awhile, at least, we see no valid reason. If the sliding seat were to be cut out of the English rule, the immediate result would be heavy bulb-keels. However, we years ago advocated the sliding seat as a most powerful and enjoyable fitting for any sailing canoe, but that has always been in conjunction with a modern limited sail area; but the American suggestion under unlimited sail area and very limited beam would put canoe sailing in no better position, even if extremely deep dagger plates, bulb ballasted, were at the same time allowed.

The evil which we in England have now legislated against is rampant in America at the present moment, and is well summed up by "Guyascutus" in Forest and Stream thus: "The rules have allowed the modern canoe to develop into an extreme racing machine, carrying too much sail and too long a sliding seat, and thus making it so much work, and also so dangerous, that most people, and good canoeists, too, don't care to keep it up. . . . A man has got to be an expert gymnast, above the average, to sail a racing canoe in a race."

The ridiculous enforcement of monkey gymnastics into what should be simply pure sailing was amply before the eyes of English canoemen all last year in the butterfly performances of the American canoe Yankee. But the rules have been materially changed since then, and a new comfortable cruiser class has been created in addition to the racing machine class; and it only remains to be seen whether, with a reasonable amount of prizes put to such a new class, the old-time comfortable sailing may not be revived this year. Already, before the programme for the season has been made, a £10 prize has been given into the Royal Canoe Club for the new class, and no doubt others will follow. It is the nearest approach to the "one class one design" scheme, which is so popular in some quarters for small yacht racing. It has all the good of that scheme without the evils. The sweets of sailing one's own design, both of hull and rig, are left to the owner, and he is not forced to own a poorly built cheap boat; and yet he can have such if he likes, and in any case he knows that other competitors, owing to the definition rule, cannot far outbuild or outrig him in the racing machine direction, and, if fail he does at racing, he knows he has anyway a comfortable, useful knockabout craft left for other purposes.

A Challenge from William Willard Howard.

The Yachting World of Feb. 15 publishes the following challenge from Mr. William Willard Howard, the American canoeist:

Hotel de Londres, Tiflis, Russia.
January 20, 1895.

F. G. F. Weiner, Esq., Sec. Royal Canoe Club.

Dear Sir: I beg leave to make entry for the challenge cup race of the Royal Canoe Club for 1895. The entrance fee will be handed to you by J. Arthur Brand, Esq., whom I have authorized to receive receipt and acceptance of entry. The particulars of my entry are as follows: Name, Wm. Willard Howard; canoe, Yankee; dimensions and rating of canoe, length over all 16ft, beam 30ins., rating 0.3 Royal C. C. rules; flag, stars and stripes; club, New York C. C. Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.
N. Y. C. C., A. C. A., B. C. A.

Mr. Howard's canoe has just been shipped from London to New York for alterations, her forefoot being cut away. Mr. Howard is now in Turkey, engaged in the search for Lentz, the lost bicyclist.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division.—Chas. T. Estabrook, Newton, Mass. Central Division—L. D. Ely, Thos. Kirby, D. D. Sully, Rochester, N. Y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1895.

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The trade representation contained in these announcements is such as for quality might well afford gratification to a publisher. The high grade of the Forest and Stream's advertising constituency comports in every respect with the established high grade of the paper itself.

As the favorite medium for sagacious and experienced advertisers, the Forest and Stream gives a service unequalled, and one which it is beyond the power of any other agency to supply. This is because it affords the most direct means of communication between the largest number of producers and the largest number of consumers, for all classes of goods that come within the scope of a sportsman's requirements, necessities or luxuries.

An understanding of these conditions will make perfectly clear the reasonableness of the advertising manager's pride in those pages of the paper which are set in display type.

MONGOOSE OYSTERS.

This appears to be a case for the illumination of which may be cited the story of the man, the basket, the mongoose and the snakes.

On a ferry boat plying between Sacramento and Oakland, or New York and Brooklyn, as the story is told in the West or the East, a passenger holding a carefully-covered basket was seen to peep into it with manifest concern for the safety of whatever was inside. Asked by a curious observer what he had, he said that it was a mongoose, and explained that he was taking it home to kill the snakes seen by his brother, who was suffering from delirium tremens. "But those snakes are only imaginary ones," objected the inquirer. "And it is only an imaginary mongoose," said the man, throwing open the empty basket.

Secretary Doyle, of the New York Fish Commission, assures us that the purposes for which he has been said to have sent oysters to members of the Legislature this winter, and the oysters themselves, are both purely mythical. They are figments of somebody's fecund fancy, altogether as imaginary as the mongoose and the snakes. He asserts that he has sent just one barrel of oysters to Albany this year; that this went to a personal friend, Senator Kilbourn, and was regarded by both parties as a friendly treat; that it was not intended to affect action on the Donaldson bill, nor on any other bill; that he was not interested in the passage of that measure; that he did not suggest nor approve of the extravagance embodied in its items; that he did not expect to hold any office under it, nor to reap any benefit from it, if it should become a law; and that, in short, neither had he sent barrels of oysters to the Legislature, nor, if he had sent them, would they have been designed for any questionable purpose.

One barrel of oysters is not to be considered as a substantial foundation for the stories which have grown out of this one. Mr. Doyle's statement is so comprehensive and unequivocal that it may be taken as a sufficient contradiction of the reports it denies. Speculations having to do with the relation between measures in which Mr. Doyle was said to have been interested and the barrels of oysters which Mr. Doyle was said to have sent for the promotion of such measures are thus shown to have a close affinity to ratiocinations respecting what may have happened to the brother's imaginary snakes when the man got home with the imaginary mongoose.

The oyster hypothesis no longer being available as a working theory, will some one explain what else it could have been upon which the promoter of that $23,500 fish commission scheme based their confidence that the Legislature would approve the job?

Since our comments upon the bill last week, the measure has been so amended as to reduce the total of the salary expenditures, but the amount still called for is altogether out of proportion to public policy. The bill is bad in principle; its manifest design is not to reform the constitution of the Fish Commission by putting it on a business basis, but to increase the number of offices and places for political ends. It is not a measure which, if enacted, could do credit to Governor Morton's administration, for it is not a measure which is in the interest of the public. We had hoped, with the changes to come in Mr. Morton's term, to see the Fish Commission reconstructed on a business basis, composed of men of ability, public spirit and interest in the work, and distinguished among all like commissions the world over for its efficiency, usefulness and economy. This may still be achieved if the Fish and Forest Commission Consolidation bill shall be abandoned, as it should be, for the plan proposed in the game law code revision. This provides for a commission of three members, one of them to be designated by the Governor as the president, with a salary of $5,000, he to pay his own traveling expenses. The others receive their expenses, but no salary. There is a secretary with salary of $2,000. The commissioners appoint the game protectors. This is not a desirable feature of the bill, but the same provision is found in the other measure.

POLLUTION OF WATERS.

The problem of protecting fishing waters from pollution by factory waste and other detelerious substances is one of the most perplexing with which fish protection has to deal. The question is one of comparatively recent recognition. Until a late period in this country a stream that could be made to furnish water power, or that could be utilized as a sewer to carry off sawdust or tannery flow or the waste from factories was taken advantage of for such purposes, with never a thought of the fish supply. Even now, though we have laws for the protection of the purity of such waters, the statutes are frequently and flagrantly disregarded; and those whose duty it is to enforce the laws are practically powerless to do anything. One obstacle to accomplishing their purpose is the lax construction of the average laws respecting pollution; they are so worded that their exact meaning is in doubt; and whenever there is a possibility that their intent may safely be evaded full advantage of the defect is taken by manufacturers and mill owners.

This topic of fishing water pollution is one which might well engage the attention of the American Fishery Society. The Fish Commissioners of the several States have had many perplexing experiences in this field, and a general discussion of the subject could not fail to be of value. What are the conditions to be overcome? What methods have failed to provide the remedy, and what others have accomplished the end sought?

One reason why tannery and factory waste is permitted to destroy the fish of a stream is found in the fact that the mill interest against the fish interest involves the direct personal interests of the individual mill owner against the general interests of the community. The mill man recognizes his own personal interests, and fights for them; the public does not comprehend what it has at stake, until some individual wiser than his fellows raises the alarm, and then it is too late. The mill man goes on destroying fish, and claims a right to do so because his father and his grandfather did it before him. Fish water pollution is as old as the century, fish protection is a new idea; there are thousands of communities in this country to-day that know practically nothing of it.]

SNAP SHOTS.

We announced last week the favorable report in the Senate on that body's amendment to the item in the Sundry Civil Service bill for the improvement of the National Park. This amendment changed the title of the item so that the appropriation, instead of being only for the improvement of the National Park, read for its improvement and protection. It also increased the amount appropriated by $10,000, and in direct terms authorized the employment of extra scouts in the protection of the Park. In conference committee, however, the amount was again cut down to $30,000, and all mention of scouts was omitted. However, since the title of the item still reads "For the improvement and protection of the National Park," instead of for its improvement alone, there remains ample authority to use the small sum of money required to pay a few scouts in addition to the single one now employed. Thus by slow degrees very gradually progress is being made in protecting the National Park.

Every once in a while there comes into city offices a young fellow of swarthy face and the dress of a sailor, who avers in broken English and Spanish that the mysterious package he bears contains cigars of rare quality, which he has smuggled and wants to dispose of at a bargain. He must find a market for his wares, or he would not stay in the business; but the smuggled goods are reputed to be of domestic manufacture, or a regularly imported article not worth the price asked by the "smuggler." Like tricks are played every day by purveyors of game out of season upon the smart folks who think it the correct thing to order birds out of season. A neat story from Boise, Idaho, reports an incident of this character in that city. The tale is of a hunter dressed in buckskin suit, who came into town with a load of meat, which he said was antelope, and for which he found ready sale at fancy prices. His stock quickly sold out, the man of the mountains took his departure, then the buyers smacked their lips, looked queer, and decided that they had been buying mutton at gamy prices.

The recent extremely severe weather has caused a great destruction of game birds, particularly in the Southern States. Something of the mortality among the quail in the latitude of Virginia is hinted in the communication from our correspondent who relates a mission of relief to the surviving flocks. President Polk Miller, of the Virginia Field Sports Association, has repeated his appeals of two years ago to the farmers, to feed the birds; and it is extremely gratifying to know that his action has now, as then, been the means of preserving large numbers of quail.

Congress having adjourned, President Cleveland will go duck shooting. If a party were made up of President Cleveland of the United States, President Faure of France and President Kruger, of the South African Republic, there would be three good shots.

THE ILLINOIS MARKETS.

The Blow bill having been sent to limbo, the Illinois Sportsmen's Association has prepared a measure for consideration at Springfield, which embodies, in a more wholesome, but we think still inadequate, degree prohibition of the sale of game. Here is the text in full of the sale section:

Section 4.—When Unlawful to Sell or Have in Possession.—It shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation at any time to sell, expose for sale or have in possession for the purpose of sale or transporting for sale any of the game birds, fowl or animals or song and insectivorous birds mentioned in Sections 1 and 2 of this Act and killed within this State, or to sell or have in possession for any purpose any of such birds or animals which have been illegally killed in or transported illegally from any other State, and it shall be unlawful between the 1st day of February and the 1st day of October of each and every year for any person, firm or corporation to sell, expose for sale, ship to any point within or without this State, or have in possession for any purpose any of the game birds or animals mentioned in Section 1 of this Act, lawfully killed and transported from any other State Any person, firm or corporation guilty of violating any of the provisions of this section shall on conviction be fined not less than $25 nor more than $50 and costs for each offense, and stand committed to the county jail until such fine and costs are paid, provided that such imprisonment shall not exceed thirty days and provided further that each and every bird or animal unlawfully sold, exposed for sale, in possession for purpose of sale of transportation thereof for such purpose shall constitute a separate offense.

The Sportsman Tourist.

BOAT HOOKS AND HEROES.

At the club, one dreary afternoon in winter, we were scattered about the reading room smoking, or drowsing over the papers, while we waited for dinner.

Finally one of the loungers beckoned to a window overlooking Puget Sound, and as though afraid speech would dispel the charm, by a sign diverted the attention of those who developed sufficient energy to join him, to the gorgeous picture formed by the haze of many tints that rested on the snowy crest of the Olympic Mountains; the rolling, leaping, foam-lashed waves spending their fury on the beach below; a passing ship with sails unfurled that sped before the semi-gale that seemed to gather fury with each succeeding gust, and the Indians in their frail canoes, that like the circling, screaming gulls, are most to be admired when floating on a raging sea beneath a threatening sky.

While we gazed enraptured upon the scene, in something changing with every instant, a shout from off the pier, a gathering crowd, a human form that madly plunged into the waves despite the hundred hands that sought to stay the act, made us forget the beautiful and grand arrayed by thought divine for our delight, to view the hideous contretemps, born from the misery of a man to mar for us an hour of peace, for other such, maybe, a life.

"He is lost!" some one whispered. "None but a Siwash could brave such waves and live."

Providence was kinder than we thought—an Italian fisherman just then had lashed his sloop securely to the pier, and interposed his boat-hook between the maniac and eternity. With vast relief we saw him, cold and dripping, yanked upon the land, where, for an instant, dazed and trembling, he submitted unresisting to restraint, and then, with mighty unsuspected effort wrenched away and plunged again into the water. Again the friendly boat-hook played its part, defeating watery death; and now the late policeman took the cue and lodged the madman in the station-house to answer to the law upon the ignominious charge of "attempting suicide."

"A gallant rescue!" cried our legal light, "Oh, worthy copper; how much I honor thee." And then he smiled to think that now he, or some more lucky brother at the bar would seize the chance to mulct the poor man's friends, if such he had that cared for his release from chain-gang durance on the city streets.

"Such shames are common," replied the doctor. "Pneumonia follows such a ducking. The hospital, not the lock-up, is the place most mete for that prospective patient. I will seek the Mayor so soon as I have dined."

"That boat-hook will figure as a hero in to-morrow's dailies," said the man who shoved a pencil at so much cash per mile.

"Alas! too true," chimed in the cynic, "of just such stuff our heroes are, in these degenerate days."

"What's this unseemly interest, this plebeian animation in a social club?" exclaimed a cheerful comer-in, whose unkempt hair and beard unshorn bespoke a traveler just returned from some unbroken wild.

"Why, Charley, Charley!" replied the chorus, "where have you been this fortnight? We have missed you from your favorite corner, and not a man could tell your whereabouts"

"Oh, just a little journey down the Sound."

"Horrible weather for your trip, old man!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Some client that was worth the fee?"

"No, not that."

"A timber-claim; going for a song, perhaps; asked the silent lumberman, who thought the world was saved by saw-mills.

"No."

"If you were a doctor, Charley," said he of pills and poison," I should say a wealthy patient that never growled at triple charges had lured you to the wilderness. Tell us where and why you went."

"I hardly know, boys, where I went, or what to tell you; but you shall have the story---what there is to tell.

"You see this little pin? Yellow and red and blue—an emblem of some order, is it not? That tells you all I know.

"I was on the wharf one night about ten days ago, idly waiting for the steamer from Victoria, hoping thus to kill a little time—you know I have too much of that. Well, the boat was late, and after a while I drifted into the 'Sailors' Rest,' a drinking place of mean repute, and there I overheard a man before the mast telling how, that day, an Indian came aboard his ship at Townsend, and told the captain that in the forest, fifty miles away, and just as far from any habitation, a white man lay unattended in his cabin, dying of cold, disease and hunger.

'At first the story did not impress me very much. I felt sorry for the poor unfortunate in a vaguely careless fashion, and wondered who he was,and how he came to be alone, or thus deserted.

"After I had gone to bed the story occurred to me again; and with it came the thought that I had nothing else to do but gratify my curiosity upon the subject, so I dressed and filled a bag with necessaries for the trip, caught the midnight steamer down the Sound, and ate my breakfast at Port Townsend.

"With but little trouble I found the Siwash who told the story, and by using much persuasion, a little money and a deal of whiskey induced him to take me in his dug-out to the nearest point attainable by water and guide me overland the remaining distance.

"As I told you, it was only fifty miles, and only five of these to foot, but so cold and fierce the wind, and so few the hours of day, that the second night came down before we reached the cabin. The man was still alive, but reason was dethroned, and not a word of all his ravings gave me any clue to, what his name or whence he came.

"The Indian helped me gather wood and minister to the poor man's comfort as best I knew, and then he left me with returning daylight, promising to come again within a week.

"Before another day had dawned my patient paid the debt to nature, and in my turn I was left alone in the forest. Not until then did it occur to me that not a man in all the world knew my whereabouts except that treacherous Siwash; and, should he deceive me, that it was impossible for me to make my way alone to the world of civilization.

"It would weary you to listen to the mental suffering I endured during the days I waited there alone with the dead, uncertain of the living; or with what relief I hailed the liberating red skin, who appeared promptly as appointed. Suffice it to say we wrapped the body in a blanket, and, at Port Townsend gave it Christian burial.

"My trip was all in vain, not a line, not a scrap of anything did the man have about him, to tell even his his name. Beside his gun and traps, this little pin, fastened on his pillow, was all he had of value. My curiosity is still ungratified, and—I am hungry as a bear."

"All that goes in the paper to-morrow," said the man of the pencil.

"Not a word; not a word,' an you love me,'" replied Charley, laughing, as he turned to go up to his room. "I do not like to advertise my failure to the world."

"Boat hooks and heroes! There are heroes after all," said the cynic softly.

WILL SCRIBBLER.

GREENBRIER, ALA.

FROM A FAMILIAR LETTER.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—I have just received another long letter from my old-time friend and companion of many a memorable outing, L. P. A., of Portland, Oregon. He is one of the retinue of Judge S. H. Green, as, in fact, I used to be myself, and many's the time we have dropped into the judge's office together for a few minutes chat about bass and pickerel vs. "the bloody carp" that are eating all the widgeon grass and wapitos, and ruining the once famous duck shooting of the Columbia River.

Lon has just returned from a two month's stay at his camp, "Bleak Hall," at Lake Merrill, up near Mt. St. Helens in the Cascade Range, where he and John Davis, veteran guide and trapper, went for a personal interview with the white goat. They were not so fortunate with the goats as on previous occasions, but bagged several deer and caught enough of the beautiful cut-throat trout, for which the lake is famous, to keep the spacious chimney of Bleak Hall filled with their smoking remains.

Artist, poet, philosopher and true lover of nature would that I might prevail upon him to lay aside his modesty, take time, and give Forest and Stream a worthy account of many adventures in that wild region. He has half-promised that he will do so, and in the meantime I can do no better than to make a brief extract from his letter:

"I suppose," he writes, "I would drop a job at a thousand a month and go to the mountains, if I became imbued with the desire as strongly as I have been at times; and, in fact, I know I would, for I would estimate that a month's salary would buy enough grub to last two or three years and I might not live that long, so it would be foolish not to take my opportunity at once. We have had more snow than usual here, and there seems to be considerable in the mountains. You ought to see the pair of antlers I traded John out of. They are only two-point horns, but are larger at the base than any eight-point horns you ever saw. Each branch is twenty inches from base to tip of longest point, and they are completely covered to five or six inches from the base with abnormally large and numerous "warts" of all forms. They are as symmetrical as could be made and are altogether as hand some a set as I ever saw. A good match for yours. They were upon the "biggest buck" John ever killed; and he was certainly over two years old. He has also killed small and apparently young deer with many points, and scoffs at the theory of telling age by the points. I presume that the rule is all right, but certainly has exceptions, as most rules have. Monstrosities are bound to occur almost in any place and without visible reasons.

"I also have the skin of that deer soaking in the cellar, and am going to make a rug of it.

"Say, you just take pains to cultivate that turkey man. Such chances only come once in a life-time, and people have been known to turn to salt while hesitating when an opportunity was before them. I would rather kill a wild turkey than an elephant.

"You remarked that the love of nature and wild life is born in us. You are correct, for I stand before you a living example. Among some old letters in my possession, written by my mother before my birth, I found one from which I make this extract: 'When all is quiet in the house I can listen to the roar of Mary's River (which is in sight of the house), and it reminds me of being at my old mountain home and listening to the roar of the water in the ravine, for it makes a noise almost equal to that, especially after a heavy rain, and you may be sure this is the kind of life that suits me.' The place they were living at was near Corvallis, in Benton County, and is where I was born, within sight and sound of the mountain stream. So it is no wonder that there are charms for me where I can listen to the music so much like my earliest lullaby.

"I commend you for your expressed hopes for the lad's interest in such things and feel sure that there is no cause for uneasiness on your part, for I know you can't help but impart to him a full share of your own nature and that is enough. I am just as sure as you are that such a good time will come when we shall have the opportunity to start the youngsters right, and I am sure it will be as full of pleasure to us as I hope it will be to them. Your devoted mate must not be forgotten either—along this line—for I believe a woman can find just as much enjoyment in whipping a stream and stalking a deer and following a pair of well-trained dogs over sweet fields, as can a man; and I believe it is the duty of a man who loves such things to provide all the means possible with such an end in view, of course providing she is able to enjoy it and cares to. Some women could never do it. Of course, few could go where a man generally goes, but a loving husband can find a way where both can go. Only think of the more than doubled enjoyment he could get out of his trips with rod, gun and camera, could they be shared by the one nearest and dearest to his heart. The camera offers a very interesting field for women if they do not take to rod and gun, and will afford as much pleasure in all probability.

"I don't think I mentioned my new tobacco pouch. I made one from the pericardium, or heart skin of the little doe we killed. It makes transparent parchment like skin. I lined it and sewed on black velvet around the top, and put in a puckering string of silk cord (an eye-glass cord), and at the loose end of the strings I fastened on one a bear's claw, and on the other the big bear's tooth, which formerly graced the latch string of Bleak Hall. It is very neat and serviceable. The old one you gave me at McKenzie Springs has seen its best days, and will now remain an ornament and a souvenir forever.

"Well so long—write as often as you can. Your letters are to me like a gushing spring half-way up Totman Hill on a hot day, and with a big bush of ripe brown huckelberries on one side and a plate of seedless oranges on the other."

You will recognize in the names "Bleak Hall" and "Totham Hill" a tribute to the gentle patron saint of all anglers, and any one who has ever toiled up the long trail over the backbone of that hill, sometimes facetiously called "Topnone," will appreciate the reference to a gushing spring with huckelberries and seedless oranges on the side.

R. L W.

PERE MARQUETTE FISHING CLUB.

If you will take a map of Michigan and follow the line of the F. & P. M. R. R., northwest from Saginaw, a little over a hundred miles, crossing the G. R. & I. road at Reed City, the C. & W. M., at Baldwin, you will notice in Lake County, about four miles west of Baldwin, a spot on the map designated by the unusual name, Wingleton. Wingleton is a pretty long name to use, and whenever any of the Saginaw crowd start out on a fishing trip, they generally say they are going up to "Kinne."

This little place was formerly the center of a lumbering operation, carried on by our good friend, W. D. Wing. For years the busy hum of industry enlivened the sand plains at this point. A logging railroad extending some miles to the north brought in the saw logs from the surrounding pinery, and an active saw-mill turned the logs into boards. A planing-mill, too, stood there in the palmy days of this now deserted hamlet, a relic of which remains in the shape of an enormous stack of pine shavings that the boys always want to touch a match to when they are passing it; but the busy ax of the lumbermen soon brought an end to the pine forests, and like many of our North Michigan towns that thrived on the lumbering industry, it reached its limit and death.

The mill was moved away; the houses became vacant and nothing of life remained but the dozen or so of domestic cats that did not move when the inhabitants of Wingleton left, and the shriek of the whistle was replaced by the shrill cry of the blue jay, busy gathering acorns from the scrub-oaks that grew here in abundance. Many and many a time have we in the past partaken of the hospitality of our good friend Dermont or Wing, and either made up a party for fishing the Little River, the grayling stream that was so aptly described by our friend Mitchell not long ago in Forest and Stream, or fished for trout in "Kinne Creek."

This creek was not naturally a trout stream, but had been planted years before by officials of the F. & P. M. R. R., who have done much to develop trout fishing along the line of that road. Originally it was full of grayling, but with the coming of the trout the grayling disappeared, although even to this day one is occasionally taken. The boys never thought of fishing with a fly when the stream was in its primitive state. It ran through Cedar swamps, and was fringed with overhanging boughs to such an extent that it was almost impossible to cast a fly. Besides, the big trout lurked underneath the roots and logs, and it was supposed that the only way to get them was to drop a seductive worm placed on a good, strong hook, and attached to a still stronger pole (not rod), and yank them out with one supreme effort. We always looked with envy on the basketful that Poquette, Wing's sawyer, was sure to have every Sunday night during the season, and, in fact, it was sometimes hinted that he had about the same basketful out of season. Great stories were told of the three-pounders, four-pounders, and even imagination would stretch to the five-pound limit. There is no question, though, but that the little stream has produced and does produce some very large trout, but I doubt whether the scales would ever come down good and strong over any of them beyond the three-pound mark.

At the opening of the season, May 1, three or four of us would borrow from the railroad superintendent his car "Peggy," being a combination of engine and car that would take care of three or four people very well, and could run like a scared dog a mile a minute or more, and after a late game of pede at the club would pull out for Wingleton. As the morning was getting gray we would fly by Dermont's house, and salute him with a shriek from the "Peggy," that let him know at once that the boys from Saginaw were on hand for the opening of the season.

Sometimes the worms would spoil by being placed too near the steam-pipes in the car, or Jack would forget to put them aboard. This we never discovered until the rods were put together (beg pardon, I mean poles), and some one would run back with the "Peggy" and borrow a few from Dermont from his little hoard that he had boxed up in the garden. Angle worms will not thrive here for there is nothing but sand, sand, sand, hundreds of feet deep. The coffee was usually made by Jack on a kerosene stove with a very pungent odor of the stove and coffee, and then we would sail in for the day's fishing.

All this, though, has passed and gone. What has taken its place is more sportsmanlike, is easier fishing, but I wonder if it is more fun. We always look back on our boyhood days as the most pleasant of our lives, and I think retrospect in this case loses none of its force.

In 1892 a few of us concluded a trade with Mr. Wing for several of the houses still standing and seventeen hundred acres of land, giving us the ownership of the stream and the land on each side of it from where it headed in a spring-fed lake of five acres in extent, that we call Spring Lake, to where it empties into the Pere Marquette River, nearly three miles farther on. Dermont's residence we fitted up for the club house, which was put in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Bates, both telegraph operators. Mrs. Bates, one of the best housekeepers in the world, and her husband, just the chap to look after the trout stream. To the right of the club house we moved another one of the vacant buildings, built a large fire-place in it, and partitioned it off into one large room, where we could all sit round the open fire, prevaricate, dry our feet, smoke, and spit on the sizzling hearth. The rear of this room is a locker-room and bath-room. Up stairs several extra sleeping-rooms were provided.

Now, suppose you follow the board walk back of the house for about a quarter of a mile; you come to Spring Lake, clear as crystal, from which runs a little stream

about ten feet wide and about one foot deep, increasing in depth and width as it runs along, for this stream is fed from its source to its mouth with colds prings, so it never freezes, rarely gets above sixty-two degrees temperature, is never affected by rains, for the rise and fall does not vary four inches, and no matter how hard it may pour for days the water is never discolored as the soil is all that white sand of unknown depth, so well known in the pine



THE KINNE NEAR THE GLORY HOLE.

barrens of Northern Michigan. Not far from Spring Lake is Mill Lake, about half a mile in diameter, well stocked with muskalonge and black bass. We follow the stream through its many twists and curves that an angler loves so well, running between high banks, cold and swift, until you come to where it pitches under the road above the Austin House. Here it widens, for, in olden days, a dam was built below to run a primitive saw-mill. This dam has been washed away partially, but it still makes quite a pond, and is literally alive with trout, some of them big ones, too. Just at the dam stands our hatchery that we built in 1893, taking the first year ninety-two thousand eggs and hatching eighty-five per cent. of them. These were planted not only in our own streams, but in other streams tributary to the Pere Marquette. This year we have taken over two hundred thousand eggs that are hatching nicely at the time this is being written. We received from the State over three hundred thousand fry last year that we distributed in the lakes and streams in Lake County; but let's follow the stream and see what we can see.

Below the rush of the water through the Austin dam is a grand hole where always lurks the big fellows, and from there to the railroad, careful and cautious fishing always produces a well-filled creel.

Under the high bank carrying the railroad, the stream discharges through two large iron culvert pipes. It is always a question debated around the fire, whether or not the trout run up or down through these dark pipes. It does not seem to make much differences whether they do or do not; there are lots of fish both sides of the track.

The photograph taken just below the railroad track gives you an idea of the stream, which here widens to about twenty feet, running from shallows to deep pools. The underbrush has been taken out; the Cedar swamps are now drier, and no bait fishing is allowed, and unless one is skillful with the fly, you will catch no fish in Kinne.

Sweeping around many bends, the next picture is taken just above Glory Hole. This is a beautiful spot. A big spring rushes in from under the bank, and in its eddy the big trout congregate. Cautiously peering over, one can always count from a dozen to five times that number of trout anywhere from ten feet long, well to say some of them two feet long. The water, may be, magnifies them, but just how large they are no one will ever know as they never take the fly, and no matter how carefully you approach the spot or how seductive the bait, nary a one will you land, for these fellows of the Glory Hole are educated. Here is where we usually meet for luncheon. We have erected a little shelter for rain or sunshine; Bates brings the luncheon here at noon, and here is where we meet, compare catches, and tell yarns about the big one that we have lost.

What a beautiful stream it is! Was there ever a prettier one? The moss-covered logs and patches of moss that collect here and there are literally alive with shrimp. The abundance of food in the stream accounts for its great fertility. Without further artificial stocking, I think it could never be fished out, and I do not believe there is a stream in the world of its size that produces trout of as large an average. Our limit is eight oz.; anything below that must be returned, and a basket of fifteen pounds is all any of us are expected to catch, according to club rules, in a single day. Several dams have been constructed to widen and deepen the water here and there, and to make rushing pools below.

How well I remember one June evening standing at the foot of the old Cartier dam after an unsuccessful afternoon's angling. Suddenly the vast pool seemed to be alive with spreading rings. A cloud of insects, May flies, are hovering over the water. It is dusk, and the trout are beginning to jump, first the little fellows on the shoals, then where the pool is deeper the big fellows make a splurge. In an instant I forget my fatigue, and putting on a winged May fly, make a cast where a large ripple denotes a big fish. Great Heavens! What a strike. Instantly there is music. This pool is the largest on the brook, is six or eight feet deep for a space in its center, probably twenty feet square, and as the pool is nearly a hundred feet long and probably forty feet wide, it provides ample sea-room to play large fish, and large fish there were there that night. I had no landing-net, and played my fish as hard as I could. Several I lost, one with broken tackle, and, for about half an hour I never had better sport. My large creel was filled, so that the lid bulged. After dressing them I had thirteen and one-half pounds and just seventeen fish.

Of course, I lost the largest one, which I know was over three pounds, but one that I weighed after getting to the club house that night pulled down the scales at a good, strong two and one-half pounds.

I have had good fishing there since, late at evening, but never has this basketful been equaled.

Below the Cartier dam the character of the stream changes somewhat. There is very little moss or gravel, but instead that loose, sandy bottom so well known in all our Michigan grayling streams. The trout, too, instead of being dark, hard and metallic looking fellows, are lighter, and seem softer when you run a knife through them to clean them. Still, we find large ones here, and many of them, but the choicest bit of fishing, and that for which we all strive is from Glory Hole to the Cartier dam.

Our club consists of twenty members, about half of whom are residents of Saginaw, and the Saginaw crowd is well represented in this membership.

Over across the hill is the nursery, a little stream about a mile long, originating in a spring and dying out in the sand, running nowhere. Here it is we deposit our fry for the first year. They do not have to be fed artificially and thrive wonderfully.

The record kept of fish the last three seasons shows that we have taken about eleven thousand trout. We have a third lake on the property, not connected at all with the stream, and in this we have put some brown trout.

With our hatchery, as it is arranged, and our means of taking care of the breeding trout and fry, think we will have annually from three hundred to five hundred thousand fry from this on.

A jolly party last fall went up to see the operation of stripping the fish. It was a cold day, and the ladies rigged up in all the old coats they could find in the club room. The picture herewith shows they were not a serious crowd. In the stream below Spring Lake we have partitioned a part for the breeding trout, some ten or twelve hundred, and many of them big fellows. The netting is to keep out the kingfishers and heron. First we had this netting down close to the water, and we found many of the trout killed themselves by jumping against it. Now, with it raised up, we rarely lose a fish.

A great future is in store for us. Every year we expect great dividends from the Pere Marquette Club in the shape of fish, outings and fresh air. It is a rest from business that we all need and can get near home, for we take the afternoon train at four o'clock and are at the club grounds that evening for a late supper, and back to business after a day's fishing; so we feel we have lost no time.

Several of the club members have erected summer cottages around Mill Lake, which is, indeed, a picturesque and pleasant spot.

After all Northern Michigan is not waste land. Is not the present product of Wingleton of as much and more lasting value to mankind than in the days of the saw-mill?

W. B. MERSHON.

SAGINAW, Mich.

DO-KA-BATL THE CHANGER.

Now while the long evenings are here and the "fraternity" have a little time to spare, I'll tell them whom to thank for the privilege of living in a country that has game to shoot at and fish to toss a fly to. I know this must be the right story of how these things came about, for Iwana John, who is very, very old, told me all about it this summer, while we sat by the remnants of the singgamble fire on the Skokomish river, which is born near the Thunderbird's nest away back in the Olympic mountains. At least John says it is born there, and I guess he knows.

After I saw the singgamble I got the old man to talking, and this is what he said:

"A-a-h snugwillimie, has de-la-a-a-te ahncutty——" Oh, yes; I forgot; you don't understand Chinook, so I'll translate it. A long, long time ago," said he "many snows before I was a little boy, a great man whom the Siawash call Do-ka-batl, the Changer, came riding out of the sea on a big cloud and came here by this river.

You know the Siawash then did not know how to catch salmon with the willow trap, and Do-ka-batl soon showed them, and they catch many salmon that way now. Then, for it was very, very long ago, there were many bad Indians, so Do-ka-batl changed things this way. One bad Indian sat making a stone knife sharp and Do-ka-batl knew it was to kill him, so he said: 'Why do you sharpen the knife?' The man did not answer, so Do-ka-batl said: 'Give me that knife; you want to kill me!' The Indian was much afraid and started to run, but left his knife, which Do-ka-batl picked up and threw into the man's heel, making him jump much; and then he changed him into a deer, and he jumps much yet. That is why a deer has two toes, and the little toes that stick out behind the foot are all that is left of the knife.



THE KINNE BELOW THE RAILROAD.

Do-ka-batl went on and soon saw a medicine man who had his hair tied in bunch on top of his head and was dancing around much. Do-ka-batl thought this man would look better some other way, so he changed him into a blue jay, and he flew away in the woods.'' That is why the blue jay weats his hair pompadour and jumps around so much yet.

Old John was started, and that meant talk until the fire went out, so he told me about the humming bird. ''Do-ka-batl went on until he saw a Siawash who was out in the rain, and throwing his hands about his head to keep the rain from falling on him. He thought that a Siawash who was afraid of getting wet was very foolish, so he changed him into a humming bird, and he still throws his wings about very fast and is afraid of the rain. That taught all Indians not to be afraid of rain; and now they don't care a bit whether they get wet or not.

''Now, a little boy had heard of Do-ka-batl and was afraid of him, but he left his mother's house a little ways and Do-ka-batl came along. When the boy saw him he was badly scared and called, 'Boo! boo!' to his mother. Do-ka-batl got angry and changed him into a dove and sent him into the woods to call for his mother all the rest of his life.''

The old man went on to tell me how Too-lux, the South wind, and Quoots-hoi, a witch, were responsible for the birth of the thunderbird, who makes the rain, the lightning and the thunder, and by the time the tale was finished, for it was a long story, the fire was down to a bed of coals, and I knew the old man was through for that night, so I gave him a bit of tobacco, said ''Klook-wa, tilicum'' and rolled up in my blanket to dream of all sorts of Skal-lal-aye.

EL COMANCHO.

Seattle, Washington.

A WASATCH BUDGET.

The year just closed has been illustrious to the sportsmen of Utah from the fact that it marks the first strong and successful effort to enforce local game laws. This happy result has been effected, not by the farmers and land owners—they have not yet imbibed the protective spirit, except for home industry. It has been brought about by a unity of action on the part of sportsmen's clubs and by the trying of cases for violation before magistrates who cared more for the law than for the good will of the offender.

Utah Lake, concerning which I have often written Forest and Stream, is a body of fresh water, 30 miles in length by 12 miles in width and fringed by numerous shallow bays and indentations. It is fed by cold mountain streams, all of which are famous for their trout. The lake trout, too, are large and gamey.

All of the bays of Utah Lake are shallow and overgrown with tules. Feed is excellent—or was before the confounded carp commenced to clean it out—consequently we have enjoyed excellent duck shooting. Surrounding the lake are six large settlements, Provo with a population of 5,000 and the others averaging 2,000 each. Add to the sportsmen of these towns the sportsmen of Salt Lake and the rural population immediately adjacent to the lake, and you can see that a continuance of good shooting and fishing depends upon rigid protection. I have taken pains to examine the records of the justice of the peace for Provo precinct for the past six months, and find the following case of game law violation with the disposition made of the same:

Aug. 21, P. P. Hindmarsh, illegal possession of trout, fined $25; Aug. 21, B. Madsen et al, illegal possession of trout, fined $50; Sept. 6, Chris. Jensen, seining, fined $15; Sept. 6, Kelsey Bird, seining, fined $15; Sept. 10, G. W. Tibbets, shooting ducks after sunset, fined $1; Oct. 12, Parley Swenson, shooting ducks after sunset, fined $15; Oct. 12, Walter Smith, shooting ducks after sunset, fined $5; Oct. 12, Hymen Jensen, shooting ducks after sunset, pending; Oct. 12, Neils Hanson et al, shooting sea-gulls, pending; Oct. 27, P. P. Hindmarsh, shooting ducks after hours, fined $51.80; Oct. 27, John Clark, shooting ducks after hours, fined $5; Oct. 27, John Taylor, shooting birds after hours, acquitted; Oct. 27, ------ Barker, shooting ducks after hours, pending; Oct. 29, Jos. Springer, shooting ducks after hours, pending; Dec. 11, Wm. Rothwell, shooting ducks after hours, fined $5; Dec. 11, J. H. Evart, shooting ducks after hours, fined $5; Dec. 11, Chester Hutchings, shooting ducks after hours, fined $5; Dec. 11, Truman Hutchings, shooting ducks after hours, fined $5. Total fines, $202.80.

In addition a number of cases have been tried, with similar results before the U. S. Commissioners at Provo and before each of the other seven precinct justices that have jurisdiction about the lake.

The introduced fish in Utah Lake are carp, striped bass and black bass. Their introduction has been detrimental to the increase of trout, and as a game fish the black bass has already taken the place of the lake trout. The carp are an unmitigated nuisance save as the small fry serve as food for their more worthy competitors. It would almost rival brother Greene's bull dog story if I told of the way in which those overgrown carp, that have fattened on good duck feed, lie in the shallow bays, too lazy to move out of the way of the boat and suffer themselves to be prodded with our oars before they will allow us to pass out to our blinds.

The black bass is beginning to beautifully adapt itself to its environment. The streams that empty into the lake bring from the Wasatch an immense amount of detritus and are constantly delta forming. It is where these delta streams, with a comparatively rapid current, cut their channels through the stagnant water of the tules that the black bass lie. They are as greedy as they are obstinate, and our local fishermen have great sport with the fly. To be candid, I have not yet caught on to what I consider the correct bass fly for these waters, so I use a spoon with entirely satisfactory results.

Anent this subject I learn that the lake white fish (coregonus clupeiformis) is to be placed in Utah Lake within a short time. The following letter is self-explanatory: ''Washington, D. C., Jan. 22, 1895. A. Milton Musser, Esq., Fish and Game Commissioner, Salt Lake City, Utah: Dear Sir—Replying to your letter of the 14th inst., I think it will be practicable to send you a carload of white fish fry or eggs to be hatched on the car en route if you can arrange the transportation from Chicago to the destination. It will be best to place the fry into Utah Lake as it would not be advisable to attempt transporting the fry eighteen miles by wagon after so long a trip. It is impossible to say definitely when the shipment can be made, but I suppose it will leave Alpena or Sandusky in February or March. The car has a regular crew of five men including the cook. Yours truly,

W. DE C'RAVENEL.''

Through the courtesy of local railway authorities, free transportation for car and crew has, at the request of Commissioner Musser, been secured from Chicago to Utah. It was originally intended to plant a part of the fry in Bear Lake, and to that the ''eighteen miles by wagon'' refers. As a food fish there is no doubt of the value of this species, but I am ignorant of its game qualities and shall watch with interest the fight for life and the survival of the fittest in the contest that is bound to take place in Utah Lake.

In October I reported at some length the violations of law at Fish Lake. It was the opinion of the people about the lake that the Fish and Game Commissioner of Sevier county was culpably negligent or else personally interested in the matter of trout-catching. I made a stay of one week at Fish Lake, and that week commenced on the day that the law was off (June 15.) I saw, before ten o'clock on the morning of June 15 a large farm wagon leave the lake, loaded as full as the bed would hold with trout. I knew of trout being peddled in Sevier county for a week before this time. I saw three fish traps (each used before the 15th) and each surrounded by piles of roes and offal. I saw boards removed from the dam of the Rabbit Valley Irrigation Company and woolsacks held beneath the flow until they were filled with trout. When I expostulated, I was informed that the commissioner (B. Carter) dare not arrest them, as he indulged in the same practice himself. In view of these facts, let me insert Mr. Carter's own report of the season's work:

''There is little to look after in this county in the way of fish and game. As to fish, I will say the Sevier River is converted into canals. There are eight ditches taken out of the river in this county. Fish Lake is the main fishing place, and the Rabbit Valley Irrigation Company has that shut off all winter and until June, when they open the lake and destroy large numbers of fish. Fish Lake is about thirty-seven miles from here, and it would take one man all his time to look after that part of the county alone. The county only allows $75 per year to its fish and game commissioner. There were two arrests made at the lake last summer. We don't have many deer to look after and there is not much hunting going on as far as I am able to learn.''

I did not have much sympathy for Mr. Carter until I learned the amount of his salary. Seventy-five dollars for the work that should be done would make a preacher turn poacher. Concerning the deer, I shall have more to say later on, having had some sport with them just over the line from Sevier county, in the new county of Wayne. A number of our local market hunters (natives not sportsmen) have made their annual trip into the White River region and report deer as being unusually abundant. As they shipped their game to Salt Lake by the carload, I am bound to believe their reports. The Indians about Provo have brought in less venison this winter than ever before, but from other parts of the territory reports are excellent. The grouse and chicken shooting during the fall was fully up to the average. As yet, no Mongolian pheasants have wandered hither from those wonderful Oregon preserves. When they get here, the sportsman's cup of happiness will certainly overflow.

SHOSHONE.

PROVO, Utah, Feb. 7, 1895.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—III.

IN THE CANE BRAKES.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 31.—On the morning after our arrival at the timber camp on the Sunflower, we made an early start on the hunt, and the sun was hardly over the edge of the earth before our cavalcade was winding out over the fowl trail, the mellow voices of the horns calling the pack together. I found that the horn of the humble cow constitutes a large factor in the science of bear-hunting. By its means the woods may have a language, so that the master of the hunt can tell what is going on at a distance of half a mile or more. The notes of the horn could be heard a mile, no doubt, in open country, but so dense and stiffling is the cover of a heavy cane-brake that a horn is faint at half a mile, and often at a range of 200 or 300 yds. seems half a mile away. As the skilled hunter knows the voice of each member of his pack, so the dogs know the sound of each horn of the hunters. Mr. Bobo's dogs would come only to his horn. All the hunters know the note of each hunter's horn, and could tell who was calling when the sound of a horn came. All were advised to use the horn as little as possible, that being left to the master of the hunt, who called together or laid on the dogs. A brief code of signals was used. Thus, two short and a long note of the horn was the call to bring the dogs together. A single loud and long note indicated a query, ''where are you?'' Three long notes at intervals, meant, ''come to me.'' Continued blowing of the horn meant a kill and assemblage after the chase.

Our hunt of the day was to be toward the breast of Surveyor's lake, over in the thick cane country, and to reach our point we had to travel over what was called ''Tom's hack,'' meaning a trail cut through the cane by Tom, the negro. A section of this country was then provided with these ''hacks'' for the convenience of the hunters, a success in the hunt meant an intimate acquaintance with all these trails, so that we could ride in ahead of the dogs. To ride ''cross country'' to the dogs was an impossibility. The strongest horse could not force his way fifty-feet into the heaviest cane, and a man on foot would be helpless. To be lost in a cane-brake is a thousand times more awful than to be lost in the mountains One might know his direction perfectly, but not knowing the trail cut to it would be as badly off as though he were utterly at fault. I made careful estimates of one's ability to get through such brake on foot, and I do not think a man could go over a mile in a whole day of hard work, unless he had a cane-knife (a heavy-bladed knife, about 2 ft. long and weight 3 lbs., used by all brake hunters). I made up my mind that if I should be cut off from the others in any way, I should leave the matter of getting home entirely to Coleman, my horse, which I discovered to be a trained bear hunter and an expert at taking cane. Even in riding along the ''hacks'', the brake-hunter needs all his pluck and patience, for the hack is merely a slit in the wall of green, which closes and pinches in on the hunter. A thousand malicious fingers pluck at the horsemen. His horse rises and leaps under him, to take a log the rider can not see, and at the leap the out-reached arm of a tree also unseen may crush his shoulder seriously. The shaking and switching and cutting of the cane on the face and body is continuous and painful, and one's legs soon get badly bruised by frequent grinding against the trees and shrubs that grow in the heart of the luxuriant green. It is impossible to see twenty feet ahead, even on the line of the ''hack.'' One follows his leader closely, his horse, from long experience, knows it useless to breast the cane. He ducks his head and crawls under the overhanging cane. The rider, almost swept from his saddle by the rush of interlocked stems, bends low on his horse's neck, keeps his rifle low down and endwise with the path, and plunges through the best he can. This is how you ride to hounds—until you hear the strike and the fighting roar of the dogs. Then you just ride—you forget how. The magnificence of the game is its atonement.

ACCIDENT IN THE CANE.

In one of these narrow, choked-up hacks, Horace Bobo was riding ahead, and all at once we saw him stop and dismount, holding his hand to his head.

''Tell Papa to come here,'' he said, and we all pulled out the best we could to let Mr. Bobo by.

''What is it, son?'' he asked. ''Have you got a cane in your nose?''

''Yes, said Horace.''

''Have you got the piece out?''

''I don't know, but I think it's all out. Here's quite a piece of it.'' His nose was running blood.

''Well, jump up and go ahead, son,'' said his father. ''I've had a hundred canes in my nose I expect.'' And this was all that was done, except that Horace got a roll of leaf tobacco from Mr. Payne, and plugged up his nose with it. The next day the boy coughed up out of his throat, a piece of cane nearly as large as a lead pencil, and about half an inch long. It had been driven entirely through the nasal passages into the throat. Such may be one of the incidents of this rather stern sort of sport.

It is a rule of the hunt that no man shall carry his rifle loaded, that is, well—a shell in the chamber of the gun, because that would be highly dangerous in such riding. Short Winchester carbines, .44 and .38, are the guns used. Of course a rifle must be short and light to be used in such riding, where it is carried over the saddle in a broad path, in the hand at the side or before the face in close cover. Mr. Bobo had a trick of carrying his rifle stock upward in his bridle hand in riding through vines and bushes. Usually he could break through a tangle, but if it was too tough the pull on the rifle stock would stop the horse by pulling on the bridle, before the vines got back so far as his face. In the cane riding, experience is everything of course. Mr. Bobo told me that most new men that he took in hunting were unable to keep up, but were continually getting lost and requiring a search party, to the delay of the hunt. He was good to compliment me on my deviation from the usual rule in this matter, but I never told him why I kept so close up—I was afraid of getting lost if I didn't! I wouldn't be lost in that country for a hundred dollars a minute. And beside, I always thought my horse had a great deal more to do with it than I had. I just staid with the horse.

BEAR, THIS TIME.

Well, we went on about a mile from the camp, past an old beaver-dam which lay up in the dry ground in the woods, and followed Tom's track into the thick cane about half a mile or so, trying all the time to keep the young dogs together till we got a bear trail. There was a great deal of other game in that country, and several times the youngsters opened and a number of them passed out of hearing in the distance. Still, we had no word from the old bear dogs.

At length one of the foxhounds ran up on top of a log, snuffed, whimpered and gave voices to a loud, deep cry. Old Henry jumped also, and at once added the approbation of his gruff bark. Then every dog left near us broke in, swarmed around the spot and at once began to give tongue. The chorus became a savage, roaring chaos of fierce and angry voices, more thrilling than any music of hounds I had ever heard. The notes of a pack trailing bear is more one of anger and ferocity—than the musical call of dogs running a smaller animal. The man can not hear it and sit still. The dogs of war are loose in the air and he must ride, he must act.

The pack gathered and lead out and swept away, the sound coming back loud, then faint, fainter, very faint.

''That's bear, this time, for a thousand dollars!'' said Mr. Bobo. ''Get back to the cross trail and walk over to the right!'' As he spoke he crashed through the cane and back he went over the trail, every horse following, as eager as the dogs.

I will not weary readers with the story of the rest of the hunt. It was wait, and ride and wait again, and listen and call, and all the while there were three distinct chases on, only one of which was bear. For once in a way Mr. Bobo was at fault, and was puzzled to know why the bear dogs didn't come the way he had figured. He and I kept close together, and I suppose traveled several miles through the cane, unable to make out where the bear had gone or what had become of all the other hunters. Puzzled and perplexed, after a long listening wait in the heart of a dense brake. Mr. Bobo at length crowded through the cane at the end of the faint ''hack'' we were following, and we came out on the banks of a shallow dry bayou. Here we sent a lusty blast of the horn out through the woods, and at length fancied there was a distant answer. Toward this we crowded, and soon caught the horn's note more clearly, and finally heard the shouts of other hunters coming toward us.

''Come this way,'' called Mr. Bobo, and in answer some one called, apparently asking: ''Did you see the bear?''

BRINGING IN THE BEARS.

In the dense cane the voices seemed to be three hundred yards away, but almost before we knew it, a little procession came filing out of the brake, Horace Bobo, Frank Harris and the colored boys Tom and Peter. And behind the saddle of the last, flopping and swaying, and dangling far down on either side, was a limp, black, furry object.

We had our bear. Only a cub, of about one hundred

and fifty pounds weight, it is true, but with jet black, long, soft, glossy fur—as pretty material for a rug as one ever saw, this I can testify; for the hunters insisted on my taking the skins we got.

In the little open glade we paused and took stock, and blew the return call for the absent, who soon joined us. It transpired that the bear had been killed less than half a mile from us, and that the hunters had afterward fired a dozen shots to call in the dogs, but we had not heard a sound of it, the wind being against us. There were only five dogs in at the death, but every one of these was game to take hold of a bear. The bear had treed in a vast white oak, in the middle of a strip of the heaviest cane. Horace and Frank and the two colored boys heard the bay, and crept in through the cane. The bear saw them, and at once let go all holds, apparently, and dropped down out of the tree almost as fast as if it were taking a straight drop through the air. Horace took a snap shot at it, and so did Frank, but neither could say he hit it, the fall of the creature was so swift as it backed down the tree trunk. As soon as it struck the ground the five dogs seized it, and strung it out. Mr. Bobo said he would have taken the cub alive, but the colored boys had a dog or two in that fight that they didn't want to have hurt. Tom rushed in among the dogs, and sent a couple of bullets straight down through the bear's head, bursting open the whole back part of the skull, and ending the fight at once.

It was a bit disappointing that the rest of us had not seen the finish, or heard the fight, but at any rate we had our bear, and there was rejoicing accordingly. Mr. Bobo and Mr. Payne both thought there had been two starts, an old bear and her cub, and that the main pack had gone off with the old bear, the few dogs in at the death with the cub having jumped it and treed after a short run. Yet by some way of their own the rest of the pack seemed to know a kill had been made, for in twos and threes they began to straggle in; at the grallochingthere were dozens of hounds to fight over the tidbits most prized in a bear dog's gastronomy. Then the bear was again lashed behind the saddle of Bill's mule. I noticed that the front paws were cut across and unjointed, and was told this was done to keep the claws from digging into the sides of the mule as the body swayed about. Surely the art of bear hunting was done fine here.

We finally took saddle again, and made off down the Black Bayou, a vast dry bed of the river, filled with cypress tress and hedged in with giant oaks and gum trees. It was only a trifle past noon, and we wanted another bear. The dogs were trailing at one time, but the day was so dry and the wind disturbed the dry leaves so much that no pack on earth could do much with a cold trail, so we got no other start, or at least got no other bear, though at one time we expected a shot as a large section of the pack came sweeping up in full cry. There was a fire in the cane brake, between us and the Sunflower, and we could hear the loud popping of the cane, and smell the smoke very plainly. This disturbed the hunt, and before night we hurried back and went to camp.

DRESSING THE BEAR HIDE.

"Well, you didn't get your shot, did you?" said Mr. Bobo, as we sat around the fire. "But you keep close to me to-morrow, and you won't be far off at the finish. I want you to kill the bear to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" I said. "Why, I thought I was going to take the train south to-night, somewhere down in here."

"Well, you're not," said Mr. Bobo. "You'd have to ride fifteen miles through the dark now by way of the upper ford to get to the nearest station, and if you swam the Sunflower here you'd have to go ten miles, and you'd have to hurry then, for the train is due there about nine o'clock. You are going to stay right here and go bear hunting some more."

So I was a prisoner, and a very philosophical one, for I reasoned that Mr. Divine and his friends would not wait for me at New Orleans now anyhow, and so concluded to take the world as it came; which is a pretty good way to do. if you can only do it.

That night we skinned the young bear carefully, leaving on his feet and head and fleshing off the hide as well as we could. Mr. Bobo showed me that by using cornmeal with the salt the flesh on the inside of the hide could be stripped off much more easily, the meal drying up the greasy flesh so it could be pulled off in flakes and strips. This "wrinkle" is valuable in preserving green skins, and to it I attribute much of the excellent condition of the skins I sent North, which did not suffer in the least, though the weather in the South was then quite warm. There is no part of hunting I like better than fooling over a hide, so I sat up late rubbing and scraping this skin, at length rolling it up in salt and meal in the certainty that it would never spoil. All of this seemed to interest the others, who couldn't see what there was about a bear hide to be worth bothering over. They did not know how prized such a gift is to one who doesn't live in a bear country. I noticed that all the horses and mules about the camp seemed perfectly indifferent to the bear or the skin and paid no attention. The ordinary horse is deathly afraid of the mere smell of bear. These horses must have had many a bear about them. On my last day out I made a saddle blanket out of the cub skin, as Coleman had a sorish back, but Coleman didn't mind the odor of the skin, nor the swinging of the bear's legs along his sides.

OFF FOR ANOTHER BEAR.

On the morning following we were up early, and had a breakfast of bear liver and bear steak, and each man made himself a bear sandwich for lunch. This made our hearts strong, but it was hard on the bear. After breakfast the dogs had a turn at what was left, andby noon the one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and fifty pound carcass was gone. When you have along a pack of fifty-three bear dogs, there is little danger of any meat going to waste.

By this time the dogs had some of the wire edge taken off from them, and were much more manageable, so that we kept the pack pretty well together. As we were starting out for the hunt, one of the men employed at the camp called to us from a path in the woods to come over to him, as there was a panther in the brake near by him. He said it had called out several times while he was at the spring near by and had followed along in the cane for a distance. I thought this was a pretty good chance for a run, but Mr. Bobo kept right on, saying he thought the man had heard the old she bear whose cub we had killed the day before. "We'll get a bear easy enough where we are going," said he.

THE STRIKE.

The plan for the day's hunt was to skirt along some pools in old bayou beds, where we had seen tracks of bear the day before, in hopes that we could get on the trail of one that had been in to water the night previous, or in the morning. To make it short, we did before very long find fresh tracks in the mud at a little water-hole, and while we were figuring on these the dogs broke away in full cry—and what a magnificently savage music they did make. This is the best of this sort of bear hunting—the music of the pack. No man living can sit in his saddle unmoved by it. It thrills and tingles and insists that we yell and ride.

We yelled and rode. The pack split. Mr. Bobo, Mr. Payne and myself took the left-hand trail, which Mr. Bobo said was the natural course of the bear. Now, it did look a bear hunt, and we rode hard. I began to see where Mr. Bobo got his reputation as a hard rider. He went ahead for nearly a quarter of a mile riding at the bottom of a dry ravine or water-course. This was full of trees, vines and saplings and a million keen-tipped switches cut the hands and face continually, while one's legs were bruised by the elastic saplings and the tree trunks against which they were constantly scraping. I thought this even more punishing to ride through than the cane. It was no walking or even trotting, but full gallop, which one must do here to keep in sight of the leader. The hunting horses, under spur, plunged at the thicket full speed, and we had to sit fast and fight the vines and branches as best we could at full speed. At last we rode out of the gully to a hillock in the cane, to find that we had not headed the pack. There had been a turn, and we were at fault. Crack! smash! slam! we went through the cane for a way and then again paused to listen. Faint voices of the pack came from below us.

THE START.

"The bear has smelled the burning cane and headed back from it," said Mr. Bobo. "We must get back." So back we went down that awful ravine, full gallop, smashing and tearing through the vine-knit, tough young trees, getting as much as we gave in punishment, I imagine. I know my legs were black and blue after it. Yet again we rode up on high ground to listen. One part of the pack was now trailing back of us, across the ravine. "Some one ought to go over that way," said Mr. Bobo. "The bear is up now." Mr. Payne volunteered to go.

"Come on with me, now," cried Mr. Bobo to me. And I went in after him the best I could, through an hour or more of the worst riding I ever had in my life. Up and down that awful ravine, Bobo the bear hunter raged unsatisfied. We went to the open glade at the lower end of the ravine where the bear should have crossed, but could not find any sign that the chase had passed. We rode over to the banks of the Black Bayou four different times and back, but no dogs did we hear.

"Great governor!" said Mr. Bobo, "can it be that I've lost the pack again to-day, right when I want you to be in at the fight. And so he raged and fumed and rode and blew loud upon his horn; but the wilderness replied not.

I suppose we had spent two hours thus, thrown entirely out of the chase, when we heard the faint voice of a horn. "That's Horace's horn," said Mr. Bobo, and he's coming up the Black Bayou. "So back to the Black Bayou we sped again. There at length we met Horace and Frank and the colored boy Bill. They had no more idea where the hunt had gone than we had."

"Well, you're a good lot," said Mr. Bobo, to let the dogs run plum away from you. Where are all the dogs, anyhow?"

The boys said they had met two dogs coming back, half a mile below and showed the direction from which the dogs came. Mr. Bobo carefully asked the names of the dogs they had met coming back. "Why didn't you shoot them?" said he. "I don't want any dogs that leave the trail when it gets hot."

"Now, I know all about this hunt." said he, "as well as if I had seen it. The dogs that Mr. Payne went back to were the dogs that had the bear. The others were runing the back track. The dogs that you saw coming back came from over there, in that thick cane, and that's right where the bear went, too. It's very likely he's a dead bear by this time, too, for those two niggers, Pete and Tom, would get him if Mr. Payne didn't. Come ahead, I know right where to go now."

THE KILL.

So off we went at a gallop, making through the open glades at the head of the bayou, and at length striking a great body of very heavy cane. Here we heard a horn, and answering got reply in a repeated sounding which made my heart sink, for I knew then the bear was dead, and that it had been impossible to hold it for me to shoot, as it was the understanding among these generous hunters should be done if possible. We answered and pushed on into the brake. Mr. Bobo took one course to the horn, and in trying to follow him I took the wrong glade, and got in with the negro Bill, who confidently led me into the worst cane brake I ever saw. The voices of the hunters with the horn seemed two hundred yards away, but when the hardy Coleman burst through the last of the cane I found they had not been forty yards away.

And there was a picture for you. Horses standing about in the little open space at the foot of a giant white oak. Dogs lying panting, or fighting or sneaking about, apparently a hundred of them. Mr. Payne, tall, quiet, and slow of speech, leaning against the tree. The negro boys, Tom and Pete, bending over a vast object on the ground. Which object was the bear.

"Well, there's your bear," said Mr. Bobo, discontentedly, throwing one leg over his saddle horn, "and I reckon you got a rug this time, but I would have given twenty dollars for you to have had the shot."

Yes; there was the bear, about three hundred and fifty pounds or more of him lying red and white on the leaves, and his jetty robe already lying under him, for the boys had him nearly butchered. This same robe, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Bobo, now rests in the Western office of Forest and Stream, along with the skull of the same bear. This was the bear I should have killed, which everybody wanted me to kill, and which it was a ten to one wager I would kill if I kept close to Mr. Bobo. But on this particular day luck was against me. Had we turned back with Mr. Payne, we would have had the shot. The dogs bayed the bear in this brake, and it went up this big white-oak tree—something which I would have bet all my worldly goods it couldn't have done, so big and fat was it—and the two negro partners sneaked in just ahead of Mr. Payne. They weren't taking many chances about that bear's coming down among the dogs, but promptly shot him where he was, about sixty feet above the ground.

"We double-fired him, sah," said Tom, meaning by that that they had both shot at the same time. The bear was shot through the heart and fell to the ground dead. I should have thought it would have broken every bone in its body. There were fifteen dogs in at the death.

It seemed that the Afro-American was getting to be a good deal in evidence as bear hunter in our crowd, but all the rest of us could do was to go in and stand it and hope for better luck. So we cut up the bear, put the pieces in sacks brought along for the purpose, distributed the burden among all the horses, fastened the skin behind a saddle and set out for camp, which was only about a mile away. Until till very late that night we ate bear meat, and told bear stories, and boiled bear heads, and scraped bear hides, and were perfectly, childlessly happy, at least I was. And once more the New Orleans express went south through the brakes and forests of the Delta, and I let it go. And Providence alone knew where Tom Divine and the others were by that time.

"We'll kill another bear to-morrow," said Mr. Bobo.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

A REMINISCENCE.

I have never considered it necessary for a man nearly to drown, to appreciate what it is to live. Nor do I think it essential for a man to work himself almost to death, in order to fully realize the blessings and benefits of recreation and a change. Yet I do believe that he rests better who deserves a rest, and I pity the man who has nothing to rest from but himself. In seeking this deserved diversion, some chose one thing, some another. As for me, the gun and dogs, and the freedom of the fields and woods with well-chosen companions, are the days that when the body is tired and the spirit heavy, can be recalled with a pleasant and refreshing benefit. The soul straining times of 1893 and '94 have to me had their bright days as well as dark ones, and what I owe to my guns and my (brothers') dogs, I can never repay. The times have not been of the debt paying sort, and while Donald is the smartest dog on earth and Ben Hadad the most sensible, both of them have been so smothered with kindness they won't miss my donation of gratitude. The man who thinks a Rev'd Dr. is only a handy institution in a sick room or the pulpit, has had little experience with men of the cloth. Just before Thanksgiving the Dr. wrote me that he had an order to stop a big vestibuled New York and New Orleans express train at Reidsville, N. C., to let us off, and stop a few days later at the same place again to take us on, and that he would join us for dinner on the train at Philadelphia. And what for? The Dr., George and myself were off for a hunting trip in North Carolina. The student had laid aside his books for a well-deserved outing, taking nothing with him but his pure broad Christian manhood, a good gun and most promising young dog. George had said good-by to the tiers and tiers of religious and country newspapers and type-writers, and soon forgot whether the balance in bank belonged to him or his creditors; but out of consideration for the Dr. and myself he didn't forget to take Donald. And I—well, the man who has held his job down, and drawn his full salary these last two years in a big mercantile house, knows pretty well that there has been some work and a heap of anxiety connected with it, and a change at this time was most welcome.

We reached Reidsville Thanksgiving morning, before the cock had the heart to crow, and that in North Carolina is early. A rap on the hotel door soon brought down a native darker than the night, but in those black hands there was light, and that light soon extended to the big fire-place, and soon we were warming by a cheerful log fire, watching a typical late November morning break into day, while the appetizing aroma of an early breakfast cooking penetrated every nook and corner of our nostrils.

At breakfast we were notified that one, Mr. Hicks, had called for us on schedule time, having received instructions to do so from Mr. Lewis, who was expecting us. Mr. Hicks was to drive us, and in this case us, meant a lot, to Monroeton eight miles away. My years of experience in the drygoods business came in handy in loading that wagon. Mr. Hicks is a small man, and has small feet, but he never got them in the wagon, there wasn't room. I hope that my memory will never fail me, for Mr. Hicks and the five-year old gray horse and the twenty-one year old black one will always remain a bright spot with me as long as memory lasts. Mr. Hicks said he was forty-six years old, barring the three months of a hard winter to come, and had never had money enoughat one time to travel beyond the county line, and had never missed a day's work since he had the measels. The black horse had in years gone by won every race in every county in the State, and was no slouch of a critter yet. The gray one had done considerable traveling by running away at each and every opportunity. What else he said during that eight miles drive would make a book, and an interesting one, too, could it be written as related. Aside from the rural gossip we heard, the only incident that occurred was our stopping to secure the small end of a fence rail to thrash Donald with, because he wouldn't lie down and be comfortable on the rear spring of the wagon. Arriving at our destination we were soon changing clothes before another one of those glowing log fires, which our host had so thoughtfully prepared for us, and in less than an hour, divided into two parties; we were in the field and our guns cracking, and with a fresh pair of thoroughbred dogs every hour or two.

The sport was simply intense. Lewis had a fine lot of youngsters, among them my own dog Mont, an Antonia puppy that he had been handling for four months. The

marvelous work of these young dogs was the most interesting thing in the way of field sport I have ever seen. First down was Rim, George's young Breeze-Gladstone pup, with Sandy Gladstone as guide and running mate. Then Mont and Mecca, and so on down the string, all showing a speed and quality truly remarkable, and a glowing tribute to John N. Lewis as a handler and braker of dogs. I can see Sandy yet, as he drew himself by an embankment by the road-side near a short growth of timber, with four crooks in his back and five in his tail (my apologies to Mr. Mitchell, but this point was truly sensational), with a covey well marked ju t ahead of him. Rim circles to the rear, sees Sandy and with head and tail well up turns rigid. Dear friends, you have all seen this same thing many a time, and who among you has ever tired of it? I did step in to flush, and did kill a bird; but I should value that bird very little, if those two dogs hadn't been instrumental in finding it for me to shoot.

Another day Mont comes across a field at a tremendous gait, finds himself at the top of a steep embankment, never hesitates, makes the leap, lands below in the red sand, sticks forward in a rigid position, and the trembling under lip and fast beating heart are the only things that move. Just ahead of him in the weeds is another covey. Mecca comes along the bottom, takes the scent and straightens. My blood tingles and my nerves are strained. But I must kill a bird this time, or never look that dog in the face again. Well, I can look at him, even if my first barrel didn't count.

And so one day was a repetition of the other, and it came time to pack that same wagon behind that same team and drive back with the same Mr. Hicks. Our string of game was not large, nothing like the size I so often read about. We don't boast of exterminating a single covey, and while we were a party of three, with considerable gun experience, there will be good shooting where we were in another year. We left plenty for breeding and for Lewis to teach his young hopefuls with for all time to come. The recollections of those evening meals where our pure minded host would request the Doctor to ask a blessing, the plenteous food, the good fellowship, the chat by the log fire in the old-fashioned log house, the warm comfortable beds in the cozy little room, the crude side of the native negro servants, the pure-minded, simple country folks, whose integrity is native born and unimpeachable, the hospitality and ccourtesy that are so truly natural, having escaped the adulteration of a modern society are all refreshing at the time, and leave an impression that is healthy and lasting.

The return from one of these trips is so much like parting with a dear old friend that I will say little of it. The fast train stopped for the Doctor, and we all got on, and the middle of the next day saw us once more installed in our separate homes, doubly ready for the many and accumulated duties awaiting us. The guns have been well rubbed down and carefully put away. The dogs lie around the place getting fat and out of condition. Yet I never look at Mont without pleasure. I love talent even in a dog.

And now a parting word of those big generous field companions. The dogs delight me; the birds are interesting and essential to field sport; but be it in their libraries, or on the top rail of a North Carolina worm fence, in the smoking compartment of the sleeper, or on a buckboard steered by a lantern through the mountains of Monroe or Pike counties, on a Cheseapeake Bay steamboat. or lost in the slough of a goose pond. or on the barren in a fog, by the babbling brook, or in the hot, dry field, chasing an unruly dog, or a winged bird, always the same, faithful brothers and true sportsman and a pleasure forever, until now this hunting trip is just like the others with the exception of the change of place and scenery, only a pleasant reminiscence, a time to be recalled with refreshing results. THOMAS GILMER.

NEW YORK.

Natural History.

THE POCKET GOPHERS.

We have recently received from the division of Ornithology and Mammalogy of the Department of Agriculture, Number 8 of the series of bulletins entitled North American Fauna. It consists of a monographic revision by Dr. C. Hart Merriam of the pocket gopher family, Geomyidae, exclusive of the species of Thomomys. The monograph is a work of 258 pages illustrated by 19 full page plates and 71 cuts in the text, besides 4 colored maps. It is strictly technical.

The area inhabited by this family extends from British Columbia and the plains of the Saskatchewan on the north, south to Mexico, and yet notwithstanding this wide distribution and the very great abundance of individuals in many regions, there is perhaps no family of North American mammals which, up to the present time, has been less known. In preparing a bulletin on the economic relations of the pocket gophers, it became necessary for Dr. Merriam to determine the standing and the geographical distribution of the different forms. This study led to the present paper, which at length assumed such proportions that it was necessary to omit from it a consideration of the large thomomys, which itself has a very extended range.

No biologist has ever had an opportunity to examine anything like the amount of material that was at the disposal of Dr. Merriam. He had before him about a thousand specimens, among which are found by far the greater number of the actual types known to exist. The result of his studies is the establishment of seven new genera belonging to this family and of more than twenty new species and sub-species belonging to these new genera and to the old Geomyos of Rafinesque.

The pocket gophers are well recognized by farmers in the West as among their most injurious enemies. Livingas they do almost entirely on roots and tubers, they are highly injurious, and they also do much damage in fields of grain and fodder, not so much by what they eat as by the amount of surface which they cover with fresh earth from their burrows. Dr. Merriam corrects a widespread erroneous belief when he tells us that the cheek pouches, or pockets, are used exclusively for carrying food. It is the general impression that these pouches are used also for carrying dirt in its removal from their burrows. An interesting account is given of the actions of a tame pocket gopher, which was for some time kept in confinement, and carefully observed in order to learn how food is placed in the cheek pouches. Dr. Merriam says: "The animal soon became sufficiently tame to eat freely from the hand, and was commonly fed bits of potato, of which he was particularly fond. The manner of eating was peculiar and interesting, and showed an ability to use the huge fore feet and claws in a way previously unsuspected. After satisfying the immediate demands of hunger, it was his practice to fill one or both cheek pouches. His motions were so swift that it was exceedingly difficult to follow them with sufficient exactness to see just how the operation was performed. If a whole potato was given him, or a piece too large to go into the pouch, he invariably grasped it between the fore paws and proceeded to pry off a small piece with the long lower incisors. He would then raise himself slightly on his hind legs, and hold the fragments between his fore paws while eating; for he usually ate a certain quantity before putting any into his pouches. If a small piece were given him, he took it promptly and passed it quickly into the pouch. Some pieces were thus disposed of at once; others were first trimmed by biting off projecting angles. As a rule, one pouch was filled at a time, though not always, and the hand of the same side was used to push the food in. The usual course is as follows: A piece of potato, root, or other food is seized between the incisor teeth, and is immediately transferred to the fore paws, which are held in a horizontal position, the tips of the claws curving toward one another. If the food requires reduction in size, the trimming is done while held in this position. The piece is then passed rapidly across the side of the face with a sort of wiping motion which forces it into the open mouth of the pouch. Sometimes a single rapid stroke with one hand is sufficient; at other times both hands are used, particularly if the piece is large. In such, cases the long claws of one hand are used to draw down the lower side of the opening, while the food is poked in with the other. It is obviously impossible for the animal to pass fodder from the mouth to the pouches without the aid of its fore paws.

"The most remarkable thing connected with the use of the pouches is the way they are emptied. The fore feet are brought back simultaneously along the sides of the head until they reach a point opposite the hinder end of the pouches; they are then pressed firmly against the head and carried rapidly forward. In this way the contents of the pouches are promptly dumped in front of the animal. Sometimes several strokes are necessary. I am not prepared to say that the animal cannot empty the pouches by means of the delicate investing muscles, but I have never seen them emptied in any other way than here described."

While the present paper is almost exclusively technical, its preparation was an indispensable antecedent to a study of the life histories of this group. The results of such a study having a special relation to the injury done by these animals is promised as a separate bulletin of this division. It will be prepared by Dr. Merriam's assistant, Mr. Vernon Bailey.

Birds of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

While it may truthfully be said that all local bird lists if honestly prepared by a competent person are useful, it is very seldom that we meet with one so complete and so valuable as that compiled by Mr. Witmer Stone under the direction of the Delaware Valley Ornithological Club.

This club was organized in 1890, and soon afterward measures were taken to compile from the field notes of its members a list of the birds known to occur in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Early in 1890, a committee composed of Mr. Geo. Spencer Morris, Mr. Samuel N. Rhoads and Mr. Witmer Stone was appointed to take charge of this matter, and to prepare a work which should embody the results of the club's ornithological investigations in the Delaware Valley and along the New Jersey seacoast. The work of preparing and editing the accumulated material was entrusted to Mr. Stone. The final report was submitted to the club in May 1894 and the results are now before us.

The work consists of two parts, part I, including chapters on the Geographical Distribution of Birds, Faunal Areas of Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Winter Birds, Bird Migration, Migration in the Vicinity of Philadelphia, and Birds found within ten miles of Philadelphia. This part occupies 25 pages of the work. Part II, includes Introductory explanations, and Annotated List of the Birds of Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Addenda and Bibliography, this part occupying 142 pages, of which the list takes up 115.

The chapters included in Part I are interesting and suggestive, and indeed essential to a thorough comprehension of Part II, but it is after all in the annotated list that we find the greatest interest. No attempt is made to describe the birds or to treat of their habits. The names and breeding ranges and areas of winter distribution are given together with the record of captures ancient and recent.

As the region treated of consists of mountains, valley, low land, and seashore, and covers territory portions of which are within the Canadian, Alleghenian and Carolinian faunal areas, we find that this list includes a very large number of birds, no less than 352 being given. Among these are many which were formerly very common along the New Jersey coast, but which have now become practically extinct there and occur only as rare stragglers.

An interesting and valuable part of this work which it must be remembered covers ground that is historic for the ornithologist — is its bibliography which occupies 21 pages, being divided in two parts the first arranged chronologically, the second alphabetically by the authors.

The ornithologist can hardly be without Mr Stone's valuable list. It is most interesting reading. The mechanical part of the work is well done, the book being handsomely printed and bound. We notice only one typographical error.

A Flock of Starlings.

Editor Forest and Stream:

BROOKLYN, Feb. 25.—Yesterday, Feb. 24, on Lincoln Road, Flatbush, L. I., I saw a flock of starlings (sturnus vulgaris) of about thirty in number. Having lived on Long Island for over twenty years, and being fond of out-door life, it has yet never been my good luck to see these birds here before. I would like to know through you or your paper if they are to be found breeding here.

While a boy in Denmark I became very familiar with these birds, owing to their domestic habits. They breed their young in boxes put up on gables of houses and in fruit trees. Their eggs are a pale blue, and generally number from five to seven. They would return each spring, delighting us with their song, and were considered of great benefit to orchards by killing insects. Their arrival was looked upon as sure sign of spring.

Having got within fifty feet of the birds yesterday, and heard them singing as only a starling can, and seeing that their flight was the same as that of our American meadow lark, I know I made no mistake, but hope to hear these birds may become better known here.

Perhaps they were only traveling to a foreign land.

BERTRAM FICH.

[Starlings have been introduced in this vicinity several times. Once, we believe, in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, by the late Colonel Pike, and once, at least, in Central Park about 1890. From either of these points they might have reached Flatbush. The species is frequently reported to Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History, from various points about the city, but especially from the upper part of the island. A flock of about fifty has been recorded near Spuyten Duyvil. Two pairs bred last year in the roof of the museum. In Sept., 1889, Mr. William Dutcher received a specimen, shot near South Oyster Bay, L. I. The bird is resident here, and as it is has steadily increased and shown that it can resist our severest winters, it may fairly be regarded as permanently established.

Importation of Hares.

The English hare is not identical with the Scotch or mountain hare. The former is considerably the larger, as the Scotch is to the Irish variety. The English hare never changes its color. The Scotch hare does so as winter approaches, the fur bleaching from the feet up, not by gaining a new coat, though in the spring the change is effected by moulting, or better, by shedding the old fur.

I have just imported a lot of ordinary hares with fair success, and no doubt the Scotch hare would also do well, but they being smaller. I see no advantage in introducing them. I have had good accounts of those which have been here any length of time.

I cannot see why there should be an import duty of 20 per cent. on furred game and none on feathered. Who can give the pedigree of hares or deer? All game should enter duty free. VERNER DE GUISE.

The Climate of Washington.

SEATTLE, Wash., Feb. 18.—Late reports from the wire seem to indicate that you are going in for bearskin coats, etc., on account of a frosty feeling generated by the air. I read them, put on my straw hat and go fishing. You know we brag about the climate out here to a certain extent! We have had one light snowfall this winter, but it fell slowly and was gone next day, and I had the pleasure of shaking the snow from a superb tea rose, growing in my front yard before fastening it in the lapel of my coat. This was about Christmas. I have pansies and daisies in bloom in the yard now, while you are nearly frozen because you (poor man!) live on "the other side of the mountains!" But then, as Judge Green will probably tell you, it does "mist" here some in the winter.

EL COMANCHO.

Linnæan Society of New York.

The third lecture of the Public Lecture Course for 1895, "Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific," by William Libbey, Jr., will be given on Tuesday evening, March 12, at 8 o'clock, at the American Museum of Natural History.

Game Bag and Gun.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

May 13 to 18. Madison Square Garden, New York.—First annual Sportsmen's Exposition.

WILD PIGEON DAYS.

My friend, J. A. H. Esq., of Pittsburgh, occasionally sends me a number of the Forest and Stream, knowing that once I was something of a local sportsman. In the number of Feb. 16, 1895, I read an article entitled, "In Wild Pigeon Days." It reminded me of my own youth in Pittsburgh in the decennial 1820-1830. I am 86 years old, so that you will perceive the possibility of the time. Then Pittsburg was a small place, its population in 1820 being under 8,000. Boyd's Hill stood a high naked promontory overlooking the city northwardly, and bounded on its westerly side by the country road alongside of the Monongahela River. Little of that is now seen, the hill, then bare on top, is now built up for miles, overlooking what is Fifth Avenue on the northeasterly side, and the Monongahela on the westerly.

I describe this hill because it was a noted wild pigeon resort. About three hundred yards from the northerly overlooking point, a large group of native trees, chiefly oak, stood with many dead tops, on which pigeons are accustomed to light in the morning. In September, the small, broken up flocks of pigeons on their flight southward would light on these trees. On the bare hill and beside the woods the hunters stood in the morning waiting for the coming flights. The approach of a flock every few minutes was the signal for a fusilade of guns, and as the pigeons fell, the claimants often exceeded the birds in number.

In this section of country the pigeons fed chiefly on the oak mast. A white oak frequently would be alive with them. Yet when feeding on the tall trees among the thick leaves, it would be difficult to see two or more in range. I remember once, later in life, when looking for pigeons, noticing a large flock lighting on a very large white oak, but on going to it I found it difficult to see two birds in a range. Finally, firing at two, to my astonishment I gathered up eight besides noticing wounded ones flying away.

The number of flocks may be judged of by this fact. In the fall of 1826 or '27 I was hunting for pigeons on the

north side of the Alleghany River, on what was then known as Smoky Island. A high, naked, narrow hill, known as Hogback, (now Monument Hill) overlooked the Aleghany River on one side, and the "common," now the West Park of Alleghany City, on the other. A young man named Frank Byrne, stood on the river side of Hogsback and in one morning shot 96 pigeons by shooting at the flocks flying past him.

In the spring of the year, generally in March, the pigeons flew over to their nesting ground in Northern New York, in immense flocks numbering millions. I have seen a single flock stretching from horizon to horizon. I have also seen them lighting on the woods, covering the ground by thousands, advancing in rows as it were, stirring up the leaves in search of the fallen mast, chiefly acorns, dogwood berries, and sassafras berries. Pigeons have been shot in the spring with rice in their crops, showing long flights, though this is not wonderful, as the wild pigeon's flight is about ninety miles an hour.

In the thirties the pigeons began to be scarce and continued in the forties to grow fewer, owing, it was said, to the breaking up of their nesting grounds in Northern New York. It is now many years since any have been seen in this section

In the early time I have referred to, game was plentiful in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. About 1823 or '24 I saw a large flock of wild turkey in the heart of what is now Alleghany City. There were then a very few houses in that city. Below the Penitentiary on West Common, now the Park, there were but a fewfarm houses, and all that region to the Ohio River and to Woods Run, about two miles below, was excellent quail ground. I remember once flushing fourteen bevies of quail between the common and the Woods Run. All this ground is now built up, and for half a mile below Woods Run. It was once Manchester, and now a part of Alleghany City.

Squirrels were numerous. I remember about 1822 seeing John Sheriff walking up Wood street, in Pittsburgh, with his rifle over his shoulder, carrying on it a bundle of probably fifty squirrels. Then all rifles were flint locks, and I think men were as good marksmen as they are now. I followed a hunter one day on Hones Hill, now Troy Hill, Alleghany City while he killed seventeen or eighteen squirrels without missing a shot, and shooting all in the head.

About 1824, an Englishman brought the first percussion lock shotgun to Pittsburgh. It was not fired by a cap, but by a fine powder carried in a pocket primer poured into a small cup on the barrel.

As the time is way past and the scene is afar and the face of the country wholly changed, I have thought these early pigeon and game times might be interesting to some of your readers. DANIEL AGNEW.

BEAVER, Pa.

ACCEPTING AN INVITATION.

Granby, P. Q.—Newt and I were up on Shefford Mountain one afternoon last October after grey squirrels. As we entered the woods Newt saw several running and claimed he saw six go up one tree, a very high maple with a hole way up near the top.

I went up over the mountain, watching and looking everywhere, while Newt remained to watch the tree and wait till those six came out. All at once I saw what I thought was a tail disappear around the other side of the tree, and after careful reconnoitering I saw him lying flat on a limb and took a snap shot at him. He fell, but in coming down caught on and ran round the trunk. I threw a stick on that side on the impulse of the moment and he came back to my side, when I picked him off.

I went back to find Newt, who had some time before abandoned the tree, as he saw numbers of them in a butternut grove below him; but when he got there they had disappeared.

We continued the hunt without any success till about 5 o'clock, when we got around again to the original tree, and saw two more disappear up it. Newt said he would wait again and I also posted myself lower down and watched for some time. Finally I saw one making his way down the draw toward us, but in place of coming he went over a hill and disappeared. I stole cautiously his way, and saw him disappear in another tree.

I went up to the head of the draw and watched for some time and at last heard a shot, followed very closely by another. On going down I found that Newt had one grey. It was nearly dusk, and believing that there were more up the tree I told Newt he could go down to the grove and intercept any coming up, and possibly the noise of his going away would make any in the tree think we had gone.

I watched for about five minutes, when one ran down from a top limb, and as he was coming out to jump to another tree I took a quick aim and dropped him.

We then went to the farmer's, and there found that a man with a load of sheep had just come in from near Boscobel, who seemed very sorry for us that our result was only three squirrels.

"Why, come out our way," he said, "squirrels are plentiful. Down in MacFarlane's sugar bush they are there by the hundreds. If you want any hunting come and spend a couple of days with me. I have a fine dog that will run foxes, tree partridges and give you plenty of sport. I have a regular game pocket. It was only last Sunday that as we were coming back from church a big moose crossed the road in front of us. Two years ago we killed a deer; also have seen bears, while ducks are in plenty on the flats. I never crossed the bridge but that several flocks could be seen around the bend. Trout? Yes, why, the Indians camp on the flats every year and live on trout, and lots of camping parties come there every summer."

"Do they catch any big ones?" asked Newt.

"Oh, yes, they run from two to five pounds."

"Have you only one dog?" I asked.

"Yes, but he's a daisy."

"I should think that when you wanted him to hunt partridges he would get on a fox scent and leave you?"

"No, he knows when it's partridges you're after. He'll hunt them up, put them to tree and then sit and bark at them till you come up and shoot them. It is dead easy, and you can get 25 birds in a day easily."

"Will you sell that dog?" asked Newt.

"No, sir, money can't buy that dog. I am going to Farnham with those sheep, will be back on Monday and you come up Tuesday and we will go out and give you some sport, and show you what kind of a dog I have. It won't cost you a cent; stop at my place. I'm just dying for a good hunt and will be delighted to go out with you."

With the promise that we would drive over there on Tuesday if the weather held good, and thanking him for his kind invitation we started home. We talked the matter over It meant a drive of thirty miles. Newt thought he talked too big, while I thought that there was so much game represented, surely we would find enough to satisfy us, as half a dozen partridges at most would be enough for us. As the weather continued fair we started on our thirty mile drive on Tuesday over very rough roads. The country being new, we had to make many inquiries, but finally descended a very steep hill, which showed at the foot a small river, that we took to be the flats aforesaid. In crossing the bridge we looked anxiously up and down the river for the ducks, but we could not see a sign of one.

A little farther on we came to the house. An old man was in the yard, from whom we inquired if our newly made friend lived there.

"That's my boy. Yes, sir, he lives here when he is at home."

"He is not at home, then? When do you expect him back?"

"Oh, the Lord only knows. He left here Saturday with a load of sheep and was going on to Farnham. Said he would be home last night, but I didn't believe him. Why, he went down there last year, and was to be home in two days, and never came back for two weeks. He has some relations down there, and they have apple parings, corn huskings and parties, and he gets in with the girls, and the fool never knows when to come home."

We had been driving all forenoon; it was then 2 o'clock. We had had a cold lunch and the horses had not been fed, and the old man did not seem anxious to invite us in. We explained how we had met this young man, who had invited us over, but he didn't take the hint.

"Is there much game around here?" asked Newt.

"No, not much. Quite a few foxes, but then it's too early for them."

"Any partridges?"

"Yes, quite a lot, but it's too early for them; have to wait till the snow comes; then go out at sundown, when you will find them budding, often a whole covey in a tree. All you have to do is to shoot the lowest one, and the rest will stay there till you kill them all. Just now they are very wild; would have to have a dog to tree them."

"Won't that dog of yours tree them?"

"Yes, I guess so. Never tried him. He'd be no good for them if a fox was around. He's a dandy for foxes."

The dog was making friends with me. I thought he had been sheared, as the hair was all gone smooth to the skin all over his face; there was a tuft of hair back of his ears and a little on the under part of his tail, but from his shoulders back it was smooth and fuzzy and very short, while what little there was on his neck showed that in normal condition he would have been a long-haired dog, evidently a breed between a collie and a fox hound. He was very thin in flesh.

"What is the matter with that dog?" asked Newt.

"Noth'n, except that he don't eat enough—isn't reg'lar at his meals," as an after thought.

"Has he had the distemper?"

"Not as I knows on."

"Well, what makes his hair so short? Did you shear him?"

"Oh, no. He's worn that all off chasing foxes through the brush. He is after them most of the time. You might come here every day for a week and not find him at home. Might hear him after the foxes back in the woods. He is often two days at a time chasing them.

"I shouldn't think he would be of any use to you," said Newt. "Don't you want to sell him?"

"No, sir. He's the finest cattle dog I ever owned. I have no fences to speak of, but the neighbors' cattle don't bother me, nor do my own break in. I can send that dog away down to the lower end of the lot after cattle, and if there are any strange cattle there, he will drive them away, and bring my own home, and when he chases them out of a field a couple of times they don't come back. Besides, when I once set him on to drive them out of a field he watches till he learns them that he is guardian over it, without any further orders from me."

We had no opportunity to try the dog in any way, but he is the first one I ever saw or heard of that wore his hair all off chasing foxes through the brush. I wonder if any of your readers ever saw a similar case?

"How about the fishing?" asked Newt. "Do they catch many trout down on the flats?"

"Occasionally they will catch a trout. The Frenchmen fish nights down there after pouts, of which there are lots, but trout are mighty scarce"

"How about ducks?"

"Well, ducks don't amount to much. There used to be quite a few here at times, principally in the fall and early winter. You see the water is warm down there and the current pretty swift in places, so that when the ice first takes in other streams around here the ducks make for this place, as it is open till very late. Why, two years ago there was a flock down there that got caught in a snowstorm and seemed to be pretty well used up. I went down, had only one charge, walked right up to them and got four with the one shot. They didn't seem to be able to move much. No, I never go hunting after them. Ain't got time."

After a little further conversation we inquired the road to Valcourt and went over to pass the night, reaching there a little after 6 o'clock.

When the hotel loungers saw our guns they came around and commenced telling us stories about the game. A deer had been seen there the past summer. One man a few years ago had caught eight fishes down on the brook. One old fellow pretty well corned with "whisky blanc" said he had a friend in the barroom who had been a hunter for forty years, and who could tell us all about it. He tried to talk English, and seemed quite offended that I should want to carry on the conversation in French He produced his friend forthwith and introduced us as English gentlemen to a friend of forty years' experience. Newt immediately nicknamed him "Old Forty." His statement of present game supply showed very poor, the principal game to be foxes, of which he had taken about fifty the past season.

He gave us one wrinkle in trapping them that I never heard of before. Down on the flats, or beaver meadow, or on a shallow brook he places his trap in the water, takes a sod and puts it on the pan and jaws, completely covering the trap, but necessarily thin. He then takes two other sods, placing one about stepping distance from the trap on either side, and if necessary to give dry footing from the edge of the water places other sods. The bait, a head of a chicken, or piece of meat, is stuck on the end of a bent sapling to hang over the trap. The fox, wishing to avoid the water, will step from sod to sod, and to reach the bait must step on the sod on the trap, which, of course, springs it. He trapped them in the fall, till snow came, then he caught the rest with "bullets," which, being translated, means "pills."

The next morning we started back home, but on the road stopped at a place we thought was good partridge ground and worked it. We went down to the old wood road a piece, Newt ahead, when two partridges went up off the brush fence, Newt calling to me to fire at them on the wing, or to fire, anyway, which I did when he explained that he had been told that when two or more partridges went up always to fire anyway, as some of them would go to tree. It didn't work this time, and we did not get the birds.

At another place in the woods Newt raised five, but forgot to fire to tree them till too late. They were marked down pretty well. I went over a hill, and standing on the top looked around among the brush to discover them if possible. Suddenly one broke cover from almost under my feet and scared me so that I forgot my gun. I pulled up, however, when she was about out of sight, and as I did so, two more went up. One of these I fired at and missed. At the discharge up went three more. I used the other barrel and had the satisfaction of seeing one of them fall. I shoved in two more shells, and still standing in my tracks I looked through the brush for more. I heard a "purt purt," and looking around in time to see one start up, tried for her but missed. Up went two more, at which I tried again and missed. I loaded again, and started to move down to retrieve, when up went some more. I tried again and missed. In moving down where my bird fell I found she was only wounded and had to take another shot, as she was running with a broken wing. I secured her, however, which was the first bird I had ever touched on the wing. We hunted after the others, but I did not see a sign of them. Newt said that two of them looked down at him out of a tree till they were tired, and he only discovered it as they flew away. I raised two more coming out of the woods and tried for them, but missed, and also another on the road, a nice birch tree taking the charge of shot in place of the bird.

I heard Newt fire once down in the swamp, but when I got down there he said there was a fine rabbit looking at him off the end of a log, he drew a bead on him, but seemed to be seized with remorse as he pressed the trigger, because the rabbit ran away.

We got home that night in a storm, the results of the two days' trip of about seventy miles driving being one partridge, but then we had learned a lot about different things, had the pleasure of meeting "Old Forty," saw a new specimen of a dog and came to the conclusion in future to take enthusiasts' big stories with a grain of salt. It was a wild goose chase, but my touching a bird on the wing was as much satisfaction to me as if I had shot a dozen out of a tree, besides I had found that one could shoot at a partridge on the wing much quicker than I had any idea of, but I have yet to learn how to shoot straight. J. BRUCE PAYNE.

An Armless Shooter.

Editor Forest and Stream:

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 14.—We have had in Raleigh an armless shooter, Rev. R. T. Vann, a Baptist preacher, of whom to-day's Evening Visitor tells the story: "Rev. R. T. Vann performed a wonderful feat near Scotland Lake. It is remarkable that he can hunt and shoot so well, not having any hands and only one arm, from a little above the wrist. Mr. J. P. Futrell made Mr. Vann a turkey-caller with a rough cigar box and slate. Mr. Vann practised with the caller one night, and went out with Mr. Futrell next day to hunt turkeys. They scattered the turkeys and made a blind apiece, some hundreds of yards apart. Mr. Vann occupied one blind and Futrell the other They both called for turkeys. Mr. Vann, having no hands, had to lay his gun down and take his caller between his knees, and use his slate as best he could with his teeth and stub of an arm. He succeeded in calling well. He laid down his caller, took up his gun some way, rose up, and shot and brought down a 19-pound gobbler. Mr. Futrell came, out of curiosity, to see what Mr. Vann had done, when, to his great surprise, Mr. Vann had killed the turkey, gathered him up with his teeth and piece of an arm, and had deposited him in the blind, and was ready to sit for another. Mr. Futrell is an old and experienced hunter, and thinks Mr. Vann's the best and most wonderful turkey record he has ever known."

When a boy, he lost both hands in an accident with a sorghum mill, one being gone just above the wrist and the other above the elbow. Notwithstanding his crippled condition he managed to do some shooting, of which he is very fond, and is said to be a good wing shot.

With his stumps of arms he raises his gun to his shoulder and pulls the trigger with his teeth. To do this he has fixed a twine string from the trigger, passing around the grip of the stock and attached to a bit of wood, in a position where his teeth will easily take hold while the gun is at his shoulder. Verily, the Nimrod in some men is hard to subdue. T. C. H.

Lost Ten Years.

MARYLAND.—I certainly do enjoy your paper; sorry I have missed such interesting reading for the past ten years; at least, had all of last year's bound. HARRY W. BOWERS.

THE CEDAR POINT DUCKING CLUB.

A glance at the map of Maryland will show that the southern end of the county of Kent is washed by the waters of the Chesapeake in the west and by those of the broad mouth of the Chester River on the East. The last square mile of this county is an island, known as East Neck Island, and on the river side of it, a mile or so in from the bay, is a triangular point of land bounded by the river's numerous bends; and by a large creek, which in the north or west would be at once dignified as a river. This point is named Cedar Point, and here are the headquarters of the Cedar Point Ducking Club, famous for its fine shooting of ducks, geese, and swan; and equally famous in being composed of gentlemen of the county, true knights of the trigger.

On Tuesday morning, Feb. 5, of the late memorable blizzard week, it was my happy privilege to leave the county town, for the twenty-three miles drive down to the club; with my host, William S. Walker, Esq., the Nimrod of the club, and a gentleman of the old school. It's a well-known adage that "a Marylander is born in the saddle;" and from the way they handle them I strongly suspect they are given miniature shot-guns for rattles in their cradles. My host was no exception, for though the frosts of sixty winters have whitened his generous locks; woe betide the luckless canvasback that draws in to try her flirtatious wiles on some old drake decoy; the result is: "Here, Toller! bring her here, sir! Good dog!" and the club's idol, the best dog in the Chesapeake, drops the still warm bird at your feet, giving you an impromptu shower bath in return for your welcome pat on his broad, massive head.

Scarcely had we reached the end of our journey and transferred our traps and provisions from the buggy to the club house, when we heard the welcome voice of another member; and soon the door-way was filled up with the full six feet two of Walter Strong, Esq., a splendid specimen of the bone and sinew of old Maryland. Delightedly we grasped his hand, for we well know that his enterprising spirit, fertile resources and inimitable duck and swan calls; coupled with his ever-readiness to do the work of two, would make the trip a success. Hastily eating a "native" biscuit or two, with a slice of cold chine—my mouth waters as I write—we grasped our ten-bores and made for the Cedar Point blind to see how the land lay. Our trip had been planned for "sod" shooting, especially at black ducks that are driven out of the marshes by the ice, and linger around the shores for a day or two following the first tight freeze. On reaching the blind we found the river nearly solid with ice, there being only a few air holes here and there, with their welcome black dots; while off in the distance toward Kent Island a line of black, and a longer line of white, proclaimed geese and swan respectively; whom we hoped "to see later."

After an hour or so in the blind and nothing flying, about 2.30 P. M., we determined to return to the house for an early supper and thus be in condition to pay our proper respects to the black ducks when they came in at night. Ah! ye pampered sons of luxury and other dyspeptics! What wouldn't ye have given for our appetites! Shades of the Roman gourmand! the asbestos roofing of your mouth would have been warped and blistered by the dishes of hot coffee we quaffed; while a bull boom was threatened in Chicago by the amount of provisions consumed. All good things come to an end only too soon; and as our pipes did the same we prepared ourselves for the Arctic blasts outside and were soon on our way back to the same blind. Despite our care and caution in approaching we put up a flock of twenty black ducks near shore, which nearly caused us to set fire to the marsh by our remarks.

Walter now crept out carefully to reconnoiter and soon we see him sink down slowly and come crawling back to us. "Holy Moses! there's a bunch of about thirty black ducks huddled up on the ice around near the point, not ten yards from shore, and we'll whale 'em." "Will you two go after them," said Mr. Walker, "and I'll stay here for a possible point shot."

Out we go on a detour through the marsh; the wind blowing a gentle breeze of forty miles to the hour, in a direction fortunately between us and the ducks; and the mercury making faces at zero. I must say I had enjoyed many pleasanter weeks. "Treading on eggs" as we approach their immediate vicinity, Walter at length straightened himself up as one lets out an old-fashioned telescope to locate them. "There they are," he whispers, and as I raise my head up from between my knees, he points them out to my eager gaze not thirty yards off. Moving a little to the right for a more raking shot at a given signal we let them "have it," and as they rise encore them again. Off they go as only a black duck can do it, but, unfortunately, not in Mr. Walker's direction. We picked up seven black ducks, two sprigtails and one bald-pate; and if we had shot No. 4s instead of Bs anticipating having to shoot them further off, we would have bagged half instead of a third of the bunch. Gathering them up we placed them, and some sods, out on the ice to decoy; and did it only too well, as will appear later.

Night was rapidly coming on, and nothing coming in to us, we thought we would go over and see how Mr. Walker was doing; especially as we had seen the flash of his gun three or four times, and though only a hundred yards or so from us, so strong was the wind that not a sound of the report could we hear. Sure enough, there in the ice around him lay three black ducks, single shots. "Just look at that," says Walter, pointing to our sods, and in the dusk we could see a big bunch settle into them; "don't that beat the devil." It certainly did. Out we go anticipating another ten strike, and safely reach the place where we "whaled 'em" before. For the life of us we could not make out which were live and which were dead ducks. And while trying to determine, their keen eyes must have seen us silhouetted against the rising moon, for our next look showed they were gone. Fearing that more night shooting might drive them away, thus spoiling next morning's sport, all hands now left for the house; where, after cleaning up guns, we settle down to pipes and pleasant reminiscences; turning in at 9.30.

"Five o'clock, gentlemen!" calls out Sam, the club's factotum, as he builds the morning fire. Thunder and Mars! how cold it was, and what wouldn't one give for an hour's more snooze. However, it must be done, and out we climb. A hot breakfast dispatched, the first streaks of a bitter dawn find us on our way to the mouth of the creek behind.

"There they are!" whispers Walter, pointing to the edge of yesterday's air hole, now hard ice. "No! that's not ducks," I whisper back. "Yes it is, hush! be careful," he exclaims, as his quick ear caught a sound mine did not, "I heard a goose honk right around the bend here, and he must be sitting on the ice up the creek, near the middle blind." Just then, honk! honk! honk! as if all the geese in all the farmers yards of the county were gathered in our immediate vicinity. "By Jove, there's a flock of them; run quick or they will be off," says Walter, setting us an example to the word. Right here we made the mistake of our lives, in the shooting line, by not stopping an instant and determining what we should do when they came in sight. On we ran on our way to the middle blind, as far as it was safe to do, when down we got and crawled out to the edge of the marsh, fringed with tall bay bushes and flags. There on the ice, not thirty yards from us, as close together as the fingers on your hands, sat over a hundred geese, all honking, and pluming themselves, previous to their morning's flight. I'll bet the camera then would have shown my eyes as big as saucers, and big saucers at that. There we were crouching; a cocked gun in our hands; and 5 drs. back of 1 1-4 oz. of three Bs—waiting to be let loose. Where, oh, where, was Mr. Walker? Back thirty yards on the marsh crouching at "Mark." What evil genius possessed that bunch of black ducks to go out of the creek at this instant; and caused him, in the dull gray of the morning, to mistake them for the geese on the wing. Still the geese sat on. Catching his eye, we nearly threw our arms out of their sockets in beckoning him on. After what seemed an age he reached us. And still the geese sat on. Instead of shooting them through the bushes and thus making sure of at least a pair apiece, we moved out toward the open path, Walter, I and Mr. Walker. The first square inch of the head man had not appeared in the path before the air was full of the worst scared flock of geese the State held. What was the result? Let me tell it gently. I can (italicize can) hit a flock of barns, even when on the wing; and I stoutly deny having the buck-ague; but do you know, looking at that flock of geese so long made my eyes diseased; they were covered with goose-flesh; I couldn't see 'em, so I didn't hit a feather. I spoiled Mr. Walker's shot by being in front of him. Walter had his old muzzle-loading 8 ga. along with him carrying a flask of powder and a half-bag of buck shot. He brought down two with the first barrel, and forgot to shoot the second in laughing at me. There was no use crying. Explanations availed not. The opportunity was gone but it was the golden one in the fifteen years' history of the club.

Toller quickly brought the two Canada's in off the ice; and we sadly wended our way out, bound for the Cedar Point blind for any shooting that might be had at ducks trading up and down the river. We put out sods; the two dead geese; also a couple of swan decoys and resumed our stations in the blind; still talking of "the might have been."

May be it wasn't cold that morning. Our mustaches were soon a solid mass of ice; and it felt generally as if it might be four thousand degrees below zero. In fact, it was below zero. At nine o'clock my two companions left to get thawed out at the house. On their return Walter suggested that he and I should break a hole in the ice up the creek and put out a few decoys for "brass eyes." "All right! but it's my turn for a thaw out." So leaving Mr. Walker on guard, we tramped back to the house. Discussing the hole in the ice question on our arrival at the creek, we concluded to wait until evening for black ducks; and walked around on the ice toward Mr. Walker. Coming within hailing distance of him, he shouted: "Look here!" as he proudly held a swan up by its neck, its head being on a level with his own and its tail touching the ground. "By thunder!" exclaims W., "he's got a swan, bet he killed him with my big gun." "No, I didn't, either," he answered, overhearing him; "I killed him with mine, it's good enough," as he patted his trusty old ten-bore—and then for particulars.

It appears we had not reached the house before he saw the swan coming right on to him over Hail Point, only twenty yards high. On it came, and noticing the swan decoys, and geese drew in beautifully, and when abreast of him about forty yards out, he rose on it, and—his gun capped. One chance left, thought the imperturbable old veteran, as he carefully sighted the bird's craw for his second barrel. The winged arrow of Fate flew not straighter than did the double T's from his steady shoulder; and down dropped the bird sixty-five yards off. What a magnificent creature it was! White as the driven snow, with scarcely a tinge of orange in the eye corner, proclaiming it a young bird. The weight was twenty pounds. Heartily we congratulated him, and set the swan out on the ice with the other decoys.

"Mark!" I cried, "up the river." "What is it?" "Geese I think?" as the distant line came slowly onward. "No, they are swan," says Walter, as they approach nearer; and faster our pulses beat in consequence. On they come, their long necks stretched out straight as yard sticks; and their immense wings flapping in regular cadence. Out from Walter's throat comes the low, soft, sweet call to them, and back come their answering notes. Call and answer, call and answer, until a blind man might have thought a swan was beside him; so perfectly did he imitate them. Suddenly they swerve off (too many sods we think), and held their course down the river, still answering W.'s call until the distance drowns it. Rising from our knees we sadly watch them fade out of sight.

Apropos of swan calling, while we were alone in the blind that afternoon, a bunch of nine swan came down the river within two hundred yards of me. Rendered desperate by seeing them not inclined to decoy; and knowing my stiff, pasteboard throat never could get out their note, I gave them the "loon call" used in sea fowl shooting "down East." The effect was ludicrous; for the hind swan was so badly scared he instantly took the lead of the flock, and they had a "go-as-you-please" in getting off.

The day passed with no further incident. Thursday, the blizzard day, found us at dawn in the mouth of the creek blind. We had broken a hole in the ice the night previous, but the heavy frost had closed it tight. Reopening it and shoving the broken cakes of ice under the solid ice we threw out a few blackhead decoys and took our places in the blind, I in the center. "Mark! a little bunch of four brass eye blackheads," and as they drew in nicely over the decoys, I, as center gun, promptly cut down the middle pair with my first barrel, thus vindicating my assertion regarding the barns. In about an hour or so we had bagged fourteen or fifteen ducks, when the snow set in in such a determined manner that we decided to give it up. A very judicious move it proved, or we might have been there yet. Regretfully we returned to the house, originally intending to stay until the following Saturday. After a hasty luncheon we gathered our traps and game together; the latter making a brave show, and draining a stirrup cup to the long life and prosperity of the Cedar Point Ducking Club, turned our horses heads homeward.

J. L. B.

RESCUING THE PERISHING.

Not since the terrible winter of 1857 has Central Virginia been visited by such continuously severe weather, as that which prevailed during the first weeks of February. It culminated on the 7th and 8th in one of the deepest snows and bitterest cold-spells which ever blighted the "Sunny South." The suffering and destruction of wild birds and animals has been pitiful to behold, and long will it be before they can recover from its effects. The chief sufferers have been the mocking bird, cardinal red bird, lark, white-throated sparrow, blue bird, swamp sparrow, wood lark, and last, but not least, the wild turkey and "Bob White."

It is strange, Mr. Editor, that as many people as there are who are delighted at the notes of these sweet songsters, which add so much to the charm of our homes, and afford us so much pleasure as sportsmen, there are so few who have the will and energy, or compassion for animal suffering, to induce them to take the small pains necessary to prevent these little creatures from perishing. Fortunately for me, my brother lives near, on one of the old "plantations," and in him I found an able and willing hand to join in humane efforts to save the birds.

As soon as the great storm was over, we went out on horseback, each with a bag of wheat, to carry food to the poor freezing and starving "Bob White" and upon this errand of mercy we spent the entire of that and subsequent days. We rode over a large district of country and saw, on all sides, the fatal effects of the storm and cold. We found thirteen coveys, many of them containing a dozen or more individuals, but all in a more or less deplorable condition. Many were so chilled through that they could not fly; and some we brought home, but all such died. Wherever we could place the wheat so that they could get food at once, they would revive to a remarkable degree, but most frequently they would fly at our approach and scatter, and many perished before they could get together again and find the food. A few flocks, however, soon found the grain, and many of these we have saved.

We found many of the flocks by hearing their whistle. At first we supposed they were separated, and were endeavoring to get together; but, when found, they would be all huddled together in the deep snow. Their plaintive note was a cry of distress. They were freezing and starving; and as, when in their brief experience, they had been separated by hawks and huntsmen, and their relentless enemies, Nature had taught them to utter that call which would bring to them the old henmother to get them food and shelter, so now, in their dire distress, it was their appeal for help. Oh, that they could have known that we were friends coming to them to help and feed them in their sore distress, and so calm the fresh fears which the very sight of us awakened in their timid little hearts, that they might see and run to the food before it should be covered up by the drifting snow! But no, their experience told them that man was the most cruel and pitiless of all their foes. The hawk would swoop down upon them, but when its hunger was appeased would not molest them. Man kills and cripples and finds pleasure in the infinite misery he inflicts upon the innocent and helpless, and his cruelty is never satisfied. And so they saw but the climax of their woes in our presence, and would flutter away to die.

No day's sport, on which we have returned home with well-filled game bags, have ever given as much gratification as the time we spent in our endeavors to carry relief to these among the gentlest and most harmless of God's creation. And it is sad to think that when spring and summer shall come again, the balmy air, and flowers and verdure shall take the place of frost and snows, we will surely miss their cheery notes in many a shady nook, where they were wont, from morning until night, to gladden our hearts.

M, OF NORTHSIDE.

I have just got in from New Orleans, having been gone several weeks there and beyond. Where I went, out in the Teche country, were thousands of our northern birds awaiting their time to come home and breed, robins, bluebirds, blackbirds or purple grakcles and others, and one could but notice a certain homesick feeling in them. The robins did not sing; and the blackbirds had a little melancholy chattering warble, but no clear whistle like with us. All were very tame, so much so we could almost handle them. Perhaps the cold weather and snow causing lack of food was the cause. The poor wild cattle lay in bunches, and singly along the prairie, dead, for it takes but slight cold weather to kill these half-starved creatures. It was a pitiful sight. I happened to be in New Orleans when they had the ten inches of snow and business and traffic were completely paralyzed. The streets were almost impassable and every one became a child and snowballed. I got my first cold of the winter there, for no fires could be had to avail anything even at the hotel.

REIGNOLDS.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 22.—The hard winter has ruined duck-shooting in this State, as the rivers are still full of ice. At Havre de Grace there is a great ice gorge and it will take a long warm spell to start it moving. Even after the ice goes out the melting snow from the mountains will run into the river and make such a current that it will be late in the spring before we will have any shooting. Reports from all parts of the State show that the quail have suffered terribly and in many places coveys of twelve and fifteen have been found frozen to death. Many clubs are now purchasing coops of birds from the South and turning them loose to replenish the stock.

WILLIAM L. STILES.

Massachusetts Game.

DANVERS, Mass.—This has been a most severe winter, and I am fearful, a destructive one on our quail. Two years ago the quail were killed and our Legislature enacted a law prohibiting the killing of them last year.

On Jan. 1 they were very plenty, with prospect of a good crop for this fall's shooting; but alas! several weeks of zero weather, and instances of twenty below, with deep crust snows and every sign of their extermination is enough to wake a man feel meary of this country as far as game shooting is concerned. Under favorable conditions, one can, perhaps, find a flock of quail and flush two or three grouse in a hard day's hunt. There is good, natural cover about here for game, but of late the game has been trapped by a few worthless characters in Middleton, who are too lazy to do anything else. They have families depending on them, and for this reason no arrests have been made. J. W. B.

Combination Guns.

Concerning an idea for a combination rifle and shotgun, Mr. I. S. Edge writes us as follows: "It occurred to the writer many years ago that a three-barreled gun could be made in such a way that the rifle would be detachable, so that a person could have a light, double shotgun, or a three-barrelled gun at a few secon's notice. The double gun could have pipes for the rifle as a muzzleloader has for the ramrod, only the rifle would be pushed in from behind. Rifles of different calibers could be made to fit the same gun, so that it would be an accommodation gun, suitable for any kind of game from jack-snipe to bears or moose."

An Irish Woodcock Bag.

The following remarkable bag of woodcock is recorded in the London (England) Field of Feb. 9:—"Lord Ardilaun shot his coverts at Ashford, Co. Galway, recently, and 508 woodcock, besides pheasants, snipe, and duck, were killed in six days. On the 25th, 205 woodcock were bagged; on the 6th, 68 woodcock; on the 28th, 130 woodcock; on the 29th, 53 woodcock. Weather fine. Guns, the Earl of Bandon, Viscount Monck, Lord Cloncurry, Right Hon. David Plunket, Col. the Hon. Robert Dillon, Capt. Arthur Hood, Mr. Edgerton Leigh."

Sea and River Fishing.

SALMON CHATS.—III.

I need not say that in our large rivers we have different stages of water, salmon run up at all of them. If the run is early, and river quite full, the angler can get him often with a half-line from the shore or bank as the fish dodges along in the discolored water, resting where he wishes in the eddy of a rock, around which the water rushes. Needless to try for him on a straight shore where the current runs heavy and the water is deep. He may be there, but has no time to look at your fly. You must seek him on a pebbly shore facing the early sun, and in three or four feet of water. At this time a large hook is needed, with bright feathers, and a couple of large shot on your leader are an improvement, as he is most sure to take under water; and in all probability you will never see him until gaffed. Never mind, he will fight hard enough, and your arm will feel the steady strain before you get him, as he will be a heavy fish (all first run fish are). Not likely he will try to cross the river. If he does, and you are not prepared to follow him in your canoe, and he gets forty or fifty yards of your line out in the strong water, you may bid him farewell. Your only chance is to keep below your fish, and make him fight the current, at the same time he is fighting you. No doubt, he will try after a few passes to get below you; but don't let him. And here I would caution you in all cases to have your canoe close so you can jump in quick, if it is necessary. I consider it one of the pleasures of angling that you don't know what the next move is to be. The expectation of the rise or strike is particularly pleasing when your fish does it handsomely; particularly so when he rises a few feet below your fly and coming at it with his mouth open. Still it is not in my estimation equal to the fight. Here is where the practical experience comes in. Any novice can hook a fish; but the landing safely is the point. No salmon, unless foul hooked should, if properly handled, on good tackle last over fifteen minutes without exhaustion, and be gaffed from the canoe, instead of from the bank or shore. But you cannot do in high water. This feat also requires experience, and I would not advise the novice to try it.

The next stage of water is, perhaps, two feet lower toward June 10 or 15; and the rapids have developed; the current is now stronger in them, but there is easier or still water between them; and here the fish take a rest, after coming through a series of those rapids. Fish are steadily on the move, and plentier, and are lying out more to the middle of the river. The best sport is to be had at this stage of water. The fish are livelier, rise better, and fight harder. Sometimes he is off like a flash up across or down stream, and very likely after running at full speed eighty yards, jumps clear of the water perhaps falling over your leader. This is a critical moment and many a fish parts company with the angler, the hook tearing out the hold, sometimes breaking it or the leader. This is very apt to occur, should the fish have run up and across the current with so much heavy line out. The current having such a heavy drag upon it, it is too much for the leader and the line cannot respond in time to the leap of the fish. All the angler can do in this case is to give free line and follow his fish as quick as possible. Your men should have their anchor aboard the instant the fish strikes for two reasons; first, to be ready for all eventualities; secondly, the fish may foul the anchor line. Now, never go ashore or leave your boat until you find you can lead your fish. But the great point is never give him a moment's peace. Always give him butt, that means keep your rod well up, and point the butt at the fish, not the point.

If he sulks, go below him at once, and give him all your tackle will stand. If your leader will stand a ten-pound pull, and a real good one should do so; remember a three-pound pull will bring nearly any rod into a perfect arch, so don't be afraid, give it to him. The fish is, when sulking, as it is called, rubbing his mouth or head on the bottom, when you put the proper strain and in the proper position, he will soon leave. Sometimes the fish, when hooked, will quietly drop to the bottom, and come within a few feet of the boat. He has not fully realized what is wrong. After a quick, hard run he may do the same thing, coming so close to the canoe as to be gaffed. I once did this in Patapedia Pool, Lady Patrick McDongald having on her first salmon (twenty-six pounds), and it was the hardest struggle I ever had with a fish to get him into the boat.

I need not tell you never give your fish an inch of slack line, if possible, to prevent it. When you are reeling in line rapidly, see that it goes on the reel properly; should it foul, away goes your fish on his next run. Another point is, when your fish is fighting hard, and you have a little the best of the battle getting him closer foot by foot, don't you draw him by the reel; if you do, it may jam your line. The proper way is to lift your fish with the rod, quickly dropping the point, at the same time reeling in your line as it slackens.

The next stage of water is when the river has fallen to its normal condition, not the low stage. Fish then lie closer to the fall or head of rapids, unless it be too shoal. If a depression or hole has been excavated by the ice or water, so much the better; sometimes mid-way in a rapid provided there may be a break in the current. At this stage the fish run by night, as the water is too clear and low for day work, so they rest in some favorite spot, perhaps in a good ripple where there is ten feet or so of water; and he is a lucky fellow who owns such a one.

Later in July, or it may be August, the river may have gone to the low stage. A stranger might now think the river was barren, with not a salmon to be seen, unless you know just where to look for them. They are lying in a few deep pools into which heavy rapids fall. The rapids now are much steeper, and fall heavier with more broken water. Salmon are changing in color, the females getting heavier, males getting poor, their hooks growing rapidly, red spots quite prominent. Now, the fish has two reasons for staying here. The deep pool is a sure retreat in case of danger, and the supply of well aerated water coming in the broken water is just what is wanted. Hundreds of fish are in those pools. They keep continuously leaping out of water, often, within a few feet of the boat, and it is only an odd fish, morning or evening, that falls to the angler's lot. As the season advances on the first rise of water in the latter part of September or early in October they leave for the different spawning bars, spreading all over the river, each fish (in my opinion) getting as near as possible to the ground or place where he passed his infancy and spent the first twenty months of his schoolboy days. JNO. MOWAT.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

FIRE-FISHING FOR BASS.

NEW ALBANY, Miss.—I have read with great interest Mr. A. N. Cheney's articles on the coloring and habits of the black bass. And also "Old Sam's article in your issue of Feb. 2, on his experience with the bass family. As they both tend to confirm me in conclusions I had arrived at as to the habits of the bass, especially as to night-feeding, I am tempted to relate an experience of mine upon the St. Francis River in the sunk lands of Arkansas, which was at least to my mind, satisfactory proof that the black bass do not remain stationary at night, but put in their nights as well as a large part of their days in their predatory excursions.

One September found me with a choice party of good fellows, all ardent devotees of the rod and gun, camped on the bank of the St. Francis River, about twelve miles west of Marked Tree, in Arkansas. The river at the point upon which our camp was located, widens for a distance of eight or ten miles to a width of from a half to a quarter of a mile, and is locally called a lake, through which the channel of the river moves in a devious uncertain way, encumbered with fallen logs and numerous sandbars. Over the entire space of this "lake" many partially submerged logs are scattered, while upright snags and stumps of giant size show where, in the days before the great convulsion of nature that gave that territory the name of "the Sunk Lands" occurred, stood a mighty forest. Under these logs and around these giant snags and stumps is the home of myriads of giant bass, while the waters teem with fish life of a dozen different kinds as well—a fisherman's paradise, indeed.

The moon was nearly full, and the nights were very bright and clear. We had been very successful in our pursuit of all fish except the bass. This was rendered the more tantalizing because in the clearer waters of the river out of the current we could see countless numbers of them resting in sequestered nooks and under the sunken logs, which with few exceptions refused our most seductive lures persistently. One night as my friend, Mr. Edward C., and I were returning from a sociable visit to the Friends Club House, just across the river from our camp, our boatman, a denizen of the marshy depths of the Sunken Lands, remarked: "This would be a good night for the bass to jump." "Jump where?" was our inquiry. "Some of them into the boat," was his response. Whereupon we proceeded to add another laurel to his brow, as the champion fisherman of the St. Francis. But a little later after having furnished refreshments to a few hundred apparently insatiable mosquitoes which had patiently awaited our return, ignoring our sleeping companions, I stepped out of the tent to find our Arkansas fisherman sitting contentedly in the boat, enjoying the company of his inseparable companion—a pipe. Whereupon, struck with a desire to be and do likewise, and being set upon by a few dozen more very hungry mosquitoes, and having a tantalizing recollection at that instant that out upon the cool broad bosom of that moonlit lake no mosquito ever ventured, I called conciliatingly, seductively and withal somewhat anxiously to him of the laurel bedecked brow. "Willie," I said, "if you would like to go, I will go with you, and we will see how the bass will jump to-night." "Bring the lantern, and get in," was the immediate response. And I hastened to ensconse myself in the bow of the skiff with the lantern in front shining out over the waters.

We were proceeding up the lake, keeping within about twenty-five yards of the bank. And I had scarcely settled myself for a comfortable smoke, while Willie was paddling smoothly and silently along, when from the shoal waters at the mouth of a bayou we were passing, there sprang first one, then another, then a dozen, until the air seemed alive with bright objects, springing and splashing in every direction. Some jumped clear over the boat, some fell short of it in their frantic leaps, while a majority of them jumped immediately in front of the boat. Two fine fellows fell squarely into the boat, where, as soon as I had recovered somewhat from my surprise ("scur" as Willie in his pleasant way remarked), I found them to be two bass weighing about two or two and a half pounds each. We went to camp at once, as I was desirous of sharing such an unusual experience with my friends.

Accompanied by Edward F. Campbell and Alva Collins of our party we were soon on our way back up the river, with two lighted lanterns in the prow, and two bright tin plates from our camp chest doing duty as reflectors. For several hours we paddled about the bars and the mouths of the bayous, watching the bass leaping from the silvery lake, and now and then taking aboard a big one, which had through some miscalculation or rendered frantic by the lights or the noise of the paddle, paddling never so softly, fell into the skiff. One fine fellow I remember fell squarely into Edward's lap, where he was at once warmly embraced. Another struck Alva in the chest, and rebounding was soon speeding his way to deeper and quieter waters.

When we reached camp we were accompanied by ten or a dozen nice bass, none weighing less than two pounds, which of their own free will had taken passage with us. No cruel spoon, or deceptive phantom minnow had lured them to their door. These they had seen and rejected; but they fell victims to their fear.

We had fished over all the deeper water adjoining these shoals, time and again, on the two previous days, meeting with but moderate success with the bass, though we could see numbers of big, savage-looking fellows, ensconced in secluded crevices of the big cypress stumps in perhaps ten feet of water, or lying under partially submerged logs evidently in a state of repose with their hunger satiated. We saw none during the day at the places where they seemed most abundant at night.

Willie informed us that the bass always bit better when the nights were dark.

Another thing I noticed was that we took none but bass, though, of course, there may have been other species jumping. Garfish, grindles, striped bass, pike, jack salmon, numerous varieties of perch, and catfish were abundant in these waters, and all but the catfish bit freely during the day.

I do not remember ever having seen it noted before that bass are in the habit of jumping at night from a light, but I am assured that it is not an uncommon thing with the St. Francis fish. But that night's experience coupled with the disposition of the bass during the day satisfied me that the bass was a nocturnal feeder, and that they were not stationary in their habits at night. I would like to know if any other reader of the Forest and Stream ever met with a similar experience

KAN-A-WHA.

GOLDFISH BAIT FOR BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream.—I read with interest the article in your last number on the query as to whether goldfish would make a good bait for blackbass, and as I have experimented in this direction I think you might like to present your readers with my experience.

It was in the month of October or November and bass and good bait were getting scarce on Lake Hopatcong, when I made up my mind to try how goldfish would do, hoping that the novetly might prove sufficiently alluring to overcome the growing indifference of the bronze back warrior. I bought twleve goldfish 2½-3 inches long, and with them and great expectations repaired to the lake. The following morning I set out with Mr. David Everett as companion and in order to ascertain the relative value of goldfish as against the bait commonly used there, the so called herring and the shiner, it was agreed that Mr. E. should use the latter and I the former all through the day, the mode of fishing being the one most commonly practised up here, trolling.

E. secured the first two fish, but afterwards the catch proved about equal, with the result that at the end of a whole day's fishing honors were about evenly divided between the goldfish and the other bait. In attractive qualities, therefore, the goldfish could not claim superiority over the ordinary bait, at least not in the clear water of that particular lake, the bass evidently not regarding them as special tid-bits nor as deserving any marked attentions over the silvery sheen of the herring or the darker hues of the shiner.

In one respect, however, the goldfish proved far ahead of the other bait, and that was in toughness. While the herrings in particular are very tender and die soon after being placed on the hook, thus making a constant change necessary, the goldfish seemed to be endowed with everlasting life. Strikes which invariably kill other bait, never seemed to have any effect on them, and I had that day one case where I landed the bass with the goldfish actually pouched, and after extracting it from the stomach of the bass it was just as lively as ever and proved itself good for another fish. Of the twelve goldfish that I took out with me I brought back two which had never been on the hook, while my companion had used up at least fifty of the ordinary bait fish.

The experience of that day therefore sums up to the effect that in killing powers the goldfish is not superior to the ordinary bait, but it presents great advantages on account of its greater hardiness. This same advantage, however, would be found to an equal extent in the young of any of the carp family to which the goldfish properly belongs, and which as the common carp can be had at much less cost. C. B.

Birds of Eastern North America.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have in press, and will publish in April, "A Hand-book of the Birds of Eastern North America," by Frank M. Chapman. It will be fully illustrated, and is designed to render the identification of birds, either in the field or study as simple a matter as possible.

The Megantic Club.

Durng the season of 1894 the Megantic Fish and Game Club entered on a new system in the management of its supply or catering department. Previous to 1894 the club has hired a steward, under whose direction the wants of visiting members and their friends have been provided for. The steward bought quite all the supplies, and to him went the profit accruing from their sale. Under the new system the club paid for all supplies and covered the profits into its treasury. The result has been highly satisfactory. Mr. Fred M. Viles, a brother of Julian K. Viles of Tim Pond fame, was put in charge, with headquarters at the clubhouse at Spider Lake. The superintendent, Mr. Robert Philips, attended to the several camps, assisted by Samuel Henderson at North West, Mr. and Mrs. Weeks at Big Island, and Mr. and Mrs. Blaowkell at Chain of Ponds. The same methods will be adopted the coming season of 1895, and Mr. Viles, together with all his assistants mentioned above, have been re-engaged for this season.

Another departure made necessary during 1894 was the purchase of land on the shore of Spider Lake. This was found needful to protect the club interests. It was to be sold under foreclosure proceedings, and the club felt that it might come into the hands of those who would have cut it up into farms, thereby in a measure destroying the value of the site of the clubhouse. The land purchased (with the exception of a few small lots) includes the entire shore line of the lake for one and one-half miles each side of the clubhouse running from Thomas Point to the Spider River. In addition to this land purchased last season the club has within the past two weeks bought 1,000 acres of land right in the center of the preserve in Maine. This tract is a mile and one-quarter square and includes the land on which are located the camps at Chain of Ponds. It is in the southwest corner of Chain of Ponds township and borders on the northeast shore of Big Island Pond. Rock Pond is included in the tract.

The fish hatchery of the club is also in good condition and bids fair to be of great benefit in restocking the waters. Six thousands eggs were obtained from L. Pond and 24,000 from Northwest Pond. These eggs have been during the past winter in the care of Isaac Tibbets of Rangely, and his reports on their condition have been very gratifying. One thousand land-locked salmon, which had attained a growth of 2½ to 4 inches, were liberated in the brooks flowing into Big Island Pond. Of this lot about 20 have been caught 5 or 6 inches in length, showing conclusively that they have obtained a good start. Undoubtedly the future of the Megantic Club is bright indeed. Fish and game, which are the chief objects of the organization, are on the increase, and everything points to a long continued career of prosperity.

Mr. Edward A. Samuels, formerly president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, will again locate in Boston, after quite a lengthy residence in Nova Scotia. No truer sportsman can be found, and his scores of friends will be pleased indeed to see his familiar face. HACKLE.

Boston.

Senasqua Rod and Reel Club.

SING SING, Feb. 20—One year ago on Feb. 17 the Senasqua Rod and Reel Club was organized, so on Monday evening the occasion was celebrated with due and proper ceremonies, the main attraction, as it were, being a banquet given to the members by President A. Fred Carpenter. The Senasquas are a kindred lot of sportsmen, not sporting men, mind you, who delight to lure game fish from the water with rod and line.

First the organization had a business meeting, during which the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, A. Fred Carpenter; Vice-President, Anthony B. Murray; Secretary, George W. Kipp; Treasurer, William M. Carpenter; Weigher, B. Frank Kipp.

When the session had adjourned, Secretary Kipp, on behalf of the members of the organization, bestowed upon President Carpenter a handsome gum wood cane, with a colored ivory handle, a silver band encircling the stick bearing an appropriate inscription. The cane was given as a token of the appreciation of President Carpenter's loyal interest in the organization, which his efforts have done much to establish. President Carpenter acknowledged the gift in as pretty a style as a surprised person can do.

Rall's orchestra played a selection, and the guests sought their places at the banquet board, President Carpenter being at one end and Vice-President Murray at the other end of the long table, which was attractive alone in its decorations and surroundings. These whose presence graced the occasion were Superintendent Henry G. Fithian, of the Broadway Mission, who offered the blessing; Supervisor Gilbert M. Todd, Assessor Robert Smith, Village Trustee Edwin T. James, School Trustee Thomas E. Hopgood, Dr. Joel D. Madden, ex-Village Trustee Randolph Acker, George W. Kipp, William A. Duke, Winfield S. Smith, Leonard Porter Kipp, George W. Lyon, Edgar Storms, Gilbert H. Davis, B. Frank Kipp, Harry M. Carpenter, J. Herbert Carpenter, William M. Carpenter, T. Henry Calam, William Mattocks, Benjamin C. Acker, Paul M Pierson, Ralph Baker, John V. Cockcroft, ex-Village President Wm. Clinton Mead and Town Clerk Robert T. Dennis, Mr. Cockcroft being an honorary member of the Senasquas, and Messrs. Mead and Dennis invited guests.

That Fly-Rod Muskrat Dilemma.

GRANBY, P. Q.—Replying to your inquiry as to how I got out of that scrape, told in your issue of Feb. 23, when I went into a deep hole with a muskrat on the other end of the line, my first thought was to hang on to the pole, which I did. But in coming up I was so weighted down with my clothes that I had to use both hands to swim; and in making the strokes the rod cut the water in such a way, and bent so much that I was afraid it would break, so giving it a push toward the rat I let go and swam back to the canoe. I gathered in the paddle, pushed the canoe ashore, took off my waders and emptied out the water and then had a picnic to get them on again. I cut a forked stick, went out with the canoe and fished up my pole, winding in the line with the reel. It finally came up, with the hook and I should judge a couple of feet of line gone. I rowed across to the other shore, but could find no trace of the rat, nor even where he landed; and came to the conclusion that he had gone into a hole in the bank and either bitten the line off or it had caught on the edge of a clam-shell and been cut

J. B. P.

Adirondack Guides.

The second annual meeting of the Adirondack Guides' Association was held at Saranac Lake Feb. 27, with a banquet and camp-fire in the town hall. An address was delivered by Mr. A. N. Cheney, on fish culture. The object of the Association, as set forth in the constitution, is "to promote and facilitate travel in the Adirondacks; to secure to the public competent and reliable guides, thus assuring the welfare of tourists and sportsmen; to aid in the enforcement of the forest and game law of the State; to secure wise and practical legislation on all subjects affecting the Adirondack region; to maintain a uniform rate of wages of guides, and to render financial assistance to its members in case of sickness or other disability, or to their families in case of the death of such members."

The rate of wages fixed for Association members is $3, and the ordinary expenses. It is made the duty of members to assist each other in obtaining employment in preference to others who are not members. The membership fee is $2, dues $1.

Game and Fish Protection.

The South Dakota Gun Tax Bill.

A bill for an act to provide for the levy and collection of a tax on shot guns and rifles, for the purpose of creating a fund to pay game wardens and protecting game.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of South Dakota:

Section 1. That each and every assessor in this State, when making the assessment, shall annually make a list of the names of all persons who own or keep a shot gun or rifle, or more than one of either of said guns, and set opposite the name of such owner or keeper, the number of either or both of such shot guns or rifles, he or she has in his or her possession or that is or are kept on his or her premises, which list shall be returned by such assessor to the County Clerk or Auditor of the County in which said list is taken with the assessment roll.

Provided; however, that no such list shall be made of any shot gun or rifle kept in stock for sale only, or had in possession for the purpose of being repaired; but all such shot guns and rifles so held for repair, or after the same are repaired, shall be assessed to their respective owners.

Section 2. That the County Clerk or Auditor of each County, shall charge upon the tax list against the name of each person reported and returned as the owner or keeper of a shot gun or rifle, or of more than one of either of said guns, the sum of fifty cents for each gun or rifle owned or kept by such person, which tax shall be collected at the same time, and in the same manner as other taxes upon personal property.

Section 3. The money secured and collected under the provisions of this act shall be paid into the State Treasury and credited by the State Treasurer, to the State Game Protective Fund.

Section 4. That all acts or parts of acts in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

Section 5. Emergency: An emergency is hereby declared to exist and this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and approval.

The Maryland Game Laws.

Baltimore, Feb. 24.—On March 6 a meeting will be held at the Carrolton Hotel, that has excited a great deal of interest among the sportsmen throughout the entire State. The object of the gathering will be, to try and draw up a uniform State game law, for the protection of game birds. As matters now stand it would take a Philadelphia lawyer, with a North Carolina search warrant, to tell when and where a sportsman could gun without being in danger of arrest. There is now a general game law, while each and every county has its own separate law. In many cases new laws have been passed without going to the trouble of repealing the old ones. In fact everything is in such a jumbled state that a leading daily in making up the annual publication of the laws, mixed up such a cocktail, that had one swallowed it they would have landed in jail. Dr. Massamore, one of the leading sportsmen, is the instigator of the present movement, and is meeting with the hearty support of all the lovers of gun and dog. Each county is expected to send on three delegates, while Baltimore city will be represented. All those that desire can express their views, and submit in writing anything that they think will help disentangle the present muddle. When a suitable law has been drawn up, it will be presented to the Legislature. Among those who will be present will be the present Governor of the State, Hon. Frank Brown, Mayor Latrobe, John H. Keene, E. D. Mallory and many other leading citizens of the State.

WM. L. STILES.

The New York Game Bill.

Lyons, N. Y., March 2, 1895.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Senate bill has just come to hand. Commenting upon it I desire to call the attention of all true sportsmen throughout the State to several sections which appear extremely detrimental to the interests of fish and game protection and which are in direct contradiction to the recommendations of both my own association and the New York State Association, which we adopted last January. I am not fully advised of the merit contained in the bill as affects other localities, but Section 141, which permits spearing for certain kind of fish in all waters of the State not inhabitated by trout, would work great injury to this section. Now, if the spearing for suckers, etc., is good, why not allow it in the trout waters of the State? Are the trout the only game fish to be protected? The fact of it is that when spearing for certain kinds of fish is allowable it is impossible to detect and convict any offender who may succeed in spearing game fish.

We will not dwell upon the cruel method, as it may effect the game fish mentioned, but it is a well-known fact that only about one in three of the fish so killed is landed, and that after a spearing expedition the shores of lakes and streams are often well supplied with fish so mutilated and killed. If this measure becomes a law it will be ruinous to the best interests of fish and increase and protection throughout this entire section. It seems that no fair minded sportsman can ask for such a measure.

The bill also provides for spring shooting throughout this entire section of the State which is in direct contradiction to the earnest work of our Association for many years. There will be no one so foolish as to argue that the killing of one female duck on her way to her place of nesting will not soon materially decrease the number of those birds.

The bill also provides for grouse and woodcock shooting, August 15 to January 1, which I am sure is not the wish of those interested.

I trust that all sportsmen may see the necessity for immediate action in getting these improper provisions amended. A prompt request from sportsmen throughout the State to their Assemblymen and Senators so to do will carry much weight with it, and be in full accord with the earnest efforts of the Associations striving for the betterment of our game laws.

W. S. GAVITT,
President Central N. Y. G. and F. Prot. Asso.

Pennsylvania Game Laws.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Of course you can't be expected to remember a frantic appeal which I sent you about two years ago, when an effort was being made to amend the Pennsylvania game law, to have the non-sale and transportation clause eliminated. I aslo wrote to our game committee in the same spirit, because I was so thoroughly convinced that no game act would pass our Legislature so long as such a clause remained. My conviction was inspired by a visit to a cold storage game house, and the convincing statements of one of the firm. A view was courteously shown of thousands of dozens of quail, thousands of grouse of all kinds, hundreds of tons of the deer family, the house containing but a small amount of game in comparison with their stock in various game States. I was told of the immense profit, and a positive assurance was given that the last item included sufficient money to defeat any law that would destroy their buisness. Certainly our legislators are all honorable men, not purchasable. No one who has any knowledge of legislatures will proclaim them actuated more by "what is in it," than by a conscientious desire for public benefit. But I venture to say that a season game law will fail this winter in the Pennsylvania Legislature, as it did two years ago unless your Plank (every real sportsmen's plank) is made a separate bill, a whole platform in itself, which cannot be defeated by innumerable amendments of woodcock shooting or sucker net fishing, and so delayed by procrastination, but will have to be met upon a square issue.

My personal belief is that non-transportation and non-sale would afford more protection for game and fish, than the season law. Both will do much. How shall we get them?

THOMPSONTOWN, PA. JUNIATA.

Sparrow Bounties.

A bill introduced in Albany to add New York to the States offering bounties on the English sparrow has brought out this protest from Buffalo and vicinity, extensively signed by citizens of that community.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 20.—To the Committee on Game Laws. Gentlemen: We, the undersigned residents of Buffalo, N. Y., do respectfully petition your honorable body to report unfavorably upon the bill introduced in the Senate and Assembly respectively by Mr. Parsons and Mr. C. J. Smith numbered in the former 341 and in the latter 668; the title of such act being: "An act to amend the Game Law by fixing a bounty on English sparrows and providing for the payment therefor."

We protest against such proposed amendment to the Game Law on the ground that the proposed bounty if made of force even during the winter months, would endanger the lives of the various insect eating birds now protected by law, and which in many respects resemble the English sparrow (Passer domesticus) whose extermination the above act seeks to effect.

We submit that as the present game law does not protect the English sparrow, that bird is sufficiently discriminated against, and that nothing would be gained by its further proscription at the possible cost of killing many of those birds valuable to the great agricultural interests of this State.

We submit that to the average person there is no distinction in "sparrows," and the premium put upon the head, nests and eggs of the imported bird would serve only to open another avenue of destruction for our native species of all families, already so reduced in numbers. The small boy and the grown person alike, ignorant as to the identity of the birds would, through error or by intention, take their lives indiscriminately and probably receive a bounty order therefor at the hand of an equally uninformed alderman or supervisor.

We trust that your honorable committee will take these facts into consideration and allow the "bird" section of the Game Law Code to remain unaltered respecting the insect-eating birds (not game) unless change would afford further protection for these "the winged wardens of your farms."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 12 to 15—Denver.—Western K. C. Co., E. T. Weiant, Sec'y.
April 10 to 13.—Pittsburgh—Duquesne K.C. W. E. Littel, Sec'y.
April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club. Dr. R. J. Withers, Sec.
May 1 to 4.—Oakland, Cal.—Alameda County Sportsman's Association. F. Boell, Sec'y., Oakland, Cal.
May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club. Howard Vernon, Sec'y, San Francisco.
Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.
Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells Sec'y.
Nov. 7 to 11.—Trials A. U. S. F. T. Club at West Point, Miss. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The Detroit Dog Show.

A very pretty exhibition was the verdict of those who attended the third annual show given by the City of the Straits Kennel Club, in the Auditorium at Detroit last week. Although the bulk of the classes were not so well filled as at last year's event, yet the average quality was quite up to previous years.

The money prizes offered are not such as would tempt the attendance of prominent kennels, still the fact that the Detroit fixture is a half way resting place between the New York show and the big Chicago event the week after, makes it convenient for many crack dogs to occupy the benches. This will always be the case, if the same arrangement of dates remains in force. Next year, the club promises to increase its prize list, and profiting by the experience gained this year, expects to give a show that will be independently good and not so local in tone. A little more attention to preliminary kennel press notices will doubtless aid them to this end.

The show was fairly well conducted, though there is room for a little improvement in the cleaning away of the inevitable litter which attends a dog show. The ventilation and light at the Auditorium are not all that could be desired, but as the arrangement of the benching, which as usual was in the hands of Spratts Co., was a great improvement on that of last year, and especially in regard to the judging ring, visitors this year had better opportunity to see the dogs. Last year the judging ring was on the satge, most inconvenient and dangerous arrangement, but this time, with less entries to bench, the ring was placed on the main floor in the centre of the hall.

Judging commenecd promptly on Tuesday morning, and with the exception of a few specials was finished by Tuesday evening. The judges—Messrs. Davidson and Mortimer—seem to have given almost complete satisfaction, though one or two upsets afforded material for discussion among the "talent," and

served to dispel to some extent the inevitable ennui of a four days' show.

There were few visitors from outside cities this year, and many of the faces of those who contributed to the enjoyment and pleasure of last year's event were not to be seen.

President Hendrie devoted himself entirely to the duties of his office, and was ever ready to lend his aid. Among the active members of the bench show committee, whom we continually encountered, may be mentioned: C. A. Parkinson, T. C. Oulette, Guy D. Welton, J. W. Garrison, the Secretary, and C. F. Backus, who holds the key to the safe. And his office was not altogether a sinecure, for after the first two days of the show the "quarters" came in with a rush and changed dire predictions of failure, due to the very limited attendance, to a feeling of enthusiastic contentment and hopeful plans for a still better show next year. Although the admission fee was so small the class of people who attended was composed of some of the best people in the city, due no doubt in great part to the interest in the affair displayed by the daily press.

A very creditable performance of trick dogs added no little to the enjoyment of the visitors. On the last day, a reduction in admission price for the benefit of school children brought out a crowd of interested youngsters and although the presence of the ubiquitious small boy, who inevitably manages to push himself to the front, may be irritating to the old fogies, the wise show management should never neglect to provide such an opportunity; for in nine case out of ten young hopeful is accompanied by the older members of the family and thus additional income accrues to the show's exchequer. The sight of so many good dogs, and a knowledge of their importance are apt to create a feeling of respect for the dog and call forth in the youthful mind a desire to view a dog from a different standpoint to that of its possibilities as a subject for prankish attentions with tin can attachments.

There were no unfortunate contretemps this year, everything progressing smoothly to the end. Among those whom we saw at the show were: C. A. Pratt, L. Klein, R. Bangham, W. B. Wells, Mr. Nimo, Mrs. Lee, of Toledo, O; E. M. Oldham, Major J. M. Taylor, Frank F. Dole, E. B. Elliott, George Thomas, Ben Lewis, Joe Lewis, Arthur Trickett, Donald Monroe, J. W. Fornof, E. W. Warner, W. J. Tulk, Dr. Keim, Jos. Spracklin, pere. A good feature was the accuracy of the marked catalogue which can be accepted with two H. C.'s added as perfectly correct. The criticism of classes follow:

MASTIFFS (James Mortimer, Judge).—With ninety dollars offered in prize money, it seems ridiculous that there were only five entries, and excepting two of these, worth but little more than their entry fee. Challenge classes were drawn blank. In open dogs, our old favorite, Prince Cola, he of the ginger face, easily took premier position; shown in faultless condition, his head, while correct in shape, is not improving, for he is getting a little houndy in expression. Open bitches had three entries, Minnie Beaufort is far superior to the others. She was never shown in better condition, which served to bring out her beautiful quality very prominently. The light-muzzled Ripplette, made a very poor second; head should be deeper and have more volume, better ribs and stronger behind. The very inferior puppy Boyas was complimented by second, the first being withheld.

ST. BERNARDS (James Mortimer, Judge).—The quality of the exhibit was scarcely up to the average of last year, although individual entries made the display a very interesting one. In rough challenge classes, Sir Belvidere, in his New York condition and Rustice Beauty, still thin, occupied their usual positions. Open dogs had nine entries, but the chief interest centered in the meeting of American Caesar and Le Prince, and the decision which placed American Caesar over the New York winner, was a surprise to many, but there are several points in which the award must be considered just Le Prince is not entirely himself, while American Caesar, who has habitually been shown in wretched condition has often forfeited the premier position on that account at past shows. With a few more pounds of flesh his condition there could not have been better. In massiveness of head he is superior to Le Prince, but he lacks the correct formation, beauty of expression and extreme quality of the English dog; while his head is deep and broad, the lower jaw should be better formed, and a better defined stop would add a touch of quality which he now lacks. In bone, body and coat he excels Le Prince. The decision is an open one and their future placing will depend on condition. The big, flat-sided dog, Scion Lomond, was reserve; good forelegs but light in bone, nice skull and short muzzle; deeper shadings would improve his expresion. Lord Dante, an unfortunate dog, had he been in better shape would no doubt have been better placed. He suffers from ear canker and is thin. The Toronto winner last year, Imperial, fully deserved his three letters. Earl Douglass also vhc., depended upon his good body and beautiful coat for his position. Three very nice bitches came forward in the next class, but La Princess' good, deep head, massive, long body and action, left no doubt of the result. Artilla, a much improved bitch, second, is capital in body and bone, and fairly well formed head. She shows considerable quality; in fact, is the best that we have seen from this kennel. The well-known Lady Taylor loses in head and body to Artilla, but made a good reserve. I could scarcely follow the puppy award, for Suzon, the winner, though good in body and bone, is lamentably weak in head properties. A very fair daughter of Grand Master came second, but for character and promise another son of his, Prince Victor Emanuel, I thought might have gone to the head of the class, for he beats the others in skull, type, legs and size, but of course is not developed in body yet. Moleskin, a son of Jim Blaine, was reserve, and a low set bitch in Vesta Belle, with good body and bone was vhc. Another of the same build, Miss Nell II., but with a better head, and the narrow, long-faced Tyrass were in the same position. Two typical ones came forward in smooth challenge dogs, the two brothers Alton II. and Lawrence Garza, the latter may be termed the baby of this illustrious family. Alton beats in head, bone and size, and is improving right along. In open dogs, not considering condition, St Augustine was well ahead, but his wretched condition should have brought a warning setback from the judge. Considering the quality of Lord Milton (Alton-Judith), although not straight enough in back, dipping behind the shoulder, and too high hips, his all-around good head, legs and color might have put him first, though he shows too much coat for a smooth. Reserve to Nicodé, who has grown into a fine, large dog, loses in muzzle to Lord Milton, but is a larger and better formed dog in forelegs and body. Hero Frank, vhc, has a massive head, good outline, but too long, curls his tail; should have more rib and is straight behind. Clovis, in such a class should have had another letter, his head is well-formed, showing very much quality, lacks depth of body and size; a good little dog. In open bitches the well-known matron, Judith, was easily first. Her change of home has evidently been beneficial. She seems to have filled out in head and was beautifully shown. A rather plain-headed bitch, Empress of Windsor, came second, head too long and not enough stop, nice body and legs, and especially good in breadth of hips. Gemmi is rather plain-headed, especially in muzzle, but deserved her card. A pretty bitch all round is Lady Marian, vhc., a daughter of Canada's Merchant Prince. Lord Clive, hc., is a rather nice headed young dog, good in expression and very fair in coat. In Rustic Beauty's present condition, there can be no fault found with La Princess winning the special for best dog in the show, Sir Bedivere barred, but the old dog had his innings by winning outright Smith & Co's silver cup for which he qualified last year. Most of the other specials were locals.

BLOODHOUNDS (James Mortimer, Judge).—There were five entries in all, Buccaneer and the well-known Vigilant were the only two which appeared. Buccaneer has a fair head with no great depth or length, fair wrinkle and earage; Vigilant, the better one of the two, might be better behind the shoulder; nice length of skull and good earage.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (James Mortimer, Judge).—The display here was a sort of reduced echo of New York. Though entries were few, the quality was among the best we have. In the challenge class, Ch. Princess Irma, in excellent condition, was correctly placed over old Ch. Argoss who, though well shown, was short of coat. Princess Irma excels in expression and quality, and distinctive character, and is quite as good in loin and quarters. In open dogs, Ataman IV., the new dog, is a well modeled animal of the Leekhoi type, perhaps a trifle heavy in shoulders, but more than ordinarily well-ribbed for a dog of this breed; should be stronger on pasterns, is correctly formed in hind legs, and all topped by a strong, powerful head. Czar came second, losing in loin, ribs and quarters to the other, but quite as good in coat; a handsome black and white dog that might be improved in front and in head. Trajan, reserve, another dog of this distinctive type, in nice coat, is better fronted than Czar, especially good behind, and I thought him more than equal to second, though a longer head and more size would improve him. In the bitch class, as between Olga IV. and the black Riga, there is just a question of type, for Olga has the sweet, long head of the Irma type, is a bitch of very pretty outline, well shown and in good coat; in my opinion beats the other well in character, type and general formation. Riga, second, well built bitch that she is, is more greyhoundy in build and is out of coat. Ataman IV. was, I thought, lucky to take the medal for best from Princess Irma.

GREAT DANES (James Mortimer, Judge).—There was a falling off in both quality and numbers this year in Great Danes. No challenge entries. The winner in open dogs, Beau Brummell, is faulty in legs, fore and aft; a good ribbed dog with just a fair head. Second to Prince Charlie, a shelly, slack backed dog, but good on his pins. Wolverton Haddie, the puppy winner last year, beat Madge in open bitches; this she does in head with something to spare. Both are fairly good in body, though the winner is the best; she would do with more bone. Madge's weak muzzle and broad skull are not what we require.

FOXHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—In open dogs, any type, first went to Songster, who shows a good hound head, should be better sprung in ribs and should be cleaner in shoulder; good fore legs and feet. Big Strive, second, who I last saw among the "natives" down in Kentucky, is one of the best coated ones I have met in some time. A well put up hound, whom more rib would improve and whose muzzle should be stronger. Clinker, reserve, is rather dish-faced, but he is good on his pins. The well-known Bow Sprit and Vexation, in the order named, took the money in the bitch class. The winner is a very pretty bitch, full of hound qualities, might be cleaner in shoulders but has excellent fore legs. Vexation is going off and getting bossy in shoulders, and a trifle more defined stop would improve her head. Pearl Strive, reserve, is a weak-muzzled, flat-sided hound, more of the American type, while the others were of the sturdy English sort.

DEERHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—Only three, and Lochiel, the New York winner, just romped in front of Bruar II., beating him in head, coat, ribs and general substance. Paul Potter, a cream colored dog, is rather plain headed and loses to the others both in coat and shoulders.

GREYHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—Although the entries were not numerous the quality was such as we rarely meet with, in fact, the best dogs that we can place on the benches filled the classes. The challenge class should have been divided, for taking all things into consideration it is a hard matter to separate four dogs like Gem of the Season, Wild Rose, Southern Beauty and Bestwood Daisy, every one a champion. Though Southern Beauty was placed second to Gem of the Season, considering his faults from the ribs back, and the fact that he is getting heavy in shoulder, the beautifully formed Southern Beauty, with whom little fault can be found all around, might have taken his place. Between Wild Rose and Bestwood Daisy there is always a question as between beauty of form and physical attributes that pertain to what is requisite in the field. In open dogs, three cracking good ones came out and the black dog, Southern Rhymes, though rather plain in head has a beautiful, long clean neck set in to fine sloping shoulders, well sprung ribs with the depth where it is wanted most, good loin and quarters. Spring of the Valley, second, is getting a little heavy in shoulders, is too full in brow, but from shoulders back is a well-built greyhound, especially in loin and quarters, wherein he beats Dallas who is rather long cast, was well shown and is making up into a fine hound. Wild Lily, another new face, and Southern Gay Girl, were first and second in bitches. The winner should be straighter up in pasterns, a little stronger behind, is a trifle long cast and stands over a lot of ground. Gay Girl is a rather soft, full-coated bitch; toes should be better, and pasterns shorter; is rather plain behind and has a coarse tail, good neck and shoulders, but weak in muzzle, a handsome fawn and white. Reserve went to Lucy, an unformed but promising youngster. Southern Rhymes won the specials.

H. W. L.

New York Dog Show.

LIST OF AWARDS.

(Concluded.)

MASTIFFS—Challenge Dogs—1st, J. L. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince. Bitches—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana. Open—Dogs—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William; 2d, L. A. Amsden Webster's Caesar; 3d, Henry S. Clark's Hans Sachs. Bitches—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Cameron; 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Maggie Murphy; 3d, Willard P. Smith's Princess Letta. Puppies, under 12 months—1st, J. L. Winchell's Young Prince; 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Nellie Bly.

ST. BERNARDS—Rough-coated.—Challenge Dogs—1st, C. A. Pratt's Sir Bedivere; 2d, E. H. Moore's Altoneer; c, Fred Schmitt's Otos. Bitches—1st, C. A. Pratt's Rustic Beauty; 2d, E. H. Moore's Lady Livingston; res., Jacob Rupert, Jr.'s Miss Annie. Open—Dogs—1st, C. A. Pratt's Le Prince; 2d, Gramercy Kennels' Demetrius; 3d, Jacob F. Lutz's Wach Erdman; 4th, Edward Booth's Booth's Duke of Lincoln; res., F. Linck's Ashland Jumbo; v. h. c., A. L. Martin's Nero D; Tracy Gould's Mauprat; Burgess & Hall's Ardmore; Mrs. Alexander McKinzie Hughes' Lord Wilton; h. c., H. S. Wordsworth's Sir Roger II.; John Fisher's Dian: A. W. Comstock's Saurin; Christian Kirschler's Ben Butler; c., John A. Westbrook's Young Hesper; A. L. & A. B. Levy's Duke Barry II.; Henry F. Mayer's Vindex; Mrs. Edwin W. Fisk's Hamlet. Bitches—1st, C. A. Pratt's La Princesse; 2d, Sullivan Bros.' Irish Beauty; 3d, Albert Van Brunt's Huddersfield Belle; 4th, P. Wolfrum's El Oro; res., O. Brandt's Otto Ruth; h., c., Charles B. Duke's Lady Charlton; v. h. c., Fred Schmitt's Countess Madge; Harold Rowland's Lady Gay II.; c., Fred. Schmitt's Royal Duchess. Puppies, Dogs—1st, Max Adams' Adams' Jupiter; 2d, James W. Currier's Otosson; 3d, Rob't. H. Borrow's Sir Hugh; res., Carl C. Brandt's Hermit C; v., h., c., C. Schilchtman's Bismark H; c., Dr. A. Van Dearing's Rex III.; Thomas S. Baron's Pedro; P. Welker's Sir Monroe. Bitches—1st, Mrs. F. W. Currier's American Belle; 2d, J. P. Wade's Countess Plinlimmon; 3d, R. Clemene's Miss Lora; res., Mrs. F. A. Kaltman's Doona Nora. St. Bernards—Smooth-coated—Challenge Dogs—1st, Argyle Kennels' Alton II.; 2d, E. H. Moore's Melrose King. Bitches—1st, Jacob Rupert, Jr.'s Empress of Contoocook; 2d, E. H. Moore's Melrose Belle. Open—Dogs—1st, E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr.; 2d, Capt. Henry B. Turner's Plinlimmon V.; 3d, Edwin W. Perry's Couch; 4th, H. S. Borden's Leicester, Jr.; v. h. c., Miss Mathalie K. Allien's Prince Napoleon; h., c., Koeffler & Ritter's Rome; h. c., Belle Isle Kennels' Clovis. Bitches—1st, Bayard Kennels, Lady Hannay; 2d, Samuel Mann's Pandora; 3d, Henry Schierlach's Charmion; 4th, Philip Fredericks' Julia; v. h. c., res., E. H. Moore's Melrose Judith; h. c., E. H. Meyer's Minka; Joseph Vesper's Lyda B; St. Bernard Kennels' Madam Bedivere Watch. Puppies, Dogs—1st, Dr. J. H. Lake's Richard B; 2d, Robert Schringer's Colin; 3d, William Gerhardt's Silver Prince; res., Koeffler & Ritter's Apollo. Bitches—1st, Bayard Kenne's Guide's Belle; 2d, William Miller's Lady Isabella; 3d, St. Bernard Kennels' Madam Bedivere Watch; c, Otto Nilson's White Rose. Novice, Dogs—1st, Edward Booth's Kingstonian Guide; 2d, William Miller's East River Prince; 3d, Jacob F. Lutz's Wach Eardman; res., A. Martin's Nero; v. h. c., A. L. & A. B. Levy's Duke Barry II.; William Miller's East River Bismarck; Mrs. Alex. McKenzies Hughes' Lord Hilton; h. c., L. Woodworth's Sir Rodney II.; P. Stork's Rowland II.; A. W. Comstock's Saurin; Miss Mathalie Allien's Prince Napoleon; Miss Hilda Ward's Ka Mor; Miss M. Miller's Victor Roland, Jr.; McKenna & Vandergrift's Prince Royal of Detroit; Burgess & Hall's Ardmore; Donnelly & Gilfoil's Bennington; c., Belle Isle Kennels' Clovis; h. c., John Fisher's Dian; I. K. Patterson's Zampa; Mrs. P. A. Katmann's Caesar IV. Novice, Rough and Smooth Bitches—1st, Bayard Kennels' Lady Hannay; 2d, Gramercy Kennels' Princess Eulalie, 3d, C. J. Birnbaum's Faint Heart; res., G. Reiner's Victoria; A. H. Van Brunt's Huddersfield Belle; Sullivan Bros.' Irish Beauty; A. H. Meyer's Minka; h. c., Edwin W. Halsey's Streatham Belle.

BLOODHOUNDS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, J. L. Winchell's Champion Victor; 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Belhus. Bitches—1st, J. L Winchell's Champion Judith; 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Kaween. Open—Dogs—1st, J. L. Winchell's Jason; 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Alchemist; 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Berry's Bradshaw; res., J. L. Winchell's Brough. Bitches—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Delfan; 2d, Dr. A. F. Stahl's Stella III.; 3d, Dr. A. F. Stahl's Lady Marjorie. Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—1st, J. L. Winchell's Jason.

GREAT DANES.—Challenge Dogs—1st, South Bend Kennels Major McKinley; 2d, Paul Clagstone's Stanley. Open—Dogs—1st, R. D. Winthrop's Faust IV.; 2, Edward Riterman's Honey bowl; 3d, William Young's Pasha; res., Herman L. Blanke's Bismarck D; v. h. c., Mrs. Hilda Bord's Leo; c., C. R. Larson's Thor. Bitches—1st, Arthur Unterman's Juno; 2d, George H Huber's Cyrnee; 3d, T. P. Burnham's Manon; h. c., Bismark Kennels' Irene; W. Young's Duchess. Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—1st, Edward Knieriem's Major McKinley II.; 2d, Homer R. Baldwin's Chief; 3d, Ernest Dozois's Caesar D.; res., A. C. Herzog's Lora.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Hermitage Kennels's Princess Flora; 2d, J. C. Weeks' Black Prince; 3d, J. Hare's Rover; res., F. Montandon's Gyp; h c., T. H. Rea's Tyrus; C. Wuestefeld's Nelson.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, Chas. Stedman Hanks' Col. Deitz. Bitches—1st, Terra Cotta Kennels's Princess Irma; 2d, Chas. Stedman Hanks' Vinga. Open—Dogs—1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' Ataman IV.; 3d, Toon & Thomas' Trajan; res., W. T. Virtue's Adrooski; v. h. c., George J. Gould's Czar; h. c., W. T. Virtue's Inkerman; August Schmitt's Thrupp; c., Penn Square Kennels' Paderewski. Bitches—1st, J. C. Weeks' Ziobellis; 2d, C. S. Hanks' Zmeika; 3d, G. J. Gould's Dagmar; c., Terra Cotta Kennels's Krimena; Toon & Thomas' Vera Vassalovick. Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—1st, C. S. Hanks' Leckhoi the Great; 2d, Terra Cotta Kennels' Alma; 3d, W. T. Virtue's Inkerman; res., G. J. Gould's Nadia.

SMOOTH FOX TERRIERS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Victor II.; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Safeguard; v. h. c., res., Mere Kennels' Ripon Stormer. Bitches—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Wrren Captious. Veteran Class Dogs and Bitches, over 5 years—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Raffle. Open—Dogs—1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Stickler; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Daybreak; 3d, Clarence Rathbone's Beverwyck Royalist; 4th, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Captor; v. h. c., res., George Raper's Raby Rival; v. h. c., Edward Bird's Sentinel; h. c., Moses Taylor's Annandale Jester; c., R. G. Stewart's Holster; L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Solo. Bitches (Smooth)—1st L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Capture; 2d, George Raper's Cowthorpe Jem; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Capture; 4th, George Raper's Richmond Victoria; v. h. c., res., George Raper's Richmond Pearl; v. h. c., Meer Kennels' Ray or Light; h. c. E. W. Irwin's Mystery; L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Duty; Mere Kennels' Dudley Nettle; Blemton Kennels' Blemton Flush. Puppies, Dogs—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Dayberak; 2d Edward Bird's Sentinel; 3d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Emperor; v. h. c., Mrs. T. L. Manwell's Tipsy Boy; R. Kenchan's Packman. Bitches—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Capture; 2d L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sentence; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Leaflet; v. h. c., Mere Kennels' Mere Juliesta; Dr. Jas Ferris Belt's Waywaset Luna; h. c., Clarence Rathbone's Beverwyck Becky Sharp; Blemton Kennels' Blemton Flush. Novice, Dogs—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Daybreak; 2d, Edward Bird's Sentinel; 3d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Emperor; c., res., Clarence Rathbone's Beverwyck Cavalier; Moses Taylor's Annandale Jester; L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Captor; Edward Bird's Guard; A. DeWitt Cochrane's Kennyette Punch; c., George Raper's Raby Truefit.

COLLIES.—Rough-coated—Challenge Dogs—1st, J. Pierpont Morgan's Sefton Hero; 2d, Henry Jarrett's Wellesbourne Charlie; res., J. Pierpont Morgan's Roslyn Wilkes. Bitches—1st, J. Pierpont Morgan's Charlton Phylis; 2d, Lambert Stansfield's Highland Floss; res., J. Pierpont Morgan's Jakyr Dean; v. h. c., Henry Jarrett's Flurry III. Veteran Class Dogs and Bitches over 5 years—1st, Henry Jarrett's Wellesbourne Charlie; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Zulu; 3d, Henry Jarrett's Christopher; res., Mrs. Rose Levere's Don Giovanni. Open—Dogs—1st, J. Pierpont Morgan's Rufford Ormond; 2d, 3d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil; 4th, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Woodlawn Trefoil; res., Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hempstead Chief; v. h. c., Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Zulu. Bitches—1st, Woodlawn Sunset; 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Flora May; 3d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Dulcet; 4th, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Ormskirk Susie; v. h. c., J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Pearl; Hempstead Farm's Woodmansterne Deborah; h. c., Clara Stansfield's Highland Rose; Hempstead Farm's Trefoil Princess. Dogs under 2 years—1st, Henry Jarrett's Domino II.; 2d, Woodlawn Trefoil; 3d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Wallace; res., Frank S. Grenelle's Ford; v. h. c., J. Keddie's Fifeshire Mark. Bitches under 2 years—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Woodlawn Sunset; 2d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Dulcet; 3d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Pearl; h. c., Hempstead Farm's Trefoil Princess. Puppies, Dogs—1st, Henry Jarrett's Domino II.; 2d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragstone Douglas; 3d, Louis Fackler's Milford; res., A. E. Pott's Christo; h. c., Ardsley Kennels' Ardsley Little Billie; c., Ardsley Kennels' Ardsley Laird; Wm. B. Tocher's Major Bitches—1st, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Blue Ru n; 2d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Pansy; 3d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Dulcet; res., Henry Jarrett's Prude Novice, Dogs—1st, J. Pierpont Morgans Rufford Ormond; 2d, Henry Jarrett's Domino II; 3d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Woodlawn Trefoil; v. h c, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hempstead Chief; J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Douglas Novice, Bitches—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Flora May; 2d, J Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Pansy; 3d, J. Pierpont Morgan's Cragston Dulcet; res, Woodland Park Kennels' Ormskirk Susie; h. c., Hempstead Farm's Trefoil Princess.

SMOOTH COLLIES.—Dogs and Bitches—2d, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Maid; 3d, Hempstead Farm's Blue Light.

DACHSHUNDES.—Challenge Dogs—1st, Windrush Kennels' Jay; 2d, Windrush Kennels' Don Quixote II. Bitches—1st, Windrush Kennels' Jargonelle; 2d, Windrush Kennels' Jannet. Open—Dogs—Extra, E. S. Woodiwis's King Sol; 1st, Hempstead Farm's Tack; 2d, Windrush Kennels' Pedro; 3d, W. Keaseby's Leviathan; v. h. c., Edward Brooks' Wamba; Joseph Lythgos' Janty; h. c., Dr. C. Motschenbacher's Peter Leipsig; c., John H. Mathews' Pretzel Bitches—1st, Windrush Kennels' Princetta; 2d, Hempstead Farm's Weasel; extra 1st, E. S. Woodiwis' Widgeon; extra 2d, E. S. Woodiwis' Dinah Belle; extra res., E. S. Woodiwis' Jane Austin. Puppies—1st, Windrush Kennels' Pedro; 2d, R. L. Annesly's Albany Toby; res., J. Lythgos' Janty; v. h. c., S. Birch's Teckel B. Manice Challenge Cup—1st, Windrush Kennels' Princetta; res., Windrush Kennels' Pedro II.

FOX TERRIERS.—Smooth—Challenge, Dogs—1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Victor II.; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Safeguard; res., Mere Kennels' Ripon Stormer. Challenge, Bitches—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Captious. Veteran Class—Dogs and Bitches over 5 years—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Raffle. Open—Dogs—1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Stickler; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Daybreak; 3d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Royalist; 4th, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Captor; res., G. Raper's Raby Rival; v. h. c., E. Bird's Sentinel; h. c., M. Taylor's Annandale Jester; c., R. G. Steward's Holster; L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Solo. Bitches—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Capture; 2d, Geo. Raper's Cowthorpe Jem; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sentence; 4th, Geo. Raper's Richmond Victory; res., Geo. Raper's Richmond Pearl; v. h. c., Mere Kennels' Ray of Light; h. c., L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Duty; E. W. Irwin's Mystery; Mere Kennels' Dudley Nettle; Blemton Kennels' Blemton Flush. Puppies, Dogs—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Daybreak; 2d, E. Bird's Sentinel; 3d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Emperor; res., C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Monarch; v. h. c., Mrs. T. L. Manwell's Tipsy Boy; R. Kenchan's Packman; h. c., C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Cavalier; c., Geo. Raper's Raby Truefit. Puppies, Bitches—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Capture; 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sentence; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Leaflet; res., E. W. Irvin's Mystery; v. h. c., J. F. Belt's Wawaset Luna; Mere Kennels' Mere Juliesta; h. c., C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Becky Sharp; Blemton Kennels' Blemton Flush. Novice, Dogs—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Daybreak; 2d, E. Bird's Sentinel; 3d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Emperor; res., C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Cavalier; h. c., M. Taylor's Annandale

Jester; L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Solo; L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Captor; E. Bird's Guard; A. de Witt Cochrane's Kennyette Punch; c.. Geo. Raper's Raby Truefit. Novice, Bitches—1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Capture; 2d, Geo. Raper's Cowthorpe Jim; 3d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sentence; res., Geo. Raper's Richmond Victory; v. h. c., Geo. Raper's Richmond Pearl; h. c., C. Rathbone's Beverwyck's Becky Sharp; Mere Kennells' Ray of Light and Dudley Nettle; Blemton Kennels' Blemton Flush. Wire-haired—Challenge Dogs—1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Cribbage; 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Oakleigh Bruiser. Bitcnes—1st, H. H. Hunneewll Jr,'s Surrey Janet. Open—Dogs—1st, Toon & Thomas' Endcliffe Banker; 2d, Hempstead Farms' Marden; 3d, F. A. King's Yale Tramp; 4th, H. T. Foote's White Tapper; res., A. A. McDonald's Dark Eye; v. h. c., G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap; H. T. Foote's Brittle Beaut; H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Trick; h. c., Hempstead Farms' Marden; c., H. W. Smith's Saint Trick; H. J. Foote's Brittle Bright; A. C. Bradbury s Halifax Revival. Bitches—1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Busby Bramble; 2d, Hempstead Farms' Brittany; 3d, G. M. Carnochan's Brittanic; res., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Brunette; v. h. c., Compton Kennels' Roath Rennie. Puppies, Dogs—1st, Toon & Thomas' Endcliffe Brisk; 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Trick; res., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Piquet; v. h. c., Ballywin Kennels' Bohemian. Puppies, Bitches—1st, Ballywin Kennels' Butterflies; 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Bud. Novice, Dogs—1st, Toon & Thomas' Endcliffe Banker; 2d, Hempstead Farms' Marden; res., Ballywin Kennels' Buccanneer; v. h. c., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Brunette; G. M. Carnochan's Brittanic; h. c., Compton Kennels' Compton Bruiser; A. C. Bradbury's Halifax Revival; Hempstead Farms' Suffolk Trimmer. American Fox Terrier Club's Special Sweepstakes for American-bred Wire-haired Fox Terriers.—Class A, for Dogs and Bitches born after Jan. 1, 1894—1st, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Strap; 2d, G. M. Carnochan's Brittanic; 3d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Brunette. Class B, for Dogs and Bitches born on and after Jan. 1, 1894—1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Trick; 2d, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Hill Hurst Piquet; 3d, Ballywyn Kennels' Butterflies.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Jackanapes; 2d, Toon & Thomas' Jack Briggs; res., W. J. Comstock's Boxer IV. Bitches—1st, Walter J. Comstock's Dun-Murry; 2d, Henry Jarrett's Candor; res.. Toon & Thomas' Judy. Open—Dogs—1st, Hempstead Farms' Brian O. K.; 2d—Toon & Thomas' Brigg's Best; 3d, T. S. Bellin's Marton Shamrock; res., Walter J. Comstock's His Honor; v. h. c., F. F. Cole's Shamus; Toon & Thomas' Brickbat Bruiser; Hempstead Farms' Fenian Boy; h. c., Toon & Thomas' Brigg's Bar None. Bitches—1st, J. B. MacLean's Deramore Biddy; 2d, Toon & Thomas' Brickbat Brickie; 3d, O. W. Donner's Milton Droleen; v. h c., Toon & Thomas' Brigg's Breeze. Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—1st, Toon & Thomas' Brigg's Best; 2d, O. W. Donner's Milton Droleen; 3d, J. A. B. Evan's Conn Keadcahagh II.; res., J. Welsh's Con. Novice. Dogs and Bitches—1st, Hempstead Farms' Brian O. K.; 2d, Toon & Thomas' Brigg's Best; res., J. B. McLean's Deramore Biddy; v. h. c., T. S. Bellin's Marton Shamrock; O. W. Donner's Milton Droleen; Hempstead Farms' Fenian Boy.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—Dogs, 25 lbs. and not exceeding 35 lbs.—1st, Bayonne Kennels' Prince Walnut; 2d, T. G. Hollander's Peter; 3d, Benjamin Pope's Pilot; res., D. Baldwin's Pilot. Dogs, under 25 lbs—1st, Mrs. Benjamin Pope's Spider; 2d, Bayone Kennels' Tom; 3d, Phelps & Davis' Commissioner II. v. h. c., William H. Mason's Ned Bayone Kennels' Dixie; h. c., Bayone Kennels's Tob Bitches, under 25 lbs.—1st, Phelps & Davis' Topsey 2d, William E. Bright's Peggy; 3d, L. A. Burritt's Miss Thora; res., Dwight Baldwin's Sally; v. h. c., Bayone Kennels' Rose; h. c., Bem Coffin Altemus' Dolly; Mrs .Benjamin's Pope Topsy.

BEAGLES.—Challenge Dogs.—1st, C. S. Wixom's Sherry; 2d, H. L. Kreuder's Frank Forest. Bitches—1st, H. L. Kreuder's Lonely; 2d, C. S. Wixom's Elf. Open—Dogs, over 13 inches and not exceeding 15 inches—1st, E. B. Joachim's Ringleader 2d, Maxwell Stevenson's Furrier; 3d, H. L. Kreuder's Lee III.; res., Maxwell Stevenson's Trueman; v. h. c., Maxwell Stevenson's Tyrant; h. c., C. S. Wixom's Roger W. Bitches, over 13 inches and not exceeding 15 inches—1st, C. S. Wixom's Daisy Corbett; 2d, Waldingfeld Beagle's Oracle; 3d, C. S. Wixom's Popsey; res., H. L. Kreuder's Emeline II.; v. h. c., George Laick's Minnie L. Dogs, not exceeding 15 inches—1st, C. S. Wixom's Razzle; 2d, C. S. Wixom's Little Wonder; 3d, George Laick's Laick's Boy; res., N. A. Baldwin's Laddie; v. h. c., P. H. Bolton's Young Royal. Bitches, not exceeding 13 inches—1st, H. L. Kreuder's Lonely II.; 2d, C. S. Wixom s Evangeline; 3d, C. S. Wixom's Dazzle; res., Guy D. Welton's Kitty Clover; v. h. c., Turtle Bay Kennel Club's Spider.. Puppies, Dogs and Bitches—1st. C. S. Wixom's Alice; 2d, F. H. Bolton's Rossa; res., Waldingfeld Beagles' Fallacy; v. h. c., J. Q. Bourne's Jute II. Novice, Dogs and Bitches—1st, C. S. Wixom's Alice; 2d, Maxwell Stevenson's Trueman; res., Maxwell Stevenson's Tyrant; v. h c., Guy D. Wolton's Kitty Clover. Field Trial for Dogs and Bitches that have been placed at any public field trial—1st, H. L. Kreuder's Frank Forest; 2d, C. S. Wixom's Ava W.; res., N. A. Baldwin's Laddie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, H. T. Foote's Broomfield Sultan; 2d, S. D. Ripley's Glenwood Bitches—1st and 2d, H. T. Foote's Gypsy Girl and Meersbrook Maiden. Open—Dogs—1st, Charles Wilson's Chicago Spider; 2d, Davis & Winter's Rochelle Rush; 3d, J. B. Hefter's Sully; res., H. T. Foote's Rochelle Master. Bitches—1st, S. D. Ripley's Surrey Gem; 2d, Toon & Thomas' Gipsey Queen; 3d and res., Charles Wilson's Chicago Maiden and Canada Queen; h. c, Jesse Pinder, Jr's Meg.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS—Dogs—1st, L. A. Van Zandt's Tommy Atkins; 2d, J. L. Kernochan's Spring. Bitches—1st, J. L. Kernochan's Nancy Lee; 2d, L. A. Van Zandt's Blinkbonny; 3d and res., J. L. Kernochan's Lonely and Sprightly; h. c. and c., L. A. Van Zandt's Sunset and Cissy Fitzgerald.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—Challenge Dogs or Bitches—1st, 2d and res, Edward Brooks' Amphion, King of the Heather and Ainster Daisy. Open—Dogs—1st, Edward Brooks' Roderick Dhu; 2d, Alexander Ballantyne's Punch. Bitches—1st, George Raper's Lothian Judy; 2d, 3d, res. and h. c., Edward Brooks' Heather Daffodil, Heather Darling, Heather Dart and Heather Despair.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—Challenge Dogs or Bitches—1st, C. W. Lougest's Mount Verno Tibbie; 2d, M. A. H. Thelberg's Qui Vive; res., Thomas Pearsall's Chemist. Open—Dogs—1st, C. W. Lougest's Professor; 2d and 3d, W. H. Russell's Fancier and Postmaster. Bitches—1st, John Hopkinson's Beechgrove Blue Belle; 2d, Toon & Thomas' Endcliffe Wasp; 3d, W. H. Russell's Polly Warkworth. Puppy Class—Dogs or Bitches—1st, W. H. Russell's Financier; 2d and res., M. A. H. Thelberg's Beau-visage and Yauticaw.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, 2d and res., Brooks & Ames' Kilroy, Tiree and Rhuduman Bitches—1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames' Culbleau and Wankie Diana. Open—Dogs—1st, Newcastle Kennels' Bellingham Bailiff; 2d, Brooks & Ames' Wankie Tam; 3d, Newcastle Kennels' Kilstreet; res., Mrs. Frances Lovering's Dunbarton; v. h. c., Brooks & Ames' 2d, Wankie Dandie; h. c., Brooks & Ames' 2d, Wankie Caddie; P. H. Howard's Kilbar, Jr.; George Hatch's Kilrain; Chesterford Park Kennels' The Colored Preacher; c, Compton Kennels' Compton Styx Bitches—1st, 2d and 3d, Brooks & Ames 2d, Zembra, Vorda and Wankie Janett; res. and v. h. c., Newcastle Kennels' Ranee and Highland Tatters; h. c., Brooks & Ames' 2d, Clutha and Wankie Cambria, and Newcastle Kennels' Newcastle Rona. American-bred—Dogs—1st, Brooks & Ames' 2d, Wankie Tam; 2d, Mrs. Frances Lovering's Dunbarton; 3d, Brooks & Ames' 2d, Wankie Dandie; h. c., Brooks & Ames' 2d, Wankie Caddie, and P. H. Howard's Kilbar, Jr. Bitches—1st, 2d and 3d, Brooks & Ames' 2d, Wankie Janette, Wankie Diana and Miss Ted: h. c., Newcastle Kennels' Newcastle Rona, and Brooks & Ames' 2d, Wankie Cambria; c., T. H. Garlick's Glenshea. Puppies, Dogs—1st, Mrs. Frances Lovering's Dunbarton; 2d, Compton Kennels' Compton Styx. Bitches—1st, W. P. Frazer's Highland Fling.

SKYE TERRIERS.—Challenge Dogs—1st, C. A. Shinn's Elphinstone; 2d, P. & H. Smith's Barnaby Rudge; res., C. A. Shinn's Sir Thomas. Bitches—1st and 2d, C. A. Shinn's Queen of Skyes and Endcliffe Maggie. Open—Dogs—1st, Duncan Kerr's Roderick Dhu. Bitches—1st, George Heritage s Princess Mary; 2d, Hempstead Farms' Wheel of Fortune.

WHIPPETS'—No entries.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Challenge Dogs or Bitches—1st, N E. Oliver's Minnie York. Open—Dogs—1st W . C. Bishop's Bradford Rejected; 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Harboro Swell II.; 3d, J. A. Finlayson's Prince; res., Joseph Bell's Eric II.; v. h. c., James Foster's Little Smart and Pearl. Bitches—1st and 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Pride of New York and Duchess; 3d J. A. Finlayson's Nell; res., Mrs. F. J. Grant's Jessie; v. h. c., Thomas McCarthy's Nancy; J. Bell's Queenie; h. c., Mrs. F. Senn's Lady Conqueror; Taylor's Nell.

TOY TERRIERS.—Other than Yorkshire—Dogs or Bitches—1st, J. A. Schuchmann's Baby Ruth; 2d, Mrs. E. Le Grand's Boots; 3d George Haase's Pootzi.

PUGS.—Open—Dogs—1st, Pomona Kennels' Pomona Fritz; 2d and 3d, Mrs. E. R. Ladew's Punch and Corbett; res., Miss Stella Noble's Snip Ivy; h. c., Miss May Towner's Rowdy. Bitches—1st, Miss Kingsland's Victoria; 2d, Pomona Kennels' Pomona Dolly; 3d, Mrs. Frank Rivers' Yuma Tu; res., Penn Square Kennels' Blossom; h. c., J. S. Freman's Lillie.

TOY SPANIELS.—Challenge Dogs or Bitches—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Romeo; 2d, A. W. Lucy's Exeter Earl; res., Mrs. F. Senn's King of the Charlies.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS—Open—Dogs—1st, Elite Kennels' Duke of Chester; 2d, A. Knoblauch's Tutti Frutti; 3d, Mrs. R. C. Wright's Romeo II.; res., A. W. Lucy's Modern Charlie; v. h. c., Elite Kennels' Rouge et Noir; h. c., Charles Killance's Philadelphia Charley. Bitches—1st and 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Pet and Sweet Marie; 3d, Elite Kennels' St. Ives Myrtle; res. and v. h. c., Mrs. F. Senn's Lady De Lelena and Beauty.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—Dogs or Bitches—1st, Mrs. Anna Bernstein's Murilla; 2d and 3d, Mrs. T. E. Shreve's Golden Prince and Young Duke; res., Union Pet Dog Kennels' Chiselhurst Hero.

RUBY SPANIELS.—Dogs or Bitches—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Marguerite; 2d, Yetsan Kennels' Yetsan Chief; 3d, Mrs. S. Fenn's Ruby; v. h. c., Mrs. Rothschild's Ruby.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—Dogs or Bitches—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Bell; 2d, Adolph Bernstein Jr.'s Betsey Trotman.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—Dogs—1st and 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Yatsu and Mikado; 3d, E. Webster's Kuma; res. and v. h. c., Mrs. F. Senn's Prince Yodo and Ponto. Bitches—1st, E. Webster's Chin Chin; 2d, 3d and res., Mrs. F. Senn's Yokie, Kiku and Tamah.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—Challenge Dogs or Bitches—1st and 2d, Joseph Lewis' Spring and Sprite. Open—Dogs—1st, Joseph Lewis' Prince; 2d, Charles Lohman's Souris. Bitches—1st, Joseph Lewis' Jennie II.; 2d, Mrs. A. E. McKee's Beauty; 3d, Mrs. Julia Lohman's Folly; res., H. S. Wisner's Gyp.

SCHIPPERKES.—Dogs or Bitches—1st, E. S. Woodiwiss' Shtoots; 2d, 3d and res., F. W. Connolly's Skipper and Cople Sophia and Sophia Drieske.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS.—Dogs or Bitches—1st, Townsend Lawrence's Kimo; 2d, Mrs. D. F. Lloyd's Dock; 3d, Mrs. H. Moore's Bianco, Rover—Rosie; res., Mrs. Wade's Romeo; .v h. c., C. W. Lougest's Mount Vernon Rake.

The A. K. C. Meeting.

The annual meeting of the American Kennel Club was held on the afternoon of Feb. 22, in Madison Square Garden, Mr. Thos. H. Terry presiding. The roll call was responded to by Dr. H. T. Foote, associate member; G. G. Stephenson, American Mastiff Club; John Moorhead, Duquesne K. C.; W. Fiske, English Setter Club; Robert Leslie, Mass. K. C.; C. F. R. Drake, Mascoutah K. C.; H. F. Schellhass, National Beagle Club; Edw. Brookes, New England K. C.; Frederick S. Webster, Northwestern Beagle Club; Dr. M. H. Cryer, Omaha K. C.; J. Mortimer, Pacific Kennel Club; J. Watson, Southern Cal. K. C.; E. H. Morris, New Jersey Kennel League.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were accepted.

The Secretary then read the credentials of C A. Pratt, St. Louis Kennel Club (new club); O. F. Joslin, Brunswick Fur Club; L. A. Burritt, Boston Terrier Club; Maj. J. M. Taylor, Columbus Fancier's Club; Joseph H. Hunter, Washington City K. C.; Thos. H. Terry, Westminster K. C.; J. E. Sears, Danbury Agricultural Society; Maj. Taylor and Mr. Hunter were absent.

The Secretary's annual report set forth that the depression in business had affected the club's interests. The income had fallen off in all departments. The balance carried over had enabled the club to meet all expenses. Also the indebtedness for legal expenses had been reduced to $472; $300 had been paid on it since the January statement, published in the Gazette. The list of Associate Members is 204. Active membership, 45 clubs. Delegates were urged to work to increase the revenues of the club.

The Treasurer reported that his report had been published in the January Gazette.

Following is the list of officers: President, A. Belmont; Vice-President, Thos. H. Terry; Secretary-Treasurer, A. P. Vredenburgh.

Maj. Taylor and Mr. Edward Brooks were re-elected members of the Advisory Committee.

Stud Book Committee, Messrs. Schellhass, Watson and Fiske.

Field Trial and Coursing, Messrs. J. M. Taylor, L. C. Whiton, Frederick S. Webster, Wm. C. Bayliss, Herman F. Schellhass.

Constitution and Rules, Messrs. J. Watson, H. F. Schellhass, F. S. Webster, H. T. Foote and A. P. Vredenburgh.

A communication from the Canadian Kennel Club, on the long-pending matter of wins, etc., was read, as follows: "That this club will be willing to recognize an agreement on the basis of mutual recognition of wins and disqualifications, the wins at shows held under C. K. C. rules to be published in the A. K. C. stud book. All dogs exhibited from Canada in the United States to be listed or registered with the A. K. C All dogs from the United States shown in Canada to be listed or registered with C. K. C. prize winners; in either case where qualified must be registered with the club under whose auspices the show is held. Messrs. T. G. McEwen and T. S. Wetherall were appointed a committee to confer with the American Kennel Club. If further information is necessary please advise me." This communication was from Mr. H. B. Donovan, Secretary-Treasurer C. K. C. It was carried that the matter of suspensions and disqualifications be referred to the committee originally appointed, and that said committee confer with the C. K. C., with a view to a mutual agreement concerning suspensions and disqualifications, said committee being given power to act.

The proposed amendment, of which notice was given by the Committee on Constitution and Rules, was next considered. It read as follows: In the event of any person or club, not a member of the American Kennel Club, holding a show at which the entry of any person not eligible to make entries at American Kennel Clubs shows, is accepted, or who may be permitted to show dogs, or act as agent for any other exhibitor, and officiate in any capacity at the show, every person officially connected with such show shall at once be suspended by order of the President, and deprived of all privileges of the American Kennel Club, pending the holding of the next meeting of the Executive or Advisory Committees, at which meeting the committee must either remove the suspension or impose a penalty of disqualification for such period as they may decide upon."

The first vote was on Mr. Morris' motion that the amendment be not embodied in the American Kennel Club's rules. To get an affirmative action, this one being negative, this motion was voted down. On the motion to adopt, there was not the necessary two-thirds vote and the amendment was lost.

The amendment which read that "The secretary of every show must forward to the secretary of the American Kennel Club, a duly certified copy of the judge's awards within seven days of the closing of each show," was carried.

The Executive Committee then held its meeting. Mr. Edw. Brooke presided. The minutes of the last meeting of the Executive Committee were approved.

The resignations of the Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club and Western Michigan Kennel Club, were announced.

Balance on hand, $2,747.63.

The Auditing Committee announced that it had examined the accounts of the Club for the year 1894, and found them correct.

The English Bloodhound Club, of America, and the Wilmington Kennel Club were admitted to membership.

Prefixes were asked and granted as follows: To James B. Blossom, the prefix "Bedford;" to A. M. Young, the prefix Ballywynn; to S. J. Bradbury, the prefix "Drayton." Mr. G. W. H. Ritchie was refused the prefixes "Mr." and "Mrs."

The appeals of Dr. W. A. Bruette and Thomas Potter for reinstatement were granted.

In the matter of the request of the Spaniel Club for a ruling in respect to the cup donated by Mr. Geo. Bell, it was carried that the club could go on offering the cup as the ownership or custody of the cup was now vested in the Spaniel Club.

Mr. Bell's appeal for reinstatement and apology for past utterances and the charges preferred by Platt Brothers against the Des Moines Kennel Club, were referred to the Advisory Committee.

The following resolutions, adopted by the Pacific Kennel Club, were read and referred to the Committee on Rules:

"To the American Kennel Club, New York, N. Y.

"Whereas, the American Kennel Club was organized for the purpose of fostering the general interest in dogs throughout the United States; and

"Whereas, a very large portion of the dog men of the Pacific Coast are members (through their clubs) of said American Kennel Club and are therefore interested in all of its acts and legislation; and

"Whereas, the Pacific Kennel Club was led to join the said American Kennel Club through the representation and belief that it was a national organization, laboring for the best interests of the dog owners and kennel organizations of the whole country, regardless of location; and that the young and the weak would receive the same consideration and the same fostering care as was accorded to the strongest and most powerful; and

"Whereas, the isolation of the Pacific Coast from other populous centers is such as to produce conditions that do not obtain elsewhere, and cannot, with justice, be controlled in all respects by rules that may be just and advisable for other sections, without seriously crippling its best interests; and

"Whereas, section one of Rule XV. has in the past, does now, and will for many years to come, work an injustice and a positive injury to this and other clubs on the coast, viz.: By making it absolutely impossible for an exhibitor to advance his dog beyond that of a challenge class winner; the effect of which is to cool his enthusiasm, and by the realization of the evident injustice wrought by said rule, to cause him to lose his interest in shows and cease to partonize them, therefore, be it

"Resolved, that the American Kennel Club be, and it is hereby, earnestly requested to so amend Section 1 of Rule XV., so far as it applies to shows held West of the Rocky Mountains, and to dogs, the bona fide property of residents thereof, that three firsts in the challenge class, one of which is won in a show of not less than 300 entries, shall entitle the winner to the title of champion.

"Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the said American Kennel Club, requesting that it take immediate action thereon."

The charges of Mr. E. H. Morris against George R. Preston were referred to the Committee on Rules.

The secretary was authorized to make the necessary expenditure for the removal of the belongings of the club, to its new office, 55 Liberty street.

It was carried that it was the sense of the A. K. C. that the dog now in the possession of Martin Fallon is Beauford Prince, bred by J. L. Winchell, and successively owned by Charles B. Fraleigh, Herbert Meade and Dr. C. A. Lougest, and that said dog be debarred from competition till restored to the possession and ownership of Dr. Lougest.

Dr. A. L. Spanogle was disqualified, Dr. J. S. Werntz was suspended.

The recommendation, concerning Boston terriers, that no pedigree be accepted which contains more than one first outcross in the third generation, was adopted.

The following resolution was adopted: The American Kennel Club deplores the poisoning of toy spaniels in the building of the Westminster Kennel Club's show this morning, and hopes that the culprit be brought to speedy justice.

The matter of licensing the Country Club, of Brookline, and the Hempstead Farm, was referred to the Committee on Constitution and Rules.

A New Field Trial Club.

This week, on Tuesday evening, a number of the sportsmen of the United States meet at Battery D, Chicago, for the purpose of organizing a new field trial club. A large attendance is expected either in person or by proxy. While the club will have an up-to date policy, it will draw a sharp line between the club management and the competition.

Boston Show.

Boston, Mass.—I beg to advise you that we have decided upon judges and assigned classes as below for our coming show: Mr. James Mortimer, bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, Chesapeake Bay dogs, beagles, bull dogs and fox terriers. Mr. Chas. H. Mason, spaniels, dachshun ls, poodles, collies, sheep dogs, terriers (except Boston and fox), pugs and miscellaneous. Maj. J. M. Taylor, foxhounds, pointers and setters. Mr. Harry W. Smith, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds and greyhounds. Mr. Arthur Mulvey, Boston terriers. D. E. LOVELAND, Sec'y.

Duquesne Show.

Pittsburgh.—We are receiving many communications in regard to who will judge at our show, which will be held on April 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, not 10th to 13th. As our premium lists will not be ready before next Monday, we herewith send list of judges: Mr. H. W. Lacy, St. Bernards, pugs, beagles, Boston terriers. Mr. C. H. Mason, pointers, setters, English retrievers, all spaniels except toy, Chesapeake Bay dogs, whippetts, bassett hounds, dachshunds, greyhounds, collies, old English sheep dogs and bull te riers. Mr. James Mortimer, mastiffs, Great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, poodles, all fox terriers except bull terriers; Italian greyhounds, schipperkes, toy spaniels, fox hounds, bull dogs and miscellaneous class. JOHN MOORHEAD, Jr.,
President Duquesne Kennel Club.

The English Bloodhound Club.

The first annual meeeting of the English Blood Hound Club was held Feb. 21, 1895, at Madison Square Garden, New York, Mr. J. L. Winchell, presiding. The Secretary and Treasurer's report was read and accepted, there being a balance in the treasury after the payment of all liabilities.

It was voted to offer specials at the Boston show, and at the Western shows in the future. It was also voted that photographs of the winner at various bench shows be sent to the club members.

The committee appointed to investigate the registration of dogs, reported that several "fake" pedigrees had been discovered. It was also found that many foxhounds and bloodhounds had been bred together, and the offspring advertised as pure bred bloodhounds. Many instances of this kind were brought to the attention of the club by Mr. Winchell, Mr. Davidson, Dr. Lougest and others, and several letters from those who had been victimized in this manner were read.

On suggestion of Mr. Davidson, a committee consisting of Merrs. Winchell, C. W. Lougest, and Dr. A. F. Stahl was appointed, to communciate with the Secretary of the American Kennel Club, with a view to obtaining a copy of all applications for registration, in order that they might be thoroughly investigated, and any fraud detected before registration. It was also voted that the club keep a stud book of its own.

The following officers were elected to serve for one year: President, S. L. Winchell, Fairhaven, Vt.; Vice-President, Dr. C. W. Lougest, Franklin, Mass.; Secretary and Treasurer,

harles H. Innes, 23 Court street, Boston, Mass.; Delegate to ie American Kennel Club, Dr. A. F. Stahl, 38 Appleton street, Boston, Mass.

After an informal discussion the meeting adjourned, subject c the call of the chair.

Great Dane Club.

The annual meeting of the Great Dane Club was held in ladison Square Garden, on Feb. 22. The following list of fficers were elected: President, Charles Fisher; Vice-President, Vm. Younge; Treasurer, Henry Bord; Secretary, and Dele- ate to A. K. C., Clifford Wood.

Ten new members were added to the club's list.

The delegate was instructed to secure the co-operation of the Committee on Pedigrees of the A. K. C., so that the pedigrees f all Great Danes would first be sent to the Committee on Pedigrees of the Great Dane Club.

It was resolved that the club be incorporated, and that meetings be held quarterly.

At the next meeting, a Great Dane standard will be adopted.

The Gordon Setter Club.

The annual meeting of the Gordon Setter Club, of America vas held in Madison Square Garden on the evening of Feb. 20. Messrs. Blossom, Van Zandt, Oughton, Hendee, Billings, Lee, Meister, B. Seehuson, Speery and Harrington were present in erson or by proxy.

The report of President Blossom upon the field trials, held at Assonet, Mass. last November, was approved; as also that of Secretary-Treasurer Van Zandt, showing a balance of over $50 n the treasury, and a good list of paying members.

The old board of officers and Executive Committee was lected, and it was resolved to hold field trials next summer, vith the hope that Gordon men would respond in goodly num- ers, as the interest in the Gordon setter seems to be increas- ng.

The Pointer Club of America.

The annual meeting of the Pointer Club of America took place at the Westminster Kennel Club's show, Feb., 21. The meeting was well attended and unusual interest was manifested. There were present: Hon. John S. Wise, T. G. Davey, Charles Heath, Thomas H. Terry, Frederic S. Webster, C. F. Lewis, Geo. Jarvis, A. C. Pickhardt, F. E. Lewis, J. R. Purcell, R. A. De Rusy.

The report of Secretary Webster was read, which commented upon the increase of interest in pointer affairs among the mem- ers, and the prospects for the coming year. The inauguration f the Annual Sweepstake and Produce Stakes was referred to, nd the continuance of those events was strongly recom- uended.

Treasurer Lewis made a report of the finances of the club, vhich showed a respectable balance on hand. Messrs. George . Gould and Geo. S. Mott, were elected to membership.

The election of officers for the coming year resulted in the choice of Thomas H. Terry for President; T. G. Davey, of Canada, Vice-President; Frederic S. Webster, Secretary; C. F. Lewis, Treasurer.

The Board of Governors are: Hon. John S. Wise, George Jarvis, James Mortimer, George W. La Rue, Samuel Warren, George J. Gould, and B. F. Seitner, Dayton, O; Delegate to American Kennel Club, Geo. Jarvis.

After a general exchange of plans for the welfare and ad- vancement of pointer breeders, the club adjourned.

DOG CHAT

Mr. T. G. Davey, has sold the famous field trial winning setter, Brighton Tobe, to the Eldred Kennels, of New York City. He will compete in the trials for further honors.

Mr. George J. Gould has engaged the services of Mr. Jack Armstrong, the field trial handler who distinguished himself by skillful handling at the field trials of Canada last season.

Mr. W. B. Stafford, Secretary-Treasurer of the U. S. F. T. C., under date of Feb. 26, sends us the following dispatch: "There will be a called meeting of the Board of Governors of the U. S. F. T. C. held at Louisville, Ky., at 10 A. M. All members of the club are invited to be present at the meeting." Mr. Stafford omitted mention of the date and place of holding the meeting, and it was also sent to us too late for publication last week.

The Pacific Coast Field Trials were concluded on Feb. 22. The Derby Winners are, first, C. Z. Hebert's liver and white pointer bitch Doris (Glenbeigh Jill); second, J. G. Edward's orange and white English setter dog Nimrod (Sportsman-Stephanie); third, S. F. Hughes' lemon ticker English setter bitch Silverplate (Fred W. Countess Noble). In the All Age Stake, the winners are, first, Howard Vernon's liver and white pointer dog Glenbeigh (Grouse V.-Rita); second, W. G. Kerckhoff's black, white and tan English setter bitch Betsy Mark (Gath's Mark-Ightfield Sophie); third, divided between J. M. Kilgarif's orange and white English setter dog Sirius (Sportsman-Sweetheart), and C. A. Haight's liver and white dog Honest John (Dick H.-Lady Max). The Amateur Stakes were won by W. Harlan's black white and tan English setter dog Midas (Mercury-Johanna), and J. W. Tholcke's lemon ticked English setter bitch Salina Noble (Fred W.-Countess Noble) and R. Storm's Irish setter Red Dan, first, second and third in the order mentioned. At the club's annual meeting, held in Salinas, Cal., the following list of officers was elected: President, W. G. Kerckhoff, of Los Angelos; first Vice-President, J. E. Terry, Sacramento; second Vice-President, Howard Vernon, San Francisco; Secretary, J. M. Kilgarif, San Francisco; Executive Committee, J. T. Wattson, C. A. Haight and H. T. Payne, of San Francisco; C. N. Post, of Sacramento, and C. Z. Hebert, of Salinas.

Mr. John Davidson will judge the show of the Pacific Kennel Club, in May next.

From Winnipeg.

The second annual dog show, under the auspices of the Manitoba Poultry Association, will be held in Winnipeg this week. I should say it will be a success, judging from the number of classes for which prizes are offered and from the interest dog men generally are taking in the show.

Mr. E. Hughes, of Branton, has undertaken to pick the winners in the sporting classes, and Mr. T. Moore, of Virdon, will endeavor to perform a similar duty for the others.

The field trial interests, as usual at this season of the year, are not attracting much attention, still, in a quiet way, some of our local experts are preparing for an active campaign just as soon as the season opens.

The officers of the Manitoba Field Trial Club are not manifesting much zeal just at present, but, no doubt when the ice begins to move in the Red River, they will be on deck with renewed vigor after the long rest taken.

I was informed yesterday that a new club was about to be organized here for the purpose of holding trials this fall (at Morris, I suppose), either the week preceding or the week following that of the Manitoba Club, and that should this movement materialize, a strong effort will be made to equalize matters between the amateur and professional owners, without pressing too severely on either party. I trust it may be carried out, as it is in my opinion a movement in the right direction. Those who are now moving in the matter are the right men to take hold of it. G.

A meeting will be called this week at Chicago Show with a view to organizing a Dachshund Club, an intimation of which was given in these columns last week.

Mr. James Robinson was the only American exhibitor to bid God speed to the English contingent on their departure on the Servia, the day after New York Show, their dogs being shipped back on the Mohawk. For the Woodlawn Kennels he has purchased the noted bull bitch Bubble from Mr. S. Woodiwiss, of London, England. She will be sent out in whelp to one of the cracks. The unfortunate dog Facey Romford, who by many is considered the best bull now in England, is also being nibbled at from this quarter. Woodlawn Park Kennels had a corner on the bulls here at Detroit and evidently intend to do the same trick all around.

Mr. Moorhead attended the New York Show and was very busy making preliminary arrangements for the show which is expected to excel all previous ones in Pittsburg.

The many friends of Mr. John Davidson will be pained to learn of the death of his wife. During the judging at Detroit on Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Davidson was advised by telegram of the sad event and hurried to his home. Much sympathy was expressed by the visitors, and which took material form in a beautiful floral piece that was sent to Mr. Davidson's home.

Low Rates South.

March 5, April 2 and April 30, tickets will be sold via Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad to various points in Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia, and to points in Florida west of River Junction, at one fare for the round trip. For tickets and information apply to your nearest agent. City Ticket Office C. & E. I. R. R., 230 Clark street, Chicago, and C. W. Humphrey, Nor. Pass. Agent C. & E. I. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.—Adv.

Taxidermists.

The partnership existing between Wm. W. Hart and Thos. W. Franklin was dissolved by mutual consent Feb. 23. Mr. Hart will carry on the business at the same address as heretofore, and under the firm name of W. W. Hart & Co.

In order to secure much-needed facilities, Mr. F. S. Webster has removed the manufacturing part of his taxidermy business to Vernon, N. Y. The office and salesroom will be continued at the old address.—Adv.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

March 12.—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Handicap at 50 live birds per man, $50 added to three high guns, 25 entrance.

March 13 to 14.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—First annual live bird tournament of the Southern Gun Club at Whittington Park; 50 live birds, $25 entrance, four moneys, $500 guaranteed in this event. Entries close March 9 to H. O. Price, Southern Club, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 26-27.— ROCKFORD, Ill.—Live bird tournament of the Rockford Gun Club.

March 27.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J. E. D. Miller, Sec.

March 28.—NEWARK, N. J.—Live bird handicap at Erb's grounds, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club; 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps from 33 to 26 yards, class shooting, four moneys. W. H. Green, Sec.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Lynchburg, Va., Feb. 19,---The Interstate Association's shoot has been postponed until May 17-18. It was thought best to select these dates so that shooters going to Knoxville could have the opportunity to attend the shoot here. Everything will be done to make the event a successful one. I am very sorry to hear the reports coming in of the wholesale destruction of the birds. The slaughter by the cold weather has been distressing. Efforts are being made to restock, which, I hope, will prove successful. The regular shooting season of the gun club will not open for six weeks unless the weather improves. There are two feet of snow on our grounds.—F. M. D.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 19.—H White, Geo. Mann, H. Jones and Joseph Montgomery, four members of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association, shot a match to-day at Masena Springs. The conditions of the match were 20 sparrows each, plunge traps. Montgomery won by killing 18, Mann was second with 17; White and Jones killed 15 and 14 respectively.—A. R. K.

I suppose George Work and J. P. Knapp will soon have another race at live birds, as each is now credited with a victory by three birds. Their united totals for the 200 birds they have shot at just average 85 per cent. In both instances, at Babylon and Larchmont, the conditions were entirely favorable to the birds, the wind blowing a gale behind the birds on each occasion. The pigeons, too, in both matches, were an extraordinary lot. As regards guns and ammunition, both men stick to their colors; Work shoots a Purdey and E. C. powder; Knapp trusts to a Purdey-Francotte and Schultze.

Fred. Waddell, of Chattanooga, Tenn., better known perhaps as "Dupont" Waddell, from his connection with the Dupont Powder Company, called at Forest and Stream's office on Saturday, Feb. 23. Mr. Waddell had a good deal to say in regard to the big tournament at Cincinnati, May 7-10, which is promoted by the Dupont Company. The programme, which will be ready for distribution before long, will tell of a system for running tournaments that will be tried at Cincinnati on the above dates. The plan, as outlined by Mr. Waddell, gives promise of making the tournament a popular one.

The Southern Club, of Hot Springs, Ark., has issued a programme for March 13 and 14. The programme contains but one scheduled event, a 50 live bird race, $25 entrance, $500 guaranteed, four moneys, each money containing not less than $200, $150, $100 and $50 respectively; all surplus added. Amateurs stand at 30 yards, experts at 33 yards. Other events will be shot to suit the taste of those present Entries for the guaranteed event close March 9. For any further information, apply to H. Price, Southern Club, Hot Springs, Ark.

Ellicott City, Md., Gun Club will hold a live bird and target tournament in the near future. Ellicott City has several good shots among its gun club members, and any persons who want to spend a pleasant day at the traps cannot do better than visit them at one of their club's tournaments. Dr. Samuel J. Fort will doubtless be glad to answer any inquiries.

Fred. Quimby is rustling around among the Southern boys. A letter written by him from Louisville, Ky., date Feb. 22d, shows that Fred's effervescent spirits have suffered no check during the recent cold snap in the South.

The U. M. C. Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., have gotten out a new shell to take the place of their "Nitro Club" shell The new shell is maroon-colored, with the new No. 5 primer on which "U. M. C." Thomas has been figuring for some time. That the shell and primer in the proper hands can do good work is proved by a pattern made by Justus Von Lengerke, on Saturday last, Feb. 23. Under perfect climatic conditions, 100 feet range, with 45 grains Schultze powder, 1 1-8 oz. of No. 4 shot, Francotte gun, Justus placed every pellet, except 12, inside a 19-inch circle.

The New Britain, Pa., Gun Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Frank LeFevre; Secretary, C. J. Conard; Treasurer, Paul Van Toor. The club is only a small one as regards membership, but it is full of energy; it will probably erect a club house before next season.

Newburgh, N. Y, Feb. 20—The Cobweb Gun Club, of New York, came to this city this morning and shot a race with a 10-man team of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association The cost of the birds and suppers for the crowd at Gedney's was to be borne by the losers. The home team won by 3 birds, killing 83 out of the 100 shot at, to their opponents' 80 out of a like number. J. S. Taylor and Dain, both Newburghers, made the only straight scores of the shoot.

The Brewer-Reinhardt race, shot at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., on Wednesday, Feb. 27, resulted in a victory for Brewer by the score of 95 to 84. The birds are said to have been a good lot.

Omaha, Neb., Feb. 22.—J. W. Den, of Arapahoe, and J. C. Read have posted their $100 with the sporting editor of the Bee for their 100-bird race, which is scheduled for March 30.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

The Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association, of Syracuse, N. Y., have put in a new switchboard for their electric pull. The switchboard is an invention of James Montgomery, of Prettie & Co., sporting goods dealers of Syracuse; by means of this invention it is claimed that any number or combinations of traps can be pulled at once.

The Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., whose tournament is advertised for May 30-31, will be assisted by the Interstate Association. Last year's tournament, under the same conditions, was a great success, and Mr. Rood, the secretary of the Valley City Gun Club, promises that the coming tournament shall be at least as good as its predecessors.

The Interstate Association has contracted to give inanimate target tournaments at Pittsburg, Pa., April 16, 17 and 18; Wilmington, N. C., May 9 and 10; Lynchburg, Va., May 17 and 18; Grand Rapids, Mich., May 30 and 31. Gun clubs in Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, desiring the aid of the Interstate Association in giving tournaments should write the manager, who will furnish full information upon application for same.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager,
122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Wawaset Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., holds regular monthly badge shoots for club members only. At the semi-annual election of officers of the club held on the 16th, the following officers were elected: President, Robert Miller; Vice-President, Jacob Huber; Treasurer, T. W. Weldon; Secretary, W. E. Buckmaster; Financial Secretary, C. M. Buckmaster; Quartermaster, Fred. C. Martin; Captain, George H. Huber. Directors—Ed. Mason, H. H. Hawthorne, George Gillespie.

Dr. Carver easily defeated Charlie Budd in the 100-bird race, shot on Feb. 22 during the tournament of the Forester Gun Club, at Davenport, Ia. Carver won by 89 to 77, the Des Moines man's score showing that he was clearly away off.

The Altoona Rod and Gun Club has changed the dates for its tournaments from June 25, 26 to July 11, 12. This change was made to accommodate those shooters of the State of New York, who would like to attend both the State shoot at Saratoga and the Altoona tournament at Wopsononock.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 2.—Programmes for the Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap tournament at live birds, to be held at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., on April 3, 4 and 5, have been mailed to every live bird shooter whose address is in our possession. We fully realize that there are any number of lovers of this popular sport throughout the United States and Canada, who have not received programmes of this big event, simply because we do not know their address. For the benefit of all such, I wish to state that we will be pleased to mail a copy to anyone applying for same. All that is required is the dropping of a card to the New York office, J. A. H. Dressel, 313 Broadway, New York, or to the Manager's home address, Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa. This will insure their names being placed on our list of addresses, to be referred to as future occasions may require. Judging from the number of inquiries we have already reecieved for programmes, book of rules and information relating to the Grand American Handicap, we are assured of a large and influential list of entries. ELMER E. SHANER,
Manager Interstate Association.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 2.—George Luther, a popular member of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club, died on Feb. 25, at 6 P. M. His death was the result of an attack of pneumonia; he was ill but a very short while. As a trap shot he was very well known in this State, and had helped his club to win many valuable trophies. His greatest work with the gun was done on glass balls, at which sport he had few superiors. At his funeral, his body was carried to the grave by a number of his fellow club members.—A. R. K.

Will K. Park, whom shooters will remember as a representative of the Wilkesbarre Gun Company, writes that he has taken charge of the gun department of the Sporting Life, a newspaper devoted to field sports and athletics, published in Philadelphia, Pa.

On Tuesday next, March 12, there will be a live bird handicap at the Morristown, N. J., Driving Park. The conditions are 50 live birds, $25 entrance, birds extra, $50 added to three high guns, money divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent; over 10 entries, 4 moneys Entries can be made up to the end of the first round, $5 to accompany each entry. Shoot called at 12 o'clock.

The Forest Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., will hold an all-day shoot on Easter Monday, April 15, on its grounds at Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia.

Aiken, S. C., Feb. 21.—A. H. Kallies, of Utica, N. Y., and E. L. Smith, of Ballston, N. Y., shot a match to-day at 50 targets, $25 a side, loser to pay for the targets. The race was a pretty one from start to finish, both men shooting in very good form. The weather was all that could be desired, and a large number of spectators from Highland Park Hotel, among them being several ladies, were on hand to witness the sport. There was quite a little wagering on the outside, some $500 changing hands. Kallies is a member of the Utica Gun Club. Score: Smith 47, Kallies 46, Smith missed his 16th, 27th and 35th targets; Kallies dropped his 23d, 29th, 39th and 43d.

On Washington's Birthday the Worcester, Mass., Gun Club's five-men team went to Wellington, Mass., to meet a team of the Boston Shooting Association, the home team winning by 11 targets. The conditions were 50 targets per man, 25 of them known angles, and 25 "reversed." Scores: Wellington—Dickey 42, W. Bennett 41, Sawyer 37, F. Bennett 36, Federhen 30; total 186. Worcester—Davis 41, A. W. Walls 40, Kenerson 34, R. C. Walls 31, Mascroft 29; total 175. This gives the Wellingtons 4 wins and the series against the Worcester men's single victory.

EDWARD BANKS.

Hartford Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 23.—The weekly shoot of the Hartford Gun Club was held at our grounds this afternoon. The weather was very cold, and there was a gusty wind which made shooting difficult, thus accounting for the poor scores. Only eight shooters present. Following are the scores: "Ford," 22; Melrose, 18; Tucker, 18; Wadsworth, 18; Lyman, 14; Ropkins, 14; Smith, 14; Briton, 12.

March 2.—The scores given below were shot this afternoon; 25 targets, known angles:

Ford	1111111111111111111111101—24
White	1111011110110110111011111—20
Tucker	1101100011111111111110101—19
Wadsworth	1111011011000111111011110—18
Lucus	1010111101111001111000101—16
Smith	1010111100101111010011011—16
Wilcox	0100110101100111111010110—15

D. S. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

New York County Gun Club.

New York, Feb. 21.—The following are the scores made by the members of the New York County Gun Club at their last shoots:

No. 1, 10 targets, known angles, and 15 targets unknown angles: Schorty, 22; Josh, 18; Place, 16.

No. 2, 50 targets, handicap of misses as breaks: Schorty (scratch), 43; Josh (5), 43; Place (10), 39; P. Woelfel (15), 33; Muller (20), 32; J. Woelfel (15), 29.

No. 3, 25 targets: Schorty, 20, Josh, 18; Tiernan, 19; Place, 21. (Last two shooters allowed five breaks.)

No. 4, 15 targets, even up, everything known: Schorty and Josh, 14; Place and Tiernan, 10.

No. 5, match at 15 targets for a "consideration": Josh, 13; Schorty, 12.

No. 6, 50 targets, handicaps similiar to No. 2: Wash (5), 43; Schorty (scratch), 41; Place (10), 39; P. Woelfel (15), 38; Tiernan (5), 34; Muller (20), 32; J. Woelfel (15), 31. HALF SHELL.

Buffalo Trap Notes.

Buffalo, N. Y., Washington's Birthday.—A free-for-all live bird shoot was held at Daw's Park. Over a score of shooters, including Lefever, the well-known Syracuse crack, and Kelsey, of Aurora, were in attendance. The weather was very favorable for the contetst, and some of the men did excellent work. There were six money prizes. Scores: Kelsey, 47; Tolsma, Burkhardt, Sully and Oehmig, 41; Besser, Daw, Fisher, and Federlein, 40; Ball, Smith, Lefever, Bennett and Story, 37; Duley and E. S. Burkhardt, 36; Hill, 33; E. Inderbitzen, 30; Williams, Willett and Lawson, 28; Brundel, 26; Rounds, 22.

William Daw recently issued a challenge to shoot a match at 100 birds with any man in Buffalo. He had it published in the papers of Feb. 21. The next day Emil Inderbitzen called on him, and arrangements were made to shoot a match of 50 birds for $50 a side. The date of the contest has not yet been decided, but it will be held at Daw's Park within a short time.

The Audubon Club, Feb. 20, held their first regular meeting in their handsome new club rooms on Eagle street. In celebration of the event, the club's chef, W. H. Jaeger, prepared a bountiful spread. It was resolved at the meeting to hold a live bird shoot at an early date. Sides will be chosen, each man to have ten birds, and the losing side is to give a dinner to the club members at fifty cents a plate. Domestic pigeons will be used, and President Burkhardt appointed Barker Tolsma and U. E. Story as captains of the respective sides. The shoot is to be conducted under the rules of the American Association.

H. J. BALLIETT, Sec'y.

Endeavor Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 22.—The Endeavor Gun Club of this city held its monthly shoot this afternoon. The attendance of members was small, but several visiting shooters were present, making the afternoon's sport an enjoyable one. The wind blew at a 40-miles-an-hour gait directly across the traps, making the shooting difficult, and good scores an impossibility. Two of the monthly prize contests were shot off by the members, after which sweepstake shooting was indulged in by all hands. Below are the scores in the club races:

A Strader	10110011101101010110110101110 —19
A E Fry	10101001111000110110001111010 0 —16
J Crevelling	01100010100111110101011111 —17
*Dr Fletcher	01111111010100001101001101111111—21
*J Polhemus	01111110100100111111001111101 1 —21

*On the shoot off at 10 targets Polhemus won by 7-6.

No. 2, same conditions:

Fry	11110110001111000001010011111 1 —18
Creveling	00110111011110111111001111 1 —20
*Fletcher	01011001001011001111101111111101—21
*Polhemus	00110110001111011111111010111 —21

*On shoot off, Fletcher at 10 and Polhemus at 9, Fletcher won by breaking 8 to Polhemus' 7. J. A. CREVELLING, Sec'y.

Rochester Gun Club.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 22.—Several Syracuse shooters had arranged to go to Rochester this morning to take part in the shoot of the home club. The forbidding nature of the weather, however, put a stop to such intentions, with the result that only J. Herman and myself put in an appearance. It snowed and blew hard all day, making good scores an impossibility. The Rochester men turned out well, considering the severity of the weather. The club house, claimed to be one of the best in the country, was just what we wanted on such a day. This club house cost a few thousand dollars and is owned by a stock company of shooters. It is completely furnished, has two fireplaces, 50 lockers for members' clothes, an office, and a kitchen, where a warm meal can be gotten up at a very short notice. The club house and grounds are taken charge of by Mr. Hicks, who is always to be found on the spot when wanted. Scores made to-day are as follows, all events being at unknown angles:

No. of event:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
No. of targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	10
Glover	8	9	11	10	14	8	..	..	..	..
Meyers	6	5	13	8	11	..	7	8	6	..
Nichols	5	10	12	5	11	9	6	6	8	..
Stewart	8	10	11	8	10	10	9	9	9	..
Herman	..	6	9	4	12	..	..	..	..	7
Norton	..	7	13	9	12	9	..	..	7	6
C Elliott	..	9	10	4	..	7	..	..	..	7
Borst	..	5	11	3	11	8	8	..	..	6
Byer	..	7	10	8	13	..	6	7	7	3
Knox	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Backus	..	8	5	..	11	..	5	6	5	..
Maguire	..	..	8	7	9	..	..	..	..	..
Boyd	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Foley	..	..	..	13	..	5	9	6	..	..
Hicks	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..

A. R. K.

Woodruff Won by Four Birds.

Fanwood, N. J., Feb. 22.—Neaf Apgar, a member of the Climax Gun Club of this place, and Aaron Woodruff, of Elizabeth, N. J., shot a 100-bird race this afternoon on the grounds of the Climax Club, the stake being $250, winner to pay for the birds. The match was shot under American Association rules, 30yds rise. The birds provided for the occasion by John Benner, landlord of the Fanwood Road House, were a corking good lot of flyers. A strong wind, that blew across the traps from left to right, aided them in their flight, making flyers liberated from Nos. 4 and 5 traps extremely hard to kill within bounds when the wind was at its height. In his second string of 25 Apgar drew an unusual number of those traps, the luck of the birds being decidedly against him. Scores:

Woodruff	121222*21202120012212220 2—20
	12221001212112222222022022—21
	22202222222102222222122222—23
	00011222222121212201120 11—20—80
Apgar	22221220*2221222222*221212—23
	22201020*122010200110*122—15
	*021212022*12122222220112—20
	10012*1122120121122111012—20—78

Wm. Terry, referee; C. Smith, scorer; Nate Astfalk, trap puller.

After the above match was decided, a miss and out, $2 entrance, was shot off; re-entry was allowed in the first round. The result was as follows: Keller (re-entry) and Ross, 6 (divided); C. Smith and Scott (re-entry) 5; D. Terry (re-entry) 3; Apgar, Astfalk and Earl 2; Batsch 1; Keller, Scott and D. Terry 0.

The Cold Snap at Hot Springs.

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 15.—Once more the inclement weather played havoc with the anticipations of the trap shooters in this section of the country. Such a protracted spell of severe weather the oldest inhabitants cannot recall. For three weeks the ground has been covered with snow and ice, during which time the thermometer has rarely got above freezing, and frequently down to zero. The Hot Springs Club had hoped to make this the most successful winter tournament ever held in this State. Their expectations would probably have been realized had it been possible to overcome the elements. As it was, two more disagreeable days than Monday and Tuesday of this week could not have been selected. The day preceding the shoot it snowed, rained and sleeted, in turn. When the time to begin the shoot had arrived, everything was covered with snow and ice; dark, lowering clouds overcast the sky, and the wind that blew from the West, brought with it an occasional snow flurry, and had a penetrating effect that would take all the snap and vim out of any one but a gun crank. Very few visiting shooters put in an appearance, as winter tournaments are new things down here, as previous to this winter scarcely any trap shooting has been done at this season of the year. It was nearly 11 o'clock before the first event was started, but after that the boys kept steadily at it until nearly dark. Some fine scores were made during the day, and the shooting of G. W. Hughes was of an exceptionally high order. While the other shooters were complaining of the poor light and the bad background, he said nothing but kept on smashing the targets. He made one run of 53 straight and another of 46. This is all the more remarkable, when one considers the fact that Mr. Hughes is 50 years old. The visitors in attendance were Tom A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ills.; Dr. W. F. Carver, from everywhere; W. R. Duley, and your correspondent from Little Rock. The second day the weather was the same as the previous one, only much colder and very little shooting was done. The most of the day was spent in Sumpter's gun store, swapping ghost stories, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Sumpter were untiring in their efforts to make it pleasant and agreeable for all. They were the first on the grounds, and the last to leave them, and shot in every event during the shoot. All events were known traps, unknown angles. Two moneys when less than seven entries, and three moneys when more. The following table of the scores tells the story:

FIRST DAY.

No. event:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
No. targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	20
Sumpter	12	14	13	13	14	10	15	13	10	15	12	12	12	16	11	9	17
Hughes	12	13	11	19	15	15	19	12	..	..	14	15	13	20	15	14	6
Duley	13	14	13	15	14	11	16	13	13	12	14	9	12	16	14	12	18
Marshall	13	15	14	19	13	14	15	13	..	12	12	12	13	19	13	13	16
Carver	12	13	14	17	13	13	18	10	..	11	13	11	8	16	13	9	13
A R Smith	..	..	..	16	10	12	15	9	9	12	11	12	12	17	12	12	..
Little	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	12	13	11	16	13	13	..
Cox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	13	12	12	17	12	12	15
*Rix	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	7	9	10	13	3	..	
Dobbins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	13	8	..

* Rix shot at 7 targets in event No. 16, Hughes at 13 in No. 17.

This shows that 1,955 targets were shot at during the day, 1,584 being broken. Hughes leads with the score of 213 out of 238, averaging 91 per cent; Marshall with 226 out of 260 comes second with an average of 87 per cent. Then comes the rest in the following order: Duley, 229 out of 275, average, 83 per cent.; Cox, 118 out of 145, average, 81; Sumpter, 218 out of 275, average, 79; Carver, with 204 out of 260, and Little with 98 out of 125, are tied with 78 per cent; Smith, 159 out of 210, average, 76 per cent; Rix, 74 out of 102, average, 73 per cent; Dobbins, 45 out of 65, average, 69 per cent.

SECOND DAY.

No. 1, 15 targets, $1: Duley, 14; Sumpter, 13; Marshall, 12: Cox, 12; Hughes, 11; Woodcock, 10; Dobbins, 9.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1: Hughes, 15; Woodcock, 14; Marshall, 13; Duley and Sumpter, 12; Dobbins, 11; Kittleman, 9; Wiley, 3.

No. 3, 10 live birds, $5: Dobbins, 10; Marshall, 9; Duley and Sumpter, 8; Kittleman, 7; Woodcock, 6.

No. 4, 10 targets, expert rules: Marshall, 8; Hughes, 6; Sumpter, 5; Dobbins, 4; Duley and Woodcock, 2.

Feb. 21.—The fourteenth contest for the Pulaski County medal took place this afternoon on the club grounds in North Little Rock. Although the weather was fine, and the prevailing conditions conducive to large scores, the shooting of the majority of the contestants was very ordinary, with the exception of C. A. Damon, representative of the Burgess Gun Co., who was a guest of the clubs. Mr. Damon set the pace for the boys; he made the best score in the medal contest, and broke 25 straight in the next event, making the fine run of 40 consecutive breaks. Dickinson managed to retain possession of the medal, although he only scored 41 out of 50. While Duley, who has been shooting a strong race of late, only scored 39. The attendance was rather slim, only a few of the old reliables participating. Medal contest, conditions, 50 singles, unknown angles:

Dickinson	01100111111111111110011011 1100111111111110111111111—41
Damon	01110101101101111111111 1111111010111111111111111—43
Duley	11111101111101111111100 0111111111101100011112011—39
Irwin	11010101111111111100100111 1111110111111101110101111—39
Stowell	11111101011011101110 10010 1111011100111111101011111—37

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Litzke	01111110111100101110000101—16
Dickinson	00110111101101110110111 10—17
Damon	11111111111111111111111111—25
Duley	11111001111111111101110011—20
Irwin	11111010011011001111101111—18
Stowell	11101101001110111101110 11—18

PAUL R LITZKE.

Nebraska Trap Notes.

Omaha, Neb., Feb. 22.—One of the most enjoyable and best attended trap shoots that has been held here in ten years was that which took place to-day between a team of nine from the Council Bluffs Gun Club, against a team of a like number from the Omaha Gun Clubs. The conditions were 15 live birds per man, 28 yards rise, 50 boundary, American Association rules, for the price of the birds. The day was as rare as the celebrated June article and over one thousand men assembled on the Bemis Park Gun Club grounds to witness the sport. Bunker D. T. Stubbs, one of the old-time trap shooters, was selected as referee and scorer. Promptly at 10.30 A. M., Dr. West, the first man, stepped to the score for Council Bluffs. They shot in pairs, each shooting his score out, and so even was the shooting that the score was a tie down to the last pair. The score:

Council Bluffs.		Omaha.	
West	021*12220101221—11	Blake	1121002002222111—11
Campbell	200012211101010— 9	Jones	2220020220022220— 9
Beershiem	1020202121222221—12	Peters	1111121222201111—14
Hart	1010112211022201—11	Smead	1002012100110222— 9
Hardin	11212111*110112—13	McFarlane	*20022210110002— 8
Rickman	221*00020100211— 8	Brewer	1011210212101 10—11
Hoffmeyer	2211110021111 20—12	Parmelee	1122011211112*1—13
Piper	2111222122020222—13	Ackerman	2012222121222111—14
Harle	2221211200 02*22—11	M'tm'rency	1221000111100 10— 8
	100		97

The Bluffs' boys were much elated over their victory, and the Nebraskans were subjected to a good deal of guying during the balance of the day. Following this main event was a miss and out race, $2 entrance, which resulted as follows, Messrs. Montmorency and G. W. Loomis, both B. and M. R. R. officials, dividing on eight birds each: Peters, 2; Smead, 1; Jones, 0; Montmorency, 8; McFarlane, 0; McMullen, 2; Dickey, 4; Dr. Wert, 7; Bingham, 0; Loomis, 8; Campbell, 6; Ackerman, 1; Hughes, 1; Townsend, 0; Stubbs, 5; Fogg, 0; Beershiem, 7; Rickman, 1; Hoffmeyer, 1; Hart, 4; Parmlee, 2; Heindrick, 0; Sheppard, 1.

In addition to these there were one or two small individual matches and a sweepstakes target shoot. Altogether the day was a red letter one for the devotees of the hammerless.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

For Cleaner Tournaments.

Mr. H. Bishop, under date of Feb. 18, writes as follows: "At last the keynote has been struck! At last the true method of purifying trap shooting has been evolved! At last an anti-gambling man has stepped forward and had his say in the person of Narragansett, whose letter appeared in Forest and Stream of Feb. 16. I have, also, for a long time, taken the position he does, but the trap shooting business has become so completely a gambling scheme, that, like Narragansett, I have thought it hopeless to say anything. The first real sign of better things came from Dr. Jackson; then came the by-law against betting and shooting for money in the Constitution of a Pennsylvania Gun and Rifle Club, recommended by Forest and Stream as a good one to copy; and now comes Narragansett, bold and fearless. Well, let's speak up, anti-gambling men, and see if we do not outnumber, "Expert, Shark, Rounder & Co." ten to one. I shoot a good many targets in a year, but only at home with an expert trap, and my family and friends for a club, I believe the majority of the customers of the manufacturers and dealers are the stay-at-homes to whom they never cater, There is also the vast army of Forest and Stream readers of whose trap shooting the paper never hears. The effort to purify trapshooting is heroic and praiseworthy, but it will never be accomplished so long as trap shooting is carried on as a gambling scheme, and in connection with some hotel or road house. There may be such a thing as a dishonest gambler, but to kick him out only leaves honest men engaged in a dishonest sport. If we are going to purify, let us purify. Speak up, some more of you."

Dunellen Gun Club.

Dunellen, N. J., Feb. 22.—The first invitation shoot of the Dunellen Gun Club was held to-day and was well attended by members of neighboring clubs, an enjoyable shoot being the result. We wish to state that at the next invitation shoot our visitors will find everything in line and up to date, as our club is now on a solid basis and will soon number 40 members. The result of to-day's events are as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J G Linsey	00212..3	10020—2	20 —1
T H Keller	11222..5	11100—3	
T Brantingham	21012—4	20111—4	110—2
G H Smith	02111—4	01021—3	
Geo Davis	11110—4	11011—4	0
T W Sisty	11110—4	11121—5	212—3
"Scott"	02221—4	21202—4	122—3
D Terry	12211—5	22101—4	110—2
A Brokaw		00100—1	
*Nelson		02202—3	
*F Van Nuis		20110—3	
F Creely			0 —0

*For birds only.

Nos. 1 and 2, 5 live birds, $3 entrance, 2 moneys. No. 3 was a miss and out; $1 entrance, no re-entry.

In another miss and out, similar to No. 3, with five entries, Sisty and Davis divided at the end of the first round, Linsey, Brantinghan and Creely missing their first birds. Event No. 5 was another miss and out, same terms; Davis, 2; Sisty and Brantingham, 1; Linsey, 0. Four 10 target races with about 15 entries followed; J. G. Linsey, with an allowance of three targets, was the chief winner. COMMITTEE.

Trap Shooting at Wilmington, Del.

Wilmington, Del., Feb. 20.—An interesting shoot took place this afternoon on the grounds of the Wilmington R. & G. C. It was the third of a series of three matches between team of the Wawaset and the home clubs; the honor in dispute was the State championship. The full score of the shoot is given below, each man firing at 50 blue rocks, everything known. The score shows that the Wawasets won by 3 breaks. The first match was also won by the Wawasets, but by a larger margin —116 to 110. The Wilmington Rod and Gun Club took the second after a long fight, both teams tieing on 116; the tie was shot off at 10 targets per man, the result again being a tie; as ammunition was running short, it was agreed to shoot off the tie at 5 more targets, the Wilmingtons winning by one target. The last and deciding match shot to-day gives the State championship to the Wawaset Club, and, I think, establishes its superiority over its opponent. The Wawaset Gun Club also holds the trophy donated by Shooting and Fishing for 5 men teams, 50 targets (30 singles, 5 unknown traps, one man up, and 10 pairs). We won this trophy on August 12, 1893, and have held it ever since without a contest. Score of to-day's shoot as follows:

Wawaset Gun Club.

R Miller	11001111001111101111111111 1111111111111010111111111—43
J White	11111101110111111110101 11 1110011110101111011010100—37
G H Huber	11111111111111111100111111 1111111101111011111101111—45—125

Wilmington Gun Club.

G Burroughs	11110101000011010111111 10 1111110111101111111111111—39
W H Hartlove	11101111111110110111110111 1100010111011111111111011—40
J Gaughan	11101111111101111111100 1111111010111111111111101—43—122

W. E. BUCKMASTER, Sec'y W. G. C.

Memphis' Winter Tournament.

Little Rock, Ark., Feb. 23.—The winter tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, which was held yesterday and to-day, was the most successful winter shoot that has been held in the South in recent years. The club had been contemplating moving to East End Park, which was deemed more accessible. Previous to this shoot the electric cars did not run through to Billings Park, where the club's shooting grounds are located, but arraugements have now been made by which all cars will run to the park whenever the club has a shoot. As a long lease has been secured on the park, this will remain the club's permanent shooting grounds. It was here that the club held its first tournament last summer, the success of which brought it so prominently before the shooting fraternity that, although the club was organized less than a year ago, it now ranks among the first organizations of its kind in the country. This speaks volumes for the pluck and enterprize of its officers and members. At their big annual shoot next June, the club proposes to give away $500, to be divided equally among all the amateurs who shoot in all programme events during the entire tournament, regardless of what their average is. Manufacturers' agents and members of the Memphis Gun Club are not eligible to any part of this money.

Owing to the fact that considerable time was consumed before satisfactory arrangements were made in regard to grounds, the programme for the winter tournament could not be gotten out as soon as they should have been to allow visiting shooters to make preparations for such a trip, otherwise the attendance would have been much larger. Nevertheless, the tournament was, as stated above, a success, and the attendance exceeded the expectations of its projectors. It was originally intended to be only a one-day shoot, but as the attendance was large, and the prospects for fine weather on Saturday were very promising, the officers finally yielded to the entreaties of the participants and continued the shoot a day longer. Friday, the opening day of the shoot, did not dawn very promising. When our party arrived in Memphis at 6.30 A. M., it was raining hard, and the indications were not very flattering for an early

cessation. It is always the unexpected that is happening, and by 9.30 it had ceased raining; at noon the clouds had all disappeared and the sun was shining brightly, making it an ideal day for target shooting, and one that should have been productive of big scores. Saturday was another perfect day for shooting. The following visitors were present: Paul North, Cleveland, O.; Thomas Callender, representing the Troisdorf Powder, Nashville, Tenn.; J. B. Duncan, Lucy, Tenn.; John W. Dickinson, Jr., W. R. Duley, C. A. Damon, of the Burgess Gun Co., and your correspondent came over from Little Rock, Ark. It was 11 o'clock before the first event was started, though very little time was lost from then until dark, and 3,745 targets were thrown during the day. The shooting, taking the favorable weather in consideration, was the poorest I have ever witnessed, where so many good shots were entered. A. B. Duncan, a member of the club, won the $5 for the best average in all programme events, with an average of 77 3-5; W. R. Duley won the $3 for the second best average on 75 1-5, while Damon captured the $2 for the third average, scoring 72 4-5. Only two straight scores were made during the day, and they were in 10 bird races. Duley made the first one in the 8th event, and Paul North's proposition that three cheers be given for Duley was heartily responded to. Damon was the other fortunate individual, making a straight in the 10th event. The best score of the first day was Dickinson's 19 out of 20 in the last event. A man who could have shot 85 per cent. on the first day would have won lots of money at this shoot. In the 7th event, a 15 bird race with 36 entries, Duley won first on 13 all alone; Divine being the only one to score 12, took second money. The attendance on the second day was not so large as on the first, but the shooting was somewhat better. On this day, Frank Poston made the only straight score of 15 that was made during the tournament. Neither Divine nor Bennett shot up to their usual form, but this is accounted for to a certain extent by the fact that they acted as hosts, and also assisted Messrs. Poston and Schmidt in conducting the shoot.

The first day's programme consisted of ten events. Five 10 bird events, $1 entrance, and five 15 bird events, $1.50 entrance, $5 added to each, and $10 for average money, four moneys in each event, 40, 30, 20 and 10. The second day there was no added or average money, and but three moneys, 50, 30 and 20, three cents were charged for targets on the first day, and two cents on the second day. All events were known traps and unknown angles. Empire targets and North's electric pull and expert traps were used. Scores:

FIRST DAY.

No. of targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	20
Dickinson	12	7	13	6	6	9	9	6	11	7	7	19
Duley	10	6	9	8	13	7	13	10	12	6	8	13
Damon	10	5	7	6	13	8	10	9	13	10	7	13
Plummer	9	6	9	6	9	6	4	5	13	6	8	12
Bennett	9	4	8	2	7	5	6	4	7	4	6	8
Poston	10	6	12	8	9	6	10	7	5	5	8	10
Green	10	4	8	3	8	4	10	6	7	4	6	12
Schmidt	13	9	11	6	12	4	11	8	8	8		15
Brown	8	4	9	7	6	8	7	5	7	4	6	5
White	8	7	10	5	8	3	5	6	10	4	4	13
Thompson	4											
A B Duncan	14	8	13	5	12	6	10	9	11	9	9	12
Sims	10	4									5	
Divine	10	5	7	4	6	6	12	4	12	7	7	11
North	11	5	9	7	12	7	11	8	9	8	2	14
W F Allen	9	8	9	5	13	9	10	8	12	4		10
Vance	11	4	9	8	11	5	8	5	10	6		
Taylor	6	2	7	3	6	2			3		5	
Litzke		6				6						4
Harris			4	6	10	3	7	6	7			4
Fitzgerald			1			3	3					
Cockerill				5	9	5	8	9	10	6		13
J B Duncan					10	3	7					
Neely					3	4	1	6	3	4		10
Villepigue					7	3	8	6	10	4		11
Slack					10	5	10	9	9	6		
Snowden						6	6	4	4	6		12
D A Allen						2	5	5				
Mulholland						3	6	2				
Mercer						6	6					
Swind						4	3					
Phillips						6	5	4				
Griffith							8	6	8	4		
Walker							5	4	5	1		
Carrington							4	1				
Halliday							6	4	8	3		6
Boyle							7	5				8
S Poston							8	5				
Schuman							5					
Watson							4	6	10	8		17
Greer								5	10	3		10
Kupferschmidt								6	10	5		14
Frank								6	7			
Hardworker										6		10
Mulford												

SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

No. of targets:	15	15	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	15	10
Divine	11	7	6	7	8	3	14	10	13	7		6	9	10	8
Bennett	12	8	6	7	5	8	12	6	14	7	7	8	6	8	6
Damon	10	14	10	9	10	7	13	9	12	7	10	5	9	9	8
Callender	8	12	5	2											
Schmidt	12	7	9	6	9	5	9	8	13	7	8	9	6	5	5
Plummer	7	13													
White	10	9	9	7											
J B Duncan	7	11	8	4		7	11		10						
Park	9	12	8	9	5	5	10	6	11	8	10	6	9	15	7
Schabel	10		5	3	5	3									
North	14	10	10	7	8	6	13	9	10	8	13	6	7	12	9
Harris	9	10													
Fitzgerald		4													
Davis			5	4	5	6	8								
Villepigue				9	4	7	11	6	7	5	5	4	5	6	5
Allen					6	6	10	7			7				
Griffith					4	4	10	5	10		7			6	6
Mulford						3		7	7		6		6		
A B Duncan						8	11	9	12	6	11		10		
Kupferschmidt										6	7	4	5	7	5
Neely										4	5	5		6	3
Greer										4	10	4			
Walker											7	5		9	7
Snowden											7	5			
Armstrong											2				2
Judge													8	8	

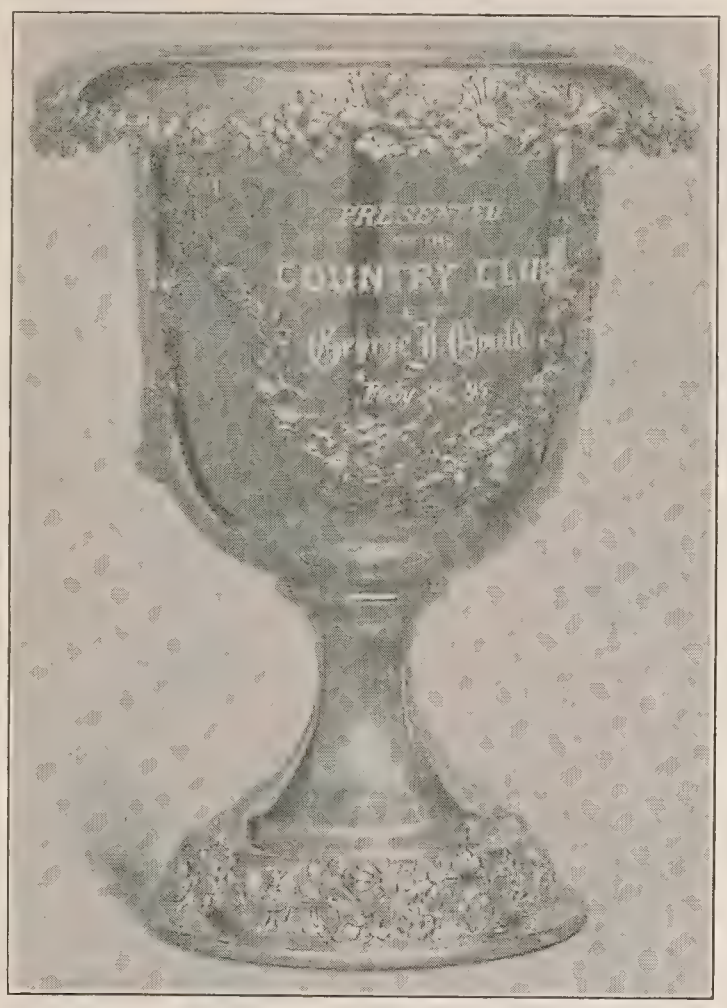
PAUL R. LITZKE.

In the Same Strain.

Mountville, Pa., Feb. 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have read with much interest the efforts to break up the dropper, and the proceedings of the meeting lately held in your city. I hope the result will be that every honest shooter will shun a dropper; his game is only one of theft, and is the cause of weakening many of our young gun clubs. I could cite several very promising clubs that held one or two tournaments; they soon saw the game of the dropper and one by one grew tired of the sport, and withdrew their membership without stating their reasons; sometimes this happened after club houses had been built. Others will tell you, "Why, I had better put my hand in my pocket and hand the club $10 or $15, than attend our tournament and distribute it among a few of those droppers. Many of these gentlemen who have left local clubs now have their own traps and shoot among themselves, and for the shells and targets. But they would gladly attend a tournament and mingle with genial artists of the gun if it were not for the droppers. Mr. Gosser, of your city, a member of our Mountville Club, was elected as a delegate to attend the meeting at the Astor House and assist in your effort to do something to brand this element. I am very sorry to admit that there are some of our best and noblest fellows, who would not take a nickel from anyone dishonestly, let alone a brother sportsmen. I believe these gentlemen will see their error and quit the game, as it has not been looked upon as being dishonest We have many pleasant little shoots here, friendly ones, and find they are becoming very popular. TELL.

Duane Won the Gould Cup.

The contest for the Gould Cup at the Country Club, Westchester, N. Y., on Feb. 22, brought out 17 entries, amongst the number being, Messrs. Seaver Page, H. A. "Butler," W. S. Edey, E. C. Potter, N. C. Reynal, Chauncey Floyd-Jones, Arthur Duane, George Gould (the donor), W. H. Sands, etc. The contest called for 10 birds, ties miss and out, handicap rise, 40 yards boundary, allowance of one miss as a kill to 27 yards men and under. Arthur Duane, after a tight finish with W. H. Sands, won the cup with the good total of 14 straight on



fast birds. Seaver Page, on the 30 yards mark, killed his 10 straight, but dropped the first of his tie birds. Score:

A Duane, 28	11111111111111—14	De F Marnie, 27	0101111— 5
W Sands, 27	11101111111110—12	J Harriman, 26	1011101— 5
J S Page, 30	11111111110 —10	N D Thorne, 27	1110101— 5
Montagne 25	1111011110 — 8	Geo J Gould, 25	1101110— 5
W Jones, 27	111111110 — 8	P H Adee, 26	0111110— 5
E Potter, 28.	100111110 — 7	H deNavarro, 26	111100 — 4
Redmond, 24.	01111110 — 6	H A Butter, 27	011100 — 3
N Reynal, 29.	1111110 — 6	A L Norrie, 25	000 — 0
W Edey, 29.	1111110 — 6		

Maplewood Gun Club.

Maplewood, N. J., Feb. 22.—The shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club to-day was an entire success. Manager Van Iderstine had the traps in capital order, and as a number of shooters from neighboring clubs put in an appearance, about 11 o'clock, some 2,000 targets were thrown between that hour and sundown. The scores are good, as the shooting was very difficult. Below are the scores in tabulated form:

No. of Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10
Van Dyke	10	10	11	9	7	15	10	13	14	8	10	9	8	10
W Drake	9	7	12	7	9	13	9	11	12	9	10	7	8	9
Warren Smith	8	5	11	8	8	13	10	13	15	7	9	7	7	9
L Thomas	7	..	11	7	7	..	8	10	13	9	9	9	9	3
S Tillou	7	6	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Dr Jackson	7	8	10	6	8	10	3	13	11	7	9	..	8	9
Van Iderstine	5	..	10	..	7	10	7	8	..	7	..	7	7	9
R H Breintnall	4	..	8	6	6	10	6	11	10	..	..	..	..	..
Fisher	3	8	9	8	7	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Sickley	..	..	13	10	6	13	10	14	13	9	7	..	..	..
A Whitehead	..	..	11	9	..	..	10	14	..	9	6	9	..	10
A Sickley	..	..	11	9	8	11	7	11	13	6	7	..	..	..
E Sopher	..	..	6	6	..	11	..	..	..	3	6	..	..	..
Eager	..	..	..	..	5	6	8	7	12	6	8	4	..	..
Reeves	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	3	7	8	6	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	11	14	7	9	..	..
Abbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	11	6	..	..	..

All the events except the two last were at known angles and traps; Nos. 10 and 11 were at unknown angles. Nos. 1, 2 and 4 were 50 cents entrance; No. 7, 75 cents, and Nos. 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10 and 11 were $1 entrance; Nos. 12, 13 and 14 were extras, 10 targets, known angles, 50 cents entrance.

Feb. 23.—The following scores were made to-day in the regular monthly contest for the silver cup: 25 targets, unknown angles:

W N Drake, 18	1111111111101111010111111—22
W Smith, 18	0111101011110111111111011—20
S Tillou, 15	1110110110111010111101111—19
Dr Jackson, 16	1111100111011001110100011—15
Van Iderstine, 13	0111101011110110111011101—18
Reeves, 10	0010100101110101001001010—11

The above scores were made to-day at the regular monthly contest for the silver cup. W. N. DRAKE.

Rye Gun Club.

Rye, New York, Feb. 22.—A large number of shooters attended the club's Wsahington's Birthday shoot to-day, twenty-five participating in the several events. Prominent among them were W. R. Hobart, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, Messrs. Blakeslee, Wilson, Sanford and Gerard, of the Bridgeport Gun Club; Hendrie, Woodruff and Burdette, of Stamford. The Cos Cob Club members were "all there," and with a party of their friends, who came to see their boys defeat the Rye Club and carry the load of game back home with them. The numerous misses of the Rye Club can be particularly accounted for as the majority of the birds were hit, but with the strong wind managed to easily drop out of bounds. The results of this match gives the Cos Cob Club the glory, but arrangements have been made to shoot another series of matches during the coming club shoots. Our boys will work hard to win. Scores of the day's shoots:.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Ingersoll	8	7	..	8	8	9	8	Burdette	4	..	2	5	..	..	
Martin	6	3	7	5	7	6	7	Winthrop	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	6	5	..	5	8	..	..	Hendrie	..	7	..	..	6	7	
Woodruff	2	4	8	5	6	7	6	Ganun	..	7	..	..	..	7	
Lockwood	5	4	8	5	6	8	9	Sanger	..	6	..	..	..	..	
Sanford	3	3	..	8	8	5	7	Hodgins	..	6	..	..	..	..	
Hobart	5	8	..	7	7	10	7	Peck	..	..	7	5	..	..	
Blakeslee	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	Gerard	..	..	6	6	7	6	
Wilson	8	6	..	8	10	..	..	Raymond	..	..	8	..	..	..	
Soley	4	3	..	3	1	..	..	Field	..	..	..	..	6	5	
Cummings	6	7	..	8	8	..	..	Graham	..	..	..	..	4	4	
Moller	0	2	5	3	6	5		Gedney	..	..	..	..	7	6	
								Bulkley	..	..	..	..	7	..	

Live bird shooting was as follows: No. 1, 3 live birds; Wilson, Kalb, Woodruff and Ingersoll, 3; Hobart, Sanford and Cummings, 2; Hendrie and Muller, 1; Blakeslee, 0. The next event was a team race, 9 men to a team, 5 birds per man, between the Rye and Cos Cob Gun Clubs. The Cos Cob men won easily by 9 birds. Scores: Cos Cob. Woodruff, 5; Raymond, 5; Wood, 4; Martin, 4; Burdette, 4; Peck, 2: Lockwood, 2; Ingersoll, 2; Cummings, 2; total, 30. Rye, Budd, 5; Bulkley, 3; Gedney, 3; Raymond, 2; Doyle, 2; Moller, 2; Ferguson, 2; Graham, 2; Lyon, 0; total, 21. W. R. Hobart was referee, P. G. Sanford, scorer. E. J. POPE, Secretary.

The Emeralds' Monthly Shoot.

Dexter Park, L. I., Feb. 19.—In perfect weather, the Emerald Gun Club brought off its regular monthly shoot this afternoon. As usual, the members turned out in large numbers, no less than 30 shooting their string of 10 in the club race. Gus Greiff and E. Bell were the only ones to make clean scores; eight men scored 9, and six were credited with 8, while eight more retired with totals of seven. This was the last live bird shoot of the Emeralds' year, the badge for the season of 1894-95 being given to F. W. Place, for the highest average. The next club shoot starts a new series. Scores:

Gus Greiff, 30	←↓↑→↙↖↙↓↘↗ 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2	—10
E Bell, 25	↗↖↖↘→↑↘→↓↙ 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2	—10
T H Keller, 28	→↑↗↙↑↗↖→→← 2 2 2 1 2 2 * 2 1 1	— 9
R "Woods," 30	↓←H→↖→↖↙←↘ 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2	— 9
M Herrington, 30	H H↙↙↘↖→↗↖↙ 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 1	— 9
F W Place, 25	↖↙↗↘↗↖→←↖↗ 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 1	— 9
'Wash," 28	↗↘↓H→←↱H→↗ 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2	— 9
Dr Leveredge, 28	→↙↘↘←↗↑↖→→ 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1	— 9
Mulcahey, 28	↗↖↙↘↗←↖↑H→ 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 1 2 2	— 9
G Loebel, 28	↙→→↑T↘↗→←↙ 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 0	— 9
H P Fessenden, 28	↘↓↙↘↖↙↖↖↗↙ 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 0 2	— 8
N Maesel, 25	↑↗↗→↛H↗↑↙↗ 0 2 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 2	—
J H Voss, 30	↘←→↙↙↙H↙↘↙ 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 0	— 8
E Doeinck, 30	↘↖T↛↛↖H↗↗↗ 2 1 2 2 0 1 1 0 2 1	— 8
J H Moore, 25	↗↗↖↗↙↓↙↘↖→ 0 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 1	—
E F Russell, 28	↱↓↘T↖↘↖↖↘H 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 * 1	— 8
J Maesel, 28	↳↗H↗↖H↱↖→← 1 2 1 1 * 2 2 0 0 1	— 7
L H Schortemeier, 30	↗↘↑↗↛↗↘↖↓← 0 1 2 2 2 0 5 2 1 1	—
J Woelfel, 25	H→↖↗↛→↖↗↘↖ 2 0 1 2 * 2 0 1 1 2	— 7
W Levans, 28	↑→→↗↖T↙↖↖↖ 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 0 2 2	- 7
E A Vroome, 30	↖↖↖↗↖T→↘↖↘ 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 0 2 2	— 7
H Thau, 28	→→→↘↗↙↘↓↘↙ 1 1 * 0 1 1 1 2 0 1	—
W B Hogan, 25	↖↖→↑→↑↑←←← 1 2 0 2 2 1 0 2 0 2	— 7
Col Hamilton, 25	↑↗↗T↗H↘T←← 0 2 0 1 2 1 0 1 1 2	— 7
R Regan, 25	HT↙↓↖↘↓↖→← 1 2 0 2 1 2 0 0 2 0	— 6
T Short, 28	↗↗↖↖↖H↖↖←→ 1 2 0 2 0 1 1 0 2 0	— 6
Hudson, 28	↑↗↗→H↑↰→↛↖ 2 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 2 0	— 5
Butz, 28	←↘↙↙↘↙↖↖↓↗ 2 0 0 1 2 2 0 0 0 2	— 5
T Codey, 28	↘H→→↓↑↑↙↖→ 2 2 1 0 2 1 0 0 0 0	— 5
G Nowak, 28	↖↓↙↘↰↗↙↗↙↗ 2 2 * 1 0 0 0 0 0 0	— 3

Ellicott City Gun Club.

Ellicott City, M. D., Feb. 22.—The Ellicott City Gun Club had made preparations for many more of the fraternity than the meager few who braved the windy and extremely cold weather, and who shot until the last cartridge was gone. H. Kelso, chief of the gun department of Carlin & Fulton, was the only Baltimorean present; T. Cole, Jr., of Harmans, came up to shoot and invited everybody to attend the tournament on the Harman Gun Club's grounds. The following scores speak better for the courage of the shooters than any ability with the shotgun.

No. 1, 15 targets, everything known, Talbott, 10; Kirby, 10; Wilson, 10; Hardinge, 9; Ford, 8; Talbott, Jr., 6; Haggs, 7: Hillsinger, 4; Cole, 9; Groves, 5:; Jones 8; Kelso, 9.

No. 2, same as No. 1: Ford, 12; Talbott, 12; Kirby, 11; Kelso, 10; Cole, 10; Wilson, 9; Hardinge, 8; Jones, 8; Hillsinger, 8; Groves, 7.

No. 3, same over again, and so on for eight other similiar events. One or two one-hand races and exhibitions of "field shooting," W. Wagner's patent. The scores were near enough to above to make their repetition unnecessary. Two "Clover" traps were at work to-day and gave excellent results.

SAM'L J. FORT, M. D.

Altoona Rod and Gun Club.

Altoona, Pa., Feb. 22.—The following scores were made by the members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club to-day. No. 1

was a 15 bird race, $5 entrance, birds extra, handicap rise. Scores:

Clark, 33	0102111121111201—12	B'kwal'r27	011020111102212—11
Sands, 30	2101201222112O2—12	"Adams"	3020020012222l202—10
Killits, 28	2111012100021 21—12	"Clover"29	2102202102222O0—10
Bell, 28	2111110212002 22—12	Doerr, 23	1121101220001 10—10
Clark, 21	1021012211112 10—12	Parker, 27	1220200021110O2— 9
Kottm'n, 28	1101200212202 12—11	Carlin, 21	1021000010101 10— 7

No. 2, miss and out, $3 entrance: Clark, 3; "Clover," 2 Killets, "Adams" and Sands, 1; Bell, 0.

No. 3, 5 birds, $3, three high guns: Clark, Killits and Sands, 4; "Adams," Kottman, "Clover" and Bender, 3.

R. S. Clark, commonly called "Beesey," and Parker shot a 5 bird race, "Beesey" beating the Englishman by the score of 4-3. Clark and "Adams" also shot a race at 10 birds, the score being a tie with 9 each; on the shoot off at 5 birds, Clark won by 4 to 3.

Two target events at 10 targets, $1 entrance, targets extra, were decided as follows: No. 1, "Adams," 8; Bender, "Clover," Killits and Bookwalter, 7; Sands, 5; Kotty, Parker, Fay and Rohrer, 4; Bell, 3; House, 1. No. 2, "Adams," 8; Fay, "Clover" and Bell, 7; Sands and Bender, 6; Rohrer, 5; House, 1.

GRANT.

The Elizabeth Bi-Monthly Shoot.

Wednesday, Feb. 27, was the opening day of the Elizabeth Gun Club's bi-monthly two days tournament. The weather was delightful in every respect, save that the wind during the afternoon played all sorts of tricks with the Empire targets, especially when they were thrown right up to windward. On such occasions the "dippers" and "towerers," wrought havoc with the scores. The shoot itself was well conducted, and it is a matter for regret that more shooters were not in attendance to enjoy the sport and encourage the management. Everything was done to make those present feel at home, and the business department certainly gave them all the shooting they wanted. As it was, 2,000 targets, less 50, were thrown, although shooting was over by 4.15 P. M. The Elizabeth Gun Club also deserves a word of praise for the attention it pays to the accomodation of its guests in the commissary department.

From the scores given below it will be seen that 20 shooters took part in the different events of the day. Among those present were: F. Van Dyke, W. R. Hobart, Major R. Heber Breintnall, Lemuel Thomas, John Hoffman, Leutbuesser and Reibold, of Newark, N. J.; T. H. Keller, "Dutchy" Smith, D. Darby and Scott Terry, of Plainfield, all members of the Climax Club; Al Heritage, of Marion; "Billy" Drake, of Maplewood; and W. M. Parker, Roberts, "Lever," C. Hebbard and Aaron Woodruff, of the home club. President Robt. E. Chetwood and H. Davey looked after the cashier's department and (secretaries! read this!) manifolded the scores and handed them to the newspaper men with every detail plainly marked on them. This fact, so little thought of by most secretaries, means an awful lot to the overworked editor of a trap department!

F. Van Dyke, as his name implies, of course led in the averages. He shot consistently well all through the day. "Uncle Al," as the boys term Heritage, was in great form, as also was Major Breintnall. Charles C. Hebbard was present for business, not for pleasure. Mr. Hebbard is one of the chief spirits of the Empire Target Company; this company has just gotten out a new trap, a specimen of which he had along with him. This trap differs from the one now in use in many particulars, but most noticeably in the absence of the heavy round base and in its self-locking catch. The ease, also, with which the angles can be changed, a great desideratum when unknown angles are being thrown, is worthy of special note. The trap was placed in position as No 2, and threw targets all day, thus giving an object lesson of its real value. Hobart's scores show plainly that something was radically wrong on this day. On inquiry, it turned out that some alterations had been made to his gun; that the change was not beneficial is apparent. "Dutchy" Smith, of course, was to the front with some good scores; the difference between his chest measurements after event No. 5 and after events, Nos. 6, 7 and 8, was astonishing, yet not unusual. The balance of the story is given by the following table:

No. of Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
No. of targets:	10	10	15	10	20	15	20	25	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Van Dyke	8	9	14	9	19	12	19	21	10	8	10	8	10	8	10	..
Breintnall	7	9	12	7	14	15	15	..	..	7	6	8	9	9	8	8
Hobart	7	3	10	5	12	10	17	17	14	8	5	3	5	..	..	..
Heritage	10	8	13	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Thomas	8	6	12	8	..	10	14	..	..	..	8	..	8	9	9	9
Drake	9	8	12	8	17	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..
Hoffman	9	8	13	9	18	14	19	18	12	9	..	7	..	6	3	..
Parker	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..
Roberts	6	..	10	..	18	9	11	..	18	9	9	7	5	..	..	8
Lever	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	8	..	8	..
Hebbard	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Keller	..	..	..	6	14	11	14	21	17	8	..	..	..	9	10	..
"Dutchy"	..	..	..	10	13	14	18	22	18	9	..	..	..	9	9	9
Leutheusser	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	17	4	..	..	..	6	8	8
Reibold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	4	..	..	..	7	9	6
Darby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	..	..	..	4	..	..
Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..	..	..
Anthes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	0	..
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

No. 1, 3, 5, 8 and 11 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 2, 4, 7, 9, 13, 14, 15 and 16 were at known traps and unknown angles; No. 6 was shot under expert rules, use of both barrels; Nos. 10 and 12 were shot at known traps and angles in reversed order. Events 1 to 10 were at a uniform entrance of 10 cents per target; 11 to 16, 5 cents per target.

SECOND DAY.

Feb. 28—To-day being live-bird day there was a much better attendance of both shooters and spectators than there was yesterday. The chief misfortune was the failure of some crates of pigeons to arrive before the club's supply was exhausted. This necessitated an early stoppage of affairs and the winding up of a 25-bird race at the close of the 16th round. The first event was a 7-bird race, $5, birds included. This had five entries and resulted as follows: Capt. Money, Ivins and E. M. Cooper 7, Woodruff 6, Allen Willey 4. The scores in the other events are given below. No. 2 was a 10-bird race, $5, birds included; No. 3, 25 birds, $10, birds included. Scores:

No. 2.

Capt. Money	1222121211—10	"Jersey"	2122111*01— 8
A Willey	2122220222—10	A Woodruff	1*10222211— 8
Ivins	2221111121—10	Folsom	0011000220— 4
E M Cooper	2021212222— 9	Davis	1120221022— 8
M F Lindsley	2,022212210— 8	T H Keller	2211222112—10
E. Collins	202220202— 7		

No. 3.

M F Lindsley, 28	2220222020222220 —11
Van Dyke, 30	2212222102121212—15
E Collins, 28	100121212222200 —11
E M Cooper, 30	2021220 21*222123—13
T H Keller, 27	2102202222212222—14
Dennis, 27	112211112*202101—13
J L Brewer, 33	1222212222212121—16
Folsom, 25	2102221101220022—13
A Willey, 29	2122222202211222—15
Ivins, 30	2211222202211221—15
Capt. Money, 31	2220111*21112210—13
A Woodruff, 30	2212212222222212—16
"Dutchy," 29	2222200222212122—14
W H Hollis, 28	2111111201122l*—14
Blodgett, 28	1112211111111001—14
N Apgar, 30	1222211221221222—16

Mechanicville Rod and Gun Club.

Mechanicville, N. Y., Feb. 22.—The Mechanicville Gun Club's regular fortnightly shoot for the gold medal took place this afternoon. The following are the scores:

S J Moore	0010000110011110110000001—10
E S Moore	0111011011011111110111110—19
W L Howland	0111110010100001101110010—13
C Brothers	0000001110100101101111110—13
A H Jarvey	0001000000110111000101101—10
F Baker	0101100111100100110101101—14
V Arnold	1100001100110011001011001—12

WM. L. HOWLAND, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 20.—The members of the Audubon Gun Club shot their allowance handicap at live birds this afternoon. The figure immediately following the name denote the number of misses allowed as kills. Score:

J Parker, 3	0222121222222202—13	Price	12210120212100	—10
C Felton, 1	2120012011102 22—11	Dicks	010120120000	— 5
Hamiline, 3	1011001120012 20— 9	Place	02121021010	— 7
Amberg, 3	2021000011111100— 8	McCauley	022210200 20	— 6
Wilcox, 3	2021202000020 02— 7	Wadsworth	22020010	— 4
Heath, 2	0111000100121 00— 7	Bissell	0210000	— 2
Morris, 4	0001210120001 20— 7	Mussey	020	— 1
W Gray, 3	1000000000000000— 1			

Feb. 22.—The tie in the match of Feb. 15 between Dr. Frothingham and O. Von Lengerke, when each killed 31 out of 50, was shot off to-day, Von Lengerke winning by 6 birds. Score:

Frothingham	1220200022200222021002212	
	0222000121001000 2210	—25
Von Lengerke	0220202222220020222222220	
	2220222200222200 22	—31

Two other sweeps, 7 birds, $3 entrance, 3 moneys, were shot off, the scores being given below:

H Ehlers	2000220—3	0020012—3
L Stone	1122222—7	0101212—5
E Bingham	2222202—6	2120212—6
Goodrich	2012020—4	2110102—5
A Kleinman	1011122—6	1222112—7
Lester	1011200—4	0212102—5
P Stone	1201122—6	1021120—5
T L Parker	2211220—6	1001002—3
Ellicott	2020201—4	0202210—4
Valantine	1022201—5	0200120—3
Frothingham	0022222—5	0000222—3
Antoine	1200111—5	2122102—6
Hill	0102001—3	
D W Edwards	2020011—4	
Hall	1001110—4	

RAVELRIGG.

Grand American Handicap.

The Interstate Association has forwarded a copy of its programme for the Grand American Handicap week at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., April 3-5. The Association starts out with the following introduction:

"In presenting this programme of the third annual Grand American Handicap, we would respectfully call the attention of all lovers of live bird shooting to the growing popularity of this event. From its inception three years since it has rapidly grown in favor, until to-day it is justly recognized as the leading bird event of America. It will, no doubt, eventually attract shooters from abroad, as the monetary returns to winners are increasing with each handicap; last year they exceeded the anticipations of the most sanguine—first money amounting to $667.50; second money, $400.50, and third money, $267.00. The officials of the Interstate Association noting the requirements for this year's handicap, deemed it advisable to procure grounds located within a short distance of New York city, easy of access, and large enough to permit the use of two sets of traps. Such grounds were secured in Willard Park, Paterson, N. J. This busy city, the "Lyons of America," is beautifully situated on the Passaic River, about 30 minutes ride by steam railway from New York. The association at its annual meeting held in December, recognizing the necessity of having a handicap committee, thoroughly posted as to the respective merits, and in touch with the shooters of America, appointed Messrs. Jacob Pentz and John S. Hoey to that responsible position. The reputation and sterling integrity of the gentlemen named is of such a high character as will command the respect and confidence of the trap shooting fraternity throughout the country. This year's handicap will be conducted on the same equitable lines as has characterized our previous tournaments. Each shooter taking part will be the recipient of every attention and just consideration, consistent with the fairness that has always been a feature of the Interstate Association's events. May the best men win."

This is followed by a large amount of useful information under the head of "Announcement." It will be noted that "droppers" will be dealt with in a proper manner.

"Any shooter who intentionally misses a bird in order to obtain a certain place, shall forfeit all his interest in the purse, and will be debarred from taking part in any tournament given under the auspices of the Interstate Association. The Interstate Association's rules (Hurlingham rule revised) will govern all points not otherwise provided for. No guns larger than 12 gauge allowed. Weight of guns limited to 8 pounds. The Grand American Handicap will not be class shooting, and the three highest scores will divide the purse 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third. All ties must be shot off at the regular handicap distances, at rounds of ten (10) birds, until only three high guns remain in. Messrs. Jacob Pentz and John S. Hoey have been appointed a handicapping committee, and they will handicap all contestants from 25 to 33 yards. 'A dead heat between three or four contestants is a veteran handicapper's delight.' This will be the aim of Messrs. Pentz and Hoey. They will endeavor to ascertain the correct shooting form of all contestants, each entry will be carefully considered, and every shooter will be placed at a mark where he will have a chance to win. In order to place all contestants on equal footing, handicaps will not be announced until the evening of April 2. Mr. Jacob Pentz will referee the Grand American Handicap.

"During the progress of the Grand American Handicap, sweepstakes will be shot on an extra set of traps in accordance with the programme. All contestants in the Grand American Handicap will shoot their score from the same set of traps. In case the Grand American Handicap entries are so numerous that it cannot be finished in good light on April 4, the referee shall stop the shooting at any time he may deem necessary. In this case the shooting of the Grand American Handicap will commence at 11.00 o'clock, sharp, Friday, April 5. Positively no entry will be taken after the second round. In order to expedite the shooting of the Grand American Handicap, a contestant missing three (3) birds shall drop out with the privilege of re-entering in case he has a chance to win. Contestants in the Grand American Handicap will pay for the number of birds they shoot at; shooters calling "no bird," on birds slow to start will be charged for same, providing they prove good flyers. Arrangements have been made to provide the very best of birds for all three day's shooting, and they will be trapped at the rate of 25 cents each. The Interstate Association reserves the right to refuse any entry which they may deem as proper.

"Headquarters for sportsmen during the tournament, will be the Astor House, Broadway, Barclay and Vesey streets, New York city. To reach Willard Park, take the Erie railroad from the foot of Chambers and Twenty-third streets, New York, to Paterson, N. J. Or take the New York, Susquehanna and Western railroad (Pennsylvania line), from foot of Desbrosses and Cortlandt streets, New York, to Paterson City, N. J. On arrival in Paterson, take the Central Electric street car line at Park avenue and Straight street (one block from either depot), direct to Willard Park in ten minutes. Arrangements have been made for a special car on Electric line to run from the depot in Paterson, direct to Willard Park without stop. Due notice will be given as to what train the special car will meet. It will take about 50 minutes to go from the Astor House, New York City, to Willard Park. In order to keep out that undesirable element so frequently in attendance at large tournaments, admittance to the grounds will be by card of admission, which can be obtained free of charge by applying to the secretary-treasurer, the manager, or any of the subscribers to the Interstate Association. Address communications and make entries to New York office, J. A. H. Dressel, sec'y-treas., 313 Broadway, New York City."

The conditions governing the Grand American Handicap are as follows: 25 live birds, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33 yards, 50 yards boundary with a dead line at the 33 yard mark. The three highest scores to take the purse. Entrance money $25, $1,000 guaranteed by the Interstate Association, and all surplus added. Regular entries must be made on or before March 30, 1895, and must be accompanied by $10 forfeit. The remaining $15, may be paid up to the last shot of the second round. Penalty entries may be made after March 30, and up to the last shot of the second round, by paying $35. Entries will be received at the New York office.

The programme contains the following sweepstakes: First day, April 3: No. 1, Willard Park Introductory, 7 birds, $7, birds included, 28 yards rise, class shooting, three moneys. No. 2, Passaic Falls Sweepstakes, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, 28 yards, three high guns. No. 3, Nitro Powder Handicap, 15 birds, $15, birds included, handicaps 25 to 33 yards, class shooting, four moneys. No. 4, Sportsmen's Handicap, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 35 yards, three high guns. (A note adds that "this programme will be shot at two sets of traps, and if finished in good time, miss and out events will be shot the remainder of the day at uniform entrance of $2, birds extra.")

The second day of course commences as above, with the Grand American Handicap, promptly at 10. Two events will be shot on the side traps as follows: No. 1, Highland Sweepstakes, 7 birds, $7, birds included, 28 yards rise, class shooting, three moneys. No. 2, Kittatinny Sweepstakes, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, 28 yards rise, three high guns.

The third day will probably see the conclusion of the Grand American Handicap; if left over from the second day this event will be continued at 11 o'clock sharp. Other events scheduled are: No. 1, Paterson Scramble, 7 birds, $7, birds included, 28 yards rise, class shooting, three moneys. No. 2, Champion Sweepstakes, 7 birds $5, birds extra, 28 yards rise, three high guns. No. 3, Consolation Handicap, 10 birds, $10, birds included, handicaps 25 to 33 yards, class shooting, four moneys. No. 4, Auld Lang Syne Handicap, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, handicaps 25 to 33 yards, three high guns. A note is added to the effect that, "in order to keep the programme running properly, extra events and miss and outs will be introduced whenever they are deemed necessary."

The above gives the programme in detail. A perusal of the same discloses the fact that Manager Shaner has, to use a slang phrase, spread himself in his efforts to produce something attractive. Any shooter who attends the big tournament at Willard Park on April 3, 4 and 5, is sure of receiving fair treatment and plenty of shooting. This year's Grand American Handicap promises to be the biggest live bird event ever held in this country. It should be remembered that the Interstate Association absolutely guarantees that the three high guns shall receive cash prizes amounting in all to not less than $1,000; in addition, all surplus will be added.

Pigeon Shooters Arrested.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 22.—To-day was a gala day around Baltimore, and no less than three trap tournaments were held on the outskirts of the city, all of which were largely attended. The boys are not likely to forget their experience at one of the tournaments in a hurry. A live bird shoot was billed to take place at Christian Hesse's, near Highlandtown, and about fifty shooters gathered to enjoy the sport. The crack of the guns had only been heard about twenty times, when Chief-of-the Police Hosstetter, Constable Creamer, Deputy Sheriff Gorman and Officer Miller swooped down on the whole outfit. The chief produced a letter signed by State Attorney Dunan calling on him to arrest everyone found shooting live birds under the Cruelty to Animals Act. The way the crowd scattered was a caution. One sportsman who walks with a cork leg, left the van, and now holds the world's record for 500 yards over ploughed field; another, a tall lanky chap headed for Chicago should you see him out in your parts, please turn him around and start him back home. He answers to the name of "Mac." Four of the gunners were arrested and taken before Justice Hevern, who, by the way, is an ardent sportsman, and was just on the eve of going out to take a few shots at the birds himself. The prisoners, at the advice of their friends, had the case postponed until Friday next, each one furnishing $20 security. All the gunners boarded the cars after the hearing and adjourned to Point Breeze, where there was a target tournament in progress. The targets were kept flying until dark and some excellent scores were made.

If promises go for anything, Baltimore will shortly be the Monte Carlo for trap shooters. A leading manufacturing firm has offered to give 100,000 targets and to hang up $1,000 as the principal prize. This to be an annual event. Such an event as that, together with the hospitality shown every one that visits this town, will insure the presence of nearly all the star shots of the country.

WM. L. STILES.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club.

St. Louis, March 1.—The following scores were made by the Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club at its regular weekly gallery shoot held yesterday: H. Kephart 233, R. W. Staley 232, G. T. Dunn 22[illegible], Col. R. Buchanan 226, A Gfeller 225, W. P. Schaaf 225, J. H. Kra[illegible] 221, G. F. Knapp 218, C. B. Smith 214, E. Kaiser 210, T. Nelson 20[illegible], W. Zink 209, V. Lingenbrink 203, W. E. Wolcott 201.

The club is now looking for a suitable site upon which to erect a club house and range. Progress will be reported later.

HORACE KEPHART, Secretary.

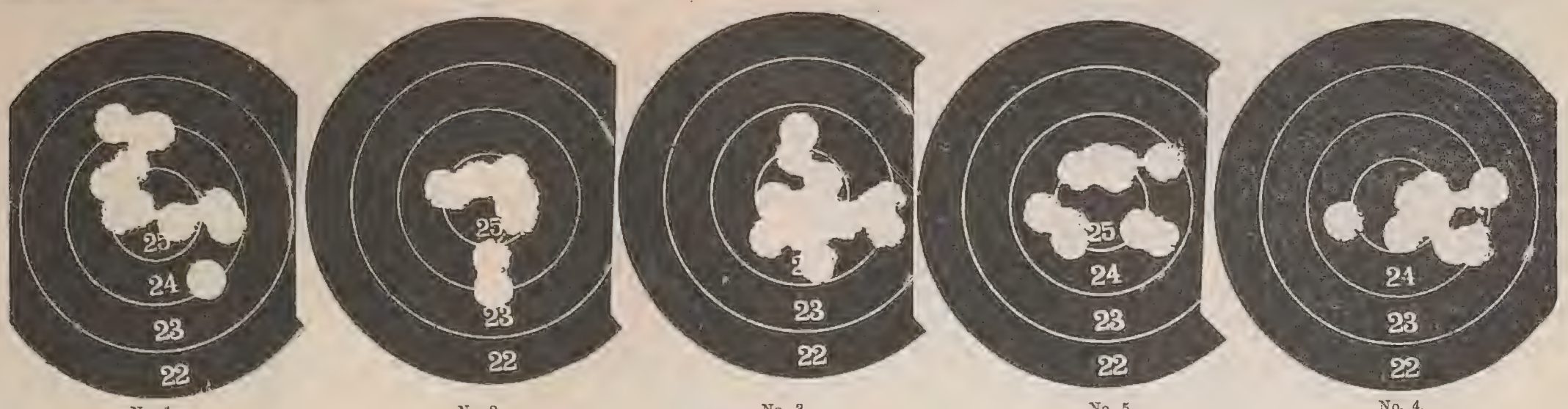
Derryfield Rifle Club.

Manchester, N. H.—A new rifle club has recently been formed in this city and christened the "Derryfield Rifle Club." It has Dr. I. S. Adams for president, already a long list of members, the promise of scores of applicants in the near future, and accordingly has bright prospects of success as the source of much pleasure for those who see fit to profit by its advantages. There is plenty of room and abundant material for just such a club; hence the promising outlook. Arrangements are being made to secure one of the best ranges in the country, and also to fit up a place for inside practice will be an early move

PAYSON.

From the Pacific Slope.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 24.—The various schutzen clubs held their usual bull's-eye shoots at Shell Mound to-day. A. Mocke was the lucky man, getting the best bull's-eye in both the Germania Club and the Schutzen Verein. Some good shooting was done in the Columbia Club contests, notably the pistol score of



No. 1. No. 2 No. 3. No. 5. No. 4.

ROSENBAUM'S SCORE.

E. Gorman, who is a beginner. The military target was the center of effort by most of the Columbians present.

Scores:

Target rifle, Kuhnle medal: F. O. Young 90, Dr. Rodgers 87.

Military Rifle, 8-inch bull's-eye, old Creedmoor target, Glindermann medal: A. H. Pape 47, H. R. Brown 47, Col. Kellogg 46, F. O. Young 45.

Rest shooting, Young medal: Lieut. Davis 96.

Pistol, Blanding medal, open to all comers: J. E. Gorman 95, C M. Davis 94, F. O. Young 91, Ed. Hovey 89, Dr. Rodgers 87, Col. Kellogg 87, D. W. McLaughlin 85.

22 calibre rifle for ladies, 50 yards, Rodgers medal; Mrs. Nichols, 93. 96.

Next Sunday Capt. Siebe, the proprietor of Shell Mound Range, will formally open the park for the season.

There will be music and dancing. Cash prizes will be given for rifle shooting ($207 divided into 20 prizes) and bowling ($100).

ROEEL

Cincinnati Riflemen.

Cinciunati, O., Feb. 24.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Asssciation to-day at their range, Four-Mile House, Reading Road, under the following conditions. 200yds. off-hand (strictly) at the Standard target:

Gindele	8	9	7	6	6	7	9	7	6	10—76
	7	8	10	9	9	6	4	7	7	9—86
Louis	7	8	10	9	9	6	4	7	7	6 75
	10	8	5	5	10	8	9	6	6	6—73
	7	5	9	8	6	9	8	6	8	6—72
	8	9	5	6	7	10	8	4	7	5—69
Weinheimer	7	8	10	9	9	6	10	10	8	8 85
	7	10	6	5	7	8	9	6	7	7—72
	6	7	11	9	9	9	5	10	6	8—79
	6	9	10	7	9	8	8	7	10	5—79
See	8	8	7	10	10	7	9	5	6	8 81
	9	8	6	6	10	8	6	6	10	8—77
	8	7	8	9	10	7	6	7	6	6—74
	6	8	7	9	6	7	7	8	7	7—72
Wellinger	7	7	10	9	9	8	8	9	6	9 83
	6	7	8	8	10	10	8	9	8	8 82
	10	10	6	9	6	6	10	5	6	8—76
	9	8	6	7	10	8	7	4	10	8 77
Hake	7	5	8	6	8	5	6	4	7	6—56
	7	10	9	4	9	7	9	7	4	9—75
Tronnstein	6	8	7	1	6	10	6	5	4	8—62
	3	10	6	9	6	6	10	3	5	1—60
	5	4	6	6	5	5	7	9	9	6—62
	7	6	6	8	6	6	6	6	19	3—61
Schmidlin	9	3	10	6	6	10	8	6	8	6—72
	7	5	6	9	8	6	8	2	3	7—63
	8	7	7	5	8	1	5	5	7	6—59
Hasenzahl	7	8	7	8	9	10	9	6	6	9—79
	8	8	8	8	7	9	9	7	10	8 82
	7	8	9	8	7	10	9	7	6	9—80
	5	9	9	7	7	8	.	10	8	7—73
Randall	7	10	6	8	8	5	10	8	10	9—81
	7	8	7	7	6	10	6	9	9	7—76
	9	10	4	5	9	7	10	5	5	10—74
	8	7	7	6	8	6	10	8	6	8 74
Roberts	6	7	9	4	8	9	8	9	4	7—72
	6	6	7	10	7	8	8	9	6	5—72
	7	7	10	10	10	7	8	6	6	9 80
	10	10	7	8	9	9	6	9	5	9—82
Payne	7	8	5	7	8	10	10	10	10	8—80
	10	6	10	8	9	9	10	8	5	8—83
	8	8	8	8	10	7	10	10	7	7 84
	10	10	7	9	8	9	6	10	5	7—81
Stegner	3	7	5	8	5	8	7	10	5	10—68
	8	6	7	5	7	9	6	10	4	6—17
	6	6	10	5	8	8	9	7	8	4—71
	6	9	7	10	10	5	9	8	9	6—79
Topf	5	5	4	10	4	6	8	7	5	6—60
	7	5	4	6	10	3	7	8	6	9—65
	9	10	6	7	9	3	4	4	6	4—62
	4	6	6	2	6	7	8	6	5	9—59
Heidkamp	6	5	6	5	5	5	5	2	9	6—54
	1	5	7	10	3	4	7	2	7	9—55
	4	9	5	6	9	3	7	1	9	4—57
	8	8	7	9	2	3	7	1	1	4—50
Drube	9	10	8	8	9	8	9	10	7	10—88
	9	6	7	10	7	6	9	6	6	9—75
	4	7	8	6	6	8	8	7	10	8—71
	10	4	7	6	7	6	8	8	8	6—70
Strickmeier	8	3	6	9	8	4	6	5	7	5—64
	7	7	9	7	5	9	4	1	5	6—60
	8	4	6	8	6	8	6	5	10	5—66
	6	3	5	8	3	8	7	4	4	6—54

Rosenbaum's Good Average.

New York, Feb. 7.—The five targets which accompany this note were recently shot by Mr. Wm. Rosenbaum, otherwise known as Buff, of the Empire Rifle Club. The scores are as follows: 246, 246, 246, 248, 249—1,235, and have an average of 247 for 10 shots, which equals Mr. Dorrler's famous score of 1,235, made sometime ago. These scores Mr. Rosenbaum shot in a match with Mr. Bayer, of the Empire. After finishing this match, he started off on a 100-shot race with Mr. Baldwin, also belonging to the Empire. Mr. Rosenbaum allowed him 7 points on each target. Winding up with a 248, Rosenbaum managed to average 246 1-2, which certainly deserves credit, and which also proves that he knows a thing or two about gallery shooting.

EMPIRE RIFLE CLUB.

Pistols That Had Seen Service.

Mr. Walter Winan's, writing from Lightwater Grange, near Bayshot, Surrey, England, gives the following interesting account of a pair of old duelling pistols that had seen service: "On August 20 of last year a friend found an old pair of G. Manton muzzle-loading duelling pistols, which had belonged to his uncle and which had been in at least three duels. He had them left him about the year 1840, just after they had been used in a duel in Egypt, his uncle having shot his man in the shoulder. These pistols had not been fired since. We thought it would be interesting to try how they shot.

The old pistol case contained bullets (the surface of the bullets was mildewy with age), caps, etc., but the powder flask was empty. My friend has an old Joe Manton shot-gun of the same age, and in its case was some powder, so we emptied it into the pistol flask. The patches for the balls were about an inch in diameter, of thin greased linen. I thought the bullets ought to be wrapped in them, but when this was done they would not go into the bore, so we put the patch flat over the muzzle and pressed the bullet down onto the powder. The charge the flask measured out was very small, I should say 5 grains, the powder was very fine grain, and had rather a peculiar smell when fired, the bullets, which appeared about 48 calibre (anyhow larger than a 45 revolver bullet), were round and had to be hammered down till they were flush with the muzzle (with a hammer on the loading rod), after they were so far they pushed down easily. There was a hair trigger, but we thought, after over fifty years without use, it would be unsafe, so we shot with the ordinary pull which seemed about 3 lbs. We shot at the 50 yards Standard American pistol target (reduced for 20 yards pistol practice), but shot at only 12 yards, that being the duelling distance of these old weapons. The pistols had a lot of very shallow grooves, they were practically smooth bores, the grooves were so shallow. We had no hang-fires, but a few of the caps needed a second blow before they went off, as we did not get some of them quite down enough on the nipple at first. I think we are the only shooters now living who have shot powder and caps and bullets 50 years old out of a pistol still older. Yours truly,

WALTER WINANS.

Walnut Hill Scores.

The Massachusetts Rifle Association held an all-day rifle and pistol shoot on Friday, Feb. 22, to commemorate the birthday of the Father of his Country. A large number of riflemen were in attendance, as well as a big delegation of militiamen who were on hand to qualify for 1895. The shooting conditions were decidedly unfavorable for high scores, the weather being quite cold, with a strong "9 to 11 o'clock" wind blowing. Humphrey's 92 was a brilliant effort. The special prizes for rest, off-hand, military and pistol matches, caused lively competition. Below are the scores made at 200 yards, standard American target:

Rest Match—*J. French, 112.

Off-hand Match—J. T. Humphrey, 92.

Military Match—W. J. DeLoriea, 46.

Pistol Match (50 yards)—H. S. Herris, 96.

All Comers' Rest Match—*J. French, 109; *H. W. Greene, 106; B. E. Hunter, 104; C. A. Browne, 103; A. W. Hill, 102.

* Telescope sight.

Medal Off-hand Match—H. E. Tuck, 88; J. Busfield, 82; G. S. Sampson, 79; F. H. Wheeler, 78; A. W. Hill, 75; S. D. Martin, 69; J. B. Hobbs, 67.

All Comers' Off-hand Match—J. Hadley, 86; W. Chanler, 85; C. A. Coombs, 80; A. Law, 77; J. B. Hobbs, 73; C. A. Browne, 71; B. E. Hunter, 69; S. D. Martin, 67.

Merchandise Off-hand Match—S. T. Parks, 78; M. A. James, 77; B. E. Hunter, 74; G. S. Sampson, 72.

Merchandise Military Match—W. J. DeLoriea, 72; M. T. Day, 70; C. E. Mason, 67.

All Comers' Military Match—G. R. Russell, 45; G. R. Russell, 45; W. T. Abbott, 44; C. H. Parker, 40; A. W. Hill, 39.

Medal Military Match—W. C. Gannon, 45; W. C. Gannon, 44; A. W. Hill, 44; J. B. Barter, 40.

All Comers' Pistol Match (50 yards)—H. S. Harris, 93; C. E. Davis, 91; M. T. Day, 87; A. W. Hill, 85.

Merchandise Pistol Match—J. B. Fellows, 93; C. E. Davis, 93; M. T. Day, 90; A. W. Hill, 89; S. D' Martin, 87; B. E. Hunter, 86.

Canoeing.

In Fly Time.

(Concluded from page 180.)

Of the portage I will say little. We made three dreadful trips, finally dragging the canoe on a piece of a ladder. The carry took all day, and in fact more, for we left the canoe three quarters through, and passed a very comfortable night on the unattractive shores of Mud Pond.

Paddling across to the dam, a quick run down Chamberlain Stream brought us to Chamberlain Lake. We had a rough trip across to the farm, arriving in time to escape a heavy shower. The proprietor met us cordially and gave us a fine dinner of baked beans fresh biscuits and strawberries. One of the men showed us two mounds of earth, the unmarked graves of lumbermen. "They died of heavy colds," he said; "we could do nothing for them." This, coupled with his remark that a man might as well break his neck as his leg in this region, opened our eyes to the fact that it would go hard with us, should an accident happen to either.

Pushing on a couple of miles to the dam and lock, we made two short carries, and running some quick water, came to Eagle Lake. This was our favorite lake. Irregular and containing two large islands, it lies hemmed in by mountains, some of them reaching above the clouds. On a pretty point short of Pillsbury's Island we made camp. After supper, we lit our pipes, and, dosing up, braved the midges awhile, watching a pair of does feeding along the shore two hundred yards away.

Near the mouth of Thoroughfare Brook, we came suddenly on to a cow-moose, standing in mid-stream. For an instant only she watched us, then breaking into a swinging trot, cleared the water and crashed away. Steve, with his ever-ready camera, got an excellent landscape. The moose, however, for he is there, is so minute that we do not call this a moose picture.

While ashore that noon, the mainspring of my watch broke. Thus we were without the time of day. An involuntary plunge, while attempting to pole through the first falls on the Caucomgomoc, had killed Steve's. We felt the loss sorely, especially in regulating our speed and getting away in the morning.

The afternoon was well along when we passed between two sandy points at the foot of Churchill Lake and entered the head waters of the Allagash River. The current was strong; the shores low and marshy. Soon the dull rumbling of Chase's carry came to our ears. No need to consult the guide-book. We knew the page by heart, especially the lines "to be attempted when the river is neither very high nor very low, and then only by experienced canoeists." Well, the river was very high, and our handling of the canoe thus far not especially brilliant. But I will say that what we lacked in skill we made up in nerve. Taking off our coats and rubber boots and making everything fast, we set out to do or die, Steve holding the stern paddle.

On the right is an old lock. Here the water runs deep, in the shade of overhanging trees. Choosing this to a broad shallow stretch on the left, I gave the word, and down we shot, past a few scattering rocks, the current drawing us out toward the middle where the water ran deep and yellow. Time and again there seemed no escape for us, so choked was the stream with ledges and boulders. We would clean one by a hair, only to grate heavily from another. Standing up in the bow and warding off with a heavy maple paddle, I called the course to Steve, ready to jump should we strike heavily. But the pitch of water and our keeping well toward the middle carried us through the carry proper.

A half-mile below is a bad place known as the Devil's Elbow. A ledge runs out on the left nearly to a mass of rocks, through which there is no passing. Directly across this opening is a second ledge, between which and the rocks a canoe must shoot into clear water. We made the opening all right, but our canoe was heavy and slow and hung up squarely on the lower ledge. Seizing the setting pole, Steve caught the stem, but no canoe could live across such a current. The water poured over the gunwale, threatening instant destruction. It was a critical moment. Letting the stern sweep on to the rocks, he jumped. The canoe, thus lightened, bumped across into deep water. At the same time I stepped out on to the ledge and freed the bow. Thus end for end we ran some five miles of heavy rapids to Urusaskis Lake, where, wet and tired, we made a late camp.

Setting out the next morning in a dismal drizzle, we arrived at noon in a pouring rain, at Depot Farm, Long Lake. There being no signs of a let up, we accepted the hospitality of Mr. Harvey and passed a very pleasant afternoon and night in his stuffy kitchen. Toward evening the cry of "a white deer" from young Johnnie brought us all to the door. Sure enough, among several deer feeding along the further shore of the river, was a white doe. I should have said a light-colored one, although Mr. Harvey declared that white deer were sometimes met with in the forest. The temptation was too much for the old man, and getting down his Marlin he sent a couple of balls whistling across the river. The first however, struck the water some distance short, and the second cleared the woods beyond. The deer, a good three-quarters of a mile away, paid little attention to the shooting. After breakfast we photographed the whole family, lined up in front of the cabin. Promising to send them a picture, we said good-bye, and clearing the lake, took up the river once more.

From Depot Farm it is thirty miles to Allagash Falls. There is quick water most of the way, but no rapids. Eating dinner on a high bank overlooking Musquacook Stream, we pushed on, hoping to make the falls that night. There was a good wind at our back, and with one paddle we easily made five miles an hour. A cabin appeared on the right; then another. The river made a wide sweep to the left, and we passed McLennans. We regretted these signs of approaching civilization. They meant that our trip was soon to be of the past. Hurrying clouds and mutterings of thunder roused us. Putting in a paddle, we flew along, past Moirs, past the nine islands, till an increasing current warned us that the falls were not far distant.

To the right of the boom we raced. A few drops of rain splashed on our rubber blanket. "The carry," I shouted, as ahead on the right appeared the steep bank and well-worn path. A dug-out poled by two men passed us going up. "Better take out," they cried. And we did. Too rough and dark to run to the second carry almost at the brink of the falls. Putting on rubber coats, we carried everything up the bank to an old shed. Fearing a rainy night, we hurried supper, finishing as the sun dropped in a cloudless horizon below the dark wall of the forest.

It was a beautiful, clear night, our last on the river. Spreading our blankets, we slept out and slept like tops.

We had a grand run of thirty miles our last day. It rained most of the time, and we wore rubber coats, taking them off only when we ran the Twin Brook and Nigger Brook rapids. The former are the worst on the Allagash below Chase's Carry. The latter, on the Main St. Johns, just below its junction with the Allagash, are the first of six sets, lying above the mouth of the St. Francis. It was grand sport. We had only to dip a paddle occasionally to correct our course, so swift was the current. So high was the water that we were bothered fully as much by choppy waves as by rocks, and we kept rubber blankets spread all day. It was a wild race inside the boom below St. Francis. Only a sharp lookout with a setting pole prevented our being crushed by floating logs.

At Connors we left the river after an eminently successful cruise of over two hundred miles through the grandest hunting and canoeing region in the country. We had come, we had seen and been conquered by the invincible Maine woods, even though we had visited them "in fly time."

PHILIP A. FOWLER.

A New "One-Design" Canoe Class.

Whatever interest in the revival of canoeing was awakened by the meeting of the A. C. A. Executive Committee, last November, and the ensuing discussion over methods of handicapping and similar proposals, has died down and left no results. It is probable now that canoe sailing will this year follow its regular course, which, we say with regret, is by no means upward and onward; the only ray of hope being in the efforts which the A. C. A. regatta committee is directing toward the renewal of the interest in the Meet races. About New York, Lowell and Albany, the old centers of canoe sailing, matters are in a very dull state, with no new boats building and no promise of racing on the part of the old craft.

With the idea of attracting some of the old canoe sailors who have gradually dropped out as the sliding seat has lengthened and the sail plan increased, several New York canoeists have lately decided on building a special type of "one-design" craft, of considerably more beam than the standard canoe, of limited sail and length of slide; and of such size as to be easily handled and housed. The class is intended for general sailing about New York waters, and for racing within itself, no competition with the 16x30 canoes with unlimited rigs and seats being contemplated, as it would be manifestly impossible. The general dimensions and details were decided on by Messrs. W. S. Elliott and Schuyler Schieffelin, of the New York C. C., and Mr. W. J. Stewart, of the Ianthe C. C., and the working out of the design was intrusted to Mr. W. P. Stephens. It was decided to take as small a boat as can be sailed to advantage in New York waters, and at the same time to use as far as possible the successful features of the modern small craft, such as Scarecrow and La Gloria; the dimensions submitted to the designer being 15ft. over all, 12ft. 6 in. l. w. l., under 6 in. draft, 36 in. beam, not over 110 sail area, no limit to drop of board, and deck seat limited to beam of boat, when closed.

The design has been completed, and a contract made for three boats with the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton. We shall publish the lines very shortly, it being the wish of the founders of the class that as many canoes as possible shall be built. While individual preferences differ widely as to details of rig, etc., it has been agreed that the three boats shall be identical in all respects, and it is hoped that others who may build will adhere to the designs throughout, in order that the class may give some interesting racing, as well as to serve for a handy knockabout canoe.

The dimensions are 15ft. over all; 12ft. 6 in. l. w. l.; fore overhang, 1ft. 6 in; after overhang, 1ft.; beam, 36 in.; draft, 5 in.; freeboard, 10 in.; sheer, bow 7 in, stern 4 1-2 in; crown of deck, 3 in. The two bulkheads will be 4ft. 6 in. apart, one forward of the centerboard trunk and one just under the sliding seat; the well opening being 4ft. long and 20 in. wide, with pointed flaring coaming forward. The centerboard will be of 3-16 brass, weighing about 40lbs., and dropping, if desired, to an almost vertical position. The bottom of keel will be a fair rocker from end to end, without deadwood, the board and rudder being depended on for lateral resistance. The deck seat, drop rudder and deck tiller will be of the usual canoe types, the slide of seat being 36 in. long.

The sail plan will include two canoe sails, each with one batten, of the cut so long used by Mr. Vaux, a short mast and hoisting yard. The disposition of man and board, and the absence of after deadwood, makes a comparatively small mizzen a necess ty, and the proportions will be about 75 and 35. The sails will be of Union silk and the spars will be hollow; the masts, made by the St. Lawrence Co., being hollowed and glued up, after which they are spirally wound with canvas, two layers laid in paint and rubbed down. The hulls will be smooth-built, with a new seam just introduced by the company, the edges of each plank being scored with a groove in which a thread of cotton is laid by a special tool. When a plank is worked, the strand of cotton is laid in the groove in the upper edge, the open groove in the lower edge fitting over the cotton in the adjoining plank, previously set. The seam makes a smooth, tight joint, and the tests already made promise excellent results in continued use. The upper strake and decks will be of Spanish cedar, and the boats will be varnished throughout. Two deck hatches will give access to the compartments. It is quite probable that other boats will be built to the class about New York, enough to make some interesting racing in what promises to be an otherwise dull season.

The Red Dragon C. C. Smoker.

The inclosed programme, with its outrageous disregard for the proper names of the performers, is only part of a long night's

sport, which was enjoyed by the Red Dragons at their midwinter camp-fire on Feb. 23.

The new enertainment committee—we always have a new entertainment committee after the annual meeting, who immediately proceed to distinguish themselves, or extinguish themselves, by giving the annual winter camp-fire—I say the new entertainment committee did themselves proud. We haven't had such a smoker in a long while. From 8 P. M., when the Dragon's spike tail and forked tongue began to waggle with glee, till long after two in the morning, when that noble, long-suffering beast, who ever grasps the fiery paddle in his forward flippers, was lulled to deep slumber by the classic air "As long as the beer goes round the Sons of the Dragon made merry.

The minstrel part was pretty good, especially when Pat, our new bull-terrier pup, took a fancy to Fleischmann's red stocking. The Living Pictures were masterly examples of scenic art; but the farce-comedy, which almost turned to a tragedy (again the new bull-terrier pup), was out of sight.

Be it known to all, the Sons of the Dragon play tennis, some of them; some play at football, and some, alas! shoot the janitor's chickens. Therefore, a large field of sport is opened up; and as four champions of these manly recreations, including canoeing, loomed up on the improvised stage, to be afterward thrown out the window (the stage, not the champions), and began to sing of their own powers, the audience rose en masse and cheered till they scared the aforementioned bull-terrier pup out of the room. Some more pictures, all more or less living, came next; and then the farce-vaudeville-tragedy-comedy-drama-grand-bouffe-opera-roof-garden performance began to slow music.

Description is impossible; it was out of sight, and will be forever; for was it not for one night only?

After it was over, the stage was slipped through the forward hawsehole out into the cold night air, and some boxing came off. Then some more singing and boxing, and then the worst singer in the A. C. A. had to get up and do his little part. This made most of the audience very thirsty, and what follows is another story, as Kipling has it.

Skating has been very good on the Delaware for nearly four weeks past, but it was at its best on the night of Feb. 23.

M. D. WILT.

(We regret that we cannot reproduce the programme.)

Canoeing at Santa Barbara.

A correspondent writes to know whether a canoe yawl or smal sailboat can be used to advantage at Santa Barbara, Cal., and if so, whether there is any builder near at hand. Possibly some of our readers can give the information.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

APRIL.

19. Mosquito Fleet Open regatta, Boston Harbor.

MAY.

0. South Boston Open, Boston Harbor.

JUNE.

8. Knickerbocker annual, L. I. Sound.
11. Atlantic Annual, N. Y. Bay.
15. Larchmont spring regatta, L. I. Sound.
15. Philadelphia annual, Delaware River.
17. Massachusetts open, Nahant.
22. Douglaston annual L. I. Sound.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor., annual race, to New London.
29. New Rochelle annual, L. I Sound.

JULY.

1. Indian Harbor special, L. I. Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Cor., annual L. I. Sound.
3. Seawanhaka Cor., race to Larchmont.
6. Larchmont annual, L. I. Sound.
6. American special, L. I. Sound.
4. Riverside annual, L. I. Sound.
8. Seawanhaka Cor. special, L. I. Sound.
9. Horseshoe Harbor special, L. I. Sound.
10. Huguenot special, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont 34 and 21-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
13-21. Larchmont cruise, L. I. Sound.
13. Hempstead Harbor annual, L. I Sound.
15. Savin Hill open, Boston Harbor.
20. Sea Cliff annual, L. I. Sound.
27. Indian Harbor annual, L. I. Sound.
27. Quincy, Boston Harbor.

AUGUST.

3. Monatiquoit open, Boston Harbor.
3. Shelter Island annual.
3. Larchmont 34 and 21 foot classes, L. I. Sound.
10. American annual, L. I. Sound.
10. Winthrop open, Boston Harbor.
13. American open, Newburyp't.
15. Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
17. Huguenot annual, L. I. Sound.
17. Corinthian open, Marblehead.
19. Manchester open, Manchester, Mass.
24. Squantum open, Squantum, Mass.
24. Horseshoe Harbor annual, L. I. Sound.
24. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
31. Larchmont 34 and 21-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
31. Huntington annual, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Lynn open, Nahant.
2. New York Y. R. A. annual, York Bay.
2. Larchmont Fall Regatta, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont 34 and 21-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
7. America's Cup, first race. New York.
7. Revere, open.
7. Larchmont, cabin cats, L. I. Sound.
12. Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
14. Larchmont schooner race, L. I. Sound.

The news of the week includes three important events, the illness of Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, the selection of a material—aluminum bronze—for the skin of the Cup defender, and the promise of an international contest in small yachts.

The illness of the designer and builder of the new defender is at best a very serious matter at the present time, as all work on the Herreshoff boats is done under his immediate direction; and even in the case of the speediest convalescence which can be looked for, and the absence of the after-effects which follow the grip, the work must suffer more or less delay.

Mr. Herreshoff has undoubtedly been under severe nervous strain in dealing with the many details of model, construction and rig of the new boat in addition to other similar work, and at the same time he has exposed himself to the severe weather of last month, falling into the icy water when the Eugenia was launched, and being outdoors during the long operation of casting the new keel. As a result, he has been for some days prostrated with the grip, and is now very ill, from all accounts, with typhoid fever; the disease which resulted fatally to Mr. Burgess and Mr. George A. Stewart. With a splendid constitution to help him, there is no reason to anticipate such a result in Mr. Herreshoff's case; but there is reason to fear that his illness, which is likely to be followed by a long period of convalescence, will be a serious drawback to the proper defense of the Cup.

The sudden and unexpected illness of the principal one of the three or four men on whom the defense of the Cup depends, shows clearly the danger which we have so often commented on, of putting all of one's eggs in one basket; no matter how large and strong this basket may be. The best defense of the Cup cannot be



SAIL PLAN OF "PETIT POUCET."

obtained by the mere lavish expenditure of money, or even through the skill of any one designer; but through the combined efforts of the leading yachtsmen in building many boats and encouraging the best efforts of all designers.

It is quite safe to assume that the new boat represents a distinct advance on Vigilant, quite as much as Mr. Watson has made on Valkyrie II.; but even then her best speed can only be obtained by constant racing with others of her class. On the other hand, there is much about her that is experimental, and the possibility



J. ARTHUR BRAND—From the Yachting World.

certainly exists that she may turn out a Navohoe or Colonia in place of a Vigilant or Wasp; in which the America's Cup would probably take a sea voyage. If the Cup is held again this year, the first move of the New York Y. C. for its proper defense in the future should be to transfer the racing to a class in which a number of yachts will be built, and in which many of the leading yacht owners will take a direct and personal interest.

At the present time, with the entire defense of the Cup depending on two yachts, first the unnamed and untried syndicate craft, and secondly on Vigilant as a trial boat and last resort, there is dire need of a little patriotic effort on the part of American yachtsmen. The construction of a second new defender is now hardly possible, but a great deal may be done in the way of providing an adequate fleet for the trial and working up of the new boat, if not to provide a substitute in the event of any failure on her part. There should be in the New York Y. C. the spirit and money to take in hand at once both Jubilee and Colonia, making such alterations as are known to be necessary, and having both at the line by the time that Vigilant is ready; and with her and Navahoe serving to tune up the new boat in good season.

While Volunteer can hardly be expected to hold her own with the newer craft, she, too, if properly rigged, would add materially to the interest in the class, and help to keep up that steady and sustained racing which has been the mainstay of Cup defense in the cases of Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer and Vigilant.

The late completion of purely experimental craft was a marked feature of the Cup defense of 1893; and, though no harm resulted, the lesson of Jubilee, Colonia and Pilgrim should not be unheeded this year. With plenty of boats and plenty of races before the first of September, the chances of success against the new challenger may be easily trebled over those now existing.

The latest report as to the material of the new boat states that a contract has been made with the Pittsburg Reduction Co., makers of aluminum bronze, an alloy of great strength, containing a evry small percentage of aluminum. According to various estimates, the added strength over Tobin bronze means a gain of at least 4 tons over that metal, or more than by composite construction; while the surface is quite as good as that of Tobin bronze. There is no doubt that the entire range of materials, steel, wood and the different patent alloys, has been carefully studied by the designer of the new defender, and while a week since the indications were strongly in favor of the composite construction, there is good reason to believe now that aluminum bronze has been chosen.

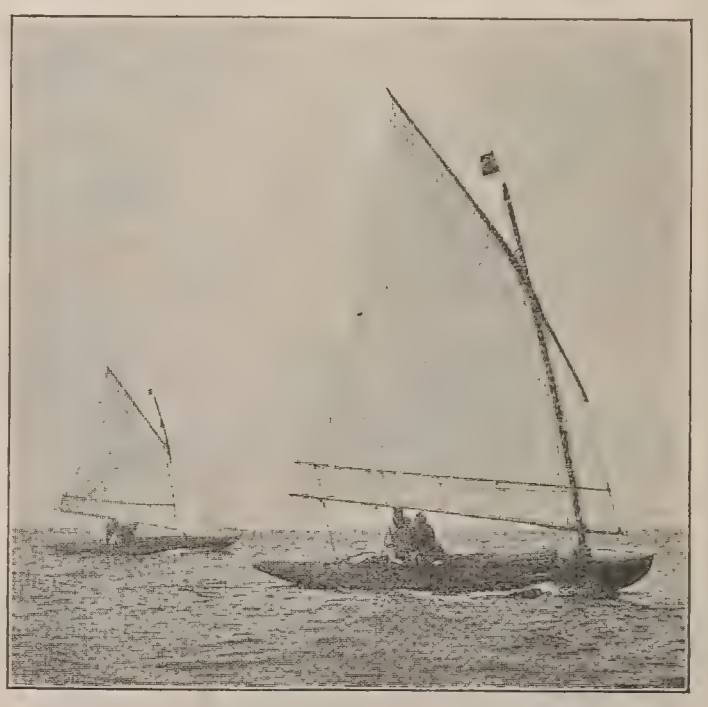
Compared with the racing of real 90-footers, such small craft as the half-raters seem but children's toys; but while even the wealthy yacht owner is able to participate in the 90ft. racing, only through a binocular from a club steamer, the small class is within the reach of all; and the racing may be made quite as keen and exciting. We hope that the proposed races may be arranged, and that Spruce III. may be seen here next fall, with a suitable fleet of boats to meet her. It must not be forgotten that one of the fastest boats in the half-rating class on the Sulent was the Herreshoff Wee Win.

In the course of some discourteous remarks concerning the Forest and Stream, the Yachting World asserts that we have misrepresented the feeling of British yachtsmen over the surrender of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

While we are aware that one swallow does not make a summer, we cannot forbear quoting the following from a letter received by the same steamer as the journal mentioned. The writer is an English yachtsman and Corinthian sailor. "I must congratulate you over the line you have taken over the Cup negotiation. It passes my comprehension to divine how the R. Y. S. could have let us down so heavily as it has over the whole business. There is no doubt that Dunraven is very popular, but a more complete back out of a distinctly tenable and very justifiable position on the part of the R. Y. S. cannot be imagined, and I think your people must hug themselves over the very decided victory in tactics they have gained over slow-witted John Bull."

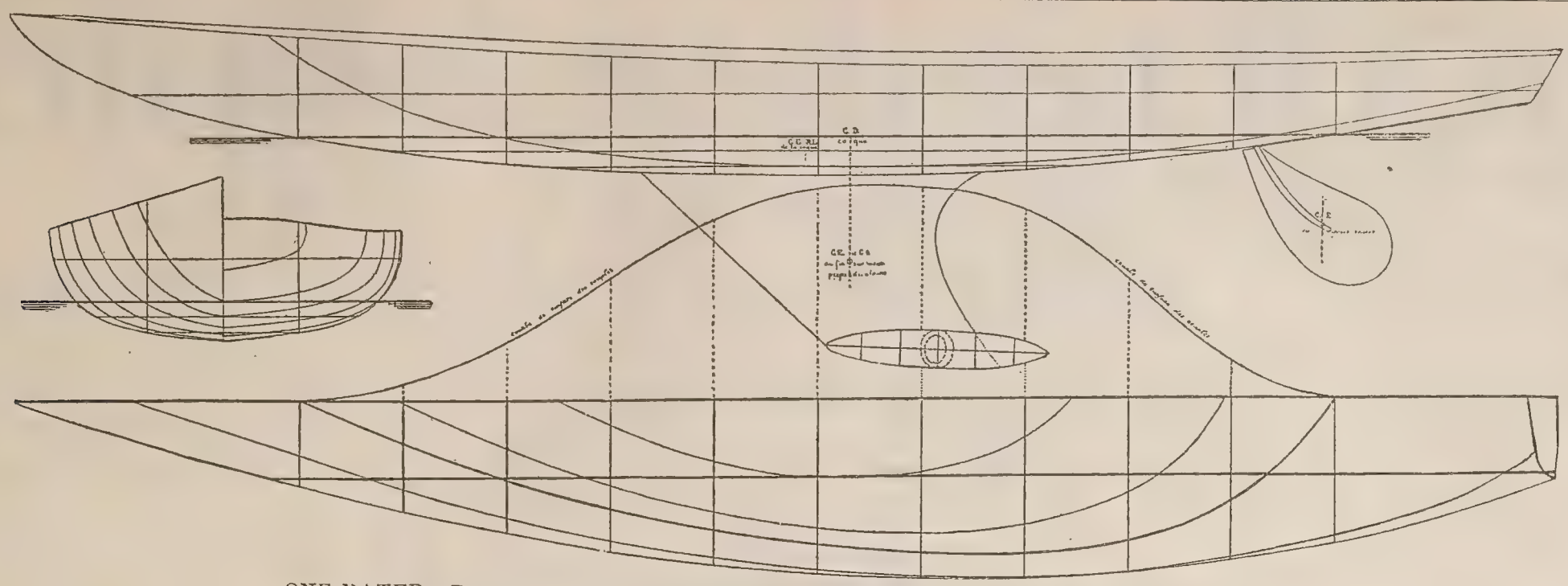
A Chance for Small Class Racing.

What promise of sport there is for the coming season is confined mainly to the latter part, after the three or four largest cutters have been set going in earnest. As for general class racing in the medium sizes, it will probably be limited to a few schooners, and,



"SPRUCE III."—From the Yachting World.

as last year, to Wasp, Gloriana, Queen Mab, Minerva and Gossoon. With no yachts building and no general interest, the racing promises to be anything but exciting and interesting until the final Cup contests come off. Within the past week, however, there has been a development in an entirely new direction which promises plenty of keen and exciting sport, and of a sort within the



ONE RATER.—PETIT POUCET.—Designed and Built by C. Sibbick, 1894.—From Le Yacht.

reach of all yachtsmen, if the necessary arrangements can be carried out.

A letter has been received, addressed to several New York canoeists, from Mr. W. W. Howard, the American canoeist, who has been in England for nearly a year, stating that Mr. J. Arthur Brand, owner of the ½ rater Spruce III., would like to visit this country next summer with his boat, providing that a challenge cup could be arranged for, and some open races for the class. The gentlemen to whom the letter was addressed felt that while there were some difficulties in the way, such a visit and trial would be most important, not only in filling out a dull season, but possibly in after results, of establishing a new racing class about New York. As the matter is of interest to yachtsmen as well as canoeists, it was broached at the meeting of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., which was held the same evening, and met with a most emphatic indorsement from the members present. The regatta committee was empowered to make any arrangements necesssary for a race or series of races, and sufficient money for the purchase of a challenge cup was immediately subscribed. With this auspicious indorsement, and the support it is certain to receive from other yacht clubs and the canoeists, there is good reason to hope that the project may be carried out successfully.

Mr. J. Arthur Brand is a well-known sailor of small craft in England, having owned many boats, canoes, canoe yawls and 1-2 raters, and won many prizes. His first racing was done while at Oxford, from 1885 to 1888, in the local type of canoe yawls on the Upper Thames, and also on the South Coast. He was one of five who, in 1889, established the very successful Minima Yacht Club, to which much of the present popularity of the small rating classes is due. He owned for some years the 8-ton yawl Cornavia, and for the past three seasons has owned the 20-ton cutter Tina, which he uses for cruising, and as a tender to his racing boat. He is the son of John Alexander Brand, Comptroller, and one of the Lieutenants of the City of London, and is by profession an architect. He is a member of the Roy, Southampton, Roy, Corinthian, Start Bay and Minima yacht clubs, the Oxford University, Thames, Thames Valley, Teign Corinthian and Dart Boat sailing clubs, and the British Canoe Association, as well as an associate of the Society of Naval Architects.

The 1-2 rating class, to which Spruce III. belongs, is measured by the Y. R. A. rule, $\frac{L. W. L. \times S. A.}{6,000}$ = Rating; the water line now being measured with crew on board. Spruce III. is 15ft 6 in. in l. w. l., about 25ft. over all, and 5ft. 6 in beam, we believe of the general type of Scarecrow in model, but with a loaded centerboard of 300lbs. in place of a bulb fin; the latter having been tried in 1893 on Spruce II., and discarded with good results. She was built by Henry Smith, of Oxford, the builder of many successful small racers. She was first rigged with one balance lug, with a total area of 190 sq. ft., as allowed by the rule; but later she was changed, with good results, to the sloop rig, but with lug mainsail. She has raced on the Thames, the Solent, and on the South Coast, and at the meet of the B. C. A., scoring a large number of wins. As illustrative of the general type of small rater, we reproduce from Le Yacht the accompanying designs of a boat of one ton by the French rule or a little smaller than the English 1 rater, but designed and built by Sibbick, of Cowes, one of the leading builders of these diminutive craft. The design shows the latest development of the bulb fin; but both beam and draft are somewhat reduced, as girth is measured in the French rule. The Petit-Poucet, which, by the way, was built complete in but two weeks, is 17ft. l. w. l., 26ft. 9 in. over all, 6ft, beam, and has about 300 sq. ft. of sail.

In considering the possibility of arranging suitable races for an English half-rater, the first point which suggests itself is that there is not a boat in this country that is fitted to make a fair match with one. There is no racing class of such boats, and really no boats of 15ft. l. w. l. that can be classed as other than cruisers. The best of the boats of this size, both in model and construction, are those built within two years from the designs of La Gloria and Scarecrow, as published in the Forest and Stream; but even these would measure over 1-2 rating, as rigged for sailing in this country; and the lightest of them are not of racing build, or fit to compete with such a craft as Spruce III. To make certain of any good racing, it would be necessary to build a lot of boats; and indeed the prime reason for fosteringthe scheme would be the creation of such a new class. In doing this, the question of rules arises at once, the Y. R. A. rule is not used and only imperfectly understood in this country; which fact would make it difficult to establish a class exclusively under it.

What is quite practicable, however, is the establishment of a class of 15ft. sailing length; practically the same thing, as Spruce III. could readily adjust her measurements exactly to this limit; say 15ft. 6in l. w. l. and 200 ft. of sail. Such a class limit would be better understood from the start here, and we can see no reason why it should be any less advantageous to the visitor than the Y. R. A. class. Of course it would be necessary, in these small boats, to measure after the Y. R. A. method, with crew aboard, and some special provision outside the regular Seawanhaka rule might be necessary for the measurement of the odd-shaped rigs; but these details would be easy of adjustment. We have no doubt that if Mr. Brand is willing to come out to meet such new boats as may be built, and under such conditions as these, that there will be plenty of races, good prizes, and a number of boats to meet him. The new class is one that is likely to attract some of the old canoemen, and also men who have always sailed much larger boats; the experiment would call for comparatively little money, and we hope that nothing will occur to prevent its trial.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Gitana, schr., P. W. Clement, arrived at Charleston from Boston, on Feb. 26, and sailed on March 1.

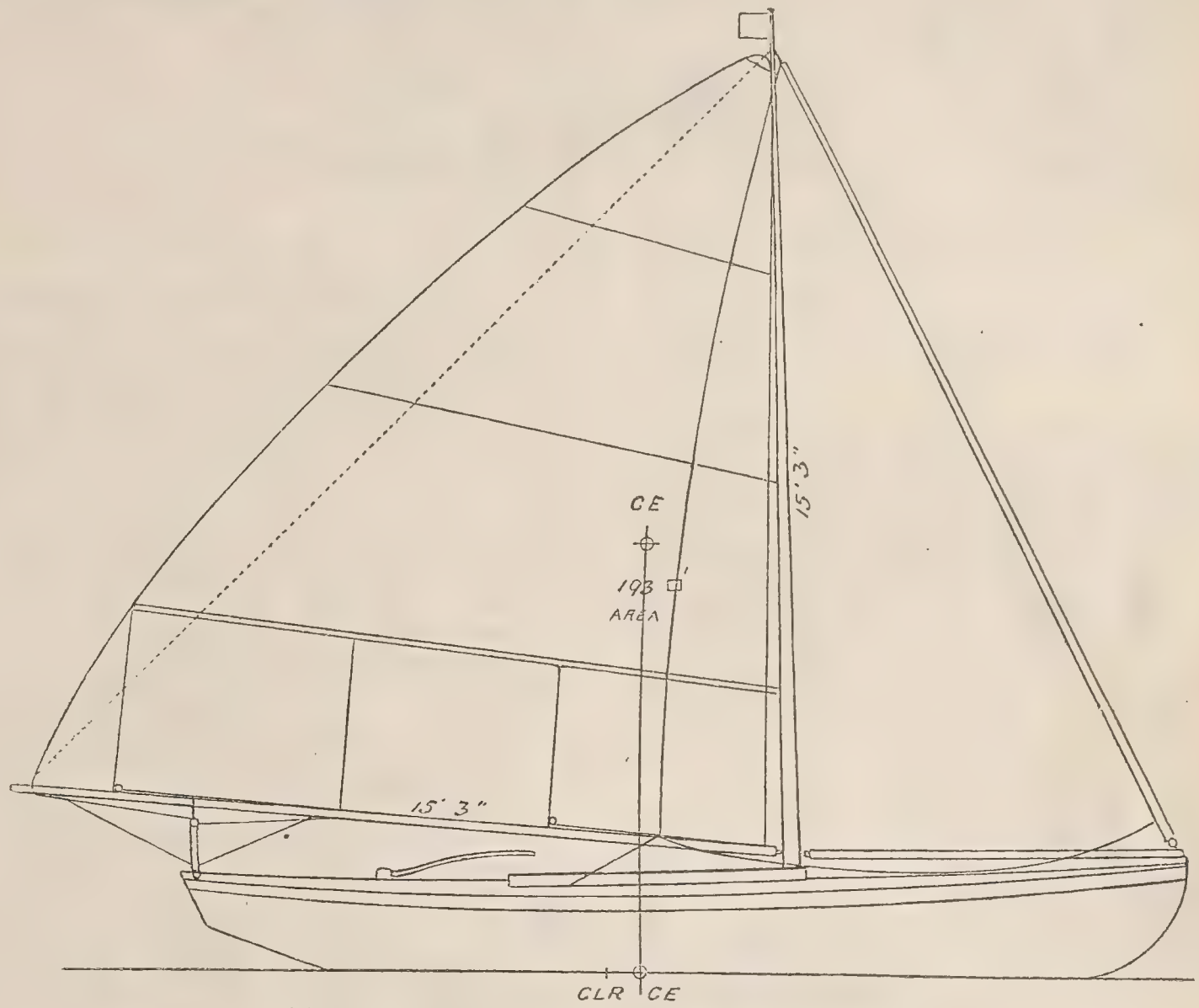
The new courses of the Harlem Y. C. are: From an imaginary line between Belden Point Dock and Old Tom Buoy to and around the stakeboat off Throgg's Neck to Matinnicock Buoy and back to Belden Point Dock, about twenty nautical miles. Course No. 2—From Belden Point direct to Matinnicock Point Buoy and return, about sixteen nautical miles. Course No. 3—From Belden Point Dock to Throgg's Neck, then to the Old Hen Buoy, and return to Belden Point, about twelve nautical miles.

Coronet schr., Messrs. James, sailed from New York for the West Indies on Feb. 27.

Wanda, steam yacht, H. S. Henry, was beached on March 1, at Jacksonville, having sprung a leak.

Amerita will be the name of the new Smith schooner for Mr. Brokaw.

A steel steam yacht, the first ever built in Chicago, is now under construction by George Warrington for H. F. Balch, of Minneapolis, a wealthy contractor. The yacht, which will be named "New Alcyone," will be 135ft. over all, 17ft. beam, 11ft. depth and 8ft. draft. Her engines are triple expansion, 12, 19 and 32x18 in., with two water-tube boilers, the propeller being 6ft. 6 in. in diameter. She will be schooner rigged. The steel will be made in Chicago, and the yacht was designed by Mr. Warrington. She will be fitted with an electric plant for lighting, ventilating, ice-making and even cooking. The interior will be elaborately furnished.



SAIL PLAN OF THAMES "ONE DESIGN" BOAT.

It is probable that Capt. Wm. Canfield, of Valkyrie II., who will sail Valkyrie III. in this country next fall, will be assisted by Capt. Sycamore, the experienced skipper of Corsair, Vendetta and Carina.

The Columbia and Lincoln Park yacht clubs, of Chicago, will consolidate this spring, locating in the boathouse of the former

Messrs. Coursens & Pratt, the Boston sailmakers, have issued their usual artistic calendar this year, the picture showing the start of Vigilant and Valkyrie in one of the Cup races of 1893.

Bamboo is not wood, but dried grass, and not dutiable. These two points were laid down yesterday by Judge Coxe in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in reviewing two decisions made by the General Board of Appraisers. The China and Japan Trading Company had been compelled to pay duty on a large consignment of umbrellas, with bamboo handles and stems, which were assessed as woodwork. Experts testified that bamboo was a species of dried grass and Judge Coxe took the same view.—N. Y. TIMES.

Alfred Van Cott, of Glenmore Landing, L. I, is building a catboat of his own design, similar to the noted Onaway, owned by Mr. S. C. Peril, Sea Cliff, Y. C. The new boat is 22ft. 6 in. l. w. l., and 22 in draft, with as great power as Onaway, but finer lines aft. The construction is excellent, and the interior will be handsomely finished in mahogany.

Algonquin, steamer, J. C. Watson, sailed on Feb. 23, from Nassau for Havana.

The New York Herald claims that its competition for a name for the Cup defender has brought in over 300,000 coupons, and that over 14,000 names have been printed.

The Thames "One-Design" Class.

We are indebted to the Field for the accompanying sail plan of the boat designed by Mr. Linton Hope for the new Thames class, the design of which we published on Feb. 9. The following specifications are from The Yachtsman:

Frame—Keel, American elm, 6in. wide x 3in. deep amidships, with 1-2in. back rabbet. Tapered fore and aft to following sizes, as shown in sheer draught:

At. No. 1 mould—4in. wide x 2 1-4in. deep, 1-2in. back rabbet.

At No. 4 mould—5in. wide x 2in. deep, 1-2in. back rabbet.

At transom—4in. wide x 1 1-4in. deep, 1-2in. back rabbet.

Timbers, 3-8in. x 5-8in.—6in. to center, of American elm steamed.

Stem—3in. x 2in. at deck, 1 1-4 outside rabbet, 3in. x 3in. at scarph.

Apron, 1 1-2in. thick, and 1ft. below deck.

Breast-hook, 1in. oak crook, 9in. arms, 3in. at throat. Floor timbers to be fitted at each section shown on sheer draught—to be 1in. oak, 1 1-2in. deep at throat, and to be fitted to plank. To be 2ft. each side center line amidships at Nos. 4 to 7 sections—No. 3 and No. 8 sections to be only 1ft. 6in. from center line, and No. 2 section 1ft. from center line. Those floors abreast of center case to be checked 3-8in. into side of case before case is put in and dovetailed; all other floors to run right across and to be good grown crooks.

Transom to be 1in. mahogany, fastened to stern knee with 3 stout through fasteners. Stern knee to be 1 1-4 in. oak crook, 2 1-2in. deep at throat; upper arm to run up to deck, and lower arm to be 1ft. long and fastened to keel same as to transom, and well fitted.

Quarter knees and lodging knees abreast of forward bulkhead and aft bulkhead to be 3-4in. oak, 2in. deep at throat, 8in. arms.

Rudder trunk to be 3in. x 4in. Kowrie pine, bored to take 1 1-4in. rudder neck, and fitted with a rudder case as shown in sheer draught. Case to be rabbetted 3-4in. into aft side of trunk, and screwed every 2in. from each side.

Sides of case to be 3-4in. of pine, screwed up from keel with 3in. brass screws every 4in. and fitted same as center case.

Center-plate case—Fore side of fore stanchion aft of fore side stem at deck, 8ft. 6in.; aft side of stanchion, aft of fore side stem at deck, 13ft. 10in.; length of slot, 5ft. 1in.; width, 3-4in.; deptn of fore end of case from under side keel, 1ft. 6 1-2 in.

Case to be shaped to fit plate as shown in sheer draught, and to be of 1in. yellow pine, well fitted and rabbetted 1-8in. into keel.

To be screwed from under side of keel with 4in.x12g. stout, brass screws, well put in, and 6in. apart, and bedded in with red and white lead. Stanchions to be 3-4in. x 1 1-2in. oak, and side of case to be through fastened every 2in. on each stanchion.

The hole for the center-plate bolt to be 6in. from fore side of fore stanchion, and 4 1-2 in. above under side keel.

Gunwales to be 1 1-2 in. x 1in. American elm.

Deck beams to be 3-4 in. spruce, 1ft. apart, and 3in. deep amidships, and 2in. at gunwale, into which they must be checked, and skew nailed. Carlines of cock-pit to be 1in. x 2in. spruce, and 1-2 beams to be 3-4in. spruce, 2in. deep, and 1ft. apart.

Plank (ribbon carvel built)—3-8in. picked cedar to be fastened every 3in. 10 strakes a side. Top strake to be 1-2in., with 1-2in. hollow and gold line. Ribbons, 3-4in. x 3-8in. of Kowrie pine.

Deck, 3-8in. matchboard (beads underneath) of first quality and clear of bad knots, to be well fastened, and to be covered with stout unbleached calico, well painted and rubbed down, and to be laid on a coat of white lead and varnish so as to stick to deck.

Rubbing streak, 3-4in. x 3-8in. American elm, bilge pieces, 1in. x 3-4in. x 4ft. long, tapered at ends.

Combings to be 1-2in. American elm; to be 3in. high forward, and 2in. high aft.

Side benches and thwart to be 3-4in. mahogany; side benches, 9in. wide; thwart, 7 1-2in. wide; space between side bench and side of boats to be filled in with 3-8in. mahogany.

Bulkheads to be 3-4in. of pine, all joints matched and well fitted, and bedded with red and white lead; and each to have a watertight door (rubber round inside of landings and wedge buttons).

Cock-pit floor to be flat and level with l. w. l. on sheer draught, of 1-2in. spruce, with 3-4in. x 2in. bearers every 9in. (to be in easily movable pieces), or fitted up on top of floors in cock-pit.

All fastenings to be copper or metal, and through fastenings of stem scarph to be 3-16in. diam.; those of stern knee to be 1-8in.

Iron-work—Center-plate to be 3-16in. galvanized steel, as shown in sheer draught, and small sheave in end of arm for wire, and center-plate to be hung on a 1-2in. galvanized iron bolt, with rubber and iron washers each side.

Rudder plate to be 1-8in. galvanized steel as shown, with a neck of 1 1-4in. stem pipe and fork of wrought iron 1 1-4 in. wide and 1-4in. thick at end next to neck, well riveted to plates and with a 2in. plug screwed into neck and then riveted. Top of neck to have a 2in. plug fitted same way and with a 3-4in. square for the tiller and nut on top—the whole to be galvanized.

Tiller to be 3-4in. galvanized octagon bar with square hole to fit rudder head, of size and shape as shown.

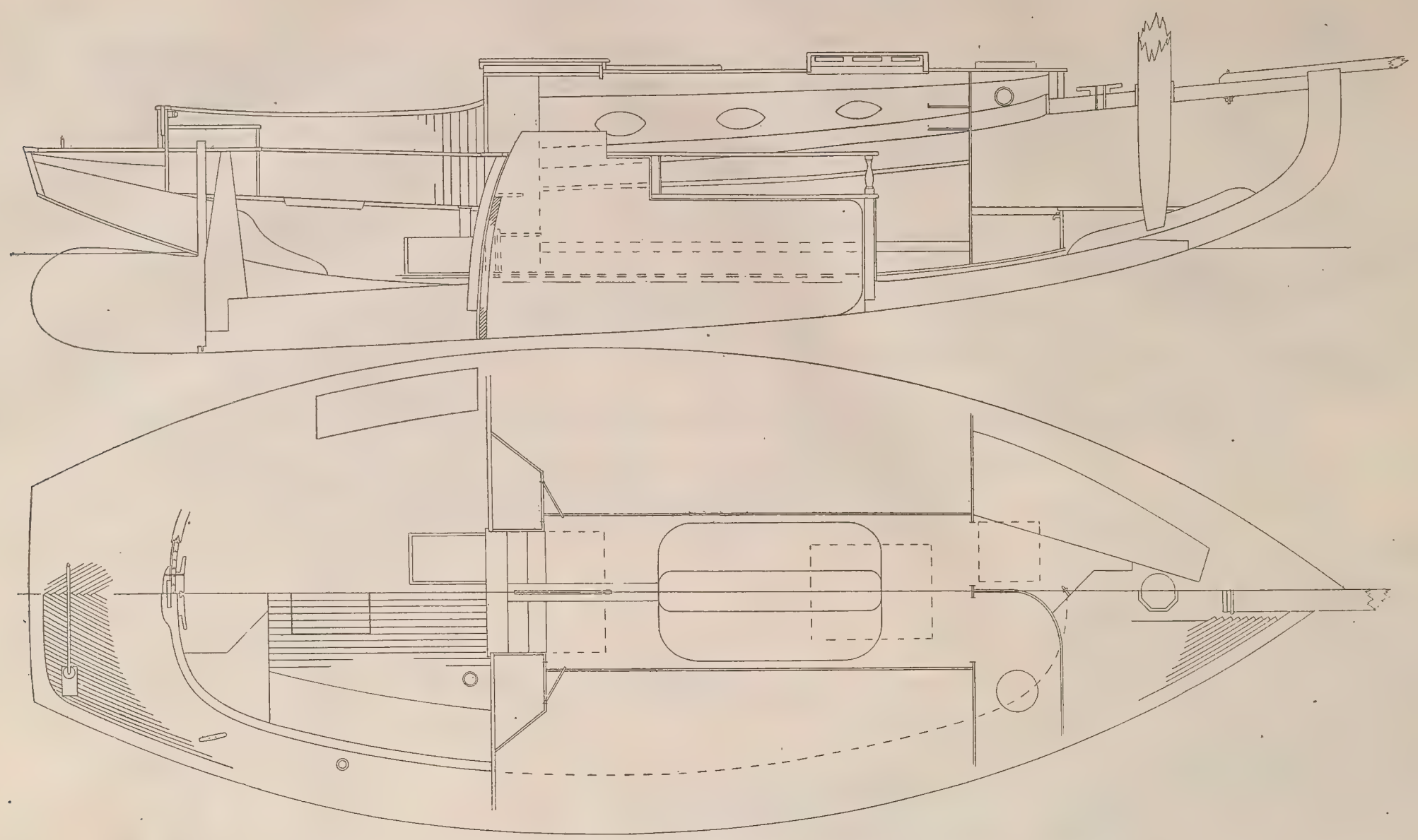
Half-inch galvanized iron main sheet horse full width of transom.

One eighth of an inch galvanized keel band and 1-4in. ditto stem band, fastened with brass screws.

One double galvanized iron gooseneck band and goosenecks for main and spinnaker booms.

One pair shroud plates, galvanized iron.

Spars—Mast to be a good spruce spar, with as little of the outside



CRUISING CAPE CAT "CLIO"—Designed and built by the Cape Cod Agency, 1895.

taken off as possible; 3in. dia. at deck and 15ft. 6in. deck to cranse iron; dia. at head 2in.

Boom, same as mast—15ft. 3in. pin of gooseneck to hole; 2 1-2in. dia. at sheet, brass ferrule on end next gooseneck.

Roller, 1 3-4in. dia. of yellow pine 17ft. 6in., well screwed together annd with 1-4in. hole through center, brass ferrules on ends and short length of 1-4in. brass tube in each end (1in. long), 4in. dia. brass flange on lower end (1-8in. thick), soldered to bottom ferrule.

Spinnaker boom of yellow pine 1 1-2 dia. 7ft. 6in., brass ferrule on end next gooseneck, and chock to take roller on fore end.

Reef batten of yellow pine, 1 1-2in. x 3-4in. ⊂ section 13ft. 6in. long with small pair brass or galvanized iron jaws put on over

5-16in. American elm, 10ft. and 6ft. long.

Sheet.—Two 2 1-2in. single rope strop, one on a 3ft. wire span on boom just over

sheave in cranse and one 2in. single block

2in. single iron block.

Reef Gear.—5 1 1-2in. single rope strop, and one 1 1-2 in. double ditto.

Tack of Foresail.—Two small bull's eyes, one to be seized to outer end of spinnaker boom, and the other to have a brass strop screwed to breast hook.

Center-plate fall, two 2in. flat iron blocks.

All cleats, etc., required, and leads for jib sheet, etc., American elm.

Standing Rigging—Shrouds, 3-4in. circumference best wire rope, with thimbles and lanyards.

Foresail wire, 3-4in. circumference best flexible steel wire

Running Rigging—

Main Sheet	1-4in.	cir.	best	yacht manilla
" Halliards	1 1-4in.	"	"	"
" "	1 in.	"	"	"
Jib Sheets	1 1-2in.	"	"	"
Jib Tack	1 1-4in.	"	"	"
Spinaker Guy	1 in.	"	"	"
Topping Lift	3-4in.	"	"	"

Reef Gear—3-4 oil dressed signal halliard stuff.

Sundries—1 pair 9ft. ash oars and gun metal crutches; 1 gun metal boat hook, 1 1-2lb. galvanized anchor; 1 1-2 fathom 1 1-2in. manilla cable; 1 fairlead on stem, and a large cleat on deck for moorings.

Limited Crews in the Small Classes.

Georgetown. Mass., Feb. 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: I would like to express, through the columns of the Forest and Stream, an idea which the "one design" racers and "knockabouts" have suggested. I think there are boat sailers, who, like myself, desire to race, but do not care for a racing machine that is good for nothing else, as in the racing class; nor are they willing to accept the restrictions on model as in the "knockabout" class.

Now, I think the most objectionable feature in the racers is that they are so over-rigged that they cannot be sailed in ordinary use with safety or comfort without as many men as are carried in a race, which is neither pleasant nor convenient. I am speaking of boats 21ft. and under.

Nor, if, as in the "knockabouts," the crew were limited to three men in the 21ft. and two in., say the 17ft. classes, the sail plans would have to be reduced to reasonable size; and, with some restrictions against fin keels, an honest, useful craft might be raced with a show of success. What I would like to see is a class of about 16 or 17ft. water line with a crew of two; there are boats enough of this size in this vicinity to make interesting racing if a rule can be devised that would enable a boat with a reasonable amount of sail in proportion to its stability, to compete with a chance of success. I would like to hear the views of other boat sailers on this subject. W. F. NASON.

(We have long contended for the limitation of crews, and to a comparatively small number, and we are heartily in sympathy with our correspondent's suggestions. We shall be glad to hear from others in the East who are interested in the matter, one way or the other.)

Clio, A Cruising "Caper."

In common with all other types of yachts, the Cape Cod catboat is rapidly changing under the influence of modern theories as to full waterlines and long ends; and it is impossible to predict what the end may be. From the latest developments in the racing cats, such as Cleopatra, it would seem that the machine is not far off, and that the distinctive features of the type as known for the last half-dozen years must soon disappear altogether. At the same time, there still remains the cruising variety of the type, which thus far, at least, has been helped more than it has been harmed by the adoption of the new ideas. The division of the Cape type into two distinct classes, the racing and cruising, is now an accomplished fact; it only remains to be seen whether the course of development will follow the usual line, the racing craft becoming too elaborate and perfect for general use, and dropping off to a mere handful of boats; while the crusing class is at the same time spoiled by the over-predominance of racing features.

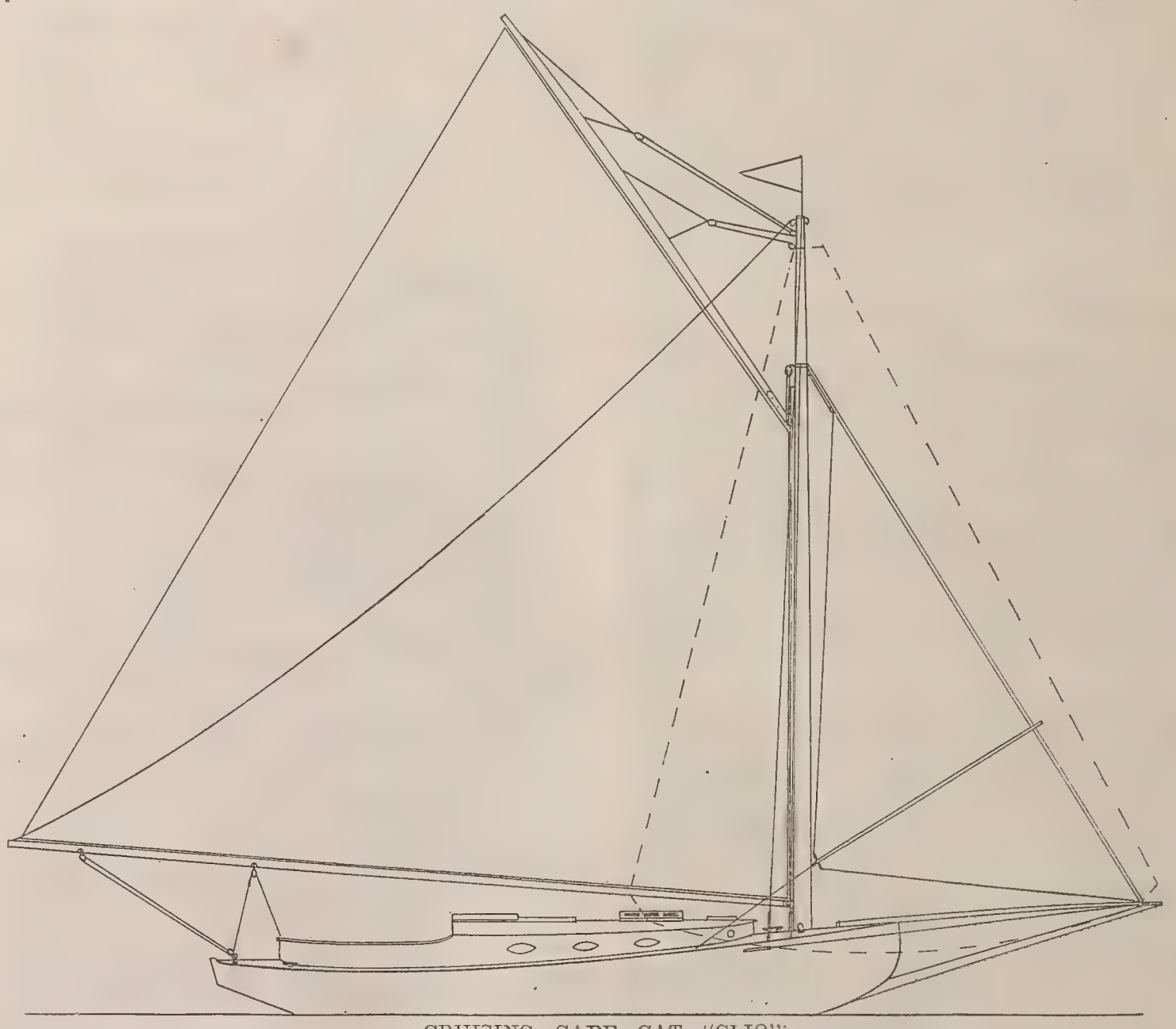
The cruising Caper of the present time is most certainly an excellent craft, the best that has yet been produced on a draft of under three feet, both as regards safety, comfort, speed and general hardiness; and to this class belongs the boat here illustrated, through the kindness of Mr. V. D. Bacon, of the Cape Cod Yacht Agency. The boat was designed by him, and is now building, the order being for a cruising boat of 25ft. l. w. l., and not over 30-in. draft, with all the room possible.

She is for a member of the Plymouth Y. C., and is 33ft. over all and 25ft. l. w. l., with 3ft. 9-in. overhang forward and 4ft. 1 in. aft. Her beam is 12ft. draft, 2ft. 6-in. without board, and least freeboard 2ft. The cabin is 12ft. 6 in. long, with 5ft. head room. The cabin transoms make up four large berths, the two after ones being only 6 in. narrower than the average double bed. On each side of the companionway are clothes lockers, of full height of the cabin, with shelves back of them; while on each side, just under the deck, are long shelves, running the full length of the cabin. The table leaves are hinged in the usual way to the centerboard trunk, on which are racks for glasses. Two large drawers form the lower step of the companion ladder, on each side, pulling out on to the cabin floor, for ice and stores. Beneath the deck abaft the cockpit are two water-tanks holding a half-barrel each, piped into cabin and forecastle.

The toilet room has a Sands W. C. Forward is a good forecastle, with one berth, galley, china racks and shelves, etc.

The cockpit is, of course, water-tight, and is quite roomy, with movable seats; in the floor is a water-tight hatch, giving stowage room for anchor, etc., while under the wheel box are two large boatswain's lockers. The boat steers with a 24-in. wheel.

The sail plan is the "cat sloop," mainsail 900 sq. ft., jib 170 sq. ft., with one light headsail for use as balloon jib or spinaker. There are two shrouds on each side, one to the hounds and one, with a spreader, to the truck. The patent sail hoist is used, with Babbit blocks. The construction is thoroughly strong, with due regard to economy of weight, but no attempt at racing build. The cost will be well inside of $1,500, depending on fittings and finish. Mr. Bacon informs us that a boat of this general type, but adapted in size and model to the new Larchmont 34ft. class, with pole-masted cutter rig, can be turned out for $2,500 for the best materials and a good but plain finish; and for more elaborate fittings well inside of $3,000.



CRUISING CAPE CAT "CLIO".

New Yachting Terms.

Editor Forest and Stream: As to the word "widening" proposed by Amateur as a new yachting word applied to the wind, it is quite as good as "narrowing." But it reminds me of an old boatman who once told me that his cranky sloop sailed a good deal better since she had been "widthened." How's that?—K.

Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.

The regular meeting of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. was held on Feb. 26, with Com. Benedict in the chair. The regatta committee, through Messrs. Cromwell and Wetmore, presented a very full report of the recent conference of Long Island Sound clubs, and recommended that the S. C. Y. C. should lend its aid to the movement. A resolution was passed giving the regatta committee full power to represent the club in future meetings of the conference.

The committee also recommended that, as the date originally set for the annual regatta was claimed by the Douglaston Y. C., which latter club could only make a change by an amendment to its constitution, the date of the Seawanhaka Cor. regatta be changed to June 24, in place of June 22; the recommendation being adopted.

A letter was read, as given in detail elsewhere, relating to a possible visit from Mr. J. Arthur Brand, of London, with his half-rater, Spruce III. The idea of such racing was warmly received by the club, and the regatta committee was given power to provide prizes and arrange conditions. After the meeting the necessary funds for a cup were quickly subscribed.

A motion was made and carried to appoint a special committee to confer with other clubs concerning the adoption of the closing of the racing season, of a uniform system of classification by sailing length, as recently adopted by the New York Y. C., as well as any changes of sailing rules that may be deemed necessary. The following members were elected to the committee: W. P. Stephens A. Cass Canfield, Oliver Cromwell, L. F. d'Oremieulx and John Hyslop.

The Mediterranean Regattas.

The first race of the Mediterranean regattas was sailed on Feb. 23, Britannia beating Valkyrie I. by 23 min. in six miles. The second race was sailed on March 1, Britannia beating Corsair and Valkyrie I., while Dacotah won in her class. Ailsa, the new Fife cutter, reached Gibraltar on Feb. 25, after a hard passage across the Bay, in which her copper was damaged. She will repair at Marseilles, but will not be ready before March 6, or later. Lampa, Mr. R. S. Palmer, has arrived at Naples from Gibraltar.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1895.

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THE NEW YORK ZOO BILL.

We are told by the newspapers that Mr. Foley is the leader of one of the political parties in the New York Assembly. At the present time this party happens to be in the minority, and can do little or nothing in the way of initiating legislation. However, free speech is not denied it, and on Mr. Foley, as its leader, falls the agreeable duty of ojecting to everything which may be advocated by a member of the dominant party. Thus it is that Mr. Foley is often on his feet, gesticulating violently, roaring savagely, pounding his desk vigorously and calling on even-handed justice, the goddess of liberty and other mythological characters to come to his aid and help him to foil the wicked plots of the party that he does not lead. Mr. Foley is thus much in evidence on the floor of the Assembly Chamber; in fact—not to put too fine a point on it—Mr. Foley makes frequent exhibitions of himself.

He made an exhibition of himself not long ago when he flew into a passion of the very largest size on the calling up of the bill to incorporate the New York Zoological Society and to establish a Zoological Garden. With only the newspaper reports to guide us, it is not easy to rake out from among the coals of Mr. Foley's burning eloquence his real objections to the bill, but in a general way it seems that he opposes the establishment of a Zoological Garden for two distinct reasons; the first of these is that certain wealthy property owners on Fifth avenue desire the removal of the present menagerie from the Central Park; while the second is, that if the collection of animals should be removed, it will not be so cheaply and easily accessible to his constituents as it is now. Thus it would seem that Mr. Foley wishes evil to the rich and good to the poor. In this he will have the sympathy of many persons.

The question of the removal of the existing menagerie from its present situation has been often and thoroughly discussed. It has been demonstrated time and time again that the limits set aside for this purpose in the Central Parkk are so contracted that it is impossible to have a satisfactory collection of animals there. A zoological garden must have room, and plenty of it; this is an absolute prerequisite to its success. It has been just as clearly established that so long as the menagerie is cared for by the city, it will be badly and unintelligently cared for.

Now, if Mr. Foley will for a little while put aside passion and—remembering that this bill has absolutely no politics in it—will temporarily forget that he is the leader of his party, he will see that the removal of these animals to one of our more northern parks will not render the collection any less accessible to the poor of the east side. In this matter of the accessibility of any zoological garden established, there is no class in the community whose convenience is entitled to so much consideration as that made up of those whose circumstances limit their pleasures. But there is no antagonism between what is best for them and what is best for any other citizen.

Any good map of New York will show Mr. Foley that on Manhattan Island there are two recently established parks—High Bridge and Fort Washington—either of which is easily accessible to the down town east side resident at a cost of five cents, and either of which is by nature admirably adapted for a zoological garden. As the formation of this city makes it a necessity that the transportation lines shall run north and south, it is possible at the present time to ride nearly to Kingsbridge on the west side and to Tremont on the east side for a single fare.

If more space is desired, or if it is thought better to reserve all the area of those nearby parks as strolling or lounging grounds for the people, there are other and larger parks beyond the Harlem River, which, though not as yet easy of access, will certainly be so before long.

We have no doubt that Mr. Foley desires just what all good citizens want, a zoological garden which shall be a credit to the city, a free place of recreation for all the people, rich and poor. It is natural for him to defend what he thinks to be in the interests of his constituents, but when he takes a position hostile to this bill he is really working against the real advantage of the very class whose rights he intends to champion.

"FOR POLITICAL REASONS."

That may be an excellent justification for action or it may be a flimsy excuse. We are at a loss to comprehend why "political reasons" should be accepted as sufficient consideration for setting aside an official of proved service to the State, when the post has of right no connection with politics. In naming another to the place of Fish and Game Commissioner, W. P. Andrus, of Minnesota, whose time expired by limitation in January, Gov. Nelson is said to have acted for "political reasons." Mr. Andrus was the organizer of the Minnesota system, and as executive agent of the board, he revolutionized fish and game protection in the Northwest. Political considerations may have required the giving of the place to another, but considerations of fish and game protection should have demanded his retention; and under any system which puts game protection above politics, he would have kept the place. For what Mr. Andrus accomplished in his term, Minnesota will always owe him a debt of gratitude. It is extremely improbable that a successor will be found to take up the work where he has left it.

If the New York Fish and Game Commission shall be reorganized, and the appointments of game protectors be given to the new commission, it would be quite in keeping with the rules of procedure, "for political reasons," to supplant Chief Protector Pond, a Democrat, by some one else who is a Republican. That is about the way such things go. We are glad to learn that influences are working among good citizens of both political parties to urge the retention of Major Pond. During his occupancy of the office, the Chief Protector has won the respect of the people of the State. He is possessed of peculiar qualifications for the work, is the right man in the right place, and should be kept there.

SNAP SHOTS.

Charles Lanman, artist, author, traveler, angler, died at his home in Washington on Wednesday, March 4, aged eighty-one years. His place among the sportsman writers of this country was well defined in these pages, in a notice by Mr. Charles Hallock, who wrote: "Charles Lanman is an embodiment of what is expressed in the simple words, "fishing tourist." As an angler he is better known to the generation of fishermen who are rapidly following Thad. Norris over the border, than to those who are just now stepping in. He has fished almost all waters of the United States at a time when the venture required more pluck and hardihood than it now does to go around the world; when stage coaches were, indeed, almost the only conveyances, and steamboats not fairly introduced. The material which he then fished out from the running brooks, lakes and rivers of our country, from the Saguenay to Lake Superior, writing as he went, had a freshness about it which is not apparent now when the book is no longer sealed, and the things then hidden have become familiar objects. Much information has Lanman contributed to the geography and natural history of the country, and it is very creditable to the carefulness of his observations and the accuracy of his statements that many of his observations then made and recounted are now substantiated and adopted by our best scientific authorities."

Why does one game and fish protection organization fail of its purpose and another achieve tangible and important results? Might it not be worth while to investigate the methods of work adopted by different societies of this character, to learn from them what are efficient for good, and what are failures? For an example of a protective association, which protects, that of the Onandaga Anglers, with headquarters at Syracuse, N. Y., is deserving of careful study. We report elsewhere the Syracuse work of the year; it is creditable and instructive. Perhaps the secret here is that there are members of the association who are willing to devote time, money and actual personal hard work to the cause; and that they are sustained by the sufficient financial support of others who are willing to give money only. If that the actual workers have the sinews of war, results will be shown. In every organization of this character, doing something is relegated to a few; that is the rule. For the few to have the substantial money backing of the many is the exception. Without the combination the association is protective in name only.

Some months ago we chronicled the deportation of a colony of bob-whites from this country to the game fields of China. They have been followed by a consignment of Minnesota prairie chickens for the Sandwich Islands; and not to be behind the age, the Mikado of Japan has just bought from an Illinois breeder a prize-winning mastiff puppy. Thus are the agencies of the refining influences of American civilization crossing the seas.

Ten quail compared to 1,000 are insignificant as to count, but many a shooter in regions of dearth would get as much fun out of the pursuit that scored ten all told as did the Florida visiting sportsman who this season bagged his even thousand and then quit. We were told the other day of a one-armed shooter, who, with his five and a half-pound gun, has brought to bag in the season passed eleven ruffed grouse. There are figures to express the weight of the gun and the number of birds, but in what terms shall we figure up the pluck and grit and enthusiasm required of a single-handed gunner to achieve that score!

A favorite form of questioning addressed to a sportsman's journal, runs "Which is the best gun?" The question cannot be answered, for the point has never been determined. Experience and observation teach that there are from twelve to twenty guns, all the best, each in the estimation of its champion. To every possessor of a good gun, his own arm is the best in the world, and he will stand up for it as such, though it may be the only one of all the fire-arms made that he has ever tried. This is human nature, and it speaks volumes for the high merit of firearms in general. Our advertising columns contain advertisements of almost every gun made in America, and of a number made in Europe. If among all these a shooter cannot find one so good that a better is not to be desired, he must be finicky, indeed.

A bill has been drawn for introduction in the New Hampshire legislature which makes it an offense against the statute to buy, as well as to sell liquor. The usual law forbidding the sale of game in close season forbids also having in possession; yet no one ever thinks of prosecuting the purchasers. Would not a few cases of this sort have an exemplary influence?

Commenting on night-fishing for trout, a correspondent wrote the other day speculatively: "It seems to me that this would not be the highest form of sport, and that it would not afford very much enjoyment. All the beautiful accessories of sky and shore are blotted out, the skill, the delicate touch are wanting, and the whole operation is much like grappling for mussels in the mud." On the other hand, we have heard night fishermen descant with enthusiasm upon the allurements and fascinations of trout fishing in the dark.

Maryland sportsmen are organizing a State association with an avowed purpose to simplify the very badly complicated laws, to provide for the care of game in winter, and in general to advance the interests of the craft. There is an extensive field for such an association, and we wish the promoters abundant success. Maryland game legislation is a shining example of non-resident discrimination run mad; these laws are not only against residents of other States, but in one county against a Marylander of any other county. The beauty of the scheme is that it does not protect game, but does promote sectional jealousies and stirs county neighors up to wrath.

The Adirondack Guides' Association is a very important institution. Its membership is so large as to give it an assured influence.

The Sportsman Tourist.

GLIMPSES OF CAMP LIFE.

Come with me, and we will board a train on that great trans-Continental line, the Union Pacific, and westward fly toward the setting sun. We will whirl over the great plains, toil slowly up the backbone of the Continent, dash down the mountains steep, and cross the roaring rivers, until we reach that land, so rightly named by the redman, E-dah-hoe or literally the Gem of the Mountains. A roughly set "Gem," but still a gem that brightly gleams and sparkles in "Columbia's crown."

That portion of Idaho traversed by the short-line division of the Union Pacific, as viewed from the car windows, gives one a poor idea of the real beauties of the scenery and the charming country, that lies away from the line of travel. Not that there are not many interesting sights and charming valleys, clothed in beautiful garments of green, but the railroad runs through many sections of arid plain and lava country that are very uninviting. Sage brush plains, vast stretches of lava rock, with here and there a bunch of grass growing in the crevices and alkali bottoms, looking bare and ghost-like, with an unnatural whiteness in the glare of the sun, or beneath the mellow rays of the full moon, are all novel sights to the eastern tourist, but one soon tires of the monotony, and it is not until you get into the mountains that you are impressed with the charms of this wonderful land.

Pen pictures of scenes or places are all right so far as they go, and if a facile pen makes the picture we can appreciate, though far away, some of the beauties of the charming nooks described, but how much more do we understand and grasp a description when it is helped by a picture of the place, be it either drawing, painting or photograph. There is no doubt, however, that to-day photography is the "ne plus ultra" of methods for illustration, and if it were possible to reproduce colors, there would be nothing left to wish for.

Of the many, many charming camps I have made, some have been selected for picturing; and it is hoped that the glimpses here seen will so interest some brother lover of nature, that he will seek and find for himself some spot in the far West, where he, too, may enjoy the pleasures of out-of-door life.

Nestling high up among granite peaks and fir-clad mountains fifty or sixty miles north of the Union Pacific's short-line branch, lie the Trinity Lakes, some sixteen in number, and ranging in size from a mere crystal pool to a glistening sheet of water some acres in extent. High and rugged peaks, some with thickly timbered sides, encompass them about on all sides. The trail to all but one lake is rough and little used, in fact, few parties have ever visited all the lakes, and there are no trails. Round about the lakes is a country well stocked with game. Mule deer, a few elk, bear and white goats, with the blue or mountain grouse, make it quite a hunter's paradise. and when we add trout galore, what more can mortal wish?

After a two days' journey, one small party of four reached the lakes, one bright September day. We had (very foolishly) left the ranch, without any fresh meat and with very little else, excepting flour, coffee and some dried fruit. When one of us ventured to express his opinion, "that it would be better to take a little of the deer, hanging up in the meat house for supper, anyway;" he was promptly "sat on" by old Joe, with: "Wall, if we uns can't kill a deer to-night afore sundown, we ought to go hungry." And so we did, so far as meat went; for though "Long Cox," "bored one with his needle gun," as he expressed it, it got into a thicket, and he could not find it. On our return journey we discovered the poor thing dead, but of no use to us.

We only traveled a short distance each day, and went into camp about noon. The second day we camped very early, and all started out for meat. Again bread and coffee failed to fill the aching void; so when we reached the lakes the next noon, the packs were quickly taken from the horses, and it was not long before we were all pulling out the little speckled mountain trout as fast as we could throw a fly. In a very short time more than eighty had been taken out, and only a short time after we had two frying-pans hard at work.

Were they good? Well, go to the mountains, my friend, live two days on bread and coffee, and then seat yourself before a pan of mountain trout, cooked to a turn, and served hot and crisp a la hunter style, and you will answer that question but one way—Yes (with a capital).

While we were lying under the shade of the pine near the tent, Henry, or Hank, as he was usually called. "Lowed trout might be fillin', but he was no fisher, and nothing but a good fat buck would satisfy him, and he was going to have him afore dark that night." Joe seconded the motion, while the others voted unanimously that "Hank's head was level."

The sun was still high in the west when Hank was heard coming over the rocks singing:

"In the days of old,
In the days of gold,
In the days of '49."

"That's buck, sure," said Cox, and when Hank got to the tent sure enough his hands were red.

"Where is the buck, Hank?" said Joe.

"Down the canon a bit, you fellers better put the sawbuck on old Dick and pack him in. He's a dandy and fat, I let his mate go. No use being a hog, because you've got a chance."

The shades of night have not fallen ere the buck hangs on the pine by the tent, and near by a couple of grouse shot by Joe while after the deer, dangle from a bough.

Plenty reigns and peace and contentment hover over our little camp. Some one remarks, as the cool evening air solidifies the deer fat which was used to cook the bountiful pan of venison in, that deer fat was not bad, but that it stuck to one's teeth. "Hump," snorted Long Cox. "yer needn't kick. I notice it sticks to one's ribs, too. Beats frying-pan, bread and coffee straight, you bet your life."

FRANK F. FRISBIE.

DETROIT, Mich.

AN ADIRONDACK DOG STORY.

During the season of 1886 while touring in the grand old Adirondack wilderness with my trusty guide, Andrew Lyndecker, we were sojourning for a short time at mine host Coville's neat and cosy log stopping-place for sportsmen, located at the Sweeny Carry, near the lower end of the Upper Saranac Lake, and exploring the region in that vicinity as well as doing a bit of trolling for lake trout. Coville was the owner of a fine black spaniel; and also of a little white and red fellow named "March," who quickly made friends of us, and was permitted to accompany us in our daily rows and rambles, until I became so much attached to him that I finally bought him, and took him with me to my headquarters at Smith's Lake (now Lake Lila of Dr. Webb's preserve), one of the beautiful and picturesque gems of that region.

On arriving at my wigwam on Rock Point, I found a message from some brother sportsmen then in camp on Bog Lake (a misnomer), inviting me to visit them before they broke camp, which they were to do presently. The next day found us on the way via Harrington and Clear Ponds, and across Bog Lake to the camp site at the beginning of the trail to Mud Lake, where a royal welcome was extended. After dinner a little rifle practice was in order. I then noticed that March was afraid of a gun, and finally slunk away in the cover, and would not respond to my call, nor could I find any traces of him on the trail either way from the camp. The boys assured me that they would take good care of him, if he returned, and I was to come again in two days for him, and Andrew and I returned that evening to Smith's Lake.

The next day at about noon, a boat was observed coming down the lake, and headed for Rocky Point after passing the islands; and when in hailing distance the guide stated that Mrs. Pliny Robbins wanted him to tell me that my little dog March had come to the hotel on Little Tupper Lake early that evening, and she would take care of him until I could come over for him. We started shortly after, and as we neared the Robbins Hotel saw March on the bank watching us, and ere we were an hundred feet from the shore his keen eyes recognized, and he had jumped into the water and swam out and met us, and as I lifted him into the boat he barked with delight, and in the exuberance of joy climbed all over me. Robbins said that he had come in that morning over the Bear Pond trail, and was very tired, and went to the room, and under the bed that I had occupied when I was there over night a few days before, and that Mrs. Robbins had finally coaxed him out and fed him, she having also fed him when he was first there; and he would have nothing to do with any one else. We remained over night, and next day returned to Smith's Lake, picking up a nice mess of trout at Charley's Pond, which we disposed of for dinner.

The next day we went over to La Mont's little hotel (now no more), and finding a few genial sportsmen there, we got up a rifle match, and I embraced the opportunity to endeavor to break March of being gun shy. I put a collar about his neck, and attached a strap, and when the others were shooting I took him to a place at one side, nearly mid-way between the target and the rifle experts, and talked to him as I would to a boy, to soothe and allay his fears, and to make him understand what was being done, and occasionally I would go to the target and show him the result of the shots. At first he was very nervous, and trembled like a quivering leaf, but gradually his fear passed away. When I would shoot I would leave him in charge of Andrew, and when I went to the target I would call him, and Andrew would accompany him, still keeping him in leash.

The next day another shoot was arranged for, and I observed the same method, except that I finally took off the strap and let him loose. He went into the hotel, and remained there until the close of the shooting, when I called him and petted him, and told him we would go home and get some dinner, which he evidently understood, for he bounded and barked and ran to the boat ahead of us. For a few days thereafter I daily would take my gun from its rack, and take a card and show it, and tell him I was going to shoot it; then tack it up on a tree, and fire one shot; and then go and take it down and show him the bullet-hole. But he was still more or less afraid.

Finally the time arrived when it was lawful to hunt ruffled grouse. March was a splendid trailer, and would bark when he had raised a bird. Near camp was a place where a covey would be found almost any day, and I was now ready and anxious to give the little spaniel his final lesson and note the result. I had trained him to follow at heel, first by strapping to my leg, and afterward by short lessons when free, and he would seem to understand what I wanted, and when I told him to "go seek," he would start instanter with nose to the ground. He would also retrieve a stick very nicely. One favorable morning I took down my Winchester, .38cal., and told March we would "go out and get a bird for dinner," and we started for the thicket near a brook where the grouse were in the habit of rising. On arriving at the locality I told him to "go seek," and away he went, and in less than ten minutes I heard his whimper of satisfaction, announcing that he had struck a fresh trail, and I hurried quietly in the vicinity and saw the birds flush, with March after them giving full tongue, as they alighted in part in a thick spruce. I carefully noted the particular bird that he had in view, and drawing the ivory bead of my Lyman sight just above its head, I pulled the trigger and was gratified to see the grouse come fluttering down. March did not seem to notice the report, but sprang forward and caught the bird. I said "careful, old boy, now fetch," and he brought it to me and gave it into my hand, and I petted him and said, "good dog," and he seemed as proud as could be. Another bird was perched just above where the one secured had been, and in plain view. I pointed with my gun and said, "March, there is another one, look out for him," and he seemed to understand it, and began to bark, looking up at it; in the meantime I took careful aim as before, and brought down the second one, which he retrieved as nicely as could be. One head had been entirely dissevered, and the other hung by shreds of skin. I took both, and with my hunting knife split the skulls, and gave the brains to March, which he devoured eagerly. Having birds enough for dinner, and well satisfied that one or two repetitions of the lesson would eradicate entirely all fear of the gun, I returned to camp and enjoyed the breakfast of trout, etc., which Andrew had prepared. At dinner we feasted on the first grouse of the season, broiled over the coals on forked sticks, and March disposed of the remains with gusto.

The next morning when I took my gun from its rack, March seemed to know what was up, and when I said, "Do you want to go and find some more birds?" he barked and bounded up in a manner that expressed as well as words that that was just exactly what would suit him. Suffice it to say that we succeeded, and March and his master were both happy over the result. From that time he was never afraid of the crack of rifle, and was never so pleased as when I took down my rifle and told him he could go. If I went out on a stillhunt for deer and cautioned him to "heel in close," he would step as cautiously as a cat watching a mouse, and seemed to realize what I was doing.

One morning I took him for a jaunt around a bay where I had noticed a few fine large black ducks occasionally drop in, and as I approached a favorable spot for observation, I saw four fine ones 30 rods from the nearest point of shore. Telling March to "heel in," I cautiously crept around to the most favorable spot and took careful aim at the head of the largest one in the group, and upon firing had the satisfaction of seeing the duck striking his wings and gyrating about in the water. I pointed in the direction, and told March to "go fetch," and the little fellow swam out and seized the still alive and gyrating duck by a wing and started for shore. It was some seconds ere death prevented the bird from beating the water



GLIMPSES OF CAMP LIFE.
Trinity Lakes. Photo by F. F. Frisbie.

with its free wing, and it caused March quite an effort to keep a direct course, but he hung on and was a tired ltitle dog but supremely happy, as he brought it ashore and gave it into my hand. I was surprised at its weight, and at once weighed it on spring scales that I had in my pocket, and found it pulled down an even 3 3-4 pounds. The top of the skull only had been struck by the bullet, which accounted for its living so long after the shot. I shot quite a number of ducks that fall, and the two succeeding falis that I spent in the Adirondacks, always aiming at the head only. If I missed it was all right, but if I was successful I had the satisfaction of a bird unmutilated, and March was always a sure retriever, and never



GLIMPSES OF CAMP LIFE.

Camp at Trinity Lakes. Photo by F. F. Frisbie.

so happy as when doing something that he knew pleased his master.

The trail of a wounded deer was the only thing that seemed to set him perfectly beside himself, as the saying is, and I would have to reprimand him sharply to keep him from running away and then always had to attach a strap to his collar to hold him until sufficient time had elapsed for the deer to have sickened. I would then let him follow the trail while I held him in check, and followed with eyes keenly alert ready to give the coup-de-grace in case the deer was not already dead, and sprang from cover, and so seldom lost my game. I well recollect an incident that occured in the fall of the third season that I spent in the Adirondacks. I had been making quite an extended tour, and on my way back to camp from Fulton Chain Lake via Big Moose Lake, had stopped for a few days at Dunbar's Hotel, on the Stillwater of Beaver River, and visited the lakes and ponds and points of observation in that vicinity. On the morning of the day of our departure up the Beaver River, we met a couple of boats with a party who had been at Woods Lake, and had stopped the previous night at Harris's cabin, on the south branch, near this junction with the Beaver. After scraping an acquaintance and learning where they had been and where going, I asked them if old man Harris had any venison in camp; they said he had not. That he said his sight was so poor he was not so successful a hunter as he used to be. I said "all right, Andy, we will try and drop a deer for him on our way up."

We parted company, and Andrew and I continued on our way up the river, he at the bow pulling the oars, and myself in the stern paddling and steering the boat in its course up the devious river. Our pack basket was resting against the yoke (wherewith the boat was taken over carries) in the center, and March was nestled on a bed of wild grass at my feet, while my rifle rested on wooden hooks on one side and my rod case on the other. In this way we had proceeded about seven miles up the river, when on turning a bend of the stream I saw a fine buck feeding near the edge of the water, about twenty-five rods above the bend. I uttered a low cautionary sound, and Andrew stopped rowing and let the boat drift back out of sight of the deer, when we pulled ashore and quietly put up the oars and changed positions so that Andrew was in the stern with the paddle, and I was in the bow with rifle in readiness, March having been strapped to the yoke to prevent him from bounding out. Silently Andrew propelled the boat up to the bend, and as soon as the buck was again in view, held it steadily as possible in position, while I took deliberate but quick aim and pulled the trigger. The deer sprang at once into the brush, and was out of sight ere the smoke gave me a view. Andrew said, "Mr. W., you must have missed him, for his tail was up when he jumped into cover." I replied that I guessed that was not always a sure sign, for I was certain that my nerve was steady and my aim good, and that we would find the ball had struck just back of the fore-shoulder, although it might be an inch or so lower than I had intended. I was absolutely sure that he was hit. We went up and landed near the spot where the deer had been, and Andrew went ashore and made examination, and reported that on the second jump blood was to be seen on each side, showing that the bullet had passed entirely through the game. In accordance with our usual custom, we decided not to follow the trail, but to row the boat up stream a few rods to an old snag to which we could lash the boat, and from which position we could command a view of the shore for some distance, being confident that if living, the deer would very soon seek the water.

While awaiting developments, we ate our lunch of bread and butter with slices of jerked venison and some jerked trout, with cold coffee; and having finished, I was about to light a cigar when I saw a movement in the brush some twelve or fifteen rods above, and calling Andrew's attention thereto, awaited the appearance. Soon our deer emerged, weak from loss of blood and slowly walked out into the river until the water covered the wound. March saw him and was eager to go. Believing that the deer was so nearly done for, that should he attempt to leave the water I could easily stop him, I unbuckled the strap and told March to go. He sprang into the water and swam for the deer, who did not notice him until March had nearly reached him, when, instead of turning and going toward shore, he started to swim across the river, but March soon overtook him and actually climbed upon his back, and then forward and seized an ear in his mouth and commenced to shake it as best he could, and this and the dog's weight soon ended the life of the deer, but the little fellow hung on and commenced towing the body to the shore, working like the hero that he was, until he had succeeded, and got into water too shallow for the buck to float in, and then for the first time let go his hold, when the ear dropped down under water, and March at once put his head down into the water and again seized the ear and held on until Andrew and I, who had been amused and interested spectators of the performance, came to his relief and drew the deer out of water, hung it up and cut its throat, and then dressing it, gave March his well-merited portion of warm liver. As we praised him for his good work he seemed to understand it, and evidently thought he had done a grand act, and that was surely his deer. Would that I had had a camera to have made some snap shots of the scene during the varied phases. We loaded our game into the boat and proceeded on our way to the South branch, seeing two more deer en route, but as we had no need of more we let them go without any attempt to shoot them.

On arriving at the landing on the South branch, perhaps a quarter of a mile from Harris's cabin, March had hardly been out of the boat more than two or three minutes ere he had put up a couple of ruffed grouse and was giving us notice of the fact, and while Andrew unloaded the boat and placed it and our baggage under the trees, I went and bagged the birds, and then we went up the trail to the cabin, taking along the pack basket, but leaving the game. Old man Harris had been a hunter and trapper in Pennsylvania and Michigan in earlier days, but had lived alone in the Adirondacks for many years. He was a tidy housekeeper and a good cook, besides which he was a great collector of curious specimens, not only of peculiar growths of wood and fungi, but also of stone formations, and his cabin was literally acovered with bones and claws, heads and antlers, some of the latter wonderfully interlocked, taken from the heads of fighting bucks that he had killed. He was a great reader, and as I had sent him a number of packages of the Forest and Stream after I had perused them, I was always heartily welcomed at his camp.

Upon meeting him I was cordially greeted and asked to remain over night and as long as I chose. I asked him if he had any venison on hand, telling him I was fearfully hungry, etc. The old man threw up his hands and expressed himself so sorry he hadn't a bit of meat, but would get up the best supper he could from what stores he had. I said to him I had heard that he was out, and as I had been at Dunbars, I had brought a few steaks along, and he could go with Andy down to the landing and get them. This pleased him much, but Andrew told me of his expressions of gratitude when he showed him the nice plump buck that I had killed expressly for him, and the alacrity with which he assisted in bringing it up. and after they had skinned it and I told him he could have the hide also, worth $2 to him, he swore in his peculiar way that I was one of the best fellows he knew.

We had a royal feast, and sat about the fire and smoked and chatted, and I was for a long time an interested listener of his tales of adventure. The next morning we proceeded on our trip up the Beaver and through Albany Lake and the carries to my headquarters on Smith's Lake.

March accompanied me through all my three years' journeyings in the Adirondacks. He was born at Saranac village, and his life ended at the edge of the wilderness. Winters, when I went South, I would leave him with Andrew, and on my return in the spring he was joyous to meet me. I finally gave him to Andrew, whose little boy had become attached to him. In April last I received the following quaint letter: "Friend Whitaker: I have been going to write to you a long time. The woods have changed so much, and everything since you and I were up there. It is full of railroads and parks now. I would like to hear from you how you are getting along. Poor March is dead. Yours truly, Andrew Lyndecker, New Bremen, N. Y."

E. J. WHITAKER.

SOME MOOSE STORIES.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—We were busily discussing one day the merits of Indians and white men as moose callers. "Oh!" said Amos, "an Injun can't call along side of me. Why, I recollect one time I went out to the calling stone in a certain barren (this same stone I know well, it is about six feet high, with a flat top, well suited to call from) and gave a low call, and in a little while I heard him coming about a mile away. Bill says to me, 'Amos, how near can you bring him?' So I coaxed him nearer and nearer till he was about 100 yards away. I thought surely he would see me, but moose haven't got no eyes they can't see a little bit; so we kept perfectly still and never made a sound. After a while I just made a low tu-tu with my mouth. I was afraid to move my hands so as to make a trumpet. Then he come up and up just a step at a time, till, by jinks, sir, he was right up to the stone; we could have jumped down on his back. Then we let him have it, and he dropped like a log and never moved. Now, show me the Injun that could do that!" He is a firm believer in the idea, popular here, that there is a spot in the forehead of the moose which will turn a rifle ball. He tells a story about meeting a very large cow-moose face to face, at a distance of some thirty feet, on a logging ground one day. "There she stood looking



GLIMPSES OF CAMP LIFE.

"Humph! yer' needn't kick." Photo by F. F. Frisbie.

at me like some tame critter, and I wanted some meat; I put up my gun and let her have it right between the eyes. Down she went, like as if she had been knocked, and just as I got up to her up she jumped and went off like murder, so I gave her my other barrel and dropped her, and all the damage done by the first ball was to knock a little skin off the front of the head, a little above and between the eyes."

I tried to tell him many a time that it was his gun that was at fault, but he won't give in; he swears by his trusty old gun, or I should say his new one, for this event occurred some fifteen years ago, shortly after he lost from his canoe a muzzle loader, which he laments to this day. His favorite way of hunting was the still-hunt, and often he has explained how a moose, when feeding, always travels in such a course that when he lies down with his tail to the wind he can scent anyone coming down on him from behind; if anyone is following his tracks he can see them out of one eye, if anyone comes up in front he can see with both eyes, so he has as many guards out as he can very well put.

Amos was a born hunter, as much, and perhaps more so, than anyone who reads this article. What a marked contrast between him and another old timer I know, whose chief delight is to tell how they would go out and locate the places in the deep snow where the moose were yarding, and then all the village would turn out and kill from twenty to thirty at a time, and then only take away the best part of the meat. It was this that so quickly and surely reduced the numbers of the noble animal in our province. The one was a hunter, the other a butcher.

There is one more story about old Amos, however, which is too good to keep. He was out one winter during the first snow with a city gentleman who was very anxious to get his moose, and who had made Amos promise faithfully that he would give him the first shot if they sighted a moose that day. Presently they came on the fresh trail of an animal and located him in a small clump of spruce. It was getting well on to sunset, and the woods were becoming gloomy, and objects at a little distance were indistinct. However, they worked round towards where they supposed the moose to be, and Amos, suddenly stopping, pointed towards the woods and signalled to shoot. The gentleman looked anxiously, you may well suppose, but could see nothing to shoot at. Finally Amos, getting disgusted at him for not shooting, put up his gun and fired, when, with a crash, up jumped the animal some distance to the right and made off over the hill. But nothing stirred in the direciton where the shot proved to have been sent. On investigation, the object aimed at proved to be not a moose but two old roots, which from a certain position looked for all the world like a moose lying down. Report has it that it is dangerous to mention this shot to old Amos even at the present time. He redeemed his reputation, though, by running round the base of the hill and getting a long and effectual shot at the actual moose as it was going across a small meadow on the other side.

A peculiar feature about this moose was that, although well on in November, the horns were still in the velvet.

I know of but one other case of this kind; the head is now preserved in the provincial museum here. If any reader knows of a similar case and can explain the reason, I would like very much to hear from him. But laugh as we may over the old man's mistake in shooting at an upturned root, how many of us are there I would like to know who would not have done the same thing. Many and many a time when waiting for an answer to our call I have imagined I saw a moose stealing along in the shadows of the side of the woods, and I am confident that had I not known that certain black objects were old blackened stumps and bushes, which I had previously located, I would surely have shot at them, believing them to be the game we were waiting for. This was near dusk, of course.

So much for moose as they once were in Nova Scotia. Perhaps at some future time, if this finds favor, I will send you a few notes on moose as they are at present.

TIAM.

Natural History.

SKUNK FARMING.

In response to a correspondent's request for information about skunk farming, we have endeavored to collect some data, but it must be confessed without brilliant success. Several skunk breeding enterprises have been discovered, but we have been unable to ascertain that any one of them has as yet progressed beyond the going to do something stage. The correspondence is given. We would be glad to receive any added information on the subject. The accompanying illustration of the skunk, copied from the Trapper's Guide, is given to show the markings, one expressed intention of all breeders being to eliminate the white, and produce a pure black strain

PHILADELPHIA, Editor Forest and Stream:—I have your note about the Shawnee skunk farm. As near as I can remember, from a sign posted on the farm house, the address should be Monroe Farming Co., Limited, Shawnee, Monroe County, Pa. S. W. R.

SHAWNEE, Pa., Editor Forest and Stream:—In reply to your favor, I beg leave to say that I am associated with some other gentlemen in rearing skunks; that our enterprise has been made as near successful as possible; that from experience we have learned a great many things about rearing skunks, which have cost much time and money, and the public has no right to expect us to sell our knowledge in this enterprise for nothing. I would be glad at some future time to write an article for publication in your paper upon this subject if requested in the proper manner. Until that time there is nothing further to be learned from this source.

M. LUHTHER MICHAEL, Supt.

WASHINGTON, Editor Forest and Stream:—Referring to the query about skunk farm, I would say that about two years ago there were three skunks on exhibition in the Zoological Park in this city, which came from A. E. Kibbe, Mayville, N. Y. I believe that Mr. Kibbe was at that time engaged in raising these animals. A. B.

MAYVILLE, N. Y., Editor Forest and Stream:—As I did not breed the skunks more than two seasons, perhaps I am not competent to give the necessary information; but as I made it a deep study while I did keep them, I know something of their nature. I began in the spring of 1891 with five females, they all had young in the first part of May, ranging from five to seven; one in 1892 had nine young. When they were two weeks old I removed the scent sack, for I lived in the corporation and knew that I could not keep them unless I could remove the scent. I lost some of them, but succeeded in making a few of them live. In 1892 I raised a few more and performed the same operation; but as I had to be away from home a share of the time they did not do as well, although I raised a few. In the spring of 1893 I was called away to be gone for several weeks, and so concluded to give it up, for I was fully satisfied that it could be performed successfully only if one's time were not taken up some other way. I am perfectly satisfied that they can be bred with the best of success, and I think that by careful breeding one could breed black skunks in five years. In the summer I kept them in a yard with a twelve-inch plank imbedded in the earth, and the fence was eight feet high, with a six-inch board on top projecting in the yard with an artificial burrow for each skunk.

An old fur buyer here said the fur would not get prime; but with the last skunk I had I thought I would test this. I had had it in captivity two and one-half years, killed it in March, and sold it to a town fur buyer and told him to call the old veteran's attention to it, but not let him know that it was a domesticated skunk. The old veteran got fooled, for he said it was A 1.

Skunks are easy to handle, but are nervous animals, and one wants to use care with them. I wintered eleven in a small building 10x16, ten females and one male. These did not have the scent sac removed, and I was in and out two or three times a day, and did not have any trouble with them. When I say that they are easy to handle, I do not mean to pick them up; if you do, shut your eyes and mouth, and be careful and not let them bite, although I never had one even offer to when I would take the young out of the nest for the operation.

A. E. KIBBE.

ITHACA, N. Y., Editor Forest and Stream:—The Ithaca Fur Co. has a farm located a few miles south of this city devoted to the breeding of skunks. The farm is surrounded by a deep ditch filled with stones, over which is built a high board fence. This insures a secure confinement of the malodorous little fur bearers. The company expects to populate the premises with at least 5,000 skunks within twelve months, and is breeding and buying with a view of obtaining a strain as nearly all black as may be. The skunks are fed largely on milk, water, and bits of meat more or less aged.

When "killing time" arrives, the gentle but impudent little beast is put in a tight box and chloroformed. The value of the skunk is not entirely in its fur. An adult animal in fine condition will yield almost a pint of oil. The oil finds a ready sale in New York markets at a good figure.

The skunk makes a pretty reliable pet if taken in hand before the habits of a mature age become ingrafted into his conscienceless being. Mrs. Bush, of Lansing, this county, recently made pets of a whole litter of young skunks that were born in the immediate neighborhood of the farm house. Mrs. Bush could handle the little rascals with impunity, and her success would seem to suggest a new field of experiment along the lines of the skunk industry. A school of performing skunks would prove a novelty in almost any direction of the wind.

If you will write to Mr. J. B. Todd, of this city, I think you may obtain a lot of practical information concering skunk farming. M. CHILL.

ITHACA, N. Y., Editor Forest and Stream:—Yours of the 9th inst. is at hand. I am not in the skunk-breeding business.

There are two gentlemen in this city who some months ago started what they term a fur farm about eight miles from here, for the breeding of skunks for fur and oil. They have now about five acres devoted to that purpose, and contemplate adding seven more next spring. So far, they have derived little or no money therefrom.

As regards the financial returns of such an undertaking, I can only say that while such a scheme looks very feasible, one of the persons interested told me that the idea of this farm originated from his positive knowledge that acquaintances of his in the West had become very wealthy at it. To this I might add that although skunk furs are nice and fashionable, they are going up higher in price each year, and I read only a few days ago that they had avdanced 15 per cent. in the London market. After careful investigation, this locality was found to be the most conducive of the breeding of skunks. The company has now since the killing of thirty or forty males, about 115, from which they hope to get by breeding mostly, about 5,000 by another year. Then they will begin to receive returns from their outlay. They are now breeding for size and color (black), and I'm told they have one male that weighs 20 pounds. Each one, if in good condition, will yield nearly one pint of oil. They use only the leaf fat when trying for oil, and since ithe animals are fed on clean meat, are well-cared for, and are killed by chloroform, neither the fur nor the oil can be other than first-class. JUDSON B. TODD.

The American Agriculturalist of May, 1894, had an illustrated account of the skunk breeding establishment of the Michigan Fur Co., at Buchanan, Mich, which was said to have invested several thousand dollars in the enterprise, with resultant profits not definitely stated. The Buchanan company also proposed an attempt to breed silver gray foxes; and cites a curious instance of mother fox presence of mind and promptness of action. "A few years ago," says the Agriculturist writer, "so the manager told me, a female silver-gray fox was caught in the vicinity of Buchanan, and kept in captivity. She gave birth to a litter of young soon after she was caught. They all became quite tame, and their owner congratulated himself upon his good fortune until one day a dog was allowed to approach too near, when, in a twinkling, the mother fox caught each little one by the back, and, with one quick snap and jerk, broke its back. Evidently she reasoned that if they must die it would be better if she did the killing rather than have them fall in the jaws of the enemy to be worried to death."

While many reports have obtained circulation concerning the breeding in confinement of various fur bearing animals, most of them have no doubt had their origin in the brains of the ingenious writers, and have no foundation in fact. An Ontario inquirer sends the request for information about fox-breeding: "Mr. I. L. Borrowman, a well known fur dealer of Western Ontario, has entered into a somewhat novel enterprise to breed black and white foxes in a domestic state. He has purchasd five young foxes—one black, two cross and two red—which he has confined in an inclosure about 12x25 ft., surrounded by a woven wire fence, underneath which is a trench filled with stones to prevent them from burrowing. In the centre of the pan he has placed a box about ten feet long and two feet wide containing straw for their beds. He, as well as others of your readers here, would be glad to learn through the columns of Forest and Stream whether any of your subscribers have ever known of any case where those valuable fur-bearing animals have ever been successfully bred and raised in the domestic state, and if so, what would be the proper method of treatment in order to secure the best results. E. C. R.

Jack Rabbits in Confinement.

Shut up in the city as I am and unable to wander in the forest and by the stream, thanks to Forest and Stream, I can enjoy hunting in imagination. But I long for something more real. One day I noticed an advertisement, by Chas. Payne, of live jack-rabbits for sale. The thought struck me—why not have some of those wild animals in my empty stable and unused yard? Capital! I sent for some, and the result was I received four pair for a modest sum. They came in excellent condition, and I don't know what $16 I ever spent previously in my life afforded me greater pleasure.

To watch them from a third story window coming out of the stable just as though they were on springs into the yard and back again. They will easily spring over a fence eight feet high, but I keep them in by wire netting, reaching up twelve feet.

The other day an amusing incident occurred, the joke being on me. We had a heavy fall of snow here, which caused the snow in my yard to be banked up four feet high. I came home late that night and fed my jacks hay and oats without looking at them. The next morning I was surprised to find not a living sign of jacks in the yard or stable. I hunted behind every barrel and box, but still no sound. Loud mutterings and still louder exclamations revealed nothing but a lot of boys and passers-by looking through the cracks of the fence. Who could have played this trick on me? I inquired of the whole neighborhood—nobody could give me the least clue. Two days afterward, I noticed some rabbit tracks in the snow. I then went into the stable and turned everything over for the hundredth time but no result. The thought occurred to me that they must have burrowed into the snow. I soon found out, with the aid of a snow-shovel, to my great surprise and joy, that each one had burrowed three feet straight down while it was snowing heavily for the second time and formed a cosy little place for itself. G. H. C.



THE SKUNK.

A Moose Head.

There is now on exhibition at the art rooms of Knoedler & Co., Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street, this city, an oil painting of a moose head which ought to be seen by every big game hunter. It is the work of a young artist, Mr. Karl Rungius, and is wonderfully lifelike. It is moreover as unconventional as possible. The ordinary picture of a moose head is either full face or in profile, and the most is made of the spreading antlers. This painting, however, shows the moose head not quite in profile and only part of the antlers. The animal appears to be making his way through the snow covered forest, and the back ground of white throws out in a wonderful way the dark color of the head and the lighter brown of the horns. The rime of the frost clings to hair and antlers, and in one or two places are patches of snow knocked down from the overhanging branches in the animals passage. The modelling of the face of the moose especially, about the muzzle, a subject of such great difficulty to taxidermists, and one on which almost all

fail, has been given close attention and is thought to be absolutely life-like.

We understand Mr. Rungius is at work on two other pictures of entire moose, which will soon be finished, and the exhibition of which will be looked for with interest by hunters.

Animal Sense.

That astute old woodsman, J, G. Rich, of Bethel, Me., says in Forest and Stream, March 2—"Whenever wild animals are suddenly startled by coming upon them unexpectedly, they rush away at fearful speed for a short distance, say one-fourth of a mile or less, then stop short, raise their heads high in air, and take a good look to see what frightened them; then they immediately continue their flight. Whether or not it is the trait of curiosity same as we mortals possess, or to ascertain if they are pursued, or to make sure of their sense of smell, we cannot tell; but it is, nevertheless, a universal trait in all wild animals."

Just so! Likewise when a man stubs his toe as he walks he invariably turns round to notice the spot; not so much from curiosity to discover what tripped him, for he often knows without looking, but possibly to assure himself that he is in full possession of all his senses and faculties, else how would he have blundered? The trait seems common to men as well as animals. C. HALLOCK.

A White Coon.

POINT PLEASANT, La.—I don't recollect a white coon killed or reported to you, and I never saw one before a few days since, although I have been a hunter for a good many years. I now have the skin of a white coon that was killed in Texas Parish, and if you wish it to add to your trophies I will send it to you. I wish I could send you a white bear skin of the black bear; but so far I have not been fortunate enough to find one. I think that a man who has killed as many as Mr. Bobo will certainly get a white one after a while, unless the bear become extinct, which I think they will soon be at the rate that Mr. Bobo kills them. They are getting scarce with us.

D. MUIR.

An Albino Robin.

CARROLLTON, O., March 4.—A few days ago I shot an albino robin. It was alone in our yard one of those cold days. The upper part of its body is pure white, the breast a very light brown. It was not damaged in the shooting, and I sent it to the taxidermist and had it mounted. It is an extremely fine specimen and greatly admired by all who see it. Large flocks of robins wintered here in spite of the cold. It is feared that a large per cent. of the quail have been frozen.

CHAS. C. CAMERON.

Tame Bohemian Waxwing.

Mr. J. W. Schultz, writing in January from Kipp, Mont., on the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, says: "A Bohemian waxwing makes the porch of his store his head quarters and is very tame."

Game Bag and Gun.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

May 13 to 18. Madison Square Garden, New York.—First annual Sportsmen's Exposition.

DOWN IN THE MARSH.

AN OTTER STORY.

There are many exciting experiences written about the shooting and capturing of large game, which are all more or less interesting, but it is seldom we read an account of the shooting of an otter in this country, for I doubt if there is any animal in its native haunts wilder and shyer, and as they are seldom seen in the daytime, it is rarely that they are ever taken except by trapping, and even that is a difficult matter at times, even by an expert. Owing to the favorable situation of land and water in this vicinity, there have been quite a large number of otter taken in years back, but they are now nearly extinct in these parts, and I blush to relate that I helped to exterminate the last of them so far as known, and I doubt if ever there was a similar chain of circumstance connected with the capturing of a family of otter, but that was some time ago, and "Sorrow for past ills doth restore frail man to his first innocence."

The older I grow, the more repugnant does the taking the life of an animal seem to be, but underneath all this is an irresistible desire and love for the sports of field and forest, lake and stream, which will follow to the end. It was bred in the bone.

It was about three years ago, while on a trout-fishing trip, I passed the night with some farmer friends whom I had known for years, and with whom I had stayed many times on my hunting and fishing excursions.

Through the meadow in front of their place ran a small stream, which a few miles below became lost in a large slough, which wound its way through the bottom land or marsh, which has been one of my stamping grounds for years. At the head of this stream, about one-half mile above the house, was a large spring, nearly surrounded by a high bank covered with brush, and here, the farmer's boys told me, with a great deal of secrecy, that they discovered four otters, three of which were young ones born there that spring, and here dwelt the family. The boys saw them while haying during the summer, and not being molested they became comparatively tame; but I learned later that as fall came on, they were seldom seen, and finally disappeared, much to the sorrow of my friends who made the discovery, as they intended to capture them after the fur became prime when cold weather came on.

It was about the first of November, following the event just narrated, that I was camped on the slough near the mouth of the stream spoken of, having as a companion my friend Van, who has camped with me for many years, and who was one of the best men in camp or in the woods that I ever saw.

It was getting rather late for duck shooting, as there had been considerable ice, but it had melted, and the sloughs were all open, and the mallards had come back in considerable numbers. I had just returned from a morning hunt, and was hanging up a big bunch of greenheads on a tree, when happening to glance up, I saw Van coming on a run through the woods. He had been up the slough fishing, and had taken no gun. As soon as I saw him I knew something was up, for it is an actual fact that he will see more game when he has no gun than any man I ever saw.

The first thing I heard was: "Harry get your gun and come quick." I did not need a second call. Grabbing my little Scott Premier ejector, I started after him. On the way he explained that, while fishing, he had seen four otter cross a sand bar and go under a high bank where there was a small pool of water nearly surrounded by land, and his idea was to drive them out. When we arrived at the spot, I must say that I had not much faith in trying to dislodge them, but Van had, and he proved to be right.

He took a long pole and commenced ramming up under the bank while I stood ready with the gun. Directly I heard a commotion, and a long, dark object glided out under the water beneath me. He came to the surface in a drift of bark, which covered the water close to the bank about ten feet below, and I gave him a load of sixes in the nose, killing him instantly. Then stepping down to the water and noticing that his struggles had ceased, I reached out and, taking him by the tail, it was about all I could do with one hand to throw him up on the bank. The load had torn off the front of his skull and nose, not hurting the fur a particle. I could not help admiring his glossy coat, and was gloating over my prize when Van sung out, "Look out! there are more here."

Hardly had he spoken when another one broke water and made an attempt to cross the sand bar below. I gave him two loads and knocked him over on the sand. I had hardly done this when another made the attempt to cross the bar much farther down, and, although I hit him with both loads and knocked him over, he managed to recover and get away among the logs and we lost him. The fourth one either escaped unseen, or did not come out from the bank at all, as we did not get sight of him.

The fur was nearly prime, and we felt pretty well as we lugged our game to camp. That night, two farmer boys, who lived near by, came to camp to visit us and brought us a quantity of honey. They were viewing the otter and speculating as to the value of the fur, etc., when I asked them if it had been a good year for honey, and the older one who stuttered a little said, "W-w-well! dad's pretty sharp. He's been t-t-t-trappin for them there a week or t-t-two, but he couldn't make it go, b-b-but when it comes to honey h-h-he's all right, for he c-c-c-crossed his bees with lightning bugs so they c-c-c-could see to work nights."

Just then one of my owls gave a war whoop, a dead tree out in the woods fell with a crash, and the boys went cooning over a log across the slough towards home.

A few weeks later I was talking with an old trapper, who had a camp near where the above events occurred, and he informed me that he had caught two otter, one of which had several 6-shot in its side, just under the skin. Thus perished the last of the otter family from the farm. That they were the same there is no reasonable doubt.

WABASHA, Minn. WAPAHASA.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—V.

STILL AFTER BEAR.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 5.—The bear hunting business at the Bobo timber camp might now be said to be looking up. Our dogs were getting in better shape every day, and we were learning where the bear were using. It was with extreme regret that I felt obliged to tell Mr. Bobo that I thought it my duty to spend only one more day with him, taking the train south that night. In this he acquiesced under protest, and it was decided we should make a morning hunt and then ride back home to Mr. Bobo's plantation, about 19 or 20 miles, taking the 9.20 train south at the Bobo station. We therefore made our hunt up toward the ford of the Sunflower in order to lose no distance.

We kept in a little closer to the river than before between the river and what was called the "old river," a deep, dry channel. Skirting the edge of a little pool among the cypress knees in the heart of a heavy swamp of cane through which a faint path had been cut, we almost at once came upon the tracks of a bear, sunk deep into the mud, and plain, though not so very fresh. By this time I had learned that the place to hunt bear was in the beaviest cane and densest swamps that could be found. All about us was a very large and very rank brake of big cane, through which no progress could be made except by use of the cane knife—though Mr. Bobo could ride along and cut cane ahead of his horse, reaching over in front of the horse's head as fast as the horse would want to walk. A tenderfoot in the brake country could not do this. One must know the angle for the knife blade. At the right slant the heavy blade of the knife falls through the cane and the severed stalk drops straight down and does not cross the "hock." The Northern woodsman is at sea in this country.

As we paused by the water hole the dogs cast around, and all at once broke into cry and made off, though split into two packs. Mr. Bobo declared that it was bear and that he knew where it would cross. So back we went and took stands and spread out in an open glade along the edge of the heavy cane.

And now ensued another one of the puzzling waits which are a part of this business. The ignorant might suppose that the dogs would find a trail, line out at once, run straight on it, bag the bear and get it killed, all in one, two, three order. But this is not the way a bear chase goes. Some of the dogs take the back track in their ignorance. Some of the puppies switch off after coons, deer, cat, no one knows what all. Some of the best ones lose the trail, over-run or lose it in the dry, moving leaves. Then they circle back after it, complaining. Meantime plenty of the pack are just hollering for luck, whether they smell anything or not, and they, too, are swinging and circling and barking at each other. There seem to be a dozen hunts up, and the inexperienced hunter looks for a dozen bear to come bursting out ahead of the dogs. Not so with the old bear hunter. He sits calmly on his horse, knowing all the time what dogs are wrong and what are right, and what the right dogs are doing, whether they are running or puzzling. Some dogs cease running and begin to bay not far away. "It's only a coon," he says, "the bear has gone the other way." Then some one goes and thrashes the dogs away from the coon tree. (Once I shot a coon out of the tree, not knowing what it was. Both Mr. Payne and I thought it looked too black for a coon, and so I violated the first fixed law of the hunt, which is not to shoot anything but bear when the dogs are out.) Thus the hunt goes on, sometimes, by waiting or listening, and the riding does not begin till the chase is lined out and leading away hot.

We had a long wait at the glade, but the dogs turned back again. "I'll just go over and see which way they turn," said Mr. Bobo. So he disappeared in the cane. Here was where I made another mistake. Thinking Mr. Bobo was coming back, I stayed with Mr. Payne, violating my original instructions to stick as close as I could to Mr. Bobo. The day before Mr. Payne would have been the one to stick to, but to-day he he wasn't. We thought we heard Mr. Bobo calling to us, and thought he said, "Ride over to the Old River!" though what he really said was, "I think they're gone over to the old river." Acting on what we took to be instructions, Mr. Payne headed back for the Old River, hot haste, and there he and I had a wait of an hour, only a few times hearing the faint note of a dog in the distance. We waited in confidence that the chase had not passed that point and gone back of us, and Horace and Frank, who rode further over in that direction, came back and reported nothing. Once more silence set in, and the presence of the chase was a matter of conjecture. We were afraid to go back to the glade where we first took stands, lest the bear might cross where we were. At last we all rounded up except Mr. Bobo, and the two lucky nigger bear hunters, Tom and Pete, who were somewhere in the dense cane over toward the Sunflower. It was past noon, and as that was the time we had agreed upon to start for the plantation, Mr. Payne and I at length reluctantly decided that we would have to pull out for home and leave Mr. Bobo. This I disliked to do, and certainly hated the thought of leaving the bear country without getting a shot at a bear, though I had come to think less and less of the killing of the bear, and more and more of the consummate skill of the chase which is the main feature of this sort of sport. "The killing is the least part of the whole business," Mr. Bobo said to me time and again. Sighing, therefore, and overcoming my desire to pot a bear over the dogs, I turned my face toward the railroad, not altogether happy, as who can be who is traveling toward a railroad and not away from it?

Mr. Payne led the way along one of the many mysterious winding "hacks" cut through the cane, and I followed, hoping he wouldn't get lost, but willing to bet he would, for never was there on earth an easier or more desperate country to get lost in. But Mr. Payne is something of a bear hunter himself, and didn't get lost. In half an hour we were at the ford of the Sunflower.

"This is our post-office," said he, "and many a note have Mr. Bobo and I left here for each other." So he cut a cane and stuck it up near the ford, putting in its split top a note naming all who were in our party, saying that had 19 dogs with us, and that we had gone on home at 1.30 p. m. Then we forded the Sunflower and plodded along on our long ride home, getting to the Bobo plantation about a hour or so before sundown. So I had to say good bye to Mr. Payne, as pleasant and courteous a hunting companion as one ever met in any country.

Safe up at the Bobo plantation house, after dinner and after dark, we were sitting about the fire when we heard Mr. Bobo's horn, about half a mile away down the road, at which all the tired dogs jumped up and began to sing a welcome home. Soon Mr. Bobo came in.

BEAR NUMBER THREE.

"You missed it by not staying with me to-day, young man," said he, the first thing after he saw me. And I suppose I had, though I explained to him that I found it pretty hard to tell where was the best place to stay in a bear hunt.

"I went back in the thick cane, and had riding harder by a good deal than you had yesterday. At last the dogs broke back and headed for the open glade where I left you all stationed. I rode hard along that little narrow hack through the thick cane there, and at last heard the bear breaking cane about 200 yards ahead of the dogs. He came up near the hock, and heard or smelled me, for he turned back and stopped. He wasn't thirty yards from me then, and I dropped off the horse and crept into the cane. He was half standing up when I saw him, about 10 or 12 yards from me, and I killed him—shot him just back of the ear."

So this was bear No. 3, and once more I had been in the wrong place. "If you and Mr. Payne had stayed right there in that open place, where I had left you, you'd have got that bear. I killed it not 100 yards from where you were." I explained how we had misunderstood his call to us. And then I asked him where was his bear skin and how big was his bear.

"Skin," said Mr. Bobo, contemptuously, "I didn't bring his skin. It was too heavy, and I just threw it over the limb of a tree, leaving it for Tom or Pete to take into camp. Then I rode on over to the trail, and went to the ford. When I got your note it was about 3 o'clock"

I have been mourning over that fine bear skin that I didn't get—which Mr. Bobo said was bigger than either of the other—ever since that. It seems a shame that it should be left to waste out in the woods nailed up on a shanty wall, when I could have made such a good rug out of it for my office floor! I only had two bear skins already.

But maybe by this time readers of Forest and Stream will begin to believe that this was in a bear country and where there were really bear. Mr. Bobo grieved over stopping the hunt when we did. "We found a little lake back in that thick cane," said, he, "after we left you, and the bears are using in it like hogs. They've got mud splashed clear up the bank to the trees, ten yards from the water. We've just got the bear located now, and have done the hard part of the hunt. We could kill a bear or two now every day very easy,

especially since the dogs are getting worked into shape. But if you must go, you must, I suppose, and the only thing is for you to come down again next year and get that bear you've lost. We'll get him sure."

BEAR COUNTRY, BUT NOT WIDE OPEN.

I have no doubt that I was in the best bear country in America, and with the best bear hunter in America. Whenever I write of a good game country, such as this, I get many letters from those who wish to go hunting there themselves. It is always a pleasure to direct the Forest and Stream friends to any such pleasure. Thus I have sent a great many persons to Texas, and my once famous "game pocket" in Minnesota is a game pocket no more. But in a case like this, the best kindness is the plain truth, and I owe it to the inquirers to state the rather peculiar conditions in the case. Of course, I could not send any one to Mr. Bobo, and no one could for any money hire him to take a party on a hunt. Moreover, in that counry of Mississippi, there is a law forbidding non-residents to hunt there except on the invitation of a landowner. While I was there Mr. Bobo sent one party out of the country because they came in without any such invitation. Still another fact to be considered is that good trained hounds are a necessity for hunting in that cane country. Mr. Bobo's pack is the only one in that region. Yet another serious thing to be considered is the nature of the country, where one absolutely must have a guide, and a good one. One can go into the mountains or into the pine country, and go out hunting and find his way back to camp. In the Delta he cannot do this. Unless the trails and hooks are known, he can get nowhere, and if he gets lost he is lost indeed, for he cannot travel a mile in a day on foot. We saw deer and turkey on our trip, and there are quantities of panther, cats, coons and all sorts of fur in there, but the stranger in that country could do little at sport if he were alone.

"I will take a stranger into the woods," said Mr. Bobo, "and give him my horse and all my dogs, and I will bet him he can't kill a bear in a month." And this I should consider a safe proposition.

THE SOUTHERN IDEA OF SPORT AND GAME.

There is a curious difference between the North and the South in one respect, and I am disposed to think that there lies some of the reasons for the difference of the game supply in the North and in the South. In the North you can hire a man to do almost anything or go anywhere. You can get guides for any part of the Rockies, for the Wisconsin pine woods, for Maine, New Brunswick, the Adirondacks. But for the Delta of the Mississippi, I am almost glad to stato, you cannot get guide, and I hope, with all courtesy to gentlemen who love to travel, you never may. The time is not for killing off new covers. It is time now to wish that some few may always remain closed. In the south the commercial way of looking at sport has not yet had any growth. Therefore I say that the South is the seat of the truest sportsmanship of America to-day, because there neither game nor sport is held generally as matter for barter or sale. Both are held as the privileges of gentlemen, and this is the right way to look at it, too.

The wild animal should belong of right to the man who is enough master of the chase to reduce it to possession, and it should belong to no one else. Women, children and sick persons might have game given to them, but men who cannot hunt are not the men to have game in possession. I would not change the old, conservative ways of the South if I could and hope they never will change, and I know all readers of this journal will be glad to rest their future acquaintance with the South upon its unasked and unpurchaseable hospitality.

By this it should not be understood that there is a stone wall about the shooting of the South for Northern men who wish to sport like gentlemen. We shall presently see that many delightful localities are open to the tourist sportsman. Not long ago Mr. A. H. Hanson, the general passenger agent of the Illinois Central Railway, located at Chicago, undertook to compile a mass of data as to good hunting localities, guides, etc., along the line of that road which passes through the best of the shooting country. He sent out letters to the station agents asking them to make inquiries, and while he heard of plenty of game, he heard of very few guides.

"Those people have no idea of business," he said to me, in a perplexity almost amusing to anyone who know much of the South. "Here's one letter after another, all saying about the same thing. 'Mr. So. and So is quite a hunter in this place, and he say he will be glad to take out any visiting sportsmen. He has dogs, horses and everything needed. But he would not take any pay for this, and he would not like to agree to go out at just any time he might be asked. That's it; that's the same story! They don't know anything about business!"

OPEN COUNTRY.

Mr. Hanson will, on deliberation, I think agree with me that the fact that these men don't know anything about business is the best thing in the world for his business. Dakota is shot out. Wiscosnin is fished out. The Adirondacks were tramped out long ago. The tide of sporting travel is settling back on itself. There will be plenty of it turn and go to the South. The longer the South has attractions, the longer it will go. Meantime let us hope for a more sensible day in sportsmanship than that which has ruined the fields of the North, and the growth of better principles than those of the past. Perhaps the leaven thereto may be found in the ideas of these men who "don't know anything about business."

Mr. Hanson may be sure, however, that he has bear and deer country to which he can send inquiries in the practical certainty that they can get sport under practical conditions. I have spoken of the long strip of wilderness in the Delta country lying between Memphis and Vicksburg. This wilderness is penetrated by the Sunflower, the Tullohatchee, Tallobusha and other streams. At the head of this long stretch of wild country the Illinois Central divides, one leg keeping along the Mississippi and the other going out further east toward the hill country. We made our hunt down the Western leg of the road and found the conditions there as I have frankly stated them. Now, if the stranger will take the Eastern leg of the road and go on down toward Vicksburg, down the Tullohatchee country, he can tap the same game country to much better advantage. The best place to head for is the country between Minter City and Dodd's Ferry. The railway point is Parsons. Mr. Clay, at Tutweiler station, has a pack of dogs. Captain James Dinkins, passenger agent of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley road at Memphis, can give full advice about this pack and the bear and deer country above referred to.

Captain Dinkins, by the way, was godfather for a large party of Northern hunters who were down in the Delta country last November, about the time we were. This party had Mr. Clay's dogs, and Mr. Gibson, a good bear hunter, was out with them. They got one bear and some deer in two days, and then went on down to Vicksburg. This was a party mostly made up of celebrities from Iowa, and was very large, being composed of the following, mostly from Dubuque, Iowa: Hon. D. B. Henderson, Gen. Jackson, Col. D. C. Glasser, Messrs. Geo. Perry. Jas. Morgan, Saml. Rider, D. E. Lyon, J. M. Glover, S. A. Atherton, Henry Mehlkop, E. W. Albee, Saml. Rice, Deacon Couch. Messrs. Frank Lindberg and John Olson were from Chicago. Messrs. W. H. Morris, John Cruise and Tim Noble were from Manchester, Iowa, and Mr. N. F. Lawrence from Cherokee, Iowa, Captain Dinkins went on down from Memphis with these gentlemen on their car and they had a very pleasant trip and saw plenty of cane. At Panther Burn some one fired a shot or two at the car, which caused Col. Henderson, who lost an arm in the war, to say it reminded him of old times. So large a party as this is, of course, very unwieldy in the field and not desirable for an actual hunting trip, but even for so large a party I imagine there are deer and bear enough to go round if the latter are approached delicately on the subject. There are deer and bear enough for any decent Northern hunters. Once there were deer and bear in the Adirondacks, but when hotels and guides made their killing easy, they disappeared. I beg Mr. Hanson to believe that he has cause for congratulation in the fact that hotels and guides are so scarce in this big game country. That is the reason he has some game still left. I hope he will make it harder, not easier, to get at the game. In spite of all his efforts, hunters will get at it and kill it all too soon. He need not worry about their not going down there. They will go all too soon.

Later on I shall describe the duck country below New Orleans, something new for the Northern men, but we are not so far along as that to-day. E. HOUGH.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

The demand throughout the country for information concerning the exposition to be given by the Sportsmen's Exposition Association (Incorporated) at the Madison Square Garden, New York, on May 13 to 18, 1895, has forced upon the management the necessity of issuing a regular weekly bulletin containing the information necessary to keep the public advised of the exhibition, and to guide the manufacturers, artists and private individuals who desire to make exhibits, either for business purposes in the manufacturing department, or for educational exhibition of private collections of objects of historical interest in the Loan and Trophy Department. The haste of some of the manufacturers to be identified with the exposition is quite marked. When the exposition was first planned, a number of the manufacturers who were quite indifferent to the affair, are now hurrying in earnest and showing increased confidence in the advantages to be derived from being conspicuously represented, and are now among the most enthusiastic promoters.

A brief glance at the prospectus issued a short time ago will outline the extensive character of the exposition. Fourteen distinct classes are provided for which will cover in every essential detail the general interests of the Sportsman. Every article used by the sportsman will be included. There are up to this hour of going to press thirty-four leading firms who have taken spaces. Some of the exhibits will cover 50 square feet of floor space, in which will be introduced many new and interesting features. For months past some of the manufacturers have been busy preparing their elaborate exhibits, and have made importations from foreign countries in order to enable them to prepare entirely new material for the occasion. The marvellous beauty of the fire arms and weapons to be shown will be imposing and a revelation to the profession as well as to the novice. Both barrel and blade will show the skill of the designer and engraver. Art in fine arms will here be demonstrated. The beauty and quality of ancient Damascus steel has been wrought and wrought until the production of the fire arms manufacturer of to-day outrivals all efforts of the gun makers of the ages. The mechanism and devices invented for rapid firing and safe control of the modern fire-arms will be an exposition alone.

The exhiits of the ammunition makers will show the master hand of the chemist and subtle power and strength of the explosive agents of the hour, which seem to be unlimited. Exhibits showing the power of the powders and the skill of the marksman will be illustrated by targets and diagrams. These displays will be gotten up by the most important manufacturers of this country. Gun implements showing inventions of unique and practical character will attract the visitor, and not only interest the dealer, but the consumer.

Those who attend the exposition will not be able to move very far among the mass of exhibits before finding near at hand the sailing craft of the primitive hunter, as well as that of the modern Nimrod. The dug-out of old, the bark canoe of the Indian, the sober toiling launch, the shining sails of the phantoms of the sea, those shafts of the silent waters which almost defy Father Time, all will be here, side by side, a record of the crafty savage and of intelligent man.

The comprehensiveness of the other classes of the exposition is quite as complete, and includes fishing tackle, athletic goods, camping outfits, kennel supplies, cameras, horse equipments, taxidermists' art and literature, trophies of the chase, ancient fire arms, valuable oil paintings, old prints, books, etc.

The following lists will show the number and character of the exhibitors who have engaged space:—Winchester Repeating Arms Co., E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Forehand Arms Co., Hardware Publishing Co., Union Hardware Co., Colt's Fire Arms Co., Herman Boker & Co., Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Co,. Weibusch & Hilger, Limited; Forest and Stream, Von Lengerke & Detmold, American Field, Maine Central Railroad, William Lyman, Lefever Arms Co., Geo. O. Shields, (Recreation); Tatham Brothers, Hunter Arms Co.. A. G Spaulding & Brothers, Shooting and Fishing, Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., Cushman & Denison, Remington Arms Co., Spratt's Patent (American) Limited, Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Cleveland Target Co., United States Cartridge Co, Gas Engine and Power Co., Parker Brothers, Sporting Goods Dealer, T. W. Fraine, Hazard Powder Co, The Webster Studio.

Every week now adds to the number of exhibitors. The choice spaces are being rapidly allotted and now unmber upwards of seventy-five, leaving but a limited number at the command of the association. A day's delay may find some very important exhibitor without space. It is unfortunate that there are not a greater number of spaces, for it will be impossible to provide for all those who may wish to be identified with the exposition.

The Association will arrange for reduced travelling rates from all points in the United States. The rates will be low, and will offer every inducement to attend the exposition at a season of the year when travelling is deligtfhul.

The importance of this exposition as a means of extending the public interest of the manufacturer and the dealer cannot be over-estimated. Every step towards the education of the public tends to broaden the knowledge of the novice and quietly enlist new disciples into the ever increasing and changing ranks of the sportsman. The old followers drop off and the new step in, and whenever this fact is realized in any profession, the live man of business grasps the opportunity offered to keep up with the advancing host, and finds himself and his interests keeping pace with the evolution of business and of the conditions. If to fancy that old successes can accomplish much that is vital in that of the present, that man's confidence in himself is misplaced. If a narrow conception of the advantages of the Sportsmen's Exposition is fostered, and an indifference to the efforts of the managers be indulged in, nothing can demonstrate more conclusively, (to change the old adage so as to read) "That none are so blind as those who will not hear."

The Sportsmen's Exposition will not be a common-place affair. The strong list of exhibitors certainly is a guarantee that success is sure to crown the efforts of the promoters of the enterprise.

New York, March 9, 1895. F. S. WEBSTER, Sec'y.

NORTHWEST COAST NOTES.

COON LORE.

My old friend, Billy Newman, writes me that he is enjoying himself "hugely" over in Washington. He is located somewhere in back of Skamokawa, the Capitol of Wahkiakum county, but his post office is Castle Rock, on the Cowlitz River. A few extracts from his last letter may be of interest to readers of Forest and Stream. Here is one: "And now I will give you one that I can vouch for; Daddy Scantogrease, who is about 68 years old, and who claims to be a veteran of the war of 1812 (?) but whose word I cannot well doubt, as he has been an elder in the church for over forty years, tells me the following coon story: 'Yer see, Bill, one time nigh onto forty years ago, when I was livin' back in old Injianni, I sighted er coon up in er oak tree a-eatin' acorns. I jist dropped the old Winchester onter him and blazed away. Well, by Boston, he jist sot thar a-eatin' them acorns jist the same. I emptied the old Winchester, but still thar he sot a-eatin' them acorns jist the same. Then I emptied my Colt's revolver inter him, but, by Boston he still sot thar a-eatin' acorns. Then I got mad and clim the tree and killed 'im with a club. When I looked him over I found that he was jist plumb full of holes, but, by Boston, the tarnal critter had jist sot thar, and whenever a bullit ud hit 'im he'd jist plug up the hole with a acorn and jist go on a-eatin' acorns.'"

BEAR GALORE.

And here is another that will interest "O. O. S.": "John Cooley and George Milton, two boys about fifteen years old, started out coon hunting. Young Milton had a 22-calibre rifle, while young Cooley had a skookum-wood club. They found an old hollow cedar which they thought might be a coon tree, and commenced pounding on it, when, to their surprise, down came a good-sized bear. Cooley struck him on the nose and kept him from coming out, while Milton would load and shoot him with the 22-calibre short. They kept this up until they killed him. When they pulled him out his head was smashed to a jelly. Now, if "O. O. S." or any other reader of old Forest and Stream has any doubt in regard to this story, they can drop a line to Mr. Cooley, Justice of the Peace, Jackson District, Cowlitz County, Washington, father of one of the boys, and get his affidavit to it. I will also lay a wager with "O. O. S." that I can get the affidavits of at least twenty-five men in this county that they have dogs that will go out on the riffles and watch for and catch salmon and pack them ashore."

GAME PROTECTOR.

Our Legislative Assembly has adjourned. That is about the only decent thing it did during its forty days session, and after the usual sigh of relief, our citizens have breath enough left to express in plain terms their opinions of legislative assemblies in general, and Oregon legislative assemblies in particular. For years the game laws of the State of Oregon have been only inconsistent and confused epitaphs to the stupidity and idiocy of defunct Oregon legislative bodies, as can be attested by Editor Reynolds of "Game Laws In Brief." Even when a good bill is prepared and submitted to the Assembly, it seems to be the bounden duty of that august body to doctor and devil it until its own father would not know it, before it can be passed. No one can tell you yet what changes have been made, not even the members themselves.

Some of the members seem to have a faint recollection of some bill or other that was presented by the Hon. Mr. So and So, but, if their memory serves them right, certain amendments were tacked on by the committee or suggested by the Hon. Mr. Jones, or Smith, or Clark, or some member of the third house, the purport of which they have entirely forgotten. It will be remembered that

the last preceding Legislature left us with a very choice lot of inconsistent, irreconcilable game laws that seriously embarassed our game protector, and drove Editor Reynolds nearly daft. Doubtless we've got another invoice of the same kind of stuff, at least that is the general impression among the sportsmen.

Among the many brilliant things that the Legislature did not do was its failure to elect a game protector. They didn't elect a U. S. senator until the clock was striking the hour of adjournment, and the matter of electing a game protector was entirely overlooked.

PROTECTOR MEAD.

Somebody has been perpetrating a joke on my good friend, J. Roberts Mead. Recently, a prominent Chicago sporting paper contained a lengthy and laudatory article regarding his candidacy for the office of Fish and Game Protector for the State of Oregon. If half that was therein stated about him is true (and I guess it is) he is a "dandy." Yes, the article referred to stated that he was a candidate for the high office of protector and went on to say: "than whom there is not a more enthusiastic sportsman in the State, at all times having the interest of game and fish at heart, a good shot himself and an angler par excellence, and a man of great executive ability, and a gentleman always, etc." until the catalogue of superlatives was nearly or quite exhausted. No one who knows Mead, would for a moment doubt the truth of everything said about him in that article, except the one fact that he was a candidate. He is not, never has been nor never will be a candidate for that or anyother office, and evidently the man who wrote that article intended it for a joke, for his apparent knowledge of Mead's characteristics and fitness for almost any position requiring a high sense of honor and executive ability, warrants the belief that he is aware that Mead's private interests require all his time and energy. But the published statement works a hardship, not only on Mead, but many of his friends. Wherever Mead goes, whether on business or socially, too much of his time must necessarily be taken up with explanations, while those friends who might have influence with him are constantly appealed to by those willing to do a whole lot of hard work in protecting fish and game for a reasonable consideration.

Mr. McGuire, the present incumbent, will doubtless hold the fort against all comers, as the Legislative Assembly failed to elect. Mead will do as much or more than any other man in aid of the good cause of fish and game protection if called upon, but his political aspirations, if he has any, are not in the direction suggested by the publication referred to.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 1. S. H. GREENE.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

I had the good fortune last week to make one of a party of gentlemen who spent a delightful day among the bluebills on Nueces Bay. As to the game, I will simply say that it was one of those duck cyclones that comes but a very few times during the mortal life of man. All day long, from the early gray of dawn until the closing shades of evening, there was a pouring in of ducks such as is seldom seen. It was one of those rare days which sorely tempt one to forget that he is a sportsman. I could easily have fired my 200 shells before 10 o'clock, but by dint of fraternizing with a gay and convivial companion—one of those men whose presence cleaves ones miseries like a ray of warm sunshine penetrates a dark corner—I managed to hold an active shooting existence until noon.

It simply rained ducks, and I played a cool game; I killed rather regularly for a green hand. Presently Mr. Claimer came along and took his stand close by and at a point where he had a slight advantage by reason of his being able to shoot before my trigger could be pressed.

A flock came in. I picked out an incomer and nudged ahead as I pulled trigger. The bird was stone dead in the air, and as I opened my gun for a fresh shell, my neighbor sang out: "Aha! I killed my bird; did you shoot?" As I had only seen one bird fall, I looked at him and said, pointing where the bird fell, and asked: "This bird?" "Yes," he answered, "didn't I make a good shot?" "Yes," I replied, between my teeth, "an excellent shot."

This happened three times more in less than ten minutes. Not only were my birds gathered in, but those of my companion were as promptly claimed by the Claimer.

I passed the word to my companions to yield in every instance, and it was perfectly wonderful to perceive the great and growing gall of the Claimer. He shot right and left at everything that came over him or anybody else, and as sure as a bird fell out of the flock the same refrain could be heard smashing the fragrant ozone: "I killed my bird; did you get yours?"

When a pair or more fell out it would vary thus: "I got my pair. Did you all shoot?"

Sometimes someone would kill a bird, and his fire would palpably be behind and after the bird was killed, but the phenomenal gall was in it that day, and it flourished in the bay breeze like a shamrock on Celtic soil.

THAT GRASS SUIT.

A gentleman who lives in San Antonio, and generally buys everything new in the sporting goods line, had a novel and exciting experience the other day.

He is an inveterate duck-hunter, and spends most of his time putting up jobs on the ducks that feed on the bottom of Geo. Fulton's ponds. When he is not very busy, he sells Seth Thomas clocks and repairs a few uncut diamonds. One day he saw an advertisement of the new grass suit, and immediately took the bait, sinker, float and all and ordered one to come by special delivery postage. It came. So did an invitation from Geo. Fulton, the Prince of the Southwest, to spend a few months in search of geese on Mud Flats, and he went.

He took his stand where the geese were thickest, and awaited the onslaught of the enemy, feeling secure in the full envelopment of counterfeit prairie hay. Pretty soon the faithful canine began to show signs of distress, and upon looking backward, his horrified gaze fell athwart several tall and muscular full grown steers—Geo. Fulton's fattest—that were uttering lugubrious sounds and pawing dirt with their fore feet.

Roar after roar filled the air, and the steers pawed up more dirt as they advanced on our hitherto gay but now discomfited hunter. He stood the pressure for a few moments only, but finally broke for heavy cover, and then and there divested himself of his verdant habiliment. He can't tell to this day whether it was a desire to eat him that prompted Fulton's cattle to act in such inhospitable manner or whether it was his grotesque appearance. I suggested to the Prince that his cattle keep off the grass.

A TURKEY JOKE ON HUNTER.

I struck a garrulous conductor of the Aransas Pass Railway who is responsible for the story I am about to relate. On St. Joseph's Island, owner and monarch of all he surveys, lives Sam Allen, regarded as one of the aristocracy of the Southwest.

In an unguarded moment, and with the recklessness of a Don Quixote, Mayor Allen issued an invitation to a few friends to come down to his castle and hunt and fish on his broad domain. The lucky gentlemen were the Hon. Bryan Callaghan, ex-Mayor of San Antonio, Tim. H. Michelnjohn, the terror of black bass, and Jimmy Newcomb and Chas. Miller, all of San Antonio.

The jolly Mayor took them over to his castle in his yacht, and the whole business went in search of the game of the island, which was very plentiful. Mick was in the lead, and the time of day about dark, when he suddenly stopped and waved his hand to the rest, telling them in mute hunters' parlance not to advance—that he had seen something of importance. He crept back to where the rotund Mayor and Miller were crouching, and softly breathed to them that he had seen a large flock of fat turkeys.

They immediately concluded to wait until old Sol had descended away down before attacking the birds. When the time came, the little army crept up, and at a command given by Mick, all fired into the birds, loading and firing as they fled in all directions. They found that they had killed 47 birds. The trio, intoxicated at the sight, swaggered arm in arm to the house, where Mick grandiloquently informed their host that they wanted him to hitch up a wagon to carry in the product of their bows and spears.

"What did you get?" inquired the Mayor.

"Forty-seven big fat turkeys," replied Mick, as he fondly tapped his gun. "You bet, when our Irish blood is aroused, we can kill 'em, eh, Bryan!"

His Honor merely nodded and smote himself on the chest as he remarked: "I killed a few myself."

"But where could you kill 47 turkeys," anxiously inquired the Mayor.

"About a half mile from here," replied Mick, "just around that little freshwater pond on the other side of the beef yard."

"Great Scott!" cried the Mayor, "you scoundrels have killed my tame turkeys!" TEXAS FIELD.

Sea and River Fishing.

ADIRONDACK GUIDES' CONVENTION

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., March 4.—Without doubt the most representative Adirondack gathering that ever occurred was the Guides' Convention which met at the Opera House, Saranac Lake, on February 27 last, pursuant to the call of Secretary John H. Miller, of the Adirondack Guides' Association.

As Forest and Stream has so often said with all truth, each year at Albany there appears a number of tinkerers who propose to make changes in the game laws, but whose knowledge of facts and what is best for the State in general and the Adirondack region in particular, is very limited. Heretofore there has been no expressed Adirondack sentiment in any one direction, and only desultory views have been received by the Legislature. This, however, is all changed by the action of the recent convention, whose resolutions are strong and to the point, and well calculated to make themselves felt by the State's law-makers.

Two hundred guides filled the seats allotted to them in the Opera House on the evening of the 27th, when Vice-President Duley called the convention to order. An additional number of guides, not members of the Association, and sportsmen in sympathy with the proposed action, swelled the entire number to about 500.

Hon. Wm. F. Rathbone, of Albany, made an exceedingly pleasing and forcible address upon the question of deer hounding. Mr. Rathbone was in favor of the hounding of deer. It was without question the most sportsmanlike method of hunting. But he was against jack-hunting, believing, as he said, that more deer were wantonly slaughtered in that way than in all others combined. He made a vigorous attack upon the Wilks' bill now pending in the Assembly, allowing the sale of game in New York State at all seasons of the year, providing it was proven that such game was killed outside the State. He characterized this measure as "damnable, and the most iniquitous ever introduced in the State Legislature." The speaker went on: "There are many reasons why this section should not be made a part of the law, but two are so urgent that they should impel every guide, every sportsman and every association to speak in no uncertain tones against its passage. The first is that the bill means an open game market the year around, or in other words, the sale all the year around of game killed in New York State, and the second is that it means also the sale all the year of game killed in other States."

Secretary Miller read letters received from Hon. Verplanck Colvin, Hon. Warner Miller, Col. Wm. F. Fox, Superintendent of State Forests; J. Warren Pond, Chief Game and Fish Protector; A. G. Mills, President of the Adirondack League Club; G. O. Shields, R. C. Alexander, of the Mail and Express; Hon. A. B. Parmelee, D. W. Riddle, S. R. Stoddard, A. R. Fuller and others.

A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, the principal speaker of the evening, thanking the Association for their kindness, took for his subject, "The Origin and Growth of Fish Culture," and for nearly an hour discussed it in an admirable way. He told the guides many things concerning the fin tribe that they had never dreamt of, and his many historical facts were highly entertaining. The address was frequently applauded, and upon the close a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Cheney by the convention.

In a second address later in the evening, Mr. Cheney devoted his time to a review of the Guides' Association, dwelling at considerable length upon the good to be obtained by thorough organization and unity.

Secretary Miller followed with the introduction of a series of resolutions, inviting open discussion of the same by the convention. Guides from every section of the mountains spoke heartily in favor of them, and when the resolutions were put to a vote, a unanimous "aye" filled the convention hall. Here they are:

"Whereas, There have been numerous measures introduced in the Legislature to amend the present fish and game laws of the State of New York, and intended for the protection of fish and game in the Adirondacks and other sections of the State, and the Senate Committee on Fish and Game Laws, which was duly authorized and empowered by the Senate, did meet during the year 1894 at various places in the State for the purpose of taking testimony and making inquiry as to the needed changes or modifications of the existing fish and game law, and said committee did duly report its recommendations and conclusions thereon, now therefore be it

Resolved, That this association heartily endorses and recommends the compromise measure as recommended by said commission in its said report, wherein it recommends that still-hunting of deer shall be continued to be allowed from August 15 to October 20, and the open hounding season from September 1 to October 20, inclusive, at which date the hounding or killing of deer by any method shall be prohibited. We also believe as recommended by said commission that no material changes are needed as to the open season for trout fishing. It is further

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this association and we do hereby petition the Legislature to enact such measures as will give the Forest Commission authority to grant leases of State lands for a period of at least twenty years at moderate rentals, for camping purposes of plots of not over five acres to any one person, with proper restrictions. Large tracts of land belonging to the State which surround some of our most beautiful lakes would thus be opened for the enjoyment of citizens. Substantial camps and summer cottages would be erected thereon, giving occupation and employment to a large number of guides and other persons, a revenue to the State, besides each camper would make an excellent fire warden over a large tract of forest adjacent to his camp. Thus the forest would be preserved for which it was created. It is further

Resolved, "That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to our Senator and representative in the Legislature and that they berequested to use their utmost endeavors to push forward measures in sympathy with these resolutions."

John Harding, proprietor of the Algonquin, and Rev. R. G McCarthy, associate members, then made brief addresses. Mr. McCarthy, in his usually eloquent manner, roused the convention to high enthusiasm, and his telling words fell upon soil that was not barren. He urged that it was the duty of every guide of the wilderness to become a live working member of the association; to take hold of the questions involving the welfare of the region and to oppose tooth and nail those who were levelling blows at the head of our prosperity—or in other words, attempting the destruction of our fish and game.

John H. Miller followed Mr. McCarthy. He spoke of the forests, fish and game as the Adirondack guide's stock in trade. "We gain our livelihood," said Mr. Miller, "from the hundreds of sportsmen who annually visit our region. They come to shoot and to fish. We must have the game and the fish for them. If we do not they will go to Canada or elsewhere. Therefore, it is the duty of every guide especially, and every citizen of this region to guard zealously the deer of our forests and the fish of our streams. Every guide should appoint himself a game constable and see also that he does his duty."

Mr. Miller's remarks were greeted with applause. H. A. Benham then introduced the following resolution:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of the Adirondack Guides' Association that it is to the benefit of this region and the people of the State in general, that each member of this Association be appointed by the Chief Game Protector a special game constable, without pay.

The resolution was unanimously carried.

The convention then endorsed A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, for Chief Fish Culturist, and J. Warren Pond, of Malone, to succeed himself as Chief Fish and Game Protector.

Forest and Stream and the Saranac Lake Herald were given a vote of thanks for their unremitting efforts toward the better protection of the forests, fish and game.

Next followed one of the most important resolutions of the convention, as follows:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association that no brook or lake trout, or venison, be sold or offered for sale in any of the counties comprising the forest preserve at any season of the year, and resolved that the legislature be and is hereby petitioned to enact a measure in conformity with the above."

The constitution of the association was then read by the Secretary, and with slight variations, was adopted. It says, among other things, that the object of the associaton "shall be to promote and facilitate travel in the Adirondacks; to secure to the public competent and reliable guides, thus assuring the welfare of tourists and sportsmen; to aid in the enforcement of the forest and game laws of the State; to secure wise and practical legislation on all subjects affecting the interests of the Adirondack region; to maintain a uniform rate of wages of guides; and to render financial assistance to its members in case of sickness or other disability or to their families in case of the death of such members."

Qualifications for membership are stated in sec. 1 as follows:

"Sec. Any person to become a member of this association must be (First) a citizen of the United States of America and have a permanent residence within the State of New York; (Second) be at least 21 years of age and have been known as a resident of the Adirondacks for fifteen years; (Third) an Adirondack guide having at least three years' experience as such; (Fourth) be a well-equipped, competent and in every way reliable guide."

Following the reading and adopting of the constitution, the convention took a recess, and the delegates retired to the camp-fire and banquet-room below, where covers for 200 were laid. A splendid collation was served, and around the camp-fire stories and songs of woodland life were told and sung.

Returning to the convention hall, unfinished business was taken up, and officers for the coming year elected: Honorary President, Hon. Verplanck Colvin; Active President, O. A. Covill; Vice-Presidents, Peter Solomon,

Saranac Lake; Thos. Redwood, Paul Smiths, Miles Kennedy, Lake Placid; Isaac Gabattis, Long Lake; Wesley Wood, Ssranac Inn; Ernest H. Johnson, Tupper Lake; Secretary, John H. Miller; Treasurer, Warren J. Slater Executive Committee, E. E. Sumner, Geo. E. Johnson, Thos. Healy, A. B. Moody, Douglas E. Martin, Rawson Hayes, Fred. Rorke, Albert Billings, Marshall Lamoy, Chas, C. Robinson, Carlos D. Gilson, "E. J. F. Denmark," James Bean, Chas. McCaffery, and Daniel Hinkson. WM. F. MAXIM.

ANGLING OLD AND NEW.

The followers of Izaak Walton, at both sides of the Atlantic, look to the Forest and Stream for guidance in the "gentle art," nor do they look in vain. Skilled writers, with facile pens, lead us pleasantly through its columns to pastures new and vistas fair—so pleasantly that the busy man, whatever his profession, whatever his daily task, or the man of leisure, whatever his hobby, is brought, in imagination, to happy fishing grounds. The filling in of details in the picture, the choice of rod and fly, the mode of bringing to land this fish or that, the whole picturesqueness of the scene in forest and stream is written indelibly on his mind.

My present object is in another direction, viz., by giving an account of results of experience in old days in the old country to show that, while we, in modern times, in new lands may have to go far afield for sport we can get it abundantly and on reasonable terms.

One has to go back to early boyhood, to the "bent pin" stage "for sticklebacks," or to the more advanced period of angling with float and line with worm or other bait and rough, unbending rod, for perch or chub to show how deep-rooted, how intense is our love of fishing. Or may we not refer to the less creditable plan of campaign, in summer days, when these means of capture failed—the "tickling" trout as they lay on the gravel bottom of some secluded brook; or "snaring" pike as, asleep in their moss bed in some dreamy lake, the wire noose was gently placed over their heads.

How I remember a monster pike, when I imagined I had him firmly noosed behind the fins, with a wag of his tail and a dash from his place of rest, shattering my fondest hopes as he swam forth to freedom in the broad waters of the lake.

More creditable and more effective was the trout fishing in mountain stream and clearing water after rain, with rod and "bramble," worm or caddis bait. What monsters, in our young eyes, we took! Far advanced, we considered we were in the gentle art, when, on the well-earned holiday, we waked from dawn till dark in search of a heard-of, distant stream in Southern Ireland, its deep pools, the "summer resort" of trout; its banks, the home of the otter, the secluded haunt of the water ousel and the sedge warbler. How eagerly we climbed each hill, expecting as we reached its top, to see the long-sought stream! How frequently were we disappointed! The sun was sinking fast, when on inquiry, a "hedge school-master" informed us that "there was a 'pearly rill' in yonder valley."

Those were the days when the "itinerant pedagogue" taught his apt scholars the "three R's" under the village hedge, hence the name.

This to us, however, was no time to use the poetic words, "pearly rill." Our well-earned holiday had almost ended before we could "wet the line." One small trout was our total "take." As the weary schoolboy counted the Irish miles—every mile being "a mile and a bit"—on our return journey.

Bacon says that "travel in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience." May we not hope that, in this day of "travel" and "travail," our education was not neglected.

Our mentor and guide, in those fishing days, was the village tailor—tailor by trade and Tailor by name. He tied the "killing fly," spliced the broken rod; he advised as to the time and place of our venture, whether to use the "natural" fly (by "dropping—a local term), or the artificial; whether up stream or down—and he was strong on the subject of giving the pool a "rest" after the capture of each "monster"—a monster in those days was a half pound trout. The object of this rest was to enable our Tailor guide to drink our health and his own in the "wine of the country," "potheen." He was also an advocate for evening fishing with the white moth fly. This afforded him opportunity by daylight to repair the breaks in our nether garments resulting from the previous night's fishing.

One such occasion will long be remembered. An elder brother and myself had sought the bank of the picturesque river magne for evening fishing. We could sing:

When day, declining, sheds a milder gleam,
What time the May-fly haunts the pool or stream,
When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed,
Then be the time to steal adown the vale.

The tailor stuck close to the elder brother for, I suppose, the good reason that he, the elder brother, carried the flask, I, instead, having the only landing net of the party Night had well set in when the loud and frequent call of "landing net" aroused me from my reverie, and I set forth at a quicker pace than "the double" to the spot whence emanated the call. Losing the path in the dark, I fell headlong into a quarry, and nearly lost my place in the family circle. My feeble cries for help, happily, came to the ear of my companions, and the much-despised flask was needed to restore consciousness.

Another fishery guide in those days was the well-known "Pat," a Curragh of Kildare celebrity. After the daily camp military parade, Pat was sure to turn up to find out the "gintlemen" who were desirous of "goin' a fishing" in the River Liffee, that bright, crystal river that flows so gracefully through dear, dirty Dublin.

Of course, Pat used every argument in order to prevail upon his eager listeners to accompany him to the river bank. "This is a murdering day," he would say —"Blood will be spilt this day!" And perhaps the total net result—"blood spilt"—of the flogging the waters of the river Liffee by many on that particular day would be an average of one small trout per rod. Having enthused his listeners and convinced them that this was the day for the slaughter of trout, the question arose as to the fly.

A dozen flybooks were produced, but, of course, a fly that Pat possessed—not to be found in the books—was the fly of the day. The hairy worm (palmer), the orange grouse, or the hare's ear, each had its turn. I must admit that I had one good day, or rather night, under Pat's guidance. It was after heavy rain, in midsummer. The flood was clearing. Pat and I sallied forth for evening fishing. Light fish were selected. We drove to a remote part of the river, if such it could be called. For about two hours we were kept busy, in mid river, without wading boots, or wading trousers. It was before such things were considered necessary. I, with rod and line; he, with landing net; and I had filled my basket with nice herring-sized trout, when the trout suddenly ceased to rise, and we returned to camp.

At another time and place I had equally good sport salmon trout fishing. A keen sportsman, a good all-round fellow and myself proceeded by Biancony's celebrated car, to the river Feal (pronounced Fail), in the kingdom of Kerry. After a tedious night's journey and a good breakfast of bacon and eggs (a dish that never fails to satisfy), we commenced fishing at early morn, he with a salmon trout rod and special large flies; I with light trout rod and small trout flies. A fishing warden appeared on the scene, and my friend, owing to his superior equipment, had to pay for a year's license for a day's fishing, while I, with my less conspicuous rod and flies, only fishing for common brook trout, was not called upon to pay for a license. It proved, however, the old story over again, fine tackle was more successful than coarse.

The warden, supposing that my friend was a bloated aristocrat, with lots of coin, accompanied him up stream and, no doubt expecting a tip, pointed out all the good casts I, in my humility, followed slowly, keeping at a respectful distance from the representtive of law and justice. I soon found that my friend, in his casts, had but "wetted the appetite" of the salmon trout, the fish rising short. When I cast, on the contrary, the hungry fish eagerly took my small flies. I had as good a forenoon's sport as man could desire, and, when, the warden left, on comparing notes as to size and weight of fish, the comparison was odious to my friend.

On referring to fine tackle versus coarse, I must, for a moment, quit the soil of old Ireland and take the gentle reader across the channel, from Waterford to Pembrookshire, South Wales, a land abounding in small trout streams. On these I soon learnt, in its minuest detail, the art of fishing with the lightest rod, with the finest possible tackle and in the most careful possible manner.

On the last named point Charles Kingsley well says: "You will agree that there is more cunning, more science and therefore more pleasant excitement in "foxing" a great fish out of the stop hole than in whipping far and wide over in open stream where a half pounder is a wonder and a triumph." As for physical exertion, you are able to compute for yourself how much your back, knees and forearm will ache after some ten hours of this scrambling, splashing, leaping and kneeling, upon a hot June day."

It was when on a hurried visit to St. David's Cathedral, a church of intense interest historically and architecturally, situated far from the railway and from the route of the tourist and globe trotter, I observed several large trout, in the smallest of brooks flowing through the cathedral grounds. I asked the berger's permission to fish. He replied that there was no necessity for a permit, he had not known fish to be caught there. In company with this dignitary of the church, I was soon ready for my first cast, with a good supply of South Wales flies, smoky duns, cock-a-bouddhes, screamers. Scarcely had my flies touched the water when I was "in him." I had hooked a good-sized trout, and it was only by holding the now excited berger by the collar that I could prevent his jumping headlong into the stream to secure for me the well-hooked trout. When I had hooked and landed a dozen such trout, however, his excitement had abated, and before many hours he found that carrying my well-filled basket of trout was no easy task. I doubt, however, whether the bishop of St. David's would recognize the usually dignified and grave berger in the cheery little man carrying the well-filled basket.

I had varied sport in these Welsh streams. As a rule, the trout were small and hard to get.

It is a matter of history, the killing of a two-pound trout in a stream near a certain station, Whitland, on the South Wales Railway, and I believe that the size and shape of this monster trout remains to this day cut on a bench at this wayside station—a prudent precaution, it may be said, as otherwise, after the manner of men telling fishy after dinner stories, the taker of this "monster" might have added considerably to the size and weight of this fish, and there would be an undoubted exception to the rule of "history repeating itself."

I must add a word regarding fishing in modern times in this new land, North America, as a striking contrast to the foregoing, and give the following extract from my note book, as to a day on the well-known trout stream in New Brunswick, the Tabusintack. Meeting a guide on his rounds, with a day to spare for any emergency, and he being as good a companion as he is a sportsman, we talked of sport in general and fishing in particular. Neither had heretofore experience of excess in quantity of fish. We had heard of the fish "jostling each other" like snipe in an Irish bog, in the stream in question, and we resolved to try our hand there. It was not until we reached the river bank that we discovered that our guide (a woodland farmer, living close by) had a novel sort of dugout canoe, with shafts attached, drawn by a horse over sand bars, up and down stream. But why this barrel on board? And why this bag of salt? It was soon explained that the barrel had, during the day, to be packed full of two pound and three pound trout (the anticipated result of our day's fishing), the salt being required to preserve the fish. In our downstream course (the point of embarkation being about twenty-five miles from the river's mouth), we pulled up at each turn, or where cooling streams joined the main river, and more than once were our light rods put to the test, as two pound or three pound trout, fresh from the sea, tried every device, by twist and turn, rock and stone, or by rush down rapid or under the overhanging alder brushes, to free himself from the hook. It was not, however, until we arrived at the mouth of the Big Eckedellac, a favored spot, where was a deep pool, that we hooked and landed trout after trout in rapid succession—no delay, save the time necessary to replace the fly (but one fly can be used on the casting line with safety to rod and line), on its being worn to a shadow of its former self. A large grilse fly, with dark ginger body and wings of the mottled grey of the mallard, was the taking one on the occasion, and eagerly though fish took this fly they would scarcely look at any other, an unusual thing in my Canadian experience. Suffice it to say that, on the welcome dinner call being sounded by the boss cook, the two weary fishermen, laying out on the bank the result of a few hours' fishing, a real and important fishery question arose, as to who had taken the largest and finest trout. As to quantity of fish, we had both to say "enough." After the well-earned meal and having filled the barrel with trout, we climbed a tree overhanging the pool, and there a fishery exhibition met the eye such as would delight the heart and eye of any disciple of Izaak Walton. There was no perceptible diminution in quantity after our busy morning's work, and we soon returned to the settlement, having had sport in the way of trout fishing such as is almost unheard of in modern times. MICMAC.

ANGLING NOTES.

THE FISHERS' CLUB.

Since the subject of organizing a Fly-Fishers' Club in this country, to embrace the fly fishermen of the United States and Canada, was first agitated in the columns of Forest and Stream, the benefits to be derived from such a club have been touched upon only briefly. Such a club will doubtless be modeled upon the London Fly-Fisher's Club in great part, and Mr. Marston and Mr. Senior have been quoted as to the social features of their organization, and the library has come in for mention, but the London club has recently been expanding in channels that have not hitherto been referred to. It is probably understood by this time that the London club has no club house or restaurant privileges of its own. It has rooms adjoining a hotel, and this hotel makes special rates for food, drink and lodging for club members.

The rooms of the club, under lease, are similar to the rooms of other clubs, and constitute its permanent home.

Very lately this club has taken up the matter of gathering together in albums or cabinets, the material used in making artificial flies. The honorary treasurer, Mr. Marston, suggested this in his speech at the annual dinner of the club, and the suggestion has now taken form. Two committees have been appointed, one to gather all the materials used in making trout flies, and another to gather the materials used in making salmon flies, and to arrange all for display in the rooms of the club. As soon as this was known, one of the best known firms engaged in hook-making at Redditch tendered the club samples of all the hooks used in fly fishing, and a complete set of standard salmon flies framed, and any fly material for the cabinets that it could furnish.

With all the fly material properly labelled, sample hooks numbered and named, and completed flies also displayed, the club rooms will present a complete history of all flies used in fly fishing, with everything that enters into their composition. In this country we would have to enlarge the list of flies to include those used for black bass, onananiche, etc., but just imagine what an educational feature it would be in an American Fly Fisher's Club to have displayed all the flies used and endorsed by expert fly-fishers all over the United States and Canada. When I say flies endorsed by expert fly-fishers, I mean just that, for there are countless flies made in this country that I imagine no one will endorse. I think the tendency of our fly makers is more and more to imitate the flies of nature and to discard the flies of a fevered imagination.

Another thing proposed by the London Fly-Fisher's Club is to have stuffed specimens of all the species of salmonidae at different stages of their growth, mounted and displayed. Each fish to have its scientific and usual common name and also the name by which it is known in certain districts. In this particular line, the fly-fishers of North America could make a display such as could be made no where else on this earth, as we have a greater number of species of salmonidae to draw upon. To these could be added all other species of fish in our waters which are taken by fishing with the fly. Now that I think of the possibilities in this direction, there is one objection to the scheme, and that is that the American fly-fishers would require a great number of rooms to make the display of all our fisheswhich take the artificial fly at various stages of their growth.

FORM OR MOVEMENT.

In the last sentence of a note last week, I referred to the experience of English anglers with the natural and artificial May-fly, and said that the refusal of the trout to take the artificial fly when the natural fly was rising was a matter of movement in the fly presented rather than a question of color in the imitation. I have just read an angler's experience, from which I quote, as it bears upon this subject, in my opinion. The angler, with a friend, was fishing in a lake in August: "We found it smooth as a mirror, just a catspaw of wind playing here and there on the glistening surface. We set to work, employing the finest tackle with small flies, and in spite of the calm which prevailed, killed several nice trout, the fish rising with some freedom so long as there was no great quantity of natural fly on the water. Towards the middle of the day, a light but steady breeze springing up, we noticed that the trout rose more frequently to themselves, but were no longer attracted by the imitation. In vain we changed the flies; not a trout would look at them while they continued to flap and splash all around the boat in the most provoking fashion. At last I discovered the fly they were taking; the lake was simply covered with tiny red ants, their fragile, gauze-like wings cocked up in the air, giving them the appearance of far greater size than was their due.

I had several patterns of the fly in my book, and quickly attaching to the cast three which appeared most accurately to resemble the original, I cast over the rising fish.

"But disappointment was in store for us. The sharp-

eyed fish displayed an unaccountable preference for the succulent little ants which floated on the lake. For an hour or more we contiuned to cast with much perseverance, but neither of us succeeded in hooking one."

My idea is when such conditions exist that fish are rising to a certain fly and refuse the imitation of the fly, however closely it may be counterfeited, it is best to offer them something entirely different. To the human eye the artificial may be the counterpart in color and form of the natural, but the fly of feather and silk may lack the movement on the water of the natural fly, and with hundreds of the latter rising, the fish may easily detect the comparison. the single one which is a fraud. I say it may, and also it may be that the eye of the fish will detect what the human eye fails to see in color or form.

Last season, fishing for onananiche in the Grand Discharge, I found the water covered with a species of fly that has been closely imitated, and drawing the fraud through the foam where the onananiche were rolling and turning their dorsals and caudals out of water, they simply ignored it, and the few fish I killed that day I killed on flies unlike anything on the water, even if they were not unlike anything on the face of the earth.

The natural fly was rising in swarms, and became draggled and forlorn when caught in the foam patches or "brew," and as they struggled to clear themselves, the onananiches would very quietly rise and pick them out of the foam. I never had seen the fly before, but recognized it at once as the original of an artificial, about which Mr. Chambers, of Quebec, had written me, and fortunately he had sent me a few samples; I say, fortunately, for I bought some of the flies by name in Quebec, and they turned out to be something else. Mr. Chambers' samples were excellent imitations of the natural, and when both were wet in the foam they looked very much alike, but the fish knew the difference.

A May-fly, one of the smaller drakes, were also rising one day, and they were rising in clouds, although it was the very last of August, but not a fish could I get on an imitation. I find by referring to my journal that my first onananiche was caught on a "Bee," a counterfeit of the bumble bee, and there was nothing remotely resembling it on the water. A companion, who was unfortunate in landing the onananiche that he hooked, turned back in disgust to Roberval to fish for trout in the Ouiatchouaniche had fine sport, but caught nearly every fish on the Montreal fly, and I mean the Montreal with gray-duck wings. Since I have been writing, I had a call from a gentleman who tells me that he has had an experience with the red ants exactly as I have quoted in this note.

MAY FLY "LARVÆ."

Dr. Sanden, in thanking me for my note on the May fly, writes: "In thinking the matter over since my original query was made, I have an idea which I wish to submit to you, to know whether or not it has been tried, and if it has not, I think it will be a great deal easier to make the trial than as you suggested.

"My idea is this: I know a stream near Plattsburgh, N. Y., which is full of the May fly, and they usually rise about the 10th of June. Would you think it practicable to gather a few thousand of these flies while in their shell, say the latter part of May, pack them as loosely as possible in a damp moss and send them to the streams in Maine, to which I referred? They would probably be in the moss from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. It seems to me that quite a per cent. of them would go through all right, and if so, it ought to be an easy matter to get them started, if it is possible to do so in this stream."

In the very article to which Dr. Sanden refers, I quoted Major Turle, who planted the larvæ of the May fly in the spring, as Dr. Sanden proposes, and got rise of the fly the same year. There is no doubt in my mind that the plan proposed by Dr. Sanden can be carried out successfully on the lines he suggests, but there is a suspicion in my mind that the fly he mentions as found in the Plattsburgh stream may not be the May fly. This suspicion arises from the use of the expression, "Would you think it practicable to gather a few thousand of these flies while in their shells?"

The larvæ of the May fly has no shell, while the caddis fly has. The drakes (May flies) in the larvæ state have a skin, which can scarcely be called a shell, unless the word is used in the sense that the covering is a shell because it envelopes the larvæ. The larvæ bursts this pupa skin as it rises from the water, and is seemingly a perfect fly. The pupa skin of the May fly may be seen floating on the water in the proper season, and as I have previously mentioned, they will be driven ashore by the wind and form windrows at the margin of the water. They are so gauzy as to be almost transparent.

The caddis fly has double wings like the May fly, but they are not upright like the latter. The edges of the wings fuzzy or fringe-like, and the fly has no antennæ like the May fly.

The larvæ of the caddis as soon as they are hatched, construct a covering of sticks, small stones, shells, decayed wood, etc., the particles constituting the cases being held together by a sticky substance given out by the larvæ itself.

The caddis is an excellent fish food, perhaps just as good as the May fly, and I have no doubt they can be transplanted as easily as the May fly.

Of course, we get a rise of either much quicker (the same season) if the larvæ is planted instead of the fly itself. They should be planted in weeds or mud, or even in the sand. If Dr. Sanden should try the experiment, it is to be hoped that he will make known the result in Forest and Stream.

A. N. CHENEY.

New York Hatchery Superintendents.

At a meeting of the New York Fish Commission last Tuesday this action was taken:

Whereas, In the opinion of the Commissioners of Fisheries the office of Superintendent at the several State hatching stations or hatcheries, except that at Caledonia, which has under its control several different stations, has been rendered unnecessary by the creation of the office of General Superintendent of fish hatcheries, therefore be it

Resolved, That on and after March 15, 1895, such office of Superintendent of hatching stations or hatcheries, except as before stated, be and hereby is abolished and the services of the several superintendents thereof dispensed with and the Commissioners in charge of such stations are hereby authorized to employ a competent person as foreman of each of the several stations at a salary not to exceed $1,080 per year.

SALMON CHATS—IV.

We will now take for granted that our angler is on his first excursion to capture the salmon. His boat is good, not crankish; his guides should have experience to know where the fish should lie, if not, better be without them. Above all, keep quiet. Rods, reel and lines should be of the best; as to flies, every angler has his fancy, and so has the salmon. The standard flies are the Jock Scott, Silver Dr. Duranger. As to sizes, large ones first; smaller as water falls, and smaller still at low stage. The fishing ground should be of the best as well; no pool on the river is equally good at all stages of water, and if he has a pool of each, he is a very fortunate individual; and unless he buys a seat in the famed Restigouche Salmon Club, it is not procurable. We take for granted he has killed bass, trout, perhaps tarpon, and that he can cast 30 or 40 feet (not very much) fairly well. If he cannot do this he must practice casting, always remembering it is the rod that does it; strength is not wanted. The more of that element he uses the more he will look like the old fashioned flail on a barn floor.

When learning to cast, never let out more line than you can make fall easily, lightly and gracefully on the water. In fact you must try to make the fly light on the water before any other portion of your line. When by chance, or rather mischance, you make a nice cast, try to think how you made it; follow up the motion if you can; do it again. A good salmon rod of say fifteen feet, is made purposely to cast a good long line, and it will do so with more ease than a short one. You must remember when casting, time must be given to extend your line on the back cast to straighten it out perfectly; if not, one of two things will happen, you whip your fly off, or the line comes down on the water half-way out in a bunch. If the novice can get out in tolerable shape 30 or 40 feet, he can go ahead. I think I have caught more fish at that distance than at 60 or 70, and the closer the fish will rise to the angler, he is surer to hold.

We presume you are fishing in a current strong enough to give your fly a good motion downwards. Some throw directly across at right angles. It may be necessary in some places. Better at a less angle, gradually following the motion of the fly with the point of the rod, as the current carries it around parallel. As it is coming round you give it a slight motion, with the point of the rod alternately rising and falling, thus opening and shutting the wing and hackle of the fly. Should a fish have been following it round, now is the time he is apt to strike it. He may just show, or you may see the swirl on the water; he may show the whole body, perhaps his mouth open; he may rise a few feet below your fly and make a savage dash, or again may quietly take it, sinking to the bottom, and you may imagine you have struck a rock. At this critical moment, beware of salmon fever, it is equally as bad as the buck fever. If you strike, its a very bad case, indeed; it means good-bye fish-hook and leader. There is not the slightest necessity in striking a ten-pound fish in this river, even when casting with a long line; never make it until you are sure nothing is on your hook. I have seen many a good tip broken by a half-pound trout; a Restigouche salmon from 16 to 35 lbs. is sure to do his own striking. Probably the fish came short, or perhaps jumped on your fly. Now, sir, it was not feeding time with this fellow; beware of the fever; don't jerk your fly away, draw it quietly towards you little by little, with a slight tremulous motion. "Ah, there he is again." Another plunge and dash; again the hook fails to get a hold. Now, don't let that fever strike you; quietly keep on, another slight draw or two, another plunge, and whiz goes the line and reel, and music sweetest ever the angler heard charms the ear. Now, sit down sir, collect your thoughts, while your men are whipping up the anchor; hands off reel and line and rods well up. We have him hooked, with the hope of landing him. Well, we may try, but the salmon has a voice in the matter, particularly as the hook may be in and most likely is somewhere in the body or shoulders; we know this, because if he wished to take it in his mouth there would have been no miss about it.

JNO. MOWAT.

FLY-FISHING BY NIGHT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The recent inquiry of a correspondent as to the possibility of taking trout with a fly at night suggests an experience of my own last May. I had been invited by a friend who is a member of a club controlling one of the finest preserved streams in Michigan, to join him in a few days fishing, and on our arrival at the club headquarters, found a number of the wonted devotees with the usual assortment of stories as to the "luck," etc.

Our first day's fishing in a still air under a bright sun was not especially productive of results, although the stream itself, almost as clear as the air, was swarming with large trout of the fontinalis and rainbow varieties. The stream, moreover, was full of food, and the fish were apparently graduates in a school which had left them little to learn of the wiles of the angler. Finding at supper time that we were not likely to deplete the supply of trout during our stay, he proposed that we try fishing in the evening, and accordingly, after we had finished our pipes, my friend put on each leader a single large fly (queen of the waters, if I remember correctly) and we took our way again to the stream. The night was cloudy and without a moon, and to an unaccustomed eye, it was difficult to do much more than distinguish between land and water. But my friend, as soon as he had reached the bank, began whipping in the middle of the stream, knowring from his long familiarity with it, just where he would find a clear surface for his fly, and passing a short distance below him, I followed his example. In a very few casts he hooked a fair fish, and almost immediately after I was fast to another, both of which we landed. For the next hour we had varying success, a rise coming every few minutes, but I soon discovered that even with my friend, who is an expert of the first rank, more fish were lost than were brought to creel. But such fish as were actually secured were of good size, running from half a pound upward, and were of both brook and rainbow varieties. No attempt whatever was made at concealment; we simply got as close to the water as we could and cast out into the centre, guaging the length of line as best we might, and calculating the force and delicacy of the cast in the same manner. It occurred to me afterward that it was slightly inconsistent in us to expect the trout to see the fly on the surface of the water under these conditions, and yet to be unable to discover our ungainly bulk upon the shore.

It should be noted here that this fly-fishing by night was by no means an original idea with us. On the contrary, it is a common practice on the stream in question at certain seasons, and especially when the day-time fishing for any reason is poor. Only a night or two before our arrival some enormous catches had been made by one or two of the members, in one case up to the twelve-pound limit. But the average fisherman who attempts it is very apt to come to grief, and get himself and his tackle into hopeless confusion. Yet there are two or three members of this club who are adepts at evening fishing, and who hardly ever fail to take a full basket in the hours between eight p. m. and midnight.

Is it possible that these fish hear or feel the impact of the fly as it strikes the water, and that they do not see it at all, or only vaguely? The fact that so many of them that strike are only lightly hooked would seem to support this conclusion; and yet if that were true, why should a red and white fly prove, under such circumstances, more killing than any other?

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich. HUGH HOWARD.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

With appropriate ceremonies the emblematic codfish was removed from the old Representative Hall on Thursday, March 7, to its new position over the speaker's desk in the new hall. The emblem will be fastened by brass rods to the wall in a small panel directly under the name of "Webster" in the border, after it has gone through the hands of the retoucher. The exercises of removal were unique, if not burlesque. A history of the fish had been prepared by a committee, and it was read by them. The history shows the ancient fish to commemorate a diplomatic victory of John Adams, wherein Great Britain in 1782 agreed that the fisheries of the Atlantic coast should be equally shared with the mother country. This occurred on the 19th of November, 1782, and less than sixteen months later John Rowe, a member from Boston, asked permission to hang the historic codfish in the Representatives' Chamber. It was designed, he said, to commemorate a diplomatic victory, as well as a material interest, of which Massachusetts is justly proud.

In Maine, a bill to prohibit all fishing, except with artificial flies, in B. Pond and Quimby Pond, has got through both branches of the Legislature and was in the hands of the Governor for his signature when a member asked that it be recalled the other day. He declared that the measure had been smuggled through, or words to that effect; that no bill should be suffered to pass that prohibited the citizens of Maine from fishing in any pond or lake in the State with either minnow or worm; that the fly was the "æsthetic lure of the dandy sport," and that not one common citizen in 500 was skilled in its use. The measure is to be recalled. It will be remembered that B. Pond is the celebrated fishing resort of Ex-Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, with his friend John E. Thayer and others, and that this is the second or third time that the owners of the camps at that pond have asked the Maine Legislature to prevent all bait fishing there.

SPECIAL.

Boston Notes.

BOSTON, March 9.—A welcome visitor to Boston this week was Mr. William Soule, (familiarly known as Billy Soule) of Pleasant Island camps, Indian Rock, Maine. The few days of his visit was well taken up in renewing old acquaintances, all of whom were glad to talk over the prospects of the coming season with this well-informed gentleman. He reports the ice in the Rangeley Lakes fully three feet thick; one half of this is solid blue ice and the rest snow ice. The weather during the past winter throughout the Rangeley region has been steadily cold, no thaw occurring, and no rain since the early part of December last. Mr. Soule thinks the water in the lakes as low as he has seen it in fifteen years. The absence of rain during the winter, together with the great amount of water drawn out of the lakes by the Union Water Power Company, both have contributed to this effect. If the water continues low until the season opens, fishing ought to be excellent.

During the past week I have talked with quite a number of Boston sportsmen who have recently returned from the South. All agree in saying harsh things about the weather, those from Florida being particularly severe about the cold they experienced in that usually palmy State. The effect of this cold weather on the tarpon-fishing was disastrous, causing the fish to go further South, seeking warmer water. While a few who left home for this fishing were successful in getting one or two fish, the majority came back much disappointed. The other fishing, such as squteange and weakfish and channel bass has probably been up to the average of other years. A gentleman very devoted to this kind of fishing is Mr. Rabbeth (one of our finest rifle-shots at the Walnut Hill range) who is now in Florida enjoying the sport. Messrs. J. K. Souther and S. A. Carleton, of Boston, are also in that State black-bass fishing near Altamonte Springs. Mr. Souther is a great lover of this fishing in Florida waters, and has gone South each season for many years to enjoy it. Another gentleman devoted more to the gun than the rod has just returned from a shooting trip on the Gulf coast, about 100 miles from Tampa. He reports the weather abominally cold, but had excellent quail shooting; saw a number of deer, and had fair fishing. While the cold was very disagreeable, it, no doubt, contributed largely to his success in quail shooting, as it kept the dogs tuned up to their best all the time. Another party of nine just returned from a shooting trip to North Carolina report very poor luck indeed, and were quite disappointed with their trip.

The Megantic Fish and Game Club held its annual election for officers at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, last Thursday evening. The following named gentlemen, all of Boston, were elected for the coming year: President, A. W. Rooinson; First Vice-President, W. C. Prescott; Second Vice-President, N. F. Tufts; Secretary and Treasurer, L. D. Chapman. Measures for the good of the club were discussed at the meeting, new boats ordered purchased, and the rate of board fixed the same as that of last year.

HACKLE.

Those "Red Trout."

Editor Forest and Stream:

AUBURN, Cal., Feb. 14.—El Comancho comes at us again with his red trout question.

That's right, El Comancho! When you have anything on your mind that is troubling you, just keep speaking about it until you are relieved!

I supposed, when I read the first article on this subject that some of the sharps would jump right in and explain things. As they have not done so, I will try my hand at it.

Brother El Comancho, those trout that are troubling you are nothing more or less than "spent" or "spawned out" fish!

Those same trout, when they left deep water to ascend the streams, were plump and healthy specimens of Salmo irideus. But after a long journey up the streams, contending against rapids and other obstructions; after long and hard battles with each other over their proprietary rights to the spawning beds; after many amatory broils and skirmishes, and finally, after the exhausting effort of spawning, the trout degenerates into the unhappy and disreputable looking specimens you describe.

After discharging their duties upon the spawning beds, they sowly drift down stream again, tails foremost, making but slight efforts to escape the blows and friction of the rocks, and many die upon the way. Finally, when they have drifted back to deep water, they get a return of appetite; they feed greedily, and very soon recover from their wounds, and become plump and sightly again.

I have seen hundreds of these trout hanging around the shores of Lake Tahoe and other Sierra lakes, just after the spawning season, in all stages, from death to complete restoration to health. Professional fishermen in these localities call them "spent" fish, and say that they are all males. As to this latter statement, I am not prepared to answer for, but think it is probable.

There was one old fisherman who used to call them by the derogatory name of "wind-splitters," because they were so poor and scrawny looking. I have no doubt at all about these being the kind of trout that El Comancho means, as he has given a perfect pen-and-ink description of the "wind-splitter." AREFAR.

No Seines in Lake Champlain.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., March 5.—The Canadian Fisherman on the shores of Missisquoi Bay, Lake Champlain, have received notice from the Canadian Marine and Fisheries Department that no licenses to fish will be issued this season. As seining is prohibited in the New York waters of Lake Champlain and in Vermont, except when licenses are issued in Canada, this beautiful lake will have another season in which its supply of fish can recuperate from the devastations of past years. It is reported that the wall-eyed pike are increasing rapidly under the new protective laws. WHEELOCK.

Game and Fish Protection.

Chatauqua Lake Muskallonge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Chautauqua Lake, situated in the extreme west end of this State, has long been noted as one of the best muskallonge lakes in the United States, and the only waters in the world where this game fish has been successfully propagated. It is so far away from the home of any game and fish protector, that for the past few years fish pirates have had about their own way. They have netted and speared until the people living in Jamestown and around the lake, becoming alarmed lest they should deplete the waters, organized the Chautauqua Game and Fish Protective Association. The object is to enforce the laws and bring the violaters to justice. The organization has nearly one hundred members. Wm. S. F. Nixon, our Member of Assembly, is President, and we have a Vice-President from each township in the county. Mr. Niner, our Secretary, and Treasurer, is in business in Jamestown. Members are joining every day, and we are in hopes of getting a membership of three hundred. The membership fee is one dollar a year, and our object is to get as many to join as possible.

Shortly after we organized seventy-five fish houses were moved out on to the lake and as many men went to spearing fish through the ice in direct violation of the law. A game protector was sent for and Chas. Ripson came here. I went up the lake with him, and in less than ten minutes after our arrival we bagged a man with two muskallonge. We brought him to Jamestown; he was convicted and sent to jail the next morning. The rest took the hint, and the way they moved the houses off the lake would put one in mind of the breaking up of a camp meeting.

Last spring a clause was inserted in the law allowing the spearing of bull heads in Chautauqua Lake, and under this pretext a lot of fishermen having been spearing muskallonge and bass. I do not know who got the bill through, but whoever did ought to have a chromo. Quite a lot of farmers living around the lake want to spear a month in the winter, and because they cannot get a bill passed to that effect, sympathize with and shield fish pirates. They are so narrow minded, it is hard work to convince them that the spear is no protection. Here we have a lake that the whole State depends upon for fry, to stock other waters, and if any lake needs protection this does. If the hatchery is conducted as it ought to be, and a protector is here to look after the violators of the law, the commission can rest assured that they can get all the fry they want, and still keep the fishing up to the standard. On the other hand, if the hatchery is conducted as it was last spring, and no more attention is paid to protecting the lake, it would be better to discontinue the hatchery and give the pot-fisher full sway.

The new organization is bound to protect the fish if possible. At present there is no illegal fishing, but as soon as the ice goes out in the spring, they will no doubt try it again. They will be met half way. F. W. CHENEY.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

Rather Gloomy Views.

Manchester, N. H., Feb. 28, 1895. Like the avaricious man, greedy for gain, a sportsman was never known to have had enough of his favorite pastime to prevent him for any very great length of time from wishing for another chance to "get at 'em." The winter season in this section has given sportsmen plenty of opportunity to complain of the conditions that have prevailed, as lovers of fox and rabbit hunting have had few good days for their sport, since snow came, on acount of crusts and exceedingly cold weather. Whenever there has been good running, full advantage has been taken of it, the results being average strings for the rabbit hunters, while those whose preference is for foxes, have, as a rule, fared less fortunately, not because of the scarcity of the game, as there has been no difficulty in "getting them a going," but the usual straight away courses they took, without any known return trips, has saved many of their pelts to themselves and reduced the count of some of our hunters accordingly. Considering the poor brook trout season of last year, and the certainty of its being followed by a worse one this summer, on account of the protracted drought, the lines of our sportsmen seem to be cast in unproductive places. The brook trout season would be much improved if shortened. As the average seasons run, most of the streams are dry or so nearly so, soon after August 1, that trout are obliged to seek a few deep pools from which they fall easy victims to thoughtless and unsportsmanlike persons, thus working incalculable injury to future and legitimate sport, and practical extinction of the fish in the streams thus abused. A month taken off from each end of our present open season on brook trout, would perpetuate and tend to enhance that fascinating sport. Your long-time and talented correspondent, "Von W." has about the right ideas on the propagation and distribution of fish and game, and has done much for New Hampshire sportsmen, both in a practical way as Commissioner, and privately, and by his excellent and sensible advice. If all the thoughts he has advanced and advocated had been heeded by our law-makers, we should have had less stupid enactments to regret. Where can we find any reasonable excuse for extending the open season on pickerel until April 1, when they spawn in March? What is gained by the open season in trout beginning April 15, when a majority of the waters are frozen for three weeks later in the average seasons? What reason can be named why any respectable person should want to pass a law allowing the butchery of song and insectiverous birds at the dictation or permission of pedagogues? Surely the desires of their pupils for cabinets of specimens ought not to be encouraged at so great and inhuman cost, for if they want to acquaint themselves with the habits of small birds, and are not smart enough to obtain such information from living subjects, they should be obliged to omit that study. I can imagine nothing more reprehensible than the sight of teacher and pupils in search of birds and their nests, that they may kill one, and pilfer from the other; and the man who will sanction the making of such depredations legal, deserves being sent to a reformatory rather than to the general court. Our open season on rabbits ends April 1, although weeks before that time the females are carrying their young, and no true sportsman will molest them.

I have named a few of the most glaring defects, such as have come to my notice without any search or effort. The Legislature is now in session, but I do not look for any improvements in adaptability or abatement of the weaknesses of our present laws, though the attention of members has been called to the various needs. With the numerous clubs of sportsmen and hundreds of individuals directly in sympathy with the acquirement of fair fish and game laws, and their proper observance, the looseness of such things in this State is amazing.

PAYSON.

Maine Legislative Game Notes.

The Maine Legislature continue to do valuable service in legislation on matters relating to the protection of game in the State. Thus far the important laws passed have been as follows:

1. To reduce the amount of fish taken at any one time from fifty to twenty-five pounds.

2. To prohibit the hunting of moose, deer and caribou with jack lights, so called.

3. To make fine and imprisonment for violating the laws regarding the illegal killing of deer, moose or caribou.

4. To make the guide equally responsible, with the one he assists in killing game illegally.

5. The passage of a general law, which puts the control of the fish and game under the commissioners so far as to when and under what circumstances they may be taken, and also to prohibit the taking fish from ponds, brooks or streams when they deem public interests require it. This is done after public notice and hearing, and notices have to be published, and an order filed in the town clerk's office, and notices posted on the brooks and other waters. It also vacates all commissions of the present wardens, so that the commissioners can start by appointing new men. It compels that bonds be given for $2,000 by all wardens. Only two bills are on their way which have not yet been passed, one that of prohibiting the killing of cow and calf moose, which will probably pass and become a law.

Another bill fixing the close time on partridges October 1, instead of September 1, is now before the Legislature, with prospect of becoming a law.

The only important measure yet to be presented is the resolve for appropriation for fish and game purposes. This has been held back in order to see if the general law was adopted. The Fish and Game Association of Maine ask for $30,000, and it looks as though they would get a favorable report from the committee. There will be on the part of some of the economists an effort made to reduce the amount, but there is a remarkably strong sentiment back of it, and a strenuous effort made to carry it through. If this is done, then we may look for a rigid enforcement of the laws, and an increase in the propagation of fish. Maine has awakened to the importance of its interests in this direction and all lovers of sports can be assured that the State is not only to keep up her present supply, but will rapidly increase it. The work done by the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association has been effective, and the management this winter in securing this advancement in legislation, shows that they are to be a potent factor in moulding the legislation in the future. CHANDLER.

Concerning Adirondack Deer.

A New York man of considerable means has visited this region for the past three years and last fall his party killed eleven deer. If there is no prohibitive law against hounding passed during this winter, he will in the spring order a camp to be built for him in the Moose River country somewhere, but if such a law is passed he will not have the camp built. It probably wouldn't "pay," to kill a respectable three or four, two, or one deer, the meat of which could easily be saved from rot, which is impossible to do when more are killed. Even the dogs cannot make away with so many. That man cannot properly be classed with sportsmen, for as leader of his party he should restrain his company, even though they keep within the lawful limit of two deer for each individual, and if he will not restrain himself he should be restrained by law and his exploiting of such slaughter made dangerous.

We cannot hope ever to muzzle the dogs for long. Too many influential clubs and hotel keepers must give their members and guest means of enjoyment, but a long step to that end would be the enactment of such a law as this:

"There shall be no hounding of deer in New York State during the year of 1895, but in 1896 the use of hounds in the pursuit of deer shall be allowed from September 10 to October 31, inclusive."

Then the next year again prohibit the use of dogs and the next allow them to be used, and so on indefinitely. I think that that would in a large measure tend to the lessening of the now rapid decrease of deer in the Adirondacks. The man that says that deer are on the increase in the Adirondack region and believes what he says after personal observation, must be pitied. He is worse off than a blind man, for he sees crooked. From general observation I firmly believe that the deer during the past four years in Herkimer county, have decreased one-half, in the past five years two-thirds. Five years ago last fall a party from this place shot seventeen deer on runways adjacent to and on Canachagala Stillwater. This year that same party shot three deer and not one had horns an inch long, yet the hunters were of the best woodsmen that this region has and had excellent dogs for the purpose.

We woodsmen here cannot believe the gentlemen forming the Adirondack League Club when they say they wish to preserve the game and preserve the forests. Our own eyes tell us a different tale. Between Canachagala Lake and Moose River on the old Bisby trail are two great lumber camps "culling the spruces," and leaving great piles of tops ready to brown, then burst up in flames and sweep the mountains bare, driving all game in wild flight before it and perhaps even burning to death some unfortunate member of the League. Every fall we see from fifteen to thirty hounds, handsome fellows with long ears, chained at Barber's hotel, on Jock's Lake, now know as Honnedago. Those dogs are pretty ornaments, but all the fall, from the opening of the dogging season to its close those dogs follow the trail of bounding, scared deer, till at last the deer springs into the lake, and is there shot down by Leaguesman rifles.

We woodsmen dog deer ourselves, and hire out as guides to these "city" sportsmen. Our dogs drive the deer to water. But there is not a mother's son of us but feels a thrill of compassion for a deer racing for life, head thrown back and white foam dripping on the dogged trail, even as we shoot it down for a taste of fresh meat. When we kill deer the meat is used up, jerked, eaten, given to our neighbors, while, too often, we have seen a deer shot down that a paltry skeleton head might ornament a city dining-room. And now we say to one another: "They think that they are alone to be considered, and hereafter we shall kill without mercy and waste without qualm or conscience." They order us from their lands, they make laws to suit themselves and woe to the man that violates them. The man who kills for fresh meat must be considered as well as the better man, who kills for killing's sake."

One and all we say, "Keep the deer hounds tied up, shoot them if necessary, all the year round," and then we will all of us sportsmen, woodsmen, men, meet and may the best man win the glorious prize of the honorable still-hunter. Crusters, floaters, hounders will sit and gnash their teeth to think that at last deer are holding their own, even gaining.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

New York Game Protectors.

Chief Protector.—J. Warren Pond, Albany.

First District.—Robert Brown, Jr., Port Richmond—Richmond, Kings, Queens and Suffolk counties.

Second District.—Willett Kidd, Newburgh—Orange, Rockland, Westchester and New York counties.

Third District.—Matthew Kennedy, Hudson—Rensselaer, Dutchess, Columbia and Putnam counties.

Fourth District.—Isaac Kenwell, Indian Lake—Hamilton and all of Essex lying south on a line drawn from the southeast corner of Franklin county, east to Port Henry, on Lake Champlain.

Sixth District.—John Hunkins, Hermon—St. Lawrence, except the town of Hammond.

Seventh District.—Frank Joy, Boyd—Lewis and all of Herkimer lying north of the towns of Russia and Ohio.

Eighth District.—John Fields, Middleville—Fulton, Montgomery, Schenectady, and all of Herkimer lying south of the north line of the towns of Russia and Ohio.

Ninth District.—William H. Wilson, Masonville—Delaware, Sullivan, Broome and Tioga counties.

Tenth District.—Harrison Hawn, Cicero—Onondaga, Madison, Cortland and Oswego, except the towns bordering on Lake Ontario.

Eleventh District.—Joseph Northup, Alexandria Bay—Jefferson, the town of Hammond in St. Lawrence county, and the towns in Oswego county bordering on Lake Ontario.

Twelfth District.—Henry C. Carr, Union Springs—Cayuga, Seneca, Wayne and Tompkins counties.

Thirteenth District.—Tunis D. Nares, Watkins—Canadice, Ontario, Yates, Schuyler and Livingston counties.

Fourteenth District.—George M. Schwartz, Rochester—Monroe, Orleans, Genesee and Wyoming counties.

Fifteenth District.—Charles Ripson, Youngstown—Niagara, Erie and Chautauqua counties.

Sixteenth District.—James McMillin, Brodhead—Ulster, Greene, Albany, and Schoharie counties.

Seventeenth District.—Charles H. Barber, Greenwich—Washington, Warren and Saratoga counties.

Eighteenth District.—Ephraim Burnside, Cooperstown—Otsego, Chenango and Oneida counties.

Nineteenth District.—Cameron Cotton, Bath—Chemung, Steuben, Cattaraugus and Allegany counties.

Onondaga Anglers.

The annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga County was called last evening by President Dwight H. Bruce with Thomas Woods in the secretary's chair.

John E. Bierhardt, as chairman, presented the report of the executive committee as follows:

To the Anglers' Association of Onondaga:

Gentlemen: The executive committee of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga, in submitting its report for the year ending March 4, 1895, ventures to express the belief that, considering the difficulties under which it has labored—difficulties with which all associations or individuals who labor gratuitously as this association has for the protection of fish and game have to contend—the amount of work done will not be discernible to the association. And although more might have been accomplished, it is hoped the fact will be borne in mind that the members of the committee have had other duties and other business to attend to and have not been able at all times to devote the time they could wish to give to the cause for which this association was organized.

Your committee employed during the month of April, 1894, two protectors, Henry Jackson of this city, and Arthur Cottet, of Cicero, N. Y. At the expiration of the first month the services of Mr. Cottet were discontinued and Mr. Jackson was retained as protector during May, June and July of last year. In August no protector was employed. In September, Charles S. Potter was engaged and has been protector for the association until the present time. Mr. Potter, while practically inexperienced when engaged, has worked faithfully and conscientiously in the discharge of his duties, and your committee desires to commend him to the association.

Your committee has been mindful of the fact that the resources of the association are limited and that it was necessary to exercise economy in the expenditure of its funds. The amount paid to all protectors during the year has been $465.

The waters upon which your protectors have worked are the following: Oneida Lake, Onondaga Lake, Skaneateles Lake, Cross Lake and Seneca Lake, Seneca River, Oneida River, Nine Mile Creek, Limestone Creek, Butternut Creek, Onondaga Creek, Chittenango Creek, Geddes Brook, Furnace Brook, Harbor Brook, and Alvord's Brook.

The nets captured are classified as follows: Thirteen flat nets, 28 gill, four fyke, 20 trap and four seines.

There have been during the year 17 violators arrested, nine of whom were convicted or pleaded guilty to the charge against them. J. E. Bierhardt, Chairman of Committee, Amos Padgham, R. A. Molyneux, M. Weidman.

Treasurer Charles H. Mowry's report showed the association to be in excellent condition and improving each day. There is no denying the interest taken and the ensuing year will see active arrangements to secure as many new members as is possible.

The membership was quoted at 309 of which 270 members are in good standing. On motion by Mr. Bierhardt, aided by sug-

gestions from Gen. Bruce, it was voted to have printed copies of the reports of the executive committee and treasurer mailed to each member that they might learn just what situation the association was in.

These officers were proposed and elected unanimously: President, Gen. D. H. Bruce; Vice-President, Amos Padgham; Secretary, William Everson; Treasurer, Charles H. Mowry. The Executive Committee will comprise J Will Page, John Buss, William Everson, elected for two years, and J. E. Bierhardt, Myron Weidman and R. Molyneux, old members of the committee, elected for one year. There is every reason to believe the work of this association will be more thorough the coming year than any season since its existence. The members are imbued with the importance of preserving the game fish and comepetent protctors will see that the law is lived up to.—Syracuse Journal.

Minnesota Fish Commission.

St. Paul, Minn., March 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: The appointment of Samuel J. Fullerton, of Duluth, by Gov. Clough on Tuesday, to succeed W. P. Andrus on the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, is a hard blow to the game interests of Minnesota, and a poor recognition of Mr. Andrus' services to the State on these lines. It is regretted by the great majority of sportsmen and all persons interested in game protection and preservation throughout the State. Not that we can say anything against Mr. Fullerton personally, for he has the reputation of being a thorough gentleman; but the valuable services that Mr. Andrus has, and can render, in enforcing and building up a proper respect for the game laws declares him the most suitable man in the State to act as executive agent of the State Board. The Duluth people have complained for some time because they were not represented on the Commission, yet in no instance have their interests been allowed to suffer in securing to them proper protection with any other section of the State.

There is no certainty of Mr. Fullerton's being made executive agent, for this matter rests with the Board. So just at present who will be the new executive is not known. Though it is a matter of regret that this change must be made, the sportsmen of the State will still tender their support to the Commission, for game protection in Minnesota must not be allowed to take a backward turn.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Andrus while in office; and if he must go, the sportsmen at least will give to him the recognition that the State's executive has denied. He made an open and manly effort to be re-appointed, and the petitions and letters in his behalt will best attest his popularity.

W. L. TUCKER.

Hunting Licenses vs. God-Sends.

In an editorial of Forest and Stream of Jan. 26, under the heading of "Non-Resident Discriminations." The author claims, that hunting licenses, taxes on guns and various other expedients fail to accomplish what is needed. Wherever a non-resident license law is enforced, it is claimed to be for the better protection of game. Theoretically it may appear so. Practically, I cannot see that it does.

New Foundland has the reputoation of furnishing the best of caribou hunting. A certain association, whose headquarters are in St. Johns, have had influence enough with the Provincial Government, to cause a law to be passed, putting a license of $100 on each non-resident sportsman. In several letters from a former resident (who is a keen and very successful sportsman), I was given a very full description of his caribou hunting; and in speaking of the hunting license he said it was for the benefit of comparatively few resident sportsmen, the main object being to keep outsiders off the hunting grounds. Previously to the passing of this license law, an Englishman was reported to have gone to the caribou grounds, and killed some eighty caribou on one trip, and it was claimed that such a law was necessary to prevent such slaughter. In most instances, where game is reported to have been killed in such a manner, it is by men to whom money is no object, and the payment of a hunting license would not deter them in the least. From all accounts, financial affairs in New Foundland are in a muddle. Our daily papers publish appeals for the destitute inhabitants of the Island. Yet, should a party of sportsmen (who are willing to spend a good deal of money, and to spend it where it is badly needed), go there on a hunting trip, they are obliged each to take out a hunting license, of $100, and also to pay an export duty on any heads they may bring out. Some time ago Mr. Holberton, of New York, wrote for Forest and Stream an account of his caribou hunting in New Foundland, and speaking of the inhabitants on the West coast said: "Our visit was a God send to the men we hired."

Nova Scotia also imposes a hunting license on the non-resident, and the results are the same to a certain extent as in New Foundland. It keeps sportsman away who would otherwise leave a good deal of money in the Province and protect the game for the benefit of the native and Indian hunters, who pay as much attention to the game law as the inhabitants of Maine do to the prohibition laws.

On one of my hunting trips to Nova Scotia, we started in on the second day of the open season. Within a few miles of where we made our main camp, we met a party of native hunters who had been hunting for a week or more before the season opened. They had not killed anything and were on their way out to get a supply of provisions. While camping one night not far from the stage road, they heard a cow moose, and creeping up the next morning killed the cow, a calf and a bull. Getting an ox team, they hauled out the moose, sold the meat, were back and killed the second cow and calf in less than a week. As near as we could find out, one man killed the five moose. They claimed as there were three in their party, that they were allowed six moose. Our guides said they would keep it up all season, and would always have some one in their party who had not killed the two moose allowed by law. Few non-resident sportsmen would care to kill moose in such a manner and fewer still would ever get a chance.

Hunting licenses, gun taxes and such expedients, what are they worth for practical protection of game? From whom does the game most need protection? The non-resident sportsman who spends a few days or weeks each season on the hunting grounds, or the native hunter and the market shooter who are there all the time. Could the tons of game in the Boston market, the barrels of it in cold storage, the schooner loads of venison from the State of Maine, have anything to say, would it be for hunting license, gun taxes, more game laws which cannot be enforced? Or would it be for the Platform Plank of the Forest and Stream. Stopping the sale of game at all times and in all places.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N.H., Feb. 26.

Meadville, Pa., Feb. 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice quite a discussion going on in your paper on the policy of a State's putting a tax on non-residents for hunting and fishing within their borders. Without making any extended remarks on the breed of hog which tolerates such legislation or suggests it, and without professing to be a judge of the fine points of the law, I would respectfully ask how such legislation can stand against the following provision of Sec. 2, Art, 4, of the Constitution of the United States: "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States."

This indicates that there is room for an opinion that the game laws aganist non-residents cannot be enforced. How is this?

CHOKE BORE.

(See editorial note in our issue of Jan. 26.)

A New Maryland Association.

An organization for the protection of game and fish in Maryland was formed at an enthusiastic meeting of representative sportsmen held in the Carrollton Hotel last night.

When the late heavy snows covered the State, the Sun called attention to the necessity of feeding the game, particularly the partridges. The articles published attracted attention throughout Maryland and the question was taken up in the press of the State, and last night's meeting, as stated by Dr. Massamore, was the outgrowth of the discussion of feeding the birds.

When the meeting was called to order Judge D. Giraud Wright was elected chairman, and Dr. Samuel J. Fort, of Ellicott City, secretary, and L. M. Levering, treasurer.

Dr. Geo. W. Massamore stated the objects of the meeting. He said: "The time has come for us to form an organization that will permeate every county in the State. Unless we do organize the recreation enjoyed by hundreds of sportsmen will soon be a thing of the past. I believe that if our game laws are rigidly enforced and if we feed our birds in times of deep snows we can have as fine shooting as ever in Maryland. The feeding must be systematic and general, either by scattering food where birds use or by trapping and housing them while the snow lasts. Frequently five or six years pass in which the winters are so mild and free from snow that birds do not require any feeding. Partridges are hardy and can endure the most severe weather we have, provided their feeding grounds are free from snow. The funds of our association can accumulate so that when a hard winter comes along we will be prepared to care for the birds in every part of the State. I have seen such magnificent results that my faith is unshaken in the belief that more good can be accomplished by feeding birds than in any other way. The partridge affords the sportsmen in our State more exhilarating exercise than all other species of game combined, and they are the only game that requires assistance in time of deep snow. Pheasants can care for themselves. Ducks migrate to open waters further South. Rabbits can find shelter and are, besides, so prolific that it is almost impossible to exterminate them. More birds froze and starved from the 8th to the 15th of February last than were killed by all the gunners in the State during the shooting season. Gunning never has made birds scarce when restricted to proper limits.

"The market gunners, who shoot birds in season and out of season, are the ones who do the damage. It is of the utmost imporance that our organization put an end to this abominable practice. I am in favor of a law that will make the close season the same for partridges, pheasants, woodcock and rabbits. Our present State law, as well as most of county laws, allowing woodcock to be shot during the summer, is only a license for the pot hunter to prowl around in August, September and October to kill the half-grown partridges before the regular season.

"Other great nuisances are the worthless curs and beagle hounds that run rabbits day and night all through the summer. They not only kill the young rabbits, but eat young birds.

"The duckers, who are well represented to-night, can tell you all about big guns and night-shooting. The fishermen here can tell you of seine-hauling during the spawning season in our rivers, and how bushels of small fish are hauled on the shores, to remain and die. This is a common and destructive practice that ought to be legislated against. Another dastardly habit is that of throwing dynamite cartridges into the shoals along the bay shore where rock and perch feed. These devices kill all the fish, great and small, within a hundred yards of the place of explosion.

"There is a law against this, as also against selling fish under six inches in length, but the law is a dead letter. Yet, if our laws were enforced great good could be accomplished.

"We want the men from the counties to see that the laws are enforced at home, and we in Baltimore will see that the market for pot hunters is broken up during the closed season. My idea is to get up an organization that will be popular and embrace a very large membership, and to do this I think it would be well to make the annual dues only two dollars."

Congressman C. E. Coffin, of Prince George's county, spoke of the necessity of a general State law and of the abolition of the numerous and varying county laws. Mr. John Henry Keene, Jr., followed on the same line.

Col. Parry Lee Downs said a game warden should be appointed by the State and he should have assistants to aid in enforcing the laws.

Mr. Howard Disney's view was that every man who shoots or fishes should pay a tax.

W. F. M. McCarty, of Washington county, said he took from 500 to 1,000 birds annually to his section, but he could not protect them, though there was a game protective association in his locality. He also stocked the streams with trout, but could not have them protected. He said the members of the Woodmount Club, which has 3,500 acres of land in Washington county, would join the association and aid in the work.

All the others who spoke agreed as to the necessity for an association.

Judge Wright said much good could be done if every member would pledge himself to inform on any hotel or restaurant-keeper who is found serving partridges or woodcock out of season, or the steward of any club who is found doing the same.

It was decided to appoint a committee which is to outline the work to be done and to prepare a constitution and by-laws. The committee is to report at the next meeting of the association, which is to be held in the hall of the Maryland Academy of Sciences on April 16.

The committee was instructed to make the annual dues not over $2. Much discussion arose over the question of dues. It was the general desire to induce as many farmers as possible to join the association, and for this reason the dues were set at $2 or less, as the committee may see fit.

It was proposed that an executive committee of three members from each county and nine from Baltimore City be appointed. The personnel of this committee and the number of members it is to contain will be a subject of much consideration to the by-laws committee, which includes the following:

Congressman C. E. Coffin, Prince George's county; Isaac Scaggs, Howard county; R. G. Henry, Dorchester county; George D. Penniman, Dr. G. W. Massamore and J. Olney Norris' Baltimore City; Harry Brogden, Anne Arundel county; J. G. Rouse, Harford county; Col. L. Victor Baughman, Frederick county; W F. M. McCarty, Washington county, and R. B. Davy, Somerset county.

Letters from sportsmen who desire to identify themselves with the formation of the organization and letters of suggestion on the subject will be received by Dr. G. W. Massamore, 334 North Charles street, Baltimore.

Hotel Advertising That Pays.

Hotel Chattawka, New-Berne, N. C., March 7.

Editor Forest and Stream: In the course of conversation with Mr. Hughes, the owner, and Major Smith, the manager, of this hotel, I learned from them that the ad. in Forest and Stream had brought more business than all their other advertising put together. This fact I thought you might like to know. The ducking is about over, but quail are being killed in fair numbers, and fishing is beginning to be good.

J. L. KEARNEY.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 9 to 12.—Pittsburgh—Duquesne K. C. W. E. Littel, Sec'y.

April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club. Dr. R. J. Withers, Sec.

May 1 to 4.—Oakland, Cal.—Alameda County Sportsman's Association. F. Boell, Sec'y., Oakland, Cal.

May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club. Howard Vernon, Sec'y, San Francisco.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at —— P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 4.—Trials A. U. S. F. T. Club at Carlisle, Ind. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The Detroit Dog Show.

(Concluded from page 191.)

POINTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Many of the New York show winners were on the benches, but they found in some of the western dogs competitors worthy of their metal. In challenge heavy dogs, the good headed Moulton Banner proved the winner over Ch. Count Graphic who is getting throaty and heavy in shoulder. Count had cut his hind foot and his consequent stiffness may have influenced the judge. The well-known Josie Bracket, put down in elegant form, was alone in challenge bitches. Woolton Game was absent. There were no challenge light weight dogs, but the well-known Miss Rumor had a bloodless victory in the next class, Wild Lily being absent. In open dogs, 55 pounds and over, Hempstead Prince, whose head would be improved with more stop, and whose elbows should be freer and pasterns stronger, is with these exceptions a well made dog. Bingo, second, is beaten in quarters and set-on of stern and fore legs and feet. Ridgeview Regent, third, has a very fair head, but is plain behind and should be clearer in neck. In heavy weight bitches Fanny Graphic, the winner, was shown rather above herself. She should be stronger in muzzle and pastern and has the same droop of quarters that runs through this strain. Dido II., should be cleaner in shoulders, toes closer, a little more arched in loin, but has a very fair head and good ribs. The well-known Phantom came third, getting coarse in front, head good if a little more stop. In lightweight open dogs, Ridgeview Comet, who is improving right along, won handsomely from the dish-faced Hal Pointer. Chancellor, a well-made dog, in all but muzzle and carriage of ear, came third, while reserve was given to Jock, who is too long in muzzle, and stands with his feet together. Yet Swift, vhc., finds his good points in legs and body, but his head is very poor. In lightweight bitches, the first went to Count Graphic's Baby, a good headed bitch nice loin and barrel, good straight front but down in quarters. Belle of Lancaster, second, turns her feet out a bit, her muzzle is not correct, and she also droops in stern. Marguerite Kent, third, stands rather wide in front and is coarse in shoulders; muzzle should be squarer but in other respects she is good and was well shown. Lady Reveller, vhc., should not stand with her feet so close together, good ribs, and a body that would stand more flesh. Bingo won in local dog class, followed by Flying Jib, who is but a fair sort. Moulton Banner took the special for the best in the show, and Mr. Gould the kennel prize.

ENGLISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—The class of dogs shown was very even and several of the New York winners were well placed. In challenge dogs Cactus repeated his New York victory over the black-headed Glendon, beating him in body and hind parts and a trifle in quality. The well-known Victress Llewellyn was first in challenge bitches, Albert's Nellie not keeping her engagement. Open dogs brought out nine and first went, after some consideration, to Albert's Ranger, a handsomely-coated blue belton, who was shown in faultless form; a typical dog although a little on the heavy side. A contrast in condition was Dash Antonio, a well formed dog from shoulders back but almost entirely devoid of coat, having just come in from the field; a dog with very stylish action. Monk of Furness King stands a bit wide in front and takes a good deal after his sire in body and head. Washtenaw Grouse was reserve, a dog of the heavy type, with a long, well-shaped head. Cincinnatus' Pride, vhc., would be better if shorter in back and with more rib; still he is a nice-headed dog, showing lots of quality. Gamester has a plain head. In open bitches, the well-known Toledo Queen took premier position; a nice-bodied bitch, especially in spring of ribs, but her head would be good if more defined in stop. Furness Maid, second, is quite her equal in many respects and in fact is better in head, shows more quality, but is shy and slouchy in gait. Third to Babette, whose body is her best point, for she has a rather mean head. Rosebud, reserve, is another plain headed one. The local winner proved to be Clairveiw Belle, a trifle long cast, and muzzle too small for skull, otherwise deserving of her position, but for all her merit, Dash Antonio, second, in spite of his lack of coat, could have taken the place. Most of the specials were for local dogs.

IRISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—There was a very fair lot of "Irishmen," though outside of the winning challenge dogs, the type ran to coarseness and there was a lack of true Irish quality. In challenge dogs, Ch. Kildare took the money, beating his kennel mate Kildare Glenmore in head and hind parts. Queen Vic succeeded in defeating once more her old rival, Ch. Norna, the well-known Bessie Finmore coming between them; a well-formed bitch with rather a plain head. Bob, Jr., that was at New York, a rather plain dog all around, took first over Fingaln, whose head, while well-shaped, should be cleaner cut. Toronto Blarney, third, is weak in muzzle, light in quarters and falls away at set-on of stern; good color. Killane is getting rather coarse, but must have pushed Blarney for third. In open bitches, Lady May Swiveller, whose muzzle might be a trifle squarer, and narrower in skull, is so strong in loin and in quarters and so good in front that the decision which placed Nona second, good typical-headed bitch though she is, must be considered correct. Noreen C., third, has a fairly good head if muzzle were not so plain and weak; behind that she is well-made all round. Toronto Biddy is weak before the eyes and plain in muzzle. Forest Sunset was described at Toronto; Noreen C. won the local class prize.

GORDON SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Outside of a few of the entries there was nothing more than an average lot. Heather Lad, so much better in markings, again defeated Leo B. in challenge class, while Highland Yola, beating Princess Louise in head and clearness of tan, took first in challenge bitches. Dwight Don, the winner in open dogs, is a rather blocky shaped headed dog, down faced and throaty; he won over Guy, whose stop should be better defined and whose tan markings on legs are unrelieved by black pencilings and thumb marks. Highland Kent, third, has been a frequent winner, he loses in rib, but I like him better in front than either of the other two. Rex, Jr., reserve, is a coarse-headed dog. Dwight Pearl, a nice-headed, good-tanned bitch, proved to be the leading lady in the next class, followed by the well-known Maid of Waverly and Sante Marie. Mount Royal Wanna, reserve, is clearer in tan and has a better stop. Dwight Effie, vhc., is a pretty-headed one, rather hardly treated. Dr. Dixon took the kennel prize.

SPANIELS (James Mortimer, Judge).—The quality on the whole was fairly good, but it could scarcely be compared to that of last year, though a number of the same dogs were winners again. The field spaniels were poor, outside of the challenge winner, Daisy Dean, who was, as usual, well shown. In open dogs, three were shown, the first going to Konn, a very fair-headed dog with fair length of body, would do with more rib and is a bit on the leg. Nonpareil, second, should be deeper in muzzle, and flatter in coat, while Westminster Rye, is altogether a leggy sort, but of good formation. Dark Despair was absent. The well-known Spracklin's Belle met with no competition in the next class, she is a bit down-faced, but was well shown. As usual, interest centered in the cocker classes, and the upset of Pickpania for special for best in the show, quite upset the preconceived plans of those who had arranged such a charming list of local specials. In challenge dogs, Pickpania, who did not look quite as well as I have seen him, beat Ch. Bendigo in general cobbiness, a trifle in head, but not in quality or coat, in which latter respect he loses considerably. Old Ch. Mike was for exhibition only, and the familiar name caused me to look at the marks of his fangs, which the Forest and Stream man will carry to his grave. The well-known Commodore won in open black dogs. Willie Silk, second, has a nice, fairly well-shaped head of good quality; his feet turn out; skull is too full yet, and he is slightly undershot; a pretty little chap that loses in head and body to Pickpania, whom he afterwards defeated for all the local specials, but excels him in

quality, flatness of coat and is a very promising ten-months old youngster. Adam is plain in muzzle and was not well-shown. Old Boy is too coarse in head, but excellent in body, ribs and front. Cora II., won in black bitches, a little long in face but nice body; second going to Miss Mae, a little pinched in muzzle, but head is well-shaped otherwise. Nelly S., reserve, stands rather wide in front and her muzzle should be squarer, in other parts she will do. St. Lawrence Novel, vhc., is rather long-bodied and was not very well shown; Violet also vhc., is a puppy I could not find, she had gone home. In any other color, open dogs, first went to Lorraine, a trifle long, good in front, with a very square muzzle, Red Justice, second, is too full in brow and badly undershot. Brantford Snap was absent. In the corresponding bitch class, the New York winner was again at the head of the class, beating the well-known Tonita, though I like the latter's head better, especially in skull and expression, and she is truer in front. Reserve to Mrs. Bow Wow, a very pretty-headed one, that shows a good deal of quality; Red Rose was absent. In the local class, first went to Willie Silk, second to Miss Mae, and third to Nellie S., previously mentioned. Andrew Laidlaw took the kennel prize, and Willie Silk ten of the local Pickpania specials, which included matter for material comfort in the way of ginger ale, Banner cigars, Pickpania cigars, traveling clocks, and a bottle of perfume to ease the troubled nerves. It was too bad! Irish Water spaniels provided us with the same old faces; absence of curl being, as usual, conspicuous.

COLLIES (James Mortimer, Judge).—While the quality was not up to the mark of last year, nor the entry so large, the presence of the Woodlawn Kennels served to show the good people of Detroit what collies should be like. No challenge entries In the open class, dogs, the grandly-coated Woodmansterne Trefoil won well; he never looked in better shape and probably at present carries the best coat of any dog on the bench, it being true in texture, of great length and very dense. Here is where his kennel mate, Woodlawn Trefoil, loses to him and also in carriage of ears and head and ribs. Canadian Monarch, reserve, has a rather plain face but carries his ears well and is well off for coat. Finsbury Hero, a wide-fronted dog with a dense coat, was given three letters and so was Hempstead Chief, who is rather coarse-headed and shows too much stop. The others deserved their letters. The New York winner, Woodlawn Sunset, repeated her victory here, followed by her kennel mate Flora May II., and the only advantage the atter has over the winner is in shape and carriage of ear, but her head is plain in comparison. Ormskirk Susie, reserve, should be flatter in skull, is nicely-coated with plenty of undercoat, in fact has the best coat of either of the two bitches. The quality behind these was some distance away, Nora getting reserve, but her stop is too prominent and her ears are not small enough.

POODLES.—None were shown, a sad falling off from last year.

BULLDOGS (James Mortimer, Judge).—There were seven entries, and as the Woodlawn Kennels filled the classes, there s no need for extended description, all of them having occupied winning positions at the New York show. They do not show the effects of travel under Mr. Robinson's careful manipulation. King Orry took the special for the best in the show.

BULL TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).—Though the entry in each class was small the quality of the dogs was what we like to see. Cordona and Ch. Attraction supplied the challenge entries, and looked none the worse for their New York experience. In open dogs, Prince Gully, an attractive looking terrier with capital eye, easily disposed of Billy Plimmer, whose eyes are too prominent, is weak in muzzle, and more on the English terrier type; Bassett, vhc., is a rather plain-headed sort; skull too round. Greenhill Nunthrope was absent. Edgewood Matchless and Trilby were brought together here and the lightweight marked bitch scored; longer and cleaner in head and has a most correct eye in size and placement, with beautifully cropped ears. Frank F. Dole won the kennel prize.

DACHSHUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—Quite an interesting lot of these dogs, but type was very diversified. In open dogs, a new importation from Germany, Reinecke's Pick, took first; a rather plain-headed dog of terrier type, with a short body, judging on the other style; his kennel mate, Dreadnaught, came next, and he scores over the other in head and length, but stands out at elbow and therefore is not so good in front. Plethyosaurus, is the longest-bodied dog in the lot, but is of different type, and has gone coarse in head. Prince, another coarse-headed one, was given three letters. Puck was not shown. In bitches, first went to a rather faulty-headed one in Hexe Von Venlo, but behind that she is excellent, and especially so in body and arch of loin; Kutschka II. Reinecke, second, has plenty of loose skin, is on the terrier type, with short head and ear, but throws her elbows out too much; Demuth Reinecke, reserve, is a little dish-faced, good length of body, but skin should be more pliable. Hexe Von Venlo took the special.

BEAGLES (John Davidson, Judge).—Quite a nice lot of the little hounds and the bulk of entries were from home kennels. In challenge dogs, Doctor P., rather long-faced, was followed by Adam, who is also faulty in muzzle and loses in body to the winner. Joe and Paderewski were left out of it, though the latter should have stood a good chance for second. Old June M., supplied the winner unopposed in challenge bitches, and ooked very well. Open dogs had four entries, and there was nothing to touch Ringleader, who was well shown; second going to his coarser-headed kennel mate, Raffler, and reserve to Dan J., a coarse-coated dog, full in eye and light in muzzle, but with a good body. The bitch class of nine proved to be a good one, first going to Kitty Clover, a well-built bitch if she were shorter in body; Fancy M., second, is well known, too long in head. Belle of Westchester, reserve, I have often written about; should be deeper in body. Jenny Lind, vhc., carries a good body and coat, a nice skull, but is a trifle pinched in muzzle; she might have done better. Music is correct in type—a sweet-headed bitch of the old sort. Flight deserved more than hc., as she is quite a typical bitch if stronger in muzzle.

FOX TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).—Few comparatively, but choice in quality. Warren Safeguard and Warren Captious supplied the challenge winners. Warren Tip Top, a frequent winner, added one more to his score in open dogs; followed by his younger kennel mate, Warren Salesman, a rather coarse-fronted sort. Black Rock, reserve, I thought decidedly lucky, and must, I suppose, credit his position to the size and legginess of the much better-headed and fronted terriers, Ruby Rival, vhc., and Raby Truefit, hc. In bitches a capital lot came forward and Richmond Victory, rather flat faced, beat her kennel mate Cowthorpe Gem in carriage of ears but not in head, and was herself beaten in cleanness of shoulder; Richmond Pearl, reserve, though a trifle long cast, has as good a head as any, good punishing muzzle, and terrier eye and expression. The local class winner was my Lady Starden; a poor, short-faced, thick-skulled terrier, but good in forelegs and body; Eskdale Punch, a coarse-headed wire, was second, and Yondotega, third, can merely boast of good, straight forelegs. In open wire dogs Endcliffe Brisk, the New York puppy, scored in head from Mister Great Snap, well known; reserve going to the latter's rival, Brittle Beaut; Compton Vindex, coarse in head, taking three letters. In the corresponding bitch class, Roath Rennie, the Toronto winner, was alone. Messrs. Rutherford won the kennel prize easily and over Safeguard's Kennel, Donald placed the handsome silver cup won outright for the best kennel of fox terriers, they having won last year.

IRISH TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge)—Not very many entries but the quality was very even. The open dog class contained such dogs as Jack Briggs, Merle Grady and Briggs' Best, placed as named, Merle Grady, though he loses in texture of coat to Jack, is better in head and eye; the pup well deserved his reserve card. Canadian Ambassador is a little full in eye and coat is open and not wiry enough; Galtees, hc., was outclassed here. In bitches old Ch. Dunmurry felt quite young again in the open division, and held her own in great shape; second going to the broken-coated Denmore Biddy, whose nice head and ear entitled her to the position, Nora, a clean, long-headed youngster, with a big ear, well deserved her reserve card, and so did Briggs' Breeze, unfurnished yet.

Only one Dandy Dinmont, Lothian Judge, showed up, and that described at New York.

SKYE TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judy).—The old familiar winners, Endcliffe Maggie, Elphinstone and Barnaby Rudge, were placed as named.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge.)—Several of the best were at New York, Gypsey Girl in Queen III's present condition somewhat easily defeated what was once one of the best bitches on the bench. Open dogs saw a rather down-faced, leggy, big dog with good markings, especially on legs, win from the shelly, leggy Chicago Spider, who besides is dark-faced. In the ladies' division, Gypsey Queen, a nice-headed bitch, with faulty leg markings, won from Profecta Rose, not clean enough in front and with badly carried ears. Chicago Maiden, vhc., I described at New York.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).—The New York winner, Bradford Rejected, scored again without any difficulty, but this time downed the well-known Minnie York, who, while quite as good in coat is not as correctly colored; Prince Harry, hc., I shall have a chance to describe at Chicago. Toy terriers require no particular mention; of the usual apple-headed sort, though Lotta, disqualified for being over weight, was immeasurably superior in head, having quite a good, long one, a rare feature in these dainty little creatures.

SCOTCH TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).—Were decidedly poor. The well-known Colored Preacher being the only one with more than ordinary quality; Glenshea in bitches, the class being divided, scored over Gypsey Yet, who is far too big, but Glenshea is not improving, being too wide in skull and short in muzzle, but good in coat.

PUGS (James Mortimer, Judge).—Quality was supreme here, and probably the entry contained the best dogs of the breed that we can show. In challenge class, Haughty Madge, a little above herself and in season, won over Drummer, who, good little dog that he is, finds his bent leg a detriment when it comes to a pinch, and besides he is too dark and not so close in color as the bitch. Young Penrice, whom I never saw looking better, simply romped away with the blue ribbon in open dogs from Al Von, his kennel mate, beating him decidedly in muzzle and skull, but gaining little in other parts; Finsbury Dude, reserve, loses in head and wrinkle. Old Medler can scarcely keep up with this company. Hooker won in bitches without competition. The "locals" were not of any account, and a good look at the other dogs would show the owners the wherefore of this remark.

TOY SPANIELS.—None put in an appearance.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—Spring and Sprite again in challenge class. Prince, from the same kennel, ran second to Adonis in open dogs, though very shelly in body and too defined in stop; is of nice size; Adonis, small and dainty, has a better head and body; Tinnie II., was alone in the female division.

MISCELLANEOUS (John Davidson, Judge).—This was indeed a mixed lot. In the heavyweights first went to the good-coated Boxer III., and second to a very fair Newfoundland, called Sir Edwin Landseer—an appropriate name—for no artist or lover of animal ever succeeded in doing greater justice to this noble breed. The Clumbers and Bassetts entered in this class were absent. In dogs, 30 pounds and under, we were introduced to a rough-coated dachshund, probably the first ever benched in this country. He looks like a cross between a Welsh terrier and a dachshund; Ben Lewis's miscellaneous terrier, Frank, and the Bedlington Endcliffe Wasp, divided the money with him, and thus brought the regular classes of a good show to a close.

H. W. LACY.

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

March 5 to 8. Entries, 896. Dogs Benched, 787

The sixth annual dog show held by the Mascoutah Kennel Club is now a matter of kennel history. Once more the club has scored a distinct success both in the quality of the dogs they succeeded in bringing totgether, and the crowds of people who literally swarmed through the aisles, making locomotion a difficult matter, especially in the evenings. The result, in a financial sense, must have been very gratifying to the management. Last week the clerk of the weather was in a most genial mood, with the exception of Thursday, which was a dull sort of day, he favored us with bright, sunshiny weather.

Although the Mascoutah Kennel Club has an imposing array of officers the whole conduct of the show seemed to fall on the shoulders of two men—Mr. W. J. Bryson, the President, who does not look upon his office as an ornamental sinecure, but one that entails considerable mental and physical labor in attention to the many details of the show's conduct and he worked early and late in the club's interests. The other was Mr. Walter C. Gunn, who seeemed to assume the duties of a secretary, treasurer and general information bureau. Mr. Payson, the treasurer, was, we regret to hear, owing to sickness, compelled to forego his usual work in behalf of the show. Geo. H. Hill, the superintendent, was a busy man throughout the week and attended to his duties well. Another year we would suggest that more attention be paid to the cleanliness of the rings, the sawdust should be removed daily, for in a low-roofed building like Battery D, where the facilities for ventilation are not all that could be desired, it is more necessary to be careful in regard to the disinfecting and the general cleanliness of the show. This is, however, no fault of the club's. The arrangement of benching, as usual, under Spratts Co.'s supervision, was an improvement on that of last year; the bulk of the classes were benched in the Second Regiment building, while Battery D contained the judging rings and most of the larger dogs. There were six judging rings, but as several of these were unoccupied at times during the judging hours, the same space might well have been devoted to four rings, and this arrangement would have given the judges more room to move the dogs in, some of the classes being very crowded.

Judging was not concluded until Wednesday evening, though the greater part of the regular awards were made on the first day. The attendance in the evenings was simply astonishing—people standing outside in lines that reached well down the next block, while carriages blocked the streets for some distance.

Spratts Co. attended to the commissariat with "Capt." Murphy as head cook; the benching and other interests relating, were in charge of Mr. E. M. Oldham who seems to have grasped the new situation with the experience of a veteran; and Mr. Adonis Ehrmann, as usual, drove a good business at the old stand. The catalogue was very well arranged, and tastefully gotten up. A marked catalogue was issued on Thursday morning which was very accurate.

MASTIFFS (A. Trickett, Judge).—There is always a strong class of this grand old breed at Chicago shows, and if there could be said to be an exception this year it was on the side of even a more meritorious exhibit. For this we are indebted to the efforts of Mr. Bunn, the Peoria breeder, who, by careful mating and a great love for the breed, has succeeded in getting together a kennel that is second to none in America, and which if taken to England and shown in the condition in which he placed his dogs on the bench last week, would surely bring him further honors. In challenge dogs, Elkson, looking remarkably well, scored alone, while Sinaloa has by her win in the corresponding class qualified for a champion. A grand class came forward in open dogs and that good, all round dog, Prince Cola, had to lower his colors to Marquis, who excels in expression, markings and depth of chest, both are good in head but of different types; Ealdermann, a very plain-headed dog, in comparison, took third, he should be better in stop, muzzle and ears and further examination of the latter prompts us in no way to retract what we have already said on the question either as to size or placing; Leamington, fourth, I prefer as a mastiff, both in make and shape of head, coloring and ears, although his are too large and clumsily set on, a little more rib would improve him; Beaufort's Boy, is some distance behind these, though fairly good in head, he lacks substance; Alarm, vhc., is a rather plain-bodied dog, but with a head that denotes good breeding. In bitches, the grandly improved Rowena met a worthy competitor in Minnie Beaufort, the Detroit winner, who loses only in size, body and carriage of ears and I like Rowena's lovely expression, now so rarely seen in these ultra short-faced mastiffs, though her eyes should be darker. Cerene made a fair third—a good skulled bitch, not in the best of form; Minnie Minting, an old winner from the same kennel, I like better in shape of head, but she is not so good behind; Ripplette, took the reserve card, she was at Detroit; Morse's Juno, vhc., is pinched in muzzle. There were no dog puppies, but a fair result of the union between the two open class winners, Hegira, won in bitches, and she will now go to Japan to gladden the heart of the Mikado. In novices Leamington and Rossington took the money, the latter a short-faced dog not level enough in mouth, something on the Ilford Caution order the medal for third went to Beaufort's Boy. C. E. Bunn had a fast hold on the kennel prize, and most of the specials not confined to Cook county. The classes were well judged.

ST. BERNARDS (R. J. Sawyer, Judge).—Taking the quality all through there was little if any improvement on last year. There were many entries, but the good ones were easily separated. Sir Bevidere, who is putting on flesh all the time, and looking particularly well just at present, and as lively as a two year old, shared with his beautiful kennel mate, Rustic Beauty, challenge honors in separate classes. A class of twenty-nine came forward in open rough dogs, but the judge soon made room by bowing out all but four or five. Le Prince turned the tables on his Detroit victor, American Caesar, but in the former's present condition I see no reason to alter my opinion expressed last week; third to Safford, a handsomely marked dog, whose quality and general all round makeup are difficult to get away from; he deserved his place; not so Major F., a plain, long black-faced dog, with red, marble like lumps sticking out of the tear corner of each eye; his face is flat but deep, good body, but coat should be flatter, and he is straight behind. There were others more typical. Reserve went to Gen. U. S. Grant, an excellently fronted dog, with a fair head that should be deeper in stop; a little short-bodied sort is Victor Roloson, with a fair head. Prince Wyatt is another with a very fair head, turns his feet out and body should be longer; Prince Nedep's well-shaped head in spite of the absence of white, entitled him to his letters. The rest of the mentioned ones will never demand more attention. Another large class of twenty-three, that filled the ring, came out in bitches, and La Princess was easily slated for first—she is improving all the time; the well-known Alta Berna took second, losing in size, depth of head, rib and length; third to Baroness Streatham, a long flat-faced, short-bodied bitch, that droops in quarters, too; Jessie W., fourth, is another too long-headed and narrow, lacking in quality, but good in bone and legs; coat not flat enough; Aristocratine, reserve, loses to a good one in head, a nice colored bitch; a light colored one is Arline, was vhc., she should be deeper in stop and carry her ears closer; Artilla in the same division, good-bodied bitch that she is, and superior in head to some of those placed over her, especially in depth, was hardly treated, as she is a good mover; third should have been her position. A capital young dog is Duke Wadsworth, the winning dog pup, who shows lots of quality; another big one is Marko II., an unformed, rangy dog, that should make up well. The bitches were not up to promising form; heads being poor. Victoria II. is a very nice fronted bitch, with the best head, though too straight in stop. In novice roughs, though Major F won, followed by Victor Roloson, both mentioned above, I liked Mascot Imperial's good head, or Artilla or Patrick quite as well; Artilla must have been forgotten to get only c. in such company. In challenge smooth dogs the three brothers, Melrose, Alton II. and Lawrence Garza, were placed as named, Melrose's head is superior to Alton's, but he is not so good behind that, but gains more again in forelegs; Garza is a pocket edition of the other two. The big, lengthy, good-headed smooth, Pratt's Belle, was alone in the corresponding class. Lord Milton had his revenge this time in seeing his Detroit victor, St. Augustine, turned down to hc., while he went to the top of the class; Patrician deserved his red ribbon for his excellent front and fair head; he should be better in ribs, and more quality would improve him; Clovis, third, beats him in quality, head and only loses in size, color and carriage of stern and hind legs; Lord Keeper, fourth, is a fair bodied dog, but not a worthy son of a worthy sire; Illinois Pontiff is a short, light-bodied sort of dog, but deserved his reserve; St. Augustine met with unkindness in getting hc. A polite request to withdraw from the competition on the score of poor flesh or a proper recognition of his merits as the best St. Bernard in the class should have been his lot. In smooth bitches, Judith's Rachel, won. She shows too much coat for a smooth, is rather plain in head, though well-shaped enough, stands on good legs; Marie Stuart, second, has a rather long, narrow head and is rather shelly in body; third to Princess Rosa, a light boned bitch, straight behind, and rather houndy-headed; Lady Keeper II., I did not see; Sabah, reserve, shows some quality, but her head is too flat and body color white. The long, narrow headed Sir Nero W., was first in dog pups, and Moleskin, that was at Detroit, was the winning bitch. In novice smooths, Judith's Rachel rightly won, but Clovis' good head and quality should serve to beat the plain-headed Marie Stuart for second place. The Argyle Kennels had a field day among the specials devoted to open competition. While Mr. Sawyer judged well on the whole, he was scarcely consistent enough in his type.

BLOODHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—Marjorie was absent, and thus the Detroit winners, Buccaneer and Vigilant were the only entries in their respective classes.

GREAT DANES (G. Muss-Arnolt, Judge).—While there were lots of dogs entered, their type was very mixed and it was not difficult to separate the wheat from the chaff, which the judge succeeded in doing with dispatch. Major McKinley, looking still very lusty and moving poorly behind, having been cut on both feet, took the challenge dog ribbon. There was no corresponding bitch entry. A mixed lot of twenty came out in open dogs, but Osceola Voltaire was quickly slated for first, rather shelly in body, still a light brindle of correct type, head long and clean cut, one foot turns in slightly and he should be stronger behind the withers and a little more bent in hocks; second to Beau Brummell, a rather coarse headed dog, with great bone, but a bit clumsy; Leo Waldemar, third, is a dark brindle, faulty in hind action and coarse in stern; King William, fourth, is of a type nearer to the winner, and is good in body, and especially so in hind parts; his head is a little short, and muzzle should be stronger; Fritz, reserve, is a coarse-headed blue dog, with little character; Anderson's Saudor, well-known, deserved his letters. In bitches a round dozen came out and the blue went to Osceola Neverzell, a bitch of excel-

lent type, shown a little thin; long, clean head and true expression; second to Victoria Spot, a rather coarse-coated bitch—a good harlequin with well-shaped head, and plenty of substance, should make a rare brood bitch; Ella, third, is a neat sort, should be stronger in muzzle and cleaner in shoulders; nice style and action; Lady Spot, nice, clean head if a trifle stronger before the eye was fourth, reserve going to Madge, who boasts a very fair head. The others were plain. With twenty-one pups in the small ring, the judge must have had a bad quarter of an hour. They should have been divided. Osceola Dey was eventually picked out as the winner, and he is a very pretty dog of good clean cut, "terrier" type; Lady Floyd and Osceola Bey getting equal second, though I prefer the latter as being very like her dam, Neverzell. There were few in the novice class and Lady Spot was the best.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (John Davidson, Judge)—The sexes competed together. Sir Edwin Landseer, noticed last week, won nicely from Fuldo; Flora, a daughter of his, getting reserve, though she beats her "daddy" in type.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—The same lot of "Russians" came forward as at Detroit. Argoss and Princess Irma in challenge classes and Ataman IV. correctly first in open dogs; Trojan won this time over Czar, who is beaten in front and coat by the other. In bitches Olga IV. again beat the short coated black and white bitch Riga.

DEERHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—A larger entry than seen on the circuit so far, though only six here. In open dogs Strebor, a short-bodied dog in fair coat, drooping at quarters, but with a fair head, won over Rob, who loses in coat, bone and body. In bitches Ghost and Pertha won first and second, the latter excelling in head, coat and body, but neither are really good, and Madge, third, has not carried out her early promise.

GREYHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—The local element met hot company in the visitors. Ch. Gem of the Season had matters to himself in challenge dogs, while in bitches Ch. Southern Beauty, Bestwood Daisy and Wild Rose occupied their Detroit positions. In open dogs Southern Rhymes and Spring O' the Valley were again first and second for reasons stated. Robert the Devil is faulty behind, stands back on his pasterns and should be better ribbed up; Fear Naught, reserve, who won the Kenmore Derby last year, is a well built dog, ribs nicely sprung, good bone and front and might well have been third, and I like Dallas for the place in preference to Robert. In bitches, Southern Gay Girl, that was at Detroit, took first this time, second going to Idlewild, who should be more sprung in barrel and deeper; third to Pansy, a rather plain sort, flat in rib, faulty in tail; the well-known Chips took the reserve ribbon, faulty at both ends.

FOXHOUNDS (John Davidson, Judge).—There was not such a good entry as at last year's show, when Mr. Williams made so pretty a showing, still there were a few good ones. In challenge dogs the old winner Bowsprit was alone. In open American dogs the order of winning was Big Strive and Buckshot, the Kentucky hound winning in rib, body, coat, head, shoulders and brush. Pearl Strive, another Kentucky hound, won over Glenwood Belle in bitches, in bone, and quarters, losing in head, body and front. In English hounds the winner, Songster, is a rare sort, one of the best of the type on the bench, Villager, second, is just about the most American type of hound shown, long in body and light comparatively throughout.

POINTERS (B. F. Seitner, Judge).—It reminded one of old times to see this well-known pointer breeder once more taking an active part in the ring, and he seemed to acquit himself of his work in good form. In challenge heavyweight dogs, Moulton-Banner scored; and with Woolton Game absent in the corresponding class Josie Brackett's win was also a bloodless victory. In lightweight challenge dogs which were judged next, Ridgeview Tenny, well put down, while losing a little in muzzle, scored over Arthur in rib and bone and style; Wild Lily failed to keep her engagement, so Miss Rumor, losing flesh a little, won without effort. In open heavy dogs the well-known Lord Bracken, a fairly well made dog all round, a bit throaty and heavy in shoulders, good bone, legs and feet, scored first over Hempstead Prince, the Detroit winner, but only in head; Dick, third, I would like better if cleaner in front and better shaped in head, and his ears are not correctly carried; Ridgeview Regent, fourth, was at Detroit and in style and quality and head can beat Dick; Lad of Beaufort, reserve, is throaty, wide in skull, and too much cut out before the eye; Brush of Hessen, vhc., is rather short in body; King Bang is a good headed sort but leggy and shelly in body. Beppo's Girl was the only bitch to fulfill her engagement a capital headed one, but feet and pasterns could be improved. The well-known Chancellor won in lightweight open dogs, followed by the equally familiar Ridgeview Comet, thus reversing their Detroit positions but Comet gets it really in head, front and hind parts; Kent's Priam, third, is rather plain in muzzle—a smart, merry little mover that deserved his position; Col. Kent is rather flat sided, faulty in ears and stop too abrupt. In bitches, Marguerite Kent, described in Detroit report, scored first over Trinket's Nell, a plain-headed bitch that droops in quarters; Lady Reveller, third, I much preferred, on account of her superior type of head, better body and hind parts, though she may lose slightly in front; May Bang, fourth, is heavy in shoulders and has a mean, short muzzle. Rene, reserve, has a stary eye, and is light in loin; Fannie Kirk is heavy in shoulders; Daisy Kent has a plain short muzzle. Mr. Gould took the kennel prize.

ENGLISH SETTERS (W. B. Wells, Judge).—Mr. Wells, while sticking to type, thought more of make and shape for the field, and he missed one or two good ones. Challenge dogs saw the old rivals, Glendon and Cactus reverse their positions; it is always a near thing between them. In bitches Ch. Albert's Nellie was absent so Victress Llewellin, looking better than ever, won as she pleased. Open dogs (16) had Dan O' Light for a winner, though fortunate I thought, as he is plain in muzzle, not square enough, and droops slightly in quarters, otherwise well put up; Dash Antonio, second, occupied the same position at Detroit and was looking well, barring a lack of coat; Washtenaw Grouse, the long, rather coarse-headed dog was third, and fourth fell to Cincinnatus' Pride, who is short of coat, should be better sprung in ribs, good in other respects; Count Beaufort, reserve, is a well put up dog, a little coarse in skull, but a good mover; Wordsley Dude, a well-known winner, though shown on the heavy side, should have had something good. In bitches (11) two absent, first went to Bly, a trifle fine in muzzle and short in body, well turned barrel, good legs and feet; second to Countess Antonio, a nice sized bitch, showing lots of quality, a little stronger in muzzle and she will do; Sue II., third, is a nice-headed one, should be truer in forelegs, and be better sprung in ribs; Miss Shattuc a rather coarse-skulled bitch, was fourth; reserve to Katie Wells, faulty in head but good on her pins. Furness Maid was not even mentioned, though better than most of those described and Maid Marion seems to have been overlooked entirely; one of the best in the lot The kennel prize did not fill.

IRISH SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—The same old faces were among the principal winners. Ch. Kildare beat Finglas in challenge dogs—two dogs very different in type and Kildare Glenmore might well have taken reserve; Pride of Patsey and Blarney, Jr., are either of them more typical Irish setters. In bitches the sweet-headed Queen Vic won rightly with Bessie Finmore, reserve, same placing as before. Norna and Bessie Glenmore were also in the class. In open dogs the Detroit winner, Bob, Jr., won again, second going to Lord Elcho, Jr., a dog with a very typical head and good color, but not so good in body as the winner; Chief Red Cloud, third, is a rather nice-headed dog if stop were more defined, is of good color, but ribs should be better sprung; Winnebago Jap, fourth, is a rather coarse-headed dog, but well-shaped; Patsey's Pride, reserve, is rather broad in skull, and has a plain, weak muzzle. Lady May Swiveller again proved the winner in bitches; the good-headed Nona was second and third went to Pride's Heather, a bitch of nice type who well deserved her position; Bonnie Belle, fourth, is an excellently well-ribbed bitch, rather plain in head, being pinched and weak in muzzle, and was shown too fat; Pride's Beauty, reserve, has a nice long, clean-cut head, though a little too prominent over the eye; Lady Florida is a down-faced sort with little type or quality. This one was the only pup shown. Oak Grove Kennels took the kennel prize.

GORDON SETTERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Not a very good lot outside of several well-known winners. Heather Lad and Leo B. occupied their accustomed positions in challenge dogs, while in bitches Highland Yola and Princess were placed as at Detroit. In open dogs (8) a new face in Louis S. came to the front; a well-marked one, with a fairly good head, well shown, and good in legs and body; second to Dwight Don, who was the Detroit winner and was again followed by Highland Kent. Guy, fourth, a rather straight-faced dog was rightly placed this time; Sandy, reserve, is not square or deep enough in muzzle. Highland Louis would have a good head if skull was narrower. Dwight Pearl won nicely in the bitch class, followed by Maid of Waverly and Sante Marie, both faulty in heads; Ben Lak M., fourth, is more on the Irish setter type of head but was well put down. Some very fair puppies were shown. Dr. Dixon took the kennel prize.

There was only one English retriever shown, and that a poor one, that might have been a Chesapeake in color.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS (John Davidson, Judge).—Only two entered, the winner was October, who excels the other, Don Pedro, only in coat.

SPANIELS (Andrew Laidlaw, Judge).—There was not the quality here this year, but the Canadians managed to get a good grip on the prize list as usual. In challenge class for all breeds over 28 pounds, the Irish water spaniel Marguerite scored, in solitude. In open black field spaniel dogs, first went to a good-headed long dog in Endcliffe Ebony, a trifle high on the leg, but a good sort. Raven and Dark Despair were absent. In bitches the well-known Spracklin's Belle won nicely, followed by Dorothy, pinched in muzzle; third to Nelly Ray, faulty in front, head and coat. Nonpareil was alone in the any other color dogs. There was nothing in the cocker division that commanded particular attention this year. In challenge dogs Black Duke was content to run for specials only, so Pickpania had a walkover. There were no entries in the corresponding class for bitches but in challenge class for any other color Red Roland was alone; he is showing age somewhat. In open black dogs four came forward and the winner proved to be Governor, a new one; he has a good cocker head, nice front and bone, cobby body—a good little stamp all round; Woodland Clipper, well-known, is a little long in body in comparison; Adam, third, is plain in muzzle. Woodland Princess won again in bitches followed by Woodland Topsy, from the same kennel, a trifle long in head, but well-shaped, nice coat and body and to my taste a proper height from the ground; St. Lawrence Princess, third, was better thought of this week than last; reserve to Rosalind, a wavy coated bitch, with a rather coarse skull, good body; St. Lawrence Novel, vhc., is coarse in head; Violet, in the same order, should be flatter over the eyes. In red or liver dogs Red Jocko II., the winner, is a rather nice-headed dog; better in body than Red Robin II., his kennel mate and shorter in head; the well-known Red Justice was third. The Brant cocker spaniels were to the front again in the next class winning with Red Beauty, faulty in eye; Mrs. Bow Wow, commented on before, was second, and third fell to Queen Bess, a good cobby sort, with a pretty little head, though a little too high and round in skull. In any other color, the well-known Tonita looking very fit, won nicely from Woodland Bessie, a black and tan with a fair head; St. Lawrence Beauty, third, is rather snipy but nicely fronted. The winning puppy, Miss Mae, is pinched in muzzle. Queen Bess took second.

Clumbers were nothing to speak of, second being withheld and first going to Major G., a fair-headed dog not deep enough in muzzle; his eyes are well clothed, and he boasts a fair curl, good top knot and ears; Musha, third, is a good coated dog, with a very fair head; Willy Reilly, reserve, is plain in head, with little top knot. Bridget O'Donohue won nicely from Nora O'Donohue, the winner is a long-coated bitch with nice ears, good strong head, should be more whippy in stern; Nora seemed to be blind in one eye, fair coat; the well-known Kitty of Cork looked plain in this company.

COLLIES (J. A. Long, Judge).—The judge was scarcely so happy as in former years in some of his decisions. His classes were large and the ring small and this probably accounted for his missing one or two good ones. In challenge dogs, Sefton Hero, in fine shape easily disposed of Roslyn Wilkes, who is ageing up, and in bitches Charlton Phyllis with one ear up, was evidently careless, having no competition. It is funny no one else sees this otherwise grand bitch's faulty hocks and hind action. A big class of twenty dogs then came forward and Rufford Ormonde, who was crated in the ring, was taken out and the bandages removed. We were inclined to forgive his first appearance at New York in a crippled state, but grand dog as he undoubtedly is, it is not fair to his competitors that he should still be shown and win on three legs; neither is it a kindness to the dog to cart him around the country in such condition. It is assuming a risk that such a dog should not be exposed to. While we concede his merit, the judge should have asked for his withdrawal. He won. Next came Gold Dust, who, while improving in head, was not in good coat, and this exposed certain weaknesses in hind parts, therefore he must be considered lucky to walk away with the red ribbon; Cragston Douglass was another lucky one, his prick ear and round high skull are not offset by his good coat; fourth to Woodmansterne Trefoil, who, in his present condition, should have been first with Rufford Ormonde counted out, as he is a good all round collie in beautiful coat of correct texture; Christopher Columbus, reserve, is a dog showing much quality though heavy in ears, deserved his position; Woodlawn Trefoil should have been placed higher up; Chesterford Hero, hc., shows lots of quality and deserved his letters though too small-sized; Corrielaw is faulty in ear carriage; Hempstead Chief certainly deserved something but was unnoticed, while Curzon, in poor shape, was also out in the cold and how Toronto Wonder, an old winner under Mr. Long, should have been passed over altogether is unaccountable. Another big class came out in bitches and the sweet-headed Lady Gay by Wellesbourne Charlie out of Chesterford Hattie, won as she pleased; she is on the small side but carried a capital coat and is very catchy at present; second to the pretty blue merle Cragston Blue River, this, however, considering her faulty ears and not very good head, must be called a lucky win; Woodlawn Sunset, was entitled to the place, if not to first; Blossom, fourth, is short of coat, too full in brow, but ears beautifully carried. Minuet, reserve, has a full round skull, and ears are not correctly carried; the sweet-headed Lady Figdet, vhc., perhaps deserved her letters though short of coat and her ears are inclined to prick. Ormonde Susie was harshly treated, with not even a letter, and Flora May should have had more than two letters. The winning dog pup Cragston Donald is a good coated dog with a very fair head.

Chat from Chicago.

The Mascoutah Kennel Club gave several specials for the dogs owned by members of the Fire Department, a very praiseworthy move, as there is no class of men who as a body, love dogs more than the members of the Fire Department.

Lady Gladys, the St. Bernard, ruptured a blood vessel just before the M. K. C. and is now under the vet's careful attention.

Geo. S. Thomas sold the noted fox terrier Richmond Victory for Mr. Geo. Raper, to Mr. T. J. Sullivan, McGregor, Ia. She won firsts at Detroit and Chicago. He also sold the winning field spaniel Endcliffe Ebony, to Mr. J. A. Spracklin, of Woodstock, Ont.

Mr. Geo. Douglas sold his winning cocker spaniel Woodland Prince to a Chicago fancier, also the bitch Rosalind, reserve, in the open class.

Mr. C. E Bunn sold the winning mastiff pup Hegira to S. Schaida, the Royal Commissioner from Japan to the midwinter fair, at San Francisco, Cal. Hegira starts for Japan next week as a present to the Mikado. The one Mr. Bunn sold last year has since died.

Dr. Sauveur sold his crack collie Gold Dust during the show to Mr. J. P. Morgan for the sum of $3,000.

The Gordon bitch Dwight Effie died under peculiar circumstances, on arriving at Chicago from Detroit; other dogs were sick and a postmortem examination was made of Effie, but the result is not known yet.

Dr. Sauveur is importing Southport Sequa from Mr. Mason's kennel and the dog will be known as Seminole Perfection. This is the dog that Mr. Stretch disqualified on account of his ears, but it has since been proved that he is all right. He is said to be a good one.

The crack bull dog Fancy Romford is now the property of the Woodlawn Park Kennels. The bitch Bubbles that is expected over with him is in whelp to Outsider.

Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, of Galt, Ont., has sold the well-known cockers Rideau Reine, Commodore and Baby Ruth to the Mepal Kennels, Marlboro, Mass. This almost makes a winning kennel to start with.

The brindle bull dog Wal Hampton is now the property of Mr. Suydam, of New York, Col. Hilton, proprietor of the Woodlawn Kennels having presented him with the dog.

Mr. Jos. Lewis, as our readers are aware, lost the good beagle bitch Robino that he purchased at the Providence show, but not to be defeated in his purpose he has now very pluckily bought Robino's former kennel mate, Ringleader, from Mr. Joachim, through Mr. Mortimer. This dog is a good beagle and should be used on some of our weak-headed, light-boned stock.

No dog, born after March 31, 1895, can be shown with its ears cropped. English Kennel Club rules. America should now follow suit in this humane resolve.

A new dog society has just been formed in Paris by a number of titled sportsmen, in the interests of beagles, and several thousand francs will be put up as prizes for beagles at the coming Paris show in May.

H. W. LACY.

The U. S. Field Trial Club Meeting.

Louisville, Ky., March 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Board of Governors of the U. S. Field Trial Club met in Columbian Building. A majority of the Board of Governors was present.

The secretary stated that he had the resignation of H. Hulman, Jr., dated Feb. 14, and asked that action be taken on the same, whereupon Mr. Avent laid the following letter on the table, which he had just received, and asked that it might be read:

"Terre-Haute, Ind., March 1.

'J. W. Avent, Esq.

"Dear Sir: While it is my intention to withdraw from the dog world for the present at least, I, however, do not care to feel that my resignation from the U. S. Field Trial Club would in any way cause any person to think I was leaving it with any intention of hurting the future prosperity of the club. I will therefore withdraw my resignation for the present, and if I find that later on I cannot spare the time devoted to its interest, I will then resign. Yours very truly, (Signed) H. HULMAN, JR."

The resignation of C. G. Stoddard was then read by the secretary also a letter from Mr. Stoddard, received since the resignation was forwarded. Action on the same deferred till the next meeting of the Board of Governors.

The secretary stated that the only other resignations tendered to date were those of Messrs. Osthaus and Buckle.

Moved by Mr. Avent and seconded, by Mr. Rowland, that action on said resignations be deferred till the next meeting of the Board of Governors, as it is believed that said resignations were tendered under a misapprehension regarding the condition of the club at that time. Carried.

Mr. W. F. Grimstead, of Cairo, Ill., and Mr. Theo. Goodman, of Terre Haute, Ind., were elected to membership in the club.

The Committee on Grounds for Trials A reported that they had selected Carlisle, Ind., and the date Nov. 4, 1895.

Voted, that the prairie chicken trials that were to be held in the Northwest in September be abandoned, and that this club, with the sanction and consent of the Eastern Field Trial Club, hold a field trial on the grounds of the latter club in the vicinity of Newton, N. C., commencing Wednesday, Nov. 28, 1895. The former committee on the Northwest grounds to be a committee on grounds for this trial.

Voted that the stakes and purses be the same as those of the A and B Trials.

Voted, that the date of closing the entries for the North Carolina trials be made fifteen days later than the time set for the closing of the entries to the Eastern trials.

Voted, that the Committee on Judges, viz., Messrs. Harris, Hulman and Seale, be requested to select judges for the several trials, as soon as possible, and report same to the secretary for publication.

Voted, that the Committee on Judges be requested to select a fourth judge for each trial, as an alternate judge.

The secretary's recommendation that an amendment to the constitution be made, so as to have two financial officers for the club a secretary and a treasurer, was referred to a club meeting for action. Adjourned.

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec.-Treas.

The Continental Field Trial Club.

A new field trial club was organized in Chicago at the Mascoutah Club's show, mention of which was made in our last issue. That it was a popular movement, the list of names subjoined herewith will attest.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. P. T. Madison on the evening of March 6. He said that there was room for a new club conducted on different lines from those of the past. Mr. Madison then nomi ated Mr. F. H. Perry as chairman. Mr. Madison was elected secretary pro tem. The applicants for membership were, on motion, made charter members of the club. On motion, a committee (Messrs. Pratt, Bryson and Bock) was appointed to select officers, and their list was accepted and elected as follows: President, Dr. N. Rowe; 1st Vice-President, George J. Gould; 2d Vice-President, Captain E. S. Gray; 3d Vice-President, C. G. Stoddard; Secretary-Treasurer, P. T. Madison. No board of governors was elected, but instead the members present at a field trial will act as a board, and the officers are a permanent Advisory Board.

The club arranged for two trials, one on chickens in the Northwest on the first Monday in September, and one to be held somewhere in the quail country, the time and place of the latter to be left to the Advisory Board. At this juncture, Mr. Perry was called away on business, and Mr. J. L. Adams took the chair. The purses of each stake were fixed at $1,000, divided into $500 for setters and pointers, five prizes. The salary of the secretary was fixed at $250 for each trial. Following is a list of the members: Messrs. H Hulman, Jr., C. G. Stoddard, J. M. Freeman, H. K. Devereux, Prof. E. H. Osthaus, Louis McGrew, Dr. N. Rowe, Thos. G. Davey

B. Waters, Richard V. Fox, Chas. Heath, Harry Dutton, P. T. Madison, Capt. E. S. Gay, Major J. M. Taylor, Major J. B. Downing, W. W. Peabody, Jr., John S. Clark, J. C. Freeman, R. L. Shannon, George J. Gould, George T. Baker, Chas. D. O'Connell, J. S. Anderson, George H. Hill, A. G. Spalding & Bros., Edward A. Burdette, John L. Barker, J. J. Case, Jr., H. R. Edwards, Dr. J. R. Daniels, W. H. Ehrman, F. H. Perry, A. M. Young, Chas. I. Engel, Dr. George Gladden, J. Shelley Hudson, Davis Bryson, Dr. L. C. Sauveur, J. L. Adams, Jos. H. Hunter, C. A. Pratt, Gus Pabst, P. Lorillard, Jr., E. Huidekoper, George H. Ewing, W. H. Beazell, James Mortimer, G. Muss Arnolt, W. H. Colcord, J. E. Isgrigg, Montgomery Ward & Co., A. Cramer, Frank F. Bock, Henry F. Bechman, J. B. Turner, J. Tredwell Richards, J. L. Balmor, E. O. Damon, Dr. F. S. Danatelle, W. B. Wells, Daniel E. Stern, J. R. Oughton, L. Rausch, R. F. Merrill and others, making a total of 68 who are charter members, and there are more who have announced their intention of joining. This is the largest and most influential membership ever seen in one field trial club in America, and the holding of successful trials is assured at the outset

The Metropolitan Kennel Club.

New York.—Pursuant to a resolution carried at an informal meeting of exhibitors, held at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 22, I, as chairman pro tem., was instructed to appoint a committee of five to select names to be notified of a meeting to be called at an early date, for the purpose of organizing a Metropolitan Kennel Club, wherein the dog owners in and about New York may find a common interest. I have selected to aid me upon this committee Messrs. Thos. H. Terry, A. P. Vredenburgh, H. G. Trevor and Jas. Mortimer. H. T. FOOTE.

DOG CHAT

The Duquesne Kennel Club's premium list is now ready for distribution. Mastiffs and St. Bernard's have $12 and $6, first and second in challenge classes; in open classes, $10, $5 and $3; puppies and novice respectively $5 and $3. Pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters and collies have $12 to first in challenge classes; open classes, $10, $5 and $; puppies, $5 and $3. Other breeds have $10 to first, or $10 and $5, first and second in challenge classes, and, in open classes, $10 and $5, or $10, $5 and $3. The club offers $40 to the handler showing the largest number of prize winning dogs, and $25 to the handler showing the next largest number the kennel specials vary from $5 to $15. There is quite a long list of special prizes. Entries close April 1. Entry fee, $3. The show will be benched and fed by Spratt's patent. Address W. E. Littell, Secretary, Pittsburgh.

The result of the bull terrier cropping trial in London, alluded to in our issue of Feb. 2, was that Carling and his wife should be committed to prison for one month in default of paying a fine. The case has served the purpose of drawing greater attention to the cropping question and the collapse of the Bull Terrier Club's defense of cropping has impelled that body, at a meeting of the club at Liverpool show, to petition the English Kennel Club to enact rules forbidding the cropping of bull terriers after a certain date. In this age of cocaine, it is amusing to read "Our Dogs'" column article on the heinousness, on the score of cruelty, of the hitherto winked-at practice of cropping. That cropping is a useless cruelty and a mere fad is a fact borne out in the case of Irish terriers. Since the edict went forth that they must not be shown cropped at Kennel Club Shows after a certain date, breeders set out at once to breed a good drop ear on their terriers, and while some old-timers may sigh for the old style, it cannot be gainsaid but that a nice button ear on an Irish terrier is an added attraction, and one already by no means rare. The same change may be carried out with bull terriers, black and tans, etc. Considering the trouble and difficulty in getting a good crop, breeders should hail with delight an edict that will put every one on the same basis and do away with cropping altogether. As long as the fashion of cropping bull terriers was an accepted one by the majority of judges, exhibitors and the Kennel Club, it seems rather rough on Carling and his wife that they should be made to suffer imprisonment for the want of a few pounds to pay the fine. Some one higher up in the scale should have been selected to make the test case upon.

As soon as Messrs. James Taylor and S. and E. S. Woodiwiss who composed the English contingent at the late New York show, arrived in New York they set out for Niagara Falls, being absent most of the week previous to the show. During the show there was very little opportunity to get their views on dogdom in general over here and the W. K. C. show in particular. Both Mr. Taylor, the judge, and Mr. E. S. Woodiwiss expressed themselves as delighted with the way the show was managed, and the completeness of the whole affair, and their reception by exhibitors and the managers of the show. They were also surprised at the uniform good quality in many of the breeds, though Mr. Taylor had a bad quarter of an hour with the Great Danes. Messrs. Woodiwiss were unfortunate in having their dogs arrive too late for regular judging, and much sympathy was expressed for them in the unsatisfactory outcome of such enterprise and sportsmanlike courage as we should like to see become an annual occurrence. The W. K. C. will, we believe, do all in their power to encourage these International exhibits at future shows.

The daily New York papers devoted themselves without stint to exploiting the W. K. C. show, the Herald being conspicuous in this regard. This influential paper advocated a Ladies' Kennel Club during the show and has devoted a column every day to interviews with leading society women who all seem to be delighted with the idea. It is proposed to form an association on the lines of the new English club, which has enrolled so many of the nobility in its membership. The main object of the club, if it is formed, will be to advance the interests of dogs as pets and also to hold shows, the proceeds to be devoted to charitable purposes. The ladies interviewed express themselves as tired of Church fairs, Dorcas meetings and so forth and think that more money can be raised by giving bench shows under their immediate auspices, throwing around the affairs that flavor of social patronage that, in a city like New York, generally brings financial success in its train. The idea is a good one and should be pushed.

A new kennel journal made its appearance during the New York show. It is the kennel News, published in Chicago by Mr. Frank S. Anderson, who owned the St. Bernard, Aristocrat, Collie Toronto Wonder, and other good dogs and is also active in the Great Dane fancy. Mr. E. Bardoe Elliott has assumed the editor's duties and is working hard for eventual success.

Southern Travel.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch, Sunday, Feb. 24, 1895.)

Palm Beach, Fla., Feb. 20.—Florida is of peculiar interest as the modern Mecca of the capitalist, the tourist, the pleasure and the health-seeker. Notwithstanding the many arrticles which have been and are still being daily written upon its charms, it can never be fully understood or appreciated until visited. And now that it has been rendered so easily accessible from all points North, East, South and West by the completion of "The New Short Line" via the Southern and the Florida Central and Peninsular Railways, it will soon become the one great winter resort of America. The approach now, no matter from what direction, is one not only of convenience, but of positive luxury.

The Southern Railway, that superb and colossal company whose tracks grid-iron the region south of Washington, has brought the southernmost coast of the Peninsula within a short distance of New York and other Eastern cities. The traveler may leave the metropolis after the day is nearly done and be transported by the magnificent "Florida Limited" to Jacksonville—the gateway by which the throngs that visit Florida every winter enter the State—in time for dinner the following evening.—Adv.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

APRIL.

19. Mosquito Fleet Open regatta, Boston Harbor.

MAY.

0. South Boston Open, Boston Harbor.

JUNE.

8. Knickerbocker annual, L. I. Sound.
11. Atlantic Annual, N. Y. Bay.
15. Larchmont spring regatta, L. I. Sound.
15. Philadelphia annual, Delaware River.
17. Massachusetts open, Nahant
22. Douglaston annual L. I. Sound.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor., annual race, to New London.
29. New Rochelle annual, L. Sound.

JULY.

1. Indian Harbor special, L. I. Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Cor., annual L. I. Sound.
3. Seawanhaka Cor., race to Larchmont.
6. Larchmont annual, L. I. Sound.
6. American special, L. I. Sound.
4. Riverside annual, L. I. Sound.
8. Seawanhaka Cor. special, L. I. Sound.
9. Horseshoe Harbor special, L I. Sound.
10. Huguenot special, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont 34 and 21-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
13-21. Larchmont cruise, L. I. Sound.
13. Hempstead Harbor annual, L. I Sound.
15. Savin Hill open, Boston Harbor.
20. Sea Cliff annual, L. I. Sound.
27. Indian Harbor annual, L. I. Sound.
27. Quincy, Boston Harbor.

AUGUST.

3. Monatiquoit open, Boston Harbor.
3. Shelter Island annual.
3. Larchmont 34 and 21 foot classes, L. I. Sound.
10. American annual, L. I. Sound.
10. Winthrop open, Boston Harbor.
13. American open, Newburyp't.
15. Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
17. Huguenot annual, L. I. Sound.
17 Corinthian open, Marblehead.
19. Manchester open, Manchester, Mass.
24. Squantum open, Squantum, Mass.
24. Horseshoe Harbor annual, L. I. Sound.
24. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
31. Larchmont 34 and 21-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
31. Huntington annual, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Lynn open, Nahant.
2. New York Y. R. A. annual, York Bay.
2. Larchmont Fall Regatta, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont 34 and 21-foot classes, L. I. Sound.
7. America's Cup, first race New York.
7. Revere, open.
7. Larchmont, cabin cats, L. I. Sound.
12. Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
14. Larchmont schooner race, L. I. Sound.

From the following, it would seem that the Field is under the impression that two Cup defenders are now building, which is a mistake. Only one boat is under way or likely to be built, the keel craft designed by N. G. Herreshoff and building at Bristol for Messrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, C. O. Iselin and E. D. Morgan. The Cup committee is interested in no other boat. "The experience of Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. Iselin last season in yacht racing in British waters appears to have led them to the conclusion that a keel boat of 17ft. or 18ft. draught of water is, taken all round, a more effective craft for racing than any kind of centerboard craft. At any rate, it is announced that the Cup defender which the Cup committee are about building is to be a fixed keel craft over 17ft. draught of water; it is also said that this keel is to weigh close upon 70 tons, which is much the same weight as the lead keel of the Herreshoff craft building for the Iselin syndicate. This yacht is also credited with 17ft. draught of water. This is a come round the whole sweep of the circle to British ideas. The latest announcement in connection with the America Cup is that the number of crew or persons on board is to be limited to three for every 5ft. of corrected racing length. This appears to be an absurdly liberal allowance, as it is estimated it will allow the new Valkyrie to have sixty-two persons on board."

The America Cup Committee is now in communication with Lord Dunraven over the matter of a limit of crew, his Lordship preferring only such a number as is necessary to work the boat properly, or about 40 in all. No final decision has been reached.

Our remarks of last week are emphasized by the present condition of affairs, the advent of a new and dangerous adversary and the delay on the Cup defender. It is more than ever imperative, for the successful defense of the Cup next September, that there should be plenty of boats, and especially plenty of keen, well-contested races during June, July and August. All of the boats now available should be fitted out in the best possible shape, if necessary altered to 90ft. l. w. l., making a strong racing class. While all, Vigilant, Jubilee and Colonia, are capable of improvement, it is hardly probable that either of them will defeat a newer boat of 90ft. l. w. l., if the latter is well worked up; but such work ing up can only come through persistent racing with other dangerously good boats. Through Mr. Gould's liberality, Vigilant will be raced, and possibly altered; there is a chance that Jubilee may be rebuilt and raced by some Boston yachtsmen, and there should be men in New York who would take and race Colonia.

Within the past week a movement has been started in Boston to purchase Jubilee from Gen. Paine by popular subscription, to lengthen her and race her in the 90ft. class this season. Messrs. Augustus Hemenway, C. H. W. Foster and Samuel Warner are at the head of the scheme, and Mr. George H. Richards, Gen. Paine's business partner, and sailing companion on Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer and Jubilee, has consented to undertake the management of the boat; while Capt. Henry Newcomb, for many years skipper of Fortuna, will sail her. We hope that the attempt may be successful, and that Jubilee may have a new trial under more favorable conditions than in 1893.

At the same time there is a report that Vigilant will be lengthened 90ft., either by the Herreshoffs or by other builders. Colonia is capable of improvement by deepening, if not by lengthening as well, and there is yet time to have these three boats in racing trim by the middle of June. It is a serious question whether the 90ft. class this year is to be represented by Navahoe, Vigilant and the new boat in a few races in August, or whether there is to be a fleet of five or six vessels, Navahoe, Vigilant, Colonia, Jubilee, Volunteer and the new boat, all ready in good season and sailing frequently together until each is at its best.

The victory of Ailsa over Britannia in their first race; of a new and untried craft fresh from the ways, just off a hard ocean voyage, and with sails and gear unstretched, and with skipper and crew new to her, over one in perfect racing form after two successful seasons, has created much comment on this side of the Atlantic. While we cannot find out that the New York Y. C. is in any way committed to the acceptance of Ailsa in place of Valkyrie III., should the former prove the faster, the impression is generally prevalent here that the faster of the two may and will be selected to represent the Royal Yacht Squadron next fall in the Cup races.

Whether or no the New York Y. C. may finally agree to this, the very promising debut of Ailsa must be most encouraging to British yachtsmen. It shows that the deductions of one of the two great Clyde designers have not been astray, and at the very least it insures a second good trial boat, in addition to Britannia, with working up of Valkyrie III. in her home races. In every way the chances of the challengers are improved by the very creditable showing of the big Fife cutter.

The latest news from Bristol is encouraging so far as the safety of Mr. Hereshoff is concerned and there is no reason to believe that he is in any serious danger. At the same time there is every prospect that he will be able to do no more work in Cup defense for a very long time. He is still so ill that all advice and consultation over the new boat is utterly out of the question, and the main factor in the recovery of his health is a complete rest from the thought and worry which are inseparable from yacht designing. It is quite unlikely that he will be able to resume work for some weeks, and he may even be compelled to go away entirely for an indefinite time. Just how far the work had advanced when he was forced to abandon it is yet unknown outside the works. It is probable that the lines and specifications were entirely completed, and the bills of material ready; but even if this much were done, there still remained innumerable details to be worked out by him alone. From the latest reports it would seem that just now the work is going very slowly; though this is not unusual in metal construction at this particular stage. It is to be hoped that as soon as sheets and angles are on hand and the frames bent, the hull will go together with the regular rapidity of all-metal construction.

Yampa's Voyage.

The following particulars of the voyage of the schooner Yampa, Mr. R. S. Palmer, from New York to Gibraltar, are from a letter written by one of the yachtsmen who made the passage in her. About 9 A. M. on Thursday, Jan. 17, we were taken in tow by the tug Atwood off the foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, New York, and started down the river for our long cruise. Good-bye was said only by the policeman on the pier and a solitary figure on the U. S. S. New Hampshire. It was a long pull against the tide, down the Bay, around the Southwest Spit and to the Scotland, where the tug dropped us, and coming alongside took off Mr. Palmer and the two or three who had spent the night aboard. The wind was N. W., and we hoisted our new sails for the first time, first the foresail, then the forestaysail, then the mainsail; and, when all were well sweated up, we up helm and let her go about S. E. by S., wind about W. N. W., fired our gun and put out the log. The Atwood waited until we were some miles away, and then turned back toward the dinners and dances.

About 3 P. M. the wind shifted to N. W., we took in the foresail and set squaresail, a big sail mostly bonnet. Strong breeze and plenty of sea.

Jan. 18. During the night we entered the Gulf Stream, and it warmed up considerably; water in the morning, 70 degrees. During the evening the wind, which had shifted to W., came out strong, and we two-reefed the mainsail and single-reefed the foresail and took the bonnet out of the forestaysail. One hundred and ninety-nine miles.

Jan. 19. The same, only worse, but at all events the wind was fair, and although putting us too far to the south'ard, was bringing us at the same time into warmer weather. In the afternoon a sea boarded us and stove our nice new lifeboat, but not very badly. At 6 P. M. we had run 500 from the Scotland. Stowed mainsail and set main trysail during the night. Two hundred and forty-six miles.

Jan. 20. A full gale and still scudding before it. The mate wanted to heave to, but the skipper said, "No; let her go on and we will soon run into fine weather." At 11:30 put out oil-bag on the weather (port) cathead, boat being much more free of water afterward. About noon, sighted a bark bound west under low topsails and forestaysail only. Two hundred and sixty-one miles.

Jan. 21.—Weather somewhat more moderate, able to show a little more sail during the day, but reefed down again as night came on. About noon showed our ensign to a tramp who hoisted answering pennant and red ensign in reply. At 7:20 P. M. had run off 1,000 miles. Two hundred and seventeen miles.

Jan. 22. Weather decidedly better, but sea so bad that we did not dare set mainsail, so shook reef out of foresail and set topsail over it. Later on, we lowered trysail and set a reefed mainsail again. Had run so far south that the course was north of east, and with the wind N. W. could not set squaresail. In afternoon wind backed to W.; down foresail and set squaresail again without bonnet. Two hundred and seventeen miles.

Jan. 23. Wind still W. and under double-reefed mainsail and squaresail only. Squaresail chafed a hole by grinding against the forestay, so lowered and patched it; set trysail instead of two-reefed mainsail for the night. One hundred and ninety-six miles.

Jan. 24. Again lowered squaresail to mend it, another hole having chafed through during the night. Lost rotator of patent log, bitten off. During the evening wind went to N.N.W. took in squaresail and set foresail, staysail and jib. Beautiful weather. One hundred and seventy-nine miles.

Jan. 25. Whole sail this morning, mainsail, foresail, staysail, jib and both topsails; wind N., a nice breeze. Boat making from 12 1-2 to 13 knots quite easily. Saw a whale at noon, quite close aboard. From noon to 8 P. M. ran 100 1-2 knots. Clewed up fore and main topsails at sundown. At midnight took in mainsail, which was only slatting in a calm, and set trysail. Wind shifting around to N., then to N. E., and falling very light. One hundred and sixty-one miles.

Jan. 26. Wind N. E. and light, but heavy swell from east'd. Little or no progress. Two vessels in sight, square-riggers bound E. One hundred and forty-nine miles.

Jan 29. Wind still from east'd, no progress. Wind freshened, stowed trysail and set two-reefed mainsail, shaking out the reefs after a while and setting topsails. Wind working around to S. E., so we are on starboard tack. Stowed topsails, as usual, at sundown. Slow progress all night. Fifty-nine miles.

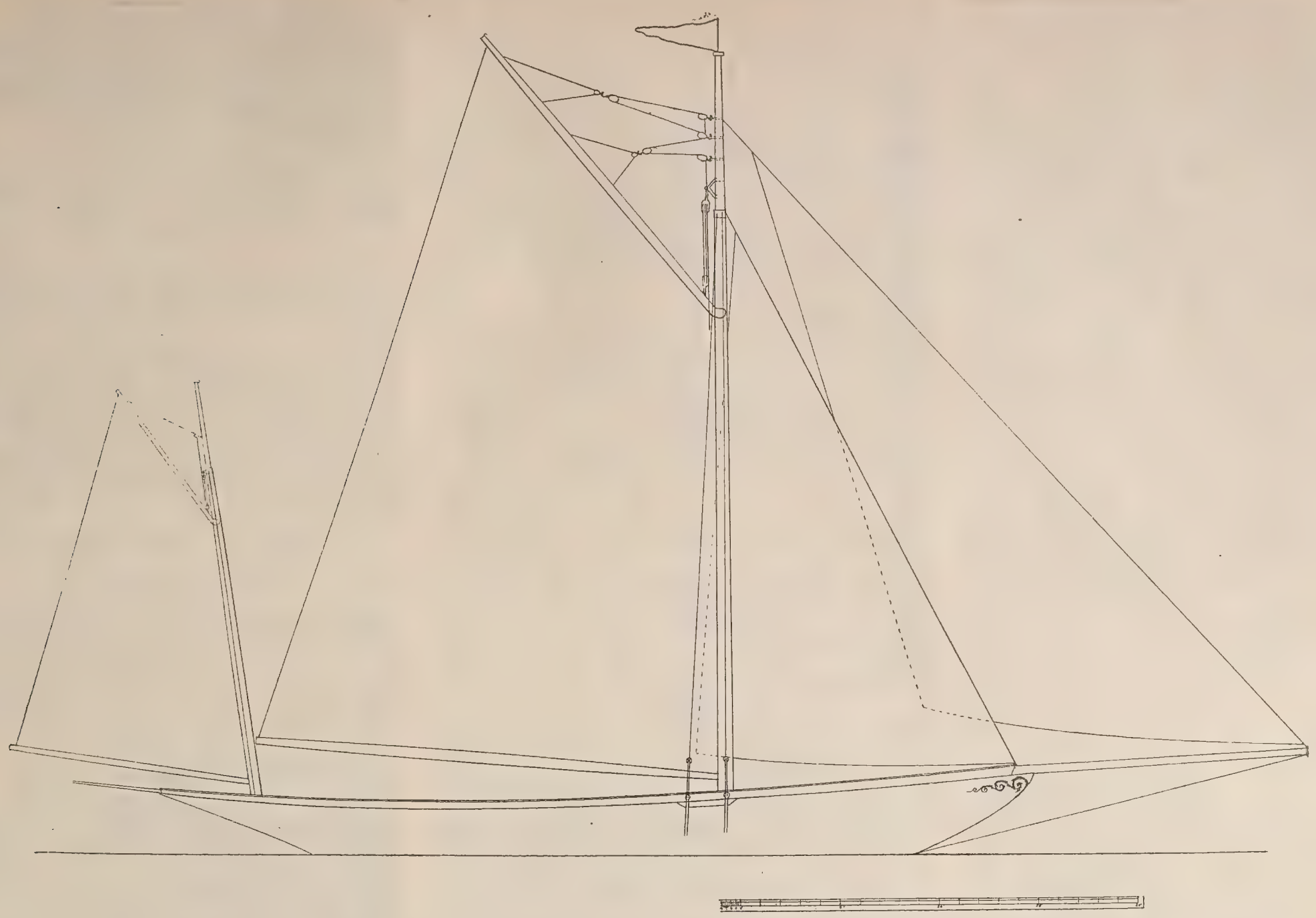
Jan. 28 Heavy sea this morning, yacht under lower sails. Mainsail slatted, so turned in double reef at 9:30. The course has brought yacht further north than she should be, and going further all the time; but not enough to pay for tacking. Squally and raining all night. One hundred and fifty-miles.

Jan. 39. Shook out reefs this morning, and are now under plain sail except that we have not used our flying jib yet, it is still in the locker. Early in the afternoon the wind shifted to S. W. light, but we are now on our course. Stowed mainsail at sundown and set maintrysail; at 10 P. M. lowered and stowed foresail. Heavy sea and no wind. Yacht tumbles about a good deal, and her sails, trysail and two headsails, do not steady her much. One hundred and twenty-three miles.

Jan. 30. Wind around to N. W., light. All sail set again, including topsails, but making only two to three knots; 2 P. M., wind backed to S. W. and came in a good breeze; sea smoothing down some. Ten knots now. Wind increasing, between 7 and 9 P. M. reeled off 26 1-2 knots. At 10 P. M. clewed up and furled topsails; wind increasing all the time and sea getting up astern. At midnight double-reefed mainsail. Fifty-nine miles.

Jan. 31. Wind still S. W., but a little more moderate. Under two-reefed mainsail, foresail, foretopsail, fore staysail and jib, and making fine time. Maintopsail got loose during the night and slammed around some, but was finally lashed down outside the lee rigging. Repaired clewline, which had parted, in the morning, and furled sail down in its proper place. Abreast of Pico. At 2:30 wind shifted from S. W. to W. Furled jib to keep it from slatting to pieces. 5 P. M.: clewed up foretopsail and took bonnet off forestaysail. Azimuth for compass this afternoon, for first time; compass correct. Rigged out starboard chain and anchor. At sundown shifted mainsail for trysail, as we must heave to soon or overrun our port. Hove to at 10:30 on starboard tack under forestaysail (no bonnet), double-reefed foresail and no trysail. Wind shifted during the night to N. N. W., coming in hard with plenty of sea. Barometer sliding down like a toboggan. This weather, N. N. W., is bad, for the islands; and is generally accompanied by heavy rain squalls, as in our case. Two hundred and forty-six miles.

Feb. 1. 4 A. M. Wore around and headed for our port, which bore N. by E., so we are on port tack, within 5 points of the wind, and doing some tall jumping. About 8:30 stghted the high lands of the islands, and after a time made out St. Michaels right over



SAIL PLAN OF JANE.

the end of the bowsprit; a good hit in this bad weather, as we can see only between the heavy rain squalls. As we approach the land, she seems to be falling to leeward of her course, and we must have some sail, although we are over-canvassed now; so down trysail and hoist mainsail, already double-reefed, and now we get it; lee rail under at times, which means much for a boat like Yampa.

As we come in close to the land, the sea lets up a little, and when in close to the breakwater we almost lose the wind, although we can see it tearing along the water close astern of us. Pilot comes out, but does not board us, and we tow him alongside; barely steerage way now, and we shake out reefs and set foresail, hoist jib, and then whole mainsail, a good deal of work to sail but 100 yards, but with so much sea, the small amount of wind that comes down from the hills is hardly felt. We make a couple of tacks and fetch in around the end of the breakwater, and anchor in 11 fathoms, with 30 fathoms out at 11:30. One hundred and sixty-five miles.

We go through the usual doctor nonsense, and are visited by the American Consul, who is most accommodating. A large part of the breakwater here has been destroyed, and the light extinguished, so this is a poor place to come into at night. The night before we arrived, a small steamer, in attempting to leave port, ran ashore and then, after getting off, filled and sank at her anchorage, right in the middle of the harbor; which, by the way, is about the size of the Erie Basiu.

Our gulls, we have three, who have followed the yacht and lived on us for days, followed us right into the harbor, but the ground had been pre-empted by other shore gulls, and there was a terrible fight. Our gulls must have won, as they are here yet; they are pretty white birds with black-tipped wings; all the harbor gulls are a dull gray.

Feb. 2. We are glad to be in port, as the barometer, which has gone steadily down to 29, stays there; and it is blowing a strong gale, with stronger gusts outside, still N. W. Washed down outside this morning, and tried to repair the damage to sail and gear. Carpenters came off to repair the damaged boat, skylight covers and stern grating. They work slowly and well, but with the oddest and most old-fashioned tools; an adze with a grip to it, but no handle, worked with a wrist motion. No sign of bit or brace. They made their own burrs for rivetting with a punch and sheet copper. Try to scrape bright work, but with no great success, as it rains every few minutes and knocks the men off.

Feb. 6. Weather much improved, and we drive around to see the sights. Everything in full spring bloom, camelias in such profusion that any of our crew who go ashore with "Yampa" branded on them are immediately presented with a bunch by some citizen. Square up accounts and get out bill of health on Feb. 8., and are ready early on following day, wind N. W. to W., as usual, and fair.

Unmoored, set headsails, dipped our flag and were again at sea. Set mainsail, then squaresail, and lowered headsails. At 8 P. M. wind hauled a little to southard, set jib. Wind at 5 P. M., N. N. W., lowered squaresail, and set foresail and forestaysail. Doing 10 knots easily.

Feb. 10. Wind quite strong and plenty of sea, boat under same sail and going 11 at least. Set foretopsail during the day, but furled it again at 5 P. M. At 8 P. M. had run 300 miles from anchorage, in 33 hours.

Feb. 11. Weather much better, took in trysail and set all sail. Go about in shirt sleeves, and when reading on deck always seek the lee of the mainsail for shelter from the sun.

Feb 12. Another beautiful day, but wind very light, W.; foretopsail clewed up to keep it from chafing when she rolls; sea smooth except for an old roll. Mainboom off to port. At 10 o'clock set weather part of squaresail and later bent on the bonnet and set it all, lowering foresail and headsails. Bark in trouble on our lee a long way ahead; as we neared her she displayed a signal which we read, "What is your longitude?" Jibed over and sailed within hailing distance of her, across her stern, and then alongside. She was the Columba, of Christiansand, and had carried away the head of her foremast. Had jury headstay rigged, and jury halyards for her fore yards. Said that she needed no assistance, but wished to be reported at Gibraltar, where she was going for a refit. Came along after us with reefed forecourse, maincourse, lower and upper main topsail and topgallantsail; will not be in port soon if the wind comes ahead. Wind very light at sundown, lowered away mainsail and set maintrysail for the night. Passed close to another bark in the afternoon, the Chieftain, hailing from Abo, in Finland, and showing Russian flag, bound for Pensacola for lumber.

Feb. 13. Another beautiful day, but wind around from W. to S.; all sail again, including flying jib, which is set for the first time. Hope to make a good run to-day, so as to get into Gibraltar by Friday. All sail carried all night, as it is so very quiet.

Feb. 14. Another beautiful day, just like Long Island Sound, wind S. W. to S. S. W., and everything on her, even "fisherman's staysails" We make a great run, and anchor in Gibraltar, behind the naval mole, at 9 P. M. The skipper picked his berth very cleverly, although it was pitch dark; and we are in perfect shelter.

Captain Edward Sherlock, of Gitana, Marguerite and Pilgrim, is in command of Yampa. Mr. Palmer and two friends joined the yacht by steamer at Gibraltar, and the party are now cruising in the Mediterranean.

Work at Bristol.

We are indebted to the Boston Globe for the following news from the Herreshoff works, which we believe to be accurate and reliable:

The Cup defender is a keel boat, with aluminum bronze plating on steel frames. Her keel plate is of ordinary bronze, and it is possible that the lower portion of her frames may be of bronze to avoid any possible chance of galvanic action and the corrosion of the steel.

Her lead keel is 34ft. 9 in. long on top and 5ft. 6 in. in depth. Its greatest width on top is 23 in., and it is bulbed perhaps three inches on each side toward the bottom. It rounds up forward and aft, and has a flat place for about three feet at the after end which looks as though made for the rudder to drop down upon, its rake being the same as that of the stern post. Calculations show that this keel contains about 65 tons of lead.

The keel plate was cast in three pieces, which are now being rivetted together. It is one inch thick, but is so crossed by webs as to make its resisting strength four inches. It is properly flanged for frames, floors and plating and is a strong form of construction.

The boat's rudder will be hung on the stern post, and will not be balanced.

Dimensions of the boat are not at hand, all publications to the contrary notwithstanding. A close estimate is alone possible. This gives about 24ft. beam, possibly a little under, with a draft of 18ft., if not something over. It outlines a boat with a big sail plan, the biggest yet carried on a sailing yacht, and a main boom over 100ft. long. It gives finer lines, a shallower body and a more pronounced fin than on any of the big Herreshoff boats. It promises speed, power to carry sail and to hang on to windward.

On March 6, 13 pieces of aluminum bronze plating arrived at Bristol from the Pittsburg Reduction Company in a box car of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and not in a flat car, as Tobin bronze did in 1893 for the Vigilant. The plating has been taken to the shops, and another carload is expected to arrive Monday.

The decrease in thickness of the aluminum bronze from that of the Tobin bronze, used in the plating of the Vigilant, will save many tons in the weight of the new boat.

With the bronze came the middle section of the keel plate, which is of bronze, cast at the Providence Brass Foundry. The patterns for the keel plate also arrived back, and showed a length altogether of 34ft. 9 in., which must also be the length of the top of the lead keel.

Several cases of steel bolts arrived during the week from New York. A quantity of oak planking of various thicknesses also came by rail. With the oak planking came a lot of knees. It is the custom of the company to buy a quantity of lumber when the opportunity is offered, and this will be kept at the shops for future use.

J. C. Maguire, representing the Ansonia Brass and Copper Company, was in town on March 8. He arrived at 8:15 A. M., and went to the Herreshoff works, where he stayed until 12:30 P. M., in consultation with the president of the company.

The work on the Cup defender is progressing slowly as regards that part of it which is to be seen. Workmen have finished up the smoothing of the big lead keel, and have been boring holes in it for the bolts.

The big lump has changed its position during the week. When the mould was set up for the lead to be run in, it was set up level, so that it would not run out at the end which would be low if it was in its right position, and which end must be the stern. This week the lead has been placed in the position from which the boat will be built, and it rises higher at the bow end than at the stern.

This shows that the new boat will have its greater weight of lead at the heel, and that its lines at the keel will follow closely those of the keel boats on the other side of the big pond.

At the bottom of the lead keel from about the place where the keel rounds upward fore and aft, have been placed Tobin bronze plates. These are put on so that in case the boat should strike any object, or get aground, the lead keel would not be injured, and it is thought that it will be a great protection for her.

Up in the boiler shop the men are at work on the frames for the new boat. In a few days the keel plate will be put on, and it will be but a matter of a short time after that is done before the frames will be set up.

N. G. Herreshoff's valuable assistance in the preparatory work is greatly missed at this time. The master mind is needed to push the Cup defender along. The welcome and good news that he is on the road to recovery gives renewed confidence to those upon whom the superintending of building the new boat devolves.

There has been a steady although slight improvement in his condition every day this week. It is proposed to take him to a change of air and scene as soon as he is able to be taken, and it is thought this will be very beneficial to him.

Howard Gould, who arrived in New York to attend the wedding of his sister a few days ago, is expected here for the purpose of looking over his new 20-rater that is being built for him at the Herreshoffs.

She is nearly planked, with her outside mahogany skin, and the workmen are busy on her. Her fin has been finished, and during the week the lead bulb for the fin has been run.

It was said to-day that Mr. Gould, while in Bristol, would try to make arrangements with the Herreshoffs for lengthening out Vigilant when she arrives from the other side. This work could be done in the north shop, as the Hostetter 130ft. steam yacht can be put overboard any time and the room obtained in the north shop for the work.

The work on the centerboard for Vigilant is progressing, and during the week a bronze rim arrived from the Providence Brass Foundry for it.

The work on the Hostetter steamer is well along, and the finishing up work on the interior is progressing rapidly. She was given her second coat of white paint this week, and looks very handsome. The engine for the steamer has been put on board, and the boilers are nearly ready.

The 20-rater for the German baron, which is hoisted up in the south shop, has had her fin finished this week. The lead bulb for this boat has been moulded this week with that of the one for the Gould rater.

Sailmaker Hathaway and his force of men are hard at work in the sail lofts on the canvas for the new boats now in the shops.

Several extra workmen have arrived within a few days. They are platers and riveters, and will go to work on the new boat. It is understood that several more, who worked on Vigilant, will be here in a short time.

A Cruising 30-Footer.

The yawl Jane, for whose lines we are indebted to the present owner, Mr. J. G. Kish, of Sand Beach, Mich., was built last year, from the design of her original owner, Lieut. J. C. Moore, U. S. Revenue Marine, being launched in August. While availing himself of all the latest ideas in designing the full waterline, long over hangs, straight keel line, hollow section and bulbed keel, the designer has shown commendable moderation in this era of freaks in carrying none of them to an extreme; the result, as we are informed, being a very successful cruising craft—fast, quick in stays and a good sea boat. Her dimensions are:

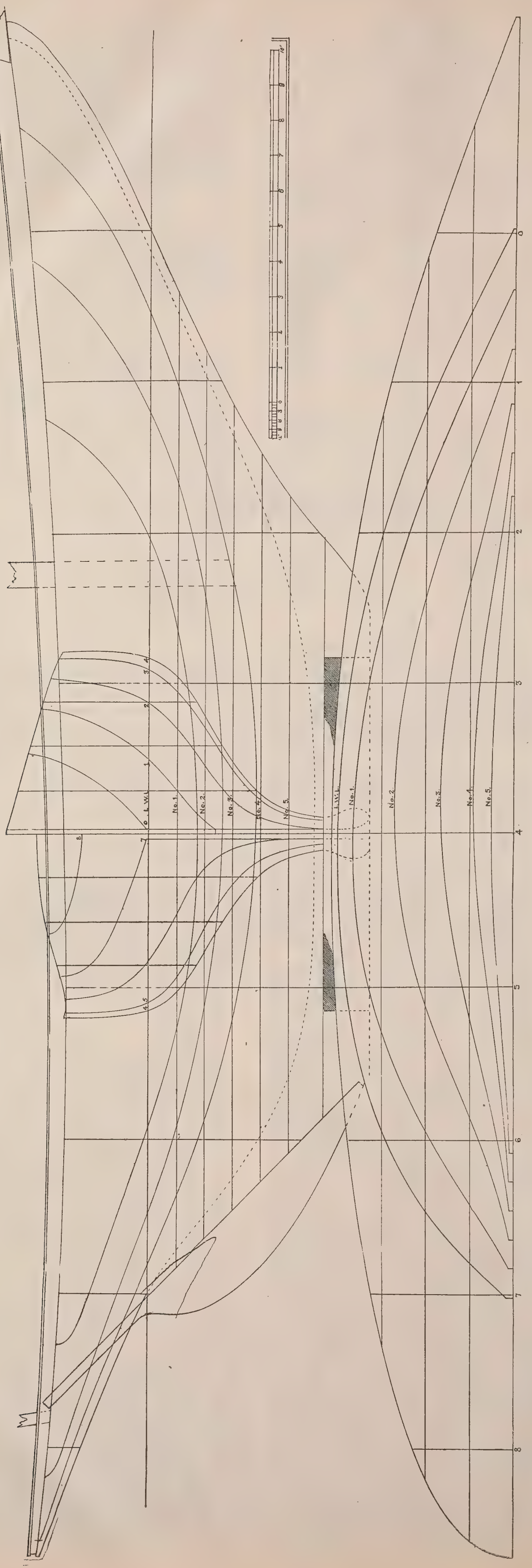
Length over all	43ft. 9in	
l.w.l.	30ft. 3in.	
Fore overhang	6ft.	
After overhang	7ft. 6in.	
Beam, extreme	10ft. 4in.	
l.w.l.	10ft.	
Draft	6ft. 4in.	
Least Freeboard	2ft. 4½in.	
Sheer, bow	1ft. 10in.	
stern	10in.	
Displacement, long tons, fresh water		11.80
Ballast, keel, cast iron		3.70
inside, cast iron		1.80
Total		5.50
Ratio of ballast to displacment		.46
Area, midship section	25.20	
lateral plane	150.00	
mainsail	570.00	
mizen	138.00	
jib	268.00	
staysail	213.00	
Total lower sail	1189.00	
C. E. from fore end, l.w.l.	14ft.	

The boat is very strongly built, the frames being steamed oak, 2x2 in., spaced 10 in., while the planking is double, of 1-2 and 3-4 in. white pine, with painted canvas between. The cabin, below a flush deck, is 14ft. long, with 5ft. headroom, and the cockpit is 7ft. long. Mr. Kish prpooses to change this season to a cutter rig.

Tarpon Springs Y. C.

Tarpon Springs, Fla.—The first outside regatta of the Tarpon Springs Y. C. was sailed on Wed., Feb. 27, out on the Gulf of Mexico, with a very light breeze. It was quite an exciting race from Tarpon Springs down the Anclote River to the Gulf. At one time nearly all the yachts were bunched together at the Devil's Elbow. The cruising yacht Batwing was making a good fight with the clippers. Capt. Norris has built a high grub-locker on his fore deck, which acts as a spinnaker when before the wind. Some say he wears a big hat for the same purpose.

All arrived at the club pier-head in good humor and sat down to lunch before starting the race. Some say the best work of the day was done at the lunch table, which ended only when they had devoured everything except the baskets. Sails were again hoisted and the skippers began to maneuver for the best start. The course was from the club's pier-head around the tripod that marks the northern mouth of the channel, around the government buoy and back to pier-head. Florida was the first to cross the starting line, quickly followed by Lucie B. The second-class boats held back a long time waiting for Silver King to start first. It was a dead heat to the tripod. Topsy and Pompano had quite a close fight. Silver King started last, but turned the tripod first. It was a close haul to the black buoy, Silver King overhauling the first-class boats very fast. When near the black buoy a new and novel sight was witnessed. A spinnaker was set on Florida when she was close hauled, and, strange to say, it did not do any good except as an object lesson. Judge Fuller was standing on the northeast corner of the club's pier, watch in hand, one eye on a



pine-tree and the other on his watch—and every one knows his time is sure to be taken correctly.

It was a very pretty sight to see the boats come flying home with enough wind to fill the sail. We wished that our Northern friends could have been with us to enjoy the race and have their cheeks kised by the balmy air, full of salt, from the Gulf of Mexico, even the ladies tried to see which would collect the most tan, even if they do freckle.

The times were:

First Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.
Florida	11 42 10	1 04 45	1 17 35
Lucie B	11 48 20	1 06 50	1 18 30

Second Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.
Topsey	11 52 00	1 13 05	1 21 05
Pompano	11 53 30	1 08 00	1 14 30
Silver King	11 55 10	1 07 20	1 12 20
Baby	11 58 00	1 58 00	2 00 00
Micanopy	11 58 20	1 25 00	1 26 40

It will be seen by the summary that the much abused "Boston Bean Pot" (Silver King) sailed the course 5 minutes and 25 seconds quicker than the first-class boats. How many such object lessons will it take to show some people that what they don't know about yachts and yachting would fill a book ten feet thick. The season is all too quickly drawing to a close, and we shall be packing up for our flight to South Boston; so we hope and pray for good weather that we may have our two regattas each week, a race on the Bayou every Saturday and on the Gulf of Mexico every Wednesday. All of us sail for the Silver Cup at Sea Side this week.

PAYSON.

The Long Island Sound Clubs.

The following circular has been sent to the chairman of each of the club committees on uniform dates:

154 Nassau street, New York, March 7.

Dear Sir: The special committee appointed at the meeting of Chairmen of Regatta Committees of Yacht Clubs on Long Island Sound held in New York, Jan. 28, request that on or before April 10 you will communicate with them with reference to selection of dates for any races of your club during the coming season in addition to the events arranged for at the meeting, a list of which is given below.

Thurs., May 30 (Decoration Day), Harlem Y. C. An.
Sat., June 8, Knickerbocker Y. C. An.
Sat., June 15, Larchmont Y. C. Spring.
Sat., June 22, Douglaston Y. C. An.
Mon., June 24, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. An.
Tues., June 25, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. Race to New London.

Racing Circuit.

Sat., June 29, New Rochelle Y. C. An.
Mon., July 1, Indian Harbor Y. C. Special.
Wed., July 3, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. Race to Larchmont.
Thurs., July 4 (Independence Day), Larchmont Y. C. An.
Fri., July 5, American Y. C. An.
Sat., July 6, Riverside Y. C. An.
Mon., July 8, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. Special.
Tues., July 9, Horseshoe Harbor Club Special.
Wed., July 10, Huguenot Y. C. Special.
Thurs., July 11, N. Y. A. C. Special.
Fri., July 12, Larchmont Y. C. Special
Sat., July 13, Hempstead Harbor Club An.

End of Circuit.

Sat., July 20, Sea Cliff Y. C. An.
Sat., July 27, Indian Harbor Y. C. An.
Sat., Aug. 3, Larchmont Y. C. Special.
Sat., Aug 3, Shelter Island Y. C. An.
Sat., Aug. 10, American Y. C. Special.
Thurs., Aug. 15, Sea Cliff Y. C. Special.
Sat., Aug. 17, Huguenot Y. C. An.
Sat., Aug. 17, Roton Point Impt. Co. An.
Sat., Aug. 24, Horseshoe Harbor Club An.
Fri., Aug. 30, American Y. C. Special.
Sat., Aug. 31, Larchmont Y. C. Special.
Sat., Aug. 31, Huntington Y. C. An.
Mon., Sept. 2 (Labor Day), Larchmont Y. C. Fall.
Thurs., Sept. 5, Larchmont Y. C. Special.
Sat., Sept. 7, Larchmont Y. C. Special.
Thurs., Sept. 12, Sea Cliff Y. C. Special.
Sat., Sept. 14, Larchmont Y. C. Special.

On May 1, the committee intend to issue a printed schedule of all races of the different clubs for the season, and it is desired to make this schedule complete.

You attention is called to the following resolution, adopted at the meeting:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the various yacht clubs situated on Long Island Sound should co-operate to promote the interests of yacht racing, and to that end that the question be submitted to the various clubs at their next meetings of considering what measures shall be adopted to further this purpose."

At the next meeting, to be held at the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. house, 7 East Thirty-second street, on Monday evening, April 15, it will be necessary to have reports from the different chairmen of what action has been taken by their clubs upon the matter.

CHARLES W. WETMORE.
FRANK BOWNE JONES.
Special Committee.

Biscayne Bay Y. C. Ninth Annual Regatta.

Biscayne Bay, Fla., Friday, Feb. 22.

In one direction at least our little club of the far South is achieving a distinction that has heretofore been granted almost exclusively to its great contemporary organization of New York City. The Biscayne Bay Y. C. has become an important factor in influencing the weather of this section, and can command a cessation of all breezes by simply appointing a regatta day. Also, as soon as its boats have ended their fruitless drifting matches, a most elegant sailing breeze will set in from the most desirable quarter and continue to blow without interruption for many days. According to this inevitable rule, our ninth annual regatta, held on Washington's Birthday, was attempted on placid waters rippled by occasional cat's-paws of wind, beneath a cloudless sky and in the full glory of tropic sunshine. A six hour limit was set for an 18 mile course, but only three boats out of ten starters succeeded in drifting past the home mark within the stipulated time, and cups were only awarded in two classes.

With a breeze we would have had some exciting contests, as among the entries were the new sloop Monomoy, designed and owned by those well-known racing men, John and Samuel Small, of Boston; Fred Hughes' speedy sloop Jupiter, formerly of Yonkers and champion in her class of the Hudson River; Commodore Munroe's new Utilis, which in a breeze can eat the very eyes out of the wind; two famous home boats, Mary Macdonald and Widow, both thus far unbeaten in their respective classes, and the Great South Bay cat, Daphne, brought down here two years ago to uphold the championship pennant of her class—a feat that she has thus far easily accomplished. But the wind gods were unpropitious, and what might have been races degenerated into drifting matches, of which the tabulated record is as follows:

Class C - Cabin Sloops.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jupiter, F Hughes	12 25 20	5 42 15	5 16 55	5 16 55
Monomoy, Small Bros	12 23 40	withdrew.		
Mary Macdonald, G Macdonald	12 27 30	5 33 10	5 05 40	5 02 45
Class C—Open Sloops.				
Widow, Alfred Peacock	12 26 55	withdrew.		
Struggle, Alfred Kemp	12 23 20	withdrew.		
Class E - Cats.				
Daphne, Wm Buckell, Jr.	12 24 25	6 00 30	5 36 05	5 36 05
Florence W., R Carney	12 45 35	withdrew.		
Class C—Schooners.				
Utilis, R M Munroe	12 26 20	withdrew.		
Allapatta, Kirk Munroe	12 23 45	withdrew.		
Mischief, Geo Roberts	13 24 00	withdrew.		

As a partial compensation for this disappointment, we were treated, two days later, to a rattling match race over the club course, 5 miles to windward and return, between Widow, open sloop champion of Biscayne Bay, and Aura, open sloop champion of Key West. A fleet of club boats accompanied the racers over the course, and their crews were not only treated to a sight of the prettiest and most hotly contested race of the season, but were hugely gratified to have the home boat finish a winner by 3 m. 22 s.

Another Key West boat, Novice by name, recently imported from Long Island Sound, was on hand. Her crew claim to have beaten Aura on a previous occasion, and were loud in their boasts of how they intended to humiliate Biscayne Bay; but their racing ardor was so cooled by Aura's defeat that upon receipt of a challenge from the victorious Widow they incontinently fled, squaring away for home; nor have we heard from them since..

The steam yacht Dungeness, Mrs. Lucy Carnegie, N. Y. Y. C., came into the bay on Feb. 25, and now lies at anchor about a mile off the club house. On board are Mrs. Carnegie, Miss Sherlock, Messrs. Andrew and Morris Carnegie, Blandy and Hayes. Although Dungeness draws 8ft. 6in., and was repeatedly assured that she could not come inside of Cape Florida, she did so without the slightest difficulty, and is anchored beside the buoy that marks the beginning of the Biscayne Bay Y. C. racing course. From here Dungeness will visit Key West, the west coast, Havana and Nassau.

Monomoy, the Boston yacht, drawing 3ft 6in. and lying just off the club house, is entitled to fly the colors of seven clubs, including the Hull, Dorchester, Corinthian, of Marblehead, Savin Hill, etc. She left Boston on September 27 of last year, and arrived here on Feb. 20, after a leisurely and thoroughly enjoyable cruise down the coast. From here she will proceed to Key West, Havana and Nassau.

Lounger, B. B. Y. C., is still at Lake Worth, which is the most southerly point she has yet reached in this season's cruising.

Wautauga, recently designed by Wintringham for Mr. Billings, of New York, on Lounger's lines, has not yet reached the bay, but is reported as on the Indian River. She had a recent narrow escape from total wreck in the breakers of Mosquito Inlet, where she was helplessly aground and pounding heavily when rescued by a passing steamer.

Of the entrances on the east coast of Florida south of Augustine, Mosquito Inlet is very dangerous; St. Lucie is good for anything drawing four feet or less; Jupiter is nearly closed; Lake Worth is only safe for boats drawing less than 18 inches: the bars at New River and Bear's Cut have both shifted well to the southward, and the Cape Florida channel is open for anything of 9ft. draft or less.

O. K. CHOBEE.

New Yachting Terms.

Chatham, N. B.—Editor Forest and Stream: You are not definite enough in your explanation of the term "narrowing wind," when you say it "is a wind which draws ahead at a very small angle with the vessel's keel" That would be a narrow, but not necessarily a narrowing, wind. A narrowing wind is one that keeps drawing more and more ahead, thus forcing the yacht to keep flattening her sails more and more, in order that she may hold her course. Amateur can surely see this without marine glasses even though experience may not have taught him to recognize a "sweet" curve at sight. J. L. STEWART.

The Mediterranean Races.

The first important event of the Mediterranean races was the meeting of Britannia and the new Fife cutter Ailsa, on March 7, at Cannes. The new boat was just in from a hard passage across the Bay, from Glasgow, on which she sustained some damage to her copper. She was docked at Gibraltar, and thirty-eight sheets were replaced.

The course was a 10-mile triangle, from off the club's station around a mark-boat off St. Honorat Island, another mark-boat off Point L'Aquille, and home, sailed three times. The day was clear, with a light wind. The starters were Britannia, Ailsa and Corsair, the former over the line to windward. The first leg was a drift to windward, Britannia gaining; the second was a reach, sailed with a stronger breeze from the southward, on the beam, Ailsa overhauling Britannia and being but 1 min. astern at the end of the first round.

Going out to St. Honorat, the two sailed very evenly; the second round was sailed in a stronger breeze and the two were within a minute all over the course. The third round began with rather less wind; Ailsa passed Britannia 2 min. up to the second mark. She finished 2 m. 50 sec. ahead of Britannia, her allowance, as estimated, being about 1 m. 12 sec. Britannia was sailed by Capt. Carter, and Ailsa by Capt. Jay; Mr. Will Fife, Jr., being on board. Dacotah won the race in her class, but next day was defeated by the French yacht Sainte Martial. On March 9 Ailsa, Britannia, Corsair, Valkyrie I. and Ovetta (Deerhound) were entered, but Ailsa broke a halyard block at the start and withdrew, Britannia winning easily. Dacotah won in her class.

On Monday Ailsa was still unable to start, as she could not replace the broken block. Britannia again defeated Corsair and Valkyrie I., and Dacotah, in a strong wind and sea, defeated Bebelle and the new French fin-keel Rolla III. Britannia lost her topmast in a squall after the race.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

We take great pleasure in announcing that the American Model Yacht Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has donated a handsome and appropriate trophy, open to challenge from any recognized model yacht club in the United States, Canada and Europe. A cut of the trophy and the terms governing the competitions will appear in the next issue of the Forest and Stream.

The annual meeting of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, was held on March 2, the election resulting as follows: Com., W. D. Boyce, Yacht Rambler; Vice-Com., W. H. Thomson, Allie T.; Rear Com., E. J. Baker, Hattie B.; Sec., W. Hindshaw, Jr., Skate; Treas., Thos. Bradwell, Hattie Bradwell; Fleet Captain, M. J. Kimman, Loma. House Committee: M. D. Wilber, Chairman; H. E. O. Heineman, Harry Finney, Wm. Knight, Wm. Neindorf. Regatta Committee: G. W. Rogers, Chairman; W. J. McConnell, J. F. Nicholson, F. J. Daggett, Andie Bowles; Meas., Richard Summers. New Members: W. S. Granger, yacht Marion; Willis J. Abbott

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following English canoeists proposed by Mr. W. W. Howard, have been elected to membership in the A. C. A., Central Division: Percy Nisbet, G. U. Laws, W. V. Brewer, J. Arthur Brand, London; Ernest Kipling, C. McPherson, Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. C. Alderman, Worcester; Dr. John D. Hayward, Liverpool. The following names are proposed: Northern Division, Henry C. Macaulay; Central Division, L. C. Allyn.

Atlantic Division Executive Committee.

The executive committee of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A. held a meeting at the Algonquin C. club-house in Trenton, N. J., on March 2, at which the full committee, composed as follows, were present, and some twenty members of the association: Messrs. H. Lansing Quick, Vice-Com.; Joseph E. Murray, Rear Com.; Thomas Hale, Jr., Purser, and Irving V. Dorland, H. H. Smythe and James K. Hand. The first matter taken up, and the most important, was the question of doing away with the Atlantic Division meet for the year 1895. After a long and exhaustive discussion on the subject, it was decided finally that no Atlantic Division meet should be held this year; and the Transportation Committee of the division, when appointed, were authorized to expend an amount not to exceed $100, for the purpose of properly taking care of boats, duffle, etc., on their arrival at the spot selected for the 1895 meet. Other minor matters were brought up in their order, and the meeting broke up to enjoy the hospitality of the members of the Algonquin C. C., in the shape of refreshments, which were thoroughly appreciated by all.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

March 20-21.—YARDVILLE, N. J.—Two days' tournament at live birds; second day, handicap sweep at 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra. Chas. Zwirlein, proprietor.

March 26-27.—ROCKFORD, Ill.—Live bird tournament of the Rockford Gun Club.

March 27.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield. N. J. E. D. Miller, Sec.

March 28.—NEWARK, N. J.—Live bird handicap at Erb's grounds, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club; 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps from 33 to 26 yards, class shooting, four moneys. W. H. Green, Sec.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added. All ties in Grand American Handicap must be shot off; three moneys, three high guns.

April 3.—ASTOR HOUSE, New York.—Trapshooters' Convention, adjourned meeting; 8:30 P. M.

April 8-10.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready March 1. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec.

April 9-11.—BURLINGTON, Ia.—Tournament of the Big Four Gun Club.

April 9-11.—WELLINGTON, Mass. Three days tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager

April 12.—HARTFORD, Conn.—All day shoot of the Hartford Gun Club; targets. D. S. Wadsworth. Sec.

April 15.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All day shoot of the Forest Gun Club at its grounds, 27th and Lehigh avenue; targets. William Morison, Sec., 1913 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

April 15.—BALTIMORE, Md.—All day shoot of the Standard Gun Club at Point Breeze. W. F. Clements, Sec'y.

April 15-18.—ATCHISON, Kas.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Lou Erhardt Sec. and Manager.

April 16-18.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, at Pittsburg, Pa., under the auspices of the Pittsburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

April 17-19.—CANTON, Ill.—Annual spring tournament of the Canton Shooting Club.

April 22-27.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. W. V. Rieger, Sec.

April 23-24.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Third bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds; events open to all. Robt. E. Chetwood, Pres.

April 23-26.—GALESBURG, Ill.—Tournament of the Galesburg Shooting Club.

April 24-26.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club: first two days, targets; third day live birds. Orrin J. Loder, Sec.

May 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; New Jersey Trap Shooters' League events commence at 2 P. M. Rob't. E. Chetwood, Prest.

May 7-10.—CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Dupont tournament at Cincinnati. Liberal cash prizes added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, agent.

May 9-10.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

May 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and P. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

May 10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O.; $200 added money. Ed. Taylor, Sec., 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec., Kansas City.

May 21-24.—KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, under the management of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec.

May 30.—MOUNTVILLE, Pa.—Tournament of the Mountville Gun Club; targets.

May 30-31.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament under the auspices of the Interstate Association; targets; added money announced later. C. F. Rood, Sec.

June 3-8 —CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11-14.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 13-14.—FARGO, N.D.—First annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready May 15. W. W. Smith Sec'y.

June 13-15—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee Sec.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec.

July 11-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec., Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

Control of Trap-Shooting.

The publication in Forest and Stream of March 2, of the proposed constitution for a national body of trap-shooters marked the second step in the direction of a sound basis for trap-shooting. The need of such an organization as a regulating body has been very generally acknowledged, and the provisions in the proposed constitution, if agreed to, will vest sufficient power in the hands of the governing body to enable it to carry out the plans made for furthering the best interests of the sport.

The agitation in favor of cleaner tournaments has not been fruitless. Scarcely a day passes but Forest and Stream receives some token that the good work is going on. From the East, West and South have come programmes within the past few days, programmes that are pregnant with meaning: "Dropping for place will not be tolerated at this shoot." Pleasant as the words and sentiment are, it is rather degrading to the sport that it has seemed necessary to insert such a sentence in the programme of any tournament; yet, as was very pertinently pointed out by Mr. Hebbard, in Forest and Stream of Jan. 5, there is nothing in the present rules governing trap-shooting which forbids or deters a man from breaking any number of targets or dropping any number when he sees a chance to make money by doing so. Moreover no penalty is attached to crooked work by shooters. In some few isolated cases clubs have been brave enough to stand up and notify certain parties that their presence at tournaments given by those clubs is undesirable, and they will not be permitted to compete in the events at such tournaments. But those instances are rare, and managements are unfortunately chary of acting in this manner. The matter properly belongs to some governing and regulating body, and that body is the one sought to be formed at the meeting of April 3 at the Astor House, in this city.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The prospects for a large entry list in the Grand American Handicap are very flattering. Manager Shaner writes that he will probably have the Interstate Association's new tent ready by April 1; in that case he will place it in position behind the score for the accommodation of shooters. The tent will be fitted with gun-racks and with hooks, etc., on which to hang coats and hats. It will eventually take the place of the smaller ones which were always in evidence at the Interstate shoots last year.

John L. Brewer and T. W. Morfey put up $150 a side in the hands of Justus Von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, 8 Murray street, this city, on Monday last, March 11. The ultimate ownership of the money will be settled on Saturday, March 23, on which date the two men shoot a race at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., for $300, 50 live birds per man, Long Island rules.

"Uncle Billy" Hughes won the Pfaender diamond badge at the Coney Island Rod and Gun club's monthly shoot at Dexter Park L. I., on March 6. Mr. Hughes, who is 73 years of age, killed 10 straight from the 27 yards mark; his total for the afternoon was 18 out of 21.

The two days' tournament of the Rockford, Ill., Gun Club will be held March 26-27. The committee of management is composed of the following: J. Monteith, Al. Henry, C. Helm, F. Haines and John T. Buker; this committee has made all arrangements necessary for the comfort of the shooters.

New dates claimed are: April 15, Standard Gun Club, Baltimore Md.; April 23-24, Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club's bi-monthly tournament; May 30, Mountville, Pa.; June 13-14, North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's first annual tournament at Fargo, N. D.

Mr. H. O. Price, secretary of the Southern Club, Hot Springs, Ark., under date of March 2, writes as follows: "Owing to unavoidable complications, the management has decided to postpone the live bird shoot announced for March 13 and 14, with $500 guaranteed, until March, 1896, when a Grand National live bird shoot, with $2,500 cash guaranteed, will be held."

T. W. Morfey and Frank Class shot the third match of their series on March 7, at Charlie Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, Pa., Morfey winning by one bird with the score of 91 to 90.

The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Woodlawn, L. I., and the Riverton, N. J., Gun Club, will shoot three matches, ten men a side, 25 live birds per man, in the near future; each club has a match on the home grounds, the choice of grounds for the third match to be decided by a toss. At a meeting of the New Utrecht Club, held on Saturday, March 9, President W. F. Sykes was authorized to accept the challenge of the Riverton Club and to arrange all details of the contests.

The New York County Gun Club, with grounds at Rockaway Park, L. I., has elected the following officers for 1895: President, T. H. Keller; Vice-President, J. H. Richmond; Treasurer, Gus Greiff; Secretary, L. H. Schortemeier; Captain, Edward Banks.

The Rockaway Park Rod and Gun Club had capital weather for its March club shoot; the scores are unavoidably withheld until the next issue. The boys are always full of jokes, and are always on the lookout for something of the kind. It may interest Major Spott, a veteran of the German army, and a member of the Elite Schutzen Corps, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to learn how that duck which "Joe Bourke shot this morning," and which the Major carried home carefully wrapped in paper, came to be filled with a half-brick and some newspaper. "John" Tiernan is the best man for him to get the particulars from.

Charlie Zwirlein advertises a two days' shoot at live birds a Yardville, N. J., on March 20, 21. First day, sweepstake shooting; second day, a 25 bird handicap, $10 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each; $25 added to high gun.

Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y., was in New York a few days ago. He arrived on March 8, fresh from the Worcester, Mass., tournament, which he said was a nice affair, adding, however, that Mascroft, the "Mayor of Sutton," was much put out at the absence of T. H. Keller, the "Mayor" having fully expected to take $12.50 out of Keller's pocket in a 25 target race. Courtney will leave Syracuse in a few days and go through to California on a business trip, returning in time, he hopes, for the Drayton, O., and Knoxville, Tenn., shoots.

A delegation of New Jersey trap-shooters will put in an appearance at the Wellington, Mass., tournament on April 9, 10, if present plans do not fall through. The Jerseymen will probably be F. Van Dyke, T. H. Keller, Neaf Apgar, "Dutchy" Smith and Noel E. Money.

Mention is made in the account of the Boiling Springs tournament, at Rutherford, N. J., of a new live-bird trap which W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa., was talking about. At the shoot Clark had a model along with him which was freely inspected and favorably criticized. Morfey won one of these traps when he shot Clark his first race at Altoona last December; this trap was used as No. 3 in the live-bird events at Rutherford thus giving an object lesson as to the value of the trap in a far superior manner to what any model could do. The trap is built on a solid base of hard wood, and requires merely the driving of a pin through a hole in the front of the base to place it in position. The balance of the trap is in three pieces, all of solid hard wood, two sides, curved so as to meet and make a tunnel, and an end piece which is placed in position after the bird has been put in the tunnel. The other end of the "tunnel," the end away from the traps, is covered with wire bars, so that the bird can look out and get fresh air. The catch that holds the trap is very simple and easily adjusted. When the trap is pulled, a "flipper" with a red rag attached pops up behind the bird and drives it off the trap at once. The working of the flipper is also simple, and there is apparently nothing to get out of order in the whole trap. Messrs. Clark and House, both of Altoona, have patented the invention and are preparing to place the traps on the market. Viewed by the work the trap did at Rutherford, it is all that its inventors claim for it.

At the meeting of the Rhode Island Trap Shooting Association, of Providence, R. I., on Feb. 28, the following officers were elected: President, A. L. Andrews; Vice-President, Phillip Randall; Secretary, J. F. Russell; Treasurer, W. W. Mosher; Captain, Samuel F. Wilson; Directors, L. C. Whitaker and William Plaisted.

A new gun club was organized on March 2, at Athens, Pa. The officers are: President, J. S. Hamaker; Vice-President, Wm. Heavner; Secretary, J. H. Murelle; Treasurer, R. S. Hickey; Captain, A. H. Nevins.

With April 1 now in sight the tournament season of 1895 may be said to be opened; from that date right along until late in the fall the smashing of targets will continue without intermission. It is calculated by the target companies that whereas it took less than 20,000,000 to satisfy all requirements last year, it will take quite tha number to keep pace with the demand this season.

Rolla Herkes, writing from Dayton, O., under date of March 4 says: "In your next issue of Forest and Stream I would like to have you insert in your Fixture column, in connection with the notice alerady given there, that the Buckeye Gun Club adds $200 in the league events. Also state that the Ohio State Transporters' League programme will be ready for distribution April 1, W. H. Stark Sec. From present indications we will have the largest attendance ever registered at an Ohio League tournament; one set of traps will be run exclusively for the open events, which, with a good entrance, will make it an object for all the experts to come and get in line before leaving for the greatest shoot on earth at targets—Knoxville, Tenn." After expressing a hope that I may be able to be present at the tournament, and also saying a few disparaging words as to my execution with a cue, Rolla adds: "I may take a foolish notion and come down and win the Grand American Handicap, and also take in the Boston and Pittsburg shoots and meet the old friends." That Dayton shoot should be a dandy.

Boyle Bros., proprietors of Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., promise to have on hand a first-class lot of selected birds for the Grand American Handicap; the price of pigeons throughout the entire tournament will be 25 cents each. The retrieving will all be done by dogs. Elmer Shaner also wishes me to state that "after the close of the three days' tournament any private matches that may be arranged can be shot off on the same grounds."

The annual meeting of the Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore Md., was held on March 6, and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: President, C. E. Bonday; Vice-President, G. H Ghent; Secretary-Treasurer, W. T. Clements; Captain, John Devall.

The Baltimore, Md., American, of March 5, contains the following: "The annual meeting of the Baltimore G. C. was held yesterday afternoon at the Carrollton Hotel. In view of the growing interest in trap shooting in this city, it was decided to enlarge the scope of the organization so as to take in members of other clubs, and all who take an interest in the sport. With this object in view the name of the organization was changed to the Baltimore Trap Shooting Association. A committee of three members—H. A. Penrose, Dr. S. J. Fort and Dr. J. W. Linthicum, was appointed to draft a new constitution and by-laws for the government of the association. The following officers to serve the ensuing year were elected: President, H. A. Penrose; Vice-President, J. A Willard; Secretary, Dr. S. J. Fort; Treasurer, James R. Malone Field Captain, William Field. Five directors will be appointed by the president at the next meeting."

The John F. Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown, Pa., held its regular monthly shoot at Rittersville on March 5. Brey won the gold

medal for the second time, Mohr getting the silver medal. Scores at 25 targets were as follows: Brey 22, Mohr 20, Benning 18, S. Weiler 16, Ulmer 15, Miller 14, J. Weiler 13, Acker 13, Hohe, 12, Mertz 12, Smith 11. During the next six months the club will compete for an L. C. Smith gun which will be given to the competitor making the best average score at the next six medal shoots.

Louis T. Duryea is still shooting pigeons well. On Wednesday, March 5, he won for the second tim the President's Cup presented to the Carteret Club by George Work, its president. Although rather paradoxical, the "cup" is a Purdey gun. Duryea won with 19 out of 20; among his opponents were Work, Knapp, etc. The birds were evry good types. EDWARD BANKS.

Weir City Scores.

Weir City, Kansas, March 1.—Enclosed herewith find scores made by members of the Business Men's Gun Club at their last regular badge contests. "Sandy" Hamilton, who is a beginner at the traps, carried away the club's medal very easily on a score of 26, allowance included, out of a possible 25, which of course was very good under the circumstances. McIlhany was allowed to win the President's medal on the low score of 19.

A rather unique live-bird contest has been arranged between O. H. Calhoun and Josh Wilkinson, both of the Business Men's Club. The match will be at 25 birds, American Association rules, except that the use of only one barrel will be allowed. The match is for $150 a side, and as each seems unusually confident of winning, the outcome will no doubt be close. They will probably shoot on March 23.

Club Medal, 25 Targets.

Scores of club shoots:

McIlhany, 0.....1111111110111001110111111—21
A. Hamilton, 6.....1011110011110111111111110—20
Abbott, 8.....1110010111111000011010010—14
Best, 5.....1101001011111111101110011—18
Doane, 4.....1010100101110110111011101—16
J. Hamilton, 5.....0011101000011100101110001—12
Holmes, 4.....0110110110101101001011110—15
Blackett, 5.....1011010110111011111001011—17
King, 6.....1011010101111000001111111—16
Edmiston, *.....0100111011100000110101111—13

President's Medal, 25 Targets.

Amateurs.

King.....0000101101011000101010011—11
A. Hamilton.....1110010111001010111001011—15
J. Hamilton.....0010110010010011001101011—12
Abbott.....0101111010000101111110001—15
Best.....1001111110011110101110001—16
Goddard.....1001010011101100101011101—14
Edmiston*.....1101101101110000000101110—13

Semi-experts.

McIlhany.....1101111101011101111110011—19
Blackett.....0101010110110101101100000—12

* Visitor.

MAMALUKE.

Trap-Shooting at Port Dover.

Port Dover, Ont., March 6.—Owing to the heavy snowstorm which fell on the 4th, blocking many of the country roads, a number of shooters were prevented from attending the first annual tournament of the Phoenix Gun Club of this place, not withstanding that the day was a perfect one. Outside of a little delay in starting, and some slight trouble caused by one of the traps, everything went off very smoothly, making our first tournament a decided success in more ways than one. Another year we hope to present a more attractive programme, with good purses, which we trust will induce some of the professionals to visit our little lakeport town. All events were shot from three traps, four moneys, high guns, known angles, unless otherwise stated. Scores:

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
No. of Target	12	15	15	15	20	12	15	20	15	20
J. Fick	6	8	2	10	12	9	10	14	6	15
F. Thorold	10	9	13	9	14	..	12	..	..	12
H. Marlott	10	10	13	11	14	6	14	15	12	17
G. W. Price	8	13	9	13	17	11	14	16	12	18
P. Wells	..	10	..	..	15	..	..	12	..	..
J. Brett	..	4	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
T. B. Landon	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
B. Fick	..	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
H. McQueen	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	14	8	14
W. Renton	..	..	14	12	15	..	10	14	..	14
H. Collins	..	..	..	..	11	5	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7 and 9 were 50 cents entrance; No. 5, $1 entrance, and $5 added to the purse; No. 3 was a merchandise shoot; prizes: 1st, "Gun and its Development," by W. W. Greener; 2d, Canvas hunting coat; 3d, 100 Nitro club shells; 4th, 1 B. G. I. Co.'s high grade shell closers; entrance, 80 cents; No. 6 was a race at 6 pairs, while No. 7 was a team race between the following pairs: Marlott and Price, Fick and McQueen, Thorold and Renton; No. 9 was at unknown angles, and No. 10 was $1 entrance, $5 added to the purse. A. W. LAWRIE, Sec.

California Trap Notes.

Pasadena, Cal., Feb. 22.—The scores given below were made this afternoon. The boys had made every preparation for a good time, but unfortunately the birds were a very poor lot, having been cooped up too long. The scores are very low, considering the quality of the birds. Scores:

No. 1, 9 Blue Rocks—Confer 8, Childs 7, Stewart 3, Schurmeir 2, Conger 6, Rose 8, Woodburry 6, Penser 6.

No. 2, 10 targets—Confer 7, Childs 2, Stewart 3, Rose 8 Schurmeir 0, Conger 6, Woodburry 4.

No. 3, 7 targets—Confer 6, Childs 6, Stewart 3, Rose 7, Conger 5, Woodbury 4.

No. 4, 7 targets—Confer 5, Childs 3, Rose 7, Woodbury 5.

No. 5, 32 live birds—Woodbury 19, Childs 21, Schurmeir 19, Rose 18, Penser 12, Stewart 25, Conger 9, Johnson 11, Confer 15.

CORVIE

Syracuse Gun Club.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 7.—The Syracuse Gun Club held its regular medal shoot this afternoon. Twenty-one members were in attendance and some good shooting was witnessed. The medals in both class A and class B were closely contested. D. M. Lefever and Geo. Mann tied in class A, Lefever winning on the shoot off at 10 targets by breaking 10 to Mann's 7. F. Lefever and J. Dey won in their respective classes. Scores:

Class A.

D. M. Lefever, 50.....11111111111111111011111110
11111111111100110011010 11—42
Geo. Mann, 46.....10111111011101111111111111
1111111111101111111111 —42
C. F. Arno, 46.....11110111111111110110111111
1111111111111001111 11 —41
Thompson, 50.....01101010100111111111110111
1111101111111110101001111—37
Willard, 50.....11111111111111110100101 10
01001000001101000111111111—33

Class B.

F. Lefever, 45.....11111111110110111111111101
1111111111111111111 —42
Morris, 48.....11111110111101111111111101
1111111100111111011110 —41
Blizzard, 45.....01111111111111111111110111
1110111110111011111111 —41

Class C.

J. Dey, 50.....11000111011111010100110 01
1111111011111111110001111 1—36

A. R. K.

Freehold—New Brunswick—Dayton.

Dayton, N. J., March 9.—Freehold this afternoon won another victory over her opponents, New Brunswick and Dayton, in the second match of the season between these three clubs. The day was unfavorable for target shooting, a strong wind blowing during the shoot, snow on the ground also gave off a glare that was very trying to the eyes. Freehold won by 14 breaks but the race for second place was very close, the Brunswicks heading their rivals by only one target. The third shoot takes place March 30 at New Brunswick, on the grounds of the Brunswick Gun Club. The conditions of to-day's shoot were 30 targets, unknown angle; at New Brunswick, each team will shoot under expert rules. Scores:

Freehold.

Burtis.....111111111101111111111101111011—27
Van Schoick.....0101111111101010110111011110111—22
Walling.....0011111111001111111110011010111—22
Sherman.....1101010011001111101101000 10011—17
Hance.....0111010111011111010100110001 11—19
Snyder.....1111111110011111111111111100111—26
Campbell.....0101100101111001101101111111111—21
Hall.....1111111111111011111111111111111—29
Davis.....0011111010011011001110101110 10—18
Conover.....1111111101110011101101001100 11—21
Denise.....1101111101111011111000010001 11—20
Ivins.....0111110110110110111111110011 10—22—264

Brunswick.

I. Hoagland.....1001111101000111111111111100110—21
Voorhees.....1010110101111111111001100111001—19
Blish.....0100111111011011111011001001 11—20
Stevens.....1111111111111011011111111111101—27
Renyolds.....0100101111111011111101111100 11—22
A. Pettit.....0011100001011111001111101111 01—19
Mundy.....1111010101011011111111101100001—20
M. Allen.....0011010110111010110101111 1011—20
Fisher.....0100111011110010111111111101110—21
Van Nuis.....0011011111110010010000101111111—18
Sperling.....1110111111111000101011000111 10—20
Clark.....1111111011111110011100111111100—23—250

Dayton.

Phillips.....0101111111001101111110100100 11—20
McDonald.....0100111011110010110001110010 11—17
Blackwell.....0000011111111101011101101111 10—20
Snook.....0111101111110001010001101111 10—19
Carroll.....1111111001110100011111011111111—23
VanDyke.....1111111111111011110110111111111—27
M. Farr.....0100110011111010100111101011 11—19
P. Emmons.....1111111100101111111011011111 10—24
Clinton.....0100100111001011101011111111111—20
Allen.....0011110111010111111110110011010—20
Barclay.....0101111111101011111111011101111—24
Groendyke.....0010100111011101010100100110 11—16—249

March 7.—The following scores were made this afternoon at the regular monthly club shoot, 30 targets, unknown angle; weather cloudy, with occasional showers:

McDonald 29, P. Emmons 21, Blackwell 25, Snook 24, T Emmons 22, Barclay 21, Clinton 23, Rightmire 23, VanAck e 20, M. Farr 24, Carroll 25, Groendyke 20.

Hartford Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., March 9.—The following scores were made by the members of the Hartford Gun Club at their regular shoot this afternoon:

Ford.....1111111111011111111111111—24
Wadsworth.....0111111111111111111101101 11—22
Sexton.....1101111110111121111101 11—22
White.....1111111111111101010 11011—21
Mills.....1111111101110111101 10111—21
Melrose.....1110111110111111111011011—21
Tucker.....1111001111111111111110101—21
Ropkins.....0111011101011101010110111—18
Wilcox.....0011001011101001111011011—16
Britton.....0010011010100110101 10010—12

D. S. WADSWORTH.

The Grand American Handicap.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 9.—The Interstate Association, since its origin, has worked for, and been wonderfully successful in, the elevation of trapshooting. Its introduction of so important an event as the Grand American Handicap has resulted in placing live bird shooting on an eminence as distinguished as that which lifts Monte Carlo events into such prominence. There is little doubt but that at the conclusion of this event in 1895 it will rank with the main events of Monaco. When the expense and excellence of arrangements of the Grand American Handicap of 1895 are considered, it cannot but place the Interstate Association in the foremost rank of such organizations in the world. Aside from the completeness of the mechanical adjuncts of the affair, care has been taken to make it, and the minor events surrounding it, the most attractive programme ever conceived in that line. The management need have no dread of the successful termination of all the events scheduled. In one of them, and especially in the Grand American Handicap, have the interests of every shooter, high and low, expert and amateur, been neglected. Shooters can enter any of the contests without confronting the fear that favorites only will be played, and the new and undistinguished shooter be forgotten. It is the aim of the management to conclude the Grand American Handicap and its kindred events with the encomium, that while the great might have won, the humble will not have it to say that he was unfairly treated in the race. There is little doubt but the experience gained through taking part in these contests, and contact with the most renowned shooters of this country, will result in untold good to those already wise and those but beginning to understand the arts and ways of this noble sport.

Sportsmen who contemplate making entry for the Grand American Handicap should not forget that regular entries close March 30, and must be sent to J. A. H. Dressel, Secretary-Treasurer, 313 Broadway, New York city, on or before that date. ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

Onondaga County Sportsmen.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 28.—The Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association held its regular medal shoot this afternoon. D. Lefever and his son Frank, both scored 46 out of 50 in Class A, the senior winning the medal; Class B medal went to Dan Walters with 37, J. Boyd winning in Class C with a similar score:

Class A. D. Lefever, 46; F. Lefever, 46; Forsythe, 44; Arno, 43; A. G. Courtney, 42; A. C. Ginty, 40; H. Jones, 40; George Mosher, 35.

Class B. Dan Walters, 37; R. Hunter, 36; W. Morris, 35; Livingston (not a member), 38.

Class C. J. Boyd, 37; Geo. Sanford, 35; J. Glenn, 34.

A. R. K.

Riverton Club's Tournament.

Riverton, N. J., March 9.—The Riverton Gun Club's handicap, 100 live birds, $100 entrance, has proved the biggest thing of its kind gotten up by any club in many a long year. Fifteen entries in a sweep of that size is something for the club to be proud of, and the fact that the result was arrived at in one day (March 8) is another matter for congratulation. The day, it is true, was not all that could have been desired, and the weather had its effect on the scores; still the records made are remarkable, no less than nine killing over 90, while three others had a similar chance had they shot their scores out. The closeness of the race shows that the handicappers were about right in their estimate of each man's capabilities. George Work and Captain Money tieing for first and second money on 94, they agreed last night to divide the two moneys, $750 and $375, shooting off, miss and out, this morning for the $200 trophy. In this shoot off Work missed his first bird; Capt. Money lost his chance to win by letting his bird get over the boundary, where it fell dead. Work then killed his next nine birds and won the cup when the captain dropped his 10th bird. The ninety-threes divided third and fourth moneys without a shoot off. The balance of to-day's proceedings were sweeps of various kinds, Work and Knapp both showing up well.

The scores in the main event are given below. In order to facilitate the shooting of the 1,500 birds in a single day, the club's old grounds were brought into service as well as the river grounds; the shooters were divided into two squads, one squad shooting at the old grounds, while the other squad shot at the new grounds. As soon as each squad had shot 50 pigeons, they changed grounds. Scores:

George Work, 30.....2222222222212222202122122—24
2222101112122222010*2222—21
2222222222221222022222222—25
2222222212212222222222122—24—94
Captain Money, 27.....1221122102212222122122211—24
2222212122*11212111220212—23
2212202220021211221222212—23
2022021122212222222222222—24—94
"Jim Jones," 27.....2211121221222221021211122—24
2121222111222221022211202—23
0022222222122020222122111—21
2111122221111122221222222—25—93
John Baker, 27.....2102*121212212111*22212—23
2222222122202201211221112—23
2211211202112111220212102—22
2111123212221112212222212—25—93
J A Post, 27.....2222012122110012222222221—22
2121111011222120102122222—23
212222*221222212222202221—23
2211121122121121121222122—25—93
F G Moore, 28.....1122212221222222222112112—25
2212221011210222112221110—22
220*2222*22*22222221222222—23
2222210222122221122222222—24—92
L Finletter, 28.....2221212122220220202222121—24
2222222021202221122121222—22
222222*1*2222112222222222—21
2022212122222222212222222222—23—92
R A Welch, 30.....1202222212221210 2*2122022—21
2212202211222222222222222—24
2212222021222211122 2*22—23
2221220222222222*12220211—23—91
W Downing, 27.....1100222212012110222201222—21
1122212122022112111012112—23
2221212121202102212212222—23
2222212122211222221211120—24—91

* The other scores (unfinished) were: J. S. Page (27), 87 out of 95; Mott (30), 87 out of 95; J. P. Knapp (30), 81 out of 90; E. J. Edwards (26), 70 out of 82; Jas. A. Wolstencroft (27), 63 out of 75; E. Eckert (30), 63 out of 75.

Wants Harder Shooting.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: There has been much said lately in the different papers about the evils that are to be found in trap shooting. One of the worst of these is dropping for place, and it has brought forth a big kick from those that are not concerned in it. Now shooters are but human, and when temptation is thrown in their way it is very hard to resist it. By temptation I mean the easy way of shooting, the blackboard system of scoring, and the bad condition of things generally. First, make the shooting harder, drop the old known trap known angle system, or the known trap unknown angle, which is no improvement over the other, and adopt the system of shooting from five unknown traps, one man up, or five men up. This will make shooters pay more attention to how they are shooting than to what the others are doing. Do away with the blackboard; this will be found a great preventive to unfair work.

A good system to take the place of this thing was explained to me the other day by Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., but I am not at liberty to give it away, as he intends to be present at Willard Park during the Grand American Handicap week, at which time and place he will make his ideas public. In regard to the meeting at the Astor House on the evening of April 3, I am sure that whatever the convention decides to do will meet with hearty praise from the large number of clubs and individuals who are interested in the movement, but who cannot be present at the meeting. We all hope that they will decide upon something that will bring both the expert and amateur together on an equal footing, so that they may have the best of feeling the one for the other. AMATEUR.

Is Not This What We Want?

A week or so ago a gentleman in New England wrote to Forest and Stream suggesting a division of the purses by a system that had "popped into" his head "while reading Forest and Stream last evening." Upon the face of it the scheme suggested seemed so equitable and, above all, appeared to contain the one essential point that we have all been looking for, viz.: Something to put an end to dropping for place, that we took the trouble to try and find weak points in it. As shown later, the only one we could find is really of no consequence, requiring a combination of circumstances that very rarely occurs. It is, of course, quite probable that there are some other points which have been overlooked, where the scheme may not be all that is claimed for it. Such cases, if any, will no doubt be speedily brought to the surface just as soon as cashiers, etc., of clubs begin to figure on the division of purses as given below.

An actual test of the system was made at a shoot of the New York County Gun Club a few days ago. The result was entirely satisfactory, every member present expressing himself as decidedly in favor of the system. From the fact that under this system it pays a man better to break as many targets, or kill as many live birds, as possible, there being no longer any advantage in "second money alone," the system has been named, "Straight out" for want of a better title. With the above introduction we will now try and explain the working of the system, first giving the formula and example sent us by the New Englander, who adds: "For local reasons please keep my name to yourselves, and let me be known only by the name 'Green Amateur,' signed to this communication." The formula, etc., runs as follows:

"Establish the relative value of prizes in points. Multiply the number of winners of each prize by the relative number of points of each prize; add these products; divide the prize money by this total, and you have the value of each point of prizes to be awarded. Take for illustration this example: 10 entries, $1 each, 10 live birds each; value of prizes, 4, 3, 2 and 1 points; result of shoot: 3 men kill 10 birds each, 2 kill 9 each, 2 kill 8 each, 3 kill 7 each. Now figure:

3 firsts	x 4	points each	— 12	points
2 seconds	x 3	" "	— 6	"
2 thirds	x 2	" "	— 4	"
3 fourths	x 1	" "	— 3	"
			Total, 25	points.

Divide prize money of $10 by these 25 points, and you have 40 cents as the value of one point. The division of money will be:

3 firsts,	4	points x 40	cents	— $1.60 each	— $4.80
2 seconds,	3	" x 40	"	— 1.20 "	— 2.40
2 thirds,	2	" x 40	"	— .80 "	— 1.60
3 fourths,	1	" x 40	"	— .40 "	— 1.20
					$10.00

There should be no difficulty in understanding and applying this formula to any case."

The formula, and the working of it, is extremely easy to get at. The only point that apparently needs any further explanation is how to arrive at the relative number of points for each prize. This is just as simple as the rest of it and is as follows: Where there are two moneys under the present system, the proportions are 60 and 40 per cent; under the "straight out" system the points are 6 to each man in first money and 4 to each man in second money. Three moneys: Present system, 50, 30 and 20 per cent; "Straight out" system, relative number of points are 5 to each man in first money, 3 to each man in second, and 2 to each man in third. The same principle applies to four moneys, or any number of moneys you choose to divide the purse into.

The following examples will show where the "straight out" system comes in, and where it is so powerful an agent in keeping shooters from dropping: 1. First sweep at Elizabeth, N. J., tournament, Feb. 28, 1895; 7 birds, $5, birds included, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., 5 entries: three men kill 7, one kills 6 and one kills 4. Under the present system, the three first men divide $7.75—$2.58, 1-3 each; second man scoops in $4.65 because he was the only one who missed one bird, while third money, $3.10, i. e., 51 2-3 cents more than each of the first men received, goes to a man who couldn't kill 60 per cent.!

Under the suggested system, the shooters would receive as follows: Straight scores pay $3.85 each; second men get $2.34; third men, $1.56. 2. Second event, same day; 10 birds, $5, birds included, 11 entries, 3 moneys in same proportion. The result shows four straights, one 9 and four eights. Under present system the straights received $3.15 each; the 9 got $7.55, while the four men in the third money split up $5.05, about $1.26 each. "Straight out" system: Straights paid $4.05 each; 9 was worth $2.43, while the men with 8 each received $1.62. Suppose (as was actually the case) that the last man to shoot had nine straight when he went to the score for his last bird, and that the score showed three straights and only one nine! Quite a temptation to miss the last bird under the present system? Had he missed that bird his proportion of the purse would have been nearly 20 per cent. greater than if he had killed outright. A drop of the 10th bird under the "Straight out" system would have resulted in a 35 per cent. decrease in his share of the pot! Is any further argument or any further example needed? Take copies of Forest and Stream and work out similiar cases. In the above two cases the purses were unusually small; the difference in the two systems will be found much more marked of course in target races with a large number of entries, and in live bird races where birds are extra and entrance moneys are proportionate.

There is, so far as we can judge, not a shadow of a doubt as to the efficiency of the "straight out" system to put an end to dropping. It is said that there are exceptions to every rule; but the opportunity occurs so seldom that it can be brushed on one side. The only case which we can find at present is the following suppositious case: A 15 target race is being shot and there are two men straight up to the end of the 14th round; the nearest man to them cannot make better than 13 if he breaks his last target. Under the "straight out" system there is a solid money consideration for each man in favor of breaking 15, unless these two are "pooling" or combining. This combination of circumstances would be of so rare an occurrence that it really needs no attention. It must be remembered that both poolers would have to "keep tab" while the event was actually being shot, with themselves as members of the squad perhaps; in order to reap the benefit that would accrue from his dropping his last target.

This system, "Straight out" or whatever you choose to call it, is therefore suggested as one well worth looking into. It may have been propounded before, but if so we have no recollection of it, and can find no record of it Will not some gun club try the system at its club shoots, and let Forest and Stream readers know what they think of the system from actual experience? There is one point which should be touched upon before quitting the subject: It has been objected to by one shooter that the "Straight out" system does away with all chance of a man making a scoop by happening to hit first, second or third place alone. The very fact that it does do away with this chance is, in our opinion, its strongest point, as it thereby does away with all inducements for "dropping for place."

Trap-Shooting in Iowa.

Davenport, Iowa, Feb. 22.—The fourteenth annual tournament of the Forester Gun Club closed to-day. The attendance was not as large as usual, but those who were on hand had a very pleasant time, the weather being warm. Among those in attendance were: C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake; H. J. Wilson, Emmettsburg; S. A. Tucker, Davenport; Tom Marshall, John Read, Omaha; Huckins, of Kewanee; W. "Tramp" Irwin and Gus Walpert, of Peoria.

On Wedneesday, W. T. Irwin and R. B. Cook shot a match at 100 targets from five unknown traps for a purse of $50 a side, Cook winning by 4 targets, scoring 80 to Irwin's 76. On Friday Dr. Carver and C. A. Budd shot the third match of their series, Dr. Carver winning quite easily. The score was 89-77 in favor of Carver. Budd was in poor form and out of luck in drawing birds. On Wednesday evening Mr. Cook entertained a number of the visiting sportsmen at his home, the evening being much enjoyed by all present. The programme stated that dropping for place would not be tolerated, and during the three days this rule was not broken; not a target or bird was dropped intentionally. The targets were shot from five traps, walk around, known traps and unknown angles. All ties were divided, with one or two exceptions. The following tables give the results of the programme events during the three days of the tournament:

No. Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
No. targets:	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	15	10	20
Cook	7	14	13	9	..	7	..	7	6	..	8	16	8	4	10	7	13
Read	4	11	3	5	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	3	..	9	7	..
Huckins	4	8	11	..	7	..	5	8	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	8	11	12	9	7	..	..	8	3	..	..	8	7	7	8	8	14
W Bolten'rn	7	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	..	..	5	..
Budd	8	9	10	10	10	..	..	6	5	9	4	13	5	5	14	6	13
Walpert	4	5	10	..	8	..	8	..	5	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Gilbert	7	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	6	14	7	..
Tramp	8	11	6	..	..	..	9	..	..	10	..	12	5	5	8	6	..
V Bolten'rn	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	..	..	..	..
Samuelson	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Adams	5	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	..
Shado	8	7	9	5	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Cosey	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lewis	7	12	11	..	..	8	9	6	6	..	9	..	..	5	..	..	12
Davis	..	7	9	..	1	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	1	..	6	..	..
Grimm	..	12	13	7	..	8	..	7	7	9	..	16	8	8	11	8	16
W Clark	..	..	..	7	..	..	5	6	3	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	..	..	..	11	..	..	7	7	9	5	7	..	..	..	10	13	8	16
Smith	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	7	11	9	16
H Bolten'rn	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Mudd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	10	..	..
Conrad	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	9
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	4	..
Booth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..
Borcherdt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Maser	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Stone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

Nos. 1 to 11 were shot during first day's programme; Nos. 12, 13 and 14 on the second day, and Nos. 15, 16 and 17 on the third day.

The following are the scores in the live bird events:

No. of Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
No. of Live birds	7	10	..	6	8	8	8	5	7
Cook	6	10	5	15	7	5	7	3	6
Read	7	5	4	1	7	7	6	3	6
Wilson	7	8	6	2	7	8	6	3	6
Boltenstern	7	8	5	1	7	..	6	4	7
Budd	7	7	5	3	8	6	8	3	..
Walpert	7	8	6	2	..	..	..	..	..
Lewis	6	8	4	1	5	..	6	4	..
V Boltenstern	5	7	6	..	..	..	8	3	..
Samuelson	6	9	3	..	..	..	8	4	..
Grimm	5	10	5	14	8	7	7	5	6
Gilbert	7	10	5	10	8	6	8	5	6
Huckins	7	6	5	2	7	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	7	4	0	5	..	3	3	..
Clark	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	..	10	5	6	..	..	8	4	7
Gilman	..	7	5	2	..	..	..	..	..
Shado	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	3	..
Irwin	..	..	4	..	..	5	..	4	..
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	..
Carver	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Conrad	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Murphy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Mudd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3

Events 1-5 were shot on the first day; 6-8 on the second day, and No. 9 on the third day. Entrance moneys as follows: Nos. 1 and 9, $5 No. 2, $7; No. 3, $4; No. 4, miss and out, $2, 13 entries; No. 5 and 7, $5; No. 6, $6; No. 8, $3. C. W. BUDD.

New York County Gun Club.

The first March shoot of the New York County Gun Club was held at Rockaway Park, L. I., on March 4. Only a few members were present, the weather in the early part of the day being decidedly uninviting. Altogether 1,055 targets were thrown from the three traps, the scores being given in the table below. The percentages are surprizingly low, but then the New York County men throw targets at very acute angles, and as far as possible, making the shooting extremely difficult, and straights something unusual. Schorty led with 76 per cent.; Wash, 73; Scott, 69; Place, 67, and Edwards, 55. The varied nature of the programme may be judged from the note which follows the table of scores.

No. of events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
No. of targets:	10	15	15	20	15	25	30	20	25	10	10
Schorty	7	13	13	12	13	18	21	18	22	4	7
Scott	7	12	12	13	13	17	19	14	17	3	..
Edwards	6	7	8	12	10	15	14	11	13	7	5
Wash	5	10	12	13	10	22	25	13	18	8	7
Place	8	13	11	14	9	14	14	15	19	7	7
Kelly	6	1	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heyer	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stoney	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Tiernan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	4	..

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were known angles; No. 4, 10 pairs; Nos. 5 and 6, expert rules; No. 7, 10 at known angles, 10 at expert rules, and 5 pairs; No. 8, 10 known angles and 10 at expert rules; No. 9, 15 known and 10 expert; Nos. 10 and 11, walking matches, use of both barrels. SHAD ROE.

Keystone Gun Club.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 4.—The scores given below were made by the members of the Keystone Gun Club, of this city, on the club's Gronnds at South Side. No. 1 was the regular club shoot at 15 singles and 5 pairs. Scores:

No. 1:

F Desmond	111111111111111111101111—24
W Sully	110111111111111111101111101—22
F Kinney	111111110111110011101110—20
M Duggan	101111111111111010111100111—21
S Duley	111111011101111010111111—21
J Carlough	011111011111111010101001—18
J McDowall	010111111110111011010100—17
C Sulley	000000011111110011111111—16
J Parker	110111111111111111111110—23
E Inderbitzer	111111111110011011001001l—18
J Avery	011111111101101101101l0110—18
O V Samson	111011111111111101010l010—19
M Joyce	011111111111111011001l0110—19
A Robbins	111101110111111101111l0100—19
J Duggan	111111111111111111010110100—20

No. 2, 10 targets:

W Sully	1111111101— 9	Avery	1000111001— 5
Daley	1011101110— 7	Quinn	1100101111— 7
Kinney	1011111110— 8	Parker	1011111111— 9
Duggan	1100111010— 6	E Esmond	1111111111—10
Inderbitzen	0101011111— 7	Samson	1100111111— 8

F. D. KINNEY, Sec'y.

Nebraska Trap Notes.

Omaha, Neb., March 2.—There was an interesting live bird team shoot on the Bemis Park Club grounds this afternoon between Parmelee Blake and Smead on one side, and Read, Loomis and Peters on the other, 15 birds to the man, 30 yards rise, 50 boundary, for the price of the birds. The weather was beautiful, but the shooting was poor. Score:

Blake	21222112*222*1*2201121011—20
Smead	01*1*0111001221110222200—15
Parmelee	12111112121201012021222232—22—57
Peters	01*0011010121011211121122—18
Loomis	12*1112012102221020211220—19
Read	**2000101021102210121102O—14—51

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., March 7.—Some time ago, Uncle Watt (W. L. Moorman), one of the heavy weights of the gun club, conceived the idea of determining which of the club's No. 1 team was the best man. His idea was brought to a focus to-day. The old man furnished the ammunition and umpired the shoot to his and everybody's entire satisfaction. The shells were all loaded exactly alike, he having taken a notion that it was altogether the shells and the loading that did the work, the man and gun being a secondary consideration. From the way the boys shot out the experiment leads one to believe Uncle Watt's idea was not far out of the way in this particular event, the six men making an average of 82 per cent. Paul North was in town and joined the boys in the shoot. Below find scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Nelson	1111111101111111111110111—23
Terry	1011110111111111111111111—23
Dornin	1111111111111111101111011—24
Cleland	1001011000111011101111011—16
Empie	1111111111111111111111111—25
Scott	1110111111111110011111111—22
No. 2, same:	
Nelson	1111111111110111101110101—21
Terry	1010111011111111011110111—20
Dornin	1111111111110111111111111—24
Cleland	1101011101111101110100011—17
Empie	1111111111110111111111111—24
Scott	1101101011100010111101111—18
No. 3, same:	
Nelson	1111101111011010100111111—19
Terry	1100111111111111111011111—22
Dornin	0011111011100001010001111—15
Cleland	0110011110101101111101101—18
Empie	1111101111101001111111101—21
Scott	1011111011101101111110l0—19
Paul North	1111011011101111110100011—18
Moorman	1111110001001101001l100111—16
No. 4, same:	
Nelson	1110110000111001111111111—19
Terry	1111101111111101111111110—22
Dornin	1111110111111101111111111—23
Cleland	0000110111001111111111111—19
Empie	0111110011101111111111110—20
Scott	0011111110011111111011101—18
Paul North	1111010101101111111110111—20
Moorman	0111011111001000101111111—17
No. 5, same:	
Paul North	1111110111101111110111111—22
Nelson	1111110010101111111110011—19
Moorman	1101000111001101111111110—17
Cleland	0010101011110111000011101—14
Berry	1000010001000000010011000— 6
Dornin	1111111101111101011111111—21

No. 6, 25 targets, unknown angles:

North	1111011111110111111111101—22
Dornin	1111111111111111111111111—25
Empie	0010011011111111111111111—19
Nelson	1011110001101111101110011—17
Scott	1100010111001011110101011—15

No. 7, 10 targets, expert rules: North, Terry and Dornin, 7; Nelso and Empie, 3; Scott, 2. F. M. D.

Emerald Gun Club.

The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, held its annual meeting at 9 Madison street, this city, on the evening of March 7. The reports of the various officers and committees were very satisfactory, the club being found to be in excellent standing. The membership list, limited to 50, is full, there being no vacancies. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: President, T. F. Russell; Vice-President, Gus Nowak; second Vice-President, N. Maesel; Secretary, John Woelfel; Recording Secretary, H. P Fessenden; Treasurer, J. H. Moore. Col. J. H. Voss and Dr. G. V. Hudson were appointed members of the Executive Committee.

The doings of the club during the past year were mentioned in the reports of the officers The committee which had charge of the big tournament last year made a report, showing that $275 had been netted by that tournament; 9,000 targets were thrown during the two days on which target events were shot. It will be remembered that the Empire City Handicap, 25 live birds per man, was one of the largest events of its kind held during the year, there being no less than 51 entries. In the 11 club contests, shot between March '94 and March '95, 2,930 live birds were trapped; 2,161 were killed, showing a club average of nearly 74 per cent., an increase of about 5 per cent. over the previous year. The club's grounds are at Dexter Park, L. I., where the first shoot of the '95 season will be held on March 19. The following table, compiled from the records of two or more shoots shows the standing of the members:

Name and Class.	Handicap. Points.	Birds. in yds.	Birds. shot at.	Birds. killed.	Per- cent.	Total Points.
*F W Place, B	5	25	110	91	.827	36
J H Moore, B.	6	25	110	91	.827	25
R. Regan, B	5½	25	90	72	.800	24
H Thau, A	6	28	110	86	.782	22
J Woefel, B	4½	25	110	67	.609	20
L H Schortemeir, AA	6	30	110	93	.845	16
J H Voss AA	7	30	110	93	.845	16
S P Leveredge, A	6	28	100	74	.740	16
M Herrington, AA	7	30	110	92	.836	15
G V Hudson, M.D., A	6½	28	100	77	.770	14½
E Doeinck, AA	7	30	110	90	.818	14
N Maesel, B	6	25	110	77	.700	14
T Cody, A	5½	28	110	74	.673	14
R Phister, AA	7	30	60	55	.916	13
J Maesel, A	6½	28	100	77	.770	12½
J "Wash," A	7	28	110	83	.755	10
Thos Short, A	7	28	90	72	.800	10
H P Fessenden, A	7	28	80	63	.788	9
G Nowak, A	6	28	100	59	.590	8
F Walters, AA	7	30	50	39	.780	7
T H Keller, A	7	28	40	33	.825	7
W E Hogan, B	5	25	70	45	.643	7
O Bowen, A	6½	28	60	46	.760	7
F Hamilton, B	5	25	70	33	.550	6
T F Russell, A	7	28	80	58	.725	5
T P McKenna, B	6	25	30	23	.767	5
G E Greiff, AA	7	30	40	32	.800	4
C Maesel, B	5½	25	70	37	.536	4
P Butz, A	6½	28	100	57	.570	3½
L C Gehring, AA	7	30	40	29	.725	3
C Stuetzler, A	5½	28	50	25	.500	3
G E Loeble, A	7	28	30	23	.767	3
M F Lindsley, AA	7	30	20	16	.800	2
J H Richmond, A	7	28	20	16	.800	2

* Place won the club's gold badge, set with emeralds and diamonds; Moore won second prize—repeating gun; third prize, gold badge with emerald setting, R. Regan; fourth prize, gold locket, H. Thaw; fifth prize, silver berry dish, presented by Col. J. H. Voss, J. Woelfel; Col. Voss, L. H. Schortmeier and S. P. Leveredge divided 6th, 7th and 8th prizes. HALF SHELL.

Bronx River Gun Club.

West Farms, N. Y., Feb. 22.—To-day, Washington's Birthday, the members of the Bronx River Gun Club held a shoot at their grounds at West Farms. Events at live birds and targets made up the programme for the day. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
C White	11221—5	11011—4	02120—3	22121—5
W L Hall	12222—5	01010—2	00202—2	22212—5
W S Brown	22200—3	21000—2		
B G Loomis	00000—0	01102—3	11101—4	22111—5
J T Murphy	20212—4	11210—4		
W Fisher	10111—4	11010—3		
A D Knapp	02100—2	20000—1	20220—3	21212—5
R R Pero	10001—2	02210—3	01220—3	
S King	00200—1			
H J C	00000—0	12220—4	22012—4	02022—3
Jas Duane	01121—4			
C Bertram	20112—4	02201—3		
C H Dittmar	01111—4			
T J Byrnes	01100—2			

No. 5 was practically a match at 5 live birds, $3 entrance, between C. White and "H. J. C.," the latter winning by the score of 5-3.

Several events at targets were also disposed of during the day, the following being the scores:

No. 1, 10 targets: Fred Pringle, 7; H. J. C., 10; R. R. Pero, 5; A. D. Knapp, 7; C. White, 5; B. G. Loomis, 8; C. H. Dittmar, 3; W. L. Hall, 4; B. Cruzer, 5; J. T. Murphy, 1; W. S. Brown, 5; W. Bridenbach, 6.

No. 2, same: Pringle, 9; H. J. C., 7; Pero, 4, Knapp, 2; White, 3; Loomis, 6; Dittmar, 4; Cruzer, 2; Murphy, 5; Brown, 8.

No. 3, same: Pringle, 9; H. J. C., 7; White, 4; Loomis, 10; Murphy, 3; Brown, 3.

No. 4, same: Pringle and Loomis, 10; White, 9; Brown, 4.

No. 5, same: Pringle, 8; Loomis, 6; White, 5.

Feb. 23.—This afternoon the members of the Bronx River Gun Club held their monthly shoot at targets with the following results:

*C White	11101101101111111111101110—20
W L Hall	10001101010000001000000101— 8
D Wheeler	00000000000100010001010101— 6
M Lipps	00000000101000010000000010— 4
*J Duane	01000001110110000001001101—10
C H Dittmar	00010100000001001110000001— 7
*B Cruger	01001100101101001001000010—10
Dr J P Adams	10010111111111100111111110—19

* C. White won class A. medal; Jas. Duane, class B medal, and Bertram Cruzer the medal in class C.

JOHN T. MURPHY, Sec'y.

Boiling Springs Club's Tournament.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., held its three days' tournament on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week, March 5, 6 and 7. On the first day the wind blew strongly and the air was quite cold; the second day, the weather was really that target breakers could wish for; the third day, live bird day, however, was just the opposite of its immediate predecessor, a cold Easterly wind, full of dampness, blowing gently during the morning, dying away about 3 P M.; at that hour a heavy and most persistent rain set in, wetting shooters and assistants most effectually and having a disastrous effect upon what would otherwise have been good flyers.

The club is not exactly a young one, but its career of late years has been such that many an older organization might envy its record. The following extract from the programme gives a brief review of the club's history.

The spring tournament of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun club opened on Tuesday of last week, March 5, and extended over three days. The following extract from the programme gives a short history of the club, its management and doings, since its inception more than six years ago:

"The Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club was organized October 31, 1878, its purpose being to enforce the State Game Laws, stocking the county with game and its waters with fish, and the improvement in the use of the gun, besides the fostering of a genuine social and sportsmanlike spirit among its members. Of the original ten charter members, six are still active members of the club. The growth of the club was slow until the year 1889, when several energetic gentlemen were elected members, who put new life in the club; as a result of their efforts, ably seconded by some of the older members, the club was organized into a stock company; several acres of land were purchased on the borders of the salt meadows, a new and substantial club house was erected, new traps and other shooting implements were purchased, and the club took its stand among the best equipped and organized clubs in New Jersey.

"The club has won twice, in 1893 and 1894, the Championship Cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, presented by Shooting and Fishing; and it generally holds its own in any contest with other clubs. Its membership to-day is over 100, and among its active members are the following well-known trap shooters: Thos. H. Keller, Neaf Apgar, J. H. Richmond, Fred Van Dyke, Gus E. Greiff, W. J. Simpson, Enoch Miller, Charles (Dutchy) Smith, T. W. Morfey, Wm. Hughes, Eddie Collins, and others. Among its honorary members we quote: Jacob Pentz, of Shooting and Fishing; M. F. Lindsley and Mrs. Lindsley, W. R. Hobart, of Newark; and Oswald Von Lengerke, of Chicago.

"Monthly shoots for prizes are held on the first Saturday of every month, and live bird contests on the second Wednesday of October, November, December, January, February and March. Sweepstakes and practice shoots are held on the afternoon of every Saturday through the year; these shoots are open to all, and all sportsmen are sure of a hearty welcome. As the location of the shooting grounds is handy, being only twenty-seven minutes ride from New York by the Erie R. R. to Rutherford, or the New Jersey and New York R. R. to Carlstadt, and as the grounds are only nine minutes walk from either depot, they are especially suited for any shooters sojourning in New York for a time, who may wish to spend a few hours practicing at their favorite pastime; such will always find the grounds open and the traps in position any day in the week, except Sunday. The officers of the club are: President, Edw. A. Jeanneret; Vice-President, C. H. Coe; Secretary, W. H. Huck; Treasurer, Frank Krebs; Field Captain, P. A. Jeanneret. The board of directors consists of the above named officers with Messrs. Gus E. Greiff and Cornelius Collins added.

Taken altogether the tournament was a success, although a larger attendance of target shooters might very reasonably have been looked for, particularly upon the

FIRST DAY.

Thirteen shooters were all that put in an appearance this day. Chief among those from out-of-town clubs were: Harry Thurman ("Father Time") of the Keystone Shooting League, Philadelphia, Pa., and Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association; Irvin, of the Forester Gun Club, of Philadelphia; and "Bill" Clark, Altoona, Pa., the latter talking a good deal about the live bird trap which he and "Tom" House, of that city, are putting on the market; Bill also had something to say about the "Wopsy" tournament next July. A glance at the names of those who shot among the home contingent will show that the company was pretty warm. The first 10 events on the table given below were regular programme events, the other five being extras. All events were at unknown angles, the entrance moneys being in the proportion of 10 cents per target in events Nos. 1, 2, 8 and 9; other entrance moneys were: No. 3, $1.50; No 4, $3; No. 5, $2; No. 6, $1.50; No. 7, $3; No. 10, $2. Twelve entries or under, 3 moneys; over 12 entries, 4 moneys. Targets cost 2 1-2 cents each, the half cent going to form a fund for the three best averages in all programme events. The catering, as is usual at all similiar gatherings of the Boiling Springs Club, was exactly what the contestants wanted; this is no small item in the successful running of a shoot, yet it is a point that is often overlooked. The following table tells the rest of the story:

No. of event:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
No. of targets:	10	15	10	25	15	10	25	10	20	10	10	10	10	10	10
F Van Dyke	10	11	8	20	13	9	19	10	19	9	9	10	10	..	9
J Hoffman	10	13	9	19	14	8	21	10	17	9	10	8	7	..	9
E Collins	6	12	9	19	11	9	23	8	19	9	8	..	..	..	7
N Apgar	7	12	8	20	15	9	21	9	19	10	..	7	10	8	9
T H Keller	6	13	9	18	13	10	22	8	12	8	..	6	8	6	6
W G Clark	9	12	8	16	13	6	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
W H Huck	9	8	10	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	8	4	8	..	7
Wright	6	9	7	16	11	9	22	9	18	9	..	..	..	..	4
G E Greiff	7	13	8	17	9	8	..	8	17	..	6	..	9	6	..
Paul	..	..	..	15	..	5	..	5	..	..	..	5	9	5	9
Wanda	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thurman	..	..	..	..	11	9	21	7	14	7	..	..	..	..	..
Palmer	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	8	15	..	..	..	..	..	..

SECOND DAY.

March 6.—A perfect day in every respect for target shooting. As a natural consequence the scores were high, remarkably high when the difficult nature of the Boiling Springs' grounds is taken into account. Apgar, with 94 per cent. in the programme events was high man; next in order came: Van Dyke, 92; Keller, 91; Collins, 88; Hoffman and Melott, 85; "Dutchy" Smith, Taylor and "Jones," 82. Apgar, beside shooting very well was lucky enough to get 20 straight and 25 straight in events 4 and 7, without anybody to bother him for a division. Among the newcomers to-day were: Dr. Mitchell, — Brownell; Chas. ("Dutchy") Smith, of Plainfield, N. J.; J. S. Taylor and Capt. G. H. Taggert, of Newburgh, N. Y.; Melott, a Berks County, Pa., shot; Lemuel Thomas, of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J.; T. W. Morfey, Paterson, N. J.; Noel "E. C." Money, Capt. Cramer, of New York City, who often disguises himself under the title of Capt. "Jones"; C. Hebbard (on hand to see how the blue rock traps threw his empire targets); E Hollister, etc., etc. As an instance of how the "straight out" system (given elsewhere) would have worked at this shoot, No. 9 gives a very good example. The score shows four with 19, one with 18, two with 17, three with 16; 15 entries at $2; targets 2 1-2 cents each; gross purse is $30, net, $22.50, four moneys. Under the present system the purse was divided as follows: $9, $6.75, $4.50, $2.50. The four men who broke nineteen drew out $2.25 a piece; the 18 received $6.75; each man with 17 got just as much as those who broke 19, viz.: $2.25; the sixteens got 83 1-3 cents each. Now take the division under the "straight out" system: Four firsts, one second, two thirds, three fourths; total number of points therefore is 26. Dividing $22.50 by the 26 points, the value of each point is 86 1-2 cents. The four men with 19 will thus receive $3.44 each, while the 18 only gets his proper proportion, $2.59 1-2; the seventeens are worth $1.73 each, and the man with 16 will draw 86 1-2 cents. Which is the fairest? And which is most likely to put an end to dropping for place? Scores in the programme events are as follows:

No. of targets:	10	15	10	20	15	10	25	10	20	10	Broke.	Shot at.	Per cent.
F Van Dyke	10	14	9	19	14	9	24	10	17	8	134	145	92
J Hoffman	9	14	10	18	13	7	22	7	16	8	124	145	85
N Apgar	10	12	9	20	14	10	25	10	19	8	137	145	94
Brownell	7	8	9	15	10	8	15	7	15	5	99	145	68
T H Keller	10	13	10	18	11	9	24	9	19	9	132	145	91
Wood	6	12	5	..	13	8	..	9	..	..	53	70	75
Dr Mitchell	8	9	8	..	10	7	..	5	13	..	60	90	67
C "Dutchy"	6	12	8	19	14	10	17	8	15	10	119	145	82
Capt Cramer	6	11	8	..	10	10	23	9	19	7	103	125	82
J S Taylor	7	12	9	17	12	9	..	8	17	..	91	110	82
E Collins	..	..	..	19	11	9	24	8	19	7	97	110	88
Melott	..	..	..	16	14	10	16	10	18	10	94	110	85
G H Taggert	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	53
L Thomas	..	..	..	..	11	5	..	..	..	9	25	35	71
Knebel	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	6	..	..	13	25	52
T W Morfey	..	..	..	..	11	9	18	5	13	10	66	90	73
N E Money	..	..	..	..	14	8	14	..	16	10	62	80	77
Bates	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	2	..	..	5	20	25
Law	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	6	10	60
C. Hebbard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	6	10	60
"Wanda"	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	10	70
E Hollister	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	7	23	30	76
Russell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	12	20	60
W G Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	10	60
Totals												1482	1840	

March 7.—This day was devoted entirely to live bird shooting, the main event being a 20 bird race, $10 entrance, birds extra, 5 moneys. This event had 19 entries, a number that would undoubtedly have been increased had the weather forecast been more favorable. Dr. Hudson was present, wearing the gold badge of the New York German Gun Club, a very handsome emblem; the doctor, however, did not shoot in the sweep, as he found the light and background too deceiving for him, while shooting a few practice birds. Mrs. Lindsley was also present but not shooting; she is now shooting targets really well and enjoys that kind of shooting apparently; she has improved so much in her shooting of inanimates that some of the top sawyers will have to look out for "Wanda." Another shooter who was present was Mr. Hughes, a member of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, L. I.; Mr. Hughes is just about the father of them all—he is 73 years old, yet he makes quite light of 15 straight at live birds in the club shoots! Among the new faces at the score were: J. Fisher, Blauveltville, N. J.; F. L. Train, P. F. McKeon and G. L. Piercy, of the Cobweb Gun Club, West Farms, N. Y.; J. S. Duston, Newark, N. J. (well-known in Pennsylvania shooting circles); H. D. Swartz and Simeon Davis, Green Ridge Gun Club, Scranton, Pa., and "Uncle Billy" Sigler, Mount Claire, N. J. The other shooters took part in the two previous days' sport. Clark and Simpson, a member of the home club, killed straight; nineteens and eighteens were so common that more than half the shooters got into these holes. As a matter of fact 17 out of the 19 shooters got money out of the race, and Noel Money, who withdrew at the end of the 19th round, under the impression that he could not get any part of it, would have divided $19 if he had stayed in and shot his 20th bird; dead, that bird would have been worth $9.50 to him, practically a bet of $9.50 to 30 cents (price of the bird) thrown away. The anomalous part of class shooting as at present practiced is well brought forward in this case when Train got $19 for killing 15 birds whereas the straight men only got $28.50 each, while the nineteens were actually out $7 a piece!

Clark's shooting on these grounds was very clean; he did not drop a bird the whole time. As a finisher to the target shooting on March 6, two miss and outs were shot at live birds: Morfey and Melott divided the first on 10 straight; Clark went into the second miss and out and divided with Morfey, who again killed 10 straight, making a total of 20 without a miss. The showing made by Clark's patent trap pleased everybody, loiterers and duffers leaving it very quickly. As is always the case on these grounds birds with an incoming tendency prevailed; the reason undoubtedly is the houses and trees in rear of the score with nothing but the bleak and bare meadows ahead of the traps. The birds themselves were really a good lot and had been well looked after by the club's able superintendent.

During the entire tournament Secretary Huck, with the Messrs. Jeanneret and Gus Greiff looked after everything in connection with the cashier's department. As no kick was heard it may be taken for granted that everything was satisfactory. J. H. Richmond, a prominennt member of the club, and a representative of the Walsrode Company, was a conspicuous absentee; the reason of his absence, I understand, was an illness that confined him to his house. The following are the scores:

No. 1, 20 live birds, $10, birds extra, handicap rise, 5 moneys:

W G Clark, 30	12221221121222211211—20
W J Simpson, 28	22222222222222222222—20
N Apgar, 30	11112021222221211122—19
G E Greiff, 28	11202122122121112112—19
F Hyde, 28	1212221*2212122212222—19
J S Duston, 28	11222122110111222221—19
T H Keller, 28	12212222210122222222—19
Capt Cramer, 29	*11121*1212111112122—18
J Fisher, 28	12121111212222121100—18
M F Lindsey, 29	222222222*22*2212222—18
G H Piercy, 27	10101122112112112111—18
F Van Dyke, 30	22022212201222222122—18
S Davis, 28	11120222112121120201—17
P F McKeon, 28	02211221112202122012—17
A J Melott, 28	2122102*221121*21222—17
W Sigler, 29	*12222111021211112*—17
F L Train, 29	12122112011011**21*11—15
H D Swartz, 27	00112111121*112211000—14
N E Money, 29	20122*220202222220w—14

	No. 2.	No. 3.		No. 2.	No. 3.
Hyde	22222—5	222	Clark	11211—5	112
Train	12211—5	122	Simpson	22122—5	220
Swartz	12221—5	0	Paul	21101—4	—
Davis	21121—5	121	McKeon	0*211—3	
Piercy	12212—5	110			

No. 2 was a bird sweep, $3 entrance; No. 3, a miss and out, $2 entrance; No. 4 was a $2 miss and out with 5 entries; "Aaron" took the pot by killing 8 straight. EDWARD BANKS.

Meadville Gun Club.

Meadville, Pa., Feb. 22.—The following scores were made at the grounds of the Meadville Gun Club to-day.

No. of events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
No. of targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	20	10
Harvey	8	7	9	6	13	..	4	15	9
Morris	7	8	13	6	6	7	7	15	..
Keck	6	5	9	6	11	8	4	9	..
Kelso	6	5	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Ehrgott	5	8	10	9	8	8	7	15	8
Tinker	3	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	11	15	10	5	6	18	6
Lashells	..	..	8	7	9	5	7	..	..
Stein	..	..	..	3	11	15	..	17	..
Affantranger	..	..	..	4	..	..	4	10	6
Laffer	..	..	..	3	6	..	7	5	..
Hotchkiss	..	..	..	3	..	3	..	12	8
Kreuger	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	..

Nos. 2, 5 and 7 were at unknown angles; the balance were all known traps and angle events.

Meadville, Pa., Feb. 27.—Very few members of our club have had the courage to do anything in the trap shooting line this month. "Ground hog day" has lived up to its reputation in these parts as a forecaster of weather; on that day the ground hog saw his shadow and we have had wintry weather ever since. To-day was a pleasant change, so we opened up with 12 guns to the score, only a small turn out for our club. We had the first of our badge shoots on Feb. 6, the first Wednesday of the month, but the day was so bad and the attendance so small, that those who won the badges felt hardly justified in wearing them. Scores in to-day's events were as follows:

No. 1, 25 targets, known angles:

Fowler	00010001011110011011111111—15
H A Johnson	11100011111111101100111011—18
Boynton	10011100101110011001111111—16
Adams	11101010111111111001011011—18
See	11101111100001110111011100—16
Reisinger	11010011111011111110111011—19
Himes	01000110011111111110011001—15
E Affantranger	11110111101111110000111111—20
Hayes	11110000011110111111011000—15
Gundaker	00100111101111101111100110—16
Baker	01100101101011111111001101—16
Ehrgott	11011111111110110011111111—21

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Ehrgott	11101111111100111111111110—21
Hayes	01010000100011001000011010— 9
H A Johnson	10111101101110111111101100—18
Adams	01011011001000000101100010—10
Affantranger	01010010000000001010010010— 7
Gundaker	11000000010010011111111011—13
Reisinger	01010101111101110111110001—16
See	01101011110111000101100011—15

No. 3, 10 targets, known angles: Johnson, 9; Adams and Affantranger, 8; Reisinger and Fowler, 7; Kelso, 6; Gundaker, 5; Hays, 4.

No. 4, 20 targets, known angles: Adams, 18; Johnson, 17; Reisinger, 11; Hays, 10. CHOKE BORE.

March 6.—The monthly contest for club badges was held to-day. The weather was unfavorable, a snowstorm being on hand; the attendance was consequently light. The badges are awarded on the best aggregate scores in events 1 and 2. H. A. Johnson won Class A, badge with 40 out of 50; J. W. H. Reisinger the Class B badge with 39 out of 50, and Charles Stein the Class C badge with a score of 36. These badges are the property of the club, being held for one month by the winners. Scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, known traps and angles:

H A Johnson	11111101111111111111110111—23
Fowler	11111010000100101001101111—14
E L Affantranger	10011100101101110011011101—15
Ehrgott	11111001000001111011111111—17
Kelso	11011111110100000000010011—13
N Affantranger	11011010100000110101101100—12
Stein	01111010110011111110100011—17
Reisinger	01010111111111111111110101—20
Clark	10101001001011100000111111—13

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

H A Johnson	01010011111111000111011111—17
Fowler	11110001010111001100100011—14
E L Affantranger	00101001110011000000001000— 8
Ehrgott	01011011101011010011011111—15
Kelso	10001100000011101010000011—11
N Affantrauger	00010010110000101111001100—11
Stein	11111111101101111011110010—19
Reisinger	11110110111001111111011110—19
Clark	11110001101100100010011111—13

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown angles: Fowler, Clark and Johnson, 8; E. L. Affantranger and Stein, 6; Hayes, 4.

CHOKE BORE.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Rifle Club.

Feb. 27.—This club held its regular shoot to-day at Zettler's. The following scores were made by the members present. Offhand, German ring target; distance, 75 feet; any rifle, sights and trigger-pull; two best scores counted:

A H Isbell, 70	247	249	C C King, 68	239	241
M Herrington, 67	245	248	D Crocker, 59	238	241
R J Young, 70	244	246	G Shorkley, 65	239	239

R. J. YOUNG, Sec'y N. Y. R. C.

March 6.—This club held its regular shoot to-day at Zettler's. The following scores were made by the members present: Offhand, German ring target. Distance 75ft. Any rifle, sights and trigger-pull. Two best scores counted: A. H. Isbell 70, 248, 249; C. E. Gensch 73, 247; D. Crocker 61, 242, 245; M. Herrington 0, 235, 241; R. J. Young 64, 240, 240; E. B. Banker 70, 237, 239.

R. J. YOUNG.

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

Mr. Henry S. Harris, 72 Equitable Building, Boston, Mass., Secretary of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, has issued a circular giving full details of all current matches which close on the last day of this year.

The list is a formidable one, and contains no less than 48 medals and badges. Fifteen medals and badges, including a gold Victory medal for 10 scores of 86 or better, are given as premiums in the off-hand competitions. Another similar set of medals, etc., is offered for competition in the best shoots, while three badges, gold, silver and bronze, are scheduled in military rifle shoots. Eight medals go to the pistol department, and 5 to the military medal match. The directors' medal match is shot on the last Saturday in December, the prize being the Director's Gold Medal, which becomes the property of the winner, no director being allowed to win a duplicate. The conditions are: 200 yards, off-hand, 10 rounds, standard American target, any rifle that comes within the rules, entrance free. Anybody desirous of obtaining further information cannot do better than write to Mr. Harris at the address given above.

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ADVERSE TO PARK SEGREGATION.

We spoke last month of the adverse report prepared by the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives on House Bill No. 7, which is commonly known as the Segregation bill. This measure, while ostensibly one to fix the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park, was really intended to cut off from that reservation considerable areas on the northeast, west and south, and if passed would have reduced the Yellowstone Park by 400,000 acres, or 622 square miles, which would have been restored to the public domain. This report, though made Feb. 5, has only just been printed, owing to the delay involved in preparing a map to accompany it. It will, however, serve as a valuable reference document for legislators in future sessions of Congress, and is of permanent value.

The committee refute by unquestioned facts the arguments of those who desire to move further south the northern boundary line of the Park. They show that to cut off the Montana strip and to make the northern boundary coincide with the northern boundary of the State of Wyoming, would only have the effect of establishing a little town closer to the Mammoth Hot Springs, thereby greatly increasing the difficulties in the administration and policing of the Park, while to make the northern line coincide with the Yellowstone, Lamar and Soda Butte Rivers would throw out of protection a large tract, heavily timbered, which forms the water shed of some of the main branches of the Yellowstone River. It would make the protection of the Yellowstone River very difficult, would abandon the main part of the only good winter grazing land in the Park, and would entail the destruction of a large proportion of the deer, elk, antelope and mountain sheep now found in the Park. The report calls special attention to the natural boundaries now existing on the northeast corner of the Park and contrasts their effectiveness with that of a river easily fordable like the Yellowstone, in the following language:

"The northeast corner of the Park is walled in on the north by a range of impassable mountains. No settlers can inhabit there, and law-breakers cannot pass over this barrier to destroy the game in winter. If the Segregation bill should be passed, there will be substituted for this natural barrier—now a silent, effective and inexpensive protection on the northeast—only a narrow river which can be easily crossed. To prevent incursions from the north bank of the Yellowstone River, large bodies of troops would be required to constantly patrol the south bank. The difficulties of administration would thus be vastly increased. The danger to all that renders the Park desirable would be made more imminent. Whether it was mere chance or the wisdom of those who framed the original bill setting aside the National Park, the fact certainly is that this most important corner of the park is protected by nature far better than it could have been protected by the efforts of man, if vast sums had been expended for the purpose of keeping out the law-breakers."

If the committee are adverse to cutting off considerable area on the northeast corner of the Park, not less firmly are they opposed to the attempt to segregate the large area on the southwest corner. The only reasons advanced for this action is that some day some railroad may need the tract here proposed to be taken from the Park, but as has often been shown, if we are to cut off a corner, or a slice of the Park at the demand of every corporation that asks it, there will soon be no park left for us to cut from. Public interests and the public sentiment call upon Congress not to recede from the wise policy by which this Park was dedicated for the benefit and the enjoyment of the people of the entire country.

The advocates of the Segregation bill with a great show of fairness say that this bill proposes to add to the Yellowstone Park the adjacent forest reserve. They do not say, however, that as a matter of fact this reserve is already a portion of the park, although not formally added to it, and they do not say either that this bill proposes to reduce the area of this forest reserve by 1,239 square miles. The fact is, however, that the passage of this bill would have reduced the area of these two adjacent reservations, 1861 square miles or 1,181,040 acres, and in making this reduction would have ruined a vast tract of mountain forest, exterminated a great quantity of game, and most seriously have threatened the flow of the Yellowstone River.

The report, with its accompanying map, ought to be in the hands of every individual who takes an interest in the Yellowstone Park. No more concise and convincing document has ever been published in support of the integrity of the reservation.

In the face of this report we cannot help wondering whether at the next session of Congress the familiar Segregation bill will dare to show its head again.

FIELD TRIAL PROGRESS.

It would be impossible to estimate, with any precision, the value of field-trial competitions in America in respect to their beneficial influence on sports afield with dog and gun. To them may be attributed the improved methods and products of breeders, trainers and manufacturers, all still more important in their collateral relations and influences. To them may be attributed the efforts of breeders to produce dogs of high capabilities and pure blood. They have been important factors in teaching methods of training and handling, in promoting good-fellowship among sportsmen, and in enlisting a universal interest in the charms and healthfulness of sport with dog and gun.

Comparing the methods of the past with those of the present, great changes have taken place in the theory and practice of conducting field trials. In respect to the methods of determining the competition, the evolution from the old five-point system, and the heat system, to the spotting system now adopted by all clubs, was slow and laborious.

In respect to ideas of club membership and management, the evolution from the crude beginnings has been slow but sure. In the tentative beginnings everyone took a general interest in the club and the competition. But as in all pursuits which are earnestly followed, whether for gain or pleasure, the different branches of field-trial, management and competition become specialized. Greater knowledge produced greater refinement in all the theory and practice of the competition. As dogs and handlers improved, a higher standard was correspondingly evolved.

At the present day a field trial is so specialized in its management, judging and handling, that in theory there is little room for improvement The old assumption that a gentleman who was a good shot afield was therefore a good field-trial-judge has been abandoned. To have the confidence of the competitors, the judge must have had practical experience at the field-trial, and must furthermore be intelligent and of a judicial turn of mind. The managers of all clubs are showing a decided tendency to make the interests and duties of the management sharply distinct from the interests of the competitors.

There is no doubt that field-trials are a permanent institution in the realm of sport in this country. They all bear testimony to the passionate fondness for sport afield with dog and gun of the American people—a passion so common that it is universal, and so natural that it is constant. And the mission of field-trials is for good, for they foster a sport which brings health and manhood to its followers, which induces relaxation from the wear and worry of business cares, and which brings men into touch with the beauty and sublimity of Nature. The prospect of the success and permanency of field-trials was never better than it is at present.

ANTLERED GAME.

The objection is sometimes urged against a law forbidding the killing of female deer and moose, that one cannot always certainly distinguish whether the game is buck or bull, or doe or cow. Two instances illustrating the fallibility of the most experienced hunters are afforded in the moose stories of a Nova Scotia guide told in our columns last week, and in the experience of Jack Darling as related to-day. The Nova Scotia man urged his man to shoot at a moose, and the man not making out the game, he himself shot, only to perceive that the supposed moose was a tree-stump. In the Maine incident, Mr. Cushing, who is one of the most experienced and skilled hunters of this country, tells us that having discovered a moose which was partially concealed by the brush, he believed that he very distinctly saw its antlers, but after the shot had brought the game into view, it proved to be a cow. Now, if old and experienced moose hunters, who may be presumed to be comparatively cool and collected in the presence of game, make such stupid blunders, what are we to expect from the amateur, unused to the sight of game, flustered and possibly quaking with buck fever? Even with the best intentions in the world, such an one might kill a cow for a bull or a doe for a buck, or delaying to determine beyond peradventure the horned masculinity of the game, might behold many a "rocking-chair" make off through the woods, which with quicker work, would have been his own.

Nevertheless, the rule that only males should be killed is a most excellent and highly desirable restriction in all regions where the game supply is already scant or may be made so by unrestrained killing. It is a rule which, quite irrespective of what the statute may be, should be accepted and observed by all who hunt game for other purposes, besides or in addition to a mere food supply. In the mountains or the remote wilderness where one kills for subsistence, chewing on tough bull elk is not to be thought of when the cow is to be had, nor the venison of a buck when that of a barren doe may fill its place. But in the Adirondacks, in Pennsylvania, as is Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, and wherever the horns for a trophy are not less sought than the meat for food, and where the man who hunts to-day must have heed for him who will hunt to-morrow, the rule that males only should be taken is reasonable and sportsmanlike, and he is the better sportsman who regards it.

THAT PLATFORM PLANK.

Sentiment is steadily growing in support of the Forest and Stream's Platform Plank—the sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons. The consuming traffic in game is recognized as the agency that is doing more than all others combined to make the earth barren of birds and the larger game. Not a week goes by that fresh evidence is not brought to public attention to illustrate anew the relation of market hunting to the game supply, and in one legislature after another measures are introduced for the purpose of providing the remedy.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., sportsmen have been investigating the game traffic and its effect upon the ruffed grouse supply. They have found that there are in the vicinity of that city fifteen professional hunters, who hunt game all through the season, and send the birds to the local market and to New York and Philadelphia. Five commission firms handled last season 3,100 ruffed grouse. The only remedy considered effective is the operation of a law to forbid traffic in birds, and an effort is now making to secure legislation to that end.

A bill in the Minnesota Legislature, which a St. Paul correspondent tells us is on the road to passage, makes it "unlawful for any person to consign by common carrier to any commission merchant, or sale market, at any time, any elk, moose, caribou or deer, or any part thereof, except the skin or head. This provision shall also apply to any agent of any common carrier in carrying or handling such game." It is further required that when fish or game shall be shipped enclosed in any covering, it must be marked in plain letters, setting forth the kind of game, the owner, the consignee and the destination. With such a law, fearlessly enforced by an honest and capable executive agent, the marketing of Minnesota game will be effectually controlled. A comprehension of the importance of honest game protection is becoming more general every day.

The Sportsman Tourist.

GLIMPSES OF CAMP LIFE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

One of the most charming camps I ever made, everything considered, was on the headwaters of the right hand fork of Willow Creek, a tributary of the South Boise River, in Elmore county, Idaho. The location is well up in a spur of the Saw Tooth range of mountains and in a country only visited by hunters and prospectors. Our camp was pitched in an ideal spot, and the accompanying illustration fails to give more than a poor idea of what a charming place it was.

The little valley, or more properly speaking, the open depression between the high mountains, through which flowed the dashing, tumbling little streams opened out around us, not into a level plain, but into a series of grass and tree-covered terraces, which led with gentle slopes up to the base of the higher hills. The stream which came racing down from the springs above was filled with salmon trout, and its clear waters were ice cold.

All about us were mountain grouse, and a goodly number were hanging up in camp. A fine fat buck was suspended from the great fir alongside the tent, while every pail and pan in the outfit was full of trout.

The days were warm and bright; nights were cold, and under our warm blankets we slept the sleep of the healthy, tired mountaineer. Up above our camp, a good four hours' climb, was the summit of the range, and here in an open park-like country summered the big mule deer bucks. It was not strictly above timber line, but the few trees that grew in small clumps, or clusters, were gnarled and stunted. In under these trees were the beds of the bucks, and we would rout them out in pairs and trios, and off they would go, head and tail up, a grand sight. Their velvet-covered antlers looked like small trees as they tossed their heads, in evident disdain of the poor mortal toiling so slowly where they leaped so freely.

Our outfit was prospecting more than hunting, and therefore the bucks did not suffer much. It was a little too early for the "fall kill," so we only secured the mea we wanted for present use.

As I have said, we were in the country where the bi bucks summered. To the initiated, this does not need a explanation, but many who have not visited the West d not know the usual movements of wild game. It may not be out of place to give a short account of how the deer move from location to location. We will start with them in the early spring when they migrate from the lowlands, sage brush plains, or some low warm valley where but little snow falls. Here they have spent the winter and the bucks have their antlers. As the warm sun and Chinook winds melt off the deep snow from the high peaks, the deer travel back into the mountains and the does linger in the higher valleys and canons, where the dense thickets afford them a safe and secluded retreat to bring forth their little families. The bucks contiuue to climb up, up, until they reach the highest peaks, where it is cool and where they are comparatively free from the torments of flies. Here they spend the summer, their new antlers growing solid as the warm season wanes, and becoming ready for the love tournaments in the fall. When the antlers are hard and ready for use the velvet covering which protected the spongy mass of growing horn is rubbed off against the trees and brush. The buck is now in fine condition, fat and strong. September passes, and the cold, frosty nights start the ducks down to seek their future mates. As autumn grows apace, the bucks "round up" the does, and one often sees small bands under the leadership of some stately stag, who is monarch of all he surveys. As winter approaches, the deer wander lower, but linger in the border of the snowy land until some extra heavy fall of snow sends them in a rush to the lowlands.

September is the month to shoot bucks if one wants fine meat; later the flesh becomes strong, though the antlers are then in good condition. The fine buck on which we feasted and which hangs on the great fire shown in the illustration, fell the first day we spent in our camp, and Long Tom Reiley told us how it happened as we lay on our blankets that night before the gleaming camp-fire, which cracked and sputtered, throwing great flames high in the air, as some particularly rich piece of pitch pine caught fire and cast great shadows out over the grassy knoll as it smouldered away. The splashing and gurgling sound of the rushing rivulet, and the sighing of the evening breeze in the branches of the great fir above, were the only sounds breaking the stillness of the quiet evening air, excepting ever and anon from away up the canon, came the tinkling of the bell on Kitty, our riding mare as she moved lazily, cropping here and there a juicy mouthful of bunch grass. We all lay looking dreamily into the sparkling fire, or watching the dense smoke of the pitch logs shoot upward toward the blue dome of the unclouded sky, ablaze with myriads of stars. One who has not seen the splendor of a cloudless night in a high altitude, cannot imagine the glory of the star-lighted heavens. The bright heavenly bodies blaze and scintillate with a gorgeousness and magnificence unknown to the dweller in the cloudy and smoky atmosphere of the East.

Rolling over to get into an easy position, Long Tom took his pipe from his mouth, and using his finger for a stopper, pushed the tobacco down into the bowl, blowing at the same time a huge volume of smoke over the finely stained meerschaum pipe. "Wall, boys," said he, "I did not get left this time." Tom had shot at several deer the day before, and very much to his own disgust and ours, for we wanted meat, had missed. "I made up my mind," he continued, between puffs, "that if I ran on to a deer to-day, he was my meat, or the 44 would not shoot straight. After I left you fellows, I climbed down the mountain a smart piece without seeing anything but a pine squirrel and a grouse. Didn't dare shoot the grouse, for fear I'd scare something else. I was feeling pretty tired an sat down on a rock to rest a bit. I hadn't set there long, when I chanced to look off to the right where there was an opening in the timber, and I saw a gray-looking object in some brush. It looked kind of blue-gray, you know, and I saw in a minute that it was a buck in the blue. The deer was slowly wending his way down the mountain in the cool shade, and I could see that he was bound for the valley below, where he could get a nice drink and fill up on juicy meadow grass. Poor chap, he didn't think he was going to be someone else's supper, as he slowly came toward me, stopping here and there to nibble the bunch grass, or to raise his head suspiciously as he breathed the cool evening air under the pines. He was only a hundred yards away, and I began to finger the trigger nervously, wondering where I had better take him, when up went his head, and with a snort, he stood and gazed about. I sat like a stone man, crouched behind the big rock. Silence reigned, broken only by the rustle of the pine needles, stirred by the wind which blew up the canon, and the quick chatter of a pine squirrel, as he scampered over the rocks and grass after his evening meal. Nothing in these noises to worry the buck, he knew them all; but something else seemed to be in the air. Would he bolt, and should I shoot? No; down goes his head again, and slowly he picked his way toward me. He was in no hurry, and I was afraid that he would linger under the dark shades of the pines so long that I could not see the sights. It seemed a long time, but I don't suppose it was, before that buck got close enough to suit me. I didn't propose to miss him, and waited until he was within seventy-five yards. I knew that if the old gun would shoot at all I could down him then. Mighty carefully I poked the rifle over the rock, drew a fine bead on the neck and let her flicker. The echo of the shot came booming back from across the valley, and as the smoke cleared away, I saw the buck in the dry pine needles. If I'd missed that buck I'd given up shooting, that's all."

FRANK F. FRISBIE.



GLIMPSES OF CAMP LIFE

Camp on Willow Creek. Photo by F. F. Frisbie.

FLORIDA FUN.—IV.

While H. still lingered at Pensacola, there came Mr. P. Jones, of Paris, Ky., a civil engineer by profession, and a sportsman by nature. A number of years ago he was employed in surveying the wild lands of Florida, and it is interesting to hear him discourse concerning the insect life that makes existence a burden in those regions. He can give complete accountts of much of the fauna and flora, too; so that H. found him a most agreeable companion. Jones was wanting to shoot some quail, and H. is always wanting to shoot them; the Forbes boys said there were any quantity ot quail at Greenwood, twelve miles north of Marianna, and gave Jones and H. a letter to one of the farmers up there, and the L. & N. R. R. sold them round trip sportsman's tickets for $1 (the regular rate is $10.60, so they went.

Reaching Marianna at midnight, they slept soundly till six, swallowed part of an indifferent breakfast, got a good team and a very small negro boy for driver and started, with high hopes of good sport. At the end of two hours' drive, over fairly good smooth roads, they found their man, or rather his house, the man himself being somewhere on the plantation, so they got out the guns and started to hunt him. As they walked out through the fields H. saw they would not be disappointed this time, for it was too good a place for quail, not to have lots of them. On every hand there stretched away long reaches of level land; cotton fields, corn fields, sedge fields, and squares of grassy pine woods, an ideal country for quail to live in and an ideal place to hunt and shoot them in.

They soon found Mr. K., to whom the letter was addressed, and gave it to him. He tried for a while to read it upside down, but made no progress. Presently H. remarked that it was very difficult to read Mr. Forbes' writing unless one was familiar with it, and suggested that as he was used to it he might be able to make it out, and taking it from Mr. K's hand, read it to him, thus ending a situation that was embarassing to both parties. When Mr. K. understood that he was requested to take care of H. and Jones, and do what he could to show them birds, he gave them a welcome, and hoped they would enjoy themselves.

For several minutes old Jack, a setter that Mr. Forbes had left with Mr. K. had been on a point within four rods of the party, but as the cover seemed hardly thick enough to hide a mouse, they paid little attention to him, but Mr. K. presently called their attention to fifteen quail sitting in a compact bunch, and asked the hunters to "kill the last one of 'em at one shot," but they told Mr. K. they did not do it in that way, and then flushed them, killing one, as they went away for some pine woods at the other side of the field. By the time the singles were hunted up, and a few killed, Mr. K. said it was dinner time, and took the boys to the house, but dinner was not ready for two hours, just because Mrs. K. thought a big lot of extras must be got for the strangers. Such a dinner as she prepared was worth waiting for. The table was loaded with substantials. Except that there was no milk nor butter, it lacked nothing, but H. and Jones confined themselves mostly to country sausage, and for desert ate a large block of pear cobbler.

After dinner they went after quail for a couple of hours, but it was too cold for comfort, so they came to the house. The host built a fire in their room. It consisted of four or five small sticks of wood in an old-fashioned fire-place; the doors were all left open, and the dogs got their places next to the fire. H. stood this for just fifteen minutes. Then he went to the wood pile, picked up the axe, and cutting three "fat" pine logs as big as he could carry, put them on that little fire, and filled in beneath, among and on top with the splinters split from another length of the same log. In five minutes there was a conflagration that would have astonished a New England fire-place of ye olden time. The dogs retreated; the circle of humanity widened, and gran'ther K. got his knee burned before he knew it, while Mr. K. said it was the best fire he'd ever seen, and his two little boys ran out to see if it was "blazin' out of the chimbly top."

A hearty supper, an elegant bed, and a good hot breakfast put the hunters in good trim for another shoot, but the weather was bitterly cold, the ground was frozen and the wind blowing a gale. The negro farm hands were shivering round a fire in the barn yard, and two negro boys were bundled in old shawls and leaning against the lee side of the barn. The cattle looked pinched and drawn up, while the chickens were so chilled they were stupid. It was not likely that quail would be stirring, but Jones must go back that evening, so it was resolved to pay no attention to the cold, and they put in five hours. It is too long a story to be told in detail. They hunted ten hours in all and bagged forty-eight quail. There were just lots of quail there, and two good shots could have bagged 100 birds in a hard day's work in good weather. There are a hundred thousand acres of probably just as good ground all around the spot. For a day's shooting or for a whole season's shooting, H. has never seen a more promising region. How long will they last? About two more seasons. Last year two parties came here to shoot; this year, probably two dozen, and next year fifty. Then birds will get scarce, and "no hunting" signs go up all over the plantations.

In the afternoon Mr. K. drove them back to the station, where they arrived thoroughly chilled, and did not get warm until they got into the thoroughly heated cars. Jones went to Pensacola, but H. stopped at De Funiak Springs to have some more shooting with Lee Cawthon, and was pained to hear that Lee's dog had been poisoned the day before. It will be well for owners of good dogs to remember that wherever there are sheep in this part of Florida there is likely to be poisoned meat lying around, put there to poison dogs and wild cats. Not wanting to lose Joe, H. concluded to take no chances, and went on to Pensacola the next day. Jones was surprised to see him back so soon, but said "Its all right, I haven't told any lies about our trip yet."

It way seem strange that so little reference has been made in these articles to that greatest of Southern curiosities, the negro. They are not so numerous in this part of the South as in most places, but a few incidents came under the writer's observation that are worth relating. H. was standing on a wharf watching a boat full of negroes fishing. The stern of the boat was tied to the wharf, and in the end sat a boy nine or ten years old. He hooked a good-sized shark, which at once rushed for deep water, dragging the boy the length of the boat, upsetting negroes, bait cans, and pretty much everything that was loose. An old white-wooled patriarch in the bow of the boat said, "Tak' car', niggah! tak' car', niggah! yo' done

gwine to let dat fish get away from yo'. What fo' yo hooken' a fish bigg'n yo' is anyhow?"

A coal black negress and a mulatto were quarreling. The mulatto called the other an "ol' brack nigger." "Yes," said the negress, "I is brack, an' I'se proud of it. I'se just like de Lawd made brack folks, an' He made white folks, but He never made no yallow folks. Whar yo spect yo' go when yo' die? De Lawd say, yo' can' cum in heah; you's none ob my chillen; de debbil say, clar out now, I'se got mo' 'spectable folks dan I got room foh now." Talking to themselves is universal among the Southern negroes. A little tot of three or four years looking at Joe, said to herself, "He sho dun growed big."

While the train was waiting on a side track, the Pullman porter stood outside to get a little fresh air, and H. standing just behind him, heard him say to himself, "I reckon some folks mus' travel when they only got enough money to pay their fare. Now, there's that man and his wife an fo' chillen got off at Nashville, I shine all their shoes an' carry them chillen water half the night; he gimme ten cents." As the train neared Cincinnati, this porter busied himself as usual brushing off the passengers and receiving the usual tips. After finishing this work he approached a man sitting near the middle of the car and holding out a two-cent piece said, "excuse me, judge, but I reckon you must have made a mistake an' give me one of your luck pieces. You gave me this, an' I didn't 'spose you'd want to part with it." He got a quarter.

O. H. HAMPTON.

IN MINNESOTA WILDS.—III.

(Concluded from page 142.)

" Ay, this is freedom! these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
Here with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me where the red-deer feed
In the green desert—and am free.

"Alone the fire, when frost winds sere
The heavy herbage of the ground,
Gathers his annual harvest here.
With roaring like the battle's sound,
And hurrying flames that sweep the plains
And smoke-streams gushing up the sky.
I meet the flames with flames again,
And at my door they cower and die!"

We were located in the "Old Saw Mill" country, where game of all kinds abounded. The heavy timber, spruce, tamarac and white cedar afforded excellent cover for the big game. This same timber had also attracted some sharp thieves, as not less than five saw mills have been in operation here and much valuable timber stolen. Huge piles of slabs still remain, and the natives from far and near go there and haul them away to help build their houses and stables. It is an easy matter to rob Uncle Sam in that country.

We found the country cut up with big game tracks like a cow-yard. They had evidently been here in droves. One mile southeast from this camp was an immense muskeag, with a small lake in the centre of it. Moose, elk and deer watered here. Ducks were plentiful enough to supply our table. One day while tramping around the lake I found an excellent pair of moose horns, they were well preserved with the exception of a slight gnawing done to one side I gathered up my find and slung them over my shoulders and started for camp, and I came within an ace of getting shot, for as Doc was preparing tea, he heard me blundering through the thick tamarac, and could see only the horns, thought of course he had moose in sight, and reached for his rifle. Fortunately I saw him in time and yelled.

Fifteen miles northeast from this camp, and on a well-travelled trail, lives my old friend Mimi and his interesting family, with whom I spent several pleasant days. So much did they interest me that I rode back to the ranch, a distance of seventy miles, for my camera, in order that I might carry away with me the photographs of them all. Mimi is a descendent from the old Hudson Bay trader, his father being of Scotch descent and his mother Indian. He is a most charming old fellow, and he has always lived in Manitoba, Minnesota and North Dakota. He would sit around the camp-fire at night and tell stories of how in the days before the iron horse had traversed this country, he, with others, used to pack their supplies in from St. Paul to Winnepeg. Smoking seemed to loosen his tongue, and he would talk for hours. He is a past master in the art of hunting. I never really saw still-hunting done so perfectly as he does it, and after hunting with him a few days I ceased to say that I was a still-hunter. I have actually seen him divest himself of all clothing except his mocassins in order to get within shooting distance of an old bull moose. They never take any chances at one hundred to two hundred yards, therefore rarely ever fail to secure their game. I have known him to follow a wounded animal patiently for many hours and camp over night on his trail. This old man is a genius. He plays over one hundred tunes from memory on the violin, and plays them remarkably well. Two of his daughters are being educated in the Convent at Devil's Lake. One day I asked him how many children he had. Counting on his fingers he replied: "Un, der, trois, quatre, cinq, six, maybe seven, I dunno, maybe more, I dunno, I cant tell, maybe some I dunno."

He and his family are noted everywhere in the country for their honesty and truthfulness. I found that when he promised you anything you could rest assured you would get it.

He had promised me that if I will come there next September he will take me into a section of the country not many miles from the Lake of the Woods that has never been hunted by white men, and by very few Indians. I hope to go, for man never had better guide or companion. His first thoughts are always for your welfare and comfort.

There is a section not far from the old mills that I am convinced contains oil, and should I go there again shall be prepared to find out positively. I should strongly advise my New Jersey friends who cultivate cranberries to go to that country, as that berry grows there in wild profusion in every bog and swamp, and is never disturbed by man.

At one place we stopped and photographed two moose and one elk which a native had in captivity. He also had several deer which came running from the swamp when called and ate from his hand. Just one week before I started for home we had our first snowfall, and fortunately for me I was with Mimi. I learned more in one day's hunting than I ever knew before. We could have slaughtered game had we wanted to, but I was out for schooling, and I got it. Each hour spent with this old man I laid away in nature's store-house, knowledge that is priceless. Perhaps you wonder why I talk so much of him. Let me say in conclusion that I, like others I know, have been humbugged so by men calling and advertising themselves as guides at fabulous prices, that I am gratified when I do find one so honest and conscientious as Mimi and I am sure there are many if you could only find them. They deserve all the credit due them. The man I first started with promised so much, and fulfilled nothing he had promised. He was one of those sharks we have all met, and if we had a good time on this trip it was not due to any exertion on his part, for I think he was the laziest man I have ever hunted with. This has not only been my experience, but the experience of several other sportsmen with whom I have come in contact.

I want to go into that country next season if I can spare the time, and I shall certainly pitch my tent with Mimi.

I have been asked many questions regarding the game to be had there, and to one and all I say that I shall be pleased to answer them and give any information I may possess, provided they come with Forest and Stream's endorsement.

WABASH.

Natural History.

A Glass Snake.

Who is it that has not heard of the wonderful feats performed by the so-called jointed snake? We have been told that the strike of one of these curious reptiles meant immediate dissolution, the body would unjoint and pieces or joints would go wiggling and squirming off in every direction, and unless the head part was captured and smashed, after all danger was over, the joints would come together and the snake be whole again.

With the exception of a few old negroes, we have never met a person who actually claimed to have witnessed such performance. Last fall, a young friend where I was stopping at Tapeto, Miss., remarked that he had killed a jointed snake out in the front of the hotel. We rushed out at once to see. We found about twelve inches of the head part and about the same length of the tail, but the middle was no where to be found, yet my friend declared that the snake was at least three feet long; and an old negro woman insisted that it was much over a yard long, and that "lots of it had done gone and runned off and hided." I picked up the tail part, and to my astonishment, it would break squarely in pieces just from its own weight. The breaks look like a broken stick, or the pith of a dead, dry corn stalk, leaving no skin or leaders hanging, nor blood showing, everything just come square in two. The snake was about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and three feet long (I found only about two feet of it) of a dark greenish color, and the shape that of the common black snake, except that it had a very blunt tail.

Will some one who knows be kind enough to tell me what kind of snake it was, and is there such a thing as a jointed snake?

SNAKE.

[It was probably a "glass snake," or "joint snake," which is not a snake at all, but a legless lizard. The vertebrae of the tail of this lizard (Ophlosaurus ventralis) are exceedingly brittle and break off at the slightest blow. The belief that the two parts come together and reunite is to be explained by the fact that after the tail is broken off, a new one grows out. There was probably a mistake about the original length of the one you saw. The two pieces examined were probably all there was of it. There is another legless lizard found in India, which is also known as "glass snake."]

The Birds of Eastern North America.

We mentioned a short time ago the "Handbook of the Birds of Eastern North America," on which Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History, has been engaged, and which is now in the printer's hands. It will be published at an early day by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. The volume will be fully illustrated, and is designed to render the identification of birds, either in the field or study as simple a matter as possible.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, who has given special attention to Long Island birds has gone over all the species which are found in that locality.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

When a fair-sized boy I was compelled to live for a while with a family who lived at some distance from any neighbors. The wife was very set in her ways, and was a regular attendant at a church about two miles from the house. She was also the head of the home establishment, and both of these people were almost as cross as bears.

The church being at such a distance, they went in their carriage. Since they did not care to leave the house without some one being there, he would generally accompany her, and I would stay home, but once in a while I would reluctantly have to go in his place.

The services then, as at other churches at that time, were of the long kind, commencing at ten o'clock in the morning and closing at three in the afternoon, with an hour's intermission at noon. Consequently those living at a distance from the church like ourselves who attended both services were away from their homes some six hours or more.

I had traded for a short old-fashioned rifle, bored out for a shot gun, and when the couple were away to meeting, since they stayed through both services, I had a splendid opportuntiy to spend a good long time in the woods with that gun. Right jolly times I had with it, too, but managed to be at the house with the gun and game, if any, disposed of before their return, so that it was quite awhile before they "caught on" to the racket. But one Sunday when I unluckily happened to be a trifle later than usual, one not realizing how fast time flies when one is enjoying himself, they saw me as I came to the house with gun in one hand and a big partridge in the other. Then didn't I catch it, though! They both scolded until their talking organs were exhausted, and finally wound up the affair by the old duffers giving me an unmerciful whaling. But, what was the most unkindest cut of all, I was told that from then, instead of his going, I was to accompany the lady to church every Sunday.

After that for several Sundays in succession I accompanied her like a dutiful boy. But on one pleasant Sunday, for some reason, she concluded to return home at noon instead of staying through the afternoon service, and when we were near home, bang went a gun off in the woods a short distance from the house. Shortly after we arrived, who shall come around the corner of the barn but the old chap with my own little rifle and a couple of wild pigeons. As he knew nothing of our return, it was a complete exposure for him. How he ever managed to shoot those pigeons I never could guess, as he knew no more about handling a gun than a wild Hottentot would. Wasn't he surprised to find us at home, and didn't he look sheepish when caught, and didn't the old lady give him a lovely scolding, though! She fairly boiled over. "The idea," said she, "of your whipping that boy for breaking the Sabbath by shooting one bird, and here you, a man, or supposed to be one, come sneaking home with two birds that you killed with his gun this very day. You deserve twice as much of a whipping as you gave him, and I would like to give you a good one if I was able." But she wasn't. So after berating him to her heart's content, it was decided that after that he should accompany her to church instead of me. So I was left at home under injunction that I would not go shooting again when they were away on Sundays; but we all know how much a boy having a gun and several hours to himself, and who loves roving through the woods after game as I did could observe the rules under such circumstances. It will suffice to say that they never caught me that way again.

A. L. L.

Game Bag and Gun.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

May 13 to 18, Madison Square Garden, New York.—First annua Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—VI.

COSTUMES AND CONVENTIONS

CHICAGO, Ills,, February 12,—When I was out in the cane brakes hunting bear with Mr. Bobo, I didn't think very much about my clothes, and in fact didn't stop to think much about anything, even my baggage which had gone South somewhere with Tom Divine, It was only after I had said good-bye to Mr. Bobo, and gone aboard the southeast bound express that I realized that perhaps my costume was not what it should be. I had on corduroys and leggings and hob-nailed shoes and a very wide white hat which lopped down and had to be tied up. Item, one spur. My entire baggage consisted of a bundle made of one bear's skull, done up in salt and a rag, surrounded by a sweater and a buck-skin shirt, buckled into a belt bearing a knife scabbard. Not even a paper collar of my belongings was attainable, and what was more, I didn't know where I was ever going to find any of them, certainly not until I reached New Orleans I was unshaven and sunburned, and I presume I did look pretty tough. Anyhow the porter on the Pullman told me I did. On board the sleeper I was so much observed that I put on my sweater and that not seeming to help matters, and having no other raiment I went to bed in self-defense.

At New Orleans it was worse yet, and wherever I went people turned around and looked. Several very nice looking girls that I wouldn't have minded bracing up to if I had had on my store clothes, and who wouldn't ever have looked at me then, turned around and looked at me and laughed merrily. That made me feel bad. I wasn't saying a word, not even when a barber asked me what part of Texas I came from. When I told him "Chicago," he fell into a deep silence, at length remarking, as if to himself, "That thar Chicago must be a mighty strange place," which remark he left unexplained and detached.

At the Cosmopolitan Hotel I was followed with suspicion by the porter. I asked the clerk for my mail, and he said there wasn't any. Then I saw behind the counter my own hand-bag and I went around the counter and fell on it with joy, and the clerk ordered me out, and I didn't go, but was fishing out anything I could find in the way of help to my costume. I never knew before how mighty are the artificial conventions of life. In the woods I was happy; on board the train running through these woods I was miserable. At the city I was still more miserable. All I could find in the valise was a soft hat. This I put on, and thereat the clerk concluded he did have some mail for me. I found instructions from Mr. Divine, who said the party had gone on down the river and were going to camp out somewhere, probably below the Quarantine, about 100 miles from New Orleans. Mr. Divine informed me that my friend Mr. R. B. Organ, of Chicago, (who had previously been a stranger to Mr. Divine) had gone on down to Memphis and thence to New Orleans with Mr. Divine, and was now with the party down the river. Mr. Organ heard I was going South, and allowed he would like to go too. I told him he couldn't, for I had never yet met my hosts, but he said that didn't make any difference, and that as he had to go he supposed I would have to fix it up somehow. So I had done this, the Southern hunters' hospitality being equal to everything. And all through the trip we twitted Roll Organ about pushing himself in where he wasn't wanted,

and told him he wouldn't go again—none of which disturbed him in the least. He had a dozen new friends by the time I caught up with him.

But to catch up, that was the question. Dr. Powell, of the U. S. barracks, at New Orleans, called on me at the hotel and said the entire party had started down the river on a tramp steamboat, and that the boat had been disabled by the breaking of some machinery off Point LaHache, five miles down stream He had left the boat there and gone ashore and thence returned to the city by rail. He didn't know where the others were. Possibly sunk and drowned. If I could get to Quarantine and find Dr. Fred C. Mayer there, I could learn where the party had gone.

This was Saturday. No boat down the river. Quarantine about thirty miles below the end of the longest railroad running down the river; party beyond Quarantine somewhere. Meantime, a ray of hope in the way of a telegram from Mr. Divine at Quarantine, telling me to take the New Orleans Southern train that evening at 5 o'clock.

The New Orleans Southern train runs down the east bank of the river about forty miles, and stops at La Hache. The Grand Isle road runs down the west side of the river about sixty-five miles, and stops. The trains start at about the same time on the opposite side of the river. Mr. Divine should have told me to take the Grand Isle, but he would have spoiled a pretty comedy of errors if he had, so I was glad he didn't. I followed copy, and bought a ticket for La Hache, on the east, or "sugar side" of the river.

THE NEW ORLEANS HUNTERS' SPECIAL.

That Saturday night train out of New Orleans is a subject for a magazine article There is nothing odder in all the world. The passengers are all hunters, and such hunters! The guns have barrels five feet long. There are no canvas hunting coats, but great net game bags, of a pattern of a hundred years ago. These game bags bulge out with loaves of bread, bottles of wine, powder flasks, all the necessities of the chasse. Everybody speaks French; everybody blows a duck call. The train goes down through the sugar plantations slowly, pausing long at villas of French names to let in or off some laborers or perhaps one or two planters; therefore, in due course, say by 9 o'clock, everybody gets very drunk and disorderly, but in a friendly, good-natured way, at which no one could take offense. It is all very odd—odder than anything I have ever seen connected with American hunting. But, thank fortune! everybody was very dirty and disreputable, so I felt quite comfortable again in my costume and peacefully scraped away cleaning my bear's skull in the dirtiest railroad car I ever saw any where on earth.

It is a great country, this America, and here we were only in another part of it, though so strange that to the Northern man it would seem like another land and in another age into which he has fallen.

At Point La Hache, this singular railroad train at length came to a final stop at midnight. The Sunday duck-hunters all lumbered off in the dark, drunk and merry. I found there was a sort of inn, and at length started for it in company with its landlord, who was having a few hours' chat with a friend at the station. No boat down that night. Quarantine! Ah, unfortunate, sad! Monsieur has taken the wrong side of the river. It is the Grand Isle road, not the Shell Beach, that one needs. No train south on the Grand Isle to-night; unfortunate, sad. But in the morning the train goes south, and one can ferry over the river by the skiff of Manuel, its boatman; and one can, of course, have bed and breakfast.

THE INN AT POINTE LA HACHE.

Yes, very good bed and a very good breakfast I had, too, the latter of a creole sort of cookery new to a Northern man. I crossed the road to the family house for breakfast, and the young landlord's mother was feeding a tramp when I got there. The walk led through a bed of roses. The air of the morning was soft and warm. It was all as a different world to the barbarian from the north But this good old Southern lady can do wondrous things with chickens and rice and peppers; and there was such coffee! And were there not odd colored prints, pictures of the Saints upon the wall and two nice demoiselles to bring more chicken, rice and peppers, and to be informed of the North, where ice grows upon the rivers and there are no roses in November! And still there are those who think it all of hunting to hunt!

Manuel, the boatman, for 20 cents in hand to him paid, rowed me across the Mississippi, the same stream across which one can kill a duck in Minnesota, but which here is a steady rolling sea, tainted with the salt of the gulf below. The mathematical green blocks of the sugar cane country gave place to the mathematical green rows of the Orange country. Here I got my Grand Isle train about noon on Sunday, but after many stops at orange plantations I found that twenty-five miles was all I could get out of it. But I landed at another country inn, and in time for a good mid-day meal, so I felt that all was still well. I was within twenty-five or thirty miles of Quarantine, and my friends couldn't be more than that much beyond it.

DOWN THE RIVER.

This inn I found to be an adjunct of a country store, where they sold such goods as the 'Cajuns use—cotton goods, whiskey, powder and shot, steel-traps and flannel. The room was full of 'Cajuns, some very pleasantly drunk. Among these the landlord sought diligently to get me a man to sail me down the river to Quarantine, I having announced that I could not wait, which seemed a very strange and indigestible fact to him, who probably hadn't seen anybody in a hurry for a long time before. One man could go in the morning; another suggested that a willow boat would be going down to the jetties that evening or in the morning; another would go if he had a boat; another thought it quite far, yes. And it was coming on cold, very cold (about Fourth of July weather for Chicago).

At length the obliging landlord told me that about three miles down the river lived one Albert Barroner, a river fisherman and hunter, who would perhaps take me down to Quarantine. If I liked to try, I could have his horse and wagon to go down and see Barroner. This was good. I resolved to face toward Quarantine and not come back, no matter what Albert Barroner or "Albare Bow-wow," the nigger driver I had accumulated, called him, might happen to say about it.

My nigger talked French, and it seemed to me a very strange, weird, unnatural thing for a coal black nigger to talk French, so that every time he began I felt like getting down out of the wagon. The horse talked nothing but French also, and didn't understand that very well. The nigger told me that he was in a awful big hurry, as he wanted to get back and attend a funeral. I explained to him that I didn't want to deprive him of a pleasure, and didn't care how fast he drove if the horse didn't. So we went on toward Quarantine. Went on until the wagon broke down, with Albare Bow-bow's house not yet attained. I shouldered my bag and started ahead on foot, leaving the French-American-African, to get back to his funeral.

VIA M. BOW-WOW.

Albare Bow-wow I found to be an old, gray, weather-beaten man, who spoke weather-beaten French and no English. He would take me down to Quarantine, twenty-five miles down the river, for three silver dollars, but alas! his boat was across the river. His son needed a pair of shoes, and had gone across to get them. Would Monsieur come in and have a cup of coffee while the matter was brought into consideration? So I accepted the simple hospitality, and evolved the deep proposition that maybe Mr. Bow-wow could borrow a boat of his neighbor and sail over the river and exchange boats with the young man who was in need of the pair of shoes. To this Albare could find no serious objection. In less than an hour and a half he had borrowed a boat; in less than two hours he had said good-bye to his wrinkled old wife and his Evangeline of a daughter, had girded up his thin jacket, taken in hand a piece of bread and plenteous tobacco, and were off! In mid-stream we met the other boat coming back. Making the exchange, Albare headed down stream, we spread our ragged brown lateen sail, and went foaming down the mid-current of the Mississippi in the last of the many sorts of locomotion that had proved needful in the quest for Quarantine, It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we started. Albare said if the wind held we should make Quarantine in three hours, But the wind didn't hold, It never does when you want to go anywhere by sailing boat. It shifted and lulled and died away at sundown. The air became very cold, and I was fain put on my hunting clothes again Albare took to the oars, and he being an old man seventy-five at least, I should say, I was ashamed to see him row, an so I did most of it myself. Seven o'clock came and eight o'clock, and it was black on the river, and every red steamer light we saw we thought was the light at Quarantine. But at length we did make Quarantine, after thirty hours of as wierd travel as I ever did.

QUARANTINE AT LAST.

There was a light at Dr. Mayer's house, and toward this I made, hearing as I approached, a sound of revelry by night, with a sinking of the heart as I thought again of my corduroys, buckskin shirt and paralyzed hat. I knocked, and a flood of light burst forth. There, just finishing an elegant dinner and all dressed in the best clothes they had, sat Tom Divine, Roll Organ, Mr. Foster. No one recognized me till I stepped in, when, seeing they were not ordered to throw up their hands, the diners looked more closely at the stranger. Then there was a big yell and I was much mixed up with a lot of them, and they wanted to know where I came from and all that. Then they introduced me to Mr. Mayer, the health officer at Quarantine, who, with the tact of a true host, convinced me that my clothes didn't matter, and that the best thing I could do was to sit down and eat something. There were also present Mr. Parmalee and Mr. Johnson, of New York City, and Mr. Jewell, of New Orleans, who were on a hunting trip down in that country.

It was well in the evening when Dr. Mayer's insistence as host allowed departure. At that time I had persuaded the party that we really had killed three bears up in the Mississippi, offering in proof the skull of the one that I had with me, now much improved by the cleaning on the Shell Beach railway car. We now embarked in a schooner or lugger, which it seemed was part of our camp outfit, and hoisting the big boomless lateen which all the luggers of that region have, we calmly swam away to our camp on Dead Man's bayou, one of the thousand cut-offs which cross the marsh of the mouth of the Mississippi. And here I found the oddest and the most comfortable camp I ever lived in in my life.

IN CAMP ON DEAD MAN'S BAYOU.

There were two great wall-tents, each about 20x25 feet pitched on the bank at the edge of the bayou. The highest land was only about two feet or so out of water at high tide. In every direction the marsh stretched, even, uniform, perfectly level, cut up by myriads of pond holes and passes and channels. There were no trees, no wood and no water—for the water here was all salt. All the cooking here was done on a charcoal furnace, and the drinking water came out of a barrel.

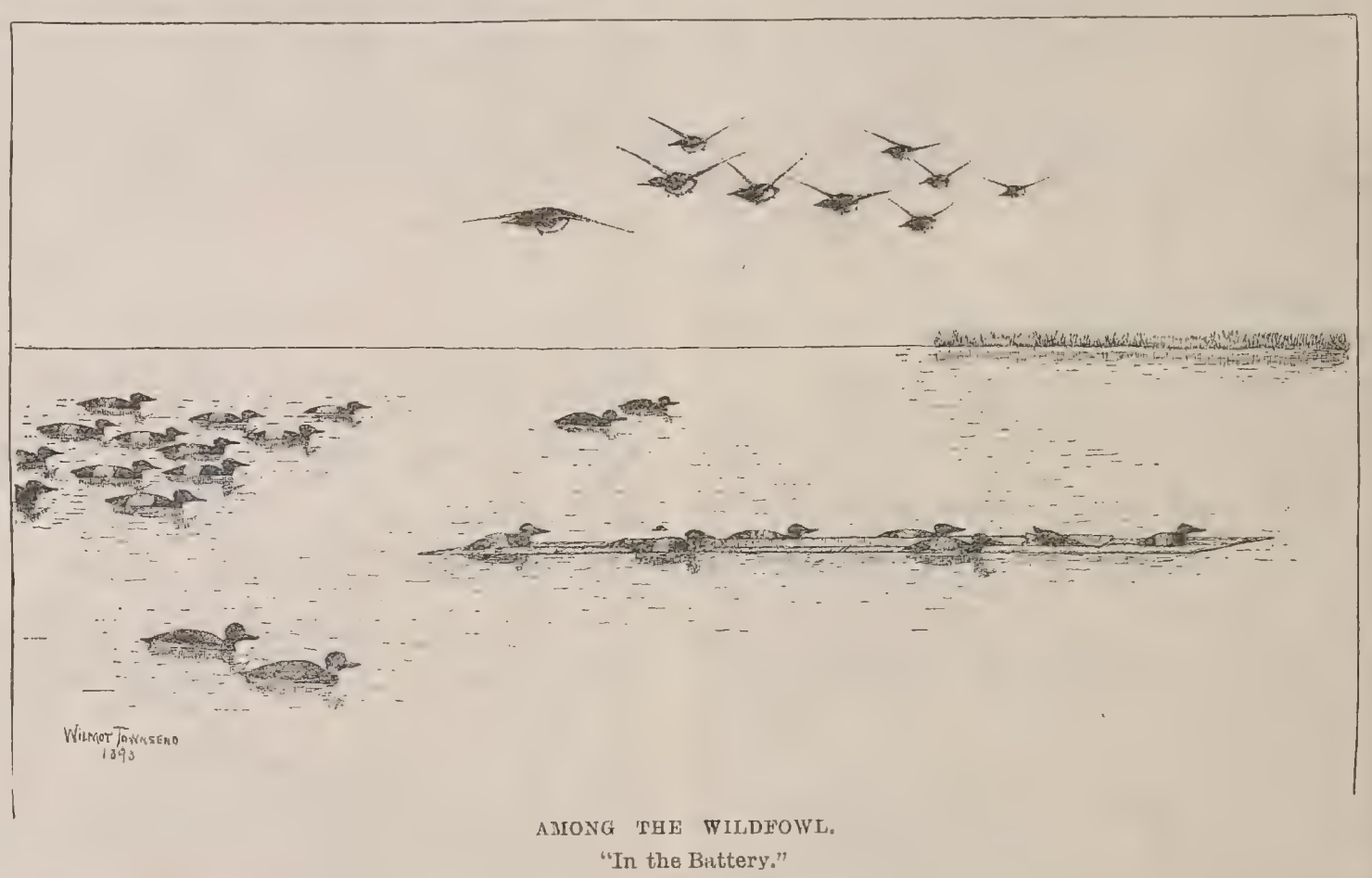
All the vast luggage of this camp had been brought on from New Orleans, where it is the property of a little club of gentlemen, of which our hosts, Mr. Divine and Mr. Foster, are members. There were to have been several other gentlemen with us, but they failed, so only we four had the whole camp, which evidently wasn't planned on the small and lonesome style. There were barrels of vegetables and tinned goods, sacks of charcoal, cots, trunks, nails in the tent poles, and all that sort of thing. We had two colored servants—and better ones no man ever had—Jim the cook, and George the table servant and butler in chief. We had a schooner of thirty odd feet length, a captain and four men who were to serve as paddlers. And at the bank lay four pirogues, or native boats. Certainly we had all the requirements for absolute happiness, from a camper's standpoint of luxury. And as we lay on the cots in the big house tent, which was filled knee-deep with a fragrant grass which grows along these shores, we figured it all out that we were the four happiest men in all the whole wide world.

NITRO COFFEE.

In the morning we tried a casting net from the stern of the lugger and caught some fresh mullet, that multitudinous and obliging sea fish, whose object in life seems to be caught and devoured by all things. We had birds and shellfish and mullet and omelets, and I know not what all. And such coffee as that nigger man Jim did make! It was the genuine French drip. Alas! we found it to be nitro coffee, and that you didn't want so much of it to do as of the common sort. Jim served it in big cups, and nearly ruined our digestion, albeit we felt very good at first.

ACADIE BY THE SEA.

But there will be many who will be wanting to know all about the shooting, how much game there is and how to get at it the quickest way. For these, some words descriptive of the conditions of the country will not be out of place.



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.
"In the Battery."

There is a vast strip of country lying on each side and back from the mouths of the Mississippi; indeed, one might say, covering the whole coast of Louisiana, which is natural wintering ground for the wild fowl. This has long been shot over by the Acadian market shooters, who know small law themselves, and have come to look on that region as their natural heritage. Born on the marsh, with the tide almost washing their doorsteps as it rustles through the endless sea of rushes, sometimes in the great storms losing all they have—houses, cattle flocks, indeed, even families at times—they seem a natural complement and outgrowth of a desolate, monotonous and little known land. It is the exception for one of them ever to leave the region where he is born. Hardly one out of dozens of them can sign his own name. Nowhere in America is there a class of population more densely ignorant or more ignorantly conservative. The ways of the fathers are the ways of the sons. The daughters wear the costumes of their mothers' mothers. As a people, the 'Cajuns are very simple, for they live in communities so simple that straight conduct is a necessity. The men are fairly honest, but hot-blooded and often quarrelsome, the favorite weapon of the coast 'Cajuns being the knife. One of our paddlers had a fine deep scar across the face, where his own brother had stabbed him with a knife; and Tom, one of our men, said proudly of his brother-in-law Emilien, the best paddler we had, that he was "a very bad man. If you dared him to cut off your hand, he would cut it off." So they seem to have some sort of a code among them.

By market shooting or trapping these men make a dollar or a dollar and a half a day. To do this they have to work hard, getting bodily out into the greasy sea mud, waist deep, and pushing their pirogues into the remote pockets of the marsh where the mallards go. All the land about the mouth of the river belongs or did belong to the

Government over it, till very lately the silent pirogue of the 'Cajun hunter plied unmolested. At the time of the building of the jetties, however, the Government made such call for willows or fascines in the jetty work, M. Octave Barroner, who no doubt is a distant relative of Albare Bow-wow, my boatman, saw in the willow industry a great opportunity. Besides working among the willow flats of the upper Jumps of the Mississippi (a "jump" is a channel where the river breaks through its old bank and goes wandering off cross-country in search of the gulf) Monsieur Octave, as he soon came to be called, used to such purpose his boat that before long he owned a lugger. Moreover, he amassed the fortune of $600, or perhaps even more. With this he bought of the government some 6,000 acres of this marsh land, on which a 'Cajun pig could dig grass bulbs (until the tide caught him) and on which there existed great store of raccoons and muskrats, all of which are good to eat. In this way Monsieur Octave became the king of the 'Cajuns. His son Tom, our worst pusher, and the most obnoxious fellow that ever was about a camp, recounted how at his wed ling he had had sixty-five gallons of wine, two kegs of whiskey and over 300 pounds of the flesh of ox, and swine, everybody being drunk and not going to bed for three days. Only the son of a king may do these things so royally. (Tom married a deaf mute, which shows that he had wisdom after all.)

Well, when Monsieur Octave Barroner became king of the 'Cajuns, he issued a ruling for all 'Cajundom that no man should shoot more than half a day, and that all guns should knock off work at 12 o'clock, noon. At any rate, this was the ruling he gave our party, to whom he chartered his lugger, his two sons. Tom and George, his son-in-law Emilien (or "Mary Ann," as we called him for short) and his fleet of pirogues.

The above will give a notion of the conditions to be met at Dead Man's bayou. There is much country entirely open in different parts of the gulf marsh thereabouts, but a reader will see that to get at it he must take a schooner from Quarantine, or somewhere up river, and sail to his shooting point, there either going into camp as we did, with charcoal and a barrel of drinking water, or living aboard the schooner. I imagine that he would need to poke up his guides a bit now and then, or they would be perfectly willing to take his money and not work hard to get him to the shooting. These 'Cajuns are fine duck hunters, and know their country as no stranger can, and do things among the mud and reeds that no stranger dare attempt; but they make their living at this trade, and are not eager, I should say, to see outside folks get much shooting.

A GREAT WILD FOWL COUNTRY.

As to the quantity of the wild fowl there can be no question. This coast country is the natural wintering ground of the fowl, and from Mobile to Corpus Christi, along almost all of the gulf front, they winter in numbers dependent upon the weather to the north of them. Every duck hunter knows that there is no country where ducks can be killed in numbers every day. The shooting even in the best locality depends upon many different and varying conditions of weather and feed. A duck does not go and light in the Gulf of Mexico and stay there till spring. It will work up and down, going as far north into Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas as the weather leads it to believe it should. A cold spell through the north and upper south will bring the birds in hurrying thousands down to the coast, and there is where the shooting is to be had.

On the morning of our first day in camp we managed by diligent effort to get through breakfast by about 9 o'clock. Then we went aboard the lugger and sailed down through the passes and bayous till we could see the roll of the gulf. On either side of us we could see great bodies of fowl rising and working, vast black clouds, thousands and thousands of them, such as we never see on Northern marshes now and probably never will again. The sun was pleasant, the sky was blue, the deck of the boat was comfortable. We were of fair appetite, continually in the salt air. By vote, we concluded it was much wiser and more fit to sail back to camp and have some more crabs, mullet and French coffee than to be bothering the poor birds. So back we sailed through the endless, colorless flats of 'Cajundom, and after lunch, wisely went to sleep, Mr. Foster being easily leader at this. I consider Mr. Foster to be the politest man I ever knew, and the best reciter of poetry. He knows every poem of James Whitcomb Riley, and can deliver them better than Riley himself. But you have to watch him. He will smile brightly and say "Yes, sir," to your remark, and then fall over and be fast asleep. We used to have to wake him up to get him to give us Hamlet's soliloquy, or Riley's "Little Town o' Tail-holt," which he would do with unvarying excellence and good humor, and then fall asleep again. This I say in no spirit of reproach of Mr. Foster, who is irreproachable, but as only a showing that he has wisdom, and knows a vacation trip to be a time of rest. To what end shall we destroy these ducks? he figured. And with his wisdom we agreed, and so fell asleep beside him in the knee-deep fragrant grasses of the tent, and the flowing tide came in.

ADVENTURES WITH WILD BEASTS.

Dead Man's bayou is 40 yds. wide and 10 to 20 ft. deep, and the porpoises come through sometimes. The first night in camp, when the two New Orleans servants, Jim and George were left alone in camp together, was a time of terror for them. A large number of raccoons, attracted by the smell of fish and game about the camp, came prowling around the cook tent. To Jim and George these seemed no less than bears, and they fled in terror to the big house tent. Here they found a gun, but it being a breech-loading gun, they did not know how to load it. As they were experimenting with this, they heard a great lunging splash and a loud blowing noise in the channel, just outside the house tent.

"Fo' God! Mistah Fostah, sah," said Jim, "they wuz a whale shoh'ly come froo this place, an' he done splash watah all over de bofe tents." This, it seems, was the crowning incident of the reign of terror of the 'coons and porpoises. George told how they defended themselves.

"I know'd that gun wasn't loaded," said he, "but I know'd the whale didn't know it wuzn't, so I pointed it at him anyhow. It wuz on'y a bluff but we don workd it, an' the whale, he went on 'way when he seed the gun."

"I'll bet if he saw that gun, he saw it beyond over into the far corner of the tent," said Mr. Divine; "go on and get some supper. Don't you suppose these gentlemen ever get hungry."

Mr. M. M. Daily, of Duncan, Miss., writes as follows in regard to the bear country mentioned in the "Sunny South" articles: "As you know, I managed Capt. Bobo's plantation last year. This year I am farming on my own account, planting some potatoes and cotton and raising some bear dogs. During the Christmas holidays we killed two large bear. Had forty-four dogs in the race, and they fought for about an hour before the bear was killed. I wished you were here, for they run him over every man in the crowd, and finally Capt. Bobo had to kill him. The bear weighed 550 lbs. There are more deer here this winter than I have almost ever seen for ten years."

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

DUCKS ON NEUCES BAY.

I want to refer the sportsmen of America to what Dick Merrill, (celebrated dog man) of Milwaukee, and H. R. Laning, of Chicago, will say about our last Sunday and Monday's shoot on Neuces Bay. We have just returned from there, where we have had three mornings of as fine and hard duck-shooting as it is possible to produce anywhere. We fired nearly 400 shells per man in three mornings and two evenings, and there were six men in our party. Mr. Laning received a lesson in duck shooting, and he says that he will take back to Chicago something which he did not possess before—the ability to kill a swift incoming blue-bill.

A GAY PARTY.

The prince of the Southwest, George Fulton, had another opportunity to dispense his rare hospitality to a party from the north. Messrs. Boyce, Knight and Sheriff Pease, of Chicago, accompanied by their ladies, spent a few pleasant days on the Fulton ranch, and while the ladies were being entertained at the ranch, the gentlemen had a rare day's sport on Neuces Bay and brought back with them a fine lot of ducks.

The birds that were killed by this party were dealt out to all who wanted them for consumption, but the Chicago gentlemen were imposed upon by an old charlatan who hunts for market, and poaches on the Fulton preserves. As the ducks were being given out by a small lad of the party, the pot-hunter approached the young man and told him that he had a large family and that he could use what remained (about two dozen) so he took the whole lot and didn't do a thing but put the whole business in a sack and send them in for market.

Last week, in company with a few boon companions, Max Luther left the city on the reefs for Mustang Island, where ducks are said to be thicker than hair on a dog's back. All went well until a landing was effected. From the deck of the sloop thousands of pintails, mallards and teal could be seen hovering over the little fresh water ponds that abound on the islands on the Texas coast, and which have all been filled by the late generous rains. The excitement was at fever heat on the little sloop. Everyone was anxious to have a go at the birds, and accordingly, each man constituted himself a committee of one to look after his gun and shells.

Max, who was at the helm, giving out commands, cast a glance of commiseration at his comrades, and thought, "Go ahead, you lubbers. Get excited as much as you can. But wait till the old 'vet' gets out old 'Betsy,' and then you'll hear some music." Then, after each man had received his fowling piece and shells, and not until then did our veteran institute a search for his gun and ammunition.

The deck was ransacked, the contents of the cabin were overturned, and the darkest corners of the hold eagerly sought in a vain endeavor to find that ten guage. The shells were not to be found either, and in a fit of rage the veteran duck-hunter turned to his "nigger" and howled: "Where's my gun, Sam?" "Max, de las' time I seed ol' Betsy she war a lyin' on de counter at Gaawg Robets, sah, an' dem two hunderd shells dat you tole me to buy was a-layin' along side."

Straight as an arrow and plunk amidships the thought struck Max that he had put his gun and shells on Geo. Robert's counter, and that in his hurry to be off to the boat he had forgotten them. He didn't mind the absence of the gun and shells half as much as the talk that he knew must follow. "If that San Antonio dude that writes 'Texas and the Southwest' ever gets hold of that," he thought, "its all up with me. My reputation as a sportsman will languish a perishing thing in the quagmire of neglect, and even the Corpus Christi Caller man will not place credence in my duck stories. Alas! I am undone! And he had to sail back to Corpus, where he found the gun and shells just where the "nigger" had stated they were.

COLONEL BILL FERGUSON.

For probably the same reason that the Hon. Dan Voorhees is called the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," the subject of these lines is called the "tall Pecan of the Southwest." Col. Bill Ferguson is one of the most noted sportsmen of the Southwest, having hunted all the four-footed game in America, and is considered on excellent authority on field shooting in general. In his tour of inspection of the different custom houses that float "old glory" to the breeze, Col. Ferguson often takes trips to Galveston, and from there by Gulf to Brownsville, and from the latter named place up the Rio Bravo, to Eagle Pass, when he reaches his headquarters. Describing the beautiful country which he traversed from Brownsville to Eagle Pass, Mr. Fergusos said that the country is in a primitive condition. Thousands of birds of all kinds are there. The Chackalanca he met on all sides. Mr. Ferguson killed some, and he says the flesh is as white as a turkeys, and of a good flavor. The marshes and lagoons are alive withwaterfowl of all kinds, while deer and turkey are often met with on the main trail.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Lieut. J. G. Ord, one of the best known and most efficient sportsmen in the southwest, in company with a young and popular lover of the woods, Mr. Charles Eccles, aged about 20, has been scouring the mountains of West Texas and Mexico in search of big game and the pretty things that abound in that wilderness. While at the north of the Pecos River, 22 miles from the Southern Pacific Railway, young Eccles, upon picking up his rifle by the muzzle as it lay on the ground, was shot through the hand, the ball going up the left arm and tearing the flesh and shattering the bones up to the elbow. Lieut. Ord immediately took up the main artery and ligatured it, thus saving the young man's life. "Talk about a game boy," said Lieut. Ord, "that young fellow rode those 22 miles to Comstock facing a bitter norther without a whimper. I led his horse all the way, and he did not speak ten words on the trip." At last accounts the injured boy was doing very well, and there are some hopes of saving his hand and arm.

O. C. G.

IN AROOSTOOK WILDS AGAIN.

The scene was not exactly in the Aroostook wilds, but at the headwaters of the Penobscot River, and only ten minutes walk into waters that empty into Aroostook River. Parties come up the Aroostook River and across into Penobscot waters to hunt. In my letter of March 2, I spoke of leaving this section with a Boston party. The day we left Clarence, Peavy and another guide from the Oxbow settlement on the Aroostook R. R., came there with a sportsman from Connecticut, and when I returned some three weeks later, the first of October, I found that Peavy's party had just left, as their fire was not all out. From what I learned and saw, signs of the Peavy party and another party had been moose hunting there all of twenty days, but going out of the woods in October. The result was that moose were not so plenty as they were when I left in the first part of September. Other parties went back with me the first of October; Dr. McGay from New York was with them.

I helped the Doctor's party to the hunting grounds; we had to cross one lake before we reached the lake where we were intending to hunt. When the team arrived at the lake with the supplies there was a heavy sea running, so that it was impossible to cross with the canoes, and we concluded to wait a while. Some started out for a hunt I showed the Doctor a road that went round the lake to a camp on the carry where we intended to stop that night, and I went part way with him, and when I got back to the canoes the wind had slackened some and I took part of the baggage and crossed; when I returned for the rest, the Doctor's friend and his guide had got back with a caribou. The Doctor's friend saw two caribou near the shore of the lake, he did not know what they were, but knew they must be wild animals, and he opened fire on one, firing five shots, three of them taking effect. We were to stop at the old camp until my man arrived, then we were all going up to the narrows I spoke of in my other letter. The next day the wind blew heavily again, and the Doctor and I took a cruise in the woods and got a few birds. When we got back to camp my man from High Bridge, N. J., had arrived; he also had some partridges killed on his way in. The next day we moved up the lake some three miles to a nice camp ground in the narrows. I had camped there before, so it was not much of a job to pitch tents; a table was already there made of cedar spilts, and a covering of splits was above it to keep off the sun or rain, and seats about it to sit on.

We had everything all ready for a hunt by 3 o'clock. I took Mr. Christie and started up the lake to a dead-water stream. We were intending to call for a moose on this stream that evening if the wind went down. When we got near the mouth of the stream we saw a deer walking and feeding along the shore of the lake. The deer did not seem to notice us, and we kept on without disturbing him, and some two miles up the brook at a shallow place in the stream there was a buck feeding in the middle of the stream. I paddled my canoe in very short range of him before he discovered us. He stood quartering and tail to, but he turned his long neck so that he looked back almost crosswise over his back. He stood a few seconds and then bounded for the woods. We passed on slowly, looking and listening for bigger game. We did not intend to kill anything but bull moose or bull Caribou. It was mostly bogs on the shores of this brook, and we were intending to call where there was an open bog on both sides of the brook. At the head of the bogs there was a high ridge on each side of the stream, and the water was so shallow in the brook between the ridges that a short carry had to be made if we went any further. The stream was some ten rods wide at the head of the bog and suddenly narrowing up to ten feet. When we got to this spot it was getting dark and the wind was still blowing. Near this narrow place in the brook we discovered a big moose wading along close to the bushes hanging over the water. I imagined I saw antlers, and I told Mr. Christie to fire; he did so and the moose started for the mouth of the narrow brook; he fired two more shots. The moose came to hard bottom as it entered the narrow and shallow brook and stopped, turned its head to look at us. We then saw that it was a cow and had no antlers. Mr. Christie said that he hoped he hadn't hit her, and as he spoke she staggered and fell. As we landed, another moose started within thirty feet of us, but through the thick bushes we could not see what kind it was. After dressing the game we started for camp. The next day we went back and took the hide and what meat we could, and hung up the rest to take some other time.

About this time another party joined us on the camp ground. Deer was so plenty that we did not have to leave the canoe to get them, as they were out on the shores and bogs. My man did not care much for deer, but thought he would shoot one at the last of his stay if he could. The weather was bad for calling moose, as it was windy and stormy, and we did not get but one good night during our stay. Two sportsmen, another guide and myself, went to the upper boys on the brook where we had killed the cow. The rains had raised the water so that we could go up the creek without carrying by. Above the dam on the brook, were two branches, one leading to the north and the other to the south, and bogs along the brook for four miles. I took the north branch, the other guide took the south. I called at different times for three hours before I heard a sound of a moose; I then heard one in a ridge. The stream took such a turn that the moose had to cross near the dam to come to us, and the other party had got tired waiting and had started for camp; they had not heard the moose, the noise of the water running through the dam prevented them from hearing him. He crossed just in front of them, and they heard him as he started through the thick alder bushes just in front of them. They had frightened him. We could hear his antlers rattle on the bushes and trees as he went off, and as we heard the other party talk after the moose started, we

well knew that that hunt was up. The chill of the night made us go to camp.

A day or two after this, Mr. C. and I were on another dead-water stream at the head of the lake, and Mr. C., as usual, sat in the bow with rifle in hand, and as we came round a bend, three deer stood at the water's edge. He fired at one. As the ball struck the deer leaped into the water and swam for the opposite shore, the other two leaping after the first, and he finished the three before they could land. We hauled them on shore, loaded them into the canoe and started for camp. When we got to the lake it looked a little risky to go down the lake, but the wind was with us and we started. The further we went, the rougher the water, but we landed safely, shipping some water.

This ended our hunt. Talk about camp life; and such appetites as we all had, with good big hard wood fires, and nothing to eat but moose, deer, caribou steak, cranberry sauce, best of Maine potatoes, pork and beans, bread, and a variety of other eatables. Every man was sorry to break camp, but the time had now come, and we packed up and went to the foot of the lake, hoisted a gate in the dam that gave us water to run our canoes with, the most of our game, down the stream to the next lake and met the teams that took us out twenty-five miles to the railroad. I left the canoes and camp kit for parties that were coming later.

LOWELL, Me. J. DARLING.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXHIBITION.

The Board of Trustees of the Sportsmen's exposition have received the following additions to the list of exhibitors: Overman Company, Smith & Wesson Revolver Company, Reublien Brothers, Barney & Barry Skate Company, Outing Publishing Company, Chemical Lubricating Oil Company.

This increase clearly shows the growing confidence and interest in the exposition, and swells the number of rented spaces to nearly eighty. The attention of the association is now being given to plans, by which the sportsmen and the general public may be taken care of when the exposition opens and be properly handled on the several days. Arrangements are now in progress to devote one day each to the several geographical sections in the vicinity of New York. The dates are not yet decided upon, but one day will be devoted to all the shooting, fishing and field clubs of the State of New Jersey. On this day the organizations will reign supreme, and it will be known as New Jersey Day. One day will be set aside for Long Island, one day for New York State, one day for Westchester County and vicinity and one day for clubs of all the States. On each of these days official badges of recognition will be issued to every club, and special courtesies will be tendered to them by the Association.

Another special feature in the attendance will be a hotel-keeper's day, on May 13, when the convention of hotel-keepers of the United States will hold its meeting. Several thousand delegates will attend, and special arrangements will be made with the delegates to attend the Sportsmen's Exposition in a solid body. The event cannot fail to attract a large representation from every quarter. In the same line with this liberal policy, the Sportsmen's Exposition has undertaken the herculean task of sending by mail 200,000 circular letters giving information regarding the exposition. These circulars will be sent to every known sportsman throughout the United States, Canada and Europe, which will include ministers, lawyers, journalists, railroad officers and professional men generally, who are interested in field sports. This plan has been adopted as the most effective means by which the army of sportsmen who will, if they are well informed of the character and objects of the exposition, be desirous of becoming associate members of the Sportsmen's Association, by which means they will be entitled to the advantages of special reduced travelling rates on railroad and steamship lines. In order for the general public to obtain the benefit of the one and one-third rate of the several roads, the companies require you to be a member of the Sportsmen's Association, and the association has under its constitution, a membership of associate members for exposition purposes only, and for information regarding terms of membership and railroad rates, address Frederic S. Webster, Sec'y, 106 E. Twenty-third street, New York City.

Though this exposition is the maiden effort of the association, the management has been unstinting in its appropriations and expenditures. The outlay necessary to promote and successfully carry out the exposition on a liberal and dignified basis is very large, and represents a sum never before devoted to the sportsmen's interest. The association hopes by holding these expositions, to accomplish the education of the sportsmen by gathering together, from all climes, the manufacturer, the dealer, the inventor, the hunter, the guide, the painter and the author, and examples of all the animal life which are worthy to be entitled game, and which are the justification of the existence of the sportsmen, and hold conventions worthy of the cause we represent. And as we are seeking to serve the fraternity with a broad and liberal policy, we ask the sportsmen and general public not to commit an error by believing this exposition is intended as a money speculation. The association is a legally incorporated body under the laws of the State of New York, and the idea of the association is the study and dissemination of interest in field sports, and the holding of expositions and exhibitions. The assignment of assembly rooms or headquarters where those interested in field sports may assemble, and incidentally, the founding of a sportsman's library in such headquarters, for the use of members and visitors. The vast scope and variety of the exhibition will make it absolutely impossible for one to see and fully appreciate more than a small portion in one visit, and those who are inclined to keep conversant with the modern march of inventions and improvements in the appliances of the sportsman, must not fail to attend the exposition.

The magnitude of the undertaking is increasing each day. Offers for the Loan and Trophy Department are coming in so rapidly that we shall be able to select from the many collections only the best typical examples to show the resources of this great country as a paradise for the sportsman if properly protected. Several very valuable collections have been offered for exhibition and already accepted. Selections of typical specimens of mounted large game have been made from the collections of Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Austin Corbin, William Zeigler, Archibald Rogers, G. O. Shields, Dr. H. Rowe, and many well known sportsmen.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

TRY IT BY THE FIRE, PARDNER.

CHICAGO, Ills., March 8.—A brutal newspaper paragraph has the following to say in regard to a recent attempt at Arctic exploration: "Some two months ago two enterprising newspaper men, representing Harper's Weekly, undertook a trip into the Arctic circle, going by way of Edmonton, for the purpose of studying and sketching the musk ox in his northern feeding ground. A few days since, one of them (Heming, of Hamilton, Ont.) passed over the C. P. R. eastward. The cold weather had affected him internally, particularly in the marrow of his bones, and he was prevailed upon to allow his companion to proceed to interview the musk ox alone."

HIM AND CONAN.

This months' McClure's Magazine has an article by A. Conan Doyle telling about a ski trip in Europe. Me and Conan are about the only great men that ever tackled the ski business, an' we're no skates, see? But if Conan will come over to Hamerica and interview Billy Hofer in the Rocky Mountains, Billy will teach him not to get himself photographed with a lot of snow chumped up and sticking along the bottom of his ski. That is very bad ski form, Conan.

THE FIRST HOUSE IN MISSOULA.

Mr. Will Cave, of Missoula, Mont., writes interestingly below of old, old timer friend Uncle Bill Hamilton. "A couple of evenings since, before a meeting of the Missoula Board of Trade, Hon. Frank H. Woody, Judge of the judiciary district, of which Missoula county comprises the principal part, made a speech on the subject of "Missoula in 1860 and 1895." In the course of his remarks, he referred to the fact that the first house in what is now Missoula was built by "Uncle Bill Hamilton," or "Wild Cat Bill," as he was familiarly known in those days. The speaker also referred to the write up of "Uncle Bill Hamilton" in a late issue of Forest and Stream. Mr. Woody has been in the valley since '56 or '58 and was well acquainted with Hamilton in the early days. I, myself, have lived in Missoula since '2. (The first house referred to was built in '64) and I'm perfectly well acquainted with the "first" house, but did not before know the name of the builder. After the close of the meeting, Mr. Woody told several anecdotes of "Wild Cat Bill," one of which was the same as the one wrote of in which Bill drove the "man eater" out of the saloon with the butcher knife. The description, however, was a little more highly colored than was yours. Mr. Moody also declared Hamilton a perfect master of the Indian sign language."

HOW TO KEEP MINNOWS ALIVE.

Mr. E. S. Whitaker, of Carthage, O., writes as below of a matter of interest to those who have often had their legs wetted by a sloshing minnow pail or a rough road, and who at the end of the road had often found most of their minnows wrong side up in the pail. He says:

"I have just been looking over 'the best paper on earth,' Forest and Stream, and in the issue of March 3, 1894, I notice your note and query in regard to the information derived by Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., as to the best way of transporting the minnows.

"The best way that I have found was suggested to me in a conversation in 1886 with that genial sportsman, Tom Gaddis, who used to hold forth at the St. James Hotel, Cincinnati. We were having a bass fishing experience, meeting and exchanging notes. He had been down in Kentucky, and on one of his outings had overtaken a veritable 'old Isaac' wading the stream. He found he was using minnows for bait, which he carried in his pocket in a large-mouthed bottle that would hold five or six, which was two-thirds filled with water, and kept tightly corked, except when he wanted a fresh minnow therefrom. He was informed that minnows could be carried a long distance with slight loss if put in a two or three gallon jug two-thirds filled with water and kept corked. A friend and myself tried the experiment the next season and transported in that manner a jug full of minnows eighteen miles to the lake we were to camp on, and when we emptied the contents into the screens that were to be anchored for future use at the mouth of a brook, we found that we had lost but one minnow. It was a decided improvement on the old way of carrying in minnow buckets and changing water frequently, and losing perhaps one-quarter to one-third of the number at that. Since then when I had minnows to transport any distance I have adopted the jug system."

SOMETHING NEW IN GAME LAWS.

North Dakota has given us something new in game laws. Her legislature has adjourned and gone home, but before leaving passed the sportsmen's bill requiring $25 license of non-resident shooters. The non-export clause also passed. The result of this departure from the established lines of game protection will be watched with a great deal of interest by men in many States. It shows the singular bound forward into general prominence of game legislation matters in the West this season. I do not doubt there will be a wail from many who have formerly shot free in North Dakota. For my own part, no State can make the killing of a bird, by a resident or a non-resident, too hard a matter to suit me. Enough will be killed any way you can fix it. The Dakota men will now do themselves a further and pronounced benefit if they will watch closely the enforcement of the non-shipment clause.

SOME COUNTY LEGISLATION.

McHenry county, Illinois, is right in line with the progress of modern thought in protective matters, or may be a few miles ahead of the line. Its board of supervisors has passed a bill establishing a bounty of twenty-five cents a head for woodchucks, and ten cents a head for crows. In the opinion of these wise men, McHenry county is all going to the dogs because of the terrific destruction created annually by those ferocious animals, the woodchuck and the crow. There be wise men in some localities. In this same county of McHenry, the destruction of game fish by farmers who fish through the ice on the bass waters illegally, is greater than in almost any county of the State. Is it, then, really the wish of these wise farmers to destroy as early as possible every living wild creature once native to this region?

GONE SOUTH.

Mr. Geo. E. Cole, whom I deem to have been in the time of his activity, without doubt the foremost and most successful man in protective matters we ever had in Illinois, is at this writing in the South with members of his family on a search for health and relaxation. He will be gone about six weeks, visiting Florida, Georgia and other parts of the land of sunshine.

PRETTY.

The boat catalogue issued this season by Dan Kidney & Son, of West De Pere, Wis., is a pretty thing and describes pretty things. E HOUGH.

A LAST DAY WITH RUFFED GROUSE

FITCHBURG, Mass.—Your correspondent, J. Bruce Payne, says in the number of Feb. 3 that he would rather still-hunt the ruffed grouse and shoot one sitting or running on the ground than to shoot a dozen over a dog; further he says he never shot but one flying or on the wing. According to his own statement, he never shot a bird over a dog. Still-hunting is all right and sometimes when in the right mood I enjoy it, but it is not to be mentioned in the same month with hunting the king of game birds, the ruffed grouse, over a thoroughly trained pointer or setter. Let Bro. Payne go with us in imagination as I describe our last days' grouse shooting of November.

The snow came very early, then several warm days took most of the snow away except on the northern slopes. There were four of us, my shooting friend H. A. and his Gordon setter Don E. and myself and my black pointer Duke C., both dogs thoroughbred, upheaded, quick, snappy workers, with brains enough in their heads to see through any tricks the wily old grouse may try on. These dogs are thorough grouse dogs, and a dog that can successfully circumvent the New England grouse can give good shooting on any game bird that flies, and a sportsman who can bring to bag a good string of grouse can very easily "catch on" to most any kind of shooting.

We left the city at 7 o'clock a. m. and drove out about five miles. It was a lovely morning and an ideal day. Arriving at the first cover, we drove off the main road a short distance, donned shooting coats, put the guns together, and when all was ready, spoke to the dogs who had been lying in the carriage, intently watching every move; and when the command "hie on" was given, we were all quickly in the bush. H. A. goes to the right and I to the left, from thirty to fifty yards apart. We soon enter an open pine woods, have just entered when an old grouse goes sailing away from the top of a ridge ahead of us, and out of gun-shot. We are quickly through the pines, and come to the cover we are to hunt; this piece is nearly square, and we hunt toward the east. H. A. keeps to the right and I hunt along the north edge. This is generally a good cover for birds, but a hard place to shoot in, the brush is so very thick; it is a sprout lot and has apple trees in it. I work my side all through and never start a thing, but just as I reach the east edge I hear "mark" from H. A. quite a distance to the south and immediately get ready; but no bird shows. So I work up that way and meet H. A. at the upper corner, who says that a bird had gone across the corner of the next pasture into the next run. So, after him we go. This cover is long and narrow, just a good gun-shot across; there is quite a thicket in the right hand corner, and we make up our minds that the old fellow is hiding in there, so we decided to hunt the rest of the cover first, then come back and flush the bird across the open pasture, and thus secure an open shot. H. A. takes the right as before, and keeps close to the wall on the south side; I follow the north edge, and we work the dogs back and forth, they meeting in the centre. When about half way down the run I saw several apple trees on H. A.'s side and just as I am thinking "what a likely place that is," I hear "mark" from H. A., and at the same time the roar of three grouse getting out of there as only a ruffed grouse can get out. I caught a glimpse of only one just going behind one of the apple trees, and looking ahead saw a little opening between the pine trees, and as I saw a flash I swing in (with the eye of faith) and "unhitch" and hear the satisfactory thud as she strikes the ground some twenty yards from where I shot. I tell Duke "dead bird, fetch," and in he goes after her. I hear some tall fluttering, and Duke returns without the bird, looking rather cheap. I give a little twist on his collar and say, "fetch," and he disappears again, and very soon returning with a fine bird, still alive, held very lightly in his mouth, sits down in front of me and holds it up with an "hurry up and take it" expression in his eyes. Duke was naturally hard-mouthed, and had recently received some lessons by the force system, so when this bird fluttered he was a little shy about picking her up, but from that day to this he never has refused to fetch anything I have asked him to, dead or alive, and is always tender-mouthed. The force system is the way to always insure a good retriever.

H. A. said Don was pointing stiff as a stake under the first apple tree, when up went three birds, but he could not see them to get a shot, so we knew there was two birds ahead of us, and on we go after them. When within about seventy-five yards of the end of the run, Duke points, then immediately roads to the north edge, I cut around into the open just outside and saw the dog slowly moving along just inside the wall. After a little he swings to the right where the cover is very thick, so I get on top of the wall about thirty yards from the east end. Duke is out of sight, but pretty soon I saw Don drawing down toward my corner, with head high and nose out, until he looked about half again his usual length; wondering where Duke was, I looked and saw him following about fifteen feet behind Don. This bird was a runner, and this was the bird that Duke had been following all the time. Don in coming down through the thick brush struck on ahead of Duke without seeing him, but Duke kept right on "sawing wood" with the result that they both came to a dead stand about ten yards from the corner, Don ahead and Duke about six feet behind him. H. A. got over in the meadow at the east end; I was still on top of the wall on the north side. Now I tell you tha

bird was in a bad fix, with a double-barrel hammerless gun each side of her and two pieces of statuary in dog flesh behind her. I said "Trot out your bird and we will attend to her," but no bird showed itself. Then I tried to start up the dogs, but you might as well have tried to start the stone wall I stood on. After a while, I heard her start close to the wall at the east end; I quickly pointed two barrels just over the top of the bushes, which grew only about three feet higher than the wall, but I never saw that bird alive. I don't think she got more than six inches above the wall before H. A. let her down back where she started from. Don upon being told to "fetch" brought her out where we could inspect her at our leisure.

As there were three birds started, and we had only shot two, the other one must have gone clear over into the next cover; as it was some dstance over there, we decided to go back and attend to the bird that we left in the corner. I take Duke and go inside, and H. A. takes the outside; we find the bird very near where we expect to; Duke points her and as it is too thick for me to think of shooting, I smash in and flush her out, but, hearing no report from H. A. come out to find that he did not get quite far enough ahead, so lost a shot. We follow but fail to start her again, so turn about and go back to where H. A. shot the one behind the wall; look the country over and decide where we think the third one of the three started together would most likely be. We decide to try the first cover to the right; a little way in this cover there is an old wall and we naturally expect to find our bird beside this wall, but neither dog shows the least sign of game although they hunt it all through. Beyond, across a small piece of pasture, there is another cover, and we start for that.

Out in the pasture there was a large stone, and on the further side a few bushes, a little further along there was a clump of laurel, with a few maple trees scattered through it. This laurel grows from three to six feet high. I was standing in the open just west of the large stone, Duke just west of me, H. A. southeast of the stone with Don just in front of him, when he exclaims, "look at Don." I looked and Don was pointing straight at that large stone; I turned to look for Duke and he was backering Don and standing directly at right angles to him. Don did not move, but Duke commenced to work around behind him, never taking his eyes off of Don for an instant, until finally he came up close behind him. I supposing the bird was behind that stone, stood still expecting every instant to see him get up, pretty quick. Don commenced to move forward' Duke keeping just his distance behind, they drew around the west side of the stone by inches, seemed a little surprised to find that the bird was not there, then drew on down through the small bushes along the side of the bunch of laurel about half way. What a picture! I have it photographed in memory, but would give a good deal to have it on canvas. Don was slightly in advance, left forward foot up, leaning forward as far as possible without taking another step, almost a straight line from the tip of his tail to the end of his nose, eyes bulging as though they would burst from their sockets, mouth slightly open, with the saliva dripping from between his lips, and drinking in that scent which had frozen him in that position. Duke stood at an acute angle to Don, with his head held very high, his nose slightly over Don's hip; he was getting the scent direct, but showed his good manners by keeping his position. We should have liked to stay there and take in that picture more fully, but just then the grouse jumped up and we had other things to attend to. I was just one-tenth of a second too late; the bird belongs to H. A. He tells Don to "fetch," and after a great deal of trouble of getting in and out of the laurel, the dog holds up the bird to his master. Now, the man who says that he had rather sneak around on the still hunt and shoot his birds sitting on a wall than over a good dog, is sadly lacking in experience. This was an extra large bird, and after looking him over and smoothing out his feather he is put away in the game pocket, and we go on down the run, when H. A. bags another, and I miss a couple of good shots. Then we return to the team, get a bite to eat, and drive about a mile to another run.

H. A. soon bags another here. I flush one wild and mark her down, way down across the brook and beside the public road where there is scarcely any cover. I tell H. A. where she has gone, send him around into the road, then come up behind her with the dog, who very soon locates and points, and we have her right down pat between us, without a tree or bush in the way. I walk slowly up until she starts up to go across the road, but when she sees H. A. she towers, and we both wait until she turns to come back over me, then we put the contents of four barrels after her, then stand and see her go sailing over the tops of the trees on the hill back of us. Another grouse jumps up and starts after the first one, H A. has the shells in his gun, and I have only time to put in one but we give her three salutes, and she goes over the tree-tops after the other one; then two wiser and sadder men return to the team.

From there we drove some three miles, put up the horse at a farmer's and ate our lunch. I shall only give our experience with two birds that afternoon. We started a bird not long after we entered the woods at the end of a meadow; this one started very wild, and flew into some pines; after a lot of pounding on the trees we succeeded in driving her out, and she flew down into some birches. Just as the dogs began to wind her here, she started for the third time, and we marked her in some large woods; knowing how this woods lay, I called Duke to heel and went around to the upper end and waited for H. A. to drive her out. I did not have long to wait before out she came and gave me a good shot, which I beautifully missed. On we went after her, and after a while H. A. got a shot and knocked some feathers out of her, but she went sailing up on the hill side, so we followed on, and I soon start her once more, but am unable to get a shot. She went up into a pasture where there were bunches of pines with small openings, started her from beyond a pine tree, and she went down the hill on the other side.

This made seven times that we had started her, but as she was going the way we wished to go we kept on a after her

As I was going through one of these small openings with Duke slightly in advance, suddenly he stopped, turned to the right, drew into the pines just a little way, and pointed. I could see his hips and tail, but his head and shoulders were out of sight behind a pine tree. H. A. was above me in the pines and not more than twenty yards from Duke; he motioned Don to heel, and we both stood waiting for the bird to get up; but nothing started, and as I could not find a stone anywhere to throw in, I decided to go inside and take chances of shooting her in the pines. When I got in where the dog was I found he was pointing up the hill a little to the right of where H. A. was standing. There was nothing that I could see for a grouse to hide under, only short grass and three small branches of running hemlock. I stepped ahead of Duke and looked the ground all over, but could not see anything; talked with H. A., and he looked all around but could not discover anything at all. We did not try to be quiet, but talked back and forth, and still nothing started, so I shoved my foot along in the grass ahead of the dog, and up jumped a grouse right under my foot. I pulled on her just before she went out of sight in the pines, and had the satisfaction of seeing her come down, but she immediately went up again about six feet, then came down and run "to beat the band!" I told Duke to "fetch." and after her he goes, but H. A. thinking she might get away sings out "whoa," and Duke stops, but I say "let him go," and go he does. Talk about running. That grouse went around the trees, up the hill, then down the hill, came down past me where Duke caught her, and brought her to me. Just as I was taking her in wy hand she gave a flutter and away she went down the hill again. I told Duke he would have to catch her again, and he very soon returned with her. I was careful to have a good hold of her before I told him to "drop her." Found on inspecting her that I had only just tipped one wing. Why one grouse should be so wild and the other lie so close is beyond me, as well as are many other things they do. Just think of the fun we had with that bird, without a dog she would have let us go right by, and we never would have started her at all.

We started down the hill, and very soon Duke pointed the old wild one we had been chasing and had started so many times, and although he had to chase the last bird so as to catch her, when this one flushedhe never moved or stirred. I pat him and say "good dog," and we make for the team, and our last day's grouse hunting in 1894 is over, but the memory of the days we spent last fall after this noble game bird will go with us until next season comes around.

OMAR.

A COON HUNT IN TEXAS.

Last Autumn I spent a few weeks with a couple of genial fellows, Phil. and Tom Buntline, in a little Texas town, enjoying the delightful climate and the open hospitality of my friends.

One afternoon, Tom, who was always suggesting some thing for my amusement, proposed a coon hunt; as it was a novelty to me, I at once signified eagerness to go; so without more ado we mounted our horses, and strapping a couple of heavy blankets behind the saddles, set out for the cabin of an old negro, who Tom said, was a great coon hunter.

After a brisk ride of a couple of hours, we arrived just after sunset at a little two-roomed, boxed-house from which a troop of little darkeys came running out to the fence, blinking and grinning their big, black eyes to see who we were. My friends were recognized at once, and greeted with a chorus of welcome exclamations: "How-dye-do, Mass' Tom?" and "How is you, Mass' Phil?" sounded from all sides. These grinning little imps with glistening white teeth, took charge of our horses, and we went into the house where we found old Aunt Scinda Ann (all the old negro women in the South are called Aunt, and the old men Uncle) a bustling old negro woman who had belonged to the Buntlines' "foh de wah," and had "nussed" both my young frienes when they were "chillun," waiting to receive us. She was overjoyed to see both Phil and Tom, and asked a hundred questions about "her white folks;" but her curiosity was at length satisfied, and she set about getting our supper, while we chatted and smoked before the big open fireplace, in which a couple of hickory logs were blazing and crackling.

We were soon called into the next room to supper, there we found everything scrupulously clean. Aunt Scinda Ann herself was standing near the table ready to serve us, and woe to the unlucky little darkey who dared show his face in the room during the meal; he immediately disappeared amid a torrent of abuse and threats of future punishment. Our ride had given us a keen appetite, and we did ample justice to the dusky cook's fried chicken, hot biscuit, butter and coffee.

In the meantime, Uncle George, Aunt Scinda's "ole man," accompanied by two strapping negro boys, came in from the field. He, too, gave us a warm welcome, and was delighted when he learned the object of our visit.

Soon afterwards, we were ready to start. The two negro boys carried sharp axes. Uncle George himself had a rusty old army musket, and the little negroes carried long torches of fat pine. A blast or two from Uncle George's horn set all his own dogs, of which there were several, and all the others for miles around, to barking and howling. The woods was comparatively open at first, and with the aid of the torches we made fair progress, Uncle George stopping occasionally to cry "Hi, there, Buck! Hunt 'em up Trailer!" or some other words of encouragement to the dogs, but we tramped and tramped, without the least sign of success until I was weary and foot-sore. My limbs ached, and inwardly I cursed my luck for ever coming on the expedition, though I did my best to show no signs of fatigue. At last, when I seemed just ready to drop from exhaustion, old Blue, one of the lead dogs, set up a bark which was instantly echoed by all the other hounds in the pack. This seemed to put new life into our whole party. We paused a moment to see what course the dogs would take, and then started after them. Away we went pell-mell through the brush and thickets, over briers and brambles, and into gullies and ditches, out of which we managed to scramble somehow, bent on the headlong chase.

At length we came up with the dogs. They had treed the coon up a big red oak. Fires were soon kindled around in a circle about fifty yards from the root of the tree, and then one of the little negroes, who seemed as nimble as a squirrel, prepared to climb up and shake him out, but, after three or four unsuccessful attempts to reach the lower branches, he was forced to give up.

Next, the negro boys tried to call the coon down by rustling the dead leaves at the foot of the tree, at the same time making a peculiar guttural noise resembling the growl of the coon, but master cooney was not to be lured from his retreat. As the axes were brought into play, and while Phil, Tom and I sat smoking our pipes, the negroes made the big chips fly, and soon the mighty oak came crashing to the ground. Away went the dogs, barking and yelping while the negroes yelled at the top of their voices; but in the noise and confusion, the coon made good his escape. His trail was soon found, however. The dogs were in full cry after him. and he was soon forced to take another tree, but this tree was not so large as the first one, and Uncle George, taking a large pine torch, began to walk around it. At length he shouted that he had "shined his eyes." We all ran to see, and after scanning the tree closely in the direction indicated, I finally perceived what seemed to be two small balls of fire gleaming among the branches. These were the coons eyes, and Uncle George, handing me the gun, told me to "fetch him out."

Although was somewhat distrustful of the ancient firearms, I raised it and fired, when down came the coon almost on top of us. It was only slightly wounded with small shot, but the dogs instantly covered it and then began one of the fiercest rough and tumble fights I have ever witnessed, dogs, negroes, and coon all rolled on the ground together. The coon, throwing himself on his back, used his sharp teeth and claws with such fearful dexterity that more than one dog was sent back out of reach bleeding and howling; but he was at length dispatched and placed in a sack car ied for the purpose, and we started for Uncle George's cabin.

On the way, the fierce barking of the dogs announced fresh game, but it proved to be a large opossum which was having a midnight feast on the luscious fruit of the persimmon. One of the little darkeys quickly climbed the tree, and by vigorously shaking the limbs, succeeded in dislodging the possum, which came tumbling down, but there was no fight this time. On touching the ground the possum instantly "sulled" or feigned death, and all the shaking and worrying of the dogs failed to provoke the least resistance from him.

While I was examining the opossum, the little negroes cut a pole about four feet long, then splitting one end of it, the possum's tail was drawn through the split and curled around the pole which one of the negroes placed on his shoulder, leaving the possum dangling from the end, as a tramp carries his bundle.

We reached the cabin without further adventure, and there, wrapped in our blankets, slept soundly till morning, then, bidding the colored folks adieu, returned to town, well pleased with our hunt, and bearing the coon's skin as a trophy.

CHARLEY NOBLE.

Pickerel Ice-Fishing.

BOSTON, Mass.—While pickerel fishing on the Charles river recently, we hooked some black bass.

We had twenty-two pickerel to our credit at the end of the day. A very small catch to be sure, but some others who were in a cove above us had only seven fish for their pains, and they had twice as many traps as we had. We fished with shiners, while they had chubs. The shiner will not stand as much rough usage as the dark-skinned chub, but it is a more alluring bait.

We had a discussion as to the proper manner in which to insert the hook through the shiner so as to injure him as little as possiple. Also as to the proper depth to drop your lines. We would be pleased to have some notes from some of the pickerel men of Forest and Stream on the matter. We can always learn something from each other..

We saw that rapacious rascal the shrike, pursue come chickadee among the trees. He captured one and descended to the ground with him. The piteous cries of the little fellow brought us quickly to his assistance. The shrike waited until we were within six feet of him before he took wing. We were unable to save the hardy little fellow, and left the place with his death cry sounding in our ears.

JAY PEE.

Mr. and Mrs. James.

"My husband is a truthful man," said Mrs. James, "but he is also an angler. With the first warm sun of February his fly-book appears upon my drawing-room table. A little vise is screwed fast near it and a collection of feathers, floss silk and tinsel upset the tidy little room. Then it is yellow hackles and black ant and scarlet ibis and Wickham's fancy. Then it is letters to the fly tyers. While industriously tying a fly, James will remark that it is a pity he cannot go fishing this year, and I dutifully, if hypocritically answer, as I am expected to answer, by asking why he cannot go this spring. He always is busy, and each year is hampered by poverty and the care of the family, and then there is the garden, which needs so much supervision. Each year the discussion is almost precisely the same, and with a subdued chuckle, I follow my partner's lead and play into his hand.

"In April, James remarks that he will not go fishing without me—that I really need an outing; that he will not leave me behind, and I acquiesce. "When the maple leaves are as big as mouse ears is the time to catch trout" quotes James early in May. The maples begin to show green through their scarlet and orange blossoms. James sorts his flies, examines his leaders, puts his rods together to see that they are in proper condition, and packs his trunk. About this time he is very solicitous for my comfort, and wonders if I can be kept snug and warm in the club-house.

"The next stage of the angler's fever is anxiety for the home and garden. He ought really to stay at home to look after home matters, and he is sure that I will worry about domestic affairs if I go. Sometimes I go, oftener I stay at home to see that grape vines and fruit trees are sprayed, and the garden properly started.

"After many years' experience, one would think James might forgot his little annual comedy, but year after year we play our roles as if they were fresh and new.

"Well, James goes a-fishing in May. He puts on his flannel shirt, knickerbockers, heavy scotch yarn stockings and hob-nailed shoes His rod weighs three ounces, his leaders and lines are of the finest, and his flies are microscopical. He starts off in the morning early, walking several miles up stream in order to fish down. He

fishes all day; wet to the skin from morning till night, and when he comes in at night, later, rosy and happy and hungry, one has not the heart to be critical if there is a tinge of improbability about his adventures.

"Next spring James will regret his inability to go a-fishing, and I will be sympathetic, and so on to the end of the chapter." L. YALE.

A Combination Arm.

Mr. Myrick's article on combination arms brings to memory a small double gun I used before the advent of the magazine gun in our part of the country. One barrel was smooth-bored, and a 50 cal. round ball fitted it very neatly, with a thin patch; the rifle barrel was 36 cal. It had 26in. barrel, bar locks, and was well finished. The barrels had been put together correctly, that is they were the same distance from centre to centre at the muzzle and breach. The sight was on the centre of the rib, so the rifle shot a little over half an inch to the right, while the shot barrel would shoot a little to the left.

One morning while out prospecting, I went down to an elk lick a mile below where we camped. In one of the licks stood a large cow elk about 100 yards off. I intended to break the neck or shoot through the brain. I held steady at the butt of the ear and fired. The elk, instead of dropping in its tracks, staggered back a few steps. I had shot a little too low (and, as Mr. Myrick describes in his article on far away shooting) broke its jaws. I then fired the smooth-bore at the neck. When the rifle cracked, it dropped.

Since the advent of the magazine rifle, I want nothing better for an all around rifle than my 38-55, with my telescope, although I use my 22 Stevens with Lyman peep and front sight of home manufacture. Last Thanksgiving, in the presence of Mr. Strahl, I shot at a coyote 200 yards off hand; it ran fifty yards and fell dead. The bullet had passed just over the heart. LEW WILMOT.

Prairie Chickens in Confinement.

NORTHWOOD, N. Dak.—I have trapped eight prairie chickens and have built a comfortable coop for keeping them. They get screenings, wheat, and plenty of snow for feed, but they are very much excited and scared every morning when I present the feed to them.

Can you give me any points as to how to make it comfortable for the birds? And have not prairie chickens been successfully tamed before? If they do not thrive with me I would rather let them loose again. T. G.

[If you will give the birds some range and not show yourself too often to them, they will probably in time become quite tame, more so even than domestic fowl.]

Chicago Men in Florida.

Mr. A. G. Spaulding, of Chicago, is representing the tackle trade in Florida in great shape just now. Report has it that he is catching more trout (weakfish), bigger trout and fatter trout than anybody else at Tampa. All of which redounds to the credit of A. G. Spaulding & Bros., who no doubt, furnished his fishing outfit. It would be grievous now to hear if Mr. Spaulding were using the plain cane pole and ring-necked hook of the Southern coast country. E. HOUGH.

Prairie Chickens for Hawaii.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—The Hawaiian Islands are going to raise prairie chickens, and they have selected specimens of the hardy Minnesota stock for a nucleus. A dozen prairie chickens were netted in the northern part of the State several weeks ago for this purpose Pending certain forms to be observed, the chickens were kept in confinement two weeks before they could be shipped. For this reason it may be doubtful if they stand the long voyage well. Of the shipment the Pioneer Press says:

"George Markert, a well known insurance man of St. Paul, last week shipped to A. S. Wilcox, of Honolulu, Kania, Hawaii, a dozen live prairie chickens, six males and six hens, to be put in the national game preserves of the islands for breeding purposes. The game birds of the Islands at present are mostly brant and a species of quail similar to the California quail. A few Japanese pheasants have recently been bred with success, and it is believed that prairie chickens can be successfully propagated in Hawaii. The birds sent were ordered through William C. Smith, Mayor Smith's nephew, who is a resident of Honolulu, and will be kept under the protection of the Hawaiian government until coveys have become numerous enough so that there will be no danger of their extinction by sportsmen."

Virginia Game Killed by Cold.

PETERSBURG, Va.—Reports from all parts of the State confirm fears that partridges and rabbits have been destroyed wholesale by the intense cold and deep snows which have prevailed this winter. Whole coveys of birds have been found frozen, and rabbits also in great numbers, reduced to skeletons by hunger. J. L. K.

Quail for Virginia.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 8.—Since my last letter, Mr. Jas. M. Cleland has sent him from Tennessee sixty pairs of birds which he had placed on ten different farms. Mr. Cleland put these birds in pairs in paper bags and placed them. He says after the birds picked their way out they appeared perfectly contented. Other efforts in restocking are being made. F. M. D.

Wild Pigeon Days.

Reading of "Backwood's" experience with wild pigeons, reminded me of an experience I once had. It was in the town of Maine, Ill., on the Desplaines River, about sixteen miles from Chicago. One morning on the 4th of June, 1858, (I remember the date, as on the 22d we had a freshet) when I went out of the house I saw large flocks of wild pigeons making for a piece of old growth of timber, directly opposite the house. Getting my gun, I secreted myself behind a bunch of bushes; the pigeons continued to come; I fired two shots and had all the pigeons I wanted. But they kept on coming. I could not begin to tell how many there were, but they must have been up in the millions. I could hear them in the woods, breaking limbs and fluttering over one another.

Now, can anyone tell how those birds knew there was plenty of food in that place for them at that time? I lived there three years, and that was the only flight of pigeons we had. But there was plenty of other game on the prairie. I have had six deer hung up at once; then there were geese, ducks, plover and prairie chickens all very easy to get. Now they tell me there is not one to be seen. ROSS.

A Woodcock Day.

"Hello!"

"What now?"

"Fun; do you want some?"

"Where?"

"In the Auchmoody woods."

"Are you sure we can find it?"

"Indeed we can. Three days ago Captain Bodine (of American Rifle Team fame) and I went there. We went over a good deal of ground but didn't see a bird. But I wasn't satisfied. I felt all through my skin that woodcock were somewhere in those woods. So I called old Fred into the wagon and we started alone. Well, we had fun, for we found lots of them in a particular part of the forest. Come, fetch out your dog and jump in." Who could deny Zeke Elting, the life-long patron of your Forest and Stream, the generous, intelligent sportsman who never took a selfish advantage—never "stole a march" on his companion in the field. At least that was my experience. Zeke kept a good hunting wagon, clean, well-fed dogs and a plump, reliable horse. These accompaniments, with his own qualities, made it a luxury indeed to go with him on a hunt. So I went.

It was about nine miles from town that we had to go to reach the grand old woods. As soon as we entered them I seemed to scent birds, so "cocky" was the appearance of all around us. They would rise at the next step. No. "Zeke, with all this fine ground and not a sign of a cock, how can there be enough for sport anywhere in the woods?"

Zeke smiled and said, "Wait a bit; just come on, they're here somewhere." I was doubtful.

Whirr. "Here they are," said Zeke, his black eyes sparkling, and the dogs seeming well aware of a change of pastime.

Bird after bird now whistled before us, almost invariably dropping to the hammer's strke. "We don't have to fire, Nelse," said Zeke, in his gleeful, facetious way: "Just point the gun at them, they'll come down of themselves, knowing it's of no use." He made this suggestion from the fact that we shot unusually good that day. But Zeke was no slaughtering sportsman, and soon said we had enough. So, with empty guns we broke for the open, as woodcock rose unharmed in our path, and took to wagon. Thirty-three birds were the reward of that day's trip. N. D. ELTING.

Nebraska Game.

OMAHA, Neb., March 10.—The intense cold spell was extremely destructive to the quail, especially in the extreme northern portion of the State. Sanford K. Brown, a well-known sportsman from Jackson, says that in his neighborhood whole covies were found frozen, and he is apprehensive that there will not be sufficient seed left to insure anything like an average crop next season. It was such reports as these that evidently induced the Senate to amend the new game bill in regard to Bob White, absolutely prohibiting the killing of quail for a period of three years. The Senate also changed the clause protecting the fish, making spearing permissible. It seems that spearing fish is a favorite mode of "angling" among the ruralists of the western part of this State, but as long as they seldom catch anything but buffalo, the change will be little commented on.

Geese and ducks continue to come in, but straggingly, and as yet but indifferent bags have been made by any of the shooters. The main issue of the wild fowl seldom reach this territory before the middle of March.

Colonel Sheppard and a party of four have been camped on the Platte for a week. They have bagged some few speckled fronts and pintails. Frank Parmalee and party are camped on the Platte near Silver City, and yesterday evening nearly a barrel of bluebills reached this city, all killed in a snow flurry in the morning. John J. Hardin, A. Hospe and Jack Knowles are in the sand hills near Paxton—a famous ducking grounds. They will have ample sport with the canvasbacks and red heads.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

A Story of Gen. R. U. Sherman.

In your issue of March 2 is a most appreciative notice of the late Gen. R. U. Sherman. Uncle Dick, as we used to call him. The writer well remembers being one of that famous first committee on game laws of 1876, appointed on motion of Mr. Sherman, and of which he was made Chairman by the speaker, Mr. Husted, on account of his pre-eminent fitness among all the members of the Assembly for the position. While it was remarked that a Republican speaker had named a Democratic chairman, the appointment was greeted with unanimous approval, and the committee (there were nine members, if I remember) proceeded to amend and codify the mass of heterogenous legislation in the game laws of previous years. It was no easy task, but the untiring efforts of Mr. Sherman brought order out of confusion, and after weeks of labor, and many sittings of the committee, before which all interests were heard, a bill was finally drafted and introduced by Mr. Sherman, and if I remember rightly, passed substantially as it came from the committee, and with the fond hope expressed that the game legislation of New York was settled for many years to come. Alas! every year since has seen any amount of tinkering, until one would hardly recognize in the New York game laws of to-day the labors of the committee of 1876.

I wonder how many of that committee are yet alive! Perhaps the Forest and Stream might call the roll.

During that session, Mr. Sherman was the recognized leader of his party on the floor; he led the minority with a consummate tact, and they followed him implicitly. He was gifted with a great deal of quiet humor, and not being a lawyer, was ever ready to get his legal friends in a tight place if possible.

I quite well remember, when on one occasion Speaker Husted and Robert Strahan, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, both lawyers, were forced to admit the forgetfulness of a plain constitutional provision. A bill had been introduced by Mr. Husted, abolishing the office of justice of sessions (the justices of the peace elected to sit with the supreme judge in criminal trials). The bill was referred to the committee on the Judiciary, a committee composed entirely of lawyers, and by them, in due time through their chairman, reported favorably to the Assembly and put upon the calendar. When it came up for passage, Mr. Sherman, who had waited until nearly time for the final vote, rose with Blue Book in hand, and gravely moved as an amendment that all provisions of the Constitution in conflict with the act be repealed, and read the article showing the office to be of constitutional origin, and entirely beyond legislative control. The silence that followed was broken by the speaker rising to explain that he had introduced the bill at the request of a constituent without looking into its merits, and the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee hastened to say that the committee had reported it without looking into its merits, out of respect to Gen. Husted, who had introduced it. Meanwhile the countenance of dear Uncle Dick smiled serenely, and the Assembly audibly enjoyed the discomfiture of its legal lights, who had apparently forgotten a plain constitutional provision.

All three are now with the great majority, Strahan first, then Gen. Husted, and now Mr. Sherman. May his memory be ever green. W.

Shooting ior a Record.

GERMANTOWN, Pa., Editor Forest and Stream: I noticed the enclosed slip in the Philadelphia Times of this morning. I cannot believe that these gentlemen were out merely for 'sport," as I ungerstand the word, and yet from the account it would appear that they killed everything that came their way:

Until the arrival of J. Frank Turner, G. W. Bergner, of Philadelphia. held the record at Tampa Bay, Florida, for quail shooting. His record on snipe shooting is the best, being 117 birds in a single day. The recent entries of the game record at the Tampa Bay Hotel are:

February 11—Dr. D. Karsner, Germantown, Pa., 50 quail, 7 doves.
February 11—J. Frank Turner, Philadelphia, 2 doves, 5 English snipe, 5 quail.
February 14—J. F. Turner, Philadelphia, 15 quail.
February 16—Dr. Karsner and Mr. Turner, 26 quail, 3 doves. Looked like rain; did not go to hunting grounds.
February 19—J. Frank Turner, Philadelphia, 31 quail, 1 hawk.
February 19—Dr. Karsner, Germantown, Pa., 38 quail, 1 snipe. Rained hard first half of day.
February 22—Dr. Karsner and Mr. Turner, 26 blue bill ducks. These were shot from one of the electric launches on Tampa Bay.
February 23—Dr. Karsner and Mr. Turner, 58 quail, 9 doves, 3 plover, 3 snipe. Found 9 coveys.
February 25—J. Frank Turner, 4 quail, 1 dove, 1 rabbit; Dr. Karsner, 6 quail, 2 doves. Killed from wagon on way to hunting ground.
February 26—Dr. Karsner, 88 quail, 2 doves, 1 rabbit; Mr. Turner, 104 quail. 8 doves, 1 rabbit, 1 jacksnipe. The doctor was handicapped by shooting through burned woods. Mr. Turner beat the guide during the morning's shoot, and his record on quail is the largest for a single day's shooting.

Still keep up your warfare on the game question. You can stop it. It will take time, it will take fearless advocacy, but it must come to an end. A. H. S.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

"ICE FISH."

About twenty years ago I first heard of the "ice fish" of Lake Champlain, and found upon an introduction that they were the smelt which it is presumed must have worked their way up into the lake from the St. Lawrence.

A few weeks ago a friend brought me a box of these "ice fish," and most delicious I found them on the table. Returning from the meeting of the Adirondack Guides' Association with Mr. W. F. Rathbone, we noticed from the car windows as we neared Port Henry that out on the ice there was a collection of fishing huts and fishermen, and I was at once reminded of the ice fish. We remained over for a day at Port Henry and made a visit to the fishermen.

The smelts, to call the fish by their proper name, are caught with hook and line through holes cut in the ice. The bait is the eye of a smelt or a piece of flesh cut from the fish near the tail, a strip as long and as wide as the little finger of a man's hand. The fish are caught close to the bottom in water from 50 to 60 feet deep, some of the men fishing with a single hook, and some with two hooks, one above the other all placed below the sinker. A peculiarity of the fishing is the manner in which the fish are brought to the top of the ice after they are hooked. The line is tied to the end of a stick about eighteen inches long. This is moved around and around over the hole as if one were stirring the water with the line; suddenly the fisherman gets a bite, and his right arm shoots up and out to its full extent, and the left hand, also extended, catches the line, the stick then catches the line below the left hand, and this is repeated until the line is reeled in on the end of the stick and the left hand, and the smelt is brought to the top of the ice and the hook pulled from its mouth. The men were catching the largest smelt that I ever saw, as they had fish on the ice that would run three to the pound, and I was informed that when the run of large smelts was on they were caught up to a weight of half a pound, and one had been reported weighing a full pound, but my informant, an old fisherman, was inclined to think it guess weight, as he had never seen a smelt weighing a pound.

I saw smelts that I thought were nearly fifteen inches long. These big fellows are not caught in the first of the fishing season, but when I was there large and small fish were caught at the same time. It is said that smelt are caught only in the vicinity of Port Henry and West Port, and there only at this season. No one that I questioned knew anything about the spawning of the smelt in the streams, nor did they know that they ran up the streams in the night to spawn. I presume if the matter was investigated it would he found that the fish do run up some of the streams after the ice goes out. If the smelts were baited to hold them in one spot it is fair to presume that they would be found in other parts of the lake than those where they are now known. In Sunapee Lake N. H., the smelts are baited by anchoring a bag of meat or bread, or chopped fish, and thus they are held in one place and land-locked salmon are also attracted by the presence of the smelts.

I think the Lake Champlain fishermen make a mistake

in placing their hooks below the sinker, at least my personal experience in smelt fishing has taught me that more fish will be hooked by using a leader with the sinker at the extreme end and the hooks placed above it. The sinker keeps the line taut, and the smelt biting so gently that it is difficult to distinguish the bite, more readily communicates the sensation of a bite than when the hooks are flying loose below a heavy sinker. There is no effort made to conceal the hook under the bait in ice fishing, the strip of smelt hangs like a wet rag from the bend of the hook, and too, the hooks are so large that it seems strange that the smaller smelts are hooked at all.

I found that the smelts caught at Port Henry had an attachment which was entirely new to me, in the form of a sucker. The sucker was very like a worm, a little thicker than an ordinary knitting needle, dark gray, somewhat mottled in color, and they seemed to be jointed in the body. They were from one to two inches in length, and the sucker which occupied one end of the body looked like the end of a tin horn reduced in size. These suckers could be seen about the holes in the ice after the fishermen had removed them from the smelts, wriggling about on the ice or in the icy water. They made no mark on the smelt, not did they do them any apparent harm, and they were entirely new to me.

THE NEW GAME CODE.

I have not had an opportunity to read the new fish and game bill introduced into the New York Senate by Senator Donaldson in its entirety, but I find that Section 140 still provides that it shall be lawful at any time to fish for perch, suckers, bull heads and pickerel with nets and fykes, and spear such fish through the ice in the streams and lakes and ponds of Warren county. Quite unexpectedly, I had an hour's talk with Senator Donaldson about the bill and other matters relating to it, and his eight years' service on the fish and game committees in the New York Legislature has taught him that the special laws for special waters are fatal to good game legislation.

His idea is that we should have a fish and game law as nearly uniform in its provisions as to seasons, as the diversified conditions of a big State will permit of. But once such a bill is drawn and printed, amendment after amendment is offered and generally passed, that practically nullifies the whole bill. The black bass season is still made to open on May 30. Senator Donaldson does not pretend to say that this is right to open the fishing on the first of June when the fish spawn all through the month of June, but the fishing interests on the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario demand it, and this, coupled with the demands of fishermen in other parts of the State who wish to fish on Decoration Day make it impossible to pass a law that actually protects the bass during their spawning season. Up to this time the supervisors have been able to pass laws for their respective counties, giving bass protection until the first of July each, but the new bill takes the power from the supervisors. It is true that the supervisors passed some foolish laws and exceeded their powers, but they really meant to give fish and game additional protection.

So far as black bass are concerned, it would be a good idea for the State to refuse absolutely to furnish bass to restock waters that have been been fished out by fishing when the fish are on their spawning beds, and where the sentiment is in favor of this sort of fishing. I would suggest to the framers of the Donaldson game and fish bill that if the powers of the boards of supervisors are to be taken from them, so that waters planted by the State cannot be protected from all fishing for a time in order to give the planted fish an opportunity to establish themselves, that the fish commissioners of the State be granted power to close for a period waters that they desire to stock or restock.

This power the commissioners in New Hampshire now have. Section 10 of chapter 130 of the New Hampshire law reads: "If any person shall take or kill any variety of fish which have been or may be introduced by the Fish Commissioners, their agents, or any person authorized by them, in any of the waters of this State, within five years from their introduction into such waters, he shall be fined ten dollars for each fish taken or killed, or be imprisoned not more than ninety days, or both."

It does not follow that all waters planted with fish are to be closed for five years; trout waters that are stocked or planted year after year do not need to be closed, for the planting simply aids nature, but should the commissioners desire to introduce and establish a new species of fish in certain waters, they must designate the waters "by an order in writing, published in some newspaper printed in the county, and posted in two or more public places as near the waters as may be in each town in which any part of the waters are located, at least one week before the order shall be in force."

This is a matter that I am particularly interested in just at this time. The United States Fish Commissioner has commenced to stock New York waters with landlocked salmon on a large scale, all the fish planted being fingerling, and planted in trout streams tributary to lakes of large size. The supervisors in the counties where the salmon were planted have passed laws closing the brooks where the plants were made for a term of years, closed them to all fishing. If the powers of the supervisors are reduced, the young salmon will be at the mercy of every poacher until such time as they run down into the lakes, and when they return to spawn, unless the fish commissioners are given power to protect them as I have suggested.

One more suggestion and I am through with the code of game laws for the present, at least. Why there should be a law against taking "trout of any kind" in one section, and in the next section provide a different season for taking "salmon trout sometimes known as lake trout," I fail to understand. If the law should read "lake trout sometimes miscalled salmon trout" I would understand why "salmon" was used in connection with trout. We have no salmon trout in the State and never had, and on one occasion the Fish Commissioners resolved that salmon trout was a misnomer; but, calling the fish by its proper name, a lake trout is a trout of some kind, and the old law led to many misunderstandings and contentions, and the new law will not cause them to cease if the present language is adhered to.

A lake trout is just as much a trout as is a brook trout, and therefore why not designate the kinds of trout that are intended when the language refers to trout of any kind, or say trout of any kind except lake trout, so there will be no question about the meaning of the law.

THE FLY FISHERS' ANNUAL.

The Fly Fishers' Club Annual for 1895 reproduces a photograph of a room in the club, and a very inviting room it is. The walls are covered with pictures and cases of mounted fish, and over the fire-place the cases are piled one upon another. One can imagine that the album on a table in the foreground contains some of the photographs of club members which the honorary secretary says he would be glad to receive; all members are not yet represented in the club album. A rod standing in the corner of the fire-place, a poor place for a rod, by the way, if it is to remain any length of time near the fire, on end, is without doubt a salmon rod, perhaps with a record that the members will talk about over their pipes and cigars. The comfortable arm chairs, the writing table and all make the picture the representation of a place that every fisherman when a beholder will desire to have a place.

A. N. CHENEY.

NEW ENGLAND ANGLING NOTES.

Ice fishing has been carried to a disagreeable excess on Foster's pond in Wilmington, if we may judge from the complaints of sportsmen and residents in that vicinity. It seems that the operatives in the mills at Ballardvale have been fishing this pond whenever they have had a day off. They go on to the pond, where a great number of holes have been cut nearly all winter. They put out hundreds of set-lines and take every pickerel that will bite —whether small or large, it matters not. They not only fish through the day, but they leave their lines, someone watching them who lives near the pond, and who is friendly to the fishermen. In this way they took over 100 pickerel there on Saturday, March 9. Gentlemen residing in the vicinity who love to fish these ponds for pickerel in the summer, object to this ice-fishing with set-lines. They fear that the fishing will be ruined for everybody. They are well pleased with half a dozen fish from half a day's fishing, and are willing to return all small ones. There does not seem to be any law in Massachusetts to prevent fishing with set-lines, though there is a law that might be made to answer, but it must first have been accepted by the town.

Capt. Fred. C. Barker was in Boston for a couple of days last week. He was on his way back to Rangeley, from a trip to Forida. He did not find Mr. John Danforth, his former hunting companion, though he went to Florida as much to see him as anybody. Mr. Danforth has his hotel boat out with sportsmen, and Capt. Barker got by the boat's hailing ground before he was aware of it, and there was not time to turn back. Capt. Fred. goes back to Lake Mooselucmaguntic well satisfied with Maine fishing and hunting grounds. He expects a good number of sportsmen at his camps this summer. But the ice is remarkably thick, and he looks for a late opening of the trouting season.

The Inglewood Club is alive and flourishing, though it has not been making a great deal of sound the past winter. The number of sportsmen and club members who will visit these New Brunswick waters this spring is likely to be large. Considerable stocking of the club waters is to be done this season. The government hatcheries will furnish a lot of salmon fry, and it will be liberated in the club waters. A fish way has been put in order, so that the salmon can have access to the salt water, and good results are expected. The club voted last fall to plant wild rice about the lakes and ponds in their preserve in order that wild duck shooting might be improved. Mr. Harry B. Moore, of this city, was appointed a committee of one to obtain the rice, and he has done so, after considerable searching for the seed. Part of it will be sown on the snow, and a part of it after the snow has gone.

A late report from the fish hatchery of the Megantic Club says that the eggs are getting on finely, with no loss from the tremendously cold weather in February. Careful attention prevented loss from freezing. It will be remembered that the club has 50,000 brook trout eggs and 10,000 salmon eggs in process of hatching. From fish taken in its own waters, the club has 30,000 brook trout eggs, and 10,000 salmon eggs from the Maine hatcheries at Auburn, when he visited the preserves late in February. At last reports the eggs were rapidly "eyeing out," and doubtless are hatched by this time.

At the tackle stores of Messrs. Appleton & Bassett may be seen something curious in the way of young trout. Some time ago the firm obtained some trout eggs from the veteran trout culturist, Mr. Gilbert, and these have been hatching in one of the back windows of the store. The eggs are all hatched now, with remarkably little loss, considering that no running water has been had. Some of the little trout are about rid of the sack, and are beginning to dart, trout-like, when alarmed. Others are not so far along. These little trout will doubtless constitute a part of the usual open season display of the firm. Mr. Bassett remarks that if the trout live and thrive, he shall take them down to Rangeley on his spring fishing trip, and better luck not favoring him, he can add them to his score.

SPECIAL.

MOXIE POND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Between the intervale farms of the upper Kennebec, and the settlements on the head waters of the Piscataquas, there stretches down from the great forest of northern Maine a mighty arm of timberland, nearly fifty miles long and covering the greater part of twenty townships. Lying at it does out of the beaten course of summer travel to the Rangely and Dead River regions on the one hand, and the Moosehead Lake on the other, this tract is little known to the tourist, and is visited by comparatively few sportsmen in summer or fall, And yet it is, I think, safe to say that there is no other section in the State of Maine so easily accessible, which offers so many inducements to the trout fisherman or the hunter of big game. The country is rough and wild in the extreme. It is broken by a confusion of high hills and rugged mountains, between which lie hundreds of lakes, ponds, bays and streams, many of which have never been fished except by the trapper or lumberman. Deer are very plentiful, and moose and caribou not extremely rare.

Partly from a wish to escape for a few days from the trials of an exacting profession, partly from a love of life in the open air, especially when combined with good trout fishing, and partly to see a new country, I started on the thirteenth day of last June, in company with a tried friend and companion, for a trip across this, to me, unknown land.

A drive of seventeen miles brought us to the last house on the border of the wilderness, in the plantation of Mayfield. There lives Charles Hilton, in summer a farmer, in winter a hunter and trapper; a man acquainted with the woods and lakes for many miles around. When he had learned our intentions he expressed grave doubts as to the feasibility of our plan—to go through to the Forks of the Kennebec, by way of the Austin and Moxie ponds, and allowed that he would not take that tramp at that time of year for ten dollars a day. But, as we did not require his services, his objections to the trip did not deter us in the least.

Having made arrangements to have our team taken around to the Forks, we got what information Hilton was able to give as to the route and started on an ancient "tote road" for the big Austin Pond. The distance to the pond had been variously stated to me by different people, the estimates ranging from five to eight miles; but all argued that we should be glad when we got there, and we were. The day was hot and sultry. The black flies and mosquitoes were abundant, and our packs were heavy, for the duration of our trip was an unknown quantity, and we had provided against all contingencies. Three long miles brought us to the south branch of the Austin stream, and here we halted for dinner. Unslinging our packs and jointing our rods, we took our way down the stream to a "deep hole" which Hilton had mentioned casually, as a place where one might catch a "hundred or two" trout, and I think very likely we might, for it was a magnificent pool, deep and dark, shadowed by great spruce and cedar trees, while at its head, the little stream tumbled in noisily, floating bubbles far out over the still water. It was an ideal spot. At each cast one or more trout rose, in their eagerness often missing their mark, and jumping clear over the leader. After amusing ourselves for a few moments, we took half a dozen quarter-pounders, and returned to the "tote road." By this time we had developed the traditional camp appetites, and we hastened to prepare our mid-day meal. When the demands of the stomach had been satisfied we proceeded leisurely on our way, making frequent halts beside the little spring brooks which were very abundant along our route. Indeed, so often did we pause to rest or to admire the great maple and birch trees which formed the principal part of this primeval forest, that it was six o'clock when we reached Hilton's camp, a little way from the shore of the Big Austin Pond. Leaving our pack at this camp, we proceeded immediately to the pond where we found a rude boat which Hilton had placed there for use during the fall hunting season. With this boat we went to the outlet of the pond, where were the ruins of an old dam, built for lumbering purposes many years ago. Here we easily caught enough trout for our supper and breakfast, and then we returned to the camp. A hearty supper and a good night's rest prepared us for the pleasures of the following day.

The first thing we did in the morning was to collect our things and move them to the shore of the pond, preparing to sleep there under a rude bark shanty we had discovered, rather than at the camp, which is unpleasantly situated in a swampy place, out of sight of the water.

After breakfast we decided to fish the Austin stream, which is the outlet of the Big Austin Pond, and this decision gave us, as it turns out, an experience the like of which we had neither of us before. Possibly this stream may have been fished before; it is even possible that it may have been fished before with the artificial fly, but for all practical purposes, it is a trout stream of the primeval wilderness. Never shall I forget that day. The murmuring waters; the waving shadows of the great trees; the moss-covered pine logs stranded on the banks from the east "drive" thirty years ago; the leaping trout, rising to every cast—these sights and sounds will always abide with me and come fresh before my mind when I think of the Austin stream. I shall not soon see such stream fishing again. In two hours we took and returned to the water 160 trout, ranging from a sixth to a quarter of a pound in weight, and averaging, as we thought, a quarter of a pound apiece. Then we caught six more to eat, and these six made us two good meals.

On this stream, at this time, I think a fairly skillful angler could in less than a day catch more trout than he could carry. But one may tire even of such sport as this, and so before we became tired of it, about noon, returned to our camping place and prepared our dinner. After eating, we tried to sleep a little, but sleep was impossible. The heat was intense; not a breath of air rustled the foliage or rippled the fair surface of the lake. Even the birds had ceased to sing, and there seemed to be no sounds to break the stillness, except the hum of the innumerable mosquitoes and other insects The black flies descended upon us in unincumbered millions. They stuck and struggled in our Nessmuck tar mixture. They crawled into our eyes and ears. They invaded the untanned regions below our clothing. To escape the flies we took to our boat, but the burning heat of the sun and its reflection from the water was not much more tolerable than the plague of insects we sought to avoid. I say sought, for they were with us still in unpleasantly large numbers, although the air was not so completely saturated with them as on the shore. Presently, however, a breath of air came from the northwest, then another cooler whiff. Great piles of white thunder caps hove up above the tree-clad hills in the west. Soon the sun was hidden, and distant thunder, becoming nearer, muttered and rolled and echoed and reechoed from the mountains round about. But the shower did not reach us, although we could distinctly hear the roar of the rain falling upon the leaves a mile or so away. After the shower had passed, a light cool breeze continued. There were no black flies upon the water, and the conditions for fishing seemed favorable. Around a large island near the centre of the pond seemed a likely spot for a little fly-fishing, and there we tried them, making long casts in shore; but there was no response. Then we tried trolling, but neither spinner nor spoon hook nor phantom minnow proved successful. Finally, we went ashore and caught a few of the "shiners" with which the shallow water in

this pond abounds, and by trolling with these, we took a few trout of about a pound apiece, which we were obliged to return to the water, having no use for them. But as this kind of sport did not seem entirely satisfactory, we drifted slowly back to our camping place and made our preparations for the night.

Sometime, perhaps a year before, a rough bark shelter had been built here, and the fragrant remains of an old shake-down still covered the ground. In front of this shanty, a little space had been cleared for a camp-fire, and it was altogether a fair kind of a wood's hotel. There we built our camp-fire, cooked our supper, and then seating ourselves on an ancient water bleached cedar log on the shore with our backs comfortably supported against an adjacent stump, we offered up incense to the cloud compelling deities. Meanwhile the rosy tints of evening changed from purple to gray; the loons' wild cry echoed from the south end of the Bald Mountain. A cold mist rose over the water; the owls began to hoot, and we knocked the ashes from our pipes and turned in.

F. S. BUNKER.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Goldfish as Bait.

Having used gold-fish for bait, I do not class them as the best bait, either for bass or pickerel. Being a lover of fishing, during the summer months I always keep a supply of live minnows on hand—obtain them from lakes, creeks or ponds

I had an argument with one who considered himself authority on which was the best killing (live) bait, and not being satisfied with his argument, I made up my mind to experiment, I made these trials on three consecutive Saturday afternoons, each time taking the same variety of bait—gold fish, chub, silver, stone fish, dark chub and sucker minnows. Stone bait are found at the bottom of the rivers, and resemble a small pike, with mouth like that of a sucker.

I gave the several baits a fair trial. I went by myself to a spot where I knew bass and pickerel were sure to be hooked. I had with me four rods, all fixed up with the same kind of lines, floats, hooks (gut) etc. Procuring a boat, I went out and ran her up on a large bowlder, thirty yards from shore, with four and a half feet of water, the boat lying crossways to the current. Lines were baited with the different baits, thrown out from the bow, one from stern and two from about centre of boat. I always baited same line with same kind of bait and changed the positions of the rods every little while. First afternoon, stone fish, gold fish, chub, sucker, were used. The stone fish caught three black bass, one pickerel; gold fish, one bass; one large chub, two pickerel; sucker, nothing.

Second afternoon, stone fish, dark chub, silver, gold fish. Stone fish; five black bass, three pickerel, two rock bass; goldfish; two pickerel, one black bass; dark chub; two pickerel, one maskinonge (eight and one-half pounds; minnow, two and one-half in. long), silver; three rock bass, one black bass, three perch.

Third afternoon, gold fish; four pickerel; (missed two fish); chub, three bass, three pickerel (missed one); stone fish; one bass, one cat fish, one large schub; dark chub, one maskinonge.

First two Saturdays were cloudy, with fine warm rain. Third was a bright, clear sky.

In one day, using only goldfish and stone fish, I killed forty-three bass and pickerel. With the stonefish, thirty-one; rest with the goldfish. My experience on the whole is—stonefish first, goldfish second, for bass and pickerel. Dark chub for maskinonge; chub (light) for other fish.

In Ottawa City, with a population of 45,000, the residence of the Governor-General and the seat of the Dominion Government, the game and fish laws are poorly enforced. I have seen pickerel caught within three minutes' walk of the Parliament buildings during closed season. Game is scarcer every year. River fishing is not nearly so good as a few years ago. Lakes are "stocked" from Government hatchery with trout and bass, and are fished out by Government officials by any means with which they can make the largest catch. Preserves show signs, "Keep off these grounds. Private property." Enough.

E. T. LOVEDAY.

Trout Fishing at Night.

CLEVELAND, O., Editor Forest and Stream:—In the Forest and Stream of Feb. 22, Mr. Arthur F. Rice, under the heading, "Trout that rise at night," speaks of his experience on an Adirondack lake where the large trout (presumably) were feeding, or at least rising, from 11 a. m. till 3 a. m., and asks for information in regard to it. I have not presumed to reply to his questions thinking that Mr. Cheney, or some other authority, would attend to the matter, but as they seem to be busy, I will give my own experience in the hope that it may be of interest to Mr. Rice.

In the clear streams of Western New York (including the celebrated Spring Creek of Caledonia) in which I have fished for several years, it is the custom to do a great deal of night fishing in July and August, as at that season the large fish seem to be moving and feeding only at night. Many anglers there do not start for the stream till after dark during the hot weather, and though smaller trout will rise at dark as before, the largest ones are almost invariably taken much later, particularly on warm nights.

Of course the leaders and flies used at night are much larger than those used in the daytime, and a long cast is not necessary. It is the custom to let the fly sink, and a bit of worm on the fly is a great help, though, of course, one does not dwell on that feature when telling about his catch the next day. The flies used are the red and brown hackles, grizzly king, white miller, etc.

I have taken many trout when it was so dark I could not see the fly or the surface of the water for that matter. One pool in particular I remember that was entirely surrounded and overhung with large forest trees, and at ten o'clock at night was as dark as any place I ever saw, yet I have taken trout there often at that hour during August.

Some years ago I read, in Forest and Stream, I think, of the taking of trout on one of the Adirondack lakes at night with small black flies. This matter brings to mind the discussion a few weeks since in regard to the small mouth black bass, and its power of seeing after dark.

I have seen a great many bass taken at night with a small spoon, cast with a fly-rod, and have myself lost large (and old) flies by their fierce strikes when it was too dark to see the rise. I can not now tell whether these were the large or the small mouths, but which ever they were, like the celebrated one-eared cat "in the possession of all their faculties," even if it was dark.

F. M. C.

Game and Fish Protection.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

ECHOES OF THE BLOW BILL.

No news has as yet been received from Springfield in regard to the sportsmen's bill (the Mott bill), in the hands of the committees of the Legislature. The Blow bills, first and last, are conceded by everyone, including Mr. Blow, the game dealers and the Game Dealers' Friend, to have been licked, horse, foot and dragoons, by the sportsmen of the State.

With the defeat of these unwholesome measures the main interest of Forest and Stream in the matter ceased. There are, however, some bits of inside history of the fight which may be of interest if only in the way of reminiscence. One of the most amusing of these bits is the story of the way in which the Game Dealers' Friend, purporting to be a sporting paper, was kicked back out of the way by the Illinois State Association, whose interests it had labored so faithfully to injure by its support of the Blow bills.

A SHORT STUDY IN HERALDRY.

This so-called sporting paper has performed what in newspaper talk is called a "flop," a "crawfish" or an "eating of crow." The Game Dealers' Friend (American Field) can tell whether or not the last-named bird is good to eat, and whether it ought to be imported and kept on sale on South Water street the year round in order to supply a certain Chicago demand. Instead of a fat, husky, exultant rooster, such as we sometimes see a newspaper disport after having engaged in a "wrassle" with live issues of the day, the Game Dealers' Friend is entitled to run up as its emblem the picture of a fowl which might be described in heraldry as a raven, sable, with the inscription "Dieu et mon Diet."

THE HUMBLE CRAWFISH.

Or, there is the crawfish. I am not certain that the crawfish is not a better emblem for it than the crow. The crawfish is good to eat, and you can buy it. Moreover, it looks one way, but if you step on its toes it goes another. You can't depend much on a crawfish, but it's amusing.

Not long ago there was a meeting of the executive committee of the Illinois State Association, which I did not attend, because I was out of the city, but I have account of some funny things which happened there. Warden Blow was there, and Comrade George Washington Strell, the sporting Moses who led the van with the defunct Blow bill, was there. There was also a stenographer present, brought by Mr. Mott of the law committee. There were some mighty lively times inaugurated for Comrades Blow and Strell, and I opine that two more unhappy souls are seldom seen. The former professed absolute contrition, said he had eaten his two proposed bills, and they were no longer in the hands of the Legislature. He was wid de sportsmen now. And perhaps some of the sportsmen were foolish and blind enough to believe him, though it is hard to see what credence this man deserves after what he has done.

Mr. Mott also asked the sporting Moses to come out and define himself and the policy of his paper on the matter of the game laws. He called attention to the fact that the game dealers had had published several things in the American Field which were of detriment to the interests of sportsmen, and that the paper was in an unenviable light. Now, said Mr. Mott, was a good time, in the presence of the stenographer, to define the position of the paper above mentioned and the men who purported to represent it. The sporting Moses was put in a very awkward position. He said he thought Mr. Mott's remarks were uncalled for and unjust. He asked that they be expunged from the minutes, as they were not the sort of things which he, the Moses, liked to reflect upon as part of the record of the doings of the Illinois Sportsmen's Association. Mr. Mott, however, was insistent in his purpose of putting everybody on record. I suppose the sporting Moses was unhappier than about anybody, for he and his paper got the worst scoring that any man or paper ever did get in public, and it left neither one nor the other more than about knee high in the estimation of the sportsmen. He hated to eat his raven bird, but he done eat it, and has since also done a few lines of the same in print. The sporting Moses joined that great and good man, Warden Blow, in a public profession of a change of heart. He said in effect that he and his outfit foreswore allegiance to the Blow bill and the doctrines which a few weeks before it was announcing so pretentiously and cockily, and that the sportsmen and the bills framed by the sportsmen were the one true love of him, Moses, likewise of the Game Dealers' Friend, price $5 a year in advance. He had just been fooling all along. What was the use sitting on a fellow?

Then people smiled some. The crawfish is not a noble animal. He is dead easy, but he ain't noble. Really, it did not make much difference about the direction of this particular crawfish, for the Blow bill at this time was admittedly dead.

But this is not all of the record of humiliation of the Game Dealers' Friend (the American Field) or of its representative. The latter went to Mr. Mott and begged that the stenographic report of that meeting be suppressed, else it might be shown that an attack had been made at that meeting upon the American Field. He especially requested that all the facts be kept from Chicago and the West of Forest and Stream, lest the latter might use them to the disadvantage of his paper. Mr. Mott obligingly complied! The executive committee and the secretary, of course, lent no hand to any such action.

ON THE SUPPRESSION OF NEWS.

Unhappy Moses! Why did he not reflect that it is always the "suppressed" news that is sure to come out? Why did he not reflect that that is just the sort of news everyone always does hear about, and after which any newspaper man will go till he gets it? Perhaps ordinarily I should not care to devote much space or time or trouble to the story of the methods by which an unwise and weak-backed contemporary was forced to take back its own opinions, but the case being as it is, I feel forced to give these "suppressed" facts, just for a little garnishment for the dish of crawfish and crow which is the present diet of the above singular and misguided representatives of sporting journalism. I have many more details of the little recantation process of the above, but they will not matter just at present. We can use 'em after awhile, maybe, when I feel good. If there is anything more which our esteemed co temporary wishes "suppressed," I shall be glad, and I hope it will not be backward about offering the tip. But I beg pardon. In the nature of things, the crawfish can't be anything else but backward, can it?

From all of these things I infer that the best line of activity for a newspaper or a newspaper man is to stick close to the neighborhood of plain, horse sense, and absolute honesty and fearlessness in open or in secret. Do that, and you won't have to live on crow and crawfish, and you won't be scared all the time. For a sporting paper, this means to steer clear of all such fallacies as those of the late Blow bills. It means to swing clean into line on a definite policy, and not to try to ride two horses at once. It means to have just a little bit of sand, and a few convictions, and a trifle of self-reliance. These things have been wanting to a lamentable extent in the course of the paper above mentioned upon these topics of game protection, and that right at a time when the sportsmen needed all their friends, and even the small assistances. Moses, I charge thee, fling away ambition. By that sin much abler angels than you have got it in the neck before now. Take a rest, Moses. Lean your brain in your little hands, honey, and let it rest awhile. You ain't fit, just now, to go into a real hard game.

FOREST AND STREAM WILL NOT NEED TO RETRACT.

By the above I can best show something of the nature of the fight we have been having out here. In spite of a singular opposition, the sportsmen have won, and have defeated the dealers, the dealers' warden and the dealers' organ. We have never had so hot a fight in the West. Even the daily papers have taken up the cudgels in favor of protection, and that right earnestly. When Mr. Sloan, representing the game dealers, saw the managing editor of the Tribune in regard to a Tribune editorial which was damaging to the interests of the street, he was told that his mission was useless. "I am a sportsman myself," was the reply to him, "and I know that if you pass your law we will have no game left in three years." The Herald also, which at first gave space to Blow's vaporings, has changed its tone and come over to the sportsmen.

The sportsmen of this region have made more friends and whipped more enemies in the last two months than they ever did before. There never was so general and intelligent an interest in these matters. The public is evidently beginning to think. The more it thinks, the nearer it will come to the Forest and Stream doctrine—"Stop the sale of game, or else you must see the game soon pass away." I imagine the sportsmen of Dakota and of the entire West, who have been looking with such anxiety toward Chicago this winter, will take comfort in the fact that they have one friend in a newspaper not afraid to announce such doctrine and to stand by it. I imagine no one will be under the necessity of asking Forest and Stream to recant any unsportsmanlike utterances, or of framing for its use a better doctrine, or of asking for its sake the suppression of any attack that can be made upon a paper so loyal and fearless and a doctrine so incontestably sportsmanlike.

E. HOUGH.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

Massachusetts Trout Season.

Several hearings have been given at the State House of late upon a bill introduced in the House by Representative Young, of Springfield, the purpose of which is to open the market to domestic trout, so-called, two months before the open season, which begins April 1.

On this general subject interviews have been obtained with gentlemen prominently identified with fish and game protection.

Mr. Edward A. Samuels, who has taken trout in very many public streams in Massachusetts and in other New England States, also in Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, was asked:

"When, in your opinion, are trout through spawning?"

"That depends upon the latitude and the water."

"Do you think that in Massachusetts they are entirely done spawning in January?"

"I do not. In fact, I have taken trout in this state, even in April, that contained ripe eggs. As a rule, trout spawn in the early fall and winter."

"What do you think of trout as an article of food just after the spawning period?"

"They are not suitable to be eaten at that time. Every one admits that salmon are totally unfit for food after depositing eggs. Even poorest people would not think of eating them until they had been to sea and recuperated. So, too, trout must go through a process of recuperation after the exhausting effects of reproduction before they are fit for the table. Toward the end of December last, an Indian in Nova Sotia brought some trout to sell to me, taken, no doubt, through the ice. I remonstrated with him for taking them at that season. As he had been to much trouble in getting them, and was very needy, against my inclination, I gave him some money and allowed him to leave them. To satisfy myself as to the table qualities of the fish I cooked the finest one, and found it to be worthless. There was no trace of fat, and the meat was dry, white and tasteless. Had I not known to the contrary, I never should have imagined it to be the meat of a trout."

"How long a time is necessary after spawning for the trout to recuperate?"

"That depends upon the food. Almost invariably during the winter the food supply fails, and in the spring months it becomes more abundant."

"How early in the spring are trout in the best condition for food?"

"Trout feed largely on the larvae of insects which pass through their transformations in the water; but the fish do not take on much flesh until the 'ephemeridae,' or May flies, so-called, make their appearance. As these become abundant, the trout devour them voraciously, and accumulate fatty tissue very rapidly. When the spring is early, so that the water becomes warm, these insects are matured the latter part of April in favorable localities. In my experience I have found trout to be much more palatable in May than at any time earlier in the season."

"Are you in favor of a law opening the market earlier to trout artificially reared than the first of April?"

"I see no way that this could be done without causing the destruction of the native trout in our streams."

"What is your opinion of the raising of trout artificially as a means of providing cheap food for the people?"

"As a constant food trout could never take the place of other edible fish. In my own experience, and as a matter of observation, I find every one tires of them after a few meals, just as one tires of mushrooms or any of the so-called delicacies. If trout could be put in competition, as to price, with sea fish, such as cod, mackerel, etc., the latter would, in my opinion, be generally preferred. That any such competition could be brought about I regard as an impossibility. The great value of the trout lies in the pastime and recreation its capture affords the angler. The people should receive the benefits that the numerous streams within the borders of our own State would afford if the same efforts at stocking as are made in New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine were systematically made. In my opinion our State has never done a quarter part of what should be done in this direction."

John A. Loring said: "As early as the year 1866 I appeared before a committee of the Legislature in support of a bill which resulted in the establishment of the Board of Commissioners on Fisheries and Game, and I have never since taken a great interest in such matters.

"By giving those who cultivate trout in enclosures this privilege of selling for food in February and March, the Legislature would give them an advantage over the owners of streams not inclosed, but in which trout abound in the wild state. Furthermore, if this legislation were enacted, a temptation would be given to poachers to purloin wild trout during those two months to the detriment of the owners of those streams. As the law now stands the poacher has no inducement to carry on clandestine fishing, inasmuch as there is no market. Without a market the fish are of no value to the dealer in them. Give him a market as from fifty cents to $1 a pound and he has inducemment enough to buy, and the poacher enough to supply him. Give the poacher a market and he will furnish the fish.

"The laboring people in portions of the State where I have fished, have never relied on trout as an article of food, even where they were abundant. Trout have never been a cheap article of food. They have always been consumed by guests at hotels and private restaurants and by private persons to whom the expense, even at $1 a pound, was of no consequence.

"The effects of such a law would be prejudicial to owners of streams leased by them for substantial rent. The rental value of such streams would be substantially diminished, and the leases of the same would be subjected to a large expense to guard the streams during these two months."

J. Louis Stackpole said: "The trout cannot be said to have fully recovered from the effects of spawning earlier than the last of March or first of April. It is impossible, except for a skilled expert, to distinguish those artificially reared after being out of the water for a while. The inevitable result of such a law would be the depletion of trout brooks all over the State. No better evidence that these artificially raised trout furnish no part of the food supply of the people is needed than the testimony of one dealer, who said that, of 7,000 pounds of such fish sold, 5,000 pounds went to New York, and that the sale of them there closed about July 1, when the 'Four Hundred' go into the country.

"Again, the words 'artificially reared' are extremely vague, and will give rise to a large amount of litigation. To say that there are no trout exceeding nine inches long is nonsense. It is the larger trout, those over nine inches, that we rely on to furnish the spawn for reproduction."

Hon. George W. Wiggin said: "I think the trout in the old

streams, open to every one, are of much more consequence than the interests of half a dozen individuals who desire such legislation. The people, I think, are now excluded from more than five to ten per cent. of the streams in the Commonwealth, and those are mostly in Plymouth County. In fact I do not myself know of any leased brooks except in Plymouth and Barnstable counties.

"I see no reason for discriminating in favor of artificially reared trout as against wild trout. If it is proper to sell one earlier than the first of April, it is proper to sell the other. As it is practically impossible to distinguish one class of trout from another, the opening of the season for one in February and March will inevitably lead to the capture and sale of the other class during those months."

"Does the introduction to the bill of the nine inch limit remove any of the weighty objections?"

"I have caught trout in the mountain streams of New Hampshire weighing two pounds, and I have no doubt there are trout weighing one and a half pounds in many of the streams of Massachusetts.

"Another objection to opening the market during the two months in question is that our streams and ponds are many of them covered with ice, especially in the Western parts of the State, and an open market would induce fishing through the ice, which is a most destructive method, as the fish gather in schools, and having been poorly supplied with food for a long time, they take the bait easily and are easily exterminated. Again, the first of April or earlier has come to be almost universally fixed upon by the various States for the beginning of the open season, and uniformity in this respect is greatly to be desired."

Charles F. Chamberlayne, when asked his opinion, said: "In the first place, there is no call for this bill. As in years past, it originates with a very few men who desire a monopoly of the market by obtaining special privileges from the Legislature.

"I reside in Bourne, and the sentiment of our people is strongly opposed to this bill. The attractions of streams in our town have brought in hundreds of thousands of taxable property. The town has felt the benefits in every department of business. I should not regard it possible to preserve the fish in these streams if such a bill were passed. Many fish are taken there weighing from a pound to two pounds, and all less than nine inches long are usually returned to the water immediately."

"Do you see any reason, Mr. Chamberlayne, why the nine inch limit should be inserted in the bill this year, when an amendment offered in the Senate last year requiring a limit of eight inches was repudiated by the friends of the bill, and could not be carried on account of their opposition?"

"The Western part of the State is opposed to this bill, as shown by the action of the Legislature last year, by which the counties of Hampden, Hampshire and Berkshire were exempted from the application of the bill. This exemption was objected to by the Governor in his veto message. This amendment is evidently for the purpose of conciliating the Governor and the people of the Western counties, as the friends of the bill claim that there are no trout in that section nine inches in length."—Boston Herald.

Those Ninety Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Several of your correspondents have mentioned the shipment of ninety deer from Maine to Boston. Some speak in praise of a Commissioner who happened to be in Boston and found it out from the newspapers. But no one seems to think it remarkable that so large a quantity could be shipped from a point where there are wardens nearby, and that the first notice the Commissioner got was in the newspapers. There is very little probability that it ever would have been known if the master of the vessel had not attempted to steal what he was entrusted with. The worst feature of the case is, that it is really in no way remarkable except that we have proof that it was done.

The same thing has been done many times every year, and that right under the noses of many wardens and at least of one Commissioner. They will deny it, and when proof is furnished will take no action in the matter.

A year ago, at a meeting of the "Game Protective Association," the statement was made that some two hundred deer and many hundreds of partridges had been shipped from Bangor; and it was more than hinted that it was done by the help of the wardens, and with the knowledge of the Commissioners. Both Commissioners and many wardens were present; but no one disputed the statement. The past fall, deer by the hundred and great quantities of partridges have been shipped, and no attempt made to prevent it except in a few cases which probably were not protected. One day Bangor would be full of game, the next not any to be seen, and this was repeated week after week, and with no local sale of any amount; in fact, a great deal of the time Bangor people could not get a piece of venison unless they bought a whole deer. I can bring plenty of proof that repeatedly gentlemen tried all over town and could not buy a pound, for the market men would not cut it, as they could do better by shipping it.

One of our prominent Bangor merchants offered to testify that he had paid money to a warden not to see a deer he was shipping to a friend, and gave the name of the warden to whom he paid it. On this being told to a warden, he claims that he has authority from the Bangor Commissioners to look after all outside matters, and the offer being made to prove it, the answer was, "If you can prove this you had better have the man arrested." Now there are just two horns to this dilemma, and the Commissioners can choose either which suits them best. Either they and their wardens know of these things, or they do not know of them. If they know them and do not try to prevent them being done they are dishonest. If they are so stupid that they cannot see what is right before their eyes, and every one else knows, then they are unfit for their offices.

To an observer it looks exactly as does the liquor business in Bangor. We have very strict liquor laws, and not only the city police to enforce it, but special liquor constables, appointed by the State; but the places are scarce in the United States where there are more drunken men than in Bangor. I have traveled from Canada to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and have never seen so many drunken men in one day as I have seen in Bangor. Why? Simply because those whose duty it is to enforce the laws do not do it. There is law enough to stop the traffic in a week.

What we need for the protection of game is not more law nor larger appropriations, but a fair and equal enforcement of the laws we have. I say fair and equal enforcement. Our laws have not been fairly nor equally enforced. The rich have, from reasons best known to wardens, been allowed to kill, to waste, while poor men who have killed to feed their families have been arrested. Last winter a man selling salted trout, which he said came from Newfoundland, was arrested and fined. Just such trout had been openly exposed for sale in front of one of our markets. There was little doubt that the trout did come from out of the State, but it damaged the market men to have them peddled, and the market men must be protected. I saw trout on the bill of fare at the Augusta House in Augusta. Senators and Representatives were eating them; and I saw a large quantity of lake trout openly displayed on the street for sale. Yet when I stated the facts to Commissioner Stillwell and he promised to investigate, the result was that he told me that he had a letter from a warden, to whom he said he wrote to look the matter up, that there had not been a trout in the market for the winter. To-day a gentleman tells me that he ate trout at the Augusta House week before last. Our Commissioners often visit Augusta, and cannot help knowing this; but a poor man is fined for selling fish which there is little doubt were taken out of the State; and market men and hotel keepers violate our laws with impunity. People may try to respect the laws, but they have very little respect for men who enforce them in the way in which our game laws are now enforced.

MANLY HARDY.

BREWER, MAINE.

Saratoga Association.

The Saratoga County, N. Y., Fish and Game Protective Association, has been organized, with a large and influential membership. The President is James R. Gibbs, and the Secretary, M. S. Cummings. At the meeting for organization, active work was at once put under way in accordance with the resolution offered by Mr. J. E. Hodgman: Resolved, that a committee of eight be appointed by the chair, of which the President and Secretary of the Association shall be members, to be known as the Executive Committee. This committee shall have charge of all matters pertaining to the prosecution of violators of the game laws; the procuring of young fish and game birds for stocking purposes, and all matters pertaining to the management of the Association. Five members shall constitute a quorum, and their action shall be binding upon the Association. This committee shall, within ten days, select some suitable person for the office of game warden. They shall report to this Association, at a meeting to be held March 25, the name of the person selected for the office of game warden and the price per month agreed upon for his services.

The resolution was carried unanimously and the following gentlemen were named to act with the President and Secretary as such Executive Committee: John E. Hodgman, Dr. J. A. Pearsall, J. F. Swanick, T. F. Hamilton, Will H. Manning, Emmett T. Farrington.

An interesting discussion in regard to fish and game followed. Will H. Manning dwelt upon the rapid increase in Saratoga Lake of the large mouthed or Oswego bass. He expressed the opinion that these voracious fish were destroying the small mouthed black bass, very few of the latter being now caught in the lake. Mr. Manning said it would be a good idea to amend the law and allow Oswego bass to be taken on the first of May instead of the thirtieth, as now provided by the statutes. Mr. Hodgman agreed with Mr. Manning, but said it would be difficult to discriminate. If the laws were changed the privileges would most likely be abused and all kinds of bass would be taken by fishermen. The subject was referred to the Executive Committee and the meeting adjourned until March 25.

New Brunswick Game Laws.

At the recent session of the New Brunswick Legislature the game law was amended, making the open season for moose, caribou, and deer to extend from September 15 to December 31, instead of from October 1 to January 15. The trapping or snaring of these animals is made unlawful, the penalty being not less than $20 nor more than $100 for each offense, and in default of payment, imprisonment in the common jail for a period not exceeding forty nor less than twenty days. All persons hunting moose or caribou must obtain a license, which shall operate from the first of August for the period of one year, subject to the provisions of the game law, and for which a fee of $2 shall be paid. The penalty for not taking out such license is not less than $20 nor more than $80 for each offense, in addition to the fee and costs of prosecution. One half of the fine shall be paid to the informer, and the other half to the Game Protection Fund.

It is made unlawful for any person to kill for the purpose of sale, or to sell any partridge for the space of three years from September 20 next. Any person selling or exposing for sale any partridge during such term shall be liable to a penalty of not more than $20 nor less than $10, and in default of payment shall be imprisoned for not less than eight nor more than four days.

In the parish of Shediac, Westmoreland county, the shooting or taking of geese, duck or snipe after sundown is prohibited, under penalty of not less than $20 nor more than $40, and in default of payment, imprisonment for not more than twenty nor less than ten days. On the Bay of Fundy the destruction of gulls' nests, or removal of eggs after June 24 in any year is prohibited.

Last year M. E. J. Wetmore, of Saint John, was appointed Chief Game Commissioner for the Province. He has shown great sagacity in the discharge of his difficult duties, with the result that the illegal slaughter of big game this season has been somewhat lessened. It is admitted by the Government that the only way to secure adequate protection is to appropriate a large sum of money for that purpose, and that it would be in the interests of the Province if such expenditure were made, but as yet they have been unable to see their way clear to providing the necessary funds.

PROWLER.

FREDERICTON, March 11.

Club Co-operation Appreciated.

At the last meeting of the New York Fish Commission this expression was made of the co-operation of protective associations:

Resolved, That the Commissioners of Fisheries deem it proper, at this time, to extend to each and every of the numerous societies for the protection of fish and game throughout the State, sincere thanks for the uniform courtesy extended to them at all times and for the valuable assistance rendered the game and fish protectors.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Board are specially extended to Mr. Henry Traptie, of Syracuse, who has for years devoted time and money to promote the interests of fish propagation and game and fish protection.

Prizes for Vermin.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., March 6.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club offers four prizes of $30, $40, $20 and $10 in cash, or an $85 gun for first prize, to the four persons having the highest number of points to their credit for killing the birds and animals named and to be counted as follows: Catamount 10, weasels 9, Fox 8, mink 7, great horned owl 5, hawk 3, owls other than horned 2, skunk or polecat 1.

The contest will commence March 15, 1895, and close March 31, 1896. No two or more persons will be allowed to form a combination or partnership by placing skins, scalps or heads together to help another secure a prize.

Contestants must produce the heads of all birds and the skins, or scalps with both ears attached, of all animals.

The birds or animals to be counted must be killed in Luzerne County. Each contestant shall make affidavit that all rules governing this contest have been complied with. Scalps, skins and heads may be returned at any time to any member of the undersigned committee, by whom a record will be kept. The committee consists of E. A. Rhoads, H. S. Reets, T. B. Harris and J. F. O'Neill.

Game Laws for Rich and Poor.

Pawtucket, R. I.—Editor Forest and Stream: I wish to thank your correspondent, Mr. Bartlett, for his communication in Forest and Stream of March 2. Like him, I have bought and read your paper for a number of years, and, although I have read in it much about the decrease of game, I have looked in vain for something in the interest of that large body of men who work six days in a week, who are not rich enough to belong to a sportsman's club, and who do not get more than a half-dozen days in a season in the woods. So far as the State of Rhode Island is concerned, game laws do not amount to much. There is nothing left in the way of game for the sportsman who has to work for a living.

I hunted three days the past season over what, ten years ago, was as good quail ground as there was in the State, and never started a quail. This has been the luck of all my friends. The best grounds in the State are in the southern part, and they are all in the control of one party—preserved, from Kingston to Point Judith.

The cause of the decrease of game in this State is not hard to explain. The writer met four dagos in one squad last fall, each armed with an old musket, blazing away at everything, from a grasshopper to the side of a barn. The coming of nearly a million Canadian French into New England did not help the game supply as they seem determined to destroy everything that flies or swims. Saturday afternoons and Sundays the woods of this State fairly swarm with them. They were brought here by the mill-owners, the same class of men who preserve every foot of ground likely to have a bird on it, or a fish in its waters.

I often read in your columns where parties kill 300 or 400 ducks, some to give to their friends, some to eat; but, of course, none to sell. This would make market-hunters of them, and, of course, they do not wish to be in that class; but it seems to me the result on the game supply must be about the same. There is no doubt, as Mr. Bartlett states, that immigration and want of employment are largely responsible for the decrease of game.

Another thing—your rich sportsman will not kill out of season, but he will go to Newport and Watch Hill and eat illegal game all summer. I am informed that parties in the southern part of the State supplied thousands of August partridges to the hotels. It seems to me that, if the game of this country is to be saved, the rich and poor sportsmen must pull together; and if every law tends to the freezing out of the poor man who hunts only a day, once in awhile, he will kill when he can. This is human nature.

NITRO.

Bass In Adirondack Waters.

The subject of black bass for Lower Saranac Lake has been in the minds of several hotel men thereabouts for some years. Last week John Harding, the popular proprietor of the Algonquin and the obliging postmaster at Saranac Lake, saw Mr. Davis at the office of the Fish and Game Commission and put the matter before him. The latter assured Mr. Harding that he would do all he could to accomplish the desired end. Already application blanks have been forwarded for 50,000 fry. The pickerel, or grass pike, locally termed "shark," has destroyed the trout fishing in this lake, and it is thought that the introduction of bass will mean the ultimate destruction of the pickerel, for the latter is no match for its deadly enemy, the full-grown black bass, the tyrant of freshwater fish. Many hope this project will be carried out with haste. —Elizabethtown Post.

Value of Fishing Waters.

The Game and Fish Protective Association is receiving much encouragement in its effort to protect the fishing in Chautauqua Lake. A friend who wishes his name to be enrolled among the life members of the association and who is much interested in the development of the lake as a summer resort, as are many others, writes in commendation of the work being done: "I fully appreciate," he says, "the great good that will result in the protection of Chautauqua Lake game fish, and I know of no waters anywhere in this country that are better adapted for the propagation and growth of game fish than Chautauqa Lake. The shameful destruction of muscallonge and bass in this lake during the past few years should be stopped, and the sooner the association takes hold of the matter with the firm and resolute determination to protect the fish against the fish pirates, the sooner the lake will acquire a national reputation as the greatest game fish water of this country. There is no reason why it should not draw people, from the Mississippi Valley to the Atlantic coast." The writer goes on to cite numerous instances of hotels and club houses along the shore of Lake Superior and elsewhere that are alone supported by the fishermen who come from the south and east. From the city where the writer lives men go 1,000 to 2,000 miles to spend a few days along much poorer fishing waters than Chautauqua Lake should furnish when properly protected. Members of fishing clubs in the same city spend hundreds of dollars annually to protect fishing in the province of Quebec in order to enjoy two weeks' sport. Much of this money ought to be spent around Chautauqua Lake and with the proper protection of the fish every interest around the lake would receive a direct benefit. It is good business policy to make the lake a good fishing-ground, to say nothing of local pride in all that pertains to that lovely sport.—Chautauqua (N. Y) Journal.

New Jersey Game and Fish Bill.

The codification measure, introduced with the approval of the Fish Commission, has passed the Senate, and bids fair to meet approval in the House.

A bill has been submitted making it unlawful to place any German carp, leather carp or carp of any kind in any public waters or in any private waters not effectually barred off from public waters. The bill is approved by the Fish Commission and is one which should be adopted without hesitation. Carp in some public waters have become a public nuisance.

North Dakota Laws.

Fargo, N. D., March 9.—Editor Forest and Stream: The North Dakota Legislature adjourned at 11:15 P. M. yesterday. The Fargo Argus this morning publishes the following item: 'The code on the game law as finally passed requires a 50-cent license from residents, and $25 from non-residents to hunt in North Dakota. Non-residents cultivating 160 acres of land in the State are entitled to a resident permit. The open season for chickens, (grouse), ducks and geese is Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Open season for deer, Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. Fish is protected from Nov. 1 to May 15."

C. E. ROBBINS.

The report of the Maryland Association meeting printed in our last issue should have been credited to the Baltimore Sun.

The Spangler Ideal Closer.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company have purchased the sole right to manufacture the implement known to the trade as Spangler Crimpler, and hereafter all orders should be sent direct to the manufactory or their jobbers, under the name of the "Spangler Ideal Closer." These goods will continue to be made of the first-class material and workmanship, fully guaranteed. This company also announces the perfection of their new implement, which will be known to the trade as the "Ideal High Grade Closer."—Ad.

The 25-20 Marlin Cartridge which is a recent addition to the repeating rifle cartridges is now being bought out by the U. M. C. Co., loaded with smokeless powder. The result is that the velocity has been increased about 125ft. per second. The bullet will, of course, hold up better at longer range, and this cartridge, loaded with nitro powder, will shoot about six inches higher at 100 yards than a cartridge loaded with black powder. At 200 yards nitro powder cartridges will shoot about twelve inches higher than the black. The accuracy of this cartridge loaded with smokeless powder is highly satisfactory. At 100 yards ten shots have been grouped in a circle two inches in diameter; at 200 yards ten shots have been grouped in a four-inch circle. They will be ready for the trade shortly.—Adv.

Garden and Forest.

The bound volume of Garden and Forest for 1894 has just reached us, and it contains much more than the usual amount of interesting material. It is also, according to our recollection, much more fully illustrated than usual, and the pictures are remarkably beautiful and well printed. Many of the half-tones, printed on handsomely finished paper, will compare favorably with magazine work. There is no publication in this country—nor, we imagine, in the world—which is better entitled to respect and admiration than Garden and Forest. In its own field it is without rival, and it is indispensable to all persons who are at all interested in the subjects of which it treats.

Prof. Charles S. Sargent, its conductor, is the man of all others who, by taste and training, is qualified to conduct such a periodical, and he could have no better coadjutor than Mr. W. A. Stiles. The tone of Garden and Forest is as broad as we should expect it to be under such a management. It interests itself in many questions collateral only to the subjects expressed in its title, but which have an important bearing on the public welfare. Thus it often discusses the care of city parks, the protection of forests and game in the reservation of the West, water courses in their relation to the public and other timely topics.

A bound volume of Garden and Forest will furnish many an evening's interesting reading, even to those who know but little either of gardens or of forests.



The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 9 to 12.—Pittsburgh—Duquesne K. C. W. E. Littel, Sec'y.
April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveand, Sec'y.
April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club. Dr. R. J. Withers, Sec.
May 1 to 4.—Oakland, Cal.—Alameda County Sportsman's Association. F. Boell, Sec'y., Oakland, Cal.
May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club. Howard Vernon, Sec'y, San Francisco.
Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at ——— P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.
Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells Sec'y.
Nov. 4.—Trials A. U. S. F. T. Club at Carlisle, Ind. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

(Continued from Page 213.)

OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOGS (John Davidson, Judge).—The well-known Herdsman II. and Boxer III. were placed as named.

POODLES (John Davidson, Judge).—There was not such a showing as last year. The challenge classes were drawn blank. In open corded dogs, Ponce De Leon won from Lais, good in cords, Nero, untrimmed, coming third. In curlies Prince, the winner, is a good-headed dog, but falls away behind; Black Jack is coarse and fat in body; Dahomey, third, has the best curls but is down in quarters. In bitches Theo won, a nice-headed one with good curl; Princess, second, is weak in muzzle and curl should be tighter; Queen Zip, third, was not in the best of shape.

DALMATIANS (John Davidson, Judge).—These were poor, spots not distinct enough, and heads and ears faulty. Jack, the dog winner, was about the best of the six shown. Some of them were almost black in body.

BULL DOGS (E. A. Woodward, Judge).—The secretary of the Bull Dog Club had an easy task on his second appearance in the ring, but although entries were few, the quality was choice. All the winners have been repeatedly described. In bitches, Hucknall Gypsy, easily accounted for the long-faced Sally Brass II. Miss Mischief was absent. In light weight dogs Nuggett was alone and in the absence of Princess Venn, Juno II. had a walkover.

BULL TERRIERS (W. Mariner, Judge).—The classes were well filled and the quality very fair. Cordona was alone in challenge dogs and Attraction scored handily over Lady Dinah, especially in body. In heavy weight dogs first went to Bellerby King, improved on last year's form; Prince Gully, second, I thought beat him in head and eye; Chatauqua Clyde, third, is too cheeky and wide in skull and muzzle should be longer; Lord Rosebery has a nice, long, clean head and should have had the position, though he is not furnished up in body. Dutch Billy is rather coarse in head but good in eye. In bitches, Flower of the Valley was picked out for first, a nice, long, clean-headed bitch, with well-placed eye; second to Queen Lilly, fuller in eye than the majority from this kennel, but very well formed all round from head back; ears are not so smart as they might be; Burston Kit is a trifle heavy in shoulder and has a full, light eye; Countess of Dufferin, reserve, holds her own in great shape. Edgewood Trilby was hardly treated with hc. Edgewood Sport, the only lightweight dog, should be a little flatter in skull. In bitches the smart Edgewood Matchless scored again, followed by Lorna Doone, another daughter of Gully the Great; a nice, long, clean-headed bitch with a rather full eye; Chatauqua Nellie, third, has too much stop, and Emulation is short-headed. Edgewood Trilby won in puppies, and Prince Gully in the novice class, with Trilby, second. Frank F. Dole took the kennel prize.

BOSTON TERRIERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Quite a nice little show of these dogs of "cultuah," and the judge acquitted himself well. Jem Mace had no competitor, and Countess was absent in the 25 to 35 pound bitch class. In 15 to 25 pound dogs Commissioner romped in, a very neat sort with a capital head; Sandy has a wedgy, long muzzle, good skull but is cheeky, good tail; Hector, third, I did not see. In bitches, Topsy, a very neat little sort, beats Peggy in shortness and squareness of muzzle and flatness of skull, and in front; Ruth is a trifle snipy but is a very fair sort. Reuben, the novice winner, is too long in muzzle and has a "bully" look.

DACHSHUNDS (Jos. Wedekind, Judge).—There were a lot of entries comparatively speaking, but more than ever was type diversified. Hundesport Bergman won in challenge dogs. In open dogs Puck, a sweet headed little black was first, a little fine in body, not in shape, but decidedly a dog of quality. Second to Nips, a rather coarse-headed dog, too full in skull, chest should be deeper; Sandy, reserve, has a fair head, a little light in body, good loose skin. In bitches equal first went to Polly and Hexe Von Venlo, the nice-headed bitch that was at Detroit; Polly is a very fair sort, a little tight in skin, chest well let down and stands on good, strong legs, well muscled; Kutscka II. Reinecke, reserve, was at Detroit. There was nothing extra in the puppy class. W. Loeffler won the kennel prize.

BEAGLES (John Davidson, Judge).—A very fair lot, in fact better than in former years, Mr. Wixom's pretty team being much admired. In challenge dogs Ch. Sherry won easily enough from Joe, Paderewski and Adam; the latter coming in reserve. In bitches Ch. Elf won well over June M. In dogs over 13 inches, Hawkeye, first, beat another good one in Roger W., it's a very close thing between them, the latter getting it a little in head and rib, and losing in cleanness of shoulder; Joe, third, is too long in body; Dan J., beats him in head; Pomp, vhc., is also better in front and head. Trump has a coarse, long head. In bitches, Daisy Corbett won well in hand from Fancy M., who was lucky, as she is out at front and none too good in head; Alice, third, a little long but a good stamp, something on the Sherry order; Belle of Westchester, reserve, I liked for third; best head in class, barring winner's. In small dogs Razzle, first, Royal Dick, second, but the latter was lucky to beat Little Wonder, being too round and full in skull, good brush and body. In bitches the winner, Kitty Clover, loses to both Evangeline, second, and Dazzle, reserve, in type, only forging ahead a little in bone and substance; Ada, third, a pretty-headed one, ears not turned to head, good front. Alice won in puppies with a rather nice-headed one, Bessie Brown, second. Hornell Harmony-Kennels took the kennel prize.

FOX TERRIERS (James Mortimer, Judge).—A capital entry and the classes were well handled. Warren Safeguard and Warren Captious, were the challenge winners and the Rutherford Kennel had a rare innings with Warren Daybreak, Tip Top and Warren Salesman placed in the order named. Daybreak is a rattling good youngster, cleaner in head and front than either of the others, the dogs of this kennel are so similar in appearance that at New York we mistook Daybreak for the Providence pup. Hillside Royal, fourth, with his coarseness should have given way to a cleaner head and fronted dog in Hillside Domo; reserve, Streak of Luck, a fair sort, is a little strong in muzzle, perhaps a good fault; Raby Rival and Raby Truefit, the big dogs, were vhc. In bitches Geo. Raper's trio, Richmond Victory, Cowthorpe Gem and Richmond Pearl, were placed as named, the same as at Detroit, Warren Dorothy fourth, in the same relative position; Bit of Fortune, a small one, with a good front and ears well carried, deserved her place and Judgment's Reward (the nomenclature of these dogs takes the cake or rather the —), is a little full in skull, nice front and ear but she is on the small side. A bewildering lot of puppies came out, but outside of the winners mentioned above the quality was much mixed. In bitches, Selden Sweetness is one with good round bone, full in skull yet and ears are a trifle large, Bit of Fortune was second. Warren Daybreak and Salesman won in novice dogs and Richmond Victory and Cowthorpe Gem in the corresponding class. In wire hairs there were no challenge entries. The New York winning pup Encliffe Brisk won well in head over Mister Great Snap in open dogs with the well-known Brittle Beaut, reserve. Yale Tramp, vhc., runs the latter close with Compton Vindex, described before, hc.; Roath Rennie was the only bitch shown. The Rutherford Kennel took the smooth kennel prize.

IRISH TERRIERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Jack Briggs once more scored over Merle Grady, Jackanapes being absent in challenge dogs; Dunmurrey furnished the bitch class winner. That smart pup, Briggs' Best, was alone in dogs. Gessela III. won from the light bodied Briggs' Breeze, followed by the nice-headed Kate Carney, who was shown altogether too fat; plain-headed Colleen Rhue II. was reserve. Briggs' Best took the novice and puppy prizes.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS (John Davidson, Judge).—No challenge entries. The Colored Preacher won well from Kitib in open dogs, beating in body and coat. In bitches, Bessie, excellent in coat and body, but off in head, won from the well-known Glenshea. A great falling off in these classes from last year.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Many of these are well-known and so do not require extended criticism. The old stayer, Broomfield Sultan, won again in challenge dogs, but Queen III., good bitch as she has been, has gone off considerably, and might have given way to Gypsey Girl, who beats her in front, cleanness of head, but is beaten in hind parts. The dark Rochelle Rush won in dogs over Play Boy, shown in great shape, very nice head and ear, but lacks thumb marks; Chicago Spider has been described. Gypsey Queen won in bitches, her tan is not clear enough; Rosette, second, is a rather big, coarse bitch, good head tan, but thumb marks run in; Canada Queen should have beaten her. Chas. Wilson took the kennel prize.

There was only one Bedlington, Endcliffe Wasp, spoken of before. Tweed, the only Dandie Dinmont dog, is soft in coat and a bit out at elbow. In bitches Lothian Judy was also alone.

SKYE TERRIERS (John Davidson, Judge).—Always a good lot here, though the winners were from a distance, and nearly all have been commented upon recently. Jenne of Dean, third, in open bitches, is small, snipy and short of coat.

No Schipperkes exhibited.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (T. Farrer Rackham, Judge).—A lot of "hair" dogs, but few real Yorkshires. Minnie Yorke occupied her usual place. In open dogs Bradford Rejected, won as he pleased from Damfino, who is smutty in head color, but good body color and coat; Fishpool Gem, third, has gone very smutty in tan. Prince Harry is a nice-colored one, that carries his tail too high. Pinkie Yorke won in bitches, mixed in body color, light in tan; second to Judy York, a light silver blue and Nina is also a silver

The toy terriers were the usual apple headed little "squirmers," and in smooths, firsts were withheld.

PUGS (T. Farrer Rackham, Judge).—A capital lot of pugs turned out. Drummer beat his kennel mate, Duke Howard, in challenge dogs, Attraction being out of shape. Haughty Madge won alone in her class but was shown too fat. Young Penrice and Al Von took their Detroit positions, followed by Finsbury Dong, a fair-headed one with the well-known Patsey Bolivar fourth, and Finsbury Duke, vhc. A nice little sort is Robbie Mac, excellent in size; the class was a hot one all through, but our detailed criticism will keep for another time. Hooker, the Detroit winner, won in bitches, followed by Mint, who has no trace, gets her ears up and should be deeper in stop; Queen Zitka, third, should be higher in skull, but a nice stamp all round; Princess Madge, reserve, would not show herself, but is a most promising sort with a good head. La Belle Senora deserved her letters. Queen Madge, another promising pup, but lacking trace, excellent in head and ear and very cobby, won in puppies. Finsbury Dong and Cashier's Daughter took the novice prizes. T. A. Howard took the kennel prize.

TOY SPANIELS (T. Farrer Rackham, Judge).—One fairly good King Charles in Puck was shown; a drop from last year. Puck has quite a good skull, and short muzzle, tan not clear enough.

A fair Blenheim, better in skull than in muzzle, was shown in Miss Ruby.

The Ruby entry was a snipy-faced, any other color, liver and white spaniel.

No Japanese were entered.

The Italian greyhounds were almost the same as at Detroit, Dixie, third in open dogs being the new face, a fawn and white, rather large sized.

TOY POODLES (T. Farrer Rackham, Judge).—The dog had some resemblance to a poodle, but Pearl, Jr., would make a very fair Maltese terrier, especially in size.

MISCELLANEOUS (John Davidson, Judge).—Ben Lewis, Jr's., terrier Frank, and a small Esquimo-spitz, were first and second in dogs, and the rough haired daschshund, Pennie Reinecke, was alone in bitches. H. W. LACY.

(Mr. Lacy's reports were received promptly on time, but owing to pressure on our columns, we were unable to publish them sooner.)

Form No. 1.

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To Editor Forest & Stream

New York

There will be a Called Meeting of the board of Governors of the U S Field Trial Club held at Louisville Ky at 6th am all members of the club are invited to be present at the Meeting

W B Stafford, Secy & Treas

U. S. F. T. C. Matters.

We have received a long letter of explanation from Mr. Avent, in respect to his personal relations with the club, and other matters. The pressure on our columns restricts us largely to a mention of its important points.

He states that, when he became a member of the club, it was at the solicitation of Mr. Madison and that, when he was first put on the Board of Governors, he was not present and did not know who proposed his name; and that his re-election was without any seeking on his part as was also his election at West Point; that since he has been a member no one has worked harder for the interest of the club than he has, and that he is willing that every proposition and action which he made, should be known.

He says: "The only thing I have reason to regret is the unfortunate affair in which I was connected at Bicknell in 1893—that was very unbecoming, and at once, without any one suggesting I apologized to the three judges and they cheerfully accepted my apology. Through my efforts, Mr. J. N. Seal and Allie Pursons, of Jackson, and others, joined the U. S. Club in 1893. Again at West Point, I persuaded Prof. Osthaus, of Toledo, Ohio, Philip M. Essig, Natchez, Miss., Mr. James Angola, La., Mr. Cottrell, West Point, Miss., Mr. N. B. Nesbitt, Chesterville, Mass., and Mr. C. E. Buckle, Charlottesville, Va., to join the club. Go to their homes, trace their character and see if they are not every one gentlemen and thorough sportsmen that are worthy of membership to any field trial club, although three of them I know received one black ball each. Only one of them, Mr. Buckle, was proposed by me to go on the Governor's Committee. I proposed him because I thought his influence was worth a lot to the club, but some one else proposed Messrs. James and Essig, also Mr. Seal, making four of the gentlemen that I have proposed for membership on the governing committee. I am free to admit that I have told Mr. Madison and other that I was trying to get all the good members that I could in the South to keep up our side of the interest in the club. In fact, Mr. Madison asked me to use my influence in trying to get all the good members that I could. When it came to electing a committee for selecting judges, Mr Madison, Mr. N. T. Harris, and one other gentleman from the North was proposed by Mr. Madison. I then rose and stated that inasmuch as the Southern people furnished more entries than the North, that one of the committee should be from the North. Mr. Madison, one from the Central States, Mr. N. T. Harris, and one from the South, Mr. J. N. Seal. They were unanimously elected. I had no objection to the committee last year, Dr. Rowe and Mr. Madison; in fact, if Dr. Rowe was really able to attend to the affairs of the club, I would be willing for him to select every judge that I run under, and attend to all other business, but we regret very much to know of his illness confining him to his room, and he could not be expected to look after even his own business—and I have said it to friends that I did not think it showed good taste to have Mr. Madison the only one to select judges when he is running dogs good enough to win first. I am sure that when Mr. Madison thinks about it, he had rather win under judges that others had a say in the selecting. There is no sectional feeling in me. Many of my best friends live in the North and Northeast, and no such feeling is existing between the U. S. Club members." (Some reference to Mr. Damon is here cut out.) "The meeting of the U. S. Club at West Point was undoubtedly the most successful one ever held, and nearly every one present complimented the business way that the club had arranged their committees and all other busniess for the year. On Monday night, before the All Age Setter stake was run, Mr. Madison sent in his resignation, to the surprise of all present. We all regretted it very much. I tried to persuade him to withdraw his resignation, but he refused. I made a motion not to accept his resignation at that time, saying I hoped after Mr. Madison had time to reflect that he would still stay with us, and the meeting was adjourned until Feb. 5 at New Albany. Afterward I approached Mr. Madison four different times trying to persuade him to stay with the club, and he did not hint that I was the cause of his resigning. On Tuesday night, just before the governing committee was called to order, I was informed by Prof. Osthaus that Mr. Madison was resigning because handlers were members of the club. I at once stated that if that was the cause that I would resign myself if he would remain, and at the meeting we again refused to accept his resignation, appointing Prof. Osthaus a committee to telegraph Mr. Madison that Mr. Stafford has decided never to handle any more dogs in field trials, and that Mr. M. Buckle, Nesbitt and myself would resign of he would still act as Secretary and Treasurer. The following message was Mr. Madison's reply to Prof. Osthaus, and handed to Mr. Stafford to read when received:

" 'Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 6, 1895.

" 'E. H. Osthaus, New Albany, Miss.

"'I will stick to my agreement with Taylor, Waters and Osthaus. P. T. MADISON.'"

"Messrs. Taylor, Waters and Osthaus denied the existence of any agreement and Prof. Osthaus again telegraphed Mr. Madison and reported at the meeting Wednesday night that Mr. Madison insisted upon his resignation being accepted. If I was the disturbing element in the club, I do not understand why my proposition to withdraw was not accepted together with that of the others. Was it necessary to disband the U. S. Club and form a new one as there is now a movement to do, to get the handlers out? Certainly not. There must be others in the club beside the handlers they wanted to get rid of also."

(There is more matter in Mr. Avent's article, but as it is personal and reflects personally on the reporter of a Western journal, and on one of the club members, we consider it improper for publication.

Mr. Avent has made a mistake in quoting Mr. Madison's telegram as sent. But, aside from that, there was a mistake in transmitting the message. Under date of March 10, Mr. Madison sends us a copy of his original message, which we obtained at the Indianapolis office. It is as follows: "Indianapolis, Feb. 6, 1895. Prof. E. H. Ostnaus, New Albany, Miss. I will stand to any agreement made by Osthaus, Taylor and Waters. "P. T. MADISON."

(This meant that Messrs. Osthaus, Taylor and Waters could act for him in negotiations with the club. The telegram containing a mistake, of course all the elaborate deductions drawn from the mistake are mistakes also.)

Duquesne Kennel Club.

Pittsburg.—We have made the following changes in our premium list:

In greyhounds, we have changed Class 31 to read, "Challenge Class, Dogs," and have added Class 31a, Challenge Class, Bitches, 1st prize, $10. In Spaniels, in order to conform with classification on No. 2 of the American Spaniel Club, we have changed Classes 68, 69, 72 and 73, to read, "Open Class, Dogs," and have added Classes 68a, 69a, 72a and 73a, all for open class bitches, 1st prize, $10; 2d, $5, each class. In beagles, we have changed Class 102 to read, "Open Class, Dogs," and have added Class 102a, for open class bitches, 1st prize, $10; 2d, $5. In skye terriers, we have changed the prizes in Classes 119 and 119a to read, "1st prize, $10; 2d, $5. In black and tan terriers, we have changed prizes in Classes 120 and 120a to read, "1st prize, $10; 2d, $5; 3d, $3. In pugs, we offer a kennel prize of $10 for the best kennel of four or more, owned and entered by one person or kennel, and have added a third prize of $3 to Classes 123 and 124.

Will you kindly publish the following note, by permission: "The Argyle Kennels have decided to give their dogs a rest after the Chicago show. Sir Bedivere, Le Prince, La Princess and the other good dogs of their string will therefore not be shown at Pittsburg. This will make it more interesting for others."

We have increased our kennel prize for Irish terriers to $10. We have also divided the challenge class, making an additional class, 113a, for challenge bitches; 1st, $10.

JOHN MOORHEAD, JR., President.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

By a Staff Correspondent.

HUNGRY DOGS.

"I don't know what the general opinion is now about the supply of a dog's stomach while he is hunting. I know it used to be that he should go hungry, and perhaps not be fed until he came home from the hunt. Well, I regard the notion a foolish as well as a cruel one. If a dog don't care to hunt unless his keen hunger impels him, I wouldn't give a pin for him. I don't want a dog to hunt for a meal, but because he likes to hunt. I always took out my dog with, at least, a light meal; and if the hunt was long I shared my lunch with him in the field.

"N. D. E."

The foregoing communication from a correpondent does credit to its writer's high standard of what he considers true refinement in field sport, but which, much as it may jar one's sentiments to admit it, is erroneous. Underlying all the dog's effort is the impelling cause, namely, a hungry stomach. He is searching for a food supply. While he may have all the exterior appearance of spirited effort and unbounded enjoyment while searching for game, such qualities refer more to the manner of his pursuit than to the purpose of it. In fact the same motive which stimulates to effort the wolf, the wild dog, and other carnivorous animals, is the same which stimulates the domestic dog, though the latter has his efforts modified by his environment. They are all meat eaters, though the domestic dog may, from necessity, and habit, eat vegetable food. He, however, never does so from choice. As between vegetable and animal food, he always selects the latter. He has the same carnivorous instincts of his wild progenitors and brothers of the wilderness, though in domestic life he has them much modified for the time being, from want of opportunity to exercise them, and from an education which tends toward peacefulness. Still, the fierce instinct of the carnivora is never eradicated, it is merely suppressed. The first time that a dog sees a rabbit or catches scent of its trail, he is full of the excitement of the chase and desire to kill. If he is successful, he eats his prey. Many dogs have such a surplus of animal strength and courage that they enjoy a fight for its own sake, much after the manner of some men, though more deadly and intent on battling to the death.

In domestication, the dog is forced to live in an environment which is largely foreign to his nature. He is forced to eat a vegetable diet which he dislikes. However, he never fails to show his appreciation of a meat diet whenever opportunity offers. Though his environment may be artificial, his instincts remain unchanged. He takes pleasure in hunting for the profit there is in it for him.

It is a source of gratification that it is so, when one thinks of it seriously. The killing of animals out of pure wantoness could harldy be justified, but the killing of animals as a necessary means of subsistence is in accord with the laws of Nature and is therefore right. The carnivora are merely fulfilling the law of their being.

Thus it may be conceded that a dog never hunts for the sake of sport. He is out to kill regardless of the manner of it. If he can take his prey at a disadvantage or unawares, he does not hesitate to do so. He is a meat hunter, a seeker for results; it is not a sport, it is a matter of existence to him. When a dog has a full stomach and, therefore, when his appetite is satisfied, he takes but little interest in searching for prey. The needs of his being are satisfied. He is more disposed to rest and slumber. And it is wise that it is so, for were the carnivora to go on killing regardless of their own needs, the wanton waste of animal life would be frightful to contemplate.

It may be remarked, en passant, that many kind owners, who feed their dogs animal food, the food which is their natural subsistence, feed too much and too often. In a state of nature, obtaining a food supply represents vast effort. In all probability, a full meal is not a daily occurrence. The carnivora, from abundant exercise and proper food, are consequently in lean condition at almost all times, or rather what civilized man would call in poor condition. But man errs in making his own needs a standard for measuring the needs of the dog. Man is herbi-carnivorous, therefore he must eat more and oftener than the carnivora. The herbivorous animal must eat still oftener; indeed, the larger part of his time is occupied by constant eating. This is advanced merely to show that it is an error for man, taking himself as a standard, to thereby judge of the needs of the dog.

Now as to the matter of sport, it is largely from education Aboriginal man hunted for food supply. He was not especially particular in his methods of capture. With civilization and a limit to the game supply, came a restriction as to methods and sometimes a restriction as to season and quantity captured. The unwritten laws of sportsmanship are more stringent and restricting than are the statutes thereon. They prescribe the manner in which the capture may be effected under the name of sport. But this manner comes from education. The natural impulse of the boy when out hunting, is to kill game regardless of methods. With more experience and skill, he assumes a higher standard of sportsmanship. From killing birds on the ground, he advances to killing them on the wing. The restrictions of sportsmanship, aside from the ethical standpoint, are necessary; for if every one were to kill up to his own killing ability, there would soon be no game left. So thus, I fancy, the sport refers more to the manner of killing the game than to the killing itself; for we can hardly suppose that the mere killing is the sole source of pleasure. To justify the killing at all, it has always seemd to me that there must be always a main purpose to kill for a useful end; that is, to be used as an article of food. To kill for the mere purpose of killing can not be called a foundation for the superstructure of sport. Granting the intention to capture the game for a self purpose, the reasonable restrictions on killing, resulting from game being the property of the people and a knowledge of the effects of skill and modern equipment for killing, the sport necessarily lies in the manner of capturing. Once deny that the manner is of no importance in sportsmanship, and the bars are let down to all.

While man, by education, becomes a sportsman, the dog never arrives at a stage wherein he hunts as a diversion, or wherein he hunts after a prescribed manner. He does not adopt methods which place the pursuer and pursued on even terms. He captures by any means he can.

The manner of the dog, broken to work to the gun, is a very imperfect standard from which to judge dog nature. The dog simply hunts under certain restraint because he is not permitted to hunt in any other manner He prefers to hunt in a restricted manner rather than not hunt at all. The manner is not of his own choosing—it is forced on him. He may work cheerfully, but the manner of it is not his own. The dog is permitted to work, and man, the nobler animal, appropriates to himself the results of the dog's labors. But let the trained dog escape on a self-hunt, and he abandons all his education and manner of working to the gun and adopts his own methods, not for the sport there may be, but for the profit.

The stomach of the dog digests vegetable matter with difficulty. To perform its office properly, the dog should be at rest. I read some years ago—though how well authenticated the incident was I do not now remember—of a dog which was fed in the morning and then was required to work afield. Death was caused in some manner some hours after the dog had eaten, and on examination the food was found still unaffected by digestion. It is a mistake to feed a dog more than one meal a day. That meal should be abundant and nutricious. A dog so fed will live longer, will keep in better condition and will do better work than one fed oftener.

DOG CHAT

We learn that we are blamed for the omission from Secretary Stafford's official communication of the date and place of the recent meeting. A photograph reproduction of the communication is presented herewith. It is given so that it may be perceived plainly that the oversight is ours, as is also the blame of not publishing the communication a week sooner, even though it was received after the paper had gone to press. Surely if a Secretary who receives a salary of $500 a year for such careful and accurate work, sends us word that his club is going to hold a meeting, we should be able to supply the date and place ou of our own inner consciousness. There are some other matters of blame circulated diligently, which have no more foundatio than has this one.

Through a typographical error we were made to say last week that Mr. Geo. Douglas had sold his Woodland Prince to a Chicago fancier. Woodland Prince is owned by Wankie Kennels. Woodland Princess is the cocker Mr. Douglas sold.

Mr. P. T. Madison, Secretary-Treasurer of the Continental Field Trial Club, writes us that the club has seventy-five members.

Mr. W. B. Stafford, Secretary-Treasurer of the United States Field Trial Club, writes us that the Board of Governors of the club held a meeting at Battery D, on March 6. Messrs. Edw. Dexter, G. Muss-Arnolt, W. C. Ehrmann, Montgomery Ward & Co., D. W. Stearn, Abner T. Hetfield and J. E. Isgriff were elected to membership. Mr. Dexter was elected a governor in the place of Mr. Madison. Twenty-seven new members had been admitted within the last sixty days. Four resignations had been tendered; one had been accepted, the other three were under consideration.

Mr. W. S. Orr, E. Genesee St. Syracuse, offers $10 reward for the return, or information which will lead to the return, of the two year old English setter dog Dean; in color, ticked on body, black ears, tan on head. Mr Orr prized the dog highly as a companion and shooting dog. Dean disappeared on March 1.

Premium lists of the New England Kennel Club can be obtained by addressing the Secretary, D. E. Loveland, 125 Tremont street, Boston. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, American fox hounds, pointers, setters, collies, Boston terriers and fox terriers have $15 in challenge classes, $15, $10 and $5 in the open, and $5 and $3 in the puppy classes. The challenge classes for some other breeds have $10; open classes, $10, $5 and $3. Other classes have $10 and $5, first and second respectively. Entries close March 30. Entry fee, $3. Provision has been made whereby police and secret service men will be in attendance at all times. The dogs will be benched and fed by Spratts' Patent. The special prize list is long. A club cup (special prize), is offered for the best dog or bitch, bred and owned by the exhibitor, in each of nearly every breed.

The Waterloo Cup was won by Thoughtless Beauty. Fortuna Favente was the runner up.

N. E. K. C. Show.

Boston.—We have made a challenge class, dogs and bitches, for Boston terriers, Class 144a. We have also provided a kennel prize of $15 for best exhibit of four Scottish terriers, entered and owned by one exhibitor. The conditions under which our club cups were offered have been changed and will now be offered for the "best American-bred dog or bitch" in the twenty breeds enumerated in our premium list. Additional specials: The English Bloodhound Club offers their trophy for the best English bloodhound dog or bitch in the show. Competition confined to members of that club. A gentleman fancier offers $50 for the largest exhibit of mastiffs entered and owned by one exhibitor. The American Fox Terrier Club offers their Grand Challenge Cup, value $300, for the best fox terrier in the show. The Home-bred Stakes of 1895, $10 for the best American-bred smooth fox terrier in the puppy classes; $10 for the best American-bred wire-haired fox terrier in the puppy classes. Hill Hurst Kennels offer etching of Champion Cribbage for the best American-bred wire-haired fox terrier in the open class. Donor not to compete.

William Gibbons, England, offers a set of the Fox Terrier Chronicle from 4th to 10th volumes for the best American-bred wire-haired bitch in the open class.

D. E. LOVELAND, Sec.

American Spaniel Club Specials.

New York.—The following specials have been offered by the Spaniel Club for competition at the forthcoming shows. Open to members of the club only.

Pittsburg Show.—The Whitehead Trophy, for the best cocker spaniel stud-dog shown with two of his get. The get only to be judged. To be won four times. The Bell Cup, for the best brace of other colored cocker spaniels. To be won four times Five dollars for the best brace of Irish water spaniels, field spaniels and cocker spaniels respectively.

New England Kennel Club Show.—The St. Lawrence Trophy, offered by C. T. Sackett, for the best brace of cocker dogs or bitches, any color. To be won five times. The Bell paintings, for the best brace of cocker spaniels, under one year old, any color, dogs or bitches. To be won four times. The Saybrook Trophy, for the best American-bred field spaniel, to be won five times. Five dollars for the best brace of clumber spaniels. field spaniels, black cocker spaniels and other colored cocker spaniels respectively.

ROWLAND P. KEASBY, Sec.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

VILLAGE BOY.---By D. O'Neill, Providence, R. I., for sable and white collie dog whelped Oct. 17, 1894, by Royal Chief (Sir Christopher---Flurry IV.), out of Village Beauty (Fordhook Climax---Fordhook Alyssem).

WHELPS.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

FRISCO.---L. Loy's, Columbus, O., Maltese terrier Frisco, Dec. 10, 1894, five (two dogs), by Wheeler's Prince.

RIPPLE.---Park Beagle Kennels, Westfield, N. J., English Beagle Ripple (Drummer---Violet), Jan. 13, six (three dogs), by Owners' King (Jack Baunerman---Elora Chimer).

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

VILLAGE BOY.---Sable and white collie dog, whelped Oct. 17 1894, by Royal Chief out of Village Beauty, by John R. Howe, Central Falls, R. I., to D. O'Neill, Providence, R. I.

BEAUTY.---Black, white and tan beagle, whelped June 6, 1893 by Stormy out of Ripple, by Park Beagle Kennels, Westfield, N J., to Otto Amundsen, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

March 20-21.—YARDVILLE, N. J.—Two days' tournament at live birds; second day, handicap sweep at 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra. Chas. Zwirlein, proprietor.

March 26-27.— ROCKFORD, Ill.—Live bird tournament of the Rockford Gun Club.

March 27.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J. E. D. Miller, Sec.

March 28.—NEWARK, N. J.—Live bird handicap at Erb's grounds, under the auspices of the Newark Gun Club; 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicaps from 33 to 26 yards, class shooting, four moneys. W. H. Green, Sec.

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added. All ties in Grand American Handicap must be shot off; three moneys, three high guns.

April 3.—ASTOR HOUSE, New York.—Trapshooters' Convention, adjourned meeting; 8:30 P. M.

April 8-10.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready March 1. John J. Sumpter, Jr., Sec.

April 9-11.—BURLINGTON, Ia.—Tournament of the Big Four Gun Club.

April 9-11.—WELLINGTON, Mass. Three days tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager

April 9-12.—LONDON, Ont.—Three days' live-bird and target tournament; $100 guaranteed; experts handicapped by distance and unknown angles. John Parker, Detroit, Mich., manager.

April 12.—HARTFORD, Conn.—All day shoot of the Hartford Gun Club; targets. D. S. Wadsworth, Sec.

Control of Trap-Shooting.

There is probably no need of any further agitation on the subject of a governing body for trapshooters of this country. The meeting at the Astor House on April 3 will undoubtedly accomplish all that its promoters desire. Still it would never do to sit still and trust to the general public paying sufficent attention to the subject, as that same general public is a remarkably easy-going body of men.

We are now thoroughly convinced from letters and inquiries received at this office that there is a decided feeling abroad that a National Association is what is needed to place trapshooting on its proper footing among the sports and pastimes of the American people. A certain undesirable element requires curbing or annihilating, and only a central body can satisfactorily accomplish this curbing. Forest and Stream therefore calls attention once more to the meeting of April 3, at which a permanent organization will be effected.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., and the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., have arranged for a series of six races, three at live birds and three at targets. The live bird races will be shot under the following conditions: 15 men to a team, 15 live birds per man, American Association rules, $5 each man, losers to pay for the birds, with an optional sweep also of $5. The target races, which will come off later in the season, will be 15 men to a team, 25 targets per man. The first live bird race will take place on Monday, March 25. Among the members of the Climax team will be: Apgar, Van Dyke, Woodruff, "Dutchy" Smith, Keller, M. F. Lindsley, N. E. Money, P. "Jay," Zwirlein, Hill, Ivins, Cooper, etc.

The daily papers have recently been very sadly mixed up on trap matters. The entry list for the Morristown, N. J., 50 bird race containing the names of several shooters who had not, and never had, any intention of taking part. Inquiry, also, of a very superficial nature, would have informed them that Brewer was not going to shoot Class at Erb's grounds, Brewer having written Erb to that effect at least a week previous to the date set for the first match. As to Class claiming forfeit, that was absurd, as not a dollar had been put up by either man.

Paul North, he who cometh "from Ohio," was in town last week. Unfortunately I did not get a chance to see him to ask him how the Cleveland shoot loomed up, but I hear that he predicts a great time at the Chamberlin tournament. Like everybody else interested in the manufacture of guns, shells, targets or traps, in fact of anything connected with trap shooting, he expects 1895 to break the record in target shooting. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Paul had on exhibiton the photos of two remarkably bright looking children, a boy and a girl, who call him "Father."

The accident which happened to "Dutchy" Smith, mentioned

n the report of the Climax shoot, was a remarkably narrow escape. It must be remembered that "Dutchy" is a "south paw" shooter, and that it was the right barrel of his gun that burst.

Mr. S. A. Howes, Secretary of the Michigan State Trap-hooter's League, announces that the League's annual tourna ment will be held on April 18, 19, at Battle Creek, Michigan. The annual meeting and election of league officers will be held on the evening of April 18.

In a letter, dated Weir City, Kansas, March 9, Mr. W. W. McIlhany, asks that Forest and Stream will make a mention of the programme of the tournamen of the Amateur Trap-shooter's Association of Missouri and Kansas. Mr. McIlhany's request will be granted all the more readily because the programme contains some really interesting reading matter. The fact that "Jack" Parker, "Des-Chree-Shos-Ka Jack," some call him, will manage the tournament is a guarantee that here will be the smoothness of well-oiled machinery connected with the running of the shoot.

A new gun club has been organized in Springfield, O., under the title of "The Home City Gun Club." Its officers are: President, Joseph Beck; Treasurer, W. G. Holloway; Secretary, Frank Wragg; Captain, Harry Downey; Lieutenant, Hugh L. Ford; Purchaser, Philip Haerr. The Secretary, Mr. Wragge, writes as follows: "In accordance with instructions from the club, I write to inform you of the fact that we have organized a new gun club in our city, called the "Home City Gun Club." We have a charter list of fifty (50) members, and n addition about twenty-five (25) applications. We have modeled our constitution and by-laws after the ones published n Forest and Stream some time since We expect to hold a ournament on our opening day, and will send you notice of ame, also scores."

The Altoona Rod and Gun Club has decided to make its tour nament three days instead of two as previously announced. It dates are now July 10-12. July 10 will be devoted mainly to a 100 target race, with a target allowance; the race will be, in act, precisely similar as to conditions as the one shot on the first day of last year's Interstate shoot at Pittsburg, Pa.

Plans are on foot to reorganize the old Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the oldest associations of the kind in this part of the country. The club when organized will probably hold its shoots at Dexter Park, L. I.

In regard to the Easter Monday tournament of the Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, Md., at Point Breeze, Mr. W. F. Clements, secretary of the club, writes that the club offers a purse of $25 to the high score in a five man team race, at 20 targets per man, entrance free. All members of a team must be residents of the same county; city shooters barred.

The Lake Side Rod and Gun Club, of Burlington, Vt., held its annual meeting on March 13. The following is the list of officers elected for the ensuing twelve months: President, B. R. Seymour ; Vice-President, W. P. Conger; Secretary, J. S. Denning; Treasurer, W. S. Phelps; Captain, E. E. Morgan; Directors, C. F. Reynolds, E. H. Shattuck, F. Howes, H.E. Spear, L. O. Harding.

Mr. J. Harlan Murrele, secretary of the newly organized "Diahoga Gun Club," writes as follows: "The sportsmen of Athens, Sayre and Waverly, Pa , have just organized the Diahoga Gun Club. The following is a list of officers elected: President, J. S. Hamaker; Vice-President, William Heavner; Secretary, J. Harlan Murrelle ; Treasurer, R. S. Hickey ; Captain, A. H. Nevins. A membership of thirty is at present enrolled, but the number will be largely increased in a few weeks. Grounds directly at the Athens terminus of the W S. & A. Electric Railway have been secured, and arrangements are pending for the erection of a club house. Weekly practice shoots and a monthly tournament for the county championship badge, known as the Sporting Life badge, will be the regular order of business. Tournaments will be held several times each year, to which all shooters are cordially invited. The American Association rules will govern all contests. Notice of all events will be given in Forest and Stream.

A three days' tournament will be held at London, Ont., on April 9-12, under the management of Jack Parker. The tournament committee guarantees $1,000, experts being handicapped by distance and by having to shoot at unknown angles. Live birds and targets will be used in the various events.

The American E. C. Powder Company has branched out westward, having established quite recently agencies in Chicago and St. Louis.

Shoots advertised for next week at Dexter Park, L. I., are: March 26, First German Gun Club; March 27, Nassau Gun Club (members of the Fountain Gun Club as guests); March 28, Dexter Park Monthly Invitation shoot; March 29, Falcon Gun Club.

The Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., has reorganized and is now on the footing of a social, as well as a shooting basis. The officers are: President, James Deshler; Vice-President, Frederick Weigel; Recording Secretary, H. H. Stevens; Financial Secretary, Rush Burton; Treasurer, Joseph Fisher; Captain, V. S. Voorhees; Board of Governors, R. M. Pettit, H. B. Smith, A. W. Pettit, W. E. Sperling.

Mr. W. H. Willard, the new secretary of the Battle Creek, Mich., Rod and Gun Club, writes as follows: "The Battle Creek Rod and Gun Club held its annual meeting Tuesday, March 12, at S. A. Howes' gun store, and elected the following officers: S. A. Howes, President; N. E. Hubbard, Vice-President; and W. H. Willard, Secretary and Treasurer. The club will give its opening shoot Monday, April 1 On April 18 and 19 the club will give the annual Michigan State tournament, which every one is invited to attend. The programme will be varied and interesting to both experts and amateurs, and will contain novelties not introduced in a programme before. During the tournament the team race for the Shooting and Fishing trophy, which the Battle Creek Club has won twice, once from Lansing and once from Grand Rapids, will be shot; also the individual race for the expert, semi-expert, and amateur championships of Michigan. Valuable prizes will be given for best average each day. Programmes will be sent to as many shooters as possible. Anyone who has ever attended a shoot at Battle Creek is aware that the Battle Creek Club knows how to give a tournament. Targets will be two cents."

The big men in live bird circles are just now doing more talking than shooting. Perhaps it's just as well—for the pigeons anyway.

On April 11, the Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association will hold a tournament at live birds. The special event will be a handicap, distances ranging from 33 to 25 yards. For particulars address H. B. Shoop, secretary.

Trapshooting is evidently progressing in Russia. On March 17 the Empire Target Company received an order for 15 of its new traps and 50,000 targets, from a firm in Moscow, Russia. The order was written in French, and had it been on any other subject, Charlie Hebbard would have been totally unable to dicipher it. As it was it took him no time to get at the substance of the epistle.

The programme of the Boston Shooting Association's tournament on April 9, 10 and 11, shows that the management intends to look after the interests of the large body of shooters that will surely be in attendance.

Mr. John J. Sumpter, secretary of the Hot Springs, Ark., Gun Club, under date of March 4, writes in regard to change of dates: "At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Arkansas State Sportsman's Association it was decided to hold the fifth annual meeting and tournament in Little Rock this year instead of Hot Springs, and to change the dates from April 8, 9 and 10 to May 13, 14 and 15. There have been a few cases of small pox in this city, which were greatly exaggerated all over the country, and a number of towns and cities have quarantined against us. While the committee has had no doubt about the quarantine being raised long before the time for the shoot, and all danger (if there ever was any) passed, still it was decided to change the place of meeting for this year to Little Rock. The Little Rock Gun Club has generously taken charge of the shoot, and as they never do anything by halves, the committee has agreed to change the dates from the second Monday in April to the second Monday in May, in order to give the boys more time, which will mean a most successful tournament. I have already received about fifty letters and postal cards from sportsmen throughout the country asking for programmes, and to all of these I would say that as soon as they are ready they will receive one. Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, has been elected Assistant Secretary of the association by the Executive Committee, and will take pleasure in answering all letters of inquiry. Anyone desiring programmes can procure same by addressing Mr. Litzke at Little Rock."

On March 16 a competition will take place on the Boiling Springs Gun Club's grounds, at Rutherford, N. J., for the Shooting and Fishing trophy. Any and all clubs eligible to compete for this trophy will have the opportunity given them on this date. The conditions are: Teams of six men, 50 targets per man, (30 singles, one man up, five unknown traps, and 10 pairs). The trophy represents the team championship of New Jersey. EDWARD BANKS.

The Grand American Handicap.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 16.—Editor Forest and Stream: In my article of last week, bearing on the Grand American Handicap, a typographical error accidentally crept in it and in one particular sentence changed the entire meaning of the writer's words. The sentence in question, as it appeared in Forest and Stream, read: "In one of them, and especially in the Grand American Handicap, have the interests of every shooter, high and low, expert and amateur, been neglected." The absence of the letter "n" created the havoc. Instead of the word "one" it should have read "none." While there is little doubt but that the readers of Forest and Stream readily recognized the true meaning of the sentence, I felt that a slight reference to the matter might not be out of place and besides would make all the more clear a statement that means just what it says.

The widespread enthusiasm that has been created by the Grand American Handicap is a matter of much pleasure and encouragement, and in return the assurance is given by the management that in order to merit further approbation all that is possible in the way of careful arrangements and judicious handling of the tournament will be carried out from start to finish. Already the closest attention has been given everything in connection with this, the greatest of great shoots, as it is the desire of the management to conduct the event without a flaw upon its record. Justice and equity will be accorded one and all, so that there will be no occasion for the slightest murmur of complaint. The many leading and distinctive features are bound to meet with unanimous approval. To begin with, arrangements have been made with Mr. Ben. O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., to furnish a set of his electric live bird traps and his patent Electric Unknown Pull. In an event of so great importance as the Grand American Handicap, it is essential that the order in which the traps are pulled should be absolutely unknown to all persons, the puller included. Mr. Bush's Electric Unknown Pull accomplishes this, and the order in which the traps are pulled will be positively unknown. Arrangements have also been made with Messrs. W. G. Clark and Thomas House, of Altoona, Pa., to funish a set of their Conestoga traps, which were so highly spoken of in Forest and Stream's report of the Boiling Springs Club's tournament in last week's issue. The work of the handicapping committee will be characterized by careful judgment and consideration in each and every instance. It will be the aim of the official handicappers, to positively ascertain the correct shooting form of all contestants. The relative standing and ability of each entry will command their closest scrutiny, since above all other details they are staunch in their determination to accord justice in every case, so that all shooters will be placed on an equal footing thus insuring a fair field and no favors and with equal opportunities to all to win the coveted prize.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

Mr. H. B. Meyers, of 148 Monroe street, Chicago, Ills., Secretary-Treasurer of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, has issued the following notice to the secretaries of all gun clubs in the State of Illinois:

"The twenty-first annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association will be held in Chicago beginning June 3 to 8, and it is the wish of the officers of the association to make this a most memorable affair in two particulars, first, that of the discussion of game protection and, secondly, to receive a large list of entries to the shooting contests of the tournament. In view of the very lengthy reports of the officers on the subject of game legislation, the directors have deemed it wise to make the convention a two days' affair and devote the entire session of Monday evening, June 3, to the reports of officers and the discussion of game protection, and on Tuesday evening, June 4, to the election of officers and other business that may come before the convention.

"I respectfully call attention of all gun clubs to articles IV. and V. of our constitution, as herewith appended, and invite clubs not now members of this association who desire to participate in the convention and tournament to comply with the provisions of the same at an early date, and to the members now on the roll to remit their dues and assessments with a full list of officers and members by May 1, 1895."

The articles in the constitution which Mr. Meyers calls attention to are worded as follows:

"Article IV.—Any sportsman's association or club in the State, organized for the protection of game birds or fish, or for he enforcement of laws against the killing of either of them, may become a member of this association, upon written application being made, accompanied by a copy of its constitution and a list of its officers, upon a majority vote of the Board of Directors being had to admit such association or club."

"Article V.—Sec. 1. The annual dues from each subordinate association or club shall be five dollars, payable in advance; and each association or club shall be liable for an assessment not to exceed ten dollars in any one year; said assessment only to be made upon vote of the association, at a regular or special meeting. Sec. 2. Any association or club in arrears for dues or assessments shall not be entitled to a vote at the annual convention; nor shall any person be entitled to contests for prizes offered by this association, as a member of such association or club."

He Wouldn't Do So Now.

MICHIGAN.---I have had a gun for seven years. When I was eleven I shot in a glass ball shoot at Devil's Lake. I didn't use to think anything of banging away at a flock of birds on the ground. But I wouldn't do it now, and it all comes of reading the Forest and Stream. WILLARD S. COE.

Gives It First Place.

MAINE.---I have purchased Forest and Stream for years at the news-stand, and give it the first place in the ranks of sportsmen's journals. J. V. H. HARRIS.

Onondaga Sportsmen's Club.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 15.—The medal shoot of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club this afternoon included a Supper Shoot, the losing side paying for a supper at W. S. Barnum's Hotel, at Maple Bay. The match brought out about twenty sportsmen the opposing sides being captained by D. M. Lefever, and C. T. Arno. The shooters worked hard for their respective sides, but poor scores were made, as the wind was blowing a gale, and the traps were strung up to their highest tension. Arno's team won by nine targets, but both teams enjoyed the spread which was prepared for them. Col. Courtney and C. A. Ginty tied for a class medal and in the shoot off the colonel broke all his targets, winning by a single break. Chas. Becker won B Class after a hard battle, with the score of 33. Will Jennings carried away the C Class, with 33 to his credit. The day was fine, but the strong wind that was blowing made the shooting hard. Scores:

Medal and supper shoot, 50 targets, unknown angles:

Lefever's Team.

D. M. Lefever	10101111111111011001111 11011011010111101100011101	—36
C. Wagner	11000111110011111100011101 11111111110110000111111111	—36
C. L. Becker	01101111011001111101101101 10101101011101110111101101	—33
H. Jones	00011101110111110101101100 10001111111000101110100111	—30
A. G. Courtney	01101100110111101100111111 01111111111110111101101101	—37
J. Montgomery	00011111111100011010010111 11110101001100110110101111	—31
W. Morris	11010000111100011100000010 00000101010111101111101111	—26
Geo. Sanford	10001001100011110000101101 10001011011010101011101100	—25—254

Arno's Team.

C. F. Arno	10111010100011010111101110 10111011111111010111010110	—35
A. C. Ginty	01111101101101011010111111 10111011100101111111111101	—37
W. Holden	00011110011001011011010100 01110101001100110110011110	—27
Geo. Mann	10101100010001110101101111 11001111101011111110111101	—33
Blizzard	01011111111011111100011111 11111111011001111111110110	—29
Dan Walters	11001100100110101000101100 01110111110101010011100101	—26
Joe Glenon	11110101011110000110111111 11110111101011011001111111	—36
Jim Boyd	01101101111101100110111110 01000011011001101011010111	—30—263

The following shooters shot in the medal race, but were not entered in the supper teams:

F. Lefever	10111110110111101110011110 11111100010110110111110110	—36
W. Jennings	11101011110000111101110111 11001110101011301111001111	—33
Elder Forsythe	11001111011101101111011111 01111100000000110011110011	—31

No. 2, 15 targets, $1, three moneys: F. Lefever, 14; Wagner, 12; Glennon, Blizzard, Ginty and Courntey, 11; Boyd, D. Lefever and Morris, 10; Becker, 9; Mann and Holden, 7.

No. 3, same: Morris, 15; Wagner and D. Lefever, 12; Boyd, 11; Blizzard and F. Lefever, 10; Glennon, Courtney and Becker, 9; Mann and Ginty, 7; Holden, 5.

No. 4, 10 targets, $1: Courtney, 10; F. Lefever and Ginty, 9; Arno, Walters, Blizzard and Becker, 8; Wagner and Morris, 7; D. Lefever, 6; Mann and Holden, 5.

No. 5, same: Morris, 9; Boyd, Becker and Mann, 8; Holden and Blizzard, 7; F. Lefever, 4. A. R. K.

The Dupont Tournament.

Mr. R. S. Waddell, of Cincinnatti, O., special agent of the Dupont Powder Company, has mailed a copy of the prospectus of that company's tournament, which will be held at Cincinnati on May 7, 8 and 9. The tournament is "open to every sportsman; no one barred; no handicap; contestants classify themselves." The amount of cash added to purses and offered as prizes is $1,220.

The system to be adopted at this tournament is to classify shooters (in a manner described below) as either experts or amateurs. All events are at known traps unknown angles, but experts shoot at one set of traps, amateurs at another set, $200 being added to the purses at each set of traps on all three days, the programmes for each day being precisely similar. Experts shoot eight events at 20 targets, $3 entrance, $15 added to each purse; amateurs shoot eight events also, but at 15 targets, $2 entrance, $15 being added to each purse. Experts have no part or lot in the amateurs' purses. In addition to the above money added to the purses, the Dupont Company gives $300 cash to be divided among the experts who make the five highest averages in events 4 and 6 on each day, the $300 being divided into five moneys. Another sum of $200 is divided into five moneys among the amateurs in a similiar manner for the highest average in these six events. The condition affixed to these prizes is that contestants in events 4 and 6 on each day must use Dupont's Smokeless powder. Machine and hand loaded shells for use in these events can be obtained on the grounds. If special wadding, etc., is desired, orders should be sent by April 1.

The prospectus, by way of explaining the classification, ect., states:

"The attention of contestants is particularly called to the following special rules, under which they are expected to classify themselves, and to accept the consequences of their own under-estimate of their skill. Any shooter making an average of ninety per cent. or more in any three events at traps for amateurs, will be excluded from subsequent events of that day at the traps for amateurs. Known experts will be limited to the events at traps for experts. In competing for cash prizes for highest averages in events 4 and 6 of each day, contestants expecting to make an average of ninety per cent. or better in the six amateur prize events, should enter in events 4 and 6 each day, at the traps for experts, as a ninety per cent. average or better in the six amateur prize events will exclude the contestants from sharing in the cash prizes for amateurs. Contestants at traps for amateurs may, under rule first, forfeit interest in cash prizes to amateurs for averages."

The conditions and general information take up the last page of the prospectus and are as follows: "Rules of the A. S. A. in force at date of tournament to govern, except when they conflict with the special features adopted herein: All shooting will be at unknown angles and from known traps. The system adopted is rapid fire, and sportsmen are requested to enter each morning in squads in all the events of the day. Should any desire to withdraw, the entrance fee of events in which they do not participate will be refunded. All shooting for purses and prizes is class shooting. The park will be open for practice shooting, Monday, May 6. Three cents each for targets will be deducted from all purses. Five blue rock traps and electric pull will be used at each score. These will be under the personal supervision of Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, who will assist throughout the tournament. Finely illustrated programmes of about twenty-eight pages will be ready for mailing March 20; these will be mailed to all the addresses we can obtain. To answer the many inquiries that come to us daily, and that

sportsman may have early advices of the Dupont tournament, we issue this prospectus. We submit our system under which sportsmen will classify themselves, believing that it will secure an adequate adjustment of all differences that may arise between experts and amateurs and permit equal enjoyment of the tournament by all classes. The more skillful amateurs will, we believe, prefer to class themselves as experts and share the larger purses and greater honors. A large number of sportsmen have signified their intention to be present and are already doing preparatory work with Dupont Smokeless. We have room for five hundred contestants at Spring Grove Avenue Ball Park and extend a cordial invitation to every sportsman to come and participate in this great shooting carnival. Address all inquiries regarding the Dupont tournament to R. S. Waddell, general agent, Cincinnati, Ohio."

Nebraska Trap Notes.

Omaha, Neb., March 12.—In regard to the J. C. Read-J. W. Den, 100 live bird match, Mr. Read being the victim of a combination of disorders, the men have drawn down their money, with the understanding that the shoot shall come off later in the spring.

The State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament will be held in this city, June 13, 14 and 15. The local clubs are determined to make it an attractive affair. There will be $500 of added money and prizes aggregating in value double this amount. Frank S. Parmelee, the Secretary, will superintend the arrangements and he asserts that we are to have the greatest shoot ever held in this section of the country.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Weir City's Programme.

Mr. W. W. McIlhany, Secretary of the Business Men's Gun Club, of Weir City, Kansas, who is also Secretary of the Amateur Trapshooter's Association of Missouri and Kansas, has mailed us a copy of his club's programme for the Ninth Annual Tournament of the Association at Weir City on May 8-10. Page 1 of the programme contains a list of officers of both the Association and of the Business Men's Club, and also a capital portrait of Weir City's Mayor, Dr. D. W. King, President of the Gun Club. Page 2 is headed by the query: Have you heard about Weir City, Kansas? The query, if answered in the negative, finds a reply in the following lines:

"The busiest and best business town of its size in Kansas. Not excelled in the United States for amount of shipments and the number of laborers employed. It contains the largest zinc smelter in the world. This plant has a daily capacity of 78,000 pounds, with twenty-six furnaces and twenty-two kilns. It employs 400 men, and its monthly pay roll amounts to $25,000.00. Its brand of "Cherokee" spelter has gained a world-wide reputation. Weir City, being the centre of the great coal belt, produces an immense amount of coal, which gives employment yearly to thousands of men. Train-load after train-load of coal leaves the city daily, and the monthly pay-rolls of the different mining companies of Weir City amounts to $75.000.00. An enormous trade is done by the numerous merchants of Weir City, the annual sales of one store being over $150,000.00. The light and water plant of Weir City is efficient in every respect. Three deep artesian wells supply the 6,000 inhabitants of Weir City and the 4,000 in adjacent camps, with crystal pure water throughout the year, while the streets of the city are brilliantly lighted by electricity, and over 1,000 incandescent lights are in use by the citizens.

Recent building improvements have placed Weir City in the front ranks, as its fine school buildings, magnificent churches and solid brick business blocks present all the attractiveness of a progressive city of the times. Its railroad facilities are unsurpassed, as the Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Memphis, with six regular passenger trains daily, and the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway, with its numerous branches, reach out in all directions."

The next thing in the programme to engross the attention of its readers is a clear and succinct statement of the rules governing the shoot. It will be noticed that the shoot is open only to amateurs, and that "no pooling or dropping for place will be tolerated." The seed has been sowed on good ground and the harvest is close at hand! The rules in detail are as follows:

"This is an association of trap shooters, with no other apparent object than an annual reunion, at which the amateur shooters of the great Southwest can meet and enjoy this popular sport and the society of each other for a few days. In order that this pleasant intercourse may be conducted to the best interests of all, during the meeting at Weir City, the following general and special rules will govern all contests:

"This shoot will be open only to amateurs, and all known professionals and paid agents of dealers and manufacturers will be barred. The statement is made here so that none can misunderstand it. The shoot is being run solely for the benefit of amateurs. When we wrote our address of welcome we forgot the 'professional' and 'paid agent', and, while we have but the kindliest feelings for them, we must ask them to excuse haste and a bad pen.

"No pooling or dropping for place will be tolerated. 'This is putting it plain, yet we but state the facts.' To aid in maintaining this stand, the management would like to have every shooter, before entering any event, sign the register agreeing not to drop for place, or to pool, and to help the management to suppress this evil.

"The graduating handicap will be used, which is simply this: All shooters start on equal basis of known traps and known angles. All winners of first and second moneys will shoot in the next event at known traps and unknown angles, and so continue until they fall below these moneys, when they may return to known traps and angles. To those who think this is no handicap, we say come and try it. Our unknown angles will be so regulated that one trial will convince the veriest amateur that they are a handicap. The rise for 10 and 12 guage guns will be the same, but 10 guage guns will shoot the traps in reverse order; that is: When 10 guage stands at No. 1, he will shoot No. 5 bird; at No. 2, he shoots No. 4 bird; at No. 3, he shoots No. 3 bird; at No. 4, he shoots No. 2 bird, and at No. 5, he shoots No. 1 bird.

"The Owl shoot, the Kansas vs. Missouri Team shoot, and the individual Championship shoot can be contested for only by shooters residing in Kansas or Missouri. Other events are open to any amateur.

"All shooting will be rapid fire from five traps (except at unknown traps, when only three will be used), and American Association Rules will govern, except that we reserve the right to regulate height and speed of unknown angles; and it will rest with the referee to use "no bang no bird" system, according to his judgment, i. e., unless the referee shall judge that the shooter wilfully refused to fire his gun, another bird will be allowed. All purses (except 6 and 7 on Thursday, and 8 on Friday) will be divided into four moneys: 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. All ties will be divided or shot off in the next event. Each shooter in a tie may draw his pro rata. Shooting will commence promptly at 8.30 A. M."

In the programme it will be found that all events are uniform both as regards entrance money and targets; each is at 15 targets, $2 entrance. This, of course, is necessary wherever the graduated handicap is used. The second day's programme contains the "Owl team shoot," three men to a team, bona fide members of the same club, 30 targets to a man, viz.: 10 known, 10 unknown, 10 expert rules. The Kansas vs. Missouri team shoot also takes place the same day; this is a six man team race, 25 targets per man, everything known. The sum of $10 is added to every purse in the ordinary sweepstakes, $50 being added to the Owl shoot purse; the club adds altogether about $300 in cash. The programme concludes with two pages of "Pointers," which contain a fund of information. The first of these "pointers" states that "Jack" Parker will run the shoot. What they think of him in Weir City is best told in their own words: "To those who have never met him, we will say that the Business Men's Gun Club considers that the crowning success of their efforts to provide a good meeting has been achieved in securing this popular and practical representative of the trap in the capacity of manager." Railroad rates at a single fare and special hotel rates have also been secured. The Weir City Hotel will be the headquarters of the shooters. The closing sentence is: "Grounds will be open and traps ready for practice on Tuesday, May 7."

For further particulars or programmes address W. W. McIlhany, Weir City, Kansas.

Bronx River Gun Club.

West Farms, N. Y., March.—A few members of the Bronx River Gun Club put in an appearance at the club grounds this afternoon. Targets and live birds furnished the sport, five target events being decided first, followed by four live bird races, 5 birds each sweep, American Association rules governing in all events. The live birds were a good lot of strong flyers, a brisk wind aiding them materially. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, everything known: Wheeler, 8; Nicholas, and McManus, 7; Edwards, 6.

No. 2, same: Edwards and McManus, 7; Usher and Nichols, 5.

No. 3, same: Nichols, 10; Edwards, 9; Wheeler, 6; McManus, 5; Usher and Martin, 4; Henry, 3; Sport, 1.

No. 4, same: Nichols, 10; Edwards, 9; McManus, Blumenberg, Wheeler, and Hall, 6; Martin, 5; Sport, 3.

No. 5, same: Edwards, Nichols, and Blumenberg, 9; Wheeler and Henry, 7; Hall, 6; McManus and Usher, 4.

	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
Wheeler	22120—4	22222—5	11102—4	21112—5
McManus	01212—4	02022—3	20000—1	10020—2
Usher	10110—3	11111—5	02222—4	12221—5
Blumenberg	12222—5			
Hall	00020—1	21220—4		
Nicholls	00202—2	11120—4	22001—3	01112—4
Edwards	12222—5			
Knapp		12221—5	11102—4	

Lever Beat Terry.

Marion, N. J., March 16.—W. W. Lever, of Elizabeth, N. J., and Dan Terry, of Plainfield N. J., shot a race at 25 live birds, $100 a side, 28 yards rise, 50 yards boundary, use of one barrel only, gun in any position. Lever shot his opponent out on the 23d round, as shown in the score given below. Sweeps filled in the balance of the day at the traps. Among those present were: Neaf, Apgar, F. Van Dyke, Nate Astfalk, of Elizabeth, who acted as referee, Aaron Woodruff, H. Folsom, C. W. Todd, Blodgett, Wm. Ross, J. R. Dickson, Tom Brantingham, Scott Terry and his brother, William, John Benner, W. Schorbe, Capt. Cramer, Jerry Maher, E. A. Geoffroy, F. Batsch, Chris Reinhardt, etc. Scores:

	4 5 4 1 3 3 3 4 4 1 5 1 1 4 5 4 4 2 3 4 4 2 5	
W W Lever	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1	—16
	3 5 2 3 1 4 5 3 1 3 5 5 4 2 4 1 1 2 2 1 3 1 4	
D Terry	1 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1	—13

No. 1, 4 birds, $3: Reinhardt and Capt. Jones, 3; J. Benner, 2.

	No. 2, * same:	No. 3.	No. 4.
Ross	0120—2	1101200—4	2200—2
Reinhard	1110—3	2121020—5	
Apgar	1221—4	2222102—6	2111—4
Woodruff	2022—3	1222102—6	2120—3
Jones	2101—3	1111110—6	
Terry	2021—3	1121122—7	
Folsom	1120—3	1002000—2	0102—2
Dickson	0110—2	0021202—4	2121—4
Geoffroy		2101012—5	0022—2
Jersey		1122112—7	

*No. 2 and 4 were same as No. 1; No. 3 was 7 birds, $5.

No. 5, 10 birds, $5, two moneys: Geoffroy, 9; Apgar and Woodruff, 8; Ross, 6; Folsom, 5.

Live Birds at Morristown.

Morristown, N. J., March 12.—Frank Class, of this place, advertised a 50 bird race, $25 entrance, birds extra, for to-day. It was expected that Brewer, Elliott and several other crack shots of New York and New Jersey would be present. As it was, however, the field was composed of but four shooters, the scores they made being given below. Class shot in great form, killing 49 out of 50; T. W. Morfey was second with 45, E. D. Fulford third with 44, while James Timmons, of this place, could only total 39, falling down very badly in his first 25. From the number of first barrel kills it looks as if every shooter was dead on most of his birds. Scores:

Class	2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 2 2	—24
	2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1	—25—49
Morfey	2 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 0 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1	—21
	1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 1 1	—24—45
Fulford	1 1 1 1 1 1 * 0 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—21
	1 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—23—44
Timmons	2 1 1 1 1 0 0 2 0 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 2 1 0 2 0	—17
	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 * 2 1 1 1 1 * 1 1	—22—39

Rockaway Park Gun Club.

The members of the Rockaway Park Rod and Gun Club held their March club shoot on March 9. There was a fair attendance of shooters, who kept things moving in a lively manner until nearly train time; almost 2,000 targets were thrown during the day. The captain of the club, "Schorty," does not believe in throwing targets so that anybody can break them; on the contrary, he screws the trap springs up to the highest notch and throws the targets as far and as fast as possible, the angles being very acute. "Expert rules" means practically one man up, five unknown traps, the indicator being turned for each shot. A glance at the conditions of the different events will show there was a great variety of styles of shooting. The purses were divided under the "straight out" system, those present preferring that system to any other suggested hitherto. John Fleming, Secretary of the Hill Rifle Club, Fifty-third street between Ninth and Tenth avenues, bossed the trap boys, and did his work, as usual, in an excellent manner. A. Roath scored all the events, while J. Salmon, of Rockaway Park, did the greater part of the pulling of the traps. The referee's department was in charge of Henry Heyer, winner of the '95 live bird badge of the North Side Gun Club, of Queens County, N. Y. The number of targets thrown gives ample proof that all the work of the shoot, clerical or otherwise, was done in a prompt and satisfactory manner. Among those present were: Thos. Lyons, one of the oldest trapshooters in this section, and a prominent member of the North Side Gun Club of Queens County, L. I.; T. P. McKenna, a member also of the Emerald Club, and appropriately enough shooting Irish shells made by Weekes & Co., of Dublin, Ireland; H. Walsh, who says he now prefers Rockaway Park to Canarsie; C. "McManus," with his setter dog, a son of Gladstone; B. E. Wickes, John Ertell, J. and E. Bourke, ruling spirits of the club; J. Meyer, C. W. Wash, R. Woods, H. P. Scott (the club's Adonis), John Tiernan, Major Spott, a gentleman fond of shooting with both gun and rifle, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, and a skilled taxidermist; Prof. Carl Dietz, M. Betz, L. H. Schort, B. Edwards, etc. Mr. Lyons is the inventor of the pulling apparatus used by this club, and by the New York County Gun Club In all probability he will have a specimen of this apparatus in use at the State shoot at Saratoga; it is many years since he missed a shoot of the State Sportsmen's Association. Scores made during the day are:

No. 1, 15 targets, everything known; Schorty and Woods, 13; Scott, 12; Wash, 11; Walsh, 9; Edwards, 7.

No. 2, 10 known angles, 10 expert rules and 5 pairs, handicap allowances:

Woods	0011101001010101010011	11 10 10 10 11—17
Wash	1110101111111010111	11 10 11 10 10—22
Edwards, 5	1110011111111111010	11 01 11 10 11—24
Scott, 3	1111111101000111001	11 00 00 10 00—17
Schorty	1011111111101110111	11 11 10 00 10—23
Walsh, 6	0100000100011011010	01 00 10 11 10—12

No. 3, same as above:

Woods, 5	1111111111111111011	10 10 10 11 11—26
Wash	1111101111111101111	11 11 10 10 11—26
Edwards	0010111010110111001	10 01 00 01 00—15
Scott, 5	0101011111001100100 1	11 11 00 11 00—17
Schorty	1111110111111111110	10 11 10 11 11--26
Walsh, 8	0100101011011010110 0	10 11 01 10 11—17

No. 4, 15 targets, everything known, handicap allowances: Walsh (3) 13, Heyer (1) 13, E. Bourke (3) 11, Woods 14, Scott (1) 11, Schorty 12, Spott (3) 9, Wash 11, Edwards (1) 9.

No. 5, 5 known angles, 5 expert rules, 7 walking match, second barrel count one-half, 4 pairs, handicap allowances:

Edwards, 2	00111111111110111	10 11 11 00—19
Wash	11111110112111210	11 11 10 11—21
Spott, 5	10010101011000122	00 00 10 11—11
E Bourke, 5	11000100000211110	10 00 00 01— 9 1-2
Walsh, 3	11110110010111011	00 00 10 10—14
Scott, 2	00111101110111101	11 11 10 11—19
Schorty	01111111110111112	11 00 11 11—20 1-2

No. 6, 10 known angles, 10 expert rules:

McKenna	0001001001001000010— 5
Tiernan	1000011110111111111—15
Wash	1011011111111111011—17
Walsh	1011110000110001000 1— 9
Edwards	1110110111001111101 1—15
Woods	1111101011111101110 1—16
Schorty	1111110101101111111 1—17
E Bourke	1110101100011110111 1—14
Keim	1100100101010001111 0—10
Spott	1101110110010101001—12
Lyons	1011111011011111101 0—15
McManus	0001010110100000010 0— 6
Kalton	0000001101000000000 1— 4

No. 7, 5 targets, walking match, second barrel to count one-half: Schorty 5, Edwards and Wash 3 1-2, Tiernan 3, McKenna 2 1-2, Bourke 2, Keim 1-2, Spott 0.

No. 8, same as No. 2:

Edwards, 3	11110100111111001110	10 10 11 10 10—20
Keim, 4	10110101110001101111	10 10 10 10 10—18
Bowen, 2	11100010111101110110	10 10 10 10 11—19
Wash	10110111111111101101	11 10 00 11 11—23
Schorty	11111111110001010110	10 11 10 10 11—21
Walsh, 5	01111010110001010001	10 10 00 11 10—15
*McKenna	00101001100000001100	10 10 01 10 10—11
*Spott	11101001100000001011	01 00 00 00 10—11
*J Bourke	11000000001000000000	00 00 11 10 10— 7
Lyons, 3	10110111010101100111	00 10 00 10 11—17
*Meyer	01101001110000110000	00 10 10 00 10—11
*Wickes	10010000110010000101	01 10 00 00 10—10

*For targets only.

No. 9, 15 known angles, 10 expert rules:

Tiernan	1111011111101101111101101—20
Edwards	1111001010010100111101110—15
Wash	1100011111111001101001111—17
Bowen	1101101001111101111010011—17
Scott	1111010001011111001101000—14
Schorty	0101101111101110111111111—20

No. 10, 25 targets, expert rules:

Tiernan	1110111100011111111110101—19
Edwards	1111011101010111010111100—17
Bowen	1111011110111111111011101 0—20
Wash	1110000011111111101101111—18
Schorty	1110110010111100111011011—17
Bourke	0101101101011011010010100—13

No. 11, 25 targets, everything known:

Tiernan	0110111111111101111101110—20
Edwards	1110011110101110111111111—20
Bowen	1101011110001111111111111—20
Wash	1101101111011111101001001—17
Schorty	1101111111111101111111111 —23

JACK POT.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

On March 13, twelve members of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Woodlawn, L. I., shot a special sweepstake under the the Club handicaps at the Eighty-Second Street and Third Avenue grounds. Class A men shot at 20 singles and 5 pairs; class B at 23 singles and 5 pairs; class C at 24 singles and 6 pairs. Scores:

D Deacon, A	1111111111011001111 —17
D C Bennett, B	1111011101011101101111 —18
M Van Brunt, A	1110011101111101111 —16
P A Hegeman, C	1111011110110111111111110—20
G E Grieff, A	1111111110101101111 —17
H P Fessenden, C	0001010110111101011110111—15
Dr Littlefield, B	1111100110111111100001 11 —16
C Furgueson, Jr, A	1100111011011100110 1 —13
A A Hegeman, A	1110111011101111111 —17
M F Lindsley, A	0000001111011010101 —10
J Lott, C	0001111011000011100101 00—11
W Gilman, C	1000101110000000000111101— 8

Five pairs.

Deacon	10 11 11 10 11 —8
Bennett	01 10 11 10 10 —6
Van Brunt	11 01 11 10 10 —7
P A Hegemen	00 01 00 10 10 00—3
Grieff	11 00 10 01 01 —5
Fessenden	00 11 10 10 10 10—6
Littlefield	00 11 00 10 00 —3
Furgueson	01 11 11 00 10 —6
A A Hegeman	00 00 00 w —0
Lindsley	10 10 10 10 10 —5
Lott	00 00 01 10 01 10—4
Gilman	01 10 00 00 10 00—3

The above totals show that Deacon won first money and the prize donated by the Club with a total of 25 out of 30. The other shooters finished in the following order, the numbers in brackets showing the totals shot at: Bennett 33, 24; Van Brunt 30, 23; P. A. Hegeman 36, 23; Grieff 30, 22; Fessenden 36, 21; Littlefield 33, 19; Furgueson 30, 19; Hegeman 26, 17; Lindsley 30, 15; Lott 36, 15; Gilman 36, 10.

Woodlawn, L. I., March 16.—This afternoon fourteen members of the New Utrecht Gun Club entered the seventh contest

for the E. C. Powder Company's Cup. T. H. Keller, of the United States Cartridge Company, was the only one to kill his 10 birds, winning the cup. Sweepstakes of different kinds were also shot during the afternoon, the scores being given below. Conditions of the cup contest are 10 live birds, club handicap. Scores:

T H Keller, B.	2222222222—10	Fergueson, 3d B.	2202002211— 7
D Deacon, A.	2220222221— 9	W F Sykes, B.	*2220122*2— 7
R R Street, B.	1201121122— 9	M F Lindsley, A	2220202220— 7
R Phister, A.	2220222222— 9	J Hammond, C.	0022121012— 7
D Bennett, B.	2202202211— 8	C Meyer A.	1*222222**— 7
Furgueson, A A.	12*2221220— 8	W Gilman C.	1002111200— 6
G E. Grieff, B.	02*2222122— 8	Kattenstroth B.	02*1022200— 5

No. 2, 5 birds, class shooting: Furgueson 3d and Keller 5, Phister, Kattenstroth, W. F. Sykes and Bennett 4, Furgueson Jr., Grieff, Roberts and Tryon 3.

No. 3, 4 birds, high guns: Furgueson Jr., Furgueson 3d and C. A. Sykes 4, Lindsley 3, Keller and C. Mayer 2, Gilman 1.

No. 4, 5 birds, battery shooting: Furgueson Jr., Deacon and Meyer 5, C. A. Sykes 4, Gilman and Keller 3, Lott, Furgueson 3d and Lindsley 2, W. F. Sykes 1.

Unknown Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 14.—The Unknown Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park, L. I. Eleven members took part in the club match. Four new members were elected, who will try their skill at the April monthly shoot. The day was fine and birds first class. Scores:

J Bates, 25	2111110—6	J Akhurst, 23	2111000—4
H Houseman, 28	2121011—6	H van Staden, 23	0021102—4
H Knebel, 26	0221102—5	E A Vroome, 28	0011110—4
L Kolb, 25	0112200—4	H Boemerman, 25	0011011—4
A Ramppen, 23	0102011—4	E Hauph, 21	0101012—4
J Bohling, 26	1020102—4		

H. K.

Some Syracuse Scores.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 9.—Trap-shooting in Syracuse is becoming quite a fad. Scarcely a day passes but some of the local trap shots are at the traps pounding away for glory. A pretty race was decided at Mesina Springs to-day between six of our aspirants for the local honors of live bird shooting. The wind was blowing a gale from the west, right across the traps, making difficult shooting; the birds were a fair lot, and only a few got away. The honors of the day were carried away by Geo. Mann, A. S. White and Henry Chase, who killed all of their birds. Scores:

H Chase	112121221211121—15	C F Arno	611112112220211—13
G Mann	121112212221211—15	H George	111001201021110—10
A S White	211111221211221—15	W Holder	022220201121020—10

A. R. K.

Trap-Shooting at Mifflin.

Patterson, Pa., March 13. The following live bird events were shot to-day by members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Mifflin, Pa.

No. 1, 20 birds, $10, two high guns:

Clover, 27	01222122000122022121—15
Clark, 30	10022111200211211021—15
Adams, 27	22220012211220202021—15
Kane, 27	12211012211220201021—16

No. 2, 15 birds, $7, two high guns:

Clover, 27	0102121210120112—11	Adams, 27	2011222201121112—13
Clark, 30	0211110012202222—11	Kane, 27	2212222121201211—14

No. 3, 15 birds, $7, two high guns:

Clover, 27	0011121212120101—11	Adams, 27	0122110111011221—12
Clark, 30	1112122212120101—14	Kane, 27	0110211112212211—13

Trap at Little Roch.

Little Rock, Ark., March 14.—The fifteenth contest for the Pulaski County medal resulted in a win for Duley with 42 out of 50; quite a creditable score in such a gale as was blowing on the day that the shoot took place. Irwin was very much in the race also, as he scored 41 and kept Duley guessing as to the outcome of the race. Dickinson, who is looked on as a sure winner of the trophy, scored 39, and thus narrowed the gap between him and Dr. French; at present he only leads the doctor two targets. While only two more contests will take place for the trophy, an interesting finish may be looked for.

Medal contest, 50 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Duley	1111011111011111101111111111001011111100111111111—42
Irwin	1100101011111111111101111111111011111001111101111111—41
Dickinson	1111100111101110111101000110111111111011111110011—39
Troisdorf	1101100011011111111001101111111111111101111111110011—39
C. Schaer	1011001110110111101111001111010011111001111100011—35
Lenow	1011001110110111101111001111010011111001111100011—31

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Hartford Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., March 16.—In cold and disagreeable weather, the members of the Hartford Gun Club shot off the seventh contest in the series of prize shoots this afternoon. The attendance of members was very satisfactory. The following scores were made in the prize shoot:

Risley	1111111111111101111111111—24
Goodwin	1111101111110101111111111—22
Sexton	10011 111 11011111101111111—21
Ford	1111101111101110110111111—21
Wadsworth	1110111110110111111011011—20
Jones	1100101100110111110111111—18
Melrose	1001111101101110111010111—18
Tucker	1101011010011111001111011—17
Treat	0101110111010100111111101—17
Ropkins	1001110011101011010101011—16
Lucus	1000111001111011110000110—14
Buths	1001011001000101101100110—12

D. S. WADSWORTH.

Binghamton Gun Club.

Binghamton, N. Y., March 12.—The scores given below were made to-day by three members of our club in a friendly three-cornered race. The scores were very good considering the dark day, high wind, chilly atmosphere and lack of practice. Conditions of race, 100 empires, unknown angles:

H W Brown	1111111111111111111111111
	1111111111111111111111111
	1111111010111110111111111
	1111111111101110111110101—93
G W Kendall	1011111111111111111011010
	1110111111111111111110111
	0111111101111111111101111
	1101111110111101111011111—87
M E Boss	1111111111111111101111111
	1001101110100111101111111
	1111110111101111011100100
	1101111101101111111011111—81

WINFIELD

Climax Club Shoot.

Plainfield, N. J., March 13.—The members of the Climax Gun Club, held their regular monthly club shot at the Fanwood grounds this afternoon. The weather was altogether against good scoring, the light being bad and a strong wind blowing; in addition to the weather eccentricities, the targets flew high and low alternately making the shooting hard. The scores in the club shoot, given below, tells the story of that event, while the table shows how the boys shot in the various sweeps, the records of Van Dyke, Keller and Apgar being good ones. Van Dyke broke 49 out of 50 in the sweeps, while Apgar got 46 and Keller 45 out of the same number. During the afternoon, in both sweeps and club race, these three shooters shot at 75 targets, unknown angles; Keller and Van Dyke broke 67 out of 75, an average of 89 1-3 per cent., Apgar being close behind with 66 out of 75, an average of 88 per cent. During the afternoon, in the first event after the club shoot, "Dutchy" Smith had the misfortune to burst his gun. There was a flaw in the chamber of the right barrel and "Dutchy" had been shooting the left barrel during the afternoon; somehow or another he forgot the flaw and placed a shell in the right barrel. Result: The tearing away of the whole upper portion of the chamber of the right barrel, "Dutchy" receiving luckily only a slight scratch from a piece of the flying steel. A curious point about the break is that the crimp of the shell was not broken, while the thin top shot wad was still in position after the explosion, the whole of the upper side of the shell having been blown away. Scores:

T H Keller	1101111111111111011101111	—22
C Smith	1110110110110010011111110	—17
N Apgar	1110111100111111001111111	—20
F Van Dyke	1011010111010101111011111	—18
T Brantingham	1011110011110011111011111	—19
C Hebbard	0111101011110110000111111	—17
Capt Cramer, 5	1101100011110111110011110101010	—20
A Woodruff, 2	1011111011111110111111111111	—24
D Terry, 1	1101011010011001100010001	—13
R Manning, 2	1101011111111111111011111110	—23
J Darby, 7	0110010010111101111101010110100010	—18
S Terry, 3	1110111000101111101100001110	—17
D Darby, 5	1111100111011111111011001011111	—23
Swody, 6	0111111010101111101111100001110	—20
J Singer, 10	0100101101000000010010001101110010010—13	
Edwards, 5	1111010111110011011111110100	—22
W Terry 4	1100110101110101101110011011	—19

The above scores add 5 points to Woodruff's total; Darby and Manning scores 4, Keller and Edwards 3 each; Apgar, Cramer and Swody 1 each. In the sweepstake events which preceded and followed the club race, the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Smith	4	5	..	..	..	..	Manning	8	5	8	10	7	..
Edwards	4	5	7	7	6	5	*Miller	7	8	2	5	8	..
Brantingh'm	8	5	9	9	7	..	Apgar	9	10	8	9	10	7
Woodruff	7	7	6	7	9	7	Swody	..	..	7	..	..	..
Van Dyke	10	9	10	10	10	8	D Terry	..	..	8	..	..	..
Keller	10	10	8	9	8	8	S Terry	..	..	7	7	3	..
Cramer	6	7	..	..	..	5	D Darby	..	..	..	7	..	..
Hebbard	7	9	9	7	..	..	J Darby	..	..	..	7	..	..

* Shot as a guest of the club.

Events 1-5 were all 10 targets, unknown angles; No. 6 was at 5 pairs.

Mechanicville Rod and Gun Club.

Mechanicville, N. Y., March 8.—The following scores were made this afternoon at the regular fortnightly shoot of the Mechanicville Rod and Gun Club:

Chas Brothers	1101110111111101111111111—22
Wm L Howland	1011101010110111101011010—16
Fred Baker	1011111001101110011110101—17
T L Pratt	1111100111110011101001111—18
Fred Hayner	0110111101011110111110011—18
A J Hawey	0000000001010110000010000— 5
A B Orcutt	1010100000101001110111011—13
W B Neilson	1010010100111111111010111—17

WM. L. HOWLAND, Sec'y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

Cincinnati, O., March 10.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Asssciation to-day at their range, Four-Mile House, Reading Road, under the following conditions: 200yds. off-hand, at the Standard target. Messrs. Gindele, Hasenzahl, See and Weinheimer are using new barrels on their rifles, made by Zishang, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Gindele	9	8	7	8	9	9	10	7	7	8—82
	8	8	9	7	10	8	6	8	7	6—80
	8	9	8	9	9	10	10	8	9	6—86
	10	9	7	8	10	9	7	7	8	7—82
Louis	9	10	9	9	7	8	9	4	6	7—80
	4	5	7	7	4	8	7	8	7	7—64
	10	10	10	6	6	5	7	8	7	6—79
	6	6	9	8	6	10	8	8	7	10—76
Weinheimer	8	7	5	5	7	6	10	9	9	7 75
	6	7	10	6	4	7	8	6	7	7—72
	6	8	10	9	8	10	9	8	8	8—81
	10	9	8	7	9	10	8	6	7	5—75
Wellinger	9	7	10	8	9	10	9	9	6	8—85
	7	9	6	9	6	10	7	8	8	10—81
	10	10	6	9	6	6	10	5	6	8—80
	9	8	6	7	10	8	7	4	10	8—78
Simon	10	10	9	5	4	8	5	9	6	7—73
	8	7	9	6	10	10	7	5	5	6—73
	5	20	7	5	8	7	8	6	0	8—71
	8	8	6	8	5	6	6	6	7	5—65
Stegner	10	9	7	6	8	10	7	7	8	8—80
	10	3	4	9	7	9	4	9	6	10—70
	4	9	6	5	9	7	6	9	5	5—65
	4	6	8	8	6	7	6	7	7	7—65
Hasenzahl	9	8	7	9	9	10	8	9	8	8—83
	9	7	8	6	7	9	9	9	7	8—82
	6	8	7	7	9	7	9	7	9	10—79
	7	9	9	6	9	4	..	10	9	7—78
Hake	5	7	6	4	8	5	10	8	6	5—65
	6	8	6	10	8	7	9	7	9	6—69
	8	7	7	9	8	9	3	1	6	7 -70
Payne	10	8	7	7	7	7	8	10	8	8—80
	5	8	10	9	9	10	8	5	9	5—74
	10	6	10	9	8	7	10	10	9	8—83
	8	10	8	9	8	6	7	6	10	5—76
Roberts	8	7	8	4	8	9	8	9	5	10—77
	8	5	8	6	10	8	8	9	6	10—77
	9	10	9	7	6	7	6	6	9	5—77
	10	7	8	10	7	7	8	4	7	8—75
Nestler	7	9	8	8	9	8	9	10	10	7—85
	9	8	10	10	10	8	6	7	10	10—88
	10	8	8	9	10	8	10	8	8	8—85
	8	7	9	8	8	9	7	9	10	10—83
See	8	8	7	10	10	7	9	5	6	8 - 85
	9	8	6	6	10	8	6	6	10	8—79
	8	7	8	9	10	7	6	7	6	6—75
	6	8	7	9	6	7	7	8	7	7—74
Topf	6	9	6	6	9	6	4	7	7	8—72
	8	3	10	10	9	4	4	8	9	6—71
	9	5	5	9	7	7	7	5	7	4—65
	10	4	6	9	9	3	8	6	8	4—65
Drube	7	9	6	8	9	8	9	7	9	9—78
	8	9	6	8	5	10	9	6	6	8—77
	7	8	6	6	5	8	10	8	9	8—76
	7	7	6	10	7	6	8	7	7	9—75
Strickmeier	8	3	6	9	8	4	6	8	7	5—70
	7	7	9	7	5	9	4	1	5	6—64
	8	4	6	8	6	8	6	5	10	5 -59
	5	4	5	6	3	3	7	5	5	4—47
Ehlerding	5	8	6	7	9	7	5	7	8	6—68
	8	7	5	10	8	5	6	3	10	10—72
	7	7	5	2	10	7	4	7	7	10—65
	10	6	6	3	8	9	7	5	3	8—65

Wants to Meet Petty.

The letter below has been received from Mr. Sumner Paine, of Boston, Mass., and the suggestions contained in it have been forwarded to Mr. Petty:

"Boston Athletic Association, Exeter street, Boston, March 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have long desired to meet Mr. W. E. Petty in a friendly revolver match, but the opportunity has never presented itself until now. I shall be in New York the first week in April at the live-bird shoot, and should much enjoy shooting a friendly match with him if you can arrange one for that week. He shoots, I believe, with a Smith & Wesson target revolver, while I shoot with the Colt Army, so I would like to shoot five strings of six shots each with each weapon. The shooting with the Colt to be under Massachusetts State rules, viz., all six chambers to be loaded at once and the six shots to be fired within a time limit of one minute, one minute to be allowed between scores to clean and load. I should prefer to shoot outdoors at 50 yards, as that is a much better test of a man's skill than gallery work, but will leave that to Mr. Burnham. The only condition that I feel strongly about is that the shooting be done with service charges, as the tiny charges usually used in gallerys are not so good a test of a man's real shooting ability. I should recommend that the shooting of both style of weapons should be done on the same target, in order that they can be taken together as one match. If any of my suggestions do not find favor with Mr. Petty, let me know his ideas on the subject, and I have no doubt we can reach some amicable agreement.

SUMNER PAINE.

Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.

Parry Sound, Can., March 1.—The various clubs affiliated with the Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association shot their monthly match this afternoon with the following results:

Parry Sound, First Team.

	100yds.	Total.	200yds.	Grand Total.
W Stafford	10 9 8 9 9	—45	10 10 10 9 10	—49 94
R O Stokes	10 10 8 9 10	—47	10 9 10 7 10	—46 93
J Morrish	5 10 8 10 10	—43	7 10 10 10 8	—45 88
J R Leggatt	9 7 9 7 9	—41	6 10 10 9 10	—45 86
D F Macdonald	9 9 10 10 9	—47	9 10 8 6 1	—34 81
				442

Parry Sound, Second Team.

J White	10 9 5 2 10	—36	7 10 7 10 10—44 80
W F Thomson	4 5 8 8 10	—35	6 10 9 10 6—41 76
G White	9 10 7 5 9	—40	6 1 10 6 8—31 71
F Laurie	6 7 8 7 10	—38	3 6 6 7 4—26 64
T W Huff	7 3 5 5 7	—27	10 0 10 7 10—37 64
			335

Wausakasene Team.

Thos. Yates	5 4 10 8 8	—35	0 0 5 10 9—24 59
R W George	3 5 10 10 6	—34	5 9 3 2 1—20 54
R J Clarkson	8 4 2 8 0	—22	0 7 6 10 10—33 55
G Richardson	4 8 8 5 3	—28	10 4 1 3 2—21 49
J. A. Johnston	8 4 8 7 6	—33	5 3 9 1 4—22 55
			272

Kegoeka Club.

H Sullivan	7 7 5 7 0	—26	3 6 6 4 9—28 54
Gil White	2 4 6 4 4	—20	6 3 7 5 10—31 51
S B Purvis	2 6 4 6 7	—25	7 0 9 2 6—21 46
J H Knifton	2 6 6 6 10	—30	0 10 0 0 0—10 40
W Ireland	7 8 6 0 6	—27	0 0 4 0 0—4 31
			222

Toronto Team.

A Elliott	8 9 10 9 4	—40	5 10 5 9 6—35 75
T S Bayles	9 9 5 8 9	—40	9 9 6 9 4—37 77
H Stewart	4 9 8 9 7	—37	4 4 7 10 4—29 66
J F Scholes	9 8 9 10 10	—44	4 9 2 3 0—18 62
J L Scholes	2 1 3 3 9	—19	10 5 8 10 9—43 61
			341

King City Team.

A Carley	6 10 8 9 10	—46	10 9 10 10 5—44 90
J W Crossley	9 9 8 10 8	—44	10 5 10 10 10—45 89
W J Ross	10 8 8 8 9	—43	10 8 10 10 6—45 88
C W Patterson	10 5 10 10 8	—43	5 9 10 5 8—37 80
Dr Norman	9 8 10 10 7	—44	10 7 9 7 7—40 84
			431

Clarksburg Team.

W L Goldsmith	10 10 9 10 9	—48	9 10 10 7 6—42 90
D H Henman	10 10 7 9 10	—46	6 9 6 10 10—41 87
C W Hartman	9 10 5 9 10	—43	8 7 9 1 5—30 73
F Henman	3 7 9 10 10	—39	7 8 8 4 6—33 72
M Mahoney	9 6 5 6 8	—35	10 8 0 6 0—24 59
			381

Bradford Team.

H Parker	9 10 9 10 8	—46	10 10 10 10 10—50 96
D Nielly	7 10 10 10 10	—49	10 10 6 10 10—46 95
J G Nielly	9 10 10 10 8	—47	10 8 9 8 8—43 90
J Doolittle	7 10 8 10 9	—44	10 8 8 6 7—39 83
S McWilliams	9 8 10 6 7	—40	6 6 8 8 7—35 75
			439

Scarboro Team.

S Rennie	9 9 8 10 8	—44	10 10 10 10 6—46 90
A McPherson	10 8 8 9 10	—45	10 10 10 7 7—44 89
J W Kennedy	10 10 10 6 10	—46	5 6 6 8 9—35 81
W A Kennedy	10 9 10 2 7	—38	8 8 9 8 7—40 78
J C Clark	9 6 7 10 10	—42	6 10 8 9 2—35 77
			415

D. F. MacDONALD.

Pacific Slope Rifle Notes.

San Francisco, Cal., March 10.—The first general shooting festival of the year was held last Sunday in celebration of the opening of the picnic season by Capt. Siebe, proprietor of Shell Mound Park. The day was perfect, and many hundreds enjoyed the various festivities. The riflemen were out in force, and many were the dollars that crossed the cashier's desk. The following clipping from a local daily gives a good account of the shoot:

"The marksmen were in their glory yesterday at the Shell Mound range and succeeded in turning out one of the best match shoots in the history of the State. The militiamen were also on hand and many of them participated in the big event of the day—an open tournament, with cash prizes to the amount of $207. There were twenty-four prizes, ranging from $30 to $2, and the conditions allowed any rifle not under thirty-two or over forty-five calibre, and any sight except telescope. The tickets, good for four shots, were sold for $1 each.

It was an excellent day for shooting and the scores were far above the average. Dr. Rodgers, president of the Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club, won the first prize with a score of 95 out of a possible 100, and the lowest prize-winning score was 87. It will be seen, therefore, that the shooting was exceptionally good.

Following are the top scores:

Dr. L. O. Rodgers	23 24 24 24—95
George Helms	24 22 23 25—94
John Utschig	24 22 22 25—93
A. Strecker	24 24 23 23—93
D. B. Faktor	21 23 25 25—92

J. E. Klein 91, F. O. Young 91, D. O. McLaughlin 91, Philo Jacoby 91, F. B. Schuster 91, R. Fiuking 91, L. Haake 90, L. Bendel 89, Captain Kuhnie 89, E. Blodau 88, Charles Thierbach 87, A. Ehrenpfort 87, W. Garms 87, A. R. Mocker 87, H. Huber 87

The first bull's-eye of the morning was made by John Utschig and the last by George Helm. The first of the afternoon was captured by Dr. Rodgers and the last by E. Blodau.

The shooting committee was made up of Dr. L. O. Rodgers, president of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club; Charles Thierbach, ex-president of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein; Captain J. A. Klein, of the Germania Shooting Club."

The scores made by the members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club to-day were as follows:

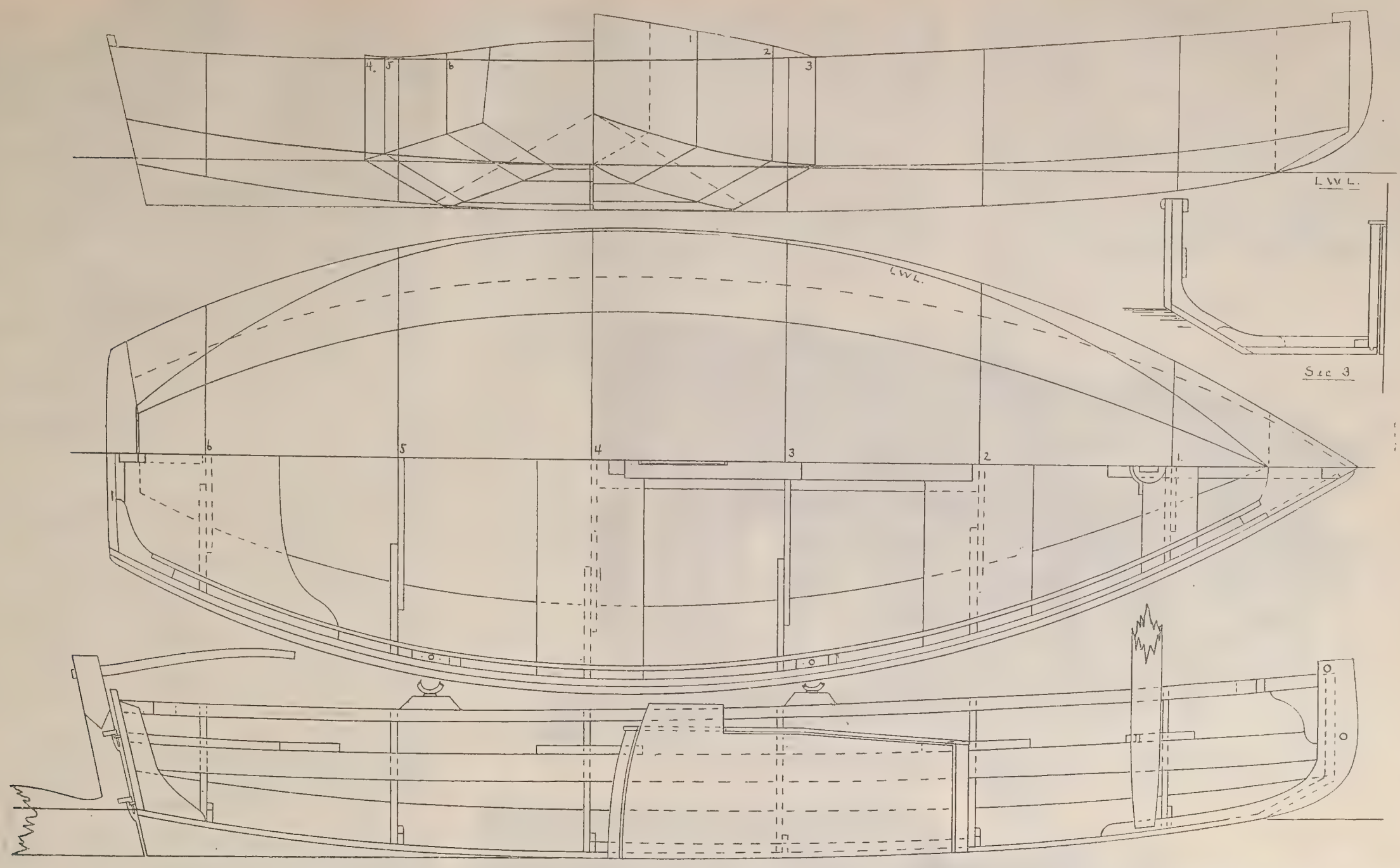
Target rifle, Kuhnle medal, 200 yards, re-entry, standard target: F. O. Young 88, Dr. Rodgers 87, D. W. McLaughlin 84, P. Bohr 77. Military rifle, Glindermann medal, Creedmoor target: E. Hovey 46, A. Gehret 44, E. Fish 43, H. R. Brown 44, I. Fetz 42.

Champion class, for members only, no re-entry: F. O. Young 88, Dr. Rodgers 84, D. W. McLaughlin 83, A. H. Pape 83. First class: C. Perry 85, A. Gehret 75, P. Bohr 76, C. Daiss 69. Second class: H. Folster 74, A. Fetz 72, H. R. Crowe 66, G. Manuel 64.

Medals for members only, no re-entry, pistol, 50 yards: Champion class: A. H. Pape 94, C. M. Daiss 90, T. Barney 89, F. O. Young 88, S. Carr 87, E. Hovey 87. First class: J. E. Gorman 93, Dr. Rodgers 87, D. W. McLaughlin 81, A. Gehret 84, P. Bohr 61. Second class: A. M. Kennedy 77, E. Fish 76, F. Dennis 71, L. Zimmerman 71, H. R. Crane 70, C. Perry 69, H. Folster 68.

Open to all comers, re-entry: Pistol, Blanding medal: S. Carr 95, C. M. Daiss 94, Dr. Rodgers 93, F. O. Young 91, J. E. Gorman 90, E. Hovey 90, E. Fish 82.

ROEEL.



RACING DINGHY—DESIGNED FOR DOUGLASTON Y. C. BY V. D. BACON, 1893.

Yachting

The wonderful success of the new Fife cutter Ailsa in her first races lends special interest to the question of her dimensions, which, the draft in particular, are still in doubt. Her l. w. l. is, of course, but little under 90ft., and her extreme beam about 26ft., but whether this is carried down to the waterline or is merely due to a flaring side, is not definitely stated. The draft is positively stated as 16ft. 3 in., but in view of the other dimensions and of the large sail plan, there is good reason to mistrust these figures. Mr. Will Fife has already obtained fame from the manner in which he has set at defiance the "laws of Nature" in Minerva; but this is nothing to the feat he must have accomplished, if reports be true, in building a yacht of 90ft. l. w. l. and of high power, which will not only carry her huge sail plan well, but which has the lateral plane for good windward work on a draft of only 16ft. or a few inches more. Certainly this has never been done before, nor is there anything in the performance of older keel boats to indicate its practicability, and we shall eagerly await further and more authentic figures.

Those who are interested in the new Herreshoff boat may take their choice of various dimensions as published in different papers, with all extremes of beam and draft. As a matter of fact, the beam and draft of the new boat are as yet unknown save to the few immediately interested; at a guess, we should say about 25ft. for the beam and 18ft. for the draft.

It is hardly likely that the owner of the French yacht Nike II. is a reader of the New York Sun, and we hope, for his own sake, that he will be spared the pain of reading in that journal of the "Mike II." The mistake was probably due to the proximity of St. Patrick's Day.

The decision of the associated Eastern clubs in the matter of measurement is better than we had anticipated, but by no means as good as it might have been. We are strongly opposed to any attempts to measure the overhangs, as not only harmful but in every way unnecessary; but if any measurement other than the load waterline is to be taken, the best is that devised by the Atlantic Y. C. some years since; just as the very worst is that so tenaciously retained by the New York Yacht Racing Association, the so-called "mean-length. By the Atlantic method, the length for measurement is taken parallel to and a fixed distance above the actual waterline, thus including as nearly as possible that gain in length which comes from added immersion. This measurement is difficult to obtain, but at the same time it does tax the part of the overhang which is in or adjacent to the water.

The "mean-length' rule, with 1-2, 1-3 or 1-5 of the overhang, is open to the very serious objection that it does not necessarily tax that part of the overhangs which make length in sailing; but it does tax very heavily the portions which give beauty, grace and deck room, producing the sawn-off craft as nearly like a shoe-box as is possible.

No organization is strong enough to-day to put a prohibitive tax on long ends; the decrees of fashion, to say nothing of real utility, are too powerful. The Atlantic method is in no way unfair to modern as opposed to the old craft, but the adoption of a rule taxing any fraction of the overall length must inevitably have operated against the club which upheld it.

The one proper measurement of length for use in any formula is that of the measurement of l.w.c. with crew aboard; or, what is better, the English plan, of the owner placing his marks where he pleases and ballasting his boat so that they are never immersed when at rest in smooth water with crew aboard; the number of crew being otherwise unlimited. Sooner or later this method will be adopted in America, to the benefit of yacht racing. Under it the designer is free to take any reasonable amount of overhang, forward or aft, with the certainty of a natural penalty if his greed outweighs his judgment.

There is just one valid plea for the measurement of overhangs, that of vested interests as represented in the older boats. However strong this may be, there is the other side, that men about to build will have the newest models, and that if one club taxes the new in favor of the old, the new boats will go to some more liberal club. In such a case as that in the East, where the old boats demand, and rightfully, a certain degree of consideration, we would advise a medium course that would be as fair as possible for all parties. This would include the measurement of the waterline, with crew aboard, with an allowance of a certain per cent. to the older boats with plumb stems, such allowance to apply only to boats now in existence.. The amount of this allowance could be determined quite as accurately, as the value of the overhang would be measured under the "mean-length" rule; for instance, in boats with long overhangs at each end, the actual waterline would be measured; in boats with counters and plumb stems a deduction of 15 per cent. would be made from the measured waterline, and in boats with both ends plumb a deduction of 33 per cent. Something of this kind might be arranged to give all fair protection to existing boats, and yet to allow full liberty of design to the owners of new craft. It would be quite as fair and equitable as an absolute tax on overhang, and would produce far better results in the end.

In the course of a few years, the square-ended boats are certain to disappear in any case, and the boats built in the meanwhile will not have suffered out of deference to them.

We quote from the Yachtsman of March 7: In the last issue of the Forest and Stream to hand we read: "The report of the committee on revision of the classification and racing rules was discussed at length, but the proposed amendments were finally carried, with two exceptions; that limiting the crew to the number on board when the yacht is measured, and the following: If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them, without tacking, are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must, as far as possible, short of tacking, give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark." The exception mentioned above strikes us as being peculiar. It was lately reported that the New York Y. C. had decided to measure with crews aboard, and the refusal to adopt the latter proposition (which is dealt with by Rule 19 of the British Y. R. A.) strikes us as being so unreasonable that we are inclined to doubt the accuracy of our contemporary's report.

We can assure the Yachtsman that our report was correct, and further, that the New York Y. C. has now on its books a rule identical with Rule 19 of the Y. R. A., and consequently quite different from the proposed rule, as above.

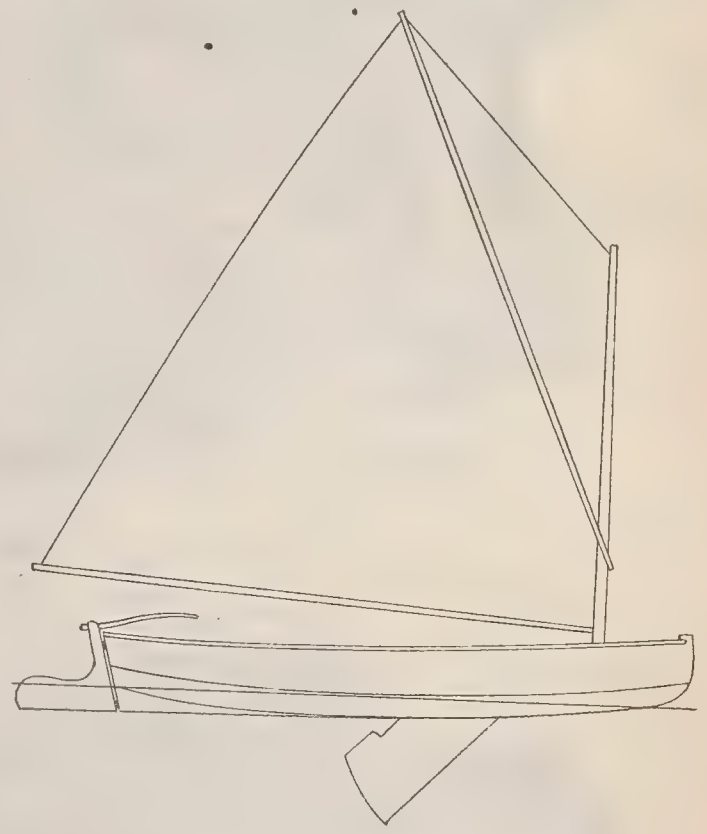
Capt. Charles Barr has been engaged to bring Vigilant across, sailing from New York this week to fit her out at Southampton, where some work will be done on her, as already ordered by cable. Capt. Barr will also sail her this season. The boat will be in good hands, as Capt. Barr has long since won a place as one of the ablest racing skippers on this side.

A New Racing Dinghy Class.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Acting on the article in the Forest and Stream of Jan. 5, the Douglaston Y. C. has started an almost identical class, with the exception that it is limited in length over all to 12ft., thereby making a size that small cruising yachts may carry on the davits or tow astern, and making a good all-round yacht tender and small racer combined. The design was furnished by V. D. Bacon, of the Cape Cod Yacht Agency, and is both novel and cheap; the writer's boat is just finished, at a cost of $50, and is one of the prettiest small boats he has ever seen, showing both speed and stability in every line. She was built by Wm. Petersen, of Little Neck, L I., who has three other boats for the same class in frame.

One great beauty of this type of boat is the extremely cheap construction, enabling even the poorest yachtsman—who are generally the most enthusiastic—to build from a new design every year. The writer's boat is 11ft. 7 1-2in. over all, and has comfortable seating room for six people; she is fitted with a spritsail with boom, and as one of the restrictions of the class is that all spar must stow inside the boat, each boat will carry about the same amount of canvas, thereby putting a premium on handling. As other clubs beside the Douglaston Y. C. are offering prizes for thi class, it is expected that there will be a fleet of 20 boats by June 1 The restrictions are as follows: Length over all not to exceed 12ft. draft, without board, not to exceed 1ft.; weight of centerboard no to exceed 50 lbs ; all spars must stow inside the boat, no telescoping spars allowed; boats, when racing, to carry only two people no shifting ballast.—N.



SAIL PLAN OF RACING DINGHY.

The Steam Yacht Giralda.

We are indebted to Engineering for the accompanying illustrations of the twin screw engines of the new steam yacht Giralda the boat which has attracted so much attention already on this side of the Atlantic.

The twin screw yacht Giralda, which the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Glasgow, have recently completed for Mr. Hugh McCalmont, is away on a cruise on the Mediterranean. The yacht is remarkable in several respects, combining the principal features of a pleasure craft and an armed cruiser Speed and coal endurance being a first consideration, the machinery naturally is of most interest, and we give three engravings, which illustrate clearly the main engines. These are of the high-speed type, and it is interesting to note that not only has Mr. Laing designed, and the Fairfield Company constructed, the fastest merchant steamer, but also the fastest pleasure craft, for the Giralda on trial on the Clyde made 20.9 knots, the power developed being 8,500 indicated horse-power, with the engines running at 220 revolutions.

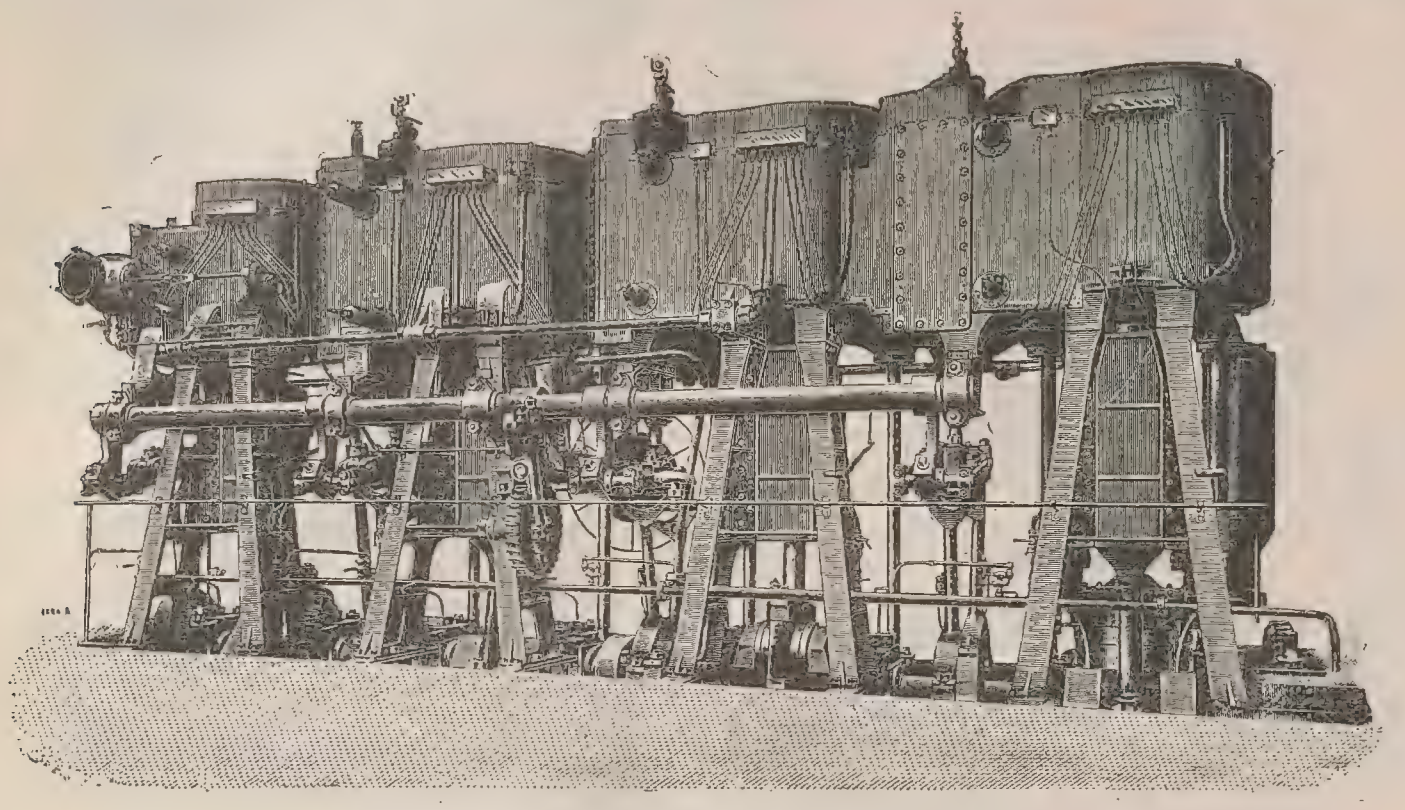
The propelling machinery illustrated consists of two sets of triple-expansion engines, each set having four cylinders working on four cranks. Each set has one high-pressure cylinder 25 in. in diameter. one intermediate-pressure cylinder 40 in. in diameter and two low-pressure cylinders 45 in. in diameter, all adapted fo a stroke of 2 ft. 3 in. The high-pressure cylinders are each fitted with a piston valve, and the intermediate aud low-pressure cylinders with a flat slide valve, all being worked by the ordinary double eccentric aud link motion valve gear. The cylinder covers and pistons are of cast steel, made by Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co. The reversing gear is of the all-round type, with worm and whee gear worked by a small steam engine.

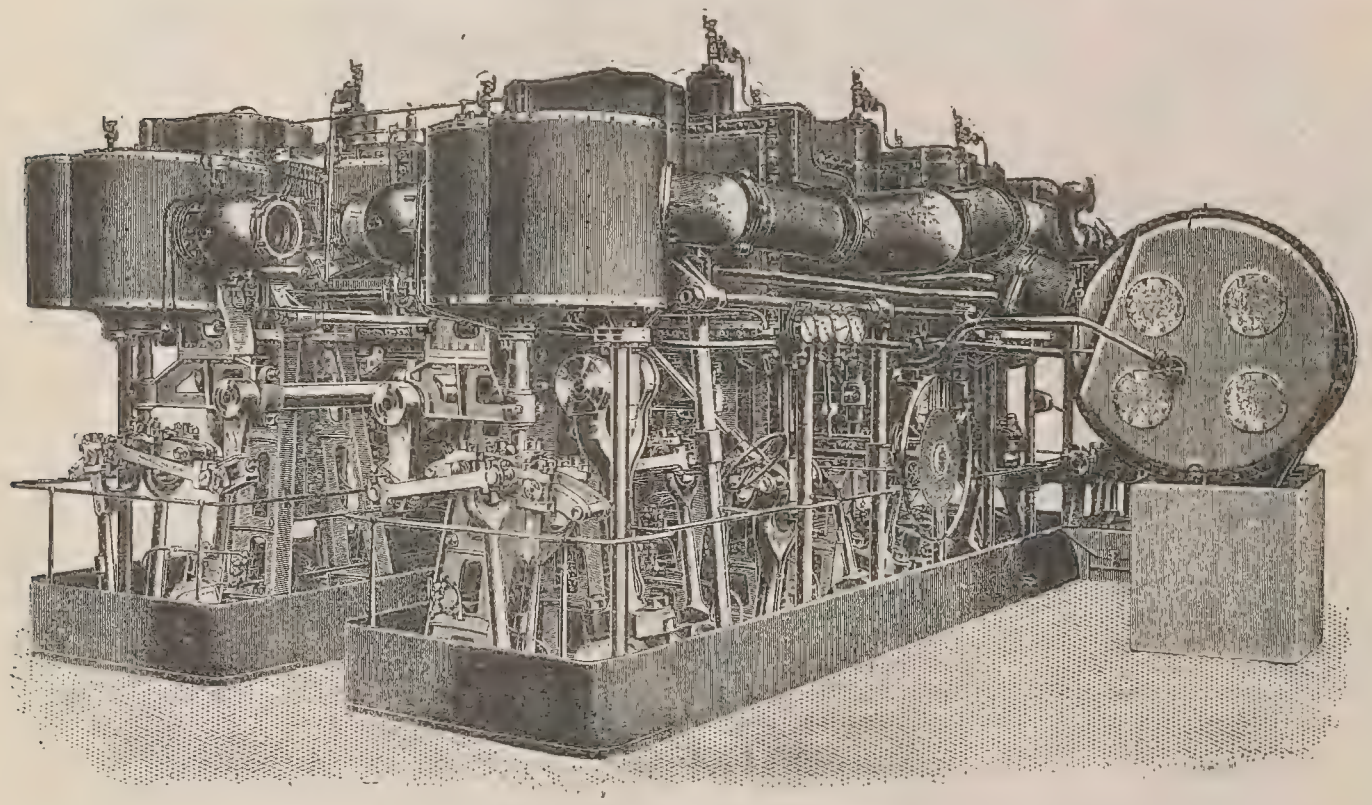
The condensers are constructed of sheet brass, separate and distinct from the main engines, and placed in the wings of the ship. The condensing water is supplied by two large centrifugal engines with pumps of brass supplied by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., Bedford. The main and auxiliary feed pumps are separate and distinct from the main engines, and were supplied by Messrs. G. & J. Weir. Two fire and bilge engines are also fitted in the engine-room, made by Messrs. Mumford, Colchester. A large evaporator for feed water make-up is fitted, and was supplied by Messrs. Caird & Rayner, London. The shaft for each engine consists of two pieces, each with two double-throw cranks, and, together with the tunnel shafting, is hollow, and all forged by Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co., Limited, of their fluid pressed steel. The propellers are fitted with blades of bronze. The crank and thrust shafts are 10 3-4 in. in diameter, and the propeller shaft 11 in., all with a 5-in. hole.

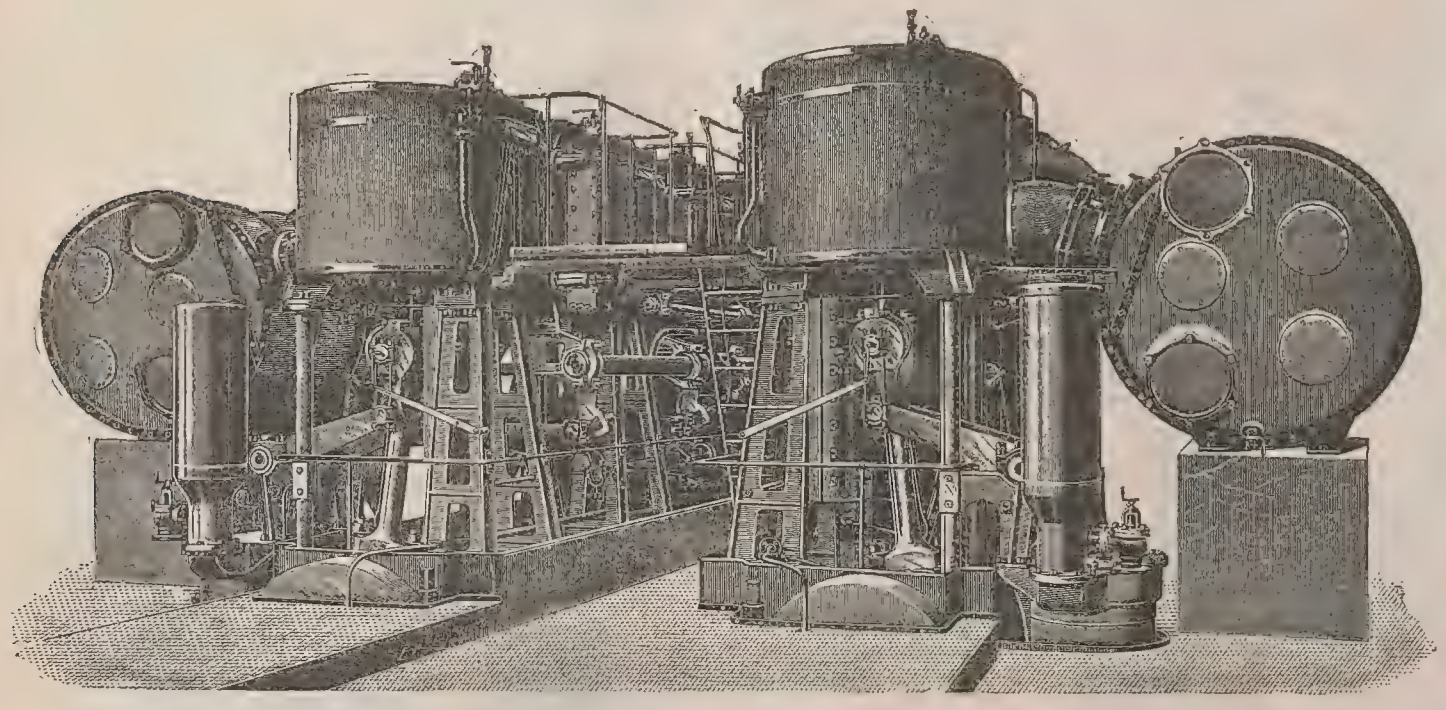
Steam is supplied by three double-ended and two single boilers made entirely of steel, having a total of 16 ribbed furnaces, and constructed for a working pressure of 170 lbs. per square inch. They are 12 ft. 1 in. in diameter, the double-ended being 18 ft. 3 in. long and the single-ended 16 ft. They are adapted to work with moderate forced draught and closed stokeholds. The boilers are fitted in two separate boiler-rooms, and arranged with one large funnel, air being supplied by ventilators for natural draught and fans for forced draught. The stokeholds are fitted with See's patent ejectors. The machinery and fittings are of a light construction, steel and brass being largely used.

The dimensions of the Giralda are: Length over all, ——ft.; length on load water line, 275 ft.; extreme width, 35 ft. 1 1-2 in.; and depth, 19ft.; the yacht measurement being 1,508 tons. The deck erections consist of a topgallant forecastle, large midship house 160ft. long, and a small wheel-house aft. In the midship house are situated the public rooms—the drawing and dining-rooms at the after, and the smoking-room at the fore end—all communicating with each other by an inclosed passage, running along the starboard side of the casings. The deck in these apartments and the corridor is entirely covered with oak parquetry, and the rooms are framed and panelled in solid hard wood, satinwood, oak, etc., varied in each apartment with furniture and upholstery to harmonize. The sleeping accommodation is all arranged on the lower deck, the height between decks being 9ft. 6 in. Forward of the boiler space are four large cabins entering from the vestibule abaft the smoking-room on the main deck, and abaft of engine space are the owner's cabin and another large state-room. All these cabins are substantially framed in mahogany, with light silk in the panels. The framing has been enamelled white throughout, thus giving the occupants all the advantage of the light which is here admitted by large sidelights, with stained-glass lanterns on the inside, and also from skylights on the deck. Neat fireplaces, with white metal grates, have been fitted up in all the public rooms and in the principal state-rooms, the other apartments being comfortably heated by means of steam apparatus. Two upright grand pianos have been supplied, one being placed in the drawing-room and the other in the owner's state-room, on the cabin sole, each with case made to harmonize with the surrounding frame. All the apartments are furnished and upholstered in elegant style, with brass or hardwood bedsteads, wardrobes, chests of drawers, writing-tables, chairs, couches, etc.; the floors covered with Axminster or Turkey carpets and rugs, silk curtains to windows and beds, and, in fact, everything which can be expected to assure the perfect enjoyment of a cruise.

There is a complete system of water-tight compartments, cutting off the engines from the boilers, and dividing one set of boilers from another. Only in some bulkheads have doors been provided, and these can be closed from the main deck. The coal bunkers completely surround the boiler-rooms, and the side bunkers are carried inward over the top of the boilers to the height of the upper deck, and along the whole length of the engine space. The side plating is 13-20 in., and 14-20 in. thick, and the bottom plating is mostly 1-2 in. thick. The frames are formed of heavy channel bars, spaced 2ft. apart, and the floors to every frame are 5-8 in. thick. The bulkheads forming the water-tight compartments and the coal bunkers are all 16-20 in. in thickness. The vessel is built of steel throughout. Two Gardner guns and four Hotchkiss guns, with two electric searchlights of Admiralty pattern, add to the resemblance to an armed cruiser; and her crew, of 60 Naval Reserve men, procured from the Orient service, with Mr. McCalmont himself as commander, with a master's certificate, encourage the idea that, although a private yacht, the Giralda may be regarded as at any time available as an Admiralty dispatch boat. She has a coal-carrying capacity enabling her to make a voyage of over 3,500 nautical miles at a speed of 15 knots; or of nearly 6,000 nautical miles at a speed of 12 knots. She is lightly rigged, with three pole masts and fore-and-aft sails with one yard on the foremast.







ENGINES OF STEAM YACHT GIRALDA—From Engineering.

A Summer Afloat.

PART I.

On Monday, July 2, 1894, we took the early morning train at Magnolia for Salem, and from there the electric street cars for Marblehead.

As we skirted round the beautiful bay at Salem, we wondered why yachtsmen did not more often use this splendid harbor. It is deep and wide and much larger than Marblehead, and in a northeaster far safer.

I think that if I could have any spot I chose on the Massachusetts Coast for my own, I would take one of the grassy knolls on the east side of Salem Bay.

It is an ideal place for a yachtsman's home. Woods and grass and bright deep water, what more could one ask?

We found the little * Cy-Pres moored to a dolphin in front of Billow's boathouse; her newly planed deck shining in a fresh coat of varnish, her sides immaculately white and smooth. New running rigging had been rove throughout, and she was shipshape in every particular.

It was not long before we had every sail set, the anchor stowed, and were gliding along before a gentle southeast breeze, heading for our home port, Magnolia, where we spent several days taking short sails—to get our sea legs on (and our hands, too).

On Thursday, July 5, we sailed to Salem, anchoring just north of the end of Derby wharf. After ordering our season's provisions sent down, we lunched on clam chowder and coffee.

As usual, the grocer's wagon was a long time in getting to the wharf. We amused ourselves by rowing about on the perfectly still water till we were very warm, then we walked up and down the wharf, getting much warmer.

Our patience was nearly exhausted when we saw the little wagon coming round the corner. We had hoped the goods would arrive while the tide was still high, but alas! our little skiff, that was floating up level with the road bed when we went to lunch, was now many feet below us, and a wet, slippery, crazy old ladder the only means of reaching her.

I got down into the dingy, while F. and the driver got the big box on to the edge of the dock. After much puffing and blowing on their part and many narrow escapes from taking a header on mine we got the box over the side of the dock, with one end resting on a round of the old ladder.

The driver steadied the top end of the box while F. attempted to climb down past it to help me lower it into the boat, when suddenly, no one knew how, or why, the lower end slipped off and down it came with a bang and a crash, nearly upsetting the poor little dingy.

By the time we were on board the yacht, it was too late to think of taking the long sail back to Magnolia, so we supped on boiled eggs and cocoa, hung out our anchor light and turned in.

We followed our usual custom and rowed round the harbor in the dingy. Seeing the familiar outlines of the little yawl Sea Fox, we went alongside and had a talk with the skipper and owner.

While telling us of some of his experiences, he remarked that if it had not been for his new anchor, he was sure that he would have gone ashore.

We learned on inquiring that he referred to a Babbitt anchor, in which both palms bite at the same time, securing thereby a much stronger holding power. There is no stock in this form of anchor, and consequently it takes up very little room. Both palms and shank lie close along the deck, and the nuisance of having the jib sheets wrapped around the stock is entirely overcome. Another



CUTTER SHONA IN MARBLEHEAD HARBOR.

great advantage is that no matter how many times you swing round, your anchor cannot get foul, as there is neither fluke nor shank sticking up for the cable to catch on. If, by any possible chance, the cable should get under the shank, it would turn the anchor over and clear itself, and the flukes would bite on the other side.

We were so pleased with the description of it, that we decided we must have one (and, reader, that is what you ought to do), and planned a trip to Boston for that special object; but we found on getting back to Magnolia that we could not go for several days.

It was Thursday before we were able to set sail, the wind was light from S. E., and we could just lay our course close hauled on port tack. As we approached Halfway Rock, the tide set us toward it, and we had to pinch hard to clear it. The wind freshened a trifle at this point, and our speed increased very materially. Our course took us well clear of the Whistler off the Graves, and the Brewsters also. As we rounded Shag Rocks and stood up Nantasket Roads, the wind increased, and we bowled merrily along through Hull Gut, past the two large spindles, and anchored just off the old town in about ten feet of water.

While lying at anchor, a very pretty knockabout sailed past near us. The owner hailed us, saying, "He was glad to see the Cy-Pres, as he had been very much interested in following her cruises in the Forest and Stream."

On Friday morning we took an early steamer from Pemberton Hotel for Boston. As we had forgotten the name of the firm who kept the Babbitt anchors, we commenced at one end of Commercial street and inquired for them at every hardware store and shipchandler's as we went along. Several stores had little ones weighing about twenty pounds, but we did not find what we wanted until we got to Morse's.

There we bought one weighing thirty-six pounds and lugged it back through the hot streets to the steamer at Rowe's Wharf. We got back to Hull by noon, and as the wind and tide were both favorable we took a light lunch and sailed for Marblehead. The weather was charming, and we enjoyed hugely the run across the bay.

Next morning was hot and hazy, with a very light wind and every indication of a smoky southwester.

We started early for Magnolia, but did not reach there till nearly noon. The wind continued from S. W. during Saturday and Sunday, and the heat was simply terrific. It seemed as though the harder it blew the hotter it grew.

We had noticed for several days that the pump worked very hard, and occasionally the check valve would stick when open, which annoyed us very much; so we started Monday, July 23, for Marblehead to have it overhauled.

* Former cruises of the little Cy-Pres have appeared in the Forest and Stream in 1893-1894.

We found there was no way provided for drawing the valve box out or removing the pump without cutting off the suction pipe.

I went ashore for Billows and showed him the dilemma we were in. He advised us to cut the suction pipe just below the cockpit floor, which we did, pulling the pump up through the floor and taking the pipe out through the cabin. This would seem to be a trifling job, but we found it quite otherwise.

The pipe had been forced into its place through holes bored in the timbers to receive it, and had been bent in several places. The bending had enlarged the pipe one way as much as it had flattened it the other, and it was almost impossible to get it out.

Poor Billows crawled on his belly under the cockpit floor and pulled and pounded till the sweat rolled off from him in streams.

We found after getting the thing out that a small wad of string had been sucked up into the pipe, which would occasionally get up as far as the valve, not only making the pump work hard, but, by holding the valve open would let what little water did come through run back.

It seems to me that every yacht's pump should be so constructed that it could be taken apart easily, and disconnected from the suction pipe in a moment.

If I ever build a boat, I shall insist that the lower part of the pump (which contains the valve) shall screw on to the upper part or barrel, and that the suction pipe shall be connected to the valve box by a "union," or else be made of galvanized iron, and put together in sections, so that it can be quickly disconnected.

There can be no possible objection to this from a mechanical point of view, and much can be said in its favor.

A pump that will not work and cannot be taken apart might some day put one's life in peril, and I for one do not care to take that risk when it can be avoided so easily.

We had hoped to get the work done in time to sail back to Magnolia that afternoon, but the plumber was so late in getting down to the yacht that we could not do it, so amused ourselves rowing around the harbor, which is always full of interesting craft of all sizes.

The plumber had to crawl in under the cockpit floor, where it was quite dark and very cramped for room, to solder the ends of the suction pipe together, where it had been sawed in two.

Noticing that he was scarcely able to see what he was doing, I got out my dishpan and held it so I could reflect a broad beam of sunshine on to the spot on which he was working.

It was surprising how thoroughly the whole space was lighted up, and how easily the man could now see to work. It was an experiment worth trying and one well worth remembering.

We started for home next morning, going out by Halfway Rock with a gentle breeze from the S. E.

Just before reaching the Rock it occurred to us that it would be interesting to get the compass bearing of the new whistling buoy, which is about two and one-half miles S. E. from the Whistler off Eastern Point, and sail round it; so out came charts and compass, and as we passed close to the Rock we laid our course for this small object, at that distance entirely invisible.

The breeze freshened slightly, and we were soon bowling along planksheer to.

About half a mile beyond the Rock we ran into very troubled water, and would have expected to find a reef there, had we not known that it was very deep. The only thing that we could think of to account for the boiling and bubbling of the water was, that probably this was the meeting point of the tide coming down from Boston and that running out from Salem and Marblehead.

After standing on our course about half an hour we could make out the Whistler with the glass, and before long rounded it, leaving it on our port hand, and squared away for a reach home. This outer whistler is a large nunbuoy with black and white vertical stripes, and the whistle is pitched about an octave higher than the red buoy off Eastern Point, or the one at the Graves in Boston Harbor.

A due north-westerly course from this buoy will take you clear of Eastern Point and into Gloucester Harbor; but close attention must be given to the stage and direction of the tide, as it runs very swiftly round Eastern Point both on the ebb and flood, and allowance must be made for it.

We spent the balance of the week sailing around Magnolia, taking out small parties of friends occasionally, and sometimes hurrying to put some poor seasick individual ashore.

Monday, July 30, we laid in a fresh supply of eggs, butter and bread; filled our water-jugs ready for a week's cruise "down East," and glided away from our mooring at 8:30 A. M., wind light from N. E.

After rounding Eastern Point we decided to go in between Milk Island and Thatcher's Island, as it would reduce the distance very much, and we also wanted to take advantage of the fair weather to explore this channel, which we might some time find a very convenient way of shortening the passage round Cape Ann in rough weather; we therefore kept closer in shore than we had been accustomed to, and as we approached Thatcher's Island were surprised that we did not open Straitsmouth Light between it and Milk Island, for we had observed that if we brought Straitsmouth Light to bear midway between them, we could run for it with perfect safety.

The wind was freshening steadily, and we were getting very close to what we supposed was Thatcher's Island, and still no appearance of the lighthouse.

Suddenly it flashed across my mind that what we had been regarding as Milk Island was the main land, and that Milk and Thatcher's Islands lay so that they appeared as one. The big towers that seemed to be on the low land near us were in reality a half-mile further beyond.

Acting on this theory, I put the tiller down, trimmed sheets flat, and stood off shore In a few moments we opened the channel between the islands, and, bringing Straitsmouth Light to bear midway between them, made for it. The water was perfectly smooth in the lee of Thatcher's Island, and we kept the lead going, finding nearly two fathoms in the shallowest part.

Soon after passing the bar the wind whipped round to northwest and began to pipe, so that we had a very exciting thrash to windward round Straitsmouth with our lee sail awash most of the time.

We ran into Rockport and anchored in our old place on the west side near the breakwater. Not long after reaching this very snug little harbor a sloop came in with double reefed mainsail and jib bobbed down. She had to take several short tacks to get past the end of the breakwater, and in one or two strong puffs we thought certainly that she would go over. The crew let jib sheets fly and shot her up into the wind not a second too soon.

Another larger boat came in later—she was a big Cape cat, and had a crew of five men on board, who were evidently strangers to the harbor, as they anchored outside, till a fisherman went out and told them where to find the entrance.

As they passed us we hailed them, saying, "It's blowing pretty fresh." They answered "Yes, it was rough outside, and they thought themselves lucky to get in at all."

As all had on oilskins, we concluded that they had been throwing considerable dust over themselves.

Both of these boats anchored in mid-channel and were abused a good deal before dark for obstructing the harbor.

There are two good places in this harbor to anchor, one close to the west arm of the breakwater, the other on the east side of the harbor near to the coal dock. Either place is out of the way of the numerous fishing sloops and schooners that make this their home port, as nearly all of them shoot up to the docks on the west side at the head of the harbor, where they lie sometimes three and four abreast.

We were very much interested in the way in which a crew of three men handled a large stone sloop. They took in all sail just outside of the harbor and shot her in straight in the wind's eye. As soon as she lost headway, one of them sculled a yawl up to the docks, taking the end of a line with him and making it fast. Then they warped the sloop up by means of a steam engine on the forecastle that operated the windlass. We afterward saw them raise the anchor and get up their mainsail with this same engine.

We got under way next morning about 7 A. M., with a light N. W. breeze. As we had often wanted to look into Pigeon Cove, we ran down in that direction, keeping outside of Dodge's Rock spindle till abreast of the harbor, when we went about on starboard tack and stood in toward the end of the breakwater.

A large three-masted schooner lay right across the entrance, so we could not run in; but we saw enough of the place to convince us that it was fully as large as Rockport, and probably more quiet in a strong northeast blow.

After standing back and forth across the entrance, once or twice to get the "lay of the land" fixed in our minds, we left the place, determined to visit it again some day, and, if possible, go inside and anchor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MODEL YACHTING.

The American Model Y. C. Challenge Trophy.

The following regulations have been drawn up by the American Model Y. C. to govern its challenge trophy, which in the future will be open to international as well as home competition. The trophy, which was designed by Mr. George W. Townley, treasurer of the club, was made by N. M. Shepard, New York

AMERICAN MODEL YACHT CLUB.

Perpetual Challenge Trophy.

State of New York, County of Kings, } ss.
City of Brooklyn. U. S. A. }

October 5, 1894.

Revised articles of agreement and sailing regulations of the American Model Yacht Club perpetual challenge trophy.

These articles and sailing regulations were originally promulgated on June 3, 1892, and duly revised on Oct. 5, 1894, as hereinafter set forth.

Article I.—Trophy.—The trophy herein designated is hereby donated by the officers and members of the American Model Y. C., and shall always be known as the "American Model Y. C. perpetual challenge trophy."

Article II.—Objects.—The objects of this trophy are to stimulate the building and sailing of models of yachts, on scientific principles, for the purpose of ascertaining the relative merits of different forms as to speed and seaworthiness; and it is to be competed for as hereinafter directed.

Article III.—Dates.—This trophy is open to all duly organized and recognized model yacht clubs, to be sailed for once each year, either on May 30, July 4, or the first Monday in September; when challenged for, and on no other date except as hereinafter provided.

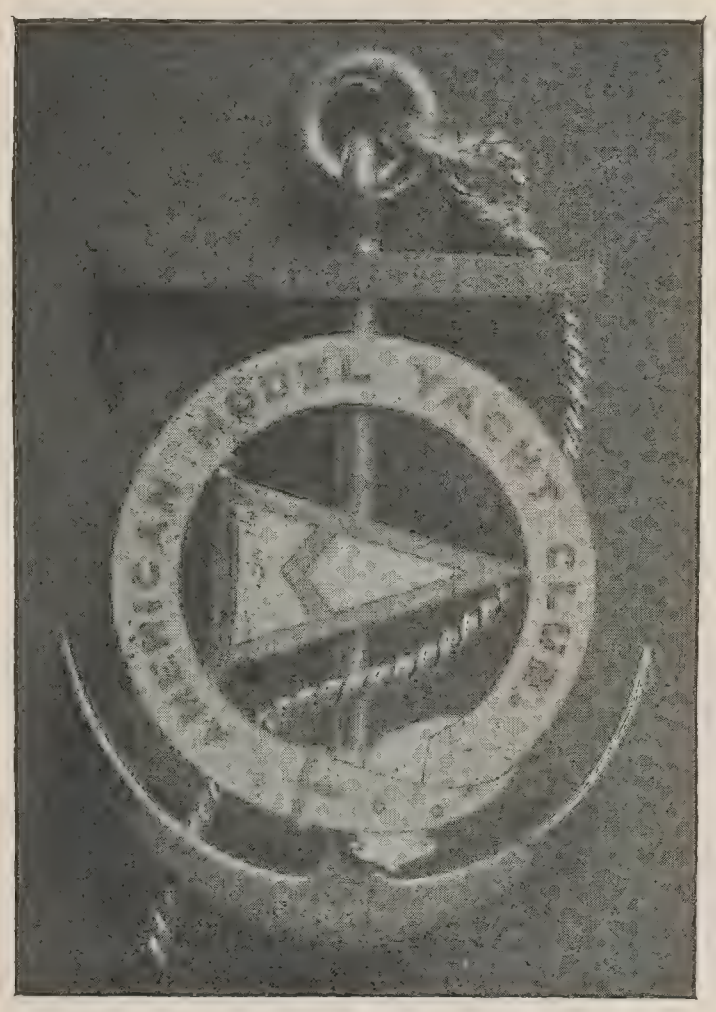
Article IV.—Challenges.—All challenges must be received by the secretary of the club, or by the trustees holding the trophy, ninety days before the date specified therein for a race. All challenges must be accompanied by a voucher as to the existence of the challenging club (see Article III.). All challenges must specify the name of the owner, the load waterline length, and the name of the challenging yacht. An excess of over two inches by official measurement (on the day of the race) of the length so specified shall bar a yacht from competing for the trophy. The challenged club must give the name of the owner and the name of the defending yacht, and shall name the place where the races are to be sailed when accepting a challenge. In case no challenge is received as herein before specified, the holders of the trophy shall not be subject to challenge for the same until the following year. All challenges shall be considered according to the date of their receipt by the secretary of the club or by the trustees holding the trophy.

While one challenge is under consideration another shall not be considered.

In no case shall a challenge be allowed to remain under consideration more than thirty days from the date of its receipt by the holders of the trophy.

If it does so remain without being acted upon and either accepted or rejected according to these articles and sailing regulations, and the challenging club being duly notified of the action taken, the trophy shall be forfeited to the challenging club.

The only reasons for the rejection of a challenge shall be the non-compliance of the challenge with these articles and sailing regulations, or the disqualification of the challenging club (see Articles III. and IV., and also Rule 2 of the sailing regulations).



Article V.—Committee.—The trophy racing committee shall be appointed at least thirty days before the date of a race, and shall consist of one member of the club holding the trophy (or one member of the staff of the journal holding the trophy as trustees) and one member of the challenging club; but shall not include either of the persons sailing the yachts in the races.

Article VI.—Duties of the Committee.—It shall be the duty of the trophy committee to appoint a referee to see that the yachts are properly measured before the race, that they contain no loose or shifting ballast, that they are properly numbered as hereinafter prescribed, that a proper timekeeper is provided; to lay out the proper course to be sailed over as hereinafter specified; to see that all buoys are properly anchored; to follow the yachts over the course in their skiffs at a proper distance not to interfere in any way with the sailing of the yachts, but close enough to be able to see every touch; to make a memorandum of every touch in order that the ten seconds may be taxed therefor as hereinafter specified; to see that the time is properly taken and computed and the proper allowances made for measurements and taxes; to direct the parties sailing the yachts which way to turn the outer buoy; and to see that the sailing regulations, as hereinafter set forth, are properly adhered to and carried out.

Article VII.—Referee.—The referee shall be chosen by the trophy committee as soon as possible after their appointment, and if possible must not be a member of either of the clubs interested; but must be a person well up in the sailing of model yachts in races for prizes, and a person whom it is known will render entirely disinterested decisions.

Article VIII.—Duties of the Referee.—It shall be the duty of the referee to see that everything is in proper shape for a start at the time and place specified for a race, and to call the race, also to see that the course is kept clear during the races. Should the trophy committee disagree as to a decision on any point or points, he shall decide after first consulting these articles and sailing regulations for authority. He, together with the trophy committee, shall attend to the awarding of the trophy and the proper signing of the receipt for the same as hereinafter directed.

The decision of the referee shall be final.

Article IX.—Property.—The American Model Yacht Club perpetual challenge trophy, when won, shall be the property of the club (for the time being only) whose representative yacht won it, and shall always be held subject to challenge as herein set forth.

Article X.—Receipt.—The club whose representative yacht has won the trophy, or to whom the trophy has been forfeited, shall by its officers and the owner of the victorious yacht sign the following receipt, viz., "We, the undersigned, officers and members of the ————, do each for himself and severally bind ourselves, that we will be each and severally personally responsible for the safekeeping of the American Model Yacht Club perpetual challenge trophy; the receipt of which, in good order, is hereby acknowledged; and that we will always, so long as in our possession, hold it subject to challenge as herein set forth in these articles and sailing regulations, and will produce it in good order at the time and place set for a race when accordingly challenged for; and, if defeated in such race in accordance with the terms and conditions herein set forth, will cheerfully hand the trophy over to the proper representatives of the winning club on their signing a duplicate of this the specified receipt:

"————Club.
"————Commodore.
"————Secretary.
"————Winner.
"————Place.
"————Date."

Article XI.—Dissolution.—In case of the dissolution for any cause whatever, of any club holding the trophy, the said trophy shall at once be delivered to the donating club to be subject to challenge as hereinbefore stated. In case of the dissolution of the donating club and having said trophy in their possession, said trophy shall be placed in care of some responsible yachting or sportsman's journal as trustee, to be perpetuated as herein set forth. Any club holding said trophy and dissolving, disbanding or breaking up in any way after the donating club has ceased to exist, shall at once on their dissolution place the trophy with some responsible yachting or sportsman's journal as trustee to be perpetuated as herein set forth.

Article XII.—Amendments.—The donating club do hereby reserve the right to amend these articles and sailing regulations from time to time as occasion requires, but to do so only when the trophy is in their possession.

Article XIII.—Final.—A full and complete verbatim typewritten or printed copy of these revised articles of agreement and sailing regulations, and receipt shall always accompany the American Model Yacht Club perpetual challenge trophy whenever transferred.

George W. Townley, Herbert Fisher, Frank Nichols, } Committee on Revision.
James H. Lane, Commodore.

For the members of the American Model Yacht Club.
October 5, 1894.

Sailing Regulations.

Rule 1—Yachts.—Only one yacht shall represent a challenging club, and only one yacht shall represent a defending club.

Owners only (and only one owner when a yacht is owned by more than one person) shall sail a yacht in the races for the trophy, and the owner starting in a race must continue to sail the yacht until the races are decided, unless he sees fit to withdraw the yacht from the races; and in such case the races shall be declared off for that date, and the yacht so withdrawn shall be declared defeated unless otherwise decided by a unanimous vote of the trophy committee and referee, all three voting.

Rule 2—Measurement.—Yachts shall not be less than thirty-five, or more than forty-eight inches, load water-line length. The rule for measuring load water-line length is that all length of boat below l. w. l. in excess of l. w. l. be added to l. w. l. the sum to be the l. w. l. length.

Yachts shall be measured for time allowance as follows, viz: To the square root of the actual sail area of the largest suit of sails carried, add the l. w. l. length and divide by two

$$\left(\frac{\sqrt{S.\ A.} \times L.\ W.L.\ length}{2} = \text{corrected length}\right)$$

the result being corrected length for calculating time allowance.

Rule 3—Ballast.—Yachts shall have only stationary ballast in a race for the trpohy.

Rule 4—Time allowance.—The larger yacht shall allow the smaller yacht time on measurement in which the corrected length only shall be taxed, it to be taxed, at the rate of ten seconds per inch for a one-mile course.

Rule 5—Time Limit.—The limit of time for making a race over the course shall be twenty-five minutes. A limit of two minutes shall be allowed for yachts to cross the starting line. The time of each yacht shall be taken as it crosses the line within the time limit. The time of any yacht that crosses after the time limit shall be taken as having started at the expiration of the limit. In case a race cannot be sailed within the time limit on account of lack of wind, the trophy committee and referee shall decide on a date agreeable to the parties sailing in the races when the races shall be sailed.

Rule 6—Course.—All races for the trophy shall be sailed over a given course, to be established by the trophy committee on the day of the race. If only one yacht appears at the starting line at the time specified for a race, the race shall be called, and such yacht shall sail over the course the same as though a competitor had appeared, have her time taken, and recorded, and be accordingly awarded the trophy. The races shall start from or across an imaginary line drawn between two anchored buoys, thence to and around a buoy anchored not more or less than one-fourth of a mile distant from line of starting, returning over the same course and finishing at the starting line. The first yacht winning two of the races shall be declared the winner, and the trophy shall be accordingly delivered to the proper representatives of the club to which the victorious yacht belongs.

Rule 7—Buoys.—Starting and finishing buoys shall be set about fifty feet apart at right angles with the line of the course. About fifteen feet behind the starting line a buoy shall be set which will fly a white flag, astern of which the yachts shall be released, and shall cross the starting line by the power of their sails only.

Rule 8—Signals.—There shall be a preparatory signal given, and shortly after the signal for starting shall be given.

Rule 9—Fouling.—Should the yachts foul during a race, such race must be sailed over again, unless, in the opinion of the trophy committee, one of the yachts did not stand any chance of winning. Should any yacht while in a race foul a buoy, such yacht must be sailed around said buoy again from the proper direction, provided the owner wishes to continue in the race.

Rule 10—Touching.—When in a race, if any person touches the yacht he is sailing, he shall be taxed ten seconds for each time he touches his yacht, and the time so taxed shall be added to the actual time taken to sail over the course and be duly considered in making up the time of the race. This rule shall apply to all races sailed for the trophy, and shall be enforced for every touch either by hand, oar, skiff or other means by which the movement of the yachts could be controlled. A person or persons not sailing a yacht in a race shall not touch or interfere in any way whatsoever with a yacht while sailing a race for the trophy, and should they do so, an appeal shall be at once made to the trophy committee for their decision as to any point or points raised; and as in other cases the decision of the referee shall be final.

Rule 11—Pushing or Towing.—When yachts are sailing a race no person or persons shall be allowed to push or tow said yachts, either when sailing or going about, and if any person or persons should perceptibly do so, such yacht or yachts shall be ruled out of the race by the referee if seen by him, or by an objection if sustained, made in accordance with Rule 14 of these sailing regulations.

Rule 12—Right of Way.—Yachts in tow must give way to yachts under sail. Yachts close-hauled must give way to yachts going free (this for obvious reasons). Yachts on port tack to give way to yachts on starboard tack.

Rule 13—Numbers.—Numbers must be supplied by the trophy committee, to be fastened on the starboard side of mainsail and to consist of figures not less than four inches in height and otherwise in proportion.

Rule 14—Objections.—If any objection or objections be made as to the sailing of any yacht in a race for the trophy, such objection or objections must be made in writing by one or more of the parties sailing yachts in the races, to the trophy committee as soon as the race is finished, otherwise it will not be recognized; but if proven in accordance with these articles and sailing regulations, shall be acted upon by the committee at once.

Work at Bristol.

(From the Boston Globe.)

Work on the new Cup defender at the Herreshoffs' has progressed slowly during the past week. It is now that the great designer is greatly missed at the shops when the important work of getting out the frames for the new boat is under way, and all the important details toward shaping the Cup defender and setting her up are in progress.

The second carload of bronze plating arrived this week on a box-car of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The plates number 20 pieces, and are about the same lengths and widtns as those of the first lot. A sheet of aluminum also arrived, and was taken to the works. It is reported that experiments are being made with the lighter metal by the Herreshoffs. Representatives of metal companies were at the Herreshoffs' this week, and left samples of bronze and aluminum.

Workmen are still busy around the big keel of the Cup defender in the south shop. The large amount of surface that would be exposed to the salt water if the lead keel was unprotected would result in having quite a marine growth on the bottom, and it would be badly fouled up the greater part of the time. This will be remedied by sheathing of the lead keel with Tobin bronze, and the big mass of lead will be incased in plates of that metal.

Up in the boiler-shop on Burnside street the men can be seen at work on the frames for the new boat, and on March 14 some of the

frames were brought to the south construction shop, and placed near the lead keel. These frames look as though they were intended for the midship section. More of them will be brought down from day to day now, and it will only be a matter of a short time before the frames will be all ready to set up. More angle rons will arrive in a few days, bu t before these arrive the frames cannot be finished.

There is every evidence that Howard Gould's new 20-rater Niagara will be shipped soon. The hull was lowered from the position it was hoisted to in the south shop yesterday, and the workmen are engaged in boring the holes for the bolts that attach the fin plates to the keel. Whether a trial trip will be given the new boat before she is sent to her destination could not be definitely learned, as Mr. Nat's sickness prevents any possibility of his giving her a trial.

The other 20-rater, on the hull of which the men have been working, has had her double planking put on during the week, and yesterday she was turned right side up. The work on the interior of the boat will now be pushed forward, and already some of the deck beams have been put in.

There seems to be a disposition at the Herreshoffs' works to get through with the work on all the other boats, so that their attention can be given wholly to the Cup defender.

The spars and sails for the Gould rater have been finished, and she could be sent away on short notice.

The work on the new centerboard for Vigilant has progressed rapidly, and it is nearly finished. It is yet undecided whether Vigilant will be brought here to be fitted up for the season or not.

The new Hostetter steam yacht is so far advanced toward completion in the north shop that she can be launched at any time. A great part of the inside finishing is done, and the machinists are at work around the engine.

The steam yacht Viva, which has been laid up between the piers at the shops during the winter, was taken out into the harbor and left at her moorings. This gave rise to the rumor that the Hostetter steamer was to be launched.

Nat Herreshoff has made rapid strides toward recovery during the past week, and sat up for the first time. Naturally enough, he has lost flesh during his sickness, and he has had his beard trimmed, and this gives him the appearance of being badly emaciated. That he had a bad attack of sickness is demonstrated by his weak condition. Good weather, now that he is on the road to improvement, will hasten his presence at the shops.

He is consulted in regard to the work to be done by the foremen of the departments every day. It was very fortunate that the plans were so far advanced when he was taken ill. It is very probable that the great designer will be on hand before the boat is very far advanced, and those details which can only be looked after as the boat advances, will be superintended by him.

The publication of dimensions of plates and other material for the Herreshoffs which have arrived at the depot of late, has caused a strict enforcement of the rules and laws in regard to the trespassing upon the property of the railroad yards. A strict watch is kept over the newspaper men, and all cars containing material for the firm are to be locked until the teamster takes it away from the cars.

Saunders has part of the frames of the big catboat for J. P. White, of Warwick, set up. The deck frames on the Hollingsworth 30-ft. cat-yawl are in and the floor of the cockpit has been laid. The whole of the work on this boat is progressing rapidly, and she will be launched at contract time, which is May 1. The Dean boat has been completed and is finished bright outside.

John B. Herreshoff is in Washington, D. C., on business connected with the torpedo boats.

Winter Sailing in Florida.

After a trial of all the resorts on the east coast as far south as Lake Worth. I have returned to this place (Port Orange) to spend the time until spring. Port Orange is on the "Flagler" Railroad, about 114 miles south of Jacksonville. There is a good hotel here, with very reasonable rates, and besides the proprietor has both sail and row-boats free of charge for his guests' use. With the exception of one or two days, the weather has been just right for sailing all the winter, and I have kept two of the sailboats busy about all the time. One is a New Haven sharpie, about 23ft. long, with a single mutton-leg sail; she is just the type for these shallow waters (Halifax River), draws but a few inches, is stiff and safe in a breeze, and easily taken care of. The other is almost a copy of the Myra, the "up-to date skipjack" whose plans appeared in the Forest and Stream of Nov. 3 last. She is 22ft. over all, no overhang aft, but overhangs forward about 3ft. She was built by one of the local boat-builders here last fall, and fitted out with a cat mainsail (no jib) and launched after my arrival. While cranky, through not having any ballast, she is a very fast boat, especially in a light wind.

It is a pleasant forenoon's trip to sail up the river, here more than a mile wide, to Daytona, five miles and back. Daytona is called the prettiest town in Florida. Mr. John Dimon, a Brooklyn yachtsman, has just had a catboat built here, wide, with a clipper stem, not unlike Clapham's Bouncer boats. Another pleasant half-day trip is to Mosquito Inlet, six miles, fine view from the top of the lighthouse; while for sea bathing we simply sail across the river from the hotel, then a quarter of a mile across the Peninsular to the finest ocean beach in the world. Florida cannot be beat for yachting in winter, 250 miles of safe, smooth sailing on the east coast.

One word of advice: Don't bring a boat down here from the North. There is no place in the world where a boat or yacht for shoal waters can be built so cheaply as in these river towns. In summer, business is very quiet here, and they will build a yacht for bare cost of material and living wages. What do you think of a 38-ft. skipjack complete except sails for $225? I saw the contract signed myself. While the sharpie, or flat bottom, is the best for these waters, in my opinion, still the boats built here now are all skipjacks, or V-bottoms, as the local sharps term them. I intend to have built the coming summer a house-boat of about 40ft.; she will be a sharp-bowed scow, cabin 6ft. head-room, large windows, wide beds, regular cook-stove in galley, have lee boards and a rig like the New York sailing lighters; no trouble to hoist sail and get under way, and to draw not over 8 inches; will cruise in her the entire east coast far as Palm beach.

The Mediterranean Races.

The second meeting of Britannia and Ailsa took place on March 14 at Cannes, in the race for the Ogden Goelet and James Gordon Bennett Cup. Corsair also starting. Under the rule of the Union des Yachts Francais, Ailsa allowed Britannia 1 m. 13 sec. in 30 miles, and Corsair 19 m. 42 sec. The course was the same 10-mile trangle, sailed three times. The race was sailed in a light S. W. wind and partly in smooth water. Ailsa crossed ahead of Britannia and led by 2 m. 51 sec. at the end of the first round. With more wind and sea, she increased her gain on the second round, leading by 6 m. 33 sec., and she finished with a lead of 13 m. 13 sec., or 12 m. corrected time. The third race was sailed on March 17, off Monte Carlo, in a variable easterly wind and some sea. Ailsa started a minute after Britannia, and never passed her, finishing 1 m. 35 sec. astern.

Organization about Boston.

While the yacht clubs at the west end of the Sound have been at work with good results in the direction of harmony of action and uniform racing rules, the many clubs about Boston have followed the same course, of a conference and subsequent work by special committees.

While the first end in view was the selection of non-conflicting dates, the matter has gone much further, and a series of regulations have been established to govern all union open regattas. The usual difficulty has been encountered in deciding on one measurement rule that would be acceptable to all, but a solution has been reached which promises to be quite as satisfactory as any for the time, though it must ultimately give place to something more modern. The rules, as finally adopted, are as follows:

"Resolved, That all yachts, excepting knockabouts, be classified by their sailing lengths.

"That sailing length be a yacht's length three inches above and parallel with the load water line, without crew on board, and in ordinary sailing trim.

"That sailing length be the basis for figuring the time allowance, which shall be figured by Herreshoff's table of allowances, for all yachts, except knockabouts.

"That the classes be divided as follows:

"First class, yachts 35 feet and under 29 feet, sailing length.

"Second class, yachts 21 feet and under 25 feet, sailing length.

"Third class, yachts 18 feet and under 21 feet, sailing length.

"Fourth class, yachts 25 feet and under 18 feet, sailing length.

"Fifth class, all yachts under 15 feet, sailing length.

"Knockabout class, to be sailed under the rules of the Knockabout Association.

"That uniform numbers be used.

"That one entry of a yacht shall answer for the season.

"That all entries be made to Mr. A. T. Bliss, 111 Milk street, Boston, which must be accomplished with a correct certificate of measurement from some recognized club's measurer, which shall be accepted, subject to protest.

"That yachts protested on measurement must be remeasured in correct racing trim by the club's measurer, if so ordered by the judges, before they can enter another race.

"That all yachts shall sail in their proper classes, except in case of a yacht having no competitor in her class, she may be allowed to enter another class by permission of the judges.

"That the crews be limited as follows: First class 7 men, second class 6 men, third class 5 men, fourth class 4 men, fifth class 3 men."

We trust that this effort toward union and harmony may meet with such success this season as to lead to still better and more permanent rules. There is no place in the whole country so favorable for the establishment of systematic yacht racing on a large scale as the vicinity of Boston. About New York the North and East rivers are permanent and serious obstacles to regular interclub racing; but the clubs on Massachusetts Bay are very differently situated, and with a mutual good feeling and an established system of modern rules it should be possible to outdo both the Clyde and the Solent in the amount and quality of racing in small craft.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Harvard Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., J. L. Stackpole, Jr.; Vice-Com., C. F. Lyman; Rear Com., D. H. Morris; Sec. and Treas., Brooks Frothingham; Election Committee, B. Frothingham, R. M. Johnson and C. A. Pierce; Regatta Committee, M. L. Scull, J. K. Lothrop and R. B. Williams.

The New Haven Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., H. S. Holcomb, schr. Thelma; Vice-Com., Henry S. Dickinson, sloop Rival; Rear Com., W. S. Hastings, sloop Carrie; Sec., F. W. Guion; Treas., G. R. Chamberlain; Meas., George W. Hunn; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. W. Hawkes; Trustees, C. M. Ford, F. G. Beach; Regatta Committee, C. P. North, L. A. Elliott, William A. Foskill, Jr.

Columbia, schr., J. T. Perkins, has been chartered by J. J. Astor for the season. She is now being thoroughly overhauled at Port Jefferson, under the charge of Capt. Jeffrey.

Two new boats have been shipped from the shops of Arthur Dyer, of Deep Haven, Minn., to Boston; one for W. E. C. Eustis, owner of the 17-foot Grilse, and one for Lawrence Brooks. Mr. Eustis' new boat is 46ft. over all, 33ft. l. w. l., and 10ft. 6 in. beam, drawing 2ft. 9 in. without board, and 4ft. 6 in. with board. She is of similar model to Onawa, double-planked and decked, and of light build. The center plate is of aluminum bronze. The smaller boat is a 17-footer, to sail against Grilse on Buzzard's Bay.

The handsome steam yacht Argo, belonging to the Argo Club, lies half sunk in one of the slips in the South Chicago shipyard. The beautiful cabins are ruined, and must be refurnished at a heavy loss. The sinking of the yacht was due to one of the peculiar freaks of the lake level on account of changes in the direction of the wind. Some three weeks ago, when the ice held the boat securely in its grip, a strong south wind caused the water, ice and boat to be lowered about 18 inches. A few hours later the wind came strong from the north, and the water rose some three feet. It quickly filled the Argo, which was held down by the icy grip. Since then the ice has risen to the surface. Nothing can be done to save the craft until the ice loosens its hold. The yacht has been fastened securely to the dock for fear the boat would go clear to the bottom in a sudden thaw.—Chicago Tribune.

Since the lines of the little cruiser Windward were first published in the Forest and Stream, eleven years ago, a number of yachts have been built from them. The best of these is Nanita, of greater sail area, lighter construction and more ballast than the original design; and as events proved, the fastest 18ft. keel boat about New York. She has been sailed single-handed between New York and Cape Cod, has cruised hundreds of miles every summer, and has sailed with success in a number of races, proving a most successful all-around boat.

Mr. George Wilson, 23 Sherwood street, London, has issued a neat little cardboard folder containing tables for computing the speed in knots and for converting knots to miles.

The New York Athletic Club will build a new club house 30x50ft. for its yachting department, at Travers Island, on the Sound. The club will give a regatta dinner this summer.

Canoeing.

Class C Canoes.

Chicago, March 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the owner of one of those much-scoffed-at Class C canoes, which a writer in your paper has described as "that mythical type of which we have heard so much and seen so little," I have been very much interested in your article on the "one design canoe class," for to me it seems to be a confirmation of the correctness of the views of many of our Western open-water canoe sailors, who have graduated from the class which requires a thorough knowledge of gymnastics, instead of any particular attention to the fine points of sailing.

My present canoe, 16ft. 6 in. x38 in., was built for me by the St. Lawrence River Skiff, C. & S. L. Co. last year, and I have no hesitation in stating that for open-water sailing, either with or without a passenger, she has been everything which the lovers of the sport could wish. She is fast, dry and roomy, and can be easily launched and housed by one person of average strength.

When sailing without a passenger I carry 100 lbs. of shot in a stiff breeze, and have a sliding seat the width of the boat, when closed. My weight is 140 lbs., and the sail area is 135 sq. ft. I have usually taken a gentleman as passenger who weighs 175 lbs., at such times have carried 50 lbs. of shot to offset our difference in weights, whether the wind was strong or light. I can notice very little difference in her performance, as far as comfort and ease in handling are concerned, whether or not a passenger is carried, but I rather prefer company in a sea-way, on account of the greater weight and steadiness given—good-fellowship being considered entirely apart.

Canoes of the size you mention have been tried here, but to us they have seemed to be neither one thing nor the other. They are not fast, and they cannot always carry two comfortably.

A Class C, with a passenger, in a fair breeze, will hold its own with almost any canoe except a racer, and under any condition would probably outsail and outweather a canoe of the 15x36 type.

It is the opinion of the writer that the W. C. A. should not allow under-building in Class C, which is now permitted. The present rule allows too much latitude, and should be changed so that a length of 17ft. may be allowed with a beam of 36 in., or a length of 16ft., with 40-in. beam, but any variation between these limits of length should necessitate a corresponding difference of beam. At present a pulling out and thinning down is allowable, which does not seem to be desirable. I may not agree with the New York canoeists, or they may not agree with me, which is the same thing, but the Class C canoe would be my choice for use in New York harbor and vicinity, considered both as a "one design class," and from the standpoint of general adaptability and utility.

JOHN W. KEOGH, Chicago C. C.

The Meet of 1895.

REGATTA PROGRAMME.

Event 1. Paddling and sailing combined, 1-2 mile alternately, total 3 miles; time limit, 1 1-2 hours. Start to be made paddling.

Event 2. Paddling, 1-2 mile straightaway.

Event 3. Sailing, 1 1-2 miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Note. Events 1, 2 and 3 are record races under Rule 5 of sailing regulations.

Event 4. Trophy paddling, 1 mile straightaway.

Event 5. Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3 1-2 hours. See Rule 5.

Event 6. Dolphin sailing trophy, 7 1-2 miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in Event 7 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event 7. Unlimited sailing, 3 classes, 6 miles; time limit, 2 1-2 hours. Starters in the trophy sailing race to be selected from this race according to elapsed time.

Event 8. Club sailing, 3 classes, 4 1-2 miles; time limit, 2 hours. First three members of any club to count. A club to be represented must enter at least three men. All men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1895 meet.

Note. The starters in Events 7 and 8 will be divided into 3 classes as follows, viz.: Class A, all who have won an A. C. A. sailing prize; Class B, all others except novices; Class C, novices For definition of "Novice," see Event 11. Class C shall have an allowance of 1 minute a mile from Class A, and Class B an allowance of 1-2 minute a mile from Class A. The starting signals for Event 7 will be as follows: First signal, 5 minutes before the race, preparatory for the fleet to assemble; second signal, 4 minutes later, Class C prepare; third signal, 1 minute later, Class C start and Class B prepare. A. C. A. flag will be hoisted. Fourth signal, 3 minutes later, Class B start and Class A prepare. A. C. A. flag will be hauled down. Fifth signal, 3 minutes later, Class A start. A. C. A. flag will be hoisted and left up.

For Event 8, the above will apply, except that the difference between third and fourth, and fourth and fifth signals will be 2 1-4 minutes each.

Event 9. Limited sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1 1-2 hours. Sail area limited to 100 square feet, and sliding seat prohibited.

Event 10. Cruising-go-as-you-please. Contestants to start at any time during the day (date to be posted) for a point not over 10 miles from headquarters, carrying a necessary camp outfit, which shall include at least one tent, one camp bed or cot, one pai heavy blankets, change of clothing, cooking utensils, supplies etc. They shall make camp, prepare substantial supper and breakfast, with at least one hot dish, besides liquids, in each. The start for return shall be by signal to be given at 8:30 the following morning. Everything used must be properly stowed and carried both ways. Sail or paddle, or both, may be used. The committee shall disqualify any contestant who shall violate the spirit of the regulations. Prizes will be given to the one who shall finish first and to the one who shall exhibit the most practical cruising outfit, everything to be considered, provided he shall have finished the race.

Event 11. Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1 1-2 hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to September 1, 1894.

Event 12. Unclassified sailing, 4 1-2 miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Event 13. Novice combined paddling and sailing, 1-4 mile alternately; total, 1 1-2 miles; time limit, 50 minutes.

Event 14. Paddling open canoes not under 50 lbs. weight, 1-2 mile straightaway; single blades.

Event 15. Tandem paddling, 1-2 mile straightaway; decked canoes, double blades.

Event 16. Tandem paddling, 1-2 mile straightaway; open canoes, single blades.

Event 17. Club fours paddling, 1-2 mile straightaway.

Event 18. Paddling upset, 1-8 mile, usual conditions.

Event 19. Sailing upset and maneuvering. At signal throw paddle over astern and recover; second signal, canoe to be heeled over until top of mast touches the water; canoe to be righted and cross the finish line under sail.

Event 20. Hurry scurry, run, swim, paddle.

Event 21. Swimming, 200 yards.

Event 22. War canoe, one mile.

Note. The committee reserve the right to amend this programme at any time, and also to cancel any event in which the entries are not, in the opinion of the committee, sufficiently numerous to warrant a race.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. S. T., New York.—The designs of Colonia cannot be had.

A. T. S., New York.—Any good brand of marine varnish will improve the surface of a canvas canoe.

H. C., New York.—Such a canoe as Bat is perfectly capable of sailing in the waters you mention; but a wider canoe, of say 36-in. beam, would be better for such cruising in strong tidal waters.

RIVET, Toronto.—The board would fall to a vertical position, as far as permitted by the pendant. The strain on the trunk should be little greater than with a wooden board, and the trunk is apparently strong enough to stand it.

W. H. P., Toronto.—Expert opinions differ as to the merits of bamboo or good wooden spars. We have never been able to find bamboo of over 2 in. diam. in New York, and even that size is hard to find.

F. W. B., New York.—A good quality of cabinet-maker's glue is used for hollow spars; but the different makers of such spars have each their own special cement, which they do not sell.

C. F. W., Boston.—Arthur H. Clark, 24 State street, New York, will give you the required information better than we can.

H. L., Portland, Oregon.—A canvas canoe may be repaired by a patch of canvas laid inside or out, as convenient, and sewed fast, being cemented by white lead and linseed oil paint.

"BLACKAMORE"—Arlington, R. I.—1. What make and calibre of revolvers were used by W. C. Pettey and S. J. Fort in their match? 2. What make and calibre does Mr. Pettey generally use?—Ans.: 1. Both contestants shot 44 cal. Smith & Wesson target revolvers, Russian model. 2. Mr. Pettey owns and shoots a number of revolvers of different makes and different caliber. He has used 44 S. & W. revolver, however, most often in match shooting recently.

H. S., New York.—See list of game protectors for New York on another page.

C. H. F., Cleveland, O.—Can parties from the States go into Canada on a hunting trip, taking an outfit from here, and get through the custom house all right, or would we have to get a license to hunt up there?—Ans.: The customs require payment of duty on hunting and fishing equipments, to be refunded when the goods are brought out from the country. Non-resident license in Ontario, $25, in Quebec, $20. See "Game Laws in Brief."

G. E. H., Houston, Tex.—A punt gun is a large single-barrel gun attached to the bow of a boat by means of a swivel or rope, and used to slaughter ducks. These guns nowadays are breech-loading. They weigh from 80 to 130 lbs., the average weight being about 100 lbs. The bore of such a gun is 1 1-2 inches in diameter. The barrel is 8 feet long or thereabouts, and the load is 2 3-4 of powder and 20 oz. or more of shot, size No. 1 or larger. Punt guns as a rule are provided with a recoil apparatus in the nature of springs or rubber buffers at the point of attachment to the boat. Weapons of this character are prohibited by law in most States.

TODE, Providence, R. I.—At a Boston theatre a couple of young women give an exhibition of fancy or trick rifle shooting, and if it is "straight goods," they are wonders. For instance, one of them, back to target, sighting through a looking-glass, cuts the string that holds a swinging ball. Now, how is this done? Is it straight shooting or a put-up job? My chum and I have done considerable fancy shooting, such as sighting back through a looking-glass, cutting cards, holding the rifle on head, and the rest of that kind of nonsense that is never of any practical value, but when it comes to cutting a swinging string, it beats me. What is your opinion of it?—Ans.: The same young women have been exhibiting in other cities; their feats appear to be genuine. They may, perhaps, be seen at the May sportsmen's exposition in this city.

L. O. C., Saranac Lake, N. Y.—1. I would like to learn through your columns how heavy a gun Carver's is, that he uses 5 drachms nitro powder in? 2. Also the wadding used during Mr. Armin Tenner's recent tests. 3. And if articial birds break as well when the thermometer is about zero as when it is about 30 or 40 above?—Ans.: You are in error as to amount of powder used; in his races with Elliott, Dr. Carver shot a 7 1-2 lb. gun, and 3 1-2 drachms of powder. 2. See Armin Tenner's articles in Forest and Stream of Nov. 24, Dec. 1 and Dec. 15. From the composition of some artificial birds the colder the weather, the more brittle the targets. Unless exposed to a very hot sun, there does not seem to be much difference in the breaking qualities of a target.

SANCHO PANZA, Paterson, N. J.—1. How many toes has the osprey or she-hawk? 2. Goldsmith, in his "Animated Nature," says none of the deer kind have a gall bladder: is this true? 3. The common dittany on a cold frosty morning in the fall of the year, will be found surrounded by a coil of ice sometimes rising six inches above the ground. I have never noticed this coil of ice around any other plant. Did you or any of your readers ever notice it, and can you give a reason for it?—Ans.: 1. Four. 2. A gall bladder is absent in the Ceroidae. 3. We have never noticed it.

J. B., West Park, N. Y.—What kind of a water-fowl is this: About as large as a wild goose, rather short neck, a bright yellow bill and jet-black all over? I saw him two days in succession while hunting on the Hudson; he seemed wild and restless, seldom alighting.—Ans.: This may have been a cormorant (Phalocracorax dilophus), but the description is too vague for any certainty.

I. G. T., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.—Will some reader of the Forest and Stream, who may know, inform me through its columns whether there is any book published which treats on the capture of snapping-turtle?—Ans.: No book on the subject. See Holbrook's N. A. Herpetology.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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MAINE PROTECTION.

Fish and game protection in the State of Maine is in a transition state. The wardens have all been legislated out of office, and it is uncertain just what the outcome will be. Many of Maine's citizens believe that the Maine commission should be thoroughly reorganized from the top down to the bottom, and that the charge of and responsibility for protection in that State should pass into other hands.

A letter which we publish to-day from Mr. Stanley is interesting as giving one point of view and we gladly give it a place. We think that no one has ever questioned the good intentions of the Maine fish and game commissioners, nor their entire devotion to their work. They have given time and money, which some of them could perhaps ill afford, in their earnest effort to increase the fish and game. On the other hand, it can hardly be doubted that among the servants they have employed, some have been worthless, and others worse than worthless, dishonest. The evidence which is constantly being brought up by persons of unquestioned integrity and great experience, shows beyond cavil that while Maine game and fish is sometimes protected, in many cases it is not protected at all. A letter from Mr. Manly Hardy, printed last week, gives an example of this, and other testimony of a like nature is not wanting. It cannot for a moment be thought that Mr. Hardy is either ignorant or prejudiced. On the contrary, there are few men in Maine who have had so wide an experience as he on both sides of the protective question. He is able to look at it from the point of view of the guide and woodsman, and also from the point of view of the dweller in the city, and of the summer visitor. Statements, such as those made by Mr. Hardy cannot be brushed away by the denial of any man, however worthy, nor can they be explained by the statement that no sufficient appropriation is made by the State.

It appears to be true that a considerable proportion of the Maine game wardens have been appointed either through political influence or from motives of personal friendship. Such men naturally feel no interest in enforcing the law, and care little about any part of their work except the drawing of the pay. In many cases it is believed that wardens have used their positions for the sake of blackmailing residents of the State, or through personal friendship have allowed neighbors to violate the law.

It is believed that before very long a new system will be introduced in Maine, and that with such introduction, the good work of fish and game protection will go on with a continually increasing momentum, but if such change is made, it must not be forgotten that to Mr. Stanley and his late colleague, Mr. Stillwell, is due great credit for long, faithfully and persistently working for protection in the Pine Tree State. We may not all have agreed entirely with their methods. We may have thought that in many cases they were too loyal to their employees, and blindly believed them in the face of testimony which was far more worthy of credence. Nevertheless, the fact remains that to these two gentlemen is due in large measure the abundance of game found in Maine to-day.

THE SENSES OF FISH.

It is hardly to be conceived that the fact that fish feed at night has been questioned by any of those who have written on the subject of fly fishing in the dark. The point of special interest is as to how the fish feeds and how it takes the fly. Most old anglers have fished after dark, and usually they use a light colored fly, under the impression that this will attract more readily than a dark one would.

That fish feed at night has long been known, and accounts of fly fishing in the dark have often been written. Also it is not very uncommon to catch in the early morning fish whose stomachs contain recently captured night animals. In streams in the Rocky Mountains it is quite common to catch at such an hour large trout, which have fed during the night on the little voles so common in the low ground along the streams, and which are nocturnal in their habits. We took one morning three trout from which fourteen of these little meadow mice were secured, seven being found in one large fish, and all had been taken during the night, the last one certainly within an hour or two.

How the fish discovers its food at night is not yet demonstrated. The senses of sight, smell and feeling have all been invoked to explain the act, but direct evidence is lacking to support any of the theories which have been advanced. We can only consider which one is the most plausible.

A good many years ago the question was actively agitated, do fishes sleep? And we believe, after a good many opinions had been expressed, it was concluded that probably fishes did sleep, but, really, we know and could know nothing definite about the matter. Very likely the same is true with regard to the method by which the fish discovers the lure offered to him in the dark. In the meantime, however, the experiences of anglers who have fished at night and their opinions are interesting reading.

It is reasonable to assume that fish being dependent on a sense or senses as guides in obtaining food supply and also in knowing what takes place, as is true of all animal organisms, these senses are so modified or developed as best to meet the needs of their peculiar environment.

To suppose the sense of smell is an important means of detecting food or prey would hardly seem to satisfy the conditions of a fish's life, since an advocate of it must perforce take his own sense of smell, governed by his own environment, with his own manner of breathing through his nose, as a standard of comparison. This is but remotely analogous to the matter under consideration, since what would produce certain phenomena in the atmosphere might not produce similar phenomena in the water. A man breathing through his nose might have different perceptions from a fish breathing through its gills. For instance, the exhalations of vegetable and animal matter are quickly and widely diffused through the atmospheric fluid which may change its direction frequently in short periods of time, widely disseminating the exhalations, and through the sense of smell bringing them to the consciousness of the people within an area more or less large. If the atmosphere is at rest, the exhalations are diffused equally in all directions. If there be a breeze, the exhalations are carried with it, and can then be detected a long way down wind of the object causing them, though they are confined to a narrow channel, and up wind of the object, cannot be perceived at all. In short, if there were color to the particles which produce scent, so that they would be discernable to the eye, they would be found to be governed much in the same manner that smoke is by the atmosphere. Advantage is taken of this fact in the well known practice of "chumming," for bluefish, and we have seen a trout drawn up the stream two or three hundred feet by a piece of meat hung in the running water. But were these fish influenced by the sense of smell or by that of taste? Very different are all the conditions in the water from those in the air. Owing to its greater density, the exhalations which produce scent, would find a greater obstruction in the water, and as streams have fixed currents, the scent would at most have but a small area. Running water is always laden with foreign bodies which might weaken or destroy the strongest scent. In still water, any scent would have but a small area. A bit of coloring matter dropped into still water spreads but little. In short, the sense of smell, as a theory of the manner in which fish seeks its food has not been well sustained.

Undoubtedly the sense of sight and hearing are those used in the search of food or pursuit of prey. Water is an excellent conductor of sound as everyone knows. Everyone who has fished for trout knows also how keen is their sight and hearing. The trout angler takes every precaution to keep his person concealed, and he takes equal precautions to observe unbroken silence. The many colored flies and the effort of manufacturers to make them resemble the natural flies are tributes to the fishes asumed keenness of sight and discernment. The expert skill of the fly fisher often fails to deceive the fish, which will rise to the natural fly and ignore the artificial one. Granting his keenness of vision in the day time, there is a good foundation for the inference that fish can see in the night, from the fact that they feed at night. Indeed, on cloudy days, and in waters heavily shaded under woods and deep banks, there is a darkness in the waters which would not be much intensified by night. If the fish have nocturnal powers of vision, it would not be more remarkable than analogous characteristics of many animals on land, notably the owl and cat, both of which can see well—though not all species equally well—by day or night. There is much other material testimony supporting the theory that fish can see in the night.

Every angler has heard the numerous splashes made by fish striking for their prey in the night, and many anglers while on the lakes or other waters, have seen them strike in the night. They will strike a spoon too, which is as devoid of scent as it is possible for anything to be, and to seize which they must depend entirely on sight.

On the whole, therefore, the probabilities seem to be against any theory that night feeding fish are guided too, their prey by the sense of smell, and the probabilities are narrowed down to the senses of sight and hearing, which last—in the case of the fish—would include perhaps feeling as well.

NEW YORK DEER.

A bill has just been introduced in the Assembly by Mr. Niles, which appeals strongly to all persons who wish to see the deer of New York more effectively protected than they are at present. As will be seen by reference to the full text of the measure, printed in another column, it is very brief, and its essential points are that it forbids the killing of females and young, and the hunting of deer with dogs.

The only reason for permitting the hounding of deer anywhere is that they may be more easily killed, but now adays there are many men who are coming to think that instead of making it more easy to kill game, the efforts of law-makers ought to be directed toward rendering such killing more difficult.

In many of the Southern States, where dogging has always been practiced, the hunters follow the hounds on horseback and endeavor to cut off the deer, shooting from the saddle. This is genuine sport, and demands real skill—a firm seat in the saddle and much expertness with the shot gun. In New York State hounding is very different, for the hunter sits at ease on the shore or in a boat until the scared animal is driven up to him. He has every advantage over the deer, and if it escapes, it does so only through bungling by the waiting hunter. The mere act of shooting can be performed as well by a woman or a child—as indeed it often is—as by the most skillful hunter.

In some of the States to the North of Mason and Dixon's Line, there are no deer at all, and so no laws concerning them; and in a great many others, there are laws against the use of dogs. A cursory examination of the Game Laws in Brief shows that in the United States and Canada there are no less than seventeen States and provinces in which the use of dogs in deer hunting is forbidden. It will thus be seen that the sentiment of the Northern States—in which the conditions are widely different from those in the South—as expressed in their laws, is distinctly opposed to the practice of hounding deer, and that New York is far behind her sister States in this matter.

The hounding of deer is advocated by many of the Adirondack hotel keepers and by the great army of summer visitors, who cannot hope to get a deer unless dogs are used. Those who urge the passage of this bill are supported by the sentiment of the best sportsmen of the country. The bill ought to become a part of the law of the State.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A VIS-A-VIS WITH A PANTHER.

Our camp fire was blazing brightly, its hot breath wierdly tossing the hemlock branches above it while we sat around it enjoying its genial glow and the rest that comes so gratefully to the tired men after the fatigue and excitement of the chase. One and another recounted his experiences of the day, embellished with all the trivial incidents that only the sportsman cares to tell or listen to. Ned Wilmarth, the youngest of the party, had just told of some curious tracks that he had seen on the sandy bank of the stream where he was watching a runway for deer.

"They look like cat-tracks in shape," he said, "but are as large as my hand."

Some one suggested they might have been made by a panther, when the conversation drifted to facts and speculations concerning that animal, whether its oft-repeated scream was a myth and whether it had ever been known, when unwounded, to attack man.

"Well," said Captain Burton, the most experienced hunter of the party except the guide, "I cannot say positively that a panther will attack a man unprovoked, though I thought one day I was about to have it proved to me that he would."

There was a unanimous call for the story of this experience, and a general stir of interest as the captain knocked the ashes from his pipe and settled himself comfortably to tell it.

"You may not think it worth hearing, since I am here to tell it, but the way of it was this:

It was a hot, droughty day in September when I was hunting partridges. I was having such poor luck that when I had got two birds I was so thirsty and tired, I was glad enough to come to a brook whose current, shrunken as it was by the drought, yet ran cool in the thick shade of the evergreens that clothed its banks.

"I took a good draught from a rocky basin and sat down on a mossy log to rest and smoke. But I was cheated of perfect rest in spite of the refreshing coolness and the softness of my seat, for I had scarcely taken the first whiff at my pipe when I began to feel an unaccountable uneasiness, a dread of some impending evil, an oppressive sense of some unseen, baleful presence.

"I suppose you have all experienced the same feelings and generally found them quite unfounded in anything tangible. No calamity befel you, no evil presence manifested itself before you. I recollected such impressions of my own, and argued with myself that these were as baseless.

"I scanned the thickets all about me, and listened intently. Not an animate object was visible, not a sound was to be heard but the monotonous trickle of the attenuated brook and the occasional stir of the almost stagnant air among the tree-tops. In spite of these proofs of its causelessness, I couldn't banish uneasiness and was strongly impelled to leave a place that seemed pervaded with an evil atmosphere.

"Ashamed to yield to so cowardly an impulse, and to confess myself unable to cope with mere nervousness, I resolved to overcome it and enjoy my promised rest and smoke. So I stretched myself at length on the mossy cushion of the log and tried to lull myself to drowsiness.

"The soothing sound of the trickling water and the sighing breeze, the lazy upward drift of the smoke that I watched through half-closed lids, dissolving among the knotted branches, were making some impression on my strained senses, when suddenly the monotone of the brook was broken by the sharp clatter of a pebble and the sound of quick lapping of water, coming from a little distance above me.

"Springing to a sitting posture and looking in the direction, I saw an enormous panther, not more than fifty feet from me.

"My movement had evidently first disclosed me to him, and for a moment he regarded me with a surprise as great as my own, while the dribble of his interrupted draught dripped from his thick under lip. Then his mouth opened and closed as if shaping an unvoiced cry, just as you have seen domestic cats do, and then he advanced a few steps and crouched down, still intently regarding me and nervously gathering his hinder feet under him as if for a spring.

"I caught up my gun without taking my eyes from him, and cocked both barrels. They were loaded with No. 6 shot, insignificant and ineffectual missiles against so formidable a beast, but they might blind him, I thought, if I could shoot straight and quick enough as he sprang.

"And there we sat staring at each other, I doing my best to exert the alleged power of the human eye to quell the wild beast; he evidently determined not to let a motion of mine escape him.

"So we remained for what it seemed to me an interminable time; for I was terribly afraid, though I believe I was cool and felt a kind of curiosity as to how the affair would end.

"If I took my pipe from my mouth or brushed a fly from my face, his eyes followed every movement, while he kept quite motionless, except a continual slow lashing of his tail, while I kept my eyes as steadily on his as their shifting glances would let me.

"I noted the shadows slowly lengthening on the pebble bed of the shrunken brook and wondered if the panther had a purpose of holding me at bay till nightfall put me at his mercy.

"Then a partridge came hurtling past me from beyond the position of my unpleasant vis-a-vis, evidently in affrighted flight. I could see out of the corner of my left eye that the bird offered a beautiful cross shot as he went past me. Then came another and another in similar startled flight. Then a hare scurried by, and a panting woodchuck came shuffing down the bed of the brook without heeding me, though he passed within reach of my gun-barrels.

"I was confusedly speculating on the cause of this generally alarm of the wood folk when the riddle was solved by a strong smell of smoke drifting into my face with the freshening breeze. The woods were on fire, and the flames were sweeping down upon me!

"I was conscious of some satisfaction in the thought that they must first reach my unwelcome visitor. Almost at the same moment he seemed to become aware of the common danger. He cast a quick glance behind him, another on me and arose to his feet with the lithe, instantaneous movement of the cat kind. He looked behind him again, and then with constant sidelong regard of me, began to move slowly away, well to one side of me, just as you have seen a tom-cat retire from the bloodless encounter of brag and bluster. So he slid deviously out of sight, but had hardly disappeared when I heard him retreating with long, rapid leaps.

"I lost no time in following his example to the best of my ability. I heard the flames roaring and crackling behind me and felt their hot breath on my neck as I ran down the brook at the best speed I could make. Half an hour later I was safe in the midst of cleared fields."

"I'll bet a cooky he wouldn't never ha' teched ye of there hedn't ben no fire," said our guide, poking a long splinter into the fire to get a light for his pipe.

"Considering the stake you wager," the Captain said when he had lighted his pipe with the same torch, "I don't care to take the bet and have it decided by my own experience."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vermont.

GLIMPSES OF CAMP LIFE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

Camping in the snow is not always pleasant, but some times one "strikes it rich," to use a miner's phrase.

One day, nearly the first of December, the writer and a friend started from a ranche on the South Boise for a trip back into the mountains for the express purpose of getting a big buck. The weather was threatening, and a big snow storm was looked for at any time.

It was a good day's trail to our proposed camp, and long before we made it, the snow fell fast. It was not cold, so beyond making it wet and disagreeable we got along very well, but the higher we climbed the more snow we encountered, and as evening came it was "getting right smart deep," as Joe said. We were not sorry to mount the last divide, between the waters of Grouse and Deer Creeks, and though we sighted a band of four deer, we traveled on to make camp before dark. Deer tracks were all about us as plentiful as sheep tracks in a pasture lot, and we hugged ourselves in joy to think we had got up there before the snow had driven the deer lower.



GLIMPSES OF CAMP LIFE.
On Deer Creek in the Snow. Photo by F. F. Frisbie.

We were just going down the last hill to the little valley where we would camp, when up jumped three deer, two full grown fawns and a doe. Some pretty shooting and chasing of pack horses kept us out until the winter evening was upon us, but we got all three of the deer, so we felt happy in spite of the cold, fast falling snow and general gloom.

Imagine, kind reader, you who have looked upon such scenes, a dark winter evening, a snow-covered mountain country, with the pines and firs looking like great monuments of white, a little desolate valley and a something that from the river looked like a snow drift, and from the front, like a dark hole, and two tired and wet men, with four ditto forlorn looking "cayuses" just rounding to, in front of such a den. Nothing very cheerful about that, methinks I hear you say. But wait; gaze on this same scene an hour afterward. A bright, blazing, huge camp fire, throwing its light away back into the jack pines, making the interior of the den as light as day, and reflecting back heat enough to enable the hunters to discard their coats, though the temperature was below freezing in the open, for it had grown very cold.

Spread out on a canvas pack cover was a simple—but to the hungry men, a very satisfying supper, smoking hot. Fresh biscuit, fawn steaks, smothered in onions, fried "spuds," (potatoes) Java coffee (best brand from home) and to wind up, some California honey, with ranche butter, for the hot biscuit. And best of all, a good healthy mountain appetite, than which no better sauce can be found in the wide world.

We took our ease as we feasted on the good fare, and watched the snowflakes fall and melt, sputtering away in the blazing log fire. We could ever and anon catch a glimpse of the white form of old Dick, (Joe's saddle horse) through the jack pines, and the bell on the mare rang out clearly and noisily as she pawed away the snow, searching out the wild pea-vine, of which all horses in the West are so fond.

As old Joe drained the last drop from his second cup of coffee (a miner's pint tin cup) he wiped off his bushy beard, and with a deep grunt of satisfaction said, "Wall, my boy, I'm jist as satisfied as if I had eat a square meal, and now I'll smoke."

About forty miles north of the short-line branch of the U. P. R. R. lie two sections of rolling country, divided by the South Boise River, known as East and West "High Prairie." The "Little Camas" prairie lies south of this, and the "Big Camas" to the east. This is a fine country to hunt deer in late in the fall, after they have been driven out of the high mountains by the snow, and it is quite the custom of the ranchers and miners above to wait until the deer land up and get onto the high prairies and in the country adjacent, to go and kill their winter's supply of meat.

The country is quite accessible, and one can get in with team and wagon; and it is also an easy country to hunt over, compared with the higher mountains, there being little timber and not at so great an altitude.

Late one November, a party of five of us left a ranche on the South Boise for Fall Creek, which flows into the river from west High Prairie. As usual, when a party is made up indiscriminately at a ranche, everyone wants to go and some go whom you prefer to leave, and you always get a late start. It was, therefore, about dusk when we had covered the twenty-five miles we had to travel, and the snow was falling fast in great flakes, which melted nearly as fast as they fell, making everything damp and uncomfortable. It was not a pleasant prospect for a camp, but we had about concluded to stop, as the lava rocks made it very bad going for the team, when one of the party happened to think that he had heard there was an old cabin somewhere below Fall Creek, and he thought that if we could get to it it would beat a camp in the snow. So two of us, who were on horseback, started on, and after a brisk ride of a mile, found the cabin. It leaked some and there was no window, but it had a big stone fire-place where we could build a rousing fire and was a fair refuge from the storm. While one man went back to pilot the outfit, the other hunted up some dry stuff and started a fire. Soon all had come in, and each man busied himself getting camp in shape. Horses were unhitched and hobbled, bells put on and then they were turned loose. Firewood was brought by two of the boys, who found a dead pine near by and felled it, dragging huge loads into camp with a rope round a saddle horn on one of the cayuses. Supper was cooked on the fire in the great chimney and soon dispatched, and then the fun began.

One of the outfit was a chap who had tramped up into the mountains in the spring and had worked on the ranche all summer. According to his own story, he had tramped all over the country, and the tales he told were at least entertaining, if not instructive. The rest of the boys were of a different stamp, but they liked to get "Big Charley" talking and they did it. He could talk and eat, but was no hunter. "Could not hit a flock of barns," as one of the boys said, and he confessed that he shut his eyes when he pulled the trigger. The next day Charley proved that this must be so, for he shot five shots at a lynx which lay dead, (having been killed by one of the party) within twenty feet of him, and never touched it. The boys all warned him that if he went out with them and pointed his rifle in their direction they would shoot him.

Our hunt at Fall Creek was a short one, but we had some fun. Five deer and a lynx in less than two days' actual hunting was not bad.

I once spent a few days with a single companion in a charming spot near Bonaparte mines, Idaho, where deer were fairly plenty, and the weather was perfection. It was in September, that most charming month of the year in the mountains, when berries are ripe and game is ready for the hunter. The cold snows and storms of the later autumn have not come, the sun shines brightly every day, the air is crisp, cool and exhilarating, especially in the morning and evening, and one feels a joy in being alive.

Our little tent was pitched beside a pine that seemed to shelter the packs and the rest of our outfit. Our five horses had excellent feed and a crystal stream ran just below us. How we hunted from this camp, killed some deer, had one half eaten up by a bear, watched for the bear, didn't get the bear, didn't find the gold ledge we were looking for, etc., would spin this tale out too long, and besides we only started to give some "glimpses of camp life," not to write a hunting story in detail.

And now, kind reader, if the glimpses you have had please you, I am sure a good "square look" will delight you, and the only advice I shall offer in closing is to say, go, see for yourself.

"Now, all may come who seek, afar from crowds.
The grand in nature, for we now engage
The potent 'genii' of this iron age,
Fire, steam and steel and rise above the clouds!"

FRANK F. FRISBIE.

DETROIT, Mich.

UNCLE RUSTY AND OLD SILE.

A Backwoods Correspondence.

BY F. BERKELEY SMITH.

IN CAMP ON LITTLE OTTER CREEK.

I'm goin to answer your letter to-night 'cause Rube is goin' down in the mornin' with what pelts we've got ready, and bring back some pervisions. I was mighty glad to hear from ye. I was wonderin' if it warn't about time for ye to talk a little to your ole pal.

Ye see we git our mail when they is any, ev'ry month. We uster get it ev'ry two weeks, but this allfired squall set in and froze ev'rything up s' tight that its more'n our mails wuth to get out to th' settlemint. I could git over thar oftener, snow er no snow, if I was able to be up an' about, but ever since I had that fall off'en the lidge up on Spottid Mountin, its been all I could do to git round th' camp and help Ed tote wood.

I was sorry that I couldn't git over to the celebration, but I'd be dad dinged if I'd let Ed drug me on the sled, so I hed to gin it up. Must have had a time, ez the feller said.

I kin jest git out now to fish on the pond. Ed he cuts the holes and sets th' tip ups and I kin watch 'em from camp, and when I see one rise up, I hobble out to it and yank thunder out of 'em.

Warnt that a snow we had? I tell ye I wuz afeard our ole shanty ed git snowed under sure, but Ed he kept pokin' it off 'um th' roof so now we kin git out and in preddy comfurbul.

Say what your a min' to, Ed Cummins is an almighty good man in th' woods, and he's preddy handy with trappin'. We've had better luck this winter than I ever see it since you and me was trappin' up on Shingle Shanty and round thar Goll; warn't that trappin' with a vengince? Ye see Ed's so powerful cunnin' thar aint nothin' he can't coax into his traps. He's goin' down to-morrer and shant be back for about four days and I doubt if he does then. I presume to say he'll git fuller'n er mink.

Wall, I swan, if Ed didn't go en fergit to take my letter to th' settlemint with him. Ye see he was so allfired sot on gittin' full that he come near leavin' the hull passell of hides. He's gone now, an' who do you think come along thro' th' notch but Charlie Munsey and Gus Skinner. Hope never to see th' back of my neck if it warn't jest az I'm tellin' ye.

They come on their snow shoes haulin' a sled with the awfullest moose on it you ever see. Goll, it warnt no earring they was draggin' nuther—weighed clus onto fifteen hundred, if he weighed a pound.

It was about sundown when I heered the dangdest yellin' and cussin'. Wall, I couldn't do nothin' but yell and cuss back at 'em, cause I cudn't git aout and travil none, cause m' leg is so sore. Preddy soon they come back up and said they was goin' thro' to the big shanty th' next day, and that all hands was goin' to drag out what pelts and ven'son they had to th' settlemint. Wall, what a time we had, I'd gin er doller to have had ye thar. Course they had some ole witch-er-pee-sass reduched ez you say about one-half with alcohol. Wall, sir, we riz thunder an a shanty, no use talkin'.

Bimeby, when we wus gettin' kinder quieted down, Gus, he begun to tell how him and Charlie Munsey got th' moose. Ye see they was gummin off back on "Peaked Mountain," ez they hadn't had any luck trappin', when all to once they came onto some tracks leadin off towards th' north. They follied it till it went up thro' Wild Cat Holler, up thar whar you and me got that bark for our camp two years ago last fall. They had thar dog with 'em, so Gus, he tuk th' haound and Charlie he clim up a big sprauce and waited. Wall, he said he waited about half an hour when he heerd th' dog comin' down th' mount'in lickety split, and jest as th' moose come along, Charlie onhitched and dropped him in his tracks. Gus, he come up, and was so oxcited, he up and jumped onto th' moose. Wall, sir, that animile want dead yit, and off he started with Gus a-ridin' him. Gus says he rid that moose more'n a mile fore he could git a holt on him and cut his throat.

Wall, its might lonesome, ez th' feller said, alone in this here shanty, and I wisht ye was here, but I suppose your happy cause your whar you kin git good licker and see somebody once in a while. We'll come out long towards the fore part of April. Wall, I must git to skinnin' what rats Ed has ketched. Old drive sends his respects. Yours faithful, SILE.

North Dakota Notes.

FARGO, N. D., March 5.—Our State Sportsmen's Association prepared an excellent game bill, which was introduced and reported favorably, but it has gone the way of many others this session, "been indefinitely postponed." for the reason that "it is fully covered by the code." We hope such is the fact, but have reason to doubt it.

The annual meeting of the South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Fargo Friday evening, June 14, 1895.

Wild geese made their first appearance here this season on the 1st inst. Snow entirely gone, but rivers and lakes are not open. C. E. R.

Natural History.

WOODS NOTES.

I once caught a bear in a heavy steel trap by one of his fore feet, at the foot of the narrows in Mollychunkemunk Lake, one of the Rangeleys. I heard him scream two miles away and on going to the spot found he had climbed a crotched cedar and dropped down by the run, as they frequently do to try to free themselves from the trap. As he fell the trap caught in the crotch of the tree and he stretched down just far enough for his hind feet to touch a log which lay at the foot of the tree. I landed my boat within a rod of the bear and was astonished to see the creature jump; he would spring from the log into the air from four to six feet, then drop back, then rebound, and each time give one of his unearthly yells that was a blood circulator—which pranks he kept up until shot dead.

I had set a bear trap beside Sunday Pond, on the carry between Lake Umbagog and Richardson, and a few days after, a man coming up through the carry told me I had a bear in my trap. I at once started down, some five miles, to secure him. When nearing the spot where the trap was set I heard him holler and immediately after heard the trap jingle. When I got near enough to see the bear he was pounding the trap on a rock. It was on his fore foot, and he would lift the trap high in the air, then scream, then bring it down with great force on a large rock near by. He had just got caught, and would doubtless have released himself if I had not got to him just as I did.

A trap set in a swamp near the pond in the river was carried away by a big bear. After searching several hours I discovered the bear in the top of a tall fir tree. He had climbed the tree, breaking the limbs as he went, and reaching the top had slid the trap over the top of the tree, then propping had hung up with some eight or ten feet of the tree sticking up above and through the trap. I had to cut the tree down to get the bear.

I once set a log trap, or dead fall for a bear, a large trap, and when I went to tend it a Canada lynx lay dead in front of the trap some four feet away. He had touched the bait and jumped back just far enough for the heavy dead fall to hit him on the head and knock him away.

Very few people, or even sportsmen, have seen the winter feeding grounds and works of the moose, commonly called a moose yard.

In following up the late fall works or feeding of the moose, the hunter is guided entirely by the breakings of the buds of the twigs of small trees and bushes, with perhaps a little gnawing of the bark of a small willow or maple now and then. After following the signs a mile or two, it is easy to conjecture the mountain he is steering for, and it is quite probable that the moose have their winter yarding place decided upon in early fall, if not before mid-summer. I believe the bulls that live on the mountains in early summer, isolated from the herd, while waiting for their antlers to harden, after they have attained their full length and are in the "velvet," as hunters term it, and very tender, they discover a place to live the next winter and lead the herd there the next fall.

They commence at the foot of the mountain in early winter, working up the base and along the sides of the ridge, back and forth, and before the snow gets full winter depth, reach the top and commence working down the side of the mountain while the snows are deep, thus making it easier to break the deep snow, and peel or gnaw the bark from every small-sized tree in their way, preferring the willow, maple and moose wood, and making the woods look like new furniture, gnawing the bark high up, ten or twelve feet, by standing on their hind feet with their knees against the tree.

No one can imagine the appearance of the fresh works of a moose yard in winter—their well trodden paths in the snow in every direction, and the bright new wood as far as the eye can reach—and the sensation of knowing that you are in the immediate vicinity of the largest game of the forest and perhaps within easy range.

Three domestic heifers, two years old, are yarding this very winter in the Aroostook woods. They got wild during the summer by running at large in a pasture surrounded by the forest, and have been hunted with dog and gun by men trying to capture them, dead or alive, but are as wild as moose or deer. Their owners are awaiting deep snows.

In war time, when raw furs were worth more than greenbacks, and mink skins were worth a ten-dollar bill, I was one day fishing through the ice in the west arm of Mollychunkemunk Lake, one of the coldest days in February. I espied a mink coming from the shore, as if to cross to the woods on the other side, about a quarter of a mile. I at once started to get in shore of him so as to cut him off, which I easily did. Then a race commenced between myself and the mink. I noticed he was making for a bunch of snow in the middle of the lake, and as I rapidly gained on him he made a hole into the pile of snow as I came upon him. I thought I had him sure, and got down on my knees to try and see him as he disappeared in the snow. At that moment the ice gave way and I went headforemost into the frozen water. I soon scrambled out and found it was an air hole over a sunken rock. I started for my camp as fast as possible, about a half mile away, but before I reached the camp my clothes were frozen stiff and I had to lie down to kindle my fire.

BETHEL, Maine. J. G. RICH.

Cape Cod Winter Notes.

This storm-swept and ice-bound region has presented numerous anomalies in its natural history during the present cold season. The king eider, for example, usually a winter resident, or at least a casual visitor, has not been observed at all at Woods Holl. Last year it was in moderate abundance. The common eider has been limited to a colony of about 500, which are still to be found in the "hole."

Gunners have occasionally pushed flat-bottomed boats over the shore ice to leads of open water and have emptied a barrel or two into the flock, but then the sport was abruptly ended by the flight of the birds. Sheldrakes were plentiful for a week or ten days, when the first ice made its appearance. Whistlers were scarce; very few have been seen. Old squaws are as abundant as usual.

A very unusual occurrence here was the killing of a red head in the "hole" on Feb. 16. Another remarkable duck for the locality was a harlequin, which was killed Dec. 27, by Vinal N. Edwards, Jr., the first of its kind seen here. Auks and murres, usually common winter birds at Woods Holl, having been conspiciously wanting. Finally, there has been a remarkable scarcity of hair seals. Only one has been seen in the vicinity and that is a little one which makes its appearance about once a week. The seals are absent from Buzzards Bay also, and their disappearance has caused considerable guessing as to its cause. As a rule they are plentiful in winter, and especially in cold winters. Perhaps the fish upon which they depend for a livelihood have also been driven off or destroyed by the intense cold.

WOODS HOLL, Mass., Feb. 23. T. H. B.

Nests of Tree Frogs.

At a recent meeting of the Zoological Society, of London, Dr. E. A. Goeldi described the breeding habits of certain tree frogs inhabiting the province, Rio Janeiro. One species builds a nest of mud on the shallow borders of ponds for the protection of its young while in the larval state. In another species the female carries the eggs upon her back and the larval changes take place within the egg. A third attaches its slimy egg mass to withered banana leaves, forming a nest in which the young remain until they reach the air-breathing stage of existence.

The pouch intended to receive the eggs in some tree frogs is expanded so as to cover almost the entire back when filled. The young either leave the pouch as tadpoles or they may complete their metamorphosis within its protection.

Divers in the North River.

March 17, Editor Forest and Stream:—When crossing the ferry from Jersey City to Courtlandt street Saturday morning I was surprised to see a pair of divers in the river, which, from their size and appearance I took to be the red-necked grebe (Podiceps griseigena.) They were near the New York shore scarcely more than a gunshot from the boat, while another passed them about as close on the other side. The birds did not fly or seem much alarmed at their unusual surroundings, and attracted considerable attention and interest among those of the passengers who noticed them. J. R. SUCH.

Early Bird Notes.

One solitary robin has been here all winter. Every day when the weather is fair he goes to a house in the Sixth ward and they feed him.

Saw four (4) bluebirds Feb, 1, but no migratory robins until March 1.

Wild geese reported going north March 8.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Game Bag and Gun.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

May 13 to 18. Madison Square Garden, New York.—First annual Sportsmen's Exposition.

THE SUNNY SOUTH. VII.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PIROGUE.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 9.—In one of his interesting articles from New Orleans, Mr. B. Waters has written very feelingly about the experience of a novice in a pirogue, and at the time I enjoyed reading the story, for I had been there myself and could bear testimony to the accuracy of the description. Anyone who has ever mounted one of these 'Cajun craft will be ready to concede it the teeterishest, ticklishest, trembliest and generally doggonedest boats ever contrived by a lay water-goer. The lazier a man is, the smaller he will make his boat. The birch bark of the Indian is the evolution of the easy-paddling idea deep-seated in the brain of one of the laziest of mortals. Now, the 'Cajun is the only mortal being lazier than an Indian, and thus the pirogue, the national and typical boat of the 'Cajun, is the only boat more teetery and ticklish than the birch bark. That it is harder to ride than a birch, anyone who has tried both will readily admit. A bare, round log is far easier to ride than a 'Cajun pirogue, which has qualities of its own in slithery slipperiness on the water. A man's first ride in a pirogue is much like his first attempt on the ski. He finds his mount possessed of a thousand malignant spirits eager to take a fall out of him.

If there is a better paddler in the world than the American Indian, it is the American 'Cajun. Let the novice get into the craft of either one alone, and he will probably not be able to keep right side up. But let the designer of the craft get into it with him and the case is changed. The racing canoe without wind in her sails, the bicycle standing still, become the canoe under sail, stiff and steady, and the bicycle in firm and confident motion. The lazy man has learned the art of saving muscular tissue by balancing, and he has learned to keep his balancing by the blade of his paddle in the water. Once in the pirogue, with a good paddler driving you on, and you are ready to swear that all your fears were unfounded. But let your 'Cajun stop to light a cigarette—which he is bound to do at least every three minutes—and the revulsion is immediate and abject. An ague seizes on the keel of the sassafras ship beneath you. It trembles and balances beneath you in evil ecstacy. You shiver and tremble with it, and try to balance against its freakish slips and shudders. With no support whatever, seated prone in the bottom of the knife-edged concern, with hands not daring to touch the gunwale, already almost submerged, you strain gigantically with all the muscles of your back, instead of lopping limply from side to side, The perspiration starts upon your brow. Your back aches with your effort to hold the boat erect. But still it shivers and trembles, as do the balances of one weighing delicate things. In suspense you feel about to cry out, to beseech, to implore, to promise ransom. Then your 'Cajun, who has nearly upset you by striking a match upon the gunwale, calmly sets the boat gliding again, and for three minutes you breathe, you chatter, you essay a feeble joke, till it all comes back again. For,

you see, a brown paper cigarette, with a pinch of tobacco in it will only burn so long, and if a 'Cajun smoke not, he perisheth.

There were four of these tickly, tiny dug-outs at our camp on Dead Man's bayou, away down at the mouth of the Mississippi, when I met my friends Foster, Divine and Organ there. Also there were four 'Cajuns who alleged they could take a man, his gun, ammunition and decoys in each and paddle the whole without a drowning. I boldly pronounced the latter an impossibility, and asked whether a mortal being had ever been seen in one of these boats, which didn't seem bigger than a collar-box mashed endways.

"Some man can wide in peewoog," said Monsieur Octave, "an' some man he fall out of peewoog, yas, him. You get in an' see if you prob'ly fall out, 'fore we go hunt."

So I went into a pirogue alone and paddled across the bayou to get a picture of the camp, and chancing to return without accident. M. Octave graciously said 'prob'ly I could go hunt. Mary Ann (Emilien), my pusher, the homeliest and best of the lot, also assured me that he had never drowned very many men, and didn't believe I would get drowned. "Mais, dat Mr. Org.' " said he, "he got our peewoog. We got 'ti' ' peewoog, yas." And this in fact was true. Mr. Organ was there first, and discovering Mary Ann's big pirogue to be a ship compared to the others, calmly appropriated it for the use of his 215 pounds of humanity, a good deal of which stuck out over the edge at that. There remained for Mary Ann and me a peewoog so very petite that I was ready to aver my shell-box would sink it. It may have been eight or nine feet long and say two fingers wide. I besought Mr. Organ to swap, pleading the inexperience of the only novice left of the crowd, all of whom had by this time had their first rides in the 'Cajun boats.

"Not if I know it!" said Mr. Organ. "I was in that little 'un yesterday, and I don't went in it any more. I got a family, a wife and a dog, and you haven't. It don't make any difference if you do get drowned. Go ahead."

ALONE WITH MARY ANN.

This was encouraging in the early morning, when at last we had made up our minds to go slay something to eat. But there was only one thing to do. If you expect to get hit, you get it, but if you go ahead in, sometimes you don't get hit. Of course, I determined to go into that pirogue. but I give my solemn word of honor I had not the least doubt in the world I would get a wetting, which might be serious to me, bundled up in shooting gear. I was confident it was my duty to go on and get drowned if need be. Therefore, I left some few simple directions as to the disposal of my effects, took a last glance at the bright morning sun and slid down into or on top of the baby boat which Mary Ann had pinned to the bank with the paddle. We showed a freeboard of an inch and a half above the water. The water looked very cold and black. I thought of the name of Dead Man's boyou and shivered. Mary Ann lit a cigarette. The pirogue shivered; we all shivered. When Mary Ann threw the match overboard I nearly fell out of the baat. "'Ti peewoog!" murmured Mary Ann.

The other boats crawled out ahead of us, gliding with a beautiful, easy motion along in the middle of the channel. I admired the perfection of the paddlers' art which kept them so stable. Mary Ann sent our boat along with equal beauty, but I cautioned him to keep in shore, and to spill me out on the side toward the bank when the time came, at which the others, a day older in experience than I, guyed me abundantly, but to no purpose. Every time Mary Ann lit a cigarette I groaned and protested I was not happy, and the others laughed heartlessly. Then all at once, before we had gone half of our three miles of paddling journey, I was seized of a strange confidence in the little boat and its master. I knew it was the right product of its environment. I admired Mary Ann as the possessor of an accomplishment worthy of a man. Then the little ship grew steady as a chair. My marrow crept no more, and my back no longer wobbled. We left the shore and went mid-channel with our friends. The tiny waves rippled along our side as the speed increased. The lesson was learned. The facon a piroguer was acquired. It is only the first step that counts. To-day I admire the pirogue and the men who handle it so skillfully. The duck hunter who goes to the mouth of the River to shoot—and there are few better or more accessible winter fowling grounds—must go to his shooting in a pirogue. At first this will dismay him, but if he keeps cool and trusts his paddler the chances are far in favor of his safety. When it comes to getting over the mud bars into the holes where ducks are working, he will see that the piragues is the boat proper for the country—the right thing in the right place.

ABOUT THE DUCKS.

But about the ducks. What difference about the ducks, anyhow, that morning within sound of the gulf surf? Certainly there were plenty of them, and certainly we did not get very many of them, and certainly we did not care. There was a very strong ebb tide that morning, and the ducks "went out with the tide." The bare flats became seas of bottomless, slimy mud, from which the water fell away in a thousand babbling rips and noisy channels. The passes connecting the pond hole of the rushes became slippery avenues of slime, on which the pirogue left a deep and narrow track like that of some giant serpent. We could not get to our intended shooting grounds without getting out and wading waist deep in the mud, a la 'Cajun. This Mr. Organ's pusher, Tom, the tough, was forced to do in order to have his freight back in time for luncheon, and Mr. Organ declares he never in his life heard anyone swear the way Tom did.

We pushed into the reeds in such places as we could, and watched and listened, though shooting very little. The keen salt air was refreshing, and the sights and sounds of the sea marsh novel to most of us. Out of the reeds came a continuous Babel of strident sounds, the discordant product of myriads of "marsh hens" (king rail). Now and then one of these big rail would steal from cover out upon some mud bank, eagerly observed, perhaps, by some gunner who had discovered that king rail is exceedingly good when broiled. It took snap shooting to get him, for his hurried run back to cover was almost as swift as flight.

Next to the rails in numbers were the raccoons. I never saw such a coon country in my life. Once we saw five in view at the same time, and hardly a mud bank but bore a ring-tailed visitor fishing for clams. They were smallish, and rather yellowish coons, as I learned by trapping one night in the rushes back of our tent. They had paths all over the marsh. Trapping coon is a main 'Cajun industry, though skins of such quality bring only about twenty-five cents.

We fooled around on the marsh for a while. then, with singular unanimity, got hungry and concluded to go in to camp, our little fleet of pirogues gathering in at about the same time. Then we sat and fanned ourselves at mid-day and ordered luncheon. This was about a sample of our shooting. I never was before a member of so dilletante a crowd of shooters. Nobody wanted to shoot, and Jim complained he couldn't get ducks enough to cook, but we smiled and told him to cook something else. And every man declared he had never had so lazy a hunt or so good a time. We just sat around and told stories, and woke Mr. Foster up and made him recite things.

One evening we had a visitor, a friend of our hosts, Dr. Jno. N. Thomas, the quarantine officer for Port Eads, at the mouth of the river. Dr. Thomas is a very ardent shooter, and we all turned out for a hunt that evening, a special dispensation from Mr. Octave permitting us to shoot after noon. We had seen some very large flights into a series of pond holes not half a mile from our camp the evening before. This evening the tide was not so good (the ducks seemed to come up with the tide) but we did get a few ducks that time. Dr. Thomas got something over a dozen in half an hour or so, and we could all see from our near.by stands that he was a rattling good duck-shot, for he fired only two or three shots which did not drop a bird. He was possessed of the proper enthusiasm, too, and waded hip-deep in the mud to get to his shooting stand, to which not even a pirogue could attain.

THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE.

It was Dr. Thomas as I remember it, who spread sedition in our camp by means of an invitation to come down and see him at Port Eads. One fine morning we folded our tents, or rather, the servants did, and we boarded the lugger of Monsieur Octave and sailed away from Dead Man's bayou, thus breaking up one of the oddest and pleasantest camps I ever helped to tenant. After a brief stop at Quarantine station to say good-bye to Dr. Mayer, we made sail down the Mississippi to Dr. Thomas' station at Port Eads, which is the very jumping-off place for the Mississippi, and the last point of authority of the United States this side of the big light ship. At this lower quarantine station. the atmosphere is very salty, tarry and generally naval. Here abide the pilots who bring in the big ocean-going vessels. Every other man you meet here is a captain, and a man on whose shoulders large responsibilities rest. The government has also officers, engineers, etc., stationed here on the never-ending work of keeping up the jetties. Port Eads, as everybody knows, was named after the great engineer who originated the jetty system. They gave him in contempt the narrowest and shallowest of the three main passes of the mouth of the big river to make his experiment on, but out of this he made the channel through which all the great commerce of the river comes. Dr. Thomas explained all about the jetties as we went down the river. Then the commander of the United States dredge boat invited us to dinner, and we kept him busy explaining where he got such oysters and such fish. And a crew of captains, everyone more nautical and good natured than all the rest, took us aboard a big steamer and out around the light ship, where we felt the full swell of the great gulf and realized that we were really out at sea and quite beyond the end of the Mississippi.

HYPNOTISM AND DUCKS.

For our Port Eads reception, at the hands of Dr. Thomas and his friends, I can only say it was of a piece with all the other kindnesses we received continually and continuously all through our whole sojourn in the South, and anything more than that could not be said. This said in cold type, will mean little to the traveller who is ignorant of the South but any man who has ever been in the South and met its representative men on anything of a social footing will know what it means, and will understand that out of such features will come memories far more keen and pleasant than any concerned with the actual sport of shooting, no matter what may be the size of the bag involved. Here, then, at the end of the river, the men from the beginning of the river saw their duck hunt end and fade away into forgetfulness, which quite swallowed up their original purpose. I suppose, to make this a really good shooting story, I ought to give a few figures of large size about the number of ducks we killed, and present particulars how any small remnant of ducks left by us can be most easily and immediately killed. It is all the fault of Dr. Thomas, Dr. Mayer, and all those sea-faring men down there in Louisiana. Our intentions were good. We meant to kill a few thousand ducks, and I meant to write a great story about it all, but these men made us forget all about it, and we fell to visiting instead of shooting. That was the way it all happened, and I disclaim responsibility for the whole business. All the way up the river my friend Organ was telling what a fine time he had had, the best hunt he ever had in his life; yet I doubt very seriously whether Mr. Organ killed over a half dozen ducks on his whole trip. Those men down there cast a spell over us I believe. Before the hypnotism of a Southern welcome, the Northern man is helpless as a babe. With this explanation I beg readers to pardon the smallness of our score of ducks. We hadn't lost any ducks. We thought we had, but we hadn't.

So one morning the big flyer, steamer Louisiana, carrying mails between New York and New Orleans, came into the offing headed up, and Dr. Thomas hustled us together to catch the fastest boat for the city to which it now became necessary for some of us to return. The captain of the Louisiana probably didn't want to stop, but he did, after nearly pulling a leg out of our tiny steam launch, so we went aboard and said good-byes which came hard. The ride up river, 122 miles to New Orleans, was one of the pleasantest features of our experiences on the Father of Floods. Then we left Mr. Foster, our host of the camp, at his home in the city, Mr. Divine returning to his home in Memphis and taking me along with him, and Mr. Organ continuing north to his home in Chicago, to which city I was glad enough I did not have to return for a time.

About further wanderings in divers parts of the South I hope I shall not weary by telling in coming numbers of Forest and Stream. As to the duck shooting at the mouth of the Mississippi River, I wish to say that it is there, plenty of it, open and accessible, such shooting as a Northern man knows nothing of in these days. But I must urge any intending visitor of these regions to be very careful to steer clear of charms and spells, lest thereby he, going stoutly forth resolved upon a quest for ducks, shall come back ingloriously of the firm belief that after all he hasn't lost any ducks.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

ADDENDA FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Friends of Forest and Stream in the South have been good enough to send the following among other letters of comment upon the article on the "Sunny South," now current in the paper.

QUARANTINE STATION, PORT EADS, La., February 19.—Allow me to congratulate and thank you for your first article on the Sunny South. There is not a Southerner who reads this article who will not feel grateful to you, and every Southern gentleman sportsman will feel endeared to you for the kind words said in the article. We and our section here have been so misunderstood, misjudged and maligned that such expressions from a Northern brother make us believe that truth will at length triumph and prevail.

We are all one people of the greatest and grandest country under the sun, and there is no earthly sense or reason for sectional prejudice or feeling. The South today is as loyal to the Union as any other section of the country, and the opportunity only needs to present itself to see her stalwart legions hurrying to the front to uphold the Nation's honor.

Our weather here has been extremely cold—down to 18° above—at this, the extreme southern point of Louisiana. Snow fell last Thursday to the depth of six inches, and everything was frozen stiff. During this weather, with two companions, I went about twenty miles up the river above Fort Jackson for a snipe hunt, and in five hours our three guns brought down 72 jack snipe, 15 rabbits and 15 quail. The snipe shooting was particularly fine. Often they would get up just out of range and fly off for a half mile, then turn and come down with the wind at about seventy-five miles an hour, and as they passed over our heads we would drop them. As there was from five to ten inches of snow on the ground frequently, in falling they would tumble with such force as almost to bury themselves in the snow. I can say with certainty that such sport under such circumstances and conditions was never before enjoyed by any other sportsman in Louisiana.

Knowing that I shall read the other articles in the series with as much pleasure as the first, I am, yours truly,

JNO. N. THOMAS.

MEMPHIS, March 1—The articles on the "Sunny South" are creating quite a sensation down here. Aside from the personal interest of some of us, the articles are giving great satisfaction to the mass of people, on account of the frank manner in which you deal with the two subjects, "the North and the South of it," and certainly nothing could give a more graphic description of bear life in Mississippi than that of your stay with Bobo. I think some of my lady friends enjoyed these articles about as much as anything they ever read, in fact I have heard nothing but nice things about them. T. A. D.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Feb. 16.—I want to thank you for the interesting reading to be found in your stories of the South published in the sportsman's own paper, the Forest and Stream, and I hope so long as you are one of its staff you'll never give up these trips and never fail to give the readers accounts of them. They will always remain in my mind as pleasant memories of a section of country so different from the North.

I agree with you that the South has progressed enough, so far as the sportsmen are concerned. If the north in one respect could keep up with the south, it would do very well. That one thing is to keep the spirit of hospitality.

I am not the only pleased with the stories of the Sunny South. I am sure that I speak in behalf of the majority of the readers of Forest and Stream when I say keep at it.

C. F. DISBROW.

BROWNSVILLE, March 1.—Salutations and thanks. As the open season on quail closed yesterday, and our guns are now laid away till the young squrriels are edible, which with us is about the first of May. and as our mutual friends have deputed me to give you a resume of happenings in this locality since November, when you visited us, I will endeavor to give the same in as condensed form as possible, a duty of great pleasure by the way, as we much enjoy reading in "ours" the like reports as to fish and game which it publishes.

To begin with, about 100 residents of our town and neighborhood visited the Big Lake in the Mississippi bottom, thirty miles off, for fur, fin, feather and fun, during the month of November, and never in the history of camping was there a greater abundance of the enumerated articles in evidence. Dr. Sevier, Sr., and the elder Moses went first, carrying their own and several other families, and these in turn were followed by others till our community was threatened with disruption nearly. And talk of the enjoyment men have in camp, why, they are not in it; wait till you see a sportsman's good wife select a camping place, order the arrangements of it, the cooking appurtances, the setting of tables, fixing the commissary department, the good things stored in proper places.

Well, of game and fish they got plenty, and returned in improved health and with the spirits that always attend such enjoyable outings. About the middle of the month, Dr. Taylor and his party had their annual two weeks—catching more fish, killing more turkeys, ducks and other game than in many previous years; our friends Moses and McConnies leading the list on turkeys by killing nine, and also by catchting a trout weighing five and one-half pounds.

About Christmas, Dr. T. D. Cooper and party crossed the river into Arkansas and got two deer, some turkeys and many fish, and will next fall return to the same locality.

Though all our sporting crew were not so fortunate as to be in camp, we nevertheless were not prevented from

paying our respects to the quail, which were and are now, after the most unprecedented slaughter, and three weeks of cold, the like of which no man in our section has seen, more numerous than ever known, and we shot till tired, and followed by eating to satiety. As a specimen of what we have left, will say that Dr. Taylor and friends flushed on the 26th. 35 coveys, averaging one dozen to the covey, bagging 54 to the two guns. Dr. Cooper and two friends on part of the same ground two days later found 25 coveys in five hours, bagging 45. We were much alarmed for the quail during the cold spell, and in a very few instances heard of coveys frozen, and while hunting rabbits, found a few very poor, but the weather moderating they, I think, pulled through. Other lesser birds suffered terribly, and in every hollow tree and sheltered place in the woods numbers could be found frozen, principally flickers, red birds (cardinals) and doves—the latter I fear totally destroyed as they were in 1876. In fact, I have not seen one in three weeks, though hunting several times, and all my friends give the same report.

That all-conquering little foreign devil, the English sparrow, has no casualties on his list, and in numbers come every morning to pick up the grain scattered on the cistern top for a mocker—a very Chevalier Bayard of the feathered tribe—who, with my assistance, dispersing the truly True Britons, repaid me with a skirt dance, performed to his own orchestra, and then, regardless of the cold, hied him to his home in the tree, as though to say, "I'll meet you early in the morning."

On the 25th, while trying a pointer pup, I heard a once familiar note, and following the direction in which he flew, soon brought to bag the first woodcock I have killed in two years, sent him to a sick lady who cannot eat quail and the last news was that the bird had been served broiled at breakfast, eaten, enjoyed, and the patient was convalescent.

Our next sport will be in April, and then our lakes, of which we have nearly twenty, covering from ten to fifty acres each, will we hope, be full of bream (I think you can call him sun fish) goggle eye (rock bass) white perch (croppie) and trout (black bass) channel cat, three other kinds of cat, buffalo, drum and others, and we do wish you could be with us and catch and eat a few of them.

And now I shall close, with the kindest wishes of Dr. Taylor, Sevier Cooper and Messrs. Keichley, Mann, Moses, Chapman, in fact everyone you met here, and many thanks for the kind thing you said of our people and country, and the assurance that the latch string is where you saw it when in our midst. We will always try to keep the big trees and the place for the wild fowl to come, love America as if she were our bride, and look with jealous eyes upon the millionaire and his attendant army of tramps.

BENJAMIN C. MILES.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

WHERE THE DUCKS WERE.

CHICAGO, Ills., March 22.—Johnnie Budsworth writes me from Rockport, Tex., under date of March 11:

"I have seen but very few canvas backs and have not killed any since our trip up to Hynes bay. Game is leaving fast, and there is not much shooting now.

"The shores of the bay are lined with fish killed by the cold snap last month. I think that was the coldest weather I ever saw."

Mr. Guessaz writes from San Antonio on March 17th, "the ducks are all gone from here."

WHERE THE DUCKS WENT.

That is where the ducks were. That was last week. At practically the same time, these birds were in the North as far up as the ice would let them go. R. A. Turtle, who killed forty ducks on the Kankakee, said he broke our a lot of loose ice and made a hole of open water, and the birds tried to get into this.

Still more marked than on the Kankakee was the main flight up the Illinois River. At the Swan Lake club grounds and on the Senachwine waters adjacent, the ducks were still more anxious to get into a little open water. There was in waiting for them a number of men who are in favor of spring shooting, who don't believe in it, but will shoot if the others do; who don't believe in large bags in the spring; who believe in killing all they can at any time; who will shoot in the spring but don't like to have it known. You see, there are several sorts of spring shooters, though nearly all of them classify under the head of these who hold the purely logical belief that if they don't kill a bird some one else is going to, right away. The main thing, of course, is to get that bird killed, somehow, as soon as possible.

At Swan Lake, if I am given the figures correctly, over 1,100 ducks, nearly all mallards and pintail, were killed by six guns in less than three days. The two Woods boys, keepers of the Swan Lake Club, with Charlie Lester, and one other gun, whose name I did not get, killed 190 ducks in one day. Mr. Paul Stone and Mr. Tom Parker, both of Chicago, are credited with 141 in one day. Mr. Stone is credited with 86 in half a day. Mr. Bangs and Walter Dupee are said to have bagged 219 in one day. I am told that the two boats brought in 240 in one day.

This is where the birds went from Texas, where they have been hammered at all winter. We, of the North, have welcomed them with open arms to a bloody grave.

It would be easy to criticize the above mentioned gentlemen, and to say harsh things of those who shoot in the spring, and of those who like to make extraordinary bags. I wish to make no criticism and to say no harsh word. I only wish to have the figures correctly stated, and if they are not correct, I hope we shall receive the correction. It is perhaps folly to urge the folly of spring shooting to those who like to shoot in the spring. The facts are well known to-day among readers of the sporting press. All I wish to say on the above is to ask two questions. Are these gentlemen quite sure that all these great birds, mallards and great ducks, ever reached a disposition such as a sportsman would wish? Were none of those killed on Swan Lake club grounds marketed? And are these gentlemen quite sure, after all, that if they had the chance to do all that shooting over again, they would want to do it?

WHERE THE DUCKS ARE GOING.

This is where the ducks were, and where they went. Now, where are the ducks going? I leave that for the gentleman to answer who like such shooting as I have tried to chronicle baldly and truthfully above. Inferences and comment on the destination of the ducks for the future I leave to others.

WHERE SOME OTHER GAME WAS ONCE.

Mr. Fred Taylor, one of the best posted men in the country on the game of the Indian nations, in which region he has long followed the cattle business, told me to-day that his annual hunt to the Nations this winter was a failure. He says that he went all over the best of the game country, clear up between the two Canadians, and travelled over a hundred miles around him in every direction, yet the country where he once found all the deer and turkeys he could ask he found had hardly a track. He says the whole region is shot out, and he was rather mournful as he said this, too. At the Sheridan Roost, where Gen. Phil. Sheridan once used to load an ambulance with wild turkeys whenever he felt like it, there is no longer a feather of a turkey. Mr. Taylor says all this has happened within two or three years. It was a great game country until recently, and to get into the Indian Territory was long held an equivalent for wagon loads of deer, turkey and chickens. Mr. Taylor says that even the chickens were gone where he once used to see so many of them. His report was rather gloomy.

WHERE THE GAME WENT.

A gentleman engaged in business on South Water street, in this city, told me that for two years after the opening of the Oklahoma country the Chicago market was flooded with deer, turkey, chickens and quail from the Indian Nations and Oklahoma. "We do not get very much from there now," he added.

THE PHEASANTS IN TEXAS.

Mr. H. E. Ambold, of Waco, Texas, to whom I wrote for information in regard to the experiment of raising Mongolian pheasants at that place, replies: "We are doing everything possible to make a success of it. As yet, we have no birds to speak of, but we hope in a short time to have things in shape to take care of a great many." Perhaps the experience of Mr. Howard Bosworth, of Milwaukee, Wis., would be of use to the Texas gentlemen.

HORICON CLUBS WIN AGAIN.

Diana club, of the Horicon marsh, won a closely fought trespass case to-day. The questions of title, navigability of stream crossing the club property, etc., all came up, and the result is a victory of great value to the club. The club lawyers were all ready to go to the Supreme court if they lost this case, but almost to their surprise, for it was a jury case they won. Three other small cases in the justice courts were won yesterday, in regard to which a Milwaukee paper (the Evening Wisconsin) has the following:

"HORICON, Wis., March 21.—The first cases tried under the game law of 1893, prohibiting the hunting of fur-bearing animals on the lands of another engaged in the raising of such animals, was tried before Justice J. E. Sawyer yesterday. The complaint was made by officers of the Diana Shooting Club, which holds the famous Horicon marsh under leases. Three cases were tried, the defendants being Max Meiske, Ernest Schriber and William Molchow. J. E. Malone, of Juneau, prosecuted the cases and the defendants pleaded their own cases. The defendants were found guilty and were each fined $5 and costs, or thirty days in jail at Juneau. Meiske appealed his case to the circuit court, but the others were conveyed to jail by Deputy Sheriff Charles Ward.

"The claim is made by the hunting club that by killing the musk-rats it is noticed that the best duck hunting is destroyed, as the small lakes grow up to vegetation, while if the rats are unmolested they keep the small ponds and lakes clear of vegetation, making fine resorts for the mallards."

SOME WOOD BUFFALO.

The "Winnipeg Commercial" of late date has the following interesting brief note in regard to the buffalo of the great North country, supposed to be practically extinct:

"Roland Secord, trader, arrived last week in Winnipeg on his way to Montreal, with a stock of wood buffalo skins, having come all the way from the Great Slave Lake, a thousand miles north of Edmonton."

Distances are great in that country. But I wish Roland Secord, trader, would tell us something about how he gets those skins and where.

THE SALE OF GAME IDEA.

Pennsylvania has this month stopped the hunting or pursuing of grouse for the purposes of sale. North Dakota has forbidden the export of game from the State for sale or other purpose. And there are others. The Forest and Stream idea on these matters seems to be growing in a suspiciously rapid fashion.

PURELY PERSONAL

Eddie Bingham, of Montgomery, Ward & Co's gun department, widely known among the shooters of the country, and prominent among the Chicago guild, is no longer the Eddie Bingham that he was. Last week he was married, and he is a luckier and better Eddie Bingham than he was.

Charlie Willard, of the Colts Co., was last week held up by foot pads and very badly injured in the struggle that ensued. He was going home late at night, and carelessly passing between two men on the sidewalk—which the Chicago man does not do late at night—he was seized by one of the men, who threw an arm around his neck and held him while the other struck him a number of heavy blows in the face and over the head with what he supposed to have been a sand bag. Mr. Willard was badly hurt and much disfigured. The robbers got very little, for they were frightened away by passers-by before they had gone through their victim's pockets. Mr. Willard saved his watch, but he got a dangerous beating and in a dangerous way. I imagine he would have been glad to be loose for two seconds with one handful of a good Colt six-shooter.

Mr. Fred. Quimby, of the Empire Target, New York City, was here during the week past. Mr. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker Gun, told me he was to be out on his coast trip by this time. Mr. Ben. Bush, of Kalamazoo, where the celery comes from, has recently visited Chicago in the interest of his electric trap pull.

Mr. W. Trilby Mussey (we call him that because he has had himself photographed with his feet in the picture, a sort of full dress altogether) volunteers to me the interesting shooting note that one of his colored boys at the billiard hall had been to South Chicago and had shot the eagle bird. I had not heard of any eagle bird being seen in these parts of late.

THE STORY OF A LETTER.

This morning I received a letter with the post mark of Brackettville, Texas, Jan. 31. It was directed to me in care of the New York World, New York City. It was in what is technically known as bad order. It was endorsed "Not here," and "Not found" in about seven different hand writings. In the lower corner was "112 W. 104 St." On the back of it was endorsed "Opened by mistake by Dr. N. S. Hough."(I don't know who he is, but he must be a nice man). Then the letter was shut together by a strip of official U. S. court plaster. In all it shows twelve different post office stamps on it, all of which I do not doubt mean something or other. Evidently this letter had had a hard time. But now note the excellence of the postal service, and also note the excellence of Forest and Stream. This morning when I got my much travelled letter, it had in it the following note from the Inquiry Department of the New York Post Office: "(N. Y., 107 I. Ed. 4—20,000.) New York Post Office, N. Y. Inquiry Department for Missing and Dead Letters. March 20, 1895, E. Hough, Esq., My dear sir: Enclosed appears to be for you. Yours in F. and S., J. Gayler."

I do not, just at this moment, place in my memory the gentleman who is so good as to write me the above note, and if we have met I beg his pardon for my remissness in this. But I thank him very sincerly for getting this letter to me, and I thank him for the expression "Yours in F. and S. So it took F. and S. to find the consignee after all.

As to the letter itself, it has a certain interest, and I give it.

FORT CLARK, January 25, 1895. E. Hough, Dear Sir: I saw in a late number of the N. Y. "World" your article on the winter excursion in the National Park on the Yellowstone, and your successful attempt to photograph the remnant of the buffalo. I wish to obtain a few specimens of your work, supposing it may be your intention to give the public the benefit of it, and will kindly put me in the way to do so. If otherwise, I beg you to put aside the request of an old buffalo hunter who has no claims on a stranger for special courtesies. H. S. KILBOURNE,
Major and Surgeon, U. S. A.

It is a further feature of this mysterious letter that the signature is a trifle blind, so that I am not sure that Major Kilbourne is Maj. Kilbourne or somebody else. In any event, I trust I shall reach him more easily than he did me. Of course I put my unknown inquirer in possession of the fact that the Forest and Stream story of the Yellowstone trip was the one he really wanted to read, and I imagine that since he is an army man and an old buffalo hunter, he will about wind up by becoming a Forest and Stream man for the rest of his natural life, and before long will be signing himself, "Yours in Forest and Stream." Of course, anything Forest and Stream can do for Maj. Kilbourne, (if this is Major Kilbourne) will be done promptly and gladly, and thanks to the friend of Forest and Stream in the N. Y. Post Office, the mail route now will be a trifle less grapeviney. E. HOUGH.
909 Security Building, Chicago, Ill.

LAW-BREAKING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

POPLAR BRANCH, Currituck Co., N. C., March 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: A curious state of things has for some time prevailed on this coast, which calls for attention by the authorities, as it threatens human life,, and has already caused more than one assault with intent to kill, and many violations of the statutes for the protection of game. For a long time night shooting for wild fowl—which is prohibited by law—has been constantly practiced in the waters of Currituck and adjacent sounds, marshes belonging to various owners have been invaded and much damage done, and, in at least two cases, watchmen employed by one of the shooting clubs have been shot at.

As is well known, the extensive marshes of this and adjoining counties have largely passed into the hands of clubs of northern sportsmen. These clubs protect their property—which is useful for only gunning—from poachers by watchmen who during the shooting season live on the marshes, patrolling them in boats—the only means of getting about. Much of the feeding grounds for geese, ducks and swans consists of coves, creeks, and ponds which are thus pretty well guarded, but for the open waters there is no protection, either by day or night, for neither State nor county provides officials to enforce the game laws.

In this community there are a number of worthless characters, who pay no regard to the laws, and who shoot by day or night on the property of other people, whenever they deem it safe to do so. The clubs of this county have been greatly troubled by these "marsh rats"—as they are called here—and there has by some clubs been a disposition to deal leniently with them, in the hope that good treatment would make them ashamed of themselves and induce them to abandon their evil ways. But mild measures were wasted on these fellows, and they have become bolder and bolder so that at last they have come to act as if they were the owners of the marshes.

At the Swan Island Club they at length became so aggressive that the superintendent, seeing that something must be done, took to sitting up nights with a rifle, and whenever he saw the flash of a night-shooter's gun he would fire a rifle shot at the light. The singing of these rifle balls did not prove agreeable music to the poachers, and they soon deserted the Swan Island marshes.

The Carrituck Club has also had its burdens to bear. "Marsh rats" shot on their property until the force of watchmen was doubled, and then not daring to continue to shoot, they broke the locks and carried off the chains of the ditch gates, and generally made themselves as obnoxious as possible.

Until this year the Narrow's Island Club has not been greatly annoyed by these depredators but its turn came at last. During the past season two of the watchmen were shot at and one was chased about the island he was on with blood curdling threats of what his fate would be if caught. The result of this was that the Narrow's Island Club offered, in one case, a reward of $200, and in

the other, one of $300, for information which will lead to the conviction of the men who did the shooting, and also doubled their guards and armed them.

It seems now to have become a question of life and death with the clubs. They must either give up their property to the poachers or they must defend it by force of arms. The lawless element in this community constitutes a very small fraction of the population, and although a few years ago the clubs were quite popular here, a great change in the way they are regarded has now come about. The sensible men of this community realize that we are all better off for the existence of these clubs, and that they bring into the country and spend here many thousands of dollars which we would not otherwise receive. They purchase poultry, beef and corn; they hire at good prices men who would otherwise be idle, or only make a precarious living by gunning and fishing during the winter. I talked with a young fellow the other day who told me that he made $100 clear last season working as guide or boatman at a club. It is commonly said that the rural mind works slowly, but it is certainly true that our people, although at first opposed to the clubs and to the protective idea, have now accepted this last, and feel kindly toward the Northern men whom we see down here each winter.

Now and then, to be sure, there is an attempt by some foolish or ill-conditioned men to impose on club members, or to make himself disagreeable. I was told of such a case not long ago. Non-residents, you must know, are by law prohibited from shooting afloat, while residents may shoot from boats on bush blinds, or from batteries. A local gunner found a lot of ducks "using" off a club point, at which a club member was tied out, and put his bush blind hardly a gun shot from the shore. Of course all the ducks which came went to his decoys. He had good shooting, while the club member on the point had no shooting at all, and could only foam at the mouth in impotent rage. As I say, however, this sort of thing occurs but seldom nowadays, and in the future there will be less of it than there has been in the past.

Some measures should be taken by State or county authorities to enforce our game laws. The gunning and the fishing are two of the most important industries of Currituck county, and when the ducks and fish go, our people will suffer a loss from which the community will be slow to recover. Every man in this and adjacent counties ought to make it his business to see that his representative in the legislature appreciates this state of things, and that he does his part toward saving the wild fowl of Currituck Sound. E. R. W.

Sea and River Fishing.

MOXIE POND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

Very soon, however, as it seemed to us, the chirp of half-awakened birds told us that another day was at hand; and in a short time every bird that could sing any kind of a song at all was doing his very best to convince us that life was worth living. Indeed, we thought so too, when we had washed the sleep from our eyes with the cool water of the lake, and had breathed for a few moments the fragrant atmosphere of that beautiful June morning.

Breakfast over, we packed our duffle, extinguished our camp fire and went on our way. Perhaps it may be two miles from this camp ground to the head of the pond, and as we went we trolled a minnow, although we rowed at a more rapid rate than is usual in trolling. However, we took and set free again six trout averaging about a pound apiece before we reached the carry at the inlet. Here we left the boat and carried our packs half a mile to the foot of the Little Austin pond. This pond is a deep turn, perhaps a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, lying close up under the side of Bald Mountain. At the foot of this pond we found a crazy, old boat, which leaked so fast we had to sink it in shoal water and wait for it to swell. After a time the seams closed to such an extent that one of us by constant bailing could keep her clear, while the other paddled. In this manner we proceeded to the head of the pond. Here we found a ruined hunter's camp, its dirt-covered roof thickly grown with raspberry bushes, the old bench rotten, musty and tumbling down, the stove pipe rusted out, the door frame gnawed by hedge hogs, the whole place infested by mice, damp, dark and uninviting. But a shower was almost upon us, for much time had been consumed in making the carry and in waiting for the boat to swell, and it was now past noon. So, as this old camp was the only place of refuge from the rain, we availed ourselves of what shelter its leaky roof afforded, and while we waited for the shower to pass we ate a cold bite and jointed our rods.

After the rain was over we went out to try the trout, and here we met with an experience similar to the one mentioned above, while we were at the larger pond. The trout would pay no attention whatever to any artificial lure, but would readily take live bait, either in trolling or still fishing. And yet we found their stomachs completely filled with insects which we took to be black winged ants, although no such insects were on the water and no trout were breaking during our stay on these ponds. Neither could we find these insects in any abundance near the shore nor elsewhere about the pond. A precisely similar condition of things existed at Moosehead Lake about June 20, 1892. An explanation from some one versed in the lore of trout food would afford me great satisfaction.

However, the trout were there, and in a very short time we caught and put back into the water between twenty and thirty as handsome well conditioned brook trout as it has ever been my lot to see; red-bellied, yellow-meated, chunked specimens they were fat and sweet, weighing just about a pound apiece. But the lengthening shadows admonished us that darkness would soon be upon us, and so saying good-bye to the little dark, deep and spruce-bordered mountain, shadowed lake, we went ashore to make preparations for the night, taking with us three fish, which proved to be one more than we could dispose of at supper and breakfast, and they were broiled, too.

A broiled trout! Perhaps every trout fisherman may not know how to broil a trout; so, at the risk of prolixity I will describe the method as it was taught me one day by an old guide, when we were wind-bound at the Lilly Bay thoroughfare—Moosehead Lake. To get the best results the trout should weigh a pound or more, though broiled half-pounders are very good. Split the trout open on the back, remove the back bone, spread open, sprinkle lightly with salt and lay on a wire broiler. Above the trout, that is on the edge of the trout next to the handle of the broiler, lay some thin slices of fat salt pork. Then, when the broiler has been closed and fastened, support it in a vertical position before the camp fire by means of a stick three or four feet long, sharpened at one end, and stuck obliquely in the ground. The handle of the broiler hangs from the upper end of the stick above a little limb which has been left projecting to keep the broiler from slipping down. The bottom of the broiler rests on the ground about two feet away from the fire. Broil the skin side first, until the skin blisters a little and will readily separate from the flesh. Then turn and broil the other side until white crusts appear on the brown meat. The fat from the strips of pork above will afford nearly salt enough for a fish cooked in this way, unless it be a very thick fish.

We went ashore to make preparations for the night. Not far from the old camp, just across a little cold mountain brook we found a rude shelter, proportioned almost exactly like old woodsman Nessmuk's shanty tent. The sides and back were made of little spruce and fir saplings, perhaps four inches through, laid up between stakes driven into the ground. The roof was of slim maple poles, covered with spruce bark. In front of the shanty was a rude stone fire-place and just a half circle of stones to keep the fire-wood from the ground. Under this shelter we made a good shake down, although it was a little wet at first, but the fire by which we cooked our supper also dried the boughs, and by the time we were ready to turn in, we had as comfortable a bed as one could wish.

The night was dark, hot and close. Distant muttering of thunder and flashes of lightning told of far-off showers. But sleep soon came to our eyes; the fire burned low, and then the midges descended upon us in such forces that the tar mixture was not potent to repel them. So we built a fresh fire and wrapped ourselves once more in our blankets, but the little shanty was uncomfortably hot, the midges were persistent, the shake down became hard and "we wished for the morning."

At last it came, hot and "muggy" at first, but soon the sun shone forth in all the fervency and splendor of a long summer's day. As soon as the under brush had dried a little, we made up our packs and started across a three-mile carry to Moxie Pond. This carry was along an old tote road, into which the sun shone full and clear behind us as we toiled along the rough swampy path, and we were very glad indeed when we got across to the head of the Moxie Pond. Here we found that the water was some ten or twelve feet higher than it usually is at that season of the year, the gates in the dam at the foot of the pond having been closed, as we afterward found, to hold back the water for use in driving logs down the Kennebec.

It was scarcely noon when we reached the falls where the brawling stream comes tumbling down from Moxie Bay into the extreme head of Moxie Pond; but another thunder shower was nearly upon us, and we had barely time to cast a fly over the pool below the falls, and take a two-pound trout before we were obliged to seek shelter in a camp nearby. This camp, built I believe, by some sportsmen from Solon and Bingham, is altogether the finest camp I have ever seen built without sawed lumber. It has ample accommodations for eight men, and twice as many might sleep in the berths without being more crowded than men usually are in the lumbering camps. Opposite the berths is a huge rock fire place. The walls and roof are sheathed with shaved splits, and everything is as nicely furnished as axe and draw-shave could make it. On the door was a neat placard, stating that the camp could be leased from Mr. McCall Hackett, who might be found at his camps at Mosquito Narrows, three miles lower down the pond. The rent, as we afterward learned, was fifty cents a day. The camp being empty, we took possession, according to the custom here in the woods, and we were not a moment too soon in doing so, for scarcely were we under the shingles when the shower struck, and from that time until nearly night there was heavy and continuous rain. Just before sunset it cleared away a little, and we took an old boat which we found at the falls, where the river drivers had left it, and went down the winding bayou which leads to the more open part of the pond. On the way down my companion pointed out a spot where he had shot a moose two years before, and he also indicated a place, called "Joe's hole," where he had taken many large trout—four and five-pounders—late in September of the preceding year.

It is perhaps a mile from the falls to the head of the pond proper, and when one rounds the last turn in the crooked bayou, he must be dull indeed to the beautiful in Nature if he does not feel a thrill of pleasure as he gazes for the first time on the island dotted, mountain begirt lake, that lies spread out before him. To the right, Bald Mountain, bare and majestic, rises from the very edge of the water; on the left Mosquito Mountain, and a few miles back Moxie Mountain shut in the view, while directly in front, to the north, the lake stretches away twelve miles to its outlet, although picturesque islands and projecting headlands, intervening, limit the prospect in this direction.

But another shower made necessary a hasty return to camp, and we were lulled to sleep by the pattering of the rain on the shaved "splits" which covered the roof, and by the moaning of the wind through the tree-tops.

The morning came all too soon, and with the morning came also Mr. C. M. Hackett, above mentioned, who had learned of our proposed trip from the landlord of the hotel at the Forks, where we had sent our team. Thinking it full time for us to put in an appearance, Mr. Hackett had very kindly come up from his camp down the lake to inquire after our welfare and to offer us any needed assistance. We decided to go with him to his camp for a day, and were soon ready for a start. A pleasant row of three miles brought us to Mosquito narrows, where on a high bluff, commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect of lake and mountain scenery, Mr. Hackett has erected a completely equipped set of sporting camps, at which he provides entertainment for the modest sum of one dollar a day, with the use of a boat thrown in. Within half a mile of Mosquito Narrows are some of the best fishing grounds on the lake, notably the mouths of Sandy Stream and Mosquito Brook, where it is said very large trout may be taken early in the spring with bait; and also, later in the season with the fly. But unfortunately, at the time we were there, the fishing at these points was poor, owing to the great height of the water in the lake. We were, however, assured by many persons that four and five-pounders were not at all uncommon, and we were also told that one nine-pound trout had been taken from this pond.

Mr. Hackett has a good location; he has at his command some of the very best fishing and hunting in the State of Maine; he is a good cook, and an agreeable man, and all he needs to make his camp a glittering success is publicity. He should advertise in Forest and Stream.

Before noon great masses of cumuli again appeared on the western sky, and a terrible thunder storm was soon upon us. But as we were perfectly comfortable at Hackett's camp, we did not much regret this enforced opportunity to rest, and the time passed very pleasantly in listening to lots of mighty deeds in forest and on the water. Many a lordly moose and caribou, and many a gigantic trout again yielded up its sweet life during that rainy afternoon, and in the midst of it all a little wave of excitement was produced by a bull caribou (said to be a bull) which swam across the lake within easy rifle shot of the camp.

The next morning was clear and beautiful, and bidding good-bye to Mr. Hackett and his men, with some regret, we departed for the foot of the pond, where we had arranged to have a buck-board meet us at 2 p. m. Three miles down the lake brought us to Beech Narrows, where the notable nine-pounder is said to have been taken. Here high rocky points, covered with spruce and pine, made out from each side of the pond, and it is from the character of the growth on these points that the Narrows take their name. Here we paused to take a trout for our dinner—a pound and a half fish—and then we proceeded without delay down the lake past Caribou Narrows, past the old "headworks" used in towing logs, into a narrow crooked arm, to the outlet.

From this point a buck-board road runs five miles to the Forks, with occasional farms along the way where hay and grain are raised to supply the lumbering camps in this vicinity.

Near the dam is a rude log structure used for a river drivers' camp in spring, and a place of storage for batteaux and other driving paraphernalea during the remainder of the year. In front of this camp we built a little fire and broiled our trout. Just as we were coming to the end of a rather satisfactory meal we heard a dry stick crack around the corner of the camp and looking up we beheld a tall gaunt man, perhaps sixty-five years old, dressed in a greasy felt hat, a very dirty shirt, open in front, a ragged pair of trousers which did not quite come down to the tops of his red woolen stockings, and a pair of lumberman's rubbers. His thin, gray, unkempt hair straggled down from under his old hat over his shoulders, and his white beard was matted and besmeared with much tobacco juice and tar mixture. If he had not been so dirty he would have looked pitiful, but considering the great plentitude of water in this part of the world, and the relative cheapness of soap, we restrained our feelings and waited for him to develop his business with us. He said that his name was Tom Piper, and that he lived about half a mile out on the road to the Forks. He furthermore prophesied rain, and invited us to come with him to his residence and accept his hospitality until the buck-board should arrive. Then taking our assent as a matter of course, he picked up one of our packs and started. As we considered it inexpedient to part company with that pack for too long a time, we followed Mr. Piper at our best pace, and managed with some difficulty to keep in sight of his lank form until we reached his "house." This structure was even more rickety and filthy than its owner, and there arose from the whole establishment such an intolerable stench of fish offal and carrion, that we declined to abide with him, and proceeded on our way in spite of threatening rain, for it was now clouded in, and thunder was again muttering in the west. After half a mile or so of heavy walking it began to rain, and we were just about making up our minds to a five-mile tramp when the welcome sound of wheels was heard, and we were soon seated behind a heavy pair of woods horses on a stout buck-board, with a cheery fellow named Jimmy Phillips at the helm.

The rain fell in torrents, the road was rough, the mud in places was deep, but our driver was skillful and good natured, and in due time we saw below us, through the mist and rain, the little settlement of the Forks, and we were soon seated before a comfortable open fire in the office of the Forks hotel, for although it was the middle of June the afternoon had been cold as well as wet. After an excellent supper, we lost no time in seeking repose, and for about ten hours life was a blank. In the morning we took a little time to look about us before setting out on our homeward journey. The little village of "the Forks" is situated at the confluence of the Dead River and the Kennebec, twenty-four miles above the railroad terminus at Bingham, whence there is a daily stage. The settlement at the Forks originated in the importance of this place as a depot of supplies to that section, but since the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad the business of the place has diminished very much, and the large hotel which was formerly crowded with teamsters and men going into and coming out of the woods, would now be nearly empty but for the summer visitor and sportsmen, who are just beginning to find out that "the Forks" is an excellent base of operations for a fishing or hunting campaign. There is the best of stream fishing within easy walking or driving distance of the Forks, and a two-dollar fee will take a party of four or less on to the foot of Moxie, whence we came. The Forks hotel is under the management of Mr. H. W. Wade, a very pleasant and obliging young man; the table is good, and the charges moderate.

About 8 o'clock we started for Bingham, and the drive to that place is one of the most pleasant I have ever taken. The road follows the river all the way, and the scenery is very picturesque and beautiful. Half way down is the celebrated "carrying place" where Arnold and his ill-fated men left the main river on their way to Quebec.

At Bingham we found a fairly comfortable hotel, and during our two hours nooning we had an opportunity to

look around the pretty little village. It is named for an English capitalist, who many years ago purchased a tract of a million acres in this part of the State. This tract is still marked on the State map as "Bingham's purchase."

The remainder of our drive, some thirty miles, was uneventful, and we reached home just at dark, well satisfied with the pleasures as well as the hardships of our trip. F. S. BUNKER.

Slack Line vs. Taut.

SAND LAKE, Mich.—It is refreshing to read the article on "Slack or Taut Line" by A. W. Cheney, and find one who can talk on angling, we believe with authority, and preserve a degree of sense in the meantime. I have argued this point with others who claimed to be professionals in the bass line, who would say that the fish when struck rushes to the surface and leaps into the air for the purpose of throwing his weight upon the leader to break it, that plenty of slack must be given just at the vaulting or the fish will surely fall on to the leader and be gone.

I have had the good fortune to be around when a good many young bass have been taken, as we have five lakes within a mile of our village, all with fairly good fishing, and I believe that failing to dislodge the hook by one or two headers for deep water, the fish frantically rises and breaks with the sole object of shaking the pesky thing loose. In bait casting with phantom or live minnow (this is quite apt to succeed) then if ever the line should be taut, I have often smiled at a companion, who, having nicely hooked a four or five pound fish would begin the grindstone act with a multiplying reel, and one couldn't wish to see a busier man for three minutes. Guiding the rod, holding hard against snags and weeds and leading into deep water, all with the left hand is no easy task, for the right hand must be all the time winding away or paying off. All this, coupled with the expression on the face of the individual, the glimpse of white rushing madly through the water, the nervous reach with the net, the final joy of capture, make angling glorious sport, and no part of my tackle would be so difficult to replace as the reel where the "little finger does it."

Last spring I received through the fish commissioner 5,000 baby bass for stocking the water of Sand Lake these being the fruit of Michigan's first experiment in hatching black bass. The hatchery is located at Cascade Springs in Kent county, and promises to be a success, as 35,000 young were distributed this season as a starter. Possibly, the tourist who has taken trout from the Rangeleys or Grayling from the Manistee, who has cast the "professor" for rainbows, and lured the salmon to destruction may not think the common black bass worth the trouble. But for me—from the days when, as a barefooted urchin, armed with a hickory pole, to which was tied a piece stolen from my father's chalk-line, I haunted the lakes, to the present time of more modern accessories, the bass have been pretty nearly good enough, and when we have a June day of leisure, when the wind is sou'west, when the lowering clouds promise just moisture enough, with a good companion to take his turn at the paddle, with phantoms and froggies and spinners, with a couple of Johnson's fancies for the more fastidious in answer to Frank's query, "Which shall it be, bass or trout?" I usually answer "Bass." J. H. B.

Color of Salmon Flesh.

I am sorry I can throw but very little light on the cause of the red flesh in salmon, but all salmon are not red. Instance the white-fleshed spring salmon of the Fraser River, equally good with the red, in both flavor and fatness, and so alike you cannot tell one from the other until cut, all coming into the river from sea together, and no doubt feeding together. In my experience of preparing our Atlantic salmon for commercial purposes, I one season drew the stomachs from the fish before freezing them. All the fish caught on the coast were full to repletion; the lower portion of the food was herrings and mackerel, badly decomposed, the later food not much the worse for wear, was the caplin (the food of the cod) and found nearer the shores, not a sign of crusticed nor ova of any kind, not even a sand eel. Who, let me ask, has caught them on their feeding grounds, to really know what their food is when out in the ocan?

Our Atlantic salmon vary in color of flesh just as much as they do in size, shade and color. Our large Metapedia River fish are quite light in color, so much so that Billingate refused to buy them in 1880 for that very reason, saying they cut white, and were bull trout. But we sold them to a Rotterdam party, who returned them nicely colored in London as "Dutch sugar-cured." Come through the Restigouche fish hatchery to-day, and among the two millions there of salmon eggs, you can see every shade of color, from nearly pure white to the deepest red; and from my observation I would assert that every salmon egg is different, one from another, no two salmon give ova of the same color or size. Fill a tray from each of a half-dozen of fish, place them side by side and the difference is plainly marked. So it is with trout, perhaps more marked.

Another point is that on the salmon's first arrival from sea, his flesh is either pale or deep red; take him after four mouths in the river and the redness is gone, faded out, and although he may spend another six months, and may look nice and clean, although thin and lank, just cu into him and the flesh is very nearly white. It takes the sea water to restore the color. This I know from experiments I made with returning kelts in 1883 at Tadousac.

JOHN MOWAT.

Kill Fish When Caught.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, Editor Forest and Stream:—The Boston Dumb Animals puts out these principles: "On two conditions we find no fault with trout fishing. 1st, That no more fish shall be caught than are eaten; and 2nd, That each fisherman shall carry in his pocket a little baton, and shall kill each fish as soon as caught, by a sharp blow on the back of the head."

There is an excellent sermon in three lines below it. It is grand in its restriction of the catch, and grander in its humane instruction of saving agony to the trout gasping for breath in a rarified atmosphere and suffering more than the agonies of drowning. Some abler pen could work out this sermon. FRED. MATHER.

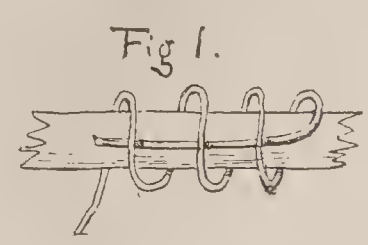
A FLY-FISHER'S GOSSIP.

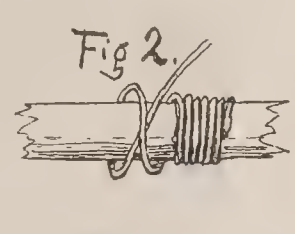
Now is fishing time. Let me, rather an old hand with rod and line, remind you of some things you know, and maybe tell you something new.

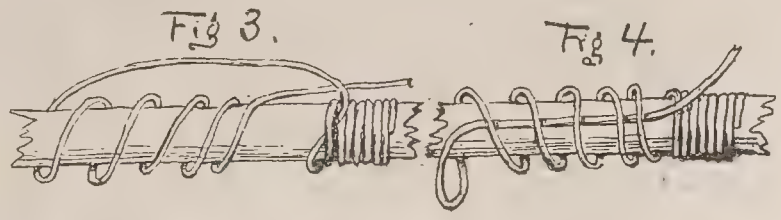
Do you know how to finish a whipping or lapping by drawing under the end coils so that there is no knot? If not, here is how to do it.

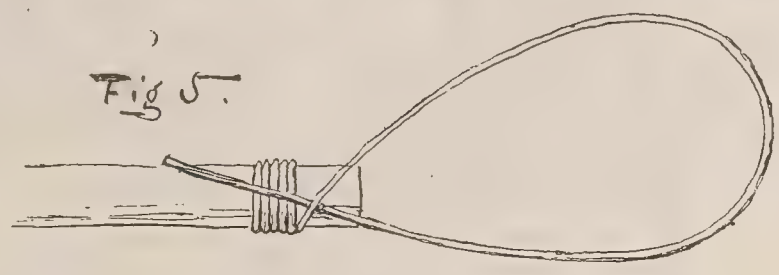
Take a joint of a fishing rod and a piece of old fishing line, waxed to prevent kinking. Lay one end on the stick and lap round and round as shown in figure 1, only laying the coils close together and drawing tight, not loose as shown here.

When enough turns are laid on, draw the end through



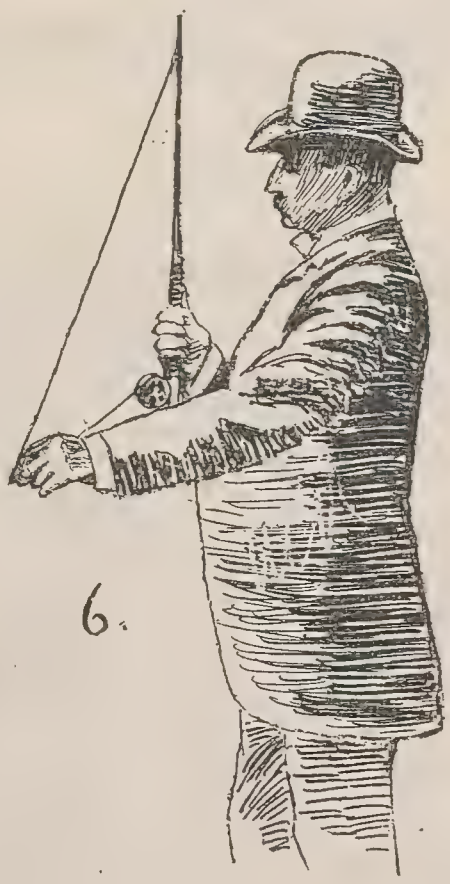






he last coil to hold it fast temporarily, as shown in figure 2. Lay the end in a loop and make a series of loose turns as shown in figure 3. Lay the end along the close lapping, and continue lapping over it as before. Every lap will unwind one of the loose coils, and when they are all gone, close the last lap by drawing on the loose end, which you can cut off close later on. When you want to finish the whipping of an end, such as a rope's end, in snelling hooks or in making flies, all you need do is throw a long loop in line with the object, holding the loose end with the thumb. Then whip round and round over the loose end, and when enough turns are on, draw the loose end tight.

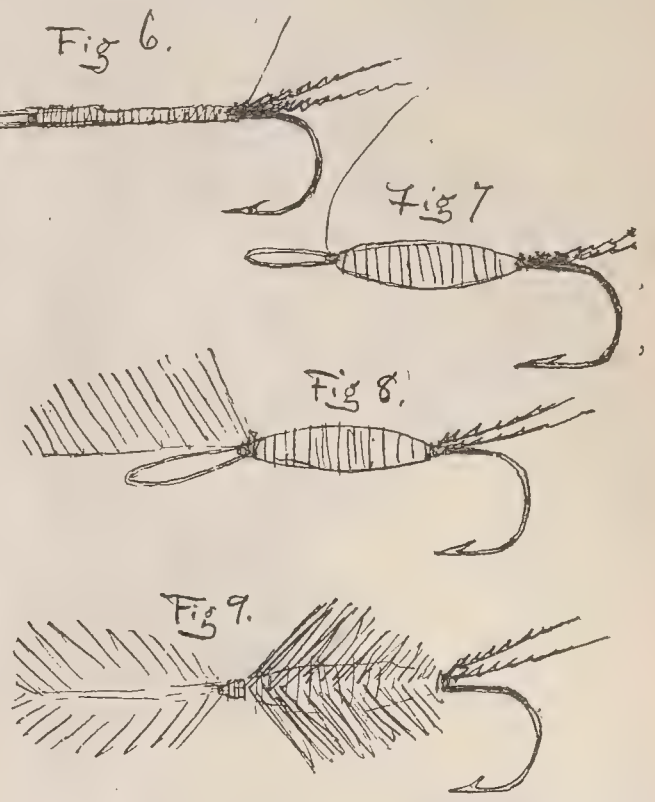
Now, how to make flies. Go to some milliner and get all the old feathers, scraps of chenille, silk and wool she can spare you. Ask your butcher for a handful of hackle feathers of different colors, and surely get some peacock's tail feathers. Provide yourself with a pair of sharp-



pointed scissors, a skein of all sorts of fine silk, a bit of cobbler's wax the size of a hazel nut, laid in a slip of leather, hooks and gut. Split an inch of a stout quill tooth pick, flattened, lay round to round and lap two-thirds of it, and cut the loose ends to a point. This gives you a clip for holding things in position. Now take your hook, lay on a loop of gut with one end longer than the other; begin the lap with waxed thread at the head, down toward the thumb, finishing with the drawn knot shown in figure 2 and leaving a loose end. Lap on a couple of peacock ends for a tail. Take the chenille, wool or tinsel you intend for the body, lay one end over the last of the lapping, take a couple of turns with the silk to fasten it, and then put on your body, ending at the head of the hook. You can use stuff of any color for your bodies. You may imitate standard patterns, but an original design will do just as well and better.

Next comes your hackle, which is stripped from the feather and the thick end lapped on thus, (Fig. 8.) then reversed and laid around the body so that it looks like this. (Fig. 9.) Comb the hackle out with the point of a pin. Next take matched feathers and lap them on as shown above, reverse them and finish up with three or four turns and the second draw knot. A good way to learn is to buy a few large flies and dissect them, and then make them over again. Use the quill-clip whenever you want it. Change your flies frequently until you get that peculiar combination that attract the fish. Then make a couple more like it when you get time.

Everyone has his own idea as to what a fly rod should be. We used to believe in whips with very thin line, but tournament casting has taught us that the best work is done with a very stiff rod throwing a heavy line, tapering to a link of gut, as will be set forth in detail later on. For skittering, your rod cannot be too stiff. As a material, first class split bamboo is the best, but often developes flaws in the jointing, which are like the little rift within the lute. Ash and lancewood are no good. For all around long time use give me green-heart, especially now, when everybody swaggers with a split bamboo that



costs all of $3. The tubular steel rod may be the rod of the future. I have hefted one in the shop but never used one. The action was good. A novice should get two cheap split bamboos, interchangeable, one heavier



and stiffer than the other, and a couple of short tips in lance or green heart for trolling or bait fishing.

Every angler should have a good reel to his rod unless he prefers to fish as is done in the English midland waters, with a rod twenty-five feet long and a waxed line, tapering to a long single horse hair. With this arrangement the bait can be put in the water with great delicacy and



at a long distance. As the fish is played, the butt joints are taken off one by one until the landing net can be used. Very fine fishing it is too, but for casting, either with fly

br weighted bait, a reel should be on the rod, only let it e used as little as possible.

First, as to fly casting. There are many reels on the market. The English click, with solid plates and spool, operated by a guarded plate, is the best of the old style spindle reels, and the American "Expert," the best of all, as it is easy to clean, strong, tight and having an openwide spool, give the line a chance to dry.

It is an easy matter to get a good fly rod nowadays, but until recently there were few good far-casting lines on the market. Now, just as every gun has its peculiar load of powder, wads and shot, so every fly-rod has its peculiar taper of line which can only be determined by trial. To



do this, get a long, heavy line, say as large as No. D, or even No. C, and cast with this until the rod can handle no more. Then you have its capacity with a line far too heavy for actual use, because the splash of its fall would disturb the water. Reel up half the length of the rod, and, for ordinary trout fishing, lap on a length and a half of the rod of line size No. F or No. G. Neither line needs to be tapered. They must be lapped together, as you cannot splice the plait. This can be done either by sewing the lines with a fine number of thread or as follows: End on two pieces of twine to the two ends of the two lines, strain both while you work from a small screw hook in the woodwork of a window to the chair of which you are sitting. You can tighten by moving the chair. Begin to whip about the middle of the overlap of the lines, marked as in figure 2. Whip towards one end for a quarter of an inch, then a half hitch, or nip on your quill clip to hold things while you cut the end of the lines slanting. Go on and finish with the draw-out knot. Repeat end for end for the other line, beginning close up to where you commenced your first whipping and working in the opposite direction.

Then lap a short band to strengthen the join where the two lappings impinge, and when the strain on the lines is loosened you have a very strong splice as shown in figure 4. Now thread the line on the rod and try how it works. You will find that the heavy main line goes out strongly by reason of its weight, takes out the light line with it, and when fully extended, sends out the light line sharply and smartly. You will also find that you have full mastery over the light line, and that you have gained about a length of throw in your cast. Now for another winning. I am going to tell you how to finish your line with a three plait of graduated gut, laid in without a knot, to which the regular leader for the flies is to be fastened.

Take three strands of moistened gut, which shall, when laid together, be a trifle less than the size of your



light line. Lay them around the light line for about an inch and a half, and put on a temporary lap about a quarter of an inch from the upper ends of the gut. Lap the loose end of the fine line along one of the strands of gut, and make the ordinary three-ply plait for an inch or so, drawing tight at every stroke. Now leave the end of the light line out and continue plaiting the gut for a couple of inches as shown in figure 5. Bend on a temporary lap or keeper. You can now strain the plaited gut over a hook against the line, clip the upper ends of gut off close up to where the line came in, but irregularly, so that there will be a taper when you lay on the permanent lapping where the line and gut join at A in figure 5. This should end on the single line. Now cut the end of the line off, bend on a permanent lapping where this line ceased to follow the plait, and your stretch of gut plait is started; that is at B, in figure 5.

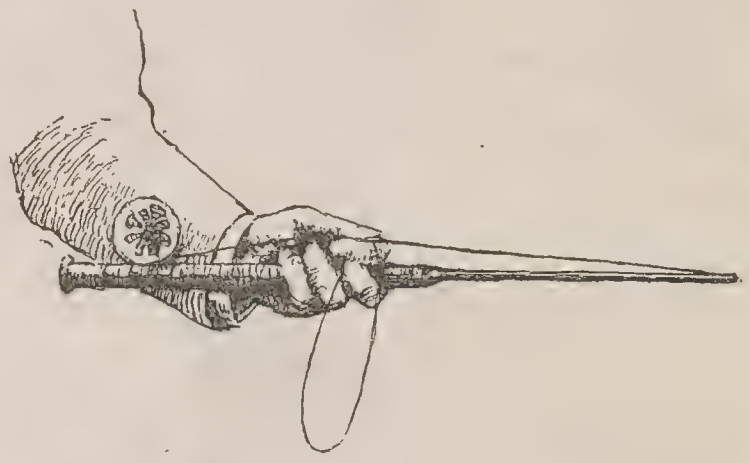
Now there are three strands of gut, each presumably of about equal length. Let the longest one stand and clip the other two so that they run in thirds as at X in figure 5. Have your links of gut ready, wrapped in a wet cloth, and when you get within an inch or a little over of the end of the link in plait, lay a new strand alongside and work in with the short end as shown at C in figure 5, and then leave the short end out of the six plaits as at D in figure 5. You can commence with a longish end of the new strand between your finger and thumb, and draw it down and in after laying four or five plaits down. Once started, the length of your plait is a question of choice and industry, but anywhere from four to nine feet will go. Work slowly, for a mistake in the laying cannot be mended. I need hardly tell you to graduate the size of your gut at distances nor to work with moist gut, but don't clip an end until you are about finished, then stretch the plait with from three pounds down of dead weight for half an hour, the full length being wrapped in wet cloths and then ring the ends pretty close with a sharp pair of scissors. If you are plaiting in very fine gut at the end, use a lighter drawing weight, but don't clip too close, for the plait will draw with use and you will have to go over it for loose ends once in a while.

It is somewhat troublesome to make a plait of graduated gut, such as I have described, but it is worth it, for when wet its delivery cannot be equalled for fierceness and lightness. You may begin with a plait of three feet. not graduated, and then go on if you like it. It is well to finish with a strand of rather heavy gut, worked in and lapped as the silk line was, to which you can bend on your regular leader with the usual water-knot, thus avoiding the loop.

I have heard that gut, like horse hair, can be spun over a quill and was promised a lesson, but do not know how it is done.

It is well to splice on to the other end of your heavy enamelled silk line, as much linen twist bass line as the reel will comfortably hold. It fills out the spindle, and comes in handy for trolling, or when you get on the big fish of the year that goes off with a big rush and draws upon the length of back line to keep him in touch with you.

In fly-casting, both for distance and delicacy, the left hand can do wonders with a long stretch of line, held between thumb and forefinger and between the reel and the first ring on the rod as shown in figure 6. The neatest way to get line out, if you have a clear space overhead, is by a series of dry casts in the air, not permit-



ting any part of the line or leader to touch anything, but paying out line by drawing with the left hand from the reel and letting go when the swing of the line in the air gives a pull to the line on the rod. There are several very pretty varieties of this, like the feats of a juggler with a riband of paper or stiff silk, and I have seen some wonderful casts made when the line was sent wriggling out through the air by mere vibration of the tip of the rod. Whatever cast you make, overhead, switch or steeple, there should be a moment when the line is pretty extended; then, your left hand being as shown in figure 7, you can let go and the slack will be taken out by the pull of the line that is extended, as shown in figure 8. So you will gain five or six feet more if you venture to hold a coil in your left hand. This latter is expert tournament work, but the touch of the left hand on the line enables you either to give a couple of feet and so ease a fierce cast, or on the other hand, to draw in and so straighten the line as against a vagrant puff of wind, or sharpen the strike of the hook by simultaneously indrawing line and raising top of rod, as shown in figures A and B. Especially in black bass fishing it is well to get your line out in water where there are no fish, then make a long cast over where they ought to be, let the flies sink, and then draw in in jerky style, sometimes slow, sometimes fast, until you get within ten feet of your fish; throw very quickly, as the fish will follow the line a long way before yielding to temptation. Having got your fish on, the next thing is to play him; with a limber rod, the more work you give it to do the better; do not try to set line in all the time, but let the rod bend, only giving line to prevent its breaking, and then as little as possible. Hold the rod steady and let the fish tug away. Presently the strain of the spring will tell on him, and the rod will straighten. Then is your time to get the line in board as fast as possible, and this is done far faster by stripping the line from the first ring to the hand holding the rod thrown by any other.

The disadvantage and danger in stripping the line is that the slack of your line must lay around loose, and is apt to kink and tangle. This can be avoided by taking advantage of intervals when the fish is not fighting, and then by holding the working line between the thumb and second joint of the forefinger of the left hand, and laying the slack in a loop, checked by a little pressure, or between any of the other fingers, and your hold on the fish is steady while you can regulate the tension of the slack of the line, and reel it up evenly, as shown in figure.

Now for a few hints to wind up with. Always test your leaders. Soak them in strong coffee for twelve hours, and then pull against a spring balance until the leader breaks. Re-knot and pull again; a good bass eader should stand a pull of two pounds, of course a fine trout leader need not be so strong, but it is better to break them at home two or three times than to have one part company with that big fish on. A rub with powdered pumice stone will take the gloss and glitter off the gut.

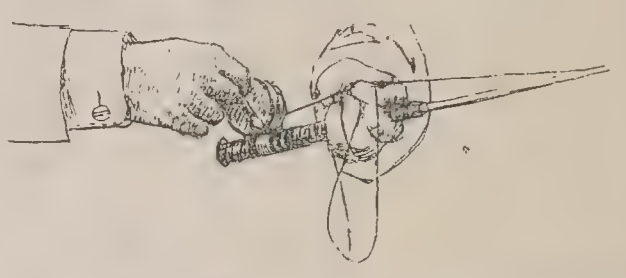
Test your flies also, and after soaking them, they nearly always go to the end of the shank of the hook. Don't throw the fly away, but whip the gut on again with fine waxed silk, as shown in figure A. Then reverse the gut, take a few turns around the hook and finish as shown in figure A. Graduate your leaders; fine at the end, heavy where they join the line.

Be very careful as to trees, bushes, etc., and have your eyes open in the back of your head as well as in the front of you.

When you wish to cover a likely spot, get your distance in other water so as not to disturb that you intend to fish. Very often the unexpected will occur, and you will get a strike when you are not looking for it.

For "skittering" use as light a line as possible, as the weight of the line will take it out.

Rely on your rod and your wrist. Give the spring of the rod fair play, and if it breaks, that settles it. Only



never hold a stiff wrist, and wait for a lull in the contest before you gather line in. Don't pull at one end when your captive is tugging at the other.

In netting a fish don't try to take him with the net, but hold it so that you can drop him back into it. Keep the left hand still until he is inside the bag, then raise quickly.

After considerable experiment I have found that the best costume for fishing is a knickerbocker, made with a very tight knee and no over hand, but wrinkled up the thigh to give ease in action. You can make a very good article out of a pair of trousers by putting them on inside out and hoisting the legs sufficiently and then basting in the knees, cutting waste cloth off and then reversing and finishing with buttons and holes on the outside. For dry fishing, as from a boat, I like gaiters, but for river fishing, wear woolen stockings and cheap tennis shoes; the rubber soles give a splendid hold on slippery rocks, and when they wear smooth you can roughen by criscrossing with a saw or a red hot wire. I never try to keep my feet dry; with tennis shoes you will walk your legs dry in ten minutes after you are out of the water. Be careful, however, never to sit still in wet clothes, as in a carriage. Then change before you start driving.

GRAY JOHN.

In North Carolina Waters,

NEWBERN, N. C., March 16.—Speckled perch are a gamey fish, and now take bait freely in Bryce's creek, so-called, though it is a deep and crooked stream, which would reach forty miles or more if the kinks were straightened out. In some places it is said to be fully 100 feet deep, and will average eight. It is noble for a creek and the quantity of black bass, ring perch, sobins, catfish, and pickerel which it harbors is something immense. It is the finest fishing stream in this section, emptying into the Trent River, some two miles above Newbern. From now until May, rod fishing will be fine. Speckled perch, locally known as chinquapins, are closely allied to the croppies of Minnesota, and the sac-a-laits of Lake Ponchartrain, La. running from a pound to two pounds in weight, seldom larger. They take cut bait, minnows and angle worms.

New River, as I wrote the other day, is a grand fishing water, where weak fish and black bass (Dr. Henshall's specialty) can be caught within an hour's sail of each other.

The Newbern Fish and Oyster Fair this season was something to be proud of, despite the fortnight of cold weather which immediately preceded it, although not quite up to the seven previous exhibits. At some fairs as many as nineteen varieties of oysters, as well as eighty varieties of salt and fresh water fish, all taken in neighborhood waters, besides clams, crabs, scallops, mussels and terrapins, were shown. These annual fish exhibits are becoming a more popular attraction even than Blackford's Fulton Market trout openings on April 1.

Dr. J. West Roosevelt and C. Stewart Davidson, of New York, are now here. Shepard Knapp and F. A. Coudert, Jr., have been shantying on New River, below Jacksonville, since January 1. CHAS. HALLOCK.

Black Bass Fishing at Night.

Seeing Mr. A. N. Cheney's article about black bass in the issue of January 19, I will give you an account of what I know about fishing for black bass at night with rod and reel. In the month of August, 1893, Professor Jos. Andrews, of Pittsburgh, Dr. J. G. Phillips and the writer, of Allegheny, took a fishing trip for black bass up the Castleman River to Fort Hill on the B. & O. R. R., 100 miles from Pittsburgh. Professor Rhinehart, of Pittsburgh, was encamped there with his family, whom we went to visit. We had good luck with them, making some good catches, but Professor Rhinehart's time to fish was after 8 o'clock in the evening. He would go up stream about a mile and then fish down, and get in about 10 o'clock with a nice string of black bass, weighing from three-quarters to one and a half pounds each. He caught as many as nine in the time mentioned. They were taken with a fly; the one used with best success was the white miller. An accident occurred to Professor Rhinehart which made him feel a little awkward. He had constructed a live box out of a barrel bored full of small holes, which he sunk in the stream with some large bowlders. We had three dozen or more live bass in it to take home with us; so in the morning before we left the Professor and one of his sons went down the stream to string the fish for us. While getting the barrel out of the water they let all the fish escape. We had a good laugh and went home empty-handed. P. F. S.

A WEEK ON BARNEGAT.

Early in August last, business called me to the office of the "Daily Spray," where I found James E. Burt, usually so bland and courteous, in a fever of ill-concealed disgust and upsetment. Two typos, shut in the composing room, and a recalcitrant press on which he was spending vain endeavor to bring to proper adjustment were the causes of his mental distractment.

"Say!" he broke out as he saw me regarding his ink-besmirched face with an amazed smile, "When September 1st comes I am going to leave this blessed town for one week, and go to some point where I'll not hear of business nor any of its relations. I'm tired out with this ceaseless grinding," and as if to emphasize the fact, he dashed his wrench to the floor and sat down on a convenient box. We began arranging for a week's outing.

"I'll leave the matter in your hands entirely as to details," he resumed, "and what do you say to Barnegat as our point?"

"Suits me exactly; in fact it would be hard to take me anywhere else at the time proposed, as fishing will be at its best, and the weather should be all that could be desired," I rejoined.

"I'll go with you boys," broke in a familiar voice, and looking up, we saw Mr. Devereux, Billy Devereux, as he is familiarly known to the newspaper world, and to the entire State, generally, who had noiselessly approached us.

A simultaneous groan from each of us was not lost on him. "I'll be good, boys! Honor bright! You can have your own way with everything!" Billy is about the best fellow who ever wielded a pen, but his propensity for practical jokes is so great as to keep some one in hot water continually.

"You'll not go with us unless you first go before a justice and enter under bonds to keep the peace," I ventured. "We don't propose having our lives worried out of us by your persistent deviltry."

"I'll be as meek as the great Hebrew prophet, and do all sorts of chores," ending with an irresistible "Say! can I go?" He was accordingly voted third man, and two days later our party was complete in the persons of Messrs. H. B. Ayres and W. C. Burroughs.

Irrespective of what the day might prove to be, the third day of September was set for the start. Burt was appointed commissary, and in my hands were left all details as to yacht and conveniences. As our week's cruise demonstrated, no party ever was in better hands than was ours while in the hands of Morton Johnson, Captain of the stout yacht Mary Louise.

The morning of September 3 broke dark and threatening. As we went to the depot in the early light, fitful gusts of wind swept through the streets and played merry tag with our numerous bundles. All hands, however, were promptly on time, and we were soon en route on the Pennsylvania Railroad to Barnegat pier, where we found that our every requirement had been anticipated, even to a good supply of melons carefully stored in the yacht.

"What of the weather, Captain?" I asked, as preparatory to sailing all eyes were fixed on the frolicking white caps which went chasing each other in wild glee.

"She's blowin' 'bout half a gale now, and unless I'm no prophet, before noon we'll get a regular screamer, but I think it's a dry storm, and we can ride it out all right. Say," he continued, "are all you fellows good sailors? If not, we had better make the first lee shelter and anchor until she blows out."

"Give us Cedar Creek Point, Captain!' I said, "these fellows are in my hands now, and the boat is in yours. If they are poor sailors it is their misfortune to be caught in a blow. We can find good anchorage there, besides good fishing."

"Well, we'll reef close and go," was his remark, and in a brief few minutes we were working our way among the innumerable craft out to the open bay, where, catching the wind, our yacht shot out like a race horse, and a beautiful six mile run, in an incredibly short space of time was the result.

As we ran onto the fishing grounds, the Captain, pointing to the rifts in the clouds, remarked, "I think we've seen the worst of this blow. We'll drop anchor here and have a go at the weak-fish. If it freshens again we can make Shelter Cove safe enough. The tide is right, and if the fish are on the feed, we'll find 'em in the lee channel, sure." And with a sweep of the tiller, the craft swung her nose to the wind, took up the slack of the cable and began riding the swells like a water-bird. The gale had dropped to a steady fresh breeze. The elements at last promised a good day's sport.

Inside the boat all was bustle. The jointing of the rods and setting of reels, the adjustment of floats and selection of leaders, made a merry confusion in the good-natured rivalry to secure the first fish.

"Bait's ready, gentlemen!" sang out the Captain from above. He had been busy at work on our shedder crabs. "The one who first lands a fish gets the best dinner."

Simultaneously, all lines were dropped overboard and paid out to the tide, the brightly painted floats dancing in perfect rhythm to the undulating waters. A sudden whoop from the emotional Devereux started all hands. He had a glorious strike and scored a clean miss, which brought a reminder that in the future silence on his part would be golden.

And now the turn came to the Captain and myself. Each secured a strike at the same instant, and each hooked his fish, followed by magnificent play on the part of the quarry. With that extra dinner in view, I rushed my fish; but my pliant bethabara rod was no match for the Captain's hand line, in point of speed, and he scored a clear victory by at least twenty feet and won his own reward, but was so ridiculed by the whole party that he laughingly said that in future he guessed he'd cut bait.

"Well, Captain," spoke up Burt, "you find us pretty good sailors I guess. I have always thought that seasickness was nothing but nervousness, which by exercise of the will could be thrown off."

"Well, if that is so," he rejoined, "I have seen some extremely nervous people in my time."

We had found the fish on the feed, sure enough. Small time now for talk. Each one was intent in his own behalf. The turbulent character of the water made the strike, when secured, of uncertain quantity; and when the fish was well hooked, as was frequently the case at a distance of 200 or more feet, the action of the water, added to the surging and pitching of the yacht, placed the prospects of capture on a basis of about three to one in favor of the fish.

For a moment, let us consider the weak-fish as he is, and I trust will ever remain. The true trout of the sea. None of the fauna of creation is to me more sublimely beautiful. The weak-fish, as usually seen in the stall of the fish monger, and the beautiful creature bearing the same name and just out of his native element, are totally unlike, save in form, for that moment alone is he to be seen in his indescribable beauty. Comparing the efforts of man to reproduce the matchless silver sheen of their scales, as still wet with the brine they throw out an iridescent splendor, his efforts sink into insignificance. And who, by looking, can tell where the blush of the pink and the purple of the iris begin and end on his perfect body? or what artist would care to undertake to match the yellow of fin and throat? Innumerable times, as I have stood regarding in silent admiration some particularly fine specimen which had fallen to my rod, and as the peculiar gutteral sound which they frequently emit reached my ear, it has assumed the nature of plaintive protest against the irony of their fate and an humble appeal for restoration to liberty.

Just when the family broil took place which caused this great estrangement, I knew not. Ichthyologists tell us that he is not a trout, and does not even occupy the position of second cousin. Still, they cannot deny that the contour of body and fin of many of the lake trout and that of the weak-fish is nearly identical. His manner of feeding is in many ways similar. He takes the bait with a snap, followed instantly by a rush, which suggests his ownership of the tackle and his determination to take immediate possession. His appetite, too, is capricious. I have fished for hours when thousands of them were in evidence, without a bite; however, of a sudden they would take the bait in any position offered. Irrespective of his family relations, he is a royal good fellow, and, as such, is esteemed by all lovers of salt-water fishing.

And now, back to the point of digression. Three hours of solid sport had but whetted our appetites for more. The Captain had been below preparing for dinner. He came on deck, and the instant his eye swept the horizon, he exclaimed, "Boys, why didn't you call me?" So intent had we been that we had paid no attention to the elements; indeed, I hardly think we would have noted the fact had it begun raining. "All tackle in!" was the first command, "and let two men bear a hand with me. If we don't catch a storm inside of ten minutes there's nothing in signs. The rest of you go below and make everything fast! Close and lock the windows!"

The cause of this anxiety was plainly apparent. Hanging directly over the bay was a gigantic pall-like cloud, draped in fancy festoons on its lower edge and already sweeping the surface of the water not more than two miles away. Directly through its center was an ominous gray streak, which needed no trained eye to tell that it was wind, which was already in evidence among our top rigging. Suddenly there was a dead calm, in which myriads of gulls swirled, uttering their discordant cries. The whole scene was grand and weird beyond description. A shiver through the entire length of the yacht, followed instantly by a blinding sheet of water, and the wild race through a September hurricane began. Luckily, our cable was in and our anchor shipped.

"Can we make Shelter Cove, Captain?" was the first query.

"No, nothing to do now but run before it," was the short rejoinder. "We'd go ashore trying to round the point. We've got a thirteen miles run to make, and it's a nasty trip."

Our sail had been shortened to the last leach and trimmed in only enough to keep the boat steady. Still, our rail was far under water, and the side of the cabin was continually awash. As we were driven ahead like a catapult, we now, for the first time, felt the long swell from the ocean which came rolling in through the inlet, and the effect of the terrific wind was to kick up a wretchedly exasperating sea. It required the sea legs of an old salt to move at all.

Turning from where I had been taking account of our fish, forty-six in number, and a fine lot they were, I encountered Burt, who was in the cabin. A deathly pallor was on his face, and such a woe-begone expression in general I have never before seen. Nudging Devereux, who was contemplating the exciting condition of affairs on the outside, I suggested doing something to relieve Burt's distress. One glance at his suffering partner was sufficient to arouse all his well known propensities as a torment.

"I'd exercise a little will power and throw off this nervousness," was his first remark. "For a great strapping fellow like you to give way to this weakness is disgusting. Here, smoke this cigar! It may be your last chance."

Poor Burt! His pallor now changed to a greenish yellow. He was powerless to resist the unmerciful teasing. "Here is something I think will settle your case," continued the persecutor, at the same time holding in close proximity to his mouth a long strip of pure fat bacon to which he had tied a bit of stout string. "You swallow the pork," I do not recommend this an ar infallible remedy for sea-sickness, but the effect in this case was magical.

Our objective point was the large cove near the old town of Barnegat. Once inside and we could get good protection from the hedges which fringe the banks. Toward that point we were then being driven, leaping from crest to crest of the waves, now and then down in the trough of the sea, the merciless wind driving a sheet of water with us, making it impossible to see more than a few rods ahead.

The humor of the Captain had entirely changed from that of the rollicking good fellow of a few hours before to the taciturn personage who feels the responsibility of his position and is intent on the discharge of important duty.

"Now, boys, our time has come to make shelter, and I guess we can go in all right if we haven't anything but a rag of a sail up," was the comment. "We can be pretty sure of no boat lying in the mouth of the cove."

Almost immediately, his sharp "Look there!" attracted our attention, and peering through the cloud of rain and spray we saw the outline of a large three-masted schooner which had put in from the ocean for shelter, and which was lying directly in the channel of the cove. A look of anxiety for a moment showed on his face, followed instantly by one of determination. With a muttered "I'll go in under her stern," he set the rudder hard down, closed hauled the sheet, and, with not five feet to spare, we shot under the schooner's stern and rounded inside the cove, where in less than a half-mile run we were in quiet waters, and where they were powerless to do us any harm.

Having made and eaten dinner, we went ashore, visiting the quaint old town of Barnegat. The wind lightened by the time we returned, and being tired out, we turned in and knew nothing more until daylight.

The Captain's cheery "All hands up!" brought every man to his feet. The wind had veered to the westward. Although the sky was overcast, there was promise of a good day. Anxious to reach Beach Haven, we requested the Captain to stand out at once. At 2 o'clock, we dropped anchor off Beach Haven, where we had been informed fishing was most excellent. Inquiry among the crews near us elicited the fact that for ten days little or nothing had been caught, owing to the presence of an immense school of porpoises which had been in evidence for several days past, and the result of our endeavors justified the complaint.

Moving over about two miles, we struck a school of sea bass, and within two hours had boated eighty-six of them, which provided excellent sport. During the afternoon, a continuous fleet of yachts was moving up the bay. From all the same story came. No fish below, water alive with porpoises. This to us was discouraging, as we had intended taking in Atlantic City and Anglesea, both famous spots for striped bass, weak-fish and king fish, besides an occasional drum and sheepshead.

Our objective point for the night was Sunken Ledge Island, where we intended trying night-fishing for striped bass, but we were doomed to disappointment. The wind, which had changed to southwest, blew in a dense fog from the sea. Although we had a good sailing breeze, the narrow channel at this point, coupled with the intense darkness as night came on, made sailing a treacherous undertaking at best. "I'm afraid we'll have to give it up and anchor for the night," said the Captain. "We are now in Great Oyster Bay, full of shoals and reefs. Once out of the channel, with nothing to guide us, we'd be hard aground in no time."

Burt was busy with preparations for supper, kneeling before the gasolene stove. The rest of us were making ourselves content with watching him. If our boat had been struck by lightning, things couldn't have metamorphosed more quickly. Ayres took a sudden bath in the gravy bowl, sousing Burt from head to foot. Devereax, too, lost his equilibrium, and finished by poking his head hard and fast between our provision case and the yacht's trunk. We had struck an oyster reef while gliding along at good speed, and the quick run of the halliards told us that travel for the night was at an end. A prompt and careful search assured us that the yacht had sustained no serious injury, and being in shallow water, were in no danger from a possible leak. Supper over, we were preparing for an early turn-in, when we were suddenly beset by a swarm of mosquitoes. Driven to desperation by their merciless assault, we nailed up every opening, even covering the stove-pipe hole. This had the desired effect, and we were once more at rest.

It seemed we had but little more than fallen asleep when I was aroused by a most peculiar noise on deck near the bow. In an instant I was wide awake and listening intently to the strange, long-drawn rasping sounds. Awakening Burroughs, he carefully crawled to the door. Beckoning for me, I saw a look of supreme disgust overspread his face. It was Devereux trying to sing, sure enough. There sat the irrepressible William, his feet dangling in the water. We were in time to hear the concluding lines of an old fishing ballad which ran:

"His only thought, his only care,
His only hope, and only prayer,
For the present world and the world to come,
Was a string of fish and a jug of rum."

Our wild hurrah brought him to his feet and the Captain on deck.

We had settled on having a trial at the snipe on the flats. As the tide was in our favor, guns and shells were out and, while we were standing across the bay, we partook of a hastily prepared breakfast.

Two hours of sport were allotted to us before the incoming tide drove us to our dory, during which time we were kept pretty busy. Having no stools and no way to prepare blinds, we were at a great disadvantage, but on counting up, we found we had twenty-seven jack-snipe and yellowlegs.

And so wore away the glorious autumn days. Our week passed only too quick.

Who, save those who have tried the experiment, can appreciate the benefit to mind and body derived from such an outing? Our hands and faces were browned, and with appetites keen as a coyote's, we reluctantly bade Captain Johnson good-bye and took train for home.

Dear old Barnegat! with its thousands of pleasant memories of sport in the years that are past, may its quota of fin and feather never be lessened. Surrounded on all sides by the largest cities of the East, it must ever remain the pleasure ground of the people.

Thanks to the efficiency of the advocates of protection, ruthless netting has been stopped, and no net, other than for the purpose of taking bait, should ever again be allowed in its waters.

Christmas morning, I found on my desk a handsome De Muth brier pipe, in satin-lined case, with the following inscription: "To the only man I was ever with a whole week and couldn't make mad. Signed, Devereux"

And each time as I take it from its case, some remembrance of the jolly good fellowship it represents comes floating in at memory's window, and in fancy I hear the whistle of the snipe and the hum of the reel, and feel the electric thrill of the scaled beauty as he rises clear of the water, shaking a thousand sparkling diamonds in the air, at last to succumb to the inevitable, and to count one more on the long list of victims of rod and reel.

LEONARD HULIT


CHAINED
to Business?
Can't go Shooting?
Do the next best thing—
Read the
Forest and Stream.

Game and Fish Protection.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Mr. C. E. Robbins, President of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association, has the following to say in regard to the new game law just passed:

Fargo, N. D., March 18, 1895.—Your telegram of the 15th inst. was received in due season, but, until to-day I have not had any game law information that could be considered reliable, as no bills that were introduced were passed, the legislature having been at work this winter on some new "codes," and the compilation committee have run things to suit themselves and have adopted just what pleased them without reference to the rest of the people. The result is that we will have a whole lot of laws that will have to be repealed at the next session of the Legislature in 1897. Only a few of the present features of the present law were proposed by the North Dakota Sportsman's Association, although we presented a bill similar to the Minnesota law, somewhat modified to suit the conditions of this State, and a strong and constitutional bill in every particular; it was ignored and we were turned down this time.

Enclosed find a clipping taken from the Bismarck Tribune, of March 16, which I believe to be a correct synopsis of our new game law. Yours truly, C. E. ROBBINS.

The synopsis mentioned reads as below:

A new and distinct office was created and embodied in the Political code, the officer to be known as the State Game Warden, who is appointed by the Governor for a term of two years, and until his successor is appointed and qualified, and the bond required is $2,000, conditioned for the faithful performance of his duties. The duties of the State Game Warden are to superintend and aid in the enforcement of all laws of this State for the preservation of game therein. He appoints Deputy Game Wardens, to hold office at his pleasure, as follows: One in each county having less than 3,000 inhabitants; two in each county having more than 3,000 and less than 7,000 inhabitants, and three in every other county. Each deputy must be an elector of the county in which he is appointed.

For a license or permit to hunt with or without a dog during the open season, a non-resident must pay $25, and a resident of the State fifty cents. And in addition to the above, each man taking out a license must pay the county auditor—of whom all licenses are to be obtained—the sum of twenty-five cents, for issuing the document. A non-resident cultivating a quarter section or more of land in this State pays but fifty cents for a license. A resident may hunt on his own land without a license during the open season.

For the purpose of enforcing the laws of this State for the protection of game (game animals and birds) the State Game Warden and his deputies have all the power conferred by law upon such constables. Upon conviction had upon the report of any deputy game warden, he shall be entitled to $5, to be taxed and collected as a part of the costs in such a case.

All moneys for permits or licenses are paid the county auditor, and on Nov. 1 of each year, he pays out the sums thus accruing as follows: One-third to the State Game Warden, and the other two thirds is equally divided between the deputy county wardens, one, two or three as the case may be. This is all the money the State Game Warden or his deputies receive for their services.

All licenses are signed by the State Game Warden, and also by the deputy auditor when the same are issued.

(a) Prairie chickens, grouse, woodcock, plover, wild duck, wild geese or brant may be killed only between Sept. 1 to Dec. 1.

(b) Buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, caribou, or mountain sheep may be killed only between Nov. 15 and Dec. 15.

No one shall knowingly hunt upon the enclosure or cultivated lands of another without the consent of the owner, agent or tenant.

No person shall have in his possession more than twenty-five of the birds named in paragraph (a) in any one day.

No fish or any of the birds or animals named in paragraph (a) and (b) can be legally shipped out of the State.

The use of hounds or dogs in running or driving any of the animals named in paragraph (b) is prohibited.

PENALTIES.

(c) For each one of the birds named in paragraph (a) or their nest or eggs, shot, killed or destroyed in the closed season, the penalty is ten dollars; for knowingly hunting upon the enclosed or cultivated land of any other without legal permission, ten dollars for each trespass; for shooting or killing of each one of the animals named in paragraph (b) in the closed season, one hundred dollars; for the shooting and killing of each one of the birds named in paragraph (a) in excess of twenty-five birds in any one day by any one person, or for the shooting or killing of each one of the animals named in paragraph (b) in excess of five in number by any one person in any one day, one hundred dollars; and for shipping and receiving for shipment each one of the birds or animals named in paragraph (a) and (b), or for each one of the fish of this State, ten dollars for each game bird or fish and one hundred dollars for each animal so shipped or received.

Any person having in possession any of the birds and animals mentioned in paragraphs (a) and (b), contrary to the game laws of this State, is liable to the same punishment or fine as for killing of the same.

It would seem from the law that any person having a legal right to hunt and kill game animals and game birds in the open season can dispose of the same in our State for gain or profit, and may ship the same to any part of the State without an affidavit.

(d) Song birds are protected at all times, but quail are not protected. The use of snares, nets or poisoned grain is prohibited, to capture any of the birds named in paragraph (a). The use of gun traps, etc., is prohibited, to capture any of the game animals named in paragraph (b). Wild duck, wild goose and brant can be legally killed only with the gun held to the shoulder, and the use of artificial light, batteries, swivel guns, etc., is prohibited, and proper penalties are provided for disobeying any of the laws pertaining to the things named in paragrph (d).

FISH CULTURE.

The State Game Warden has nothing to do with fish. Senate bill No. 169 makes the State Superintendent of Irrigation and Forestry ex-officio the State Commissioner of Fish of North Dakota, and the stocking of the waters of the State, the protection of the fish therein, and the entire fish culture throughout the commonwealth devolve upon that officer. Favorable provisions are made for the accomplishment of these purposes without expense to the State.

New Mexico Game Law.

Santa Fe, N. M., March 12.—Everything has been pretty quiet here in the sporting line for the past few weeks. We succeeded in getting a new game law through the Legislature, which is a great improvement over the old one, even if not all we wanted. The old law was very brief, and allowed killing everything one could get at except in the four months of May, June, July and August. Deer, elk and antelope can now be killed only in the months of October, November and December, while the open season for turkey and quail is two months longer, running up to March 1. The shipment of game out of the Territory is forbidden at all seasons. H. B. H

Maine Fish and Game Laws.

The Maine Legislature will adjourn about next Wednesday, and all the questions relating to fish and game have been attended to, and the following can be regarded as the results of 1895.

Open time on moose, deer and caribou, October 1 to January 1, in which time one bull moose, two deer and one caribou may be killed by any one person.

Parts of game may be sent to a licensed taxidermist under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the Commissioners.

Cow and calf moose prohibited from killing at all times.

Jack Lights, so-called, forbidden, likewise snaring or trapping; or using dogs in hunting such game, under penalties of fine and imprisonment. Fine and imprisonment imposed if such game is killed in close time.

Trout and salmon, open time from the first days of May to the first days of October, in which twenty-five pounds may be taken, provided, that having less than twenty-five pounds, one additional fish taken is not a violation of the law. Citizens of the State may take in the months of February, March and April, trout and salmon, and carry the same to their own homes, and not otherwise. Winter fishing in Oxford and Franklin counties, forbidden. May use artificial minnows or insects or flies in fishing for same.

Twenty-five pounds is the limit at any one time to be taken or in possession. Cannot be transported except with the owner. Woodcock, open time September first, and partridge, September 20. Close, December 1.

A general law providing that the Commissioners have control of waters, and may close such as they deem for the interest of the State, after public notice and hearing, and when done notices are placed to warn the public and recorded in town or plantation clerk's office. An appropriation of $25,000 annually was made to enforce the law, and to propagate fish. All wardens are to give bonds for $2,000 for the faithful discharge of their duties.

It may be said that the State has adopted a new policy, that of enforcing the law vigorously, and replenishing our waters with trout and salmon. A large number of restrictive and prohibitory laws have been passed on certain ponds, lakes and streams. The Commissioners will probably publish all general, and private laws in their compilation this year, so that all legislation may be understood.

The State has suffered considerable loss of large game this season, not more than usual, however, the violators being market hunters, and those having lumber operations. While the Commissioners will bring complaints against many of them the game is lost. They had no funds from the close of the year till now this year, and hence could not pursue a vigorous policy of enforcement. I notice a communication in your last paper reflecting upon the Bangor Commissioner, which I will leave to him to discuss if he desires, and only say that the imputation that trout (Maine trout), being sold in the market, is a thing I have yet to be satisfied is done in a single instance.

Trout from the West are in our markets, or lake trout of some kind, which are of course used by any one, and are such as hotels put on their "fare." If our Maine trout were sold under cover of this fish, a stop would be put at once to the selling of any such fish. In fact very few Maine trout see the market even in open time. I have never been able to buy one from the market.

The Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association, which has earnestly pushed the legislation, are feeling elated over the results of this session of the Legislature. Every measure urged has been carried. CHANDLER.

Schooners of Deer Meat.

Dixfield, March 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: Some three weeks ago you published an article in Forest and Stream entitled "Schooners of Deer Meat." Your comments on the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners seem to me to be unmerited and hardly fair. In the past you have upheld us in our work, and we have appreciated and valued your approval.

I can but think your information in regard to the fish and game affairs in Maine come from unreliable sources. That a great many deer and other game find their way to the Boston market, both legally and illegally, I know. With the means we have how could you expect it to be otherwise? The amount of fines collected by us the past year amounted to several thousand dollars. No doubt many escaped detection.

Can you expect us, with an appropriation of $12,000, to stop all the poaching and illegal transportation of game and pay our wardens, our own expenses, guard our salmon rivers, of which the Penobscot alone costs over $1,000. See to building our fish ways and employ a civil engineer at $5 per day, and expenses to survey and draft plans for same, building and supporting half a dozen hatcheries, feeding our young fry five months and distributing them to our numerous ponds and lakes in Maine, some of them carried many miles back into the wilderness? Collecting or purchasing our stock of trout and salmon eggs? Pay lawyers for defending and prosecuting suits? Protect 3,000 miles of unbroken forest, filled with large game, and as much more outside well stocked with fish and game? Patrol hundreds of miles on the Provincial border, beside hundreds of miles of sea coast, indented with scores of small bays and rivers from which just such schooners as you sneak of can escape, and many other expenses too numerous to mention? To do all this we have an appropriation of $12,500, and a salary of $500 per year.

That we have succeeded in making Maine one of the best fish and game preserves in the Union, none can deny. With the results I am more than pleased. The pay I have received for my services, and more with it, has gone faster than I earned it, and in a money point of view I am not so well off for being on the Commission as I would otherwise be, but I have the satisfaction of thinking of what we have done, will be of benefit to the State, and to the coming angler and sportsman. I am getting too near the allotted age of man to be expected to enjoy myself. Mr. Stillwell and myself were appointed on the Commission over twenty years ago, we worked together till his death. He was the best friend the fish and game ever had in Maine, and every sportsman coming into Maine has cause to revere his memory. We always made it a point not to answer any articles casting any insinuations on us. It is very apt to end in throwing mud, from which nothing but harm can come.

The State is waking up to the importance of our fish and game, and I think the present Legislature will give us about what we have asked for. The original bill has already passed, legislating the present wardens out of office, giving the Commissioners $1,000 a year and their expenses, putting the Land Agent on the Board with the present Commissioners—for the third. The law has passed putting a close time on cow and calf moose, under a penalty of $500, or imprisonment, or both, being discretionary with the court. Also making close time on partridges to Sept. 15. These are about all the changes there will be. Our appropriation has not yet come up. It has been reported favorably by the Committee—$25,000. It will come up this Wednesday and I think will pass.

It looks very favorably for a good season's fishing. In many new ponds and lakes that have been stocked with landlocked salmon, they are beginning to be caught in considerable numbers, which will add a great deal to our stock of angling waters. They are a very desirable fish, being the best for game and the table, and will thrive with the pickerel and will live in warm water, where the trout will die. In many of our ponds they have been caught in four years weighing as many pounds. In some ponds they never grow to over that weight, while in others—apparently with the same conditions—they will grow to ten or twelve inches. In one pond one was taken last spring, where they had been planted but six years, of twelve pounds. We now feed all our young fry four or five months before turning out. In this way they are large enough to care for and protect themselves. We have met with good success. Many new places are now coming up in which we are getting good fishing, and I believe in five years from now it will be better than to-day, if the present methods of stocking are kept up and the poacher can be kept out.

There is to-day as good fishing in Maine for large fish near some of our cities and large towns as there is at Rangely and Moosehead and our lakes and ponds, which were once good trout waters, where they have been fished out, or killed out by the pickerel, have been stocked with salmon, and they are beginning to be taken out in considerable numbers. Where the black bass have been introduced they have thinned out the pickerel, and the trout are putting in an appearance. The bass don't seem to interfere with the trout or the salmon. This is true in the large ponds or lakes in Kennebec county, and nearly half the area of that county is made up of lakes and ponds.

The season here now bids fair to be late, we have still two feet of snow and excellent sleighing; there is two and a half feet of ice on our ponds and lakes and unless warm weather comes on soon, the waiting angler will not get a chance to cast his hook into Maine waters before the middle of May.

When I sat down this evening I intended to write only one sheet, but after I got started I did not know when to stop. If I have given you any information of Maine matters or anything of value, you are at liberty to use it. But I have had only time to write the preface of matters of what might be said of the fish and game, and its interests in Maine, and tell the truth.

HENRY O. STANLEY.

DIXFIELD, MAINE, March 18.

Limited Licensed Netting.

In 1894 the Fish Commissioners of the State of New York were authorized by the Game Law, to grant licenses for the netting of frost-fish, and white fish, in the inland waters of the State, for such a limited period and under such regulations as they deemed proper, and accordingly large numbers of licenses were granted permitting such netting between Nov. 1 and Dec. 15, the nets to be set only between sunrise and sunset and removed each night.

Apparently they were granted indiscrimately to all applicants, and for the purposes of a test, no better course could have been adopted. Of these licenses, 59 were granted for netting white fish in Onandaga Lake, near Syracuse. For years past the Anglers' Association of Syracuse had substantially prevented all netting in this lake.

These licenses were closely watched, to some extent by a State Protector, and all of the time by the special protectors of said Association. Not a licensee was found having an illegally taken fish in his possession, though large numbers of white fish were taken; and only two were caught violating the regulations, by hauling their nets in the night, and these paid $30 for their breach of trust.

All but about three per cent, abided by the regulations. The Legislature is now asked to continue this system of licenses another year, and to permit bull heads (catfish), suckers, and pumpkin seeds, also to be taken with nets, by licensed netters.

In this connection the following questions have occurred to me, and I am searching for information, from which to be able to arrive at the proper conclusions:

1. Are white fish eaters of the spawn of game fish, the same as suckers, bull heads, and some other fish, so as to reduce the increase of game fish to some extent at least in addition to that resulting from the predaceous habits of so many fish?

2. Will the reduction of the numbers of such spawning fish, by netting them out, permit, or operate in favor of the increase of game fish in any waters?

Having been recently appointed the chairman of the Law and Legislation Committee of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, I am looking for light upon these questions. It is now too late to obtain sufficient information for this year, but I hope to get it so that I can act intelligently next year, when we shall have had another year's experience with licensed netting, and when the question of its continuance or abolition will surely come up.

A short time since I addressed a letter to the United States Fish Commissioners at Washington, asking the above questions, and in answer thereto was answered as follows:

"In answer to the first question, I would say that many fishermen claim that the white fish eat large quantities of spawn, but we have no evidence from observation of our own employees either confirming or negativing the claim.

"In answer to the second query, it is recognized that several species of fresh water fishes are truly predaceous, not only living upon the young of other fishes, but also destroying them to a very large extent. To what extent fishes feed upon the spawn of other fishes has never been determined from actual observation, and the most that we infer has been from the statements of the fishermen.

"During last year a joint commission on behalf of the United States and Great Britain conducted a thorough investigation as to the condition of the fisheries in the Great Lakes system, and a part of its work comprised inquiries respecting the very subject you now bring up. The American representative, Mr. Rathbun, who is a member of this commission, is now at work upon his report, which, however, owing to the extent of the field notes obtained, will not be completed inside of several months. On account of the conflicting statements regarding the benefits which might be expected to arise from the catching out of greater numbers of the so-called spawn-eating fishes, he has as yet come to no conclusion regarding that subject. In nature, of course, it is taken for granted that a balance is always maintained between the several species of fishes so long as no disturbing element is brought into play."

This goes to show that this subject has been deemed worthy of consideration and investigation by an International Commission. Now, what is a disturbing element?

It appears to me to be the means whereby the natural balance is destroyed or overcome. For many years the substantial prohibition of netting in Oneida Lake has permitted bull heads to multiply by millions upon millions, and they are probably the worst spawn eaters in existence. They have acquired the ascendancy in that lake over the game fish; more bull heads than bass, 6 to 1, were caught last summer by angling upon the stone bars, the natural grounds for bass, for they had driven the bass away and taken possession and were therefore a disturbing element.

Before netting was prohibited entirely in that lake, hundreds of thousands of suckers were taken each year in the early spring in the shoal waters at the mouth of the Onieda River at the foot of the lake, which had run up on to that fine gravel bottom to spawn; but it was a rare thing to catch a rock bass or perch and it was too early for game fish to run up there to spawn; but when they did run up the grounds swarmed with suckers and bull heads. These suckers have multiplied under protection, by millions, until now no game fish spawn there, so that the suckers have become a disturbing element.

These facts are within my personal knowledge, resulting from my personal inquiries and investigations conducted during several years past. I have written this article for the purpose of opening a full and free discussion through the columns of Forest and Stream, and I request that every person who can give any information, facts, or ideas in the affirmative or negative, bearing upon the two questions, will send them in for publication, for the benefit of sportsmen and for my personal benefit, in order that in 1896 I can act intelligently in deciding whether limited licensed netting shall be continued or not.

In the meantime during 1895, let each and every person and association in this State watch the licensed netters, and get all

the facts they can in regard to their acts and actions in order to determine whether the regulations imposed by the Fish Commissioners are observed and followed and to what extent they are violated.

C. W. SMITH, Chairman of Law Committee.

Game and Fish in Minnesota.

St. Paul, Minn., March 16, 1895.—Editor Forest and Stream: The subject that is engrossing Minnesota sportsmen's attention just now is the non-spring shooting bill that has just passed the House. At this writing it seems certain to pass the Senate, and to become a law, though there is some outside opposition; mostly because it is a new venture in the Northwest, and so many gunners haven't the right understanding of the benefits we claim will accrue if it is allowed to go into operation.

On the 14th the Pioneer Press editorially writes against the bill, and this has elicited a strong defense by practical sports men. The Pioneer Press deals with these subjects fairly, and the pros and cons receive equal recognition.

We contend that the migration of wild ducks to the far North is not because more advantageous localities for feeding and breeding purposes are open to them there, but that because of incessant hunting here, they are obliged to move on to find places of rest and safety. When the Northward flight from the Gulf begins, the most natural route is up the Mississippi Valley. The constant gunning along the line drives them farther and farther North. While ducks are migratory by nature, the migration ceases when they arrive at places of safety. Heretofore they have not been able to find this to any extent even in Minnesota. Yet nowhere in the Northwest are more or better lakes for feeding and breeding purposes than this State affords. That ducks will remain here is demonstrated by the fact that on several private preserves—some within a short distance of St. Paul—where spring shooting is not indulged in, they have come in and bred; and in the fall the lakes are fairly alive with ducks, particularly mallards and teal. There certainly is no real advantage to be gained by shooting ducks in the spring.

They are lean and feverish, and but poor eating at best. A pair of ducks killed in the spring means a flock of ducks less in the fall. With all our natural advantages, if spring shooting is prohibited in the spring, and in the fall, before the time for the Southward flight, ducks will extend their migration no farther, the quantity and quality of ducks that may be killed here will satisfy the most ardent spring gunner that non-spring shooting is best. He can enjoy a season far longer than the two seasons as they now stand, and in place of lean, feverish birds in the spring, and small flocks and hurried flights in the fall, he can pick his birds from large and well-fed flocks.

Another provision of our game bill is in House File No. 380, which is a substitute for various other bills. I can do no better than quote from a private letter from a gentleman who is an ideal sportsman:

"This bill contains on page five, a provision prohibiting the catching of game fish for market purposes. My notion is that the best way to preserve our game fish is to stop the pot hunting of them. It is of little consequence for the State to spend $20,000 in propagating these fish if they are to be cleaned out of the lakes as soon as they reach a suitable size, by the pot hunters, and sold for a mere song upon the market.

"For illustration, I am credibly informed that one fish company alone took, last year, out of a little lake say north of Duluth, nearly twenty tons of black bass. What it would cost the State of Minnesota to replace these fish and have them reach a catchable size, would probably represent a sum of hundreds if not thousands of dollars.

"Of my personal knowledge I know that nearly fifteen tons of game fish were taken out of two lakes in Wright county last season, largely by parties who came here from Texas and Iowa, and who simply cleaned the lakes out to pay their outing expenses. Our first step in the direction of preserving our game is to protect them, and our most dangerous foe is the pot hunter."

In the last few days the Legislature of North and South Dakota, have passed game bills that practically conform to the Minnesota statute. The whole Northwest is alive on the subject of protection and preservation of game.

Our own movement for a voluntary auxiliary game and fish protective association is advancing rapidly. A meeting is called for Monday, the 18th, at which a large number of our citizens will be present, when an organization committee will be named to push the movement. WM. L. TUCKER.

St. Paul, Minn., March 23, 1895.—Editor Forest and Stream: At the election of officers of the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners on Thursday, W. A. Timberlake, St. Paul, was re-elected President; Wm. Bird, Fairmount, Vice-President; A. F. Ferris, Brainerd, Treasurer; Fred Von Baumbach, Alexandria, Secretary, and S. F. Fullerton, Duluth, Executive Agent.

That the election was wholly voluntary, the sprotsmen of the State will not believe. That this Board has now been pulled into the political arena, is very evident. But the changes are now made, and it is the Board to do the work for the next few years. So, whether satisfactory or unsatisfactory, the interests are too great to allow to go by default, and the true sportsmen of the State must and will continue their efforts to assist in the work. When the new voluntary auxiliary association can be completed, a very potent factor will enter the field.

We nave this suggestion to make. The work outlined by Mr. Andrews should be continued by Mr. Fullerton; and to the Board and Executive Officer we would say that they could not do better than endeavor to secure the services of Mr. Andrews for a short time, if by any possibility he could be induced to devote any further attention to these interests, after having been so abused of late. His experience and information on these subjects would certainly be very valuable at this time, and Mr. Fullerton can win the highest regard of sportsmen if he continues this work on these lines.

From a personal standpoint Mr. Fullerton will be a very acceptable officer, and so should feel just as free as his predecessor to call upon the sportsmen for any assistance they can render. We will certainly decry the movement to antagonize his administration. WM. L. TUCKER.

A Non-Hounding Bill for New York.

A bill recently introduced in the New York Legislature by Mr. W. W. Niles, of New York city, reads as follows:

"An act to amend Chapter 488 of the Laws of 1892, entitled, "An act for the protection, preservation and propagation of birds, fish and wild animals in the State of New York, and the different counties thereof."

The People of the State of New York, represented in the Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:

Section 1. Section 42 of said Act is hereby amended to read as follows:

Section 42. No fawn or female deer shall be hunted, caught or killed at any time in this State, nor any part thereof be possessed at any time; the possession of the carcass of any such fawn or female deer or any part thereof shall be deemed prima facie evidence of a violation of this section by the possessor.

Section 2. Section 44 of said Act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

Section 44. Hounding. No person, corporation, association or company shall hunt, pursue or kill any deer in this State with any dog or bitch at any time. If any dog or bitch shall be found hunting, pursuing or killing any deer or running at large in the forests of this State where deer inhabit, it shall be deemed prima facie evidence of the violation of the foregoing provisions of this section by the person, corporation, association or company, owning, using, having or harboring such dog or bitch.

Section 3. All Acts and parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act are hereby repealed.

This Act shall take effect immediately.

Niagara County Anglers' Club.

Lockport, March 21.—The Niagara County Anglers' Club, with the first evidences of spring, which are unusually tardy this year, has awakened to activity. It has accomplished much already in the way of increasing the fish supply in county waters, and its plans are all made for an unusually interesting campaign. Within the last week the club has planted 4,000,000 white fish from the Caledonia Hatcheries in Lake Ontario.

At the annual meeting recently held, these officers were chosen:

President, Hon. John F. Little; Vice-President, George Moody; Secretary, Frederick K. Sweet; Treasurer, Geo. W. Weaver. The question of the annual tournament was informally discussed and the sentiment seemed to favor the Thousand Islands as the battle ground in June.

The club last week deposited 2,000,000 white fish fry two miles out of Wilson harbor, Lake Ontario and the same number in Olcott harbor this week, Tuesday. Mr. Walzer, of the hatcheries, who accompanied the tiny fish, promised the banner club of the State 1,000,000 more white fish fry, and the same number of black bass, to be planted at Olcott. The bass cannot be obtained until sometime in June, he said. Salmon trout fry are a minus quantity in the Caledonia tanks this year.

The planting of the little fish in the stormy waters is an interesting occurrence, and the event attracted hundreds of people from all over the country to Olcott last Tuesday. The fry were but two and a half days' old, and about the size of pins, but with larger heads than that important article of domestic economy.

All the members of the Anglers' Club Committee could not get away and there were some substitutions. In the party from here were: President John F. Little, Jerome E. Emerson, George Emerson, C. L. Nicholls, and Tunis Outwater.

THE OLCOTT DELEGATION.

The citizens of Olcott, headed by Mayor William Henry Lockwood, responded nobly to the call for volunteers to assist in the planting. The fry came in 96 cans, which held from 12 to 115 gallons each. The tiny fish, only two or three days old, were lively as crickets when the car stopped at the R. W. & O. R. R. depot, Newfane station.

The cans were loaded on wagons and drawn to the west pier in the Olcott harbor. The men furnishing teams were James Rose, Samuel Lockwood, Thomas Plain. John Myers, Newell Clicknor, Eugene Halstead, William Everts, Charles Carigan, Fred Rockwell, Silas Nobles. Those who assisted in the work were: The Hon. William H. Lockwood, James L. Lockwood, William H. Tenbrook, Andrew J. Leonard, Nelson Shaver, John Babcock, Edward Moore, Sheba Stout, Peter Drake, Dan Shaver. The boatmen were: S. W. Lockwood, Cyrus Brown, James A. Martin, Fred Martin, Archy Kline, Frank Shaver, Jr., Edward Burns, William Nobles, William Drinkwalter.

A BARRIER OF ICE.

A disappointment was in store for Superintendent Walzer, of the Caledonia Hatcheries. The plan was to plant the fry out in the lake, two miles at least, to avoid the perch and other game fish that would capture the little fellows. The wind from the north drove the ice in shore and made it impossible for the boats to push through and out into the lake. The best that could be done was to commit the fry to the waters of the lake off the west pier. The swift current would carry them out into the lake, and the conditions were such yesterday that it is believed that the little new comers were troubled very little if at all by the voracious perch.

Superintendent Walzer, who came along with the fry from the State hatcheries, said before summer they would plant at least 40,000,000 white fish in Lake Ontario. He thought that another car load could be sent to the Anglers' Club before April 1. Their black bass did not come until some time in June, and he hoped to furnish the club a half million or more at that time.

MAYOR LOCKWOOD'S WELCOME.

Mayor Lockwood delivered a forcible and graceful address of welcome to the piscatorial pilgrims from the Caledonia tanks.

A large number of Olcott citizens applied for membership, to be voted on at the next meeting.

How Our Neighbors Do.

Newburgh, N. Y., March 18.—Apropos of your article upon removing game and fish protectors, I think the United States might take a leaf out of the book of their neighbor, Canada. These game guardians (I speak of the Northwest, where I was a resident some years) are appointed more for their aptitude for the work, being generally sportsmen of good standing, the question of political belief not being even asked, and the appointment being ostensibly for life, pending good conduct and efficiency.

I also came across another institution on the Canada Pacific, which met with my unqualified approval in the transportation of dogs on that line. I got on board the train at the Rockies, and my dog was checked as extra baggage, with a charge of $7.50 to Montreal, which was the sum total of all I had to pay, and my dog went with me and had my personal supervision. I felt I had paid my dues and was comfortable, and I met with great civility and kindness from all the train hands, and I do not think the charge was high for the distance. It saved me the uncertainty of mind, the constant tipping and the incivility from train hands, which one meets sometimes out here.

In contrast to the above, let me cite another instance. When coming away from the South, I was obliged to let my wife come ahead of me, and she brought the same dog with her, and got along as far as Chattanooga, on the E. T. V. & G. There, about five minutes before the departure of the train, the dog was put off, and the official insisted on its being expressed, which compelled its being crated. A box was obtained, and the dog expressed in a package about half big enough, and arrived at Newburgh two days after my wife, famished for water and food, and cramped almost to death. The charges from Chattanooga were $9 for one-third the distance. Next time I go South the steamboat lines will carry myself and dog, as they also know how to treat us both.

G. N. BARKER.

The Indiana Five-Year Quail Prohibition.

"We learn to-day from good authority that the bill to prohibit the killing of quail in Indiana for the term of five years has not yet passed, and perhaps will not, but it will take quick work or we may as well give away our dogs and guns and be done with it.

It is the duty of every sportsman whose eyes fall on this to sit right down and write Capt. A. J. McCutchan at Indianapolis and beg him not only to work for the bill to stop the sale of game, but to sit down on the bill to stop the killing of quail for five years. The bill of Mr. I. Walter Sharp covers the case. That is the bill that Senator McCutchan and Representatives Kamp and Holloway should endorse. — LOUISVILLE TRIBUNE, Feb. 22.

New York Legislature.

There is nothing new to report with regard to legislation at Albany this week, except that the bill to consolidate the Fish and Forestry Commissions has passed the Senate.

All of the game bills are held back awaiting the action of the Senate Game Committee on its Omnibus bill. The committee will probably consider the bill and give a public hearing on it some day this week.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 9 to 12.—Pittsburgh—Duquesne K. C. W. E. Littel, Sec'y.

April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveand, Sec'y.

April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club. Dr. R. J. Withers, Sec.

April 25 and 26.—Toronto, Canada.—Toronto Kennel Club. W. P. Fraser, Hon'y. Sec.

May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club. Howard Vernon, Sec'y, San Francisco.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at —— P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 28.—Trials A. U. S. F. T. Club at Newton, N.C. W. B Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

STANCHNESS.

Some months ago, I received a letter from a well-known field trial handler, one whose thorough knowledge of field trial competition and related matters is conceded by all, wherein he touched upon the matter of staunchness, as required in a field trial competition of the present day.

Concerning it he writes: "I am quite surprised that a judge should consider that following the handler in to a flush is unsteadiness on the part of the dog. Nothing, in my judgment, is more disgustingly imbecile in a dog than when he remains standing on a point while his handler beats out the country forty feet in front, and twenty to each side of him trying to flush a bird. It appears to me that there could be no greater illustration of inaccuracy in locating than such a performance.

"I understand it that the purpose of a dog is to locate and point the birds, and I do not know of a more useful position for a dog than behind his handler when he is going in to flush. I do not understand how such an act can be considered as unsteadiness."

There was a time, not long ago, when I thought differently from Mr. Titus, but later developments in field trial competition convinces me that his opinion is correct. His objections to the usage, which governs staunchness on point in competition, are well taken. Still, it is only within a recent period that in this connection the weakness of field trial usage has become plainly manifest, as a result of some abuses which have crept in, and which seem to be growing greater with each succeeding trial.

As the theory of staunchnesss was originally considered and applied, it was not far from correct, though never wholly so. Nevertheless, the abuses which have been practiced, never could have gained a foothold had the judges been properly observant in guarding against them.

In theory, it seems perfectly correct to assume that a dog would make either a true point or a false point, and that the handler should walk ahead and flush the birds at a proper distance if the point be a true one, or that he should find nothing if the point be false, all of which theoretically seem so simple that there could be no possibility of a misunderstanding or an error, much more an abuse of it.

In practice, however, it is far from being so simple a matter. First of all there are very few dogs, comparatively, which will point their birds correctly; that is to say, ones which will draw or road with accuracy and self-reliance, stopping on point at the proper distance from them. The larger part of the field trial dogs are faulty in these qualities. They road hesitatingly on a hot trail and look to the handler for prompting and assistance. Many of them point at too great a distance from their birds, an act considered by some sportsmen as being surely indicative of a keen nose, on the assumption that such a dog is pointing by the body scent, though it is well known that many dogs will point on the foot scent, many yards from the birds, and require constant urging to make them advance to the proper place to point.

As to how the handler can determine when the dog has at last reached the proper place, it is easily explained. The handler knows his dog thoroughly. All the acts and certain expressions of the dog have certain meaning. Every dog has certain methods of roading or seeking, differing more or less from those of every other dog, and which by use become habitual.

A dog, pointing on footscent, never points so rigidly as when pointing on the body scent. As he makes point after point in his advances to the birds, he becomes more and more rigid, feathers more and his eyes become more lustrous and fixed. his attitude then being what the enthuisastic writers would mistakenly term cataleptic. The trainer, from having observed many repetitions of the act, knows just when the dog is on a true point, and he can juggle his dog foward so deftly and quietly by a low note on the whistle, or click of his tongue, that no one other than an expert would observe that it was really the trainer who was furnishing the ideas and impulse to the dog.

There are dogs which will point on any scent, as there are dogs which will point without any apparent reason for it. The dog which will point on a true scent, but will not locate his birds accurately, is the most difficult one to judge. But there is one infallible circumstance by which the judge can rate the dog's ability in this connection, namely, if the handler is constantly coaching and helping his dog to locate the birds, that dog is an inferior performer. He has a defective brain. As to their handling, dogs may be, in a way, divided into three classes, those which are deficient in brains or interest and require the assistance of their handlers in all of the details of their work; those which will do some parts of their work accurately and correctly, but which require more or less assistance from their handlers in other parts, and those which are capable, self-reliant, and skillful, and can work correctly on their own judgment.

Field trial judges have never made a sufficient distinction in these matters. If a dog was helped a great deal, so long as it was done smoothly and good results were obtained, it was accepted as a good performance, and I have even heard such work referred to as being high class. No dog is a high class performer, which can not perform well without the assistance of his handler in such parts of the work as are strictly within a good dog's powers and within what is required for good work to the gun afield.

Judges have accepted results at trials without giving proper heed as to the manner in which they were obtained. The point work of a handler and his dog, having the semblance of good work, was often accepted as equal to that of the independent dog. Separate these two classes of dogs from their handlers, so that each, in strange hands, would have to depend upon its own resources, the independent dogs would not vary in working up to their standard, while the others would drop from their sham standard to their true level, that of the mediocre.

Returning now to the consideration of staunchness on point

it can easily be shown how the practice in respect to it at field trials was an advantage to the faulty dog which needed assistance, and how it was a harm to the approximately perfect dog, the one which used his brains and capabilities in the most approved manner for the success of the gun. Supposing now that the faulty dog—using such term in the absence of a better one to designate the dog which works on the judgment and assistance of his handler—has made a point after the habitual prompting and assistance have been given him. The handler walks forward to flush. If he finds nothing, he says: "The birds have run, judge!" He then sends the dog on. Another point is established. The handler beats out the ground many yards ahead, and to the right and left of the dog, in places so out of consonance with the point that it would be absurd on any reasonable assumption to give the dog credit for a point, even if the birds were found. If the birds are found so far away from the pointing dog, or so far down wind of him, that it was palpable that he did not have a true point on them, the same old excuse serves again and again; that is, the birds had run. Under the unreasoning exactions and practice in respect to staunchness, how could the judges determine whether the birds had really run, or not, from the dog's piont? The practice clearly discriminates in favor of the dog which will point staunchly on a hot footscent.

Now, there are times, under certain conditions, when the birds are wild and restive, wherein they will run a great deal and lie badly to the dog's points, if at all. Under such conditions, the faulty dog will make an exceedingly poor showing. At such times, some handlers make a most undignified competition, rushing and scrambling to make a good showing for their dogs. It is a pleasure to state that the majority of handlers compete with the utmost fairness, and the tendency every year is toward a more precise observance of fairness in handling, but one handler who scrambles is a hardship on every one who does not.

Let us now suppose that the good dog makes a true point on the running birds. He is trained to hold his point after his handler passes ahead of him, till the latter beats out the ground to his satisfaction and orders the dog on. The sensible dog knows that the birds have run away, as shown by his graduat relaxation on his point and the lessening of his eager watchfulness for the order to go on again; but he must work after a set form, one which puts such restraints on his intelligence that the faulty dog benefits by it. If the intelligent dog were to move on while his handler were beating out the ground to the point, under the present system such act would likely be considered as a fault. If the dog were to leave his point and circle the running birds, to head them off and stop their running, as some exceptionally wise dogs will do, most judges would consider that the dog had blinked.

If the dog is faithfully working in the interests of the gun, and if he is intelligent and properly experienced, he knows quite as well as does the shooter, how to make the best success out of the find, in behalf of the gun. If the birds are running, when the handler walks past the dog, the latter, if he be intelligent and correctly handled, walks by his side, or a few feet ahead, leading on directly to the birds.

The faulty dog might follow at heel, or after pointing might give up all effort and trust to his handler to do the rest, being glad to evade any responsibility.

Undoubtedly, if unrestrained, some handler under any conditions would soon discover ways of making an apparently good performance with a faulty dog, by glossing over the faults and supplementing the dog's inefficiency by their own efforts, but an experienced judge can easily detect what part of the work is done by the dog and what part is done by the handler, and separate and value it accordingly. If the handlers once understood that the dog was judged by what he really did himself, it would soon result in a better grade of competition, and a better trained class of dogs.

In judging more consideration should be given to intelligence and knowledge and unassisted good performance in working to the gun, qualities which are expressively called bird sense.

Considering the field trial progress and growth of the last decade, there is much upon which sportsmen can congratulate themselves. The changes have been radical and great.

The first rules of the old heat system, which were based bodily upon the coursing rules which then obtained in England, and which as applied to field trials were original largely in pretense, held a place till many trials had many times exposed to competitors their wretched inefficiency, and intelligent criticism had exposed it to the world. They were merely the swaddling clothes of the early field trial, used longer than they were fit. The public had been educated up to a much higher plane long before the first rule, with their cumulations of fallacy and bad English, were rejected. When the National Field Trial Club went into desuetude, the old rule accompanied it. A new club sprung up, entirely new rules were adopted, but they were all founded on the same erroneous theory, that is, the theory of coursing, which, as applied to coursing, is excellent, as in it there are but two things to consider, speed and quickness in turning, but which, as applied to the many complex and interdependent details of the work of setters and pointers, is absurd.

Finally, the heat system was rejected in toto, and the spotting system was adopted instead. This system obtains at the present time throughout the United States and Canada, and one can safely predict that the old heat system of conducting field trials is gone forever. There are some undesirable circumstances of handling, which have been passed down from the time when jockeying was more prevalent than it is at present, of which also it may be predicted that they will soon disappear. As soon as it is known that there is a firm public sentiment against all the little unfair practices and petty meannesses, such as whistling to turn an opponent's dog, or to balk or call him off a scent when roading, or off a point, if pointing, or to hurry in to flush scattered birds so an opponent's dog can not secure points, etc., just so soon will those practices be abandoned. If judges were to make a rule to the end that, if any dog be interfered with, intentionally or unintentionally, such dog will be run thereafter alone and given full opportunity to display his abilities, the trouble from cunning interference would soon cease. Finding that such acts failed in the end, those handlers, who now and then use such methods, would soon abandon them.

In any event, the matter of staunchness, which is always a constant and important consideration in the competition, should be so valued and managed that it would be in consonance with the competition and with the purposes of a dog in actual work to the gun afield.

The season has arrived when the field trial trainers and handlers get restless and stretch themselves for flight. In a letter, recently received from Messrs. Mayfield and Richards, Vinton, Miss., where they have been stopping since the trials ended, they report a very satisfactory winter season, and mentioned that they would hie northward about April 1.

B. WATERS.

E. F. T. Club Meeting.

The special meeting of the E. F. T. Club was called to order in Mr. F. R. Hitchcock's office, 67 Wall street, about 2 o'clock P. M., March 26, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., presided. There were present, Messrs. Carter, Orr, Ewing, Hodgman, Meares and Hitchcock. The constitution was amended so that three of the Board of Governors constituted a quorum, and five members of the club are a club quorum. Messrs. Sturgis and Phelps were admitted to membership. The club has 5,179 acres of grounds at Newton, N. C. Both the Continental Field Trials Club and the U. S. F. T. C. presented propositions to run trials in conjunction with those of the Eastern Club. The proposition of the former club was accepted, and the Continental Club will hold its first quail trials at Newton, N. C. Messrs. Lorillard and Hitchcock were appointed a committee on judges.

Gordon Setters.

Sistersville, W. Va.—In looking over the back numbers of Forest and Stream, I read the following remark, by Mr. Hough: "He is one of the despised Gordons." At the first reading of the item, I had a Gordon pup with whose dam I had hunted. The bitch was an excellent one. I supposed that she was an exception, if the Gordons are a despised breed.

I was greatly surprised to find that my pup was one of the best dogs I ever shot over. Fate robbed me of him, but fortunately a Gordon bitch whelped a fine litter of pups by him, and I purchased one. He was left entirely to himself, and, when I went on a trip after quail last December, I took him along, rather as an apology for a dog. He had chased birds all summer and, in fact, behaved in such a manner that I expected to see him chase the quail into the next county.

Our first flock flushed wild and scattered in the woods. My pup made point after point in the brush, and was steady to wing. Now note this, he was rushing along in the woods at a gallop, when I saw him make a sliding stop, and turn his head over his shoulder. He remained in that position until I walked in behind him and flushed the quail. He also, without training, remember, was steady to shot, with three double guns fired over him. After the first excitement, when the wire edge was worn off, he dropped to shot like a veteran.

These two Gordons I have owned, and the dam I shot over. I never saw either of them unsteady to wing or shot, nor willfully flush a bird, nor chase a rabbit. The dam would run away from a rabbit, and the pups only show a genteel interest in one.

They are simply tireless—fast and wide rangers, excellent and hardy fellows for all-round shooting.

What I wish to ask is, are those the reasons for despising the Gordon? Why are they not more in favor?. What are the faults, if any, of the Gordon setter?

J. H. PIERCE.

The New England Kennel Club.

Boston.—Through an error we published in our premium list the American Spaniel Club's old classification No. 1, not thinking for a moment there had been a change until advised by Mr. Keasbey, secretary of that club, that such was the case. It was furthest from our intentions to provide other than the best classification of that club.

We therefore withdraw that part of our premium list which says "American Spaniel Club Classification No. 1."

Had we been advised sooner of our mistake, we should have made our classification to conform to their more recent one, but, at this late day, much as we regret it, fail to see how we can do otherwise than adhere to our original one. Additional specials: From Pointer Club of America, $10 respectively for best pointer dog and bitch in open classes. The Collie Club of America offers a silver medal respectively for the best dog and bitch in open class, and a bronze medal respectively for the best dog and bitch in the puppy class. The Bedlington Terrier Club offers $5 for the best Aemrican-bred Bedlington terrier. Everything is booming.

D. E. LOVELAND, Sec.

DOG CHAT

Mr. Samuel H. Roberts, of Pawntucket, R. I., writes: "I have leased the shooting privilege of a large farm, and intend to secure some more quail from the South and put them out according to my own idea. Last year the birds were liberated in accordance with the ideas of a committee, and I believe I can obtain even better results than were obtained a year ago. The boys here are after some rabbits, and have subscribed $125, and I placed an order for some white ones yesterday. Chapman is now engaged trapping them. The sportsmen in Providence are also going into the scheme. The State Game Association is endeavoring to have the game laws amended, and they have commenced in the right way. Before the close of the present session of the Legislature, Rhode Island expects to have an ideal game law. The State Fair is arranging for the fall show. A more liberal classification and a little more consideration for the handlers is all that is necessary to make this the second show to New York."

Mr. F. L. Cheeny, Pittsfield, Mass., informs us of his misfortune in losing his valuable setter bitch. Under date of March 20, he writes: "I write, with regret, of the death of my Irish setter bitch Daisy (Chief—Leigh Doane), caused by lead poisoning. She was a faithful friend, and no man need ask for a better grouse and woodcock dog. She was a field and bench winner, and the dam of the field-trial winner Molleen and many other good ones. Her place will be hard to fill, both afield and at home."

In the absence of his brother, Dr. Bruette, who was confined to his room with a severe cold, Mr. William Bruette attended faithfully to the veterinary duties connected with the Chicago show.

When the Detroit and Chicago shows come round, Dr. H. Clay Glover generally makes up his mind that his Western interests require his personal attention, so we were not surprised to drop across him at these shows. Although not officially connected with the Chicago show, he was repeatedly consulted by the "regulars" during the week, and the benefit of his large experience was always at their command.

Mr. W. J. Higginson, 3 Gregory street, Rochester, N. Y., write us that there will be a meeting of the breeders, fanciers and lovers of the bull terrier at the forthcoming show of the Duquesne Kennel Club, with a view to forming a permanent organization in the interests of the breed of bull terriers. It will be held at Hotel Schlosser, April 10, at 8 p. m.

The Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., weere exceedingly unfortunate in losing Blemton Victor (Victor II—Vindex II), an eleven months' old puppy, purchased of the Blemton Kennels soon after the New York show. He was turned out for exercise with the other dogs on March 2, and although they had treated him with friendliness previously, the older dogs there tackled and worried him, injuring him so severely by the rough treatment that he died a few days afterward. He made no outcry, otherwise Mr. Browning, the manager, who was near by at the time, could have saved him.

We publish this week a portrait of Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen II). He is owned by the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels. He was the most successful young pointer of the past season, and, besides making a good showing in the records, he won the good opinions and praises of the sportsmen who saw him perform.

A correspondent writes us as follows: "Some years ago, I read an article in Forest and Stream regarding the use of pointers for hunting squirrels in the South. Who can I address for information concerning the matter? Perhaps some of our Southern readers can give information as to the use of pointers as squirrel dogs.

Mr. P. T. Madison, Sec.-Treas. of the Continental Field Trial Club, has issued a circular from which the following excerpt is taken: "The constitution, by-laws and rules are models of perfection, and are vastly different from any yet formulated by other clubs. They are now in the printer's hands and will be ready for mailing in a few days. It was decided to have no membership fee, but make the annual dues payable in advance, and, owing to the large number of responses to the invitation to become charter members, the annual dues were placed at only ten dollars. In order that there may be no delay in placing the club in a position to do business at once, the secretary was instructed to request the members to remit their dues immediately. It was also deemed advisable to double the membership as soon as possible. I therefore take this opportunity of publicly inviting the gentlemen sportsmen of America to become members, and thereby assist us in making the Continental the grandest field trial club ever organized in the world."

Duquesne Kennel Club.

Pittsburg.—Through an error, our premium list shows a class for American shaggy foxhounds. That is a mistake. Our classes for foxhounds are English foxhounds and American foxhounds. The Collie Club of America offers for competition to members of the Collie Club of America only, a silver medal for the best collie exhibited and a bronze medal for the best collie entered in the puppy classes.

JOHN MOORHEAD, President.



DELHI.

Copyright by Prof. Edw. H. Osthaus.

Wolfhounds at New York.

Hamilton, Canada.—You must pardon me for replying to the criticism of the Russian wolfhounds at the New York show which appeared in Forest and Stream of a recent issue, and which was signed Highland.

In his remarks on our new importation, Ataman IV., he states that "Ataman IV., a new comer, made here his debut in the open dog class, and while he had the easiest of an easy win, it was due entirely to the fact that he virtually had no competition, scarcely a dog in the class being in fit condition to show at a country fair."

In reply to this I make public my claim that Ataman IV. is the finest Russian wolfhound that has ever been imported into this country (that is, of those which have ever been exhibited—of others I know nothing), and that he can win over any other dog that has ever been shown.

Further on the article states that Ataman is "possessed of a very short neck"—and still further on it states that he is too straight in hind legs. This is surely enough to prove the qualifications of the would-be criticiser to criticise wolfhounds. From this, one would beleive that this breed of dogs should have long necks, the same as greyhounds, size for size. And that they should not have straight legs, much straighter than the greyhounds, size for size.

I certainly do not claim that Ataman is a faultless dog, for he certainly is not; but I do claim and am willing to back it up, as aforesaid, that he is the best Russian wolfhound at the present time before the public.

WILLIAM J. TULK,
Manager Terra Cotta Kennels.

Concerning Dogs and Foxes.

Ozark, Ark.—As I pen this letter, a red fox's skin, the first I ever saw, lies before me. The fox, which was evidently a young one, reared near where it was shot, and whelped last spring, was killed within four miles of this town, and in my favorite hunting grounds. No red foxes have been liberated in this State, so far as I have been able to learn, and the one killed must be the forerunner of a general movement of these animals Southwest. Joel Chandler Harris, in a charming article in the Century Magazine, entitled, "The Mystery of the Red Fox," says that the red fox has been gradually moving southwest for years, and that he drives out the gray fox wherever he goes. Near where this fox was killed, we have frequently run a fox which would apparently enjoy a chase of six or seven hours. I am satisfied this was a red fox, the sire or dam of the one killed. They are likely to become very plentiful here. I have heard that they could not be caught with hounds. Is this true? I am inclined to think that a cross between a fox hound and pointer would make a red fox hustle to get away, but never heard of such a cross being used in fox hunting. G. A. M.

Wolf Hunting With the Airedale Hounds.

Pipestone, Minn.—Editor Forest and Stream: It was on a lovely, balmy morning, with a southerly wind blowing and a slight dampness in the air, that my brother and I started from our kennels with seven couples of English foxhounds, to draw for a wolf that our neighbors had reported as having been seen very often within reasonable distance from us. Trotting quickly about eight miles, we shortly arrived at a good sportsman's place, a Mr. Cooper, who, mounting an old mare, gladly offered his services as pioneer to the rushes where he had several times seen the dog and vixen, with an odd cub or two.

I carefully drew this, but bar an occasional whimper, which showed that our quarry had been there lately, proved blank, and we had to look further. Then we steadily drew every likely-looking slough and run that we came to on our way without any result. About two in the afternoon, as we were slowly returning home, having just passed through a very likely tree-claim with a freshly eaten carcase of a horse in it, my brother came galloping up with the news that he had just viewed either a large collie dog or a wolf disappearing over the crest of a hill. I immediately collected the hounds and cantered up. Evidently there was something afoot, as the hounds had their heads up, feeling the intoxicating scent in air, and yet unable to quite start. My brother showed me the exact place he had seen the object as we drew nearer, but there was little need of it, as with a dash and a burst of music, the whole pack flung themselves gladly on the line.

Then what a gallop! We ran for about two miles and then came to a draw running in an easterly and westerly direction, the pack splitting, some running this way and some that. Luckily, at this critical moment, we caught a view of the wolf stealing down a dead furrow, and immediately got the hounds to the spot. They then settled and ran by section lines beautifully for about six miles. There the hounds clearly had simply run themselves out of scent, as by the time I had made a cast forward they took up the line and ran again with as great a vim and dash as ever. Another mile or so and we came to another tree-claim. As the hounds ran, simply screaming through this cave, we saw our wolf, dead beaten, with brush between his legs, dragging himself slowly along. At this juncture, I should have been able to have lifted the hounds to view, but a barb-wire fence intervened, and by the time we had broken the wire and torn the staples out, he had gained considerably. However, we got the hounds settled, though all were beginning to feel the effects of the cracking pace we had come. The wolf began to run with the usual cunning of its kind, and never another view for two miles of slow hunting down the small ice ponds and the dry course of the Flandreau Creek, till we saw it stealing up the side of a hill and disappear in some long grass. Then the four leading hounds faced as if for a view, when amongst them up jumped the wolf, with the hounds snapping at its brush, and with one supreme effort, succeeded in getting under a farmer's granary, where, after a lot of trouble, we ultimately managed to dislodge it, and after a short worry by the hounds, we ended the stout-hearted varmint's life by a hit on the head with a hunting crop. The distance altogether traversed in the run was about sixteen miles. The wolf weighed forty pounds.

EDWARD A. CASS, Huntsman.

The International Trials.

Chatham, Ont., *Editor Forest and Stream:* A few more lines, and I have done with the International Trials of 1894. For Mr. Davidson's information, I would say that I was not the reporter, nor had I anything to do with the reports in any way whatever.

Mr. Davidson is in error when he says that, in the trials of 1893, Tobe got second without an opportunity of being put down with the winner of first. The facts were: Tobe had just run a long heat with Ightfield Musa, had beaten her, and was called to go down with Cleopatra Mr. Davy asked for time to rest his dog, and a discussion arose as to the interpretation of Rule IX., which was left to the committee, who decided that the winners of first and second must run together. Then someone suggested—Mr. Davidson, I think—that as all wanted to get away, if the owners would consent to waive the rule, the judges could decide at once. Mr. Davy and myself, being the interested parties, expressed our willingness to do so, and the decision was given.

Mr. Davidson seems to object to my running to my dog when on point, a long distance off in timber, and says a dog is much more apt to impress the judges, whose handler walks quietly and leisurely up to the dog when he points, than one that has to be reached in the speediest manner possible. I fail to remember where Tobe or any other dog in the stake made a point at anything like the distance from his handler, that Luke did; so I don't see where he draws the comparison. It seems to me, however, that the judges are there to decide on facts, not by inference.

I got my information as to his opinion of the Toledo Blade from himself, so there is no imagination about it.

Mr. Davidson says he understands I am breeding to Brighton Tobe, and that I may expect to get more independence into my kennel by the cross As I did breed to him partly on Mr. Davidson's advice, he would greatly oblige me if he would tell me from which blood I may expect the most independence—the Irish or the native?—because, if I knew, I might, by breeding to a pure Irish or a pure native, get more of the desired quaity which I so much lack. Unfortunately, or fortunately, the bitch missed.

Manitoba Frisk, who has the same native blood in him, was no doubt a good dog, but he was not good enough to prevent, in a private trial, my winning a new hat from his master, with a son of old Mingo, Wm. Brailsford being the judge. Mr. Davidson has no doubt heard the old adage, "One swallow does not make a summer." It would be well for him to bear it in mind when writing about the natives and cross breeds. W. B. WELLS.

(There is nothing to be gained by continuing this discussion.)

Spaniel Club Meeting.

A meeting of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club was held at the office of Dr. S. J. Bradbury, 110 East Twenty-second street, New York, Tuesday evening, March 19. Present: Messrs. E. M. Oldham, Dr. Bradbury and M. A. Viti; Mr. Oldham in the chair; Mr. Viti, secretary pro tem. Secretary reported receipt of a letter from the American Kennel Club, stating that it was the sense of that body that the specials presented by Geo. Bell to the Spaniel Club were vested in that club and could be offered as heretofore. Treasurer's report showed a balance of $200.25. Committee on Specials reported that the Duquesne Kennel Club, of Pittsburg, having complied with the Spaniel Club rules, the Whitehead trophy and Bell cup be offered at their show; also that the New England Kennel Club having complied with the rules, the St. Lawrence trophy, the Bell paintings and the Saybrook trophy be offered. The secretary reported that the New England Kennel Club had adopted the old classification instead of the new classification, and that he had written calling attention to the error. Messrs. Dr. Bradbury and Keasbey were appointed a committee to communicate with the N. E. K. C., and given power to act. Dr. Bradbury moved that sweepstakes be opened at W. K. C. show, 1896, to be known as the American Spaniel Club Sweepstakes for all sporting spaniels whelped in 1895; nominations to be made not later than September 1, 1895, and to be accompanied by forfeit of $2; second forfeit $3, to be paid January 1, 1896. Entries on which forfeits are not paid on the stipulated dates shall be thereby declared out. At least $25 will be added to the stake and the divisions will be 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third, 10 per cent. to fourth. Open to club members only.

The Fox-Terrier.

A third and greatly enlarged edition of the "Fox Terrier," Mr. Rawdon Lee's monograph on that gamest of little dogs whose name it bears, has recently been issued from the press. It now contains 239 pages, and is a model of neat typographical work. There is nothing pertaining to the fox terrier of which it does not treat; his history, varieties, derivation, qualities, breeding, training and working, rearing, care, treatment, kennel management, preparing for shows, etc., are set forth in a most pleasing and instructive manner; indeed there is not a dull line in the work. Among the illustrations are portraits of celebrated dogs. There is in it much of value to the owners of any breed of small dogs. It is a most valuable acquisition to kennel literature, and a credit to its author.

National Beagle Club of America.

A regular quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, April 5, 1895, at 4 P. M. GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

QUEEN ROY.—By Arthur E. Davis, Worcester, Mass., for blue belton English setter bitch, by Sig. Gladstone—Nellie H.

BLUFF.—By Dr. N. E. Oliver, Thornton, Ill., for Gordon setter dog, whelped Aug. 17, 1894, by Lawn Regnald—Lawn Hilda.

LAWN FLOSSIE.—By Maude B. Worth, for Irish setter bitch, whelped Oct. 15, 184, by Lord Elcho, Jr.—Ruby.

LAWN BUDD, LAWN BUTTON, LAWN BONNIE.—By Lawn Gordon Setter Kennels, for Gordon setter bitch, by Lawn Chieftain—Lawn Fayaway, and two dogs by Lawn Chieftain—Pretty Belle.

BRED.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

M. O'Brien's beagle bitch, to Tricotrim, Dec. 14, 1894.
Standard Kennels' beagle bitch Winnie K, to Tricotrim, Jan. 15.
Standard Kennels' beagle bitch Standard Perfection, to Tricotrim, Jan. 25.
Standard Kennels' beagle bitch Velvet, to Tricotrim, Jan. 27.
Fred. Brown's beagle bitch Nellie, to Tricotrim, Feb. 1.
Dr. Gardner's beagle bitch Una II., to Tricotrim, March 1.
M. O'Brien's beagle bitch Flossie, to Tricotrim, March 7.
E. Goodall's cocker bitch Rideau Rill, to Corktown Cupid, Jan. 4.
W. J. McGrath's cocker bitch Dot, to Corktown Cupid, Jan. 30.
Corktown Kennels' bitch Dot Smirle, to Red Obo, Feb. 15.
Corktown Kennels' cocker bitch Oenone, to Nerve, Feb. 15.
Dr. Jas. Ferris Belt's foxterrier bitch Adelina, to Hillside Royal, March 2.
Dr. Jas. Ferris Belt's foxterrier bitch Columbia, to Hillside Royal, Feb. 26.
Dr. Jas. Ferris Belt's foxterrier bitch Winning Hand, to Hillside Royal, March 1.
Herbert Bruso's English setter bitch White Lady, to Kent III., March 3.
Onota Kennels' Irish setter bitch Daisy, to Plunket's Lad, Feb. 2.
Onota Kennels' Irish setter bitch Alice Kent, to Plunket's Lad, Feb. 11
Onota Kennels' Irish setter bitch Molleen, to Inchiquin, Feb. 16.
Onota Kennels' Irish setter bitch Deloraine, to Plunket's Lad, Feb. 23.
Wm. Mariner's dachshunde bitch Gipsy, to Sandy, Feb. 17.
Eberhart Pug Kennels' pug bitch La Belle Senora, to Bradford Ruby II., Feb. 7.
E. F. Fishback's pug bitch Pet, to Bradford Ruby II., Dec. 26.
H. T. Foote's foxterrier bitch Whittle, to Brittle, Feb. 5.
Edward Watt's English setter bitch Beene, to Kent II., Feb. 20.

SALES.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

LINDEN TREFOIL.—Collie dog, by The Squire—Linden Mischief, by George Noyes Boyd, Concord, to the Seminole Kennels' Philadelphia.

QUENTIN.—White and black bulldog, whelped Dec. 2, 1894, by King Lud—Careless, by J. Danforth Bush, Wilmington, Del., to J. R. Painter, Philadelphia.

Two Irish setter bitch puppies, by Kildare—Luna, and Chief—Floss II., by Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., to E. J. Husted, Gloucester City, N. J.

WAWASET BARON.—White, black and tan foxterrier bitch, whelped Dec. 10, 1893, by Holster—Hillside Freedom, by Dr. Jas. Ferris Belt, Wilmington, Del., to Mr. T. D. May, Chicago.

COLUMBIA.—White and black foxterrier bitch, whelped Oct. 3, 1893, by Declare—Winning Hand, by Dr. Jas. Ferris Belt, to Mr. Neil Lumaree, Wabash, Ind.

WINNING HAND.—White and black foxterrier bitch, by Champion Raffle—Warren Jostle, by Dr. Jas. Ferris Belt, to Mr. J. E. Dalton, Glenolden, Pa.

Black dog puppy, whelped April 22, 1894, by Commodore—My Lady Jane, by F. W. Kitchell, Perth Amboy, N. J., to A. C. Wilmerding, New York.

Black dog puppy, whelped June 11, 1894, by Othello—Ladybug, by F. W. Kitchel, to A. C. Wilmerding, New York.

Black dog puppy, whelped June 11, by Othello—Ladybug, by F. W. Kitchel, Perth Amboy, N. J., to A. C. Wilmerding, New York.

Buff dog puppy, whelped June 11, 1894, by Othello—Ladybug, by F. W. Kitchel, Perth Amboy, N. J., to Dr. Phillips, Deerfield street, N. J.

Black dog puppy, whelped Nov. 5, 1894, by Jasper—My Lady Jane, by F. W. Kitchel, to Miss Smith, St. Paul, Minn.

Black bitch, whelped Nov. 5, 1894, by Jasper—My Lady Jane, by F. W. Kitchel, to Miss Henderson, New York.

Black dog, whelped April 22, by Commodore—My Lady Jane, by F. W. Kitchel, to W. McDermott, Perth Amboy, N. J.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. R. Washington, D. C.—Drop Shot is by Dick Swiveller (Champion Graphic—Champion Mealy), out of Bloom (Bang Bang, 4022—Bessie).

H. C. D., New York.—My bitch seems to be in good health, but shows no signs of coming in season. Please prescribe.—Ans.: Try manganese bi-oxide, given in the form of tablets, one grain each Give one three times a day after food.

W. W. B., Lawrence, Mass.—There is a black and white cross in the ancestry somewhere, which color reappears in the litter, notwithstanding the sire and dam are liver and white. It is a recognized pointer color, and no cause for dissatisfaction.

CONSTANT READER, Providence.—Blemton Rattler, 19661, by Venio (Vesuvian—Venilia), out of Rachel, 7002 (Result, E, 15874—Heatherbell). We can find no record of the other. Note our rule concerning anonymous communications.

Y.—What is a remedy for warts in a dog's mouth?—Ans.: Remove the warts with a pair of scissors and cauterize with nitrate of silver. Do not remove too many at once—say about 20 or 30 each day.

T. B. E., Philadelphia.—1. Address the International News Co., 83 Duane street, New York. Yearly, 15 shillings. 2. Brantford Rufus is by Brantford Red Jacket (Brant—Woodstock Dinah), out of Brantford Bonita (Brant—Bonita).

W. C. R., White River Junction, Vt.—My foxhound, eighteen months old, had distemper four months ago, and it left a trace of it in his head, which he shakes badly, scratches his ears and groans while doing so; is lively and in good flesh.—Ans.: Use the following as directed:

Boardman's Handbook of the Turf, from the press of the Orange Judd Company, is characterized by its author as a work within whose pages he has attempted the compression of what is believed to be the greatest body of information about the horse in his relation to drivers, sulkys, tracks, riding, trotting, racing and the laws pertaining thereto that has ever appeared in a single volume in this country. In doing this, his aim has been to produce a book of reference, the usefulness of which will render its possession material to every intelligent individual who breeds, trains, rides, cares for or loves a horse. The result is a book of more than 300 pages arranged in a convenient way for ready reference. Price $1

MASSACHUSETTS MATTERS.

As is generally the case the trout season in Massachusetts promises to open with considerable ice in the streams and ponds, especially in the interior and western part of the State. April 1 seems too early for the opening day, but such is the law, and if the trout still declines to rise to the fly, there are the worm and the minnow bait. Considerable preparation is being made for the opening, by fishermen who frequent the ponds and streams on the Cape. The members of the Monument Club will be on hand as usual. C. M. Holmes' place will be open on the 1st of April at Marshpee, and a number of fishermen are expected there. This is the resort frequently visited by Actor Joseph Jefferson and President Cleveland and party. There are some noble trout brooks in that vicinity, but alas! they are about all controlled by the rich and influential! Mr. Mark Hollingsworth will be there early this spring, for I understand that he is interested in a cottage there. Later he usually goes to the Rangeleys after big trout.

A petition is being circulated among Boston merchants, protesting against the proposition now before the Legislator to allow of the sale of cultivated trout in February and March. It is the same Gilbert bill, though I hear that Mr. Gilbert protests that he has nothing to do with it this time. The petition is being numerously signed, and even if the bill passes both houses, Governor Greenhalge is expected to veto it. One of the prayers of the promulgators of the measure is that "the poor may have cheap trout." This sounds well, but is anybody fool enough to be fooled thereby? The measure is catchingly drawn, but the well informed laugh at it.

Several deer, freshly killed, have lately appeared in the Boston markets. They are Maine deer, without a doubt, though it is in the midst of the close season. The hair on the hides is exceedingly long and thick, indicating plainly that the deer have been spending the winter where it is extremely cold. How did they get into the markets here? This is a question for the Maine game protectors. Were they crusted? One of them which I saw on Saturday, had a bullet hole in the side, just back of the shoulder, or rather it was more like the ugly wound that would be made by a shotgun at close range. The deer was very thin in flesh, and good for nothing in the market. The marketmen admit that they take the first offer that is made for them. It is too much to hope that sometime all marketing of game is to be stopped, as the Forest and Stream is advocating. It is too much to hope that out of the $25,000 that Maine is to give per annum for the protection and propagation of fish and game, that there will be money enough to stop this shameful shipment of game to the Boston markets? Will the new system of wardens and the new commission be able to stop the crusting of deer? The $25,000 appropriation bill has passed both branches of the legislature, and the new commission bill has also passed. Both only await the signature of the governor, at the time of this writing.

On the other hand the bill to prevent all fishing in B. Pond, except with artificial flies, seems likely to become a law. It will be remembered that it got as far as the governor, when Mr. Gilbert, of Canton, desired it recalled, and moved a reconsideration. The reconsideration was lost in the Senate, however, and the bill goes back to the governor. Mr. Gilbert claims that this bill is entirely in the interest of "the sport," as against the citizen. B. Pond is the fishing ground of Ex-Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts, and his friends.

A tremendous seizure of short lobsters has just been made in Boston. Detective Proctor captured over 5,000 of these illegal lobsters on Thursday. He was accompanied by District Police Detectives Rhoades, Hammond and Whitney and State officer Mullen. His first capture was made at Lewis' Wharf. From the steamer he siezed ten crates of shorts, and waited for a receiver to put in an appearance. Finally the receiver stepped forward and claimed that the lobsters were not intended for Boston at all, but were to be sent to New York. He desired the steamboat people to forward them to that city, but they declined to have anything more to do with them; hence they were consigned to Boston harbor by the officers. Boston lobster fishermen will be the gainers by about 2,000 lobsters, put out to grow.

The officers then proceeded to the freight division of the New York, Hartford and New Haven Railroad. Here they found over 3,000 short lobsters, in crates and barrels. These were possibly on the way to New York. The lobsters were pronounced the shortest ever seized here. In one instance, about 250 of them could be got into a barrel. The names of the shippers could not be ascertained. It was certain that they did not come from The Provinces, and Maine or New Hampshire—doubtless the former—is the guilty State. In every instance the receivers declared that the lobsters came without their orders; that they had notified the shippers, in fact, to send them no more short lobsters. SPECIAL.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

Among the applicants for information regarding the Sportsman's Exposition and the reduced railroad rates, there are judges, doctors of law and divinity, lawyers, civil engineers and manufacturers. The applicants reside in remote parts of the country, including Texas, Oregon, California, Idaho, Maryland, Virginia, Maine, North Carolina, Tennessee and Florida. The following additions to the list of exhibitors have been received during the past week:

A. J. Rich Company, Wright & Ditson, Marlin Fire Arms Company, George Barnard, Peck & Snyder, Lamb Manufacturing Company, St. Lawrence Boat Company, S. L. Crosby, Studer's Bird of No. American Natural Science Ass'n, Leroy Shot and Lead Works, Excelsior Target Company.

Mr. E. W. Pond, late of the U. S. Net and Twine Co., has gone into the manufacture of fishing tackle on his own account. He is well-known among the trade and is an experienced angler, fly-fisher and long-distance caster. Mr. Pond was formerly with the Horton Manufacturing Company, and will be remembered as their representative at the World's Fair.—Adv.

Always Strong and Happy is the title of a book on physical culture, by J. R. Judd, from the press of the Outing Publishing Company. This is a practical treatise on the care of the human body, including full directions for the development of the muscular system, and is designed as an aid to persons of sedentary habits, as well as those desiring a higher system of physical development. The author gives much valuable information with regard to training for various athletic events. Price $1.50

Answers to Correspondents.

J. S., Stevens Point, Wis.—What is the difference, if any, in the shooting qualities of ten and twelve gauge guns, and which will have the most powerful effect?—Ans.: The ten guage shoots a heavier charge than the twelve, and other things being equal, has a larger killing circle. Ten gauges also, as a general thing, make better patterns with large sizes of shot than twelve gauges. There is little, if any, difference in penetration, however between the bores.

J. B. S., Chestnut Hill, Pa.—Could you inform me in your columns, 1. If, according to Stoddard's map of the Adirondacks (1894) there is a road coming out of Nehasane Park on its northern boundary 3 1-2 mi. air line W. from Mud Lake and running N. W. through Township 15, State Park, St. Lawrence Co., south of Benson Mines, twice crossing the headwaters of the Oswegatchie River before the latter reaches Cranberry Lake? 2. If this river (Oswegatchie) is navigable in the least extent for a light canoe between these two points of crossing? 3. Where I can find a map (survey or otherwise) showing the northern boundary of Nehasane Park from Mud Lake westward, also the country immediately to the north—map to be on a larger scale and more minute information than Stoddard's? 4. The address of any of the owners of the new Connell Preserve, immediately north of Nehasane, as shown in your issue of Dec. 22, 1894, but not marked in Stoddard's last publ cation? Ans.: 1. There is an unimproved road or trail marked on the map substantially as described. 2. There are falls on the river, and while we have no exact information, we hardly think you would find it navigable between the points named. Write to the New York Forestry Commission for their large may 4. The tract is owned by Mr. D. C. Connell, of New York City.

Time to Think About It.

What you and I had better do, after this very unsatisfactory winter moping around home here, is to go down, or up, to Virginia and West Virginia, and have a real, bona fide outing. I think I can find that old sportsman. He is not so old but he has full knowledge of all the new-fangled fishing-tackle and shooting-irons that we use nowadays. He knows all about Virginia and West Virginia. The hills and gorges and defiles are filled with game this year more than ever before. So I hear. Partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are so plenty that they are running and flying all over one another in the narrow passes. Then, if we want real, live sport, we can go back thirty or forty miles from the railroad track and hunt deer and b'ar.

But we must keep out of trouble with the game laws. Every true sportsman does that, of course; not for fear of the law, but on the ground that game is entitled to a chance to increase and multiply on the face of the earth, same as—well—never mind that. What I was going to say is that I have precise directions about all that, in Virginia and West Virginia. My friend, Charles O. Scull, chief of the Passenger Department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md., has just sent me a neat little leaflet telling how to get there—all about the close seasons for game and fish. Write and tell him that you want one—that you feel run down, aching for a sight at something, want to see how the fish bite down there. Mr. Scull will see you get one.

But, wait! I forgot about the fish. The South Branch of the Potomac has the best black bass in America, and they bite harder than Hamlet's shrewd and nipping air. The Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela are all great fishing streams. And they are all convenient to Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stations—some of them right there, guides waiting for a job at one dollar and a half a day, and "found." Write Mr. Scull. It is time to think about it.—Adv.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added. All ties in Grand American Handicap must be shot off; three moneys, three high guns.

April 3.—ASTOR HOUSE, New York.—Trapshooters' Convention, adjourned meeting; 8:30 P. M.

April 9-11.—BURLINGTON, Ia.—Tournament of the Big Four Gun Club.

April 9-11.—WELLINGTON, Mass. Three days tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager

April 9-12.—LONDON, Ont.—Three days' live-bird and target tournament; $100 guaranteed; experts handicapped by distance and unknown angles. John Parker, Detroit, Mich., manager.

April 11.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club, in connection with the April tournament of the New Jersey Trapshooters' League. O. L. Yeoman, Sec., Orange, N. J.

April 12.—HARTFORD, Conn.—All day shoot of the Hartford Gun Club; targets. D. S. Wadsworth, Sec.

April 15.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All day shoot of the Forest Gun Club at its grounds, 27th and Lehigh avenue; targets. William Morison, Sec., 1913 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

April 15.—BALTIMORE, Md.—All day shoot of the Standard Gun Club at Point Breeze. W. F. Clements Sec'y.

April 15-18.—ATCHISON, Kas.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Lou Erhardt Sec. and Manager.

April 16-18.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, at Pittsburg, Pa, under the auspices of the Pittsburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

April 17, 18.—AUBURN, N. Y.—Two days' tournament of the Auburn Gun Club; open to all. C. E. Goodrich, Secretary.

April 17-19.—CANTON, Ill.—Annual spring tournament of the Canton Shooting Club.

April 23, 24.—BATTLE CREEK, Mich.—Annual tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League. Annual meeting and election of officers on the evening of the first day. W. H. Willard, Secretary.

April 22-27.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. W V. Rieger, Sec.

April 23-24.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Third bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds; events open to all. Robt. E. Chetwood, Pres.

April 23-25.—GALESBURG, Ill.—Tournament of the Galesburg Shooting Club.

April 24-26.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day live birds. Orrin J. Loder, Sec.

May 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; New Jersey Trap Shooters' League events commence at 2 P. M. Rob't. E. Chetwood, Prest.

May 7-10.—CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Dupont tournament at Cincinnati. Liberal cash prizes added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, agent.

May 9-10.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

May 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and P. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

May 10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O.; $200 added money. Ed. Taylor, Sec., 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec., Kansas City.

May 21-24.—KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 27-30.—LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament and meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. For programmes address Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, under the management of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec.

May 30.—MOUNTVILLE, Pa.—Tournament of the Mountville Gun Club; targets.

May 30.—EAST MCKEESPORT, Pa.—Tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club. A. A. Mackert, Sec.

May 30-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament under the auspices of the Interstate Association; targets; $500 added money. C. F. Rood, Sec.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11-14.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 13-14.—FARGO, N. D.—First annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready May 15. W. W. Smith Sec'y.

June 13-15—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee Sec.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec.

July 11-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec., Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

Control of Trap-Shooting.

Owing to unavoidable delay on the part of the attorney who was requested to pass upon the proposed by-laws for a national association, the approved copies of the same were not received until Tuesday morning of this week, too late for insertion in this issue. Printed copies of the same, however, will be ready for distribution at the meeting of April 3.

This is the last opportunity that Forest and Stream will have of advocating the organization of a governing or regulating body for trapshooting, prior to the adjourned meeting set for the above date. That such an association will be not only beneficial to the sport, but is necessary to its welfare, is our firm conviction. An immense body of sportsmen, like the trapshooters of this country, divided up into a vast number of gun clubs and kindred organizations, are merely units when it comes to promoting the welfare of the sport they follow. Weld them into a homogeneous whole by the organization of a national body, and you then have a power that will command recognition whenever necessary, and that can make laws (and enforce them) that will further the interests of the sport by purifying it from the evils that now rob it of the good name which it should possess.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the contest for the Miller medals, which took place on March 9, at West Farms, N. Y., the following scores were made, each man shooting at 10 live birds: M. Herrington, 9; H. Cathcart and H. Fensterer, 8; W. L. Hall and C. White, 7; Wm. Fisher and C. H. Dittmar, 3.

The letter signed "Dropper," which appears elsewhere is rather a peculiar epistle. It will be read with peculiar interest, as it is the first time one of the class has written to Forest and Stream. I think I know the note in Forest and Stream of March 16 that brought forth the letter. "Dropper" is quite right about the system also mentioned in that issue.

The Easter Monday shoot of the Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, Md., will be an interesting affair, particularly the team race. The officers of the club are: President, C. E. Bonday; Vice-President, G. H. Gent; Secretary-Treasurer, W. T. Clements; Captain, John Devall; Directors, Dr. H. E. Lupus, W. E. Buckbee and L. C. Rice.

Jack Brewer's shooting at Zwirlein's grounds on March 21 was as good as any he has ever done; he did not look much like a back number.

The programme for the Pittsburg Gun Club's Interstate Association shoot, April 16-18, is gotten up in the attractive style that characterizes all publications that emanate from that quarter.

The members of the Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., have decided to send in the club's application for membership in the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

The present officers of the newly re-organized St. Hubert's Gun Club, of Ottawa, Can., are: President, W. H. Shaw; Vice-Presidents, H. Wooton and T. J. Coursolle; Secretary, L. H. Filteau; Treasurer and Captain, John Des Lauriers.

Miss Annie Oakley is receiving excellent press notices for her work in "Miss Rora" in England; her shooting and horseback riding has caught the popular fancy in particular. Regarding her rifle shooting, Miss Oakley, in a letter to the U. M. C. Co., pays a very high tribute to that company's 32-20 cartridges loaded with nitro powder.

The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., is in a flourishing condition in every respect; its financial department is unembarrassed and its roster shows 150 members. The officers for the ensuing year are: President, David Brown; Vice-President, Harry C. Higginson; Treasurer, John A. Wood; Secretary, William C. Gibb; Captain, George H. Taggart; Directors, Joseph A. Snead, "Easy" Kissam and John J. E. Harrison.

A new Gun Club, entitled the Florists' Gun Club, has been organized in Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. John Burton is President, A. B. Cartledge being Secretary and Treasurer.

Secretary-Treasurer J. A. H. Dressel is smiling just now at the thought of all the cash he'll be handing out to the winners of the Grand American Handicap in a little more than a week from the issue of this paper.

The East Side Mutual Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., has changed its name, being known now as the East Side Gun Club. Beside the above change of name, it has also moved its quarters from Wiedenmayer's Park to Harry Henry's, 670 East Ferry street, grounds that can be very easily reached by the Court House or South Orange avenue cars. A large club house, etc., will grace the new grounds.

The Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a two day's shoot on April 17, 18, open to all comers.

The members of the Colt Gun Club, of Hartford, Conn., made the following scores in a 25 target race on March 9: Goodwin, Williamson, Risley and Green, 24; Browning and Alger, 23; Cook, 22; Pitkin, 20; Nichols, 19; Tucker and Olmstead, 17; Sexton, 16; Treat and Bailey, 15; Peard, 14; Colt, 13; Atwood, 9. J. M. Browning, of Browning Bros., Utah, shot as a guest of the club.

Mr. C. F. Rood, Secretary of the Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes under date of March 19 as follows: "The annual meeting of the Valley City Gun Club was held on the 15th inst, and the following officers elected: President, Col. E. Crofton Fox; Vice-President, R. C. Wharton; Secretary, C. F. Rood; Treasurer, W. S. Coleman. These gentlemen, with three others to be elected by them, constitute the Board of Directors. The club is stronger than ever, both numerically and financially, a considerable debt carried over from 1893 having been paid and a balance on the right side of the cash book winding up the business of 1894. It was decided to add $500 in cash to the tournament purses, and to make it a three days' shoot instead of two, May 30-31, June 1."

The second shoot of the New Jersey Trapshooter's League took place on Wednesday, March 27. Scores of the shoot will appear in the next issue of Forest and Stream.

In connection with the holding of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association at Little Rock, Ark., instead of at Hot Springs, Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, writes: "As announced in your last issue, the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will hold its annual tournament on the grounds of the Little Rock Gun Club. Mr. Sumpter's letter fully explains the reason for such change. The first and third annual meetings were held at Little Rock, and they were the most successful ever given by the association. Every effort will be made to sustain the reputation already established, and if possible make this tournament even more successful than its predecessors. Col. J. A. Woodson, John W. Dickinson and Paul R. Litzke will compose the tournament committee. We hope to be able to announce the added money in a few days, which we confidently expect will not be more than $300." Programmes will be out about April 20, and can be had by addressing Mr. Litzke.

Don't forget that regular entries for the Grand American Handicap must be made to the Secretary of the Interstate Association, Mr. J. A. Dressel, 313 Broadway, New York city, not later than March 30.

A sudden blossoming into print by pretty nearly all the "champion" live bird shots has occurred during the past week. If matches are desired, so much newspaper talk, save for advertising purposes, is entirely unnecessary.

The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Woodlawn, L. I., sent a team to Riverton, N. J., on Wednesday of this week, to shoot a team representing the Riverton Gun Club. Each team consisted of 10 men, each man shooting at 15 birds.

In the Dayton-Freehold-New Brunswick shoot, which took place at New Bruswick, N. J., on Saturday, March 23, Dayton came out on top, the teams finishing in the above order.

After the 25 bird race at Zwirlein's grounds on March 21, Brewer shot at 40 picked birds for practice. He shot a 10 guage gun, 26 yards rise, 50 yards boundary, use of one barrel, gun below the elbow, and scored 38 out of 40.

The April shoot of the New Jersey Trapshooters' Leauge will be held at the Maplewood Gun Club's grounds, Maplewood, N. J., on April 11.

A copy of the new shooting rules, for target and live birds, of the New York State Sportsmen's Association has been received from Mr. H. L. Gates, of Utica, N. Y. Owing to the pressure on the trap columns this week, these rules have been held over until our next issue. EDWARD BANKS.

Brewer—Elliott—Carver—Class—Cockburn.

The above head includes the names of about all the noted trapshots in this country, together with that of a Canadian, who is willing to shoot anybody under Old Dominion rules. The four first named are a strong combination at the traps, while Brewer, Elliott and Carver can all hold their end up when it comes to talking matches and writing challenges. The general public are generally pretty tired of newspaper talk about what these champions will and will not do. As, however, some of them have been attracting attention in the vicinity of New York by a letter or two in the New York Sun, it is perhaps just as well to state the positions of these shooters, that is, as they stand at present.

Brewer writes as follows: "I will bet $600 to $500, or $1,200 to $1,000, that I can beat any man in the world at 200 first-class pigeons, thirty yards rise, from five ground traps, otherwise Hurlingham rules to govern. I will also bet $500 to $1,000 that I can beat any man in the world at 100 selected pigeons, Long Island rules to govern. Again, I will bet $100 that Elliott will not meet me in a pigeon shooting contest under any of the conditions that I have named, with first-class birds, the match to take place within the next twenty days at Frank Class' grounds, as I feel confident that Mr. Class will provide first-class birds." In regard to this challenge, it is only proper to add that Brewer will not go to Kansas to shoot Elliott, but will shoot him "anywhere in New York State." He told Elliott so at Yardville, N. J., on March 21. Elliott offered to shoot him five matches, $100 a match, loser to pay for the birds, and winner to take all the gate receipts; two matches to be shot in the East (the Marion, N. J., grounds barred for private reasons), two at Kansas City, and the fifth at Pittsburg, Pa., or some other intermediate point. Brewer wouldn't go West and said so.

Frank Class' backer is willing to back Class against any shooter, Elliott preferred, naming Marion, N. J., as the scene of the conflict. Elliott and Class, however, came together at Yardville, N. J., on the above date, the result being that it was all but decided that these two men should shoot a race at 100 live birds, the match to take place at Morristown, N. J. Class' own grounds, on Monday, March 31. This match was to be made, and the money put up, at the Newark Gun Club's shoot at Erb's grounds on Thursday of this week.

On Monday, March 24, we received a clipping from the Canadian Sporting News, of Toronto, Can., containing a lengthy letter from C. Cockburn, of Toronto. Cockburn recites in this letter his views on the match shot with Brewer at Hamilton, Ont., on Jan. 18 of this year, stating that not only was he not to blame in regard to the outcome of the match, but that he can prove all his statements to the satisfaction of any doubters. He concludes as follows: "In order to disprove any lingering suspicion that may remain after my offer has been made that there was any cause on my part for collusion, I will go further and will shoot a match against Captain Brewer, J. A. R. Elliott of Kansas City, E. D. Fulford, Fred Erb, or any other man in the United States or Canada, at 100 live birds, 26 yards rise, for $250 a side, 80 yards boundary, old Dominion rules to govern in all except the matter of the rise, the principal requirements being single barrel gun below the elbow till the bird is on the wing, and 1 1-4 ounce shot. As J. A. R. Elliott was foremost among my slanderers, I much prefer that he should take the challenge up. If he or any other man will come to Toronto and shoot me a match under the terms proposed I will guarantee him his expenses. My business necessities, will not, I regret to say, allow me to leave Canada at present, or I would beard my traducers in their own den. For the same reason I cannot consent to keep this offer open indefinitely. I will therefore limit the time for acceptance to three weeks, the match to be shot from within one month of the date on which is covered the deposit of fifty dollars which I have now made with Mr. H. J. P. Good, editor of the Canadian Sporting News, as an evidence of my bona fides. With the assurance that if Mr. Elliott, Mr. Erb, Capt. Brewer, Mr. Fulford, or any other man accept this offer, they will not find me difficult to please in the matter of officials and preliminaries."

It is too early to guess what will be the outcome of this challenge on the part of Cockburn. At the same time it is unlikely that any match will be made, although Brewer may take it into his head to go North and tackle the Canadian.

Carver talks of coming East this spring, but says that depends in a great measure upon the amount of money in sight. If the "Evil Spirit of the Plains" comes East, he will find

plenty of matches awaiting him. Elliott, Brewer, Class, Morfey and probably one or two amateurs might be found willng to give him a trial for a $100 or two.

Grand American Handicap.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 23.—It is deemed advisable to refer to the matter of admission to the shooting grounds during the Grand American Handicap tournament, April 3, 4 and 5. In the past there has been more or less of an undesirable element present at all large tournaments, and in order to avoid a similar occurrence at Willard Park, the management desires to explicitly state that admittance to the grounds will be by card of admission. Cards can be secured by both shooters and spectators free of charge by applying to the Secretary-Treasurer, the manager, or any of the subscribers to the Interstate Association. The management has not been slow in catering to the personal convenience of the shooters. A new tent, 36 x 22 feet, equipped with gun racks, shell tables, and suitable stands for coats, hats, etc., will be thrown open for the accomodation of the contestants. In a nutshell every detail pertaining to proper arrangements has been attended to. Once again I would remind those shooters who contemplate entering the Grand American Handicap that this is the last week during which regular entries will be accepted. Entries accompanied by $10 forfeit, should be sent on or before March 30, to J. A. H. Dressel, Secretary-Treasurer, 313 Broadway, New York city. ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

The Proposed System of Dividing Purses

In the issue of Forest and Stream of March 16, under the title of "Is not this what we want?" we gave a system of dividing purses suggested to us by a New Englander, who preferred to be known as "Green Amateur." At that time we praised the system very highly, and at this date we cannot see any material defect in its working. "Dropper's" letter in this issue is a great card for it, and the following from Mr. J. W. H. Reisinger, of the Meadville, Pa, Gun Club, dated March 20, is also decidedly favorable: "I have been greatly interested in the examination of a method published in your last issue, which explains the dividing of purses so as to prevent dropping for place. It ought not to be necessary to have such a system, but unfortunately a man is not necessarily a man of honor because he carries a gun, though I would certainly trust to the honor of a man who can shoot more readily than I would to that of one who cannot do so. Observation and experience have shown the necessity of something to prevent the disreputable practice referred to, and your method seems to fit the case. It is fair to all, and prevents dropping because a miss puts the shooter where he is bound to get less money. The members of our club who have examined the system are pleased with it."

Shortly after the issue of March 16 last had appeared, we received a letter from Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa., asking whether the "straightout" system as given in that issue was not something like "Rose's system," a Rose score sheet being sent us by Mr. Shaner. Examination showed that the two systems were precisely alike, save in the number of "points" for each winner, termed by Mr. Rose "ratio numbers." Mr. Rose has gotten out a score sheet of a very complete character, the back of the sheet containing full instructions for dividing the purses with several examples worked out by way of explanation of his method. This sheet was copyrighted in 1894 and may be obtained by writing to Mr. A. R. Rose, Salida, Col., enclosing 10 cents for a sample copy. Any inquiries regarding quotations for any number of the sheets should be addressed to Mr. Rose, who states that he "will cheerfully answer any communications and will endeavor to make plain any point that is not thoroughly understood."

Since our issue of March 16 we have found no reason to change our opinion of this system. Mr. Rose's "ratio numbers" are rather better proportioned than those suggested by "Green Amateur," and for that reason we think his system, as explained on his score sheet, will find favor with the greater proportion of shooters. As the system is something that apparently fills the bill so far as absolutely preventing dropping for place goes, Forest and Stream is anxious to know of some gun club who will give the system an active trial at its tournament. If any faults are to be found in its workings, they will more readily appear in practice after droppers have thoroughly examined its capabilities and, to use a slang phrase, have "stacked up against it."

A Dropper's View of the Question.

Fleetwood, Berks County, Pa., March 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have taken a great deal of interest on the comments of the different writers on dropping for place, and must confess that droppers have been very severely belabored and lashed by them. I do not think that their remarks should be made to appear quite so odious to the public as some of the writers would make it appear. I hold that the mere act of dropping for place is only a legitimate business transaction, and allowable as long as there is no pooling for interests. For instance, if there happened to be a possibility of three straight scores and these three shooters should agree to pool, one would kill straight and the others would drop into the other places, dividing up the money received after the event was over. This system, I think, all shooters will agree should be abolished. Suppoisng there was no 24 in a 25 target race, and that there were three men who had a chance to brake straight. If two broke their 25, I think it would be perfectly legitimate for the other man to drop for second place, as long as he did not pool and divide with those that had killed straight. As in buying, in a business transaction you buy where you can purchase cheapest, so in shooting, you shoot where you can get the most for the money invested. If these gentlemen are shooting for fun and glory, I think they would do well to confine themselves to shooting for cups and trophies only. But I think they are out for blood or money like the rest, or why all this howling and kicking because 17 cannot win more than 18 and 19, and so 19 and 20 straight will kick if they cannot win more than 17 and 18. But such is the fortune of the wheel. Let them pay and learn like the rest of us, so that they can shoot up and drop into a nest lined with gold, if they can. All shooters are gambling to win, or why would we have to offer such large inducements, as at Cleveland and Knoxville, to draw large crowds of shooters together? If we are gambling to win let us do it in a fair and honorable way. I am very favorably impressed with the "straight out" system, and think it is the best system yet devised, so far as the amateur is concerned. It would effectually stop dropping for place, and would distribute the purses in fairer and more proportionate shares. It is even better than a handicap. DROPPER.

Vernon Gun Club Scores.

The members of the Vernon Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., shot the following sweeps on Saturday, March 23:

No. 1, 10 targets: W. H. Thompson and J. Lahey, 8; Wright, 7; F. A. Thompson and Osterhout, 6; Thompson and Livingston, 5; Allen, Emery and F. H. Lahey, 4; Everett, 3; Livingston, 0.

No 2, same: W. H. Thompson, 9; Emery and F. A. Thompson, 8; Balzer and Wright, 7; Welles, Osterhout and Livingston, 6; J. Lahey, 5; Allen, 4; F. H Lahey, 3; Everett 2.

No. 4, same: W. H. Thompson, and J. Lahey, 8; Balzer and Emery, 7; Welles, Allen, Osterhout, Wright and F. A. Thompson, 6; F. H. Lahey, 5; Everett and Livingston, 4.

No. 5, same: W. H. Thompson, 8; F. A. Thompson, 7; Allen, Wright, J. Lahey and Livingston, 6; Welles and Emery, 5; Everett, 4; Balzer, 3, F. H. Lahey, 2.

No. 6, same: Welles, Wright and F. A. Thompson, 7; W. H. Thompson, Emery and J. Lahey, 6; Livingston, 5; Allen, F. H. Lahey and Osterhout, 4; Everett, 3.

No. 7, 5 pairs: Wright, J. Lahey and Emery, 5; Welles and F. H. Lahey, 4; F. A. Thompson and Balzer, 3.

Pittsburg's Interstate Tournament.

Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa., manager of the Interstate Association, has forwarded to us advance copies of the programme for the shoot to be held under the auspices of the Pittsburg Gun Club, on April 16-18. The Smoky City is undoubtedly a great trapshooting centre, and the success of a similar venture last year warrants the belief that this year's tournament will be even more of a success, if such a thing is possible. We know something about Pittsburg and her shooters, therefore we can vouch for the accuracy of the following, which is taken from the programme:

"As a trapshooting centre Pittsburg is in the front rank, and has long been recognized as one of the very best points for the giving of a tournament. Within a radius of 50 miles from Pittsburg there are 37 gun clubs, having a bona fide active membership of over 600. Among trap shooters the local gun clubs have the reputation of containing more members who will shoot through all of a programme, than any other place in the country. Last year's tournament, under the same management as this year's, was one of the big successes of the season, there being an average entry of 46 1-5 in each event during the three days. Every effort will be made to make the tournament of 1895 equally as successful, and the members of the Pittsburg Gun Club extend a cordial invitation to all lovers of trap shooting to become their welcome guests."

The first day, April 16, will be devoted to a handicap target race, entrance $5, targets extra, the conditions being as follows: 100 to 125 targets, 16 yards rise, known trap, unknown angles. Four moneys, 40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to fourth. Entries may be made up to the commencement of shooting by the last squad. Each squad to shoot at 25 targets before retiring. The expert shots will shoot at 100 targets, while the less skillful shots will be allowed to shoot at from 1 to 25 targets more than 100. No shooter will be scored more than 100 breaks. The handicapping will be done by Elmer E. Shaner, "Jim Crow," "Old Hoss," and Louis Lautenslager. The success of our last year's handicap, which closed with 44 entries, induced us to arrange a similar one for this tournament, with the exception that the style of shooting will be known trap, unknown angles, in place of the novelty rule. Any shooter's handicap, or information relating to the tournament, will be furnished upon application to Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

The rules that govern all tournaments given by this association are those published by the Interstate Association itself. The additional special rules governing the tournament are as follows:

"Any shooter who intentionally misses a target in order to obtain a certain place, shall forfeit all his interest in the purse, and will be debarred from taking part in any tournament given under the auspices of the Interstate Association. Shooters will be classified under the records they have made at their home clubs, or from the best information obtainable, into two classes—expert and amateur. That class of shooters whose usual averages rank them as experts, will constitute the expert class. Shooters who are classified as experts must at all times shoot in accordance with the expert rule—which is, targets from five unknown traps, known angles, rapid firing system. Shooters who are classified as amateurs must shoot at targets from known traps, unknown angles. Any shooter in the amateur class who wins or divides first money, must shoot in the next event in which he enters, in the expert class; if in this event he fails to win or divide any part of the purse, he will fall back to known traps, unknown angles, in the next event he shoots in, and so continue to graduate. Shooters classified as experts do not receive the benefit of the sliding scale. All purses of this tournament will be divided 40 per cent., 30 per cent, 20 per cent, and 10 per cent."

The club adds $200 cash to the purses on the second and third days of the shoot. The programme for each of those days is the same: Six 15 target races, with a $1.50 entrance fee, and four 20 target races, $2 entrance. Two sets of traps will be used so that everybody will get plenty of shooting. The tournament will be held at Exposition Park, six minutes run by electric cars from the centre of the city. Shooting commences at 9.30 A. M., sharp, each day. Headquarters of sportsmen during the tournament will be at the Hotel Anderson, Penn avenue, and Sixth street.

The above tells the story; for further information write to Elmer E. Shaner, who will gladly answer any inquiries.

Wilmington vs. Wawaset.

Wilmington, Del., March 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: How strange that some people will make mountains out of mole hills. Such is the case with W. E. Buckmaster, Secretary of the Wawaset Gun Club, of this city, in his report of a friendly shoot between Messrs. White, Huber and Miller vs. Messrs. Hartlove, Burroughs and Gaughen, the former members of the Wawaset Gun Club, and the latter members of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, a little friendly shoot which the respective club's had nothing to do with, only to collect the money for targets shot at on the respective grounds. Mr. Buckmaster would like to make the readers of your valuable journal believe it was for the State championship, which is not the fact, and he knows it. In the second match on the Wawaset grounds, when the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club boys came out ahead, Mr. Buckmaster was not one half as anxious to get the scores and publish the same as he was when the third match was shot. The original teams were Messrs. White, Huber and Springer vs. Hartlove, Burroughs and Gaughen. On account of business, Mr. Springer was unable to shoot and Mr. R. Miller (the best shot in their club) was substituted on the first shoot of the series. The three races were well contested and interesting throughout, and no doubt have revived some interest in trapshooting, which for a while was lying dormant. Mr. Buckmaster is a little previous in claiming that the Wawaset Gun Club is superior to the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club. The superiority of the respective clubs has not been settled yet, but can be settled if they would shoot more and talk less; 10 or 15 men per side will settle it quick.

DELAWARE.

Boston Shooting Association.

The programme issued by the Boston Shooting Association for its three day's tournament at Wellington, Mass., on April 9, 10 and 11, is varied and consequently interesting. For the first and second days the programmes are the same in nearly every respect. There are 12 events each day, calling for 230 shots and a total entrance money of $27.60. There are four 10 target races, seven 20 target races, and a 50 target race; the latter event has $100 guarantee, with a $6 entrance. On the first day it is shot at known angles; on the second day at unknown angles. Five other events are at known angles, five at unknown angles, and one, a 10 target affair, at traps in reversed order. For the third day there are eight events scheduled, the main event being No. 8, a team race, the conditions of which are as follows: "Five men from any State, 50 targets per man, 25 known angles, 25 unknown angles, entrance $30 per team." The 6th event is at 10 pair, shot in the usual manner. Outside of the team race the programme calls for 110 targets. All purses are divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

From present indications New Jersey will have a contingent of shooters at the tournament, while both that State and the State of New York will enter teams in event No. 8 on the last day.

Emerald Gun Club.

The regular monthly live bird shot of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York City, took place on Tuesday, March 19, at Dexter Park, L. I. As usual there was a good turn out of shooters. The club is limited to a membership of 50, but so great is the interest in their monthly shoots that over 30 entries for the club's handicap is the usual thing. On this occasion exactly 36 members faced the traps. Of this number three, "Charles," T. H. Keller and Gus Greiff, arepresentative of Von Lengerke & Detmold, killed their 10 birds. Seven others killed 9 each, Drs. Hudson and Klein barely missing a straight score by losing their 10th birds. The day was fine and the birds fair; the first half were only medium, but the last half included some hummers. Scores:

Club shoot, 10 live birds per man, for club's yearly prizes:

G E Greiff, 25	↙↙←↗↘↖↗↗→↓ 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2	—10
T. H. Keller, 28	H↑↖H↓↖↘→↗↓ 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2	—10
Charles, 30	↓↗→↙↙↙↓H↙→ 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1	—10
M Herrington, 30	↓H↗↖↘↖↖→→→ 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2	— 9
Dr G V Hudson, 28	↗T↘↙↖↗↖↖↗↑ 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 0	— 9
Dr Klein, 25	→↘↘↙↘←↘↗↗↑ 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 0	— 9
Dr Leveridge, 30	↗↗←↙TH↓↘↙↝ 0 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2	— 9
G Loeble, 28	↙↝↝←→↗↗↗↗↓ 1 * 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1	— 9
J H Richmond, 28	←↑→↓↗↗↗↙↗H 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1	— 9
R Woods, 30	↖↖←↗↖→↖↙↖H 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2	— 9
L C Gehring, 30	↘↖↙↗↖↗↙↗↕↖ 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 0 1	— 8
N Maesel, 25	↖↓↓←→↓↓↖↖↗ 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 0	— 8
F W Place, 28	↖↓↖←←↕→→↙↖ 3 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 1	— 8
C Wash, 23	↘↘↗↙↖↖↘↓↙→ 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2	— 8
F. Cody, 28	↖↗↓↖↖H↗↘↙↓ 2 2 0 2 0 1 0 2 1 2	— 7
E Doeinck, 30	↗↖H↓→→↑↗↑↘ 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0	— 7
H P Fessenden, 28	↖↗↙←↘→↖↕↗↖ 2 1 0 1 2 0 2 0 2 1	— 7
W Levans, 28	↘↕↗↘↖↓HH→H 1 0 0 1 2 2 1 2 0 2	— 7
J Maesel, 28	↗↘↘↙↖↖←↖↗↕ 0 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 0 2	— 7
G Nowak, 28	↖T↖←↙↖↑↖→↓ 1 1 0 1 1 0 2 2 0 2	— 7
T Short, 28	↑↑↓↓↘↗↗↗→↗ * 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 2 2	— 7
E Vroome, 28	↓↓T↝H↙→↖↗↘ 0 2 1 5 1 1 2 2 0 1	— 7
J Woelfel, 28	↗↙↑↘↙↑H↓↖↗ 1 2 1 0 0 0 1 2 2 1	— 7
E Bell, 28	H↗↗↗→↙↘→↖→ 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 0	— 6
P Butz, 28	↗↙↘↗↙↘↙↕↗→ 0 * 2 2 2 1 2 0 0 2	— 6
W E Hogan, 25	↙↖↙↗↗↙↖↖→↘ * 2 0 2 * 1 2 0 1 1	— 6
O Mulcahey, 28	↖↗↗↖↗↕→↗↗↙ 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 1 0 0	— 6
J H Voss, 30	H↙↖↓↖↖↙↗↑↑ 2 1 0 0 2 2 0 2 1 0	— 6
L Fogarty, 30	H↓↙↘↖↖↗→↗H 0 2 1 * 2 0 2 0 0 1	— 5
J C Hamilton, 25	→↗↓↘↖↘→↙↘↙ 2 0 0 * 1 * 0 2 1 1	— 5
W Hartye, 28	↖↗↘↖↘↗↓↑↗→ 1 1 2 0 2 2 0 0 0 0	— 5
C Maesel, 25	H↘→→↙↖↓↑H↗ 2 0 0 0 2 2 0 1 1 0	— 5
J H Moore, 28	↖↗↓↑↖→↙↖H↘ 2 0 0 2 1 2 1 0 0 0	— 5
T Purcell, 25	T↗↘↖H↕↗↖↖↕ 1 0 0 0 1 2 0 0 1 2	— 5
R Regan, 25	↖↖↓↑↘↗↙↖→↙ 2 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 2 2	— 5
W J Amend, 25	↑↖↗→↖↗↘T↗→ 0 0 0 2 0 0 1 2 0 0	— 3

Trap-Shooting In Buffalo.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 18.—The following scores were made this afternoon by the members of the Keystone Gun Club in the teeth of a heavy gale and with the mercury away down. Scores were shot at 15 singles and 5 pairs:

F Desmond	111001111111111	11 11 11 11 01—12
W Sully	001100111111111	10 11 11 11 11—13
S Duley	101111101001110	11 11 01 11 00—11
F Kinney	001110101001110	11 11 11 11 11—18
J Carlough	011000000111010	01 01 01 01 01—11
J Parker	011011011001111	11 01 11 11 10—13
M Joyce	101010100110110	10 10 11 10 01—14
M Duggan	111111011011001	11 01 01 11 11— 9
O Sampson	100100011011000	00 10 11 01 11—12
A Robbins	011010001010100	00 00 10 10 00— 8
J Avery	000111111010000	01 01 11 00 11—13

F. D. KINNEY, Sec'y...

Endeavor Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., March 23.—The Endeavor Gun Club held its prize shoot for March this afternoon on the club grounds at Marion, N. J. The attendance was small, only five members competing in the club shoot, which was shot at unknown angles Scores are as follows:

E Collins, 25	1111110111111111101111111	—23
Strader, 30	1101110101111110010100100111101111	—21
Piercy, 25	0111111110000111011101111	—18
Creveling, 27	1011011001011000111111001111	—17
Ingram, 25	1001111111101010010110111	—17

The other resulted as follows:

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles: Strader 14, Ingram and Creveling 11, Collins 8, Piercy 7, Corson 4.

No. 2, same: Creveling 13, Strader 12, Collins and Piercy 9, Onderdonk 7.

No 3, same: Collins, Ingram and Creveling 11, Piercy 10, Strader 8.

No. 4, same: Creveling 14, Piercy 12, Collins 9, Strader 8, Onderdonk 7. J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

Pointers on the Knoxville Shoot.

Mr. R. Van Gilder, Secretary of the Knoxville, Tenn., Gun Club, sends the following, which will be read with interest by

all shooters, especially by those who intend to be present at the Knoxville shoot next May:

"The secretary, having received so many enquiries from shooters all over the country, the following pointers are hereby issued for their enlightenment:

"The meeting will be conducted upon a business basis. No known dishonesty whatever will be tolerated; it will subject the contestant to immediate withdrawal from all events and forfeit all entries, rights and privileges of the meeting. The shooting will be rapid fire, 16 yards rise, known traps, unknown angles; i. e., any angle outside base line of the traps; the programme contains 6 events, 20 targets, $3 entrance; 2 events, 25 targets, $5 entrance, and added money, all divided 30, 25, 20, 12 1-2—12 1-2 each day for 4 days. Revised A. S. Association rules, with a few exceptions

"A contestant may have his load challenged by any shooter. The secretary will then take any shell he has in his pocket. If more than 1 1-4 oz. shot, measured in Dixon 1106, struck measure, is found, the contestant will be barred from all further rights and privileges of the shoot, and will likewise forfeit all entrances paid in. Merit and skill is the rule in this meeting and not trickery. This is going to be strictly enforced. The excuse of not knowing what was in the shell, will not be tolerated, as it is the shooter's duty to know beforehand. Ten and twelve guage shoot from same score line, and under same rules. No greater number than 3 extra shells will be allowed for a contestant to take to the score than the event calls for. No contestant will be allowed to shoot who does not make an all day entry. He will be given a squad, and number in squad, and then shoot all day. If he fails to shoot in any event, the cashier, upon due notice, will refund his entrance money at any time. When squad 1 is shooting, squad 2 will be required to sit in comfortable chairs behind them in readiness. Everything else will be done that may be necessary to conduct an honest and successful meeting.

"There are now enrolled upon the $10 subscription entry list 112 names, exclusive of the club and some neighbors. Those who have not sent in their $10 will kindly do so at once, to enable us to get out our programme, which will not be issued until 100 men have paid in their $10 entry. Our limit is 125 entries, and no more; all who desire to get in the shoot had better send in their names and money at once. Those who cannot tell until the last moment, and expect to come and pay in their money here, had better write the secretary before they come, to find out if the entry limit is filled, as 125 is the positive limit.

"The manufacturers' fund, $500, is filled and with a few more to hear from. We are gratified and very thankful for their intense interest and support in this, the greatest meeting ever held in this country—where individual interest is lost in unity—with this support which exceeds the talent of the principals, the meeting is an assured success, and we trust the shooters and manufacturers will unite for the success of this shoot: as it is the club's desire for them to feel that it is their meeting, assisted by the club. Everybody says—says he—'I will meet you at—The Knoxville shoot.' "

Fast Birds at Yardville.

Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., has the reputation of providing fast birds for the shoots that take place at his grounds. He added to that reputation very materially by furnishing an extremely fast lot of strong flyers for the sweeps decided at Yardville on Thursday, March, 21. It is very seldom that such a lot of birds is trapped in one day, and it is more than a pity that the attendance was not numerically far greater than it was. So far as quality went it was fast enough. With Elliott, Brewer and Class among the entries, there can be no disputing the quality. Before Zwirlein advertised his shoot, he received the assurance from a number of Philadelphia shooters that they would show up and compete in a 25 bird race, $10 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each. On this understanding, and knowing that he could reckon upon a fair contingent from New York and vicinity, he gave notice that he would add $25 to the high gun. The 9.10 train from New York brought Elliott, Brewer, Class and Van Dyke, W. S. Sawyer, a crack one barrel pigeon shot, and his friend, J. H. Dill, from Spotswood, N. J. The above six shooters found Eddie Hill, George Cubberly, J. W. Budd and Zwirlein ready for business, but not a single shooter from any locality near Philadelphia. In order to give the latter a chance to reach Yardville by the train reaching there at 1.40, a couple of sweeps were shot. Both were 7 bird events, $5 entrance, three moneys. No. 1 was divided up between Class, Van Dyke and Budd, in first place with 7 kills, Elliott, Brewer and Hill taking second money with 6 each, Zwirlein being alone for third with 5. Sawyer, the only other competitor, made his first appearance before five traps in this event, and showed by his work that the game was new to him. In event No. 2, however, he pulled himself together and killed all his birds, taking first money alone. In this race he made some excellent barrel kills, giving proof that he was catching on very fast. At the end of this event an adjournment was made for dinner.

Immediately after the above meal had been disposed of, entries were made for the main event. Eight men paid in their $16.25, an agreement being entered into that, in case any belated shooter should arrive after the event had been started, he should be allowed to enter or not at the option of the contestants. This arrangement permitted B. Kuser, of Trenton, to enter during the shooting of the 12th round. Before he had shot up his string as far as the others, he had put himself out of the race by missing his 4th, 8th, 9th and 12th birds. The birds furnished for this race were really splendid flyers, many of them being as good birds as ever left the traps. Brewer and Class made some great stops, while Elliott, although he made a bad start, losing three out of his first four birds, killed more than one corker. Brewer's position at the head of the list, with 24 out of 25, one dead out of bounds, is a great record on such birds. His first barrel work was as clean as I ever saw, the kill of his 5th bird being one of the kind that is termed "phenomenal"; although marked with the figure 2, the second barrel was entirely unnecessary. It must be stated here that Forest and Stream's trap score type fails in this instance to entirely describe the flight of the birds. The speed of the various pigeons cannot be shown, and the difficulty of getting on to right quarterers at this shoot needs further explanation than that given by the trap score type. A brisk, cold wind blew catacornered from the left to the right, aiding right quarterers and right quartering drivers very materially. Some of the right quartering birds were as hard to kill as any driver that has ever left No. 5 trap at Hurlingham. Eddie Hill drew just such a bird in the second round of sweep No. 1; it was a streak of dark blue and that was all. Brewer's 5th bird above referred to was another of the same kind. Elliott's 5th bird in sweep No. 2 was also another; when he had plunked both barrels into it, Jim jumped in the air, his feet went from under him as he struck the ground, and the champion measured his length upon the ground, marking very plainly the difference between the 28 and 30 yards mark! Class was shooting in strange form for him; his first barrel was very little use to him on many occasions; he made up for this, however, by making some good second barrel kills. Charlie Zwirlein shot a great race, losing his 5th and 9th birds dead out of bounds, but finishing in the second place with the good score of 23. Ferd Van Dyke, whose father, R. R. Van Dyke, of Dayton, N. J., had come over to see the cracks shoot, used his Winchester repeater in his usual style. He dropped his 13th, 16th and 20th birds, but found himself in second place alone with 22 killed. His miss of his 16th bird was, therefore, not so unfortunate as it looked at the time; it was a bad miss, as he had plenty of time on this bird. Eddie Hill, besides drawing hard birds, had plenty of hard luck. Sawyer made some good kills, but was also unlucky, his 20th and 21st birds falling dead out of bounds. Budd, who had killed 13 out of 14 in the sweeps before dinner, fell down most remarkably on his last six birds in the big event, missing five of that number, ending up with a total of 16 kills. The quality of the birds may also be noted by the fact that the close of the 5th round found Class, Van Dyke and Brewer with the only straights. Van Dyke missed his 13th, Brewer and Class following suit by spoiling their scores on the next round, when their respective birds dropped dead out of bounds. Zwirlein's black setter, "Nig," and a brown setter owned and handled by the veteran, Miles Johnson, did the retrieving in a quick, clean style. The scores made were as follows:

25 live birds, handicap rise, $10 entrance, birds extra, 3 moneys:

J L Brewer, 32	↗→↗→→↑↗↗↗↖↑↑←→↖↑↗↗→↙↗→→↗←	1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 3 2 2 2 * 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—24
C Zwirlein, 29	↗→↗↖↙↙↗↗↗↕↕↙→→↗→↓↙→↗→↗→↘↗	1 2 1 1 * 2 1 2 * 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2—23
F Van Dyke, 29	→↗↗↑↖↑↘↗↗↖↗↗↗→↘↗↗↖↑H→→↑↗	2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2—22
Frank Class, 31	→↑→↗↗→→↗↙→→↗↖→↗↗↖↓↑↗→←↗←↑	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 1 2 * 2 2 0 2 0—21
J A R Elliott, 32	→↗↗↗↗↑↓←↑↓↑↗↖←←→→→↗→←→↗↕	0 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 * 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2—20
W S Sawyer, 28	↑↗↖↖←↑↗↗↕↗→↗↑↑↓↗→←→↙→→←↑↙	0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 2 * * 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2—20
E Hill, 29	→↗↖↗→→↗↖↗↘↑↕↝↗↑↗↘↗↑↓↗↗↕↘↑	2 1 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 * 2 0 2 0 2—19
B Kuser, 28	↑↑↙↗←↑↑↙↘↗↗↗↑→←↑↗→↗↑↙↗→↗→	1 2 2 * 1 1 1 0 * 2 1 0 1 1 * 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 2 2—17
J W Budd, 29	↗↑→↗→↗H↗←→↓↖↖↕↑↓↗↗→↙↑↑↖↗←	2 * 1 0 2 2 1 * 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 0 0—16

The scores in the sweeps that preceeded the above event are as follows:

Seven birds, $5, 3 moneys:	No. 1.	No. 2.
Class	2111222—7	10*2122—5
Van Dyke	2221222—7	2222220—6
Elliott	1022222—6	2202102—5
Budd	2222221—7	2212102—6
Brewer	2021222—6	2212022—6
Hill	1022121—6	1222202—6
Zwirlein	2211100—5	221*200—4
Sawyer	0120102—4	2212121—7
Cubberly		1210?*2—5
J H Dill		0000100—1
P Giberson		212010*—4

EDWARD BANKS.

Hartford Trap Shooters.

Hartford, Conn., March 23.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Colt Gun Club, each man shooting at 25 targets: Manross, 24; Goodwin, 21; A. Bailey, 21; Pitkin, 21; Green, 21; Vibberts, 21; Browning, 20; Hotchkiss, 20; Cook, 19; Hills, 18; O. B. Treat, 18; Atwood, 16; Olmstead, 16; Sexton, 16; Hoskins, 14; Owen Treat, 14; Nelson, 14; Nichols, 14; Tucker, 13; R. Foster, 12; S. Colt, 12; C. Bailey, 11; Perkins, 10; Easton, 10; Thompson, 9; Peard, 9; Burke, 8.

F. W. GREEN, Secretary.

Hartford, Conn., March 23.—This afternoon was indeed an ideal one for trapshooting, as it was the first springlike afternoon we have had. The scores made in the club shoot as 25 targets were as follows:

"Ford"	1111111111110111111111111—24
Mills	1110111110111111111101111—22
Wadsworth	0111111111110111111011111—22
Melrose	1101111111101111011111011—21
Williamson	1111111101101011011011110—20
Ropkins	1011100111110011110111011—19
Lucas	1011011011100111011101110—17
Clark	0010111010100111101011011—15
Sedgewick	0000100100111000011100001—10

DAN'L S. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Little Rock, Arkansas.

Little Rock, Ark., March 21.—Once more Dickinson won the Pulaski County medal. Although only four shooters participated in to-day's contest, it proved to be anything but a walkover, as the score shows everyone of the contetstants were very much in the race, and it was anybody's contest until the last gun was fired. When each shooter had shot his first string of 25, Irwin led with 23, Dickinson and Pemberton were second, each having scored 22, while Duley brought up the rear with 20. In the final string of 25, Irwin failed to keep up the gait he had struck, only scoring 19, thus jeopardizing all his chances of winning. In the meantime Dickinson and Pemberton each missed two targets, the race resulting in a tie, their scores being 45 out of 50. They immediately agreed to shoot it off at 25 targets each. This time Dickinson won, scoring 23 to Pemberton's 21. Not being satisfied another string of 25 was shot. Scores in detail:

Dickinson	1111111011110111111111011—22
	1111111111010111111211111—23—45
Pemberton	1111111111111111111011001—22
	1111111011110111111111111—23—45
Irwin	1111111111101111110111111—23
	1111111011011100111111001—19—42
Duley	0111011111111111110010111—20
	1111111110111101001111111—21—41
Shoot off for the medal:	
Dickinson	0111011111111111111111110—23
Pemberton	1110011010111111111111111—21
Twenty-five targets:	
Dickinson	1111111111111111101111111—24
Pemberton	1111111110111110011111111—22
Irwin	1110111010011111011011111—19
Duley	0111101110111111010111110—19

Boiling Springs Beat Passaic City.

Rutherford, N. J., March 23.—The fourth shoot in the series of five, arranged between the Boiling Springs and Passaic City Gun Clubs, took place this afternoon at Passaic, N. J., the visitors winning by three targets. The score now stands: Boiling Springs, 3; Passaic City, 1. Score of to-day's shoot as follows:

Passaic City.

Wise	1001110001101011110111111—18
Keritt	1010111000111100111010000—13
Lenone	1111111100111011110010110—18
Hemion	1111010100100011100011000—12
Kelly	1101001111011111111111101—20
Palmer	1111111110101011010001110—17
Jelleme	1111010111111111001000101l—17
Abbott	0101111110111111111110010—19—134

Boiling Springs Team.

Frank	0001101101100011111011111—16
Collins	1111110000101100111101111—17
Burgess	0100110011101100011110111—15
Westbrook	1110001000110101111010110—14
James	0101101000111110110101111—16
Outwater	1111111010111100111110111—20
Huck	0111111111111111111001111—22
Lane	0011101111101111111001100—17—137

W. H. HUCK.

Meadville Gun Club.

Meadville, Pa., March 20.—The scores given below are those of the poorest shoot this club has ever experienced. They were made this afternoon, and as an example of what the Meadville Gun Club can do they are not creditable; but as a proof o what low scores some very good shots can make when the wind, mercury, traps and trappers are against them, it may serve as an encouragement for beginners. You will get something better from us when the April medal contest comes off. Dr. Johnson's score of 41 out of 50, and Clark's 39 out of the same number of targets are above the average of their work, while every other shooter went at least 30 per cent. below his average. Scores, No. 1, 25 targets, everything known:

Ehrgott	1111111001010100111111111—19
E L Affantranger	0110010010010100010101101—11
Veith	0000001000100100000100000— 4
Fowler	0000001010000011111101001—10
H A Johnson	1100111111001101001010110—15
Harvey	1101011101010011101010110—15
Dr Johnson	0011111011111101110111101—19
Reisinger	0100101101001010100110011—12
Holton	0000000101100101010000010— 7
Dunn	1011000000011000011100101--10
Kelso	0110111000110101000111000—12
Clark	1111011110110100111111111—20
Leberman	0110010111101000110100010—12
Gundaker	0000001000101111011011100—11
No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:	
Ehrgott	1000101111111011110100100—15
E L Affantranger	0100000010011010100101111—11
Veith	1000000000100010000000100— 4
Fowler	1101100001111001100011001—13
H A Johnson	1011111010101000001011011—14
Harvey	0111110010011110011011101—16
Dr Johnson	1011111101111111111110111—22
Clark	0101111101100111111011111—19
Holton	1001111101111111111011011—20
Gundaker	0100011101111110100111101—15
Dunn	0101110000100111001010001—11
Kelso	1111001101010011010010011—14

No. 3, 10 targets, everything known: Holton, 8; H. A. Johnson, 6; Gundaker, 5; E. L. Affantranger, 4; Harvey, 2.

CHOKE BORE.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., March 19.—The Lynchburg Gun Club's No. 1 team shot to-dav for a cane offered by Mr. Cleland. Messrs. Cleland and Dornin are both using new guns and have materially improved their scores; Dornin in particular was shooting away down last season, but he is now right at the top of the heap. Scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Nelson	1110110011001010000111100—13
Terry	1100111111101111110111111—21
Dornin	1011111111111011111111111—23
Cleland	1001100111110110101101111—17
Empie	0111111001111111111111111—22
Scott	1011111111010111111010111—20
Moorman	1111101111001110011100011—17

No. 2, same:

Nelson	1111001111101010111111111—20
Terry	1101111111001110111101111—20
Dornin	1111111111101111111111111—24
Cleland	1101100011100101111101111—17
Empie	0111111111111101011111110—21
Scott	1110110110101101101101101—17
Moorman	0011111111110001100011111—17

No. 3, same:

Nelson	0111101101111101111111111—21
Terry	1101011011011111110111111—20
Dornin	1111111101111111011111011—22
Cleland	0101110000101101110111110—15
Empie	1111011011111101011110111—20
Scott	1111111101001011101111111—20
Moorman	0110111011111011111110111—20

No. 4, same:

Nelson	1100111011111111111110101—20
Terry	1111010111101111111011111—21
Dornin	1111111110111011111111111—23
Cleland	1011011111001111101111001—18
Empie	1111111001111111011001111—20
Scott	1110000101111000111111111—17
Moorman	0011101110011010110111111—17

F. M. D.

Wilmerding Gun Club.

Wilmerding, Pa., March 16.—The scores which are given below were made by the members of the Wilmerding Gun Club this afternoon. The day was a disagreeable one for target shooting, snow falling all the time; despite the wretched weather, the scores made were fair, Gelm's totals showing up very favorably. The Wilmerding Athletic Association having tendered an invitation to the members of the gun club to be present and shoot at their picnic on Decoration Day, an all-day shoot will be given by the club on that day. Scores made to-day are as follows:

Team No. 1.

J S McIntosh	1110111000110101101011100
	1011001011011111100010011—30
S Gelm	1011110111100001011111101
	0010111111111111111111110—38
D Scott	0011101111111111101010110
	1111101110011111100101010—35—103

Team No. 2.

W Sharrard	0001101011100111111101100
	1000111011100011100011111—30
F McIntosh	0101010001001111011011011
	1001110111111111101101110—33
S Bishop	1111100101100010100110101
	0100100111010100010010101—25— 88

No. 2, 10 targets: Sharrard and Scott 8, J. McIntosh, F. McIntosh and Gelm 7, D. Boyd 6, A. Mackert 5, W. Kilgore and S. Bishop 3.

No. 3, same: Gelm 8, J. McIntosh, Sharrard and Boyd 7, Scott 6, F. McIntosh and Mackert 5, Bishop 4.

No. 4, same: Gelm 10, Sharrard 8, F. McIntosh, Scott and Boyd 6, J. McIntosh and Bishop 4.

No. 5, same: Gelm and Boyd 7, F. McIntosh 6, F. Hepting 4, Scott 3.

A. A. MACKERT, Sec'y.

Brewer Shot in Great Form.

John L. Brewer, with a 10-gauge in his hands, shooting a match under Long Island rules, that is, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, use of one barrel, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, is just about invincible. In his match with Morfey on Saturday, March, 23, at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., he killed 47 out of 50, completing his string with an unbroken run of 27 straight. Morfey shot very poorly, his misses coming in quick succession, mostly in pairs. Score:

Brewer	→↗↑↗↑↑↑→→←↙↗↗→→↗←→↑↑↑↑↑↗↖
	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—22
	↗←↖↗↑↑↖↗↑↝←←↕↑↝↖↑↖↑←↑↗↑→↑
	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—25—47
Morfey	↑←↖↑↑→↑↗↘↑↖↕↗↙→↖↑↖↑↖→↙↓↑↖
	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 * 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—16
	←↖←↑↕↗↖↑↙↑↘↑↖↑↖↑↑↖↗↗↗↖←↗↗
	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 0—18—34

Syracuse Gun Club.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 21.—Thirteen members of the Syracuse Gun Club shot for the Club's medals this afternoon. Messrs. Rayland, of Rome, N. Y., and Dalley, of Baldwinville, N. Y., were guests of the Club. The scores were affected by the high and cold wind, which made the flight of the targets very erratic. Becker won class A medal, Morris the class B medal, Eddy winning the medal in class C. After the medal shoot the following shooters had a race at 50 targets, unknown angle. Mowrey 46, Rayland 44, Morris 40, Becker 37, Ginty 36, Fuller 32, Dalley 29, Boyd 27. Gening broke 26 out of 40, while Simpson, Case and Arno broke 24, 22 and 27 out of 30 respectively. Scores in medal shoot:

Class A.

Ginty, 50 11001111110100010000001110
11010011110101111110110111—31
Chas Becker, 50 11101111111101111111110111
01101111111111011100110111—41
D Lefever, 50 11110101011111110111111011
11111111110011011111110011—40
Geo Mosher, 50 11111111101101111101101001
11111111111111011001010110—38
Wilcox, 46 11011101110111111001111011
01111111110111111111 —38
Arno, 46 11111101111111111101111110
11010101100110101111 —36
Willard, 50 ..... 01101011111111110100100 11
01111111001111110111111101—37
Mowry, 45 00111111100001111011111101
11011010111101111111 —33

Class B.

Morris, 48 01111111111111111111110011
11101111111111001111101 —41
F. Lefever, 45 01000101111000000101001110
11111101111111111001 —28
Blizard, 45 00111110111011001111001011
11001111011111000100 —33

Class C.

Eddy, 50 11111111110111101110111101
00011111111111110110001111—39
Dey, 50 10111101100101100111011111
11110110111100111110101111—36

Syracuse, N. Y., March 23.—The Syracuse shooters are working faithfully, practicing for the Dean Richmond Cup contest at Saratoga, hoping to do credit to the clubs they represent. The grounds are at Messina Springs, shoots being held every Saturday. The shooters making the best averages will compose the team. The birds shot at this afternoon were a good lot, very few duffers among them, a good number being really fast. Scores:

C F Arno ..... 02012200212111101122110 21—19
H M Chase ..... 11122211101001112210212 20—20
W A Holden ..... 12221021112110022020200 21—18
H White ..... 20102110012211221201212 12—20
A S Wilson ..... 11211211210111111211112 21—24
Geo Mosier ..... 20021221120202212220201 12—19
Geo Wilcox ..... 210112221221110w —13

A. R. K.

Cobwebs Defeat the Newburghs.

West Farms, N. Y., March 21.—The Cobweb Gun Club turned the tables on the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association of Newburgh, N. Y., in the second team race between these two clubs. The race was 10 men a side, 10 live birds each man, the Cobwebs winning by 77 to 71. The weather was clear and bright, with a northeast wind blowing across the traps from left to right. The birds were only a fair lot, several extra good ones leaving the traps occasionally. Knapp and Higginson were high men for their respective sides. Scores:

Cobweb Gun Club.		West Newburgh Gun Club.	
Pilkington	1210222110— 8	Taylor	1220021212— 8
McKeon	1002202011— 6	Likely	0012222112— 8
Hendricks	02*2201122— 7	Lenone	2100000120— 4
Elliott	2222222202— 9	Halstead	2021002100— 5
White	2022200012— 6	Dain	1220111021— 8
Train	2102012111— 8	Wood	2**0202210— 5
O'Dell	2222010112— 8	Higginson	1112222212—10
Knapp	1222221222—10	Dickson	2101011001— 6
Donnelly	222112122*— 9	Horton	2221122202— 9
Capt Loomis	1020*12201— 6—77	CaptTaggart	1110220212— 8—71

The Climax Gun Club Won.

Plainfield, N. J., March 25.—The first of the series of three matches at live birds between teams of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., and the Climax Gun Club of Plainfield, N. J., was decided to-day on the grounds of the latter club at Fanwood, N. J. The Climax boys won by 7 birds, scoring the excellent total of 159 out of 180, an average of 88 1-3 per cent. Full scores of both teams:

Climax Club.		Keystone League.	
D Terry	15	B Landis	14
A Woodruff	14	W M Pack	14
"Dutchy" Smith	14	W H Wolstencroft	13
Scott Terry	14	J W Budd	13
Capt Money	14	W Wilson	13
Neaf Apgar	14	J W Wolstencroft	13
F Van Dyke	13	A James	13
P "Jay"	13	H Thurman	12
E M Cooper	12	J Rothacker	12
T H Keller	12	W H Pack	12
C Zwirlein	12	J Leaming	12
W Sigler	12—159	J H Wolstencroft	11—152

Idle Hour Gun Club.

The Idle Hour Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., celebrated the anniversary of its initial shoot on March 18, by holding a shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., and also enjoying a good dinner prior to the annual meeting and the pigeon shooting. The officers chosen at the meeting to serve for the ensuing 12 months are: President, Henry Hoffman; Vice-President, William Burrows; Treasurer, J. F. C. Elfers; Secretary, Christopher Lakeman; Captain, John Bamberger. Three medals were presented to the club for competition: A diamond badge by President Hoffman, a gold medal by Fred Elfers; and a silver medal by Chas. Pyne. These medals will be first, second and third prizes respectively during the year. The club shoot at 7 live birds resulted as follows:

G Helmstedt, 25	11*112*—5	H Welshman, 23	0011100—3
Ch Coors, 25	021*121—5	H Huckfield, 23	0101001—3
Ch Lakeman, 23	2222010—5	Wm Burrows, 25	0000021—2
H Boemmermann, 25	0010111—4	J Bamberger, 25	0001200—2
J F C Elfers, 25	201*101—4	M Malone, 23	0000100—1
Wm Schmidt, 23	0211010—4	L Friese, 23	0000w —0
H Meyer, 23	0102100—3		

Vernon Gun Club.

Vernon, Tex., March 11.—The Vernon Gun Club held its regular shoot this afternoon with the following result:

Club shoot, 25 singles and 3 pairs:

G M Cook ..... 1111111110111110011111111 11 10 11—27
J G Matthews ..... 1111011111101110101110111 11 10 10—24
B Houssels ..... 0011110101101010101110011 11 11 01—21
G W Gales ..... 1010100100111011110001111 11 11 11—20
L G Hawkins ..... 1001011110111100110101001 11 11 10—20

L. G. HAWKINS, Sec'y.

Jeannette Jagd Club.

The March shoot of the Jeannette Jagd Club took place recently at Guttenberg, N. J. The club shoot is at 10 live birds. Mr. H. Rothman acted as referee. Score:

D Boesch	1112122011— 9	Wm P Rinkhoff	0121201112— 8
C Offermann	2012121012— 8	F H Karsten	1021021102— 7
H Rothmann	1122101212— 9	J H Kroeger	2111211011— 9
C N Brunie	1211111111—10	*C Steffens	1111212221—10
F Ehlen	1201201220— 7	H Winter	0112111220— 8
L Lehing	1020120211— 7	E G Loeble	1202011212— 8
*A J Chester	1112012121— 9	H Raub	2012200212— 7
H Otten	1211021211— 9		

*C. Steffens won Class A gold medal, A. J. Chester taking the Class B gold medal.

Outwater Defeats Johnson.

On Tuesday, March 19, John H. Outwater, of Moonachie, Bergen county, N. J., and Adrian Johnson, of North Bergen, N.J., shot a race on the grounds of the Union Hill Gun Club at Guttenberg, N. J. The conditions were: 50 live birds per man, 26yds. rise, use of both barrels, gun below the elbow until the bird was on the wing, $100 a side. A strong wind helped the birds very materially; without the wind the birds would have been classed as good ones. At the end of the 43d round Johnson withdrew, being hopelessly in the rear, the score standing 34-25 in favor of Outwater, who was doing some excellent work with his first barrel. Score:

J H Outwater ..... 1010212121112121001100111—19
121112111100122011 —15—34
Adrian Johnson ..... 0220100210020122022110000—13
1011211120020120 20w —11—25

Yachting.

In mentioning the report which was generally circulated about a month ago, to the effect that Mr. Watson had chosen nickel steel as the material for the skin of the new Valkyrie, we expressed the opinion that he had not yet found good grounds for abandoning the composite for the all-metal construction, and that the new boat would be practically identical with Queen Mab, Britannia and Valkyrie II. We can now state positively that this is the case, and that Valkyrie III. will be built with keel, stem, sternpost and deadwoods of teak, frames, stringers and ties of nickel steel, and wood planking. The keel was cast about March 4, the wood keel has been bolted to the lead, and the stem and sternpost set up, the frames rivetted and set up and the rib bands run. In model the new boat is similar to Britannia and Valkyrie, a keel cutter, but with her leading features carried to a greater extreme. The yacht will not be ready much before the Clyde races in July, and will only meet Britannia and Ailsa on the Clyde before sailing for New York.

Model Yachting.

The new trophy of the American Model Y. C. is likely to give a boom to model yacht sailing; and, in common with yachting and canoeing, a lively season is promised. We hope that the club may receive a challenge, as an international race of model yachts would come in well with the proposed races for both 90-footers and half-raters next September.

The difficulty, if not the impossibility, of obtaining true and reliable information about new yachts, is shown almost every day by the alleged news set forth under startling headlines, only to be replaced next day by something quite different and even more startling. The "exclusive" stories thus far published about the new Cup defender, her model, material and sailing master would of themselves fill a large book; and yet but little is positively known beyond a few main points. The attitude of the owners and designers, and the demand of the public for news, offers a strong temptation to indulge the imagination at the expense of truth, a temptation to which some of our esteemed contemporaries have readily succumbed.

Among those which have been foremost in spreading sensational and unreliable reports, the Boston Herald has long held deservedly the first place. Our readers will remember our exposure of its silly and sensational "fake" design of the Thistle in 1886; and from that time down to the present the Herald has been responsible for much of the misinformation on yachting matters which has found its way into the American press. False and foolish as the Thistle fake was, it has been quite surpassed by the Herald's latest exploit in giving the dimensions of the new Cup defender in a three-column story which appeared on March 16.

Divested of a great deal of irrelevant matter in the shape of self-laudation and mere idle chatter to fill space, the Herald's story is reduced to two plain statements; one of them new but not true, the other true but not new. The first statement relates to the as yet unknown dimensions of beam and draft, which are positively vouched for by the Herald writer as 22ft. plus some inches beam, and 22ft. 10 in. draft. The Herald's statements on these points are worth giving verbatim: "The Pilgrim outclasses by nearly a foot in draft. Isn't this a surprise? Everybody scared off in extreme draft except the Bristol man. What boats does she come nearest to on either side for beam dimensions? The Valkyrie and the Jubilee. Both of these measure 22ft. 6 in. extreme beam. The Cup defender does not measure quite as much as this; the above, however, are not far out from the correct dimensions. The Boston Herald knows them exactly. Pretty close, is it not, Mr. John B.? Few inches, eh! What boat on either side does she most resemble in draft, type for type? The Valkyrie, she is not far out from the Pilgrim's draft, although she is a different type of boat. In draft, Designer Herreshoff has seen Watson and gone him in feet hardly as many as there are fingers and thumbs on one's hand. It is not far off, though, the shortage being in line with baseball men's fingers, those that have bent up and shortened a little off their natural stretched-out length. There is about the same difference in the length of the draft, 22ft 10 in., that there is in the short fingers of baseball players. Still the above is purposely put, so as not to be absolutely exact. Pretty close, however, is it not, Mr. Superintendent?"

These dimensions, which are stated thus positively within the limits of a few inches, are accompanied by a sketch of a midship section similarly vouched for as practically that of the new boat. Assuming the beam given by the Herald, about 22ft., this fake section scales to a draft of but 17ft., instead of 23ft. These dimensions are something extraordinary, the alleged draft is not only unprecedented in any keel yacht, but is far in excess of what is desirable or even necessary; and the beam would indicate that while all designers have been taking more and more beam for two years, Mr. Herreshoff had in this one important boat resorted to less beam than the unsuccessful Navahoe. From whatever source they came, no intelligent yachtsman would accept such dimensions without the fullest corroboration; and if, finally convinced of their truth, he would never pass them by, as the Herald has done, without a word of comment on their import. So far as the Herald is concerned, it has evidently accepted them without an idea of their meaning or a doubt as to their authenticity.

So much for what is new but not true; now for the part that is true but not new. For several years there has prevailed among yacht designers a unanimity of opinion never before known; and, one and all, they have worked to greater extremes each year in several important particulars, greater beam and draft, smaller displacement and area of midship section, reduced lateral plane, higher center of buoyancy; and lower ballast, through deeper bulb-fins or heavily weighted centerplates. Herreshoff, Watson, Fife, Payne, Nicholson, Soper, Hope, the latter in fact, in the very small boats, going to the greatest extreme, have vied with each other in this cutting away of everything in the search for higher speed; and with most advantageous results. Now comes the Herald with the exclusive information that in the new Cup defender Mr. Herreshoff is doing just what he, as well as other designers, has been doing in previous boats; and just what everyone has confidently looked for in the present case.

There are a great many interesting things about the new boat which are yet unknown; in fact all that is definitely and positively certain is that she will be a keel boat, of great draft, and with steel frames, plated on the bottom with a bronze alloy, and possibly on the topsides as well. The general construction of the keel proper is also known, of three bronze castings of peculiar form. The dimensions, details of form, rake of stem and sternpost, shape, construction and position of rudder, are all unknown at the time of writing. Without claiming any inside sources of information, and admitting a doubt as to the new boat being a keel a centerboard or a fin craft, or of steel, bronze or composite construction, yachtsmen generally have from the first looked for certain things from Mr. Herreshoff in his next large boat, as the result of the races of Vigilant in the past two seasons. It has been confidently expected that the new boat would turn much more quickly, that she would have a hollower section and lower lead than Vigilant, that the lines would be fined and faired all over, giving an easier form, and that the very faulty sail plan of Vigilant, with the center of effort abnormally forward, would be improved by a lessening of the headsails and a proportionately larger mainsail, as in the British boats. It would indeed be news that only the unexpected had happened, and that Mr. Herreshoff had gone in exactly the opposite direction; but it is no news, as the Herald would have us believe, that he has done what every one looked for him to do.

One characteristic item of the Herald's exclusive news is that relating to the bulb keel, that it is acorn shaped in cross section, tapering fore and aft, and has its greatest section forward of the center. In these three respects it is exactly like the smaller and older bulbs from the Bristol shops, on Dacotah, Wenonah, Drusilla El Chico, and many more, to say nothing of the use of the same form by all other designers.

This wonderful story of the Boston Herald appeared next day in more condensed form in a number of papers in other cities, being in some cases credited to the Herald, in others being passed off as the work of the paper's special correspondent at Bristol. What is particularly amusing is the fact that this copying was done with so little knowledge of the matter in hand that the coefficient of the midship section was given as 35ft. instead of 35 per cent.

Before these stories were fairly off the press, however, the Herald was again to the fore with another exclusive announcement, as follows, in its issue of March 17: "In using the word 'draft' for 'depth' in yesterday morning's Herald, an error was made which led to a wrong comparison of the Bristol boat with others. The depth of the Cup defender is 23ft, while the draft is 19ft." The oft-repeated statements of the dimensions throughout the first article, some of which we have quoted above, show beyond question that there was no mere clerical or typographical error, as the Herald claims, but that the Herald writer actually believed the figures which he vouched for so boastfully.

But this is not all, after a little characteristic chatter to divert the attention of the reader, the article continues: "The exact dimensions of the Cup defender were purposely not stated yesterday, but they are given to-day. No doubt one dimension, that of beam, will cause surprise, for it puts a somewhat different aspect on the outcome, the following are the figures: extreme beam, 27ft.; extreme draft, 19ft." The article closes very briefly, with none of the boasts and bluster that characterize the first story.

Any doubt which might exist in the mind after reading the first story, that it was a most unwarrantable piece of sensationalism, is at once dispelled on reading the very lame attempt at its correction. The only tenable supposition is that in its search for sensation, the Herald has once more fallen a victim to its own blind credulity, and has accepted as true a most improbable and absurd fiction which it has palmed off upon its readers as truth and news. Had the figures been somewhat less extreme, the matter might have been passed over until some new fake could have been found to attract attention from it.

In the case of the Thistle fraud, there is reason to suspect that when it became known to Mr. Watson that the agent of the Herald was endeavoring to obtain the drawing by unwarranted means, the said agent was allowed to get possession of the rough drawings made for securing estimates, and in no way representing the form of the boat. As we showed at the time, and as subsequent events proved, the drawings were impossible ones, and should have deceived no one of ordinary intelligence or knowledge of yachting. In the present case, we should not be in the least surprised to find that the dimensions given in the Herald's first article had come more or less indirectly from the Herreshoffs themselves, in retaliation for the Herald's attempts to obtain the true dimensions in some way peculiar to itself. At any rate, we warrant that no one read the self-confessed failure of the Herald's exclusive "scoop" with more pleasure than Mr. John B Herreshoff.

The position of the yachting writer to-day is by no means an easy or a pleasant one, he is expected to know everything that is going on in the yachting world, especially in the shops and draft ing-rooms; and he is denied by owners, designers and builders together, even the most unimportant items of news. He is supposed to be fully posted on all the points of a new yacht before her first race, while he is denied all opportunity of seeing her until she i finally hauled out to clean or paint, in midsummer.

The ethical question of how far a man may honestly go, in his legitimate business as a news-gatherer, in obtaining information which is denied him, is one that each writer must decide for himself many times in a season. The attitude of many designers and owners is not of itself calculated to inspire any high motives in the breast of a writer, as they usually treat all alike, giving no more aid to those of established reputation and known veracity

than to such reckless and irresponsible writers as have shown themselves unworthy of confidence.

As concerns his duty to his readers, hardly a week passes that a yachting writer is not called on to consider some piece of news, often in a great hurry, which he cannot possibly verify. In this case one of two courses is possible to him; to weigh the matter very carefully by the aid of that special training which fits him for his position, taking into account the reliability of the source of information and the probability of the news itself, and giving it such a qualified indorsement as the circumstances seem to warrant; or, on the other hand, to rush it into print under flashy headlines, trusting to chance to verify it, or to some newer and equally unreliable story to engage the attention of his readers in the next issue.

The Herald also tries to make a point for the new deed by offering the present illness of Mr. Herreshoff as a justification of the ten months' notice of challenge. Throughout the whole course of the long controversy no objection has been made by the opponents of the new deed to the ten months' notice. The only point connected with it which has been criticized, is the absurdity of demanding ten months' notice after positively refusing in three different years to accept more than six months' notice. Lord Dunraven excepted, the first aim of the various challengers has been to secure the acceptance of their challenge and the arrangement of all details from ten to twelve months in advance, in which they have been repeatedly frustrated by the very peculiar limitation of six to seven months made and maintained by the New York Y. C. The ten months' notice is all right as a safeguard against surprise, but if the New York Y. C. will in the future meet all challengers in the spirit which it displayed for the first time in 1893, there will be no trouble over insufficient time for preparation, as it is as much to the advantage of one party as the other that everything should be arranged long in advance.

One good result has come from the unsuccessful agitation in favor of Newport for the Cup races in that Mr. F. P. Sands, one of the most active of Newport yachtsmen, with several others, has taken up the scheme of a series of open races off Newport, in August, after the cruise. Money has been liberally subscribed for prizes, some $6,000 being now available. Good cruises will be laid ut, and races will be held for all classes, large and small..

A report comes from Glasgow to the effect that a newspaper man has been allowed to see the new Valkyrie, of which the keel is cast and the frames partly erected. The boat is described as however deeper and having less flare to the topsides than Ailsa but with a hollower section than Valkyrie II. The ends are long, but in Watson's characteristic style. Nothing is said of the method of construction, whether composite or metal plated.

Our readers will be interested in the news that one of Mr. Linton Hope's designs will be seen about New York this season, the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, having received an order from Mr. John R. Suydam, who had the plans from Mr. Hope while abroad. The boat will be 29ft. over all, 20ft. l. w. l., 8ft. beam and 1ft. draft without centerplate, the latter increasing the draft to 6ft. She will be catrigged, with a battened sail similar to that which we published on March 9.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Minneapolis Model Yacht Racing Association was held on March 19. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows, the election in each case being unanimous: Com., E. F. English; Vice-Com., Chilson Aldrich; Sec. and Treas. (re-elected), John Hadden. Sailing Committee: C. Boyd and L. Green. The secretary's annual report showed an increase both in membership and boats. The news that the American Model Yacht Club, of Brooklyn, would send a 40-in. model to sail a return match in Minneapolis the coming season, was received with much satisfaction, and already two new boats are on the boards in anticipation of his visit, with two or three more 40's promised. The club expects to have a good season in 1895.

We understand that a new edition, the 8th, of that standard work, "Yacht and Boat Sailing," has been prepared by Mr. Dixon Kemp, and is now in press.

The report of the charter of Columbia, schr., to J. J. Astor is denied.

Algonquin, steam yacht, J. S. Watson, arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, from St. Jago, on March 11.

On March 19 Capt. Chas. Barr, with his crew, sailed from New York for Southampton to fit out Vigilant for her return passage. Capt. John Barr, Sr., has been released by Mr. Hopkins, and now is in the employ of Mr. Howard Gould as skipper of the new 20-rater Niagara. His berth as skipper of the cutter Yvette, owned by Mr. Hopkins, will be filled by young John, now a captain himself.

The Yacht Club Argentino, of Buenos Ayres, was honored recently by the presence of the American Minister, the Hon. W. Buchanan, accompanied by Secretary Fishback, who joined the members in a cruise in the yacht Nemo, under the command of Vice-Commodore Kimbal. But it happened that in the preparations for the cruise an American flag was not thought of, which mistake was rectified by borrowing one from the ironclad Libertad, after which the yacht may have been said to be sailing under the American flag, as the borrowed article was many yards in superficial measurement.—Panama Star and Herald.

We have received from V. D. Bacon, of the Cape Cod Yacht Agency, a very full list of yachts for sale, new and second hand, most of them of the Cape type.

The yacht Sea Gull, J. R. Adams, of the Philadelphia Y. C., was recently cut through by the ice in the Delaware and sunk in the club basin at Tinicum.

The Mediterranean Races.

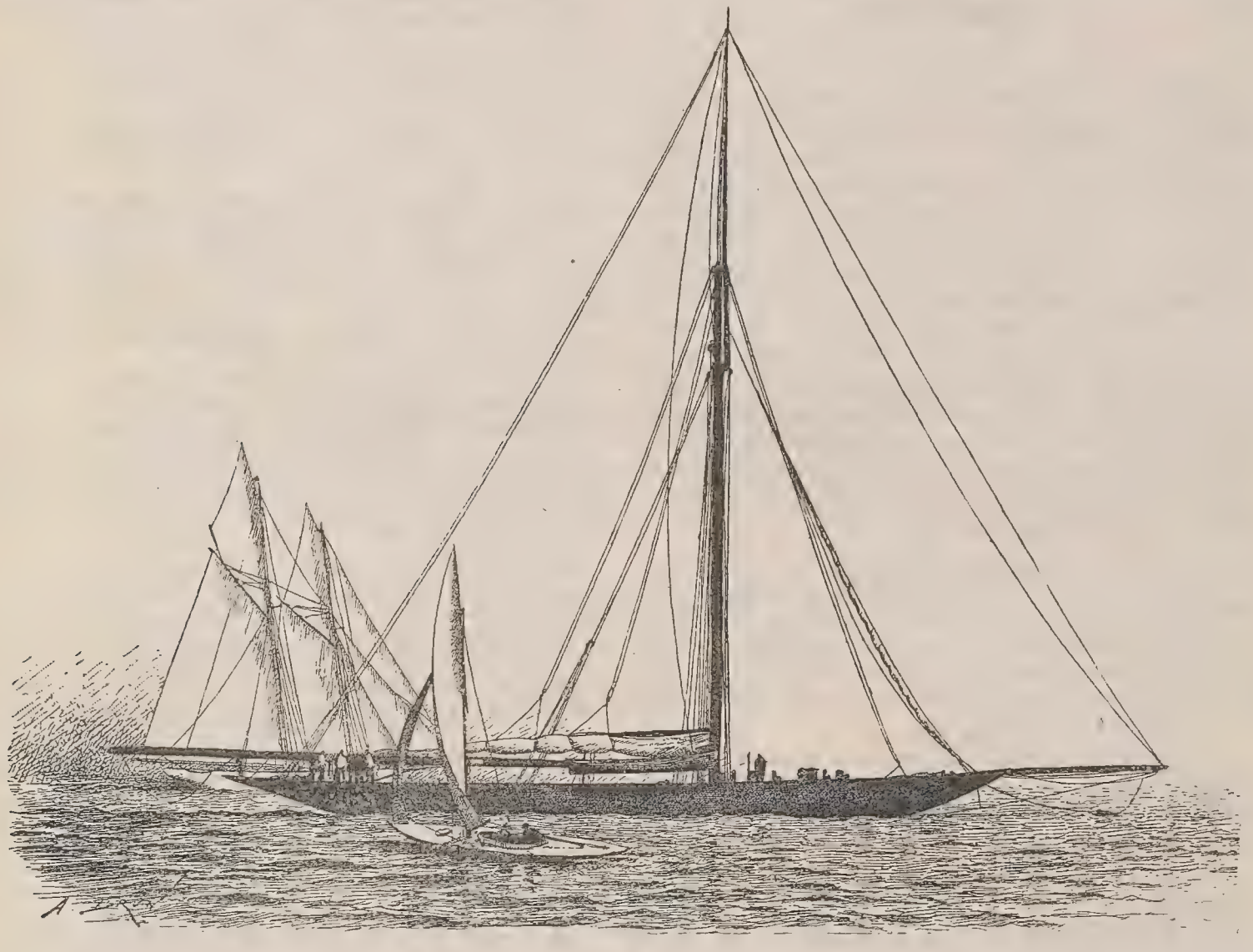
The race of March 19, from Monaco to Nice, was very unsatisfactory, Britannia not starting. The wind was moderate, and the times at the finish, the yachts starting at 9:05, with 15 min. in which to cross, were:

Ailsa	10 19 57	Rolla III	10 52 51
Corsair	10 35 41	St. Marcial	10 54 48
Valkyrie	10 37 10	Contest	10 55 30
Aranella	10 40 3	Gareth	10 56 48
Dakotah	10 46 38	Yvonne	10 59 20
Bebelle	10 49 9	Lola	10 02 33

Ailsa, of course, won.

On March 23 Britannia and Ailsa met again over a 30-mile course, in a very light breeze. At the end of the first round Ailsa led by 14 min; at the end of the second they were not timed, but Ailsa was nearly half an hour ahead; Ailsa finished in a drift, taking 8 hours to cover 30 miles, while Britannia gave up. Both yachts were finally disqualified on the ground that they had crossed the line before the gun.

The accompanying picture of Ailsa on the Clyde is from a sketch by Mr. A. Brun, the talented artist of Le Yacht.



CUTTER AILSA. DESIGNED BY WILL FIFE, JR. From Le Yacht.

Jubilee.

"The prospects are that Jubilee will not take part in the seasons racing, the syndicate has not met with encouraging success in the effort to raise the necessary money, and now Gen. Paine has decided to sell the boat, according to the Boston Globe, as follows:

"The subscription syndicate to purchase Jubilee has come to nothing, mainly because Gen. Paine has withdrawn his offer to sell the boat. Mr. Foster has not yet given up hope of a new boat, though, for he has had the possibility in mind for some time. His plans are not, however, sufficiently matured to formulate publicly.

"Asked yesterday the reason for the withdrawal of his offer, Gen. Paine said that it was 'principally in view of some editorial utterances saying that Jubilee stood no chance with the boats of 1895. With such opinions scattered broadcast he did not feel that the boat ought to be offered to a syndicate in which some might regret their contributions or feel that they had contributed under a mistaken idea of the boat's chances.

"So Jubilee is still for sale. Her owner would like to see her raced, but does not feel like giving the needed time and money to it himself. His sale would be preferably made to a wealthy man or men who could well afford to take chances with her, win or lose, and to whom the financial end would not be the consideration that it would be to a syndicate.

"What he thought Jubilee's chances really were, Gen. Paine promptly declined to say, nor would he even guess at the probable speed to be gained by the alterations to the bow."

Work at Bristol.

(From the Boston Globe.)

The new Cup defender at the Herreshoffs' has taken a perceptible growth during the past week. The bronze keelplate has been placed in its position at the top of the big lead keel, where it will be held by large bronze bolts. Five of the steel frames have also been set up in the past few days, and it is now but a matter of a short time when the whole outline of the boat will be seen.

Workmen are busy at the shop on Burnside street bending the angle iron into frames for the new boat. The firm has been short of angle iron, but this was overcome by the arrival, on March 22, of a large quantity of short lengths from Pennsylvania.

A close watch is still maintained at the railroad yards to see that none of the material arriving for the Herreshoffs is inspected by the newspaper fraternity, and box cars in which the material comes are locked until it is taken away.

Another carload of bronze plates was expected to arrive on March 23, but information in regard to the size of the plates will be obtained only by scanning the plates as they are being carted to the works on the gears.

The greatest disclosure of the week in connection with the new Cup defender was the fact that the suit of sails to be furnished by the builders with the new boat, will be made in Bristol by the firm's sailmakers.

Within the past few months important changes have been made at the factory of the National India Rubber Company, and a second story has been added to what is known as the old boot room. The Herreshoffs have not the room for the making of the new suit of sails, and so J. B. Herreshoff has arranged with Manager Philip H. Coyle, of the rubber factory, for the use of the new room, which will not be needed by the rubber company for some time to come. The total length of the room is about 300 feet, but a partition will be built cutting off 100 feet of the room, and making the room in which the sails will be made about 200 feet in length and 60 feet in width.

Men are now at work in the room preparing it for the sailmakers, and the coming week will see the latter at work on the big sails. The room will not be large enough to make the big sails in one piece, so it is intended to make them in sections. The work will be done under the direction of head sailmaker Asa T. Hathaway, formerly of Fall River, who will be assisted by the other three sailmakers at the shops.

From what can be learned in regard to the new sails, it is estimated that the total sail area will be between 11,000 and 12,000 yards.

The material will be ramie cloth, made from the fibre of grass grown in China and Japan, and which has also been successfully raised in Texas. The cloth is far superior in strength, both when wet and dry, to the sea island cotton, and is lighter in weight.

It is said that the suit of sails to be made by the syndicate will be made from cloth woven by an expert weaver from England, who wove the cloth for the firm of which Ratsey, the famous sailmaker, is a member. It is said also that the cloth will be made on imported looms in the vicinity of Lowell, Mass.

The cloths in the sails of the Herreshoff suit will run from the leech to the hoist, instead of from the gaff to the boom, as on former boats.

Work on the Gould 20-rater Niagara is being pushed ahead rapidly, as it is intended to send her across to Southampton from New York by April 13. The workmen are busy on the hull of the new boat, and are putting on the deck and interior finishings. The fin and bulb are all ready to be attached as soon as the hull is completed. She will be rigged here, and a trial trip given her in Bristol harbor and down Narragansett Bay. She will be stripped after her trial trip, and will be towed to New York, where her fin will be taken off and the parts put aboard the ocean steamer.

The new 20-rater for the German baron is being rushed along, and during the week two representatives of the owner have been at the works watching the finishing of the boat and the work of attaching the hull to the fin. One of them is said to be a relative of Diaper, who was the pilot on the Vigilant during her race last year on the Clyde. They will stay here to go aboard of her during her trial trips and will also accompany her across the ocean on the German steamship. Orders have been given the sailmakers to push the work on the sails for the German boat, and the spars are now ready. She will be launched either Tuesday or Wednesday of the coming week. She also will be stripped after her trial trips, and will be towed to New York.

Work on the Hostetter steam yacht is nearly finished, and she can be put overboard at any time. The finishing touches in the cabin and crew's quarters are being put on, and the machinists are busy in the engine room.

The centerboard of Vigilant is completed, and will be shipped across to Southampton when Niagara goes.

Nat Herreshoff has made rapid strides toward recovering during the past week, and has put in considerable work on the plans which were left unfinished when he was taken ill. He came out for the first time at noon on March 21 and stayed a short time on the veranda at his residence when the sun was warmest. His rapid improvement within the last few days, and his consequent gain in strength, prophesies his early appearance at the shops where his direction and personal supervision of the work on the new Cup Defender is a necessity to make the construction of the boat a success.

Foremen of the departments consult him daily in regard to the work, and his instructions are as faithfully carried out as though he was present in the shops.

During the week a United States Government Inspector from the Navy Department was at the works for the purpose of looking over the Herreshoff style and make of boilers. The visit of the inspector is said to have some connection with the torpedo boats on which the Herreshoffs submitted bids to the Government a short time ago. The inspector was entertained by Pres. J. B. Herreshoff during his stay here.

The London Sailing Club's Model Competition.

The full details of the model competition and exhibition of the London Sailing Club, the subject being a single-hand cruiser of not over 30ft. over all length, were given in the Forest and Stream of Dec. 8, 1894; the exhibition taking place, as announced, between Feb. 19 and March 2. The competition and exhibition were both completely successful; and the result was very encouraging to the club. Mr. Dixon Kemp was the judge. The winner of the first prize was Mr. J. C. Enberg, a Swedish designer, who was in this country in 1893, and to whom we are indebted for the translation of the description of the schooner Sverige, which we recently published. The following description of the exhibition is from the Field:

The merits were to be decided by points; fifty being the maximum for hull, twenty-five for sail plan, and twenty-five for cabin arrangement. As usual, the names of the designers remained in sealed envelopes until after the awards were made.

The various designs are of very remarkable merit, and, what is more, it can be said that three-fourths of them are practically of equal merit, and it must have taken some nice discrimination in awarding the prizes. Certificates of merit, of course, under such conditions, are found to be plentiful, and the only wonder is that each model was not "decorated."

Another very striking feature in the competition is the marked influence the racing yacht has on the form of the cruiser. Whatever the merits of the type the rating rule has evolved, it is quite plain the single-handed cruising man thinks it all right to be in the fashion. Nothing looks more odd now, for instance, than to see a Marjorie or an Annasona among a fleet of up-to-date racers. Three or four years ago these new-fashioned racers were the oddities, but now are simply beautiful to behold That the cruising man likes to be in the fashion it is plain, and hence we suppose he desires sometimes to rule the form of racing yachts as they rule the fashion for all yachts, and even some kinds of coasters and pilot vessels. With regard to the hulls of the single-handers, they all present most symmetrical fore and aft and vertical outlines, and the displacements and ballastings are well judged. In some instances, however, enough consideration was not shown to the requirements of beaching or taking the ground, and a few of the models had very awkward, raking keels.

The weakest feature about the exhibits was, perhaps, the sail plans. They were not overdone with canvas, but many of them had five sails, and most "single-handed" men are satisfied with three at the outside, the favorite sail plan being main, fore, and mizen yawl rig. One was given a topsail of close upon 200 sq. ft., and we do not think even such a marvelous single-handed sailer as the late Mr. R. T. McMullen would have cared to have been shipmates with such a sail if actually single-handed. One of the designs is already in existence, and much approved of as a single-handed craft, and she, we may say, is sloop rigged.

The London Sailing Club wished to have their usual 1-rater competition, but in face of the fact that the rating rule is "hung up" and nobody knows what the future of it is to be, it was thought that such a competition at present would serve no good end. Mr. Dixon Kemp judged the models and designs, and the exhibition was opened to the public on Tuesday. After the awards were made it came somewhat as a shock to find that the first prize was taken by a foreigner, Mr. J. C. Enberg, of Norrkoping, Sweden (No. 17). The model and design are exceedingly well made, and the arrangement under deck excellent. All the falls of halyards, sheets, etc., lead to the cockpit aft, and the anchor chain is brought under deck to a ratchet winch in the cockpit, so that under ordinary conditions the latter craft could be got under way from the cockpit. This vessel is sloop rigged. The second prize aws awarded to a very useful sort of centerboard craft (No. 13), and, as in the other case, all the leads went to the cockpit. The design is capitally arranged below, and is the work of Mr. F. Shepherd, 6 Milton Terrace, Fitzhugh, Southampton. The five sail rig probably stood in the way of this craft taking first prize. The third prize was taken by Mr. P. H. M. Paterson (32 Eldon street, Greenock), and is numbered 13. Certificates of merit were awarded to No. 1 (Mr. J. Rennie Barrett, Lily Bank House, Johnstone), No. 2 (Mr. R. Von Lengerke, St. James Vicarage, Fulham), No. 3, Dorothy (Mr. Linton Hope, Greenhithe). This craft is well known on the Lower Thames as a capable little cruiser. No. 6 (Mr. J. R. Garthwaite, 99 Parliament street, Stockton-on-Tees); No. 10 (Mr. H. J. Dartnall, New Alma Road, Southampton). This craft has a Wastney Smith's anchor, the stock of which stows in the hawse pipe; a spindle rod for working the capstan leads to the cockpit aft. No. 11 (Mr. James Stow, Shoreham), No. 16 (Mr. Wilfred Barry, 9 Wellington Road, Charlton), No. 24a (Mr. Harly Mead, Hayle, Cornwall). Mr. Mead also exhibited a 30ft. model of the square stern type like the old Itchen

Ferry or Falmouth Quay punts. This design showed a displacement of 10 tons and a sail area of 488 sq. ft.; so her speed would scarcely have satisfied the single-handed cruising man. We have not space to enumerate all the models, but we may say excellent styles of craft were shown by Mr. J. P. Payne, Belvedere Road, Southampton (No. 9); by Mr. Harry Stow, Shoreham; Mr. Alfred Mylne, 116 Woodlands Road, Glasgow (No. 7), and by Mr. J. E. Odgers, 8 Bryant Wood Road, Highbury, N.

A table of the dimensions of the prize winners and the certificated designs is appended:

	Rig.	Sail area.	No. of sails.	Length over all.	Length l.w.l	Beam.	Draught.	Draught with C.B.	Displacement.	Ballast.
		sq.ft		Ft.In	Ft In	Ft.In	Ft.In	Ft.In	t'ns	tons
No. 1, 1st..	Sloop	530	2	29 11	23 6	6 7	4 3	—	4.2	2 2
No. 13, 2d..	Yawl	466	5	28 4	21 5	6 11	3 6	5 9	3.5	1.7
No. 20, 3d..	Yawl	469	3	30 0	23 0	6 9	4 0	—	4 3	2.5
No. 1, c.m.	Yawl	415	5	28 6	21 3	6 11	4 8	—	—	—
No. 2, c.m..	Yawl	450	4	29 0	20 0	7 6	3 9	5 8	3 0	1,3
No. 3, c.m.	Sloop	—	2	30 0	20 0	7 3	3 3	6 6	3.7	—
No. 6, c. m.	Yawl	—	5	29 6	21 0	6 9	3 9	—	3.5	2.0
No. 10, c.m.	Cutter	—	3	30 0	20 9	6 9	4 0	—	3.6	1,6
No. 11, c.m.	Cutter	—	—	28 6	22 0	6 6	3 11	—	4.-	2.3
No. 16, c.m.	Yawl	456	5	30 0	23 0	7 0	3 6	5 6	4.0	1.9
No.24A.cm.	Yawl	553	4	29 0	20 0	6 4	3 9	—	2.5	—

A Summer Afloat.

PART II.

(Continued from Page 238.)

It was a quiet, dreamy kind of a day. The gentle wind scarcely rippled the surface of the water, and as we crept along close to the shore, round Andrews and Halibut points, we were so contented and happy that we did not care whether any progress was made or not.

The peculiar feature of this shore is the forest of derricks that mark the stone quarries, and we were startled by the booming of the blasts, which were exploded in all directions at frequent intervals.

We picked up the red and black spar buoys that mark the passage over the bar into Annisquam, and drifted lazily along with the very last of the flood tide up to our anchorage off the second beacon.

There are usually a number of sail boats and one or two good-sized schooners lying at moorings just off the point, and a yacht going in should pass these boats keeping a little outside of them, and anchor in from two to three fathoms. The tide runs very strong both on the flood and ebb, but the holding ground is good, and there is plenty of room for a large fleet to congregate here.

We were charmed with the place and sat on deck all the afternoon and evening drinking in the beauty of our surroundings.

To the northwest rose the sharply cut sand dunes of Coffin's Beach, glistening white as snow in the bright sun and looking like glaciers seeking a way out to the sea. To the left were the pine-clad hills of Essex, thrown out in strong relief by the blue haze that enveloped them. Those nearest us were clear cut and well defined, those a little further off softer both in color and outline, each succeeding one growing more indistinct till they were lost in the blue distance.

To the south of us stretched away the beautiful Squam River winding in and out among the hills and spreading over the bottoms, with here and there an island meadow, dotted with yellow hay-cocks basking in the sun. In the distance we could see the spires of Gloucester and hear the bells tolling the passing hours: while high on the bluff the electric car went flashing and whirring along the broad high road. East of us and close at hand lay the picturesque village of Annisquam, with its quaint little cottages climbing one over the other, each bent on getting a better view than its more lowly neighbor of the lovely panorama spread out before them.

Looking north the eye was charmed with the beautiful coast line, huge granite rocks, bathing their red sides in the deep blue water, stretching on and on to the white tower of Annisquam Light, standing like a sentinel with its feet in the sea; while the gentle swell rolling in from the great Atlantic, rippled and laughed as it broke on the long bar on the further side of the channel.

After the sun went down and darkness crept over the little harbor, the lights in the village windows gleamed and danced over the smooth water and added a new charm to what had already been a perfect day.

A quartette of young men in a sloop yacht near us, unable to resist the spirit of the place, broke out into song, accompanied by one or two string instruments, and we were treated to a number of delightful numbers.

Their voices were sweet and strong, and they filled the valley with such melody as I am sure it had never heard before.

When we "doused the glim" that night, we felt that we had never been in a lovelier spot, nor ever spent a more charming day; and we determined, Providence permitting, that we would again, and that right soon, return to this quiet little harbor among the granite hills of Cape Ann.

We got under way next morning at 4 A. M., without waiting for breakfast, as we wanted to run on the last of the ebb tide. The breeze was so light that we could scarcely tell which way it came from, and at times we lost all steerageway.

After drifting lazily along till we were abreast of the lighthouse, we grounded on the bar, having been swept by the current too far to the westward. We towed awhile with the dinghy only to ground a second time, when we gave it up, anchored, dropped our head sails, and went below for breakfast.

While we were eating, a nice little breeze sprang up from the eastward. We left our half-eaten meal to take advantage of this favorable change, as it would be impossible to beat out against the flood tide after it once got to running, with as light an air as we then had.

It took us two hours to work out a mile and a half from our anchorage, but we considered it was time well spent, for if we had delayed starting an hour or two, we could not have gotten out at all.

As we passed between the buoys on the bar, the breeze freshened a little and we bowled along merrily across Ipswich Bay, headed N. N. W., for the whistler, on the Newburyport bar, thirteen miles away.

This we picked up at nine o'clock. We could see the spires of the town and the masts of the shipping over the low sand-hills of Plumb Island long before we could make out the entrance to the harbor.

A tug came out with two schooners in tow while we were yet a long way off. With the glass we followed their course down the river, and noted where they first appeared from behind the land, and were pleased to find that we had steered a correct course.

There are two buoys to mark the channel, painted with black and white stripes, and near them there are from two to three fathoms on the bar at low tide, but these buoys must be kept close aboard when going in or coming out.

The Government has been making some extensive improvements in this harbor during the past two or three years. It has removed the very dangerous rocky obstruction that was almost in mid-channel, between the old jetty and Plumb Island Light.

A large stone jetty has been carried out on the north side of the river mouth, and one started on the south side. These jetties approach each other at right angles, and very greatly contract the width of the channel at this point. The consequent rush of the pent-up waters has cut out the bottom of the river, entirely removing the old bar, so that now there is from fifteen to twenty-five feet of water where formerly there was but six or eight feet.

The breeze freshened as we drew near the whistler, and we tore along through the rushing tide that went swirling and boiling past the end of the north jetty. We kept well over to the Salisbury Beach Hotel and followed the chart from there up to the town.

The channel is well marked with black and red spar buoys, and if there is any breeze at all, there is no trouble in sailing up or down the river from the town to Salisbury Beach.

There is a very conspicuous beacon on Black Rocks just above the hotel, which is called the Toothpick, probably because of its tall, slender, pyramidal form; this is left on the right going up. Just below the town are two immense beacons built up of heavy timbers and planked over, one painted red and the other black.

Great care must be taken to pass between these, as there are mud flats to the right of the red one, and a rocky islet, which is under water at high tide, to the left of the black one.

We had no trouble at all in making this port, and dropped our anchor just in front of the Yacht Club House, at a little before ten o'clock. Almost immediately a man came out to us and kindly pointed out a good mooring which we could pick up and invited us to make ourselves perfectly at home at the club house.

The wind which had been freshening all the morning was beginning to blow half a gale, and as Cy-Pres is very uneasy when anchored in a tide-way, we thought it best to stick to our little ship till we were sure the anchor would stick to the bottom.

After the tide began to ebb, the S. E. wind kicked up quite a nasty little chop, which continued to annoy us till Half Tide Rock began to show itself out of water, when it cut off the seas very much, and we rode to our anchor more comfortably.

Newburyport is a quaint old town, and the streets of fine residences bear evidence that it is a prosperous one. The streets along the river front are crooked and narrow, but we found much to amuse and interest us in them.

Nearly every town along the coast has its own peculiar style of fishing boat; and those of Newburyport were, if possible, the most interesting and picturesque we had yet seen.

The fishing is most all done on Joppa and Salisbury flats, the fishermen going down the river at about half ebb, and coming back with the flood.

As the current of the river is very swift, they find that they cannot depend on sail power, so are obliged to row.

The boat most in use is a huge, high-sided dory manned by eight lusty oarsmen and a coxswain who stands up in the stern and sculls, with a long swinging motion.

Some of the dories are quite gay in their coloring and have broad red and white stripes running fore and aft. Others are one color in the body of the boat, with ends of a different hue, with perhaps a huge eye or circle on each side of the bow. They are fitted up to carry one rather small sprit lug sail, and that is tanned a very dark brown, almost a red, and is only used when there is a good fair breeze.

Numbers of these large dories passed us, and we never grew tired watching them.

We lay at anchor just off the Yacht Club House, and the club members were exceedingly kind and polite. They gave us the freedom of the whole place, including a pass-key to the gate at the shore end of the dock. They were annoyed so much by all sorts of people loafing and fishing around the club house, that they were forced to fence off the dock in order to get any enjoyment out of it themselves.

Just inside of us lay the yacht fleet twenty or twenty-five as



SQUAM RIVER.

smart-looking boats as one will see anywhere; all centerboards, of course, as they must cut across the flats occasionally, and a deep keel would be in the way for such sailing.

Among them I remember the Live Yankee, with a stem so nearly parallel to the surface of the water, that the weight of a man on her forward deck would lengthen her l. w. l. several inches.

The Raccoon was there, and later in the afternoon went out for a spin. She was sailed by a man devoid of fear, and got knocked down repeatedly, so that they had to let fly jib sheet and shake her up in the wind.

We watched her some time, and once or twice thought she would surely turn over, but she came up smiling every time.

The Myra, too, we noticed, the pretty little boat illustrated in the Forest and Stream of Nov. 3, and we thought she was the most graceful boat in the whole fleet.

During the afternoon, while the wind was blowing the hardest, a bold little youngster put out from one of the docks in a tiny little skiff, apparently made of three boards. He had a home-made leg-of-mutton sail and a jib, and was evidently as proud of his little tub as the owner of a forty-foot flyer would be.

He sat balancing on the gunwale, and it made us laugh to see how quick he had to jump from one side to the other when going about; but he never failed to get over in time, and seemed as much at ease in his little home-made trap as any sailor on the big three-master unloading coal at the dock.

Late in the afternoon a fog came drifting in; one of the chilly, uncomfortable kind, that drove us below.

We kept the oil-stove burning after supper, and this warmed and cheered us till we turned in.

The wind died out with the sun, and we had a very quiet, restful night, some rain falling at intervals.

We were up at 4:30 the next morning, and got breakfast as quickly as possible, for we wanted to start on our return trip before the flood tide should set in.

The sky was overcast, but the fog had blown away, and the barometer was rising; we concluded, therefore, to start, and got under way at six o'clock, which left us about an hour in which to reach the mouth of the river before the tide turned. The wind, what little there was of it, was from the west, and we ran before it quite rapidly, the ebbing tide helping us along.

The river is very like a lake at high water, from Salisbury Beach Hotel to Half Tide Rock; as the greater part of Joppa Flats are entirely covered, opposite Salisbury Beach.

Plumb Island stretches along parallel with the coast line, and reduces the width of the channel at that point very much, and the large volume of water passing through causes a very rapid current.

We glided smoothly and quietly along, enjoying hugely the gray effects of the early morning light, till we approached the narrow part in the river, when the wind died out completely; the flag near Plumb Island Light falling down, limp and lifeless.

We were carried onward and caught in the boiling, whirling vortex before we realized how perfectly helpless we were; and it was only by vigorous sculling with the rudder that we prevented the yacht from going down stream stern first. Guiding her was entirely out of the question, all we could do was to sit still and see what would come of it.

As the deepest water is on the left side coming down, we had kept well over on that side till we reached this point, which brought us dangerously near the north jetty. With bated breath and nerves strung to the highest pitch we shot past it, and plunged up to the bitt into the breakers outside.

Two or three tremendous combers came tumbling toward us, but we managed, fortunately, to meet them bow on, and did not get another drop of water on board. Had we swung around at the last moment, broadside to these great curling white-capped seas, the consequences might have been very disastrous.

After we became conscious of the fact that we were drifting helplessly along, and must go through between the jetties, whether we wanted to or not, where we could see the water boiling and whirling in its mad rush to the sea; we began to experience that feeling of which McMullen speaks, when he says, "He was not afraid, but very anxious."

Just before the wind left us to the mercies of the tide, our sympathies were aroused for two poor fellows hard aground on the point of Plumb Island.

One was a good-sized coasting schooner that was lying in two or three feet of water. The crew had rigged up gangplanks, and we could see them walking from the vessel to the shore and back again, evidently carrying out her cargo and ballast, in order to lighten her, so that she would float on the next flood tide.

The other boat was a sloop about thirty feet long, and she lay on her side, the mast pointing out over the water. She was nearly buried in the sand, and three men were shoveling as hard as they could to get her clear, so that the rising water would lift her out.

We found several schooners outside of the bar, standing off and on, waiting for the tide to turn, before attempting to go up the river, and the experience we had just gone through convinced us that the last hour of the ebb tide was not a good time to enter or leave the Merrimac.

When we went in it was nearly high tide, and there was no difficulty at all in handling the boat, even though the current was swift; but on coming out we failed to consider that the river had its own individual current, that would keep running strongly in the very face of the young flood tide, and would produce just the boiling, whirling water that we ran through in the last few hundred yards of our descent.

We had heard a great deal said about Newburyport being a dangerous harbor to enter, and several fishermen on the coast had advised us to let it go without a visit, which only whetted our curiosity the more; and now that we had been there and were safely out again, on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, we both agreed that we were glad we had done it, for it was pleasant to think that we had visited a new port, and overcome the real and imaginary dangers of its navigation.

The town itself is well worth visiting, and if yachtsmen will wait till the flood tide has very nearly stopped running, both when going in and coming out, they will not have the slightest trouble. It is necessary to have the best of ground tackle here, as the ebb tide is exceedingly swift, and if there is any wind blowing the boat will be very restless, and try to wander all over the harbor.

We found our little thirty-six pound Babbitt anchor, an excellent thing for such work; for, although we lay there a day and a half, there was not the slightest tendency to foul it. Soon after getting outside a light breeze sprang up from the westward, accompanied by a gentle rain, but this we did not mind, as we were well protected by rubber coats, hats and boots.

As the weather was very thick and we could not see objects that were over two miles away, we got our compass in place and took our bearings, steering by the card for Rockport.

About a mile out from the Jetties we saw what we supposed was a sloop at anchor, but as we drew nearer we found that it was the main topmast of a schooner, her foremast head and triatic stay appearing and vanishing as the waves rolled over her.

We altered our course and ran close to it so as to be sure that no one was needing assistance, and as we square away again we wondered what accident could have wrecked a schooner so near a port and no one apparently the wiser for it.

About eight o'clock the weather showed signs of clearing and the breeze increased a little, coming more from the south'ard.

We could dimly descry Halibut Point, and began to approach it rapidly. With brightening skies and freshening breeze we ran merrily along, reaching Rockport at a little before noon.

We kept well up the harbor and anchored near the coal dock on the east side.

(To be continued.)

Canoeing.

Milwaukee Notes.

Mr. F. W. Dikens, secretary of the W. C. A., writes from Milwaukee, Wis., about the doings of Mahn-a-wank C.C., of that city. "Our annual meeting and election of officers was held on March 5, at the boat-house, and F. B. Huntington was elected Com.; W. A. Dawson, Vice-Com; G. F. Gregg, re-elected Sec. and Treas. We had Mr. N. H. Cook and W. H. Crawford, of Dayton, Ohio, as visitors.

"A pleasant social session was held afterward at the expense of the newly elected officers. A novel scheme for awakening the interest of the members, and to get a larger attendance at the boat-house, was introduced by Mr. Friese. This is an organization of what he termed 'The Grub Club,' composed of members of the canoe club, the idea being to cook and serve lunches, etc., at the boat-house. This met with hearty co-operation, and subscriptions were taken up for a kitchen outfit, which has already been purchased, and the first spread will be given on March 17. The only rule so far adopted for the government of this club is, that a person to be entitled to membership, shall first pay his pro-rata of the expense and cook a meal. Any person making a kick on the articles laid before him shall pay the penalty by washing the dishes. We anticipate much enjoyment from this source during the coming season.

"Matters in the Western Canoe Association are rather quiet; the coming summer meet is heard of occasionally, and the attendance bids fair to be large from the territory directly adjacent to Ballast, but will perhaps be light from out this way, although the

active members all say that they surely intend to go, if they possibly can; and I know of several boats that participated in the aces last year that are now being fixed up for the coming season.

"We read with much interest the articles which appear in the Forest and Stream on canoeing, written mostly by Eastern canoeists.

E. HOUGH."

The "Rushton" Canoes and Boats.

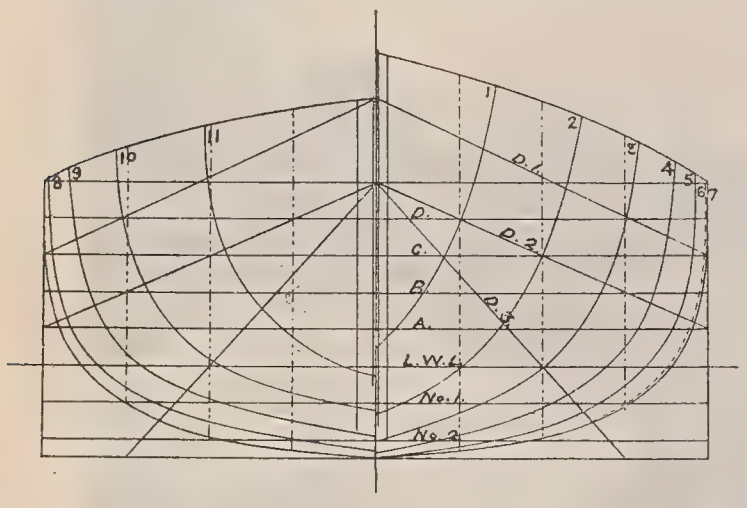
The annual catalogue of Mr. J. H. Rushton, of Canton. New York, builder of the celebrated "Rushton" canoes and boats that have been so long known to our readers, is considerablly changed from those of previous years, a new arrangement being adopted. One of the most important of Mr. Rushton's specialties is the double-end lapstroke rowboat, adaptable for almost all purposes for which a boat can be used for pleasure, hunting or every-day service. This class of boat is shown in all varieties of models and sizes, and of finish and price to suit every use. As newly arranged, each model is designated by the name of a State, the stock sizes varying from 20ft. down to 13. Of open canoes there is a large stock to select from, including the standard Canadian model, and down to the well-known and popular Grayling and Voux.

In decked cruising canoes Mr. Rushton builds but one stock model, the Vesper, in various sizes up to the canoe yawl 18x36. Special craft, such as small cruisers, hunting boats and yacht' dinghies, are well represented, also sails, gear and fittings of all kinds.

One of the novelties is a collapsible boat, the patent on which is now pending. Mr. Rushton's efforts of late have been directed mainly to the improvement in model, build and material of those models of his canoes and boats which experience has shown to be the most popular, and the result is shown throughout the catalogue.

A "One Design" Canoe-Yawl.

As recently stated, the canoe yawl here illustrated is intended primarily for such comfortable sailing as is coveted by many old canoe sailors who have dropped out as sliding seats have become longer and sails larger, and as the preparation and maintenance of a racing canoe has become a science. The idea of the owners of the three canoes now building from the design is to have a boat that can be housed and handled as easily as the present 30 in racing canoe, that will be fairly smart and able, and in which an afternoon sail will be possible without donning a bathing suit, and with little more trouble than shifting to jersey and canvas shoes and setting the boat afloat. It is quite evident that, if the canoe justifies expectation in these important respects, any considerable number being built, the first attempts to race them under ordinary conditions would result in the destruction of the class by a few specially built racing machines; and to avoid this as far as possi-



BODY PLAN.

ble the three gentlemen, Messrs. W. S. Elliott, Schuyler Schieffelin and W. J. Stewart, decided on the "one design" idea, to be rigidly adhered to in model, build, outfit and size and shape of sails. Whether others, in building similar craft, will adhere to this plan remains to be seen; but there is a fair prospect of good sport to be had from a fleet of half a dozen or more. The dimensions and main points of the design were selected by Messrs. Elliott, Schieffelin and Stewart, the lines and details being worked out by Mr. W. P. Stephens. The dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 15ft.; l. w. l., 12ft. 6 in.; beam extreme, 3ft.; draft, 5 in.; freeboard, 10 in.; sheer, bow, 7 in.; sheer, stern, 4 1-2 in.; displacement, 362 lbs.

TABLE OF OFFSETS—"ONE-DESIGN" CANOE YAWL.

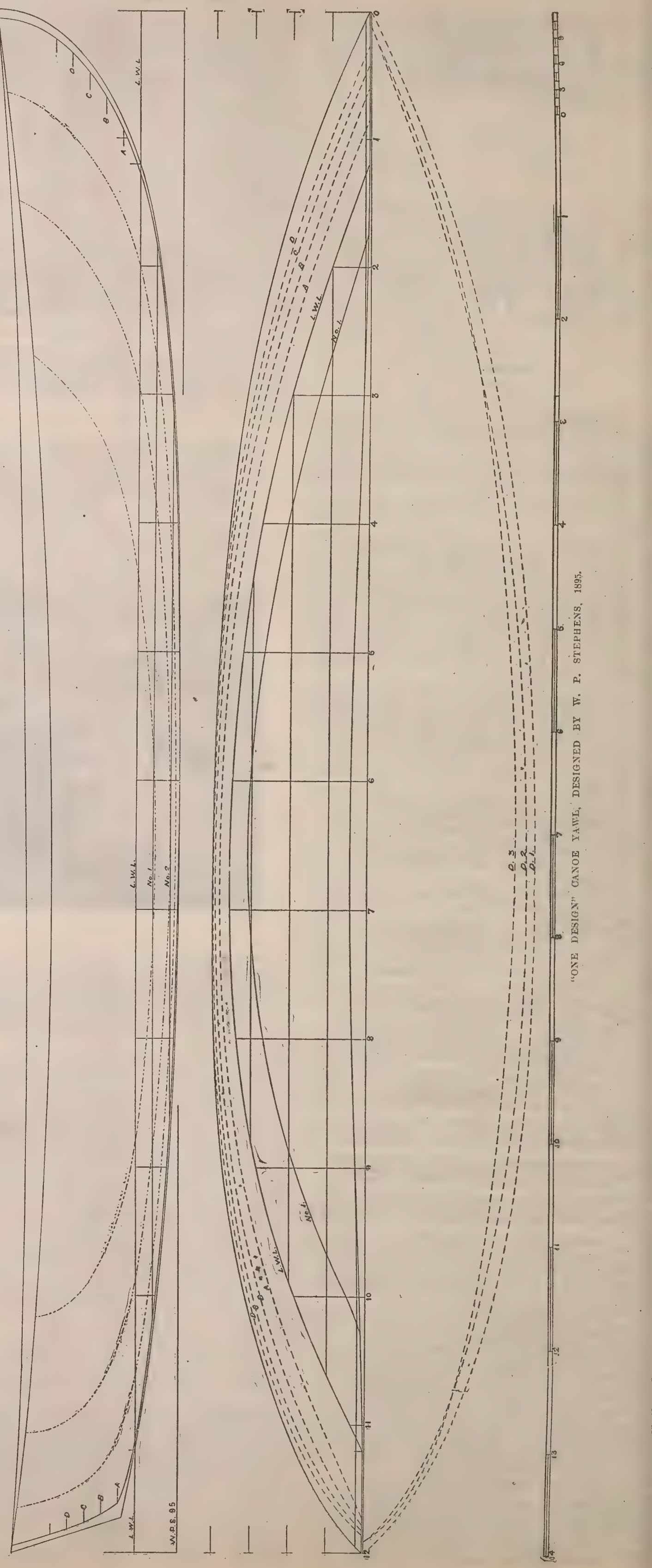
Length over all, 15ft.; l. w. l., 12ft. 6 in.; beam, 36 in.; draft, 5 in. Stations spaced 1ft. 3 in. Waterlines spaced 2 in. Section lines spaced 4 1-2 in. Fore side of stem, 1-4 in. After side of sternpost, 3-8 in. Stem sided 1 1-4 in. Sternpsot sided, 2 in.

Stations	Heights: Bottom of keel.	Heights: Rabbet	Heights: Deck.	Heights: Center of deck.	Half-Breadths: Deck.	Half-Breadths: D.	Half-Breadths: C.	Half-Breadths: B.	Half-Breadths: A.	Waterlines: L.W.L.	Waterlines: No. 1.	Waterlines: Rabbet.	Waterlines: Keel.	Diagonals: No. 2	Diagonals: No. 2.	Diagonals: No. 3.
0			1 10	1 10	0 1	0 1	0 1	0 1	0 1	0 1	0 1	0 5	0 1	0 1	0 1	0 1
1	6 2	6 5	1 8 2	1 8 7	6 4	4 5	3 6	2 4	1 1			0 5	0 1	6 3	5	5 4
2	2 4	2 5	1 6 5	1 8	1 11 1	9 7	9	7 7	6 5	4 5	1 3	0 6	0 3	11 3	9 7	10 2
3	1	1 5	1 5 2	1 7 3	1 2 2	1 1 4	1 1	1 0 2	1 0 7	9 1	5 7	0 6	0 6	1 3 1	1 1 4	1 1 3
4	0 3	1 4 2	1 3 4	1 6 8	1 4 2	1 4	1 3 5	1 3 1	1 1 1	1 0 3	9 4	1 2	1 2	1 7	1 4 2	1 3 3
5		1 3 4	1 3 1	1 6 3	1 5 3	1 5 3	1 4 7	1 4 6	1 4 1	1 2 5	1 0 1	1 5	1 5	1 7	1 5 7	1 4 6
6		1 3	1 3	1 6 1	1 5 7	1 5 7	1 5 5	1 5 4	1 5	1 3 6	1 1 6	2	2	1 7 5	1 6 5	1 5 3
7		1 3	1 3 2	1 6	1 5 7	1 6	1 5 6	1 5 6	1 5 2	1 4 1	1 1 6	2	2	1 7 7	1 6 7	1 5 3
8	0 3	1 3 2	1 3	1 6	1 5 7	1 5 6	1 5 5	1 5 2	1 4 4	1 3 2	1 0 1	1 5	1 5	1 7 3	1 6 2	1 4 5
9	1 1	1 3 6	1 3	1 6	1 4 7	1 4 4	1 4 1	1 3 5	1 2 5	1 0 7	8 3	1 2	1 2	1 6	1 4 6	1 3 2
10	2 4	1 4 5	1 3 2	1 6 3	1 2 1	1 1 8	1 1 2	1 0 3	1 0 7	8 4	2 2	0 6	0 6	1 3 2	1 1 0	1 1
11	4 4	1 6	1 3 2	1 6 7	1 1	1 1	1 1	1 0 2	1 0 3	7	1 6	0 6	0 3	1 0 1	9	9 2
12		4 6	1 7 4	1 7 4	*	8 7	8 1	7	5 1	1 6		0 6	0 3	10 1	9	9 2

* The half-siding of after side of post is 3-16 in.

The figures given above are feet, inches and eighths of an inch.

The order for the three boats has been placed with the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, New York; the three to be ready in May. The details of construction, fittings and sail plan will appear next week.



FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1895.

VOL. XLIV.—No. 14. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Subscription and Advertising Rates see Page ix.

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CONCERNING A CRANKY SUBJECT.

The crank is always an enthusiast, with an abiding faith in the superior usefulness of his hobby and a firm conviction of its ultimate recognition and universal acceptance. However much the family of cranks may differ as to the merits of their hobbies, they possess alike and in common the qualities of enthusiasm and unfailing hopefulness.

To the lay mind, that of the careless and unthinking part of mankind, the term crank implies a measure of ridicule. The crank's singleness of purpose to a hobby, or idea, or devotion to a mission, is so enthusiastic and unceasing, in season and out of season, that people of staid and plodding ways look upon him either as a bore, or a person whose mental equilibrim is not in true poise. Yet the crank is the true pioneer in the path of discovery, or the fearless advocate whose labor and loyalty force a conviction of truth to the heedless minds of the multitude. Of course, cranks vary in ability and in their usefulness of purpose quite as much as do the rest of mankind, but their tireless industry and love of their work accomplish much more than the perfunctory efforts of the average worker, who looks upon his labors as a wearisome task. The crank is devoted, and from his efforts he derives unlimited pleasure. His labor is pastime. His constant application to his subject brings to him a high order of skill both in theory and practice. But the enthusiast who is a crank at the start may at a later period be the great inventor whose mechanisms have revolutionized the industrial world, or the great scientist whose discoveries have blessed mankind. Without the love and enthusiasm for their work, combined with a devotion to it which excludes all else, their success could not have been so great, even if it were success at all.

In the realm of sport, the crank is specially numerous, and he is an indispensable factor in vitalizing and improving whichever branch wins his fancy. Thus there is the rifle crank, who talks to you of rifles, with the collateral details of twists, trajectories, point blanks, penetrations, powders, calibers, weights of bullets; of the thousands of experiments which he has tried, and the improvements he has discovered on existing methods. Who but a man who is in love with his hobby would show such endless devotion?

The crank who thinks the shotgun is the only and superior weapon is imbued with the same cranky stimulus for progress and improvement. He is ever alert to show the superiority of his favorite weapon and his favorite sport. He scoffs at the claims of the riflemen whose pleasure is in seeking big game, and the big-game hunter has a feeling of charitable pity for the man whose sport taxes not his skill or endurance or courage. Yet each in his way is advancing the general progress of mankind.

Then there is the dog man, who will talk dog all day, and the angler who will talk fish all night, and when these good fellows happen to meet, one will talk dog and the other will talk fish, so that the conversation in its two halves is of dog on one side and fish on the other, yet they are the men who educate the world in the beauties of their pleasant and useful hobbies. To the dog crank the world owes the numerous breeds of dogs, useful and ornamental, dogs symmetrical and strong, which are useful in the chase, and beautiful dogs for the adornmen of the home, and bold dogs to guard it.

To the fish crank, we owe the thousand refinements in the delightful art of angling—rods, reels, lines, hooks, flies, etc. And from the research of skillful anglers comes a knowledge of fish culture, a direct benefit to al mankind, one of the most important in adding to the food products of modern times.

The crank, too, is a generous fellow, for, not content with enjoying his pleasures selfishly, he insists that you must know what they are and how they can be gotten. If he cannot talk to you of them, he will write you. He will tell you where the best fishing waters are, or the best waters for cruising. If he knows where quail or snipe or woodcock, or any game is abundant, he tells his friends, and often writes the information to his favorite sporting journal so the world may know it. Thus, from his indefatigable activity, the world at large is a gainer. Everyone cannot be a crank, for a crank is a man with ideas, who is honest and faithful in furthering his work, and has confidence in its genuine worth; who is not disheartened or discouraged by failure, and one who, when he at last does succeed, has benefitted the world more than he has himself. But, at least, all can appreciate his true worth.

PHILOSOPHER, FROG AND MAN.

In our Natural History columns a correspondent relates how, once upon a time, in an arid desert, seeking to appease his thirst, he was beguiled and deceived by a mocking bird's note, which simulated that of a wild fowl, and seemed to proclaim the grateful presence of water where all was dry and parched. The incident has an interesting parallel in one that happened some 2,300 years ago, and has come down to us in one of those perfect verse flowers that make up the Greek Anthology. The hero was no less a personage than the philosopher Plato. This is Dr. Garnett's translation:

Naiads, your frog, hoarse minstrel of a strain
Aquatic, leaping lover of the rain,
Imaged in brass, I dedicate, well pleased,
To ye, in gratitude for thirst appeased.
Faint was I wandering, when the welcome croak
Loud from a nigh sequestered hollow broke,
And, following the inviting voice, I found
The twinkling spring clear-welling from the ground.

It is related that after hearing Socrates talk, Plato burned his poems. We should be thankful that this one escaped destruction, for in this picture of the thirsty wayfarer turning aside at the water cry of the frog, we have more of Plato the man than may be found in all the writings of Plato the philosopher.

CHANGING SENTIMENT.

It is not so many years since interest in game protection was for the most part confined to the Eastern States, and advocates of such protection were chiefly Eastern men. This was natural enough, for the game was exterminated first in the east, where the settlement was most dense, but as the centre of population moved further west and game extermination followed settlement, the notion of game protection followed too.

It is interesting to see the spread of this feeling in the northwest as shown by laws recently passed, or under consideration by the Legislatures of North Dakota and Minnesota, and to note the strong push which is being made among the sportsmen of the latter State to abolish spring shooting. The usual arguments are used for and against this change in the law. Those who wish the spring shooting to continue urge the ordinary and extremely short-sighted argument, that if residents of Minnesota do not shoot the ducks some one else will. Those who are in favor of the proposed law seem at present to have decidedly the best of the argument.

There are especial reasons why the abolition of spring shooting would be a benefit to Minnesota, as indeed to any one of the northern tier of States. Many of the migrating fowl, which, under ordinary conditions, pass on to Canada to breed, would, if undisturbed, breed now as they did twenty-five years ago, in Minnesota and in North Dakota. Old residents of either of these States can remember a time when wild fowl hatched their young in enormous numbers within their borders, and if they no longer do so it is because they have been driven away by being shot at just at the time when they are about to lay their eggs.

It is well known that in some large preserves in Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, the wild fowl which once passed on in spring to more northern breeding grounds, have, since spring shooting was abolished in these preserves, begun to stop there and to rear their young. Such families of ducks, remaining in these localities until the fall flight begins, form the best possible decoys and draw down thousands of migrating birds to share their resting place. A correspondent tells us that precisely this thing occurs on some preserves in Minnesota.

There can be no doubt that before very long the sentiment of sportsmen generally will so have changed that spring shooting will no longer be regarded as sportsmanlike, and while this may not come for some years yet, it will surely come.

NEW LAWS FOR MAINE.

The Maine Legislature has adjourned, and on another page we print the game laws passed at the session just ended.

An examination of them shows that the power of the commissioners have been greatly enlarged, and that many desirable amendments have been made. The commissioners are given authority, on petition of five or more citizens of the State, or whenever they may deem it wise, to regulate the times, places and the circumstances under which game and fish may be taken, and they may even entirely prohibit the taking of any kind of game or fish in any part of the State for a term of years, not exceeding four. This is a power which we believe has never before been delegated to the fish commissioners, and one which may well be entrusted to them. It is to be noticed, however, that they cannot authorize the taking of game or fish at a time when it is prohibited by law. Thus the power of the commissioners resembles those possessed by county commissioners, or county supervisors, of certain counties of various States.

The absolute prohibition of the killing of female or young moose at any time is a noteworthy step in advance, as is also the prohibition of the use of jack lights in hunting moose, deer and caribou.

Anglers will be gratified to note the amendment which reduces the limit of land locked salmon or trout to be caught at any one time from fifty to twenty five pounds.

In looking over these amended and improved laws, the inquiry at once suggests itself, how far can they be enforced? This, of course, depends altogether on the character of the men selected for fish and game wardens It will be observed that such wardens as may be appointed can be removed, and that they are obliged to give a bond for the faithful performance of their duties. This should insure a class of men who can be depended on to faithfully perform their duty. The residents of Maine, and all who visit that State for the purpose of camping, fishing or shooting, will read with satisfaction the changes recently made in the law. It should be remembered that most of these changes were suggested by the commissioners, who, having now received from the Legislature all that they asked for, having had their salaries doubled and their appropriation for the enforcement of the law doubled, will now be held by public opinion to a strict accountability for the enforcement of the law.

ALTHOUGH.

A clergyman who writes from the West and explains that he has become an admiring reader of Forest and Stream, through the fortunate circumstances of having annexed a son-in-law who was a subscriber, adds: "Although I have been for twenty-five years a minister of the gospel, I greatly enjoy the forest and hunting."

We are at a loss to understand the pertinency of that "although." It implies that there is something unusual in a clergyman's enjoying the woods and the sports of the field, and we are free to confess that in our opinion any such notion would be foolish and unworthy. A clergyman who has refrained from the enjoyments of forest and stream recreations, has denied himself their innocent pleasures, and deprived himself of the good they have in them for body and soul, has made a grievous mistake. If shooting and fishing were recreations unfit for a clergyman they would be unfit for other people as well; if they may be participated in by laymen they may be by the clergy, unless we are to accept as a guide for men of that profession the gloomy restrictions and repressive rules under which Pusey endeavored to go through life with never a smile.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AN ADDRESS TO THE AGED.

The season is open at last. The day so long looked forward to is upon you. Don't you remember—aged and experienced sportsmen—how, when the old kitchen clock that you have placed at the head of your bed the night before announced 5 o'clock, loud enough to be heard half a mile, you sprang out of your warm bed, quickly donned your shooting outfit, took your well-oiled gun from the corner, whistled for your faithful dog and started off, you knew not whither. The old dog suddenly comes to a point, and with throbbing heart and trembling hands you await the rising of the birds that you know are before you. With a rush and whirr the covey at last springs into view, and some how or other both barrels of your gun go off and only a few feathers drift away with the wind, to tell you that you were too hasty. You stand looking after the retreating covey, as if you could not believe that you had missed so large a mark, when it seemed but a moment before that you could not shoot into them without at least hitting half the birds. After tramping all day, you at last kill one or two lone grouse that sit on a limb and watch you while you shoot, and after having bought five or six from a more successful hunter, you go home at dark well satisfied and tell your father and mother or young wife about the good shots you have made that day.

Do you not remember all these things? Oh, ye aged and experienced sportsmen! ye were not always old. There was a time when your pulse would beat twenty beats a minute, and your hand would tremble as you raised your gun or waited for the game to show itself.

Don't you remember when, after tramping all day, and seeing only two or three birds, but bagging these by well directed and skillful shots, you raced through the underbrush and over fallen logs as though you feared the bird would come to life and be away before you could reach it?

Oh! ye aged ones, were not those happy days? But now you can stand with a face as long as a ten acre lot and knock the birds right and left and never feel that thrill of yore. If this is true, and you don't long for the field once in a while, I have but one remark to make, that is, "You have no soul." J. T. J.

UNCLE RUSTY AND OLD SILE.

A Backwoods Correspondence.

BY F. BERKELEY SMITH.

OTTER POND.

Here I be, settin' out afore the shanty. The sun's out warm and pleasant, but it ain't meltin' no snow—jest warmin' a feller and makin things seem kinder cosy like. Besides, it's Sunday mornin' and I don't tend no traps during the Sabbath, but ole Drive and me are takin' our comfort, so's to speak, arter the alfiredest hard week of tendin' I done in some time. Sapil is gettin' powerful scarce, and what does run into a feller's beech fall aint wuth skinnin'.

The dog says I'm a fool; that in his idee they aint wuth the gittin'. He jest paws 'em over, and lookin' up kinder disgusted like, says, "Aint that the meanest, pusilaminous batch of hides you ever see!" He's always at me to git up to the forks of the river, up back of whar you killed that dry doe two years ago. "Thar," says he, "is a huntin' ground." He told me he see where there's been sapil, and good ones too, along that leetle brook jest at the bottom of that fust ridge. I dunno; maybe the ole cuss is right. I presume likely he's confident; he talks about it most all day. He's always complainin' that he feels he aint done right by me. That he'd "be daddinged if he aint done all he could. He never see no meaner time for trappin' nor meaner huntin'—seems though there warnt nothin' travellin' bigger 'n a field mouse."

I swan, I never see nothin' that'd ekle it. I reckon we can't stand it here much longer; not that we haint had enough to eat, for I let down as nice a three year ole buck last week as ye ever see travel. The little cuss stood jest tother side of maple about forty rod from the pond. Thar he stood, cleanin'; a neater pair of horns you never see. Now and then some twig'd crackle, and he'd rise his head, or some twig'd come tumblin' down through the bare branches and sink into the dry snow, or through the woods twenty rods off you could hear a chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee that set yer heart a-thumpin' agin yer ribs, afraid the little cuss 'd hear ye before ye could shoot. Wall, when the gun cracked that deer jumped two rod and then stood still and trembled. I see the little feller was hit bad and couldn't travel, and 'fore I could git to him he lay down and give up. I swan I never felt so mean at killin' no deer, as I done when I see the little feller a-layin' thar in the dry snow. He looked so pretty, standin' there agin' that maple in the light drift, and 'twarn't as if it was an ole buck that had tried a feller's patience so's to speak. Wall, I dressed him out and slid him acrost to camp. Goll, warn't he splendid eatin'. Drive wanted I should save his head for ye, and I done so.

I can't sleep at nights thinkin' about Christmas and the dance at Dewey's. Skinner's gals is goin', and Ed Partridge is a-goin' to fiddle. Does a feller good to git good licker and hear them good ole tunes like "Johnson Pond," and "Pass the Butter," and "The Rovin' Sailor," and "Hull's Victory." I was wishin' you could have been thar last year. The dog and me started Christmas Eve and mogged it through to Clear Pond, and jest about come night we come out at Dewey's. Goll, you never see nothin' luk the crowd that was thar—dogs and fellers in from the lumber shanty. Bimeby ole Hite come out, and Aunt Abby she 'vited us in and we had ven'son and hull chunks of mince pie, and some licker that warn't to be beat. Then we begun dancin and kept it right up till daylight, and then all hands started out to kill a fox—we done it too, and dont you forgit it. I took ole Drive and started him side the mountain, and Hike Eldridge killed it fore we'd been gone an hour.

Talk about mushrats! You never been to Moose Island up Otter Creek, have ye? Rats? Oh! Oh! Oh! Goll, I guess they be. That's the breedin' place fur all the mushrats in Hamilton County. Wall, one day brother Bill and me took a notion to go off up thar and git some mushrat. Bill Wilkins, he'd borrowed all my rat traps what I had, and the goll durned cuss haint brought 'em back yet. But thar, I'm gittin' ahead of my story. Wal, I made up my mind I was goin' to git some rats, but I had only one number 2 Newhouse trap, so brother Bill and me went down the day before to investigate. Wall, sir, them varmints was thick, no use talkin'. There warn't a spot as big as yer hand along the edge of the hull island, there warn't a hole. We commenced plugging up all them rat holes 'cept one right on the aidge of the river bank, and that we kivered up all around with chunks of rotten wood, so jest one of them rats could git through at a time. Then me and brother Bill each cut us a gad about ten foot long and went to swishin the river. When we come back to that hole we had plugged around with them rotten chunks we found it wore from the bigness of a six inch stovepipe to a half bushel measure whar them mushrats had been clawin' in. Wall, sir, we plugged up that hole agin with some more rotten chunks, and I squeezed that number 2 "Newhouse" open and held the jaws clus to the hole, and then brother Bill he begun to dance over the hole. Goll, you'd oughter seen them rats come out; out 'd tumble one and I'd nip him in the trap and knock his head agin the aidge of the scow, and then pop 'd another one, and I'd be ready for 'em, and all the time brother Bill he kept on dancin'. Wall sir, 'fore we finished we'd ketched seven hundred and eighty-two of the nicest, fattest mushrats you ever see. Brother Bill he said he'd gin a dollar to have had ye thar and see the fun. Wall, we had that ole scow loaded clean down to the water with mushrats. Bimeby we got down to them big rapids and the water begun to slop up about us some, and the ole scow begun to wibble wabble so's to speak, and my settin' pole slipped, and fore I knowed it I went kerslosh into the water, and out tumbled brother Bill and all them rats and we had a danged hard time gittin' ashore, and don't you forgit it.

SILE.

NEAR SITKA.

In almost every letter received by a "Johnny come lately" in Alaska, whether it be from the east, south or west, are condolences upon the dreadful climate, the privations endured, and other hardships, winding up with the request to "tell me all about it."

Here we are not in Desolation Land. The harbor is not filled with icebergs carrying sportive Polar bear, nor the streets with the wild Indian in war paint and blanket bordered with the scalp locks of adventurous globe trotters. In no part of the world can grander natural scenery be found than in Alaska, nor more easily reached. The Pacific Coast Steamship Co. brings one here as a prince would travel, and from the start the question is not how to kill time but how to portion it so as not to miss anything. Each change in the steamer's course brings some new beauty of the inland waters to view, until the mind is bewildered, and a sense of relief felt when the noon bulletin tells us we are due in Sitka the next day. Bright and early all are on deck, and soon after sighting the symmetrical cove of Mt. Edgecomb, we enter the island-locked Sitka Bay. The boom of a gun tells us we have been sighted by those so anxiously awaiting tidings from home, and soon we glide past the Indian village and are abreast the old Russian town. There are flags flying, streets are crowded, and all the population seems tending toward the wharf, where from the deck we can look down upon them, well dressed men and women are peering at us, hoping to see a familiar face; groups of neat-looking men in uniform, miners, Indians and all others a frontier town alone can contribute to make up a picturesque crowd. We hurry on shore for sight-seeing, passing long lines of squaws, surrounded by curios and furs, and soon come to and are shown through the Russian church, and see the fine paintings, robes of gold and silver, and jewelled head dresses, contributed by the nobility of Russia.

Such a variety of trips had been suggested when we reached Sitka that in discussing them we got muddled. Our first sport, however, was for the black bass, and procuring needle fish for bait, and fishing within quarter of a mile of the wharf, we caught in an hour over a hundred, averaging three pounds each. Next we tried brook trout on Indian River, and came back with dozens of the speckled beauties, which here ignore the fly and accept only the salmon roe. During this trip one of our party shot a king salmon, and wading into the rapids with gun in right hand caught the monster by the tail with his left, an indignity the fish protested against by one last flap which knocked his captor off his pins and into a deep hole, from which he was fished out by a smiling resident with the remark: "You have to be careful how you ford the rivers here."

Silver Bay, eight miles to the south, was next visited, and from the stream at its head we caught a great many large and beautiful cut-throat trout. Then came a trip to Kobleana Bay, eighteen miles to the north. Starting at daybreak a fine wind soon brought us abreast the site of old Sitka, where trolling lines were hauled in, and by the time we reached shore, the three eleven-pound salmon we had caught had breathed their last. Here some of the party tried some of the small streams for trout, and others searched among the scant ruins of the old Russian tower, which was burned by the Indians and its inhabitants massacred in 1802. The catch was small, and the find an old Russian brass lock, so all went aboard and in an hour we reached our destination, where four men in two hours caught nearly 300 pounds of salmon trout, many weighing four and five pounds. Mt. Venstoria, 3,216 feet just back of Sitka, was next climbed, and from its peak, a view never to be forgotten, was spread before us. Sitka nestled amid its islands, the Pacific at last meeting a barrier, lashing the outlying reefs into a line of dazzling surf, while to the East we were hemmed in by snow capped mountains. Indian tradition has it that inland on Baranoff Island are geysers, and that the country is inhabited by a tribe of natives who are never seen. Many attempts have been made to cross the is land, only thirty miles wide, but without success, and the mystery remains unsolved.

Our hunting trip was organized for the celebrated white grouse, but after a four hour climb over the summit of the mountain, crossing two lakes on the ice—in August—not a bird was seen, save an inquisitive blue jay, which was blown to pieces with fiendish delight. Another trip was to the hot springs, eighteen miles from town, and after a day's outing nothing can be more refreshing than their almost boiling waters whose virtues were made known to the Russians years ago. They cure everything, from a mosquito bite to "housemaid's knee." Mt. Edgecumb, towering alone and majestic, demanded inspection, and a party was organized to explore and shoot; its island, Kruzob, is the Indian paradise for the Alaska grizzly bear and many a time they have opened the gates for the hunter to enter—and deer are found in abundance. The legends hanging around the island are the talk of many a fireside. Little is known of its cruel and rocky coast to seaward, dense forests and surroundings of mountain and ravine, having up to the present time prevented a thorough exploration.

On Sept. 13 a party of five whites, three natives and a dog, sailed from Sitka on the sloop Loeta. At 4.30 p. m, we made landing for water, and then stood in for Crab Bay, where camp was pitched at 7 , and at 8.15 p. m. our first game was killed—a wild goose. At 5 o'clock all were aroused, camp was broken and bedding sent off to sloop, which started for the outside of the island while a hunting party of six began their climb across it. In about four hours we were at the top of the foot hills and for miles followed the marshy plateau with its many pools covered with thin ice. Here the party spread out, and the frequent bark of a rifle and dull report of a shot-gun announced the sport had begun—soon followed the hard work of the day; passing over the densely wooded hills, crossing the numerous ravines, many 60 feet deep, and only gotten over by following the well-worn deer and bear trails. One foot print of a bear measured eleven inches in length. About half past five in the evening the welcome sound of breakers was heard, and we came out on the beach at Chelecoff Bay, near point Mary, a walk of twenty miles.

Soon we were gladdened by the sight of our Sloop rounding the westward point of the bay, and amused ourselves until her arrival by skirting the beach, which here is composed of fine volcanic sand covered with tons of pumice stone. At last we saw the skiff sheer off with our bedding and stand ready to run her up on the beach, which was safely done, and she started for a second load, which was mostly provisions, and unfortunately lost through her capsizing in the surf, owing to the darkness.

The next morning, after a breakfast of venison chops, hard tack and coffee, parties worked along the adjacent hills, and at 9.15 p. m. were safely on board the sloop and under way for Katelena Bay. Before long we encountered head wind and heavy sea, keeping all hands watch and watch. We passed Sea Lion rocks 3.30 a. m. and headed for Virgin Straits, reefed sail and stood off shore until daylight, and after several exciting adventures came to anchor in Katelena Bay, where our last hunting was done.

The next morning we were underway for Sitka, which we reached at 9 p. m, with a total reward of twelve deer, one goose, six ducks, two grouse and a good time in spite of sunburn and dirt. TWO BITS.

WHERE GEESE ARE FEW.

In a recent issue of Forest and Stream there was given an account of wild-goose shooting in Connecticut. Let me give you a short account of that sport in New Hampshire. The first incident occurred at Rye Beach.

It was on a rainy, disagreeable day, late in the fall, when the sportsman, who is the object of this sketch, had been doing a little sea-shooting early in the morning, but had met with indifferent success, and, for a wonder, really was glad to haul up his beloved boat and return home. Having attended to various duties, he walked along the beach to the other end of the town, a mile or more distant. As it was then raining fast, an umbrella was taken for greater comfort, and, contrary to usual habit, the gun was left at home.

Near the beach, separated from it only by a high bank of stones, lies a large fresh water pond, nearly half a mile in length. Having reached the top of the high bank whence he could overlook the entire surface of the pond, he carefully scanned the water. Suddenly a strange sight greets him. At the opposite side of the pond, a fourth of a mile distant, calmly swimming from the seclusion of one branch of rushes to the shelter of another, are two beautiful wild geese. Now a wild goose is a comparatively rare bird in these parts, so imagine his feelings—two geese close at hand and no gun

Down go basket and umbrella, which are left to their fate. Rushing into the house, he hastily siezed gun and shells, pausing only to call to his fellow sportsman to "come on, there are geese in the pond." Tom followed closely after, and on reaching the edge of the pond they separated. Will started off in the direction taken by the geese, while Tom went along the beach under shelter of the bank, as the geese on rising were pretty sure to fly toward the ocean, and therefore might afford him an opportunity for a shot. Meanwhile Will crawled, crept and squirmed through the alders and rushes, continuously advancing until he was sure that he was within a short distance of where he had seen the game. Raising himself carefully up, he caught sight, through the rushes, of two heads, held up perfectly motionless, but with bright eyes intently watching him. They were barely twelve yards distant. Being a true sportsman, he, of course, prefers to shoot all game on the wing, so getting his gun in position, he raises himself up a little to start the birds, but to no use, they refuse to fly. At last, not really caring to lose so good an opportunity for a roast goose dinner, bang goes one barrel of the old gun, while the gun is still held to the shoulder to send the contents of the other barrel after them as they rise. But they fail to do so, and as no sign of them is to be seen, he goes forward to investigate. The cause of their quietness is very evident—there lay the two geese, each with a broken neck. The shot took effect in each case in nearly the same place. Meanwhile Tom, in his hiding place, hearing the single report, waits expectantly, but in vain, for either the second report or some signs of the birds. Concluding that the geese had already flown, he climbs the bank and looks across the pond, where sat Will calmly waiting, evidently for his appearance, for he at once beckons him to come over.

When within speaking distance, Tom could retain his

curiosity no longer. He shouted: "You didn't kill them both, did you? Where are they?"

"Look there," answered Will, and Tom looked in surprise at the dead geese, and being a good friend and true brother sportsman, his congratulations were hearty and sincere.

Yet another experience which befel the same sportsman may prove interesting. The scene of action in this case was Portsmouth Harbor. He had rowed down the river, landing on the marshes, in hopes of finding, in some secluded pool, a few ducks, as black ducks in small numbers are in the habit of feeding about there all winter.

While sitting behind an old stone wall, waiting for something to fly in, his attention was attracted by a familiar sound of honk, honk, and high up over head sailed along a single wild goose, which suddenly altered its course and dropped into a small pool in the centre of the open marsh, about 500yds. from him. Will strove to solve the problem of approaching the goose without attracting its attention, at least until within shooting distance. A small creek ran along to within 100yds. of where the goose was resting. It being low tide, the water had ebbed so as to afford an opportunity to approach the goose. Crawling cautiously along the creek, knowing well the extreme shyness of this fowl, he at length reached the point in the creek nearest to the goose. There was but one chance of approaching nearer, so he crawled over the bank, and lying perfectly flat, kicked himself along over the marsh toward the goose. Instead of taking alarm and at once flying, it evidently thought he was some strange animal approaching, and it assumed a defensive attitude, at the same time trying to conceal itself as much as possible. When within easy gun-shot, surprised that the goose had not already flown, Will raised himself on one knee, and, as the bird, at last realizing its danger, rose into the air, it came in collision with a charge of No. 3 shot, which suddenly stopped its upward career.

Another time, on the same marsh, there was an episode which did not result so pleasantly, but which left my friend and his companion in a state of very righteous indignation. "Al" had been on the watch for several hours over a flock of eight geese which were swimming about in a small pond, and which he had fondly hoped would come within gun-shot. There he was joined by Will. After watching them some time longer, the geese slowly swam down around a small island formed by the rising tide. Knowing that the outlet was a small creek, about fifteen yards distant from my patiently watchful friends, their hopes were high, the game was nearly theirs, when, down across the marshes from the other side, came three men who had also discovered the presence of the geese. Seeing that, apparently, the only chance now left was to cut off the geese before they flew, my friends left their concealment to approach nearer. They now discovered that the intruders had no guns, but had simply come down to satisfy their curiosity by a mere look at the big birds. The geese evidently returned the compliment, and doubtless concluding that they were harmless, and, instead of flying, continued on their way up the creek. It was then too late for my friends to return to their concealment, and the geese seeing them, and possibly seeing the guns, immediately rose into the air. Bang, bang went the guns, and one goose fell to Al's share, but the remainder of the flock departed. Very likely, fellow sportsmen, you have at some time been in a similar place, and know that, at such times, words seem very inadequate to express your feelings.

One more incident. At Rye Beach again. Crossing the beach in a severe storm, umbrella overhead and gun over shoulder, suddenly a lone goose is discovered down near the water's edge, evidently resting. Dropping the open umbrella to bring the gun into position, the wind catches the umbrella and it sails directly toward the goose, which furiously attacks it. Then, evidently bewildered, the goose rises into the air and flies directly toward the sportsman. A charge of shot stops it, and a rather surprised gunner picks up his prize and starts for home.

WILO.

Natural History.

SKUNK CULTURE.

MARSHFIELD, Wis., March 16—Editor Forest and Stream: I have never raised skunks as a pecuniary speculation, but merely as an experiment, to study their habits, and I have also foxes and many others of the smaller animals. I have made their habits a thorough study, and have tried to learn the best way to raise them for fur.

Although my stock at all times has been small, yet I believe the business could be carried on to a financial success. Two rules which the producer must be governed by are these: To keep skunks when in captivity, keep them as close to their natural habits as possible; and, second, to get them as nearly black as possible, as the black ones always bring the best price. Skunks have to be raised on sandy soil, where no water is likely to settle, and where they can have plenty of yard room. If they are kept in a small yard they will wear their fur off by rubbing against the fence in their efforts to get out. As they burrow in the ground, it is very essential that a few stumps be left in the enclosure for them to burrow under.

I have never removed the musk sack from any of the young, and never experienced any bad effect to the fur after skinning them. The best way to kill them is with chloroform or by suffocation. They generally have from four to seven young in a litter, and the month of April or the first of May is generally the time when they give birth to their young. A few old hollow logs will afford all the shelter they need, but it adds a great deal to their condition if trees are left in the park. They feed chiefly on meat, but are very fond of eggs and milk, but as these would be rather expensive food, meat alone will suffice. During the cooler part of the winter they retire to their holes and remain until the warm days of spring open up, hence the necessity of having soil suitable for them to burrow in.

About six years ago I found six skunks in a hollow log. I plugged both ends of the log and hired a man to haul it as near as possible to where I intended building my park. I dug a ditch around quite a large strip of ground, and placed boards edgeways in the ditch so that the skunks could not dig under them. I built a fence around my park, leaving a few stumps in the centre. I then hauled the log into the inclosure and liberated the skunks. For a few days they seemed wild and spent most of their time in the log, but they soon got over it and would come out on hearing my voice. They burrowed under the stumps and made themselves at home, always contented when their stomachs were full. In the spring I was overjoyed to see numerous young ones around the yard, and in the fall had as fat and slick a flock of skunks as anyone would wish to see. Some of these I had killed and skinned by way of experiment, and the hides were pronounced as good and prime as any taken from their natural haunts.

Skunks are very nervous animals and dogs or strangers should never be allowed to bother them, and great care should be exercised not to give them any violent shock. Any information desired by those interested will be cheerfully given concerning the breeding of either fox or sknuk.

J. A. K.

How a Mocking-Bird Mocked Me.

The climatic differences of the seasons in the region through which passes the boundary line between the United States and Mexico are hardly so much those of heat and cold as they are of dryness and moisture. In winter and spring the rainfall is sufficient to fill all the rivulets and streams and to flood all the marshes and lowlands. The region is so far South that vegetation starts early in the year. Land birds are then abundant in the trees and chapperal, and ducks are plentiful in the ponds and streams.

In summer all this is changed; the growth of vegetation is largely suspended, and the growth of crops in the few cultivated districts must be aided by irrigation. The rivulets, ponds, and most of the small streams, except those in the mountains, dry up, and in traversing the country one is obliged to go long distances without finding any water. Notwithstanding this dryness of the region, many of the land birds remain there during the whole year, but in summer the ducks necessarily go to those districts where they can find congenial haunts. Among the birds which remain in that dry region during the summer is the mocking bird, with one of which I once had a novel experience.

Desiring to make a geological examination of a portion of the Sierra San Carlos, a short range of mountains in the Mexican State of Chihauhau, I went to Presidio del Norte, on the Rio Grande, and procured a span of mules and a light wagon for our journey of seventy-five miles.

My party, besides myself, consisted of two companions and a Mexican driver, who was also our cook. There was no human habitation on the way, and we knew that the district we were to traverse was very dry, but we confidently expected to find sufficient water for our purposes in the Arroyo Alamitos, or little Cottonwood Creek, forty miles from Presidio del Norte. We therefore took only a keg of water from the Rio Grande with us for use on the first day, and at night we made a dry camp, with about twenty-five miles of our journey accomplished.

To take advantage of the cooler part of the day for travelling, we started at daylight next morning, but because we were yet to traverse the worst part of our road we did not reach the Arroyo Alamitos until nearly noon. To our dismay, when we reached it, we found it dry, because if we should fail to get water there we had no hope of getting any until we should reach the Arroyo San Carlos, thirty--five miles further on. Tired, thirsty and hungry, for we had eaten nothing that morning, we at once began a search of the bed of the Arroyo, hoping to find a water-hole or a place where we might obtain water by a little digging. We found no water-hole, but coming upon an apparently favorable place we began to dig in the sandy gravel, throwing it out with our strong camp cups for want of suitable implements. We soon found the gravel moist, a few inches deeper it was wet, and in a short time we had enough water to enable us to make a comfortable camp.

While we were laboriously digging our small pit I distinctly heard the familar sound, "quack, quack, quack," and immediately remarked to my companions that our labor was unnecessary because the presence of a duck indicated that we were in the neighborhood of a pool of water. We listened, and the sounds were repeated. To my surprise, I then saw that they came, not from a duck, but from a mocking bird, which was perched on a bush a short distance away. He was unconsciously, but cruelly, mocking us in our distress.

It is probable that this species of mocking bird prefers to imitate melodious sounds, but it is well known that it will sometimes imitate the coarser notes of other birds. Its powers of imitation are such that observers in its native haunts are often mistaken as to its identity when it is audible but not visible. In this case, however, I was deceived in a more serious way.

I have never seen these birds so numerous as they are in the State of Chihauhau, and the Mexican natives capture great numbers of them for sale. Ducks are also plentiful there during the wet season, and it was doubtless then that the bird which deceived me had learned the lesson which it so inopportunely rehearsed in my hearing.

CHARLES A. WHITE.

Fox Outstripped by a Horse.

NEW YORK CITY, Editor Forest and Stream:—It is a fleet hound that can overtake Reynard in a stern chase, but on Montauk last summer I heard a well authenticated story of a horse running down a fox so that his rider effected a capture.

"When Fifthian was herdsman on Montauk, before the town sold it to Benson" said my informant. "He lived in the house at the head of Fort Pond, and had a big black mare, Meg, that was noted for her size and speed all through Suffolk county. Fifthian set out one morning to ride to Gansett on business, and as he came out on the plain east of his house he started up a fox in the bushes just ahead.

"The beast kept the road, which, as you know, is only a trail through the pastures, and Meg broke into a gallop after him. They had it neck and heels for a while, the fox with his ears flat and his tail straight out behind, and Meg a-gallopin' out of pure mischief. Bime-by Fifthian began to get interested and encouraged the mare so that she drew up abreast of Reynard. Then Fifthian lashed at him with his whip, and that not having much effect he made a noose of his lash and got it over the fox's neck, drew him up to the saddle bow and rode into Gansett with him hanging there, stone dead."

The above seems almost incredable, but I had it from a source which led me to regard it as true.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

English Starlings Hereabouts.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., March 25.—On Feb. 22, while walking with an English friend, we heard in a marsh near New Rochelle, some whistling and trilling notes similar to those of the goldfinch, but louder and clearer. Looking up, we saw an immense flock of what appeared like black birds, about the size of robins. My friend said they were starlings, as he had known them well in England. On making inquiries at the museum, I found he was correct, as no species of the black-birds except the red-wings can sing as they did. The next day I saw more of them, and on March 9 another large flock, with a few early red-wings among them, the notes of the starlings, and the "quonk-a-ree" of the blackbirds sounding very well together. In England they breed as often as the sparrow, (six times a year) so at that rate they will soon be numerous here, but let us hope, better behaved than the sparrow, the tramp.

EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

Regular meetings of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, April 9 and 23, at 8 o'clock.

April 9.—L S. Foster, "Remarks on the Petrels, with an account of the Specimen of Æstrelata hasotata taken in Ulster county, New York on January 26, 1895." Deferred from meeting of March 26.

April 3.—William L. Sherwood, "Further remarks on the Salamanders found in the vicinity of New York City."

WALTER W. GRANGER,
Amer. Museum of Nat. History.

A Pet Mule Deer.

SANTA FE, N. M., March 13.—I have one of the finest pets now I have ever owned; it is a mule-eared fawn about ten months old. He has been raised in the yard with my greyhounds, and I don't suppose he really knows whether he is a deer or a dog. He will play with the hounds until he gets tired and then he insists on their letting him alone, and if they don't agree to this he proceeds to administer a course of correction with his fore feet in a manner that soon brings them to terms. He is perfectly familiar with the house, and if the door is left open will calmly walk in and take possession. The spring duck shooting is just coming on, and several parties are out in war paint already.

H. B. H.

Game Bag and Gun.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

May 13 to 18. Madison Square Garden, New York.—First annual Sportsmen's Exposition.

A DAY WITH THE BLUEBILLS.

Eight miles northeast of Ashland, on Chequemagon Bay, lies Kakagon—a succession of sloughs and sand ridges, extending across the northeast corner of the bay, between the high land and Lake Superior. These sloughs are bordered with beds of wild rice and furnish excellent shooting during all the fall months. Mallard, widgeon, teal, and an occasional saw bill, or spoon bill are to be found in the early fall months, and later when these have passed on south, or grown wary from too much education, the bluebills and redheads come in by countless thousands.

It chanced that on a Saturday in October last, as I sat in my office, looking out across the bay, the telephone rang, and in response to my "hello," a familiar voice said: "Can you get ready to take the Hazel for Kakagon in half an hour? My wife is out of town and I had as soon spend Sunday down there as anywhere." Could I get ready? Well, I rather thought so, as all my outfit was at the office, and a messenger, dispatched up town, supplied plenty of nitros for a day's shoot.

The little steam yacht Hazel carried us from the dock to the ducking grounds in a little over an hour, and we had paddled to our camping ground in anotner. Until dark we were busy pitching tent, getting firewood and arranging bed, and turned in early with the expectation of getting up before light and paddling to a slough or river, which makes in from the bay for several miles, and up and down which the bluebills take their flight in the morning and evening.

Next morning, as the purple streaks of the dawn began to appear in the east, we glided into cover at a bend in the river, which afforded an excellent view of a long stretch of clear water on either hand, and had scarce settled ourselves in position in our canoe when Doc, who was working the river on the east, said: "Look out! here they come." A whistle of wings, a crack from Doc's gun, a splash in the water, and I just caught a passing glimpse of two shadowy forms speeding out of sight in the gloom to the west. One poor victim, however, lay out in the middle of the river, his white breast gleaming in the uncertain light. Doc had been too quick for him. We were debating as to the advisability of picking him up before the current carried him further away, when Doc's "Mark here they come again!" brought us both as close to the bottom of the canoe as was possible, still keeping the east in view, the only point as yet affording light enough for a fair shot. There, against the flaming crimson, they were coming, a dozen at least. We had not long to wait; who does when bluebills are coming down the wind? It was crack, crack and crack, crack again as they wavered an instant after the first shot, and there were splashes too, following both right and left and more white breasts turned up to the light, and two cripples swimming away for dear life.

Have you ever chased a crippled bluebill? If you have,

my description will probably tally with your experience. It is impossible, if they are not badly wounded, to take them in any way but by shooting them the second time. Doc was in the bow, and I sculled him toward the bird far thest away, hoping to get near enough to dispatch him by the first shot. Once within range, Doc raised his gun, when down went the duck before he could shoot. "Hurry up," said he, "get up close and watch sharp, so I can give it to him when he comes up." We did get up close, and we did watch sharp, but the next sight we had of the duck was away to our rear, and swimming in a direction directly opposite to that he had pursued before going down. I turned the canoe on her heel. Doc snatched up a paddle and away we went after him again. He was making straight down the centre of the river, and as we came up, Doc put down the paddle and brought his gun to position. "He won't fool me this time," he said. But the duck did, for as we drew within range he sank almost out of sight, and in the uncertain light this made a very small target. Doc was getting desperate and as we came quite close, gave him the right, and as he seemed in no way disconcerted, cut loose with the left, still the bird swam on. Three more shells were required before we got that duck in the canoe, and we had almost a similar experience with every cripple that fell to our lot. It was my first experience in bluebill shooting, and I should like to learn from others if there is a tougher or more "foxy" bird when wounded.

At 9 o'clock we had a baker's dozen of bluebills to our credit, a mallard and a redhead, and paddled for camp, feeling pretty well satisfied. We cooked dinner, smoked, snoozed, read Forest and Stream, and took solid comfort generally, until time to start for the evening shooting, the record of which, together with a somewhat unique event which transpired that night, I will reserve for another chapter.

GEO. W. MIARS.

ASHLAND, Wis.,

A NEW JERSEY COON HUNT.

The night of Dec. 22 had been selected for a coon hunt, to which we all looked with great pleasure. We had previously arranged to meet at Leedsville, a small town about four miles out of Red Bank, where we were to join four of the most experienced coon hunters in that section, namely: John and Edward Grant, the latter better known as "Brickey;" George Mouser, and last, but not least, the old veteran whom all coons dread, Jake Antonides. We left Red Bank at 6.30 p. m. all bundled up in a farm wagon, Geo. Frick guiding the horse. There were seven of us, mostly novices at coon hunting. We had three common lanterns, one bull's eye, one pair of climbing irons, such as linemen use, and our Branchport friend, Harry Van Brunt, brought with him a revolver of the bull dog style, of large calibre.

Arriving at Leedsville shortly after 7 o'clock, we went into the hotel where we had arranged to meet the rest of the party, but, much to our disgust we learned that they had received word we were not coming, and had left about ten minutes prior to our arrival. Three of us started after them, being rewarded after driving about a mile by overtaking them. We found we were on the right way to the grounds. One of us drove back to the hotel to put up the horse and bring the others of the party, who were impatiently awaiting. In a few minutes the rest of the boys arrived, and after a "how-de-do" and a hand-shake all around, we were off. Going through fields, we found ourselves on a hill overlooking a brook, which Uncle Jake crossed to see if he could find any fresh tracks, we remaining on the other side. Finding some, he walked along the edge of the brook, we following on the opposite side. Going about 200 yards, we stopped to listen, and were startled by the cracking and snapping of twigs. In an instant we saw it was old Lion. He was all excitement and whining. Immediately he opened, and oh! such music. Away he went, speaking at every bound. "Lion's got a hot track this time, I can tell by the way he talks," said John Grant.

When about out of hearing, the dog changed from a yelp to a howl. "He's got him treed," said John. At that we all ran full speed in the direction of the dog. Now it happened that some of the party had no lanterns, and between us and the dog there had been a deep ditch dug, into which two of the boys fell. Fortunately, their injuries amounted to nothing more than skinned knees and elbows, and they both were too much excited to mind that.

On coming up with the dog, we found him at the foot of an immense chestnut tree which Walter Noble said he knew to be the largest tree in Monmouth county. Our next task was to get Mr. Coon out of the place in which he had taken refuge. We all wanted to climb the tree, except Harry Payne and John Mount, the heavy weights of the party. By the way, Harry Payne was lame, as he was one of the two who fell in the ditch. After many unsuccessful attempts to climb this monarch of the forest, we were at a loss to know what to do. Brickey despatched Mouser back to Leedsville for a gun and two axes. In the meantime we built large fires on the ground so as to light the upper part of the tree to see if we could locate his coonship, but all in vain. Near by this old chestnut there stood three smaller trees, so John Grant climbed up one of these and found, upon reaching the top, that a limb from the big tree, or coon tree, as we called it, spread to the tree which he was on. Reaching out, he siezed the limb and drew himself to the larger tree. Up he went like a monkey, and finally spied Mr. Coon lying all stretched out on a limb. Finding it impossible to shake him down, John came down to the ground again. Mouser had returned by this time, bearing a gun and two axes. Now that the coon had been located, John went up another tree close by, where, by the aid of the bull's eye, he thought he surely could see the coon. Tying a string on the gun stock, I put on the climbing irons and followed up the tree, drawing the gun up after me. When we had reached the top, lo and behold, Mr. Coon had moved so that nothing could be seen but the tip of his tail hanging over a limb as he lay in the crotch of the tree. Putting in a load of No. 4's, we fired, hoping to dislodge him, but met with poor success, so down to the ground we went again, and this time John went up another tree, so he could look right into the crotch where the coon was lying. On reaching the top, he drew the gun and a lantern up. All this time Lion never left the tree, but kept looking up as if he expected to see the coon drop.

Suddenly John cried out: "I see him! Watch yourselves now! Give the dog room!" and slipping a cartridge in the gun, took aim and fired. Up the tree like a shot went the coon, and when he could not climb any higher, he jumped and down he came. Lion was on deck to meet him, and on top when he landed. How the fur flew, but the old dog knew his business, and killed Mr. Coon in short order.

He was bagged, and away we started in search of another. Going about a mile further up the brook, Lion opened again. "No coon this time," said Brickey. "That track is cold." So much for experience, for he was right. The coon had gone in a hole sometime before.

Looking at our watches and finding it after midnight, we started back for the hotel. In crossing a field, I almost stepped on a covey of quail, which got up when I planted my No. 9 boot within six inches of them. After inviting us to come up again the next Saturday evening, our friends left us and went to their respective homes.

The drive back to Red Bank was very cold, as the air had grown considerably colder than when we started in the evening. We arrived at Red Bank about 2.30 a. m., where we parted, all promising to be on hand next Saturday if the weather proves favorable.

RED BANK, N. J. ONE OF THE NOVICES.

ANOTHER OUTING IN THE SIERRA.

On the morning of the 21st of September, a camping party of three left for a short sojourn in the beautiful snow capped mountains of the Sierra Nevada range. The air was crisp and bracing. Our route for the first twenty miles took us through the bottom lands and grain fields, and before old Sol had raised his head over the distant mountains, whither we were journeying, we had covered half of this distance. The Indian hop pickers were at work in the hop fields, chanting a weird Indian song, those nearest us waving salutations as we bowled along in our covered wagon. Though bearded men, we felt like school boys on a vacation, this exuberance finding vent in joke or raillery. During the day we were successful enough to bag a number of doves and a young cotton tail rabbit, which afforded us a supper.

The second day out we entered and passed through Placerville, whose history is inseparable from that of this glorious State of the golden west. It was here that the hardy, though footsore and weary pioneer, from "way back in the States" caught his first glimpse of the world's famed El Dorado. The rough-bearded and red-shirted miners have one by one disappeared, until there is but an insignificant remnant left. In their place came the honest granger, tilling the soil of the surrounding hills, whose surface here and there has been washed away, exposing the bed-rock in places, bearing silent evidence of the "days of old, in the days of gold, the days of forty-nine." Only a few miles distant is the historic spot where Marshall made his famous discovery, setting the world in a furore of excitement.

As we climbed the hills overlooking the little town, we caught a glimpse of the great Sacramento valley in the dim distance. About noon we reached the divide, along whose crest runs the road, over which our fathers trod on their way to the mines below, forty odd years ago.

We were now among the pines, whose lofty tops seemed to pierce the sky overhead. The balmy air was laden with the resinous scent of the boughs through which the wind sighed mournfully. Toward the middle of the afternoon we drove up to the famous inn, known as Sportsman's Hall. Passing this we reached the top of the mountain; just over the brow is another famous spot —Bullion Bend, so called from a stage robbery that occurred during the exciting times, following the rich strike in the Comstock silver mines of Nevada. Over this turnpike long lines of mule teams plied their way, bearing supplies across the mountains to the mines. Stages, laden with passengers and bullion, took the same route until the C. P. R. R. became a reality, when all such traffic ceased. Here the knights of the road waylaid and robbed the stage of a large sum in gold and silver bullion, which still lies concealed where buried by them near the scene of the robbery.

From Bullion Bend our route took us through wild and picturesque scenery. Winding down and around the mountain's side, hundreds of feet below us, were the clear and silvery waters of the American, moving restlessly over its rugged bed. Above us and across the canyon against the western sky, tinged with a ruddy glow from the setting sun, loomed up great craggy bluffs, that called to mind views of rugged fortresses and castles upon the river Rhine.

As twilight deepened around us, we drew up at Miller's and camped for the night. Next morning we drove for miles along the banks of the American River, whose riffles abound with trout, and as the sun was sinking behind the distant hills we neared our destination, and drove down the mountain side to the abode of friend W's dairy ranch, in the very heart of the Sierras. Greetings over, we set up our tent, gathered some wood, making other preparations necessary to our comuort, then settled down to days of solid enjoyment. I arose early the first morning. The air was pure and bracing and shouldering my three-barrel gun I started forth in quest of a buck. Late in the afternoon I returned, empty-handed and tired, but confident of ultimate success, as I had marked localities where deer signs were abundant. My companions had been after trout and had met with liberal success.

Daylight found me on the deer ground. As I trod noiselessly along I espied two objects standing motionless a few rods distant. I was in doubt whether what I was looking at were deer or some of the young stock belonging to my mountain friends; when too late, I realized my mistake; a bound and they were gone. I ran to intercept them, and suddenly I saw one standing in the white thorn, less than fifty paces distant. I brought my gun to my face, but the muzzle was dancing a horn pipe, though having killed many deer before. I realized I had a severe attack of buck ague. Of course, my bullet went wide of its mark. Nothing daunted, I wended my way across four-cornered peak in the direction of Bald Mountain. I had the wind in my face and as I neared the place I had marked, out ran a deer, bounding up the mountain side. At the crack of my rifle, he turned, displaying evidence of a fatal wound. The sound of the report had not died away when full a hundred and twenty paces distant another came into view, his head up and antlers thrown back, facing me squarely. I realized how difficult the shot was to make, but as the glint of the ivory ball showed through the hind sight, again my rifle cracked. The beautiful creature gave one bound and fell headlong to the ground. 'Twas the work of only a few minutes to prepare them for my trip back to camp. I carried first one then the other, until I reached a place accessible to horses, and returning later with the animals, carried the deer to camp.

We retired that night in great good humor, the keen, crisp air sharpening our appetites for the feast assured on the morrow. I sallied forth again the following afternoon after arranging a signal and answer, in case I met with success. Two hours later the signal was given and answered, I had brought the head with me, laid it in the trail and awaited the approach of my companions with the horse. When they caught sight of the trophy, which was a six-pointer, they gave voice to their delight in prolonged shouts. Congratulations over, I led the way to the deer's carcass After repeated efforts and failures, we succeeded in landing him on our bronchos back. We had no means of ascertaining his weight, but judged him at over 200 pounds. We have regretted many times that we had no camera with us. For the next two days we busied ourselves jerking venison. My success had kindled a desire in the heart of Charlie to emulate my example, so taking the younger W. as a guide and partner, and with a jay feather in the hat of each, to keep off the hoodoo, the boys disappeared from the clearing into the woods beyond. After some hours, and just as we were about to partake of a mid-afternoon meal, bang! bang! in quick succession rang out in the still air down the canyon. This was the help signal. George sprang to his feet, gave the answer hurriedly, made ready and galloped off. In the course of an hour I heard them coming down the mountain side, shouting and yelling at the top of their voices. Presently I caught sight of the trio through the woods, two in the lead swinging their hats vigorously, the other leading the horse. I strained my eyes to see the cause of all this hilarity. Strain as I might, I could only see the ropes wound across and over the saddle. On they came, and as they entered camp I saw the joke. On the saddle was the smallest of chipmonks, tied and retied with the rope used to secure my big buck. Our guests appreciated the joke and laughed immoderately at my confusion.

We were to return home the next day but one. As I started away for a last hunt, my companions wished me luck. After a few hours I again gave them the signal for help, and was answered by my companions, who were fishing a couple of hundred yards distant. Down went their rods and baskets, and a race began for my locality. A pole was cut, run through the legs; they shouldered it and trotted campward. They stuck to their job with bulldog tenacity, reaching camp at last and two tired men they were.

On the morning following we said farewell to our friend W. turned our faces homeward, where we arrived after two and one-half days' travel.

J. E. M.

A Tennessee Shoot.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: —The season for shooting game is about over in this territory, and I suppose, considering the weather, there has been as much real enjoyment in the fields and on the lakes around Memphis as ever was experienced by hunters in any country.

There have been more ducks in our lakes this season than for a number of years, and the fields have been more bountifully supplied with quail than during any season for the last ten years, but the weather was very dry up to the 1st of December and then very cold and disagreeable to the end of the season, and so but few birds were killed, and we have a right to expect a larger crop of game of this kind next season.

About February 20, my friend North called to see me, and together we made a trip into North Mississippi for quail, and I dare say no two men ever had a finer day's sport than we had. We left Memphis at 5 o'clock in the evening and traveled seventy miles to Talico, where we remained all night. The next morning we turned loose two good pointers, Jett and Guy, who were in the finest condition and form, and seemed eager for the hunt.

When about three miles away from this little town, the dogs made handsome points in some low sedge grass, and we were prevented from getting a double each out of this covey, from the fact that my friend fired both barrels, when he really intended to fire but one. After this he was compelled to fire his choke-barrel first; for if he fired the right barrel first both barrels would go off. He did not follow this covey, as they took cover in very thick woods; but it was not long before the black dog, Jett, made game, and directly Guy coming by, took the scent of the birds towards a low fence, and in a few minutes I called North's attention to this dog's most remarkable stand. He had crawled up till his fore feet reached the top of the fence, and scenting the birds just on the opposite side of the fence where they had stopped, making the point in that position, and in that position he remained until we called out to retrieve the birds which we had killed. We only got two birds from this covey. After that we got most woefully lost, having travelled out of our course, as we learned from a colored man whom we met. How far to Talico? "Se-se-se-seven mi-mi-mi-miles." Which way? "Dow-dow tha-that way." By the time we got this information clearly imparted it was 12 o'clock, and we hurried back.

Just here a most singular accident occurred. The white pointer, Guy, was running along in the road behind us, when we heard a curious noise, looked back and saw the dog lying on his side and kicking as if he had a fit. I got down and went to him, but in less than three minutes he was dead. This was the most singular death I had ever witnessed in my long hunting career, and I don't think I felt more powerfully the uncertainty of life, than while standing over the lifeless form of what was a few minutes before a beautiful, active representative of life. This dog had shown no signs of distress or sickness, and could not have been poisoned. He must have died of heart failure.

This left us only one dog, and after finding our way back to the trail it was 1.30 o'clock and only six birds in our bag, but the dog left to us was a good one and suc-

ceeded in finding six nice coveys of birds during the afternoon out of which we killed thirty-six, and altogether we felt that we had a very good day's sport.

I will tell you only of the first covey. They were beautifully located, at the head of a small branch in some low grass. I sent the boys, who were on the horses ahead, in the direction we thought the flight would be, to locate. This, North said, was great generalship. On the rise of the covey we got two, and when we went over the hill the boys had the others marked down. I called to North to hold on and give Jett time to locate each bird, which she did to the queen's taste. As true sportsmen, we left four for seed out of a covey of sixteen. ADAM.

BEAVER DAM LAKE.

This country is situated in one of the best hunting territories of Illinois. As a resort for game, such as chickens, quail rabbits, squirrels, a few turkeys, ducks and geese in season, we have much to boast of in the way of delightful sport in the field. Our prairies have but few streams, but the woods are dotted with natural and artificial lakes, and several considerable creeks, reflect the beauties of their surroundings. Beaver Dam Lake is the largest of the lakes, and in the shape of a horse-shoe, covers an area a mile long and one-quarter of a mile wide.

Twenty years ago it was the original channel of the creek, but the beavers dammed it up, changing the channel of the creek and leaving a slough. Seven years later, several members of our present club enlarged these dams, formed a stock company of nineteen members, named the lake Beaver Dam, and now it is one of the choicest sporting resorts in the State. The State stocked the lake with all kinds of game fish, mainly black bass, and for the last three years fishing has been grand. Three and four pound bass are considered nothing above the ordinary catch, and a member placed one to his credit weighing six and one-quarter pounds. I am not a real lover of the finny tribe, prefer the gun to the rod, so let me tell of a hunting trip which I had this fall, and perhaps you will agree with me that game laws or Providence have been the cause of our many birds the past years.

It was in the latter part of November, on a dark and gloomy morning, that I shouldered my twelve bore, called my Irish setter, Banks, and set forth to the lake. After disposing of some of my extra baggage at the club house, we started for a long ditch which leads west of the lake into a corn and weed patch—mostly weeds.

Banks eagerly started out ahead of me, and we had hardly gone one hundred yards when he came to a stand. His position was on the bank of the ditch, and I decided he winded the birds from across the branch. I crossed over, intending to flush and drive them into a large patch of weeds. Nor was my judgment wrong; for after starting them up and calling two back—one with each barrel—the birds flew into the weeds and scattered in an ideal manner. Banks retrieved the two dead, and we followed to the new location of the covey. He soon was winding them and had another point. Oh! it was a noble sight; he meant business, and I pledged myself to try and do my share. Up got a bird, and thanks to the second barrel, he was a dead one. Out of the covey of twenty-three, I killed eleven, and had I kept my promise and done as well as Banks, I doubt whether anyone else would have had an opportunity to try his skill on any of them.

After Banks had surveyed the ground once more, to make sure he had done his whole duty, we strolled on into the corn patch. When I arrived there I had lost my dog. I whistled, but he was evidently standing somewhere. For fifteen minutes I looked in vain, then I happened to think of that ditch, and there I found him, a perfect statue, standing in the ditch under a bank which the water had washed out. I stepped down, walked around, but couldn't get them up, when I wondered if he wasn't mistaken, but a glance at him convinced me he was right. I tried to urge him on, but he was motionless. Where could they be? Whurr—whurr—whurr—bang, bang! Another double. They had been under the caved bank also, and my dog was almost over them. Banks must have held his stand for twenty minutes. Being in the ditch, I couldn't exactly see where they flew, but knew the direction, so waved Banks to go ahead, following their direction. In a short time he had them side-tracked, and I bagged six more. I found one more covey that morning, but only killed two, and then I called my dog to heel and started for the club house for lunch.

I loafed about there until 3 o'clock, talking to the old man who watches the lake, and he asked me if I had any goose loads. I showed him some four drams and an ounce of OO, chambered. He said: "They are all right, the wind has changed and the geese will be in to-night, you had better be on the watch." I promised him I would, but hardly expected to see any geese. Banks and I had bagged nine more quail that afternoon, and as it was about 4 o'clock, we started for the north dam. As we got near it, my dog stood another gang of quail, and just as I was getting ready to flush I heard that welcome sound, honk—honk. Of course, I didn't shoot at the quail. I flushed them so that I could get my dog off of his point and hurried to the willows near the dam. I could hear the geese coming nearer and nearer, and finally saw them over the west end of the lake. There were about twenty, and on the first circle they came within about two hundred yards; I commenced calling, but they made one more little circle out of gun shot, and then lit in the lake. That seemed hard luck, but I was relieved from my disappointment by that same tell-tale sound of another gang coming, and it was a large one; I counted seventy-five. I called again, but the flock on the lake could outdo me at this, and the last ones, too, lit in the lake, so that I didn't get a shot. I waited about a half hour longer and it was getting pretty dark, when I heard the swish of wings near, and throwing my gun in the direction of the noise, found it to be a fine flock of mallards, within forty yards, just swooping down to alight. But I took down my gun. The temptation to shoot was strong, yet I wanted a goose in preference, so I took down my gun and let them go on. It was getting still darker, and I heard three more flocks of geese come in, but they didn't fly near me. So I decided to return to the club house, stay over night and get a shot in the morning as they went out.

When I got there the old man said: "Didn't I tell you? Now you come in to supper, and after that I'll tell you how to work it in the morning."

I was soon seated at supper, and when we had finished, the old man said: "I'll wake you in the morning before daybreak, then you go around on the west side of the lake, follow that ditch you hunted in this morning about two hundred yards, and then take an old road leading through the timber to the north dam. They will go out northwest in the morning, as they feed in that direction, and the wind coming from there they rise against it." I went to bed early, but I assure you it was hard to get to sleep, for geese were calling all around, but I was tired and soon drifted into a slumber which was as sweet as any I had ever experienced.

At the appointed time I was up and after a hot cup of coffee, the old man said: "Now when it gets about daybreak, I'll walk around outside of the house and make a little disturbance. This will perhaps start the geese over you, if they don't see you, and by the way, you want to leave Banks here."

"He will be all right if he is along," said I, "he understands it as well as I do, I can't leave him; he may be of some assistance," and so he was.

"All right," the old man said, "good luck to you, and above all don't get so near that you can see the water or the geese will see you." It took us about half an hour to get to the north dam, but we reached it without any mishap, and with the geese still on the lake and unawares of my approach. My dog and I lay close up to the dam, under a low but thick willow, and waited patiently for daylight. It seemed a long time. Two small gangs left as we were there, but it was so dark I couldn't see them, although they were near.

About 6 o'clock I could make the geese out, they were in the middle of the lake, and were fairly making the water foam with their flapping of wings. I could hear the old man across the water chopping wood and singing and then came the most exciting moment of my life. That gang of seventy-five had risen and were coming for the north dam. It seemed as grand a sight as I ever expect to witness, as they came on, the leader in front and his followers in a line behind him. I hugged the dam and squeezed down against the willow so they couldn't see me. On they came—still a hundred yards off. Banks knew his duty, and hid like myself. Finally they were within fifty yards. I waited until they had come a little closer, then arose, this turned them all to the right, so taking careful aim, I pulled the trigger, and down came two. I dropped the gun on another, and imagine my disappointment when I pulled the trigger to hear the gun snap. I looked at the geese and then at my gun, then I looked around to see if anyone else could see what had happened, but I only found my dog, who was standing behind me awaiting orders. All this was done in a short time. I cocked the gun and tried it again, and it went off the second time, but the birds were out of reach.

All the geese had now left the lake, so I turned my attention to the two I had hit. They were both crippled. One swam to shore, but the other was still fluttering about sixty yards out in the water. I sent Banks to bring it in, and after a good fight he managed by hard work to get it to the shore. During this time I had secured the other one, and shouldering the pair I went to the club house. The old man met me and shook hands. He wanted to know why I waited so long with the second barrel, and when I told him, said: "After this I'll bet you get your caps down tight." While I was waiting for breakfast I weighed my geese; one weighed eleven pounds and the other eight and one-half pounds. Breakfast being over, I collected my game, bade the old man and his wife good-bye, and started for the depot. I had a load on my back, nineteen and one-half pounds of geese, thirty fine quail, and a heavy gun. I was soon at home and surprised my friends by the game I had killed on the banner hunt of my life. BURGY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

FRIENDS EVERYWHERE.

CHICAGO, Ills., March 30.—Anent mention last week of my mysterious letter, which was forwarded here by an unknown friend in the N. Y. Post Office, the following from another Forest and Stream friend.. this time in the Boston, Mass.. P. O., may have additional interest. Verily the paper does have friends everywhere. and there is no paper published so far as I know , which elicits friendship of so unique a sort. At the World's Fair it was always a source of surprise to see the way many visitors felt toward Forest and Stream, though strangers to anyeon connected with the paper. It was as though they owned the paper themselves—as indeed they certainly do. There is a great deal of hard work connected with publishing any newspaper, but I imagine it is a peculiar satisfaction to the publishers of Forest and Stream to feel that they give their readers something more than paper and ink, and receive in return something more than a financial payment. The letter from the Boston P. O. friend may, I hope, be published without formal consent therefor, and reads:

"Post Office, Delivery Division, Boston, March 28, 1895. Dear Sir: The U. S. Army Directory gives 'H. S. Kilbourne, Ass't Surgeon, Fort Clark, Texas.' 'J. Gayler' is the Ass't Post Master of New York, an angler and gentleman. All this has reference to your letter in the Forest and Stream of the 30th inst. The friends of that paper are everywhere. Yours, in F. and S., Edward Barker, (Supt. De'y Div.) Chairman membership committee, Mass. F. & G. Pro. Ass'n.

NIGHT FLIGHTS BY THE STARS.

A writer in the Chatauquan explains the unfailing instinct of direction in migratory birds to their knowledge of the stars, and says that when migrating birds can not see the stars at night they lose their way. One often hears old hunters say that the snipe "come in on the moon." I recall that once in 1878, in Iowa City, of a dark, rainy night, the residents were much astonished to hear the air above them for over an hour full of the whistling and twittering of passing birds, which were flying very low over the roofs of the houses. No one at that time knew what the birds were, but I noticed in a paper of a few days later date that a great flight of golden plover had appeared at that time along the west shore of the Mississippi River in eastern Iowa. The flight, as we heard it that night, was passing southeast, or toward the Mississippi, but it was in the spring time, and the birds should have been going north over the prairie country and not along the great flyway of the water birds; at least I should consider that this would be the case. As I look at it now, I believe this great flight of plover was entirely out of its reckoning that foggy night.

WINTER DYNAMITING.

The trout streams running into the Mississippi waters along the Iowa and Wisconsin sides have been visited much of late by winter dynamiters, and it is a pleasure to hear that two of the latter, F. Draper and L. Davis have come to grief in Richland township, near Manchester. Sheriff Odell captured them and they were fined $30 and costs each, one going to jail. They were shown to have killed thousands of trout from three to six inches long by exploding dynamite under the ice.

PROTECTIVE MATTERS AT CHICAGO.

Mr. M. R. Bortree is patiently waiting for the trial of the case he has brought against the Union League Club of this city for serving illegal pheasants, and says he will surely land them. There is little doing in protective matters this week, though word comes up from Springfield, that the sportsmen's bill is reported favorably by the joint committee of the legislature and is now before the house. The present committee have been very fair and courageous with the sportsmen all through this fight, and if the latter do not win in all they ask they will not feel that they have had churlish treatment at least. Blow, the renegade warden, persists in saying now that he is the sportsmen's friend, but his words have very small weight with the shrewder ones, who believe that one "flop" does not square a lot of unfaithfulness.

THE SEAL SKIN INDUSTRY.

From San Francisco one learns that the Alaska Commercial Co., the tidy trust which controls the fur seal trade, have been paying dividends of $800 on the $100 share, par value. for the last five years. Thus we learn why one's best girl finds it difficult to wear the skin of the fur seal. These fabulous profits, say the despatches, are creating some stir on the public mind, the latter having been taught to believe there was no profit in this monpoly. A little law suit developed the facts. Meantime from Washington comes the advice that the Treasury department is fixing up the regulations for the Commercial Company for the coming season. The number of skins to be taken will probably be set at 20,000, the same as last year. Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian Minister of Justice, has resigned, and this pleases the Americans who want the seals protected, as Sir Charles seems to have had it in for the seals, and was opposed to measures looking toward stringent protection. Meantime the price of sealskin cloaks will continue to remain bove the reach of honest newspaper men in the lower walks of life. A good many of us will thus be barred out of the Patriarchs ball at New York, who would otherwise be fitted to adorn that assemblage. At least, I suppose they wear sealskin there, for it comes high.

SHOOTING NOTE.

The Œdipus of Sophocles, a Greek play, popular 400 years B. C., was performed last week in Chicago by Beloit college students in the Greek language. Sophocles was a great sportsman. There is not much other shooting news here this week.

BASS IN THE SUNNY SQUTH.

Mr. A. M. Nicholson, of Orlando, Florida, sends in the word that in four days last week he caught thirty-seven bass, fishing only a little while each evening, in Lake Eola. One bass weighed ten pounds, and it is gravely stated as matter of praise, that it was landed in one and a half minutes by the angler, who used a Cincinnati bass hook and a single strand of Barbour's linen thread, though I don't just know what that may be. If anyone up here caught a ten-pound bass he would fight him all day, clear into the stilly night, and the oftener he told about it the longer the fight would be. So far as I know, seven pounds two ounces is top weight for bass in the waters of this vicinity, and that is a great excess over the average weight. Yet they do say that in Florida the bass grow to be twenty-five pounds in weight, which is very discouraging to a Northern man of any ambition as a fisherman.

ONE CLOCK AHEAD.

Some time ago the Spratts Patent Co. sent out to this address a very pretty little glass clock with the name of their firm on the dial. The name of Mr. B. Waters was on the outside of the box, but Mr. Waters having retired to a quiet life in the village of New York, in the neighborhood of the Forest and Stream kennel department, he never got this clock at all, and at this writing he does not seem apt to do so. It is a pretty good clock. Nothing that comes into this office ever gets away. Gentlemen wishing clocks forwarded would better call in person, and they will always find us disposed to argue the matter in a perfectly fair way.

THOUSANDS OF QUAIL SET FREE.

The tribune of this city in its issue of March 26, has the following interesting and singular item in regard to which I wish we had fuller report. "Guthrie, Oklahoma, March 26.—The game law recently passed by the Legislature was put into effect yesterday. On the Rock Island road, near Chickasaw, officers discovered 5,000 quail being shipped in transit to St. Louis. After breaking the boxes that contained the birds the doors of the cars were opened and the meadows and fields fairly swarmed with game for a while. The birds had been trapped in the Chicasaw country.'

The number of quail trapped and shipped out of Arkansas and the Indian nations in the past ten years would probably run into the millions. The public has no idea of the tremendous extent of game destruction caused by the insatiate markets. I have known of an order from a Boston house to a Chicago firm asking for 300,000 quail. The figures of game actually killed and consumed would appal even a reader who is not a sportsman. Of course, such figures cannot long endure, for the game will soon be gone, even from such remote points as Oklahoma. Let us hope that the new law of the territory will always be as vigorously enforced as in the above instance.

But suppose the Western States and territories do make the best laws they can to protect their game. The premium for its destruction by illegal methods still exists so long as the great markets like Chicago, New York and

Boston remain open. The Eastern markets are even worse than Chicago, and if the sportsmen of the East are doing anything to regulate the Boston and New York markets, we see no record of it in the papers. We are having something of a fight out here at Chicago, and the fight is doing good. What are Boston and New York doing? What is Providence, Rhode Island doing? where so many prairie chickens are on sale this winter. I ask the gentlemen of the East to remember that these 5,000 quail were headed East. Not all of them would have stopped in St. Louis or Chicago, perhaps. Chicago sells trainloads of game to New York and so does St. Louis, and New York retail, it in the most shameless fashion. If the sportsmen of New York, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis will all work together, they may yet have something to do with setting free. or keeping free, many another thousand quail in the remotest districts of the West.

PROPOSED TEXAS LAW.

The brethren of the craft in the big state of Texas are wide awake this winter, and are right in line with a sportsmen's bill, which has been having a good backing. Mr. Bortree, president of the National Association, lays before me some correspondence he has from friends at Austin, including a copy of the corrected bill. The proposed Texas measure is an excellent one, and if it becomes a law, will have interest for all shooters South and North. Its main features are "a close season on quail from April to September, the prohibiting of the netting of quail, prohibiting night shooting at water-fowl, prohibiting killing antelope between January and first of August, prohibiting of having game in possession during close season, and the absolute prohibition of killing, capturing or taking any animal, game bird, water fowl or other bird protected by the game laws, or any snipe or plover, for the purpose of carrying or shipping the same out of this State, or for the purpose of sale or barter out of this State." It is also unlawful for any express or railroad company to take game for shipment out of the State.

The above bill has passed the Senate and has received a favorable report from the house committee. Its friends are very confident that it will become a law. If it does so the sportsmen of the country will have great cause of congratulation, for the traffic in Texas and other markets is a great and growing one. For long years the game of Texas has been held too abundant to be held worth protection, and the laws of the State have been lax and laxly enforced. To see this great commonwealth of the South swinging into line with a sportsmens' measure of so advanced a type, is certainly a pleasure, and if this bill becomes a law it will be one of the great accomplishments of the present active season in protective matters all over the West and South.

909 Security Building, Chicago., E. HOUGH.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

How far-reaching the influence of an exhibition devoted to the sportsmen of this country will be, will depend greatly upon the general support given it by the persons for whom it is held, as well as the public generally. It is reasonable to believe that the holding of an exposition in which all the paraphernalia used by the sportsmen is exhibited, and the gathering of the sportsmen themselves at the same time, cannot fail to accomplish great good. The board of trustees of the association has shown a commendable devotion to the work in their hands, are working with energy and originality. The task of getting together such exhibits as will be representative and cover all the departments is well-nigh completed. The list of exhibitors has been extended during the past week, and includes such firms as Charles Scribner's Sons, Burgess Gun Co., Hulbert Bros. & Co., W. W, Hart, B. N. Norris, The Ideal M'f'g Co., The Tie Co., Pieper Gun Co., Obrig Camera Co., and Cornwall & Jesperson.

The trustees have been offered for exhibition a very valuable collection of old fire arms and weapons, the property of N. Spering, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa., containing forty or more pieces; among them a Moorish flint-lock gun, very old; flint-lock hunting rifle over 100 years old, barrel forty-nine inches long; three flint-lock guns from Revolutionary period; flint-lock carbine and powder horn, used during Revolutionary war; double-barrel, flint-lock fowling piece; muzzle-loading double-barrel hammerless shot-gun; breech-loading rifle, Hall patent, 1831, altered from flint to perc. lock; revolver captured from British during Crimean war; Maynard revolver, 1845, muzzle-loading, uses tape caps; muzzle-loading pistol, hammer on underside of barrel; Indian arrows and bows, and stone axe-head.

Charles Scribner's Sons will also make a very large exhibit of beautiful tinted plates of sporting scenes. Also their collection of game fishes of America and their sporting publications. Another large collection will consist of sixty oil paintings of game fishes of this country, of a very high artistic merit, and are loaned by the artists. Others loans of a more or less important nature are also coming in from time to time, which will serve to make the display very attractive.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

WATER AT LAST.

For the first time in many years Mitchell's Lake, the favorite hunting resort of San Antonio sportsmen, is brim full of water, wherein the haughty canvas back can once more indulge in a foot bath and, together with his red-headed congener, dive into the murky depths in search of succulent bulbs or an unlucky inhabitant of the deep.

To say that the heavy rains which have lately deluged this section were well received is putting it very mildly. Once more Southwest Texas has donned her green habiliments, until from the Colorado to the Rio Bravo she looks like a St. Patrick's day procession. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, water fowl of all species are plentiful on that famous bottom. There is a splendid flight of ducks morning and evening, and about 300 acres of as fine snipe ground as ever a scolopax stuck his bill into.

A BAD SNAKE.

Mr. J. R. Tendick, accompanied by a young man named Barrera, who acted as guide, took a trip to Mitchell's Lake, early this month, in search of wild fowl. During the day Barrera stooped to pick up a quail which he had killed, and which had fallen near a bunch of cactus, when a monster rattlesnake struck at and hit him on the bare wrist. Barrera started to run, when the reptile once more plunged its venomous fangs into the fleshy part of his leg. The victim yelled for help and fell to the earth where Fendick found him in a semi-conscious condition. Meanwhile the rattler had quickly glided to his hole. The sick man was brought to San Antonio in a bad condition and placed in Santa Rosa hospital, where he lay at the point of death for several days. By careful nursing his life was saved, and as these lines are written I learn that he is convalescent and will be about his business in a few days.

The sixteenth annual meet of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association will take place in San Antonio beginning May 13, and will continue five days. Elaborate preparations for the coming event are being made by the local sportsmen, and the indications are that the tournament will be largely attended.

AT LAST.

For once in its lifetime the Senate of the great Lone Star State has caused an additional brilliancy to the glorious emblem of this boundless empire. Through the efforts of P. J. Lewis, the celebrated tarpon killer, the Senate has passed a bill which prohibits the shipment of game out of the State; makes possession of game during close season prima facie evidence of guilt, and in fact gives sportsmen pretty much what they ought to want. The bill has not yet passed the house, but I am assured by our representative that it will become a law. Please give "Texas and the Southwest" a credit mark.

TEXAS FIELD.

They Killed Her With Clubs.

I inclose clipping from Daily Times of March 20. The story divested of the reporter's superfluos verbiage, is substantially correct, but what will most interest Forest and Stream readers is the fact that, while three of the cubs are a jet black, the fourth is a light gray color, quality and texture of coat are the same as the others. A marked difference, however, appears in the eyes of the gray cub, being a pale blue instead of a brilliant black, as in the others. The cubs are in possession of Edwin Young, manager Eden Musee, of this city.

The clipping is substantially as follows:

"David Koegh and Andrew Yeckley, of Gallitzin, were in the city yesterday and to a Times reporter they related a thrilling tale of an encounter with a she animal of the genus Ursus americanus in an isolated portion of the Loop Run mountain, near Tipton's mine, in Cambria County, on Sunday last. Three frolicsome cubs with a lease on life of about six weeks were produced in evidence of the veracity of the story told by the men. Two of the little animals were of the ordinary black species, but the third one is really a freak of nature. The little fellow s coat is of a light grayish cast and he said to be the first of its kind ever captured east of the Mississippi river.

"Koegh and his companions were returning to Gallitzin from a visit to Fallen Timber by the way of Tipton's mines. They had traversed the distance through the mountains to a point within about three miles of the latter place when they were dumbfounded to see just ahead of them in the trail which they were following a monster black bear. The bear had evidently sighted them first, for before they could recover themselves bruin had charged on the intruders with a mad rush.

"Being unarmed, the chances were against Koegh and Yeckly, but, grasping clubs that lay on the ground at their feet, bruin's charge was met by a blow from a club in the hands of Koegh. To escape was next to impossible, as the men were handicapped by the snow, which took them up to their knees, and, now that the bear was thoroughly infuriated by Koegh's action, the only remedy was to fight it out.

"Yeckley, in his haste to grasp a club, stumbled and fell, and was about to be caught by the frenzied bear, when a heavy blow, struck by Koegh, hindered bruin's progress, which allowed Yeckley to regain his feet.

"Now began a terrific battle, which lasted half an hour. Men and bear alike were desperate and both sides fought to conquer. The bear charged and recharged, but each time was driven back by the men, who were almost ready to sink to the earth from exhaustion when the plucky bear, overwhelmed by defeat, turned and fled, disappearing in the underbrush, which at the place of the fight was profuse.

"Koegh and Yeckley then resumed their tramp toward Gallitzin, but had only gone a hundred yards when they came upon the cubs, which were snugly enclosed in the underbrush. Each of the men grasped two of the baby bears and placed them in captivity." H. F. C.

From time to time stories come from Pennsylvania of grizzly bears supposed to have been killed there. The only character different from those of the black bear (Ursus americanus) are assigned to these supposed grizzly bears, is color; and this as is well known, is of no specific value in the bears. Black bears are found of many different colors, but they all belong to the same species.

If the story of the killing of this bear is true it is remarkably interesting.

An Afternoon in Louisiana.

In the Fall of '93 I found it necessary to go South on account of my health. Fortunately my brother lived on a plantation in Lousiana, and I decided to pay him a visit. As the quail were plentiful, I spent most of my time hunting. My brother's setter Queen was a fine dog, and if there were any birds around she would find them. At first, my shooting was very poor, but toward the last I managed to do fairly well.

On the afternoon in question, I started about 3 o'clock, and had been gone 15 minutes, when Queen made a pretty point in some brown sedge near a fence row. At the rise, I got one. The rest of the bevy scattered nicely down the fence row, and I managed to get four more, much to my satisfaction, as five were about as many as I usually bagged. In the next field I flushed two coveys. One of them got away into the woods without losing a feather. The other settled on the edge of a briar patch, and I almost decided to give them up. Queen came to a point just short of the briars, and much to my surprise and satisfaction, I found they had stopped in the sedge just short of the briars. And as they rose singly or in pairs I managed to get six.

As I now had eleven birds, I started home by another route. Before going very far Queen set another covey. Just as I got within good range they rose. I let them have only one barrel, and two fell. As the covy went to the woods, I did not follow them. I had scarcely gone fifty yards further, when Queen came to another point. As it was so close to where the other covey rose, I thought she had found a straggler, but in this I was mistaken, for it was another covey. When they rose I again fired only one barrel, and again two birds fell. As this gave me a bag of 15 quail, I went home well satisfied with the afternoon's work, and my record of four quail in two consecutive shots. H. A. P.

The Growth of the Idea.

IRVING, Mich., March 5, Editor Forest and Stream:—I have had several chats with the leading sportsmen of Hastings, our county seat, and Middleville, regarding the Forest and Stream plank: Stop the sale of game.

On one occasion, while at Hastings, I overheard a gentleman, who as I afterward found out has never read our great paper, remark: "Let everybody that cares for shooting, kill what he wishes to eat and no more, when the law is off, and stop selling game," to which I replied: "That is right."

"Ah," he replied, "I have a convert already." "Not so," I answered, "for Forest and Stream taught me that some time ago."

Right there we became acquainted, agreeing that stopping the sale of game was the right way to replenish.

Working of the N. Y. Deer Law.

Three hounds from the town of Moriah drove a fine specimen of buck deer into the Bouquet Valley on Saturday. The dogs were caught off on the Laughlin Mountain but the deer came down to the Hunter's Home, several witnessing his approach to civilization. One of the hounds wore a collar on which appeared the word Hero, and also the owner's name and address, which was Mineville, N.Y. These dogs were closing in on the deer when two Elizabethtown men, who happened to be working in the woods, caught them and saved the life of the frightened animal. We actually believe the owner of the dog wearing the collar is a law-abiding citizen and does not want his dog to engage in chasing deer out of season. Such being the case, we feel that he will in the future take pains to see that his dog is properly housed, especially at this season of the year when the condition of the snow renders it well nigh impossible for a deer to keep out of the way of a dog. We hope and trust that the matter will receive the immediate attention of the owners of the dogs referred to.—Elizabethtown Post.

Jacksnipe Here.

YONKERS, N. Y., March 28.—The first and only Wilson snipe to arrive in this vicinity was bagged yesterday in the Saw Mill River valley by one of our local gunners. The bird was very wild, and would not lie for a dog to point. It was in fine condition.

A large flock of wild geese passed over my house late last night, going northward, and they seemed somewhat bewildered by the gale which was blowing at the rate of fifty miles an hour. J. WARING, Jr.

Sea and River Fishing.

FLY-FISHING AT NIGHT.

That trout will rise to the artificial fly at night—no matter how dark it may be—there seems to be no doubt of, whatever. At least, my experience in the old country tends to prove it. During a few days' sojourn on the Wharf in Yorkshire, England, I found the river so low and clear that no amount of coaxing could produce a rise during the day time, and we had to resort to "bobbing" with the natural fly, which consists in hiding yourself on a bank behind the bushes, poking your rod through and allowing a natural fly to skip on the top of the water—which, by the way, is considered tantamount to poaching in those parts.

On the advice of some old anglers, I there tried fishing with the artificial fly late at night, and in two instances did it with fair success, although the nights were very dark, and the flies used of the smallest pattern and of the most unobtrusive colors.

It is my opinion that the fish take the fly at night, not by sight, but that they are attracted to it by the commotion it causes when falling on the water, however lightly it may be cast. At least, it seems to me illogical to suppose that if they saw by night as well as in the day time, the same unfavorable conditions prevailing during the day would not equally obtain at night.

In this country I have made fair catches of black bass with the artificial fly at night time—in fact, there are rivers on which, according to my own experience, it is quite useless to cast a fly until the sun sinks behind the horizon, and from that time up to midnight I have had good sport, both casting and trolling with the fly.

I have had at one time some very fine sport of this kind on the Oswego River, where it would be quite useless to start in before from 5 to 5.30 o'clock p. m., but from that time on, up to 10 or 11 o'clock, the fish would keep rising all about us, and frequently it was so dark that we could not see, but only hear a rising fish, and had to cast for him by sound.

Popular belief is very strong in favor of a white fly (miller) for night fishing, but as far as my experience goes, I have not found it any more successful than any other fly. This is entirely in keeping with my theory, that it is the vibration of the water caused by the dropping of the fly on the surface that attracts the fish, and not the sight of it.

In cases where fish are caught at night with bait—as on set lines—I believe that it is the scent of the bait that guides them. Of course I do not contend that fish do not see at night time, but doubtless their vision is much obscured—if this were not the case, how could we account

for the fact that they are so much bolder at night than in the day time.

COLEBROOK, N. H., March 17.—I have had fine sport at Diamond Ponds after the day's pleasure, supper and camp work was done, fly-fishing at night. Amos Cummings and myself would attach a couple of light, attractive flies to our leaders, run our boat out to some good point, set a reflector lamp on the bow of the boat, thus throwing the light on the water; we would stand in the stern, in rear of the light; this would give us exciting sport, and as a rule, larger fish taken than in daytime.

Charles Perry, an old trapper and guide, told me he had fine sport fishing the same way at Third Connecticut Lake.

Diamond Ponds are on the Maine Central Railroad, the station Colebrook, N. H. A nice camp is kept by M. B. Noyes, a genial host. The ponds afford fine trout fishing, as no other fish inhabit the waters. G. A. G.

The several articles which have recently appeared in Forest and Stream in relation to night fishing for trout have contained much of interest to me, for one of those "epsodes" which come to everyone which follows the fascinating sport of trout fishing, came to me in the night. This is the story:

Only a few years ago I ran across what is known among the boys as a "snap." I was living at the time in Worcester, and together with as persistent and enthusiastic a crowd of anglers as any city can boast, had whipped about every stream, large and small, within a radius of thirty miles, until courage was about exhausted.

Then I ran across a good thing, and I didn't do a thing to it but fish it. Starting out at midnight, and returning twenty-four hours later, I kept the matter of where I go 'em,etc., pretty well inside the family, and I did get 'em every time I went after them. And such beauties! The boys nearly had a fit when I showed them a basketful that would average a pound apiece on my return one night.

The next spring I fixed it up to take a friend with me, and that's how I happen to have this experience. The first time we visited my "snap" it was beastly cold, and up to noon we did nothing, so we planned another trip, this time leaving town on an evening train and driving the last half of the way.

This brought us to the brook about 3 a. m., and not wishing to disturb our friend, the farmer who usually lies abed as late as 3.30, or, on Sundays, even till 4, we drove down a cross-road that crossed the stream to see how the water was. The night was still and warm, and the moon, which was growing pale, gave just light enough to make out the condition of the water. All signs seemed to be right. As we stood on the bridge, ten or twelve feet above the water, looking down into the "big hole" we noticed a tremendous wake shoot across it. Visions of a monster trout, of course, filled my mind, but Oliver would not have it. "Trout! You're crazy, that's a muskrat. A trout to leave a wake like that would weigh five pounds."

Now Oliver has a way of passing judgment on things, that leaves no room for further argument unless you know him about as well as I do, and the wake appearing again just at this time, I made a frantic dash under the buggy seat for my heavy rod and reel.

I jointed up and felt the line through the guides, you could hardly see the rod, and attaching a No. 2 sneck well covered with nicely scoured "enticers," I stepped onto the bridge just in time to see a trout of about one-half pound roll up to the surface. But, holy smoke! what jumped then? "There," said Oliver, "there's your trout just jumped off the bank. Trout! I thought you had fished long enough to know a trout from a rat!"

Well, that last speech had weakened me a little, but I had seen the small one for sure, so I dropped in, and almost immediately felt him. I let him have it, and very meekly said to Oliver, "I've got him already."

"Got him? Got nothing! Put him right up here on the bridge where we can see him. That's what I'd do if I had him. I'd put him right up here on the bridge."

Of course, that's not the way to handle a trout, not in the daylight, at least, but I didn't know much about trout fishing at night then. Oliver is also very impetuous. He does things with a dash. His strokes are all bold ones. That's his way, and that's why he is such a prince of good fellows to shoot or fish with. To make any impression on him you must do your work on impulse, something out of the regular, and I just itched to derrick that trout about forty feet into the air and "right up on the bridge." I knew I had a strong rig throughout, so I grasped the rod and line just above the reel and taking up the slack, I braced myself and hove a mighty heave, expecting to see a half-pound trout soar the length of my line, but I didn't. I did, however, see a trout come out of the water about four feet and fall back with the dullest "sickeningest" thud I ever heard. If a Newfoundland dog had fallen off the bridge he wouldn't have made more of a splash. Oliver said he would have weighed five pounds if an ounce, but I didn't say anything at all just then. I had parted a leader of good salmon gut, and lost the largest trout I was ever fast to. Later in the day we were again at the "big hole," Oliver on the bridge and I down on the bank just beneath him. Suddenly a figure sailed over my head and landed in the grass, while wild shouts of "landing net! quick! quick! with the landing," explained the trouble, but he was only a one and one-half-pounder.

As a farmer, who came down to learn the cause of the shouts, remarked, "Well, he's quite a nice one, but he ain't the old big one that lies under the bridge. Lots o' people had hold on him, but the' can't no one get him out." And I knew it well as he did. But you can see how Oliver "put him right up onto the bridge" when he had hold of him. Not! That's quite a while ago, and I have not been able to get the old rascal yet, but I still have hopes.

They'll rise all right at night if you approach them right, and that's not all I've learned about night-fishing, but it's enough for now.

BOSTON, Mass., March 21. C. H. MORSE.

Salmon Fishing For Sale.

Freehold on the best fishing waters of the Southwest Mirimichi River (Burnt Hills). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York City.—Adv.

NOTES OF AN ANGLER.

It has often been noticed that the same kind of fish cannot be caught in the same way in different localities. Whether it is because of the different kinds of food they are accustomed to is a matter of conjecture, but the fact remains. It sometimes seems as if fish become educated up to a particular way of being caught.

In a town in northern Massachusetts, near the New Hampshire border, the writer was once passing his summer vacation with a party of friends. The brooks and ponds of the neighborhood were pretty thoroughly explored by us, and fair fishing obtained. One day our wanderings led us to a brook of moderate size, with plenty of rocks and pools, clear as crystal, and just the place in which trout love to hide. We got down from our wagon, hitched our horse, and made ready our rods and lines, with every prospect of a successful afternoon's fishing. The brook ran along through the woods a few rods away from a farm house, and as we were arranging how we should work the stream, the owner of the farm came sauntering up with that lazy curiosity characteristic of his kind. After passing the greetings of the day, we entered into conversation, and our talk naturally fell on the subject of fishing. He said there were plenty of fish in the ponds and streams round about, and that he never failed to get a good string out of the very brook by which we were standing. We asked if he had any objection to our trying the stream. "Lord bless ye! no. But heow ye goin' to ketch 'em?" We showed him our rods and lines, which he examined with a quizzical look on his face. "I don't think ye'll ketch nary trout with them 'ere contrivances; not in this brook, that's sartain." Nevertheless, we thought we could, and we started off to work the brook, confident in our ability to get the fish if there were any. However, at the end of two hours of hard work we had to confess ourselves beaten, and back we trudged to the wagon, our efforts all for naught. As we were harnessing up, the old farmer again approached us. "Wal, what luck?" We told him and an amused smile broke over his face, as if to say, "Didn't I tell ye so?" We told him that we didn't believe there was a single trout in his brook, or that there ever had been any, for we certainly had seen no signs of them. "Oh! yes, there be, but 'taint everybody that knows how to ketch 'em. I've seen lots o' city folks come here jes' like you've done, with all these 'ere fancy riggins, an' knowin' all about trout, an' never ketch a one. They're fine fishermen they think, but somehow or other the fish don't seem to bite for 'em."

We were a little piqued at his remarks, for we had always had our share of luck, and flattered ourselves that we were not wholly ignorant of trout-fishing. However, curious to know something of his methods and the reason for our not getting even a rise, we asked him to tell us the secret about the fish in his particular brook. "Waal," said he, "there's nuthin' like knowin' the ways of the fish, and studyin' 'em. There is plenty o' trout in that there stream, but they don't notice nary hook and line. When I want a mess o' fish, I jes' take a tin pail an' a stick, an' I hold the meouth o' the pail in front of the hole where the trout ought ter be, an' poke the stick in the hole, an' the crittur comes out inter the pail jes' as nice as can be."

It was in vain that we tried to convince him that his method was unsportsmanlike; when he went fishing, he went to fish, not to "come the scientific with fancy riggins."

In tramping about through the woods of Tahiti, I came to a shaded pool, a bath in whose clear, cool waters was most refreshing after the heat of the day. The pool along the banks was filled with numbers of ula, or prawns of large size, and I was at once attracted by the prospect of future toothsome dishes of these delicious shell-fish. When a youngster, I had caught all my shrimps for smelt bait in the salt marshes near Boston, using a long-handled scoop-net. As these ula were nothing but shrimps of larger size, I soon perfected my plans for the morrow, when I intended to make a descent on the pool. On reaching the village, I got an old sailor to rig me up a net with a good stout handle, and the next forenoon I started on my tramp for the pool, carrying a good-sized basket for the fish, of which I had no doubt I should bring back a goodly number. My native friends, as I passed, inquired what I was going to do, and on being told, expressed doubt as to my success. But I knew what I was about, and in the evening on my return, I would show them that I knew how to catch fish. I reached the pool, and saw the ula, as before, in great numbers, hanging on to the banks, a foot or two beneath the surface, and almost motionless in the water. I dipped my net carefully and steadily, anticipating a rich haul, but no sooner had the net gotten within an inch of the creatures, than off like lightning they darted. Again and again I tried, but with no success, and I had to return to the village, beaten and empty handed. My friends were on the lookout for me, and good-naturedly rallied me on my failure. They told me their way of catching the prawns, but I could not see why my own way should not have been successful, unless, as I prefaced, the prawns were accustomed to the native method, and found my way novel and strange. When a dish of ula is wanted, the women catch them with a running noose made of plaited fibre of cocoanut husk. The loop is lowered over the tail of the fish, and with a quick jerk the fisher lands her prey. I am convinced that in no other way can the ula of Tahiti be caught.

A great delicacy with the Samoans is the palolo, or seaworm, a small stringy creature that visits the islands once a year. Its appearance is usually after full moon in November, and the time of its coming is accurately calculated by the natives. The palolo comes to the surface of the water in vast numbers an hour or two before sunrise, and disappears when the first rays of light break above the eastern horizon. A twelve-month elapses before it comes again, and the brief interval of its stay is devoted by the natives to a fishing excursion in which every able-bodied person, young and old, takes part Canoes and boats of every description are pressed into the service, and long before daylight the waters about the reef-openings and entrances to the harbors are alive with a clamoring, shouting crowd, supplied with baskets, and vessels of all kinds, with which to scoop up the highly-prized morsels. The flickering lights of candle nuts and torches made the scene a highly picturesque one. A couple of hours before sunrise the palolo begins to ascend from the clear depths below; a writhing, solid mass of worms of various colors, eagerly squirming upward to get their yearly glimpse of the outer world. Then follows a commotion and uproar of voices as the myriads appear at the surface; every beast and basket is plied, and every hand is busy reaping a rich harvest. As the sun's disc comes above the eastern waters, the wriggling mass slowly sinks till lost to sight among the coral branches below. Then the canoes turn shoreward with their precious catch, and the day is given over to feasting and rejoicing. Presents of palolo are sent, carefully wrapped in green leaves, to friends in distant parts of the islands—a delicate attention, and one that is highly appreciated by the receipients.

Uncooked, the palolo would hardly prove an appetizing dish to a foreigner, but when boiled it is by no means unsavory. J. B. BRIGGS.

MAINE NOTES.

Mr. Henry Pierce, of the King and Bartlett camps, Maine, has just returned from a short visit to his preserve. He went in with Mr. O. W. Whitcomb and friends of Farmington, Maine, and the party had some very good sport while away. A number of togue was caught through the ice at Big Spencer Lake, the largest one weighing twelve pounds, was brought out with them. Although the King and Bartlett preserve is already noted for its abundance of fish and game, a strong effort is now being made to multiply and restock it. The main camps are beautifully situated on the shores of King and Bartlett lakes, and into this sheet of water have recently been placed 225,000 trout eggs. Into Little King Lake, about one mile from the camp, they have put 15,000 salmon eggs, in addition to 700 yearling salmon put in the same lake last fall. A new fish hatchery has been built, and other improvements to be added this spring are a large and roomy family cabin at the main camp, and also a new camp at the right of the outlet of the lake some distance away, for the accommodation of any party of sportsmen desiring to locate in the woods away from other visitors. A number of maps of this county are in existence, all seeming more or less imperfect in tracing the trails and giving the distance from point to point where good fishing may be had. Mr. Leow Keach, of Boston, recognizing this fact, has lately produced a map, which, in the opinion of the writer (who spent some time on the preserve last fall) is a model of accuracy, and will be of great benefit to visiting sportsmen. Horseshoe, Parker—noted for its deer—and big Spencer Lake, with the trails leading thereto, are faithfully outlined. And Spencer stream, one of the most famous places in Maine for brook trout, is traced in all its windings through the preserve.

In the debate on the trout bill in the Legislature on Thursday of week before last, the Massachusetts Fish and Game, Somerset and Megantic clubs had to take a severe scoring about their alleged sensitiveness on the subject of liver fed trout, from the lips of Mr. Atwood, of Plymouth. If organized sportsmen do not oppose this measure, where can the opposition to it be looked for?

Quite an opposition to the Megantic Club has shown itself at times in that section of Maine lying near the preserve. The acts of the corporation have been unjustly criticised, and individual members have been scored through motives not altogether creditable, coming from those who have received benefits. That the club is a distinct benefit to the people living near the preserve is shown by the treasurer's report just issued. This report shows a larger amount in receipts and expenditures during the past year than ever before in the history of the club. When possible, supplies have been purchased from store-keepers near by, in that way giving them the profits of the business. There have been expended for supplies and wages during the year, either on the preserve or in its close vicinity, $9,000. In addition to this, over $5,000 have been paid by individual members to guides and others for personal services. These figures are careful estimates taken from the club books and speak for themselves; certainly they do not show that the corporation has been a detriment to the surrounding country. The club will soon issue a new and elaborate report, devoted to illustrations of camps and preserves in general. Dues for the coming year have been fixed at $20. Of this amount, $15 will be applied to running expenses, and the balance ($5) toward the payment for land recently purchased on Big Island Pond. HACKLE.

ANGLING NOTES.

SPAWNING OF RAINBOW TROUT.

A State Fish Commissioner, writing under date of March 5, says: 'We have received from the U. S Fish Commission 100,000 rainbow trout eggs, and they are hatching at the present time with our native brook trout eggs, while the parent rainbow trout that we have in the ponds at the station do not spawn until the middle of this month. Are there two varieties of rainbow trout, or what is the cause of this variation in the time of spawning? There is but one species of the rainbow trout which Jordan has declared to be the young of the steel-head trout, once called steel-head salmon, but the rainbow is most variable in its spawning habit. It is called a spring or summer spawning trout, and it does, as a rule, spawn between January and June, depending upon the water in which it is found, although it has been said that in various parts of California it may be found spawning during every month of the twelve. "The first of these trout that were brought to this State began to spawn in March and continued to spawn until the last of May, and as little was then known by Eastern anglers about the habits of the rainbow, the facts concerning the spawning were spread abroad and formed a basis for all future calculations as to the spawning time of the fish. Special laws were enacted to make an open season for the fish different from that of other trout, but since that time the habits of the rainbow seem to have changed and have conformed so nearly to the habits of the native brook trout that the two species have been crossed. In my opinion it is a waste of time and money to propagate the rainbow trout for the purpose of stocking Eastern streams, as in a majority of cases when the fish have

been so planted they have disappeared for good after their second year. Even in ponds where they can be confined to prevent their escape, they are not regarded as the equal of our native brook trout. I have long had a desire to see the black-spotted trout of the Rocky Mountains (S. Neykiss) tried in Eastern waters, if any of the Western fish are to be introduced, but the more I learn about the fish the more I feel that we should be satisfied with the fish native to our waters and the brown trout. The black spotted trout is a summer spawning fish, spawning from the first of May to the middle of June, and like the rainbow, a smaller percentage of the eggs is hatched than is the case with our native trout. The highest percentage of eggs of the black-spotted that I have seen given as good is seventy-five, but I have also seen that as low as forty per cent. only have been hatched. The eggs of this fish hatch in from twenty to thirty days.

PIKE PERCH AND WALL-EYED PIKE.

A gentleman asked me if there was any difference between a pike perch and a wall-eyed pike, and when I said no, he told me that he would write me a note asking the same question, and he would like an answer over my name. Therefore, I say again, there is no difference between a pike-perch and a wall-eyed pike. The pike-perch, which is the proper name of the fish, is also called wall-eyed pike, glass eye, blue pike, dory, horn fish, green pike, jack and jack salmon. There are two members of the pike-perch family, and the other than the one I have mentioned is the jauger or sand pike, very like the pike-perch in appearance, but a fish that does not grow to exceed fifteen inches in length.

FOREST AND STREAM AND THE GAME CODE.

The Forest and Stream arrives in Albany about 11 o'clock in the forenoon on Wednesdays. Last Wednesday the journal was on time, and a few hours later Senator Donaldson had his attention called to the suggestion in these columns about giving the fish commissioners power to close brooks in which they had planted fish long enough to establish the fish planted. This is something that has heretofore been regulated by supervisor's laws. The suggestion met with the approval of the author of the game code, and the next day an amendment was prepared to change the bill in this respect. This will really be an improvement upon the supervisors' laws for the same purpose, as the supervisors met but once a year and always some months after the fish are planted. Such power in the hands of the New Hampshire commissioners has been of great benefit in stocking new waters with fish.

RAILROADS AND FISHING.

To-day the angler is greatly dependent upon the railroads of the land for the means of reaching his fishing, and the railroads realize that good fishing on or beyond their lines is a source of profit to them.

By referring to the reports of the U. S. Fish Commissioner, it will be found that the railroads haul the fish commission cars free, thousands of miles each year; for instance, in 1892 the railroads gave the fish cars and their crews free transportation over 62,761 miles of road. For many years I have received free transportation over the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.'s Railroads for fish cars, cans, men, etc., and every facility has been offered by the officers when fish were to be planted on the line of, or beyond their road. It well deserves the name of the "Fishing Line," for a number of the general officers are fishermen, and the road has a very friendly feeling for fishermen, as for instance: Last year I was leaving Montreal with a box of ouananiche and wished to make sure that the fish would reach home when I did. I had telegraphed for a carriage to meet me on the main line and drive me home in the early morning. I supposed I would have to make some private arrangements with the train baggage man and asked for him in the station, but upon telling the station baggage man what I wanted he said: "I will check the fish for you to the point where you leave the road." He procured a strap, nailed it to the box, checked it, and when I reached home at 3 a. m. I had five ouananiche less than forty-eight hours out of the water to exhibit to my friends. The latest evidence that the D. & H. has given of its interest in fish and game protection, is an order issued by Mr. J. W. Burdick, the general passenger agent, which reads:

"Any employee of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company known to have intentionally violated the game and fish laws will be dismissed from the service of the company."

This order is far-reaching, as the road extends from Pennsylvania to Canada, through New York State, with a number of branches and leased lines. Mr. Burdick has set an example which, if followed by other of the railroads, will have a material effect upon checking illegal traffic in fish and game.

I happen to know that Mr. Burdick is a sportsman in the highest sense of the word, and thus he institutes an order which may make him the patron saint of the sportsmen of the future.

A. N. CHENEY.

TROUTING ON ELK RIVER.

"You grov'ling worldlings, you whose wisdom trades
Where light ne'er shot his golden wing."

I left Johnson City, Tennessee, July 1 for the trout country of Western North Carolina.

The day before the start was spent in preparation. This anticipatory period has always seemed to me one of the most enjoyable parts of the trip to the woods, for it is then expectation stands on tip-toe and imagination knows no master. With what feverish fingers we pick out this hackle, or that coachman! Holding it up to the light, we feel the barb, the feathers, and then closing our eyes, dream of quiet pools and shady places. An angler's outfit is of as much importance to him as a bride's is to her. I have hung over a large book of flies as lovingly as ever betrothed hung over her silks and laces. On this expedition I carried a seven-ounce bamboo rod, eleven feet long and in three joints. As a matter of precaution, I took along an extra tip. Next to the rod, I am most particular about the reel. It must be capable of song. I remember once, while standing below a saw-mill dam on a stream in North Carolina, an old mountaineer approached me. He had never seen a reel. I showed him mine, how it multiplied, and the advantage to be gained by its use. He heard me through, and then expressed himself as an anti-reel fisherman. During the conversation my fly had been dancing about in the most alluring way, now floating with the current, then skimming back over the surface, when quick as the lightning flashes, it was siezed and carried down stream. For twenty yards the line was taut, while clear and high, filling the little valley with sweetness, rang out the song of the reel.

"My friend," said the dweller in heights, "reckon you like that critter because she sings so pretty." Of course the reel must possess other good qualities, but this one first of all. The flies for this trip were the ordinary ones, those generally found in every trout angler's pack.

A month before the day of starting I had written Mr. S. M. Dugger, Banners Elk, N. C., about the fishing, asking whether the main stream, the Elk River, was high or low, and what luck the pioneers of the season had enjoyed. He reported a friend of mine as having taken a hundred trout in one day just three weeks before, while he himself had been nearly as successful. The river was low he said, but had water in plenty, and was not too clear.

Dugger lived a quarter of a mile from the bank of the Elk. In front of his house and gently sloping to the stream, was a meadow. Across the river was more meadow land, which stretched away to the dark forest, half a mile distant. Dugger allowed none but his own guests—for he kept a sort of anglers' inn—to fish in this meadow, and consequently the fishing was gratifyingly fine. Many a time in that quiet place have I filled my creel in an hour, and that hour before the sun had risen to the tops of the mountains which walled in the valley. It was not in this spot, however, I intended to fish this season.

Below the meadows the stream suddenly descends in a series of cascades, to a deep, narrow ravine. The trees here, white pine, hemlock, ash and birch, grow down to the water's edge, and sometimes meet overhead, completely shutting out the sky. The boulders are covered with moss, and on wet days, or when the saw-mill above is running and the water from the dam escapes freely, are very slippery. Mr. Dace, the owner of the land, had told me the fishing was good here, and kindly gave me free use of the stream.

Long before the sun had risen I was up and about, although I found myself not a little stiff because of the exceedingly rough roads I had come over the preceding afternoon, from Elk Park, where I left the railroad, to Duggers', a distance of ten miles. I saw Dugger had built a new house not far distant from the old one, and I thought to myself, he is profiting from us apostles of the art. Upon examination, I found the house to be almost entirely home made, all but the glass and iron work having been grown and manufactured on the little farm. The profits eked from angling sources seemed now meagre enough. The mountaineers are the true Democrats, for they possess the very life of Democracy, independence.

My shoes I found where I had left them the year before, in an old hollow apple tree. I prefer old shoes to rubber boots for wading. With thick, woolen socks and seamy shoes, my feet do not get sore, nor am I bothered with colds.

The walk through the meadows (for I purposely avoided the road) and down the bank of the river, over the boulders, was a wet one, the dew being very heavy, even for this latitude. The Elk had changed its course a little in the year I had been away, and in one place, where formerly had been a pool, was now a great pile of logs and sawmill refuse. I remember thinking at the time, how surprised some wanderer of a trout would be when he revisited the scenes of his childhood and found how completely his old home had been destroyed. For trout have homes and do year after year linger and abide in the same places. Why, I remember a hole in the old sheep pasture, where—but that's another story, and belongs elsewhere.

Some quarter of a mile below the log-jam, and two miles from Duggers', I began the work or sport, just as you please, of the day. The water at this place was comparatively quiet and slow, with here and there a bubble or fleck or foam, as a reminder of its recent rough treatment. Looking up stream I could see the last of the cascades, while below were little rapids and gently whirling pools. In places the sunlight broke through the foliage and lit up the dark surface of the waters. Out on the checkered surface of the pool, but not so lightly as desired, fell my brown hackle. Now, brown hackles are not the most tempting flies in the list, but for all times and places I prefer them. They are a sort of stand by with me, and a goodly number find their way into my book annually. I have used them with success in both the Rocky Mountain and Appalachian trout streams. In Northern New Mexico, along the Pecos River, I caught one fine morning in the season of 1890, a trout weighing nearly two pounds and a half with this fly. The particular fly used at that time I intend never using again, but to keep as a sort of souvenir. The most alluring-looking pools sometimes prove themselves great delusions. One would think to look at them they were trout palaces and parks, but upon examination it turns out that they hold not a fin. I have learned this to be true of things other than trout streams. Gently my fly floated up and down the stream, but there was no signs of Sir Trout or his family. Changing the hackle for a green drake, I again whipped the waters. There was a red bug floating around and around near the fly, and I was watching its feeble efforts to climb upon a leaf, when there was a splash up stream behind me. Turning about, like a pivot in its socket, on the boulder where I stood, I saw only a series of rapidly widening ripples, but it was enough. Quickly the drake left the pool and rested on the rapid waters some twenty feet above me. It was for an instant only. A flash of sunshine, a glitter of jewels, a surge through the water, a wild throb of the reel, a swish and a splash, a slow pulling in, a dip of the net, and he lay—Oh, the beauty! soft-cushioned in moss. He weighed just seventeen ounces.

I have noticed that the trout in these streams differ materially in shape. Now, for instance, this one was long and slender, while others I have caught were short and chubby. Thinking it was perhaps a sexual characteristic I made an examination and learned that it was not, as some males were short and thick as well as the females, and vice versa. I mentioned the matter to Dugger, who is very well informed upon such things, but he was unable to explain it to me.

Slipping the fish into the creel, I walked down stream for some dozen rods, where an old pine log hung out over a rapidly swirling pool. Crawling down to the end of the log, I seated myself astraddle of it, and began one of the most enjoyable half-hours of all my angling excursions. From up the valley came the sound of rushing water. On both sides was a thick growth of timber, with sunbeams darting here and there in the dark foliage. Above was the blue sky of this beautiful "Land of the Sky," below were little rapids and pools, while directly beneath me was a miniature maelstrom, the home, I felt sure, of a family or two of trout.

Adding a couple of hackles to the drake, I quietly dropped all three on the water. Surely a conference had been held in that place, and a plan of action agreed upon, for no sooner were those three flies on the water than as many trout seized each his fly and darted each in his own direction. Of course I was highly elated, but I must add, not a little astonished and confused. Perched as I was on that shaky log I could do practically nothing. It was a predicament entirely unforeseen. I am told that the hunter sometimes forgets to shoot, so fascinated is he with the movements of his prey. It was so with me in a sense, for I could do nothing but look.

How they made that water boil! Two of them I remember were in the air together, while the third acted as a sort of anchor for them, and in turn was similarly waited upon by the others. I wanted to be anywhere but on that log. Every movement I expected the loss of at least a part of the booty. Seizing the end of a broken limb I began crawling backward up the log, and to my great relief, soon stood on a big boulder about ten feet above the water. Now I could work. Slowly the catch was led to the right, out of the whirling water into a shallow ripple, and with the aid of the net soon lay on the pebbled shore.

Seating myself on a rock, I surveyed those trout for a full ten minutes. My heart was running over with joy. How often, brother angler, does it happen that a man lands his three at a time. They weighed a little over two pounds. From this pleasant place I walked down stream toward a spot Mr. Dace had told me afforded the choicest fishing on the river. Arriving there I found some boys in bathing. It looked as though they were tired of fishing and had sought to refresh themselves by a plunge. They had not seen me approach so engaged were they with their sport, and hiding myself in a thicket of rhododendron, I watched them with considerable interest for some time. I was much disappointed in finding them here though, for I had thought to make a strike worthy of remembrance.

Retracing my steps and passing the scenes of the morning's adventures, I floated my flies in a glassy bit of water near the mouth of Onorah Branch. Nothing happened at this spot worthy of note, except that I landed a remarkably short and broad trout weighing nine ounces. A little further up stream I unjointed my rod and following a widening mountain pathway was soon in the meadows and at Dugger's.

The nights are cold in that latitude, and a fire was kindled in the great fireplace directly after supper. What a pleasure it is to recline at ease in a soft arm chair and watch the shadows on the wall, and the glow of the coats, so ruddy. Then to cross one's legs and light one's pipe and read a romance old and racy. In this manner did I end the first day.

JAMIE L. KINGAN

Cape Cod Winter Notes.

While on a flying visit to Woods Holl, Mr. V. N. Edwards, of the Fish Commission, furnished me some of his recent observations upon the birds and fish of the locality. The unusual cold produced certain anomalies of distribution of animal life and led to the destruction of a great many common winter residents, especially among the fish.

During the night of Feb. 5, anchor frost first made its appearance. The temperature of the water dropped as low as twenty-eight and a half degrees. The spawning cod in the live boxes under the fish commission laboratory, and in the outside pools, were frozen as hard and stiff as if they had been out of water and thrown on ice. Shore fish, such as the chogset and tautog were seen lying on top of the ice in large numbers. Eels, with their usual sagacity, burrowed into the mud and escaped the widespread destruction, as far as heard from. Curiously enough, a lot of cod eggs in the hatchery, over which the same intensely cold water at twenty-nine degrees constantly flowed, were scarcely affected by the mixture of ice mush in which they were embedded. At this date (Feb. 23) they look as well as any other eggs in the boxes and nearly all of them will hatch.

Anchor frost is fatal to fish, but not at all injurious to the little animals called copepods, which are swarming now in the waters. Mr. Edwards has seen a great many strange things in the course of twenty years' collecting at Woods Holl, but he was surprised the other day upon bringing in a lump of ice which he found literally "alive" with those diminutive creatures.

These copepods form the natural food of certain young fishes now abundant in the icy waters of the harbor—fishes so small that even the ichthyologists are in doubt as to their identity. It is certain that some of the cod family are among them, as well as sculpins, eels and sand launce, but others are not recognizable.

WOODS HOLL, Mass., Feb. 23. T. H. B.

A Connecticut Fishing Club.

The Jewett City (Conn.) Piscatorial Club has recently been organized, and has for its object the stocking of streams and ponds within its territory with fry and yearling fish. It has a membership of fifty, and not a few prominent men of Norwich are enrolled upon its lists. The organization has been talked of and thought of for years, but at this time the fact of the swift decadence of the number of trout in our brooks and game and food fish in our ponds and reservoirs made it necessary to act at once. A new method of raising fry will be put in operation. It is also expected that white perch (a fish hitherto unknown in this immediate vicinity) will be introduced.

The officers elected at the first meeting are: President, Archie McNicol; Vice-President, J. H. Finn; Secretary, W. L. Sweet; Treasurer, C. W. Reynolds; Executive Committee, A. A. Young, Jr., L. F. Kinney, F. L. Leavitt, C. H. Fanning, D. P. Chabot. Committee on bait—C. H. Fanning.

MATERIALS FOR FLY-TYING.

The article entitled A Fly-Fisher's Gossip, in last week's Forest and Stream, has brought us a number of inquiries as to the various materials which are used in tying artificial flies. These inquiries are so numerous and so various that it is impossible for us to answer them all, and we are obliged to refer those interested in the subject to Mr. Keene's interesting little work, "Fly Fishing and Fly Making, for Trout, Bass and Salmon." This volume gives very full instructions as to fly-making, and is, besides, very fully illustrated with cuts, showing the different processes to be gone through with in fly-tying. It contains also two plates on which are shown the actual material, that is to say the feathers, silk, wool, tinsel, etc., used in making the flies. One of these plates, somewhat reduced; is given here, and we quote the descriptions of the various feathers shown:

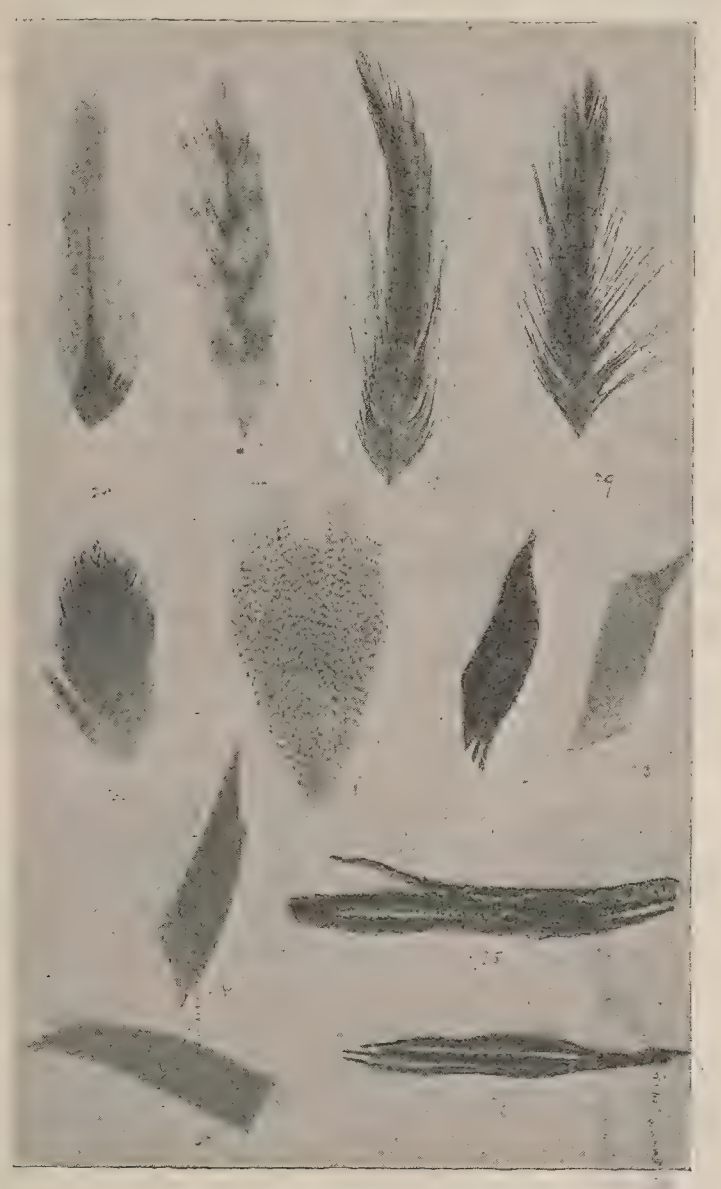
"No. 26.—Silver black hackle, or white sock-a'-bonddhu. Choose for preference very clear black tapering center, pure silver white tips.

"No. 27.—Mottled hackle, from Plymouth Rock chickens.

"No. 28.—Cock-a'-bonddhu hackle, black center, brown tips. Acquire them whenever you get a chance. They are most useful for a variety of flies.

"No. 29.—Brown hackle. Ditto repeated. A good hackle is short in fiber, with thin, strong mid-rib. Get your hackles as near the colors I have described as possible, but do not discard those that are near the shade but not it exactly. On the hook they look different from what they do off it.

"No. 30.—Ibis. The feather shown is the small breast feather, and but inadequately expresses how beautiful and useful the whole feathers of the bird are. The entire skin is one blaze of scarlet, and hardly a feather is wasted in fly-making. A whole skin is quite necessary to the amateur fly-maker.



FLY MATERIALS.

"No. 31.—Mallard. This feather is from the breast of the mallard, and is given as typical of the sort of fibers required for a large variety of flies from its near relations—the wood-luck, pintail and canvasback. In all cases where this beautifully mottled feather is indicated, it is taken from the breast. The feathers from each are so similar that I do not think it necessary to repeat the others.

"No. 32.—Brown hen. Taken from the quill feather on a brown hen or rooster. Nearly every feather of a brown chicken is useful.

No. 33 and 34.—Feather from underside of mallard wing. These feathers provide the metallic-looking dun wings of a great variety of flies and vary in shade from a white silver pearly to a dull, almost black dun. Turn up the wing of the mallard and there they are before you.

"No. 36.—Blue heron. This is a very useful substitute for the dove in the Henshall, though, perhaps, Dr. Henshall would not think it an improvement. It is sometimes impossible to get the gray dove wings, and a noted Florida fisherman tells me he has substituted this feather with great advantage among the many fly-rising fish abounding in the waters of that region.

"No. 37.—Ostrich herl from the plumes of the bird. This is exceedingly useful for the heads of flies, and makes a very attractive furnish-leader, both strong and light."

Smelt Fishing in Lake Champlain.

Editor Forest and Stream:—I suppose something about smelt-fishing is in order just now. One day last week two of us left Whalon's Bay about 9.30 a. m. and returned before dinner with two nice strings of fish. We fished just about two hours, in the bay next to Grog Harbor, south, and six miles north of Westport village. Two holes had been cut through the ice here which we reopened. We also entered into the labors of former fishermen in using their brush house to keep out of the wind. The day was cold, our lines freezing together when left out a minute.

This little bay is nearly land-locked, being exposed in only one direction. A brush house is simply a collection of cedar limbs and small trees placed to windward of the holes. A fire too had been built by our predecessors on the ice in the shelter of the bushes, and within a few feet of the holes. We soon found it necessary to relight it to warm our half paralyzed fingers. We found a treasure in a piece of cedar-pitch, the next best thing to pine-pitch, in starting up a blaze. We each reeled off about thirty feet of line. I sounded with fifty feet out and brought no bottom, though we were within four rods of the shore. We caught on the average one fish every five minutes, for at the end of the two hours we counted forty-five smelt and one perch; not a wonderful catch to be sure, but they were biting well when we had to come away to do "noon chores," that is, watering the stock and cleaning out stables, feeding again for the night, etc.

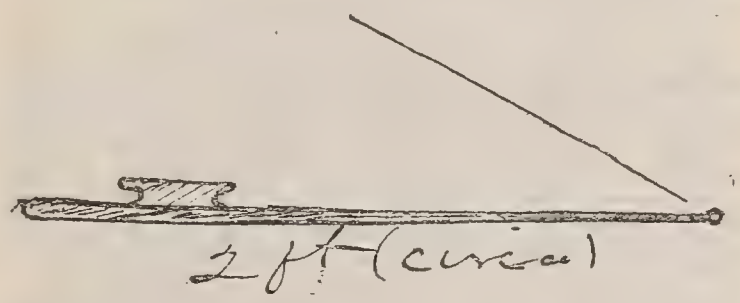
Luck runs in queer streaks. I caught all of the large smelt and not one small one, while my friend Guy caught all of the small ones. We fished in holes not eight feet apart, both baited and hooked alike and fished at the same depth nearly. We reel up our lines a la Canuck. The fish-pole is about two feet in length, having an eye at the end for the line to run through, and near the base a boat-cleat screwed on to keep the line on when not in use, and to hold the excess of line. Drawing the fish-pole to an easy distance with the right hand, a stick of about two feet long catches the line (with the left hand) about four feet down; then the fish pole again, and so on. The line in this way can be drawn up rapidly, about thirty feet in five seconds. Of course, all that is necessary is to keep a steady pull on the line, and as the fish nears the ice, slow up a little so as not to rub it off against the sharp edges. Some use the thumb of the left hand and the fish-pole in the right, but this is not so fast, and the cold, wet line makes one's hand ache. Then, too, the stick keeps the loops open and free to run out again, whereas when the thumb is used the struggling fish is apt to close up some of the loops while you are taking him off. Then come the fun to "pick up your dropped stitches."

I knew an old one-handed fisherman who had a way of his own to draw up his fish. When he hooked a fish he would run the length of his line on the ice, the hole being cut so as not to catch the fish as he passed out.

About here they use for bait the flesh of the smelt. The cut is made beginning at the vent on the belly and cutting away from the belly-fin for about three quarters of an inch. Smelt's eyes are also often put on the end of the barb, and I think it pays to cover this up, but not many do it.

All of the larger smelt we caught were roe-fish, not a single male of size being caught. This roe is delicious, cooked in the same pan with the fish. These fish have scales, but it is no trouble to remove them, for simply passing a knife blade once the "wrong way" loosens all of them; a washing then makes them as free from scales as a trout. They are cooked, rolled in flour or bread crumbs, with heads and tail left on. The bones of the smaller ones may be eaten, as with trout. Our largest smelt ran twelve to thirteen inches, and the smallest, six inches. There were fifteen small ones, four large ones and the rest medium. HEATHCOTE.

Our correspondent adds this fuller description of fishing a la Canuck: If in a sitting or stooping posture, the fisherman, assumes an erect position, on hooking a fish, at the same time raising the short fish-pole to the heighth of the shoulder with the right hand. Now the two-foot blank pole held in the left hand engages the line near the ice from the opposite or right side, and is immediately raised to the height of the shoulder, in a semi-circle described to the left from below, while the right hand, with the fish-pole, descends, describing a complimentary semi-circle to the right, from above to the ice, passes in front of the body to the left, and engages the line near the ice from the further side or left. When one hand is up, the other is always down. The arms are held far apart and rigid in order to keep the line taut. The same motion is gone through, only backwards, in holding a skein of yarn on the thumbs of both hands, while (say your sister) winds it into a ball. Reverse this motion, that is reel it from a ball of yarn on to your two thumbs, and you have the same motion nearly.



Smelt in Lake Champlain.

BOSTON Mass.—March 21.—In this week's issue I noticed Mr. A. N. Cheney speaks of the ice fish or smelt of Lake Champlain being taken only near Port Henry and Westport. I have taken many dozens of these delicious fish near Burlington when a youngster, and can say that they are taken in several localities in that part of the lake, one of the favorite places being near either end of the Burlington breakwater. So far as I could ever learn they were never seen in the lake in Summer, and it was then generally supposed that they came up from salt water via the St. Lawrence, every winter. C. H. MORSE.

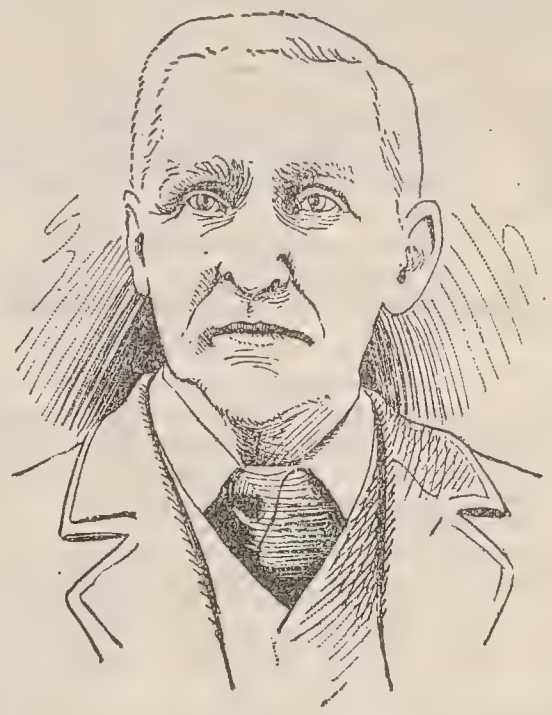
Pennsylvania Trout Streams.

We have received word from Mr. Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, that a number of trout streams in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming counties, Pa., tributary to the Susquehanna River, and adjacent to the line of the railroad, will be stocked by the commissioners of fisheries April 1. The list includes the following streams:

Stout's Creek and Ransom Creek, Ransom township; Falls Creek, in Falls township; Teague's Eddy, Washington township; Meshoppen Creek and branches in Meshoppen; Tuscarora Creek and branches in Skinner's, Eddy Township; Sugar Run Creek and branches in Sugar Run; Wyalusing Creek and branches in Wyalusing; Meyersburg Creek, Durell Creek, and little Wysox Creek in Wysox; Satterlee Run in Monroeton; South Branch Creek in South Branch; the head waters of Towanda Creek in Fish Pond; Two streams, feeders of Loyalsock Creek in Satterfield; Birch Creek in Bernice; Lopez, Loyalsock, Pigeon and Sauter Creeks, Rock Run and Sherman Run in Lopez; Ellis Creek and branches, and Glass Creek (two branches) in Seamans; Painter Den Creek, South Brook and Wolf Run in Newell; Open Run in Lee Road; Mehoopany Creek—two streams, headwaters of Mehoopany Creek in Ricketts; Pond Branch and Middle Branch of Bowman's Creek, and the south branch of Mehoopany Creek and Beau Run Creek in Beau Run; Sickle's Branch of Bowman's Creek, and Beth Run's Creek in Beth Run.

A Veteran Angler Gone.

Wesley M. Cameron died suddenly Sunday, March 24, at the Barrett House, Cincinnati, at the advanced age of nearly eighty-two years. Born in Cecil county, Md., he came to Cincinnati in 1832, and became a master builder and accumulated much wealth. He always kept his promises, and among his business associates his word was as good as his bond. Retiring from active business twenty-five years ago, he devoted much of his leisure to



angling for trout, at which he was an enthusiast. For eighteen years he made regular trips to Lake Superior and up the Michigan River, usually accompanied by his brother-in-law, the well known Forest and Stream correspondent, Alex Starbuck. His last trip was made about eleven years ago. About six years ago he was at Petosky, Mich., to obtain relief from asthmatic trouble, and was eager to go on another fishing trip, but was dissuaded by his wife and daughter, who feared the rough weather might prove injurious, although in other respects he was unusually rugged for a man of his age. He was an old time frequenter of, and at the time of his death, a director of the well known Curier Club, and was at the club rooms the Friday evening preceding his demise. He was a good-natured, genial, pleasant gentleman, fond of relating his experiences in the Canadian wilds, and had a host of friends who will miss his presence among them.

E. S. W.

The Doctor's Luck.

Tarpon fishing has begun, but tarpon catching is backward. Up to this writing but five tarpon have been caught in the Caloosahatchie River, and two at the mouth of the river at St. James—seven altogether.

My "luck" for the week is as follows: One silver king (tarpon) caught to-day, weight 118lbs., length, 6ft. 4in., time to gaff, one hour. One channel bass, or red-fish, as the natives call them, weight, 17lbs., length, 37in., time to gaff on light rod, 15 minutes. One alligator, length, 6 ft, shot with a .38-55 take-down rifle at 75 yards, from boat while alligator was swimming. One rattlesnake, length, 5 ft. I shot this fellow in a coil so that in shooting his head I unfortunately blew the rattles off also. This, with a string of large mouth black bass or trout, as they are called here, comprised my "luck."

RUFUS CLIPENS, M.D.

Early Montauk Trout.

A correspondent of Forest and Stream writes me that trout fishing was active near Helena early in March. On the 10th two anglers drove to Beaver Creek and returned the same day, bringing with them seventy fine fish of the red-throated kind—the fish which has been so outrageously slandered by calling it a "cut-throat."

Another fisherman caught forty-two in the Little Blackfoot, near Elliston, one of them weighing three and a half pounds. Our correspondent learned that the fish were taken with the fly.

"Beaver Creek," he writes, "is eighteen miles from Helena. The only way to get there is by team, which can be had for three dollars per day. The Little Blackfoot is also about eighteen miles distant, and can be reached by the N. P. R. R., fare about $1.45 for the round trip. The train leaves Helena at 8.40 a. m., returning arrives at Helena at 10 p. m."

At the date of this letter (March 17) there was a great deal of snow on the mountains, but the sun was bright and warm and an overcoat unnecessary. He has heard of numerous trout streams within a radius of twenty-five miles and has promised to locate them and send a full account of the fishing.

WASHINGTON D. C. T. H. B.

Big Pickerel.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Some extraordinary fine catches of pickerel have been made recently at the northern end of Cayuga Lake. At Union Springs a few days ago an Auburn party, fishing through the ice, caught a pickerel weighing nineteen pounds, the total weight of the day's catch being close to sixty pounds. Again, at Cayuga, March 25, Wm. Ferree and James Heffer, both of Au-

burn, caught a pickerel that tipped the scales at twenty-three and a half pounds, the aggregate of the day's work (for the landing of a pickerel of the above weight ought to be considered pretty hard work) being seventy-nine pounds.

So far as my knowledge extends, the meek and lowly Auburnan now holds the record for the biggest Cayuga Lake pickerel caught thro' the ice. M. CHILL.

Mr. Blackford's Trout Opening.

Mr. E. G. Blackford's annual display of brook trout in Fulton Market on April 1, gave material evidence that the trout season is open in fact as well as in law. There were trout from Sunken meadows and New Islip and Patchogue, L. I., trout from New Hampshire and Nova Scotia and Massachusetts, and wild trout from Canada, small piles of each resting in numerous mossy hollows around the counters. In the tanks were many trout, all of good size. One tank held a giant nine-pounder rainbow trout from the West. Some hybrid specimens of brook and salmon trout made a novel feature.

The origin and development of trout life was suggested by some trout eggs and small fry. A profusion of moss and evergreens, artistically arranged, made a most pleasing effect in the general whole. The opening day was not so attractive as a day or two later will be, when greater quantities can be obtained.

South Side Sportsmen's Club.

The following officers have been chosen for the fiscal year of 1895-96: President, George P. Slade; Vice-President, W. Bayard Cutting; Treasurer, A. Pennington Whitehead; Secretary, Francis O. de Luze; Counsel, George G. DeWitt.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

At my early home there lived for years, almost as one of our family, an old Narragansett Indian, named Jim Wamsley, "Jim Injun," as every one around there called him. (I wrote an article about him that was published in Forest and Stream some time ago.)

Now Jim had a way which he said used to be practiced by members of his tribe, of occasionally catching a black snake alive, and while holding it stretched out at full length, he would bite along its back. The reptile had to be alive, mind you. A dead one wouldn't do. By so doing once in a while, he claimed that one's teeth, coming in contact with the hard, outer coating of the snake's skin, would be cleansed, whitened and preserved through life, no matter how long that might be. Jim would sometimes get bitten while handling the snakes. Once in particular, when we were fishing together, he caught a very large one and while biting along its spine, it managed to give him a severe bite on the left cheek, which looked as if cut by a keen knife, and bled profusely, but never troubled him afterwards, so far as I recollect. Whether there was any efficacy in the application of live black snake's skins to his teeth, or whether it was owing to his iron constitution, or to the coarse food that he often ate, I was unable to say, but he surely did have as splendid a set of teeth throughout his long life as I ever saw.

A few persons in our section really did believe that the soundness of Jim Injun's chewing machinery was owing to his occasionally biting live snakes, and among those persons was an elderly spinster relative of mine, who, having a good set of teeth, of course wished to preserve them. So she kept asking Jim to get a black snake for her to chew on, saying all the while that she would not be in the least afraid to bite it as he bit them, provided he would hold the reptile to keep it from biting her in return.

Well, one day he succeeded in catching a lively specimen of good size and brought it, squirming and twisting around his arm, into the house. As soon as she saw the snake—she being very nervous, and about as fickle-minded as any person could be, moreover being mortally afraid of snakes anyway—her ideas in regard to biting on a live one suddenly changed, and as she gazed on it in perfect horror, she said: "Jim, do you think I am going to put my mouth to such a hideous looking thing as that? Now you just take that dirty squirming snake right out of this house, and don't you ever bring another one in here as long as you live." He took it out, and it is needless to say that he never brought another snake around there to brighten up the old lady's teeth on. A. L. L.

Fall River Steamboats.

Change in Leaving Time.—Commencing Monday, April 1, 1895, the Steamers Puritan and Pilgrim will leave Pier 28 (old number), North River, foot of Murray street, at 5.30 P. M., instead of 5 P. M., as at present.

Sunday trips will be resumed for the season, commencing May 5, 1895. Steamers will leave New York from Pier 28, North River, at the same time (5.30 P. M.) as on week days. From Boston, connecting trains will leave Park Square Station of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad at 7 P. M. (an hour later than on week days), connecting with boat at Fall River in 80 minutes.

Double service will be effective for the summer season of 1895 from Monday, June 17, until Saturday, September 14, inclusive.

During this period the Priscilla, Puritan, Plymouth and Pilgrim will be in commission and operated together between New York and Fall River, the same as last season. The Priscilla and Puritan will leave New York at 5.30 P. M., and run direct to Fall River, while the Plymouth and Pilgrim will leave at 6.30 P. M., run to Newport, reach there at about 4 A. M., remain there until 6 A. M., and then proceed to Fall River, reaching there at 7 A. M. From Boston, trains will leave Park Square Station at 6 and 7 P. M., connecting at Fall River with boats leaving there at 7.40 and 8.30 P. M., due New York at 7 A. M., the train leaving Boston at 6 P. M. will connect with steamer touching at Newport at 9.15 P. M. There will be but one boat (5.30 P. M.) from New York on Sundays. From the East there will be two boats every day in the week, excepting on Saturday, when but one boat will be run to New York.

Change in Pier Number.—Commencing June 1, 1895, Pier 28 (old number), North River, foot of Murray street, will be known, and advertised, as Pier 18, North River, foot of Murray street.

Music.—It is nothing new on the Fall River Line. Each of the steamers carries an orchestra at all seasons of the year.

The Fall River Line is the greatest water transportation agency in the world, and connects the two greatest cities in the United States—New York and Boston—serves thousands of patrons annually with unsurpassed accommodations on its wonderful steamers, and geographically considered is of incalculable value as a carrier between the South, New York, and the great manufacturing, commercial and resort centers and localities of the Eastern country.—Adv.

Steam Launches.

Marine Iron Works, Chicago, have just issued their 1895 catalogue, mailed free.—Adv.

Game and Fish Protection.

New Maine Game Law.

Chapter 194.

The Maine Legislature adjourned March 26, after passing a number of game laws which we print in full below:

An act amendatory of and additional to chapter forty of the Revised Statutes, relating to Fish and Fisheries.

Sec. 1. Section thirty-three of Chapter forty of the Revised Statutes is hereby amended, so as to read as follows:

Sec. 38. The governor with the advice and consent of the council shall appoint three persons to be commissioners of inland fisheries and game, one of whom shall hold said office so long as he shall remain land agent of the State, and shall receive in addition to his present salary annually, the sum of two hundred dollars; the other two members shall hold their office for three years, and until their successors are appointed and qualified, and shall each receive an annual salary of one thousand dollars. Said commissioners shall receive in addition to their salary, actual traveling expenses to be audited by the governor and council. The governor, with the advice and consent of council, shall also appoint one other commissioner who shall have general supervision of the sea and shore fisheries, and shell fish, regulated by this chapter, and shall hold his office for three years and until his successor is appointed and qualified.

Sec. 2. Chapter forty of the Revised Statutes is hereby further amended, by adding thereto the following sections:

Sec. 75. Said commissioners of inland fisheries and game shall examine dams and all other obstructions existing in all rivers and streams, and determine the necessity of fish ways, and the location, form and capacity thereof; introduce and disseminate valuable species of food fish into the inland waters of the State, and valuable food birds into the State. They shall examine into the workings of the inland fish and game laws, see that all violations thereof are duly prosecuted, and perform all other duties prescribed by law. They shall report annually to the governor, on or before the thirty-first day of December, who shall cause three thousand copies to be printed.

Sec. 76. The commissioners of inland fisheries and game shall have authority, upon petition of five or more citizens of the State, or whenever they shall deem it for the best interest of the State, after due notice and public hearing in the locality to be affected, to regulate the times and places in which and the circumstances under which game and inland fish may be taken; but they cannot authorize the taking of game or inland fish at a time in which so doing is prohibited by the laws of the State.

Sec. 77. Whenever they deem it for the best interests of the State, after like notice and hearing, they may entirely prohibit the taking of any kind of game or inland fish in any part of the State for a series of years not exceeding four.

Sec. 78. They may adopt, and from time to time, modify or repeal such needful rules and regulations, not contrary to the laws of the State, as they may deem necessary or proper for the protection and preservation of the game and inland fish of the State, in conformity with the provisions of Sections 76 and 77 of this chapter.

Sec. 79. They shall file in the office of the clerks of the cities, towns and plantations in the territory to be affected a copy of the rules and regulations adopted by them, and publish the same three weeks successively in a newspaper printed in the county and post on the banks of waters to be affected as near as may be like notices; and whenever any such rules or regulations apply to any unorganized township, a like copy shall be filed with the clerk of courts for that county and published three weeks successively in a newspaper printed in the county; they shall also immediately upon the adoption of any rules and regulations contemplated by this act, file an attested copy of the same in the office of the Secretary of State.

Sec. 80. Whoever fishes for, takes, catches, kills or destroys any inland fish, in any manner or at any time, in violation of any of the rules and regulations of the commissioners of inland fisheries and game, made and promulgated in conformity with the provisions of this chapter, shall be punished in the same manner and to the same extent as is provided for by the law for the illegal taking, catching, killing or destroying any such inland fish.

Sec. 81. Whoever at any time or in any manner shall hunt, chase, catch, kill, take, have in possession, or destroy any inland game in violation of any of the rules and regulations of the commissioners of inland fisheries and game, made and promulgated in conformity with the provisions of this chapter, shall be punished in the same manner and to the same extent as is provided for by law for the illegal hunting, chasing, catching, killing, taking, having in possession, or destroying any such inland game.

Sec. 82. Any person who willfully mutilates, defaces, or destroys any notice, rule or regulation of the commissioners of inland fisheries and game, posted in conformity with the provisions of this act, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding fifty dollars to be recovered by complaint or indictment; one-half of said fine shall be paid to the prosecutor.

Sec. 9. Section forty of Chapter forty of the Revised Statutes, and all amendments thereto are hereby repealed.

Sec. 4. The governor with the advice and consent of council, upon the recommendation of the commissioners of inland fisheries and game may appoint suitable persons as fish and game wardens, who shall hold office for a term of three years unless sooner removed; who shall enforce all laws relating to inland game and fisheries, and rules and regulations relating thereto, arrest all violators thereof, and prosecute all offenses against the same; they shall have the same power to serve criminal processes against such offenders, and shall be allowed the same fees as sheriffs for like services; they shall have the same right as sheriffs to require aid in executing the duties of their office. They shall, before being qualified to discharge the duties required by this act, give bond with two good and sufficient sureties in the penal sum of two thousand dollars, approved by the commissioners of inland fisheries and game, to the treasurer of the State, conditioned for the faithful performance of the duties of their office.

Sec. 5. The governor, with the advice and consent of council, upon the recommendation of the commissioner of sea and shore fisheries may appoint suitable persons as fish wardens, who shall hold office for a term of three years unless sooner removed, who shall enforce all laws and the rules and regulations relating to sea and shore fisheries, arrest all violators thereof, and prosecute all offenses against the same; they shall have the same power to serve criminal processes against such offenders, and shall be allowed the same fees as sheriffs for like services; they shall have the same right as sheriffs to require aid in executing the duties of their office. They shall, before being qualified to discharge the duties required by this act, give bond with two good and sufficient sureties in the penal sum of two thousand dollars, approved by the commissioner of sea and shore fisheries, to the treasurer of the State, conditioned for the faithful performance of the duties of their office.

Sec. 6. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act, are hereby repealed.

[Approved March 18.]

Chapter 9.

An act to amend Section fifty-one of Chapter forty of the Revised Statutes, as amended by Chapter seventy-five of the Public laws of eighteen hundred and ninety-one, relating to Fish and Fisheries.

Section fifty-one of Chapter forty of the Revised Statutes, as amended by Chapter seventy-five of the public laws of eighteen hundred and ninety-one is hereby amended as follows: By inserting after the word "flies" in the seventh line the words "artificial minnows, or artificial insects," so that said section as amended shall read as follows:

Sec. 51. Whoever fishes for, takes, catches, kills, or destroys any fish, except suckers, with grapnel, spear, trawl, weir, seine, trap, or set lines except when fishing on the ice, and then with not more than five set lines, except in tide waters where such methods are not prohibited, or with any device or in any other way than by the ordinary mode of angling with single baited hooks and lines or with artificial flies, artificial minnows, or artificial insects, forfeits twenty-five dollars for the offense and ten dollars for each salmon or land-locked salmon and one dollar for each and every other fish so taken, caught, killed, or destroyed; and when such prohibited implements or devices are found in use or operation they are forfeit and contraband, and any person finding them in use may destroy them.

[Approved February 15.]

Chapter 109.

An act to amend Section nine of Chapter ninety-five of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred and ninety-one, as amended by Chapter two hundred and fifty of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred and ninety-three, to prohibit the killing of cow moose and fixing an additional penalty for killing bull moose, caribou and deer in close time.

Section nine of Chapter ninety-five of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred and ninety-one, as amended by Chapter two hundred and fifty of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred and ninety-three is hereby amended as follows: By striking out all of said section after the word "dog" in the second line, and inserting the following words, "jack lights, so called, torches, traps, or snares, any bull moose, or in any manner hunts, catches, kills, destroys, or has in possession any cow or calf moose, or part thereof, forfeits not less than one hundred nor more than three hundred dollars for every bull moose, or cow or calf moose so hunted, caught, killed, destroyed, or had in possession, and be imprisoned not exceeding thirty days; and no person shall, between the first days of January and October, in any manner hunt, catch, kill, destroy, or have in possession any bull moose, or any part thereof, taken in close time, under the same penalty," so that said section, as amended, shall read as follows:

Sec. 9. Whoever hunts, catches, kills, or destroys with dogs, jack lights, so called, snare or traps, any bull moose, or in any manner hunts, catches, kills, destroys, or has in possession any cow or calf moose, or part thereof, forfeits not less than one hundred nor more than three hundred dollars for every bull moose or cow or calf moose so hunted, caught, killed, destroyed, or had in possession and be imprisoned thirty days; and no person shall, between the first days of January and October, in any manner hunt, catch, kill, destroy, or have in possession any bull moose, or any part thereof, taken in close time, under the same penalty.

[Approved March 20.]

Chapter 82.

An act additional to the Public Laws of the State of Maine, relating to the illegal killing of Fish and Game.

That any person acting as guide for any person or party who shall assist or aid such person or party in killing any game or fish in violation of law, shall be held equally responsible for such violation of the law, and subject to the same penalties.

[Approved March 12.]

Chapter 87.

An act to amend Section twelve of Chapter thirty of the Revised Statutes, as amended by Chapter ninety-five of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred and ninety-two, relating to the number of Moose, Caribou and Deer that may be lawfully killed.

Section twelve of Chapter thirty of the Revised Statutes, is hereby amended so that said section as amended, shall read as follows:

Sec. 12. No person shall take, kill, destroy, or have in possession between the first days of October and January more than one bull moose, one caribou and two deer, under a penalty of not less than one hundred nor more than three hundred dollars and thirty days' imprisonment for every bull moose or parts thereof, and forty dollars fine and thirty days' imprisonment for each caribou or deer so taken, killed, or destroyed or in possession in excess of said number. Whoever has in possession, except alive, more than the aforesaid number of bull moose, caribou or deer, or parts thereof, shall be deemed to have killed or destroyed them in violation of law. But nothing in this section shall prevent any marketman or provision dealer, having an established place of business in this State, from purchasing and having in possession at his said place of business, not exceeding one bull moose, one caribou and three deer lawfully killed or destroyed, or any part thereof, at one time, and selling the same at retail in open season to his local customers.

[Approved March 14.]

Chapter 31.

An act to amend Section fifty-four, Chapter forty of the Revised Statutes, as amended by Chapter two hundred and seventy-one of the Public Laws of one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, relating to the number of pounds of Trout and Salmon to be taken.

Sec. 1. Section fifty-four of Chapter forty of the Revised Statutes, as amended by Chapter two hundred and seventy-one, Public Laws of one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, is hereby amended as follows: By striking out the word "fifty" in the third line, and insert the word "twenty-five;" also, by striking out the word "fifty" in the eighth and twelfth lines of said section, and inserting the word "twenty-five;" also, by adding to said section the following words, "provided, however, that the taking of one fish, additional, when having less than twenty-five pounds, shall not be regarded a violation of the law;" so that said section, as amended, shall read as follows:

Sec. 54. No person shall take, catch, kill, or have in possession, at any one time for the purpose of transportation, more than twenty-five pounds of land-locked salmon or trout, in all, nor shall any such be transported except in the possession of the owner thereof, under a penalty of fifty dollars for the offense, and five for every pound of land-locked salmon of trout, in all, so taken, caught, killed, in possession, or transportation, in excess of twenty-five pounds, and all such fish transported in violation of this section, may be seized, on complaint, and shall be forfeited to the prosecutor. Whoever has in his possession more than twenty-five pounds in all of such fish, shall be deemed to have taken them in violation of this section. Provided, however, that the taking of one fish additional, when having less than twenty-five pounds shall not be regarded a violation of the law.'

(Approved February 21.)

Chapter 125.

An act to amend section twenty-one of chapter thirty of the Revised Statutes, as amended by charter three hundred and three of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred and eighty five, as amended by chapter ninety-two of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred and eighty seven, as amended by chapter two hundred and forty eight of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred and eighty nine, as amended by chapter two hundred and eighty eight of the Public Laws of eighteen hundred and ninety-three, relating to close time on Partridges.

Section twenty-one of hapter thirty of the revised statutes, as amended by chapter three hundred and three of the public laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-five, as amended by chapter ninety-two of the public laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, as amended by chapter two hundred and forty-eight of the public laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, as amended by chapter two hundred and eighty-eight of the public laws of eighteen hundred and ninety-three, is hereby amended by inserting after the word "partridge" in the fifth line, the words "between the first days of December and September twentieth," so that section as amended, shall read as follows:

Sec. 21. Whoever kills or has in his possession, except alive, or exposes for sale, any wood duck, dusky duck, commonly called black duck, teal or grey duck, between the first days of May and September, or kills, sells, or has in his possession, except alive, any ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge between the first days of December and September twentieth, or woodcock, between the first days of December and September following; or kills, sells, or has in his possession, except alive, any quail between the first day of December and the first day of October following, or pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, between the first days of January and September, or plover between the first days of May and August, forfeits not less than five nor more than ten dollars, for each bird so killed, had in possession, or exposed for sale. And no person shall at any one time, kill, expose for sale, or have in possession, except alive, more than thirty of each variety of birds above named, during the respective open seasons, nor shall any person at any time kill, expose for sale, or have in possession, except alive, any of the above named varieties of birds except for consumption within this State, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird so unlawfully killed, exposed for sale or in possession; nor shall any person or corporation carry or transport from place to place in open season any of the above mentioned birds unless open to view, tagged and plainly labeled with the owner's name, and accompanied by him, under the same penalty; any person, not the actual owner of such birds, who, to aid another in such transportation falsely represents himself to be the owner thereof, shall be liable to the same penalty; nor shall any person or corporation carry or transport at any one time more than fifteen of any one variety of birds above named, as the property of one man under the same penalty; nothing in this section shall prevent any market man or provision dealer having an established place of business in this State, from purchasing at his place of business, any bird lawfully caught, killed, or destroyed, or any part thereof, and selling the same in open season at retail to his local customers.

[Approved March 21.]

Chapter 36.

An act to amend Chapter thirty of the Revised Statutes, relating to the protection of Game.

Section ten of Chapter thirty of the Revised Statutes as amended by Section two of Chapter ninety-five of the Public Laws of one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, is hereby amended by striking out all of said section after the word "dogs" in the second line and inserting the following words, "jack lights, so called, torches, snares, or traps, any deer or caribou, forfeits forty dollars for every deer or caribou so hunted, caught, killed, or destroyed, and be imprisoned not exceeding thirty days; and no person shall, between the first days of January and October, in any manner, hunt, catch, kill, destroy, or have in possession any deer or, caribou, or part thereof, taken in close time, under the same penalty," so that said section as amended, shall read as follows:

Sec. 10. Whoever hunts, catches, kills, or destroys, with dogs, jack lights, so called, snares, or traps, any deer or caribou, forfeits

forty dollars for every deer or caribou so hunted, caught, killed, or destroyed, and be subject to imprisonment thirty days, and no person shall, between the first days of January and October, in any manner, hunt, catch, kill, destroy, or have in possession any deer or caribou, or part thereof, taken in close time, under the same penalty. Any person may lawfully kill any dog found hunting moose, deer, or caribou, or kept or used for that purpose. Any person owning or having in possession any dog for the purpose of hunting moose, deer, or caribou, or that is kept or used for such hunting, forfeits not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars for each dog so owned, kept, used, or in possession.

(Approved February 21.]

Law-Breaking in Massachusetts.

Boston, March 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thinking that it might not have come under your notice, I inclose herewith a cutting from a morning paper, in regard to the conviction of two violaters of the Masaschusetts game laws.

As the town mentioned is my old home the matter is of unusual interest to me, and I have often wondered that in the past there has been apparently so little attention given to the game interests of that portion of the State.

So far as I can learn there is no other portion of the State in which deer exist in a wild condition, and indeed I have been astonished to see how many people have expressed surprise when I have mentioned the existence of deer in my old home.

And there are deer there, and there would be a great many more if the law was enforced. It is no uncommon occurrence for people driving through the woods to have deer break cover and cross the road within a comparatively short distance, and sometimes even trot a short distance ahead of the team. I myself have seen them thus more than once, and in an afternoon's walk in the late autumn have tracked no less than nine on one road witbin less than a mile of the village of Farmersville.

The country all through this region, which is within the town of Sandwich, and less than six miles from the village, is especially favorable to them, there being many very large ponds, extensive tracts of oak and pine woods, thick underbrush, with numerous open grassy hollows interspersed. All this would be very favorable for the increase of the noble game, were it not for the persistence with which they are hunted and have been hunted ever since the close season began. There is hardly a day through the late fall and early winter when there is not a party in the woods either from Sandwich, Barnstable, Cotuit, or Falmouth, and many deer are killed.

The country is divided by the numerous wood-roads into thickets, and the method of hunting is to surround a thicket, put the dogs in on one side, drive through, and if when he breaks cover, "peaked-toes" does not fall a victim, the dogs are stopped and another thicket tried. Of course, many are run into the ponds and fall victims there, though I don't think that it is practiced as it is in Maine and New York. The weapon used is a shotgun loaded with buckshot.

Another thing that I think is even more fatal than the hunters in the fall is the freedom with which dogs are allowed to run in the woods in the spring of the year. In Sandwich and surrounding villages a great number of dogs are owned, and these running free, kill—I have no doubt—a good big percentage of the fawns. In fact, old woodchoppers have told me that they have frequently found the mangled carcasses of these little spotted beauties. Now, it seems to me that if these so called fox-hunters can be kept out of the woods, and all dogs found running deer shot, in fact the law enforced, there will be a time when it will not be necessary for Boston sportsmen to go way down in Maine for a piece of venison.

AN ADVOCATE OF FAIR PLAY.

The clipping reads as follows:

Sandwich, March 27.—Ever since the earliest settlement of the town the woods in the vicinity of that part which was formerly known as Hog Pond, and now bears the name of Farmersville, has been regarded as the home of the wild deer.

The great number of ponds in that section of the town and the green fields bordering thereon afforded them food and drink, while in the dense woods and thickets they find shelter in stormy weather and when pursued by hunters.

Deer are frequently seen in the town at certain seasons, while in the Hog Pond neighborhood they often are found grazing with the farmers' cattle.

Until within a dozen years there were certain seasons when the law permitted the hunting and killing of deer, but at present they are not to be killed at any time.

Charged with the violation of this law Charles W. H. Meiggs and Chester Baker were brought before Justice Swift of the First District Court this morning.

Meiggs is a hunter with a local reputation, and was before Judge Swift last week, when he was tried on a similar charge and acquitted.

Meiggs was to-day complained of by State Officer Proctor of unlawfully hunting deer on Dec. 10 last.

Meiggs owns a white dog with black spots, and the evidence offered by the government tended to show that Meiggs was hunting a deer on Dec. 10 with such a colored dog, while the defendant tried to prove that he was hunting a fox with a white dog with brown spots.

The defendant was questioned closely on this point, and some of his replies caused such a ripple of laughter that Judge Swift instructed the court officer to eject any one who thereafter gave expression to their feelings in such a manner.

Meiggs testified that he heard a dog in the morning of Dec. 10. He concluded the dog was chasing a fox. He followed the dog until afternoon but did not see the fox.

The court thought he was hunting deer, and fined Meiggs $100. He appealed, and was held for the April grand jury, giving $300 bail.

Chester Baker is a youth of about seventeen summers, and Officer Proctor complained that he not only hunted a deer, but killed one on Nov. 22 last. Baker lives in Cotuit, nearly five miles from the hunting ground in Farmersville, and he admitted that on the day in question he was hunting in the woods near Meiggs' house, but that he was after foxes.

Sheriff Harlow, of Cotuit, was a member of the party, but steadfastly held that he was hunting foxes in company with Baker and W. D. King, of Providence, nephew of millionaire King.

The only witness for the government was James L. Lawrence, a neighbor of Meiggs. He testified that on the afternoon of Nov. 22 he saw Chester Baker chase and shoot a deer, which fell dead in its tracks beside the road which leads from Farmersville to West Barnstable.

The defendant did not go on the stand, but his counsel claimed that while the defendant might have shot at a deer, it was not his intent to do so, and asked that his client be acquitted.

Judge Swift ruled that while the defendant went to the woods to hunt foxes he shot and killed a deer, and fined him $100.

Baker recognized in $300, and he will have an opportunity to appear before the district attorney in April next.

The conviction of Meiggs and Baker is the chief topic of conversation to-night. It is the first conviction since the law has been in operation, although for years the State and local officers have used every endeavor to obtain sufficient evidence for one. The slaughter of deer, it is claimed by the officers, has been continued ever since the law was passed.

New York Game Legislation.

Albany, N. Y., April 2.—The amendments to the Donaldson omnibus amendments to the Game Code were offered in the Senate to-day, and the bill ordered printed again, and to a third reading. The chief of the new amendments make the open season for hare and rabbits to end March 1, and the open season for pike and pickerel to begin May 10.

Deer Protection.

Ardmore, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: I chanced to get a copy of Forest and Stream recently which contained several articles on deer protection—a subject in which I take a great interest.

Let me give my idea of deer-hunters, of which there are several varieties. Two are very distinct from the others. My ideal hunter is found in the mountain region of Pennsylvania; of course he exists in other States. He never sets foot in the forest until at least the middle of November. He rises long before the break of day; he puts a lunch and compass in his pocket, ties the old hound securely to his box, shoulders his rifle and goes into the woods. He defies the elements. He stays until darkness stops him. He is the kind which, when trailing a deer, if he chance to find a dog-track, he stops right there and investigates it. If the evidence proves that the dog is guilty of running deer, the hunter turns away from the object of his pursuit, takes up that dog trail and follows it until the snow is crimson with the life-blood of the hound.

How can we best protect our deer? is a subject of every-day importance. Of course, opinions vary in respect to it—some recommend that dogging be stopped; others that the open season be shortened still further; and yet others believe that it should be illegal to kill deer in the water. Now, these are all common-sense ideas, and if formulated into laws and these laws zealously guarded and properly enforced, no doubt they would be fruitful in good results.

But, is it not a wrong practice to use buckshot for deer? and this because of their fearful wounding capabilities. For every deer secured with buckshot, at least two escape wounded, their fate a speculation. The shooter takes chance shots when the deer is too far away, or he shoots and only wounds when the deer is near. I do not mean that all the wounding and maiming of deer are done with buckshot, but I do mean that, in comparison with the rifle, the latter wounds but little. The temptation to shoot at a deer with a shotgun, when the deer is a little out of range of certainty, is indeed very great. In all my experience as a hunter, I never yet have seen the man who could resist the opportunity to shoot. A rifle-shot means a clean kill, or a wound so severe that the hunter eventually effects a capture, or there is a miss.

It may be summed up thus: At forty yards or under the shotgun is a wonderful killer, but beyond that range it is merely a weapon of awful wounding properties.

I well know that my statements will be met with the disapproval of the shotgun advocates, and some may think I have overdrawn the matter, but if I am not right in my claims, I would like to be shown wherein I am wrong. J. G. D.

The Best of Boats.

If there is a stream of water anywhere near you, you are depriving yourself of enjoyment by not owning a boat. The Racine Yacht and Boat Works, of Racine, Wis., will send a catalogue of all kinds of small crafts to any one who writes for it.—Adv.

Mills' Catalogue.

Wm. Mills & Son have issued their 1895 catalogue of fishing tackle, which includes the celebrated Leonard rods. This firm has borne an enviable reputation for fairness and reliability both as manufacturers and dealers in angler's supplies for nearly three-quarters of a century. While manufacturers of all grades of fishing tackle from the cheapest to the best, they state as their aim the production of "the highest grade of fishing tackle in the world."—Adv.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 9 to 12.—Pittsburgh—Duquesne K. C. W. E. Littel, Sec'y.

April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveand, Sec'y.

April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club. Dr. R. J. Withers, Sec.

April 25 and 26.—Toronto, Canada.—Toronto Kennel Club. W. P. Fraser, Hon'y. Sec.

May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club. Howard Vernon, Sec'y, San Francisco.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at —— P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 28.—Trials A. U. S. F. T. Club at Newton, N.C. W. B Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

A Chronicle of Rhoda.

It is said that no man can break his leg but he finds with surprise that every man of his acquaintance boasts either a quondam broken leg himself, or of acquaintance with another man who does. Similarly, the publication of Mr. Whitehead's charming "Tale of a Dog," must have roused in many readers a desire to likewise chant the exploits of their own dogs. In our case, the pleasant chronicle seemed strangely paralleled in the life of our own little favorite, the brightest of all the forty odd that have been our own, and passed away to other ownerships more or less missed and mourned.

Rhoda was the exceptional dog one now and then knows, which wanted something better than to be the comrade of canines, and whose eager little asking soul was always demanding more light on the strange things of this world, from the moment her beautiful brown eyes opened to it.

Long promised to us as an exchange, Rhoda, when she did arrive, proved to be "Hobson's choice," for she and a little brother constituted the entire litter. Born in the big March blizzard of '88, its rigors proved too much for the feebler infant, and, in due course, the sole survivor made her long railway journey to us, growling most industriously over her enforced seclusion, and barking assiduously whenever the baggage man passed with jingling checks. As the infant numbered but six weeks on her arrival, I expectantly awaited a sprawling, pink-faced, wrinkle-nosed puppy, with big feet and a breath that smelled of onions, as is the inscrutable way of young puppies.

Even now I recall the thrill of delighted and amused surprise caused by her production from an overcoat pocket—a trim, wavy-coated, brown and white spaniel puppy, looking as sedate and demure and almost as mature, as she did late in life, except that her nose was a funny little pug affair, that time was to turn to the typical cocker, spaniel feature of later years. Her eyes were brown and round, and wistful. Her face wore a sad, pensive look that her impish behavior utterly belied. She sat in my hand and regarded my immoderate laughter with grave surprise. Rhoda did not love me then, though I became, after a year's probation, the only really desirable companion in all the world. No, her master absorbed all her thoughts as the rescuer from unknown perils, and he announced that she had followed him up the crowded thoroughfare from the station without mistake or confusion, though bumping her nose several times in endeavoring to jump the curbstones.

Rhoda's precocity grew apace. We found that she learned the meaning of words without any illustrative object lessons, through their repetition and the connection her bright little brain made with the acts with which they were associated. We had other dogs and took no especial pains with the little newcomer, till her brightness forced itself upon us.

Mr. Whitehead's gifted "Bug" seems to have received a more liberal education in the matter of nouns than our dog, for I can count but some forty that I am certain that she unfailingly understood. These nouns, embodying her chief interests, were easily associated with their attendant verbs, and it seemed to matter little how involved and lengthy the sentence which contained them, so that they were there. For instance, as we sat at some distance from the house under the apple trees, one of us turned to her and said: "Do you want your supper?" Yes, Rhoda evidently did. "Well, then, go down and knock on the kitchen door and tell them to give you your supper." Away she sped, down to the kitchen door, making her paws fly against the screening, and assisting her efforts by a vigorous bark. We all laughed and were surprised as well, for this was a combination we had never used, though the words in it were all familiar.

Such phrases as, Do you love the lady, the kitty, the man? Get up on the bed, the lounge. Go in the other room. Tell the man to give you some water. Do you want to ride in the steam cars? the horse cars? Look out of the window and see if the man is coming, and dozens of other similar ones were in daily use. They seemed to be acquired gradually by her, her developing intelligence seeming to make her quicker to grasp difficult sentences with each added year. Often we enjoyed trying wholly new words in combination with old ones, and rarely did she fail to catch the meaning merely by the tone of voice.

As she sat one day in her accustomed attitude by the dining-table, with her very ill-bred stare at us as we ate, I said, 'Rhoda, do you want some meat? Well, nudge the man—nudge him." This was an entirely new verb, but Rhoda showed her instant comprehension of it by nudging her master with such vigor that half the coffee flew from his upraised cup. This she always did thereafter in the same way when we used the word. It was never necessary to scream at her, or raise one's voice above an ordinary conversational tone, as, indeed, it seldom is with any dog with normal hearing, which is far keener than our own. Indeed, I used to enjoy whispering pleasant little secrets into Rhoda's ear, of which she showed her enjoyment by grateful kisses, subdued ecstatic whines, or, if it were something especially pleasant, by whirling round and round in excited circles. A whisper meant just as much as a shout, and we often tested her by such commands as, "Go, pick up that and give it to the lady. Go love the man," etc., all of which were scrupulously obeyed. Rhoda, however, never enjoyed rehearsing her tricks, unless for the admiration and applause of outsiders, or to further her own selfish ends, but would make off with all possible speed upon their completion to the darkest recesses under the bed or sofa. Indeed, though she played the piano or organ with great fervor and abandon when placed on the stool and told to "Play"—a feat which required but two or three lessons—she always did so in a fury of protesting growls, her little body stiff with rage. She would play since we wished it, her whole attitude plainly said, but she just hated it, and when excused she would fleetly vanish to be seen no more. That she understood the word "Play" was evident, for I once placed the guitar before her, and after repeating the command two or three times, the little dog promptly produced some chords of doubtful harmony but indisputable noise, from the strings.

It was not our purpose to make her a trick dog, though her capability seemed so limitless, for her distaste was so clearly manifest. Her whole coaxing postures and expressions after her performances, always said: "Don't humiliate me by making a show of me. Let me be just your little comrade and friend, to sit by your side and listen to your remarks." To be "shown off" always seemed to mortify Rhoda, whose dignity was her strong point. From a baby nothing so much enraged her as to be picked up and carried about in one's arms. This was considered an insult worthy of much resentful growling, even were there no witnesses to it, but did a dog chance to be a spectator, she would on her release fly at the unwitting offender, with the avowed intention of tearing him in pieces.

Notwithstanding a vastly aggressive demeanor toward the despised race of dogs, she was never guilty of a genuine bite in all her six happy years of life. Though she gave herself great airs over her superiority, personal injury was out of her scope. Though Rhoda was the most exemplary and devoted of mothers, when at the tender age of one year she became one, she held a very poor opinion of even her own offspring, and cast them off with scorn as soon as they were able to shift for themselves. One pup, Bess, remained for a year or more, but was merely tolerated, and, when she, too, was taken away, her parent evinced much unholy satisfaction over the whole of the door mat once more, and all the bones.

When Bess had been gone two weeks they met by chance on the street. Rhoda would surely display her pleasure at meeting her child once more, but no. After a second's surprised stare, she flew at her, remarking, "What, you here again? thought I had seen the last of you," and pursued her down the street with such aggressive notes of war that the populace paused to see the dog fight.

While the brood was young and tender, never did one receive more faithful care. No stranger, human or canine, was suffered to draw near, or to even glance that way, and when their mother went bone foraging, she conscientiously brought home five or more. When their baby fun and teasing waxed too annoying, it was her habit to flee to another room and energetically close the door between herself and her troublesome infants.

Insanely jealous of Bessie, the pup remaining, was she. It was her wont, at ten minutes of one (and we never felt sure that she did not consult the clock at this juncture), to take her seat at the window, and watch for her master, whose dinner hour was at one. As I sat there myself one noon, she seated in my lap, Bess also jumped up and Rhoda snapped savagely at her. I put her promptly on the floor, petting Bess with much extravagance, and telling her to "look for the man." Rhoda gazed at us both, lost in thought, her head tipping to one side at a more and more alarming angle. Suddenly she ran into the kitchen and returned with a child's shoe, the beloved toy of Bess, which her mother scorned to touch. Now, however, she began to toss it up and down and worrying it with much enthusiasm.

"What!" said Bess, from her exalted station, "my shoe? that will never do," and sprang to the rescue. Whisk! There was a twinkling tail, an abandoned shoe, and Rhoda was in my lap in an ecstasy of delight.

I would hesitate to chronicle isolated instances like this of our dog's strategy, fearing prejudice and fondness might seem to magnify an ordinary happening into sagacity, but the daily life of our quaint little friend was so full of similar instances that her acquaintances regarded her as a phenomenally clever dog, and her career was always an ovation, from clerks in the large bazaars, where Rhoda delighted to go shopping, to car and train conductors, who winked at the size of the always attendant brown imp. She much preferred a car seat to herself, and when she saw one vacant, would slip out and seat herself there with much satisfaction, gravely regarding the flying landscape.

For some never fathomed reason, the station, Knightsville, had a very pleasant sound in Rhoda's ear, though we had never paused there, and she invariably ran down the aisle and to the door when it was called out, coaxing us to follow. Once or twice I was obliged to call her in from the platform where she had gone to view the admired scenery. One day, cityward bound, Rhoda elected to sit behind me. Chatting with an acquaintance, I quite forgot her, when, as we were just gliding out of a station, a gentleman leaned over me and remarked, "Pardon me, but your dog has got off the train." I was glad of it. I hoped she would have time to enjoy Knightsville, for that was the village we were leaving behind, and heartily repent her sin, before I returned at night. Perhaps she was frightened even now, and hastening after the train that was bearing away her beloved mistress. I hastily looked from the rear doors. There, dimly discerned in the distance, was Rhoda, strolling down the platform in much apparent enjoyment, her back impudently turned to the departing train. No regret, no misgiving, was in that hilarious wag of the tail. At night, I stepped off the train at Knightsville, long enough to inquire of the station agent concerning my dog. Oh, yes, a little dog had got off alone from the morning train. What did he do? Why, he sat around in the station a while, and ran around, and then he went off across the fields.

When our train arrived home, Rhoda was at the station to meet me. She wriggled about in the shape of a crescent, and she thought it expedient to tuck her tail neatly between her legs, but there was an exultant twinkle in her roguish eyes that said she had carried her point at last.

Rhoda's wilfullness was her worst fault, and almost the only one for which she was ever seriously punished. When once she

wanted a thing she was determined to have it. Hours, days might elapse, but she did not forget, and in her own good time she won the day. Placed on the sofa and told to stay there, she was too knowing to disobey outright, but placed herself always in feigned slumber, on the extreme edge, and allowed herself to slide over until she fell upon the floor, when she would look about with an air of great surprise, as one who said, "What, did I fall? Well, now I am here, I may as well stay."

Her persistence would make one nervous, it was so unfailing. On one occasion she spied a mouse issue forth from a hole in a corner. Thenceforward, day in and out, Rhoda sat bythe hour before that mouse hole, oblivious to all else.

We used to quote,

"And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear,"

and would laughingly say, "Rhoda, are you waiting for Mary?"

This became in her mind the mouse's name at once, and we had only to inquire, "Where's Mary?" to send her flying to the corner. The grave little figure seated there so motionless became so upsetting to the nerves that I used to say, "Rhoda, Mary isn't there. She's gone to the city in the steam cars." Her implicit faith in my word was touching, and she always gave up the watch till the whistle of the train was heard, then she would run to me with excited panting, and inquiring looks, until I said, "Yes, there are the steam cars. Now you can look for Mary," and the vigil was again resumed. So far as I remember this was the only deception practiced on her.

Whenever a member of the family was away, Rhoda always inquired on each train's advent, if they were coming, and when at last she was answered yes, would run down to the station with joyful barks.

But the story of all her funny little ways would fill the paper. How she gave the alarm when the lamp was smoking and coaxed a neighbor in to repair the mischief; how she would sit up before the stove and beg by waving her paws, for us to open the draft or cast on more coal, this being a request which she would request quite as brazenly in the neighbor's houses; how she adopted a thick, long tangle of black hair cut from a visiting dog named Zip Coon, as her doll, and kept it under the lounge, bringing it out for the admiration of the callers when her mistress requested her to "go get little Zip Coon"; how she lamed her foot by a street car, and enjoyed the petting and sympathy she received, and, long after it was healed and forgotten, would suddenly exhibit it with drooping mien, and abject contenance for the commiseration of a friend who hadn't seen it at the time; how she would coax to be allowed to visit with her mistress, and be content to know she could go "to-morrow," and how when to-morrow came she began the day quite of her own accord, with whimperings and teasings, and the production of such articles of apparel as she thought would be needed, to hasten the time.

Rhoda never made a mistake in all the visiting list. The destination once announced, she always confidently led the way. Once told she might go, there was no denial after that. When we were about to set forth, I sometimes said, jestingly, "Oh, no, Rhoda, I think you'd better stay at home." "Will I, indeed?" she would declare, with a defiant sniff, and run far out of call. Yet, were I to pronounce this same mandate without previous promise, she would sink to the earth in abject despair and sorrow.

Her sense of fun was a very strong one, and she delighted to play practical jokes upon the more stupid ones, all of which regarded her as a vastly superior being. She would secure some small treasure, and begin guarding it and gloating over it and extolling its merits, till she would have a row of them seated before her quite wild with envy and curiosity, and then she would dart away and leave it for them to fight over, and to find it was a pebble or a piece of paper.

Sometimes, wishing to know the whereabouts of her master, I would step out of doors, where lay Rhoda, waiting for me (for she would forego the delights of a hunting trip to remain with her mistress), and say: "Rhoda, where is the man? Go find the man," and she vastly enjoyed conducting me to him, or giving me to understand that it was impossible to follow. But this time the spirit of mischief was plainly in Rhoda's visage, as I put the question. "I'll show you," quoth she, and led the way with much prancing and mincing, to a little culvert before the front gate. "Nonsense," I said, "The man, go and find the man."

"Yes, he was there," Rhoda reiterated. He certainly was, under those boards, if I would only look. As I advanced, to please her, her tail wagged faster and faster, and as I stooped and looked under, she gave vent to what was indubitably a derisive bark, and flew far away out of sight and hearing.

How the dog learned was something that daily puzzled us. There seemed more than the soul of a dog in her. Instances are many of the quick grasping of a new idea. One day, feeling rather lazy myself, I did not rise when she asked to leave the room, but said: "Oh, Rhoda, the lady is tired. Go in the other room and jump out of the window." This she promptly did, without illustrative gestures. Being reluctant, as I have said, to perform her tricks readily, she rather required some decision in one's utterance, and one day, to try her. I said in a casual and indifferent voice: "Rhoda, I wonder if you would go and shut the door for the lady?" Rhoda, who sat in a chair by the window, at her favorite occupation of watching sparrows on the lofty telegraph wires, looked around for me to say again "Shut the door," but I said nothing and she gazed forth again. Presently she looked at me again and I looked at her. She gazed at the birds, but her tongue began to lick her lips nervously—a sign of mental disturbance—and she turned imploringly to me once more, evidently wishing me to be a little more peremptory, but I still sat looking at her, and unable to bear it any longer, she got down, crossed the room, and gave the door a violent slam. Was not this conscience and memory combined?

Her tricks were not at all remarkable, except her knowing her right paw from her left, which seems to me a difficult thing for a dog to know unerringly, and one she never stumbled on, unless much distracted by outside interest.

When singing and playing I used sometimes to introduce words and sentences which I knew she would understand, and which would bring her promptly to my side to listen, much to the amusement of callers, till I ran them into a jingle I called "Rhoda's song," to which, as the objects multiplied more rapidly, she would listen with her little head tilting over farther and farther at each line, till there seemed danger it would screw entirely off.

These classic strains ran as follows:

Dear little Rhoda,
Riding in the steam cars,
Rhoda saw a kitty cat,
Rhoda saw a mousie,
The mousie, the kitty cat,
The birdie, the steam cars, etc.

Her appreciation of this lay was immense.

But, while I smile retrospectively, it is with a heartache, for though it is a year since Rhoda's loving brown eyes have looked into mine, the old horror is yet fresh when we set gayly forth, Rhoda and I, after the deep snow-storm, to plough our way to a neighbor's. I had been ill for four long weeks, and Rhoda had not left my pillow except under compulsion, and then she had collected all the small articles of my personal property she could find, and sat on them in a kind of proprietary frenzy. To-day was the first day we had gone to walk, and her happiness knew no bounds. I saw her ahead of me, on a snowy rise, floundering about on her back and kicking all her little heels in the air in a very unladylike but exuberant fashion. I saw her again when the cruel freight train had passed, lying on the railroad track, a pitiful little brown and white morsel—so still, so still. Rhoda, who, it seemed to me, could never die, was gone in a flash, in an instant, in the very midst of her happy, loyal little life, gone somewhere out into space. Is it strange that one's first wild thought should be, not there she lies, but where is she? Is it strange that to-day one cannot keep back bitter tears for the loss of the staunch, loving little friend and comrade whose mistress was all her world—or that one should feel sure that somewhere in another world there will be waiting the same little white and brown friend, with loving and delighted greeting, else the heaven that the lover of dogs pictures, will not be quite complete.

GREENE, R. I. MARIANA M. TALLMAN.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE DOG.

There is a slow but sure belief, steadily gaining ground with the public, that the dog is an intelligent animal, a belief widely different from that of the past, which relegated the dog to a class of mentally vacant organisms. Such he then was believed to be, and that belief still obtains in a limited way at the present. More intelligent investigation and comparison have shown that the old theories rested on no more tangible foundation than assertion and false sentiment, combined with a false pride, which refused the dog admission to a mental realm of which man claimed the sole, proud possession. Physically, man was but a higher development of the animal organisms, the material proof being constantly at hand, and comparative anatomy has so estabilshed it. But the psychological phases were not so tangible, and they, therefore, were matter for much speculation. It was not many years ago that there was a fairly uniform public belief that the dog was not endowed with powers of reason. The man who, at that time, would have dared to openly advocate that the dog had an intelligence similar to that of man, differing from it only in degree, would have been suspected of a weak head piece himself, and that he advocated a silly thing which wounded man's pride, irreverently went contrary to honored beliefs, and cherished a whim which was unbecoming and unworthy. The dog was conceded to be a living organism, but man appropriated all intelligence to himself.

The theory was that the dog's acts, while they might have an appearance of intelligence, were so in appearance only. They were really from instinct, as it was assumed were those of all the lower animals, all knowledge and the capability of it being arrogated by man to himself. Though there were many facts which indicated that the dog had intelligence and reasoning powers of no mean order, they were summarily cast aside and the more pleasing assumption of man being the sole animal which could have a thought, was accepted as the true doctrine. The fact that the dog had a brain, which it could be assumed Nature had not endowed him with for nothing, and that he had a nervous organization closely analogous to that of man, were not considered as pertinent to the matter, even if that fact was generally known, nor was the further fact considered that the dog depended on the senses of sight, hearing, feeling, smell and taste for his sensations and perceptions, precisely the same as does the nobler animal, man. His acts were summarily grouped with the acts of birds building their nests alike, without thought or prior experience, and with the migration of the birds, at a certain season, without a knowledge of whither they were going or why they went, though they all had an impulse to go in the same general direction. The bee hoards its stores of honey with no knowledge that a winter is to be provided for, and it builds its comb on correct geometrical lines, presumably by instinct. To this common plane of instinct, man relegated all the acts of the dog. He overlooked or ignored the fact that his own acts were not always from intelligence; that, in short, he has instincts himself. But he in his own case differentiates his instinctive acts from those which are from intelligence, but those of the dog and other intelligent lower animals are by him not so differentiated, though they can be so treated on the same lines of argument.

From the common standpoint of reasoning the matter, there is one most serious difficulty in estabilshing the dog's just right to be considered a reasoning animal, and that is that man takes his own mental standard of intelligence as a standard of all intelligence. As men have the power of speech, and the lower animal, have it not, or at least only in an extremely limited degree, it was an easy matter for mankind to agree that they alone were the sole beings which possessed intelligence. It was not considered that there were degrees of intelligence in the mental world as there are degrees of organisms in the physical world. Even among men, mentality varies from the highest, exhibited by the Caucasian, to that exhibited by the lowest savage races, which live a life no higher than that of some orders of lower animals, and who trust quite as much to signs to convey their meaning as to their powers of speech. All dog trainers insist on conceding intellect in the dog. They constantly observe intelligent acts which they cannot understand on any other hypothesis. They would do violence to their own intelligence were they to attribute the acts to any source other than to intelligence.

I was much impressed with the great change which time and a better understanding of the subject had brought about in the last few years, on reading in a circular letter some information and advice by Mr. R. E. Morgan to his patrons. He says: "To begin with, the owner or master of a dog should bear in mind one thing, his dog likes to be noticed and made something of. Always meet him with a kind word, a pat on the head, a rub of his coat, a good brushing, etc. Always make a companion of him at every possible opportunity. If going for a walk or drive take him along when possible. You will find this: That every minute given to your four footed friend you are practically educating him. A dog will get so used to his master that I think, and with reason for it, they will try to imitate, to a certain extent, their master's actions. I can recall now a certain noted setter (red Irish), of which I have often heard the friends of the owner say: 'See how — is imitating John's walk.' I would only add to this that they are both inseparable companions. No, the owner never will regret any attention paid his dog, either in or out of the field. It builds up a certain bond of friendship that ends only in death or separation. In handling my dogs afield, I use an ordinary whistle with a roll or pea in it. I prefer one not too loud. When I arrive at a field that I wish to draw or hunt, I drop my dogs at my feet, charge my gun and then I use the word 'Go.' I follow my dog or dogs quietly. This I consider of the most essential importance, as the human voice is far more dreaded by a game bird or animal than is the report of a gun. When my dog points, I go toward him, but never on a run or in a hurry. Go slow. Now is the time when slowness on the part of a handler is a virtue, and one that the sportsman will do well to cultivate. When near your dog, stop still. I generally say 'To ho, sir,' to the dog in a low tone of voice and repeat. Should my dog show the least inclination to go forward or to move, I say sharply, 'Look out, there.' If a single bird, and a person can almost always tell, I go to the dog and put my hand on his collar and rub his back along the spine the wrong way of the hair. This simple thing will often cause the most unsteady dog on points to be as steady as a rock. There is something about it that a dog likes and appreciates. When a dog has stood a reasonable length of time, I flush the bird or birds. Never allow your dog to do it. Better lose the shot than ruin your dog, for very few dogs that I have seen can or will discriminate between when his handler is absent or present, when it comes to the length of time he is to stay on a point. That there are dogs that will, I do not doubt, hold their points till about the time the handler gets there, and then flush the game regardless of all else. I always aim to flush my own birds, and find I get better work from my dogs by so doing. When I shoot I stand still. Do not stir an inch till reloaded, and be very slow about it too. I used a muzzle loader for years after breech loaders came in vogue, so as not to allow myself to move after shooting and to compel the dogs to drop to shot. I would still use one were I not afraid of accidents. If a sportsman will take, say, thirty seconds rest after a shot before starting on, he will do his dog a world of good. As to staunchness and steadiness, when I kill a bird, which is often the case, if it falls in a bad place for my dog to retrieve, I go as near as I can conveniently, but never to the spot where I think it is, and I say 'Dead bird. Fetch it.' When the dog finds the bird, I walk directly back or near to where I shot, and face the dog, and when he comes up I say, 'Sit up.' Then I take the bird from him, give him a kind word and start on after the scattered birds or more birds. Should my dog attempt to break shot or wing, I get to him as quickly as possible, take him by the collar and drag him roughly back to where he broke from, and then give him a cut or two with the whip. Right here let me say, should you have a shooting companion, politely tell him not to move till you do. Your companion will see the force of your request when he sees your dog perform. Let me add: Never allow your dog to commit a fault without correcting him. Do not say, as a good many do: Well, the next time you do it I will attend to you. Correct at the time. Now, in regarding your dog's movements in the field. Avoid using your whistle as much as possible. The less you use it the more your dog will look to you for guidance, and hunt to the gun."

Nearly all the advice in the foregoing is founded on the belief that the dog has comprehension, and that he can acquire knowledge from observation and experience. In short, that the dog has a perception of cause and effect, and therefore has powers of reasoning. The conclusions of so practical a class of men as are the trainers, are worthy of much consideration, for their conclusions are from practical experience and not from fanciful speculation.

HANDLING AT FIELD TRIALS.

In a pleasant letter, under date of March 27, Mr. Thos. Johnson mentions that it is probable that the Northwestern Field Trials Club will not give a field trial this year, as the Continental Field Trial Club and Manitoba Field Trial Club should fill the field. He says further that this does not, by any means, convey the idea that the club is dead, but he adds: "The Northwestern will lie in a dormant condition, ready to come, like the bear out of its winter quarters, resuscitated, reinvigorated and ready to take its place again. But when it does come, one rule will be vigorously insisted on, namely, that it is a dog trial only, not a dog and man trial; and Mr. Handler will use his whistle and do his yelling when so instructed by the judges. The time has gone past to play men on the assumption that dogs are really what the handler makes them. He adds to their education and, in times past at field trials, has assisted them in the manner he could interefere with the opposing dog, principally by whistling in a tone, or by a number of times, of which his dog was taught not to take notice. Our club want the training done before the field trial starts; and then to see to what perfection the dog has been trained, coupled with his own natural abilities. It has been demonstrated that a dog could win a field trial and never have a word spoken nor a whistle blown; recognized more and more every year that the great desideratum of field trials is the encouragement of good breeding, and I prognosticate that, when the rules are so framed that acts of disobedience and want of training are punished, by the culprit being thrown out of the race, more men will get interested in field trials, and will view them as a test of what the handler has done for his dog. The industrious, deserving handler will then make money, and the lazy loafer will get his deserts."

There is good, wholesome matter to ponder over seriously, in what Mr. Johnson says of the changes in field trial requirements. There never has been a proper consideration of the handler's limitation. What he could do for his dog, if the dog appeared to be a factor in it, was nearly always credited to the dog. Out of this grew all the abuses of handling, such as rushing, interfering with the opposing dog by whistling, loud and numerous commands, flushing birds, etc. I have a strong belief that Mr. Johnson's predictions will prove true, and that noisy and turbulent handlers, whoever they may be, will have to remodel their style to meet the new order of things, for truly the glory of the juggler-handler is departing. B. WATERS.

Field Trial Progress.

Gainsville, Va.—I have read with much interest your editorial on field trial progress. There is no doubt but that the support, given to, and interest manifested in, field trials as they have been managed and run, bears the highest testimony for the passionate fondness for sport afield with dog and gun, of the American people.

There is not a doubt in my mind that in many instances they have been run and judged unfairly, and the work of certain dogs reported incorrectly, and yet, I have liberally supported them for about ten years. Why? Because for my natural "fondness for the sports afield," and a lingering hope to be able to assist in the reformation and purification of field trials.

You say "At the present day, a field trial is so specialized in its management, judging and handling, that in theory there is little room for improvement." If we have a theory on false premises, we arrive at false conclusions. What evidence have we that human nature is different now from what it was in the darkest field trial days?

It cannot be truthfully denied that the spotting system, as practiced by some of the judges, instead of affording competition has prevented it. Human nature is the same now that it has been always. The spotting system gives a better opportunity for the misjudging of field trials than any other yet devised. With the most honest, most experienced and logical sportsmen, it is impossible to accurately estimate the relative merits of dogs not running together under the same conditions.

A sensible, good dog knows that he cannot find birds and do good work under the most unfavorable conditions. A dog of mediocrity will do fairly good work under favorable conditions.

The spotting system, with the purest and best judges, may eliminate merit, but never luck.

The most important stake run in the United States the past season, resulted in the mere luck of the drawing, one seriously, the two dogs getting the best time of day, and best grounds were placed, first and second. The bye was placed third, so that there was no competition except as to two dogs out of nine. This decision was not just.

The decision of the most important stake last year, 1893-4, was based on what one judge saw of the running of one dog, and two judges saw of the other two that were placed, running twelve or fourteen miles apart. Dear Forest and Stream is there not much room for improvement?

There must be something the matter with the judging when a very strong club is threatened with dissolution, on the simple question of the selection of the committee to select judges. If that is of such great moment to club members' interests, tell me, please, what chance of winning have the outsiders had under the spotting system?

The judging of the All-Age Stake at the Eastern in 1893, and the All-Age and Selling Stakes also was erroneous in 1894. No

one can make a reasonable hypothesis to show how they could have reached such illogical conclusions.

The United States Club voluntarily voted $120 to an outsider whose dogs in the All-Age Stake, Trial B, had been unjustly spotted out. This was a praiseworthy effort., the first attempt I have ever known a club to make to right a wrong. That was, in fact, "field trial progress", upon which the club should be congratulated and supported by every true sportsman. It matters not if handlers are represented in the club, when their efforts are for good, when they strive to promote fair and square competition.

The Southern Club generally recognizes the survival of the fittest. The Derby was run out to the end, as, no doubt, would have been the All-Age, had the weather permitted. Its rules are better than those of other clubs yet adopted. It is to be regretted that retrieving has been abolished, because when two dogs are about equal in other respects, the one retrieving the better should win.

The spot-in system would be better; that is, when a dog showed exceptional merit, though beaten by his brace mate, spot him to run with the next available dog in the second series. Spot in the best dog of each brace in the first series, and drop every dog beaten after the first series, but never drop a dog until beaten. Thus, the survival of the fittest under the same conditions. J. R. PURCELL.

Death of Jean Val Jean.

Roxbury, Mass.—All sportsmen who love a good dog, and especially those who fancy a good hound, will sympathize with Mr. H. S. Joslin, President of the New England Beagle Club, in the loss of his celebrated beagle, field trial champion Jean Valjean. While hunting without a master, he fell through the rotten planks which covered an abandoned well, and was drowned. Jean was one of the best beagles that ever appeared at a field trial. He possessed an abundance of hunting sense, combined with great determination, ambition and endurance. He had plenty of speed and a fine nose. The work he did at Oxford last fall placed him at once among the cracks of the country. In addition to his hunting qualities he had a remarkably sweet disposition, which made him a favorite with all. He won his honors in hot competition, and his record includes the reserve in the Derby of the New England Beagle Club in '93, and first in the All Age and Champion stakes at the trials of the same club in '94. His death is a loss that will be felt by all breeders of high class hunting beagles.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN.

Dog Shows—Customs—Kennel Clubs.

Compton, Quebec.—I wish to explain my difficulties in getting to the late New York show, and get advice thereon. In the first place, I took out Consul papers at Sherbrooke, Que., thinking that by doing so I could get through the American custom house all right, but I received word that I should have to put up $100 in cash into a custom broker's hands, and that he would then give bonds. I got the word at 6.30 P. M. on Sunday night, and I had to leave at 4 A. M. Monday morning. Well, I had rather a difficult job, but finally a friend came to my rescue and put up the money. I understand that thoroughbred dogs are duty free. If so, why should we have to put up the duty? At the same time that we took the show dogs through, we took a bitch to be bred, but did not have to put up any money, as she was for breeding purposes. Is there any sense in that? Last fall I sent my terriers to the N. E. K. show. As you know, they arrived after the judging was over, because the custom house at Newport kept them there twelve hours. I have sent dogs to American shows before and never had any trouble. Now, what I want to know is, Why do not American show committees make arrangements with the custom house, and if they do why does not the custom house know its business? I want to send some dogs to Boston, and want to know some way of saving all this trouble. What good are Consul papers? I did not have to put up any money without them, but my dogs were kept twelve hours.

I understand that the American and Canadian kennel clubs are for the purpose of promoting the good and welfare of dogs and dog men, but, so far as I can see, the American Kennel Club, for what reason I do not know unless it is for mercenary motives, is doing, through one or two of its members, all in its power to hurt the interests of dogdom between these two countries. No fair-minded American can expect us Canadians to humiliate ourselves so far as to place us on a par with a local club, and, what is more, we are not going to do it. We have tried to arrange things satisfactorily, but the A. K. C. will not budge an inch to do the fair thing.

I always have been in favor of one stud book between the two countries, but I am not willing to go further, except as far as recognizing wins and disqualifications. Now, the Canadian Kennel Club has a very good way out of this scrape, and that is for them to recognize all American wins. It will be giving our dogs a certain advantage over American dogs; and there is no gainsaying the fact that some of our shows are fully on a par with American shows, excepting New York. Why should one man just about run the A. K. C.? One man does not run us in Canada, and if he should try it we should make it uncommonly unhealthy for him. FRED S. WETHERALL.

The Field Quality of Beagles.

Wakefield, Mass.—It is with great pleasure that I read articles in your paper from the pens of experienced beagle men. While not as experienced in beagle work as some of your contributors I believe (as a result of my observations) that breeders need to strive for courage, hunt, nose and staying powers, more than for speed in beagles for practical work. I like a dog that has ambition, is not timid, and, when cast off, will get to work at once, going at a good clip and having the nose to back up his "hustle," not having to depend on a slow dog to work out the trail.

Speed is desirable, but we should not be so carried away with the speed craze that we neglect the more necessary qualities of hunting and nose. A hustling man does not amount to much without a level head, and a hustling dog doesn't suit a practical hunter, unless the dog has keen scent. Too many beagles of long pedigrees and of bench show stock, and some of field trial fame, have to be coaxed to "hunt 'em up," when the hunting ground is reached. Let breeders aim to produce dogs with the eagerness to hunt that spaniels have.

Mr. Kreuder, in Forest and Stream, of Dec. 22, says: "Speed without nose is all 'poppy cock,' and is a physical impossibility."

I cannot agree with him, for I have seen beagles hustle a rabbit fast and true for quite a distance, but, when the scent became weaker, on less favorable ground, where it required a good nose to carry the trail, these dogs were at a loss until my dog (Ringwood-Flute M. stock), nearly as fast but with better nose, worked out the trail for them. Now, these dogs had speed surely, but were without the proper nose for such speed, so that I claim that speed without a good nose is a physical possibility, and in too many cases a sad fact.

Jean Valjean cannot be a dog of this sort, or he would not have rightly beaten Buckshot, at Oxford. Jean must have the proper nose for his legs.

I once knew of a half-breed and Gordon setter that drove foxes very fast and that would take foxes from any hound in this vicinity, but as his nose was not as fast as his legs, he would get a check, and after the hounds straightened it out for him, he would outrun them again Now, which style of a beagle is the best and gives the most satisfaction when hunted alone, the sprinter without the right nose, or the steady-driving, keen-scented dog? I like Mr. Stoddard's letter, published some time ago, but do not like a dog with a "farm horse" jog. I believe in the hustlnig, level-headed, sure-scented, staying, road-horse style of a beagle. RURAL.

The Columbus Show.

The show of the Columbus Fanciers' Club, for the benefit of the Columbus Humane Society, was held in the City Hall, Columbus, Ohio, beginning on March 27, and running three days. There were about 200 entries. The show was a success. Mr. H. A. Bridge filled the office of superintendent most ably. He also judged setters, pointers, collies, Bassetts and beagles. John Cummings, Columbus, judged spaniels. Al. G. Eberhart, Cincinnati, O., judged Newfoundlands, Great Danes, Skye terriers, Scotch terriers and German poodles. S. A. Kenefick judged all other classes. The weather was fine, and the attendance was large. The trotting races for dogs excited much interest, as did also the trick performance of Mr. Eberhardt's poodle, Prince de Leon. Most of the dogs were owned in Columbus and vicinity.

American Scottish Terrier Club.

At the Boston Show, the American Scottish Terrier Club offer their challenge cups, to be competed for by members only, as follows: One cup for the best American bred dog; one cup for best American bred bitch, to be won five times before becoming the property of the winner, not necessarily to be won with the same dog or bitch. The club offers a cup for the best American bred dog puppy; one cup for best American bred bitch puppy. Open to all exhibitors of the breed.

HENRY BROOKES, Secretary A. M. S. T. C.

The Continental Field Trial Club.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The Continental Field Trial Club, having decided to hold a field trial on chickens in the Northwest, beginning Sep. 2, I will be glad to hear from gentlemen in that part of the country relative to locations for the trials. I can assure the sportsmen of America that the chicken trials of thi club are a certainty, as the club has no intention whatever of abandoning them.

We are anxious to locate the trials in a country where chickens abound, and at a point where livery and hotel accommodations can be assured. Information will be gladly received, either by mail or through the columns of Forest and Stream. P. T. MADISON, Secretary-Treasurer.

E. F. T. Club's Trials.

Brooklyn.—At the Governor's meeting of the E. F. T. Club. held March 26, it was decided that the trials of 1895, of the E. F. T. C., to be held at Newton, N. C., will commence with the Members' Stake, Nov. 16, and the regluar open trials commence with the E. F. T. C 's Derby, on Monday, Nov. 18, 1895.

W. A. COSTER, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Pittsburgh Show.

Pittsburgh.—The Duquesne Kennel Club offers $10 for the best four spaniels owned and entered by one person or kennel; also a second prize of $5 in class 74. If a special carload is made up from New York, the U. S. Express Co. will charge $3 per 100 pounds, and return all free.

JOHN MOOREHEAD, JR., President.

The Brunswick Fur Club.

Roxbury, Mass.—A special meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Mechanic's Hall, Boston, Mass., on April 16, at 12 o'clock. The committee on the revision of the constitution and by-laws will make its report and other important business will come before the meeting.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Secretary.

Cropping Ears.

A friend sends us a resolution whereon he indorses "First to Act in America." Following is the resolution which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the Montreal Kennel Association does not approve of the cropping of dogs' ears, and sympathizes with the movement in England and elsewhere to abolish the practice. As the amount of pain inflicted in docking a dog's tail with a sharp instrument, when a very young puppy, is insignificant, and the healing process very rapid, the Association does not feel called upon to express a strong opinion against this practice on the ground of cruelty, though many of the members are against all such methods of so-called improving the appearance of the dog, believing that they are unsound in principle."

DOG CHAT

In a pleasant letter, under date of March 24, Mr. R. B. Morgan writes us as follows: "I am just home from Tennessee, where I passed the winter, and, barring the cold winter just passed, I have had a very good trip. Birds were not so plentiful as I have seen them in Tennessee, still they were in fair numbers, twenty-three bevies being the largest find in a day's hunt by myself and my assistant."

Mr. C. Walter Lougest writes us that he is importing two Bedlington terriers, dog and bitch, which he expects to arrive in time for the Boston show.

Mr. W. S. Clark, Secretary-Treasurer of the New England Beagle Club, has issued a notice that the quarterly meeting of the club will be held in Mechanic's Hall, Boston, April 19 at 2 P. M.

Communications intended for the kennel department should be addressed to Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 318 Broadway, New York. Mr. H. W. Lacey's address is now Nutley, N. J.

Circulars announcing the inception of a Metropolitan Kennel Club with social aspirations have been sent to prominent dogmen in New York and vicinity. The idea at present is to make the dues ten or fifteen dollars per annum, and establish a club home, with a limit of 100 members. Those who would wish to join such an organization should send their names to Mr. E. M. Oldman, Secretary pro tem, 166 West 79th street, New York city. Messrs. T. H. Terry, James Watson, A. C. Wilmerding, E. M. Oldham and James Mortimer compose the committee having the affair in hand.

The American Scottish Terrier Club was formed in March, its purposes being for the encouragement of the breed. Following is the list of officers: President, Oliver Ames 2d; Secretary, Henry Brooks; Treasurer, James L. Little; Executive Committee, Oliver Ames, 2d; Henry Brooks, James L. Little and S. Fessenden, Jr.

In our kennel specials this week, Mr. R. B. Morgan, Akron, O., offers a thoroughly trained dog, good on all game birds. Mr. C. F. Kent, Monticello, N. Y., offers trained foxhounds. Mr. Frank Pigeon, Saugerties, N. Y., offers blue blooded pointers and a cocker spaniel. Dr. James Ferris Belt, Wilmington, Del., offers a fox terrier bitch in whelp to Hillside Royal. Dr. Crawforth advertises for King Charles spaniels. The Westminster Kennel Club offers the services of the celebrated pointer Sanford Druid.

Sleeping Bags.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Hulbert Bros. & Co., New York.

They have just perfected arrangements for the sole control and sale of the Kenwood Sleeping Bags. This is something entirely new and merits the attention of all sportsmen. Sleeping bags have heretofore been so big and cumbersome as to lose their utility in the camp, as they were too big to transport with any degree of convenience, especially with other camp equipments. Those that have been made heretofore have been made principally of canvass, fleece lined, and heavy water-proof duck on the outside, and while quite comfortable when once in them were too big for ordinary use. The new Kenwood bag is an all wool heavy blanket, woven into bag shape, and fastened at the top, and down the center about 3ft., with patent fasteners, so that one can completely envelope themselves or leave their arms out, and still be protected from the weather. They are closely felted, and have a thick, soft nap inside. They will shed dew or an ordinary light rain without wetting through. A splendid arrangement inside of a log cabin on a chilly night, and would be almost indispensable in case of illness in camp. Just the thing on board of a yacht or house-boat. Another thing which commends them to the public is the price, ranging from $6 to $10, according to weight, while most bags heretofore have sold for from $20 to $30. They can be rolled up in a small parcel, and carried in a shawl-strap, and being put on the market by a firm who are so thoroughly in the sporting goods buisness, and knowing the requirements of the sportsman, is a sufficient guarantee of the worth of this new article.—Adv.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 16, 1895.

Messrs. Wiley & Brush,
Agents Anker Bouillon Capsule Mfg. Co.,
New York.

Gentlemen:

I've just returned from a hunting trip through the Maine wilderness after deer, caribou and moose, which was the most successful, the pleasantest and the most satisfactory hunting trip I ever had. I took along a nicely filled medicine case, a bountiful supply of provisions and incidentally four boxes of Anker's Bouillon Capsules, which turned out to be one of the best things I ever used. Morning after morning we got up before daylight to go "moose calling," no time to cook breakfast, no time to eat it if it were cooked, but a capsule in a tin dipper, a little hot water poured over it, then drink it down and off we go well sustained for hard work, and from hunger until hours roll by and we return for late breakfast. On two different days I was unable to reach camp until dark, but in my canoe I had a tea kettle and tin dipper, and in my vest pocket two capsules, one for the guide, the other for myself, a fire at about one o'clock just big enough to boil the water, and then the capsules, and we experienced no discomfort whatever during the balance of the hunt until camp was reached, and our supper of brook trout, and steaks off a three-year-old moose gave us a feast to go to sleep on. You ought to introduce "Anker's Capsules" into sportsman's stores, they're surely going to fill many "a long felt want."

Yours truly,
THOMAS MARTINDALE.—Adv.

Sweet-scented Flowers and Fragrant Leaves. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price $1.50 net.

This book contains in cyclopedia form exact and interesting information about all English sweet-smelling plants. There are 126 pages of this information arranged alphabetically, besides a comprehensive historical sketch and introduction.

As this is the only complete work of the kind published, it will no doubt at once become a standard among lovers of flowers.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

April 3-5.—WILLARD PARK, Paterson, N. J.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's third annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, at New York; $1,000 guaranteed, all surplus added. All ties in Grand American Handicap must be shot off; three moneys, three high guns.

April 3.—ASTOR HOUSE, New York.—Trapshooters' Convention, adjourned meeting; 8:30 P. M.

April 9-11.—BURLINGTON, Ia.—Tournament of the Big Four Gun Club.

April 9-11.—WELLINGTON, Mass. Three days tournament of the Boston Shooting Association: targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager

April 9-12.—LONDON, Ont.—Three days' live-bird and target tournament; $100 guaranteed; experts handicapped by distance and unknown angles. John Parker, Detroit, Mich., manager.

April 11.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club, in connection with the April tournament of the New Jersey Trapshooters' League. O. L. Yeoman, Sec., Orange, N. J.

April 12.—HARTFORD, Conn.—All day shoot of the Hartford Gun Club; targets. D. S. Wadsworth, Sec.

April 15.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All day shoot of the Forest Gun Club at its grounds, 27th and Lehigh avenue; targets. William Morison, Sec., 1943 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

April 15.—BALTIMORE, Md.—All day shoot of the Standard Gun Club at Point Breeze. W. F. Clements Sec'y.

April 15-18.—ATCHISON, Kas.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Lou Erhardt Sec. and Manager.

April 16-18.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, at Pittsburg, Pa., under the auspices of the Pittsburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

April 17, 18.—AUBURN, N. Y.—Two days' tournament of the Auburn Gun Club; open to all. C. E. Goodrich, Secretary.

April 17-19.—CANTON, Ill.—Annual spring tournament of the Canton Shooting Club.

April 23, 24.—BATTLE CREEK, Mich.—Annual tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League. Annual meeting and election of officers on the evening of the first day. W. H. Willard Secretary.

April 22-27.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. W V. Rieger, Sec.

April 23-24.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Third bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds; events open to all. Robt. E. Chetwood, Pres.

April 23-26.—GALESBURG, Ill.—Tournament of the Galesburg Shooting Club.

April 24-26.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club: first two days, targets; third day live birds. Orrin J. Loder, Sec.

May 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; New Jersey Trap Shooters' League events commence at 2 P. M. Rob't. E. Chetwood, Prest.

May 7-10.—CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Dupont tournament at Cincinnati. Liberal cash prizes added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, agent.

May 9-10.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

May 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and P. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

May 10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O.; $200 added money. Ed. Taylor, Sec., 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec., Kansas City.

May 21-24.—KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 27-30.—LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament and meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. For rogrammes address Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, under the management of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec.

May 30.—MOUNTVILLE, Pa.—Tournament of the Mountville Gun Club; targets.

May 30.—EAST MCKEESPORT, Pa.—Tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club. A. A. Mackert, Sec.

May 30-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS. Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament under the auspices of the Interstate Association; targets; $500 added money. C. F. Rood, Sec.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11-13.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 13-14.—FARGO, N.D.—First annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready May 15. W. W. Smith Sec'y.

June 13-15—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee Sec.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec.

July 11-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec.

July 17-18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec., Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

Control of Trap-Shooting.

At the meeting held January 24, at the Astor House, by a number of representative trap-shooters, a committee was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws for a National Trap-Shooters' Association. The committee is composed of Major R. H. Breintnall, W. H. Wolstencroft, B. C. Everinghim, L. H. Schortemeier and Edward Banks. The by-laws, which they will submit at the meeting of April 3, are given below:

PROPOSED BY-LAWS.

No. 1. The order of business at all meetings shall be:

I. Roll-call, receiving of credentials and payment of dues.
II. Reading of the minutes of previous meeting.
III. Communications.
IV. Reports of officers.
V. Reports of committees.
VI. Unfinished business
VII. New business.
VIII. Election of Governors.

No. 2. No member shall speak more than twice on any one question, nor more than five minutes at any one time, unless with the assent of the meeting.

No. 3. Every member present shall be required to vote on all questions, unless he is directly or personally interested, or excused by a majority vote of the members present.

No. 4. In all cases of charges preferred, as provided by the Constitution, such charges must be made in writing, and filed with the Secretary-Treasurer, who shall forthwith serve a copy of the same upon the person charged, and the Chairman of the Tournament Board.

No. 5. The Chairman of the Tournament Board shall give notice to the person charged of the time and place of trial, which shall be not less than ten nor more than twenty days from the time of receiving such charges, by mail, addressed to his last known place of residence or business, and he shall be given an opportunity to be heard in defense.

No. 6. Like notice shall also be sent to the President of the State Association, in which the person charged resides or transacts business, and to each member of the Tournament Board.

No. 7. The Board shall report the result of all trials and the penalty inflicted, if any, within five days thereafter, to the Secretary-Treasurer, filing with such report the testimony taken.

No. 8. Immediately upon receiving such report, the Secretary-Treasurer shall notify the person against whom charges have been preferred, of the result of the trial, and the findings of the Tournament Board, and the time to appeal shall run from the date of mailing such notice.

No. 9. At least ten days' notice of the time and place of the hearing of an appeal, taken as provided in the Constitution, shall be given to the appellant, and such appeal must be heard and determined within thirty days after notice thereof has been received and the decision of the Executive Committee published in at least one representative sporting paper.

No. 10. State Associations shall, by reason of membership, as provided in the Constitution, have the right of representation and vote in meetings of the Tournament Board, for the trial of all persons living in their respective States, against whom charges shall be preferred.

Such representation shall be by the President, or in his absence, the Vice-President of the State Association.

State Associations shall be entitled to a voice at all meetings of the Association, but without vote.

No. 11. These by-laws may be amended at any meeting of the Association by a two-thirds vote, provided that notice of the proposed amendment shall have been duly filed with the Secretary-Treasurer, and published in at least one representative sporting paper, at least thirty days before such meeting.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

This is the Grand American Handicap week, the greatest live bird event of its kind in the country. In the next issue of Forest and Stream, that of April 13, will appear all the scores made at Willard Park, Forest and Stream recognizing the fact that in every section of this country there are trapshooters who want to know just what was done at this meeting.

Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, announces that the association will give a tournament at Macon, Ga., under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club, on July 17 and 18, the Macon Gun Club adding $200 to the purses.

A feature of the afternoon's sport at the Springfield tournament of the New Jersey Trapshooters' League on Wednesday, March 27, was the pursuit and capture of an English snipe by Billy Drake, A. Sickley, Aaron Woodruff and John Hoffman. A pointer dog spent the best part of the day ranging a small swamp just out of gunshot of the score, repeatedly flushing an English snipe. After the team race the four shooters above named advanced on the swamp, bringing the bird back with them.

The success of the Interstate Association's live bird tournament at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., is assured. The regular entry list closed on Saturday, March 30, with the great total of 57 entries, an increase of three over last year's entry list. With 57 shooters entered in the main event, it is a moral certainty that the side trap events will be well filled.

The Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club's tournament on April 17 and 18 next is open to all, nobody barred. I understand that this club is a candidate for next year's (1896) State shoot. It's record in '88 is a good guarantee of it's being able to run a State shoot successfully.

Mr. T. W. Sisty, of Dunellen, N. J., writes that the Dunellen Gun Club will have an all day shoot on Friday, April 19. He adds: "We have spacious grounds, with a separate live bird boundary alongside our target score, and have recently placed in position 5 empire targets and an empire electric pull. Our grounds are three minutes walk from Dunellen station, and are therefore decidedly accessible. We will have programmes ready for distribution in a few days, and will offer two cash prizes for first and second averages. If we can get 200 or 300 extra good birds; we will also have a 7 or 10 live bird sweep, in addition to the target events."

John Rothacker and "Dutchy" Smith are booked to shoot a live bird match against Al. Rust, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., on April 23. The match, which is for $25 a corner, 25 live birds per man, will be decided on Zwirlein's grounds at Yardville.

Fred Hoey has been doing some record work on live birds at Rome, Italy. Full details are not to hand, but a run of 50 straight shows that Hoey is upholding the honor of the stars and stripes, in a manner that cannot but be satisfactory to every American trapshooter.

Irby Bennett, of Memphis, Tenn., the Southern representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, is in town. The details of the Memphis tournament have been slightly altered in a manner that I think will add to the popularity of the big shoot next June. The programmes, which will be out shortly, will make very interesting reading. The tournament, by the way, has been made one of three days, not four days, as previously announced; the dates now are June 11-13.

Capt. Bartlett, of the Burgess Gun Company, has arrived in the East after a long business tour in the South. Bartlett will now be found breaking targets in all the big tournaments; he is shooting this week at Willard Park.

"Sim" Glover, the Rochester crack, came to New York on Monday of this week. Glover entered in the Grand American Handicap some time ago, and had a gun built for him specially for the Interstate's tournament at Willard Park. Somehow the gun didn't come up to his expectations, so Sim spent Monday trotting around to borrow a suitable weapon.

My apologies are hereby tendered the Secretary of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club for the omission of the scores of his club's March shoot for this issue. Where those same scores have hidden themselves is a mystery.

Roxborough, Pa., has a new gun club, which is known as the Gentleman's Gun Club. It was organized on March 27, with William Clegg as President; Jacob Boehret, Treasurer, and Charles Knettle, Secretary.

The McClure Gun Club, of Chester, Pa., has elected the following as its officers: President, N. W. Garvine; Vice-President, John Driscoll; Secretary, J. B Nelling; Recording Secretary, W. J. Tazewell; Treasurer, Thomas P. Fennell; Captain, William Gibbs: Directors, John Oliver and W. H. Hall.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., Times, of March 28, contained the following, which will be of interest to a large number of live bird shooters in this section: "The Nassau Gun Club passed into history yesterday afternoon after its shoot at Dexter Park, and hereafter the famous old Fountain Club will shoot on the same grounds on the same day. As it was the last shoot of the Nassau Club, so it was the first outing of the Fountain Club in many months. Each organization competed for its own prize. The Fountain's brought with them a solid silver cup, presented by Vice-President William R. Brixey, which is to be competed for, for eighteen months. Then each man will take the total of his highest six scores, and if any of the members should tie, such ties must be decided in a 25 bird race."

Mr. Edward C. Meacham, late President of the E. C. Meacham Arms Company, of St. Louis, died on March 26. Mr. Meacham was well-known to sportsmen and to the sporting goods' dealers of this country, particularly in the South. The company will continue to do business under the same name.

Judging from the way the boys are talking, the Boston Shooting Association's tournament at Wellington, Mass., on April 9-11, should be extremely well attended.

The New Jersey Trapshooters' League has devised an excellent scheme for keeping up local interest in trapshooting in its monthly tournaments. The team races at their monthly races are always closely watched, and produce a very satisfactory number of entries. The next tournament takes place at Maplewood on April 11.

The Interstate Association has perfected its plans for a great campaign in the South this season, and the Southern gun clubs are not backward in showing that they appreciate the efforts of the association to further the interests of trapshooting, as well as to advertise the various companies comprising the association.

The programme of the ninth annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, which will be held May 14-16 at Dayton, Ohio, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, arrived at this office on Monday of this week. A notice of its contests will appear shortly.

EDWARD BANKS.

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 30.—The executive committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association met at the Sherman House, this city, last Thursday night, at 8 p. m., a full membership being out, also President Shepard, of the association and Secretary Meyers, together with John Watson, of Watson's Park, where the State tournament is held. The business of the meeting had to do mainly with the tournament preparations, and much of the business was routine, connected with the membership of clubs, payment of dues, etc. There are about thirty clubs in good and regular standing, and the shoot would be a great one even if it had no open tournament, as it always does. The committee gave the programme printing to Mr. Herman B. Meyers, the obliging and efficient secretary. Mr. Watson said that he would make his customary donation to the association for the open programme, which will, as usual, follow upon the close of the State events. Mr. Watson really gives this open shoot himself, though it has always been held under the auspices of the association, and he always follows implicitly the association's suggestions in details. The committee will send out a circular to the trade asking for merchandise donations, all prizes to be accounted for prior to May 1.

There was considerable talk over the handicap question.

Mr. Meyers said that a great many young shooters had come to him and said they could not afford to go into a shoot and be "wolfed out" of their money. He thought a good plan would be to take the style of "non winner" handicap used on the turf, by which a winner of an event could not qualify to win any event following. Thus, a winner of first in the open sweep would fall out, as would the next winner of first and so on. The experts thus gradually dropping out, the poorer shots would be left in to contend among themselves on a more equal footing, and would so stand a chance of getting an occasional look at some money. At the same time, a set of traps could be provided for the experts, so that they would not be left idle after falling out of the unclassified sweep as above mentioned. The idea seemed to meet with some favor. A tournament committee, consisting of Messrs. R. B. Organ, L. N. Hamiline and C. S. Wilcox was appointed, and will have charge of all handicapping, etc. under the shooting regulations. These may take measures to follow the present strong sentiment against crooked shooting at their shoot in June. Mr. Watson thought it would be very hard to prove a case of dropping, but did not object to the appointment of a referee to watch the shooting and expel any shooter found guilty of dishonest shooting. No referee has been appointed, and it may be none will be, but the association might now very well take cognizance of the fact that there has been much progress in such matters of late, and progress of a sort much worth their while to imitate if they wish to be well up with the current of shooting affairs. Chicago is entitled to front rank among shooting cities, and should be behind in no vital issue. It should be the first to expel the dropper from the society of shooters.

909 Security Building, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Live birds at Wilmerding.

Wilmerding, Pa., March 23.—Four members of the Wilmerding Gun Club shot a race at live birds this afternoon on the private grounds of Mr. J. S. McIntosh, each man shooting at 25 pigeons. The birds were a good lot of strong flyers that were hard to stop, there being so many drivers among them. The dead birds were retrieved in first class style by Mr. John Brant's English setter dog, Art. Scores:

S. S. Bishop	10202002002*2110022011121—15
J. S. McIntosh	102221112*110101022011121—19—34
F. McIntosh	10112102012*11**112121102—18
W. Sharrard	122001*0000*0*21111111000—12—30

A. A. MACKERT.

Campbell Beat Brocaw.

The scores given below were made on March 19 at Yardville, N. J. The occasion was a match between L. Campbell, of Little Silver, N. J., and W. J. Brocaw, of Easton, Pa., Campbell winning by three birds. Match was shot under the new Long Island rules, conditions being as follows:

35 live birds, 25 yards rise, 50 yards boundary, $100 a side:

L. Campbell	1011111110110111011111110 1001010111	—26
W. G. Brocaw	1110010111101001110100110 0111111011	—23

Hartford Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., March 30.—The Hartford Gun Club's programme for its all day shoot on April 12, includes the following events: Seven 10 target races at 50 cents entrance; one 15 target race, $1 entrance; one 20 target race, $2 entrance, and a 25 target race, $2.50 entrance. Targets are extra at 2 cents each. Purses divided into four moneys, and all events at known angles.

The scores made in the weekly club shoot this afternoon were as follows:

"Ford"	0110111111111101111111111—22
Risley	1111101111110111111001111—21
Viberts	0111111111111101111100111—21
Goodwin	0011111101111111101001111—19
Melrose	0011100111111110111011101—18
Tucker	1111011111001111000011111—18
Wadsworth	0001111011111100111110111—18
Hopkins	1100001110111101111101011—17
Seyton	0001011110110111010101111—16
Lucas	1100001111010100111111110—16
Collins	0001110111010111100110011—15
Smith	1100001011100100110011011—12

D. S. WADSWORTH, Secretary.

Bronx River Gun Club.

West Farms, N. Y., March 30.—The members of the Bronx River Gun Club held their monthly shoot for the medals in classes A, B and C. Dr. Jno. P Adams and C. White led for the medal in Class A, White winning in the shoot off; H. Fensterer won in Class B, the Class C medal going to B. Cruger. Scores: E. P. Miller, 20; Dr. Jno. P. Adams, 19; C. White, 19; H. Fensterer, 19; B. G. Loomis, 17; H. Cathcart, 16; Jas. Duane, 16; Bertram Cruger, 10; C. H. Dittmar, 9. The shoot was at 25 targets per man. The next club shoots take place on April 13 and 27.

JOHN T. MURPHY, Secretary.

Dayton-Freehold-New Brunswick.

The third and last match in the series of three-cornered races between the gun clubs of Dayton, Freehold and New Brunswick, was decided on Saturday, March 23, on the grounds of the Brunswick gun club. The teams were 12 men, each man shooting at 30 targets, expert rules. The weather conditions were all that could be wished. Dayton won with the score of 252 to 242 for Freehold and 226 for the Brunswickers. Scores:

	Dayton.	
Farr	1101001100110011011111110100101	—18
Snook	0011101101010011011101010101111	—19
P Emmons	1001110101110111111001011111101	—21
Doc Carroll	1111111011111011110101111101110	—24
McDonald	0111101010111011111010011101101	—20
J Emmons	0010010101001000110001110111011	—14
Rightmire	1010011001111001110110111011110	—20
C H Allen	1111111111101110111111111011111	—27
Barclay	1001110111010111111111110111101	—23
Blackwell	1101101101111100111111111111011	—24
Clinton	1100000111100100011110110110101	—17
F Vandyke	1110111110111111111100101111111	—25—252
	Freehold.	
Throckmorton	1000110101011100111001011100111	—17
H Davis	1111011110111111011110100110011	—22
Campbell	1011010001110110101101110011111	—30
Hall	1100101111101101011111110100001	—20
Burtis	0111010101001011011010001111	—18
Van Schoick	1111111001011110011101111111111	—24
Hance	1100111111110011111010111010111	—23
Snyder	1110011010101111100110 0111011	—19
Denise	1111111111000100111001010110 01	—18
Laird	0100011011100000111010111111100	—17
Conover	1101110111101111000111011111 0	—22
Walling	0110111111110110101110111101 10	—22—242
	Brunswick.	
J Hoagland	1100110110111110110110011111101	—21
Doc Iredell	1110011101101110000011110000001	—16
Reynolds	1101101110001111111101010101111	—21
McDowell	0110110111101011101110101110011	—22
J Fisher	1100111110010000001111111010 01	—17
H Smith	0101100010000111011001100101 01	—14
Mundy	0010111110111111010000110101 0	—16
Walker	0101001011010010000101000110 01	—13
C Oakley	0011101011111111101111001011010	—20
V Voorhees	1111101100101101111011111111	—24
R Pettit	1111101111111111111111110100 10	—25
W Sperling	1001111010011010101010100110 11	—17—226

Live Birds at Yardville.

Yardville, N. J., March 29.—A fifty bird race was shot here to-day at Zwirlein's grounds, the contestants being Gib Geiberson and F. Van Dyke. Each man shot from the 30 yards mark, the stake being $50 a side. Van Dyke struck a bad streak in his first 25 losing 8 of them against 4 birds lost by Geiberson. In the second 25, Van Dyke pulled up very fast, tieing his op-

ponent on the 50th bird, when Geiberson lost his bird, Van Dyke killing his last 17 straight. The tie was shot off at 10 birds, Geiberson winning by 9-8. The birds were good ones, being provided, of course, by Charlie Zwirlein. Other sweeps were shot during the day. Scores as follows:

Match: 50 live birds, 30 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, $50 a side:

Gib Geiberson.....1220021211222111110210221—21
2222200212120122021120120—19—40
F. Van Dyke.....2022012210002212202122002—17
1222022021222222222222222—23—40

Ties shot off at 10 birds:

Geiberson.....2112012122—9
Van Dyke.....2220222202—8

Sweeps, miss and out, $2 entrance, resulted as follows: No. 1: Jones, Bennett and Brewer, 4; Van Dyke and Bartlett, 3; Apgar, 1.

No. 2: Apgar, Van Dyke and Brewer, 4; Bennett, 3; Bartlett, 2; Jones, 1.

Scott Terry vs. W. Ross.

Marion, N. J., March 30.—Scott Terry, of Plainfield, N. J., and W. Ross, of Elizabeth, N. J., shot a 50 live bird race, $100 a side, on Al. Heritage's grounds this afternoon, Terry winning easily. The winner's work with his second barrel was very good, making several fine kills of apparently lost birds. M. F. Findley refered the match. Scores:

Scott Terry.....2202122212212021221221221—23
22221222*22102222221020*2—19—42
W. Ross.....0212111120220122001222212—20
2200220112210010220 22*212—17—37

Climax—Keystone Shoot.

Below is given in detail the score of the live bird shoot between the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., and the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., which took place at Fanwood, N. J., on Monday, March 25, the Climax Gun Club winning by 7 birds; the summary of the shoot was given in the issue of Forest and Stream of March 30. Dan Terry won $46, first money in the optional $5 sweep that was shot in connection with the team race. Scores:

Climax Gun Club.

Dan Terry	↓↘↘↑→→↖↖↙↘↙↗→↘ 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2	—15
A Woodruff	↙←←↓←↙↓↘→→↘↗↖→↖ 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2	—14
"Dutchy" Smith	↙↙H↖↗↙←↙↗→↖←↙→↙ 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 0	—14
Scott Terry	↗↖↙←↙←→↖↘←↖↓↗←↖ 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2	—14
Capt Money	↙↙↓→←↙↘→↙←↙↙→↗↗ 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 *	—14
Neaf Apgar	↖↙←←↙↙↖↖←↗↙↓→H→ 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2	—14
P "Jay"	↘↙←↗↘↙↖→←↗↗←↖↗↗ 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 * 2 0	—13
F Van Dyke	←↗↙↗←↘→↗↓↘↙↙↓↗← 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0	—13
T H Keller	↗←↙↗↗→←↓↗←←→→↖ 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2	—12
E M Cooper	→↙T←↙↖↙↗↖↖↙↓←→↘ 0 2 2 * 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 2	—12
W Sigler	↙↗↘↓↗↙↓↓↓↑↗↗→↙↙ 2 2 1 2 0 1 0 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1	—12
C Zwirlein	↘←↗↙↓←↖↗↖↙↗↗←←↘ 1 0 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 2 1 2	—12—159

Keystone Shooting League.

"Londis"	→↘↙↗↙T↙↘↓↖↙↘↖↗← 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1	—14
W M Pack	→↘↙↙←↙↓↖↖H↖↓↓←↙ 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2	—14
W H Wolstencroft	H↑↙→→↙↙T↗↖↓↖↙↙→ 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2	—13
J W Budd	←↓↗↘↙↖↓↙↗↙↙←↑→↙ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2	—13
J H Wolstencroft	↘↓←→↗↙↘↙↙↘↗↗↖←↙ 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 0 2 1	—13
W Wilson	↙↗→↓↙↘←↓↙↘→↘→↖↗ 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 2	—13
A James	↙↙↖↑↘↖←↖←→↓↙←→↙ 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 1 2 2 1 1 2 2	—13
J Rothacker	↗H←←↖↘←↑←↗←↙↖↙↗ 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2	0—12
H Thurman	↘↖↙←↙↙↙↘←↘↖↙←↘← 0 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 2	—12
W H Pack	↙↙↘↓←↗↗↑→↙↙↙→↗↖ 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2	1- 12
J Leaming	↑↙←←↗↘↖↖↙↘↙↙↙←↗ 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 0	—12
J W Wolstencroft	←H↗↙↗←↗↘→↑↖↙→↓→ 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 0 0 2 0	—11—152

Good Scores at Syracuse.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 30.—The following scores were made by some of our shooters this afternoon at Messina Springs. The birds were a very fair lot: a cold north wind that blew across the traps made some of them hard to stop:

C F Arno.....2111122102121111211111122210110—29
H White.....1110112211111112111112121211111—29
H Chase.....1111122121202210212221111112211—28
C H Mowry.....2111001221110222112120112102l2—25
George Mosher.....2121011211012012222121001210110—23
A S White.....2111121102101001110001211011l—22
A. R. K.

Onondaga County Sportsmen.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 28.—The scores made by the members of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club at the club shoot at Maple Bay this afternoon, were as follows:

Class A.

D M Lefever.....1111000111110111111111111
0111111111111101111111l011—43
Holloway.....0111111111100111000111111
1111100111101011111110111—39
Jones.....1001111111010100101001111
0011110100111011001111100—33

Class B.

Morris.....1100110101110101110111111
1111111111110111111111111—43
Becker.....1111111100111001000111100
0111010011111011111111000—33
Walters.....0100011101111110101011001
0111110011011010010011011—31
Glennan.....1010100111001110111010010
1011001101111101011101l011—31

Class C.

Herman.....0111101001000110011111001
1010110001001111110011001—28
Boyd.....0000001001010101011000101
1000010001011101110000110—20
Jennings.....1000101110111100010011110
0000111110110010011100011—[illegible]

Terry Beats Batsch.

Elizabeth, N. J., March 23.—Dan Terry, of Plainfield, and Frank Batsch, of this city, shot a match to-day at 50 live birds per man, $50 a side, Terry killing 46 to Batsch's 44. The officials were: T. H. Keller, referee; trap puller, Warry Squires; scorer, Wm. Parker. Scores.

Dan Terry.....0121012121221112121122110—22
21211221222*2111222222212—24—46
F. Batsch.....1112111121212212121222222 —25
021220122*2*2222*22210122—19—44

This match was followed by sweeps at crows and pigeons, event No. 1 being a match at 5 crows between T. H. Keller and Neaf Apgar in which each killed his 5 birds. Then followed other sweeps as below:

	No. 2.	No. 3.
Apgar	122212121221l2—14	121—3
Hossinger	112112211222—14	—0
Keller	1222121221210 —12	122—3
Trowbridge	1121121120 — 9	
Perment	121210 — 5	
Canon	12210 — 4	10 —1
Woodruff		121—3
Hedden		120—2
J Lindsey	—	0 —0
W H Hollis	—	0 —0

No 2 was a miss and out at crows, No. 3 being the same kind of sweep at pigeons. No. 4, another miss and out at pigeons, with 7 entries, resulted in a division on the first round between Apgar and Canon, Keller, Woodruff, Lindsey and Hossinger missing the first birds. No. 5, same as last, resulted as follows: Keller, Apgar, Woodruff and Hossinger 5, J. Lindsey 2, Canon 0.

Good Scores at John Erb's.

Newark, N. J., March 28.—The 25 bird handicap shot to-day at Erb's grounds brought forth a good entry list. Among the number present were: Brewer, Class, Aaron Woodruff, Chris. Wright, of Paterson, N. J., P. Jay, of Elizabeth, N. J., the Bennett Bros. (Fred and Will), of Boston, Mass., Capt. B. A. Bartlett, of Lakewood, N. Y., a representative of the Burgess Gun Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., etc. A regular gale was blowing all day, so that the scores may be considered very good. Results and handicaps as follows: Brewer (32), 23; F. Bennett (29), 23; John Erb (28), 23; Frank Class (30), 22; W. W. Bennett (29), 22; A. Woodruff (28), 22; Capt. Bartlett (27), 21; H. H. Stewart (28), 20; T. C. Wright (28), 20; P. "Jay" (28), 20; G. N. Martin (28), 19.

Meadville Gun Club.

Meadville, Pa., March 27.—This part of Pennsylvania is barely thawed out yet, and the cold winds from the lakes make the proverbial March gales even more keen than usual. This club will get into working order during April and will probably hold a tournament on July 4, although this is not decided as yet. Scores in to-day's shoot, 50 targets, unknown angles, were as follows:

Ehrgott.....11111111111110110010111110
00111011101110101111011111—38
Lashells.....1011101100100101001110010
0101111111111001110000l111—30
Reisinger.....1110010110111111101111111
1001101110111110010100101—35
Stein.....1011101111001010011110111
0111101011011110010110111—34
Dr. Johnson.....1001011110011111010111110
1111110101101011110000111—34
Dunn.....0101010000011000010011011
1001101010011010010000000—19
Krueger.....1100111110011111110101101
1111111001101101000010101—33
Hayes.....0000111101110111001101l1
1111111100110110011100000—31
Gundaker.....0110001101111110001110111
1001111011011110110111110—34
CHOKE BORE.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., March 27.—Team No. 1 of the Lynchburg Gun Club held a practice shoot this afternoon, the following scores being made:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Empie, 9 Dornin and Scott, 8; Cleland, 6.

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Nelson.....1101111111111111010111111110—22
Terry.....0111101111101111110011010—18
Dornin.....1111111011111111111111111—24
Cleland.....1101111110011100101000111—16
Empie.....1101001111011101011111111—19
Scott.....1111011011111111111100111—21
Moorman.....1000011111011001011001100—13

No. 3, same:

Nelson.....0110111110011111011110111—20
Terry.....1010101110111111101000011—16
Dornin.....1010110111111111110011111—20
Cleland.....1111000001111011101000110—15
Empie.....1101010010111011110111100—15
Scott.....1100100011110001111111101—16
Moorman.....1111111011110101111111111—21

No. 4, same:

Nelson.....0111101011011110101111111—19
Terry.....0100111100111010111110l 1—17
Dornin.....1101111101011111111111111—21
Cleland.....0001101101011111010001111—15
Empie.....0001101101111001111011100—15
Moorman.....0111011111101110011011l1—19
Scott.....1100111110111111111011001—19

No. 5, same:

Nelson.....0111011111111111111111111—23
Terry.....1000101111101111011111111 —19
Dornin.....1111111111111111111111111 —25
Cleland.....1010011011010111111111111—19
Empie.....1100101110110100111101111—17
Moorman.....1111011111011011111101110—20
Scott.....1111111001011111011111010—19

No. 6, same:

Nelson.....1111011010101101111111101—19
Dornin.....1111111111100111110101111—21
Cleland.....1111111111101111110011101—21
Empie.....1110111111010110111111111—21
Scott.....0111011110010110111011101—17
F. M. D.

Brewer—Cockburn.

When C. Cockburn's letter, the main portions of which were given in Forest and Stream of March 30, reached this office, a copy was made and the same handed to Brewer. After reading it through Brewer made a proposition to shoot Cockburn two races, each race for $500 a side, Cockburn to deposit $500 with Forest and Stream, Brewer, doing the same, in order to bind the matches. A letter to this effect was mailed to Cockburn, but up to the present no answer has been received from the Toronto shooter. On Monday of this week, Brewer came to this office and said he was anxious to shoot a race with Cockburn, and would therefore accept the latter's terms, his only stipulation being that the whole of Cockburn's $250 of stake money must be deposited in the hands of Mr. H. P. Good, of the Canadian Sporting News. If Cockburn will do this, Brewer states that he will go to Toronto and shoot the match on the terms mentioned in the above-mentioned letter. He added, however, that all the birds must be trapped from the same crate, each man or his representative trapping for the other man. A letter to this effect has been mailed to Cockburn. It is hard to see how, if he wants a match with Brewer, Cockburn can fail to accept the above terms.

Powder Hill Gun Club.

San Antonio, Texas, March 28.—Owing to a misunderstanding as to date, but a small gathering was seen at the grounds of the above club, but some excellent shooting was seen at the hands of A. B. Critzer. In the opening match of 15 singles and 10 pairs he killed out straight as follows: Dyer, 23; Ohnesorge, 22; Shaw, 23; Critzer, 25. That's a pretty hot sort of a quartette.

Second match, same: Critzer, 23; Shaw, 22; Dyer, 22; Ohnesorge, 23. Mr. Critzer then killed five pairs straight, and was still shooting when I left the ground. TEXAS FIELD.

Trap at John Watson's.

The following are the scores made recently at John Watson's grounds, Burnside Crossing, Chicago, Ills.:

March 12, Chicago Shooting Club, Club handicap:

L. M. Hamiline (3).....2211202221122l0—12
Ed. Bingham (1).....2211202222222122—14
P. F. Stone (1).....2202112122221121—14
M. J. Eich (2).....1021220121211101—12
Hy. Ehlers (1).....1211101121222l21—14

Ties on 15 in above (with handicap allowance):

L. M. Hamiline (3).....0221222222120210—12
Ed Bingham (1).....2112212221200w—11
P. F. Stone (1).....1100w —2
Hy. Ehlers (1).....1222222121111l1—15

Second ties 15:

*L. Hamiline (3).....1021210102212021—11
Hy. Ehlers (1).....1202021120220101—11

*Hamiline's handicap gave him a score of 14 to Ehlers 12, Hamiline winning after shooting at 45 birds.

March 13.—South Chicago Gun Club: 20 live birds:

A. W. Reeves.....1112221211211020l202—17
George Sibley.....0210212101000100l200—10

Same day: 30 Empire targets per man: Reeves, 22; Sibley, 18.

March 20.—Audubon Gun Club:

L. M. Hamiline * (3).....0220012122122l1—12
J. L. Parker (2).....2001121210221l2—12
J. W. McCauley (3).....0220211221011O1—11
F. A. Place (3).....1221121102002O1—11
Chas. Kern (2).....1012110012221l0—11
C. E. Wilcox (3).....0222102210102l0—10
J. E. Price (3).....2002110001201 21— 9
E. W. Heath (4).....0102022012012O0— 8
C. B. Dicks (3).....0201010120012 20— 8
W. C. Gray (4).....0200000010002 20— 4

*Hamiline won by scoring 15 with his handicap allowance added. RAVELRIGG.

Riverton vs. New Utrecht.

On Wednesday, March 27, ten members of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Woodlawn, L. I., journeyed from New York to Riverton, Pa., with the object in view of shooting a match with a similiar number of the home team. The day was bright and clear, with a strong wind blowing from the West. The New Utrecht team was a strong one on paper, but it fell before the Rivertons, the latter beating them by four birds. The remarkable scores (remarkable for their lowness) made by both teams, is the best proof that could be given of the excellent quality of the birds provided for the shoot by the Riverton Gun Club. When such men as Capt. Money, Duryea, R. A. Welch, Dando, and C. Ferguson, Jr., can only kill 15 out of 20, the birds must be something out of the common. Junius Davis headed the Riverton total with 18, the highest score in the match. James Wolstencroft and C. E. Morris, for their respective sides, scored 17 each, while W. C. Browning, R. Deacon and Dick Pfister tallied 16 each. The failure of Tom Keller and M. F. Lindsley on their last six birds was one of the features of the match. Scores:

Riverton.

Junius Davis.....1202110122212222211 2—18
Jas. Wolstencroft.....1022112112112202121O—17
W. C. Downing.....202112122*12*222222*—16
R. A. Welch.....2020102022211022122 2—15
T. S. Dando.....201220*0221021221222—15
H. R. Cartright.....2220122221202220200 2—15
J. B. Ellison.....0222020012202201222 2—14
H. Gemrig.....0212022222*2*02102202—13
E. H. Godchalk.....1220220012*022222100—13
F. Leonard.....2020222220020220 0**2—11—147

New Utrecht.

C. E. Morris.....2222222220222*2222*2—17
D. Deacon.....2002222222222202220 2—16
R. Pfister.....0222122222012220210 2—16
L. T. Duryea.....2020212122000222222 2—15
Capt. A. W. Money.....012*122112222*020221—15
C. Ferguson, Jr.....2022212*2022222022 2*—15
C. M. Meyer.....22*22*0222002220122 2—14
G. Van Nostrand.....2202220*2102220202220—13
T. H. Keller.....22*2202212022220*0002—12
M. F. Lindsley.....0222002222*22202*0*00—10—143

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

The second tournament for the season of 1895 of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League was held at Springfield, N. J., on Wednesday, March 27, under the auspices of the Union Gun Club of that place. Notwithstanding the fact that the grounds are somewhat out of the way, perhaps rather more apparently than in reality, eight clubs were represented by teams of five men, that number of teams competing in the league shoot. The most conspicuous absentee was the Boiling Springs team; an unfortunate combination of circumstances prevented that club from getting together a team.

E. D. Miller, secretary of the Union Club, and Dr. Jackson, its president, kept things going in a capital manner, aided very greatly by an able cashier. John S. Hoey, a member of the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., besides shooting in several races, acted as referee, a position that Mr. Hoey fills at most of the important club live bird races in the vicinity of New York during the winter season. In addition to Mr. Hoey as referee, two judges were appointed to aid in settling doubtful breaks. Fred Quimby, of the Empire Target Company, whose targets have been adopted by the league, as the official targets of the league shoots, was one of the judges. A high wind was against good scores, while the trap boys every now and then threw the targets at very acute angles. The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, one of the oldest gun clubs in this part of the country (it is 15 years old), came out in first place, beating the home team by one target, and the Maplewood's by three targets. It is only fair to state that two of the regular Maplewood quintette, Warren Smith and O. L. Yeomans, president and secretary respectively of the Maplewood Gun Club, were missing from the team. The Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., entered a team in the club shoot and acquitted itself very creditably indeed, considering that this was its first shoot since entering the league. It's total was 101, only five less than that of the winners. Next in order came the Endeavors, of Jersey City; Climax, of Plainfield; Elizabeth, and Union Hill. The following are the scores made in the league shoot:

Five men teams, 25 empires per man, unknown angles:

Southside.

Hoffmann.....1111111011111110111111111—23
Whitehead.....1001101111111111101111111—21
Thomas.....1111111111111110100111101—21
Geoffrey.....0101011101111011101111110—18
Major.....0111111111110111111111111—23—106

Union.

Sigler.....1111111111111011111111111—24
Miller.....1111010110111111111101111—21
Jackson.....0111110111010111100111111—19
Quimby.....0111101111111111101111111—22
E. Sickley.....1111001001111111110111110—19—105

Maplewood

Drake.....0111111111111111110100111—21
Van Iderstein.....1111101111111010110111100—19
A. Sickley.....1111011111111111111101111—23
Williamson.....1111110101001011110011100—16
Van Dyke.....1111111111111111110111111—24—103

Riverside.

E. M. Cooper.....0111101111110111011111011—20
P. Daly, Jr.....1111111111111010110101111—21
J. Cooper, Jr.....0100111101111110000111110—17
E. M. Throckmorton.....1101111111111111100111110—21
A. L. Ivins.....1110110111111111101111111—22—101

Endeavor.

Collins.....0111101011101111111100111—19
McPeek.....1111110110111101011111111—21
Grieff.....1111111101111010111101101—20
Creveling.....1111101101011011111011101—19
Piercy.....1110001111111100001111101—17— 96

Climax.

Edwards.....0101101111110111110100111—18
D. Terry.....1111011011111100111111111—21
Dutchy.....1011011011301101010101011—15
Apgar.....1111011101111101111111111—22
Brantingham.....1111101011101101111011110—19— 95

Elizabeth

Hebbard.....1100111110011111111111101—20
Roberts.....1110111111111111111111011—23
Woodruff.....1111110111101111000111101—19
Davey.....0011100110111100011001101—14
Batch.....1001111010100101111001001—14—90

Union Hill.

C. Woolmington.....1001011000000000000000101— 6
J. Mahl.....1101000111101101010111111—17
P. Sullivan.....1000000111111000001100100—10
H. Undermer.....0010110111110110011000101—14
B. Henry.....1011101111110111101111011—20— 67

Besides the team race 13 other events were decided, all at unknown angles. In these sweeps, as in the team race, "Uncle Billy" Sigler, who was 63 years of age on March 25 last, carried off the honors with a percentage of 94 1-2. Van Dyke was a good second, Hoffman and A. Sickley making a good race for third place. E. Sickley and Gus Grieff both averaged 90 per cent., while Charlie Hebbard only missed a similiar average by a scant two-thirds of one per cent. The table below gives the percentages and relative standing of the shooters, outside of the scores on the team race:

													Shot		Per	
No. targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	10	10	at.	Broke.	c't.	
Sigler	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	10	14	8	14	15	..	..	90	85	94	1-2
VanDyke	..	..	..	15	9	14	10	15	9	12	14	..	..	..	105	98	93	1-3
Hoffman	..	..	..	14	10	15	10	13	8	13	14	10	9		125	116	92	4-5
A Sickley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	14	..	..	40	37	92	1-2
E Sickley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	14	10	10	60	54	90	
Greiff	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	15	..	13	..	..	..	40	36	90	
Hebbard	..	..	..	8	12	9	..	..	..	10	13	15	..	..	75	67	89	1-3
Cooper	7	8	8	15	9	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	71	88	3-4
Drake	9	10	7	14	9	13	..	13	..	..	14	8	9		120	106	88	1-3
Creveling	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	13	8	9	50	44	88	
Ivins	9	10	9	13	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	57	87	2-3
Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	15	13	86	2-3
Apgar	..	..	..	15	9	10	8	14	9	12	13	..	..		105	90	85	3-4
Thomas	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	8	15	8	11	12	..	..	90	77	85	1-2
Daly, Jr.	7	9	10	13	..	15	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	63	84	
Simpson	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	7	12	8	13	..	..	..	75	63	84	
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	25	21	84	
Hobart	..	..	..	..	14	9	12	8	13	7	13	11	8	..	115	95	82	1-2
Miller	9	8	7	..	10	12	..	..	..	9	12	13	7	8	115	95	82	1-2
Geoffroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	13	..	..	..	40	33	82	1-2
Major	..	..	..	7	12	..	11	9	14	8	12	13	..	..	105	86	82	
Brant'h'm	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	8	11	..	..	50	41	82	
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	11	14	..	55	44	80	
Whitehe'd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	12	10	..	55	43	78	
Quimby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	10	..	8	8	55	41	74	3-5
Jackson	..	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	8	70	52	74	1-3
Cooper, Jr	7	8	9	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	37	74	
David	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	15	11	73	1-3
Heritage	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	9	6	12	..	..	..		55	40	72	3-4
Shaw	7	7	..	..	7	..	7	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	55	39	71	
Brumley	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	70	
Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	10	11	6	4	75	51	68	
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	..	..	25	17	68	
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	10	66	2-3
Edwards	..	..	8	10	5	..	7	..	7	8	..	..	..	..	70	45	64	
Throck-morton	4	8	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	25	62	1-2
Van Iderstine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	15	9	60	
Flower	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	8	..	..	40	23	57	1-2
Bergen	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	55	
Jersey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	53	1-3
English	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	15	8	53	1-3
Untermier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	10	5	50	

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

Missoula, Mont., March 24.—Well, here we are again, right side up with care. After a suspension of business of over eight months, the Missoula Rod and Gun Club "bobs up serenely," and is now in shooting trim for the season of '95. Coxeyism, washouts, strikes and other trifling impedimenta served as factors in the shortening of the struggles of the little club for the '94 season; and it is somewhat behind hand in appearing on the field of action this spring. It enters upon its new year with bright prospects for a much more successful season than any in its history. Last evening the club held its first meeting of the year. Last season's officers, excepting the field captain, were re-elected for the ensuing one. They are: J. M. Evans, President; W. P. Brayton, Vice-President; F. P. Kern, Treasurer; J. P. Merrard, Field Captain, and Will Cave, Secretary.

A recapitulation of the scores of 1894, developed the following percentages made by the members at the regular weekly medal contests of 15 singles at known angles:

W. H. Mace. 70 2-3; A. Harrity, 82; Frank Woody, 59 1-9; T. S. Jones 68 1-5; J. P. Meward, 76 1-5; F. P. Kern, 44 1-3; H. A. Stephens, 83; C. A. Searles. 80; J. K. Wood, 50; Robert Rogers, 89 1-11; W. P. Brayton, 62 2-3; F. Cowee, 50 2-5; J. T. Sawhill, 64 1-10; Lieutenant Devol, 70 2-3; J. M. Evans, 66 2-3; C Russell, 60.

The percentage of 89 1-11, made by Bob Rogers, entitles him to the season championship medal for 1894. It was decided that the medal contests of 1895 should be 20 singles at unknown angles, and that the initial shoot should be held to-day for a classification of the shooters; those breaking 12 targets or upwards out of the possible 20, to be in "A" class, and those breaking less than 12 to be in "B" class. A fair representation of the shooters appeared on the grounds at the hour appointed. After a little preliminary practice, the 20 singles, unknown angles, classification shoot, took place, resulting in the scores and classification (under which the shooters will remain during the four succeeding weekly contests), as follows:

A Class.

C. A. Searles.....11110100011101001101—12
R. Rogers.....01111110111111111111—18
W. H. Mace.....11011110010110101101—13
J. K. Wood.....11010111101001001110—12
J. P. Menard.....11111111011011111111—18
W. P. Brayton.....01100111111011011111—15
Lieut. Devol.....01111100111101110101—14

B. Class.

J. M. Evans.....01001000010111010110— 9
T. E. Evans.....11000111000000000101— 7
Frank Woody.....01000011010101010101— 9
Capt. Andrews.....01010110111000001010— 9
F. P. Kern.....00101000010000100111— 7
F. Allinson.....11010100111000010010— 9

WILL CAVE, Secretary.

San Antonio Opens the Ball.

San Antonio, Texas, March 28.—The San Antonio Express of March 25, announces the opening of the trap season with the heading: "Gun Cranks in Clover," and then inaugurates an article which sits heavy on an aesthetic stomach, as follows: "To those lovers of the gun whose delight is to stop the erratic flight of a whistling blue rock," etc. Now the bare idea of a blue rock whistling is enough to impart a pucker to one's lips much akin to that which is usually produced by indulgence in a persimmon that is pulled in its youth. Just imagine a well regulated, ultramarine stone whistling Yankee Doodle or Dixie to intercept a load of shot. I guess some one must have tampered with the reporter who wrote the lines with a considerable tamp or he would have done better. At any rate, we'll let it go at that and give the facts of the grand opening in truly professional style, as Forest and Stream always does:

The San Antonio Gun Club inaugurated the season with 36 shooters, all anxious to win something and they shot at keystone targets. The opening shoot was at 15 singles as follows: Merrill, 14; Adams, 11; J. Schmidt, 9; Chabot, 9; Eppstein, 12; Rothwell, 12; W. S. Smith, 12; Veith, 5; Prescott, 7; Shields, 12; Samuels, 9; Tendick, 11; Fritz Miller, 12; W. Miller, 12; Black, 12; Piety, 12; Stevens, 5; Ellis, 6; G. C. Smith, 5; George, 13.

The next was the annual prize shoot for members only, but some one had offered a large Teutonic beer mug, and a half dozen muggies as a prize to be competed for by the visiting sportsmen. The bait was very alluring, and the keynote was struck when a beer mug was offered. You should have seen Dickie Merrill, the celebrated dog man from Milwaukee, cutting up all kinds of fluid steel didoes in anticipation of glueing his fevered lips to the aforesaid objet d'art. A. W. Adams, he of rotund appearance and jolly disposition, was also one of the visiting contestants, and so were Messrs. Piety, of Kansas City; Miles and Wallace Miller, of Austin; Johnnie Schmidt, of Milwaukee, and John Ellis, of Galveston. The visitors rather did up the home folks in shooting, and Dick Merrill didn't do a thing but kill out straight, something which probably would not have taken place had not the prize been so much in his line. He snuffed the targets in a splendid style, and you Northerners had better take a good look at Dick when you see him. He'll make it hot for all of you this summer. Score:

Members.

Shields, 18; France, 18; Rothwell, 22; Black, 19; Veith, 12; Eppstein, 17; Bennett, 15; Learn, 20; Chabot, 20; Epp, 24; Phillips, 15; Prescott, 18; Tedick, 20; Smith, 14; George, 20; G. C. Smith, 9; Samuels, 21; Cann, 16; W. S. Smith, 25; Rhamsdorff, 8; Jordt, 16; Simpson, 12; Thiele, 23; Pancoast, 20; H. W. Adams, 21; Vernor, 26; Volbrecht, 23; McVicar, 23; Newton, 15.

Visitors.

Merrill, 30; Ellis, 19; Piety, 22; Miles Miller, 25; W. Miller, 27; A. W. Adams, 24

Mr. Vernor carried off the club's first prize; W. S. Smith, second; Jno. Epp, third; Volbrecht, fourth; Rothwell, fifth; Samuels, sixth; Pancoast, seventh; Black, eighth; Shields, ninth; Eppstein, tenth.

Event No. 3 was at fifteen singles, unknown angles, with eighteen entries. The following is the score:

Shields, 9; A. W. Adams, 12; Fritz Miller, 14; Chabot, 7; Ellis, 12; Merrill, 12; Rothwell, 12; Newton, 7; Samuels, 10; Piety, 14; Vernor, 9; W. Miller, 9; Black, 11; H. W. Adams, 13; Schmidt, 9; Rhamsdorf, 1; Kearney, 6; Smith, 4.

The closing shoot at 15 singles was participated in by 10 shooters, with the following results:

A. W. Adams, 12; Vernor, 14; Black, 11; Rothwell, 12; W. Miller, 13; Fritz Miller, 14; Smith, 7; Shields, 13; Merrill, 13; Piety, 8.

TEXAS FIELD.

New York State Association Shooting Rules.

Utica, N. Y., March 25.—At a recent meeting of the Committee on Rules, of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held at Albany, some important changes in the shooting rules were agreed upon to govern the 1895 tournament at Saratoga. To avoid uncertainty and save disputes, it was agreed to adopt the American Shooting Association Rules to govern both targets and live bird contests. Cut the following special rules out and paste them in your copy of American Shooting Association Rules, and you will thus have a copy of the New York Rules for 1895. It was found necessary to adopt some special rules to meet conditions existing here and the following was agreed upon:

TARGET SHOOTING.

American Association Rules shall govern where they do not conflict with the following special rules:

Rule 1. The rapid firing system shall be used, targets being thrown from known traps at unknown angles, and the angles to be changed after each target is thrown.

Rule 2. In ordinary sweepstake events, the management may permit 10 guage guns to stand at 16 yards, but in all State events 10 guage guns must stand at 18 yards, and shoot in separate squads.

Rule 3. No person shall be eligible to shoot on any team contesting for the team championship at inanimate targets unless he shall be. First. An actual bona fide citizen of the State of New York. Second. He shall have been at least thirty days a member of the club which he shall represent. Third. He shall be an actual bona fide resident of the county in which said club has its principal headquarters. If any club shall allow any person to shoot on a team not able to comply with all of the above requisites, such team shall forfeit its entrance money and all rights in the match, and be subject to such penalties as the Association may prescribe. No moneys shall be paid over, or any trophy be awarded, if a protest shall be made by any team contesting, until the same shall be decided and the tournament president shall determine how the protest shall be considered and decided.

LIVE BIRD SHOOTING.

American Shooting Association Rules shall govern when they do not conflict with the following special rules:

Rule 1. If any member of a team contesting for the Dean Richmond trophy shall be disqualified from shooting for any cause under the rules, after he shall have fired at one or more birds in the contest, the team of which he is a member shall forfeit all rights and also their entrance money.

Rule 2. Conduct. No person who acts in an unsportsmanlike manner, or who is intoxicated, or who persists in making himself disagreeable to contestants and management, or who willfully persists in using profane or vulgar language, or wilfully insists upon violating the rules of this association, shall be permitted on the grounds of this association, or participate in any contests on its grounds.

Rule 3. Birds Alighting. Any bird shot at (with either one or both barrels), with sufficient life to light on a fence, tree or out-building, and closing its wings, shall be declared a lost bird.

Rule 4. No person shall be eligible to shoot on any team contesting for the Dean Richmond trophy unless he shall be, first, an actual bona fide citizen of the State of New York. Second. He shall have been at least thirty days a member of the club, which he shall represent. Third. He shall be an actual bona fide resident of the town or city in which said club has its principal headquarters, or of a town or city in the same county immediately adjoining thereto. If any club shall allow any person to shoot on a team not able to comply with all of the above requisites, such team shall forfeit its entrance money and all rights in the match, and be subject to such other penalties as the association may prescribe.

No moneys shall be paid over or any trophy be awarded if a protest shall be made by any team contesting until the same shall be decided and the tournament president shall determine how the protest shall be considered and decided.

Rule 5. Dean Richmond trophy, value $1,150. Shall be held by the winning club each year in trust, to be accounted for to the State Association, to be shot for by three members of a club belonging to the association, such members to be residents of the town or city in which the club is located, or of a town or city immediately adjoining thereto, as provided in rule 4. Fifteen single live birds to each contestant. Entrance fee $20 per team. The team making the highest score shall win the "trophy" and 60 per cent. of the entrance money, and the team making the next highest score will receive the remaining 40 per cent.

HENRY L. GATES.

The Memphis Tournament.

Memphis, Tenn., March 25.—Now that the regular season for shooting game is past, of course a great deal more interest is being taken in the coming tournament, which is to be given here under the auspices of the Memphis Gun Club in June next. This, I think, will be one of the most pleasant tournaments of the kind ever given in the country, because the club is making a strong effort to bring together the best element of gentlemen sportsmen, who meet for the great pleasure they get out of it. The fact that this club is composed of the leading lawyers, merchants and business men of the city will go a very long way toward making it more a social gathering than the old stereotyped tournaments. Those of us not in the secrets of the management of this organization, are, of course, at a loss to understand how this managing committee can afford to make the offer in cash money, which they do. The only solution that we find is in this fact, that the club is composed of that progressive element which dares to do things, which other clubs would not undertake. The shooter who misses this tournament will always regret it, for these boys are full of fun, and are planning many pleasant surprises for their guests, not in the programme.

ADAM.

Weir City, Kansas.

Weir City, Kansas, March 23.—The live bird contest between C. H. Calhoun and Joseph Wilkinson, both of Weir City, took place upon the grounds of the Business Mens' Club to-day before a large audience. The day was all that could be desired, as the weather was clear and bracing, while a slight breeze across the traps helped the birds along. The birds were furnished by Wilkinson, and were all trap trimmed and trained. They were conceded to be the most even lot of strong flyers ever shot on these grounds. The match was for a purse of $300, and all the gate receipts, and was under American Association rules, modified to the use of one barrel. McIlhany, who last fall gained a decisive victory over Wilkinson in a 50 bird race, acted as second and bottle holder for Calhoun, while Wilkinson's brother performed the same office for the vanquished hero of the single barrel. Several hundred dollars changed hands on the result. The appended score shows Calhoun's remarkable race, and how he won it:

	1	1	1	5	2	5	3	4	5	3	3	5	5	1	2	4	2	1	5	3	1	5	1	4	1
	↘	↖	↗	↖	→	→	↖	↖	↗	↙	↙	↑	↘	↖	→	↗	↖	↑	↑	↙	↖	→	↖	↑	↖
Calhoun	0	1	1	1	1	1	*	1	1	1	2	1	*	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	—21
	5	4	4	4	4	2	4	4	5	4	5	2	2	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	5	4	2	1	3
	→	←	↖	↘	←	↘	→	↗	↖	←	↖	↖	→	↓	↖	↗	↗	→	↖	↑	↘	↖	←	↖	↘
Wilkinson	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	*	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	*	1	1	0	0	1	—15

MAMALUKE.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

The opening shoot for the season of 1895 took place at the North London Rifle Club on March 6. The conditions for the revolver championship of the club (won last year by the American, Walter Winans), is shot for under rather different conditions this year. Last year it was the stationary targets at 20 and 50 yds., six scores at 20 yds., and two at 50 yds. This year it is as follows: Six scores at 20 yds. stationary; one score at a disappearing target at 20 yds.; one score at 20 yds., fired with each hand alternately; and two scores at 50 yds; only one score made on any one day to count during the season. The first prize will be a larger gold jewel than last year's.

On the opening day, March 6, the scores were at the 20 yds. stationary target. The results were as follows:

Luff	577677—39	Gould	764635—31
Major Mundy	763776—39	McCormack	505674—27
Comber	775766—38	Ricketts	445346—26
Major Palmer	776764—37	Ashby	346635—27
Carter	564477—33	Treadwell	433544—23

On March 13, same target:

Major Palmer	566775—36	Lieut Richardson	664644—30
C F Lowe	557577—36	J McCormack	770456—28
Carter	575575—36	W Evans	754353—27
Comber	736666—34	Howe	776704—27
Frost	577663—34	Treadwell	243706—22
Skilton	367754—32		

None of the above scores are good enough for the championship, but the better shots have not begun to shoot yet. The interest when the scores begin to run high does not usually begin till June.

San Antonio Riflemen.

San Antonio, Texas., March 28.—The season of 1895 was fired in by the crack of twenty rifles at the San Antonio range. The scores below will bear witness to the fact that the members of the San Antonio Rifle Club still retain their old-time cunning, and there is no doubt that the shooting this year will eclipse that of former times, both as to quantity and quality.

One performance in particular is worthy of mention. It is that of Mr. Emanuel Seffel, a young man of twenty-five, who broke all previous records by making the magnificent score of 96 offhand at 150 yds. He made six 10s and four 9s; two of the 10s were 12s on

the rest target, and three were 11s. Counting the score altogether on the rest target, the score reaches the high figure of 102, as follows:

12 9 10 11 9 9 10 9 12 11—102.

Of course, every one present held their breath after the eighth shot had been fired, and the entire club watched the result of the ninth shot which proved to be a 12.

It was evident by this time that the previous best record of 90, made by Texas Field two years ago, would be broken, unless an accident took place, and when the young but nervy marksman slid the cartridge in the rifle for the last shot, all eyes were strained and the suppressed excitement was intense. After a long aim the rifle cracked out a broken record. The shooter immediately announced a 12, which was confirmed by the pointer's stick as its white disk was placed in the center of the black bull's eye. Then pandemonium broke loose, and the young rifleman was carried around on the brawny shoulders of those present. He was rolled all over the place, and all hands adjourned to the wood pile where a little exercise soon brought everybody in a normal condition.

Scores:

Off-hand, 200 yds.:

E Seffel	8	5	8	10	9	9	7	6	6	7—74
	8	9	8	5	9	7	9	6	8	7—76
	8	8	6	9	9	7	8	6	8	8—77
	10	9	7	9	7	7	7	5	7	10—78
G Altman	7	8	5	7	9	4	8	7	9	6—67
	6	6	6	6	3	7	7	9	7	5—62
	10	7	7	9	7	8	5	10	9	7—79
Texas Field	10	8	9	7	6	6	9	8	9	9—80
	10	6	9	6	6	6	7	9	5	5—72
	7	7	8	8	8	6	6	9	4	9—72

Off-hand, 100yds.:

Giesecke	7	11	7	10	6	9	8	8	5	5—74
Dosch	6	6	6	6	10	6	8	8	6	6—69
Uhl	7	8	7	10	8	8	8	7	10	10—83
Hummel	9	6	6	10	9	17	8	8	7	5—78
Tex Field	7	10	10	9	8	8	9	9	9	7—83
Dreiss	10	8	10	10	9	8	8	9	10	7—89
R Neuman	5	8	10	7	9	5	8	5	6	6—69
Seffel	7	9	6	10	10	7	10	8	8	8—83
Teich	10	10	5	6	5	5	6	9	8	7—71
G Altman	10	9	10	10	10	10	6	8	8	10—79
Heye	5	7	7	10	8	10	7	8	9	6—78
Herff	5	7	5	4	7	7	9	9	9	8—70

Rest, 200yds.:

A Uhl	9	10	8	11	16	9	10	12	9	11— 99
	12	11	12	8	8	8	10	10	9	11— 99
	9	10	10	10	10	11	11	10	11	10—102
	9	12	12	12	10	11	9	10	11	11—107
A Guenther	11	12	11	7	10	10	8	9	7	12— 97
	6	6	8	8	6	9	8	9	8	9— 77
Giesecke	8	7	7	7	5	6	6	9	9	6— 71
	10	12	4	5	7	6	12	9	10	6— 81
Dosch	9	12	9	12	7	10	12	10	9	12—102
	7	9	9	9	9	8	8	5	8	10— 82
	11	9	9	8	11	8	9	11	8	8— 92
	9	10	12	11	10	8	4	10	9	10— 93
E Dreiss	0	9	7	6	9	6	10	6	11	9— 85
	11	8	9	8	6	11	10	7	19	10— 90
Teich	7	6	9	8	10	10	8	8	10	10— 86
R Neuman	9	9	10	8	5	7	5	8	9	7— 77
	9	9	9	9	8	10	7	9	11	7— 85
	7	9	5	6	7	9	19	9	9	12— 83
Dr Herff	9	9	10	11	10	8	11	10	9	8— 95
	7	10	9	12	9	12	7	11	8	11— 96
Hummel	6	8	8	10	10	10	9	10	11	9— 90
G Altman	11	10	9	11	12	9	11	9	10	9—101
E Seffel	9	11	12	11	12	10	10	12	12	9—108

TEXAS FIELD.

Cincinnati Marksmen.

Cincinnati, O., March 24.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions, 200 yds. off hand, at the Standard target.

The first 8 men on the list shot in competition, with 8 men of the Central Sharp Shooters' Association to-day, beginning with the 11th shot and ending with the 35th, an account of which will be sent to the sporting papers later on. Weather conditions, light good, unsteady 3 to 5 o'clock, wind blowing in gusts. The scores published are the 4 best out of 8:

Gindele	9	8	10	8	9	8	10	7	9	10—88
	10	9	8	8	9	9	10	10	10	9—92
	10	7	8	9	8	10	8	8	10	10—89
	8	8	9	10	9	8	8	9	10	9—88
Wellinger	6	7	8	9	8	8	10	6	7	5—75
	8	5	9	9	7	7	9	8	7	6—75
	5	6	3	9	6	7	9	9	10	9—74
	7	4	7	8	7	9	7	10	10	6—75
See	7	6	7	10	6	6	10	10	7	10—79
	8	7	9	9	10	9	9	6	5	6—78
	6	8	7	6	9	9	5	8	7	8—73
	9	4	5	8	6	9	10	9	9	8—77
Payne	10	9	10	7	10	9	8	7	6	7—83
	7	6	8	10	10	9	10	8	7	3—83
	6	10	10	9	7	6	8	9	7	9—81
	8	8	7	8	7	8	7	9	8	10—80
Drube	8	7	9	7	7	7	6	9	10	8—78
	7	10	5	9	9	7	9	8	7	8—79
	8	7	10	6	5	4	6	8	8	9—71
	8	5	9	9	7	6	6	7	9	8—70
Simon	9	8	6	5	5	7	6	10	8	8—69
	8	8	4	5	8	7	5	9	9	5—68
	6	8	8	5	6	7	4	5	7	10—66
	6	6	2	10	7	5	8	6	5	6—61
Weinheimer	10	7	7	9	7	8	7	7	8	6—76
	7	10	5	9	7	5	8	7	10	9—77
	5	6	8	8	8	8	5	8	10	8—74
	7	8	6	8	7	6	10	8	7	6—73
Hasenzahl	7	9	9	10	6	10	6	8	8	3—83
	9	5	9	9	10	8	10	8	8	7—83
	9	5	10	7	7	8	10	9	10	7—82
	9	9	8	8	6	9	8	6	9	8—80
Stegner	5	5	10	8	6	6	7	10	7	6—70
	7	9	9	8	5	3	10	8	4	5—71
	8	5	6	8	7	9	3	8	6	4—64
	8	4	8	9	5	4	5	9	9	5—63
Schmidlin	8	5	4	6	5	6	3	5	7	6—55
	6	6	8	7	7	7	5	5	1	5—53
	9	3	6	7	7	5	5	1	5	4—52
	6	6	8	1	7	2	5	5	3	8—51
Trounstein	3	6	10	9	6	5	7	10	5	8—69
	6	10	5	7	8	7	10	4	9	6—69
	9	5	6	3	7	4	9	8	6	8—65
	4	6	4	8	4	6	9	4	6	5—60
Heidkamp	5	4	6	7	6	2	4	6	4	8—52
	5	7	4	4	9	10	10	9	5	9—72
	5	6	7	5	3	10	5	3	7	8—59
	5	5	5	3	5	3	4	8	7	1—46
Randall	7	7	7	7	6	10	8	10	10	7—78
	9	8	7	9	10	9	10	8	7	10—81
	9	4	8	8	8	6	7	10	8	9—77
	7	7	8	9	8	8	6	7	10	6—76
Strickmeier	8	6	5	6	6	4	9	8	9	4—65
	10	5	4	1	5	3	6	5	5	9—53
	7	10	1	4	4	5	3	6	6	5—51
	7	5	4	5	4	3	10	3	4	6—51

Petty—Paine Revolver Match.

We published week before last the conditions of a challenge which Mr. Sumner Paine, of Boston, sent to Mr. Wm. E. Petty, the amateur revolver champion, for a match to be shot at fifty yards with full service charges. The conditions, as named by Mr. Paine, called for five strings of six shots each with a Colt's revolver and five strings of six shots each with a Smith & Wesson, each string to be fired within a time limit of one minute, and one minute to be allowed between strings for cleaning and loading.

When shown the terms Mr. Petty demurred on several points. He is not familiar with the Colt revolver, whereas he argued Mr. Paine won one of the prizes, and a better position than himself, in the first Winan's trophy competition, with a Smith & Wesson revolver, and thus showed himself to be a master of that weapon.

Mr. Petty agreed to shoot, however, under the following modified conditions: five strings of six shots each; each string to be shot in one minute. One minute allowed for loading. Each contestant to furnish his own weapon and ammunition. Trigger pull to be not less than three pounds. No cleaning to be allowed between scores. Full charges only to be used. Any open sights. Distance fifty yards.

Arrangements had meanwhile been made to secure a range, and Wednesday, April 3 was selected for the date of the match.

Mr. Paine, however, wrote that the match had better be considered off for the present, explaining that he had not shot a Smith & Wesson revolver for three years, and was therefore not in form with that arm.

"Of course," he added, "there would be no use competing with a Colt against a Smith & Wesson, as the Colt would stand about as much chance as a boy throwing snowballs."

So far it had seemed to be rather a match of arms than men, but Mr. Paine's sportsman's blood had been fired, and he concluded his letter by saying that he had purchased a Smith & Wesson revolver, and would shoot Mr. Petty on his own terms before the summer was over.

Monday morning Mr. Paine turned up at the Forest and Stream office, having come on to New York to attend the Grand American Handicap. While talking over the match and shooting matters in general, the following characteristic letter, which had come in the morning's mail was opened:

New York, March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of the 29th just received. Will agree to all of Mr. Paine's conditions. Yours, etc., W. E. PETTY.

But unfortunately it was too late for the match. Mr. Paine had not brought his revolvers with him, and considered the time too short to send for them.

Not to be outdone by Mr. Petty's concessions, however, he said: "I will make it a special point to come on here the first week in May to shoot the match. That will give me a little chance to get in trim with a Smith & Wesson, and will give Mr. Petty the same opportunity to become familiar with a Colt's revolver, if he so desires."

Mr. Petty has not at this writing been communicated with regarding a date in May, but as he is a thorough sportsman and anxious to meet Mr. Paine, the match will no doubt be arranged.

Yachting.

With a full appreciation of the value of the centerboard in certain types, we are still of the opinion that when the Volunteer type is once abandoned in favor of such a keel boat as Vigilant, the retention of the centerboard is more a matter of sentiment than science; and that the best results can be obtained by a keel of sufficient depth without the centerboard. This is apparently the conclusion arrived at by those most competent to judge; Messrs. Herreshoff & Iselin; and no doubt their experience with the heavy board and powerful gearing in 1893 added to the two serious mishaps of last year, has influenced them in resorting to the keel type.

This decision, however, has given serious displeasure to a certain class of ultra-patriotic yachtsmen, who, forgetting or ignoring both America and Sappho, are in deep despair over the abandonment of the national type. It is a pity that Mr. Herreshoff has not catered sufficiently to established prejudices to at least put a dummy centerboard in the new boat, but he has not; and the America's cup must this year be defended, with what degree of success is now uncertain, by a keel boat.

The outlook just now, while hardly to be called discouraging, is far less favorable on this side and correspondingly more favorable on the other than in any previous cup contest. But one defender is building, and the work on her, so far as can be learned, is progressing but slowly during the illness and convalescence of her designer, on whose personal efforts her completion and working up depend almost entirely. At best, she will not be ready before the middle of June, and "ready" in a new yacht usually means at least a month or six weeks of trial and alteration before hull, spars, and sails can be considered in condition for real trial racing and effective working up. Any unforseen delay may still further defer the launching and fitting out. Apart from the new boat, there will be in the trial races but two older craft, Vigilant and Navahoe, as the scheme of fitting out Jubilee seems to have failed of realization.

On the other side, there is now a new boat that has made an exceptionally fine showing in her first races, and which promises to be still faster by midsummer; a boat specially suited for American conditions. Still another boat is now well under way, and will be afloat before the defending yacht. So far as number of boats and early preparation go, the challenger, with Britannia, Ailsa and Valkyrie III., is far better off than the defender, with the new boat, Vigilant and Navahoe.

If those who are bewailing the defense of the cup by a keel craft are really in earnest, there is still time for them to prove their vaunted belief in the centerboard type, not the morfydite Herreshoff production, but a genuine American centerboard yacht, with little or no keel. The construction of such a boat is a simple matter, far different from the building of a semi-fin boat, and there is yet ample time for such work. If the centerboard adherents are willing to back their ideas with money and work, we venture to say that Mr. A. Cary Smith could turn out the design in very short season, and a steel hull of this model might be run together in a few weeks. As to the expense, it would be but trifling compared with the new Herreshoff boat, or even Vigilant, and there should still be enough believers in the erstwhile national type to form a second cup defense syndicate. If, however, nothing of the sort is done, and all is left to Messrs. Iselin and Herreshoff to do the best they can, there can be no excuse for waiting and grumbling should the new Bristol keel boat prove a disappointment.

On Nov. 27 the Forest and Stream published the first authentic news as to the construction of the new Valkyrie, which was confirmed a day later by a cabled report in the New York Herald, on the authority of the Yachting World. On March 31 the Boston Herald announced, on the alleged authority of "an American yachtsman now in Scotland," that the new yacht would be of composite construction, with nickel-plated frames.

The Boston Herald makes a most surprising proposition apropos of the 90 footers, nothing less than that in order to reduce the cost of these great boats, a limit should be placed by mutual agreement on bronze construction and silk sails; making compulsory either steel or composite construction. The Herald has always decried and ridiculed all attempts to produce sensible, moderate boats by means of special restrictions or similar methods, crying for the highest speed, without regard to cost or general utility. Now it has swung to the other extreme, and calmly proposes to stop all experiment and improvement, by an arbitrary limitation to the cheaper materials for both hull and sails.

This is nothing less than making a restricted class in the cup contests; while the general owner is at liberty to use the best material in the market for his hull, the cup defender is limited to a material that is cheap but otherwise totally inferior. This is progress with a vengeance.

We learn as we go to press that a cable message has been received from Mr. Brand by the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., stating that he will bring out a new boat, Minima, and that a formal challenge will be sent by mail after a meeting of the Minima Y. C. on April 1.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The committee on lectures and entertainments of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. arranged a novelty for the afternoon of March 28 in the shape of a ladies' reception, which passed off very successfully.

Houri, 21 footer, has been sold by W. Butler Duncan, Jr., to E. B. Hart, of the Indian Harbor and Huguenot clubs.

Fleur de Lys, schooner, Mr. George Trotter, of New York, which has been in English raters for two seasons, recently sailed for New York. According to a report in the Field, on March 28, when off Torbay the main boom broke and killed a seaman, the yacht putting into Torbay.

The case of Lord Dunraven against Mr. A. D. Clarke, arising out of the sinking of Valkyrie II. by Satanita on July 5 of last year was decided some time since in favor of Mr. Clarke, but this decision has just been reversed by the Court of Appeals. Mr. Clarke will, it is said, appeal to the House of Lords.

Marian, steam yacht, has been purchased by Mr. E. D. Fox, to replace the Rex, recently sold to W. B. Tyler.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Y. C. was held at the club house, on March 28. The following officers being elected:

Com., Frank S. Ketchum, slp. Charm; Vice Com., Alfred Wenzel, slp. Wanderer; Rec. Sec., George E. Gartland; Treas., Edward F. Fisher; Fin. Sec., Frank Springling; Cor. Sec., Louis Wunder; Meas., William Sherman.

Regatta Committee—Alfred Wenzel, William Sherman and John W. Dickinson.

Trustees—Frank S. Ketchum, Edwin A. Stevens, Theophilus Butts, William T. Salter and Alexander Berry.

Thursday, May 30 was fixed as the date for the twenty-fourth annual regatta of the club.

Commodore Ketchum has appointed Messrs. Louis Wunder, Daniel O'Brien and B. A. Deetjen as the delegates to the New York. Y. R. A.

Oneida, steam yacht, Com. E. C. Benedict, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. sailed from New York on March 27 for Southern parts and the West Indies. With Com. Benedict were Messrs. C. H. Leland, of the S. C. Y. C., and James H. Ross, of Montreal.

Anita, steam yacht, has been sold by Wm. Du Pont to J. G. Cassatt and S. M. Provost.

On March 26 a meeting was held in Chicago for the purpose of reorganizing the old Chicago Y. C., the following officers being elected: P. F. Pettibone, vice com.; W. A. Paulsen, rear com., W. D. Boyce; sec., George Root; treas. Thomas Bradwell; judge advocate, C. E. Kremer fleet surgeon, Dr. W. Blanchard.

There is now building at Poillon's yard, under the supervision of John Driscoll, a bulb fin yacht designed by her owner, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Her dimensions are: Length over all 32ft., l.w.l. 21ft., beam 7 ft., draft 5ft. The rig shows a jib tacked to the stemhead. The planking will be double.

Work at Bristol.

There is little news from Bristol this week; Mr. Herreshoff is reported as recovering, and taking a greater part in the work from day to day, though early last week he suffered a slight relapse. On March 26 Mr. C. Oliver Iselin visited the works, and also saw Mr. Herreshoff at his home near by. It is reported that the lead casting for the keel is rough and poor in places, and that parts have been cut out and replaced, the bottom being sheathed with Tobin bronze. In the method of attachment of hull and keel, the new boat is decidedly a departure; through the brass castings which form the keel plate are 40 log screws of Tobin bronze, each 8in. long and 1 1-2in. in diameter. These log screws run into the lead, forming their own threads as they are screwed down.

The Mediterranean Races.

As the result of the disqualification of both Ailsa and Britannia in the race for the Nice Tenn prize on March 23, for crossing the line before the gun, the race was resailed on March 27. The course was 30 miles, three rounds, in a strong breeze and heavy sea. While Ailsa led for a time she was headed by Britannia early on the third round, and was finally beaten by 16 min. 38 sec. elapsed time. The two started under jibheaders, but finished under lower sails only. Ailsa suffered from the stretching of her rigging and the strains incident to a hard race in a new boat, and, however the two may compare on further trial in heavy weather, she will undoubtedly make a better showing when sails and gear are well stretched.

On March 28 the small raters raced, but the steam yacht race was postponed. On March 29 the big cutters met again for the Bennett prize, in a reefing S. W. breeze, Britannia turning in one reef and Ailsa two. Starting ahead, Ailsa led by less than a minute at the end of the first round, and finally won by 2 min. 7 sec. elapsed time. The steam yacht race was again postponed. On leaving Nice for Cannes on March 30, Britannia grounded on a sandbank, but got off without damage. The two will probably not meet again until the Thames races in May, and not until the Clyde races early in July, will Valkyrie III. join them. Lord Dunraven has, however, made arrangements with Mr. Walker for some private matches between Valkyrie III. and Ailsa as soon as the former is ready.

A Summer Afloat.

PART III.

(Continued from Page 238.)

One of the charms, to us, of this snug little harbor, is the great number and variety of the fishing fleet that make this their home port. We are always interested in watching their maneuvers, both when running in and going out, and have picked up many a point that will perhaps some day stand us in good stead.

Before turning into our bunks for the night, we lashed the dingy fast alongside, as there was not room for it to swing astern. The night was perfectly calm and quiet, not the slightest sound disturbed our slumbers. When daylight began to appear, the fishermen, one by one, got up sail and stole quietly out of the harbor, leaving us the sole occupants.

As we had just passed a long, and in some respects a trying and exciting day, we lay in our bunks longer than usual, and did not get breakfast till eight o'clock, and it was ten when we catted our anchor and again put to sea.

We found quite a heavy swell rolling outside, which would indicate that the wind had blown much harder out at sea than it had anywhere in our vicinity for the last two days.

We ran out before a N. W. breeze, and the rolling of the boat in the swells came very nearly jibing her once or twice, and we were very glad when we got an offing so that we could alter our course and bring the breeze over our quarter.

We ran round outside of Thatcher Island, very close to it, and then put straight for Eastern Point, the wind strengthening some and veering round more to the westward. Low cotton-like clouds arose gradually in the west, their under side being cut off straight and in parallel lines. We expected the wind to increase as these clouds got up higher, but were very much surprised to meet just off Eastern Point a stiff southeast breeze, which held true and steady all the rest of the day.

We rounded the point about noon and stood up Gloucester Harbor, past Tenpound Island, dropping our anchor just south of Fivepound Island, in about three fathoms of water.

After dinner we took the dinghy and made the circuit of this quaint and picturesque old fishing harbor, in which there is every kind of a boat to be found, from the three-masted, square-rigged ship down to the fourteen-foot catboat. Fishing schooners in all stages of construction and decay; on one hand the bright, new, graceful hull just getting her spars on board: on the other the old abandoned hulk, bleaching her ribs on the sand.

It is astonishing to see how easily the fishermen handle large schooners in this crowded harbor. They are constantly running in and out, but an accident is a very rare thing indeed.

We got under way immediately after getting back to the yacht, and had a lively little race with two quite large schooners, which were beating out to sea together.

We could handle our little boat so much quicker, and could run through so much smaller places, that we gradually worked out ahead of both of them. All three of us were on port tack standing toward the west side of the harbor, when we noticed a little way ahead of us that a small sloop that had been leading us was losing her wind, so we went about immediately and stood back toward Eastern Point Lighthouse. The breeze freshened as we got nearer the point, and soon we were plowing along with our lee rail awash, while our friends, the fishermen, who had kept on the other tack, were entirely becalmed.

We held our breeze strong and steady till we ran out of sight of the other boats. We made our home port, Magnolia, and picked up our mooring at 4:30 P. M., after one of the pleasantest weeks we had yet spent on the water.

We had intended to continue our trip to the eastward, but I was called back to attend to some important business in the interior, and had to give up cool ocean breezes and lounging on deck, for hot, dusty sleeping-cars and railroad lunches.

The Cy-Pres swung idly at her mooring, unattended and uncared or, till Monday, Aug. 20, when we again put her in shape for a run down to York and back.

We spent Aug. 20 in airing cushions, bedding, clothing, etc., and n getting the necessary stores on board, not forgetting a fresh upply of coal-oil and water.

Tuesday, Aug. 21 was bright and fair, with a stiff breeze from the westward. An old fisherman advised us to take in a reef if we were going round Cape Ann, as it looked windy in the N. W.

We did not think it at all necessary to do this, but as we had known Captain "Bill" for many years and had great respect for his nautical knowledge, we took his advice and started with ngle reefed mainsail and foresail at 8:30 A. M.



EASTERN POINT.

For the first two or three miles the wind continued steady, but as we passed out beyond Eastern Point, the puffs began to come a little harder from the northwest, and small, round cotton-like clouds began to come up over a sky that had been perfectly clear and of an intense bright blue.

The wind came off the land in harder and harder puffs and long before we reached Thatcher's Island we were glad we had our reef in, and before we rounded the eastern end of the island we would have felt easier if we had had two reefs in.

It was a strong lower sail breeze for large schooners, and pretty heavy for our little twenty-two footer, rolling her down in the puffs till our lee rail was well buried.

As we approached Thatcher's Island we met quite a little fleet of coasters coming before the wind; they were all cutting in close to land to get into as smooth water as possible, and they bothered us considerably.

We would luff sharply to clear one fellow, only to fall broad off to clear another, who had shot up into the wind to enable his small crew of two men to get his sheets well in before bearing up for Boston. A large three-masted schooner going east overtook us just before we reached Thatcher's Island, and went past us boiling through the water like a steamer.

Very much to our surprise, she did not go on round the Cape, but came about and stood back for Gloucester, and we soon lost sight of her round the hills of Eastern Point. Her actions puzzled us very much, as we could not account for her sudden change of purpose.

The captains of such vessels do not sail them for fun, or to show off, and why they should turn back after running three or four miles beyond Gloucester Harbor was a puzzler for us.

We were inclined to think that the sea was too heavy for her on the other side of the Cape, and after going far enough to see what she would have to face all day, her skipper preferred to put back rather than to try to drive a light vessel through, with a small crew of men. However that might be, we saw a sloop pegging away ahead of us, and although we knew she was double our size, we made up our minds that we would go on if she did, "come what would, let go what might."

As we passed Cape Ann lights we met heavy seas, and as the wind had hauled more to the northward, we were obliged to get our sheets in flat, and hammer into it, frequently plunging our bows under and taking quantities of solid water on our forward deck. The Cy-Pres behaved beautifully and worked out to windward in grand style.

As soon as we could safely do so, we went about on starboard tack and stood in toward the coast, running in as close as we dared; the sea getting less and less troublesome every yard we went. When so close to the rocks that we could almost step ashore, we put her about again, and on port tack stood along almost parallel with the shore, bearing away a little as we ran out by Straightsmouth Light to keep clear of the sunken rocks that make off from the point. Here we struck the heavy seas again and had quite a tussle with them, but the skipper, with his hat off and hair blowing about in the wind, held the little craft down to her work, and she responded nobly, leaping from one sea to another and shaking the water from her decks as though she enjoyed the fun as well as we did.

We did not need to keep this tack very long, as the entrance to Rockport Harbor was well to leeward, so, as soon as we could clear Straightsmouth Point on the weather side, we went about on starboard tack, and with sheets well started, fairly flew down the western side of the little peninsular into Rockport, where we were soon swinging at our anchor in water as still as a duck-pond.

We could scarcely realize that we had just left such a rolling, jumping sea outside.

F. was drenched with salt spray, and as his waterproofs dried in the sun, they became crusted over with particles of salt.

On comparing the weather conditions of this day with our first trip round the Cape in '92, we came to the conclusion that the wind was fully as strong, and there was more sea this time than before.

After dinner we went ashore and climbed the hills that lie between Rockport and the sea, and had a beautiful view of the coast in all directions.

We sauntered along down the rocky heights back into the village, stopped at the stores to replenish our larder, and then rowed slowly out to the yacht. As we rounded the end of the granite pier, that forms one side of the inner harbor, I saw that she had shifted her berth, and putting more muscle into my oars, hurried toward her. We reached her just in the nick of time, as she was on the point of fouling another boat, and in five minutes more would have been on the rocks.

The only way we could account for the dragging of her anchor was the fact that a large tug came in while we were on shore, towing a thirty-five foot sloop that had parted her bobstay just outside. She ran across our bows and might have dragged our cable and dislodged the anchor; or her swells may have caused the yacht to pitch violently and so break the anchor out.

We got out our kedge, a twenty-five pound folding anchor, which we always keep stowed in the cockpit ready for immediate use; carried it out into a good place and dropped it, then cleared our main anchor of grass and weeds, pulled ourselves out to the kedge, dropped the anchor, lifted the kedge on board and stowed it away.

The wind continued to blow hard all day, and in the night we could hear it moaning through the branches of a large tree that stood near us on the shore.

The morning dawned bright and clear, but the wind was still blowing hard from the N. W.

Several of the fishermen left the harbor just as we awoke, and we watched them pitch and plunge as they got into the heavy seas outside.

We got our breakfast at six o'clock, and by seven were ready to start for Portsmouth. Knowing the wind to be strong and the sea heavy, we sailed under a reefed mainsail and forestaysail, the same canvas we carried the day before. F. took the tiller after we hoisted the mainsail, while I shook out the foresail ready to hoist, and then got up the anchor.

I had to work lively to get the foresail up, jump aft and trim in the sheet, then forward again to clear and stow the anchor before we should run out of the little pond of a harbor into the sea outside.

We found the seas larger than we had expected, and the wind was all we could stand up under.

The little Cy-Pres struggled along, her lee rail several inches under water, and the spray flying over us in sheets.

In ten minutes after leaving the shelter of the breakwater we were soaked to the skin, and as we had forgotten to close the skylights, everything below was afloat.

We were not long in making up our minds that a twenty-five mile thrash to windward in the teeth of such a breeze and sea, would be more like work than fun, so put back into the harbor as quickly as we could, anchoring just where we were before.

A fishing schooner lay near us, and the skipper remarked, as we were furling our sail, that there was no pleasure in sailing in such weather, and we agreed with him.

We got everything out of the cabin, blankets, cushions, clothes, towels, pillows, etc., and spread them around on deck to dry.

About eleven o'clock the wind began to moderate, and by noon had fallen almost calm. We considered for a time the advisability of making another start for Portsmouth, but decided that the sea was still running and to be caught outside in a calm, under such conditions, would be anything but enjoyable, and that we had better stay where we were till morning.

We went ashore in the afternoon, and walked around the head of the sandy bay toward the Rockport Granite Company's docks, scrambled out on to a rocky point that commands an extended view of the bay, and sat there a long time enjoying the blue sea, the still bluer sky, the green hills, the crooked road lined with fine old trees, and the queer old abandoned docks back of and outside the breakwater.

We thought the very spot we were then sitting on would be an ideal place for a summer home, as there was a pretty beach of yellow sand at our feet, where some children were playing and bathing.

On our way back to the yacht we went out on the breakwater, passing along a queer, narrow, dirty street, built along the side of the harbor. Out near the end of it we saw a building two stories high, about 15ft.x20ft. square, that was entirely empty, with the exception of two tiers of bunks around the sides; not a table, chair, or any other article of furniture could we see.

Just outside of the building we saw a Dago cooking the evening meal; he was stewing or boiling something in a large kettle over an open fire built among the rocks. We had often seen a crowd of men standing around the fire, each with a tin pan in his hands, and had guessed that they were eating from a common pot; and this closer view of the "shebang" confirmed our surmise.

We also discovered what it was that had smelled so outrageously. An old fellow, all in leather garments, was trying out dogfish, making some kind of fish oil or fish soap; he had the dirtiest, vilest smelling establishment it has ever been my luck to get into. Why! a glue factory was sweet perfume to the stench of that place.

F. had complained several times that the odor from the shore was very unpleasant when the wind was from the west, but fortunately it hauled around more into the south during the afternoon and we were not troubled by it any more.

There are a number of fine docks on the west side of Rockport breakwater that are well worth visiting. Their massiveness and size impress one immediately, and one cannot help but wonder what has become of the business that would warrant the building of such large and expensive docks. As we wandered over them, we remarked how easy it would be to put gates across the entrance and shut them at high tide, thus floating a vessel all day at her dock, or one could reverse the operation and float a ship in at high tide, and shut the gates at low tide and have a splendid dry dock for repairing boats and good-sized ships at very little cost.

About sunset, the very pretty twenty-five foot sloop Eda, of Peach Point, Marblehead, came in, and anchored just outside of us, with three young men and a sailor on board.

We were up at five o'clock next morning, and under way at 6.30; with a light breeze from S. W., barometer steady at 29.95 degrees.

As we passed by the Eda, they hailed us, asking: "Where we were bound." When we replied to Portsmouth, they said: "They would follow us at once," which they did, as soon as sail could be got on her.

As we drew out from under the land off Halibut Point the breeze fell very light, and we scarcely had steerage way on for some time. There was a thick haze over the water, so that we could not see anything of the land, after getting three or four miles off shore, till we picked up White Island light.

The Eda kept more to the westward of our course, and being much nearer shore had a better breeze, as the air was coming off the land. About the time we reached White Island she was abreast of us, nearly two miles in shore of us, holding a good breeze. This breeze soon reached us, and we bowled along right merrily, reaching Whaleback Light at 12.30.

We ran up the harbor, keeping well to the eastern side, and dropped our anchor in ten feet of water, right under the walls of Fort McClary.

The Eda kept over to the west side, and turned close round Fort Constitution, as though she was going up the river, but gave it up and stood back across to Peperells Cove, anchoring to the eastward of us, or further up in the cove.

The haze continued during the entire run across, so that we never got a glimpse of Mount Agamenticus, and could not make out the square towers of Wentworth Hotel till within two or three miles of the harbor.

(To be concluded next week.)

The Seawanhaka International Cup.

The race committee of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. has lost no time in perfecting all possible arrangements for an international contest next fall between Mr. J. Arthur Brand in his half-rater Spruce III., and such half-raters as may be available on this side; in fact, the scheme, as now outlined by the committee, has taken on a much wider scope. In order to discuss the matter thoroughly and to secure the co-operation of others likely to be interested, the committee arranged a dinner at the club house on March 28, to which were invited a number of gentlemen representing the canoeing and boat sailing interests about New York. Mr. Cromwell, Chairman of the Race Committee, occupied the head of the table, vice Com. Rouse, Schooner Iroquois, being at the other end. Com. Benedict was absent, having sailed in the Flagship Oneida on the previous day for the West Indies. Among those present were: Messrs. Oswald Sanderson, F. B. Jones, C. W. Sherman, Alexander Rutherford, Robert Center, J. F. Tams, C. B. Vaux, William Whitlock, John Hyslop, W. S. Elliott, C. W. Wetmore, W. P. Stephens, Schuyler Schieffelin, W. Butler Duncan, H. C. Ward, W. C. Kerr, and Dr. Valentine Mott.

During the dinner the proposed races and the small racing craft were informally discussed around the table, and with the coffee the chairman called on several gentlemen for their views on various matters connected with the sport. Vice Com. Rouse announced his willingness to build a half-rater; Mr. Wetmore, for the committee, detailed just what had been done. Mr. Vaux spoke on the canoes and small craft of New York, Mr. Hyslop discussed the possible measurement of the sails of such small craft, and Mr. Stephens gave a brief history of the origin of the one raters and one-half raters, and a description of the various types. After the party left the table, Mr. Stephens exhibited a number of pictures, designs, and sail plans of various small raters.

While the immediate end in view is a series of races between Spruce III. and American craft, the committee has proposed the establishment by the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. of an international challenge cup, open to boats and yachts of not under 1-2 rating or 15ft. sailing length, and not over 2 1-2 rating or 25ft. sailing length. The proposed conditions, to be submitted to the club on April 2, are as follows:

1. The cup shall be a perpetual international challenge cup, open to competition to yachts belonging to members of recognized yacht clubs of foreign countries.
2. Challenges shall be made through the yacht club to which the owner or owners of the challenging yacht belongs.
3. The dimensions of the challenging yacht shall not exceed such as would bring its classification within the limit of racing classes under the Seawanhaka rules of 15ft. to 25ft. sailing length.
4. The races for the cup shall be limited to a single challenger, to be met by only one competitor.
5. The races shall be not less than three nor more than five in number.
6. The course shall be, or near, the waters of Oyster Bay, so long as the cup is in the custody of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.
7. The crews shall be limited, except in the case of a challenge in the 25-ft. sailing length class, to amateurs, and in all cases the helmsman shall be an amateur.
8. If practicable, an international system of measurement for yachts competing for the cup shall be agreed upon.
9. Not less than three months' notice shall be required from any challenger.
10. The races shall take place between May 1 and October 1.

The sum of $500 has already been subscribed for the purchase of a cup, and several designs by the leading silversmiths were exhibited at the dinner.

New York Y. C.

The second general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on March 28 at the club house, Com. Brown presiding. The date of the annual cruise was fixed by a motion that the fleet should rendezvous at Glen Cove on Monday, July 29. The following letter was read:

A number of summer residents and citizens of Newport have subscribed a sum of money for the purpose of holding a series of yacht races off that port, to be sailed under the rules and regulations of the New York Y. C., except, possibly, in the division of the classes, immediately on the return of the New York Y. C.'s cruise to the eastward.

It is proposed to give at least four days' continuous racing over outside courses for not less than three classes of schooners and five classes of sloops, cutters, and yawls. Schooners and sloops, etc., to race on alternate days.



GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

The races to be over a fixed course (equilateral triangle), twice over, except for smaller classes; no time limit. The committee to have power to stop any race, and award prizes at the end of the first round if there is reason to suppose that the full course cannot be completed before sunset. The races to be started so as to make one leg as much as possible to windward.

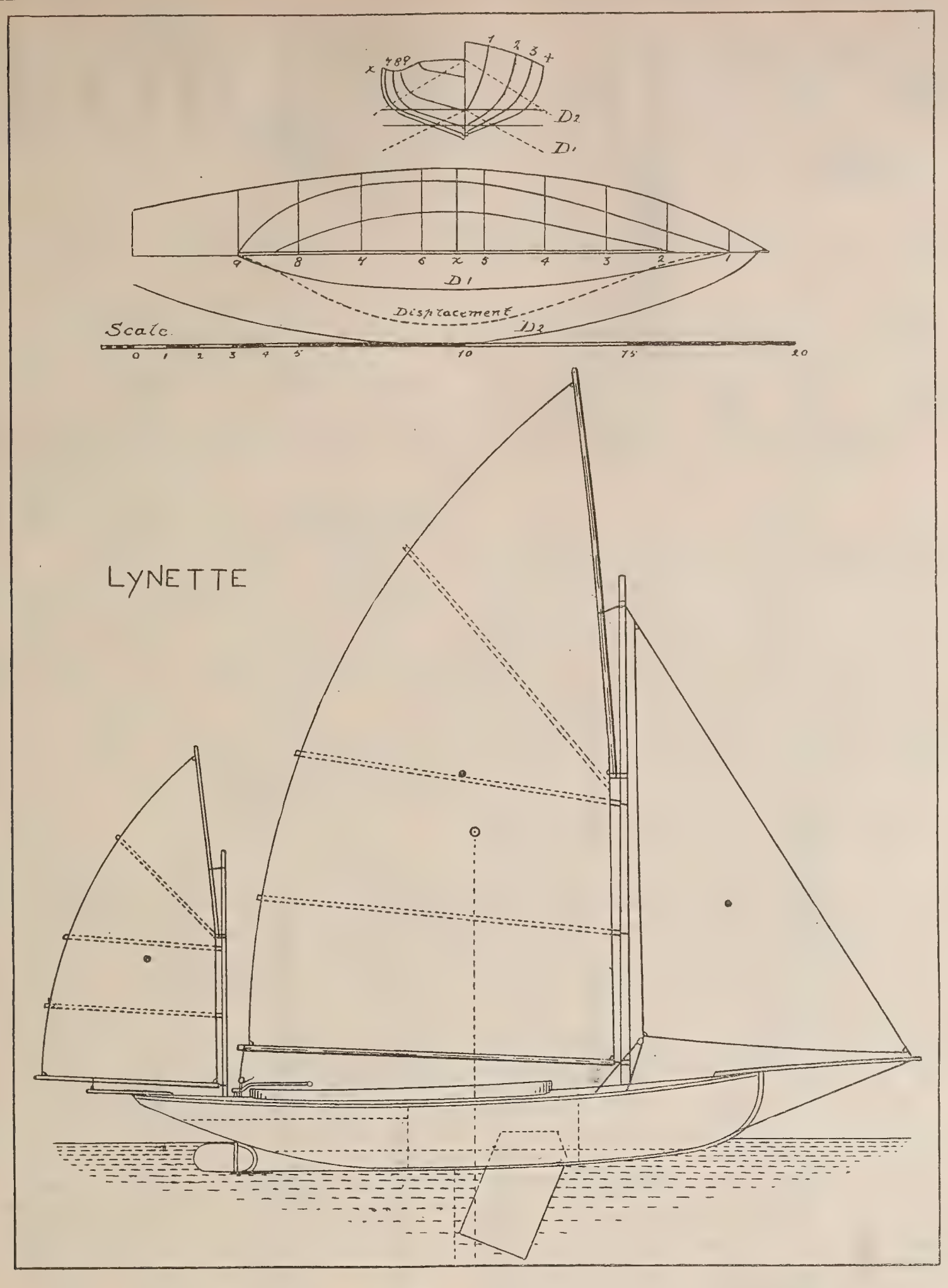
After the larger classes have finished over the outside courses, it is intended to give prizes for smaller boats, in such classes as may seem expedient to be raced for over courses principally or entirely or inside of Narragansett Bay.

The undersigned, for the subscribers, request that the New York Y. C. officially authorize their Regatta Committee to take charge of the racing and carry out the programme as has been approximately outlined.

GOUVERNEUR KORTRIGHT
ROBERT GOELET,
FRED. P. SANDS,
WOODBURY KANE.

The proposal was accepted with thanks, and the Regatta Committee will be entrusted with the handling of the races.

A communication was read from the Gas Engine and Power



Company asking the aid of the club as a body, or the members individually, in defeating a bill now before the Legislature, No. 1,432, introduced by Assemblyman Gleason, and referred to the Committee on General Laws, as follows:

An act regulating the qualifications of persons that operate and manage boats and launches employing oil, naphtha, and electricity as propelling or motive power. The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Sec. 1. It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to operate or manage any boat, launch, or vessel using as propelling or motive power oil, naphtha, or electricity, without having a certificate of qualification therefor, qualifying such person or persons to act as engineers.

Sec. 2. Any violation of this act shall be punishable as a misdemeanor.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

The bill was referred to a committee, with power. Secretary Oddie read the following letter to ex-Com. Morgan sent in accordance with a resolution passed at the last meeting:

March 4, 1895.

Dear Sir: At the last general meeting a resolution was passed unanimously requesting me to convey to you the appreciation of this club of the services you have rendered to it, and the thorough, sportsmanlike, and disinterested manner in which you have fulfilled the obligations of your office. It is unnecessary for me to personally add anything to the above, but I cannot close without expressing to you the great pleasure I have had in serving under you. Yours very truly,

J. S. V. ODDIE, Secretary.

The following new members were elected: R. T. McCabe, Murray Brown, Albert J. Morgan, Le Droict Langdon Barber, Stuart Duncan, John P. Duncan, J. H. Gibbons, U.S.N.; A. L. Norton, U.S.N.; Claude Bailey, U.S.N.; T. B. Baldwin, Stanford White, S. M. Prevost, J. Searle Barclay, Richardson Clover, U.S.N.; F. S. Moseley, Arthur T. Sullivan, J. G. Schmidtlapp.

Small Boats About Toronto.

Toronto, March 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you have been publishing a number of designs of small craft lately, I venture to inclose the lines of a small cruiser designed by me during the winter of 1892 and 1893. She was intended to fill in a gap between the narrow Toronto Bay sailing skiff and the beamy saucer-shaped Una and cat boats, possessing much greater stability than the one, and performing much better in a sea than the other. Such a good all-around boat has she proved, both for day sailing and general cruising, that her builder, John Hendry, of Toronto, having an order for a boat of her size and for substantially similar purposes, has built from my lines without alteration.

I should here mention that although her sheer plan resembles that of Mr. Wicksteed's Elsa, I did not see the latter's lines until after I had chosen the main features of the Lynette design, and was surprised to find how closely they agreed in sheer plan, particularly as to the bow.

Her dimensions are:

Length over all 19ft. 6in., load water-line 15ft., extreme beam 5ft., beam, l.w.l. 4ft. 4in., draft 11in., ballast under floor 300lbs., center board 76lbs., sail area 230sq. ft., rating .57.

The rig shown in the sail plan is not the original, which measured only 170sq. ft. in two pieces.

During the past winter, the Royal Toronto Sailing Skiff Club have made changes in their rules, so as to permit the use of overhangs both fore and aft and have otherwise changed their rules so as to permit of boats such as mine competing in their races, making a complete change from the old sharp sterns to square sterns and overhangs; this is likely to debar entirely the old type of sailing skiff.

Although I cannot claim any active share in this step in the evolution of the Toronto sailing skiff, yet I may safely say that the superiority Lynette displayed over the ordinary type of skiff has had its influence in the accomplishment of this change. As a cruising man, I am not with them in one of their rules, which prohibits the use of ballast, except in the shape of a center board, which, in the third class 16ft. l.w.l. and under, must not be more than 100lbs., while a crew of four men is allowed. To me it seems that more ballast and a crew of only three would tend to produce a much safer and more serviceable type of boat.

Another class which promises to give some excellent racing this season is the new 18ft. class of the Royal Can. Y. C., for which at least our new boats are building. These are all center boarders, of considerable beam and long overhangs. I believe that there was a tacit understanding among those about to build, that bulb fins would not be used, as being undesirable for local purposes. As some ten races have been set for these boats by the Royal Can. Y. C., not to mention the races of the Skiff Club, in which some at least of the new boats will participate, a great deal of lively sport may be expected on Toronto Bay this summer.

The Skiff Club's class of 16ft., and under, promises well, and much interest is likely to attach to their races, as some boats built under the new rules are likely to meet the old cracks.

Only during the last year have Toronto's sailormen roused up to the possibilities of small boat sailing outside the old-time skiffs (which were evolved from the row-boat); but now a regular boom is under way. As one who built to the new Skiff Club rules two years before they came into existence, I heartily welcome the change and sometimes feel sorry that I did not give Lynette a racing rig when getting her new canvas. J. EDW. MAYBEE.

Canoeing.

Canoe sailors will learn with pleasure that the Marine and Field Club will hold its annual regatta this year, the canoeing outlook so far being sufficiently promising to warrant a successful day's sport. Mr. W. S. Elliott, who has managed the previous Marine and Field races, is again in charge, and he has assurances of entries from a number of canoeists. The date set is June 29, and at least four events will be arranged the Marine and Field Club trophy, held by Mr. Schuyler Schieffelin; the Marine and Field Club challenge cup, which will be a handicap; a handicap race for a special prize, and a tandem paddling race for the cup now held by Messrs. Douglas & Palmer. A race will be arranged, if possible, for the new "One Design" canoes. A good regatta of this sort early in the season is likely to give a stimulus to canoe racing, both about New York and throughout the country.

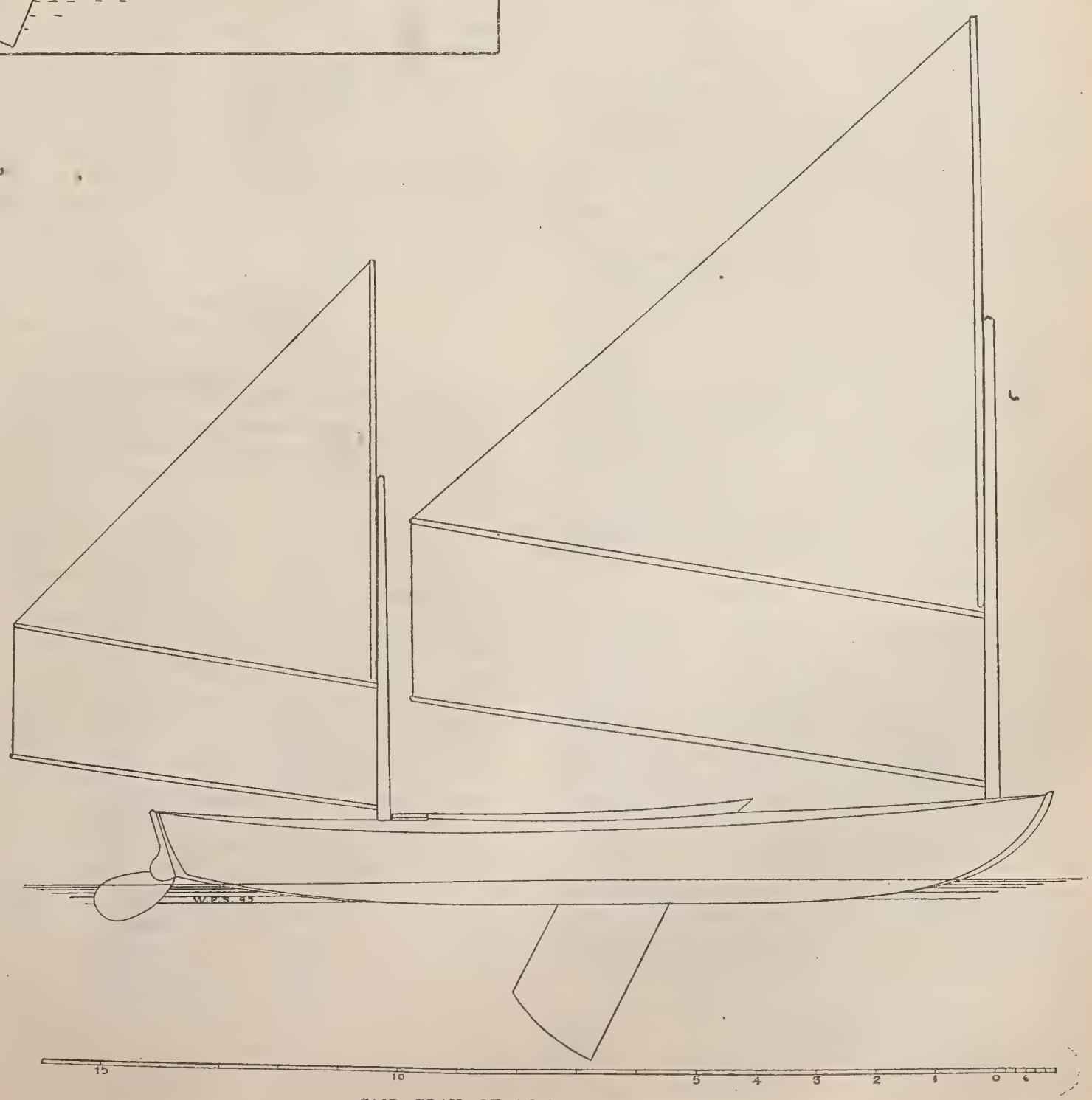
A "One Design" Canoe.

(Concluded from Page 260.)

The general arrangement and the sail plan of the canoe illustrated last week are here given in the accompanying drawings. Two more canoes have just been ordered by Messrs. Wintringham & Arnold, of Brooklyn, making five in all. The great problem of canoe designing; the adjustment of weights and spaces so as to give room to the crew, to put the weighted centerplate in the best position, both as regards weight of ballast and as lateral plane, to place the crew's weight near enough amidships, and to secure a good balance to an effective sail plan, was made more than usually difficult by the lessening of the water-line length from the standard 16 ft. to but 12 1-2ft., and each of these points was attained only by many compromises between conflicting interests.

The demand of the owners was for a middle space of not less than 4ft. 6in., and the bulkheads were so placed as to secure this. The form of plate selected, after careful consideration of various shapes, was the ordinary one; but the absence of the 18-in. limit of drop made it possible to use the plate in a different way from that in the 16x30 canoe, dropping to a nearly vertical position. To get rid of the lifting pendant below water, the ingenious arm and tackle introduced by Mr. Linton Hope last year was adopted, the light plate of 3-16in. brass, of 40lbs. in weight, requiring only a single part to the pendant, led through a check block on the deck just within the coaming. The plate was located as far aft as possible, there being no after deadwood or scag; the only limitation being the necessity for room abaft the trunk for the feet to pass without lifting over.

On the other hand, the sliding seat was moved as far forward as possible, in order to keep the weight of crew amidships; and, in particular, to admit of the largest possible mizen. The floor is



SAIL PLAN OF "ONE DESIGN" CANOE.

placed 2in. below the water, there being no opportunity to introduce a self-bailing well without serious disadvantages. The breadth of the well, 20in., allows an 8in. side deck.

The centerplate trunk is built with 1-2in. headledges, leaving sufficient width in the trunk for the lifting handle of the centerplate. The slot through the keel, however, is just wide enough for the 3-16-in. plate to pass freely. The handle is a separate casting, slotted out to span the upper corner of the plate, and secured to it by rivets. The after ends of the handle on each side of plate are not tapered down, but left full thickness, 5-32 in, and when the plate is fully down they rest in the keel and prevent it falling ower. A knot may also be tried in the lifting pendant, just outside the check block, for the same purpose. The pin is of 3-8in. brass, firmly fastened in the plate, the ends projecting 5-32. On the inside of the trunk at the fore lower corner, just above the keel, are two brass castings of a V shape, one fastened to each side of the trunk. When the plate is shipped, it is dropped down the trunk until the ends of the pins or stud rest in the two V plates.

There is a deck hatch forward and another aft, giving access to the two compartments. The coaming is pointed and flaring. The sliding seat, droprudder and deck tiller are of the usual canoe type. The total sail area was limited by the owners to 110sq. ft., the cut of the sails selected by the owners being the very serviceable one so well tested by long use. In proportioning the sail, everything was governed by the positions of the masts, the mainmast being stepped as far forward as the construction would admit, 6in. forward of the l.w.l.; and the mizzenmast close against the sliding seat. Even then the absence of a scag promised too strong a weather helm unless the mizzen was kept down in size, the figures finally selected being 75sq. ft. for the mainsail and 35 for the mizzen, or 110 in all.

The specifications presented by the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Company in tendering for the order, as given below, call for the highest quality of work. Two methods of construction were shown by sections of canoes, in one the planks being ship lapped, and in the other the seams being caulked by a thread laid in grooves in the adjoining edges of each plank; the grooves being cut, and the thread laid in one plank by a special tool.

Specifications for three sailing canoes (new type, as designed by Mr. W. P. Stephens) for Messrs. Elliot, Schieffelin & Stewart. Each canoe as follows: Length over all 15ft., length l.w.l. about 12ft. 6in., beam extreme 36in., other dimensions as per drawings, oak keel, stem and sternpost hackmatack natural crook, floor timbers, oak; frames, oak or rock elm; planking, Spanish cedar topstreak; rest, white cedar; 5-16in. before smoothing down; construction, new blind double caulked method, copper riveted and burred.

Watertight bulkheads fore and aft (guaranteed tight), of two thicknesses 3-16in. or 1-4in.; white cedar and Spanish cedar or mahogany (latter showing inside of cockpit), each bulkhead inclosing thickness of canvas, lapped under bulkhead, and whole fitted between special bulkhead frame.

Deck beams, cedar; cockpit coaming, mahogany or quartered sycamore; decks, mahogany or Spanish cedar; cabs, mahogany or quartered sycamore; deck hatches fore and aft, raised above decks and set over; centerboard trunk, oak or cedar, capped with same kind of wood as used in decks.

Plate brass centerboard not to exceed 50lbs.; polished brass drop rudder; polished brass Baker or Butler lock thwartship deck steering gear, complete with chain, turnbuckles, etc.; main and mizzen travelers, polished brass (attached or sent separate, as preferred); polished brass jam cleats, "Blanche" cleats and "alligator" cleats, and boxwood deadeyes, not to be affixed, but to be supplied, with screws, etc., for same; wire rope tackle and check block for centerboard hoisting gear.

Sliding deck seat 36in. over all. Suit sails 110sq. ft. area, or area as per design. Two hollow spruce masts made two pieces in length, shells 5-16in. or 1-4in. cemented, then tightly wound diagonally with elastic duck, glued as wound, then painted spruce color, rubbed down, varnished and rubbed down again and again till smooth surface; two hollow spruce booms, same as masts, except in size, and instead of being canvas wound and glued and painted, to be varnished natural color and served at intervals of 18in. or 20in. Sail material, imported Union Silk, close bighted, edged with non-elastic web: one reef (quick reefing line gear) to each sail.

Aluminum head gear to masts; two boxwood deadeyes lashed to each yard; double halliards to each sail, mainsail halliards to lead through double block at stemhead; sail fittings complete; cordage to be the kind known as the English canoe cordage, or of best braided linen cord obtainable.

Two mast tubes and brass mast plates, 2 3-4in. diameter at deck; two movable water plugs in keel; one ventilation water plug in each bulkhead; removable floor boards to cockpit; brass stem band; all fastenings brass or copper; woodwork under decks (that is, inside) to have one coat of oil and one coat of spar composition; outside to be highly finished natural color in navalite two coats; all material to be selected and workmanship first-class throughout.

Yankee's Races This Year.

It may be taken to go without debate or call that from 1886 up to 1892 the American sailing canoe, for racing purposes, went ahead in bounds and leaps toward the fastest racing machine under the rules of that country. With the unlimited sail area and unlimited sliding deck seat allowed in America, it was yearly more hopeless for the English canoe, bred under narrow limits, to hope to compete with success against the "unlimited" canoe in her own waters. But, after all, what was it beyond a practical demonstration that superior driving power, permissibly applied to equal hulls without taxation, was bound to win the trick in every race, bar accidents. Superior driving power, of course, here includes sail area and length of sliding seat—that is, ability to forcibly carry the largest sail area on the smallest hull.

With the very large fleets of racing canoes in America this game might have been, and doubtless was, expected to last well on for many years; but it has gone down in the same rapid and unsatisfactory manner that it has in England, and now, on all hands, they are on the same lookout for something more sensible, more useful, and more marketable, as we were a couple of years ago. The 30-in. hike-balanced gossamer is in the States passing into the fossilized state of extinct species; but, even in its decline, we are, here in England, again threatened with a challenge by one of the declining machines—the Yankee, a 16ft. by 30in. watertight cylinder, with a sail plan and sliding man superimposed.

The Yankee was raced here all last season, and was thoroughly beaten as to winning, but we venture to say that in straight-away speed in a steady breeze, in which she could keep her bottom in the water, we doubt if there was a canoe with us that could hold her; but then, of course, races are not won by mere straight-on-end speed. Yankee was poor to windward, hopeless in short tacking, and, we might venture to add, very doubtful as to a performer in really rough water. But when she comes back from America, where she is said to be undergoing considerable alterations, her keel rockered at each end, probably her rig changed, possibly a bulb-keel fitted, what may we, or ought we not to expect? All depends on the course to be sailed, and the wind and sea that may prevail, a beating or a solemn event.

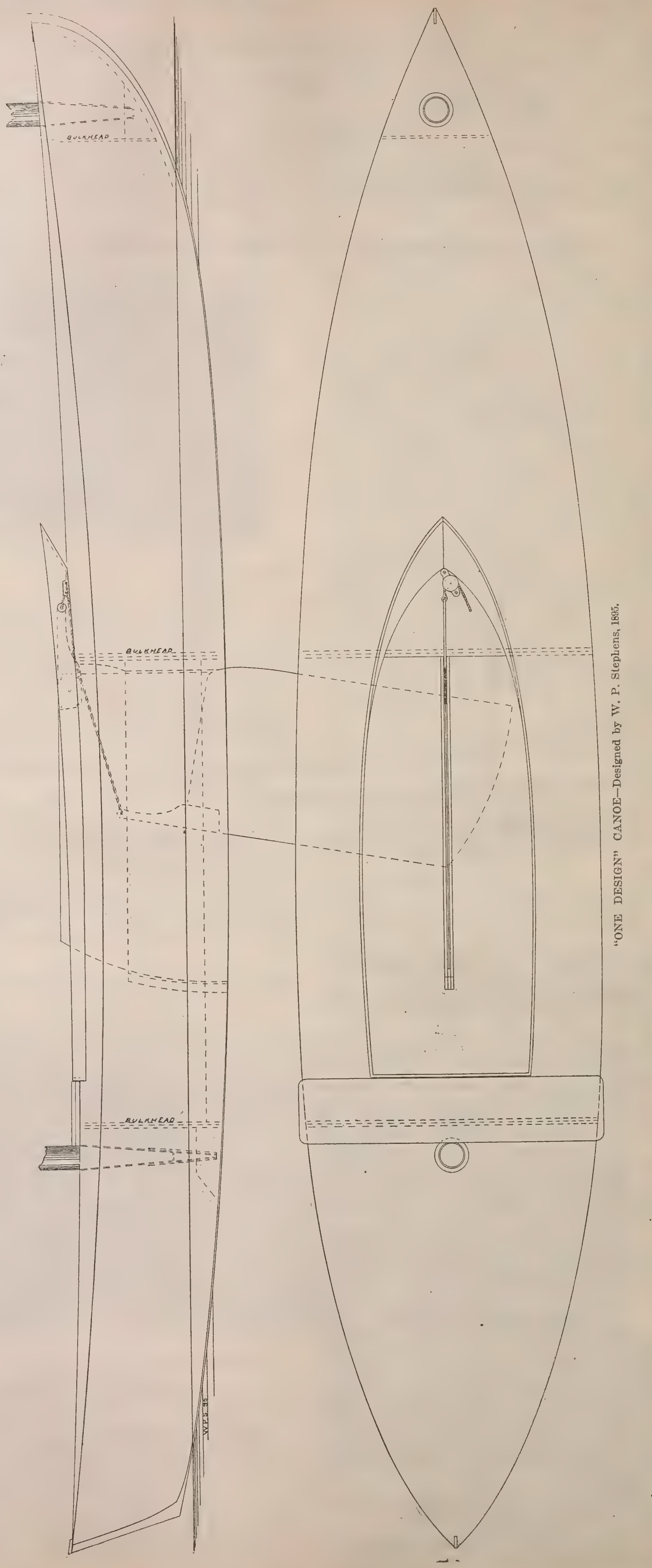
As to the racing for sailing canoes, the programme of the Royal Canoe Club is not yet settled as to locality or time; but with the certainty of more than one outside challenge for the £50 cup this year, it is highly desirable that the racing should be conducted at one place, and be spread over sufficient time for tuning-up to racing form and for mending after possible accident; also in such manner only as following out the programme over one course can the niceties of tidal set, shoal water, and wind vagaries be fairly grasped by competitors before the important international race. Whatever the ultimate choice of locality may be, one thing the club is pledged to is that it shall be on open or tidal water, a vastly different kind of racing to the placid Bourne End Reach, high up the Thames inland; and where soe'er it be we must not hold our American visitor in her altered state as of the same racing form as she exhibited last year; and, further, the Royal Canoe Club has to look to the fact that competitors of undoubted "go" are coming from other districts to fight for the Thames trophy.

Possibly in such circumstances the old club will see the advisability of organizing more than one cup defender, especially as the Dragon, the only one we hear of, of up to date form, is scarcely all that might be suggested for heavy open water, though excellent, no doubt, for moderately smooth water.—The Field.

[Yankee is now in New York, where she recently arrived by steamer, on her way to Clayton for alterations.]

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division: Edward H. Kendrick, William N. Stark, Louis W. Southgate and Richard C. Cleveland, Worcester, Mass.; E. B. Huston and W. D. Huston, Auburndale, Mass.



"ONE DESIGN" CANOE—Designed by W. P. Stephens, 1895.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1895.

VOL. XLIV.—No. 14. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Subscription and Advertising Rates see Page ix.

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DUCK EGGS.

The open season for duck shooting in New York has been from Sept. 1 to March 1. This has just been changed by a bill which was passed last week to extend the season to May 1. In other words, having once abolished the spring shooting of wild fowl on their migration to nesting grounds, far north or within her own borders, the intelligent Empire State has receded, gone backward, and set for other States an example of improvidence and foolishness.

Now that one more fraction of protection has been removed from the migrating egg-laden hosts, it is in order for some spring shooter to view with alarm the ravages of the duck-egg barrelling Eskimos, up there in the Arctic, and to harangue us on the folly of permitting any ducks to get by, to fly up there to lay eggs for the savage to barrel. There is not a more enthusiastic, determined, self-denying and work-early-and-late game protector on earth than the spring shooter, who takes his gun and braves the inclemency of an April day to save what ducks he can from the fur-clad, blubber-eating, unkempt and insensate, egg-stealing Eskimo.

NO VACATION.

David M. Stone, the veteran retired editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, died on Tuesday of last week, in his 78th year. Mr. Stone was a self-made man, an able and distinguished journalist, a public-spirited citizen; and in writing their obituaries of him, his fellow journalists took occasion to point out as one of the noteworthy features of his career, the fact that during all his forty-four years of service with the Journal of Commerce, he had never taken a single vacation; not even a day off. He was "chained to business," even on holidays.

This is a remarkable record, and to have made it Mr. Stone must have been a remarkable man. First, in that he kept his health, and was not compelled for a day to give up the business grind; and second, that every spring he withstood the fishing fever and went contentedly from home to office, even when Mr. William C. Prime was writing his captivating fishing papers for the Journal. Most of us, who have been working at one thing and another for so long a period as forty-four years, have been compelled at some time, by reason of bodily infirmities, to forego business; but here was a man whose unwearied clock-work routine demonstrated what a perfect machine the human organism may be. And many of us, too, have reasoned that we were not getting all the good there was in life, if we missed the tumbling waters where the trout hides, or the brown fields over which the cloud shadows glide, and the dogs range. Most men cannot stick to business day in and day out for forty-four solid years; they could not if they would, and should not if they could. Life and the pleasures of life are to go together; the wise man makes certain of his share as he goes along.

Even this editor, who, in forty-four years took no holiday, gave in his life an example of the necessity and value of recreation, for Mr. Stone, like all other sensible people, had his diversion from routine. He was an intelligent and enthusiastic floriculturist. His home in Brooklyn was set amid grounds famous far and wide for their flowers; hyacinths, tulips, asters and others, there were more than 25,000 in all. In the care, cultivation, display and reposeful companionship of such a garden, supplemented by the exhilaration of speeding behind his fast horses, Mr. Stone doubtless found that complete change of attention and interest that constitutes the chief benefit of recreation of whatever character.

SNAP SHOTS.

The story of the killing of deer in March by residents of the town of Sandwich, Mass., is not a pleasant one to read, but it is gratifying to learn that steps are being taken by the authorities to bring the law-breakers to book. The utter disregard of the statutes protecting deer on the Cape has long been a source of dissatisfaction to law-abiding people, and many complaints have been made of this lawlessness. In the report of these trials, however, the most unpleasant feature was not the violation of the game law, but the implication, clearly expressed, that certain witnesses committed perjury, and that their perjury caused a ripple of laughter to run through the room.

It has often been said, but bears saying many times over, that it is not all of shooting and fishing to shoot and fish. Week by week, and year by year, the truth of that is being shown anew in these pages, wherein are recorded the nature studies, the travel experiences, the observation, suggestion, wit and wisdom of the sportsman tourist. "I think," writes Col. Mannsell, sending his story of sport in Ireland, "that the short historic sketch in the foreground, with the illustrations of old castle and tower, will serve the better to bring out the light and shade of the picture of sport in this work-a-day life." That is a happy way of putting it, the light and shade of sport. Without the light and the shade what a dreary waste would be the literature of rod and gun.

A correspondent alludes to the time "twenty years ago, when the Maryland farm laborer stipulated that he was not to have wild duck on his bill of fare more than three times a week." Is not this a variation of the old story of the apprentice who stipulated that he was not to be fed on fresh salmon daily We believe that the salmon story, though ascribed to a thousand different localities, has not been verified. Perhaps there is no foundation for this Maryland duck story. If there is we would be glad to know it.

Here is a hint for any old trapper or any young trapper to whom the Forest and Stream may come. Whenever you find a black fox in your trap, just see to it that he shall not get away. A black fox skin is worth many times its weight in silver. One sold at the grand annual fur sale in London the other day for $850. If a black fox comes your way, hold on to him.

Speaking of prizes, what is a rattlesnake worth? That depends. If the fortunate snake man were to come upon and subdue a specimen greater and more beautiful than the one whose skin adorns this office, he would hesitate to part with it for any inconsiderable sum. Yet, in Vermont, it has been determined that a rattlesnake shall be assessed at one dollar. That is the magnificent and munificent reward the State bestows upon the hero who slays a rattler within her borders. The Legislature could not have had in view to encourage the professional snake killer, for while at a dollar a head one might make day's wages in Texas, he would starve amid the sterile covers of Vermont. If the bounty is intended to stimulate amateur snake hunters, it may be said that one who would not adventure a set-to with a rattler out of pure human nature, would not be invited thereto by thought of one paltry dollar. The average Vermont Yankee, or even Canuck, who chances to slay a deadly snake, is likely to think himself a veritable St. George, and would scorn the stingy remuneration of this bounty. Moreover, is not rattlesnake killing, like virtue, its own reward? If one would not kill a rattlesnake for glory, would he for a dollar? What is likely to be the effect of this Vermont rattlesnake bounty on Vermonters, snakes and snake stories? These are points on which we would value the opinion of that Vermont farmer, sportsman, naturalist, wit and author, Rowland E. Robinson.

The late W. S. Kimball, of Rochester, was an active and interested member of several sportsmens' organizations, including the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. He was at one time vice-president of the New York State Association, and president of the Genessee Valley Fish and Game Protective Association. His ample means were always generously given to advance the interests of rod and gun.

President L. D. Huntington, of the New York Fish Commission, tells us that his office has on file no annual reports of the Commission prior to the thirteenth, which dates from April 12, 1882, and that any of the missing reports, to complete the files, would be very acceptable. If any reader of this paragraph can supply the documents, we hope that he will communicate with President Huntington, whose address is No. 53 Broadway, N. Y.

A Michigan correspondent, who has been down in Georgia, writes of a trap-shooting match in which the birds used were quail. There is no accounting for taste, and perhaps as a simple matter of sport, the trap-shooting of Bob White may find its defenders. But there is something in it to disgust most field sportsmen. In this Thomasville affair, some of the local sportsmen secured about 300 quail and challenged a team from the Piney Woods Hotel, and from the Mitchell House, to shoot a match. The Piney Woods people refused to shoot, claiming that it was unsportsmanlike. The match was shot, resulting in the local team coming out ahead. "It was mighty poor sport," says our correspondent, "the birds seemed to be starved, and dying of thirst, and very few of them could be made to fly. Many of them got to the woods with broken legs, and those that did escape unharmed were quickly pounced upon by the horde of darkey boys, so that few of them got away."

We have taken occasion to refer to the admirable record of Chief Game and Fish Protector Pond, the head of the New York force. Maj. Pond has administered his office in a way to accomplish results; he has been an honest, sensible, efficient, respected official. He should retain the place. In it he can do more than any new man for the State. If the proposed law shall be enacted, the Chief Protector will be at the head of the game and fish protectors, and of the forest wardens as well. To a long and wisdom-giving experience in the general field of fish and game protection, Maj. Pond unites a thorough knowledge of the Adirondacks. Both of these qualifications are essential to the equipment of a Chief Protector. We know of no one else possessing them. And yet it is confidently asserted that because of his politics, Maj. Pond is likely to be set aside for another. Such a change would be nothing less than a public misfortune. It is a tremendous pity that the law should not provide that the incumbent of the office of Chief Protector might be removed only for cause and after a hearing.

There has been a long standing complaint of the depredations upon the Wyoming elk supply by hunters who capture the game alive for export. The industry has come to an end by the adoption of a law forbidding the capture of large game of any species for purposes of exportation. An exception is made in favor of specimens intended for public parks, and even then the shipper must secure the permission in writing from the State game and fish warden.

The fish and forestry exhibits at the Cotton States and International Exposition, which will be held in Atlanta next September, promise to be of magnitude and interest. The United States will have an aquarium which will far surpass that of the World's Fair. Commissioner Macdonald is now in Florida arranging for a supply of sea specimens for Atlanta. The forestry exhibit will be under the direction of Mr. B. E. Fernow, of the National Bureau of Forestry, who promises that there shall be object lessons for stimulation to improve methods of forestry and of farming.

The late Allan Gilmore, of Ottawa, was one of Canada's oldest and best sportsmen. He was a well known enthusiast in fishing, shooting and yachting, and was a liberal promoter of out-door sports. Col. Gilmore was at one time during Mr. Hallock's incumbency, a considerable stockholder in the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. In 1879, Mr. Hallock was his guest on the Godbout River in lower Canada, a notable salmon stream, of which he was sole proprietor.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UP THE TOMBIGBEE.

If Charles Dickens were alive and could take a trip up the Tombigbee River on a cotton steamboat, he would find some of the same kind of people he describes in his "American notes," written nearly fifty years ago. He would still find the man on board who shovels food into his mouth with a table knife and cuts butter from the butter dish with the same knife, and he would also find the vulgar politician making "spread eagle" speeches.

Mr. C. F. Clarke, from Des Moines, Iowa, and your correspondent shared a stateroom on a "cotton steamboat" plying between Mobile and a little town called Pickens, situated on the Tombigbee River, four hundred miles from Mobile. We were seven days making the round trip, and had an excellent opportunity of studying the planter, lumberman, stock-grower and moonshiner.

Our steamer was old, and had run on the Tombigbee and Alabama for the past twenty years. She was 160 feet long and 27 feet wide, and could carry 1,200 bales of cotton at one load. She had a cabin on the upper deck, running nearly the whole length of the boat. The front end of the cabin was left for the smokers and chewers. A long line of state rooms on each side of the cabin was headed by a barroom on the starboard and the purser's office on the port side. The after part of the cabin was cut off by curtains, forming the ladies' cabin, and when this was occupied the oaths and obscene stories were somewhat curtailed, for the roughest specimen of the whiskey-drinking cracker will lower his voice to a whisper when told "there's ladies in the cabin." On top of the cabin there was another cabin called the "Texas," which the darkey passengers occupied, and on top of the Texas the pilot house was located.

The captain, who was part owner of the boat, was about fifty years old, and "put together to stay." His good nature bubbled over in every speech and story. We said we were from Iowa, and wished to see the Alabama "elephant," that the antives kept hid on the Tombigbee River, and we especially wanted access to the pilot house, where we could see the bottom land and wild game up and down the river. "That's all right," said he, "come on board; you may eat, drink and sleep as much as you please; you may occupy the pilot house or any other part of the boat, and you may play draw-poker all the time you can spare from eating and sleeping." He was a good story-teller, knew everybody from the Mobile to the head of the river, and generally called them by their given names.

The mate was a large, muscular man, about forty-five years old, had been many years on the Red and Mississippi Rivers, had recently killed a dusky roustabout on the Mississippi River, and was now in hiding for that overt act. He had a bad face, with eyes that would drop when talking to you, and a voice that sounded like a "siren fog horn." The darkies stood in mortal dread of this fiendish officer, and would scramble up the steep, slippery, clay bank, carrying barrels and other packages weighing 200 pounds and upward. Often he would load heavy boxes on the shoulders of four darkies and make them carry the same over two springy, twelve-inch planks, to the shore, and then up a slippery clay bank to the top, forty feet above the water, cursing them from start to finish.

We had a pilot who could make the mammoth steamer do his own "sweet will." He had manipulated the wheel of this steamer for twenty consecutive years. This pilot was the coolest man we ever met on a boat. He was making a difficult landing, and at the same time telling us a story. The captain, who was of a nervous temperament, sang out: "look out for that stump!" "There's no stump there," said the pilot. "There's a stump right dead ahead, covered up by the high water, I saw it on the down trip," said the captain. "The stump you are talking about is about twenty feet above," said the pilot, who now finished his story, and the boat in the meantime softly touches the bank, as if landing upon a cushion of feathers.

We steam up the river towards a high bluff of vertical rocks, upon which a negro boy is waving his hat. The pilot steers the boat straight for the rocky bluff, and tells the mate to get the "post office" ready. We were approaching the rocks at full speed. We got nervous, and anxiously wished the pilot would ring the slow bell. He is telling us about his boy, who is an expert cyclist. We think he is forgetting his stop bell. He holds the bell cord in his hand and continues to talk about that boy, while we, with bated breath, calculate the time it would take to get our boots, coat and vest off, that we might be in swimming costume. At that he rings; we draw a long breath, the boat slows down and touches the rock so lightly that there is no jar perceptible. The mate produces a long, bamboo pole, with a canvas bag attached to the tip, in which the darkey puts a letter. We back up, and are soon on our course, losing but a few moments in taking on the letter. "Do all of the boats stop for a letter?" we ask. "Certainly. That letter may contain an order for goods that this boat will bring on the next up trip."

The pilot blows the whistle three times for a railroad bridge, which we soon approach. He rings the speed bell, and steers straight for the pier that held the draw-bridge. What does he mean to do? He will certainly strike the pier! He said "I have the best violin in the State. It's a charmer! If I had it here I would play you 'After the Ball,' keeping the jack-staff pointed for the pier with provoking coolness. The captain became nervous and said, "I think—for this high stage of water—you are running too devilish near that pier." "No danger of striking the pier. There is more danger of striking the 'butment on the starboard, than hitting the pier." And turning to us he said, "I think that After the Ball is the sweetest music that has been written in twenty years." At this point we were within fifty feet of the pier. The pilot still held the wheel hard over to port, but the current, to our surprise, carried the boat away from the pier, and when we passed through we were nearer the shore abutment than the pier.

"While you boys were sweetly sleeping last night," said the pilot, "the engineer came very near killing this old boat."

"What was the matter?" we inquired.

"I gave the back bell in the middle of Rattlesnake bend, and just then the engineer caught the shaft on the centre. She was headed for a rocky bluff, and all I could do was to try and find a soft place on the rocks. I just missed a sharp rock by a few feet, and seeing something darker than the rocks, I put the cut water into it and saved the boat. It was some mud that the late rains had brought over the rocks. Had she struck that sharp rock, or bucked her brains out on the bluff, she would have sunk before you could have got into your pants."

"Close call for the passengers. Why didn't you wake us up?" we said.

"There wasn't time. It was all over in thirty seconds."

"How deep was the water at that bluff?"

"Twenty feet; 'twould about cover the deck over your state room." Then he told us of burned and wrecked steamboats, wherein many people were burned or drowned, until we were convinced that we were on a treacherous and dangerous river, and began to speculate as to chances of getting out of our state room in case the boat sank or burned. The pilot seemed to read our minds, for he broke out again in this wise: "Do you see that old wreck in the mud, and those boilers on the bank? That is all there is left of the steamer Wm. H. Gardner. She caught fire among her cotton bales, and they ran her ashore on that mud bank. Twenty-one people lost their lives. A great many were saved by clinging to the floating bales of cotton. This boat was close behind, but we could not pass the burning boat. We tied up to the bank and went after the floating passengers with the yawl. Our captain swam out and saved two ladies. It was a dreadful scene."

The guard, or rail of the main deck of a loaded cotton steamboat, is only six inches above the water, and should the boat take a list, or roll from any cause, sufficient to take in water, she would sink so rapidly that people in their berths would be caught and drowned without a moment's warning. From that time until the trip was over we slept in pantaloons, stockings and vest, that we might be ready for a swim at any moment.

Every county, save one, from Mobile to Pickens, a distance of 400 miles, voted "dry" on the temperance question. In our unsophisticated verdancy we expected to find, at least, a small majority of the people living in these dry counties temperate, but strange to say, from "all sorts and conditions of men" living in counties bordering on the Tombigbee River, ninety-nine per cent. drink whiskey. We counted over one hundred jugs, holding from one to three gallons of whiskey stowed in the front end of the cabin. As each jug was delivered to white men living in these "dry" counties, we concluded that the planters voted dry to keep the whiskey from the darkies.

Every man whom we saw from Mobile to Pickens and back used tobacco. We started with about one hundred passengers, only two of whom were ladies, both of them getting off at the first landing. The men were planters, lumbermen, cattle and hog buyers, all of whom patronized the bar and played "draw poker" by turns. When not playing or drinking they sat in a great circle around a hot stove, talking about the low price of cotton, the mistakes of the Cleveland administration, and the way Kolbe was cheated out of the gubernatorial office. As they talked they spit on the stove, the steam from which filled the cabin with an odor that was nauseating.

The young Alabamians wore modern clothing and "tooth-pick" shoes, but the older men still wear the broad-brimmed "cow boy" hat, broad-toed boots, and allow their whiskers to grow very long, ending in a long "goatee." We had just come from Florida, where the natives were tall, lank, lean and bilious, but we found the people of Alabama were short, fat, vigorous and healthy.

Among the passengers was a cotton-seed buyer, who was the personification of vulgarity. He was rotund, robust and ruddy, was a great talker and enjoyed a practical joke—on the other fellow—immensely. He weighed 330 pounds, wore long whiskers and a frilled shirt, both of which were stained with much tobacco juice. When sitting down his knees projected only about four inches from his enormous abdomen and he seemed to be helpless; but once on his feet, he could kick the boys' hats off and walk the deck for hours with any of us. He had been a steamboat captain "before the wah," in the palmy days when cotton was king, and sighed for the good old days when cotton was twenty cents per pound. He was a Democrat of the "deepest dye," and had many word "scraps" with the Populist farmers on board. While telling a story he had a far-away look in his eyes and talked in a profound and dignified tone of voice, until he reached the culminating point, when he would burst into a laugh that not only shook his sides, but the stove and desk as well.

All day long did we steam up this beautiful river, changing the scenery with every revolution of the wheel. At one place we went ten miles around a bend to make one mile on our course. We passed several plantations that were owned by negroes, one of whom owned a plantation of 1,500 acres, which he bought soon after the war—"on time" for $6,000, and paid the last dollar within three years from the date of the purchase. This plantation is now worth $15,000. He is the wealthiest negro on the Tombigbee River. Many times did the river seem to be stopped by a limestone bluff, running at a right angle of the stream. Then we made reverse courses like a mammoth letter S, with the bank lined with a dense growth of maple, beech, birch, oak and other hard wood trees. Many of these trees are decked out with the mistletoe, an air plant that clings to the branches of trees that stand in or near the water.

The bottom lands on the Tombigbee are fertile, and grow from forty to fifty bushels of corn to the acre. Each planter has a landing at which he ships his products, and receives his merchandise, though it be only a pint of whiskey; for all of the boats land on call, if only to take on or leave a letter.

Among the men on board who took too much fire water was a cattle buyer from Mobile. He had $1,000 which he exhibited recklessly and was anxious to bet on this, that and the other. He had a loaded revolver, with which he kept everybody extremely nervous. Our captain finally captured the revolver, and we felt more secure. The bar-room had a window that opened out on deck, called the "nigger hole," where only the darkies drank. Here the cattle buyer would stand and treat the darkies, but drunk as he was, he would not drink with a nigger. He soon got "drowsy" and fell asleep in his chair. At the next landing he was to get off, and the captain had great difficulty in getting him ashore. He said he would not go, and wanted another drink. The captain had the bar-room locked up, and took a bottle of whiskey, with which the drunken brute was induced to go ashore.

The Tombigbee is the home of many geese, ducks and other wild game. We saw many wild turkeys, of which we will write in our next letter.

R. P. Bell.

SPORT IN IRELAND.

In happy soldiering days in old Ireland, an infantry regiment on the line of march from the garrison town of Athlone to that of Birr, twenty-two miles distant, halted for "ten minutes of refreshments" at the gate-lodge of the extensive demesne of "The Doon," lying midway between the old castle and the large square mansion, the residence of the head of the O'Moinagh family, Anglice the O'Moony, himself a very chieftain of the soil, a nobleman of noblemen. The most unromantic member of the large family of Tommy Atkins of the British army could not fail to be struck with the peculiar beauty of the landscape. Having left behind en route many miles of flat and comparatively uninteresting peat bog, here we found a veritable oasis in the desert.

It was with regret that we all heard the bugle sound, "fall in," after this too brief period of refreshment. The colonel resumed his place, the band struck up, the colors floated in the summer breeze, the regiment continued its march, and again the prosaic bog succeeded the poetic oasis.

Since that time I have more than once renewed my acquaintance with men (not men only) and things, in this most picturesque part of old Ireland. It is of this spot, its ancient history, its peculiar features, as an introduction to its sport, that I now propose to speak.

Situated in the centre of Ireland, in the heart of the great bog of Allan, several "Eskers," or gravel-hills—



DOON CASTLE.

running east and west as far as the river Shannon—seem to rise abruptly from the surrounding bog. These Esken, a puzzle to the geologist, are apparently an eccentricity of the glacial period. On one of these stands the strong castle of the Doon, the home of some of the old kings of Ireland, the architecture of which dates back to unknown ages. On another Esker near the mountain is a so-called Danish fort, surrounded by a double-ringed foss, and connected with the castle by a series of subterranean chambers of the rudest masonry, intended, apparently, to enable the king or chieftain, with his retainers, to retreat from castle to fortress, or vice-versa, as he was pressed by an opposing force. From this castle they were wont to sally forth, accompanied by wolf dogs, to assist at a faction fight, or other tribal struggle.

On another of these Eskers, named Bunthulla, "the world's end," on the bank of the silvery Shannon, eight miles distant, was built in days still further back, when Ireland was called "the Isle of Saints," one of the great colleges under the protection of the clergy called "Clonmacnoise," anglice—"The retreat of the sons of the nobles"—where were afterwards built seven churches.

From the castle of Clonmacnoise ran a road from Tara, named the "Pilgrim's road," (The celebrated Hill of Tara, in the county of Meath, twenty miles from Dublin, is supposed to be the site of a magnificent royal palace.) Through woodland and over bog, this "Pilgrim's road" ran—constructed on piles or beams of oak, which to this day are found in the bog, blackened and hardened by long immersion in its preservative moisture. The Pilgrims who traveled on this road in those barbarous days

must eagerly have sought the protection of the powerful chieftain of castle and fort.

"Clonmacnoise" is full of interest to the archaeologist and the artist.

There it is, the city of the dead, the resting place of king and prince, of bishop and warrior, and of the venerated saint, St. Ciaran, who died A. D. 523. There, too, its tower (its use unknown) and mined archway, its cathedral and castle, and there are celtic crosses, with all their old associations, and in all their beauty.

To hark back, after this brief description, and travel, if we may, by the "Pilgrim's road," to view the present surroundings of old castle and fortress.

We leave the peat bog, with all its peculiar picturesque-



SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER.

ness and enter a natural forest (one of the few remaining forests in Ireland) clothing hill and dale with wide spreading trees, oak and ash, beech, birch and pine, with the most luxuriant under-wood, laurel and holly in abundance. Here is the home of many a song bird, thrush and blackbird, redbreast and wren, goldfinch and linnet. Overhead the untiring songster, the syklark. Here, too, in forest, the woodcock rears his family, and finds shelter from rain and storm, and in fine weather he saunters forth on the adojining peat bog to join his more adventurous brother, the bird of passage from foreign parts, from Corfu, Kefalonia, or other favored Mediterranean winter resorts. Here the squirrel and rabbit vie with each other in activity, only concerned to avoid the cunning fox. Outside the forest, in the bog, grouse and snipe are found in large numbers. Can it be wondered at that the O'Moony of all the O'Moonys, the lord of the soil, surrounded by a loving and admiring tenantry, should consider himself a chieftain of chieftains? The following is told of one of the heads of the family, who visited London not many years ago. Accustomed only to command, and being short of funds, he entered the bank of England and presented a cheque. Wondering at hesitation on the part of the clerk, in not at once giving him the needful, he stated in strong and unhesitating terms that he was "The O'Moony of the Doon." It was a further cause of surprise to him when he was informed by the bank clerk: "I don't care whether you are the O'Moony of the Doon, or the O'Doony of the Moon."

It was in company with this chieftain that I had many a days' sport in the woodcock coverts, in the snipe bogs, and duck-shooting on the waters of the Shannon, not far distant. Some reminiscences of these days may not be without interest.

A grouse-shooting party, consisting of the chief, a neighboring squire, my eldest brother and myself, assembled on a bright day in early autumn.

The squire, a keen old sportsman, had the arranging of the shoot, and in his eagerness to make a good score, selected the best ground for the chief and himself, my brother and myself, mere boys in sport, having "the leavings." The day was hot indeed, the sky without a cloud. We boys no sooner appeared on the open bog with our brace of setters than pack after pack of grouse took flight for parts unknown, leaving us dejected, cast down, and in despair. We heard many a shot from our friends, proving to be at long range, while we walked on without touching a feather. Even our setter dogs seemed in despair, looking at us as if to say "what fools we are to hunt the barren ground."

Evening had set in, we must have another try, on a piece of rough high ground in front. No sooner had our dogs got on this ground than there was a splendid set. We approached the dogs in doubt, up got a single grouse. He speedily fell to my brother's gun. Another set! What can this be? Another single grouse, which I bagged. This went on for some time. Single grouse getting up, and we boys with our "eye in" dropping grouse after grouse until darkness set in, and we called "cease fire." With glad hearts we carried home our heavy bags, to find our friends already dressed for dinner. We were to dine out at a neighboring squire's house. There was astonishment at our big bags, while our friends had but one or two grouse. There was no time for explanation till after dinner, when we had to tell our story, and as we accurately described the place of the battue, more than one person was astonished. We had overstepped the territorial bounds, and got into the lands of the giver of the dinner party, and the grouse we had shot were his, and those our friends had scared with their long range unsuccessful firing.

What splendid cock-shooting we had in these same bogs near the woods in early winter, when woodcock, having spent their nights in the well-sheltered woods, came out to bask in the sunshine in the rough hillocks of the adjoining bog. How picturesque the sight! The long line of beaters, each man clad in the peculiar dress of the country—tall hat, tail coat, knee breeches, many men bare-footed—the gunners interpersed among the beaters, the air resounding with the merry "Hi cock! Hi cock!" then the excited "Well done, your Honor!" as the heavy woodcock was cut down, as a result of the well-directed aim.

Speaking of the "well-directed aim" reminds me of a day's cock-shooting with the Squire. He had kept his best shooting for me—a great mark of favor. We were walking beside a thick hedge, he on one side, I on the her, through which we could not see, keeping in line as t we could. A cock got up in front of the squire. I could not explain why, but I fired in the supposed direction of the bird. Just as the squire was about to bring the gun to his shoulder, I had, to his utter astonishment, "cut down" the cock. Without seeing the quarry, I had "wiped his eye," and alas! I had made a life-long enemy. His face, showing just indignation, cannot be described, as he handed me my cock when we met.

Memories of duck-shooting on the Shannon, near Clonmacnoise, will linger long in my mind. Not only was the sport good, but the picturesqueness of the scene, with its historic surroundings, round tower and Irish cross, on the banks of Ireland's grandest river, the Shannon, with perhaps the most brilliant of setting suns, added greatly to the charm. The caretaker of the sacred grounds of Clonmacnoise, the renowned Keeran Molloy, was the keeper of the chieftain's duck-shooting equipment, punt and swivel gun, small boat and paddles. The party of four gunners was divided equally in punt and small boat, one gunner working the swivel gun, the other with shotguns ready to pick up wounded duck, or to shoot a stray snipe from the marshes close by, after the swivel gun had done its work. Keeran had the post of honor, as steersman of the punt. No Micmac Indian ever used more skill—the straining of eye and ear, the creeping from cover to cover, the careful observation of wind and sunshine—in the still hunting of caribou, than did Keeran Molloy in steering the punt on to the quarry, the long string of ducks, mallard and teal, with an occasional sheldrake and diver from the distant sea, as they rode proudly on the rippling waters of the Shannon; the small boat, with its occupants, keeping at a respectful distance. Through bullrushes and sedge grass we move up wind, carefully avoiding all noise, nor does the gunner in charge of the swivel gun use less skill. With eye and ear he is on the lookout for the supreme moment, when the scouts of the party of ducks, having given the alarm, the flock rises simultaneously from the water, and now is the time for the discharge of double B shot into "the brown" of the flock. Ducks fall in numbers; gunners



THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

Nos. 1 and 2 seize their small shotguns, gunners 3 and 4 paddle up with rapid strokes, and a battue succeeds, only to end when all wounded birds have been accounted for.

Often we have brought to bag fifteen or twenty ducks as the general result of one such battue. We can now stretch our legs, hitherto cramped in the confined space afforded by punt or boat, and before starting for another such battue further up or down the river, you may well turn and gaze on the sun, now sinking behind the round tower of Clonmacnoise. Later on, when you return to your quarters at the Doon and lay the spoils before the admiring inmates of that hospitable house, you must acknowledge that you have had a good day's sport, and that "life is indeed worth living."

MIC MAC.

TWO TALES OF THE ROAD.

In one of my previous communications I referred to a rather thrilling night ride which I had on the occasion of a certain trip to the post-office for the camp mail. The incident has suggested a day ride which I had on a certain occasion, and which, while wanting in those particular features which always give to night adventures a peculiar creepy charm, is yet I think of sufficient interest to deserve recounting in this connection.

Before touching upon this incident, however, I want to relate a peculiar experience which I had one day while trout fishing, which illustrates better than anything I ever heard, a type of unconventionalism quite peculiar to a certain class and certain localities in the far West. I was, on the occasion in question, fishing in a park or open piece of ground about three miles down the valley from our camp, with my mule feeding and slowly following along after me. I had a few days before lost a particularly fine trout in a pool at the lower end of this park, and so absorbed did I become in planning just how I was to get him this time, and in making estimates as to his length and weight, that I quite forgot about my mule. Indeed it was not until I had hooked and, after quite a hard fight, landed the trout in question, that I thought to look after my mule, and then I noticed that a man was walking toward her from the road, where stood another man, evidently the first one's partner, silently watching his operations. There was no mistaking this fellow's purpose, I thought, and having no desire to part with my mule just then, I immediately started back toward her. I concluded quite naturally that neither of the men had seen me, and thought that as soon as they observed my presence they would give over their evident designs upon my animal.

I felt almost sure after a little that the fellow must have seen me, but as he kept steadily on his way, I at length shouted to him: "Stranger, that mule belongs to me."

To my surprise, however, he did not hesitate in even the slightest degree, and then to my unutterable astonishment, he replied in the most nonchalent matter of fact way possible: "Wall, I reckon I'll have to use her a little bit."

The cool assurance and audacity of the fellow nearly took my breath away, but I managed to say to him: "But you can't use her, she belongs to me, and I want her myself."

"I reckon I'll have to use her just the same," came the reply in that same tone of cool unconcerned assurance, and the fellow kept right along on his way. I had on that day a short, light overcoat, which gave me a rather dudish appearance, and doubtless disposed the bold fellow now quite near me to believe that I was a tenderfoot without the nerve or means with which to protect my property. In one of my overcoat pockets, however, there reposed a Smith & Wesson 44, which I could use with about as much facility as the average man, and I suddenly determined upon a plan through which I hoped to continue in the possession of my mule.

We approached the animal from nearly opposite directions, and almost at the same moment, and just as his hand reached out to grasp the bridle rein near the bit, I showed my gun full cocked and with finger on the trigger under the mule's neck, saying at the same time in a quiet tone of voice: "Stranger, that mule belongs to me."

I had the drop on him dead to rights, a fact which he was very quick to recognize, and in the same quiet voice as before, he said as he looked into the dark, ominous muzzle which yawned before him: "That settles it."

Then he turned about and walked back to the road, never once turning his head to look in my direction. When he reached the road he picked up his pack, and he and his partner resumed their way, apparently as unconcerned as though they had been merely chatting with a friend, and not trying to rob a stranger of his mule. It was the coolest, boldest bit of audacity that I ever witnessed, and for some moments I was undecided whether to be angry or amused at the incident. Its humorous aspects, however, appealed to me so strongly that my anger cooled quite rapidly, and many times during the balance of the day did I find my face wreathed in involuntary smiles as I recalled the beautiful nerve of the fellow who "reckoned he'd have to use my mule."

There was nothing amusing, however, about the other experience which I referred to in the beginning of this article, and while no hostile demonstrations were openly made against me, yet I never had the slightest doubt that a man meditated my death, and but for my wariness and the fortunate appearance of another man, would doubtless have attempted, and probably succeeded, in carrying out his fell purpose. It was on the occasion of a visit to Georgetown, where I had been sent by the manager to get $5,000 cash, which was needed for a special purpose.

I was accompanied by a fellow named Martin, who, together with another man, had a contract for building a tramway for the company, and whose mission, like mine, was for the purpose of securing money. He had completed part of his contract, and had received a check from the company, with the proceeds of which he expected to pay the wages of the men employed by him and other expenses incident to their contract. The fellow came of a very respectable family, but he was a hard character himself, and it was freely prophesied by those who knew him best, that he was sure to become involved in some sort of trouble before the completion of his contract. He was ordinarily, however, a clever sort of a fellow, and proved to be a very pleasant companion on the way over, the prospect of soon getting hold of a good, big sum of money, doubtless having upon him the same effect which it has upon humanity in general.

We reached Georgetown rather late in the afternoon, but while the bank was still open, we decided to postpone our return until the following day, both on our horses' account, and because darkness would surely have overtaken us before we could have covered half the journey, and a night ride over a rough mountain trail is not the pleasantest sort of experience imaginable. I lost track of Martin shortly after our arrival, and as I had a personal letter from the manager to one of the officers of the bank, who made himself very agreeable to me, I didn't think much about him during the evening or speculate as to his whereabouts. When I came to retire, however, I thought it a little strange that I had seen nothing of him during the evening, and finally decided that he had been indulging in a little time, a weakness quite common to the rough western spirits, when first visiting a town after an absence of several weeks or months sometimes, in a small mining camp. The next morning after breakfast, as Martin had not shown up, I decided to repair to the bank, secure my money, and, if after a reasonable time he failed to appear, to start on my return journey. After a short delay at the bank I obtained my money, and just as I reached the street, who should I encounter but Martin. That he had spent the night in a wild debauch was very evident to me from the first glimpse which I caught of his haggard face. His eyes were bloodshot, and withal there was a look of the most profound dejection upon his face.

"Well, where on earth have you been, Martin?" I asked after a moment's survey of him.

"I've been makin a night of it," he replied in a hoarse voice, and then he gloomily added: "I drew my money yesterday and lost every cent of it last night at faro."

I was too surprised and disgusted at first to say anything, but in a moment I said: "Well, you are a fool."

"I know it," he laconically replied, and then after eyeing me intently for a moment, he added: "You've got a lot of money with you now; lend me some of it and I'll go and win back the money I lost."

"In the first place, I haven't got much money," I replied, determined to deceive him if possible with reference to the amount which I had with me, "and in the second place, if I had ever so much, I wouldn't let you have any, for it would be simply throwing it away."

There was an angry and desperate look in his eyes as I finished, for he realized that the hope which he had entertained of getting back the money which he had lost and saving himself from disgrace was not to be realized.

For a moment he glared at me angrily, and then said in a low and rather threatening tone of voice: "You've got

a lot of money, I know, and can let me have some just as well as not. Come, don't be foolish, now; let me have it, and I'll make it all right with H. (the manager) when I get back to camp."

I was obdurate, however, and when in a moment Martin began cursing me violently for my meanness, I turned on my heel and left him. Hastening to where my horse was stabled, I ordered him saddled, and in a few moments was on my way back to camp. I had gone four or five miles, I should think, when the sound of a fast galloping horse on the road behind me came to my ears. The very first hoof-beats sent a thrill of apprehension over me, for I seemed to realize almost intuitively that the new comer was none other than Martin, and such it proved to be.

"What is the scheme now," I asked myself, with a nervous start, for when I recalled his great anger at our recent parting, and the desperate frame of mind he seemed to be in, his evident desire to overtake me now seemed to presage trouble of some sort for me. The horse's foam flecked-breast, dripping flanks and fast heaving sides, told the story of the hard ride which Martin had made, and I thought that I knew him well enough to know that he had not done it without some clearly defined object in view. I kept my eye upon him as he approached, and as he drew near to me, it was very apparent that his feelings toward me had undergone a great change since our recent parting. He very contritely begged my pardon for his display of anger and the harsh language which he had used toward me, but pleaded in extenuation that he had felt so desperate at the loss of his money, and the disgrace and trouble that were certain to follow, that he scarcely knew what he said or did. "I did perfectly right in refusing him the money," he said. "and he only hoped that I wouldn't feel angry at him for the manner in which he had acted." Of course I couldn't fail to respond to such a frank acknowledgment of wrong as this, and I assured him that I treasured up no hard feelings against him for what he had said to me, but at the same time I could not disabuse my mind of a certain vague suspicion which I entertained concerning him. From what I had heard and knew of the man, I found myself very strangely disposed to doubt his profession of repentance, and to see in them merely a cloak for concealing his real designs toward me. As to what they were there was of course little doubt; for if he was actuated by any sinister purpose whatever, it was unquestionably robbery.

I hurriedly ran the situation over in my mind, and figured it out about thus wise: That after having squandered the money due on his contract, he would hardly dare return to camp and face the anger of his partner—a fellow that would bear mighty little trifling with—and their employees to whom there were due several weeks' wages; that having decided to seek other pastures, he had determined to go away as well heeled as possible, and knowing that I had a considerable sum of money about me, he had decided to try and despoil me of it. That he would not hesitate to shoot me if it became necessary to the success of his scheme, I hadn't the slightest doubt, and as I considered the many miles of dreary mountain road and trail ahead, where, despite the utmost precaution on my part, undoubted opportunities would be given him for carrying out his purpose, a feeling of despair and terror came over me.

My first impulse was to turn about and return to Georgetown, but thinking that this would probably precipitate a hostile demonstration on his part, I decided to wait a while in the hope that I would meet some one on the road whom I would make acquainted with my fears and ask to be permitted to return with him. And thus we rode side by side for several miles, he mourning the loss of his money and formulating no end of good resolutions for the future, while I watched with constantly increasing anxiety for the sight of some friendly traveler. None appeared, however, and when at length we approached the spot where the trail we were to follow led from the main road, I could with difficulty control my agitation for I knew that it probably would be somewhere on this trail that he would seek to put his malign purpose into execution. It was a lonely, rugged trail, traveled by few people, just the spot one would seek for the commission of a dark deed, and, glancing at Martin's face, I fancied that I could detect in his eyes the gleam of sinister anticipation.

One thing I had decided upon, and that was under no circumstances would I lead on trail, which I had no doubt he would endeavor to have me do, as it would give him just the opportunity he wanted, provided he had designs upon me. If he declined to lead himself, it would be ample confirmation of all my suspicions. In a moment more we drew up before the entrance to the trail, and almost simultaneously brought our horses to a standstill.

"Go on," he said, quietly, indicating by a motion of his hand that I was to lead.

"Go on, yourself," I replied in as quiet and unconcerned a voice as I was able to command, although it struck me right away that it sounded strangely unnatural. Martin was not slow to notice it, and as he glanced at me, I think he must have suspected my reason for not wishing to lead.

For a moment he eyed me with a scowling visage, and then with the suggestion of a sardonic leer upon his face, he asked in a mocking tone: "Pray, what is your reason for not wishing to lead?"

"I have no particular reason," I answered, uneasily, for there was an ugly threatening look to his face, "only that I prefer to have you."

"Oh, you do, eh?" he answered, in the same mocking tone, but there was to it now a ring of anger, suggestive of a realization of balked hopes.

Then for a moment we sat there eyeing one another, a flush of anger slowly deepening on his face, while with me the feeling rapidly developed into a conviction that each succeeding moment would see him reach for his revolver and make an attempt on my life. I had some time before quietly loosened my revolver in the holster, so that I could use it quickly in case of emergency, and the protruding handle and my right hand resting carelessly on the pommel of my saddle only a few inches away, told Martin's experienced eye that in case of a break I was very liable to get into action quicker than he.

I don't know how long it would have been before hostilities would have begun, but just at that instant the sound of hoofs came to our ears, and in another moment there appeared around the shoulder of the mountain on the main road a man whom I recognized as George O'Connor, a resident of Georgetown, and who had visited our camp on one or two occasions. If I could have named any particular person whom I should have wanted to appear on the scene at that critical moment it would have undoubtedly been George O'Connor. He was a great big fellow with the thews of an ox and courage of a lion—he was subsequently, for a number of years, city marshal of Leadville—and as my eyes rested upon him a great wave of joy and thankfulness rushed over me. Martin's discomfiture was so complete that for several moments he stared at O'Connor in a foolish, helpless sort of a way, and then realizing that his game was up, he struck the spurs into his horse and started onto the trail, remarking to me at the same time, in a tone of mock politeness: "Since it is your wish, why I'll go ahead;" and he went on without waiting for me.

When O'Connor came up I explained the matter to him, and he agreed with me that there was little doubt that Martin intended to do away with me and then rob me. At his suggestion I returned with him to Georgetown, and on the following day he accompanied me back to camp. We found on our arrival there that Martin had not shown up, as we suspected, and indeed he never did, much to the disgust of his partner and their employees.

The manager was a little nervous because of my failure to turn up the day before, as it was expected I would, and he had, he said, a presentiment that it was occasioned by trouble of some kind with Martin. As I finished, he remarked with a laugh that O'Connor had a happy faculty of turning up just when he was wanted, and then told a thrilling story of how he once rescued him (the manager) from a very perilous position, which I may possibly at some future time give to the Forest and Stream.

SANCHO.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—VIII.

NINE DAYS IN THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 20.—History recounts that less than one hundred years ago a large slice of the country in the Mississippi valley, not far from Memphis, sunk from sight, and became the bottom of an inland sea, which sea was afterwards run for the accomodation of ducks, geese, and other wild fowl. I have no doubt whatever, that after a while some more of this country will sink, and leave Memphis alone standing above the surface of the surrounding country the perfect realization of the imaginary land known as the Fortunate Isles, which we read about in the poetry books. Indeed I am not sure that the title may not apply to Memphis in advance, for already it is a spot fortunate to visit for one who is a lover of the sports of the field. Certainly I was very well content to be situated at Memphis with nine good, long, glorious autumn days on my hands between my Louisiana and Texas trips.

I do not recollect that I went out hunting more than three different days, but I could have gone every day, and when one is conscious of ability to do a thing, he isn't always so particular about actually doing it. We would all round up early in the day at Tom Divine's office, and tell shooting stories and make plans and discuss shooting localities and keep Tom Divine from transacting a day's business. Then we would go out and eat something and come back and do it all over again. The first quail hunt that actually materialized, out of all our threatening, was one which Mr. W. F. Allen and I had together. We took his black pointer, Jess, and Mr. Sim's setter, Jim, both very good field dogs, and I am pleased to say, not field trial winners, which latter I carefully avoid whenever possible. And rode out one glorious morning six or eight miles into the rough hill country near the once celebrated, but now dilapidated village of Raleigh. The modern part of Raleigh consists of some mineral springs and a fine hotel, an electric road connecting the same with Memphis. The ancient part, which is older than Memphis itself, is represented by a few weather-beaten buildings, which speak appealingly of the past. All around the little village are forests and fields, cotton patches, briar thickets, sorghum grounds, everything necessary for a perfect quail country. The sun had not become warm when Mr. Allen and I delivered our horse and buggy into the hands of a colored man we picked up, with the instructions that he drive around to a farm house, about three miles distant, meeting us there in time for lunch, after we had hunted across the intervening fields.

THE NEGRO IN SPORT.

The negro makes a large factor in the field sports of the South. In the North we do our own camp work, teamdriving, etc., to a large extent, and when you speak of this to a Southern sportsman it always causes surprise. The Southern idea of comfort in camp means a large tent, abundant camp furniture and two or three servants to do the work—an idea which certainly grows upon one, and which one is not disposed to call a bad one after he has gained acquaintance with it. The negro, too, is the general errand boy of the South, and there is one of him always present whichever way you look, either in the city or in the country. In the North if you want your team taken around three or four miles through the country, you may or may not be able to get a farmer's boy to do it, and usually you compromise by letting one of your own party do it. In the South you simply hail the first negro, and the negro doesn't ask any questions, and doesn't say anything about any pay. A good deal of the time he doesn't get any pay, but he has put in the time just the same, and feels just as happy. The Southern men say that if you go to putting exact values upon the services of the colored population, and thanking them for what they do, and treating them as if you were under obligations to them, you spoil them so that you can't get along with them at all. I don't know anything about the theory of these things, and do not wish to involve the constitution of the United States in any serious argument, but I know that practically the two races get along better and more pleasantly in the South than they do in the North, and they both seem to be about as happy as they do in this country. If I could have one of the most sincere wishes of my heart gratified, I would export about four thirds of all the Chicago city negroes, and I wouldn't send them to Liberia either. We don't understand them here, and we are not good enough for them. I would like to have them all have a liberal education among people who are on to them.

THE OFFNESS OF AN OFF DAY.

Well, anyhow, our negro man got around to the farm house all right, and was asleep on the sunny bank when we got there about the middle of the day. Then we sent the horse and buggy on over to another plantation where we rounded up in the evening, and that was the end of the negro. I can't just figure out where he laid up very much money at it, for I don't remember that either of us ever gave him anything before his disappearance. I simply give this incident in its bald simplicity to show the difference between the ways of the North and those of the South. I suppose that Mr. Allen will give him a sack of meal some day or something of that sort if his future services as a driver should reach a value of that magnitude. I don't understand just how they do fix these things up.

As to the day's hunt, I prefer for personal reasons to draw a veil over it. When a fellow is shooting in good shape, and doing what is pretty well for him, he doesn't mind going into details a little and talking about the whirring bevies, and the swift right and left and the little puffs of brown feathers that always, at the crack of the newspaper gun, or nearly always anyhow, fly forth upon the crisp morning air. If I had been quite alone and had shot as poorly as I did that day, it might have been different in the telling, but as it is, a certain regard for Mr. Allen leads me to keep a mite closer to the truth. We found plenty of birds—a dozen or two of bevies—and the dogs did beautifully, but when it came to the swift right and left business I didn't see so many puffs of brown feathers on the crisp morning air that morning as I would have been pleased to note. I don't believe in the unbridled slaughter of game, but I would have given a good deal to have had the double snaffle and curb off my gun for about one hour that day, and I wouldn't have done a thing to them but kill a basketful in pure revenge. As it was I didn't get quite a basketful. Mr. Allen is a large man, and a mighty polite man all through, and a very fine shot. He gave me all the chances, but I think it must have caused him pain to see me shoot the way I did, unless he was interested in it from a statistical or scientific standpoint, wishing to discover how badly a man really can shoot sometimes. Usually I can kill a bird once in a while, but this day I couldn't have killed a mess for supper if I had worked all day. I had a perfect gun, a good load, and besides, I don't think the gun and load make very much difference anyhow if you point the gun right. I didn't have any headache, wasn't sick, didn't have any excuse at all. I just couldn't shoot. Mr. Allen could, and so between us, or between him, we got a good little bag, twenty-seven or thirty-seven, or somewhere around there. I don't like to talk about that hunt.

"THE CEDARS" REVISITED.

The next day I went out quail shooting from Memphis. I was under the guidance of Irby Bennett, who thought it would be a good thing for him to go and live a while at his other place, that delightful country house, the Cedars, which I have before now mentioned in these columns. The Cedars is owned by Mr. Edmund Orgill, but Irby Bennett goes out there and lives whenever he feels like it. When we went out last summer, Mr. Orgill was absent in England, but this time we were fortunate, for it was Mr. Orgill himself who drove the drag up to the railway station when we got off for the Cedars. I know I ought not to say such specific things under such circumstances, but really I couldn't help thinking, as Mr. Orgill drove up that day, that I had never in all my life seen a heartier or more sportsmanlike figure. The years have never harmed him, and I hope they never may. Tall, large and robust, he would do for a type of the sportsman, and his beautiful place, the Cedars, is a typical sportsman's home. Mr. Orgill is of English birth, though of long residence in this country, and he has all his native love for sport accentuated by long development in a country where the practice of sport is so easy as not always to be appreciated. His love for the thoroughbred animal is also apparent, and he will have no other kind about him. We had this time the additional pleasure of his company on our voyages around among the beagles, the fox terriers, the horses, etc. If Mr. Orgill isn't a happy man he ought to be ashamed of himself, but I reckon he is, anyhow he looks like it and acts like it. He didn't even seem to care when Irby Bennett announced that he had come out to stay awhile, and was going to depopulate the covers of the Cedars of all their quail. I expect he knew Irby couldn't depopulate anything.

ANOTHER MAN OFF.

Along about 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon we got into our shooting clothes, Mr. Will Orgill and Irby Bennett and I, and started out to see what we could find. We had the pointer Rake with us, which the same might be a field trial dog, but was none the less a rattling good meat dog, as he proceeded to show to our entire satisfaction, finding us six bevies before dusk, and showing as handsome work as any man ever saw. Of course, it was all a joke about our wanting to depopulate any quail covers here on the Cedars, and we only took a couple of birds from each bevy, never going more than three-quarters of a mile from the house. I wish it distinctly understood, however, that such depopulating as was done, was done at first by Mr. Will Orgill and myself. Talk about my shooting badly when I was out with Mr. Allen, it was nothing to the way Irby Bennett shot that day. I shot very badly, it is true, but nobody ever did shoot as badly as Irby Bennett did. You know he is the Southern agent of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and at the trap is a hummer, but he was trying to shoot one of the full choked Winchester shot guns on quail, a new gun he had just received. At his fourteenth or sixteenth shot, or somewhere along in there, maybe it was nine or seven, he hadn't scored a bird yet, and Mr. Will Orgill and I were having more fun guying him than in shooting ourselves. "I can't hit a flock on the ground," he said, "and I might as well quit. This is my off day." Then I offered to trade guns with him, giving him my cylinder for his choke bore, and in desperation he did this. As luck

would have it, the next rise we had was a bevy that got up wild in a corn field about forty yards from us. The others did not shoot, but just for fun I turned the pump gun loose at a bird on the out edge of the bevy, and killed it stone dead at a distance of fifty-five or sixty yards. It seemed so small at that distance I could hardly see it over the gun.

"Well," said Irby, "that's the furthest I ever saw a quail killed in my life." (Nor did I ever see one killed so far.)

"It's that kind of a gun," I told him calmly. "You don't know how to shoot it, that's all." And really I got the next bird I shot at with it, too, it happening to be a very long shot.

"That settles it," said Irby, "that's the gun for you. This un's good enough for me." And he stuck to the cylinder and killed his four straight with it, very handsomely. So we had a nice little shoot, and spreading out the fat, brown birds nicely on a platter, fifteen I believe we had, we took them proudly in to Mr. Orgill to show him what nice thoroughbred quail he raised. And Mr. Orgill told us that if we would come again when it was not so extremely dry, he would take us out for a run with his beagles, which pleasure I don't doubt Irby Bennett will some day have, for if he takes a notion to go out to the Cedars and live for a while, he surely will go.

MR. BENNETT AND THE PINK TEA.

While I am talking about Irby Bennett I might as well give all the facts about him, and not cover anything up. You see, Irby is a red-hot society man. At the hour of twelve each day he changes his hat and clothes, and when the hour of six strikes he promptly gets into evening clothes, no matter where he is. These habits make him of value at all the social functions of his city, of which there are a great many, for Memphis is nothing if not advanced. Well, anyhow, Irby was invited to a pink tea, or something of that sort, just at the time Tom Divine and I wanted him to go out quail shooting with us. We were going down to Batesville, Mississippi, on an early morning train, and Irby had promised to go along, till this pink tea came up, set for the day of the hunt. Irby said he couldn't jump the pink tea without getting a divorce, but we told him that, while we hated to see as nice a home as his broken up, we couldn't let him off from the hunt. We reasoned with him all the afternoon, and finally he gave in and said he would go with us. It was a case of love and duty, an love won, at least temporarily. But though Irby said when he left us that he was going after a lawyer to see about a release from the engagement, he never came back. At the depot the following morning he was absent. So Tom Divine and I went on without him, and left him to his pink tea. Therefore, when we got back we called him no longer Irby Bennett but "I. Willy Bennett," neither would we let him eat any of the birds we sent up to his house. This stern justice I hope will be noted by all readers who hesitate between a quail hunt and a social occasion such as the above.

A QUAIL SHOOT AT BATESVILLE.

But I suppose a great many people will want to know about the trip Mr. Divine and myself had to Batesville, how many birds we killed, how many were left, etc. In deference to these, I will dignify our little sortie with a description. We got to Batesville about noon, for the distance is only about fifty or sixty miles from Memphis. We struck a freight train which had deliberate habits. As we had to be back at Memphis the next morning, this left us only half a day for our shoot. We promptly got a couple of saddle horses and a small boy, who rode behind one of the saddles and filled the responsible position of marker and horse-holder in general. The country I found to be just rolling enough to be a good quail country, and not so broken as to make it hard to mark the bevies down. There was the usual variety of cotton, corn, sedge and thicket, and as usual, the entire country was full of quail. We rode along slowly over the fields, and the dogs did most of the work, though it was no work at all for them to find birds, and indeed we got a nice double point on a fine bevy by the roadside, hardly a half mile out from town. (We had Mr. Allen's Jess and Mr. Sim's setter Jim out again, and as usual they did very handsome work.) We started in all, twelve big full bevies during our short hunt that evening, and picked up a very nice little bag before dusk, hardly having walked 200 yards the whole afternoon. This horseback method is the commonest form of quail shooting in the South, and it has very much in its favor. In the North it is rare as a form of sport, for many reasons. The hunter who goes after quail on foot in the fresh autumn weather of the North, might be very glad to crawl aboard a horse before he had walked all day in the warm air of the average quail shooting day of this region, where the horse is held a part of the equipment. With the horse, he is able to thoroughly enjoy every moment of his outing. Our shoot was in late November, yet part of the time we were obliged to shoot in the lightest possible dress, it was so warm.

Batesville I should call one of the really great quail countries, and of course it is not so much shot over as the ground immediately about the big city of Memphis. All that region is still full of quail and I hope it will always remain so, as indeed it always will if the present objection to market shooting is always left valid. At Batesville we found some posted land, and I think that had not Mr. Divine been acquainted there, we might have had more trouble on that head. The country was very dry, and the chief objection to shooters seemed to be the fear of fire from gun wads. In such heavy, dry cover, it would take but a few moments for a fire to wipe out a farm, and a shooter careless with a match might start a fire, though, I think, the modern wad could hardly be held an element of danger such as the newspaper wadding of the negro hunter. A stranger going into that country to shoot might have a little trouble in getting in over some of the best grounds, but once certified to by the right men, he would be received with the utmost courtesy. Indeed, I saw nothing but the best possible exemplification of this disposition at any time or any place, with one exception, which occurred in Texas, and that not at the hands of a native Southerner. I am sincere in my admiration of the Southern sportsmanship, and believe that the better and more gracious principles of sport are understood and practiced there as no where else in this country. Beyond doubt it is true that the "game hog" is not so common there as in the North, unless it be true that my experiences and inquiries fell among exceptional surroundings. I heard so little bragging about big bags, of killing all the birds of a bevy, of being a successful bird butcher, in short—and saw so much of an easier way of looking at the pleasures of the field. I have some acquaintances here in Chicago, who never fail to tell me with expansion of the chest, how much game they killed at such and such a time, how many hundred pounds of fish they have taken. No doubt they feel they have done well and as a sportsman should, and no doubt, too, the desire to crowd the limit is a very human one. But I cannot help thinking they would lose much of their inspiration and change many of their habits if they were thrown for a time in associations with their brethren of the lower half of the country, where the game has been kept abundant in spite of the march of the years. Of course, the conditions for the increase of game are far more favorable in the South than in the North, but I cannot think the greater abundance is due to these natural conditions alone, and I believe it a fair statement to say that the members of the craft who live north of the Ohio can not be harmed, and might be benefitted by a study of the conditions that obtain in the sportmanship of the Southern side.

My Batesville trip was the last shoot I had about Memphis, and all too soon I found my nine days gone and was saying good-bye to my Memphis friends, then to take train for New Orleans. At that city I was to meet still another party of friends and start for the coast country of Texas to see something more of this big land of America, and incidentally to get tangled up with the ducks of the Gulf country.

E. HOUGH.

Natural History.

The Washington Beaver.

The shipment of about a dozen beaver brought on last winter from the Yellowstone National Park to the National Zoological Park in Washington, reached there in good order, and the animals appear to be doing well and to be taking kindly to their new surroundings. They have dug long bank holes in the ground bordering the stream which is their home, have built three dams on this creek, and are now engaged in the construction of a house. There is every probability that they will breed this season, and if they do so, a good stock of beaver will be established in the Zoological Park.

As yet they are not sufficiently at home to continue their work during the day, but there is no doubt that after a time they will become so accustomed to their new surroundings and to the presence of spectators, that they will be seen at work feeding and at play during the daylight hours, at least in the morning and at evening. It is certain that at some points in the Yellowstone National Park the beaver have become so tame that they are often seen in the daytime.

The success which attended the capture, transportation and turning out of these beaver is very gratifying, and this success is due entirely to the interest, energy and good judgment of Mr. Elwood Hofer, in whose hands the matter has been from the beginning.

A Jaguar in New Mexico.

The range of the jaguar is usually given as north to the Rio Grande, or a short distance beyond it into Texas. Instances are recorded of its having occurred as far north as the Medina River in that State, but it is usually regarded as rare in Texas, though southward its range extends as far as Patagonia. We recall no instance of its occurrence in Northern Texas, and are inclined to think that the capture mentioned below, if authentic, is the most northerly record for this species. We should be glad to receive from any of our readers who may have information bearing on this subject, notes on the jaguar or its range.

Mr. Herbert Brown sends us the following account, taken from the Prescott, Arizona, Courier:—Some weeks ago, Peter White, a hunter of some celebrity, better known as "Bear Sign Pete," was hunting in the vicinity of Willow Springs, in this county, and it came to his knowledge that some animal had been killing full grown cattle in the neighborhood; something unusual, as the mountain lion usually confines his depredations to colts and calves. Proceeding with his dog and gun to the locality, White found eight carcasses of cattle, one of them apparently recently killed; the head was severed from each carcass, almost as clean as if done with an axe. Proceeding from this point up into the rocks near by, he found a freshly killed and partly devoured calf. About this time his dogs dashed around excitedly as if on a fresh trail and he was almost deafened by a strange and terrible roar, a deep sound of "pu pu." Simultaneously he looked in the direction of the sound and threw his Winchester to his shoulder, and none too soon, for dashing toward him came a great panther-like animal, which rolled almost against him as the smoke cleared from two rapid shots from his rifle. Both shots took effect, and the animal's brains were entirely torn out by the bullets. In his twenty-one years' experience as a hunter, White had never seen an animal like the one before him. It was a heavy-set, short-legged, broad-jawed animal, weighing about 250 pounds. Its four canine teeth are over two inches in length, are of scimeter shape, projecting below the lower jaw and above the lip on either side of the nose on the upper jaw. The head is broader than that of a panther. The animal was of a light yellow color, the fore part of the body thickly covered with black spots and rosettes of spots down the sides; its long leopard-like tail was black ringed. The animal could not stand high, as its legs were short and large; its claws are more on the order of the talon of an eagle than those of the cat tribe. White brought the hide to Prescott for inspection, and the general verdict was that it was the hide of a leopard, as some of these animals are said to have been killed in Tonto Basin years back. The writer took a look at the hide yesterday and can say that, beyond all question, it is that of a jaguar, an animal which ranges from the southwestern part of the United States to as far south as Brazil. When a boy, the writer was on the ground at the killing of one of these animals in the Panhandle of Texas, just after it had leaped from a cliff upon a deer in the plain below. The deer's back and neck were both broken by the jaguar, which, in a few minutes, was riddled with bullets by about fifty men armed with rifles, who ran down the slope and surrounded the thicket in which the jaguar was; the jaguar charged through the line of men at the first fire and almost disemboweled a dog in its death-agony. As it was about dinner time, the deer killed by the jaguar came in very handy. The party was the Elgin party of state surveyors, from Waco, Texas, which operated in the Panhandle when Ft. Griffin was the most western settlement.

Mongolian Pheasants in Michigan.

HOLLAND, MICH., April 3.—The first Mongolian pheasants raised in Michigan, or at least the first I know of raised in the State, were liberated here last week; five pairs being turned out in one place.

Two pairs were first let out last Wednesday. Brush was placed against a log, leaving a space underneath in which it was the intention to place the birds and allow them to come out when they pleased. A peck of wheat was scattered around near. But the pheasants did not seem to understand our plans, for as soon as I had placed one pair under the brush-pile they ran out and flew, the other pair escaping from the box in which we had brought the birds. The last pair flew south for about 200 yards and alighted about 100 feet apart. The others went north for about the same distance, coming down 300 feet apart. They did not fly near the ground, but at a height of thirty feet.

The other three pairs were put out Tuesday in the same spot where the first had been liberated. We left these in the box, only removing a board from the front. They could thus get out when they wanted to, and without being frightened. Plenty of wheat was left for them to feed on for a few days. We bought some wheat from the farmer on whose land the pheasants were liberated, and he will put out some each morning where they will be liable to find it. We think it advisable to feed the birds for a couple of months until they learn to find their own feed.

We have kept seven here, and expect to have fifty young pheasants to put into the woods in September.

Why do not more of you sportsmen do the same as we are doing? In every almost town and village there are enough who shoot, who, if they would club together, could purchase a few of these birds and either turn them out at once or breed them as I have done. They can be bought in the fall at $2.50 per bird, in the spring at $5 each, or a setting of eggs for $5. Our club will sell a few eggs this spring to anyone who desires to start them in his locality. We will not dispose of any to those who mean to keep the produce, as our only desire is to see these birds tried in as many places as possible. We do not doubt that they will some day be plentiful enough to furnish excellent sport. I should be glad to reply to all inquiries or give any information in my power in regard to pheasants or pheasant rearing.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL.

Early Arrivals on Long Island Sound.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., March 30.—It seems that migratory birds along the coast choose three great highways of migration, the Hudson and Connecticut Rivers and Long Island Sound.

A great many of the birds common on the Hudson, as the cardinal, are very rare on the sound. I have lately captured several birds which are rare at this season of the year, having arrived some three weeks or a month ahead of time. On Feb. 22 I captured a purple finch (Carpodacus purpureus) in spring plumage. On Feb. 2 I saw a mocking bird (Mimus polyglottos) but did not secure it, as I had only a rifle with me. It was probably an escaped cage-bird. On March 23 I shot a myrtle warbler (Dendroica coronata.) The warblers as a class do not come north until May. On March 30 I got a ruby-crowned kinglet (Regulus calendula) which arrives generally with the myrtle warblers.

E. J. H.

Mother Carey's Chicken Island.

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 4.—I think your readers would be interested in the fact that a Proscellaria pelagica, stormy petrel, or Mother Cary's chicken, was killed here a few weeks ago. It is odd that so distinctly a salt water bird should have found its way so far inland. It seemed in good condition and was fat.

E. L. L.

Starlings in Confinement.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue of your valuable paper I noticed an interesting account of a flock of starlings seen near Flatbush, Long Island.

This interested me greatly, as my friend and neighbor, B. A Overbeck, of Alleghany, Pa., has quite a flock of them that he keeps in a cage. The cage is about fifty feet long and thirty feet wide. The rear to the north and west is boarded up and roofed. Mr. Overbeck recently visited the home of his childhood in Northern Germany, and while there fancied the blithe little fellows and brought twenty of them home with him.

The starling is about the size of our red epauletted black-bird.

During the winter the plumage changes from the beautiful gold and bronze to a sooty black, but when the snow is gone and the blossoms are on the trees, a lovelier iris comes to the burnished dove. The dull black changes to a beautiful bronze, and the little dull yellow stars that are dotted all over his body glow and sparkle like diamonds.

In this flock almost all are males, and the lady birds avail themselves of the privilege of selecting their husbands. In making her selection, the chief point of merit considered is the singing. The bird that sings best is most sought after as a husband.

One magnificent singer received the attention of two ladies of the cage, and they did "battle royal" to determine which should win the affections of this gallant bird. No more jealousy, hatred or backbiting was ever shown by the fairest ladies of the land than was exhibited by those two contending starlings.

Here and there in secluded nooks in the cage are nailed oblong boxes, lengthwise of the box. Up at the top is a hole that is scant two inches in diameter. These holes must be of the exact size or the starlings will not enter the boxes. The first my neighbor bored were too large. The starlings would hang on the sides of the boxes, course the hole round and round, and when they found it

unsuitable would fly to another, measure it carefully and thence to another. The diameter of the hole must be the same as the distance from the back of the head to the end of the beak, and when the holes were bored that size the starlings quickly entered and evinced great joy at the change. I understand that in their native country there is a bird somewhat larger than the starling, that robs their nests when possible, and to keep him out they select holes that barely admit their bodies

Rude nests were quickly built, and were soon filled with treasures of pale blue eggs, and great was the rejoicing among the members of this colony of starlings when the peeping of young birds were heard in the rude boxes. About fifty starlings were hatched during the season, but all died when nearly full grown.

The parent birds, usually so blithe and gay, would grow sad and dispirited, the twittering of the birdies grew fainter and fainter and when all was silent in that feathered house, we knew the last of the mothers' treasures had died.

Various kinds of food were used, but none availed. The birds were dying for dainty morsels that could not be found in a cage, but can be gathered in great abundance in the fields and forests of Northern Europe. Perhaps some reader of Forest and Stream can advise us how to raise this year's broods of these pretty songsters.

JAMES M. NORRIS.

Children of the Devil.

We old fellows remember that in our boyhood days of trapping, the smell of the skunk was not upon our garments, for the animal was not worth skinning, and was only caught by accident, or to rid the poultry yard and the barn of a nuisance.

We thought it a disgrace to "git stunk up by skunk," yet the trade in skunk's fur is venerable with years, and the fragrant memory of it comes down to us through the mist of centuries. For it is recorded in Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West" that among La Salle's furs, which were put under seal by the intendant at Quebec, were 284 skins of "enfants du diable." The illustrious author slightingly mentions them as a "not very precious," but perhaps even then under another name they would smell as sweet to patrician noses as they do now.

AWAHSOOSE.

Game Bag and Gun.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

May 13 to 18. Madison Square Garden, New York.—First annual Sportsmen's Exposition.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

SWAN LAKE CLUB AND SPRING SHOOTING.

Mr. E. W. Bangs, president of the Swan Lake Shooting Club, where the heavy bags of ducks were made as mentioned in Forest and Stream of March 30, hands in the following statement as to the position of his club on the spring shooting question. It is, of course, very gladly printed, and it would be a great pleasure if the coalition of clubs along the Illinois River could be secured, as Mr. Bangs suggests, for no straighter or stronger step could be taken toward the abolishment of spring shooting in Illinois. That it should be stopped by law is now coming to be thought by a great many sportsmen, who realize that conditions are different to-day from what they were in the past. Until it is stopped legally, and for all alike, there will of course remain much force in the plea of those who say they need not stop shooting till the others do. To stop it legally will mean very much of a fight, but that fight, if won here, would be won for Wisconsin and Iowa and other sister States also. United action of these clubs would be the best possible beginning for such a fight, and no club's counsel thereto can have more weight than that of Swan Lake Club, which is made up largely of wealthy and well known sportsmen, whose position has always been upon the side of progress.

Mr. Bangs' letter follows:

"CHICAGO, April 5. Mr. E. Hough, Forest and Stream.

Dear Sir:—I have read with considerable interest the recently published comment on the large bags made this spring on the excellent preserves of Swan Lake Club, and while I think I meet the spirit of the writer of the comment in saying that I do not take it to be made in the way of any strictures upon the sportmanship of that body, I realize that in minds less temperate, wrong impressions might easily be seated, and would therefore like to say a few words which will set forth exactly the position of our organization on the subject of spring shooting.

"My own gun was one that did some of the heaviest of the shooting referred to, and I have nothing to offer in way of palliation of that fact except to say that had I feared publication of the facts, or had I been ashamed of the act, I should not have gone out to shoot. I take the position that it is legal to shoot, not unusual to shoot, and very desirable to shoot at this season, when so heavy a flight was on. The clubs all along the Illinois River shoot in the spring, and while I do not claim to be purely logical in the matter, I am human enough to feel that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush in the coming fall, and I am disposed to want that bird, if others feel entirely at liberty to go after him whether I do or not. This may be selfish, but I repeat it is human nature. In this position I do not bind any member of my club, many of whom may feel differently, though we have no club regulation prohibiting shooting in the spring.

"I would like to say that our keepers have not marketed any ducks this spring, except in one case, where I personally thought the facts warranted it, and not then birds killed by themselves. They do not go out alone to shoot for the market, and when they take out club members, the latter do the shooting. It may be remembered that under our original lease of our grounds from the father of our keepers, the latter were allowed to do a certain amount of shooting on our grounds, that being part of the consideration. Afterwards, seeing the position this might place the club in in the eyes of some, we took up this consideration by a sum of money which we gave them instead, thus buying them off from shooting on the grounds, which till then they had a perfect right to do. I have known of no bird wasted on Swan Lake shooting this spring, though most extraordinary bags were made, it is true. Some shooters have said that they found the spring birds in very good order this spring. So much as that I cannot say. The mallards at first were not very fat, but very soon became so, and were in as good order as any I ever ate. The pintails were poor and thin.

"It may be seen I do not wish to alter or distort any facts for or against spring shooting. The truth is, though some may think it comes ill after my direct admissions above, that I do not believe in spring shooting personally, and neither does Swan Lake Club believe in it as a body. More than that, the club and all its officers would like to see it stopped, and wish now and here to take a decided step looking to its abolishment. By this I mean an abolishment which shall be a condition, not a theory, and a condition which shall fit all sorts and conditions of men alike, so that we can still possess human nature, and not possess spring shooting. It is no use theorizing. What we want is a law, and one that is enforced until it is respected. I wish to say that the directors of Swan Lake Club are unanimously and unqualifiedly in favor of just such a law.

"To begin the work of securing such a law, I suggest a union of all clubs owning preserves along the Illinois River waters, and as many of the Mississippi River clubs as like to join. I feel sure the Princeton Club, on the Goose Pond waters above us, would join such a movement, and so no doubt would the new club going in below Bureau. The Duck Island Club, on the old Beebee grounds, would be equally willing I think to go in with us, and so should be also the Spring Lake Club and our near neighbors, the Hennepin Club. Here we have in close compass a large body of sportsmen, of whom I trust it is not too much to say that they are all sportsmen in the full sense of the term, and of liberal and advanced beliefs. I suggest that these clubs convene their respective directories at an early date, and elect delegations to be sent to the second day meeting of the convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, which is to be held at the Sherman House, Chicago, June 4 and 5, there to confer with that body as to the best means of securing the passage of a law in Illinois prohibiting the shooting of wild fowl in the spring season. By that time we shall know what has been done at the present session of the Legislature, and shall be in better position to estimate what can be done at the next session. I promise for my club that it will be behind none in the serious attempt to have this measure passed. If the other organizations near it, which lie under practically the same conditions, will join us in this movement, I believe we may do something more practical than theorizing.

"If we should have a law prohibiting such shooting, the members of the Swan Lake Club could look to it that their grounds were really protected in the spring. As it is, it being legal to shoot at that season now, if our members did not shoot, the grounds would be overrun with poachers from near-by waters. The place where we did our shooting in the spring was small in extent, and I venture to say that had we left our guns in their cases and remained in the city, nearly the same number of birds would have been killed. This I say, not so much as excuse for our conduct, for we do nothing covertly, as for argument showing that the only practical way to get at the matter is to get a law passed which shall stop it for all alike. If the preliminary steps suggested above seem to my friends in the other clubs named wise and desirable, it would give the members of Swan Lake directory great pleasure to hear from them as early as possible."

"E. W. BANGS,
"President Swan Lake Shooting Club."

PROPOSED WISCONSIN LAW.

Wisconsin has been having the usual trouble over game laws at this session of the legislature, which has been common among the States of the Northwest. At this writing it seems there is no law yet actually passed, but there has been reported by the joint committee a bill which has some little show at least of becoming a law. This bill makes the legal trout fishing season April 1 to August 1; the season on bass, wall-eyed pike and muscallonge opens June 1, and runs to March 1 the following year; the season on deer is the first twenty days in November; the season on ducks, geese and brant is made from September 1 to May 1 of the following year, permitting spring shooting, excepting on mallard, teal, wood duck, plover or snipe; the season on prairie chicken, quail, grouse, woodcock, partridge or ruffed grouse is from September 1 to December 1. It is forbidden to use a dog or dogs for hunting quail, chicken, grouse, woodcock, snipe or plover. Mongolian pheasants are protected for five years.

ILLINOIS OFFENDERS.

The usual spring grist of offenses against the game and fish laws around Lake Calumet, just south of Chicago, is coming into evidence, and it is said that the game warden and his assistant have arrested a number of men this week for illegal shooting and fishing. Fred. Knack and J. Larson, found fishing with nets, were arrested and fined $25 and $10 respectively. E. Semler, Louis and William Dick, Axel Morrell, W. Dennison, J. Hoffman, and J. Long, all of Pullman, were arrested for shooting from a sail-boat, which is contrary to law, and were fined $10 each. D. Levi & Co., No. 1906 Wabash avenue, were prosecuted for having quail in possession contrary to law, but they escaped conviction. J. D. White, Momence, Ill., was arrested for killing quail out of season. The case is still pending.

CHICAGO FLY-CASTING CLUB.

Eight members of the Chicago Fly-casting Club attended the annual meeting this week. Mr. G. W. Strell was re-elected president; Mr. J. E. Strong was elected vice-president; Mr. F. B. Davidson, secretary; Mr. Strong, Mr. F. B. Orr, Mr. B. W. Goodsell, members of the executive committee.

GONE TO THE COAST.

Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Lefever gun, dropped in on the spring house-cleaning operation of this office to-day. He is on his way to the Pacific coast for his annual trip to the gun trade.

E. HOUGH.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, N. Y., April 4.—The great exposition to be given of field sports of this country is becoming an item of general interest and comment. If there has existed any doubt as to how the sportsmen themselves would look upon the exposition, there is no longer reason for conjecture. The hundreds of letters asking for information have been a gratifying surprise, and an evidence of the unanimity of good will towards the exposition. The offers of trophies and ancient arms and weapons for the loan display increase each day. Prominent sportsmen are anxious to do all they can to assure a splendid representative exhibit of everything in the line of mounted game. The occasion will be one of unusual privilege. The committee of measurements and records desires this exposition to be as complete as possible. The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Archibald Rogers and George Bird Grinnell are gentlemen who are familiar with the best types of our North American game, and this committee should have placed before them a full collection of our North American game animals to pass judgments upon.

Here permit us to urge every sportsman who owns typical heads of our large game to send at once to the secretary of the association a list of the same, with such data as may be authentic. The association expects to have 500 heads of the various species pledged for exhibition. There has never been an opportunity before to compare the largest heads of our antlered game, and this occasion should be made a memorable one. Below is given a list of the articles which are needed in order to make the exhibits of a historical nature complete.

A primitive dug-out, an old birch bark canoe, a flat bottom boat, a modern canoe, a racing shell, a catapult or slung shot, cross bow, boomerang, blow gun, Indian arrows and bows, blunderbuss, primitive guns of different designs, Kent rifles, flint-lock guns and pistols, percussion guns and pistols, and various kinds of sights and levels.

These collections will interest the general public, and be an incentive to others not now devotees of any special field sport to take up some one of them.

A very interesting, unique and instructive exhibit will be that of Messrs. Tatham & Brothers, the well known shot manufacturers, whose shot tower has been a land mark in New York City for over half a century. This enterprising firm is constructing a shot tower to be placed in the exposition, where the public will be shown the method of making shot. The lead will leave the furnace at the top of the thirty-foot tower, and the shot will fall to the bottom, and the several sizes be sifted as they fall at the base. The packing and labelling will be done in plain view. This exhibit will reveal to the public the mystery of how shot are made round and of a uniform size and weight.

As the management intend making a great feature of the various club nights, it is their desire that all shooting, fishing, golfing, lawn tennis or other clubs formed for out-door sports, should send a list of their officers and members to the management of the Madison Square Garden, that they can be furnished with tickets for the special evenings upon which the clubs from their vicinity attend.

SPORTSMENS' EXPOSITION ASSOCIATION.

THE BIG BEAR OF HUNT'S CANYON

I was camped at the head of Hunt's Canon some seasons ago in a broad open flat, and was building a jacal (hackell) or pole house and a big corral for a cattle ranch. "Where is Hunt's Canon?" "Well it is in Colorado, and has such nice water and grass and timber and bear and deer and turkeys that I feel a little reluctant to mention the exact locality." But there I was, with a negro named Sol and two Mexicans, doing chopping and house-building under my direction. My partner was away on the roundup, and I had my hands pretty full, attending to our cattle that I tried to keep around camp, and bossing the work.

It was forty miles from the nearest settlement, and was and is now one of the most lonesome places I ever saw. One night after sitting around the camp-fire till late, the Mexicans and I rolled into our blankets, leaving Sol cooking bread. After a while I was aroused by a twitch on the arm and sat up. It was a moonless, clear night. Sol poitned across the canon, and there stood a shadowy form seeming to be watching the camp. It looked at first like an enormous man in flowing robes. Sol whispered "Injuns, boss." A moment after it sunk down on all fours, and Sol said with a sigh of relief, "Oh, my, it's only a bear." We built up the fire and saw no more to disturb us that night. Sol looked for tracks in the morning, and found three sets together, one big, old bear and two small ones. We were busy, and concluding that they were just traveling through, forgot them.

In two weeks we had the place fixed up nicely; I paid off the men, and they went home up the country, leaving me in my new house, monarch of all I surveyed. Penley was not coming down for another month, and I rode hard pretty much all day attending to the cattle and felt quite jolly, but at night, whew! It is not good for man to be alone, and it was a wretched life to live. After two weeks I gave in, and concluded to go up to the settlement and hire a man and make something for him to do. So next morning I saddled a good horse, locked up the house, and struck out for forty miles in the saddle. At noon I was at the post office, and forgot the dreamy monotony of Western life in reading my letters from home and the newspapers that were always two or three weeks old when I got them. That afternoon I heard that Bob Gray had nothing to do, and I rode over to Lew's ranch and found him—We soon made a trade and started back for my ranch the next day.

When we got to the cabin we unlocked the door, and it was a wreck inside. I had hung up half a beef in the cabin, and that confounded old bear had come prowling around and smelled it; she had smashed in about half the side of the house that had the window in it, and after pawing over the flour and everything else, had walked off with the whole half beef. There were the tracks of the two cubs also.

We cleaned our guns that night and held a council of war. I concluded that we could not hunt her for a day or two, as the cattle were somewhat scattered; and by that time a runner came down and warned us that the Indians had broken out again, and we locked up the

house, turned the cattle loose and went up to the settlement, where we had another ranch. We found the stockmen for miles around mostly forted up at the Lewis ranch; there were about forty people, men, women and children, and we had very jolly times. But the thoughts of that old bear hurt me. We remained forted up for about two weeks, during which time the Indians killed about forty men on the Cimarron and that vicinity. Then the soldiers came out and chased them back towards Camp Supply, and we went back to our deserted ranches. I went out three times while we were forted up to get in outlying settlers with half a dozen of the most reckless men I ever saw, and we had some brushes with the gentle red men; but at present I am going to tell you about a great big bear, and will not make game of respectable Cheyenne warriors by introducing them into this story.

So at last one night Bob and I got back to the ranch, cleaned up the house, killed one of someone else's calves. I know now that that was wrong, but I was young then and the calf was very fat. The next morning we went down into the canyon to kill that bear. Bob had a Sharp's .45-70, I had a Winchester .44-40, model of '73. We were gay and confident. We went down that deep canyon afoot. At last we found tracks. They were large and fresh. I can see that place in memory as if I was there. It was a small oval valley in a deep canyon, surrounded by walls hundreds of feet high, with three big pines on one side of the slope, then some bushes, then a ledge of rock that crossed the lower end of the valley, then a drop off of about ten feet. We went down cautiously to the ledge, looked over, and there was our bear snuffing around with her two cubs. She must have weighed 1,000. Oh, she was large. Bob shot her once and I shot her three times, and then she ran for the ledge to come up and see us. There was no place she could climb up easily. I ran for the nearest pine, dropped the gun at the foot of the tree, and went up like a squirrel. When I got to the first limb, about twenty feet from the ground, I stopped and straddled it. Bob was up the other nearest tree. The bear was at the foot of his tree and very mad; she grunted and she squalled, she tore the bark off Bob's pine, and then she came over and interviewed me. I shot at her ten times with a Colts' .45, and hit her some, and that only made her madder. The cubs stayed off about forty yards in the grease wood brush and foole l around and whined some. Then I smoked, and Bob said I was a coward to run. Then I asked him when he was going to get supper. We sat in those trees for eight hours. The bear stayed with us.

Then Bob said, I have an idea. I said that I was glad of it. He took a paper out of his pocket, crumbled it up, set it afire, and dropped it into the grass at the foot of the tree, the leaves and the dry grass caught, and the fire and the bears went down the canyon. I slid out of the tree and got badly burned and choked getting my gun and then Bob and I ran up the canyon and went to camp. That evening we pacted our horses and went to the home ranch, twenty miles away. That fire burned up all the range for about twenty miles, and old Blank vowed he would kill the man that set the range on fire, but we were modest and didn't say much about it. That old bear may be there yet, but I didn't hunt her any more; she was too large and tough. Now I kill ducks, they never chase me up trees. But I wish I had killed that bear, that's all.

KANSAS. W. J. D.

A "Partridge Dog."

In your issue of March 23 your correspondent "Omar" takes me to task for having said in a previous issue that I would prefer to still-hunt the partridge and shoot him sitting or running than to shoot him over a dog. He then gives a very interesting description of his last hunt for 1894. Now, the dog he writes about, and the dog I mean are entirely different breeds of dogs.

I have never seen a thoroughly broken setter or pointer at work, but I would like nothing better than to accompany "Omar" on a trip with his dogs, when I assure him I would have no idea of shooting a bird sitting, but would do my best to take them on the wing, and to perfect myself in that part is just now the height of my ambition in the shooting line.

The only dog that I know of in this section that is a partridge dog, that is so called around here, is owned by a saloon keeper, who does not lend him, but puts in a good many days each season in hunting the partridge with him.

I have no doubt that he shot upwards of 200 partridges last autumn over his dog, but not a single one of them did he shoot when flying. When you speak of a partridge dog around here, it is expected that the dog will have sufficient scent to locate and follow the scent of the partridge, and in getting close will rush in barking, flush the bird, and nine times out of ten, drive it into a tree when he will sit down and bark at it.

The dogs are generally spaniels, although I have seen collies tree a partridge, but they hunt usually by sight.

If "Omar" will notice my previous letter, he will find that the farmer said his dog would sit down and bark at the partridge in the tree, when it was dead easy to shoot the bird, whose whole attention was taken up with the dog.

When I said I would sooner shoot the bird sitting or running, after my own efforts locating the bird on the still-hunt, I meant it, rather than having a dog to drive the birds to a tree and then shooting them. The above mentioned hunter one afternoon shot fourteen partridges out of trees over his dog, while I, hunting in another section, put up probably a dozen and did not secure a single one. A record of seven partridges for twenty-one times hunting is more satisfactory to me than would be a record of twenty-one partridges for seven times hunting, shooting them out of trees over a dog.

Presumably "Omar" never before heard of this kind of a dog, and in writing his article had only his own thoroughly broken dog in mind, or he would have acknowledged that when a man can go alone into the woods and successfully match his cunning against the wily partridge, he is entitled to him. Let "Omar" try it some day without his dog, and give the readers of Forest and Stream the result of his day's work.

I have long been desirous of owning such a dog as he has, but they come high, and in these hard times one cannot afford many luxuries. J. BRUCE PAYNE.

Gunning on Cape Cod.

I have never seen anything in your valuable paper from old Cape Cod. I know there is a good deal of good fishing and gunning here and thought somebody away from here might like to hear from this locality.

I would like to tell you what sport I had one time with black ducks. I live in Centreville, a village on the south side of the Cape, and for the best shooting I drive over to Barnstable, on the north side, a distance of about seven miles, and a long drive it seems in winter, as we must be there before daylight if we would get any birds.

I had been over there one morning, and was on my way home through the woods, on an old woods' road when I thought I heard a duck quack. I stopped my horse, and then heard it for sure. I got out of my wagon, walked down through the bushes, and came suddenly upon a little pond just as the ducks started up from the water. I didn't shoot, but just watched them as they flew all around me. There were lots of them, about 500, I should judge. Well, they went off, and I went down to the pond and sat down in the bushes. Soon a flock came back. I shot and killed some of them, and then more flew up from around the pond that until now I hadn't noticed. I shot and killed ten "dead ones." Being well satisfied with my bag I went home. The next morning I was on hand before daylight, and as soon as daylight came so did the black ducks. It being a very calm morning, after I had shot a few times the smoke hung over the pond so heavy that when the ducks came in they smelt it, and instead of lighting they flew straight through the pond and came over where I was, making very good wing shooting. I soon had eighteen dead ones, and as that was enough for me, I went home to wait until Monday morning, this being Saturday. Monday morning I went with two friends, and we had just arrived when over the hill came some men, saying in very kind tones, "Do you want any assistance, gentlemen." We said "Yes," and down they came where we were. The ducks didn't come in very fast, and I was surprised, until when talking it over later in the day I learned four men were there all day Sunday shooting at everything that came in.

That ended the shooting in that place, as a black duck is very shy, and it takes but a little shooting to drive him away. W. F. HALLETT, Cape Cod, Mass.

Still-Hunting Deer.

And speaking of water brings me to the subject of hounding deer. I have little respect for the hunter who can not get his deer by stealth and good marksmanship. The man who cannot glide through the forest from hill to hill, stump to stump, and walk logs like a cat, seeing deer before they see him, or should a deer break cover, bring it down with a repeating rifle before it gets out of range, should be content to keep camp. It is bad enough to throw buck-shot from a scatter-gun at a deer, but to drive them into the water with dogs is heathenish. A deer's sense of smell, hearing and sight, together with his swiftness of foot, are his natural and only protectors, and a hunter should have sufficient self pride to be willing to put his skill and cunning against that of the deer.

I have killed deer in Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin and never used a larger gun than the 38 Winchester, and never hounded them nor ambushed them at their crossings. I have shot them standing, running and lying down, but always gave them a chance to stay away or get away from me.

For instance, one October, while camped on the North Star route, nine miles south of Republick, upper Michigan, while hunting in the heavy timber, I came to the foot of a ridge, on top of which there stood a large pine stump. When I reached the stump I walked up a spur root, bringing my gun to a ready as I stood erect. Thus I was prepared for what might be within range, and this is what I saw—a ten-point buck lying down forty-five steps distant, facing me. What magnificent antlers, and how his eyes gleamed in the early morning light. He either thought himself undiscovered in that small depression behind a bunch of twigs, or was transfixed with fear and surprise at the apparition before him, for he never blinked while I drew a bead on his right eye and fired. My aim was so true that the skin around the eye was not broken. The buck had come up the ridge a little to my right, and had faced about and laid down so he could see anything that might follow his trail. He did not expect an enemy to come at him over that large pine stump, and there is where I fooled him. But I gave him a chance.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Heads and Tails.

"Heads I win, and tails you lose" has been beaten by the boys in Sandwich and Bourne, Mass. It is now "heads I win, and tails I win," with the boys in these towns. Owing to the ravages of muskrats in the cranberry bogs in Sandwich and Bourne, the town officers in both towns decided, a couple of years ago, to offer bounties for their destruction. Without consulting the selectmen of Bourne, Sandwich voted to pay twenty-five cents for every muskrat's head, and about the same time Bourne voted to pay the same sum for every muskrat's tail. It did not take long to set the boys to trapping, and they were equally spry about learning that the head of a muskrat should be taken to Sandwich and the twenty-five cents collected, while his tail should be taken to Bourne and another twenty-five cents collected. This went on for a year, much to the delight of the boys. But the officers of both towns begun to "get on" to the game, and at its annual meeting each town voted to change its tactics and pay, Sandwich for the tail, as Bourne had been doing; and Bourne for the head of every muskrat, as Sandwich had been doing, and thus stop the double bounty business. This was exactly the change the boys had been hoping for, and at the beginning of last year they had only to take their muskrat's heads to Bourne and the tails to Sandwich, and get the double bounty on each rat the same as before. It is said that it has taken the best part of another year for the officers of the two towns to find out that they have again been playing into the hands of the boys. This year they will doubtless consult with their neighboring town fathers, and the boys are likely to be obliged to accept only one bounty on each rat. SPECIAL.

Minnesota Wildfowl.

BRECKENRIDGE, Minn., March 28.—Geese and ducks are coming in this week in great numbers, but no spring shooting goes in Minnesota. F. J. S.

The Ontario Season.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., April 3.—Spring has been very backward this year. The rivers are generally clear of ice, but that on the bay here is as strong as at any time during the winter.

April was ushered in with a snowstorm, yet some of our migratory birds have arrived. The first robin was seen on Sunday, March 24, and during the snowstorm on Monday last the first swallow was seen skimming the surface of the river.

The observance of the game law is improving, although cases of its violation are occasionally reported. Mr. Smith, our local warden, is alert in the discharge of his duties, and the commissioners have recommended him for the position of Chief Warden, which has for some time been vacant.

The following paragraph from a Brockville newspaper is given for the information of all concerned: "A whole car-load of live moose from Mattawa, and bound for New York, passed over the C. P. R. on Saturday. Mr. W. H. Leavitt, who is familiar with the Mattawa country, and is in regular communication with friends there, says quite a large number of moose calves have been caught this winter, the work being rendered easy by the unusually deep snow." R. S. B.

An Unfortunate Quail-Stocking Experience.

The Saratoga Club bought about 300 quail for restocking purposes. At last account they had about fifteen left to set out. This unfortunate waste came from ignorance of the quail's habit, conditions, etc., and bad management. MOCCASIN.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE DEVIL'S GULLY.

A mild morning a few days since, after a winter of long and continuous cold, tempted me out for a short walk for the sake of a little exercise and a breath of fresh air. The snow was still too deep in the woods to venture on any of my favorite summer rambles, and I had to confine my footsteps to the high roads where it had been well beaten down, and accordingly found my way up the long hill road which rises gently from the village to a higher terrace along which it is almost level for three or four miles. As I mounted the slope of the hill I found the ground quite bare, and one or two teams which I met were dragging slowly along, with one runner on the gravel and the other tilted up on the snow bank beside the road.

Reaching the summit of the road, where a depression in the range of hills gives a passage to the upper terrace, a short turn to my left brings me down to the spot which is locally known by the title of this epistle.

It is singular to note how many spots of various interest his satanic majesty seems to have pre-empted in this country, and his selection of them must have been governed by a very wide variety of reasons, and the spot in question must have been picked out as a refrigerator in summer when the infernal regions became too hot to bear, for it is always cool in its depths, in the hottest midsummer day.

Here, in some early convulsion of nature, the rocky range has been split, leaving a cleft 100 feet deep, and not much wider at top, through which pour the waters of a once full brook, formed from three, which, rising in the second range of hills, unite their waters in a great meadow on the upper terrace and plunge down sixty feet at a leap into this ravine, through which they tumble more gently, over ledges and through pools, until they emerge in the meadow above the village. The water never cut this cleft for itself, for its edges are sharp and broken, and there is another outlet to the brook three miles above, at the upper end of the long meadow, where the ridge falls away and the water plunges down to the lower meadow, by a series of smaller falls. The great meadow has evidently been slowly filled up by the deposits worn off from the hills, until the water found this cleft and deserted its old channel, though for many years a sliver was kept open by the owners of an old mill, long since gone, at the upper end, by which a part of the water in spring and early summer was sent that way.

But I am wandering from my text, and have already got miles away, for I took this ramble to see once more the scenes of many pleasant hours in my boyish days, for many a fine trout have I seduced from his cool and shaded home in the depths of this same gully.

Right on the brink of the fall, with one corner reaching sixty feet down on to the ledge, and the others on the higher rock above, stood, and still stands, a stone grist mill, built in 1833, which, with its five run of stones, bolting seives, corn-crackers, etc., was the pride of the country, and at the other end of the dam, some fifty feet across, was a fine sawmill. Where the streams from the two mills came together was a hole in the rock, not much bigger than a washtub, in which, when the gristmill was running, and the sawmill was not, I have found many a nice fish.

It was no use fishing the "Devil's Gully" when the sawmill was running, for there was too much water to get through it, and that was too full of sawdust, but when the waters got low in the summer months, and the gristmill was working lazily along with a partial load, it was my delight to go around behind the sawmill and slide and scramble down to the bottom by the help of the trees and bushes, and after getting a good trout from the first hole, as I usually did, made a jump from stone to stone, picking up others here and there, until I came out at the lower end, some four or five hundred yards away.

There was no other practicable way of getting out there, for the east side was a perpendicular precipice, and the west one, though not so steep, was not easy to climb, if encumbered with a rod and basket, or "string of fish," as was more common in those boyish days. There was soil enough left in the crevices of the rocks to support a strong growth of hemlocks, which entirely shut out the sun, and on the west side, where the slope was not so steep, a few oaks were mixed with them.

It was at the lower end, however, that my anticipations were usually gratified, for here a huge boulder of white quartz had been dropped in the mouth of the gorge, and served as the base of a decaying dam, which

long before my time had served for one of the earlier mills of the village, which had long disappeared, save a pair of millstones, hewn from native granite, which were the predecessors of the "Buhr-stones, which had taken their place in the new mill.

Here in the ruins of the old dam, behind the big boulder, was my favorite halting place, and casting over it into the foam below, I have often secured three or four nice trout before they became too frightened by the struggles of their comrades to pursue the bait any farther, for this was before I learned to cast a fly, when the old-fashioned "angle worm," now called "barn yard hackle," was a bait not to be despised or ashamed of. Once I caught an eel a foot long, which had run up from the river, and as I had a light rod, a slender bamboo, which had been given me, I had a pretty tough job to secure him.

All these old recollections came back to me the other morning as I leaned against the corner of the old mill and looked down over the sheet of ice which reached from the crest of the dam far down to the bottom of the gully, and made me wish for a year of boy's life once again, and another sight of the forests and streams of my youthful days.

The ice, accumulating for many winters in the old wheelpit, has cracked the huge granite stones from the bottom almost to the eaves, and although iron braces have been put in against the ledges to support the walls, I fear the day is not far distant when it will give way, or have to be pulled down and rebuilt, and the brook has so shrunk from the destruction of the forests that the latter result seems hardly probable.

The old pond is a morass, or a sand bank in spots, only the shell of the sawmill is left, and it is used as a lumber shed for old sleds and dilapidated remnants of wagons and other such rubbish; the wheel is gone, and only the remains of the old log carriage are kept to show what it once was.

The young folks of a later generation, with the help of a few plank and stone steps and the roots of friendly trees, have contrived to make a path down to the rocks below the mill, and here on a bright, hot summer day may be sometimes seen a party of them enjoying the cool shade, and dabbling in the water, utterly oblivious of any vested rights or claims of its pretended infernal proprietor.

WM. W.

ANGLING NOTES.

ANTICS OF THE SALMON TRIBE.

Under the heading of "Antics of the Salmon Tribe," English anglers have lately been giving extracts from their personal experience with salmon, grilse, sea trout and the common river or brook trout. Some are useful, and all are more or less curious.

One angler relates that to stone a hooked and sulking fish by dropping a stone above him, that is up stream, is useless, although if a stone is dropped into the water a couple of feet below him, it will, nine times out of ten, start him.

Another states that by casting stones into a pool and making a commotion in the water, salmon will often rise to the fly when they have utterly refused it before the pool was stoned. I have seen this tried by men in this country for other fish than salmon. One angler of my acquaintance frequently took out with him in his boat in lake fishing a small cargo of cobble stones, and when the fish refused to bite, he cast the stones into the water with faith that he would get returns in the shape of fish. Another was in the habit of taking a good-sized branch of a tree, and with this he fairly churned the water when he deemed it necessary to do something to induce the fish to bite. More than one angler have I known to agitate the water with an oar in like manner for a similar purpose. Truth compels me to say that all these antics of the fishermen produced nothing to make me a convert to their methods

Sir John Edwards Moss relates that by putting a fly lightly and gently over a pool, the fish therein are induced to jump although there may be no previous indications of jumping on the part of the fish. In this he is corroborated by another angler. The peculiarities of the salmon family, why they do one thing at one time and another thing at another time, or do dissimilar things at the same time in different waters, etc., are mentioned over and over, but every fisherman has had experiences of this sort. There is one thing that I wish to mention as an antic of one member of the salmon tribe, which I never have been able to explain in a way to make the explanation hold water. Why is it that the lake trout when at the surface in the spring, absolutely refuses to rise to the fly in one lake, and does rise to the fly in another?

Over and over I have cast a fly directly into the boil made by a rising lake trout, and not the least attention has the fish paid to it. I have known a lake to be covered with small black flies, and the lake trout feeding on them by coming to the surface and sucking them in and yet they would ignore an artificial fly cast on the water. At such times the trout would take bait readily, and when removed from the hook their mouths and throats would be filled with the flies which they had sucked in. I know that in some Adirondack lakes small lake trout have been taken on the fly in the spring season.

Lake trout run up the Nepigon River clear to the foot of Virgin Falls, and there they take the fly in the rough water, and their rise and strike and play cannot be distinguished from similar actions on the part of the brook trout until the fish show their forked tail or they are brought to the net.

As a rule, the lake trout is a deep water fish, and is rarely found in streams, and they are frequently condemned as bait-taking fish, and so get a bad name as a game fish.

A gentleman sat near me in the cars a few days ago talking to a companion about the lake trout. He condemned the fish in unmeasured terms, and satisfied me that he knew nothing about it personally, for the lake trout is a game fish, and is entitled to rank with the best of the non-jumping game fishes, but why it will not take a fly when feeding at the surface, I never have been able to explain. If anyone ever discovers a fly that the lake trout will take with reasonable certainty, the fish will at once rise in the estimation of anglers and occupy a place second to none. Fish for them with a ten ounce rod and single gut leaders, and when you get hold of a fifteen-pound fish you will know you have been fishing by the time you get the gaff into the fish. One trouble is, too often the lake trout is fished for with bed cords and weaver's beams, to which unbreakable cod hooks are attached, and the fish has no show whatever in the hand over hand encounter, but it is a game fish just the same when fished for with light tackle.

MOTHS.

I am not entirely happy unless I can keep a fly book in my desk where I can put my hand on it at any time during my waking hours. When the fishing season is over, I always put one fly book, sometimes two, in one of the drawers of my desk, although I know full well that it is dangerous. During the winter there is not a week that I do not have those books out for some purpose or another, generally to look at the flies, and recall some sport that is behind me, or to build air castles of the sport to come. Once or twice a week I blow tobacco smoke through the books as I sit at my desk smoking, and it is a pleasant remedy to apply. For years and years I have not known a moth in my fly books or in my flies anywhere, but this winter, being more than usual away from home, the fly books in my desk did not get the usual amount of smoking, in fact they were utterly neglected for other things. One day I opened one book and found traces of a moth; opened another and found more traces of moths. For a few moments I was in despair, but I found that they had made their way between two leaves only in each book, and but few flies were injured. But moths had been in the books and I could not tell where they would break out again, and I could not watch them daily for another outbreak. I decided to resort to heroic remedies, as I thought, and taking out the flies, I placed them in benzine long enough to thoroughly saturate them and then spread them out in the open air for the benzine to evaporate, which it did very quickly. Some of the flies had wings of dyed feathers, and I had my doubt about results, but I spread the flies on sheets of writing paper, and while the cure for moths was thorough and complete, I could not discover that a single feather, natural or dyed, had faded in the least, nor did the colors run. As to the books, I simply baked them in the oven of a store to kill any lingering moth eggs, and I now think I am well out of the scrape with the loss of only half a dozen flies on such a matter.

A. N. CHENEY.

TROUT FISHING AT NIGHT.

A few weeks since, I noticed in Forest and Stream a communication from Arthur M. Rice in regard to "trout rising at night." While the experience I have in mind is scarcely of a similar nature, it has, at least, to do with "fish that pass—that rise in the night."

On the very summit of the Bitter Root Mountain, midway, beside the trail leading from the Missoula River in Missoula county, Montana, up the Fish Creek to the summit, down Lake Creek and thence to the North Fork of the Clearwater, in Shoshone county, Idaho, lies a beautiful little sheet of water, covering perhaps an area of 100 acres, its outlet being the Lake Creek mentioned. Often during the past twenty years I have heard of parties of prospectors or packers who had camped by this lake, and who, by building large fires on the shore at night had been enabled to catch quantities of trout "all of the same size," and with "almost any kind of bait," even to a "piece of red flannel" attached to a common hook.

I made my first and only visit to this lake in company with a party of four others, late in September, 1893. We had started out on the trip with the expectation of going down to and across the Clearwater for large game, but on arriving at the lake found that two of our pack animals would not be able to stand the trip down the mountain and back, as there were already about ten inches of snow on the summit, and the mud and slush on the trail were such as to render packhorse locomotion exceedingly difficult. It was decided to remain a couple of days at the lake, and then to take the track back. (The day following our retreat from the summit, began the snowstorm which eventually brought about the trials of the Carlin party along the Clearwater, only about fifty miles air line from the lake in question.) Upon our arrival at the lake we were surprised at finding a camp of four rail road boys (and a most jolly sportsmanlike party it proved to be) who had been there a couple of weeks, and also several lodges of Flathead Indians. Little game was reported, but the boys had great sport catching trout at night, but they had caught only an odd one now and then in the day time. We had reached the lake about noon, and having our appetites right along with us, about the first thing we did was to inquire of the railroad boys what they had in the way of fresh meat. They had no meat, but plenty of trout. One of them led me down to the side of the lake, and there, a few feet back from its edge was a miniature pond, formed by scooping out a hole in the sand and rocks, and fed by a spring of ice-cold water. The pool was fairly alive with trout. They had been caught from the lake at night and immediately transferred to the spring, where they must perforce remain until their presence was required at the frying pan. And they were beauties. They averaged about three-quarters of a pound each in weight, and all appeared near that size, but once in awhile one could be seen that would weigh a pound, and as often one not weighing half a pound, and the strange part was that they comprised four separate species, that most beautiful of the family, the rainbow trout, predominating. There was also the common mountain trout, and what I suppose to have been some sort of a lake trout, yet of a plainly different type, and then a few bull (erroneously often called salmon) trout.

We had the entire variety represented at our quickly prepared and thoroughly relished dinner. After the meal was enjoyably dispatched, nothing would do one of our party but that he must a-fishing go. The railroad boys insisted that it would be of no use, as they had already demonstrated the fact to their satisfaction that t he trou in that lake would only bite at night.

Our "Walton" would not be convinced, and in a short time he was standing on a log whipping the placid waters to his heart's content, but to no other purpose. Finally, tiring of this sort of sport, he induced one of our new found friends to assist him in the construction of a small raft, and when it was finished, the two paddled out into deep water about 150yds from shore, and in the course of a couple of hours secured a liberal supply of trout.

That night both parties and the Indians were all mixed up on a large fallen tree, upon which was built a bonfire. The tree itself being water-soaked, would not burn. The sport we had, due probably as much to the novelty of the situation as to the mere pleasure of successful fishing, is beyond description. Suffice it, that by the time we were ready to quit the log, the spring pool was full to overflowing. As to why the fish would rise to the fly at night, and not in the daytime, near shore, but would rise in the deep water during the day, the theory advanced by our party was that in the daytime the fish for reasons "known to the jury" and peculiar to themselves, frequented the deep water well out in the lake only, but at night came in to the shoal water near shore to feed, and were attracted to any particular spot by means of the bright light of the fire.

WILL CAVE.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, April 6.—Most remarkably cold weather has followed the opening of the trout season in Massachusetts, and very few strings have been taken. Indeed, the fishermen have generally stayed at home. A few warm days are wanted.

Another party has got back from Monomoy, and only very poor success is reported. But the very latest reports indicate better weather, with a few brant in sight.

One salmon has already been taken from the pool at Bangor, though the ice is not yet out of the river below. It seems that the ice moved down from a favorite fishing spot, and a number of fishermen gave the salmon a try March 30. One salmon weighing twenty-three pounds was taken. Mr. Perley was the lucky fisherman. This is one of the earliest catches on record at that pool. Mr. Robart, the veteran trout fisherman, who has visited the Rangeleys for so many years with Mr. Clark, now deceased, is getting ready to try the salmon at Bangor this year. I hear that Senator Frye, of Maine, and Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, will try for trout in Nova Scotia waters before they visit the Rangeleys and Senator Frye's camps there.

Her Majesty's steamship Blake touched at Boston last May in charge of Vice-Admiral Sir John Hopkins. Now the Vice-Admiral is a lover of the angle, and though one of the first officers in the British navy, he is as gentle as old Izaak himself when at the salmon camp. The result of the stop at Boston last spring was an invitation from that most genial of sportsmen, John Fottler, Jr., to visit the St. John at Gaspe, where Mr. Fottler, with Mr. Ivers W. Adams own a splendid salmon privilege. The Vice-Admiral thoroughly took in the trip, and did much to make everybody happy. If he saw any of the boys flagging in their exertions he would point to the salmon rocks, and in a quiet way admonish them to "keep the beggars moving!" In fact this was a favorite saying of Sir John. At last the stay came to an end, and when the party had last shaken hands, Sir John took off his hat and waving an adieu he swung it high in the air, and admonished all hands to "keep the beggars moving!"

Mr. J. W. Barney, a Boston rod maker, and lover of the Forest and Stream, was also one of the party. Out of pure love for the Vice-Admiral he has made him a most beautiful salmon rod. The rod is fifteen feet long and weighs twenty-six ounces. It is from a log of dagme wood, which Mr. Fottler got in Cuba last year. It is most artistically wound and mounted. It rests in a case of Florida red cedar, also made by Mr. Barney. Outside it is bound with nickel in a new design. Lettered in gold in the centre of the top is "keep the beggars moving." Inside the binding is of leather, but inscribed, between a couple of the Blake's special flags, "H. M. S. Blake, to that sturdy Briton and devoted angler, Vice-Admiral Sir John Hopkins, from J. W. Barney." The rod in its case has been shipped to Bermuda, the winter quarters of Sir John. All the party would like to see the face of Sir John when he opens the box.

SPECIAL.

NEW ENGLAND TROUT AND SALMON

BOSTON, April 6.—The residents of Oakland, Maine, or at least those who like to fish, are very much elated just now over the prospect of good salmon fishing beginning as soon as the ice breaks up in that wonderful chain of ponds or lakes, starting almost from the very doors of the town.

Messalonskee Pond, ten miles long, located close to Oakland, is the first lake in the system, then Long Pond, seven miles in length, after this comes Ellis Pond, a horse-shoe shaped sheet of water, on which is placed the fish hatchery. North Pond comes next, nine miles long, and East Pond, six miles long. This completes the list, and as all these ponds are connected, they afford a wide range for the salmon and trout which have been put in each season during the last five years from the hatchery at Ellis Pond. About two and one-half years ago a law was passed making a close season on salmon in these lakes for five years. That law has just been repealed, and as salmon weighing six to seven pounds have been caught through the ice during the past winter, the fishermen take it for granted that fine sport awaits them as soon as open water shows itself. As the waters are full of fresh water smelt, the salmon have plenty of bait, and therefore thrive splendidly.

William P. Blake (president of the Kennebec Fish and Game Club) and his son, give a great deal of time and attention to the hatchery, and do everything possible to help and encourage the good cause. Another prominent resident of Oakland who is waiting impatiently for the coming season is Geo. V. Rogers. This gentleman is positive that no finer salmon fishing will be found anywhere in the East than that which will soon be had in the waters mentioned.

To celebrate the opening of the trout season in Massachusetts, the windows of the tackle stores along Washington street present a bewildering display of fishing tackle. Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's attractive show has called forth many compliments, and right in the centre of their window is a magnificent painting of a large trout by "Brackett," which has been very highly praised.

Boston anglers who have endeavored to reap the joys of

trout fishing during the past ten days, have found it rather difficult to keep up a high degree of enthusiasm in the face of the raw and chilly weather they have experienced. The Cape, as usual, has been the favorite stamping ground for this early sport. Mr. John Caswell spent a couple of days fishing in that vicinity, and came home with a nice mess. J. A. Littleton and friend tried the Big Nickerson Bog at Mashpee with very good success. Another party who control one and one-half miles of Scrotan brook, near Sandwich, and also some good marsh fishing in that vicinity, felt quite well rewarded with the results of their trip, much better in fact than with the weather they experienced, which they described as pretty uncomfortable. One enthusiast whom I have talked with was fishing from a very small, cranky boat, and having hooked a big fellow, forgot his caution, and as a result was tipped out head first into the ice cold water up to his armpits. Although a fisherman for many years, he never had an accident before, and strange to say, is suffering no ill effects, but is decidedly against repeating the performance.

Trolling tackle for use in the big lakes after the ice moves out is now being looked over, and the tackle houses are all quite busy with this particular branch of the trade. Reports from Newfound and Minnedasaukee lakes in New Hampshire are rather discouraging at present. During the last days of March the thermometers in that vicinity registered down to twelve degrees above zero, and wagons were rolling over the ice in every direction at Wolfboro and Centre Harbor. Sebago and the Rangeleys, in Maine, are also strongly encased in ice fetters. In spite of this, many people predict the earliest season in years, each one basing his belief on different grounds. HACKLE.

Do Fish Talk?

Your editorial on the "Senses of Fish" is interesting, and though much is known in connection therewith, still there is sufficient mystery about their life under the water to afford wide margin for speculation. I have heard "fish stories," and have personally witnessed strange things while in pursuit of them, but it seemeth better to me that others should spin the yarns, being better posted piscatorily than myself. I am tempted, however, by your editorial, to add my mite relative to the conversational powers of fish.

In May last, while anchored off the mouth of Seal Creek, one of the numerous branches connecting the Virginia broadwaters, we were much interested in listening to the voices of the fish, as they passed with the flood tide. While in the cabin during the day, or at night in stormy weather, we never heard them. But after sunset, when all was calm and we were seated about the table, the sounds were often sufficient to make themselves heard above the continuous cackling din of the marsh hen that vibrated over the meadows. To me it was uncanny to hear these mysterious tones, sounding directly under our feet.

They seemed to pass in schools, slowly, as though taking their time; we could hear them approach from forward, creak! creak! creakity! c-r-r-eakity! they sang, as they passed below. Now and again a distinct grunt would be prominent among the creakity! creaks! then from afar a drum would sound his note: Br-r-oom! now deep and resonant, now subdued, and quickly the answering br-room! br-oom! was heard on either side the yacht, as the finny host passed on. The smaller squeaks and creaks were incessant, continually in evidence, like the song of crickets in August. The heavier tones of the drum and other fish being mere incidents in the procession.

I tried faithfully on two occasions to induce them to investigate my tempting lures, sitting patiently on deck for an hour at a time and changing bait often in the hope of finally suiting their appetite, but in vain.

I could plainly hear the drum sound as I sat there in the moonlight, but the marsh cries filling the air on every hand vere sufficient to drown the other voices. At first these "siren songs" were exceedingly interesting to me, but when the novelty had worn away, I found them very annoying. Often I have left my state-room, after turning in for the night, and gone on deck for a little time with my pipe. There, I knew what manner of bird or beast it was that voiced its wild nature. The yap! yap! of a prowling fox, the salty, gutteral laugh of the gulf gull, or skimmer, as he swept by on noiseless wing, to show for an instant only, as he swung across the shimmer of moonlight that bridged the inky blackness astern. All these I love to hear as I sit on deck on quiet nights, but down below, those grunting fish! Ugh!

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

A Note from Dr. Kingfisher.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When a hunter gets "rattled" while waiting and expecting the appearance of big game—or small for that matter—or when the game comes to view unexpectedly and he begins to quake and shake so that he can't hold his gun onto a haystack, or a "flock o' barns," why will every writer, including the editor of Forest and Stream, persist in calling this state of the nerves "buck fever?" when every fledgeling M. D. and drug store cub knows that one don't "quake" nor "shake" while the ague is on, but only while the chill lasts; while the fever is shaking the marrow loose in your bones, and your teeth are chattering like a king-fisher windin' up his reel with the click on.

Don't throw us into a fever, when this is no fever. Call it by the name our fathers used before us, "buck ager," or to be precise, "buck ague."

Next, with an attack of "buck fever."

Cincinnati. KINGFISHER.

Salmon Fishing For Sale.

Freehold; on the best fishing waters of the Southwest Mirimichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York City.—Adv.



CHAINED
to Business?
Can't go Shooting?
Do the next best thing—
Read the
Forest and Stream.

Game and Fish Protection.

New York Spring Shooting.

The Fuller bill, allowing spring duck shooting, has become a law. It extends the open season to May 1.

An Oswego correspondent writes: "The local sportsmen are delighted over the change in the duck season, which allows them to shoot until May 1st, instead of March 1st, as formerly. The ducks are quite plentiful in the lake and numbers have been killed."

Of course they are delighted; but it is just such satisfaction as the child feels who roots up the planted seed and finds that it has sprouted. The mature view of the subject given in these notes by Mr. Geo. R. Peck, of the Auburn Advertiser, who writes: "A friend of mine, who is supervisor of one of the best wards in the city, although not one of the most progressive wards, said to me yesterday: 'George, I bought a pair of black ducks yesterday for fifty cents, and the man of whom I bought the pair said they would not have nested here.'

"I cant't say whether this particular pair of black ducks would have nested here or not, but I do know that thirty black ducks were raised in Canoga marshes last year, which was the second year of a short spring season—the season closing March 1—and some were raised down the river. Teal ducks nest in this section and so do wood ducks. Why, wood ducks have nested in the inlet of Owasco Lake and been killed early in August before the season opened and before the ducks were hardly able to fly.

"The gentlemanly sportsman (?) who sold my friend a pair of black ducks, probably never did anything to encourage a pair of black ducks to nest and raise young in this section. I wonder if he ever even thought that a pair of ducks getting ready to raise young needed protection and his encouragement! I doubt if he ever looked at it in that light. In the fall, after the ducks are raised and ready to take care of themselves I blame no one for shooting them or game of any kind. It is the time to kill the game and fish and the time to eat them. It is the privilege that the law of nature has conferred upon man. But because nature has given man a game to be killed in the season, it does not follow that nature gave man the privilege of butchering game in the mating and in the procreating season.

"The other day two men caught a female pickerel in Cayuga Lake which weighed nineteen pounds. When they dressed her they found five pounds of row in her. A few days afterwards William Ferree brought one to Auburn and hung it in front of a fishing rod and tackle store. She weighed twenty-three pounds, and probably contained six pounds of roe. The fish ought never to have been shown, least of all to the multitude, from the front of a fishing rod store, and the proprietor did not permit the fish to remain there long. The pickerel were probably caught off their laying beds. A hook is dropped on a bed and the fish in removing it gets caught. It is the way to destroy 30,000 eggs, and like duck shooting in the spring, it is just as bad.

"When the sportsmen of the country take up in dead earnest the defense and protection of the females of game and fish to procreate, then game and fish will increase and multiply."

New Hampshire Legislation.

Manchester, N. H., April 5, 1895.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Legislature of this State has adjourned, much to the relief of the people in general, but no class has reason to be more grateful than the sportsmen, as each hour of the two last weeks of the session brought rumors of a coming storm that seriously jeopardized the interest of hunter and fisherman. The source of the danger was the farmer element, which desired to do away with laws that restrict them from doing whatever they wish with fish and game found on their land, at any time of year, brought about in part, I presume, by the habit of grouse budding apple trees, assisted materially by a desire to lawfully snare various kinds of game. The promoters of the mischievous bills had sympathizers among non-agriculturists; men who neither knew nor cared for anything connected with the question, but liked to curry favor with the few selfish and short-sighted land owners. As far as the House of Representatives was concerned, they would have succeeded in their wicked endeavors, but the consideration and greater wisdom of the Senate killed the iniquitous bills, as they came from the lower branch. Little respect has ever been paid to the fish and game laws by the advocates of the defunct bills, yet to have taken down all bars, which was the practical effect of the legislation the destructionists desired, would have been deplorable. As finally settled, thanks to the Senate's firm and sensible stand, the changes made in the laws were few and not detrimental to sportsmen, but mostly of a highly commendable character.

These changes consisted of asking for a report from the Fish and Game Commissioners each alternate year, instead of annually. Extending the open season on deer, caribou, and moose from Nov. 1 to Nov. 15, and prohibiting them with dogs at any time, under heavy penalty, and the summary disposition of dogs so engaged by Game Wardens. The season on woodcock, ruffed grouse, partridge and quail was shortened by changing the opening from Sept. 1 to Sept. 15. The open season on lake and brook trout was shortened two weeks on each end, causing it to begin May 1 and to close on Sept. 1. They prohibited the killing or having in possession passenger pigeons and turtle doves until the first day of August, 1898. They appropriated $500 for the importation of foreign game birds, and care of native varieties. They passed a joint resolution to stop the depositing of sawdust and shavings in several ponds and streams. Appropriated $500 for an addition to the Cole brook fish hatchery. Authorized the Governor and Council to end the joint tenancy between Massuchusetts and this State, in the Plymouth fish hatchery. They prohibited, for four years, fishing through the ice in twenty-five ponds and lakes in various towns, and all ponds in the towns of Croydon, Grantham, and Washington; they also stopped fishing at all times during the coming five years, in streams emptying into Dan Hole pond in the towns of Tuftonborough and Ossipee.

The sportsmen of the State are not exulting over the few good points they gained, nor mourning for the many they hoped to secure that were really necessary, so much as they are congratulating themselves upon the evils they more or less narrowly escaped, and though they are not borrowing trouble, so far as I know, profiting by recent experiences, they should recognize the fact that their forces in future legislatures must be awake, or field sports in this State will suffer by the turning down of good, if imperfect, regulations. Meantime the motto of the New Hampshire sportsman, during the next two years should be, "Enforce existing laws."

At a meeting of the Hillsborough Co. Game and Protective Association, the 2d inst., the President, Mayor William C. Clarke, declining a re-election, the Secretary, Mr. Charles J. Darrah, was elected to that position, and Mr. Fred. Thurston, Secretary and Treasurer. PAYSON.

A Minnesota Association.

St. Paul, Minn., April 3.—Editor Forest and Stream: A meeting was held last night to form the Voluntary Game and Fish Protective Association of Minnesota, as an auxiliary to the State Game and Fish Commission.

The following committee was named:

For Minneapolis—F. F. Davis, C. S. Brackett, Wm. L. Wolford, W. L. Bigelow, W. P. Andrus, James Griffin.

For St. Paul—Uri L. Lamprey, Dr. C. A. Wheaton, H. B. Goodenow, Wm. L. Tucker, Crawford Livingston, R. W. Matthews.

For the State at Large—C. N. Nelson, Stillwater; O. McFarland, Dalton; J. H. Claggett, Montevideo; L. Z. Rogers, Waterville, H. B. Griffin, Buffalo.

A call for a general State meeting was agreed upon for May 15 at Minneapolis and the following general letter was ordered to be printed and sent out by the secretary:

"Dear Sir—At a recent meeting of a number of gentlemen interested in the subject of preservation and protection of game and fish in Minnesota, recognizing that these natural resources constitute a large food supply for the use of our citizens, it was resolved to support a movement for a voluntary State Game and Fish Protective Association, as an auxiliary to the constituted Minnesota Game and Fish Commission; to assist in the further preservation, protection and propagation of these immense interests, and to render such aid to the State Commission in restraining and prohibiting violations of the laws made for the protection of these bounties of nature as the conditions require, and we are in a position to offer.

"Previous to this letter this subject has been discussed in the columns of the Pioneer Press, Minneapolis Times, and Forest and Stream; also a number of gentlemen interested in this matter in the State, have been communicated with as regards the necessity of such a voluntary association and as to the good we might accomplish. The idea has met with a hearty approval from all quarters, and the indorsement of our State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners.

"In accordance with the general interest that has been manifested, the present committee has been formed to open up a general correspondence, that we may soon have a permanent and working organization to assist in preserving, protecting and propagating the great natural food supply of our State. Upon no consideration will it be allowed to become of a sectional character, or operate to the advantage of a peculiar class of persons. Farmer and townsman, club and individual, will work side by side in pure, unselfish effort in a public work, for the public good.

"You have no doubt observed during late years that the game and fish reserves of Minnesota are fast becoming depleted through the indiscriminate hunting and fishing, both in and out of season. Naturally, there are cases which the State Board does not become acquainted with, though where they do, they vigorously prosecute.

"We will be perfectly voluntary in character, without salary to any officer; and with a membership fee of not more than $1 yearly we should enlist the support of a very large number of gentlemen of like tastes. The game resources of Minnesota are worthy of the effort. We can be of much service in effecting additional legislation. There is a growing sentiment among sportsmen of the whole country that laws should be passed prohibiting the sale of game.

"Recognizing you as a gentleman liberal in your views on this subject, we make this a personal request to give us your good will and assistance in forming a permanent organization; and for this purpose kindly consider this an invitation to be present at a State meeting called for May 15, to be held in Minneapolis, that we may organize and adopt a suitable constitution and by-laws and thus perfect the organization."

For this purpose all friends of the movement are requested to send in all names of clubs and individuals, that they may be communicated with.

"Mr. Lamprey presided at the meeting. Mr. Tucker, who in the first instance started the movement, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen—In calling your attention to the fact that an effort to form a protective game and fish association was being made, the purposes of which were outlined to you in a circular letter, we wished to see what the sentiment among representative sportsmen and citizens of the State on the subject of a good protective system of game laws really was. Responses that have come in are very gratifying to us, and show a healthy and solicitous regard for the game interests of the State and a willingness for co-operation. We cannot fail to see that these interests have been by many per cent. benefited by the work that has been done by the State Game and Fish Commission since its organization. Valuable as these reports have been, we also cannot be insensible to the fact that much yet remains to be done that can be done, and can readily recognize the necessity for a general movement by all classes of citizens interested in this subject to extend a helping hand to the State Commission, the members of which I must say to you have been and are ready at all times to encourage any effort in this direction and will very gladly accept our co-operation. I very much regret to notice by the annual report submitted to the Governor recently, that during the year just closed no organized gun club in the State has proffered the assistance to the commission that they have so earnestly desired and that they were so willing to receive.

"By this same report you will notice the general decrease of exportation of game; the saving of $25,000 as the value of the venison product that has been kept within the State during the year; the valuable increase that the fish supply of our lakes and streams has received; that our present game laws have been sustained by the Supreme Court on all points brought up for its decision; of the large per cent. of convictions that have been secured, and of the confiscation of large amounts of pot hunter's paraphernalia. The game laws of Minnesota are recognized by our sister States as the best fish and game laws in existence in this country.

"This state of facts indicates, conclusively to our minds, that the citizens generally are awakening to the fact that the subject of game represents more than the one pleasure of hunting it. It is a great food supply, in its season. The once very prevalent opinion among many people that game laws are class laws, is giving way to a more enlightened consideration of the subject. In rural districts this notion to some extent exists. Again I would direct your attention to why this is so. In many instances a proper regard has not been shown to the farmer's rights. We have invaded his property, without leave or license, at times abusing the courtesies he has shown, until the name of city gunner is to him a synonym of a finely polished rascal. Now, the farmer is in reality one of our best protectors and propagators of game. It is his fields and his woods that sustain game life, and in which our game is found; not in the streets of a bustling town or city.

"And now, gentlemen, in veiw of all these facts, it seems very proper to ask you to assist in forming a game and fish protective association that will be a valuable auxiliary to the constituted State Commission. By the organization of an association of the character that has been outlined to you, these facts present themselves for our consideration: We would give a good moral support to the State game laws; we would assist in their enforcement, and the protection and further propagation of game where practicable. When we should have on hand more funds that is needed for actual expenses, to purchase and turn loose in the State any game we may acquire; to keep up the natural feeding grounds of game birds and ducks, planting waste lands in favored localities with celery and other food; to overcome the antagonism and to cultivate the good will of the farmer element of which I have spoken; and to co-operate with associations of neighboring States, that we may influence legislation to the extent that the shooting and fishing seasons open and close at the same time in these States.

"There can be no better time than the present to form and put in motion a game and fish protective association that may long exist, the value of which may be noted as year succeeds to year, and it will be a pleasing memory to us to know that ourselves laid the cornerstone. It is no scheme for personal aggrandizement. It is to be a popular movement in behalf of a popular subject. So you have been asked to come here tonight to form an organization committee, that we may open up correspondence with gentlemen of like tastes throughout the State and at the proper time to form a permanent organization."

After other addresses the following resolutions were adopted

as embodying the principles and purposes of the proposed organization:

"In pursuance of the objects for which this meeting was called, be it resolved, that we constitute ourselves a committee to organize a voluntary State game and fish protective association, as an auxiliary to the State game and fish commissioners, to aid said commission in the performance of its duties.

"The objects of the association will be:

"First—The bringing together of all clubs, local associations, and individuals in the State, interested in the protection, preservation and propagation of game and fish; to form one State protective association.

"Second—To encourage and assist in the organization of local clubs in any district of the State where it is the general wish, and the importance of the interests demands it.

"Third—To assist the State board in securing evidence, and the prosecution of offenses against the statutes on this subject.

"Fourth—To represent the sportsmen of the State in advocating any legislation that may be deemed essential for the further advancement of the preservation and advancement of game.

"Fifth—To locate and plant with suitable foods any waste lands that will make feeding grounds for any of our game birds; and to keep all natural feeding grounds that now answer the purpose.

"Sixth—To expend any moneys on hand not necessary for actual expenses and other purposes of this work, for the purchase of any game animals, birds and fish, that may be suited to this climate; for the purposes of introduction and propagation of any such species.

"Seventh—To correspond with associations of neighboring States that we may work in harmony for these interests, and influence legislation to the extent that the seasons may open and close at the same time in these States.

"And be it further resolved that we, both individually and collectively, will at all times seek to cultivate the good will and support of all classes of citizens, that the pleasures of the forest and stream may be enjoyed by all persons; and to mediate in any and all cases if injury or injustice between the gunner and the owner or tenant of any lands and waters; and furthermore, we will labor to cultivate a better general understanding as to the value of the game and fish products to the State and to the individual, especially seeking to impress the fact that these products should not be a subject of sale, barter or commerce.

"And be it further resolved, That this association shall be perfectly voluntary; that no salary shall attach to any of its offices; and that it will not be sectional in character, or operated for the private purposes of any of its members or any class of citizens."

Indiana Quail.

Portland, Ind.—In your valuable paper of March 30 I see a short article headed, "The Indiana Five Year Quail Prohibition." Speaking from my observation in this part of Indiana, where I have resided most of my forty-four years, I think a prohibitory law unnecessary. On almost every farm, notices warning hunters to not trespass are conspicuously posted. These restrictions, together with the short open seasons; and mild winters have enabled Bob White to hold his own in this part of Indiana. Our lawmakers must have taken this view of the matter, for they adjourned without making any change in the law.

C.

Michigan Legislation.

A bill to change the deer law has been introduced in the Michigan Legislature, and embodies a non-resident license fee. It has been recommended by the house committee on fisheries and game and provides a uniform open season for deer in the two peninsulas from November 1 to November 25, provides that not more than five deer shall be killed by any one person during a season, licenses hunters from outside the State for $25, and provides for the payment of a license fee of not more than fifty cents for Michigan hunters.

A correspondent writes about it as follows:

I hope this unnecessary measure may yet be crushed and may not become a law, as the existing law, which prohibits shipping deer out of the State is all we needed in this section. The proposed license bill must perforce allow the hunter his game—providing he buys the right to kill it—to take where he pleases, so what do we gain.

The alleged sportsmen of our State seem to think the one important object is to keep the neighbors out and shut our eyes to violators of the good laws we have within. They make spearing of fish illegal, yet dozens of baskets of perch, blue gills, bass and pickerel have appeared upon the streets of our village on sale, all bearing spear marks, visible to anyone except the game wardens. Our open trout season is from May 1 to September 1, and a good justice of the peace has been seen with rod and line and bulging trout bag, wandering beside the trout streams the tenth day of April. Still we must keep the rascals out by license, and make our name odious to the best fellows, as a class, in all our sister States, the true sportsmen. It makes me hot.

SAND LAKE, MICH. J. H. B.

National Association.

Please announce that the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association has recently made application and been admitted to membership in the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association. President M. R. Bortree, of the National Association, will soon appoint county secretaries in various sections, to act in conjunction with deputy game wardens, and furnishing information in the walk of game and fish protection.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 16 to 19—Boston.—New England Kennel Club. D. E. Loveand, Sec'y.

April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club. Dr. R. J. Withers, Sec.

April 25 and 26.—Toronto, Canada.—Toronto Kennel Club. W. P. Fraser, Hon'y. Sec.

May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club. Howard Vernon, Sec'y, San Francisco.

Shpt. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at —— P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 28.—Trials A. U. S. F. T. Club at Newton, N.C. W. B Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

That women can write, and write well, in a field of literature which, by assumption, has been held as belonging to man almost exclusively, is fully demonstrated by the charming articles, A Chronicle of Rhoda, published in our issue of last week, and A Tale of Max, published this week. These writers have most pleasingly and gracefully told of dog life, so unaffectedly, yet with such fidelity that Rhoda and Max seem to be dogs we knew. Only those endowed with a genuine love of the dog can write of him with such sympathetic appreciation and touches of true pathos, as they also are the only ones who can understand and write of him as he really is; that is, of him as an intelligent animal, loyal and devoted, with a comprehension of his place in domestic life far greater than is comprised merely in a place to sleep and some food to eat. In observing the finer features of the dog's domesticity, man has been negligent, even if he has the nicety of sentiment and delicacy in coloring necessary to portray them. There being in evidence such superior talent and wisdom in presenting the merits of the dog in his true relation to man, we trust that the writers mentioned and others will feel encouraged to write more of their pets. For such writings, there is a welcome place in the columns of Forest and Stream. We can assure all our contributors that no apprehension need be felt concerning the appearance of the offensive carper or wrangler, for to such our columns are not open. For these charming sketches, we bespeak the consideration of our readers as a meed justly due them.

THE STORY OF MAX.

In a small western town, some thirty years ago, lived a family of five persons, the father a struggling lawyer, the mother, too, struggling in her way, between early traditions and manifest destiny in the way of housework, and the bringing up of her three children. Of these, James, the eldest, was bright, restless, loving and sickly. Paul, the second child, sturdy, undemonstrative, though not less affectionate; and Helen, the baby, much younger. Their home was a large place in the suburbs, with a square, roomy house, in front of which were two southern-looking verandas, one above the other. Tall catalpas, too, towered by the gate and beside the porch, lending an additional southern aspect. But the thicket of evergreens to the south, every tamarack, spruce, hemlock and other evergreen, everyone of which had been carried hundreds of miles by the two boys, and lovingly planted, spoke of the North. In the little orchard down in front, peaches reddened and apples turned golden in their season. In the back-yard was another grove of native forest trees, also planted by those two loving boys, and here crab apples and wild plums perfumed all the neighborhood in spring; and buckeye, rose bud and dogwood gladdened the eye with their beauty. Ground ivy grew lush below, and all manner of wild flowers, from the early meccoon and spring beauty, to squils, lung wort, and last of all, brilliant cardinal flowers in early autumn. Two catbirds yearly built in the thick branches, and robins and blue birds whistled before the leaves came.

The time of this little tale was midsummer, and the hot sun beamed down on yellowing grass and stricken trees. Most of the flowers had ceased to bloom in the garden, and tall weeds stood wilted in the vegetable patch. The catbirds made frequent visits to the large tub of water beside the well, covered by a big old-fashioned curb, and with a windlass and bucket, which splashed in the cool water many feet below.

Here Helen loved to play, and always at her side was Max, a small tan and black dog, with a sharp, aggressive muzzle, and soft, beautiful, dark eyes. His stout body was poised on short, strong bench-legs, ornamented with bright tan, as also was his muzzle. He did not look as if built for speed, but the suspicion of a rat, or prying cow trying to enter a gate carelessly left open, speedily turned him into an animated tornado. How quickly after a sharp race through currant bushes and raspberry vines he would bring the identical chicken his mistress had thrown the stick after and lay it at her feet! It seemed impossible for her to go any place without him—shut him in ever so securely, he found some way to get out and follow—at first afar off, and later, well knowing he would not then be taken back, boldly frisking about her. Much as he desired to go always, he yet knew Sunday, and made no attempt to follow to church, but quietly bided at home content to follow with his eyes alone.

Occasionally he accompanied his master to the courthouse, and on one occasion caused even the grave judge to laugh. It was Max's daily habit to sit on his haunches, with begging paws upraised, beside his mistress at table, and, seeing a man sworn with lifted hand by the clerk, sympathetically assumed his characteristic attitude. The trick was self-taught.

He was a very sociable dog, which quality once made him much trouble. A friend from a neighboring city paid the family a visit, and during her stay, made much of Max. Returning home, she failed to notice that he followed her aboard the train. Fifteen miles on her way he was discovered by the brakeman and was pitched off without mercy. Poor Helen soon missed her faithful friend, and even the anxious mistress was not ashamed of tears over his unaccountable taking off. Days dragged on, until nearly a week had passed, when one afternoon, a little lame, black dog was discovered slowly moving over a field toward them. At last he made his way under the fence into the door yard, and finding his two mistresses, looked up appealingly into their faces and wearily laid down. The poor fellow had swam full creeks and journeyed many muddy miles wholly strange to him, lame and fasting! Great was the joy over his return, the lost was found; the dead restored to life.

Helen gathered him to her breast, regardless of mire, and the dainties of the cupboard were lavished upon him, though he seemed almost too pitifully weak to eat.

And yet it was not so very long since all original sin seemed to be wrapped up in his little black body! He would race like a whirlwind after flying hens and regardless of expostulation, would worry them to death. He grabbed slow-waddling ducks by the neck and shook them until they yielded up the ghost. He ran off with hats and shoes, jumped at the clothes on the line waving in the wind and tore them into shreds, or trampled them in the dirt; he dug unsightly holes in the yard and went to sleep on the choicest flower beds, and did many other acts of depravity.

His very last wickedness, and the one which finally broke the back of his mistress' patience, appeared to scare him into grown doghood; for after it he never committed the slightest misdemeanor, and became the dignified, intelligent, helpful dog which any member of the family on occasion would have fought for.

He had accompanied his mistress and the baby girl, trundled in a spic-span new cab, down town and back. Baby had been handed over to faithful Martha, and Max followed them into the back yard. The mistress was busy for several hours, but finally opened the door on the porch where the cab had been left in all the glory of fresh varnish and silken upholstery. Alas! what had become of the elegant top which had been its pride so lately? Not a vestige remained. Wrath seized the soul of the long suffering woman, for well she knew whose work it was. Quickly she caught up a bit of rope, and calling the culprit, tied it about his neck.

Some intuition brought the children, and as the rope ran over a beam in the woodhouse, a wail broke forth. Feeling a strange, sick sensation, but with a stern front, with secret gladness, she lowered the struggling puppy, and, as a great favor, allowed them to carry him away into the country.

Mournfully the little procession filed out of the yard, with Max dumped into a basket, going to his fate! The little rascal proved quite equal to the emergency, for by the time the weary children put in a tardy appearance, he came on the scene, shame-faced and contrite, as though he quite understood the case. And it must have been that he really did, for from that time he seemed above all temptation, and betook himself to altered ways.

Not long afterwards he gave an exhibition of his better intentions by destroying eleven rats from an overturned corn shock, after which we were proud of him.

Like most successful persons, however, he sometimes met opposition, though rarely defeat. It happened occasionally that a big, old pugnacious rat was game, and bit him before he could shake it to death. The pain and bleeding muzzle seemed to madden him, and he would slay it over and over again as though one death was insufficient.

When the lads were growing tall and slender, and the girl had come to delight in Miss Alcot's books, another dc maoge, a big, "gangling," loose-built, utterly undignified bird dog, with yellow eyes and great feet. The old favorite, now growing gray on his muzzle, though still active and watchful as ever, plainly showed his disgust and sense of wrong. He had always a fine sense of personal rights, growling if roughly treated, and biting if kicked. Indeed, so far was this trait carried that he never forgave the family doctor and one or two others, and never failed to bite them if possible. He felt the presence of this new-comer to be a personal affront, and grew unhappy and morose.

A few months later, in the discharge of a duty, "disaster followed faster" for poor Max. A shiftless borrower had left the wagon house doors open, and he, over zealous, or perhaps fired with morbid anger, rushed out on the heels of a passing horse. One kick from its shod foot, and he sank with a broken back. It was piteous to see him slowly crawling back to us with his fore feet, his beautiful dark eyes fixed on us so fondly and appealingly. Silence and sorrow fell on the household. His loving young mistress and playmate refused to be comforted, and begged so earnestly for a physician's help, that, to satisfy her, a young medical friend was sent for and kindly came. With gentle care he injected morphine, and a few hours later Max was found asleep, with his head on his paws, in the dear old familiar attitude, asleep with a soundness that never would waken. He would not need to be shut up from following any more, nor stand begging by his mistress' side at table, and open gates could trouble him no more forever.

The old mistress and the young tenderly laid him in a clean box on a soft bit of carpet and securely covered it. Then they went out in the summer afternoon into the deepest shade of the grove, where doves were cooing and moaning, and after the lads had dug a grave, tenderly lowered him on green boughs and flowers, heaped the mold above him and left him to his everlasting rest.

For many happy years, those whom he had loved, came occasionally to his quiet, shady bed, but now he is left alone. Strangers have profaned the old, familiar ways, and summer sunshine waned and winter snows fallen since the last one who loved him, though only a faithful dog, passed through the gate and out into the world.

INDIANA MRS. M. E. BANTA.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

POINTING.

There is a common belief that the dog was specially made for man's benefit, and that many of his instincts are also to enhance his capabilities in serving man. Thus the act of pointing, according to common belief, refers to serving the gun, and has no selfish reference or benefit to the dog himself. He is merely an organism with instincts supplementary to those of man, if common belief is true. Now, I have sometimes thought that the assumption—for it is assumption after all—was a reflection on man himself—and an admission of his own weaknesses; for, if it were essential to his existence, his functional powers of scent would probably be equal to the pointing of birds, and therefore he could point the birds himself. But such functional powers were not necessary to his existence. His powers of scent, as compared with those of the dog, are dull and inefficient, yet they serve a useful purpose to him, inasmuch as, though they may be too feeble as an aid in obtaining a food supply, they enable him to detect vitiated and harmful atmospheres, which would be unhealthy to him. His superior intellect and peculiar physical formation are ample forces in his struggle for existence. By his own unaided effort, he can obtain all the food that is necessary for his existence.

But, being intelligent, he has observed that he can better succeed, with an economy of time and effort, by domesticating animals and diverting their efforts to his own use; thus the horse and ox, having great weight, size and strength, and not being keen competitors for the food necessary to man, meet his universal approval for hauling heavy loads or carrying weights. Had they been carnivorous, or even had they been herbi-carnivorous, they would then have come into competition with man in the incessant struggle for existence, and therefore would not have been considered as having been specially created for his individual profit. Man further diverts the functions of many of the herbiverous animals. The milk intended by nature for their offspring, he takes from them and appropriates it to his own use.

The tiger, the wolf, the lion, and others which by nature are fierce and not susceptible of domestication, but which are nevertheless a part of animal life, he looks upon as enemies, yet from their standpoint they undoubtedly look upon man as a special creation for their benefit, a food product under the head of delicatessen, since they eat him on favorable opportunity. It is the incessant struggle of preying on others or being preyed upon. But this is drifting away from a direct consideration of the subject, though it is illustrative of the manner in which man appropriates to his own use anything which will be to his advantage.

In the universal struggle, it is very proper for him to do so, but it is equally proper to call things by their right names.

The dog in domestication is a most useful animal in many ways. His loyalty is so pure that he can be trusted with his liberty, and his intelligence is so great that he can be left to adjust himself unobtrusively yet correctly in domestic life. He acts as a brave and vigilant guardsman of his master's person, his family, his home and his property. His devotion to his master is greater than his instinct of self-preservation, which is generally considered the strongest instinct of all in the animal world, for he will face any peril to guard his master or to guard from injury those he loves. In the far regions of the North, where snow and ice make a most cheerless and uninviting region for man's habitation, the dog has a further usefulness in drawing sledges and thus affording a means of traffic and travel; and as an aid in the chase, he is invaluable.

But all the natural abilities, with which he is endowed for the capture and destruction of his prey, are for his own advantage in supplying the needs of his nature. His powers of scent and speed enable him to track his prey, and his activity, strength and natural weapons—his teeth—enable him to kill it. The dog being of a nature susceptible of domestication, man, finding him a useful auxiliary, cultivated him for the same reason that he does the ox, the horse, and goats, sheep and poultry; that is, because it is profitable to do so, though from the dog's superior intelligence, affection and loyalty, man bestows more sentimental consideration on him than he does on any of the lower animals.

In seeking his prey, the dog has to depend on the functional powers provided by nature, which, in domestication are precisely the same as those of the dog in a wild state. He follows by the scent till the animal is sighted, when he tries to run it down by his superior speed. Dogs soon learn that they succeed far better and with greater safety to themselves by hunting together. This they do intelligently. They learn to act not only as individuals, but as packs, each individual working complimentary to the efforts of his fellows. The work of greyhounds running cunning is an illustration in point, as is also their manner of fighting a wolf, or small bear. While they have instinctive powers, their manner of applying them is intelligent.

Now, in working to the gun, it is a common belief that the dog points instinctively, for man's pleasure. The reason commonly accepted is most flippantly defined as follows: In old times, the dog was used to follow birds and when near them was taught to drop while a net was thrown over him and them, to effect a capture.

This is a most trivial explanation, and one hard to believe, since any practical shooter knows how difficult it would be to make any success of such methods.

At length, as firearms improved the dog naturally developed an instinct in consonance with the new order of things, and began to point. Such is the common explanation, one too absurd for serious consideration.

Any dog, which seeks birds naturally, points because it is necessary for him to do so to make his attempts successful. He could not capture birds in any other manner. Of course, by careful selection, the instinct to point will be more uniformly transmitted and will be more certain to appear in all the progeny, but the practical application of it is always intelligent. Dogs which have not even a remote claim to being bird dogs, will learn to point them if given the proper opportunities, this, too, as a matter of intelligent observation.

The manner in which the act of pointing is an assistance to the dog in effecting a capture, is easily explained. The birds run and when close pressed by the dog seek concealment. The dog must at that juncture rely entirely on his nose. As he draws closer, his muscles grow more tense, his eyes glisten and his manner shows determination. He intends to kill something. When he is near enough to spring, he stops. There is still part of the problem to solve. But his stop is but suspended action. He must accurately determine the exact whereabouts of the birds before making his final dash to capture. After he has located, or at least when he thinks he has done so, he makes a swift spring with wonderful agility. If he has miscalculated the whereabouts of the birds, his efforts are fruitless, for he springs in the wrong direction, the birds flush and are gone. If he is over eager, and presses too close before making his point, the same result follows. By repeated failures he soon learns to observe proper caution. Every one who has had much experience with young dogs has observed these traits. Foxes and wolves employ the same methods. Man takes the dog, and by a system called training, educates the dog to work to the gun. It requires weeks to accomplish it. Much punishment is required in most instances before the dog will forego his own natural desire to capture the birds for himself. The training is one constant effort at repression in its main features. He is permitted to work to the culminating stages, when the man intervenes and diverts the dog's efforts to his own profit. Breaking in, breaking shot, chasing and flushing are simple traits of the dog's original intentions, which crop out now and then with the best trained dogs.

STANCHNESS.

To those who have an interest in field trial competition and also to those who seek a knowledge of what constitutes the proper manner of field work, Mr. Johnson's letter on Stanchness will be read with pleasure. I frankly admit that Mr. Johnson has scored a point on me in this matter, for no longer ago than last fall when I was his guest in Winnipeg—and by the way it seemed more like being at home so pleasant to me was my stay there—we talked over this same matter, and I then held that the dog should remain on his point while the handler went forward and flushed. This was considering stanchness as it relates to a competition. I was apprehensive that, if the most rigid stanchness was not insisted upon, any departure from it would soon lead to abuses. By the way, while writing that article on stanchness, my remarks to Mr. Johnson recurred to me, and I wondered whether he remembered it. His letter, of recent date, will show that he did. He says:

"I read Forest and Stream of March 30, in your article on 'Stanchness,' in which you endorse Mr. Titus' opinion when he says: 'I do not know of a more useful position for a dog than behind his handler when he is going in to flush.' While I must congratulate you on your change of front, I must say that I don't think that there is a more ridiculous position for a dog, than behind his handler when he is going in to flush. I have always claimed, and I think when you were judge at our field trials, I was ordered to flush and was told to flush myself and not let my dog flush. I said that my dogs were taught to tell me where the birds were. They were taught to be stanch until I came up, and then at command to move up to a flush; that they could charge me with a flush, etc. I said: 'You can charge me with what you like. Your extreme penalty only consists of my not being awarded a prize, but you cannot make me work my dog, only in the manner I think correct.'

"Mr. Brailsford was more docile than myself, when he competed at the Eastern trials, which is explained best in his own words in a letter he wrote on his return home to the English Field, describing his experiences in America. He wrote: One peculiarity in American field trial judging deserves mention. When a dog points his handler is ordered to put up or flush the birds, and the dog is expected to remain pointing until this is done. As frequently happens, the poor man, devoid of the powers of scent, tramps about at random without accomplising his purpose, and failing, he is then ordered to let his dog go and 'locate.' During the progress of the Derby, at the Eastern meeting, Cameron patted his dog while on point to lead him—Cameron—up to the birds, whereupon the presiding judge called us together and told us that this was not allowed. I replied: 'We will obey, but this is our English practice; and I ask, Which knows best where the birds are, the dog with his powers of scent or the man without them?'

"My contention is that when you get to your dog, he must remain stanch until you get to him. He must move up at command and you must move up with your dog (the dog, say, half a length ahead of you) to a flush. The dog must of course remain steady after the flush

"I presume your change of opinion has come about in consequence of modern requirements; but did it ever occur to you that a good many of the modern requirements are ancient English practice? Once more, let me congratulate you on your good sense; for has it not been truly said that it takes quite a lot of courage to admit you were wrong. No one has a greater respect for Mr. Titus' opinion or anything appertaining to dogs than myself, yet I must disagree with his half measure of what a dog should do when you go up to him on a point."

There is one point in his letter which, while correct according to a strict intrepretation of Mr. Titus' statement, is not quite in accord with what Mr. Titus really meant, for his writing in this connection was more a protest against usage at field trial and a protest against penalizing the dog for following behind his handler, than an attempt to define the true procedure. That I did not so understand it, I think Mr. Johnson will concede if he will permit me to call his attention to a sentence which I wrote in the same article, as follows: "If the birds are running when the handler walks past his dog, the latter, if he be intelligent and correctly handled, walks by his side, or a few feet ahead, leading on directly to the birds." Therefore I think that Mr. Johnson and myself agree perfectly on this matter. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Johnson says, that we insisted on stanchness as he describes it, but that was the usage then, and for that matter it is now in this country, though I hope to see it abolished to be superseded by one of more common sense. If an abuse of it were to crop out, the judges have it in their power to instantly adjust it While this matter is under consideration, it is but just to Mr. Johnson to mention that he has always maintained that the general usage and opinion were incorrect, and he had the moral courage to stand openly by his convictions. Furthermore, he was almost alone from the first in stoutly insisting that dogs should work properly to the gun; that they should work without the frantic, noisy efforts of the handler, that an opponent's dog should not be in any way interfered with, and that professional handlers were not eligible to membership in field trial clubs, simply because as interested parties it violated a principle of equity to have them in the membership.

REGISTRATIONS AND DISQUALIFICATIONS.

In the March number of the American Kennel Gazette, there is the following query and answer:

"O. P. H., Boston, Mass.—If I purchase a dog from a man who has been disqualified, and the pedigree is a straight one, can I have the dog registered? I have heard that registrations as above have been refused, and would like to know positively, as I have an opportunity to get a great bargain.

"Answer.—A dog transferred by gift or sale, by a disqualified person, subsequent to his or her disqualification, cannot be registered. Rule XVII, Rules governing Clubs; and Rule XXIII, Rules governing dog shows, both provide that, 'The disqualification of an owner shall apply to all dogs owned by him.' At a meeting of the club held February 23, 1893, it was 'Resolved, that the secretary be directed to refuse the privileges of the Stud Book to all persons under the penalties of suspension or disqualification.'"

The last citation of the law of the A. K. C. is irrelevant as an answer to the question asked. It applies solely to the person under suspension or disqualification, and therefore is not pertinent.

The first quotation, that is, "The disqualification of an owner shall apply to all dogs owned by him," has most certainly a strained and far-fetched interpretation in the answer given above. Of course, it is reasonable and proper that the disqualification of the owner should apply to dogs "owned by him," but when such disqualified owner sells a dog to another person, such dog is not then "owned by him."

To interpret the rule as given in the official organ of the A. K. C., is contrary to the letter of it, and truly not in consonance with its spirit. For it then not only punishes the offender, but incidentally it punishes an innocent party; that is, the man who contemplated a purchase. The dogs in themselves had committed no offense, and the only odium which attached to them was that of ownership; when that was removed there was no further reason for their disqualification.

The disqualification of the man was a punishment, but to carry it so far as to interfere with his business or way of earning a livelihood, is on the borderland of vindictiveness. Moreover, it is an unwarranted interference with the rights of a man who is not under disqualification; for it in a manner dictates to him where he shall not buy, even though he wishes to do so in a legitimate transaction.

But the reductio ad absurdum of the interpretation is best shown by granting it as true. If "all dogs owned by him," are disqualified, then the rule is retroactive and applies to all dogs ever owned by the offender. A personal disqualification would thus work harm and hardship to many innocent parties. It is lacking in all principles of equity to assume that the disqualification of a dog, which rested entirely on his ownership, carried over to all other ownerships. It would be just as reasonable to hold that the disqualification of a man also disqualified his brothers, cousins and uncles, or that the get of his dogs, though owned by innocent parties, was disqualified.

No one will gainsay that an offense against the rules of the A. K. C. should be visited with proper punishment. The disqualification is such punishment. It denies the privileges of the A. K. C. in their direct and widespread collateral relations. Such is punishment enough. To carry it further would hardly advance the best interests of dogs, nor could it then be justly called a true interpretation of the mission of a governing body. B. WATERS.

N. B. C. Meeting.

A quarterly meeting of the National Beadle Club of America, was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, Friday, April 5. President H. L. Kreuder in the chair. The members present were: J. W. Appleton, H. L. Schellhass, A. D. Lewis, John Bateman and George Laick.

The president stated that he, with Mr. H. W. Lacy, had laid the matter of the killing of Mr. John Bateman's dogs before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Mr. Bateman then stated that the man who had killed his dogs had been brought to trial and convicted, and, on his recommendation for mercy, the man was fined $10.

Voted that the secretary be instructed to thank the society for the part they had taken in the matter.

Voted that all members in arrears for dues be notified by the Treasurer to settle up their accounts with the club at once.

Mr. Schellhass as a committee reported that new evidence had been received by the Stud Book Committee against John Jarvis and that the same is now to be investigated.

Notice is hereby recorded that our delegate to the A. K. C., Mr. Schellhass, has been elected by the American Kennel Club to the Stud Book and Field Trial Committee, and also to the Committee on Constitution and Rules.

Voted that the list of official judges be brought before the annual meeting for revision.

The president appointed Mr. Cleremont S. Wixom, Covert, N. Y., as one of the official judges of the club in place of Mr. Pottinger Dorsey, and the secretary was requested to notify the American Kennel Club of that fact.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Secretary.

Hungry Dogs and Work.

Central City, W. Va.—I would not invite disputation, but your staff correspondent thinks my opinion that the dog ought not to be kept in keen hunger the live long day while pursuing game, is an error. I beg to make a reply. He says: "Underlying all the dog's effort is the impelling cause, namely, a hungry stomach. He is searching for a food supply."

Applied to wild animals, his theory is good, but with the dog, man's appointed companion, there is an impelling cause that seems almost to exclude the idea of the pursuit of game to obtain food for himself. I have not hunted with hounds, only with bird dogs, and what I said was meant to apply to them more particularly. I never had one that hunted too slow; but they were generally over-eager, and I kept them well fed, but, observe, not gorged. I am sure they did not hunt for a food supply. But take the rabbit dog, the little terrier for instance. See the panting eagerness of the animal rushing from covert to covert! He catches his game, kills it, and leaves it. And the rat terrier; he pursues and kills the rodents with a gusto known to every one. But he eats not rats. They must therefore pursue for the very love of pursuit. That this desire results from heredity, originating in man's first training of the dog, or a special trait given by Providence for man's use, we may decide as best suits us—the fact remains. My own motive was to insure the comfort of the dog in saying what I did.

N. E. D.

National Greyhound Club Meeting.

New York.—A meeting of the National Greyhound Club will be held on Friday evening, April 26, at 8 o'clock, at the Grand Union Hotel, Park avenue and Forty-second street, New York. At this meeting measures will be taken to entirely reorganize the club, and the invitation to be present is not only extended to its members, but also to all who are interested in the greyhound, deerhound and wolfhound. By order of the President.

C. F. LEWIS, Secretary.

DOG CHAT

The periodical scare of rabies, which impels people to believe that every dog which acts at all strangely is mad, seems to have begun with the springtime. April 4 had two instances of such delightful fright, ones which are eagerly sought. In the first case, the central figure was a dog running along Bayard street. He was described as frothing at the mouth, and endeavoring to escape by running into a crockery store and seeking safety behind the counter. Policemen arrived and attempted to catch him. He endeavored again to escape and broke some crockery. The policemen lassoed him, and then led him away. The terrified creature soon broke away from them and was then followed by a mob. He sought safety in a dark hall. A policeman shot him. According to all time honored usage, it should have been stated that the persecuted animal was mad, but instead it was said that it was not known whether the dog was mad or not. On the same day, a yellow dog, described by a daily paper as frothing at the mouth, snapping at lamp posts and tumbling over the pavement, bit a man, and then sought safety in concealment. The policeman gave his pistol to a young man with instructions to kill the dog, after he, the poilceman, had driven him from his hiding place. When the dog rushed out, the young man shot and hit a boy in the neck, fortunately making only a flesh wound. The policeman then killed the ferocious little yellow dog with his club. Then he arrested the young man. A stray dog and shooting at random are serious matters.

Mrs. Fin De—Don't you know, Mr. Fin De, that when I observe your great love for your dogs and devotion to them, I almost believe you married me for love, and not for my money.

Mr. Fin De—Oh, bosh! You silly thing. Don't you know my dogs are worth $25 a piece. See!

A story has stared on its circuit. It is a good one from the beginning, and, with the embellishments gathered from a good itinerary, ought to be of the best at the finish. It happened in Boston; and of course it is cultured. It seems that, in the Eleventh precinct, there are people who buy milk. It also seems that the milkmen deliver it very early or the people rise later. Anyway, their milk cans and contents were taken from their door steps and were never more, or no more. For two weeks, the wicked depredations mysteriously continued. The milkmen, whose occupation should place them above suspicion, were considered as acting in bad faith. One morning, after the milk had been delivered, a policeman and a milkman watched in the afflicted district. They saw a dog. "Keep your eye on him," said the policeman. The subsequent porceedings are naively described as follows: "The dog paused before a doorway in which was a can of milk and then he walked slowly up the steps, and smelled the can. In a moment he took the can in his teeth, walked down the street, and started off the way he had come. The policeman and the milkman followed at a short distance. They saw him turn into Armandine street and climb up into the veranda of a house. He set the can down for a moment and contemplated it, and then he picked it up in his teeth again and shook it gently. In a moment the wooden plug dropped out of the can, and, setting the can down, he proceeded to lap the milk from the can contentedly. The men watched him until he had finished, and then they saw him pick up the empty can in his teeth and leave the veranda. He passed down into the back yard, and out into a clump of bushes in the rear of the house. He was lost to view for some time, and then he came out again and proceeded to the veranda, where he lay down and soon was asleep. The policeman and the milkman went out into the bushes to look around. There they discovered fourteen empty milk cans." The villain escaped the just deserts of his crime against the peace and dignity of the State, as the sequel shows: "From Boston comes a tale of a dog who is a thief and who was caught in the act, arrested, taken to a police station, tried and finally liberated because no law applicable to four-footed criminals could be found." Probably the dog was "mad."

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Friday, April 19, at 3 P. M.

Another mournful incident illustrative of the readiness with which the ordinary man will have an emotional faith in his powers as a natural diagnostician, occurred recently at Katterskill, N. Y. In the main it is the old familiar story of a lost dog of a valuable breed, and of a man and a gun. The dog is peacefully seeking his way home. The man, who probably could not diagnose a wooden leg, sees the strange dog, and that is taken as sufficient evidence of the dog's madness and as a good chance to kill something. No doubt many dogs are killed maliciously. Many men are too ready to kill first and find a reason for it afterward. In the instance under consideration, Gov. Morton's St. Bernard Leo was the

victim. The Governor had taken two of his dogs to Albany, and, owing to inconvenience in keeping two there, one was sent back to Ellerslie. Leo was without his companion and pined for his old home. He escaped on the first opportunity, and the Governor believes he was returning to Ellerslie. He offered $25 for his return. At Katterskill, Mr. M. V. Eckler saw the dog, thought it was mad and shot it. The collar of the dog was returned to its owner. The fool-killer is not abroad in the land.

This week in our kennel specials we note in new advertisements that Dr. J. R. Housel, Watsontown, Pa., offers pointers. Greyhound puppies are offered by Mr. E. Painter, East 165th street, New York. Al. Parker, Cincinnati, offers a broken Irish setter bitch. A pointer brood bitch is offered by Mr. Samuel Berry, Brooklyn. Edward S. Rawson, Port Richmond, N. Y., wants a fox hound puppy.

The class list of the Toronto Kennel Club can be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. W. P. Fraser, 124 Victoria street, Toronto.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

LADY SNAPSHOT.—By T. E. Roberts, Pawling, N. Y., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 16, 1893, by Axtel King Don—Bessie Girl.

KING RIP, 36,607.—By T. E. Roberts, for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Jan. 18.

MORT'S NED, 36,608.—By T. E. Roberts, liver, white and ticked pointer dog.

FLIRT OF DOVER, 36,610.—For liver, white and ticked pointer bitch.

BRED.

Eberhart Pug Kennels' pug bitch Cashier's Daughter to Port Wine, Feb. 18.

Miss B. Curry's pug bitch Minnie to Eberhart's Cashier, March 19.

Miss Etoile Ashford's pug bitch Tiddle De Winks to Eberhart's Cashier, March 7.

Geo. T. Reed's beagle bitch, Spot R, to Milliard, Feb. 25.

Jos. Smith's English foxhound bitch Vexation, to Jimcrack, March 21.

WHELPS.

J. F. Stoddard's English beagle bitch Winine K, March 26, five (two dogs), by Tricotrin.

SALES.

FANNIE.—Black cocker bitch, by Eberhart Pug Kennels', Cincinnati, to Mr. O'Brien, Chicago.

JULIET.—Fawn pug bitch, by Eberhart's Cashier—Cute Lady, by Eberhart Pug Kennels', to F. B. Threadgold, Algonquin, Ill.

PORT WINE.—Silver fawn pug dog, to F. B. Threadgold.

QUAKER LASS.—Foxterrier bitch, by Warren Landlord—Warren Chance, by S. W. Price, Philadelphia, to B. C. Thomas, Columbus, Ind.

MORT'S NED, 36,608.—Liver, white and ticked pointer dog, by T. E. Roberts, Pawling, N. Y., to Morton Haines, Pawling, N. Y.

ROYAL BRANT, 36,609.—Liver and white ticked pointer dog, by T. E. Roberts, to Geo. Daniels, Pawling, N. Y.

FLIRT OF DOVER, 36,610.—Liver and white ticked pointer dog, by T. E. Roberts, to Geo. T. Record, Dover Plains, N. Y.

KING RIP, 36,607.—Liver and white ticked pointer dog, by T. E. Roberts, to Geo. T. Lee, Pawling, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. E. B., We cannot identify your bird from the description given, though we could do so if we could see it.

W. Scranton, Pa.—Would you kindly state what lure is used in surface trolling for lake trout at opening of season?—Ans.: Minnow, or if that is not, a piece of sucker or chub, for natural bait; for artificial use, artificial minnow.

W. S. B., Auburn, Me.—Which would be considered the most desirable arm for use in the Maine woods for deer, moose and caribou, .38-40, .38-55, or .44-40 calibers?—Ans.: The .38-55 is superior to either the .38-40 or .44-40 in velocity, penetration and striking power. It also has a flatter trajectory than the others, and is considered to be more accurate.

P. H., Bergen Point, N. J.—I have a collection of bird's eggs which I think of giving to the Museum of Natural History, will you give me the address of the person to whom I may write to inquire about such matters?—Ans.: Write to Prof. J. A. Allen, Am. Mus. Nat. History, Eighth avenue and Seventy-seventh street, New York.

SUBSCRIBER.—We have not the record of the largest perch caught out of Lake Minnetonka.

W. S. Germantown, Pa.—Do you think it would be advisable to liberate quail in the vinicity of Rockland, Me., or are the winters too cold?—Ans.: The experiment has been tried, and we believe without success. Perhaps our Rockland correspondent, J. N., will tell us.

RABBIT FARMING.—I have a few rabbits and would like to know something about rabbit farming. I go to the library to read in the Forest and Stream, and some time ago I read about skunk farming and I thought I would like to be a rabbit farmer. You could put it in your paper, and somebody could send pieces about rabbit farming to you, as did some people about skunk farming, and you could put them in the paper and could read them. G.

T. E. N.—Will you kindly give in your "Correspondents'" column of next week's issue the Indian name of the wolf?—Ans.: It is skiriki in Pawnee, makweyi in Blackfoot and ohne in Cheyenne.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

April 12.—HARTFORD, Conn.—All day shoot of the Hartford Gun Club; targets. D. S. Wadsworth, Sec.

April 15.—PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—All day shoot of the Forest Gun Club at its grounds, 27th and Lehigh avenue; targets. William Morison, Sec., 1913 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

April 15.—BALTIMORE, Md.—All day shoot of the Standard Gun Club at Point Breeze. W. F. Clements Sec'y.

April 15-18.—ATCHISON, Kas.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Atchison Gun Club. Lou Erhardt Sec. and Manager.

April 16-18.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, at Pittsburg, Pa., under the auspices of the Pittsburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

April 17, 18.—AUBURN, N. Y.—Two days' tournament of the Auburn Gun Club; open to all. C. E. Goodrich, Secretary.

April 17-19.—CANTON, Ill.—Annual spring tournament of the Canton Shooting Club.

April 18.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club, in connection with the April tournament of the New Jersey Trapshooters' League. O. L. Yeoman, Sec., Orange, N. J.

April 22-27.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. W. V. Rieger, Sec.

April 23, 24.—BATTLE CREEK, Mich.—Annual tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League. Annual meeting and election of officers on the evening of the first day. W. H. Willard Secretary.

April 23-24.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Third bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds; events open to all. Robt. E. Chetwood, Pres.

April 23-26.—GALESBURG, Ill.—Tournament of the Galesburg Shooting Club.

April 24-26.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club: first two days, targets; third day live birds. Orrin J. Loder, Sec.

May 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; New Jersey Trap Shooters' League events commence at 2 P. M. Rob't. E. Chetwood, Prest.

May 7-10.—CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Dupont tournament at Cincinnati. Liberal cash prizes added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, agent.

May 9-10.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

May 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and P. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O.; $200 added money. Ed. Taylor, Sec., 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 15-19.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Nineteenth annual meeting and tournament of the Texas Sportsman's Association. Open to the world, $500 in cash and $500 in merchandise added to the purse. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec., Kansas City.

May 21-24.—KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $1,500 added to the purses.

May 27-30.—LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament and meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. For programmes address Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, under the management of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec.

May 30.—MOUNTVILLE, Pa.—Tournament of the Mountville Gun Club; targets.

May 30.—EAST MCKEESPORT, Pa.—Tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club. A. A. Mackert, Sec.

May 30-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; $500 added money. C. F. Rood, Sec.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11-13.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 13-14.—FARGO, N. D.—First annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready May 15. W. W. Smith Sec'y.

June 13-15—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee Sec.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec.

July 11-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec.

July 17-18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec., Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

CONTROL OF TRAP-SHOOTING.

The agitation in favor of governing, regulating and purifying the sport of trap shooting, culminated on the evening of April 3 last in the organization on a permanent basis of The American Trap Shooters' League. The adoption of a constitution and by-laws was no small matter, and the care with which each article and section of the constitution was considered, at the above meeting, augurs well for its soundness. The election of a board of 15 governors, and the election by that board of the officers of the League for the ensuing 12 months, together with the naming of the city of Memphis, Tenn., as the city in which the second annual meeting shall be held, completed the business before the meeting.

The powers conferred upon the organization by the terms of the constitution are ample for all the purposes for which the league is formed. With the support of the gun clubs of the country, the sport of trap shooting can be placed upon a far higher plane than would ever have been possible without a central regulating and governing body. It has been thought by many that the movement was directed mainly against the dropper and pooler. This is partly true, the pitch to which such unsportsmanlike tactics (to use a moderate term) had risen, demanded urgent notice. Trap shooting, it was felt, should be a sport, not a business for money making. It was started as a sport, and carried forward as such, and as such it should have remained. The actions, however, of what was, and is, a small minority of the great body of trap shooters, lowered the standard of the sport until it became rather more of a business than a sport participated in for the love of the sport only. The system of dividing purses at present in use is to blame to a large extent for the abuses that have crept in. If the American Trap Shooters' League does no more than bring to the front and adopt some more equitable and more common sense system than that which prevails now, it will at least have done much to benefit the sport. The drawing up and issuing of a set of up-to-date rules governing trapshooting, both at live birds and inanimates, is a natural duty for the league. By stretching forth its hands and putting a stop to "Find, trap and handle" matches, it can do much to take away the reproach which, in the minds of many, necessarily belongs to pigeon shooting. By dealing out penalties, of whatsoever nature it may see fit, to parties proved to have been guilty of dishonest or unsportsmanlike conduct, the league will soon place trap shooting where it belongs. That place is in the foremost ranks of American sports. The furtherance of game protection is an object that very properly belongs to the league. Every gun club is de facto a game protective organization; the associating together of sportsmen at the traps naturally results, it seems to us, in a mutual, though tacit, agreement to keep and respect the game laws.

With all these objects and with all these duties before it, the course to be pursued by the league is all plain sailing. Several clubs and individual members have become units in this organization and have paid the dues required by the constitution. With this nucleus, and under the leadership of its President, Major R. Heber Breintnall, the league starts out in life well-equipped for the work it has in hand.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Secretaries of clubs, who may have sent in scores to Forest and Stream, and who do not find copies of the same in this issue, will readily grasp the situation. We are compelled to hold over until next week many scores.

The date of the next New Jersey State League tournament, which will be held at Maplewood, N. J., has been changed from April 11 to April 18, exactly one week later than the original date.

The Oil City, Pa., Gun Club has elected the following officers: President, C. H. Duncan; Vice-President, Alfred Smedley; Secretary, H. C. Reeser; Treasurer, L. L. Graham; Directors, F. S. Bates, M. Scheide, and J. L. Abbott. The above named gentlemen will also act as the Executive Committee. The club has experienced quite a boom recently and a great many new names have been added to the list of members. Club shoots will be held every other Saturday. Electric pull traps, with all the modern improvements essential to an up-to-date club, will soon displace the old outfit now in use. A number of new guns will be bought and gun agents are already heading that way.

The opening shoot of the Eureka Gun Club's season of 1895 took place at the club grounds, Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, Chicago, Ills., on Saturday last, April 6. A notice of this opening shoot, dated March 31, arrived too late for insertion in our last issue.

At the annual meeting of the Red Hook Gun Club, held April 4, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Geo. H. Cramer; Secretary, Robt. J. Carroll; Treasurer, John W. Bain.

The Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., has elected the following officers for 1895: President, J. W. Nelson; Vice President, Dr. M. R. Metcalf; Secretary, H. L. Heisler; Treasurer, L. A. Gunderson; Captain, Dr. D. H. Day; Lieutenant, H. Owens.

The nineteenth annual meeting and tournament of the Texas Sportsmen's Association will be held at San Antonio, Texas, May 15-19, on the Jockey Club grounds. The shoot is open to all, the club adding $500 in cash and $500 in merchandise.

A typographical error has crept into the columns of fixtures, making it appear as if the Weir City, Kansas, shoot was only a one day affair. As a matter of fact it extends over three days, May 8, 9 and 10.

The following item about the Connecticut State League of Trap Shooters will be of interest: "A meeting of the Connecticut State League of Trap Shooters was held at Hotel Heublein, Hartford, April 6, the Colt, New Haven, Bristol, Hartford and Moodus Gun Clubs were represented. It was decided to continue the same shooting plan as last year, except that teams be three (3) instead of two men. The officers elected were: for President, M. F. Cook, of the Colt Club; the Vice-Presidents chosen were: F. J. Potter, New Haven; H. J. Mills, Bristol; J. McFarlane, Willimantic; U. S. Cook, of Moodus; D. Wadsworth, Hartford Club, Geo. C. Strong, New London, and J. A. Pitkin, of the Colt Club. Allen Willey was elected Secretary, and Treasurer with G. P. Lecrenier as assistant. H. H. Bates was elected Manager. The Governing Committee consistf of C. E. Longdon, H. J. Mills, T. P. Bill, H. L. Edgarton, F. C. Fowler, J. Ames, and C. H. Burbridge. The first shoot will be held on the grounds of the New Haven Club."

John Watson, a man whose address all shooters know, has issued the following special notice: "On and after April 1, 1895, this Park will be open only when notice has been received from parties desiring to shoot. Notice sent to the undersigned by telephone Oakland, 363, or by letter or telegram to Grand Crossing, Ill., not later than the previous day, will receive prompt and careful attention."

Alden Marsh, Secretary of the Galesburg, Ills., Shooting Club, has gotten out a programme for the four days' tournament of his club that should prove attractive. The tournament takes place April 23-26. Any further particulars can be obtained by addressing the secretary.

The programme for the Dupont Tournament at Cincinnati, O., May 7-10, is to hand. Under the circumstances it is impossible to make any further mention this week.

If anybody doubts the quality of the entry list of the Grand American Handicap of 1895, let him carefully scan the list and then say just what he thinks about it.

It must have been a great pleasure to enroll the two candidates for handicap honors from Denver, Col., upon the list of entries. Both Mr. Thomas and Capt. Sedam were worthy representatives of the Silver State, athough Capt. Sedam was out of form on Thursday.

"Roman candles" is the name applied to the 3 1-4 inch shells used by Elliott, Brewer, Class, etc., the 3-4 and 5-8 shells look very small in comparison.

Mr. W. F. De Wolf, Secretary of the Eureka, Chicago, Ills., Gun Club, has issued the following notice to the club members: "We hold our opening shoot Saturday, April 6, at 2 P. M., at the usual place; and every Saturday thereafter at same hour up to November 1. With all the improvements (and others are contemplated) we now have, we should have a very successful season. I understand that some three gun clubs are contemplating challenging us. We have the State cup to defend, and in view of this, early and constant practice is desirable if we are going to maintain our present reputation)."

Southern tournaments are booming; the boys are all talking about Knoxville and Memphis. The latter city will receive several visitors from New England during its tournament week.

EDWARD BANKS.

Meeting of the American Trap-Shooters' League.

On Wednesday evening, April 3, at 8 P. M., in Parlor L, Astor House, New York city, the adjourned meeting of delegates to the convention held in the same place on January 24 last, was called to order by the chairman, Major R. Heber Breintnall, of Newark, N. J.

The following clubs were represented: North Side G. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., Elmer E. Shaner; Herron Hill G. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., by proxy, Elmer E. Shaner; Braddock G. C., Braddock, Pa., by proxy, Elmer E. Shaner; Emerald G. C., New York, Dr. G. V. Hudson; Park City G. C., Bridgeport, Conn., W. M. Thomas; Peekskill G. C., Peekskill, N. Y., B. C. Everinghim; West Newburgh G. and R. Association, Newburgh, N. Y., David Brown; Pittsburgh G. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., J. A. H. Dressel; Brunswick G. C., New Brunswick, N. J., H. H. Stevens; Flemington G. C., Flemington, N. J., J. L. Chamberlin; Essex G. C., Newark, N. J., Major R. Heber Breintnall; New York County G. C., H. P. Fessenden; South Side G. C., Newark N. J., W. R. Hobart; Memphis G. C., Memphis, Tenn., Irby Bennett; Syracuse G. C., Syracuse, N. Y., C. H. Mowry; Green Ridge G. C., Scranton, Pa., H. D. Schwartz; Wilmington R. and G. C., Wilmington, Del., Chas. Fehrenbach; Wilkesbarre G. C., Wilkesbarre, Pa., J. G. Messner; Farmer's G. C., Mahanoy City, Pa., M. M. McMillan; Interstate Association, N. J., by proxy, J. A. H. Dressel.

On motion the reading of the minutes of the meeting on January 24, 1895, was dispensed with, the same having been published in full in the various sportsmen's papers.

Mr. Hobart then moved that the meeting proceed to consider the proposed constitution, reading it by section, adopting it by section, and then adopting it as a whole. The motion was

seconded and carried. The reading of the constitution was then proceeded with.

Article 1, calling the organization "The American Trap-Shooters' League," was adopted, after some discussion, without any alteration in the text of the same, as published in Forest and Stream of March 2. The discussion which took place was regarding the question of rules, the idea being to obtain some information as to the formation of rules for shooting. It was the general opinion of the meeting that membership in the Association would not necessarily pledge any organization to adopt any set of shooting rules that may be drawn up for, and approved by the association. Articles III, IV and V were adopted, the only change being made in Section 3, Article V, where the last seven words, "but shall not exceed $ per annum," were ordered to be stricken out. The words above quoted refer to the fixing of the Secretary-Treasurer's salary. It was thought better to leave the remuneration of this office to the Executive Committee, as provided in this section, without binding the association to any fixed sum, the salary having necessarily to be in proportion to the work required, and there being no means of ascertaining just at that time what amount of work would be required of the Secretary-Treasurer. Article VI was also adopted after the following words, relating to the Secretary-Treasurer's bond had been stricken out, "to an amount not less than $." The clause thus reads: "He shall give a bond for the faithful performance of his duty, in favor of and satisfactory to the chairman of the Executive Committee, before assuming office."

Article VII, Section 1, was amended so as to prescribe the number of members of the Executive Committee. The section now reads, "The Executive Committee shall consist of five members, and shall be selected by the governors from their own body. The term of office of the members of the Executive Committee shall be for one year."

Article VIII was not disposed of until the question of annual dues of clubs had been under discussion and a vote taken. Several delegates were in favor of raising the annual dues to $5 in place of $3, the claim being made that the latter sum was too small to provide the necessary income for running the affairs of the association. The article was finally adopted as presented, the annual dues for clubs being left at $3, individual members, 50 cents, and State associations $5.

Article IX was also adopted as presented, after the following words had been inserted: "Who are members of this association." The amended portion of the article thus reads: "To this board (the tournament board) shall be referred all questions connected with trap shooting in dispute between clubs and individuals who are members of this association." Article X being adopted, Mr. Thomas moved, and Mr. Hobart seconded, that the constitution as amended be adopted as a whole. Motion carried unanimously.

The by-laws, as presented by the committee, and published in the various sportsmen's paper, were adopted without any changes or alterations. On motion, the committee appointed on January 24 for the purpose of drawing up, and presenting for adoption, a constitution and by-laws, were released from their duties, a vote of thanks being accorded them. That committee consisted of: J. A. H. Dressel, Chairman; B. C. Everinghim, L. H. Schortemeier, W. H. Wolstencroft and Edward Banks.

The election of a Board of Governors was the next business. On motion made and carried the chairman appointed Edward Banks, H. P. Fessenden and Elmer Shaner, as a committee to draw up and submit to the association a suggested Board of Governors. After a recess of fifteen minutes, the committee reported the following slate: B. C. Everinghim, C. H. Mowry and L. H. Schortemeier, New York; J. A. H. Dressel, C. M. Hostetter and W. H. Wolstencroft, Pennsylvania; R. H. Breintnall, J. L. Chamberlin and P. A. Jeanneret, New Jersey; Irby Bennett, Tennessee; W. M. Thomas and C. H. Burbridge, Connecticut; Chas. Fehrenbach, Delaware; Col. J. T. Anthony, North Carolina; A. W. Du Bray, Kentucky.

The above slate recommended by the committee was adopted by the meeting, the Secretary being directed to cast a single ballot for their election. In accordance with this direction, the above named gentlemen were declared duly elected as the Board of Governors.

The closing business of the meeting was to choose a city in which to hold the second annual meeting, in 1895. Memphis, Tenn., was nominated as such city and unanimously chosen, Mr. Bennett returning thanks for Memphis in a felicitious manner, promised those delegates who should attend the meeting a cordial welcome from the Memphis Gun Club and a good sample of Southern hospitality.

Meeting then on motion adjourned.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

Immediately after adjournment of the above meeting, the Board of Governors met in the same room for the purpose of deciding the length of their various terms, and also to elect officers for the association. The following are the terms of the different members of the board: 1 year: Messrs. Bennett, Chamberlin, Everinghim, Fehrenbach and Hostetter; 2 years: Messrs. Anthony, Dressel, Jeanneret, Mowry and Wolstencroft; 3 years; Messrs. Breintnall, Burbridge, Du Bray, Schortemeier and Thomas.

The following is a list of the officers chosen by the board: President, Major R. Heber Breintnall; First Vice-President, Irby Bennett; Second Vice-President, Col. J. T. Anthony; Third Vice-President, C. H. Mowry; Secretary-Treasurer, Edward Banks; Executive Committee, J. A. H. Dressel, Chairman; B. C. Everinghim, Irby Bennett, L. H. Schortemeier and W. M. Thomas.

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP.

The Grand American Handicap of 1895 is a thing of the past, and its purse of $1,520 is no longer a bone or contention. The entry list contained just 61 names, 7 more than in 1894. When the time of closing the regular entry list arrived, Saturday, March 30, 57 names were enrolled upon the books of Secretary-Treasurer Dressel. That number, together with four post entries, made the total as above—61. Of this number there were three absentees: J. B. Ellison (28), E. D. Toland (28), and Horace White (27), the actual number competing being 58. The purse was made up as follows:

54 entries at $25—	$1,350.00
4 post entries at $35—	140.00
3 forfeits at $10—	30.00
	$1,520.00

This sum of $1,520 was divided between the three high guns in the proportion of 50, 30 and 20 per cent.: $760 to first, $456 to second, and $304 to the third. This is probably the largest sum of money ever divided in an open live bird sweepstake in this country. As a matter of fact the three men with straight scores divided the purse equally, shooting off for position as provided in the rules governing the contest. The interest taken in this event was very great, and it is seldom indeed that so many spectators are seen at a shoot as were present at Willard Park during the days of April 4 and 5, while the shoot was in progress. The ultimate destination of the purse was in doubt up to the time when Elliott killed his 25th bird, an easy left quarterer from No. 2 trap. J. G. Messner, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J. had both previously killed all their birds. These three straight scores, therefore, cut out the twenty-fours (of whom there were no less than seven) from all part or lot in the purse. Had there been only two straights, the shoot off for third money would have been a contest well worth watching, the names of the seven men with 24 being: Brewer, Van Dyke, Dickey, Thomas, Ivins, Apgar and Kelsey.

The victory of Messner, who won on the shoot off at 10 birds by the score of 10 to Elliott's 9 and Class' 7, was a great surprise. Prior to that victory, his record as a live bird shot was absolutely nil; his being placed on the 25 yards mark proves that much. As a target shot he is pretty well known around Pittsburg, Pa., which city he makes his home. Both Messner and Elmer Shaner have assured me that the winner has not, previous to the past week, shot at 200 live birds from traps in his life. He entered the Grand American Handicap, so he states, with the idea that he could gain more experience by shooting in such a race than in any other way. A few weeks ago he tried a few live birds at Pittsburg and did very well indeed; the success he then made induced him to try his hand at the Grand American, the result being that to his skill as a gunner; to the perfect control he possesses over his nervous system (if he has any such awkward piece of baggage!), and to his light handicap, may be attributed his success as a live bird shooter at Willard Park. By profession Mr. Messner is a drummer for the wholesale grocery house of Dilworth Bros., his territory being the city of Pittsburg. He is a member of the Pittsburg Gun Club. So much for the previous career of the winner. How the race was shot will be told below.

Without doubt the most interesting portion of Forest and Stream's Grand American Handicap report will be its page of illustrations, giving the actual attitude assumed by each contestant while firing (in the majority of instances) at their ninth birds on the afternoon of the first day—Thursday. The effect of the recoil, or "kick," of the gun is very plainly marked in some cases, notably in that of Frank Class, who, however, was "snapped" just as he had plunked a lightning second barrel into a hoverer from No. 3 trap. In Bartlett's case, the rapidity with which he "pumps" his Burgess was not quick enough to deceive the camera, the shooter being caught just as he was in the act of pumping the second shell into his gun. Messner's photo occupies the extreme left hand corner, the photographs of the contestants running in order from left to right across the sheet, according to their merit. It will also be noticed that there is a great difference in the size of the figures in the different photos. As a matter of fact the larger the figure in the photo, the heavier the handicap was. The size of the figures of Elliott, Class, Brewer, Fulford, and Morfey is very different when compared with that of the figures of Messner, George, Cleave, etc. But then there's a big difference between 33 and 32 yards, as compared with 26 and 25 yards! Perhaps the best picture of all is that of the bushwhackers waiting for missed birds. Some of the films in the camera being defective, certain negatives were spoiled, hence there are a few of the contest ants missing, a misfortune that could not be rectified when it was discovered.

THE BIG EVENT IN DETAIL.

Thursday, April 4, was a very cold day for the time of the year, although the sun shone brightly for the whole of the time from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., when the 10th round of the main event had been completed and shooting stopped for the day. The order in which the shooters went to the score is given in the accompanying table, which gives the gun, shell and load of each contestant:

The following table gives the guns, etc., of each contestant in the Grand American Handicap:

Name	Gun	Shell	Powder	Shot
W S Edey	Fr.	V L & D	48 grs Sch	1 1-4 oz. No. 7
A S White	Lef.	Smo.	3 drs E C	1 1-8 oz 9 & 7
H C Higginson	Fr.	Trap.	48 grs Sch	1 1-4 oz 7 & 6
W G Clark	Gr.	V L & D	3 1-4 drs Sch	1 1-8 oz 7 & 1 1-4 6
Frank Hyde	Gr.	Smo. / V L & D	3 1-2 drs AmW / 45 grs Sch.	1 1-4 oz 7 / 1 1-8 oz 6
Charles Zwirlein	Sm.	Smo.	3 1-4 drs L. C.	1 1-4 oz No 7
J L Brewer	Gr.	Trap.	56 grs E C	1 1-4 oz No 7
J S Duston	Sm.	Smo.	3 1-4 drs Dpu.	1 1-8 oz 8 & 7
E F Thomas	Gr.	Trap.	48 grs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
N E Money	Pa.	Trap.	48 grs E C.	1 1 4 oz No 7
M M Mayhew	Le.	V L & D	3 1.2 drs E C.	1 1.4 oz No 7
A L Ivins	Gr.	Rapid.	4 drs Am W.	1 1.4 oz No 7
W T Ingersoll	Pa.	Trap.	3 1.2 Dup.	1 1.4 oz No 7
Allen Willey	Gr.	Trap. / Lea.	3 3.4 drs A W.	1 1.8 oz 7 & 6
T W Morfey	Gr.	Trap.	50 grs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
A W DuBray	Pa.	Trap.	48 grs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
T C Wright	Sm.	Rapid.	52 grs Sch	1 1.4 oz No 7
George Work	Par.	V L & D	48 grs Sch	1 1.8 oz No 7
B A Bartlett	Bur.	Smo.	45 grs Sch.	1 1.4 oz 7½
F VanDyke	Win.	Lea.	3 1.2 drs Dup.	1 1.8 oz No 7
M F Lindsley	Sm.	Trap.	3 1.2 drs Am W.	1 1.8 oz No 7
J G Messner	Par	Trap.	3 1.4 drs Dup.	1 1.4 oz No 7
J S Sedam	Sm.	Trap.	40 grs Dup.	1 1.8 oz No 7
E W Morgan	Fr.	Trap.	50 grs E C	1 1.8 oz No 7
Sim Glover	Gr.	Trap.	3 1.2 drs Am W.	1 1.4 oz No 7
J W Hoffman	Par.	Smo.	3 1.4 drs Am W.	1 1.8 oz 8 & 7
"Burdette"	Rm.	Trap.	3 1.2 drs Dup	1 1.4 oz No 7
J E Jones	Sm.	Trap.	3 1.2 grs Dup.	1 1.4 oz No 7
W N Drake	Sm.	Eley.	42 grs E C.	1 1.8 oz No 7
B "Leroy"	Sc.	Smo.	3 1.2 drs Am W.	1 1.8 oz No 7
E C George	D.	Trap, Smo.	49 grs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
Frank Class	Fr.	V L & D	3 1.2 drs Am W.	1 1.4 oz No 7
Neaf Apgar	Sm.	U S W	33 grs Wals.	1 1.4 oz No 7
P T Melot	Fr.	S W	31 grs Wal.	1 1.8 oz No 6
H R Sweny	Gr.	Smo.	43 grs Dup.	1 1.4 oz No 7
L G "Henry"	Gr.	Trap.	50 grs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
O R Dickey	Par.	Rap.	47 grs Sch	1 1.8 oz No 7
Capt A W Money.	Gr.	Trap.	52 grs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
F G Moore	Pur.	Trap.	3 1.2 drs Sch.	1 1.4 oz No 7
J A R Elliott	Gr.	Lea.	48 grs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
Phil Daly Jr.	Gr.	U S W	31 grs Wal.	1 1.8 oz No 7
E D Fulford	Gr.	Trap.	50 grs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
E J Cleave	Sm.	Trap.	52 grs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
E L Post	Par.	Trap.	47 grs E C	1 1.8 oz No 7
F E Bennett	Sm.	Trap.	4 drs Am W.	1 1.4 oz 7 & 6
J D Arnold	Gr.	Rap.	42 grs Dup.	1 1.8 oz No 7
W J Simpson	Sc.	Smo.	48 grs Sch	1 1.8 oz No 7
H D Schwartz	Sc.	Smo.	50 grs Am W.	1 1.4 oz No 7
Jas S Taylor	Fr.	Trap.	50 grs E C	1 3.16oz 7& 6
F D Kelsey	Sm.	Trap.	48 grs Sch	1 1.4 oz No 7
R O Heikes	Win.	W M L	3 1.2 drs Am W.	1 1.4 oz No 7
W W Bennett	Gr.	Trap.	3 3.4 drs Dup.	1 1.4 oz No 7
Chas F Lenone	Gr.	Rap.	33 grs Wal.	1 1.4 oz No 7
G W Coulston	Gr.	V L & D	48 grs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
J. H Outwater	Sm.	Trap.	3 1.2 Am W.	1 1.4 oz No 7
T Eley	Sm.	Smo.	3 1.4 drs E C	1 1.4 oz No 7
H S Young	Gr.	Trap.	3 1.4 drs Sch.	1 1.4 oz No 7
F L "Tee"	Fr.	Trap.	50 grs E C	1 3.16oz 7&6

W. S. Edey, a very promising young pigeon shot from the Country Club, Westchester, N. Y., filled the responsible position of No. 1 on the list. When called to the score to open the ball, he drew a fast driver from No. 5 trap, which he brought down in a clever manner. The first to miss was Duston, of Newark, N. J., who made a bad break on an easy right quartering incomer from No. 5. Capt. J. S. Sedam, who had come all the way from Denver, Col., to take part in the shoot, was the first to follow suit to Duston's lead, missing a circling driver from No. 2. Capt. Sedam's miss was altogether unexpected, as he had given a good sample of his capabilities as a wing shot on the previous day, particularly in the Nitro Powder Handicap. Sim Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., No. 25 on the list, two below Capt. Sedam, then missed an easy left quartering incomer; Glover's poor form was undoubtedly due to the gun he was shooting not fitting him; he was shooting E. D. Fulford's hammer Greener. The next two men, Hoffmann and "Burdette," who by the way is W. A. Peck, of Cos Cob, Conn., killed their birds, but J. E. Jones, a Paterson, N. J., shooter, and "Billy" Drake, of South Orange, N. J., Manager of the New Jersey Trapshooter's League, both slipped up on their birds. Melot, on the 29 yards mark, was the next to miss, his bird receiving plenty of attention from the bushwhackers over the lower right hand corner of the fence. Capt. Money, to the surprise of everybody, as well as of himself, missed his first bird. Fred Bennett, a rattling good shot from Boston, Mass., and a man who can handle a pistol well, too, had the hard luck to lose his first bird, dead out of bounds. J. S. Taylor, of Newburg, N. Y., a dangerous man to meet in a match at live birds, was also slightly off on his first bird, shooting behind a fast right driver from No. 3 trap. H. S. Young, one of the post entries, last man but one on the list, most unaccountably missed an easy incomer with his first barrel, only lightly feathering it with his second. F. L. Train, another post entry, did not enter until just as the second round was being finished. When he walked to the 28 yards mark to shoot his first bird, his "get up" was hardly what would have been looked for from a pigeon shooter, but then Mr. Train did not intend to shoot until he reached the grounds. His brown derby hat, and long Prince Albert, however, did not prevent him from killing his birds in good style. The first bird which he missed, his 7th, was one of that kind which nearly everybody misses when they draw them. As detailed above, 10 out of the 58 shooters were credited with cyphers on the first round.

In the next round 11 lost birds were recorded, the unlucky ones being White, Mayhew, Hoffman, Leroy, Fulford and Schwartz, each of whom was credited with their first cypher in this round, while Duston, Glover, Jones, Capt. Money and Young scored their second consecutive misses. Fulford's bird was apparently a sure dead bird, but it just managed to have strength enough to cross the boundary, falling dead out of bounds. In this round Frank Hyde, of Ridgefield, N. J., made a splendid kill of a fast right quartering driver from No. 2 trap. The kills made by Frank Class, Phil Daly, Fred G. Moore and W. W. Bennett, were also roundly applauded.

The third round saw eight more birds escape, Bartlett, Lindsley, Burdette, Moore and Daly spoiling their straights, while A. S. White, Hoffman and F. E. Bennett added a second cypher to their strings. Thus at the end of the third round only 37 out of the 58 starters had killed all their birds. The best kills in this round were made by Noel Money and Frank Class, the latter's second barrel being used most effectively on an extraordinarily fast zig-zagger from No. 4.

The fourth round saw the first man to drop out of the race, Young making his third miss. Moore, Daly and Schwartz each scored their second lost bird, while T. W. Morfey (the Pride of Patterson), Van Dyke, Ingersoll, Lenone and Coulston spoiled their chances of a straight score. Morfey hardly seemed to take his usual care while shooting in the handicap, letting a bird go that it looked "odds on" that he would have killed. Coulston, a member of the crack New Utrecht Gun Club, had the doubtful pleasure of seeing his bird drop dead just over the boundary. Daly lost his bird through his safety bolt going wrong.

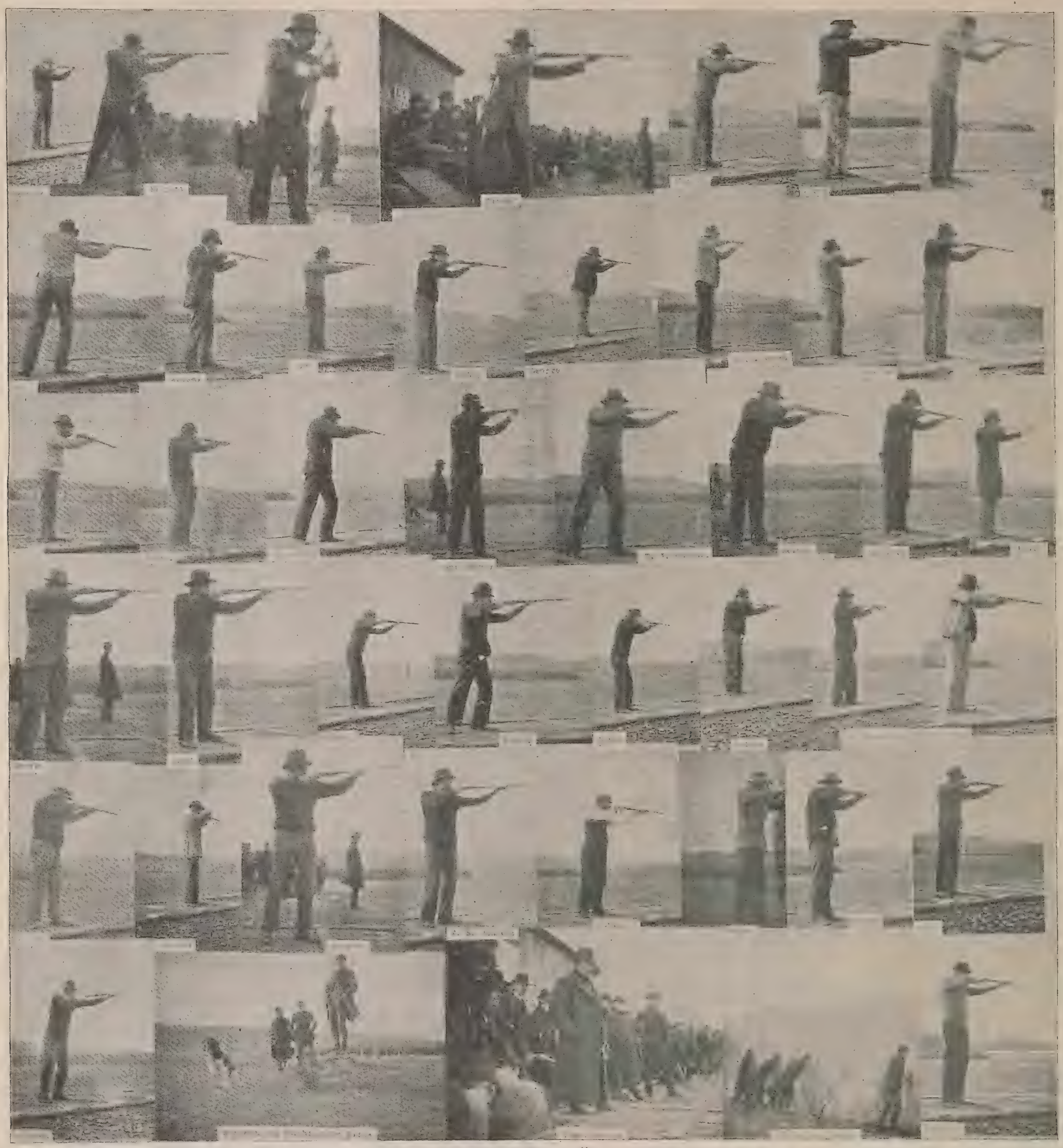
Round No. 5 saw eight birds get away as in No. 3. In this round Lenone and Sedam scored their second misses, while Zwirlein, Wright, George Work, Eddie Morgan, Cleave and Eley went to join the ranks of those who had missed one bird. George Work's miss was a poor one, the bird being an easy circling incomer. Cleave drew a good one from No. 2 but failed to centre it with his first barrel, the second barrel doing its work too late to be scored. Leroy's kill of an extremely hard driving bird from No. 5 trap called forth a round of hand clapping that showed that he had an appreciative audience. So fast were the misses coming that at the end of this round there were only 26 men who had killed their five birds!

The sixth round saw Jones and Lenone fall by the wayside and drop out, after missing their sixth birds; Jones's bird was one of those that "everybody misses," a small consolation perhaps, but still something. Nine birds escaped in this round, or rather nine cyphers were scored to as many shooters. These men were: Zwirlein and Morfey (their second misses), Jones and Lenone (third misses), and Du Bray, Sweny, George, Post and Outwater, who made their first misses. Du Bray's bird was a hummer; Post's bird, which also fell dead out of bounds, being another of the same kind. Heikes' second barrel kill of a twister from No. 5 was duly recognized by both shooters and spectators.

Round No. 7 was fatal to A. S. White and Duston, both of whom registered their third misses. Work also lost his bird out of bounds, thus scoring his second miss; realizing that 23 would hardly be likely to bring any money, he accordingly retired, the field being thus reduced to 52 shooters when the 8th round commenced. Du Bray, Ingersoll and Eley both missed their birds, Dickey and Train joining the band of those with a single cypher. E. F. Thomas, who was shooting well, made a really brilliant kill of a right quartering driver from No. 1 trap, the Denver shooter bring his bird down by a superb second barrel stop. Duston's failure may be attributed to his acceding to the request of Elmer Shaner that each shooter would give him two shells for the purpose of being examined if challenged. Duston gave up two and forgot to put one in his second barrel; result, lost bird.

Rounds 8 and 9 saw the roll of shooters still further weeded out. In the 8th round, Hoffman, Daly and Schwartz dropped out, Ingersoll, Sedam and Fred Moore joining them in the ninth round. The 8th round also was responsible for seven other cyphers, Wright, Burdette, Post and Outwater scoring their second misses, and Higginson, Willey and Simpson spoiling their chances of a clean score. Lindsley and Leroy scored their second misses in round 9, while Arnold, who drew a corker from No. 4, missed his bird and spoiled his straight. If it is any consolation to those gentlemen (with the exception of Arnold) who missed in round 9, to know that the photographs given elsewhere were taken while that operation was going on, I gladly make this statement: With the exception of the photographs of Hyde, Zwirlein, N. E Money, Morfey, Bartlett, Drake, Post, Arnold and Simpson, all the negatives were made during the ninth round; the nine above named were made during the shooting of the 10th round. It is interesting to look at the score, learn the trap and the flight of the bird, and then look how the result of each shooter's efforts were achieved. In the ninth round, W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa., drew a right quartering driver from No. 5; he hit it hard with both barrels, but it managed to get to the wire netting that marked the boundary, before dropping. Clark elected to gather the bird himself. Thinking he had three minutes to gather the bird he took things leisurely until he was told that he had but 50 seconds left. Then he made for the bird, which luckily for him had a wing broker. An exciting chase resulted in Clark gathering his bird with just four seconds by the referee's watch to spare. I wish that more of his Altoona friends had been present to enjoy that exciting sprint; Clark said, on his return with the bird, when rallied by some of the spectators: "$600 attached to a bird's tail would make almost anybody run, wouldn't it?"

Round 10 brought the day's work of trappers, puller, scorer and referee in the Grand American Handicap to a close. It was after five when the round was completed, and it was decided to quit for the day and to commence shooting again the next day at 11 A. M. In this round 12 cyphers were added to the totals, the largest number in any one round; the next largest number of misses being 11 in round 2 and 10 in rounds 1 and 8. Frank Hyde, Noel Money, Rollo Heikes and Will Bennett, all broke their straight scores in this round, while Morgan, Mayhew, Drake, Sweny, Fulford and Simpson, each scored



Grand American Handicap------Positions at the Score.

Photographed by the Forest and Stream's Camera.

their second misses, commencing on Friday morning on what was termed "the ragged edge"—another miss being fatal. Fulford's dead out of bounds was an extremely hard, as well as a very curious, case. Fred Bennett and Post each dropped a bird also in this round; these being their third misses, they were forced to retire. Mr. Post's picture will be a melancholy souvenir, I'm afraid. Fred Moore's photograph may be classed as a dead out of bounds, the camera unfortunately not having centered him; under the circumstances it was great luck that he was hit at all!

The rapidity with which straight scores had been paralyzed one after another will be readily realized from the following statement of how things stood at the end of the 10th round: Out of the 58 starters, 15 had dropped out altogether; 15 others had lost two birds each, and 17 more had a credit of 9 out of 10; this left only eleven men with straight scores of 10! Considering the quality of the entry, this says a good deal for the birds and traps. Altogether 548 birds, not counting "no birds," were trapped at this set of traps, a good record when the largeness of the entry, the consequent difficulty of getting the shooters to the score promptly, and the tedious waits while Boyle Bros'. Irish setter puppy, Nancy, was chasing herself around the field. When Miss Nancy likes, she makes an excellent retriever, being very rapid and absolutely tireless, but when she doesn't like—then it's tedious to say the least. While on the subject of retrievers it is only fit and proper to mention John Doty's Gordon setter dog, Joe. Although Joe's digestive and secretive organs were out of gear, he did some very good work; there was no necessity of whistling or calling when Joe was retrieving. It also made no matter how many birds there were to bring in; sometimes he would go to the extremity of the boundary, pick up his bird and then bring back one of those which Nancy had dropped as well. Two birds at a time were nothing to him; once he brought back three, two by the wings and the other by the body! The photographs of both Nancy and Joe were, unfortunately, failures; both dogs are worthy of being immortalized in these columns, each for its own eccentricities or excellencies.

THE FINAL ROUNDS.

Promptly at 11 on Friday morning, April 5, the 11th round of the Grand American Handicap was commenced, Edey, of course leading off. He began badly by missing a quick flyer from No. 4 trap. Higginson killed an easy right quartering incomer and then Clark spoiled the looks of his score by losing a good bird from No. 1. Lower down in the list another straight score, Kelsey's, was also spoiled by his losing a right quartering driver from No. 2, dead out of bounds. Thus three of the eleven straight scores from over night were reduced very quickly to 8. Altogether nine cyphers were totalled in this round; Mayhew, Fulford and Eley, dropping out with their third misses, and Arnold, W. W. Bennett and Train each scoring their second goose egg, Arnold retiring from the contest with only two misses. This left 39 shooters to commence the 12th round.

Three lost birds were all that were scored in the 12th round. Du Bray's bird, a low flying driver from No. 3, fell dead out of bounds, the captain withdrawing from the contest as it was his third cypher; George and Bartlett scored the other misses. The 13th round saw Bartlett and Lindsley drop out, Clark and Heikes scoring their second misses. Both Clark's and Bartlett's birds were rattling good ones, while Heikes' pigeon, which fell dead out of bounds, was a strong flyer, that was bored through, but managed to reach the boundary. In the 14th round Wright, Morgan and Burdette fell out, while Melot and Taylor each scored a lost bird. There were four misses scored on the 15th round, one of them very important and a miss that had a good deal to do with the ultimate result of the handicap. The miss referred to was credited to Jack Brewer, who drew a perfect terror of a bird from No. 1 trap, the pigeon getting away with hardly any apparent damage. Cleave scored his second miss in this round, while Drake and Melot both dropped out. This left seven straight scores of 15 out of 31 competitors at the end of the 15th round.

Glover, who had shot well ever since his first two rounds, was the only one to miss in the 16th round; this being his third miss, he joined the 28 other shooters who had withdrawn. Ivins, who had been shooting well right along, and who looked all over a winner, made an excellent kill of his bird in this round. Thomas' stop of his bird was also splendid work with the gun. The 17th round saw eight men lose birds, Clark, Morfey, Cleave and Train dropping out, Higginson and Willey scoring their second misses, and Apgar and "Henry" spoiling their straight scores. Apgar's loss of his bird was a piece of real hard luck. It was a right quarterer from No. 2 which fell to the first barrel; his second shell, fired while the bird was on the ground, did nothing more than wake it up, the bird rising at the discharge and falling dead out of bounds; it looked as if Neaf was too sure of his bird and aimed carelessly or else the charge of shot spread badly. "Henry" (H. L. Gates, of Utica, N Y.) drew a very hard bird which beat him entirely. Jack Brewer's kill of a zig-zagging quartering driver from No. 3 in this round was honestly applauded.

Round 18 saw Simpson drop out and Coulston lose another bird, this time also dead out of bounds. In connection with Coulston's miss, a rather curious coincidence may be chronicled: John S. Hoey had relieved Jacob Pentz, as referee, while the latter went to lunch; Kelsey, not being on hand when his name was called, Mr. Hoey asked Coulston who was ready, and who was the next man to the score, if he would mind expediting matters by shooting what would have been Kelsey's bird. "I'm superstitious, but I'll do it," said Couls

ton. He drew a fast right quarterer from No. 5 that carried his load of lead over the boundary, dropping dead out of bounds. "I told you I was superstitious," said Coulston, laughingly, as he returned from the score. Van Dyke also had an interesting experience: He got a circling bird from No. 3; whether he touched it at all with his first shell is a question; anyway that shell jammed slightly, preventing the usual rapid pumping of his second cartridge. The bird, however, was accommodating enough to circle around, enabling Van to eject the shell and kill his pigeon in good style.

In the 19th round Zwirlein dropped out, missing a driver from No. 1. Ivins lost a circling right quarterer from No. 2, spoiling his straight score just when he looked like killing them all. This left only four men with straight scores: Messner (25), Thomas (28), Class (32) and Elliott (33). In the 20th round Messner drew his first really hard bird, a twister from No. 4 trap; this bird he killed just as easy as his other 19, his work on this pigeon making his stock go up 50 per cent. Noel Money drew a rasper that beat him entirely and Heikes dropped out after missing a driver from No. 4. There were now only five more birds to shoot at, with four men straight, and 19 others still shooting along.

W. W. Bennett was the only one to miss and drop out in the 21st round, the whole round being marked by some excellent kills. Thomas added greatly to the laurels he had already won by making an extraordinary kill with his second barrel on a straight driver from No. 1 trap; the kill was as creditable to the gun as to the shooter who held it. Class also made a good kill of a twisting driver from No. 2 trap. Four lost birds were recorded in the 22d round: Edey started off by missing a circling left quarterer from No. 3 trap, and Hyde drawing a twister from No. 1 that was calculated to get the best of almost anybody. Then Thomas fell from grace; he got a bird from No. 4 that sat on the trap; Thomas waited for him, but lamented it afterwards, as the bird, once started, went fast while the shooter was apparently correspondingly slow, far too slow for such a bird. Henry also lost another bird, his second miss. Thomas' miss left Messner to fight it out with Class and Elliott.

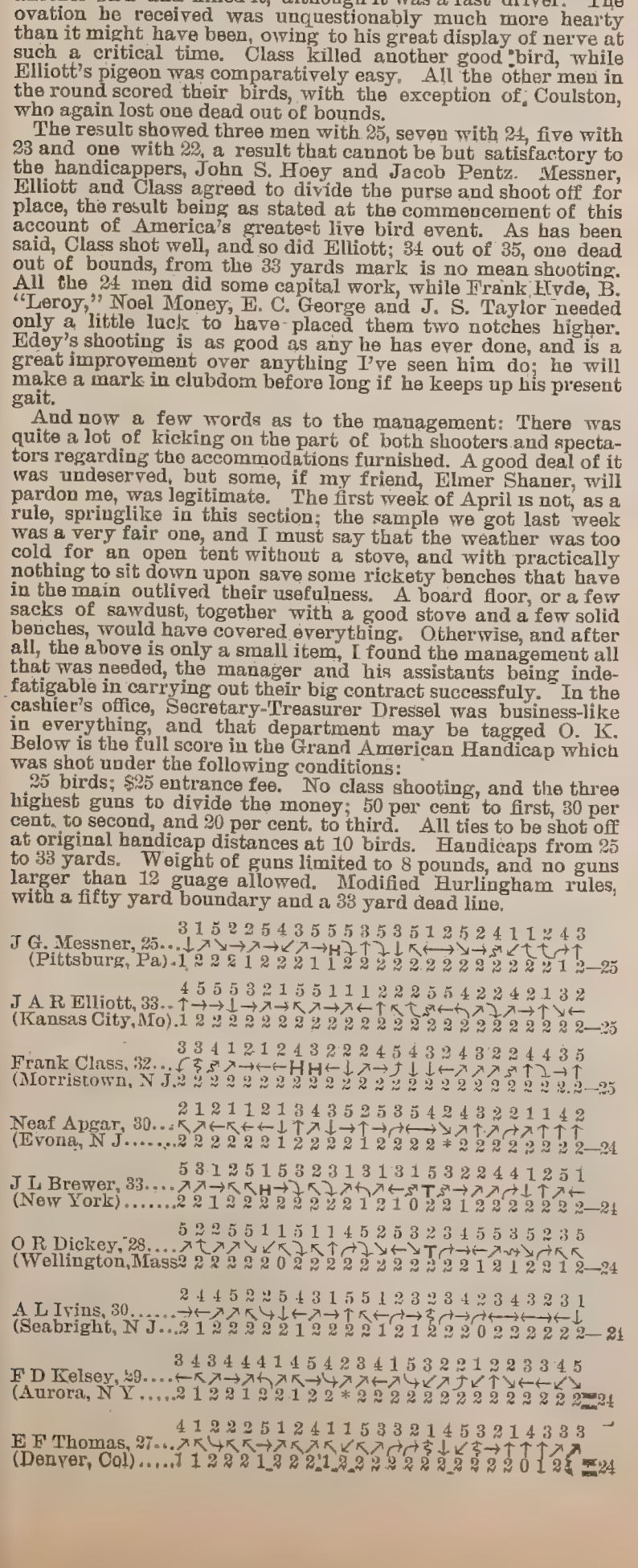
The 23d round was fatal to Higginson, Sweny and Capt. Money, who had just completed an excellent run of 20 straight from the 31 yards mark. Sweny is a young shot from Albany, N. Y., who, by his work in this race gives every promise of being a factor in many a future Grand American Handicap; although practically out of the race after the 10th round, he shot in capital form during the 13 rounds he stood up in on the second day; the bird that beat him was a fast one, that fell dead just up against the big fence. "Henry" withdrew after killing his 23d bird. The 24th round saw Edey and Willey retire, the latter's bird, an easy one, dropping dead behind the score. Willey shot well throughout the race, making some capital kills.

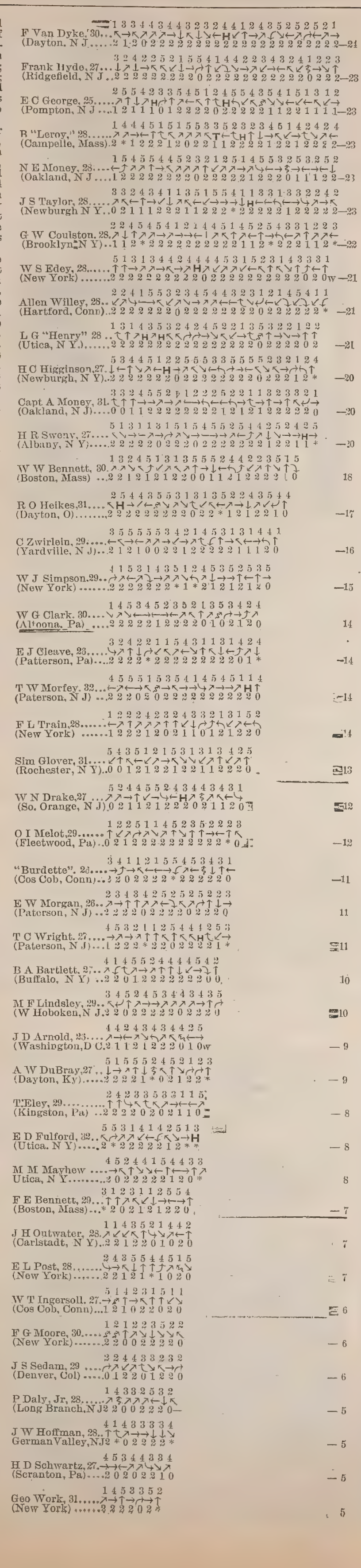
The 25th and last round was watched with intense interest. Messner's coolness, that amounted to absolute indifference to his surroundings, stood him in good stead in this round; he was apparently the coolest man in the field when he stepped to the score. With measured tread as usual, his gait admirably suited for the walk of an undertaker's mute, he stepped to the 25 yards mark, levelled his gun carefully and gave the caution, "Are you ready?" Back came the answer "Ready," and No. 1 trap was pulled at the same instant. It looked as if the puller, W. E. Lott, was the rattled one. A fairly good bird from No. 1 went across the field, but, without lowering his gun, which was pointing over No. 3 trap, Messner turned his head round and said calmy, "I didn't say pull." Of course he got another bird and killed it, although it was a fast driver. The ovation he received was unquestionably much more hearty than it might have been, owing to his great display of nerve at such a critical time. Class killed another good bird, while Elliott's pigeon was comparatively easy. All the other men in the round scored their birds, with the exception of Coulston, who again lost one dead out of bounds.

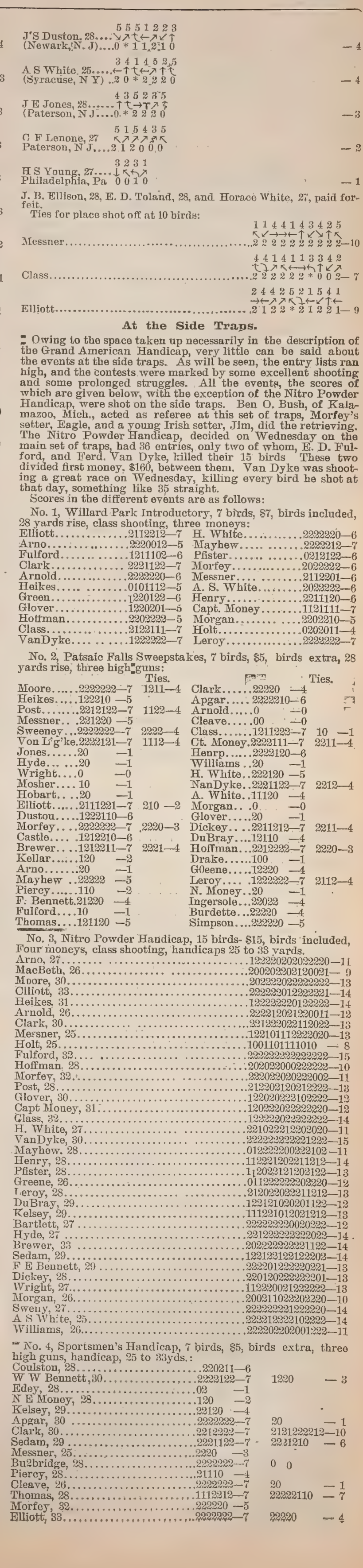
The result showed three men with 25, seven with 24, five with 23 and one with 22, a result that cannot be but satisfactory to the handicappers, John S. Hoey and Jacob Pentz. Messner, Elliott and Class agreed to divide the purse and shoot off for place, the result being as stated at the commencement of this account of America's greatest live bird event. As has been said, Class shot well, and so did Elliott; 34 out of 35, one dead out of bounds, from the 33 yards mark is no mean shooting. All the 24 men did some capital work, while Frank Hyde, B. "Leroy," Noel Money, E. C. George and J. S. Taylor needed only a little luck to have placed them two notches higher. Edey's shooting is as good as any he has ever done, and is a great improvement over anything I've seen him do; he will make a mark in clubdom before long if he keeps up his present gait.

And now a few words as to the management: There was quite a lot of kicking on the part of both shooters and spectators regarding the accommodations furnished. A good deal of it was undeserved, but some, if my friend, Elmer Shaner, will pardon me, was legitimate. The first week of April is not, as a rule, springlike in this section; the sample we got last week was a very fair one, and I must say that the weather was too cold for an open tent without a stove, and with practically nothing to sit down upon save some rickety benches that have in the main outlived their usefulness. A board floor, or a few sacks of sawdust, together with a good stove and a few solid benches, would have covered everything. Otherwise, and after all, the above is only a small item, I found the management all that was needed, the manager and his assistants being indefatigable in carrying out their big contract successfuly. In the cashier's office, Secretary-Treasurer Dressel was business-like in everything, and that department may be tagged O. K. Below is the full score in the Grand American Handicap which was shot under the following conditions:

25 birds; $25 entrance fee. No class shooting, and the three highest guns to divide the money; 50 per cent to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third. All ties to be shot off at original handicap distances at 10 birds. Handicaps from 25 to 33 yards. Weight of guns limited to 8 pounds, and no guns larger than 12 guage allowed. Modified Hurlingham rules, with a fifty yard boundary and a 33 yard dead line.







J. B. Ellison, 28, E. D. Toland, 28, and Horace White, 27, paid forfeit.

Ties for place shot off at 10 birds:

At the Side Traps.

Owing to the space taken up necessarily in the description of the Grand American Handicap, very little can be said about the events at the side traps. As will be seen, the entry lists ran high, and the contests were marked by some excellent shooting and some prolonged struggles. All the events, the scores of which are given below, with the exception of the Nitro Powder Handicap, were shot on the side traps. Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., acted as referee at this set of traps, Morfey's setter, Eagle, and a young Irish setter, Jim, did the retrieving. The Nitro Powder Handicap, decided on Wednesday on the main set of traps, had 36 entries, only two of whom, E. D. Fulford, and Ferd. Van Dyke, killed their 15 birds These two divided first money, $160, between them. Van Dyke was shooting a great race on Wednesday, killing every bird he shot at that day, something like 35 straight.

Scores in the different events are as follows:

No. 1, Willard Park Introductory, 7 birds, $7, birds included, 28 yards rise, class shooting, three moneys:

Elliott	2112212—7	H. White	2222220—6
Arno	2220012—5	Mayhew	2222212—7
Fulford	1211102—6	Pfister	0212122—6
Clark	2221122—7	Morfey	2022222—6
Arnold	2222220—6	Messner	2112201—6
Heikes	0101112—5	A. S. White	2022222—6
Green	1220122—6	Henry	2211120—6
Glover	1220201—5	Capt. Money	1121111—7
Hoffman	2202222—5	Morgan	2202210—5
Class	2122111—7	Holt	0202011—4
VanDyke	1222222—7	Leroy	2222222—7

No. 2, Patsaic Falls Sweepstakes, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, 28 yards rise, three high guns:

		Ties.			Ties.
Moore	2222222—7	1211—4	Clark	22220 —4	
Heikes	122210 —5		Apgar	2222210—6	
Post	2212122—7	1122—4	Arnold	0 —0	
Messner	221220 —5		Cleave	00 —0	
Sweeney	2222222—7	2222—4	Class	1211222—7	10 —1
Von L'g'ke	2222121—7	1112—4	Ct. Money	2222111—7	2211—4
Jones	20 —1		Henrp	2222120—6	
Hyde	20 —1		Williams	20 —1	
Wright	0 —0		H. White	222120 —5	
Mosher	10 —1		NanDyke	2221122—7	2212—4
Hobart	20 —1		A. White	11120 —4	
Elliott	2111221—7	210 —2	Morgan	0 —0	
Dustou	1222110—6		Glover	20 —1	
Morfey	2222222—7	2220—3	Dickey	2211212—7	2211—4
Castle	1212210—6		DuBray	12110 —4	
Brewer	1212211—7	2221—4	Hoffman	2212222—7	2220—3
Kellar	120 —2		Drake	100 —1	
Arno	20 —1		G0eene	12220 —4	
Mayhew	22222 —5		Leroy	1222222—7	2112—4
Piercy	110 —2		N. Money	20 —1	
F. Bennett	21220 —4		Ingersole	22022 —4	
Fulford	10 —1		Burdette	22220 —4	
Thomas	121120 —5		Simpson	222220 —5	

No. 3, Nitro Powder Handicap, 15 birds- $15, birds included, Four moneys, class shooting, handicaps 25 to 33 yards.

Arno, 27	1222202020222220—11
MacBeth, 26	2002020212002l— 9
Moore, 30	2022220222222222—13
Clliott, 33	2222220122222221—14
Heikes, 31	1222222201222222—14
Arnold, 26	2222120212200l1—12
Clark, 30	2212220022112022—13
Messner, 25	1221011122222020—13
Holt, 25	1001101111010 — 8
Fulford, 32	2222222222222222—15
Hoffman, 28	2020220002222222—10
Morfey, 32	2222020202220021—11
Post, 28	2122021202122222—13
Glover, 30	1220202221022222—12
Capt Money, 31	1202222022222220—12
Class, 32	1222220222222222—14
H. White, 27	2210222122020020—11
VanDyke, 30	2222222222221222—15
Mayhew, 28	0122222002221O2 —11
Henry, 28	1122212022112l2—14
Pfister, 28	1120221212021222—13
Greene, 26	0112222222022220—12
Leroy, 28	2120220222112l2—13
DuBray, 29	1231210202012ll2—12
Kelsey, 29	1112210120212l2—13
Bartlett, 27	2222222220020222—12
Hyde, 27	2212222222222022—14
Brewer, 33	2022222222211122—14
Sedam, 29	1221232122122202—14
F E Bennett, 29	2222012222202221—13
Dickey, 28	2201202222222201—13
Wright, 27	1122200212222222—13
Morgan, 26	2002110222022220—10
Sweny, 27	2222222221222220—14
A S White, 25	2222122221021222—14
Williams, 26	2222022020012222—11

No. 4, Sportsmen's Handicap, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, three high guns, handicap, 25 to 33yds.:

Coulston, 28	220211—6		
W W Bennett, 30	2222122—7	1220	— 3
Edey, 28	02 —1		
N E Money, 28	120 —2		
Kelsey, 29	22120 —4		
Apgar, 30	2222222—7	20	— 1
Clark, 30	2212222—7	2121222212	—10
Sedam, 29	2221122—7	2221210	— 6
Messner, 25	2220 —3		
Bu2bridge, 28	2222222—7	0 0	
Piercy, 28	21110 —4		
Cleave, 26	2222222—7	20	— 1
Thomas, 28	1112212—7	22222110	— 7
Morfey, 32	222220 —5		
Elliott, 33	2222222—7	22220	— 4

Glover, 30	0	
Arnold, 26	1222112—7	1221121122—10
E C George, 25	0	
Ingersoll, 27	1122222—7	1212221212—10
Burdette, 26	2122222—7	220 — 2
Duston, 28	1111211—7	2212111211—10
Castle, 28	1111211—7	210 — 2
A S White, 27	10 —1	
Wright, 27	0	
Evans, 28	20 —1	
Fulford, 32	220 —2	
Kellar, 28	0w	
Arno, 27	222 —3	
Mayhew, 28	2122222—7	2222222222—10
Morgan, 26	20 —1	
Bennett, F. E, 29	2222212—7	2222222221—10
Moore, 30	0 —0	
Post, 28	1122212 —7	2211221120— 9
Simson, 29	0 —0	
Henry, 28	2212222—7	220 —2
Pickles, 26	20 —7	2222112112—10
Van Dyke, 30	122220 —5	
Brewer, 33	220 —2	
Dickey, 28	112120 —5	
Williams, 25	222220 —5	
Sweeney, 27	2222222—7	220 — 2
Lindsley, 29	0 —0	
Melot, 29	1112212—7	0 — 0

No 5, Highland Sweepstakes, 7 birds, $7, birds included, 28 yards rise, class shooting, three moneys, ties, miss and out:

	Ties.			Ties.
Fulford 2221222—7	22122 —5	Cleave..0220202—4		
Quimby.2202122—6	10 —1	Lenone..0010120—4		
Green..2022022—5	22220 —4	AWhite.2220220—5	2222122—7	
Burb'ge.0200 —1		Zwerlein0021220—5	1222220—6	
Wild..2002001—3		H'mann.22000w		
Willey..2222022—6	0 —0	K'kover1011200—4		
Piercy..1102220—5		Swartz..2002111—5		
Coulston0222222—6	2121221—7	WB'n'tt2022222—7	12221 —5	
Melot..0222221—6	1221222—7	F Train.2220222—6	110 —2	
Kellar..2222220—6		Wright..2222011—6	2212222—7	
Jones...002220 —3		Mosher..2102202—5	20 —1	
Simps'n.2211012—6	1112211—7	Sedam..2211220—6	2212212—7	
Moore..2022222—6	212 —2	F Ben't.122212w		
Mayhew2220122—6	212120 —5	Bost....2222211—7	1220 —3	
Sweeny 0222222—6	1122222—7	C M'ney1121212—7	11220 —4	
Edey..2002220—4		Devoe...0201222—5	210 —2	
Class..2222222—7	22220 —5	Morfey.2220202—5	2122222—7	
Bartlett.2232222—7	21220 —4	Thomas.2221022—6	2222212—7	
V'Dyke 2222021—6	1222222—7	Glover..000		
Higgi'n.2222122—7	22222 —5	Duston..1022222—6	110 —2	
Taylor..2221112—7	20 —1	VonL'ke2222222—7	210 —2	
Brewer..2222112—7	21222 —5	Dickey.2212222—7	22222 —5	
DuBray.2112122—7	12222 —5	Henry..2221222—7	120 —2	

No. 6, Kittatinny Sweepstakes, 7 birds, $5, birds extra, three high guns, 28 yards rise:

Coulston	120 —2	Lindsley	2222222—7
Capt Money	2112121—7	Sedam	2222211—7
Glover	10 —1	Zwirlein	0 —0
Morfey	22220 —4	Sweenky	2122111—7
Simpson	0 —0	Duston	12110 —4
Moore	2222222—7	Hyde	222220 —5
A Money	110 —2	Post	10 —1
Melot	2222212—7	DuBray	2220 —3
Hopper	1222222—7	Fisher	210 —2
Morgan	12220 —3	Dickey	2222220—6
Fnlsorn	20 —1	Train	11220 —4
LeRoy	2212212—7	Clark	20 —1
Mayhew	2220 —3	Pilkington	0 —0

Extra: Miss and out, $2 entrance:

Leroy	20 — 1
Morfey	2222222222220 —11
F. G. Moore	2222222222222122—17
Capt. Money	1122211212222122—17
Lindsley	220 — 2
Melot	22212222120 —10
Mayhew	2121222222122111120—16
Sedam	2212222121111121 10—16
Post	1222220 — 6
Train	220 — 2
Pilkington	110 — 2
Donally	20 — 1
Heikes	0 — 0
Sweeney	12120 — 4
Hopper	20 — 1
Kirkover	211110 — 5
Kellar	222220 — 5
Cleave	0 — 0
N. Money	1220 — 3
Eley	0 — 0
Smith	122w — 3
Meyer	121w — 3
Utter	2212120 —6
Morgan	2120 — 3
Dickey	22220 — 4
P. J. Clark	221112220 — 8
Glover	1120 — 3
Devoe	222210 — 5
Coulston	12112220 — 7
Zwirlein	2221220 — 6

Saturday's Scores.

As several shooters wished to keep the shoot going through Saturday, an arrangement was made whereby everything was left just as it was for that day. Although the day was dull, it was not unpleasant, and the shooters who took part in the following miss and outs did not regret their attendance at Willard Park. The following are the scores, each event being $2 entrance, birds extra of course.

No. 1: Henry, Mayhew and Fulford, 4; Morfey and Williams, 3; Du Bray and Cleave, 0.

No. 2 Henry, Mayhew and Du Bray, 4; Fulford and Cleave, 3; Morfey, 2; Williams, 1.

No. 3 Mayhew, Morfey and Du Bray, 9; Henry, 2; Williams, 1; Cleave and Fulford, 0.

No. 4: Fulford, Morfey and Bush, 7; Du Bray, 5; Henry, 4; Williams, 2; Mayhew, 1.

No. 5: Bush, Fulford and Mayhew, 3; Henry, 2; Morfey and Collins, 1; Du Bray and Williams, 0.

No 6: Bush, Fulford and Mayhew, 5; Henry, 4; Morfey, 2; Du Bray and Willams, 0.

No. 7: Bush, Fulford and Kirkover, 8; Williams, 7; Morfey, 3; Henry, and Du Bray, 1; Mayhew, 0.

No. 8: Fulford and Mayhew, 4; Henry and Bush, 3; Kirkover, 0.

From the above it will be seen that Fulford finished with a straight run of 27; Bush killed 26 straight before missing, and Mayhew started in with a run of 18 consecutive kills.

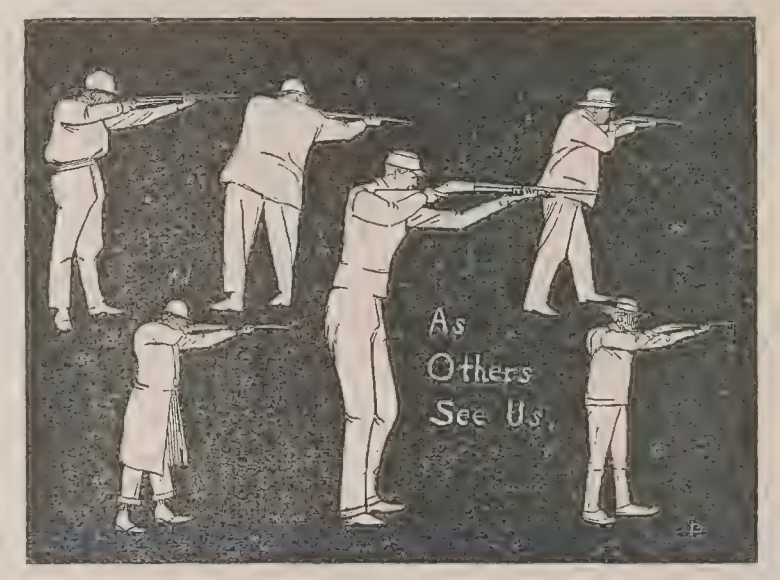
Notes of the Shoot.

A very curious thing happened on Wednesday afternoon, at the main set of traps while the Nitro Powder Handicap was being shot off: Bartlett was at the score; when he called 'Pull,'' No. 2 trap opened and a white bird hopped in a sprightly manner off the trap. It took a few steps toward the shooter, saw who it was, and promptly fell over on its back and remained in that condition until picked up. It was apparently uninjured and absolutely no reason can be assigned for its behavior.

In the same event Fred Bennett knocked down a bird which was only lightly touched; Nancy was sent to retrieve it. Just as the dog reached the bird, the latter rose in the air and started off for the boundary. Not to be denied, Nancy, who was going at her top speed, leaped into the air, caught the bird, turned a somersault on reaching terra firma, but came out right side up, with the bird still in her mouth. It was a great feat.

The gun which Messner won the Grand American Handicap with has a history. It is a Parker hammerless that was built for him by Parker Bros, many years ago. It was, in fact, the first of its kind made by the firm that went into Pittsburg, "Old Hoss" taking the order for it. About a year ago Messner sold the gun for $50 to a friend. A week or so prior to the handicap he borrowed the gun to shoot in a small sweep at Pittsburg; his success, as told elsewhere, led him to come to Willard Park, bringing his old gun along with him.

Clark's Patent live bird traps were used on the first day of the Grand American Handicap, and also for the Nitro Powder Handicap contest. On Friday they were replaced by a set of the King traps; for what reason, I don't know, but understand that a few of the shooters requested the change, as they



thought the birds would start better from a more noisy trap. The record made by Clark's traps on the two days when they were used, speaks well for both traps and birds. On Wednesday out of 36 entries in a 15 bird race only two men killed their 15 birds. On the first day of the handicap, out of 58 entries, at the end of the tenth round there were only 11 straights, 17 nines and 15 eights, while 15 men had dropped out after missing three birds; 548 pigeons were trapped from these traps on this day.

Our illustrations showing the shooters while they were actually firing their first barrels, is something decidedly new and interesting. In many instances the recoil of the gun made the outline of the weapon slightly blurred. By the way, if anybody would like a print or so of his own individual picture, he can get the same by applying to Forest and Stream Publishing Company at the rate of 25 cents per photograph. Of course it will be understood that in our illustration it has been necessary to reduce the size of each photograph to about two-fifths of its original dimensions.

The birds used in the main event were good flyers, but were slow to start as a rule. Once started they were hard to kill; examine the totals. EDWARD BANKS.

San Antonio Gun Club.

San Antonio, Texas, April 6.—As will be seen by the scores given below, the celebrated dog man from Milwaukee, Mr. Richard Merrill, again distinguished himself by breaking 79 out of 81 targets, including 5 pairs. While Dicky was at the traps a flock of canvas backs passed over the shooting grounds, and he didn't do a thing but bring one down amid the plaudits of the crowd. The local paper said that, "Mr. Merrill would have it stuffed as a memento of the occasion"; and he did—that is, he had it stuffed with chestnuts, and the next day the succulent bird was wrestling with Dick's interior anatomy. Scores:

No. 1, 15 singles: A. W. Adams 13, Merrill 15, Chabot 7, H. W. Adams 8, Shields 8, Carpenter 2

No. 2, same: A. W. Adams 11, Merrill 14, Chabot 9, H. W. Adams 10, Carpenter 5, Bennett 7, Ellis 10.

No. 3, medal shoot, 30 singles: A. W. Adams 22, Merrill 29, Ellis 21, Black 24, Epp 20, Shields 24, Chabot 21, H. W. Adams 16, Simpson 15, Bennett 12, Thiele 12, Grossman 14, Carpenter 7.

No. 4, 5 pairs: Merrill 10, A. W. Adams 7, Chabot 6, H. W. Adams 6, Ellis 7, Black 6, Simpson 8, Grossman 5, Shields 7, Thiele 8.

No. 5, 15 singles: A. W. Adams 14, Merrill 15, Black 14, Epp 10, Bennett 8, Ellis 12, Simpson 9, Shields 10.

POWDER HILL GUN CLUB.

The following are the latest scores made by the members of the Powder Hill Gun Club:

No. 1, 15 singles and 5 paris: Critzer 22, Ohnesorge 20, Gloeckner 19, Dyer 21, Texas Field 22, A. Dreiss 18.

No. 2, same: Critzer 21, Ohnesorge 19, Gloeckner 20, Dyer 22, Texas Field 20, A. Dreiss 19.

STATE TOURNAMENT.

The 19th annual tournament of the Texas Association takes place here on May 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19, and will be the greatest meeting the association ever had. The programme, which will be issued next week, will contain very attractive features. $600 in cash will be added and $500 in merchandise will be scattered along the events. TEXAS FIELD.

The Late Dr. Henry B. Wygant.

Mr. Orrin J. Loder, Secretary of the Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club, has sent us a copy of the resolutions, adopted on April 3 by the members of his club, in memory of their late fellow member, Dr. Henry B. Wygant. Dr. Wygant's death was a sad blow to the Peekskill club, and the resolutions, given below, truthfully record the sentiments of its members:

"At a meeting of the Peekskill Gun Club, held on April 3, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by a rising vote, ordered to be placed in full on the records of the club, a copy be sent to the family of our deceased friend and to the press: Resolved, That we, the officers and members of the Peekskill Gun Club have learned with profound sorrow of the death of our beloved comrade, Dr. Henry B. Wygant. Most of us have known him intimately for years, and have enjoyed with him many delightful occasions in connection with our organization. We have ever found him of equable temperament and sunny disposition, and shall hold his memory forever green in our hearts. As a surgeon dentist, Dr. Wygant was easily in the front of his profession. As an amateur sportsman, he inherited from his father a love for dog and gun, and when his opportunities for field shooting seemed ended, he became an enthusiastic trap shooter. He might truly be called 'The Father of the Sport' in our vicinity. The club owes very much of its success to his untiring efforts. As a friend his life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.' Resolved, That we tender to his widow and family our heartfelt and sincerest sympathy."

A Letter from Dr. Carver.

Dr. W. F. Carver, writing to Forest and Stream from Kansas City, Mo., under date of March 21, says: "I am at a loss to understand why I should be accused of bluffing, etc., and my name held up to ridicule by Mr. Cockburn, of Canada, as I have never had the distinguished honor of meeting Mr. Cockburn. Let me make him this offer: I will give him 25 dead birds in 100 in a 100-bird match for $1,000 a side, and meet him in Chicago any day he may name during this month of April, the shoot to be under American Association rules, 12-bore guns. I will further add that I am ever willing to shoot any man in the world at John Watson's grounds, in Chicago, under American Association rules, for $500 or $1,000, or more at any time. Simply give me one week's notice. It is not necessary for any one to publish his challenge. Let him put his money in his grip, and come along. This is a standing challenge, and open to the world. If any man on earth thinks he is a pigeon-shooter, and wants my money, let him come to Chicago and get it with my blessing.

"DR. W. F. CARVER, Champion Shot of the World."

So much for Dr. Carver's letter, which is very much like many others of a similar nature lately published. It takes a strong and retentive memory to keep track of all the challenges that have appeared recently. Elliott, Brewer, Clars, Cockburn and Carver, have all had their say, but nothing has come of any of their challenges. Brewer has received a letter from Carver, which is understood to convey the meaning that he (Carver) will come East, if he can see any matches for money worth winning in sight. Brewer wishes to assure Carver that if he will come to New York he can choose either of the following alternatives in the way of a starter: 1—200 live birds per man for $5,000 a side; 2—100 live birds per man for $2,500 a side; 3—three separate 100-bird races for $1,500 a side each race. These under A. S. A. rules. If Dr. Carver thinks well of either one of these offers, all he need do is to post a proportionate sum to bind the match, or matches, with this office, and Brewer says the rest will be plain sailing.

As everybody has now had his say, and plenty of it, the time has come to close these columns to any challenge that is not accompanied by a fit sum of money to bind the match, if the challenge is accepted. The public is long suffering, and is always glad to read anything that bears the stamp of genuineness, and which relates to any of the great wing-shots of this greater country, but—the public must be protected from any more blizzards of a like character to that just experienced. In the words of the prophet: "Put up, gentlemen, or——"

Iowa Trap-Shooting.

Ruthven, Iowa, March 22.—The attendance at the three days' tournament, gotten up by D. D. Birch, of this place, was not as large as might reasonably have been expected, owing to the bad weather. The third day was so windy and dusty that many of the targets thrown could not be seen. Among those in attendance were: Chas. M. Grimm, Clear Lake; H. J. Wilson, Emmetsburg; D. V. Palmer, Lake Park; C. H. Lenander, A. Sundstrom, Bancroft; "Dude" Gilbert, H. Van Steenburg, Spirit Lake; J. D. Melton, Humboldt. Frankie, Walker, Birch and Schlosser were the home shooters. The programme stated, "No dropping for place. Contestants found guilty will be handicapped," and during the three days I do not think a target was dropped intentionally. They were shot from five electric traps, walk around; known and unknown traps and known and unknown angles. All ties were divided. The first average was made by C. M. Grimm with E. C. Powder, loaded by the U. M. C. people. Second by Gilbert, third, Birch. The clerical work was in the efficient hands of Fred Giddings, Hendrickson scored, the undersigned acting as referee. WALTER H. LIGHT.

Vernon Gun Club.

Vernon, Texas, March 28.—The Vernon Gun Club held its regular shoot yesterday, with the following result. Out of 30 singles and three pairs:

D. M. Alexander	111000011110110100011101110110010010—20
Geo. M Cooke	011110011111110111100111000011110011—24
G. W. Gales	101110100110000010001100100010011111—17
B. H. Houssels	101101010011010010111001001101010 10—19
J. S. Massie	100101100110011111011111110111110010—24
J. G. Matthews	010100001101010100011101011010101111—19
L. G. Hawkins (31 birds)	110110010001111111011010101000—18

L. G. HAWKINS, Secretary.

Hartford Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., April 6.—The following scores were made this afternoon by the Hartford Gun Club, the weather being rainy and disagreeable:

"Ford"	111111111111111011111111—24
Green	110110111101101111111111—21
Chapin	110110111011111101111111—21
Williamson	101101001110011110011111—17
Tucker	101101111100110010000101—14
Seyton	010011000111010001111110—14
Smith	000100100101110001111010—1
Wadsworth	111000000101111100001011—1

D. S. WADSWORTH.

Squire vs. Ross.

Elizabeth, N. J. April 6.—George Squire, of the Climax Gun Club, and William Ross, of the Elizabeth Gun Club, shot a match this afternoon at 50 birds for $50 a side, 30 yards rise. The birds were good ones, so the scores are not really as low as they appear. T. H. Keller was referee, Wm. Parker, scorer, and D. Terry trap puller. Score:

George Squire	00221110112221112201112 11—21
	1021021*2111220011200212—18—39
Wm. Ross	00222222122212201202 1*122—20
	1*2221202220202*220202122—18—38

This match was followed by a sweep at 7 birds, $5 entrance, the following being the scores: Apgar, 7; Keller, Ross, Squire and D. Terry, 6; Woodruff, Marsh and Benner, 4; Keller, Ross, Squire and Terry decided to shoot off the tie for second, each man adding $2 to the purse: in the second round Keller and Ross divided, Squire and Terry missing their birds. T. K.

Meadville Gun Club.

Meadville, Pa., April 3.—The Meadville Gun Club held its regular monthly badge shoot this afternoon. This event is at 25 targets, unknown angles; Class B badge was won by H. A. Johnson, Reisinger winning the badge in Class B; the badge for the C men was won by Krueger. Johnson and Reisinger have held the badges in their respective classes to date, but there are other shooters coming up who will be liable to drop them out when the summer season opens. Scores:

Badge shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Ehrgott	1011111101111111101011101—20
Belton	0100111101101111111011101—18
Johnson, H. A	1111110111111111101111011—22
Leberman	1010101011000100011101110—13
Krueger	1101001110011110100011000—13
Affantranger, E. L	0000111001101011010 10010—12
Lashells	1110000010100110001111011—13
Reisinger	0011011111111001011111111—19
Affantranger, N	0101110100100100011001000—10
Kelso	0011111100111010100111011—16
Boehm	0000011000100100000001000— 5
Johnson, A	1101000111110001101110000—13
Gundaker	1111001100011111001011 00—14
Hayes	1101010011001111101111000—15
See	0001011011111100111110000—14
Clark	0100101110101111100000111—14

No. 2, 25 targets, 15 at unknown angles, 10 at known angles:-

Lashells, 11; Johnson, A, 13; Affantranger, E. L., 12; Affantranger, N., 15; Boehm, 9; Ehrgott, 19; Belton, 17; Leberman, 12; Clark, 18; Hayes, 14; Johnson, H. A., 19; Reisinger, 17; Kelso, 9; Hotchkiss, 15; Krueger, 13; Adams, 21.

CHOKE BORE.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

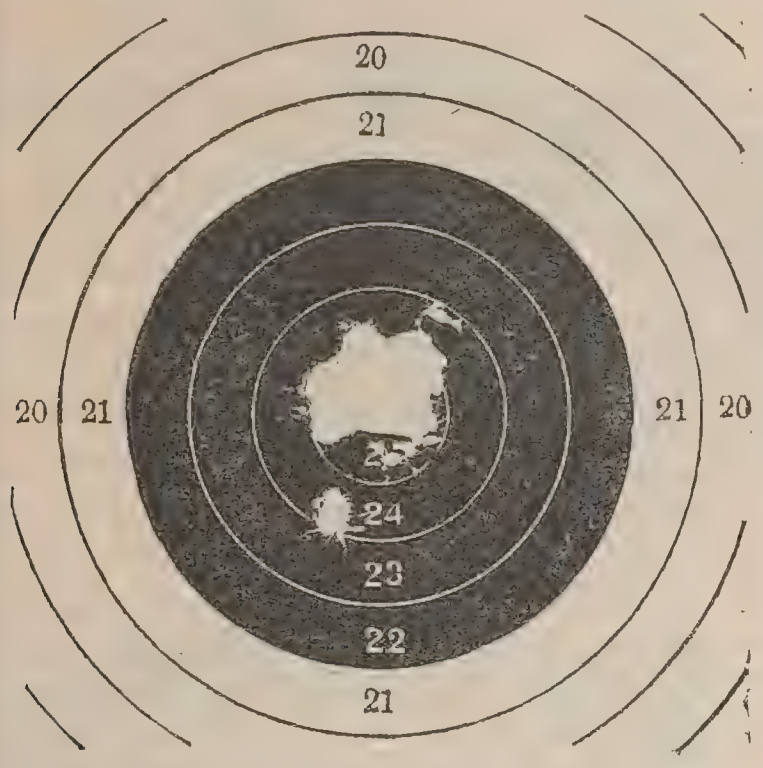
New York Rifle Club.

New York, April 3.—This club held its regular shoot to-day at Zettler's. The following scores were made by the members present. Off-hand. German Ring Target. Distance 75ft. Any rifle, sights and trigger-pull. Two best scores counted: R. J. Young, 71, 247, 248; A. H. Isbell, 69, 245, 245; D. Crocker, 61, 244, 245; E. B. Barker, 58, 238, 240; C. E. Gensch, 66.

R. J. YOUNG, Sec. N. Y. R. C.

Dr. Stillman's Marksmanship.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 30.—I send you a fine score made by our crack shot, Dr. A. A. Stillman, of the Indoor Shooting Club, with a 22 cal. rifle, 10 shots, off-hand, 75ft. For a good cluster we think



it would be a hard one to beat. The doctor recently closed a run of 316 consecutive bull's-eyes. Score:

Dr. Stillmann—25, 25, 25, 25, 25, 25, 25, 25, 24, 24—248.

R. ROBOTHAM, Sec.

National Sharpshooters' Union.

The following item will be of interest to sharpshooters in every part of the Union: "The National Sharpshooters' Union tournament, to be held at Glendale, L. I., from June 30 to July 8, is expected to be the largest affair of its kind ever held in this country. Plans for this tournament have been making for two years. A large fund has been guaranteed to defray the expenses of the shoot. All contests will be open to all comers, with the exception of the Honor Target competition."

They Broke the Record.

New York, April 1.—At midnight last Saturday a notable 15-day shooting tournament was concluded at the rifle range of the Manhattan Athletic Club. It will probably go on record as one of the famous events of 1895, for it was a closely contested match from start to finish, and Captain James S. Conlin, under whose supervision it was shot, declares that the winners of the first and second prizes have broken all previous records at the distance, and under similar conditions. The conditions of the match were: Go-as-you-please competition, open to all; ten shots to a target, 3 best targets to win first prize, 3 second best, second prize, 22 caliber rifles with globe and peep sights were used. The distance was 125ft., and the standard decimal targets were proportinately reduced, making it equal to a 200 yard range. In order to fully understand what shooting at this distance means, it is well to state that to make ten points the rifleman must put his shot inside of a circle that a ten-cent piece would cover. To score 90 points, or over, every shot must go within a circle that a fifty-cent piece would cover. The prizes—a gold badge to the first, and a silver one to the second man are both of the same unique design—a target encircled by a wreath, bearing in colors the club emblem on its face. It is pendant from a pair of crossed rifles. The bar which surmounts them bears the words "First prize" and "Second prize," and upon the lower circle of the target the club initials "N. M. A. C." appear. The winner of the gold badge was Herbert R. Limburger, and of the silver one Captain James C. Summers. The six winning targets score as follows: Limburger 94, 95, 97; Summers 90, 91, 92.

J. S. CONLIN.

Petty and Paine.

Messrs. Paine and Petty had a friendly talk with reference to their proposed revolver match April 3, at the Manhattan Athletic Club. Arrangements will probably be made to shoot the match early in May.

Mr. Paine also broached the subject of a team shoot between Boston and New York Marksmen, suggesting five or ten men to a side.

Yachting.

The visit of the English half-rater is now assured, and it only remains for the committee of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. to perfect the details of the races with Mr. Brand, a matter which is likely to be easily settled. The letters which we have received on the subject from all quarters show the widespread interest which this new international race has awakened. Mr. Brand's new boat will be named Spruce IV.; an error was made in reading his first cablegram, the word Minima being interpreted as the name of the new boat instead of the club in whose name the challenge would be made.

On Monday of next week a very important gathering of racing men will take place at the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. house in New York, for the purpose of organizing an association of the Long Island Sound clubs. Of the many attempts made in the past for the formation of a union of New York clubs, all but one have been complete failures; and that, in its six years of existence has scored but a moderate success; and has entirely failed in uniting other than a certain class of clubs devoted to the racing of open boats of the old type. The new movement is started with no attempt to pass the natural barrier of Hell Gate and the East River, but to encourage racing among the rapidly-increasing clubs east of the Gate. Thus far the initiatory movement has been well managed and has met with general favor, and the meeting next week is likely to result in a union on such a basis as may lead to permanency.

In establishing a challenge trophy, the yachtsmen of San Francisco have encountered much the same difficulties as beset the special committee of the New York Y. C. in 1889, in drawing up the new deed of gift of the America's cup. The San Francisco men, however, have dealt with the matter in a broad and liberal spirit, calculated to give fair play to both challenger and defender, and the limits which they propose, for size of competing boats and measurement rules to govern the races, will probably result in the avoidance of unseemly disputes in the future, or of the practical nullification of the terms in a few years.

Mr. C. Oliver Iselein has confirmed the report, for sometime current, that the new cup defender will be plated with Parsons' Manganese bronze, the material used by the Cramps for propeller wheels, but beyond this the dimensions are as yet absolutely unknown. It seems probable, however, that when they are known the Boston Herald will be able to claim, as usual, the honor of having first published them. This enterprising journal has already made four different guesses, and there will probably be time for half a dozen more before the boat is afloat, and visible to other than a select few. The Herald's guesses are as follows: Jan. 28, beam 23ft. 6in.; March 16, beam 22ft. ?in.; March 17, beam 27ft.; April 3, beam 23ft. 3in.

From the Herald's latest story, it appears that some wicked persons in the Herreshoff shops set up a couple of angle frames with a "fake" cross spall, showing a breadth of 27ft.; which measurement was in some way obtained by the Herald, and published as authentic. Last week the doors of the shop were opened to admit a boiler for a steam yacht, allowing a Herald man an opportunity to spy under a piece of canvas hung over the bows, and to see, "by marks by which the beam dimensions could be got at," that the boat would be exactly 23ft. 3in. wide. This sounds very much as though the Herald has been allowed once more to fool itself; a very easy matter for people even less shrewd than the Herreshoffs.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Willoda, cat, has been sold by W. G. Newman to Mr. Pelham, of New Rochelle.

A regular meeting of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. was held on April 2, with Vice-Com. Rouse in the chair, Com. Benedict being absent on a cruise. On motion of Mr. Wetmore, of the Racing Committee, the special committee on uniform racing rules, appointed at the previous meeting, was requested to report as soon as possible on the desirability of an immediate adoption of a classification by racing length.

A letter was read from the Gas Engine & Power Co., calling attention to the proposed bill calling for licensed officers on naphtha launches, and the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That any law requiring the employment of licensed engineers for the management of naphtha or electric launches would be injudicious, unnecessary and oppressive. And be it resolved that a committee of three be appointed by the chair with power to make such representations and take such action in the name of and in behalf of this club as may to them seem advisable and proper to prevent the passage of any act for that purpose.

Messrs. J. Langdon Wood, J. F. Tams and L. F. d'Oremieulx were appointed on the committee. Messrs. Sherman and Wetmore reported that cable messages had been received from Mr. J. A. Brand, stating that he would challenge for the new cup in the name of the Minima Y. C. with a new half-rater, Spruce IV.

Unquowa, steam yacht, has been sold by the estate of the late O. B. Jennings to J. H. Hall, of Hartford, Conn.

The schooner Adrienne, W. A. Gordon, and the sloop Nepenthe, C. P. Richardson, of the Southern Y. C., New Orleans, are now in home waters after a winter cruise to Nassau and Cuba, respectively.

At the regular meeting of the Owasco Y. C. the following officers were elected:

Com., Charles E. Thorne; Vice-Com., Douglas Beardsley; Fleet Capt., Willard E. Case; Meas., Shirley F. Stupp; Sec. and Treas., Clarence U. Chedell.

The appointment of the Regatta Committee was deferred until the return of the commodore, who has the appointing power.

The annual regatta will be sailed on July 4, 1895.

The club is anticipating a very active season with good racing. Its fleet now includes the fin-keels El Chico, Nemadjy and Asp.

At the annual meeting of the Yapewi Aquatic Club, of Bordentown, N. J., the following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. Elvin S. Taylor; Vice-Pres., Robert S. Murphy; Sec., J. B. Reynolds; Purser, Charles E. Burr; Capt., Philip F. H. Brakeley; Mate, Louis W. Wiese; Directors, Fred G. Wiese, Fred W. Taylor, H. H. Brakeley, E. Haas, Jr. and S. W. Beldon. The latch string is always out to visiting yachtsmen and canoeists.

Early next month Harper & Bro. will publish a new hand-book of navigation, by Mr. W. J. Henderson, the well-known writer on yachting and other topics. The book is designed expressly for beginners, and covers the whole subject up to "Sumner's method," in a plain, concise and practical manner; explaining each step in detail. It will be entitled "The Elements of Navigation," and will contain about one hundred and fifty pages, pocket size. Mr. Henderson, who was formerly yachting editor of the New York Times, has devoted much time to the study of navigation, and the result of his labors is likely to prove most valuable to those requiring an elementary but complete hand-book.

A Distinguished Visitor.

There arrived in New York last week, on the Berlin, the one-rater Shrimp, designed and built last season by Sibbick, of Cowes, for Capt. Orr Ewing. Shrimp was not launched until the latter part of August, but in the remaining races of the season she started 15 times, taking 12 firsts and 3 other prizes. Her new owner is Mr. Chas. M. Pratt, of Brooklyn, a member of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., who will race her this season. She is a sister boat to the one-rater, Wave, owned by Mr. Barber, and is about 18ft. 6in. l.w.l., with 320sq. ft. sail area.

An Imitation "Fake."

Those who are familiar with the wonderful and impossible stories set afloat by the Boston Herald, and the extravagant and boastful style which characterizes all of them, will appreciate the following clever skit in which the Boston Globe ridicules the Herald's recent achievements in publishing false dimensions of the cup defender:

The balloon and other light sails of the new Herreshoff cup defender will be of rubber.

This is the latest development of Herreshoff genius in its search for things to beat the wily Englishman or the canny Scot.

Even more extraordinary precautions have been taken to guard the secret at the Bristol rubber works, where the cup defender's sails are being made, than were taken at the company's shops to guard the secret of the design and construction of the boat, yet the Globe is able to penetrate that secret and give its readers the facts about the sails and the real reasons for having a loft outside the shops.

There was a burglar alarm, but the Globe did not tread on the wire, eh, Mr. Herreshoff?

There were watchmen, but they were not "foxy" enough for the Globe man. Mr. Designer, how about that?

The statement by a contemporary that the hiring of the loft at the rubber works did not mean that the sails were to be made of rubber, was evidently a "blind" thrown out by the Herreshoffs, for while it is true that rubber would not be suitable for the sails used in going to windward, because it would stretch too much, yet it is also true that this very quality of stretching would make it most valuable for the sails used in reaching or in running before the wind.

A great idea, and only a few inches out from your view, eh, Mr. Superintendent?

But possibly those few inches may be accounted for by the stretching of the rubber.

All yachtsmen know the value of a big spread of sail in going before the wind, and every one who has seen a race has felt the effect and appreciated the usefulness as well as the beauty of the swelling spinaker reaching from topmast head to tapering end of spinnaker boom, and apparently doubling at once the boat's propelling power.

So, too, has admiration been fixed on the bulging expanse of the balloon jib-topsail on the opposite side, catching the wind which escapes from the spinnaker, and utilizing the last ounce of its force.

How much more, then, would the usefulness and beauty of these splendid sails be enhanced if they could be made of some elastic material, which should allow them to increase in area, and, consequently, in propulsive power, in proportion to the force of the wind.

Rules for sail area measurement could be laughed to scorn. Competitors with old-fashioned sails could be left far behind. A good thing. Push it along!

But what material?

Let us think.

Ah! Rubber! The very thing! Make the sails of gossamer weight, strong, yet light, and very elastic, rope them stoutly along foot, luff and leach, and there would be wings which would stretch to double their ordinary pulling power; which would defy wind or water to destroy; which would ensure successful cup defense unless, indeed, Lord Dunraven should stipulate that all the races be wholly to windward instead of simply starting that way.

Cried the designer, eureka!

Pretty close to your idea, eh, gentlemen of the company? Not more than plus inches out of the way?

But, however! These newspaper fellows must not know.

Let us think again.

Ah! again an idea! Hire a loft in the rubber works. Let it be understood that it was hired because there was no room to make the big sails in our own shops. Make our rubber sails here in secret, and let the newspaper fellows fool themselves with the idea that duck was really the material.

Again, eureka!

A pretty trap into which the esteemed contemporary appears to have fallen in its mention of the foolishness of the report of rubber sails.

But the Globe is too smart to be caught in that way, and now gives its readers, as it promised, the facts in the matter.

And in its turn it can confidently cry, eureka!

If the Herreshoffs have not had these ideas, and are not now making the spinnaker, balloon jib-topsail and an extra club topsail of rubber, then the Globe will patent them as its own.

The top of the morning to you, Mr. Herreshoff, and may your shadow on those rubber sails never grow less.

One enterprising New York paper was misled into printing the above "news" as true.

Isolde.

The German fin-keel, 20-rater, building at the Herreshoff shops for Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, has been named Isolde. An attempt to launch her was made on March 30, but she stuck on the ways, and the aid of a tug only served to haul her clear of the big doors. She was finally launched next day, and will be tried this week. Her skipper, Capt. Ben Parker, with Tom Diaper, Jr., son of Vigilant's pilot, as mate. Capt. Parker is one of the best skippers of small craft in English waters, having sailed Mr. Hills 20-rater the three Dragons with great success. The yacht will be shipped at once to Kiel, but in August she will visit Cowes, where she will meet the new Gould 20 Niagara, sailed by Capt. John Barr, as well as the British 20-raters, Isolde's dimensions, as given, are: Over all, 65ft.; l.w.l., 46ft.; beam, 12ft.; draft, 11ft.

Vigilant and Colonia.

The Vigilant will sail very soon from Southampton for New York, with Capt. Chas. Barr in command. She will be yawl-rigged, as on the eastward passage, but the centerboard slot has been temporarily blocked. The new centerboard is now ready at Bristol, and will be shipped in the trunk on her arrival at New York. The yacht is now the sole property of Com. George Gould, who has purchased the half-interest of his brother. Mr. E. A. Willard will be in charge of her through the season, and she will be raced steadily.

Capt. Hank Haff has secured twenty-five Americans from the fishermen of Deer Island, Maine, as the nucleus of the crew for the new cup defender, and next week he will take charge of Colonia, fitting her out and sailing her in the early races until the new boat is ready, when the crew will be transferred to her. Capt. James Berry, of Katrina and Wasp, will be first mate on Colonia and the new boat.

A Summer Afloat.

PART IV.

(Concluded from Page 277.)

After dinner we went ashore, leaving our dinghy hauled up on the float at the pier. We took a long walk, turning eastward down the road that runs out to Chauncey's Creek. There are any number of beautiful views of the harbor from this road, and we were impressed with the beauty of the country as well.

It seemed to us, that in time Kittery was destined to be a very popular summer resort. We retraced our footsteps to the post-office, then went on to Fort McClary, and spent an hour or more in this picturesque old place.

The government started to build a magnificent stone fort here, and the work so far as it has gone is very massive. Huge guns lie around on the green grass, and here and there are great piles of solid shot and shell. Some of the temporary buildings put up for the shelter of the men while at work on the fortifications are rapidly falling into ruins.

The octagonal building, which is so prominent a land mark when coming up the bay, was built as a citadel, to which the workmen and garrison could flee if attacked by a land force before the fort proper was completed.

The position of the fort is a commanding one, and it is well worth the climb up to it to get the magnificent view of the harbor, obtainable from the ramparts.

Before going on board again we bought some supplies at the stores, but forgot to get bread. I discovered this oversight almost immediately after reaching the yacht, and went back alone for it, leaving F. on board.

I had rowed about half the distance from the yacht to the shore, when I heard the sailor on the Eda shout, and saw him gesticulating as though calling attention to something in the water beyond them. I turned and pulled quickly in that direction, and learned that a man had just fallen off from a small sail-boat and drowned. It seems he was a lobster man, and had just sold some lobsters up the creek, where he also procured some whisky and proceeded to imbibe it. He was lying on the rail of the little half-decked boat, drifting idly down the harbor with the ebbing tide.

There was scarcely a breath of air stirring, but the swell of a passing steamer gave the boat a sudden lurch and over he rolled, sinking apparently without a struggle.

A number of boats, from vessels in the harbor and from shore soon collected, and watched for any appearance of the body, but all gave it up after a little while, as the tide was running quite swiftly, and there was no chance at all that they could find it.

We had a quiet night, except that the steamers running from Kitterry to Portsmouth ran very close to us and the sharp swells they made were very annoying. We made up our minds that we would anchor more to the eastward, or about half-way between Logy Ledge and Gooseberry Island, if we ever came here again.

We turned out at five o'clock next morning, and by 6.30 were dropping down the harbor on the ebb tide with a very light breeze from south-west, which died out almost entirely as we passed Whaleback Light and the bell buoy. After rounding the bell, we laid our course N. N. E. for York River, passing close to the spindle on Stones Rocks. The haze of the day before continued, and objects on shore were very indistinct.

The sea breeze seemed to be contending with one off from the land, and our sails would draw first on one side and then on the other. In half an hour after turning the bell buoy, where we had the wind aft, we were running close hauled on the same course. The westerly wind finally prevailed, but it was very light till we passed Scales Head, when it began to freshen and we tacked up the river to Rocks Nose, with our lee rail awash.

We dropped our anchor in the cove below Rocks Nose at eleven o'clock, having made but nine miles in four hours and a half.

After making everything snug on board and changing our clothes, we rowed up to the landing near the Marshall House, pulled the dinghy out on to the float, and walked up the river to the old village of York. The sun was very hot, but we enjoyed, nevertheless, the mile tramp along the smooth country road to Coventry Hall, where we had a good home dinner, a very welcome change from our own cooking.

In the afternoon we lounged under the apple trees smoking and chatting, till the lengthening shadows warned us it was time to return to the yacht.

We promised our friends before departing that if the morrow should be fair, we would take them all out for a sail, and would meet them at the landing with the dinghy at 9 A. M.

We walked leisurely back to the river, enjoying every step of

the way, where we found the Cy-Pres swinging peacefully at her anchor in the snug little cove.

As we stretched ourselves out on the cushions we were filled with a sense of complete satisfaction in her cosy and home-like cabin, and regretted that we had reached the end of our trip, and must turn our bows homeward on the morrow.

At nine o'clock next morning the skipper was at the landing with the dinghy, and had stowed away in her, bread, eggs and water enough for two days' supply. In a very few minutes our party arrived, and it taxed the capacity of our little boat to the utmost, as there were five grown people besides the skipper, to be accommodated in an eleven-foot six-inch dinghy. She proved equal to the task, and we dropped down to the yacht easily and rapidly on the strong ebb tide.



AILSA—WINNING AT CANNES, MARCH 7.
From a Photo by West & Sons.

We had already set the mainsail, and put the jibs up in stops, so it took but a moment to get the anchor up, break out the jib, and get off.

As we passed out of the mouth of the river we found a good breeze blowing from the south, and decided to take the party around the light-house on Boon Island, seven miles due east of us, as we would have a reaching wind both out and back.

The thick haze or smoke, that had hung over the water so persistently for several days, shut out the land when we were only two or three miles out, and the girls enjoyed the novelty of sailing in a brisk breeze out of sight of land. It was not long, however, till the tall mysterious shaft of the light-house appeared as a specter in the distance, growing more substantial in form and substance as we approached it. We passed to the north of the island, which is low and rocky, without a spear of grass or green thing on it. It made us shudder to think how dreary the place must be in the cold winter storms, that sweep with such terrific force along this coast.

Quite a fleet of schooners were jogging off and on round the island, and it was hard to believe that they were engaged in their daily toil of catching fish for the market. We could scarcely realize that they were not sailing for fun, just as we were; they were so picturesquely grouped around the great gray tower of the light-house.

The breeze freshened perceptibly all the way out, and on the return stretch we had our lee scuppers under, and some sea began to get up. The yacht was quite lively on the reach back to York; in fact, a little too much so for one of our friends, who paid the penalty demanded by old Neptune, of landsmen or women, who venture out of sight of land in a stiff breeze and jumping sea.

We bowled along at a great pace, and reached our old berth in the mouth of York River by noon.

I landed our party of friends, and returned to the yacht with as little delay as possible, as the wind was freshening and we wished to take advantage of it and make Portsmouth that afternoon.

The breeze was stiff, and almost dead ahead, so that we had a lively thrash to windward, taking long legs in shore and short ones off shore.

There were two fishing schooners beating up from Boon Island, just ahead of us, one about thirty feet long, tacked across our bows about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, she was going in shore and we were standing off. On the next tack we crossed her bows nearly as far to windward of her as she had been of us.

We tacked in the wake of the other schooner, and stood after her on the in-shore leg. We were surprised to find that we could hold nearly a point higher than the schooner, and succeed in screwing the little Cy-Pres out on her weather, so that we held on a straight course for the whistler off Portsmouth Harbor, while she was obliged to take another tack off shore, and went astern of us in doing so.

We would not have thought so much of this performance had the water been smooth and the breeze light, for in such conditions the Cy-Pres is at her best; but to beat two such schooners in a thrash to windward, with all the wind and sea we could stagger through, was indeed a great surprise and pleasure.

As we turned up the harbor we ran through a fleet of yachts coming out, all headed for the bell buoy. They made a very beautiful and lively picture, as they came rushing down upon us, heeled away over under the fresh breeze.

Remembering the annoyance caused by the ferry steamers on our previous visit here, we anchored farther from the steamboat pier, off Kittery, and escaped the nuisance.

After tea, the wind rose and blew hard from the west, coming down on us in sudden, heavy squalls, the whole bay was lashed into a smother of foam, and the sharp, white crested waves flew hissing past us.

We paid out a long scope of chain, hung out our anchor light, and slept the sound sleep that only tired sailors, in a snug harbor, know how to indulge in.

Right ahead of us lay a lovely little "knock about," one of the prettiest of that modern class of boats that we had seen.

The owner went ashore early in the afternoon, and left her there, right in the way of boats coming to anchor, and never hung out a light of any kind till after we were sound asleep.

We could not see how a man that loved his boat could be so careless of her safety.

When we came on deck in the morning we were surprised to find that a thick fog had settled down over us, and we could not see anything of our surroundings.

About seven o'clock a light air sprang up from the north-west, and soon cleared away the mist, by eight o'clock the breeze grew stronger and was more northerly, and as the barometer was steady at 29.90 deg., we decided to weigh anchor and take our departure for Rockport.

The thick smoky appearance of the atmosphere continued, and we soon ran out of sight of land; which we did not see again till we were within a mile or two of Halibut Point on Cape Ann.

We steered south, one-half west from Whaleback Light, and were gratified to find that this course was exactly right, bringing us just a little to the eastward of Halibut Point.

The wind hauled round gradually, more to the northward and then to the eastward, so that during the last few miles we were running nearly close hauled, with the breeze quite fresh.

A small steamer, about forty feet long, overtook us when we were about half-way across. She was a very handsome little vessel, and all hands seemed to be having a delightful time.

We dropped our anchor in the quiet little harbor of Rockport at one o'clock, having made the run across from Portsmouth in just five hours. Soon after reaching here the wind died completely out, and many of the fishermen were obliged to tow their vessels in, and some did not get in till late in the evening.

In rounding up to our anchorage, I allowed the anchor to drag along the bottom to snub her, so she should not shoot too far and foul some of the fishermen; and, fearing that the anchor would get so full of weeds and kelp that it would not hold, I raised it to clear it. In the meantime the yacht drifted astern very close to the end of the piers, where a big three-masted schooner was unloading coal, so we lay to a shorter chain than usual, or that we regarded, on the whole, as safe.

About midnight it began to blow hard from the north, and we were disturbed by the unusual motion. On going on deck we found quite a sea rolling into the little harbor, and the yacht more uneasy than we had ever seen her before in this usually very quiet harbor.

As we could not pay out any more chain, owing to our proximity to the big schooner that lay at the dock, we got out our big spare anchor and carried it well to windward, and rode by it the rest of the night. We turned in again after seeing that everything was snug, but we had become so thoroughly awakened by our work, that it took a long time to get to sleep again.

The wind howled through the rigging, and the halyards slatted a monotonous tattoo on the mast, varied now and then by a louder crack as the jib purchase block was forced against it by a stronger puff.

The wind was still blowing hard when we awakened the next morning, and the sea outside was very heavy. It did not come directly into the harbor, but rolled diagonally across its mouth, causing a peculiar side motion in the yacht, which was very uncomfortable.

Several of the staunch fishing schooners went out for their day's work, and the tossing they got as they passed out of the harbor was something to wonder at.

A big stone sloop, that was lying at one end of the piers, hoisted her top sail, a signal for a tug to come over from Pigeon Cove, and take her into the Granite Company's dock.

We have seen this signal made a number of times, and always with the same results, so feel quite confident that we are correct in assuming that this is what it is done for.

In a few minutes the tug hove in sight, and took the sloop in tow. When they got into the sea the pitching was fine.

The tug was a very large and powerful one, yet when she went down in the trough of the sea she disappeared completely, all except her smoke-stack, and it looked as though the sloop would jump the mast right out of her.

We concluded that we would not venture out till the weather moderated, although the breeze was only a wholesail one, for the large powerful fishing schooners that ply their calling up and down the coast.

The barometer rose three-tenths during the night, and the sky was perfectly clear during the entire blow. The wind began to moderate rapidly about noon, and by four o'clock there was a dead calm.

Several fishermen lay outside of the harbor all the afternoon with not enough wind to move them, while the heavy sea rolled them around, slatting their sails in a way that must have tried the patience of their crews to the utmost.

We spent part of the day on shore, and part of it reading.

Cleaned the yacht from rail to water-line, scrubbing her all over, outside and in, with soap and a stiff scrubbing-brush, brightening the white paint considerably.

The usual quiet of the afternoon was disturbed by a quarrel between the captain of a coal schooner and the pilot who brought her in.

The pilot worked himself up into a towering rage, stamped about the deck of the schooner, swinging his arms and yelling out such a volume of abuse at the captain and his whole line of relations, as it had never been our misfortune to hear before.

After exhausting his physical strength, as well as his vocabulary, he subsided, and the little harbor resumed its quiet, peaceful tone.

In all our experience along the coast, this was the first quarrel we had ever seen.

The fishermen, as a rule, are good natured and very accommodating, coming and going silently at all hours of the day or night.

When we poked our heads out of the cabin at five o'clock next morning, we were very much disappointed to find the whole universe blotted out by a dense fog.

The only sound that reached us was the dismal hooting of the fog-horn on Thatcher's Island, or occasionally the voice of some one moving about on the docks. The little air that was stirring came in from the east, and was cold and penetrating.

After breakfast we kept the stove lighted to warm and cheer the cabin, and busied ourselves writing and reading till eleven o'clock, when a slight shift of wind to the southward lifted the fog a little.

We were on deck at the first indication of a change, and as the fog continued to roll away from the land, we got up our sails and ran out of the harbor.

The water was perfectly still, and the Cy-Pres sneaked along at a lively pace, soon passing Straightsmouth Light, and badly beating a fishing schooner in working to windward.

We kept close in shore, making short tacks, to keep out of the fog-belt, and also to avoid the swift current that makes past Thatcher's Island when the ebb tide is rushing out of Massachusetts Bay.

We passed between Milk Island and the main land, and found plenty of water on the bar, the tide being only half-ebb.

The deepest place is about a cable length from the main land, where the chart gives seven feet at low tide, but we found two fathoms as we went over.

We kept the lead going constantly, and were just beginning to think that the bar had been washed away when the water shoaled rapidly. We were quite close to the shore, and could see the bathers from Turks Head Inn, and hear their voices as they sported in the water, or ran up and down the yellow beach.

After crossing the bar, we steered for Salt Island to explore the cove that lies to the westward of it. We kept the chart spread out on the seat of the cockpit, and referred to it constantly, as this was strange water for us.

As we neared the island, we saw a large trap-net in the water, the tall posts making quite a prominent object. We thought for a long time that it was run out from Salt Island, but as we approached it we spied the line of corks running from the main land out to it; so changed our course and ran outside of everything, but kept close to the trap, as we wished to ask the men who were working at it if there was plenty of water near Salt Island. Finding that there was, we ran in to the northward of the island, and dropped our anchor in a lovely little cove.

As soon as our anchor was down we got into the dinghy, and rowed along the shore of the island to where there were some men mending their lobster pots.

We found that the water grew rapidly shoal as we passed along the west side, and learned from the lobstermen that there was a bar running out from the main land, that at low tide was entirely bare, and already a lot of merry youngsters from the hotel at Bass Rocks, with their breeches tucked up high on their thighs, were wading out toward the island, shouting and splashing along through the rippling water.

We satisfied ourselves that it would not be safe to try to go round the island, unless at the top of the flood tide, and then pulled back to our yacht for dinner.

The water was so clear that we could not believe that it was deep enough to float us, until we dropped the lead over the side and found eight feet.



MANCHESTER.

Salt Island lies right in front of a little valley, whose sides rise high and rocky on either hand. In the distance are the spires of Gloucester, and some of the houses that are on high ground stand out sharply against the blue sky.

The view in that direction is peaceful and lovely, and we were very glad that we had added to our list one more snug little anchorage on this coast.

We weighed anchor about half-past one, but the breeze died out almost immediately, and before we realized it we found that the tide was setting us rapidly toward the nets.

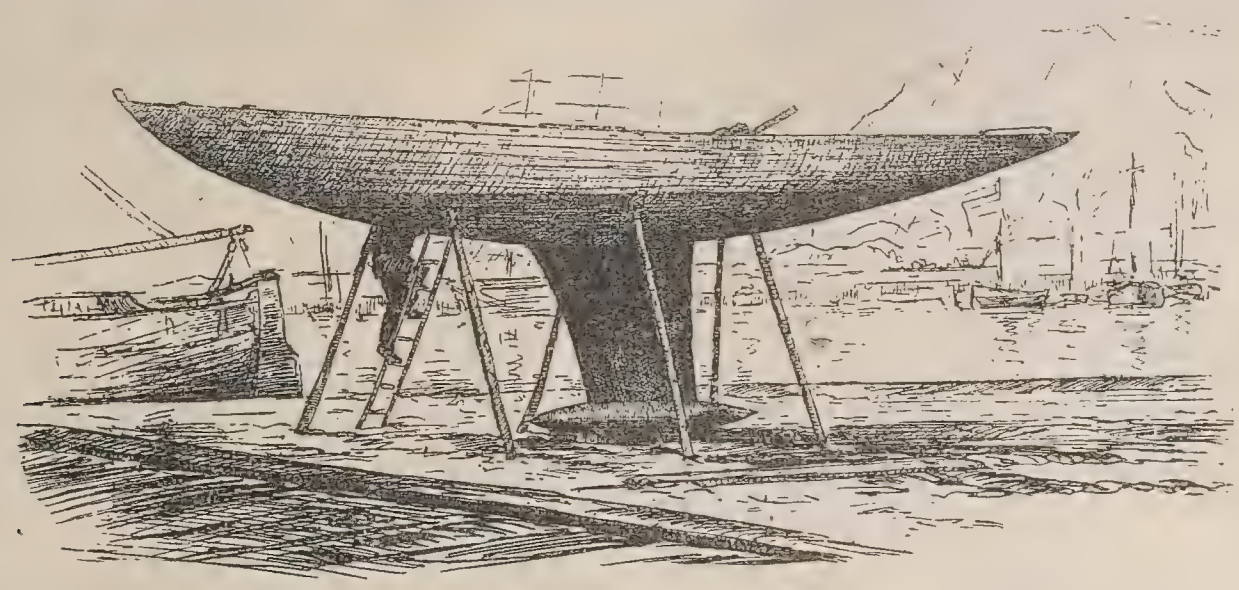
I jumped into the dinghy and rowed hard as I could, but could not prevent the yacht from fouling them. By hard rowing, and

pulling on the guy ropes, we managed to get away without doing any damage; but finding a strong current setting us irresistibly toward the nets again, we dropped the anchor, and I climbed back on board completely tired out.

In five minutes a good strong breeze sprang up from the southeast and we got under way again, standing along the coast close hauled on port tack; we passed between Salt Island and Salt Ledge, a dangerous sunken reef, where the swells of the Atlantic were surging and boiling as they rolled over it.

A mile outside of us was a little yawl, about our size, bowling along with her lee rail awash. She had had a spanking breeze, while we lay perfectly idle; but after once getting started we overhauled her rapidly, and at Eastern Point we had crawled to windward of her.

She could not keep the pace we set her, and fell farther and farther astern every mile. The breeze freshened gradually, till we had a good stiff wholesale breeze and flew along, occasionally dipping into a comber and sending the spray flying over our heads as though a calm was a thing that had never existed. We ran into Magnolia, and picked up our mooring, lying there the rest of the season.



GARETH.

Modern Bulb Fins.

The accompanying illustrations, for which we are indebted to Le Yacht, show two of the latest English bulb fin "creations," Gareth, the very successful 2 1-2 rater designed and built by C. E. Nicholson in 1892, but still one of the fastest of the class, and Contest, a newer boat. The peculiar forms of fin, quite different from the first Herreshoff boats, is very clearly shown. The boats were photographed on the quay at Marseilles, after being lifted from the steamers on which they had come out from England.

First Race of the Season.

The Huguenot Y. C. will open the yacht racing season on Long Island Sound on Saturday, April 20. E. Burton Hart, Chairman of the Regatta Committee, has issued a circular which gives the following information: The cruisers race slated for April 20 will be sailed over the square course. Boats will start from an imaginary line off the easterly end of Huckleberry Island, and will then go to Gangway Buoy, old Hen Buoy and the S. W. Red Buoy off Hen and Chicken and then home.

Five minutes before the gun a red flag will be hoisted for Class A. Cabin cats.—A blue flag will be hoisted for open cats.

Five minutes after these preparatory signals have been hoisted a gun will be fired and boats will then be timed as having started.

The one gun start and four-sided course is something entirely new on Long Island Sound, and the baby organizations of those waters deserves great credit for doing something original. The experiments will be watched with interest by yachtmen all over the country.

Southern Y. C.

New Orleans, April 5.—The Southern Y. C. held its annual meeting and election of officers on April 4. There was but one ticket in the field, that headed by the former rear-commodore of the club, Judge Lawrence O'Donnell. O'Donnell and his well-selected ticket was elected by acclamation, in direct contrast to the animated campaign of last season. The officers for '95-'96 are:

Com., Lawrence O'Donnell; Vice-Com., Alexander Brewster; Rear-Com., S. F. Heaslip; Sec., L. D. Sampsell; Treas., James Buckley.

Governing Committee.—C. L. De Fuentes, J. W. Stone, Albert Baldwin, Jr., A. M. Aucoin, and Thomas Sully.

House Committee.—Peter Labouisse, Robt. Lynd, W. W. Crane, J. D. Farrell, and A. M. Cooke.

Fleet Surgeon.—J. B. Elliott, M.D.

Measurer.—A. Fourchy.

The flagships of the season will be Com. O'Donnell's sloop Florence; Vice-Com. Brewster's sloop Mephisto, and Rear-Com. S. F. Heaslip's schooner Viola. C. P. Richardson sloop Nepenthe will be fleet-captain. The newly-elected commodore, one of the most illustrious members of the Southern bar, is one of the most popular members, and, withal, one of the most thorough-going yachtsman in the South. He designed and built the very fast sloop Lady Sarah, now Nyanza, still champion of the 22ft. class. He next designed the present flagship, the 35ft. water-line sloop Florence, the fastest boat of her class, and at the same time a noted cruiser. Florence, though only built two seasons ago, will be remodeled and given a modern spoon bow with an addition of five feet to the water-line length.

The Regatta Committee in their annual report recommended a change from the old system of water-line measurement to a racing length classification. The South is fully alive to the importance of an international year, and, if possible, there will be more sport and enthusiasm here than ever before. A large delegation from the Southern Y. C. will attend the cup races this year, as heretofore. The latest addition to the Southern fleet is the 75ft. steam yacht Oneida, owned by Col. Eugene May, of New Orleans. She was built in Chicago.

The entire fleet is now in commission, except several small sloops to be launched this week. S.

A Challenge Cup on the Pacific Coast.

A San Francisco yachtsman, Mr. Will Brooks, whose name will be familiar to some of the older readers of the Forest and Stream, has lately made a suggestion which has been taken up eagerly by the Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco, for a challenge cup for inter-club competition on the Pacific Coast, north and south of San Francisco. The scheme was discussed at the annual banquet of the club, on March 3, and under the leadership of Com. Pew a large part of the necessary funds was subscribed in a short time. The design for the cup was made by Mr. Brooks, an urn-shaped loving cup, supported on a capstan as a base, against which rests an anchor, the chain around the barrel of the capstan. The three handles represent the prows of ancient galleys, the spaces between them being filled with a wheel, bearing the arms of San Francisco, a medallion for the inscription, and a second medallion with a yachting scene. The cover has as a handle a golden phoenix, the cup and cover being of solid silver.

The general conditions under which the cup will be established are as follows:

1. The cup shall never, under any circumstances, become the property of any yacht or club; but shall be held as a perpetual challenge cup, to be raced for not more than once in a year.

2. Any yacht belonging at the date of the challenge to an established yacht club, one having officers, constitution, sailing regulations, a flag and more than three yachts on its roll, located on the Pacific Coast or elsewhere, may, upon authorization by her club, challenge for the cup, upon giving her name, owner, club, and sailing length; this last to be calculated according to the Seawanhaka rule, or any rule which may come into general use in its stead, by a majority of the leading yacht clubs of the United States; such yacht to be met by a yacht belonging at the date of challenge to the club holding the cup; which yacht shall not exceed the challenger in sailing length by more than five per cent.; provided that the challenger shall not exceed the largest boat in the fleet of the challenged club by more than five per cent.

3. Time allowance shall be given for any difference in size according to the rule generally in vogue in the United States at the time of the race.

4. The sailing rules of the challenged club to govern, and the race to be sailed over the customary course of that club, unless another course be selected by the committee having the race in charge; this committee to consist of two members of the regatta committees of each of the contesting clubs; provided, that in case of a club having its station so far from the location of the races as to make it inconvenient for its regatta committee to attend, the challenging club may select two other gentlemen to act for it, who shall, whenever possible, be regularly enrolled club members. This committee shall select a referee, not a member of either club, whose decision upon all questions shall be final.

5. Races shall take place not less than 30 nor more than 60 days from the date of the challenge; provided, that in the event of a challenger hailing from a port foreign to that of the club holding the cup, the committee may, at its discretion, extend the time not to exceed sixty days. Provided also that the committee may, at its discretion, postpone the race for not more than two weeks from the date fixed for it to take place.

6. No challenge shall be considered a valid one, which fixes a date which will call for a race to take place during the months that the yachts of the challenged club are not usually in commission.

7. The challenger, if successful, shall give the former custodian a receipt for the cup, in which it shall bind itself to hold it under these rules. Any club holding the cup going out of existence, or failing to nominate and provide a yacht during its yachting season to meet the challenger, shall at once forfeit and relinquish its right to hold the cup, and shall return it to the last previous holder; and the notice of the acceptance of a challenge shall be sent to the challenging club within ten days of its receipt.

8. The competing clubs shall jointly bear all necessary expenses incurred by the race committee.

Atlantic Y. C.

A special meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held at the Waldorf on March 31, at which some important business was transacted. The proposed classification by racing length in place of water-line was adopted, as follows, accompanied by a limit of crew:

Schooners.—Class 1—All over 95ft., racing length; Class 2—Not over 95ft. and over 85ft., racing length; Class 3—Not over 85ft. and over 75ft., racing length; Class 4—Not over 75ft. and over 65 ft., racing length; Class 5—Not over 65ft., racing length.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—Class 1—All over 80ft., racing length; Class 2—Not over 80ft. and over 70ft., racing length; Class 3—Not over 70ft. and over 60ft., racing length; Class 4—Not over 60ft. and over 51ft., racing length; Class 5—Not over 51ft. and over 43ft., racing length; Class 6—Not over 43ft. and over 36ft., racing length; Class 7—Not over 36ft. and over 30ft., racing length; Class 8—Not over 30ft. and over 25ft., racing length; Class 9—Not over 25ft., racing length; Class 10—All open sloops.

Cat-Rigged Yachts.—Class 1—Cabin yachts over 25ft., racing length; Class 2—Cabin yachts under 25ft., racing length; Class 3—All open cat-rigged yachts.

Crews to be limited, as follows: Schooners.—Class 1, one man to every two feet; Classes 2 and 3, one man to every three feet; Classes 4 and 5, one man to every four feet. Single-Masted Vessels.—Class 1, three men for every five feet; Class 2, one man for every three feet; Classes 3, 4 and 5, one man for every four feet; Class 6, one man for every five feet. Cat-rigged yachts, one man for every five feet, racing length, not including the helmsman.

Some changes were also made in the club courses on the Bay and outside the Hook. The date originally set for the club cruise, in August, was changed, with the whole scheme of the cruise, arrangements being made for a joint cruise in company with the Larchmont Y. C., the rendezvous being at Larchmont on July 12. In the absence of Com. Gould, Vice-Com. F. T. Adams will be in command of the Atlantic Y. C. fleet, while Com. Gillig will be in command of the Larchmont boats. The runs, for prizes, will be made alternately under the Atlantic and Larchmont flags. Com. Gould appointed as a special committee to confer with the Larchmont Y. C. over details; Vice-Com. Adams and Mr. J. L. Bliss, of the Regatta Committee. The details of the cruise will be settled later, the final arrangements being made at a meeting of captains on the night of July 12.

Resolutions of condolence over the death of Eugene Maxwell were adopted. Mr. Latham A. Fish was elected an honorary member, being one of the oldest active members. An amendment to Art. XIX. of the constitution was passed, by which active members of over 15 years' standing may become life members upon payment of $100; and members of shorter standing upon the payment of $250. A painting of Vigilant defeating Valkyrie in the final race of 1893 was presented to the club by Col. A. P. Ketchum on behalf of some of the members; the artist is Mr. Carleton T. Chapman. The plans for the races for the cups presented by Com. Gould will be changed, in consequence of the alteration of the cruising programme. The club membership is rapidly increasing, and the present season promises to be a most prosperous one in all ways.

Half-Rating Racers.

The promised visit of an English half-rater this summer has awakened a most unusual degree of interest among American yachtsmen, who, as a rule, have given very little attention to craft smaller than an 18-ft. cat-boat, while in the larger clubs even a 30-footer has been until of late years considered a pretty small craft. In view of the great expense of yachts of 40 to 50ft., and the falling off of building and racing in the once popular classes, it is a matter for rejoicing that the smaller classes are at last receiving some attention, as they are now the only ones within reach of the great majority of racing men; who must build at least every second year, if they would still continue to win prizes.

The half-rater is a very small boat, just a size removed from a canoe, and the man who wishes to yacht at ease, who is too inert to move quickly, or who fears a wetting, has no place in one; at the same time, when the racing is as keen in the class as it has been for some years about the Solent, it offers plenty of good sport at a less outlay than any other class.

We have printed the Y. R. A., or "Rating" rule, so many times within the past eight years that our readers might be expected to know just what "rating" is; but the many inquiries which we have lately received makes another explanation necessary. The rule was proposed by Mr. Dixon Kemp, and adopted by the Yacht Racing Association in 1887, among the first yachts built under it being the cup challenger Thistle. The formula is: $\frac{L. \times S. A.}{6{,}000} =$ rating. The length on water-line is multiplied by the sail area, the product being divided by the constant 6,000, thus, in the 40 rating class, to which Queen Mab belonged, a length of 60ft. and a sail area of 4,000sq. ft., multiplied together and divided by 6,000 would give 40. In the half-rating or (.5) class, a water-line of 18ft. and a sail area of 166.6sq. ft. would give .5 rating, or a water-line of 15ft. with a sail area of 200, would make the same measurement. The proportions of length and sail area may be varied at will in any class by owner or designer; but in practice they are fixed within comparatively narrow limits, outside of which success is not possible, the yacht being too short for the class or underrigged for anything by extreme weather. The official measurements of some of last season's boats are as follows:

	L.W.L. Ft.	S.A. Sq.ft.		L.W.L. Ft.	S.A. Sq.ft.
M.	16.23	181.50	Sagamore	16.88	178.80
Otomie	14.65	201.70	Lady Bird	17.22	173.70
Spruce III	15.52	194 00	Ragamuffin III	15.76	186.50
Pique	17.50	168.50	Coquette	16.28	182.60
Wee Winn	17.04	177.20			

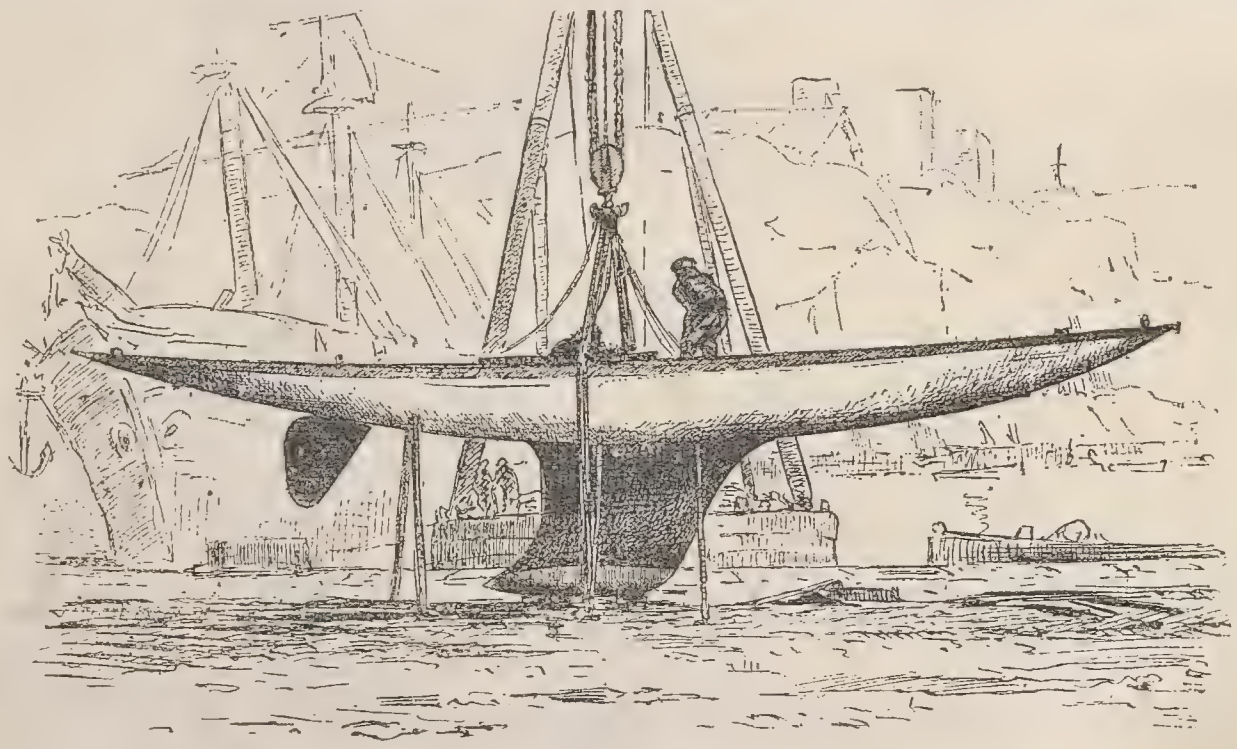
All of these boats, with very few exceptions, are lug rigged, as shown in the accompanying sail plan of Niny, and in that of the Petit Poucet, published in the Forest and Stream of March 9. Under the Y. R. A. rule, the measurements of sail are taken from a certified sail plan, the headsails being measured as one triangle whose base is the distance from the fore side of the mast to the point where the line of luff of the foremost headsail cuts the bowsprit or hull; and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the mast to the point on the mast or topmast, where it is cut by the line of luff of the foremost headsail. If no headsail is carried, as in a cat-boat, the spinaker can only be carried if measured as a headsail, its base being the spinaker boom. The sails other than headsails are each measured separately by triangulation, any excessive round, as in the head of some lug sails or on the leech of a battened sail, being separately measured. Topsails are measured, if carried, contrary to American practice.

The accompanying drawings have already appeared in the Forest and Stream, some three years since, being then reproduced from "Wassersport," but they are of immediate interest just now as illustrating one of the most successful types of half-raters, which immediately preceded the present Solent boats; the first fin-keel, as distinguished from the more extreme plate and lead bulb.

The half-rating class originated in 1891, with the Bembridge Sailing Club, in the Isle of Wight, which, in pursuance of its policy of encouraging small boat racing, went to work deliberately to build a fleet of small yachts of but .5 rating. Most of these boats were designed by Mr. Arthur E. Payne, and built by his firm, Kittiwake, being about the best of the year. In 1892 she was sold to Prince Henry of Prussia, for whom, in the same year, Mr. Payne built Niny, a very similar boat, whose dimensions are: Length over all, 18ft. 7in.; length of l.w.l., 17ft. 6in.; beam extreme, 5ft. 1in.; beam l.w.wl., 4ft. 6in.; draft, 3ft.

The sail area here shown is slightly larger than allowed for a half-rater in England.

The latter part of 1892, the second season of the class, saw a little American added to the fleet, Wee Winn, designed and built by the Herreshoffs for Miss W. Sutton. This boat was a diminutive El Chico, a bulb-fin craft with long ends, but with a neatly carried out counter, unlike the sawed off termination of El Chico and Wenonah. She made a notable record, coming out far ahead of the home boats, among the least successful of the latter being a pretty little bulb-fin boat by Mr. Payne, Pique by name, built for Miss Maud Sutton. She had a very moderate fore overhang, a square transom slightly raked, with rudder hung in yawl boat fashion outside the transom, a canoe form and plate, fin and bulb. Wee Winn, unlike the Solent boats, was rigged with a boom and gaff mainsail, with a small jib. The success of Wee Winn continued through the following season, the record being as follows for 1893:



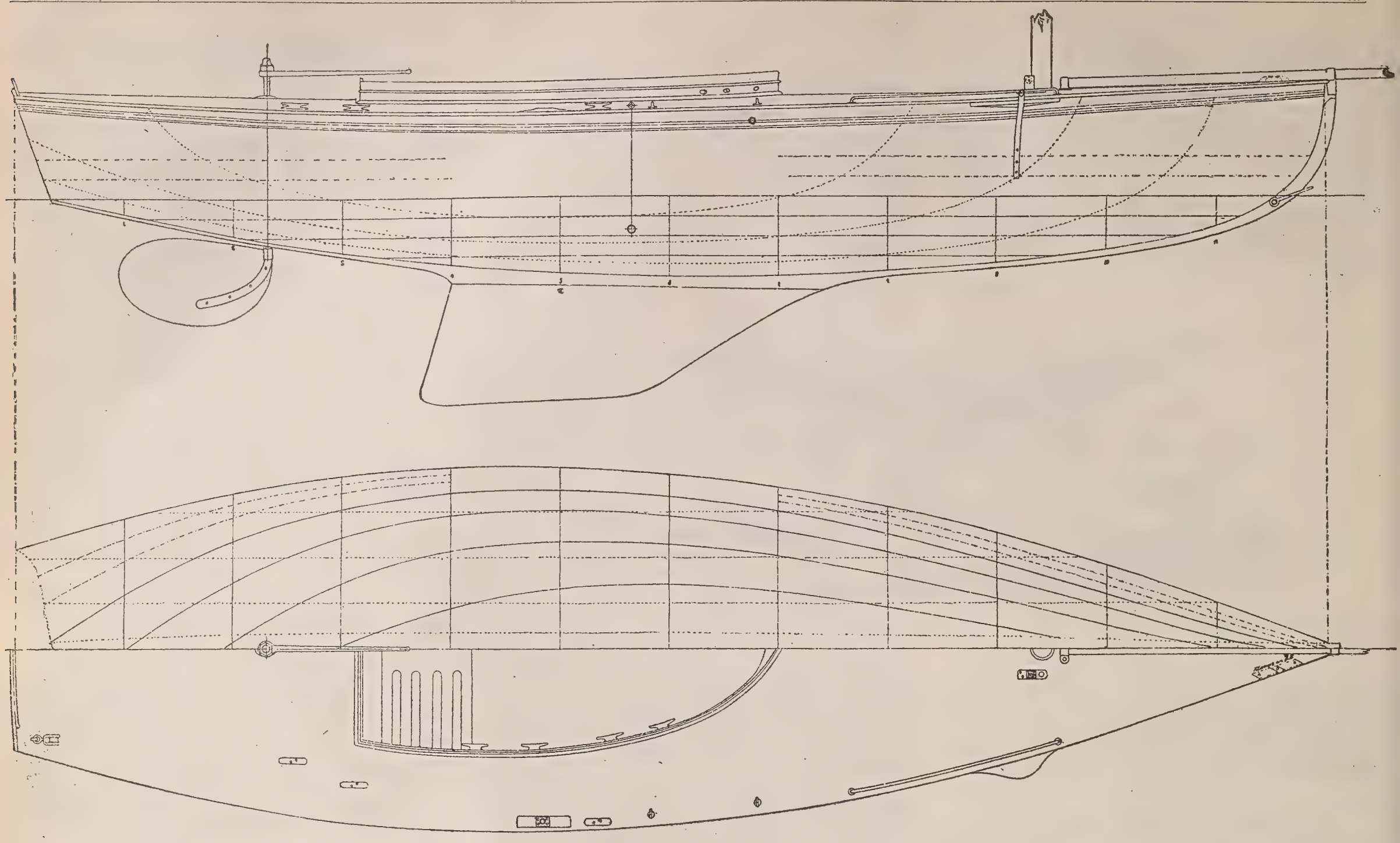
CONTEST.

	Starts.	1st Prizes.	Other Prizes.	Total.	Amount.
Wee Winn	16	12	3	15	£ 30
Dancing Girl	17	9	3	12	17
Pique	17	4	7	11	12
Coquette	65	41	14	55	115
Isomer	15	4	4	8	
Musquito	61	12	18	30	32
Ladybird	39	8	8	16	21
Ragamuffin I.	13	3	4	7	
Ragamuffin II.	23	10	9	19	23

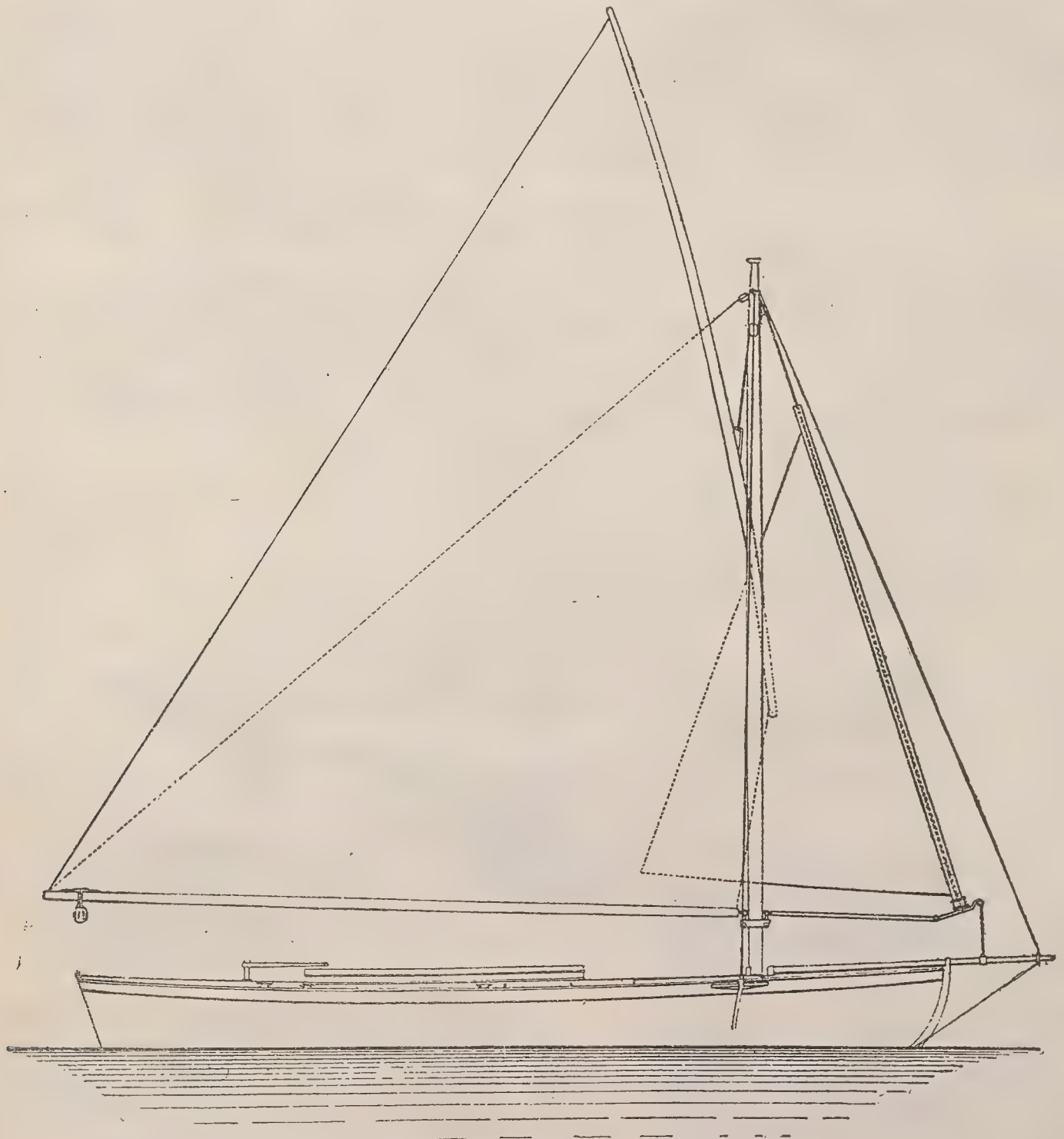
The record for the past season stands;

Wee Winn	36	23	8	21	
Pique	28	20	1	21	
Spruce III.	63	18	33	51	
Ragamuffin III.	33	13	15	28	
Coquette	61	15	15	30	
M.	23	4	7	11	

The most remarkable thing in the above table is the record of Pique, a comparative failure in 1892, but showing the highest percentage of wins to starts in the fleet in 1894, in her third season.



NINY—HALF-RATER—DESIGNED BY ARTHUR E. PAYNE, 1892.—SCALE 1½ INCH.



NINY—SAIL PLAN WITH ROLLER JIB—SCALE ¼ INCH.

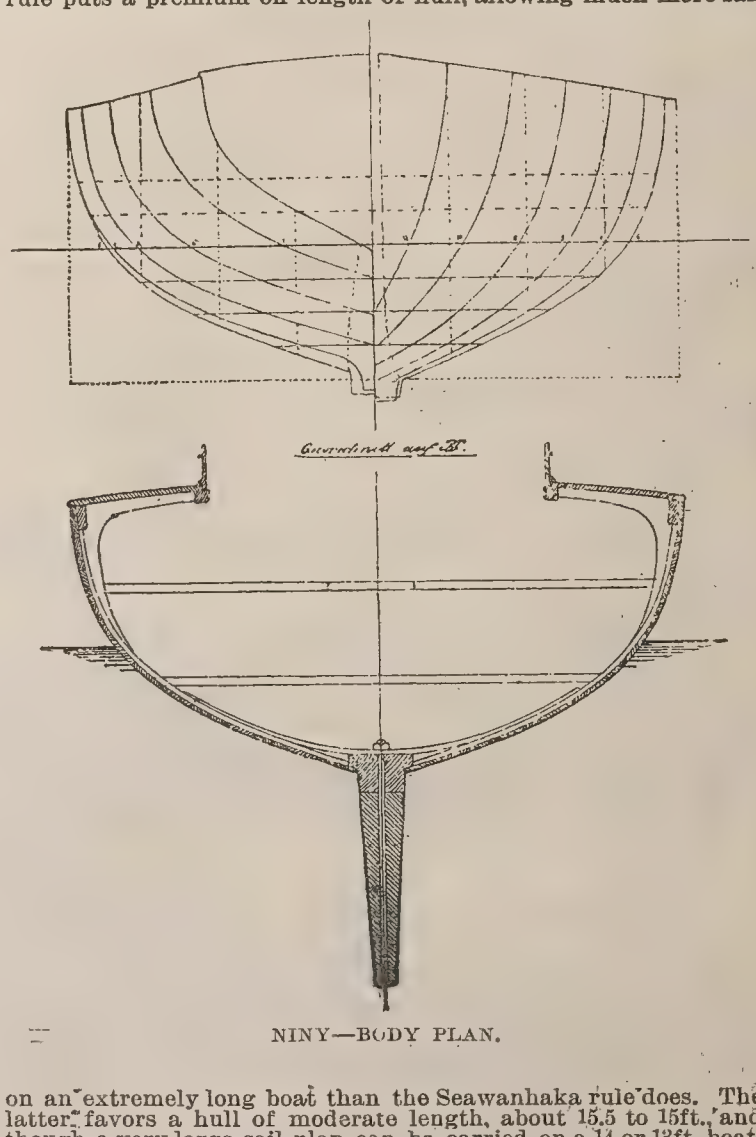
The boat was under a new owner in her second and third seasons, but practically unaltered in hull and rig. The "figure of merit," as computed by "Thalassa" for last season, shows as follows: Pique, 56.67; Wee Winn, 47.11; Ragamuffin, 30.26; Tickle, 18.47; Coquette, 16.63; Cuchara, 14.85; Spruce III., 12.09. This latter table only covers the Solent races, and much of Spruce's racing was done on other waters.

The half-rater class includes several very different types, the extreme bulb-fin and canoe-hull like Wee Winn and Pique, the rather larger and stauncher fin yacht like Niny, and then down to shoaler centerboard craft, some carrying very heavy metal boards, the extreme being reached in the Oxford boats, such as the various Spruces and Ragamuffins, of shoal body, small displacement, and carrying little or no ballast. Owing to the confusion resulting from the practice of giving the same name to a number of different boats, and to the fact that Lloyd's Yacht Register omits most of these small craft, it is impossible to keep posted on all the points of difference.

The general type of unballasted Oxford canoe yawl, such as the first Spruce, has been illustrated in our columns, double-end boats with almost flat floors, built of plank-like a skipjack and fitted with one big balance lug and a long counterplate. Just how the last Spruce differs from the earlier boats in underwater body we cannot say, but from her picture under sail she is evidently more like Scarecrow, with much the same length of overhang at each end, but probably a wider and shoaler section. What the new Spruce will be is purely a matter of conjecture; it seems probable that Mr. Brand will still adhere to the old type, but it is not impossible that his experience on the Solent may lead him to follow more closely the bulb-fin.

Under the Y. R. A. rule, but two men are allowed in a half-rater, and three in a one-rater. The water-line must be marked at each end by the owner, the length between the marks being ascertained by the measurer; and when the boat is afloat in smooth water with crew aboard, both marks must be clear of the water. The conditions for the Seawanhaka races are not yet settled with Mr. Brand, but it is proposed that the water-line shall be measured with a deadweight of 300lbs. aboard, to be considered as crew; to avoid the possibility of a boat presenting herself for measurement with two men aboard, and then shipping two heavy weights for her racing crew. Some provision will also be made for measuring as nearly as possible the exact area of each sail.

The rating rule being unknown in America, the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. has suggested to Mr. Brand that the limit for the class be made 15ft. sailing length by Seawanhaka rule. The operation of the two rules is somewhat different, but not in a way that will act to the disadvantage of either side, especially as Mr. Brand will build a new boat for the American races. The following table shows the varying proportions of length and sail possible under the Seawanhaka rule in a 15ft. racing length class, the fourth column showing the amount of sail allowed for each length under the Y. R. A. rule. It will appear from the table that the latter rule puts a premium on length of hull, allowing much more sail



NINY—BODY PLAN.

on an extremely long boat than the Seawanhaka rule does. The latter favors a hull of moderate length, about 15.5 to 15ft., and though a very large sail plan can be carried on a 14 or 13ft. boat, considerably more than under the Y. R. A. rule, it is very doubtful whether this extreme would be successful in a series of races, even in summer.

Comparison of 15ft. R. L. and .5 Rating Classes.

		Sail area allowed.	
L. W. L.	$\sqrt{S. A.}$	Sea. Rule.	Y. R. A. Rule.
13ft.	17ft.	289sq. ft.	230sq
13.5	16.5	272	222
14	16	256	214
14.5	15.5	240	207
15	15	225	200
15.5	14.5	210	193
16	14	196	188
16.5	13.5	182	181
17	13	169	176
17.5	12.5	156	171
18	12	144	167

Steam Launches.

Marine Iron Works, Chicago, have just issued their 1895 catalogue, mailed free.—Adv.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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For Subscription and Advertising Rates see Page ix.

PROFESSOR DANA.

At his home in New Haven, Conn., Professor James Dwight Dana, died last Sunday, aged 82 years.

By his death Yale University loses its most illustrious professor, America its most eminent scientific man and the world its first geologist. His death marks the end of a career which has few parallels for brilliant continuous scientific work, extended over a long period of time. It closes a ripe life, full of good done to his fellow men—a life appreciated by the world and fitly crowned with highest honors. The active brain has stopped its work, the pen wielded almost without ceasing during sixty years of scientific toil is forever laid aside.

Professor Dana is the last of that group of men who were eminent in American science during the latter half of the century, among whom were the elder Agassiz, Guyot, Baird, Asa Gray and Loomis. He was born Feb. 12, 1813, and entered Yale College at the age of sixteen, having been attracted to that institution by the fame of Professor Silliman. In college he showed a marked fondness for scientific pursuits, and also took high rank in mathematics.

Professor Dana graduated in 1833, and was almost at once appointed instructor in mathematics in theNavy, and in that capacity sailed on United States men of war to various points in Europe and the Mediterranean. On his return from one of these cruises in 1835 he was appointed assistant to Prof. Silliman at Yale, and soon began the preparation of his "System of Mineralogy," which was published two years later in 1837, when the author was but twenty-four years of age. This work has been revised from time to time, and is still the standard authority on its subject.

In the year 1838 young Dana was appointed mineralogist and geologist to the United States exploring expedition to the Pacific Ocean, which was then about to sail under the command of Captain Wilkes. During the voyage, which lasted four years, he visited Terra del Fuego, many of the South Sea islands and other points in the Pacific which were then wholly unknown. At the mouth of the Columbia River in 1841 his vessel was wrecked and he escaped, saving nothing but his manuscript notes. The expedition returned in 1842, and the next thirteen years were occupied in working up the material collected, for not only the geology of the expedition, but the zoology as well had fallen under his charge. For two years he resided in Washington, but in 1844 he moved to New Haven, and the same year married the daughter of Professor Silliman. In 1850 he wa elected Professor of Natural History and Geology in Yale College, but did not assume the chair until 1855. Since that time he has resided continuously in New Haven engaged in his college duties and in scientific work. In 1893 he resigned his professorship, but at the request of the corporation continued his lectures until January, 1894. Two years ago, at the age of eighty, he began the revision of his Manual of Geology, which he entirely rewrote—over 1,000 printed pages—and which was published only a few months ago.

Professor Dana's most important works are his "System of Mineralogy," his reports of the Wilkes Expedition on "The Geology of the Pacific" on "Zoophytes," and on "Crustacea," illustrated by superb plates from drawings made by the author; his "Coral Reefs and Islands," "Manual of Geology," "Text Book of Geology," and "The Geological Story Briefly Told." He edited the American Journal of Science, and contributed largely to this and to the other periodical literatures of science.

The importance and value of his contributions to knowledge have been recognized the whole world over. He has received honorary degrees from universities at home and abroad, and scientific societies everywhere have honored themselves by electing him to membership. In 1872 he received the Wollaston Medal from the Geological Society of London, and in 1877 the Copley gold medal from the Royal Society of London.

Professor Dana's contributions to science are sufficiently well known. Not so widely known perhaps, but not less worthy of record and remark was the winning personality of the man—a personality which for nearly forty years has made its impress on a hundred or more young men every year. He made science attractive to them by the stimulus of his own freshness and enthusiasm, his clear insight into the secrets of nature, his industry and earnestness of purpose. The number and importance of his achievements in science will overshadow in public recognition this unrecorded personal work yet the value of such influences can surely not be overestimated.

Professor Dana's personal acquaintance with the students who were brought in contact with him was close, and his popularity very great. Up to within a few years it was his practice each spring and summer to take his class in geology off with him on long tramps into the country, and to show them in the rocks the problems about which they recited in the class room. His explanations were simple and clear, and awakened in the minds of those who listened to them an interest in the subject that could never have been had from mere books. His lectures were the one college exercise that no one wished to escape; they were looked forward to with pleasure by all.

In all relations of life, Professor Dana was most simple and kindly. Although by his achievements and his honors he stood so high, yet he was accessible to every one. His ready kindness at once put the student at his ease while his lucid explanations made plain things that had been dark and difficult. Thus, much of his life was devoted to pointing the way to thousands of young men, and all over the land those who received such aid from him will feel keen a sense of personal bereavement at the news of his death.

THE YACHT RACING UNION.

The idea of a union of the coast yacht clubs of a greater or less extent, either embracing all the large clubs, all clubs large and small, or the clubs of some special locality, as Boston or New York, is one long familiar to yachtsmen. What is equally familiar is the fact that all the attempts in the past have failed, the New England Y. R. A. has been for some years a thing of the past, and though one organization has existed for some six years about New York, it has of its own volition restricted itself to so narrow a field that its influence is hardly felt in New York yachting. The present season has witnessed two new attempts at the organization of local unions, one about Boston and the other to the eastward of New York, on that magnificent yachting playground, Long Island Sound. The opportunities about Boston far exceed those in any other part of the country, there being a very large contingent of active yachtsmen, while the various stations about Massachusetts Bay are within convenient reach of each other, or at least the extremes can readily reach some common racing ground about Marblehead or Nahant. With more able management and a stronger community of interests than the eastern yachtsmen have yet shown, they may build up a magnificent system of yacht racing in the classes up to forty feet.

About New York the situation is complicated by the nature of the waters, Hell Gate and the East River forming a serious barrier between the clubs of the bay and river and those of the south. As long as the bay and river interests predominated in local yachting, no attempts at a union were possible; the very large clubs, with a racing fleet of schooners, had nothing in common with the very small clubs that raced the old sawn-off boats with sandbags; each of the clubs was wedded to some ancient rule, which it had believed in for years, and the bay was at best a poor place for racing.

The movement to the Sound, begun by the organization of the Larchmont Y. C. in 1880, has wrought great changes in yachting. While the bay has been virtually abandoned by nearly all the larger clubs, the shores of the Sound have been closely dotted with flourishing clubs from Hell Gate to New Haven. The majority of these clubs,being of recent origin,have had to deal with yachts of comparatively modern type, and as they organized, they have one by one adopted the one rule used by the large clubs. In this way there has come about quietly and insensibly, a community of interests and an absence of conflicting rules, directly opposite to the conditions which have defeated the earlier attempts at union about New York Bay. The class of yachts, too, that form the fleets of the Sound clubs, are different from the old-time fleets; they are mainly cabin boats of from twenty-five to forty-five feet hull, boats which can and do go regularly from port to port for the various races. While there are still the schooners and the larger single-stickers, with the open boats, the great body of the racing fleet will be included between the limits indicated.

The new organization is likely to meet with many difficulties, but it has a good field to work in among the many clubs between New York and New London, and it may be certain of the support of many able, enthusiastic and intelligent yachtsmen. We wish it that success which it merits, and we hope that it may be able to show very important results within the next five years.

WABBLY UNDERPINNINGS.

The plea of drunkenness is often urged in extenuation of an offense, but is not commonly accepted as a wholly sufficient excuse for omission or commission. To have put a gross affront upon a friend when one is drunk is considered less heinous than for one to have done so deliberately when sober. The wife beater, who pleads intoxication in mitigation of his crime, is classed as a brute one degree less degraded at least than the wife-beater who mauls and pummels and kicks when sober. Only in extremely infrequent instances, however, do judge, attorneys and court spectators listen to the plea of "drunk and didn't know it," with unalloyed satisfaction. Such a reception may well enough have been given the other day to a pleading of this character in a Newburgh, N. Y., court, when a duck-shooting case was tried before Judge Cullen.

The defendant was William C. DeGraw, a foolish hotel proprietor of Greenwood Lake. We take the liberty of calling Mr. DeGraw foolish because, while as a hotel proprietor, he depends for patronage largely upon sportsmen, he yet makes war on game and fish out of season or by illicit means. If he and other hotel proprietors at such a resort had the faintest glimmer of common sense, they would be first among those who give cheerful obedience to the game laws, to the end that game and fish might abound, visiting sportsmen wax in multitude, and the hotel till be distended thereby. Another consideration, which might well enough put sense into an empty noddle, even though the thought be not a high and ennobling one, is this, that in the game district set apart and given over to the watch and ward of Protector Willett Kidd, the silly wight who breaks the game laws will nine times out of ten find himself in trouble, if not in jail. If men like DeGraw just naturally have no sense, Schoolmaster Kidd feels called upon to give them some. When DeGraw shot the Greenwood Lake ducks from a launch, that mode of duck hunting being forbidden by the game law, Dr. Kidd promptly set about his reproof, correction and chastisement. The case came up for trial last week.

It must not be inferred from anything that we have said that DeGraw is not full of resources when occasion demands. He is nobody's fool; and had prepared for himself what was thought to be a most excellent defense.

With him in the boat at the time of the shooting were, besides certain of his employees, two men from New York and Brooklyn, Messrs. Craig Pennington and Arthur Bellows. These two bobbed up at the Newburgh trial; and Prosecuting Attorney Headley was advised that they were on hand to extricate DeGraw from his predicament. The plan was that they should go on the stand for the defense, and testify that they themselves and not DeGraw had fired the shots at the ducks. Apprised of this scheme, Protector Kidd had the necessary papers prepared so that immediately after giving their incriminating evidence these smart witnesses should themselves be prosecuted for the penalty. When Messrs. Pennington and Bellows became cognizant of Protector Kidd's trap so nicely laid for them, they resolved to save themselves even at the expense of the confiding DeGraw. Called to the stand to tell his little story—how he himself had done the shooting—Mr. Bellows astonished the counsel for the defense by testifying that on the occasion of the shooting he had been so drunk that he really had not known what was going on. When Mr. Pennington took the stand and was asked by the attorney, "And your condition? Was it like that of the last witness?" he made the laconic response, "Worse." Thus at one full swoop were the nicely adjusted props knocked out from under the defense so ingeniously constructed for the luckless DeGraw, and the jury promptly found him in $50 for the two dead docks. The incident deserves to go on record as one case where the plea of "drunk and didn't know" actually served the ends of justice.

DeGraw, by the way, was the boatman on the occasion, when Judge Dixon and others of New Jersey were charged with unlawful duck shooting on Greenwood Lake. The Justices, it will be remembered, have carried their case up on a legal technicality, to be decided in June.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE STORY OF A CAMP.

The papers told of snow in the Northwest, of a white mantle on the Vermont pines, of the Catskills clothed in glistening white, while northern correspondents said to us, that while we might glowingly describe the beautiful flowers that flourished in the ample beds about our residence, we were denied the delightful sleigh rides and the merry bells, the exhilarating New England air, and the glowing cheeks and eyes that there abounded. We were not envious. In our beautiful home on the South Carolina coast, with the thermometer between forty and seventy degrees, with vegetables and flowers growing in the open air, where the children played out of doors all the day in the balmy sunshine, it seemed as if all troubles were afar, and that nature had settled all vexatious questions in the right way. The tariff seemed about right. Marriage was by no means a failure. Democrats might die and Republicans abound rejoicing. The mere joy of abiding made bright eyes and laughing faces, and quarrels and misadventure were as it they existed not.

The confines of the Naval Station at Port Royal were small as one looked at the land, but God's out-of-doors seemed illimitable, and we all felt as though we could sing "Oh! that I had wings like a dove." In fact we felt so good that we wanted to "soar," and so we soared, and I will try to tell you the story of how we did it.

The historical Sea Islands, which border the coast of the country where is grown the finest cotton in the world, are intersected and divided by many inlets and creeks, which in some cases lead to the open sea, and in others form inland water courses, by which one may navigate many hundreds of miles from Northeast to the Southwest, or vice-versa, touching in the route all the large navigable rivers. All these islands have game upon them, and those nearest the sea abound with deer, wild hogs, an occasional bear, ducks and geese, and other quadrupeds and bipeds, feathered and otherwise. "We will go deer hunting," said the sportsmen of the party, and the ladies all said in chorus, "Can we go too?" Indeed, they insisted in full cry that they were going anyhow. Now any one can go out with a blanket, gun and ammunition, sleep under a tree and accumulate rheumatism, pneumonia, cramps, hunger, malaria, chills and fever, and a few more things, and limpingly declare that he has had a good time, but to go in royal style, with an intense purpose of having all the comfort possible, regardless of getting game or anything else, except a glorious outing in the woods, with the gentle murmur of the sea to sing one to sleep, and the glow of a great campfire to induce the dreamy reveries connected with a sensuous, healthful comfort—this is given to but few, but we had it all. The beautiful days in November, after the middle, days cloudless and inspiring, with the gentle northwest wind making the heart leap with joy, bracing and invigorating the nervous system, when even the lazy became alert, and the listless lively, were upon us. To plan the expedition so that it should be perfect, required thought, but the thought, backed by considerable experience, was there, and so it was planned as I will now relate.

The personnel of the party was as follows: The Skipper—avoirdupois great but soul ardent; the Architect—great on an outing; Mrs. Architect—the matron; the Widow (Skipper's daughter) assistant matron; Miss Skipper—culinary chef-ess; the Rabbi—always hungry; the Surgeon—ardent and intense, a great snorer; Miss Surgeon—(Surgeon's sister) lovely and sweet; the Counselor—champion light-weight athlete; the Brother—sound on all questions; the Ramrod—a mighty hunter.

The outfit and colored contingent were as follows: Little steamer, sail-boat, dinghy; Grayson—captain; Lawrence—mate; Peter Brown—engineer; Fred—cook, steward, butler, waiter, dishwasher, and everything else; Willie Freeman—assistant to Fred; Dennis Freeman—pilot; Jo Danner—driver; Primus Scott—hunter, and six cur dogs in various stages of decay, devoted to searching for coons with mad delight, and utterly indifferent to deer.

The organization and detail of this great force was like this:

Commander-in-Chief—the Skipper.
Caterers—Mrs. Architect and Miss Skipper.
Master of the Hunt—the Surgeon.
Professional Beauties—the Widow and Miss Surgeon.
Mighty hunters—the Counselor, the Brother, the Architect and the Ramrod.
Professional eater—always hungry—the Rabbi.

In the various details and duties of organizing, provisioning and equipping this force, the members of the party showed great minds. The best proof of this statement is found in the fact that nothing seemed to be wanting during the whole expedition, except about four more corkscrews. It is an old maxim that no American hunter should ever be found without a corkscrew. It is believed now that at least four members of the party came away from home without them, but in every sudden emergency at least eight could be certainly counted on.

Five tents, about fourteen by sixteen feet in size, comfortably housed the party, and the vast supplies of food and drink that the lovely caterers supplied. These tents were carpeted with painted tarpaulins, and were very comfortable. Each member of the party was provided with a folding spring cot and a camp chair. Planks were taken for a table. Two forked sticks driven into the ground at each end, with a stick laid across in the forks, supported these planks, which, covered with a snowy cloth, and gleaming with silver and china, made a pretty sight, while the abundant food furnished by the fair hostesses in their noble dining room, where the ceiling was the blue vault of the heavens above, the gentle music was the humming of the waves on the sandy shore, and the murmur of the breeze in the pines and palms, was more to us than the sybaritic feasts of many Delmonicos, amid the lurid frescoings of gorgeous halls.

The expedition embarked soon after midday, the little steamer carrying the party, and towing the other boats with the impedimenta. Down the river with the last of the ebb tide towards the noble bay where on November 7, 1861, the great fleet of the Union circled between Bay Point and Hilton Head, and fire and smoke and shot and shell made the beautiful day seem lurid like that great and final one "when Heaven and Earth shall pass away." Down to the mouth of Station creek, and winding through the marshes where the quick-winged duck rose fluttering with alarm, while the ready guns from the bows of the boat either cut them down or accelerated their flight on through the winding waters, past ancient historic, but deserted plantations, with their old mansions in ruins, tenanted only by the buzzard and the crow—so thankful heart to lift itself to the Great Architect of the Universe for life, for health, for the grandeur of this out-of-door life which dwarfed the close confines of inhabited spaces, and expanded every noble feeling of which humanity is capable. And then the genial flow of wit and humor, refined and made delicate by the fair and gentle presence there assembled, who contributed no little part in song and tale and recitation to make the rest happy, as their loving sex has done in all the ages past. Who can forget how the bearded Rabbi recited scraps from "The Lady of the Lake," and careful instructions to the members of a rustic fire company, about to be organized, the refrain of which was "don't forget to yell." So encouraged was this venerable man by the applause which greeted his efforts, that he spouted like an artesian well, until we had to take his advice, not to forget to yell, and yell him down, lest he go on forever like an inexhaustible human artesian well indeed. And then with what pathos "Clementyne" was given by the Skipper, all the party being "awful sorry" when the lateness of the hour showed that we must retire. After many kind good-nights we went to the several tents, but how could we sleep when all were intoxicated with the ozone and the beauty and novelty of the scene, so frequent bursts of merry laughter from the ladies' tent and shouts from the others told of witty tales and lively pranks, while the nasal thunder from the Rabbi's natural trombone told that he alone of all the party had joined the tribes in dreamland—and colored Fred held forth in a religious discourse to his brethren about the campfire, which knew neither period, semi-colon nor comma for four mortal hours. The Skipper delivered instructive maxims and tales to the young men in his tent, who would so howl with delight at frequent intervals that briefly clothed mortals would hover about the entrance that they also might join in the general joy and catch the point of tales that were never "twice told." It is currently believed that all the party went to sleep laughing, although there is evidence that the Surgeon's smile finally merged into a dismal roar, a species of snoring of fearful and wonderful nature.

The Rabbi was a restless mortal in the early morning, and after making night hideous with his discordant bellowings, while all the rest were enjoying themselves, he wandered about while yet the morning stars were shining, howling for food. He strode about devouring his private stock of oranges and the public supply of apples, which



A PART OF THE CAMP.



THE DINING ROOM.

into Trenchard's Inlet, and to another view of the sea, and where the rippling waves made music on the beach near the southeastern end of St. Philip's Island, our party landed as the sun was near his point of disappearance over the western trees. The hunters who had preceded us had pitched their tent and kindled a noble camp-fire, and all the party with willing hands landed the cargoes of the boats, and the tents were soon erected and the camp established.

I should hesitate to attempt to tell you what stores of food those careful ladies had provided. As I remember some parts of the list, it runs as follows: Bread, roast turkey; canned meats, roast turkey; ice, roast turkey; apollinaris water, roast turkey; ginger ale, roast turkey; lots of other things, roast turkey; water, roast turkey; and after that to wind up the list, roast turkey, and some more roast turkey. I may mention that when we returned home we were greeted with roast turkey, and it seemed as if we must all "gobble."

The ladies bustled to get supper. By the flickering light of the campfire and two lanterns hung on a string over the table, with appetites enhanced by the unaccustomed labor, and the clear sharpness of the evening air, we partook of a delightful repast, and were thankful to be alive and there. The busy helpers replenished the campfire, which sent up clouds of sparks into the darkening air, and diffused a pleasant heat. The fire was arranged in a thicket which had been trimmed away to a diameter of some thirty feet. The bushes on the outside were higher than our heads and made a perfect wind guard. Darkness was settled over land and sea, and the brilliant stars overhead seemed to glisten and smile at us as the male contingent puffed their pipes, and the waving firelight showed dreamy smiles of content on the faces of the ladies as they saw fairy shapes in the ruddy coals, and dancing forms in the leaping flames. The air was calm and pure, with just a spice of salt in it from the neighboring sea, and a sufficient chill to make wraps comfortable. Arranged in a circle about the campfire, the scene was one of great beauty, calculated to cause the only seemed to increase his anguish and to make his appetite more voracious. At last he prowled about the ladies' tent, where the fair damsels were still enjoying their beauty sleep, yelling for some one to get up and provide for him. "Anathema Maranatha" was hurled at him in many different tones, and he retired to the thicket and nursed his famished soul until breakfast time.

The party was early astir, for this was to be the great hunting day, and after a hurried but abundant breakfast, the hunters armed themselves to go for vast supplies of venison, so that we might return covered with glory, and be able to exhibit many antlers to admiring friends. I will now describe how each of the hunters endeavored to capture or slay the fleet-footed beauties of the forest, and the success that attended their efforts.

The higher part of the island is about eight miles in circumference, and the strategy of the hunt consisted in the dogs and hunters circling about the outer part of the wooded country, driving the prey inward toward the various stands where the shooters lay concealed, ready to shoot them as they ran. Skipper could not and would not tramp, so to him was allotted the stand nearest the camp, to which he proceeded with gun and much ammunition, a camp stool, bottle of water, an ample lunch, cigars, pipe and tobacco, and a supply of chewing gum. Being placed in position near the head of a pond, where ducks kept calling him "quack" all the day, he cleared an ample spot of the undergrowth, fixed the camp chair solidly on the ground, lighted a cigar, seated himself and prepared for slaughter.

The Counselor, the Brother, the Ramrod and the Surgeon, with the colored contingent and the dogs, proceeded about the edge of the woods. The Architect was posted about a mile further, in a good spot, while the Rabbi, with an old gun borrowed for the occasion, was still further advanced, and the hunters began their melodious shouts, and the curs their expressions of hope for coons. The morning was calm and beautiful. The Skipper musingly watched for deer, and was solemnly impressed with the necessity of shooting at nothing else.

The vast woods, the distant murmur of the sea, the sylvan sounds of small life all about, the rhythmic forest whisperings, the fragrant air, all conduced to a gentle retrospective mood, a loving sympathy with nature which exalted the soul, and put all abasement away. He mused and the scene in front faded from view, and the picture unrolled itself of thirty-three years before, less than five miles from where he sat, the majestic fleet of the Union, led by the gallant "Wabash" came to the bar, where all the buoys had been removed. Captain Boutelle, who knew the approach of the great bay, as the farmer knows his farm, quickly replaced them, and the grand ships came up the channel to force an entrance where the Stars and Bars held sway. Silently they came, serene but terrible. The Skipper saw the whole scene before him, and he held his breath for the first shot, and saw no deer—no deer, but he saw in his mind the quick shots from St. Phillip's, the curling smoke, the sharp reports, and still the stately "Wabash" coming steadily on, until at last, a little touch of the starboard helm, and then it seemed as if the earth opened, and that hell was visible. That terrible broadside from the great ship, and all the world seemed ablaze. Ha! how the Skipper's heart burned within him, and with a long quivering sigh, life and sight and peace returned, and not a deer anywhere to make the bushes rustle. The days of terrible civil war were relegated to the past, and the balmy scene prevailed.

The Skipper glanced warily about for any signs of game and listened to the distant and harmonious shouts of the drivers, and the baying of the dogs. Nothing was moving. He smoked and dreamily pondered of other scenes.

Ah! that beautiful widow far away in the North! What a pleased smile illumined the Skipper's face as he thought of her. How pleasant would it be could she be here sitting on another camp stool. How her gentle tones would harmonize with the place and the time and all surroundings. Ah! Oh! Well, "It might have been," perhaps it will be, why not? She is nice, thought the Skipper. Life is very lonesome—only a few more years anyhow—she can pay her own mess-bill. Yes, sure, she is certainly very nice and agreeable. Ah! (with a frown) those three muscular daughters, they would certainly raise the mischief, anyhow. Have to think it over—hardly possible just now—have to wait awhile. Ha! no deer, no deer. Oh, well! Marriage way be a failure—whiz! squawk! and a lot of Canada geese flying low came within easy shot, but the party was out for deer, and no gun must speak except for the nobler game. Well, thought the Skipper, suppose an innocent little deer should come up within shot, would it be a pleasant or manly act to shoot it to death, to see its plaintive eyes glaze in agony, to see the life blood running over its glossy hide, to see the tremor of the delicate limbs? No, it would be an inhuman act in this delightful scenery and pleasant air to do such dastardly slaughter, so the Skipper leaned his gun up against a bush and proceeded to eat his lunch, and if a deer had come along then I think he would have offered it a share.

The Architect in his lonely lair waited and watched and smoked his pipe. The calmness of the air and the gentle music of out-of-doors, soothed his spirit, and made him feel very peaceful. The tobacco was good, and the pipe had a clear draught, and in a contemplative mood he thought of the time when the great dry dock should be completed. He saw, as in a vision, the gathering of many people from the country round about to see the spectacle of a majestic warship floated in from the river. He saw the great caisson swung into its place, and landed in its seat. He seemed to hear the throbbing of the powerful pumps as they threw the water out, and it seemed to his architectural brain as if everything worked right and fitted with exactness, and nothing went wrong, and in a peaceful, hazy foreshadowing he saw his hospitable mansion filled with congratulatory friends, who figuratively patted him on the back in honor of the completion of a great national work. He saw himself making a small speech to the assembled people, thanking them for their kindly words—when he awoke to grasp his gun at a rustling of the bushes near him, and found one of the curs who had deserted the pack, sneakingly wagging his tail, and mutely asking if he had seen any coons thereabouts. The Architect had been asleep, and during his slumbers, no man knoweth how many gentle deer of the forest had inspected him with pitying glances, and had murmured to each other, in the deer language, "This old chap is tired, there is no harm in him," and had passed softly on, leaving him in peace.

The Rabbi was towed to a secure and distant spot, and carefully moored in a dock where his scarred hulk could peacefully rest secure. He took his great overcoat with him, and had a darkey to carry it for him. The pockets were loaded with crackers to sustain his sinking spirits, and thus provided, he awaited the coming of the deer with considerable fortitude. His mind was occupied with the details of docking a ship. Capstans, ropes, cleats tools of all kinds, and all the paraphernalia of such work, materialized in his thoughts, and seemed to arrange themselves in a tabulated form for ready reference. There was scarcely a movement in all the range of his vision. Spurshores and leading-blocks seemed arranged in orderly array about him. They radiated from his central position to a shadowy circumference, and they appeared to take on a slow and wavy motion, soothing and alluring. A regular and monotonous sound began to make itself heard, gradually increasing in force, and is suing from the Rabbinical nostrils. Before long, a sepulchral and awful snorting advertised to everything having ears, within two miles, that the venerable man slumbered. The deer in all that part must have chuckled and remarked "This is a great day for us. We have company, but they are not troublesome."

How long the good man slumbered is not in evidence, but he awoke hungry, and began to make preparations for his frugal and unexciting lunch of crackers. He drew his great coat to him, and, with an expectant smile, plunged his hand into one of the pockets. The smile froze almost in its inception. The pocket was empty. He hurriedly tried another, it also was empty. He searched the ground round about. He wildly gazed into the bushes, searched the trees, pinched himself to see if this awful situation were real, or only an agonizing dream. Sad to relate, it was very true. The language used by this good man at this time has not been recorded—must not be here. Afterward it was found that the bearer of the great coat carried it upside down, leaving a trail of crackers on the ground sufficient to guide an army. When the Rabbi recovered from his amazement, he hastily broke for camp, where he arrived later, almost bereft of breath, but demanding food with what he had left.

The Surgeon, who was the director of the hunt, ensconced himself in a favorable position, whence he might supervise the drivers, and gather in great stores of venison. He tried hard—how hard no one knows yet. He heard the dogs madly barking, and the hunters shouting, but there was no sharp report of guns, no winding of the horns to tell of game found, no appeals for help to pack venison to the distant camp. It is not known that he slumbered, for he is too young to stifle conscience as some of the older ones could, and having conducted the expedition to these hunting grounds, he felt bound in honor to find and secure game. It was believed, for a time, that he was really anxious to do so, but for all he found and brought in, he might better have stacked his new and beautiful gun by some lofty pine and allowed the memory of his numerous flirtations to occupy his mind and soothe his anxiety.

The other hunters dragged their way through the tangled underbrush, with much labor and no success. They had managed to lose the drivers and the dogs, but they hunted religiously all day. After five hours of patient soliloquy, the Skipper gave it up, and loading up with his plunder, returned to camp, finding the Rabbi slowly digesting his prey, with which he was engorged, from the ample stores in the provision tent. The others came in one by one, tired, but smiling, and just as the curtain of night enveloped the camp, the darkies arrived with eight coons, and faces glistening with delight.

While the male members of the party had thus been seeking venison, the ladies had bathed, slept, and cleared



THE COUNSELOR AND THE EAGLE.

up the camp until every tent was a miracle of order and comfort, and with smiling faces and ribbons flying in the gentle sea breeze that had come up, they greeted us with such a royal dinner that the memory of it will stay with us all for many a day. And then, as the sun went down, the party scattered about the camp, smoking the pipes of peace, while the gay smiles and chatter of the fair ones made it seem a hunters' paradise indeed.

The evening grew upon the party, and the gathering about the campfire broke up early, for the hunters were tired, and sleep and rest were very welcome. At a comparatively early hour quiet prevailed in the camp, for the fatigues of the day had brought the usual result, and long faithfulness in watching and waiting had knocked all the theology out of Fred, and cut his interminable allegory short. In the morning of the third day, a dreamy content pervaded the camp, and the sleepers were slow to rise, except the venerable Rabbi, whose cravings smote him early and made him active. The Skipper roused himself at a reasonably early hour, and as the fair hostesses were slow to appear, took upon himself to prepare breakfast, which was ready as soon as all the campers were assembled. A few sea dishes made a meal which was pronounced a success as well as a novelty, as the inevitable roast turkey was not in it, and a freedom from gobbling was apparent. Over the postprandial pipes some few ventured to ask about the route for the day's hunting, but the responses were slow and languid, and there seemed to be much more disposition to seek shady nooks and recline upon the grass, than to encounter more fatigues in pushing through the tangled underbrush in search of deer that refused to be found, assisted by incompetent cur dogs committed to a coon policy. Considerable mild flirting supervened, spoony corners were in demand, and the dolce far niente of the lovely air conquered nearly all the members of the expedition. The Counselor indeed took his gun and stole away up the beach to a place where a great eagle's nest was visible in the top of a giant pine, and shortly returned with a magnificent bald-headed king of the feathered tribe, measuring over six feet from tip to tip of the distended wings, and two feet, four inches from bill to the end of his tail feathers. The Counselor was an accomplished taxidermist, so his work was before him to prepare the splendid bird for preservation, in which he was assisted by the Ramrod and an admiring circle of spectators. The Architect and the Brother made certain trips to the pond near by for ducks, but were unsuccessful, and eventually joined the comfort-seeking party in the camp. The colored contingent departed early for the woods with all the dogs for more coons, and returned at nightfall full of delight at their success, which had been fully commensurate with their desires.

The genial Rabbi produced his camera and proceeded to take many views of the camp and its surroundings. The advent of the Counselor with his great eagle excited in the ardent soul of the artist a desire to capture the mate of this bird, and so he had his old gun laid ready to his hand, and was several times sent charging through the bushes by some evil-minded youngsters of the party, after soaring buzzards, which looked to the eye very like eagles. He did not get a shot, but his genial soul was not disappointed, hoping for better luck some other time. And so while reclining in various positions on the grass, smoking and conversing and telling many tales of interest, a great roaring noise was heard, and all started up to find the grass on fire, and one of the tents in flames. In an instant all hands were at work tearing down the tent and beating the burning grass and bushes, saving everything, with a little scorching and a few slight burns. The ladies showed no less bravery than the men, and rushed around and chattered so vigorously that some had to be forcibly dragged from the burning grass, lest their flowing drapery should be ignited, and so much sweetness dissolve in smoke. As there were many loaded cartridges in the midst of the flames, all were anxious for fear they might explode, but no such thing took place, although the danger was imminent. Such ardent work required refreshment, binding up of wounds, and then we let the girls chatter and rehearse the scene in all its bearings, but having no phonograph, I cannot give all the destruction of language here. It was terrible, and when one would suppose that it was all finished, it would suddenly break out again with increased virulence and fill all the air like the conversation of magpies. They are dear, they are lovely, they are charming, but for excited conversation they have powers that put the sterner sex into the shade. God bless them all, how they can talk.

All things good and bad come to an end sometime, and so this last day in camp closed with a delightful twilight, and a gathering about the camp fire that can never be forgotten. As the night fell over the camp, and the brilliant stars sprang into view, the fire was replenished with great logs, and a fresh northerly wind arose, making the sparks fly and the flames dance about. Wraps were donned, seats brought into the radius of the firelight, and as the breeze whistled through the pines above our heads, and the darkies reclined in the bushes on the outer rim of the space, songs, stories, puns, flew about the circle with merry laughter and cheerful chorus. The scene would not be complete if the wit and songs of the merry colored people were not evoked to fill out the picture, so honest Fred, with many bashful colored smiles, and after much coaxing, raised up his voice in a shrill falsetto, with many funny thrills, and gave us a part of his repertoire with great success. I cannot give the inimitable style of this colored nightingale, but assisted by the deep bass of the other brethren, he sang:

" I pitch my tent on dis camp groun',
No man look likes me;
I come 'cross de riber an' I mos' git drown,
No man look like me.
Chorus—King, oh! King, died for me.
Jesus died for de fus an' de las',
No man look like me.

" Paul an' Silas boun' in prison,
No man look like me,
'Cause he would tek a t'ing dat was not his'n,
No man look like me.
Chorus—King, oh! King etc.

" I been to de riber way John baptize,
No man look like me,
De riber smood, an' smood as a tide,
No man look like me.
Chorus—King, oh! King, etc.

" Ef religion wa' a t'ing dat money could buy,
No man look like me.
De rich would lib, an' de poor would die,
No man look like me.
Chorus—King, oh! King, etc.

" Sinner, mind how you walk on de cross,
No man look like me,
Your foot don't slip an' your soul git los',
No man look like me.
Chorus—King, oh! King, etc.

The impression of this scene, with the guileless Fred standing in the firelight, holding hard to the back of a chair with both hands and his face turned up to the sky, while his ample mouth seemed to travel all over his face as he chanted, as the deep bass of the other colored brethren came from the bushes, chiming with great melody, was very vivid. The sincere applause that greeted the close of his efforts encouraged and inspired Mr. Fred to renewed attempts, which added greatly to the charm and vivacity of the occasion. With a lively but wierd refrain, he sang:

" Raccoon tail ring roun' an' roun,'
Possum tail am bare,
Rabbit ain't got no tail at all,
Little bit er bunch er hair.

" Squirrel am a mighty man,
Carry a bushy tail;
Come an' steal my massa's corn,
Eat him on a rail."

And so ad infinitem. Breaking into narrative, he related how the bear lost his tail, thus: "Bear see Bre'r fox eatin' fish, say whar you git dat fish brer Fox? Bre'r Fox he say, 'cotch um.' Bear say, 'how you cotch um?' Bre'r Fox he say, 'go on de ice, put de tail in de hole,

bime by fish cotch hold, you pull him out.' 'Bear he try dat an de ice froze bear tail, an' it come off, an' bear have short tail ever since dat time. Bear 'member Bre'r Fox fur dat t'ing, an' one day bear eatin' honey an' Bre'r Fox he wanter know whar Bear git dat honey, an' Bear tole him 'in de holler tree," an Bre'r Fox he put his head in de tree to git honey, an' de bee sting him, an' ever sence dat time Bre'r Fox he bin berry shy."

The rest of the colored contingent added maxims and apothegms to the general fund of knowledge—thus old Joe Danner: "Ef you got a chile what has red ha'r an' you put coon fat on dat chile's ha'r, it turn it black." "De deer only ask God to take care ob him when he sleep, he take care ob himself when he 'wake." "De fish-hawk git a fish, an' de eagle come arter him, an' de fish-hawk he say 't'ief, t'ief, t'ief,' but de eagle he keep on comin', an' bimeby de fish-hawk he git a blow an' drop de fish, an' de eagle he take it, an' de fish-hawk he keep on singin' out 't'ief, t'ief, t'ief,' but de eagle he git de fish, an' de fish-hawk he ain't got none, an' de eagle he git fat, an' de fish-hawk he lean."

Then one enthusiastic member sang with great feeling:

"Ham-bone am fat, chicken am good,
Possum meat am berry, berry fine.
Give me, oh! give me, oh! how I wish you would
Dat water-million smilin' on de vine."

And so the party sat up late and had a fine time, while the wind whistled through the pines, and the stars sparkled in the clear, cold air, until the Skipper, with hot water, lemons, sugar and other ingredients brewed a nightcap worth remembering, which sent them all off to bed to sleep the sleep of innocence and peace.

And in the morning early to break camp and catch the tide for home, all arose and packed and lashed and stowed everything in the boats, and were off by eight o'clock. And so up Trenchard's inlet, and through Station creek to the river, feasting and singing, with merry talk and happy faces, bronzed by the sun and wind, sparkling eyes and a new stock of health, we came home again, with no deer, but a settled purpose to go again some day, if haply we may have so good a time repeated.

C. H. ROCKWELL,
Commander U. S. Navy.

ADIRONDACK SPRING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It looks now as if spring had at last arrived. Blackirds just came within a few days, robins have been here two weeks, and the song chips are along the creek banks. Snow covers only small patches of ground in the clearings, but in the woods it is still some inches in depth. The creek is open, and fishing will begin on the date set by law.

To-day I saw a woodcock down on the flats. It was under a bank between two heaps of snow beside some low bushes, and rose with a merry whistle on being waked up. It was the first I had seen or heard of this spring.

Partridges wintered well. I saw a male and female together to-day not ten rods from the woodcock. Two robins fought in the trees of the back lot this morning. A pretty Miss Robin was an interested spectator. Only a few of the birds have arrived as yet, and the buds are backward, the pussy willows having only just commenced to fur.

A good many foxes were killed during the winter, and their foot prints were notably scarce in the latter part of deep snow, and so ground-resting birds will fare better than usual. Minks, skunks and martens were scarce, but weasels and ermines hold their own. Blue jays and crows are numerous, and hawks have begun to arrive. From them the birds have much to fear. Owls were never very plenty.

How the deer fared is a question. They were far back in the woods in mid-winter and difficult to reach. Whether many were reached or not cannot be told, but probably not so many were killed as usual, although one cannot tell what was going on about the lumber camps in the Moose River and West Canada regions. The Forest and Stream told of two men who were arrested for killing deer out of season in the Canada Creek region. Large numbers were killed, but what became of them? Were they killed for their hides, or were they sold to lumber camps for food? Who is responsible, the consumer or the creators of the demand?

The dogs did not kill many deer, except in conjunction with men this winter. They would rather run near-by rabbits than go miles into the woods after unknown quantities. Dogs are sometimes as confused as men in unknown districts, hence so many dogs stray. They are only fit to go after cows anyhow, and when they are seen to get after sheep or deer they should be treated with lead, at least in the Adirondack region. It is curious that people cannot be made to understand the fact that deer are steadily decreasing up here.

I am glad that they will try to stop doe killing, but would be a good deal happier if they would stop buck killing too for five or ten years. Deer would get to be so plenty then that men could kill their two without fearing it would be their last. Deer hunting next fall will be poorer than ever, judging from present indications in Herkimer County. What can be said of the other counties in the forest preserve?

The logs have begun to come down the creek. They will be fed to the mill at Hinckley at the rate of 1,800 a day next summer, probably faster. Fortunately there will be a little waste, for a pulp mill is standing by ready to take the edgings and sawdust.

Some one introduced black bass into the West Canada, for numbers of them were caught here last summer. Good-bye trout fishing! Pickerel would have been better, because more sudden. Still bass fight well even if they are not pretty. Years ago a man could take a string, a penny fish-hook, a ten-foot birch, and in an hour snake out a dish pan full of trout. One, two, and even three-pound ones, but that day is past, and alas, never to return.

W. T. Finch built himself a fish pond last summer, and in the fall put in several thousand trout—six or seven-inch ones. Whether they will survive in this pond is a matter of conjecture among the woodsmen, as the bottom is not sandy or gravelly, but rather mucky, nor is the water plenty. It is to be hoped that the fish will prosper.

Northwood, N. Y., April 9, '95. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—IX.

COL. BILL PEABODY'S VACATION

CHICAGO, March 30.—Mr. W. W. Peabody, Jr., or Col. Bill Peabody, as he may hereafter be termed in these columns, is a young man somewhere between twenty and fifty years old, I should say. For some time he has been assistant manager of the B. & O. S. W. R. R., whose offices are located at Cincinnati. Early last summer he was summoned to appear in the presence of the president of the road, and thither he went, expecting to be fired, perhaps, or suffer other personal injury. On the contrary, it seems that the president had no such intentions against Col. Bill Peabody. All he wanted to do was to raise his salary about a thousand dollars a year, or a thousand dollars a month, I forget which, tell him to take a vacation of a few weeks, and put at his disposal one of the best-equipped private cars that run out of Cincinnati. At meeting his sudden reverse in fortune, Col. Bill Peabody staggered, placed his hands on his heart and said.

"Thanks, noble sir; I have got you." Then he looked around for some good people to go with him on his hunting trip. These he found in the persons of his friends Mr. Wilbur Dubois, of the Executive Division of the Cincinnati post office, the quietest and nicest man on earth, and Mr. R. M. Burton, also of Cincinnati, as jolly a soul as ever pulled a trigger. To these were added Mr. Richard Merrill, the celebrated dog man of Milwaukee, and the writer, the two latter having had some experience in Texas, which region had been chosen as the scene of hostilities by Col. Bill Peabody, after long consultation with all concerned.

All the members of the above party excepting myself rolled into New Orleans on the private car on the morning of November 24, and I having on the same morning arrived from Memphis, we effected a junction of forces early in the day. There we met once more Mr. Randolph Foster, whom I have mentioned as one of our hosts in our camp at the mouth of the Mississippi, together with other friends of the Cincinnati party. I had never met Mr. Peabody or Mr. Burton until that morning, but it did not take long to learn that they were fit parts of a jolly party, bound to have as nice a little vacation trip as anyone ever did have. We put in a pleasant day in the quaint old city of New Orleans, and just before sundown pulled out for the setting sun over the iron trail, well called the Sunset route, bound for a far distant portion of this magnificent and varied country of America, of which it has been my fortune this winter to see so many different parts in this section known as the South. I imagine that few happier or more care-free parties ever sat down to an evening meal than was ours as we gathered about the table prepared by Mitchell, the colored cook. We all felt very young and happy.

We traveled all night, and we traveled all the next morning, and we kept on traveling, but still we did not begin to cross the vast empire of the great and unknown State of Texas. I say unknown, because the greater part of the Union, outside of Texas, does not know what Texas is, and what Texas has done; and what Texas may do or be in the future is something which no man is wise enougth or daring enough to guess. From the back platform of our palatial car, Texas appeared a vast gray, boundless sea, with hills and plains, with low gray forests, draped with the Spanish moss, with now and then a water course, and once in a while a town. All this was new to most of our party. Willbur Dubois put his chair out on the observatory platform and looked out on the shifting panorama of brown and gray for five hours, during which time he never said a word, but was apparently completely happy in the warmth of the generous Southern sun. In the North we had left severe weather, but here there was a cloudless sky, and a climate so warm that we were obliged to lay off our coats in order to be comfortable. Evidently we were in the winter country of the migratory game. Often from the car we saw flocks of plover, and once along a little water course we saw some jack-snipe pitching in. All the birds seemed to be very joyous and comfortable and contented, and in good sooth, we who observed them were not less so than they.

THE PARTY IS AUGMENTED.

It was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we pulled into Kennedy Junction, the point where the San Antonio & Aransas Pass R. R. crosses the Southern Pacific with its line between San Antonio and Rockport, the latter being our objective point. Here our car was cut off and transferred, nicely handled as usual by the Southern railroad people, and here upon the platform waiting for us, as per our telegram of the day before, was a certain burly figure about as big around as a tree, namely, Oscar Guessaz, of San Antonio, the "Texas Field" of Texas and the Southwest in Forest and Stream. This was the one thing needful to make our happiness complete, and the one man needful to make our party perfect, at least in our eyes. At once we fell upon the burly Texan and dragged him, his baggage, and his dog Flirt upon our car, where soon everybody, including the dogs, had become better acquainted and less hungry. And then through the live oak country of Southern Texas we rolled on down to the gulf coast at Rockport, which point we reached about 9 o'clock in the evening. Here we met Mr. James Fulton, who had entertained Mr. Merrill and myself so nicely the winter before. At once we were scattered all over the little village of Rockport, the cognoscenti showing to the strangers all the features of the place, the post office, the hotel the streets paved with sea-shells, and the fish houses, where could be obtained the largest and most edible fish, oysters and other products of the sea.

JOHNNIE'S BABY.

We had already arranged with the Bludworth boys for the yacht Novice, in which Dick Merrill and I had made our explorations the winter previous, and the boys were at the depot waiting for us when we got in. Jimmie and Jed were to take out the boat, it seemed, Johnnie being kept at home by reason of his solicitude over a certain young sailoress, recently arrived at his house, about three or four weeks old perhaps. This youngster we considered it our duty to call upon, and I made a personal inspection of same in order to see what made Johnnie take such a notion to it. It was very pink in color, and could not be called large, and had evidently been born without any teeth, which I should call a defect in a human being, but Johnnie insisted it was different and better than any other baby, and he having had better opportunity to study its habits than the rest of us, we concluded he was perhaps right about the matter. So we left Johnnie at home and sailed next morning without him, after laying in good stock of provisions and ice. A fair breeze sprung up just before noon, and as we left the village of Rockport and headed out for Copano Bay, the good ship Novice lay over in elegant style, and we tore through the green water at a rattling gait. We were all still very keen and fresh and full of excitement, incident to a complete change of scene, so that we wandered all over the little boat and investigated every rope and block with all the zest of discovery. The salt air made us hungry and exuberant, and I fear we were very undignified, but certainly we were all happy, and we all agreed that even if we never saw a duck, the sail was recompense enough itself. But Jimmie the skipper smiled and said we should see some ducks.

AMONG THE FOWL.

We crossed the head of Puerto Bay and swung into Copano Bay well on in the afternoon, after a fast passage over. This bay, like all of the duck waters of the region, proved to be very shallow, so we had to drop anchor before we got very close to the head of it; but we were gratified to see a few banks of birds and some scattered symptoms of a flight, though there was no great body working in the bay. Much to our surprise and pleasure, however, we saw quite a flight of geese across the bay, and after a little observation could determine one of their lines of flight, which was directly over the top of a certain cut-bank bluff on the west side of the bay.

We at once got into our shooting clothes after we had eaten lunch, and started out on our several voyages of discovery. I took Mr. Dubois out in one of the skiffs, towing a sneak box for a blind, and left him on what we thought might prove to be a good bar later in the evening, as we put up some birds from it going out. Others went still further down the bay than this. Guessaz and I then met at the yacht and joined forces for a cruise over a certain flat at the head of the bay which seemed to be infested to a certain extent with fowl. Rob Burton came over also, and later Dick Merrill, with the brand new sink box he had had Johnnie make for him. Dick made quite a nice little bag of mallard and pintails, which began to come in toward evening in something like a flight. We discovered at the head of the bay there was a deep channel making inland, and spreading out into a connecting series of arms and ponds of shallow water, running back two or three miles inland. It did not take long to see that this was the place to make our hunt, for as dusk approached the ducks began to draw over this land-locked pond system, and we could see it was a favorite roosting ground. We had no decoys out, but took such shooting as we could get at birds passing along the edge of the connecting channel, and though we had no great shooting, we each of us picked down a few ducks, mostly at good, clean flight shooting, which is the most difficult style of wild-fowling.

AH—OOK!

We saw very soon that there was something bigger than ducks to be had on that strip of country. Just before sunset the geese began to come back to their roosting grounds. It transpired that we had come into the bay too late to see them go out that afternoon, but we learned that as usual for them on establishing feeding grounds, they had two flights a day, out in the early day, back before noon, out again at 2 or 3 o'clock, and back again at night fall. We were busy that first evening trying to locate the line of flight correctly, and Guessaz and I concluded, after following up the shallow bay for a distance, that the main line of flight was over the high bluff where we first saw some of the geese go out earlier in the day. They crossed the strip of land between the bay and the inland ponds by flying directly over the highest ground there was, a bare ridge which offered little chance for concealment. Then their line lay right over a second high knoll beyond the pond, and thence they swung at an angle and followed the highest and barest ground there was, clear out into the country where they fed or went for fresh water. The Canada goose is a mighty smart bird, and we complimented the old head engineer of their forces who laid out this route for them. It was the very one along which there was the least cover for a hunter. The grass was not high enough to cover a man, and the geese were giving any chance cactus bush or mesquite clump a good wide birth as the shadows shut down. Over the low and grassy flat, where we were having our duck shooting these greater and more wary birds did not deign to fly, except in an occasional much frightened and loud-honking bunch apparently out of their reckoning. As dusk deepened into dark, we could hear them coming over in a long melodious procession, whose music was very stirring and very promising. We had a lively bit of fun just before dusk in trying to get down a goose out of some of the flocks that passed nearest, but though we could hear the duck shot zip against their coverts, we could do little with them. Guessaz got down a snow goose out of the bunch, but we were by no means contented with that, and returned to the boat much excited with plans for the morrow's crusade against the honkers. Those who had gone down along the edge of the open bay had not had much fun, though Mr. Peabody came back much excited over a certain goose as large as a haystack, to which he had administered violent bodily injury, to the extent of knocking it down in the rushes back of his blind. He reported a good shooting point at a spit of land which ran out into the bay, over which he thought the geese would fly well in the morning. Mr. Dubois had had no sport at all. We were on the whole not discouraged by the developments of the first evening, and after supper lay down to sleep, impatient for the morning. We now had eight in our party, almost too many for the Novice's accommodations, so that Guessaz and I bunked on the deck (which we found was made of hard boards) the others having more sheltered but more crowded quarters below on the bunks or on the floor boards. We did not sleep very soundly, and oft in the stilly night I could hear a grunt of unrest from below, and see some unfortunate sitting up a while to rest his ribs.

THE TWENTY-GUAGE DUCK GUN.

I learned something that evening about shooting, in re-

gard to which I should have remained very skeptical if I hadn't seen it. No doubt many Forest and Stream readers have read much about the small bore gun clubs of San Antonio, and have noticed the great scores made at the trap by such men as Joe George, Gus Critzer or Oscar Guessaz. Probably a good many have thought that to use so small an arm as the 20-guage was carrying fashion to an extreme, and that at best such an arm would be worthless in the field. I don't know but I had a sniff or so about me for such extremely small guns, though I long ago laid aside the ten-bore for any sort of shooting whatever, as a great many others are doing of late years. I supposed a man might be able to kill a bird once in a while with that sort of a toy gun, but it seems to me that it could never be a really practical weapon, or one with which one could do anything like regular work. When Guessaz took out his little 20-guage, weighing less than six pounds, with all its European bravery of gold inlaying, ornamented check-piece, gilt buckles for shoulder strap, and all that sort of thing, I was disposed to guy him about his fire-cracker gun, and to intimate that, in my opinion, he couldn't kill a meadow lark with such baby shells (he only used 2 1-2 drams of American Wood powder, and less than three-quarters of an ounce of shot.) But Oscar was plenty calm, and allowed he had seen other people who had been of the same opinion as the rest of us were. In deference to his feelings we did not make it a personal matter, but kindly told him maybe he could worry down a duck once in a while, if it was a small duck. He went ahead just the same, and put a hundred shells in his vest pocket and tucked his baby gun under his arm. (I expect next to see him with a gun over his ear, like a pen-holder.) We had gone only a little way out into the flat that evening when we saw a mallard coming in, and dropped in the grass for the shot. It came to Guessaz, and at the crack of his gun—which sounded faint and dry like the snap of a whip—the bird folded up quite dead, at a good tidy distance for any sort of gun. All through the evening the same sort of thing kept up, Guessaz killing birds just as far as any of us, and doing it very much more regularly than I could with the excellent 12-guage I was using, for Guessaz is a very fine duck shot. It also came to my mind that he killed that white goose out of a flock into which I fired twice without effect. It was very evident in a short time that one had entirely underestimated the efficacy of the 20-guage gun as a weapon. With the load of No. 5 shot, which it handled so nicely, it was a hard-hitting and practical arm, and one capable of doing all one could ask of it. Guessaz shot right out of the same blinds with all of us, and I could not say that any of us had much the better of him at any sort of shooting. This was one of the continual surprises to me on the trip. No doubt a great many who read this will continue to think as I once did about the little gun, and say it is not fit to take on a duck pass; but if these should see what such an arm can do in actual results, I think they would change their minds, though still they would remain surprised. To speak of a 10-bore in San Antonio is to lose caste, and they even consider a 12-guage as too large for a really sportsmanlike gun. They import these small guns from Germany. They are neatly made and are good in balance and proportion, though the engraving and finishing are in a taste not altogether approved by our notions. The guns are bored perfectly for nitro powder, and they are shooters as sure as you are born. After we had learned this, we all apologized to Oscar Guessaz, and told him he was a perfect gentleman, and an artist of high grace in the seemly craft of wild fowling.

AFTER THE HONKERS.

But all this by the way. The morning was to come, with its great flight of geese across the bay, and it may well be supposed that the continuous melodious honking set us all afield early. Dick took his turtle-back to the mouth of the little creek, and Bob Burton took stand further along the creek. Messrs. Dubois and Peabody went to the foot of the bay, and Guessaz and myself went out exploring again along the high ridge over which the geese were passing. We found the wary old honkers hard to fool as usual, but at last we made a stop at some clumps of mesquite and were rewarded by seeing a bunch of the great birds coming directly toward us, Guessaz at that time being about fifty yards from me. At the faint crack of his little gun, one great gander fell dead almost on top of him, and another fluttered down into the water on the pond beyond. The skein swung toward me, and though I had a longer shot than he, I did manage to get a wing off one goose, despatching him later at the edge of the pond. Then we had a long walk up to the head of the pond and found country where fine stands could be made with decoys and boats, though that would take a pull of two miles over mud and water—hard enough, as Guessaz found it when he took Dick's turtle-back around to retrieve the two geese we had dead on the water. (The mud was bottomless, and we dared not step beyond the bank.) All along the inland ponds we saw numbers of pelicans, and a few of the great white bugling cranes, whose wild music could be heard at great distances, and one might say at nothing less than great distances, for we found these birds the wariest of any on the coast, and far harder to kill than geese. There did not seem to be as many ducks as geese in this section, though there were large numbers of the sickle-bill curlews, willets and other salt-marsh birds. The water in the ponds was of course all salty. I am inclined to think that the chief flight of the fowl was inland to some fresh water tank, as all the coast fowl are said to go to fresh water at least once a day. The main roost of these geese was evidently at some point further east along the coast, they following their route for reasons of safety.

When we rounded up at the schooner for lunch, we had each killed a goose or more, to say nothing of ducks, excepting Bob Burton, who still remained gooseless. After lunch, Guessaz and I took him with us, telling him he would certainly get that goose unless something very singular prevented, for we had located the flight very closely as we thought. But here again the wariness of the goose bird was to be figured on a little. The old fellows had noticed us on the ridge when they came in at noon. When they went out that evening they did not come over that ridge any more, but swung away out over a second ridge. We could hear Peabody and Dubois pounding away, a mile from us on the point, but for a time we got nothing to do. Along toward dusk Dick joined us on the edge of the bluff, where we were lying in wait for Bob's goose, and we spread out in skirmish line about 200 yards. At last some few straggling bunches took a notion to come our way, and with the usual percentage of failures to kill birds, which seemed big as flour barrels, and near enough to take hold of, but which were really long gunshot away, we did get down some few of them, three out of one flock, I believe. That is to say, everybody got his goose but Bob, while he was the very one we wanted to get one. The birds favored everyone of us but him, and the only good chance he had he did not see until it was too late. A fine flock of honkers came right over Guessaz and me where we lay, and seeing they were headed right over Bob, we did not fire at them. They went almost over him, but he did not notice them till they got past too far to score upon. So after all he went to bed that night gooseless. The rest of us were very much elated over our success, and our ice box began to show a very comfortable look. Col. Bill Peabody was riotously happy, and Wilbur Dubois, the quiet man, fairly beamed with calm content. These two had a nice story of a plesaant day together in a comfortable blind, and a good bit of sport, including a swim in the bay, which seemed to them an epoch of note. Down in the cosy cabin of the trig ship Novice, we were a very cheerful and I fear a rather noisy crowd, and we voted the trip a success, though Guessaz continually turned up his nose at the shooting, and told us we must pull up and go with him to some place where the duck shooting was "something like shooting," as he expressed it.

STILL MORE GEESE.

On the morning following we concluded to have one more go at the geese before we left for Rockport again, and a very pleasant time we had of it too. It was just cool and windy enough to make it pleasant walking in the early morning, though on nearly any day in that climate unless there is a norther on, one is obliged to lay aside his coat in the middle of the day. The skipper of our craft said we were very apt to have a norther that day, and as it transpired we did have, but not till afternoon.

This time, in order that Bob Burton could be sure of getting his goose, it was arranged that he should go with Mr. Dubois to the blind out on the point at the lower end of the bay, that having been found a fine fly-way. Col. Bill Peabody cast in his lot with Guessaz and myself in turn, while Dick stuck to the mallards for a time on the creek. It came out this time that Burton had again made a mistake, for at noon he came back without a goose, while Col. Bill, who went with us, had experienced difficulty in defending himself against the geese which had tried to fly into him. We three certainly did have a most enjoyably morning with the honkers, and one in which it was fair play and a hard game on both sides. We had no decoys, and it was all flyway shooting. The geese had learned what we were doing in that neck of woods, and used their utmost cunning to circumvent us. Some of them kept to the shore line of the bay and crossed in behind us. Others now reversed their flight of the evening previous and came in back of us along the ridge we had left. All those who came over the high grounds rose a little higher in the air, and kept so sharp a lookout that we found it hard to get a shot at decent range. We could hear the great streaming flocks honking as they crossed the bay, two miles from us, and at a distance of a mile, I am confident, they could see the slightest movement made by any of us along the bluff where we were hiding and looking over. The bluff was the natural bank of the series of pond-holes I have mentioned, and at points was fifteen feet high, broken at places by small draws and ravines, which made up the level of the plateau, over which the geese were crossing. There were such numbers of them that it seemed sure some must come over us, yet so closely did the wise fowl watch every suspicious movement, and so far did they swing from any bush or tuft, or grass big enough to offer cover, that we put in nearly an hour without a successful shot. Evidently the Canadenses knew their business.

A SHALLOW BLIND.

In the course of our investigations of the bluff side, I found a little break where the water had washed down the face of the bank. The cows had taken advantage of this to lay out a path down to the flat at that point, and the water had in turn washed out the cowpath into a series of narrow gullies. At that point where the path touches the grade of the plateau it was about a foot deep and just wide enough to contain a man who was willing to make himself small. Along this path I walked till it became too shallow to offer any concealment, and then lay down in it flat on my back. Peabody and Guessaz were just back of me along the bluff side. I had hardly gotten down before I heard the honking, gabbling and screaming of a great flight of geese coming, at first faint, then loud, then apparently almost deafening. They were headed straight for me as far as I could tell, but did not dare lift my head, though I did think I would have given about a thousand dollars to have just one little peek at them as they came in. It seemed to me I could hear them coming for an hour, before they got over me, and the last moments were a time of agony, so that I only held myself down by a supreme effort of the will. At last I could see the advance guard, but though they looked close, I knew they weren't, and so held my fire. Though I remained perfectly still, the first goose over the ridge knew what I was at once he saw me, and then began an awful squeaking and calling out of scared geese, and a confused climbing and hurrying to get out of the way. It was too late, for a detached bunch further back and close in to me came within forty yards (I thought), and sitting up swiftly and with great sense of relief, I cut out one great gander, which fell with a most soul-stirring thump on the hard ground. The second barrel did not count, and I was not surprised at it when I found my goose was killed at fifty-three paces. We had nothing larger than No. 4's with us, and so long a shot was rarely successful. If we had been prepared with larger shot we might have killed more geese. It takes pretty hard shooting to kill Canada geese at over fifty yards, and it is very rarely one is actually within that range on an open flyway.

As I ran out to pick up my goose, I looked back of me, and behold, there were my two friends lugging up not only one, but three geese, very much to my surprise, for I had not heard them shoot. It seemed that part of the great flight had swung over them just as I fired at my birds. With his little pop-gun, Guessaz killed two dead at the first shot, though he missed counting with the second. Peabody got down one. We were all feeling pretty good by that time, it may well be supposed.

COULDN'T SEE THE CHANCE.

Up till about noon the geese continues to pass over our strip of land in vast numbers, and I am free to say I never saw such a flight in all my life in any country. We added a few to our score by hard shooting and close crouching, but the great fellows for the most part proved as usual quite able to take care of themselves. One most amusing circumstance occurred, which served to give us all a good laugh at Peabody's expense. A large string of honkers were heading for us, and Peabody and I were in good line for them, he well concealed in a deep, round washout in the draw, and I lying flat down, though in full sight in a wider and shallow part of the draw from which I did not dare to move for fear of being seen by the birds before I could get under cover. We had no goose-call with us, but being able to do a little bit of honking without one, I was calling away as loudly as I could to the approaching flock, getting a good answer now and then. Both Peabody and myself were gazing fixedly over in the direction of the incoming flock, when all at once I saw a part of the main body which was on ahead and swinging wide of us, turn square up wind when they heard the call, and make directly toward me.

They turned just at the place where the draw came out level with the plateau, and came right straight down the draw, flying not more than twenty feet above the ground, and not saying a single word as they came, evidently bound to see about that calling. As I lay on my back I could see them coming right at me, and knew they would pass directly over my companion, but I could also see that he did not know they were coming, for his eyes were set in a wild glare on the honking legions out over the flats which were still coming on, but apparently about to pass too wide for a shot. I did not dare to move a muscle, and I could not make a sound to let him know. All I could do was to give a honk once in a while, soft and low, at which he only crouched the lower and glared the harder right ahead, while the birds were coming down at right angles to that direction. They came almost over him, and then I called out to him, "See, shoot! Right over your head!" Startled and at a loss to know what I meant, he sprung up with gun at a "ready," and looked wildly every way in the world but the right one. I wanted him to have a shot, and he must surely have killed at least two, for they were not twenty yards from him, but of course it was all over in an instant, for the birds veered and swung out as soon as I rose. I waited till the last instant and then fired over Peabody's head and beyond him, killing one fine big goose at nearly fifty yards; Peabody being about thirty yards from me I should think. It was then too late for him to get a bird down, and he lost the best shot any of us had on the trip. But as it was, we had a fine string of grand birds to carry in with us, six or seven I think it was, or maybe more, for I made no note of it. We had a most delightful morning on that high wind-swept plateau, and a finer sight of geese one could not ask. We killed only the big honker, or Canada goose, but there were all sorts in the vast clouds and strings that crossed over. It was keen sport to lie flat in the short grass and watch them coming, wondering whether one was to get a shot or not. I had no better fun to my notion on the whole trip South than on that morning.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

When we came to count up our spoils we found that we had done no irreparable damage to the wildfowl, for at noon our ice-box only showed fourteen geese and a couple of dozen or so of ducks. On a three days' hunt this same fall, on ground a little further to the east, along the coast, Judd Bludworth and another shooter, both shooting for the market, killed 164 geese. We did not want to make any such killing as that, but still, having a good notion of some goose shooting, we were willing to listen to the importunities of Oscar Guessaz and pull out for better ducking grounds. Meantime our promised norther began to materialize, and as this would give us a fair wind home, we ate a hurried lunch—most of us in wet clothes, for it came on to rain suddenly as we were coming in—and hoisting anchor, tore out of the bay under a ripping wind which made the skipper reef everything close down. Our passage in to Rockport was a little wet, but very fast, and at 6 in the evening we made the pier. Mitchell, the cook, was then very soon working over such a dinner as only the Texas coast can produce—duck, oysters, pompano, trout, etc.

Thus ended the first chapter of the vacation of Col. Bill Peabody and his friends, and everybody was pleased but the man from San Antonio. "Get this car out of here," he said, "and let's get over to Corpus. I'll show you some shooting." And he being constituted high captain of the chase and minister plenipotentiary, we told him to let her go. So one bright warm winter morning we found ourselves about forty miles further west on the obliging Aransas Pass Railroad, side-tracked in Corpus Christi, and ready for a closer acquaintance with some grounds of which we had heard great accounts. Further deponent saith not till next week.

E. HOUGH.

909 Security Building, Chicago, Ill.

Spring in the Northwest.

SEATTLE, Wash., March 29.—Spring is here with us. Ducks have gone north, flowers are beginning to bloom, humming birds have arrived, grouse are hooting, and sixty-six big black bass have connected with the business end of my fishing outfit so far this spring; biggest one weighed four and a half pounds. General run of them weigh two pounds each. Minnows for bait; not taking a spoon yet. Some spearing done, and it should be stopped square off. Trout season opens next Monday, and they are rising to natural flies in the lake now. Bass were planted in Lake Union six years ago, and are plenty to afford good fishing now; of these, more anon. I keep finding a new Forest and Stream man once in a while, and always find them "the best people on earth."

E. C. COMANCHO.

The use of Palmer's Set Line Snaps, gives satisfaction and does away with the annoyance attending the old methods of set line fishing.—Adv.

Natural History.

THE SILENT ENERGY OF TREES.

One does not realize when in the forest in early summer, that all around there is a silent, ceaseless mysterious force at work, greater in its aggregate hydraulic power than any engine ever constructed by man. It is the mechanical circulation of the life element of the tree, one of the marvelous things of nature.

This life giving substance, this silent force, is largely water, and contains in solution the elements needed for the nourishment of the tree. It is gathered by the roots that reach out in all directions, like the arms of a giant cuttle-fish, and thence taken up the tree through the cells, or veins, throughout the tree, even to the tips of the tiny twigs, and thence enters the leaves.

The outer woody portion of the tree, or that which lies next to the bark, is commonly known as sap wood, and varies in thickness in trees of different species, as well as in trees of the same species, age and size. It is influenced in its growth by location, soil, exposure and other physical conditions. In trees of considerable size the sap wood is often not more than one inch in thickness, while in trees of small size, it may be seen several inches thick. The porous and yielding character of sap wood and its cellular structure, afford a convenient medium for the passage of the sap, or life element, for distribution throughout the tree.

The leaves are wonderfully constructed, and perform singular duty. They are the catch basin and escape valves of the circulating element. In the back of the leaf are numerous breathing organs, or lungs, which partly absorb the circulating element gathered by the roots and also assist in throwing off the moisture.

When the life element, which the roots have gathered, reaches the leaves, a process takes place which separates by chemical action most of the water, and throws off the surplus as vapor into the air.

There is, however, enough water retained to act as a circulating element, a portion returning to the roots, during which time the digesting process goes on in its assimilation with the food substance. The number of lungs in a single leaf seem almost incredible. As many as 160,000 have been ascertained to occupy one square inch of surface.

Dr. Parker says that "an evaporation from the leaves of a single tree would be equal to two and a half gallons daily." Another has estimated that it would equal two hundred and twelve inches of rain fall, or one foot of water from a surface equal to fifteen feet square.

For evidence of the wonderful working power of tree sap, strike an axe into a young and thrifty tree of deciduous species during May or June. Upon withdrawing the axe, a stream will trickle down like blood from the newly made gash of an animal. If girdled at such time the cells or arteries having become severed, the tree will soon begin to wither and then die.

A striking instance of the silent energy of trees came to my notice many years ago, while exploring the then vast forest wilderness of the upper peninsula of Michigan. One day during the early part of May, with two Indian packers, or carriers, we had reached the divide that separates the waters of Lakes Superior and Michigan. Fires a few years before had denuded most of the original forest growth, and for miles we traveled over sandy plains, in places partly covered with a growth of jack pine. The sun's rays seemed scorchingly hot. We suffered much from thirst, for not a drop of water could we find. About sunset I noticed in the distance a clump of heavy timber, and pushing forward to reach it before dark, found it to consist mostly of sugar maple and red birch. This timbered spot was in a depression of the surrounding surface, and covered an area of two or three hundred acres. I instructed the Indians to quickly unsling their packs and hasten in search of water before darkness set in. They hurried off in opposite directions, while I prepared to camp. The evening had grown quite cool, and I looked around to find suitable wood for fuel during the night. Often when camping I had used the red birch, and found that it burned freely while green, and gave cheerful flame without crackling sparks, like some other kinds of wood, but burned down into quiet, glowing coals, which lasted through the long nights.

Finding a young and thrifty birch near where I had made camp, I took an axe and struck a vigorous blow into the tree. Upon withdrawing the axe, I was astonished to see a stream of sap gush forth and trickle down upon the leaves at the roots of the tree. I then cut a V shaped groove around a portion of the tree, hollowed out a piece of wood for a spout, struck a deep blow into the tree at the base of the groove and drove the spout into it. Quickly unloosening one of the packs, I took from it a half-gallon vessel, and placing it under the spout, in a few minutes there was enough cool, delicious sap in the vessel to satisfy my longing thirst. When the Indians returned—who reported that they had found no water—the vessel was running over with sap, and they were not slow in emptying it. That evening and the next morning, having no water, we made coffee from this sap, and it was as fragrant and refreshing as the Mocha sipped in far distant lands.

Guttard demonstrated the sweating operation of trees, by an experiment in which he enclosed the branch of a tree in a glass tube containing a neck, which was inserted in a flask and the whole hermetically sealed to prevent evaporation. The moisture oozing from the branch gathered in drops upon the sides of the tube, and trickled down into the flask below. After remaining in the flask twenty-four hours, when opened, it was shown upon weighing that the fluid exuded from the branch was an ounce and three drams, while the branch weighed only five drams and a half.

The physical energy of the sap of trees has been estimated as fourteen times greater than that of the blood in man.

Hales, while experimenting in this direction, fitted a long tube to the stem of a young vine, and ascertained that the fluid from the vine rose to the height of forty-four feet. Scientific experiments along various lines in this interesting field have been many, and from these we are led to believe that forests exert influences that are in many ways beneficial to man. In carrying out the plan of creative design, the silent energy of trees no doubt perform an important part of this work. There is much yet to learn, for as an eminent scientist has said, "there is a vast residium of unexplained phenomena."

Tennessee. H. B. WETZELL.

Game Bag and Gun.

Sportsmen's Exposition.

May 13 to 18. Madison Square Garden, New York.—First annual Sportsmen's Exposition.

ANOTHER TRIP TO CEDAR POINT.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

And every true and loyal son of old Maryland should hold in affectionate remembrance the gentle old bard for striking that one golden chord on his "harp of a thousand strings." Especially do we, sons of old Kent, as we drive down through Maryland's garden on the eastern shore, and note its broad, fertile acres, hemmed in with fine orchards of peach and bits of woodland primeval, while the old colonial mansions crown the numerous rivers and creeks that belt her around like some sylvan queen of old. It is a land of milk and honey, and though the ducats may be scarce, her horn of plenty is never empty. To the sportsman-epicure it is Elysium, for here, when he drops the canvas back or red head (wild celery fattened) the chances are that the bird will strike the water directly over a diamond back terrapin, which in turn will be over or in sight of an oyster as large as a saddle rock. Humor, wit and hospitality are the traits of her sons (and though the writer is a non-resident of twenty years) he, like every one else, finds the latch string on the outside.

The club is composed of gentlemen of the county who, during the season, take every advantage of its fine shooting of ducks, geese and swan. What red-letter days of our lives are those spent at the old club house, nestling beneath the giant cedar tree, out on the point, with the broad waters of the Chester River all around us, and of the Chesapeake only a mile or so back of the house. There a man is only as old as he feels, and the abandon of youth is common to all.

On reaching the club house with my kind host Wm. S. Walker, Esq., as true a sportsman in every sense of the word as ever glanced down a gun barrel, we find several jolly members already there, including Mr. H., of Washington, and Walton, with the swan-like voice. We stow our traps away for the next five days, amid a chorus of welcomes, and set about preparing luncheon. It being about Thanksgiving time, out come the fresh spare-ribs and hominy. "Hog and hominy!" do I hear some one slightingly remark. Go slow, brother. Possibly your acquaintance with the hidden gustatory secrets of the Southern frying pan is as slight as the aforesaid pig's was of Greek. When the club's chef, Mr. Walker, grasps his old shot bag fender and brings the hissing skillet to view, if his critical eye pronounces the rich brown of the meat. "just right," its dollars to cents you would have eaten the whole spare rib, just as I did.

Slinging shell bags over shoulders, we are followed by Toler, one of the best duck dogs that ever plunged into water, and make for the landing to take the batteau on our way out to the island. This island, off shore about a quarter of a mile, is a hundred yards long by twenty wide, with a blind at each end. Here the club shoots on the days they forbid shooting in the creek blinds, which are on the other side of the point. Reaching the island, we put out nearly a hundred or so decoys, and take positions in the blind ready for them. Presently we see in the distance a dark line just skimming the water on their way up the river in our direction. How you rivet your eyes on them, until it seems as if your fascinated gaze must in some way or other help them to see the decoys. This bunch of redheads do see them anyway, whether hypnotized or not, and as they come off abreast of us they make that sudden and graceful sweep in, still in flock formation, to join their new found friends. What a pretty picture it is, and where is the man to whom it will ever grow old, as he sees them set their wings and sail in to the decoys, until within a few yards of the outer ones, when they throw their whole body up against the wind, and with necks outstretched to balance their dropping feet as it were, slowly settle down to light. Just as those two feet are beginning to drop is the time to see that your gun sight is bearing exactly between them, and if so, pull the trigger—which we do. As the smoke rolls off, five or six nice fat ducks float in the water before you, and what a pleasing sensation fills you as you note the particular one you remember having "had it on" float off on his back, kicking his paddles in the air to show he requires no shooting over. Toler brings them in, and we place them on their breasts to let the meat drop, the only way to lay down a freshly killed duck. This is a good beginning we think, so out come our pipes as additional consolation, and Mr. Walker resumes his man-of-war tread in his end of the blind to ward off cold feet.

Here come three "buckets," as the coot is known and termed in these waters, and with their cootish characteristics they decoy up nicely, as you think, only to try and dart across the decoys, but we are on to them, and as they make us a nice left driving shot, the shells explode the exact instant the guns find a straight line between the tip end of their wings and their bills, resulting in Toler having three more jobs on hand. 'Tis thus the pleasant hours pass away, until taking up time comes, when we pay the piper well for our fun, as the taking up of a hundred decoys with ice making on your hands as you wind the strings around them, is no joke on the fellow doing it.

Supper over we settle down to solid comfort beside the roaring wood fire, and joke and story follow in quick succession—one on my excellent host is too good to let pass. His reputation as a shot is second to none. A former factotum of the club, known as Sammy George, now gathered to his fathers, possessed a droll humor: "I was crawling down on a flock of forty black ducks the other day," he used to say, "and when I was within two gunshots of them the old drake stuck his head up and took a look. 'Mr. Walker!' he said, and went on feeding Then an old hen stuck her head up. 'Mr. Walker!' she said, and went on feeding. Still another 'Mr. Walker!' and another 'Mr. Walker!' and they all went on quietly feeding. Presently I got within gunshot of them and blazed away, killing half the flock. Lordy, how they got out of that, saying 'Another gunner! Another gunner! Another gunner!'"

The following day was a creek shooting one, and the dawn found us in the muddy blind. An oystering pungy had anchored in the north of the creek over night, and we were afraid it would interfere with ducks coming in the creek. But no. "Mark! around Cedar Point," and the ball is opened by a fine flock of bay blackheads swinging in the creek. It is a large bunch, and we know that in consequence they will be chary in tolling. Spying our decoys, they draw in, and we think everything fine, and they are our meat; until suddenly they flirt off about seventy yards out. "Here goes, anyhow," says Mr. Walker, springing up and levelling on them; and as he is always "loaded for b'ar," his single B's drop two dead as Hector. They didn't think our invitation with 4's was urgent enough, and kept on up the creek in the way our fathers say an election in Maine went for Gov. Kent.

"Now gentlemen, in case any single ducks are flying, it's turn and turn about, and L., you lead off," says Mr. Walker. The sun had just thrown his first glance above the horizon, when, looking over towards Hail Point. I saw a duck swing into the creek from his flight down the river. My low call of "Mark" was instantly followed by that duck being able to see nothing about that blind, save possibly the crowns of our dead grass colored caps, but he did see the redhead decoys as he came nearer. How prettily he sweeps in to join them, being only eight or ten feet high, and sets his wings to sail in for his light, which he does until nearly up to the decoys, when he resumes them suddenly and continues his flight right over the decoys and on toward us in the blind, rising as he comes and describing a half circle as he draws off. "By George, he's a big one," I say as I rise in turn for my aim. He saw me and made extra efforts to get out of it, now that his worst suspicions were confirmed; but too late, my boy, I hope, as I feverishly seek his bill over my gun barrel, and see him "shoved up" in the air as the charge of shot hit him, and pretty well ragged up, my first canvas back smacks the water 'neatly bagged" as my companion said.

About 10 o'clock the wind swung around to the east, and it rapidly grew overcast, beginning to rain in a short time. My companions left for the house, only a hundred yards or so distant, for their oil skins, leaving me on guard. And now happened one of those incidents regarding the peculiarities of ducks that are paradoxical. We all knew the extreme shyness of wild ducks, their suspicion, and how at times it seems that they can almost hear you think. Well, my companions evidently found the clubhouse attractive, for they were in no hurry about returning. At length I became cramped from sitting in one position in the boat, which the rising tide had caused us to haul up into the blind, and stood up in it to restore my circulation with my back to the decoys, the whole of my body showing above the blind. As nothing had been flying, I relaxed my vigilance and stood up, looking towards the house for my companions. Presently I heard them coming through the path of rushes, and as the head man came in sight I saw him stop suddenly, and burst out laughing, exclaiming "Will, you are a dandy duck-shooter, just look at the blackhead I scared up right out of the middle of your decoys." Yes, it was a bad one on me, that duck had actually decoyed and lit in the midst of them, and my whole body was in plain view. I can only account for it by the cardinal rule of ducking—keep still, which I happened to do. The rain set in heavily and spoiled the shooting for the rest of the day.

The first gray streaks of dawn the next day found us out on the island, and the inner blind contained Walter and myself. We had out, besides forty or fifty decoys, three swan ones also off on Walter's right, I sitting on his left. The morning gave no signs of promise, as the sun rose on a gentle southerly breeze, which caused all the fine ducks to remain bedded off in Sandy Hollow, and nothing flew but a few trash ducks, such as sou'-southerlies and buckets, several of which we caused to miss appointments elsewhere they seemed in a hurry to keep. We had just lighted our pipes and were sitting quietly enjoying them, when W. suddenly touched me on the knee and whispered "don't move, don't turn your head, keep quiet as death, here come three swan right in to the decoys." "All right," I said, "let them draw in well, and save me the head swan." "Yes, I'll do it, but see that you kill him." In spite of his injunction my head slowly gets around somehow and there, sure enough, were the three grand birds, coming right on to us only a hundred yards off and twenty high. What in the world has suddenly got the matter with my heart? does the old thing want to crack a rib, or jump out of my mouth, which! Steadily they bear down on us, and are so close W. thinks it best not to call. When they nearly reach the decoys, their quick eyes undeceive them, and they veer off, but too late, as they are now within fine gunshot. "Now let them have it," cries out W., as the leading bird draws out opposite me, and he springs up with old reliable eight-guage muzzle-loader in hand. Its boom is followed by the middle swan's neck curling up in its tumble, and it displaces nearly a hogshead of water as it strikes the river, as dead as Adam's grandmother. What became of my head bird? Let's draw a curtain o'er the scene. I wasn't after swan, anyhow. Ducks are more my size. But there is one thing you can bet your last penny on, and that is I shot—but where—I have not found out yet. The only satisfaction I got out of that old head swan was seeing Walter touch him up with his second barrel when a hundred yards off so that we thought he would throw his tail feathers out of joint, and we had no doubt that some oysterman over on the bay would enjoy roast swan as the result of that shot. The ubiquitous Toler quickly brought us the dead swan, which proved to be in fine condition, and I would have given my little finger to be able to say "I killed it."

The morning passed with a few more shots at ducks trading around, though with indifferent success. During the early afternoon, while nothing was flying, all assembled in the blind talking of various when the question arose as to the merits of ducks for the table. Mr. Walker remarked

opinion ducks are like the Irishman's whiskey, none are bad, but some are better than others; it greatly depended upon their stay in the oven." To this, Mr. H., of Washington, volunteers the information that he could tell almost every duck by its flavor, especially redheads and canvas backs. That was enough. Instantly the wink went around. Next morning Mr. W. informed us that the provisions were running low, and some of us would have to contribute ducks toward supper that night. "I'll give a pair of redheads,' "I'll give a pair of blackheads," and so on until more than enough were secured. Mr. Beck was detailed to superintend the picking. Now of all the ducks on the Chesapeake, the coot, or bucket, is held in the lowest esteem; but, of course, he saw that a bucket was dressed. That evening when we were all drawn up around the table, with appetites a yard long, one chose this and one that duck, and got it. "Which will you have, Mr. H., redhead or blackhead?" says the obliging Mr. B. 'Redhead, thank you," and the first half of the breast of the bucket was handed over to him. My, how we all did enjoy that supper (and I must say, the ducks too.) "How's your duck, Mr. H?" says Mr. B. "Perfectly delicious, splendid, thank you; I never enjoyed a duck more." "Have the other half of this redhead, wont you? I've saved for you?" "Thank you very much, I believe I will,' says Mr. H. The breast of the bucket is handed over to him, and in less than ten minutes the whole of that old bucket is safely stowed away beneath his capacious vest. They were a gentlemanly lot, those good fellows. They knew when to lay down a hand. And I have no doubt that when Mr. H. reads his Forest and Stream of this issue, as all good sportsmen do, he will know for the first time of the manner in which the Cedar Point men judge of a man's taste for wild duck.

The next day, while in the middle blind on the creek, an old sou'-southerly floated in to the decoys, and then settled down across the water two hundred yards off and went about her business of filling her craw full of small fish from the river's bottom. Nothing flying, Mr. Walker said, "L., try her with that rifle and see how close you can come to her." It was a Winchester 32.40 which a guest had been using on deer in the Adirondacks in September. I took a careful sight and let go, the smoke blowing back in my face. 'By George, you've killed it," they exclaimed, but I saw nothing in the water.' Presently the old southerly came up forty yards off, twisting her head around and looking generally as if thinking "what in thunder was that?" "Well, you hit exactly where she was anyhow—try her again, and rest your elbow on the edge of the blind." With a feeling that I had better let well enough alone, I at length consented, and took a careful aim at her side. "You got her this time," they cried, and sure enough, I had—so you see the difference of shooting at ducks even with a rifle; and at swan with fifty more chances, a matter of nerve. Walter duplicated the shot by cutting off the neck of a water-witch. Walter also saw me shoot the tail feathers out of a goose on the wing with the same rifle, and yet I couldn't kill a swan at forty yards. The memory of that old swan galled me.

And thus it was, gentle reader, if your patience has followed me this long, that we Marylanders spend our days at old Cedar Point, the mecca of our shooting hopes. And as we take up the decoys for the last time on every Saturday morning, we begin to count the hours again until we shall throw them into the water the following Tuesday. J. L. B.

A QUAIL HUNT ON HORSEBACK.

Probably very few sportsmen of the New England States have experienced anything half as delightful as a quail hunt on horseback. Taking together the pleasure from the saddle, the gentle, cooling breeze wafted through the resinous pines, the beautiful Southern sky, and above all, to watch the motions of a good dog as it moves about eager to catch the scent so pleasing to its nostrils, makes a trip of this kind the beau ideal of a sportsman's life.

The country of Southern Florida is well adapted for horseback riding, being flat and free from underbrush, and scattered over it is a growth of the stately Georgia pine, growing forty or fifty to the acre. The short, thick growing grass or "rough," as it is here called, covering the earth like a soft carpet, affords a hiding place for innumerable quail.

Rising with the sun one morning, Cousin John and I took plenty of shells and after eating our breakfast, mounted our steeds and rode through the woods, accompanied by our setter dog Fanny, in search of Bob White. Our dog soon came to appoint, and we dismounted, throwing the bridle reins over the horses' heads, and leaving them to feed, while we went forward with guns ready, waiting for the flush of the birds. As they rose, we each dropped one bird, and marked down the covey in a thick bunch of palmettos, which grew about to one's knee. Having secured the dead birds, we started after the scattered flock. The dog soon found them, and two rose; one of them to fall a victim of the gun, the other getting away safely, but as I fired, two deer, which had been lying in the palmettos, almost under my feet, rose and jumped away as if there was no need of particular hurry, and indeed there was not, as it was close season for them and we were loaded for quail. They made a picture not easily forgotten, as they jumped away almost without muscular effort. We got one more bird out of that covey and left them, as they had now gotten into the thicket of the palmettos, where it was hard to flush them.

As we were passing an orange grove some distance on, our dog pointed in one corner of it. As we dismounted we saw a notice "no trespassing," but as no good sportsman would call off his dog on such a gamey point as Fan had, we determined to risk the wrath of the owner by chancing a shot. We went in and the dog started forward, roading them first out of the grove, and we were in hopes of being on safe ground in a moment, but soon she turned and went into the grove again, almost crawling along the ground, and we knew the birds were near. They rose with a flurry of wings, about twenty of them, and we dropped four out of the bunch. We got two more before they flew into a thicket of bay bushes, which made it impossible to follow them. These bay bushes grow at intervals throughout the pine forest, and make a safe hiding place for the flushed coveys. Many flocks of quail might be entirely killed by ruthless hunters if it were not for these harbors of refuge for the frightened little fellows. No man or dog can drive them out, once they seek safety there. We were not disturbed by the owner of the grove, and soon left his premises. It is not often one finds such signs in this part of the country, and most of them are posted to warn off the ever gay and festive tramp, who is always found where fruit is plenty and work scarce. I do not mean that a deserving man cannot find work in this country, but none of these rough and "reddy" individuals ever lost his eyesight looking for it.

We continued on the trip, and soon our dog showed signs that told us that more quail were near. We left the horses and hastened to where she was pointing. She then moved about in nearly a circle, and came up to the windward of the birds. We knew that they lay between the logs and ourselves, somewhere near the base of a large tree, and as we moved forward again, the birds rose. We were lucky enough to drop four on the rise, and following up the flock succeeded in getting three more birds.

It was near noon-time, so we concluded to eat our lunch, feed our horses, and then ride home. We saddled up again after eating and resting awhile under the shady tree and started homeward, well satisfied with our forenoon's hunt.

On our way home we saw some wild pigeons feeding in a field, and John sat down at the edge next to the woods to "knock" them, while I went around the field to drive them over him. I flushed the pigeons, but John must have been meditating, for he allowed the flock to pass, and pilled only the last one that flew over.

We had bagged that day seventeen quail, one fox and a wild pigeon, which was sport enough for one day. Taking into consideration that we had to eat all the quail we killed, we thought we got that day sufficient, as we had no desire to challenge any Massachusetts champion quail eater.

This is only a sample of the many happy days I have spent in the South, and I hope it will not be many years before I can again sit in the saddle and follow the dog after quail on horseback. WEB WORCESTER.

NEBRASKA SHOOTING.

HASTINGS, Neb., April 7.—The Nebraska Legislature has adjourned without passing the much needed game laws, and—if the daily papers are to be believed—without passing anything save vicious and boodle-laden measures.

The bill, as framed by the Nebraska sportsmen, was in the main a good one, though it had some objectionable features to my way of thinking, chief of which was the clause compelling non-residents to pay a license of $50. The arguments used by those in favor of it were that it kept out market hunters and gangs of so-called sportsmen who came in private cars, killed game by the wholesale and left it to rot beside the track. While its supporters were honest and sincere, it always looked to me as one-sided and selfish in the extreme. In the first place, the majority of the market hunters are residents of the State and it would not affect them. In the second place, a fee of $50 would not keep out the market hunter. If compelled to pay it, he could make several hundred dollars by shooting for market; and again, as this class of men hunt mostly in a thinly settled, and often entirely uninhabited part of the State, where they would not likely be interrupted, it would be hard to collect it. If found by a game warden, they would claim to be residents of the State, a thing hard and expensive to disprove.

The game butchers, on the other hand, that come in private cars are men of wealth, or they could not afford the luxuries and expenses incident to traveling and living on Pullmans, and a license of $50 or even more would not materially increase their expenses, or if it did it would cut no figure with such men.

The real prompter of this clause was the infamous Blow bill, of Illinois; this clause, like the similar one passed by North Dakota, was but an echo of the recent agitation in Illinois.

The best feature of our proposed bill was promptly killed in committee; that was the provision for a game warden and deputies. Without such officers, and good ones at that, the State might just as well wipe all game laws off the statute books, for all the good they do. Illegal and wanton destruction of game and fish go merrily on from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, and if there have been ever an arrest and conviction I never heard of it. Market shooters and fishermen carry on their trade openly and above board all the time, and game is shipped out of the State with no more attempt at concealment that if it were so much hogs and cattle.

The "Sand Hills," the northwestern quarter of the State, is about the only place left in which prairie chickens and grouse can now be found, and even there the supply is being decimated at such a rate that before another Legislature meets it will not be worth one's while to go there; in that section the market hunter and game hog reign supreme. They shoot hens while laying eggs and young chicks not able to fly, and indulge in all sorts of like pleasantries. Not six weeks ago, while in Shelton, Neb., I heard of a gang of market hunters that were still in the "Hills" shooting for market; one of them was in town at the time (the whole gang live in or near Shelton), and stated that he had just received $80 for a lot of chickens shipped to Omaha dealers. He came in for supplies, and was going back to join his party on the head waters of the Dismal River to get more chickens. He also stated that several other parties were shooting for market in that section. Is it any wonder game is getting scarce? As for fish, why seines and purse nets are more plentiful than fishing rods in Nebraska. The average resident of the smaller towns and large towns as well, scorns any method of taking fish that is slower than a good sized seine.

I read Sandy Griswold's account in Forest and Stream of the scarcity of ducks and geese this spring, and can vouch for the accuracy of his statements from painful experience, for I very recently spent a week on the Platte. It is no wonder they are scarce, with no feed or water to keep them here, and no peace or rest if the small remainder of the once countless flocks should come. I have watched the fast diminishing flocks for a good many years, and am only surprised that a single goose remains alive to-day, for the constant and never ending slaughter has gone on from the first day the white man discovered this famous goose ground. Such wanton destruction would long since have annihilated anything less wary than a goose, and even their once countless flock has dwindled down to a corporal's guard. For every goose now seen in the river, there were a thousand twelve or fifteen years ago. The average man explains this by stating that the main flight now passes much further west; while this is true, it is only so in a measure. Years of observation on the river, from Plattsmouth to the Colorado and Wyoming line, has convinced me that this grand game bird is fast following the buffalo. So come on, you fellows, and let's kill them all off and be done with it. If you don't hurry up they will all be gone. Come early and bring lots of shells and kill all you can or the other fellows will get them all.

On my recent trip I first stopped at Clark's, one of the best points on the eastern end of the river, and thought surely I would get a few birds, as I have always been fortunate enough to do in the past. But on reaching the river, I soon came to the conclusion that I had lost no geese in that neighborhood. Up and down the river for miles there was a man with his gun ready every ten feet. Every sand bar had one or more blinds, all there was room for, and every blind, as far as I could learn, contained in addition to several men, a good sized jug of "snake medicine." It was as hilarious a crowd as I ever ran across, and its members were more dangerous to themselves than to the geese. The reckless way in which guns were pointed made a man with a light life insurance do a lot of hard thinking. I didn't stay there long, and did not even take my gun out of the case. If a flock of geese did come in sight, they didn't stay long, and were followed by a general bombardment all along the line. It mattered not if they were half a mile high, these gentlemen had a contract to use up a certain number of shells, and were bound to keep it. How they avoided several serious accidents, to me is a conundrum. From where I stood behind a tree I could see that several of them could not stand up without reeling.

From Clark's I went to several favorite points of mine, and found things very little better; there were fewer men and not so much drunkenness, but very few geese anywhere. The result of my week's shoot was just eleven, and over half of these were brant. One box of twenty-five shells was more than sufficient for a week's hunt. On comparing notes with friends and acquaintances, I found that everyone had had the same experience.

Quail are reported as having fared very badly this winter; farmers all report having found whole bevies frozen to death. A recent clause to the proposed game laws was to make a close season for three years on quail, but this, with the rest of the game bill, went to sleep in the committee room. W. R. H.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

As the generous spring sheds its beneficent glow over the sunny Southland, the writer tourist and sportsman, following in the waye of the swift-winged bird of passage, turns his face northward and prepares his nose for the grindstone of business—that is if they have any business.

It is with deep regret that the Southwest Texas end of Forest and Stream announces the departure of Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, and A. W. Adams, of Chicago, and while regetting the Northwest migration of these gentlemen, it might also be whispered to the sportsmens' world that their absence will be felt until their return. They both have ingratiated themselves in the good graces of our people, both in the field and at the trap, and in doffing its sombrero as a parting salute, Texas Field fondly wishes au revoir.

Speaking of Northern and Southern sportsmen, reminds me that some individual who was evidently long on abuse, but intensely short on facts and truth, caused to be printed in one of the Northern sportsmens' journals that when a shooter crossed the eighty per cent. line and had won a pair of fifteen-cent spurs at that magnificent gait, that he was henceforth immediately barred from anticipating in the tournaments in Texas. Desiring at one fell swoop to give that individual his newspaporial quietus, and at the same time doing my full duty as a correspondent to present the facts, and thereby undeceiving the trap shooters of the North, I cheerfully point to the fact that the annual tournament of the Texas Sportsmen's Association, to be held at San Antonio May 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19 is open to the world, and that it means that our old friends Rolla Heikes. Charlie Budd, DuBray, Money, McMurchy, Dr. Carver, Elliott, Brewer, Fulford, and all the Northern cracks are cordially invited to come down here and take a place in the squads composed of eighty per cent. men. It means that the $500 in cash and the $500 in merchandise are as open to them as to any one who is proud to claim the Lone Star State as his permanent home, provided, however, that these gentlemen hold the gun straight. One Texas enthusiast, Mr. M. F. Hope, of Farmersville, writes to-day: "Good! Let 'em all come!"

The game procession has almost passed northward, and we are now in the midst of a large flight of plover of all kinds; the golden bird is here, so is the upland and our Southwest Texas prairies are covered with curlews and other birds of that ilk. TEXAS FIELD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

MUSK OX AND BUFFALO.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 12.—The Free Press, of Winnipeg, Man., prints in its issue of April 10 a very interesting interview with Mr. Harry Munn, an intrepid traveler just back from the far North, where he had considerable experience with the great game of a practically untraveled country. The interview is so well done and gives so much news that I scarce know how to shorten it. It will be news, for instance, to learn that the musk ox, an animal supposed to be seen only upon the rarest occasions, let alone pursued extensively, has become the subject of protective laws. If this be so, what shall we say or do for the game of our own worn-out covers? Much

in the way of news, too, is the information in regard to the buffalo of the remote region described.

It seems that Mr. Munn left from Edmonton, taking the Hudson Bay route to Athabasca Lake and the Slave River, to Ft. Resolution, going thence to Fon du Lac for caribou shooting, failing to find any musk ox en route along Artillery Lake. The caribou were so abundant near Fon du Lac that it was no sport to shoot them, so Mr. Munn arranged with a party of twelve Indians and nine dog trains to go out after ox. Of this trip he says:

"We started with enough food to last us four days, expecting to be away a month. It is necessary to kill food as you go along up there, because the dogs could not carry the weight of much provisions. The dogs began to starve about the fifth day out, but on that day I shot three caribou. We went to Lockhart's River and found the snow getting deeper the further north we struck. Going due north for three days brought us upon the only herd of musk ox we saw. There were twenty-two, and we shot nine, turning the dogs loose and herding the musk ox like cattle. After that we were delayed by a blizzard for two days, with the thermometer from fifteen to twenty below. It was not pleasant weather to sit still in; we had just enough wood with us to boil meat twice a day, but not enough to boil the kettle for tea, and as the only food we had was caribou meat and tea, our meals were not of an inviting nature.

"When the blizzard was over we split up into two parties, one going east and west, and the other, the one I went with, going north. We travelled for three days and saw no more musk ox, and then the Indians said they would go home. It had got pretty cold by this time, we turned and came back by a different route, taking Great Fish River, about twenty miles from the north end of Aylmer Lake. There were a few Arctic hares, and wandering bands of caribou to be seen, but except for the big bands of black wolves, there was very little life stirring in those regions at that time. These wolves, by the way, are a distinct breed from the Arctic wolf, which is white, and are unlike the usual timber wolf. They live on the straggling caribou, and seem to inspire the Indians with some fear. One of our party was out late one night, and the rest got very nervous about his safety.

"We turned back, however, and on the return journey we practically starved the whole way. We ran out of caribou meat, and couldn't get at anything to shoot. We opened the hides of the animals we had shot and scraped off the fat, but it was one long starvation till we got back to where the squaws had been left. About there we killed three caribou and fed the dogs and ourselves. We had lost ten dogs out of twenty on the return trip—died of starvation.

"Here I had the first row with the Indians. They wanted to go after the squaws who had left for Slave Lake, and I wanted to go back half a day to where the caribou were. I said I had starved as much as I wanted to for some time, and I was going to kill some meat. Indians get frightfully homesick; they can't stand a long trip away from their people at all, and they turned very sulky. I spoke in French to the half-breed, and he translated to the Indians, and we finally parted in dudgeon. I went back with two Indians, the half-breed and dog trains, and the rest went south. We killed caribou and returned, catching up with the rest of the party at Fon du Lac, where the women had collected. They were rather glad to see us, as they were just out of food again, and we had killed another caribou before joining them.

"I spent Christmas at Fort Resolution, with a few white missionaries, and then went up to Fort Smith to hunt Buffalo. Whitney, the man who was sent up by Harper's Magazine came with me on this hunt, but we didn't get anything. The second time I went out I spent sixteen days hunting the animals, and we got one shot at a bull, but he was too far off, and a warm spell setting in about that time with a good deal of rain, broke up the dog sleighing and we couldn't travel any further. I should think there are about 300 buffalo in that country. There is no earthly danger of their being exterminated, because they go like the wind as soon as a shot is fired, and take to the timber, where a horse could not follow them. They will travel for about five days on a stretch whenever they are disturbed.

"A law has been passed at Ottawa lately, affecting the hunting of musk ox, which will certainly make trouble among the Indians if it is enforced. Of course, it doesn't follow that it will be, but the law is that the close season for musk ox shall begin on March 1. There used to be no closed season for musk ox at all up there, and as the Indians don't begin their spring hunt until March 20, it is evident that they will have a strong ground for complaint, and will practically get no musk ox hunting at all. There can be no reason for the passing of such a law for the preservation of the animal, because as a matter of fact the Indians never get into the musk ox country proper; they are only on the edge of it.

"We made good time returning home, and did 520 miles of road in thirteen days. I was not sorry to get back to civilization."

HE IS DISCOVERED.

Maj. H. S. Kilbourne, rostered as Major and Surgeon, U. S. A., Ft. Clark, Tex., whom the Forest and Stream friends of the U. S. Post Offices at Boston and New York have for the past two weeks been helping me to trace, has been discovered personally and very pleasantly so. He writes from Ft. Clark this week, saying in part: "In the meantime, through the kind offices of Capt. Anderson, I have procured some of the photographs, which I find to be the very best pictures of live game that I have ever seen. Indeed, the work of your excursion seems to have been something unique and notable. All this is no doubt an old story now for you. The pictures of buffalo are of special interest, and as far as I know, they are the only ones extant. The immense herds which formerly roamed over the great plains of the West have left pictures only in the memory. I have some notes for a couple of sketches of the buffalo hunting of the Comanches, which, at leisure, I may offer for publication."

THE PRINCE BROKE THE LAW.

In an earlier issue of Forest and Stream I showed, per comic opera, that the nobility of England are market-shooters, much as I regretted to do that. It pains me now to show that, beyond any kind of doubt, the Prince of Wales is, or was, a violater of the law and a Sunday breaker. I have no doubt that I will presently be able to prove that Queen Victoria goes fishing ahead of the season, much as that will grieve me. The Tribune of this city affords the record in regard to the Prince of Wales, in a recent story from the town of Dwight, of this State. It may be remembered that the Prince of Wales (incognito as "Lord Renfrew") some thirty-years ago made a visit to this section of the world on a hunting trip. With him, and composing the retinue, were the Duke of Newcastle, Capt. Retallack, Gen. Bruce, Mr. Leduc, Maj. Teesdale, Capt. Gray, Mr. Elliott, who was a son of Lord St. Germains, Lord Hinchinbrooke and Francis Wilkins.

The Tribune goes on to say:

"A good man living in Dwight went to church on the morning following the Prince's arrival, and there to his delight he found the royal party. He was moved to sit down as soon as service was ended and write to a Chicago paper: 'The distinguished visitors set a good example that does credit and is well worth following, though often neglected, in their Christian observance of the Sabbath. The royal party attended religious service at the old school Presbyterian Church and listened to an excellent sermon by Dr. Young from the text: 'For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.'

"I am happy to state that the royal party were deeply impressed with the power and appropriatness to the occasion with which our worthy minister presented the impressive text to their minds. I am also gratified beyond measure to say that, it being the Sabbath day, the Prince refused an invitation to take a pleasure drive.

"Four hours after the worthy Dwight resident had penned these words of approbation of the Prince's observance of the holy day, the whole royal party, from the heir apparent down to the pointer dog Pat, were arrested for violating the law by shooting on Sunday. A fat fine was lodged against each name and was paid expeditiously. This is the happening about which the Dwight people now considerately say little.

"The visitors managed to get in a good uninterrupted day's shoot Monday. They divided into two parties and killed altogether 195 birds. The Prince procured more to his gun than anyone else did, a fact which would not be hard to account for under any circumstances, but which the country correspondent of the day lays to the circumstance that the Prince had a Lancaster gun which loaded at the breech."

It seems that the best way to do is not to violate the laws of one's own or another country, for it may all come up again, 30 or 40 years after it happened, and spoil one's chance of getting to be King. Awfully sorry to have to say anything about this, but I 'ope, Prince, as 'ow you aren't goin' to let it interfere with our friendship.

ARRESTER ARRESTED.

Last December A. W. Friese, of Milwaukee, had Joseph Duke arrested for selling illegal quail, as stated in these columns at that time. The case fell through, owing to a blunder of the prosecuting attorney. And now comes Mr. Duke, and sues Mr. Friese for $5,000 for false arrest. Duke will never lay up any money at that, and ought to be wiser than to make so foolish a move, as now his case can be opened up again, and properly handled. Duke will get convicted this time. Mr. Friese says that illegal venison in tons passes unchecked through Milwaukee to Chicago and New York, there being no deputy warden for that district, and little action of any kind against violaters of the law, except such as that taken at their own risk and expense by individuals, as in his own case. He thinks the Nat. Ass'n should help him in his fight.

NIPPERSINK CLUB.

Members of the Nippersink Club, an organization of sportsmen who go to Fox Lake, met at the Sherman House last night to select officers for the coming year. The following were selected: President, C. D. Gastfield; Directors, L. E. Weick, P. O'Malley, F. C. Mueller, W. N. Eckardt, G. D. Eddy, C. E. Rehm, Theodore Wilken, and T. J. Webb.

BACK FROM YUCATAN.

Last December Mr. A. V. Armour, of Chicago, organized a scientific and exploring expedition to go to Yucatan. To-day New York dispatches say that their yacht, the Itunia, is expected there in a few days. The party consisted of Prof. Allan Marquand, of Princeton; W. H. Holmes, professor of Anthropology of the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago; Prof. C. F. Millspaugh, of the Field Museum, S. C.; Peck, Marshall Miller, Norman Williams and William Armour. Portions of Eastern Yucatan, which, it is claimed, were never before visited by scientists or travelers, were visited. They ascended the River Usamacinta fifty miles in their steam launches to the city of Jobasco. With canoes they went up the river higher, and finally took horses to the base of great mountains on the borders of Mexico. Near Palanque the explorers found a great ruined city, estimated to be over a thousand years old.

SCATTERED ITEMS.

In Wisconsin the ice this week remains very solid all over the muscallunge lakes, but there is still prospect of its going out early this season.

In Washington they are using dynamite to kill squirrels, which latter are eating up the country. They burn the dynamite in the holes, and the fumes do the work.

In New Mexico the Mescalero Apaches are said to have left their reservation this week. If they would go away and stay it would be a good thing for sportsmen, for the reservation is a great sporting country, especially for trout fishing. I have swiped many a trout off that preserve of the noble red men, and there are few better streams than the Ruidoso was in those times, though the Apaches in those days were rather an uncertain factor.

GOOD BAGS OF DUCKS.

On two days of the past week Messrs. Edward Morton, Frank E. Jarvis and I. F. Hogan, all of Chicago, bagged 167 ducks (bluebills, red heads and butter balls) at Billy Tuohy's place on Eagle Lake, Wisconsin (in Waukesha county). These gentlemen are very enthusiastic over their trip to Eagle, and write: "The shooting was the finest of the season. Eagle Lake is showing up the best shooting in this section of Wisconsin. The hotel is more than comfortable, and a royal good time and good shooting are sure to be found."

IN LOVELY WAUKESHA.

With all the gentlemen say above as to comfort and good sport at Billy's place, and with all the good things they could say about Billy himself, I am disposed to agree heartily. I have often written of this region of Waukesha county, and have camped there four years, and trying each year to find a better place for sport and comfort. I doubt if the beautiful State of Wisconsin holds a lovlier section than the lake region of Waukesha and Walworth counties.

The other day Mr. H. L. Stanton, Western manager of the Natchaug Silk Co., wanted to "go somewhere out of the city" for "almost any kind of fun," so we ran up to Mukwonago and walked over to Eagle from there, about six miles or so, carrying our duffle for the sake of the exercise. We loafed around Billy's place for a little while, and then Billy took us out to see the country. I found that I had not yet explored it half so much as I thought I had. We found a beautiful lake, with bass and big pickerel in it, and a spring at the edge of a fine camp site on the top of a big bluff—so charming a place that I fear this summer our grounds at Phantom Lake will lose us, since they are becoming much subject to resorters. We found a lake said to have been stocked with lake trout eight years ago. We found three pickerel lakes I had never heard of, and a stream where one can catch chubs for bait, and a pond where bull frogs grow large and numerous. We found a dozen new springs of clear water and some new woods and plenty of clean green grass just coming up, and some willows turning yellow and some poplars about to bud, and a lot of things which seemed very good to us. We found a stream or so bearing vague rumors of strange speckled fish; and last of all we found a trout water—a preserve, or private pond, it is true, but none the less showing to us, near, though yet so far, the glorious creatures in all sizes from an inch up to four pounds.

This private pond is the property of Senator J. A. Linz, of Eagle, Wis., and makes one of the features of his country place. It is about 200 yards by forty yards in size, or perhaps larger, and runs from two to twelve feet deep, the water being absolutely clear, with the blue clearness peculiar to spring water in this region. The pool lies just below a great spring which gushes out of the foot of a high bluff. Linz stocked this pool some ten years ago, and it now has thousands of trout in it, some as heavy as six pounds he thinks. The whole stream below this point has been gradually supplied with trout which have gone over the falls at the foot of the pool. The proprietor of this attraction does not allow any fishing, and does not sell any of his trout, so they have increased wonderfully, depleted only by such small numbers as he once in a while gives to his friends near by for a trout dinner. At the time of our visit the trout were leaping in numbers all over the pool, in some mysterious game of their own, and it afforded a goodly, albeit somewhat trying spectacle. The fish seemed to be of a very brilliant coloration, and in short were beautiful, as only leaping trout can be. Sen. Linz is surely to be congratulated upon so rare a feature of interest for his farm, though I don't see how he manages to keep from catching all the trout out of there himself.

THE NORTHWEST VIA "NORTHWESTERN."

The Chicago sportsmen, Messrs. W. B. Leffingwell and W. L. Wells, have together produced the most artistic book yet at hand in these days of elaborate railroad literature, the former doing the writing and the latter the illustrating, with a happiness which might have been predicted. Mr. W. B. Kniskern, the general passenger agent of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, is to be congratulated on the result, a tidy and irreproachable little booklet of a hundred pages, (with a fine map) entitled "Hunting and Fishing Along the Northwestern Line." The desirable points are described succinctly, and it is promised, with accuracy, for the use of the tourist public, who have now few questions to ask which can not be easily answered by print.

One wonders, perhaps, what can be meant by the following fish: "There is in Lake Superior a species of fish called rock trout, which are similar in appearance to brook trout, but grow to a much larger size. The smaller ones are often shipped and are passed off to the uninitiated for brook trout, especially in cities where one's confidence in the fishmonger is so often misplaced."

There are a great many real brook trout netted in Lake Superior and sold, that fish attaining greater size in the lakes than in the streams, though it visits the streams late in summer to spawn. I have never before heard of any "rock trout," though the brook trout is usually taken near the rocks and reefs. This, however, not in criticism. Serious criticism does not lie against the book itself, though with the English of it one can not always agree—as for instance in the un-English barbarities of such plurals as "fishes," "elks," "snipes," etc., with which it is a pity to mar so finished and artistic a conception. As it stands, the book is the last word in modern railroad literature, and it is good and wholesome reading.

THE PEN AND THE GUN.

Capt. A. W. Du Bray, of the Parker Gun, very well known over the shooting world, has this week extended his field of activity and gone into the newspaper business, having arranged to take charge of the trap department of our young Southern contemporary, the Rod, Gun and Kennel, of Louisville, Ky. Everybody knows that the pen is mightier than the sword, but I imagine that it will be cause of satisfaction to Capt. Du Bray not to be forced to choose between the pen and the gun, either of which he handles so well.

WHERE THE PARROTS COME FROM.

Mr. G. W. McClellan, of Minneapolis, Minn., has just returned from a long sojourn in Mexico and Central America, passing through Chicago to-day on his way home to Minneapolis, whence he returns later to the far south country. Mr. McClellan speaks in glowing terms of the sporting resources of the region he has been visiting, and says no Northern man can have any idea of the shooting and fishing to be had there. He was away down where the parrots come from. He may write of it for Forest and Stream.

THE ONLY SUMMER FOWL.

Mr. J. DeLong, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes to his friend Pop Hirth, the historic character who takes care of A. G. Spalding & Bros.' fishing tackle department, asking about a muscallonge trip up in Wisconsin in June, and wishing to know if there was any shooting at that time, and if so, at what?

"I have told Mr. DeLong," said Mr. Hirth to me, with

one of his blandest smiles, "that the only game in season at that time was jack-snipe."

"Jack-snipe?" I said, "what do you mean?"

"Those little birds with long snoots, you know," said Papa.

"Why, there are no jack-snipe in the pine woods, man," I said, "and beside, they've all gone North."

"No they haven't," said Papa, firmly, "that's right where you're mistaken. They change their habits in June. I myself have often seen them in the pine woods, running up and down a dead tree, hunting for worms. You know the books say they live on worms. I read it just a little while ago. No, sir, there's plenty of jack-snipe up there!" You don't mean woodpecker? I asked.

I don't know what you may take a notion to call them," said Pop, calmly, and without moving a muscle of his face, "but I expect I know about jack-snipe, for I been studying up on 'em. They're birds with long bills, and they feed on worms. You may never have seen them running up and down on trees, but I have. Yes, sir, them's jack-snipe. Anyhow, they're good enough for Joe De Long." With which he calmly turned away to sell a man a copy of the Game Laws in Brief. I don't know exactly what to make of Papa sometimes. He gets me sort of mixed. Still I am inclined to think he is probably wrong about the habits of the jack-snipe.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH AT NIGHT.

Allow me to contribute my mite to the discussion of the questions now being agitated as to the nocturnal and other feeding habits of bass and other game fish. That game fish commonly take the fly at night is, I take it, conceded. I personally know it to be a fact. I have taken with various flies both trout and bass at night on many different occasions, when too dark for me to see the fly strike the water thirty feet distant. I have also known mountaineers to catch trout on trot lines laid for turtles at night. It is true, on the other hand, that I have, when a boy, often fished at night for catfish and eels with bait, and caught hundreds of them, fishing, of course, on or near the bottom, and never caught, or knew to be caught, a scale fish in that way at night. I think the bass and trout, when feeding at night, not only keep in shoal water, but swim at or near the surface. As long as there is any light, no doubt they see the fly, and when too dark for that, they see and probably hear the fly strike the water. After sunset, it is my experience, that bass take the fly on the surface as gamely as trout.

The last time I cast a fly was in the closing week of last September. I reached a riffle half an hour after sunset, and caught eighteen bass, standing in one spot, taking the last eight or ten after it was entirely dark, and so dark we could not see the road and had to drive home by guess work. Several times the rising bass appeared to miss the fly and leaped clear out of the water when it was almost too dark to see them. And so instantaneously did they strike as the fly touched the water I concluded that they must have been at the surface, and within a foot of the spot at the instant the fly touched the water; so that if they could not see the fly itself, they could, like the muskrat shooter, see its wake on the water; hear, and perhaps feel it splash. That catfish and eels take bait on the bottom of deep water and very muddy water, when it is impossible to believe they can see it, is a matter which has happened within my experience hundreds of times.

The feeding habit of these fish is unquestionably distinctly nocturnal; they scarcely bite in the mountain streams in the daytime if the water is clear, but freely enough if it is muddy. On the contrary, the scale fish are never taken in muddy water nor at night when still fishing with bait for cats and eels. That fish use the sense of smell in securing food as well as that of sight, and probably also of touch, seems clear. In salt water I have watched eels feeding in the daytime, and they often bury their heads beneath the mud in search of food, which they can certainly only discover beneath mud by the sense of touch or smell. But the effect of assafoetida on the biting of fish, which is astonishing, seems to assure us that the sense of smell is that which attracts them, for if the drug be enclosed in the sinker it is equally attractive as when applied to the bait. I have personally tested and verified this thing many times. So far as I know, the drug is attractive to all kinds of fish. The infinitesimal amount actually dissolved in the water could not impart to it a taste. The attraction of this horribly disgusting odor for fish has often appeared a very strange thing to me. It can not be an acquired taste. Nor can I conceive why it should be a natural taste, seeing there is nothing like it in the water nor anywhere else under heaven. Equally strange it may be that cats which hate nothing as they do water, should so dearly love everything that comes out of the water, whether fish, crabs, oysters, shrimp or lobsters. Certain it is that the sense of smell can have nothing to do with fish rising to fly or spoon. In this case it appears to be evident that they see what they take for fish food, although I have fancied that they sometimes rise in a spirit of wantonness, similar to that of a kitten which will seize a "fly-hook" dangled before it as readily as a fish will do it.

Fish are creatures of a low grade of intelligence, and the cause of their actions difficult to determine. I do not believe that fish are specially attracted by particular colors in artificial lures. The essential qualities of a killing fly seem to me to be that it is easily seen in the water, or rather up through the water, and not gaudy and unnatural looking enough to frighten the fish. The fish is looking from a darker into a lighter medium, and things appear to its eyes different from what they do to ours accordingly.

Before I finish, allow me just to touch upon one other matter; that is the leaping into the air of bass and other fish when struck by the hook. I believe it is simply caused by fright, and nothing more. That the fish deliberately plans to leap high in air and plunge headlong down across the slack line and so snatch the hook out of his jaw, is too much for my credulity. I do not believe anybody ever saw a fish leap into the air "with its mouth wide open and shake its head savagely to shake out the hook." Men believe they have so seen, but I suspect they are mistaken. In angling, when the fish leaps, I let him leap.

M. G. ELLERY, M. D.

NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

BOSTON, April 13.—The rain of a week ago has changed the aspect of the lakes and streams in New England, and some progress has been made toward spring fishing, though up to the time of this writing the weather has continued unusually cold. Water was very low indeed in all of the Maine lakes and rivers, up to the coming of this rain, while the rivers were yet locked in ice. From some of the more rapid rivers the ice has gone out with a great rush, and in a few days there will be a chance for trout, though in Maine the open season does not begin till May 1. In Massachusetts some fishing in the streams has already been done, the rain having cleared the ice and snow. Claude E. Tarbox, of Byfield, who always tries the brooks as soon as there is the least chance, has taken a day on the streams in this vicinity. He says that the Colonel come up the day after the rain and allowed that they must try "the brook." With Charlie Bailey they "fished the brook" the next day for a few hours, with the result of seventeen fine trout. Three of them Claude brought in to to show his friends at the Boston Chamber of Commerce the next day. One trout was a very fine one, for a brook trout from a Massachusetts stream, evidently a four-year-old.

Mr. W. H. Haley, a senior in the Boston iron trade, lives in Wilmington. He has always taken great interest in pickerel fishing, though abhoring set lines and spears. He was one of the first to use a glass ball as a float on the ponds in his town. He has two sons in North Dakota, one at Towner, and the other some thirty-seven miles further up, on a cattle ranche. The boys love to fish as well as their father, and the accounts they write have made Mr. Haley about determine to pack up his rods at the first opportunity. The other day he received a beautiful specimen of the great northern pickerel, weighing thirteen pounds, as a sample of what may be done at the North Dakota lakes and streams.

Fish Commissioner Henry C. Stanley, of Maine, was in Boston the other day. He is greatly pleased with the result of the recent fish and game legislation in that State. "They have given us everything we asked for," he remarked. "Maine is waking up to the value of her greatest interests. The legislature has given us our appropriation, and amended the laws at almost every needed point. The whole State is with us, even the Governor. Commissioner Wentworth and myself have the Commissioner of Forestry, Mr. Oaks, to help us, and he is a good man, and will work with us. The Maine Game and Fish Protective Association is with us, almost to a man; the society has tendered us unmistakable assurances of this. The new law has given us almost too much power, besides the means for enforcing the statutes, as well as continuing our fish and game propagation. We have the power to stop any and all fishing and shooting if the need be, even in the open season. The old wardens were all legislated out by the new law, and the selection of the right men is in our hands. These wardens will each one be required to give a bond of $2,000 for the faithful performance of his duty. What could be better? The Governor will appoint the men we want, and we have the means to aid them in enforcing the laws, or better still, to so patrol the more dangerous portions of the State that there will not be so much need of enforcing the law. The State has put great confidence in us, and matters look very bright. There is extremely little opposition to the Fish and Game Commission. Occasionally, somebody is displeased, but considering the size of our territory, the great number of interests we come in contact with, and the many people with whom we have to deal, there is very little trouble." The warm endorsement of Mr. Stanley I have from other sources than his own words. The fishermen all over the State are in sympathy with him. To his labors they attribute the success of land-locked salmon in the many lakes and ponds in the State. They are greatly pleased with the fact that in many of the ponds, formerly given over to pickerel, but more lately stocked with black bass by the commission, trout are actually beginning to be abundant. Mr. Stanley's theory is, and many of the sportsmen of the State endorse it, that the bass destroy the pickerel, while not troubling the trout. As the pickerel disappear, the trout return; all of the ponds in Maine have once been trout ponds.

The legislature just adjourned in that State was a most peculiar one. It was well understood all through the session that the fish and game interest was the most important one before it. It was termed "The fish and game Legislature," by some of the sarcastic and jealous farmer members. One of the members writes a Boston friend: "The game and fish legislature has adjourned. It has adjourned because there are no more fish and game laws to pass. If there had been another six-inch trout in any brook in Spoodunk that needed a law passed for his protection, the legislature would have remained in session another week."

Mr. L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Club, is just out from a flying trip to Stratton, Me., on club business. On the 12th of April he had a rather novel experience. He was driven from Stratton to Eustis in a sleigh, and the snow was frozen, with the sleighing excellent. There were still nearly two feet of snow on the ground in that region. The streams were locked in ice, and it did not seem as though spring fishing could be very near at hand. Mr. Chapman is back and at the tackle trade at Dume, Stoddard & Kendall's again. Outfitting for the spring trolling is making good progress in the tackle stores here. At Appleton & Basset's it is mentioned that orders for outfits, to be ready when the ice is out of the Maine lakes, are unusually good.

SPECIAL.

Can Still Go Fishing.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla.—The freeze has killed all my roses, cut down all my trees, and demoralized my plants generally. But the fishing is good. Game is plenty. The town is full of guests; they are all satisfied, and your humble servant is happy as a clam. TARPON.

Salmon Fishing For Sale.

Freehold; on the best fishing waters of the Southwest Mirimichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York City.—Adv.

SOME MONTANA FISHING.

In the cold, swift waters of the Missouri, standing at the foot of a pier of the foot bridge at Great Falls, Montana, armed with a common cane pole, ten-cent line plain hook, and mustard bottle full of 'hoppers, I have landed thirty greyling and white fish in forty minutes. When I took my catch to the office of one of the leading papers of Great Falls, upon which I was engaged, I was indeed surprised that any doubt should have been manifested that the greyling were caught at that point. It took a practical illustration to prove to the editor-in-chief that they came from the Missouri—and that, only three blocks from the office. The greyling may not belong to the aristocratic family of gorgeous-hued trout, but as a gamester and food fish there is none better to my taste.

A few hundred feet up stream from the point I speak of is a railroad bridge, about the piers of which a species of eel, which I was told were ling, are caught. Whether they are true loto molva I am not prepared to say, yet the description given of lings in natural history tallies with the fish I have mentioned. They weigh from a half to two pounds each, and have a ready sale at the restaurants at fifty cents to one dollar each. The sight of the bait used to catch these ling almost made me fall off the bridge, being nothing less than maggots. Twenty feet from this bridge is a dam, above which is a wide lake, known as Broadwater Bay, about the docks of which pailfuls of dace are taken with beefsteak as bait.

In the mountain streams of the Belt range, forty miles away, trout abound. I was shocked to learn, a short time after my arrival at Great Falls, that the usual method employed by the people thereabouts to catch trout was to explode a portion of dynamite upon the waters. This practice, I am pleased to learn, has been so severely criticized by the Montana press that it is almost stopped.

Below Black Eagle Falls, four miles north of the city of Great Falls, numerous dip nets constructed of wire screen are employed to catch white fish, and the business is a profitable one during the months of April to July. In my rambles, I explored the mammoth spring two miles down stream from Black Eagle falls, and was surprised to notice that upon the bottom of this body there were hundreds of blue catfish averaging three and five inches. The water comes bubbling up in huge billows among the great square chunks of stone, so cold, that in July one can hardly hold his hand in it a minute. Tons of matter a minute are thus heaved up in a space of twenty feet in circumference, and form a rushing, roaring cataract, which terminates in the Missouri a hundred feet away. How these fish came there I do not know. One party told me the only explanation seemed that they came from some mountain river which fed the spring. No other species of fish were noticed in the water. All the fish were dead, and looked as though they had been plunged in hot water. Whether the cress, which grows in abundance about this spring, or their conjectured swift passage through the earth, is responsible for their death remains for some other than me to explain.

Breckenridge, Mass. F. J. S.

A New Fishing Resort.

BOSTON, April 3.—Scytheville, N. H., a small town of the Granite State, hitherto but little known, will soon take its leap into prominence and become as famous, at least among the angling fraternity of New England, as it was formerly obscure. The event which will give this great notoriety to Scytheville will occur on May 1, the opening day for trout fishing in New Hampshire, and consists of giving the privilege to fish in the waters of Pleasant Pond, an interesting sheet of water lying close to the village. There has been a close time on this pond for six years. The law covering it has lately been repealed, and as the pond has been heavily stocked during and even before that time, it is reported to be now fairly alive with trout. No restrictions are placed on the stories as to size, and very large figures are put before the weights of some of those recently seen. Forty or fifty boats will be ready for the use of expectant fishermen at the opening week, and as the pond is about two miles in diameter, plenty of room can be had for the enjoyment of the sport by all comers.

The artificial minnow as a bait for trolling is nearly as well known to fishermen as the ancient spoon itself. The celebrated phantoms, Caledonian and white bait minnows have been made in almost every shape and size, and their killing qualities have been unquestioned for years. But one thing seemed wanting to make them more effective as a lure, and that was life-like motion in the water. To accomplish this purpose, Mr. H. O. Stanley, the well known Fish Commissioner of Maine, has devoted considerable time, and has finally produced a minnow which thoroughly covers the desired points. The new lure will be made of aluminum (minnow shaped) in two sizes, and is well supplied with hooks. It is so built that when drawn through the water, it darts from side to side, at the same time preserving a rotary motion. It will be named the "Stanley smelt," as it closely resembles the favorite salmon bait when under water. Patent rights have been applied for, and the new bait will shortly appear on the market under the joint ownership and management of Mr. Stanley and Mr. L. D. Chapman, of Boston.

HACKLE.

Woods Holl Aquarium.

The fish commission has greatly improved its facilities for taking care of living marine animals in its handsome show tanks at its Cape Cod station. The aquarium is not large, its total capacity not much exceeding 2,000 gallons, distributed in seven tanks, but it is well arranged, properly lighted, has an ample supply of pure water, and is located in a rich field for collecting.

During last fall a number of curious fishes were taken by Mr. Edwards, one of them a banded chætodon never before seen in these waters. He obtained also the African pompano, a very rare fish around the cape. This was seined along with the common pompano at Nobska beach. Eleven of the Africans and thirty-eight of the common kind—all young—were secured for the aquarium.

The black margins of the tail, back and belly fins made a very pretty contrast with the sober silvery colors of the ordinary species. Both kinds endured captivity well, and

took food regularly. Less can be said of the striped bass, however, for while they lived from September to January, and were then killed by excessive cold, they never were seen to take a mouthful of food.

Tom cods are invariably larger than they were last year, and they are free from parasites, contrary to the usual rule. There are no small fish among them, and their abundance is greater than usual. Mr. Edwards is informed that the tom cod spawns in brackish water, at all events the eggs have not been successfully hatched in pure salt water at Woods Holl. The very young fish are taken only in brackish water near the mouths of streams. Fishermen claim that they often see the adults huddled together in such surroundings, spawning much like the alewife.

There has been much speculation about the spawning habits of the common eel; it will therefore interest many persons to learn that Mr. Edwards secured a number of small specimens, scarcely one-half inch long, Feb. 18, in a surface-towing net. Although these individuals still retain certain embryonic characters, there is no reasonable doubt that they are common eels. When touched by the collector's forceps they coiled themselves tightly around the instrument, forming a compact little ball. These were taken in salt water on a clear and calm day, when the temperature at the surface was 30 degrees Fahrenheit—pretty cold weather even for water babies.

T. H. B.

A Brooklyn Fly-Fisher's Club.

A few sportsmen meeting accidentally at the office of Register Harman, in Brooklyn, a short time ago, suggested the idea of forming an association of anglers, all of whom should be familiar with fly casting. No sooner was the idea proposed than the party began seeking proselytes, with the result that on April 2 a meeting was held and the "Fly Fishers Club of Brooklyn" was organized with fifty charter members. At a meeting of the club held on Monday, April 8, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Charles A. Bryan, (manager Equtiable Life Ins. Co.); Vice-President, Dr. F. S. Howard, (President Fourteenth Street Bank); Treasurer, James Rice, (diamond importer, 10 John street); Secretary, Lody Smith, (President People's Trust Co., Brooklyn); Among the members are Granville A. Harman, Geo. J. Jackson, Kit Clarke, R. D. Robbins, E. W. Seymour, E. B. Rice, J. D. Adams, Dr. E. Palmer, C. G. Leviston, C. B. Boynton, A. C. Fitzpatrick, Henry A. Wells, R. S. Sayre and A. H. Watson. It having been decided that fifty should be the limit of charter members, no more were admitted at the meeting, but a constitution and by-laws were framed, membership being fixed at $50, and 170 members were proposed for admission to be acted upon at the next meeting. It is intended to limit membership to 300, and already negotiations are pending looking towards the founding of a near-by preserve and the erection of a club house.

Country Rod and Gun Club.

NEW LONDON, Ct., April 15.—At the annual meeting of the Country Rod and Gun Club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: George Bindloss, president; John J. Gannon, vice-president; Stephen M. Crocker, secretary and W. A. James, treasurer. The club house is situated in the town of East Lynne, within an easy distance of several good trout streams, but the season is not sufficiently advanced to offer very great inducements, although a few small catches have been made. The club regrets the loss of Mr. H. A. Penrose; he will be greatly missed by the sportsmen in this vicinity, but our loss will be their gain.

The club mourns the loss by death of one of its most highly esteemed members, Mr. Charles A. Chase, of New Haven, Ct., who died April 8. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and it was largely through his efforts that the club was made a success. Although well along in years, he enjoyed a trip down a trout stream as well as anyone, and he was the best of company. He was a friend to the poor, and he had the respect and esteem of a large circle of friends, who sincerly mourn his loss.

WARE. DREDD.

A Proposed Invention for Anglers.

I must tell you of a proposed invention of a St. Louis genius, which should be appreciated by anglers. It is to be a spear. Now fishermen know it requires considerable skill to spear a fish even with a five-tined spear, and when a fish is running rapidly, only an expert can get him. In the new invention, a steel rod will pass through the handle of the spear for its whole length. By pressing out the top of this rod a contrivance will be thrown out at the bottom, consisting of about one hundred steel tines with barbs, and so arranged as to cover a circle of about thirty inches in diameter. This will make a formidable weapon, and he must be a poor angler who would let a fish escape from a thrust covering such a space. In fact, in a school of fish a number could be secured by a single jab, and such opportunities would often occur. The new contrivance should certainly be popular with fish takers. As your Mr. Hough tries all the new inventions and reports on same, I anticipate with much pleasure his vivid description of taking fish with the improved spring gear. He can undoubtedly do much to bring it to the favorable attention of anglers generally. As the fish supply of our waters has been so greatly reduced, anything which enables the angler to make a fair catch, such as the proposed spear, will no doubt be welcomed.

St. Louis, Mo. ABERDEEN.

A Terror on Vermin.

GREENBRIER, Ala.—Hon. Jno. S. Gill, of this county, an enthusiastic sportsman, is an inveterate foe to vermin of every kind. An excellent mimic, he can entice, it is said, any bird that answers to a call, within easy gunshot.

Thinking it would interest readers of Forest and Stream, I wrote to him requesting his record. During five years, ending Jan. 1, 1895, 219 owls, 436 hawks and 826 crows have fallen to his gun. WILL SCRIBBLER.

Connecticut Notes.

PRESTON, April 9.—The opening of the trout season here is a lamentable failure, and there is very little activity among the anglers as yet. There is considerable ice in the swamps, and the weather continues cold and windy. The streams are low and the water too cold for successful fishing. What we want is a good warm rain to put the streams in good condition. Two or three small catches have been recorded since April 1, J. N. Weaver taking the lead with ten trout of fair size. F. D. Palmer, usually an expert angler, captured two of over a pound each, and A. Mitchell, Jr., took three, the combined weight being one pound eight ounces, certainly a poor showing, compared with former years.

The largest black bass ever recorded as caught in this section was taken Thursday from Woodstock Lake by Everett Carver. It tipped the scales at just seven pounds.

There is money in everything above and under the water, even in the much abused sucker. The "Warm Springs, "while seining in the Yantic cove, above the Union station, took 1,000 pounds of suckers, and sold them for one and a half cents a pound. The local papers state that they bring $9 a barrel in New York; this looks like a pretty tall statement. E. M. BROWN.

Live Elk in Market.

We learn that a correspondent of Forest and Stream has a number of live elk which he wishes to dispose of. The animals are, we understand, yearlings, and in good condition. They are now in the West. Any of our readers who may be interested in this subject can send letters for this correspondent to us, and we will forward them.

Kill Your Fish When Caught.

SAND LAKE, Mich.—Allow me to add my mite in connection with the Boston "dumb animals." Good advice, to kill your fish as soon as possible after taking from the water. Instead of carrying a baton in your pocket, simply slip your right thumb into the mouth of the fish, after dislodging the hook, and give the head a quick bend backward. This dislocates the neck, and death is instantaneous. Try it. I have never had one struggle after treating in this manner; and the good friend who taught me this act of mercy saved many a pang over the repeated protest of the slowly dying captive in the basket. Besides, if killed, your fish will keep in good condition one-third longer than when allowed to suffocate in the creel. C. M.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

April 17 to 20. Los Angeles—Southern Cal. Kennel Club. Dr. R. J. Withers, Sec.

April 25 and 26.—Toronto, Canada.—Toronto Kennel Club. W. P. Fraser Hon'y. Sec.

May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club. Howard Vernon, Sec'y, San Francisco.

Shpt. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at —— P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton, P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 28.—Trials A. U. S. F. T. Club.—W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.

Entries, 443. Dogs Benched, 412.

The third annual dog show of the Duquesne Kennel Club was held at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9 to 12. In every sense the venture proved to be a successful one, and will no doubt encourage the club to fall in line with an annual fixture. Pittsburg has always been a good show town, but hitherto most of the exhibitions have taken place in the old Rink, near the river, a dirty, dark hole of a place that appealed to no one with any sense of refinement. This time the show was held in the Old City Hall, a building far better adapted to the purpose both in the matters of increased floor space, light and ventilation, the only objectionable features being the flight of stairs leading from the street and the rather unsavory neighborhood. Shows were held in this building in 1878 and in the early eighties when the old Poultry Association was alive.

The benching was nicely arranged by Spratts Co., the stage at one end of the hall being used as a resting place for the smaller dogs; and there was still room for fifty or sixty more dogs. The Smoky City can turn out a very respectable local entry especially in English setters in which breed the quality is always very strong and the same applies in a less degree to the Irish setters. For most of the quality in the other breeds, however, the show depended upon breeders from a distance, the "old guard" showing up in force with their best strings; consequently in many classes competition was very keen, and the judges could not afford to "slu:" their classes. This fact probably accounted for the judging extending until late Wednesday evening, with Mr. Mason's classes and numerous specials. Pittsburgh is noted for the variety and extent of its special list and this show fully sustained the reputation. One cannot speak too highly of the management, the bench show committee and other members of the club having no ambition to shirk their duties. Mr. John Moorhead, Jr., the President, devoted himself entirely to a general supervision of affairs and although his crack bull terrier bit the sawdust of defeat that fact did not in any way lessen his enthusiasm and energy. He was ably seconded by Mr. W. E. Littell, the secretary, who worked hard both early and late, and Dr. J. S. Philips and H. M. Breckenridge were always willing to help in the conduct of the show. Mr. E. M. Oldham made his debut as superintendent and that he acquired honors in his new sphere was the general opinion of those best qualified to judge. He has considerable executive ability and his watchful presence permits of no shirking of work of those under him. The aisles were kept in apple pie order, in fact some of them painfully so, Mr. Oldham having arranged for prizes to those attendants who kept their aisles in the best order; at few shows have we seen the dogs better cared for, the commissariat as usual being in charge of "Capt." Murphy, which is a guarantee that the dogs get their Spratts on time. The way in which Mr. Oldham acquitted himself as superintendent, his firmness and courtesy, and knowledge of what the dogmen want, suggest no lack of future engagements in this line.

The show passed off without any unpleasant happening unless the judging of the Spratts specials for the best conditioned dogs may be construed as such. The specials read: "Spratts' Patent Limited (American), offers two ten dollar gold pieces, $20 in all, to be given to the kennel men of the two exhibitors who show the two dogs, of any kind, in best condition; open only to customers of Spratts' Patent (American) Limited. To be judged by Mr. H. W. Lacy." The management construed this to mean only regular kennel men in charge of individual kennels, and, we think rightly so. This construction, therefore, debarred the all round handlers who, while they might be customers are not the "kennel men for the exhibitors." W. E. Warner, of Mr. Gould's kennel and Donald Monroe, of Messrs. Rutherford's kennel, won the pieces, though very closely pushed by Joe Lewis with the Oak Grove kennel's Irish setters. The building was kept free from offensive odors with "Sanitas," and like the proverbial kennel, was always "sweet and clean," although the temperature was at times rather chilly for the more tender dogs. There was little "kicking" about the awards as far as we could learn, though necessarily there was, in some few cases a difference between the judges' "think" and the owner's private train of thought. The judges were: H. W. Lacy, New York, for St. Bernard's, pugs, beagles and bloodhounds. Chas. H. Mason, New York, for pointers, setters, all spaniels except toys, greyhounds, collies, and bull terriers. James Mortimer, New York, taking mastiffs, great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, poodles, all terriers, except bull terriers, dachshunds, Italian greyhounds, toy spaniels, foxhounds, bull dogs, and miscellaneous classes. The size of the building did not admit of more than two rings, and these were fairly well served. Messrs. W. D. Brenton and J. S. Horne acting as stewards for Mr. Lacy; Messrs. Henry and Horne for Mr. Mason and Dr. Philip and W. D. Brenton for Mr. Mortimer.

Among the principal exhibitors and visitors present from a distance were Mrs. Lee, of Toledo, O.; Miss A. M. Griffin, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Glynn, of the same city; Mrs. Nims, of Painesville, O.; Ed. Booth, New York; M. L. Vite, H. Jarrett, C. A. Shinn, Ben Lewis, Philadelphia; Geo. Douglas, Woodstock, Ont.; W. J. Tuck, Jr., Hamilton, Ont.; Frank F. Dole, New Haven, Conn.; Al G. Eberhart, Cincinnati; Edwin W. Fiske, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; W. E. Warner, Lakewood, N. J.; Dr. J. Hartman, Latrobe, Pa.; F. H. Hoyt, and Mr. Porter, Sharon, Pa.; T. A. Howard, Columbus, O.; D. Monroe, Allamuchy, N. J.; Joe Lewis, Moodus, Conn.; Mark Lewis, Jr., Canonsburgh, Pa.; Harry Northwood, Ellwood City, Pa.; Mr. Mahler, Avalon, Pa.; W. J. Higginson, Rochester, N. Y.; F. C. Unis, Painesville, O.; John Shaum, McKeesport, Pa.; Geo. Thomas, Salem, Mass.; Mr. Baker, New York; James Robinson, Saratoga, N. Y.; W. Tebbits, who brought over the bull dog, Portswood Tiger in 1888, but has dropped out of sight in late years. About one half of the exhibitors were Pittsburghers or from adjacent towns.

The display of mastiffs was a disappointment, B. F. Lewis' Ethel, in challenge class, being the only one with any pretension to form. Open dogs proved a blank and the prize was withheld from Bess, the only bitch, and second only given to E. E. Andrews Young, the pup. They were very poor.

St. Bernards, while not turning out in any force, twenty-nine being benched, showed a good deal of quality, especially in smooths. That sweet, all round typical bitch, Miss Anna, was the only challenge rough, and she afterwards beat Empress of Contocoock for the special for best bitch exhibited; while scarcely so deep in muzzle as the smooth, she beats in general cleanness of outline, bone and hind parts. Duke of Lincoln overshadowed the well formed smaller dog, Alta Kennels' Grand Master, and was beautifully shown, looking much better than at New York, his action is perfect and not being covered with fat, one is now able to form a correct idea of his splendid body and outline. He is without doubt one of the best on the bench. The others were not in the same class with these, Belle Isle Kennels' Carl Douglas' quality, coat and good body, entitling him to third prize, however. Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla scored nicely in open bitches, beating a good rangy bodied bitch, Alta Kennels' Santa Monica, in depth of muzzle, coat, color and body; third went to Rice, St. Bernard Kennels' Arline, commented on before. A nice, Grand Master pup in Vespers won in puppies from a little brother; shows a better shaped head. In novices Artilla, Santa Monica and Arline was the order, Empress of Contocoock, well shown, was the winning challenge smooth. In open dogs I preferred Nicode, the winner, in shape of head, quality and legs and action, a little light in body yet, but is only eighteen months old. F. H. Morris' Lord Milton loses in head and expression and fore legs; Mr. Gusky's Buster, third, is rather coarse in expression and bully headed in shape, good bone and body, faulty in legs, but might go higher up under other judges. Alta Kennels' Judith took the bitch prize; looked a little fat. Nicode and Belle Isle Kennels' Clovis furnished the novice winners.

The Barzoi's were all from one kennel, and have been repeatedly described. They were Ch. Argoss, Ch. Princess Irma, Ataman IV and Riga; one in each class. Great Danes were not very striking, the well formed New York winning pup, Major McKinley, Jr., winning easily in open dogs, and Mrs. Glynn's Wolverton Hadie scored well in head and front from the third winner, Ella, in bitches, second being withheld. The prize was withheld from the only deerhound shown.

Greyhounds were a choice lot, but quality depended upon the well-known winners, Ch. Bestwood Daisy won over Ch. Southern Beauty in challenge class but there is scarcely a point where she beats in correct formation and Beauty was fairly well shown. Southern Rhymes was alone in challenge dogs, but for the special, Gem of the Season beat Southern Rhymes, though he cannot do it at either end.

Toon and Thomas's Southern Fury and Joe Lewis' Spring of the Valley took the money in open dogs, and Southern Belle easily accounted for Mr. Wolfenden's Spot in bitches, the latter being sore and mangy and should have given way to F. H. Hoyt's Martha.

The foxhounds made quite a pretty display, and were supposed to be divided into Engilsh and Americans, but as usual there was some confusion in types. In the English classes, N. S. Money's Songster outclassed R. Durning's Roy, which is more of an American in type, long ears and long, flat-sided body. The well-known Rosemary, from Chestnut Hill Kennels and N. S. Money's Mermaid are truly English in type. In Americans, Walker and Hagan's Big Strive and H. G. Twaddell's Sweep took the prizes, the former beating the other in head and bone, but, though an American in breeding, is more an "Engilshman" in general characteristics. In bitches first and second went to Walker and Hagan's Pearl Strive, and M. Lewis' Queen, who is beaten in body and bone and breadth of muzzle. The bloodhounds were all from Roger D. Williams' kennel. Vigilant, in challenge class, Buccaneer in open dogs and Lady Margaret, a fair headed one, the only representative in bitches.

There was lots of quality in pointers, but most of the winners have been doing the circuit. In heavy weight challenge dogs Glenrock Kennels' Molton Banner was alone and looked very fit. No entry in corresponding bitch class. Rinada Kennels' new purchase, the big, coarse dog, Rod H., whose only conspicuous fault is a full, stary eye, pulled off premier honors, followed by J. Davidson's Captain Meteor, a leggy light ribbed dog; third prize was withheld. In bitches the well-known Emblem scored over J. R. King's Lola Montez, who, well formed otherwise, has a wild, light, stary eye. Frank Kruse's Frankie, third, is a doan faced black with good forepart. Ridgeview Comet beat Ridgewood Penny in challenge lightweight dogs, and G. J. Gould's Lady Gay Spanker did the same to Miss Rumor, though not in the best of shape. The winners in open dogs were: G. J. Gould's Ridgeview Chancellor, Rinada Kennels' Spendthrift and J. S. Adams' Lad of Rush, the latter losing to both in head. Rinada Kennels' came

to the fore again with Ridgeveiw Sal, a plain muzzled bitch that should be better in stop; second, to Dr. Retter's Lady of Rush, a well ribbed bitch, H. Jarrett's Bessie G, came in well for third place. The puppies were not noticeable and Rod H. won in novices, second going to Frankie. George J. Gould took the kennel prize and Molton Banner was considered the best dog, Lady Gay Spanker the best bitch, and with R. Comet took the brace special.

English setters, as might be expected, made a splendid showing, there being a preponderance of true type among them and in the top divisions were well placed especially considering the crowded ring in both open classes. Cactus once more defeated Glendon and Maid Marion made her first win in a challenge class, being well shown. Open dog winners were Victoria Kennels' New York winner, The Earl, E. A. Burdette's Cincinnatus' Pride and Mahoning's Kennels' Knight Templar, all these dogs of typical formation, the latter losing in quarters and body. There were seventeen shown in this class, H. Northwood's Wordsley Dude being fairly entitled to reserve. Another hot lot of fifteen came forward in the "ladies' " division, and, the sweet headed Oak Grove Kennels' Monk's Nun appealed to the judge for premier honors; second going to Dr. Hartmann's Rita H., a well formed one, losing in head to the other; Count Howard's Pride, took reserve, both from Dr. Hartman's Kennel. In giving Aurora vhc., a slip was made, as in addition to a poor, snipy, flat head she is bowed and out in front. Among the puppies, G W. Lang's Roger O'More, was much the best, he won in dogs. The novice class was a big one and here Cincinnatus' Pride won well with Knight Templar second. Dr. Hartman took the kennel prize and Maid Marion got ample revenge for her neglect at Chicago by taking the special for best in the show, a well merited honor. There was a long list of specials, but space cannot be devoted to them here.

Irish setters were very well represented, the Oak Grove and the local Kildare Kennels sharing the principal honors. Many of the winners have been commented upon during the circuit. Oak Grove Kennels' Ch. Kildare beat Kildare Kennels' Finglas once more, but following type Kildare Glenmore should come second; Champions Queen Vic and Norna occupied their accustomed positions. D. L. and A. Carmichael's Lord Echo, Jr., has a more typical head than Muckross Kennels' Henmore Shamrock and was placed first with Kildare Kennels' Dick Finglas third, that partakes more of his dam's, Ruby Glenmore's type than his heavy headed sire. In bitches a very nice long, clean headed one in Nancy Finglas was to the front, owned by Kildare Kennels, the same owner's Ruby Glenmore II losing to the other in head, coming second; F. L. Moe's nice bodied bitch Nona whose worst faults lie in muzzle and eye, was third, with H. Jarrett's now purchase, Seminole Fly, a good reserve. D. L. and A. Carmichael's Shamrock Mardo, touched with chorea behind the shoulder, was the winning dog puppy. A good colored one of handsome outline. Nancy Finglas was the novice winner. Oak Grove Kennels took the kennel prize and Ch. Kildare was correctly considered the best in the show. The special lists in setters were long ones and entailed tedious judging. The Gordons' brought out seven and with two exceptions were owned by Dr. Dixon. T. Bollye's Fred, the only new face, reserve in novices, is faulty in muzzle. Santa Marie beat Leo B. for the special for best in show but the old dog is more of a Gordon. Ben Lewis took all the money offered for Gordon's, $71, not a bad days's work.

Spaniels turned up in force, and several old winners added to their records. In fields, open black dogs, Drayton Warwick not having arrived until the third day, Toon and Thomas's Ebony Chief and M. A. Viti's War Dance took the money. Warwick, however, was awarded an extra first on his arrival. M. A. Viti's Scandal, a nice headed pup beautifully shown scored alone in bitches. There were no entries in "any other color." The cocker classes made hard work for the judge, being nicely filled. Ch. Black Duke and Red Roland were the challenge winners in their respective colors. Open black dogs saw E. Fiske's Chief a nice winner over G. Douglas's Woodland Robbie, the latter losing in body. Woodland Princess scored easily in bitches over the E Fiske's old favorite Fashion, who seemed in whelp. B. J. Rae's Red Duke, a high, round peaky-headed sort won in red or liver dogs over E. Fiske's Billy, rather coarse, his kennel mate Vernon, an excellently fronted one, gaining reserve. In bitches Red Niobe, coarse in head but fairly well formed, beat Geo. Douglas' Lady Golden who shows more quality but is snipy. St. Lawrence Beauty won in any other color class, followed by Woodland Bessie, a reversal of their New York positions. The only Clumber, Endcliffe Bustler, has bad eye and was not in good shape. C. A. Shinn's Belva was well ahead of B. F. Lewis's Kitty of Cork in coat, topknot and head.

Collies made a pretty showing and the Chicago winner Lady Gay had a field day. She is a catchy little bitch, but that she can beat such a sterling good dog as Woodmansterne Trefoil is a very open question. She is shallow in head, light ribbed and not in best of coat, shows lots of quality and makes the most of herself in the ring; she is very much overshot. Wellesbourne Charlie and Flurry III. furnished the challenge winners. That good dog Woodmansterne Trefoil rightly scored over his kennel mate Woodlawn Trefoil and Chestnut Hill Kennels' Domino II. that did so well at New York. A pretty family pet in Goldmine, a kennel mate of Domino's took reserve, nice coat, heavy down ears. S. B. Stannard's Lady Gay won over Ormskirk Susie and Woodlawn Sunset, once more, she beats in ears but not in coat and substance or head. Chestnut Hill Kennels showed two good selling pups, the only entries. Woodlawn Park kennels took the kennel prize. Wellesbourne Charlie won the speical for best in show and Lady Gay was considered the best in open classes as well as the best bitch.

The poodles (black curly) were all from the Meadowmere Kennels, are well known and made a pretty collection; there were eight entries with four absentees. The bull dogs with one exception were from the Woodlawn Park Kennels' strong team. The showing was remarkable for the first appearance of the English crack Facey Romford, who arrived a few days before the show. Although not in very good shape, his grand bull dog qualities, compact formation, grand front and body make it certain that the cracks on this side will have a hard time of it. Lorna Doone won third in bitches, she is down faced.

Bull terriers were a splendid lot and the meeting between Streatham Monarch, Cordona and Duke of Rochester was worth seeing in every way. While Streatham Monarch may be counted the best dog, his chance was destroyed by his lack of front teeth and as Cordona can beat Duke of Rochester who also had a suspicious looking tail, Frank Dole accepted the blue ribbon with a yell and a skip that would have done credit to a Sioux Indian; something entirely novel in the conduct of this usually sedate exhibitor. This little excitement over and after he had found his hat Frank returned to win with Ch. Starlight, easily enough, over Lady Dinah. In heavy dogs his Dutch Billy scored over the rather coarse headed Billy Bulger, with the faulty fronted Topsparkle third. Mr. Dole scored again in bitches with Queen Lily, commented on at Chicago; his E. Flossie was second and a bossy shouldered one in Daisy Belle from the Rochester-Pittsburgh Kennel, third. Harper's Whiskey won over J. L. Arden's Little Billy, but was protested and found 4 1-2 overweight, so Little Billy took the ribbon. G. Wash Moore's Neglect, with a poor head, took first in the corresponding class over the slack, heavy bodied short faced Nellie Harper. Little Billy and E. Flossie were the puppy winners. It is interesting to note that Frank Dole either handled or owned every first prize winner but one in these classes, as well as winning the kennel prize; honor enough for one week, not to mention being made President of the New Bull Terrier Club. Cordona took the special for best in the show.

Dachshunds made a pretty showing and were divided into hound and terrier type, but there was not much difference in this respect, all being more or less of the English type. Fritz K, getting gray and coarse, took the challenge prize. Jay S. beat Pretzel in head and length in gem dogs (hound type), the coarse, high standing pup, Bismarck K. taking reserve. In terrier type, Lovely K had to succumb to Polly Finders once more; though I like her better in muzzle and crook, but she was not shown in very good form. Feldman K, a very nice promising pup, took reserve, and then first in puppies.

With the exception of Joe Lewis' Ringleader, there was nothing extra in beagles. No challenge entries, and but seven in open classes.

In bitches, Molly L, shown very heavy in whelp, was turned down and first given to S. B Arthur's Ginger, a very fair sort, that would have pushed Molly close in any case. Ringleader won easily the best in the show. This strangly made, typical dog, should do a great deal of good in correcting type, and putting bone and substance into some of the deteriorating stock seen too frequently on our benches.

Foxterriers had a capital entry, the largest in any breed. The winners are all familiar faces, and the Rutherford Kennel, as usual, just now, proved invincible. Their Warren Safeguard and Captious, took the challenge prizes, while in open dogs, they went 1, 2, 3 with the smart pup Daybreak, Tip Top and Warren Scamp, an excellent coated one, but rather leggy and long in body. The coarse fronted Hillside Royal took reserve. Warren Capture and Cowthorpe Gem were correctly placed in bitches, but it was close while Wawaset Lucy and Warren Sentence, the latter a beautifully fronted bitch, a little light in body yet, were placed equal, third, but it is pretty safe to say that Sentence will make up into the better one. The puppy prizes were all "captured" by the Rutherford Kennel. Wire hairs did not come out very strong. The winners are all well known, but Mister Great Snap, reserve, to the coarse headed wide fronted Tipster, second, I could scarcely follow. Irish setters were a capital lot, and the winners were Merle Grady who this time beat Jack Briggs and Jackanapes, while Dunmurry scored again over Candor, who is out of coat just now. Open dogs followed New York awards—Brian O. K. and Briggs Best. Bitches were poor comparatively. The only "Scottie" was the well-known Merry Coll.

There were no Dandie Dinmonts, and Elphinstone and Endcliffe Maggie were the only Skyes.

Black and tan terriers made a fair showing with the Canadian dog Darkie scoring well over Chicago Spider in body, head and correct thumb marks and pencillings. Ch. Gipsy Girl won in bitches over Queen III, reversing their Chicago positions and upholding our criticism. The Yorkshires were divided by sex, and the well-known Bradford Rejected and Pinkie Yorke took care of firsts for each sex.

The pug classes were filled with quality, the Howard Kennels and Rookery Kennels taking the cream of the awards. Bob Ivy seemed out of shape and would not show; in challenge class, Haughty Madge won nicely, followed by Duke Howard. In open dogs Al Von in Young Penrice's absence scored, followed by Finsbury Duke, beating in body, ears and head, the dark Patsy Bolivar coming third. In bitches the Chicago winner Hooker, had to give way to the young bitch Princess Madge, who showed herself a very different animal this time, and beat in muzzle principally. In was a close thing in puppies between the sisters Princess Madge and Queen Madge, but the former gets it in muzzle and color a trifle; Pinafore, reserve, is very promising. Eberhart Kennels' Cyrene scored easily over Lady Curtis in novices. The kennel prize competition was close, but I thought the Howard Kennel a more even lot. Young Penrice took the special for best but looked a little tucked up and was a close call with Haughty Madge, not much thinner than at Chicago.

A fair King Charles in Merryview Dixey, won alone. No Blenheims and but one Ruby, a poor one.

Italian greyhounds made a pretty display and the winners are nearly all well known—Ch. Sprite, Tinie II., and Daisy Lee, a good headed one, but ears are wrong.

Miscellaneous classes brought out nothing very startling, the Basset Bow and Al. Eberhart's corded poodle Ponce de Leon taking the money in dogs and a nice sized Mexican hairless in Beauty being the only bitch. Ben Lewis and George Thomas took the handlers prizes. Before concluding, a word of praise is due for the excellent catalogue issued. In fact it was one of the best published this year, and the management deserve praise for getting out a marked catalogue with so few errors, by Thursday morning. Prof. Burton's dog circus proved amusing; he has some excellent jumpers in the troupe.

H. W. LACY.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

HUNGRY DOGS.

I note N. E. D.'s remarks on hungry dogs in Forest and Stream of April 13, and will endeavor to answer some of the questions he raises in connection therewith. I desire, however, at the outset, to assure him that I do not look upon a discussion of so interesting a subject as a contention of an unpleasant nature. I appreciate also that N. E. D.'s remarks were for a higher appreciation of the dog's position as an assistant to man in the pursuit of sport afield. It is only by thorough discussion that full knowledge and just conclusions can be reached. The fair manner adopted by N. E. D. is the proper manner by which to acquire the knowledge and reach sound conclusions. In replying to N. E. D.'s last letter, I shall endeavor to point out what to me at least appears erroneous conclusions, ones drawn from false premises.

N. E. D. says that his remarks apply more to bird dogs, which thereby he implies are special seekers of birds alone; that furthermore, such dogs hunt for the love of the sport, and apart from any consideration of profit in obtaining food. I think that on more mature reflection he will concede that there is no such thing as a bird dog in the restricted sense which he applies, and that there is no such thing as a bird dog exclusively, except in the artificial distinction adopted by man; that is to say, no dog is distinctively a bird dog in the sense that he hunts birds to the exclusion of everything else. Both pointers and setters dearly like to hunt rabbits, and it is in most instances the result of many weeks' training to perfect their work to the gun so that they will not chase rabbits. Then, after being broken, they are quite as fond of rabbit chasing as they were before, as is shown by their fondness for self-hunting after rabbits when they have an opportunity to indulge in it. It requires not a little punishment to train a setter or pointer to perfect steadiness to wing or fur. Good behavior in this respect is merely a matter of compulsion. Even when trained, he will at times give way to temptation. Unsteadiness is merely the effort of the dog to capture the prey for himself. Setters and pointers will hunt rabbits from a very early age. Indeed, they will hunt them in preference to birds, and they show a keener enthusiasm in their pursuit. They take to it from the first opportunity, and the trait is uniformly present in the breed. As a matter of choice, all dogs prefer to hunt rabbits rather than to hunt birds. The instinct to hunt birds is in most instances developed at a later period than the instinct to hunt rabbits. When the dog works to the gun and refrains from hunting rabbits, it is because he has been punished for chasing them. He does not chase, because he dare not. His inclination, however, is as much for a good chase as it was in the beginning of his hunting career.

In regard to a dog being hungry, if he is fed well once a day, his diet containing a large ratio of meat, he is not hungry when at work, or at least not hungry in the sense that he has insufficient food. It is a mistake to assume that the needs of man are a measure by which to measure the needs of the dog. They are widely distinct in their natures. The dog is carnivorous, and therefore needs less food, less often, than the herbivorous or herbi-carnivorous animals. The ox must consume vast quantities of food to supply the needs of his system, and a large part of his time is devoted to eating. The dog and cat eat infrequently, and a small quantity comparatively supplies their needs. Dogs which are overfed are slothful and predisposed to disease. They are disposed to accumulate fat and become indolent. A dog which is thin in flesh, even though he may appear to be insufficiently fed, is in a healthier state than the overfed dog. I once had an opportunity to observe the practical effects of feeding dogs in the morning before they were worked. In Minnesota, in 1882, a number of dogs so fed were all afflicted with a bowel trouble, which was not affected beneficially by the most careful treatment. Two or three of the dogs died from it. The food consisted of corn meal bread, broken into beef broth, and good boiled beef mixed with it. On the advice of a veterinarian, they were fed largely on meat diet and only had one meal a day, when they were fed all that they could eat. The trouble soon disappeared.

Now, in regard to the dog hunting for sport. N. E. D. advances some traits common to all dogs, such as their promptness in killing rats, etc., as tending to prove that they hunt and kill for sport. It does not seem to me that such is a correct interpretation of those acts, nor does it seem wise that dogs out of pure wantoness should kill animals which they cannot eat. This trait, on the contrary, is undoubtedly of material benefit to them in their struggle for existence. While it is true that dogs in domestication do not need all the instincts which serve them so well in a wild state, it is also true that they still retain many of them. And if dogs are turned into the wilderness they soon revert to their former wild state and manner of existence. Indeed, dogs do not entirely lose their wild traits even in domestication, as witness the peculiar fondness dogs have for going in packs and prowling about. If a dog can get but one companion, he is then very likely to sally forth in the night and commit predatory acts. In this manner, the bad habit of killing sheep is generally acquired. The manner of the wild ancestor in hunting in company seems to develop into destructive action when dogs run together at large. When the dog is kept by himself or not permitted to assume vagrant habits, he rarely develops any offensive habits. We note that, in the animal world, the matter of securing a food supply is but one factor in the great problem of self-preservation. Many animals which prey upon others are in turn preyed upon or have most unrelenting enemies. Thus, besides securing a food supply, there is required the most unremitting vigilance of self-preservation. The teeth of the dog are therefore weapons of defense as much as they are for attack. He uses them on animals which compete with him in the same field for a food supply and on such vermin as annoy him. The rat will not only steal his food, but it can annoy him as well by disturbing his repose by its predatory habits. In domestication, the dog is prone to kill any animal which interferes with his master's home if it be an intruder. He soon learns what animals he can kill and win his master's approbation, or gratify his inherited enmity against them.

There is an ancient enmity between the dog and the cat, yet while they are rarely good friends, they maintain about the hearthstone a civil neutrality. But if the dog can catch a cat away from home, he manifests the most active hostility. Yet one would hardly call this ancient enmity an exhibition of sporting tendencies.

In short, the whole intelligence and instinct of the dog are much the same in their application as are those of other animals. That is for the preservation of the animal. He attacks some animals for food, while others he attacks because they are injurious to him, and he is safer or more comfortable if they are destroyed.

In domestication, he will do much to win the approbation of his master, and being both brave and intelligent, he will fight many times at his master's command. He jealously guards the home against any intruders, and always with the most unselfish motive, since he does not approve of a possible competitor.

B. WATERS.

COON HUNTING.

Among the numerous valuable articles of Forest and Stream, I read occasionally of a coon hunt, which is my favorite sport; not as a matter of choice, but as big game is a thing of the past here in Southern Ohio. We have to take sport in hunting what is left, that is, the fox, coon and rabbit, principally, upon which we work our hounds. So we do the best we can—hunt them, and read Forest and Stream, and learn what our brother sportsmen are doing who are more favorably situated.

The season just past has been a good one for the sport, in this section of the country. Fifteen coons and as many opossums were caught, holding the best record, catching ten coons and as many opossums in two nights, five coons and one oppossum each night. We are favorably situated for hunting, having woods on every side of us from one to two miles, and one mile from the Little Miami River, with high hills on either side covered with heavy timber and a thick growth of underbrush which make a good harbor, and a hard place to travel through.

In the first part of the season the coons are not found here, but in the flats, back from the river, where they rear their young, there is plenty of corn and mast, and the lesser streams furnish small fish and crawfish, upon which the coon mostly lives. The coons return to the river hills late in the season after the young are grown, where they are hard to capture, taking to the river as soon as they are closely pursued, a place where they know they are safe. They drown dogs which try to take them out.

Our first night's experience resulted in making a big

catch. Starting for the woods one Saturday night in October, with a neighbor who is an old coon-hunter, and taking along my well broken hound, Spot, we had hardly reached the woods when we heard Spot's musical voice echoing over the valley beyond. By the way he went through the woods, we knew it was a hot track. Presently the music changed to a welcome bark. We hurried to the tree. Each of us had a lantern in his hand. We kill the coons by shining and shooting at the eyes, which is much easier than chopping or climbing, as some of the hunters who write in Forest and Stream do. We saw a pair of small, red eyes shining in the fork of a limb. My companion, taking aim, fired, and down came ring tail. Spot was there to welcome him, but he was too far gone to make much of a fight.

We went to another woods near by; here Spot found another track, which was soon run, and proved to be that of a big opossum. It was resting on the first limb, usually the stopping place of coons. One shot and he was down.

On we went further into the woods. Spot presently found another track, which was a little cold, but he stuck to it, as all good hounds do. After half an hour's work the coon was treed high up in a tall sugar maple. Two shots were required to dislodge him, but finally he came down in good fighting shape, but was soon shaken to death by Spot.

This making us a good load, we resolved to start for home. We passed through a small sugar camp where two well known dense trees are standing. Reaching the camp, we entered the corner of the woods where the trees were. Spot, knowing what was up, went ahead, and soon we heard him sing out in a way which we knew indicated a hot track. Back and forth through the woods he went yelping at every breath. Meanwhile we were congratulating ourselves on being able to find so many hot tracks, and hoping this time there were two or three together.

"There!" he says, "treed." We went to the trees, lanterns on our heads. To our joy, we saw three pair of eyes, making targets of a kind which take a little practice to hit. Taking turn about, we knocked them out one at a time, giving Spot all the fighting he wanted for once. We two concluded we had all we wanted to carry. Five coons and one opossum were caught, so we went home well satisfied with our Saturday night's hunt, resolving to try it again the next Saturday night.

Ohio. CLAYTON HUFFMAN.

The S. P. C. A.

The people at large, generally speaking, have but a vague and limited idea of the work done by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and oftener they have no idea at all. Indeed, in some instances, a prejudice exists against the society on the assumption that it is unnecessarily meddlesome and oppressive in enforcing matters of mere sentiment as matters of humane usage Be this as it may, there is always an underlying principle of good purpose in their actions, and society at large is a debtor to the S. P. C. A. for its unremitting efforts in behalf of humanity. It is not only an active factor in the punishment of brutal acts, but it is a constant monitor and wholesome check on those who are brutally inclined. Its efforts in behalf of humane treatment are far-reaching and practical.

The twenty-ninth annual report of the society recounts many instances of brutal treatment, and the conviction and punishment of the offenders through the prosecution of the society. All domestic animals alike come within the scope of the society's protection and care, and many a horse, dog, cat, cow, goat and chicken, if they could but talk, would express their earnest gratitude for the needed protection. An excerpt from the address of the president will best show the earnestness in the cause and the efficiency of the work. He says, "During the past year there has been a notable diminution in the number of animals suspended from labor on account of sickness and other disability. The fact indicates no decrease of efficiency or fidelity in our officers. What it indicates is that the number of animals which are abused in that way is less than it ever was before. In producing this result, the fear of legal penalties has doubtless been effective; but it may be hoped that a sentiment of humanity has also been growing among the owners of draught animals, since it is observed that the watering fountains which have been erected in many parts of the city are more frequently used by drivers than heretofore.

"Our ambulance service is an important part of our system. The ambulance house is within a block of our headquarters, and is connected with it by telegraph, and a code of signals is used under which orders can be given and obeyed at a moment's notice. Two large ambulances, with derrick and slings attached thereto, are in constant readiness to answer any call. It is interesting to remember that ambulances for the relief of horses and other large animals were first introduced by our own society. They have since been introduced elsewhere, but in our own service we believe there are improvements which render them superior to all others. The efficiency of the derrick and slings in the extrication of horses from holes and excavations has been practically proved in very many cases. It is noteworthy, however, that they have been less frequently required of late than they were only a year or two ago, and the reason is that contractors are now treating their horses much more humanely. It may be observed, for example, that in making excavations, steam power has been introduced to a very large extent, so that the number of horses actually in use are employed rather to guide than to drag the carts, since the pulling force is supplied by steam.

"Under Chapter 115, of the laws of 1894, approved by the Governor on the 8th day of March last, our society was invested with all the powers and functions which were formerly intrusted to the city government in the licensing of dogs, in the capture of estrays, and in the detention, and if necessary, the humane destruction of captured animals at the city pound. The powers with which the society has thus been invested are large, and the responsibility which has been imposed upon us is heavy. It may be taken for granted, I trust, that in performing the duty which has been devolved upon us, we shall endeavor to act in the interest both of the public and the animals that may be captured; but I do not conceal from myself that the exercise of such functions exposes us to a constant danger of interference with the rights of our fellow-citizens, and that, in the absence either of ample facilities for efficient service or of vigilant supervision by competent persons, we must expect that our administration would be inefficient and would speedily become odious. I could by no means advise the extension of the provisions of the new law to societies in small places, and I should particularly deprecate it if the object of local societies in seeking such powers were to be the increase of their revenues by license fees. The fact is that the license fees in a small city would not nearly pay for the maintenance of a sufficient establishment and a sufficient corps of servants, and still less could they be expected to pay for that sedulous and unremitting supervision which is indispensable to succeed. Our own service at the present date requires four ambulances and two wagons specially constructed for their purpose, eight horses, with necessary stable room, and twenty-two persons who are at work in different relays by day and by night. The employees, of course, make daily reports, and are in hourly communication with headquarters, to which they apply for instructions in every case of doubt or difficulty The building which is used for the shelter is not what we should like it to be; but it is 100 feet in length by 25 feet in width, and is fitted up with every possible convenience for the maintenance of the captured animals, and for destroying them without pain, in case they are not claimed within the time fixed by the law.

"The shelter has been in operation for barely eight months. The undertaking was necessarily experimental; but its arrangements were carefully planned in advance, and thus far they have been carried out with reasonable success. There is only one institution in the world with which the shelter can be compared; I refer to the Battersea Home for Dogs in London. On examining the thirty-third annual report (1893) of that excellent institution, I find some interesting particulars. The Battersea House has the assistance of the metropolitan police of London; its operations extend throughout the city and county of London, with a population about three times as much as that of the city of New York. I find that in 1893 it received 17,928 homeless dogs; and it may be inferred that in a city of one-third the population, it would have received 6,000 in twelve months, or 4,000 in eight months. Our own shelter, by the work of our own employees, and with no assistance whatever from the police, has received in eight months 5,111 dogs alone; that is to say, in the first eight months of existence, with new machinery, and acting under a new law, the shelter has received over twenty-seven per cent. more dogs than Battersea Home, after thirty-three years of experience, and with all the assistance of one of the best organized police forces in the world, had received for an equal population in the same period of time. But this is not all; for the Battersea receives dogs alone, whereas our shelter receives cats and other animals, and the number of animals of all kinds which have been received during our first eight months has been 22,028, of which 632 were lost animals restored to their owners. . . . It has been observed by some of the newspapers that the summer of 1894—the first summer for many years in which dogs have been allowed to go unmuzzled—is the first summer in which there has not been a single paroxysm of popular apprehension of hydrophobia."

Of dog fighting the Superintendent reports:

"As will be noticed by the subjoined summary, the dog and cock fighting fraternity were rather quiet during the past year, owing either to the constant surveillance kept over their rendezvous, or to a change of heart, as expressed by an old sporting man, who said: 'I am ashamed to say I have been present at dog and cock fights, and declare that such fights are not only cruel to the animals, but degrading and demoralizing in their effect upon the human mind; they are a disgrace to our civilization, and are promoted and carried on only by those whose instincts are brutal and low.' It is to be hoped that in the near future such cruelties will be known only as scenes of the past."

With such vigilance and efficiency and the healthier public sentiment sedulously fostered by the society in respect to the lower animals, there is no doubt but what the brutal features mentioned will entirely disappear.

Bull-Terrier Club Organized.

On Wednesday evening, April 10, the bull terrier fraternity organized a specialty club to be known as the Bull Terrier Club of America. The meeting was held in Hotel Schlosser during the Pittsburgh show. The following officers were elected: Frank F. Dole, president; John Moorhead, Jr., vice-president; W. D. Brereton, secretary and treasurer. Executive committee: The above officers ex-officio and W. Mariner, Albert C. Stevens, W. J. Higginson, J. W. Church, J. Otis Fellows. Messrs. W. D. Brereton, G. W. Moore, and W. J. Higginson were appointed a committee to draft constitution and by-laws and report at a meeting that was to be held April 12, at 10.30 a. m.

The Death of Belhus.

BOSTON.—I regret to write you that my well known blood hound dog Belhus (13868) is dead. He was out hunting in the woods the other day, along with my other hounds, and some how or other, he must have injured himself internally. He never got over it. I am, however, expecting a couple of hounds from England. They left Liverpool last Friday on steamship Bovic. I hope they will reach here all right, in time for the Boston show. C. A. LOUGEST.

Oakes Coursing Meeting.

The second annual meeting of the Oakes Coursing Club was brought to a successful close on Thursday, April 11. The stake was for 32 all-aged dogs, at $5 each, with $100 added by the club. There were 26 starters, an increase of 10 over last year's. Rabbits were plentiful, in most instances wild. Many of the slips were very long, and the jacks either ran very swiftly or fell an easy prey to the dogs. A very few moderate courses were had.

The grounds are a little too rolling for convenience, but are different from last year in being free from cactus or thistles.

Tuesday, the first day, was pleasant, but too warm for comfort before the card was run through.

The first pair in slips was H. C. Waterhaus's Revenue vs. Eastern Coursing Kennel's Royal Crest. The bitch was very shifty, but Crest had too much speed, and put her out. The jack escaped.

In the second course, the Woodhaven Kennels' Prince Fullerton disposed of Eastern Coursing Kennels' Will o' the Wisp with little trouble, showing speed and cleverness. Puss also escaped.

A. P. Slocum's Rendezvous went down before N. P. Whiton's Lucian Swift in the third, Swift showing wonderful working qualities.

Lott White's Queen got the flag over J. H. Davis' Good Leather, a long course with little work.

Laplander, owned by J. McNickle, went up fast, doing some good work. In the fifth going out of our sight. The flag finally came back for J. H. Rew's Ragnarock.

W. W. Good's White Stocking put out H. Jessup's Raven in the sixth, a long, desperate course.

Rachel was hard pressed by Sam in the seventh, but Sam pulled out winner after Sam killed off her turn. Rachel belongs to A. P. Slocum and Sam to J. H. O'Connor.

In the eighth, Melrose and Durbin's Long Odds put out J. Curtain's Lucy, a short course in which they killed.

Melrose and Durbin's Gilkirk disposed of J. B. Smith's Gilbert after a long course in which Gilbert was of little help to her, finishing with a kill.

In the tenth, No Mercy did all the work, Woodhaven Kennels' Prince Tonia being no help to her.

In the eleventh, Ino, owned by W. W. Good, put out Eastern Coursing Kennels' Judge Burmby.

In the twelfth, Eastern Coursing Kennels' Lady Dedlock soon disposed of Wm. McMurchy's Flora.

A. P. Slocum's Gold Coin got the verdict over C. W. Davis' Blizzard.

This finished the day's card. The only mishap was when the judge's horse fell in the seventh course, rolling clear over. They were both soon up and after the dogs. The judge's decisions were given quickly and decidedly. He soon got the confidence of the nominators, and the minds of the few doubtful ones were soon at ease with the way he demonstrated that he knew a course.

The second day's running was marred by unpleasant weather. A cold rain fell at times during the day, but the card was run through twice regardless of the rain. Prince Fullerton and Royal Crest opened the day's sport, Crest falling an easy prey to Fullerton, both in speed and working qualities.

Lucian Swift did a lot of work in the second, with little help from Queen.

In the third, Rognarock easily put out White Stocking.

Rachel fell before Long Odds in the fourth.

In the fifth, Gilkirk and No Mercy ran an undecided. In the run off, Gilkirk won by the kill.

The sixth was Ino's, although Lady led up many lengths, but Ino worked her out in a long course.

Gold Coin, a bye.

The third time through the card brought Prince Fullerton and Lucian Swift to slips. Prince showed the most speed, but Lucian put him out after a lot of work.

In the second, Long Odds fell to Ragnarock, a long pumping course.

Gilkirk did not give Gold Coin a point in the third; a weak jack. Ino, a bye.

The stake was finished on Thursday. Lucian Swift and Ragnarock were the first in slips. Lucian won after a well-worked course.

Gilkirk had a long, pumping, one-handed course and left no room for doubt.

Lucian Swift and Gilkirk then divided.

The officers worked for the interest of the nominators and succeeded in bringing the meeting to a successful close. Everything went off smoothly and satisfactorily, and good nature prevailed.

The judge, Mr. W. M. Stephenson, continued his good work throughout the meeting. Mr. Stephenson has probably judged more meetings than any other man in America, outside of John Grace. His work in the saddle has demonstrated to those who were present that he is qualified for the position. I noticed he carried no card or cared to look at any one's dogs. No one could say he was governed by prejudice. C. R. HUNTLEY.

A New Bench Show Club.

Toledo, O.—A club to be known as the Toledo, Ohio, Fanciers' Association was formed this week with the following officers: President, Dr. E. E. Cowdrick; Vice-Presidents, F. C. Shepherd, and J. W. Mulinix; Treasurer, L. E. Clarke; Secretary, A. W. Bell; Committee, G. D. Dale, C. P. Detweiler, Geo. Felt, S. H. Philips and A. W. Pancoast; while the club embraces breeders of dogs, poultry and pigeons, the majority of the ninety-six members are ardent lovers of the kennel; and, while a good bench show has not as yet been attempted in Toledo, we can see no reason why such show should not be a decided success, as Ohio contains a very large number of first-class kennels, whose owners have always carried off their share of the blue ribbons at the leading shows of the country. Even in Toledo, we know there are a number of kennels, chief among which are the Alta, the Maumee, the Poag until recently, but all of whose dogs are now distributed among the club's members; Montrose Beagle Kennels, Auburn, Lincoln, and Monroe also help to swell the list of kennels to a goodly number.

We trust that our Toledo fanciers will see fit to put their best foot forward for a large bench show in '96, and we predict for them the support and assistance of all true lovers of the dog. Starting out with such a membership, Toledo should soon be one of the leading cities on the winter bench show circuit.

A. W. BELL.

DOG CHAT

Mr. W. L. Washington, the well known Irish setter breeder, is now engaged in the manufacture of steel products at New Castle, Pa., he holding an important position with the Washington-Elliott Steel Works.

We take special pains to oblige our readers in the matter of advice and treatment for sick dogs. In many instances, where the cases were urgent, we have forwarded the advice and prescription by mail. In some instances the letters were returned indorsed "unclaimed," and it may be that good dogs were the sufferers from the owner's false pride, which would not permit him to give his name and true address in connection with matters pertaining to his dog. Those who have put in false addresses with their queries concerning sick dogs will now understand why they have received no reply, as will also those in future who do likewise, or write anonymously.

There is sorrow in Engine Co. 13, Brooklyn, for Ben, the company's dog, is dead. Ben was not just a dog which led a dog's life of sleeping somewhere and eating when he was hungry. He entered into the company life and was a part of it. From puppyhood he showed great intelligence. He was trained to lead the horses to water, and when a newspaper was wanted Ben was sent to buy it. He learned the meaning of the gong signals, and led the way dutifully ahead of the galloping horses to the fire. He was a great favorite with the residents in the

vicinity of the engine house, who took pleasure in giving him meals when opportunity offered; but Ben never strayed far away, and he has been known, on several occasions, to jump through basement windows to join his engine at the first sound of the gong. A few days ago he was leading his engine bravely, barking vigorously, when he was charged upon by a vicious dog, which fastened on his throat. Both dogs went down, and in an instant the engine ran over them, killing the vicious dog and breaking Ben's back and one of his legs. A veterinarian was called and did everything in his power, without avail.

Ben was beyond the healer's art, and was shot to mercifully end his sufferings. And that is why the stalls in engine house No. 13 are draped in morning.

The following from Our Dogs, merits the attention of dog owners for the valuable information it contains: "The following notice is being very widely circulated by the Manchester Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals: 'A dog's mouth is like a safety valve, and will not bear too much pressure. Dogs perspire through the tongue, not through the pores of the skin, and when running, breathe through the mouth, and not through the nostrils. It is both dangerous and cruel to use such a muzzle as will prevent a dog from opening his mouth freely to breathe, perspire and drink. A leather muzzle is in most cases better than a wire muzle. If you use a strap muzzle it should be fastened very loosely.'"

Several sales were made during Pittsburgh show. Mr. Jarrett sold the collie Goldmine to Mr. Henry Darlington, of Pittsburgh. Miss A. M. Griffin disposed of her St. Bernard, Earl Douglas, to Mr. H. L. Lynes, Cambridgeboro, Pa., and also sold several puppies. Mrs. Lee, of the Alta Kennels sold a promising puppy at a good figure, while Mr. Morris got $150 for a Lord Milton puppy. Al G. Eberhart sold the toy terrier Colonel to a Mr. Ritner, of Greensburg, Pa.

The bull dog King Orry has already had seven services booked at a $100 fee.

Mr. H. W. Lacy has accepted the agency of "Crack Dogs of the Day," fine engravings, published by Messrs. F. Mansell & Co., London. The plates have been produced in the highest style of the art. Those issued up to the present time include Champion D'Orsay, Cribbage, the bull dog Dockleaf, the Irish terrier Brickbat, the dachshund Pterodactyl, the Manchester terrier Prince Eric, and there will soon be another issued, that of the bull dog Monkey Brand. The size of the plates vary from 15x11, to 20x15 inches. Mr. Lacy's address is Nutley, N. J.

We note with pleasure the wise action of the Manitoba Field Trials Club in repealing the unwise rule which it passed at its meeting last fall in respect to permitting a dog to win twice before it became ineligible to the All Age Stake. Forest and Stream pointed out at the time the many hardships to amateurs which would follow, and urged the repeal of the rule.

In our business columns this week, H. L. Kreuder, Nanuet, N. Y., offers beagles. St. Bernard puppies are offered by Messrs. Fox & Fox, Buffalo, N. Y., also by J. W. Churchill, Salem, Mass. Mr. Wm. Mohr, Jr., Lafayette, Ind., has pointer puppies for sale, and the Bethel kennels, Philadelphia, offer dogs of all descriptions. Mr. John T. Mayfield, Bickwell, Ind., has room for four dogs in his string for training on chickens

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Mr. Charles Stedman Hanks writes us that he has just completed arrangements for a twelve-months' absence or more in Europe, and for that reason he has concluded to sell his entire kennel of Russian wolf hounds and fox terriers. He announces it more specifically in our business columns.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

Send notice of your shoot like the following:

April 22-27.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Eighteenth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. W V. Rieger, Sec.

April 23, 24.—BATTLE CREEK, Mich.—Annual tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League. Annual meeting and election of officers on the evening of the first day. W. H. Willard Secretary.

April 23-24.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Third bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds; events open to all. Robt. E. Chetwood, Pres.

April 23-26.—GALESBURG, Ill.—Tournament of the Galesburg Shooting Club.

April 24-26.—PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club: first two days, targets; third day live birds. Orrin J. Loder, Sec.

May 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; New Jersey Trap Shooters' League events commence at 2 P. M. Rob't. E. Chetwood, Prest.

May 7-10.—CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Dupont tournament at Cincinnati. Liberal cash prizes added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, agent.

May 9-10.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

May 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and P. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O.; $200 added money. Ed. Taylor, Sec., 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 15-19.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Nineteenth annual meeting and tournament of the Texas Sportsman's Association. Open to the world, $500 in cash and $500 in merchandise added to the purse4. O. C. Guessaz. Sec'y.

May 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec., Kansas City.

May 21-24.—KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $3,000 added to the purses.

May 22-24.—ROME, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Rome Gun Club; two first day at targets, third day live birds. W. P. Rayland, Sec'y.

May 27-30.—LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament and meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. For programmes address Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, under the management of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec.

May 30.—MOUNTVILLE, Pa.—Tournament of the Mountville Gun Club; targets.

May 30.—EAST MCKEESPORT, Pa.—Tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club. A. A. Mackert. Sec.

May 30-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; $500 added money. C. F. Rood, Sec.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11-13.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 13-14.—FARGO, N. D.—First annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready May 15. W. W. Smith Sec'y.

June 13-15—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association: $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee Sec.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec.

July 11-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec.

July 17-18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

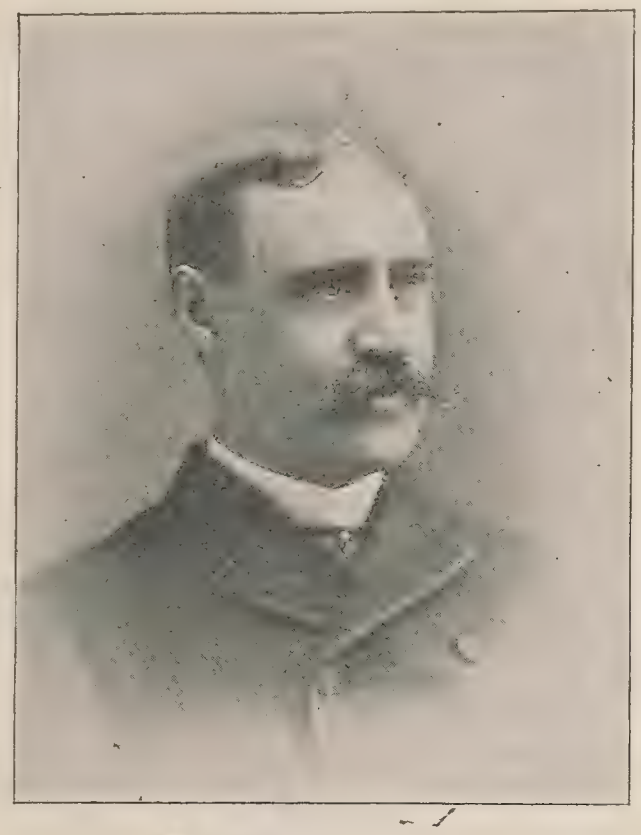
Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec., Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

The Interstate's Secretary-Treasurer.

The success of every organization depends in a very large measure upon the work done in its behalf by the Secretary. The two fold position of Secretary-Treasurer, while not perhaps doubling the duties of the first named official, entails a vast amount of work upon its holder where the organization itself is of any size or merit. Much of the success of the Interstate Association during the past two years may be directly attributed to the energetic and businesslike manner in which its Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C.



MR. J. A. H. DRESSEL.

Company, attends to the routine and other work connected with his office.

During the Grand American Handicap weeks of 1893, 1894 and 1895, Mr. Dressel smiled through the window of the cashier's office as he raked in the entrance moneys and paid out their winnings to the skilful shots. There is something peculiar about the way in which Mr. Dressel discharges his duty at these meetings. On no occasion has he come out ahead—on the contrary, the close of each of the above weeks has found him out of pocket. The week at Willard Park which has just closed, owes him, so he affirms, $10.52. That no fault can be found with his handling of the moneys of the Interstate Association is evidenced by the fact that he is now serving his third consecutive term as treasurer of that association.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

There's no doubt about it—Mascroft's a great live bird shoot! On Wednesday morning, the "Mayor of Sutton," Mass., gave an exhibition of what his Parker gun, held to his shoulder and directed by his skillful eye and hand, could do. A crow was flying past about 65 yards from where the Mayor was standing; the distance was no bar, the crow falling at the first shot, being scored "dead with the first"!

In the March shoot of the New York German Gun Club at Dexter Park, L. I., F. Sauter and Dr. G. V. Hudson tied on 8 straight for the club's first and second medal. On the shoot off at 3 birds Sauser won the first medal, the doctor taking No. 2. J. Steuernagel, J. Schlicht and J. Frazer, tied for third medal on 7 out of 8, Schlicht winning on the shoot off.

The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Tuesday of this week. As usual there was a large turn out of members.

Owing to the pressure on the trap columns last week the following important item of news was unfortunately left out: The American E. C. Powder Company and Messrs. Von Lengerke and Detmold have severed their business connection. W. Fred Quimby, the moving spirit of the W. Fred Quimby Co., will in future act as sales agent for the E. C. Powder Company, Messrs. Von Lengerke and Detmold devoting their attention to Schultz powder.

While returning from the Wellington grounds of the Boston Shooting Association on Wednesday afternoon, April 10, the shooters were afforded the treat of seeing "MissKay," of the Boston Gun Club, handle her gun and smash doubles. The B. G. C. grounds are adjacent to those of B. S. A., and not a minute's walk from the Wellington station. "MissKay," who, by the way, is none other than Miss Kirkwood, was given a round of applause when she had finished her five pairs. I understand that Miss Kirkwood has only taken up shooting in the past 12 months.

One of the most interesting items in connection with the report of a big event, such as the Grand American Handicap, ought to be a table of guns, shells and loads of each individual shooting in that event. It is robbed of much of its interest, however, and a fraud is perpetrated upon the public by the giving of false information by certain shooters in answer to queries regarding the above. In justice to Frank Class it is only fair to state that the mistake in his load of powder was not his fault; he told me that the powder he was using was Schultze, the error was mine. To make such a report complete and of value, the wadding should really be given—a most important factor in the loading of shells. Manager Shaner asked for and obtained two shells from each contestant during the 7th round of the handicap; thus the only correct and perfect table is in the hands of the Interstate Association.

Mr. R. Van Gilder, Secretary of the Knoxville Gun Club, writes as follows: "The club now has cash to the amount of $2,750, which assures the full purse or over, perhaps, by entrance. The meeting promises success beyond our expectation. All who anticipate coming to this meeting, and to be certain of an entry, had better send in their names and entry fee of $10 at once, as our limit is positively 125 entries and no more."

An item from Baltimore, Md., dated April 11, states that State Attorney Duncan has found criminal information against George Hronek for cruelty in shooting a pigeon released from a trap. The case will be tried next Tuesday. The case grows out of the arrest of trap shooters at Highlandtown on February 22.

The Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club, held its annual meeting on Friday, April 12, at the West Side Club's grounds. There was a large attendance of members. The club will fit out its grounds with new traps, and anticipates fine sport during the coming summer.

Mr. David Brown, President of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., has issued the following circular in regard to the tournament next month: "This association will hold their Fourth Annual Spring Tournament on May 9, 10 and 11; first two days clay birds, last day live pigeons only. Our tournaments have from the first been a success, our own membership (150) guarantees a large attendance, and the crack shots always attend in large numbers. Purses will be added to the principal events."

The Capital City Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., has elected the following officers for the ensuing 12 months: President, Blair Lee; Vice-President, J. DeWitt Arnold; Treasurer, James M. Green; Secretary, Arthur P. Mattingly; Fifth member of Executive Committee, R. W. Barker; Captain, J. Henry Gulick.

W. F. D., Secretary of the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, Ills., writes as follows: "The opening shoot for 1895 of Eureka Gun Club took place April 6, with about twenty shooters in attendance. The new traps, batteries, pulls, etc., were in position and worked nicely, throwing the birds very swiftly, and making the boys hustle to catch them before they got out of the county. The weather was pleasant, excepting for a high wind which made the shooting hard at times. Next shoot takes place Saturday, April 13, at 2 P. M., all shooters, members and non-members cordially invited to be present and take part. The scores got misplaced and so are not sent in."

"Uncle Billy" Hughes, aged 73 years, the oldest trap shooter on Long Island, and probably as old as any in the United States, has won the Pfaender badge, emblematic of the championship of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club for the year ending 1895. The badge will be presented to him at the annual meeting of the club next month.

Mr. Robert E. Chetwood, President of the Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club, has issued the programme for his club's Third Bi-monthly Tournament to be held on Tuesday and Thursday of next week, April 23 and 24. The first day's programme consists of 12 events with a total of 175 targets. The second day has a large number of events for a live bird day: No. 1 is 7 birds, $5; No. 2, 10 birds, $5; No. 3, 25 birds, $10; birds extra; No. 4, 4 birds, $2; No. 5, 5 birds, $5; No. 6, 7 birds, $5.

The following note appeared in the New York Herald of April 6: "The Harvard Shooting Club is making strenuous efforts to send a winning team to compete this spring with the Yale and Princeton clubs for the silver cup offered two years ago by Forest and Stream, as an intercollegiate shooting trophy. Yale has won both matches this year." Honor to whom honor is due. The trophy referred to was presented, not by Forest and Stream, but by Shooting and Fishing Publishing Company of this city.

The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., has decided to use Empire targets at the State shoot, which will be held in August next at Holmesburg Junction, Pa. At all previous State shoots in Pennsylvania the Keystone target was used, having been adopted by the State Sportsmen's Association as its target.

On May 22, 23 and 24, the Rome, N. Y., Gun Club will hold its annual tournament. May 22 and 23 are target days; May 24, live bird day. As W. P. Rayland is the moving spirit of this tournament, there ought to be a good shoot at Rome on the above dates.

Next week's list of fixtures is a large one: April 22-27, tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association at Kansas City, Mo.; April 23-24, the Battle Creek, Mich., tournament and the Elizabeth, N. J., bi-monthly shoot; April 23-26, the Galesburg, Ills., Shooting Club's tournament; April 24-26, Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club's tournament.

The Continental Gun Club of Reading has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, A. S. Reifsneider; Vice-President, Joseph Romig; Secretary, Howard Heil, Treasurer, George Romig.

The Worcester, Mass., Telegram, of April 7, contains the following: "The trophy offered by the Forehand Arms Co. to the Worcester Sportsman's Club, to be shot for as an individual trophy, has been received from the manufacturers, the Gorham Manufacturing Co., of New York, and has been placed on exhibition in the window of F. A. Knowlton. The trophy consists of a handsome sterling silver cup, resting on a solid ebony standard. The standard is of plain polished ebony, six inches high, and nine inches across at the base. The cup is 15 inches high, and is handsomely embossed. It bears the inscription: 'Forehand Arms Co. trophy: Worcester Sportsman's Club.' It is urn shaped, with wide, sweeping handles. The large part of the urn is six inches through, and the cup is tapered into a handsome circular top. The cup is one of the handsomest ever offered in the city."

The programme of the Interstate Association's tournament at Wilmington, N. C., on Thursday and Friday, May 9 and 10, arrived rather too late this week for any adequate note of its contents to be made for this issue. Next week a more extended notice will be given.

It will be interesting to watch how the "crackajacks" come out at the Pittsburg, Pa., shoot; the system of handicapping adopted by the Interstate Association is one that it will be extremely hard for them to break even at.

An important addition was made last week to the ranks of the subscribers to the Interstate Association, the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., joining the association.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Boston Tournament.

There are tournaments and tournaments. It is very seldom that trap shooters, professionals and amateurs, are able to attend a shoot where everything is run in a businesslike manner, and yet where one feels that the object of the club in giving the tournament, is not so much business as it is to give its guests a good time. The Boston tournament, which was held last week, on April 9, 10 and 11, was just such a tournament. O. R. Dickey, Superintendent of the Boston Shooting Association, needs no introduction to trapshooters who have read Forest and Stream; it was to Mr. Dickey's manner of running a shoot that the association was indebted, so far as I could see, for the successful results attained last week. To average something like four squads in every event right through the programme is a big thing nowadays, more particularly when there is no added money advertised. Of course Dickey received excellent support from his fellow club members; several of the latter were here, there and everywhere, doing their best to make their guests feel at home and succeeding admirably in their efforts. Again, the members of the Boston Shooting Association are fortunate in possessing one of the best club houses in the country, as well as most conveniently arranged grounds. The club house is a two story frame building, finished in hard wood. Downstairs is the club room proper, fitted with any quantity of lockers and gun racks; above all there are ample pegs on which to hang hats and overcoats; a little thing that means much, and one that is far too often overlooked. The cashier's office, with its brass rod fence, gives the place the appearance somewhat of a hotel office; a well-filled cigar case at one end of it adds to the illusion. A large stove, a very necessary article last week, heats the room comfortably. Upstairs is a large dining-room, capable of seating, I should judge, about 80 persons. In this room on each day of the shoot, was served an excellent dinner, provided by Caterer Jesse A. Dill, of Boston, a member of the association. These dinners are a feature of the club's tournaments, and no wonder; they are something decidedly out of the ordinary. And while I am on the subject of these dinners, I will just make a statement without fear of contradiction (at least not for over a week) as no one can argue contra: Too many clubs when giving tournaments look upon this mid-day meal as superfluous—"Anything will do for a lunch; the boys come to shoot, not to eat!" That's true to a certain extent, but give the boys a chance to do both, and you'll find that more of them make clean scores with a knife and fork than with a gun and nitro powder, and enjoy the operation. Set a good meal and charge a fair price. There wasn't a kick to be heard in regard to the payment of 75 cents for one of Mr. Dill's dinners. The edibles were good, and the service just as capable. But then—there are not many Dills around; the Boston Shooting Association is extremely lucky. As a matter of fact, and to cut short that which could easily be made into a long story, if any visitor to the shooting grounds at Wellington, Mass., on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday of last week, did not feel at his ease and enjoy himself, it was his own fault, and not that of the members of the association. Among those who looked after us were: Captain E. B. Wadsworth, President of the club; C. W. Dimick, of the U. S. Cartridge Company; the Bennett Bros., Will and Fred; Captain J. S. Sawyer, of Cambridge, Mass.; B. "Le Roy" Woodward, of Campello, etc. To Mr. Dimick I am indebted for the following pedigree of the Boston Shooting Association: In 1876, James Emery, Jr., W. B. Witherell, C. W. Dimick, and several other gentlemen, used to meet every Thursday evening at the Boylston Rifle Gallery, 22 calibre rifles being the weapons with which they were accustomed to try their skill. From this nucleus was formed in 1877 a glass ball shooting club, called the Raymond Sportsmen's Club, with grounds at Beechmont. Among the members of this club, in addition to those above named, were: D. Kirkwood, C. A. Loud, etc. "Frenchy" Johnson, the colored glass ball champion and oarsman, was also a member. After two years had passed, the name of the club was changed to the Fox Gun Club. A year later, in 1880, it was known as the Malden Gun Club. In 1881 the name was changed to the Wellington Gun Club, its grounds being located where the Boston Shooting Association, as the Wellington Gun Club was called in '92, now has its grounds. The association owns its club house and grounds. At the north end of the house is a two storied extension. On the ground floor is the storage room and target factory! Overhead is the culinary department. The target factory is a special feature of the association's means of revenue. It has a machine for making its own targets out of the broken bits that are gathered up on the field after every shoot. These fragments are re-melted in a vat and are then made over again into targets as good as new, with very little waste of material. As the club's target maker can make and pack between 2,000 and 3,000 targets a day, the prime cost to the association is not great. Altogether, a better equipped shooting organization it would be hard to find.

THE THREE DAYS OF THE SHOOT.

After the above introduction, it is next in order to say something about those who were there A glance at the scores given below in a tabulated form will show that the Eastern men are addicted to shooting under assumed names. As this is mainly done with a view to keeping their names out of the local papers, purely from a business point of view, and out of regard for the feelings of some of their friends, who ought to know that "all work and no play," etc., is almost as true a thing as ever was written. Capt. Wadsworth, for instance, hides his really shining light under the name of "Puck." It's a perfect disguise, as, although the captain is a charming host, he is decidedly un-Puck like. "Jones" and "White" whenever they appear in Boston scores refer to the Bennett Bros.; "Herbert" is Herbert Federhen, of Quincy, Mass., a capital target shot, and a fit running mate for B. "Leroy" Woodward, of Campello, Mass. Capt. J. S. Sawyer, Cambridge, Mass., found his grip on the third day; look at "Snow's" 87 1-2 per cent. on that day! H. Boynton, of Lowell, Mass., alias "Rule," was present on the first day and shot in every event, breaking 90 1-2 per cent. of his 230 targets. "Climax," of course, was J. E. Burns, also of Lowell, a representative of the U. S. Cartridge Company. Among the visitors from a distance were: E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; Rolla Heikes, Dayton, O. and F. Van Dyke, of Newark, N. J., both ably representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; B. A. Bartlett, shooting his Burgess gun well, although slightly under the weather, and paralyzing the spectators with his rapid and skilfull work in trick shooting; Gus Greiff, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, of New York city, talking and shooting Schultze powder; Neaf Apgar, of Evona, N. J.; T. H. Keller, of New York city, and Plainfield, N. J., a brother-in-arms of the above mentioned "Climax"; "Dutchy" Smith, of Plainfield, N. J., who, in company with Seth Clover, of Fredonia, N. Y., prevented anybody from getting the blues; "Billy" Hobart, of Newark, N. J., shooting decidedly below his ordinary gait; J. T. Mascroft (the lightweight Mayor of Sutton, Mass., y'know!) and V. D. Kenerson, of Worcester, Mass.; W. L. Davis and A. W. Wall, from the last named city, members of the well-known Worcester Sportsmen's Association; George Strong, New London, Conn.; W. Howe, Hingham, Mass, and Wm. Allison, of Marblehead, a good and reliable shot; G. A. Winn, of Arlington, Mass.; H. W. ("Denny") Eager, and H. G. ("Parker") Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass.; S. Bowker, Natick, Mass., etc., etc. Capt. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company, and Charles Hebbard, of the Empire Target Company, of New York, both put in an appearance during the morning of the second day. It was a goodly gathering and one that was decidedly congenial.

Of the weather on the first day I can say nothing positively, as I did not reach Boston until the morning of the second day after a pleasant, but slightly rough, passage on the Fall River boat, Puritan. The scores piled up by the shooters on Tuesday show, however, that the day must have been somewhere about right. Van Dyke properly leads with 93 1-2, Heikes being second with 92 1-2. Dickey, of course, was too busy to do any shooting, but he found time to shoot just 50 targets each day, the events being a 50 target race, known angles, on Tuesday; a similar race on Wednesday at unknown angles, and on Thursday he shot in the team race, 50 targets, 25 known and 25 unknown angles. In the first of the above he broke 48; in the second 41, while in the team race he was near to the top with 22 at known angles and 25 at unknown angles, a total of 47.

The second day was a cold one; a heavy wind, that during the afternoon rose to the dignity of a gale, blew across the flat and produced that style of flight among the targets known as "dippers" "scooters," "droppers," and "towerers." At times whole strings of misses would be recorded, the wind being sufficient to blow the shooter off his balance. In the 50 target race at unknown angles the wind was right behind the shooter; this event was shot, as were all the unknown angle events, on the No. 2 set of traps. This set was made up of five Clover traps, which did their work extremely well during the whole of the tournament. Seth had practically no trouble at all with them; this means more than it seems, the result being that he was able to devote his whole attention to his audience. By the way, his story of Rolla Heikes' experience with some duck stools, while on a trip last fall with Jack Parker in the "Iolanthe," is bound to be a favorite. Seth was born just about 600 or 800 years too late! What a snap he would have had as a court jester to some of those old monarchs! Returning to the 50 target race, the force of the wind was much felt. When Heikes was at No. 1 trap in the 41st round, he called "Pull"; no target left the trap, the boy not being ready. Heikes was leaning slightly forward to meet what slight recoil there might be; just at that moment, a gust of wind came up and nearly blew him over as he was totally unprepared for it. That gives some idea of how strong the wind blew. His 92 per cent., on this day speaks plainly regarding the quality of his work.

The third day was perfect for shooting, although there was a decided nip in the air that made great coats and heavy sweaters a necessity. The percentages went up and the pace set was exceedingly warm. In the team race, the scores of which immediately follow, the best shooting of the whole tournament was done. The Massachusetts team's average of 95 1-2, per cent., 239 breaks out of 250, is pretty nearly, if not quite, a record for the number of targets thrown. A $3 optional sweep was made up to enable those not on a team to shoot along in this event. The totals show three with 49, two with 48, four with 47, and four with 46; these were the winners in the optional sweep, their general average being about 94 2-3 per cent., the total amounting to 615 breaks out of a possible 650—35 targets missed! The full scores in this event, with the conditions are as follows:

Massachusetts Team.

W W Bennett	1111111110111111111111111—24 1111111111111111111111011—24	—48
F E Bennett	1101011111111111111111111—23 1111111111111111001111111—23	—46
"Herbert"	1111111111111111111111111—25 1111111111111111111101111—24	—49
"LeRoy"	1111111111111111111111111—25 1111111111111111110111111—24	—49
O R Dickey	1111010011111111111111111—22 1111111111111111111111111—25	—47
Team Total		239

New Jersey Team.

T H Keller	1011111111111111111110101—22 1111111111111001111111111—23	—45
F Van Dyke	1111111111110111111111111—24 1011111111111111111101111—23	—47
N Apgar	1010111111111111111111111—23 1111111111111101111111111—24	—47
C Hebbard	1111111110111111111111110—23 0101110101011100010111 1—15	—38
C Smith	1111111111111110111111110—23 1110111111101011111100111—20	—43
Team total		220

Individual scores in optional sweepstakes:

R O Heikes	1111111111111111111111111—25 1111111111111111111111101—24	—49
"Puck"	1111111111111111111111111—25 1110111011111111011101111—21	—46
Capt Money	1110111011111111111111111—23 1011111111111111101111111—23	—46
W Allison	1011111111111111111111101—23 1111111111111111111101111—24	—47
B A Bartlett	1111111111111111101111111—24 1111111011111111111111111—24	—48
S Glover	0111111111011111111111111—23 1001111111111111101111111—22	—45
E D Fulford	1111111111111111101101111—23 1111111111011111111110111—23	—46
A W Gore	1011101111110111110111111—21 1101110111101111000111 1—18	—39

The scores made each day have been tabulated so that the number shot at, the breaks, and percentages, can be seen at a glance. Of course this method of running scores involves a greater amount of labor than is demanded by the usual mode, but it seems to me that it is much more intelligible and far preferable for ready reference.

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

Although Winn, by virtue of his record of 47 out of 50 made in three separate events, is entitled to first place on the list given below, there are several other averages which must be classed considerably higher. Van Dyke's 93 1-2, Heikes' 92 1-2, the 91 per cent. made by both Apgar and "Climax," together with the averages of 90 1-2 recorded by Fulford, Glover and Rule, are all really better, each of these seven men having shot at 230 targets, known and unknown angles and traps in reversed order, as against Winn's 20 known angles and 30 unknown angles. Nos. 1, 3, 6, 8, 10 and 12 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 2,4, 7, 9 and 11 at unknown angles; No. 5 at traps in reversed order. In No. 10, the 50 target race, the association guaranteed a purse of $100; as there were only 18 entries at $6, the purse was actually $90, the association being called upon for $10 to fill the guarantee. Targets each day were thrown at 2 cents each, the price being deducted from the purse, all entrance moneys during the tournament being in the proportion of 12 cents per target in the event. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12				
													Shot			Per
Targets:	10	10	20	20	20	10	20	20	10	50	20	20	at.	Broke.		c't.
Winn								10	..	..	17	20	50	47	.94	
Van Dyke	10		9	20	18	17	10	19	20	9	46	19	18	230	215	.93 1-2
Heikes	10		8	20	17	16	9	18	20	9	47	20	19	230	213	.92 1-2
Apgar	10		9	19	20	16	7	15	18	10	47	18	20	230	209	.91
"Climax"	9		9	20	16	16	7	17	20	10	49	18	18	230	209	.91
"Rule"	8		7	18	17	18	9	17	19	10	47	19	19	230	208	.90 1-2
Fulford	7		8	19	17	17	10	17	20	8	48	18	19	230	208	.90 1-2
Glover	8		8	17	18	14	9	19	18	10	48	20	19	230	208	.90 1-2
W Bennett	9		8	15	18	16	8	16	19	10	48	16	20	230	203	.88 1-4
"Herbert"	7		8	18	19	16	10	17	18	8	45	19	18	230	203	.88 1-4
Sanborn								17	19	8				50	44	.88
Davis	7		9	20	19	15	6	18	19	9	46	17	16	230	201	.87 1-4
LeRoy	8		6	18	19	16	10	19	17	9	42	19	18	230	201	.87 1-4
Bartlett	10		7	17	16	15	9	12	19	9	47	18	20	230	199	.86 1-2
Hobart	10		8	18	19	14	8	15	20	9		17	17	180	155	.86
"Puck"										10		16	17	50	43	.86
Clover								19		9	43	18	14	120	103	.85 3-4
F Bennett							8	17	17	9		17	17	100	85	.85
Kenerson	7		8	18	14	15	8	14	17	8	47	18	17	230	191	.83
Keller	6		5	18	17	7	9	18	13	8	47	20	18	230	186	.81
Smith					12		6	16	16	10	40	17	16	170	133	.78
Mascroft	7		5	19	12	14	5		16		46		13	180	137	.76
Howe	5		6	12	14	15	8	14	18	5		16	15	180	128	.71
Daniels										7		12	16	50	35	.70
"Snow"							5			7			15	40	27	.67 1-2
Allison								9	10	5		15	19	90	58	.64 1-2

Dickey shot in No. 10, scoring 48 out of 50; G. E. Greiff scored 8 out of 10 in No. 6.

SECOND DAY'S SCORES.

As told above, the weather on this day was all against high scoring, the gale that was blowing making havoc of the averages. The following table shows that the "Bald Eagle" from Ohio shot a great gait, all conditions considered, making what was actually the best average of the whole tournament:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12				
													Shot			Per
Targets:	10	10	20	20	10	20	20	20	10	50	20	20	at.	Broke.		c't.
Heikes	9	10	18	19	8	15	19	19	10	48	19	17	230	211	.92	
LeRoy	9	10	17	18	8	19	17	17	10	45	17	19	230	206	.89	1-2
Fulford	9	9	14	20	7	16	19	17	9	44	18	20	230	202	.88	
Glover	9	9	17	18	9	17	17	16	6	46	17	18	230	199	.86	1-2
Van Dyke	8	10	15	20	10	18	19	18	9	39	16	16	230	198	.86	
"Climax"	9	8	18	16	9	14	19	16	10	44			190	163	.86	
Winn	10	9	16	18	8	14	18	19	8	46	15	16	230	197	.85	2-3
Allison	10	7	14	17	10	18	19	14	10	41	16	19	230	195	.85	
Apgar	8	9	17	14	7	15	18	17	9	44	18	18	230	194	.84	1-3
Sanborn						18		15	9				50	42	.84	
"Puck"						17		19	7		15	16	90	74	.82	1-4
Bartlett	10		9	15	15	7	14	19	18	9	38	17	17	230	188	.82
W Bennett	7		8	15	16	10	13	17	16	10	39	18	19	230	188	.82
"Parker"				19	14	7	15	17	15	9	43	16	17	210	172	.82
"Herbert"	10	10	13	14	9	13	18	18	9	43	14	18	230	189	.82	
Davis	10		9	18	17	6	13	16	18	6	42	17	13	230	185	.80 1-2
Bowker					18		16				38			90	72	.80
Keller	7		8	17	16	8	14	14	19	10	40	15	16	230	184	.80
F Bennett				16	16	6	14	17	14	10	45	15	15	210	168	.80
Kenerson	8		9		15	8	16	17	14	8	43	15	11	210	164	.78
Greiff	7					8								20	15	.75
Clover	5			13	16	9				9				70	52	.74 1-2
Money				15	15	7	15	12	17	7	41	14	13	210	156	.74 1-3
Strong	5		8	16	16	8		17		8			11	120	89	.74
Hobart	8		9	14	14	5	12	16	15	8				140	101	.72
Smith	6		5	11	17	8	13	12	14	7	38	14	17	230	162	.70 1-2
Hebbard	7					7								20	14	.70
Mascroft	8			10					15					50	33	.66
Martin							9			9			14	50	32	.64
Gore										7		12		30	19	.63 1-3
Howe	5		4	12	14	4	12	15	8	7		15	15	180	111	.61 2-3
"Pickles"				9			13		15					60	37	.61 2-3
"Snow"	7		5			6				10		9		60	37	.61 2-3
Foote												11	13	40	24	.60

H. W. Eager broke 10 straight in No. 9, an average of 100 per cent.; Dickey scored 41 out of 50 in No. 10, averaging 82 per cent; Elliott broke 7 out of 10 in No. 9, and "Purdey," 14 out of 20 in No. 11; Johns scored 6 out of 20 in No. 11.

Nos. 1, 3, 5, 8 and 11 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 4, 7, 9, 10 and 11 at unknown angles; No. 6 at traps in reversed order. In No 10, the 50 target race, there were the same number of entries as on the first day, the association having to add $10 to the purse.

THIRD DAY'S SCORE.

Six averages of over 90 and two others only a fraction below that figure show that the boys took advantage of the perfect weather and smashed the targets in a manner that would make an amateur very small indeed. The accompanying table, like black powder, "speaks for itself":

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		
																Shot	
Targets:	10	10	20	20	10	20	20	50	10	10	20	20	10	20	20	at	Bke
Heikes	8	9	19	18	10	15	19	49	9	8	20	20	10	20	18	270	252
Glover	9	10	18	19	10	16	19	45	10	9	18	18	9	19	19	270	248
Herbert	9	9	18	17	8	16	18	49	10	7	19	20	9	19	19	270	247
LeRoy	8	10	19	16	10	16	20	49	8	8	20	19	7	19	18	270	247
"Puck"							18	46	7	7	19	18	9	19	20	180	163
Van Dyke	10	8	20	19	7	15	18	47	10	9	18	18	9	18	18	270	244
Fulford	8	7	19	15	10	17	17	46	9	9	20	17	9	20	19	270	242
Apgar	8	9	18	18	9	10	20	47	9	9	20	18	8	20	18	270	241
Sanborn				18			19		9	9	17	17	10	16		130	115
Smith	7	8	20	17	8	15	20	43	9	10	18	17	9	18	19	270	238
"Snow"	8	10	18	19	10				5							80	70
W Bennett	9	10	19	16	9	12	17	48	5	7	20	17	7	20	19	270	235
Mascroft	9	7	20	17	9		19		9	7	18		10	14		160	139
Allison	8	9	13	15	7		19	47	7	6	19	17	7	19	19	250	212
Bartlett	8	9	18	13	7	14	18	48	7		18					190	160
Money				13		14	16	46	8	9	17	18	9	16	18	220	184
Keller	7	9	13	19	8	11	18	45	9	8	18	15	10	20	15	270	225
F. Bennett								46				15	6		16	100	83
Hebbard	10		19				17	38		7					16	130	107
Winn	8	10	19	11	9	14	18	35	9	10	18	19	8	19	15	270	222
Bowker				17		13	16			6	19	15			19	130	105
Gore				15			15		9	8		17				80	64
Greiff	8				8											20	16
Wall	8	7		15						10						50	40
Kenerson	7	6	17	16	10	6	14			6	18	15	7	17	20	210	159
Martin										8			7			20	15
Daniels	6	9	15	17	7	15	15					14		13		150	111
Hobart	8	9	14	12	8	11	13									110	75
Hyde	7	4								7	14	15	6			80	53
Davis	7	7	15	10	7											70	46
Payson									8		8					30	16
Clover	4	3	11							8						50	26

Dickey shot in No. 8, breaking 47 out of 50, an average of 94 per cent; Warren broke 7 out of 10 in No. 9.

The percentages made by those who shot in more than one event are as follows, in order of merit: Heikes, 93 1-3; Glover, 91 4-5; Herbert and Leroy, 91 1-2; Puck, 90 1-2; Van Dyke, 90 1-3; Fulford, 89 2-5; Apgar, 89 1-4; Sanborn, 88 1-2; Smith, 88 1-7; Snow, 87 1-2; W. Bennett, and Mascroft, 87; Allison, 84 4-5; Bartlett, 84 1 5; Money, 83 1-2; Keller, 83 1-3; F. Bennett, 83; Hebbard, 82 1-3; Winn, 82 1-4; Bowker, 80 3-4; Gore, Grieff and Wall, 80; Kenerson, 75 3-4; Martin, 75; Daniels, 74; Hobart, 68; Hyde, 66 1-4; Davis, 65 1-2; Payson, 53 1-3; Clover, 52.

The programme for this day was shot through twice with the exception of No. 8, the team race, and No. 6, 10 pairs. Nos. 1, 3, 7, 9, 11 and 15 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 5, 8, 10, 13 and 14, at unknown angles; 4 and 12 at traps in reversed order, and No. 6 at 10 pairs from three traps.

EDWARD BANKS.

Fargo Gun Club.

Fargo, N. D., April 4.—The following scores were made by the Fargo Gun Club this afternoon: No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Lyon, 4; Carpenter, 8; Smith, 3; Robbins, 9.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles: Roberts, 6; Lyon, 4; Carpenter, 7; Robbins, 8.

No. 3, badge shoot: 15 targets, unknown angles, 5 pairs: Lyon, 16; Carpenter, 10; Roberts, 10; Robbins, 15.

No. 4, 25 targets, 10 at known angles, and 15 unknown angles: Carpenter, 15; Lyon, 16; Roberts, 12; Robbins, 23. C. E. R.

Programme of Coming Events.

At this season of the year, every trapshooter of note, and the management of every sportsman's paper, receives from week to week programmes of tournaments that are to be held in the near future. The programme of the present day is an elaborate article; its compilation has been carefully handled: its illustrations are for the most part artistic as well as interesting, while the reading matter touches upon every point that relates to the running of the tournament. It might be well to suggest to tournament committees that a note, usually overlooked, be added to all programmes, detailing how, and to what address, cases of loaded shells for use at their tournament should be sent, so as to insure their being found on the grounds during the morning of the first day. This little bit of information will often save a lot of trouble.

Among the programmes recently received by Forest and Stream is the one issued by the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O., for the ninth annual tournament of the

OHIO TRAP SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

This programme opens with the following prologue: "The ninth annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League will take place at Dayton, Ohio, May 14, 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club. The management presents herein a programme which cannot fail to be satisfactory alike to both amateur and expert. The Buckeye Club refers with pardonable pride to the fact that they are the first of the league clubs to add money to the purses of the state tournaments. They hope thereby not only to stimulate the healthful and gentlemanly sport of trap shooting, but insure for 1895 the most successful of all state tournaments. To this end we trust, that our cordial invitation to trap shooters of Ohio to be with us, will be met with their hearty and generous response."

After giving a list of the officers of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, and of the Buckeye Gun Club, together with the committees appointed to look after special departments of the tournament, the programme gives the following notes on rules governing the league tournaments: "Dimick's revision of American Shooting Association Rules will govern all contests. Traps will be arranged to throw targets at unknown angles, except in Smith Cup contest. Divisions of money will be made as specified below, except when otherwise named." This it follows with a copy of rule 19, full of interest to all intending competitors: "For the purpose of providing for the mutual good of amateurs and experts, the following conditions shall govern distribution of purses in all matches: There shall be no classification or handicapping otherwise than as herein provided. The entrance fee of all shooters shall be equal, and all the conditions governing the shooting the same for all participants. The net amount of purse shall be divided into two equal parts, Nos. 1 and 2, and each of these parts into three purses, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. No match shall be at a less number than six targets or live birds. All shooting shall be class shooting. Those making the three highest scores shall be entitled to the respective amounts into which purse No. 1 is divided; those making the next highest three scores shall be entitled to the respective amounts into which purse No. 2 is divided. Should more than three contestants tie for any one of the six mentioned purses as subdivided, and not divide same by consent of all, the tie shall be shot down until three or less are entitled to same; then, if either of the participants express a wish for a division of the purse, it shall be divided. If any shooter shall share in any of the three subdivisions of the higher or No. 1 purse three times during any tournament, he shall be excluded from participating in any of the subdivisions of purse No. 2 herein named. Amendment by Executive Committee. Any contestant for a division of purse No 2, who, in the tie shooting at nine or more targets, scores a higher average than 80 per cent. shall not participate in any of the divisions of purse No. 2 in the subsequent events of a tournament."

Next comes a list of "What you want to know," as follows: "Targets, two cents each. All ties divided, except in prizes. Lunch and a good warm dinner will be served. Shells, both hand and machine loaded, will be for sale. The programme events will commence promptly each day at 9 A. M. Be on hand at that hour and thereby assist the management. Two set of traps will be in operation on Monday, preceding the shoot, at which sweepstakes to suit shooters will be the order. The Phillips House, a strictly first-class hotel, will be headquarters. A uniform rate of $2 per day will be charged. Electric cars can be taken at the door for the depot or the Buckeye Shooting grounds. The annual meeting of the Ohio State League will be held Tuesday, May 14, at 8 P. M., at the Phillips House, Room No. 197. Members of the Ohio State League, will you not aid us in discountenancing the pernicious habit of dropping for place. Merit and not intrigue is alone the basis upon which our purses should be divided."

Additional information may be summed up briefly as follows: Purses in all open events will be divided into four moneys. In addition to the $200 added by the Buckeye Gun Club for league events, merchandise prizes have been donated by several merchants of Dayton for averages: three for general averages and 12 for daily averages; shooters to qualify for the daily averages must shoot in all league events of the day; for general averages in all league events of the tournament. The trophy events are three in number, one on each day. The first is the Ohio State Journal Cup, value, $200, at 30 targets, unknown angles; this event is shot at 1 P. M. on May 14. At the same hour on May 15 is the L. C. Smith trophy, value, $500, emblematic of the championship of Ohio; this contest is at 50 targets from three traps. The third is the Sportsmen's Review, of Chicago, Ills., Cup for two men teams, emblematic of the State team championship; this contest takes place at 1 P. M. on May 16. The programme for open events consists each day of events as follows: Nos. 1 and 2, 20 targets, $2 entrance; Nos. 3-7, 20 targets, $2.50 entrance; No. 8, 25 targets, $4 entrance. Any further information that may be desired will be gladly given by Edwin Taylor, Secretary-Treasurer, Ohio Trapshooters' League, Cincinnati, O.

Another programme is that of the

DUPONT TOURNAMENT,

which will be held at Cincinnati, O., on May 7-10. In Forest and Stream of March 23, will be found a very full notice of this tournament, the facts and figures contained therein being taken from a prospectus issued the week previous. There is very little to add to that notice, the ground having been well covered by the prospectus. This tournament will unquestionably be one of the best of the season, the programme offering sufficient attraction, outside of the large amount of added money—$1,200, to draw together a considerable number of shooters. With the Waddell Bros. in charge of the management, there is no chance of there being anything to cause dissatisfaction. Although the system under which the tournament will be run, each shooter practically classifying himself, is bound to make extra work for the cashier's office, the Messrs. Waddell have thoroughly covered this point, and will take care that no failure in this important branch shall mar the Dupont Tournament of 1895.

The programme of the

PEEKSKILL GUN CLUB

is also to hand. This tournament takes place next week, on the grounds of the Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club. This club has been in existence for some time, but its record was made last year, when the club's team of 8 men scored 193 out of 200, an average of 96 1-2 per cent., in a contest with the Marlborough Gun Club. An insert to the programme gives a cut of the winning team, together with each man's score as follows: B. C. Everingham, 25; Frank Southard, 25; Dr. S. F. Horton, 25; Dr. P. H. Mason, 24; W. H. [illegible], 24; John B. Halstead, 24; Dr. H. B. Wygant, 23; M. S. Perry, 23. In our issue of April 13, the death of Dr. Wygant and the resolutions of condolence passed by the Peekskill Gun Club, were noted. Dr. Wygant's absence at this, the fourth annual tournament of the gun club, will be felt by many.

The dates of the shoot are April 24-26. The first two days are devoted to targets, the third to live birds. The target events are varied enough to suit everybody, while the price of entries, 10 cents a target, is bound to please the amateur, there being several 10 and 15 target races each day. Twelve entries or over, 4 moneys, under 12, three moneys. Note this: "No entries



O. R. DICKEY.

taken in any event after first squad has shot." The live bird events are as follows: No. 1, 5 birds, $5; No. 2, 10 birds, $7; No. 3, 15 birds, $10; handicap rise, birds extra. Two other items are worth noting: "Only smokeless powder to be used," and "All complaints to be made to members of the tournament committee, and positively all kicking to be done by them."

Work vs. Duryea.

A match at 100 live birds between George Work and Louis Duryea has been on the tapis for some time. It was postponed once or twice for various reasons, but was at last brought off on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., on Tuesday, April 9. Work came out ahead by 7 birds, killing 92 to Duryea's 86. In dead out of bounds Duryea made a remarkable score—12 out of his fourteen lost birds dying beyond the boundary; in all he actually killed 98 out of his 100, but then—dead out of bounds do not count Work lost five birds that fell dead over the boundary, his total kills amounting to 97. Thus, but five out of the 200 birds trapped succeeded in getting away. As the birds were a good lot, sitters being rare exceptions, the score made by Work is a good one. Duryea's number of lost birds is attributed to his becoming rather slow with his second barrel on the last half of the match. Work allowed his antagonist one yard as a handicap.

Both men started well, Work being the first to lose one, his 15th, which fell dead out of bounds; he killed his next 10, Duryea in the meantime running out his first string of 25 without a miss, the score standing, Duryea, 25; Work, 24. The latter caught Duryea on the 33d round, after Duryea had lost his 32d dead out of bounds and his 33d, one of the two which got away from him. The 38th and 45th birds for Duryea both fell dead out of bounds, as also did his 50th, Work only losing his 47th. This made the score stand 48-45 in Work's favor at the end of the 50th round. From that point Duryea fell behind, at one time losing three birds (his 54th, 55th, and 56th) in quick succession. At the close of the third string of 25 the score stood



CAPT. E. B. WADSWORTH.

71-64 in favor of Work. This lead of 7 was increased to 8 when Duryea lost his 76th bird. Out of the remaining 24 birds, Work lost 4 to his opponent's 2, Duryea ending up 6 to the bad. The long runs were: Work, 31, 16, 14 and 14; Duryea, 31, 13 and 11. The score was as follows:

George Work (31)	1221111112112 2*2111121112	—24
	1211111111212212112210212	—24
	*1121122222211122*1122121	—23
	2112222012112*1122112011*	—21—92
L. T. Duryea (30)	1122221111222222222222222	—25
	222211*02222*111222*1222*—	20
	212*0*22112212222**222*12—	19
	*22222222*2*2112212221222—	22—86

Trenton Gun Club.

Trenton, N. J., April 11.—The regluar monthly shoot of the Trenton Gun Club was held at its grounds to-day. The weather was perfectly lovely, not a cloud obscured the sky nor was there a breath of wind to cause the targets to pursue an erratic course. Shooting was all done from five traps. The club contest was for two badges, first and second; the conditions, 30 targets per man; each man first shooting at 15 for place, the men breaking eleven and over being placed in the first class, and the men under eleven in the second class. Then each man shot at 15 for the badges, the highest in each class to take the badges; Thomas won first and Bainbridge second. The following are the scores:

No. 1, shoot for place:

W Taylor	111111111111101—14	H Bumbogh	011011100111101—11
C Allen	111111111111011—14	Bainbridge	001110111100111—10
W Mickel	111011111011111—13	E Carson	111010010100101— 8
G Thomas	111011111110111—13	D Williams	110100110010011— 8
W Williams	101111011111110—12		

No. 2, shoot for badges:

*G Thomas	111011111011111—13	Bumbough	111010110100101—
W Micke	101011111111111—13	Bainbridge	101111100111001—10
W Williams	100011111111111—12	Carson	011001111100011— 9
C Allen	110001111111111—12	D Williams	110111011110100—10
W Taylor	111001101111011—11		

* Thomas beat Mickel on the shoot off at 10 targets by 10-7.

No. 3, 25 targets:

C. H. Allen	1111111111111111111111111—25
Wm. Taylor	0011111101110111011111101—19
Wm. Mickel	1101110111101011100111111—19
G. N. Thomas	1110011011101101111011110—18
W. Williams	1101111000111101111101110—18

Medal Shoots at Syracuse.

Syracuse, N. Y., April 4.—The following scores were made this afternoon by members of the Syracuse Gun Club in the medal shoot at the Croton street grounds:

Class A.

D. Lefever (50)	0101111111111111110100111	
	1111010110111111111111111	—42
Willard (50)	0101101011110111100110101	
	1111111111111101111111111	—40
Becker (50)	1010110111110011111110110	
	1111111100110111110111011	—38
Wilcox (46)	1100111000011111111111111	
	1110111011011101111101	—35

Class B.

Morris (48)	1110100001100011111011111	
	1111110111111111010000111	—34
F. Lefever (45)	0101100100011111111111011	
	1111111011011111101	—34
Duguid (50)	1010010001100011001111111	
	1101111111011111000111100	—34
Hunter (48)	1011010000101100101100110	
	1111011110000C000111111	—26

Class C.

Eddy (50)	1111110111111001001111110	
	1100110110100101111001111	—35
Dey (50)	1110001011110010011111011	
	0111100001010001010110111	—29

In the shoot off at 10 targets for the medal in Class B, Morris won, scoring 8 to Lefever's 7, and Duguid's 3.

April 11.—The Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club held its regular medal shoot this afternoon. The weather was fine, and all conditions favorable, making the lowness of most of the scores attributable solely to spring fever. George Holloway won in Class A medal with 45, winding up his score with 32 straight. H. Duguid did some good shooting in Class B, scoring 42. J. Boyd walking off with the Class C medal without any difficulty; he scored 41 out of 50, finishing his string with 23 straight breaks. Scores: 50 targets, unknown angles:

A Class.

C. T. Arno	1011011111110110011101111	
	0001101110111111111111101	—38
Geo. Holloway	1110111111111001001111111	
	1111111111111111111111111	—45
A. C. Ginty	0011011010101010101011111	
	1011010011100100100001111	—28
D. M. Lefever	1111110111110001101111111	
	1011011111010011011111111	—39
Geo. Mosher	0111111101100100101011O	
	1000111000111111110011011	—33

B Class.

H. Duguid	1111111111001100111111111	
	1111011011101101111111111	—42
W. Morris	0110111111011111010111011	
	0001111011100110011110111	—35
Cruttie	1010110011100100100001111	
	0011101100111110100011111	—29
R. Hunter	1100000011111010011011101	
	0111100010010011111110111	—30
C. Stat	1100011100100011011111000	
	1100110100111110101001010	—27

C Class.

J. Glenon	1110010011100110111000001	
	0001110011101011111110001	—28
Artemas	1000000000110011000010011	
	0111000110000011111111000	—20
J. Boyd	1111110010111101011100110	
	0011111111111111111111111	—41
Rodgers	0100000000C 0000011000011O	
	0000010111C000101001101l0	—15

A. R. K.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., April 3.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club began its 1895 series of prize shoots this afternoon. The weather was unfavorable for trapshooting, which accounts for the small attendance. The scores were as follows:

Griffith (38)	1111111110111001010111111	
	1110001111111	—30
Meyer (32)	1111110111011001111111	
	1101111	—26
Norton (32)	1110011111111011101111111	
	1010111	—26
Stewart (30)	1111111110100111111011110	
	11111	—25
Hicks (33)	1010111111111111010111111	
	10100010	—24
Borst (34)	1101001111111001101010111	
	011111100	—23
Babcock (31)	1101111111111011011000011	
	111101	—23
Byer (31)	1111100110010111011011011	
	011111	—22
Backus (41)	1100110001100010100111101	
	1011100100011010	—21
Gardner (38)	0111100011000011010111011	
	1010100110001	—20

E. D. HICKS.

Hartford Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., April 12.—To-day was a bad one for our tournament, the weather being cold and windy; the attendance was consequently proportionately small. Following are the winners in the various events:

No. 1, 10 targets; Risley and J. A. P., first; Goodwin, McGuinty and Burbridge, second; Sterry, third; Olmsted, fourth.

No. 2, 10 targets, Olmsted, Sterry and Burbridge, first; Goodwin and J. A. P., second; McGuinty, third.

No. 3, 10 targets, Risley, first; Sterry, second; Goodwin and Burbridge third; Guiven, fourth.

No. 4, 15 targets, Risley, first; Sterry, second; Burbridge and McGuinty, third; Goodwin, fourth.

No. 5, 10 targets, Burbridge, first; Sterry and J. A. P., second; Olmsted.

No. 6, 10 targets, Burbridge, first; Risley, second; Goodwin, third; J. A. J., fourth.

No. 7, 10 targets, Sterry, first; J. A. P., second; Goodwin, third.

No. 8, 10 targets, Risley and Burbridge, first; Sterry and J. A. P., second; Olmsted, third; McGuinty, fourth.

No. 9, 10 targets, Risley, first; Godwin, second; Sterry, third.

No. 10, 10 targets, Sterry and Olmsted, first; Risley, second; Burbridge, third; Goodwin, fourth.

No. 11, 10 targets, Risley, first; Sterry, second; Olmsted, third.

No. 12, 10 targets, Sterry, first; Goodwin, second; Burbridge, third.

D. S. W.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

Missoula, Mont., March 31.—The Missoula Rod and Gun Club was doing business at the old stand yesterday under the most favorable conditions, not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of wind stirring. Considerable practice shooting was done before the hour for the medal shoot. At the usual hour the latter was called, and fifteen able bodied sportsmen responded. At the conclusion of the contest it was found that the gold and silver medals each were to be worn for the week following by shooters each having made a score of 16 out of the 20 singles, known traps and unknown angles. W. P. Brayton secured the "A" Class (gold) medal, Frank Woody the "B" Class (silver) medal.

Class A.

J P Menard	11111010111001110111—15
W H Mace	11101100111001111111—14
W P Brayton	11011011001111111111—16
J K Wood	10100100101001111111—12
Lieut Deval	01001111001111100110—12
E A Searles	11011101010011010101—12

Class B.

J M Evans	11000001100010010101— 8
F Allinson	01000000000010000110— 4
H W Thompson	01001011010000110001— 8
F Woody	11110011111101111110—16
T E Evans	00000001001000011011— 6
A M Sterling	01011101111011010000—11
A M Stevens	00000011111100111010—10
P P Kern	10001110101100111010—11
L L Hunt	10100100000000011000— 5

After the medal shoot sides were chosen for a team contest H. A. Stephens heading one team, and W. P. Brayton the other.

The first contest, 10 singles unknown angles, the Stephens team won by a score of 32 to 28; another contest of like conditions resulted in a score of 40 to 39, in favor of the Brayton team. To settle the contest it was then decided to shoot 5 down, and this resulted in a draw, 19 to 19. Being then out of targets, the shooters were compelled to leave the championship still unsettled. Had there been birds enough on hand, the boys would have been at it until now.

April 7.—The Missoula Rod and Gun Club seems to be in especial favor with the clerk of the weather this season. No matter what quality of weather obtained between times, when the hour for the weekly contest arrived, the weather conditions for the shoot have been thus far almost perfect. To-day was no exception; consequently a lively interest prevails among our trap shooters. W. H. Mace comes to the front to-day with a score of 17 out of 20 targets at known traps and unknown angles, and will wear the gold medal for a week. Frank Woody will wear the silver medal another week in consequence of having won the shoot off for first place in the "B" Class. Scores:

Class A.

W H Mace	11111001111111111110—17
Chas Searles	11111111110011101101—16
J K Wood	10100000111010100000— 7
W P Brayton	11111011001011001100—12
Lieut. Deval	01111011111011001001—13
J P Menard	10110101100011001111—12

Class B.

H W Thompson	00000101000101100100— 6
T E Evans	10101100111100100001—10
L L Hunt	10101011111010101100—12
P H Woody, Jr.	11101011101000111110—13
A M Sterling	11111001110000111000—11
J M Evans	11001011110110000111—12
Capt. Andrews	01000111010111111011—13
A M Stevens	10000101100100011100— 8
F P Kern	10100000100101011111—10

As usual, after the medal contest the boys considered the proper thing to be a team shoot. H. W. Thompson and L. L. Hunt chose sides and two lively shoots at 10 birds each man was the result. The first contest ended in favor of Thompson's team by a score of 34 to 31; the second in a victory for the same team, the score being 40 to 35.

WILL CAVE.

Cockburn Puts Up.

Mr. H. P. Good, editor of the Canadian Sporting News, of Toronto, Can., has mailed us a marked copy of the above paper issued on April 13. The passage marked refers to our note on Cockburn's letter in our issue of April 6. The close of that note ran as follows: "It is hard to see how, if he wants a match with Brewer, Cockburn can fail to accept the above (Brewer's) terms." Cockburn wants the match and has deposited, as Brewer stipulated, the whole of his stake money of $250, in the hands of Mr. H. P. Good, of the Canadian Sporting News, as proof that he is anxious to meet the American. It now remains for Brewer to make good his stake money, go to Canada, and meet Cockburn on his own grounds.

The pith of the note in the Canadian Sporting News lies in the following: "Mr. Cockburn has already put up with us his full stake of $250, and if Captain Brewer, who has not yet shown a dollar, will cover the amount, the match can be considered made and nothing will remain to do but to settle upon a date. As soon as Mr. Cockburn receives intimation that Capt. Brewer has posted his stake, articles will be drawn and the date set for the contest at two weeks after the signing thereof. The conditions, as already stated in the Canadian Sporting News, are Old Dominion rules, with the exception that the rise will be 26 instead of 21 yards. Capt. Brewer has been notified that Mr. Cockburn's full stake of $250 is now in our hands and that consequently now everything depends upon the promptitude with which he covers it."

The Ideal Hand-Book No. 6.

The sixth edition of the "Ideal Hand-book of Useful Information for Shooters" has just been issued. It contains much new matter relative to tools for new rifle cartridges, and also to shotgun shell loading implements. Any shooter who has not an "Ideal Hand-book" should send for one at once as he will gain from it a great amount of useful, practical information not to be had in any other form.—Adv.

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

Newburgh, N. Y., April 11.—As usual we had a very pleasant time at our regular shoot this afternoon, the following scores being made:

No. 1, Prize shoot, 10 known angles and 15 unknown angles:

*Higginson	11111011111111111111111—24
Stansborough, 3	11111111111011111111110100—24
Taylor	11111111011111001111101111—22
Mitchell, 2	11100111111010101011101111—20
Likely, 3	01111011111001100101101101—19
Taggert, 4	01010111111000000111101110—19
Wood, 5	10111100110001001110001101—18

* Higginson and Stansborough tied for first, Taylor winning a heat for second; each badge must be won five times.

In practice at live birds the following scores were made, each man shooting at the number which appears in brackets after his name: Higginson (17), 14; Taylor (10), 10; Likely (10), 7; Patton (15), 10; Mitchell (15), 11; Taggart (15), 13; Stansborough (5), 3; Wood (6), 3.

DAVID BROWN, President.

Edey Was Out of Form,

Babylon, L. I., April 10.—W. S. Edey, the Westchester, N. Y., Country Club crack, who did such good shooting at Willard Park last week in the Grand American Handicap, and his fellow club member, H. "Gilbert," shot a match at 100 live birds to-day on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club. Gilbert defeated his antagonist very easily by the score of 83-69, Edey being clean off in his shooting, the fast birds at the above grounds proving far too fast for him. Both men stood on the 29 yards mark. Score:

H Gilbert	00202222220222100220022022—16
	22222222222222220221222212—24
	22120022202222222220212222—21
	20222202222222221022222222—22—83
W S Edey	02020022222121202002202220—16
	22020121200110222222212122—20
	22022020122200200202001 20—15
	22202012202222220200122012—18—69

Chicago Trap Notes.

Chicago, Ills., April 9.—The following scores were made today by members of the Chicago Shooting Club at John Watson's Park:

Eddie Bingham	122111221011021*1—14
L. M. Hamiline	002121110110221*2—13

April 10.—The members of the South Chicago Gun Club held their club shoot for the live bird medal to-day. Scores were as follows:

L. C. Willard	11221012122212101120—17
F. E. Willard	11121110102222210212—17
A. W. Reeves	10212111202121011011—16

For the target medal, at 30 Empires, L. C. Willard scored 27, A. W. Reeves, 26; F. E. Willard, 21.

RAVELRIGG.

Elk River Ducking Club.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 12.—The Elk River Ducking Club had its customary spring shoot this afternoon at the farm of Mr. Frank Hendrickson, Sewell, New Jersey. Conditions were: 15 birds each; one trap; 50 yards boundary; 12 bore guns, 28 yards; 10 bore, 30 yards. A strong wind was driving, which made drivers and left quartering birds very difficult. Score:

J. C. Heywood (28)	11212210110100 2—11
G. W. Campbell (30)	10212100022210 2—10
L. Cottingham (28)	00000212120212 0— 8
J. H. Campbell (28)	10011202122021 0—10
F. Hendrickson (30)	01022011210021 0— 9
E. Denison (28)	21120222011202 1—12
C. R. Jarden (30)	00022200200210 0—6

HEMINGWAY.

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

Allentown, Pa., April 2.—The regular monthly shoot of the John F. Weiler Gun Club was held to-day. The gold trophy was won by Maguire and the silver by Porter. The attendance was excellent and several new men participated in the event. Each shot at 25 targets with this result:

Grim, 9; Benning, 20; Porter, 18; S. Weiler, 12; Hohe, 16; Heil, 18; A. Weiler, 18; Miller, 15; Mohr, 15; Acker, 17; Geissinger, 16; Maguire, 20; Ulmer, 17.

At the conclusion of the club shoot, the match between John G. Honecker, of this city, and J. Schock, of Weissport, for $50 a side, 15 birds, Long Island rules, took place. Honecker showed remarkable skill and won quite handily. The score:

Honecker	10111011111101 1—12—3
Schock	00*01101111111w—9—4

There was a dispute about Schock's third bird, and the referee did not render a decision as it would not have changed the result.

MASON.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., April 9.—Team No. 1, wet to practice to-day The wind was also out trying what it could do with targets and toyed with the scores most provokingly. The boys had a hard time hitting the atmosphere with any degree of certainty. The scores show for themselves.

Nelson	0100101101—5	Dornin	1100110110—6
Terry	1110101000—5	Empie	1111111110—9
Scott	1001111010—6	Cleland	0000010101—3

No. 2, 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Nelson	11111100111011111111111011—21
Terry	11111111111101110000010 11—18
Scott	11100101011101111111110110—18
Dornin	11010111010011101001011 11—16
Empie	01111011111111011111110111—21
Cleland	10111000111101100010110 01—14

No. 3, same:

Nelson	11111111111110111111111011—23
Terry	01101100000001010111111111—14
Scott	00010101010010011101001 01—11
Dornin	01100101100000100110101 0110—11
Empie	01110101010011111111111101—18
Cleland	01111010111111101101101100—17

No. 4, same:

Nelson	11100111000011111101011 01—16
Terry	11110110101011111111110110—19
Scott	00111011010110100101101 01—14
Dornin	11111011111111101111111011—22
Empie	10101111011111011010011 1111—18
Cleland	01100011100111011111001100—14

No. 5, same:

Nelson	11011110010110111101110 00—16
Terry	00000010010001111111 10100—11
Scott	11010100000011100111101 01—13
Dornin	11110101011111111111111001—20
Empie	11000101101100111111111110—17
Cleland	01100110110100011110011 00—14

No. 6, same:

Moorman	10000011110110111011110 01—15
Dornin	11101111111111100111011 11—21
Empie	11111100011111100111011 11—19
Nelson	01010111101111111101011 11—19
Cleland	11100001101100101010111 01—14
No. 7, same:	
Moorman	10101100110111100101111 01—16
Nelson	10111100001100110111111 10—16
Dornin	11111010101111101110111 01—18
Scott	00101111110100101001010 10—13

F. M. D.

Suggests Another System.

Philadelphia, April 1.—Editor Forest and Stream: Having read of different systems of dividing moneys in sweeepstake shoots for prevention of the so-called dropping for place, I would suggest for instance in a ten bird (blue rocks) shoot, $1 entrance, say 10 entries, 3 moneys, each in first place, to get a premium of $1, each in second place to get a premium of 50 cents, and each in third place to get a pro rata share with first and second men of the balance. For example:

10 birds, $1 entrance, 10 men 2 cents per bird deducted, carrying a balance of $8.

Score.	Prem.	Pr.	Total.
1..9	$1 00	$ .71	$1 71
2..9	1 00	.71	1 71
3..8	50	.71	1 21
4..8	50	.71	1 21
5..7	P.R.	.71	71
6..7	P.R.	.71	71
7..7	P.R.	.71	71
8..6			
9..5			$7 97-3 cents.
10..5			

Princ. $8, prem. $3; balance $5. Divided in seven parts makes the pro rata, 71 cents and 3 cents over.

Under this system a club may offer a larger premium for first, second, third or fourth moneys according to size of shoot and number of moneys. I would like you to try how this works with different scores and premiums.

S. L. G. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

Cincinnati, O., April 7.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range today. Conditions, 200 yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Negotiations have been made with the Central Sharpshooters' Association, of St. Louis, for another match on April 21, 1895. Conditions, same as previous matches, except that there will be 12 men for each team, and the German Ring (union) target will be used. Heavy wind and rain during the A. M. Scores:

Gindele	5	10	7	10	7	8	10	9	10	9—85
	10	10	8	9	10	7	8	4	9	10—85
	9	6	7	9	10	10	10	8	8	10—87
	10	8	7	7	9	10	9	8	8	8—84
Payne	9	10	7	9	9	7	7	8	10	9—85
	6	9	6	10	6	6	9	8	4	10—72
	9	7	9	8	8	6	6	4	8	9 74
	9	8	6	10	5	8	7	6	9	6—78
Weinheimer	8	4	6	8	7	10	9	9	7	9—77
	7	8	7	9	7	6	10	6	5	10—75
	9	8	5	10	8	6	5	9	9	9—76
	8	9	7	6	8	7	5	5	9	10—74
Wellinger	9	5	10	10	9	8	10	8	5	9—83
	9	10	8	6	5	4	9	8	9	6—74
	6	7	10	8	9	8	8	8	9	6—79
	7	6	8	8	7	9	9	10	8	4—76
Drube	8	10	5	7	9	8	8	9	10	5 79
	7	8	10	8	7	9	7	8	7	7—78
	7	8	9	8	7	10	7	5	10	7—78
	8	7	8	10	7	9	8	8	8	10—81
Trounstein	7	7	10	10	5	6	4	7	4	5—75
	5	9	7	5	6	8	3	1	6	6—56
	8	7	4	6	4	5	2	4	5	10—55
	7	3	10	10	5	8	7	10	4	5—69
Hazenzahl	5	6	9	7	7	9	9	6	9	6—73
	4	5	8	10	4	10	10	6	8	6—71
	9	5	7	8	8	6	6	7	7	6 69
	5	7	8	7	5	8	7	6	7	9—69
Topf	6	6	8	9	7	7	4	5	8	10—70
	10	8	5	4	9	8	6	7	5	6—68
	3	7	4	7	7	10	4	4	7	6—62
	5	7	10	5	4	6	1	6	7	5—56
Strickmeier	6	9	5	7	9	6	5	10	4	6—67
	3	4	4	5	5	4	6	9	3	6—49
	7	5	8	9	4	5	6	8	3	4—59
	8	6	9	5	4	7	8	8	7	4—65

Texas Rifle Association.

The sixth annual meeting and tournament of the Texas Rifle Association took place at Vogel's Valley, under the auspices of the Vogel's Valley Club, on April 6 and 7.

The meeting was very enthusiastic, and the local club, under whose management the shoot was conducted, acquitted itself well in the discharge of its duties toward its numerous guests.

The leading events were the team off-hand and rest shoots, and resulted as follows:

Off-hand team match, 100 yards. Teams of 5. Score:

San Antonio Team No. 1.						Vogel's Valley Team, No. 1.					
Texas Field	9	8	11	11	7—46	H Schmidt	7	6	4	9	10—36
C Hummel	8	6	9	9	8—40	O Voges	8	9	7	9	12—45
Gus Altman	11	8	11	9	12—51	C Uecker	9	7	7	6	8—37
Ad Altman	7	12	11	9	8—47	H Weidner	4	10	12	7	5—38
E Leffel	6	12	9	9	8—44	Alf Toepp'wein	8	12	7	8	7—42
					228						198

San Antonio Team No. 2.						Great Valley Team.					
Alb Uhl	10	9	8	9	8—44	W Kneuper	6	6	6	9	9—36
A Guenther	9	8	6	8	12—43	T Gesche	9	6	7	6	6—34
A Steves	11	10	7	8	9—45	Joe Fey	9	12	6	8	9—44
Gus Heye	11	9	9	11	0—40	G Reininger	7	11	9	8	6—41
E Steves	8	9	10	9	7—43	H Syring	9	8	7	6	9—39
					215						194

Thorn Hill Team.						Vogel Valley Team No. 2.					
Wm Conrads	7	9	7	12	11—46	Theo Bosse	10	6	9	9	7—32
Chas Leehting	7	9	8	9	6—39	Fritz Voges	9	10	6	4	9—38
H Saddler	10	7	10	10	9—46	Geo Porter	7	6	7	6	8—34
Any Schultze	7	10	6	10	8—41	Wm Weidner	7	7	9	6	5—35
O Fredrich	6	11	9	6	8—40	H Vogel	7	7	9	6	9—38
					212						177

San Antonio team, No. 1, wins first; San Antonio team, No. 2, second, and Thorn Hill, third.

Rest Team match, three shots at 200 yards, and three at 150 yards per man:

	200yds.			100yds.		Total.
Vogel's Valley No. 1.						
H Weidner	7	8	9	9	12	7—52
Wm Pape	10	10	8	10	9	9—56
Chas Uecker	7	7	8	8	12	9—51
Alf Toepperwein	11	11	11	8	12	9—62
Otto Voges	5	12	12	10	10	6—55—276
Vogel's Valley No. 2.						
Fr Voges	8	6	9	7	10	9—49
Wm Weidner	7	7	8	9	9	12—52
Herm Vogel	11	12	11	11	8	9—62
Fr Haag	9	9	6	7	8	7—46
M Koch	6	9	7	9	9	10—50—259
San Antonio No. 1.						
A Steves	9	9	9	8	7	9—51
A Uhl	8	9	10	8	7	10—52
A Herff	9	9	8	8	9	9—52
A Guenther	8	8	9	10	7	9—51
E Dosch	0	7	7	8	9	8—39—245
San Antonio No. 2.						
Texas Field	8	11	6	7	12	11—55
Ad Altmann	7	7	12	8	10	8—52
Gus Altmann	9	12	10	8	12	8—59
Em Seffel	12	7	10	10	9	9—57
C Hummel	9	10	6	8	7	9—49—272
Thorn Hill No. 1.						
Aug Schultze	5	7	9	9	9	8—15
Hugo Tattler	7	8	5	11	8	8—47

H Mittendorf	9	10	6	7	8	8—48	
Otto Friedrich	8	7	9	8	11	9—52	
Wm Conrads	9	11	11	6	5	11—53	—248
Green Valley No. 1.							
Henry Syring	9	6	5	8	9	9—46	
Joe Fey	8	3	10	11	8	9—54	
Theo Gesche	6	5	4	8	5	9—37	
Wm Kneipper	9	9	6	6	9	11—50	
G Reininger	11	9	9	9	9	9—56	—243
New Braunfels No. 1.							
E Grune	5	6	6	8	11	11—47	
S V Pfeuffer	8	6	11	10	9	8—52	
Peter Nuhn	8	10	6	8	8	7—47	
John Schnabel	7	11	10	9	8	9—54	
Wm Tays	9	8	10	7	8	10—52	—252

Vogel's Valley team, No. 1, wins first; San Antonio team, No. 2, second, and Vogel's Valley, No. 2, third.

Off-hand prize shoot, ten shots per man at 100 yards. Score:

Wm. Conrads 92, E. Gruene 81, A. Serna 64, H. Mittendorf 88, C. Soeckting 84, A. Schultze 83, E. Steves 80, H. Adams 90, T. Gesche 73, A. Steves 92, E. Seffel 97, H. Vogel 57, J. Schnabel 57, G. Reininger 81, Wm. Weidner 60, Jno. Hillert 76, H. Weidner 72, O. Friedrich 82, Texas Field 85, F. Voges 67, H. Koch 74, A. Herff 68, Gus Heye 79, R. Merrill 76, O. Voges 86, H. Syring 69, C. Hummel 82, Alois Altman 79, T. Bose 76, A. Uhl 88, C. Uecker 87, S. V. Pfeuffer 63, Gus Altman 90, H. Sattler 83, O. Voges 64, E. Dosch 73, H. Dittmar 70, Al Altman 91, A. Guenther 89, H. Schmidt 76, F. Haag 61, P. Klar 66, Wm. Kneuper 86, and Joe Kneuper 78.

Rest prize shoot, one shot per man at 200 yards, and fire at 150 yards:

	200 yds.	150 yds.	Ttl.		200 yds.	150 yds.	Ttl.
E Gruene	39	40	79	Al Altman	43	48	91
A Serna	40	47	87	W Conrads	38	49	87
E Steves	39	47	86	F W Steve	45	43	88
H Adams	51	52	103	Alb Uhl	43	43	86
T Gesche	19	38	57	C Uecker	42	42	84
A Steves	49	42	91	Aug Abel	29	34	63
E Seffel	45	48	93	G Hanz	37	38	75
H Vogel	39	43	82	C Kram	31	33	64
W Herpel	46	31	77	Gus Altman	47	50	97
J Schnabel	58	46	84	W Bergeman	23	37	60
F Haag	36	40	76	P Nuhn	42	37	79
W Weidner	45	45	90	F Koch	48	43	91
G Reininger	46	46	92	S Theis	34	31	65
Wm Tays	43	37	80	M Koch	43	49	92
J Hilbet	43	44	87	E Dosch	50	41	91
L Haag	35	41	76	F Lesch	45	43	88
H Weidner	54	46	100	H Dittmar	42	37	79
O Friedrich	44	40	84	H Mittendorf	43	49	92
A Hartman	39	46	85	Geo Porter	41	45	86
Texas Field	39	42	81	Ad Altman	45	53	98
Capt Giesecke	34	42	76	P Klar	31	37	68
Fr Voges	35	38	73	A Guenther	40	40	80
H Hock	37	30	67	H Syring	37	38	75
Dr Herff	37	43	90	Theo Bose	36	40	76
Gus Heye	44	42	86	H Schmidt	35	42	77
Alb Haag	38	42	80	S V Pfeuffer	44	48	92
O Voges	45	40	85	H Sattler	42	49	91
C Hummel	41	45	86	Wm Pape	42	39	81
Joe Fey	44	45	89	Alf Toepperwein	40	44	84
Wm Kneuper	41	47	88				

Mr. Henry Adams, the representative of the Cut-off Rifle Club, distinguished himself by winning the handsome medal indicative of the individual championship of the State, by making 103 on the rest prize shoot, and 91 on the off-hand target. Mr. E. Seffel, of San Antonio, made the best off-hand score of 97, closely followed by Albert Steves, with 92 and Wm. Conrads a good third. Mr. Adams also won the handsome gold State medal, offered for the most 10s. As a general thing, however, the San Antonio Club carried off most of the honors.

At the meeting held on the evening of the first day, Capt. Ernest August Dosch, of San Antonio, was re-elected President, and F. W. Stuves, Secretary-Treasurer. Green Valley was chosen as the next meeting place in April, 1896.

Thus closed one of the happiest of rifle meetings. To say that everybody had a good time, one need not possess an elastic imagination.

TEXAS FIELD.

Revolver Shooting in England.

On March 20 the following shot in the revolver competitions of the North London Rifle Club at 20yds.:

Lieut Richardson	677657—78	Howe	564557—32
Major Palmer	775775—38	Ricketts	757415—32
Rand	775675—37	Denyer	575555—32
Lowe	747666—36	Franzman	555766—32
Hore	667773—36	C Knapp	755965—31
Comber	467747—35	J McKormac	566562—30
Frost	377647—34	Brading	437466—30
Carter	754647—33		

March 27.—Scores at 50yds.:

Major Munday	755377—36	Major Palmer	565227—25
Comber	267756—33	A Comber	252742—23
Richardson	477346—31	McKormac	447025—22
Luff	354747—30	Knapp	430733—20
Carter	246274 25	Ricketts	333334—19

Prof. Loris' Challenge to Carver.

London, England.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I should think Jack Loris wants a cheap advertisement, doesn't he, when he challenges Carver with pistols and rifles (presumably on the target), weapons which he knows Carver does use. You can take it from me that he has not found any one in England fool enough to back him against Carver, or any other person; and, as to his showing over here, he has made none. He has never shot a match with any one; and although he called himself "champion shot of the world," and offered to shoot any man in the world for five hundred pounds, he had not a penny, and no one to back him. We put up fifty pounds in the hands of Sporting Life for a boy, not more than sixteen years of age, to shoot him a match; we also offered to back a weel-known lady exhibition, shot against him, but he dare not shoot against either of them, his whole object being to get notoriety. He came to this country about two years ago, and commenced by abusing every other stage shot in England. His career here was not startlingly successful. American stage shots do not, as a rule, set the Thames on fire, I can assure you. The British public knows something about shooting; the quality presented must be of a very high order, or it had better stay at home.

G. H. FOWKES.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

June 29, Marine and Field Club annual, Bath Beach.
July —, W. C. A., 10th annual meeting, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
Aug. 9-23. A. C. A., 16th annual meeting, Bluff Point, Lake Champlain.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.
Sec'ty-Treas., Chas. E. Cragg, Port Henry, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

Pursers.

Atlantic Division, Thomas Hale, Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.
Central Division, W. S. Hackett, Albany, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. W. Cutler, Winchester, Mass.
Northern Division, E. F. Burritt, Ottawa, Canada.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1. Applications for membership must be made to the Purser of applicant's division, from whom blanks for the purpose may be obtained.

A Canoe Cruise on the Potomac.

A bright, warm morning in the month of June, 1894, finds two travel-stained canoeists at Cumberland, Md., impatiently waiting the arrival of the freight agent that they may procure their canoes and duffle, and start on a two hundred mile cruise down the Potomac River to Washington, D. C. The canoes, Viking and Mochdomus, are open cedar paddling canoes, sixteen feet long by thirty inches beam; they are equipped with water-proofed canvas covers, buttoned down at sides to keep the canoes tight and dry when running in rough water; a strong pair of double-bladed paddles for propelling power, a small "Marque" shore tent, two folding-cots, large double blankets, a set of cooking irons and utensils; some canned provisions, a slight change of clothing, and the outfit is complete; but no, we must not omit a small 4 x 5 camera—that is to play a part of no small importance in this vacation cruise. As to the canoeists, Viking is an amateur on his first cruise, but destined to go through like an old-timer; Mochdomus is an old rapid runner—veteran of many cruises

Our start at Cumberland is made under favorable circumstances, and is graced by a sprinkling of the small boy, as well as the oldest inhabitant; once afloat our spirits rise in the tones of a bugle, as we dash through a rift of perhaps two hundred yards in length. The river at this point is about fifty yards in width, with a varying depth from a few inches to many feet, and flows with a strong current over a sparkling pebbly bottom.

Our start not being made until afternoon, we find a fine camping spot in the course of a few miles; and, being wearied by a night of railroading, we decide to go into camp and enjoy a good rest; our tent is soon up and the coffee-pot and frying-pan find employment to the satisfaction of our digestive organs, a plunge in the river at our feet, and we lie down under our own roof with the song of a rapid to lull us to sleep.

We are awakened by the return of some fishermen from a down the river night fishing excursion, the result of their efforts being many pounds of catfish and eels. They inform us that the river in front of our camp is a favorite resort of bass fishermen, we act on the suggestion and a delightful breakfast of bass marks the beginning of the day; we pack our duffle in good shape, and push away for a day's run. About noon we reach Old Town, Md., it may be old, but its growth has been decidedly stunted, for a few houses and a store are all that tell the tale; we purchased a few additional provisions, as we know not where night may find us.

The river, though small, is filled with many large islands, which give employment to our judgment in selecting the channel, right or left being the question. Taking the West Virginia side of a rather large island we hear an ominous roar, and note a decided increase in the current; we soon find the reason, as we rush down over a heavy ledge of rock forming, as it were, a natural dam. We long to try it again, but we will no doubt have abundant opportunity to display our nerve in the many rapids we are to encounter daily ere we reach the tide water at home.

One unpleasant feature of this river is the large number of eel racks or fish boxes which obstruct the channel; on the rivers on which the writer has cruised, these abominations have long been unused and are rapidly being destroyed by ice freshets; the State Legislatures have also enacted laws against the use of these dams, erected by covetous men for the wholesale destruction of fish; but, strange to relate, we found the dams on this river in excellent repair, and were informed that in the fall of the year eels are caught in them by the wagon load. A description of these traps, for that is what they really are, might not prove uninteresting, they are constructed of loose stone, collected principally from the bed of the river, and piled up, forming a wall sometimes several feet high; the wall having two wings, arranged in a V shape, with the apex pointing down stream; in this point the basket or box is placed which on this river is a large wooden box, not unlike a wagon body, with the up-river end open, the box being placed at an angle of about twenty-five degrees, the lower end being elevated by posts set in the river bed; of course, fish and eels swimming down stream will naturally make for what appears to be the channel, only to be caught by this unseemly obstruction. It is said that fish make their escape by jumping over the sides or lower end, but eels fall an easy prey. To find a channel sufficiently large for a loaded canoe, over the more than one hundred of these obstructions in low river is no easy matter, in high river they would no doubt make a pleasant little drop.

We reach Great Cacapon, W. V., in the afternoon of our third day, and encounter the first of the large dams erected by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company to furnish water for the canal. The dam is about twenty feet high, and is not provided with either a fish-way or rafting channel (as are the dams on the northern rivers), the reason being the obstruction known as Great Falls, a cataract above Washington City, which effectually prevents fish from running up the stream.

As we cannot shoot a dam of this height, we carry around on the West Virginia side; it is a rather steep carry but not lengthy, an easier way would be to lock into the canal and carry back into the river a short distance below the dam, but the sight of a small rapid just below the dam was the reason for our pursuing the first course. Our camp and paddle down to Dam Number Five, a distance of about thirty miles, proved uneventful and uninteresting owing to the paddle of about ten miles on slack water above the dam, with a strong head wind to retard our progress. This dam is of dressed stone, about twenty-two feet in height; there is not a good carry so we are locked into the canal by the obliging lock-tender; about half-mile below, finding a good carry, we are again on the river; where the horsefly does not molest. This sentence had better be explained; owing to the large strike in the coal mining regions traffic on the canal is suspended, and the myriads of horseflies used to feeding upon the mules of the tow-path are looking for a square meal, so that when we commence our short trip upon that body of water we are immediately given a grateful reception by the hungry flies, and many are the deaths in the incest family, but unpleasant are the thoughts of the canal, which, were it not for these pests, would make nice cruising for a small steam yacht, or the non-rapid running canoeist. Late in the afternoon we reached Williamsport, Md., where we find mail awaiting us and enjoy a little civilization in the shape of ice cream. The small boy in this town collects in quantity and passes many compliments upon the style and speed of our craft, arising from a declination on our part to allow the boys in swimming a chance to connect with the stern of the canoes for a tow; a connection which would, perhaps, have resulted in a rather damp catastrophe.

About twenty-two miles below Dam Number Five we encountered Dam Number Six, of stone construction, and about the same in height as the other dam; we again use the canal, there being a lock into the same about a mile above the dam, the canal company using the level above the dam as a part of their water-way, having the tow-path along the river side; these large stretches of slack water would make a splendid sailing course, but for the paddling canoeist are not enjoyable; about two hundred yards below dam we carry into river, and running a few eel racks reach Shepherdstown, W. Va., about the middle of the afternoon.

The next day being Sunday we decided to remain at this place until Monday morning; so leaving our canoes upon the beach we seek the village and are relieved of our wandering appearance in the form of whiskers; making arrangements at the hotel for our meals, we returned and erected our tent among the rocks, there fortunately being a spot large enough for our small residence. On Sunday we attend the morning services in one of the many churches with which this quiet town is blessed, as we take our seats in church we are surprised to find spittoons in the pews, and they look, too, as if they were in a state of action, surely a distance of a few miles makes a great difference in the habits and customs of our people.

After a quiet rest in the afternoon we decided upon a little walk before supper, there being a wooden dam about a mile below the town that has recently burst in several places, we think it might be well to ascertain our chances of a successful shoot on the morrow. The principal break is a wild-looking opening with plenty of loose timber lying around, but there seems to be a good depth of water with an immensely strong current, so we decided that to run the same, even with the prospect of a swim, is preferable to another canal trip While we engage in speculation the weather man does business, and before we are ready to return a very heavy shower begins operations, we take shelter behind the abutments of the dam, and for a while all is well, but the wind shifts and we receive the water in great quantity. There is no use tarrying here, so we make a run for the hotel, distant more than a mile. A sorry sight we are when we arrive, and the laugh is not on our side; changing our clothes we don knickerbockers and sweaters, and decide that when our dude clothing is dry we will express it home, and do the latter part of our cruise in the present outfit.

As the shower does not relax we spend the night at the hotel, our tent and duffle having been carefully stowed in the canoes in the morning, and they, protected by their covers, are as tight and dry as one could wish. In the morning we have a warm walk to Sharpsburg, Md., where we visit the Government Cemetery at Antietam battle-field, and a sight never to be forgotten is presented as we gaze upon the long lines of small, white headstones, making the last resting-place of the mortal remains of the many gallant heroes that sacrificed their lives in this memorable battle.

A tramp to the bridge over Antietam Creek, known as Burnside's Bridge, where many hundreds perished in a successful attempt to take the bridge from the Confederates, view of the old Dunkard Church, where the heaviest fighting occurred, and a tramp to Bloody Lane completes our visit, and we return with a fair idea of one of the bloodiest battles of the great Civil War.

A start at noon on a very warm day is not desirable, but we must reach Harper's Ferry at night, a few strokes of the paddle, and we are at, in, and through, the dam; a rush it is, with the canoes dropping to the lower part of the broken dam, they strike on the loose frame-work, but the speed is so great that we do not pause for examination. Sponging out the water that has found its way in around our covers, we push rapidly on, about the middle of the afternoon we reached the dam above Harper's Ferry, and left our canoes over, there being insufficient water for a shoot over it, which could be made very nicely on a high river; and now begins our first experience in a large rapid on this river. The channel is literally nowhere, the principal flow of water is on the Maryland side, with small islands scattered here and there, making a miniature of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River; we dash down what is apparently the deeper of the numerous small channels, and, dodging rocks to the right and left, we are soon through the first part of the rapid, which is proabbly two miles long. Arriving at the railroad bridge we tie up the canoes, and proceed to the hotel for supper; our ideas of cruising are to sleep in a tent, and cook our own meals, but when near a village, as in the present instance, by all means to get meals at a hotel, as it saves a deal of time and trouble. We find a suitable camping, or rather sleeping, spot in the evening near a canal lock on the Maryland side, the lock tender kindly offering to "keep his eye" on our canoes during the following day; while we are visiting the historical grounds in this vicinity.

After our morning meal we go by rail to Charlestown, W. Va., the place of trial and execution of John Brown, the history of which all are familiar with we photographed the court-house where the trial occurred, and while thus engaged are accosted by Colonel John T. Gibson, who introduces himself to us, and very kindly offers to point out the places of interest. We visit the spot of execution, which is now marked by the elegant residence of the colonel; after hearing from our escort a brief description of the exciting times we bid farewell to the entertaining gentleman and visit St. George's Chapel, about a mile outside the town. We find the building in ruins, but the sight is well worth the walk, the chapel was erected by the English about 1730 A. D., constructed principally of materials brought over from England.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Caulking Light Planking.

Clayton, N. Y., April 6, *Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the method of caulking, mentioned in the recent articles on the "One Design Canoe," I would say that letters patent were granted to Nelson S. and Edward R. Bowdish on Jan. 18, 1887, No. 356,096, by which the forming a groove by pressing down the fiber along the bottom of the groove in the edges of boat planking in combination with any suitable filling strip or material, whereby the expansion of the fiber so pressed down will expand and render a seam tight when acted upon by moisture, making what we claim is a "self-caulking" seam. We now have full control of the patent, as by virtue of a contract formerly made with the Bowdish manufacturer of Skaneateles, N. Y., all rights reverted to us on Nov. 18, 1894. As to the "special tool" mentioned, it was made by myself about a year ago, and I own the only one in existence, and claim and reserve all rights. I believe it has been decided by the courts that the use of a part of an invention is an infringement of the rights of the patentees. The same holds good, and even in this case we have the matter fully covered; but, if we desired to modify our claims by the use of a special tool we have a year yet to perfect and claim the same. We have, however, the opinion of good counsel that the matter is fully covered and protected. Now, in justice to us, we claim that the permission for a party to make use of the tool and right to make a sample cance does not justify them in the appropriation of more rights than were allowed, neither can they claim more. We do not wish to interfere with or injure any one's business, but we simply wish and intend to claim and maintain our own rights.

N. S. BOWDISH.

War Canoe Racing.

Mr. Chas. E. Archbald, of the Pointe Claire C. C., Montreal, was in Boston last week, and called on Vice-Com. Appollonio. He was much interested in examining the Puritan war canoe, and was anxious to arrange a war canoe race between the crew of his club and any representative American crew. His idea met with great favor among the members of the Wawbewawa War Canoe Association, of Boston, and they are now in correspondence with the Pointe Claire's with a view to making satisfactory arrangements.

The chief difficulty is that all the Canadians race fifteen men crews, while all the war canoes in New England are fitted for nine paddlers, as it is almost impossible to ship by rail canoes over 30ft. in length.

It is hoped that the clubs can agree on the size of the crew to be entered, as a race of this kind would be a great attraction at the A. C. A. meeting on Lake Champlain in August.

The Wawbewawa's now hold the championship of the Eastern Division, A. C. A., and the New England Amateur Rowing Association, and there is no question but that a race between them and the Pointe Claire's would be a fine sight, even more interesting than the very exciting war canoe race at Springfield last May, when the Wawbewawas pulled out first place in so close a race that the five crews could have almost been covered with a blanket at the finish.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division: Chas. D. Heywood, H. M. Chase and Philip H. Thwing, Holyoke, Mass.; James Thompson, Arthur C. Scott and Geo. A. Davis, Worcester, Mass. Atlantic Division: Alfred Oakley, James A. Barker and Geo. T. Holmes. For associate membership: Mrs. C. F. Schuster, Jr., Holyoke, Mass.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The well known fast cruising canoe Francis, of Boston, has been purchased by William J. Marlor, a young canoeist of Lynn, who will rename her Lillian. The Francis is 14ft. long, 32in. beam, and was built by J. H. Rushton, of New York.

The Holyoke C. C. has elected as President, Mr. F. H. Metcalf, and as Secretary, Mr G. L. Emerson. The club now has a membership of 48, and a fleet of 9 canoes. If suitable land can be obtained, the club proposes to build a club house at a cost of $5,000.

Yachting.

FOR OTHER YACHTING NEWS, SEE FIRST PAGE.

FIXTURES.

Season of 1895—Races and Cruises.
* Dates marked thus are unofficial.

APRIL.

19. Musquito Fleet open, Boston Harbor.
18. Corinthian, Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
20. Huguenot cruiser's race, Sound.

MAY.

3. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
4. San Francisco opening, San Francisco Bay.
5. San Francisco open race, San Francisco Bay.
11-12. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
18-19. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island.
18. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
18. Huguenot, cat-boat class, New Rochelle, Sound.
24. Royal St. Lawrence, opening and squadron sail, Montreal.
25-26. San Francisco cruise to Goat Island.
26. California annual regatta, San Francisco Bay.
26. Williamsburg opening sail, Sound.
30. Atlantic opening race, New York Bay.
30. Harlem annual, Sound.
30. Brooklyn opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Audobon annual, Hudson River.
30. Cor., San Francisco race, San Francisco Bay.
30. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.

JUNE.

1. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht classes, Montreal.
1. Cor., Atlantic City record race, Atlantic City.
1. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
1-2. San Francisco cruise to Vallejo, San Francisco Bay.
8. Knickerbocker annual, College Point, Sound.
8. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
8. Huguenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.
8. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Cascade Rapids, Montreal.
11. Atlantic annual, New York Bay.
11. Williamsburg Club, Sound.
13. New York annual, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
15. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht classes, Montreal.
15-16. San Francisco cruise to St. Quentin, San Francisco Bay,
15. Larchmont spring regatta, Sound.
15. Philadelphia annual, Tinicum-Delaware River,

17. Massachusetts open, Nahant-Massachusetts Bay.
17. Cor., Atlantic City special cup, first race, Atlantic City.
22. Yankee Doodle—Norwood race, Hudson River.
22. Douglaston annual, Douglaston Sound.
22. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
22. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
22-23. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
23. California regatta, San Francisco Bay.
24. Seawanhaka Cor. annual, Oyster Bay, Sound.
24. Pavonia annual, Communipaw, New York Bay.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor. annual race to New London, Sound.
29. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
29. Yankee Doodle, Vamoose, Rex. race, Sound.
29-30. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
29. New Rochelle annual, New Rochelle, Sound.

JUNE.

1. Royal St. Lawrence fourth annual, Sir Donald A. Smith Cup, Montreal.
1. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
1. Indian Harbor special, Greenwich, Sound.
3. Seawanhaka Cor. race to Larchmont, Oyster Bay, Sound.
4. Larchmont annual, Larchmont, Sound.
4. Boston City open, Boston Harbor.
4. Lake Michigan Y. R. A. annual, Milwaukee.
4. Cor, Marblehead Club, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
4. Northwestern International Y. R. A. race, Seattle, Puget Sound.
4-7. San Francisco cruise, up river, San Francisco.
5. American annual, Milton Point, Sound.
6. Royal St. Lawrence Commodore's Cup, Montreal.
6. Riverside annual, Sound.
8. Seawanhaka Cor. special, Oyster Bay, Sound.
9. Horseshoe Harbor special, Larchmont, Sound.
10. Huguenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.
11. New York Athletic Club annual, Travers' Island, Sound.
12. Larchmont, 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
Larchmont-Atlantic combined annual cruise.
12. Rendezvous at Larchmont.
13. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Beauharnois, Montreal.
13. Cor., Marblehead first champion, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
13. Hempstead Harbor annual, Sound.
14. San Francisco open race, San Francisco Bay.
15. Savin Hill open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
15. Riverside annual cruise, Sound.
17. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, second race, Atlantic City.
17. Cor., Marblehead cruising and knock-about classes, Marblehead.
20. Sea Cliff annual, Sound.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
20-21. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
21. Cor., San Francisco regatta, San Francisco.
27. Indian Harbor annual, Greenwich, Sound.
27. Quincy, Quincy Point, Boston Harbor.
27. Cor., Marblehead, second champion, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
27. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht class, Montreal.
27. San Francisco club sail, San Francisco Bay.
28. San Francisco outside sail, San Francisco Bay.
30. Cor., Atlantic City annual, Atlantic City.
New York Y. C. annual cruise rendezvous and race, Glen Cove.
July 29. Rendezvous and race, Glen Cove, Sound.
* July 30. First run, Sound.
* July 31. Second run, Sound.
* Aug. 1. Third run to Newport.
* Aug. 2. Goelet Cups, Newport.
* Aug. 4. Fourth run to Vineyard Haven.
* Aug. 5. At anchor, Vineyard Haven.
* Aug. 6.
* Aug. 7.
Aug. Special races at Newport.

AUGUST.

Lake Michigan Y. R. A.

2. Lincoln Park, Chicago.
3. Columbia, Chicago.
7. Racine, Racine.
15. Green Bay, Green Bay.
3. Monatiquot open, Boston Harbor.
3. Shelter Island annual, Greenport, Shelter Island, Sound.
3. Larchmont, 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
3-4. San Francisco chowder cruise to Pinnacle Rock, San Francisco.
13. American open, Newburyport.
14-15-16. Cor., Marblehead mid-summer series, Marblehead Mass.) Bay.
15. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, third race.
10. American special, Milton Point, Sound.
10. Winthrop open, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
10-11. San Francisco cruise to California Y. C., San Francisco Bay.
15. Sea Cliff special, Sound.
17. Huguenot annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
17. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
17. Roton Point Imp. Co. annual, Roton Point, Sound.
17. Cor. open, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
17-18. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
17. Royal St. Lawrence Hamilton trophy, 18ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
19. Manchester open, Manchester, Mass.
24. Norwalk, Norwalk, Sound.
24. Squantum open, Squantum, Mass.
24. Horseshoe Harbor annual, Larchmont, Sound.
24. Cor., Marblehead third champion, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
25. San Francisco open regatta, San Francisco Bay.
29. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, fourth race, Atlantic City.
30. American special, Milton Point, Sound.
31. San Francisco cruise to Benicia, San Francisco Bay.
31. Larchmont, 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
31. Huntington annual, Huntington, Sound.
America's Cup trial races, New York Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

Seawanhaka Cor., 15ft. class, Oyster Bay.
2. New York Y. R. A. annual, New York Bay.
2. Larchmont fall regatta, Sound.
2. Cor., Marblehead Club, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
2. Lynn open, Nahant (Mass.) Bay.
5. Larchmont, 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
7. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
7. New York America's Cup, first race, New York Bay.
—. New York America's Cup, second race, New York Bay.
—. New York America's Cup, third race, New York Bay.
7. Revere open, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
7. Larchmont cabin cat classes, Sound.
8. San Francisco squadron sail, San Francisco Bay.
9. San Francisco sail to Sausclito, San Francisco Bay.
12. Sea Cliff special, Sound.
13. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
14. Larchmont, 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
15. Cor., San Francisco regatta, San Francisco Bay.
21. Huguenot cruiser's race, New Rochelle, Sound.
21-22. San Francisco informal sail, San Francisco Bay.
27. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, fifth race, Atlantic City.
28-29. San Francisco cruise to Petalumna Bridge, San Francisco Bay.

OCTOBER.

6. San Francisco closing sail, San Francisco Bay.
6. California regatta, San Francisco Bay.
12. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
12. Huguenot cruiser race, New Rochelle, Sound.

The mountain, of 325,000 suggestions, has brought forth a very small mouse in the name of the new Herreshoff Cup defender, announced on April 16 in the New York Herald, which conducted the competition. The name chosen by the members of the syndicate, Messrs. Vanderbilt, Iselin and Morgan, is—Defender. The new boat is a defender, and has been so termed, in default of a better name from the first, but there is nothing distinctive or even attractive in a generic term such as this, which has been freely applied for years to Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer and Vigilant. The popular enthusiasm awakened by those names is likely to be lacking in the present case.

Madeline—Countess of Dufferin
Mischief—Atalanta
Puritan—Genesta
Mayflower—Galatea
Volunteer—Thistle
Vigilant—Valkyrie
Defender—Valkyrie III.

In none of the previous races have the names of either defender or challenger been so commonplace, and so poorly calculated to add to the interest of both sides in the races.

There is a ray of hope in the report which comes as we go to press, that the Defender is, after all, to be a centerboard boat and thus "of the national type." The detailed statements of her keel construction are in no way contradicted, but now that the casting for her stem has been seen, it is said that she will have a small auxiliary centerboard forward, to be used if required, as in Pilgrim and Jubilee. This will, of course, make her a centerboard boat, and thus ease the minds of the old centerboard school to a certain extent.

From all reports, the stem and stern of the new boat, both brass castings, are ready, and the frames nearly up, and as the plating and rivets are at the shops, work can be pushed more rapidly from this time on. It is unlikely, however, that the yacht will be afloat before June. In the meanwhile, her crew, under Capt. Haff and Mate Berry, will be at work on board Colonia, which yacht is now fitting out at South Brooklyn. The story published generally a few weeks ago of new spars making at Piepgrass' yard, had no better foundation than the fact that Vigilant's spare spars, stored for two years in the big ship-house, were mistaken by a yachtsman for new. Within a week, however, there have been towed to the yard two large sticks purchased by Mr. Morgan several years since when he talked of putting a cutter rig on Constellation. These sticks have lain in the mud at Erie Basin ever since, but will now be worked up by Piepgrass into mast and boom for the new boat. Mr. N. G. Herreshoff is now at work again, and under the stimulus of his presence the boat will take shape rapidly.

From the remarks, more pointed than polite, of the Boston Herald, it is plain that our comments on its method of printing wild guesses as authenticated facts have hit very near the mark. The Herald makes no attempts to explain why it vouched for 22ft. beam and 23ft. draft one day and for 27ft. beam and 19ft. draft a day later, afterward repudiating the latter beam dimension; but in its accustomed manner it loses its temper and indulges in wild shouts of "Anglo-maniac." This, of course, it intends as convincing evidence that the Herald is right and the Forest and Stream wrong.

Dacotah's races in the Mediterranean have netted her $3,250 in cash, besides "objets d'art," and other valuable prizes. She is now on her way to Glasgow by steamer, her skipper and crew having returned home before her.

On April 11, Vigilant under yawl rig, sailed from Southampton for New York, with a favoring breeze. Upon her arrival, the new centerboard will be shipped, and the yacht at once fitted out for racing.

The art of not racing steam yachts is apparently quite as well understood abroad as in this country; the offer of valuable prizes in the Mediterranean has resulted in several postponements, and finally a so-called race in which Mr. McColmont's Giralda was the sole competitor. This craft covered the 26 1-2 miles at a speed of 22 3-5 knots, something unapproached in this country in a large steam yacht.

The bill now before the New York Legislature would, if enacted, prevent the use of the naphtha launch as a yacht tender, and interfere seriously with the convenience of yacht owners to no good purpose. The New York Times very properly condemns the bill, as follows: "A somewhat absurd measure about naphtha launches pends in the Legislature. It requires anybody who operates a naphtha launch or an electric launch to take out a license as an engineer.

"Now, everybody knows that the main uses of the launch are to serve as a tender to a yacht, or as an adjunct to a country place. The man who runs the launch is commonly a humble sailorman, at $15 a month, who could not pass an engineer's examination, or any other, except perhaps in composing a Mathew Walker. Sometimes he is a gardener, or a man of all work, who could not pass an examination in anything.

"If any owner of launches proposed to carry passengers for hire, it might plausibly be required of him to take out licenses for the men who run his launches. But when he intrusts to the launches only the lives of his family and his guests, the exaction is absurd.

"What could possibly have put it into the head of Assemblyman Gleason to introduce this ridiculous measure? There is no money in it. There is no popularity in it. There is nothing in it."

Isolde.

The trial trip of the new 20-rater Isolde was made on April 8, with Mr. N. G. Herreshoff at the stick. The performance of the yacht was very satisfactory, but in coming to her moorings she touched the bottom. On April 11 she was out again, this time carrying topsail in a fresh N. W. breeze. She will soon be shipped by steamer from New York.

The Yacht Racing Union.

The movement for a uniform arrangement of racing dates, among the Sound clubs, inaugurated some time since, has not only been successful in itself, but has gone much further than its projectors dared to hope, in the organization on a permanent and systematic basis of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound. At the preliminary meetings, though the main topic of discussion was that of non-conflicting fixtures, it was evident that the Sound yachtsmen were in favor of a general union of the clubs; and a special committee, Messrs. F. B. Jones and C. W. Wetmore, was appointed to report on a scheme of organization at a meeting on April 15. The Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. offered its town house as a place of meeting, and on Monday night some twenty-five yachtsmen were present, representing the following clubs: Douglaston by F. E. Barnes; Knickerbocker, O. H. Chelborg Horseshoe Harbor, E. P. Cronkhite; Indian Harbor, F. B. Jones; Seawanhaka Corinthian, O. E. Cromwell; Huguenot, E. B. Hart, Jr.; Waterside, H. A. Irvene; Hempstead Harbor, Ward Dixon; Sea Cliff, L. L. Clark; Larchmont, J. F. Lovejoy; Huntington, J. W. Shepard; Riverside, W. J. Selleck; Yale Corinthian, G. D. Babcock; Pequot Casino Association, L. V. Clark; New Rochelle, J. W. Rough; Harlem, F. W. Cregan and the Corinthian Fleet, E. T. Birdsall. Mr. Crowell presided, Mr. Jones, who has been the moving spirit in the enterprise, acting as secretary.

The report of the committee was read by Mr. Wetmore, and each section was very fully discussed. Some amendments were made, but the proposals of the committee were not altered materially, the rules being finally adopted in the following form:

The name of this organization shall be the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound.

The object of the Union shall be to encourage and promote yacht racing on Long Island Sound.

Any recognized yacht club, in good standing, having a station on Long Island Sound or the waters tributary thereto, between Hell Gate and Race Rock, shall be eligible to representation in the Union.

Each club admitted to the Union shall appoint from its members representatives to the Union, the number of such representatives to be proportionate to the number of each club's members, and to be determined as follows: One representative for each 100 or fraction of 100 members; provided, however, that no club shall be entitled to more than five representatives. Representatives shall be chosen, as far as may be practicable, from the Race or Regatta committees of the club.

The powers of the Union shall be advisory merely, and no club shall be bound by the action of the Union until it has ratified such action.

The affairs of the Union shall be managed by a council of seven of the representatives, who shall be elected annually by the Union as its general meeting. Not more than one representative from the same club shall be eligible to election to the council. Vacancies occurring between the general meetings shall be filled by the council. It shall be the duty of the council to elect clubs to the Union; to appoint special officers and committees; to frame racing rules for adoption by the Union and to arrange dates for racing events; to determine and settle all questions and disputes relating to yacht racing which may be referred to them for decision, and, further, to take such steps as they consider necessary and expedient to carry into effect the objects of the Union. The council shall elect a chairman and a secretary.

There shall be a general meeting of the Union in New York in December of each year, on such days as the council may appoint. The council may call special meetings of the Union whenever they consider it necessary, and shall do so upon the requisition in writing of seven representatives. Representatives from seven clubs shall constitute a quorum at any meeting. The council shall meet at such times and places as they may consider expedient and appoint. Four representatives shall constitute a quorum at any meeting of the council.

The expenses of the Union shall be apportioned pro rata among the clubs composing the membership according to the number of their representatives therein.

Voting by proxy shall be allowed.

Amendments to these rules may be adopted at any meeting of the Union by a two-thirds vote of those present, provided notice of the amendment has been given in the call for the meeting.

A motion was carried, empowering the chairman to appoint a temporary council of seven, including himself, until an election was held.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Jones, and carried after discussion.

Resolved, That it is considered desirable that all yacht clubs on Long Island Sound adopt a uniform set of racing rules; but

Whereas, It is considered impracticable for this season to have the clubs change their rules, so that they shall conform exactly in all details, it is recommended that for the present the different clubs amend their rules only in so far as to make them agree upon the following points:

That all yachts be classified according to their racing length.

That the system of measurement be of length and sail area as per the formula, load water line plus the square of the sail area divided by two, equals the racing length.

That open yachts sailing with fixed and with shifting ballast be classed separately.

That crews shall be limited.

That a uniform time allowance table be used.

That a uniform system of race signals be used.

The committee also presented a paper in which the organization of the Union and the adoption of the rules was set forth; this paper being signed by such delegates as were fully empowered to act for their clubs. In the case of other clubs, the action of the meeting will be laid before them for their indorsement. The full schedule of racing dates will be published about May 1. Resolutions of thanks to the committee for its work, and to the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. for the offer of its house were adopted.

After the business was concluded, Mr. Cromwell invited the delegates to the dining-room, where a supper was served.

Early Centerboards.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If any good Americans are in distress over the prospective abandonment by their countrymen of the centerboard in yachts, it may relieve them to know that the centerboard is, in all probability, the invention of a Scotchman, at least the earliest adaptation of the invention in this State, of which I have ever read, took place in this quarter of the State about ninety-five years ago on Seneca Lake, and the man who built the boat was Captain Williamson, who at the time was agent for the European owners of the celebrated Putteney estate, including the site of this city Reference to the centerboard is found in a book of travels, printed in London by an Englishman, John Maude, who in detailing incidents of a trip through this region in 1800, mentions something known as a "jumping keel," which Captain Williamson was then putting in a boat. The book is not at hand, but my recollection of the passage satisfies me that the centerboard exactly as it is to-day, was put in use by Captain Williamson in 1800. Whether he invented the contrivance or merely adapted the idea of some one else was not stated by Maude.

If Captain Williamson was the "original and first inventor" of the device, while there may be some satisfaction in knowing that it was produced on our soil, our patriotic ardor may be cooled by the other fact that he was of foreign birth, and started for this country as a captain in the service of George III., to assist in putting down certain trouble in his majesty's colonies. An American snip captured Williamson's on the sea, and he was held as a prisoner in Boston during the War of Independence. But he became a naturalized citizen of the United States, and appears to have been a high-minded and able man.

I do not know that the bulb-fin is claimed as an American invention, but if it is the claim will have to go back over fifty years, for I have assurance from a perfectly trustworthy authority that a boat having that device attached was built on the Slaney River, Ireland, and sailed in St. George's Channel, off the Wexford Coast, prior to 1845. The builder, whose name was Lewis, was owner of a cotton mill, at Clairmon, on the Slaney.

EDWARD REDMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 6, 1895.

[The centerboard, in one form or another, was known prior to this date, 1800.]

The Centerboard in Cup Defense.

The quick passages of Vigilant and Lasca last year, and the slower one of Valkyrie, were duly exploited at the time as convincing evidence of the superior speed of centerboard craft, regardless of the details of model and centerboard; the two centerboard yachts made quick passages, the keel yacht a slow one; ergo, the centerboard gives speed. The radical differences between the deep-bodied Lasca with a wooden board and no keel, and the semi-fin Vigilant, with excessive depth of keel and loaded board were conveniently overlooked. The return voyage of Vigilant, begun this week, is likely to give more convincing proof of the demerits of the keel type, as this yacht is now a keel boat without a centerboard and with the slot blocked up temporarily. Should she, as is more than likely, encounter bad weather and westerly winds in place of the favoring conditions which attended her last spring, she may take nearer thirty days than twenty to cross, which would furnish a clinching argument against the speed of keel boats. We are not aware how much the centerboard was used in the passage from New York to Glasgow probably little or none, but in the minds of many the argument is just as convincing: with her centerboard snugly housed in the trunk, she is indubitably a centerboard boat, in spite of six feet of keel; with the same board at the bottom of the Solent, and the slot blocked up, she becomes, of course, a keel boat.

The question which we recently touched on is very ably handled by the Boston Globe, as follows:

Since yachtsmen and others interested in the defense of the America's Cup have become satisfied that the new Herreshoff Cup defender is a keel boat, and that in all probability she will be the one selected by the Cup Committee, there have been many expressions of regret that the Cup defense was to be left this year to a keel boat, and that the centerboard, the "national type," which had proved so successful in previous contests, had been abandoned. Predictions of dire failure have also been made because of this change of type, and to many of the most ardent centerboard adherents, the Cup seems already in the hands of the Royal Yacht Squadron. A little careful consideration of the question will show, however, that the charge of abandoning for the first time the "national type" does not hold good, and at the same time will give promise not only of the fastest America's Cup defender yet turned out, but also of successful Cup defense.

The original American centerboard was a beamy, shallow-hulled boat, with all her ballast carried inside. She was largely dependent upon her beam for her stability and power, and was undoubtedly fast in many conditions of wind and weather. The first prominent departure from the type was Puritan, a boat which at 22ft. beam retained much of the breadth of the type, but which, with a draft of 8ft., and with 27 of the 48 tons of lead ballast carried on the keel, was a decided admission of the value of outside lead as taught by Madge and other British racing craft. She was

indeed, a compromise between the "plank on edge" and the "skimming dish," in which the good points of each were combined. The success of the compromise type was demonstrated in the defeat of Genesta, the fastest English cutter of her day.

A further development of the compromise type is found in Mayflower, a boat with about the same proportion of beam, but with a foot and a half more draft and about 40 of her 50 tons of lead ballast on the keel. Still further development of the type was Volunteer, with 23ft. beam and 10ft. draft, about those of Mayflower, but with all of her 55 tons of lead carried very low down by reason of her steel construction.

The value of the type was again demonstrated in the Thistle contests, for although England had dropped her cramping tonnage rate and had produced a beamy boat whose speed was phenomenal in her own country, yet the American boat was easily superior in both light and heavy weather. Volunteer was in her day undoubtedly the best representative of the centerboard type ever built, and in so far as the type is to be considered a "national" one, she can stand as a model.

But in the next Cup contest, that of 1893, was the "national" type adhered to, and was Vigilant such a centerboard as that upon which Americans, with Volunteer in mind, were pinning their faith? Again, a little consideration will show that a departure was made, and that she was not such a centerboard, although she was a development of the idea, which produced the famous Burgess trio.

On practically the same water-line as Volunteer, Vigilant had a beam of 26ft. and a draft of 13ft. 6in., with about 70 tons of lead. Her centerboard was not much more than half the size of Volunteer's, and was heavily weighted, to act as ballast as well as to hold the yacht up to windward. She was, indeed, a "centerboard," but hardly of the Volunteer type, since she had three feet and a half more draft than that boat, and also over a foot more draft than the America, the keel boat which originally won the Cup, or than the keel Schooner Sappho, which once successfully defended it.

Vigilant was a fast boat, and did her appointed work well, but she was far from the "national" type, as represented in Volunteer, and was far more of a keel than a centerboard boat in design. That she would have done well as an out-and-out keel of a bit more draft, the performances of Colonia show.

Here was the first departure in Cup defense building, and in considering this year's boat, those who pin their faith to the centerboard boat simply because she is a centerboard, should bear the fact in mind.

So much for the "national" type and the first departure from it; now for this year's "departure."

The gentlemen who have had the most experience with Vigilant are N. G. Herreshoff, the boat's designer, and C. Oliver Iselin, who managed her in 1893 and sailed on her in English waters in 1894, and who is now manager of the syndicate for which the new Cup defender is being built.

In seeking for a faster boat than Vigilant these gentlemen have turned to the keel type, and it is not supposable that this has been done without full consideration of all Vigilant's merits as well as faults, and of all plans which should retain the centerboard as a factor.

The adoption of the keel shows almost conclusively that Mr. Herreshoff saw no such increased speed in an improved Vigilant as in a keel boat developed from his experience in Wasp, Colonia and the fin-keels. He was looking for the fastest possible boat, and evidently saw it in a keel.

Mr. Iselin has just as evidently agreed with him, and the new Cup defender is the result. It will be very strange if Mr Herreshoff cannot turn out a much faster boat than Colonia, which lacked only the ability to hold on to windward to make her the equal, if not the superior, of Vigilant.

As to what the new boat really is in confirmation of the hopes and expectations of greater speed, there is this to be said, that on about 24ft. beam and 19ft. draft here has been designed a keel boat, which, as has already been outlined in these columns, is of the fin-keel type, while retaining the ordinary form of construction; a boat of greater power on apparently little increased displacement; a boat with many of the characteristics which make the fins so speedy, and yet one which retains the high power and big sail plan which experience seems to show as a winner in the larger classes.

She will undoubtedly be faster than Vigilant, or any development of the Vigilant centerboard type which her designer could figure out. Whether she will be fast enough to defend the Cup is another question, but, if she fails, it will not be because, she is a departure from the "national" type, but because she is not the fastest keel boat which can be turned out.

There is reasonable hope for her success, admitting even Ailsa's speed, and the Cup is not yet lost, even though it be in danger, and it should be remembered, too, that Mr. Burgess had a strong leaning toward the keel boat in spite of his success with the centerboards, and would very much have liked to make the experiment in a large boat.

As to whether or not a centerboard of the national type, as represented in the Burgess trio, could be made to beat the modern keel or fin-keel, widely divergent opinions are held by those who make a study of designing, and who are not swayed by any prejudice for or against the centerboard on any sentimental grounds of "national" use.

Those who believe in the centerboard type found much more encouragement in Jubilee than in Vigilant, but even in the former the centerboard had dwindled to such a small auxiliary compared with its original prominence, as to raise the same doubts as to value of the boat as a keel as were raised in Vigilant's case.

The hope of those who are lamenting the departure from the "national" type, would appear to rest, therefore, on the making of such an improved Volunteer as would beat the latest development in the keels. There was, indeed, a movement here in Boston, a few weeks ago, to do something of the kind, but it has apparently followed the Jubilee movement, and come to nothing.

Matters had progressed so far as to get estimates of the cost, but, for some reason, the proposed syndicate was abandoned.

What the boat would have been, beyond the fact of a beamy craft of no greater draft than Volunteer, the writer does not feel at liberty to say, although he has some fairly correct information, but he can say that she would have been of steel, and would not have cost a third as much as the new Cup defender, and that her design was thought a most promising one by many men high up in the yachting world.

All Boston yachtsmen will regret the failure of this effort, in which, perhaps, the lack of sufficient time was a factor.

The report alluded to in the above has appeared in most of the New York papers, the Herald's version of it being as follows:

"The month of March might have created a sensation in the yachting world. During that time, and while the yachtsmen of the country were anxiously awaiting the announcement that the Jubilee would be put in commission this year and continuously raced, there was formed in Boston a syndicate to build a Cup defender. The greatest of possible secrecy was observed by all interested, and their plans were matured so quietly that the outside world knew nothing of the important business that had thus been transferred. At the last moment, however, just as the stroke that would have set all the machinery in motion was to have been made, the syndicate disappeared, and the project died as quietly as it was born, and no stone seems to have been raised to mark the resting-place of an idea and proposal that would have astonished the country.

"This Cup defender, the second, it had been determined by the syndicate, was to have been a boat in the style of the craft that finds favor about Lake Minnetonka—that is, those of the extreme skimming dish variety. She was to have been 80ft. on the water-line, 25ft. beam, to carry 13 tons of lead outside and to draw 4ft. of water. She was, in addition, to be fitted with a small rig, in order that she might claim a very large time allowance from opponents on two counts—being shorter in length and having a greatly reduced sail spread.

"The sum of $35,000 had been promised by the syndicate, but there are reasons for believing that she could have been built for $25,000. In fact, the best builder in Boston offered to take the contract for that amount, and make her of composite construction. Such a vessel as that proposed, manned by a crew of about fifty men, would sail really fast in a selected wind and water, but without exhibiting the least prejudice in the matter, those that now know of the scheme proposed are earnest in their expressions of thankfulness that the courage of the syndicate gave out as it did, for the introduction of such a craft into the field to be tried with the Cup candidates would not have been a matter of congratulation, particularly when she is compared with the yacht ordered by the New York syndicate to defend the old trophy.

"The Boston boat was to have been designed by Mr. Sidney Burgess, brother of the late lamented Edward Burgess, and he was to have been assisted, so it is reported, by Mr. John B. Paine, of Jubilee fame."

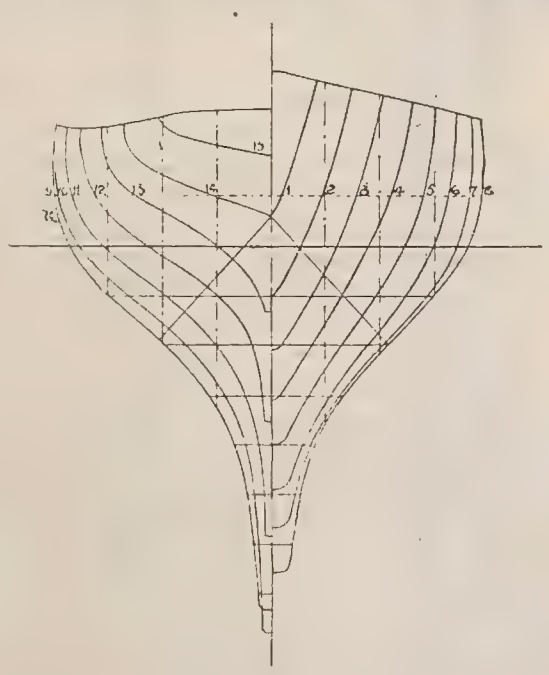
The 40-Rater Varuna.

Those of our readers who have seen the Watson 40-rater, Queen Mab, in American waters during the past two seasons will be interested in the accompanying lines from the year book of the Imperial German Y. C., of a sister-boat, built side by side with Mab at Henderson's yard in 1892 for Capt. J. Towers Clark, and raced by him for two seasons in England before being sold to her present owner, Prince George, of Schaumberg-Lippe. Varuna has the "Dora bow," with a very moderate after overhang and the keel contour in vogue three years since. The influence of the fin-keel is not yet visible in her midship section, there being the fair, sweet curve that was so soon destined to give way to the modern angle, or at least extreme hollow. The dimensions of Varuna are:

Length over all, 77ft. 9in.; length of l.w.l., 60ft. 5in.; beam extreme, 14ft. 6in.; beam, l.w.l., 14ft. 2in.; least freeboard, top of rail, 4ft.; draft, 12ft. 10in.; displacement, long tons, 55ft.; mast from fore end, l.w.l., 19ft. 3in.; mast deck to hounds, 40ft.; masthead, 8ft. 10in.; topmast, heel to truck, 34ft. 5in.; bowsprit, over all, 24ft.; bowsprit, outboard, 14ft. 6in.; spinaker boom, 41ft.; topsail yards, 29ft. 6in.—16ft. 3in.; mainsail, 2,157sq. ft.; staysail, 400sq. ft.; jib, 417sq. ft.; club topsail, 551sq. ft.; spinaker, 1,372sq. ft.

The Y. R. A. measurements in 1892 were: l.w.l., 59.17; sail area, 4,045.

Both Varuna and Queen Mab are of composite construction like the new Cup challenger now on the stocks at the same yard. In Varuna, the keel is of American elm, with a 1-2-in. steel plate keelson, the steel angle frames being 2 3-8 x 2 x 3-16in., spaced 18in. The reverse frames extend up to the cabin floor beams, and to the sheerstrake at the chain-plates for main shrouds and runners. The deck-beams and cabin-floor beams are located on each alternate frame, the former 3 x 2 1-2 x 5-16in., and the latter 2 1-2 x 2 1-2 x 3-16. The deck-beams are tied to the frames by gusset plates, 12 on each arm. The sheerstrake is 12 x 1-4in., and the stringer plate 8 x 1-4in., while the diagonal straps across the frames and



deck-beams are 4 I-8 x 1-8in. Wherever possible, the sheerstrake, stringer plate, etc., are perforated with large round or oval holes to save weight. The lead keel is fastened by Delta metal bolts. The stem, stern and deadwoods are of oak, the bottom planking of American elm, and the topsides, from the bilge upward, of 2-in. teak. The decks are of white pine, 2 x 3in., the bulwarks, plank-sheer and deck joinerwork of teak, and the rail of American elm. The spars are of Oregon pine and spruce.



VARUNA—SAIL PLAN.

Cruise of the White Squadron.

A morning in March, a smoky sou'-wester, the sky full of flying sand, the water flecked with white caps; three little yawl-rigged cruisers fighting their way to the south'rd; the Florida, Capt. G.; the Santa Maria, Com. R.; and, last, and least, the Kingfisher.

The start was made about nine A. M. on March 13; and, to say the least, was not encouraging, for after a hard day's work we only made twenty miles, which brought us to Clearwater.

March 14 came out bright, and with an early start we pushed out of the pass for a run outside. But our old enemy, the sou'-wester, soon made itself felt, and after an hour's sloppy work the Florida turns tail for the pass. The Kingfisher follows, and the two are soon working down inside, leaving the Santa Maria to fight it out alone. The narrows are soon reached, and after a little monkeying among the oyster bars and mudflats they slide through into Boca Ceiga Bay.

Here we get a glimpse over the land of the Santa pegging away at the head sea outside. We run by John's Pass, starting a noble flock of white pelicans which with numberless beach birds, gulls, etc., are having quiet a dinner on the flats.

Blind Pass is reached, and we come to, to wait for the Santa Maria.

One of the party goes ashore, but soon returns, all excitement. "Quail," he shouts, as soon as he gets within hearing.

Out come the guns, and away they go. Two shots are fired, when a settler waits on the party with the information that the place is private property, and that the quail are plants. He calls their attention to notices posted about to that effect. Shooting being out of the question, all hands turn their attention to fishing. They are fairly successful, and night comes to a tired and satisfied party.

But night does not bring the Santa; morning, and thick, no Santa.

All hands go fishing, except the skipper of the Kingfisher, who makes sail and starts back up the bay, looking for the missing boat. She is found near John's Pass, and brought into the fold, when the three again spread their wings and head to the south-'rd.

A breezy dash to windward through the bay, and dinner at Pass-a-grille.

Some go ashore to look at the cocoanut grove on Pine Key. Some bathe, some eat and some smoke, but all are soon ready for the run down inside Pine Key and through into Swan Lake. Sunset finds us all at anchor in a little cave under Mullet Key, and after supper visiting is the order; some of the older ones play cribbage, but the rest are willing to spin yarns and smoke.

Our party consists of G. and W. in the Florida, Com. R., two gentlemen from Verona, and the lone fisherman in the Santa Maria, while the Kingfisher carries Mr. B. and Mr. D. and the skipper. In the morning it is up and away for Sarasota. Mr. B. decides to go in the Florida, so he can get satisfaction from W. for the beating at cribbage last night.

We are soon off, the wind is very light and the sea heavy. The Florida takes the lead, and soon opens a wide gap between her and the Kingfisher, while the Santa brings up the rear.

The skipper of the Kingfisher would wait for the Santa, but one of his party is on board the Florida, and so he keeps going. Sunset comes just below the long bar in Sarasota Bay, the boats from three to five miles apart.

The Kingfisher pulls along, making Sarasota lights at eight o'clock, where she finds the Florida at anchor. Mr. B. having gone ashore.

In the morning the Florida starts for the pass for an outside run to Little Sarasota, the Kingfisher starts up the bay looking for the Santa. The Santa is discovered at Palm Beach, where they have landed and are making inquiries after the fleet. Together the two boats start for Big Sarasota Pass, the wind drops almost entirely as they reach the pass, and the heavy swell resulting from the long sou'-wester, is to say the least very unpleasant. But they get out after a while, and drift and sail by turns, reaching Little Sarasota Pass about 4 P. M. They find the Florida just outside, and all go up to "Webbs" together. Oysters are plenty, and we have a supper fit for anybody.

In the morning down to the pass for fishing. This is, no doubt, one of the best fishing points on the coast, and one of the best places for tarpon; there have been many caught here, and of a large size.

We were too early for tarpon, but as there was only one in the party who would take the trouble to fish for them, it was no disappointment.

I have often wondered where the fun of tarpon fishing came in. I have caught several, and for choice would as lief hook a shark; for me there is more sport in a two-pound channel bass than in a hundred-pound tarpon. All that is required for the latter is patience and a long line. That's enough for tarpon. There are people who like to fish for tarpon, and they might do worse.

Fishing at the pass was poor this year. We did not get many fish, but we did have a heap-o'-fun.

Night came, and back we go to Webbs! Some of our party go ashore for a chat with the ladies, one of whom calls us, "The White Squadron," hence the title to this story. Morning again. The Florida decides to go on inside to Casey's Pass, the Santa goes outside to Big Sarasota, while the Kingfisher wants to go through the mangroves, partly to see the place and partly to interview an old acquaintance of one of the crew. Night finds us at Sarasota. Santa and Kingfisher, Florida to be heard from.

With the day comes squally weather, but we push on up the bay until we reach Long Boat Inlet, where squalls and rain bring us to for a while. Working between the showers we reach the entrance to the bay in time for dinner. While at dinner the Florida puts in an appearance, having made the run outside. Her skipper getting lonesome had turned to find the fleet. Dinner is over, and we are away for Manatu, the wind is sou'-west and a-booming. The Florida under jib and dandy, the Santa and Kingfisher under reefed mainsail.

We go up the river flying, the Santa stops at Braidentown, while the others head for Braiden Creek, half-way, and a heavy squall overtakes us, we run for shelter and came to under the lee of a wharf. We barely get anchors down when it reaches us,

blowing great guns for a few minutes, and then all over. We soon reach the creek, go up and look over the old castle, pick orange blosssoms and amuse ourselves generally.

All night it blows hard, in the morning a heavy norther makes it unwise to start down the river, so we decide. Some stay by the boats, while the others go for a ramble. About ten o'clock along came two of the Santa's crew, having walked up from below. Later come more, and finally they are all back with pockets full of oranges and heads full of legends of the old castle.

Toward night the wind moderates sufficiently for us to run to Braidentown, where we lay in a new lot of stores. An early start across the bay, wind is N. E. and fresh, sea heavy. The Santa holds up for Bush Key, while the others run outside of Mullet Key and over the shoals to Blind Pass, which they reach in time for a late dinner. After dinner the Florida pushes on for John's Pass, while the crew of the Kingfisher go fishing. About sunset along comes the Santa. Comes near enough for a hail, and then crowds on for the upper end of the bay.

The Kingfisher is left alone, but that is not much, the fishing is good and the weather is fine.

We monkey about until dark, get supper, smoke, read and turn in.

In the morning D. starts for shells; he is back at breakfast-time with his minnow bucket half full of the little Panama shell, the prettiest shell on the coast of Florida. After breakfast we interview the fishermen, of which there are two camps here, and at ten o'clock A. M. up sail and away.

D. wants some birds, and so we head off into the narrows, running as far as Indian Pass, where we get dinner—cooking the last of our oysters. D. eats so many that he has to let out his belt. While the oysters are frying, however, D. goes out and gets a batch of beach birds, thirty in two shots. The tide is too low to go through the narrows so we pull out of the pass and turn up along the beach. Little Pass is ten miles away. We make it in two hours and twenty minutes, and arrive at Dunechir in time for supper.

We find the Santa at her moorings, while the Florida has gone on for Tarpon Springs.

To-night it rains a little, and in the morning the weather looks thick, and makes us think we are fast for the day. However, at 10 A. M. it brightens enough to warrant a start, and with varying fortunes we pick our way over the flats, and are up to the Anclote River.

The tide is ebb, of course, but with patience and a good pole we make out to reach our berth at dark, tired, but, on the whole, satisfied.

The sails are furled, and with the last rope coiled down the skipper says to all:

Good-night.

TARPON.

The Imperial German Y. C., 1895.

If the year books of the Imperial Yacht Club of Germany are to be taken as evidence, German yachting is in a flourishing and prosperous condition, not only does it enjoy the active favor of royalty, but popular support as well, while the many craft of the smaller sizes which have existed for some years have of late been supplemented with larger and faster yachts, which carry the white and black standard into foreign waters. Like its predecessors, the year book for 1895 is a handsome volume, bound in blue, with the club burgee in silver and black on the cover; and well printed. The first part contains the list of members, etc., and the record of meetings and races with details of club business. The second part contains the programme for the coming season, the third part contains accounts of the cruises and races of eighteen of the club yachts during 1894; the fourth part is devoted to the German Sailing Union, while the fifth part, as usual, contains the lines and description of some of the noted club yachts. The officers of the club are: Commodore, H. I. M. William III.; Vice-Commodore, H. R. H. Prince Henry of Prussia, and Secretary, Count Hahn. The membership, at the first of the present year, was no less than 826. The fixtures for the year are: Opening sail, Saturday, May 18; Kiel Week, June 23-29, closing sail, Saturday, Sept. 7. A feature of the book that will commend itself to all interested in yachting is the final part, containing the lines of yachts Those illustrated this year are the Watson 40-rater Varuna, which we reproduce this week, a fin-keel, Commodore, of German design and build, a comfortable, flush-decked boat of about 36ft. l.w.l., with good accommodation; and the Herreshoff fin-keel, Gudruna, now owned by Prince Henry, but known to Americans as Wenonah, the very fast 2 1-2-rater, which preceded Dacotah on the Clyde. Among other less noted yachts, the fleet of the Imperial Y. C. now includes Meteor, ex-Thistle, Varuna, Lais, Irene, and the new 20-rater now building at the Germania Works for the Emperor, from Mr. Watson's designs, to which will soon be added the Herreshoff 20-rater Isolde.

Atlantic—Larchmont Cruise.

The following programme for the combined cruise of the Atlantic and Larchmont clubs has been arranged by the joint committee, Vice-Com. Adams and John L. Bliss, of the Atlantic Y. C., and Augustin Munroe, J. F. Lovejoy and Fleet Captain George A. Cormack, of the Larchmont Y. C. The rendezvous will be at Larchmont on July 12, the date of the schooner race for the Drexel cup. A meeting of captains will be held in the evening on board the Larchmont flagship Ramona. On July 14 the fleet will run to Black Rock, lying over Sunday and sailing on July 15 for New London. July 16 will be spent in New London harbor, running to Shelter Island next day, and lying at anchor on July 18-19, and disbanding on July 20.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The new 34ft. class is gradually taking shape, though strange to say, all of the boats thus far, with one exception, are centerboards. An order has been placed lately with Hanley, the noted builder of the Cape cats, for a 34-footer for the Hanan Brothers, who have owned and raced so successfully for several seasons the Hanley Cat Almira. The new boat will be a powerful craft, of the Cape type, with sloop rig. The boat for Mr. Tyson is now well along at Mumm's yard, Bay Ridge; Lawley has one in hand for J. E. Rothwell, Webber is building one for F. M. Freeman, owner of Madrine, and McGiehan is building one for Commodore James D. Smith. Mr. J. F. Ackerman, of the Atlantic Y. C., having sold his Sloop Iola, has ordered a keel yawl 45ft. over all, 30ft. l.w.l. 1,2ft. beam and 5ft. 5in. draft, from a design by Gielow, which will be built by Abramson, at South Brooklyn, and will come within the limits of the class.

Duquesne, steam yacht, built for Mr. Theodore Hostetter, of Pittsburg, Pa., was launched at the Herreshoff Works on April 6. She is 130ft. over all, 110ft. l.w.l., 15ft. beam and 5ft. 6in. draft.

The annual meeting of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. was held on April 6, the following officers being elected: Com., H. F. Hewlett; Vice-Com., Louis Bossert; Fleet Capt., Benj. F. Daly; Fin. Sec., L. D. Burnham; Rec. Sec., Louis Pflug; Meas., Jacob Van Alen; Fleet Surgeon, J. Frank Valentine, M. D.; Board of Trustees, Philip Liebinger, F. A. Myer, Charles Engert, Theodore Englehardt, C. C. Pearsall, Charles L. Smith, Joseph Rolino, William Shear and M. H. Christopher; House Committee, George Becker, Charles T. Krauss and John G. Landman. The club has a fleet of forty-six yachts, and a membership of one hundred and sixty-one.

The new steel steam yacht building at the Crescent Yard from Mr. Cary Smith's design will be fitted with Almy boilers. She is expected to show good speed in regular service.

On Thursday, April 4, the annual meeting of the Yacht Masters' and Engineers' Association was held at their rooms, Tebo's Pier, South Brooklyn, the following officers being elected: Pres., George E. Wicks, master, steam yacht Electra; Vice-Pres., W. H. H. Curtis, master, steam yacht Nourmahal; Sec., John Leonard, chief engineer, steam yacht Utowana; Treas., J. George Hermes, chief engineer, steam yacht Corsair; Trustees, Ervin T. Johnson (chairman), chief engineer, steam yacht Sapphire; W. H. H. Curtis, master, steam yacht Nourmahal; David A. North, chief engineer, steam yacht Electra; A. C. Fickett, master, steam yacht Orienta, and Charles E. Bailey, master, steam yacht Corsair.

Sylvia, steam yacht, is on the ways at Mather & Wood's yard, Port Jefferson, for general overhauling and alterations to her interior. She will be fitted with electric lights, and the deck-house will be enlarged, and other changes made.

Drusilla, fin-keel sloop, has been sold by L. M. Rutherford to A. G. Tyler, of New London.

At Thatcher's yard, New Haven, a centerboard cutter, designed by Arthur Binney, is now under way, the owner being Robert M. Burwell, of New Haven. The yacht is 44ft. 6in. over all, 27ft. 9in. l.w.l., 10ft. 6in. beam, and 5ft. 3in. draft, without board, the lead keel weighing 1,100lbs.

The Hoboken builder, A. Hansen, has on the ways a large cabin cat, said to be for use on the Gulf of Mexico, by a New Orleans yachtsman. She is 28ft. over all, 24ft. l.w.l., 11ft. 6in. beam, and 2ft. 6in. draft. She has 1ft. 8in. freeboard at the lowest point.

Visitors to the World's Fair, in 1893, who remember the handsome steam yacht Oneida, built in that year by the Marine Iron Works, will be interested to learn that the yacht has lately been added to the fleet of the Southern Y. C. of New Orleans, having been purchsed by Col. Eugene May, of that city. In order to fit her for her new use, being originally fitted for service in connection with the Fair, many alterations were necessary, and these have been carried out very perfectly by Messrs. Lhote & Co., of New Orleans, from designs by Mr. James M. Parmelee. The open spaces forward and aft have been converted into pilot-house, and galley, and into a saloon and toilet-room, the interior being conveniently arranged and elegantly finished.

The Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, has arranged the following programme for the season: First event, club race for fifth-class sloops, sarting at 2 P. M., Saturday, June 1, over the club course, the direction to be governed by the wind, two prizes; second event, the annual club race, open to all, to Michigan City, Saturday, June 15, the start to be made at 1 P. M., three prizes; third event, the annual Milwaukee regatta, July 4, given under the rules of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, to all boats belonging to the association, by the Milwaukee Yacht Club; fourth event, Lake Michigan Yachting Association race at Chicago, given by the Lincoln Park Yacht Club, Friday, Aug. 2; fifth event, Lake Michigan Association regatta at Chicago, given by the Columbia Yacht Club, Saturday, Aug. 3; sixth event, Lake Michigan Yachting Association regatta at Racine, given by the Racine Yacht Club, Wednesday, Aug. 7; seventh event, Lake Michigan Yachting Association regatta at Green Bay, given by the Green Bay Yacht Club, Thursday, Aug. 15; eighth event, the annual club race, for all classes, Saturday, Sept. 14. In addition to the regattas there are the opening squadron review and sail to South Chicago, May 30. Ladies' day in July, with a cruise, and the final review at the end of the season in Sept., ending in a clambake.

Important alterations have been begun on the town house of the New York Y. C. on Madison avenue. The furniture, pictures and models have been temporarily stored, and the house will be closed for two months. During this time the basement will be enlarged and refitted, and the entire house will be remodelled and newly decorated. The club will probably establish a station at Atlantic Highlands.

Cosette, steam yacht, has been sold by F. L. Osgood, of New London, to C. A. Tatum, of New York. Mr. Osgood recently purchased the steam yacht Fedalma of Com. Brown.

On April 13 the members of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. filled the parlors of the club house to hear what proved to be a very interesting lecture by Mr. E. B. Dunn, on weather forecasts and storms. After the lecture a quarette of colored gentlemen amused the club with songs and stories, a supper being served at a late hour.

We have received from the publisher, Horace Cox, London, the edition of the "Yacht Racing Calendar and Review for 1894." The book is a reprint of the reports of the year's racing, compiled from the Field, by Mr. Dixon Kemp. The present volume is specially interesting as a record of Vigilant's racing abroad, charts of all the courses and full reports of each race being given.

At a meeting of the Carolina Y. C. on March 6, the following officers were elected: Com., Edw. H. Simons; Vice-Com., Charles E. Prioleau; Sec., Wm Lowndes; Treas., W. D. Middleton; Meas., M. de L. Haig; Fleet Surgeon, P. G. De Saussure, M. D.; Solicitor, George M. Trenholm; Boat Master, Wm. Jennings; Executive Committee, James Armstrong, H. M. Tucker, J. S. Harleston, R. B. Lebby, F. Y. Porcher, H. M. Tucker, Jr., F. Q. O'Neil and D. E. H. Mannigault. Two new yachts have been added to the fleet, and the club is in a flourishing condition.

Steam Launches.

Marine Iron Works, Chicago, have just issued their 1895 catalogue, mailed free.—Adv.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1895.

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For Subscription and Advertising Rates see Page ix.

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BUCK FEVER.

Our valued, esteemed, and usually deferred to correspondent "Kingfisher," took occasion a week or two ago to carp at the use of the term "buck fever," to signify the perturbation, excitement, agitation and helplessness which on occasion overcome a hunter. The proper designation of the malady, says he, is not "buck fever," but "buck ague," and he adds that our fathers called it "buck ague."

Did they? We have not that intimate knowledge of the ways of speech of past generations to determine whether "Kingfisher" is correct here or mistaken. A reference to Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms," and that should be good authority, gives "buck fever," defined as "the agitation of inexperienced hunters, caused by seeing a deer or other large game." He quotes one of 'the fathers,' too, Hammond, who in "Wild Northern Scenes." wrote "Smith acknowledged to a severe attack of the buck fever."

Under the reference "Buck Fever," Bartlett says, "The sensation is also called the Buck-ague, the term used by Mr. Kendall, who was so agitated that he missed several fine shots at deer." And he quotes Kendall's "Santa Fe expedition:" "There is a very common disease prevalent among young and inexperienced hunters in Texas, which is known as the Buck-ague."

As for the fathers, then, there is apparently authority for both terms. May it not be that one term was employed in those regions where ague prevailed, and that fever was the expression in other parts of the country? We would be glad to receive any further notes on the subject, and if "Kingfisher" has any fathers in reserve he is invited to produce them.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

Filth and fiction—those are two things that ought not to go together; yet the moralists are now very busy telling us that the fiction which crowds the news stands and book stalls has largely to do with uncleanness. It is filthy, right out and openly, or by veiled suggestion, and not so thickly veiled either that it is not decidedly suggestive. The most discouraging feature of the situation, the complaints affirm, is that the worse the book the more certain and speedy and extensive is its success. Give a dog a bad name and hang him; but give a book a bad name and its sale is assured. This, they aver, is an indication of the moral decay of the age.

Perhaps it is and perhaps it is not. There has never been an age of whose literary phases anything is known, when morally rotten books did not "go," and until human nature shall be supplanted on this globe by something better, such a time will never come in the future.

But there is another and brighter side of the literary phenomena of the day. Crowding the news stands and book counters, shoulder to shoulder with these unworthy products of the pen, and now more sturdy, numerous and popular than everbefore, is the literature of outdoor life and the open air. It is a literature which is of the open and of the woodland, pure and healthful, wholesome to body and spirit. The books and the papers which relate to the streams and the fields, the plains and the mountain peaks, have in them the freshness of the upper air, the clear, clean brightness of the sunshine, the stimulating, uplifting, exalting fragrance of the forest.

We have for years held a theory—which, for years too, has been put so successfully to the test of observation and record that it may be accepted as an established principle rather than a theory—that the spirit which finds pleasure in the sports of the field forbids and precludes a support of the decadent literature of the day. Participation in the innocent pleasures of forest and stream, river, lake, bay and ocean, the rod and gun, oar and sail, works for the upbuilding of manliness, and for the purity of thought and speech, which is a part of manhood. Readers of a sportsmen's journal are not as a class supporters of unhealthy, decadent and filthy fiction.

If you are among those who believe that the world is all the time growing better, you must share the Forest and Stream's faith in a coming correction of the literary conditions of which students of morals complain. The ink-wells of the filth purveyors will go dry, and their pens will corrode; but so long as the trout shall lure the angler to the sparkling waters and the brown feathers hurtling through the cover shall cause the gunner's heart to bound, the journalism of the field will flourish, for the pure entertainment of clean-minded men.

THE NEW YORK ZOO.

The bill incorporating the New York Zoological Society and providing for the establishment of a Zoological Garden in one of the public parts of this city has passed both houses of the Legislature, been submitted to Mayor Strong, approved by him and returned to Albany. It now requires only Governor Morton's signature to become a law.

Any one who doubts the desirability of establishing a suitable Zoological Garden in New York, or who questions the interest felt in such a garden by the public, may satisfy himself on these points by visiting the collection of animals in the Central Park on Sunday. There he will see people of every age, sex and social condition gathered by tens of thousands inspecting the wild animals to be seen there, and taking the greatest interest in them. A good collection of wild beasts, well cared for and suitably labelled, would not only be a constant source of enjoyment to a very large class of our population but would also have an educational influence on them, the value of which can hardly be overestimated.

We have called attention to the fact that in times past the Legislature of New York has given other charters for the establishment of such a garden, and that such charters have been allowed to lapse, presumably because they had no money value. It is believed that the purpose of the incorporators named in the present bill is somewhat higher than this, and that they are looking not so much for an immediate return on the money to be invested, as toward putting on foot a Zoological Society which shall be a credit to the city.

THE SUN IN THE HEAVENS.

The interesting fact was recorded in these columns recently, that in Asia Minor Professor Sayce had discovered some cuneiform records of Nimrod, son of Cush and grandson of Noah, the most renowned hunter of all history. Now comes an announcement from W. M. Flinders Petrie, that some thirty miles north of Thebes he has discovered what he believes to be remains of the Amorites. The mummified bodies show that they were a large and powerful people, with a leg development which would indicate that they were mountain dwellers, as the Amorites are recorded to have been.

We are told in the Book of Joshua that when these mountain men came against the Gibeonites, Joshua was appealed to for help, and straightway gathering his forces hastened to oppose the Amorites. The Israelitish "people of war and all the mighty men of valor," made a great slaughter of the Amorites, chasing them along the way to Beth-horon, and smiting them to Azekah and Makkedah. Then, the day sufficing not for the work of destruction, Joshua commanded the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. "And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. . . . And there was no day like that before it or after it."

This astronomical event of 5,000 years ago has been without parallel through all the ages, only to be eclipsed at last in our own day, and by a woman at that. In the chapters of her "Florida Days," devoted to St. Augustine, Mrs. Margaret Deland, describes the orb of day at sunset as sinking majestically into the sea. The geographical situation of St. Augustine is such, upon the east coast of the continent, that if Mrs. Deland did then and there actually behold the sun disappear into the Atlantic ocean, not only must the luminary have halted in its course, as it did for the Israelites, but it must have turned completely about and taken the back track from west to east. There is nothing in Mrs Deland's further pages to hint that on the next morning the sun failed to rise, as by immemorial custom, out of the east and the ocean.

The New York City Hall, upon whose fine architecture the Forest and Stream offices once looked forth, faces the south. Not long ago the Century Magazine pictured the City Hall, a front view, with the sun smiling serenely in the northwest distance beyond.

It is quite permissible, perhaps, for a gifted writer of books or an artist whose pencil finds acceptance with magazine publishers thus to trifle with the celestial bodies. But when an ordinary everyday man sets out to tell a fishing story, he must walk a straight chalk line of geographical and astronomical accuracy, or swerving from it he is on the instant tumbled into the abyss of ridicule and disbelief.

THE OLD MUZZLE-LOADER.

There are still in use many muzzle-loading shot guns, chiefly among the negroes in the South, and the farmers in the far West. The weapons are so ridiculously cheap that they go into the hands of impecunious shooters who could never dream of raising funds for a breech-loader, inexpensive as some may be.

Here and there, too, an old fogy is found, who still clings to the muzzle-loader for no other reason than that it was the arm he started out with in youth, and what was good enough for him then he thinks is good enough for him now. Quite likely he will stand up for the merits of the antiquated weapon, arguing most stubbornly and perversely but believing quite as firmly that it will shoot harder than any new-fangled gun ever invented.

When you meet such a champion of the arm of antiquity, you find in him a shooting character well worth studying; and you must take him, not indeed critically and without feeling, but sympathetically and with an appreciation of his foibles. Touched on subjects other than guns and shooting, he will perhaps be found quite as old-fashioned in thoughts and ways.

We wish well to every champion of the old time arm. May they all live yet many days to show us what the queer relics can do. Who knows but that some of the youngest of us may yet live to see the time when another generation, equipped with hand artillery not now imagined, shall deride the breech-loader, in our day so esteemed as the final triumph of the gunsmith's art?

DOES A FISH FEEL PAIN?

The subject of the sensitiveness of a fish to pain is one which must often have had the sober thought of an angler loosing the prize from the hook; and now that the problem has been broached anew by our correspondent F. S. J. C., it will be likely to have again that earnest discussion which has been given it from time to time in the past.

We take it, that the average fisherman does not accept the theory that he is inflicting any degree of suffering upon the fish when caught. Certainly the average angler would not view with complacency the struggles and floppings and writhings of his victim, if they were suggestive to him of pain. The most tender hearted people in the world will catch fish, and for them feel never a qualm of remorse or pity. This conduct may not be based on the fact that a fish does not feel pain; but it certainly is founded upon the fact that on the part of the fisherman there is no recognition of any possible pain.

Doubtless most experienced anglers have made numerous observations like those related by our correspondent, tending to show an absence of sensibility in fish.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A WEEK ON JACK'S FORK.

It was to be a week, but it fell short. Human nature is the queerest sort of nature there is. Everybody knows this, so there's no use in proving it. Grove and I had planned this trip, or more properly, a trip, some weeks before, and I said that later in the month was the best time, for the reason that then it would be more comfortable tramping, the game would keep better—for perish the thought that we wouldn't get any—and the mosquitoes, if there were mosquitoes, would be packing their grips for the lower country. But in about a week Grove said he couldn't go so well later, that maybe frost would descend on his sweet potatoes earlier than usual, and so forth and so on, and we must go a week or two earlier. I knew well enough that the fever was bad on him and must be allayed; so one morning two weeks earlier than we should have gone, we set forth in his wagon with the usual outfit and a dog. You should have seen that dog. Grove said that on one side he was setter, and on the other something else, dog or some thing, but I looked on both sides, and end to end and couldn't see any setter. He was reddish brown in color, wire-haired, about as high as a high fox terrier, or maybe a "fice," with collie ears, subdued greyhound nose and tail of pointer and Newfoundland mixed. Grove said he would tree squirrels and mice and keep snakes out of the camp, so we took him along.

We didn't know where to go but we heard about the mouth of Wolf Creek and Harlow's mill and Duggan's Ford, so we shook 'em all up in a hat and drew out Wolf Creek and started thither. It was a lovely day, and the awfulest road for stones that ever was. I think that the farmers had emptied all the stones from their farms into the road, but that is mostly the case in that region, and there were cross roads and forks galore without any guide boards, and the problem at times was very abstruse. We looked at the map before we started and saw that by the compass our course was thereby. Then if we were in doubt any time we pulled the compass and started cross country by that until we found a road that went where we thought it ought to. It was a good ways round sometimes, but we kept going, and along in the afternoon we struck a man who evidently knew what he was talking about, and he set us straight for Wolf Creek. Did you ever notice how many people there are in the world who don't know what they are talking about? I mean in the manner of directing a traveler. Of course in other matters it's just the same. You are in a strange country and you meet a man who has lived thereabout 'steen years, and you inquire the way, and he tells you explicitly, and you understand perfectly, besides noting it with pencil, nd you are much obliged and gratified and satisfied and a great load is rolled away, and good-day, sir; and when you have gone about three miles you come to a road "the third right hand road," and it's right in the middle of a thousand acre forest, and you turn down it and go a half day or so, and come to a house and inquire how far it is to what-you-call-it, and the answer is, "you're on the wrong road, you oughter have taken the next fork when you turned off back yonder;" then you turn back with divers and sundry useless expressions about the mis-director, who forgot all about a road or two, and several glooms settle down and wrap their cold folds about you, and life is a poor, miserable farce, and the little happiness there is in it is 'way down at the further end of an inverted telescope. We have all been there. Once or twice for a spell we struck a fairly smooth road in the afternoon and bowled along at a trot, which lifted a fold or two from the glooms and inspired us with the hope that we should after all find camp on the Fork that evening. And so we did, for as the tired sun sank out of sight we descended from the "breaks" or broken, elevated ridges overlooking the valley we sought, and descending by a tortuous side-hill road, crossed Wolf Creek just above its junction with the Fork, and driving along a tree-shaded road a little way, forded the Fork and went into camp among the sycamores, maples and oaks in the alluvial bottom, a locality strongly suggestive of mosquitoes, but it was suggestion only. We didn't hear a hum. The stars twinkled cheerfully, the fire burned brightly, the coffee pot sent forth vapors aromatic, and the frying pan sizzled appetizingly, and when bed time came we climbed into the wagon box, long and wide, bedded with comfortable straw, and lapping legs, Grove at the fore and I at the rear, with the sound of the ponies munching their fodder for a lullaby, we passed into the land of dreams.

Next morning, while the gray of the dawn was struggling with the shades of night, I slid down from my nest, and taking my gun, went down stream while Grove went up. The woods looked decidedly squirrelly, and the slopes of the hills and an occasional corn-field bordered by woods whispered of the skulking turkey, but though I carefully crept about, I came within one of drawing a blank.

I tramped that bottom long and well;
I hoped to pocket sundry slain,
I didn't: but one squirrel fell
Bleeding, but out of pain.

Then I went to camp, and when Grove returned with a worse record, or as the base ballers say, a "goose egg, we ate my squirrel and each took his way again. Grove up Wolf Creek and I up on to the breaks. But while we were eating breakfast, lo, from up the valley and evidently close by, came the well known, Hi! Yi! Yi! of the Missouri farmer or his boy, dogging the hogs out of the corn-field, for it's usually easier to dog the hogs than to fix the fence. I turned my eye mournfully at Grove and said: "Have we come all the way to Jack's Fork to seek game in a farmer's barnyard?" And he quoth, "It seems yes."

I climbed the hills and ranged the ridges, and searched afar through the vistas of the wood, and threaded the ravines, and came around to the stream a mile or two below camp, and maryandered back along the bottom to camp with two fox and one gray squirrel and no turkeys, and when Grove had returned with three grays and the same number of turkeys, we cooked some squirrels and other things and went fishing. Between us we caught a goggle-eye and a "sun perch" and two chub, but the stream was low, and there wasn't any good holes, and no bass, so we voted that camp a failure, and next morning retraced our steps to the main road, got directions where to go, 'way down below Harlow's mill, 'steen miles or so, where we wouldn't be waked in the morning or lulled to rest at night by the farmer's dog, and where the stream, reinforced by several smaller streams, contained much bass.

Thither after much questioning of residents, and devious roads, we came in the P. M., and descending into the narrow valley where there was no possibility of a farm, again made camp among the beautiful trees and near the beautiful stream, where deep, dark blue pools held the waiting bass galore, or else there weren't any bass anywhere. And the lovely water didn't belie its looks either, for that same morning I took out of it, not far from camp, with a gay deceiver in the shape of a phantom minnow, eleven darling small mouth bass, from one pound to two and a half. I think I shall treasure in memory's halls that hour's bliss until the last of next week, anyway.

The pool was long, and on the thither side, deep, where from the edge rose a wall of rock sheer twenty feet, as smooth as though laid by a mason, and from thence the hillside sloped away upward several hundred feet, wooded and beautiful. On the hither side a gravel beach, wide enough for good casting, bordered the stream, that gradually deepened from the edge, making the landing of the fish an easy task, and in the lower end of the pool where the water shallowed, the feeding fish gathered when the shadows began to fall. There, wading out, I cast across the pool, and drawing the whirling bait towards me, struck the following fish as it seized the unsatisfying line and played it to my heart's content. Was there ever anything more pleasant than that? I have long years blessed the inventor of the phantom minnow, and shall continue to do so as long as the bass "catch on." I have found nothing better in lures. One evening I hooked two good-sized bass on one minnow, and landed both. There was no trouble about bass; when we wanted some we went and got them, and they were generally headed our way very soon afer we went.

Our dog proved very effective in the squirrel way, and we shot quite a number over his bark. When we wished a variation in fare, we stirred up the quail a little, which could usually be found in the woods without much difficulty. We heard one morning a grouse drum, the first I had heard in the Ozarks, which was quite a surprise to me, as residents had told me they knew of no such game, and one day, while exploring a little side ravine called "Coon Holler," a couple of the fleetwings darted out from a tangle of wild grapevines that overhung the trail, one shooting across the ravine and whisking up the almost perpendicular fifty-foot rock wall, disappeared over the edge. The other rose almost perpendicularly over my head and scaling the steep bank was lost to view. Thinking it improbable that the latter had gone far, I climbed the hill a distance and searched the pine tree tops, wandering back and forth but without success. Suddenly it occurred to me that perhaps the first bird might, through curiosity, come back to the edge of the cliff to see what had frightened it, so I walked out to the edge of the bank I was on, and looking across, there was the cute bird sitting crouching on the very edge of that rocky overhanging shelf. A small mark it was, sitting head to me, but the gun was equal to the emergency, and the stricken bird fell fluttering, striking the steep bank below and so rolled, with much beating of wings, into the pool at the foot. It was a young bird, which probably accounts for the curiosity exhibited, or maybe it was a desire to rejoin its mate that tempted it. At all events, the flavor of that bird at eventide was delicious. We had wood-duck, too, as another variation to our bill of fare, which was very toothsome, so that with wild grapes and pawpaws always on hand for dessert (friend Belknap to the contrary notwithstanding) we managed to elude famine.

The weather was simply perfect. Bright sunny days that made tramping a delight, and nights with just a suspicion of frost in them without the frost, that made sleep a blessed luxury, combined to round out our happiness. We had with us a large canvas wagon cover to use in case of necessity, but the weather was so perfectly unsuspicious and so entirely auspicious and completely delicious that we had made a bed of it. One night we laid our weary bones to rest as usual, and the face of the heavens was unclouded as that of a bride, and the stars sparkled like the eyes of the bride aforesaid, and everything was as peaceful as a clam. (O, I forgot to mention the weird laugh of the loon and the domestic hoot of the owl, but my dear readers can interpolate ad. lib.) Well, along about midnight, when we were dreaming of turkeys as large as ostriches, and whale-like bass, we were rudely awakened by a clap of thunder that jingled the iron spoon in the skillet and froze the lard in the tomato can with horror. The trees were waving to and fro, and vivid lightning revealed Grove in one end of the wagon and me in the other suddenly sitting up facing each other with considerable interrogation in our looks.

"And then and there was hurring to and fro."

Grove after the lantern and I after the axe in the pitchy darkness, and we tumbled over the wagon tongue and stepped on the dog, and cut down saplings for forked uprights to put the ridge pole in, and got them all right, and then they were wrong and had to be cut off some more, and the thunder rolled and the wind blew and the lightning lightened, and we hurried, stumbling around, and got the wagon cover up over the pole, and the wind blew it galley west, and then the uprights fell down, and of course the pole came tumbling after, like Jill and Jack; and we got the poles in place again and the canvas over, holding on like grim death while the demon of the storm shrieked exultingly at us discomfited, and just as we had got the canvas secured, about two advance drops pattered on the roof, and we hopped into our nest again so thankful, and then—it never rained another drop during our outing—Hevings! If all the useless endeavor for want of a little foreknowledge could be utilized where it would count, like as not we'd live twice as long, or short. Then again if we knew what it was going to be, maybe we shouldn't be quite so happy—guess we'd better leave it as it is. The next morning was as peaceful and calm as a marble infant, and I went down stream a mile or so and as I came out of a thicket where I had been trying to locate a cotton-tail, there on the hillside fifty or sixty yards away was a gang of turkeys, five to the gang, and I like a "bound boy at a huskin' "standing there with No. 6's in my gun, but it didn't take more than a minute to exchange them for No. 1's, and notwithstanding the fact that the birds had been going up hill in the meantime, I reached the stern of the last bird, a huge gobbler, and he came all the way down the hill to see me.

And then before the time which we intended to stay had expired, and long before I should have gone, had it fallen to me to decide, Grove began to fear that his sweet potatoes would get nipped, and he wasn't feeling very well anyway (and his luck hadn't been such as to encourage him to remain) and maybe his folks were sick or something, and so it came to pass that one heavenly day when the whole universe thereabout was inviting us to remain, and the branches were whispering "stay longer, stay longer," and the stream rippled "don't go, don't go" and the barking squirrels derided us, and the quail whistled us back, we loaded the wagon, hitched the ponies thereto, and disconsolately (as to one of us) turned our faces from the lovely scene that in all probability will know us no more forever.

O. O. S.

FOUR DAYS ON ST. LAWRENCE.

Commodore Charles Vroman, Judge A. G. Rosekrans, Editor Pierre W. Danforth and myself, stepped off at Clayton from the fast express at 6 p. m. early in August of last year, and were driven to the popular Hubbard House. After tea, our trusty guides, Edward and John Page, pre-engaged, came around and we arranged for the morrow's fishing. We were to go for pickerel, much against the Judge's protest, who said he wanted something gamy. I assured him that a St. Lawrence channel pickerel is gamy enough for a Schoharie Dutchman, and he gracefully acquiesced.

That evening at 8 o'clock we boarded the steamer St. Lawrence, and made the fifty mile tour of the islands, returning at midnight. The steamer carries a great electric flash light, and this, with the pale moon and red-faced Mars, and the Greek bonfires burning all along the route in salutation of the steamer, so irradiated the islands and the water that the Commodore and the Judge, to whom this scene was new, were transported by the vision of loveliness.

The Judge said: "This is heaven." The Commodore said: "It looks so, but it can't be, considering all who are here."

The enchantment of that night's ride will abide as a charming memory to us ever, and there breathes not a man with a soul so dead who, from the altar of the Thousand Islands, does not worshipfully look up to Nature's God.

At 7 o'clock next morning we stepped lightly into our white pine skiffs. The Judge and the Editor were paired, and the Commodore and I. Bantering bets as to the beating boat were made, and with our rubbers on, for it was raining briskly, we set out for Emory's Flats.

At high 12 we were to meet for dinner at a certain fire-place on a designated island, and until then, it may be imagined, every man did his best to take the pickerel. When our boat pulled up to the island, the other was already there, and the Judge was standing at its prow, erect and proud of mien. "What have you got," he sternly said. "We are not compelled to show, until the end of the day," we evasively answered. "The order of the court is that you forthwith exhibit for our inspection your fish box, and if it happens to be a box of fish it is well."

"Judge," said I, "we must decline to obey your peremptory maudamus for the reason that you are in the Dominion of Canada, and can have no dominion over us until we return into that State, where your empire is acknowledged and your sway undisputed."

"The point is well taken," replied the Judge, "so are these pickerel??" and he stepped to their boat box and displayed a fine lot of the spotted beauties, and proudly lifting a six-pounder, gazed upon him admiringly and said: "That magnificent specimen of the genus Esox gave me ten minutes of the hardest work and choicest fun I ever had in my life. To save my rod and the pickerel, too, required the greatest skill, and at the same time—"

"Oh, give us a rest, Judge, you make me tired even to think of your Herculean labor."

"Say, Judge," broke in the Editor, "I believe papa has downed us, he's so composed, and doesn't turn green with envy; that is, I mean he doesn't look any greener than usual."

"Why should he?" spoke up our guide, taking from one box a glorious eight-pounder and holding it up by the gills so as to show to best advantage its magnificent proportions. Well, you should have seen the Judge; astounded, dumbfounded, amazed, he dropped his eclipsed beauty and cried out: "This is treason; I mean contempt of court. No, I am in Canada. I Can-na-do anything in these premises; let us go and eat."

"Judge," said I, "to save my rod and that eight pound pickerel too, required the greatest skill, and at one time—"

"Say, George, let up, let's go and eat."

And we did. Under the sails, outstretched as a canopy over our table to protect us from the heavy rain, we sat down to a royal lunch prepared before our eyes by our guides, who are professional chefs.

Boiled and stewed chicken, stewed and fried potatoes and fish omelet, boiled corn, egg toast, fried bacon, broiled beefsteak, bread and milk, coffee, pickles, pie and cheese and watermelon. What a melancholy man he must be who could sit unmoved at such a feast, and yet the Editor, who is of a bright and cheery temperament, sat unmoved when we three had done, and he continued to sit unmoved through half the dinner of the guides, who were polite enough to simply say that some days the pickerel took hold so savagely, well, just as your son does of the dinner to-day, Mr. Danforth. After dinner, the Editor calmly said: "It was the Judge's morning; it will be my afternoon." And it was so. In less than half an hour he had taken on his pliant lancewood, three fighters, from five to seven pounds in weight, right under the eyes of the Judge, who had lapsed into innocuous desuetude.

With varying fortune to our individual fishermen, the

fun went on, all striking some of the larger pickerel, saving a few, losing more, and enjoying all the time the royal sport.

As we were returning to the boathouse, the Judge said: "Let's go for pickerel to-morrow. They give more fun than bass." And we all voted for pickerel.

In the evening we selected a uniform gradation of sixteen of our catch, from the smallest to the largest, weighing in all fifty pounds, and expressed them to Middleburgh. We dubbed them: "The sweet sixteen."

A sweetly sound sleep succeeded our successful search of the day for pickerel, and at 7 o'clock the next morning, having broken our fast at a bountiful table of the Hubbard House, and eager to feel the strike and pull and run and struggle of similar game to-day, we hoist sail for Stave Island, seven miles away, and on a course straight across the river from Clayton.

We are disposed in the boats as on the day before, and a generous rivalry, bouyant as the bracing breeze which bears us briskly on, incites us to break the record and tie of yesterday.

In an hour we drop sail and let out our luring minnows into the famous waters around Stave Island. Strike succeeds strike, and the whole executive, legislative and judicial force of the boats is called upon to quell the disturbance which the rioting pickerel make. We capture many a hard fighter, and all are sentenced to close imprisonment in the boxes of the boats.

During one of the lulls which always come in fishing, the Judge, elated by his phenomenal success, and imagining that he had jurisdiction over even the inhabitants of the watery depths, waved his necromantic rod over the face of the water, and said, in tones of solemn cadence: "I see an eight-pound pickerel, twice eight feet below the boat. Pickerel arise." And immediately the great fish floated upward and lay peacefully and quietly upon the mirrowy surface. Quickly and silently the unpitying gaff of the Judge took that pickerel in.

We, in the other boat, at quite a distance, saw the act but did not hear the words, and loudly accused the Judge of harpooning a dead fish; he stoutly denied the charge; told the story as above, and said defiantly: "Gentlemen, that great pickerel was not dead, but I caught him napping." And that fish is known to us as "Lazarus" to this day.

After this experience the Commodore kept a sharp eye on the other boat to prevent the Judge and Editor from filling their box by the Aladdin process.

And so the day went on with varying luck, until at evening we trolled to Clayton, taking some fine ones by the way, but the Judge's boat had beaten us, even without Lazarus.

Off for bass the next morning to Halliday's Point, twelve miles up the river. The Judge and I chummed this time. The sailing was charming, and at nine o'clock we cast out for fish. I used a phantom minnow with two dark flies, three and six feet above it. This proved a taking lure, and I strongly recommend it for bass dragging; a very small kidney spoon may be used instead of the phantom minnow.

Perch bothered a good deal, but that cannot be helped where bass are in that river, perch will be. The best catch of bass was made on the slope of a shoal, by live minnow bait. When the surface was calm the big bass could be distinctly seen ten or fifteen feet down, moving slowly and majestically; we would draw the wriggling minnow, with line well shotted, in front of the coveted prize—he would eye it, seize it, turn it, and start off—then a strike, and five minutes of struggle and skill would be ended by the landing net.

Once, while I was tiring a three pounder, and the minnow was hanging on the snell against the fish's mouth, along came a brother bass, a little smaller than the one on the hook, and deliberately carried off the minnow, and as he slowly sculled away, he seemed to say to the hooked one: "Thanks for your taking my chestnuts out of the fire." This incident illustrates many happenings in human life, and is full of food for reflection.

That noon we lunched at the farm house on Halliday's Point, and at night we slept at the same place. Just as we were pulling in for the night a strike stopped my boat, and in a few minutes I found that I had fastened the heaviest fish in my three year's experience on the St. Lawrence, but lack-a-day, soon my trusty rod straightened, and my phantom minnow came in, chopped into hash—a great pickerel had laughed at the little hooks of the minnow.

Next morning at five o'clock we were trolling for muskelonge—four had been taken in those waters two day's before—but we took only a few fine pickerel before breakfast. The day was passed much as the day before, except that we spent much time in muskelonge hunting, and went over the waters in which two of our co-guests at the Hubbard House, took two "spotted ones" the day before, weighing twenty and eighteen pounds.

Gradually we worked down to Clayton, landing at seven o'clock, and at eight forty-five, we rolled out from the station on the night express for Albany. Thus ended four happy days, delightful in their actual enjoyment, and to memory (and purse) very dear.

Middleburgh, N. Y. G. L. Danforth.

Spring Shooting.

West Virginia.—In your issue of April 13th F. J. S. says that there will be no spring shooting in Minnesota. I am glad to hear it, and so will many other readers of your valuable paper, I think. Stop spring shooting and the sale of game in all the States, and in a few years we shall have plenty of game and some to spare. But fail to do this and in a few years the game will be a thing of the past. Keep on hammering against the sale of game and spring shooting and you will have success some time. I wish that every man who uses a gun would take Forest and Stream, for it would do a great deal toward preserving the game. Before I commenced taking your paper I thought nothing of killng a lot of quail on the ground, but I would not do it now. There is more fun in giving a quail a chance to get away. If I kill it on the wing (which I don't do very often) I have the pleasure of knowing that I gave him a chance, but that I was quicker than he was; and if I miss I console myself with thinking that he will be left for some other time. And it all comes of reading Forest and Stream. Burke Wilson.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—X.

TANK SHOOTING IN TEXAS.

Chicago, Ill., April 3, 1895—Mention has been made earlier of the fact that all the wildfowl of the coast country leave the salt water at least once a day and go inland to spend a part of the day on fresh water. They appear to feed both on the salt and fresh water, but seem obliged to go to the fresh water for drinking purposes. At any rate they go, and to this fact is attributed some of the finest shooting at wildfowl known in the whole of Texas, which is saying a great deal. Texas is at best a dry state and when there has been a dry period, as for the past two or three years, a great many of the water courses are drying up entirely. The cattle men on the great ranches provide against this by building dams along the streams, forming ponds of fresh water which are locally known as tanks. Such bodies of water may be from a few hundred yards to a mile or more in length, and as they are permanent bodies of water, they soon grow up with abundant natural food for the wild fowl. I do not know how far the birds go inland to visit these fresh water ponds, but certainly they crowd in untold numbers into such of the tanks as are located low down on the streams running into the salt water. There are numbers of these tanks along the strip of country from 20 to 30 miles back from the Gulf, such as the Mud Flats on the Fulton ranch, the Portales tanks on the Loreles ranch, the Laguna Largo on the same ranch, etc., etc.

The Loreles ranch is owned by a Scotch syndicate of whom Mr. Christie is secretary, and Mr. Tod resident manager. This ranch covers a vast body of land whose boundaries run up near to Corpus Christi, the tank of the "portales" ("gates") or dam being about 20 miles from the town. This tank is one famous for the vast quantities of wild fowl which visit it, but the ranch management have always forbidden shooting on the place, because it drives away the cattle from the water at their natural watering time, and so causes financial loss. The laws of trespass, under the Texas statutes, do not apply to bodies of land of over 10,000 acres under one inclosure, and it is perhaps true, as many of the local shooters hold, that the Scotch syndicate cannot legally restrain shooters from shooting at these tanks. It is certainly true that these foreign gentlemen do not in all cases partake of the American spirit of courtesy and hospitality which is universal in the South. These facts, and the miscarrying of a letter which Mr. Guessaz sent, asking for permission to take our party in to the Portales tanks, gave rise to the only unpleasant incident on the whole trip in the South, and here we received the only discourteous treatment I ever knew a Northern sportsman to receive in the South. In short, we were at first ordered off the premises, and only allowed to remain under a most grudging sort of consent from Mr. Tod, who came out in his buggy to see what was going on. He might not have allowed us to stay had it not been for the good offices of Captain Crawford, an up-country ranchman who had come down to buy a couple of thousand cattle of the Loreles people, and whom we had met on our car the night before. The whole affair was a trifle unfortunate, and we regretted it all very keenly, as we had no wish to intrude, even had we legal right to do so, which I am not sure we did. We were at fault in the matter, but only so under misapprehension, for we thought there was no objection and that Mr. Guessaz would get his letter of consent as soon as he got his mail, and so pre umed on the customs of the country and went on in, under Mr. Guessaz' guidance, the latter supposing it was all right. For my part, learning later as I did how serious a matter it is to have shooting going on at the tanks where these half wild range cattle come in to water—they remaining back on the hills and refusing to come so long as hunters stay around the tanks—I am disposed to say that the position of the ranchmen is an altogether reasonable one, and if I were in their place I should feel just as they do about it. While we felt a little troubled over this, therefore, and while Mr. Tod's action caused considerable local comment unfavorable to him by reason of his discourtesy to strangers—almost a crime in that country—I can say that I blame him, and do say that we should not have shot at the tanks of the Portales at all, nor should I wish to do so again, for I do not think it would be right. That the Gum Hollow and Mud Flats tanks on the Fulton ranch are shot on all the time by the public is due to the forbearance of Hon. George Fulton, the most generous and broadest-spirited man in the world, not to any actual right of the public to do such shooting.

DUCKS IN THOUSANDS.

But none the less, and wrong though we were in so doing even in our innocence, we did shoot on the Portales tanks of the Loreles ranch. These tanks are about 20 miles from town, so we made an early start, our party going in two covered hacks. We made the dam at about 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, and when we looked over the great earthen bank, some hundreds of yards long and 20 feet high, which contains the flow of the little stream in a pond of perhaps quarter of a mile across, and twice that distance in length, we saw a sight which very few of us had ever seen paralleled. There was a solid half mile of ducks on that little stretch of water; thousands and thousands and thousands of them, more ducks than we thought there could be in Texas. They rose and circled in vast black clouds, and refused to leave the water. Meantime, over the low chapparral and along the sandy slough which marked the remnant of the stream, between the dam and the salt water, there came more ducks, flock after flock, string after string, and piled into the water which already seemed to be as full as it could hold. The fresh birds came in fast until directly over the centre of the pool, and then corkscrewed down in that hurtling, booming tumble through the air, which makes one of the most exciting spectacles of wildfowling. The thunder of the wings was such that we had to raise our voices to make ourselves heard. That the Northerners were excited would be putting it mildly. Each man was wild to begin, and it was only a moment before we were deployed in skirmish line along the dam, and were dropping birds at our feet as the great bodies swung out and headed toward the sea, only to come around again and circle over the pond, reluctant to leave the spot they had come so far to visit.

One would think that the shooting at such numbers of birds would be very deadly, but we soon discovered that he fowl had a very good theory of their own about the situation. They knew at once what was our purpose there, and after the first few shots they showed us that they had a mighty good notion as to the length of a good gunshot. The dam had evidently been occupied by shooters before, and though it was across their natural line of flight, the ducks began to avoid it both going out and coming in, going over it so high that only a chance shot was effective. We then scattered and made such blinds on the far side of the pond as the scanty cover allowed, and kept on at the rapid sport.

We had been shooting about half an hour when a young Mexican vaquero rode up to the dam and entered into conversation with me, who happened to be the only one at the dam at that time. He was a very polite boy, and I liked him; big hat, cigarette, "chaps" and all, and wished I had my camera along. He told me in Spanish, as I very well knew, that we must not shoot at the tank, as it scared away the cattle. I pretended not to understand Spanish—as I really do not very much, though I once lived for a time in New Mexico, where it is the language of the country. All he could get out of me was "No sabe!" But he kept on, polite and graceful—he was a pretty boy—and tried to explain that he was only acting under orders, and that I must not think he was doing it himself. "Yo' no give a damn, me," he said, flashing his white teeth pleasantly, and using the only English at his command to make me understand—as I told him I did.

It was about this time that Mr. Tod drove up in his buggy and was met by Col. Bill Peabody. The latter seemed to have hypnotized Mr. Tod some, for he said nothing, but hoped we would have a good day's sport.

He was rather glum in his wish, and I think he felt that he was imposed upon, as indeed I think he was, for all around we could see the cattle standing back from the water hole.

We could see great clouds of geese over toward where the cutting out was going on for Capt. Crawford's beef cattle, about a mile from us, and a confused gabble and screaming would every once in a while come over to us as the geese rose and circled over the feeding beds they seemed to have found out on the grass somewhere. Any way we could look, we could see signs of continuous use of the spot by such numbers of wildfowl of all sorts as the Northern man never sees and can hardly dream about from any experience of his own.

LOST AT NIGHT.

We lay about the tank pretty much all day, and did what shooting we could without decoys and without any means of keeping the birds stirred up out of their big banks out in the middle of the pond beyond gunshot. What a man could do there were he out in a boat in the middle of the tank with a blind and decoys, I should hardly like to try to guess. He could certainly kill his hundreds daily, at least till the spot was "burned out" by the shooting. We killed during the day only about seventy-five or one hundred ducks in all, mostly bluebills, theereby making glad the hearts of a great many negroes and greasers at the quiet old town of Corpus.

The most exciting part of our day was the drive home. We did not start till night, and our drivers lost the trail in the chaparral about ten miles out, and we drove around aimlessly for nearly four hours. At last we saw a light, and met a wire fence, which we followed to a junction with the light, so to speak. By much calling aloud in Mexican we at last unearthed an old, grizzled Mexican, who listened to our tale of woe in polite silence, and at length at our request agreed to pilot us to the road to Corpus. It was coming on to rain, but the old man made no complaint as he started out into the chaparral somewhere to find his horse, which presently he discovered and saddled. Then, pulling his blanket over his shoulders, he set off ahead, quietly, and in an hour showed us a place which our drivers were pretty sure they knew, saying "adios," and "gracias," for the little payment offered him in the politest way in the world. "A good Mexican is all right," said Mac, our driver, "an' a bad one aint no good on earth." Thus, by virtue of meeting a Mexican of the good sort, we at length reached our home in Corpus at 1 o'clock in the morning. We had promised Mitchell, the cook, that we would be back for dinner, for it was Thanksgiving Day, and Mitchell had gotten up as fine a dinner as could be for us to enjoy when we got in. Of course this was all spoiled, and though Mitchell didn't say much, I have no doubt he did a great deal of thinking about certain young "gemmen, over whom he felt that he had full charge, but very little control.

PSEUDO SHEEPSHEADS.

On the next day, as may be supposed, we did not feel impelled to go shooting any more. We took Max Luther's instructions and went out on the railroad bridge over the bay after a little fishing. This also proved an eventful day. An ill-conditioned black Mexican dog took a piece out of the foot of Flirt, Oscar Guessaz's dog, and we near had an international war over that, Guessaz pursuing the offending dog into the portals of his own house and nearly knocking the porch off the latter by a huge rock he threw at the dog, which missed the dog and hit a pillar. Then the owner of the dog said his mother was sick, and he didn't want his mother killed, and we said we weren't killing mothers, only dogs, and everybody was on the eve of rolling his gun, but suddenly everybody apologized all around, Max Luther promising Guessaz to kill the black dog later, and we all protesting we were sorry there was a sick woman in the business—which was very likely a fiction of a woman anyhow—and Mr. Guessaz explaining elaborately that he had thrown the rock at the dog and not at any woman or any porch. Then we went on fishing, and caught a plenty of fish, too. The trouble about our fish was that we thought they were sheepshead, we being ignorant savages from the North and not knowing a sheepshead from a drum. So we cherished in vain a long string of big and inedible drums, some very large, bass drums, about eight or ten pounds heavy I should say. Some of us had hand lines, but Wilbur Dubois, the silent man, had a rod and reel along, and he surely was the very embodiment of calm and unassailable content, as he sat with legs over the bridge beam watching the red and green float with which he had adorned his line. Every once in a while the said float would disappear, and about snychronously therewith Wilbur Dubois would give a swift jerk up and back, which would materialize in now and then a lusty trout, and now and then a catfish, as the poet says; and sometimes it wouldn't materialize at all, at which Mr. Dubois would utter no loud

word of protest, as is the custom among anglers, but would say softly and in no ill temper, "Well, I declare!" A very good tempered and courteous angler is Wilbur Dubois, and no one grudged him even the biggest of the big drums with which he now and again had desperate struggles.

THE NUECES BLUEBILL FLIGHT.

All the afternoon and far into the dusk we could see going over the bridge and along the bay back of us a continuous flight of bluebills, I think the heaviest flight of ducks I ever saw and the longest in continuance. These birds were coming from the fresh water of the Nueces River, and were a great many of them settling on the salt water in the shallow inlets of the bay n ront of Corpus Christi. They rose as they crossed the bridge, but settled at once after going over. A man who had nerve enough to lie out in the Gulf swell in a sink box with decoys could that afternoon have had all the shooting he liked. As it was, we were not shooting, but we got a better idea than even before of the enormous numbers of wildfowl which winter on the Texas coast.

Across the bay from where we were fishing we could see a low black line of cedars, and Mr. Guessaz told us that this was the famous Gum Hollow tank where he and Max Luther had made their great bags so often. The flight did not seem to be favoring Gum Hollow, but came from off the mouth of the Nueces River. Guessaz said we only needed a norther to see the greatest sort of sport at Gum Hollow, and we promised ourselves to have a try at those classic precincts before we left the country.

SWEET MARIE AND THE OPERA.

That night we ate a chile supper, as Max Luther's guests, at a certain chile restaurant of local fame, and then explored the city of Corpus. Among other celebrities we met Capt. Pat. Shiele, who led the rangers at the close of the late Garcia campaign, taking eighty-five prisoners in sixty days, where the U. S. troops had only taken ten men in four months.

Our next day was Dec. 1, and we saw no more fitting way to celebrate this wintry-sounding date than by taking off our coats and sitting about on the bridge again for a little more fishing, which latter we varied by a good deal of oyster eating. At the bridge we had visitors in the person of Mr. E. J. Martin, general passenger agent of the Aransas Pass Railroad, who came out with Mr. Roth, of the emigration bureau of the same road, on the schooner of Commodore Bennett of the Corpus yacht fleet, the flag ship coming to anchor in the bay beyond the reefs. Mr. Martin wanted to know if we were getting everything we needed, and we told him we had everything but his right of way working for us, which seemed to please him. Then we all went out to the flag ship and beat out into open water for a sail down to the wharf near our car, singing the while a certain melody by the name of "Sweet Marie," at which we had by this time become wondrous skillful by reason of ceaseless practice for two weeks. Indeed, I state it but mildly when I say that thenceforth our progress through Texas was only one continuous round of "Sweet Marie," though I must say our troubadours did acquit themselves like men. Col. Bill Peabody has a tenor voice which would be the envy of both the De Reszke boys, and Oscar Guessaz can give Tamagno cards and spades on "Sweet Marie," to my notion, or on any other classical selection he cares to name. "Sweet Marie" is good stuff, and if a lot of these foreign opera people would give us less Gotterdamerung and more "Sweet Marie" they would make more money in America; which after all, I take it, is what they want. I give them this tip for nothing. Not that I suppose they could sing "Sweet Marie" the way Col. Bill Peabody and Oscar Guessaz and Bob Burton, and Richard Merrill, the celebrated dog man from Milwaukee can sing it, for I don't think they could. It takes practice.

BLUEBILLS ON THE OSO.

One day we went out for a try at some flight shooting on bluebills at what is called the Oso, this having reference to the mouth of the same stream of water which is dammed at the Portales to the Loreles ranch. This land at the Oso is, I believe, on the Loreles ground, but it is only fair to say that Mr. Christie and Mr. Tod made no objection to shooting there, and that is an open shooting rendezvous for all sorts and conditions of men. (I believe Mr. Christie wrote to the ranchmen of the Loreles outfit to show us to any of the places on their ground except the tanks at the portales and one or two other watering places of the cattle; so let us give them all credit for extending us probably more courtesies than we deserved.) At the Oso we found the lower end of the Portales' flight, but it was lower in only one sense, for the birds flew much higher, so high indeed that it was only scratch shooting at flocks, not a very sportmanlike or satisfactory sort of shooting, as one could not tell anything about where he was holding or what bird he had killed. A great many cripples were one product of this line of fire, and Commodore Bennett, who had sailed the ten miles down the coast to the Oso and dropped anchor back of us, did a thriving business in picking up the wounded birds which went down in the salt water behind us. Even as it was, we got together quite a big bag of birds, and the Greasers and negroes were once more made happy in Corpus by Mitchell's Santa Claus activity among them. Mitchell, by reason of his high position in life, his dignified bearing and his white apron, impressed the native population as one great in authority.

LOST IN THE CHAPARRAL.

Guessaz and I had a bit of an adventure that morning we went to the Oso. It was very foggy, and as we went on ahead in a light buggy, alone, we took the wrong turn of the road at a certain gate to a big pasture of twenty or thirty miles across, and wandered away from the sea coast out into the chaparral. The others took the right road along the beach and so of course did not come up with us. The fog was so very heavy that we could only see a few yards ahead, but thinking we could strike straight across to the beach, we laid a line for the sea, and promptly got lost in the fog, in the worst bit of country I ever tried to negotiate with a horse and buggy. Then we concluded we would take our own trail back to the wagon track we had followed, but at this we must have failed had not the dew hung very heavily, for in places the wheels had left no imprint on the iron like soil. By dint of sending a trailer ahead as scout, we at length got back to the gate whence we had come, losing about an hour and a half of time at the best time of the day for shooting. This mortified us so that we did not tell the others we had been lost, but said "we had just been back in the chaparral a little." There was a small pond off the road away, and they supposed we had been there, and I suppose they will all always believe so still, if they do not happen to see this confession of uncandidness. We did stop at the pond, but the householder there said it was dried up. I noticed on the side of the house the stretched skins of two "leopard cats" (ocelots) and inquiry drew out the fact that the rancher had a few hounds, and that on "most any morning" he could go out and kill a leopard cat, a bob cat, or a wild hog, provided it did not get too hot and dry before the trail was run.

"In this big chaparral between here and the coast," said my companion, "there may be almost anything—cats, javelinas, panther, no one knows what all. No one hunts in there, and no one can who hasn't a good pack of dogs. Come down some time and we'll get the pack from Portland and go out after javelinas. If you ever get tangled up with a lot of them, I think you'll say it was the liveliest time you ever had. There used to be a good many javelinas in here, but the Mexicans killed them off pretty well at the water holes. They eat the pork, but they are the only ones, so far as I know, who are fond of javelina bacon."

Commodore Bennett offering us a sail home that evening, about half of our party, including Guessaz and myself, went in on the schooner, the others remaining for the evening flight. They chose very ill, for hardly had we gotten out of that part of the bay before a terrible Texas storm of wind and rain struck in behind us. We on the boats got in easily, but the hacks with our friends had a sad time of it, for they were wet through, and the road all went to gumbo, so that the horses could barely drag the empty vehicles. Mr. Roth, who had kindly volunteered to bring in the hoodoo buggy which had led us astray that morning, broke down entirely, and Max Luther's buggy came in to town on the end of a cowboy's lariat, he having been chartered by the way. Evidently the Italian climate of Texas wanted to show what it could do upon occasion by way of a sudden change. Still, all these damages were not irreparable, so we smiled as we ate supper, and hoped it would be a norther, for a norther is the hope of the coast shooter's heart, as it drives the fowl all back into the salt water territory from the whole country inland, perhaps far to the north of Texas.

A "NORTHER" AND SOME HUSTLING.

And a norther we got. It came about 3 o'clock in the morning, a howling, screaming, black storm of rain and shivers. We were all in bed, but Guessaz heard it coming and at once said to himself, "Gum Hollow to-morrow." The train to Portland, across the bay at the Gum Hollow getting-off place, came through at 5 a. m. We needed some supplies, and Mitchell, who advanced this last argument to Mr. Guessaz as they two talked it over together alone in the dead of the night, shivered as he looked out into the cold blackness, and said he was scared to go out alone to the market place. Moreover, he pointed out that no shops would be open at such an hour. Not so easily daunted was the Anglo Saxon soul. It seems that Mr. Guessaz said naught, but pulled on his sweater and plunged out into the rain. In the dark he fell over a ten-foot bank and into a pool of water, but still did not stop, but went on and woke up bakers, grocers, station agents, everybody, everything needed to perfect preliminaries, and came surging down to the car with arms full of supplies just before the morning train crossed the bay. When we awoke the next morning the negro meeting house that had been our landmark at Corpus had disappeared, and so had the summer skies. About us stretched a great, gray, desolate country in expanse, broken only by one dingy station house, and over us sighed and wept a wintry, dismal heaven. Then Guessaz told us how it had happened. To this day Mitchell thinks Mr. Guessaz is a wonderful man, so deeply did this sample of hustling impress itself on his mind. Mitchell was afraid of the dark, I much misdoubt, and methinks also of other things, and I am of the persuasion that when we were all away from the car, Mitchell locked the doors and drew his razor and sat backed up in a corner. But this is mere surmise, and that against Mitchell's strenuous denial, which is hardly fair to so excellent a cook.

And Gum Hollow was only five miles away.

909 Security Building, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

ROUGHING FOR DUCKS.

WORTHINGTON, Minn.—For a number of months I have watched the columns of the Forest and Stream, expecting in each succeeding issue to find a graphic account of our last duck hunt of the fall shooting, in which I occupied a prominent, though by no means dignified position. My adventures during that memorable trip caused many a laugh and jest at my expense, and I fully expected that some member of the party would carry out the threat of telling tales on me in the columns of "our family journal." As the boys have all evinced a spirit of forbearance, and spared me so mercifully, I think I can do no better than to recount our experiences myself, to some of which I fear, however, I cannot do full justice, owing to my embarrassing position and limited point of view during some of the occurrences.

To start at the beginning, George and I had been trying to kill a few ducks for some time. We hunt and fish together very often, in fact whenever we can frame an excuse, no matter how lame it may be, we sieze our rods or guns and hie to the nearest lake or field, and proceed to slaughter the innocents, or to be truthful, endeavor so to do. We like to shoot chickens pretty well, to shoot snipe and quail much better, but most of all we love to seek the wily mallard, redhead and teal. Our favorite resort is a lake of considerable size, and with slough attachments, a few miles from town, not remarkable for depth of water or beauty, but making up for what it lacks in that respect by having two or three thousand acres of marsh and a fine mud bottom of unknown depth, and unexcelled adhesive quality.

This past season the water was so low that the rushes and wild rice were left on dry land, and where we had usually made our blinds, the cattle chewed their cud, and in consequence, the ducks stayed in the open water in the middle of the lake, a mile from shore, and the only shots we got were at an occasional duck flying out or in—low enough to risk a long shot at. To make matters worse, a party of sportsmen(?) from Cherokee, Iowa, came to spy out the land, and finding it pleasant to the eye, concluded to possess it. They pitched their tents and set their household gods on the shore of our own particular preserve and announced their intention to make us a good long visit and kill all the ducks in the country.

Now these cheerful fellows were no doubt well meaning fellows, and tried to be real sociable, but they didn't understand the first principles of hunting ducks; we have all met this peculiar breed of nimrods. They dress in black clothes and make themselves as conspicuous as possible. This outfit was of that kind; every man-jack had on black clothes and hats, and one of them sported a macintosh of the same somber hue. They would walk up to one's blind, stand in full view and endeavor to start an animated conversation. I am afraid our replies were rather harsh in character and a bit personal as well, for they quit speaking to us after awhile. Their arms were of various and sundry patterns, and ranged all the way from a 45-90 Winchester rifle down to a double-barreled muzzle-loader with one hammer; and they cut loose at everything that came within a mile of them. It made things real pleasant for George and me. Frequently some of our acquaintances and friends accompany us to the lake, but last fall, after a trip or two, they would stay at home, remarking that they would remain in town and attend to business so long as these dashity dashed idiots were camped there. There were nearly a dozen, and they formed into squads and took turns at patrolling the entire shore line of the lake, and kept it up until they wore a good path along the water's edge all the way around.

After a time, even we ourselves got discouraged, for no sooner would a flock of ducks show signs of visiting our decoys than one of these funeral processions would solemnly file in sight, and then, good-bye to our chance for a shot. We saved lots of shells those days.

Finally becoming desperate, we concluded to move to greener pastures. Writing to a couple of friends to join us, we loaded dogs and guns, canvas boat and decoys on the train, and were soon rolling away in the direction of a more promising field. The brakeman and conductor wanted to put George off the train, naturally mistaking him for a tramp and it took all of my persuasive eloquence to alter their determination. I explained that his muddy and somewhat worn hunting suit was his misfortune, but not his fault, and that nature was to blame for the stubby and likewise ruddy growth that adorned his classic profile, but not until we produced our "roll" did we allay their suspicions. All of this was George's fault, for my own outfit was immaculately neat of course.

At the depot we found our friends Uri and Stein awaiting our arrival, and both eager to start for the lake, some twenty miles in the interior.

Arrived at the lake, we hastily put the canvas boat together, and dumping in shell cases and decoys, George and I pulled for the center of the lake, a shallow body of water, and setting the canvas birds to our satisfaction, were soon hidden away in a bunch of rushes, where, by exceeding care, we could stand without having the water run in at the tops of our hip boots; but woe betide the luckless wight who took a careless step. Some people may wonder why we preferred to stand in the mud and water when we had a boat along; we used to sit in the boat, but somehow or other neither of us care to do that any more. Now a canvas boat is a very nice thing as far as it goes, but there are a whole lot of dont's connected with it. One is, don't two men try to shoot at once out of it. George and I know for we tried it. After fishing ourselves and our belongings out of the water once or twice we have been content to take our chances standing in the mud and water.

We waited patiently but in vain for the countless flocks of ducks predicted by Stein. By and by a lonesome and belated blue wing teal hove in sight. Passing Uri and Stein, he was saluted with four barrels, which only caused him to slide out another reef. Passing us, George's ejector sent a couple of loads of nitro that failed to reach him in time. It was now my turn, and I mentally hugged myself as I wiped their eye in anticipation. Something was wrong, however, and I did not give them a lesson in killing ducks, for as I turned to cover that blue wing, I discovered too late that my right foot had a violent affection for the spot in which it was planted, and refused to be separated, and I sat down to think about it. My hip boots fit pretty tight, fortunately, around the tops, so I shipped scarcely any water in that direction, though the region nearest the tail of my hunting coat felt suspiciously damp. Regaining equilibrium, I turned a deaf ear to the silly remarks of my companions, and gave my sole attention to watching for the promised flight of ducks. It was snowing slightly, by this time, and the wind was turning cold, but with the falling temperature came the ducks, and soon all hands were busy. Mallards, spoonbills, teal, redheads, and an occasional canvas back kept our guns hot for some time, and then the flight ceased as suddenly as it began.

George and I had between forty and fifty ducks on the water by this time, and as there seemed no immediate prospect of more coming, I climbed into that measly canvas boat and started to gather them up; several of them were only winged, and it required some further expenditure of E. C. before I corralled them all. This was safely accomplished at length, and I started back to the blind with a load of ducks to be proud of. If it had stopped right there it would have been all right, and this story would not have been written, but just then a miserable little "trash" duck took a notion into its head to fly right over George and of course he had to shoot it. If he had killed it clean I would not have cared so muuch, but he only winged it, and from that small beginning came all my woes. I will never forgive him for shooting that duck. It fell with a splash within a few feet of my boat, and just paddled around in a most tantalizing fashion, too close to shoot but too far to reach with an oar. When I stopped rowing it would stop swimming away, and with a wink of its left eye wait until I searched for my gun, and then swim within a couple of yards of the boat. Finally I ran it into a corner, from which there was no escape, and I reached over the side of the boat to gather it in. Something was wrong, however, for I only grasped the water. George said the bird flew away with a fiendish chuckle. I don't vouch for that, for I was otherwise engaged just then. Instead of regaining an upright position when I failed to connect with that tough

little duck, the canvas boat took a part in the game, and I fetched up standing on my head with nothing left to tell the tale of my sad shipwreck but a pair of large-sized rubber boots waving frantically in the breeze. My head was buried to my shoulders in the mud and slime in the bottom of the lake. In going overboard, the top of one of my boots obligingly caught fast in the oarlock and kept me in my reversed position for, as it seemed to me, several hours. When I finally did kick myself loose and got my head above the water, I was nearer dead than alive. My mouth and eyes, ears and nose, were full of that sweet-scented slime, and those unfeeling brutes lifted up their voices and yelled themselves hoarse over my misfortunes. When I finally regained my breath, and pried the accumulated mud out of my eyes sufficiently to see, little remained visible. All that was left to tell the sad tale of my sad shipwreck was a paddle. The ducks I had gathered together with so much care were floating idly on the water. And there I stood up to my armpits in mud and water, a sadder but a wiser man, my hat hanging limp and dripping over my eyes, and a piece of decayed vegetation looped gracefully over my off ear.

Feeling around carefully, I discovered the boat on the bottom, and raised it to the surface, but as I was in so deep myself, I could not lift it sufficiently high to pour the water out. I did manage to empty enough out to make it float. Then came the task of finding my gun, the shell cases and other plunder. Feeling carefully with my foot, I succeeded at length in finding everything with the exception of one shell case. That with its contents of about a hundred and fifty good nitro shells is still there, and as far as I am concerned, will always remain there. By slow and painful degrees I gathered up the ducks again and started for the blind, pushing the boat with its contents afloat inside ahead of me, where with such assistance as George could render me for laughing, we emptied it of the water in it.

It kept on snowing and turning colder all the time, and my clothes soon froze stiff on me. I at first made up my mind to stick it out, but as there were no ducks flying, I concluded to go to a farm house about a mile away and try to get dried out a little. So climbing into the boat I rowed ashore, and right there is where I got even with George. He had filled his pockets with shells, and I left him standing in the middle of the lake, promising to come back as soon as I got some dry clothes on.

Reaching the house, I found lots of sympathy, and such aid as they could render. They built a rousing hot fire, and made me drink a cupful of some hot patent medicine, the nauseous taste of which is still vivid in memory, but there the aid ended. The farmer himself was in town, and evidently had on the only suit he possessed, and a search of our wagon revealed the pleasant fact that we had forgotten to put in the grip containing our spare clothing, so I was compelled to dry on me such clothes as modesty compelled me to retain. It was slow work drying out in that way, so I had to keep turning around before the fire like a roasting joint before the old fashioned fire place; but it felt comfortable, and I forgot all about George balancing on first one foot and then the other in the middle of the lake. After a while his shells gave out, but he had to stay there just the same, and the other boys were too far away to understand his repeated calls, or at least pretended so, and did not pick him up until it got too dark to shoot any longer. His troubles did not end with going ashore either, for he had to find the canvas boat which I had left in the rushes, and in his search tripped and fell flat in the water. I could hear him long before he reached the house, for his voice was raised high in the railings against adverse fate. He was almost as wet as I had been earlier in the afternoon, and it required considerable steaming before he was fit to travel. After a hearty supper of salt pork and potatoes, enough to give us in ordinary times a bad spell of indigestion, we started for town, not reaching there until after one o'clock in the morning, and having faced the driving snow and cutting wind the entire way. Both George and I were wet still, and the trip was far from pleasant. Taking a drink of something hot and strong as well, we tumbled into bed in short order, and awoke in the morning none the worse for our ducking. We took the train that morning for home, with the nice bag of ducks we had gone through so much to obtain, and brought our season's shooting to a conclusion, voting our last trip, though full of unpleasant surprises, none the less enoyable.

W. R. H.

A TURKEY HUNT IN FLORIDA.

Whenever an article in Forest and Stream has a heading indicating that it concerns hunting turkeys, I am all attention. I read it slowly to enjoy it, as one eats a good dinner, leisurely, thoroughly masticating it, so to speak.

When a correspondent, in a late issue, wrote in regard to a projected hunt after *Meleagris gallopavo*, that he "had rather shoot a wild turkey than an elephant," he was the one man in the world that I would like to have in camp with me at the old stamping ground, on the headwaters of the Anclote River, in this land of frozen orange trees.

I started out to give the Guild a little modest experience of mine, hoping that it might do some other fellow craftsmen as much good as their records do me. Suffice it to say, that this trip being from necessity a short one, was taken alone with my guide Johnny B. as a companion, than whom a more expert turkey caller does not exist, that's my notion, in this vast land of ours.

We started out from Tarpon Springs, and reached our old camp occupied by us before, many preceding seasons, at Cross Cypress, about three o'clock one fine February afternoon.

This camp is about twelve miles by road through the pines, up the river from Tarpon Springs, and is so named because a Cypress "branch" comes in at this point at right angles to the line of the river. As the wind, after blowing several days from the southwest, had veered into the northwest, we had reasonable hopes of quiet mornings and evenings, for some time at least, but the sequel proved otherwise.

Our tent was soon pitched near the river, which here is what is locally known as a "branch," a narrow watercourse surrounded by cypress trees and good spring water withal, not an ounce of malaria in the whole stream. Where it widens into pools it is filled with trout, or what we in "York State" would call big-mouth black bass (*Micropterus salmoides*), who in their feedings mornings and evenings would strike at minnows and frogs, the sound of which we could plainly hear in the tent, forty yards away, sounding as when one hollows the hands and brings them quickly together.

By quietly approaching one of these pools, old-timers could be seen in the clear water slowly swimming around. These pools have always been full of fish since I have camped there for the past ten years, and why they should be I cannot understand, as otters are also very numerous in them and often seen, their trail a regular beaten path; besides, old alligators, which when the weather is about to change, bellow like a Durham bull when he is angry, pawing the dirt and chasing one off from some pet trout stream that runs through his preserve, the meadow. As both the otters and alligators (the natives accent the third syllable) are sworn enemies to the "trout" for "divers reasons," how the latter survive as they do, is past my knowledge, as the pools are comparatively small and in the dry season have little streams as inlet or outlet.

But we are after turkeys, not fish, so when everything is made snug in camp, palmetto leaves cut for beds, in place of the old-time balsam boughs, to spread our blankets on, Trailer, the deer dog, a hound of quite respectable parentage, securely tied so as not to interfere with our plans, and Dexter, who whinneys at all times and places, made secure, with a liberal allowance of hay to quiet him, we eat a snack as quickly as possible, for it is getting time to cross the branch and see if some turkey's appetite has not drawn him to the fresh burn to feed.

This season the severe freezes of December and February killed the grass that had started, and the cattlemen as a consequence had fired everything to keep their stock from starving, as the new grass comes up and at that time is most nutritious. These fresh burns the turkeys love to frequent.

This new burn is directly across the branch from camp and not one hundred yards distant, being open pine woods with an occasional small patch of saw palmetto. Nothing appeared in sight as we carefully scanned the woods before entirely emerging from the palmetto bordering the branch, so we started out into the pine woods, trusting to run up on some stray turkey. We had gone about two hundred yards out toward a ridge away from the river when Johnny, whose eagle eye will see further than any eagle or Indian ever born, stopped suddenly with, "There is a turkey coming right toward us!" Luckily we were but a few yards from a small palmetto clump, and the way we got down and crawled till it screened us, was a caution. My hat fell off but stayed where it fell. Evidently the turkey had not seen us, as he continued his feeding. And now comes the skill of man pitted against the wariest bird we have in this country.

If as Franklin wished, we had him for our national bird, instead of the chicken thief that we have, and resembled him in the least, we would be a match for the world in diplomacy, for his wariness and cunning are past belief. For a short distance he can outrun a deer and when he flies a quail can make no race with him.

As he now appears to be feeding away from us, Johnny gets out his call, simply a piece of very elastic thin rubber, and placing it between his lips, stretching it by drawing it tight and blowing, he imitates a turkey hen to perfection.

This rubber call is a new scheme, as on our previous trips he has used the young and tender leaf of the bay tree or a species of oak leaf, while I have used the regular horn turkey call whenever I have been out alone, and although I have outwitted a few turkeys they have been mostly hens, which are not as suspicious as the male bird.

"Tuck—tuck—tuck—tuck—tuck—put—put—tuck—tuck—tuck!" sounds the call starting low and increasing in volume gradually toward the end. The "put" is in most cases a danger signal of the bird, and unless followed by more "tucks" will surely scare him into the next county, but given between them it seems to be irresistible.

At any rate our turkey, who is at least a quarter of a mile away, but hears the call in the still evening air, stops feeding, throws up his head and looks about. Now is the time for the "statue act," for I verily believe he could see one wink one's eye a mile away.

Everything seems to his majesty to be all right, for so it proved to be, and he resumes feeding, but gradually working our way. Again the call, again he stops and looks up, and comes nearer. He does not stop to feed so often. Now he is within a hundred yards, but concludes that he wants to reconnoitre, so he edges away and behind a large patch of palmetto, trying evidently to make a flank movement and get in our rear, but the call now given is too seductive for his amatory nature, and he finally concludes to risk it, for although he does not gobble, as but few turkeys ever do at night, except when they fly up to roost, and then seldom but once or twice, yet he thinks he will roost in a tree convenient to his lady love, and have his courtship in the early morning hours, when the red bird is whistling his first song. Poor old chap! Now he is but sixty yards away, and jumping up suddenly I have him in my power. There is no need to hurry, for my sudden appearance has completely paralyzed him, and for a couple of seconds he stands motionless, not even smoothing down his feathers—the gun cracks and he is our prize.

It is always best when the game is near enough for a shot, to rise quickly and shoot standing up. I have seen more than one turkey missed by the hunter being slow in getting a shooting position, for in so doing the bird collects his wits and puts a tree between himself and the gun in short order, and after he has disappeared you wonder how he did it.

Not until just before shooting were we sure that it was a gobbler and not a hen turkey, for he kept his head down almost continually, feeding, and did not strut. But now we have him, and one look at his glossy, iridescent plumage, with his beard hanging down nearly a foot and the spurs over an inch long, sharp as a stiletto, tell the story. He belongs to a different species from the Northern turkey, as discovered by my friend, Prof. W. E. D. Scott, and is known as *Meleagris gallipavo floridana*, the plumage being more glossy and radically different in some ways from any species hitherto reported.

"He is the most perfect bird I have ever called up," says Johnny, as we look him over and admire his points.

One of the shot has gone through the upper part of the head and another through the body, yet the plumage is scarcely ruffled. It is too early in the season for them to have strutted much, besides the spring here is late this year, so that his wing coverts are not worn, nor has he been at war with other suitors, the result a perfec plumaged bird. Johnny, who has killed hundreds o them, says he will weigh a good twenty pounds.

Now, to kill this bird took less time than it does to tell it, for we are back in camp at six o'clock, as we expect to try them again in the morning.

How many times I look at my watch before half-past four the next morning, at which time we hope to be a mile away from camp in another direction, I could not say; at any rate, it was more than was consistent with a perfect night's rest.

Always the first night in camp is a restless one. But there is going to be no oversleeping with consequent loss of a day's sport, as all is over generally by 7 A. M., if we can help it, and so break of day finds us, after partaking of a hasty cup of coffee and the remnants of last night's squirrel stew, in the range Johnny had chosen for our next attempt.

And he had chosen wisely. For just as the sun was rising and the birds were singing their sweetest songs, we get the answer to our call by a gobble that sets our blood coursing. It is a repetition of last night's work, except that this gentleman is more coy and hard to please; there are two different turkeys gobbling at first, and we have hopes of a double, but one of them has his market already made, doubtless, as he turns to the left and goes behind a cypress pond, but the other comes nearer. He in vain struts and spreads his tail, rolling it from side to side, endeavoring to entice his would-be fiancée to a tryst in his vicinity; but seeing that it is useless, and hearing her call in such enticing tones, he starts in a quick trot directly toward us. He stops again, and evidently thinks that Mrs. Turkey should meet him halfway; but a call from Johnny at this moment, with an extra "put" thrown in, is too much for his weak character, and on he comes to within forty yards of the palmetto clump in which we are hidden. The bird was now in such a demoralized condition that there is no telling how near we might have got to him, but he is near enough. Crack—bang—dead turkey. A perfect match to the bird we have in camp, although perhaps a pound lighter in weight. When I look at him, I am almost sorry that I didn't miss him, for now all sport with this bird is over, and there are none too many of these regal fellows; but the spasm of sentiment passes off, as possession gives one that satisfied feeling, and as he has been fairly outwitted, I am satisfied.

Let no one think that the gradual approach of a wild turkey gobbler is unattended with excitement, nor that there is not such a disease as "turkey fever," for there is, to my certain knowledge. My first gobbler shot here some seven years ago now hangs in my dining room, to remind me that my friend K., who was with me at the time, said that he thought I was about to faint, having turned quite a few shades whiter, but not till after the bird was dead. I remember distinctly that a near-by pine tree seemed a very good support for a short time.

One morning, in company with Johnny and O., as good a deer shot as I know, either with rifle or shotgun, and who would laugh at the idea of missing a deer, whether in front of a "jack" in the Adirondacks or before the dogs on horseback here, he missed clean three gobblers in succession which were called up separately to within thirty yards of him, and one of them was within twenty steps. He had ridiculed the idea of being rattled over such a thing as a turkey, but he was, badly. There are many other cases of a similar kind that Johnny tells of—clean misses by men that are good shots at deer—and all with the game at close range. After one has killed his first bird the disease seems to abate.

It is still early enough to try for another turkey in some other range, but we have had enough, and the deluge will not immediately follow us.

The remaining two days spent in camp are windy and we do not hear nor see more turkeys but pass the time in catching some of those large bats and shooting fox squirrels which here are twice the size of our northern gray squirrels. In this sport Trailer does his part in treeing them, and as they seldom hole and are so large, are usually easily found in the top of some pine tree, lying full length close to a limb. When they go into a cypress tree it takes a sharp eye to detect them in the Spanish moss with which the tree is draped.

The squirrel makes a welcome addition to camp fare when first parboiled in a little water and then fried brown with a liberal allowance of bacon.

The nights spent in this camp are always to be remembered. Just at dusk the owls get lively and the woods seem to be full of them, and as this is the mating season, one can hear all their notes, some of which are so demoniacal that they would make a tenderfoot's flesh creep were he not acquainted with the cause.

It was over our camp-fire after everything was made snug for the night that we discussed mostly such things as Johnny was past-master of—those pertaining to woodcraft and the habits of game. Sometimes our talk took an astronomical turn as it did one night when Johnny surprised me by saying, "Do you know that I've made up my mind that it is all humbug about the earth moving around the sun, and there are lots of people in our settlement who are getting to think the same as I do."

"Why how is that, Johnny, has the colored preacher who said, 'the sun do move,' converted you?"

"No! but I've watched it and those fellows who took me down the coast a year ago last winter as guide, tried to beat it into me that the stars didn't move nor the sun, but they can't fool me—I know."

Trying to reason him out of his belief that the sun revolved about the earth ended in failure, as his was founded in the faith.

When asked how he accounted for the change in seasons his answer was, "God made it so and that's enough for me." Still this difference between us did not affect his calling turkeys.

I have camped in these parts with "Nessmuk," with his knowledge of woodcraft and wonderful memory, which enabled him to repeat whole pages of Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, and nearly all of the standard English authors without a break and with no apparent effort, as we sat around our camp-fire on Lake Butler. Peace to his ashes.

He lived up to the teachings conveyed in "Woodcraft,"

as I have had opportunity to know, and my camps with him were indeed a good school.

So, too, with Johnny, no bird or beast could utter song or shriek that he could not at once perfectly imitate. He has called a quail so perfectly that the cock bird flew and alighted between the camp-fire and tent, not six feet apart, and it might have been persuaded to come in and visit us had he called again. One call to the owl would rarely fail to bring him from the swamp into the tall pine that overhung our tent and camp-fire. I have seen him, standing bolt upright against a huge pine, in plain sight, call a gobbler within ten feet of him. Once, one foggy morning, in answer to his turkey call, a wildcat came creeping up to him and was not a rod away when he must have winded us and made off.

I was once a few feet nearer the edge of the swamp, while Johnny was trying to call an old gobbler away from some hens, who were parading with him out on the pine ridge, for my friend O. to kill. when I, hearing a noise in the "thick" back of us, I thought it might be a deer and prepared to give him a warm reception; but soon the noise ceased, and as the gobbler preferred "a bird in the hand to two in the bush," and would not leave the society he was in, we had to give him up. On going into the edge of the swamp there were the fresh cat tracks in the soft mud, showing just where he had changed his mind about having turkey for breakfast.

At another time, Johnny told me, he was standing up against a tree calling turkeys, when he saw a man creeping up on hands and knees to get some poultry. He let him wear his trousers about out and then gobbled at him, and the way the would-be turkey hunter sneaked off was a caution. It beat firing into decoy ducks. Now, when a man can call a turkey to kill, and a man and a wildcat to kill it, he must be an expert turkey caller.

This section is as good ground for wild turkeys as any as easy accessible in the State.

The law which forbids killing them after March first should be changed by taking a month from the open season in the fall, when one shot into a bunch of half-grown turkeys will destroy more in number than would satisfy a self-respecting hunter for a season's work during February and March, when they are at their best. The hens rarely lay before May first, and if the close season began April first it would give the birds ample protection and also give the sportsman a better chance to enjoy the next best thing to calling a bull moose, which is outwitting an old turkey gobbler.

If any readers of FOREST AND STREAM wish to excel the writer's record of a 26½-pound wild turkey gobbler, shot some five years ago at this same camp with Johnny as guide, they can do no better when the "grippe" begins to rage next winter than to come down here and engage his services, which are very moderate, and I'll guarantee that he will take them to his turkey farm, and give them such sport as would satisfy an ordinary mortal. He is thoroughly competent and to be trusted. T. B. C.

A METHOD OF VACATION.

I HAVE nothing new or strange to tell you, but hope that some one may find something of interest, more especially if they contemplate a trip to the northern woods. There may be said to be three ways of spending a vacation in Maine—a sojourn at a hotel, a stay at a kept camp or camping on your own hook. Our objective point was the camp known as the King and Bartlett and Spencer Stream camps in Somerset county, Maine. We left the Quaker City behind us on August 9, and went to Boston by way of the Sound steamers, thus getting a good night's rest. The next morning we left for Portland, which is one hundred and six miles. Here we took the 1.06 P. M. train on the Maine Central Road for Farmington, eighty-one miles, where we arrived at 4.30 P. M.; then changed cars for the Sandy River Road, and arrived at Phillips at 5.30 P. M., changed locomotives and pushed on to Dead River Station on the Phillips and Rangeley Railroad, where we arrived at 7 P. M.

I have gone into the dry time-table details to indicate the character of the journey and the time it takes—an important consideration with invalids and delicate persons. It is about thirty-six miles from Farmington to Dead River, the end of our railroad journey, thus making two hundred and twenty-three miles from Boston. The interesting scenery begins after leaving Farmington, as the country then becomes mountainous, and the quaint one-seat, narrow-gauge railroad cars add to the charm of the views from the window. The Phillips and Rangeley Railroad is the pathway from the south into quite an extensive fishing country in northwestern Maine, and Dead River Station and Rangeley, the terminus of the road, a short distance beyond, are points from which tourists and sportsmen proceed to their various destinations. Dead River Station consists of the station, and that is all. It looks as though it had just dropped down into the woods from somewhere.

It was almost dark as we stood on the platform and gathered our troops together preparatory to taking the stage for Eustis, eighteen miles further. Although the 10th of August, it was bitter cold, and no thermometer was necessary to demonstrate it. Our heavy coats and wraps were in the trunks. With the aid of a horse blanket, the bear-skin robes in the stage and a borrowed sweater we managed to be fairly comfortable. There is no time in the summer when it is safe to visit the Maine woods without an abundant supply of warm clothing for use at night. Great suffering and even danger to life may be averted by remembering this fact. The trouble usually occurs at such times when one's baggage, through thoughtlessness or carelessness, is not accessible. The moon came out full in all its soft beauty, and we enjoyed our ride over a fine hard road in the keen cold air. We had supper at Green's, a place on the road, and warmed up in a comfortable parlor, heated by a good heater fire. The change was very great in contrast with the stifling heat we had lately left in Philadelphia. Among the things on the table for supper was mountain sheep, after October first to be known as venison.

At 10.15 P. M. we reached the village of Eustis, the hub of the Dead River and Rangeley region, where all provisions and guides are to be had, and where wild deer are said to be seen almost any evening from the hotel porch. The town was full of people, and the hotels, so-called, were full. The proprietor of the Shaw House kindly gave us his own room, and we retired, weary but happy. The hotel, as usual, was headquarters for the gentlemen of the town, and it was an interesting thing to go into the office and listen to and look at the motley gathering of lumbermen and guides, who doubtless found city folk just as amusing.

Saturday, August 11, at 8.15 A. M., with two buckboards our party started for camp. The scene was an animated one; the single street of the village was full of parties and buckboards preparing for their final journey to their respective camps. Guides and drivers were hurrying hither and thither on various errands. A number of tourists were taking snap shots at their novel equipages and the parties on them, but as our camera was in the trunk we did not get any of the interesting pictures. I hope the other people's films were all right.

The sun was shining brightly, and the day was all that could be desired for the last section of our journey. They told us we had eighteen miles to go, but before we arrived it seemed like one hundred and eighteen. There were six in our party and it took two buckboards to hold us and the impedimenta. The first part of the journey was along the Dead River, which we finally forded. The land here is level, and buckboard riding not unpleasant. The country here had been burnt over some ten or twelve years ago by a very destructive forest fire, but was far from uninteresting, as the mountains in the distance always made a beautiful background to the landscape. The gentlemen of the party walked nearly all the distance and enjoyed it, as the glorious weather and ever-changing scene and objects of interest along the road (I use the word with an apology) were an antidote to weariness. We soon left the river-bottom country and began to ascend, and reached a very rugged and wild country with surrounding mountains and hills and many lakes, as this part of Maine is both mountainous and full of small lakes. Blueberries were in the greatest profusion, and were very large, and we enjoyed them hugely. We ran across a number of coveys of pheasants, which were quite tame, and in several instances we watched them for quite a time. We passed one place on the way, a single cabin known as Camp Jack, where one could remain over night if he wished to divide the journey. About one o'clock we arrived at the Deer Pond Camps, which are very prettily situated on a lake of that name. We took dinner here and a good appetite made up for any deficiencies in the food or cooking.

We had traveled over some exceedingly rough and stony road and some corduroy, but the road, most of the way from Deer Pond on, was something appalling. This so-called road consisted of rocks and boulders ranging in size from a baseball to a barrel, and the buckboard riding was a series of thumps and bumps for miles; one minute up in the air and the next sliding off a rock. Every now and then we would strike swamp land from springs, and that meant from twenty feet to a quarter of a mile of corduroy—logs laid lengthwise in a swamp—and the thumping over this meant a shaking up sufficient to churn butter. I think a good name for this road would be Purgatory, but the terminus was not Hades, and we never regretted having commenced the journey. We soon arrived within a short distance of the camp, passing through a beautiful patch of green wood, in which we quenched our thirst at several limpid and cold springs. Red squirrels were chattering everywhere, and birds and butterflies were to be seen. It was nearly six o'clock in the evening when we arrived at King and Bartlett, and thus it will be seen that it took us all day to make this journey of fifteen miles. This will give you a better idea of the roughness of the road than any words of mine. If one is able to walk it is a very enjoyable tramp, but for ladies, who stick to the wagon, or for invalids, it is a rough trip, but it can be divided by remaining at Deer Pond to rest as long as one pleases. A very pleasant way to go into camp is on horseback. It was an agreeable sight to see the cabins stretched along the lake front as we emerged from the woods in their rear. This was to be our home for a month, and we did not know whether it would be home, sweet home or the contrary. We were met by the genial proprietor, Mr. Harry M. Pierce, who, with his sombrero decorated with trout flies, made quite an imposing appearance. The buckboards rattled over the stones to the front of the three cabins assigned to us. The trunks were dumped off and we entered our habitations. The old-fashioned Franklin stoves were filled with chips and birch logs, ready for lighting. Soon the blast of a horn was heard, and the echoes rebounded from old King and Bartlett mountain back of us, and we were told that the sound meant that supper was served. The guests of the camp took their meals in a cabin known as the dining room, where we found everything served in a way to please any one who was not captious.

This is not a tale of adventure or travel, only a homely description of an outing, and as the subject of food in such places is one of interest to most people seeking a desirable place, I will give you an idea of an average evening in the woods. Broiled lake or brook trout, cold lamb, delicious hot biscuit, baked and fried potatoes, Boston baked beans, coffee, milk, chocolate or tea, various kinds of cake, mountain blueberries and pickles, etc., always on the table. After supper we usually adjourned to a cabin called The Casino, which was decorated by fine mounted specimens of trophies of the chase. Beside the roaring log fire the experiences of the day were exchanged, or letters written. The day being devoted to tramping, hunting and fishing, the evening was also the time for social calls, and a knock on a cabin door was always answered by a cheery call to come in and take a chair next the fire, and a good cigar or a pipe was always at one's disposal. There were a number of ladies in the camp, and they enjoyed the life fully as much as the men, and went boating and fishing frequently, and one lady was quite a Diana, and succeeded in killing a deer.

There were numerous outlying places of interest where one could go on trips and remain as long as desired, as at most of these places comfortable cabins had been built and were supplied with everything necessary for camping. All that was necessary was to state how long you intended to remain away and what provisions you desired, or if you employed a guide he would attend to all this for you and carry everything and do all the cooking. The objective point was usually some pretty lake or a fine trout stream, and would be from a half hour to four hours' walk. It was always safer to ask how long it was to such and such a place, as the distance in miles never seemed to agree with our own ideas, and the miles were quite elastic. The woods are dense, and there is little or nothing to be seen in traveling over a blazed trail except the natural beauties of the woodland itself. The woods are very still, and there is a scarcity of life of all kinds, even beetles are seldom seen, and the only sounds at this time of year are the tap of an occasional woodpecker, the whir of a covery of pheasants, or the crashing made by a startled deer as it goes through the underbrush. It was always safest to arrive at camp before nightfall, as it is quite easy to step out of a trail after dark. One afternoon our jack-lantern was accidentally left behind, and we had to make camp where we were, but with the aid of a hurriedly constructed "lean to" and a good fire we spent a comfortable night, but the ground is not as comfortable as a bed to those not accustomed to the former. The day we started on our first trip it was raining, and we wore rubber coats and walked briskly over the trail, and soon found that rubber coats were an abomination. They are so heating and prevent evaporation to such an extent, that one is soon drenched far more and in a more uncomfortable way than any rain could accomplish, and such a coat is only of use in riding, or fishing from a boat, where one is not compelled to make any exertion. After a tramp of some hours through the woods it is exceedingly pleasant to see through the trees the silver glimmer of the lake you are seeking, and to find the comfortable log-cabin prettily situated on its shore. After your arrival you are very busy, although the guide, if you have one, does the greater part of the work. Wood must be chopped, water dipped from the spring near by, the fire made, and if the party, who has been there last, has played a mean trick on you, it will be necessary to clean up the pots and pans. While the guide is frying the trout and potatoes and cutting up the jerked venison, you will be busily engaged jointing your rod and picking out your favorite flies, or preparing your trolling hooks for lake trout. Soon the coffee is boiling and everything is ready for dinner. After eating with an appetite that pure air and exercise give, your canoe is shoved into the lake and you are off for trout. Later in the day you take a row around the lake and enjoy the beauties of the scene, the mountains are reflected in the clear water and the setting sun casts its effulgent rays over lake and hill. Now is the time when the wary deer come to the water to feed, and you may probably see several of these graceful creatures, sometimes standing statue-like on the shore gazing at you with their big eyes.

There are many things to do and so much of interest that one always feels that only about half the work has been accomplished. All the places of interest have not been visited, there are more hills to climb, you have neglected some pretty bit of scenery you intended to visit with your camera. It also takes many words to tell what little you have done and seen, and even then it cannot be adequately described. You return to the city with many interesting mementoes of your outing, including some fine pictures which serve at all times to remind you and your friends of a delightful outing in the woods, and renewed health and vigor teach the real meaning of the word recreation. H. S.

ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES, Philadelphia.

Natural History.

MARINE BIRDS OF THE GULF.

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla.—After our Christmas dinner we took a walk to the seaward end of the long dock. We had filled our pockets with hard bread to feed the sea gulls, which have become our special friends. It was a lovely winter day. The sky was a clear deep blue. A slight zephyr came from the northeast, tempering the rays of the sun down to a degree delightfully cool. The water covering the broad sandy beach was a bright yellow, while just beyond, with a well defined line, it was a dark greenish blue. A swell, the remnant of a late gale, was rolling in from the southwest. Way off twenty miles to the eastward we could see dimly the opposite shore, looking in the distant, hazy horizon like a long bank of misty clouds. Here and there were the white sails of many fishing and pleasure boats, while far to the southwest rose the smoke of a "tramp" steamboat on her way to Port Tampa, the only deep sea port on this incomparably beautiful bay.

It was a capital day to study the sea birds. We found a convenient and easy seat and proceeded to break off small pieces of hard bread, which we tossed overboard, where a swift ebb tide bore the food out towards the gulf. After waiting a while we saw a gull picking up the bread. Very soon other gulls joined the first, until we had a flock of hungry, greedy, screaming birds. They came up so close that we could clearly see their keen black eyes. They were extremely graceful and beautiful in every phase of their eccentric flights. They did not pounce upon a floating crumb without first sailing over and around it several times. When they made the final swoop, they lightly dip their web-footed toes in the sea, and bending down the head, daintily and deftly pick up the bread without touching a feather to the water. They nest on isolated sandy keys, and leave the eggs to be hatched out by the solar heat. They are about the size of a "broiler" spring chicken. It is about twenty inches from tip to tip of their spread wings. The body is white, the wings are brown, blended into a decided black at the tips. The margin of the wing is white. The tail is fan-shaped, and serves as a rudder in guiding them in their eccentric flights. When flying leisurely, they have the peeping cry of a tame chicken, but when excited and fighting over a school of minnows, they can scream like a small steam whistle. They are—like the Lord's poor—ever with us, for go where we may on the great Gulf, we always find the gull. On our late trip across the Gulf a sailor tied a small piece of salt pork to each end of a short line and threw it overboard. A gull swallowed one of the pieces of meat, flew away with the string and meat dangling in the air. Another gull swallowed the pendant pork, and a battle was fought high in the air. They screamed and fought with tooth and nail, and getting their wings tangled with the line, they fell to the water, where they fought until the pork was torn from the line.

We broke up the rest of the bread and threw it over by the handfuls. On they came, screaming and fighting. At times two or three gulls seized the same piece of bread, and then they made the water foam in their struggles for the food. The pandemonium attracted the pelicans, which are always on hand when a free lunch is in sight. The pelicans would not eat the bread, but they lit among

the floating pieces of "hard tack" and drove the gulls away, for the large bird—like the large man—wants a large part of the earth, whether he can use the same or not.

The sea gulls devour and digest an enormous quantity of fish daily. They prefer live fish, but will, when hungry, eat decomposed fish.

We saw a few saw-bill ducks hunting for minnows in a bayou. They are expert swimmers on or under the water, using both wings and web feet in either case. When they find a school of minnows they dart here and there under the water, moving with great rapidity. Though under the water, the course of the duck could distinctly be traced by the fish jumping out of the water, in their frantic efforts to escape the dread saw-bill. The saw-bill tastes too fishy for the average white man, but the darkies and "crackers" cook them with onions, a mode said to disguise the fishy taste.

The cormorants are very numerous. They look much like the northern black loon. They are "lightning" on the wing, and keep up the flapping motion to the end of their flight. They rest on isolated sand keys, and leave their eggs to the fostering care of the sun. They will eat any fish, however much decomposed, that may be stranded on the shore, and like other scavenger birds, seem always hungry.

The buzzards are tame and fearless. They visit the back door yards and clean up every scrap of food, of whatever kind that may be thrown out. A few days ago a drayman lost a horse, which he skinned and hauled to the beach just beyond the city limits. Complaint was made within a day or two, but when the health officer visited the place he only found the clean picked bones, for the buzzards had cleaned up the carcass in a scavenger like manner.

The most interesting birds that win their "daily bread" from the Gulf are the pelicans. They are so numerous on both sides of the peninsula that Florida is called the Pelican State. There are two species, the white and the brown. The white pelicans are rarely seen on the Gulf; they seem to thrive best on the inland lakes and bayous. The brown pelicans are the most numerous, for go where you may on the Gulf of Mexico, you will find these scavenger birds plying their daily vocation. They have long legs, neck and beak; the head seems to have been formed by bending the upper part of the neck into a "bight"; the bill is longer than the neck, and when the bird is at rest on the sea, with head and neck standing back over the body, the end of the bill is slightly under the water. The upper jaw is longer than the lower, and has a downward crook at the point. Under the lower jaw, reaching from the tip back to the neck, a flexible bag is attached, which is perforated near the throat to drain the sack; this sack serves as net and game bag to this incomparable fishing bird. They have powerful wings, which measure eight feet from tip to tip. They fly and sail alternately in flying, as do the prairie chickens of the West.

We recently saw a pelican flying swiftly, sixty feet above the water. He discovered a school of gars, and turning half around with spread wings, dove as swift and straight as an arrow, and came up with a gar fully fifteen inches long. The bird had much difficulty in swallowing the long, sharp billed fish; we could see the tail of the gar sticking out of the "pellie's" mouth. He threw his head back and forth rapidly, but the gar would not down. Then he opened his enormous mouth and disgorged the fish, and again taking the gar by the tail, he succeeded in getting the live and kicking fish into his enormous stomach, where the powerful gastric juice soon reduced it to a pulp.

The pelican, unlike the turkey or hen, has no gizzard, but has an enormous stomach, capable of digesting great quantities of fish daily. When the pelican dives, the concussion stuns the minnows for several feet around the diver, who proceeds to fill his "sack" and come to the surface. After straining the water from the sack, he raises his bill skyward, and with short, quick jerks of the head, manages to get the catch into his stomach.

As a heavy fine is collected from the person who kills a pelican, they have become very tame; they occasionally take in the fishermen's bait and have thus been hooked and captured. They often dove for minnows within three or four feet of the fishermen, making us think that a man had fallen overboard. The amount of fish a pelican can eat and digest in one day is simply marvelous. They are like "Oliver Twist," always hungry and "calling for more." Their fishing grounds are generally from twenty to thirty miles from their rookeries or homes. Mornings, when going to their daily fishing haunts, they fly high in the air, but at night on their way home with sack full of minnows for their young, they fly very low, just skimming the water. The white pelicans are larger than the brown, but have the sack under the jaw and fish in the same manner as do their brown relatives.

One day when the wind blew a "living gale" we saw a flock of white pelicans fly across the bay against the wing. They formed a V, with the point ahead, and made tacks across the bay as would a schooner making the same course.

Many bald-headed eagles feed upon the fish that are thrown ashore by the surf. They build their nests in the loftiest trees, using coarse sticks, which they weave and interlace around the forked limbs. The nest when done looks like a large bowl, say three or four feet in diameter. This home is so well constructed that one nest will last during the lifetime of the builders. They continue to use the same nest year after year, and the young birds pair off and set up house keeping on their own account. The king of all birds of the Gulf is the man of war bird, so called because he will not work or fish, but sails majestically above all other birds, watching for a chance to rob them of their hard earned food. They are as black as jet, except a strip about one inch wide, commencing at the throat and running down under the breast. This strip is a bright, fiery red, giving the bird a ferocious and blood-thirsty appearance. The body is about the size of a prairie hen, mounted with a well-proportioned neck and head. Their eyes are small, black, keen and far sighted. The body seems to be out of all proportion to the great spread of the wings, which measure nine feet from tip to tip. They are generally seen high in the air, sailing in great circles, easily keeping their altitude without a flapping motion of their long, sweeping pinions. This dreaded pirate is constantly hunting for other birds of prey. When he sees an eagle or hawk with fish in beak or claw, down he silently swoops, as swift and straight as a spent arrow in its fall, and when within a few feet of his victim, he screeches like a calliope; the frightened bird drops the fish, which the robber easily secures before it reaches the water; and with a half dozen flaps of his powerful wings, he is again high in the air, and with set wings grandly sails off to a distant and lonely sand key, to enjoy his booty with his young men of war.

Lying on the sand with a good field glass, we have studied these free-booters for hours.

They ever sail in great cycles, passing and repassing each other without the least flapping of their wings, which seemed as rigid as if made from thin sheets of steel; and they increase their altitude at their own sweet wills. We read an article from Forest and Stream, wherein a writer endeavored to prove that "no bird could maintain a given altitude without using the flapping motion of its wings; for, as soon as the bird sailed, it was at the expense of altitude." This theory may be true when the bird is sailing on a tangent, but the man of war bird can attain a great altitude by simply sailing with stiff, rigid wings in cycles. This bird has a small sack under the lower jaw, in which he can carry a limited amount of food in his long journeys across great oceans. Mr. G. E. Eady, an intelligent sailor, hunter and fisherman of this city, informs me that the man-of-war bird can fly one hundred miles per hour, and keep it up for days together.

The pelicans, cormorants, buzzards, eagles and sea gulls are protected by the law in Florida. Whoever shoots one of these birds must pay a fine of five dollars for each bird killed. As a result of this wise law, we have a pure, clean and healthy beach from Pensacola to Key West.

If our Western States would pass and enforce stringent laws protecting the buzzards, crows and gulls, the shores of all the inland lakes would be sweet and healthy. "The Great Architect" seems to have made these natural scavengers to keep the air and water sweet and pure. The young "nimrods" seem to think that the scavenger birds were made expressly for their wanton pleasure. They have killed and driven these birds away from our western inland lakes until dead fish fester and decay, poisoning the air and water around these beautiful summer resorts.

R. P. BELL.

Foreign Birds in America.

CONCORDVILLE, April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been reading of the importation of European birds with regret. Of the skylark and nightingale I have little fear, but am inclined to think we should go more slowly about bringing into the country a bird that multiplies fast, travels in flocks and thrives in confinement, like the starlings. It could not perhaps equal the house sparrow as a nuisance, nevertheless we might wish it gone when too late. Of all the faults of the English sparrow (and they are many), none are worse than its antagonism to our own birds of like habit of building. We have a remnant only of the martins, barn swallows and wrens of twenty years ago. Why venture to adopt the starling? Can we be sure they will not interfere with other birds? The English birds have less grace than ours, usually multiply faster and are sturdier generally. Given a firm foothold here, and the chances are that our birds of similar habits will give way to them.

Even if perfectly sure that the foreign birds are adapted to our plant and insect life I would still exclude the strangers. Our bird life is the most varied and fascinating of any country, and we should be justly proud of it and seek to protect and foster it rather than try to supplant it with that of other lands. Americans do not as a rule "see well what they're standing on," but are forever yearning for some new pasture. I for one would be sorry indeed to miss from our meadows on the starling's account one sweet sturnella, and no flock of the former could make sweeter music to my ears than our own red-wings. The crowning trial would be to see it aid the sparrow in driving our remaining blue-birds and martins from their boxes. If the energies of those who are importing birds were directed towards the enforcement of our laws for bird protection and education of country children more of our own starlings would greet our eyes and ears and we would need no others. I write this in the hope of bringing out some one more able than I to argue this question pro or con in your excellent paper.

KATE R. STYER.

Food for Young Starlings.

NEW YORK.—Mr. James M. Norris' letter about starlings I was delighted with, and I think I can tell him how his friend may be able to save this year's broods. Of course, as he does not say what the young starlings were fed on, he may have used the very thing I am going to suggest, but I hardly think so, as I have successfully reared a great many much less hardy birds on it, and I fancy that it would prove entirely successful with his starlings.

Starlings are to a great extent insectivorous, and although the grown birds will feed largely also on such things as cherries, grapes, etc, their principal food is insects, caterpillars, snails, etc., and their young are exclusively reared on insects. Now, although the fully developed bird can, when in captivity, be made to subsist entirely on artificial food, so to speak, such as stale bread soaked in water and mixed with grated carrots and the like, the young must have animal food, and the very best thing and most easily obtainable are the socalled ants' eggs, properly speaking, the white larva of the common ant. It is the most delicate morsel that can be given to songsters (not granivorous) in a cage; they are all exceedingly fond of, and thrive remarkably well on them. Add to these occasionally a few meal worms, and you have a food on which you can raise the most delicate of insectivorous songsters. As the young grow older and begin to feed by themselves, you can add a little of the white of a hard boiled egg chopped into tiny particles, and later on change gradually on the above named artificial food, well interspersed with such fruit and berries as the birds will feed on in their wild state. If Mr. Norris' friend will follow out these suggestions, I feel confident that he will have better success with his young starlings this year.

C. B.

The article on "Starlings in Confinement," in the last FOREST AND STREAM, has been most interesting to me, as I never have seen any wild starlings in this country during my twelve years' stay. As a boy I always hailed the first birds with delight, as in my father's garden on lime and pear trees were (and are to this day) about a dozen of nest boxes. My home is in the mountain part of Silesia, Prussia, and I received notice two weeks ago, that the starlings arrived this year on the 10th of March, instead of on the 22d of February last year. I remember that once during a heavy thunderstorm a limb of a lime tree with box nest came down, and as the young birds then were not quite full grown, I managed to catch one, and kept it for about eight weeks indoors. We fed him on earth-worms and house flies at first, and only by opening his beak and pushing the food down his throat. As he got quite tame he would sit on my shoulder or arm and stay there until taken off. He would sit in the open window and watch the old birds up in the tree, but never offered to fly away. When taken out in the garden or grass, he would watch me while digging for worms and dart in front of the knife, catching beetles and aunts before I was aware of it. We also gave him raw beef cut in worm-like pieces. Sometimes he would pick in boiled white potatoes or carrots. I don't remember that he ever refused to eat a living insect, from a wood-louse to a thousand legs.

He would often sit in our shop on the gas-pipe, over the bench (jeweler shop), and watch us work till he fell asleep. One day we found him almost dead. He had swallowed a long piece of melted shellac, perhaps in mistake for a worm, and before we could help him in any way he died, much to our sorrow.

I would put plenty of sod in one unroofed part of the cage, and let it grow in rich soil and plenty of water, it might furnish some food, but otherwise could not ease the pain he had. We had entrances to nests turned to the east, so that the morning sun could strike them. We observed that only those boxes were suitable.

HERMANN HOENIG.

The Michigan Spring.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., April 19.—Crows appeared March 5. Robins reported April 3, not common till April 9. Crow blackbirds first heard April 19. The season here has been backward, but promises well for fruit and crops in general. Torch Lake was full of ice last Sunday, but there is now little in sight, and the Intermediate lakes appear to be clear, or nearly so.

April 20.—About forty wild geese passed northward this morning at a high elevation—the first seen this spring.

KELPIE.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE BLUE GROUSE.

After a hunting experience of three years in Montana, I suggest the blue grouse as king of Montana game birds, and I am inclined to the belief that the majority of sportsmen whose experience would justify an opinion upon the subject, will agree with me.

Judging the question from the standpoint of pleasureable pastime, I acknowledge my greater indebtedness to the pinnated grouse, whose lowland home, greater numbers, and general characteristics rarely fail to give the hunter the finest wing practice, at the expense of a moderate amount of muscular exertion, but the blue grouse is a more royal bird in his place of abode, his personal appearance, and his habits and peculiarities.

Far up on the summit of the highest mountain nature has placed him, and he rarely ventures far below, confident in his ability to cope with the lightning and storm clouds of summer and the dreadful rigor of winter, he looks down with scorn upon his cackling cousins whose altitude is bounded by the foot hills. I never saw but one blue grouse far below the mountain tops. This one I flushed last fall while working the foot-hills, among scattering young pine, for chickens. The locality was at least three miles from its native range, and within a short distance of the ground over which I had worked a few mornings before, with a result of thirteen pinnated and three ruffed grouse in a little more than three hours. It is a common occurrence for the latter two to be found within a few rods of each other, the ruffed in the dense brush by the side of the little stream, that traverse the bottom of the coulees, while the pinnated enjoy the open country along the benches and slopes.

Speaking of strays, I once saw a more remarkable instance than the one just mentioned. Galloping along the plain one day in October, I came upon a ruffed grouse, seemingly contenting itself by standing still and scanning the monotonous landscape, or probably debating the question as to whether or not it should ever again reach its native roosting place.

I dismounted to make a closer investigation, when he put up his ruff, spread out his tail feathers, took a few proud steps, accompanied by spasmodic jerks of the tail, and away he went like the wind, and disappeared behind a hill. This grouse was at least eight miles from the nearest point inhabited by any of his kind.

But to return to the blue grouse. I had long desired to secure a specimen, as I had never seen one. Being in the vicinity of mountains inhabited by deer, I arranged with two friends to take a deer hunt. We took different directions, with an understanding in regard to coming together at a certain point. In the hope of jumping a deer out of the brush, I followed a narrow valley that led up into a deep ravine, and before I was aware of the fact, I was hemmed in on both sides by immense mountains, whose precipitous sides looked discouraging at least. But, as I did not care to retrace my steps, I climbed the mountain, whose summit I found to be bare rock. The other side was not steep, but gradually receded, forming gradual inclines and diversified plateaus, covered with grass and occasionally a thicket of brush. It was quite early in the morning, and a fog was resting over the mountains, shutting out the landscape.

After resting and getting my bearings, I started down the slope, but had not taken a dozen steps before I found myself almost in the midst of a large covey of birds. They were busily engaged in catching insects, and did not seem to be frightened at my approach. Here at last I had stumbled upon the long desired opportunity. While I was positive that the birds were blue grouse, yet they were somewhat different from my concept of them. I had pictured them as covered with plumage of a bright blue like the blue bird, but as they appeared on the hillside, their color was several shades darker than that of any blue bird that I had ever seen.

I had a large calibre rifle but could not let the opportunity pass even if I scared all the deer out of the mountains, so I opened fire, and in a few minutes killed five. The nearer ones were shot through the neck, and at those urther away I held well back on the body, making a side shot that avoided mutilating the large pectoral muscles which constitute the choice portion of the grouse. I examined the dead birds with the greatest satisfaction. I could not escape a feeling of regret that I had so rudely interrupted their morning meal in such a murderous manner, that gave them no chance for their lives. In fairness to myself, however, I will add that after killing five, I laid aside my rifle, although a dozen birds were sitting on the rocks and trees within easy range. With pieces of rock I soon had them on the wing and carefully watched their manner of flight and places of cover, for I intended to come back in the afternoon and try them with the shotgun.

All grouse frequent water during the middle of the hot summer days, and I was confident of finding them along the little stream of ice cold water that trickled down from a tiny spring near the summit of the mountain. Wending my way down the stream, as it starts on its long journey to the Missouri, I reached the main canon and following it, arrived at the ranch where I was stopping.

After dinner I saddled my horse, and with shotgun and an assortment of shells, I started to renew my acquaintance with the grouse.

I rode up the stream until within a short distance of the place where I had encountered them in the morning and tied my horse. I proceeded up the stream on foot, expecting to flush the covey at any moment from the scattering brush. On nearing the source of the stream, the brush disappeared and the only cover left was a little shrub, resembling willow, that grew in bunches near the water's edge. I was becoming somewhat discouraged, when I was startled by the rush of wings as the covey broke from under one of these bunches near the water.

Now, the conceited wing-shot who has never tried a side snap at a frightened blue grouse as he twists off down the side of a mountain, has something yet to learn concerning the profession. I killed a bird with each barrel, but immediately resigned my honor by missing the next two. They were further off, and I failed to make the necessary allowance for speed, but only succeeded in sending the contents of a couple of choke bores across their wake.

The covey was scattered among the trees and brush, every bird stowing himself away out of sight as effectually as a badly scared quail. I looked for them in the trees where they had perched in the morning, but not a bird was in sight; they had taken to the brush, which grew higher than a man's head, making it almost impossible to shoot with any assurance of success. I tramped around through the brush and kicked them out in all directions and managed to get one more. I now had three beauties that I had killed in a perfectly legitimate manner, and I was satisfied.

Their average weight was about two pounds and a quarter; their color was blue, but not of a uniform shade, the upper part was a dark tint merging off into a beautiful rich coloring underneath. The wings were long; the pectoral muscles extended farther back, and were more highly developed than in other grouse, giving greater power to sustain flight in the rare atmosphere of high altitudes.

Whether or not they are always so easily approached, and as slow to take wing while feeding in the morning, as they were when I first encountered them, is a question that I am, as yet, unable to answer. It is possible that the fog had some bearing upon the case, at any rate; they were as game a lot of birds in the afternoon as the most fastidious hunter could desire. That was my last visit to the blue grouse, and it certainly was one of the most interesting experiences of my summer's sport, and I look forward with plesasure to the time when I can again call upon them in their mountain home. F. J. M.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

A GREAT CIVET CAT.

Probably one of the most curious episodes which will form a part of the sportsman's annals in the future occurred on the night of the 31st of March—the eve of April Fool's day.

Mr. A. B. Critzer, of this city, enjoys quite a reputation as a game and gun crank, and has surrounded himself with numerous trophies of the chase, which he has placed in one of his show windows. The collection was a very pretty one, consisting of hawks, ducks of all kinds, snipe and several specimens of the long-legged stilt birds of the coast.

Last Saturday a pair of Mexican Indians came shuffling up Commerce street, one of them tenderly bearing in his arms a pretty civet cat. As they passed Critzer's store they stopped and inquired if anyone therein desired to invest come coin of the realm in the cat.

"How much," queried Critzer.

"Quinze pesos, signor," sang the greaser.

"Fifteen dollars! Pshaw! I'll give you four bits."

Quickly the Mexican handed over the animal and received the half dollar. The civet cat was duly placed in the back part of the store where a leather strap separated him from liberty. Now, if there is one thing above another that a civet cat loves, it is leather. In fact, it is condiment, appetizer and cocktail to a civet cat, and the specimen at hand, being a full grown kit, was no exception to the rule, and when the shades of night had enveloped the city and the turmoil of the metropolis of the southwest had subsided into silence, the night watchman started on his nocturnal tramp, and as he passed the jewelry store he saw something dart in and out of the show window containing the stuffed birds. He quickly and quietly slipped around to the back way, where he awoke Ernest Critzer and Chris. Stafford, whose sleeping apartments are upstairs, by throwing small pebbles against their windows.

Ernest awoke, located the noise of the pebbles, stepped to the window, silently raised it and whispered: "What's up?"

"Burglars!" hissed the officer.

Quickly slipping into some clothes, the pair of sleepers silently crept down stairs into the store below, with a big six-shooter in each hand, looking for the burglar.

"I hear him!" said Chris. "He's trying to get in the front show window. Let's get him."

So they crept and crept until the front of the store was reached, and were startled nearly out of their wits as the officer beat on the window with the end of his club.

"What's the matter?" asked Ernest.

"It's the cat. He's eating up your birds," yelled the officer.

Sure enough, the civet cat had cocktailed on the leather strap, taken a bite out of the buckle, and repaired to the stuffed birds, when the banquet began in earnest. First he tackled a succulent spoonbill drake, ate the head and chewed the stuffing out of him, then devoted his attention to the heads of the stilts.

He tackled the larger portion of the fat green wing teal, followed by juicy bites at the counterfeit widgeon. He took a few slices of the bluebills and prairie chickens winding up by demolishing a jack-snipe, leaving nothing of this bird but the legs dangling from the string on which it had been hung, and the panel.

When the armed posse discovered Kitty he was in the act of picking his teeth, but upon finding that he was discovered he quickly disappeared. They ransacked the entire house from cellar to garret, but no civet cat could be found. As the stuffed birds had all been heavily poisoned with arsenic, the only thing to do was to wait.

But to the astonishment of everyone, the beast was discovered hiding in the moss of the show window, alive and well, and evidently anxious to have another "go" at the stuffed birds. He was heavily collared this time and fastened by an aluminum chain, but alas, he made a meal of the chain, and the civet cat is gone.

TEXAS FIELD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

New Laws for Wisconsin.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 18.—Earlier mention was made of a bill before the legislature of Wisconsin which bids fair to become a law. To-day I have copies of the law as actually passed and approved April 15. There is much in this measure of interest to the sportsmen of this vicinity especially, as there are few sections more visited by those in search of sport than the great and beautiful State of Wisconsin. The game laws of Wisconsin are of more actual importance to Chicago sportsmen than those of Illinois, for the markets of Chicago have practically cleaned out the best of the Illinois game, and no State is less visited by the shooters and fishers of Illinois than Illinois itself.

The new Wisconsin law retains the former clauses on spring shooting of wildfowl, namely, forbidding the killing of mallard, teal and woodduck in the spring, but permitting other ducks to be killed in the spring up to May 1. The regular season on such latter ducks opens Sept. 1.

Plover and snipe are protected in spring under the new law, the open date on plover, snipe, woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse, prairie chicken, mallard, teal or woodduck being Aug. 20, the closing date Dec. 1. The provision in regard to hunting with dogs seems to have been changed. I do not now find any prohibition of using dogs in hunting chickens, but cannot state this positively, for this new law carries no general repeal clause, and the old section may stand. The use of dogs for hunting rabbits was once forbidden all over the State, but exceptions of certain counties will be noted in the clause on deer hunting, which is given in full below.

Wisconsin Deer Law.

It is unlawful and prohibited—

1. To kill, capture or take by any kind of device or contrivance whatever, or to pursue with intent to kill, or to take or worry any deer, buck, doe or fawn between the twenty-first day of November in each year and the succeeding first day in November in the year following; all the months of the year except the first twenty days of the month of November being hereby declared the close season for the animals above named in this section; provided, however, that the killing, taking or worrying of any deer, buck, doe or fawn is hereby prohibited in the county of Sheboygan for the period of five years.

2. To hunt deer, buck or doe in the night time; or at any time with dogs.

3. To use a dog or dogs to hunt rabbits during the time the law permits the hunting of deer; provided that this subdivision shall not apply to the counties of Green, Dane, Rock, Walworth, Kenosha, Racine, Milwaukee, Waukesha, Jefferson, Ozaukee, Fond du Lac, Columbia, Winnebago, Calumet, Dodge, Washington, Iowa, Crawford, Grant, Manitowoc, Kewaunee and that portion of Door lying south of Sturgeon Bay and Lafayette.

Mongolian pheasants are very properly protected for five years. The salary of the Fish and Game Warden is set at $1,800 per year, but he also has clerical duties with the Fish Commission.

Good Fish Provisions.

The anglers are in luck with the new Wisconsin law, which is a stringent one in many ways. Trout can be taken from April 15 to Aug. 20. Bass are protected from March 1 to June 1—a good many Chicago anglers want to remember this, too. Also, they must bear in mind the new clause by which muscallunge are protected up till June 1. This same provision extends to wall-eyed pike. Fishing through the ice with more than one hook and line is prohibited. Other items of interest are to be seen under the head "Public Nuisances."

Wisconsin Fishways.

An excellent provision was added to the Wisconsin law a day later than the above-mentioned sections, namely, an enactment compelling all dam owners to put in fishways. Wisconsin is very deficient in fishways, and this new wrinkle will help the fishing on many a lake and stream over a wide section of country.

Following are the provisions as to public nuisances:

PUBLIC NUISANCES.

Section 19. The following are declared to be public nuisances:

1. Any net of any kind prohibited by law, while set or found in any waters where such net is prohibited by law from being set or used.

2. All seines or other devices or contrivances set or found in any waters for catching fish in a manner prohibited by the laws relating to such waters.

3. All set lines, trout poles, ropes or cables, having more than one hook attached thereto, directly or indirectly, set in any waters contrary to law.

4. Any net set for the ensnaring, entrapping or drowning of ducks, wild geese, or other water-fowl.

5 Any traps, snares, spring guns, or other devices or contrivances set for the purpose of trapping, ensnaring or killing any animals, birds or water fowl, the trapping, ensnaring or killing of which is prohibited by law.

6. Any boats, deer lamps, or lights, while in use in the unlawful pursuit or hunting of deer

7. Any pivot or swivel gun or other firearms not held habitually at arm's length and discharged from the shoulder, while in use for the unlawful shooting of any animal, water fowl, or birds.

8. Any screens set in public waters to prevent the free passage of fish in trout streams which have been stocked by the State Commissioners of Fisheries.

9. All boats, floating rafts or boxes, or blinds set in open water outside of the natural growth of grasses or rushes, in use for the unlawful, pursuit, hunting or shooting of any duck, geese or brant, and all decoys set for the unlawful decoying of such water-fowl during the close season therefor.

10. The illegal use of any of the articles mentioned in this section contrary to the provisions of this act shall forfeit the same to the State; and in any prosecution for such illegal use of the same the court may, upon conviction, adjudge in addition to the fines and forfeitures by this act imposed the forfeitures of such articles and issue a warrant commanding that such articles forfeited be destroyed.

A Still More Important Feature.

The above will give an outline idea of a very good game law, and it is the wish of all sportsmen to have strict game laws passed. There is still another feature, however, of perhaps more vital importance to some few Chicago sportsmen than any of those mentioned above, and this one can hardly classify as a game law at all, but only as a freak of unconstitutional legislation—if indeed it has gone so far as actually to become legislation. To-day I have a rumor that a determined attempt was made to open all the preserves of the State of Wisconsin to the public, and I am told that last night an act was passed to this effect. This, of course, would mean heavy litigation, for no club of any standing would for a moment look on the provision as anything but an unconstitutional act, which would be knocked to pieces by the Supreme Court of the State at once on a case being brought. This attempt was backed by some disgruntled persons, no doubt, who do not like to see fine shooting belong to men who are willing to pay to keep it fine, and who therefore do the entire public a benefit by keeping up a breeding ground.

I do not yet have particulars of this last important feature of this interesting new law, but have wired for details and hope to add the full facts in time for this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. I think it will be some time before the legislature of any State does away with the ancient law of trespass. Our jewels will certainly not be safe when that happens.

All About Fish.

Mr. L. A. Corey, now stopping in Chicago, is a Big Horn Basin man from Montana, and a neighbor of Col. Pickett on the Gray Bull. The other day Mr. Corey came into this office with the head of a big muscallunge which he had mummified by a process of his own, and he told me a fish story which of course is true. He said that the 'lunge was caught by Mr. Chas. Nixon, of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and that when it was landed it was observed to have cut into its nose the figures "82." The fish was taken in 1894, and as it was a rule of those waters to return fish under 6lbs. weight, and as the 'lunge when taken weighed 18lbs., Mr. Nixon thought that he had a good line on the rate of growth of the muscallunge, which he figured to be in this case about a pound a year. If the man who turned this fish loose will now tell what it weighed when he did so, we shall have a very interesting little bit of knowledge, for no fish is more mysterious than the muscallunge in regard to habits.

The work on the great Chicago Drainage Canal, by which Lake Michigan will soon be turned into the Gulf of Mexico, has left near Summit a long strip of the river bed of the Des Plaines River, in which are a great many fish. The Fish Commission has determined to seine these out and put them back into the flowing water, and the work was to have been done this week.

Over $2,500 of illegal nets were seized and destroyed on Lake Winnebago, Wis., last week.

Mr. F. M. Fish, of Chicago, who has been spending the winter in the South, has just returned to his home in the North. Mr. Fish was at Rockport, Texas, at the time of the big blizzard. He says the inhabitants did not know what to do when the snow came. He also visited Atlanta and other Georgia cities, and was much pleased with the trip, barring the extremely cold and most unusual weather attendant upon the great southern storm.

Mr. Eddie Bingham and Mr. W. P. Mussey went up last week to the home of the former on Lake Koshkonog, Wis., and came back with 52 ducks, mostly bluebills. Eddie Bingham owns up to killing all but six of them, but the other man is not yet heard from.

Mr. C. A. Young, of Columbus, Ohio, a well-known shooter in tournament affairs, is in Chicago on business this week.

About Laws.

Writing about the vagaries of game legislation, and thinking more especially about the occasional freaks such as that proposed in Wisconsin, of abolishing the law of trespass in the case of game preserves, I am reminded of a reverse case of wisdom by which the court displayed the remarkable action, and not the legislature. It is one of the stories of the Hon. Geo. Fulton, the genial ranchman who did so much to entertain some of us down in his State this past winter, and it is a story which Mr. Fulton tells with great glee. It seems that the State Legislature of Texas took the singular action of passing a law prohibiting the traffic in liquor—a most extraordinary thing to do, one would think, for the State of Texas. At any rate, in a certain town was a certain printer who was also a justice of the peace—his sign reading "C. M. Barnes, printer & Justice of the Peace"—and before this dignitary came the first case under the new enactment. The argument was long and learned, and the deliberations of the justice sufficiently profound and long to be in keeping with the gravity of the occasion. In the midst of the deepest silence he at length delivered his decision:

"It is the verdict of this cote," said he, "that the defendant is dicharged, an' that the prosecushun kaint git no action agin him. The stoppin' o' the sale o' licker is clar'ly agin public polercy, an' I hyerby declar' this law unconstitooshenel on the face of it."

History goes on to tell that the "verdict" was accepted as good law in that community, and was never after called into question.

It used to be one of our pleasures to get Mr. Fulton telling stories, and apropos of nothing much I am tempted to repeat one or two of his Spanish stories. You know Spanish is half the language of Texas, and all residents are supposed to understand it, though the conversation does not always show that, as witness that of the friend of Mr. Fulton's who was visiting him, and who had lost his horse one morning. To a greaser by the wayside he spoke as follows in query:

"*No lo visto uno* bob-tailed *caballo* come vamoosing down the road here with a lariat round his *cabesa?*" ("Have you seen, etc., a horse with a lariat round his neck?")

"*No intiende, Senor*," the greaser replied, politely.

"Ten days nothing!" said the other, "I only lost him yesterday!"

The Irish Spaniard.

Still more serious was the difficulty offered by the language to a section boss on the Aransas Pass Railroad, who had Mexican laborers under him, although the difficulty was one of which he was unconscious. The section boss was Irish, of course, as all section bosses are, but he prided himself on the fluency of his Spanish. Mr. Fulton one day heard him giving orders to his men.

"Underly" (*andale*—hurry up), he called out, "Underly, ye dom *hombres* (men). Fetch along thot han'-car-r-r, an' unload about t'irteen ov thim rotten ties. Fetch along one *parlor* (*pala*—spade), an' git a move on yez. It's sorry I am I iver learned to spake the dom langwidge!"

Texas is a great State. If Wisconsin passes her no-trespass law I think she should send to Texas for the justice of the peace who declared the State law unconstitutional. Or else, perhaps, the gentlemen who favored this unconstitutional law in the Wisconsin Legislature might move to Texas and become justices of the peace. The public need not despair while there is such abundance of wisdom lying around loose, even in so widely separated sections of the Union.

Wisconsin Laws.

Later—April 20.—The Wisconsin Legislature adjourned to-day. The closing hours were, as usual, full of confusion. A dozen game bills, local or otherwise, were killed.

Meandered Lakes Called Public.

In regard to the "non-trespass" law mentioned earlier as probably passed, my informant at Madison, the Wisconsin State capital, says:

"The Senate in afternoon session concurred in the Assembly bill declaring meandered lakes public waters."

This will affect to greater or less extent the Diana, Horicon, Nee-pee-nauk and other Chicago clubs having holdings in Wisconsin. This is the same measure which Chicago sportsmen have fought and beaten in Indiana. It means nothing more than temporary litigation and will not disturb the value of club holdings.

The Wisconsin Fishways.

Senator Burke opposed the Sloan measure for fishways on all streams, and moved that it be indefinitely postponed. Senator McMullen suggested that the bill be amended to regard Rock River as not in the State in this case. Senator Spensley was in favor of the bill. He thought a great majority of people, not dam owners, are in favor of the bill. He said the State has gone to great expense in stocking streams and should provide for the free running of the fish. The motion to indefinitely postpone was defeated by a vote of 8 to 20. The bill was then ordered to a third reading. The bill was then passed under suspension of the rules. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

New York Game Law.

Up to the time of going to press the only amendment so far made in the New York game law was in the wild fowl open season, which extends to May 1 throughout the entire State.

Sea and River Fishing.

NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

BOSTON, April 20.—A Massachusetts man just returned from Alaska, where he has been located for three years in the Government employ, has stories to tell of trout and salmon fishing in that country which are calculated to fill the breasts of many of our home anglers with a wild envy. He pronounces trout fishing in the rivers and streams simply superb, and says they run to very large size. There is the usual reckless waste where fish are plentiful, many being taken and simply weighed and thrown away. After the salmon begin to run up the streams, he states that nearly all fly fishing stops, the custom being to use the spawn taken from salmon as bait. Another gentleman lately returned from Alaska tells me the same story of wonderful fishing in that country, but agrees with me that too much fishing, or rather too many fish, pall on the taste, and he would rather have fewer fish and a little more work for them to add zest to the sport.

Mr. G. W. Pitcher, of Providence, R. I., has just returned from Florida, where he has been nearly all winter enjoying the fishing. He reports great sport with black bass, squeteague, and channel bass fishing. With the exception of the cold weather during the February storm, he was able to enjoy the sport uninterruptedly, and thinks the reports of severe weather sent north quite exaggerated. Mr. Pitcher is also a devoted salmon fisherman, and spends many summers in the maritime provinces angling for salmon.

The heavy rain of last week throughout the New England States has greatly changed the hopes of many people in regard to the condition of the ice in the several New England lakes. Two weeks ago it seemed to all that the icy fetters which tightly bound the waters of the Rangeleys and Moosehead in Maine and Newfound and Winnepasaukee in New Hampshire could not be loosened till long after the usual time. Now everything is changed. The heavy rain, together with a strong wind which has prevailed quite steadily for some time in this district has played sad havoc with the ice king, and it now looks as though clear water would be seen quite as early as usual in the more northern lakes. Sebago Lake, near Portland, Maine, a celebrated place for landlocked salmon, is reported to be entirely free of ice. As the close season extends to May 1, except to natives of the State, many Boston parties are feeling bad that they cannot avail themselves of the early season. Quite a few will go down to look over the ground, and get their camps in order, and perchance to assist the natives in getting in their fish. One party who goes every year left last Saturday night, intending to stay about one week. They are all persistent fishermen, and generally bring out all the law allows to prove their prowess. Frank Holden, Dr. E. M. Holden, Dr. A. S. Knight, all of Boston, and Frank Heslor, of Worcester, are the four men who make up the party, and "Crocketts" is where they stop. Portland is always strongly represented at Sebago in the early fishing, and no one is more promptly at work than Herbert A. Clay, of that city. This gentleman lets no time elapse before getting a line overboard, and always has a strong party of Boston and Portland men with him.

A note just received from a friend at Oakland, Maine, dated April 16, states that the ice is just breaking up in Meskalonskee and the other lakes connected with it. These are the waters recently mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM as being expected to furnish some exceptionally good salmon fishing this season.

Mr. Harry Pierce and wife, of the King and Bartlett preserve, Maine, have gone into the camps to make ready for the coming of sportsmen who like to patronize this popular resort.

In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for April 13, mention is made of the large painting of a trout by "Brackett," shown in Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's window. The impression given is that Mr. W. M. Brackett was the artist, while in reality to Arthur L. Brackett, the son of W. M., belongs all the praise, as he painted it. This gentleman is already noted for his splendid work on game birds, and bids fair to rival the celebrated work of his father on game fish.

In connection with the subject of early fishing in the Maine lakes, it will, no doubt, be interesting to many anglers to read the following dates as to when the ice left the Rangeley lakes in the past. The list is complete from 1882 to the present time, with the exception of the year 1893, which by some oversight is left out.

1882	May 12	1888	May 21
1883	May 14	1889	April 30
1884	May 13	1890	May 9
1885	May 15	1891	May 10
1886	May 3	1892	May 4
1887	May 16	1894	May 3

HACKLE.

SPRING FISHING IN CANADA.

A Late Season Expected.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Though sleighs have at last given place to wheels upon the city streets, runners are still employed on some of the country roads north of Quebec, and on this Easter Tuesday afternoon I look out from my library window upon banks of snow under the trees upon the lawn, at least three feet in depth; and on the Plains of Abraham, just across the road, at the opening of the lane leading to the monument which marks the spot where "died Wolfe victorious," is a cutting through a drift that is still from eight to ten feet high. No wonder that local sportsmen, as they meet, remark upon the lateness of the season. It was only yesterday that a strong northeast gale succeeded in breaking up the then rotten ice bridge over the north channel of the St. Lawrence, between the Isle of Orleans and the mainland, and the river opposite the city is still full of floating ice. Not before next week is the first steamer expected here from Montreal.

The temperature remains so low and the ice on inland lakes is still so firm, that unless a great change sets in within the next few days, it will be the first or even the second week of May before the ice breaks up on lakes Beaufort, St. Charles and St. Joseph. In the latter lake, which is reached by rail in little more than an hour from Quebec, the best trout fishing of the year is had during the week or ten days following the disappearance of the ice. The fishing continues good very much longer in Lake Beauport, and the fish from its waters are the most beautifully marked and the most toothsome when cooked of any Canadian trout. Lake St. Charles is one of the few lakes in this vicinity where the *namaycush*, or forked-tail lake trout, occasionally rise in the spring of the year to the angler's fly, though in Lake St. Joseph they are taken up to a very large size by bottom-fishing. Anglers going up to Lake Edward and Lake St. John for spring fishing, may find it an agreeable change to stay over for a day or two on the way at Lake St. Joseph.

At present writing, I would not advise anglers to visit Lake Edward this spring before the middle of May. The heavy trout, for which this beautiful body of water is so widely noted, are most readily taken between the 15th or 18th of May and the 10th of June. But in the Riviere aux Rats, its principal tributary, the fly-fishing is abundant all the summer, and so, unfortunately, are the flies, especially after the first few days of June.

Lake St. John will scarcely be clear of ice this year much before the 10th of May, from present appearances, and I would not recommend anybody to cross to the Grande Décharge for fly-fishing before the 15th of June, unless the summer comes on with much more of a rush than now seems probable. There is little doubt, however, that the spring fishing for ouananiche in the lake itself will remain good from the time the ice breaks up until the 8th or 10th of June, especially for bait-fishing and trolling. Fly-fishing will have to be sought in the early part of the season, in or near the mouths of the Ouiatchouan or Metabetchouan rivers or opposite the village of Roberval. I hear that the old Hudson Bay Company's fort on the point of land overlooking the mouth of the Metabetchouan is to be kept as a boarding house this year, and if so it will prove a convenience as a temporary shelter for anglers fishing there, who have little enough time to travel daily between the hotel at Roberval and the Metabetchouan.

It may interest some of your readers to know that immense specimens of the great catfish (*Amiurus nigricans*) have been taken out of Lake St. John through the ice by some of the inhabitants of the locality during the past winter. The pike is, therefore, not the only pirate of cannibalistic tastes against whom the ouananiche of Lake St. John have to be upon their guard. Ouananiche of a good size have been found in the stomachs of those night scavengers. Do ouananiche sleep at night? If not, how are they outwitted and captured by miserable, lumbering catfish? E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, April 16.

Moosehead Lake Ice.

The ice will probably leave Moosehead Lake some time between the first and sixth of May, so landlord Dennin has just written to a friend of mine. F. S. BUNKER.

CAN A FISH FEEL PAIN?

That fish experience fright in various degrees its beyond question. They are often "quickened with touches of transporting fear."

But that they feel the sensation of pain is to me an unsettled question, and from my own rather intimate acquaintance with them, in the course of which I have given them an opportunity constantly of experiencing acute anguish if they are capable of it, I am strongly inclined to the belief that pain nerves have been left out of their organization. To be convinced of this could be a vast relief to every fisherman. I propose to give a few notes from my own experience, which seem to me to side with the negative of this question, and hope that others may be interested enough to contribute from their own recollections, pro or con. I may as well assume that the failure to emit cries or groans when the fish is lacerated, as warm blooded animals would do if in pain, is not to be regarded, as fish are not constructed for making noises to express fright, fear or anguish, I do not forget that the drum and some other varieties emit sounds when captured, but that can be ascribed to the sense of suffocation in the hostile element, and the cries are not occasioned or increased in any way by the removal of the hook or spear and the accompanying laceration of the flesh. But my contention is that, like men, beasts and birds, the fish, if recently wounded, would not attempt to take food if it were suffering.

1. My daughter and I were returning from a delightful day among the lagoons of Sanibel, at Charlotte Harbor, last March. We were crossing the bay on our way to St. James City, and my daughter was trolling for trout (the Southern weak fish) and lady fish. Her troll, which was 150 feet from the boat, was seized by a fish, which she reeled up to within a few feet of the boat. The hook tore out, making a long gash in the mouth of the fish (a trout) and plainly visible. The spinner was given a jerk, when the fish, which lay motionless at the surface of the water, seized it like a flash, was well hooked and was taken into the boat.

2. About five years ago, while at St. James City, my companion in fishing, North P. Norris, and myself, who had been kept in the hotel two days by a cold "norther," in desperation started out for an afternoon's trolling up Matlacha Pass,. We were in pursuit of channel bass. Very few fish would take the bait, so as we rounded Wood Key, where the fishing was usually most abundant, I made the remark to Norris that I bet him that I would take the first fish. We were sitting side by side, and his troll was about twenty feet further than mine. We were trolling with tarpon tackle, and never troubled ourselves to play anything under fifteen pounds weight. Norris hooked a fish and reeled in rapidly. Almost instantly, I, too, had a strike, and there was active work. But one fish was taken—a ten-pound bass—both of our hooks firmly fastened in either side of the mouth. While being pulled past my troll he had seen it, turned aside and snatched it.

3. Fishing in Estero Creek, where now are located the Koreshan Colony, which, like the disciples, profess to "have all things in common," but which was then running through a wilderness, it was a still noon time, and the sunbeams sifted through the pine trees to the narrow, black and deep stream against the steep bank of which our skiff was moored. The prospect of taking one of the big tarpon which had been lazily rolling by all the morning was very slight. I cast my tarpon bait across the stream, and close to the opposite bank and had a strike. I knew it must be a jew fish, and having very strong tackle, I kept him from running under the bank and drew him to the middle of the stream, when the hook tore out. I let the bait sink, and he immediately seized it again, and I drew him nearly to the boat; again he was free, and the third time I hooked him and brought him to gaff. He was a jew fish and weighed eighty pounds.

4. Another winter, Norris and I were on the grouper ground near the pass into Estero Lagoon, below Charlotte Harbor. We were using up our condemned and worn tarpon snells, of which we had a large and various collection; plumber's and brass chains, piano wire and cord. The grouper, if he can get into a hole in the rocks, will often break the line. Norris, using a snell of plumber's links, had a strike, and after a struggle his line broke. Next, he used a piano wire snell, and this at once met the fate of the former. "Dode," our boatman, and an excellent guide, and familiar with all the fish in those waters, and their haunts, remarked: "Them's big jew fish; they use here. You done sure lose a heap of lines on them big fish!" In five minutes I had taken the fish which had the first snell, and immediately Norris took the second. The snells were hanging from their mouths, each a black grouper weighing fifteen pounds.

5. On another occasion, the same year, I believe, we were coming down Surveyor's Creek from tarpon fishing, in our skiff, and were nearing our sailboat and camp. There was a tremendous stir in a school of silver mullet, showing that a saw fish was striking among them. When we approached we could see plainly the big yellow sawfish in shoal water. We had no grains in the boat, and Dode jabbed him with a pole, drawing blood, and pursued him into deep water, where he escaped. Resuming our journey to camp, which was near by, I put out a troll, which was immediately seized by a five-pound cavally, which I pulled into the boat, and found that he had been punctured clear through the body by at least four of the teeth of the saw, and from the holes in the fish blood was oozing. F. S. J. C.

That "Invention for Anglers."

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not like to carp or criticise, but I must ask, "What manner of man" is your correspondent Aberdeen, who in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 20 describes a diabolical instrument in the shape of a fish spear, having the spread of a 10-bore gun at thirty yards? What "angler" can be interested in such an implement? Or who professing to be an angler ever uses such a spear?

I never owned such an implement, nor do I remember ever using one but once, and that was forty years ago, when I speared a brace of suckers for a scientific purpose. That is the only time I ever speared a fish, and I am surprised that any reader of FOREST AND STREAM should refer to such an implement as the one mentioned as of interest to anglers. I trust I may be forgiven for taking up the matter, but such a communication is quite a contrast to the usual tone and teachings of "our paper." VON W.

ANGLING NOTES.

SPRING FISHING.

Trout fishing in Western New York will be late this year, if one accepts the statements of fishermen as they meet one another on the street, or congregate to talk over the prospects of the fishing season, which seems near at hand when the 1st of April has arrived, and it will be later than last year—which was exceptionally early, but if one consults his journal, provided he keeps one, it will be found that the prospects are about as they average on the borders of the Adirondacks.

The ice in Lake George has for many years been the index by which I have determined whether the season was early or late. I have also kept a record of the dates when the ice has disappeared from certain lakes in the Adirondacks, in New Hampshire and in Maine, but the Lake George record is the more complete, and extends over a greater number of years. Last year the ice entirely disappeared from Lake George on April 1, the earliest date known to any living man, but on March 25 the broad lake was open so that a man rowed a boat across the lake from Kattskill Bay to Bolton. This year I went to Lake George on March 26 on the State fish-car "Adirondack," which was loaded with 500,000 lake trout fry from the Caledonia hatchery, and on that date there was twenty inches of ice, where a year before there was open water. With last year in mind, fishermen speak of this season as pretty late. Doubtless the ice will be out of Lake George before the first day of May, when the lake trout season legally opens. In 1893 the ice went out on April 29. In 91, on the 18th; in 88, on the 9th; in '87, on the 30th; in '86, on the 16th; in '85, on the 24th; in '83, on the 28th of April. Because of the early season last year, the Legislature has been petitioned to open the lake trout fishing on April 15 in Lake George, and this is perhaps a fair example of the attempts constantly made to enact special laws that are productive of no especial good to the fishermen, and only make the code of game laws a piece of patch work which is confusing in the extreme.

If laws are to be passed for each changing season, and to suit the fancies of those who fish each particular lake on mill pond in the State, the code will fail in its purpose.

It is given as a reason for opening the fishing in this lake on April 15 that the trout come to the surface and go down again before the season legally opens on the 1st of May, but last year there was good surface fishing on the 1st of May and after. During the twelve years last past, the ice has gone out of the lake on or before April 15, only on four occasions, including last year.

The other years it disappeared as follows: In 1892, on April 7 (so remarkably early as to be subject for newspaper comment, and caused the oldest inhabitant to brush up his memory); in 1890, on April 14; and in 1889 on April 12. In '92 illness prevented me from fishing in May. In '90 I had good surface fishing on May 6, and afterward for a week; and in 1889 I did my May fishing in Saranac Lake, but knew that there was good surface trolling in Lake George each of these years on and after the day the season opened.

I mention this lake so specifically and its conditions for fishing in the spring as I imagine the details will apply to other waters for which special legislation is sought. Unless we have something like uniformity in our fish and game laws, without the seemingly endless exceptions for certain waters' fish or game a code of game laws becomes a mockery.

"CANADIAN SOLDIER."

A correspondent writes from Youngstown, Ohio, "There is a fly that puts in its appearance at Sandusky and Cleveland, and I do not know but all along the southern shore of Lake Erie, between May 20 and June 15, by the million and covers sidewalks and houses. They are locally called "Canadian soldiers." Can you tell me what the proper name of this fly is, how they breed, whether in the water or from a grub, or from the fly itself; whether they can be transported to other parts of the country and live, and if so how it is done?"

The fly is undoubtedly the May fly or day fly, and probably the largest one of the species, known to fishermen as the green drake. There is a soldier fly, a dipterous insect, but the swarming in millions mentioned by the correspondent answers to that of the May fly. I have written of the May fly so recently that I think the correspondent will find his question answered in Forest and Stream of March 10 in my notes, under the heading "May Fly Larvæ," and in Forest and Stream of Feb. 16 under the heading "Transporting May Flies."

The flies and their larvæ can both be transplanted, and will live and stock new waters and furnish an excellent fish food.

FISH CULTURE IN ITALY.

A lady residing in Rome sends me two clippings from a Roman newspaper and says: "I send you evidence that Italy is awakened to the importance of artificial fish culture, and is following in the footsteps of the United States in an effort to repopulate her waters with fish."

The clippings translated read: "During the last few days, by the care of the Minister of Agriculture, there have been new plantings in the public waters, with the view of repopulation. Twenty thousand trout fry were let loose in the Liri near Ceprano (between Rome and Naples). One hundred thousand carp in the Lake of Garda, and sixty-five thousand trout at Iseo.

"By order of the bureau of fish culture there has been let loose in the lake of Garda, opposite Isola Bella, fifty thousand white fish, which will be quickly followed by as many trout, with the end of repopulating the lake.

"We hear little, if anything, about artificial fish culture in Italy, in fact, until I read the clippings here given, I did not even think of Italy as a nation that practiced fish culture, and yet Italy stands second to Germany in the discovery or practice of artificial fish culture. The discovery of fish culture was made known by Jacobi in Germany in 1763, but as early as 1791 Joseph Bufalini, of Cesena, in Northern Italy, had succeeded in artificially fecundating the eggs of many species of fishes, apparently without any knowledge of Jacobi's discovery.

MARSTON'S TROUT.

Last December, my friend, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, wrote me from Quebec, and mentioned in a postscript to his letter that he had a small trout which he wished to send me, but he wished first to freeze the fish before sending it. The fish came from Rimouski county, some twelve miles south of the St. Lawrence River, and had been given to Mr. Chambers by Mr. C. Panet Angers, Q. C. Mr. Chambers spoke of the fish as a "curious and very beautiful specimen of Canadian trout which answers very closely to the description already published in Forest and Stream, as Marston's species of the salmonidæ." I asked him to send the fish, not to me, but to Prof. Garman, at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, and Mr. Chambers now writes me enclosing the following letter from Prof. Garman:

"Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass., March 13.—I was much pleased with your last. The trout arrived a day later than you expected; thawed out, but still good. The fish is S. Marstonii. From the traces of color retained, it is evidently the most beautiful of the genus. Its slenderness favors the idea that it is also the most swift. Your specimen decides that the species is more distinct than was at first supposed. In the system, its place is near S. Oquassa, but farther from its imported species S. Alpinus, of Lemapee Lake, New Hampshire. The latter, helped by fish planters, is gradually extending its range, so that it may soon be heard from in the St. Lawrence and its tributaries. After a day or two in alcohol the Marston trout loses its brilliant red and discloses the faint brownish vertical bands across the sides, much as in S. Oquassa, the blue-back trout of the Rangeley lakes. Some artist with his pencil will delight everybody interested in fishes if he will give the public a fair idea of the splendid colors, drawn from life, of the male of Marston's namesake.

Cordially yours, SAMUEL GARMAN."

This letter shows that the distribution of the Marston trout is much greater than at first, and proves the truth of a statement of a friend, who said that when the trout of the Canadian were examined, doubtless other new species would be found. The first specimens to be examined, in July, 1893, came from Lac de Marbre in Ottawa county. Next, I heard of the fish in a lake, still north of the St. Lawrence, and about a hundred miles east of where it was first found, and as I was informed, on a different water shed. I have seen specimens only in summer, and then declared it one of the most beautiful trout that I had seen. With the colors of the breeding season added, this char must be a marvel of beauty.

WALTONS ARE UP.

It is difficult for some people to understand how a little book issued for an English shilling should sell for $1,335, yet such is the price paid for the first edition of Walton at the Alexander sale in New York a few days ago. But the book was issued in 1653. The second edition, issued two years later, brought $210. The third, printed in 1661, sold for $150, and the fourth for $100. The four volume Bagsten, Walton and Cotton, sold for $404. This was printed in 1815. Pickering's edition, 1836, sold for $220. A life of Walton sold for $113 50. Goode's Fisheries of the United States, issued in 1879 for $50, sold for $220, but this work contained the reproductions in colors of Kilburne's paintings, and his trout, painted for the work, is perhaps the best painting of our brook trout that ever came from the brush of any artist. Certainly this trout has been copied far and wide, if that be a test of excellence. It is fitting that Walton's books should bring good prices just at this time, when a stained glass window is being unveiled in his memory and honor in St. Dunstan's Church, in London, where he worshiped in life. Although Walton sleeps at Winchester, where a screen was erected to his memory, he was a resident of London, in Fleet street, in which St. Dunstan's is also situated, and under its shadow the "Compleat Angler" was first sold. A. N. CHENEY.

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The time for the opening of the great Sportsmen's Exposition is drawing near, and we congratulate the association that the fruits of their labor will soon be enjoyed by the sportsmen of this country. Reviewing the difficulties which have been encountered from time to time since the project was launched, it must be conceded that the sportsman's interests have received an impetus by the contemplated holding of the exhibition the effect of which is conspicuous, and certain to create a broader knowledge of the needs and requirements of the legion of shooters, fishermen and lovers of field sports and recreations that has not existed heretofore.

It is evident that the sportsmen of the country will assemble in New York during the week of the Exposition, and by their presence show that they are in sympathy with the efforts of the association to enlarge the spirit of field sports. The evidence of a liberal patronage is manifest on every side. The reduced railroad rates offered will insure a large attendance.

Extensive arrangements are being made to provide for the rush of the associations which have signified their intention of attending in a body on the various club dates. The incalculable advantages likely to accrue to the manufacturer and dealer is one reason why every dealer in sportmen's goods of the entire country should attend the exposition. No occasion has ever appealed to the sportsman in such a practical way as this, the first exposition. Every club should send a large contingent of its officers and members. Quite a large number of the leading sporting organizations of several States are already arranging to attend.

Among the many noted guides who will be at the exposition will be Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wallihan, of Lay, Colorado. These persons have earned for themselves an enviable reputation as photographers of our wild game with the camera. There will be over two hundred different photographs of our large game exhibited by these enterprising and enthusiastic sportsmen. The sizes of the photographs are 20 by 40, 18 by 20 and smaller.

Another very interesting exhibit will be that of Messrs. C. G. Gunther's Sons. The exhibit of this firm will be an exact reproduction of their famous World's Fair display. It will occupy four spaces, and the display will be a typical and striking collection of their mounted specimens and heads of our North American game.

G. A. S.

Linnæan Society of New York.

At a regular meeting of the society, held at the American Museum of Natural History, a paper was presented: "Further remarks on the Salamanders found in the Vicinity of New York City," by Mr. William L. Sherwood. WALTER W. GRANGER, Secretary.

New Jersey Sea and Streams.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 16.—The continued cold weather has held fishing in this vicinity in check. I have received information that flounders are biting freely in Barnegat Bay, and perch are in evidence all about us. Dr. H. S. Kinmenth is the only man so far in this vicinity who has had a go at the trout. He reports the streams in bad condition and the fish unusually small. Out of a catch of eighteen but four were above the 6in. limit, and this from a stream where we have not infrequently taken good strings of pound fish. The close season on pickerel is of great advantage to us, as the season will not begin until May 1, by which time in these waters the majority of fish have spawned. It is a measure which should have been in force years ago. Thanks to the splendid energy of Commissioner Frothingham we have much to be grateful for, and anglers now feel that in him we have an auxiliary that in future will make protection protect. LEONARD HULIT.

Canadensis Trout.

NEW YORK, April 21.—I have just returned from Canadensis, N. Y. Trout fishing is good. I stopped at Price Bros.' Spruce Cabin, and so did Kit Clarke and Mr. Schroeder. Mr. Kit Clarke caught over 200 trout in a couple of days. Mr. W. H. Schroeder, of Elmira, caught 43 trout in a few hours on one day, of which the smallest measured 8in. and the largest 14½in. Mr. Schroeder had all large fish. He uses the minnow for bait. We had trout at every meal and plenty to take home besides. I brought home 61. Most fish caught with bait.—F. W. STOPENHAGEN.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 8 to 11—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club. Howard Vernon, Sec'y, San Francisco.
Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.
Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at —— P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Sept. 10—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C., John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.
Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton, P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 28.—Trials A. U. S. F. T. Club.—W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

THE BOSTON SHOW.

THE eleventh annual bench show of the New England Kennel Club, held in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, on April 16 to 19, inclusive, was of high quality taken in its entirety as a show. The catalogue indicated that there were 752 dogs entered, not counting the duplicate entries, which numbered about 50.

The show was attractively and pleasantly arranged. The hall is amply large, so that a good width for passageways was left between the lines of benching, and there was abundance of light from the generous spread of glass which was a part of two sides of the hall.

The benching was wooden, but of an entirely new pattern, differing from that of the ordinary rough wooden kind which is constructed with a view to temporary use and cheapness. It was nicely fitted and finished for permanent use.

Spratts Patent attended to the feeding in their usual satisfactory and painstaking manner. The show was a model of neatness.

The judging was finished with reasonable promptness, though the heavy floods in eastern New England delayed traffic so much that some of the dogs arrived late and were judged after their arrival. Mr. James Mortimer judged bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, Newfoundlands, Chesapeake Bay dogs, beagles, bulldogs and fox-terriers. Mr. Chas. H. Mason judged spaniels, bassets, dachshunds, poodles, collies, sheepdogs, terriers (except Boston and fox-terriers), pugs and miscellaneous. Mr. Harry W. Smith judged deerhounds, greyhounds and Russian wolfhounds. Mr. Arthur Mulvey judged Boston terriers, and Major J. M. Taylor judged foxhounds, pointers and setters. Dr. H. Clay Glover was the veterinarian. There was some dissatisfaction with some of the decisions.

Delightful weather prevailed during the last three days. Still, the show was not so well patronized as it merited. The last day, being a holiday, there was a large attendance, though it was the opening day of the baseball season, which attracted crowds to see the games.

There was a difference of opinion concerning the Club's cups. Mr. F. Lewis lodged a protest in respect to awarding the club pointer cup. In the special prize list the cups were offered "for the best dog or bitch bred and owned by exhibitor." Subsequently, through the press, the club announced that "the conditions under which our club cups were offered have been changed, and will now be offered for the best American-bred dog or bitch in the twenty breeds enumerated in our premium list." The club held that they had a right to correct the premium list, as the first announcement concerning the club cups was an error, and the announcement through the press was sufficient notice of the change. Mr. Lewis held that the premium list was what governed the contract between the exhibitor and the club, and that the notification through the press was immaterial. The club refused to pass on the protest and will refer it to the A. K. C.

The management gave a lunch to the judges, press and exhibitors, on Tuesday, which hospitable attention was appreciated in itself, and for the kindly interest manifested toward the dogmen.

The ring stewards worked hard, and were skillful in keeping the classes moving.

Foxhounds were in exceptionally strong numbers and of good quality. In the class for English hounds, dogs and bitches, Noel E. Money's Songster and Mermaid, both good hounds, were respectively first and second, winning easily in a class of four. John Gibney's Winsome won third. American foxhounds were out in force, there being 27 shown. In the challenge class first was won by Muskedunder Kennels' Bowsprit, Dr. C. A. Largest's Commodore vhc. reserve. There were eleven dogs in the open class. First went to W. A. Walker's Big Strive, somewhat plain in head, excellent in legs and feet, and foxhound character. White Oak Kennels' Clay and Dude were second and third. Clay is coarse in head, but a hound of good quality. G. W. Pierce's Driver got reserve. In bitches, W. S. Walker's Pearl Strive, a bit flat in ribs, excellent head, of true foxhound character, sound and shapely legs and feet, won first over White Oak Hill Kennels' Flirt, second, and Dr. A. C. Heffenger's Primrose. This class had nine entries. There were four puppies, only fair in quality. Pope's Striver

Pope's Samson, and Pope's Speedy, owned by the White Oak Kennels, were first and second and reserve respectively. The same kennels' Clay and Zack were first and second in the field trial class. This kennel made a strong entry and won the kennel prize.

Chesapeake Bay dogs were in numbers larger than common, though numbering but eight entries, of which Otter Girl was absent. There was but one entry in the challenge class, W. S. Bigelow's Bigelow's Rose. In open dogs, Richard Connor's Peter, light in bone, but good in coat and type, won first over Oak Grove Kennels' Curley, a fair average dog, and their Deacon, first at New York, took the reserve. In the bitch class there were but two competitors, W. S. Bigelow's Rose II. and Oak Grove Kennels' Biddy F., first and second in the order named.

Pointers numbered fifty all told. Glen Rock Kennels' Duke of Kent II. and Molton Banner were first and reserve in the challenge class for heavy-weight dogs. The former was high in flesh. The corresponding bitch class had no entry. In the open class for heavy-weights, Glen Rock Kennels' Twinkle took first. He was shown in hard flesh stands on excellent legs and feet, and has a good pointer head. G. Muss Arnolt's Lord Bracken, recently described in reports of other shows, won second. Robert Leslie's King of Lynn won third. He was not shown in the best of condition. N. L. Chaffin's Dan was the reserve. There were nine competitors in this class, and five in the class of bitches, of which first was won by Springside Kennels' Springside Nell, a symmetrical bitch, good in loin, legs, feet and body. Second went to E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie, long cast, too straight in stifles and only of average merit. C. H. Clark, Jr.'s, Emblem, was throaty and a little out of condition. Glen Rock Kennels' Pet, the reserve, was heavy in shoulders and gross in flesh. In the light-weight class, challenge dogs, Springfield Kennels' Duke of Hessen won over George J. Gould's Ridgeview Comet, F. A. Hodgman's Arthur and Ridgeview Tenny, reserve. In bitches George J. Gould's Lady Gay Spanker, a well-known bitch, won over Miss Rumor and Springside Kennels' Hempstead Pearl. The open dog class had eleven entries. George J. Gould's Ridgeview Chancellor, described in recent reports, won first. J. L. Adam's Lad of Rush won second. He is light in body, plain in head and his coat was not clean. Third went to E. W. Foote's Kentwood, lank and flat in body, tail coarse, ordinary in quality. H. W. Richards's Nick of Kent was the reserve; he is plain in head and out at the elbows. There were eight in the bitch class. C. D. Roberts's Devonshire Pearl, a winner at the New York show, won first in a not close competition. Second went to N. L. Chaffin's Daisy, plain in head, good body, forelegs not of the best, fair symmetry. G. A. Vickary's Belle, third, is out at elbows, plain in head, good quarters. The reserve, J. R. Schuyler's Vexation, is light in muzzle, straight in shoulders, yet a fairly good pointer. There were seven in the puppy class for dogs. F. S. Eaton's Shadway, first, is quite a superior puppy. His body is well-ribbed and well-shaped; clean, well-made neck well set on good shoulders, good legs and feet, plain head and superior symmetry. N. Clifford's N. B. Allison II., second, is a fairly good coarse puppy. The reserve went to F. E. Clark's Dustyway, a long-cast puppy. There were but two in the bitch puppy class, and of those, Tell Tale, a fair average puppy, won over Dame Fortune, both owned by John L. Heard. Of the five competitors in the field trial class, Duke of Hessen won the first prize, Duke Kent II., and Lad of Rush the reserve. George J. Gould won the kennel prize.

English setters were light in numbers, twenty-eight all told, of which three were absent and one was a duplicate. Cactus and Glendon were the only ones in the challenge class. The former won. Maid Marion had a walkover in the challenge bitch class. In open dogs, there were fourteen competitors. First was won by H. L. Keyes's Montell, a loosely built dog, round in muzzle, crooked in tail, too straight in stifles, and a little leggy, good body, legs and feet; he is not a superior specimen. Ed. A. Burdett's Cincinnatus's Pride is light in muzzle, somewhat leggy, and of fair symmetry. F. F. Bock's Dan o' Light, third, was thin in flesh and not in the best of condition. He has a good head and fair symmetry. C. E. Lewis's Harry L. was the reserve. He is not a good mover and stands badly in front. The Earl was awarded vhc. He is rather heavily flewed, is throaty, and his head is not properly shaped for a setter head, and he does not stand squarely in front. He has good symmetry and lots of setter character. There were six to face the judge in the bitch class. Oak Grove Kennels' Nellie F., a trim, symmetrical bitch, won first. She is light in head, it being of the light hitchy type. She is symmetrical, stands on good legs and feet, has a good body and quarters, neck lean and well set on shoulders. She is not, however, quite so full in muscular development as is desirable. She won the special for the best setter, dog or bitch, over Maid Marion—a very close contest. While Nellie has more symmetry, Maid has decidedly a better muscular development and quite as much setter character. Second went to A. Boote's Clara, narrow in head, nicely shaped body, good neck, sound legs and feet; a close second. Oakland Farm's Our Pet, third, plain in head, is a good bitch, and was a good third. The remainder of the class was ordinary. Jos. Lewis's Larkspur, a long-cast puppy, had no competition in the dog puppy class, nor had Our Pet any in the bitch puppy class.

The Irish setter classes were light in numbers and only of fair merit. Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare took premier honors in the challenge class, the reserve going to B. T. Bartleson's Bob, Jr. The remaining entries were Finglas and Kildare Glenmore. Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic had an easy win over their Norna in the challenge class for bitches. There were but four in the open dog class, Henmore Shamrock taking first prize, winning first over the New York winner, G. Shippen's Shamrock O'Moore, the latter long cast and a bit throaty, though a good dog. Third went to R. B. Fay's King Grew, coarse in head and a general tendency to coarseness. The reserve, F. A. Whitney's Ruffdan, is flat in ribs and ordinary. There were four in the bitch class. W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore II., thin in flesh, won first; second going to F. G. Goodridge's Coleraine, a good bitch not in good condition. Geo. E. Pierce's Princess, pale in color and plain in head, took third; she stands on good legs and feet, and has a good deal of merit. B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Toronto Biddy took the reserve. There was but one entry in the dog puppy class, H. G. Braethwaite's Kirstal, and two in the bitch class, of which N. McIntosh's Bostal Norna, first, was quite a good one. W. L. Washington's Kildare Annette, second, was thin in flesh and has a poor head. The kennel prize was won by the Oak Grove Kennels.

Gordon setters numbered eighteen. Noyes Billings's Ranger B. won easily over Leo B. in the challenge class, and Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise had no competitor in the corresponding bitch class. There were six dogs in the open class. First was won by H. A. Esterbrook's Wanoosnoc Prince, short in muzzle, head not clean cut, fair tan and symmetry. John Kennedy's Mount Royal Rush, second, is ordinary, poor head, light nose, smudgy tan. Geo. Shaffer's Wang Ivanhoe, third, was built on straight lines, and F. C. Cross's Argus B., reserve, has a coarse head, and has a general tendency to coarseness. This class was a poor one. There were four bitches. Dr. S. G. Dixon's Maid of Waverly was easily ahead of anything in her class. Her head is not clean cut, but she is well made and symmetrical. His Sante Marie is heavy in whelp. She has a wedgy head. His Daisy Ivanhoe, third, is light in body, tan smudgy, and her quality is ordinary. In dog puppies H. S. Robert's Count Noble's Boy was first, M. W. Murray's Duke Noble second, H. A. Esterbrook's Royal Rex reserve. There was but one entry in the field trial class, Ranger B. Dr. Dixon won the kennel prize.

Beagles were in good numbers and quality. Nearly all the winners were dogs of real merit. In the challenge class for dogs, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Roy K. won first. He is an excellent beagle. Their Forest Hunter took reserve. He is a bit heavy in shoulders, soft in coat, still he has good beagle character. In the challenge bitch class, their Lonely won first over Trimtwo and Topsy, the latter the reserve. In the open class for dogs, over 13 in., Joe Lewis's Ringleader won first. He is a good beagle, but his legs are not so clean turned as they might be. Second was won by the Rockland Beagle Kennels' Directum, a trifle heavy in head, good coat, legs and feet, well-shaped body, and good quarters. National Beagle Kennels' Diamond Forest, third, is soft in coat and shows throatiness. Loe III., the reserve, is pinched in muzzle and heavy in shoulders. There were five in the bitch class, over 13 in. S. Smith's Silverena, an excellent bitch all round, won first. Second went to H. B. Tallman's Trill's Baby, only of fair quality, third going to H. Hanson's Lady of Denmark, heavy in shoulders and out at elbows. Dogs under 13 in. had three entries. Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Clarion of Glenrose, an excellent beagle, won first. He was a bit too fat. G. Laick's Laick's Roy, also a good beagle, took second, and W. G. E. Hammersley's Rival third. The bitch class had nine competitors. First went to a good beagle, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Trill, second to A. Parry's Primrose, not good in head, but otherwise quite well made; third went to J. Reardon's Maida, thin in flesh from the effects of recent illness. She showed a deal of quality. The reserve, H. Ramsdell's Pride of Cressbrook, is heavy in the shoulders. There were six dog puppies. First, A. D. Fiske's Phantom; second, C. Peabody's Comedy; reserve, S. Smith's Whang. Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Fury, first, and S. Smith's Schackne, second, were the two entries in bitches. There were six in the field trial class, of which the winners were: first, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Frank Forest; second, Forest Beagle Kennels' Gipsey Forest; reserve, H. Hanson's Olaf of Denmark.

B. WATERS.

Mastiffs showed a considerable falling off compared to last year's entry. Out of seventeen entries fifteen were from Dr. Longest's kennels. The Doctor seems as enthusiastic as ever, in spite of the Beaufort's Black Prince affair last year, and in making such a large entry he afforded the "Fallons" of the fancy ample opportunity to gain possession of other good dogs on equally easy terms. This time Ingleside Minting and Emperor William met in the challenge class, the former, not very well shown in regard to coat, repeated last year's victory. Then Dr. Longest bought him, and he scarcely cares which dog wins now. His Lady Diana, looking very well, won in the corresponding class. A capital headed dog in Hans Sachs from the same kennel had a walkover in open dogs, the grand-headed Ingleside Maximiliau being N. F. C. Bitches had but three present of the six entries, and the short-faced, wrinkly Lady Cameron, not in very good shape, was followed by the brindle Maggie Murphy, who has improved on her New York form; Eider's (third) type of head is a better one, and she beats in bone and depth of body. She afterwards won the special for best mover. These are all from Dr. Longest's kennels. Two very promising dog puppies were shown in Carlo and Kingman's Bow Bow, and a better pup still in Rose, beat Pearl in body, bone and skull in the bitch class; all from the Mount Vernon Kennel. Ingleside Minting won most of the specials, and the kennel prize of course went to Dr. Longest.

In St. Bernards the quality was rather mixed, and on the whole there is little headway being made. Take away the old winners, and there is little left to fill their places. Moore's Altoneer and Lady Livingston took the challenge prizes, the latter again beating Miss Anna, who scarcely looked in such good feather as at Pittsburg. Open dogs showed a falling off in entries, Booth's Duke of Lincoln standing literally head and shoulders over the others. This grand dog improves on acquaintance. An excellent headed dog in Gov. Russell (J. W. Comey's) gained second; a deeper body would improve him. Third went to the well-known Jim Blaine, a nice all-round dog, though rather low set and dips behind the shoulders. His son, Jim Blaine, Jr., took reserve; he lacks character, but has a well-shaped head, is light in body, but was well shown. The bitch class was scarcely so good, and a very fair bitch, P. J. Slane's Lady Vandyke, won first; she should be straighter in back and truer in front; Victoria II., from Mr. Moore's kennel, loses in muzzle and width of head; Melba (Galaxy Kennels), third, is too full in eye, and should be better ribbed. The puppies were not very promising. Alton, Jr., had no difficulty in beating another good dog, Melrose King, in the challenge dog class for smooths, and Col. Ruppert's Empress of Contocock's deeper muzzle and body sufficed to place her over Melrose Belle, whose general symmetry, however, is better. There was a large entry in open dogs this year, and a son of Melrose's, C. W. Bicktord's Rex Bute, was soon picked out for honors; barring a large ear, his head is a capital one, well marked and showing lots of quality of the Alton, Jr., type, stands on good legs, richly colored in coat, but should grow a bit yet; the well-known Counch, not improved much in body, was second; and Judith's Altoneer, a plain, washy-colored one, took third; she has a pretty fair head. G. W. Patterson's Eulalie II., filled out nicely, scored over Moore's Melrose Judith in body and hind parts. The puppy dog prize was withheld from one of those freaks in coloring we sometimes meet with even in the very best bred stock. The bitch puppy Guide's Belle shows lots of quality. The kennel prize went to Mr. Moore's grand smooth team, but the special for best in show was a tight thing between Alton, Jr., and Duke of Lincoln, the former just getting the verdict through expression, shape of head, and depth of muzzle; back of the head he is considerably excelled by the rough dog, and also in action, and no one could have cavilled at the decision had the other dog won as they stood that day.

Great Danes. There was little here to interest one. Challenge classes did not fill, and E. Knieriem's Major McKinley II., the well-known youngster, was the only decent one in open dogs, and the nice bodied Ella scored easily from Perkins's Owl's Nest Topsy, in bitches.

Deerhounds, with the exception of two entries, J. P. Barnard's Jane and Sandy McPherson, all came from the Hillside Kennels. They have been out before, and were above placed in their usual order. The greyhound classes were strong, but Mr. Smith was scarcely happy in his selections, though it must be admitted the dogs he turned down were not in condition.

With Southern Rhymes and Imperator in challenge dogs and Bestwood Daisy alone in bitches, we come to the open dogs, where J. H. Winslow's Jack of Clubs, very well shown, beat Bradbury's Dakota and J. F. Turner's Baltic; the winner drops away too much in loin and quarters, Dakota should have more rib, and this also applies to Baltic, who beat the others under the same judge at Philadelphia last year. Toon & Thomas's Southern Fury, though he did show a slight touch of lameness in hindleg, should have won and their Southern Charm been mentioned, at any rate. In bitches, the winner, White Oak Hill Kennels' Silk, a neat enough little thing, does not stand over enough ground and is beaten by Southern Belle, the second winner; Be of Stones, third, is best in quarters and loin, but should be better ribbed up; Wild Lily, the New York and Detroit winner, and Southern Gay Girl, first at Chicago, were unmentioned; the latter is one of the best in the class, but showed some redness on hind legs. A promising pup in Wild Imp was alone in its class. Toon & Thomas took the kennel prize.

The Russian Wolfhounds depended entirely upon Mr. Hanks's kennel. Col. Dietz and Vinga in challenge classes and Sorvanets, going to pieces, and Groubian II., unfurnished yet, the only open dogs. Lady Dietz, looking thin, won over Zmeika, unmentioned, who can beat the other to a standstill in everything but hocks, but the judge being a stickler for soundness one can understand why she was so neglected. In puppies a daughter of Leekhoi was given first; though why Graubian II., second in open dogs, should have been passed over without a mention is difficult to understand.

Both the Newfoundland entries were absent.

Spaniels. While the entry in most of the breeds was a good one, the quality especially in cockers showed a falling off. The well-known Midnight III., in better shape than usual, was the only challenge field spaniel. Open dogs was a hot class, and the peculiar headed Dark Despair made his debut with winning honors; a ridge of hair on muzzle and between the eyes detracts from an otherwise fair profile; his head has plenty of depth and is fairly well formed; he is a bit on the leg, but has good length and was well shown. The well-known Staley Baron was a good second, with Toby reserve; but Fashion, vhc., is better in head and front. In bitches, M. A. Viti's Scandal, nice pup though she is, was lucky to beat Endcliffe Myrtle, who scores in head length and body. The any other colors were a poor lot, first being withheld. In cockers, challenge dogs, Woodland Prince scored over the parti-colored Bim, who loses in head. The bitch class was empty. In open dogs, an old winner, Mepal Kennels' Commodore, whose change of quarters seems to have been beneficial, scored nicely over Edmond's Adonis, who is a little out at elbow. Beppo, third, is just a fair little sort not furnished yet. Prince Nebo, entered in this class, unfortunately hung himself over his stall just before the show opened. Mepal Kennels' well-known Baby Ruth scores only in head over Woodland Princess, while Fashion, third, is rather long in body. The any other color dog class proved a picnic for Mr. Fiske with Billy and Vernon, both commented on in Pittsburg report. His Muldoon also took reserve. The other four were marked absent. Mr. T. M. Robertson's entries were delayed by the floods, and on arrival the class was reopened and his Red Obo given an extra first. He is a nice headed one, but faulty in front. Tarr's Jimmie was overlooked, but was on the bench. In bitches there was nothing to beat the well-known St. Lawrence Beauty and Red Niobe. Robertson's Red Dolly that came late was given an extra first. Geo. Douglas's entries were absent in this class. The Clumbers made a brave showing in numbers but the quality was not what it should be; the general run of them is small, not long nor deep enough in body and too prone to snipiness in muzzle. In open dogs the white Friar Boss loses in length and shape of head to Endcliffe Buster, second, who is getting into better form. In bitches Newcastle Kennel's Reckless Friar scored well enough from her kennel mate, Meta, who loses considerably in muzzle, length and depth of body, but Endcliffe Fairy, vhc, to be consistent, should have been placed, better head and body than second. The Irish water spaniels were good. Musha arrived too late but was given an extra first. In the regular competition, Dennis scored well over Mike O'Donohue in head. In bitches, the clean faced Belva (Dr. Kent's) was placed over Miss Green's Venus, as at New York; Kitty of Cork getting reserve. Marguerite, being one of the delayed, was afterwards awarded an extra first. Wee Wah Kennel's good team of fields was correctly awarded the kennel prize for best of any one variety, and Baby Ruth was considered the best American-bred spaniel, and with Commodore, took the St. Lawrence Trophy for cockers, and Scandal walked off with the Saybrook Trophy for best American-bred field spaniels.

The exhibit of collies but for the presence of the Woodlawn Park Kennels would have been poor compared to former years. Highland Floss looking fairly well, was the only challenge entry. Woodlawn Park's Woodmansterne Trefoil being in better coat, scored over his kennel mate, Hadfield Don, who appeared for the first time. He has a nice long intelligent head, good ears, but his gait is rather mincing and not free enough, and he looked a bit light in body, being short of coat. When he gets his full coat he is bound to take some beating. Otterburn Chriss, third, has a very fair head but is small sized, and should be better ribbed—a good coated black, white and tan. Blarney Stone, reserve, is a nice headed one, but falls away behind. The others were a mixed lot and were more or less coarse in head. The bitch class was a better one all round, and Stannard's Lady Gay repeated her Chicago and Pittsburgh victories, and therefore Ormskirk Susie had to play second fiddle again, while the same kennel's Hempstead Dorothy, gone off in head, had to be content with third money; Crystal (J. McDonald's), a nice shaped one, short of coat, took reserve. A lot of mentioned ones followed, and among them I liked the vhc. F. Flannigan's Maud, a good coated one. The prize was withheld from the dog puppy, and in bitches a densely coated pretty headed one in McEwen and Gibson's Heroine won well. Woodlawn Park Kennels of course took the kennel prize, and Lady Gay the N. E. K. C. Cup for best American bred.

Old English sheepdogs were out in force, Mr. F. A. Watson making a bold bid for supremacy and he succeeded in upsetting the New York awards by winning with Sir Charles over Boxer III., who was not in good shape and is soft in coat. Coats have changed so in these dogs, but Sir Charles strikes me as being more like the old sort. In bitches Woodlawn Park's Mayoress of Newport beat the New York winner, Clarissa and Trilby, from F. A. Watson's kennel, the latter a red and white daughter of Sir Charles.

Poodles, always strong at Boston, were in no way inferior this year. And the meeting of Rajah, Diamond and Vivette gave rise to keen competition, the bigger coarser dog getting the verdict, with the Brown Diamond reserve. There were no corded poodles shown. In open black curlies, after getting rid of the ruck, competition narrowed down to three or four, Carnot eventually being tried out with Emperor, both from the Meadowmere Kennels, and succeeded in taking the blue. He is a larger dog with more substance than Emperor, but the latter is better in set on of stern, loin, and general symmetry. The Meadowmeres scored first, second and reserve in bitches, with the Morey Kennels vhc., with Cigarette and Selina. In browns the Hill Hurst Kennels had all the classes to themselves, the well known Poobah scoring well over Jocko in open dogs, but in bitches Hill Hurst Posey can beat the winner, H. H. Fluff, in head and curl; Bellone, mixed in color, getting reserve to the youngsters. This kennel showed a very pretty lot of puppies that should go like hot cakes.

Bulldogs, as usual, here made an interesting exhibition, and quality was even stronger than ever. His Lordship and Saleni were the challenge winners, White Venn coming in reserve to the latter. In open heavy dogs, King Orry, in much better shape than at New York, won easily enough, beating Reve Royal in layback, shoulder, length from eye to ear, break up between the eyes and ears. Dr. Rush is a rather coarse headed dog, not out enough at shoulder. Hucknall Gipsey had no difficulty in beating Holly, who is long-faced. The dark Heathen won in open light weight dogs and the judge was consistent in placing his son Heathen II. (H. E. Converse) second; barring his faulty hind parts and legginess I liked Nugget better; African Monarch, well out at shoulder, was a close reserve. Juno II. (Woodlawn Park Kennels) won easily in the bitch class and Lud's Boy was well to the front in puppies. The special between King Orry and His Lordship created much excitement, although those who have followed the shows expected the ultimate result; King Orry won. While King Orry excels in breadth of underjaw, is better broken up and has more length from eye to ear, in general finish I like the other dog, especially in true shape of body and action and height from

ground and the absence of the flapping sign board shoulders which are an exaggeration. There is no doubt King Orry has grand bulldog head qualities and is a dog that should do a great deal of good to the breed. This extreme "outness" at shoulders may be carried to excess, as it is merely a fancy point. Woodlawn Park Kennels took the kennel prize. Although there was only one entry in challenge bull-terriers this year against four last year, the winner was the same—Cordona. Competition was keener in bitches and Castle's Kit, though not in very good form, being just off puppies, scored in cleanness of head over Starlight, who begins to show her age. There were three absent in open heavy dogs and the Pittsburg winner, Dutch Bill, had an easy win over Yale Jim, who should be darker in eye and flatter in cheek. That grand bodied bitch, Queen Lily (F. F. Dole's) scored well in her class; H. F. Church's Newmarket Siren coming second, light in eye, body ticked but of good foundation; Edgewood Flossie was third. Light weight dogs was a good class of three and the well-known dogs Little Flyer, Tarquin and Little Billie were placed as named, the latter losing in body chiefly. An excellent eared bitch in H. F. Church's Sabatia won over his La Tosca in the next class, beating in cleanness of front and skull. F. F. Dole took the kennel prize.

The Boston terrier exhibit was a most interesting one, especially to those who have followed the fortunes of the breed with a jealous eye. These must admit, on looking through the benches, that the type is asserting itself in no uncertain manner, for where three years ago one could find here and there a terrier that would seem to conform more or less to the club standard, there were dozens on the bench this year, and the full round skull and uneven mouth and bully attributes of former years were few and far between. The competition was principally notable for the success of Hollander's Peter over Bayonne Kennel's Prince Walnut, though behind the head he cannot be called superior. Nankin and the trim little Nancy were also winners in their class. Spider, the New York winner, again took the ribbon for light weight dogs, followed by Bayonne Kennel's Tom and Phelps & Davis' Commissioner II., as at New York. The puppy Monte, owned by Alex. L. Goode, seems to be the acme of Boston terrier breeding so far, for he is certainly about the best I ever saw, with deep square muzzle, flat skull, good bony front, and has a particularly neat body, and is a well marked brindle and white. He had a field day among the specials.

Fox-terriers were a lively lot, and the best we can show were on hand. The competition was not exciting in the regular classes, as many of the winners have been placed by the same judge at several shows this season, but the downing of Blenton Victor II. by the wire Cribbage, who was shown exceedingly well, afforded a little excitement. Victor must needs pull himself together if he wishes to retain his laurels. He looked listless and distrait and fine drawn. He beat Warren Safeguard, however, in the challenge dog class, and Warren Captious was alone in the corresponding division. The open dog class was a hot one, not a bad one in it, and for quality was one of the best classes in the show; the puppy Warren Daybreak, however, held his own with Hillside Domino, second, an excellently fronted dog that should be flatter in skull; the well-known Blemton Stickler came next; he is a bit long cast. Beverwyck Royalist was reserve, and such dogs as Hillside Royal, Sentinel, Warren Romper, Beverly Rally, Seacroft King and Result were among the mentioned ones. The bitch class was not so good on the whole and the order as before was Warren Capture, Ewald's Cowthorpe Gem, and that capital puppy Warren Sentence; Raper's Richmond Pearl came in for reserve, and an old winner, Blemton Vindex, could do no better than V. H. C. this time. The Rutherfurd Kennel captured the money in the puppy classes with the usual team.

In wires the order of course was Cribbage and Oakleigh Bruiser in challenge dogs, and Surrey Janet alone in bitches. They all looked exceedingly well. Endcliffe Banker continued his winning career in open dogs, followed by a nice headed one in Rochelle Kennel's Brittle Boy, who had the undisguised pleasure of beating Mr. Richie's Mister Great Snap; Hill Hurst Trick, reserve, has not come on in body as one could wish. Toon and Thomas with Endcliffe Fidget and Endcliffe Witch were well into the money, Brittle Buzz, a rather nice headed one with big ears getting third. Brittle Boy scored nicely over the big eared H. H. Piquet, and Brittle Buzz took care of the Hill Hurst entries in puppy bitches, beating Bud in length and strength of muzzle.

The Rutherfurds took the smooth kennel prize and Hill Hurst Kennels that for wires.

Most of the Dandie Dinmonts were owned by Mr. Ed. Brooks, the president, and pursuing his usual commendable policy his dogs were N. F. C. Lothian Judy, that has been round the circuit was the only prize winner.

In Bedlingtons, C. Walter Lougest showed his new dogs Mount Vernon Wonder and Mount Vernon Rose, both superior to anything we have seen lately, though Rose's coat might have a little more "crisp" in it. Wonder nearly killed the well-known Professor before the show, so that the latter could not fulfill his engagement.

There was lots of fun around the Scottish terrier benches and Messrs. Brooks and Ames and the Newcastle Kennels made a brave showing. This time Tiree was put at the head of affairs in challenge dogs with Kilroy second, and in Culblean's absence Wankie Diana had a walkover. Newcastle Kennel's Bellingham Bailiff had revenge on the Wankies by defeating Wankie Tam in open dogs. In bitches the capital headed Janet, recovered from maternal duties, scored nicely over Radix, a very good fronted bitch with a nice coat; Wankie Cambria, third, is one of the old lot, and so are Vorda, Miss Ted, Wankie Daisy. Wankie Tam and Janet took care of the American breds and they are a hard pair of youngsters to beat. The winning pup Dunbarton is short of coat and elbows are not true.

Irish terriers were a smart lot, but some of the judging could not be followed. Jack Briggs won in challenge dogs, but although Merle Grady was broken in coat he is so superior to the coarse-headed, comparatively, Boxer IV. that he should have done better. Dunmurry was alone in his class. In open dogs the clean-headed youngster Brigg's Best turned the tables on Brian O'K., his former conqueror. His Honor claimed third for that good fancier W. J. Comstock. Milton Droleen, a bitch we spoke well of at New York, was first in bitches, easily beating the strong-headed Brick Dust and the moderate Gessela III., who was short of coat. The dog pup Shaun Rhue could be improved in front and ear, while Milton Droleen was the winning bitch, but "Shure, more power to yer jaw would plaze me betther, Droleen!"

Black and tan terriers were chiefly noticeable for the defeat of Broomfield Sultan by Glenwood, who is better in front though a trifle coarse compared to the other. One of the best in the open classes was Surrey Glen, a nicely marked neat little bitch. The Skye terriers were nearly all from C. A. Shinn's kennel, and with D. Kerr's Roderick Dhue are familiar to us all. The well-known Minnie Yorke and Pinky Yorke were the only two Yorkshires worth considering. Toy terriers were remarkable for the presence of one Nellie, that was without a suspicion of appleheadedness, though in other parts her tan was faulty. The pugs were a poor lot. Boby Ivy and Otterburn Treasure, winners respectively in challenge class and open dogs, were the best. Toy spaniels had few entries, Loris, with a curly coat, winning in King Charles dogs, and Bonnie Bess and Nada, the latter not short enough in face, winning in bitches. Princess Nevia was the winning Ruby Spaniel, Mrs. Tuck's Rena following in the same order as last year, losing in muzzle, skull and shortness of face. Two very fine Japs were shown in Mrs. Monroe's Oota and R. Russell's Princess Janet, too long in body, good skull, but muzzle should be shorter.

The Italian greyhounds were the old winners, Spring, Sprite and Tinnie II., from Jos. Lewis's kennel.

The Woodlawn Park Kennels' Welsh terrier Dewr won from a nondescript called a "Jaegersprits breed" in heavy miscellaneous, and Ben Lewis's terrier Frank took the prize in the other division. Both seconds were rather harshly withheld in the smaller class, at any rate.

In this class was also entered the French toy bulldog J' Fros, who was exhibited to demonstrate the fact that the Boston terrier is not a French bulldog—anyhow, the *fin de siècle* B. T. is not like J' Fros. H. W. LACY.

Brunswick Fur Club.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Brunswick Fur Club was held in Mechanic's Building, Boston, Mass., on April 16. President Heffenger presided. Twenty-four members were present.

The report of the committee on the revision of the constitution and running rules was accepted.

The proposition to allow the shooting of foxes at the field trials was defeated after an animated discussion, those in favor being unable to secure the necessary two-thirds vote.

Mr. Nathan W. Pratt, North Middleboro, Mass., and Mr. J. Wm. Jones, Needham, Mass., were elected members of the club.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

Meeting of the N. E. F. C.

ON April 18 the New England Field Trial Club held a meeting in Mechanic's Hall. Following is a list of officers elected: President, J. W. Hayward; Vice-Presidents, D. A. Goodwin, Jr., Geo. W. Lovell, Ed Brooks and H. Dutton; Secretary, A. R. Sharp; Treasurer, Walter C. Baylies; Board of Governors, E. Knight Sperry, J. L. Wells, Chas. P. Curtis, Jr., Geo W. Amory, Hobart Ames, Herbert Merriam and H. W. Smith. It was voted to open a sweepstakes to be run commencing Oct. 29, $100 added. Messrs. Sharp, Baylies and Ames were appointed a field trial committee of three to have charge of all matters concerning the trials. The trials will be run on the club's grounds at Assonet. Mr. N. Wallace was elected an honorary member and was tendered a vote of thanks for past services.

The Death of Sir Bedivere.

AT the Boston dog show on Friday a telegram pinned on the bulletin board told the story of the passing away of one of the greatest St. Bernards. It was dated April 19, and addressed to Mr. D. E. Loveland. It read as follows: "Sir Bedivere died last night of gastritis." Sir Bedivere is so well known to our readers that no extended mention of his history or record is necessary. He was one of the greatest stars of the American St. Bernard world since his importation in 1890, and he added greatly to the fame of the breed in this country.

DOG CHAT.

AT the Boston show, Mr. D. W. Glazier sold the mastiff Ingleside Minting to Dr. Lougest, and the latter sold Maggie Murphy, winner of second in the mastiff bitch class, to Mr. Glazier. The Seacroft Kennels sold the collie Sefton Snow to Mr. Geo. P. Runton. Mr. Nelson McIntosh sold the Irish setter bitch puppy Borstal Norna to Joe Lewis. Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus bought the pointer dog Shadyway of Mr. Frank S. Eaton.

In our report of the Pittsburgh show there were some errors in regard to the awards in the English setter bitch class. Dr. John A. Hartman's Rita H. won second, his Count Howard's Pride was third, and his Roderigo's Queen was reserve.

The Kennel Club's trials at Levington Heath (England) resulted as follows: Derby, first, Bonny Bell of Cold Hill; second, Venus of Thyrimont; third, Squire of Kippen; fourth, Whist; fifth, Sandford Reveller; sixth, Sarah Pedro. All-Aged Stakes: first, Ben Sullivan; second, Jessie Wind'em; third, Rose Wind'em; fourth, Polly Pedro. There were 22 starters in the Derby, 16 in All-Age Stake. Setters and pointers ran together in the Derby instead of separately, as heretofore.

In our business columns is the advertisement of the Eastern Field Trials Club's Derby, giving all the conditions, etc., of that stake. The judges so far selected are Messrs. W. S. Bell, N. Wallace and S. C. Bradley.

Yachting.

THE change of rule just made by the New York Yacht Racing Association by which one-third instead of one-half of the total overhang is measured, is a step in advance, it is true, but it still leaves the Association just about twenty years astern of modern yachting, a rate of progress that will bring it really up to date some time within the first half of the next century. In our opinion, the more the question of taxing overhangs is considered by yachtsmen, the less ground will be found for it, and the fewer will favor it; but, even if we should be proved wrong in this, and in the future it should be determined to place some tax on the long ends, the method followed by the New York Y. R. A. is wrong in principle and thoroughly bad in practice.

With the waterline once measured, as it should be, with crew and all racing weights aboard, the opportunities for the unlawful gain of length largely disappear. If it still be desired to attempt to measure the waterline when under way as distinguished from the waterline when at rest in smooth water, then two ways are open, the measurement originated by the Atlantic Y. C., of a line parallel to the water and some fixed distance above it, or the imposition of some penalty for an angle of say not less than 15 degrees between the water and the line of stem and counter.

As far as new boats are concerned, built to a waterline measurement, if this measurement be taken with crew aboard, the opportunities for gain through unmeasured immersion when under way are free to all, and certainly none can complain. It is only in the case of old boats against new, as in the New York Y. R. A., that any fair excuse can be made for the taxation of overhang, and for this a remedy may be found that will be fair to the old boats and yet will not prohibit all improvement of the fleet.

This may be done by the measurement of the waterline of all boats with the crew on board and in racing trim, the true measurement of all new boats with long fore and after overhangs to be taken as their racing length, either alone or in conjunction with the sail area. In the case of old boats with both ends plumb, a certain deduction from the measured waterline will be made, and in the case of boats of the older Cape type, with slightly overhanging stems and short but effective counters, a smaller deduction will be made.

Taking, for example, three boats of 20ft. l. w. l., a modern craft with 30ft. length over all, an ordinary "Caper," with slightly rounding stem and short counter, say 24ft. over all, and a New York open boat with plumb stem and stern, their "mean lengths" by the New York Y. R. A. rule would be respectively 25, 22 and 20 ft. By the proposed method the measurement of the first would be 20ft., her true waterline; of the second, 17ft., and of the third, 15ft. These figures would, of course, give too great an advantage to the older boat, as would the measurement of ⅓ instead of ½ the total overhang; but there would be no great difficulty in arriving at fairly equitable figures, which would still give a fighting chance to the older boats.

Under the present system, the rules are made for the old boats and a prohibitive tax is placed on the new ones. Under this proposed system, the new ones would be freely admitted to their proper classes, while the old ones would still receive certain concessions for their recognized inferiority. Such concessions should, of course, not be sufficiently high to induce men to build square-ended boats for the sake of the reduction, but only high enough to give a give a fighting chance to boats which must certainly disappear in a few years through inferiority of build alone, apart from model.

If the New York Y. R. A. desires to uphold and encourage the old type of square-ended boat against all modern types, then it is perfectly consistent and reasonable in adhering as long as possible to the crudest form of "mean length" measurement, and only abandoning it in favor of a slightly better form when forced to do so. If, on the other hand, the Association is desirous of recognizing and encouraging improvements in design, while at the same time seeking to give fair and reasonable protection to vested interests, as represented in the older boatf that still race, then it cannot abandon too quickly the rule that it has upheld for so long, replacing it by some such measure as we have roughly outlined. As long as it continues in its present policy it must recognize in every new boat built an additional proof that it is wrong.

THE Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, established in New York in 1889, has just made a very important change in the abandonment of the one distinctive word in its title. The club was started in the interests of the smaller boats, which at the time had no recognition from the yacht clubs on the one hand or the canoe clubs on the other. While many changes have since occurred both in the local yachting and within the Fleet, its main strength throughout all these years has been in the fact that it did not compete actively with older and larger clubs, but that it catered almost exclusively to small craft. Now that these latter have suddenly come into general favor, the Mosquito Fleet, has decided to abandon its distinctive policy and special field, and to enter into competition with the many established yacht clubs within a gunshot of Execution Light. The reason for this course, as we understand it, is that the word Mosquito is felt to be derogatory to a yacht club, and to imply that its members can boast only of some sort of insignificant small boats.

In this we feel that the club is entirely wrong, and we doubt whether it is any nearer right in voluntarily entering into what may prove a struggle for existence among the too numerous clubs of the locality where it has at last permanently settled.

As the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, with a clear field of its own to work in through the encouragement of a type of boat that is likely to become generally popular, it was secure from all danger of competition on the part of the established yacht clubs; while at the same time it was free to extend its influence and enlarge its fleet by enrolling and admitting to its races any sizes of yacht. As The Corinthian Fleet, devoted openly to what may be classed as yachts, and repudiating the "mosquito" boats, it must make its way in active competion with a number of rival clubs, with the possibility that all may not succeed, and that it may be among those that fail.

We look confidently for a most prosperous future for the clubs of Long Island Sound: not merely through the new Union, but because yachting has of late been made more popular and more easily possible on the Sound by the growth of such places as Larchmont, New Rochelle, and Greenwich, and the improvement of transportation facilities. At the same time it is most essential that the establishment of too many clubs and the inauguration of a close and unhealthy competition should be avoided. From its first organization, we have taken a special interest in the Corinthian Musquito Fleet, and we regard with regret the ambitious but venturesome step which it has just taken.

THE YACHTSMAN, in its issue of April 11th, says: "We have a bone to pick with the FOREST AND STREAM in that in giving an excellent illustration of Ailsa, it has failed, whilst acknowledging its immediate source *Le Yacht*, to point out that the French journal copied it from *The Yachtsman*. *Le Yacht*, to be sure, may claim exemption from the charge of piracy by pointing out that in their excellent illustration, a marvel of pen-and-ink copying, there exists an up-to-date one rater in the foreground and an impossible schooner mercifully far away."

In reproducing the picture, with credit from *Le Yacht*, we only recognized the excellent handiwork of its artist, Mr. A. Brun, with no thought of the original source of the picture save as a photo common to all. Had we known that part of the credit was due to our English contemporary, we certainly should have mentioned it.

Robert Center.

THE New York morning papers of April 18 brought a shock to yachtsmen in the news which they told with a business-like abruptness and frankness that seemed almost brutal, of the sudden and violent death of one who has long ranked as the ideal American sportsman, Robert Center, of New York. The transactions of the special meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, which follow, leave little to be said by way of memorial or tribute; but, loving him, as did all who knew him intimately, it is but fitting that we should speak from our personal knowledge. As a gentleman sportsman, the character in which he was most widely known, he stood alone in his thorough and enthusiastic devotion to all manly sports for sport's sake; the gambling side had no charm for him, nor was he even willing to take the passive part of an interested on-looker, but his enjoyment of sport was purely personal; he loved it and desired to excel in all branches, and above all, he desired that others should love it and enjoy it as he did. The letter below, a voluntary tribute from a comparative stranger, tells of but one instance in hundreds in which his aid was freely given. The young Corinthian who wanted to buy a boat, or who, having one, wanted to learn to sail her, found him always ready to give aid, at whatever personal inconvenience. In the same way his time was always at the service of yachtsmen and yacht clubs, even those little known to him; he was ready with a talk or a lecture, or substantial aid of some kind.

On the turf his influence was of the very best; he had no conception himself of anything but the fairest of fair play, and he was an uncompromising enemy of all underhand practices. In yachting he was one of the first to brush away prejudices and old ideas, and to strive for a higher standard both in technical matters and in the methods of the sport. His advocacy of those features of design and construction which are now universally accepted by American yachtsmen began at a time when it made for him many enemies among the owners of the existing boats; but his bold crusade 25 years ago—a young man and almost single-handed—laid the foundation for the progress since made in this country.

His kindness of heart, his courtesy, his graceful and easy hospitality, charmed all who came in contact with him, but not the least, in our estimation, was the fact that no one had to ask twice where Robert Center stood on any question. He had opinions, and when the necessity arose he was always ready to declare and stand by them, regardless of the result. While sometimes wrong, these opinions were always based on that principle of fair play which was an integral part of his nature, and on a thorough technical knowledge and a range of experience that few could equal. If a thing appealed to him as good,

he commended it; if it was bad, he condemned it in no doubtful nor uncertain terms; and, whether right or wrong, he was always honest, as even his opponents recognized. It was this characteristic, perhaps, more than any other which has made him such a power for good in American sport for one generation, and has left an influence which will be felt for still another.

Mr. Center's death was due to a collision with a team while riding on his wheel, on the afternoon of Wednesday of last week. He had been up the Boulevard, and was returning about 6 o'clock, riding down on the western side, in the rear of a horse car, in chance company with several wheelmen though a stranger to them When at Seventy-second street, just opposite the Colonial Club, the group turned out to pass the car, which was going slowly, and when clear of it they were confronted by a coal cart, which had been coming up the avenue on the wrong side of the street, and on meeting the car had turned out for it. The others went clear, but Mr. Center was struck by the horse or shaft and thrown from his wheel, the cart passing over his head and chest. He was picked up unconscious and taken to the Roosevelt Hospital, and as soon as his name was ascertained, from an engraved plate on his wheel, word was sent to his apartments at Thirty-fourth street, and to some of his most intimate friends, who at once repaired to the hospital. He never recovered consciousness, and died just before 9 p. m., having been mercifully spared all suffering. Though life lingered for several hours, he knew nothing after the first blow, and his death was practically instantaneous and painless. A special meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club was called for Monday night, at which a very large number of yachtsmen were present, the senior Captain, Mr. Gerard Beekman, presiding in the absence of the flag officers, Com. Benedict and Vice Com. Rouse being both absent in their yachts. After the reading of the notice of the meeting, a resolution was passed authorizing the chairman to appoint a special committee, and the following gentlemen were named: J. Frederic Tams, A. Cary Smith, Oliver E. Cromwell, Charles A. Post and Leon F. d'Oremieulx.

The committee retired for consultation and returned with the following resolutions, which were adopted by a standing vote:—Whereas through the sudden and tragic death on April 17 of ex-Commodore Robert Center the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club has lost not only one of its oldest members, but one who, by every quality as a yachtsmen and as a true and warm hearted friend, peculiarly endeared himself to his fellow members; and whereas by his attainments as a yachtsman and his lifelong connection with other varieties of sport, he occupied a position not only in this club, but in America, only equalled by his sterling qualities as an honest gentleman and a faithful friend, his chivalrous nature and a perfect rectitude of character in his dealings with all men.

Resolved, That the club make this inadequate record of its deep sense of sorrow at the loss of their beloved friend and comrade.

Resolved, That the members of the club as a body attend his funeral.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his mother.

Mr. J. F. Tams, one of the oldest and most intimate of Mr. Center's friends, then read the following memorial of his life, prepared by the committee, all of whom were old-time associates.

Robert Center was born in 1840, and at an early age became prominently identified with every variety of sport, his interest in which continued until the moment of his death; and while his tragic and untimely end cannot be sufficiently deplored, it seems in a measure not unfitting that he should have met death while engaged in one of the sports in which he has been so closely engaged.

To give the details of his connection with this club would be but to recount its history; hardly a page of the minutes but contains his name. He was one of our oldest members, No. 12 on the roll, and joined on May 15, 1884; but his prominent connection with yachts and yachting in this country, and his notable and far-reaching influence in every direction which tended to elevate and popularize the sport, extends back nearly thirty-five years. There has been hardly any prominent yachting event during that time with which he has not been identified in some way. He was rear-commodore for the years 1876-7, vice-commodore from 1887-1890, and commodore in 1891, and again from 1893-4. He served on numberless standing and special committees, and at the time of his death was chairman of the Committee on Lectures.

In early days he owned the sloops Ariel and Bonita, and in 1871 built the cutter Vindex, famous as being the first iron yacht constructed in this country, and the first built from drafted lines. In many details of rig and construction, this vessel foreshadowed and had a marked influence on modern yachts. His last yacht was the cutter Medusa, which he owned at the time of his death. As a racing yachtsman he was a prominent figure, but it was more particularly as a Corinthian and as a sailor that it pleased him best to be known. He was in addition a designer and a naval architect of no mean ability; his technical knowledge of the subject was wide and thorough, and as a draftsman he had hardly an equal. His influence on rig, type and construction was most marked. While never owning a strictly racing yacht, his true love of the sea leading him to prefer cruising in small vessels and the discomfort and hardship incident thereto, he was, above all others the most persistent advocate of Corinthian racing as well as cruising, and no one more faithfully practiced what he preached.

In the early days of the club at Oyster Bay, and in catboats as well as in schooners, he was ever present and equally useful and enthusiastic, whether trimming a sheet or at the helm. To the advancement and encouragement of his beloved sport, not only was he always ready with wise counsel, hearty interest and indefatigable personal effort, but he further freely gave the most liberal support to serve the same end. In 1876 he presented the "Center Cup," for a Corinthian race in October to Cape May Lightship and return. He was also instrumental in 1886 in arranging the thousand dollar S. C. Y. C. cup for first class sloops, which was won by Puritan. Of his intimate connection with and loyal interest in every step this club has taken from the time he became a member we cannot now too gratefully speak. His death has robbed us of our most beloved member, whose sterling qualities as a yachtsman, as a friend and as a gentleman, made his name an honor to the club, and his acquaintance and esteem a privilege to its members. He was our sole active link with the early days of yachting, and the club is the better for having known and having had among its members the genial, wholesouled and warm-hearted friend we shall see no more.

He joined the New York Yacht Club on May 15, 1862, was number 26 on the roll at the time of his death, and fourth in seniority on the list of yacht owners. He was Rear Commodore for the year 1876, was a member of the Committee on Admissions from 1877-80, and again from 1893 to the time of his death. He crossed the Atlantic in the schooner Fleetwing in the great ocean race in Dec., 1866. He served on many special committees, and notably was a member of the committee which framed the second Deed of Gift of the America's Cup. His intimate connection with and interest in this club for 34 years is well known to its members. In the annual cruise his yacht was always notable not for size but for smartness of appearance and absolute perfection of appointment to the smallest detail.

Second only to his unwavering affection for the sea was his inherited love of horses, and in nearly every branch of sport with which the horse is identified he achieved distinction and founded a well-deserved and wide reputation. His name was a synonym for spotless integrity and the most high-minded and absolute fairness. As he sailed straight so also he rode straight and was straight.

In 1866 he was one of the founders of the American Jockey Club, was one of its governors, and continued as a prominent and interested member until its dissolution. In the best days of this club, between 1870-80, he rode many races at Jerome Park and elsewhere, and as a gentleman rider his reputation was second to no other. His interest in racing continued until his death, at which time he was a member and governor of the Coney Island Jockey Club, and one of its executive committee. To the many duties of this position he gave his time and his best thought as freely and as conscientiously as it was given to his other manifold sporting interests.

In hunting, as in racing, he was also most prominently identified, being indeed one of its first patrons and enthusiastic supporters in this part of the country. He was one of the founders, in 1877, of the first hunting club here, the Queens County Hounds, and was one of the first subscribers to bring a pack to this country in that year. It is a matter of record that in 1880 had it not been for the persistent and continuous support given to the pack by two gentlemen, of whom he was one, hunting, which was still in its infancy, would probably have failed. He continued as a member of the Queens County Hounds as long as that club lasted, and at the time of his death was a member of the Genesee Valley Hunt. For many years he was a well-known figure in the hunting field as a fearless and a skillful rider, and in this sport his name was, like that of his uncle, David Dunham Withers, on the turf, synonymous with unblemished honor, rectitude and fairness.

Of the old New York Rowing Club he was also a prominent member for many years and sometime officer. By many of the older members of that club he will be well remembered as the coxswain of many winning crews, and his single shell was for many years well known on the Harlem River. When the New York Rowing Club became a dining club, his genial personality as a presiding officer cheered the members, and in their ranks as in ours his loss will be deeply mourned.

In the sport in which he met his death, his long interest and influence are indeed remarkable. As far back as 1860 he rode the two-wheeled velocipede in Paris, and it seems a well-established fact that in 1863 the first bicycle was brought to America by him. It has been asserted that he met his death by riding improperly; but of this there is not the slightest direct evidence; and it is impossible to believe that a rider whose special pride was that he was academic and orthodox should be guilty of a fault that he continuously criticised and condemned in others. We can but say that his lamentable and untimely death was the decree of an inscrutable Providence.

In social club life he was also prominent. Of the Union Club he was a member since May, 1862, and at one time was one of its governors. He was one of the founders of the Knickerbocker Club in 1871, and was a member at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Downtown and Country clubs.

His eminent, and indeed unique position as a sportsman was but one of the many sides of the attractive personality of our fellow member. He was a man of the world in the broadest and most liberal sense of the term. A thorough education, wide travel, the perfect command of several languages, a close student of men and things, made of him a most attractive companion. A strongly developed natural bent, combined with the necessary leisure, enabled him to freely cultivate his varied tastes, and he easily assumed and held to the end of his life that position in the best social life of New York to which his name as well as his accomplishments entitled him. The quaint, old-fashioned and punctilious courtesy which with him was but the natural expression of his feelings, will long be remembered by those who knew and loved him best.

While he had well-defined fondness for literature and for art, it was more particularly as a true lover and devoted patron of music that he was identified. He was one of the founders and principal supporters of the Orpheus Glee Club, and gave this society much of his time and attention. A cultivated musician himself, he was in music as he was in everything else which claimed his interest, absolutely thorough—and but few other amateurs in New York possessed his deeply studied technical knowledge of the art.

He was a man of marked individuality, and impressed all those who came in contact with him by his strong peculiarity Loyal to a degree and the very soul of honor, he was a stern opponent of and impatient at all that was sordid and unworthy. The simple chivalry of his nature was almost touching. With the highest and keenest sense of duty, he was persistently faithful and conscientious in all that he undertook. His scrupulous integrity and his impartiality were marked traits of his character.

Unostentatious in his givings, and of a charity that let not his left hand know what his right hand did, he had the confidence and love of his friends and the respect of his opponents. In everything he did, whether in his public or private life, or in his relations as man to man,



ROBERT CENTER.

his every act was characterized by the highest and most chivalrous sense of honor and rectitude; and we and the world are the better for his having lived in it.

Secretary Hayden then read the following, written by a member of the club:

"If the suppressed emotions lying beneath the calm exterior of the friends and comrades of Robert Center could be laid bare and find free expression, a feeling of grief and bereavement would be disclosed, so poignant, so profound, so universal, that even those who best know him would be filled with amazement.

It is not the purpose of the writer of these words to go into details regarding his manliness, his courage, his decided, clear-cut ideas of honorable sport, his thoroughness in every variety of manly exercise in which he took an interest. All these are well known not only to his friends and the community in which he lived, but his reputation in these things was as well national and almost world wide. These admirable qualities were possessed by him in an unusual degree; but it is to the personal characteristics and lovable qualities of mind and heart, his geniality, his unswerving loyalty to his principles, to his standard of honor, to his friends and to his sense of right, which were characteristics of him in so marked a degree—it is to these finer and higher qualities which in these poor words I would pay tribute.

A manly, brave, honorable, true and loyal man was Robert Center, and I am sure I echo the sentiments and express the feelings of those who knew him when I say that, although it may not be permitted to all of us to lay a flower on his grave in token of our grief, we feel it a privilege to offer this poor tribute of words to his worth and memory.

Nevermore shall we have him with us in our councils, nevermore with us in contests of skill in seamanship, nevermore in any of the varied sports into which he so enthusiastically entered.

A sense of loss irreparable, personal to each one of us, lies heavily on our hearts and we have no words to express what we feel.

All that is left for us is to conform as best we may to the inscrutable decree of a Higher Power. He has gone but he has left in the hearts of each one of us the sweet and fragrant memory of a life and character all worthy of imitation, for he was worthy, in its highest, best and fullest significance of the "grand old name of gentleman."

Mr. d' Oremieulx and Secty Hayden, each spoke of their personal knowledge of Mr. Center, after which a motion was made by Mr. S. Nicholson Kane that the proceedings be spread in full on the minutes and also printed in pamphlet form for distribution among the members of the club, after which the meeting adjourned.

The funeral will take place on Friday, April 26, at 10 A. M. from St. Mark's Church, 10th Street and Second Avenue.

Editor, Forest and Stream:

The deplorable accident which occasioned the death of Commodore Robert Center on April 17th, has pained me deeply.

Having met the genial commodore occasionally while yachting, and also in the rooms of the Philadelphia Yacht Club. I desire to express my feelings, and I know I express those of brother yachtsmen, in regard to his distressing and sudden death.

A gentleman of exceptional qualities and whose yachting attainments were *par excellence*—a master of navigation and seamanship; genial and companionable—willing to help a brother yachtsman whose necessities often required it, not only in New York waters, but also in southern seas It is a loss that yachtsmen generally will lament.

The coming trials and also the international races have no doubt occupied his thoughts, and he and his favorite cutter Medusa will be missed during those exciting times

Among his attainments he displayed special ability as a lecturer on yachting, as the various yacht clubs before whom he has lectured can amply testify, and his blackboard and individual demonstrations were thoroughly understood and readily digested by his eager hearers.

I shall never forget the last lecture he gave in Philadelphia before the Philadelphia Yacht Club at their rooms, which was not only entertaining, witty, and practical, but sank deep in the minds of his attentive hearers.

The lecture was given in January, 1894, and was on the subject of "The Care and Fitting Out of Yachts," and he spoke from his individual experience, which he said covered a space of thirty-two years.

His fluent talk, diversified by personal reminicences and droll sayings, at times, convulsed his hearers with laughter and brought forth loud applause. At the commencement of his lecture he intimated that perchance, at times, his remarks might be considered heretical, and continuing said, "But a rope was still a rope, no matter what foreign word be used to designate it," and then he took everyone through all the intricate ways of caring for and fitting out a yacht.

His rapid talk and generous illustrations were listened to with eagerness and wrapt attention. He dwelt on the importance of selecting a skipper, and said, "He is the most important man you must have, while it is difficult to find one with the qualities of honesty, sobriety, and competency, yet it is absolutely necessary that he should possess two of these qualifications at least—the first and last. Sobriety he will acquire possibly through the force of example."

He went on and dwelt upon the crew, saying among other things, "Give the skipper the privilege of selecting the crew—do not make the mistake of selecting the crew yourself, and if they are not up to the standard you will know who is to blame."

After rigging and painting her, (and he dwelt on this at length) he touched on the steward, cruising, boat service, discipline and all that goes to make up a yacht in a masterly manner. And during the lecture he spoke of those very things which are so absolutely necessary at sea—lights and the right of way. He laid stress on the subject of having good lights, and used the old maritime maxim "When both side lights you see ahead, port your helm and show your red." "Good clear lights," he said, "the larger the better, on a small yacht; an expensive light is always good evidence in court."

Poor Commodore, his lights were dashed out, and that through no fault of his own. He was on the right course, and let us all think and believe that he cast anchor in that harbor where there is perpetual anchorage and good holding ground for all true yachtsmen.

WM. S. HOFFMAN,
Ex-Secy. Quaker City Yacht Club,
Now Philadelphia Yacht Club.

A Centerboard Knockabout.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 23 we gave the lines of one of the best of the keel "knockabouts." The yacht here illustrated, through the courtesy of her owner, Mr. F. L. Dunne, of Boston, is for the same class, but draws about 16in. less water, being a centerboard craft. She is now under construction at the shops of Ambrose Martin, East Boston, and will be ready by the opening of the season. Her dimensions are:—Length over all, 33ft. 6in., length l. w. l., 20ft. 10in.; overhang bow, 5ft. 6in.; overhang stern, 7ft. 2in.; beam extreme. 8ft. 6in.; beam l. w. l., 7ft. 9in.; draft, 3ft. 2in.; freeboard, least, 1ft. 8in.; sheer, bow, 1ft. 4in.; sheer, stern, 7in.; mast, from stem at l. w. l., 5ft. 1in.; mast, deck at hounds, 28ft.; boom, 24ft.; gaff, 13ft. 2in.: mainsail, sq. ft., 395ft.; jib, 117ft.; total, 512ft.; lead keel, lbs., 3,200ft.

The boat is intended for general sailing about Boston harbor, and for racing within the limits of the new knockabout class, and the interior is largely given up to a cockpit, a snug cuddy being fitted up forward. She was designed by Messrs. Waterhouse & Chesebrough, of Boston, designers of the original knockabout Carl. While there is no attempt at elaborate and expensive racing construction, the scantling has been carefully considered, and there is very little unnecessary weight. The keel is of oak, sided 11in., moulded 6in.; the stem, counter-timber and deadwoods also of oak; the frames of oak, single-bent, sided and moulded, each 1¾in. The chainplate frames are doubled and side-fastened with inside chain plates The frames are spaced 12in. The floors are of oak plank, sided 1½ to 1¼in., and moulded 7½in through the middle third of the boat, being lightened in the throat at the ends. The bed pieces are of oak, 2¼in., with the heels of the frames dovetailed in, and one ⅝in. lag screw into the keel through each frame. The clamps are of yellow pine, 4×2in., tapering to 2¼×1½in.; the bilge clamps, 2½×2in., also tapering at the ends. The deck beams are of oak, main beams 2×1⅝in., half beams and beams at ends, 2×1in. Floor beams. yellow pine, 2½×1in. Three hacmatac hanging knees abreast of mast, one at each end of cockpit and one in centre of cockpit, six in all on each side.

The sides of trunk, 1⅛ in white pine, matched and edge-bolted; centerboard of 1⅜in. white oak, bolted with 7-16in. galvanized steel rod. Plankshеer oak, 4½×¾in.; rail oak, 1½×⅞in. planking; hard pine, ¾in.; deck white pine, 3×⅛in., caulked and payed with Jeffrey's Marine Glue. Plank fastenings, copper nails clinched over burrs, frame fastenings, copper or yellow metal, keel bolts, ¾in. bronze, deadwood bolts, ⅝in. steel rod. The boat has been turned out in excellent shape by the builder The sails were made by Wilson & Silsby, Boston. The sail plan first proposed included a balance jib with a club on the foot, but this has been changed for the lug jib set on the jibstay, without a club. The main shrouds run to the upper peak halyard block, and at the height of the hounds in the ordinary rig are two masthead runners, with eyes around the mast and supported by small cleats. The throat halyard block is hung by a wire pendant from the masthead, thus giving free play to the blocks with no drift to the halyards. The rudder stock is of 1½in. steel pipe, the lower end split and opened to take the oak backing. The rudder trunk is of heavy 3in. lead pipe, flanged at the top and bottom to the angles of deck and keel. The boat promises to be exceedingly handy and fast as well.

Isolde and Niagara.

THE new 20-rater Isolde, built for Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern left the Herreshoff works, at Bristol, on April 18, in tow of the steamer Archer, on which were her fin, bulb, spars and sails. A small and roughly-made rudder of iron was fitted temporarily to steer by while in tow. On board the yacht were Captain Parker and Mate Diaper, the latter, by the way, no relative of Captain Tommy Diaper, though both hail from the Itchen. The tow reached New York on Friday morning, passing the Battery at about 7.30, and a little after the yacht was alongside the steamer Russia, of the Hamburg Line, at her pier in Hoboken. The chocks were soon arranged on the after deck of the steamer, and two stout rope slings were passed under the yacht, and the light hull swung in air and dropped on to them after being safely landed, she was lashed fast to ring-bolts in the deck. The lead half-bulbs and fin were hoisted into the hold, and the spars were lashed on deck beside the hull.

The yacht is merely a big canoe, 15ft. over all, 45 to 46ft. lwl. the total overhang being divided into about 8ft. forward and 12ft aft, beam 12ft., depth of hold about 5ft.; total draft, 11ft. The sweep of the keel is naturally quite flat, bringing the lower part of the stem and the horn timber close to the water, but the end of the stem is snubbed in rather shortly into a blunt nose. The transom is curved, giving a better appearance than when sawed off straight, as in El Chico, Wenonah and Dacotah. The outer skin is of mahogany, with the usual oak gunwale of the Bristol boats; the plankshеer is also of oak, the transom of mahogany, and the deck of a single thickness of white pine. The fin is built of Tobin bronze plates, and is double, each side made of several plates separated by liners; the sides come together at the lower edge, but at the top they are about 18in. apart, the upper ends of the plates being flanged to give a wide bearing on the hull. The Herreshoff form of balance rudder is used, of course with a tiller.

The space below, with about 5ft. of headroom, is divided by two light bulkheads, there being a very long forecastle, a main saloon about 7ft. long, and a long after cabin, including the whole run of the boat out to the transom. The forward part of this after cabin, just abreast of the companion ladder, is fitted with two low sofas, back of of which are folding canvas berths, similar sofas and berths being fitted in the main cabin. There are also, just abaft the ladder and under the deck, two wooden bunks. In the forecastle are four hammock cots. The w. c. occupies one corner of the forecastle, and opposite there is a pantry and naphtha stove.

On her trial trip, on April 7, as she came to her moorings off the works, she struck on a ledge of rocks, injuring one side of the lead bulb. She was hauled out on the new railway of the Hereshoff Company and the damage repaired.

The Gould 20-rater Niagara, almost a duplicate of Isolde, was launched on April 16, no one being present beside those employed in the shops. She was quickly rigged and ready for a trial trip on April 18, Mr. N. G. Herreshoff having the tiller and Captain Barr being with him. The trial was made in a strong breeze, showing the yacht to good advantage, as she carried her sail and handled well in the puffs. When coming in the wire drew from the sockets in the main shrouds probably through some defect in the soldering, and the mainsail wa at once taken in.

New York Y. R. A.

A special meeting of the Y. R. A. was held on April 16, Admiral Prime presiding. The following amendment to the sailing rules, offered at the previous meeting was adopted: "The measurement for allowance for time shall be the length of the lead water line measured when in sailing trim, to which shall be added one-third of the overhang fore and aft, which shall be the sailing length." The question of the Labor Day regatta was discussed, and the following clubs agreed to subscribe $25 in tickets for the club steamer to insure the expenses:—Columbia, Hudson River, Jersey City, Newark, New Jersey, Pavonia, Tappan Zee, Yonkers Corinthian, Bayonne City, Audubon, Tower Ridge, New Jersey A. C., Ossining, Kill von Kull and Newark Bay. It was decided to charter a steamer for the race, and Admiral Prime was authorized to appoint a regatta committee, which he did as follows: E. Langerfeld, Hudson River Y. C.; Edwin Moore, Jr., Yonkers Cor. Y. C., and A. F. Adams, Newark Y. C. The next meeting will be on June 7.



SAIL PLAN OF KNOCKABOUT.

Defender.

The Yankee crew of the new Defender reached New York on April 18, and at once made their way to Tebo's, where Colonia has been lying for two years. The interior of the yacht has been refitted and gives better accommodation for the crew, and she is now nearly ready for use, her spars and bright work receiving the first attention of the new hands. Captain Haff and Mate Berry are in charge.

There has been some delay at Bristol through the non-arrival of the brass sternpost from the Providence foundry, due, it is said, to a defective casting. In the meanwhile the stem has been set up and the fore and middle body of the boat is framed out, while the frames are ready for the after portion, and will go up as soon as the sternpost is in place. The garboard plates, of manganese bronze, with rivets of the same material, have been set, projecting two feet below the brass keel plate and covering the upper portion of the lead keel. The outline of the stem is reported as being shorter than in Vigilant, while there is less round to the frames, the result being a bow more like Valkyrie and Britannia.

The sails are now well under way in the new loft, the men being at work now on the mainsail. Beside the suit which the builders will furnish, the owners will have another, and, after negotiation with several sailmakers, a contract was made last week with Wilson & Silsby, of Boston. The areas of the sails, as given, will be:

	Sq. ft.
Mainsail	6,500
Topsail and jib	2,300
Working topsail	1,325
Total	10,125
Club topsail	1,848

Two sets of spars have also been ordered, one from the Boston Spar Company and one from Piepgrass at City Island. The dimensions given for the Boston spars are:

	Ft.
Mast—heel to head	102
Topmast	61
Boom	102
Gaff	64
Bowsprit	44
Spinaker boom	72
Topsail yards	57 and 51

These spars show a larger sail plan than Vigilant, with a proportionately larger mainsail and smaller headsails, the mast being further forward and the distance from mast to bowsprit end being less. The Piepgrass spars are given as mast 104ft. and boom 103ft. Of course all of these measurements are in the rough, and the lengths may be reduced in use. The housing of the mast is given as 9ft.

The following is from the *Boston Globe* of April 21:

Here are some of the yarns which yachtsmen are spinning around town. Some of them are true. The truth or untruth of the others will be shown in due time. They say:

That a yachtsman who has had a look at the Defender saw no signs of an auxiliary centreboard forward *a la* Jubilee.

That the Defender would not need such a board anyway, as she is less cut away forward than the Jubilee.

That although General Paine always had the Jubilee's forward board down in going to windward with the jibtopsail set, skipper John Barr was never quite sure whether or not it was doing any good.

That Defender is about as commonplace and non-distinctive a name as could be selected, and that it looks as though the syndicate, in selecting it, took the easiest way to avoid an avalanche of coupon suggestions.

That as long as the Defender is the only new boat, and is likely to defend the cup, there is not so much assurance in taking a generic for a specific title as there would be with another new boat building.

That sailm ker Wilson has been given carte blanche on the syndicate suit of sails for the Defender, and will show yachtsmen a new wrinkle or two in specially woven duck of extra fine quality.

That the yachting writer or correspondent who figures the beam of the Defender so close as 23ft. and one-quarter of an inch, had better watch closely or a thirty-second of that quarter may escape in the final burnishing of the plates.

That Herman Duryea, who is soon to marry the widow of the late ex-Commodore Wm. F. Weld, and who has taken a house at Cowes for the summer, has ordered a 1 rater of the Herreshoffs for the racing in Southampton water.

That another order of the Hereshoffs is for a ½-rater, to meet Spruce IV., the boat which J. Arthur Brand, of London, will bring to this country, and for the racing of which the Seawanhaka Corinthians will offer a fine international challenge cup.

That the yachtsman who has a piece of the duck from which the mainsail of Defender is being made at Bristol considers it not of extra good quality, and rather coarse and common in weave.

That the first sternpost sent the Herreshoffs for the Defender had a flaw in it, and that the delay at Bristol is the wait for a new one to be cast and delivered.

That the syndicate will not demand the contract forfeit if the Herreshoffs deliver the Defender within a reasonable time after June 1.

That the syndicate did not choose manganese bronze plates for the Defender instead of Tobin bronze because they cost more, but simply because the rolls for working the former were new and hence likely to produce a smoother plate than the somewhat worn rolls of the older company.

That the writer who descends to wilful misrepresentation and silly personal abuse of another simply shows the state of his own mind, and moves the assailed one to merriment. W. E. Robinson.

The steamer Paris brought over the spare spars and gear of Vigilant, and they have been stored in the Erie Basin.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The 30 ft. yawl building at Abramson's yard, South Brooklyn, is not intended, as has been announced, for racing, but was designed last fall by Mr. H. J. Gielow for Mr. J. F. Ackerman as a handy knockabout boat for the Sound. As Mr. Ackerman then owned several yachts, her construction was deferred until he had sold some of them, and has just been commenced. She will be 45 ft. over all, 30 ft. lwl., 12ft. beam and 5 ft. 5 in. draft, with a straight keel from which the stem rises in a straight line at a moderate angle, making quite a long forward overhang with considerable sheer forward. The counter will be similar to Saona and other of Mr. Gielow's boats. The midship section is of the form common to the modern compromise centerboard boat, the centerboard being of steel plate. The keel will be of iron, and the coustruction will be strong and durable, with no special effort at lightness, the boat being intended for merely all-around service. She will have a good-sized cabin under the usual cabin house, with a large cockpit. The sailplan shows boom and gaff mainsail and mizzen, and forestaysail. The boat was designed without reference to the new Larchmont special class, in fact before the class was in any way outlined.

There seems to be no good foundation for the rumored 34 footer for Mr. Maxwell from Mr. Wintringham's design, and for the 34 from Mr. Smith's designs, thus far no such boats have been ordered.

Heedless, cutter, has been sold by Le Grand Clark to Louis Wunder Brooklyn Y. C., who has sold the sloop Vixen.

A contract has been given out by the Huntington Y. C. for a new house 40×25ft., to be built on the steamboat dock recently leased by the club. The work, which will include a float 30×12ft., and will cost $1,400, will be completed early in the season.

Sentinel, steam yacht, formerly owned by Rev. John Aspinwall, has just been sold to L. C. Wachsmuth, of Chicago, and will sail for the Lakes soon.

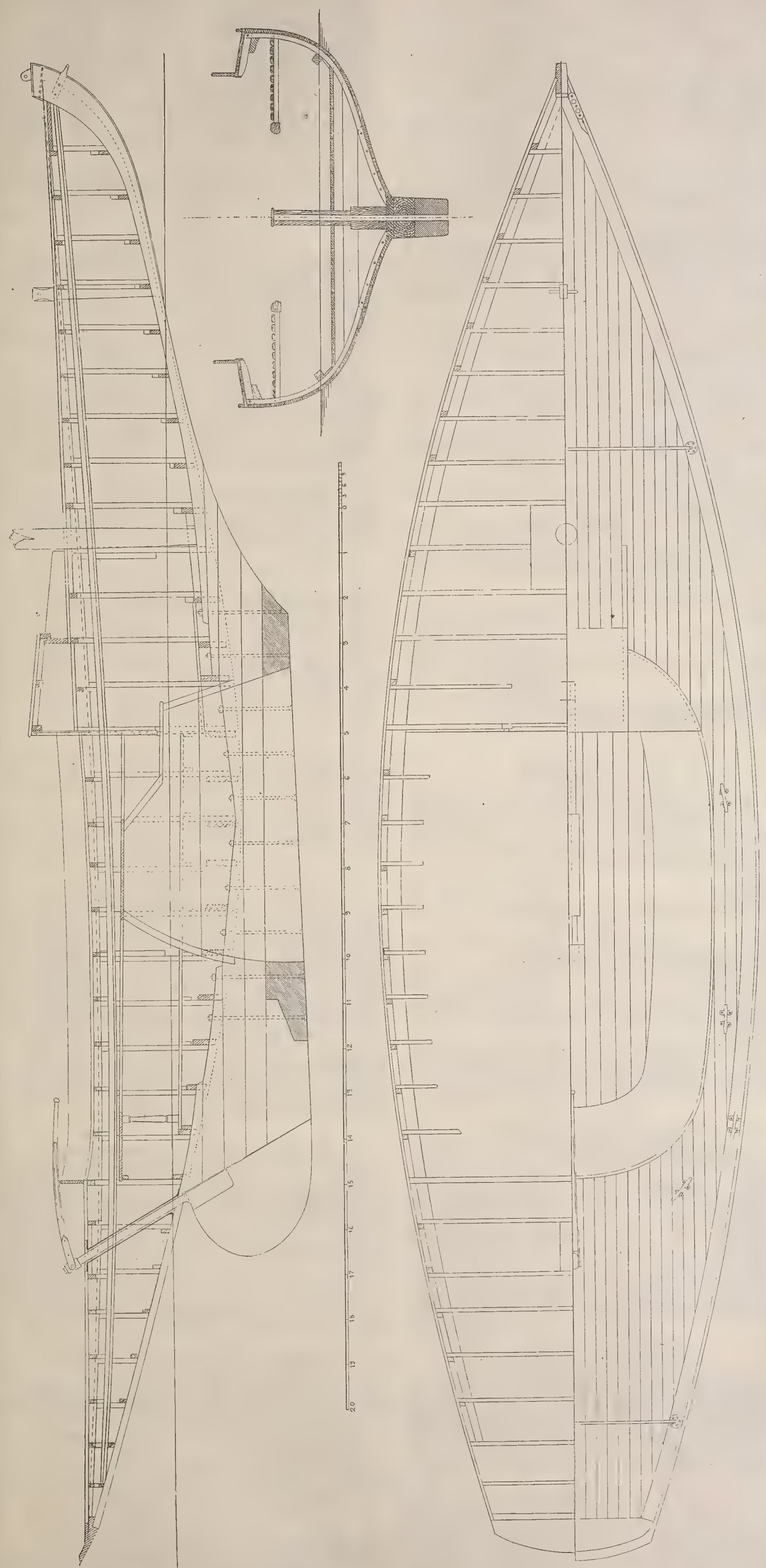
Com. Gould has appointed Gen. Thos. L. Watson as Fleet Captain and Dr. Ramon Guiteras as Fleet Surgeon of the Atlantic Y. C.

The new Vanderbilt 21 footer was originally designed to be 32ft. over all, while the Larchmont 21ft. class is limited to 31ft. To bring her into the class, it has been necessary to shorten the counter by a foot.

A meeting of the Harlem Y. C. was held on April 17 at which the club voted to join the new Sound Union. The vacancy caused by the resignation of Com. W. A. Brady was filled by the election of Mr. John Wimmer.

Ituna, steam yacht, has arrived at New York after a long and pleasant cruise in the West Indies: all on board speaking in the highest praise of the yacht. Capt. John Crawford, formerly skipper of Liris in her first two seasons, and afterward of Bedouin, has been in command since Mr. Armour purchased the yacht.

On Saturday morning at 10:45 a violent explosion of naphtha took place on board the steam yacht Reva, G. L. Ronalds, in winter quar



CENTERBOARD KNOCKABOUT—DESIGNED FOR F. L. DUNNE, ESQ., BY WATERHOUSE & CHESEBROUGH.—1895.

ters at the wharves of the Gas Engine and Power Co. The two men in charge of the yacht. Mate Nicholas Holland and Christopher Johnson, were thrown into the air, the latter falling overboard, and Capt. Whittier, of the steam yacht Neaira, moored alongside, was thrown to the deck and injured. The explosion was followed by fire, which was finally extinguished. The two men Holland and Johnson were taken to the hospital, being badly injured. The whole after portion of the yacht was blown out, the damage amounting to $5,000, and the Neaira was damaged to the extent of several hundred dollars. The cause of the explosion, so far as known, was naphtha used by the men in cleaning the cabin.

The Corinthian Mosquito Fleet.

A GENERAL meeting of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet was held at the Murray Hill Hotel on April 14.

The question of changing the name of the club from "Corinthian Mosquito Fleet" to "The Corinthian Fleet" was the important business of the meeting, and in view of the fact that the old name had become, to an extent, a misnomer, and that by simply dropping the word "Mosquito" the identity of the Club would be preserved, it was voted to make the change, and in the future the Club will be known as "The Corinthian Fleet," of New Rochelle.

Resolutions were also offered to the effect that the Club join and support the new Sound Racing Association; and a new cap device showing a blue and white enameled disk on fouled anchors, was adopted.

Mr. E. A. Bourne was elected measurer to succeed Mr. John Hyslop, who has been the Club's measure for several years.

The new clubhouse on Harrison's Island is about ready for occupancy, and will be formally opened some time in May.

One of the first events of the season will be a race for the Center Trophy, which was presented by the late Robert Center to the Club some time ago, but owing to certain requirements in the deed of gift the prize was never raced for. Late last season, however, Mr. Center made the necessary modifications, and the prize will now be put up and raced for by the ½-raters.

Yankee Yacht Sailors.

We have received a letter asking the addresses of yacht captains in behalf of sailor men from Little Deer Island who are anxious to secure berths on yachts. These men have been brought up to the sea and are sober and of good character. We will be pleased to furnish the address of our correspondent to any who may desire to secure American sailor men.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Red Dragon C. C. has announced the following events for the season: June 15, annual regatta, open to all members of the A. C. A.; Sept. 14, fall regatta and camp fire.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division: Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.; John N. Stetson, Lewiston, Me.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

May 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—All day tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; New Jersey Trap Shooters' League events commence at 2 P. M. Rob't. E. Chetwood, Prest.

May 7-10.—CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Dupont tournament at Cincinnati. Liberal cash prizes added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, agent.

May 9-10.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

May 9-11.—NEWBURG, N. Y.—West Newburg G. and P. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In regard to the great tournament at Knoxville, Tenn., next month, R. Van Gilder writes me that he wants FOREST AND STREAM to "state to the boys at large that if they are coming to kindly send in their names at once, without any further delay. If they do not come, they will certainly miss the best meeting and highest amount of added money ever given in this country. To raise $3,000 for added money during such times means *arduous* work, and deserves the support of all." Mr. Van Gilder adds that the club has $2,800 of the $3,000 cash on hand; that means that 80 shooters have put up the ten spots and will be on hand to shoot. Knoxville is going to have a great tournament, at any rate.

The Forest Gun Club, of Savannah, Ga., has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, E. J. Kieffer; vice-president, Wm. M. Davidson; secretary, C. A. La Motte; treasurer, Wm. M. Davidson; executive committee, Henry Woeltzin, John Reiderman, John F. Ulmer.

A Kansas City, Mo., paper credits Elliott with saying that "the challenges of Captain Brewer are nothing but advertising fakes, and that Brewer cannot get backing for a match with him." It is hardly likely that Jim Elliott said any such thing, because he knows that such is not the case. The only trouble in the way of making a match was that Jim wouldn't tie himself down to shoot Brewer in New York or any other Eastern State, wanting two matches to take place at Kansas City, whereas Brewer said that so long a trip wouldn't pay for so small an amount. Jim never made any such statement as the above; he knows better.

The fourth tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League will be held next week, on May 2, at Elizabeth, N. J. The league shoot commences at 2 P. M. As Elizabeth is easy of access, has commodious grounds and club house, sets a good lunch, and keeps the ball rolling in capital shape, there ought to be a big attendance if the weather is fine.

Event No. 8, in the Pittsburg, Pa., Interstate shoot on the second day, April 17, had 51 entries. A brief synopsis of the scores shows that 33 shooters took part in the 100-target handicap race on April 16, and that about 6,000 targets were thrown during the day. On April 17, 55 shooters took part in the programmed events, 47 putting in an appearance on April 18. The Grand American week at Willard Park and the Pittsburg Gun Club's tournament have proved good starters for Interstate Association's series of tournaments for '95. Shaner should be happy.

Mr. A. A. Mackert, secretary of the Wilmerding, Pa., Gun Club, writes that the Decoration Day shoot of his club has been postponed. It will be held on June 15, at the club's grounds in Wilmerding. The shoot will be an all-day one at blue rock targets, four moneys. The club will also hold semi-monthly shoots during the season which commences April 20. All shooters in the vicinity have a cordial invitation to attend extended to them.

A special meeting of the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, Ill., was held on Saturday, April 20, for the discussion of important business.

The Dupont tournament to-morrow at Cincinnati, O., is set down for May 7-10. Cincinnati is centrally located; Ohio is a State of trap shooters; the inducements held out by the Dupont Powder Company are very great, and the management is bound to be of the best. The tournament will be a good beginner for the Southern tour that starts on May 7 at Cincinnati and ends on June 13 at Memphis, Tenn. Dayton, O., Lynchburg, Va., Knoxville, Tenn., and Little Rock, Ark., complete the circuit.

It is a little unfortunate that the Interstate's tournament at Wilmington, N. C., is to be held on May 9, 10, two of the dates of the Dupont tournament. FOREST AND STREAM's representative cannot be in two places at once, therefore the misfortune is mine.

The answer mailed to T. A. Divine, Chairman of the committee, and President of the Memphis Club, in response to the following invitation, can be readily imagined: "The second annual tournament of the Memphis Gun Club will be held June 11-13, and we, on behalf of the club, extend to your staff correspondent an invitation to visit our city, as our guest, during the above week. It will give us pleasure to entertain him and make his stay agreeable."

Mr. Oscar C. Guessaz ("Texas Field") is booming the Texas Sportsmen's Association shoot on May 15-19 in a very efficient manner. The association is an old one, the coming tournament being its nineteenth annual shoot. Five hundred dollars in cash and the same amount in merchandise prizes will draw a large number of shooters to San Antonio on the above dates.

The scores of the Dunellen, N. J. Gun Club's opening tournament on April 19 did not reach this office until Monday morning of this week. As the shoot was worth more than passing notice and the

mere publication of scores, the same have been held over until next week.

The following from Mr. Arthur Hyndman, 32 Pine street, New York city, is worth the attention of all who intend to take part in the DuPont tournament: "It may be of interest to some of your readers intending to take part in the DuPont tournament, to be held at Cincinnati May 7 to 10, to know that the Railroad Traffic Associations have authorized all lines to make a special rate of 1½ fare for round trip on the certificate plan. Sportsmen will at the time of purchasing tickets call for a DuPont Tournament Certificate and it will be furnished by the ticket agent. This certificate will be indorsed at Cincinnati, entitling the holder to purchase a return ticket by same route at one-third fare. Programmes are now ready for distribution and can be obtained from me on application."

The Baker Gun Company, of Batavia, N. Y., *Quarterly* for this month contains the second prize article "About Gun Safeties." The article is written by C. E. Whidden, of Charleston, S. C., and is of considerable interest. There is always a great deal that is worth noting by shooters in these quarterly publications by the Batavia gun firm, and the present series of prize articles adds greatly to the quality of the reading matter.

The Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C., opened its season on Thursday of this week. The programme contained events at targets and live birds, and also had a note to the effect that "Dropping for place will not be tolerated." Mr. G. A. Steck is secretary of the Palmetto Club.

The programme for the Texas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, May 15-19, and the Interstate Association's tournament at Lynchburg, Va., May 17 and 18, are both to hand and will be noticed next week. The illustrations in the Texas programme are very interesting, and the programme itself gives evidence of the amount of work done by Mr. Guessaz. EDWARD BANKS.

Climax Monthly Club Shoot.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 22.—When the secretary, Dan Terry, sends around his postal cards announcing that the monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club will be held on such and such a date, the members of that club are not in the habit of paying scant attention to such notice. The date is remembered, and, rain or shine, there is always a good attendance at Benner's Fanwood Road House at the hour appointed. To-day was no exception. The weather was threatening all the morning and the chilly east wind was not inviting. Still less inviting was the early part of the afternoon, rain commencing to fall heavily about 1:30 and continuing until about 4. So slight a matter as a shower of rain did not stop the shooters from gathering at the club house, sixteen members putting in an appearance.

The first event was a 10-target race, expert rules, one man up, 50 cents entrance. The scores made were as follows: Smith 10, D Darby 10, Apgar 9, Brantingham 9, Manning 9, W. Squire 9, Edwards 8, G. Squire 8, Major 7, Keller 7, Williams 6, Singer 4.

Next came the club race, which resulted in some good shooting, five of the members scoring the maximum number of points—6, and only three out of the sixteen shooters failing to add to the totals already credited to them in the secretary's book. Points are scored for each break over 19—one for each additional break up to 25, which entitles the party scoring that number to 6 points. All breaks over 25 count nothing. To-day's scores give points to shooters as follows: Apgar, Manning, P. Jay, J. Darby and Edwards 6 each, Brantingham 5, Williams and Singer 4, Keller, D. Terry and D. Darby 3, Smith 2 and Major 1. Full score below:

Apgar (0)	1111111111111111111111111	—25
Brantingham (0)	1111111111111111111011111	—24
Keller (0)	1110111111111011111011111	—22
Smith (0)	1000111111011111111111111	—21
Major (0)	0011111111001111111111101	—20
D Terry (1)	1010111111111011101111111	—22
Manning (2)	1111111111111111111011111111	—26
W Squires (2)	1101101010101000110110101O1	—15
W Terry (4)	0111111110001000110110111O100	—17
P Jay (5)	1111111111111101111111111011	—28
Edwards (5)	1011110101111111111111101111111	—27
Williams (5)	0111100010111111010111111111	—23
D Darby (5)	1011111110101101101111100011	—22
J Goodman (6)	0110110111110111111100100001000	—18
J Darby (7)	1101111101101111101111101111111	—27
Singer (10)	1001010110110101110010011011111111	—23

A 10-target event, at unknown angles, followed the club shoot. It resulted as follows: Manning 10, G. Squires 10, Apgar 9, Keller 9, Smith 9, D. Darby 9, D. Terry 9, Williams 9, P Jay 9, Edwards 8, Brantingham 8, Singer 7, W. Squires 7, Hisnibbs 5.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

THE Rochester Rod and Gun Club offers to its members a list of 14 prizes, all of them worth winning, and also five special prizes, for competition during the present season. The first score in these prize shoots was given in our issue of April 20. The rules governing the prize shoots are as follows: "Shooting for above prizes will begin on Wednesday, April 3, and continue each week to and including Saturday, Sept. 28, Wednesday and Saturday of each week constituting one shoot. Members in arrears may shoot up any number of back scores. Before shooting a string for the prizes members must so announce it to the scorer. American Association rules; rapid fire; known traps, unknown angles. Highest number of targets broken wins first prize, etc. The handicap is taken on a percentage basis, counting all shots fired during past six months, and should a member fail to make his average on any string he will be given enough more targets on the next string to correct the difference, percentage figured at 25 targets. The committee will meet once each month (after the shooting on April 27, May 25, June 29, etc.), to correct the handicap if found necessary, but otherwise the handicap cannot be changed."

The handicap above referred to is the following, Glover and Kelsey being scratch men: Glover and Kelsey, 28; Stewart and Pope, 30; Byer, Hadley, Tassell, Lane, Babcock and Ed. Andrews, 31; Meyer, Nichols, Weller, Hunt and Norton, 32; Hicks, Hill, Crouch, Koch, F. L. Smith and C. Woolcott, 33; C. Rissinger, Borst, Rickman, Lowden and Hooker, 34; Mann, J. Rissinger, Redmond, Rugg, Brad. Palmer, Putnam, Schmitt and C. S. Smith, 35; Fulton and Kay, 36; Macomber, Foley, Truesdale, Judson and L. B. Smith, 37; McCarthy, Sumner, Griffith, Maguire, J. H. Brown, Quirk, Hutchinson, Van Austrand, J. L. Bruff, Gardner, Mullan, G. H. Squires and A. R. Squires, 38; Backus, McVean, Wride, Bradstreet, S. B. Stuart, James S. Watson, Cleveland, Haggerty, Moore, W. S. Smith, Jr., Selden, Tripp, Wilson and Wilbur, 41; I. H. Andrews, George W. Brown and E. P. Bishop, 45; Schleyer, Kleinhans, Bauer, Williard, Houck, Catchpole, Barhite, Clark, Buckley, Hess, Hale, Nolan and Widener, 50; Gordon, Brinsmaid, Roth, Fraine, Ryckman, C. A. Bruff, James McCulloch, Joseph W. Palmer, S. B. Williams, C. F. Walters, Bausch, Davy, Eaton and Durand, 55.

Rockaway Point R. and G. Club.

AT the April shoot of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club, held on April 15, the following scores were made:

No. 1, 10 targets, known angles: Wash 10, Schort 9, Woods 8, Heyer 7, Smythe 5, McKenna 2

No. 2, star sweep, re-entry up to the sixth round, then miss-and-out: Schort 6, Woods 6, Smythe 5, Wash 4. Schort won first money.

No. 3, same: Schort 10, Woods 10 (divided first), Wash 8, Smythe 4.

No. 4, same: Schort 9, Wash 8 (divided), Smythe 9, Woods 7, Tiernan 4.

No. 5, same: Wash 7 and Woods 3 (divided), Spott 5, Schort 4, Smythe 4, Tiernan 3.

No. 6, 25 targets, expert rules: Schort 17, Woods 16, Smythe 15, Wash 14, Tiernan 14, Spott 11, McKenna 7, Scott 11.

No. 7, handicap allowed, 25 targets, known angles: Wash 22, Smythe 20, Tiernan 19, Schort 17, Spott (3) 23, McKenna 14, Lyons (3) 21, J. H. Voss (3) 24, H. W. Voss (3) 24, Loeble (3) 20.

No. 8, 15 targets, expert rules: Schort 15, Wash 12, J. H. Voss 12, H. W. Voss 12, Loeble 11, Heyer 11, Lyons 9, McKenna 7, Mackin 5.

No. 9, same as No. 7: Schort 22, Wash 23, Spott 20, J. Voss (3) 19, Lyons (3) 22, Loeble (5) 22, H. W. Voss (3) 24, McKenna 12, I. See 8, Crawford 22, Clifton 13.

No. 10, 25 targets, expert rules: Crawford 23, Schort 19, Wash 18, McKenna 11.

No. 11, 10 pairs: Crawford 17, Schort 15, Wash 15, Loeble 11, McKenna 11. SHAD ROE.

Will Use Rose's System of Dividing Purses.

MOUNTVILLE, Pa., April 18.—We had a very pleasant tournament on Easter Monday, given by the Columbia (Pa.) Gun Club on their East Columbia club grounds, at targets, with a division of three moneys, but all in equal parts, or 33⅓ per cent. each, which enables all to get something back. The best part of the shoot was the small entrance fee—50 cents for 10 birds. If you did not get in the divy, the price did not hurt you. It is the pleasure of shooting the boys are after. The boys entered the same squads every time, so that the shoot was easily managed. The shoot kept up until everybody had shot away all their ammunition. The club made double the money they would have had they made the entries at $1 or $1.50. The wind was blowing a gale and the targets seemed to have wings. No straight scores. Messrs. Fieles, of Christiana, and Burnham, of York, were present. The next tournament will be held at Mountville, with same entrance, and straight-out or anti-drop system of dividing. TELL.

Forest Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 15.—Inclosed please find scores of the Forest Gun Club's tournament, held to-day on its grounds, Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue. The following clubs were represented: Keystone Shooting League, Germantown, Wingohocking, Wilmington, Del., Silver Lake, Lansdowne, Ashbourne, Phœnixville, John F. Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown, and the Reading Shooting Association. About 3,000 targets were thrown. Scores:

No. 1, 7 targets, known angles, 50 cents: Morison 5, W. Hallowell 4, Treadway 6, Shaaber 7, H. Thurman 6, Martin 2, Lane 5, Schmeck 4, Irvin 3, Hansell 5, Bell 3.

No. 2, 7 targets, unknown angles, 50 cents: Morison 6, W. Hallowell 3, H. Thurman 4, Treadway 6, Shaaber 6, Martin 4, Lane 6, Whitney 4, Schmeck 4, Bell 4, Hansell 5, Henry 5, Park 3, Irvin 5.

No. 3, 10 targets, known angles, $1: Morison 4, W. Hallowell 7, H. Thurman 0, Treadway 7, Shaaber 8, Martin 3, Lane 9, Schmeck 7, Whitney 1, Bell 2, Henry 8, Hansell 8, Park 5.

No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: Morison 9, W. Hallowell 8, H. Thurman 7, Schmeck 12, Treadway 9, Shaaber 12, Martin 10, Lane 11, Henry 9, Bell 10, Hansell 8, Irvin 8, Evans 11, Bilderbach 7, Hartlove 5, Cleaver 10.

No. 5, 7 targets, known angles, 50 cents: Morison 3, W. Hallowell 5, H. Thurman 4, Schmeck 4, Cleaver 5, Lane 5, Shaaber 6, Park 3, Whitney 4, Treadway 5, Evans 6, Henry 5, Martin 0, Hancock 3, Hartlove 6, Bilderbach 5, Wood 3, Hansell 6, Bell 2, Irvin 4, Bender 3.

No. 6, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Morison 6, W. Hallowell 5, H. Thurman 7, Schmeck 9, Cleaver 9, Shaaber 8, Treadway 6, Lane 9, Evans 6, Henry 4, Whitney 5, Martin 6, Hancock 2, Bilderbach 2, Hansell 10, Hartlove 3, Bell 6, Irvin 6, Park 4.

No 7, 20 targets, known angles, $2:

Morison	10110010001110010111—11	Lane	11011111110101001001—13
Hallowell	11000011101000011100—10	Henry	11111111001111100111—16
Thurman	11110111001101010011—13	Treadway	11111101111111011111—18
Schmeck	11011111110111111111—18	Hansell	11011101001101111100—13
Cleaver	00111110111010111111—15	Bell	10011111101011011111—15
Shaaber	10111111111101111011—17	Irvin	00101100110010110001— 9
Martin	01100010000011011100— 8	Landis	11011101011111111111—17
Evans	11110111111011011101—16		

No. 8, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Morison 5, W. Hallowell 8, H. Thurman 6, Schmeck 7, Lane 9, Hancock 5, Martin 3, Hansell 7, David 6, Cleaver 9, Evans 8, Shaaber 8, Hartlove 8, Bilderbach 5, Whitney 5, McDaniel 5, Henry 6, Landis 8, Treadway 8, Free 6, Bell 6, Yankee 6, McFall 6, Irvin 3.

No. 9, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: Morison 8, W. Hallowell 12, H. Thurman 7, Schmeck 11, Cleaver 14, Landis 7, Treadway 11, Lane 10, Evans 11, Shaaber 7, Pepper 4, Hansell 12, Martin 9, Henry 10, McDaniel 11, Yankee 11, David 11, Bell 12.

No. 10, 7 targets, unknown angles, 50 cents: Morison 4, W. Hallowell 2, H. Thurman 4, Schmeck 5, Cleaver 6, Shaaber 4, Park 5, Hartlove 4, Wood 4, Landis 6, Whitney 3, Lane 7, Evans 5, Free 2, McFall 1, Pepper 0, S. Thurman 4, Treadway 4, Henry 5, McDaniel 4, Martin 6, Hansell 7, Yankee 4, Bilderbach 1, W. Aiman 3, Fertsch 6, Cowan 5, Bell 2, David 3.

No. 11, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Landis 8, Morison 4, Treadway 8, Schmeck 9, Cleaver 8, Shaaber 6, H. Thurman 4, Evans 9, Lane 7, Yankee 6, Martin 5, Hartlove 5, J. Thurman 10, David 6, Fertsch 7, Hansell 6, McDaniel 8, Bell 6.

No. 12, 10 targets, known angles, $1: Shaaber 8, Evans 7, Lane 6, Landis 6, Treadway 9, Schmeck 7, Martin 3, Yankee 5, Cowan 7, Free 8, McFall 4, Hartlove 4, Cleaver 6, Wood 7, McDaniel 7, H. Thurman 7, David 6, Hansell 7, Bell 6, Fertsch 3, J. Thurman 9, Buckwalter 8

No. 13, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Schmeck 6, Lane 10, Landis 8, Evans 9, Cleaver 9, Treadway 5, Henry 6, David 4, Yankee 4, J. Thurman 9, W. Thurman 5, Hansell 5.

No. 14, 25 targets, known angles, $250:

Landis	11101000111111110001111111—18
Scheneck	01101010111101101010110100—14
Shaaber	11111111110111100011111111—21
Cleaver	01111111111011111111111111—23
Meadway	11111111111111101111101111—23
Yankee	01000101000110001100110111—11
Henry	01111110110111101001111100—17
J Thurman	11011111001101011010011101—16
David	11110110101001111111101111—19
Buchwatter	11011110011101111111111110—20

No. 15, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1:
Free 6, McFall 8, Morison 4, Ridge 5, Hancock 2, Landis 9, Bane 9, Treadway 8, Hansell 5, McDavid 5, Fray 3. WM. MORISON, Secy.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 13.—The second shoot of the Eureka Gun Club took place to-day. The wind was high and came in fitful gusts, making the shooting hard. The trophy shoot was the main event, Stannard making the good score of 23 out of 25. In No. 6, Skinner and DeWolf tied for second place and agreed to shoot off at 15 targets, adding $2.50 a side to make it interesting; DeWolf won by the score 13—12. Scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

F P Stannard	11110111111111111111011111—23
W F DeWolf	10111111110111111111111110—22
W E Philips	11010111111101011111111111—21
W H Skinner	11101101101101011101111111—19

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles: Philips 9, DeWolf 9, Skinner 6, Glover 5.

No. 3, 25 targets, unknown angles: Stannard 20, Glover 18, Skinner DeWolf 12.

No. 4, trophy shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

F P Stannard (A)	11111111111111110111011111—23
C E Willard (A)	11011111011111111111111100—21
J T Glover (B)	11110111001111111111011110—20
W F DeWolf (B)	11110111111110111110110001—19
W E Philips (B)	11001110111011001011001—16

No. 5, same conditions as No. 4: Stannard 21, Glover 18, Skinner 15, Alabaster 11.

No. 6, same as No. 4: Glover 18, Skinner 17, DeWolf 17, Alabaster 17.

No. 7, Skinner vs. DeWolf, 15 targets, unknown angles, $2 50 a side:
DeWolf.....111101111011111—13 Skinner.....111011011011111—12

No. 8, same as No. 4: Willard 19, Glover 15, Arnold 15, Sylvester 9.

No. 9, same: Willard 21, Arnold 15, Sylvester 11.

No. 10, same: Willard 21, Stannard 20, Arnold 15. W. F. D., Sec'y.

Keystone Gun Club of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 15.—The Keystone Gun Club held its medal shoot to-day, the scores being as follows:

J Parker	11111101010011101011110110—17
F Kinney	11001111111101010111110100—18
S Duley	11110111011101111111110111—21
F Esmond	11011101111111111111111111—23
W Sully	01010100111111011111111111—19
E Inderbitzen	01111111010010111101111011—18
G Simpson	00111000001011100101110000—11
M Duggan	11100011100001101111111111—17
J Duggan	00011000110101001000110000— 9
F Fahey	00110010011111011010000100—11

A sweep at 10 bluerocks was also decided with the following result: Esmond 9, Sully 9, Duley 8, Parker 8, Kinney 7, Inderbitzen 7, Fahey 4. Duley and Parker shot off their tie for second money at 5 targets, Duley winning by 5—1; Kinney and Inderbitzen also shot off the tie for third money at a similar number of targets, Kinney winning by 5—4. F. D. KINNEY, Sec'y.

Lockwood Won the Match.

LARCHMONT, N. Y., April 17.—A number of spectators came together at the Larchmont Hotel shooting grounds to-day to witness the three-cornered match at 15 live birds between B. Lockwood, Fred. Knof, superintendent of the Larchmont Yacht Club's shooting grounds, and L. B. Tompkins. The match was for $15 a corner, Lockwood winning by 13 kills, to Knof's 12 and Tompkins's 10; the latter attributed his comparatively poor score to inferior loading of his shells. J. H. Mills acted as referee. Score:

L Tompkins (28)	11200222202020—10
B Lockwood (28)	21200222222222—12
F Knof (28)	00122122120122—12

J. H. M.

West Newburgh G. and R. Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., April 18.—In the prize shoot of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, held to-day, Likely won a heat for first prize, Stansborough and Wood tieing for second place. The shoot is a handicap allowance of misses as breaks, and is shot at 15 known angles and 10 unknown angles. Score:

E C Likely (3)	11111111101011101011111111—24
Stansborough (3)	01101111110110111111111101—23
Wood (5)	11111011111000101011111101—23
Jas Taylor (0)	11101101111011111111111011—21
Taggart (4)	01111011110000000111111111—20
Kissam (3)	00111101101011010111101110—19
H C H (0)	11111011011110111010000101—17

The Climax Team Meets a Second Defeat.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 16.—The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., shot a return match to-day with the Keystone Shooting League of this city. The first match took place March 25 on the Climax grounds, at Plainfield, N. J., the Keystones winning by 159-152. To-day's match was shot on the Keystone Shooting League's grounds, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., and resulted in another defeat for the Climax team, the score standing: Keystones 158, Climax 156. Scores:

Keystone Shooting League.		Climax Gun Club.	
W Wolstencroft	02222222222022222—13	W F Quimby	22•22212222•222—13
J Leaming	2222222121222011—14	S Terry	2202•2012212222—12
J Rothacker	2•22222•2020221—11	M F Lindsley	002202222222222—12
W Wilson	1222221222222212—15	C Smith	0222•2222210221—12
J Wolstencroft	0•2221011201122—11	E M Cooper	01222222222222222—14
G Bergner	2222222022202222—13	C Zwirlein	1121221212022222—14
Will Pack	2222222222202222—14	W Sigler	1201122•1112•212—12
I Wolstencroft	2222222222222220—14	F Van Dyke	2211212222220022—14
J W Budd	2222220222220222—13	T H Keller	2212222•2022212•—12
H Thurman	•211011221022222—12	D Terry	2222211221220021—13
Al Rust	2200211111222222—13	A Woodruff	2112121•12222222—14
*H Febryer	1121222211122222—15	N Apgar	2211112111102212—14
	158		156

* An optional sweep of $5 was shot in connection with the team race, all entering the sweep with the exception of Febryer. In addition to those named above the following also shot in the sweep: G. Giberson 14, W. H. Pack 14, "Tampa" 11.

Brewer's Money is Up.

ON Friday, April 19, John L. Brewer came into FOREST AND STREAM'S office and posted $250 in the hands of the editor of the trap department to bind a match with C. Cockburn, of Toronto, Can., upon the terms proposed by Cockburn in his letter published a few weeks ago in FOREST AND STREAM. Brewer stated that he had seen the note in our issue of April 20, which referred to the fact that Cockburn had put up his $250 in the hands of the editor of the *Canadian Sporting News*, as Brewer had requested him to do. Such being the case, he said he was ready to bind the match, and posted $250 to do so. The following telegram was then sent to make sure that the terms proposed by Cockburn were thoroughly understood at this end of the line:

"H. P. GOOD, *Editor Canadian Sporting News*, Toronto, Can., April 19.—Brewer has placed in my hands two hundred and fifty dollars to bind match with Cockburn on terms proposed by Cockburn, which were as follows: 100 live birds, 26 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, use of one barrel, 1⅛oz. of shot, gun below elbow till bird on wing, $250 a side, Old Dominion rules to govern except in matter of rise, Cockburn to guarantee Brewer's expenses. Brewer wants all birds trapped from one lot. If terms are satisfactory, wire me immediately and money will be forwarded to you, to be handed over to winner. Shoot to take place any date from May 7 to 14 inclusive.—EDWARD BANKS."

To the above the following answer was received on Monday morning: "Cockburn accepts, money deposited. (Signed) H. J. P. Good." The money put up by Brewer has accordingly been forwarded to Mr. Good, who now holds the $500, the ultimate ownership of which depends upon who wins the match. No exact date has been fixed, but it will take place between May 7 to 14 inclusive, as Cockburn evidently does not object to those dates.

Traps at San Antonio.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, April 19.—Some good shooting was witnessed by the fortunate spectators who were sightseeing in West End on the 15th at a meeting of the Powder Hill Gun Club, as the scores will attest:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown traps: Wallace Miller 10, A. B. Critzer 9, H. Shaw 9, A. W. Adams 9, Miles Miller 10, Ohnesorge 8, Dyer 8, Burkett 8.

No. 2, regular club shoot, 30 singles and 5 pairs: Wallace Miller 36, A. B. Critzer 36, M. P. Miller 33, H. Shaw 34, A. W. Adams 35, Ohnesorge 32, Dyer 32, Lieut. Foster 31, Burkett 30

No. 3, 25 targets: Wallace Miller 23, Critzer 23, Miles Miller 22, Dyer 21, Shaw 22, Adams 22, Burkett 20, Ohnesorge 19, Lieut. Foster 18.

No. 4, 25 targets: Adams 24, Wallace Miller 25, Miles Miller 21, Lieut. Foster 19, Shaw 21, Critzer 23, Burkett 21, Ohnesorge 20, Chabot 22.

AT LAKEVIEW.

The regular shoot of the San Antonio Gun Club was held at Lakeview recently. Scores as follows:

No. 1, 15 targets: Vollbrecht 11, Grossman 9, W. J. Smith 11, Samuels 10, Chabot 11, France 10, Thiele 9, Eppstein 9, Tendick 9, Griesenback 7, Veith 8.

The second event was the regular medal shoot with 16 entries. The following is the score: Chabot 18, Learn 20, Carpenter 13, Grossman 20, Epp 23, Thiele 17, Tendick 22, Samuels 13, Smith 18, Eppstein 18, France 23, Vernor 22, Shields 19, Vollbrecht 13, Veith 16.

TEXAS FIELD.

Fulton County Gun Club.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., April 12.—At a meeting held in Johnstown, N. Y., April 8, for the purpose of organizing a county gun club, the clubs of both that village and Gloversville were well represented, and an organization was formed which will hereafter be known as the Fulton County Gun Club and Game Protective Association. Edward Judson, of Gloversville, was elected President; Edward Banta, of Johnstown; N. J. Harris, of Gloversville, were elected Vice-Presidents; F. W. Parliss, of Johnstown, Secretary; Frank Thrall, Gloversville, Assistant Secretary; Charles Riemensnyder, Gloversville, Treasurer; James Pearson, Johnstown, Assistant Treasurer; Edward Banta, F. W. Partiss, William Smith, W. J. Harris, Executive Committee; F. W. Partiss and W. J. Harris were elected Captain and Assistant Captain. Twenty-five names of new members were signed, and with fifty from the old ranks makes a charter membership of seventy-five. Grounds have been secured adjoining the west side of Ried's Valley View Park in the south end, convenient to the electric railroad and therefore easily available for both places. The secretary was instructed to correspond with the New York State and Eastern League Trap-Shooters' associations with regard to membership in above associations. The season will open May 3, and all interested in shotgun or rifle practice are invited to send in their names for membership. For the riflemen the regulation ranges and targets will be used.

The Wilmington, N. C., Tournament.

THE Interstate Association will, on May 9 and 10, give a tournament at Wilmington, N. C., for the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association. Advance copies of the programme for that event have been received. As at the Pittsburg shoot, so in all the Interstate shoots this year, the handicap system announced to the Pittsburg programme will prevail. It is well to note the following: "Any shooter who intentionally misses a target in order to obtain a certain place, shall forfeit all his interest in the purse, and will be debarred from taking part in any tournament given under the auspices of the Interstate Association." Headquarters for sportsmen during the tournament will be at The Orton, on Front Street. The programme scheduled for each day contains 10 events, all 15-target sweeps of $1.50 entrance, $5 being added to every purse by the home association, $100 in all. All events are uniform, as stated before, this being a necessity where the graduating handicap is used. For any further information apply to L. L. Pritchard, Secretary, Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association, Wilmington, N. C.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., April 14.—The club was not fully represented at to-day's shoot, probably because of a chilling wind, which made shooting disagreeable. C. A. Searles captured the gold medal on a score of 17, and F. P. Kern secured the B. class medal on an identical score:

A Class.

W H Mase	11000111000011111101—12	R Rogers	01111101010011011111—14
J P Menard	10010000110111110111—12	W Brayton	11111100111101011101—15
C A Searles	11111110010111111111—17		

B Class.

L L Hunt	00100001000111000101— 7	A Stevens	10000000110001000001— 5
F Woody	11101000110110101111—12	F Allenson	10101011001001101000— 9
A Sterling	00100010011110000111— 9	F P Kern	11111001110111111111—17

WILL CAVE.

Audubon Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 17.—The following scores were made to-day in the club shoot, handicap allowance, by the members of the Audubon Gun Club at John Watson's grounds:

McAuley (4)	11222222200021120—15	Heath (4)	20020210022010 1—12
Gillespie (2)	22112102212021 2—15	Frothingh'm (1)	10101221020002 0— 9
Parker (3)	11020110002011 2—12	Hamiline	02202200220220w— 8
Kern (3)	20022110022201 0—12	Place	0010010w — 2

Ties on 15.

McAuley (4)	00122002200222 0—12	Gillespie (2)	00022002200 20w — 7

RAVELRIGG.

THE INTERSTATE AT PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 19.—The crack shots of the country had a royal time at the Exposition grounds last Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, when the tournament of the Interstate Association took place. The affair was ably managed by Elmer Shaner, who was indefatigable in his efforts to make the tourney a success. That he succeeded in pleasing everybody, contestants and spectators cannot be doubted. The tournament was not as largely attended as the one held last year, but it was more enjoyable, Manager Shaner taking care that interest never flagged. He had two sets of traps, which kept the shooters pretty busy, none having time to leave the park to "see a man" between squads, as was the case last year. The arrangements at the park were first-class. A stout railing separated the shooting grounds from the seats erected for spectators and contestants. The tents were pitched in the background, and there was plenty room for a promenade or a quiet chat in some corner. Everything was in tip-top shape, and the tournament passed off smoothly, without a single jar.

The experts did not take kindly to the system introduced for the first time by the association. But they were the only growlers. The amateurs thought the system the proper caper, and were charmed to find themselves within hailing distance of prizes that were hitherto beyond their reach when competing against the top-notchers. The system will have the effect of encouraging shooting among the poorer class of shots. The effort this week was a mere experiment, but the happy results obtained may induce the association to adopt the system permanently As will be seen by the scores, the amateurs won most of the money.

On account of gusts of wind which occasionally swept over the grounds, and a heavy fog which surrounded the park, the scores were not as good as the quality of the shooters promised.

Among the visitors who took part in the tournament were many top-notchers. Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, O., who is known as the "daddy of them all," was here, and so was B. A. Bartlett, of Buffalo. The latter did not miss a chance to sing the praises of the gun he is shooting; a gun, by the way, that he handles with great dexterity.

N. Pruitt, of Washington, D C., won the handicap race on the first day. He beat W. B. McKelden by one target. Pruitt was so elated over his victory that by reckless shooting he lost several chances of winning subsequent events.

J. A. Flick, of Ravenna, O., a one-armed shooter, made a splendid record. He wore large spectacles and broke targets at a rapid rate. Messrs. Rike and Raymond, both from Dayton O., were in the shoot with both feet and left with more money than they brought here. Rike is a big man who snugly wrapped himself in an immense red sweater. Raymond's appearance put one in mind of a robber baron of ye olden times. His fierce "pull" bore out the illusion. But there was probably no better-natured man among all the shooters.

A big shoot in Pittsburg would not be complete without the presence of W. R. Fieles, of Christiana, Pa. He carried the same image of a dog on the back of his coat with the regulation inscription, "This is my business." Whether the legend meant that Fieles is in the dog business or whether it was a hint not to ask questions, is hard to tell, as the shooter is always too busy cracking jokes or breaking targets to be disturbed. J. Von Longerke, of New York, who won the handicap last year, did not shoot last Tuesday. He showed up, however, on the last two days and shot well.

A. H. Donnally, of Fairmount, W. Va., was conspicuous for always being late when his squad was called. Manager Shaner was forced to almost split his throat in an endeavor to waken Ace, who was generally in a trance at the other set of traps, watching the shooters. The King Bros., of this city, are inveterate shooters, and never miss an opportunity to hear the crack of their guns. There is, however, much difference between the two men. Aleck keeps cool, and appears perfectly indifferent whether he misses or cracks a target. He never cracks a smile, and is deliberate in all his movements. Will, on the contrary, is fidgety. When he misses a target he watches the thing until it hits the ground, and then begins to worry himself red in the face. J. H. Shaffer likes nothing better than to make a good score. He can shoot well at the start, but after bringing down four or five in succession he collapses and misses the easiest chances. He pulled off his coat on Thursday and went at it with a determined face. He shook all over when he shouted "pull," and it was a pleasure to watch his face light up when he sent the pieces flying. Joe Glesenkamp, under the name of Black, took part in several events on the last day, with indifferent success. He was in his Sunday clothes. In fact Joe is always in his Sunday clothes. Nobody can remember seeing him otherwise than togged out in the height of fashion. Bessemer (J. E. England) did not take part in the handicap, but he was on hand in the other events. He is one of the best and most popular shooters in this section. He is a quiet, unassuming gentleman, one of the kind who never wore a stiff hat, but has clung loyally to the slouch. He takes his stand at the trap and when his time comes he raises his gun up to his ear, then drops it below his arm-pit and shouts "pull" as if he meant it. As the scores will show he was very much in the game on the second and third day. J. G. Messner, winner of the Grand American handicap, who shot under the name of J. George, appeared on the first day only. He broke 79 out of a possible 115 target and then disappeared. W. M. C. Jones, good natured in proportion to his size, was among the leaders on the second and third days. J. G. Huffman, who shot in hard luck, looked like the villain in "Der Freischutz." All he needed to complete the semblance was a cock's feather in his hat.

The surrounding towns sent their best representatives to the shoot. There was Dr. Cundall, from Little Washington; Tom Brown, Skilman and D. S. Shaw (Boyd), from Wilmerding; Scott, from Braddock; Cutler, from Kensington; Titlow, from Uniontown; Wayman, from Staunton, W. Va.; J. R. Miller, from Morgantown, W. Va.; Penn, from Wheeling; Sawyer, from East Liverpool; John Donnelly (Fritz), from Sharpsburg; Williams, from Hemstead; Ace Donnally, from Fairmount, W. Va., and many others.

The first day was taken up in shooting off the handicap target race. Thanks to the two sets of traps, it was finished in time enough to allow several extra events being shot. As will be seen from the score N. Pruitt won the handicap by breaking 96 targets. Smoke Stack.

First Day's Scores.

The following are the scores made in the handicap race, the number of targets shot at being given in parentheses after the shooter's name. Arden did not shoot off his string, retiring at the end of his 100 targets:

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Pruitt (115).....1111111111111110111111111111111111111111000011111101—44
                 1110101111101111111111111101110101101101111011111101—40
                 111011101111110                                      —12
                                                                      —
                                                                       96
McKelden (120)...0101010011110110101110101101110100011111111111111111—35
                 1110111110111101111111111111111101111111110111010—43
                 1110111111101111110111                               —17
                                                                      —
                                                                       95
Flick (113)......0111111101011101111111111111001111011101111111101—41
                 1111111101100011110110110111111101111110111111111011—41
                 1011011101110                                        — 9
                                                                      —
                                                                       91
Donnally (115)...1111111110111111111101111111111101111110111100111101—43
                 1101011011110111100011101010011111101101111111111011—36
                 110011110011001                                      — 9
                                                                      —
                                                                       88
Tom Brown (115).0101110111111101001101110011101101111101011111111111—37
                 1111111010111011111111101110111101100111110110111—40
                 111110100111010                                      —10
                                                                      —
                                                                       87
Jim Crow (110)...1111111101101111011111101111111111010011011111111—42
                 0010100111010011111111101011111110101111111111101010—35
                 1110111111                                           — 9
                                                                      —
                                                                       86
W R Fieles (110)..1111011110011111111111011101011111111111101110011111—41
                 1111111111111111111111011111000100111000110110111—39
                 0111111000                                           — 6
                                                                      —
                                                                       86
B A Bartlett (100).1111101111111111111010111111111101111111111101111011—44
                 1001011111101111111111111011011111111110110111101—40
                                                                      —
                                                                       84
A H King (110)....1010100110111110111101111011111111011111110111110111—39
                 1111101010011100101111101111010011101110111011101—35
                 0010101111                                           — 6
                                                                      —
                                                                       80
J H Shaffer (115)..0100111001010111011110111110101111111111110111011—36
                 1111110101111011111011100011101111111000111101111—38
                 0000101100010111111111111                            — 6
                                                                      —
                                                                       80
J George (115)....0110011101111101110101111101111111101100100011111O—36
                 1010100111010110011010111110100111100111111100011110—31
                 111110110111011                                      —12
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                                                                       79
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Hamilton (110)....1110011111111191911011011001010110110000010110111100—30
                  1101100111110111111101111100111111111111010100111111—39
                  1111110011                                           — 8
                                                                      —
                                                                       77
W S King (110)....1111101110100110110111111111010100111000101111111011—35
                  0111100101100111101111110011011111101111111111101—38
                  0110001000                                           — 3
                                                                      —
                                                                       76
Shaw (120).....1111111001101111011101111111011001101010110101111—37
                 1111011111101111100110110111111001011111110101110l—38
                 1110000010101111100                                  —11
                                                                      —
                                                                       76
Adams (118).....1011110100001000011011110101110011011011011111011—31
                 1101011101110011101111101011011111000111011111111—37
                 0100011100001000110                                  — 7
                                                                      —
                                                                       75
U M C Thomas(117)0100010000111110101011111100001111101110110101011011—30
                 1111101011111111001011110111101010011110001011110—35
                 0101011010110101011101                               —10
                                                                      —
                                                                       75
Nelson (110).....1111110101110110110001111111011111111111111111000111—39
                 0000110101110101111711011001011101010001100101010101—29
                 1011001011                                           — 6
                                                                      —
                                                                       74
DuBray (115).....1001011111111111101101000001000010101111111001010O—29
                 1001111101010001101111111111010111100100111111100111—34
                 101000110101111                                      — 9
                                                                      —
                                                                       72
J R Miller (115)...0111001111101110000100110111111100000110100100010—27
                 1101001011011001110011100111111111111110111001011110—34
                 101111011001011                                      —10
                                                                      —
                                                                       71
Colt (115).....1101101100111110101110110111111101010111111101101—37
                 1001110101101100100301010100101111010101110110010—27
                 001011011000100                                      — 6
                                                                      —
                                                                       70
Pete (115).....0110011011011001111001101101110010111111111101101l0—33
                 1110111101010101111100000010111001110111111101010O0—30
                 000010010100010                                      — 4
                                                                      —
                                                                       67
Cundall (115).....1110111010110110110010010101111011100010000000l000—25
                  0111100010011111111110100111111110111100101111101111—36
                  110000100010001                                     — 5
                                                                      —
                                                                       66
Wayman (115)....0111111101101010101000000111110100100010011100O1—26
                 1111001101011111111100101111101111000100101000111—33
                 011000010010101                                      — 6
                                                                      —
                                                                       65
Carter (125).....1001011111000010111100101010011111001110001010101—27
                 1000001011100011110101000001100010000110011110111O—23
                 1101101110110110111001000                            —15
                                                                      —
                                                                       65
Ewing (115).....1000101000110011011001110110100001001000101011001l—23
                 1100001010110100111111001110000010100111111011010—28
                 111101101101110                                      —11
                                                                      —
                                                                       62
Skilman (115).....0000010100101010010111110001101111011101000100101O—24
                  1001110011000100010100110111011010110010011100010O—24
                  101101111011111                                     —12
                                                                      —
                                                                       60
Bedell (118).....1000100011101001001001110000010000100010110001011O—19
                 0001110000001111011111101110010001111010111010110O—28
                 011010110100110111                                   —11
                                                                      —
                                                                       58
Greene (120).....0100001101000101010000100001110110110111101111110l—26
                 0111011000010110101001010101101000001010010101101O—23
                 1011000110001001000l                                 — 8
                                                                      —
                                                                       57
Arden (112) .....0001110001000011111100000101111110010001100011011l—25
                 1111111111102011101110110000100101100110001011000O—29
                                                                      —
                                                                       54
J H Williams (118)1001010110010110100110110101110001000101000010001l—23
                  0110101100001010011000011010001100010100101011101—22
                  000101001100100011                                  — 7
                                                                      —
                                                                       52
Kelly (125).....1000000001001000000110111100110101110100010010010l—20
                 1010000100111000100101010101001100000110100010101l—21
                 0101010010110011000011010                            —11
                                                                      —
                                                                       52
W M Brown (125)..0100001000000101101001010110001110000000011110001O—18
                 1001000000001011000011010001101010010100000001101110—19
                 0111110000110100000100000                            — 9
                                                                      —
                                                                       46
J L Graham (115)..0010001001000100000100010000000001011000010010011l—14
                  0000000100001101011011110000110010101001101100101—22
                  0100000000w                                         — 1
                                                                      —
                                                                       37
```

In addition to the above event, six extra sweeps were shot off, four of them 20-target races and two 15-target races. All were at unknown angles, no handicap, and the entrance fee in each was at the uniform rate of 10 cents per target in event. Rike did the best shooting in these events, breaking 81 out of 90.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*	Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*20*
Arden	15	8	..	..	..	..	A H Donnally	17	..	14	9	11	15
Bartlett	17	16	18	11	12	16	Parker	9	..	..	..	..	..
Greene	11	..	..	..	..	..	Adams	10	..	10	..	..	..
Jim Crow	12	13	13	..	13	16	A H King	11	..	..	..	..	..
Fieles	13	12	13	12	11	16	Pruitt	15	..	..	.	12	13
U M C Thomas	12	12	14	8	..	..	W S King	16	11	..	13	9	17
Cundall	16	..	..	..	..	..	Scott	..	7	9	4	..	..
DuBray	16	14	..	..	..	..	Rike	..	18	18	14	15	16
Flick	17	..	..	..	..	..	Raymond	..	16	18	13	14	15
Bedell	12	..	..	..	..	..	Harrison	..	8	12	8	13	14
Shaffer	13	12	14	11	9	14	Atwood	..	8	..	..	..	..
Wayman	18	..	..	10	..	13	Farmer	..	11	..	10	..	..
G W Carter	9	..	13	..	..	..	Doutt	..	6	..	12	..	..
J P Kelly	13	..	..	..	..	..	Pete	..	9	..	9	..	14
T Greene	16	..	..	..	12	..	Colt	..	13	..	14	10	14
Skilman	11	..	..	..	..	..	Plimmer	..	..	8	..	..	..
Nelson	14	..	..	..	..	..	Conny Mack	..	..	13	7	..	15
Hamilton	16	..	..	..	..	..	Titlow	..	..	19	11	11	..
Shaw	13	..	..	..	..	..	Walters	..	..	..	7	..	..
Ewing	12	8	..	..	..	..	Bessemer	..	..	..	..	..	16
J C Graham	3	..	..	..	..	..	McKelden	..	..	..	..	..	18
J R Miller	19	..	12	..	13	10	T R Hostetter	..	..	..	..	..	12

Second Day's Scores.

The Pittsburg Gun Club added $100 to the purses on each of the last two days of the tournament. The money was added to the last eight events of the programme, $10 being added to each 15-target event and $15 to each 20-target event. The entrance fees in all programme events were at the usual rate of 10 cents per target. The scores were as follows, those made in the expert classes being kept distinct from those made in the amateur classes:

Experts, expert rule:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*
Bartlett	6	8	10	10	16	12	14	10	13	9
Heikes	11	8	16	11	14	13	12	10	16	13
Penn	..	13	11	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
Rike	..	..	16	10	..	10	..	..	..	11
Raymond	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bessemer	..	..	13	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Jim Crow	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	..	..
Close	..	..	..	6	..	..	10	..	..	..
W S King	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
McKelden	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
A H King	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Wayman	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
W C Thomson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Fieles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

Amateurs, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*
Old Hoss	11	10	14	10	17	11	11	6	13	12
Penn	15	..	..	12	16	14	..	10	17	8
Jim Crow	13	10	18	..	..	9	13	12	14	11
Rike	12	14	..	..	20	..	15	13	19	..
Raymond	13	14	..	11	14	12	17	13	16	13
Flick	13	12	17	13	18	13	17	13	16	10
DuBray	12	12	11	9	..	12	15	10	..	..
Bessemer	12	14	..	13	14	14	..	13	15	10
Fieles	9	10	15	11	17	13	12	10	19	..
W M C Jones	11	11	15	8	15	13	17	10	18	11
Close	11	9	18	..	16	14	..	11	14	13
Goldstrom	14	9	12	13	11	9	..	12	..	8
Mardof	11	13	14	..	..	11	..	7	..	..
Fry	10	12	16	11	14	13	16	11	17	9
Weakland	10	10	14	12	18	12	18	10	13	..
U M C Thomas	8	9	15	13	13	11	15	11	12	8
Skilman	12	10	9	10	14	8	16	11	10	11
Huffman	7	8	10	7	8	7	11	13	16	10
A H King	9	12	15	14	..	11	12	13	18	12
Wayman	..	13	17	14	..	11	14	10	13	..
Alexander	..	10	8	10	11	9	..	..	..	9
John W	..	12	12	7	8	12	18	11	..	..
Dinger	..	8	15	12	..	10	12	..	..	..
Donnally	..	13	15	11	15	10	12	10	14	5
Bell	..	..	12	7	11	8	10	11	11	..
I R Miller	..	..	12	14	..	12	16	10	7	10
N Pruitt	..	..	10	8	15	11	14	12	14	8
W S King	..	..	18	..	15	11	11	12	14	13
McKelden	..	..	18	..	17	10	17	12	19	..
Black Cloud	..	9	13	14	12	13	12	11	11	..
Monroe	..	..	15	11	17	9	14	10	12	10
Born	..	..	14	9	..	8	..	7	..	..
Von Lengerke	..	..	14	13	15	12	12	11	..	..
Pierce	..	..	..	10	12	9	..	..	..	..
Duff	..	..	..	7	..	11	13	..	..	..
C Mack	..	..	..	13	16	7	..	7	..	9
T Greene	..	..	..	..	18	12	19	..	12	12
Cundall	..	..	..	..	17	10	..	..	..	..
Montgomery	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	10	..	..
Johnston	..	..	..	..	..	9	17	9	16	..
S Shaner	..	..	..	..	..	8	16	8	..	..
Cleveland	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	8	9	10
Fritz	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	10	..	10
W C Thomson	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	15	..	6
Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	10	..	..
Udick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	10
Colteryhahn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	9
Shaffer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	12
Ewing	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Rickey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	10
W R Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Murray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	9
B Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	12

Third Day's Score.

On this day the programme was precisely the same as that on the previous day, the $100 added by the Pittsburg Gun Club being divided in the same manner. The entrance fees were also similar. In addition to the 10-target events, 3 extras, at unknown angles, were shot as follows:

Extra No. 1, 15 targets, $1.50: Heikes 15, Bessemer 14, Close 14, Bartlett 13, Flick 13, Fieles 13, Raymond 13, Colt 13, U. M. C. Thomas 12, Armstrong 12, Rike 12, Howard 11, Foy 11, Goldstrom 11, W. M. C. Jones 10, W. S. King 10, Weakland 10, Shaffer 10, B. Jones 9, A. H. King 9, Old Hoss 9, McPherson 8.

No. 2, same: A. H. King 15, Flick 15, Bessemer 14, Bartlett 14, Rike 14, Fieles 13, Raymond 13, Heikes 12, U. M. C. Thomas 12, Close 12. W. S. King 11, Colt 11, W. M. C. Jones 11, B. Jones 10, John Shaffer 9, J. J. Sims 3.

No. 3, same: Heikes 14, Rike 13, Bartlett 13, Raymond 13, Flick 13, Fieles 13, A. H. King 12, Bessemer 12, Shaffer 11, W. M. C. Jones 11, W. S. King 11, B. Jones 10, Once 9, Mell 8, McPherson 8.

The scores made in the programme events, both under expert rules and by the amateurs, were as follows:

Experts, expert rule:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*
Flick	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
U M C	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heikes	..	..	15	12	16	14	15	11	17	15
Bartlett	..	..	17	11	14	11	15	12	13	14
Jones	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rike	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fieles	..	..	16	9	..	..	13	..	..	..
Pruitt	..	..	..	6	..	..	12	..	11	..
Monroe	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Raymond	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Bessemer	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	..	..	12
DuBray	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Penn	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Donally	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..

Amateurs, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*
Raymond	12	11	18	15	..	12	17	10	19	10
W M C Jones	12	14	..	13	17	12	13	13	17	13
Close	12	13	18	13	15	13	16	12	18	12
Rike	13	14	..	14	16	12	17	13	18	14
Fieles	11	14	..	..	16	14	..	14	17	12
Skilman	10	13	13	10	13	12	13	10	17	8
A H King	11	12	15	13	14	11	17	11	18	12
Penn	13	13	12	12	17	14	..	..	..	..
Old Hoss	9	10	13	8	16	10	13	12	15	12
DuBray	8	9	..	9	..	..	..	12	..	..
Goldstrom	13	12	..	10	..	13	..	11	..	10
Burns	9	..	..	12	..	4	..	..	..	..
Flick	14	..	..	13	18	13	16	14	16	12
U M C	14	..	17	..	18	13	17	14	14	11
Fry	12	..	13	13	..	..	18	..	..	..
Howard	..	11	16	10	16	..	..	10	14	13
Weakland	..	9	15	7	13	13	17	12	..	..
Bell	..	5	11	8	..	4	8	..	..	7
T Green	..	12	15	11	14	11	16	8	15	10
Colt	..	10	15	13	14	11	15	14	14	9
C Mack	..	9	..	..	..	13	12	7	..	..
N Pruitt	..	19	..	..	18	14	..	15	..	10
McKelden	..	13	..	12	16	13	17	13	18	13
J Hamilton	..	11	..	13	17	10	18	13	17	12
J Nelson	..	13	..	12	16	13	20	..	11	11
Huffman	..	9	..	8	14	11	12	..	..	..
Eiler	..	..	4	6	7	..	..	7	..	11
Von Lengerke	..	..	15	11	16	13	16	12	18	13
J R Miller	..	..	11	14	16	11	16	12	13	..
Monroe	..	..	19	..	8	..	18	..	..	..
W S King	..	..	14	9	17	11	17	13	19	13
Scott	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	..	..	..
W C Thomson	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Donally	..	..	..	6	17	14	..	7	11	..
Fritz	..	..	..	..	16	8	..	10	..	13
Wayman	..	..	..	..	15	..	19	8	7	..
Pierce	..	..	..	..	11	11	10	..	..	..
Bessemer	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	14	20	..
R Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	10	..
Black	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	8
McPherson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	6
Shaffer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	14
Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Armstrong	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	16
Once	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Duff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Sims	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

Hartford Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., April 20.—Spring fever was evidently the cause of so many low scores made this afternoon in the club shoot of the Hartford Gun Club. The records made were as follows:

Club shoot, 25 targets, known angles:

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P Tucker.....1011111111111111011111111—23
"Ford".....0111111111110111111110110—21
Olcott.....1110111101111111001111101—20
Williamson.....0111110111101111111110011—20
J Smith.....1101110111111001111100110—18
"White".....0011111011111100011111011—17
Lucus.....1110000011111111011101100—17
Seyton.....0110110110111001101101101—16
Wadsworth.....1101101101101001110011110—16
Collins.....0110010011110110101100101—14
Britton.....0001000110010000101110111—13
F Tucker.....0000100100110000101101011—10
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Daniel S. Wadsworth.

Emerald Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., April 16.—The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, held its regular monthly live bird shoot at this place to-day. Thirty members put in an appearance, but so good were the birds that only two out of the thirty, Dr. Hudson and P. "Mulcahey," killed straight; six others killed 9 and seven killed 8. The following is the score in detail:

Dr G V Hudson, 28 ..... 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1—10
P Mulcahey, 28 ..... 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2—10
E Bell, 28 ..... 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 — 9
J Maesel, 28 ..... 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 2— 9
Plummer, 28 ..... 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 1— 9
J H Richardson, 28 ..... 1 * 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2— 9
T Short, 23 ..... 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1— 9
Col J H Voss, 30 ..... 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 1— 9
P Butz, 28 ..... 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 0 2— 8
H P Fessenden, 28 ..... 1 1 2 * 1 0 2 1 1 2 — 8
W Levans, 28 ..... 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 0 2 2— 8
Dr Leveridge ..... * 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 0 1— 8
J H Moore, 30 ..... 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 0 1— 8
F W Place, 28 ..... 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 0— 8
R Woods, 30 ..... 1 2 0 0 2 2 2 1 1 2— 8
L Biff, 30 ..... 2 2 0 2 2 0 1 1 0 2— 7
C Charles, 25 ..... 1 0 2 1 0 2 0 2 1 1— 7
T Codey, 28 ..... 2 2 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 — 7
N Maesel, 25 ..... 1 1 0 0 2 1 2 2 0 2— 7
G Nowak, 28 ..... 2 2 2 1 1 0 1 0 2 0— 7
R Regan, 25 ..... 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 0 0— 7
E Vroome, 28 ..... 1 0 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 0— 7
C Wash, 28 ..... 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 1 0 2 7
L C Gehring, 30 ..... 2 0 1 0 2 1 1 0 2 0— 6
F C Hamilton, 25 ..... 2 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0— 6
Dr Klein, 25 ..... 1 1 0 0 2 1 2 0 0 1— 6
C Maesel, 25 ..... 0 2 0 0 2 0 2 1 1 1— 6
W Hartye, 28 ..... 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 2— 5
J Woelfel, 28 ..... 0 0 2 0 1 1 0 2 2 0— 5
Amend, 25 ..... 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 2 2 *— 3

The Peekskill–New Utrecht Team Race.

THE defeat of the New Utrecht team by 12 men from "up the Hudson" was an unpleasing surprise to the many stanch supporters of the Long Island Club. The surprise was all the greater owing to the fact that the match was shot at Woodlawn, the New Utrecht's own grounds. Add to this the following: A banquet at Peekskill on the night previous; an early start from home by some of the members of that team; a train 50 minutes late, so that connections were missed; and last of all, a two-mile walk down a railroad track with gun over the shoulder and shells in the hands! It looked a cinch for the New Utrechts, particularly when 50 per cent of the Peekskill men missed their birds in the first round. At the end of that round the score stood 8-6 in favor of the New Utrechts. The second round made things even up, three misses being recorded to the home team, while but one of the Peekskillians dropped a bird. Score, 17 all. In the third round the Hudson River contingent went ahead, scoring 11 to the Long Islanders' 10. Score, 28-27 in favor of the Peekskill. The fourth round saw three ciphers go down on the Peekskill score, four being recorded for the New Utrechts. Score, 37-35, and Peekskill two ahead. In the fifth round, six of the Long Island men missed, as against four misses for their opponents, making the score 45-41 in favor of Peekskill. Eleven to ten in favor of Peekskill was the score of kills in the sixth round, and 8 to 7 for the same parties in the seventh round, the total score showing 64-58, Peekskill being 6 in the lead. In the eighth round no change was made in the position of the teams, each side registering three misses, but in the ninth round Peekskill drew still further ahead by scoring 10 to their opponents' 7, the score standing 83 to 74 in favor of Peekskill, a difference of 9 with only 12 birds for each team to shoot at. In the tenth round the New Utrechts killed 10 to their antagonist's 9, the score at the end of the match being: Peekskill 92, New Utrecht 84, the latter being 8 behind. An interesting feature of the shoot was the fact that in only two rounds, the first and last, did the New Utrechts kill more than their opponents; in the eighth both killed 9, while in each of the other seven rounds the Peekskill men came out ahead.

The birds were a good lot, with only here and there a poor flyer; sitters were a great rarity. "Dead out of bounds," *i. e.*, birds which fell inside the inclosure, but outside the boundary, were 10 in number in the New Utrecht score, while but four of the Peekskill birds were similarly recorded. In the matter of trap-pulling, the apparatus being automatic and the puller not being aware of what trap he was pulling, the score shows that No. 3 was pulled away below the average; Nos. 2 and 4 were pulled an equal number of times, but were five below the average; the outside traps, Nos. 1 and 5, occurred most frequently. The following summary shows how the traps fell:

	1	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*
Peekskill	27	16	24	22	31
New Utrecht	30	27	13	21	29
Total	57	43	37	43	60

Halsted and Higginson, both members of the Peekskill team, were the only ones to kill straight, but Jas. Taylor, Dr. Horton and M. Perry, ably seconded their efforts by killing 27 out of their 30 birds. Capt. Money and "Dick" Phister, with 9 apiece, were top scorers for the home team. In extenuation of the moderate showing made by the New Utrecht team, it is only fair to add that four of their number stood at 30yds., seven at 28yds., and one, Conney Furgueson, 11 years of age, shooting a featherweight 16-gauge Francotte, at 26yds. All the Peekskill team, save one, was at 28yds., Loder being put in at 26. The score in detail follows:

Peekskill.

E Kissam, 28 ..... 2 1 0 2 2 1 0 1 2 1— 8
H Livingston, 28 ..... 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 0— 6
J B Halsted, 28 ..... 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1—10
Jas Taylor, 28 ..... 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2— 9
Dr Horton, 28 ..... 2 2 1 2 1 2 5 2 2 2— 9
H C Higginson, 28 ..... 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—10
H P Dain, 28 ..... 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 2— 8
E C Likely, 28 ..... 0 2 1 0 0 * 1 2 1 2 — 6
Frank Southard, 28 ..... 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 * 1 *— 7
M Perry, 28 ..... 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2— 9
O J Loder, 26 ..... 0 1 2 2 0 1 0 0 2 0— 5
B C Everinghim, 28 ..... 0 1 20 2 1 * 0 0 2— 5—92

New Utrecht.

Capt Money, 30 ..... 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 * 1 2— 9
D Deacon, 28 ..... 0 * 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2— 8
C Meyer, 30 ..... 2 * 2 0 0 2 2 2 0 2— 6
C Furgueson, Jr, 30 ..... 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2— 7
C Plate, 28 ..... * 2 2 0 2 2 0 1 0 0 — 5
J N Meyer, 28 ..... 2 2 2 2 0 2 * 2 1 2— 8
C Furgueson, 3d, 26 ..... 2 1 2 1 2 2 0 * 2 0— 7
R Phister, 30 ..... 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2— 9
G W Cropsey, 28 ..... 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 1— 7
T H Keller, 28 ..... 1 0 2 * 0 0 2 2 2 2— 6
W Lair, 28 ..... 2 2 1 0 0 2 * 2 2 2— 6
G Nostrand, 28 ..... 0 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 1— 6—84

Prior to the team race the Peekskill men not being on hand for reasons stated above, four sweeps were shot with the following results:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Furgueson, Jr	22222—5	222—3	220—2	0
Conney Furgueson	22222—5	*10—1	22*—2	220 —2
W Lair	21221—5	101—2	0 —0	11* —2
J N Meyer	*2212—4	112—3	1* —1	22210—4
C Meyer	22222—5	202—2	222—3	22222—5
R Phister	22222—5			
C A Sykes	20220—3			
Capt Money	21211—5	*20—1	* —0	11112—5
T H Keller	22222—5	121—3	0 —0	0 —0
C W Floyd	22012—4			
G W Cropsey		022—2		
C Plate		022—2	211—3	120 —2
MacDonnell			20 —1	11121—5
F L Train			0	0
E Lohman				0
D Lohman				10 —1

No. 1 was 5 birds, $3, class shooting; No. 2, 3 birds, $2, three high guns; Nos. 3 and 4 were $1 miss and outs. EDWARD BANKS.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

THE third tournament of the 1895 series arranged the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League took place at Maplewood on Thursday, April 18. The date originally set for the tournament was April 11, just one week earlier; for certain reasons the date was changed to the one just above mentioned, and it was well that it was so, because a more perfect, springlike day it would be hard to have made to order. The result was that the attendance was capital, nine clubs entering five-men teams in the League shoot. The nine clubs were: Maplewood, Elizabeth, Climax, of Plainfield; Union, of Springfield; South Side, of Newark; Boiling Springs, of Rutherford; Endeavor, of Jersey City; Riverside, of Red Bank, and Union Hill, of Hoboken. In the League race the clubs finished in the above order. In regard to this League shoot, the fact that that contest is shot at known traps, unknown angles, caused a slight unpleasantness owing to a belief that certain shooters were favored by the trapper boys. Personally, I cannot say anything about it, as at the time when the shooters in question were at the score, I was hunting up the scores of the sweepstakes shot previously and repairing errors in the manifolding of the same. Still, I look upon the kick as one that is likely to arise at nearly every State League shoot this season, simply because the race is shot at unknown angles. In my report of the State League tournament held at Rutherford, Feb. 16, under the auspices of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, I wrote as follows in regard to the League shoot:

"This latter event up to this year has been shot at known traps and known angles. At the annual meeting of the league, held recently, a motion was made and carried, to change the conditions of the event to unknown angles. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction expressed by the members of several clubs at the action of the meeting, it being claimed that the change made the test too severe for the younger and less experienced clubs. This is undoubtedly so to a certain extent, but the case of unknown angles also introduces a measure of luck into the contest. It is argued, therefore, by the adherents of the new system that by making it unknown angles the poorer shots run a chance of drawing a series of comparatively easy angles, while the better and more expert shots may draw angles of a more acute nature. Therefore, it is claimed, the more inexperienced shots have more chance to make a race of it at unknown angles than if these were shot at everything known, the latter condition placing all shooters on an equal footing and eliminating the elements of chance. As this contest, however, is intended to prove the superiority of one club over another, it would seem better to cut off as far as possible any element of luck, making the game purely one of skill. Another argument that has been used in favor of unknown angles is, that under that system the conditions far more nearly approach field shooting than do those where everything is known; also that unknown angles is the favorite system now, and that 'everything known' is monotonous and artificial. These arguments would have far more weight if the question set for decision were not one purely of skill. To rightly determine degrees of skill, the element of chance must be eliminated as far as possible from the contests which are to settle those degrees. At the Boiling Springs Club's ground on Feb. 16, a good illustration of the luck in the matter of angles was given time and again. This was due in no sense to the club or its management; it was due entirely to the whims, occasional activity and impulsiveness of the boys who set the traps. The absolute need of the 'stops,' now placed on all the best traps for the purpose of preventing the boys from throwing the targets at extraordinary angles, was conclusively proved time and again that afternoon."

After a lapse of two months, I see no reason to change my opinion; on the contrary, I am convinced that my position is a correct one. An addition might be made, also, to the above that there is always liable to be a kick in any team race where the conditions are known traps, unknown angles, unless the teams are split up. Where they shoot in squads, there is often a chance of unpleasantness—angles always look easy when one hasn't got a gun to one's shoulder! Under the circumstances, it seems as if it would be good policy for the management of the State League either to split up the teams, or else to hold a meeting and go back to known traps and angles in the League shoot. The State organization was formed for the purpose of bringing New Jersey's trap-shooters together every month. That object has been successfully accomplished; 45 shooters took part in the main event on Thursday last! It would be a pity, therefore, that anything that can be easily remedied should be permitted to remain as a menace to the League's continued success.

Returning to the tournament of April 18, some capital shooting was done all through the day, while some excellent scores were rolled up in the main event. Messrs. Drake, Warren Smith, Tillou and others, members of the Maplewood Gun Club, kept things running in good shape. The following are the scores in the team race:

Maplewood.

Van Dyke ..... 1111111111111111111111111—25
W. Smith ..... 1111111101111111111111111—24
Drake ..... 1111111111111111111111111—25
Van Iderstine ..... 1101000111111111110010011—17
A. Sickley ..... 1111111111111111010111111—23—114

Elizabeth.

Roberts ..... 1101111111111111111111111—24
Parker ..... 1011111011101111111111110—21
Woodruff ..... 0011111111110111101011110—19
Hebbard ..... 1011111111111111111111111—24
Astfalk ..... 1111111111101010110101111—21—109

Climax.

Keller ..... 0111111111111111111111011—23
Dutchy ..... 1011111111111111111111111—24
Capt. Money ..... 1101111111111111111111100—22
Darby ..... 1111001111111110011100110—18
D. Terry ..... 1110010011011011110111110—17—104

Union:

Sigler ..... 1111011111111111111111111—24
Miller ..... 1101111111111011010111 —21
N. E. Money ..... 1011110111111111111111111—23
E. Sickley ..... 1111011101111111111011101—21
Jackson ..... 1000001110011100111111000—13—102

South Side:

Major ..... 0111111011011011111111111 - 21
Whitehead ..... 1111111111111010101111111—22
Thomas ..... 1110111111011111110011100—19
Hoffman ..... 1110111111111010111110111—21
Geoffroy ..... 1111110101101011010111011—18—101

Boiling Springs:

Richmond ..... 0111111101100100111101011—17
Greiff ..... 1101110111111101111011101—20
Crosby ..... 1100111111111010011111111—20
Apgar ..... 0111111111111111110111111—23
Henry ..... 0110011111101010111110111—18— 98

Endeavor.

Collins ..... 1111111111111111011111111—24
Proctor ..... 1101010011000111011101111—16
Quimby ..... 0011000111101110110110111—16
Piercy ..... 0001111111100101011000111—15
Lindsley ..... 0101101101011110011111110—17— 88

Riverside.

P Daly, Jr ..... 1001011000110100111011011—14
J Shaw ..... 0101001010101101000011011—13
J Coope, Jr ..... 1110011111111001001011110—17
E W Throckmorton ..... 1011100111111111011111000—23
A L Ivins ..... 1111111111111110111111101—23— 85

Union Hill.

Edwards ..... 0011011111001100111111011—17
Wanda ..... 0111001010110110011101111—16
Sullivan ..... 1100001111101110100111010—14
Buttenbaum ..... 0011110001000111000000100— 9
Strader ..... 1101101011100111111010010—16— 72

The following is the order in which the teams stand in regard to breaks: Maplewood, 323; Union, 308; South Side, 307; Elizabeth, 288; Climax, 285; Endeavor, 255; Boiling Springs, 204; Riverside, 186; Union Hill, 182. Of these clubs, Boiling Springs and Riverside have only taken part in two of the three shoots held to this date, while the Union Hill Club is an organization whose members have just taken to breaking inanimates. The scores made in the programme events were as follows:

Events.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
No. of targets.	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*10*
Hoffman	8	10	11	6	15	..	9
Van Dyke	10	13	15	9	17	9	9
W Smith	9	14	11	7	19	8	8
Drake	10	13	13	9	18	7	10
Dutchy	8	14	14	10	16	6	9
Whitehead	10	..	14	..	..	9	..
Sigler	10	14	13	9	18	6	..
Major	9	15	9	7	20	8	9
Thomas	9	13	14	8	..	9	10
Proctor	..	3	..	4	..	..	7
Collins	..	..	..	8	18	9	9
Henry	..	..	..	8	16	..	..
Capt. Money	..	..	..	9	18	7	9
N E Money	..	..	..	8	17	8	9
Apgar	..	..	..	7	17	7	9
Edwards	..	..	..	8	13	4	9
Frank	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Greiff	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Strader	..	..	..	9	..	6	7
Geoffroy	..	..	..	10	15	7	8
Darby	..	..	..	10	..	..	..

Events.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
No. of targets.	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*10*
Quimby	..	..	..	..	..	8	17
Richmond	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
J Cooper, Jr.	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Ivins	..	..	..	..	..	19	..
A Sickley	..	..	..	..	..	19	8
E Sickley	..	..	..	..	..	15	8
E D Miller	..	..	..	..	..	17	8
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	18	7
Lindsley	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Piercey	..	..	..	..	..	5	9
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Van Iderstine	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Singer	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Campfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

EDWARD BANKS.

Standard Gun Club,

BALTIMORE, Md., April 15.—Below are the scores made in the team race, the main event in the programme of to-day's tournament of the Standard Gun Club at Point Breeze. The conditions of the team race were teams of 5 men, all members of each team to be *bona fide* all-the-year-round residents of the county they represented. The prize was $25, presented by the Standard Gun Club; entrance free. The Frederick county team won, Baltimore county's team No. 1 being second. Scores:

Frederick County (Frederick G. C.).

Phoebus ..... 1101111010110101111—15
A Smith ..... 1011011010111001111—14
Mantz ..... 1001111111110111000—14
Kennedy ..... 1010011111101111111—16
Eisenhauer ..... 1011101111101011011—15—74

Baltimore County No. 1 (Towson G. C.)

Hartner ..... 0111111001011110111—15
Hesse ..... 0110101011001011100—10
Tracy ..... 0111011010111010111—14
Russell ..... 1100001111111111111—16
Smith ..... 1101111001110111111—16—71

Anne Arundel County No. 1 (Jessup G. C.)

T Hawkins ..... 0001101101001111011—12
W Rider ..... 1111100101111001110—14
L Wesley ..... 0100011001001010111—10
Geo Welling ..... 1110011011011111111—16
R Bond ..... 1111011111101011001—15—67

Baltimore County No. 2 (Green Spring Valley G. C.).

White ..... 1011011111011111111—17
Rogers ..... 1110011101110011110—14
Cockey ..... 1110011010000011101 1—11
Howard ..... 1000001110001111101 1—11
Williams ..... 1010110011101111011 0—13—66

Anne Arundel County No. 2 (Harmons G. C.)

Phelps ..... 0111010110101000 1010—10
Hawkins ..... 1010001111110001111 0—12
Cole ..... 0110111001101111101 1—14
Shiply ..... 0101111011111110000 1—14
Baldwin ..... 0111001011010111001 1—12—62

W. T. CLEMENTS, Sec'y.

Plainwell Defeats Galesburg.

PLAINWELL, Mich., April 12.—A team race between six members of the Galesburg Gun Club and a like number of the Plainwell Gun Club was decided at Galesburg to-day, the visitors winning by a single point. Score:

Plainwell.

R L Soule ..... 1111111111111111111100111—23
P F Burroughs ..... 1111111011111101011101111—21
E J Anderson ..... 1101010101111111011101011—18
S B Negus ..... 1100101101100100110001100—12
J H Madden ..... 1100111000101000100101001—11
Chas Machemer ..... 0010011101011000001001100—10—95

Galesburg.

F W Franklin ..... 1101111111111111111101101—22
Harry Vosburg ..... 1111111111101110011111101—21
John Vosburg ..... 1111101101111110011101101—19
Oliver Casson ..... 0110101100101110110010100— 13
Otis Hill ..... 0010110110001001000011 0—10
Wm Barber ..... 0010011101000010001100100— 9—94

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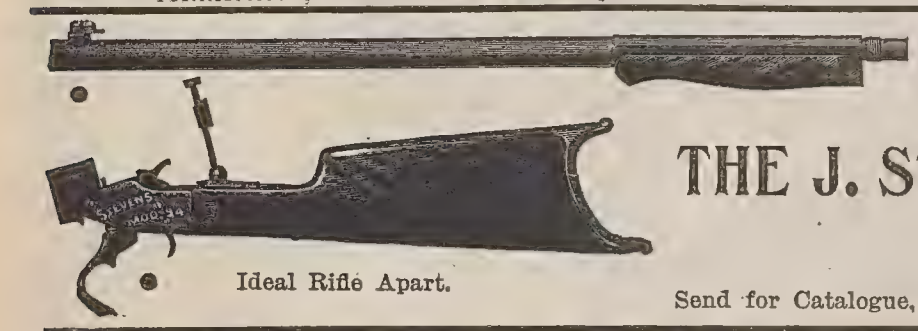
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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

THE Board of Park Commissioners of New York city have appointed Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of the U. S. Fish Commission, Superintendent of the New York Aquarium. This appointment was made after a competitive civil service examination, in which the successful candidate answered 99½ per cent. of the questions asked.

New York is to be congratulated on having thus secured as superintendent of its aquarium the man of all men best fitted for this especial work. It is a rare and remarkable thing in this city of New York that we should secure for a public office of this importance not an individual who has always made his living by politics, and who secures his position through a political pull, but an admirably equipped scientific man, who for many years has devoted himself to the subject he is to handle, and who, by his training, experience and investigation, is in all respects its master. If the Park Commissioners had searched this whole country over they could not have found a man better fitted for this position than Dr. Bean.

It is unfortunate that the officer in charge of the aquarium should be called its superintendent. Under the direction of Dr. Bean the institution will not be merely a show—a place to which the public can go and gape at the specimens on exhibition; it will be also a center of scientific investigation, and the officer who has charge of it and who directs its work should be called the director. This title will lend dignity to the institution and to its work, while the title of superintendent is inadequate.

The first work to be undertaken by its new head is to complete the aquarium and to put it in working order, repairing as speedily as possible the blunders due to the ignorance and incapacity of the past. Much time has been lost and much money wasted, and the task of getting the aquarium into such shape that it will, in any respect, serve the purposes for which it was intended, is not a light one. This will be done, however, and we shall then have an aquarium which will be a credit to the city.

After this has been accomplished, Dr. Bean will, no doubt, establish at the aquarium a biological station for the investigation of marine and fresh-water life, a most desirable adjunct to the exhibition features of the place, and one which in time is likely to reflect great credit on the government of this city. The possibilities of such a station, under the direction of such a man, are far-reaching.

If the New York Aquarium should become merely a free show for the populace, it would fall far short of accomplishing its proper mission. Under the past regimes, when politics and pull were everything and merit nothing, this would have been expected; but under present conditions very different results are looked for. The era of wastefulness and ignorance has closed, that of intelligence and economy is about to begin. No fear need be felt that the popular side of the institution will be neglected. As soon as the errors and crimes of the past shall have been remedied, the exhibition of water life will be the first thing to receive attention; the people will have something to show for their money, an exhibition which shall be not merely a few fish and invertebrates and plants without order or arrangement, but an exhibition carefully planned. It will not only be beautiful to the eye, but systematic, orderly, and so arranged and labeled that it will tell its own story. Thus, to any one who will undertake the light and pleasing labor of studying, it will be of the highest educational value. After all this has been done, we look to see the development of the less popular and more strictly educational side of the aquarium. Exhibitions of the practical culture of different species of fish will be given, laboratory work will be encouraged, and opportunities afforded for New Yorkers to pursue special lines of investigation, which have hitherto been impossible for them.

All this will not be accomplished at once, but those who are familiar with Dr. Bean's past achievements feel safe in predicting that it will be done, and that there is now every prospect that before long there will be in operation in this city not an aquarium alone, but also a school of biology of which the whole country as well as its metropolis may well feel proud.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

THE bill to consolidate the Forest and Fishery and Game commissions was signed by Governor Morton on Thursday of last week; on the same day the new board was named, and held its first meeting. The commissioners are Barnett Davis of Palmyra, who was designated to be the president; Henry H. Lyman of Oswego, William R. Weed of Potsdam, Charles N. Babcock of Rochester, and Edward Thompson of Northport, Long Island, shellfish commissioner. Edward P. Doyle was reappointed secretary, with Maj. J. W. Pond as Chief Protector. Of the old force of protectors the following were reappointed protectors and foresters: Robert Brown, Jr., of Port Richmond, Dr. Willet Kidd of Newburgh, Matthew Kennedy of Hudson, Charles H. Barber of Greenwich, Henry C. Carr of Union Springs, Joseph Northrup of Alexandria Bay, George M. Schwartz of Rochester, and A. R. Potter of Sandy Creek. There are to be appointed a fishculturist and an assistant fishculturist; with the complement of protectors, making a force of thirty-six in all.

The president of the Commission has a salary of $5,000, the others of $1,000 each; all are allowed expenses.

We learn that Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, will have the office of fishculturist. This will be a most admirable appointment.

We have no wish to prejudge the Commission or any member of it, but two of the appointments must be regarded with grave distrust, those of Mr. Davis and Mr. Weed. Mr. Davis was named at the instance of Lieut.-Gov. Saxton and for purely political considerations. The place was in effect made for him; and he has been heard to relate with considerable glee how in the beginning Mr. Saxton resorted to a cunning ruse to insure his appointment by the Governor. We cannot learn that Mr. Davis has any other qualification for the place than the political influence he has shown in the past and may show in the future in Mr. Saxton's behalf. It is disheartening that with so many available candidates who would have given dignity and ability to the Commission, and would have commanded public respect for it, this politician should have been foisted on the Commission and its character thus determined in advance. Commissioner Weed, who is a lumber dealer and is reputed to be interested in wood pulp, was a member of the old Forestry Commission, who in the closing days of last year betrayed their trust by handing over State lands to the Adirondack Railway. By this action Mr. Weed and his associates forfeited public confidence; no one of them should ever again have been intrusted with power to prove a second time untrue; and any commission of which one of them may be a member will bear close watching.

THE bill chartering the New York Zoölogical Society has been signed by Governor Morton and is thus a law. The founding of this society is one of the encouraging evidences of increasing interest in the education of the masses, which are a feature of the urban civilization of the day. Taken in connection with the appointment of Dr. Bean to care for the aquarium, it affords reason for hoping that New York will not always be the last of the great cities of this country to care for the needs of its population.

SNAP SHOTS.

Now here is a good notion, and there should be decided benefit in it. A new Maine law reads: "That any person acting as guide for any person or party who shall assist or aid such person or party in killing any game or fish in violation of law, shall be held equally responsible for such violation of the law, and subject to the same penalties." For one thing, such a law will put a stop to the midsummer butcheries perpetrated by a well-known Brooklyn man, who has in years past taken regiments of Maine guides into the woods with him and defied laws and decency.

Here is an amendment of the Maine game law, and it is just about as clumsy and bungling and ungrammatical as they make them. As changed by the last Legislature, Sec. 21 reads, respecting partridges: Whoever kills any "partridges between the first days of December and September twentieth" forfeits not less than five dollars, etc. When, then, does the season close on partridges? How far into the month do the "first days of December" extend?

Another bungle: Whoever hunts cow moose "forfeits not less than one hundred dollars and be imprisoned thirty days." Probably, "shall be imprisoned thirty days" was intended, but it does not say so; and under the rule that a penal statute must be constructed literally, there appears to be some question whether the penalty of imprisonment, here manifestly intended, might not be evaded. We have not examined the new Maine statute, which requires fathers to provide for their offspring, but let us trust that when the welfare of children is concerned the Maine Solons are more grammatical than when the subject of their solicitude is only a partridge or a cow moose.

Years ago the capture of shad with rod and reel under the Holyoke, Mass., dam was something of regular occurrence each spring and summer, and was practiced by many ardent anglers of Massachusetts. For several years past, however, there has been none of this fishing there, probably for the reason that the waters are poisoned by refuse thrown out from the mills and the shad no longer come up to the dam. If any of our shad anglers elsewhere have luck with the fish this season, we would like to have reports from them.

The interesting letter from "Will Scribbler," published in our columns this week, presents the fact that seeking for birds is but one part of the capabilities of pointers and setters in the pursuit of game. In other words, bird dogs are not seekers of birds to the exclusion of all other game.

An individual sailing under the name of C. E. Wellborn, and hailing from Birmingham, Ala., has been writing to various parties and seeking to secure goods without cash down, on the strength of a reference to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. Wellborn has no authority to refer to us; our experience with him teaches us that he is irresponsible. If he was well born he appears to have degenerated.

Is there such a thing as a "true sportsman" in Japan?

We suggested last week that, whether or not fish feel pain, tender-hearted fishermen show by their treatment of a hooked fish that they have no realizing sense of its capacity for suffering. A correspondent cites in rebuttal, for our consideration, the fact that "when the tender-hearted fisherman, fishing in salt water, finds on his hook a toadfish or catfish or sea robin or shark, he assails the creature and maltreats it with a spirit and in a manner which indicate his belief that it can feel the punishment he inflicts." But do the manner and spirit indicate anything of the sort? The child which hurts itself against the table strikes the table in revenge, but does the child think that the table can suffer pain? Even a grown person will sometimes involuntarily resent in the same way injury received from an inanimate body; we once heard a leading light in the scientific world angrily anathematize a sleeping car berth against which he had stupidly bumped his head; but we never dreamed that the professor thought the berth could hear what he said to it.

The Sportsman Tourist.

PORTAGE LAKE.

SEEKING new fields for sport, we had sent our Jackman, Maine, guides over the Canadian boundary to locate a camp near the head waters of the west branch of the Penobscot. They explored the region and settled on Portage Lake, in the Province of Quebec, close to the Maine boundary, for our camping place, and a fortunate location it proved to be. We went in there in September, 1890, my friend and I, with our two Jackman guides and one local guide. Here on a beautiful point of the shore, near where Portage brook joins the lake, we pitched our tent and passed lazy, happy days. Daily we saw deer feeding and playing along the shores. Two goodly Caribou bucks fell to our rifles. The waters of the lake and stream were full of trout, fine vigorous fellows, averaging a pound each in weight. What more could we ask?

These were then practically virgin waters. The woodsmen had been accustomed to fish here, with their coarse tackle, but few and far between had been the sportsmen to visit this secluded resort. Our third and Canadian guide was Bob Elliott. This was almost his first experience as a guide, but he had above any man I have ever met the qualities that make a satisfactory guide, and he has since built a camp on Portage Lake and taken a few parties there and elsewhere. He is very quiet and gentle in his ways, temperate and in every way reliable, with a thorough knowledge of woodcraft, and an intimate acquaintance with that region. Since the autumn days of 1890 I have not seen Portage Lake; for I seek large game and that is more a fishing than a hunting country, but with Bob I have sought game along the boundary mountains and in the more remote St. John region, and would count a trip despoiled of half its pleasure were he not my guide. Bob Elliott lives at Armstrong, County Beauce, Quebec, 25 miles from Jackman, Me., and 9 miles from Portage Lake. He will never make much money as a guide, for most of the pay he receives is devoted to camps and outfit for the comfort of his parties.

A few of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have been to Portage and they will, I feel sure, indorse all I have said, and each has in his mind a vivid picture of blue waters sparkling in the clear mountain air, circled with unbroken forests. Thirty miles from any railroad, and nine miles from any highway, no sound from the outer world disturbs the camper on Portage's beautiful shores.

FRED. TALCOTT.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SPORT IN IRELAND.

III.—Hunting.

AN Irish way of doing business! In asking the attention of the gentle reader to reminiscences of sport in Ireland, to introduce him to what is well marked in history—the time being now far distant and the place remote. Time, the spring of 1865; place, the banks of the Potomac. A young British officer, desirous of improvement in the knowledge and practice of his profession by the best of all means—experience in actual warfare—armed with letters of introduction to the chief officials at Washington, proceeded to that place in March, 1865, and applied to the War Department for authority to visit the army, then in front of Richmond and Petersburg, with headquarters at City Point.

This application was at first refused, as strict orders had been issued that no civilians should be allowed with the army at this critical moment, when business was the order of the day.

On presenting a letter of introduction, however, to Mr. Sumner, a statesman and one of nature's noblemen, he at once telegraphed to General Grant and President Lincoln, then at City Point, strongly presenting the case as one not of a civilian, but of a British soldier.

The desired authority was not only granted, but free transport was everywhere given; and on arrival at headquarters the young officer was placed, honorarily, on the headquarters staff, and all privileges accruing to a distinguished personage were granted to him, being a guest of the President and General Grant. Such an honor was as unexpected as it was appreciated, this being the most instructive period of the gigantic campaign.

Commencing with the assault on Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865, until the surrender of General Lee, April 9, there was a continuous roar of artillery fire. Then the great rebellion was ended, and Lee's army of splendid men were scattered to the winds.

The writer of these notes is the fortunate, then young, man referred to; and I could fill many pages with accounts of courtesies received on all sides, from all sorts and conditions of men, from President Lincoln downward, as I could tell of valuable lessons learned and experiences gained such as fall to the lot of but few men.

How intensely interesting the morning visit to General Grant, the study of his calm face, as unmoved he received telegrams from different parts of the long line of front; some containing accounts of success, others of failure. His instructions, in reply to each telegram, were sent in the same cool manner, President Lincoln carefully watching every move, as if engaged in a game of chess.

Here, side by side, were the ideal and practical statesman, and the ideal and practical soldier, working together at a most important stage of the world's history; such men as Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Meade, with other lesser lights, forming the background of the picture.

It is, however, of a still lesser light—though not so in her own eyes—that I must now speak.

I have already said that no civilian was allowed with the army. There was, I believe, but one exception to this rule in the person of the female cook of the headquarter mess. Having a moment to spare, amid the "pomp and circumstance of war," I paid a visit to this lady. Yes, there she was, amid the pots and pans of this troublesome world, the only civilian with the army; and she had only to open her mouth to inform her listeners that she came from "the sod." She had the most delicious Irish brogue. I soon found that she had been one of the large peasant family of bare-footed children then living near my old home, that delighted to put "one stone more" on the wall over which I practised my gray pony in boyhood days before the hunting morning "preliminary canter;" and as she now took delight in being in the thick of the fight with the Army of the Potomac, so she then, in girlhood days, took chief delight in running with the hounds and watching the pony jump.

Yes, on that pony I had my first lesson across country with the hounds; and now at this distance of time I can find no greater pleasure than to follow harriers or foxhounds over a sporting country.

Oh, for the easy flowing pen of Charles Kingsley to describe the music of the hounds! Or that of Whyte-Melville to point out the pleasures of the chase.

What music! "If you must have four parts, then there they are. Deep-mouthed bass, rolling along the ground; rich, joyful tenor; wild, wistful alto; and leaping up here and there above the throng of sounds, delicate treble shrieks and trills of trembling joy. I know not whether you can fit it into your laws of music, any more than you can the song of that Ariel sprite who dwells in the Æolian harp, or the roar of the waves on the rock, or

> 'Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
> And murmur of innumerable bees.'

"Ay, with all the fictitious excitement produced by the emulation of hunting, and the insatiable desire to be nearer and nearer still to that fleeting vision which, like happiness, is always just another stride beyond our reach; though the hounds are streaming silently away a field in front of us; though the good horse between our legs is fresh, ardent and experienced; though we have already disposed of our dearest friend on his best hunter, at that last 'double,' and are sanguine in our hopes of getting well over yonder strong rail, for which we are even now 'hardening our heart' and shortening our stride; though we hope and trust we shall go triumphantly on from fence to fence, rejoicing, and at last see the good fox run into the middle of a 50-acre grass field—yet for all this we cannot but feel that when we have traversed two or three miles of this style of country, without prostration or mishap, we have effected no contemptible feat of equitation; we have earned for the nonce a consciousness of thorough self-satisfaction intensely gratifying to the vanity of the human heart." And, if you are a student of human nature, a lover of the picturesque, where can your aspirations and desires better be satisfied than at "the meet?"

Then come with me to the meet.

That old gentleman of ninety years, sitting bolt upright in his saddle, is my father's nearest and dearest friend. That giant on the weight-carrier spread terror into the Russian ranks as he jumped into the Redan, armed only with a blackthorn stick, and received the Legion of Honor. That heavy-weight in frieze coat, on the game-looking cob, will lead the field to-day, for he knows every inch of country, and he knows what his cob can do. Yes, that semi-clerical looking man, with iron gray hair, is the parson. Stick to his coat tails in the fastest run, and you'll not be "out of it;" an efficient pilot, for he can preach a good sermon on Sunday and show the way with hounds on Monday.

Here I come on my gray pony. The huntsman takes off his hat with a "Good morning, Master ——;" the whip gives me a friendly nod; the master asks whether poney is fit after that long run on Tuesday; I ride in and out among the throng of hunting men—and hunting women not a few—with a friendly greeting from each and all.

Time's up! We move on at that peculiar "jog trot to covert." It's a typical hunting morning. "A southerly wind and cloudy sky," with just a dash of rain to keep the record of "moist weather."

Old Jack, the huntsman, well knows the point of wind, and where to "throw" the hounds into the gorse covert. Hardly time to tighten the girths before there's a "view—halloo," followed by a madrigal of music. An old dog-fox slips out of the cover at the side opposite to that we have thrown in the hounds. There he goes, beside that bank, and across that field; there go the hounds after him. There's Jack, the huntsman, well over that first bank, and now he leads the hounds with horn and hand. And for us, it's "every man for himself." Even the women and children—am I among the latter?—are lost sight of at this critical moment. The banks and ditches are high and wide, but "funk" is an unknown quantity, and we're soon out of "this hole."

The hounds settle down to their work; there is no looking out for "gaps;" you must "ride straight" if you mean to be "in it." There goes the parson, I'll keep his coat tails in view and follow him. Those tactics won't work; I find my eyes bunged with mud from his horse. I take my own line. We are now in a stone wall bit of country, having left banks and ditches behind. Over one of these I go, and into a drain at the landing goes pony; we have a roll, but no greater harm is done than a broken stirrup-leather and a muddy coat. I have learned to fall and not to quit hold of the reins; now I have to put in practice another bit of training, viz., to balance the body and grip with both knees.

On we go again; happily there's a check. A friendly farmer supplies a stirrup-leather and pony has time to breathe. A cast with the hounds is made, and we're off again.

Another change of country. Now we're in low meadow land, and the boy on the pony has a pull over the heavyweights; they sink in the deep land, while I gallop on as if on land with good footing. But here's more than a mere ditch—a chasm wide enough for a brook, deep enough for a ravine. The advice of my friendly instructor, the parish horse-trainer, "Go hard at it, Master ——," is in my mind, and so I do. Pony drops his hindlegs at the further bank; I there jump off and lead him up; with joy at finding that one well-mounted man at least is floundering in the brook, with mud enough to "improve the color" of his new scarlet coat.

Again we're on the move; we're having "the run of the season;" we've gone ten Irish miles and now we're climbing the hillside to a well-known cover; some dismount and urge the tired nags up-hill as quickly as possible. The hounds are well on the fox, and as we reach the hill-top he is run into in the open before he can gain the friendly cover.

There is a series of "who—whoops!" The whole scene is of such peculiar picturesqueness that no landscape painter has yet been able to do justice to it.

The field, large at the meet, is reduced to six or seven good and true men at the death, besides one plucky girl (who gets the brush) and the boy on the pony, who has won fresh laurels on this red-letter day. Among those in at the death are our pilot, the parson, the man in gray, and the master of hounds; the pace was too good for the giant.

My chief instructor, at this time, in the noble art of "throwing a lep" on horseback, over stone wall, bank or water jump, was the parish horse-trainer. His instructions were brief: "Clinch the reins, bend the back, grip with the knees;" no reference to hands or balance.

My bosom friend, in the hour of need, when pony or horse suffered from "the ills that horseflesh is heir to," was the village blacksmith. It is needless to say that he had no certificate of qualification in *veterinaria medicina*. His advice, on consultation as to what was best to be done, given with the most serious face, was: "Treat him as you would a Christian."

I have ridden many horses in many lands, from the buck-jumping bronco of the West to the wild Irish flyer of the East, from the yowl-necked barb of southern Spain to the well-trained hunter of "the Shires," and from none did I derive so much pleasure as from the gray pony, with my county hounds in Ireland.

The gray pony's utility, however, was short-lived; he was hardly up to my weight; my purse, too, was slender. Happily an exchange ("swap") was arranged with a great admirer of the gray, by which I became possessed of a rough, uncared-for, uneducated plow-horse, and he the owner of the well-trained pony.

I made many enemies by this exchange; my next of kin would scarcely speak to me; the blacksmith and horse-trainer would never more give me kindly instruction; all were loth to lose the gray pony.

The newly acquired horse proved a marvel in leaping powers; the clipping scissors did wonders in the improvement of his appearance, so that when I appeared in the hunting field even the horse-trainer wished me "good luck."

On one memorable day he "beat the record" in a long jump. It came about as follows: The foxhounds met in a part of the country but little known to the members of the hunt. The Land Improvement Act had been in force in this locality with the result: wide drains and new stiff banks. These we looked at in despair. Inwardly we hoped that the fox would not take us through that bit of country. We "found" in a small gorse covert, and straight through this country went the fox. It was a question, "Take this big bank or go home." Uncertain at the time of the prowess of my unknown treasure, with fear and trembling (that peculiar trembling at the knee-joint), I tried to carry out the instructions, "Grip with your knees and go at it." At it I went; and, oh joy! on and off went my trained hunter, as if "to the manner born;" and henceforth he went by the name "Banker." After that on we sailed pleasantly, he with perfect confidence in his rider, I in perfect bliss at my "safe conveyance."

There were many empty saddles in that run; I was well to the front. The few forward men were in line, going at an apparently safe bank—all were going fast. I took the bank in my direct front, when, oh horror! there was a newly opened quarry at the opposite side of the bank. No time for reflection; but one course open—besides the open-mouthed quarry—with spur and voice not idle to "go." Could I but so nearly reach the edge of the quarry that I could escape without a broken collar bone?

Poor "Banker's" newly developed life of usefulness must be suddenly cut short; when, joy of joys! voice and spur had done their work; "Banker's" jumping powers did the rest. He cleared the quarry with half an inch to spare, with space enough to change his feet and not drop in his hindlegs. My record in the country as a quarry jumper has not since been beat.

My education in the knowledge of "the horse and his rider" had at that time to be replaced by the training for my military profession. "Banker" went to the hammer; my pocket was filled with pound notes; but his services can never be forgotten.

The "Great Duke" has well pointed out how battles are lost and won in the hunting-field, the best field of training for the soldier; I therefore soon found myself again in the saddle, as a young soldier, with a trained hunter. A sudden call to active service, however, required the speedy parting company with the trained hunter. I was at home on short leave of absence from my regiment, and during my walks abroad I met the village postmaster, an oddity of oddities, in his little ill-kept office. "The hounds are to meet to-morrow, and again this week, and you without a horse," said he, "this is a terrible catastrophe." After deep thought he brings forth the suggestion: "There's a herd of gypsies in a lane close by, they have a likely looking cob; give me £5, and I will buy him for you; you mind the shop." To all this I agreed, giving the postmaster's well-known answer to all inquiries for letters: "Not a word to-day," or if to a pretty girl: "He has not written to-day."

The postmaster returned, leading a wretched specimen of the cob tribe; I had made my bed, I must lie on it. I led the animal home—not in triumph. Again I had "lost caste" among my kinsfolk and friends for dealing in horse flesh of the worst kind. Again the clippers were applied, and on the following morning I appeared at the meet, mounted, as of old, on "not a bad thing." Suffice it to say, that I had two good days' hunting on my £5 worth, and a day to spare for "one more jump," before my ship sailed. It was not a case of "my ship coming home" on that day; my gypsy cob landed on a rock at the off side of the fence; he was lame for life, and I sailed next day with my arm in a sling, having learned the lesson—avoid that "one more jump."

Let us land for a while at Gibraltar, that I may introduce you to "Johnny," the huntsman of the Calpe hounds, who had hunted a pack of harriers for a relative of mine in the county of Cork, and in consequence takes pleasure and pride in being my pilot through the Cork woods and over the "rocks" at Algeziras.

Johnny's boast is that his stentorian voice can be heard, as he cheers on the hounds, from the Cork woods to the Rock—a matter of 12 miles! And this was before the days of telephone. In and out, among the palmettoes, the prickly pears and aloes, he leads, while I, an unbeliever in this sport, follow.

Certainly there is "the music of the hounds," but there's too much of Mr. Jorrocks's sort of hard riding.

"Are you a hard rider?" asked an inquiring lady of Mr. Jorrocks.

"The hardest in England!" answered that facetious worthy, adding to himself, "I may say that, for I never goes off the 'ard road, if I can 'elp it!"

About this time there was a sad downfall of pride on

the part of Johnny. I was in command of one of the many Gibraltar guards; and when inspecting the prisoners in the guard room, there was poor Johnny a prisoner for being "drunk in the streets on the previous evening." How great the fall! From the exalted position of huntsman of the Calpe hounds to being a prisoner in the guard room.

The whirligig of time again brought me to old Ireland. Now I had a gunner brother at my elbow to share my joys and sorrows. I cannot easily forget a sad downfall to his pride. We had been in full gallop in a certain park; he on a battery horse, I on a wild thoroughbred. He came to a sudden stop, to try and open a strong wooden gate, when his horse tried to clear it and stuck on the gate, beautifully balanced on the top, both hind and forelegs being well off the ground. How to extricate him we failed to perceive. Unhappily, my brother's commanding officer appeared on the scene, and his words of censure at a Government horse being thus treated were strong and to the point. It was not until we had acted on the advice of a country farmer—"Take the gate off its hinges"—that we were able to remove the horse from his pedestal and continue the chase, wiser but sadder men.

We had another memorable mishap; being out with harriers, we had several long runs and continued hunting until late in the evening. We were far from a road, the banks were new and high, the horses tired. We dismounted to lead over a bank, particularly high and with deep ditches. My brother was the first to lead to the top of the bank, when his horse swerved, knocked my brother into the ditch and fell on him. The man lay so completely under the horse that he could not be seen or heard; some time elapsed before neighboring farmers could be assembled to pull the horse out of the ditch. When this was accomplished, to our complete surprise and joy, we found that the brother was unhurt, being untouched by the horse, who lay against the clearly cut sides of the new and dry ditch, instead of resting upon the man beneath him.

Another lesson was here taught, "Never lead your horse if you can ride him."

This lesson is life-long: "Stick to the ship while it remains afloat."

MIC MAC.

NOTES FROM CAMP NESSMUK.

I.—Mincke.*

I HAD been camping alone in the Ozarks, not from choice, but because my comrade had been called home by the illness of his child, and there was nothing left me but to go it alone. So I wandered from hill to hollow seeking a more bountiful crop of mast, and meeting with only tolerable success. There were no deer, even the squirrels had nearly all migrated to the richer bottoms of the Gasconade, and turkeys were so scarce or so vigilant that I got but few. At the end of a week I longed for a good hotel dinner and a quiet chat with the folks in the town. Then I could take the early morning train for some other hunting ground.

And Saturday night I was loafing in front of the little tavern, gossiping with young and old, feeling that country society, at least, was not half bad. The villagers were affable and nice in their quaint, slow way. Everything was drowsily good-natured. The sounds were mellow, the air soothing. I turned in early, and slept like a child.

But alas for the dream of rural peace and innocence! That night there occurred, just outside my window, what was afterward described as "a case of tar and feathers that turned into a shootin' match." I have no heart to tell that story. My nerves are fairly reliable, but they were tried by the sights and sounds of that dreadful night; nor was it soothing to have an actor in the tragedy, with eyes bleared by drink and excitement, draw a diagram of the situation with the point of his bowie upon the breast of my thin flannel shirt. I submit that such a procedure, at two o'clock of a cold, dark morning, is not strictly according to Hoyle.

Bye and bye I sat in the train, staring out into the pitchy night, and wondering if day would never break.

It broke at last, and as the black curtain slowly rose from the hills I came to myself and realized that a plan must soon be formed as to where the fortnight should be spent. One place after another suggested itself, some for deer, others for turkeys, some with a chance for both. But I no longer cared to kill. Let me get away from men and the thought of them, and be alone with the trees, and birds, and the autumn wind—in the fragrant woods, where all is clean, where even the little tragedies are fairly fought, and no scars of infamy are left upon the innocent.

The train sped down the pretty valley of the Meramec. Before me were the well-remembered hills of Mincke. Why not camp there? Every stone and bush and tree for miles around would welcome me, for we were old friends. It was quickly arranged, and soon I was left with my traps before the old limekiln, which, with a few cabins or shacks, make all there is of Mincke station.

A colored man stood at the other end of the platform, and I hailed him: "Hello, Billy. I'm going to camp at the upper fork of the sugar-tree hollow, just this side of the spring that runs out from the roots of a young elm—you know where it is. Help me over with my things, and here's a large, elegant piece of silver."

The negro stared, as though not comprehending me. Finally he stuttered: "You—you's not gwine ter camp ober in dat hollah?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

His voice sank to a whisper: "Oh, boss! I wouldn't do dat."

"Why; what's the matter with that hollow?"

He mumbled something that escaped me, and shuffled off.

"Here! Won't you carry my pack?"

"No, sah. I won't go into that hollah."

What ailed the fellow? I soon found another darky loafing about the kiln, and offered him the same inducement, but again met with a flat refusal.

"Why, Sam, what is the matter with that hollow?"

He poked his toe into the ground uneasily, and replied, after a long pause; "Well, I reckon it's jis' kinder juberous."

Nothing further could be got out of him; but his son, a lank youngster in tattered burlaps, volunteered the information; "That hollah's da-a-ange'us!"

* Local pronunciation, *Minky*.

His father shut him up rather curtly, and they moved off. Not a negro about the place could be hired to tote my outfit. At last I sought out Frank, the white man of Mincke, a tall and bony quarryman who lived in a board shanty near the kiln.

"Say, Frank, why is it that none of these darkies will go into the sugar-tree hollow in broad daylight?"

He ruminated a while, and then answered seriously: "I dunno as I'd do it myself."

"But what the mischief is wrong about that hollow? I've been there twenty times and never saw anything bigger than a fox."

He was reluctant to say more, and only muttered something about a catamount, which I knew was an evasion.

"Pshaw; you an old hunter, and afraid of catamounts!"

"Well, I'll tell you. The niggers say that the devil lives in that hollah, an' I jis' kinder believe it myself."

That settled it. I was all forenoon getting my outfit into Spook Hollow, for the way was rough, and a hot, tiresome job it was; but once my belongings were there, I knew that they were safe from molestation. It is to one's advantage sometimes to have the Old Boy around.

HORACE KEPHART.

COLCHOOLOOLOO.

BAIRD, Shasta County, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a portrait made by my son, Edmund C. Stone, of the old Indian chief Colchoolooloo. During Colchoolooloo's youth the habits and customs of his tribe were literally those of the stone age of man. They had never seen a white man or a horse. They used no implements of any description made of iron or other metal. Their knives were constructed of obsidian, and their axes were simply heavy pieces of slaty rock cleft so as to leave a sharp edge and used without any handle. When the Indians wanted to cut down a large tree for a canoe or other purpose, ten or twenty sat around the tree and hacked at it with their sharp-edged rocks till it fell. In



COLCHOOLOOLOO—A WINTUN CHIEF.

the series of axes in the National Museum illustrating the evolution of the modern axe of white men, the first of the series representing the most primitive form of axe is one of these sharp-edged rocks which Colchoolooloo gave me a few years ago.

In those early years of his life Colchoolooloo must have been quite a famous warrior among his people. He is a large man and robust, with a large head and feathers, and an indescribable something about him that always commands respect. He has shown us several scars where he has been struck by the arrows of the enemy in the encounters of his tribe with the Modocs and other hostile Indians. Although he has no crutch to shoulder, he enjoys as much as any white veteran going over the story of the battles he was engaged in, and showing how fields were won in Indian warfare. He tells with special pride of an encounter with the Stillwater Indians, in which he was struck in the side with an arrow, the obsidian point of which remained in his chest for several years.

Colchoolooloo was, in his day, the most skillful bow and arrow maker of his tribe. His bows were made, like Robin Hood's, of yew, and were backed with prepared salmon skins, which keeps them elastic for years. The bows of his making are among the finest specimens in the world for power and durability.

But Colchoolooloo now is an old man, feeble and infirm and broken-hearted. When he was a boy his people were numerous and happy, and roamed over this beautiful cañon of the McCloud in the enjoyment of undisturbed possession of the land. Since then he has seen white men come in and drive his people before them. He has seen the white men take possession of the fields and homes and even graveyards of his tribe; and, worst of all, he has seen his people dwindle away at the approach of white men till he is almost left alone of those who remember the happy and prosperous days of his tribe. He will probably not survive many more winters, and when he goes the earth will close over one of the last and best of his race.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

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A MARCH OUTING WITH FUR CATCHERS

Trapping Rats and Minks.

THE *honk* of northward-flying geese had been coming at intervals from the depths of the upper air for a fortnight, and the sharp *schweep* of ducks' wings had been heard in visions for a longer time than that; and the spring vacation was actually come. Before the geese began flying Holmes and I began dreaming about a vacation outing, and we were dreaming still. There seemed to be no place where our coming was awaited. Vacation began at midnight precisely, according to a resolution of the faculty duly entered and recorded in the faculty book, and the midnight train passed through the town at that identical hour, and it was the train we expected to take, go wherever we would. As the finishing touch was given to the last batch of examination papers, Holmes came in, smiling. "I have it," said he. "Let's go to the boys. I have just received a letter from Ora, who, with Al, is out trapping, and he writes they are having lots of fun with the ducks." And so it was then and there agreed that to the boys and the ducks we would go.

Dear me! How easy it is to go on an outing, and especially a March outing, in one's mind, and how very, very hard it is to go in the body. The dear ones, how they did exclaim, and warn, and protest! "At this season of the year!" exclaimed the miss. "And at your age!" said the madam. "And it will be certain to rain or snow!" affirmed the miss. "And with your back!" persisted the madam.

Ah, that back! Thereby hung a tale—t-a-l-e—mind you. That very morning I had clapped on that wretched back a porous plaster as big as my two hands, and the miss and the madam didn't know it. Nay more, at that very moment it was harder, very much harder, for me to get up when I was down than to get down when I was up; but they didn't know that, either. The truth is, I wanted to go, and when a man wants to go an-outing, what truth will he not conceal? What can stay him?

And so Holmes and I went, and in due time we came up with the boys in St. Jo county, Michigan. We found them trapping fur on a beautiful stream which takes its rise in a beautiful lake, and which discharges its waters into the beautiful and historical St. Joseph. Must I, can I, write the name of that beautiful stream that we are to descend in search of fur and feather? Hog Creek—hog with only one g. "God made the creek all right enough," said one of the boys, 'but somebody else must have named it."

All streams are crooked, and we found our pretty creek with the plebeian name no exception. Its general course was westerly, but its truly icy waters ran now this way and now that; now north and now south; now west, and it is not too much to say that sometimes the stream turned upon itself and sped along toward the rising sun as if bound on reëntering Hog Lake and running its merry round once again. The fleeting waters skirted uplands covered with oak thickets, leafless and dead-looking; wheat fields showing the faintest flush of green; through marsh lands, where downy catkins prophesied of the coming spring, and where weeds and grass, dead beyond the hope of resurrection, told the story of the spring that had been.

Books there are in the running brooks to those who can read them, but how different the reading in winter from what it is in summer. The summer *voyageur* floats idly down in ambush all the way. A cloak of green conceals him from sharp eyes, whether wild or tame. And the same green that cloaks him cloaks them. He hears the birds singing in tree top or bush thicket, and now and then sees one flit spark-like across some open space. He hears the pit-a-pat and scrimble-scramble of tiny feet, and knows that the little four-footed beasts are close at hand. He knows, too, there are nests, cunningly wrought and filled with speckled eggs or with hard-breathing and unsightly young birds, amid these thickets; but he sees them not. They are safely hidden from sharper eyes than his. But now, on this March day, the veil is rent and the secret places are laid bare. The curiously wrought nests, all frayed and torn, are everywhere to be seen flapping in the wind, but their builders and last summer's tenants are no longer here. In lieu of them the red-winged blackbird is seen, and if there be a gleam of sunshine the redwing will sing his sweet little three-noted song. Whether the day be sunshiny or cloudy, the chickadees and the titmice are sure to engage the outer's attention as they flit from stem to trunk in search of their "daily bread."

The waterways are the ways the world over for finding the living things. But it is not the birds alone that live along these ways, as some of us happen to know who have been there in mosquito time. And O, brother of the angle! let me whisper a word in thy ear. As I live, there are bass here! As we come plowing around this sharp bend I see the deep, somber pool next yonder bank, and I can imagine its potentialities. You can't fool me. At this very moment there lies asleep, close to the bottom at the deepest part of that pool, as lovable a family of the *micropteri* as ever pleased the fancy of a Henshall. And six weeks hence—m—m! O fisherman! Thou whom the gods did mercifully make to be half a vagabond, and who canst dream thy outing days away with no other thought than that the world will get along quite as well without thee, what possibilities are here in store for thee and me!

But it is not with fin we have to do on this outing, nor, for that matter, with feather. We came duck hunting, it is true, but the ducks are *non est*—not here, as they never are when I go. The boys had had all the fun there was, and so not unwillingly I give my attention to the fur bearers and to the fur catchers from this on.

The fur-bearing animals that came to our trappers' traps were such small deer as muskrats and minks. We make camp at noon of our first day back in the heart of an oak thicket, around which the March wind howled, and where we are to abide till the next day. After the dinner is over, the trappers skin the animals taken out of the traps in the morning, and after stretching the pelts over frames, hang them up to dry. This done, they take to their boats and go up and down the creek for a mile or more each way, setting their traps as they go for the nocturnal wanderers. Ora takes the left bank and Al the right, and as Ora's boat is the wider and therefore the less apt to tip over, I go with him. Each trapper has about fifty small steel traps to handle, to each of which is appended a light chain about 18in. long, with a ring in the end through which a small stake can be stuck down

into the clay or sand, thus preventing the trap from being carried off by its victim.

"I'll set a trap here," says Ora, "for the sign is good;" and he points to some bits of green grass strewn along the clay margin beneath an overhanging bank. The rat, he tells me, is a vegetarian. His daily food consists of grass, grass roots, flag roots and bark. The animal dotes on "garden truck," such as beets, turnips, carrots and parsnips, and many a farmer knows how very partial it is to corn. It is in general a clean feeder, and most trappers do not hesitate to make a fricassee of a tender youngster on occasion. A fat, tender, juicy, two-thirds grown one, cooked to a turn and smoking hot, was set before me on the box-lid table one snowy morning. Now, a muskrat is not a rat—not the ugly, dirty scavenger that burrows under our barns and thrives in our lumber piles. On the contrary, he is a mouse—a gigantic mouse, to be sure, but a mouse nevertheless. In spite of him being a clean feeder, he has a veritable mouse tail, and he sheds a musky odor that is strangely popular in quarters where we would least expect to find it so. I can eat muskrat, but I don't "hanker arter it." Not that there is anything disagreeable in the flavor of its flesh, or in the odor of it before cooking or while cooking or after cooked; not a bit of it. On the contrary, it is as toothsome as a rabbit and is cleaner than a woodchuck, and is a more dainty feeder than a chicken. But then a rat is a mouse, and has a hairless tail. Now, I'm not partial to rat. The muskrat is an inquisitive animal, and through this characteristic more often comes to grief than in any other way. The trapper, having noted his feeding ground, selects a favorable spot and throws up with his paddle a little mound of mud and turf and sets his trap close by, a couple of inches or so beneath the water. After Ora had thus set his first, "Mr. Rat," said he, "will see that something has been working here and will at once proceed to inspect, and while so doing he will stand ten chances to one of putting his foot in it."

The trapper seldom baits for rats, but for mink this is frequently done. The mink is carnivorous, and the carcass of a dead rat or bit of other meat tied to a stake in the water close by a trap, *putorius* finds hard to resist, and while tugging at the bait the chances are that he will put his foot in it likewise.

The boys set about eighty traps between them, and would have put out more but for the fact that some other trapper had preëmpted the stream by setting his own traps; and notwithstanding they roundly asserted that this trapper was a hog because he had strung his traps for three or four miles along the stream, I was struck with the care they took not to interfere with his traps. They passed them by without meddling, and were careful not to put theirs in the runways that he had set in. Before my outing was up, however, I learned that all trappers were not so honest. After we reached the St. Joseph River we fell among fur thieves, who filched from our traps the best part of a night's catch.

Thirty or forty pelts taken in one night our trappers accounted as first-rate success, and fifteen or twenty they thought very good. Rat and mink furs are not the most valuable of furs; but in these days of ours, when the pelt of as humble a beast as is the opossum has a market value in New York and London, it must be apparent that the fur of the muskrat, let alone that of the mink, is not to be despised. A first-grade rat pelt is worth this spring 17 cents, and a full-grown first-grade mink will sell at from $1 50 to $2. The first-grade furs are taken in the spring, the second in winter and the third in the fall, when the price runs down from 50 to 60 per cent. The time is past when trappers in northern Indiana or southern Michigan can count with any degree of certainty on making good wages trapping. Our trappers, who were by no means wanting in experience, said if they could sell $60 or $70 worth of fur taken during their four weeks' outing they would consider that they had done well. If minks were as plentiful as are the rats, it must be evident that trapping would still be very profitable; but the rats taken on our trip must have been as ten to one of minks.

As we floated down the creek I learned that it was not the rats and the minks alone that were entrapped by the wicked trappers. Raccoons, weasels, skunks, ducks and hawks the boys told of catching, and I saw myself an owl, a blackbird and a crow that were in durance vile. Mink bait, it was evident, had lured these poor creatures to their destruction.

The muskrat has a bad name among those of our Western farmers whose opportunities are best of knowing him, but notwithstanding he is a very interesting little animal. His worst fault, I believe, is his tendency to burrow. He burrows for a home and safety, but is not discreet about it. Instead of burrowing in places where he can do no harm, he selects dams, embankments and other of the very places with which the thrifty farmer wants no one to meddle, and there tunnels and lets in the water when the floods come. But it is only in comparatively dry ground that the muskrat makes his home underground. In swampy places he builds him a house, and a right comfortable and nice-looking house it is. Selecting a firm foundation, he builds a round haycock-looking affair with mud, grass, flags and flag roots, and I do not know what all else, in the center of which is a den nicely blanketed with dried grass and the like. In that den the young are reared and therein the family are housed during the wintry weather.

We were afloat and in camp with the trappers for a week, and did not leave them till after we had passed Constantine. Fortunately, it did not rain, but we had a flurry of snow. The farmers' hay and straw stacks furnished us the material for our beds, and wood for the camp-fire was everywhere to be had. We encountered cold and disagreeable winds on two days; the ground was frozen so hard that it was difficult to drive tent pins; ice formed every night, and there was much of last winter's ice and snow piled in ridges along the creek, yet we voyaged, ate and slept in great comfort, and returned home with the back all right and ready for our spring work.

D. D. Banta.

Indiana University.

Louisiana Game.

Opelousas, La., April 16.—The hunting season is about over here. The close season on quail is in effect, and the birds are now paired off and nesting. There is yet some shooting to be had on plover, ducks and snipe, but the weather is so warm that it makes that kind of sport more of a labor than a pleasure. T. A. J.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—XI.

Classic Gum Hollow.

At Portland we chartered two fall down Mexican vehicles and made start for Gum Hollow as early in the day as we could get away from the car. It was an ideal duck day and we found Gum Hollow an ideal shooting place, all except one thing—the ducks were not there. They had been shot so persistently by a certain market shooter that they dared not come in there any longer. The spot could not be better adapted to duck shooting if built to order. A little stream of fresh water is dammed up about a half mile from its entrance into the salt water of the bay, a fresh pond being backed up about a mile in length. The dam is 15 or 20 feet high, and very finely built, with mason work for gates. All over the dam the wild cedars have grown heavily, and the cane on top and at the sides stands 10 or 12 feet high. The ravine down which the stream runs is deep and narrow, so that the dam is only about a couple of hundred yards wide. Every bird that comes into the water comes in from the sea, over a wide strip of open ground, so that it can be distinctly seen for a mile or so, and when it strikes the pond it is bound to come directly over that fatal dam. The shooter does not need any blind or any decoys. He simply stands up on the top of the dam, and has the prettiest practice in the world on incoming ducks. I never saw so deadly a trap for ducks in all my life, or one where the shooter could have so easy and comfortable a time. I could readily see, when told of the tremendous flight which often came in here, what bags could be made, and could pardon the enthusiasm of Guessaz and his running mate Max Luther over this favorite shooting spot.

But to-day Guessaz was very glum. The market hunter had been ordered out by Mr. Geo. Fulton, the owner of the grounds, but he had lingered until he had ruined the shooting, aided therein by some unwise parties who had shot there practically all night on several occasions. We sent two guns out into the market shooter's blind in the open water, and deployed the rest of our forces in line along the dam, and so awaited the flight. It would be wrong to say that we had no shooting, and still further wrong to say that we had no fun, for we had what would be fine sport in many localities, though not what our friends wished us to have. I do not know how many birds we bagged, but forty or fifty I should think would cover it. We killed our first canvasback here, getting about half a dozen in all. Quite often fine bags of canvas are made here. Certainly, it was a unique and sociable day at duck shooting. We would walk along and visit each other on the dam till some one called "mark;" then would go into hiding till the birds came over. What the guns on the dam did not get, those in the blind behind us would, so that often we had quite a lot of fun out of one flock. Old Count Foster, the corpulent but energetic pointer which Dick Merrill had brought with him from Milwaukee (the dog belongs to Mr. Howard Bosworth, I believe), was kept very busy retrieving birds in the icy water, which he was more anxious to do than we wished, as often he would be away out in the pond when wanted elsewhere, though it was difficult to coax him away from a bird he once had sighted. He would whine and swim, and swim and whine, until some one got near enough to take him in tow and try to get him dry and warm again.

As the day did not promise very well, Guessaz and I left the place at about two in the afternoon and walked along the beach about three or four miles, and set Mitchell at work cooking something to eat, which he had ready just in time to catch the others, who had pulled out and followed us in not long after we left.

A Baron of the Range.

At table we held council of war, and voted to go to still another locality, of which we had heard much, and to which Mr. Guessaz told us we were invited by Mr. Fulton, whom we were soon thereafter ready to call with Mr. Guessaz "the prince of the Southwest." This new spot was the tank known as the Mud Flats on Mr. Fulton's property, near the home ranch of the "T," or Rincon ranch, as it is usually called. At Portland Mr. Fulton removed all doubt or hesitancy by coming and seeing us at our car, and taking full and absolute possession of the entire party. There is indeed no peerage in America if it be not that of the great cattle barons of the range, and nowhere in America could we have had a welcome and an entertainment more fit to be called royal. Mr. Fulton is much imposed upon by shooters, who come into his tanks and keep the cattle away from water, who shoot for the market where he tells them not to, and who make him a great many kinds af trouble. Yet he seems to lay up no grudge against this *gens intractabile*, but rather likes them better the more they impose on him, and whenever a party of strangers blow down into that country, he just goes out after them and camps on their trail until he brings them to camp. Tall, genial, commanding but not assertive, Geo. Fulton would be a force in any company, and it is likely we shall hear of him yet higher in the councils of the State of which he is so prominent and esteemed a citizen. In case Mr. Fulton should ever get out of a job, I am sure he could make a living by singing bass solos of "Sweet Marie." We very soon discovered that he could sing "Sweet Marie" and at once drafted him into the opera troupe, which was now fast making a name for itself in the land.

It may be borne in mind that in all the various movements of our party after leaving Rockport we had kept close along the coast. Most of the time we were upon or near the property of the Fulton Pasture Co., which extends some forty miles along the coast, or nearly from Rockport to Corpus Christi. The Aransas Pass Railway seems to be built especially for the convenience of the shooters who wish to visit the best ducking grounds of that region. Mr. Fulton's home station is Gregory, about ten miles from the ranch house where his family live. It was therefore necessary to make another move with our car, which Mr. Peabody had taken over to Gregory, only a short distance from Portland, on the early morning train after our Gum Hollow trip. Mr. Fulton said that he didn't bother ducks very much himself, but he thought we could get "a little shooting" out on the Flats.

At the Rincon Home Ranch.

At Gregory station on the following morning, then, we were met by some of Mr. Fulton's men, and a vehicle he called his "rig." This was an ideal hunting wagon or ambulance, drawn by four horses, a vast concern with three seats, lockers under the seats, carryall box slung beneath for guns, and more room all around than one ever did see in any other wagon—a sort of Great Eastern of the plains, fit ship for a man of Mr. Fulton's tastes and habits. Into this we piled our shooting gear, and climbing aboard made off through the chaparral blithely singing "Sweet Marie," with never a care in all the world. Dickie Merrill's tenor voice, sweet but not very strong, sounded finely on the cool morning air, and Col. Bill Peabody let go another fold or two out of his voice, and Oscar Guessaz essayed additional curves and frills, the while Mr. Fulton trolled a bass which loosened the king pin on the wagon. Wilbur Dubois was silent, and therefore surely happy. As for Count Foster the corpulent, and Dame Bang, Col. Bill Peabody's pointer, hardly less corpulent or energetic, they were simply wild with the glee of animal life which pervaded all things and all creatures then and there present.

Our road took us near some live oaks and scattered chaparral, in which we found hundreds of doves and some quail also as we drove along, so nothing would do for that wild crowd but that the guns must come out, and very soon we had meat in the wagon, after some pretty sport at swift crossing birds in the chaparral, hard enough to hit, we soon found. I saw here a curious instance of the alertness of the birds of prey at making a living. A hawk had picked up a crippled quail, which had escaped one of the guns somewhere in the shooting, and I could see the quail held in its talons as it crossed an open space near me. Firing on the hawk, it dropped the bird and went on, though I could not find the bird in the grass.

A Hawk is your Best Retriever.

In due course we arrived in sight of the Rincon ranch buildings, but it being still early, we determined to go over to the tanks before lunch, so turned off from the trail and went to the water holes, passing en route great flocks of geese out on the prairies, and also more jack rabbits than I ever saw on the same extent of country. A more beautiful country for coursing never lay out of doors. Indeed, a prettier sporting region in many ways could not be found. All the air was full of moving fowl, and the ground was alive with hopping, running, flying and creeping things—rabbits, larks, doves, hawks, crows, birds of many sorts. It was surely a generous and comfortable land. In the North we never see such abundance of animal life under any circumstances.

Where the Wild Fowl were.

But the great surprise was reserved for us at the tanks. Here was a body of water three miles long perhaps, and too deep to wade, for the most part several hundred yards in width. Down to the water the shores dropped bluffly or sloped gradually, breaking into many coves and bays. In all these shallow places, where the feed grew, were thousands and thousands of ducks of all sorts, both of marsh and deep water varieties. It seemed as though all the fowl of the country had come in here, and we saw where the Gum Hollow marketman's ducks had taken refuge. It was a stirring sight for a Northern shooter, one may be sure, and there were hurrying fingers unfastening the gun cases before we had paused at the bank. As we drove up the birds rose in vast bodies, circling and hovering and working up and down along the water way, a sight to do one's eyes good.

Wilbur Dubois and Dick Merrill and myself started to a certain long neck of land to put out some decoys, I happening to have a few canvas decoys with me, the only ones we had. There was no cover whatever on the point, but before we could get out the decoys, or pull a little grass to spread over our legs, the birds began to come over us in strings. I had intended to leave as soon as Mr. Dubois was fixed up, but we forgot our intentions, and not stopping to build a blind, we sat there on the bare ground and did some of the fastest and wildest shooting I ever saw. The birds soon went over very high, almost out of shot, in fact, but they came so fast one could not resist the temptation. For half an hour, I think, I was in a sort of delirium, for I never wasted so many shells on impossibles in all my life in the same time. Of course not all the shots were so far, and we got together a nice little bunch of birds in spite of all. Of course, too, once in a while one of us would kill one of the long range shots, and to see the bird come down out of the sky was very gratifying as one looked at the pile of empty shells at his feet. Then Dick left us and went to shooting geese on a point back of us, and as the day brightened the birds went out below us and our fire slackened, so that we had time to wonder why we had been so far from conservative in our notions of burning powder at absurd shots.

Mr. Fulton armed himself at the wagon before long, and coming over to us knocked down his share of ducks behind us. Then Guessaz appeared on the wrong side of the water, but bearing a brace of geese he had slain, as well as a number of ducks. When we finally got that gentleman around to the wagon in time for the lunch round-up, we found that our shoot of a couple of hours had resulted in just about two bushels of ducks and geese.

Arrived at the ranch house we found that the ladies of the house had kept an elaborate luncheon waiting for us, and in all ways treated us better than a dirty and disreputable mob of shooters deserved. We could do no more than apologize, for there wasn't a suit of decent clothes in the lot of us. Mrs. Fulton and the other ladies of the household must have been shocked at our appearance and our appetites, but we told them we would sing "Sweet Marie" for them and that seemed to square all delinquencies, so we were soon very much at home in one of the best of Texas ranches and one of the most hospitable of homes. It was a pleasure to see Col. Bill Peabody pass his plate the fourth time for sweet potatoes, or to notice the celebrated dog man from Milwaukee keep the roast duck near by where he sat. Wilbur Dubois was silent, so he must have been either busy or happy, probably both. We were in all a very dirty, happy, hungry lot, and a luckier lot of barbarians than we never wandered southward; so we figured it all out when we compared notes on costumes after we had assembled out on the gallery. Certainly we had no more fortunate experience than when we fell into Mr. Fulton's hands.

A Model Ranch House.

The home ranch of the Fulton Pasture Co. is one of the model places of the kind. Abundant water assures abundance of trees and grass, and careful hands have made a fine garden of flowers, which look very bright and cheer-

ful away out in the middle of the great gray plains. In the trees a myriad of blackbirds and daws chattered sociably, and some portly ducks waddled about the pond in front of the barnyard. The ranch house proper is of the customary and proper style—wide, low and roomy, with broad halls running across it and with a most delightful big, wide gallery in front opening out on the flower beds and lawn. It is not at all ranches that you find lawns and roses and tender flowers and trees and climbing vines. More like the usual ranch quarters was the big plain building where the stores were kept and where the men were boarded. Mr. Fulton has a regular secretary and book-keeper, to say nothing of an army of cowboys, foremen, etc. I don't know, but I don't think he does any work himself, being always too busy entertaining shooters.

It seemed to our host that his duty was to get some more of his ducks killed, so before long the great ambulance was in front of the house door, and we were aboard and off for the afternoon shoot, first giving a rendition of our opera, "Sweet Marie," which we did but indifferently well, owing to the *tenore robusto*, Guessaz, having eaten too much duck. Duck isn't good for tenors.

Could not Conquer the Ducks.

This time we drove to the upper end of the water, where the great mason work dams have backed the stream up into a half-mile lake of nearly round shape. Here we were to see the greatest view of wildfowl we had at any time on the whole trip, and there are few places in this country which will ever display one to equal it. The lake was full of fowl, millions of them, apparently. As we stood up in the wagon one of our party involuntarily gave utterance to his wonder, "My God! just look at the ducks!" It was a fascinating sight even to sit and watch them feeding. There were all sorts of ducks, all the marsh ducks, with large bodies of redheads and bluebills, and a very goodly lot of canvas, whose white backs we could see in numbers as they worked at their feeding operations, diving, moving about, rising up and shaking themselves, etc.

We came and saw the ducks, but we did not conquer them by a large majority. Do the best we could, we could not overcome the wary habit of these shrewd birds of going out and coming in directly over the middle of the pool, so that we got small chance at them. Not having any boat, we could not put them up from the middle of the water, and when we sent a horseman around to scare them up they simply swam over to the other side. If we fired at them to put them up they would only rise enough to flutter out of the way into the middle waters of safety. So we sat about the banks in mournfulness and watched about three thousand canvasbacks feed and play and have fun with us.

Toward evening the flight improved, and some of our party had some fair shooting, notably Guessaz and Peabody, who found a little arm of water into which some birds came to feed. Dick Merrill, who is a very fine duck shot, got a stand on a narrow island mid-channel of the main water, and did some as pretty shooting as I ever saw on ducks, dropping them very regularly, much to the joy of the exuberant Count Foster, who was now much in evidence, trying to tend everybody's gun, and usually managing to be sitting up in plain sight beside one's blind every time a flock of ducks was coming in. Wilbur Dubois and I put in over an hour trying to build a blind of cactus and mesquite, and so wasted the only time when the ducks flew; for toward dusk the flight ceased at our point, and we got little sport.

"Sweet Marie" Attains Prominence.

As it was, we added about another bushel of fine fat ducks to our possessions, and went into the ranch house very happy. To our surprise, we found ourselves still able to eat as heartily as ever. After dinner we made general assembly, and sang glee songs till bedtime, the opera of "Sweet Marie" making the chief number of the programme. We sang it *forte* and *fortissimo*, and *scherzando* and *allegro* and *pianissimo*, but mostly we sang it *da capo*, because the ladies seemed to like to have us sing it that way best, and we didn't care, because we had plenty of time.

Of the shooting on the following morning I need not weary by making mention, though it was much the same as on the first morning. We remained till after luncheon, and then reluctantly said good-by. As we departed, after all had taken places in the wagon, we pulled up in front of the gallery, where all the ladies had assembled, and gave them one last version of our opera, going away singing, saluted by the waving of handkerchiefs. We sang "Sweet Marie" for a quarter of a mile, and the handkerchiefs then being no longer visible, we stopped, and felt so sort of sad at leaving that we didn't sing any more for a while. Any of our party will be willing to testify that if our friend Mr. Tod, of the Loreles ranch, used us unreasonably and discourteously—which I am not ready by any means to say he did—his brother ranchman at the Rincon ranch more than made it all up to us, and more than redeemed the reputation of the range.

After Quail and Doves.

Mr. Fulton, it seems, was not yet through with us, but decided to go with us on still another move of our car, still on his own ground, and this time after quail and doves, namely, at the station of Sinton, about 16 miles from where we then were. Thither the obliging Aransas Pass Road shifted us early one splendid winter morning, and here we met also Mr. James C. Fulton, of Rockport, brother of our host. We learned that on that day, Dec. 6, George Gould and party, of New York, were with their private car over at Dennis O'Connor's ranch, said to be a fine place for deer, turkey, etc., about 20 miles from Sinton. As we looked about us at our cosy quarters aboard our own car and reflected on the shooting we had had and intended having, we were unanimously of the opinion that George hadn't very much the best of us, while we didn't have to worry about money matters the way he did, and so had him quite at a disadvantage.

A Javelina Hunt and a "Leopard Cat."

I must not stop to try to describe all the details of our shooting at Sinton. Those who went out for quail had fine sport, and they reported that the dogs, Count Foster and Dame Bang especially, had done extremely well. Dick, Mr. Dubois's setter, a young puppy he had along from Cincinnati, was sick and did not do much asked of him. Guessaz and I wanted very much to get up a *javelina* hunt to write up for FOREST AND STREAM, and so Mr. Fulton obligingly got Tode Quinn, his ranch foreman, to bring over his two hounds and take us out horseback for a try in the chaparral after these fierce little hogs, which are said to be the gamest game that runs that country. This hunt we were obliged to make early in the morning, while the grass remained still damp with the dew. The first morning we hunted over at the long bayou known as Moore's Lake, once a famous place for turkeys, wild hogs and some animals of perhaps even greater size. We found signs of hogs, but not of peccaries (*javelinas*). There are some wild hogs in there which are of great size and which make good game, being wild, fierce and very shy of habit, so much so that they only come in to water at night time. We struck a trail or two of these, but the dogs could not run it, it was so dry and hot.

At length, just as we were about to leave for home, we were pleased to hear the baying of the dogs near by, and knew they had stood up something. We climbed down from our horses in a hurry and ran over to the baying, Quinn ahead calling out, "There it is, up a tree!" And, sure enough, as we came into a little open glade, we could see a dark object of some kind up a small tree and gazing down at the leaping dogs. Quinn had no rifle, and as he said he was one of the cattle men that "didn't pack a gun," he had no six-shooter either. Thinking I was close enough to count at 50 or 60 yards, I cut loose with the very good Winchester .38 I was carrying, and broke the creatures back, it falling down at full length, but still hanging on in the tree. An instant later Guessaz fired with his .44, and, as it transpired later, hit the animal in the front foot, though it still clung in the tree. Seeing its head show clear, I got a shot through its head the next time, and it fell out quite dead this time. Quinn picked it up and came carrying it out to us, Guessaz then reviling me for shooting instead of scaring the animal out for a fight.

"You've killed a mighty pretty thing," said Quinn, as he laid it down—for till then we had not been able to see it clearly enough to know what it was. It was indeed a pretty thing as it lay before us, with its beautifully mottled coat of orange, gray and black, a fine little cat about 3ft. long.

"Leopard cat," said Quinn, in his sententious way. Ocelot, say the natural history books, as nearly as I can find out, but very much a prize, as we all agreed, for these beautiful little animals are becoming quite scarce.

A Chance for Science.

We found that our leopard cat had been eating another animal, and that when the dogs ran on him had merely jumped up the nearest tree. We found the nose, two paws and the tail of this unfortunate beast lying where the banquet had been in progress. The tail was long and slender, bushy, and ringed with black and white, with a tawny cast, like that of skunk fur. The animal seemed to have been about the size of a rabbit in bigness of body, or perhaps less than that even.

"Siffy cat" (civet cat), said Quinn, as he poked over the remains. But what the natural history books would say to this latest contribution of the State of Texas to the ignorant Northern hunter I cannot say at this writing, for I am not familiar with all these foreign creatures, and do not find anything in the books which looks just the way I think this "siffy cat" would have looked if our other cat had not eaten him. Texas is a mysterious land.*

We skinned our leopard cat very carefully and lovingly, and to-day the pretty spotted hide is one of the attractions in the FOREST AND STREAM Western office, along with the tail of the "siffy cat," out of which any scientific caller is welcome to reconstruct the "siffy cat" as it was before taking by the other cat.

A Wonderful Game Country.

At Sinton we were on what was once a great turkey range, but we saw no turkeys but a few tame ones run wild, which at first we almost thought were wild ones, though they were close to the town. All the turkeys, deer, peccaries and other game which not long ago abounded in this dense chaparral country have within the last few years been much killed off at all points near the railway. The march of civilization progresses, and in time even the covers of the great empire of Texas will be depopulated. May it be many, many years from now, as indeed I think it must be, for it is all naturally a great game land and still very thinly settled even close to the railroad.

Of small life, such as that of birds of all kinds, it seems that the supply is fairly exhaustless. I never before had an idea that so many doves could be on any piece of country. They were in thousands, nothing less, and we had rare sport at these hard-flying birds, so much that we all quit shooting at them, as we did not wish to kill more than we could dispose of. I walked out alone from the car one hot afternoon, without any dog, and bagged thirty-one doves and quail in a short time, and one evening Burton, Guessaz and myself went out only a mile or so and put up over a dozen bevies of quail in less than an hour, fairly calling the dogs off and leaving the birds lying at last, for we had killed more already than we had intended.

A Mixed Bag.

That evening we got a mixed bag, about two or three dozen quail and doves, and two horses. The latter we pulled out of bog holes where they had mired down, the low water having made all the watering-places veritable death traps for the live stock. It was pitiful to watch the struggles of an animal in so sad a plight, and Guessaz went over a mile to a house to get a rope in order to haul out one filly we had just seen get mired down in a bad place. By the time he got back the filly had worked out, so tired and weak she could hardly stand; but we found another in still worse plight, which we roped and dragged out, only to perish, I suppose, for the poor creature could not stand and could barely move its head a little. It is one of the necessary inhumanities of the ranch business that nothing can be done to remedy this distressful situation of the stock on the range. Over so wide an extent of country the ranchman cannot have any control or care of his cattle and horses, and they perish unnoted.

"I am sorry for the particular animal you saw," said Mr. Fulton, "but it is something against which we make no attempt to guard. I suppose on our ranch at this minute there are dozens of horses dying in the mire in the same way these would. The water gets low and the mud is deep, and an animal is weak, and that is the end of it. I will give you all the horses you can haul out of the mud on this ranch. You couldn't get rich at it. Good cow horses only bring $25 to $40 a head and mares unbroken are not worth over $10 a head. They die in numbers and we take no note of it. There are some things in any business not pleasant to think about."

* Bassaris astuta.

The "Man from Corpus Christi."

The country around Sinton in a season not so dry as the past one is a great one for ducks and geese. This used to be the hunting ground of the man Priour, whom Dr. Pierce describes in his "Man from Corpus Christi." Quinn told us of Priour and his hunting horse, and Mr. Fulton told us of his stalking a white-fronted goose, which was in the middle of a big flock of geese, Priour going after that particular bird, which was wanted as a specimen. He did this by means of his old hunting horse, which edged and sidled along close up to the flock, Priour walking by its side till he got to where he liked, the birds not taking fright at the horse. This seems to be a favorite method of the Texas market shooters. "Priour used to kill 30 or 40 ducks at a shot," said Quinn. And we are advised that that is about the average of our friend the market hunter, who had burned Gum Hollow all to death this fall.

The Series will End before Long.

Very pleasant were our days at Sinton, and the only trouble was that we could not shoot very much, because the game was so abundant we soon got all we could care for, and we did not wish to classify ourselves with those who kill all they can, and trust to Providence to take care of it afterwards. Doves we soon stopped shooting altogether, for the residents of the town did not wish them, and we could not use very many. Quails we could give away more easily, and we could keep a few in our ice-box for use on the road. But we were none of us grieved at being limited in bag, for someway we did not have so keen a fever to kill as we had at the start of our trip. We were ready to stop at the car and argue over the proper bird to have cooked for dinner, and to sit in the shade and think, for the sun was very warm indeed, the thermometer about 80° above.

We resolved to go to Rockport once more, and have a try for some canvasback shooting, then to turn our faces toward the unwelcome North. Perhaps readers will bear with one more chapter of a story quite too long already, if we promise to make that the last one. I haven't told about one of our best shooting days yet, and it would be a pity to leave that out. And, moreover, there is Sadie. We will tell all about Sadie the next time.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

UP THE TOMBIGBEE.—II.

(For first paper see page 282, April 13.)

MOBILE, Alabama.—The Tombigbee is, and must ever remain, a great thoroughfare, for no railroad running north and south can come within fifteen or twenty miles of this stream, on account of its immense curves, bends and high bluffs. Not one acre in sixty is under cultivation. Cattle thrive on the canebrakes on the banks of the river, and come out in the spring in good condition. Hogs are turned out into the dense timber, where they become fat from eating acorns and beechnuts.

With a fine soil that will produce everything that can be grown in Iowa, with plenty of timber—both hard and soft—and good, soft spring water, with a climate so mild that stock can run out and get their living all winter, and with a great river to convey the produce to market, it might be concluded that the valley of the Tombigbee River would be a paradise for Northern farmers seeking a milder climate to "let themselves down easy" in the afternoon and evening of life; but there is one serious discrepancy to all the natural advantages, namely, "wild and woolly" society.

We will give you a few samples. Near Coffeeville, where a noted outlaw, Rube Burrows, was killed, stands a log house where a desperado named Bob Sims lived and flourished. He was one of those desperate guerillas that got a taste of human blood during the war and could not afterward be kept within the pale of the law. By turns he was a counterfeiter, timber thief and moonshiner. He was the boss of a desperate gang of men who always did his bidding. He was the head of a new religion and printed a paper called the *Rent Veil*. One of the doctrines of the religion was that no man could own land that he did not till and live upon, and that any man could squat on any unoccupied land, regardless of all laws or deeds of record. He tore up the deeds to his farm in the presence of the district judge, claiming that he held his farm simply by occupying it. He admitted that he was a moonshiner, and said he had a God-given right to make whisky from his own corn, and that he should take and use any timber that he wanted from any unoccupied land. He had made a large stockade house of logs, with portholes from which his people could shoot any one who approached, come as they might.

A warrant was sworn out, charging him with stealing timber. The sheriff went to his house and served the warrant. Sims grabbed the instrument, tore it in small pieces and spat tobacco juice in the face of the sheriff, who beat a hasty retreat. That was the last of the timber stealing case, for no man dared arrest the editor of the *Rent Veil*. The U. S. detectives arrested Sims for moonshining and took him to a house for safekeeping until the next boat should come down the river. Sims's boys and other men of his gang soon surrounded the house, killed one of the officers, wounded another and carried the old moonshiner back to his stockade home. Finding that one of his neighbors had given information to the U. S. officers regarding his illicit distillery, Sims and his gang surrounded the informer's house, set fire to it, and shot the whole family, men, women and children, as they came from the burning building.

The whole county armed and marched to the stockade of the desperado. They surrounded the fort, but, Indian like, kept well hid behind the trees, for the Simsites shot at every man who "showed up."

After holding a council, they decided to fire the Sims fort, but it was hard to find the volunteer to pour on the oil and touch the match. Finally, an old, gray-

headed man, who said that his days were nearly "played out" and that he could not die in a better cause, volunteered to fire the fort. The whole force made demonstrations as if an attack was to be made in front of the house, and under cover of this feint the old man set the house on fire and escaped to a tree in safety. One of Sims's daughters came out with a bucket of water and extinguished the fire. She returned without being hit, but her clothing was riddled with bullets.

For two days the seige was kept up, when a military company with a cannon was sent up the river from Mobile to the "seat of war." When Sims heard that the governor had sent troops, he agreed to surrender, with the understanding that he alone was to be taken to the county jail and await his trial by law. To this the vigilantes agreed, but after getting possession they changed their minds. When the troops arrived they found five men—old Bob, his two sons and two others—hanging on one tree.

The vigilantes spared Sims's wife and two daughters, bu hung all of the men found in the house. The hanging occurred on Christmas day, 1893. The vigilantes went home declaring that "it was the best Christmas tree they had ever seen decorated." Just before the old murderer was swung off he said, "Come up here and feel of my pulse if you think I am afraid to die." and turning to the leader of the vigilantes he said, "I shall return to this place and remain until I send you to ——." The wife and daughters insisted that Bob would come back in seven days, but as Bob failed to put in an appearance, they substituted seven weeks, and then seven months, and now they set the time seven years from Christmas, 1893.

The day we arrived at Coffeeville a white man and a negro got into a quarrel over a yellow girl. Both "drew" and fired several shots at short range. The white man was wounded and the negro was killed. The average Tombigbee man will shoot any man that calls him a liar or a vile name. They appeal to gunpowder to redress a wrong.

We saw twenty-one wild turkeys fly across the river; they were within gunshot distance, but as no gun was on hand we lost a shot at them. They seemed quite tame and, no doubt, we could have bagged two or three if we could have gotten ashore. We often saw turkeys, geese and mallard ducks, but could not get a shot from the boat.

One day the pilot saw a deer swimming across the river and steered the boat shoreward, cutting him off from the shore. The engineer shot several times and finally hit the buck in the neck. The yawl was lowered and the venison secured. We had deer meat for two days.

We arrived at Pickens—a small village consisting of eight houses, one of which is a store, in which the post-office is kept. While taking on cotton at this landing, a sprightly, well-preserved old man, on the shady side of seventy, came on board. He was over six feet in height, lank, lean, but muscular and active. He wore the inevitable "cowboy" hat and a suit of black, with a white shirt and turned-down collar, under which a black silk double bowknot was loosely suspended to a bone collar button. He was shaved smooth and clean, except a small, short, gray goatee. We looked him over and said, "A hard-shell Baptist preacher," and we were correct. We soon got into a conversation with the old preacher. He asked the usual questions, where we lived, where we were going and what was our vocation at home. He freely gave information regarding himself. He was born in Alabama, taught school in his younger days, later on married a planter's daughter, and after the death of his wife's father took possession of the plantation on which he had since lived.

He was at Montgomery at the formation of the Confederacy, and was so firmly convinced that slavery would be abolished by the defeat of the South that he went home and sold his niggers and put the money into a fine piece of land. He worked his plantation with nigger help, which he liked better than white help. He had lately hired a negro for one year, giving him a small advance. The darky worked two days and skipped. He hired two niggers to catch the delinquent, whom he tied on top of a pine log, and the ministerial hand laid on three dozen lashes. The culprit was released and promised three dozen more if he ever came on the plantation again. "Of course, he never came back again?" we said. "Yes, he did, and begged my pardon, and I haven't a better nigger on my plantation than he. The only way to get along with a nigger is to make them toe the mark." He was an ardent Populist and stumped his county, which went strong for Kolb.

The cotton buyer and the preacher had a political discussion, in which the preacher came out on top. The preacher drank moderately, chewed and smoked excessively, and talked politics as often as he could get an audience.

On Sunday the captain would have no poker playing, but the bar ran wide open, and many a "schooner" went down while passing over that bar. The hot stove was kept hissing by the saliva from the chewers, while they told stories that drove the hard-shell preacher and some of the passengers into the ladies' cabin.

At Demopolis we had a norther that formed ice an inch thick on still water. We steamed down the river and whistled for a railroad bridge. The bridge was opened, but before we passed the wind caught the bridge and blew it back with a crash, breaking the turning pinion. We were delayed all day and all night. The boat was tied up and all hands, from the captain down, played draw poker. The game proceeded all day, the players only stopping to eat dinner and supper, when out came the tables, cards and chips, and when we retired at eleven o'clock the game was under full blast.

We bribed a darky waiter, who procured extra blankets for our bunks, but we could not keep warm. In our catnaps we dreamed that we were in an Iowa blizzard. The next morning the railroad company sent a large force of men, who with ropes opened the bridge, and we at last passed through.

The rural Alabamans are quaint, convivial and hospitable. From time out of memory they have manufactured nothing, and have bought all of their wares from the North. Since the war they have been too poor to buy anything new. The pictures, furniture, carpets and tableware that we saw in hotels and steamboats are of obsolete patterns and much patched and worn. They take us back to our youthful days, when a picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and pictures of the ex-presidents were in vogue.

A veneered settee and chairs covered with slippery horsehair cloth, much patched and worn, greet you in hotels, steamboats and boarding-houses. The dining table in the cabin of our steamer was set with casters and tea sets that were once plated with silver, but the darkness had long since scoured the silver off, leaving the ware black and untidy. The knives and forks were of an obsolete pattern, with bone handles riveted on the steel blades, leaving crevices that were filled with dirt and grease. The plates, cups and saucers were cracked and chipped. The tablecloths were red, a color best calculated to disguise the dirt, and the napkins were conspicuons by their absence. As we sat down to our first meal on this boat, St. Paul's words, "Ask no questions for conscience sake," seemed to fit the case. We tasted every dish that was brought on once, even to "gumble eye," a negro hash, and "gumbo soup," made from a little of everything, and then settled down to four or five kinds of food that the negro *chef* could not spoil by cooking, such as grits, boiled rice, sweet potatoes and eggs. The coffee was simply vile, and we could not tell the tea from the coffee. There was no conversation at meal time Everybody ate as if at a railroad lunch counter, with only ten minutes to spare. Some one has said, "The Lord sends us the food, but the devil sends us the cooks." The negro cooking of the South will upset the average Northern stomach. Everything they cook swims in grease and is smothered in onions.

We landed at Mobile, glad to get back to our boarding-house, kept by a Northern man, where we found a good table and a clean bed.

If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are suffering from indigestion, insomnia, or, worse than either, ennui, we would advise them to take a "round trip" from Mobile to Pickens, on the Tombigbee River.

R. P. BELL.

Natural History.

WAS IT AN INDIAN DEVIL?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had a very unexpected introduction to an Indian devil last fall, and while the result was not complimentary to me as a hunter, I would like space to relate my experience, in the hope that some one better acquainted with these prowlers will answer the question appended. In October last I camped with a party of friends at the outlet of Long Lake, 16 miles west of Fifield, Wis. To speak of the strings of black bass that came to our table out of this beautiful lake, and the juicy venison steaks that added their full share to the enjoyment of living in this wild region, would be a digression, so I will stick to my text. On the morning after our first night in camp I picked up my .38-40 Winchester and started out alone to look for deer. I had passed through a small chopping about a mile from camp, and stepped into an ungraded timber road, where my attention was attracted by a slight noise in the heavy forest beyond. While listening and watching I caught a glimpse over my right shoulder of some animal moving toward the road parallel with the way I had come and but a few paces distant. As I quartered around and brought my gun near my face, the animal walked into the road and stopped just as I had done, seemingly attracted by something directly ahead, and unconscious of my presence. It was an animal of the cat tribe, at least 20in. in height, of a dark brown color, and I saw no tail. I took it to be a lynx, though it was as large as a medium-sized panther, and I did not expect to find lynx so large in Wisconsin. In fact, I did not expect to find any at all, for I had not lost any, up to date.

As I brought my gun to my eye he caught the movement, and turned his big cat face toward me. When the ball struck his shoulder, making a rose in the fur, he bounded at least four feet in the air, turned over, and lit on his back. I thought I had him, but before I could think twice he was on his feet, whirled half round and sprung into the timber behind logs, and I had to be satisfied with momentary glimpses of him as he departed. I did not think it prudent to rush after him. I walked to where he had stood—only twenty-four steps—and gathered up some bunches of hair, with flesh attached; but the most careful search did not bring to view the animal, nor even a blood trail, and I concluded that he had climbed a large dead pine that stood near and hidden in the hollow top. I inclose a bit of hair. Notice that the tips are dark, making the animal look brown. I would like to know if this was a lynx, and how I should have shot him. Also something of the animal's fighting propensities when wounded. I have pursued a wounded black bear, but I gave this fellow the benefit of the doubt. G. W. C.

PORTLAND, Ind.

[The description and the hair which accompany it make it quite certain that the animal was a lynx, probably *L. rufus*, which, in the shadow of the forest, might appear very dark in color. The proper place to shoot, if the animal was broadside on, was either shoulder or heart; and if the ball struck where you thought it did, the animal probably went only a very short distance, for the lynx is easily killed. We should not care to tackle a wounded lynx with bare hands, for their claws are certainly long and sharp, and their movements quick; but a small club and a cool head would be likely to dispatch one of these animals in short order.]

Two Acres of Swimming Squirrels.

CLEVELAND, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My recent note in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to color variation of the gray squirrel, while it did not bring me as many responses as I had hoped, yet it did bring me one or two very interesting letters. One of these, from a gentleman now living in Illinois, gave an account of a very interesting experience of his which seems well worth recording. He says: "Forty-six years ago last September, I, with three other persons, was hunting on the west side of Seneca Lake, in Yates county, N. Y., near the spot called Long Point. We had started in the morning from Dresden, and had hunted all the forenoon without seeing a single squirrel. While we were seated under the shade of a large oak on the shore of the lake, Mr. R. called our attention to something black moving in the lake. We waited quietly and were well rewarded, for to our surprise we soon saw that the moving mass was made up of black and gray squirrels swimming from the opposite side of the lake, which is here five miles wide. To speak within bounds, there were two acres of squirrels in this lot, and others along the west bank of the lake as far as Watkins. We saw many more crossing the lake the same fall, and the next year the west side of the lake had plenty of squirrels and the east side had none." F. M. COMSTOCK.

THE VERMONT RATTLESNAKE BOUNTY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You express a doubt concerning the wisdom of a Vermont law providing for the payment of a bounty on rattlesnakes. I as a voter who helped elect our Legislature to their office, consider it my duty to stand forth to defend in some sort an honorable body, most of whose members are too modest to defend themselves.

A chapter on the rattlesnakes of Vermont might almost equal in brevity that celebrated chapter on the snakes of Iceland, but that fact does not affect the question at all. If there are no rattlesnakes in the State the draft upon the treasury will be unfelt; if there are a few, the bounty will stimulate search and result in the extirpation of the pest, a consummation devoutly to be wished, for no good citizen of the commonwealth desires these reptiles to share it with him.

Furthermore, the offering of a bounty is a guaranty to the summer visitor, whom we greatly desire, of our wish to make his life secure and his ways pleasant during his sojourn within our borders; or if he is adventurous, to offer him an opportunity to adventure; or if he be of a thrifty turn, to give him a chance to earn a dollar. To gain honor and wealth at one s roke might easily lure to the mountains one who hesitated between them and the seashore.

There may be a few old fogies who do not quite relish being crowded out of their beloved, secluded haunts by strangers, and have a selfish idea that the birthright of the native is entitled to some consideration; but our legislators, the press and the people at large have a constant eye, with a seductive wink, to the summer visitor. They first legislate to make good roads for him, though they shall lead him to no pleasant places, for it does not matter how the forests are laid waste or the banks of the streams are denuded of their beauty. For him they protect the pike perch two months beyond its spawning time and for him jealously guard the bass, our gamiest, but in point of supply our least valuable food fish, while they almost ignore protection to our really most valuable food fish, the plebeian bull pout.

Perhaps, too, our prohibitory liquor laws are made for a seductive purpose, for they have a highly moral sound even if they accomplish nothing but perjury and hypocrisy. The press publishes without comment fabulous tales of game invading farms and gardens and running at large in village streets, and the people look and long for the weary summer visitor that they may take him in.

We elect our best and wisest men to our Legislature, the press is the palladium of our liberty, and, snakes or no snakes, our people are all virtuous if they are not all happy. AWAHSOOSE.

An Adirondack "Wolf."

GLOVERSVILLE, April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the town of Bleecker, Fulton County, there have been found within the last two weeks the carcasses of 21 deer which have been killed by a pack of wolves which inhabit the mountains near what is called the Pinch Mountain. It would seem that the number of these wolves is not very large, as some of the deer found only had a small hole eaten out of their hind quarter, with hardly a scratch on their bodies beside. A number of hunters are in that locality hunting for the wolves, but find it difficult on account of the depth of snow, which is said to be about 3ft. in the woods. This is what makes it so easy for the wolves to catch the deer and pull them down, as some of the deer were scarcely four rods from their yard when killed. There were only five bucks killed out of the 21, which makes it worse for the game supply in that neighborhood, as most of the does were with fawn.

Edward Kobusky, of Bleecker, killed one of the wolves April 11, and it is hoped by all concerned that they will be exterminated soon. J. E. G.

[On receipt of this letter, we wrote our correspondent asking him to send on to us for examination the skin of the wolf referred to in his letter as having been killed in the town of Bleecker. This he very kindly did at once, with the further information that the wolf had been identified by the supervisors of the town and also by several residents of the town who have seen wolves there years ago. He mentioned also that the State bounty had been paid on the wolf. An examination of the skin, which, it must be said, is without skull or feet, and has only part of the tail attached, makes it evident that the animal was not a wolf at all, but a yellowish gray dog, apparently a sable colly. Traces of the white collar so often seen on sable collies are to be seen on the skin. In order to confirm our opinion in this matter, we submitted the skin to Dr. J. A. Allen, the eminent mammalogist of the American Museum of Natural History, in this city, whose verdict is the same as our own. We should be glad to take a contract to supply the county of Fulton with wolves of this sort until we had at least plumbed the depths of the county treasury.]

The Scarcity of Spring Birds.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., April 21.—The paucity of spring arrivals of the birds in this section is something unprecedented. I certainly recall no such instance in an experience of forty years.

The conviction is forced upon us that the extreme severity of the winter at the South has proved fatal to a large percentage of the migrants, at least of the smaller and weaker species. This idea is confirmed by letters from South Carolina and Florida, mentioning the finding of large numbers of dead birds, especially swallows and bluebirds. In this vicinity, so far, it is quite a note to see one of these two species.

In fact, with the possible exception of the blackbirds and robins, no one of the species that usually enliven our woods and fields in April is to be found in any numbers.

We hope to hear through your columns from observer in other Northern locations in corroboration or (u be) the reverse. F. C. B.

Biological Society.

THE May meetings of the Biological Society of Washington will be held in Cosmos Club Hall at 8 o'clock P. M. as follows: 244th meeting, Saturday, May 4. Chas. T. Simpson, The Geographical Distribution of Fresh-water Mussels. C. Hart Merriam, Mammals of the Pribilof Islands. Edgar A. Mearns, The Hares (genus *Lepus*) of the Mexican Border. W. H. Dall, The Mollusks of the Mexican Boundary Survey.

The 245th meeting, Saturday, May 18. Ernest E. Thompson, The Means of Intercommunication Among Wolves. C. Hart Merriam, The Short-tailed Shrews of America. F. H. Knowlton, Notes on the Fossil Flora of the Yellowstone Park. The public is invited to attend the meetings.

F. A. LUCAS, Sec'y.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME AND MARKET-HUNTING.

THE *Californian* prints the following account of Kern county, (Cal.) game condition, past, present and to come. It is from the pen of Mr. Charles E. Day. The statistics given bear directly upon the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank:

"As the *Californian* has requested me to give some of my ideas as to the reason of the present scarcity of game of all kinds in Kern county as compared with earlier years, I will draw on my own experience of nineteen years, and also on the information gained through other hunters. I have hunted for market over a stretch of country reaching from Napa to San Diego counties, commencing in the fall of 1876, at Newhall, where we found quail as thick as blackberries; and, had I known as much about handling quail as I do now, I could have filled a barley sack, or say twenty dozen, in an hour, shooting over the cactus lands in that valley. There were three of us shooting at that time, and in three months' time we shipped over one thousand four hundred dozen of quail.

"We then came to Bakersfield, where we found an abundance of quail and cotton-tail rabbits. The wing shooting at that time was the best I have ever seen, and the shooting continued good until about 1889. Since that time game has been scarcer and scarcer up to this time, not only in Kern county, but in the adjoining counties. In some of the other counties small game is still quite plentiful, owing to the protection given by county laws from the market-hunters, only a limited amount being allowed to be shipped per week to outside points. There are some places in the foothills where game is still plentiful, but generally in so rough places that the market-hunter can with difficulty make a good bag.

"In the valleys the lands have been cleared up so much that the quail have no protection either from the hunters or the hawks and 'varmints' which prey on them or destroy their nests. They are now found only in small bands, and, being constantly shot at, become so wild that at the first sign of a man they scatter and run or fly clear out of the country.

"While in Cuyama Valley last season, I would have my driver take me about five miles from camp, and perhaps have the finest of wing-shooting all the way. Some years since, when I first went into the Cuyama Valley, quail were very plenty, and I used to kill from 200 to 300 per day. That was in 1870-80. My father, W. Scarlett, and myself killed in one afternoon 1,047 quail; but things are different now. The country has been stocked to death, and the brush broken down or eaten up, so that the quail have no protection from their enemies. When there is a lack of shelter for quail while breeding, and they are constantly disturbed, they will not pair off at all, and will, therefore, soon become very scarce, as the country is pastured so much with sheep and cattle that they tramp out the nests.

"In former years the duck shooting on Kern and Buena Vista Lakes was very fine, but the last year's shooting was very poor, for several reasons. It being a dry season, the water of the Buena Vista Reservoir was mostly drained off and but little duck feed grew in the lake, and part of that was destroyed by the carp.

"Then there was a law in Tulare county against market-hunting, and the ducks on Tulare Lake not being disturbed, remained there in great numbers, preferring that to the waters of Kern, where a constant fusilade was kept up by market-hunters and others.

"Should the Buena Vista Reservoir fill up again the present season, the next winter's shooting will be much improved, but so long as the game laws of the two counties remain as they now are, the sportsmen of Kern will shoot under great disadvantages.

"The open season for ducks should not commence before October 15, for market-hunters at least, for the reason that the weather is liable to be too warm for game to keep until it reaches market.

"In former days the mallard and teal bred to a great extent in this valley about the lakes and ponds, but since the reclamation of most of the swamp lands, their breeding grounds are mostly broken up, and we must look for them only with the regular flights of game from the north.

"The cotton-tail rabbit has now almost disappeared from its own haunts on Kern Island, owing to the work of the farmer in clearing up the lands and leaving no thickets of brush and weeds to furnish protection from animals and hawks and the ubiquitous boy with the pea-rifle.

"When I first came here I could find thickets where I could stand and kill twenty-five or thirty without moving, and in some places have killed as high as 200 in a few hours.

"The jack rabbit is still quite plentiful, for the reason that the pot-hunter finds no profit in shipping them to market, but has been more interested in taking the scalp from the worst enemy Bre'r Rabbit had—the sneaking coyote.

"English, and jacksnipe, and many other waders, were more plentiful around the borders of the lakes and ponds, as I am informed by those who were here before my time, but since I commenced shooting here, I have never found any great quantity of this class of game, although there is enough at certain seasons to interest the amateur sportsman. This is owing to the drainage of the waters from the overflowed land, and the consequent lack of good feeding ground.

"Deer are now becoming scarce in most all portions of the country where they formerly were found in great numbers. The first to go were the deer of the brush lands in the valley, which had to give way to the settler with his ax and grub hoe. Then there remained the foothill country, especially the Coast Range, which was the favorite home of the deer, and which would now be fine shooting ground had it not been for the indiscriminate slaughter waged on them by the skin-hunters, most of whom came from the coast and other adjoining counties.

"The antelope used to run like sheep over the plain in this valley, but I know of but three small bands in the country now, one of which I saw last summer, but without disturbing them, as it seems a shame to shoot the few that are now left.

"Elk are very scarce now. I have never killed but one, and that is the only one I have ever seen here. It weighed about eight hundred pounds, and had seven points. The horns now hang in Pioneer Hall, and are said to be the largest ever sent from this county. There are about eight of these animals left, and they range down about the headquarters ranch of Miller & Lux, where orders are given to leave them undisturbed.

"As we have now seen that the game is so fast disappearing, and that unless some remedy is applied, we shall soon be deprived of any chance event to get a decent day's sport in the field, the next thing is to see what can be done to prevent the total annihilation of the game of the country.

"It is to be seen that so long as the market-hunters from other counties where the game laws are more stringent are allowed to flock in, as they have done, at the opening of the season and skim the cream of the flocks, staying until they have driven the bulk of the game out of the country, the resident population cannot hope for any increase of the game here. It would seem as though they should be debarred from shooting here altogether, or limited as to the amount of shipments per week.

"Both local and outside markets might be given only a portion of the open season to make shipments of game out of the county. Then the open season for some kinds of game should be shortened—the season for deer from the 15th of July to 1st of September; the duck season from say the 15th of October to March 1st, and the season for quail from the same date to February 1st.

"No elk or antelope should be shot at any time for five years, at least, and doves only from the 1st of July to 1st of January.

CHARLES E. DAY."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Big Game and the Indians.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 27.—"Mountaineer" writes me from Cora, Wyo., as follows:

"While I am in the humor of writing to you I will just state that we have had the easiest winter, so far as weather is concerned, I have ever seen in this country (and have been here seven or eight years) on game. The largest portion of large game have wandered high up in the mountains. I have been on my old stamping ground this winter, above the big bend at Green River. I have alluded to this place in FOREST AND STREAM before. It is 8,000ft. above sea level at the lakes, and the most of the feeding ground is above that. The most elk I have seen wintering here before was probably 200, but there are from 1,000 to 1,500 that have wintered in here this winter. The winter now is practically over and they are in splendid condition, and if there was such a thing as keeping the confounded Indian big game destroyers out this coming season, any sportsman that can see straight can get his elk this fall.

"No one has any idea of the terrible destruction of big game by those Indian hide hunters unless he is here. If they get in here early, and there is every appearance of the snow getting off the passes in the mountains very early, they will catch the cows in the calving season, before they can get on the high mountains. Terrible will be the destruction, as it has been before. The antelope will soon be gone, killed by the Indians. The elk will soon follow. Then a lot of people will say, Why were the Indians not kept out?

"There is another death destroying institution on the big game that is dying a natural death: that is the elk catchers, running the poor elk to death by the hundreds with grain fed horses and dogs, catching them to supply the game preserves and private parties, but they have overdone it, for there is no sale for them at present and I am very glad of it. I hope and pray the market is supplied for all time to come. FOREST AND STREAM asked once to have the facts and statistics about this elk killing business. If they will just state what kind of proof they want I think I can obtain it. But the Indians are the worst of all, for we can make state laws to reach the whites, and they only have to be carried out, but it is hard to stop the Indians with this. It was tried on them last year, but that did not have much effect. It seemed that it only induced the Indian agents to turn the Indians loose worse than ever. The U. S. Government is the source of power for handling them, or for giving the state special power to do so."

Good References.

Speaking of mountain men—and it is astonishing how generally FOREST AND STREAM is read by all Rocky Mountain guides and hunters—Mr. George L. Smith, a Rocky Mountain man who takes out parties, writes me and says he can furnish good references, and cites among these the names of the Count de Castellane, of Paris (lately married into the Gould family in New York) Wm. Liddesdale, of the Bank of England, etc. Modern sporting matters have come to a high grade when a mountain guide has to give references on the Bank of England or the latest attaché on millionairedom. Still these ought to go, if only satisfactory references on the bear and elk can be given additionally.

Bearings of the Wisconsin Law.

Since the publication (exclusively in FOREST AND STREAM) of the new Wisconsin law, several gentlemen have called to speak of the bearing of the law on Chicago men's club preserves in Wisconsin. As near as can be learned, the law will not injure the sportsmen's clubs, and this was pointed out last week. Mr. Stone shows me that Horicon clubs will not be affected, because Horicon marsh has never been meandered. The meander line runs only to the town of Hubbard, one-half mile south of the Diana Club grounds. On the north end of the marsh the meander line stops at just about the north boundary of the club grounds.

Poygan Club will retain its marsh inside the meander line, the open water of the lake being open to the public. Puckaway Lake will retain its old position, the Caw-Caw and Neepee-nauk clubs holding their marshes inside the line, the rest of the lake beyond it being open.

The danger of this law to the sportsmen does not lie in the actual legal bearings of the law on club preserves. The clubs can win all their lawsuits under it, but what club is looking for suits? The great trouble lies in the widespread impression which got abroad during the discussion of this measure in the Legislature, that "All the club reserves were going to be thrown open." Now this is all nonsense, of course; but some folk believe nonsense very readily, especially when they see mallards lighting beyond an imaginary line. The meandered lands law is nothing new in Wisconsin, but Wisconsin poachers may have wrong notions over this and so attempt to go in and possess the lands they covet. The thing to do is to correct all such wrong impressions as rapidly and as publicly as possible. The shooting clubs will continue to hold their lands as rigidly preserved as ever, and let not poachers believe otherwise.

Nothing Else.

A temporary ray of hope passed over the sportsmen's horizon this week in the shape of a Springfield dispatch printed in the Chicago *Evening Journal*, which says: "Gov. Altgeld has appointed C. D. Crouse of Savannah for Carroll county, and Charles W. Babcock of Chicago for Cook county, as Game Wardens." This would mean that our great and good Warden Blow, author of the game-stealer's measure, the Blow bill, had been deposed; but as Altgeld and Blow are so much alike, the dispatch seemed very improbable, and telegrams from Springfield soon proved the news should have read "fish warden" instead of "game warden." For a little while, until Gov. Altgeld and his friend Blow have learned what the people of Illinois think of them in game law matters (such as vetoing Mongolian pheasant protective laws and making Blow bills to market all the remaining game of the West), they will continue their meteoric flight of glory across our firmament—Altgeld will continue to veto good laws and Blow will continue to lie out suffering all night under a haystack to make 683 arrests at the same old stand (perhaps I ought not to hint that his deputy, Fish Warden Leuk, does a few of this arresting himself). But soon this meteoric flight will end, and we will have a change. After the change it will be discovered by all, as it has already been suspected by several, that the condition then of this game-dealing warden can be fully covered by the old Latin phrase, "*Vox, et præterea nihil.*" He will not be a warden then, but he will be then, as now, *Vox, et præterea nihil*—which, being interpreted, means "Blow, and nothing else." I regret the *Journal* item was not true. In effect it will be, some day.

Snipe.

Jacksnipe have appeared pretty much all across upper Indiana and Illinois, and some very good bags have been made—30, 50, 61, etc. So far they are not in very good order, as the ground has not yet fully warmed up and the worms are not playing on the greensward.

Big Bear Foot from Bobo.

This morning I received by express from our Mississippi friend, Mr. R. E. Bobo, of Bobo station, a mysterious-looking package about as big as a ham. This I discover to be a bear's paw, and it is the biggest black bear front foot I ever saw, nor did I think they grew so large. It is proof enough that the Southern black bear is not always a small animal by any means (Mr. Bobo killed one weighing 700lbs.) This paw is nearly three times the size of that of the largest bear we killed on our hunt, and if it had the projecting claws would make a mighty respectable foot for a grizzly. It is 8in. long, 5¼in. wide and 2¾in. thick. The claws are 3in. long—or rather, the claw from tip to root of toe measures that. The claws easily spread 8in. From the outside claw to the opposite toe-pad is 7in., and from the tip of the same claw square across the foot is 6½in. The foot weighs 2lbs., dry as it is. If any one knows anything about bear he will see that this is a good deal of a foot for a black bear. I must find out how much this bear weighed. Mr. Bobo has sent me a bear story which soon the readers of FOREST AND STREAM shall have.

The North Waters.

Mr. V. E. Montague, of Traverse City, Mich., is in Chicago refitting the little yacht Why Not, the property of Mr. Bancroft, of this city. Mr. Montague says that the waters of Traverse Bay would make a great place for a canoe meet, as the winds are steady and the waters good. He tempts one talking of these north waters, especially when he tells of the Agawa River, on the Superior north shore, where he does his trout fishing. This, he tells me, is one of those streams where one can lay out a line at fly-fishing, and can moreover get good big trout—up to 4 and 5lbs.—on the fly. Yet the lake steamers from the Sault land one readily at the mouth of this river.

"Our Summer."

The season approaches when people begin to ask, "What are we going to do with our summer?" Fishers, boaters, loafers and air lovers all ask that, and they can all find the answer in a very tasteful and beautiful little book just put out by the Wisconsin Central Lines, called "Our Summer." This will tell everybody what to do and where to go, from Chicago to Lake Superior, and all through the lands of lakes and streams and evergreen trees, as far west as Minnesota and Minnetonka and Minnehaha. Railroad literature sometimes receives the criticism of being too buoyant and hopeful in its tone; but from what I know of many of the points mentioned I am disposed to think that General Passenger Agent Jas. C. Pond has spoken in moderation and has no need to sue forgiveness. One cannot exaggerate the beauty and the fruitfulness in sport and pleasure of this lovely summer country, and I hope this season will see more visitors than ever patronizing it and blessing it. The maps alone of this little book make it very valuable.

The Natchaug Silk Co.

April 27.—Dispatches of this morning announced that the Natchaug Silk Co., of Willimantic, Conn., the larg-

est manufacturers of silk fishing lines in the country, had gone into the hands of a receiver in consequence of the failure of the Hartford National Bank. As wrong impressions might go out from that, the facts should be stated. The Natchaug people finding themselves, through their dealings and relations with the bank, somewhat affected by the cashier's notions of *meum* and *tuum*, had the receiver appointed to give themselves a chance to stop a minute and look around to see where they were at, while the investigation went on to learn. There was no business failure at all, and meantime the mills will not stop a day, nor will any order be delayed. Mr. H. L. Stanton, Western manager of the company, tells me that the Natchaug Silk Co. will continue to manufacture nice silk dresses for the girls and nice silk fishing lines for the boys, as it always has. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Walton's Memorial.

IN one of my last notes I mentioned the unveiling of a memorial window to Walton in St. Dunstan's Church, in London. The last issue of *Fishing Gazette* contains a half-tone reproduction of the window, and a beautiful memorial it is. The window was presented by the Master of the Ironmonger's Company, of which Walton was a member.

Mr. R. B. Marston, through whom the funds were raised to procure the memorial, described the window in his address as follows: "The center light of this window contains a full-length figure of Walton, being a copy of the charming statue by Miss Mary Grant in Winchester Cathedral, and a smaller panel shows him seated at his library table surrounded by books and the trophies of his art. The side lights enshrine portraits of men whose lives he wrote. At the top of the left hand light is Sir Henry Walton, with his coat of arms and a view of Eton College, of which he was for some time Provost. Lower down is Bishop Ken and an elevation of Wells Cathedral. In the lowest panel is George Herbert, the poet, and his church at Bemerton is depicted on a shield. At the top of the right hand light is Dr. Donne, Dean of old St. Paul's, of which the west front is shown; beneath him is the 'judicious' Hooker and his delightful little church at Barham near Canterbury. The third panel depicts Bishop Sanderson and his cathedral at Lincoln.

"Angels in the tracery hold scrolls of the virtues. In the two side quatrefoils are blazoned the arms of St. Dunstan and the Ironmongers' Company. The center quatrefoil contains the intertwined monograms of Izaak Walton and Charles Colton." Mr. Marston's address might be quoted in its entirety with pleasure and profit, and I hope the editor of FOREST AND STREAM will in the near future give the readers of this journal the pleasure of looking upon a *facsimile* of the half-tone of the window, but I shall quote but one more paragraph from the address. He says: "I was fortunate enough to secure only last week a copy of the first edition of Walton's 'Life of Mr. Richard Hooker,' the author of the 'Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,' published in 1665. I say fortunate, because this particular copy had been presented by Walton himself to Doctor Warmstrey, Dean of Worster; and what makes it more interesting is that the printed list of errata has been seen through by Walton in ink, and the whole of the errors have been most carefully corrected in ink by Walton himself.

"Last Sunday evening I was showing my wife Walton's own handwriting in this little book, now 230 years old. We carefully compared the handwriting with divers bits of Walton's writing which have been *facsimilied* by editors of his works; there could be no doubt about its genuineness, and when, in answer to a natural inquiry as to what I had given for this little shabby volume, I mentioned the price, my wife said: 'Well, I always thought you had Walton on the brain, but now I know it.'" If Westwood were only alive now to write a sonnet concerning Mr. Marston's recent purchase!

Lake Trout in Brook Trout Waters.

All sorts of items about fish and fishing cut from the newspapers are sent to me at one time or another by frinds, who know that I am interested in these subjects. I am grateful to the friends who thus have me in mind, and once in a while I get a clipping that is of interest. I have such an one now. It came by mail, pasted to a half sheet of paper, with nothing to indicate who sent it. The type looks as though it were cut from the *Troy Times*, and this must be my acknowledgment to my unknown friend for his courtesy.

The clipping states that "a United States fish car is expected at Manchester, Vermont, with a quantity of brook and lake trout, which will be distributed under the direction of a veteran fisherman. The most of the lake trout are to be placed in what is known as Bowen Pond. The brook trout will be put in the brooks around Manchester," etc., etc. I hope this information is no more accurate than that contained in another slip now on my desk, which says: "The *salmo fortinalis*, whether American or German, is concededly the practical joker of the day." As there is no German *salmo fortinalis*, perhaps there is no truth in the lake trout part of the first item; but, if it should prove to be true that Bowen Pond is to be stocked with lake trout, it may not be uncharitable to hope that the veteran fisherman will not reach the pond with his fish.

I have in my notes frequently mentioned Bowen Pond as being very like Wilmurt Lake in New York, which contains no other fish life than brook trout, and in this respect these two ponds stood out separate from other trout water. Both are situated high on the tops of mountains and both furnished the finest flavored trout that it was possible to imagine, until in the case of Bowen Pond thoughtless fishermen who visited it in winter turned a lot of bait fish into the water. My first visit to Bowen Pond, or "Bourn Pond," as it is locally called, was made after the advent of the minnows, and the flavor of the trout had deteriorated in consequence, my companion told me. So far as I examined the pond it was a shallow mountain pond, an ideal water for brook trout, but as unfit for lake trout as the basin of a city fountain, and to plant lake trout in it would be simply to waste the fish.

Tournament Casting.

During the past few months Mr. John Enright, maker of the famous Castle Connell rods in Ireland, has been making long casts with the fly in public and beating his own record until he is styled the "amateur champion fly-caster of the world." What the records may be is not pertinent to this note, but other fly-fishermen in Great Britain have objected to Mr. Enright's title as "champion of the world," and a number of letters have been written in the English papers about it. One writer says: "Tournament casting generally and the records of so-called champions have very little to do with angling. The whole business smacks somewhat of self-advertisement, and the performances are in no sense representative." Another correspondent claims that Mr. John James Hardy, and not Mr. Enright, should be styled the champion, and this causes Mr. Hardy to write a letter to the *Field* upon the subject. Mr. Hardy is a member of the firm of Hardy Brothers, of Aluwick, rod and tackle makers, as well known in England as Mr. Enright in Ireland, and it must be assumed that he writes understandingly when he makes this strange admission as a reason for not meeting Mr. Enright in a contest, each to use rods of their own manufacture: "I do not see that there is anything to decide; besides which, my business arrangements utterly preclude any possibility of finding time for such preparations as would be necessary. I may explain that special rods of enormous girths have to be made and tested to find their proper rig of line, etc. It must be apparent that no fishing rods will carry or lift these long lines. This will explain the difficulty of J. G. D. B., who no doubt uses an ordinary fishing rod. I may add that the line must not be allowed to sink, as in ordinary fishing, or it cannot be recovered."

Remember that this is the evidence of a rod maker and one for whom the title of champion is claimed, for in certain classes in a regular tournament he did beat Mr. Enright. It will be noticed that Mr. Hardy makes a distinction between a fishing rod and a tournament casting rod. Commenting upon this frank admission of Mr. Hardy's the *Fishing Gazette*, London, says: "The letter quoted will make it clear to others, as it does to us, how some, at any rate, of the 'champion' casts of the last year or two have been made. * * * Of course, then, the ordinary 'regular' rod has no chance at all. * * * It is clear that these special thick casting rods are not fishing rods at all, and no record made with them ought to count or be compared in any way with such a cast as that made by Major Traherne, made with an ordinary salmon rod, one of his own, which he used constantly in actual fishing." Several weeks have elapsed since Mr. Hardy's letter was printed, and I have seen no contradiction of this admission concerning the specially prepared rods for tournament casting. How this matter may be or may have been in this country I cannot say, only I do know that not all the rods used at the National Rod and Reel Tournaments have been specially made for the purpose, if, in fact, any were. I have handled rods used at these tournaments and they were, so far as I observed, ordinary fishing rods. I presume that some of our rod makers in this country will be glad to throw light upon the subject so far as their own rods are concerned.

Lake Trout in Lake Champlain.

Early in April a gentleman known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM by his pen name of "Dexter" wrote me from Plattsburgh, N. Y.:

"I saw a fifteen-pound salmon trout at Burlington, Vermont, Tuesday, that was caught in Shelburne Bay, Lake Champlain, by smelt fishers. Wonder if this is one of the lot put in the lake in '85 or '86. Some claim that the initials A. N. C. were discernable on the back of the fish." I never had anything to do with planting lake trout in Lake Champlain, but plants have been made, and it is gratifying to know of this evidence of the success of the plantings. A. N. CHENEY.

WHY DO HOOKED FISH LEAP?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of April 20 Dr. M. G. Ellzey writes: "When a hooked fish leaps into the air, it is caused by fright, as he thinks, and nothing more."

Minnows and small fry when pursued by a bass or other enemy no doubt leave the water from fright, from an urgent call to get a hustle on and escape their pursuer, but toss a stick or stone near a bass and he darts away to hide somewhere in his own element, without waiting to leap into the air to show that he is scared.

Why don't a catfish or a sucker leap into the air when hooked? Because, as I believe, they haven't got sense enough to know that it is easier to get rid of a hook in the air than in the water, and a bass has; he goes into the air, as I verily believe, to take advantage of a possibly slack line and shake out the hook, and not from fright.

At the wind-up he says: "I do not believe anybody ever saw a fish leap into the air with its mouth wide open and shake its head savagely to shake out the hook. Men believe they have so seen, but I suspect they are mistaken." I "suspect" from this that Brother Ellzey has caught vastly more eels and catfish than he has bass, else he would not make that kind of a statement.

A big maskinonje that I took some years ago in Bower's Lake, one of the Intermediate chain, in Antrim county, Mich., went straight up in the air at least twice his length—he was 4ft. 4½in. long—and shook himself violently, but whether "savagely" or not I didn't have time to inquire, and the reason he didn't shake out the hook was, as I suspect, because it was buried out o' sight four or five inches down his throat. And his mouth was wide open too, so wide that I am not sure to this day that he did not die of lockjaw.

At another time on Central Lake of the same chain I hooked a maskinonje of perhaps 25lbs., and after a fierce fight of a few minutes he too went into the air in the same fashion as the other, and shook himself vehemently, if not savagely, and threw the hook and frog from his mouth fully 15ft. away. I may aver without spraining my conscience, that his mouth, too, was wide open while the shaking was going on.

On both occasions I saw the performance distinctly, and I was perfectly cool, without a symptom of "buck ague" or any other disturbance of the nerves.

When my struck fish leaves the water, I am usually looking right in that direction, and when I see him shake out the hook, with open mouth, I can't well be "mistaken."

In about forty-eight years' experience as an angler for bass and other game fish, I have doubtless lost fifty fish, likely more, by their leaping into the air and shaking out the hook, and I believe many a silver-haired, observant old angler might vouch for a similar experience. I believe that a bass, maskinonje, trout, grayling, or any other fish that leaps into the air when hooked, does so with the deliberate purpose of trying to get rid of the hook, and I have noticed that the fish that casts the hook has always the mouth open.

I might ask, with due deference to closer observers, how is a fish going to shake out a hook with his mouth tightly closed over the line? How else could he rid himself of it, shake it out, only with open mouth?

And it matters little whether he shake himself savagely or in good humor, like a dog when he comes out of the water—just so he shakes.

These are only my individual notions and views, based on many years' experience in fishing for bass, maskinonje, trout and grayling—all leaping fish—and although they are "creatures of a low grade of intelligence," I believe that any brother of the rod who "pays close attention to his fishin'," and uses his eyes, will find that they are a good deal smarter and fuller of resources than they are given credit for, notably the small-mouthed bass. (I am an old-time friend of Mister Bass with the small mouth; he's the smartest and shiftiest of them all when fighting for his life at the end of a line.)

Brother Ellzey closes with, "In angling, when the fish leaps, I let him leap," which is about the most sensible way to do, for he couldn't prevent it if he'd try.

To quote him, "Before I finish, allow me just to touch upon one other matter," that is the lowering of the rod tip when a fish leaps into the air.

My notion about it is, don't lower it. I never lower the tip when a hooked fish jumps out of the water, because I don't believe there is any reason or good fishing sense in it.

I try to keep a taut line under all circumstances, but sometimes a fish will go out of the water unawares, "onbeknownst to ye," as it were, and that is just the time one is going to lose his fish if he loses him at all, for the line is loose and slack for a moment or two, and it gives him the very opportunity he is looking for—to shake the hook out while there is no pull on the line to keep the hook firm in its hold.

I take little stock in the notion that a fish tears out the hook by throwing himself across the line, a thing that don't happen, anyhow, once in a hundred times. If he does hit the line with his tail, it seems to me the jerk would be largely offset by the springy rod tip, and the pull on the hook exceedingly small, besides the slippery "after end" of a fish would hardly cut much of a figure on a wet line in the matter of tearing out the hook. My humble opinion is it is best to keep a taut line at all times, if you can, and you will lose fewer fish, whether they are in the water or out of it. KINGFISHER.

P. S.—I don't like to be turned upside down. In my screed in FOREST AND STREAM of April 13 about "buck fever," count down nine lines from the top and at the right hand end of the line read "fever" instead of "ague;" and right under it, line 10, read "ague" for "fever." K.

CINCINNATI, O.

NIGHT FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My experience differs from that of Dr. Ellzey, so I will relate it. Some years ago I was at Grand Lake, lying just west of Long's Peak, on the western scope of the main range. Trout were there in great abundance, but not one could we take all day.

A hunter and trapper, locally known as "Judge Wescott," told me that if I would go out with him during the night we could get all the fish we wanted. The invitation was accepted. I went to his cabin and waited until 1 o'clock, when we got into a boat and rowed across the lake and anchored in water 4 to 5ft. deep. The Judge had four very light pine rods with about 8ft. of common linen line and a bare hook at the end. He put a very small piece of sucker on each hook for bait and cast them all out. He was at one end of the boat, which was a big, flat board concern, and I was at the other end with a like outfit furnished by the Judge. We let the baited hooks sink nearly to the bottom and waited for some minutes without any response, he explaining that it was a little too early. We held the rods under our legs and across the edge of the boat; there was some starlight, but dark, not, however, pitch dark. Pretty soon I felt a peculiar trembling of one of my rods, about which I could not be mistaken. Without any playing or fuss I lifted into the boat a nice trout, probably weighing half a pound. For an hour we were kept busy, and took 153 trout. They stopped biting as suddenly as they commenced. The Judge commenced pulling up the stone by the rope which constituted our anchor, saying that it was useless to wait. I, however, kept at it some time longer, throwing out and trying to get another bite, but failed. I remember distinctly his telling me that the time of biting was about an hour later each night.

At the time I thought but little about it, except that it was one of the unusual things that so often come to the fisherman; but the present discussion in your paper brings it back to my mind, and so I give it for what it is worth.

H. M. ORAHOOD.

DENVER, Colo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with some interest the article by M. G. Ellzey M. D., in FOREST AND STREAM of April 20, and I have been thinking since that he is a little "off" about some things he touches on, which moves me, as old Ben Renshaw used to say, "to make a few amphibious remarks thereunto appertaining."

I have little to say about fish biting at night, for I have never done much night fishing, except for "cats." I have taken only three or four bass after dark on bait, and "quite a few" pike perch. I don't take any stock in night fishing for game fish, for I always want to see my line, so I may know what I am doing; besides, it always seemed I could get about all the fishing I wanted in the daytime. When I was a youngster I used to think a good deal a

Brother Ellzey does about asafœtida as a dead sure thing on bass, but I got over it a good many years ago.

At the time I speak of, two or three of us who were in the secret made "bobs," as we called them, of two hooks lashed together, with the bowls standing apart and a small bunch of white hairs from a deer's tail wrapped on and projecting past the bowls of the hooks about an inch. Over the shanks of the hooks and well down into the bend was wrapped and sewed on a piece of white scarlet flannel, the whole finished with a brightened bullet for a "head," or a strip of tinsel from a sardine box was sometimes fastened on in place of the bullet. However, before wrapping on the flannel a piece of gum asafœtida was worked with the fingers into a thin strip or roll and fastened lengthwise the hook shanks. This was the most important part of the "persuader." This was what knocked 'em, in our minds. Sometimes a bob would be made with the asafœtida left out, and instead a drop or two of oil of anise would be put on the flannel from time to time, and this was considered quite as effective and "killin'" as the villainous smelling gum.

But other cranks using the same kind of a "buck tail" without asafœtida or anise, caught bass same as we did, yet we still held strong in the faith. But one spring day, fishing with one of the nondescript bugs guiltless of asafœtida or anise to help it out, I caught more bass than ever before or since in the same length of time—132—and that shattered my faith in the vile smelling drug, and I have never used it since that day. I have come to think there's "nothing in it."

Brother Ellzey, M. D., perhaps uses a superior article of the drug, but that I used was the plain asafœtida of commerce, stink and all. When fishing for catfish I wonder he did not tie a sprig of *catnip* on his hook. The result might have been quite astonishing to him.

KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, O.

BOSTON FISHERMEN.

BOSTON, April 27.—Weather remarkably warm for the season on April 24, 25 and 26, may change the time of the ice going out of the Maine trout lakes considerably. At this writing, April 26, the ice is announced to have gone out of Lakes Tacoma, Wilson and Cochnewagan, the celebrated ducking lakes in Monmouth and Winthrop in that State. No news has yet been received of the departure of the ice from Lake Cobbossecontee, in the same section of the State, though it is reported very weak. The ice is also out of the Smithfield ponds. Salmon have again appeared in the Penobscot, after quite an absence, doubtless the result of the recent remarkably high water. Some good ones have been taken in the weirs at Bucksport and have appeared in the Boston markets. The fishermen are again trying for them at Bangor, but without good results being reported up to this date. The ice is about ready to leave Lake Auburn, and the fishermen are ready.

The landlocked salmon fishermen have had good luck at Sebago. The fishing seems to have been good immediately after the going out of the ice on the 16th, though those who have participated in the sport do not like to say much about it on account of the law that allows only residents of the State to fish previous to May 1. But some good salmon were taken by Boston fishermen, at the rate of three or four good ones daily. There seems to have been no difficulty in procuring smelts for bait, and a great many salmon were struck—small ones in many cases—it generally being the rule to save nothing under 2lbs. Fishermen say that there are a great many small salmon in that lake this spring, evidently the results of the restocking efforts of the Fish Commission. It is well understood that a feeling of hostility or jealousy has existed in the minds of many of the residents of the vicinity of Sebago waters, a feeling that the Commission has been stripping the spawn from Sebago salmon and taking it away for stocking other waters. The unhappy people have failed to note the law that one-half of the spawn taken must be returned to the original waters when hatched and ready for distribution, and that really the salmon are rapidly increasing in Sebago. I have it from a gentleman who has fished those waters several years, and is also thoroughly acquainted with some of the best salmon sportsmen on the Sebago waters, that so many small salmon have never before been seen as at the present time. The gentleman also says that some of the jealous residents are beginning to be highly pleased with the fact that salmon are increasing there. It is now generally talked among Portland and Boston rod and line sportsmen that Sebago waters are soon to be of very great worth as sporting waters. Cottages are rapidly springing up on the shores of the Sebago proper and the ponds above. A good many "red-spot" trout, as they are termed there, in distinction from the "black-spot" or landlocked salmon, have been taken this spring. It is believed by fishermen the best posted, that the existence of the one species of *salmo* does not in the least interfere with the other. As for cottages, a great many are also to be built on the shores of the Readfield, Winthrop and Monmouth lakes this season. Fishing is the chief attraction.

Charlie Robinson, the South Windham manufacturer and successful landlocked salmon angler, was in Boston the other day. He is more pleased than ever with angling in Sebago Lake. His success has been good this spring. Mr. John G. Wright, of Boston, was his guest during the early fishing. Mr. Wright saw some fine salmon taken. As he was coming away from the lake, early in the week, he saw a boy not over 12 or 13 years of age, with a big salmon hooked. The fight was a good one, and the fish when landed weighed 10lbs. Such is fishing at Sebago during the run of landlocked salmon. By some means or other a big salmon from Sebago got into Boston the other day. It may be explained that it was brought here by the man who caught it, and he had a right to bring it. It weighed 14lbs., and was served up for dinner at one of the local clubs the day it arrived.

SPECIAL.

BOSTON, April 27.—As the season for fishing approaches the members of the Megantic Club are beginning to grow anxious, and many inquiries have been made in regard to a spring trip to the preserve. To further such a project, Mr. L. D. Chapman, the club treasurer, has perfected plans for taking a party via Eustis to the camp at Chain of Ponds. There will be a slight extra expense over regular rates, as a special car (not a Pullman) will be taken at Boston through to Farmington without change. For this additional expense, however, the party will have an extra day on the preserve. Leaving Boston at 7 P. M. on May 29, they will reach the camps in twenty-two hours. The number will be limited, and notice of the intention of members and friends to join the party must be sent in by May 18, with check for $5 to cover the extra expense of transportation. Any balance not used will be refunded. Tickets will be purchased, if desired, and further information furnished by the treasurer at Boston. The fare from Boston to Eustis and return is $13, and the extra expense will be $5 each if but ten are in the party, and but $2.50 if twenty-five go. This is outside of the charge for the buckboard, which is $5 for each team, taking four people. The members will return at their own convenience, the party only going down together. Camps will be in readiness for occupancy by members by May 15.

The warm wave which struck the Massachusetts coast last week brought the trout to the surface and a few days of fly fishing resulted therefrom. Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, of Boston, happening to be at Nickerson Bog at the time, was able to take advantage of the opportunity, and is reported to have had some good sport.

That all-important topic, the ice, is still the one subject of greatest interest to Boston fishermen. Advices from the Rangeley region state that it is fast giving way, or weakening. Much discussion exists as to when it will finally go, and many bets have been made as to the exact date. May 10 seems to be the special time agreed upon by most of the enthusiasts, and if it does not break up on or before that date, it will be pronounced decidedly ungrateful. I have just heard that the New Hampshire lakes, Ossipee, Newfound, Sunapee and Winisquam, are all open This report has not been verified, and I am inclined to doubt its correctness. If true, it seems quite probable that the Rangeleys will be clear at least five days earlier than the time set above.

Col. Hopkins and Rev. Mr. Slack, of Brookline, Mass., and Paul D. Chase, of Boston, left last Friday night for Meskalonskee Lake to try the salmon.

Mr. Henry W. Clark, of Boston, is an angler whose experience in the Rangeley region has been extended way beyond the average. He has been going down into that country each spring for twenty years, staying about six weeks each time. A part of that period is usually spent in the Dead River country at King and Bartlett or Flagstaff. At the last named place there is a pond in which are found some especially gamy pickerel, which Mr. Clark will try this year on his way out.

HACKLE.

AMERICAN ANGLERS FOR CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I learn from personal correspondence and through some of my angling friends that quite a number of fisheremn from the United States may be expected in Canada at the latter end of May. Numerous inquiries have been received both here and at Lake St. John as to the probable movement of the ice upon the lakes, and consequently as to the best time to arrive here. I hope next week to be in a better position to give reliable information upon this point than at present. Members of the Tourilli and Triton clubs have already arranged to be upon their preserves in the early port of June, but the third or fourth week of May will undoubtedly see several of those belonging to the Springfield and Metabetchouan clubs at their comfortable club houses. Messrs. Chamberlain, Read and Porter, of Bridgeport, are usually amongst the earliest arrivals here of members of the former mentioned club, and Messrs. Brewer and Coats, of Springfield, are mentioned amongst those coming for the spring fishing in the Metabetchouan. Messrs. Geo. E. Hart of Waterbury and Durand of New York will go up to Lake St. John in May, to try, as they have already successfully done in former years, the early spring fishing for ouananiche. Thence they will endeavor to make their way in canoes by various watercourses and portages to their own club waters at Nomantum, where the heaviest and gamest of red trout are found. The ouananiche pool in the mouth the Ouiatchouan River is now reserved by the owner of the riparian rights, Mr. Frank Ross, of Quebec, for his own private fishing, but equally good sport can be had in and near the mouth of the Metabetchouan, especially between the 20th May and 5th June, and up to nearly a week before the opening of the season in the Grande Décharge.

Though the snow has already all disappeared from the vicinity of the city, except in the case of a few sheltered nooks, where under the shadow of low bushes the hardy bloodroot (*Sanguinaria canadensis*) pushes its bloom through the soft snow that it rivals in whiteness, there is still a large quantity of it in the shades of our northern forests. Upon the time and manner of its disappearance depends the condition of most of our rivers in spring and early summer.

During the past winter there was an almost entire absence of rain to beat down and harden the snow in the woods and to make ice on the ground. Consequently the snow that still remains in the bush is soft and rapidly disappearing. Very high water may, therefore, be looked for with the disappearance of the ice, and spring floods will doubtless be reported from many localities. Then there will be wanting later the usual supply of water from gradually melting ice upon the ground in the northern woods, to feed the streams in late spring and early summer, and at that season nothing but plentiful rains can prevent unusually low water in Canadian streams. Perhaps these hints may be of some use to anglers in assisting them to arrange dates for visiting Canadian waters. At all events, the certainty of unusually high spring water will afford both salmon and trout the opportunity of ascending to the highest pools and river reaches frequented by them, and unless the summer is unusually dry the prospects are that the Canadian angling season will prove an exceedingly favorable one.

The warm weather of the last few days has had so much effect, that the breaking up of the ice looks, at present writing, as though it may occur earlier than was anticipated a week ago.

It may not be amiss to say to anglers who may visit Canada this year for the first time in the spring fishing season that warm clothing is needed here at the end of May and beginning of June, particularly when camping out at night, and that large-sized flies, such as are tied on No. 3 and No. 4 hooks, will be found useful for both trout and ouananiche until the weather grows hot and the water low and clear.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have direct information from Lake St. Joseph to the effect that the ice is becoming quite rotten there, and that the lake is expected to be clear of it by May 1 or very soon thereafter. Springtime is evidently making up now for its early backwardness.

Mr. J. W. Adams, of the American Net and Twine Company of New York, has just completed the purchase of Seal Island in the St. Lawrence, 50 miles below Quebec, the most famous game preserve in this vicinity, which is noted for its geese, ducks, snipe, plover, etc.

E. T. D. C.

QUEBEC, April 24.

THE MONARCH OF THE POOL.

WE are awakened by the warm rising sun early in the morning to be reminded that spring is near at hand.

We reverentially brush the dust off the fishing tackle, and get out the wax and the winding silk and get to work.

What a flock of reminiscences surround these sacred relics of our happiest days, and crowd one after another upon our minds.

Here is a tip that was broken at the beginning of the season on that old monster which all last season lurked in the shade of the big elm, opposite the mouth of old Ford's Brook.

He has broken many a tip, this wary old fellow. I can remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday just how it happened, just how the weather was—mild, with a soft breeze rippling the leaves for an instant, and then relapsing into dreamy, sunny quiet again.

The sun breaking through the clouds, and then a slight patter of rain on the calm surface of the pool; then the sun breaking through again and lighting up the dainty little quivering drops on the leaves. Beneath, the river glowing with all the rosy hues of the departing sun, and the long shadows dancing merrily upon the water, reflecting the little birches and alders along the bank. The resounding click, click, of the reel echoed back from the other side by the babbling murmur of the brook. Now the line is swung back and a squirming worm is taken from the little round ball of its companions and impaled on the sharp barb. It gives a long stretch from the trembling fingers and hangs for a moment suspended, then the cruel barb again runs through it, and still squirming it is dropped with a little plash into the shallow water next to the sloping shore. Suddenly there is a sharp, quick pull, which sends an electric thrill through the rod and sets an expectant heart thumping with all its energy, and the eager face bends over the edge. The line straightens and the bending tip is brought nearly to the surface. The strike is made! The hook sinks deep into the tough mouth, and with a sudden lunge the trout endeavors to regain his freedom. A shimmering surface of silver flashes a moment from the dark depths, and the breath comes quick with apprehension; then comes a series of sharp flashes from beneath the surface, and the rod springs from side to side as the struggling monster vainly tries to escape. He is coming to the surface now, and I can more plainly see the gleaming sides and rosy hues as he strains his supple form in the agony of resistance. Now with a flip of the tail he breaks the calm surface with many ripples.

He is a beauty, but there is no time to admire him. I hurriedly glance for a place to land him, but can see none, and with boyish eagerness attempt to lift him out of his element; flopping he comes and snap goes my tip, but not minding that I reach for the line and secure it and throw my rod back with a spasmodic movement; it snaps again, but with a quick jerk I throw him upon the bank. With a flop he disappears in a hole in the roots, and I hear a faint splash. I stick my head into the hole, nothing but darkness and a limp line which winds about my fingers with an affectionate persistency; I throw it from me, fling myself to the ground, and gaze absently, dazedly, on the foam covered waters.

The sun lingers a moment and goes down; I try to whistle, but it dries in my throat. I try to sing, but no sound comes. I turn to the woods for comfort, nothing answers me but the melancholy chirrup of the little brown thrush and the echoing tap, tap, of the woodpecker. Far away in the stillness comes the chatter of the kingfisher and the muffled drum of the grouse.

I slowly gather together the shattered remains of my pole and meditatively wander down the path toward home while I revolve in my mind all the incidents of the scene. I travel aimlessly along until the shades of darkness close around me, and in the dark hemlocks I pause and listen to the running waters as they joyfully play 'neath the dark shadows along the opposite shore. All is quiet and the love of nature reasserts itself, and whistling softly, reflectively, I go slowly down the road, resolving some day to return and revenge myself on "The Monarch of the Pool."

FRED. W. FASSETT.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

Killing Fish When Caught.

CLEVELAND, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is no question as to the humanity of killing our fish as soon as caught, neither, I imagine, is there any question that a fish so killed has a better flavor and will keep longer than one that is allowed to die a lingering death in the basket.

The method of killing by breaking the neck mentioned by "C. M." in last week's FOREST AND STREAM has the advantage of quickness and sureness, and is the method I am apt to use when in a great hurry. The disadvantages, however, and ones that I consider serious, are that the fish, if kept a day or two in hot weather, are very apt to spoil where the tissues are broken and torn at the neck, and also the heads are apt to come off when they are being cooked.

With small trout a sharp snap with the thumb and finger on the end of the head will kill them instantly, or a little stick which may be carried stuck through the hole in the basket cover will do the work with very little inconvenience. By all means kill them somehow as soon as taken from the water.

F. M. C.

Forest and Stream Fishing Postals.

LIVINGSTON MANOR, Sullivan County, N. Y., April 27.—On Thursday Custer Shuley took 16 trout, Friday 19 and to-day 18, running from 7 to 11in. On Monday Ben Searles caught 58 and to-day 49, running 7 to 12in. Prospects good. The old Davis House is now the Mott Hotel.

S.

An Angler's Invitation.

LYKENS, Pa.—Opening day in this locality, and I may say throughout this and adjacent counties, was cold and the waters too high for good fishing, although several fair catches were made. On the 18th a friend and myself spent a day on a favorite stream within twelve miles of here, and each captured a full creel of cleaned trout, numbering forty in all, running from 8 to 14in. long. A friend of mine on the 20th came home with twenty-six that would average 11in. long. Now, if there are a couple of brothers of the rod and gun who wish a day or so on a stream where they have hopes of occasionally getting a big one, they can do so by letting me know a few days in advance and I will cheerfully go with them, and as I have by years of experience on the stream become perfectly at home with every inch of water for fifteen miles, I will guarantee both a pleasant and successful trip. We can either camp in my tent or we can put up with a friend who lives near. It will be a four hours' drive over good roads, and we will be away from civilization almost as much as if in the woods of Maine. I am interested in no business that would profit by the advent of strangers, but simply offer this invitation for the sake of some brother sportsman who may be "chained to business" and can get a few days off. On or about May 1 would suit very well. Hope to hear from some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM and be able to give them a good time.

W. V. BARRETT.

Washington Trout Fishing.

ROBE, Snohomish County, Wash., April 20.—As a specimen of the possibilities which await the angler in this country I herewith send you a photograph of a string of trout taken at Panther Lake by Mr. George Bakeman and Mr. A. D. Austin, of Snohomish, Wash., in six hours' fishing. Panther Lake is one of those small bodies of water which abound in the wilds of this State, is located about six miles and a half northeast of Snohomish, and can only be reached by a rough road through a dense forest. It was at first supposed to be too early for successful fly-fishing, but a small copper-colored spoon was used with such effect that the anglers decided to try the fly, and the brown palmer with yellow body, the Klamath and some other flies were taken by the fish with avidity.

The catch consisted of 97 cut-throat trout weighing 40lbs. The size of the fish and the length of the string may be determined by the length of the surveyor's pole from which they are suspended, each division of the pole representing 1ft.

The trout which inhabit these small inland lakes and the streams flowing from them are, so far as my observation goes, the cut-throat species, and I consider them the most desirable trout of the several kinds found in this locality.

SPLASHER.

Maine Fishing.

DIXFIELD, April 28.—The ice is now out of the most of our inland ponds and lakes, with the exception of the Rangeleys and Moosehead. The fishing at Auburn this last week has been very fine, and many large trout and salmon have been taken, also at Swan Lake and Wild Pond. The salmon are being caught in many ponds where they have never appeared before. The landlocked salmon fishing in this State is to be the coming feature and the taking one.

H. O. STANLY.

Salmon Fishing For Sale.

FREEHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the Southwest Mirimichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York City.—*Adv.*

THE Messrs. Heublein, of Hartford, will give away to every lady visitor at the Sportsmen's Exposition a small bottle of their celebrated Manhattan Cocktails. Sportsmen unprovided with friends among the fair sex will be at a disadvantage.—*Adv.*

Catalogues.

MESSRS. J. B. SHANNON & SONS, manufacturers and dealers in fine fishing tackle, guns, and sportsmen's supplies, at 1020 Market street, Philadelphia, issue a well gotten up catalogue of specialties, which is embellished with illustrations of "Rail Shooting" and "Bass Fishing."

REUBEN WOOD'S SON'S COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y., are out with their 1895 catalogue of fishing tackle, etc. It appears in a handsomely lithographed cover, on the front of which is a portrait of the late Reuben Wood, "one of nature's noblemen. "An enterprising tackle house is always known by the specialties it produces, rather than by the standard line of goods," say the Messrs. Wood. They add, "We have brought out this season several new ideas. Every practical angler will use them."

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IN early summer, one year, shortly after the close of the civil war, a friend who lived some twenty-five miles west of Chicago, and but a short distance from the Du Page River, sent me a very pressing invitation to come out and put in a day with him at fishing for pike. Arrived there in due time we began operations. The day was a glorious one, and many of the farmers in that vicinity had joined forces in having a big sheep washing but a short distance from where we were fishing, and near to a place called Gary's Mill. Of course, such an affair (some two thousand sheep were washed there that day) would naturally bring together quite a crowd of workmen and onlookers, among whom was a very slim, pompous-looking young gentleman, a student, as we afterward learned, who acted as if he knew everything and the price thereof. After viewing the proceedings for a while he leisurely strolled up the east bank of the stream until he came to a dugout that we had been using. Just then the idea came into his head that he would like to take a ride in it. Taking the paddle, a rough, one-bladed affair, and pulling up around him the lower end of his long linen duster, he carefully adjusted himself on the low seat in the craft, which was about as cranky a boat as could possibly be. By exercising a deal of caution he managed to keep the thing right side up and soon after paddled, or floated, down stream, where the crowd was. He was so awkward in his movements on the water that the people were not very complimentary in their remarks to him. After paddling around for a while and taking their sarcastic talk he concluded to go ashore, but in trying to get through a lot of lilypads his paddle got entangled and over went the dugout, pitching him head foremost into the mud and water quite a distance from shore. As he came up blowing and snorting he left the boat and struck out on foot for the bank, clawing hold of the lilypads at every step to help him along. As the mud and water there were only about up to his armpits he managed to get out without assistance. But what a figure he did cut, and didn't the crowd roar and yell then. The last that we saw of him he was going on a dog trot for Wheaten College, some five or six miles distant, with his long, bedraggled, linen duster twisting and flapping around his slim shanks at every step

Well, we two had a fairly successful day of it so far as the number of fish was concerned, having caught some twenty or more pike of different sizes; taking it all round, the fine weather, the fun and the fishing together made it a day long to be remembered.

A. L. L.

THE death of Mr. Wesley Cameron, recently chronicled in FOREST AND STREAM, recalls to mind many stories I have heard of him from his old companions while sitting around the camp-fires of the Kingfishers. I am minded to relate one of them as a specimen:

"Wes Cameron," as he was usually called when in camp, was a man somewhat careless of his personal appearance when out on a cruise.

I recollect that when, one cold morning, I boarded the steamer at the Sault Ste. Marie for a trip down the St. Mary's, I had covered myself with a particularly seedy old nor'west capote, and was saluted by the Colonel with the remark, "Now you look like old Wes Cameron."

Well, once upon a time, before the railroad crossed the Nipigon and when the steamer used to make all the ports along the North Shore, Wesley and a number of kindred spirits came down from Nipigon Lake to the mouth, and after waiting some days for the boat Mr. Cameron decided to start on in his canoe, thinking that the steamer must have foundered somewhere, and wouldn't come at all. The others concluded to wait, and within a few hours the welcome "blow" of the steamer was heard, and shortly they were comfortably established on her deck, while she steamed merrily away to the southward.

It was not long before they sighted a lone birch ahead, with a crew of what appeared to be three Indians, each a little dirtier and more bedraggled than the others.

It was recognized as the craft that carried Wesley and—some, at least, of his "fortunes;" and then it was that those bad men on the steamboat, not having before their eyes the fear of anything on earth, did put up a large and fragrant job on him of the seedy look.

The birch headed so as to enable her commander to speak the steamer, which he did as soon as opportunity served; not loudly, however, for the wind was fresh, there was a heavy sea on, and Cameron had paddled harder than was good for him to keep from being blown off shore. "Ship ahoy!"

"What the blank do you want?"

"Heave to (puff—puff—ahem). Wanter git aboard."

"Likely I'll take you on—ain't carryin' no such truck."

"Heave to, I tell you; that's my party there."

Captain turns to the gentlemen looking over the side. "Any o' you know that thing?"

"No." "Not I." "Not much." "What d'ye take us for?"

"You hear, you feller? You can't come any of your games on us—no, sir."

The precise nature of the conversation which ensued is not important, and some of it might not look well in print; but old Wes did at last manage to get on board, and the rest of the story may be imagined.

It is not related that he ever succeeded in getting even with that party.

KELPIE.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 8-11.—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club. Howard Vernon, Sec'y, San Francisco.

Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris, Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wel's, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Trials A. U. S. F. T. Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

WISE ANIMALS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Poor, shaggy, old Jack! Though only of a common breed, yet was he in action of most uncommon intelligence.

The night before his kind mistress died, he would not leave the window near her room, but howled and moaned most piteously, as he had never before done, just as though fully conscious of the fatal illness and fast approaching death of his true friend, who had, in his early days, rescued him from peril and death, and had taken him to her home and taught him fidelity and wisdom.

His mistress was not then unmindful of his honest grief, for she said to the friends by her bedside: "Poor Jack knows that I must soon go hence and leave the dear ones and him to the care of others." Even at that time could her tender heart think of and pity all living things.

There was also a family of kittens, which had been taken from the streets, starved and shivering, and which had grown into a handsome family. Jack and Puss slept together at times in cold weather, and, after the death of their mistress, were often in friendly communion. Who can say that they had not a special language, understood by them?

After years, as poor old Jack lay in the tortures of death by slow poison, Puss would bring him part of her food, meat and chicken bones, and would look at him sorrowfully, remaining near by as though to watch over and protect him, for she would look into the faces of persons passing or coming to him most pitifully, as if to implore their help for poor Jack. Even after Jack was no longer conscious she still remained an honest mourner, and for days thereafter would neither eat nor act in any way like herself. Has ever a cat been known to express such honest sorrow? I fear that we do not begin to know the thoughts and feelings of what are termed "our dumb friends."

This cat was given away to a kind family and was gone for some months. She had been shut up in an old stable, yet she returned to us and plainly manifested her happiness at being again with us by caressing and licking our hands, lying down close to the feet of the family, purring, saying in cat language as plainly as possible, "I am very glad to be back in my dear old home again with you all."

So there must exist more than just the old love of habitation, a friendship true and lasting.

One strangely evil trick this cat was ever guilty of. Indeed one so peculiar we never heard of it before. She would get into the sleeping rooms, hide herself in the most unheard of places in order to get to bed with some of the family, for the sole purpose of sucking and getting into her mouth the curls or hair of the children, often lying on their heads, sometimes entangling her claws in the hair. This always seemed unintentional. Her kittens were guilty of the same trick, as well as trying to inhale the breath of the sleepers, whom both cat and kittens fondly loved.

The next comer was a little black and tan dog, to which many interesting tricks were taught, such as getting the shoes and slippers of the master and mistress of the house, picking up things that were dropped, bringing the brush or little sweeping broom, and many other things. When very anxious to go out walking, he would go to the hall stand and would try to coax the hat and cane of his master to come to him. He would sit up, sneeze, bark and jump to see if he could not persuade master as well as his belongings to come to him.

After the walk, when returning with muddy feet, he would look at his tracks on the steps as if ashamed of them, and if, after stepping on the mat, there were still the imprints of his little feet wet or muddy, he would run to the bath-room and beg to have them cleansed, whereafter he would expect to be praised for being so good.

There came to visit in this family a lady and her little daughter, two years of age. Beppo, the little boss, did not then like children, for he had been accustomed to have his own way in many things. He had his little bedstead, mattress, pillow and blanket, and had even his own silver-plated drinking cup and plate. These the little child, Viola, at once admired, and sometimes took possession of them. Then began the trouble for spoiled and selfish little dog Beppo, who had become so very bachelor-like and selfish in his habits of life, he not caring to share his possessions with this dear little pet, Viola, who so loved him in spite of his snarls and glowing eyes.

But Viola was fearless and enjoyed the freedom of the whole house, Beppo included—nor did his evident dislike make any difference to her show of affection for him. Often Beppo would not go to his master or mistress, but would go to the mother of Viola, sit up, sneeze, bark and speak as plainly as he could, saying: "Do make your child respect my rights. I am possessor." When they were restored he would often go to his bed and stay there longer than usual just to keep possession, no doubt even punishing himself thereby, just as some people do at times, for when the hated intruder was not there Beppo would not remain to guard his supposed exclusive rights, but would listen for her coming before taking possession.

After a time even Beppo became ashamed of his selfishness and began to be happier, even making friends with little Viola. He wanted to go out with her to walk; in fact, he became very fond of her and finally was sent to her home as his future dwelling-place, for his mistress went far away to distant lands, and no one was considered so kind and sympathetic as this once-hated intruder.

The memory of Beppo proved most excellent, for some of his old tricks, which had not been rehearsed for years, were again suddenly exhibited; even the playing of dead dog, which was to lie on his back, not hearing any call until certain numbers had been counted, and then, when the word was given, "The policeman is coming," he would jump up for a frolic.

Beppo also deemed it his honest duty to keep away all cats, knowing he could catch the rats that at times infested the yard and cellar, yet if a strange cat was brought and properly introduced, by telling him that such an one was to be well-treated thenceforth as a member of the household, he would make friends, if not spit at and scratched in the face; this he would not stand, nor was he bidden to do so. Viola would say, "If you two can not agree, why Puss must look for another place. Beppo shall not be so treated, for he does not deserve it."

Two things Beppo could not abide—first, an American Fourth of July, with its loud din, firecrackers and fighting boys; and the other was ugly faces, sometimes made at him by a member of the family. These fairly disturbed him, so that he would howl forth some of the most doleful notes.

Once he was very angry with a child, for which he was taken to task and scolded well for his evil behavior and loud snarls.

He and his little son Nig had been given some nice boiled meat for their dinners, but the child had taken it all away and stuffed it into the cuspidor. The dogs begged for more, which was put upon their plate, and again it was taken away, when, in sore desperation, poor Beppo barked, sneezed, and begged for his mistress to follow him. After a time she went, and, lo and behold! there was all the cause of the just anger and hunger of the poor dogs cleverly explained.

In his older years Beppo began to run away from home at times, perhaps in search of his first mistress, who had been on a visit, and whom he never forgot. This time there was no advertisement for his recovery, as there had been at previous times. He had been gone for some days and mourned as lost, this time for certain; but suddenly there was heard a loud breathing sound, which quite alarmed and startled all in the room.

One of the family said: "What is that sound?"

Another said, in hushed tones: "How strange! Perhaps it is the ghost of our dear, wise little Beppo, come back to tell us not to grieve for him; that he is gone to the best dog world there is after death."

"Hush!" said the first speaker. "I feel something warm near me. Oh, look! look! Why, here he is, poor little fellow!"

Upon investigation we indeed beheld our lost Beppo; but oh! so tired, dirty and humiliated, cowed and cringing, quite unlike our free little Beppo. About his neck there still hung a piece of hempen rope, which he had broken with heroic determination. How mute, yet eloquent, were his eyes as he seemed to tell his story of suffering and wrongs. And how happy was he to be once more washed, fed and put into his clean bed to rest and sleep. Surely, aristocratic little Beppo had learned a lesson not to be forgotten.

He had never admired any common-looking people, but now he seemed to shun them as one does a pest. After a day or two Beppo was himself again. He even began to watch the passing omnibuses, for once he rode in one with his mistress while being brought to this, his later home. Never did he fail to sit upon articles of clothing which had been worn by his beloved mistress, first dragging them, when he could do so, to his bed.

Beppo knew the time for the milkman to come to the back door, also the ring of the ever-welcome letter carrier —yes, even the very letter coming from his beloved mistress Beppo seemed to recognize. Surely he had a sense of her, for his fine little nose would smell them and he would evince a knowledge that would make him happy.

But the years went on toward more grief for poor Beppo, for his dear little mistress, a wise and beautiful maiden of about six happy summers, fell very ill. She could no longer take him in company with her family of little children, her adored dolls, to the front windows to speak of the busy passers-by, or to watch the coming and departure of the friends of the family, something so fondly enjoyed by all, even the silent dolls. It often seemed that they were somewhat conscious of the intelligent tone and tender care bestowed upon them, for little Viola was such a darling little mother to them, explaining everything so precisely to her dear dolls that even Beppo seemed to regard the little family as real beings. He took part in many of the plays of visiting and of having company.

He was also very fond of going to the bedside of Viola with friends that she loved; and he seemed to know the ones she seemed to love best. Sometimes he became nervous at their long stay, and was relieved to have them depart.

One day, when all was silent and the last doll that had been dressed by his little mistress had been put upon the stool near the bed, Viola opened her eyes suddenly as Beppo was seen licking the china face. This quite amused her, and she said, smilingly, "Oh, Beppo! my doll Lilly does not care to be kissed by you so often, but she likes you, Beppo. Now get down and mind. Beppo, don't beg me so to get up; you are too big."

After the death of his little mistress and friend Beppo was very unhappy, and when her picture was brought and set on the floor he went to it and lay down by its side.

This was spoken of, and by some of the observers it was thought to be mere chance; so the picture was taken to another part of the room, when he again followed, lay down by it, kissing or licking the glass which covered the dear, sweet face. He even seemed to look expectantly at all the little white hearses when they were passing the house, as though he looked for the return of his little mistress, whom he saw put into and taken away in one of them. In fact, he, upon the occasion of the funeral, was determined to ride with the little casket, and had to be taken away by main force, which seemed to cause him great sorrow.

Beppo lived to be old beyond his kind. He lost his eyesight, his teeth and some of his hair, yet to the last he did not forget to sit up, sneeze, beg and speak as taught in the early years of his life. I am sure he would often feel grief, as did poor old Jack, the faithful.

One trait, quite positive, Jack did inherit from his mother. She, alas! was not well fed, but went on market days to procure some meat, which she would hide away until needed. Jack sometimes would do the same, and often went to the very same places in spite of all efforts to teach him not to do so by feeding him plentifully.

The sagacity of this dog was almost beyond belief, giving impetus to the thought that men arrogate to themselves too much, that they do not accord enough of rights and proper respect to the animal kingdom, the "dumb friends" who must often be made to suffer deep wrongs.

Better be thoughtful of the feelings of all things, lest, by some just law of life, we be confronted by our acts. Even the ever-living ghosts or souls of these poor faithful creatures may compel us to see ourselves as once did they, our faithful, suffering friends. ALTO VENTURA.

CINCINNATI.

New England Beagle Club Meeting.

THE quarterly meeting of the N. E. B. C. was held in Mechanics Building, Boston, April 19, President Joslin in the chair. The following members were present: H. S. Joslin, F. W. Chapman, Geo. F. Reed, Henry Hanson, A. D. Fisk, B. S. Turpin, H. V. Jamieson and W. S. Clark.

The Treasurer's report was read and accepted. Mr. C. J. Prouty, of Scituate, Mass., and Harry Tallman, of Greene, R. I., were elected to membership. It was voted that a field trial be held this fall at Oxford, Mass., beginning Nov. 5, classes and prize money same as last year. Voted, that selection of judges be left with field trial committee. Messrs. Joslin, Fisk, Shallcross, Hanson and Clark were elected field trial committee. Voted, that the Club apply to the A. K. C. for admission. Voted, that specials be given same as last year, namely, for best All-Age and Derby entry respectively, bred by owner; best voice, greatest sustained speed, best trailing, most stylish worker, and best starter. Mr. W. B. Atherton, in behalf of the *American Stockkeeper*, presented the Club with a silver cup, to be known as the *American Stockkeeper* Cup, to be offered for the best beagle of the fall field trials. The cup was accepted, and a vote of thanks given to Mr. Atherton for his generosity.

A meeting of the executive committee was next held. It was voted to postpone the appointment of judges till the July meeting.

W. S. CLARK, Secretary-Treasurer.

Brighton Tobe, whose portrait we publish this week, made an excellent record last fall in the chicken trials at Manitoba. He is owned by the Eldred Kennels, Philadelphia. He displayed excellent bird sense in his work and exceptional judgment in finding and locating his birds, and he ranged well.

Brighton Tobe's Pedigree.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having purchased the field trial winner Brighton Tobe from Mr. T. G. Davey at the New York show, I should like to correct some erroneous statements made in regard to his breeding. Under the above heading, in the Feb'y 16 issue of FOREST AND STREAM, was published a notice of Tobe's pedigree written by Mr. W. B. Wells, including a letter signed E. Tinsley, in which Mr. Tinsley claims that Hall's Lucy, dam of Lady Cypress, was by an imported English setter owned by a Captain Massie, out of an Irish setter the property of Mr. John Moughan, of Toronto. Again, in the March 30 issue, Mr. Wells writes an article in which he speaks of Tobe's Irish and native blood. I wrote Mr. Davey about this matter, who in turn wrote Mr. Tinsley and Mr. Moughan, the breeder of Hall's Lucy. The following letters were received in answer to Mr. Davey's correspondence:

"HAMILTON, March 30.—Dear Sir: I regret being the innocent cause of injuring the reputation of so good a dog as Brighton Tobe has proved himself to be. Mr. Wells wrote to a friend, here, requesting him to get the breeding of Hall's Lucy. Mr. Hall requested me to write to Mr. Wells, giving me the breeding of Lucy as he received it from the person from whom he received her. It was a surprise to me to learn that my letter to Mr. Wells had appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. I did not know when I wrote Mr. Wells that Lucy figured in Tobe's pedigree. Of course, if Mr. Moughan says that Lucy was bred from pure English setters, his statement must be correct, he being her breeder. My recollection of Lucy is that she was a handsome lemon and white, and one of the best that ever quartered a field. If Tobe with his grand form equals Lucy's field work, he is all that could be desired and a dog his owners have every reason to be proud of. You are at liberty to use this for the purpose of correcting any misunderstanding that may have occurred in consequence of my letter to Mr. Wells.—E. TINSLEY."

"TORONTO, April 11.—Dear Sir: I can say that I never bred my Irish setter bitch to an English setter dog of Captain Massie, and if necessary can take an affidavit to that effect. I have not kept the pedigrees of my English setters, it now being many years since I owned and shot over them. The pair I had were lemon and white, and good ones at that. It is only within the last seven or eight years that I have kept Irish setters. I trust that this will put the matter right.—JOHN MOUGHAN."

Mr. John Davidson writes me about Hall's Lucy as follows: "I shot over Lucy in Indiana, October, 1871. She was then about two years old. She was a sweet little lemon and white ticked bitch, and I never heard her called anything but an English setter. I have her pedigree as being by Captain Massie's Shot, imported from the kennels of the Hon. John Scott out of Mr. Moughan's Dina."

I think this will set at rest the Irish setter scandal. I will now take up the native, where the so-called native blood comes in Tobe's pedigree is on his dam's side. Douglas, sire of champion Liddesdale, was by Davidson's Dash II. out of Doll, she by Prince Dona. I give a pedigree of Dash II.: Davidson's Dash II., by Dash I. out of Fanny I., she by Ned (black imported dog out of a liver and white ticked bitch) out of Bessie (Rock—Rose). Dash I., by Rob out of Bessie, she by Rock out of Rose.

I wrote Mr. Davidson about his Dash II., and the following is his reply: "MONROE, Mich., March 31.—Dear Sir: I must say that the dogs you inquire about were used when people bred for work and appearance; pedigree was only a secondary consideration to performance in the field. I am now speaking of over thirty years ago. Rob was brought here by a sporting Englishman, and was a handsome red and white dog, with beautiful dark eyes, and a most sensible good performer in the field. We knew nothing of his pedigree, nor cared, but bred to him largely and with the best results. Bessie's superior in the field I have never seen. I had her from a pup to the time of her death. Ned was a very handsome jet black dog, got by a black dog imported by a Mr. Jewett, of Buffalo, out of a liver and white ticked bitch, and a most hardy, fearless breed of dogs they were. They were all English setters, though whelped here. In those days we had no blue bloods, except the dogs that made themselves such by their performance in the field. We judged them by their actions, not their ancestry. I know of no man living who has used setters in as rough a country or bagged as much game over them as I have done, or tested their hardihood and game-finding qualities more thoroughly. I have never found anything in the dog line to stand by me like old Bessie and her offspring.—JOHN DAVIDSON."

Outside of Hall's Lucy and Davidson's Dash II, Tobe's ancestors can be traced back as in the pedigrees of the straightbred Llewellins. Though Tobe has a very small percentage of the blood of Davidson's Dash II. in his viens, I attribute much of his level-headedness and staying powers to that source, and I only wish that he had more of it. I would be pleased to send an extended pedigree to any one interested in the matter. THEO. STURGES (for Eldred Kennel).

NEW YORK.

The Toronto Kennel Club's bench show, held last week, is reported as being a great success. Messrs. J. F. Kirk, Montague Smith, and R. Gibson were the judges. The entries numbered 402.

Pointers as Squirrel Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent's desire for information concerning the use of pointers for hunting squirrels would have astonished me had I not met a gentleman from Missouri last fall who thought it wonderful when, in passing from one field to another through a strip of woodland, one of my dogs treed a squirrel.

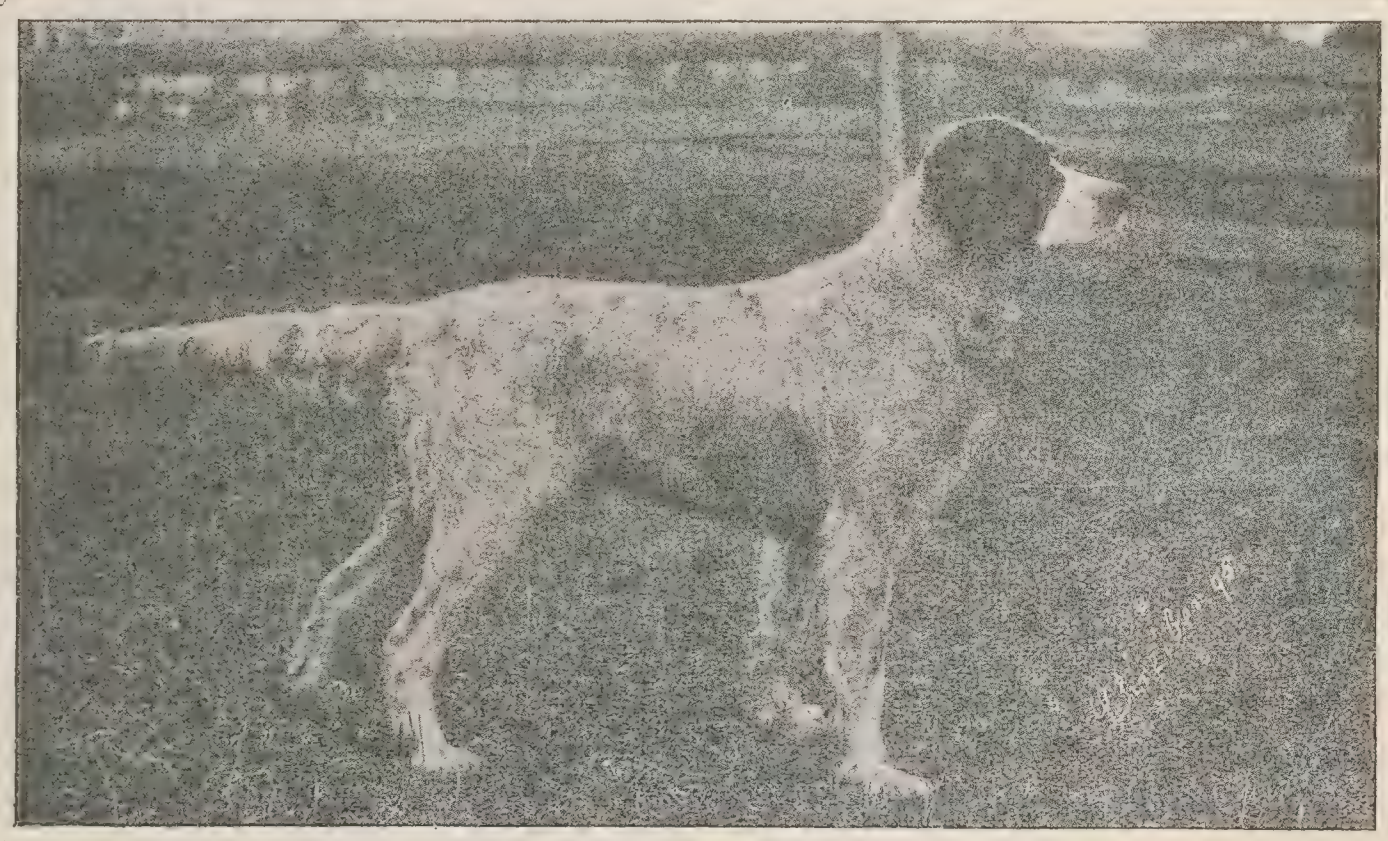
My observation leads me to believe that most pointers "tree" as naturally as they point, and all could be trained to that end with but little trouble.

I have owned pointers almost since I can remember, and have never been without at least one that could be depended upon to furnish good sport in the woods after "varmints" of every kind.

Bird dogs, setters as well as their smooth-coated cousins, make the finest coon, possum and squirrel dogs we have, because of their great speed in the woods and the accuracy with which they locate the particular tree wherein the game has found refuge.

My experience with curs, hounds and mongrels, all of which are said to make fine coon dogs, has been limited, or, more properly speaking, circumscribed, as I have seldom been in the woods without a bird dog that gave his slower companions small chance at anything other than a voice in the racket at the death; but I have noticed that the pointer is rarely fooled by the tricks known in negro parlance as "tappin' trees," while the meaner breeds, with few exceptional individuals, invariably bay a number of times when some wise old coon is surprised in his nocturnal rambles.

The pointer that is trained to hunt in the woods understands his business as well and enjoys it as thoroughly as he does work in the fields. So soon as the command is given him to go, he bounds forward at the height of his speed, seldom comes in, and never utters a note until satisfied that the object of his search is ensconced in the branches directly above him.



BRIGHTON TOBE.

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If there is a difference with regard to the instinct of the pointer in this particular in other sections and the South, I think it is attributable to the way in which dogs are handled.

The majority of our planters, upon coming into possession of a puppy, no matter how valuable, turn him over to the tender mercy of the cook and pay but little attention to him thereafter until he is old enough to break. In the interim he is allowed to run rabbits, chase the fowls, suck eggs, follow the darkies or his master at his own sweet will. The older dogs take him hunting every day during the summer, that all are not trotting over the country with their owner, who never thinks of confining his pets for a minute. The result is that, together with much mischief that must be painfully unlearned, they acquire, in many instances, knowledge of great value that dwellers in kennels may never hope to attain, and I wish to add, by the way of parenthesis, that when it comes to bird-finding for shooting purposes, I believe we have the best dogs on earth. I know of one pointer at any rate that trees squirrels, coons, possums; that runs rabbits for the boys, sucks eggs, kills chickens from pure cussedness, and would steal the last piece of meat in his master's house if the opportunity offered and he could find a corner in which to bury it until it was palatably mellow; that for the past two seasons has met and defeated in the hunting fields several field trial winners with their blushing honors fresh upon them, and that has been pronounced by two owners of winning dogs "the greatest bird-finder on earth."

Some day I will write up the attainments of a few pointers I have known. WILL SCRIBBLER.

GREENBRIER, Ala.

Omaha Dog Show.

OMAHA.—The Omaha Kennel Club's second annual dog show will be held Sept. 18 to 21 at Omaha. This show occurs at the time of the Nebraska State Fair at Omaha, and many attractions are being provided for the entertainment of visitors. The "Knights of Ak-sar-Ben" will give a "Mardi-Gras" parade and ball. The premium list will probably be about $2,500 and specials. Entries to close about Sept. 4. E. L. MARSTON, Sec.

Secretary W. D. Brereton (No. 66 Third avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.) writes that the constitution and by-laws of the new Bull-Terrier Club of America may be had on application to him.

SOUTHERN NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Feeling the spirit moving me to-day to write you a few ines, I make the attempt to do so.

Messrs. Geo. Richards and John T. Mayfield broke camp and started recently for their respective homes in the North. Mr. Mayfield came down on Monday before his departure, and spent the few intervening days with me at my house. Mr. George Richards also came down and remained one night to tell all good-by.

On Wednesday I escorted John through to West Point by local freight, while George hauled his dogs through the country to West Point in a wagon. As the freight train slowly wended its way through the field trial grounds, we saw many familiar places where field trial dogs ran a tilt against each other last January.

"There is the hill," said I to John, "where you won first money with Rodfield against Blue Ridge Mark."

"And there," said he, "is where you ran Minnie T. against Auld Clootie."

The high hill that gave us such a splendid view of the Lady Mildred-Tory Dotlet race we passed next. Then a passing glimpse of the mill where we lunched, and in due time we rolled into the depot at West Point.

Getting a wagon, we quickly transferred Mr. Mayfield's dogs to the depot of the old reliable Mobile & Ohio R. R., the line they intended to patronize. After comfortably arranging the dogs in the shade of the sheds we went to the livery stable to talk awhile with its genial proprietor, Mr. A. P. Cottrell, who is a member of the U. S. F. T. C., and who takes great interest in field trials. He informed us that Mr. C. L. Jordan, mayor of the city, had joined the club, and later, meeting Mr. Jordan, he informed me that every one was much interested in the trials, and that at the next meeting the city would give some evidence of their appreciation of the honor done it by the U. S. Field Trials Club choosing it as permanent headquarters.

About noon George arrived in town with a wagon oaded to the hurricane deck with dog crates filled with barking canines. Putting his dogs where Mr. Mayfield had his, and waiting until Richards had let them all out for a brief period to stretch their legs a bit, they were watered and locked up in their crates, and we started for the Holt to get our dinner.

As we walked up the street we could not fail to comment on the difference in appearance of things generally from our last visit at the time of the trials. Then it was a gray sky with darkening clouds that deluged the streets with rain and snow. Now the sky was as blue as that which bends over fair Italy, while the breezes were redolent with the fragrance of flowers adorning every house yard. The nearness of early summer was proclaimed by the swelling buds of the magnolia trees, the sweet carol of the mockingbirds, the deepening green of the foliage—all gave warning that the handlers' season in the South has ended, and can only be renewed before next fall by migrating to the broad prairies of the Northwest.

As we walked up the street no sight of the familiar corduroy suit met our eyes. Ha! not one? I was mistaken. I caught the rear view of a pair of corduroy pants turning a corner of the street. They were held in place by an unusually frail-looking suspender of cotton cloth, a nail answering the place of the long-lost button. On the portion where they were the broadest was a large patch of yellowish brown cloth. I caught but a passing glance as the breeches, followed by the spider-shaped patch, disappeared around the corner; but, meeting the wearer of them later, I discovered he was a colored man who had made himself useful about the hotel during the trials, and took it for granted that those pants had once upon a time been the proud possession of some field trial man. The thought occurred to me, if the giver had not been sorry since that he had given them away.

"Lives of poor dog trainers oft remind us,
Honest toil won't stand a chance;
The more we work there grow behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.
Our corduroys, once new and glossy,
Now of stripes of different hue,
All because our patrons linger
And won't pay up what is due.
So we all must by self-denial
Save our wealth, however small,
And attend the chicken trial
If we have no pants at all."

Turning into the Holt, we found dinner ready, and passed into the dining-room, seating ourselves at the table where, at the banquet supper to the farmers, had sat the honorable secretary of the club, the representatives of the press and judges.

I glanced up and down the room, and the memory of the banquet night brightened. I imagined I could see Major Purcell as, with earnest face and uplifted glass, he gave the toast, "May our wives be our sweethearts, and our sweethearts be our wives."

Then a voice in uncertain tones exclaimed: "Gentlemen, this is an honor entirely unexpected, and I am therefore entirely unprepared to respond in the manner I could wish."

Here the voice of the waiter interrupted my reflections by inquiring if I would have soup, and I turned from the pleasant memory of a pleasant evening to the more important business at hand.

The time to say good-by came at last, and wishing the boys all the good luck I could think of, I made a rush for my train, then at the station, which has only been surpassed by the reporter of the FOREST AND STREAM when he made the same train, under like conditions, at the United States field trials. I made it as he did, and had the pleasure of waiting a half hour longer before it was ready to leave the depot.

When the train I was on pulled out, it crossed the tracks of the M. & O. R. R. just ahead of the train Richards and Mayfield were on, and they waved me a good-by from the baggage car door.

Mr. J. B. Stoddard recently left for the East by the way of Birmingham. Blankenbaker returned to Louisville March 15, and George Gray to his home at Appelton, Minn., the same date.

In a recent letter received from Nat Nesbitt he speaks of going up to the Continental trials on chickens. The law passed compelling visiting sportsmen to pay a license of $25 to shoot in the State is having some influence in deterring some from going. The expenses of the trip are heavy, and the addition of a $25 license is not well received.

I hope to go up if I can arrange business matters at home so I can leave. In event I am not able to go, I took the precaution to send Minnie T. and her daughter, Cora T. (by King Leo), and Sam T., a half brother of Minnie T., the former two for the All Age and the latter for the Derby, up by George Richards. So, if I fail to get there, Frank Richards will run them.

I suppose all the old trainers are like myself, and feel that migratory fever common to the wildfowl to go North in the spring. And if I go, it will be to gratify myself in this particular more than anything else; for, as a trip, it has no profits for a trainer other than the benefit his dogs derived from the open work on the prairies.

I saw Dr. Crump, the game warden of the West Point field trial grounds, while in town, and he reported that no birds had been killed on the grounds since the trials. Such being the case, there should be an abundance next fall.

W. W. TITUS.

WAVELY, Miss.

Continental Field Trial Club.

IN a letter of recent date Mr. Madison writes that the Continental Field Trial Club holds its trials on chickens in the Northwest on Sept. 2, and its quail trials at Newton, N. C., on Nov. 25. These matters being settled, he is busily engaged in getting out the club's printed matter. The chicken trials are located at Morris, Man. Mr. Madison states that: "I am now arranging with the different railroads, and will be able to get rates of one fare for the round trip, with free transportation for dogs. Parties desiring to avail themselves of the special rates will have to apply to me for their permit."

In regard to the grounds at Morris, there seems to be a matter of authority which is worthy of the consideration of the club, taking the following clipping from the Manitoba *Free Press* as an explanation of the situation:

"SIR—I note that at a meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club a resolution was carried granting to the Continental Field Trials Club the free use of their grounds at Morris, for which no charge would be made. I would like to ask Mr. Wootton, the Secretary of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, what grounds they have in the vicinity of Morris to grant the free use of? The only club that asked and obtained permission over any grounds in the vicinity of Morris was the Northwestern Field Trials Club. I think I can speak for a majority of the farmers who reside in the municipality of Morris when I say that they, the farmers, will cheerfully grant to the Continental Field Trials Club the privilege of running their trials over their farms, but I do think they will decidedly object to the Manitoba Field Trials Club granting a privilege they never possessed themselves, nor even had the courtesy to ask for. "M. LAWRIE."

"MORRIS, April 22."

DOG CHAT.

The English Setter Club's trials were run on the Cople and Cardington estates. The winners in the Setter Puppy Stakes, eleven entries, were: First, F. C. Lewis's Squire of Kippen; second, F. C. Lewis's Mabel of Kippen; third, T. Bishop's Belle of Salop, the latter winning the Setter Club cup. In the Pointer Puppy Stakes, ten entries, Elias Bishop's Jane Pedro won first; A. B. Walker's Whist second; A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's Ightfield Mentor third. The All-Age Stake, for setters and pointers, had fifteen starters. G. Pilkington's Woolton Druid first; W. Arkwright's pointer dog Tap second; W. Arkwright's pointer Mistletoe third. The Brace Stakes were won by J. Bishop's Sweep the Green and Danger of Salop, the second prize by A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's setters Durham Daisy and South Durham Di.

The following resolution was adopted at a recent meeting of the Industrial Exhibition Bench Show Committee: "That this committee, having been informed by Mr. Jos. Ditworth that the action of this committee in the appointment of Mr. W. P. Fraser to the position of secretary and superintendent has been rejected by the Industrial Exhibition Board, be it resolved that this motion be a resignation of the committee as a whole without further action."

Mr. Al. G. Eberhart, of Cincinnati, writes us that there will be a dog show held in Cincinnati May 20 to 24. Entries close May 14. It will be held in connection with the Ohio Humane Society's second grand bazaar. The profits will go toward establishing a dog farm near that city for the care of captured dogs. He states that $7,000 were cleared on the last bazaar. Mr. Eberhart will superintend the show.

The Pointer Club field trials, run on April 17 and 18, were held on the Chirk Castle estate. The winners in the Pointer Puppy Stakes were: First, Mr. Bishop's Jane Pedro; second, Mr. Humphrey's Bonnie Dan of Cold Hill; third, Col. Cote's Conrad: fourth, Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Ightfield Mentor. The winners of the All-Age Stakes were: First, Mr. Mawson's Prior of Bromfield; second, Col. Cote's Dodo; third, Mr. E. Bishop's Senor Dan Pedro; fourth, Mr. B. T. Warwick's Nyssa.

Bulldog Club Produce Stakes.

THE first Produce Stakes of the Bulldog Club were decided during the afternoon of April 25. Although only three youngsters were entered for the stakes, the afternoon was well spent 'ere the decisions were rendered. This was Mr. Matthews's fault. He is the president of the Bulldog Club, and as the judging was to take place at his beautiful residence on Riverside Drive, New York city, he determined that the affair should be an enjoyable one for those who were interested in the event. The members of the executive committee, together with Messrs. Beadleston, Roby and Lacy, were therefore invited to luncheon at 2 P. M. Those whom Mr. Matthews so gracefully and elegantly entertained were Messrs. E. Willard Roby, R. L. Crawford, Jr., R. Dudley Winthrop, H. C. Beadleston and H. W. Lacy. Between the courses the bulldog was dissected figuratively, and chops and jowl, layabacks and roach backs, underjaws and rose ears, in their relation to the dogs of the day, were duly considered. The ups and downs of breeding, and the chances of American breeders ever producing that will-o'-the-whisp of "fancy," a real good 'un, were carefully diagnosed, and the conclusion reached, that while we have plenty of good dogs, the fancy is sadly in need of some good matrons.

With the coffee and cigars came Mr. Muss-Arnolt, and afterward Mr. Chas. F. MacLean and R. S. McCreery.

Adjourning to the stables, situated at the rear of the mansion, we found that Spratts Co. had set up a row of their benching, containing six stalls. In these were kennelled the Stake entries and visiting dogs.

Mr. Beadleston had brought his white dog Wrinkles (Bathos's best son), who has already been in the money at New York. At the same ime Mr. Matthews showed the sire, his old favorite Bathos, who seemed full of vigor and in good condition. Then Reeve Royal, fresh from winning honors at Boston show, had to submit his good points to the critical. Dolly Tester also swung into view and with Bowbells completed Mr. Matthews's string of matured ones. His two crack dachshunds, Polly Finders, who has just won the Manice cup again, and Pretzel, were also duly admired.

The Produce Stakes were next in order. In dogs there were two entries, Mr. E Willard Roby's brindle, Robin Reporter, by Leonidas out of Liberty, and Mr. John H. Matthews's Banshee, by Bathos (A Briton's Boast—Nimble Ninepence) out of Rose (Portswood Tiger—Peggy), white, with brindle spots.

The judges, Messrs. Winthrop, Muss-Arnolt and Lacy, by ballot vote, were unanimous in their decision that Robin Reporter was the best, in fact is a very likely sort, though a trifle long in body.

In the "ladies" division there was but one entry, E. Willard Roby's Robin Reception, a white bitch, by Leonidas out of Liberty, a litter sister of the winning dog, but a long way behind her brother in bulldog points.

The stakes were for puppies whelped in 1894, and by a strange coincidence all three entries were whelped on the same day, July 15, 1894. The total of the stakes aggregate nearly $60; one-fourth goes to the best dog and one-eighth to the second best; one-fourth to the best bitch and the balance reverts to the coffers of the club, as there were no claimants for third honors.

There were six bitches nominated last year for this Produce Stake, and to these only nine puppies were born, six of them survived, but only three were entered. The members present considered it advisable to offer a second Produce Stake for 1895, particulars of which will be announced later.

Mr. Matthews is quite a lover of horseflesh, too, and has half a dozen good "tits" in his stable, two gray cobs being especially handsome, taking fourth prize at the National Horse Show. At the back of his handsome stables Mr. Matthews has half a dozen very substantial kennels made of brick and ornamental iron work. In these are housed his best dogs. Each kennel opens into a large cemented yard, and happy are the city dogs which have such comfortable quarters.

H. W. L.

Aberdeen Meeting.

THE Aberdeen Coursing Club's inaugural meeting was finished Thursday afternoon, April 18, after two and one half days of splendid coursing.

The club advertised a sixteen-dog stake, but thirty-two entries appeared on the card. Mr. Stephenson's judging was perfect. Mr. Angell showed poor judgment in the second course, on Tuesday, the first day's running, when he slipped Lucian Swift at 20yds. on a weak jack.

Laplander and Lady Deadlock were unfortunate in being slipped on separate jacks, thus causing a run without a decision. Judge Burniby was also handicapped in his course with Ragnarock in taking to the weeds while Ragnarock went up the prairie. Burniby turned the jack out of the bad going right in front of Ragnarock, who was thus favored by the good going. Outside of these three slips, the work was very well done.

Owing to a scarcity of game, only twelve courses were finished the first day.

An early start was effected on Tuesday morning. At 10 o'clock, H. M. Larimer's Fleta and A. P. Slocum's Gold Coin were in slips and Gold Coin went up for the turn, did all the work in a long course, only letting Fleta in at finish, to hole the jack, in front of the crowd.

The second pair were W. B. Stern's Frank and N. P. Whiton's Lucian Swift. To a twenty-yard slip, Lucian was right on top of his game, running puss to death in a hundred yards.

J. B. Smith's Gilbert got first turn and got in some work, both dogs going wide; C. Shield's Fantasia got in for a little work, but Gilbert came again and won just as a third dog took up the chase.

L. Mills's Ansel got first turn and kept his place for a few half points. W. Meacrak's Cute got in for a few weak wrenches, but the jack straightened away and left both of them. Ansel got the flag.

F. E. Briggs's Dakota Zephyr got the turn from H. J. Lockington's Nig and only succeeded in getting a few weak wrenches before the jack straightened away, leaving Zephyr the winner.

Columbus Kennels' Ramona and Eastern Coursing Kennels' Royal Crest. To a stiff turn, Crest got the turn, neither dog was able to get in much work. The jack finally ran away, giving Crest the flag.

Woodhaven Kennels' Prince Fullerton went up for the turn, placed R. H. Woods's Raven, raced by, finally placing Raven, who led a long race without being able to get near enough to get in any work; jack went to earth, leaving Fullerton the winner.

C. M. Goods's Ino went up for the turn and kept possession. F. E. Briggs's Paddy could not get up a stiff jack that outran both dogs.

J. H. Davis's Good Leather got first turn and went on for a few points. J. Curtin's Lucy came at finish and worked out this score. Good Leather gave over and Lucy went on; jack got away, giving Lucy the verdict.

Columbus Kennels' No Mercy got first turn and went on for a rapid succession of points. C. F. Jenkin's Recollection only got in momentarily, but finally led to cover; a long course.

Melrose & Durbin's Gilkirk got first turn, and held her place for a long rapid course. Woodhaven Kennels' Prince Tonia got in at finish, but could only get part of the work—a grueling course in Gilkirk's favor.

J. R. McNickle's Laplander and Eastern Coursing Kennels' Lady Dedlock—a no course after following separate jacks.

Eastern Coursing Kennels' Judge Burnaby and H. Rews's Ragnaroc were badly slipped, Burnaby taking the path of the jack; while Ragnarock raced up the prairie, Burnaby turned to Rag, who ran a long, grueling course, Burniby only getting in for a turn. In this course Fantasia broke out of her crate, but could not get near enough to do any harm.

This finished the work for the day, leaving an undecided and three more courses to finish the first time through the card. Wednesday took us to a better locality, and game was more plentiful The first course of the day, but the fourteenth on the card, was H. G. Nichol's Jessie Green and S. H. Groshong's Yellow Dan. Dan did not show up, so Fantasia ran the bye with Jessie Green, Jessie showing superiority at all points.

W. H. Markham's Jumbo showed the most speed, but R. Wood's Hobo Mike outworked him in a long course, and got the verdict.

A. P. Slocum's Rendezvous led up and ran up a few points. L. B. Richter's Little Nell went by and looked as if she was going to be dangerous, but only succeeded in shifting puss once, when Rendezvous went by, got possession, and was an easy winner when they killed.

This finished the card, causing Lady Dedlock, Jessie Green, Hobo Mike and Rendezvous to run two courses on Wednesday, while the other winners got off with one.

Rendezvous and Hobo Mike came together the second time through, so they were on equal terms; but Lady Dedlock, who had won over Laplander in the undecided, and Jessie Green, each had a course the best of their respective antagonists.

The second time through the card brought Gold Coin and Lucian Swift to slips. Lucian was first up, and in a busy course of medium length showed his superiority at all points, puss going to ground.

Gilbert led up and got busy; both dogs then laid off, but Gilbert finally turned to Ansel, who killed. Flag for Gilbert.

Royal Crest had gotten into a dispute with his kennel companion, Burnaby, and was suffering from a nasty bite in his foot. He came to slips on three legs, and was first up; but Dakota Zephyr then took possession and never let the black dog up again, winning with some to spare.

Prince Fullerton was first up and got quite busy placing Ino, who went on with a stiff jack, and soon had Fullerton counted out. Ino ran till she fell exhausted, and Fullerton was close behind.

No Mercy raced up and was working fast, Lucy not being able to get in any work. She ran on, and being placed by Mercy could only be of little service, finally pulling up, leaving Mercy to go on with grueling course.

Gilkirk and Lady Dedlock went out together for 40yds. Gilkirk was forging in front when the jack favored her, she getting first turn. Both dogs straightened away after a stiff jack, with Gilkirk two lengths in front, but neither could get in working distance again.

Ragnaroc got everything, not letting his litter sister next the game. In a long course jack got away.

Rendezvous was up for the turn, a weak jack. Hobo Mike never got in at all.

This finished the second time through the card, and a short drive brought us to our respective hotels to talk over the victories and defeats of the day.

Thursday morning found us on the same grounds of the previous day. The weather was clear and cool in the morning, but toward mid-day it got too hot to be comfortable for the dogs.

Lucian Swift and Gilbert were the first in slips. As usual Lucian got the cool of the morning for his run, and I cannot help but comment on the peculiar luckiness favoring him in both the Oakes and Aberdeen meeting. It cannot be said that he met the best dogs in either the Oakes or Aberdeen meet, while his courses were mostly very short and in the cool of the day.

Rendezvous can be said to be very lucky in his drawing and getting weak jacks; although he ran two courses on Wednesday, neither was long enough to nicely open his pipes. On the other hand, Gilkirk, No Mercy and Ragnarock had each long gruelling courses, and it was unfortunate that Gilkirk and No Mercy should have come together in the third ties, thus causing one of the best dogs in the country to retire so early in the meeting. These two bitches are very evenly matched in coursing qualities, although Gilkirk is the larger. This

was their third meeting this year, twice at Oakes, in which the first was undecided, and Gilkirk getting the flag on the run-off. The third time together, No Mercy got the verdict in a long, well-worked course, leaving each one victory and one undecided to their credit.

Lucian had no trouble in disposing of Gilbert. They had a stiff jack that ran away from both of them.

Ino led up and in a short and busy course won easily from Dakota Zephyr.

Gilkirk got first turn. No Mercy was quick in, and a very busy course followed. No Mercy seemed to have the bottom and went on and outstayed Gilkirk, Gilkirk getting in at finish for the kill, but Mercy had too many points.

Ragnarock and Rendezvous ran an undecided, but Ragnarock showed the effects of his many gruelling courses, while Rendezvous showed quite fresh as he should do.

Commencing at the top of the card again brought Lucian Swift and Ino to the slips. As usual, Lucian got a weak jack and put Ino out with little trouble.

After lunch, No Mercy and Rendezvous were put in slip. A. P. Slocum, having charge of Ragnarock, drew him, leaving Rendezvous to fight it out with No Mercy. No Mercy showed up quite stiff after her course with Gilkirk, but, once warmed up, she commenced to make it very dangerous for Rendezvous, and working her game over a hill, they were lost from view for an instant, but they were soon back, with No Mercy working puss toward the crowd, which always gets crazy in the finishing courses. The bitch got thrown out among the buggies, and I will always believe it the cause of her defeat. Rendezvous seemed to have plenty of vim left in him, but the bitch was always with him and getting possession. He ran up a few rapid points, and finished with a kill that snuffed out all chances for No Mercy. This caused a division between Lucian Swift and Rendezvous. A. P. Slocum handled both dogs, also Ragnarock. Slocum was a popular winner, as we all know. He is made of the proper stuff, and takes defeat equally well.

The attendance was large and select. Nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the sport.

A little more discipline can be taught the onlookers, and the field marshals could have a little more instruction, but it all comes with experience.

Among those the most conspicuous for their merriment and capability for making known their appreciation of the grand sport was a turnout from Oakes, and at no time was the atmosphere free from their musical laughter, waving handkerchiefs and acknowledged mirth, unless Roundy was in the crate and not in slip.

The entrance fee was $5, with 32 entries] made $160; with $100 added by the club, giving N. P. Whiton's Lucian Swift and A. P. Slocum's Rendezvous $195 between them, and Columbus Kennels' No Mercy and C. M. Good's Ino $32.50 each.

Lucian Swift won at Oakes and divided at Aberdeen. Rendezvous divided at Aberdeen. He ran up to Royal Crest at Oakes at the spring meeting in '94, and ran up at the meet of the American C. C. at Huron Oct. 9, '94. This places him in the front ranks as a courser, and should, if bred on the right bitches, perpetuate his valuable qualities as stake winner.

GEO. IRWIN ROYCE.

Field Trial Matters.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been deliberating whether it was advisable to notice Mr. Avent's communication published in the *American Field* of April 13 for several reasons, the first of which is that while he assumes to speak with authority for the United States Field Trials Club, there is no action of that club, so far as I know, which delegates such powers to him. Still, that club has not repudiated any of his writings, so I presume it may be accepted that the duties which naturally and officially devolve on the secretary and other officers in the club are conducted by Mr. Avent. I have concluded to notice Mr. Avent's article, first because some of the circumstances to which he alludes happened before the Continental Field Trials Club was formed, and second because much of his innuendo is of a personal character. I desire to have it understood that I reply in my personal capacity, and not in my capacity as secretary of the Continental Field Trials Club. It is unnecessary to do so, for while by inference Mr. Avent speaks for the U. S. Club, there is nothing offered to show that he speaks with authority. I think the policy of the Continental F. T. Club has made itself apparent. It is to go on attending to its own affairs and not meddle with those of others. Mr. Avent has very kindly and with some labor defined its standing and condescended to give some praise in a general way and some rebuke in a grave, serious way, all with proper decorum, which leads me to believe that he must have the interests of the Continental F. T. Club much a heart. Otherwise he would not be so superofficious.

I will take up Mr. Avent's points and reply once for all, so that no one may be misled by his misapprehensions. He says:

"As I know many of the members of the U. S. Club are not fully aware of all the steps that are taken against them, I will inform them briefly of the last moves. It will be remembered that the enthusiastics that formed the new club tried to give the impression at New Albany that they would take the U. S. Club's grounds and clash dates; in fact, they intended to burst up the U. S. Club regardless of sportsmanship or anything else."

What were the "last moves," and what steps have been taken against them? The Continental F. T. Club has done openly and above board all its business. What are these dark deeds implied in his words? He said he would tell what they were, but he did not do so. I know of no enthusiasts who said at New Albany that they would take their grounds and clash dates; and no such statements were ever made. The insincerity of this statement is shown by the fact that since that meeting the U. S. Club has announced two other grounds and dates. Newton, N. C., and grounds in Indiana were not at that time thought of.

"This quite a number of members of the club could and did see the motive of, and but two or three have or will resign, and thirty-five good members have joined; with quite a list that will join later. Some of them have joined the new club, the Continental; and so have some of the old members. They join the Continental because they are true sportsmen that want to encourage field trials. The Continental F. T. Club has many thorough gentlemen sportsmen in it, and the club has my best wishes for its success, but I am sure there are many members, and among them their president, who do not know the movement of a few of their members. In fact, many of them have told me and my friends that no one or two men could step in with a personal feeling to rule or ruin and clash dates with the United States or any other field trial club."

I am glad to know that so many members have joined the U. S. Club. In respect to the resignations, I beg to call Mr. Avent's attention to the fact that when a member resigned the club would not accept his resignation, so how could the member resign? Now, what is the movement of a few of the members which is unknown to the president and other members? Is not Mr. Avent assuming entirely too much when he speaks for the Continental and the U. S. Club?

Noting him further:

"It will be remembered that the dates with the United States Club were selected and published in January, and the last change the club made was on March 4, before the Continental Club was formed. At that time (March 4) the board of governors of the United States Club (not one selfish individual) decided to hold trials in North Carolina, commencing Nov. 28. This date was published in the *American Field* that week; also it was furnished Mr. P. T. Madison by the secretary of the United States Club March 5, before any Continental Club was formed."

As to the matter of dates, the U. S. Club announced that it had engaged grounds at Irvington, Ky., and that money was donated to stock the grounds; it was announced that field trials would be held at West Point, Miss., and that grounds were leased there for that purpose. It was announced that trials would be held at Carlisle, Ind., and next it was announced that trials would be run at Newton, N. C. It was announced that trials would be run on chickens, then it was announced that they would not. There were five trials all told. Out of the four quail trials announced by the U. S. Club some will have to be abandoned. Which is it to be? There is some one who is not dealt with in good faith. There are some grounds and dates which will have to be abandoned; which is it to be? Now in regard to the grounds at Newton, N. C., the U. S. Club had made no arrangements there for grounds. It had made no arrangements there for anything. It had merely in an off-hand way claimed its dates and the grounds without knowing whether it could secure grounds, just as it could claim all the dates in the calendar and all the grounds in America, if an empty claim would confer a title. The proposition of the Continental Club to run in conjunction with the Eastern was made on perfectly even terms with the proposition of the U. S Club and the Eastern accepted that of the Continental. Merely claiming things to which it had no title could hardly be considered ownership. He further says:

"On the day that the Continental Club was formed there was quite a crowd of sportsmen present, with quite a number of them that were in favor of the new club running trials in a sportsmanlike manner and not for the purpose of injuring the United States Club or any other club. But I was informed by Mr. J. L. Adams, who is a member of both clubs, as by others, that Mr. Madison at that meeting suggested a date in November that would conflict with the United States Club's date in Indiana, which he (Mr. Madison) had helped to make, and of course was fully aware of; but this date was at once done away with by the true sportsmen of the new club. The new club, however, let in a rule to have all business transacted by its officers, which, I believe, are president, first, second and third vice-presidents and a secretary-treasurer, who is Mr. Madison."

Here again there is an unnecessary solicitude about the club's officers and the club's affairs.

It seems to be going along quite pleasantly, nevertheless. In respect to what Mr. Adams said, as in many other things, Mr. Avent is mistaken.

In a letter to me, under date of April 13, Mr. Adams says:

"LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 13, 1895.

"*Mr. P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.:*

"DEAR SIR—I have been intending for some time to write you, but have not been well part of the time, the other part have been quite busy; but since Avent's article in the last *Field*, headed 'United States Field Trial Club Affairs,' I can wait no longer. If Avent wanted to tell the public what I told him, why did he not tell all? I told him at the meeting of the Continental Field Trial Club, held at Chicago, Ill. (or, at least, the organization of the club), you stated the Continental Club wanted to work in harmony with all other clubs, when there was a resolution to have a trial in Kentucky, Indiana or Illinois the first week in November, 1895. I then stated I was a member of the U. S. Club, also of the Continental Club, and that I knew the U. S. F. T. Club had arranged to hold a trial at Carlisle, Ind., commencing Nov. 4, 1895. The resolution was then referred back to the Executive Committee to arrange, so as not to conflict in dates. This was just what I told him and others—nothing more and nothing less; but from the way he puts it, some might think I was not in sympathy with the Continental Club or its officers, which would not be true. I think there is room for both clubs, but Avent's article will do the U. S. F. T. Club no good, but may do harm. Avent and some others think the U. S. Club ought to hold three trials. I am very much opposed to this. I can see no reason why both clubs cannot give good trials, and I hope they will. As soon as you get your printed matter out, please send me some. I am not pleased with the article of Avent. I don't think it ought to have been written, but will say no more in regard to it for the present. Yours very truly,

"J. L. ADAMS."

This ought to dispose of Mr. Avent's charge. Still, he may find other bugaboos which will serve to keep his name in print. He adds:

"The Continental Club has from Aug. 15 to Nov. 6, from about Nov. 25 to about Jan. 25, from Feb. 10 to April 1; just look at the time they have in which to hold trials that will not conflict with any other club."

For this, many thanks. But is not the same free to the U. S. Club? The Continental is tied to certain dates for the reason that it is pledged to run in conjunction with the Eastern. I would kindly call Mr. Avent's attention to the fact that it, therefore, has not the dates he so unselfishly commends. Again, I think the club is beholden to him. If it does not succeed, it will not be for a dearth of advice. He proceeds:

"Is it not a fact that from Nov. 25 to Jan. 20 are the very best two months in the fall for holding trials on quail in North Carolina? Is it not a fact that from Feb. 10 to April 1 is the very best time to hold spring trials? Every practical sportsman in America knows that. Then why is it that the Continental Club should come in with its first quail trials and take the very grounds that the U. S. Club expected to use, and conflict dates with the U. S. Club when the U. S. Club had claimed these dates and published them before any Continental Club was even formed? It is to be hoped that the many members are not responsible for movements to kill the U. S. Club, which has many of the best and most practical sportsmen in America in it, with others joining every day. I feel confident that this is the work of three individuals who showed the spirit, big as a mountain, in the U. S. Club to rule or ruin it."

As I said before, no one could possibly know what grounds the U. S. Club intend to use. The Continental Club did not take any grounds on which the U. S. Club had any claim whatever. It uses the grounds at Newton, N. C., by permission of the Eastern Club. There was no intention to kill any club by so doing. There is no reason to put any such construction on its acts. There is no one who will believe that the U. S. Club is seriously killed.

"Now for the good of field trials there is plenty of time to prevent any conflict of dates, and I hope the members of the Continental Club will see this bad spirit to ruin the U. S. Club cropping out, and will come to the front and work harmoniously with the U. S. Club and all other clubs. They and all other clubs will prosper by it. I have letters from such sportsmen from the East as Mr. F. R. Hitchcock and Edward Dexter, saying the U. S Club should come to North Carolina and they will do all in their power to make the club's trials a success."

I know of no reason why the U. S. Club should not go to North Carolina. It strikes me that Mr. Avent is blind to the fact that there are plenty of dates left, and not a few to choose from which the U. S. Club has already claimed. He says:

"The 28th day of November has been publicly announced (before the Continental Club was formed) for the U. S. Club to commence its trials at Newton, N. C., or near there, and the public can rest assured that Mr. Madison's letter will not bluff the U. S. Club out of commencing its trials on that date. The committee on grounds is now arranging for other grounds just as good as Newton and somewhere near Newton or at Lexington, N. C."

This is quoted simply so the public will know its own standing in the matter. He says:

"The governing committee of the U. S. Club is not trying to work against any club. It does and will manage its business on a fair and square, businesslike and sportsmanlike plan; with no one man to rule the club. If any such movement of any individual is discovered the public will see very quickly that the committee and governors will be put in to check all such movements, let the saddle fit whom it may."

Would it not be well to give the secretary of the U. S. Club a chance to say something? Also the board of governors? Also the other club members? I have nothing to say about the manner of that club's business methods. I wish it success. It can go on claiming all the dates and grounds it desires. Mr. Avent can hurl forth his innuendoes and vague charges and fulsome praises, keeping himself before the public as much as he can; but this is all the notice which will be taken of him by me.

The earnest desire of the U. S. Club to have no one individual run it is exemplified by Mr. Avent. Still, if all the members were equally as active in writing and talking, privately and publicly, what an active club it would be!

The committee on judges have from him their instructions as follows:

"The committee on judge will select the most competent and thorough gentleman-sportsman that can be had to judge the U. S. trials, and the public can rest assured that every dog entered will have a fair, square and thorough test."

This is good news, for otherwise the committee might not know just what to do. I am afraid Mr. Avent has been remiss in authority in not having assured this before. Inasmuch as Mr. Avent speaks authoritatively for the committee on judges, for the board of governers, for the officers, for the members, what is the use of the club? Why not have it the committee of J. M. Avent, the board of J. M. Avent, the members of J. M. Avent; in short, J. M. Avent?

P. T. MADISON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B., St. Johnsbury, Vt.—My fox-terrier bitch is thin in flesh and seems to be losing vitality. Her appetite is good and at times voracious. She has every symptom of worms. She also has some form of skin disease which attacks her forefeet, nose and ear flap. The skin is red and rough. Ans. Treat for worms. Apply the following ointment to the affected parts twice daily: Precipitated sulphur, 4drs.; oil of cades, 2drs.; green soap, 2drs.; prepared chalk, 4drs.; lard, 2½oz. Mix together.

"Forest and Stream" Fan Pedigree Blank.

FOR some time past breeders of dogs have demanded a pedigree form that would afford spaces for a more extended pedigree than those hitherto published. The difficulty has been in arranging a form that, while admitting the required extension, would be compact and not too large for mailing. This difficulty has been solved in the "FOREST AND STREAM Fan Pedigree Blank" which is so arranged that a dog's pedigree can be recorded for eight generations, and the spaces radiating from a center, the reader is enabled to trace at a glance the different strains which lead from sire and dam. Spaces are also provided for recording the name of dog, its breed, color, sex, breeder and address, dates of birth and purchase, from whom purchased, E. K. C. and A. K. C. Stud Book numbers and certification. These blanks are for sale at $2 per hundred, 30 cents per dozen, by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

MAY.

3. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
4. San Francisco opening, San Francisco Bay.
5. San Francisco open race, San Francisco Bay.
11. Pacific opening, San Francisco Bay.
11-12. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
18. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
18. Huguenot, cat-boat class, New Rochelle, Sound.
18-19. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island.
24. Royal St. Lawrence, opening and squadron sail, Montreal.
25. New Rochelle special, cabin cats, New Rochelle, Sound.
25-26. San Francisco cruise to Goat Island.
26. California annual regatta, San Francisco Bay.
26. Williamsburg opening sail, Sound.
30. Atlantic opening race, New York Bay.
30. Harlem annual, Sound.
30. Brooklyn opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Audubon annual, Hudson River.
30. Cor., San Francisco race, San Francisco Bay.
30. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
30. New Jersey annual, Hoboken, New York Bay.
30. Fall River open, Fall River, Mount Hope Bay.
30. South Boston open, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
30. Plymouth opening, Plymouth.
30. Southwork annual, Philadelphia, Delaware River.

JUNE.

1. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht classes, Montreal.
1. Cor., Atlantic City record race, Atlantic City.
1. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
1-2. San Francisco cruise to Vallejo, San Francisco Bay.
8. Knickerbocker annual, College Point, Sound.
8. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
8. Huguenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.
8. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Cascade Rapids, Montreal.
11. Atlantic annual, New York Bay.
11. Williamsburg Club, Sound.
13. New York annual, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
15. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht classes, Montreal.
15-16. San Francisco cruise to St. Quentin, San Francisco Bay.
15. Larchmont spring regatta, Sound.
15. Philadelphia annual, Tinicum-Delaware River.
17. Massachusetts open, Nahant-Massachusetts Bay.
17. Cor., Atlantic City special cup, first race, Atlantic City.
22. Yankee Doodle—Norwood race, Hudson River.
22. Douglaston annual, Douglaston Sound.
22. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
22. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
22-23. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
23. California regatta, San Francisco Bay.
24. Seawanhaka Cor. annual, Oyster Bay, Sound.
24. Pavonia annual, Communipaw, New York Bay.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor. annual race to New London, Sound.
29. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
29. Yankee Doodle, Vamoose, Rex. race, Sound.
29-30. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
29. New Rochelle annual, New Rochelle, Sound.

JULY.

1. Royal St. Lawrence fourth annual, Sir Donald A. Smith Cup, Montreal.
1. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
1. Indian Harbor special, Greenwich, Sound.
3. Seawanhaka Cor. race to Larchmont, Oyster Bay, Sound.
4. Larchmont annual, Larchmont, Sound.
4. Boston City open, Boston Harbor.
4. Lake Michigan Y. R. A. annual, Milwaukee.
4. Cor. Marblehead Club, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
4. Northwestern International Y. R. A. race, Seattle, Puget's Sound.
4-7. San Francisco cruise, up river, San Francisco.
5. American annual, Milton Point, Sound.
6. Royal St. Lawrence Commodore s Cup, Montreal.
6. Riverside annual, Sound.
8. Seawanhaka Cor. special, Oyster Bay, Sound.
9. Horseshoe Harbor special, Larchmont, Sound.
10. Huguenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.
11. New York Athletic Club annual, Travers' Island, Sound.
12. Larchmont, 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
Larchmont-Atlantic combined annual cruise.
12. Rendezvous at Larchmont.
13. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Beauharnois, Montreal.
13. Cor., Marblehead first champion, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
13. Hempstead Harbor annual, Sound.
14. San Francisco open race, San Francisco Bay.
15. Savin Hill open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
15. Riverside annual cruise, Sound.
17. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, second race, Atlantic City.
17. Cor., Marblehead cruising and knock-about classes, Marblehead.
20. Sea Cliff annual, Sound.
20. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
20-21. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
21. Cor., San Francisco regatta, San Francisco.
27. Indian Harbor annual, Greenwich, Sound.
27. Quincy, Quincy Point, Boston Harbor.
27. Cor., Marblehead, second champion, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
27. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht class, Montreal.
2. San Francisco club sail, San Francisco Bay.
27. San Francisco outside sail, San Francisco Bay.
Sea. Cor., Atlantic City annual, Atlantic City.
New York Y. C. annual cruise rendezvous and race, Glen Cove.
July 29. Rendezvous and race, Glen Cove, Sound.
* July 30. First run, Sound.
* July 31. Second run, Sound.
* Aug. 1. Third run to Newport.
* Aug. 2. Goelet Cups, Newport.
* Aug. 4. Fourth run to Vineyard Haven.
* Aug. 5. At anchor, Vineyard Haven.
* Aug. 6.
* Aug. 7.
Aug. Special races at Newport.

AUGUST.

Lake Michigan Y. R. A.
2. Lincoln Park, Chicago.
3. Coloumbia, Chicago.
7. Racine, Racine.
15. Green Bay, Green Bay.
3. Monatiquot open, Boston Harbor.
3. Shelter Island annual, Greenport, Shelter Island, Sound.
3. Larchmont, 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
3-4. San Francisco chowder cruise to Pinnacle Rock, San Francisco.
13. American open, Newburyport.
14-15-16. Cor., Marblehead mid-summer series, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
15. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, third race.
10. American special, Milton Point, Sound.
10. Winthrop open, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
10-11. San Francisco cruise to California Y. C., San Francisco Bay.
15. Sea Cliff special, Sound.
17. Huguenot annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
17. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
17. Roton Point Imp. Co. annual, Roton Point, Sound.
17. Cor. open, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
17-18. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
17. Royal St. Lawrence Hamilton trophy, 18ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
19. Manchester open, Manchester, Mass.
24. Norwalk, Norwalk, Sound.
24. Squantum open, Squantum, Mass.
24. Horseshoe Harbor annual, Larchmont, Sound.
24. Cor., Marblehead third champion, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
25. San Francisco open regatta, San Francisco Bay.
29. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, fourth race, Atlantic City.
30. American special, Milton Point, Sound.
31. San Francisco cruise to Benicia, San Francisco Bay.
31. Larchmont, 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
31. Huntington annual, Huntington, Sound.
America's Cup trial races, New York Bay.

The prize of $100 in the *Herald's* name competition has been paid to the person first suggesting the name selected by the syndicate, by the way, a six-year-old child. The comments we have heard on the selection are by no means favorable, and the opinion is freely expressed that the owners of the yacht have avoided the trouble of a critical examination of the list of suggested names by taking the first commonplace term that suggested itself. As the yacht will not be launched for six weeks or longer, there is still time to remedy the mistake, and to give her a name that is more definite and distinctive in connection with a yacht which, whether successful or otherwise, is certain to become historical. If no better name can be found, there is the one which we mentioned some time since—Gimcrack; that of a historical craft, intimately associated with the New York Y. C., whose first meeting took place in her cabin; and commemorative of those two good yachtsmen, Com. John C. Stevens and his brother, who brought to this country what has since been known as the America's Cup.

Among the "important, if true," news of the week is a rumor that the Prince of Wales proposes to visit the United States this fall to witness the international races, and another to the effect that Ailsa will accompany Valkyrie III. to this country, with a view to the chosing of the faster of the two as a challenger after trials here. Should the Prince decide to cross the Atlantic, which is, at the least, very doubtful, he could be sure of a hearty welcome, and of seeing some good racing. The idea of sending more than one boat over and of sailing trial races on this side was first suggested by the Forest and Stream some months back, and its merits are self evident. Whether the New York Y. C. would be willing to accord the privilege of substituting Ailsa for Valkyrie III. is yet uncertain; under any reasonable construction of the new deed the defending club has no right whatever to allow such a substitution, but as matters now stand, the New York Y. C. has decided that the new deed means only what the club deems proper at any given time, so this question need not be discussed.

Whether the club will vote, later on, to allow the selection of another yacht than that owned by Lord Dunraven and specifically named by him in the original challenge, is still a matter of doubt. If Cup racing is to be a test of actual superiority, then the challenger should be allowed the same privilege as the defender, of choosing the best of several yachts after trial; to make this a permanent feature of the Cup contests, however, some change of the conditions would be essential. As matters now stand, the club has virtually decided that it has the right to do as it pleases in all details of the racing, and the question is solely whether it is willing to accord the challenger two chances instead of one in the important matter of designing and building.

In any event, even though the challenger be limited to Valkyrie III., it would be a wise thing to send Ailsa over with her, for the purpose of tuning up, and as the home racing will be less keen than usual this year, Britannia and Ailsa being the only large yachts that will make the usual circuit, the Prince's yacht might well come also.

It would make keen work here, and it might not be a bad move for the Royal Yacht Squadron to send over Valkyrie III., Britannia and Ailsa in time for the New York Y. C. cruise in August, or for a series of trial races in the latter part of that month, for the selection of a challenger, or at least for the proper working up of Valkyrie III. after the ocean trip. The ocean ferry is now such a trifling obstacle that many British yachtsmen would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing the triple series of British and American trial races and the final contest; a yachting carnival such as has never been attempted. We hope that the Prince will come, and that Britannia and Ailsa may accompany him.

While the idea of manning the defending yacht with an American-born crew is likely to have no practical result in leading to the general employment of American seamen in place of Scandinavians, the idea is one that appeals to Americans as particularly appropriate under the circumstances. At the same time we confess to a feeling of sympathy for the Neilsens, Jansens, Hansens, Petersens and Andersens, who are sitting idly on the stringpiece waiting for a berth afloat. These men, though some of them were, it is true, guilty of the crime of being beaten last year in Vigilant, have been the backbone of the yacht fleet for many years, and on the whole they have done their work well. As a class, they have proved themselves honest, temperate, capable and willing; they pulled and hauled on Mischief, Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, and above all, on Vigilant in 1893; and until the latter vessel was defeated in 1894, no complaint was made against them. That they should now feel that they have not been treated quite fairly, is most natural.

That petting and patting on the back which they once enjoyed at the hands of the press has been transferred to the men from Deer Island, and to an extent that is likely to make the experiment of Mr. Iselin of little value. From all appearances, the Maine fishermen are good representatives of the best class of American seamen; but they must be more than human if their heads are not enlarged by the undue attention paid them by some newspapers. If their work were done, and they had saved the Cup, there would be some excuse for the publication of their portraits and biographies; but as it has not yet begun, as they have yet to learn how to set a spinaker or muzzle a balloon jibtopsail, this newspaper notoriety is calculated only to defeat its own end.

As far as our observation goes, one element of strength in the British crews, such as those of Genesta, Thistle and Valkyrie II., lies in the fact that each crew is to a certain extent a clan or even a family, made up of men from the same locality, who have grown up together in fishing boats or yachts, the captain, such as Barr or Carter or Cranfield, being looked up to as the head of the clan. As the captain goes from one yacht to another, the mates and crew go with him as a matter of course, the organization being maintained and strengthened from year to year. With the Scandinavian crews of American yachts, whether skippered by men of their own nation or by Americans, the conditions are by no means the same; the leading yachts are manned by men who are well known as skillful and competent, the pick of them going into the Cup defenders when occasion arises. They are more or less acquainted with each other and used to working together and probably all are personally known to the captain, but at the same time there is not the same *esprit du corps* which exists among the Colne men of Genesta, Britannia and Valkyrie, the South Coast men of Galatea or the Clyde men of the Thistle. Judging from the experience abroad, a crew of American sailors picked from one locality and commanded by a skipper who was essentially one of them, could be made to do even better work than the usual Scandinavian crew; but to this end it is essential that the men shall have been drilled together for many successive seasons; and that the racing in the larger classes shall be permanent, rather than intermittent and irregular. In the meanwhile, we are not yet in a position to turn our backs entirely on the ruddy, blond-bearded sailormen of the North Sea and the Baltic.

The report is current that the first race of the new Cup defender will be that of the Larchmont Y. C. regatta of July 4, Mr. Iselin having promised to start her provided a course is laid out with a depth of at least 20ft. over all parts. The Larchmont Y. C. will offer a special prize of $500.

Vigilant and her captain, Charles Barr, have both distinguished themselves by a fast passage from Southampton, just under 18 days. Though four days longer than the eastward trip last year, it is a very good passage.

LONG ISLAND SOUND IN APRIL.

S. and I left New York on the night of April 5 on the Maine of the Stonington Line bound for the village of Noank, where we were to get a catboat, built there the past winter, and which we were to sail to Sewaren, N. J. We were up bright and early Saturday morning and were much disappointed to find no wind and every appearance of rain. We arrived in Noank about 7 o'clock and were surprised to find the Fury was not yet launched, and were much perturbed in spirit for fear we would spend a good part of our time on the trip home pumping her out, but the builder assured us his boats seldom leaked when new and we were pleased to find he told the truth this time.

The Fury is a cabin cat 24ft. over all, 20ft. w. l., with 10ft. beam, of a modified Cape Cod design. After we had satisfied ourselves that she was as true to her lines as it is possible to build, preparations were made for the launch. She was resting with ballast in and all rigged in a cradle on a plank way about 100ft. from the water and fully 10ft. above it. After the planks were smeared with hot grease we set her going by means of long levers, and the way she travelled when she struck the hot grease was a caution. I believe her momentum would have carried her pretty close to Ram Island if they had not provided a long rope to stop her. We had to wait until 11 o'clock before there was a sign of a breeze, but it finally came in from the east, which was what we wanted, though it was very light. We started with the best wishes of the builder and numerous small boys for a quick and speedy passage.

We were abreast of New London by 1 o'clock, and the Sound hereabouts was full of ducks of all kinds, which were very wild, though we managed to pick up one or two that passed us at long range. The wind increased a little, bringing with it the rain, so we got out our oilskins and prepared for wet weather. After disposing of a good supper at 5 o'clock, prepared under way on our little oil stove, and an extra ration of grog to keep off chills, we felt so well we decided to sail a part of the night, trying to make New Haven. The wind had increased materially, though we were still carrying full sail, as we were most anxious to get home; for the women will worry when the men are out in inclement weather, particularly so early in the season.

We were well up to Falkner's Island by 7 o'clock, and as it was going to be a thick night on account of the rain and the wind was now blowing fresh, we tucked in four reefs and got out our side lights and binnacle. The rain made it impossible to see lighthouses much over five miles, and as my companion S., though a handy man in a boat in the daytime, was unused to a compass course at night, I told him to turn in and I stood watch and did the sailing. By 11 o'clock we had picked up the lights off New Haven, and as we were making such good progress and our little boat behaving so nicely, I decided not to call S., but keep on. Every few minutes we started up bunches of ducks off the Thimble Islands, which would rise with the peculiar cackle they make when disturbed at night. Daybreak Sunday morning found us within five miles of the Norwalk Islands, and as my eyes were a bit played out I called S. to take a hand, while I turned in for a nap and a change of warm clothes. I had just dropped off when I was called by S., and on going on deck found the wind had increased with the daylight and was blowing very hard and a heavy sea running, so we decided to put in for a little rest and a hot breakfast. We were about a mile to the westward of Sheffield Island, so ran into a little cove made by the rocks on either side of Roton Point bathing beach. When anchored and our sail down, we found we headed up to the wind, but were rolled a good deal by a counter swell which came around the end of Sheffield Island about a mile dead to windward. As it was impossible to cook and sleeping was uncomfortable, we decided to try to beat our way up behind Sheffield Island and anchor inside a fleet of coasters and tows that were waiting there to go East.

From the way the wind whistled through the rigging we knew it would be a hard sail for such a small craft, and put in our last reef, the fifth. We were delighted to find our boat worked to windward beautifully with this reduced sail, and received some quite complimentary remarks from the coasters, as we weathered them, on the way she handled. When we arrived at the desired spot about 7 o'clock and had our anchor down and everything snug, we went below and had a good breakfast and turned in for a much needed nap on my part. We were up again by 11 o'clock, and after a hot dinner of soup, beans and pressed chicken, we decided to try our luck again outside if the Fury would stand it, for it was blowing just as hard and the sea heavier. After shortening in on our cable and putting our close-reefed sail on her we tried to pick up our anchor, and found a fluke was fast under one of the rocks, which are numerous hereabouts, and thought we were going to lose it, but finally succeeded in dislodging it. We were well under way by 1 o'clock, and stood out from the lee of Sheffield Island to see how our boat would act in the heavy sea and wind. She behaved so nicely and rode so easily over the white-capped waves we thought the best thing we could do would be to take the seas on the quarter and stand over to the Long Island shore, where we would have a little lee from the due easter. We found it necessary to top up our boom pretty well, and to trim it in so as to keep it out of the water when one of the larger waves would lift our counter.

It was the finest run of my life, and the boat did her work like a man, crossing the Sound in this rough water without taking aboard a drop. We started up several large flocks of geese near the middle of the Sound, but we were too busy watching our boat to try them with our gun, though we were within range of one flock when they rose with their mournful *honk*. Half-past two found us under the lee of Lloyd's Neck and glad to get there. I have since learned from Mr. Dunn that the wind was blowing then about twenty-eight miles an hour, and those that sail the Sound will know this was a creditable performance for a 20ft. water line cat in the heavy sea and hard winds that blow at this season of the year. The balance of the run was an easy matter keeping along the Long Island shore, and when we rounded Fort Schuyler about 7 o'clock we were surprised to find by actual count over 60 coal barges and tows anchored there waiting for the heavy sea to go down, which possibly accounted for the few vessels we saw outside. We were at Hell Gate by 8 o'clock with a lightening wind and high slack water. We shook out our reefs and prepared for the passage of this 8 miles of water, which is a terror to all small yachtsmen. Everything went smoothly and we were soon hurrying along on the first of the ebb, and thought for once we were to have a smooth passage, but as usual were sadly disappointed.

When just above Brooklyn Bridge the wind flattened out entirely and a fog settled down which set the ferry-boats tooting and the fog bells on slips ringing, and our own fog horn going as well as an oar to keep her head on. It was so thick we could not see the lights on the bridge until we were under it, and those who have tried their luck in these swinging eddies will realize how we felt. We kept close to the Brooklyn side and tried to get the assistance of one or two tugs we passed, but without avail. We passed through Buttermilk Channel without seeing Governor's Island, and when we heard the bell buoy ringing we knew where we were, so let go our anchor, which fortunately held.

A light wind sprang up again from the east about 12 o'clock and the fog lifted enough for us to make out the nearby shore lights. We got out our compass and weighed anchor and in a few minutes were able to see Miss Liberty's torch. We then bore away for Robbins Reef light, which we finally picked up, and rounded and were close to the mouth of the Kills. It did not take us very long from here, and by 4 o'clock Monday morning we were tied up at our dock in Sewaren, having made we think a quick passage of some 150 miles.

Yacht Owners' Limitation of Liability.

The question of the limitation of the liability of yacht owners, as affected by the recent decision of the Court of Appeals in the Valkyrie-Satanita case, is thus discussed at length by the *Field:*

Every British racing yachtsman has by this time probably "buried the hatchet" as to the maneuvering rights and wrongs of the great collision case between the Valkyrie and the Satanita. The questions of negligent navigation were never tried on the one side or the other. It was pleaded in defense by the Satanita that "she was hampered by the navigation of a small sailing boat as she approached the Valkyrie, and failed or was unable to keep clear of the Valkyrie; but this possible ground of defense and fair ground for counterclaim, in that the Valkyrie should have seen the hampering, if it took place, and should have anticipated its result upon the action of the Satanita, and should, therefore, in the special circumstances, have maneuvered to give way in time, even though on the starboard tack, was neither pleaded nor fought out; but the case came into the Admiralty Court solely as a claim by Satanita's owner for limitation of liability under the Merchant Shipping Act, which limits the amount recoverable to £8 per ton of the wrongdoer who, for the purposes of such limitation, admits liability.

The Valkyrie, on the other hand, opposed such limitation action, on the ground that rules 24 and 32 of the Y. R. A., under which the yachts were sailing, and rule 5, under which the respective owners entered for the race, created a contract between them, whereby they became liable for all damages, and that they had thereby contracted out of the Merchant Shipping Act.

The Court of Admiralty held that the contract, such as it was, did not contemplate putting the parties out of the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act, and in that the owner of the Satanita was not personally in fault or privy to the negligence causing the collision, gave judgment limiting the damages to £8 per ton of the Satanita.

The Court of Appeal has now reversed that judgment, and has decided that yachts racing under the then existing Y. R. A. rules became liable for all damages resulting from a collision in such race. The Master of the Rolls, in giving the judgment of the Court of Appeal, made it perfectly clear that the unlimited liability was confined to those yachts which were racing at that regatta; that the liability did not extend to valuables taken on board—such, for instance, as the owner's wife's jewels—and that other yachts under the racing contract "would be bound by the ordinary rules of navigation," *i. e.*, the Merchant Shipping Act.

The Master of the Rolls went on to say that, "in his opinion, the limitation of liability under the Merchant Shipping Act was superseded by the rules of the committee (meaning the Y. R. A.). The yachts were to be steered and sailed by the owners or some amateur friends, and therefore the competing yacht owners would lose the security that they would have if the yachts were to be steered and sailed by a competent certificated master. In these circumstances it was only reasonable that a contract should be entered into between the yacht owners, that if any damage was caused by a breach of sailing rules the owner of the offending yacht should pay all damages. In this case the yacht that was sunk was a most valuable one, and was probably the best yacht in the kingdom, and it might have been sunk by one of the smallest yachts taking part in the regatta; and in that case, according to the contention of the owner of the Satanita, Lord Dunraven would only have been entitled to recover some very small damages. These were the reasons which, no doubt, led to the framing of these rules, and they formed a most reasonable protection to gentlemen who would have a little gamble in the form of yacht racing. He thought they were good and proper rules."

That, shortly, may be taken to be that the rules are "good and proper" if the conditions above given are correctly stated. But there are some points in the judgment above quoted relating to those conditions which are known to most racing yacht owners, but may not be obvious to the general public of yachtsmen. The rules of the committee (that is, the Mudhook Yacht Club) do not in any way affect the Y. R. A. rules; the contract, if any, is formed only by and under the Y. R. A. rules. The fact that an amateur was to steer is no part of, and has no effect upon, the Y. R. A. rules, which then formed the same contract in any and all races. There was no loss of security by the fact that the club rules of that particular club required an amateur to steer instead of a "competent certificated master," because under no existing rules—club, Y. R. A., or Board of Trade—is a certificated master required to be on board a yacht. Of the further allegations of the judgment, that the rules, as then standing, "were good and proper rules," "that the most valuable yacht might have been sunk by one of the smallest yachts taking part in the regatta, and that in that case Lord Dunraven would only have been entitled to recover, according to the contention of the defendants (by and under the statute law), some very small damages," the probability is that, in framing the rules, the Y. R. A. did not clearly see that there should be no opening left whereby their rules should be construed to say that "though the law is that where, say, a small tug sinks an Atlantic liner by negligent navigation, she may limit her liability to £8 per ton of her tonnage, you, a small yacht, sailing at your own election under the Yacht Racing Association rules, and doing damage to your Atlantic liner—that is, "the most valuable yacht"—ought not to be allowed the commercial man's benefit of the law of the land, nor may your underwriters enjoy their contemplated legal rights of the limits conferred by statute.

We will consider this unbalanceable point further presently. Here it, by the judgment, assumes that there are two distinct principles of law applicable to vessels afloat maneuvering, the sole question being, "Are they gambling for a little prize, or gambling for a little freight?"

Whether this judgment of the Court of Appeal is sound or not we do not here question, but if it is not challenged by a further appeal to the House of Lords, or is not reversed on such an appeal (final), a very serious question—indeed, a very complicated question—is placed before yachtsmen as to their liability in cases of damage in collision whilst racing.

As an instance of complication, and one which does not appear to have been brought to the notice of the courts, take the very case before us under the light of the judgment. Assume that the question of negligent navigation has been fought out, and that the small sailing yacht, which was not racing, had been joined as a defendant and been proved to have broken the rule of the road, and so caused Satanita, without negligence on her part, to sink the Valkyrie. The small yacht (say of 15 tons, for the purposes of this view of a public case) is under the act, and is entitled to claim limitation of liability at £8 per ton—viz., £120. If, however, both the small yacht and the Satanita had been found in fault, Valkyrie would get only £60 from the small yacht, but Satanita would have to pay half of the whole loss. Whereas, the Satanita's liability is unlimited. Or, on another view, Y. R. A. rule 32 makes the whole of the rules apply to "all yachts racing, whether in the same or different races." Could it be held that the owner of a 20-tonner, aware of the Satanita judgment, and therefore carefully insured up to, or contemplating no more liability than the top value of a yacht in the class he has elected to race in, viz., a 20-tonner; and who, at the time of entry, cannot know whether the uncertain chances of racing or the unknown or unalterable orderings of the Club Sailing Committee may not force him into close company with the "big cutters" of a different race; can it be held that he has voluntarily con-

tracted with any or all possible entrants in the other races to pay unlimited damages, should he come into collision and be found to blame? It may be said, on the other hand, that if the big craft sinks him he may get his loss completely paid up; but in like manner he, the 20, may sink a 0.5-rater and not feel much hurt on paying up £100, whereas if the 0.5 sank the 20 and was called upon to pay £2,000, in eight cases out of ten it would be ruin to the small owner.

Whether such obligations were ever seriously contemplated by those who framed the Y. R. A. rules is doubtful, but there they stand at present, under and confirmed by a judgment; and it is a serious question for racing yacht owners to consider whether it is a better policy to pay heavy insurance premiums and run the risk of further heavy claims where the amount insured does not cover, or, on the other hand, to so clearly alter the conditions of racing that all matters connected with the sport shall be under the ordinary laws applicable to collisions or losses at sea.

Without going back into dark ages to examine the code of Oleron—the chief source of English maritime law—or to the Roman and mediæval codes, it will be sufficient to point out that the Roman and mediæval codes required the wrongdoers in collisions to make full compensation for damage or loss. Limitation of liability came in by degrees, and for about two centuries the almost universal law of continental countries has been a limitation to extent of the value of the wrongdoing ship and her freight; but such limit was not, till George III.'s time, recognized by the English courts.

In about 1625 limitation of the liability of shipowners came in as to British ships on the ground of public policy, and as necessary for the encouragement of shipping; but not in any marked or effectual way until about 1734, and in the reign of George III. an act was passed "that it was expedient to encourage the owning of British ships," and for such end limited the owners' liability in collision to the value of the ship and freight. In 17 and 18 Victoria, 104, the same limit was carried on as to damages recoverable in respect of loss of life or injury, and placed the value at £15 per ton of the wrongdoing ship. Difficulties were found in working these enactments, and in the result the act (25 and 26 Victoria, c. 63, s. 54) was passed, and is continued by the act of last year, placing the limit at £15 where there was loss of life, and at £8 per ton otherwise. There is, of course, no longer in these days the same ground for passing acts of Parliament as in 1625; but the present state of shipping, the risks of the seas, and questions of freight earning and of insurance have not caused the Legislature to, as yet, find fault with the statutory limitation of liability.

There is a further question of great importance to all yacht owners, whether they race or cruise, and which was tried to a certain extent in the Valkyrie-Satanita case. The act which gives the limitation of liability does so upon a term which is extremely hard upon yacht owners and upon the large class of coaster owners who command their own vessels, and it is a subject which demands serious consideration and amendment by the Legislature. The objectionable term is in section 54: "The owner of any ship, whether British or foreign, shall not in cases where all or any of the following events *occur without their actual fault or privity*, that is to say * * *" etc. So that the benefit of limitation given by the act to the owner who remains ashore, or who is too ignorant of seamanship to be found in "fault or privy" to the collision, is denied to the expert owner who takes charge of his own craft, even though he be a Board of Trade certificated master mariner or a naval officer; and yet, so far as acts of Parliament at present go, an owner may place his gardener on board as captain, and if such gardener has told his master that he knows how to command the craft it would be difficult to satisfy a court that the owner was actually in fault by such appointment for a subsequent collision at sea.

The present certificate as master issued by the Board of Trade confers no benefit or exemption upon a yacht owner, but undoubtedly had Mr. Clark held such certificate of competency he, being on deck before and at the collision, could not have obtained the limitation of liability in any event, and the question of Y. R. A. rules forming a contract would have dropped. It would be a politic and practical amendment of the law that the certificate of competency as master granted by the Board of Trade should carry with it, in the case of owners, the benefit of limitation of liability—that is, exemption from the clause as to "fault or privity."

One further point of vital import to the owners of small yachts—whether steamer or sailer, in racing or in cruising, and which of course the present case did not touch, because the "small boat" was not brought in—is that, as yachts under 15 tons registered tonnage are not required to be registered and are not registered, it is highly probable that they cannot limit their liability under the act. It has been held that a new ship which had a collision while being launched, and at the time was of course not a registered ship, could not limit her liability by the act, and was held liable for the whole damage.

On the whole, the Satanita case may be taken to show that the old proverb, "ignorance is bliss," may, in ordinary yachting, be converted into "absence of nautical knowledge" in a yacht owner is profitable under the Merchant Shipping Act. But in racing it matters not; your liability is by "contract" unlimited.

The Yacht Racing Association had, before the appeal judgment above given, and while yet under the favorable decision of the Admiralty Court, considered that rules 24 and 32 were liable to raise grave difficulties in cases of heavy damage, and had amended the rules by altering the wording to "liable for such damages as are by law recoverable;" but it is a moot point whether or not the whole question does not require further consideration.

The Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Union.

AS ALREADY noted, the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound was formally organized by the vote of the delegates present from the various Sound clubs at the meeting of April 15. As only a minority of the delegates had been formally authorized by their clubs to act for them, a number of the clubs having held no meetings since the matter had taken final shape, the organization was made in a very general way, it being decided to form a union, under the name given above, composed of those clubs whose delegates were empowered to sign for them, the remaining Sound clubs being at liberty to complete their connection with the Union at any time that they might be able to hold a meeting. Pursuant to a resolution, the temporary chairman, Mr. Cromwell, appointed to the council the following yachtsmen: John F. Lovejoy, Frederick E. Barnes, Oscar E. Chellbourg, Stuyvesant Wainwright, Le Grand L. Clark, F. B. Jones. Of these, Mr. Lovejoy declined to serve, on the ground that the Larchmont Y. C. had not yet decided to take representation in the Union, and Mr. E. Burton Hart, was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The first meeting of the council was held at the Seawanhaka-Cor. Y. C. house on April 23, all the members being present, together with Messrs C. T. Pierce, John Hyslop, A. Cass Canfield, J. Frederick Tams and W. P. Stephens, invited by the council. The first business was the election of permanent officers, Mr. Oliver E Cromwell, Seawanhaka-Cor. Y. C., being elected chairman and Mr. F. Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C., secretary. The question of classification was then taken up and very thoroughly discussed, the following being finally adopted:

Yachts shall be classified by racing length, as ascertained by measurement by the "Seawanhaka Rule." With the exception of Class I. of each division, the upper limit of each class shall be that indicated by the name of the class, as follows:

SCHOONERS.

Class 1, all over 95ft.: 95ft. class, 85ft. class, 75ft. class, 65ft. class.

ALL OTHER RIGS.

Class 1, all over 80ft.: 80ft. class, 70ft. class, 60ft. class, 50ft. class 43ft. class, 36ft. class, 30ft. class, 25ft. class, 20ft. class, 15ft. class.

In the matter of allowance of crew, the opinion was unanimous in favor of adopting that of the New York Y. C.; but it was considered best to make a definite allowance of a fixed number of men to each class, rather than to base the allowance on a certain number per unit of racing length. The following allowance was adopted, the figures being the total number of persons allowed on board, including the helmsman:

Schooners.—Class 1, one man to every two feet, or fraction thereof: 95ft. class, 32 men; 85ft. class, 29 men; 75ft. class, 19 men; 65ft. class, 13 men.

Yachts of all other rigs.—Class 1, three men to every five feet, or fraction thereof: 80ft. class, 40 men; 70ft. class, 18 men; 60ft. class, 15 men; 50ft. class, 10 men; 43ft. class, 9 men; 36ft. class, 8 men; 30ft. class, 6 men; 25ft. class, 5 men; 20ft. class, 3 men; 15ft. class, 2 men.

No limits were laid down for the open yachts with shifting ballast.

The matter of allowance was speedily settled by the adoption of the 60 per cent. table of the Larchmont Y. C., as preferable to the 50 per cent. tables used by many other clubs.

The question of starting signals was then discussed, and it was finally decided to adopt the blue peter for the preparatory, with a red ball for the starting signal, and the club burgee for the elapsed time signal; the red ball to be followed by a blue ball and a white ball if necessary to start the fleet in two or three divisions, the starting of the last division in all cases to be marked by the club burgee. The meeting adjourned subject to the call of the chair.

The Cup Defender.

THE latest news from Bristol is to the effect that a number of plates of aluminum bronze, an alloy composed very largely of aluminum, have been received, to be used on the topsides of the new cup defender. These sheets are about $\frac{5}{16}$in. thick, made by the Pittsburgh Reduction Co. The sternpost is at last in place and the frames are set up, but there has been some delay with the deck beams, which have not yet been received. The plating is now well advanced.

Huguenot Y. C. Opening Race.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, April 20.

WITH that commendable energy which has thus far characterized every move of those who have the welfare of the Huguenot Y. C. in hand, that active young organization opened the yacht racing season on the Sound last Saturday. Before the start was made the visitors were shown through the partly-finished house which the Huguenots are building on New Rochelle Harbor. The house is a cozy, sensible structure. It contains a pretty entry room for the ladies, a comfortable library and quite a large assembly room. In the second story room for storage and the janitor's apartments have found space. There are spacious verandas, a large workroom, sail loft and locker room. The plant, while not expensive, is as comfortable and practical as can be. The landing stage and float is very large.

The races were held off Whortleberry, or Huckleberry Island. E. Burton Hart, chairman of the regatta committee, and Messrs. Embury and Erwicker had the race in charge. The course was a four-sided one, nine miles long, and the start was made with one gun, after the English fashion.

From a starting line off the easterly end of Huckleberry Island, the boats went away to Gangway Bouy, then hugging the Long Island shore they fetched Old Hen Buoy, in Hempstead Harbor; from here they crossed the Sound to red buoy on the southwesterly end of Hen and Chickens Reef, off Larchmont. From here the boats sailed back to the starting line.

Outside of the fact that this was the first regatta of the season, the race was interesting owing to the experiment of trying four-sided courses and the one-gun start.

The result shows several advantages and some disadvantages. The course is all right, it tries the crews, keeps all hands busy and adds zest and interest. The one-gun start was trying, but no complaints were heard, and the maneuvering before the gun called for all the seamanlike qualities the skippers possessed.

The wind was brisk from the southwest and there was a good bit of a sea on when the cats lined up at the preparatory flag at 2:22 P. M. Promptly at 2:27 the starting signal was given, and away went the fleet to Gangway, a close haul. In this work the twenty-year-old Camilla did magnificently, and Burgess' Angora, a 20ft. cat, kept up to windward in wonderful shape.

The one-gun start was a success, and the club will stick to it, and the four-sided course is very well liked.

The result of the regatta was as follows:

CLASS A—CABIN CATS OVER 23FT.

	Start.	Finish.
Camilla, T. R Webber	2 27 45	3 42 00
Kittie, Hazen Morse	2 27 45	3 43 00
CLASS B—CABIN CATS OVER 20FT.		
Sadie, H. G. Dunham	2 27 45	3 55 30
Monson, T. B. Aldrich	2 27 45	4 04 00
OPEN CATS.		
Angora, C. M. Connolly	2 27 45	3 57 00
*Narriogh, Townsend and Badgely	2 27 45	. . . .

*Did not finish.

So the youngest club on the Sound had a very successful regatta, and opened the season in great shape. It will have another regatta on May 20.

Trilby's Big Feat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The latest addition to the Southern Y. C. fleet is Trilby, a movable fin-keel of the Scarecrow type, built by Mr. I. W. Boone, Jr., of New Orleans, La., from designs by Mr. W. P. Stephens. The lines of Scarecrow as published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 27 and Feb. 3, 1894, have proved one of the most popular small-boat designs ever published, and probably fifty of these boats have been built throughout the country. Trilby is one of the handsomest boats ever seen in Southern waters, her jaunty up-to-date outline forming a perfect picture, her under-water surface speaks eloquently of speed, and her workmanship and finish inside and out are of a superior character seldom exceeded in a professionally built boat and rarely approached in an amateur effort. Mr. Boone deserves great credit for this his initial effort in the boat-building line; and his patience, skill and industry, one is glad to say, have met well-merited compliments from all sides. His was no ordinary task as regards a shipyard, as he had none, but went to work to institute a novelty in that line and built his boat on the third floor of a tall brick building. How the boat was to be gotten out of an ordinary-sized window and down to the ground passed the comprehension of the score of enthusiasts who tramped up to watch her development.

To-day Trilby posed suspended in the air high over the heads of an admiring crowd, was landed squarely on her feet on a big cotton float (and there was no Svengali there to hypnotize her, either), and was hauled out to the placid bosom of Lake Ponchartrain without a scratch. Her launching was all a problem of a sling, good blocks and tackle, and willing hands, and an additional purchase from a tall building across the street.

In Trilby Mr. Boone departed slightly from the original dimensions of the design, and has given his boat 4in. more beam, 1in. more freeboard, 6in. more bow sheer, 1in. more stern sheer, and round of deck 7in. instead of 5in. Her principal dimensions are: 18ft. l.w.l., 25ft. over all, extreme beam 5ft. 10in., l.w.l. beam 5ft. 6in., draft without fin 9in., draft with fin 3ft. 6in. The fin is steel, with lead bulb; weight 650lbs.

On the recommendation of Mr. Stephens, in consideration of the increased power of the boat and the generally prevailing light local breezes, Trilby has been given a larger sail spread, with bowsprit (4ft. outboard) and gaff and peak in place of a lug sail. Ex-Com. Thomas Sully designed the sail plan. The mainsail has a hoist of 14ft., the gaff is 13ft. long, boom 23ft., and jibboom 12ft. long. Trilby promises to emulate her famous namesake in being an "all-together" fast young lady.

L. D. S.

Corinthian Y. C.

RECORD RACE.

April 18.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Waters, Absecom Inlet. Course: Start and finish from stakeboat off club house, 4⅛ miles to leeward and return. Flood tide necessitating beat to windward against tide. Distance, 8¼ miles. Weather, clear. Wind, E.N.E., blowing hard (17 miles). Tide flood (strong).

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Whiz, C. S. Reed	2 56 48	4 23 54	1 27 06	1 26 45
Georgie, Geo. Gale	2 57 27	4 25 23	1 27 56	1 27 16
Ivie, E. A. McGuire	2 58 15	4 26 10	1 27 55	1 27 40
Jenny, N. Sooy	2 56 23	4 24 50	1 28 27	1 28 27
Vim, F. Sprow	2 57 52	4 27 37	1 29 46	1 28 57
Vixen, L. Wootton	2 58 46	4 28 29	1 29 43	1 29 09
Douschka, J. T. Andrews	2 57 44	4 28 28	1 30 44	1 30 32
Wasp, Paul Wootton, Jr.	2 58 28	4 29 50	1 31 22	1 30 37
Little J. E. M., H. Wootton	2 59 27	Disabled.		
Corinth, Leonard Alger	3 05 34	Disabled		

Prize winners: Whiz first, Georgie second, Ivie third. All the boats contesting average on the l.w.l. 13ft.

Judges—Fred P. Currie, Paul Wootton, Sr., Chas. W. Gale. Regatta Committee—D. C. Andrews, Geo. Gale, Leonard Alger, Chester Adams and John T. Andrews.

Robert Center.

THE funeral of Mr. Center took place on Friday, April 26, from St. Mark's Church, Second Avenue and 10th St., New York, the services being conducted by the Rev. Richard Cobden, assisted by the Rev. James G. Lewis. The church quartette was present, as well as thirty-five members of the Orpheus Glee Club, of which Mr. Center was a member. A large number of yachtsmen were present, including the officers and standing committees of the New York Yacht Club, and many members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club.

Commodore Benedict arrived in port in the morning, and was present as one of the pall bearers, with Commodore Edward M. Brown, New York Yacht Club, Judge G. Monson, A. Cary Smith, Henry Steers, Wm. E. Iselin, J. Frederick Tams, Oliver E. Cromwell, Leon F. d'Oremieulx, Charles A. Post, Richard Morgan and J. Howard Wainright. The Genesee Valley Hunt Club was represented by Capt. J. W. Martin, U. S. A., and Mr. Herbert Wadsworth.

The inquest was held last week, resulting in the discharge of the driver of the coal cart, who was declared blameless for the accident.

Vigilant.

AT noon on April 29 it was reported in New York that a sailing yacht had been sighted off Fire Island in the morning, supposed to be either Vigilant or Fleur de Lys, and before the news was well over the city the former yacht was off Sandy Hook, passing in about 12:30 p. m.

She sailed from Southampton on April 11, passing the Needles at 5 p. m., her time to Sandy Hook Lightship being 17d. 18h. 25m. She will at once go to the Erie Basin for her new centerboard and racing rig.

Emerald, schr., J. R. Maxwell, has had her mainmast lifted out and recut where it straddles the trunk, there being a twist to it, which it had taken last season.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Unless all signs fail, the establishment of a permanent yacht harbor off the coast of Lincoln Park, at Fullerton avenue, is a conclusion. The members of the Lincoln Park Yacht Club are disposed to furnish a portion of the money whereby their dream may become a reality, and expressed themselves to that effect through the chairman of their harbor committee, John McConnell, before the Lincoln Park Board recently. A delegation comprising this committee submitted plans for the proposed haven to the Lincoln Park Commissioners, and discussed the pros and cons regarding their execution. As the entire Lincoln Park Board was not present no action was taken upon the propositions advanced by the members of the committee. The sympathies of the commissioners present, however, were plainly with the delegation, and it was suggested that one manner of meeting the financial obstacles in the way would be for the club men to accept a concession for the steamboat landing, advance the money for its construction, and be repaid by the steamboat owners, who it is thought will be willing to pay a considerable revenue for the privilege of landing their passengers in a safe harbor at Lincoln Park. This arrangement was merely a suggestion. The plan offered by the yachtsmen was to build a pier eastward from the present breakwater, which extends north and south a short distance from the sanitarium to a distance of 200 feet. At this point the plan showed a southward slant at an angle of about 30 degrees, whence the pier was to proceed to a similar length. As this arrangement would afford an opening between the eastern end of the landing and the present pier of but seventy-five feet, President Crawford suggested an alteration in the original plan which seemed to meet the approval of the clubmen. This was to extend the pier due eastward for a distance of 300 feet and to terminate the structure with a "T" running north fifty feet. By this means an accretion of land north of Fullerton avenue would be accomplished, while under the original arrangement the acquired land would come south. The construction of the pier, exclusive of dredging, would cost at least $5,000 according to President Crawford. The work of deepening the water of the proposed harbor would increase that sum to at least $7,000. This the president said was a very conservative figure, and while it might be possible to accomplish the work within this limit, it was scarcely likely to be the case. The chairman of the harbor committee was not prepared to state what sum the club he represented would be willing to contribute, and President Crawford suggested that the matter be taken under consideration and that the committee return with the information at the next meeting of the Park Board three weeks hence.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The centerboard schooner built for Com. Francis Shunk Brown, Phila. Y. C., from designs by A. Cary Smith, was launched recently at Kirk's yard, Toms River, being christened Helene.

Ex Com. E. D. Morgan, of the New York Y. C., has just returned from England by steamer, having been abroad since he crossed in the steam yacht May early last summer. He will sail in the new Cup defender, of which he is one of the three owners.

Reva, steam yacht, was docked at Tebo's last week, where she will be repaired by Samuel Pine. The whole after part of the yacht was blown out by the explosion, the decks being torn up and the planking of the counter shattered.

Niagara, Mr. Howard Gould's new fin-keel 20-rater, arrived at New York from Bristol on April 28, and was shipped in the Wilson Line steamer Ontario for London on April 30.

The following additional dates are announced by the Yacht Racing Union: May 25, New Rochelle, special for cabin and open cats; June 1, Yale Cor. an., New Haven; July 25, Riverside special; Aug. 3, Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle, an.; Aug. 21, Riverside special.

Oneida, steam yacht, Com. Benedict, Seawanhaka-Cor. Y. C., arrived at New York from a Southern cruise on April 26.

Hermione, steam yacht, designed by G. L. Watson, has been chartered for the season by Robert Goelet.

Sultana, steam yacht, designed by J. Beavor Webb, has been sold by T. L. Park to J. R. Drexel.

Canoeing.

A CANOE CRUISE ON THE POTOMAC.

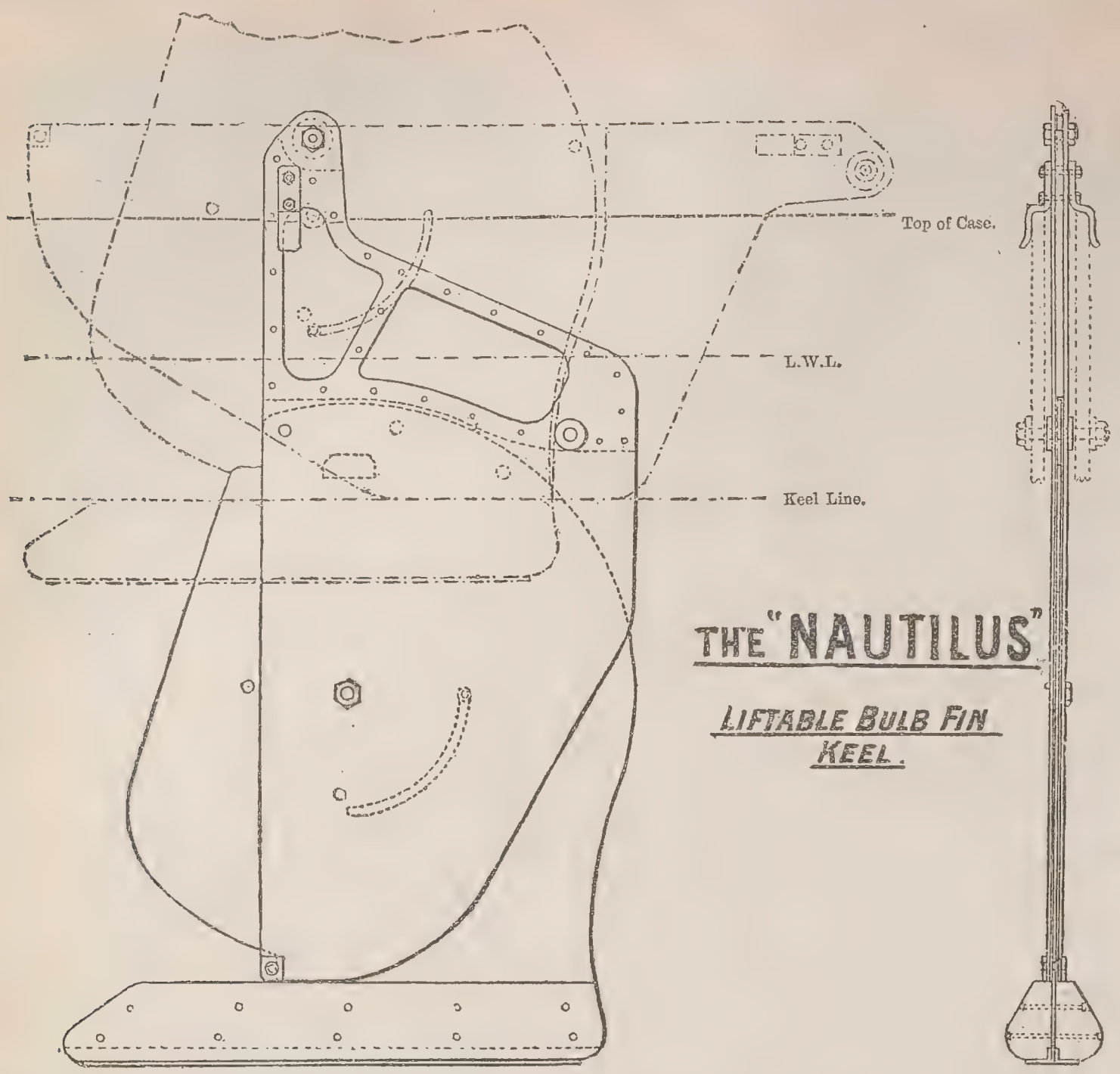
[*Concluded from page 317.*]

RETURNING to Harper's Ferry we reload our camera and make preparations for a climb to the old stone fort situated on the top of South Mountain, just opposite the town. The old army road is the way up, it is something like two miles in length and at places the ascent is rather steep, the road having been unused since the war is in very bad repair, the many rains having made it a sort of a watercourse down the mountain. After a hard climb we reach a clearing about half way up; here there are remains of old earthworks, erected as a protection to the fort above. The only occupant of the works at this day being a very pretty grass snake, we gave him a slight inspection and passed on, allowing him to retain peaceable possession of his fort. About a mile further on we reach a fort of earthwork and stone large enough to hold a considerable garrison, and some distance above this on the very top of the mountain we find the remains of the stone fort, now in a broken down condition.

The view from this eminence is grand; in front lies the valley of the Shenandoah, while to the right and left the Potomac winds its way among the mountains; it is said by the inhabitants of Harper's Ferry (the majority of whom, however, have never raised sufficient ambition to make the ascent) that a distance of twelve miles can be seen from this point on a bright day. The trip down the mountain is not without exertion and causes a feeling of weakness in the knees. One feature of our stop at this place must not be omitted; the lock-keeper, noticing our camera, formed an idea that we were photographing for pecuniary profit, the result, on our return in the evening, we find a number of the people gathered around dressed in their "Sunday clothes" ready to face our instrument.

We gently break the news of our use of the camera, and compromise the situation by taking a photograph of the lock-tender's children. We break camp, push away for a few miles before dark, and are soon in the second part of the rapid, which is somewhat heavier; that is, deeper water and larger waves, but the channel is fairly well defined and furnishes good sport. The entire rapid—that is, from dam above Harper's Ferry to the end—is not less than three miles in length, and should not be attempted by any one unfamiliar with rapid-running. From the foot of this rapid down to Point of Rocks there are many small rifts, which add much to the pleasure of the cruise. At the village just mentioned began a stretch of river running down to Seneca, a distance of about twenty-nine miles, without a rapid or eel rack to break the monotony. The current being fair, it does not prove very tiresome. About twelve miles below Point of Rocks we take the Virginia side around a large island, according to instructions received from fishermen just above, as we desire to visit the battlefield of Ball's Bluff. A small, clear stream, the outlet of a large spring several miles back from the river, empties itself just at the head of this large island. We push our canoes in and enjoy a light lunch.

About a mile below this place we land, and climbing the bluff look for the Government Cemetery, that we may locate the battlefield; but a growth of weeds is all that we find. Noticing on the shore of the island opposite a large scow, we land there, and make a search for the house, which we think must be in the near vicinity. We are rewarded by the sight of a large, level field of fine wheat, with reaping and binding machines in full swing, and numerous farm hands at work in the gathering of the



harvest. We are soon across to the large stone farmhouse. The family are gathered in front, under the shade of a large tree. We are given all the information we could desire regarding the battlefield and cemetery.

Thanking the people for their kind attention to our requests we return to the river, and just as we push our canoes from shore are surprised to see an old gentleman who had conversed with us at the house appear on the scene and request us to accept of his hospitality for the night, offering to go with us in the early morning and show us over the battlefield. Of course, we accepted without hesitation; we shall always have a warm spot in our hearts for that family. In the evening the men came in from the fields and we became acquainted with the old gentleman's sons, who were college graduates, and were turning their education to a very practical use in farming on an extensive scale—the farmer of to-day must be well educated and well read, else he soon becomes a mere laborer and not a prosperous citizen. In the morning we take a photograph of the old gentleman's grandchildren, as bright and happy a pair as one could find in many a mile. Accompanied by several members of the family we visit the battlefield of Ball's Bluff and have the places of interest pointed out by one who was a soldier on this battlefield. The position of the Union forces was indeed unfortunate; with a cliff of more than 100ft. at their backs they had no retreat, and when flanked by the Confederates, their general killed, artillery taken, there was naught to do but surrender or perish, as many did in the attempt to descend the almost perpendicular side of the bluff. Some, reaching the river, overloaded the scow that had brought many of them across the day before, and sank in the river, thus finding a watery grave. A few that could swim succeeded in reaching the island, and a few others escaped by following up the river bank and crossing the river at a ferry some distance above, but the detachment of several hundred was reduced to a few stragglers. We listened attentively to the description so kindly given us by our guide; we retrace our steps down the bluff and bid farewell to our friends of a night; such hospitality as was shown on this occasion is characteristic of the Southerner, and is indeed never to be forgotten by the canoeist.

Our trip down to Seneca was without particular interest save the unusual width of the river, especially the last four miles, where it broadens to the width of perhaps a mile, and resembles a lake to such an extent that one can scarcely persuade himself that he is on a river that in a few miles will be scarcely a hundred feet wide. We arrive at the Seneca Dam, which is of a loose construction, made by collecting the stone from the river and some from the nearby quarry and erecting a dam without the use of mortar.

Near the Virginia side of river we find a channel and dash through the opening. Below we encounter a very formidable rapid of perhaps two miles in length; with a high river the rapid would not be so troublesome, as the majority of rocks would be covered, but we have a low river and do considerable sharp paddling to avoid the many jagged edges, seemingly running right at us. One peculiarity of this rapid is that the rocks almost invariably point up stream and are of brown stone, the larger part of rift rock encountered down to this point having been limestone.

After safely picking our way through we find ourselves on a swift, although rocky, river that soon carries us down to Great Falls. To avoid this cataract it is necessary to go down the canal for about two miles; a telephone message to the main office of the canal company gives us the necessary permission and pass through the seven locks that lie ahead.

Great Falls is not a precipitous drop, as are many cataracts, but a most beautiful combination of the cataract and rapid, the entire fall being a little more than sixty feet, the river flowing through a gorge for about a mile below the main falls. It is a wonder to the writer that some enterprising company does not lease the place and improve it as a summer resort, as at the present time the walk across to the falls is rather rough and to view them in all their grandeur requires a little hard climbing.

We enjoy a good supper at the hotel, located at the entrance of walk to the falls, after which we paddle on down the canal, as we wish to carry back into the river before night. One thing we shall bear in remembrance was the kind offer of the captain of a small excursion steamer on the canal to carry us and our canoes into Washington on his return that evening with a party of excursionists; but the feeling of independence, so strong in the bosom of the cruising canoeist, and the prospect of a lively river yet before us, prevented the acceptance of his offer.

A rather difficult carry is found to the river, a distance of perhaps a mile below the seven locks; we finish our transfer just as darkness settles down upon the valley; so, with the aid of our lantern, we are soon within the walls of our domicile; a feeling of indolence seizes us, and we turn in.

Knowing we have a paddle of a few miles only on the morrow, we sleep until the morning sun compels us to arise and look for cooler quarters; packing up our duffle after a successful breakfast, we run down the river to Glen Echo, where we expect to be met by some friends in the afternoon. We re-enter the canal, erect our tent, clean up our outfit, give our canoes a good washing and ourselves likewise; we then wander around the grounds of Glen Echo. It is a melancholy sight to see the large stone buildings erected by a Chautauquan society standing in idleness; the large amphitheater, with its magnificent pipe organ; and all around stillness reigns supreme; it is as if one were in the deserted buildings of some old Roman town, the inhabitants of which had suddenly departed; this immense failure was occasioned by a malaria scare, a very ridiculous idea where the air is as dry and pure as can be found in any locality.

Late in the afternoon, as the log-keeper reclined at ease, the other savage stole softly away, and as the eyelids of the one grew heavy, the other was meeting some very lovely young ladies at the entrance to the deserted village, and ere the log-keeper had finished his nap he was awakened by the apparition of sundry pretty girls and young men of civilized dress, with baskets and boxes upon their arms. It is but just to add that the last-mentioned articles made a very feeling impression upon the canoeists, and that in the course of the evening the feeling was communicated to the contents of the baskets. Late in the evening we escort our friends to the cars and return to dream over the pleasant ending of a most delightful trip; but we must not say ending, for we yet have several miles of rapid water before us.

In the morning we enjoy a breakfast of our entire stock of provisions, for to-day we dine in Washington. A swift river is with us, and we soon arrive at the loose stone dam above Georgetown. Lifting over, we find ourselves in a lively rift, the commencement of Little Falls, running down for perhaps two miles; the channel gradually, then suddenly narrows, and we are in a mad rapid, seemingly not more than 100ft. in width, with great boulders standing high above the river on either side and in the channel also. The rapids wind up with three wild plunges, and woe to the canoeist that attempts to run this place in an open canoe. Backing water with our paddles we drop off into the great foaming waves below; the canoes nobly ride them, but the waves are so high that they break on deck and in the largest plunge are completely around the canoeist. The last plunge takes us into tide-water, so we land and bail out the water that has found its way in around our covers; for with all our care it is impossible to run a rapid of this nature and not take in some water. What a delightful sensation it is to be borne along at a terrific speed down a sheet of water, amid large rocks ready to dash you to pieces, and yet the reliable paddle, seemingly so frail, will, if rightly used, guide you through as unerringly as though you were on the still waters of a canal; and he with a steady hand will, if once a trial is given, pronounce rapid-running the most exhilarating exercise in the catalogue.

We are now paddling on tide-water, and where's the pleasure, except in cases where the duffle is supplanted by the rosy face of a maiden. We quicken our stroke, and soon arrive at the boat house. Hauling our canoes in, we depart for home amid the gaze of citizens, for our appearance is indicative of a Coxeyite.

Thus ended a most delightful fortnight's vacation, and to him who enjoys a quiet communion with nature, coupled with a muscle-building exercise, we would say: "Go thou and do likewise."

The Nautilus Liftable Bulb Keel.

WE reprint from the *Field* the following description of the new liftable bulb fin invented by Mr. W. Baden-Powell:

The "Nautilus" keel was invented during 1893 and perfected in working parts in the spring of 1894 by Mr. W. Baden-Powell, who, having obtained provisional protection, transferred all rights and liabilities to Mr. Bull, of 87 Sumner street, S. E. The keel was built and fitted to the Nautilus, Mr. Baden-Powell's little sloop, last summer, and was fully tested in two months' open-water sailing on the Solent and in river work on the Thames, and at all points it acted perfectly, though at times severely tried.

The main object of this invention is to combine the ballasting properties and lateral resistance of the fixed bulb fin keel with the advantages of the lifting center-plate, and thereby to obtain at will the qualities of an uncapsizable deep-drafted craft for windward work, or of a shallow draft for convenience in navigating shallow places, or for housing or transporting purposes, when the keel is fitted to small raters or yacht's boats.

Two points in which existing patterns of lifting bulb keels are faulty are, that the lead bulb when lifted, as a rule, very considerably shifts its position longitudinally, and thereby alters the trim of the vessel; or that the keel when down can only be lifted by operating the lifting gear, and, therefore, is not self-acting when striking ground or a submerged obstruction. In the "Nautilus" keel the first objectionable feature is reduced to a minimum, and the second is nonexistant.

The accompanying drawing displays the keel in the down position by full lines, and in the up position by dash and dot lines; and the sectional drawing shows the centerboard trunk or case in dotted lines. The general idea of the working and construction will thereby be seen to consist of an harmonious combination of movements set in action either by manual power in the vessel or by external force, such as running aground; and on the other hand, while maintaining the capacity for these lifting movements, a practically rigid bulbed fin-keel is obtained by well-balanced pivoting and automatic locking of the movements in certain directions.

A center-plate, carrying at its bottom end a lead bulb-keel, is pivoted between two parallel plates, which are connected together at top and bottom in such a manner as to allow the central plate to oscillate in one direction between them. The parallel plates are pivoted in the usual centerboard case or trunk, a little above the boat's keel. The parallel plates, which are riveted together at their upper or head part over a filling frame piece, carry two cranked arms, which, when the plate or keel is quite down, lodge upon and also grip the upper edges of the centerboard trunk or case.

A pivoted pawl carried in the after part of the case can be let fall upon the shoulder at the upper after-edge of the center-plate, and thereby locks the center-plate against oscillation so long as it or the keel is not lifted.

On the head of the parallel plates being moved forward by a suitable tackle or gear, the center-plate immediately becomes free to oscillate until it is quite up, with the bulb along under the boat's keel or until it is specially locked at some intermediate position of hoist by the insertion of a fid or pin above the case. In this intermediate state of hoist the bulb is still in a horizontal position, and is locked against oscillation, but is yet liftable by gear or ground.

In another form of construction, described in the specification covering the invention, the bulb is fixed on two parallel plates which are suspended from one lifting or central plate which works between them. In either case, by disconnecting the suspending bolt and unshipping the bulb plate or plates, the lifting plates or plate remain and can be used as an effective pivoted centerboard for river work.

The latter form of construction is intended chiefly for use in small raters, boats and canoes, where the weight of the bulb would probably not exceed 3cwt. The construction shown in the drawing, here given, would be convenient in yachts of larger proportions, size and weight being a question for the engineers to determine in relation to the probable strains.

As to the yacht or boat's construction to carry such a keel, it will be noticed that almost any ordinary centerboard case would carry the keel; the essential points are that the case must be open along its top, that, for a heavy bulb, the case must be strongly built or kneed at and about the pivot bolt. The height of the upper edge of the case above the waterline must be kept low, on account of the position of the cranked arms on the head of the lifting plates. The dropped pawl in the after part of the case has in practice been found an efficient stopper to the water overflowing the case top when sailing at high speeds; in a 0,5-rater or 1-rater about eight inches of case above water is enough.

The plates of the keels thus far made are of "Bull's metal," an extremely strong alloy; and the lifting gear is the ordinary runner-and-tackle—a four-part tackle for choice. A winch winding the steel "runner" on to a drum can be used, but is not so handy as a common tackle in a small rater. The bulb can be of any form desired, provided the correct balance is attended to, and the upper surface should be flat so as to engage the under side of the keel when completely up.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Pacific Coast Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday the regular club shoots of the Shell Mound contingent were held.

A tricky northwest wind blew all day and only a few riflemen got good scores. At this range the rifleman's body is exposed only to a wind from the northwest and north, and when such a wind prevails it has a trick of seizing a shooter just as he pulls the trigger and revolving him far to the east.

The pistol devotees were far more fortunate and some fine shooting was done, especially by our rising young shot C. M. Daiss.

Scores of the Germania Schützen Club, 200yds., 20 shots, 25 ring target, only one score allowed.

Champion Class:—Dr. L. O. Rodgers 430; first class and second class scores did not reach the required standard to win; third class, N. Ahrens 425.

S. F. Schützen Verein, Champion Class, J. Utschig, 432; first class, D. B. Taktor 421; third class, F. Koch 417; fourth class, Hy. Burfeind 367.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

Pistol, Club Medal, Champion Class:—C. M. Daiss 91; F. O. Young 89; S. Carr 89; E. Hovey 87; A. H. Pape 84. First class: J. E. Gorman 91; D. W. McLaughlin 85; Dr. Rodgers 83; F. Baumgartner 81; P. Bohr 70. Second class: F. Dennis 85; L. Zimmerman 78; A. Fetz 76; Kennedy 74; Jacobsen 71; Thompson 69; Foester 61; Umfred 56.

Pistol, Blanding Medal, C. M. Daiss 97; S. Carr 96; F. O. Young 94; J. E. Gorman 91.

Rifle, Kuhnle Medal, A. Gehreb 81; Dr Rodgers 79.

Military Rifle, Creedmoor Target, E. Hovey 46, C. Perry 43.

ROEEL.

The .22 Short Smokeless Cartridge.

THE new .22 short smokeless powder cartridges, loaded, by the way, with American E. C. "Rifle" powder, which the U. M. C. Company has put upon the market, will no doubt have a tremendous sale as soon as they are better known. They combine great accuracy with a minimum of smoke, smell, noise and fouling. In fact, in this latter respect they are well nigh perfect, a long period of firing leaving the gun practically as clean as after the first shot.

As the trajectory of these cartridges for short distances is practically the same as the ordinary black powder ones, they may be interchanged, and thus used to clean the gun when fouled with black powder.

The brand of E. C. rifle powder loaded in these cartridges resembles mustard seed in size and appearance It has not yet been put upon the market in bulk, and riflemen who wish to use it must be content for the present to purchase the fixed ammunition.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., April 21.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring (Union) target. Weather and light good:

Gindele	22	23	22	22	20	25	22	23	21	20—220
	21	24	21	20	19	23	23	20	20	22—213
	18	19	23	23	21	23	22	24	22	20—215
	17	22	23	19	18	23	20	24	22	24—212
Weinheimer	17	22	22	24	18	19	20	25	13	22—202
	21	21	24	11	23	21	8	17	20	19—185
	21	21	11	15	17	18	21	20	22	17—183
	22	13	18	22	10	18	15	16	11	18—163
Wellinger	16	22	22	14	22	21	19	22	19	24—201
	23	18	18	20	22	20	21	20	22	19—203
	23	20	14	10	15	24	23	23	23	24—199
	24	18	20	9	21	17	24	17	15	21—186
Simon	21	20	23	22	21	16	22	19	20	23—207
	17	14	17	21	22	21	20	19	24	24—198
	24	24	1	19	22	21	15	23	18	22—189
	14	21	19	21	15	17	16	23	18	23—187
Stegner	21	23	23	20	8	15	15	18	24	19—186
	18	21	14	19	16	19	19	17	15	15—173
	18	21	20	15	18	10	14	16	18	19—169
	13	18	14	21	16	20	15	19	17	17—170
Hake	18	23	23	16	21	25	22	20	22	20—210
	11	15	23	23	22	16	20	24	17	20—191
	23	17	16	17	20	15	25	15	17	10—175
	14	16	22	23	17	19	22	18	22	17—180
Payne	23	20	24	22	17	24	22	21	21	22—216
	20	20	21	22	17	25	20	22	24	23—214
	10	22	23	24	16	15	22	19	24	25—200
	22	15	24	22	21	21	24	24	9	19—201
Hasenzahl	23	20	20	12	19	21	25	23	24	25—212
	19	17	22	20	19	16	19	22	21	17—192
	20	25	21	17	17	23	19	13	10	24—189
	24	12	22	20	21	14	16	20	18	18—185
Louis	10	18	16	16	17	23	24	18	20	19—181
	23	23	17	25	18	16	22	11	23	8—185
	19	19	18	21	17	15	14	1	20	21—165
	22	16	6	16	22	18	18	14	18	19—169
See	25	17	18	21	22	18	17	21	19	21—199
	22	16	18	22	22	21	19	21	18	17—197
	24	24	23	21	23	11	21	1	18	19—184
	14	20	20	22	21	22	18	15	18	18—188
Randall	21	23	16	25	23	21	21	18	16	18—202
	16	17	20	20	19	22	19	22	16	18—183
	15	21	20	22	21	15	23	19	17	14—187
	12	17	17	15	23	22	25	25	24	18—197
Drube	19	24	21	21	25	14	12	23	13	18—200
	23	17	20	18	16	17	23	23	23	20—200
	18	24	24	18	25	25	22	18	25	19—218
	19	25	17	17	13	19	16	24	23	24—197
Topf	15	21	21	21	19	16	23	21	19	14—190
	22	20	5	10	22	19	24	15	12	15—185
	24	19	13	17	23	21	9	11	4	23—164
	20	7	20	13	20	9	6	16	14	20—145
Schmidlin	20	21	20	20	6	14	17	20	21	12—171
	19	20	17	16	2	22	17	13	19	22—167
	20	10	16	11	17	14	1	16	13	10—128
	23	1	1	2	21	22	1	18	16	17—122
Strickmeier	18	8	25	10	3	18	20	18	25	17—162
	17	15	20	17	*9	10	5	18	21	20—152
	16	19	16	24	19	20	22	15	16	21—188
	17	22	21	17	13	25	7	23	15	15—175

Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.

PARRY SOUND, Ont., April 5.—The clubs of the Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association held their monthly shoots over their respective ranges on this date. The following were the results:

	100yds.					200yds.					Total.
Parry Sound, First Team.											
J Morrish	10	10	8	8	9—45	9	10	10	10	6—45	—90
W Strafford	10	9	10	10	9—48	9	8	8	9	8—42	—90
T White	9	9	10	8	7—43	9	8	9	9	10—45	—88
R O Stokes	10	7	9	9	9—44	10	8	8	8	9—43	—87
D F Macdonald	10	8	7	8	10—43	6	10	6	10	10—42	—85—440
Bradford Team.											
D Nielly	10	8	9	9	10—46	9	7	10	10	9—45	—91
J G Nielly	10	9	9	8	8—44	9	10	8	9	8—44	—88
W McWilliams	7	10	9	7	8—41	10	10	10	5	9—44	—85
A McWilliams	9	10	7	10	10—46	10	9	9	6	4—38	—84
J Doolittle	10	7	6	7	10—40	8	9	10	10	10—47	—87—435
Toronto Team.											
W J Graham	10	9	8	10	9—46	9	9	10	10	9—47	—93
H Stewart	7	8	8	10	9—42	10	8	8	6	6—38	—80
A Elliott	8	7	6	9	10—40	5	8	10	6	10—39	—79
T S Bayles	0	9	7	9	9—34	10	10	4	7	10—41	—75
W Latimer	9	10	8	9	5—41	9	6	5	3	10—33	—74—401
Clarksburg Team.											
D Henman	10	9	10	10	10—49	8	10	10	0	9—37	—86
F Henman	5	8	10	9	7—39	8	7	0	10	6—31	—70
C W Hartman	10	8	9	7	9—43	10	3	10	5	6—34	—77
W L Goldsmith	10	5	10	9	5—39	7	10	10	10	10—47	—86
C W Treadgold	8	4	8	6	9—35	6	10	6	10	10—42	—77—396
Wausakawsene Team.											
R J Clarkson	10	10	10	9	7—47	10	10	5	5	5—35	—82
W F Thomson	9	9	9	8	5—40	10	10	8	7	5—40	—80
J R Leggatt	10	10	10	7	7—44	10	10	5	5	2—32	—76
F Laurie	7	8	9	9	10—43	3	5	6	7	10—31	—74
J McClelland	6	6	8	8	9—37	2	4	10	10	10—36	—73—385
King City Team.											
A Carley	9	9	10	10	10—48	10	10	9	8	5—42	—90
E Braume	8	8	9	10	10—45	7	7	8	9	10—41	—86
Jr Norman	7	8	10	10	10—44	6	6	8	9	10—39	—83
D Eade	5	6	8	9	10—38	6	6	10	10	10—42	—80—339

D. F. MACDONALD, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 7-10.—CINCINNATI, Ohio.—Dupont tournament at Cincinnati. Liberal cash prizes added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, agent.

May 9-10.—WILMINGTON, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

May 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

May 8-10.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Ninth annual owl shoot of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas; $300 in cash added. W. W. McIlhany, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O; $200 added money, Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 15-19.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Nineteenth annual meeting and tournament of the Texas Sportsmen's Association. Open to the world, $500 in cash and $500 in merchandise added to the purses. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec'y, Kansas City.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $3,000 added to the purses.

May 21-25.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Tournament of the Houston City Gun Club; live birds and targets; open to all amateurs.

May 22-24.—ROME, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Rome Gun Club; two first day at targets, third day live birds. W. P. Rayland, Sec'y.

May 23.—WAUZEKA, Wis.—Opening shoot of the Wauzeka Gun Club.

May 27-30.—LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament and meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. For programmes address Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, under the management of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 29-31.—URBANA, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, of Urbana, Ill., $300 added money.

May 30.—MOUNTVILLE, Pa.—Tournament of the Mountville Gun Club; targets.

May 30-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; $500 added money. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11-13.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 13-14.—FARGO, N. D.—First annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready May 15. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 13-15.—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

June 13-15.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club. D. L. Williams, Sec'y, Portland, Ore.

June 15.—WILMERDING, Pa.—Tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club. A. A. Mackert, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec'y.

July 10-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec'y.

July 17-18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankfort, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

At the Auburn (N. Y.) shoot on April 18, the sixth event on the programme was a team shoot between teams from Utica, Syracuse and Binghamton, with two teams from here. This was at 50 birds, and was won by an Auburn team as follows: Auburn—Carr 43, Tuttle 45, Brigden 42; total 132. Utica—E. D. Fulford 47, Mayhew 46, J. Fulford 87; total 130. Binghamton—Kendle 40, Hobby 44, Brown 45; total 129. Auburn, Second Team—Brunker 43, Stewart 35, Corning 42; total 120. Syracuse—Lefever 29, Glover 46, Wagner 44; total 119.

Kind words from the Pacific slope: The *Breeder and Sportsman*, of San Francisco, Cal., in its last issue makes the following flattering comment: "FOREST AND STREAM'S report of the Grand American Handicap is the best report of a shoot that we ever read."

The Yale-Harvard-Princeton shoot will be held at New Haven, Conn., on May 18.

"When are you going South?" That's the question all shooters seem to be asking one another just now. Cincinnati, Dayton, Knoxville, Lynchburg, Memphis and Wilmington, all offer inducements, not to mention Little Rock, San Antonio and the Kansas State shoot. The Illinois State shoot will also catch several of the boys.

Dr. Carver and H. D. Swartz, a pigeon shooter from Scranton, Pa., shot a couple of 100-bird races last week. The first took place at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on April 25. The high wind that prevailed made the shooting difficult. Carver killed 85 out of 96, Swartz 60 out of 95, the latter retiring. In the second match, at Scranton, on April 26, Carver killed 99 out of 100, missing his 91st bird. Swartz retired in the 75th round, having missed 13 birds.

In a 20-bird sweep at Harrisburg, Pa., on April 11, A. W. DuBray, of the Parker Gun Company, and J. R. "Kane," of Mifflin, Pa., divided first money with 19 out of 20.

The Peoria Target Company's tournament took place on May 1, 2 and 3 of this week, at Peoria, Ill. W. T. Irwin was manager of the shoot.

The third and deciding match in the series of team races between the New Utrecht and the Riverton Gun Clubs will be shot some time this month on neutral grounds. As each club has won a heat, this race will settle the question as to who pays for the $150 trophy the teams are shooting for.

Mr. W. H. Mead, secretary of the Carteret Club, scored a win for the "President's Cup" on Wednesday, April 17, by killing 19 out of 20. The birds were very fast, and Mr. Mead, who is shooting very well now, must have done some great work to kill that number. Among his competitors were George Work, J. C. Knapp, etc.

Statistical fiends will be pleased to note that at Lou Erhardt's great amateur shoot at Atchison, Kan., a report of which appears elsewhere in this issue, the total number of entries in the 17 events programmed for the three days was no less than 1,187! Three more entries would have made the average for each event just 70! The highest number in any event was in No. 8—96; the lowest was in No. 14—52.

The Newburgh, N. Y., starters who took part in the Peekskill shoot last week were full of their tournament, which comes off next week. As visitors to these annual tournaments of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association always have a good time, there's not likely to be much lacking in the way of attendance.

Although July 10-12 is over two months distant, I have heard several shooters talking about the tournament of the Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club, which will be held at Wopsononock on those dates. I have a personal interest in that club, and I know every inch of "Wopsy," so perhaps I'm prejudiced in favor of that peak of the Alleghanies. Still I can't help saying that I don't know of a more perfect spot for holding a tournament than at Lookout Point, 1,100ft. above the valley of the blue Juniata, where this shoot will be held.

The West Haven Gun Club, of New Haven, Conn., held its annual meeting and elected the following officers: President, H. M. Hartley; Secretary, J. J. Snavely; Treasurer, George Evans; Directors, Frederick Hyde and Theodore G. Durant.

A rod and gun club was recently organized at Harrisville, Mich., known as the Alcona County Rod and Gun Club. The following officers were elected: President, L. A. Colwell; Secretary, Chas. Conklin; Treasurer, F. A. Beede; Vice-President, D. W. Mitchell; Captain, H. C. Kibbie; First Lieutenant, G. W. Balch; Second lieutenant, John Wood; Directors, C. H. Killmaster, John McGregor and G. W. Lachapelle. Object, protection of game and fish.

The Yankton, S. D., Gun Club is making active preparations for a three days' tournament to be held on July 3, 4 and 5. Two days will be devoted to inanimates and the other to live birds. The president of the club is Geo. W. Frostenson; the captain, H. E. Brisbine.

Mr. D. Kirkwood, secretary of the Boston, Mass., Gun Club, under date of April 22 says in relation to the short sketch of the early history of the Boston Shooting Association given in the account of the association's tournament, which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of April 20: "The B. S. A. first began at Wyoming, Mass., called the Malden Gun Club, some two years later came over to Wellington, and in course of time became the Wellington Gun Club; a few years ago it was changed to the Boston Shooting Association. The Boston Gun Club started as the Raymond Sportsmen's Club at Beachmont, Mass., C. A. Loud and J. Emery being the principal originators. Later it moved to Medford to suit the rifle portion of its members, such changes nearly finishing the entire club. In 1880 it came to Wellington considerably before the Malden Gun Club. In 1884 it was reorganized as the Boston Gun Club, with W. B. Witherell as president, and as such exists to-day, the secretary possessing all records from the date of its inception."

Justus von Lengerke has called my attention to the fact that all the members, save one, of the winning team in the New Utrecht-Riverton match at Woodlawn, L. I., on April 24, used Schultze powder.

The court of Baltimore county, Md., decided on April 22 that pigeon-shooting is legitimate, and that shooting at live birds is no violation of the law in regard to cruelty to animals.

The Wauzeka Gun Club, of Wauzeka, Wis., has been recently reorganized; its opening tournament will be held on May 23. Mr. W. H. Thomson is secretary of the club.

Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, writes: "I take pleasure in informing the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., are subscribers to the Interstate Association. The Winchester Co. joined the association April 1."

Another new fixture is the eleventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, which will be held at Portland, Oregon, on June 13-15, under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club.

Last week it looked a certainty for a match between C. Cockburn, of Toronto, Can., and J. L. Brewer, of this city. It looks a decided uncertainty just now, although the stake money is all up. The articles forwarded for Brewer to sign contain a stumbling-block that has made the New York man refuse to sign them. Objection is raised to the following in regard to the referee and the stake money: It (the stake) is "to be handed by him (the stakeholder) to the winner of the match on the written order of the referee, from whose decision there shall be no appeal whatever, either to law or otherwise; the said J. L. Brewer to be allowed twenty-five dollars ($25) for expenses incurred by coming to Toronto." Brewer says that he will not sign the articles as they stand. Philip Duffy, of 227 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, offers to bet Brewer $500 or $1000 that he (Brewer) cannot kill 90 out of 100 pigeons, the birds to be furnished by Duffy.

The shooting done by Mr. Kendle, of Binghamton, N. Y., at the Peekskill shoot was remarkable from the fact that the shooter has but one eye and one arm.

The following extract is part of a personal letter written to me by T. A. Divine, of Memphis, Tenn., dated April 26. Perhaps Mr. Divine will forgive me for making it public: "You know that most of the tournaments of the present day are run on the principal of the more money you can win, the greaters inducement for the people to come. We are going to infuse a little more sentiment into our coming shoot. We are going to try and bring together that element of shooting gentlemen who love to shoot for the enjoyment there is in it, who love to stay in the shade and while away the hours in pleasant story telling—high-class men, who are oblivious as to what their scores or their friends' scores are; who care nothing about the blackboard; who do not stop to consider the question as to whether they are in first place or last place, but who are bent on enjoyment, and will go away from this shoot perhaps poorer in purse, but so much richer in friendly experiences and enjoyments, that they will forget that they have ever lost a dollar. We are making every preparation possible for the enjoyment and comfort of everybody that comes here, and the best part of it is that our city is with us, and the visitors will find here a hospitable greeting that is found at very few places where tournaments are held." Keep me a place in the shade, please.

EDWARD BANKS.

Programme of the Kansas State Shoot.

THE programme issued by the Metropolis Gun Club, of Kansas City, Kansas, for the Sixth Annual Tournament of the Kansas State Association, on May 21, 22 and 23, is one upon which its compilers have exercised a great deal of care. It covers all the ground very fully and tells everything that any shooter is likely to want to know. Twenty-eight pages and the cover ought to be able to tell any story!

One of the chief items of interest is the fact that this tournament is strictly for amateurs, all professionals and paid agents of manufacturers being barred. There will be also no handicap, for reasons set forth in the programme. Another little note one, too, that appears in similar works very frequently was as follows: "Pooling and dropping for place are discountenanced, and will be summarily dealt with." The Allmon Hotel will be headquarters, the annual business meeting of the association being held on Tuesday evening, May 21. "Jim" Elliott will run the shoot and see that everything runs smoothly. The events for each day are sufficiently varied to prevent any chance of monotony. The following extract shows that the association is not above leaving the beaten path in its efforts to bring out the shooters: "As an inducement to and for the benefit of the poorer shooters, we have broken over the time-honored custom of adding money to the purses in sweepstakes and started an innovation by hanging up the profits of this tournament in purses of from $25 to $100 each, two such events each day, and making the entrance therein the price of the birds only, at which rate, if there is no gain to the contestant, there can certainly be no loss, and as all ties will be divided, the novice will not get shot out when he ties for money. As a further inducement to the poorer shot, or novice, we have placed on each day's programme two 'jack-rabbit' sweepstakes, an explanation of which will be found elsewhere in this programme; and while it is not claimed that a novice can win money under this system, it is certain that no expert will win more than sufficient to pay for his shells. We believe that this system of running a tournament is all in favor of the poorer shooters, and the attendance at this shoot will demonstrate whether or not they are deserving of such recognition."

Anybody that has an idea of attending this shoot should write to A. W. Peck, secretary, Kansas City, Kan., for a progamme. The matter of railroad rates, unsettled at the time of issuing the programme, is a subject on which Mr. Peck can doubtless furnish all information by this date.

New York German Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., April 17.—The regular monthly shoot of the New York German Gun Club took place here this afternoon, 21 members competing for the medals. J. Frazer, Dr. Hudson, A. Schmitt and A. Busch tied for first place on 7 kills out of 8. On the shoot off at 3 birds, Busch missed two and retired, the other three killing straight. It then became a miss-and-out, which resulted as follows: Frazer, under the club rule, was placed at 25 yards and scored a kill; Hudson shot from 28 and killed, while Schmitt stood at the 31-yard mark and missed. The next round found Hudson at 31 yards and Frazer at 28. Both killed, and then Frazer went back to 31 yards and Hudson to 32. Each scored another kill and each went back a yard; then Hudson missed, while Frazer killed and received first medal, Hudson took second and Schmitt third.

J Frazer (21)	01221211—7	P Garms, Sr. (21)	00110021—4
Dr Hudson (25)	12122102—7	L Holtz (21)	11000100—3
A Schmitt (30)	12122021—7	J Klein (21)	20000022—3
A Busch (28)	11121210—7	* A Le Moult (21)	10110000—3
J Danerfelser (28)	12222200—6	* C Dreste (21)	10010100—3
J Boesennecker (21)	10011110—5	M Bandau (21)	00000201—2
H Thamforde (30)	10010111—5	J F C Elfers (21)	10002000—2
A Lucas (21)	02110101—5	W Miller (21)	00000011—2
B Konig (21)	01110210—5	S C Edwards (30)	00100200—2
F Kronsberg (23)	12110200—5	G Messmann (21)	00100002—2
F Sauter (25)	00101012—4	J Steuernagel (25)	10000000—1
J Wellbrock (30)	01102001—4		

* Le Moult and Dreste arrived too late for entry.

Lenow vs. Sevier.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 18.—To-day Messrs. Lenow and Sevier shot a match under the following conditions: Each shooter was to shoot at 25 live birds, 12-gauge guns, 28yds. rise, Sevier to use but one barrel, while Lenow was to use both. As the scores show, Sevier never had any chance to win. Lenow took the lead from the start and kept increasing it all the time. When the match was finished he led his opponent 11 birds. Had he used but one barrel he would have won just the same, as he would have scored 11 birds. In a number of instances he used his second barrel unnecessarily. The weather was propitious and the birds were good, nearly all getting off as soon as the trap was pulled. Taking this into consideration, Lenow shot a great race, using good judgment and shooting in good time. Sevier lost 4 birds dead out of bounds, 2 of these through careless work on the part of the boy who attempted to retrieve them. This, however, would not have changed the final result. Score:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Sevier.....0 0 1 1 0 1 • 0 1 1 • 0 0 0 • 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 • 0— 8

Lenow.....2 1 1 1 0 2 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 0 2—19

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Brewer's Great Work.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., April 27.—John L. Brewer proved this afternoon that he is holding his gun as straight as ever he did. As the result of a bet made by Brewer's backer with a certain party, who desires to be nameless, Brewer shot at 100 birds on these grounds, being matched to kill 90. The birds were decidedly good, a duffer being a *rara avis*, yet Brewer killed his 100 without a stumble, using a Greener 12-gauge and E C powder. This is Brewer's first "century run," although he has several times in the past killed 99 out of 100. When Brewer had killed 75 straight, an argument was started by the man who had backed the birds, a claim being made by him that the bet was that Brewer could not kill 90 straight. This was denied, of course, but Brewer's backer put up more money that his man could accomplish even that feat. That he did so is proved by the score, which shows that the first barrel was used with telling effect. As a matter of fact the second barrel was used for the most part as a "safety" measure. Score:

Brewer (30).....1111112221212211121211111—25
12111121112221122111111122—25
11221111121221111121212221—25
11111211122211222112222212—25—100

Jeannette Gun Club.

AT the last club shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club, held at the club's grounds, Guttenberg, N. J., the following scores were made, J. H. Kroeger winning the Class A gold medal, and Wm. P. Rinkhoff the medal in class B:

C N Brunie	1112211011—9	J H Kroeger	1122122211—10
C Boesch	1202011112—8	A J Chester	2011011112—8
H Otten	1011211122—9	G E Loeble	0020221101—6
C F Offermann	1012110211—8	H Winter	2020122012—7
J Vagt	0111211021—8	Ch Meyer	2110121012—8
J Bohling	1010111112—8	C F Hartung	0121010110—6
F Disbacher	0120122012—7	C Steffens	1111220010—7
H D Rottmann	1010121021—7	N Gerdes	1121102102—8
J Hainpont	0111112010—7	Wm P Rinkhoff	1220112110—8
F Reichard	1101112221—9	F Karstens	1201021001—6

The Elizabeth Bi-monthly Tournament.

ELIZABETH, N. J., April 26.—The bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club closed to-day. The attendance on both days was small, the three days' tournament at Peekskill, N. Y., acting as a strong counter attraction. During the second day's shoot an interesting little episode occurred. A pigeon hawk flew low over the grounds while the shoot was in progress. Class picked up his gun from the rack, put in a shell and fired at the hawk, which was by this time quite a long way off. When Class fired, the hawk dropped a small object, but the bird went on. When picked up the small object was found to be an English sparrow!

Scores made during the two days were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets 50c; Jackson 9, Astfalk 8, Wakeman 1, C. Von Lengerke 9, Van Dyke 8, Stevens 10.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles, 50c.: Jackson 10, Astfalk 8, C. Von Lengerke 9, Stevens 7, Wakeman 0, Van Dyke 9, Roberts 5, Heritage 8.

No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1:

Jackson	110111111101101—12	Van Dyke	101111111111111—14
Astfalk	100101011111111—10	Wakeman	010011001101001— 7
Heritage	101001100110101— 8	Roberts	111111011111101—13
Von Lengerke	111111111111010—13	Woodruff	011101111101001—10
Stevens	101111110110101—10		

No. 4, 10 targets, reversed order, 75 cents: Jackson 9, Astfalk 6, Van Dyke 9, Stevens 6, C. Von Lengerke 7, Wakeman 3, Woodruff 8, Roberts 7.

No. 5, 20 targets, unknown angles, $1.50:

Jackson	11101010111101111011—15	Lengerke	11111110111011011111—17
Van Dyke	11111111100101110111—16	Stevens	11100010110111111011—14
Astfalk	11001110001110111110—12	Wakeman	10111111011100100101—13
Heritage	01111110011000111101—13	Roberts	11011111011110111111—17
Woodruff	11011101111110110011—15		

No. 6, 15 targets, expert rules, both barrels, $1:

Jackson	101101101111011—11	Astfalk	01011101201'0011— 9
Van Dyke	111011111111121—14	Woodruff	001221110011011—10
Stevens	111111210001111—12	Wakeman	021120121220101—11
C von Lengerke	212120111011110—12		

No. 7, 20 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: Van Dyke 16, Jackson 18, Stevens 14, Wakeman 12, Roberts 15, Squires 10.

No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1: Jackson 10, Van Dyke 15, C. von Lengerke 13, Woodruff 12, Wakeman 9, Stevens 11, Squires 7, Roberts 11, Astfalk 13.

No. 9, 10 targets, unknown angles, 50 cents: Van Dyke 8, Stevens 7, Woodruff 6, Wakeman 5, Roberts 9, Parker 5.

No. 10, 10 targets, 50 cents: Van Dyke 8, Stevens 7, Wakeman 3, Carl von Lengerke 9, Roberts 8, Jackson 9, Astfalk 8.

No. 11, same: Van Dyke 10, Stevens 9, C. von Lengerke 10, Astfalk 7, Jackson 9, Wakeman 3, Roberts 8.

Second Day's Scores.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
F Class	22110—4	11122—5	11100—3	21220—4
J Timmons	12022—4	11011—4	21121—5	01002—2
Lawrence	10001—2	01111—4	....	....
C von Lengerke	10112—4	21021—4	00121—3	11221—5
Keogh	....	....	20200—2	....
Batsch	....	....	11221—5	11212—5
Astfalk	....	....	....	20112—4
Woodruff	....	....	....	21222—5

No. 5, same: Timmons 5, Astfalk 5, Class 4. Timmons won on shoot-off by killing 2 to Astfalk's 1.

No. 6, match between Al Heritage and Lawrence—Eley and Astfalk:

Heritage	21111—5	Eley	02001—2
Lawrence	20110—3—8	Astfalk	01210—3—5

The New Utrechts won Easily.

WOODLAWN, L. I., April 24.—To-day the team of the New Utrecht Gun Club easily defeated the Riverton (N. J.) Gun Club's team, making amends for the defeat administered to them at Riverton on March 27, when the home team won by four birds. In to-day's contest the New Utrecht men started with a rush, scoring 32 out of their first 33 birds, as against 24 killed by their opponents; this gave them a lead of 8 birds, and after that the Riverton men were never dangerous. In rounds 2, 3, 10 and 16 the home team killed all their birds, while in rounds 1, 5, 14, 15, 17 and 18, only one miss was recorded on their score. Three misses were made in rounds 4, 8 and 20, 8 out of 11 being the count number of kills made in any one round by the home team. The Riverton men, on the other hand, killed all their birds in but one round—No. 7; 10 kills were registered in rounds 4, 6, 10 and 12. Four rounds totaled but 28 kills out of a possible 41, four birds being missed in each of rounds 8, 15, 19 and 20. In round 11 six of the visitors missed their birds. The totals at the end showed: New Utrecht 191, Riverton 170. At the end of each round the totals stood:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
N Utr'cht.	10	21	32	40	50	59	68	76	85	96	105	114	123	133	143	154	164	174	183	191
Riverton.	8	16	24	34	43	53	64	71	80	90	95	105	114	123	130	139	148	156	163	170

Chris. Meyer made top score, killing all his birds; Duryea, Winn and Phister each scoring 19. Davis led the visitors with 10 out of 20. The teams were 11 men a side, each man shooting at 20 birds, club handicap rise. The New Utrechts' percentage was almost 87, a remarkably high team average on such birds as they trap at Woodlawn. Riverton's average was a fraction over 77. The result shows that the hoodoo supposed to have exerted an evil spell over the club in the shape of a stuffed owl (whose fate is told elsewhere) has, at any rate, been temporarily laid. Scores:

New Utrecht.

C M Meyer (28)	22222222222222222222—20
L T Duryea (30)	21222202222222112211—19
Dr Wynn (28)	12112121222221221012—19
R Phister (28)	12102121222222222222—19
D Deacon (29)	22202222122222120222—18
G E Grieff (28)	22212220121022112212—18
C Fergueson, Jr (29)	22222200222222222220—17
G E Nostrand (28)	12111220222021222110—17
G W Cropsey (16)	22220222020110221221—16
C E Morris (28)	22222022220202222200—15
Capt A W Money (30)	01101022012102012102—13—191

Riverton.

J H Davis (29)	21111221110211221112—19
Harrison (29)	02011121211211211122—18
Harned (27)	22221121220211021222—18
L Finletter (29)	22022222220222222122—18
R A Welch (30)	20222112021220222220—16
Rogers (27)	22120122020222022220—15
Genrig (27)	00212212222102122002—15
Bergen (28)	02222220220220220020—14
Alburger (27)	12021110210112001202—14
Wetherill (27)	20101220201222100002—12
Frishmuth (28)	11220010120200011100—11—170

The Peekskill Tournament.

THE annual tournaments of the Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club are always well attended. To any one who has ever visited this little city on the banks of the Hudson during the progress of one of these tournaments the reasons are not hard to find. In the first place, Peekskill is easily reached, and is a central point in a good trap-shooting section; secondly, the accommodations at the grounds of the gun club (if the light for target shooting is not of the best) are ample, and everything about the club house is arranged with a view to the comfort of both shooters and spectators; lastly, the Peekskill boys know how to run a shoot and to entertain their guests while attending to the routine work of a tournament. This is a knack which some clubs possess in a marked degree, and it is one that helps very materially to assure the success of a shoot. It was a matter of regret to me that other engagements prevented my being at Peekskill during the first two days of the last tournament, April 24 and 25, when the shooters were smashing targets. By my absence I missed seeing one or two shooters whom I would have liked to meet again, among the number being W. P. Rayland ("Rags"), of Rome, N. Y.; George Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Company, and Sim Glover, of Rochester, N. Y. By the way, Glover didn't do a thing to the targets on the second day, did he? A record of 189 out of 195, an average of 97 per cent., is a corker!

On the first day most of the boys were off in their shooting, O. R. Dickey, manager of the Boston Shooting Association, alone doing anything remarkable, his average of 95½ per cent. being away above any of his fellows. Glover with 90½, and Taylor and LeRoy with 89½ and 89 per cent. respectively were closely bunched for the next places. The second day saw some remarkable averages recorded; Glover led with 97 per cent.; then in order came Fulford and LeRoy with 94, Apgar 92½, Dickey, Van Dyke and Rayland 91¼, and Hoffman with 90½! In the team race, the New York team won somewhat easily, the New Jersey team being second and the Peekskill men coming in last. It is only fair to state that the latter team did what many another team would have done under similar circumstances. At the time when it started in to shoot, the New York's big score staring it in the face, a small-sized hurricane that was fathered by a thunderstorm swept across the grounds and the deed was done, all chance of winning being knocked on the head. After that a small score was a certainty. Twenty-nine shooters took part in the events on the first day, 27 shooting on the second day.

Thursday, April 25, was live bird day, and a more perfect day it would have been hard to find. Perhaps a little more breeze to aid the birds might have been desired, but then the birds provided by the club were as good as any that I have seen trapped lately; they were particularly good in the 15-bird race. Among the shooters were: H. C. Higginson and James Taylor, of Newburgh, N. Y.; Van Dyke, of Dayton, N. J.; T. H. Keller, Plainfield, N. J.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; Capt. Money, Oakland, N. J.; M. F. Lindsley, Hoboken, N. J.; Oscar Dickey, Wellington, Mass.; B. "Leroy" Woodward, Campello, Mass.; Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, New York; G. Kendall, of Binghamton, N. Y.; F. L. Train and G. A. Barker, members of the Cobweb Gun Club, West Farms, N. Y.; Neaf Apgar, Evona, N. J.; Fred. G. Moore, New York city; "Taos," a disguise which effectually concealed "Count" Lenone, Passaic, N. J.; "Arnold," of Albany, N. Y.; and H. P. Dain, captain of the club, J. B. Halsted, M. S. Perry, "Thomas" (W. H. Pierce), of the Peekskill Club. Among those who looked on were: David Brown and Geo. H. Taggart, president and captain respectively of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; W. H. Brown, of Binghamton, N. Y.; "Johnny" Hoffman, of German Valley, N. J.; "Billy" Hobart, of Newark, N. J., etc., etc. The blackboard was looked after by B. C. Everinghim; Milton Jordan, president of the club, and Edward F. Hill, its treasurer, taking care of the cashier's department. W. Fred. Quimby, of New York, was of great assistance to the club on the target days, acting as squad hustler, etc. Empire targets were used on those days, being thrown from five expert traps, the electric pull working well.

In the main live bird event, on the third day, 15 birds, hardiest rise, $10 entrance, birds extra, 21 shooters put down their names. The conditions called for 5 equal moneys, 5 high guns, three misses out. As it happened six were left in at the finish, Fred Moore and Justus von Lengerke killing straight, Train killing 14, and Halsted, Arnold and Fulford saving 13. The first three named each took one-fifth of the $210 in the pot, the three others dividing the remaining two-fifths, $84. Moore, Von Lengerke and Train all used Schultze powder, a fact that tickled Justus highly. Moore's shooting was of a very high class; during the day he killed 28 out of 30 birds, scoring his last 25 straight. Train also shot well, killing 26 out of 30. Halsted was especially fond of saving his shells, his scores showing that out of the 25 birds he killed during the day, only five needed a second barrel. Fulford's score is better than it looks, as he drew some very hard birds, particularly during the big race.

There is one thing I want to make a note of before closing, and that is the excellent and business-like way in which the scores were kept; the manifold copies were as clear and legible as the originals, every detail in the conditions being plainly written. If only all secretaries and club officials would do the same, a great burden of responsibility would be lifted from the shoulders of both the trap editor and printers of FOREST AND STREAM.

The tabulated scores of the target events are made out for only the programme events. The first day's programme was as follows:—Nos. 1, 3, 5, 8 and 10, known angles; Nos. 2, 7 and 9, unknown angles; No. 4, traps in reversed order; No. 6, expert rules, use of both barrels. The second day's programme contained 11 events, No. 9 being the team race: Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 4 and 6 at unknown angles.

First Day's Scores.

Below is given the table of scores, showing each shooter's percentage in the programme events on the first day, April 24:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*10*	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent
Dickey	..	..	..	..	18	15	19	23	20	10	110	105	95½
Glover	10	8	15	7	18	13	18	23	18	10	155	140	90⅓
Taylor	..	10	13	8	19	12	18	23	18	..	135	121	89½
LeRoy	..	..	..	..	17	14	16	22	20	9	110	98	89
Fulford	10	9	12	7	18	11	17	21	19	9	155	133	85¾
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	22	17	8	75	63	84
Kendall	9	9	12	7	11	8	18	20	16	..	145	120	83
Stansborough	..	10	11	7	18	12	14	21	17	..	135	110	81½
Rayland	..	10	14	..	..	..	15	14	18	10	100	81	81
Van Dyke	10	8	13	4	18	10	18	20	14	10	155	125	80⅔
Halsted	9	..	13	..	18	10	14	21	15	..	125	100	80
Brown	10	7	11	8	15	..	17	18	17	..	130	103	79
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	21	17	8	75	59	78⅔
Dain	9	6	10	6	17	14	14	20	14	10	155	120	77½
Hobart	9	8	12	8	15	9	15	19	14	8	155	117	75⅓
Mosher	10	6	12	7	13	8	16	23	10	9	155	114	73½
Mason	..	..	15	6	14	..	9	22	..	6	100	72	72
Dixon	7	8	11	4	17	12	17	15	14	5	155	110	71
Loder	8	9	10	4	..	..	..	..	15	..	65	46	70¾
Higginson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	14	8	75	53	70⅔
Sanders	..	4	12	5	16	6	12	23	14	8	145	100	69
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	14	8	75	51	68
Horton	8	7	12	6	14	13	11	17	10	7	155	105	67¾
Southard	..	..	..	..	..	14	7	16	15	14	..	100	66	66
Perry	8	6	11	6	12	5	6	..	..	..	100	54	54
Taggart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	30	15	50
Rohr	6	..	6	..	8	7	..	11	..	4	95	42	44⅕
Frost	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	35	15	43
Leicht	..	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	10	40

The following events were also shot off after the programme had been run through:

Extra No. 1, 10 targets, known angles, $1: Glover 9, Brown 5, Hobart 9, Loder 9, Perry 8, Halsted 10, Mosher 10, Dain 6, Quimby 5, Horton 8, Van Dyke 9, Rohr 4, Fulford 10, Dixon 6.

Extra No. 2, 20 targets, known angles, $2: Leroy 19, Dickey 18, Glover 17, Smith 19, Van Dyke 18, Fulford 18, Rayland 15, Higginson 18, Dixon 11, Mason 14, Dain 16, Wood 16.

Extra No. 3, 5 pairs: Fulford 7, Smith 9, Dickey 9, Leroy 7, Glover 4, Dain 7.

Second Day's Scores.

The averages made on this day, April 25, are given in the following table:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11			
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*25*	*15*	*25*	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent
Glover	10	9	15	15	18	20	15	24	25	14	24	195	189	97
Fulford	8	8	15	15	19	19	14	25	23	15	22	195	183	94
LeRoy	10	8	14	14	17	19	13	25	24	15	24	195	183	94
Apgar	9	10	14	13	18	16	15	24	24	14	23	195	180	92⅓
Dickey	9	9	14	13	16	19	15	25	21	15	22	195	178	91¼
Van Dyke	8	9	14	14	18	17	13	24	23	15	23	195	178	91¼
Rayland	..	9	15	14	19	18	11	24	24	12	..	160	146	91¼
Hoffman	9	10	14	13	19	18	13	22	22	14	..	170	154	90½
Sanders	10	7	11	12	19	16	11	23	22	15	24	195	170	87⅕
Dutchy	9	9	14	14	17	17	12	23	22	11	..	170	148	87
Keller	8	8	12	14	19	18	9	24	23	12	..	170	147	87
Halsted	..	..	..	..	..	19	19	14	..	19	13	19	120	103	86
Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	21	15	21	105	90	85¾
Kendall	8	9	14	14	18	19	8	22	23	12	20	195	167	85½
C Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	22	11	24	105	87	83
Brown	9	..	14	13	15	18	13	22	22	..	..	155	124	80
Mason	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	10	17	20	11	..	100	76	76
Mosher	7	10	13	11	15	15	..	..	..	..	8	..	105	79	75
Everinghim	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	8	..	40	30	75
Perry	7	6	12	12	15	12	9	..	15	15	22		170	125	73½
Richmond	..	7	11	11	..	12	13	..	..	..	..		75	54	72
Dain	7	7	14	6	14	15	13	21	16	9	15		195	137	70¼
Pringle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	11	..	30	21	70
F Southard	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	23	15	..	..	85	57	67
Horton	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	..	..	35	22	63
Loder	6	5	..	..	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	37	61⅔
Hobart	6	6	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	65	40	61½

No. 19, 25 targets, known angles, $5 per team:

New York Team.

Glover	1111111111111111111111111—25
Kendall	1111111111111011101111111—23
Sanders	1110111111111110111011111—22
Fulford	1110111111111111011111111—23
Brown	1110110110111111101011110—20
Rayland	1111111111101111111111111—24—137

New Jersey Team.

Kellar	1111111101111111111110111—23
Smith	1101011111111111101111111—22
Money	1111111011111011111011011—21
Apgar	1111111111111111011111111—24
Hoffman	0111111111101111101111111—22
Van Dyke	1111111111110011111111111—23—135

Peekskill Team.

Mason	1011110110111111101111110—20
Halsted	1011111100111100111110111—19
Dain	0100010111111110101011101—16
Perry	0111101110101010000110111—15
F Southard	1111011010010011001011011—15
Everinghim	1011011111111111111111101—22—107

The following shot in the optional sweep in connection with the team race: Von Lengerke 22, LeRoy 24, Dickey 21.

Extra No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: Mosher 10, Dain 11, Dickey 15, LeRoy 14, Glover 14, Fulford 15, Apgar 13, Kendall 13, Brown 11, Halsted 9, Carl Von Lengerke 10, Hobart 10, Loder 7, Keller 14, Hoffman 7, Smith 13.

Extra No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Leroy	1111111111111111111111111—25
Apgar	1111111111111111111111111—25
Fulford	1111110111111111111111111—24
Money	0011110110111111111111111—21
Glover	1111111111011111111101111—23
Halsted	1001011000011110011111111—16
Rayland	1111011110111111111000111—20
Quimby	1100101000010101001100010—10
Money	1111101111111111111111111—24

Extra No. 3, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Pringle 8, Fulford 10, Glover 9, Money 10, Apgar 10, Leroy 9, Mason 9, Horton 6, Rayland 10, Frost 4.

Extra No 4, 10 pairs, $1.50: Money 18, Fulford 17, Horton 10, Van Dyke 14, Mason 12, Halsted 12. Glover and Frost shot at 5 pairs, Frost breaking 10 and Glover 6.

Third Day's Scores.

The following are the full scores made on this day:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
E D Fulford	22121—5	2101111222— 9
Capt Money	12122—5	1202111212— 9
G Kendall	21221—5	1120111101— 8
T H Keller	21122—5	2222222202— 9
F L Train	11112—5	1211210100 - 7
P R Dickey	12221—5	0221112122— 9
B LeRoy	22111—5	1012220211— 8
F Van Dyke	2111•—4	2002222222— 8
J Halsted	01211—4	1110211111— 8
F G Moore	02220—3	2222222222—10
L Carpenter, Jr	01101—3	0110201201— 6
H P Dain	01220—3	0122222101— 8
G A Barker	01•21—3	2000010002— 3
Dr Horton	10200—2	1010110022— 6
M Perry	....	0211121202— 8
Arnold	....	2011111101— 8
N Apgar	....	1221112200— 8
H C Higginson	....	1200220011— 6
Taos	....	1020002001— 4
Jas Taylor	....	1222110222— 9
W D Southard	....	1002112221— 8

No. 3 was a handicap at 15 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, 21 entries, making a total purse of $210, which was divided into five equal parts, the five high guns taking the money:

F G Moore (30)	222222222112222—15	O R Dickey (28)	012122200— 6
Von Lengerke (29)	2212111122112221—15	M F Lindsley (29)	22002220 — 5
F L Train (28)	1122111121111022—14	M Perry (27)	20202220 — 5
E D Fulford (30)	0222222211220222—13	H C Higginson (27)	1020210 — 4
J Halsted (28)	2111110111231011—13	Taos (26)	0121010 — 4
Arnold (28)	2220011212122212—13	Kendall (26)	210010 — 3
N Apgar (30)	1111202222020 —10	Capt Morey (30)	10020 — 2
Van Dyke (29)	20022222210 — 8	G A Barker (25)	000 — 0
H P Dain (27)	11201202110 — 8	B LeRoy (28)	000 — 0
T H Keller (28)	2202022210 — 7	Jas Taylor (28)	000 — 0
Thomas (29)	2120211020 — 7		

Moore, Von Lengerke and Train each drew one-fifth of the purse; Fulford, Halsted and Arnold divided the remaining two-fifths.

Dunellen's Opening Day.

NEW JERSEY once more promises a "Dunellen Gun Club," and a live and energetic one at that. The present club is an organization of very recent date, having been born since the new year came in. Its president, J. G. Lindzey, and its secretary, T. W. Sisty, are men who will not let the club die of inanition. With a neat little club house, grounds as level as a billiard table, and a brand new set of empire traps with an electric pull, the club is ready to entertain its guests in good shape. To-day it had an all-day shoot as a sort of formal opening of its grounds. The notice given was rather short, and owing to that, and also to the fact that just at this time there was rather a plethora of trap-shooting tournaments going on, the attendance was hardly as large as it should have been. The Plainfield boys showed up well and Messrs. J. L. Chamberlain and Campbell, both of Flemington, N. J., also put in an appearance and shot in a few events, making good averages. Keller led with a percentage of 92½ for 160 targets shot at, Van Dyke and Apgar tieing for second place with 90½. To rightly value these percentages it is necessary to give the nature of each event. Nos. 1, 3 and 7 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11 and 12 at unknown angles; No. 5 at traps in reversed order; No. 10 at 5 pairs. The cashier's department was well handled, the shoot altogether being thoroughly enjoyable. The following is a table of the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent
Keller	10	9	12	19	18	9	19	10	9	9	9	15	160	148	92½
Apgar	10	9	15	20	15	10	19	10	10	8	7	12	160	145	90⅔
Van Dyke	9	9	13	19	19	10	18	7	9	8	9	15	160	145	90½
Smith	9	9	12	20	16	9	17	9	9	6	9	14	160	139	87
Chamberlain	..	..	..	..	..	7	19	9	8	..	..	..	50	43	86
Campbell	..	..	..	..	..	9	17	..	8	..	..	..	40	34	85
Hebbard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	14	35	29	83
Brantingham	9	9	14	13	11	8	17	8	9	7	10	10	160	125	78
Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	6	17	..	..	..	..	..	20	23	76⅔
Astfalk	7	7	9	18	10	17	14	7	9	8	6	..	145	102	70⅓
Lindzey	6	6	9	15	14	8	15	8	9	2	8	12	160	112	70
Sisty	8	8	12	..	..	8	..	5	..	4	..	..	65	45	69¼
D Terry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	20	13	65

Two live bird sweeps were also shot: No. 1, 5 birds, $3, 3 moneys; No. 2, miss and out, $2. Scores as follows:

	No. 1	No. 2
Woodruff (28)	22022—4	2212122112—10
Keller (29)	22121—5	122210 — 5
Sisty (28)	12121—5	20 — 1
Russell (28)	01002—2	1222212221—10
Benner (26)	01111—4	2111111112—10
Blodgett (25)	10102—3	11120 — 4
Apgar (30)	02111—4	
Voorhees (30)	10102—3	
S Terry (30)	12211—5	
Squires (28)	11112—5	1111212122—10

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 20.—The following scores were made by the members of the Eureka Gun Club this afternoon:

Trophy shoot, 25 targets per man:

Willard	1111111110001111010011100—17
Steck	1111100101001110101111111—18
Bingham	1010111111101110111110011—19
Stannard	1110110101011111101111111—20
Ellicott	1110111111110111111010100—19
Carson	0010101010011011001111110—15
DeWolf	0001001000111000000000001— 6
Glover	0101011110101111101101011—17
Jones	1011011111111001110001000—15
Thornburg	0001001010101111110000010—11
Skinner	1101111110101100101000100—15
Thompson	1010001111011111100011001—15
Cummings	1011101111101010110101111—18
Cleaver	0011010100010111111000000—11

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:*

Cummings	0111111111111111111101110—22
Stannard	1111110111111111011110111—22
Bingham	1001111111011101011111111—20
Willard	1110111111111110010110101—17
Glover	1001010101111111011011011—17
Skinner	1110011100111110101101010—16
Jones	1110001101101011011011101—16
Carson	0110011100111100101101011—15
Steck	1101110011000010011101110—14
DeWolf	1011010001101100001100010—11
Thornburg	1001111001001101000010011—11

*Ellicott shot at 15 targets, breaking 11.

No. 3, same: Willard 20, Skinner 16, Carson 18, Steck 16, Cummings 20, Bingham 19, Jones 15, Stannard 16, Thornburg 15, Glover 15, Ellicott 17.

No. 4, same: Willard 17, Stannard 21, Carson 17, Ellicott 20, Bingham 20, Cummings 18, Skinner 17, J. L. Jones 12. Thomson shot at 15—10 dead.

No. 5, same: Willard 15, Stannard 16, J. L. Jones 15, Ellicott 18, Glover 17, Bingham 20:

No. 6, 6 pairs:

Glover.....10 11 01 10 10 10—6. Jones.....10 10 11 11 01 11—9

W. F. D.

Valley City Gun Club.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 25.—Mr. Oswald von Lengerke, of Chicago, was our guest to-day, having stopped over to renew some acquaintances among our shooters. A visit was made to the Valley City Gun Club grounds and a little practice shoot organized. Scores:

No. 1, 10 singles and 5 pairs: Von Lengerke 13, Kelsey 12, Wharton 20.

No. 2, 20 singles: Von Lengerke 18, Wharton 19, Kelsey 16.

No. 3, regular weekly shoot, 25 targets: Walton 16, Karstens 18, Coleman 21, Calkins 19, Gilmore 18, Porter 11.

No. 4, 20 targets, semi-expert rules: Walton 18, Gould 17, Coleman 16, Karstens 14, Kelsey 16, Temple 17.

No. 5, same: Kelsey 10, Porter 7, Gilmore 13, Temple 12, Karstens 18, Walton 16.

No. 6, same: Coleman 11, Kelsey 11, Temple 18, Walton 18, Gould 15, Karstens 13, Gilmore 7, Edie 2.

No. 7, 10 targets, one man up, 5 unknown traps: Kelsey 5, Walton 7, Gould 6, Gilmore 4, Coleman 5, Edie 2, Karstens 5.

Mr. Oswald von Lengerke explained the "Jacksnipe" style of shooting, and a few of the members gave it a trial: Kelsey 12 out of 13, Karstens 10 out of 15, Coleman 3 out of 9, Edie 6 out of 11, Calkins 4 out of 8.

C. F. ROOP, Sec'y.

Louis Erhardt's Shoot.

ATCHISON, Kansas, April 19.—Knoxville and Memphis will have a large attendance of shooters, but they will have to hustle to beat Erhardt's tournament, not only in number of entries, but in enthusiasm and in the good feeling which was displayed by all on account of of Louis Erhardt's popularity. They came from Missouri, Nebraska, Indian Territory, Iowa, Louisiana and all parts of Kansas; 96 entries in one event is a good many shooters nowadays, when 25 is considered a fair attendance in most tournaments.

But Louis attends all the shoots in the western country, and all the boys come to his tournament if they possibly can. His store was the headquarters for them all, and was nightly crowded, some looking at games, some in groups talking about the shoot, and all over the counters were others loading shells. Somebody made the remark, "How do you keep track of the ammunition used, Louis?" "I don't keep track of it, I leave it to the boys themselves." says Erhardt. And that is the kind of a fellow he is, and therein lies his popularity. An entertainment committee composed of Warren Ferguson, B. O. Running, and Louis Erhardt, entertained the boys in good shape. The shoot was ably managed by John Parker of Detroit, representing the Cleveland Target Co., E. C. Powder and Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

This was a strictly amateur tournament, though the scores will bear comparison with most of the open tournaments. The shoot was held on the racetrack grounds about two miles from the city. The background was very bad, and that was the only complaint heard. One set of bluerock traps with North's electric pull, and one set of empire traps and empire electric pull were used for programme events, while another set of bluerock traps and electric pull were used for sweepstake shooting, and were kept going constantly from start to finish. Bluerocks and empires were used. By Monday noon the traps were all ready for practice, and quite a number of early arrivals indulged in a little sport. The cashier's office was ably handled by Messrs. Lawton and Jennings. A thorough working force enabled Parker to handle the large crowd of shooters with comparative ease.

Tuesday morning 100 shooters were on the grounds by 8:30, and the fun began in spite of a cold drizzling rain, which did not clear away until afternoon. It was an interesting sight to see fifteen men standing up in a line and listen to the constant popping of the guns, which was kept up until 6:30 in the evening. Wednesday was a bright, warm day, and a large crowd of spectators was in attendance. The entries ran up to 96 in one event this day. One of the interesting features of the day's shoot was the score made by the Richmond, Mo., team—59 out of 60. Another was the shooting of Warren Ferguson, a very popular young man of Atchison, and a new shooter, breaking 20 straight in No. 12 event, and winning first firize, a handsome Marlin rifle, all alone among 60 entries. The third day was another bright, warm, sunshiny day, and was conducive to good scores, and the shooting was kept right up until 6 P. M. Altogether 32,000 targets were thrown. The sweepstake scores are not published, but at least 10,000 targets were thrown from these traps and each event averaged 40 to 50 entries.

Col. A. G. Courtney was here exhibiting his new Lefever ejector, and, as usual, made lots of friends for himself and gun. J. A. R. Elliott was also here looking after the interests of the empire target, and showing some very fine samples of the new Winchester trap gun. Jim gave a very clever exhibition with the gun and elicited a hearty round of applause from spectators. Messrs. Parker, Elliott and Courtney did not participate in the tournament, as experts and manufacturers' agents were barred. But each one did quite a line of advertising for each and every one of the firms they represent. I must not forget to make special mention of Al Bennett, of Kansas City, who ably assisted in making the shoot run smoothly; he was here, there and everywhere.

Never was there a nicer or pleasanter aggregation of shooters than at this tournament. The Kansas City boys were here in full force booming their shoot, next week. Messrs. McIlhany, Calhoun and Sowers, of Weir City, were here talking up their shoot, May 8, 9 and 10, and a genial and gentlemanly trio they are. Herewith is a partial list of the other shooters present: W. D Alexander, Milford, Neb.; Bennett, Emporia, Kan.; T. L. Ackerman, Stanton, Neb.; J. W. Barre, Louisiana, Mo.; A. T. Emery, Mahoska, Kan.; D. D. Bray, Syracuse, Neb.; J. L. Beightle, Valley Falls, Kan., E. L. Ditert, Topeka, Kan.; J. J. Buser, Fidelity, Kan.; M. A. Brawley, Frankfort, Kan.; J. J. Cornett, Linnville, Mo.; Clay, Frankfort, Kan.; H. M. Davis, Richmond, Mo.; G. Stevenson and G. Hall, Waterville, Kan; F. M. Eaton, Genoa, Neb.; G. R. Tackler, Cedar Creek, Neb; J. J. Gray, Severance, Kan.; J. George, Downs, Kan.; C. D. Hagerman, Wymore, Neb.; F. C Harwood and J. M. Higgins, South Cedar, Kan.; C. W. Mason, Richmond, Mo.; Miller, Lincoln, Neb.; T. B. Newton, Bern, Kan.; Powell, Lincoln, Neb.; B. T. Rice, Frankfort, Kan.; L. B. Reader, Ft. Madison, Ia.; John Renfro and J. L. Renfro, South Cedar, Kan.; James Stevenson, Bronte, Kan.; M. E. Sharpe, South Cedar, Kan.; H. R. Saunders, Pardee, Kan.; G. A. Schroder, Columbus, Neb.; B. E. Strong, Geneva, Neb.; E. D. Trotter, Kinsley, Ia.; C J. Weis, Frankfort, Kan.; L. T. Genmett, Ft. Madison, Ia.; J. P. Gillespie, Savannah, Mo.; N. J. Gregg, Frankfort, Kan.; J. F. Hauber, Hiawatha, Kan.; A. P. Hampton, Frankfort, Kan.; M. T. McDonald, Richmond, Mo.; Geo. Maglott, Hiawatha, Kan.; A. L. Martin, Highland, Kan.; John O'Kane, Fidelity, Kan.; C. T. Reust and J. M. Rhodes, Frankfort, Kan.; B. O. Running, Atchison, Kan.; A. D. Renfro, South Cedar, Kan.; T. E. Ruggles, Jewell City, Kan.; Shiras, Ottawa, Kan.; F. W. Sharpe, Lincoln, Neb.; W. A. Saunders, Pardee, Kan.; W. C. Snodgrass, Frankfort, Kan.; C. D. Taylor, Richmond, Mo.; H. L. Weyer; F. A. Short, Atchison, Kan. BUCKSHOT.

The following are the scores made on the three days in tabulated form. Had they been run in full, there would have been no room for anything else this week. Nos. 1 to 5 were shot on the first day, Nos. 6 to 13 on the second day, and the remainder on the third day:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
J W Ingal	13	13	16	18	17	14	19	19	20	..	17	16	17	15	..	..	..
O J Pease	16	..	9	15	12	16	20	17	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A T Emery	8	15	8	14	13	14	16	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G R Tackler	12	18	9	16	12	13	17	15	18	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
L C Smith	13	17	15	20	18	19	17	14	..	19	..	17	..	13	17	18	16
Lyons	13	10	14	17	16	12	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F W Sharpe	12	16	9	17	10	13	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
U G Powell	11	16	15	17	14	18	16	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
N D Alexander	8	10	14	17	..	13	17	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Maglott	12	12	10	16	9	11	19	11	17	..	17	..	19	..	15	..	17
C T Reust	11	12	14	15	17	18	19	18	19	17	20	18	17	18	19	17	17
J M Rhodes	13	17	9	17	17	17	18	20	19	15	19	18	19	15	19	16	18
J F Hauber	7	12	10	13	15	7	18	12	16	..	15	..	17	..	13	..	16
D Martin	7	17	..	16	13	14	19	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
O'Rear	11	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C D Linderman	14	18	17	16	17	19	20	16	19	16	18	19	19	19	17	12	18
A D Renfro	11	16	14	..	20	16	18	14	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T L Ackerman	15	15	18	20	17	17	19	19	19	14	18	17	17	19	20	15	19
G A Schroeder	14	18	16	18	16	15	18	16	19	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
J L Renfro	9	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J J Buser	3	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D D Bray	16	17	17	17	17	15	18	15	20	15	20	18	..	17	20	17	19
O'Kane	4	..	..	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L B Reader	17	..	17	18	17	17	20	19	20	16	20	15	20	..	..	..	..
Bachelor	12	17	16	19	16	17	20	17	..	18	18	19	20	17	17	19	17
W C Snodgrass	16	18	15	16	19	18	19	15	19	13	18	15	19	16	19	14	20
N M Shiras	14	14	17	13	17	16	18	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
John Renfro	4	9	..	13	..	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J H Beightle	15	14	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W W McIlhany	15	17	12	19	15	18	18	19	18	18	19	18	19	17	18	16	20
Calhoun	11	16	18	20	15	18	19	18	19	18	20	19	19	18	20	20	20
J M Higgins	8	..	13	7	16	15	20	12	..	11	11	12	17	13	12	11	16
E D Trotter	11	..	16	17	17	13	18	15	19	18	19	19	19	18	17	15	17
Harwood	14	18	..	..	16	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J W Barre	19	18	12	19	11	18	20	15	..	17	20	17	19	18	17	..	..
W S Ferguson	13	10	8	9	7	5	15	..	..	12	17	20	15	17	16	10	7
R E Strong	14	18	15	18	13	16	19	17	..	19	20	14	..	19	20	14	18
F M Eaton	14	13	16	14	14	14	12	11	..	12	16	..	..	..	16	18	15
T B Newton	6	15	12	19	13	12	19	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wise	16	18	14	16	15	16	18	16	19	20	18	14	19	14	18	14	18
Clyde	6	11	9	13	..	12	16	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Stevenson	4	15	8	14	11	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McGill	4	9	9	14	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J P Gillespie	11	17	11	14	10	16	20	17	17	15	20	17	19	19	19	15	20
M E Sharp	15	13	..	..	13	20	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clay	10	17	..	..	16	17	..	..	17	..	19	15	18	16	20	15	0
H M Menefee	12	18	13	16	16	17	20	17	20	18	20	17	20	18	20	17	20
E C Greene	18	16	16	17	13	18	19	18	19	18	19	16	18	18	20	18	20
C W Mason	8	13	12	15	14	14	17	17	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
C D Taylor	15	17	20	18	19	18	19	19	20	18	20	19	19	14	20	15	17
E L Dibert	17	18	17	18	18	16	19	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
N J Gregg	14	15	14	14	17	17	18	16	17	16	17	16	18	16	14	17	16
B F Rice	11	19	12	13	14	18	18	19	19	17	18	18	19	15	19	18	18
B O Running	13	16	14	16	16	15	18	19	20	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G R Hall	16	14	17	17	14	18	19	16	16	14	17	16	15	16	17	17	18
Geo Stevenson	12	16	16	16	13	16	16	16	16	18	19	16	15	13	17	14	20
W Kinsley	5	12	2	15	9	13	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J E Johnson	10	18	12	15	17	13	20	17	20	18	18	17	19	15	16	..	19
J George	12	12	13	15	14	16	18	18	11	8	15	12	19	..	12	..	..
J Z Scott	14	16	16	15	14	15	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
N D Gardiner	16	13	6	9	11	..	16	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T Carter	12	16	9	16	12	14	17	11	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
M B Horton	16	16	15	19	19	15	19	19	15	15	20	17	17	19	18	17	18
N M Lambert	11	15	13	15	11	13	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A L DeWitt	12	15	15	11	20	..	17	..	..	15	16	11	17	16	17	17	17
Cosby	16	16	17	18	17	..	17	17	19	15	18	16	18	19	20	10	18
Sexton	13	18	17	19	18	19	19	19	20	18	20	18	20	18	19	17	17
McElroy	12	17	13	17	17	18	15	13	19	16	17	18	18	16	19	16	16
Ed Gilges	11	16	18	15	..	9	18	14	14	13	18	15	19	15	..	..	18
McGee	10	14	13	11	12	14	14	14	..	13	18	11	15	..	..	..	..
Ingle	..	16	13	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sowers	13	12	9	16	12	14	17	15	15	10	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
J J Gray	..	17	16	18	16	16	16	13	15	14	19	16	19	..	..	..	..
A Fulton	..	19	15	17	19	14	19	17	19	11	18	16	18	..	..	..	..
M Finnigan	16	16	16	18	16	12	19	15	18	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W L Stone	..	..	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T L Clark	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Newton	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jaeckel	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T J Emley	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
N Barrett	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	
Rogers	..	..	..	..	18	16	20	14	18	19	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
G G Kinman	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	15	16	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Harris	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	12	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Lat	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	15	19	18	20	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Miller	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	16	18	..	..	..	19	..	18	..	19
F J Close	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C White	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T E Ruggles	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	17	16	15	17	10	15	11	18	..	17
K Campbell	16	14	11	18	14	16	19	17	19	17	19	18	20	19	19	13	20
L G Clark	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	15	18	15	17	17	17	14	20	11	17
M A Brawley	..	..	..	..	..	10	19	7	18	12	17	16	16	15	18	15	18
A L Scoville	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	15	..	13	17	16	18	14	20	15	..
Jas Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Dittmore	..	..	..	..	..	19	18	13	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J R Waller	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J C Clark	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	15	..	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
G W Jenkins	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	14	14	11	11	15	17	16	19	15	16
W F Keller	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	15	19	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	..	17	18	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
G W Goff	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A W Peck	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	12	16	12	17	18	17	15	16	15	14
T C Treat	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J C White	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Keen	..	..	..	..	..	14	17	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H C Solomon	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Brenner	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	11	17	..	..	..	..	17	15	13	18
G L Byers	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J M Robbins	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
M E Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	16	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J E Duncan	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H L Weyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J H Sutcliffe	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	11	..	..	13	13	11	..	13	19
W Needham	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C D Walker	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Sutcliffe	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E A Waller	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Elliott	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Kethlein	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Elmer Hyde	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J B Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	
Leath	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Ferguson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	..	3	15	..	12	5	..	
Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Saunders	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C W Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Reese	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	13	17	..	19	16	..	
Dr Hungate	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	16	11	14	11	14	13	18	
E Meyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	16	15	..	15	..	18	
A Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	14	..	17	17	17	
Kohler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	19	17	16	18	20		
Schmelzer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	..	18	..	..		
Piety	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	5	16	11	13		
M Warner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	..	11	6	..		
S M Mills	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	14	17	14	16		
C E Bruce	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	10	14	..	17		
W A Saunders	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	..	..	..		
Dr Lane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	13	16		
Dr Craig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	..	..		
Prof Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..		
Guthrie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..		
W C Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..		

Trap at Little Rock.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 23.—The final contest for the Pulaski County medal, which took place recently, was robbed of much of its interest from the fact that no matter who won the contest it could have no bearing on the final result. Dickinson being so far ahead of the rest of the contestants that none of them could overtake him, he would once more become the permanent possessor of the medal. The medal was once a challenge trophy, and to be won and successfully defended against all shooters in Pulaski county for one year. This Dickinson accomplished, and then put the medal again to be contested for under the following conditions: The trophy was to be shot for for one year, and there were to be two contests each month during the spring and summer and one during the fall and winter months. Each shooter to shoot at 50 targets, known traps, unknown angles, and the shooter making the best average in any 10 contests to retain it permanently. Score:

Dickinson.....11111111111101111111110111110101111011101101010111001—40
Duley.....11111111111101111101111111110101111000101111111011—41
Pemberton.....11111110111110101111111111111111111111101110111011110—44
Lenow.....00100111011110100101011111001110111011111110011—32
Irwin.....01101110111001101111011111110010111111110111111010—37

Appended are the scores made in the final contest, also a complete record of the scores made by all those who participated in any of the seventeen contests which took place for the medal, and a list of the guns and ammunition used by the contestants. A glance at the record made shows that Dickinson has again won the trophy. His average, taking his ten best scores, being 86^{1}_{5}. French is second with an average of 88^{4}_{5}, closely followed by Duley, who is third, with 83^{3}_{5}. This shooter has shown the most marked improvement; a year ago he was shooting about 50 per cent.; to-day he is one of the best shots in the club

Contest:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Duley	..	24	35	32	35	36	39	32	39	45	43	46	43	39	42	41	42
Dickinson	36	38	41	37	37	..	..	..	41	47	45	46	46	41	39	45	40
French	42	37	37	42	42	42	46	41	38	40	42	40	42	..	..	..	..
Irwin	35	..	36	42	39	43	40	..	..	..	33	27	..	39	41	42	37
Pemberton	46	38	41	40	42	..	40	..	..	..	41	38	..	..	..	45	44
Cunningham	..	39	37	43	48	32	40	..	..	41	..	34	..	..	..	..	..
D Alexander	..	20	25	39	31	39	43	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Schaer	39	37	34	32	36	..	43	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thibault	42	37	42	38	43	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodson	25	.	.	43	49	..	41	..	35	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lenow	..	..	27	50	38	..	31	..	..	37	..	..	..	..	31	..	2
C Alexander	..	..	31	31	30	33	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Litzke	26	..	38	28	29	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fletcher	..	36	35	37	42	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cantrell	..	32	26	..	..	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stowell	..	32	36	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	37	..	..
Ledbetter	..	..	36	..	..	25	27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Conner	..	..	..	..	..	33	..	..	..	..	35	40	..	..	..	..	..
Schaer	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	22	..	..	..	..	..	35	..	..	..
Drake	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	25	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baise	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	42	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rose	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	42	..	..	..	39	..	
Reaves	..	..	..	..	22	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Steele	..	..	..	34	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	..	..	..	..	
Winston	..	25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Hughes	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Long	..	..	..	25	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Freeman	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Marshall	..	..	..	34	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Ramsey	..	..	..	..	27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Hobbs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	27	..	..	..	..	..	
Treadway	..	..	..	..	..	35	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Carleton	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., April 25.—Our club is making some improvements in its grounds for the better handling of the traps and the comfort of the trappers. These improvements prevented very much practice to-day. Still, the following scores were made, each event being at 20 targets, unknown angles:

No. 1: Scott 19, Terry 19, Moorman 18, Nelson 17, Empie 17, Miller 15, Cleland 11.

No. 2: Nelson 17, Empie 17, Moorman 14, Scott 14, Cleland 13, Miller 13, Terry 13.

No. 3: Terry 20, Empie 17, Nelson 16, Moorman 16, Scott 16, Miller 14, Cleland 10.

No. 4: Terry 20, Nelson 19, Scott 19, Empie 18, Moorman 18, Miller 17, Cleland 13.

No. 5: Cleland 16, Empie 15, Nelson 13, Moorman 12, Scott 12, Miller 8.

F. M. D.

Work and Knapp Shoot a Tie.

ON Wednesday, April 24, George Work and J. P. Knapp met for the second time on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds at Babylon, L. I., in a 100-bird match. This made the third race between these two crack amateurs at 100 birds; one was shot at Larchmont, the other two at Babylon. The first, which took place at Babylon on Jan. 23, resulted in a victory for Work by three birds, the score standing 84—81 in his favor. The second was shot at Larchmont on Feb. 22, Knapp winning this time by the score of 89—86. The third match, therefore—the one shot on April 24—was looked upon as a sort of deciding heat, and was awaited with considerable interest. So quiet was the affair kept, that only a very few friends of the shooters were on hand. More's the pity, because those who were absent missed as pretty and as

Worcester Sportsman's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 16.—Scores made to day by the Worcester Sportsman's Club in the cash prize series of 1895. This series will consist of twelve shoots for a prize of $50. Each shooter will shoot at 25 targets, known angles. The weaker shooters are allowed a certain number of lost birds scored dead. Following are the scores:

	Score.	Added.	Total		Score.	Added.	Total
Mascroft	21	0	21	Ide	14	3	17
A W Walls	21	0	21	Bartlett	14	2½	16½
Forehand	21	0	21	Kennerson	16	0	16
Davis	20	0	20	R C Walls	11	0	11
McLellan	17	2	19				

These scores were made by members of the Worcester Sportsman's Club at the first shoot in the merchandise series for 1895 on the above date. The series will consist of twelve shoots, 50 targets per man each shoot, 25 regular angles and 25 reversed angles. The nine highest scores of each man in the series will be taken for his winning score:

	Regular.	Reversed.	T'l		Regular.	Reversed.	T'l
Davis	20	19	39	Buck	20	16	36
Kennerson	23	16	39	McLellan	18	16	34
A W Walls	22	16	38	Bartlett	21	13	34
Mascroft	22	16	38	Ide	20	13	33
Forehand	20	18	38	R C Walls	18	11	29

WORCESTER, Mass., April 20.—The following account, taken from the Worcester *Daily Spy*, tells the story of our shoot, which took place yesterday, April 19: "The Worcester Sportsmen's Club held an all-day shoot at the North Pond Park, Friday, and indulged in sweepstake shooting, team races and individual matches. The shoot was attended by such well-known cracks as B. Leroy Woodward of Brockton, of national reputation as a trap-shooter, and the two Bennetts, W. W. and F. E., the champion pistol-shots of the world, who are among the leading trap-shooters of the country. Woodward, who shot under the name of Leroy, broke all previous records ever made before the traps in this city in continuous shooting, his average for the forenoon being 90 per cent. and for the afternoon 95 per cent. This record is phenomenal, from the fact that of the 150 birds broken, one-half were thrown from the traps by what is known as the reverse system, the most difficult system ever used. Another feature of the day's shoot which aroused great interest was the individual race between W. L. Davis of this city and Fred. E Bennett of Boston. The race was at 50 birds, 25 regular and 25 reverse system. The result was a victory for Mr. Davis by a score of 45 to 42. The detailed score appears elsewhere. Still another feature of the day's sport was a team shoot for the dinners between teams captained by Ide and McLellan, which was shot in four sweepstake events, as follows: 10 reversed, 10 regular, 15 reversed and 15 regulas, making practically four events. Capt. Ide's men won by a score of 315 to 299. Among the Worcester men who made remarkable scores in the sweepstakes were A. W. Walls, W. L Davis and John Mascroft The weather conditions were perfect for great shooting, and great shooting was done."

The first four regular events were the sweepstakes, comprising the team shoot between Capt. Ide's team amd Capt McLellan's team, with a total of 50 birds. The results were as follows:

Capt. Ide's team: F. Bennett 44, W. W. Bennett 43, A. W. Walls 41, Leroy 40, Colvin 35, Ide 34, Bucklin 30, G. Davis 26, Stowe 22; total 315.

Capt. McLellan's team: Mascroft 45 Forehand 41, Davis 38, Kennerson 37, Buck 34, Parker 32, Elmer 28, McLellan 25, Sampson 19; total 299.

No 5. 20 targets: First, Mascroft, 19; second, Davis and Leroy, 18 each; third, W. W. Bennett. 17.

No. 6, 20 targets: First, W. W. Bennett and Leroy 18 each; second, A. W. Walls and Mascroft. 17 each; third, Davis, 16.

No. 7, 10 targets, unknown angles: First, Leroy, 10; second, Davis, 9; third, W. W. Bennett, 8.

No. 8, 10 targets: First, Leroy, 10; second, W. W. Bennett, 9 third, F. E. Bennett, 8.

No. 9, 20 targets, reversed: First, Leroy, 18; second, A. W. Walls 17; third, Bennett and Davis, 16 each.

No. 10, 20 targets: First, Leroy, 20; second, W W. Bennett, 18; third A. W. Walls, 17.

The detailed score of the individual race between Davis and Bennett first half known angles and second reversed, is as follows:

Davis .....11011011111111111111111111101111011111111111101—45
F Bennett.....11111111101110111101101011111111111111110101111110—42

A. W. WALLS.

Afton Gun Club's Tournament.

AFTON, Ia., April 18.—The tournament of the Afton Gun Club closed to-day. The weather was fine, but the attendance was very light. The members of the home club laid themselves out to give their guests a pleasant time, and succeeded admirably. Among those from outside were: C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake; Hamilton, Kingsley; Dr. Douthett and McFarland, Osceola, and Chas. W. Budd, Des Moines. The scores made during the two days were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, $1: Graham 9, Walker 5, Douthett 8, Spencer 7, Budd 8.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50:

Budd	111111111111111—15	Graham	111110111111110—13
Douthett	111111111111111—15	Spencer	011101101111101—11
Walker	111011111010101—11		

No. 3. 10 targets, $1: Budd 8, Graham 10, Douthett 8, Spencer 8, Walker 5.

No. 4, 12 targets, $1.25: Budd 9, Douthett 10, Spencer 9, Walker 6, Graham 11.

No. 5, 12 targets, $1.50: Grimm 7, Douthett 11, Walker 8, Spencer 7, Budd 10, Bagg 7.

No. 6, 10 targets, $1.25: Walker 6, Douthett 9, Spencer 7, Budd 6, Raymond 7, Grimm 9.

No. 7, 10 targets, $1.50: Raymond 2, Walker 7, Spencer 7, Douthett 6, Budd 9, Grimm 8.

No. 8, 10 targets, $1: Grimm 9, Walker 9, Budd 8, Spencer 7, Douthett 7.

No. 9, 10 targets, $1.25: Douthett 10, Budd 8, Walker 5, Spencer 6, Grimm 8.

No. 10, 10 targets, $1: Douthett 9, Spencer 9, Budd 9, Grimm 9.

No. 11, 10 targets, $1: Grimm 10, Douthett 9, Budd 9, Spencer 7, Van Winkle 5.

No. 12, 10 targets. $1: Grimm 7, McFarland 6. Spencer 9, Douthett 8, Budd 9. Howard 3, Leonard 8, Smith 7, Walker 7.

No. 13, 15 targets, $1.50:

Douthett	111110001101010— 9	Grimm	101111111101111—13
McFarland	011101011100000— 8	Leonard	111010111110110—11
Budd	011101101101010— 9	Howard	001101110101010— 8
Spencer	111111110101011—12	Walker	101111111001000— 9

No. 14, 15 targets, $1:

Budd	111110111111111—14	Smith	111011100100000— 7
Douthett	110111101101101—11	Leonard	011111011100011—11
McFarland	100101011111101—10	Hamilton	110101100100111— 9
Spencer	010011011011101— 9	Grimm	011111111101111—13
Walker	110101101010111—10	Van Winkle	000111000101101— 7
Howard	101110100111100— 9	Ballard	101111111101010—11

No. 15, 10 targets, $1: Douthett 9, McFarland 8, Budd 8, Walker 6, Grimm 10, Spencer 9, Leonard 6, Howard 6.

No. 16, 12 targets. $1: Grimm 12 Leonard 10, McFarland 8, Douthett 10, Budd 12, Walker 7. Spencer 8, Shull 7.

No. 17, 10 targets, $1: Budd 10, Douthett 8, Walker 5, McFarland 8, Leonard 9, Grimm 10, Spencer 6.

No. 18, 10 targets, $1: Budd 10, Douthett 8, McFarland 8, Spencer 8, Grimm 8, Leonard 9, Walker 2.

No. 19, 10 targets, $1: Douthett 10, Budd 10, McFarland 9, Leonard 10, Grimm 10, Walker 7.

No. 20, 10 targets, $1: Budd 9, Douthett 9, Walker 7, McFarland 6, Grimm 8, Leonard 8.

No. 21, 10 targets, $1: Grimm 10, McFarland 6, Leonard 7, Douthett 7, Budd 7, Walker 7.

No. 22, 10 targets, $1: Grimm 9, Budd 8, Walker 9, McFarland 8, Douthett 10, Leonard 8.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1: Spencer 7, Ballard 10, Walker 9, Hamilton 8, Beymer 7.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50:

Ballard	011100001101010— 7	Spencer	111111100111111—13
Walker	111101111111111—14	Beymer	110100011111001— 9
Hamilton	001011011111110—10		

No. 3, 6 pairs, $1:

Spencer	11 10 11 10 10 10— 8	Walker	10 10 10 11 10 00— 6
Hamilton	11 11 10 10 00 00— 6	Howard	10 11 10 00 11 00— 6

No. 4, 5 pairs, $1:

Spencer	01 01 01 01 01—5	Howard	00 10 11 10 10—5
Ballard	11 01 10 01 11—7	Hamilton	10 00 00 01 11—4
Walker	10 11 11 01 01—7	Bagg	00 01 00 11 01—4

No. 5, merchandise event, 10 targets, $1: Ballard 8, Walker 6, Grimm 8, Howard 8, Lamb 3, Hamilton 7, Spencer 6, Budd 9. Prizes: First, 5lbs. powder; second, 100 Armstrong Stock Exchange cigars; third, 25lbs. shot; fourth, 50 Palestine cigars.

No. 6, 10 targets, $1.50: Walker 4, Spencer 9, Van Winkle 7, Ballard 7, Howard 4, Kellogg 3, Beymer 8, Grimm 9.

No. 7, 10 single live birds, $3 50:

Spencer	1102011221—8	Walker	1002221021—7
Grimm	1112022222—9	Hamilton	0002122101—6
Shull	0220210120—6	Sullivan	0011001020—4
Van Winkle	1121121022—9	Lamb	0001212122—7

C. W. BUDD.

WESTERN TRAPS.

EUREKA CLUB OF CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 20.—The Eureka Gun Club held a very pleasant shoot this afternoon, on a very pleasant day, and with a very pleasant attendance. There was to have been a busine s meeting to take up among other things the question of a proposed summer tournament to be given by the club, but after deliberation it was decided to let this meeting follow later.

MR. WILLARD GOES EAST.

To-day was the last shoot with the Eureka Club of its president, Mr. C. E. Willard, who resigns his presidency of the club, and severs many other pleasant relations in Chicago, on his departure for another scene of life. Mr. Willard to-morrow says good-by to Chicago and starts for Hartford, Conn., where he will after this make his residence, assuming additional business relations with the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co., with which he has long been connected as representative in the West. Mr. Willard carries with him the best wishes of a very large circle of friends.

FROM KENTUCKY.

Mr. W. D. Thompson, president of the Paducah (Ky.) Gun Club, whose organization is due to him, is in the city for a short stay, and as at Eureka grounds this afternoon. Mr. Thompson is connected with the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. He often shoots with Memphis Gun Club, at Memphis, and predicts a great success for the June tournament of the Memphis Club.

A NEW NITRO.

At Eureka Club shoot to-day Mr. W. H. Skinner was using shells loaded with the new American nitro, the Leonard Smokeless. Mr. Skinner says that there was formed in New York to-day the American Smokeless Powder Co., which will put this nitro on the market Mr. Skinner will represent this company at the tournaments and elsewhere, and is a good man to push a good thing along.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

Mr. Skinner goes to Goshen, Ind., shoot next week. Eddie Bingham, who still is a large part of the gun and loading department of Montgomery Ward & Co., goes to Galesburg, Ill., shoot next Monday.

WAS A CORKER.

Louis Erhardt's tournament at Atchison, Kan., this week, was a corker, Report comes that he had over 150 entries in some events. He broke the record last year and bids fair to do so this year. The boys are said to have had a ripping good time.

TEXAS STATE SHOOT.

Oscar Guessaz, the tireless hustler of San Antonio, Texas, and president of the State Association, this week announces the nineteenth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, May 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19, under the "management of O. C. Guessaz." That means a success, and a deserved one, for Mr. Guessaz has worked very hard in getting up this tournament. The programme is an enticing one to the shooter, with its $500 added cash and $500 added merchandise. In a typographical respect the programme is one of the most beautiful of the season, coming as it does from the Guessaz & Ferlet press. Pictures of scenic points of interest around old Santone fill many pages. The Alamo is there, and the surrender of Santa Ana is depicted in a full page. Santa Ana only had one good leg, and in this picture is shown having his other leg extended by a surgeon. This is not prophetic or realistic, for it is sure that no one connected with this tournament as shooter or contributor will ever feel in regard to it that one of his legs is longer than it really ought to be.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 26.—Dick Merrill, who has spent the winter in Texas, most of the time at San Antonio, has returned to his home in Milwaukee. He ran over to Chicago for a day this week and just to get a little practice at shooting, not having had very much this winter. He went down to Watson's and had a little pigeon match all by himself. The day was windy and the birds were good, not one needing to be flushed. Dick shot at 130 birds and scored 120, with a few dead out, which is a pretty good start off. The tournament people want to watch the Milwaukeean this year, for he is feeling pretty good after his sojourn South.

GOSHEN SHOOT.

The dispatches to Chicago have the following results of several shoots of this vicinity this week:

GOSHEN, Ind., April 23.—This was the opening day of the Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan gun shoot. There were sixteen events. George Kolb won the local merchant's shoot, securing 18 out of 20 bluerocks. W. H. Skinner, of Chicago, winner of two 20-bird shoots, secured 19 in the first and 14 in the second. Kolb secured 18 out of 20 in the bird shoot.

GOSHEN, Ind., April 24.—The champion medal shoot was the big event in to day's tournament. Leroy Miles was winner of the medal and Henry Kolb second. Summaries by events: First, 5 sparrows—Winners: Skinner, Bussel, Miles. Second, 8 sparrows: W. H. Skinner first, Cline second. Third, 5 sparrows, Miles and Kapp first, Cline second. Fourth, 7 sparrows: Skinner first. Fifth, 5 sparrows: Skinner and Witt winners. Sixth, 13 sparrows: Skinner and Witt winners. Ninth, 5 sparrows: A. B. Witt first, second to locals. Tenth, 7 sparrows: George Bungay winner.

GOSHEN, Ind., April 25.—Attendance at the meet of the Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan gun clubs' tournament was the largest ever present at any previous tournament of the association. The summaries:

No. 1, 15 single bluerocks: George Kolb, Goshen, wins; William Douglas, Warsaw, second.

No. 2, miss and out: Kolb and Skinner, Chicago, 6 each; Skinner wins.

No. 3: George Kolb won, Skinner second.

No. 4: T. Camfield, Warsaw, won; W. C. Stacey, Sturgis, Mich., second.

No. 5: Roy Miles, Milford, won; George Kolb, second.

No. 6, 15 live birds: Eight tied for first; George Kolb won, Skinner second.

No. 7, 5 singles and 5 pairs: C. Beckner, Waterloo, won; Roy Miles, second.

MICHIGAN LEAGUE.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., April 23.—The Michigan League Trap Shooters' tournament opened to day. Participants were present from Grand Rapids, Detroit, Manchester, Litchfield, Kalamazoo, Jackson, and Battle Creek, Mich., and O. von Lengerke of Chicago. Nine events were shot. The first average was won by Parker of Detroit, who scored 97 out of a possible 112; Widdicomb of Grand Rapids second, with 93. In the team championship race Grand Rapids team No 1 scored 53; team No 2 65; Battle Creek team 61.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., April 24.—In the State Trap-Shooters' tournament today the individual State championship was won by Holt of Manchester, expert 25; Walton, Grand Rapids, semi-expert, 23; Gould, Grand Rapids, amateur, 24. The shoot was twenty-five singles. The challenge shoot between Grand Rapids and Battle Creek teams for the shooting and fishing trophy was thirty singles, unkown traps, and ten pairs of doubles. The totals were: Singles—Grand Rapids, 101; Battle Creek, 84 Doubles—Grand Rapids, 57; Battle Creek, 63. Grand totals—Grand Rapids, 158; Battle Creek 147. The day's average was won by W. Thomas of Jackson, 82 out of a possible 98. The next meeting of the league will be at Grand Rapids the latter part of May.

GALESBURG SHOOT.

GALESBURG, Ill., April 23.—The fifty live bird match between Dr. Carver of Kansas City and Tom Marshall of Keithsburg for a purse of $100 a side was won by Marshall by a score of 46 to 44. Carver became careless and seemed nervous after missing the first bird. Fine target breaking was done by World's Champion R. O. Heikes of Dayton, O., E. D. Rike of Dayton, O., Ed. Bingham of Chicago, William Gilbert of Philadelphia, Ill., W. T. Irwin of Peoria, G. D. Jones of Beardstown, Al Miller of New Boston, L. M. Hardin of Springfield, and E. E. Deterline of Keithsburg. Heikes broke 145 targets without missing.

GALESBURG, Ill., April 24.—In the shooting tournament today Tom Marshall of Keithsburg won first place in most of the target matches, Heikes, the world's champion, fell off greatly. Miller of New Boston, Baker of Kewanee, Bingham of Chicago, and Hillman of Pekin were the other winners in the leading events, the local shooters and many of the outsiders being outclassed. The Bogardus-Irwin match was postponed until tomorrow.

GALESBURG, Ill., April 25.—Capt. Bogardus and "Tramp" Irwin of Peoria at the shooting tournament today shot a match of 50 birds at $100 a side. Irwin won by a score af 44 to 41. Bogardus protested, claiming Irwin did not use the kind of shells agreed upon. Referee Bingham of Chicago awarded the match to Irwin. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ills.

The Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., has issued the following programme of club shoots for May, June and July: Live-bird days—May 4, 8, 18 and 22, and June 1. Target days—May 1, 11, 15, 25, 29; June 5, 8, 12, 15, 19, 22, 26, 29; July 3, 6, 10, 13, 17, 20, 24, 27 and 31. On live-bird days the programme will be: No. 1, 5 birds, $2.50; No. 2, 10 birds, $5; No. 3, miss and out. Birds extra in all events. On target days the programme set for decision will be five 15-target races and one 20-target race. The Geo. Cohen trophy will be contested for by members only on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month during 1895.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., April 17.—At the shoot to-day in Event No. 1, 25 targets, 15 known angles and 10 unknown angles, Frank Ehrgott made the first 25 straight recorded in our score book. The 15 unknown known angles were practically unknown, owing to the bad condition of traps and trappers. Scores:

No 1, 25 targets, 15 known angles, 10 unknown angles:

Hayes	0100101111111101000001100—13
Clemson	1111010111011110000100111—16
Reisinger	0110110111111010010000101—14
Belton	0011111111110011001101101—17
Ed Affantranger	0011111110010111010100101—15
N Affantranger	1001110101101110000001010—12
Kelso	1111010100010011101110101—15
Clark	1100110110110111001111100—16
Ehrgott	1111111111111111111111111—25
Baker	1010010100010101110101011—13

No. 2, 15 unknown angles and 10 known angles:

Reisinger	0000000101000001111001010— 8
Clemson	1110001100011010010101011—13
N Affantranger	0111010001001111111111010—16
Hayes	1001000110101100011010011—12
Ed Affantranger	0000100110010101111110000—11
Clark	1101110101001111011110101—17
Belton	1010111010101001100111000—13
Kelso	1111010110001100111110111—17
Ehrgott	1101111111101110111000111—19

No. 3, 5 pairs: E. Affantranger 6, Hayes 5, Ehrgott 4, Reisinger 4, Belton 3.

MEADVILLE, Pa., April 24.—The following are the scores made at our club shoot to-day, 25 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles:

Ehrgott	1110111110111111111111011—22
Fowler	1111001111111110101101111—10
Belton	1111011101110011011111111—20
Decker	0110011100101100100111101—14
Clemson	0011100000010101111110001—12
Reisinger	1100111111111111111101110—21
Dilley	0010110101010000001010011—10
Prenatt	0101111101110101110110101—17
Dr Johnson	1011111010111010111011110—18
Dr Thompson	0111100111101001001010111—15
Dr Lashells	1001000111011101101100110—14
See	0011010010101000111110111—14
H A Johnson	1110111101111101111111111—22
H A Hayes	1010101111101100001111111—17
Hotchkiss	1111011011101011100011100—16
Kellam	0110101011011010001001100—12

CHOKE BORE.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., April 21.—The members of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club did not appear in their best form to day, the 14-mark being the highest reached. Mace, Merrard and Searles, of the A class, tied on that score, and in the shoot-off Searles captured the gold medal for another week. Sterling secured the silver medal on the same score of 14. Conditions: 20 targets, unknown angles:

A Class.

Mace	00111101101111011101—14	Brayton	00100111100000010100— 7
Searles	11011110100110011111—14	Merrard	10011110100111111110—14

B Class.

Woody	10011001110111101101—13	Hunt	11101100000000010110— 8
Kern	10111011000111101100—12	Sterling	11101111000101110111—14
Allinson	00101001001011000111— 9		

In accordance with the rule under which the club is now working, "That after each four shoots the members are reclassified for the succeeding four (those having broken 60 per cent. or upward constituting the A class, and those having broken less than 60 per cent. constituting the B class)," the four weekly contests ending with to-day's shoot results in the following reclassification:

A Class.	Broke.	Shot at.	Per cent.	B Class.	Broke.	Shot at.	Per cent.
J P Merrard	53	80	66¼	J K Wood	19	40	47½
W H Mace	57	80	71¼	J M Evans	20	40	50
W P Brayton	50	80	62½	F Allinson	22	60	36⅔
Lieut Devol	25	40	62½	H W Thompson	14	40	35
C A Searles	59	80	73¾	T E Evans	16	40	40
Frank Woody	54	80	67½	A M Sterling	45	80	56¼
F P Kern	50	80	62½	A M Stevens	23	60	38⅓
Capt Andrews	13	20	65	L L Hunt	32	80	40
Robt Rogers	14	20	70				

WILL CAVE.

Getting Rid of a Hoodoo.

ON Saturday, April 20, several members of the New Utrecht Gun Club went to the club's grounds at Woodlawn, L. I., to compete for the E C. Powder cup. In addition to the cup the management decided to put up a special prize of a somewhat curious nature. Bad luck in team races has been perching upon the club's banner for some time past, and it had come to be a recognized fact that the club was possessed of something in the nature of a hoodoo. The Jonah picked upon was a large stuffed owl of magnificent proportions, the claim being that the club had had nothing but ill luck in inter-club contests since the owl appeared in the club house. Accordingly, that owl was put up as a special prize. The only two members who contested for the E. C. Powder Cup that killed straight were Furgueson, 3d and T. H. Keller, the latter forfeiting on the shoot-off to Conney and his 16-gauge gun. Keller, Shepard, Pool and Conney then shot off miss and out for the hoodoo, the two latter missing their first birds. Shepard and Keller had killed 3 each when Keller decided that he would prefer the doctor to have the owl, being probably a trifle superstitious. He accordingly forfeited his claim to the *objet d'art*, Dr. Shepard taking the bird and whatever went with it. Scores:

C Furgueson, 3d (B)	1222222222—10	J N Meyer (B)	2011122112— 9
T H Keller (B)	2122222222—10	G Nostrand (A)	1112021122— 9
*Dr Shepard (C)	1211122221—10	C M Meyer (A)	1202222022— 8
*Dr Pool (C)	2222112221—10	D Deacon (A)	2202222202— 8
W F Sykes (B)	2221222•22— 9	Knowlton (C)	1002112212— 8
C A Sykes (A)	2112101121— 9	G W Coulston (A)	2120100120— 6
C Furgueson, Jr (AA)	2222222202— 9	M Van Brunt (B)	2022022022— 6

* Not in for the cup or sweepstake.

The Texas State Shoot.

THE nineteenth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, as already announced, is set for May 15-19. It will be held at San Antonio, Tex., under the auspices of the San Antonio Gun Club, on the Jockey Club grounds, and under the management of Texas Field, a gentleman whose voting name is Oscar C. Guessaz, of San Antonio. The programme for the five days is made up of live bird and target events, good money being added to nearly every event. In those events where no cash is added there are several valuable merchandise premiums offered for competition. To add $500 in cash and $500 in merchandise is something nowadays, notwithstanding the $3,000, $2,000 and $1,200 of added money in some of the largest shoots. Mr. Guessaz writes that he is working hard to revive interest in trap-shooting in Texas. It must be said that he is going the right way about it; his efforts deserve to meet with success.

LYNCHBURG'S INTERSTATE.

"On to Knoxville," is the way Elmer Shaner has headed the cover of the programme for the Interstate Association's tournament at Lynchburg, Va., on Friday and Saturday, May 17 and 18. That "On to Knoxville" is a good idea. The Southern Railway Company can land all the Eastern contingent at Lynchburg, let them shoot there a couple of days, and then carry them right away into the heart of the mountains, getting them to Knoxville, Tenn., in good time for a rest up before the siege begins that lasts from May 21 to 24.

The Lynchburg Gun Club adds $200 to the purses, $100 on each day. The programme calls for six 15-target events and four 20-target events, a total of 170 targets, at the uniform rate of entrance of 10 cents a target, or $17 for the day. Experts, of course, shoot under expert rules all the time, winners of first money in any event shooting in the expert class in the next event they enter. Amateurs shoot at known traps, unknown angles. This system may be hard on the professionals, but the amateurs like it, and they are a good class to cater to. Shooting commences each day at 9:30 sharp. Headquarters for sportsmen during the tournament will be the Arlington Hotel. Mr. Thomas H. Nelson, secretary of the Lynchburg Gun Club, will be glad to furnish any additional information on application.

Ashly Gun Club.

ASHLY, La. April 23.—The following scores were made by the members of the Ashly Gun Club this afternoon:

Andrew Sevier	0110010000010000000110000— 6
J W Kilbourne	1011011111111111110011101—20
J S Agee	1111111111111110110110000—20
E P Mangum	1111111111111111011110011—22
W M Scott	1010011111111101101101001—17
W H Harvey	0110111101111111011111101—20
W H Ward	0111111011111101111111101—21
Mr Spratling	1001110001101011111111111—18
Will Hews	0100000010001000000100110— 6

E. P. MANGUM.



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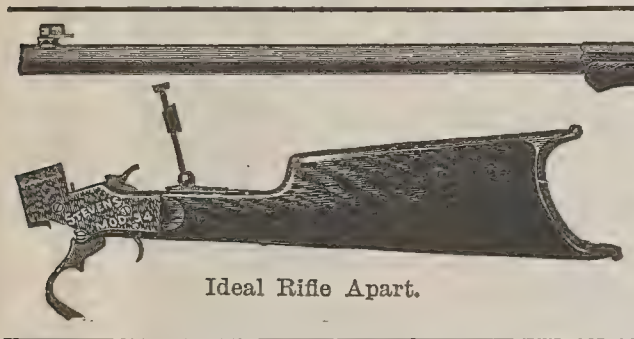
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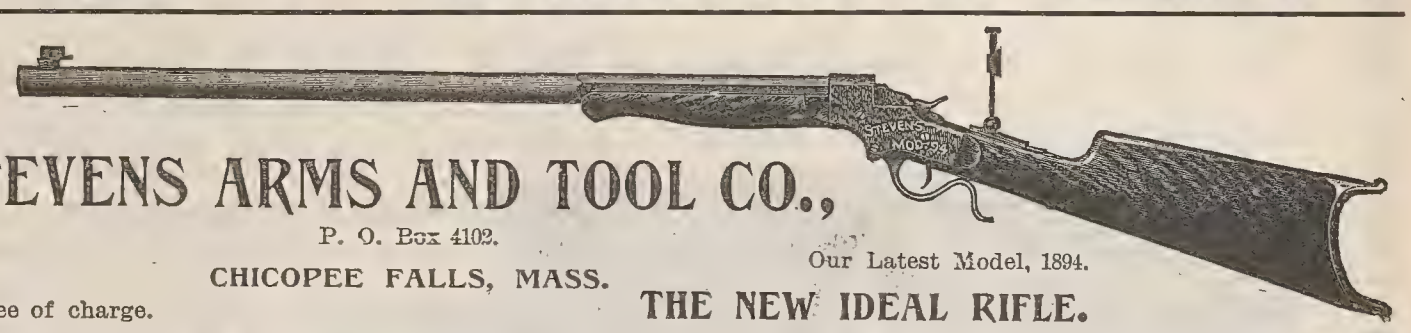
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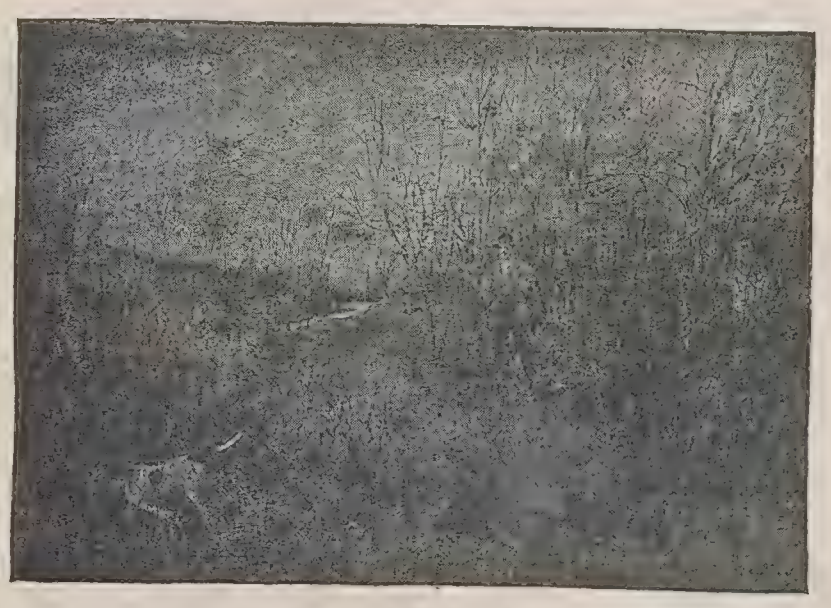
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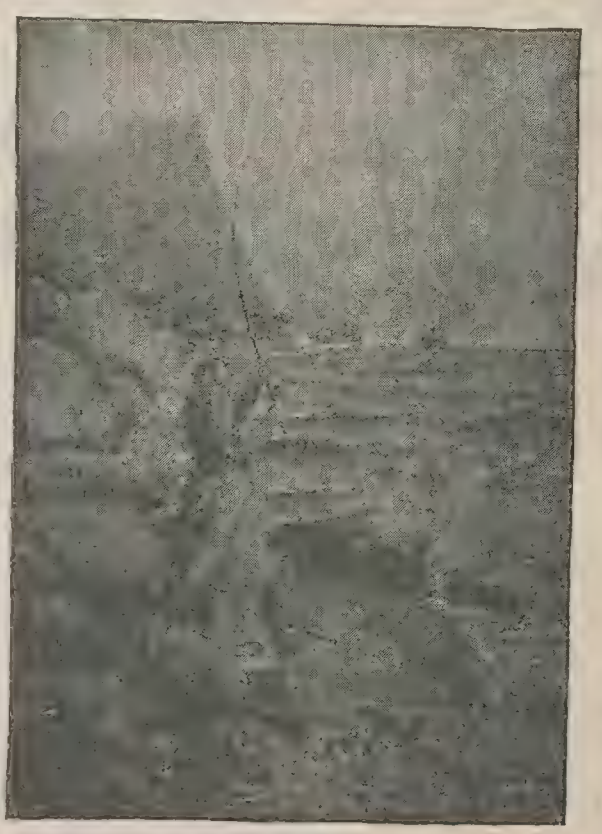
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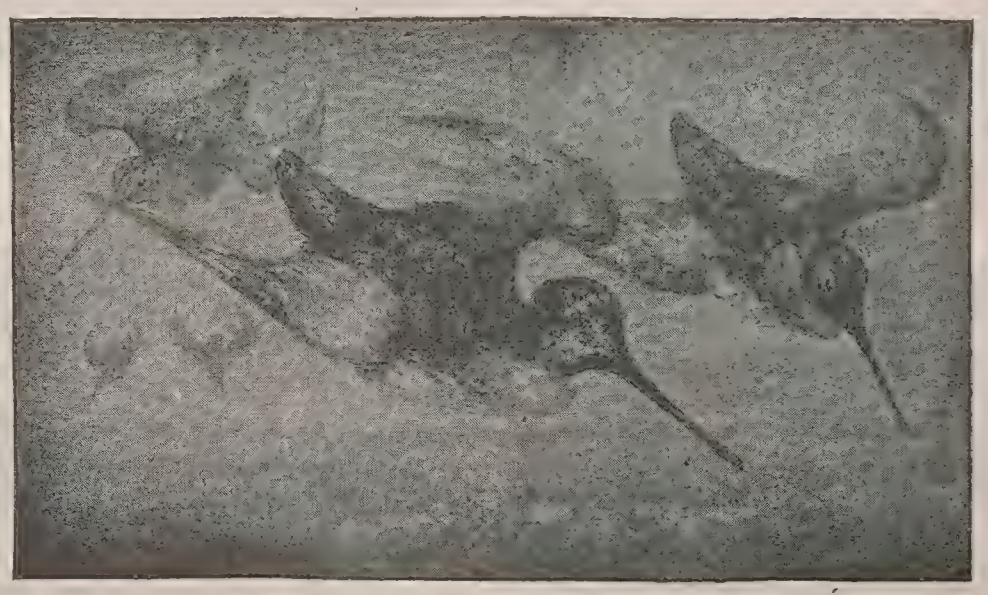
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1895.

VOL. XLIV.—No. 19 No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXPOSITION.

EVERYTHING promises that the Sportsman's Exposition, which will open in Madison Square Garden, in this city, next Monday, will be a most successful affair. In scope the display will be comprehensive; all that pertains to the rod and the gun will there have a place. The exhibits made by manufacturers and dealers will be varied and complete, and will afford a striking exposition of the variety and perfection of the sporting goods of the day. The collections of trophies and pictures and other accessories of the craft will be numerous, interesting and worth travelling a thousand miles to see. We need not urge every sportsman in the land, who can possibly visit New York next week, to attend the Exposition for his own sake. It will prove not only beautiful, interesting and attractive, but educational as well.

Membership in the Sportsman's Association (which costs $1) will entitle the holder of a member's card to return transportation from New York to his home at one-third of the regular rate.

New York city is just now in the glory of fresh spring verdure; the sun shines bright, sparrows chatter merrily in the parks, and the streets are not dug out in trenches and pitfalls so much as usual. If the sportsman comes in force he shall own the town.

The FOREST AND STREAM will welcome its friends in the two spaces, Nos. 73 and 74, which will be found on the south of the main aisle, near the center of the building. While shrinking from any appearance of egotism or of an undue magnifying of self, we may suggest that the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit will in itself be worth your visit to New York. The large oil painting, "Chained to Business," will be certain to awaken a responsive sympathy in the breast of every beholder.

Our issue of May 25 will contain an illustrated description of the Exposition, and we shall provide for an increased demand for that number.

A. H. GESNER.

MANY readers of FOREST AND STREAM will regret to learn of the death of Rev. A. H. Gesner (better known to them as "Stillaboy"), which occurred at his home in Sing Sing, N. Y., on April 30.

Mr. Gesner was a retired clergyman of the Episcopal Church; but besides his love for his Master, he had an added love for God as revealed in the beauty and the creatures of His universe.

During the latter years of his life, and after a premonition of paralysis, which showed itself two years ago and incapacitated him for active work, he engaged himself in writing for FOREST AND STREAM, hoping by degrees to regain the facility of speech which characterized him as a preacher and worker in the Church. He was regaining these powers slowly, but his physical strength gradually declined.

When his last illness came upon him he was at work upon a story for this paper describing a trip into the woods in the month of May in company with the Indian, Nuel.

Our readers will remember his delightful series of papers on "The Prescription," "The Museum Moose," etc., which elicited so much praise and happy comment. There is in manuscript another story, of the "Museum Caribou," which is designed for early publication.

Mr. Gesner was a close and sympathetic observer of insect, bird and animal life, and delighted in the varied revelations of nature as the seasons circled in ceaseless course.

Some time before his death he had suspended from a twig in his study—upon which sat three stuffed owls—a cocoon. On the evening of the day of his funeral, his daughter-in-law heard a rustling, and looking up saw a large moth slowly evolve itself and crawl out upon the twig.

Mr. Gesner always used to hold this up as a type of the Resurrection, and would beautifully describe the various changes from larvæ to gorgeous butterfly. Occurring at such a time when the last sad rites had been said over his grave, it spoke in words of comfort of the triumph of his faith, symbolizing his love for the Risen Master and the new life of creation as displayed in the insect world.

Mr. Gesner died in the full possession of his faculties, and only the night before his departure spoke of the coming of the birds with the May-tide: "I hoped to hear them sing here, but now I shall hear them in Paradise. Won't it be lovely?"

Like one who turns his face homeward after a long journey, so he went out into that fair country "whither Christ has gone before."

ONE-MAN POWER.

IN nearly every branch of sportsmanship there have been complaints of cliquism and one-man power, and the instances have been few indeed when these honest, yet thoughtless, complaints have had any just grounds to rest upon.

In every special interest in the realm of sport, the care of affairs seems to devolve naturally sooner or later upon the care of a few men, and not infrequently one man will be dominant over his fellows.

To the unthinking, the mere fact of the preëminence of the individual is accepted as his unwarranted arrogation of power and importance. They do not consider that the incentives of sportsmanship are distinctly different from those of business life, wherein the really serious and earnest work is in incessant action. In matters of business, competition is ceaseless. To struggle is a necessity. But, above the necessities, men long for more importance. The desire for wealth, the ambition to shine in higher positions above his fellows, are incentives to men to strive constantly in professional and industrial life. When they devote their energies to certain lines of thought or effort, it is not an unfair inference that they are seeking an ultimate and just profit. But the standards of the industrial world are not always just standards for the measurement of values in the realm of sportsmanship, though they are not infrequently the data of many warranted inferences and conclusions. By far the greater number of men engage in sport for its own sake. They have an inborn passion for it. Unlike action in the business world, in sportsmanship there is seldom an ulterior mercenary motive.

In their love of sport, many men are unselfishly enthusiastic. Their fancies may take distinctly different channels—some may be fond of yachts, of guns, of dogs, of sports of land or water, and it is well that it is so.

The sportsman perceives that there is a community in nature distinctly apart from the selfish competition of the workaday world. It has under proper conditions no limitations. The rich and poor alike can enjoy its benefits and beauties.

But there are some features which must be properly conserved and promoted. There are contingent interests which must be organized and encouraged. There is much to teach and much work to do. There are men who assume the task. Thus there is the enthusiast who advocates and works for the protection of game and fish; the one who organizes trap-shooting and rifle clubs, field trial clubs, or canoe and yachting associations, and who devotes his time, energies, and often his means, in promoting and perpetuating the sport of his fancy. He begins the work that few would attempt, and in which still fewer would persist after beginning. But the worldly standard of value is too often applied to his efforts, and the complaint of one-man power is made. The unselfish efforts of the enthusiast for the benefit of his guild are too often rewarded with ingratitude. Even if the efforts of the enthusiast are not wholly unselfish, they confer benefits so general that they are a public gain.

Betimes, when the criticisms and complaints are intolerably unjust, the enthusiast abandons his fancy and participation in sport. Then the malcontents learn his real value. They were, more or less, beneficiaries of his efforts. Few of them did more than grumble or rebuke. When the enthusiast, the one-man power, retires, action ceases. If there is no direct monetary profit, it frequently happens that there is no one to act in his stead.

If a body have force, character and action, there must be a power which can act promptly and intelligently. If the one-man power, who is managing successfully, is deposed, what is offered to fill his place? Another man, who, if he succeeds, must necessarily be a one-man power. If the managing power be more than one man, which malcontents are disposed to term a clique, and is deposed, who is there to fill its place? When a man is unselfishly striving for the public good, or when he is giving a just return for a consideration, the complaints of the disgruntled have no value.

In such instances as men engage in sport and its contingencies from motives wholly mercenary, the complaints were just. Such mercenary purposes bring their own correction. It is of the good and true men of which we speak.

The one-man power is a necessity in the affairs of sportsmanship. Were the one-man power removed, the interests of game and fish protection, trap-shooting clubs, rifle clubs, yachting clubs and field trial clubs would languish and perhaps would die.

Had there been no one-man power in action, the interests of sportsmanship never would have attained their present greatness.

THE WILKS BILL.

HERE is the text of the Wilks bill in the New York Assembly, where it has been ordered a third reading, is likely to come up at an early day, and to be passed and sent to the Senate: "§ 249. No person shall be deemed to have violated any law or ordinance by reason of his selling, exposing for sale, transporting or possessing, or attempting so to do, the body, or a part of the body of any wild animal or bird in the close season for such animal or bird, provided it be proved by him that said wild animal or bird was killed outside this State."

This would open the sale of game the year around. It would mean not only that New York city would be, like Boston, a dumping ground for Western and Eastern game, but that the market slaughter of game in this State would be vastly increased and would go on the year through. The measure is one that has not a single redeeming feature. It should not be allowed to become a law. We cannot afford open markets for the twelve months through.

This is something which concerns every sportsman of New York, and every sportsman concerned should send his protest against the Wilks bill to Senator Donaldson chairman of the Senate Committee on Game and Fish.

GAME IN PARKS.

WE print to-day the first installment of the "FOREST AND STREAM'S Second Annual Report on Game in Preserves." The conclusion of the report, including notes on the Litchfield Preserve and a number of others, will follow in our next issue.

SNAP SHOTS.

We understand that the members of the Game Committee of the New York Assembly, after having promised both verbally and in writing to report favorably Mr. Niles's bill to prohibit deer hounding, at the next meeting of the committee promptly forgot these pledges and voted against the report. One man only remained true to his pledge—Mr. La Fetra. The value of the word of the average New York legislator is well known, and it now appears that his bond is worth no more than his word. The game law committees of both Senate and Assembly have done as much harm at this session as they could, and apparently with malice aforethought.

The appointment of Mr. A. C. Collins, of Hartford, to the new Connecticut Fish and Game Commission is in every way admirable. Mr. Collins has done more than any ten other men in the State to protect game and fish and to bring offenders to justice. He has for the most part been obliged to work single-handed. Now that he is in a position of increased responsibility and with enlarged powers, he may be depended upon to do good public service. His appointment was vigorously opposed by the pound fishermen, who have in the past found in this active and determined individual the only obstacle to their unrestrained violations of the statutes. The other Commissioners are Mr. N. Williams, of Salisbury, and Mr. J. A. Bill, of Lyme, reappointed.

AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

The "Forest and Stream's" Second Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

Blue Mountain Forest.

MR. AUSTIN CORBIN has every reason to congratulate himself on the entire success of his efforts to preserve some of the large game animals of America, which are gradually becoming extinct through want of proper laws for their protection in the States and Territories.

Canada may be included in this accusation, as game is murdered there for skins and heads as readily as in the United States.

Considerable has been said in these pages of the progress of affairs at the Blue Mountain Forest, and will be further told from time to time.

In the Blue Mountain Forest, New Hampshire, there has been a steady and rapid increase in all the herds, particularly among the elk, deer and wild boar. There are probably within the fence 750 elk, 700 deer and 500 wild boars. The moose have not increased so rapidly, but they count about 100, old and young. The buffalo have done well, but the original number was comparatively small, and there are not more than 55 all told. The comparatively large increase in elk and deer is accounted for by the fact that two herds of deer and three herds of elk were transferred from Babylon, Long Island, which was their home for several years, to the more congenial atmosphere of the mountains of New Hampshire.

Among the late comers to Blue Mountain Forest are a pair of beavers, which appear to be quite at home. They are located near the ponds and have done some dam building. Singular to relate, they have been visited by several of their own species, which have been seen only twice by the keepers. Where the visitors came from or went to no one knows. It may be that a beaver colony exists somewhere not far away, which has never been discovered. This is not at all unlikely, as the remains of two



"GROVER CLEVELAND."

genuine beaver dams have been found in the swamp close to the fish ponds. These two ponds are now well stocked with bass and pickerel and the streams with trout.

The dog colony is also increasing rapidly both by importation and breeding. There are now in the kennels over sixty dogs, comprising St. Bernards, great Danes, English foxhounds, German boar hounds, fox-terriers, pointers, setters and rabbit beagles.

A few months ago two female boar were captured, but it was found impossible to catch a male, so a fine specimen was imported from the Black Forest in Germany. They will be kept in an inclosure by themselves, as the experiment of breeding them in captivity is to be tried. There were until lately a large number of foxes and coons upon the mountains. They have been thinned out by hunters employed for that purpose, who shot over 100 red foxes and 50 coons within a few months.

Keeping watch and ward over 26,000 acres of land and thirty miles of fence is no small job, but as in all Mr. Corbin's affairs everything is done systematically. There is a complete telephone system connecting all the stations, ten in number, with the superintendent's house, which latter is connected with Mr. Corbin's residence. Daily reports are made, Sundays excepted, from each of the stations to the superintendent, who transmits the substance of them by wire to Mr. Corbin's office in New York. The rules for the guidance of the keepers require them to report as follows: If any indication of trespassing; if everything is all right so far as known; how many animals, if any, have been seen and the kind; any general information in connection with the forest that would seem important for the superintendent to know. The stations are: Central, East Pass, Walker's, Grantham, West Pass, White Water Brook, Head Station and Brighton. The main stations are Corbin's, Stockwell's (superintendent), Davidson's (in charge of the west side of the mountain). In addition to the daily reports all station keepers must report immediately to the superintendent trespasses or any other information coming to their knowledge. The keepers have nice roomy cottages for their families and all are to be remodeled in Queen Anne style. They are located at different points of the forest just outside of the forest fence.

A few of Mr. Corbin's friends have hunted during December. They were mainly after "pig," but would take a deer or elk if they could get it. Five boars and three stag elk was the extent of the bag. Elk meat is much finer than deer, as it is not dry, but when properly cooked is as juicy as beef, and has a very pleasant flavor. The largest elk weighed 600lbs. when dressed. The wild boar meat is very firm and not so fat as that of the domestic animal. It has a peculiar flavor, which is attributable to the food it lives on, such as nuts, young roots, etc. It is decidedly a clean animal. It requires to be cooked in a quick oven, and the smell caused by the process would make a moribund individual feel the pangs of hunger. One pig was 250 and the other 100lbs. The hunting party was composed of a member of the largest banking house in London; a well-known Scotchman, who is a great shot; Mr. Corbin and Mr. Edgell. The party traveled to the foot of the mountain in sleighs, halted on the east side, and taking their guns and rifles, started into the brush. They had only gone a short distance when up jumped a Belgian hare. The Scotchman knocked it over with a bullet from his Winchester, but he regretted this shortly after when a small drove of boars were sighted, headed by a big male. The hunter crept slowly forward and when he had made a very fine sight pulled the trigger, but alas! there was no report. He had forgotten to remove the empty shell after shooting the hare, and he was almost inclined to be pro-



BLUE MOUNTAIN ELK.

fane. The big pig and his fellows whisked their tails and vanished quickly, and the hunter lost his bacon. Hunters are prone to make merry at each other's mistakes, and much merriment was indulged in, which was cut short by the sudden descent of Mr. Edgell for a distance of about 20ft., caused by a treacherous snowbank. The gentleman was kept busy for several minutes after he landed picking the snow out of his eyes, ears, nose and gun, which was sticking stock uppermost about 5ft. away. When the operation was over he remarked, "Well, that's the first Corbin bank I ever knew to be unsafe."

The experience gained by Mr. Corbin shows that large game will thrive in locations where the climate is reasonably steady, and browse is to be found in quantities; also, that the elk and deer are the hardiest and most prolific; that the boar can find plenty of food in the brush; that the buffalo can be domesticated without much trouble; and that it takes a pile of money to carry out this idea, which the National Government, and each of the States and Territories, should have done for the protection of large game long ago.

The writer is of the opinion that it would be in order just now to pass laws which would prohibit the killing of large game for five years at least. This would keep not alone our so-called hunters at home, but the hundreds of foreigners, who make flying visits to America for no other purpose than to kill for the pleasure of killing (for which some of them are willing to go to the ends of the



IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

earth), and who bring along an arsenal, ready to obliterate anything from an ant to a buffalo. The only redeeming quality they possess is, that they do not write articles for the magazines illustrated with pictures of impossible episodes, such as hunting moose in Canada, the hunters wearing summer costume and ungloved hands, or taking photographs of the same animals in places where they have not been seen for the past seven years or more.

T. H. RYAN.

Adirondack Mountain Reserve.

BEEDES, N.Y., March 1.—Adirondack Mountain Reserve was incorporated in 1887, and at once acquired title to Township No. 48, Totten and Crossfield's purchase, in the towns of Keene and North Hudson, Essex county, New York, containing over 28,000 acres of land and water. In the year 1890 some 1,600 acres, in various lots in said town of Keene, were purchased and added to the original property of this company.

Township No. 48 was never subdivided into lots. It lies in one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Adirondack Mountains—a tract where nature has spread out beauty and grandeur with a lavish hand. The policy of the Reserve has been to keep its territory, especially said township, in its natural state so far as practicable—to preserve the lakes, streams and forests in their native beauty, and to protect the game thereon and stock its waters with trout. No timber is allowed to be cut except dead or fallen trees for fuel, and trees in the way of roads and for building camps. This tract, Township No. 48, retains in the main the original growth of trees, its forests never having been given over to the lumberman's axe, and destruction by fire or water flooding has been remarkably slight. Situated as it is amid and containing within its boundaries some of the high mountains of the State, being well supplied with water and bearing a primeval growth of many kinds of trees, this territory affords ample shelter and choice homes for animals, birds and fishes, and is in fact by nature a veritable paradise for game. Mts. Marcy and Dix are upon its borders with summits just outside the lines, and Gothics, Haystack, Sebille, Noonmark and other lofty peaks stand within its lines. Its principal waters are the two lakes Au Sable, each two miles in length, with their outlet, a river of the same name; Elk Lake lies adjacent to and has an inlet of considerable water from its territory. Besides these there are other small ponds and many streams of worthy size.

When the Adirondack Mountain Reserve was organized, one of its chief regulations was to allow no hunting, for several years at least, on the property, and to employ wardens to watch and protect the same. As a result, the game animals—the deer more particularly—have increased in numbers amazingly. Observations made now compared with those made in 1888 give unmistakable evidence of this. Then deer were found few in numbers, and hunters or those accustomed to going in the woods in these regions say deer were scarce. Now they are quite abundant, and it is safe to say the deer have increased tenfold in numbers here during the last seven years. At the Upper Au Sable Lake, in early summer, it is not an unusual sight to see from eight to twelve deer feeding on the lily pads near one spot. As many as fifteen have been seen at one view, and by taking a boat and passing for a mile along the favorite feeding grounds thirty deer have been seen in a single morning or evening. The inlets to Au Sable and Elk lakes give excellent cover and feed for deer in either summer or winter.

The deer seem to learn and know where hunting is not done, and hence go to and inhabit protected localities. When hunters in this section go out to start dogs they like



AT SHORT RANGE.

to get near the Reserve bounds, and they say the deer are more plenty there than in places where no protection has been given. There are many places on Reserve lands today where deer are yarded by the deep snow, and they are taking care of themselves so far as the food question goes. The reports which have been circulated at different times by way of newspaper articles, "That the deer are starving and dying in the snows of the Adirondack regions," are not verified in this locality by those who know the facts. If dogs and poachers are kept out of the woods where deer stay in the winter, as a rule the deer will care for themselves and live through the hard times of snow. Occasionally one may die from starvation, but in the greatest number of cases when deer are found dead in the snow, the cause of death may be charged against men or dogs.

Many deer when worried in deep snow by dogs will die if not bitten, and when one is bitten by a dog that deer rarely, if ever, lives long after. Old hunters contend, and maintain it with proof, that the bite of a dog kills a deer in 99 cases out of a 100. The day of wolves and panthers here is past, and the greatest foe with which the deer now have to contend is the dog. Keep the dogs chained up during the close seasons and the deer will fare better. If the law allows hunting of deer with dogs for a certain time, then mighty restrictions should be put upon the use of dogs out of season. Every dog, whether a hound or cur, which is allowed to be used in hunting deer should be licensed. The game laws should be so made as to compel, under heavy penalty, all persons who own or harbor dogs which will chase deer to procure a license which will allow the use of such dogs during the hounding season only. Do not allow dogs which will chase deer at large, whether in forests where deer inhabit or any other place, except in the open season. Many a dog good in the race after a fox or rabbit is good also on the track of a deer, and hence much mischief. If you cannot draw the line with a dog between a fox and a deer—and you cannot, for it is only a step from the fox hole in the field to the deer shelter in the forest—then make the owners keep their dogs tied up except in the deer hounding period. Dozens of deer in Essex county every year are chased during the close season by dogs put out in fox hunts, and it is fair to presume that in other counties of the State dogs do the same thing.

Of the fur-bearing animals bear are common in this region. In this county fifty bears are known to have been killed in 1894, and of these this section produced its fair proportion.

Foxes, raccoons, mink and martens here are quite plenty. A fisher is seen occasionally and an otter rarely. Trapping to any extent has not been permitted on the Reserve.

As to game birds in this section the partridge is the only

one worthy of note, and there is a scarcity of other kinds. The partridges have protection on this Reserve and they are increasing in numbers. Hundreds of these birds were killed by hunters in this and neighboring towns last fall.

All the waters of this section are good for and contain speckled trout, and there are lake trout in the Upper Au Sable. When the Reserve acquired the property here, trout few in numbers had been taken from its waters each season for several years previous. This was not due to little fishing being done, but to a scarcity of fish. It was lamented that lakes and streams, once famous for the abundance of trout procured, had become nearly exhausted. It was a case of overfishing for years with nothing done toward restocking. The Reserve has done much, by protection all the time and by restocking with fry in four different years, to increase the number of fish in its own and in neighboring waters. It is believed there is an increase from year to year, and some streams in which there were no trout, until the stocking by means of fry three and four years ago, are now showing good results. Fishing has been allowed since the season of 1889, under certain restrictions and regulations. Permits in writing, for the use of a limited number of rods, are issued to persons desiring to fish on week-days during the time from July 5 to Aug. 15 of each summer. A permit allows the holder to take a stated number of fish in one day, and this number varies, as the property is divided into several regions for fishing purposes, and in some regions more fish may be taken than in others.

After use the permits are returned with a count of the trout killed and any special remarks the fishermen may see fit to make. In this way the Reserve has been able to keep fishing in its waters within bounds and to have a record of the catch each year. Some years special permits have been issued as tests, allowing fishing earlier in the season than July 5, and in such cases the trout have been more readily taken, and in greater numbers in a given time, than in the fishing after that date.

For the six years last past the average catch of trout per season has been 1,500, and the largest lake trout caught weighed 10lbs. and the largest speckled trout 5lbs. The only other fishes inhabiting these waters are bullpouts, suckers, dace and chubs.

All things considered, the showing for trout in Adirondack Mountain Reserve waters is good. To bring the fishing here back to its present state has taken labor and money, and many difficulties have been met and overcome. Perhaps the average number of fish killed each year, stated above, would not be deemed even a fair yield in some localities. But taking into account the fact that the most of the fishing which gives that result has been done in the sultry part of the season—in a time when trout are hard to catch in any of the waters of this State—and that more frequently than not persons who were not experts in catching trout did the fishing, we are encouraged to think it a good average. The trout are gaining in numbers over estimates made in 1888, and holding their own since 1892, when the last fry were planted.

What has been done for the fish and game here by the Reserve proves that restocking and protection amount to something, and the policy will be continued. The Reserve has tested its policy of protection beyond the point of experiment, and finds its results quite satisfactory. It is confidently believed that private clubs, with objects like or similar to those of this Reserve, can with proper systems and management do more to preserve the game and fish in the State than the game laws do as they are and have been for years administered.

W. S. BROWN, Superintendent.

Sumner Park.

The private reserve known on the maps as Sumner Park (W. West Durant sole owner) is in Totten and Crossfield's purchase, Hamilton county, N. Y., 56,000 acres in a body, being the whole of Township No. 6, 25,000 acres of Township No. 34, 3,000 acres of Township No. 19 and 1,700 acres of Township No. 5.

On Township No. 34 there are good lake and brook trout and bass fishing, with a large number of deer. There are, from actual measurement, about 1,700 acres of water, including Blue Mountain Lake, Eagle Lake, Utowana Lake, Stephens Pond, Minnow Lake, Cascade Lake, Rock Stream, Loon Brook, Minnow Pond Stream, Bear Pond Stream and a part of the Marion River. Scenery mountainous and fine.

Township No. 19.—The top of Blue Mountain is on this; also numerous small brooks.

Township No. 6 and a portion of No. 5.—Abundant brook trout, lake trout and black bass fishing. Great quantity of wild deer, as many as thirty at one time on one small lake having been seen the past summer in the day time. On this are lakes Shedd, Sumner and Mohegan, and three or four miles of the shore of Raquette Lake, besides Bear Pond and Unknown Pond, Sumner Camp Pond, Wakely Pond and twenty miles of brook trout fishing streams. Scenery mountainous and very beautiful.

The present object is to preserve the fish and game and save the valuable timber. On the preserve are numerous camps and keepers' lodges. One-half of the whole is strictly preserved by the head game-keeper, John Callahan, and his six assistants, and is under general supervision to prevent fires and violations of the game laws. There is practically no part of the preserve denuded by fire.

The lakes for five years have been stocked with European brook trout, native brook and lake trout and landlocked salmon, and more recently with frost fish.

W. WEST DURANT.

Furlough Lake.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my Furlough Lake Park there are now 50 elk; last year we had 35; this shows an increase of 15 elk, not counting one of the finest specimens which we were compelled to kill on account of his becoming so vicious that it was unsafe to allow him to go at large, he having previously attacked and seriously injured one of the attendants about the place. The elk seem to be suited to the surroundings of the park and are in prime condition. The one that was killed dressed 1,000lbs.

There are now in the park 13 deer; 2 in excess of our report of last year. There was, however, an increase of 4, 2 of which died last fall on account of the cold and deep snow. The red deer do not do well on account of being driven out of the park by the elk, and are therefore fed near the barns during the cold weather with hay and oats. The elk also are fed hay in the winter time from a long rack, which has been placed in the park.

Of rabbits, 600 have been turned loose in the park since last report, and there are still 135 rabbits in stock, the same as reported last year.

The pheasants show a decrease of 3 since last report; there being now only 25. This decrease is accounted for by the fact that they were confined in a limited space, and also that a great number of their eggs were sterile.

GEORGE J. GOULD.

Ne-ha-sa-ne Park.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your inquiry in regard to the game in my Ne-ha-sa-ne Park, I would say that I have turned out 30 more elk since last year, and two black-tailed deer, which were all that arrived alive. All my elk are doing very well indeed, especially those which were turned out the first winter. I have also a couple of antelope, which are doing very well. I have only been able to secure two moose, but am now negotiating for seven or eight more.

W. SEWARD WEBB.

The Liberty Club.

MERIDEN, Conn., Jan. 16.—The English pheasants have done first-rate during the past year. The prairie chickens, which were brought here last year, do not seem to thrive very well in our climate. Partridges and quail did exceedingly well and are standing the winter well so far. More quail will be imported this spring by the club. T. A. J.

Adirondack League Club.

IT is, I believe, quite impossible to make a reasonably exact estimate of the number of deer in our 116,000 acre preserve. During one day I saw 24 deer—but I may have seen the same ones twice. I saw in one pond feeding on lily pads and on the borders of the pond nibbling and drinking 12 deer at one time—therefore I know there were that many. Last fall, in a discussion with some of our sportsmen and two of our oldest guides, all seemed to agree that there were at least 1,000 deer on the league club grounds. There is no doubt whatever that the number is increasing.

We do not permit floating, but we are rarely short of venison in season, for a skillful sportsman finds no difficulty in getting a shot within a reasonable time.

We have not introduced any exotic birds and shall not do so until we can get rid of their destroyers—foxes, owls, hawks, etc. We have many ruffed grouse and believe they will naturally increase rapidly if we can get rid of their destroyers.

In fish stocking, I think we have this year done as effective work as any club in the North Woods. We have put nearly half a million fry carefully in the spring inlets to our various lakes and streams—brook trout, salmon trout and landlocked salmon. We have also just finished putting in 26,000 21-months old trout. We have a well-appointed hatchery and retaining and rearing ponds, and expect to have in a very few years the finest fishing in the country.

W. H. B.

Lookout Mountain Club.

UTICA, N. Y.—The Lookout Mountain Club owns a tract of 5,000 acres exclusive of water, and South Lake is entirely within this tract. We also have a shore line on North Lake of about 2½ miles. In addition to the above, the tract contains about 20 streams and brooks. The waters abound in speckled and salmon trout. We kept the waters of South Lake well stocked before our club was formed and shall continue to stock all the waters, but more extensively than before. Deer are very plentiful, also partridge. There are also many hares, rabbits, wild ducks, woodcock, snipe, and squirrels. In the waters are brook, speckled, brown and salmon trout and landlocked salmon.

Fishing and hunting regulations prescribed by the State game laws govern, except where further restrictions are imposed by the rules of the club. As our organization is a new one, we have not yet introduced any new varieties or exotic game.

The preserve is admirably situated for the preservation of game and fish, as it is about 20 miles from the railroad to our headquarters, which distance makes it less open to the general public. Our tract adjoins the tract owned and leased by the Adirondack League Club and they pass through our preserve to reach their Honnedega Lake Lodge.

F. W. SESSIONS, Sec'y and Treas.



MR. AUSTIN CORBIN'S BUFFALO HERD.
Blue Mountain Forest, New Hampshire.

Hamilton Park Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is very little of interest to give you concerning the Hamilton Park Club. Deer and fish are plenty and seem to be increasing in number all the time. We have not introduced any exotic game, birds or animals, having an abundance of the native game already. Partridges are very scarce, as they seem to be all through the Adirondacks.

CHARLES T. BARNEY.

The Cutting Preserve.

BOSTON, Mass.—The Cutting Preserve is located in the northeast quarter of Township No. 12, called Riversdale, in St. Lawrence county, N. Y. The preserve contains about 9,000 acres. The land in this preserve is rolling and covered with the original growth of timber, no trees having ever been cut from this land. There are three ponds—Train, Weller and Blind ponds, all first-class deer ponds. Also, Trout Lake extends a little way into this preserve.

Up to within the past two years, the ponds were the favorite camping and carousing resort for people living in that vicinity, but they abused their privileges to such an extent that I was obliged to make it a preserve and cut off their privileges. They were in the habit of going in at all times of the year, whether in season or out of season, and killing deer and catching fish illegally, to such an extent that they were fast exterminating both. I found that they took out ten deer the day before I went in one year, all of which they had killed illegally with

dogs, for no hounding is allowed in St. Lawrence county.

The preserve is not inclosed in any way; all game can come and go as they please, and as no dogs are allowed on the preserve, game is protected and the deer are increasing very fast, the whole of the territory being natural feeding ground for them. I have concluded to allow no does or fawns killed at any time, and I think that this should become a State law for a few years, as well as a club regulation.

I cannot state as to the number and kind of game, but should estimate that there are between 100 and 200 deer at the present time, and there will be a great many more in the near future. Only six deer were killed on the preserve during this entire season. Last year there were probably about fifteen killed, but previous to this time I think some years as many as fifty have been killed, and only a small part of the meat has been preserved, most of the deer having been killed out of season.

As to other game, there are a good many beaver and otter on the property and other fur-bearing animals. Bear are quite plenty, and one was killed by the keeper. Partridge are also quite numerous.

There are about fifteen miles of trout brooks in this preserve, all of which abound in speckled trout. Only a small number of fish were caught this season, as I wish to increase both the size and number. The people in the vicinity have in former years been in the habit of going in and taking them out, salted, in butter tubs, and different ones have boasted of 500 or 600 fish caught in one day. As parties would usually stop a week camping you can estimate the quantity that a party would catch during a week's trip. They have also been in the habit of taking trout in nets and with dynamite from Trout Lake.

The people now think that it is a hardship to be deprived of this hunting and fishing, but how long would there be any fish or game if such acts were allowed to continue?

Our party this season killed no deer or partridge or caught any fish except for actual use while in camp. Whether I continue to hold this preserve alone or whether I put it into a club, the hunting and fishing will be closely restricted, and no one will be allowed to break any of the State laws or kill any deer or catch any fish except as per the preserve regulations.

Up to the present time I have made no attempt to put any imported game on the property. My object in making this preserve was not to restrict other people's rights, but to protect the game of the State and at the same time protect my own property from trespassers and from liability of fire, for I found that my camp was continually broken open by these people and my boats and provisions destroyed, and I could get no clew as to who committed the acts, but since making a preserve of the property I have had very little trouble, and the deer, instead of being as wild as formerly, have become so plenty and tame that we are continually seeing them in the woods and around the ponds when we are in camp.

One of my ponds and part of my preserve is located in Franklin county, where hounding is allowed, but I have made a rule that no hounding shall be allowed or dogs brought on to the property.

I think it would be a good idea for your paper to agitate the question of hounding in the Adirondacks. It is allowed in part of the counties, and not in others. The objection is not only in the number of deer that are killed in front of the dogs, but also those that are not driven to water, but are so exhausted that they die. I would also call your attention to the fact that the State of New York does not furnish a sufficient number of wardens to protect the game, and if there had not been a move made by private parties in protecting the game of the Adirondacks in the last few years, there would be very little game there now. The increase is almost wholly due to the protection afforded the game by private parties.

FRANK A. CUTTING.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE NORTHWEST.

IF some of FOREST AND STREAM'S readers and hunting enthusiasts could drop into northern Minnesota wilds they would think themselves in paradise. Though the district is dismal and uninviting as to scenery, the game and fishing there would more than offset the surroundings. I never imagined this section good for anything except tamarack swamps and Chippewa Indians; but at Cloquet, Minn., the ice was just breaking up and the banks of the Cloquet and St. Louis rivers were lined with fishermen armed with spears, who were taking goodly numbers of pickerel and pike—and good big fellows they were.

On the train coming west to Aitkin I met a Mr. Norton, who lives at Cromwell, the town on the Northern Pacific which was wiped out of existence in ten minutes by the awful timber fire cyclone which laid in waste such a vast tretch of pine country last fall. I asked this gentleman f there was any game in the vicinity of Cromwell, and his answer was a puzzle: "There used to be before the fire." When asked if he noticed any game running ahead of the fire, he told me that at the time he did not take particular notice, but afterward remembered that he saw lots of small game—rabbits, squirrels and wolves—passing by his farm a short time before the smoke of the cyclone was noticed. A couple of deer ran across a plowed lot ten rods from the railway depot, and on the Kettle River, six miles north, wolves, bears, lynx and deer were mingled in great numbers. Speaking of fishing in Tamarack Lake, Mr. Norton said that bass, pickerel, pike, croppies and muscallonge were plentiful, and the bait mostly used was angle dogs—or worms, as he afterward explained.

But at Aitkin I struck a genuine Izaak Walton in George W. Lott, the postmaster, and from him learned that I was in the center of a bear den. If Mr. Bobo, of Bobo Station, Miss., had his pack of dogs here he'd be in it on bear and no canebrake to impede his way. One hundred and nineteen bears were killed in two weeks within a radius of 12 miles of Aitkin, one huge fellow being slain 10 rods from the courthouse. Mr. Lott, so far as I have been able to learn, wears the belt for the largest black bass caught yet in Minnesota. I send FOREST AND STREAM a photograph of this rare finny king. It weighed 8lbs. 1oz. when taken from the water, though Mr. Lott has placed its weight at 7¾lbs. when weighed in presence of witnesses, sealed, signed and sworn to.

At this place I also saw a curiosity in the deer family. It was nothing less than a yearling fawn pure white in color, of unusual height and proportions, which was killed by a Chippewa Indian and sold to Mr. Foley for $12, and is now valued at $100 or more. Mounted animals and heads are plentiful at Aitkin and Brainard. At the latter place one saloon has its walls embellished with four huge moose and 11 deer heads, the value of which are respectively $50 and $15 each, but not for sale.

There is some trout fishing at North Branch, Minn., on the St. Paul & Duluth Railway. Fish are being taken in spite of Minnesota's rigid game law and alert wardens. A stream there six miles from town, if able to talk, could "give away" some of North Branch's most prominent citizens who are poaching trout regularly. During the forest fires nine bears were killed within the limits of St. Cloud in one day. At Royalton, a few miles north, thirty or more were gathered in a radius of fifteen miles. This information I gathered from reliable sources; so, Mr. Bobo, jump aboard the cars, get Hough at Chicago and let him come to Minnesota and consummate his desire—a bear.

Coming into Wisconsin a week ago, I got out of the bear country, but fell head over heels into trout brooks. At Rice Lake, Wis., I met Mr. M. P. Barry of the "Blueberry route," as it is familiarly known. Mr. Barry years ago was with the Smithsonian Institute and has made a collection of every beast, bird, reptile and mineral curiosity of this State for the institute. He told me about getting an albino hawk and a pair of albino quail. Rice Lake, after which this place is named, is a body of water half a mile wide and three miles long abounding in bass, muscallonge and pike, some few other fish. Plenty of trout streams hereabouts. In 1894, they were stocked with 80,000 fry; this year 60,000 have been placed in streams within a radius of three to twelve miles. Plenty of fish are now being taken, one gentleman showing me a 2½-pounder of the rainbow variety and a lot of the speckled tribe. The season has just opened and everybody has gone out to-day to fish. The game and fish laws are good, black bass, green bass, Oswego bass, well-eyed pike, pickerel and muscallonge being protected during March, April and May. Few flies are used here, angle worms being the favorite bait. I am now headed for the Superior region and will probably pick up something there.

F. J. S.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.—XII.

Round Rockport Way In Texas.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 17.—As I pen these last lines on my little typewriter machine it is spring in Illinois, and there is a drift of laziness in the air as though caught from the languid airs of the South. The wildfowl have come up from their southern sojournings, and have departed for the further north. Perhaps some of those very ducks and geese which our industrious party tried so hard to murder down in Texas have fanned their way over the home of Col. Bill Peabody and his friends in Cincinnati, or over the abode of the celebrated dogman of Milwaukee, or across the smoky burg of Chicago. In the whistle of their wings I hear the sound we heard far down in the sunny South, and it being, as aforesaid, spring, and laziness being permitted to the sons of men, I can shut my eyes and see the whole panorama of our pleasant voyaging in the land by the sea of ease and restfulness.

The last days of our trip were to be spent at Rockport, and our car was run down there from Sinton, we holding Mr. George Fulton close prisoner aboard, and also for part of the time his brother, Mr. Jas. C. Fulton, whose home is at Rockport. Arrived at the latter village, our party scattered in the usual fashion on individual quest of pleasure, the major part being safe of discovery near the oyster houses, in pursuit of the innocent and uncloying fowl of the close-kept secrets. One party took the boat Novice and sailed one day down to the beautiful channel known as the Aransas Pass, the fishing grounds for the tarpon. We did no fishing, but took it all out in lying on deck and just living. The next morning after that we sustained a great loss in the *personnel* of our party, Mr. Guessaz being called home by telegram from his partner in San Antonio on business matters. This was a damper on the fun, but by this time we were beginning to try to let go of the South, and were talking about having to get back to work ourselves. Nevertheless, we determined to take one more run up the coast to try for some canvasback, and accordingly pulled out for Hines's Bay, forty-five miles distant, early as possible the next day. I will not weary by a long story of that part of our wanderings, for really we were a bit disappointed here, finding that the fresh water of the Guadalupe River, whose presence nourishes the wild celery that makes this a great feeding ground some years, had this year been so limited in its extent by the dryness of the season that the feed had all died down. We saw some few canvasback, it is true, and we bagged about a dozen and a half in our one-night stand there; but we found no snipe shooting, as we hoped, and were not content to stop for the duck shooting.

Oysters While You Wait.

It was about noon of our first day at Hines's Bay that we spread our sail for the homeward flight. The wind was baffling and uncertain, and we found much difficulty in making our way through the many reefs and shoals of these shallow waters, which for 20 miles hardly average 4ft. in depth except along the narrow channels, and where the best of pilot knowledge is a necessity. At length, in spite of the best efforts of the Bludworth boys, we struck a reef, going well aground. Edging along this bar after we got back from the contact, we learned by the grating on our keel that we were on an oyster reef—indeed, nearly all the reefs of that locality are oyster reefs. At this discovery a great shout went up from the Northern men, and at once the anchor was dropped and we went to dredging for oysters in the limited way made possible by tools such as a boat hook and a hoe. At length Johnnie Bludworth grew disgusted by his inability to supply the ready demand for raw oysters, and plunged bodily over the side, going just over waist deep in the water, so that only one corner of his eye showed above water when he stooped down to gather the oysters in his hands. This was a trifle rough on Johnnie, for the water was cold in spite of its being so near the Gulf Stream; but the rest of us profited largely by his venture, for we soon had a great pile of fine fresh shell oysters heaped up on the deck, whose opening and eating occupied a good part of the evening. Then, after the deliberate fashion of men who are not due anywhere at any given time, we again hoisted sail and slowly tried further through the reefs.

Voices of the Night.

Dark settled down on us, or rather sunset and darkness, for there was a misty moon, and we were still 25 miles from Rockport, crawling along in a faint and puffy wind opposite the low shores below the mouth of Hines's Bay. Far toward midnight we sat out on deck and enjoyed the lovely sail by night. When passing close along a certain long point, which the boys told us was called False Live Oak Point, we began to hear great quantities of wildfowl of all sorts, these voices of the night coming to us in a confused murmur of gabbling, honking, trumpeting and quacking, with many interspersed sounds of a wild, strange sort, such as none of us could name. Very melodious and wildly fascinating these hidden sounds seemed to us, coming out of the misty, unknown shore, whose outlines we could not see. We began to think it all over, and as the sounds of feeding birds continued and seemed to represent a great body of fowl, perhaps the very location we had been feeling around for on the coast, we concluded the best thing to do was to drop anchor and investigate a little in the morning. We turned in, or at least most of us did, though the skipper and crew navigated till 3 o'clock in the morning, in order to drop anchor at what they thought was a favorable spot for the morning's shooting. This was to be the last day of our trip on the coast, and the faithful owners of the Novice wanted us to have a good time.

A Royal Sight.

We did have a good time, perhaps the best time of the whole trip so far as the shooting was concerned, for certainly at no other point did we see such abundance and variety of wildfowl, and had we stayed for a day or so at this point we could surely have shot to our hearts' content. We found that there was a long expanse of water about a quarter of a mile inland from the shallow salt water bay, and this lake or arm of water we at first took to be fresh, though we found later that it was connected with the salt water by a narrow channel at each end. This inland lagoon was nearly two miles in length and was perhaps a half mile across at its widest point. On each side of it there ran many ponds and pools of shallow water. All these connected waters, as well as the shoal water of the bay in which we had come to anchor, bore innumerable thousands of fowl which were evidently finding plenty of feed, for they were all very fat and heavy, as we found later. I have never in my experience seen so royal a sight as that uncovered by the morning sun as it rose above these favored waters. There were long lines of honkers riding out at sea and passing inland to the lakes; there were ducks in strings and clouds coming and going along the coast and over the ends of the inland arm; hundreds of silver gray herons stood in gaunt profile along the sedgy flats inshore, and there came to us often the wild trumpeting of the great bugler cranes. Out in the bay, in great white squadrons of many acres in extent, floated the greatest birds of all our wildfowl, the big white swans, whose melancholy but melodious notes came wafted in volume on the early air of morning. The music of these many great birds of many sorts was loud, continuous and stirring, and the whole scene might well have moved to excitement more hardened sportsmen than ourselves. We were ready to admit that on this, our last day in the country, the gulf coast of Texas had massed its attractions to show what it could do.

A Successful Shoot.

But to get at the shooting was another thing. The cover was very low and meager, and a blind was a work of hours. Decoys we did not use—except that Mr. Peabody for part of the time had out a small fleet in a little pondhole, with the result that he killed more ducks than any of us, the mallards and pintails decoying as beautifully as one ever saw them do anywhere. We were all in too big a hurry and too much crowded for time to take much care with preparations, and so scattered in all directions and got into such cover as we could over a mile or so of country all along the inland lake. That the birds were obligingly tame we soon learned, and soon they began to pay the forfeit of their ignorance. In the early morning light I could hear the guns cracking, almost before one could see the length of a gunshot in the fog, and as the day grew clearer I could from my own point of operations see the stands taken by Burton, Dubois and Merrill, and could now and then see the deluge of fire and smoke from Jimmie Bludworth's awful gun, and hear the ping of the .44 with which Johnnie was trying to put in the morning, he having no gun with him. It was all exciting as a skirmish.

That was one of the mornings when everybody was lucky. Dick Merrill killed so many geese that he could hardly lug them over from the lake to the boat landing. Wilbur Dubois and Bob Burton had geese and ducks both in their string, and Mr. Peabody was regularly cutting down the mallards in the finest bit of decoy shooting he ever had had in his life. Jimmie shot up all his shells, and Johnnie used up the last of his rifle cartridges, getting a fine honker and a splendid specimen of the white bugler crane before he was compelled to cease firing. It was about 11 o'clock when we first rounded up on the beach off the Novice anchorage, and when we piled up all our game we had a magnificent showing—nearly four dozen ducks, a dozen of the largest and fattest geese I ever saw, all Canadians, besides some white fellows not enumerated, the big crane and also a fine great swan.

Adventures with a Swan.

The swan I was lucky enough to kill myself, and we had quite an adventure over it before we got it in the boat. I was away down at the end of the inland lake, near a flyway I had discovered, and was lying flat down on my back where the grass was about 6in. high, calling mallards, which often drew over from the bay to the lake at that point, so that I got a little shooting of a snappy sort, inasmuch as I could not move in the least, and so could not see the birds till they came over and past me. Very often a great line of geese would come down my way, after paying tribute to Dubois, Peabody, Burton and Merrill up above me, and though these usually kept out over the open water away from my point, I occasionally got a shot at them. It was well on in the morning when I heard a great honking and chattering and calling coming down the wind to me, and looking up carefully I could see bearing down the lake the largest flight of wildfowl I ever saw on the wing at one sight in my life. There were geese, ducks, white geese, everything a man ever did hear of in his life, all in one great scatter

ing cloud. The string of fowl extended over quarter of a mile in width and was twice that deep or more. They were coming very low, milling up and down and talking in a constant deafening chorus over some subject which appeared to have the greatest interest to them. I could see that some of the great flight was bound to pass directly over me, and as they came on I dug myself into the hard ground as far as I could, lying flat on my back and not daring to move even an eye over in the direction of the birds, though I had the hardest sort of work to keep from turning my head over to peep at them as they came on in their wavering flight, the great noise of their calling growing nearer and more thrilling at every moment. They seemed to me to be within 300yds., but I dared not move. Now they were within 200, I said to myself, and now perhaps 150. I was clutching my gun hard, and doing all I could to keep down till the moment I should see the birds right over me. It was just before the instant when I was about to sit up and fire that, right above and between me and the oncoming flight of fowl, I heard a faint, soft, deliberate whispering of great pinions, and then heard, almost at my ear and startling in its volume and its nearness, a great, deep, melodious, trumpet-like note, which I can only say sounded sweet and sad at the same time. At the instant this note sounded, I saw two great white swans passing over me, they having started to cross from the bay to the lake directly at my point, and having crept up on me without my having any suspicion of their presence. In the half-flash of an instant I made up my mind what to do. The Canadians were almost on me, and I was sure of a brace of them at least; but I had killed enough of geese. I would try for the swan instead. On the moment of this resolve I sat up and fired at the nearest swan. Already it had seen me, and with a great sweep of its strong wings was attempting to rise. Its body was at an angle, and its left wing, the one furthest from me, was strained beneath its body, slanting down, as the bird tried to get up and away. This sudden turn and the tense straining of the bones and muscles of the wing to lift the heavy body gave me my swan. I heard the strong load of No. 4 shot cut into the body of the bird, and saw a great sad splash of red stain its side as it fell. The left wing bone, the one furthest from me, had given way close up at the shoulder. As quick as thought could work I fired at the other swan, which was now on level pinions, and it paid no sort of attention to it, but sailed off apparently slowly and undisturbed. My crippled swan seemed close to me when I fired at it, but when it struck the water I saw how very deceptive the great size of these birds makes them. I ran to the edge of the water, and into it as deep as I could go, and fired eight loads of No. 4 at its head and neck, but I could not make it bob its head. I saw the shot spread wide around it, and knowing how admirably the gun I was handling shot that particular charge, I knew then that the bird was no doubt 75 or 80yds. from me. It was only a lucky chance that brought it down. Moreover, it was not yet mine, for with wild and melancholy callings to its mate the poor creature was swimming out rapidly into the middle of the lake. One often hears of the song of the dying swan, and one also hears that idea ridiculed as an absurdity, but I am ready to say that the saying has excellent foundation. I have never heard a more mournful note than that poor bird gave as it tried in vain to rise and join its mate. Surely it spoke of grief, surprise and despair in its soft clarionet reiterance. Could I have made it whole at that moment I gladly would have done so.

It would not do, however, to leave the swan alone to perish on the water, and I could not get near it to finish its sufferings. It was a mile back to the landing, and it would be a two miles' pull to get a boat around into the lake from the Novice anchorage. This latter was a necessity, and though it was now nearly time for us to leave for home, the others said they would wait, and Johnnie volunteered to take the sinkbox around in and get the swan, Dick Merrill and I walking along shore to watch the rushes where the crippled bird might have hidden. It was nearly an hour before Johnnie got around, the wind being bad for him, and when Dick and I came to the place where I had left the swan we found a flock of about 300 other swans that had lit in there. I had taken a rifle along this time, to kill the cripple if it was lying out far from shore, and I fired a few shots at this flock, thinking of course to see the cripple remain when they flew. To our surprise the water was left entirely bare. My swan was gone!

Dick was a little disgusted at this, and maybe thought I hadn't any swan, but we proceeded to hunt all along the shore for nearly half a mile. Johnnie came up then with the boat, and at length, after we had about given up the search, we saw a low mass of white feathers lying among the rushes about a quarter of a mile from the place where the swan had fallen. The great bird crouched close among the foam bubbles, using its last artifice to save its life, but we saw it as it tried to hide, and I called Dick to kill it with his gun, as I did not want to spoil the body with a bullet. Dick stepped back about 25yds. and fired at the swan with a load of No. 6, shooting at the neck of the bird, but the impact hardly seemed to jar it, and it continued its heavy crawling toward the water. He ran up closer and fired again, and even then when I picked the great bird up it was not dead, though dying. Then for the first time we saw how large it was. We could not weigh it, but its beak was high as my head as I lifted it just clear of the ground, and it made a good tug to hold it up at arms' length. Thus we secured one of our most considerable trophies. Later I learned that the skinning of a swan is one of the hardest operations in the preparing of trophies. The fat was thick and soft and oily to an unbelievable extent, and the butts of the quill feathers came clear through into it, so that it was hard to keep the skin whole and clean of grease.

North-Bound.

We left these last happy hunting grounds with very much regret, for we had found no prettier place to shoot than this, yet our icebox was well stored with game as it was—so well that we gave much to friends at stopping places in Texas and still had some fat geese aboard the good car "202" when we reached St. Louis and came to break the last links of our party.

We had said good-by to Mr. Geo. Fulton before we left, and now we had to say good-by to his brother and the others of our acquaintance at Rockport. We resolved to pass a day at San Antonio, and Dick Merrill, who had determined to spend the entire winter on the coast at Rockport, concluded to run up with us to San Antonio to see the last of the party. We wired Oscar Guessaz to meet us at the afternoon train, and so at last begun to undo the fetters that had so pleasantly bound us to the coast country and headed north for our return.

Beware the Jaguar.

Oscar Guessaz of course had a long programme of entertainment for us in the city, and the first part of it was in evidence when he showed up at the depot with a spanking team and carriage to take us out to the old mission, the barracks, the grounds of the rifle club, the sulphur springs, the San Pedro springs, etc., etc.—there is a world of interesting features all around San Antonio, and it is well called the best of the American winter cities. The springs are fitted up as show places, with features of museums and menageries. At San Pedro springs, where the lovely little San Antonio River comes rippling up out of the ground, there is a very notable collection of native wild animals—including a live and very active jaguar, which can reach about 25ft. with his arm and is quicker than a streak of lightning. I was going to pat this fellow on the nose, but he didn't look at it that way, and swiped a piece of skin off my hand before I could see he was going to do anything. You can't pat jaguars any. Talk about boxing kangaroos! If I know anything about boxing, that speckled misanthrope at San Pedro Gardens could give all the kangaroos or other two-legged boxers in the world a liberal education on sparring for scientific points. Man, who makes his living nowadays by gun or by theft, is no longer much good as an animal, and has lost all the quickness of the animal of prey.

We all called of course at the Aransas Pass Railway offices, where Mr. Peabody made thanks to General Manager Montserrat for the many courtesies that had been shown his party in Texas by the Aransas Pass Road—no doubt the most obliging railway on earth. General Passenger Agent Martin and his pleasant assistant, Mr. Lupton, we also thanked for many kindnesses, such as traveling shooters do not always receive in the colder-hearted north country. Enough cannot be said for these gentlemen, or for all those who so signally entertained us all through the great State of Texas.

Sadie, The Chile Queen.

In the evening we met a great many of the hearty craft of shooters in old Santone, and were busy visiting these with the indefatigable Guessaz, who knows everybody



SADIE, THE CHILE QUEEN

and is known of all, up till the hour of the last detail of hospitality he had arranged for our pleasure. For there remained yet one point of interest to be visited, one leading citizen to be seen, one more friend to whom we must say farewell. Need I mention Sadie, the *Chile* Queen? If Sadie be not one of the features of interest of San Antonio and one of the leading citizens of the town, to what or to whom shall we ascribe that honor?

Of course a *chile* supper at Sadie's *casa* was to be the close of ceremonies at San Antonio. Sadie was going to give us this supper herself, but we couldn't allow that. Sadie was still doing business at the old stand, and so was her Mexican cook Pancho.

"Pancho is so funny when he is drunk," said Sadie, philosophically. "To-day he got drunk, and he went out in the yard and climbed up in a tree to go to sleep. I had to get up on the ladder to wake him up. He looked so funny, asleep up in the tree!" And then Sadie called Pancho in to see the gentlemen he was to cook for, all of whom regarded with a certain curiosity the gentleman whose habits lead him to go to sleep in trees when under the weather a bit with *auguardiente*. But Pancho could cook *blanquillas* and *chile con carne* and all the other *chile* things just as well as ever. And Sadie could be charming as ever as *chile* hostess. She is probably the last of the long dynasty of *chile* queens, the modern San Antonio looking with reproach on the picturesque old ways of living which once obtained. I have already told how the *chile* stands once lined the markets, making the night bright with their flaunting torches, and enlivening the street with the charms of varied costume and vivid outdoor life. Then came the change by which the *chile* business lessened and went within doors. Sadie has long had her restaurant in a shop of her own. To her no worthy successor has ever appeared, and it may be she is the last of the *chile* queens, as she has been one of the most notable and historic of her unique class. Marriage is usually the end of the *chile* queen, and Sadie now is married. Indeed, if I am not mistaken, Sadie said that she had married one or two men since we were last there, and that she intended to keep on marrying until she got a good man, and then intended to stop. This I take to be proof of a strong common sense quite worthy of a ruling sovereign. But maybe Sadie was joking, for any way she was as *debonaire* as ever, and as fetching, and as ready with repartee. In a few moments Sadie was addressing the head of our party as "Bill," somewhat to his surprise and therefore to her own enjoyment. And this time, although there were several of us, she decorated each with a fine fresh flower for his buttonhole when we said good-by. Sadie is not to be misunderstood. She is simply unique, the last type of a vanishing class which has no precedents, which suffers no comparisons, and needs no comment. In presenting the portrait of Sadie, the *Chile* Queen, FOREST AND STREAM offers a unique feature, and introduces personally to each sportsman of the land the jolliest, squarest and best-natured fellow in the world! After this, where else in all the world shall one buy his *chile* supper!

Where but in the South?

And where else in the world shall one go for his winter voyagings if not to this sunny South about which I have been trying to tell? It is a land too little known, too little understood. Its customs, its institutions and its attractions are but dimly grasped by those who have not visited it. To those who have done so they cannot fail to appeal most strongly. The Sunny South is the coming land for sportsmen to know. When they know it—as one may say the sportsmen of this country have through FOREST AND STREAM had their first and almost their only chance to know it in sporting journalism—they must love it, as all do who have seen it, and having loved it, they will pray it never may be changed. These things we spoke of as the wheels bore us to the North, we having almost in sadness said good-by to the last of our many new-found friends. Of these, in Tennessee, in Louisiana, in Mississippi, in Texas, we still hear; and of course having met them we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of at least hoping to meet them all again, either in the South or in the North; and if it be in the latter locality, we can only hope to emulate to the best of a poor ability the customs of the land of the ever-open door.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Natural History.

THE ART OF TAXIDERMY.

"THE best man can be beaten." This is certainly true, at least so far as taxidermy of the present day, and the art of reproducing nature in the animal, the bird, the fish and the reptile are concerned.

In an article published two years ago, entitled "High Art in Taxidermy," I spoke severely in reference to the generality of mounting (more properly termed stuffing), where the unfortunate specimen is simply stuffed with some cheap material, such as straw, excelsior, old rags, newspapers, etc., to the fullest extent of the skin, the result being a shapeless mass, without meaning and without any attempt whatever at anatomy or life-like expression. The true taxidermist can produce an exact counterpart of the living specimen itself from a fresh or properly treated skin. I refer more particularly to mammals, as in these is found the better opportunity to clearly define the anatomy and show the skill of the taxidermist in the development of muscles, expression and action, even to the reproduction of the more important veins. The skillful artist can reproduce the wonderful poses of life, showing how action can be put into the specimen by proper positioning and modeling of the bones and muscles, the study of expression by developing every wrinkle of the skin on the face. In fact the art is fast reaching that standard where I have long wished to see it placed, that is on a level with sculpture and painting.

The true naturalist and taxidermist must possess the best qualities of sculptor and artist, as well as be master of natural history and of anatomy, not alone of the human body, but of the mammal, bird, fish and reptile. There are but few such in this country, but it is simply for want of encouragement. Fine art in this country was in its infancy fifty years ago. Wm. Hart was one of a few American artists who at that time struggled hard to interest American people in American pictures. Look at the position of fine art here to-day; scores of brilliant painters are making or have made their mark. Wyant, Innis, Church, Wm. Hart, and many others now rank with some of the best foreign artists, and their names and works will live forever.

France is far in advance of other nations in the art of taxidermy. Germany and England have more recently developed the fine scientific school for mounting, the latter within about fifty years. The lion group in Central Park Museum was mounted by Verreau, an old Frenchman, in Paris, twenty-five years ago. It is still fairly well preserved and would to-day certainly put to shame many of the outrageous caricatures stuffed by some of our so-called American taxidermists. Encouragement is what we need. It is an elevating and worthy art. In most of the colleges and schools of France it is taught as a regular branch of study. They all own their collection of specimens for the study of natural history. Give us the same opportunities and we will soon lead the world.

Sportsmen and naturalists in this country have become discouraged and disgusted with work received from men who are simply in the business for the dollars and cents they can make. But this class is found in all professions. There are cheap musicians, cheap pictures, cheap everything. One artist can obtain one hundred times the price of another for a painting. The same with the sculptor. Then why not so with the taxidermist? Americans are not yet educated up to paying the price necessary to encourage the finer class of work. For instance, three years ago, when in London, I had the pleasure of seeing a group of two lions mounted in fighting attitude. It was a grand piece of work; the fearful straining of the muscles, the eyes fairly bulging from their sockets, with mingled fierceness and pain, the claws and teeth sunk deep into each other's flesh, and blood oozing from the fresh wounds. No picture or statue could represent so much with the same subject. There was the natural skin, teeth and claws mounted; so real in appearance that it was almost life itself.

That group had been mounted for an English lord, and the price paid for the labor was about £1,000, or about $5,000, and it was well worth the sum as a work of art. What profession requires more knowledge, more skill? For example, where the sculptor leaves his work as finished, the taxidermist is but half through. By far the most difficult and scientific part is yet to be accomplished. When the model or manikin is ready for the skin, every muscle properly developed as in life, in the condition the

sculptor considers finished, the taxidermist turns to the wet, relaxed specimen skin, places it over the manikin, bringing the seams together in their proper places, joining them in an invisible manner, and every inch of skin, with every curl or part in the hair brought over its correct place on the animals, and again modeled over the manikin; the fine finishing touches bringing out the detail in the smallest wrinkles of the skin and the exact expression of the eyes, nose, ears and lips. After this work has thoroughly dried, the coloring and modeling in wax of the mouth and nostrils is a work of art in itself, as the colors differ in nearly all species of animals.

The making and coloring of artificial rocks is quite an essential feature, and should you have the fortune to run across one of these modern mounted specimens, you will at once appreciate the advancement being made in this art and allow me all that I claim. There are exceedingly few first-class men of the new school, but encouragement is all that is needed to produce the talent and place us ahead of the world in this art, as in many others.

WILLIAM W. HART.

STARLINGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been extremely interested in the letters that have recently appeared in your paper regarding the starling. If, as your correspondent writes, the bird has actually become colonized in this country, no person ought to be more delighted than the agriculturist, no one better pleased than lovers of song birds. It is unfortunate that such a nuisance as the so-called English sparrow should ever have been brought to this country. I am surprised that any person with any knowledge of the habits of this bird would think of encouraging it, but with the starling it is far different. This seems to be a bird with two great objects in life, the first being to clean up the pastures from all insects that dare to show themselves, the second being to praise the Great Being for the blessings of existence, both of which are done in a thorough and energetic manner, either of which ought to be a sufficient reason for their existence; and if the bird can be successfully colonized in any or all the States of the Union and Territories I consider it will be a considerable acquisition.

In the midland counties of England, where the starlings are almost always to be found, both in winter and summer (the only time they are absent being when the huge flock moves from one place to another on account of food), I have had many opportunities of watching them, sometimes for hours. About the middle of February, when the very first signs of spring are felt, the starlings may be heard on the tree or near the spot where they intend to nest. They are at first rather wild, but if the weather continues good they will not fly away until you approach very near. They are known to the initiated by their song and powers of mimicry without seeing them. Besides their natural notes, which are many, they are capable of mimicking many of the other birds, their powers varying from the song of the barn swallow to the harsh note of the blue heron. Not even satisfied with singing as well and as loud as possible, the bird keeps up a flapping of the wings for several minutes at a time during the most vigorous recitals. Nor do they soon grow tired. Probably during the time the male bird is going through this song and dance, the female will be inside looking to see how much repairing last year's nest needs. Should anything suspicious occur the song stops, the male bird utters a harsh note, *crake, crake,* not unlike the alarm note of the blue jay, when out comes Mrs. S. from the hollow limb, or wherever she may be, and away they both fly until the coast is clear again. This is probably repeated a few days when the nesting commences.

When the nest is finished from four to ten eggs are laid and incubation goes on. After the young are hatched they are fed entirely on insect food the latter part of the time, much of which is composed of the hard-shelled kinds. After the young are out of the nest they soon learn to take care of themselves, and they then consume large quantities of what is locally known as the May bee. Here I hear of a similar insect called the June bug.

This brings me to the thought that the chances are that if the starling could be successfully colonized where the locusts are so very troublesome, it would not be so long a time before they would be greatly reduced in numbers or almost completely destroyed. I also think the birds would almost clean out the potato bug and striped squash bug, and generally lessen many other of the insect pests that are so common in many of the States.

More than one nest of young are raised in the same hollow during the spring and summer, but whether by the same pair of birds or not I could never determine. If by the same pair, then there are many birds which never nest each year, as there are flocks of birds moving from place to place throughout the year, and these seem never to have any interest in the birds that are nesting, nor do the nesting birds ever seem to notice them.

During the fall the young birds change their plumage from a drab to almost a black or what appears such, many of them acquiring a lustrous sheen toward Christmas, with the addition of many specks of creamy white, giving the bird a very striking appearance when one has the rare good luck to get near enough for close inspection.

It is during the winter months in open weather that the bird is doing his very best work as a bug exterminator. Collecting together all his brothers and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts of all and every demonination, he seeks the pastures, both upland and meadow, and descending in a cloud at one end they proceed in very business-like manner to clean up all insect life that dares to show itself, even to only a toe. This they do until the whole of the pasture is cleaned up. Should the supply have been good, as it is sometimes in mild winters, the whole flock are liable to betake themselves to some one or more tall trees in the near neighborhood, when they will all join their voices in one grand chorus, apparently of thanks, each bird not singing as the males do at nesting time, but each seeming to be doing his sweetest *dales* and relying on the number for volume. After some minutes spent in this song of thanksgiving, the whole flock cease suddenly and depart with a rush of wings that make a sound like thunder. Should nothing disturb them they will shortly descend on another pasture, where the same programme will be followed out. At even time they may be seen in one long line, from east to west, flying north to roost. What time they start or where they roost I never could satisfy myself, nor could I ever tell if all the starlings in the country were in one flock. I have never consulted any authority on this matter of their gathering in flocks, but it seemed as if there could not be room for many such flocks as those I have seen passing over during September and October and later in the year.

As a friend of the agriculturist I do not know of his equal; as a songster and mimic there are few better; as an amusing pet or cage songster after his juvenile days are over few can compare with him. But he must not be allowed to gain a nesting place in the dove cote if one wishes to raise young pigeons. He seems to have some means of preventing the young of the pigeon from hatching. I do not think there is any danger of his ever supplanting any of the native birds of this continent, unless it be those breeds which are more indolent than he; to such he should give a moral lesson in industry and utility.

In confinement I should think the young could be successfully raised with using the larvæ of the wasp or yellow jacket, the larvæ of the ant, all kinds of insects (except the earth worm until the birds are well grown), hard-shelled bugs and beetles without the shells until the young commence to feather, shreds of raw meet fed sparingly, houseless snails, and in fact almost all kinds of insect life; and I think the great secret is in a variety of it. The nest of the yellow jacket is easily taken so as to procure a supply of larvæ for many days; young can be hand raised on these alone.

The introduction of the bird to this country should mark a red letter in the diary of the squash and potato grower, and it is to be hoped that the restriction of immigration will not be carried to such an extent as to include the starling.

COMEDY.

A GROUSE IN THE HOUSE.

HINSDALE, Ill., April 29.—Last Sunday a neighbor sent over for me to come and see a bird she had just caught. Being busy at the time, I did not go until late in the afternoon, when to my surprise I found she had a hen ruffed grouse, which had calmly strolled into the house from an adjacent piece of woodland.

Her little boy said the bird walked across the road, up the piazza steps and into the hall, the doors being wide open; then it went up-stairs, where the lady found it perched upon her window sill.

The bird made no attempt to escape until placed in a box, then in trying to get away it injured its head so badly that they were compelled to kill it.

The grouse laid an egg while in the box. They had picked the bird when I arrived, and I carefully examined it for traces of some injury, but could find none; it was in exceptionally fine condition and apparently as sound as a dollar.

I have known several cases of birds flying into or against buildings when pursued by hawks, but never before heard of such a shy and wary bird as a grouse deliberately walking into a house.

I regretted very much not having been able to preserve the bird alive, as they are extremely rare here, and she was evidently about to begin her season's nest.

T. C. M.

As in Buffalo Days.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a clipping from to-day's issue of the *Nebraska State Journal,* which does remind some of us of olden times on the plains.

E. E.

It reads: "A royal battle occurred yesterday afternoon at Lincoln Park. It was such a one as the old settlers used to see when the plains swarmed with buffalo and a man's life was not worth a penny if he were caught in a vast herd of these magnificent beasts. There has been a herd of seven cows, two young and one old bull in the park for some time. Living up to the custom of their ancestors, the young progeny, assisted by the seven cows, started out yesterday afternoon to put the old fellow upon the sod in the very shortest possible space of time. For one hour and a half they fought with a frenzy that was enough to make the blood of the witnesses curdle. The enraged bellowings, the sharp grunts of pain as a horn was driven into the sides of the maddened bull, made the scene one to be remembered. The old fellow fought hard for his life, but the younger and stronger bulls were too much for him finally. It was nine to one, and when the battle ended the immense form of the old bull lay in the dust. His body was punctured so badly by the horns of his persecutors that his hide was not worth saving. The younger members of the family did not escape unscathed. Several of them will carry scars with them through life, which will doubtless remind them, when their descenddants attack them, how they treated their immediate ancestor."

The Few Song Birds.

WEST PARK, N. Y., May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested in the note of "F. C. B." from Framingham, Mass., April 21, on the scarcity of spring birds. The writer's observations agree with my own. Not one bluebird at my place this season, and we usually have two or three pairs nesting about. I have seen but three specimens, a pair early in March and a solitary bird in April. Robins are abundant, but not so numerous as last season. There is a marked falling off in the number of swallows, meadow larks, red-winged blackbirds and warblers. Our trees should be swarming with warblers on their way to higher latitudes by this date. So far I have seen and heard only the pine-creeping, the yellow warbler, the black-throated green, and the black and white creeping warbler. The native sparrows seem to have held their own. I have seen one kingbird and heard the oriole this morning. The severity of the winter in the South, I fear, has been very destructive of the birds.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Some Elk Horn Measurements.

CLEVELAND, O.—I send you exact measurements of the horns of bull elk killed by me in Colorado Sept. 14, 1894. A photograph of this animal was given with my article published in your issue of Dec. 8, 1894. Around burr, 14¼in.; around beam, between second and third points, 7¾in.; length, around curve, to end, 54in.; length to point of fourth antler, 53¼in.; width, inside greatest spread, 38in.; number of points, 19. I should be pleased to have other sportsmen give the measurements of their trophies for comparison.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

Game Bag and Gun.

FROM A WOODSMAN'S VIEW-POINT.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., April 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is an advertisement clipped from *The Sun* of April 21: "Restaurant de Paris. French Snails. Escargots de Bourgogne. Red Head Duck, Grouse, Partridge, Venison, &c. 73 Washington Square, 4th street, New York."

I don't just understand the bill of fare. Partridge up here means ruffed grouse, and I have a notion that if I'd go out and kill one of them now and Acy Legg of Grant heard of it I'd get myself into trouble. Acy is game constable.

I don't understand the venison part either. Up here among us woodsmen when a man gets a piece of venison in April he don't go around advertising it in the papers, but slips it into his cellar after dark, salts some of it down and eats the rest when he hasn't got company. Maybe though it's antelope or something else from the West the restaurant has to sell.

It's just such advertisements as that, picturing gog-eyed, stomach-happy, wine-bibbing, unlawful, game-eating dudes, that make us woodsmen, who haven't tasted fresh meat since our neighbor 'cross the creek killed a small doe last fall, gather to ourselves our rifles and sneak up Little Black creek way in the spring and try for a buck in the red. Of course does are no good. They are thin and their meat is in such a condition that no woodsman would eat the stuff.

We have read lots of articles in papers telling us folks that if we don't stop crusting and spring deer hunting we will kill all our game; then we won't have it any more, boo-hoo. And then our boys won't have anything to do but catch chubs and suckers and shoot chickadees and drink whisky or play cards.

Then a big drove of murdering city hawks come up here in the fall a-banging at this and that, shooting does and bucks and "yearlings," and wishing all the while that they could get more. If we guide them in they won't let us carry rifles, but make us do the valet act all the while, washing dishes, toting grub and ammunition, or putting out dogs, while they sit on the runways cocked up straight and rifle clasped tight, shaking their noses till they point south, southeast and west in the fraction of a second, jumping three feet into the air if a bluejay yells over their heads, but just the same letting the blood squirt out of the deer when they do come in—they could not help it hardly, shooting a gun with more bullets than a double-barreled shotgun could carry buckshot.

Then about the scores. Somebody ups and writes to a sportsman's paper, telling what an awful good time he had, how lovely his dogs worked, and how he got only six or ten or seventeen partridges the first day, six the next and twenty-one the next, and so on. The biggest day's score of a woodsman, so far as I know, in this region was four partridges in one day; the next best was three, but several have killed as many as two. Just the same we are preached and cussed at for annihilating the game.

That isn't all either. A lot of men band together into a trust. They buy up two or three farms, a few hundred acres of woods, put up a fence sometimes, post a keeper and tell us to stay away. If we don't, along comes the keeper with a rifle on his shoulder and he says "git." We have to, too, because we don't understand lawyers and their trapsins, and if we didn't go that keeper might try to shoot; then if we shot we don't know what would become of us, so we sneak it after dark or when the keeper's sick or something.

I'll tell you just what happened to me last fall up at Moose River. I was hunting deer with as nice a party as ever I went with. They put me on a first-class runway, and I saw as many if not more deer than any one of them. In fact, one of them never saw a deer on that trip. I was at the Gorge Runway the day after I had killed one—I was the first one of the party to kill—when along came one of those Adirondack League guides. Says he: "Well, where's your ticket?"

"What ticket?" says I.

"Why, the visitors' card."

Then I knew what he meant. I was below the League line and on League property (if I was not below high-water mark, which I guess I was). If I did not have a guest's card I would promptly be ordered off. I didn't have any card. Then he said that I was so and so of such and such a place. I said I was. "Then you had better go." I said I would, and then that fellow went up to our camp at the natural dam and with a broad grin on his face said that he'd "scared young Spears clean off of his boots."

I am young, that's true. I can't raise a mustache yet. I've tried, but I can't. I was scared, too. He had a gun and was a big, big man, and was sitting within 3ft. of me as he talked. I was expecting to be marched off League lands at the point of his gun. He said up to camp that my face was white and my hair stood on end. I guess it was. I felt a little silly, anyhow.

Just the same, it is just such treatment as that, whether it's right or wrong, proper or improper, that makes us woodsmen, when we gather in the blacksmith shop, curse these men who try to keep us from the only play that we have, and give their guides authority to drive us like criminals from their land. It may be right that they should own the game and fish because they own the land, have wealth, and pleasurable city homes fixed up with fine things such as we never saw; and that we, because we are poor and are not rich enough to buy these things, should be treated worse than League dogs. To these men we are odd of speech and odd of habits; we are ragged, usually dirty. These are the result of our labor and of our environment. But among us are just as good men, just as brave and just as honest, as are to be found among the wealthy people who are trying to control our playground so much as to keep us away from it.

There are desperate men among us whom I have heard declare, as was once proposed concerning the seal fisheries, that to bring the arrogant clubs and individuals to their senses "I'll kill everything that walks, flies or swims, which those fellows seek, whenever I get a chance." And they are doing it. How much only they themselves know.

It may seem that I am a man with a grievance; that I am speaking against the sportsmen's clubs from purely

personal motives, especially after my relating the experience with a club guide; but let me assure the reader that there are dozens of persons who have been treated almost as I was, not alone woodsmen, but people of eminent respectability outside of these clubs from the cities.

I fear that I will see the day when deer will have ceased to exist in the Adirondacks because the State did not buy up a great tract of land, properly protect it from hunters, that the overflow of game might supply the surrounding woods, where rich and poor alike could enjoy a sport which makes rugged, honest men when properly followed.

It may have been violent to have written the above against what is regarded as proper institutions by sportsmen, but only those who have lived among the woodsmen can or do understand how deeply this subject has stirred them. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Worse Than a Nullity.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 4.—Minnesota reports a law showing a clause providing a $25 non-resident shooting license, and openly declares this to be in retaliation for the North Dakota law establishing a similar license. North Dakota has already stated emphatically that her license clause was inserted in retaliation against Chicago's proposed Blow bill, which would have wiped out all Dakota game. Nebraska has also said openly that her attempted license of $50 for non-resident shooters was a measure retaliatory against Chicago. Leaving out all question of the desirability of license provisions in the game laws, does it not appear to the friends of the man Blow, who devised the late iniquitous measure known as the Blow bill, that he has proved himself not only a nullity but worse than a nullity in matters of game protection? All these little things coming from all over the great West, which is directly affected by Chicago game laws, must surely furnish cheerful reading for the illustrious warden in question.

Meantime there continues a very ominous silence at Springfield on game law matters. It is practically certain that there will be no improvement and no change in the Illinois game law.

Trout.

Rev. L. A. Crandall, of Chicago, with friends, departs this week for trouting waters in Wisconsin, probably Dudley, on the Prairie River. I wish him good luck. Mr. H. L. Morrill, of the 'Frisco Road, and several friends, of St. Louis, passed through Chicago early in the week in a private car, bound for upper Wisconsin after trout, of which may they take abundance. The streams around Waupaca are reporting good catches the past week. Mr. E. H. Holmes, of Milwaukee, and Mr. Nat. Cook, of Chicago, go next week to the Fence River in Michigan North Peninsula, on a trouting trip, and will no doubt do well, as that region is beginning to show a good spring run of trout.

The Possum Club.

In the past we heard more of the Possum Club than of late, but the Possum Club is by no means dead. Every once in a while a few members meet at the Possum caterer's, Bill Werner's, and revive the old practices—except that it is now close season on possum, and they have to eat something else. Last week a select assemblage of the members, including Messrs. Mussey, Dicks, Organ, Haskell, Place and Hamline met at Mr. Werner's, and surprised that affable provider of good things by presenting him a fine painting by the well known sportsman artist, Prof. Edmund Osthaus. The latter has done few things more happily than this painting of two pointers at point in the field, and there are few happier men than was Mr. Werner when the boys sprung this beautiful gift upon him.

It was not long after his pleasant evening at the Possum reunion that Mr. L. M. Hamline had a very different sort of evening. His furniture factory in the West division was burned and much of his spring style furniture went off like hot cakes. Mr. Hamline is one of the best known of the Chicago shooters and is serving as member of the executive committee of the State Association this year. His friends sympathize with him in his business loss, which, owing to good insurance, might have been very much worse.

Around Milwaukee.

This week I spent over at Milwaukee, in and around one of the prettiest of the Lake cities, which is located right on the edge of one of the best sporting regions in Wisconsin. The Milwaukee man does not have to go far for duck shooting, or for snipe and woodcock shooting, or for the best of bass fishing, or for trout or 'lunge. In short, he is 85 miles nearer paradise than the Chicago *confrère*, who is forced to go through or beyond Milwaukee to get at the best of his sporting grounds.

Out at "Merrilland," in Merrill Park, the great old homestead, whose broad acres still defy the encroaching streets of advancing city, is where Dick Merrill and his brother Fred keep a few of their many dogs of all sorts, notably the pack of beagles of which kennel readers hear sometimes. Thirteen miles further country-ward is their big farm, Brookfield, and here are the larger kennels, where these lovers of the dog, for the dog's sake, raise a lot of pointers and setters of a very good sort. Dick does not think that anything can ever replace Paul Bo in his regard, but old Paul Gladstone is trying to fill that vacancy the best he knows, though now thirteen years old, and very grave and dignified thereby. We turned out a lot of the youngsters for a run over the green fields, among them a nice Strideaway puppy and a very pretty young lady descendant of Paul Bo, rejoicing in the name of Pauline Bo. The dogs enjoyed the fun and so did the rest of us. It is a great misfortune of a city man that he rarely is situated so that he can keep a dog with any comfort to either himself or the dog, and I could appreciate the pleasure to the dogs and their owners, here in so happy a surrounding.

Acclimatized Pheasants.

Still out from Milwaukee, perhaps twenty-five miles further into the country, we came to the country place of Mr. Howard Bosworth, on the shores of Nagawicka Lake, some two or three miles from Nashota station. This is where one of the most interesting experiments in pheasant raising in the West is now in progress. Mr. Bosworth met Dick Merrill and myself and took us out to the place so that we could see the stranger birds at their home in the lake region of Wisconsin.

Mr. Bosworth has entered his third year, I believe in pheasant farming, and now feels that he is well beyond the experimental stage. He has lost a number of young birds through mishandling when young, but is confident he will rear this year's crop in safety. At one fell stroke of misfortune he lost fifty birds last winter, all mature birds, one little mink doing all the damage in one night. In spite of this he now has sixty full-grown birds, mostly the Chinese pheasants, with a few English ring-necks, in his yards at the country place. We found these confined in pens 18 by 20ft. in size, all the pens surrounded and entirely covered with wire netting. There are ten of the pens, each containing one cock bird and five hens, the wings of all being clipped on one side each six weeks, so that they cannot fly against the wire and injure themselves. Mr. Bosworth feeds a compound made of Spratts game meal, Spratts "crissel," a little bone meal, and crushed oyster shell. In the water he was using a touch of Venetian red, though this was only for temporary correction of slight disorder. The birds have begun their laying, some dozens of eggs having been already collected. Mr. Bosworth expects about 1,500 or 2,000 eggs this season, and has already made plans to turn out some of the old birds next season at a certain place in Wisconsin. He is laboring to get the bird introduced permanently as one of the game birds of the State, and hopes others will aid to this end all possible. With the admirable facilities at his hand and the valuable experience he has acquired in handling the birds, his success seems assured for the future on a good big scale. It would be a grand thing if we could hope some day to see this bird native to the Wisconsin woods and fields. They are beautiful creatures, the hens especially presenting a decidedly game look as they scuttled rapidly around the yards in their swift and timid fashion. We thought the English bird rather handsomer than the Chinese, but it is said to be not so hardy perhaps, and to be possessed of no special qualities of excellence over its Mongolian neighbor. All the males of both sorts seemed too highly painted to fill the American eye for a game-looking bird; but that is habit merely. Active, strong, alert and vigorous, these birds would surely be all our shooters could ever ask for the field, and I hope we may some day see them all over the middle West. Wisconsin has passed a law protecting them. All Mr. Bosworth's birds appear at this writing in perfect health, and there is reason to believe that the good he has done his State in his plucky experiment (which has at date cost him over $3,000) will eventually come to be one generally known and recognized.

While our host was entertaining us at his place, Dick Merrill and I discovered that he had some perch fishing at his boat landing, and forthwith went angling for them, catching a dozen or so for breakfast. All perch lovers should remember that it is the small perch, about as long as one's finger, which are the best to eat. The great ones, as long as one's hand, we put back into the water.

Mahn-a-wauk.

We had now had some diversity of pleasure, what with the dogs and the pheasants, but we were to see still another line of Milwaukee sport, to wit, the seemly art of canoeing, as practiced by that vigorous body of sailors, the Mahn-a-wauk Canoe Club. This body has a charming club house on the lovely shore line which lies at the foot of a sweet green park, and both without and within the house is one for emulative example to other clubs. The interior decorations, as shown in the great hall, I consider to be the best and most tasteful things of the kind I have ever seen in any men's assembling room. It is easy to be clumsy in trying to do something nautical, something horsey, something athletic in any way, but the Mahn-a-wauk artist has erred in no such way. His decorations, made of spars, oars, paddles, bits of rope ends, squares of brown packing paper, pieces of old carpet matting, odds and ends of all sorts, are in no wise lugged in by the ears, yet are just the things young men could wish about them in their unceremonious hall of meeting. It is well that there be boats and hints of boats in a canoe hall, but it is also well that lovely woman add grace and beauty now and then to a wall not too severely prim. If lovely woman be done in colors, as shown in the loving satires of the American pictorial press, and if lovely woman be framed by a scorched edge to the plate displaying her loveliness, all this same being nailed upon the wall and surrounded by a coiled and knotted rope from some fellow's old canoe gear, no man who is any man can object to her presence—not even in two hundred different places, or as part of a score of different designs. You would not think, at first, since you have chances to buy picture frames at $20, $50, anything you like for price, that if you thrust your fist through a piece of brown paper, turned back the edges of the rent and painted them green, you would have a frame good enough for your best girl's best photograph, would you? Yet this is true. Moreover, a piece of carpet matting, torn through, with a smear of bronze on one corner and a daub of green on the other, might not appear the most suitable frame for a galaxy of beauties. Yet these canoe men, who certainly are the most delightful people on earth, know very well the value of such things in conjunction with masks and foils, and bats, and bows, and decoy ducks, and pennons, and burgees, and trophies, and all sorts of mannish things. And so do the ladies who come down and visit the Mahn-a-wauk house. The ladies always ask who did these decorations. It is all the work of Fred Dickens, the Western Canoe Association's secretary, a man who ought to be doing decorative things for a business, instead of about a million of unimaginative souls who are doing "art" work. I call Mr. Dickens's canoe notions artistic in every sense of the word as I understand it, and congratulate the club which owns him.

It is one of the pleasant Mahn-a-wauk customs for members to do their own cooking when they meet at the club house, and we had a little fête of that sort while I was over there—the party being made up of Messrs. Huntington, Holmes, Dickens, Merrill, Friese, McWhorter, with Nat Cook of the Chicago Club, who happened to be in town at the time. We all helped get supper, which was a great and artistic success in a culinary way. We had perch, and we had the succulent sissinger from Vienna, and we had corn and potatoes and a great beefsteak, and a whole lot of other things, finishing with a truly artistic cup of coffee, the latter executed by Mr. Holmes. The dishwashing was a matter of great scientific precision. When most folks wash dishes they carry them with care to the resting place in the cupboard; but when canoeists wash dishes, it is necessary to form a long line from the dish pan to the pantry, each article as washed and dried being tossed to the next man in waiting, he catching it in mid-air and so transferring it to his neighbor. This reduces the ordinarily prosaic sport of dishwashing to an amusement fraught with a certain *verve* and excitement of its own. There are many new ideas hid under canoeing roofs. Certainly one must say that under the Mahn-a-wauk roof rests all that needs to make a healthy and vigorous canoe club and all that evidences a healthy and vigorous lot of young men.

The Shooters of Milwaukee.

As a shooting town Milwaukee has always been strong, both as regards rifle and shotgun. It soon will hold one of the largest rifle tournaments of the season, and at the close of the month of May will offer no less than two good trap tournaments, those of the National and South Side gun clubs. The former is the younger and the latter the older of the Milwaukee gun clubs. There are many prominent handlers of both gun and rifle in Milwaukee.

In short, our neighboring city of the inland sea, commonly called the Cream City, holds indeed the cream of the sportsmanship of a large and energetic State, full of good sportsmen and grand sporting opportunity. We do not always hear all we might like to hear from this big and clean and busy city, but that I suppose is because the Milwaukee sportsmen are too busy having a good time. There is plenty there to write about and plenty to do in the Cream City, and the only complaint to be made against it is that we of the other parts of the world get to hear so little about it all.

Elk in Wisconsin.

It was at Milwaukee, by the way, that I saw the most tangible evidence ever known by myself bearing on the former presence of the elk in the State of Wisconsin. I have earlier heard that the elk was once native over a great portion of the State, and have seen some men who could give facts about it, but I have never before seen any of the antlers or bones of that animal found in Wisconsin. Yet at the taxidermist studio of Mr. Carl E. Akeley I saw a fine pair of antlers found not long ago at Hale's Corners, about eighteen miles from the business part of Milwaukee. This specimen was found buried in the sand of a little marsh or lake and was in fine preservation, though it was destroyed through the eagerness and carelessness of the workmen. The antlers were taken out still attached to the skull. They are very large and even, with great beams and fine branches. The specimen is of great interest.

In Mr. Akeley, by the way, if one may be permitted to institute any comparisons, one finds the artistic taxidermist *par excellence* of the entire West. He is well known as the man who skinned the big elephant Jumbo when he was killed some years ago. Mr. Akeley is this summer to come to Chicago as taxidermist for the Field Columbian Museum, where his really artistic work will no doubt be admired by many. In his process of modeling all the art of the sculptor seems in evidence, and the skin of the finished figure, instead of being tight and tense, shows every vein and every muscle worked out in perfect relief. The wooden look of the merely "stuffed" animal is absent, and there is a new feature in taxidermy, that of a conception, a modeling, so that one must call the workman not merely a workman, but also an artist. When we called, Mr. Akeley was doing an African gazelle for the Field Museum, and I am free to confess it seemed something of a revelation to me. There was also a mounted head of a stag, with open mouth and drooping ears, which must recall crisp October to any man who ever hunted deer. This piece is called "The Challenge," and I labored with Mr. Akeley to get it for the Sportsmen's Exposition in New York, where perhaps it may yet appear. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

"BUCK FEVER" VS. "BUCK AGUE."

SINCE you have invited all to take part in discussing which of the above expressions has the sanction of popular usage, I ask the privilege of siding with "Kingfisher." My life has been largely spent among the backwoodsmen and "first settlers" of Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, and I have heard the expression "buck ager" in nearly every locality visited; but with "buck fever" I am unacquainted, save through the writings of those who were presumably too choice in their language to say "ager" and fancied that the term "buck ague," sounded less euphonious than the one chosen.

My father was in his time pretty well known as a hunter in the forests of northern Pennsylvania, and years later, when I first commenced hunting large game, he cautioned me against "buck ague" and quoted cases wherein its victims had lapsed into temporary fits of abject idiocy—absolutely forgetting to look through their rifle sights when taking short range shots at deer. I remember I once thought such stories a trifle hard of belief, but in course of time my incredulity vanished. I had an attack myself, and it was "ager;" not a particle of fever about it. Speaking, as I do, from the vantage ground of personal experience, I think my evidence should have weight in this case—unless some one can be found who, under similar circumstances, had the fever without the "shakes."

Throughout the malarial regions of the Southwest the term fever and ague, so commonly used elsewhere, has given place to another quite as expressive—namely, chills and fever. Shortening this, the natives speak familiarly of having the "chills," or by way of variety the "fever." In the vocabulary of the "swamper" these became synonymous terms, and it seems to be commonly understood that the word "fever" without a qualifying adjective invariably means that intermittent disorder which gives the sufferer alternate touches of arctic and equatorial temperatures every second or third day, as the case may be. There are many swamp dwellers who "chill" each autumn with delightful regularity, and would vehemently disclaim any acquaintance with the ague; but put them on a deer stand with a greenhorn, and they would watch him with delightful eagerness to detect symptoms of that dreaded ailment, "buck ager."

Let your readers decide this matter according to its merits, and without calling upon incompetent lexicographers for assistance. I, for one, object to accepting Bartlett as an authority. No man can claim universal knowledge, and hence we find that his "Dictionary of

Americanisms" is full of inaccuracies, It is a work of great merit, but its compiler—like Hammond, who is one of his references on this particular point—was perhaps better versed in literature than in the lore of the forest.

S. D. BARNES.

FORT WORTH, Tex.

DETROIT, Mich.—The editorial allusion in FOREST AND STREAM of April 27 to the criticism of "Kingfisher" on the use of the term "buck fever" to express that common, but highly unsatisfactory, condition of the hunter's nervous system which sometimes follows the discovery of the "noble quarry" within easy rifle shot, leads me to offer in evidence in support of Brother "Kingfisher" some suggestions in considering the appropriateness of his position. It is perhaps not a question of great moment whether it is called one or the other, any more than the importance of la grippe as a term for influenza, break-bone fever or dumb ague. There can be no doubt about one thing—it is a mighty unpleasant affair to the man who has it.

Analyzing the term from the point of view of an actual experience, it would seem that buck ague is the correct term. Anybody who is at all conversant with the delights of a genuine ague, as we used to know it in the West, can hardly fail to forget that an Arctic chill merrily coursing up and down one's spinal column, and playing with beautiful abandon all through the marrow of one's bones, and ricocheting from point to point of one's anatomy for several consecutive hours, is succeeded and accompanied by a series of involuntary shakes which could put to shame a perfectly healthy Peruvian earthquake, and is duly followed by a fever to the like of which a lake of molten lava would be a cheerful and cooling companion.

This, then, it would seem, fixes the analogy between these two distressing maladies. The supersensitive person who is suddenly confronted by a colossal buck, and proceeds to become agitated, excited, perturbed and otherwise incapacitated from "drawing a bead" on the game with any certainty, is conscious of a decided chill along his vertebræ and throughout his system generally, accompanied by a quaking of the nether limbs and symptoms of a general breaking up.

By the time this has ceased and the cause thereof has disappeared utterly from his gaze, if the said hunter is not then "hot" clear through, under his collar as well as elsewhere—mad, too, as well as hot—why then he hasn't had buck ague at all.

Bartlett was a careful investigator of terms and phrases, but he quotes, as you say, but one authority in this case in support of the choice of the terms. I suppose, as a matter of fact, that the terms are localisms, and each is used in different sections of the country; but to be technically exact and consistent, I vote on the side of "Kingfisher" on the question.

FRANK HEYWOOD.

Spring Shooting and Breeding Birds.

HALIFAX, N. S., May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It might be of service to you in the fight against spring shooting to mention to you that on April 20, while fishing up a small stream, entering into Bedford Basin on this harbor, I disturbed a pair of black ducks. Shortly after this I heard a rustling in the bush across the stream, when out came three young ducks but a short time hatched. This being the case in Nova Scotia, surely the young birds would be further advanced by the same date in your State.

C. J. CREIGHTON.

THE FLORIDA CENTRAL & PENINSULAR RAILROAD.—The Florida Central Railroad has issued for the benefit of sportsmen a carefully compiled list of game and fishing resorts reached by their line, together with particulars as to hotels and boarding-houses. Here is a sample of the information: "Woodbine, Ga.—Forty-nine miles north of Jacksonville; delightful little village; fine, rich, black soil. Information furnished by J. K. Bedell, or G. W. Adams. A happy surprise to lovers of gun and dog; wild bear, deer, turkey, duck and quail abundant; no guides necessary; climate delightful; pure water from artesian wells; excellent hotel accommodations." The Florida Central has a "warm spot in its breast" for sportsmen. It not only makes special traffic rates for parties of sportsmen, but it also carries free of charge dogs and hunting implements. A large map of its territory will be sent free of charge by A. O. MacDonell, Gen. Pass. Agent, Jacksonville, Fla.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

IN THE YELLOWTAIL BELT.

SANTA CATALINA, Southern California.—The Southern California season for ocean fishing is just opening and promises well. It might be said that there is no especial season, as fishing goes on here every day in the year, but the really game fish of large size come in shore in May and afford the best sport up to November. One may catch small fry off the wharves of San Pedro, Santa Monica, Long Beach and Redondo, and good fishing is to be had in the boats that go out from San Pedro and troll for barracuda up and down the beaches; but the coast of Southern California in the main is a long stretch of sandy beach with few bays and harbors or rocks. Not only this, the prevailing wind is from the west and a continued sea piles in upon the sands, making fishing off the beach not always a pleasant occupation.

The sea fishing, then, when good results are desired, is confined to the two islands off shore—Santa Catalina and San Clemente. They are both from eighteen to twenty miles long, abounding in little bays, rocky shores and cliffs, where the game fish swarm.

Santa Catalina is the largest island and reached from the mainland by a fine steamer service, the trip from Los Angeles being about 45 miles or three and a half hours, giving one a delightful sail across the Santa Catalina channel that is about 30 miles wide. The island lies parallel with the coast, so that its south side is rough, and the north, abounding in harbors, is smooth. On the southwest side a little town—Avalon—has been built up, which in summer boasts a population of 5,000 to 6,000. It is the nearest thing to Bar Harbor one can find in Southern California, has one fine hotel and many smaller ones, while leading up the streets on the sides of the cañon are the cottages and summer homes of the visitors.

The little town is a fashionable resort, and that the Southern Californians love fishing is evident from the fact that Avalon is crowded all summer, and everybody goes fishing. In time, when better known, it will become famous among the lovers of true sport.

The method of fishing here reminds me more of that of Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence, and it only required Will Massey and his boat, well known on the bay, to complete the resemblance. The shores are abrupt and precipitous, and the method is to take an oarsman or row yourself and troll or cast with live or dead bait, the former method being the most in vogue. There are dozens of oarsmen and hundreds of boats, and in the morning the little bay presents a gay scene as the fishermen and parties start out. My old oarsman on the St. Lawrence used to row me twenty-five or more miles a day, and here it is often the same, and sometimes against the wind, the men being sturdy fellows. One of the oldest oarsmen is Mexican Joe, who has been on the island forty years and will tell you all about it. Joe knows where all the Indian mounds are, and has headed several expeditions in the interest of archæological investigation which have produced some remarkable objects in stone and shell—the household gods of the ancients who occupied these islands from time immemorial.

I secured Joe for my day's fishing, and one morning we started before the sun had left Arizona, his rays just being seen on the snow-capped peaks of San Bernardino, San Jacinto in the Sierras, 75 miles away. The water of the bay was so smooth that the high rocks which we passed were perfectly reproduced. As we rowed slowly along I noticed a number of ripples on the water, made by numerous fins, and standing up, saw that we were entering a school of sea bass. They fairly colored the water a deep gray, and ranged from 20 to 60lbs.—magnificent fellows. They divided and passed on each side of us, not 10ft. distant. Joe said they would not bite, and he was a true prophet.

For years the California fish have been caught on hand lines, their size apparently precluding the idea of a rod and reel; but now the latter is used. Our equipment was made up of two rods, one a split-bamboo weighing about 16oz., with a large expert reel holding about 350ft. of 21-strand line; the other a nondescript which I had used for bass in the East and which weighed 9 or 10oz., the tip being about 4in. of a split-bamboo tip of a trout rod. The line was an 18-strand cuttyhunk, with an expert reel—the largest to be had in Los Angeles. I had one of these on each side and 75ft. of line out.

For 100yds. we rowed through this band of fish, but not one would touch the bait—a 4in. sardine or smelt; and I find that these fish are wary, not more than one or two being taken a day on the line through the season, though it should be said that numbers are hooked, but are too big to manage. Rounding a little point we came into the green water of the open ocean, where a fresh wind was blowing, and here I had my first strike. The reel gave a warning note which grew into a wail of agony and 100ft. of line was gone in a single rush, then 10, 20, 30ft. torn off with rasping sounds before I ventured to apply the brake, and then the ominous strain on the rod was a warning to be heeded.

Joe had stopped rowing and was following the motions of the rod with staring eyes and anxious countenance. "My Scott!" he whispered, "that great fish, he the boss sure. How he kick! Look out, sir!" and he deftly pulled the boat around, keeping her stern to the fish that had made a magnificent rush to the side, taking the tip of the rod 4ft. under the water. The gamey fish was apparently just "warming up for the fight," as Joe said, as it began a series of rushes that sorely tested the tackle.

In years past it has been the correct thing to take this fish with a line about the size of an Eastern cod or even a halibut line, but the one now cutting the water like a knife, leaving a sheet of silvery ripples behind it, was little larger than a trout line and it was a question whether it would stand the tug of war. I have taken nearly every game fish in American waters, but never met so well equipped a fighter. Its rushes were magnificent and its resources endless. One moment it would dash directly at the boat, and to reel the slack line in was almost impossible. Then when many feet had been taken the fish would dash 50ft. like a shot from a gun, making the reel scream and the rod bend like a whip. Then the fish would turn quickly, sound like a plummet, hammering at the line with sturdy blows, to rise and involve itself in a complete frenzy of motions. This was kept up twenty minutes before it showed any signs of weariness, while the fisherman, it must be confessed, was weary. But gradually the sag became steadier, and slowly the reel began to gain, and after several more rushes I caught sight of a gleam of silver and yellow as it dashed by. Another scuffle, more screeching from the reel as the big fish saw me, more reeling, and then Joe with a quick move fixes his gaff, and with a lift dropped the silver beauty into the boat.

"What a fish! My Scott, what a fish!" exclaimed Joe, with eyes sparkling with excitement. What a fish indeed! A magnificent creature, 4ft. in length and weighing at least 35 or 40lbs. In shape it somewhat resembled the salmon, hence one of its names—the white salmon. The upper surface is a rich blue, iridescent in the sunlight; the lower portion pure silver. The eyes are blue, large and expressive; the mouth powerful and head large. The median line is a yellow, while the tail is also brilliantly yellow, giving the fish a rich and beautiful appearance. So far as its fighting and game qualities are concerned, I will place it in the front rank.

In the course of the day several other specimens of this fish were taken, with a dozen barracuda, which afforded good sport on the rod; and on the west coast, just off the kelp, we ran into a school of rock bass which were rising like black bass. They ran up to 6lbs., and gave some good sport on a light split-bamboo trout rod.

The yellowtail is a capricious creature. On the return we passed thousands. The water for acres seemed to be filled with them, but when *en masse* they would not bite. The power of the fish can be estimated when I say that one which I struck made a single rush of 300ft. and how much more I know not; my line was that long and went. I would suggest for this sport a large reel of the best quality, one that will multiply and hold 600ft. of 18 or 21-strand. An oil silk salmon line would be the ideal for this work, but I have found none that will stand the salt water. The yellowtail is the *Seriola dorsalis* of science, and ranges up to 80lbs., but this is the exception. I found that length does not indicate weight. Thus, one measuring 4ft. weighed 45lbs.; another, 3ft. long, 40lbs.; still another, and by far the finest specimen I have seen taken on a rod, measured 4ft. in length and weighed 62lbs. With a hand line, trolling from a power launch, large numbers of the fish are caught.

PISCATOR.

ANGLING NOTES.

St. Dunstan's Memorial.

Last week I mentioned the memorial window to Izaak Walton in St. Dunstan's Church in London, and this week through the kindness of Mr. R. B. Marston FOREST AND STREAM is able to present illustrations of the center light of the window and of the marble tablet placed on the front of the church. The window, which was designed and executed by Percy Bacon & Brothers, Oxford street, London, is more than five times the size indicated by the center light.

The standing figure of Walton is a copy of the statue by Miss Mary Grant which stands in a niche of the great screen in Winchester Cathedral. The lower figure of Walton in his study was designed by the makers of the window. The two side lights containing the portraits of the men whose lives Walton wrote are of equal size with the center light here represented, and the three together make up about half the height of the window. The window and tablet cost $550, and this sum was raised, as was the fund to erect the statue in Winchester Cathedral, through the efforts of Mr. Marston. I am sorry to say, if my memory serves me, that to both of the subscriptions to these memorials there was but a single contribution from the United States, and yet Walton's memory is cherished by anglers the world over, and all who have a kindly feeling for the Father of Anglers will feel grateful to Mr. Marston for his efforts to perpetuate his memory in marble and stained glass.

"Stocking Waters."

Under this heading a writer in *Land and Water* writes in a way to delight my heart, and echoes my own ideas so truly that I would like to quote his entire article. Rearing and planting natural food fishes has been and is a hobby of mine that I have ridden at a good pace, but it is rarely that I have seen anything on this subject from any other pen than mine. This gentleman, writing over the *nom de plume* of "Rod," says: "In connection with fishculture we are accustomed to hear a good deal of the sort of fish with which the water is to be stocked, but next to nothing comparatively of the food with which they are to be supplied when there. And yet the second matter is, in many cases, the more important consideration of the two. It is generally taken for granted, seemingly, that if you put a good class of trout fry into a water, you are bound to have a fine class of trout as the necessary result. The breed of fish introduced is the only thing considered, and the question of the food on which they are to grow to the desired size and condition is ordinarily dismissed without a thought. It is taken for granted that there is sure to be plenty of food in the water. It is overlooked that the very fact of the water requiring to be stocked with good fish is of itself evidence, in most cases, that the matter for primary consideration is the food supply of the trout already there. When that is attended to, you may reasonably entertain a hope that in introducing fresh blood you are likely to do permanent good. When a place is overfished, or heavily fished, as for instance Loch Leven, in such exceptional cases you may well need to replace by artificial breeding the numbers taken out by the rod. But, ordinarily, when the trout in any water are small and few, and the poverty of the trout supply cannot be traced to overfishing * * * the fault lies with the food supply. Of course you may have the size kept small by the place being overstocked. But that is only another form of the same case, the fault still lying with the food supply, because the numbers are too great for the available food supply. * * * Whatever good strain of trout you may import, they must, in time, inevitably dwindle to the size of the indigenous fish, unless, indeed, measures are simultaneously taken to improve the food in the water."

"Rod" mentions the introduction of "fresh blood," but as he lays no stress upon it perhaps he does not realize how important it is to put fresh blood into water where trout have become small from inbreeding for years. This fresh blood to produce an outcross has much to do, as I believe, with increasing the size and condition of fish, and must be considered in connection with the food supply.

The food for trout that "Rod" mentions particularly consists of the natural fly (*Ephemera*) and fresh-water shrimp (*Gammarus pulex*), and cites instances from his own experience that a very large proportion of the natural fly food is eaten by the trout in the larval stage. He says: "Taking good and bad rising hours together, there are at least twenty full-sized and half-sized larvæ in the trout to one winged fly." These are what we call May flies or drakes, about the transplanting of which I have written recently. His idea is to cultivate this natural food in waters to which the trout have no access and then allow it to overflow into the water where the trout are.

As to fresh-water shrimp "Rod" says: "With the fresh-water shrimp the experiment has been tried with marvelous results, as the rate at which they will reproduce themselves, when given immunity from destruction in the immature stage, is beyond conception. I have seen them reared in a pond set apart for the purpose of breeding them for trout, and, when a small shutter was removed, they simply poured out in such countless numbers that they had the effect of thickening the water. They are water scavengers, feeding on any dead animal matter, and would find delectable sustenance in well-diluted sewage or in any animal refuse. How many times in a year a fresh-water shrimp would breed, and how many generations would result from one pair in a twelve-month, would be an interesting problem to see worked out. And yet on the strength of personal experiments made in similar matters, and on the observations of practical experiments made by another with fresh-water shrimp, it may still be confidently affirmed that tons, aye, in sober earnest, and with no hyperbole, tons of such living natural food could be reared at a nominal rate of expenditure, and be led to find its own way naturally, without any artificial porterage, into the adjoining lake. * * * To all creatures subject to great risks of destruction during the periods of reproduction, nature has granted proportionately enhanced rates of fertility to enable them to overtide the exceptional dangers of extinction; and these same enhanced powers of reproduction, when properly taken advantage of, enable them to leap at once into amazing multitude."

This method of rearing natural food is very like, if not identical with, that practised by the late Thomas Andrews at his trout farm in England, and there is no good reason why it should not be adopted in this country.

Ice in the Lakes.

A friend who has just returned from an extensive drive through the Adirondacks tells me that on April 28 the ice had not left Lake Pleasant, the western boundary of his drive, nor Thirteenth Lake. The streams were high and the water thick, and there was no fishing to be had. On the 27th, with Mr. W. F. Rathbone, of Albany, I went to Port Henry on Lake Champlain, and Commodore W. C. Witherbee drove us into the mountains on the extreme eastern edge of the Adirondacks. The ice was out of the ponds, but the water was high and thick. One of the highest peaks was covered with fresh snow that looked as if it had fallen the night before. In spite of the sun there was a chill in the air, even at midday, and altogether it was too early for trout fishing. A few trout had been caught in the streams, but their actions were very like suckers, as they remained at the bottom and took bait with great deliberation. The truth is, that the 15th of April is too early for good stream fishing in northern New York.

"Trout of Any Kind."

The fish and game law of New York provides that "trout of any kind" shall not be taken except at certain times, and this language has caused no end of confusion, for it does not mean what it says. It is apparent that "trout of any kind" refers only to the various species of shallow water or brook trout, as by reading a number of sections from 103 to 116 it will be found that a distinction is made between "trout of any kind" and salmon (lake) trout. Section 105 is the one that provides that "trout of any kind" shall be taken only at certain seasons, and Section 108 provides a distinct and mandatory season for catching "salmon trout and landlocked salmon." Other sections provide that "trout of any kind, salmon trout and landlocked salmon" shall not be taken under 6in. in length. This language is repeated in several sections. Lawyers have been called in to settle the question of what the law really meant, but they could not agree.

I wrote to the Attorney General for a construction of the law, and after quoting the two sections, 105 and 108, he says: "I do not believe it was the intention of the Legislature to include salmon trout or landlocked salmon within the provisions of Section 105. This seems to be clearly evidenced by the fact that Section 108 makes all necessary provision for them in a way that is unmistakable. To my mind Section 105 refers to brook trout and that to embrace all species of the brook trout family. This, in my judgment, is the only solution of the apparent conflict between the two sections." This opinion of Attorney General Hancock has not satisfied people who should be satisfied, and I doubt if a conviction could be obtained, before a jury, for catching lake or salmon trout between April 15 and May 1. It may be said that this will make little difference, as there is now a new codification of the game law before the Legislature which will probably become a law before the Legislature adjourns; but this new game bill contains the exact language of the present law in that it provides a close season for "trout of any kind," and a different close season for salmon trout and landlocked salmon. If this language is not changed before the bill becomes a law the confusion and contention will continue until it is amended.

A. N. CHENEY.

THE FISHING SEASON IN CANADA.

An Earlier Opening than was Expected.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is quite a common expression that "there is no spring in Canada," so sudden is the transformation from winter to summer. I have known the thermometer to register upwards of 80° in the shade before the last snow-drifts had disappeared in shady nooks, and while ice still held upon some of our northwestern lakes. Anglers, however, still hug the theory of a Canadian springtime, as the frequent references in angling literature to "spring fishing in Canada" amply testify. If we measure its duration by the space of time that elapses between the disappearance of ice from the surface of angling waters and the period when summer's heat drives the trout into deep water seclusion and brings forth its annual plague of flies, the season is decidedly short. Hence, no doubt, the desire of so many American fishermen to be kept posted by friends in Canada in regard to the prospects for the opening of the angling season.

I do not, at the present moment, call to mind any season in which promises of late spring fishing have been so agreeably disappointed. A month ago it looked as though the opening of the season of 1895 would be as late as that of 1894 was early. Present indications are that it will not be more than a week or ten days later in the year than was its predecessor. This morning I received a postal card from Robewal, signed by Mr. A. W. Patterson, who was last year in charge of the Island House and of the guides at the Grande Décharge, and is at present manager of a new hotel at Lake St. John. He says, speaking of that lake:

"Water rising. Ice getting shaky. I have men on the watch for the first fish. Expect fishing earlier than we had thought."

From this I take it that the ice may leave Lake St. John at any time within the next week, and almost certainly before these lines appear in print. The postal card was dated yesterday, April 29. The 15th of May is not likely, therefore, to be too early for spring fishing, either for ouananiche in Lake St. John or for trout in other northern waters, and this would place the opening of the season at the Grande Décharge at about the 8th to 10th of June.

Mr. R. R. McCormick, of Cocoanut Grove, Florida, and his son write me that they will spend much of the summer camping and fishing in northern Canada. They will make a tour in the country beyond Lake St. John, and after acquiring membership in a couple of clubs controlling trout waters in Canada will spend some time upon the preserves in question.

Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O., author of "Tempest-Torn," "Dodo and I," etc., a brother of Rider Haggard, who ascended the Peribonea with me in 1893 as far as Tschotagama, and whose acquaintance was formed in that year at Lake St. John by many American anglers, writes me from Scotland, where he has leased a shooting lodge, that he hopes to return to America for a season's shooting and fishing in July next.

Everybody interested in the subject of fish protection will regret to learn that from motives of economy the Canadian Government has decided this year to reduce by $10,000 the vote for salary and disbursements of fishing overseers and guardians, and that upon similar grounds the Government of Newfoundland has decided to abolish its Commission on Fisheries.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC CITY, April 30.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, May 3.—So far the returns from brant shooting along the Massachusetts coast have been very unsatisfactory. The first party to visit the shooting home of the Monomoy Brant Club got one brant. The second party got eight. The third, or Boys' party, got seven; not one brant apiece. Mr. E. Frank Lewis, one of the most genial sportsmen of the party, was brought home last Saturday dangerously sick with pneumonia. Mr. Warren Hapgood, the senior member and founder of the club, is absent now at the shooting boxes. Mr. Walter L. Hill is with him as an invited guest. It is a feature peculiar to the present season that all the birds killed are old birds. The absence of young birds is remarked by almost everybody who has gunned along the coast this spring.

The ice is not yet out of the Rangeley Lakes, neither is it out of Moosehead. I have a personal letter from Mr. O. A. Dennen, proprietor of the Kineo House, dated April 29. He says: "I should say, from present indications, that the lake would be clear of ice about May 10; possibly sooner." Mr. Dennen is very good authority on the ice in Moosehead, having followed it for years, and if he is correct in his conclusion this time, the ice may be expected to be out of the Rangeleys about May 12, since the Rangeleys usually clear about two days later than Moosehead. The only theory that disfavors this conclusion is the fact that several of the other Maine lakes and ponds have cleared earlier relatively than follows in line with such conclusion. Swan Lake, near Belfast, is clear, and Commissioners Stanley, Wentworth and the new member, C. E. Oaks, were fishing there last week. Reports say that some large trout were taken. Lake Auburn is also clear of ice, and the same Commissioners have been fishing there. What success they had is not yet made public. Reports also say that Sebec Lake is clear of ice. This lake is usually clear five or six days earlier than Moosehead.

Newfound Lake, in New Hampshire, was partly clear of ice a couple of days ago, the ice having moved down from the upper end. Immediately some of the fishermen were on hand to try for the celebrated lake trout that are early taken from that lake each year by those who know how it is done. Gen. Paul Lang landed a magnificent trout 41½in. in length and weighing 15lbs. The fish was shown in the window of the Boston & Maine Railroad office, on Washington street, this city, and attracted a crowd of the curious. The big trout of Newfound Lake is a feature of recent date. A few years ago such trout were almost unknown to residents.

Among the most anxious for the ice to leave the Rangeleys is Mr. C. P. Stevens, the owner of Camp Vive Vale, in the Narrows, Richardson Lake. He has several wagers that the Rangeleys will be clear by the 5th, but he is likely to lose. He is to start even before the ice is out. He will be alone this year, with Charles Edgar Marston as guide. Mr. Frank Stevens, of the same office, cannot get away this year. Mr. E. J. Shattuck has become more interested in fishing some waters further into the wilds of Aroostook county. Mr. Smart is too busy to go a-fishing. Both of these gentlemen were the early founders of Camp Vive Vale, with Mr. Stevens.

Another early fisherman to that lake will be Mr. Edwin A. Dow, of Woburn, but of the leather house of Stephen Dow & Co., Boston. He expects to be accompanied by Mr. Place, a long-time fishing and yachting companion. They will go to Camp Stewart, with the Cutting boys, Will and George, as guides. Mr. Dow's business partner, Mr. Frank F. Dodge, has recently built a hunting and fishing camp on a celebrated lake in Nova Scotia. With a cousin and fishing friend he has already made a trip to that lake this spring, and has had good sport with the trout. Later he will have photographs of his camp and the surroundings, and he will give me all the particulars concerning the location—a comparatively new one to the fishermen from "the States"—for the FOREST AND STREAM. They have been able to purchase a good share of the shores of the lake where their camp is located, for a very reasonable sum, and from the fact of the rapid growth in sporting interests in that direction they are naturally a good deal pleased with their success.

Boston, May 4.—Mr. Walter L. Hill has just returned from his outing with Mr. Warren Hapgood, of the Monomoy Brant Club. This was the last party of the season. Not a brant was shot by this party. In a measure to make up for the lack of brant to shoot, Mr. Hill shot a skunk that had previously been caught in a trap. This may seem like a trivial record, but it goes on to the Monomoy records as the only brant shot by the party. The record shows the poorest season for brant since the club was formed—for some thirty years, in fact. As mentioned above, party No. 1 got one brant; No. 2, eight; No. 3, seven; No. 4, one skunk. Mr. Hapgood has a theory that the sand is gradually washing into the grass, hence the brant are ceasing to come there to feed. But in connection with this theory, it must also be remembered that the Muskeget Club members and shooters have taken very few brant this year. A report is at hand, however, that there has been good brant shooting within a week at several points along the Nova Scotia coast, and a number of brant have just arrived in the Boston markets from these points.

Tom French, of Andover, Me., and well known as proprietor of one of the Richardson Lake steamers, writes Mr. Geo. T. Freeman, under date of May 2, that the ice will doubtless be out of the Rangeley Lakes by the 7th or 8th. Mr. G. W. Wadsworth, who will be one of the early ones to be off for the Rangeleys, has a letter from his guide, Geo. B. Huntoon, which suggests that the ice will be out of Rangeley by the 10th or 12th. The proprietor of the Mooselucmaguntic House writes friends here that the lake will hardly be clear of ice before the 12th. The FOREST AND STREAM will have a special dispatch if the Rangeleys or Moosehead clear before this number goes to press. Otherwise, it may be safely concluded that those lakes will be clear by the 12th or 13th of May. I notice that a correspondent of the FOREST AND STREAM is in doubt about the date of the Rangeleys' clearing in 1893. If he had looked at the record annually published in this paper by myself for the past dozen years he might have seen that the ice cleared from those lakes May 20, 1893.

SPECIAL.

NORTH CAROLINA STRIPED BASS.

A NEGRO fisherman, named Mose Peet, caught a 50-pound rockfish, or striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*), last Friday with hook and handline, and cut fish for bait, in Bryce's Creek, a fresh-water stream which empties into the Trent River, some two miles above Newbern, and some forty miles from the ocean beach. Striped bass are very abundant in Bryce's Creek just at this time and run in great schools in pursuit of the herring which are passing up to the head waters of the stream to spawn. As an indication of the vast multitude of the herring in this and neighboring waters of the North Carolina sounds, it may be mentioned that Dr. Wm. P. Capehart, at his notable fishery at Avoca, on Albemarle Sound, caught 400,000 at a single haul of the seine one day last week; and it may be assumed that striped bass are favorable, though very few were taken just there. They are more abundant in the tributaries of Pamlico Sound. They run up all the rivers in vast numbers, and if rod fishermen were only made aware of their opportunity they could find sport with correct tackle at the Trent River county bridge, near where Mose Peet took his fish, beside which the old performances at McComb's Dam, on the Harlem River, forty years ago, would dwindle into insignificance. Tarpon fishing in Florida won't compare with it.

The remarkable aspect of the whole matter is that up to recent date scientists have expressed incredulity regarding declarations that striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*) were found in great size and numbers in the upper waters of Southern streams, and as recently as 1888 a notable ichthyological authority questioned in an official publication my statement printed ten years previously in the *Sportsman's Gazetteer* to that effect, intimating that I was "probably mistaken by the resemblance of this species to the brassy bass (*Roccus interruptus*)."

Besides this splendid game fish, which attains a weight of 70lbs. and upward, we have here the finest black bass fishing, with twenty other varieties to select from; and it seems strange that these waters, from which our fish-packers ship $200,000 worth to Northern markets every season, should have been so long overlooked by anglers, who persist in going to Tampa, Aransas, Indian River, Homosassa or anywhere else, no matter how distant or however poorly rewarded and little encouraged. We have here at Newbern the Hotel Chattawka, which the FOREST AND STREAM advertised all winter, and at Morehead City the magnificent seaside Atlantic Hotel, with its accommodations for 800 guests and vaulted ballroom 100ft. square; while at Beaufort, within sight of where President Cleveland trolled for Spanish mackerel last May a year ago is the snug and homelike house of Sarah Davis, whose fame has had a steady growth for thirty years all over the country.

Mem.—Fifteen years ago I told your readers about the Roseau Region in Northern Minnesota, near where I built a comfortable hotel for sportsmen, and begged them to come up and shoot the moose, elk, deer, caribou, geese and grouse, but no one came except old John Davidson and Andrew Carnegie, and Dr. Phillips's party of Penn Yan, New York; and now I dare say, after I am dead and buried, and the last fish has migrated to other waters and departed forever, they will begin to find out where the most delectable fishing ground on the Atlantic coast was; just as they have now discovered the Roseau Region after forty post offices have been located there, and an inhibitory law enacted to prevent the destruction of the remnant of the game.

Let your anglers of leisure come down and try the salt water and estuary fishing in this vicinity until the 10th of June, and by that time I would direct them to Covington, Va., 2,000 feet above sea level, in the heart of the Blue Ridge, where they can then catch mountain trout, black bass and pike-perch until the end of summer, with comfortable home and board at reasonable rates.

NEWBERN, N. C., May 1. CHARLES HALLOCK.

ANGLING WATERS NEAR BOSTON.

BOSTON, Mass.—There are very few places in Massachusetts which contain as many anglers as the city of Worcester. It has even been said that they far outnumber the trout native to that locality. This assertion is stoutly and seriously denied by some of the knowing ones, who always know where to go to find a good mess. A number of very good brooks are to be found within easy distance of the city. While all are not successful in fishing them, the finished artist seldom fails to secure a sufficient number to satisfy a modest ambition. There are a few private or leased waters in the vicinity which are not open to the public, but enough are left open (barring an occasional "no trespass" sign) to provide very good sport to all wishing to try their luck. The names and location of some of these streams are: Bummet brook, North Grafton; Merriam brook (quite a large stream), Grafton; Bumbo brook, Paxton; Fessendon brook, Paxton; Bryant brook, Leicester; Nigger brook, Spencer; Cold Spring brook, Harvard; Dark brook, Auburn; South brook, Shrewsbury; Happy Hollow brook, Oakdale; and Muddy brook, Boylston. All of these streams have particular places, known best to the initiated, where the trout hide.

The streams named are all within easy distance from Boston and are quite often visited by fishermen from the Hub. In the other direction from Boston, on the line of the Boston & Maine R. R., are several good brooks, naturally improving as one gets further away from the city. Over the Maine State line near Berwick are some notably good streams. A friend, fishing in this locality recently, secured a nice string, the largest weighing 1½lbs., the brook being very high and swollen at that.

Coming close to the city, we have a few brooks which at one time afforded excellent sport, but now, although quality remains, quantity is much reduced. Some of these which might be mentioned are: Traphole brook, Sharon; Walpole brook (emptying into Fowl Meadow), Canton; William Henry brook, Canton; Cheesecake brook, Newton; and several fair streams in Sudbury, Dedham, Lexington and Arlington. Those who know how sometimes astonish their friends by bringing home a number of fair-sized trout even from these waters.

Everybody is aware that old Cape Cod is the banner ground for trout fishing near Boston. While very many of the best waters on the Cape are controlled by clubs or individuals to the exclusion of the public, there still remain many places where that highly flavored beauty, the brook trout living in tide-water streams, may be found. Some of these I will mention in FOREST AND STREAM later on.

HACKLE.

THE WALTON MEMORIAL IN LONDON.

From the London Fishing Gazette, April 15.

THE first suggestion of a memorial of Izaak Walton was made, I believe, by the late Mr. John Major over seventy years ago, as will be seen from the following extract:

EXTRACT FROM JOHN MAJOR'S INTRODUCTION TO HIS EDITIONS OF WALTON.

"Soon after the appearance of my first edition in 1823, I received the following from Michael Bland, Esq., F. R. S.:

'The Walton and Cotton Club, to which I am the secretary, adopting the idea suggested in your introductory essay, have resolved to institute an immediate inquiry into the condition of the insufficient monument to the memory of Honest Isaak in Winchester Cathedral, with the view of taking some steps toward the erection of a memorial more worthy of the man, and more honourable to those who delight in that recreation which he has so beautifully portrayed.' Whatever may have hitherto obstructed the above expressed intention, I still feel perfectly satisfied that it will be yet carried into effect. One gentleman, I was credibly informed, offered to put down 200 guineas to commence the work. But let a one guinea subscription be set on foot, and the lovers of literature and angling will carry it in a summer's day! The Dean of Winchester, I understood, to have expressed himself delighted that an honour, so justly due, should be paid to him as the 'Historian of the Church.'"

This is from Major's edition, published in 1844—one of the most charming of the whole series of editions—but it was not until 1878 that a marble bust of Walton was erected by public subscription in his native town of Stafford, in St. Mary's Church—the church in which he was baptized.

In September, 1886, I saw a letter in the *Times*, dated September 23, from Mr. H. T. Jenkins, a member of the Portsmouth Waltonian Club, Southsea, calling attention to the fact that the Very Rev. Dr. Kitchin, then Dean of Winchester, had intimated that he would like to have a statue of Walton in the Great Screen, and expressing a hope that anglers would provide the funds. On October 2, 1886, I opened a subscription, and, thanks chiefly to the liberality of the readers of the *Fishing Gazette*, I have been enabled to carry out what has been for so many years the desire of anglers, viz., that worthy memorials of Walton should be erected in Winchester and London.

R. B. MARSTON.

The Unveiling of the Window.

St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet street, was well filled on Friday, April 5, on the occasion of the Walton Memorial Window by Mr. Walker Baily, Master of the Ironmongers' Company.

Punctually at 12 the Rector commenced a brief service with appropriate prayer, and then called upon Mr. Baily.

Mr. W. BAILY, Master of the Ironmongers' Company, said: Mr. Rector, Mr. Marston, Ladies and Gentlemen,—The Ironmongers' Company are very sensible to the honor paid them by inviting their Master to take part in to-day's ceremony. The Company has had many men of note and worth among its members. To name but a few: naval heroes, as Hood and Exmouth; noble-hearted and munificent benefactors, as Betton and Geffery; civic magnates, as Denham, Avenon, Draper, Cletherow, the Cambells, the Thorolds, Beckford. But noted as these worthies are in their respective ways, we are proud to have numbered amongst our fellowship the still more widely-known name of Izaak Walton, whose charming pastoral, the "Compleat Angler," has been an English classic for upward of two centuries, and will probably remain one, wherever the English tongue prevails, for centuries to come. Briefly as the records of the Company were kept in former days, they nevertheless give a few particulars concerning Walton's earlier life which, so little being known about him during that period, possess an interest. I may perhaps on this occasion fittingly refer to them in a few words. On Nov. 12, 1618, Walton, "late apprentice to Thomas Grinsell, was admitted and sworn a free brother of the Company." He was then twenty-five years old, and, upon the high authority of Mr. Marston, there is no record of his life between the date of his baptism and this entry in our Court Book. In 1629 he was one of thirty members of our Yeomanry, who served as "gentlemen in foins," that is to say, in gowns faced with foins, or the fur of the marten, in the pageant provided for the mayoralty of our member, Sir James Cambell; and he performed a like service in the pageant of Sir Christopher Cletherow, Lord Mayor in 1635, also our member. In 1637 he was chosen and sworn Warden of the Yeomanry; and two years later he paid over to his successor the "'rest' of his account of Wardenship, £2 7s. 10d." On that occasion he presented to the Company an apprentice of his, one Edward Blurton, and paid the usual fee therefor. This slight circumstance, I may mention, is now made known for the first time: it has escaped the notice of previous inquiries. In 1641 he paid his quota, amounting to £3, of one of the forced loans levied on the City Companies by Charles I. He was described in our Court Book of that day as "of the parish of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West." Thereafter he seems to have taken no further par in the affairs of the Company, and apparently to have left no trace of his address. I wish that our records threw some light upon the debated question as to the trade or calling that Walton followed; but they do not. After careful search, I have not discovered the faintest hint as to the occupation of Grinsell, his old master; or as to that of Cavell, who in turn was Grinsell's master; or as to that of Dane, who was Cavell's—thus going back to at least a generation before Walton was born. It has been surmised that, because in the license for his marriage with Rachel Floud, in 1626, Walton was described as of the "Cittie of London, Ironmonger," he would not have so styled himself had he been, according to the usually received tradition, a sempster or haberdasher. The opinion is plausible so far as bare words form a guide; it is not so, however, when regard is had to the Custom of London. By that Custom one who is free of the City of London, when styling himself as a Citizen, appends the name of some trade or craft. That name, however, does not necessarily indicate the trade or craft he actually follows. It simply means that he is a Freeman of the Livery Company of the City of London which bears such name; and that it is in virtue of presenting the copy of his Freedom in that Company to the Chamberlain of London that he has been enabled to take up his Freedom of the City of London also. The Custom still prevails in the present day. A citizen of London, in any address to his fellow-citizens, signs himself, regardless of what his actual calling may be, as "Citizen and Mercer," "Citizen and Goldsmith," and so on, according to the Livery Company of which he was first made free. Hence Walton's description of himself in his marriage license was technically correct. The word "Ironmonger" simply meant that he was free of the Ironmongers' Company. There is nothing whatever therefore, either in the records of the Ironmongers' Company or in the wording of Walton's marriage license, to disturb the received tradition that his calling was that of a sempster or haberdasher. There are few names which excite more pleasing associations than Walton's; none in which the virtues of the loyal citizen, the pious churchman, the devoted admirer of the works of nature, shine with more attractive grace and luster. The singular charm that his character must have possessed is strikingly evidenced by his close intimacy with many of the most learned and illustrious of his contemporaries. Even in these leveling days, it would scarcely be within probability that a tradesman of moderate standing, as Walton was, should be the bosom friend of highly-placed dignitaries and men of family. Yet, in an age when ranks in the social scale were far more sharply defined than they are now, Walton was the close, the esteemed and life-long friend of Donne, the poet-preacher, Dean of Old St. Paul's, and sometime Rector of this parish; of Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury; of Sanderson and Barlow, Bishops of Lincoln; of at least three other Bishops, one being Ken, his brother-in-law; of the saintly George Herbert; of Sir Henry Wotton, courtier, diplomatist, and Provost of Eton. And the simplicity, piety and honesty of the man shine out in his books. The "Lives," perhaps, display more literary style; but "The Angler" ever has been, and is likely to remain, the popular favorite; though we may say of it, as Goldsmith said of his own "Vicar of Wakefield," "There are a hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless." Allow me, Mr. Marston, to give expression to congratulations, which will be general, upon the successful completion of you and your colleagues' labors to provide London with a memorial of one of the most virtuous and pure-minded of its worthies in past days. No site could you have selected so appropriate to receive it as this—the Church of the parish in which Walton resided some twenty years, and intimately associated with so many of his joys and sorrows. Here, under our feet, lie in dust Rachel, his first wife, and seven of their children; here, in the churchyard, was first published "Compleat Angler." It is now my privilege to unveil this window; and, when I have done so, I dare say, Mr. Marston, you will be so kind as to tell us something about it. May it serve for generations to come to adorn this sacred fane, and to assist in keeping alive "meek Walton's Heavenly memory."



MR. R. B. MARSTON said the memorial of Walton in Winchester Cathedral had led up to the one they had seen unveiled that afternoon. The speaker told how Dr. Kitchin, Dean of the Cathedral, as a result of a communication on the matter, had expressed the pleasure it would give him to reserve a niche in the Great Screen for a statue of Izaak Walton; and he (Mr. Marston) knew that anglers were very glad to hear that such a kind offer had been made. Thanks to the readers of the *Fishing Gazette*, he was afterward enabled to obtain the necessary amount for the statue, which was executed by Miss Mary Grant. That lady, hearing of that day's ceremony, had expressed a desire to be present, and he hoped she was, as the central figure on the window was a copy of Miss Grant's work in the Cathedral Screen. Continuing, Mr. Marston explained that the particular memorial which had called them together that afternoon was first suggested at the Walton Tercentenary Celebration which took place on the banks of the Lea at Broxbourne. Reference was made to that at Winchester, and as London was without a memorial, it was decided to take steps to provide one here, and he had to thank the Rector of St. Dunstan's (Rev. Mr. Martin) for the kind manner in which he had assisted him to get up the memorial. Many firms, some of which were on the continent, had applied to have the honor of making the window, but he (Mr. Marston) thought it would be best to employ an English firm and as a result the work had been executed by Messrs. Percy Bacon and Bros., of Newman street, Oxford street, London, who had done similar work in all parts of England. Referring to the quality of the window, Mr. Marston said the colors would last as long as glass could last, and he believed there was some glass in England over 1,000 years old. He then described the window in detail.

The center light of this window contains a full-length figure of Walton, being a copy of the charming statue by Miss Mary Grant in Winchester Cathedral, and a smaller panel shows him seated at his library table surrounded by books and trophies of his art. The side lights enshrine portraits of men whose lives he wrote. At the top of the left hand light is Sir Henry Wotton, with his coat of arms, and a view of Eton College, of which he was for some time Provost. Lower down is Bishop Ken and an elevation of Wells Cathedral. In the lowest panel is George Herbert, the poet, and his church at Bemerton is depicted on a shield. At the top of the right hand light is Dr. Donne, Dean of Old St. Paul's, of which the west front is shown; beneath him is the "judicious" Hooker and his delightful little church at Barham, near Canterbury. The third panel depicts Bishop Sanderson and his cathedral at Lincoln.

Angels in the tracery hold scrolls of the virtues. In the two side quarterfoils are blazoned the arms of St. Dunstan and of the Ironmongers' Company. The center quarterfoil contains the intertwined monograms of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton.

MR. MARSTON then proceeded to refer to the men whose portraits surround Walton, and said that he could not do better than quote what Walton himself had written about them, especially as they would recognize in the descriptions many characteristics of the writer himself.

Walton's "Life of Dr. Donne" was, said Mr. Marston, published in 1640. In it Donne is thus referred to: "He was of a stature moderately tall; of a straight and equally proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

"He was of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

* * * * * * *

"He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body, which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust;

"But I shall see it reanimated."

MR. MARSTON said the last words he had just quoted said as much as any sermon could for Walton's calm belief in and assurance of a future life; it was characteristic of the man that his religion was a part of himself, and even an atheist could not read Walton's writings without being convinced of their honesty.

Dr. Donne, continued Mr. Marston, was Rector of St. Dunstan's, and afterward Dean of St. Paul's. Walton was a constant hearer and great admirer of his sermons.

In 1651 Walton published the life of his great friend and angling companion Sir Henry Wotton, who is thus described: "He returned out of Italy into England about the thirtieth year of his age, being then noted by many both for his person and comportment; for indeed he was of a choice shape, tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behavior; which was so mixed with sweet discourse and civilities as gained him much love from all persons with whom he entered acquaintance.

"And whereas he was noted in his youth to have a sharp wit, and apt to jest; that, by time, travel and conversation, was so polished, and made so useful, that his company seemed to be one of the delights of mankind."

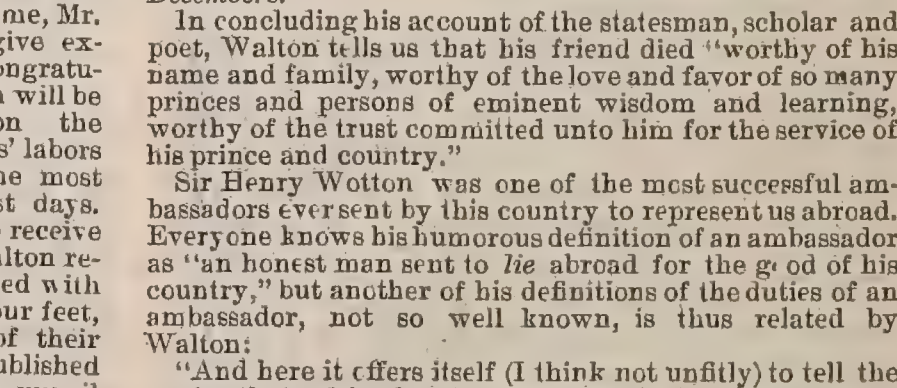
In describing Sir Henry Wotton's life when he was Provost of Eton, Walton says:

"Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling, which he would usually call *his idle time not idly spent;* saying *often, he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers.*"

In concluding his account of the statesman, scholar and poet, Walton tells us that his friend died "worthy of his name and family, worthy of the love and favor of so many princes and persons of eminent wisdom and learning, worthy of the trust committed unto him for the service of his prince and country."

Sir Henry Wotton was one of the most successful ambassadors ever sent by this country to represent us abroad. Everyone knows his humorous definition of an ambassador as "an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country," but another of his definitions of the duties of an ambassador, not so well known, is thus related by Walton:

"And here it offers itself (I think not unfitly) to tell the reader that a friend of Sir Henry Wotton's, being designed for the employment of an ambassador, came to Eton, and requested from him some experimental rules for his prudent and safe carriage in his negotations; to whom he smilingly gave this for an infallible aphorism—that, to be in safety himself and serviceable to his country, he should always and upon all occasions speak the *truth* (it, adds Walton, seems a State paradox); for, said Sir Henry Wotton, you shall never be believed, and by this means your truth will secure yourself if you shall ever be called to any account; and 'twill also put your adversaries (who will still hunt counter) to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings."



I was fortunate enough, said Mr. Marston, to secure only last week a copy of the first edition of Walton's "Life of Mr. Richard Hooker," the author of the "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," published in 1665. I say fortunate because this particular copy had been presented by Walton himself to Doctor Warmstrey, Dean of Worster; and what makes it more interesting is that the printed list of errata has been run through by Walton in ink, and the whole of the errors have been most carefully corrected in ink by Walton himself.

Last Sunday evening I was showing my wife Walton's own handwriting in this little book, now 230 years old. We carefully compared the handwriting with divers bits of Walton's writing which have been facsimilied by editors of his works; there could be no doubt about its genuineness, and when, in answer to a natural inquiry as to what I had given for this little shabby volume, I mentioned the price, my wife said, "Well! I always thought you had Walton on the brain, but now I know it!" The ladies never will look on these things in the proper light.

Walton's "Life of Hooker" was written at the earnest request of Dr. Sheldon, then Bishop of London, himself a great angler, being especially fond of barbel fishing. In fact, it is interesting to note that, besides Walton himself, at least three of those whose portraits are given in this window were also anglers. Dr. Donne is described as a great practitioner, master and patron "of angling," and George Herbert, divine Herbert, also Walton tells us, loved angling. In his "Compleat Angler" he quotes those sweetest of verses beginning—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright.

Whether Thomas Ken, Walton's friend and relative, was an angler I know not, but the portrait of the author of two of the finest hymns in the English or any language is well placed in such a window as this. Millions have sung, and millions more will sing, Ken's morning hymn, commencing:

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run.

And the equally beautiful evening hymn:

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.

My earliest recollection of anything is of my father, "The Amateur Angler," playing the music of these grand hymns.

Walton's "Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln," whose portrait is the last in the window, was published in 1678, five years before his death.

MR. MARSTON, referring to the "Compleat Angler," said it was first published in 1653; it had gone through five editions in Walton's lifetime, and more than a hundred editions of it had since been published, several of them in America. He described it as a charming English classic, and quoted what several well-known writers had said about it. He said he had to heartily thank Mr. Baily, the Master of the Ironmongers' Company, for unveiling the window. He felt sure those present would agree with him (Mr. Marston) that it was most appropriate that the Master of the body with which Walton was connected should perform the ceremony, and he was certain they had been delighted with the information Mr. Baily had given them regarding Walton's associations with the Ironmongers' Company. He also desired to heartily thank the subscribers to the fund, the surplus from which, as agreed, would be devoted to the Anglers' Benevolent Society, of which he (Mr. Marston) was proud to say he was president. It was a society which had been started by the workingmen anglers of London for the purpose of helping brethren in need, and if anyone was desirous of supporting the memorial, they could not do better than forward their subscription to that society. Mr. Marston concluded by calling upon Mr. William Senior (angling editor of *The Field*) to say a few words, and, at the same time, thanked him and other writers of the angling Press for the great help rendered in connection with the memorial.

Mr. SENIOR said that, as chairman of the riverside meeting held up the Lea, which had been referred to, the pleasing duty had been put upon him of asking Mr. Baily to accept their hearty thanks for having unveiled the window, and for the interest he had taken in the movement. The excellent speeches they had just listened to left him (Mr. Senior) very little to say. He, however, would like to remark that Mr. Baily might rest assured that his speech would be of peculiar interest to all Waltonian students, both in this country and the New World, for they had heard a great deal in it that was interesting, and much that was actually new with regard to Izaak Walton. He thought the statements Mr. Baily had been able to make as a result of his researches should inspire them to seek for further discoveries in old documents as to the life of Walton. Proceeding, Mr. Senior said it was to Mr. Marston that they owed not only the statue in Winchester Cathedral, but the beautiful window which had just been unveiled. Again, on behalf of the London anglers, he thanked Mr. Baily for having most literally, as well as figuratively, put the hall mark to a splendid work—to a beautiful window which illustrated a good man, which illustrated an interesting chapter or period in English history, and which, he further ventured to say, was not out of harmony with a beautiful church.

Mr. BAILY, in reply, thanked Mr. Senior very much for his kind words, and could only say he felt very proud, during his year of office, to participate in the privilege which had fallen to his share.

The Rev. WM. MARTIN said, on behalf of the churchwardens and parishioners, he accepted most gratefully the beautiful window offered them, and placed in the church that day. They also desired to tender their warmest thanks to Mr. Marston and others who had taken such an interest in the memorial. He did not look upon it simply as the memorial of one worthy man, but of seven worthy men, and he thought it would be very interesting if some one would write the history in connection with the window, bringing into the book also the history of those men.

A hymn was then sung, and with the benediction the unveiling service was brought to a close.

Nearly all the subscriptions promised, amounting to about £115, having been received, Mr. R. B. Marston, the Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the Walton Memorial Fund, last Tuesday paid Messrs. Percy Bacon Bros., 11 Newman street, Oxford street, the sums agreed upon for the Window and the Marble Tablet, viz., £100 and £10 respectively, and when all the subscriptions are finally received he hopes to have a surplus of from £5 to £10 to hand over to the Anglers' Benevolent Society.

Now is the Season of Our Discontent.

THESE bright sunny days with the zephyr breezes are turning my thoughts to the deep green woods and the purling brooks, and ere long I hope to be where the tree shadows make and the tinted trout hide.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

DO FISH FEEL PAIN?

COLORADO.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In recent and frequent correspondence I notice controversy is rife as to whether or not fish experience pain from wounds or lacerations. That a fish is subject to great fright is certain; which would seem to infer that their nervous composition was capable of sustaining a shock. But that it is sensible to injury or pain, I willingly resign to older heads for the solving of what, to me, is an intricate problem.

"F. S. J. C.," in FOREST AND STREAM of the 27th, cites several instances which seem to contradict the theory that a fish has any nervous organization whatever. I also have in mind several instances of similar character which were recalled by the perusal of these articles on this subject.

Last fall, while trouting along one of the numerous good streams that abound in this section, I came across a shady pool of considerable size and depth, wherein I was certain lurked some of the aged denizens of the creek. It was in the evening and I was fishing up stream. I cast my flies under the overhanging boughs, and hardly had they touched on the water before I was made aware of the presence of a lusty trout in a heavy strike. I was kept busy for the next few minutes keeping him out of the roots which lined the banks, when my line suddenly slackened and I drew it in, to discover that my lower fly—a brown hackle—had been broken off where the hook joins the gut. I repaired the break and made another cast, being immediately rewarded with a second strike, which from the disturbance created I concluded must be the same fish. He, in some manner, failed to hook himself, but a second later my line straightened out and whizzed through the water toward the right bank, and not wishing to lose my prize, I turned the butt toward him, when the hold again broke, depositing my flies in the tree tops overhead. In trying to dislodge them I broke the gut, and, as usual in such cases, my flies remained in the tree top—probably do yet—and there I was, discovering, to my dismay, that my fly book was in my coat pocket in camp, a couple of hundred yards down the creek.

As to the time it took to reach camp I cannot say; but in a very brief period I had returned to where my rod was lying and affixed a new fly. Again a cast was made and again the fish responded in fine shape. This time he was successfully landed—a very beautiful specimen, tipping the beam at a trifle over 2lbs.—and upon examination I found my brown hackle lodged in the roof of his cavernous mouth; also a strip of skin about an inch and a quarter long by half an inch wide torn from his side, and a very ugly wound exposed, from which blood was still dripping. In striking the second time he had probably snagged himself on my lower fly.

Later we were fishing in the Mesa Lakes—a very beautiful group of mirror-like ponds that are the delight of the disciples of Walton from all over the country—and gradually worked our way around to where a small creek empties its crystal waters into the lake. We were having splendid success, having landed thirty-four in nearly as many minutes, and then we had to fish after that, managing to secure some very beautiful trophies. Where the creek enters the lake it falls over a 6ft. embankment, leaving a shallow stream of about 20ft. between the falls and the main body of water. Several large red fellows were seen lazily moving about in the shallow water, and we took great caution lest we should be observed. They would not take the fly in the creek with any great activity, so my companion could not resist the temptation, and pulling his .38 Smith & Wesson shot at a fine large fellow, which he hit. After considerable splashing he started down the stream like a flash, leaping clear out of the water at one time. My fly was resting on the water at the mouth of the creek, dancing on top of the current, when suddenly my reel began to sing and about 30yds. of line spun out into the lake, which was immediately hauled in after a slight struggle with a trout of considerable weight on the end. Blood was running out of him very profusely, and we found a large, jagged hole torn through him, made by the revolver ball.

A short time ago a young friend of mine was fishing in the Grand River, a short distance from the city, and landed a 12lb. whitefish with a big steel hook fastened in his belly, to which was attached about 6ft. of line tied in the center of a twig 3 or 4ft. in length. Some boy had evidently fastened his line over night and the stick had pulled out of the bank when the fish became snagged. If he could have felt pain he certainly would have felt it pulling against that 4ft. stick through deep water. The hole, which the hook had torn pretty badly, was apparently very much inflamed from appearances.

Several other instances have occurred to me, but I will not recount them at present. But whether fish feel pain under such wounds I am at a loss to determine; if they do, then their instinct for preying on insects is predominant over all others, and they lose their pain in their greed. Some experienced head inform us on the subject.

CHAS. G. SUMNER.

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The recent discussion of this subject is to all students of nature one of importance and is worthy of consideration by all classes and conditions of men. To the sportsman it has a meaning of great breadth. If the negative be sustained then there need be no qualms of conscience over the quarry, as struggling for freedom he darts hither and yon, seeking to free himself from a bondage of the nature of which he is ignorant.

If on the other hand the affirmative is the case, then there is but one duty for the angler, to land the captive as quickly as is consistent with safety and at once dispatch the sufferer.

Personally I am a strong believer in the affirmative. To believe otherwise is, in my opinion, contrary to all the laws of nature which govern and direct the entire animal kingdom. Wherever brain power exists there must of necessity be capacity for pain, and in just the proportion of intelligence and nervous organization of the animal affected is it lessened or intensified. The horse is more keenly sensitive to the stroke of the whip than would be any other animal of lower intelligence and less nervous development. Fishes, occupying as they do a very low plane in the kingdom to which they belong, must of necessity be very much less susceptible to the sensation we call pain than the warm-blooded animals; but I cannot believe they are entirely devoid of pain nerves.

If we except their wonderful propensities for reproduction, their strongest impulse is that of appetite. Numerous personal observations convince me fully that hunger entirely overbalances any other physical discomfort they may be subjected to. I once hooked an immense plaice in the inlet of one of our rivers, and, using light tackle, was compelled to drown him before attempting to land him in the boat. The water was very clear, and I was enabled to watch every movement of the fish. To my surprise I saw him strike thrice at the swinging sinker I was using, and upon landing him I found the hook firmly imbedded in the stomach.

On another occasion I took a weakfish, whose back was terribly lacerated by the claws of a fish-hawk; and so recently had the injury been sustained that blood was oozing freely from the wounds. In both cases it would seem that the pain incident to the circumstances would have been intense, yet the desire for food arose paramount.

A. A. Brower, the noted angler, a few days since told me he once took a pickerel which had gorged a catfish, and the sharp, spike-like rays of the fins were protruding through both of the pickerel's sides, yet in this unpleasant predicament he did not hesitate to take the bait.

Still, with all the evidence which can easily be procured to the contrary, it is but fair to presume there is a certain sense of pain, however dull that sense may be, which pervades all animated nature, of which fish are not by many degrees the lowest type. LEONARD HULIT.

NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

BOSTON, May 4.—The days of anticipation for New England anglers are almost over, and now comes the effort to realize on the hopes built up during the past winter. From every side come reports that lake after lake is yielding up its icy surface under the influence of the warm spring sun and melting rains. All of the New Hampshire lakes are now free and clear, and most of the Maine lakes are in the same desirable condition. The Rangeleys and Moosehead are still hard and fast, and just when the great day will be is, indeed, hard to say. Perhaps it may come before FOREST AND STREAM'S next issue. Certainly it cannot be far from that date. A party who left Rangeley on May 1 told me that there was still 20in. of blue ice out in the lakes, but as the edges are very much broken and decayed there is nothing to anchor it, and a good wind or rain would soon finish it. A letter from Moosehead states that it was very cold in that region about May 1, but prophesies at the same time that the ice will go out by the 6th. This seems rather too sanguine. Another letter received from Grand Lake, Maine, states that the lake is clear of ice to Munson's Island and was expected to be all clear in two or three days. Since then I have heard that it is entirely cleared. Lake George, in New York, has been open for some time, and one or two Boston parties are making up to go there. Reports from Sebago indicate the fishing to be excellent, most of the salmon taken thus far being heavy-weights. Many parties are either on their way to the lakes or making up to go, and this week will see an exodus of fishermen from Boston and surrounding towns, all armed with trolling tackle such as is witnessed but once each year.

Messrs. J. J. Gilligan and Thornton A. Smith, both great lovers of the sport, took a short trip recently, to try a much-fished brook at North Lakeville, Mass. They were quite successful, catching a number of trout, and Mr. Gilligan succeeded in landing one big fellow weighing slightly over 2lbs. To pick out a beauty of this size from a stream so near Boston is a rare experience, and in order to have ocular proof of his prowess, to show his friends, he is having it set up by Frazer.

While fishing at Moosehead last season, Mr. F. H. Talcott, of Boston, succeeded in hooking a very large fish. It took him a long time to get his victim near the boat, and although the fish was in an exhausted condition, it required many successive efforts on the part of his guide and a great loss of nerve tissue to Mr. Talcott to get his majesty in out of the wet, owing to the net (although of ordinary size) being totally inadequate for the occasion. Vowing that he would never be caught in such a scrape again, Mr. Talcott has had a small gaff hook made out of a large size cod hook. This can be attached to the net handle, and the next time a Moosehead fish tries to evade Mr. Talcott's company by rolling out of the net, he will be promptly and tenderly lifted into the boat. The idea is excellent, and one that might be copied to advantage by brother anglers.

Mr. L. S. Dow and party from Hartford, Conn., passed through Boston last Thursday, on their way for a few days' fishing at Winisquam Lake, N. H. Mr. Dow has fished these waters very successfully for a number of seasons, and those of his party who have not visited this locality before will be under the right tuition to insure success.

W. D. Brackett, of Stoneham, Mass., and W. P. Clark, of Peabody, Mass., will leave for the Rangeleys as soon as word comes that the ice is out. These two gentlemen present a record for constant companionship which very few men can boast of. This is the twenty-fourth successive season that they have fished together at the Upper Dam. When one considers the many causes arising from business, sickness, etc., which necessitate the postponement or total abandonment of fishing trips time and again, this showing may be pronounced as remarkable, and I doubt if it can be equaled in New England. Frank E. White, of Brockton, and Mr. Brown, of Peabody, will accompany them on this trip.

Mr. Louis G. Hoyt, of Kingston, N. H., has issued a circular regarding a contemplated fishing trip which is quite unique in character. All of the party are well-known anglers, and that a good time awaits them is an assured fact. The circular reads as follows: "The steamer Iris will leave Lakeport, N. H., on Saturday, May 11, at 1 P. M., for a cruise on Lake Winnepesaukee, trout trolling, with the following party: Dr. A. B. Jewell, Newton, Mass.; Dr. F. O. Loveland, Newton; Russell H. Fellows and John H. Fellows, Brentwood, N. H.; Stephen F. Nichols and Louis G. Hoyt, Kingston, N. H.; Dr. J. E. S. Pray and Gilman B. Hoyt, Exeter, N. H. The party will be left at Wolfboro at 2 P. M. May 15, where the catch will be shipped to Boston by special freight leaving at 2:40 P. M. A part of the party will from here proceed north to Dan Hole in search of salmon. The public will have notice of the size of the catch by the Boston quotation for trout the following day. The boat will have a caterer, and will be stocked with provisions and the customary wherewithal for a successful fishing trip, and nothing need be supplied by any of the party except time and patience. The angling experience of the members has

covered a wide range and the success of the combination cannot but be assured. Messrs. Jewell and Loveland have landed the salted cod off Brackett's counter, Pray and G. B. Hoyt have clubbed the wily alewife in its haunts below the Squamscott dam, the 'Fellows' have turbined the lordly eel at the rapids of the Coppyhole, and Nichols and L. G. Hoyt have cast for flies amid the odors of pennyroyal and creosote. Signed. L. G. HOYT for the committee."

The Dr. Libby party, of Boston, including Dr. C. H. Gerrish, of Exeter, N. H., have lately returned from a few days' fishing at Lake Winnepasaukee. The trip proved very enjoyable, and a number of trout were taken, the largest of which weighed 7lbs.

Mr. C. W. Willard, one of the Rhode Island Fish Commissioners, and Capt. C. C. Maxson, both from Westerly, R. I., passed through Boston last week *en route* to Newfound, Sunapee and Pleasant lakes, New Hampshire. They will spend about ten days fishing the three lakes. Pleasant Lake is located near Scytheville, and is the water recently spoken of in FOREST AND STREAM as to be opened, after a long-closed season, on May 1.

A jolly crowd, consisting of James Edgar, F. S. Thomas, E. Frank Swift, R. M. Fullerton and Willis Marble, started a few days ago for Lake Rocignolle, Nova Scotia. They expect to be gone about two weeks, and fly-fishing for trout will be the order of the trip. Mr. Thomas is a pioneer in Nova Scotia fishing, and under his able tuition those of the party who are making this for their first trip will speedily become experts in the art of fly-casting.

Two other Brockton gentlemen, E. O. Noyes and J. Chipman, started for Weld Pond, Me., on Monday last to try the salmon and trout fishing. They will be gone about one week.

L. D. Chapman and J. A. Littleton, of Boston, with four other gentlemen, making a party of six, start next Friday night to try the salmon at Weld Pond, Me. As the fishing is reported excellent there, and the party are all veterans at the sport, no doubt there will be a great round-up of salmon.

A large lake trout, on exhibition in the window of the Washington street office of the Boston & Maine R. R., attracted the notice of many people a few days ago. The fish was caught at Newfound Lake, N. H., by General Paul Lang, of Oxford, N. H., formerly a member of the staff of ex-Governor Goodale. It was caught trolling, weighed 15lbs., and took a long time to land. This gentleman has a record, in 1894, at the same lake, of twelve fish caught, with a total weight of 140lbs.

HACKLE.

Northern Michigan Trout.

DETROIT, May 4.—May opened with soft skies, balmy air and a mighty rush for trout streams of northern Michigan. Never, perhaps, has the fishing been better, during the first days of the season, thanks to the policy of the State respecting fish protection and the enforcement of the laws governing the same. The occupations of the conscienceless rascals who went in for dynamite and every other murderous method for destruction have departed. The vicinity of Baldwin, Mich., in Lake county, abounds in fine trout streams, and they are having plenty of visitors. Baldwin Creek, which flows through the town, Sanborn Creek, the Middle Branch, Danaher Creek and others are good trout waters; in the first named, a brown trout has been taken weighing close to 5lbs., while others of this excellent fish and of speckled trout have been taken at the mill dam and below, weighing over 3lbs. each. Rainbow trout also have been taken in this vicinity. Sanborn Creek has always been a fainter stream, and although thousands of fish are every year taken, there is apparently no diminution of the supply.

In the Middle Branch, rainbow trout are the more numerous, of large size, ranging in weight from 2 to 5lbs. In the Little Manistee, north of there, trout abound, and it is also a popular stream; though the fish are somewhat smaller in size, they make up in quantity what they lack in size.

Around Reed City, the fishing has always been good, but the present season bids fair to break all records. A telegram from a friend received yesterday, tantalizingly states: "Everybody went fishing yesterday (May 1), and the catch was unprecedented, aggregating at least 2,000 fish, brook trout, brown trout and rainbows. One German brown caught weighed 2lbs. 12oz. dressed, within a mile of the Flint and Pere Marquette Railway depot. One of the rainbow trout weighed 22oz. and was taken about one block from the railway station"—and so it goes. It is awfully exasperating to be obliged to forego all this great sport, but it's a good thing to remember—if you can't go, "why take the FOREST AND STREAM and read about it."

B.

"One Better."

WABASHA, Minn., May 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a trip over in Wisconsin, in the vicinity where the incident occurred regarding the bear and old rifle, with the string attachment, of which I wrote to you some time ago.

The friend with whom I went had always succeeded in catching a larger trout than I, and on our first afternoon out I succeeded in landing among others, after a hard fight and a troublesome time in a drift pile, a handsome trout 16in. in length and weighing 2lbs. Soon after, I met my friend on the stream below as the shadows were gathering, and on his inquiring of my success I replied, "One little one," intending to surprise him when we arrived at camp.

I passed on down the stream and soon went to camp, and on arrival fastened my big trout by the door in full length, so that it would show off to good advantage and attract my friend's attention when he came in.

He soon after arrived, and looking at my trout said, "Ah, you rascal, you tried to fool me, didn't you, but I can beat that," and he reached down in his basket and pulled out a monster trout, held it up side of mine, and it measured 18in. and weighed 3lbs. I didn't say anything, or do anything, but just sat down and looked at them.

WAPAHASA.

The Wabasha *Herald* comments on the fish caught on the occasion referred to by "Wapahasa": "Perhaps the finest string of trout ever brought to this city was exhibited by Major Jewell to-day. They are part of a catch made by himself and Geo. F. Benson, of Lake City, in Rush Creek, Wis. Three of the largest weighed a fraction over 6lbs., two weighed 5lbs., and the largest of the lot, 3lbs.

Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y., May 2.—The trout season in this part of New York is proving a great success. Some splendid catches have been made by local anglers. Recently W. H. Willson and Arthur Post took seventy trout in one day from a stream near Slaterville. Mr. Neil and a friend, one day last week, caught forty in the same locality. Other studious disciples of Walton have scored well-filled creels from points near McLean, Harford Mills, Speedsville and Slaterville. A friend at Cortland writes me that some remarkably fine catches have been made in Cortland county.

Lake fishing has hardly begun yet. The local dailies note the taking, by a local fisherman, of a 14-pound salmon trout from Cayuga Lake.

A plant of 800,000 pike-perch from the Government hatchery at Washington, and 300,000 muscallonge from the Caledonia hatchery, will very shortly be put in Cayuga Lake.

A good many pickerel, I am told, were shot in the marshes here this spring by a certain class of gunners, who excused their presence there by the contention that they were duck hunting.

That prolongation of the wildfowl season was a fatally bad business for pickerel, as well as for the ducks.

M. CHILL.

"Forest and Stream" Fishing Postals.

WOLFEBORO, N. H., May 1.—The ice went out of Lake Winnepesaukee April 26, and fishermen from out of town commenced to arrive here Monday. Lake trout are biting better than ever before and are very fat. Landlocked salmon are also caught averaging about 4lbs.; trout 3 to 8lbs., once in a while a larger one. The largest ever taken here weighed 20½lbs. Fishermen make their headquarters here at the Sheridan House, kept by Tom Lees, an old sportsman well known throughout New England.

HORN.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., April 29.—A thirty-pound maskinonge was taken in Central Lake, April 26, by deep trolling. It is very unusual to catch these fish so early in the season.

KELPIE.

Night Fishing.

APROPOS of night fishing for trout, I may say, that two years ago I ran across a queer little character down at Blodgett's Mills, four miles south of Cortland, N. Y., who was known through all that country round as an eminently successful trout angler, and who, furthermore, did all his fishing at night. This man derided the idea of angling for trout at any time other than between 8 P. M. and 5 A. M.

M. CHILL.

The Main Ice Out.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

BOSTON, Mass., May 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The ice went out of Moosehead May 5, and the boats are running. The ice left Mooselucmaguntic to-day. This clears the Rangeleys three or four days earlier than expected. The trout fishermen are on the move.

SPECIAL.

Game and Fish Protection.

MAINE GAME AND FISH INTERESTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An article appeared in your paper of March 23 from Manley Hardy, of Brewer, Me., in which he criticised the work of the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners somewhat severely, which is nothing new for him, and which we have always passed by unnoticed. Neither do I now propose this as an answer to Mr. Hardy, but strictly for yourself; nor should I have taken any notice of Mr. Hardy's article had you not indorsed it so strongly in your editorial of March 30. It is you I am answering and not Mr. Hardy. If Mr. Hardy has any grievances or suggestions to make, if he will present them to the proper authorities, who are the Commissioners of Fish and Game, they will be treated with proper respect and careful consideration, but we will not belittle our department by answering any communications of this kind through the newspapers. Throwing mud may be all right for boys, but not for gentlemen, "even if you have the most ammunition on your side."

In your editorial of March 30 you say, "It cannot for a moment be thought that Mr. Hardy is either ignorant or prejudiced. On the contrary, there are few men in Maine who have so wide an experience as he has on the protective question. He is able to look at it from the point of view of the guide and the woodsman, and also from the point of view of the dweller of the city and the summer visitor. Statements such as those made by Mr. Hardy cannot be brushed away by the denial of any man, however worthy. Nor can they be explained by the statement that no sufficient appropriation is made by the State."

Now, Mr. Editor, this seems to be a pretty sweeping assertion, making him a kind of Webster's Dictionary in regard to fish and game matters in Maine, and beyond dispute. Well, you may be correct, but from what I have seen and known of him—and I have known him for 20 years, and used to often see him in Bangor—and from anything he has ever said to me, or of any interest he has ever shown in the fish and game of Maine, I have seen only in his articles in FOREST AND STREAM. Neither have I ever known of his giving any information or assistance to the Bangor Commissioner. I live some distance from Bangor and do not know so much about the transportation of game, by personal observation, as I do at this end of the State, where we have no trouble of any amount in that direction. But let us dissect Mr. Hardy's statements and see if they will stand investigation, and see if your estimate of Mr. Hardy is correct. What I shall write you will be the truth, stated fairly and candidly, and which I can substantiate by the evidence of the best men in Maine.

Some years ago you published a long series of articles from Mr. Hardy and his daughter, well written and readable. Among them were many thrusts at the Commissioners, for what reason we never knew. I do not intend to go back and take up old manuscript only partially; the reason why I do so is that a part of his assertions date back several years.

He says trout were then and are now openly sold at Augusta in close time, and goes on and says, "I saw them on the bill of fare at the Augusta House. Senators and Representatives were eating them. I saw a large quantity of trout openly displayed at Augusta for sale. When I stated the facts to Commissioner Stilwell, he promised to investigate. The result was that he told me he had a letter from a warden, to whom he said he wrote to look the matter up, that there had not been a trout in the market for the winter. To-day a gentleman told me he ate trout at the Augusta House week before last. Our Commissioners often visit Augusta and cannot help knowing this." The largest part of this is true. That which is not true spoils the rest. I can best illustrate by telling a story. I once went fishing with the proprietor of a fashionable hotel in Maine for trout and white perch. In a deep pool we found a lot of suckers, from which we filled our baskets. On the bill of fare for supper we had white perch. We caught no perch; the hotel people had bought no perch; they looked like suckers; they tasted like suckers; they were suckers in their native element, yet on the bill of fare they were white perch. The Augusta case is a *fac simile*. I examined these fish at Augusta myself. Have seen them there and elsewhere often. They are not trout; they are not togue; they are unlike anything we have in Maine. Mr. Stilwell was right when he told Mr. Hardy no trout had been in the market for the winter. It was none of our business what they called them on the bill of fare at the Augusta House, and if Mr. Hardy was stupid enough to eat them and call them trout, he is not the man he has the reputation of being in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, at least, or that I took him for myself. If he is the ichthyologist he has the reputation of being and calls those fish trout as specified in the law, he is entitled to horn No. 1 in that dilemma he has manufactured. If he ate them and thought them trout, the other horn is also his.

You will observe that in FOREST AND STREAM of March 30 you have an article from a correspondent who signs himself "Chandler," who writes about those same Augusta trout and says the same thing about them as myself. His authority cannot be questioned in that or other fish and game matters in Maine. His place in the class of fish and game protection in Maine, and his knowledge of fish and game, is far in advance of Mr. Hardy's. He is intelligent and reliable, and has the confidence and respect of every true sportsman at home and abroad. His testimony cannot be gainsaid, notwithstanding Mr. Hardy to the contrary.

Second—Mr. Hardy says, last winter a man selling salted trout, which he said came from Newfoundland, was arrested and fined; and that just such trout had been openly exposed for sale in front of our markets; there was but little doubt but what they came from out the State, but it damaged the marketman to have them peddled, and the marketman must be protected. This is a misrepresentation. The facts are these: this was the first case brought to our notice. The man was arrested and convicted. He appealed from the decision of the court. The case is now before the full bench to decide whether salted trout caught in Newfoundland in open time can be sold in Maine. The man has paid no fine; it is a question if he ever does. Would it not have been unjust to have gone on prosecuting like offenses and against advice of counsel till the courts have decided whether they can be sustained?

Third—The assertion that the rich man is allowed to kill game to waste, and the poor man who kills to feed his family is prosecuted, is ridiculous and not worth wasting ink to answer. Mr. Hardy knows better than that himself.

He says, one of our prominent Bangor merchants offered to testify that he had paid money to a warden not to see a deer he was shipping to a friend, and gave the name of the warden to whom he paid it. On this being told to a warden he claims that he had authority from the Bangor Commissioner to look after all outside matters, and the offer being made to prove it, the answer was, "If you can prove this you had better have the man arrested."

This is a new phase of that dilemma and something unheard of before. All I can say is, that I think he is making an assertion that he cannot back up and I believe is untrue. Can you believe a merchant can be found in Bangor who is fool enough, even if he had done what Mr. Hardy says, to testify to anything of that kind? Not only criminating himself and subjecting himself to a fine of $40 for illegal transportation, but for bribing an officer also. I challenge Mr. Hardy to produce the proof. If it is true he can do so easily. If it is true the Commissioners will be very glad to know it.

Mr. Hardy says, one day Bangor would be full of deer and the next day none would be seen. This was repeated week after week with no local sale of any amount. That the people could not get any venison without buying a whole deer. This I presume may be true in a measure. What if it is? Is that any evidence that it was all illegally shipped to Boston or elsewhere?

There is no law on our statutes to prevent every deer, moose and caribou brought into Bangor being bought, sold and shipped to Boston legally. You can go into Bangor in open time, buy two deer, one moose and one caribou and ship them to Boston or elsewhere. Any man going to Boston can do the same. There is no law to prevent. Do you suppose all the sportsmen coming to Maine kill all the deer themselves that they take home with them? Some of them, to my knowledge, do not. Often a deer will sell for more to some unlucky sportsman in Maine than it would bring in Boston market. I do not pretend to say that no deer are sent to market from Bangor illegally; but if Mr. Hardy knows so much about the illegal shipping of deer from Bangor, why don't he inform the Commissioners, which he has not done? He has no right to make any such assertions unless he knows it and can make the assertion good.

In years past there have been complaints made that many moose and deer skins were bought in Bangor by local buyers, that were crust-hunted and killed in open time and their slaughter encouraged. Mr. Hardy used to be, if he is not now, one of the largest buyers of furs and skins in the State. Yet I am not ungenerous enough to say, nor do I for one moment believe he would engage in that nefarious traffic, yet we could say it with just as good grounds, to say the least, as he has accused us.

You say statements such as those made by Mr. Hardy cannot be brushed away by the denial of any man, how

ever worthy; nor can they be explained by the statement that no sufficient appropriation is made by the State.

There is no need of saying anything in regard to the sufficiency of the appropriation. That has been decided this last month by the Governor and Legislature of Maine giving us double the appropriation we ever had before, also doubling the salary of the Commissioners. If the Governor and Council and the Legislature of Maine are not the best judges of the needs of Maine, then I don't know who are.

Mr. Editor, I do not propose to have any more controversy through the newspapers. If we have been so negligent in our duty, what has made Maine what it is, one of the best States in the Union for fish and game?

I ask you in justice to the Commissioners to publish this article *verbatim*. HENRY O. STANLEY.

DIXFIELD, Me., April 12.

Fisheulture.

Colorado Commission.

DENVER, Col., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There has been a change of officers in all the departments of fish and game. The present Commissioner is Gordon Land, Denver, Col. State Superintendent of Hatcheries, H. M. McDill, Denver, Col. Deputy Game Wardens, F. S. Smith, Fort Collins, Col., and W. H. Clark, Meeker, Col.

The State Fish Commissioner is also State Game and Fish Warden, whose office is Room 20, Capitol Building, second floor, Denver, Col.

GORDON LAND, State Fish Commissioner.

American Fisheries Society.

NEW YORK, April 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held Wednesday, June 12, 1895, at the Aquarium, Castle Garden, New York, at 10 o'clock A. M.

EDWARD P. DOYLE, Sec.

New York Fish Commission.

WE learn that the New York Fish Commissioners have appointed Mr. A. N. Cheney State Fishculturist, and Mr. James Annin, Jr., Assistant Fishculturist. These are admirable selections.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 8-11.—San Francisco, Cal.—Pacific Kennel Club. Howard Vernon, Sec'y, San Francisco.

Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Oct 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wel's, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Trials A. U. S. F. T. Club. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

HANDLERS AND A CHAMPION STAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the past two years there have been several attempts made to call a meeting of such members of the Association of Field Trial Handlers as happened to be present at the field trials where the call was issued, for the avowed purpose of disorganizing the club and disposing of the cash in the treasury. But for some reason the meeting was not held, and at present writing the affairs of the Association are in the same state of suspended animation which has characterized them for the past nine years.

Thinking matters over appertaining to field trial events for the past ten years, the affairs of the Association came under my consideration, and I have given the matter considerable thought, and think I see how, out of the remains of the old club, can be built up a new, stronger and more useful one.

Reviewing the past, it appears as though the old club was born before its time; field trial handlers were fewer in number; there were but two clubs in active operation, and one of them was in the last throes of dissolution, and, all in all, the interests of the handlers were not so well identified, in all respects, as they are at the present day. Then the old club lacked backbone as a legislative body, and placed on its statutes laws that it was wholly incompetent to execute. It was this lack of executive firmness that wrecked it; but it is entirely unnecessary to go into wearisome detail concerning matters which are familiar to all the members of the club.

It has occurred to me that now is the time to give impetus to the affairs of the old club by disorganizing it, and out of its membership collect the charter members of a new club. As I mentioned before, I have been giving this matter a great deal of serious consideration of late, and have thought of a plan which, if carried out properly, would make the new club a necessary and important factor to field trial interests throughout the country; and the object of this article is to submit this plan to my associate handlers and brother members of the old Association for their consideration and approval.

The old club has about thirty or forty dollars in the treasury, and there is not a member of the old club who would not vote to give every cent of it to promote field trial interests, so I think there is no fear of an objection to the new club becoming the owner of the treasury of the old, particularly if the charter members of the new club are composed of the members of the old one.

The number of field trial handlers in the country is now more than double what it was ten years ago, and as it would be to the interest of all to join, the new membership would put the club on a sound financial standing from the start, and would only need good managing to continue so. The members should, of course, be only *bona fide* handlers, and only men following that occupation for a living, whose good standing qualified them for membership, would be eligible.

The exact field, in all its detail, to be covered by the club, could be decided later on, but the club should profit by the experience taught it by the old club and confine its jurisdiction to limits within the scope of its legislative powers.

It should be thoroughly understood, and so embodied in the constitution, that the club is to meddle with no matters that do not directly and vitally concern it, or come under direct course of its legislative power. That under no circumstances will it permit itself to indulge in unfriendly legislation toward any field trial club, association, or individuals connected with the same. A clause in the constitution, fully covering this matter, should render such legislation a matter of impossibility.

It appears to me that the old club was formed without absolutely an object in view of a practicable, useful nature; if the deportment of its members continued good there was absolutely no field in which it could operate. It was indeed pledged to assist all field trial clubs; but how the club, acting as a club, would render any greater assistance than would the members as individuals was never explained; suffice to say that there was very little important business to be found on its docket to be transacted at its meetings, and in endeavoring to bring up matters to keep up interest, much of a frivolous, useless nature was discussed.

To avoid this rock on which the old club ran aground, I would suggest that the object in forming the new club be principally for the purpose of adding a new and attractive feature to the field trial circuit which it now lacks to make it complete, and that is a champion stake to be run at the conclusion of the last trial of the season on the West Point grounds, at a date that will meet the satisfaction of all.

It is my opinion that there is no body of men who ought to be more competent to arrange the competition of an important stake, such as this would be, in greater fairness to all competitors, embodying a more exhaustive test, the results of which would carry the superior qualities of the winner into greater prominence before the public, and none whose decisions would give better satisfaction or be accepted with greater confidence, than those of a club formed for the purpose by men composing the field trial handlers of the United States.

It is an undeniable fact that the country is becoming flooded with dogs that have won at field trials of whose comparative merit to the winners of previous, or, one might safely say, the same year, little can be told, as there now exists no way of direct comparison; therefore I think all will admit the necessity of such a stake, of which the novelty and usefulness will give new interest to field trial matters. There exists no reasonable objection to experienced men, such as field trial handlers are known to be, managing a stake of this description. It is the most important stake possible to suggest, and carries sufficient professional importance to demand professional management by professionals whose experience in all the details of field trial competition qualify them for the undertaking.

No regular field trial club has ever succeeded in running a champion stake to the entire satisfaction of the public and itself. A club in running off its regular stakes consumes so much time, which is apt to be lengthened by unpropitious weather, that it is a too expensive undertaking to put in several days longer with making an exhaustive test between few dogs, when by not having it on their slate it would be possible to end with the week. Again, it is difficult for a club to secure judges for the length of time needed, and there are other obstacles in the way, which show the wisdom of a club handling regular events not putting the champion stake on their slate.

But such a stake is needed badly. Now, who should run it? It is hardly probable a club would be formed to handle that event alone, outside of the one designated by me, so I consider that it devolves on the handling fraternity to take the matter up and make a successful issue of it.

I argue that it is the special field of the handling fraternity to do so, as they as competitors are directly interested, and must, in conducting matters fairly to themselves, conduct them fairly to all. And if all the handlers will enter into the undertaking with unselfish motives, striving by every effort of which they are capable to make the stake regarded by every one as squarely and fairly run, without favoritism to any man, absolutely placing the best dog and no other, it will be patronized according to its merits; and the benefit that each and every handler would derive by the creation and successful running of such a stake ought to insure their best efforts.

It would require the assistance of the club to arrange the details of the stake proposed; but as a suggestion to set all to thinking, I would suggest separate stakes for pointers and setters, the winning of each to confer the title of champion of their class, and an absolute to be run at the finish, sufficient time being given to determine the superior dog of the respective winners. This would place the best dog of the pointers conspicuously before the pointer breeders, and the best setter before the setter breeders; and the absolute would show the comparative merits of the two breeds much more satisfactorily as represented by the champion of each breed.

The amount of the purses could be arranged more satisfactorily later, but it would be necessary for them to be large. I should think the making of the money in the first two stakes, say of $100 to each, and $100 to the winner of absolute, would be large enough, as the honor of winning would compensate for the purses being small.

The entry placed at $25, with $25 additional to start, would permit this and leave sufficient surplus to defray the expenses of running the stake. The club should not care to make anything out of it, but there would of course be years when the entries would not cover expenses, so it would be wise to add a small amount to the treasury each year, when possible from the stake, to meet the short years. It would in my opinion be a wise thing to place no bar on the winners to prevent their competing the following year, for in theory it appears that, if a dog has the superior qualities to defeat all comers as long as his owner cares to run him, the fact is demonstrated that he is the dog to breed to.

Take as an illustration such a superior young dog as Delhi, and suppose that, in addition to his winning the Derby and the All-Age Stakes, as he did at West Point, he had run in the stake I propose and won the champion for pointers. To bar him from running in the champion stake again would in my opinion defeat the object for which field trials are held, and that is to improve the field qualities of our setters and pointers, and bring into public notice the best specimens to breed from.

The next year might bring out another young pointer that would win the Derby and All-Age Stakes; and what the breeders would want to know is: which is the better, Delhi or the recent winner, and only an impartial trial of the two would answer the question.

A grand old dog such as Rip Rap makes a fitting milestone in canine history, and it is always in the hardest competition (like stake suggested) that his qualities have shown the brightest.

A Pointer Stake for champion honors, composed of such dogs as Strideaway, Delhi, Jingo, Lad of Rush, Tick Boy and others, would be a most interesting stake, and the final tilt between the winner of it and the winner of the Setter Stake would make a most exciting event.

In forming the new club there could be a by-law framed, making it obligatory for any member not competing in the stake to serve as judge at the request of the club, without other remuneration than expenses. In case the said member had a reasonable excuse showing wherein serving would inflict a hardship on him, the club deeming same sufficient could excuse him. This would insure the club a supply of competent judges to select from, and if a greater number of judges would be deemed an advantage, the stake could be run under five judges, three handlers and two competent non-handlers, or *vice versa*.

In presenting my suggestions, I have only attempted to do so in the barest outline, believing that if the matter was taken up by my associates as a club, that all matters of a disadvantageous nature would be eliminated in filling in the detail. The most difficult feature which presents itself is holding a meeting of the members of the old Association.

Their places of residence are wide apart, and few could afford the expense of attending a meeting except at such times as all found themselves together at some field trial event.

It is possible that enough will attend the chicken trials in the Northwest to hold the required meeting there, or there might be some plan suggested that would permit it being held before that date.

A great deal of necessary matter preliminary to holding this meeting might, however, be arranged by correspondence, and I would be pleased to receive indorsements from all handlers by mail, that a thorough understanding may be arrived at, as early date as possible.

I am perfectly willing to do all I can to aid matters, and would suggest that all communications be addressed to me at present, until a more satisfactory arrangement can be made.

Therefore, will all the members of the old Association please write me, giving their views of the question, and offering such suggestions as they consider useful to further matters, and bring about the meeting of the Association at as early date as possible? W. W. TITUS.

WAVERLY, Miss., April 29.

UNCAS, MY BULLDOG.

UNCAS was a bulldog, named after the celebrated Indian chieftain of that name. I do not know that bulldogs are credited with the possession of unusual intelligence, but my dog Uncas I thought had a great deal.

I became the owner of him in a gradual way. One evening, some years ago, I called at the house of a friend. While sitting near a table engaged in conversation with him, the edge of the table-spread, which hung half-way to the floor, was pushed out and the head of a bulldog appeared. In answer to my look of inquiry, my friend remarked that the dog (a recent acquisition) was all right. I proceeded to cultivate the dog's acquaintance to such good purpose that after a few evening calls we were very good friends, so much so that when I sat in my buggy one night ready to start for home and my friend said that I could have Uncas for a present, I had only to say, "Come, Uncas," and he followed me home and remained with me, apparently understanding fully that he was to do so. Though the two places, my friend's home and my own, were less than two miles apart, and Uncas often went with me back and forth, he never tried to remain away from his new home.

Uncas proved to be kind in disposition and cheerfully obedient to any order which he understood. My home was on a farm, and Uncas soon learned to kill woodchucks and snakes. His first skunk was a revelation to him. We were in the woods looking for stray cows when I saw Uncas make a rush for some object, and the next instant he reeled back paralyzed. He was the most disgusted and sickest dog in existence. Then followed a series of rollings and retchings, and plowing up of the leaves with the side of his head, highly amusing to witness. When we started on our way again Uncas was a wiser and very much sadder dog. He had met a weapon which had upset all his calculations, and he had been defeated. He killed many of them afterward, and thus had his revenge.

His tactics with a snake—a flat-headed or puff adder, for instance—were nearly similar to those I have read of a wolf using with a rattlesnake; that is to say, he kept up a continual barking and a rushing round and round the snake; then came a rush, a snap, a shake, a toss in the air, and these acts were repeated till the snake was killed.

But it was as a house dog that Uncas interested us most. He soon learned to shut a door when requested to do so, and sometimes, after pushing through a door, he would turn and shut it without orders. If I was working in the field some distance from the house, he would come, when sent, to call me to dinner, and finally learned to come at any time for me when told to do so. On such occasions he would generally jump around me to attract my attention, and sometimes he would have a note attached to his collar. His accomplishment was very convenient and saved many steps. This he was never taught. The first time he was told to go and call me to dinner, he started and came directly to me. If I was in the house in a room apart from the rest of the family, Uncas could be told to go and find me, whereupon he would come to my door and push it open with his foot, and then lie down and wait for me.

One day a neighbor came to the house. Uncas met him a rod or so from the door; then turned and walked beside him to the door, and as the man rapped the dog put his forefeet on the doorstep and gave a single bark, then stood beside him till the door was opened.

Another time two ladies rapped at the door, which stood open. Pretty soon Uncas came to the door, and the ladies

started to come in. He turned and preceded them into a room, where they seated themselves; then he went to another room and attracted the attention of a member of the family.

Another time a man rapped at the south door. No one heard him except Uncas. My aunt, E., was sweeping a room at the time in the back part of the house. The dog came to the door of the room, looked at her an instant, then gave a single bark. Not receiving any attention, he stepped a little nearer and gave another bark. This attracted her attention, and the dog turned and led her to the door where the man was.

I often went across the lots to call on the friend who gave me the dog, and found it very difficult to keep the obscure path in the night when returning. Then I would call on Uncas to guide me. He would take the path, and, keeping a few feet in advance, would lead me straight till we reached my own open lots. He soon learned this so well that, though he would run wild in going from home, returning he would take the position in advance and show me the way home without orders. He being nearly all white enabled me to see him in the dark, and thus made it easy for me to keep in the path.

Alas, poor Uncas! poor old Uncas! He was a homely dog—at least, most people would call him so—but to his own folks he did not seem to be homely. I have even heard Aunt Eliza say, "He was nice looking." He did have a most amiable disposition, and he seemed to possess a high order of intelligence. When one of my aunts (two of them were over eighty years of age) would set a dish of food on the table, Uncas would at once take it under his special care and protect it from the cats. He would not permit one to come near it, nor would he touch it himself. To the aged ladies such little aids were a great help. In many ways he made himself very useful, and the knowledge came to him naturally, as no one ever tried to train him. The things he was told to do he seemed to understand from the first time he was told.

He was also a peaceable dog, but I suppose for variety's sake liked a fight once in a while when there were good and just grounds for it. He was a noble, faithful friend, and, notwithstanding that good looks were lacking, he commanded admiration for his many good qualities.

I remember once that I was to be away from home and asked a friend to stay with the aunties over night. That was the time that Uncas made a great mistake. The friend went out to the barn to feed the cattle, and he found a large gander walking around on the barn floor. He did not seem very friendly and acted as if he was able to take care of that barn and himself; so the friend told Uncas to "Look out for him." When he spoke his back was turned toward the gander and he was looking toward a goose which was sitting on a nest, so I suppose that the dog went at what he supposed our friend was looking at. Uncas, besides, knew that there was a goose there. He quickly brought her off the nest, then the friend and the gander united their forces to save the goose; but Uncas had got that goose in obedience to what he supposed were orders, and now he was going to hold on to it to please himself, and hold it he did.

When I returned home and heard of the fate of the goose, I took Uncas to the barn where he had made a wreck of the goose, he having picked the feathers all off from it, and I whipped him. The poor dog I think felt the punishment keenly. A very short time afterward he was missing. In the morning I went in search of him and found him dead a few rods from the barn behind a large rock, and I have sometimes thought that he died of a broken heart. Still, it may be that he could not endure the disgrace. So ended the life of a noble animal.

H. E. PHINNEY.

CONNECTICUT.

E. Bardoe Elliott.

THE many friends of the late E. Bardoe Elliott will be grieved and shocked to learn of his death, which occurred at Bellevue Hospital, May 2. The cause was acute Bright's disease, superinduced by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism with which he had been afflicted about one week. He was in the prime of life, about 34 years old. In 1888 he came to this country from England, and, having a genuine love of dogs, he devoted much time and attention to them. From special newspaper work he was engaged on the staff of the *Fancier's Journal*, and later was for a time kennel editor of the *American Field*. In February last he engaged as editor in the publication of the *Kennel News*, in company with Frank S. Anderson of Chicago. He strove earnestly for its success, and was in attendance at the Boston show in the interests of his paper, after which he came to New York. April 28 he became ill. Dr. J. P. Bradbury diagnosed the trouble as inflammatory rheumatism. On Wednesday night he became delirious, and on Thursday morning was removed from the Ashland House to Bellevue Hospital. His wife, mother and child arrived on Friday night. His remains were taken to Chicago for a final resting place.

In his professional life no man was more fearlessly outspoken, nor was any one more earnest in being just. No man was more popular in the fancy; none had more friends. Many a sigh was heard; many an eye was dimmed at his untimely passing away. Messrs. Oldham and Mortimer were untiring in their friendly efforts in his behalf, and did all that could be done to lessen the gloom of the sick chamber.

DOG CHAT.

In our business columns will be found the advertisement of the ninth annual trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, to be held on chickens at Morris, Manitoba. Also the advertisement of the Continental Club, which will hold its chicken trials at the same place. The importance of these events and their interest are worthy of the earnest support of owners and handlers.

This week Mr. W. B. Wells, Chatham, offers Llewellin setter puppies. Mr. C. Funston, Bloomsburg, Pa., wants a broken pointer dog. Mr. Henry C. Burdick, Springfield, Mass., offers pet dogs, and the Chequasset Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., offer St. Bernard puppies.

Mr. Al. G. Eberhart, Cincinnati, writes us that entries to the Humane Bazar's bench show are coming in in good numbers. It is expected to be a society event. Power Hall, devoted to the show, is 300ft. long, well lighted and ventilated. Entries close May 14. The prizes are cups and merchandise. The show is to establish a home for dogs which are taken up on the streets. Entries should be sent to Al. G. Eberhart, Superintendent.

A meeting for the purpose of organizing the new social club will be held at the Hotel Marlborough, 1,355 Broadway, May 9, at 8 o'clock. Nearly fifty responses have been received to invitations sent out.

The well-known pug dog Eberhart's Cashier died on May 3. He won many prizes.

The Wankie Kennels' Culblean was run over recently by an express train of eight cars. The loss of an ear and a cut over the eye and nose indicated a narrow escape from a violent death.

Mr. John P. Haines, president of the A. S. P. C. A., has issued a notice to the dog owners, who are residents of the city of New York, that they must procure their yearly licenses and pay the sum of $2 therefor. Licenses date from the first day of May. Licenses, or renewals and tags, can be obtained at the headquarters of the Society, 10 East Twenty-second street. Dogs not licensed pursuant to law will be seized and taken to the Shelter for Animals, 102d street, East River. Failure to comply with the law subjects the offender to a fine of $10. A reward of $25 will be paid by the Society for the arrest and conviction of any person found stealing a dog bearing a license tag of the Society in the city of New York.

The National Fox Hunters' Association held a meeting at Lexington, Ky., recently, and set Nov. 18 for the date of their next competition. The committee will meet on June 1, when it will determine on the place for holding the meeting.

Mr. W. P. Frazer, Toronto, was the recipient of a gold watch from many exhibitors at the recent Toronto show, as a testimonial of esteem and appreciation of his energy, successful management, courtesy and good temper.

The officers of the Northwestern Field Trials Club are: Thomas Stone, Calgary, President; W. B. Wells, Chatham, Vice-President; W. T. Hunter, Wheatland, N. D., Second Vice-President; Thomas Johnson, Winnipeg, Secretary-Treasurer; Managing Committee: W. T. Hunter, Thomas Johnson, J. B. Kelly, James Phillips, H. A. Greely, T. A. Montgomery, Rev. W. H. Spence, Thomas Stone.

Secretary Madison advises us that Mr. W. B. Wells will judge the Continental chicken trials.

The following is part of a letter circulated in behalf of the family of the late E. Bardoe Elliott, and it already has been responded to liberally:

"It is proposed to get up a subscription, not only to cover all funeral and other expenses, but, if possible, to raise a small fund to hand his wife to help her tide over the difficulties which his sudden death entails. All his friends are earnestly requested to send some contribution for this purpose to Mr. James Mortimer, Hempstead, N. Y.; or to Mr. E. M. Oldham, 166 West 79th street, New York city, who have the matter in charge. Any little will help in this good cause, and it is hoped that a generous response will at once be made to this appeal."

The report of the Aberdeen Coursing Meeting, published in FOREST AND STREAM last week, was written by Mr. S R. Huntley. Dr. Royce wrote the last paragraph only. By accident Mr. Huntley's name was dropped out in the make-up.

Mr. N. B. Nesbitt, the well-known trainer and field trial handler, who has lived for many years at Chesterville, Miss., has accepted a two years' engagement to take charge of the kennels of Mr. De Pauw, of Louisville. Mr. Nesbitt will start for Manitoba about July 1 and will run in the field trials held there, and probably in the trials of the quail circuit.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Canoeing.

A British Canoe Yawl.

THE following letter is from a well-known British canoeist and boat-sailor, Vice-Com. F. Cecil Lane, B. C. A. His long experience in small boats makes his comments very gratifying to the designer of the craft mentioned. We may say that the "scag," as it is known in this country, is the after deadwood of a small boat or canoe, from the rudderpost forward:

8 WEST HOE TERRACE, Plymouth, Eng, April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Back in the past winter of our discontent, my old canvas packet parted her moorings and went ashore under Plymouth Hoe. She was more or less an experiment always, although a good useful "barkie," in which I had often had good times and made long passages.

She was damaged, but not very seriously, because canvas-covered constructions are practically indestructable, but methought I would retire her to grass, near my house-boat, after a little repair, and go for a new boat altogether.

The idea "worked." I notice that ideas about boats have this tendency, and I took to pencil and paper, though, in effect, before I touched them says I, "What do I want?" This, be it noted, was at Xmas last, while the old hulk lay prone under the snow.

The answer I gave myself was: I want a boat in which I can be "comfy;" one that my dearest earthly belongings can sail in on the sea in comparative safety (*ver. sap.* the word "comparative"); one that I can sail and handle myself; one that I shall not get too wet in when cruising, except under certain unforeseen conditions, when all who go to sea are bound to take a drenching, over all, once in a way; one that will be fairly fast and able; one that can be easily lifted on a beach by two, or rolled on rollers by one man up and down; one not too heavy to pull in a calm or against a moderate tide or stream; one that I can sleep aboard of, if desired; one that will carry all my nautical *lares et penates*—and there are many nowadays; lastly, one that will carry her sail, and one that will go on the blue deep sea of these lovely coasts of ours, and anon up the many beautiful muddy and shallow (at low tide) rivers and creeks, such as Tavy, Lynher and Nottar, etc., where at times a draft of more than six inches is a serious inconvenience to clean landing.

Well, dear Mr. Editor, all the above are *desiderata* that have often troubled many minds to consolidate in one packet, but you and I seem to have been simultaneously struck by one slungshot, and although we are widely separated, the thought must have hit us together or nearly so.

I placed my design in the hands of Kessell & Son, the clever boat-builders of Davenport. They "caught on" in February last, and early in March as pretty a creation as an enthusiastic boatist would wish to look on grew up under their able fingers—17ft. ×4ft. 11 in. over all, 15ft. l.w.l., midship depth 13in.—and now follows the reason for my writing to you. A week after my "packet" was finished came to this club the ever welcome FOREST AND STREAM of March 30, and behold! "coincidence queer," there appeared on that magic page a "one-design" canoe yawl from the pen of one "W. P. S."

I was a proud man that day, to recognize an almost precisely similar conception to the outcome of my own lucubrations. So alike are the two boats, there is no necessity to publish my lines and description, it is only needful to increase the size of yours to insure having mine, bar some details of construction, however.

One planet of such magnitude in one hemisphere, and one star of lesser brightness in another, cannot shine on a benighted world of canoeists without the inhabitants deriving benefit thereby, and the smaller luminary ventures to beam congratulations on the one who has given to the world quite the most all round suitable design for a useful purpose canoe yawl, and hopes for the sake of the somewhat waning sport the plans will be generally adopted, until that day arrives when the ideal boat is discovered which combines all the desirable qualities of cruising and racing, the faculty of carrying on till all is blue above and below like a Scotch tea clipper, the ability to come through and out of a gale in tolerable comfort, reefed down, or showing a rag only in the rigging, a good turn of speed without sporting muslin that can only be set in a gentle zephyr, and when too old for cruising or racing, by reason of her shape and construction, can be usefully turned into a family barge or used for market gardening.

We shall look in vain for this boating man's *vade mecum*, you and I know too well, so I am content with our ideas of a craft for the present.

Your next paper to hand gives your sail area, and here again we are alike, only the one is more cautious.

My old spars, sooth to say, governed my cloth, and when I saw what Kessell had done for me, I sent them to J. J. Jackson of Northwich Cheshire, and ordered 110sq. ft. in two sails, exactly like those in FOREST AND STREAM of 6th instant. Perhaps I have erred on the side of caution about my old sticks, and a feeling for my purse dictated this and the omission of many other details of construction which I note, with approbation, are in the specification of my occulting planet over yonder.

I do not run to "brass" and "aluminium," I am but canvas and galvanized iron, but all the same we both have the right thing in size, shape, weight and utility, and I hope both will be equally pleased with their ultimate productions. But one word more, pray what is a "scag?"

The context leads to thoughts of head, sail or forefoot, but I am adrift on a "scag;" Dixon Kemp cannot rescue me. Live and learn is a good motto, and next time a gleam reaches me from your hemisphere, I shall probably be illuminated. F. CECIL LANE, Vice-Com. B. C. A.

New York C. C.

THE New York C. C. has arranged the following races for the season:

May 25, 3 P. M., short sailing race, triangular course, 1½ miles; two classes: first, over 75ft. sail area; second, under 75ft. sail area; 4:15 P. M., short paddling dash; 4:30 P. M., handicap paddling race, ½ mile; 5 P. M., tandem paddling race.

May 30 (Decoration Day), 11 A. M., ½ mile paddling race single; 12 M., ½ mile paddling race tandem; 2:30 P. M., 3 mile sailing race, triangular course; limit of sail area, 100sq. ft.; 4:30 P. M., maneuvering race; 5:40 P. M., club parade.

These events will be held off of the club's new house at Bensonhurst.

The spring regatta, open to all, will be held on June 15, and the fall regatta, open to all, Sept. 7. Prizes will be offered for both regattas.

Races, both paddling and sailing, for record and points, for members of the club, will be held on the various Saturdays of June, July and August. Suitable prizes will be presented to winners. Details of these races will be announced later.

June 22, first trial race for international challenge cup; June 29, second trial race for international challenge cup in conjunction with Marine and Field Club; July 4 and 6, races for International challenge cup. LOUIS L. COUDERT, Sec'y Regatta Committee.

70 WILLIAM STREET, New York City.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

THE following account of the drowning of a well-known English canoeist and yachtsman is from the *Field*. Mr. Tredwen was a brother of Mr. E. B. Tredwen, so well known in connection with the Pearl canoes, both being members of the Royal C. C.

"A very sad accident occurred on the River Yare on Saturday, April 13, to a very skilled and experienced yacht sailer, Mr. Alaric H. Tredwen, a member of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, who was drowned in the river Yare, close to the Seven Mile House. His sailing boat, the Carina, started from Oulton for Yarmouth, the party on board consisting of Mr. A. H. Tredwen, who steered, Burgess, a boatman, Dr. Gatley, Mrs. Barton and two daughters. After sailing to the New Cut they beat down the Yare to the Seven Mile House, where the boat heeled in a squall, filled, and sank. Mr. Tredwen made a gallant attempt to save Mrs Barton, supporting her and encouraging her till his strength was exhausted, when he called to the boatman, Burgess, who had swum ashore; then, giving Mrs. Barton a final push towards the shore, sank. Burgess ran down the bank and plunged in the river again. He brought Mrs. Barton to the shore, but in the meantime Mr. Tredwen had sunk. Miss Barton was also drowned, although an excellent swimmer, her cloak having got over her head. Dr. Gatley and Miss Viola Barton succeeded in swimming ashore. The bodies of Mr. Tredwen and Miss Barton were recovered next day." At that time of the accident, Mr. E. B. Tredwen and Mr. Poultney Bigelow were on a cruise on the North Sea in the former's singlehander Walrus.

The Marine and Field Club has already issued a very attractive programme of its sixth annual invitation race of June 29, illustrated by three views of the club house and grounds at Bath Beach. The races will be: Morning—1. Sailing, unlimited, for Marine and Field Club perpetual challenge cup; 6 miles. 2. Sailing, limited, canoes of the new type; 6 miles. Afternoon—Senior sailing, A. C. A. handicap race; 6 miles. Tandem paddling, Marine and Field Club perpetual challenge cup; 1 mile. Sailing, unlimited, Marine and Field Club trophy; 6 miles. Thirty entries have already been received, from Philadelphia, Boston, Lowell, Montreal and other places.

The New York C. C. has received a challenge from Mr. Charles E. Archbold, of Montreal, for its international challenge cup.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: A. H. Coolidge, Brookline, Mass. Central Division: F. L. Barnes.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

MAY.

3. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
4. San Francisco opening, San Francisco Bay.
5. San Francisco open race, San Francisco Bay.
11. Pacific opening, San Francisco Bay.
11–12. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
18. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
18. Huguenot, cat-boat class, New Rochelle, Sound.
18–19. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island.
24. Royal St. Lawrence, opening and squadron sail, Montreal.
25. New Rochelle special, cabin cats, New Rochelle, Sound.
25–26. San Francisco cruise to Goat Island.
26. California annual regatta, San Francisco Bay.
26. Williamsburg opening sail, Sound.
30. Atlantic opening race, New York Bay.
30. Harlem annual, Sound.
30. Brooklyn opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Audubon annual, Hudson River.
30. Cor., San Francisco race, San Francisco Bay.
30. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
30. New Jersey annual, Hoboken, New York Bay.
30. Fall River open, Fall River, Mount Hope Bay.
30. South Boston open, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
30. Plymouth opening, Plymouth.
30. Southwork annual, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
30. Cleveland squad sail, Lake Erie.

JUNE.

1. Yale Cor. annual, New Haven.
1. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht classes, Montreal.
1. Cor., Atlantic City record race, Atlantic City.
1. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
1-2. San Francisco cruise to Vallejo, San Francisco Bay.
8. Knickerbocker annual, College Point, Sound.
8. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
8. Hugenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.

8. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Cascade Rapids, Montreal.
11. Atlantic annual, New York Bay.
11. Williamsburg Club, Sound.
13. New York annual, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
15. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht classes, Montreal.
15-16. San Francisco cruise to St. Quentin, San Francisco Bay.
15. Larchmont spring regatta, Sound.
15. Philadelphia annual, Tinicum-Delaware River.
17. Massachusetts open, Nahant-Massachusetts Bay.
17. Cor., Atlantic City special cup, first race. Atlantic City.
22. Yankee Doodle-Norwood race, Hudson River.
22. Douglaston annual, Douglaston Sound.
22. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
22. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
22-23. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
23 California regatta, San Francisco Bay.
24. Seawanhaka Cor. annual, Oyster Bay, Sound.
24. Pavonia annual, Communipaw, New York Bay.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor. annual race to New London, Sound.
29. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
29. Yankee Doodle, Vamoose, Rex, race, Sound.
29-30. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
29 New Rochelle annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
29. Dorchester open, Boston Harbor.
29. Squantum first cham., Squantum, Mass.

MR. C. OLIVER ISELIN, the managing member of the syndicate which is building the new Cup defender, was at Bristol on May 1, and on his way back to Providence was subjected, willingly or unwillingly, to an interview, in the course of which he told nothing important which was not fully known before. The only new points disclosed by him were that still a third mainsail was being made, by whom he would not say; that the contract had been made with the understanding that the Herreshoffs would build no other yacht this year to defend the Cup; and that he proposed to hold the firm to the agreed forfeit of $1,000 in the event of the yacht not being ready by June 15, and of $100 for each extra day's delay. While he confirmed certain conjectures this confirmation was hardly needed in view of other corroborative evidence.

IN spite of all attempts at utter secrecy, the many reports and rumors of the past three months have finally crystallized into some important facts, which are very fully summed up in an article which we reprint from the Boston *Globe*. The new defender will be a keel cutter, resembling Valkyrie and differing materially from Vigilant; the dimensions being 126ft. over all, 90ft. l.w.l., between 23 and 24ft. beam (probably 23ft. 4 to 6in.) and about 19ft. draft. The sail area, which has been closely approximated from measurements of the spar made in Boston, will be about 12,300 sq. ft., or say 1,000sq. ft. more than Vigilant. The details of material and construction are also very fully known.

AFTER three months of wild guessing, the Boston *Herald* has at last published a story which is partly true. How its news was obtained we do not care to state, but we are aware of its source of information, which for several weeks has brought it very close to the center of the Herreshoff shops. Through this channel the *Herald* has been able to obtain rough sketches of the sheer plan and midship section, and the dimensions, spacing and nature of the various steel frames.

THIS news is not only most welcome as giving another test of a boat which has always carried the sympathy of American yachtsmen, but as making still another boat for the class through the season and for the trial races. The prospects at the present time, however, are that the racing of these great boats will be almost as indeterminate and inconclusive as in 1893. The new defender will not be launched before the spring tides in June, which means that at best she cannot take part in the early summer regattas. Vigilant will be ready in a short time, but Jubilee's rebuilding will take probably a couple of months. Navahoe will not fit out until July. This means that the big yachts will miss all the June races, and not be in sailing trim before July. In that month there is no racing for other than smaller yachts, and we shall be treated to the usual spectacle of the "foxy" owners sailing all in different directions and giving out wonderful stories of 14 and 16 knot speeds. Not until the first week in August will the fleet come together for a little racing as a preliminary to general strengthening and alterations, which may be expected to continue until the date of the first Cup race, early in September.

The energy and skill which has enabled the defenders to do quick work in the past has evoked praise from yachtsmen the world over, but it is tempting fate to leave everything until the last month before the Cup races. The boats should be ready for all the racing they can possibly get in June, and, failing that, every effort should be made to race them steadily through July by way of preparation for the trial races in August.

THE detailed description of the new Herreshoff 20 raters which we publish this week cannot fail to interest our readers. As both yachts will be at their destinations almost as soon as the news is in print, and so within reach of the rules of any foreign designers, the publication of these details now can harm no one. According to the London *Times*, Mr. Will Fife, Jr., has an order for a 20 to meet Niagara, and she will of course be an extreme fin-keel.

WE understand that the American Model Yacht Club has received a challenge from a Boston Model Yacht Club for its perpetual challenge trophy, in which case the races will take place on Labor Day. The trophy, which was illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 23, is of sterling silver, finished in white and blue enamel, and was made by N. H. Shepherd from a design by George H. Townley, of the American Model Yacht Club.

The Name of the Cup Defender.

SOME little time since we commented unfavorably on the common place and hackneyed name selected by Lord Dunraven for the new challenger. *The Yachtsman* of April 18 retorts in kind over the name of the new defender as follows, to which we have nothing more to say: "In view of the generous prize competition, instituted by a press bubbling with patriotism, for the purpose of selecting a suitable title for the new Yankee Cup defender, there seems to be a dreadful bathos in the name actually chosen—Defender. It is descriptive, it is true, but what would the American press say if Lord Dunraven had selected Offender for his new yacht's name? Not long since we read an article in the FOREST AND STREAM dealing with and lamenting the sameness of the names given by Lord Dunraven to his first-class yachts. The article had point at the time it was published but how would it read now?"

The *Field* also comments on the subject in a vein of sarcasm called forth by the *Herald's* gushing story of the child sponsor of the new yacht:

Some time ago the New York *Herald* offered a prize for the best suggested name for the new yacht which is being built to defend the America Cup against Valkyrie III. Many thousand names were sent in, and the selection was left to the owners of the yacht—Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Iselin and Mr. Morgan. It was quite a youthful idea to advertise for a name, and quite appropriately the idea has been fructified by a beautiful child only six years old, herself rather heavily weighted with the names of Constance Cleveland Roberson. She said the name of the new yacht must be Defender; she probably dreamt it, but this is the history of the inception or inspiration published in the New York *Herald*:

"The *Herald* sent a representative to tell the young woman the news, and he discovered the fortunate winner to be rather a shy, pretty little girl, only six years old. She was quite overpowered as well as delighted to think that she had secured the honor of having suggested the name of the Vanderbilt-Iselin-Morgan boat. Her father at breakfast said, 'Hello, Constance, here's something to interest you.' He showed her the *Herald's* announcement of the contest. The child, being fond of the water, was pleased with the idea. She selected the Linda, the Corinda and the Defender, but liked the last best, clipped out the *Herald* coupon, and wrote 'The Defender' in large Roman characters, not being sure of her ability as a writer in ordinary letters. She sent it to the *Herald* and won the prize. 'I am very fond of the ocean,' she said. 'I have been on Lake George, for instance, and can row two oars. I would like to be a sailor.'"

We are sorry that nothing of the kind could possibly be done in this out-of-date country. Valkyrie three times in succession for the name of a Cup challenger shows the lack of a child's originality or inspiration, and the name itself rather suggests defeat than success, as Valkyries dealt with the slain, not with the living. However, should Valkyrie III. measure her speed with the new American yacht, we trust that Miss C. C. Roberson's formidable suggestion in the name Defender will not unnerve her crew.

Vigilant.

THOUGH Vigilant in her western passage has not beaten her own record on the easterly passage last year, she has outdone all previous records in this direction, her time from the Needles to Sandy Hook Lightship being but 17 days, 18 hours and 25 minutes. She was in charge of Captain Charles Barr, who crossed the Atlantic in 1885 as a boy in the forecastle of the little cutter Clara, who brought out the 40ft. cutter Minerva, as master, in 28 days in 1888, and who took Navahoe across to England in 1893. With him was Mate Leonard Miller, formerly of Jubilee, and a crew of twenty men and a dog. The party left New York on May 19 by steamer, and on arriving at Southampton the yacht was quickly fitted out, and on April 11 she was towed from Fay's yard to off Netley, where her compasses were adjusted; at 3:30 she made sail and passed down Southampton Water and the Solent, and at 5:20 P. M. took her departure from the Needles, passing the Lizard at 9:20 P. M., April 11.

The log is briefly as follows:

April 12—Light westerly winds; 235 miles.

April 13—Wind fresh; clear weather; moderated in afternoon and became cloudy; 227 miles.

April 14—Wind E.S.E., blowing strong; cloudy. Set spinaker on short spare spar used for spinaker boom, but that broke 6ft. from the end and we lost it and the spinaker. At midnight gybed and clewed down the mainsail, and, the wind moderating, replaced spinaker boom with the club for clubtopsail and set another spinaker; 233 miles.

April 15—Moderate breeze; E.S.E.; cloudy; 213 miles.

April 16—Light wind, E.S.E.; lumpy sea; ship rolling heavily; 173 miles.

April 17—Wind N.E., light; 173 miles.

April 18—Wind S.W. light; boat rolling heavily; wind lulled at 4 P.M.; heavy seas continued; 98 miles.

April 19—Wind W. by N.; light breeze, broken by squalls; 232 miles.

April 20—Strong northerly wind; 269 miles.

April 21—Strong northerly wind, very cold, with fog. Temperature of water 37.59 degrees. On lookout for ice, as packed ice was evidently near, because, in spite of the high wind, the sea was smooth, the ice evidently forming a breakwater. After passing the ice, seas got high, and oil bags hung over bow and quarter; 189 miles.

April 22—N.N.E. wind, light; 59 miles.

April 23—N.W. wind, light; 158 miles.

April 24—S.S.W. wind, strong, heavy sea. In afternoon wind fell, but sea remained heavy; 125 miles.

April 25—Westerly wind, veering to W.N.W. Fresh breeze and heavy head sea; 93 miles.

April 26—Wind S.W. Got out of Gulf Stream and struck a heavy thunderstorm, with forked lightning. Kept her on the northerly tack, not wanting to go to the southward and come about and so lengthen voyage. Thick and foggy weather; 79 miles.

April 27—Light easterly wind; 216 miles.

April 28—Strong easterly wind, making great going; 232.

April 29—Fog and light easterly wind.

The total distance sailed was 2,932 miles. The only mishap was the breaking of the end of the spinaker boom, by which the spar and sail were lost. The yacht was towed to the Erie Basin on May 1 and quickly stripped, her mizzenmast and bowsprit being sent ashore with all her gear. She will be for the summer in charge of Mr. E. A. Willard, who has been so closely identified with Gen. Paine on Mayflower, Volunteer and with Vigilant in 1893. Under his able direction she will be fitted out and raced by her present crew against the new Cup defender, and every effort will be made to push the new boat. There is little probability that Vigilant will be lengthened, but some important changes are to be made, the Herreshoffs will furnish a new mainsail, with the cloths square to the leach. The centerboard slot is still blocked up, but the new board will soon be brought from Bristol and shipped in the trunk. The yacht will be docked this week at the Erie Basin.

Mr. Brand's Challenge.

THE following correspondence, just made public, gives the details of the coming races between the English half-rater, Spruce IV., Mr. J. Arthur Brand, and such boats as may be built to meet her:

SEAWANHAKA CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB,
NEW YORK, March 15, 1895.

J. Arthur Brand, Esq., 32 Gresham Street, London, E. C.

MY DEAR SIR: Acting upon the suggestion contained in a letter from Mr. William Willard Howard, addressed to several American yachtsmen, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, to which said letter was referred, decided at its last regular meeting to offer an International Challenge Cup for competition among small yachts, conferring upon the Race Committee of the club full power to conduct the negotiations and arrange all the conditions pertaining thereto.

The letter from Mr. Howard, dated Tiflis, Russia, Jan. 21, 1895, states in substance that in the event of a challenge cup offered by a leading New York club, you would challenge with Spruce III., the race to take place in September next, and would also enter additional races for prizes offered by this and other clubs, which would become the property of the winner.

From Mr. Howard's letter we understand that you will challenge through one of your yacht clubs at three months' notice, provided conditions are satisfactory. Mr. Howard kindly offers his services in effecting suitable arrangements upon his return to England in May, but adds that by the time his letter is received in America he will be 1,000 miles into Central Asia, with a Paris address from which letters will be forwarded. It has therefore seemed advisable to the committee to address you directly in order that an understanding may be reached before American yachtsmen, who contemplate building such craft for this season's racing, shall have placed their orders. By concluding arrangements for these races at an early date we believe that much greater interest will be developed and that you will be assured ample sport in the class of yachts you desire to meet. Inasmuch as Spruce III., which we learn is 15½ft. load waterline and carries 190sq.ft. of sail, has a racing length of 14.64ft. under "Seawanhaka rule," which rule, as you are probably aware, has been quite universally adopted in this country, we prefer to announce that the challenge cup will be offered this year for yachts of 15ft. racing length. This will be in accordance with our customs, and, we believe, will impose no penalties upon the challenger due to difference in rules. The club book sent herewith embodies our rule in full, with time allowance tables. Should you prefer to race boats of 15ft. racing length and under, without time allowance, we should have no objections.

[The conditions recounted in Mr. Brand's reply appear here.]

We would urge upon you the desirability of planning your visit so as to arrive in New York early in August. In the judgment of this committee these races should precede those for the America's Cup, which will probably begin about Sept. 15, as, at the conclusion of the latter, public interest in yachting for the season will wane very rapidly. Reaching here on or before Aug. 10 you will have time to make preparations, become accustomed to the Sound courses, and permit the races to be sailed the latter part of August or early in September.

In conclusion, we unhesitatingly promise you a hearty sailors' welcome on the part of American yachtsmen, and particularly from the members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Awaiting your reply, I have the honor to remain, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

CHARLES A. SHERMAN,
Secretary Race Committee S. C. Y. C.

34 AND 36 GRESHAM STREET, E. C.
LONDON, April 3, 1895.

DEAR SIR; At the general meeting of the Minima Y. C., held on Friday, March 29, your letter, with one of my own, was laid before them by the committee and received their warmest approval, and the following resolution was passed unanimously: "The club in general meeting having read Mr. Brand's letter and inclosures, sanctions his challenge being made, and he is authorized by the Minima Y. C. to negotiate for terms. Mr. Brand to sail under the club burgee."

In accordance with this resolution the committee met yesterday, the 2d inst. They thought that as the race is to be a representative one they could not back a challenge with a last year's boat, so have only consented to my challenge with Spruce IV., and the following cable was immediately sent to your club:

"*Tremenico, New York:*

"Minima sanctions Spruce IV. only."

I have consented to challenge with her if all parties agree. Spruce IV. has been designed for me for the purpose of Miss Bennett's meeting Mrs. William Willard Howard, who has challenged her to race on the Solent this season with a new ½-rater from Clayton, U. S. A., and has the same load-waterline as Spruce III. The committee have consented to back my challenge with Spruce IV., under the following suggested conditions in compliance with the ones in your letter of March 15:

1. The cup shall be a perpetual international challenge cup. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club shall have the custody of the cup in the first instance, and every challenge shall be through some recognized yacht club of a foreign country, and the cup when won shall be delivered to and held by the club through which the challenge was made.

2. A challenging yacht shall be met by only one competitor.

3. The races shall not be less than three or more than five in number. The cup to be taken by the winner of the majority. To be left to the Seawanhaka Yacht Club to settle in September.

4. The American courses, while the cup remains in the custody of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, shall be on the waters of Long Island Sound, in the vicinity of Oyster Bay. They shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. Each leg of the triangular course shall be 3 nautical miles in length, and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of 18 miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall be 4 nautical miles to each leg, and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of 16 miles. The courses might well be shortened at least one-third.

5. The start shall be a flying one, without corrected time allowance.

6. The helmsman shall be an amateur. Total number of persons on board shall be limited to two.

7. In the 15ft. class yachts shall be measured with crew on board. With crew on board the weight of crew shall be arbitrarily fixed at 300lbs. for purpose of measurement in order to equate the difference in individuals.

8. All ballast shall be fixed (weighted centerboards shall be considered ballast).

In determining sail area a system of measurement shall be employed which shall give as nearly as possible the exact number of square feet thereof. (The race to be for 15ft. racing length, only Seawanhaka rule provides that Spruce IV. measurements do not exceed that when measured with 300lbs. on board. Her l.w.l. with crew of two on board Y. R. A. is 15ft. 6in.—the sail area, as suggested by your club, to be limited to 200 or 220 sq. ft.) Suggestions as to future competitions for the cup, they agree to leave to you, but do not wish it to exceed 25ft. But I myself, as a lover of the small classes, should like to suggest that it be limited to 19ft., as I believe your club, in giving the cup, wish to further the small yachts and not the larger ones, such as 2½-raters; but this matter lies entirely with your club as donors, and it is presumption on my part to suggest the alteration of future years.

I am afraid I cannot get to New York as early as you so kindly suggest, but will do my best. The races will, at any rate, not take place before the second week in September. I have asked my old friend, Mr. Henry Sturdee, of 240 State street, Albany, New York, U. S. A., to act for me in New York, and, no doubt, much time will be saved if you wanted anything settled in a hurry. I am always ready for a good sporting race, so will leave the number of open races to you, but for sport's sake they ought to come off after your Cup races. * * *

Trusting that all necessary arrangements will soon be satisfactorily arranged, I remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

J. ARTHUR BRAND.

CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Esq., Sec'y Race Committee, S. C. Y. C.

Vice-Com. Rouse, Seawanhaka C. Y. C., has already ordered a 15-footer from the Herreshoffs, a centerboard boat. The limits are so clearly defined in the above as to give all necessary information to the designer, and those desiring to build will be able to begin at once. Mr. Brand's new boat, Spruce IV., will be built by H. C. Smith, of Oxford.

An Amateur-Built Steam Launch.

THE following letter was accompanied by a photo of a very shapely little steam launch, of excellent design and construction, so far as the picture disclosed. The writer is one of the many who have been helped to a knowledge of boat building through "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." The little book was not intended originally to cover much more than a canoe, but its exposition of the principles of designing, drafting and building is so clear and thorough that it has served a much larger purpose than its author ever expected:

"BURLINGTON, Ia., April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed you will find a photo of a little home-made launch, a description of which might interest some of your readers. The boat is 20ft. long by 5ft. beam, 2ft. deep to top of sheerstrake, height of coaming 3in. She is carvel built, of clear white cedar ⅝in. thick; keel, stem and sternpost of white oak; keel rabbeted; ribs ⅝×⅞in., spaced 4in.; centers made from selected red elm, running from wale to wale in one piece except at deadwoods. Seams all perfect and double caulked, fastenings throughout of copper and brass. Sheerstrake, washstrake, coaming and nosing of quartered oak. Decks of cherry, caulked. The top, from sheerstrake up, is finished in natural color with spar varnish. The boat is fitted with sun awning and tent for cruising. She was built in a house-boat, or cabin boat, as they are called here, of which there are now hundreds, yes, thousands, on the Mississippi River. The motive power of the launch is a 2-hp Sintz gasoline vapor engine, the actual consumption of which is about three gallons of gasoline for ten hours' running. The launch makes a speed of 6 miles per hour up stream and 9½ miles per hour down stream, which is very good for so small a power, as the engine only weighs 305lbs. I have a truck and windlass for hauling out the boat, and keep her housed the same as a rowboat. She can be gotten under way in less than one minute. I would like Mr. Stephens to come out and take a spin in her, as I got my first instructions from his "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs."

JOHN J. OHRT.

Fleur de Lys.

THE schooner Fleur de Lys, Mr. George Trotter, arrived at New York on May 1 after a long and stormy passage from Southampton and Plymouth, in the course of which she lost a man through a rather unusual accident. She sailed from Southampton on March 23 in charge of Capt. Otto Petersen, with only the crew aboard, Mr. Trotter being in New York, preparatory to his marriage, which took place quite recently. On her voyage down Channel a link in the quarterlift parted and the boom dropped, striking one of the crew and injuring him fatally. The yacht put into Plymouth, and did not resume her voyage until April 2. She encountered bad weather and was delayed by the loss of the lower bobstay pin, which was replaced with much difficulty. The daily runs were as follows:

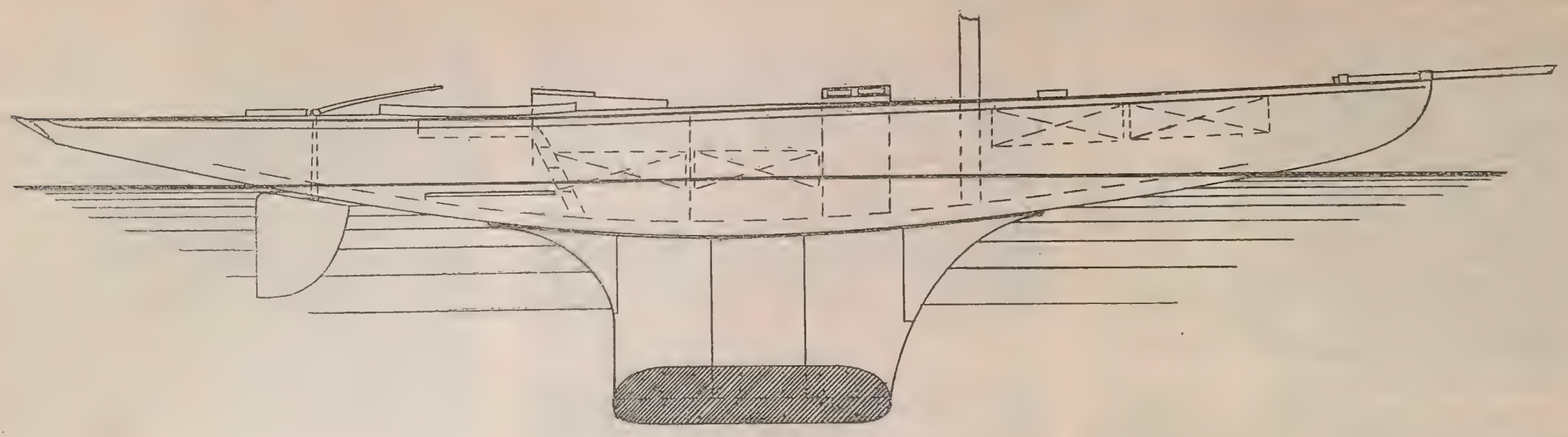
	Miles.		Miles.
April 3	134	April 18	37
April 4	216	April 19	126
April 5	64	April 20	203
April 6	57	April 21	230
April 7	Hove to	April 22	175
April 8	Hove to	April 23	104
April 9	23	April 24	25
April 10	104	April 25	50
April 11	68	April 26	72
April 12	170	April 27	Calm
April 13	245	April 28	110
April 14	79	April 29	180
April 15	61	April 30	125
April 16	197	May 1	170
April 17	115		

The yacht will be laid up for an indefinite time at Manning's Basin, Mr. Trotter having just sailed for Europe on his wedding trip.

Yampa.

FROM private letters we learn that Mr. Palmer and his friends have been enjoying a delightful cruise aboard the schooner Yampa in the Mediterranean, the following being a brief summary of their movements: Arrived at Gibraltar from New York on Feb. 14, Mr. Palmer and two friends joining by steamer on Feb. 24. Sailed on Feb. 28, and off the Spanish coast struck a Levanter, and put into Malaga under double-reefed mainsail on March 1, sailing again on March 4 with a good west wind, but again met the Levanter and stood over for Oran, on the Algerian coast, spending one day there. On March 6 the yacht was under way early and a two days' run along the African coast brought her to Algiers, where she laid until March 13, when a day's run brought her to Boujie. On March 17 she was at Phillipeville, sailing next day and reaching Tunis on March 20, having head winds all the way. On March 23 the voyage was resumed, Malta being reached on March 25, where a long stay was made. A start was made on April 5, on April 6 a short call was made at Syracuse, next day a fine run was made through the Straits of Messina, and on April 9 the yacht reached Naples. Yampa has attracted much attention from her size and appearance wherever she has called, and her party have been most courteously received.

The Cleveland Y. C. has arranged the following fixtures for the season: May 20, squadron sail; July 4, local regatta; Aug. 17, ladies' day; Sept 2, fall regatta. The building fund for the new club house now amounts to $14,000, and work will be commenced at once, the building being ready some time in July.



NIAGARA—SHEER PLAN.

Niagara and Isolde.

"And the devil bubbled beneath the keel;
It's pretty, but is it art?"

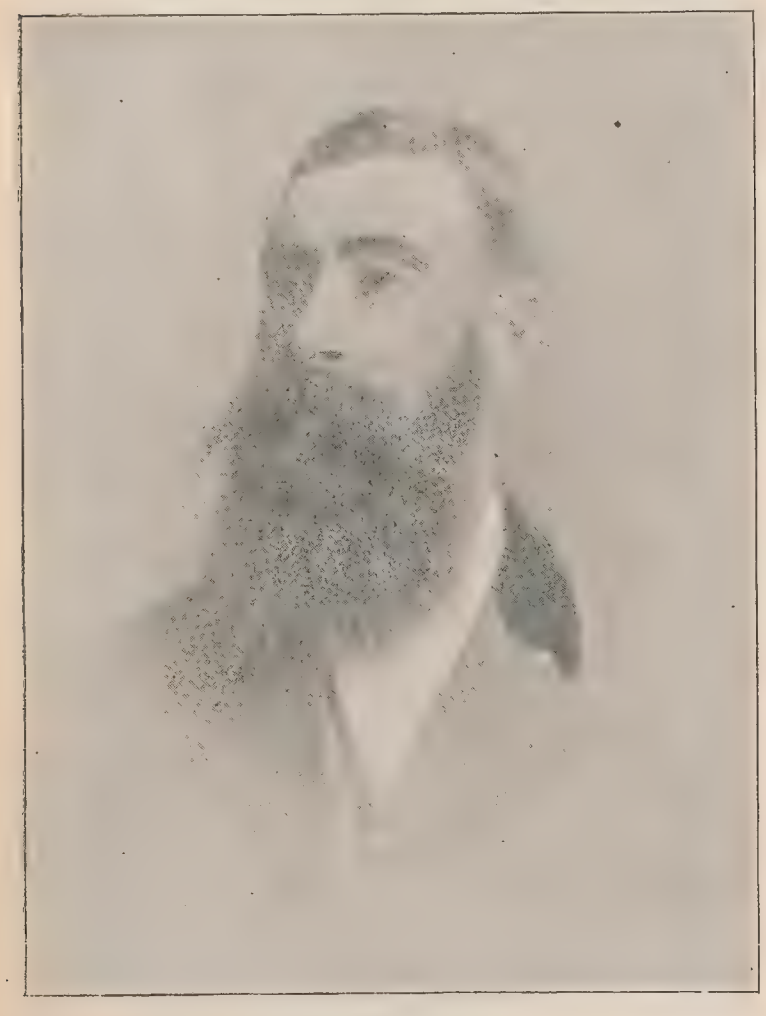
THE talented Mr. Kipling, of Vermont, has recently written a poem entitled "The Conundrum of the World," from which we venture to quote a couple of lines, in connection with the conundrum of the waters which the equally talented Mr. Herreshoff, of Rhode Island, has inflicted on the yachting world. We trust that no apology to either is necessary.

Up to the present season it has been possible for yachtsmen to evade the conundrum of the Bristol designer, as it has taken practical and successful form only in the smaller classes, in which the boats are used only for a few hours sailing or racing, with no thought of real yachting, or of life aboard day in and day out. This was the case even in the largest, Dacotah, she being used exclusively in one locality and for racing.

The two boats just shipped across the Atlantic are, however, so much larger as to put a very different aspect on this question of the bulb fin-keel, as the future of yacht racing must depend on the way in which it is dealt with by yachtsmen.

So far as Wenonah, Morwena, Meneen and Wee Winn are concerned, the type matters little, as to-day, in all of the classes from 5-rating downward, the racing is confined to racing boats of the latest design and the most expensive and elaborate construction. The boats are too small for life aboard in any case, and it matters little how much they draw or how limited the internal space may be. It seems quite certain now that, whatever may be done in the future to conserve the essentials of a yacht in the larger sizes of pleasure craft, in these small classes but few restrictions are necessary, and that the racing machine can safely be allowed full sway in them.

Where the limit may be properly drawn between the sailing boat and the legitimate yacht is yet a question; certainly not below 5-rating or 25ft. racing length, and possibly as high as 10-rating—Dacotah's class—of 36ft. racing length; but there can be no question that the



CAPTAIN JOHN BARR.

limit has been far exceeded when the 20-rating class is reached, and that the introduction of the racing machine in this class can work nothing but harm to yachting.

The 20-rating class was one of the first to take definite shape on the adoption of the rating in place of the old tonnage rule in 1887, Mr. Watson leading off in 1888 with the steel Vreda, a fine little ship of 45ft. l.w.l., 10ft. beam and under 10ft. draft. Her superiority in speed and general accommodation to the old 10-tonners, of 42ft. l.w.l and 7ft. beam, carrying the same sail area—2,600sq. ft.—was evident from the first. Next year Mr. Fife came into the class with Dragon I., the first of the series of three yachts built for Mr. F. C. Hill, and with which he has led the class in every year from 1889 to 1893, and which last year, in her second season, was still close to the top.

The 20-rating class, like all others, has felt the influence of modern ideas and has tended more and more toward the fin form, the dimensions expanding and the displacement contracting; while Vreda measured 9.5ft. depth of hold on 10ft. beam and about 9ft. 9in. draft, Dragon III. measures but 6.8ft. depth, with a beam of 13ft. 2in. and a probable draft of 11ft. At the same time, apart from the great draft, the 20-raters always have been, and still are, yachts with good accommodation, and perfectly fitted for the work that they must do in making the racing circuit of the British coast. The extreme type, even to the plate-fin, has, it is true, invaded the class during the past year, but with so little success as to still leave the odds in favor of the craft that may still be called yachts. Among these is Zinita, a 20 of 12ft. 6in. beam, designed and built by Mr. Fife in 1893 as a "fast cruiser," at least with no thought of competing for first honors with Dragon III. and the recognized cracks of the class, but which has shown remarkable speed, winning 13 first and 7 other prizes to 36 starts last year. Her wins were mainly in the home racing on the Clyde, but she distinguished herself by a very creditable performance in the south in company with the entire 20-rating class, and proved that it was still possible in this class to combine speed with other desirable qualities.

That the same will be true through the coming season we have serious doubts; the record of the Herreshoff fin-keels Wenonah and Dacotah gives good ground for the belief that the new Niagara will sweep the 20-rating class, as these two have swept in succession the 21/2 and the 10-rating classes; and an inspection of the boat shows only too plainly that she has small claim to the name of yacht, but must be classed as a day boat, or sailing machine.

The two 20-raters just shipped from the Herreshoff Works, Isolde, owned by Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, and Niagara, owned by Mr. Howard Gould, are of the same dimensions and to all appearances identical, in fact, they were built from the same moulds. It is said that the latter boat, Niagara, is somewhat shorter on the waterline, thus carrying more sail, but the difference if any is very slight. The dimensions are:

Length over all	65ft.
Fore overhang	8ft.
After overhang	11ft.
L.w.l.	45 to 46ft.
Beam	12ft.
Least freeboard	2ft. 9in.
Sheer, bow	1ft. 6in.
stern	2in.
Depth keel to deck	5ft. 6in.
Draft hull only	2ft. 6in.
extreme	11ft.

The above figures are, of course, not given by the designer, but are very closely correct, as is the accompanying sketch of the sheer plan; the transverse section is only approximate, intended to show the fin construction, draft and the extent and nature of the accommodation

The construction is in its way admirable; in fact, whatever our opinion as a yachtsman, as a canoeist we cannot speak two highly of these beautifully modeled and built canoes. The model is not very different from the older Herreshoff fin-keels, but the lines are faired and fined down, the fore overhang is quite moderate in length and fullness of lines, and the transom is a distinct improvement on the older boats, being shaped with a moderate curve instead of being sawn off square in the usual Bristol fashion, which, as is well known, is anything but "ship-shape." In fact, it looks as though Mr. Herreshoff's visit abroad last year had led him to abandon his habitual disregard of appearance and conventionality, and to attempt something of a yacht-like finish to the stern. The rounding of the transom and the working of the oak sheerstrake into the mahogany transom are both evidences of a desire for improvement in this direction.

The bent keel, running almost the whole length of the boat, is of white oak, 10×4in., the frames are all of bent oak, sided 15/8in., moulded 21/4in. at heels, 2in. at bilge and 11/2in. at heads; spaced 16in; with oak floors 4in. deep over keel and sided 13/4in. The strength of a fin-keel boat depends mainly on the floor construction, and the floors themselves are numerous and well fastened, while through the middle half of the boat they are crossed by two stringers or keelsons of oak, 3in. wide and 31/2in. deep, running directly over the edges of the fin flanges and taking the fin bolts. Toward each end the keel is stiffened by a central keelson piece, running by and midway between the ends of the side keelsons, the mast step being on top of the forward keelson; the after one extending well aft into the counter. The cross floors and the system of center and side keelsons which top them make a very strong construction, which is improved by the system of trusses first introduced in Dacotah last year and then illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM. The two bilge stringers are 3×31/2in., and above them, under the deck, but nearer to the center, are two stringers 3×21/2in., extending well fore and aft. The deck and bilge stringer on each side are connected by a system of struts of yellow pine, A A, each 2×21/4in., spaced about 7ft. apart, and by tie-rods of 5/16in. Tobin bronze, running through deck and bilge stringer, and set up with nuts, each rod being set in a groove in the side of its strut. The strain of the deep fin and heavy bulb is thus transmitted through the two flanges, which make the broad base of the fin, to the cross floors and frames, and then to the two trusses just over the ends of the floors, and thus to the deck; the whole hull being in effect a built girder.

The main clamps are of oak, 3×21/4in., the deck beams, spaced 16in., are moulded 21/8in., the principal ones being sided 21/8in., the others 11/4in. The hull is strapped diagonally with Tobin bronze, 3×3/16in. over the frames and 2×1/8in. over the deck beams. The inner planking is of 3/8in. cedar and the outer of 1/2in. mahogany, the topsides being bright and the bottom painted a dark green. The sheerstrake is of one thickness of oak, about 11/2in. thick where it is worked to form a beading on the upper edge, and the planksheer is also of oak. The deck is of a single thickness of 7/8in. pine, ship lapped, and the seams payed with Jeffrey's marine glue. There is a low rail of oak, with no cap. The mast partners are 101/2in. in diameter, and abreast of them are five chainplates, of bronze, on each side. Two of these on each side, the main chainplates, are backed up in a novel manner by straps of 21/4×3/8in. Tobin bronze, running as indicated by the lines BB from the keel to the deck, where they are further strengthened by chocks worked under the deck beams. Forward of the mast is a 5/8in. bronze rod, through keel and deck. The metal work is, as usual, very well done, the stem being capped by a neatly formed casting which forms the outer gammon strap. The straight brass cleats are the same as on all the Bristol yachts.

The most interesting portion of the boat is the fin construction, which deserves special description. The sheer plan shows the hull and fin very closely to scale, while the details are shown in a general way by the transverse section. The fin itself, instead of a simple plate of metal, is a complicated structure, composed of two sides and a top, the latter fitting close to the keel and garboards of the boat. The sides are each built of three plates of Tobin bronze, about 3/8in. thick, with an additional piece at each end. These plates are turned on their upper ends into a wide flange, the whole work being beautifully executed. To these two flanges the top is riveted, the whole structure being 25ft. long on the upper side, joining the boat, 12ft. 6in. long on the lower edge, where the two half-bulbs are attached, the after horn projecting 5ft.-6in. and the forward one 7ft. The upper side has a strong sweep in a fore and aft direction, and is also curved thwartships. The lower edges of the plates come together, with less than 1/2in. between them, the liners or bulkheads tapering down to that thickness. The breadth across the two flanges is 2ft. 21/2in. at the middle, tapering to 5in. at each end The depth from the upper plate to the lower edge is 7ft. 4in. at the narrowest point, in the middle of the fin. The plates are of course riveted on inside straps and there are bulkheads to stiffen the structure.

The half bulbs of lead are each 13ft. 3in. in extreme length, 2ft. 4in. deep on the inner face and 1ft. thick in the center, making the entire bulb 2ft. through. The two have a bearing of 1ft. 4in. on the fin, thus projecting 1ft. below it. They are fastened through the fin with six 1in. Tobin bronze bolts and ten smaller bolts, 1/2 and 5/8in.; while through the lower portion beneath the fin are six more 1in. and two 1/2in. bolts. Along each edge of the top are holes for 5/8in. bolts, spaced 51/2in., these bolts passing through the flange, planking, floors and side keelsons, where they are set up with nuts. Each bolt is numbered, so as to readily replace when the fin is bolted on again at London.

The rudder is of the shape shown, being 4ft. 3in. long on the top, 4ft. 10in. on the after edge, and with 1ft. 7in. projecting forward of the stock. This stock is of Tobin bronze, 2in. diameter at deck and 3in. diameter at lower end, where it goes into the body of the rudder, the forging being of a T shape. To this T are riveted the two side plates of Tobin bronze. The boat, of course, steers with a tiller.

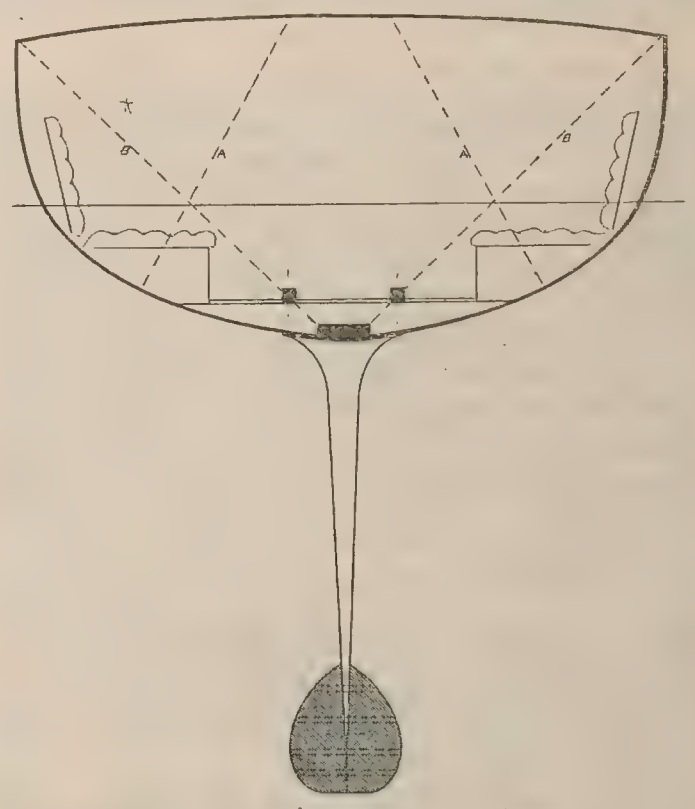
The sail plan will measure about 2,600ft. by Y. R. A. rule, which includes the club topsail. The mainsail, as well as both headsails, is made with the cloths running at right angles to the leech. All of the sails were made at the works in Bristol. The mast is 45ft. 6in. extreme length and the boom 48ft. 9in.

From a canoeist's standpoint the accommodation of the boats is perfect; in fact, leaves nothing to be desired. After living for weeks aboard a 14×28 canoe, sleeping and cooking on board, as we have often done, we should consider Niagara or Isolde an ideal craft. There is room in abundance, of the same sort as in other canoes, fore and aft room. Considering them as yachts, however, and for the work they are intended to perform—the one in racing at Kiel and in German waters, and later sailing to Cowes and racing there, and afterward returning to her home port; the other in making the round of the English, Scotch and Irish regattas—they have everything to condemn and nothing to recommend them. The sole justification for such limited headroom, in anything claiming the name of yacht, would be the ability possessed by the old centerboard sloop, to sail in three or four feet of water and thus avoid the recognized disadvantages of great draft. When, however, these disadvantages are carried to an extreme, and with no counter advantages in the form of headroom, air space and general accommodation, it is time for yachtsmen to consider seriously the gains and losses involved in the change of type; and whether, in comparing Niagara with say Dragon I. or Dragon II., they are paying more than it is worth for speed in match-sailing.

The interior of these two yachts shows an extreme headroom of 5ft. 21/4in. from the floor to the underside of the deck plank, but the floor itself is cut up by the two side keelsons projecting 21/2in. above it and studded with the fin bolts at close intervals. This height, too, is taken at the middle of the boat; the plan shows how rapidly the height decreases both forward and aft. In the forecastle the nominal 4ft. of headroom is materially lessened by the three keelsons which come together there. The forecastle is long, that is all that can be said of it, and there are four hammock cots for the crew, besides a small pantry and a naphtha stove. At the after end of the forecastle is a w.c. opposite the stove on port side. Abaft the forward bulkhead in the middle of the boat is the main cabin, 7ft. long, with two low but fairly wide sofas, the backs turning down to make berths, and abaft the second bulkhead are two similar sofas and berths, the companion ladder coming down between them. The sunk cockpit is just abaft of the ladder, on each side, well under the deck, being a low wooden berth, which also serves as a sail bin. The run is open, a good place to stow mops, topsail yards or bamboo fishing poles.

On deck there is a small square hatch forward, a skylight over the "main saloon," then the companionway, a cockpit about 16in. deep and 5ft. long, surrounded by a bent oak coaming on the deck about 7ft. long and 5ft. across, of oval shape, and abaft this is a square hatch. It is stated that each yacht, which complies with the requirements of the Y. R. A. as to bulkheads, will accommodate twelve men, and she will probably carry half of this number regularly through the season.

Captain John Barr, who will sail Niagara, is quite as well known



NIAGARIA—APPROXMATE SECTION.

now in this country as on his native Clyde, having spent most of the time here since he came out to take command of Clara in 1885; and having made an enviable reputation in her and other yachts. His best work, however, was done about the British coast in the days of the old 10-tonners, and his local knowledge fits him admirably for the task now on hand. He has had a long and varied experience in all sorts of craft, in fishing boats, narrow cutters, such as Ulerin and Clara, centerboard sloops, such as Cinderella, the big cutter Thistle and later in Jubilee, to which he is likely to add considerably before the season is over. We wish him good luck, but we are greatly mistaken if he does not find many a crick in his stalwart back that was never there before he took to canoeing in a fin-keel 20 rater.

The yachts which Isolde will meet at the Kiel this summer are summed up by the *Field* as follows:

"The second class, corresponding with our 20-raters, is the most strongly represented, and will, from the diversity of designers and builders, give rise to a truly international contest. The new racer for the German Emporor, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and building at the Germania yard at Kiel, has finished being planked and is expected to be afloat in the early days of May. She is to be named Vineta, and will be under the command of Captain Arenhold, Imperial and Royal Navy. At the same yard, from German designs, another new 20-rater is being constructed for a syndicate of members of the Imperial Y.C. The yacht, which is to be christened Hertha, will be timoneered by Admiral von Diedrichs. Great things are expected of Baron von Zedwitz's new 20-rater Isolde, designed and built by Herreshoff at Bristol, R. I. The vessel, which belongs to the fin-cum-bulb type, was launched in the beginning of April, and will, as soon as completed, be shipped to Germany on the deck of a steamer. The fourth new 20-rater is building from designs by Mr. W. Fife, Jr., at Stulcken's yard, in Hamburg, to the order of Mr. Loesener, one of the partners in the big shipping firm of Robert M. Sloman. Another competitor in the same class is Colonel Douglass's centerboard Ellen, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and launched toward the close of last season from Adams's yard at Gourock. As there seems a likelihood of Deirdré and one or two others of the British-owned twenties being sent to Kiel, this class will undoubtedly prove the most interesting feature of the regatta."

So FAR as is known, the new challenger will be about a foot wider than the defender, and about as deep draft, probably with a smaller sail area. Both will resemble Valkyrie II. very closely in sheer plan, and both will be hollowed to an extreme degree in the floors, bringing them practically into the category of fin-keels, though the fins are not plates, but of the usual composite or metal construction.

THE most important news of the week comes from Boston, and is to the effect that Gen. Paine has at the last moment determined to alter Jubilee and race her. The yacht will be launched this week at Quincy Point and taken to the Atlantic Works, East Boston, where a new bow will be put on her, increasing the waterline to about 90ft, he will, of course, be newly rigged and put in first-class condition,


Parsonage Pt
Orienta
Larchmont Manor
Cut I.
Hen and Chickens
Middle Shoal
Huntleberry I
Execution Rocks
LIGHT
Old Mill
Prospect Pt
Five ft. R.
Red Spring Pt
Weeks Pt
Sands Pt.
Gangway R.
Success R.
Ticket R.
Mosquito Neck
Mott's Pt.
Bakers Pt.
Idle Wild
Carpenters Neck
Port Washington
Mamaroneck Pt
Peacock Pt
Hewlett Pt
Scotch Caps
Ship R.
Middle Ground
Spindle
Spouting Horn
Spouting Horn Pt.
Larchmont Pt.
Sprs Beach Pt.
Hewlett Pt.
Rye Pt.
Rye Beach
Rye Neck
Milton Pt.
Milton Harbor
Milton Point
Milton Rock
Milton Ledge
Milton Shoal
Milton Reef

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, April 18.—Although there have been many competitors at the North London Rifle Club's revolver competitions during the last three weeks, no scores of any account for the revolver championship have yet been made, no scores of 40 or over having been made, and these are necessary for getting into the prize list. Below are details of scores:

April 3.—First series, 20yds. stationary target.

H Andrews	776766—39	Major Palmer	637577—35
Ricketts	776567—38	Lowe	665764—34
Major Munday	467777—38	Lieut Richardson	556737—33
Carter	777377—38	Capt Earle	775535—32
Capt Peters	575756—35	Comber	445665—30

April 10.—Similar competition.

Ricketts	777674—38	A J Comber	657557—35
F H Frost	477577—37	Clementi-Smith	575566—34
Major Munday	757774—37	Chicken	675655—34
Carter	666567—36		

April 17.—Alternate hands at 20yds. stationary target:

Carter	657757—37	Major Palmer	643575—30
Major Munday	764567—35	Howe	374475—30
Clementi-Smith	775664—35	MacKormack	434737—29
H Andrews	647477—35	Comber	636572—29
Lieut Richardson	365756—32	Knapp	545770—28
Ricketts	663755—32	Frost	545354—26
Capt Earle	664367—32	Gould	536054—23
Capt Peters	656463—30		

At the South London Rifle Club the season opened on April 4, but only three members shot and made very poor scores. Below are details:

Twenty yards, stationary target:

E Howe	767747—38	Lieut J Howard	455777—35
C F Lowe	757657—37		

Fifty yards, stationary target:

C F Lowe	656477—37	Lieut J Howard	446554—28
E Howe	443775—30		

Pacific Slope Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 28.—Last Sunday the popular spring shooting festival of the California Schuetzen Club was held at Schuetzen Park, San Rafael. Over one hundred marksmen competed for the cash and merchandise prizes. Cash prizes were $40, $30, $20, $17, $15, etc., down to $1. Merchandise prizes, one hundred in number, consisting of numerous cases of solid silver spoons, forks, soup ladles and watches; of mantel clocks, cases of wine, whisky, etc. Tickets for cash prizes (4 shots) and for merchandise prizes (3 shots), on 25-ring target, 200yds., were sold at $1 each. About $1,000 was taken in for tickets. Shooting began at 9:30 A. M. and closed at 6 P. M. Competition waxed warm in the afternoon, and some very good shooting was done, particularly on the 4-shot targets.

Some of the highest scores in this contest were: A. Strecker, 24 25 24 24, total 97; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 23 25 24 24, total 96; D. B. Faktor, 23 25 23 24, total 95; George Helm 93, J. Utschig 93, D. W. McLaughlin 93, H. Strecker 92, F. Kuhnle 91, Captain Kuhls 90.

Merchandise Shoot: Herman Strecker 72, J. Utschig 72, O. Bremer 71, Dr. Rodgers 71, A. Strecker 71, G. Helm 71, D. W. McLaughlin 71, R. Finking 70, F. Attinger 70, A. Myer 70, P. Jacoby 69.

The prizes were distributed at a social given by the club on Thursday evening. The dancers were much in evidence, and a merry evening was spent.

To-day Shell Mound Range was well occupied, but a fitful northwest wind made scoring very unsatisfactory at 200yds. The pistol devotees, however, did some good work.

Norddeutscher Club: First class, J. Peters 417; third class, A. Hagedorn 349, F. Rust 303.

The Red Men's Schuetzen Club had an "eagle" shoot. John Feldermann won the kingship.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, target rifle, Kuhnle medal: Dr. Rodgers 83, F. O. Young 82, E. Fish 74, A. Kennedy 65, G. Schulz 65.

Military Rifle, circular Sin., bullseye: G. Filmer 45, A. Fetz 45, C. Perry 44, F. Gehret 44, L. Zimmerman 39.

Pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young 95, C. M. Daiss 93, J. E. Gorman 91, S. Carr 86.

ROEEL.

Ross Will Meet Vandeusen.

THE following challenge, issued by Gus Zimmerman, of New York city, has been accepted by Vandeusen, but no definite date or place for the matter fixed as yet: "Having read a report recently in which A. J Vandeusen, of Winona, Minn., claims to have made 2,260 points in 100 shots, at 200 yards, off hand, and thereby claiming the record as champion of America, I do not care to allow Mr. Vandeusen's claim to pass into record without a response from the East. We have in and about New York many riflemen, some of whom, we believe, are the best in America. Now, if Mr. Vandeusen and his friends believe that Mr. Vandeusen is the champion off hand shot of America, and are prepared to back up the claim of Vandeusen in an individual match, I will make the following proposition, viz.: I will back Fred C. Ross, of Brooklyn N. Y., to shoot A. J. Vandeusen one or three matches, 100 shots per man for each match, for $1,000 or more a side. Ross to meet Vandeusen on neutral range, half way between New York and Minnesota We have in our American sports many men who make all sorts of claims for champion records. As a rifle shooter, I have a strong interest in keeping our rifle records as clean as possible, and it is my love of the sport that induces me to give Mr. Vandeusen an opportunity to show the riflemen of America upon what foundation his claim for champion is built.

"GUS ZIMMERMAN."

Vandeusen is Shooting.

IN view of the proposed match between Fred C. Ross, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and A. J. Vandeusen, of Winona, Minn., the following dispatch from that city to the Minneapolis *Journal*, dated May 3, will be read with interest by riflemen:

"WINONA, Minn., May 3.—A party of Winona sharpshooters went to Fountain City on Sunday to have a shot on the ranges. They were: A. J. Vandeusen, Edward Pelzer, William Sonnenberg, William Schelhas and Alexander Aertz. Vandeusen started out to make what would have been another world-beater of a record, but when he had completed shooting the first half of the second target he was obliged to give up on account of illness and retire to his hotel and lie down, much to the disappointment of those who had looked forward to a brilliant display of marksmanship. The first score made by Vandeusen was 225 out of a possible 250 points on the ring target. On the second ring target, the first half shot was 119 out of a possible 125, and had the last half been shot in equal style a fine score would have been made."

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

May 14-16.—DAYTON, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club, of Dayton, O; $200 added money, Ed. Taylor, Sec'y, 8 West Third street, Cincinnati.

May 15-19.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Nineteenth annual meeting and tournament of the Texas Sportsmen's Association. Open to the world, $500 in cash and $500 in merchandise added to the purses. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec'y, Kansas City.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $3,000 added to the purses.

May 21-25.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Tournament of the Houston City Gun Club; live birds and targets; open to all amateurs.

May 22-24.—ROME, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Rome Gun Club; two first day at targets, third day live birds. W. P. Rayland, Sec'y.

May 23.—WAUZEKA, Wis.—Opening shoot of the Wauzeka Gun Club.

May 23-24.—LANCASTER, Pa.—Tournament of the Fairview Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

May 27-30.—LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament and meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. For programmes address Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, under the management of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—READING, Pa.—Tournament of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

May 29-31.—URBANA, Ills.—Annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, of Urbana, Ills., $200 added money.

May 30.—MOUNTVILLE, Pa.—Tournament of the Mountville Gun Club; targets.

May 30.—MOLINE, Ill.—Tournament of the Highland Gun Club.

May 30-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; $500 added money. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The Plainfield (N. J.) *Daily Press*, in its report of an entertainment given by the Euterpe Literary and Musical Society, of that place, says: "The violin solo of Master Smith gave evidence of considerable inherent talent and careful training. He played bravely enough for so young a lad before such a large audience, and well deserved the encore which his delighted hearers demanded of him. His brother's accompaniment was excellent support." The Masters Smith referred to were Oscar and George Smith, sons of "Dutchy" Smith. It is said that the boys can play on their respective instruments equally as ably as their father can touch up the risible faculties of a group of trap-shooters.

"Uncle Billy" Hughes, the veteran member of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who won the Pfænder diamond badge emblematic of the club championship of 1894, has presented a diamond badge to be competed for by the members of the club under conditions similar to those which governed the Pfænder badge contests. Frederick Pfænder (27), Hugh McLaughlin (25), W. Hughes (25), Isaac P. Hyde (27) and J. P. Voorhees (25) tied for the badge on 7 straight. Pfænder won on the shot off, killing three more birds.

F. L. Train, president of the Cobweb Gun Club, of New York city, is fast improving in his shooting. Mr. Train, who keeps tab upon his various scores, can show by those records just what practice will do for a shooter. On May 1 he shot a race with H. C. Higginson, of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, the match being at 100 live birds per man, the price of the birds being the stake. The shoot took place at Newburgh, N. Y., Train winning by the score of 87-85. The birds were good flyers.

Mr. W. H. Huck, secretary of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., has sent me the following communication, which will interest New Jersey trap-shooters: "On May 16 the Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club and the Climax Club, of Plainfield, will shoot a race for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy on the Boiling Springs grounds. To make it interesting, we respectfully invite all clubs in the State to send a team to compete for the trophy. There is no entrance fee, only the price of targets."

The Highland Gun Club, of Moline, Ill., will hold an all-day shoot at its grounds on Decoration Day. The programme prepared is one of those varied ones that are, to my mind, always calculated to prevent any approach to monotony. The two-men team race, teams chosen by lot, is an event that should be popular in similar all-day shoots. There's a delightful element of chance about it. You may draw a good partner, or you may draw one who can't shoot; everybody enters a race of that kind.

Jack Brewer tells me that he has a big contract on hand the latter part of this week. He has been backed to kill 95 out of 100 birds, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules to govern. The stake that the match is to be shot for is too large for me to put down in figures. It is enough to say that it is said to be for a solid monetary consideration. It may be a good deal to say, but if Brewer is in the same form that he has been shooting in lately, 95 out of 100 is no impossibility for him if he tries hard.

Capt. A. W. du Bray, the well-known representative of Parker Bros. Meriden, Conn., will in future edit the gun department of *Rod, Gun and Kennel*, a bi-weekly paper devoted to field sports, published in Louisville, Ky. This position will not conflict in any way with his duties as representative of the firm mentioned above. Capt. du Bray will have charge of Parker Bros.' exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exhibition next week.

The Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., will hold a two-days shoot at its grounds, Three-mile House, on May 29-30. These grounds have recently been much improved, and this shoot will afford an opportunity to shooters to practise on the grounds where the $1,000 shoot will be held in October next. Mr. A. Knauer is secretary of the Independent Club.

Messrs. Ford and Cunningham, who hailed recently from Fort Meade, Florida, called on FOREST AND STREAM'S trap editor on May 3. It may interest their friends in Florida to learn that, barring the loss of a little sunburn, the air of New York has not affected them. They leave for England in a few days, but it is safe to bet that the Hooker Prairie and Kissimmee Island will see them again at some future time.

A dispatch from London, England, dated May 3, says: "At the meet of the Gun Club yesterday the first prize of the handicap sweepstakes was divided between W. Rutherford, of the Westminster Kennel Club of New York, and Mr. Rishworth, of London. They killed 26 birds each. In the £3 sweepstakes, 30yds. rise, there were nine entries. B. A. R. Kittredge, of America, divided the first prize with Captain Cottrell, of the Gun Club."

From a communication published elsewhere it will be seen that the New York State shoot this year, which takes place at Saratoga, June 24-28, is to be up to its usual standard. These State shoots are always great gatherings, and this one in 1895 will be no exception. Programmes will soon be ready for distribution. This tournament will also attract outsiders, a special programme being provided for "open to all" contests.

The management of the Capital City Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., is working to revive the interest of the members of the club in trap-shooting. Club shoots will be held every Tuesday and Saturday afternoon on the club's grounds, foot of Twenty-first street, from 3 P. M. until dark. Visitors are specially invited to attend these shoots.

At the Battle Creek tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League, the State trophy was won by Grand Rapids. At the annual meeting M. K. Walton, of Grand Rapids, was elected president, and S. A. Howes, of Battle Creek, secretary-treasurer. The meeting and tournament in 1896 will be held at Grand Rapids.

The programme of the tournament held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week, May 9-11, by the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., came to hand too late for any extended notice of its contents. These tournaments, however, are so well known that they need scarcely any other notice than the mere placing of the dates chosen in FOREST AND STREAM'S "Fixtures."

Thomas Eley, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., and H. E. Buckwalter, of Philadelphia, Pa., shot a race at 50 birds per man on May 2. The match took place at West Side Park, Wilkesbarre. At the end of the first string of 25, the score was a tie with 22 each; in the second 25, Buckwalter scored 20, winning by three birds, Eley losing 8 out of his 25.

A. W. Peck, Secretary of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, writes: "A special rate of a fare and one-third has been secured on all railroads in the State of Kansas, and from St. Joseph, Mo., for the sixth annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, which will be held at Kansas City, Kan., on May 21-23, 1895."

A new gun club was organized at Montpelier, Vt., toward the end of last month. According to a letter received by Charlie Hebbard, of the Empire Target Company, written by Chas. O. Barrett, of Montpelier, the club starts out well with a charter membership of 25.

A. D. Knapp and T. F. McKeon, both members of the Cobweb Gun Club, shot a 50-bird match on the club's grounds at West Farms, N. Y., on May 2. Knapp won by killing 37 to his opponent's 36, McKeon missing his last bird. C. M. Donnelly was referee.

The $250 deposited by J. L. Brewer with the editor of the *Canadian Sporting News*, of Toronto, Can., has been returned. Had Brewer signed the articles, the match could not have been shot off on the date fixed, as Cockburn is confined to the house with a badly sprained ankle which is liable to lay him up for some little time.

The Dupont tournament at Cincinnati this week is the first reunion of the "crackajacks" this season. Between now and the end of June they'll meet every week. These two months will be great ones from ammunition and target dealers' standpoints.

The Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club has now won first place in two of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League tournaments this year. The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., has come out ahead on the other two occasions.

The first shoot of the Connecticut Trap Shooters' League for 1895 was held on the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club on May 2. In the team shoot between New Haven, Hartford and New London the home team won easily.

The Fairview Gun Club, of Lancaster, Pa., will hold a two-days' tournament on May 23 and 24. The shoot will take place at Hambright's Three-Mile House, the first day at targets, the second at live birds.

"LeRoy," if he shoots in anything like his usual form, will let the Southerners know that there are some good shots down East. There's a hot nest of trap-shooters around Boston and LeRoy's one of the best of the bunch.

A team of the Wilmington, Del., Rod and Gun Club will go to Philadelphia on May 18 to shoot a match at targets with a team consisting of members of the Forrest Gun Club of that city.

John Parker, of Detroit, Mich., known to trap-shooters as "Des-Chree-Shos-Ka Jack," will manage the Ohio State Shoot at Dayton, O., on behalf of the Buckeye Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., and Dayton, O., are both objective points for trap-shooters next week. After these tournaments it will be—"On to Knoxville."

Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, writes as follows: "The Interstate Association will give a tournament at Vicksburg, Miss., on June 26 and 27, under the auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club."

Parties who have examined the new Forehand ejector tell me that it is a beauty and handles well, having also the advantage of very simple mechanism in its important parts.

It seems to be the thing now to permit 10 and 12 gauges to stand on the same mark. There will be several "tens" at Knoxville, if what I hear is one-half correct.

A new gun club was organized at Hallowell, Me., on April 25, with a charter membership roll of 40. Mr. W. G. Meloon is president of the new club.

The Interstate Association announces that the Grand American Handicap of 1896 will take place near New York on April 1-3.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Interstate Shoot at Lynchburg.

MR. B. G. EMPIE, on behalf of the Lynchburg, Va. Gun Club, in a letter, dated May 1, issues the following cordial invitation to shooters to attend the tournament given by the Interstate Association at Lynchburg on May 17, 18, under the auspices of his club: "A tournament will be held in this city on May 17, 18, that promises to be well attended. The tournament is given by the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the home club. The grounds of this club have been described in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM; it is therefore unnecessary to enter into details again. Suffice it to say, that they rank second to none in this country for beauty of situation and perfection of equipment. The club is composed of gentlemen of Lynchburg, who know nothing but how to make a visitor feel at home, and whose hospitality is proverbial. The time chosen for this tournament antedates the great shoot at Knoxville by only a few days, and will give all desirous of attending that event an opportunity to spend three days here in Lynchburg, practising at targets, and still leave ample time to reach Knoxville to engage in the tournament there. The railroads will allow purchasers of tickets to Knoxville to lie over in Lynchburg May 17, 18 and 19. We are in a direct line to Knoxville from the north, and this fact should insure us a great many shooters going to that place to engage in the great event. Shooters from Washington, Staunton, Greensboro, Charlotte, Winchester, Asheville, Raleigh, Charlottesville and other points will be in attendance, and we promise all who will honor us with a visit a royal time at the traps and a cordial, sincere welcome."

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., May 1.—Twenty members of the Meadville Gun Club competed in the club shoot this afternoon. The event was at 25 targets, 15 at known traps and angles and 10 at unknown angles. The winners of the badges were all new men: Ehrgott won the Class A badge, Hayes the Class B and Prenatt the medal for Class C. Scores:

Lashells	1010011101100006001110100—11
H A Johnson	1101111011111111109101111—20
N Affantranger	1111010110110101001010111—16
Decker	0101110110110110110100110—15
Leberman	0011000010111100110110101—13
Ehrgott	1110101101111111111111111—22
Kelso	1010011010111110110011011—16
See	1111101111111100010111011—19
Clemson	0001010010010111111110010—14
Ed Affantranger	0111100101011110110110110—16
Krueger	1011100000110110010011000—11
Kellam	1011011111101101101011000—16
Hayes	0101111111101110111001111—18
Prenatt	0101101101111011010010100—14
Stern	0000111000010110000001011— 9
Smith	1000110111001001111011000—13
Dr Johnson	0110101110001101101111111—17
Thompson	1111011010011110001010001—14
Clark	1000101010111111110101100—15
Gundaker	1011111111100011111111000—19

CHOKE BORE.

Syracuse Gun Club.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 3.—The Syracuse Gun Club held its semi-monthly medal shoot this afternoon. The shooting was lively and close. D. M. Lefever won Class A medal on a score of 41 out of 48; Hunter, of the Hunter Arms Co., carried off B Class with 36 to his credit, while Eddy captured C Class with no competition. Mr. Chas. Tuttle, of Auburn, N. Y., was a guest of the club during the afternoon. Scores:

Class A

D M Lefever (48)	1111101010111111111110011111110101111111111111111 —41
Willard (50)	1111101111110111010011111111101111111001111 —40
Mowry (45)	1111111101111111011111011101111111111101110 —39
Ginty (50)	1111101111111010111111101101110011101111111011000 —38
Wilcox (46)	1101111111111111110111110011111100111110010011 —36
Mosher (50)	0010011101111101111100110111101110011101111110 —35
Arno (47)	0101011111101111111111001111111001000111011101 —33

Class B.

Hunter (48)	1111110110111101010111001111101110011111101101111 —36
F Lefever (45)	0010111101111001111010011111111101000111011 —31
Duguid (50)	0001111111001010111111111100110101111110101001 —33
Morris (46)	1001101111111101011110000011011110011111111110 —32

Class C.

Eddy (45)	1110001101011000011111001101111100011000101111 —26

A. R. K.

Worcester Sportsman's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 30.—The Worcester Sportsman's Club held its second shoot in the Merchandise prize series this afternoon at its grounds, North Pond Park. W. L. Davis scored 43 out of 50 in the Merchandise event, A. W. Walls leading in the cash prize event with 24 out of 25. The Merchandise shoot is at 50 targets, 25 at known traps, known angles, 25 at traps in reversed order. Scores in the events were as follows:

W L Davis	20	23—43	R C Walls	20	12—32
Mascroft	23	17—40	Buck	17	15—32
A W Walls	22	17—39	Ide	16	16—32
Kennerson	20	17—37	G S Davis	17	15—32
McLellan	19	18—37	Harvey	19	11—30
Hoyle	21	15—36	C W Walls	14	13—27

In the cash prize event the table is as follows, showing each man's score, the same percentage being followed as in the Merchandise event. The event was 25 targets:

A W Walls	24	Ide	18	George S Davis	14
W L Davis	20	Mascroft	17	McLellan	13
R C Walls	19	Harvey	15½	Hoyle	12
Kennerson	19	C W Walls	15		

Vernon Gun Club.

THE members of the Vernon Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held their monthly live bird club shoot on Saturday, May 4, at Dexter Park, L. I. Fourteen members were present and took part in the 7 bird handicap; out of this number three killed straight, six missed one bird, the remaining five shooters each scoring five birds. The scores in the handicap were as follows:

F A Thompson (28)	1221212—7	L C Emery (25)	2120212—6
W H Thompson (28)	1112122—7	J Wright (25)	1102121—6
F W Place (28)	2221111—7	Dr Little (30)	1201111—5
O J Mulcahey (28)	1222202—6	H P Fessenden (30)	0111111—5
S Remsen (28)	1111102—6	C E Pratt (25)	1102110—5
W S Spadone (25)	2022212—6	Dr Wischerth (25)	1111002—5
J L Bishop (25)	2222220—6	Dr Schauff (25)	2222100—5

Other sweeps were shot during the afternoon, Dr. Little killing 29 out of the 30 birds he shot at in the sweeps.

Ayling Defeats White.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., April 27.—Charles F. Ayling, who usually shoots under the name of "Arno," and Horace White, both attorneys of this city, shot a match at 25 birds this afternoon at Messina Springs, Ayling conceding White 3yds. At the end of the 25 the two men were tied with 23 each. On the shoot off, at 10 birds, Ayling won by killing all his birds, White losing his last bird. Score:

Ayling	2212202211012121212122221—23
White	2112222112011222212201222—23

Ties at 10 birds:

Ayling	2212221211—10	White	2222222220—9

American Trap-Shooters' League.

THE executive committee of the American Trap-Shooters' League met on Tuesday of this week. The chief business under consideration was the printing of the constitution and by-laws, application blanks, and all necessary stationery. The appointment of a committee on rules for live bird and target shooting was also under discussion.

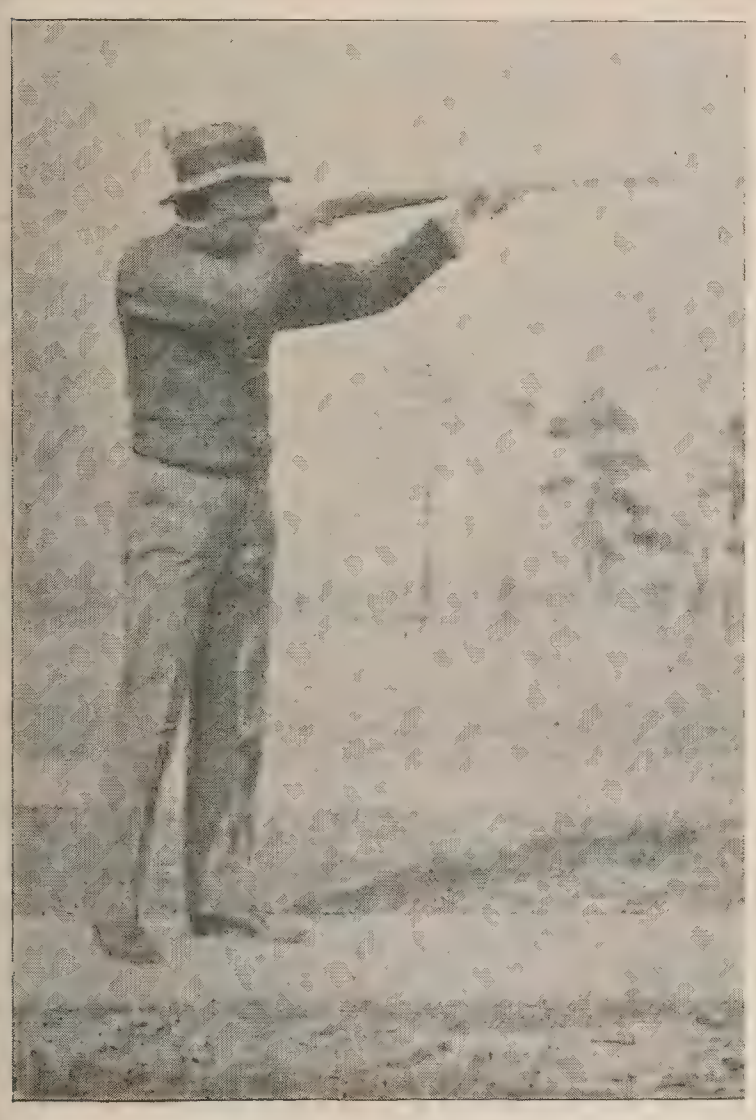
"Forest and Stream" Snap Shots.

DURING the match between George Work and J. P. Knapp, which was shot on April 24 at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I., and details of which were given in last weeks's issue of this paper, FOREST AND STREAM'S camera got in its fine work, securing photos of the principals while at the score. George Work's photo shows plainly how the wind was blowing; the camera was snapped an instant before he fired. In Knapp's case many of his fellow club members will regret that he has seen fit to place on the shelf the old gray felt slouch hat which was so conspicuous an object at most of the important club shoots during the past winter, and which has so ably performed its share of the work. The camera was snapped unfortunately just as he fired his first barrel at a quick rising bird; hence the effects of the recoil on that portion of the photo where the gun should be. Fred G. Moore's attitude will be recognized readily by all who have seen him shoot; his photograph was snapped off during the sweep that followed the match above referred to. The other cut is an excellent likeness of George S. Mott, Superintendent of the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds. Mott's reputation for providing fast birds is very high, and, as a matter of fact, he won't own a poor bird.

The League's Problem.

THE American Trap-Shooters' League, which was organized on the night of April 3, at the Astor House, New York city, may seem to some to have what is vulgarly termed "a hard row to hoe." It will certainly, in the earlier portions of its career at least, meet with some opposition. That is the lot of everybody who sets out to alter and improve any existing condition of affairs, even when that condition is acknowledged to be in need of improvement. The Association, therefore, instead of being discouraged, will naturally consider the source whence such opposition springs, and just go right ahead with its work.

The purification of trap-shooting, and the placing of that sport upon the plane to which it rightly belongs, is not a difficult matter after all. At least it does not seem so to us. The drawing up of new sets of rules to govern inanimate, or target, shooting and pigeon shooting, making these rules as full as possible and dealing with no ambiguities, is what is needed in the first place. In the second place the Association should father and recommend for adoption some more equitable system of division of purses than that now practiced. Class shooting is good enough in its way, but any system whereby a man can win more by purposely missing a bird or a target than if he killed that bird or



J. P. KNAPP.

broke that target, is an anomaly that is not permitted in any other sport, and is only an inducement to men to "drop for place," pool or combine their winnings, and in a general way to shoot in an unsportsmanlike manner. Class shooting undoubtedly encourages the poorer shots, the 75 per cent. men, and for that reason it would be well to maintain that principle when any new system is proposed. The "jack-rabbit" system is one of the best and fairest methods of dividing purses devised up to date; but its very cumbersomeness, and the fact that no one, shoot as well as he may, can break more than even after deducting shells, expenses, etc., have dashed its popularity. For club shoots it has not altogether lost its favor.

The system copyrighted by Mr. Rose, which has been referred to several times in FOREST AND STREAM, seems to fill the bill more nearly than any other that has been called to our notice. So far as we can see, it prevents dropping for place entirely; it puts an end to combining and pooling, and it rewards every man according to his merits, so long as he gets a place. The difference between Rose's system, "straight-out," as it has been called, and the "jack-rabbit" is that whereas in the latter everybody who breaks a target or kills a bird gets back something, in the former it is class shooting pure and simple, without any of the pernicious features that are part and parcel of the system of division of purses now in vogue.

If the Association starts in by framing some set of rules that will be adopted as a standard in this country, and also obtains the adoption of some system of division of purses (whether it be Rose's or not), that will do away with all chance of unsportsmanlike conduct at the traps, by removing the opportunity for practising the same; in that case, we think, it will have removed about all the thorns that are likely to prove any serious obstacle to its further progress.

An Invitation to Americans.

THE BRITISH INANIMATE BIRD SHOOTING ASSOCIATION, 224 Piccadilly, London, W., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am instructed by the governing body of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association to inform you that at the annual meeting of the Association, held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet street, London, on the 20th of March last, Mr. J. D. Dougall in the chair, the following resolution was moved by the chairman, seconded by Mr. A. H. Gale, and carried unanimously, viz:

"That all members of Australian, Canadian or American clubs duly accredited as amateurs be invited to shoot at the Association's annual meeting at Wembley Park, on June 6, 7 and 8 next, in all competitions except that for the championship."

The Association will be obliged if you will kindly give publicity to the communication in your columns, and hopes that it may have the pleasure of welcoming any of your countrymen who may then be in England.

E. G. MACKENZIE, Sec'y I. B. S. A.

Mechanicville Rod and Gun Club.

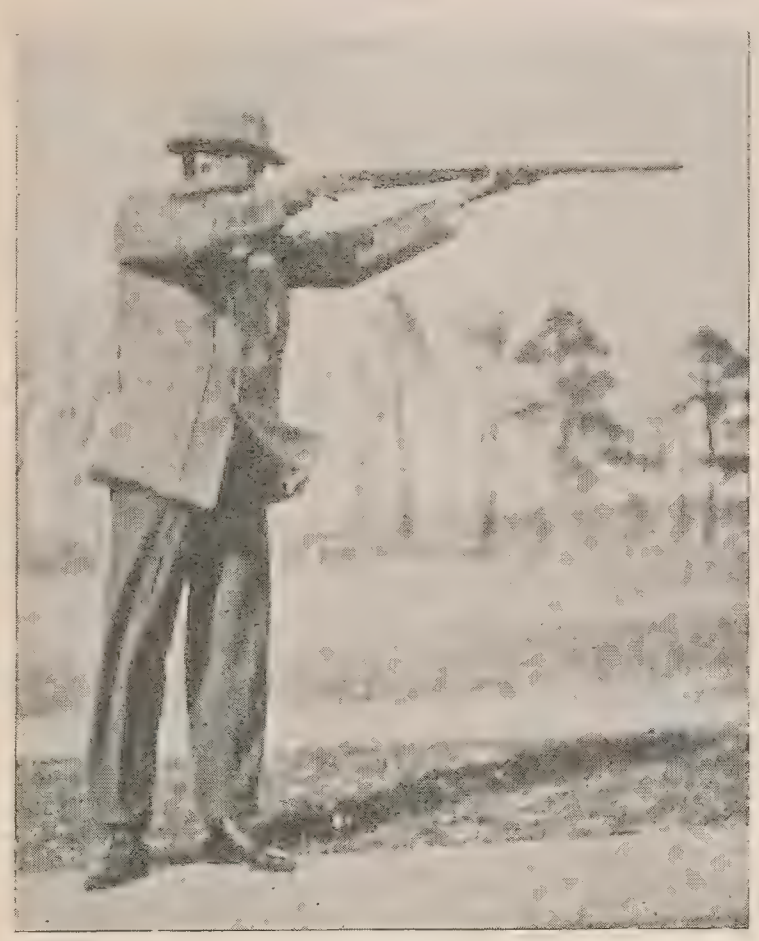
MECHANICVILLE, Pa., April 26.—The regular fortnightly shoot of the Mechanicville Rod and Gun Club was held to-day, the following scores being made, each member shooting at 25 targets, unknown angles:

A B Orcutt	0000111111110000011111111—16
C Brouthers	1010110111111011110111111—20
S J Moore	1110111011100011111111110—19
Fred Baker	0010100011111110110100100—13
F Davenport	0000001000001000001000001— 4
F H Hayner	1011111101111111011111111—22
W L Howland	0111011111110101110101111—19
N T Bryan	0111101101110001111110110—17
A J Hawey	1111010110001000101110000—12

W. L. HOWLAND, Sec'y.

Knoxville's Great Shoot.

DURING the past few days the programmes of the great tournament which will be held at Knoxville, Tenn., on May 21-24, have been scattered broadcast throughout the country. Although the advance notices that have appeared from time to time in these columns have prepared shooters for the general outline of this tournament, yet these programmes have been eagerly scanned and considerable figuring done. This has been done by hundreds who won't be at Knoxville, $3,000 added money being a large amount to give away in four days, even if there are 100 shooters all anxious to get a slice. Four years ago, when the Knoxville Gun Club added $500 to the purses, its action

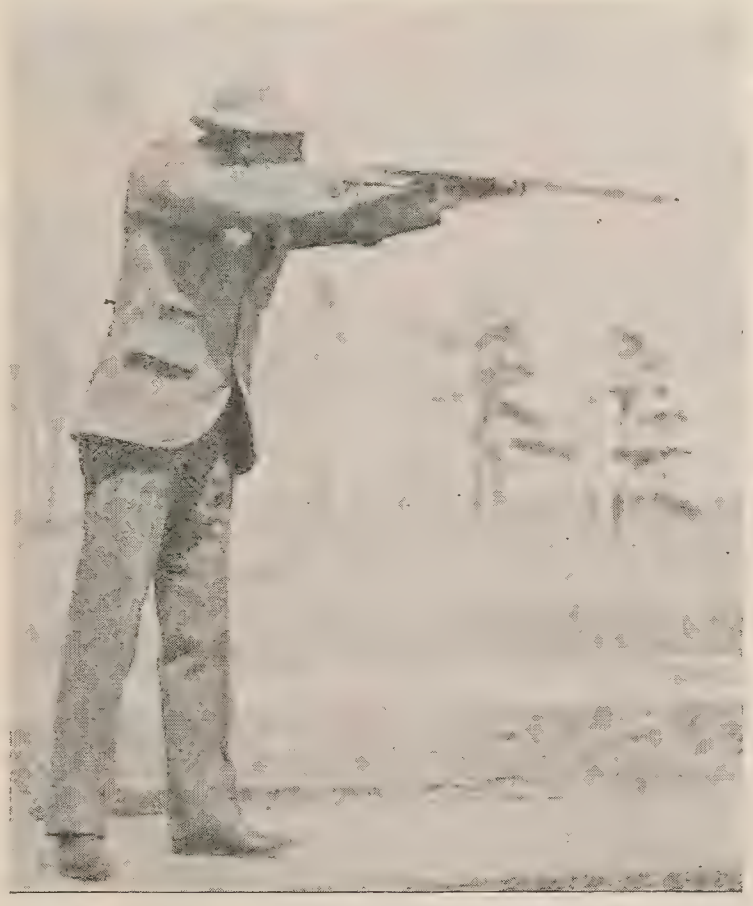


GEORGE WORK.

was looked upon as something extraordinary, and so it was—something out of the ordinary. But the enterprise of the club in adding that amount of hard cash had its reward. Without a doubt the adding of $1,500 by the club, and another $1,500 raised as stated later, will have its reward too. The Knoxville shoot will be a corker, and the Knoxville Gun Club will move up another big notch.

With 100 shooters to handle, the daily averages will need some figuring; the six highest averages on each day will receive the following premiums: $18, $16, $14, $12, $10 and $8 respectively, a total of $78 a day for four days. That accounts for $312. There will also be six four-day averages which will receive respectively: $20, $18, $16 $14, $10 and $10, a total of $88. The programme of events for each day consists of eight events; six 20 target events, $3 entrance, and two 25-target events, $5 entrance. It requires an outlay of $28 per day to enter through the programme, a total of $112 for the whole shoot. Each day's programme calls for 170 targets. There are, therefore, 24 20-target events and eight 25-target events programmed for the four days' tournament. To the purse in each 20-target event is added $75, a total of $1,800; to the purse in each 25-target event is added $100, a total of $800. Take these totals and add them together: daily averages, $312; four days' averages, $88; 20-target events, $1,800; 25-target events, $800. That's the way the Knoxville club's programme committee has divided up the $3,000. Simple, but effective.

Shooting begins each day at 8:30 A. M. To reach the grounds on time, shooters are to take the 7:30 electric car, "Lake Ottosee," which passes the door of the Imperial Hotel, the headquarters for shooters during the tournament. The "rules and regulations" governing the



FRED G. MOORE.

shoot are worth mentioning, as many of them will be pointers for other tournament committees to go by, although many of them will not do for ordinary tournaments. They run as follows:

"Shooting will be known traps, unknown angles, 16yds rise, rapid fire system, under latest revised A. S. A. rules to govern with few exceptions. Three sets of five bluerock expert traps, North's latest electric pulls will be used. 10 and 12-gauge guns shoot under same rules. Unknown angles, any angle outside base line of the traps, 6ft. high, any distance in flight. No contestant can shoot who does not make an all-day entry; cashier, upon due notice, will refund any entrance not contested. A contestant will be given squad card and position in squad and there shoot all day, or any squad can shoot all the meeting through in same positions. The secretary will be at Hotel Imperial at 7 P. M. on evening before the shoot to take special squad or individual place entries, otherwise they will be placed as they are entered on the grounds. The purse will be gross amount entrance and added money, less target money, three cents each, divided into 30, 25, 20, 12½, 12½. All ties divide, class shooting. A contestant, on going to the score, may have his load challenged. Any contestant found using more than 1¼oz shot—struck measure of 1106 Dixon shot measure—shall be debarred all rights and privileges of this meeting and forfeit all entrance money. Upon a challenge being issued, the secretary will take any shell from the shooter's pocket and measure it in the presence of the shooter and the executive committee. Shooters will take due notice and see that their shells are loaded properly, as this rule is going to be strictly enforced and no excuse s granted. No greater number than three extra shells can be taken to the score than any event to be shot calls for, under same penalty as section 9. All disputes or contentions shall be decided by the executive committee. All contestants, by their entry, signify their acceptance to abide by the rules and regulations and all other means necessary to insure harmony and success of this meeting."

A point well-worth noting, because of its being nearly always left out in the making up of a programme, is the instruction to shooters to send their shells in "care of George Brown, Knoxville, Tenn., who will keep them at his store until notified of their disposal." Grounds will be open for practice on Monday, May 20, at 9 A. M. Shooters will also do well to pay attention to the following, as it may save them some money: "Shooters will pay one full fare to Knoxville and get return one-third rate, provided they obtain from their local railroad agent a certificate and present it to the club secretary for proper indorsement."

Such is the Knoxville programme. Unpretentious in its make-up it is full of matters that interest shooters, and that's probably what is wanted nowadays.

The Hollywood Futurity.

THE handicaps for the Hollywood Futurity handicap, to be shot at the Hollywood (N. J.) Gun Club grounds on Saturday, July 6, have been made public by referee and handicapper John S. Hoey. There are 50 entries thus far, and the handicaps range from 25 to 31yds. The contestants, together with their handicaps, are as follows:

Thirty-one yards: Fred. Hoey.

Thirty yards: George Work, J. P. Knapp, L. S. Thompson.

Twenty-nine yards: R. A. Welch, Capt. Money, L. T. Duryea, E. G. Murphy, Chas. McAlester.

Twenty-eight yards: Fred. G. Moore, J. Seaver Page, W. Wynne, W. G. Brokaw, H. Gilbert, C. O. Iselin, Jim Jones, W. F Sykes, C A. Sykes, C. Furgueson, Jr., F. L Train, Eckert, Smith, Jordan L. Mott, Jr., Seabright.

Twenty-seven yards: E. L. Post, W. S. Edey, J. O'H. Denny, P. Daly, Jr., Hoyt, Ellison, N. E. Money, Wolstencroft, L. Finletter, Kitredge, W. P. Thomson, Jr., W. G. Murphy, Zellner.

Twenty-six yards: Watrous, W. C. Downing, Gould, W. H Mead, Edwards, Sullivan, Gilder, Harned, W. H. Stafford, E. C. Potter, C. Dolan.

Twenty-five yards: Bacon.

The conditions of the handicap are as follows: Twenty-five birds each, ties to be shot at 5 birds, $25 to be paid in on entering, which is forfeited if the subscriber is not present up to 11:30 on the morning of the contest, $25 additional for all contestants. Post entries will be



GEORGE S. MOTT.

received up to close of second round on payment of $75. Fifty per cent. and cup to the winner, 25 per cent. to the second, 10 per cent. to the third, 5 per cent. to the fourth, with 10 per cent. to the club.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., April 30,—At the last meeting of the Paducah Gun Club it was decided to furnish FOREST AND STREAM with the scores of its shoots, and to ask you to be kind enough to publish it.

We are using five of North's traps, with electric pull attachment. The club was recently organized with the following officers: Fred Hoyer, president; W. D. Thompson, vice-president; I. Young, captain; James M. Lang, vice-captain; W. E. Cochran, treasurer; T. J. Moore, secretary.

Enclosed please find scores made over five traps, rapid firing. No. 1, 25 bluerocks each man, known traps and known angles; No. 2, 25 bluerocks each man, known traps and unknown angles. National Shooting Association rules.

Vice-president Thompson will attend next Saturday a meeting at Memphis, Tenn., to shoot with the Memphis Gun Club for four L. C. Smith guns which have been presented to the club. Scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, known angles:

H E Craft	1101111110101111101100111—19
C T Hinkle	1110100111110101111111111—20
J C Piper	0110111011011111110100111—18
R A Brudas	1011011111111111011111111—22
C L Robertson	0111001110101101101101101—16
Fred Holley	1001111111011101110111110—19—114
J M Lang	1101111110111011111010110—19
W D Thompson	1111111111011111111111110—23
G H Robertson	0100111101100111111111100—17
Thos Pitt	1111010110101011110111001—18
Milt Ingram	1111001111010111101011101—18
Tom Boswell	1111010101110011111001111—18—113

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

H E Craft	0101101111010110011111110—17
C T Hinkle	1011001110111110110110111—18
J C Piper	1011111001011111010011011—17
R A Brudas	0101111001101110011101101—16
J H Costello	0101110101011001110011101—15—83
J M Lang	1100100111011010111111110—17
W D Thompson	1111111111111111111111111—25
G H Robertson	0111111111110101111111011—21
Milt Ingram	1100101110101011100110101—15
Tom Boswell	1001111111111111111100111—21—99

T. J. MOORE, Sec'y.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., May 4.—Following are the scores made at the monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club this afternoon, each man firing at 25 empires, unknown angles:

Paul	1101010111011010101011011—16
Hollister	1110111110111111111010101—20
Huck	0111111101011111111111111—22
James	1111101101110101101110011—18
Simpson	0011101111000111011101111—17
Frank	1111110000111111110011110—18
Collins	1111011111111111001111100—20
Jeanqerette	1100101111011011111011101—18

W. H. HUCK.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

ELIZABETH, N. J., May 2.—The fourth tournament of the '95 series of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League was held on the Elizabeth Gun Club's grounds to-day. The fine weather, one of the warmest days so far this year, brought out the shooters in good force. Eight teams were entered in the League shoot, the Union Hill Club, of West Hoboken, being the only absentee. No great scores were made in this event, the veteran, Asa Whitehead, of the South Side team, being the only one to go straight. "Billy" Drake, of the Maplewoods, and Enoch Miller, of the Unions, each broke 24. The scores made by the teams were unusually close, with the exception of that made by the Riverside Club, which had a new team on this occasion. There was only a difference of 13 targets between first and seventh places! The teams finished in the following order: South Side, of Newark; Maplewood; Elizabeth; Endeavor, of Jersey City, and Union, of Springfield, a tie for fourth place; Climax, of Plainfield; Boiling Springs, of Rutherford; Riverside, of Red Bank. Seven other events were also shot off, B. "LeRoy" Woodward, of Campello, Mass., making an extremely good average, and easily carrying off premier honors. Empire targets and traps were used, this target having been adopted by the League as its standard target. The Elizabeth management as usual did its work well. The president of the club, Robert E. Chetwood, acted as squad hustler and took entries for the events, while William Parker did the dividing up of the cash with his usual ability. The other members of the club lent a hand at trapping when necessary, pulled traps, etc., while W. R. Hobart, the League's sec'y, and Drake, its manager, aided the home club very materially in running the shoot. The dinner provided by the club's caterer was of the usual high standard that prevails at all similar gatherings at Elizabeth; this department had no reason to complain of lack of patronage. Taken all in all, the League tournament at Elizabeth was one of the best that that organization has ever held. Scores were as follows, the League shoot being at 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Southside.

Hoffman	1110011101111111111101111—21
Thomas	1111111111101111111111001—22
Geoffroy	1111110111111011111101110—21
Whitehead	1111111111111111111111111—25
Breintnall	1101111001111111110111011—20—109

Maplewood.

Van Dyke	0100011111111'11101101111—19
Yeomans	1010111111111111111111011—22
Drake	1111011111111111111111111—24
W Smith	1101110010111111110001101—17
Sickley	1111111001111011111111111—22—104

Elizabeth.

Roberts	1111111101011111100101111—20
Woodruff	1111111111111101001011101—20
Parker	1110011111111110111101111—21
Hebbard	0010111111101111110111111—20
Astfalk	1111111110111111110011111—22—103

Endeavor.

Collins	1111111110111111111111011—23
Heritage	1111011010111011111011111—20
Lindsley	1111111111101111100010111—20
Piercy	1001011100011001101101011—14
Creveling	1111110101111111111111111—23—100

Union.

Miller	1111111111111110111111111—24
N E Money	1010111101010111111100111—18
Taylor	1111111101011011011110111—20
E Sickley	0111011111011110111111111—21
Jackson	1101111110010010101111110—17—100

Climax.

Keller	1111111100111010111111011—19
Apgar	1111011111111011011111111—22
Dutchy	1111110101111011111101111—21
D Terry	1011111011111111011000010—17
Brantingham	1001111111101111101011110—19— 98

Boiling Springs.

Richmond	0111011111111101111111011—21
Huck	1111111000110111101111101—19
Paul	1111110010111000101000011—14
McAlpin	1010111111111111111111111—23
Greiff	1111111111101101000111101—19— 96

Riverside.

H Rogers	0101000110101001010000001— 9
H C White	0110010011101111111011109—16
J G Bergen	1001110011101010101100001—13
M F Cornwell	0100010100101101100010010—10
J P Cooper	1101011111111101110011111—20— 68

No. 1, 10 singles, 50 cents: Hoffman 8, Dutchy 9, McAlpin 10, Jackson 8, Woodruff 7, Breintnall 7, Piercy 6, Hobart 10, Thomas 8, Roberts 9, E. Sickley 10, Drake 9.

No. 2, 10 targets, 50 cents: Hoffman 8, McAlpin 8, Dutchy 9, Jackson 9, Woodruff 9, Breintnall 7, Hobart 5, Thomas 8, Piercy 6, E. Sickley 9, Drake 9, Parker 10, Van Dyke 9, Le Roy 19, Keller 8, Roberts 7

No. 3, 15 targets, $1: Hoffman 11, McAlpin 11, Dutchy 11, Hobart 10, Thomas 13, Breintnall 11, Woodruff 12, Jackson 14, Piercy 11, Van Dyke 14, Keller 14, E. Sickley 14, W. Smith 14, LeRoy 14, N. E. Money 11, Yeomans 10, A. R. Strader 8, Crevelling 11, Huck 14, Drake 13, Paul 11, Whitehead 14, Edwards 11, Hebbard 13.

No. 4, 10 targets, reversed order, $1: Hoffman 9, Whitehead 7, Drake 7, Jackson 9, Richmond 7, Yeomans 9, Keller 8, C. Smith 9, N. Money 7, LeRoy 10, Breintnall 8, Van Dyke 7, Piercy 6, E. Sickley 7, McAlpin 8, Hobart 9, Thomas 9, Addison 8, W. Smith 10, Strader 3, Geoffroy 8.

No. 5, 20 targets, unknown angles, $1 50:

Hoffman	11111111011110111111—18	Drake	10111111111101111110—17
Keller	01111010011111111000—13	Hebbard	11111111111001111111—18
Le Roy	11111111111111111011—19	Wandia	11111010111000011111—14
C Smith	11010111111111110111—17	McAlpin	01111111111110111011—17
N Money	11100111111110111110—16	Addison	11111010111111111111—18
Breitnall	01111111011001110111—15	Hedden	01101111111101111111—17
Van Dyke	11011111111101111101—17	E Sickley	11111111111111111111—20
Geoffroy	11111111111101111011—18	Thomas	11101110111111111101—17
Piercy	11110101001100100111—12	W Smith	01111011111110110111—16
Edwards	11100010101001000111—10	Heritage	11111111111010111011—17
Yeomans	11110100111101111111—16	Collins	11100111111111111011—17
Jackson	11111111101111111011—18	Apgar	01110111111111111111—18
Miller	11111101111011111011—17		

No. 6, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1: Hoffman 14, Paul 10, Geoffroy 14, Lindsley 12, Drake 15, Creveling 10, Keller 12, LeRoy 15, C. Smith 14, Money 10, Breintnall 11, Van Dyke 11, McAlpin 12, Whitehead 14, Edwards 9, Yeomans 11, Woodruff 13, Astfalk 12, Heritage 9, Piercy 5, Huck 11, Strader 9, Wander 10, Richmond 11, E. Sickley 12, Apgar 15, Fayette 12, W. Smith 8, Jones 11, Addison 9, Jackson 12, D. Terry 13, Greiff 12, Collins 11, Volk 3, Geoffroy 11, Dustin 11, Creveling 12, Hobart 12, Hebbard 11, Roberts 13, Astfalk 10.

No. 7, 20 targets, unknown angles, $1.50:

Keller	01001111010111111001—13	Wanda	10111100110101001101—12
LeRoy	01101011111111111111— 17	Thomas	11111011101111111110—17
Dutchy	10111001111101101111—15	Astfalk	11111111111111111111—20
Money	11110110101111111111—17	E Sickley	10110111111111111101—17
Breintnall	11110111101100001001—12	Apgar	11111111111101111011—18
Van Dyke	11111111111111011111—19	Geoffroy	11111111101011111101—17
Collins	11111111011011111111—18	Jackson	11001011101111111011—16
McAlpin	11111110111111111001—17	Lawrence	11111111110110111011—17
Edwards	10110011010011101010—11	Jones	01111010000011100100— 9
Lindsley	01110111000011111100—12	Dustin	11111110111011111101—17
Whitehead	11110110011011111111—16	Hebbard	11111110111111010110—16
Piercy	00000000010010000100— 3	Drake	11111110111101110111—17

EDWARD BANKS.

Onondaga County Sportsmen.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., April 25.—The following scores were made this afternoon by the members of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Association at their Maple Bay grounds, each man shooting at 50 targets, unknown angles:

Class A.

Holloway	11111111110111101111111011111111111110111111—45
D M Lefever	00101110011111111111011111111001111111111111101111—42
Ginty	11111100101010110110111111100110111101111111110111—38
Mann	11111111111011011101101001101000101110111111010111111—38

Class B.

Petit	01110110011111111111011001111111111101011111111111111—42
Morris	10011100111111101111101111111011111111111111110110—41
Fuller	11101011111010010111011111111011111111011111111111—41
Duguid	10111110011011110100001111011111101111100111011111—37
Walters	10111111111011001100011011111111101001011100101—35
Boyd	01110001111110111110101110100111101101100011101001—32
Craddock	00010111011110101010001010011000100100110001110—24

Brunswick Gun Club.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., April 27.—The following scores were made to-day at the regular monthly shoot of the Brunswick Gun Club. Rain prevented a large attendance Scores:

Twenty targets, known traps, unknown angles:

HHStevens	11101111111111110111—18	A L Mundy	11110111111100101011—15
R M Pettit	11111011111111011101— 17	E Reynolds	00110111010001101011—11
S Randall	11011111111011111011—17	R Nicholas	11001000001111110110—11
V Voorhees	00111111111111100111—16	H B Smith	00101001001110010101— 9
C Oakley	11110111011111010110—15	G A Strong	11100001000000010001— 6

The trophies for the best averages for the year ending May 1, 1895, were won by H. H. Stevens (Class A), 82½, and A. L. Mundy (Class B), 66⅔.

HENRY H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Protecting the Amateur.

THE fact that the amateur trap-shooter must be protected, if the sport is to prosper, is now very generally recognized in all sections of this country. FOREST AND STREAM'S "Fixtures" column during the past few months has shown that "strictly amateur" shoots are becoming popular with gun clubs. It has been claimed over and over again that it was the regulars who made the shoot, and for a time I was unwilling to dispute that claim, although I had my doubts. But the success of purely amateur shoots, professionals barred, can be made just as certain as that of the "open to all" class. Added money and merchandise prizes will always attract shooters of even moderate caliber, who will be willing to compete against expert amateurs, but who are scared if a few well-known professional experts put in an appearance. "What would be the use of my putting in my money and shooting against those men? What show would I stand?" is a very natural remark for any 75 per cent. man to make. I've heard it hundreds of times. It is quite true that they stand almost as poor a show against the expert amateurs; still they put in their money and shoot along with the latter, going home a few dollars out of pocket, but happy all the same. Trap-shooters as a class are very even-tempered men; kickers are very scarce in their ranks; and the spending of a few dollars is a small matter compared to the fun they've had.

The question of handicaps is one that has vexed trap-shooting circles ever since a few shooters obtained a greater degree of excellence than their fellows. Efforts have been made several times to place amateurs and experts on an equality. I read a letter the other day written by Justus von Lengerke, dated as far back as '89, on this subject, the letter appearing in the colums of one of the sporting papers. At that time he favored placing the experts away back, giving the amateurs many yards the advantage. Traps and targets have altered so materially since that time that no doubt he has correspondingly altered his ideas on the subject. One of the ideas which he ventilated in that letter was in favor of making the shooting conform more nearly to field shooting, suggesting unknown angles etc. It is with the handicap question, however, in regard to professional and amateur shooters, that I want to deal.

The Interstate Association, an organization composed of manufacturers and dealers in trap-shooters' supplies, has this year still further handicapped the professionals, many, if not the most, of whom are paid representatives of some of the firms composing this association. In past years the novelty rule was the system that prevailed at the Interstate tournaments, shooters being divided into three classes—experts, semi-experts and amateurs, the men composing these classes standing at the 18, 16 and 14yds. mark respectively. This gave the amateur 4yds. start over the professional, but as the professional had as a rule shot at fully ten times as many targets from the eight traps provided for by the novelty rule as the amateur, the handicap did not amount to much; the professional also, from constant practice, shooting at least 2 or 3yds. *quicker* than his amateur competitor. The handicap, therefore, was not quite as much as it seemed.

This season the novelty rule has been done away with by the association. It is perhaps a pity, as it was the system most like field shooting of any that have as yet been devised. There were eight traps to watch and a shooter had to keep his gun to a certain extent away from his cheek. The handicap now advocated by the Interstate is: professionals shoot all the time at five unknown traps—the expert system; amateurs all shoot at known traps, unknown angles, with a graduating handicap; that is, when an amateur wins any part of first money, he shoots with the professionals in the next event he takes part in, dropping back again to unknown angles if he does not win first money when shooting at the five unknown traps. This, of course, is a very severe handicap on the professionals, and the game is one at which they will find it well-nigh impossible to break even. It is not impossible; however, and I feel confident that if professionals were to have more practice at expert rules, the difference in the two classes, so far as the money goes, would not be so much in favor of the amateurs as it is at present. In describing the situation at the Interstate tournaments of this season, a well-known shooter says: "It is not such an impossibility now for the professional to get some of the amateur's money as, under the old system, it was for the amateur to get some of the professional's money."

That's about how the matter stands at present. The Interstate Association is the leading trap shooting organization of the country. Its business is to boom trap-shooting and to advertise the wares of its members. It has done a great deal in the past toward creating an interest in trap-shooting in sections where the sport was but poorly supported. The result of the radical movement in favor of "protecting the amateur" will be watched with much interest. That it has made such a movement is proof that the association recognizes and appreciates the condition of affairs.

The situation is a ticklish one. It seems unfair to handicap experts, simply because by a natural gift, or by constant practice, they have brought themselves to a greater pitch of excellence than their brethren, and I, for one, do not advocate any such system. The idea of the Interstate seems the best at present, as it only handicaps the *paid* experts who risk practically nothing when attending shoots. The graduating handicap also spreads the money around and prevents an expert amateur from gobbling it all up. The coming tournaments of the Association at Wilmington, N. C., and at Lynchburg, Va., will show whether this system which was popular at Pittsburgh, Pa., will retain and add to its popularity. Those tournaments will practically decide whether the system will remain in operation at the Interstate tournaments this season, or whether the Association and its manager, Elmer Shaner, will have to go to work and devise some other means of "protecting the amateur."

EDWARD BANKS.

Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

WILMINTTON, Del., April 29.—The Wilmington Rod and Gun Club held its annual spring sweepstakes shoot at its grounds, near Union Park, to-day. On account of the rain, the attendance was rather small. About thirty crack shots from Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York had signified their intention of being present, but were kept away by the rain. These men from outside the city were present: Gus Greiff, of New York; William Fieles, of Christiana, Pa.; John Evans and John Cleaver, of Camden, Del.; Eachus and De Van, of West Chester; John Creeden and Abe Williamson, of Hockessin, and W. K. Park, of Philadelphia. The dull sky made the targets easy to see, but the wind was against the shooters. The winners in the different events were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles; Gaughen 9, Fieles 6

No. 2, 15 targets: Burroughs 15, Cleaver, Gaughen and Evans 12, Fieles and De Van 8.

No. 3, 7 targets: Burroughs, King and Evans 6, Fieles and Cleaver 5, Gaughen and Hartlove 3

No. 4, 10 targets, unknown angles: Cleaver, Fieles and Burroughs 9, Hartlove 8, De Van 7.

No. 5, 10 targets: Fieles 10 King 9, Evans, Hartlove and Gaughen 8.

No. 6, 7 targets, unknown angles: Cleaver, Hartlove, King and Fieles 6, De Van, Gaughen and Burroughs 5, Evans 3.

No. 7, 7 targets: Gaughen 6, Fieles and Cleaver 5, Burroughs, De Van and Evans 4.

No. 8, 10 targets: Gaughen 9, Cleaver, Fieles and De Van 8, Evans, Bilderback and Greiff 7.

No. 9, 15 targets: Fieles 12, Cleaver 11, Evans and Burroughs 10.

No. 10, 10 targets, unknown angles: De Van 9, Gaughen 7, Cleaver and Fieles 6.

No. 11, 20 targets: Cleaver 17, Burroughs and Greiff 16, De Van 14.

No. 12, 10 targets, unknown angles: Cleaver 9, Burroughs and Grieff 8, De Van and Evans 7.

No. 13, 7 targets, unknown angles: Eachus 7, Evans 6, Fieles, Hartlove, Burroughs, De Van, Cleaver, Gaughen and Jersey 5.

No. 14, 15 targets, unknown angles: Burroughs 14, Cleaver, Gaughen and Greiff 13, Hartlove 12.

No. 15, 10 targets: Greiff 10, Fieles, Gaughen, Burroughs, Eachus and Bilderback 8, De Van 7.

No 16, 7 targets, unknown angles: Burroughs 7, Greiff 5, Fieles, De Van and Jersey 5.

No. 17, same: De Van and Bilderback 7, Fieles, Hartlove, Eachus and Greiff 6, Creeden, Gaughen, Burroughs and Jersey 5.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., April 28.—The Missoula trap-shooters evinced a lively interest to-day in their attempts at destroying bluerocks. Though the day was dark and the scores made were far from good, the shooting was continuous from 2.30 till 6 P. M. First came practice shooting, then the medal contest, and after that team shoots, individual contests and more practice followed as fast as the trappers could handle the targets. In the medal shoot, Frank Woody, just promoted from B to A class, walked off with the gold medal, while A. M. Sterling will wear the silver medal for the second week. Scores in the medal shoot were as follows:

25 targets, unknown angles:

A Class.

W H Mace	11011110111100000001—11	F P Kern	01100100100100111011—10
W Brayton	10000011011011101111—12	Lt Devol	11111111010010111010—14
F Woody	01110110111111101111—16	C Andrews	01101101000111111011—12
J Merrard	10001101010011111111—13		

B Class.

L L Hunt	01111001011001101001—11	H Th'pson	00010000000000000010— 2
A Stevens	00001001100010001100— 6	A Lamley	00010001110010110000— 7
A Sterling	01101100111101101101—13	J M Evans	01110000001100011000— 7

WILL CAVE.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., May 2.—With the coming of warm weather, a wonderful activity has taken hold of the shooters of this place. No doubt the date of our annual tournament being so near at hand has considerable to do with it, as a number of the boys are intending to shoot right through the programme. Right here let me say that from present indications our tournament is to be a hummer, and what we at first thought would be a great drawback will be to our advantage. That was the question of dates, as by an oversight we conflict with Knoxville, but the shooters all around us, realizing that the hard ones will be at Knoxville, a great many have signified their intention of coming to our shoot. We reasonably hope to equal if not exceed the number of entries we had last year, which was 42. Below find scores of practice shoot and sweeps of Tuesday, April 30, also club scores and sweeps shot this day:

April 30.—Practice shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Brown	11110011101111111111111111—22
Kendall	10111111111111111111110111—23
Boss	11011111011101101101101111—19
Treadwell	11101011101011110101011—17
McHenry	11011111101111111101111111—22
Vance	11101110111111111110111111—22
Rose	11100110111101111101100111—18
Tyler	11110111110110111111101101—20
Fuller	11111011101111111111100111—21
Chaffee	11111111111100111111011100—20
Smith	11111011100111011110101011—18
Jones	10001001110110110111111011—16
Knight	10111011110110111101111110—19
Brigham	11101011111111100011101101—18
Keeler	10000111101111111000011O—14
Hopkins	11100001111110011111010111—17
Rogers	11101111101111111111001110—20

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Kendall 9, Brown 8, Vance 8, Boss 7, Rose 7, Knight 6.

No. 3, same: Kendall 10, Brown 10, Boss 8, Vance 8, Rose 7, Knight 6.

No. 4, same: Kendall 8, Brown 8, Rose 8, Jones 7, Knight 6, Hopkins 6.

May 2.—Club shoot for medal, 25 targets per man:

Boss	01101110110110110111001111—17
Brown	11111111111111111111101010—22
Waldron	11111011010100111000010011—15
McHenry	11101111101111101111101111—21
Schnell	01110001111111101111101111—19
Hobbie	11111101111111111111100111—22

No 2, 10 targets, $1: Brown 9, Hobbie 9, Waldron 9, Rose 7, Boss 6, Schnell 6.

No. 3, same: Rose 9, Boss 8, Hobbie 8, Brown 8, Schnell 8, Waldron 7.

No 4, same: Waldron 9, Hobbie 9, Schnell 9, Brown 8, Rose 7, Boss 6.

No. 5, same: Hobbie 10, Brown 10, Waldron 9, Boss 8, Schnell 8, Rose 6.

No. 6, same: Hobbie 10, Waldron 10, Brown 9, Boss 8, Rose 8, McHenry 8.

H. W. B.

Missouri State Shoot.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 24.—The chief event in to-day's programme at the tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Association was the contest for the championship of the State at live birds. It was an unfortunate circumstance that no clubs from any other city than this one were entered, as their absence did away with the inter-city rivalry which has been so conspicuous a feature of these contests in the past. Out of the championship matches which have been shot since 1881, six have been won by Kansas City and four by St. Louis. This year five clubs entered teams. These were the Kansas City G. C., O. K. G. C., Stockyards G. C., Belt Line G. C. and the Forester G. C., all of Kansas City. The race between the two first-named clubs was close and exciting, the result being in doubt up to the last round, the Kansas City Gun Club's team winning by the scanty margin of one bird. The following are the scores made:

Kansas City Gun Club.

J H Durkee	2222222221222O3—14	J Underw'd	01121122022222O—12
D S Gordon	2212001122102222—12	G Schroeder	12111211121011—14—52

O K Gun Club.

J K Guinotte	0220222022202222—11	Ed Hickman	0210111122210222—12
J L Porter	1212222222222102—14	J B Porter	1222121212202I2—14—51

Stock Yards Gun Club.

R Barse	0222220022020021—10	Bridgeford	2110202102102O2—10
C Baldwin	1211212200102I2—11	G Stockwell	1012011210111O1—11—42

Belt Line Gun Club.

W Neff	0002001000220I0— 5	F J Smith	2102121222222O1—13
J B Winter	1022112220222O—12	C Munn	2021022122102I2—12—42

Forester Gun Club.

J S Harrison	2201222222221I20—13	L Russell	2110001200211I2—10
F K Hoover	0012001212022I1—10	E Swinney	2022001000021O2— 7—40

The target events were well patronized on this day also, several sweeps being decided. L. C. Smith, Lou Erhardt, Trotter, Bennett, Dave Elliott, Barre and Brown made the best averages. In the 30-target event there were 18 entries; of this number four broke every target. The names of the four with straight scores were: Eberhardt, Brown, L. C. Smith and West.

New York State Shoot.

SARATOGA, N. Y., April 30.—The 1895 meeting of the New York State Sportsmen's Association promises to be the largest and most successful in the history of the organization. The manufacturers throughout the State, and even in other States, have responded liberally in the matter of merchandise prizes, and our programme will be headed in that department with four $100 guns, presented by as many of the most noted makers of this country. In addition to this there is a very large list of most desirable prizes, which will be open to competition to all shooters residing within New York State. After carefully considering the matter, the Saratoga Club have concluded that, in addition to the regular events open only to New York State shooters, a grand tournament sweepstakes will be given, open to the world, nobody barred. This will unquestionably be the largest and most attractive shoot given in the East this year, as the entries from this State alone run from 80 to 120, and we confidently expect to run events with as high as 150 entries, which will be the greatest number on record, to our knowledge. We urge every shooter within a thousand miles of Saratoga not to miss this the greatest shooting event of 1895, and assure them that they will find every possible detail going toward the making of a perfect tournament carefully and intelligently looked after. Rates on all railroads within the State are reduced to those desirous of attending, and extremely favorable rates have been made at the different hotels. Programmes will be ready for distribution by June 1. We are anxious that all shooters should receive a copy, and those with whom the club are not acquainted will confer a favor by writing for one to

W. H. GIBBS, Sec'y.

Newburgh vs. the Cobwebs.

"WE got there just the same, but it was very close." That's the way David Brown, president of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, describes the shoot between his club and the Cobwebs, of West Farms, which took place at Newburgh, N. Y., on Tuesday, April 30. It was close, only one bird separating the two teams. Mr. B. C. Everinghim acted as referee, and never a kick was heard at his decisions. After the shoot came the supper at Gedney's, paid for by the losers. The scores were as follows:

Newburgh		Cobwebs.	
J Taylor	2212222121—10	Capt Loomie	1211221222—10
J B Halsted	2222211212—10	Pilkington	1211211220— 9
W P Rayland	2222•22212— 9	F L Train	2222121•21— 9
Penny	1222021222— 9	McKeon	1112102111— 9
Stansborough	1122220222— 9	Hendricks	0222222222— 9
H P Dain	1222210122— 9	McDonald	1022221121— 9
Capt Taggart	2211012120— 8	O'Dell	2112222120— 9
Southard	2221221002— 8	Knapp	1022101222— 9
E C Likely	2•12121202— 8	Fay	1002122221— 8
H C Higginson	0222•22222— 8—88	Donnelly	0211110220— 7—87

Reduced Rates to Philadelphia via Pennsylvania Railroad.

ON the occasion of the dedication of the Odd Fellows' Temple at Philadelphia, May 21, 1895, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell, on May 20 and 21, excursion tickets to Philadelphia and return from all points on its system east of Pittsburg and Erie, north of Quantico and south of Canandaigua, inclusive, *at a single fare for the round trip*, with minimum rate of fifty cents. Tickets will be good for return passage until May 23 inclusive.

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SUNDAY trips will be resumed by the Fall River Line, commencing Sunday, May 5. The Priscilla and Puritan are in commission.—*Adv.*



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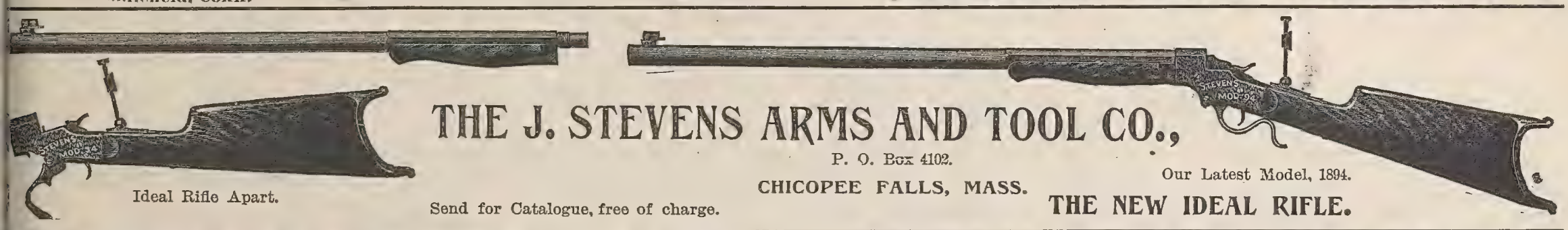
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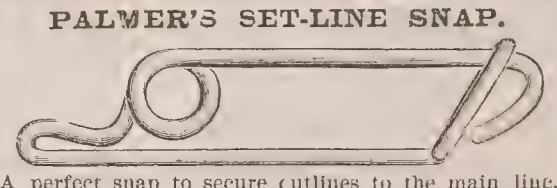
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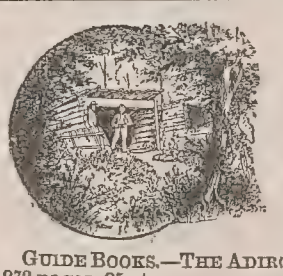
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VOL. XLIV.—No. 20 No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

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SNAP SHOTS.

The paper on the American Magpie printed in our Natural History columns will be read with interest by many of our readers, and especially by those who are familiar with the western half of the United States, where these birds are so abundant and so noticeable a feature of the landscape. The article is from advance sheets of Capt. Charles Bendire's superb work on "Life Histories of North American Birds, with Especial Reference to their Breeding Habits and Eggs." With the first volume of this splendid work many of our readers are familiar, and those who are not will at least remember the extracts which we published from it a short time prior to its appearance. These articles treated of the valley quail and the bald eagle. Capt. Bendire is above all things a field naturalist, and he tells of the things he has seen on plain and mountain, in the depths of the forest and along the borders of the lakes. His observations are careful and accurate and his style is charming, and we feel ourselves favored in being able to present another of his delightful papers. The cut which illustrates the article is one taken in winter in the Yellowstone Park by Mr. Elwood Hofer, whose name is so familiar to our readers. It is a beautiful picture, well taken. A piece of meat was tied to a board, which was shoved out of the window; the camera was focused on the meat, and when the birds had alighted and were hard at work filling their hungry bellies, the shutter was snapped. We venture to say that no similar picture exists to-day.

The New York Legislature promises soon to adjourn, and it is high time that it did so if the fish and game and forests of this State are to last a few years longer. It is a close race between the Game Law Committees of the Senate and the Assembly as to which is the worst. We are inclined to the belief that the Senate has done more at this session than the Assembly. On the other hand, the Game Law Committee of the Assembly has the distinguished honor, as we are informed, of having violated its written pledges. After having assured Mr. W. W. Niles, of New York, both verbally and in writing, that they would vote for the anti-hounding bill which he had introduced, at the next meeting of the committee they went back on everything that they had previously stated. The only man who kept his word is, we are told, Mr. La Fetra, of New York. Those who did not are Higbee of Suffolk, Van Amber of Lewis, Fairbrother of Queens, Rogers of Onondaga, Campbell of Kings, Burns of Westchester, and Gray of Dutchess. We should be glad to receive from any of these persons a denial of the story which comes to us from Albany, and on such excellent authority that we cannot doubt its accuracy. The anti-hounding amendment to the game law was lost in the Assembly by a vote of 90 to 30.

It is a satisfaction to learn that Commissioner Fullerton, the new executive agent of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission, is doing good work. A St. Paul correspondent writes of him: "Our new executive agent has been in office just one month. He is a realization of a good game protector, as his work attests. He has operated and secured convictions in a dozen counties. He has confiscated and sold illegal game to the amount of $1,100, and destroyed or has in possession 11,000 feet of nets, valued at $2,500. He has not sought isolated cases, but braved the most antagonizing element in the State, the commission houses, who have sent their hordes out to prey on everything in sight."

Mr. W. W. Ellis, General Manager of the Missouri State Protective Association, has charge of the Missouri exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exhibition. This fine exhibit consists chiefly of pictures of hunting and fishing scenes, and also cover illustrations of a number of kindred sports. Mr. Ellis made the collection of fish of Missouri which appeared at the World's Fair in Chicago, and was instrumental in passing the first and only Missouri Game Warden bill.

THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

THE Sportsmen's Exposition in the Madison Square Garden, this city, was opened on Monday and will continue through the week. In the comprehensiveness of its scope and the very high quality of its displays it surpasses expectation. The general expression heard among those present on the opening day was of pleased surprise at the extent and the elaborate character of the affair. The Exposition is in every way a credit, both to those who have been concerned in preparing it and to the general field it represents. Such a tangible forth setting of the sportsman's interests has never before been made in this country. We are sincere in our expression of trust that every reader of the FOREST AND STREAM who can do so may visit the Madison Square Garden this week. As for the unhappy individual who is "chained to business," he should do the next best thing—read about it in next week's FOREST AND STREAM, which shall have as good a description of the Exposition as pen and camera can produce.

At the time of going to press it was easily to be seen that the Exposition was to be a success, and of an interest and excellence quite beyond the most sanguine expectations of its projectors. It could not be said that this opinion was made up from a view of a finished exposition, for much of detail still remained in process of arrangement. Though the bulk of the displays were in place, several exhibitors had not yet put all their goods in order, and a few of them had not filled their spaces at all, but were waiting for their material to arrive. This is always the case in any exposition, and take it all in all the promptness of the exhibitors was unusual. Visitors may feel sure the Exposition is a success, and will be even more of a success as the week wears on.

At the time of the hurried FOREST AND STREAM inspection of the great hall, there were sixty odd exhibits in place, and it is not too much to say that these covered almost the entire field of sporting interest. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM may perhaps not care so much for the wide, abundant display of bicycle, billiard, tennis and athletic goods as for the tools more nearly allied to their own craft of field sports; but it would go hard if any lover of a given sport of the outdoor air could not find it well exemplified and in such way as to teach him something new. Such is the proper function of the Exposition.

There were five sportsmen's journals represented by exhibits, four besides the FOREST AND STREAM. Three others were classed as trade journals in the catalogue, and two concerns showed "books and publications"—Chas. Scribner's Sons and the Natural Science Association of America. The Exposition is especially rich in paintings and pictures, and not less fortunate is it in the statuary and still life, the sculpture of the taxidermist's art. Mr. Frederic S. Webster has an excellent exhibit from his studio, and his great cycloramic groups, stretching across the full end of the hall at the Fourth avenue entrance, combine the excellencies of painting, taxidermy and patient reproduction of natural detail. Of these groups there are five; the elk hunter, the duck shooter, the trapper, the trout fisher, all being shown typically, in company with a startled shooter who has gone out for grouse and put up a deer. This latter is termed "A Lost Opportunity." Mr. Wm. W. Hart's elaborate exhibition of mounted big game deserves praise, and his tigers and lions were the talk of many, notably the caged lioness before whose bars hangs the legend "Do not feed the animals." Mr. Sauter's elaborate groups, especially his wolves and buffalo, should be noticed; and all about the great interior was repetition of much taxidermy, as in the display of Mr. Thos. W. Fraine, of Rochester; in the ornaments of the "Maine Central" cabin by S. L. Crosby; in the furnishings of the U. S. Cartridge Co.'s cabin, etc., etc. Among all the many specimens of taxidermy shown, however, there was perhaps no piece more stirring than Mr. Carl E. Akeley's buck head, "The Challenge," which was in the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit. This artistic bit of work came all the way from Milwaukee, Wis. Indeed, the entire country was put under tribute to adorn this occasion.

The out-of-doors man loves the camera. He could love it and learn of it here. Messrs. E. & H. T. Anthony show a very beautiful exhibit in this line, and the fair ladies in counterfeit which made the front of this exhibit had many admirers, who looked also beyond at the instruments which had made possible the images. Messrs. Scovill & Adams and the Obrig Camera Co. had separate displays, and several general sporting goods dealers included camera goods in their displays.

In gun implements the country was represented, as at the World's Fair, by the great case of strange and useful jewelry and furnishments prepared by the Bridgeport Gun Implement Co. The Ideal Manufacturing Co. presented a neat and attractive case of specialties also. Mr. Lyman's rifle sights scarce require comment, they are so well known. Mr. Lyman also shows the Rapid Fire targets just from the press of FOREST AND STREAM. The "Perfect Oiler" was also perfectly shown, and many other small and needful things for every one who loves a gun.

Boats and canoes can be said to be well represented, but not extensively so. One recalls but three firms making such display. The Gas Engine and Power Co. have two lovely naphthas, well shown in an advantageous spot where two aisles converge. "The Only Naphtha Launch," says the plain and simple sign. The St. Lawrence River Skiff and Canoe Co., just back of the A. G. Spalding & Bros.' exhibit, is, as usual, beautiful and instructive. The Spaldings also had a great feature of popular interest in the Layman pneumatic boat, which they displayed in a great tank of water, with a man paddling about in it to show it safe and practical, albeit odd of look. Hulbert Bros. & Co. made the third firm adding boats to their exhibit. The Meriden Britannia Co. offered something unique in the great silver trophies shown, among these the cups and plate won by the yacht Vigilant when abroad.

Fishing tackle was relatively weak compared to guns and ammunition, which were very strong. Such firms as the Spaldings, Hulbert Bros. & Co., Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Von Lengerke & Detmold, had fine displays of the most modern of fishing tackle in their exhibits, and over such places as these hung many men with gloating eyes. George Paddock exhibited a line of the U. S. Net and Twine Co.'s goods. This was a fine display, showing many of the Kosmic rods which were exhibited at the World's Fair, together with great store of fine goods of many sorts beside. Fred Divine has a fine display under the wing of the W. Fred Quimby Co. Cornwall & Jesperson show rods and fishing tackle, including the Horton steel rod. There is also shown a very complete series of the Natchaug Silk Co.'s celebrated lines.

In guns there were fifteen different exhibits, each one excellent. Not even at the World's Fair could we have seen the gun trade better in its modern development, for the Fair was two years ago, and ever since then guns have improved. Those who have not seen the guns put out this spring by such well-known firms as the Hunter Arms Co., Parker Bros., Lefever Arms Co., certainly have in store this week a duty, a pleasure, and an opportunity for knowledge. These arms all become increasingly beautiful, and they are beautifully displayed. Capt. du Bray was in charge of the handsome Parker cases, and was handling proudly some fine arms in the Sir Joseph Whitworth fluid steel barrels. The Hunter Arms Co.'s select and elegant assortment of fine guns was a delight to many. This exhibit is within the same rail with that of the W. Fred Quimby Co., but is separate of itself. Mr. McMurchy was not at hand as usual, and one missed Col. Courtney, of the Lefever gun, from among the visitors

Capt. Bartlett was absent, but the Burgess repeating shot gun was well shown and finely in evidence. Messrs. Hermann Baker & Co., Messrs. Wiebesel & Hilger, Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Mr. H. Werleman, Messrs. Hulbert Bros. & Co., the Ivers Johnson Arms and Cycle Co., Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, all had fine general gun displays in their exhibits. The last firm had fine Francottes by the window-full. The useful three-barrel Daly gun could be seen in the cases of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales. The Remington Arms Co. had four cases and two stands full of their arms. Near by them the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. showed the potential repeating shot gun, which is of late cutting so wide a swath in trap matters. Among other arms shown by the firms mentioned in this paragraph were the Syracuse Arms Co.'s hammerless guns, the Spencer repeating shotgun. The Colt's guns were shown in connection with their general display.

In rifles one of course goes to the larger cases of the great firms like the Winchester Co., the Colt's Co., the Marlin Fire Arms Co., as well as to many other firms which handle these and other goods. The Winchester exhibit is simple, comprehensive, plain, orderly, and withal beautiful, and Major Albee, who is in charge of it, can well set forth its charms. This exhibit is much as shown at the World's Fair in plan and detail. The Marlin cases contain some beautiful, richly-mounted arms, as usual. The grand and solid display of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co. is almost identically as it was at the expositions at Chicago, at Paris, at Melbourne, all over the world. It and many others must be described more fully later. Mr. Charles E. Willard, late of Chicago, but now of Hartford, tells folks about this exhibit. The Stevens Arms and Tool Co.'s arms were well displayed.

In revolvers one has the Colt's exhibit and the beautiful case also of the Smith & Wesson revolver, out of either of which one could find a six-shooter good enough for the finest shooting, and pretty enough to be cherished as a parlor ornament. The goods are also shown elsewhere.

In ammunition one surely has choice enough, and in no field will study be more profitable to the modern sportsman than in that of ammunition as it is to-day. In a fine, open, well-lighted section, surrounded on all sides by aisles, is the U. M. C. Co.'s exhibit, all carpeted with a soft, fluffy, deep-piled carpet of pleasant low tint. Here, in cones and pyramids and cases, are some very beautiful and deadly things. This exhibit is reserved, chaste, very strong and compelling in effect, and faultlessly simple and complete. The Winchester ammunition display is arranged in connection with their exhibit of arms, etc., and is very full and elaborate. Maj. Albee shows among other things the small-caliber army and navy steel-coated bullets, which go through a quarter of an inch of steel, and like to do it, it is so easy. The U. S. Cartridge Co. have planned an exhibit unique and attractive. They have a typical hunters' cabin, full of trophies, etc., and inhabited by guides of established reputation, such as Ira Dodge, of Wyoming; J. W. Schultz and W. G. Wright, of Montana; Jonathan Darling and Joe Francis, of Maine; H. H. Corey, of the Adirondacks, etc.—all mighty hunters and well-posted men. Here too are Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan, of Colorado, who have done so much at photographing wild game. The display of the U. S. Co. is put up within this open-front cabin or camp.

The modern sportsman must study modern powders. Here we can not pause to say how many new ones there are, but there are many. The observer may well spend time before the neat and orderly exhibits of the DuPont Co., the Hazard Co., etc. Mr. Quimby can show him the E. C. Smokeless, "V. L. & D." can show him the Schultze, etc., etc. If he wants Walsrode, American E. C., DuPont's Smokeless, S. S., or anything else, he can see it and be told about it understandingly. Here, too, is the newly formed American Smokeless Powder Co.

Trap-shooting is a great sport to-day, and much money is behind and before the traps, but one would hardly call the accessories to target shooting picturesque or beautiful. Yet they can be made such, as one may attest. Paul North, for the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., has adopted a color scheme of black and yellow, the colors of the bluerock target. He has draped his walls and counters in yellow and black, and massed a thousand bluerock targets, black and yellow, in a flat assemblage. This one notices. But ah! when he comes near he finds a shrewd surprise. On the trap of each target is the photograph of some prominent shooter! This one must surely name as a unique and happy conceit.

The Empire Target exhibit, under the roof of the W. Fred Quimby Co., was arranged by Mr. Hebbard, and it also is very fortunate in treatment. The color scheme here is blue and white, the drapery pinned here and there with an "Empire." Here Empires grow in pyramids, with gold and silver traps about for throwing. Target shooting is quite apotheosized. In his space, which shows some canvas and leather goods, beside the angling display of Mr. Divine's factory and the display of the E. C. Smokeless, Mr. Quimby has a very neat and affective exhibit, not crowded, but catching.

Not everybody knows everything about shot. The Leroy Shot and Lead Works Co. show one a pretty thing of their's, and across the way Messrs. Tatham & Bros. will show him a complete shot tower in miniature, all in operation. This will be news to many.

Spratts Patent (America), Ltd., have a neat and well condensed display of their familiar wares over toward where one of Mr. A. B. Frost's hunters is shooting chickens over close points by dogs in a corn field full of shocked corn. Most unusual good luck he is having, to find birds lying that way in a cut field so late in the year; but let us hope his dogs ate Spratts biscuit anyhow.

Heublein & Bros., camp supplies, the Hulbert sleeping bag, and a thousand and one necessities, adjuncts and luxuries charm and bewilder the visitor.

Over toward the cyclorama side (4th avenue) is a tidy cabin labeled "Maine Central Cabin," furnished well with hide and horn and feathered trophies, devoted to the interests of the great region Maine, dear to many sportsmen's hearts. Here presides Miss Cornelia Crosby ("Fly Rod"), assisted by two of the best guides of the Maine Woods, Jas. Matheson and Ed. Grant. These features of cabins and hunters' camps are shown in unusual and pleasant abundance at this exposition, and they are homely and realistic enough to make one long to be unchained from business, and to be off and away into the free air. Indeed, that is the whole function of this unique Sportsmen's Exposition, and well indeed it fulfills it.

Sportsmen's literature is well represented. *Outing* makes an extensive showing of original drawings and sketches; *Shooting and Fishing* occupies an extremely cosy and inviting nook; *Recreation* shows a large number of game heads disposed about a rough and welcome cabin; while the extensive taxidermy display made by Mr. Sauter has overflowed into and filled the *American Field* space.

The FOREST AND STREAM has made a great hit with its life-sized oil painting of the "Chained to Business" sportsman who makes the best of it by reading FOREST AND STREAM. There is something in that picture which appeals to nine hundred and ninety-nine of those who pass through the central aisle and stop to study the picture, read the inscription and smile as they "see the point." Beneath the picture are the forty-three bound volumes of the paper, the Outdoor Scenes, books and arms and trophies. Chief in interest and honor of the weapons is Davy Crockett's rifle, kindly loaned by Col. Robt. H. Crockett, of Arkansas.

One entire side of the space is devoted to the "FOREST AND STREAM'S Exhibit of the Native American Hunter." It consists of an extensive and well arranged series of Indian arms, implements and accessories of the chase and of war, the central piece showing an illuminated robe, on which is set out in Indian art the record of Red Crane, a hunter, warrior and artist. From the primitive savage of the stone age the exhibit progresses through the period of change in the West to the advent of the first white trapper.

We have designed to mention this week all the exhibits, that some conception may be gained of what this great exposition actually is; we have made no attempt to detail the full displays made by the several exhibitors. Many firms show a variety of goods and of many classes. A full account will be given in our Special Exposition Number next week. The artistic features we have but alluded to. The spirit of the occasion, the animation of the throngs of visitors, the play of color, the brilliance of the lighted hall, all these it is impossible to describe.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNDER THE BARK OF THE PINE-WOOD TREE.

A Chapter in Wood-lore.

BY HENRY M. KIEPPER.

SOME years ago, while trout fishing amongst the Pocono Mountains in Pennyslvania in company with a fisherman friend, whom we will call Jerry for the very good reason that that is his name, I made a singular discovery in wood-lore; at least, it was quite a new discovery to me, and I believe it will be regarded as something quite new by a majority of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. My discovery consisted of what might be called a piece of *natural carved wood*, very curious indeed, and very much resembling a fine piece of buck-horn, only much more beautifully marked.

We had had a good half day's sport with the trout, Jerry and I. We had caught quite enough fish for one day, and were wending our way slowly homeward to a good dinner, with only such an appetite as fishermen know. As it was yet early in the day, we stopped on the edge of a dense pine forest for a rest. The day was delightful, a perfect June day amongst the mountains, and as we cast ourselves down beside an old pine log all covered over with moss, and listened to the music of the wind in the tops of the tall pine trees, and rehearsed our several adventures with the fish, we were supremely happy—happy with the happiness of good old Izaak Walton and his scholar in their wet clothes listening to the song of the milkmaid.

Whilst lying lazily there under the trees listening to Jerry rehearse the old, old story of how and why "the big fish got away," I chanced to pull out from under the log beside us a piece of a dead branch of a pine tree. It was a pine stick about four feet long, from which I began to tear away the half decayed bark. Under the bark I made my discovery. I found the surface of the wood of the pine branch most curiously and beautifully carved—carved as if by hand, and looking as if brought direct from the workshop of some South Sea Islander.

I at once saw that the carving was the work of some strange little insect, whose name and habits I did not know, not being well enough versed in entomology for that. But whether I knew his scientific name or not, it was plain that he must indeed be a very curious and cunning little workman, and capable of doing something in the way of wood-carving worth looking at, all the more so for the reason that he evidently did not work according to any set design or pattern, but made his design as he went, and therefore never produced two pieces of work exactly alike.

I need hardly say that I took my stick home with me. I placed it on my mantel, where it attracted a great deal of attention from my visitors, who almost without exception regarded it as a piece of curious hand carving, and were very much surprised to be told that it was the work of an insect.

For several years I considered my pine stick "a rare find," supposing that we could travel many days in the forest without finding the like, and not at all suspecting that the woods are full of such curious carvings, if one only knows where to look for them and has but the eyes to see them; that is to say, the pine woods and no other are full of such things. For when, several years later, I began to investigate the subject more closely, being always from boyhood fond of all manner of wood-lore, it was not long before I began to see that every pine forest simply abounds in this kind of work, if one has only the eyes to see it with. I myself have spent much time in the woods, and have been curious in all things pertaining to wood-lore for years, but I never saw this before; and the specimens, which I found I could gather almost anywhere in the pine forest here by the summer hotel where I was spending my vacation, were regarded as very great curiosities by my fellow lodgers, all of whom declared that they had never seen anything of the kind in the woods.

"And that simply shows," said I, "how easily one can walk through the woods with his eyes wide open and yet not see anything. The pine woods are everywhere full of this kind of work, if you only look for it in the right place."

For, on conducting my examination, I have found that all the various kinds of pine trees, spruce, hemlock, tamarack, fir, yellow pine, white pine and all other kinds of pine afforded varying degrees of attraction to a curious little insect with many legs and sharp jaws, having a name, no doubt, at least four times as long as his body. It was quite a while before I could succeed in finding him at home; but at last I caught him at work on a piece of hemlock, underneath the bark. And I then discovered that no sooner is a pine or hemlock blown down by the storm or felled by the woodman's ax, than multitudes of these little creatures take up their abode under the now loosening bark of the branches, from the smallest up to the largest. What they are after I do not know. Probably they live on the gum resins of the wood. They are nature's pioneer grave diggers, opening the way and assisting the elements in bringing down the mighty tree to the dust of the earth.

I found, too, that it is only in the soft white pine that they do their best work. They eat the hemlock, but usually only slightly, merely tracing a delicate design on the surface, which, though sometimes very beautifully etched, yet is not nearly so fine as the deeper and bolder carving on the white pine.

Should you be so fortunate as to spend some time among the pine forests this summer, and will go into "a chopping" about two years old, or can somewhere find a pine tree blown down by the storm, you will, I think, find something to interest you—something at least which the boys can carry home and turn to some account next winter, when the days are short and the evenings long. For these curious pieces of carved wood can be used to good effect by an ingenious boy, and in various ways. Amongst other things, they make pretty handles for paper cutters, resembling buck-horn very much, though the carvings are much more interesting in design. If treated to a coat of good paint the effect of the design is somewhat heightened. But care must be taken to select solid wood, or at least what is not too much decayed; and if a branch can be found which has been for some time exposed to the weather after having been carved and stripped of its bark, it will be found of a fine silver color.

After having made my discovery, I had the rare pleasure of conducting a party of some ten or twelve boys, who were summering at the hotel with their parents, to the woods in search of "carved wood." Under my direction they soon learned where to look, and made the woods ring with their shouts and the sound of their hatchets. What a pleasant day that was! And what a pleasing picture I carry in my mind and memory of those merry-hearted boys lugging up to the hotel armfuls of wood almost too heavy or unwieldy for them to carry, but full of prospective pleasure when safely got home.

I had thought that my discovery of this curious kind of carved wood was peculiar to myself alone, and that no one had ever given as much time to the consideration of it, when I found one day, away back in the mountains, a rival to my claims. A gentleman from Philadelphia, a retired merchant, suffering from a peculiar kind of paralysis, unable to read or write, was spending his summers regularly in a veritable "deserted village," hard by a romantic mountain stream. The old gentleman, in his rambles through the woods, had discovered this curious wood, and had taken it home with him to his cabin and spent many hours in making some of the most beautiful paper knives, match boxes, etc., etc., one could wish to see. "I can't read," he said, "and at times I can hardly talk connectedly, and working at this wood passes away the time for me." He begged me to scour the woods in my section for fine specimens, and as I bade the white-haired old gentleman good-by and rode away, I couldn't help reflecting how strange it is that you can hardly go anywhere in the world without finding some one has been there before you. You discover a continent, and a rival at once starts up to contest your honors. You make an invention, and another claims to have made it just two hours before you did, by the clock. You even take some sickness, and you find a dozen people similarly afflicted. "There is nothing new under the sun"—but natural carved wood will be new to most people.

VIEWS AFOOT.

TO GET a perfect idea of the country in detail don't rely on the railway, the traveling carriage or the wheel, but place your dependence on the legs nature gave you. Of course, the great army of wheelmen who traverse the length and breadth of the land every season will protest against the above advice, but I fail to see how any one mounted on a bicycle, flying across the country with his eyes glued to the track ahead, watching for inequalities and dodging obstacles, can derive any benefit from the scenery that stretches away in varied beauty on every side. In driving also, one must watch the horses and care for them, and the anxiety devoted to the animals detracts largely from the pleasure of the trip; but when one walks he sees it all, the smallest item does not escape him, he lounges, rests, sees and hears the birds, travels slow or fast as his feelings dictate, lunches by the wayside spring, chats with the people, and when the day's tramp is done finds his mind and note book stored with fascinating data.

Last October, when the leaves were all russet and gold, waiting for the sharper breath of November to bring them down, I had a long talk with my 12-year-old son as to the feasibility of a 50-mile walk. I was a little fearful that he might not be able to do the trip safely, but of course he thought different, and when he figured that two days out of school would follow he was positive that such a trip would be just the thing for him. So we laid out our route. We were to leave Dansville Friday morning, walk to Bert Miller's hotel, on Hemlock Lake, eighteen miles away, stay all night; walk to Livonia station, nine miles, Saturday morning, get dinner; walk to Green's hotel, on Conesus Lake, seven miles, stay over Sunday, and walk home Monday, fourteen miles.

Our preparations were simple. A couple of school bags from the store were stored with an extra pair of rubber soled shoes, night shirt, stockings, tooth brush and brush and comb. A tin box that just fitted in my side coat pocket was filled with sandwiches to beguile the interval between home and Bert Miller's. I wore my corduroys and broad easy shoes, with an old felt hat that had seen service on many a trout stream—on my head. I also carried a cane and (I blush to say it) a revolver. The lad wore his every-day knickerbockers, and with our "ditty bags" over our shoulders we bade good-by to the mother and sister at 8 A. M. and started away happy as a couple of schoolboys off for a vacation.

The weather had a sort of Friday unlucky look as we climbed the dugway road at the east of the town. In fact it threatened rain, but little we cared as we trudged along whistling and singing, taking in the beautiful view of the valley of the Genesee as it trended away to the north. At the Lackawanna Railway crossing we stopped to watch a train go by and pitied the poor deluded passengers gazing out of the windows, wondering if they really thought they were seeing the country. The rain held off nobly and the roads were fine as heart could wish. The country seemed very beautiful to us, clad in the somber stubble of October. Everything in the way of farm work was done except late potato digging and the farmer boys were throwing them out merrily as we passed along. Rounding the shoulder of each hill we were thoroughly in the country, farms and woodland on every side stretched away in pleasing variety, and after our long confinement in store and schoolhouse we seemed walking through fairyland. Crossing a little trout brook that I have whipped for thirty years, we stopped and I showed the boy the holes that had yielded tribute to my line in the past, and then pointed out the strip of woodland where once my friend W. of Salt Lake and I had chased an elusive flock of pigeons more than twenty-five years ago. Six miles on our way we entered Poke-o-moonshine gorge, and what a lovely place it seemed, with its towering steeps clothed in the reds and ambers of the season. How green the ferns were and the partridge berries how red, but the rain still threatened and we hurried on, and soon the beautiful valley of Springwater lay spread out before us like a map. To my questions the boy stoutly held to the fact that he wasn't tired, and when we walked into Springwater village, ten miles on our way, he still averred that he was fresh as a daisy, and invested in chewing gum with all the nonchalance of an old traveler. It was now noon and eight good miles to traverse before reaching Bert Miller's hotel, half-way down Hemlock Lake, so we hurried on and left the town behind us. And now the rain began coming gently down, but was so warm and meager that we minded it not a bit, and keenly relished our sandwiches taken with copious drafts of water beside a roadside stream.

Sighting the lake put fresh vigor in our legs, and as we took our way down the beautiful road skirting its eastern shore our eyes took in the familiar scenes that we had marked so well during our summer stay and we seemed to be among old friends again. The boy would go down to all the docks and peer in the cottage and boathouse windows, recognizing this boat and that barn and the other cottage; take a sip from some well-remembered spring or point out proudly where he had swam between two given points last August to the amazement and jealousy of the other fellows. At Bailey's barn we sat on an old familiar stump and rested, scaring up a trio of grouse that had come down the mountain for a quiet pick among the scattered seeds before the big rolling door. Still the rain came down softly and steadily, and we were glad when the barns and boathouses of Miller's appeared around a turn in the road. Hearty was our welcome and plenteous the feast prepared for us, and although we had walked but 18 miles, that is enough to try the muscles of untrained pedestrians, and we were early to bed.

But joy awaited us in the morning, for on awakening we found the rain had ceased and the bright sun was flooding the lake with beauty. We found ourselves a little stiff and sore, but Mrs. Miller's good breakfast was a panacea for our joints, and at 8 o'clock we were on the road again. Bert remarked as we were leaving that "perhaps this walking business was a little more stylish, he didn't know, living as he did out in the country, but stylish or no stylish, he should use a hoss and wagon awhile yet."

The shady road along the lake shore showed no traces of the rain, and was hard and smooth as macadam, and we soon covered the three and a half miles to the fort, where we stopped for a little time to watch the dredge of the Rochester Water Works Company throw up sand from the bottom of the lake and deposit it on the shore. Then we left the beautiful Hemlock behind us and struck out for Livonia station, passing through the classic streets of Slab City on our way. Fine farms were all about us, and that peculiar evidence of prosperity for which the rural districts of Livingston county are noted was evident in comfortable houses and well-filled barns along the road. Many a kindly invitation to jump in and ride was given us from passing vehicles, but we declined them all, telling the good-hearted driver that we were out for a stroll, to their unalloyed wonder.

When within about three miles of Livonia the lad's ankle began to pain him, and the balance of the distance was made by easy stages and with many rests. Arriving there we got dinner, and through the ministrations of a doctor friend we soaked the lame foot in hot brine, and at 3 P.M. we were on the road again making for Green's hotel on Conesus Lake. The afternoon was perfect, and we dawdled along like a pair of tramps, stopping now and then to make friends with some faithful collie who growled suspiciously at our outfit, or telling to some curious granger the story of our trip.

Conesus Lake looked very lovely under that bright October sun, its sloping basin tilted to the water's edge seemed so different from the steep, wooded shores of Hemlock that we had left in the morning.

It was nearly sundown when Green's welcome hostelry showed around a bend in the road, with its long pier jutting out into the water, its rows of white and green boats bottom upward on the beach, and the deserted dancing pavilion looming up like "some banquet hall deserted." The season was over, but we were given a good room, where we soon put ourselves in shape for a hearty supper with the family in the kitchen. The next morning, Sunday, was a glorious one, with the lake like a mirror. After breakfast we took a boat and rowed across to the east side, where the big excursion steamer of the Transportation Company was hauled into a little cove for the winter. The boy had a good time exploring the craft from top to bottom, and we really felt quite Crusoeish as we ransacked about reading the bills on the walls and peering into all the available cubby holes. Coming back we loafed about, enjoying every moment until dinner, after which we crossed the lake again with "Boots" and found a lot of nice belated pears and grapes. The whole day was absolutely perfect, one of those rare autumnal treats that, coming as they do so seldom in one's life, leave an impression that lasts forever.

Monday morning, what a change, the wind was blowing sharply from the north and the water was dashing over the ricketty old pier as if to demolish it. We took a run out on the wabbly structure and were glad to get back to dry land without being blown off. The lad's ankle was all right again, so we started off merrily for the home stretch. Mrs. Green gave us a supply of doughnuts and there was no immediate prospect of rain, so we walked along without a care, enjoying every step of the way and seeing new beauties at every turn. At Scottsburgh, six miles on our way, we drank pop and sat on the hotel Nerandah half an hour, watching some local craftsmen play ball. Then on again toward home. We began to know people we met now, and the farmsteads began to have a familiar look. We were entering the rim of the circle of which our home town was the center. Invitations to ride became more frequent. The Lackawanna tracks were crossed again and far away to the south the straggling west end of the town could be seen. It seemed as though we had been gone weeks when we crossed the park and came to our own street at last. We were tired and hungry, but happy, when we greeted the mother and sister again, and to this day the story of our walk is listened to with wonder and respect.

In taking an extended walking trip one wants to travel as lightly as possible; everything counts on a long tramp. Footgear must be perfect, shoes broad and easy, and stockings sound and plentiful. Wear easy clothes, not so old as to attract the attention of watch dogs or cause the suspicion of the honest farmer. Carry a good stout cane, but leave the revolver at home. Time your arrivals so as to be sure of a good bed and a square meal.

So shall you travel as nature intended, and gain health, strength and knowledge by the outing. H. W. D. L.

A PRIMITIVE DUCK HUNTER.

WHEN the kingdom of Mexico yielded to the Spanish arms there remained an extensive region in the green sierras of Michuacán still to be conquered. These sweeping, pine-covered ranges smiled then as now upon fair valleys cultivated by the sturdy Tarascos. Their capital city was Tzintzunzan, nestling just within the crescent horn of Lake Patzcuaro. It is now a miserable village, suddenly made famous again by the discovery, a few years ago, in its tumble-down parish church of a painting by a master hand—presumably that of Titian.

These Tarascan Indians have preserved their racial integrity to a greater extent than perhaps any other native tribe in Mexico. They are still very numerous. One authority estimates them at 300,000. The beautiful Sierra de Michuacán is sown thick with their villages. They lead a primitive agricultural life, a large measure of their independence and persistence being without doubt due to their land holdings in fee simple. Many of them neither speak nor understand the Spanish language, but they are exceedingly pacific, and yield for the most part ready obedience to the laws of the country and to the severer exactions of the priests.

Lake Patzcuaro is at the terminus of a branch of the Mexican National Railroad. It is at an elevation of over 7,000ft., and from this circumstance, as well as from the pine-covered hills which surround it, has a most perfect climate. Around its margin and over the rugged volcanic islands which pierce its blue waters lie a multitude of Indian villages. Their inhabitants have been fishermen and hunters from time immemorial. They have preserved their dress, utensils, language and social habits from of old and almost intact. I know of no other place so conveniently accessible where one can get a breath of so absolutely prehistoric an atmosphere.

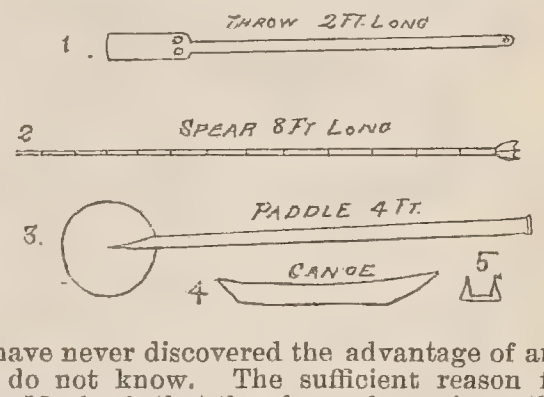
The fishing is mostly by means of a dip-net at the end of a long pole, somewhat on the pattern of a landing-net. Some of the well-to-do have drop nets. It is said that the fish will not take a lure of any kind, though I am inclined to think the matter has not been fairly tested. The one most commonly taken reaches a length of about a foot, and is a capital table fish. I am not ichthyologist enough to identify him, but his mouth looks to me to be made for predaceous feeding. He has the general outline of the pike. I can't help thinking, every time I look on the fresh, clear water of this lake, what a fine habitat it would be for black bass. If they are ever introduced, they will be in clover.

But I was going to tell about the hunter. If the FOREST AND STREAM artist will kindly work over the inclosed rough sketches, perhaps they will help to exhibit his outfit. The margins of the lake are in many places covered with wide stretches of tule, marsh grass and lily-pads, while whole acres of the water, even where it is quite deep, are filled with algæ, etc. This makes an ideal winter home for duck, and many species of them mingle their sports and feasting upon the lake's cool waters. With them come great multitudes of that ubiquitous, awkward, noisy, useless pest, so familiar to the old hunter and such easy prey to the new hand, the mudhen or coot (*rallus crepitans*).

Our hunter's weapon is a spear (Fig. 1). It has a rude, trident head, the three points not in the same plane, but forming a triangle. The tines are of iron, some 3in. long, and with a rude inside bark. The form seems to indicate that it was once made up of bone. The staff is of the light cane common in this country and known as *carrizo*. It is some 8ft. long and not very straight.

This spear is thrown with the hand alone, or by the aid of a thrower (Fig. 2). This thrower is a flat stick some 2ft. long, having a handle at one end, with two holes for the insertion of the first and second fingers of the right hand. This gives better control of it and renders it less liable to slip from the grasp. At the smaller end it is beveled hollow to within about an inch of the point. This hollow terminates there in a little nib which fits into the hollow end of the cane. In throwing, the cane and thrower are held parallel, and the movement is a combined jerk and blow, the latter similar to that of a tennis racket. I tried to get it, but found that the nib held too persistently in the cane's point, and jerked the end of the spear out of line. This missile has quite a limited range. I suppose it might be thrown 40yds., though I did not see any cast that was more than 20 or 25. Its flight is so slow that a bird could easily dodge at the longer range.

The canoe and paddle complete our Indian's rig. The paddle is an odd-looking affair, with an almost circular blade, and a round handle about 4ft. long. It is trimmed from a solid piece of pine and neatly finished. Why these



people have never discovered the advantage of an oblong blade I do not know. The sufficient reason for most things in Mexico is that they have always been thus. No man considers himself either better or wiser than his grandfather. The canoe is a flat-bottom dugout, made from the trunk of a pine tree. It may be anywhere from 7 to 40ft. long, with a capacity of from one to thirty persons. Its usual outline is that shown in Fig. 4. There is a slight taper from bow to stern, suggested apparently by the slope of the tree trunk. But the bow is never wedge-shape, so as to cut the water. The flat bottom is carried right up to the tip of both stem and stern. Another odd thing is that it is wider at the keel—if the word may be used—than at the gunwale. This is shown in the cross-section, Fig. 5. This peculiarity of form, together with the fact that a liberal thickness of timber is allowed for both sides and bottom, makes the little craft very stanch. She has none of the trickiness of the Cajun pirogue, so feelingly described by Messrs. Hough and Waters. But another result of it is much less desirable. When a wave slaps the side, it has every encouragement to slide up and pour into the lap of the voyager who sits flat in the boat's bottom. Though both canoe and paddle are clumsy, constant practice makes the boatmen skillful, and they are absolutely tireless. When two or more paddle the same canoe, they usually sit both on the same side. But even thus they keep a remarkably steady course.

Our hunter has a patent grass coat too (only it is not patented), but he does not use it for a blind. It is his rain coat, and a very effective one, too. So the Chicago people need not have gone all the way to Japan to get that little idea.

The manner of the hunt is about as follows. Some fifty or more, all equipped as above, start out together to make a *corrida*. (Very few things a Mexican can do except by means of a *corrida*.) They inclose a corner of the lake, or surround a patch of tule. As they close in they slap the water with their paddles and ki-yi. Canvasback, sprigtail, widgeon and other aristocrats get up, fly high and depart. The shovelers fool around and bob their heads, and the teal make a break through the lines, under their usual delusion that they can make up for flying low by flying fast. Once in a long while a successful shot brings down one of these, or nails a lazy spoonbill who pretends his wife was not ready on time. There is great rejoicing when somebody gets one of these *pico-anchos*, for though nothing in the meat line comes amiss to these poor creatures, they know the difference between a decent duck and a mudhen as well as anybody. But the latter are the principal sufferers. With the howling and the slapping on all sides they get fuddled. They can neither fly nor swim nor dive. Sooner or later they are impaled on the long spear, and some Indian gleefully wrings their worthless necks. Even the grebes get chased under the water so often and so promptly that they bob up in the wrong place at last and meet a similar fate.

The admiration of these simple-hearted children of nature for a gun and its work, their wild excitement over a cripple, and the abandon with which they race for the dead, is about as much diversion for the duck hunter as the shooting itself. For a few cents a day one of them will hire himself and his canoe, and paddle miles and miles in the utmost content. They are all afraid of the lake, however, and with good reason. Sudden gales sometimes sweep over it from the surrounding hills, and it is deep and treacherous. Usually, however, its face is unwrinkled, and the white walls and red tile roofs of distant villages mingle in the blue waters with reflections of green fruit trees and barley fields, or with the deep purple of pine-clad hills. AZTEC.

IN ARMY DAYS.

WE were genuinely happy in those days. And why shouldn't we be? The garrison was just large enough for comfort and companionship, and not large enough for factions to exist. Our cozy little dinners, informal hops, with, alas, a painful scarcity of ladies, horseback rides, hunting and picnic parties, with, incidentally, attention to routine duties, kept us very busy.

True, Capt. Payne, with his "boomers," had called out more of the troops, but that made it only more incumbent on those of us who were left to double our efforts to extract pleasure from the passing hour. We forgot that we were over a hundred miles away from railroads and what is, possibly incorrectly, believed to be civilization. After all, "it is not so much where you are as who you are with."

We had just finished a dainty little lunch, hastily improvised, but such a lunch as only an army lady can get up at short notice. Cold quail, shrimp salad, Edam cheese, olives; a bottle of claret for the ladies and several bottles of Schlitz for the sterner sex. We had adjourned to the broad piazza just as the sentry at post No. 1 called out: "Eleven o'clock, and all's well." The ladies were nibbling at the box of chocolates which the party who dispensed mail, after he had finished reading the postal cards over at Evansville, had brought with him. The gentlemen lighted their cigars and all was peace.

Even Bebe felt the influence of the clear, cool atmosphere, the absolute calm that prevailed, and was perfectly quiet. And it took a good deal in those days to quiet Bebe. True, she had ridden some twenty miles on horseback that day, danced a little that evening, sang "Only a Pansy Blossom" four times to different callers, who, as is the custom in the army, had dropped in for a few moments—but all of that was not enough to appease her. Bebe was a Kentucky girl with a full 100 per cent. of effervescence and buoyant spirits. It was not necessary to make a diagram of a joke for her to see it. In fact, she could invariably see the comical aspect of a situation, as her admirers found to their cost. And then there was Mrs. K. O. (in army posts the commanding officer is known as the "K. O."), young, jolly and altogether delightful.

Our hostess was a little mite of a woman, with a disposition as sunny as her native blue grass fields, and a frank, generous, unaffected hospitality which would have betrayed her origin, even if she had not occasionally used the words "you all" and "we all." I have always been under the impression that she was a hypnotist, for, little as she was, when she commanded every one obeyed without question. Maybe it was the quality of her dinners, for no man who ever had an opportunity to test one would ever take any chances on gaining her frown.

Then there was the surgeon, a devoted admirer of our hostess, this being especially creditable to his discernment in having married her some years previously.

Then came Lieut. Waters, proud of his new marksman's button and owner of a new pup. We all knew about the pup and its pedigree. In fact, we had each of us learned it by heart. And when one of the party suggested hiring a good strong man to whom he could daily talk about that spotted dog, a subscription ample in amount was at once underwritten.

Then there was the person they all called "Cot," the "Pooh-Bah" of Evansville.

Our hostess spoke up: "Let's we all go hunting to-morrow."

It was unanimously agreed to, and sure enough next day about four in the afternoon we started out. We were not selfish in those days, and the ladies were just as much a part of a chicken hunt as our guns.

We rolled out of the post. The Doctor and his wife in his low, open rig; the Lieutenant in his cart, with the wonderful spotted pup at his feet, and Bebe acting as driver; Cot with an equally charming driver and a plain dog at his feet. Cot had out his light cart and cow-pony Billy, than whom a wiser horse never existed. To tell the truth, Cot got tired of hearing about that spotted pup just when he had a real new trick of Billy's to tell about.

It is hot on the prairies in September, but the breeze makes one forget. Snugly under the rear seat of the Doctor's surrey a big watermelon, that had been on ice for twenty-four hours, lay wrapped in its wet blanket. There was also a hamper, heavy laden, and under another wet blanket several articles which required the assistance of a corkscrew to rise to the occasion.

Two miles below the post, just across the cattle trail, we put the dogs out, and the three rigs, about five hundred feet apart, proceeded up wind, following the dogs, who were working out the ground. There were no wire fences in those days, so we went wherever the dogs chose, for Cot many years before had learned that though Custer was a dog of doubtful parentage he knew where birds were. This may be a hint for others. In an open prairie country, or when after quail, if you have a reliable dog that is experienced, you will get far more shots at birds by allowing him to hunt where he wants to than you will by compelling him to work where you think they are.

Soon a covey flushed, and we followed them until both dogs pointed staunchly. Four birds fell and the rest scattered. Now came in the advantage of having drivers along. Each hunter was followed by his vehicle, and when the last bird was put up (and missed) his rig was waiting some fifty feet away. We agreed, after getting some twenty chickens, that it was a pretty good time to investigate the watermelon and its neighbors. When taken after an hour's tramp over the prairie, iced watermelon and Mumm's are to be commended. Then the too short ride into the post under the early moon, and we arrived home shortly before tattoo, neither "cold, tired and hungry" (as your correspondents generally do), but genuinely happy.

And our hostess announced, "I think we all will go after quail Friday." Of course we went. If she had decided that we should all go jump into the Canadian, this article would never have been written. I am going to read up on hypnotism. ALGODON.

Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 11.—The approaching State meeting to form the voluntary association is the talk among sportsmen of the entire State. The success will be great. Not in the history of Minnesota has so much interest been before taken in its wild game and fish possibilities. It is understood that Governor Clough will name the new State Commission in a few days. Who will constitute it is but a matter of conjecture. W. L. TUCKER.

Natural History.

THE AMERICAN MAGPIE.

BY CAPT. CHAS. E. BENDIRE.

From advance sheets of "Life Histories of N. A. Birds, with especial reference to their Breeding Habits and Eggs."

Pica pica hudsonica, Sabine.

Corvus hudsonicus, Sabine. Appendix Franklin's Journey, 1823, 25, 671.

Pica pica hudsonica, Jordan, Manual of Vertebrates, fourth edition, 1884, 94.

(B 432, C 233, R 286, C 347, U 475.)

GEOGRAPHICAL RANGE: Middle and western North America, from Alaska and the Alaskan Peninsula south through British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, northeastern California, northern and middle Nevada, northern Arizona and northern New Mexico. East, to eastern Colorado, western Nebraska, western South and North Dakota, and western Manitoba, as well as the intervening regions, as Utah, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. Casually straggling in winter to western Kansas, eastern Nebraska, northwestern Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and the Province of Ontario, Dominion of Canada.

The American or blackbilled magpie is one of the best known and most characteristic birds of our western avifauna; it is generally a resident and breeds wherever found, excepting, perhaps, in the extreme northern portions of its range in Alaska and along the eastern border, the regions of the great plains, where it occasionally wanders eastward in the late fall or winter, probably driven away from its usual haunts by scarcity of food or severe storms, which so frequently occur in these sections of country at such times.

The American magpie is a handsome and striking looking bird, certain to be noticed by any one, even if not ornithologically inclined, extremely pert in its general



THE AMERICAN MAGPIE.

From photograph by E. Hofer.

bearing and movements, both on the ground and in trees, and the strongly contrasting colors of its plumage are sure to draw attention to it at once. On the wing, however, it shows to less advantage. Its flight is slow and wavering, and in windy weather evidently laborious. The long, wedge-shaped tail seems then to be decidedly in the way and a positive disadvantage, causing it no little trouble in flying from point to point, and in such weather it will only through necessity leave the sheltered bottomlands it usually frequents.

Although more or less quarrelsome, it is social in disposition and likes to be in the company of its kind. I have frequently seen from twelve to thirty feeding together near a slaughter house, or some other locality where food was abundant; but such gatherings are oftener met with in the late fall and winter than during the season of reproduction. They are jolly, noisy scamps, nearly always chattering or scolding even when alone. Where not molested and shot at, they soon lose their usual shyness, and will frequently allow one to approach them within a few feet; but notwithstanding this seeming confidence, they are constantly on their guard against danger, and I know no bird more intelligent, cunning, impudent and saucy at the same time than our magpie. They appear to comprehend the difference between a shotgun and a stick from the day they are able to fly.

I have had many opportunities to observe these birds closely, and have long ago been forced to the conclusion that their intelligence and reasoning powers are astonishing. I will only mention one instance of their sagacity, showing how several of these birds seemingly worked in perfect accord with each other to accomplish an object which one bird could not have carried out.

While stationed at Fort Lapwai, Idaho, on the Nez Perce Indian Reservation, from 1869 to 1871, where magpies were exceedingly abundant, I possessed a fine setter dog, my constant companion in all my excursions, who assisted me in finding many rare nests, and whom I regularly fed myself, giving him, when the more liquid portion of his meal was finished, a well-boiled soup bone, with more or less meat attached, by way of dessert. I made him carry this on the lawn in front of my quarters, while I sat on the porch watching him. I soon noticed that, generally a minute or so after the dog appeared with his bone, from four to six magpies would invariably be close by, though not a single one was in sight a minute or so before. These birds placed themselves in different positions around the dog, plainly showing a preconcerted arrangement, and were ready for business at once. One stationed itself directly in front of the dog's nose and about two feet away, another behind within easy reach of the tail, and one or two by his side. As soon as the dog was busily engaged in gnawing his bone, held in place by his forepaws, the bird stationed in the rear would make a vicious dash at his tail and peck it severely, which naturally enraged Rock, who quickly wheeled round, left the bone and tried to catch the offender, who in the meantime flew slowly and leisurely away, tolling the dog after him as far as possible by fluttering almost within his reach, and while this little ruse was enacted the remaining birds promptly helped themselves. I saw this performance several times and soon noticed that the different birds forming this foraging party could be readily distinguished by the variation in size, the length of the tail, or some injury to the tail or wing feathers, etc., and this led to a still more remarkable discovery in this connection. After the dog returned to resume his interrupted meal, another bird took the position at the dog's tail, while the one occupying it previously moved to the best place, that in front of the dog's head, to enable it to get its share of the spoils. I observed this maneuver several times and it did not take the dog very long to see through it as well, so that unless I forced him to stay on the lawn he would at once carry the bone under the porch, where the birds did not dare to follow him. If this incident does not show an extraordinary amount of intelligence and reasoning power I do not know what else would. There seemed to be a perfect understanding from the start about the mode of attack by which they accomplished their purpose, which could not have been done in any other way to make it successful.

That they are most skilful thieves is well known to any one acquainted with these birds. It might puzzle a bird of another species how to manage to carry off an egg larger than it can grasp in its bill, but not the magpie. If too large to carry in the ordinary way, it simply runs its beak through the shell and carries it off in this manner. If one manages to find the entrance to a hen house, eggs will always be scarce thereafter. Aside from its thieving propensities it is also one of the most mischievous birds I know, and enjoys scaring and deceiving better behaved members of the feathered tribe. It will mimic the cry of a hawk as well as that of the jay, and seems to delight in causing the poultry to run in every direction or in imitating the cackle of a hen just after she has deposited an egg and causing the roosters to search for her; in fact, it delights in playing tricks of all kinds and seems to enjoy them thoroughly. An enumeration of the various misdeeds and laughable performances of a pet magpie belonging to one of the cavalry troops I served with would fill a fair-sized book, but would be out of place here.

Some of these birds are far more intelligent than others. Any bright, glittering object is sure to draw their attention and it is promptly picked up and secreted, it matters not how large it may be, if it is not too heavy to carry or drag away.

The Southern and Eastern range of the American magpie has become somewhat restricted within recent years, and they are no longer found in localities where thirty years ago they were reported as fairly common. It prefers rather open country, shuns the heavy forests and strictly desert regions, and in the Rocky Mountains has been observed at high altitudes. The shrubbery and undergrowth found along watercourses and springs in the foothills regions, and the cañons in the higher mountains, seem to be their favorite habitat.

The ordinary call note is a querulous *cack cack*, or *chaeck chaeck*, uttered in a high key and disagreeable to the ear, but it frequently utters also a low, garrulous gabble, intermixed with whistling notes, not at all unpleasing, as if talking to itself; while if annoyed at anything it does not hesitate to show its displeasure by scolding in the most unmistakable manner. The magpie spends considerable time on the ground in search of food, and while the walk is somewhat jerky it is graceful, and in moving about the handsome wedge-shaped tail is slightly elevated and constantly twitched; occasionally, as when in a hurry, the ordinary walk is varied to a series of hops. Their flight is never very protracted, and is only resorted to when necessary.

The general habits of the American magpie vary somewhat in different localities. In some sections, as soon as the snow disappears birds which have spent the winter months in the vicinity of farms and cattle or sheep ranches, unquestionably attracted to such places by a more abundant food supply, leave them and retire from the immediate vicinity of settlements to take up their housekeeping duties in more secluded localities; while in other places these birds remain the year round and breed in close proximity to man. At Fort Lapwai, Idaho, more than thirty pairs bred within a radius of a mile of the post, and several within a hundred yards of some of the houses in perfectly exposed situations.

Their food during the greater part of the year consists mainly of insects, especially of the large black cricket, so numerous and destructive in certain seasons in the West; grasshoppers, grubs and larvæ of different kinds, angle worms, crawfish, small mammals, birds, their young and eggs, all sorts of carrion, offal from slaughter houses and kitchen refuse generally. In the summer and fall, fruits and berries also enter, to some extent, into their bill of fare. In the winter, when food becomes scarce, they are charged with pecking holes in the backs of sore-backed horses, freshly branded cattle and scabby sheep. While this is possibly true to a limited extent in exceptionally severe winters, I have never observed it, although stationed on several Indian reservations, where sore-backed ponies were common enough; but I have seen them industriously pecking away at green hides hung out to dry. Mr. John Bucher, of Warner Valley, Ore., states that he has observed numbers of magpies on the backs of cattle in the spring eating grubs, larvæ of *Hypoderma bovis*, which infest the backs of old and thin animals, and he is likewise of the opinion that they do not confine their attention to the grubs alone, but pick at the living flesh as well.

Mr. W. G. Smith, lately of Loveland, Col., writes me:

"Among other pets I kept a tame magpie and a lot of guinea pigs, several of the latter dying from some unknown cause. One day I caught the magpie in the act of pecking out the eye of one; I then examined the dead ones and found that they all had both eyes picked out. A charge of shot soon settled the culprit."

The American magpie is undoubtedly more or less of a rowdy and scapegrace among its kind, but on the whole I think he is not quite as black as usually painted, and while it cannot be denied that he does some harm, I must admit that he also does considerable good, and the latter compensates perhaps fully for all its misdeeds.

The nesting season begins early—in Colorado, northeastern California, southern Oregon and Idaho sometimes in the first week of April, and usually by the middle of the month. In Washington and Montana a couple of weeks later, about the latter part of April or the beginning of May, and in the more northern portions of their range in

the last half of June and beginning of July. In Alaska these birds have been found almost at the borders of the Arctic circle, and on the Shumagin Islands, the Alaskan peninsula, and in the more southern portions of the Territory in the vicinity of Sitka they are not uncommon. Mr. Chase Littlejohn writes me that he found them all along the peninsula, wherever the alder bushes were large enough to afford shelter and they could place their nests out of reach of foxes.

The magpie once mated I believe remains so through life. The nest is a bulky and sometimes an elaborate affair, and is usually globular in shape. Outwardly it is constructed of sticks, some of which are occasionally 2ft. in length and nearly 1in. in diameter, the coarsest material being used for the base of the nest. The inner cup, the nest proper, resembles a robin's nest somewhat, only larger, and like it is plastered with a coating of wet mud reaching well up on the sides, but not quite to the rim. This coating is carefully lined with fine rootlets, dry grasses, inner bark of the cottonwood tree and hair, and in the vicinity of pine forests with pine needles. The nest is domed over with smaller sticks, and the sides are likewise protected by an open lattice-work of similar material, thorny twigs preferred if obtainable. The entrance hole generally opens from the main body of the tree or bush in which the nest is placed, the latter being usually found in the thickest tangle of limbs if in a bush, provided they are strong enough to support the heavy structure. On good-sized trees the nests are often placed well out on a limb, where they are not readily reached. Some nests I have seen measured nearly 3ft. in height by 2½ft. in width; others again are much smaller and more flimsily built, scarcely half as large and only moderately domed, and occasionally one is found which is almost open at the top. Mr. B. J. Bretherton writes me from Kadiak, Alaska, of finding a nest there, placed in a dense fir thicket about 10ft. from the ground, built on three saplings which grew in the shape of a triangle, the nest being built around each, the center being supported by the small branches. About 5in. from the top of the nest a roof was built open all round. He also writes: "A remarkable feature in this bird is its inability to keep dry; in the rainy winters they may be seen day after day hopping around, literally wet to the skin and looking as if they had been dipped in a bucket of water."

The inner cup of the nest measures about 6in. in width by 4in. in depth. While on the nest the tail of the bird is usually held at right angles to the body. Unless the eggs are on the point of hatching it is a difficult matter to approach close enough to see the bird on the nest, as the female is exceedingly suspicious and will try to sneak quietly away at the slightest sign of danger, generally slipping out on the side opposite the intruder, as there are usually sufficiently large openings in the sides of the nest to permit the bird to scramble through.

Not unfrequentlly two or three unoccupied nests are found in close proximity to one in use built probably by the same pair of birds, but the same nest is often made use of for several seasons in succession. Two or three pairs sometimes nest close together, but as a rule each pair of birds have their own little cañon or ravine, in which they may be found from year to year. Thorn bushes, either *Cratægus rivularis* or *douglassi*, commonly found near springy places at the heads of cañons or smaller ravines, as well as in the creek bottoms proper, were preferred as nesting sites by these birds wherever I have observed them. Willow thickets, scrubby cotton-woods, junipers, pines, alders and firs were also used in the order named; the height of nests from the ground ranged from 4 to 20ft., rarely over or under this. In Colorado, however, according to Mr. Frederick M. Dille, the magpie sometimes builds in lofty cotton-woods from 50 to 60ft. from the ground, and I have also seen it stated that occupied nests have been found on the ground, though I have never seen one so situated.

The average number of eggs to a set throughout the greater part of their range is seven; sometimes, however, eight or nine are found. At Fort Lapwai, Idaho, I found sets of nine not at all rare, and have twice taken sets of ten. An egg is deposited daily; incubation does not begin until the clutch is nearly completed and lasts from sixteen to eighteen days. The female attends to this duty almost exclusively; I rarely saw the male on the nest, but he feeds her, and is generally on the lookout in the vicinity of the nest and quite attentive. The young when first hatched are ugly-looking creatures, nearly all head, and are blind. They are fed on worms, the soft parts of insects, etc., and grow rapidly. They are able to leave the nest in about three weeks and soon learn to shift for themselves Only a single brood is raised in a season; if the first set of eggs are taken, a second and even a third is sometimes laid, frequently in the same nest or in another close by. The second set rarely numbers more than five or six eggs.

These show a great variation in shape, size, color and markings, the majority inclining to ovate, while others may be called short ovate, rounded, elliptical and elongate ovate.

The prevailing ground color is a pale or dirty gray, less often a light drab, and occasionally a set is found of a decidedly greenish tinge, but such eggs are scarce. They are generally heavily blotched with different shades of brown and ecru-drab; these markings being often confluent, almost hiding the ground color, and are usually evenly distributed over the entire egg. In some specimens the markings predominate at the upper end of the egg, more rarely at the lower end. Some also show lavender shell markings, and occasionally a specimen is found in which the markings are well defined, not confluent, and leaving the intervening ground color distinctly visible. The shell of these eggs is close grained, moderately strong, and shows little or no gloss.

The average measurement of 201 eggs in the United States National Museum collection is 32.54 by 22.86 millimeters, or 1.28 by .90 inches. The largest egg in the series measures 37.84 by 26.42 millimeters, or 1.49 by 1.04 inches, the smallest is 27.94 by 21.59 millimeters, or 1.10 by .85 inches.

New York Aquarium.

WORK is progressing on the New York Aquarium, but the opening date has not yet been announced. Much alteration of the building is called for. The public may well afford to wait. When the aquarium shall finally be ready, it will be ready to stay ready.

VERMONT RATTLESNAKES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From your issue of April 6th I learned, for the first time, that Vermont had decided to kill off her rattlesnakes, and, with characteristic caution and conservatism, had started the experiment by offering a bounty of one dollar per snake. Of two things you may rest assured:—first, that there are rattlesnakes in Vermont; and second, that there are not very many of them, for otherwise the bounty would have been made smaller.

Even at that price, in a fairly good snake cover, a man could earn better wages than in the hay-field, and if the reward were greater there would be a scarcity of farm hands during the snake season.

You inquire what effect this bounty is likely to have on Vermonters, snakes and snake stories. It will unquestionably cause Vermonters to regret that they ever killed a rattler before this law was passed, for they thus cut off a legitimate source of revenue.

It will probably bring about an increase of snakes; for those who best know Vermonters will take it for granted that rattlesnake raising will henceforth become an acknowledged industry and a fine art. The Vermont Yankee is quick to take advantage of circumstances; and then, too, there is considerable territory in Vermont which is better adapted to snake culture than to the production of any other crop.

The commercial importance of this hitherto valueless product, and its probable increase for market purposes, will undoubtedly have the effect to multiply and enlarge snake stories, and lend a new zest to the rural newspapers. Local items of this sort may be looked for in the immediate future: "Farmer Lockwood has finished harvesting his rattlesnakes and reports that the crop was unusually large." "Joe Randall's rattlesnake incubator was broken into last night and nearly a hundred dollars' worth of eggs and young snakes were stolen." "The rattlesnake commissioner will be at the town clerk's office on Monday next to count heads and pay bounties thereon." "Enoch Smalley has been sent to jail for three months for attempting to collect a bounty on adders' heads" etc., etc.

Inasmuch as reputable newspapers will soon be refusing to accept or print Vermont snake stories, I want to get mine in now, and to substantiate it I inclose herewith a clipping from the Springfield (Vt.) *Reporter*, which kindly return, as I may need it later, when snake stories have to be accompanied by documentary evidence.

On October 9, 1891, I was hunting on Skitchewaug, a peculiarly rough and precipitous mountain in Windsor county, famous, among other things, for its rattlesnakes, although they are seldom seen so late in the season as that. The morning sun beat warmly in upon the masses of loose rock at the base of a cliff, and this I presume had brought out the snakes. Hearing a slight rustling in the leaves, I turned and saw a big rattler gliding slowly along within a dozen feet of me. I had never killed one, and rejoicing in this opportunity, I gave him a charge of No. 8 shot. The report of the gun seemed to arouse all snakedom! The air fairly vibrated with the locust-like rattle of I know not how many snakes. They were all around me, one so close that the contents of the second barrel cut him in three pieces as he lay coiled up. Some of them got away into the loose rocks, but I shot two more as soon as I could reload, and had my eye on the fifth one. He was coiled up about 20ft. away, with his head raised and his rattle in the air. I spent a few minutes in studying his habits, and am prepared to contribute something to the cause of science and rattlesnake literature. At my slightest motion the rattle buzzed and the head was thrown back as one would raise his arm to throw a ball. I had heard that a rattler would never leave his coil to come toward one, but I wish to refute that statement. Twice this one straightened out and approached me, each time returning to his coil as quick as a flash at a sudden motion on my part. Having settled this point and thinking that further inquisitiveness might not be wholesome, I put a charge of shot where I thought it would do the most good. As there was then no bounty on this sort of game, I got out of that locality as quickly as possible, after tying four of the biggest snakes together, as evidence of my sobriety. The largest was 50in. long, the next 41, and the others smaller. The odor they sent forth when the shooting began was decidedly offensive, something like that of a skunk, less powerful, but more sickening. Unless the bounty hunters happen upon that spot, I think I know where I could clear my vacation expenses in a very few hours.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

Whippoorwill in the City.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I was sitting at an open window at 7:45 o'clock this evening (which was just twenty minutes ago) my son came across the street from his house and said there was a whippoorwill singing in the back yard, and motioned for me to come out. We cautiously walked in the direction from which the song came, when it suddenly ceased; but the next moment it was heard in the rear of the second lot above us. We walked up to and through the lot to the rear end, across which is a high board fence, where we stood; all this time the bird was pouring forth its vociferous song, which my son thought came from the lot over the fence. (Of course I did not hear it, as FOREST AND STREAM well knows.) Wishing to get a sight of our rare visitor, we stepped upon the lower rail of the fence to look over, when to our surprise the bird flew from the top of the fence within 10ft. of where we stood. I say rare visitor, as this is the second time my son has ever heard the whippoorwill in this vicinity, and both times in the early time of its migration; and both times it was heard within the city, although the first time it was at the extreme limits, while we are in the center. As most of our neighbors were sitting outdoors and heard the strange music, seeing us going toward it, they came over to learn what it was, and only one acknowleged ever hearing it before.

As I came in the house and opened my desk to report this occurrence of *Anstrostomus vociferus* in our city, I was asked if we had a whippoorwill in our collection. I went to the case and took out one; it was mounted on a low block, as if sitting on the ground. Placing the block in my left hand so that it did not show, and my right hand over the back of the bird so that nothing but the head and tail showed, I went out and showed it to my neighbors, who thinking that I had caught the whippoorwill, stroked its head, and I suppose said endearing words to the poor bird. I called their attention to its small bill, which is only three eighths of an inch long, but I told them that its mouth opened to back under its eyes "as wide as a spelling book," and when I showed them that it was a stuffed bird they laughingly acknowledged the joke was on them.

J. L. DAVISON.

MICHIGAN BIRD ARRIVALS.

HOLLAND, Mich., May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Robins and bluebirds are scarce here this year, in fact I have seen but one bluebird this spring.

The warblers are as numerous as usual, and within the last week Baltimore orioles have appeared in larger numbers than I have ever observed before. As yet I have noticed but three orchard orioles.

Song sparrows are not very numerous. Meadow larks are in a little less number than usual.

My observations are nearly all made here in the center of a city of 7,000 people. We are situated in Ottawa county, on Macatawa Bay, six miles from Lake Michigan, and about 100 miles north of the Indian line. We have some fair-sized woods near and some swamp land. On this account we have a very diversified bird fauna. I have identified 135 varieties of birds occurring within six miles from town.

I cross a college campus several times each day in going to and from my office. On the campus are oak, beech, pine, poplar and cedar trees, many shrubs and a hedge. Many crow blackbirds nest in the pines, as do an occasional pair of robins. Several pairs of mourning doves breed there. One pair last year built a nest on a limb of a pine near the trunk, and about 8ft. from the ground. I tried to catch it, thinking it was wounded, and not knowing the dove would try to lead one from its nest in this manner. Of course the bird flew after leading me as far as it desired.

Several times as I went near the tree the dove did this trick. I do not know whether the male or the female, or both, did it. Once I followed slowly after one of the doves to see how far it would lead me. It led me for a couple of hundred feet, and as I neared a building I stepped back out of sight for a moment, then carefully peered around the corner. The bird was standing as erect as possible, and turning its head in every direction, wondering, I suppose, where I had disappeared to. Upon showing myself, it again commenced its fluttering tactics.

Many chipping sparrows nest in the hedge, and goldfinches in the shrubs. I once found a brown thrush's nest near an old fallen tree, but some boys destroyed the nest and took the eggs. I observed a cuckoo's nest in a maple.

This campus is much frequented by the juncos and seems to be a gathering place for the robins, vast numbers being found here a few days before leaving for the South.

An occasional golden-wing is seen, and several times this week I have heard quail whistling. Yellow-bellied woodpeckers come regularly and inspect all the trees, frequenting the poplars mostly, though.

Below I give the time of arrival for the last few years, though the list is very incomplete. Some of the birds, notably the meadow-larks, I observed outside the city, as they are not frequently seen on the campus.

	1889.	*1890.*	*1891.*	*1892.*	*1893.*	*1894.*	*1895.*
Robin	.....	Mar. 20	Mar. 21	.....	Mar. 9	Mar. 7	Mar. 22
Bluebird	.....	Mar. 20	Mar. 23	Mar. 3	Mar. 7	Mar. 3	Mar. 28
Crow bl'kbird	.....	Mar. 20	Mar. 23	Mar. 4	Mar. 12	Mar. 7	Mar. 19
Redwing b'k'd	.....	Mar. 9	.....	.....	Mar. 11	Mar. 8	Mar. 24
Meadow lark	.....	.....	.....	Mar. 8	Mar. 27	Mar. 7	Mar. 24
Swallow	Apr. 7	.....	Apr. 10	Apr. 3	Mar. 26	.....	.....
Martin	Apr. 13	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Apr. 11
Kildeer plov'r	.....	.....	Mar. 24	Mar. 25	Mar. 23	Mar. 4	Mar. 29
Jacksnipe	Apr. 18	.....	.....	Apr. 3	Apr. 2	Apr. 5	Mar. 30
Balt. oriole	May 7	.....	.....	May 3	May 8	May 1	May 1
Orch'd oriole	May 7	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	May 1
Kingbird	May 7	.....	.....	May 1	.....	.....	May 7
Catbird	Apr. 28	.....	.....	May 1	.....	.....	Apr. 23
Wren	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	May 3	Mar. 30	Apr. 25
Chipp'g spa'w	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Mar. 13	Mar. 27
Chewink	Apr. 16	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Apr. 9
Pewee	.....	.....	.....	Apr. 3	Apr. 12	.....	.....

In 1891 saw one robin Jan. 24.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL.

Mongolian Pheasant in New York.

ONEONTA, N. Y., May 3.—The *Star* of to-day says: The effort now being made by the Oneonta Fish and Game Association to stock this locality with the Mongolian pheasants should receive the hearty encouragement of every citizen, as the possibilities of their becoming extensive in this locality are very encouraging. The ten birds recently received from the West were liberated on Friday last, in an excellent locality for their making a breeding place, and they will be watched very carefully by friends near.

The birds have a beautiful plumage and are trimly built. They are very quick movers, fast flyers, and can run very rapidly. They pair off and brood two settings of eggs every year and usually hatch about twenty-five young ones to each setting. By this it will be seen that they can multiply very rapidly if unmolested. They are protected by a State law which makes it unlawful to shoot them for a period of five years, and if they can be left alone for that period, there is every reason to believe that they will be very plentiful here at the end of that time. This effort is not to be left with this one move, but if there is any indication that they can be successfully reared here, a number will be liberated each year and soon there will be no necessity of protecting them, save in their brooding season. Eggs will be secured at a very early date and the same hatched by some method.

A Robin that Sings Whip-poor-will.

PITTSFIELD, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a robin in our village who every morning and night delights a crowd of listeners with his song. He perches himself upon the topmost branches of the elms and wild cherry trees, and there he sits for an hour at a time. He commences his song as robins do, but varies it from all others by introducing the notes of the whippoorwill once, twice, and even four times in succession. So plainly does he do this that many persons were attracted, at first supposing that it was a whippoorwill, which are seldom seen or heard in our immediate vicinity.

HENRY W. OSGOOD.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

Spring in the National Park.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season here has been a very open one, and it is at least a month more advanced than it was last year at this date. All game has wintered remarkably well, and I have no fear but the young will thrive. Elk are seen everywhere in great numbers; deer are plentiful and tame; they are increasing rapidly. The mountain sheep are still on Mt. Everts, where they wintered in large numbers for them—thirty to fifty. There were at least 800 antelope there all winter, so everything is doing well.

Of the buffalo I cannot say so much. The large herd did not winter in Hayden Valley, and no more than twenty-five to thirty were ever seen there in a single bunch. Whether this was from the scare of your party and Haynes's of the winter before, or whether it was because of the light snowfall this year, I cannot say; but it is certain that they wintered in very small bunches—five to thirty—in widely separated parts of the park.

Everything seems to be running well now, with prospects for a good season. I hope it will prove so, for last year was almost ruinous to all interests here, and they are just beginning to offer full value for tourists' money.

HOT SPRING.

The Few Song Birds.

GARDNER, Mass., May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to an article by "F. C. B." in your issue of May 4, I would say that the spring birds have been very scarce in this vicinity this year, especially those that he mentions. I have seen but two bluebirds this year, one on April 21 and one on May 3. A few swallows and thrashers have arrived the past few days, and blackbirds, robins and several species of sparrows are quite numerous, but the other spring birds are quite rare. I hope to hear from other bird lovers.

WALTER E. PROCTOR.

Game Bag and Gun.

AMERICAN GAME PARKS.

The "Forest and Stream's" Third Annual Report on Game in Preserves.

Litchfield Park.

THE preserve known as Litchfield Park is the creation of Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, of New York city. Mr. Litchfield, who is an enthusiast on the subject of the preservation and propagation of the game birds, animals and fishes of this country, purchased the south third portion of township No. 25, Franklin county, N. Y., in August, 1893, for the purpose of forming it into a private park, where he could carry out his ideas on the above subject. The tract was originally supposed to cover between 8,000 and 9,000 acres, but a recent survey shows that the property purchased is six and a half miles long by two and a quarter miles wide, making the park over 9,300 acres in extent. It was also supposed at the time of purchase that Jenkins' Brook ran through a portion of the park, but this survey also showed that it only skirted the property of Mr. Litchfield. The lakes on the property are ample for all purposes of watering the game. The biggest lake is now called Lake Madeleine; formerly it was known as Jenkins' Pond. The lake is two and a quarter miles long by one mile wide. On the island that occupies a portion of the lake it is probable that Mr. Litchfield will ultimately build a summer home. Lake St. Hubert and Lake Diana are the smaller bodies of water that lie within the boundaries of the park.

As soon as Mr. Litchfield obtained possession of the property he started in to protect what game and fish were still to be found upon it. To this end he caused to be posted in conspicuous places the following notice:

"Litchfield Park.

"NOTICE.

"*Pursuant to the game laws of the State of New York:*

"Notice is hereby given that the lands and waters, the property of the undersigned, being the whole of the south third of the township No. 25, Franklin county, State of New York, including Jenkins' Lake or Pond (hereafter to be designated as Lake Madeleine), Duck Lake or Pond, Heaven Pond, Jenkins' Brook, and all lakes, ponds, streams and waters within the boundaries of said south third of township No. 25 aforesaid, are hereby reserved and will hereafter be used as a private park, to be known as Litchfield Park, for the purpose of propagating and protecting fish, birds and game. All persons are hereby warned against trespassing upon the above described tract or premises, or any part thereof. Shooting, hunting, fishing and camping within the boundaries of said tract, without the written consent of the owner, are strictly forbidden. No person will be allowed to have or use firearms or fishing tackle while on said premises, and dogs of all kinds will be excluded. Any person defacing or removing this notice, or violating any of the provisions thereof, will be prosecuted according to law.

"Dated Litchfield Park, Franklin Co., N. Y., Sept. 6, 1893. EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD, Owner."

In regard to the natural advantages of his park as a game preserve, Mr. Litchfield states that it seems to be a favorite resort for does and fawns of the white tail or Virginia deer. Although, of course, there are no means of ascertaining the actual number of deer within the boundaries of the park, the men who looked after the property estimated the number one year ago at 250. The abolishing of hounding, and the restrictions placed on firearms, have undoubtedly attracted more deer to this park, where they can now find absolute safety. During the winter four men are employed as watchers or caretakers, the number being doubled during the summer months. Although the waters of the lakes which are now a part of Litchfield Park were depleted of fish prior to Mr. Litchfield's purchase, there is every reason to believe that the quantity of brook trout which inhabit these waters is much increased. Fishing through the ice, formerly practised very extensively, is now strictly forbidden.

Mr. Litchfield's attempt to stock the park with elk is likely to prove a success, the condition of the one bull and seven cow elk which were taken to the park last year being very encouraging, although they were confined to a small paddock as it were. As soon as the fencing of this tract of land has been completed, the elk will be turned out, and will, without a doubt, do far better. It is the intention to add to the herd in the near future. The matter of fencing the park is one that needs much consideration, and was one on which Mr. Litchfield had not arrived at a decision when FOREST AND STREAM'S representative called on him. The chief difficulty to be coped with is the extremely heavy snowfalls that occur during the winter months. Drifts of 8 and 10ft. are by no means uncommon, and as these drifts become solidly crusted over an allowance must be made to prevent the animals from taking advantage of such a means of escape.

The introduction of blacktail deer and wild boars is under consideration, but in the matter of the latter animals, as in some other similar cases, Mr. Litchfield is inclined to await the results arrived at in other private parks. To add to the winged game, it is Mr. Litchfield's intention to liberate English pheasants. The possibilities of the acclimatization of the capercailzie have also been studied with a view to the importation of a few of those magnificent birds.

The following letter from Dr. C. Hart Merriam is worth reading by everybody interested in game protection:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20.—*Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, 59 Wall street, New York city:* Your interesting letter of the 12th inst. is before me, and I am glad to learn that you have purchased a tract of land in the Adirondacks for a private preserve and that you have stocked it with the American elk or wapiti. There is no reason why this animal should not thrive in the Adirondacks, as it did formerly. I am sorry to learn, however, that your gamekeeper is inclined to slaughter hawks and owls, on the supposition that they are very destructive to game birds. As a matter of fact, our hawks and owls are among the most useful of birds, feeding chiefly on mice and other small animals. There are two or three species, it is true, which feed largely on quail, grouse and small birds, namely, the goshawk, Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk. With these exceptions our species are entitled to preservation. In a recent report on the 'Vole Plague in Scotland,' by a special committee of Parliament, it is stated that the enormous increase in destructive rodents was believed to be due chiefly to the fact that the birds of prey that formerly kept these animals in check had been nearly exterminated by gamekeepers. Weasels also deserve to be let alone, because they feed almost exclusively on mice and other rodents. It is exceptional for them to kill birds, though a single weasel sometimes does much injury when it has acquired the habit of killing birds. The porcupine, sometimes erroneously called 'hedgehog,' does more harm by punishing dogs that attempt to shake him than in any other way. Trusting that Litchfield Park will long remain a true haven of refuge for our native game, large and small, I remain, with best wishes, very truly yours,

"C. HART MERRIAM, Chief of Division."

The results of Mr. Litchfield's efforts to protect and propagate native game, and to introduce and acclimatize game birds and animals from other portions of the United States and foreign countries, will be watched with considerable interest. All such efforts mean a great deal for the future of the game birds, animals and fish of this continent.

The Vilas Preserve—Adirondacks.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—Gamekeepers are in charge all the time. The owners spend part of the summer at headquarters, and grant for the present hunting and camping permits for not less than ten days, charging $2 per day for each sportsman, but no charge is made for other members of their party—guides, women or children. Permits are to be had at Paul Smith's, Henry Phelps, Blue Mountain House, Franklin county, N. Y., and myself.

The property is held to be leased in part or as a whole to game and fish clubs.

Deer grow more plenty each year on this preserve, as all through the Adirondacks. The tract is partly in St. Lawrence county, where hounding is unlawful, and in Franklin county, where hounding is universal.

A careful study of the question has led us in the interest of the preserve to prohibit hounding, with the result of tamer deer to hunt, and having a great increase from the deer taking refuge from dogged districts. We find the methods of night hunting or "jacking" of St. Lawrence county much more painstaking and successful than those practised in Franklin county, where the habit of hounding seems to have dulled the skill of the night hunter. The observance of a few simple rules enables us to hunt within five and ten minutes of our permanent camps with as good results as three hours away.

Our brook trout range from ⅓ to ¾lb., occasionally running up to 2lbs., and many miles of our streams are never fished.

Partridges are often seen.

The trapping, which is let to our head keeper, is quite a feature. Bear have increased during the past five years. Now and then evidence of wildcat are seen in a deer slain.

For six years I have been greatly interested in the development of private game and fish preserves in the Adirondacks, and have published a reliable map of about thirty miles square in the northern Adirondacks, of which I send you a copy.

E. A. CARPENTER.

The Raquette.

WILLIAMSTOWN.—The Raquette Club is notable simply and solely for being a wonderfully perfect habitat for deer, its four ponds and large proportion of marsh, intersected by wooded ridges, making it a particularly favorable feeding ground. Unfortunately we have done almost nothing to improve it, save putting up our club buildings. Only four or five members of the club have been on the ground, and the interest is so slack that the club has been offered for sale. The result is a fine preserve, with splendid potentialities for game and fish as well as canoeing.

JOHN H. DENISON, Pres.

The Ampersand Preserve.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Ampersand Preserve is, we believe, surpassed by none in the Adirondacks, in point of abundance of fish and game, beauty and grandeur of scenery, and healthful surroundings. This preserve includes such well-known fish-ponds as Ampersand, Follensbee and the Preston ponds, and is beautified by Mount Seward, Mount Seymour, Ragged and Ampersand mountains, and many others of less altitude, the home of the deer.

The regulations governing the hunting and fishing are based on the State laws, but are more rigorous. The killing of does is not allowed, and hounding is only rarely permitted. The game is cared for by wardens hired by the year who prohibit poaching and hounding. Hunting and fishing are only permitted under special arrangement made with a duly authorized agent of the owners. Under these rules, and the large reduction in amount of hunting and fishing done during the past four years, marked increase is noticeable in the quantity of fish and game. Deer especially are increasing. This was shown last season, when four handsome bucks were brought into camp by three hunters on one afternoon. No exotic game birds or animals have been imported into the preserve, as the native species, properly protected, furnish all required sport. Rangeley trout have been put into Preston Ponds and are growing finely, some few being caught each season. This preserve covers 50,000 acres of land and water in a block, easily accessible from Tupper Lake, Saranac Lake and Lake Placid.

The Megantic Preserve.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have in our Megantic Preserve the game and fish common to that section of Maine—moose, caribou, deer and the smaller animals; duck and partridges for birds; trout for fish, and we have placed in Big Ice Pond in Maine quite a number of landlocked salmon. Some were caught last summer in the fly.

On the Canadian side of the preserve we have in our lakes there black bass and lake trout, which last also are found at our Chain of Ponds in Maine.

We have under way a fish hatchery and have started it this fall with 35,000 eggs of the trout. It is doing finely now and we hope for good results. The hatchery has a capacity of 1,000,000 eggs.

L. DANA CHAPMAN, Treasurer.

The Santa Clara Preserve.

The Santa Clara Preserve contains over 60,000 acres of land and water, including such well-known ponds as McEnery, Madawaska and Train, noted for their trout and deer. In addition, the St. Regis River runs through this preserve, furnishing endless sport for both fisherman and hunter. On this river the runways all along the Sixteen-Mile and Nine-Mile levels are justly famous as the best in this section.

Lumbering is being carried on on both of these preserves, and though it may have caused greater or less injuries to other interests, the quality of the hunting and fishing has not been injured. The lumbermen are watched with the greatest vigilance and are allowed neither to fish nor hunt.

DODGE, MEIGS & CO.

The Biltmore Forest.

OFFICE OF THE BILTMORE ESTATE, Biltmore, N. C., May 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Vanderbilt will doubtless stock his place with game, but no thought has been given to the matter yet, and nothing has been determined upon.

CHAS. MCNAMEE.

BRANT SHOOTING AT CAPE COD.

Spring of 1895.

BOSTON, May 6.—The work of preparation for the shooting commenced on Feb. 25, but there was so much ice on the Flats that nothing in the way of putting in boxes could be done for about two weeks. There is, however, much labor to be performed by the local members before the arrival of the non-residents. The club houses are to be put in order, 300 wood decoys are to be repaired and painted, furniture, boxes and canvas overhauled and everything put in order for housekeeping. The three clubs—Monomoy, Providence and Manchester—all run under the management of the first-named, the same as heretofore. The four boxes, South, Mudhole, West and North, are to be planted.

These watertight boxes, each containing a guide and two gunners, are about 6ft. long, 3ft. wide and deep, and as the tide has a maximum depth of about 18in., one-half of the box must be buried in the flats and sand wheeled up around it to form a natural bar and hide the box. As these bars are so easily obliterated by high wind and water, in order to save the vast amount of labor in reconstructing, a canvas cover, like a ship's sail, is thrown over it, a hole cut for the box and the edges buried in the sand to hold it in place.

The weather was so cold and severe that the first box, the South, was not in position before the 6th of March, and the last, the North, was barely in place on the 20th, on which day the first regular weekly party of eight men arrived from Boston anticipating good shooting, but alas! few birds are on the feeding ground, and what few there are, keep a good distance from the boxes. The party struggled on cheerfully through the week and came out with one brant! and retired to make room for the second party of nine men. Fresh arrivals of the migrants made them fairly plentiful, but still they kept off shore, and paid very little attention to the decoys. Buoyed up by hope and the prospects of better fortune in the near future—which was never realized—the devotees departed with a meagre bag of eight brant.

The third weekly party, April 3–10, better known as "the boys' party"—older to-day than when they received that appellation twenty years ago—full of energy and ambition, entered the field and commenced operations, but with all their enterprise they could not coax the birds within range, and the week closed with a record of only nine brant.

The fourth party, made up of selections from the Providence Club, which contains some choice specimens of sportsmen, headed by his Honor ex-Mayor Barker, turned out on this occasion but five "braves" to compete for the championship of the season. Of all the gentle spirits that participate in the sport as well as the festivities of the club, none enter with greater zest or participate more joyously than the distinguished members of the Providence Club. The shooting was quite unsatisfactory, but the brave boys struck up a cheerful note and departed with a bag of nine brant.

The fifth party was composed mostly of elderly gentlemen who have seen service and are entitled to the honor of "veterans." Their victories in the present field were somewhat like Santa Anna who alleged that Gen. Taylor "didn't know when he was whipped." Considering their

age and disabilities, the eight "veterans" did noble work, performing every duty at box and bar with equal alacrity of the younger members. But they could not perform miracles or by any mystic art restore confidence to the minds of the migrants, as each gunner present is entitled to a full share of all the birds killed, the problem of equal division of the only one brought to bag became rather serious, but was finally amicably settled by "arbitration."

On April 24, the last party of the season, consisting of eight old stayers and raw recruits, put in an appearance. The prospect was most gloomy and discouraging. What few birds were left, kept aloof and would not approach the boxes. Every day as long as there was any show for birds the boxes were faithfully manned and every artifice known to the club was resorted to without effect. Up to the morning of the departure, not a bird had fallen before any gun, but on that morning "Lou" brought in one brant, which on examination was pronounced a "wing shock" or wounded bird, that was unable to continue the journey, and worthless. So ends the most disastrous season known to branting.

The reader, if he be interested in sporting matters, may like to know why it is that a club that has for more than thirty years been in existence with an average score of about 350 birds yearly, is now so abruptly reduced to twenty-nine? We will endeavor briefly to explain. To our mind, the failure is to be assigned mostly to two causes. First, failure of food, and second, to over-shooting. The great gales and high water that some years ago swept the sand dunes of Nanuet far from their foundation, depositing the material in the channel, thereby ruining the harbor and commerce of Chatham, also destroyed the best part of the feeding ground, especially the channel and other attractive sections near the town. We have observed for several years a growing disposition in the birds to keep more and more off shore. The reasons are quite obvious. They find better feed and exemption from danger, two important factors in a bird's existence. As these birds live to a great age, it may be presumed that every spring as in their northern migration they reach Chatham Bay, where for so many years they have fared sumptuously, they must stop to rest and partake of the delicious food—*Zostera marina*—so bounteously supplied. Seemingly all the brant that went north at that period stopped here. We have often imagined what must be the surprise of the serried ranks of the veterans of many a long journey, as they wheel majestically around Morris's Island, confidently expecting the luscious feast, when, lo! only a sand flat is before them! Memory is in birds strong and it takes years to obliterate these impressions. Let him who doubts consider that the same bird that built a nest and reared its young on a particular tree by his window last year, will after an absence of many months, without a compass to guide it, or even a blazed tree to mark its way, return again, year after year, to perform the same paternal office. About half-way down from Chatham to Monomoy Point, on the westerly side, is a projection called the "inner point," and from this point a natural bar makes across to the "Common Flats." Fifteen years ago very few brant tarried there, as the water is deeper and more turbulent, but pushed on nearer the town, where there was plenty of feed and shoal water. For several years the tendency to abide south of the bar and inner point has been more pronounced, and more especially has this been the case during the present season.

The second cause of failure this year, namely, "over-shooting," is so marked as to be apparent to any observer. Some forty years ago, when we were first introduced to this shooting ground, there were but three boxes on the whole distance up and down the flats. Now there are twelve or thirteen. Then a simple sandbar, upon which stood three live brant decoys, and a box buried in the bar, completed the outfit. These primitive contrivances worked marvellously well. The birds would light in the water hard by and swim up to the bar and mingle with the decoys. It is singular how soon word is telegraphed from this bar to all the birds in the bay that all is well and it is safe for them to assemble there for a social chat or to make plans for the long journey to the north, and they spring up from various parts and straightway proceed to the bar. We have seen hundreds, nay, apparently thousands, pile on to and around the box, nearly all of them within range. It is a critical moment. The neophites become nervous, and the guide has hard work to keep them down out of sight. Each of the decoys has fetters on his legs, to which a line in the hand of a guide is attached. A gentle pull on the line reminds them that a shot is to be made and they must move to one or the other side of the bar. They seem to understand the situation and quietly obey. The first discharge is usually quite destructive, and the second, on the wing, less so. Often the slaughter was terrible, twenty, thirty, and even as high as forty-four at a shot. They did not seem so badly frightened when fired at in a sitting posture as on the wing, and the same flock would appear two or three times during a single tide upon the bars.

About fifteen years since, an innovation on this system was made by the introduction of wood decoys. Before this period the birds were rarely, if ever, shot on the wing. Since that inauspicious event most of them are shot on the wing. We do not mean to say that the birds never light with the woods. Young, inexperienced birds may approach near enough to draw fire, but as a rule, they soon discover the fraud, and skip away. It is with difficulty that mature birds are brought within range, although a pair of live birds are worked in conjunction with the woods. Later came the labor-saving system of canvas covers, as before remarked. This plan is rather against nature. With a goodly number of inanimate imitations, the shy, cunning creatures may sometimes be coaxed within fair range; but not probably a second time.

Our seasons are about six weeks long, or from March 20 to May 1. During this time the canvas becomes bleached quite white and conspicuous, and if the wild birds ever come on to it we have failed to see it; in fact, our observation leads to the conclusion that they are suspicious of that white cap surrounded by queer-looking, stiff-necked imitations, and keep shy of them, especially after one or two seasons' experience. Nor will they in any considerable numbers come on to the flats or near the boxes, but keep off in the bay or south side of the bar and inner point. We have enumerated a dozen boxes planted up and down the flats and beaches contiguous to the feeding grounds. From every one of these boxes more or less guns are fired, and every shot seems to weaken the confidence of the birds in the security, the safety of the situation.

The relative number of birds passing directly over and not stopping at all is greater this year than ever before. It is but the natural outcome of too much shooting. The law of self-preservation is strong in birds as in other creatures, and when destroyed in one location they will seek another. Very little shooting at birds on their feeding grounds will soon drive them all away, and shooting on wing while on the passage to or from the feeding places produces disastrous results. We attribute the failure of the present season more to the increase of boxes and bars, covered and uncovered, and the constant banging at all sorts of birds that come along, than to the food failure. And then there are very few young birds this season. Out of the twenty-nine birds killed only two were young. Last year our club killed 285 brant, 153 young and 132 adults.

The flight of all kinds of birds has been this spring remarkably small, we should say less than half the usual number. We hardly suppose that the swimming birds would be caught in the ice and perish, or that any, especially brant, who are bred in cold regions and are clothed with a double jacket, could hardly suffer by low temperature, and they certainly could in a few hours reach a warmer climate where food is plenty, and we are puzzled about the cause of the greatly diminished numbers. Being on the elbow of Cape Cod, most of the fowl and shore birds pass Chatham Bay, but this spring, if there are as many birds as usual, they must have taken some other road. Sea ducks, coot, geese, brant, sheldrake, black ducks, and even gulls have all been very scarce. The scarcity of song and insectivorous birds is more easily accounted for. With the mercury at 22° and 14in. of snow covering the winter home of these lovely creatures, it is a marvel that any are left to cheer the hearts of toilers upon Northern soil and aid the husbandman and horticulturist in his efforts to produce most valuable crops. The almost unparalleled cold weather at the South brought not only ruin to fruit growers and fruit, but also killed millions of small birds. The dead were strewn broadcast over the land. In a little village in North Carolina where we have often hunted partridges, the gale blew down a martin box containing twenty dead, or nearly dead, bluebirds, and seven more bodies were discovered in a hollow stump. Gunners from that section report heavy losses among the partridges (Bob White), and it must take several favorable years to overcome these deplorable losses. W. Hapgood,

Pres. Monomoy Branting Club.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Story of the Big Bear Foot.

Chicago, Ill., May 8.—A week or so ago I made mention of a very large bear paw which was sent me by our friend Mr. R. E. Bobo, the champion bear hunter of Mississippi and of the world, so far as I know. Mr. Bobo appends the story of the chase in which the big bear was killed, and from this it would seem that the bear chase had after all some revelations for him, even after so many years, experience at it. The weight of 600lbs. is very large for the black bear, though Mr. Bobo told me he once killed one that weighed 700lbs. after dressing. Forest and Stream must show this big foot, dried and shrunken as it must then be, in the exhibit at the sportsmen's exposition, and if anybody can tell any bigger true bear stories than these which have been coming from Mississippi, I reckon he will have to carry off the foot. But it will take more than 304 bears in one year to do it, and a black bear heavier than most grizzlies are thought to be will be necessary to beat the Mississippi record. Only the best of anything will get into the Forest and Stream exhibit, or get away with it. Mr. Bobo writes as below of his first spring hunt.

Big Bear on the Sunflower.

"A late hunt on the Sunflower recalls the pleasant times we had there last fall, when you were here. Our dogs being in full trim and the boys all anxious to go for a hunt, we arranged to leave Bobo station and round up at the Duncan place, that being as you know on the river at the east end of the tram road where we waited for the dogs, when you and I were out there. In our party were Messrs. J. R. Shield, Felix Payne, Mr. Heiler, Bob the Kid (my son) and Tom Sims and Sam Russell, the colored boys. We all started April 21, and met successfully at the Duncan camp. Everybody told of what sign he had seen and what we might look for on the next day.

"Early the following morning we left for the bit of country known as Hell's Hundred Acres. When we got near Mud Lake we heard Georgia Ann, Tom's favorite dog, and everybody that knew the dogs said: 'Yes, that's all right.' Then the whole pack went into cry, and away we all went. The race went far to the north and then west and south to the Pecan Bayou, then east to the river and back west again. Crack! bang! bang! we could hear the guns go along the tram road, then still for two hours and a quarter a hard race went on, Tom and Sam and Mr. Shield and everybody else getting a shot, but no meat. At last the dogs caught and killed the bear, an 80lb. cub.

"We got back as fast as we could to the starting place, knowing that the old she bear was not far away, and soon Fly, Mr. Shield's favorite dog, gave mouth and off we went again for a run of an hour and a half. We treed at last in a big hollow tree, and the boys making a fire we soon began throwing chunks at the hole, and after awhile Sam put one in the hole and out came a 300lb. bear, and was on the ground before you could say what or how. Well, you know the big knife I always carry, and this came useful, for in a moment I had killed this bear with the knife. The boys carved up the meat and we went back, on the way discussing who should be called before the Kangaroo court for doing all that shooting and missing—the penalty of the court usually consisting of a shortening of the guilty party's shirt tail by about 4in. Our court lasted till midnight, and I do not need say that some of the boys had very short shirts on by that time.

"The next morning we set out for some good grounds, and very soon my favorite—the dog we could not find when we were here—gave cry, and we knew a bear was up. We gathered up, and came to the understanding that we were to give this bear a chance for his life, and by fair means take him without a gun being fired. The chase went south a quarter of a mile and took a short turn to the north of that tram road where I stationed you so often. We heard a gun go bang! bang! and then we heard a yell. 'Now, boys,' said I, 'with forty-one dogs and no one to shoot the bear, I reckon we'll have some fun, and a little touch of high life in Mississippi bear hunting.' We all tightened up for a hard run, but we got no run. It was all a disappointment. 'What?' said I to Payne, as he came up, 'you haven't killed it?'

"'Yes,' said Payne, with that honest look we all knew so well to carry the truth with it, 'I did break the agreement. But that bear did look so black and fine that I shot and killed it before I thought—I did, honest!'

"'Have you got your sack along to put the meat in?' I asked.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I have. The bear only weighs 150lbs.'

"'Well, keep that sack,' said I, 'for before our Kangaroo Court gets done with you, you are mighty apt to need it for a shirt.'

"Well, we got back to Pecan Bayou—you know where that is—and in a moment Ronco gave tongue again. We all closed in to see the size of the track, for it was in a sort of pond, a wet place. 'Look! look!' cried Shield. 'That track is as big as my horse's track.'

"It was indeed a monstrous track, and we laid plans to make no mistake in the run. I knew it might go south to the Hushpuckany River and cross and get clear away. We rode to the front as best each could, two miles and a half to the river. At the bank I rode to the front and the bear turned back from the river and made for Hell's Hundred Acres, with me after him, and I reckon you know what that meant for followers. I rode hard a mile north and headed the pack all alone, the boys being far in the rear. Riding for the dogs, I came up with them, and at length saw a great black object going across a piece of burned cane, working hard to get to the cover a quarter of a mile away. I set spurs hard and heavy to my good horse Dan, and we closed with the bear. Holding my rifle like a pistol in my right hand and the reins in my left, I fired at the bear with the muzzle against its body, but the bear kept right on. Some of the dogs were within 5ft. of him, and there were forty-one dogs strung out behind him. Fifty yards further I rode in and again placed the gun against the bear and fired, and down he came. Off I piled on to him, and I tell you a 600lb. bear and forty-one fighting dogs is something of a contract. A third time I placed the old rifle against the great animal and so I ended the hardest and most exciting bear race of my whole life, and my experience I think justifies me in saying this was one of the most pleasant hunts of the age.

"I blew the call, and Shield and Payne, a quarter of a mile away, responded and came in. We had a general carving, for this bear was a monster indeed.

"We had not had a dog scratched, and had killed four bears in two days, one of them this huge one. We thought this was the most pleasant hunt we had ever enjoyed. We all wished several times that you had been with us. When we pulled out for camp each man took all the meat he wanted and we had some of the finest hides we ever got.

"It is useless to say that when the court convened there were some short shirt tails, and Mr. Payne, who broke the rule by firing, had very little left of his shirt but the collar.

"We are making arrangements to have everything in good shape next fall, and you know you have a standing invitation to join us, something which you know too is not given to a great many. You have our best wishes.

"R. E. Bobo."

There wasn't no Ticket.

I am in receipt, in the course of trade, of the following story from the city of Memphis, which was originally addressed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., probably by Tom Divine or some other Memphis friend. The story may be thought by some too good to be true, but I am not saying a word about that, and all I know is that it is too good to keep. It certainly does look as though the fellow at whose expense it is told ought to buy another dinner at the hotel Luehrman, and pay for it, too. The story goes as follows:

"Memphis, Tenn., April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A series of articles commenced their appearance in Forest and Stream about Feb. 9, under the caption of "The Sunny South." These articles were very much enjoyed by friends of your paper in this country, and I feel that a great deal of good was done by the generous handling of the Southern question by your correspondent. He made a great many personal friends while in the South, and I am sure a great many friends for Forest and Stream. He has a very happy way of telling of the good things that happen to the different friends with whom he is thrown—many beautiful stories at the expense of these friends. But if you will notice, he never finds a single story to tell on himself, and we are naturally led to believe that this gentleman is so perfect that he never falls into traps or positions of embarrassment.

"Now, I am satisfied from what I have heard of this gentleman that he is courageous, that he is not afraid to face any question or position, has been tried and found equal to the occasion in all the various trials of life, but there are times when this gentleman does some pretty nice dodging; when he forgets some very rich things that happen in his company, at his expense, which would not probably appear so beautiful to him in print. If you will pardon me, I will relate just one little incident that happened at Memphis which I think should be told on him. I am told that while he was in Memphis he was very hospitably and cleverly taken care of by two of his Tennessee Club friends; that they were lavish in their efforts to make his stay pleasant; told him the club was his while he was here, and in various ways showed him that he was looked upon as a great man, and that they were proud to have the pleasure of entertaining him.

"On one occasion he was invited to dinner at the Tennessee Club, when he drew himself up, as the proud sons of the West have a way of doing, and said, 'Gentlemen, I will not eat or drink with you again until you have partaken of some of my hospitality.' No amount of protestation on the part of these friends would change his mind, so they concluded to humor him this once, and started with him for his hotel. Just as this little party of three entered the café of the hotel, they were called over to a table where two gentlemen, society men of Memphis, were dining, and together they sat down to commence their meal. This great dodger was introduced to the two gentlemen, and in the most perfect and gallant manner urged them to be his guests. Nothing was said; each ordered what he felt disposed to have for dinner, and as each course was served it was most fearfully abused by this able scribe. He said that in the course of all his expe-

rience he had never seen such a villainous dinner, that the soup seemed to have been made from the shadow of birds; that the noble shad had faded into river catfish; that the duck, the roast and everything connected with this dinner was simply abominable; when his lips touched the coffee he put the cup down with a frown and said, 'Gentlemen, I really must ask you to excuse this coffee, it is villainous.' When the feast was over, in the great high toned voice of a potentate, he said to the waiter, 'Give me my ticket.' The waiter replied, 'Thar ain't no ticket.' He took a long steady look at one of these Tennessee Club friends and said, 'Did you pay this ticket?' 'Upon my honor, I did not,' was the prompt reply. He turned on the waiter with a scrowl on his face like the demons of old and said, 'Waiter, give me that ticket.' 'Sar, thar ain't no ticket.'

"This of course caused a great deal of confusion, and, greatly to his discomfort, first one gentleman and then the other started out of the café, and out of the hotel, leaving him storming at the waiter, and from there on to the clerk. To this day he does not know who paid for the dinner, which he was serving and which he so eloquently derided, and for which somebody else paid. Now, mind you, I would not tell this face to face with this scribe for any amount of money; in fact we said nothing about it the balance of his stay here, and I imagine he will wish that he had never ordered dinner at Luehrmann's. ADAM."

Speaking of Bear.

Speaking of bear reminds me that Ira Dodge, or a part of him, has just passed through Chicago, to attend the sportsmen's exposition at New York. Ira Dodge is the old mountain man of Wyoming, who was partially eaten by a bear which he had partially killed, so all of Mr. Dodge did not go East, to be strictly truthful. The rest of him can rejoice in the fact that he got out alive from about as close a squeak as a man ever did have with a bear.

Mr. J. W. Schultz, another mountain man and guide, from Piegan, Mont., also passed East for the exposition yesterday. The exposition promises to be very notable in the attendance of guides, woodsmen and practical sportsmen of all kinds, and any sportsman of any kind who can do so should be on hand to learn the new and old things of the craft.

Mr. Colville (Dick Swiveller), long with the Baker gun, passed through Chicago this week for the West.

Interesting Test Case.

A friend points out the following from a Dubuque, Ia., paper. The question involved has for years been a much mooted one, and of late the sportsmen have been pushing it hard. It is all very well to talk of the food rights of the people in fish and game, but it has not yet been established that a few of the people have the right to forever destroy that which belongs to all the people, and which should forever be conserved for all the people. The marketmen have never been sincere. When they say the people they mean themselves. When the sportsmen speak of protecting fish and game for the people, they do not mean themselves, but all the people, now and hereafter. The sportsmen are doing the thinking for those who can not or will not think. Thought has a way of insistence and growth. That is why the idea, "Stop the Sale of Game," is bound to grow. The excerpt reads:

"At the coming session of the Supreme Court an important case will be argued, which will, in the opinion of the attorneys, settle the question. The first one will be the legal limits of the Mississippi River as far as Iowa is concerned, and the second will be the fish supply of Iowa towns. The case was commenced in Allamakee county. C. H. Haug was arrested for catching 2,500lbs. of fish with a net from Big Lake, near Lansing. He was acquitted, Judge Hoyt holding that a lake was part of the river, as it was originally formed as part of the river bed. The county authorities want the case settled and for that reason appealed it. If the Supreme Court holds that any lakes along the banks of the Mississippi River are not part of that stream as far as the fish law is concerned, it will put an end to the business of hundreds of fishermen, cut down the supply of fresh fish all over the State and incidentally make the Mississippi lakes a paradise in a few years for fishermen with the rod."

Hail.

Max Luther, of Corpus Christi, Texas, informs me that it recently hailed in that part of Columbia about 4ft. deep on the level, the hailstones running as large as watermelons. Fortunately the ducks had all gone north. It does not hail that large in the north. Texas is a great State.

Possum Club Fire Sufferers.

It is a singular fact that Mr. F. A. Place, also a member of the Possum Club party mentioned last week, and an ex-member of the executive committee of the State Association, was this morning burned out, his elaborate photograph gallery being almost totally destroyed. Mr. Place made many pictures for the sportsmen and had a large collection of negatives, most of which were lost. It is odd, but true, that this morning, when poking around among the ruins of these negatives, almost the first one he turned up was that of his friend and fellow loser by fire, Mr. Hamline. If this thing keeps up, FOREST AND STREAM will need another fire reporter out here before long to cover all the hurry calls in Chicago sportsmanship. Mr. Lester Stevens, another photographer and another sportsman, and also a Possum Club member, offers Mr. Place the use of his gallery and facilities until he gets on his feet again. Members of the sportsmen's guild are ever helpful to one another.

Car Fare.

I have discovered that, if a fellow walks down town in the morning, he can save his 5 cents car fare, and can, moreover, for the said 5 cents purchase a fine red rose and two red carnation pinks, all the same being very beautiful and fragrant. This morning, when I was eating breakfast in a restaurant where the prices are not too swift—because you know it is getting toward the middle of the week, and all good newspaper men are broke then—I was somewhat surprised to see the waiter pick up my two pinks from the table in front of me, and inhale somewhat of their fragrance. "Them's mighty nice," said he. So he got a schooner of water and put their stems in it. "That'll keep 'em fresh," he said. "I'm awfully fond of flowers. They're so sweet." Now, what could you do in a case like that, even if it was the middle of the week? Perhaps Chicago is not all Chicago, after all.

A Nebraska Pelican.

Mr. Ezra E. Howard, of Edgar, Neb., writes as below of a pelican which seems to be a little out of ordinary pelican bearings, though that bird is sometimes seen along the Platte or Arkansas rivers, and is common in many Rocky Mountain lakes:

"A white pelican was caught near here a few days ago by a young man. The bird had evidently got its right wing injured in some way. It had black feathers on its wings and a hump on its bill about the middle about ¼in. thick, 2in. long, and a little over 1in. high. Was it the common white pelican or not?

"The flight of doe birds is pretty good, and hunters are getting good bags."

It was no doubt the common white pelican, the latter having black tips to the wings. I reckon they have these horns on their noses to give them strength, because when you drop from a few hundred feet into the water you need a strong fore-runner. I am posted on pelicans, because we always see about a million of them every time we go down to Texas. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

"BUCK AGUE."

CINCINNATI, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You gave me quite an energetic "tail twistin'" in FOREST AND STREAM of April 27, but it did not set me back much, and I still hold that the term "buck fever" is wrong, as applied to the shaking and utter helplessness of a hunter when trying to hold his gun on game and can't—Bartlett and his "Dictionary of Americanisms" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Bartlett, and Hammond, too, doubtless defined this state of the nerves to accord with what the people meant with whom they came in contact, viz., that they shook; but a misapprehension or misapplication of a term or phrase does not make it right.

I said before, and I stick to it, that fever don't shake its victim till the back teeth are about ready to drop out, or words to that effect; but that ague does; hence I claim that "buck fever," when used to mean the shaking and agitation of the nerves when coming suddenly on a deer or other game, is a misnomer; a perversion of the true meaning of the idea intended to be conveyed, which is to shake, as with a sudden fit of ague—not fever.

I don't understand why people in one locality should call this nervousness, this shaking—which is the same the world over—"buck ague," and those of another part of the country call it "buck fever;" but it only emphasizes the fact that the "agueites" had a right conception of the term and the others a wrong one.

"Buck fever" don't agree with my notions of the fitness of things. It don't describe any of the symptoms nor bear any relation that I can make out to the shaking state of the nerves under discussion, and I am going to "side with the man from Texas," and the pioneers of the Wabash bottoms, and the early dwellers along the Tippecanoe and Eel rivers, and call it "buck ague" till I can be convinced that there is any shake, quake or any other kind of a nerve-jerking attribute in a fever.

It don't seem a question to be settled by being possessed of any special knowledge of "the ways of speech of past generations." It should settle itself by the adaptability of the term to the effect produced.

Does it throw one into a fever, or into a shaky state like unto an ague fit? If a fever, I will acknowledge that I am in the wrong; if into an ague, like an old-fashioned "Wabash shake," I claim to be in the right, and I can't quite see it in the light of carping or "cantankerous criticism" to try and set the readers of FOREST AND STREAM right in a matter that seems to me a plain misconception and misuse of a term that does not express any of the symptoms or effects of the malady under consideration.

No, I have no more fathers in reserve; but from the one I used to have—the quickest with a rifle, the truest and best deer hunter I ever knew—and from other old deer hunters of the time when I was a boy, I learned to call these unaccountable attacks of "rattles" by the right name—"Buck Ague."

I have had my say, and will rest my case.

KINGFISHER.

P. S.—I have another "crow to pick" with the compositor and proofreader. On page 349, first column, ninth line from top, issue of May 4, one or both of them make me say, "white scarlet flannel," which I wrote "bright scarlet flannel." Who ever heard of "white scarlet?"

K.

NOTES OF A FLYING TRIP.

LINCOLN, Neb., May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Well, here we are again, after making a kind of double-cushion carom via Portland, and spinning half-way across the continent, ending with a graceful parachute drop down on old stamping grounds—for the present. Item—Omaha to-morrow, maybe savie Sandy Griswold, huh? Item—Chicago next week, savie Hough sure, and smoke good cigars with him (if he has any), 'cause he's one of the family, see? Several items—saw Judge Greene and his side-partner Meade in Portland. Good crowd that, know a good thing from a salted claim. Going into the Olympics, western Washington, all three of us some day. Tell you all about it when we get back. Reason, Meade wants a Dolly Varden that will weigh umpty pounds; and what Meade wants, he has to have. The Judge, being older, has given up such vanities and is contented with brook trout, and lots of them, about ten inches to a foot long.

More items—asked every man I saw coming across what the game outlook was where he lived. Here is what I found out:

GRANDE RONDE VALLEY, Ore.—Plenty of grouse and chickens, some pheasants in the valley. Mule deer and bear fairly plenty in the mountains close by.

NAMPA, Idaho—Lots of blacktail deer. Bear (big ones), sheep and goats, all you want back in the hills. Chickens, willow grouse plenty. Pheasants once a week.

GLENN'S FERRY, Idaho.—Lots of blacktail deer, some few elk, sheep, goats and bear, all in the Sawtooth Range. Lots of trout, Snake River and tributaries.

POCOTELLO, Idaho.—Blacktail deer, goats, sheep and bear in the mountains; lots of willow grouse along the streams. Plenty of trout anywhere you can find a damp place (so they tell me).

OGDEN, Utah.—Ducks and geese in season. Bear, deer and few sheep in the Uintah range. Plenty of trout in Weber and Bear rivers—salt free with water at the lake. Mosquitoes big enough to shoot.

BEAR LAKE VALLEY.—Deer, grouse, pine hens and sage hens enough to feed the whole crowd. Lots of trout and whitefish (?); both take a fly.

STAR OR SALT RIVER VALLEY, Wyo.—Best place on earth, not counting out the head waters of Green River, 100 miles from McCammon junction, sixty miles east of Montpelier on the Short Line. Good place and full of white folks clear down to Evanston. Deer, elk, bear and sheep until you get tired shooting. Grouse and sage hens plenty. Stray antelope once in a while, maybe twice in a while sometimes. Trout and whitefish sit up nights to get first chance at your fly; man who lives there told me—fact.

EASTERN WYOMING.—Turned into a sheep ranch and worked out, even jack rabbits leaving both slopes of the Continental divide. Western Nebraska—baked. Eastern Nebraska—Sandy Griswold's reservation and posted!

I heard "Arefar's" remark a few weeks ago about a trout that lives in California; but it's a different breed from my red one up in Washington. Will talk to Arefar a little later on about fish. Got other things on the reel right now.

"Von W." is o. k. about that 160-acre spear that some fellow got a patent on to "help us poor anglers out." Wish he would make a nice big one for a present. Wouldn't I like to just make a few jabs at him with it. Invention for anglers, humph!

I'll drop in again about the time roses begin to bloom, in the moon of the hatching of the birds, and tell you about that dead antelope that the eagles fought over up there in the Bad Lands. Just now I'm "tied to business" and only got here by doing a quick sneak, see? Klookwah, Tillacums. EL COMANCHO.

WEIGHTS OF MICHIGAN DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I received a quaint sort of a letter a few days ago, dated April 1, from "Uncle Billy Richardson," the hermit of Hubbard Lake, near whose cabin we made our camp last summer, and I think some extracts from it may interest some of the readers of the "old paper." "Uncle Billy" is eighty years of age and lives alone—not counting his cats and chickens—in a snug cabin three and a half miles from the foot of Hubbard Lake, and during the deep snows of winter seldom sees the face of a fellow man for six and eight weeks, as there is no house nearer him than the foot of the lake. He is one of the very best of the many good neighbors and friends we have made in Michigan, and I take pleasure in "saying it to his face," for I'm going to send him a paper with these remarks in it—if you print them. KINGFISHER.

Uncle Billy writes: "I write to return thanks for the large and beautiful calendar and papers and everything else you sent me. I am told it has been a very cold winter here, but I did not feel it so much myself, for I was out but very little. We had fair weather in March, snow all went away, except in the thick woods and swamps, but I woke up this morning to find four inches of snow on the ground.

"They are cutting holes in the ice to put in 50,000 lake trout fry, as they think they will do well in Hubbard Lake. The ice is 2ft. thick, the snow has been about the same on the level. The ice goes very quick with a little fine weather. * * * I see in one of the Cincinnati *Commercials* you sent that a Mr. B. W. Campbell claims to have killed the largest deer in the Northwest, 250lbs. I think that he is away off the range in the weight and size of Michigan deer. The first deer that I killed on Hubbard Lake weighed 307lb. good weight. I weighed one for old Indian Joe of 308½lbs., and I have weighed many deer for the Indians under and over 300lbs. The hide of my 307lbs. buck weighed 7lbs. when flint dry, and 4½lbs. when tanned, which sold for $11.25.

"Many hunters about Alpena kill larger deer than 250lbs. every year. Plenty of Indians round here. Indians and deer go together. There was a party of hunters here last fall occupying your old camp ground. They killed twenty-five deer, one a little short of 270lbs., and half of them over 200lbs.; a very pretty sight to see them hung up. They got tired killing deer and went home one week before the season was out. Among them was one professor, one State representative and three farmers. Indians now making maple sugar. Best wishes to the Colonel and all the rest of the Kingfishers.

"WM. RICHARDSON."

The Canvas Hunting Boat.

MARLIN, Tex., May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We wish to take mild exceptions to the treatment "W. R. H." gives a favorite of ours, under the head of "Roughing for Ducks," in your issue of April 27—the canvas folding boat. He would give one not experienced the impression that the boat is too cranky for useful purposes. While it is true that it would not do in most instances for a ferry, nor answer a great many purposes so well as some other boat, we have never failed to find our little 12x40 the right thing in the right place. We have used it for four years on various rivers and lakes in this State, and it has never tipped over with us yet, although we use 65sq. ft. of canvas in a mainsail and jigger, and were out in one squall that broke the main stick in two.

When we first got it, the stools that came with it as seats tipped over and "spilled" us into the gunwales a couple of times, and we got some cork cushions made the proper size, which prove to be easy and comfortable seats. In case of an accident, with a person in who couldn't swim, by taking one under each arm there would be no danger of drowning. When it comes to transporting a boat to fishing or hunting grounds, it takes very little imagination to decide which boat is the handier.

Our boat seems to be just as good now as when we got it, about four years ago, and stands the wear and tear better than some of our high-grade wooden boats.

We enjoyed the article written by "W. R. H." very much, and would like to have some other brother's experience with a canvas folding boat. E. R. E.

In Eastern Oregon.

LA GRANDE, Ore., May 4.—The La Grande Rod and Gun Club is composed of men who take a deep interest in sport, and numbers among its members some trap-shooters that will rank with the best in the Northwest.

The State Sportsman's Association will hold their annual meeting in La Grande, on June 10 to 12. Our boys will do all in their power to make the meeting an interesting one to the representatives from the rod and gun clubs of the State.

The Grand Ronde Valley has been stocked with California quail and Chinese pheasants. They are doing well, and are protected until the year 1900.

Our deputy game and fish warden, Mr. A. V. Andrews, is doing good work in prosecuting all violators of any game law, and all true sportsmen will uphold him.

Some fiend in human shape scattered poison over the town about three weeks ago, resulting in the death of eight or ten valuable hunting dogs.

The lovers of the rod are having fair success luring the wily trout from the mountain streams, several having returned with full baskets. K.

Plover on Texas Prairies.

PLOVER came in here about the time the quail season closed, and for a while hunting parties were out nearly every day. From thirty to sixty was about the usual bag for half a day's shooting for two, but 124 were brought in by one couple in one afternoon.

We hunt them in vehicles altogether. They are very wild from a person on foot, but in a buggy one can drive right through a bunch of them, getting first one on the ground and second on the wing. We have frequently heard it claimed that they are hard to kill. We have come to the conclusion that the trouble arises from shooting too far. They stand up high, and their long wings in flight offer a large mark, while on the open prairie distances look short. The last time we were out we drove within shooting distance of two plover. I killed mine and my chum missed his with the first and flushed it with the second, when I killed it. I asked him to pace the distance to his, while I did the same to mine. He remarked that it was not so far as I imagined. It proved to be 43yds. to each one, but did not appear to be over 30yds. E. R. E.

The Southern Railway's New Through Sleeping Car Line to Chattanooga, Tenn.

COMMENCING Sunday, May 12, a new through Sleeping Car Line from New York to Chattanooga, Tenn., will be inaugurated over the Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," going through the picturesque mountains of western North Carolina, via Asheville, Hot Springs, Paint Rock and Knoxville. The through car will leave New York via Pennsylvania Railroad at 4:30 P. M., leave Washington via Southern Railway at 10:43 P. M., and arrive at Chattanooga following evening at 6:40. This car will be operated over the Southern Railway's own lines from Washington to Chattanooga, which is an assurance of quick time, excellent connections and the best of service to be had. The country through which the new route runs is rich in magnificent scenery.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, May 9.—The ice got the advantage of the trout fishermen in going out of the Maine lakes, and for two or three days there were no parties on the move for the trout waters. But now they are starting. Mr. A. S Foster, who has for a good many years pioneered a party of sportsmen to some one of the Maine trout lakes—usually the Rangeleys—is to leave to-morrow or Monday. In his party are five or six gentlemen, including Mr. W. B. May, Mr. Rogers, Mr. B. J. Parker, Mr. J. Eaton, and probably one or two others. They go to Student Island, in Mooselucmaguntic. Mr. C. P. Stevens, of Camp Vive Vale, was one of the first to be off, having started the next day after the ice left the Rangeleys. Mr. Stevens is alone this year. Mr. E. A. Dow, with his fishing friend Mr. E. G. Place, will start for Richardson Lake Saturday. They go to Camp Stewart, with George and Will Cutting for guides. Mr. Dow has a record of a trout above 5lbs. last year, and Mr. Place is expecting a big one this year.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman, corresponding secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Club, starts to-morrow for Weld Pond, in Maine, with a party of six. They go for landlocked salmon. In the party are also Messrs. E. J. Littleton, Charles A. Kilham, Dr. W. G. Kendall, A. Bernard, and J. Harberger. They are to make a short trip, but expect great sport, as they have direct word that the fishing is good. The Stanley Minnow will be thoroughly tried and the FOREST AND STREAM is promised the results. It is also more than probable that Commissioner Henry O. Stanley will be one of the party. Mr. David H. Blanchard, well known to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, is soon to start for Monson, Me., with Mr. C. P. Keeler. They will fish Monson lakes for lake trout. Mr. Blanchard will visit his salmon river later.

There are reports of good landlocked salmon fishing in Sebec Lake in Maine, but the fishermen who have gone to Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream for the same fish are not having the sport they expected, if all reports are true. Mr. G. A. Fales has started with a party for Moosehead. The Produce Party, so named from the fact that most of the fishermen making it up belong to the produce and provision trades, was one of the first to be off for Moosehead this year. But the ice went out before the party was ready, though they will make good the advantage taken of them later. In this party are mentioned Mr. Wallace F. Robinson, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce; Mr. L. E. Pierce, Mr. Stearns R. Ellis, Mr. Conant, Mr. Smith, Mr. Powers and several others. They have the best steamer on Moosehead engaged to take them out on their fishing trips, with guides and canoes. Capt. J. B. Thomas, one of the directors of the American Sugar Refining Co., formerly a resident of Boston, but now of New York, will visit Moosehead this year with a party of friends. His party will go later for fly-fishing. Mr. Thomas was formerly the "commodore" of the Kineo Club, a party of sportsmen that annually visited Moosehead for fly-fishing for many years. In this party were such fishermen as Mr. W. S. Hills, now blind, but who kept up his love for fishing, in spite of his blindness, for a number of seasons. Last year he tried salt-water fishing when his health permitted.

The Linder party to Moosehead I will give particulars about later. Then there is the Magee party to the Rangeleys. The Camp Stewart party to the same lakes, which will go later, with numerous other fishermen ready to be noted in due season. Mr. Edgar W. Curtis, of Meriden, Conn., passed through Boston on Monday *en route* to his camp in the Pond-in-the-River, below the Middle Dam. He was accompanied by Mr. Joseph Loy, of the same place. Mr. Curtis has fished the Rangeleys for many years, and his record of trout is a remarkable one. I believe that he is a long time patron of the FOREST AND STREAM, and he is certainly a true angler.

Boston, May 10.—There are reports of good black bass fishing in Lake Cobbosseecontee, some four or five miles from Gardiner, Me., and one or two Boston parties are there, or have started. Mr. John H. Lord, of Springfield, is in Gardiner for the summer. He was accompanied on a bass fishing trip the other day by Warren Whittemore, of that vicinity. They were quartered at Camp Comfort. A fine string of bass was taken; about twenty in all. Many of the fish were returned to the water. It is noted by bass fishermen that the fishing is unusually good for so early in the season—a result of the extremely warm weather.

Still the fishermen are starting for the Maine lakes. There are reports of a party of twenty-eight from Boston for Moosehead. But such a report lacks confirmation. It is doubtless the Produce Party, already noted in this paper, that the flourishing newspaper writer has got hold of. The party goes directly to Kineo. It has the use of a private car.

Mr. C. Z. Bassett, of Appleton & Bassett, who has tended to the outfitting of a good many sportsmen this spring, is soon to start on his own annual fishing trip. He will be accompanied by G. N. Smalley and C. W. Chamberlain. Mr. Bassett and Mr. Smalley have fished together for a great many seasons, and they have a record of a couple of trout, weighing in the neighborhood of 5lbs. each, taken with the fly off the rocks, near Billy Soule's camps in Cupsuptic, at a time when every other fisherman seemed to think that trolling was the only thing to do. This year they will stop at Billy's for a while, and doubtless go to Kenebago and the other lakes.

Mr. Eugene Lynch, of 24 Broad street, with Mr. M. H. Curley, of 103 State street, is to start on his annual fishing trip to the Upper Dam on June 3. The wives of both gentlemen will accompany them. Mr. Lynch is a fly fisherman altogether. He does not care for trolling, and is willing to return all the small trout to the water. The man who fishes for count is not in good favor with him. Would that there were more sportsmen like him.

Mr. Patrick Kelley, of Cambridge, is to start for the Upper Dam the last of May or the first of June. His friend Bateman hopes to be with him, but he is not yet certain. Mr. Kelley is a fisherman with "considerable paraphernalia," but he is an expert with it. He is a fly fisherman, and one that is willing to work all day for a good rise. Last year he fished in Southern waters, where he was a good deal disgusted with the fish, and still more with the fishermen.

Boston, May 11.—There are reports of "big trout fishing" in some of the brooks in Maine. The unusually warm weather has put the water at the "trouting pitch" earlier than usual. Mr. F. B. Stevens, of the Boston *Globe*, with Dr. Hilton, of Lowell, is planning a trip to some one of the Maine brooks. Dr. Hilton is well known as owner of Hilton's Specific No. 3. There are reports of good fishing in brooks near Portland, Me. Messrs. Boyle and Earnshaw, of this city, took ninety-three trout from Worthly Brook the other day. Sorry that they fished for numbers. Lake Auburn, in Maine, continues to yield some good fishing. A gentleman, who came from Lewiston yesterday, says that Mr. H. H. Hanson, of the Lake Auburn Fish Protective Association, landed fifteen trout and a salmon from the waters of that lake on Wednesday. Another party were fishing on the lake the same day. They secured a trout weighing over 2lbs. and a landlocked salmon of 3¼lbs. weight. It must be remembered that this fishing is all the result of restocking; the fishing there having completely "played out" a few years ago.

One of the most noted of Boston fishing parties to the Rangeley Lakes is about ready to start. In this party are Mr. Edwin U. Curtis, Mayor of Boston; Col. Horace T. Rockwell, E. B. Haskell, C. H. Andrews, Henry A. Priest and Wm. T. Cushman. Col. Rockwell has pioneered this fishing party for a great many seasons. Mr. Haskell and Mr. Andrews are senior partners and founders of the Boston *Herald*. The gentlemen of the party are nearly all members of the Oquossoc Angling Association, but Mr. Haskell and Mr. Andrews also own their private camp on the east shore of Mooselucmaguntic. This party is now waiting for the return of Mr. Haskell from a journey in the Old World, where he has been with his son. He is daily expected. In this party are some of the senior anglers of Boston, and followers of the Gentle Izaak, who go afishing each season for the good they gain out of it.

SPECIAL.

BOSTON, May 11.—A letter just received from Harry Pierce, of the King and Bartlett preserves, states that the ice left the lake on May 6. He presents quite a remarkable weather record for that region, adding that the thermometer registered 90°, but a strong breeze made it pleasant and comfortable. He is building a large new family camp, which will soon be finished, and is already engaged for a party of eight, headed by Mr. Sanger, of Boston. Mr. Henry O. Stanley, Commissioner of Inland Fisheries of Maine, has just shipped a large lot of fresh-water smelt spawn to stock the lakes at King and Bartlett. Mr. Pierce also says that he expects to start in a few days with John Vilas in search of a new pond about the size of Horseshoe Pond, which Mr. Vilas discovered last winter while running lines for the Coburn heirs. It is only about 1½ miles from Horseshoe, and has never been fished to any one's knowledge. If it proves to be as productive as expected, Mr. Pierce will build a bark camp there at once for summer use, and run a trail to it.

Mr. C. F. Dowse, of the big Boston hardware house of Bigelow & Dowse, left on Monday last (May 13) for Billy Soule's camps at Indian Rock, Me. He will spend some time there enjoying the fishing and taking a well-earned rest.

Mr. A. A. Sargent, of Haverhill, Mass., will leave in a few days on a fishing trip to the Rangeleys. This gentleman has a camp near Haines's Landing, called Camp Haverhill. He has made an annual trip to this region for thirty-five successive years, and there are not many New England anglers who have so vivid a recollection of the early days at Rangeley as Mr. Sargent. His son, Mr. H. C. Sargent, has inherited the father's love for the sport, and rarely misses the spring fishing at Camp Haverhill.

Mr. J. Otis Wardwell, ex-chairman of the Republican State Committee, has just returned from a few days' fishing near Alton Bay, N. H. He fished the brooks in that vicinity, and his record for the trip was 118 nice brook trout. The party with him had good luck at Lake Winnepesaukee, and caught one landlocked salmon weighing 6lbs., the first one, I am told, that has been landed in that lake.

Mr. Moses R. Emerson, New England manager for the Home Insurance Co. of New York, in company with the president of the company, from New York, has left Boston for a two weeks' trip after trout in New Hampshire. They will enter the woods from Colebrook, N. H., near which are located a number of good ponds. For fifteen continuous years these two gentlemen have fished together, a record which leaves no doubt as to congenial companionship.

One of the best game and fish preserves to be found in the East is that of the Laurentian Club. The territory controlled by this organization lies in Canada about 120 miles northeast of Montreal. It is reached from that city by way of Three Rivers and branch of Canadian Pacific to Grandes Piles station. The club was organized in 1885, and the district originally leased or purchased extended for two miles north on the St. Maurice River, and was about ten miles wide. In 1893 and 1894 they added the Castor-Noir-Wessonneau and Pabelogenaug waters, which, added to the original grant, placed under their control about 400 square miles of as good fishing country as can be found anywhere. There are about thirty lakes on the preserve and innumerable streams, in which are found an abundance of gray trout, speckled trout, black bass, muscallonge and pickerel. Deer, bear, caribou and many game birds afford the shooter excellent sport in the open season. The main camps of the club are located at Lake La Peche, where they also have a good-sized farm. Good camps and boats are provided at all the principal lakes, and trails are cut through to most of the points of interest. It is the intention of the members to place a fish hatchery at Edouard Lake to supply these waters with salmon. When that is done very little will remain to make the Laurentian Preserve a paradise for sportsmen. Every facility is afforded for the enjoyment of members and their guests, and any one who is fortunate enough to spend a few weeks with rod and gun in this interesting country is certain to treasure it up as a pleasant reminiscence. The club membership is limited to 300. Their rolls now contain about 250, mostly living (I am informed) in New York, with a good sprinkling from New England and Canada.

E. S. Boss, Eugene Atwood and J. M. Reed, of Willimantic, Conn., and Q. A. Atwood, of Boston, have just returned from Sebec Lake, Maine, where they have had excellent luck salmon fishing. This trip only whetted their appetite for more, and at least two of the party intend leaving for Rangeley at once to try the trout fishing.

Dan Hole Pond, situated a few miles from Ossipee, N. H., promises to become quite famous among Eastern fisherman for its landlocked salmon. This little sheet of water up among the hills was stocked with salmon a number of years ago. The fish grew to large size and used to run up the brooks to spawn, where the natives used to spear them. This practice was stopped by a law enacted by the Legislature and since then more attention has been paid to fishing the pond in a legitimate manner. Very few, if any, were caught until last season, when Joseph Murphy, the actor of "Kerry Gow" fame, succeeded in landing a few lusty specimens. This started the ball rolling, and many efforts were made during the balance of the season to duplicate Mr. Murphy's work, with varying success. This year a number of good fishermen used to salmon trolling have visited the place and as far as I can learn all have done well. One gentleman captured a string of eleven fish (all salmon) weighing 104lbs., and Dan Hole can now be classed among the more prominent places in New England for salmon.

W. S. Johnson and James A. Nichols, of Putnam, Conn., stopped off in Boston only long enough to replenish their stock of fishing tackle en route to Grand Lake, Me. They will be gone about ten days and will stop at Thomas Calligan's.

Dr. Heber Bishop, John W. Duncklee, Myron W. Whitney and others leave next Friday for a two week's trip to the Megantic Preserve. Dr. Bishop is one of the best posted men in the club on the resources of this region for sport and those who accompany him are assured of a good time in advance.

A letter received from Boardman Hunt, of Greenfield, N. S., states that fly fishing at Indian Gardens on the Liverpool River was excellent during the first part of May. The warm days coming so soon after the ice went out brought the trout to the surface in a hurry.

An acquaintance, who has spent much time in Newfoundland, describes the resources of that country for sportsmen in language that would fire the heart of any man who loves the rod and gun. He says the country actually abounds with trout, and during the open season has seen boys endeavoring to sell them to passengers on the train at a price per dozen so low that I dare not mention it. Fifty miles from St. John, at Salmonier, he had some very fine grilse fishing. The run of salmon had not begun, but he was promised the very best of sport a little later. From there he went to Placentia Bay, where he had some splendid sea trout fishing. There is good fishing to be had very near St. John, and he also mentions the Terra Nova River country in highest terms. Considering that one can reach St. John within three days from Boston, it is surprising that more Eastern sportsmen do not take the trip. There are points in the Maine wilderness which require two or three days to reach, so that Newfoundland, although further away, is quite accessible.

The Megantic Club have just published an illustrated and descriptive report in pamphlet form, containing 96 pages, which will be of great use to members and guests while on the preserve. It contains a description of all the different camps, giving distances from point to point, the names of all the different waters, a list of guides, routes, rates of fares, board, etc.; in fact, everything of interest. A number of handsome illustrations grace its pages, and the book is decidedly a credit to the club. HACKLE.

LAKE SUPERIOR "ROCK TROUT."

ATLANTA, April 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of April 20, '95, Mr. Hough, in speaking of the elegant little booklet issued by the C. & N. W. Ry., quotes the following passage: "There is in Lake Superior a species of fish called rock trout, which are similar in appearance to brook trout but grow to much larger size. The smaller ones are often shipped as brook trout," etc. I had read that passage in the booklet and wondered, with Mr. Hough, what sort of fish was meant.

The residents along the shores of Lake Superior on the Keweenaw Peninsula (the upper peninsula of Michigan) catch, in the autumn, many large trout which they call reef trout. They are taken in gillnets and pound nets, and about Sept. 25, they begin to take the trolling spoon when trolling for them along the reefs, near the surface. Hence reef trout. The residents there consider them a distinct fish from the lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*), but in reality they are one and the same. They have the peculiar high color of a trout in a gravid state, quite different from that of the lake trout in summer. The fins, part of the head and sometimes the entire belly are a bright crimson, giving them almost as brilliant an appearance as a brook trout. With these highly colored lake trout there will be taken (in the nets) other lake trout whose appearance does not differ from those taken during the summer in, say, Lake Keuka, N. Y. With them are also taken a few very large brook trout, the true *fontinalis*. He would have to be a tyro in the fish business who could not instantly distinguish the highly colored lake trout from the brook trout. There is no resemblance between them, except that both look like trout. I have tried to convince the residents there that the reef trout is the lake trout, but they insist they are distinct species. It is possible that the rock trout spoken of in the C. & N. W. booklet is this reef trout.

[I fear I can throw little light on the identification of the "rock trout" of Lake Superior except by stating that only the lake trout, siscowet and brook trout are native to its waters as far as known. If the "rock trout" is similar in appearance to the brook trout it probably has red spots and a square tail. The other two species (if they really can be called distinct species) have large pale spots and a forked tail.

Lake trout run into many varieties and have received many names. The earliest eggs taken in the fall are obtained from the so-called "shoal trout" which is merely the *namaycush* with shore-spawning or reef-spawning habits.—T. H. BEAN.]

SALMON CHAT.—V.

IN my last chat I think we had our fish fast, and supposed to be foul hooked (*i. e.*, hook caught outside, not in mouth) from his actions; our canoe is holding its ground against the current by the guides, the fish directly opposite goes to bottom, either on a sulking fit or he don't yet realize anything wrong (I opine a fish is not susceptible to a hook or wound). At once drop your canoe fair below the fish, put on him all the strain your rod or tackle will bear. It is just possible he may hold five minutes; one or less may suffice.

Now he is off with a rush, away across the river and up stream; away he goes faster yet. Paddle, boys, paddle; follow the line across and up. The idea and properly so is to prevent if possible the great extra strain the line must carry when across the strong current. When your line is in this position and the fish at the end of 100yds. of line leaps clear of the water (as common), the quick extra strain against the current is almost sure to release the fish, either by tearing out the hook hold or breaking the leader. Now, your men can't paddle one-third as fast as your fish is going. You have 100yds. of line out, the reel now revolving more rapidly than ever. "Oh! will he never stop? Paddle, boys!" This, if you can speak, is all you can say.

Ah, here he is! Up he comes fine; it may be 2, 3 or 5ft., turning a somersault. Perhaps he may come on top of the water slashing it with his tail in his anger; take a run to the opposite side of the stream; perhaps away straight up with another leap. Such a fish will soon exhaust himself. Or he may go to bottom to rest, or to try to release the nasty thing holding him by rubbing. All you can do in such cases is to follow; keep as close as possible; never give him an inch of slack line or ease. Fight him from the start. No armistice. Don't hold him up against the current; that is only resting him. Get below him. Give him butt (strain your tackle all it will bear). Remember, the hotter the war, the sooner the fight will end.

Hello, our fish is gone, line all slack! "Now reel up; down stream with canoe, boys; I fear he is gone." Now look well how you are putting that line on the reel. Don't look at the water. Guide it properly. Many a good fish is lost by an overlap hurriedly reeling up. At last you feel something. The fish is going down river as fast as you are. Probably he feels your check; turns like a flash, and is away up again at a 2:40 gait.

"Check, boys." They are watching, and if bottom with pole can be had will soon follow. After running 60 or 80yds. or more he finds the drag of the line heavy, and tries bottom for a rest. It won't do. Between your strain on him and the current also he must move on. The great secret to kill is to keep your fish moving.

Now the fish makes shorter runs, you can check him very soon. In fifteen minutes or less you should be able to lead him. Make him follow toward shore. He may take a few extra yards on a run or two as he finds himself gradually coming toward shore; but you have mastered him, and he should be your fish, unless the hold of the hook gives out. As you are aware, every pull and jerk the fish gives is weakening and extending that portion of the mouth which the hook holds.

Select deep water, if possible, at the shore or bank where you intend landing your fish. If water is shoal he will fight wickedly before coming in. At last we can sight him as we quietly work toward the shore. Try now and lift his head up. While dropping your point to the water take all the slack line in you can get. Hold your reel and lift on the rod. See, he comes. Don't like it. Makes a little run. Just what we want. Make him do it again. Keep him at it. Now, if the river bank is fairly good you can step out. In any case, have the canoe handy to follow, if needed. But you should hold a fish at this stage of exhaustion and turn him after a 30 or 40-yard run, if he does get so far as that. Such a run will advance your interests more than his, and you can bring him probably to gaff on his return. Your gaffer may stoop down perhaps in a foot or more of water nearly in front of you. Your fish, when he comes within a few feet of shore turns to go out; but you are now able to hold him from doing so, and he will fight to get his head out. Your strain upon him stops that, consequently he swims parallel with the shore. When he gets a yard or two above or below the gaffer, you can turn him about, coming closer to shore every turn, at last coming inside of the gaff hook. A quick draw is made, and our first fish is caught. In gaffing a fish I always run out the gaff, resting it on the bottom, it having an 8ft. handle. The fish will soon lead so as to come over or rather inside of the gaff hook, and if not caught it is the gaffer's fault. Some follow the fish along shore and when they think it within reach strike over the top of the fish. Often the result of this mode is a broken leader and a lost fish.

"One point,—in landing your fish, never have too short a line; always have two, three or more yards clear of your cast; keep back a little from the water, so that, if necessary, you can give line if needed by stepping toward your fish a yard or two. I have seen on some rods 18ft. casts; they, however, were not for novices. I use a very fine linen line with 80ft. of heavy silk spliced for casting with. The finer the line the less resistance it has in the current. A heavy long line getting across a strong current is the principal reason why so many salmon are lost."

As to gaffing I prefer to do it from the boat or canoe, only if the gaffer don't know how, better not try, as the rod may go down one side of the canoe and up on the other. The easiest mode to do it (if you have a good smooth pebbly shore with room behind to walk back) is, when you have got your fish under control, so you can lead him and get him well in sight, to drop your point, hold your reel, and race back. If your tackle is good as it should be, you will find your fish, his length or more, on the shore. The point is to take him so rapidly he can't turn. To do this you need a leader to stand a good 10lbs. pull.

I. MOWAT.

TROUT FISHING AT NIGHT.

IN over-fished waters trout may be more chary or fewer in number. I hate to write about the voracious rascals. Often, when a salmon smolt or parr will take your salmon fly, and you are drawing the little fellow in to give him a chance to go and grow bigger, a rascally 2lbs. trout will grab him, sure to kill him and often get caught himself. Our small red squirrel is fond of the water. Often you will see him crossing the river with his tail up over his back. Woe be to him, though, if a large trout should spy him. Down he would go like a flash.

In our river there are many places where the refuse of the lumbermen, supplemented by fallen trees undermined by the water, make lodgments on the heads of islands and other places, nearly always having a good depth of water under the debris. All anglers know just what such a spot means in a river where trout are plenty. Here they lie during the day. They are out, though, when night comes, prowling close to shore. Woe be to a mouse after a drink of water; in fact, if you draw an artificial one past one of those places, you are sure of a big fellow. Probably a half-dozen will chase the trout you have hooked! Take an imitation grasshopper and walk along shore, drawing it within a foot or two of the shore. No difference how dark it may be, you can catch them here on our river until satiated.

Better sport, though, you may find. Locate a salmon lay. There are such spots. You may have had him show himself to your fly, perhaps in your morning and evening fishing. Mark the spot well so that you can place your canoe just right for a nice drop over his lay. Take a light-colored fly, either a miller or a silver doctor; a pure white wing with a silver body is good. I have taken fish with all three of those flies after 11 o'clock. Of course you run the risk of losing leader and fish if you rise him and hook, but I tell you the fight is grand. The uncertainty of what is coming is worth half a dozen of hooks and lines.

Trout! Bah! I hate the look of one, a ravenous brute (although not bad for the pan). JOHN MOWAT.

DEEP-WATER TARPON FISHING.

MR. E. VOM HOFE, who has just returned from his annual Florida fishing trip, reports that he has brought to a successful termination experiments for catching tarpon in deep water, and that he will bring out tackle next season that will enable the fisherman to duplicate his success. Mr. vom Hofe fished in tidal passes where the current ran all the way from three to five miles an hour, and at various depths ranging up to 28ft. In such waters the tarpon is at its best and invariably makes a gamy fight, for it has plenty of sea room and a strong current in its favor. The angler who brings one to gaff under such circumstances may well be proud of his skill.

Mr. vom Hofe's party consisted of Joseph Mitchell, of Kansas City; Wm. Hazlewood, of Brooklyn, and Joseph Fredricks, of New York. They chartered a schooner from Ball Brothers, of Tampa, and cruised south from Punta Gorda. Their supplies were sent direct from New York. They fished two days at Peace River, where Mr. Hazlewood took a fish weighing 84lbs. Then they worked down the coast by Punta Rossa, St. Carlos Pass and Little Marco, fishing at the two latter places without success. They took the inside course to Big Marco Pass, where they found tarpon in great numbers. At this point they fished in company with the Snyder and St. Clair party, of Kansas City. At Big Marco Mr. St. Clair hung a fish March 29 that weighed 135lbs., and the same day Mr. vom Hofe caught two, one weighing 106 and the other 86lbs.

Two days later Mr. vom Hofe caught another weighing 110lbs. As Mr. Mitchell had a hundred-pound fish to his credit, this made the record for the party five tarpon. This record was increased to six a few days later at Myers, where Mr. Fredricks had the luck to secure a fish weighing 135lbs. Later the party put in three days' fishing at Captiva Pass, where Mr. vom Hofe hung four fish and Mr. Fredricks two, all of which, however, were lost.

Messrs. Hazlewood and Mitchell had meanwhile gone north. At Captiva the two remaining members of the party had great sport with the king fish, which at times were very plentiful.

The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

A WELL attended meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held on Saturday evening, May 11, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The legislative committee submitted a lengthly report, having, according to instructions, again proceeded to Harrisburg to present to the Legislature the several resolutions of the association urging the defeat of the bill legalizing fish baskets in the streams of this commonwealth, and in connection with the Commissioners of Fisheries prevailed upon the Senate committee to withdraw the bill, which they did. With assurance of the success of a similar effort in the House, the result practically destroys any attempt at this inimical legislation this year.

The report of the executive committee announced the following bills as having passed the Senate and before the House: Bill 271. This provides for making penalties mandatory, limits black bass taken to 9in. or over in length, and is an interstate bill, the same having passed both Houses of the New Jersey Legislature and was signed by the Governor of that State.

Bill 268. This bill as amended provides for the appointment of thirty wardens at $300 per year, all at large and under orders of the Fish Commissioners. The original bill asked for thirty wardens at $500 a year; and, as previously reported by the Legislative Committee, it was impossible to secure its passage in that form.

House bill 382 is before the House on second reading; provides for the use of eel pots, a substitute for eel weirs, and not destructive to other fish.

Another bill before the House, reported favorably by the House Committee for second reading, provides for abolishing certain pollution in various streams.

Reported infractions of the fishing laws were considered and referred to the executive committee for investigation.

Suitable resolutions of condolence were presented and adopted at the death of Frederick W. Brown, one of the most active and zealous members of the Association.

Many interesting communications from non-resident members and others were read, containing favorable reports of the early fishing, the success attending the planting of fish and fry, and the general good condition of the same when received from the several hatcheries of the State, a conspicuous feature of this correspondence being universal assurance that the laws regulating their protection would be rigidly enforced.

Many requests for fish wardens have been received, and Warden William Bruce has secured the arrest and conviction of two violators of the laws at Easton, Pa.

Mr. Edw. A. Selliers was elected to the vacancy in the executive committee.

Interesting communications were considered from the Game and Fish Association of Baltimore, and Hon. John L. Sudler, of the Maryland Fish Commission, in regard to a movement inaugurated by the Association to secure their coöperation in having the Maryland laws amended to better provide for the protection of fish in the lower Susquehanna River.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

PHILADELPHIA.

James River Black Bass.

LYNCHBURG, Va., May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The catch of bass in the James River here at the city this season has been unusually large; and it is a great shame that there are no State laws protecting these waters above Richmond. Between this point and Richmond, 120 miles, there are no obstructions over which game fish cannot readily pass. The river here is 900ft. wide, and there are no narrower points east of here; it is abundantly supplied with food, has excellent bottom, and if properly protected by the State would be one of the finest fishing waters in the United States. Being a mountain stream and fed by cool spring water, it runs fresh at all seasons of the year. I don't know of a stream in this whole country so badly taken care of and so much abused by the "fish-hogs" as is this same James River. It seems that the members of the Legislature are so afraid of not being re-elected that they are willing to bury themselves in the woods and turn a deaf ear to the appeals of the true lovers of the rod and gun for fish and game protection; and wink at the depredation of the pot-hunter and the net-fisherman, which class seem to be largely in the majority on election day at the county polls. For all this, a great number of fine bass has been taken by hook and line, which goes to show a greater want of good laws well carried out.

F. M. D.

Grayling, Brook and California Trout.

SAGINAW, Mich., May 9.—The Pere Marquette River and Baldwin Creek were years ago stocked with rainbow trout. Ever since we have heard of good, big fellows being taken, but they must be increasing finely, for the first few days after the season opened this year the anglers had great luck. I have heard of a number of these trout having been taken running all the way from 2 to 4lbs. in weight. A party of Detroit fishermen there one day last week got grayling, brook trout and California trout, all out of the same stream, getting ten fine fish of the latter variety.

W. B. M.

New York Game Law.

THE Donaldson game bill passed both houses last week and was sent to the Governor. At the time of going to press it had not yet been signed. It makes these close seasons for the State at large: Deer, Nov. 1 to Aug. 15 inclusive (hounding forbidden except Sept. 10 to Oct. 10); wildfowl, May 1 to Sept. 1; quail, Jan. 1 to Nov. 1 (protected in Genesee, Wyoming, Orleans, Livingston, Monroe, Cayuga, Seneca, Wayne, Tompkins, Tioga, Onondaga, Ontario, Steuben, Cortland and Otsego counties to 1898); woodcock and ruffed grouse (partridge), Jan. 1 to Aug. 15; snipe, plover, etc., May 1 to Sept. 1; meadow lark at all times; Mongolian pheasant to 1897. Fish close seasons: "Trout of any kind," Sept. 1 to April 15, lawful length 6in.; salmon trout, landlocked salmon, Oct. 1 to May 1; black bass, Oswego bass, except May 30 to Dec 31 inclusive (in Lake George except Aug. 1 to Dec. 31); pickerel, pike, wall-eyed pike, Feb. 1 to May 1. Lawful length of bass, 8in. Muskallonge, March 1 to May 30; salmon, Aug. 15 to March 10. Long Island close seasons: Wildfowl, May 1 to Sept. 30; snipe, plover, etc., Jan 1 to June 30; woodcock, Jan. 1 to July 31; ruffed grouse, partridges, Jan. 1 to Oct. 30. Fish—Trout, except March 29 to Aug. 31; salmon trout, landlocked salmon, except April 1 to Sept. 30; black bass, except May 30 to Dec. 31. Deer, protected for two years; hares, rabbits, except Nov. 1 to Dec. 31; black and gray squirrels, except Nov. 1 to Dec. 31.

Salmon Fishing For Sale.

FREEHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the Southwest Miramichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York City.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

Michigan Fisheries.

THE eleventh biennial report of the Michigan State Board of Fish Commissioners has been put in the hands of the printer, and will soon be distributed for the benefit of the public. Advance sheets containing a vast amount of interesting matter on the subject of fish propagation by artificial methods enables us to present to readers of FOREST AND STREAM information in regard to the operations of the Commission and the results of their labors. The volume also contains the results of a biological examination of Lake St. Clair, undertaken for the State Board of Fish Commissioners in the summer of 1893 under the supervision of J. E. Reighard, comprising sixty pages, including valuable maps and statistical tables.

The report upon the commercial fisheries is especially interesting, and states that as early as 1885 the work of gathering statistics relating to the commercial fisheries was begun. The work of gathering the statistics has been done by the agent for the past three years, and familiarity with the work, gained by experience, gives to this work greater value than if it had been done by different individuals. The principal fish to receive attention in the artificial propagation are the whitefish, lake trout, wall-eyed pike, black bass, brook trout and rainbow trout. The only plants of the latter were in Baldwin's Creek, Lake county, in 1893, and in Big Creek, Crawford county, and Pere Marquette River, Newaygo county, in 1894, the total being 21,000 in two years. Of whitefish in the two years there were planted 290,900, and there were placed in the waters of Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, Lake Michigan, Saginaw Bay, Straits of Mackinaw, Lake Huron, Sault St. Marie River, Lake Erie, Lake Superior and some of the smaller waters within the State. Of brook trout plants 2,741,000 were made in 1893 and 2,853,000 in 1894; these were distributed well over the State in all streams which were regarded as suitable for the purpose, nearly every county in the State coming in for a share. Of brown trout plants 444,000 were made in 1893 and about 350,000 in 1894. Of lake trout about 585,000 were planted in the two years. Of wall-eyed pike about 35,500,000. Of carp about 8,250 and of black bass about 53,500 in 1894, the first year it has been extensively tried.

The overseer of Cascade Springs Station, C. F. Holt, says of this experiment: "Late in the spring of 1893 we decided to find some suitable place where could be carried on operations for the artificial propagation of black bass. We believed that with a small outlay of money experiments might be made to determine the practicability of hatching the black bass for stocking on inland lakes, and if these operations were successful we should be justified in entering upon that work in the near future upon a scale sufficient to meet the wants of the State for this fish. We wished to find some suitable water in which the parent fish could be held under domestication, and a place where suitable ponds might be constructed in which to hold them." * * * Cascade Springs in Kent county was selected as offering advantages greater than any other locality examined. A beginning was made with 250 small-mouthed black bass in the fall of 1893, which wintered well in the ponds, with no loss. Early in May, 1894, a close surveillance of the fish in the ponds was begun, in order to be able to take the ova as soon as the spawning period arrived. This supervision extended over a period of several weeks, and during this time several hundred eggs were taken and fertilized. The result of the season's operation demonstrated that the artificial propagation of the black bass promises to become successful and important. Over 50,000 fry of the small-mouthed black bass were hatched at this station in 1894 and distributed in the inland lakes of Allegan, Barry, Berrien, Calhoun, Cass, Charleroix, Eaton, Emmet, Grand Traverse, Jackson, Kent, Oakland, Otsego and Washtenaw counties. The probabilities are that there will be several hundred thousand distributed each season. Certainly no other branch of the new work of the board in recent years is calculated to meet the public demand more fully than this.

At the Paris Station, in Mecosta county, the principal work of hatching trout is carried on. There are raised at this station brook trout, rainbow trout and the brown trout of Europe. The culture of trout calls for a different class of operations than those used in connection with the hatching of whitefish and pike-perch. The ova of the whitefish is taken from the wild fish, and with favorable conditions and an ample supply of parent fish, a sufficient quantity of fry can be obtained each season. But with the brook trout and the other varieties of trout named a different state of affairs obtains, and the stock fish needed for trout work must be obtained from parent fish held under domestication throughout the entire year.

From 10,000 to 12,000 adult brook trout are carried in the ponds from which the eggs are taken for the hatchery, and the output of the brook trout for the last two years has been in 1893, 2,626,000, and in 1894, 2,788,000. The hatchery at Sault Ste. Marie Station produces both whitefish and brook trout; its capacity is 30,000,000 whitefish and 500,000 brook trout. A large addition to this hatchery was completed in 1894, and will give a further capacity of 40,000,000 whitefish and sufficient brook trout to supply the upper peninsular streams for many years.

At Glenwood the culture of carp is carried on. This is not a popular fish with our people; it is coarse, strong and vastly inferior to all of our native fish. Just why it should be propagated is a mystery unless it is intended as a medium for cleaning out the ponds and small lakes of other fish and all the aquatic vegetation that flourishes in them. It is justly entitled to the name given to it in Germany, the "hog-fish"—for no porker loves to "root" in the mud better than a carp.

Charleroix is the seat of the largest salmon trout fisheries now conducted upon the lakes. The time has arrived, the commissioners say, when the artificial breeding of salmon trout should be entered upon by the State, and no more convenient point could be selected for the purpose than this. The salmon trout is only second to the whitefish in importance of the commercial fish of the lakes, and it is hoped that the work will be begun at once.

The whitefish hatching operations for the past four years have assumed such large proportions that it has been found impossible even with the aid of two cars in constant service to get the young fish into the great lakes soon enough to prevent considerable loss by overcrowding in the tanks at the Detroit hatchery.

These fish lose their food sac in from ten to fifteen days after they are hatched, and should be liberated in the great lakes, where they might find their natural food before that period terminates.

The report makes interesting statements relative to the stocking of the streams of the State with brook trout, brown trout and rainbow trout. In the Lower Peninsula, where until within recent years the stocking has been principally done, the trout plants have been phenomenally successful. Streams in more than fifty counties in the State have been successfully planted, and in every instance where the waters have been suitable and the fish properly planted the success has been unqualified. The full measure of this success can be more adequately appreciated when it is known that before the introduction of the artificial propagation of the fish none of the streams of the Lower Peninsula, with the possible exception of one or two small river basins, contained brook trout. By a careful and liberal stocking of these waters with fry this has all been changed, and now it can be said that nearly all these streams rank with any of the country in the superior trout fishing they afford. It has been a commonly accepted notion that brook trout will not thrive in many of the streams of the Lower Peninsula because of the latitude in which they lie, and the height to which the temperatare rises in many of these waters. But the abundance and size of the artificially bred trout in the streams of Calhoun, Barry, Kalamazoo and other counties in the southern portion of the State have upset this theory. The natural condition of these streams is such that the fish take kindly to their new environments. Nearly all the streams in Michigan which are fed from spring water sources are filled with the natural food of the trout, such as the caddis, fresh-water shrimp and other crustacea. A valuable chapter on the Lake Erie food fish is a feature of the report, and presents a statement of facts and figures which leaves no doubt that the present system of pound and gill net fishing is a vicious and utterly destructive one. The cause of the enormous decrease in the number of fish caught seems to be "due to the systematic efforts of the net fishermen to get the greatest amount of fish possible regardless of future consequences."

The pound netters with their inside nets catch great numbers of the small fry not large enough for food, and in Sandusky alone, a year ago, it has been stated, thousands of tons of these small fish were ground up for fertilizers. Then the gill netters cover the entire lake, going across from one side to the other. These with their powerful tugs and immense nets intercept the fish and break them up into groups, which are practically valueless so far as spawning is concerned. The commissioners recommend that the present session of the Legislature authorize the imposing of a license fee upon all nets which may hereafter be fished in the great lakes and their connecting waters, and that the fund so obtained from licenses shall be used in the propagation of food fish, by the Board of Commissioners, for stocking the great lakes of this State. The achievements up to date, by this Board of Fish Commissioners, are notable examples of what can be accomplished by intelligent and persistent efforts in the right direction, and no praise can be too great to bestow upon the glorious peninsular State for work already accomplished and the encouraging outlook for the future. KENKA.

DETROIT, April 27.

New York Aquarium.

THE questions prepared by the Civil Service Commission for applicants for the post of Superintendent of the New York Aquarium were these:

1. What is the object of an aquarium?
2. When and by whom was the first fresh-water aquarium on the compensating principle established?
3. When and where was the first public aquarium opened?
4. How can the aquarium aid scientific research?
5. How should an aquarium be decorated?
6. How should aquarium accounts be kept?
7. What experience have you had in aquarium management?
8. What experience have you had in general administration duties?
9. What is the strength of glass?
10. Name the constituents of a good aquarium cement.
11. Describe the methods of circulating water in the "reservoir system" employed in many aquaria.
12. What materials are used for sea-water pumps and pipes?
13. How is the alkali of some cements in aquaria rendered harmless?
14. How can salt water in the New York aquarium be kept suitably warm in winter and cool in summer?
15. How is water filtered for the aquarium?
16. Describe the methods of aeration in aquaria.
17. What is the composition of sea water?
18. To what are the saline and bitter tastes of sea water due?
19. What ranges of temperature are found in the salt water off Battery Park approximately?
20. What salt can be used in solution for making up the waste of natural sea water?
21. When does sea water retain most oxygen?
22. What is the cause of the yellowish discoloration of sea water in spring and summer?
23. How many pounds of sea water can be contained in a tank 6ft. long, 5ft. wide and 3ft. deep?
24. How thick should the glass be in a tank of the above dimensions?
25. With 1ft. head how much water will flow through a 1in. pipe, 1ft. long, in one minute?
26. With 9ft. head how much water will flow through a 1in. pipe, 100ft. long, in one minute?
27. What advantage have shallow tanks and pools over deep ones for fresh-water animals?
28. How should daylight be admitted into an aquarium?
29. What are the best aquarium plants?
30. Name some hardy aquarium animals.
31. What marine fishes will live in fresh water?
32. Name some fishes that will spawn in aquaria.
33. How should living fish and other animals be transported?
34. When and how can the eggs of the *Salmonidæ* be safely transported?
35. Name the fishes of the salmon family and state their natural distribution.
36. Name the North American fishes of the cod family and state their distribution.
37. Describe the method of taking, shipping and hatching eggs of the shad.
38. What uncommon kinds of fishes can be found in coast waters of New York and New Jersey?
39. What are the principal families of fishes represented in fresh waters of New York?
40. Can salmon be raised in the aquarium?
41. How and what are sea anemones fed?
42. What is the treatment of fish affected by fungus or parasites?
43. Will fungus attack healthy fish?
44. What parasite has been especially fatal to trout and other fresh-water fish, and how may it be destroyed?
45. What foods are used for aquarium animals?
46. Has your experience been with large or small aquaria?
47. Have you had experience in transporting fish for long distances?
48. State how you propose to secure specimens for the aquarium if appointed superintendent.
49. What varieties of fresh-water fish thrive best is captivity?
50. What varieties of salt-water fish thrive best in captivity?
51. What varieties, either fresh or salt water, will not live in captivity?
52. Will the shad live in captivity?
53. What conditions are necessary for the whitefish of the great lakes to live in captivity?

53a. Explain your method of taking away injurious matter thrown off by fish in respiration.

54. What system will you have for aerating the water in tanks?
55. What system of filtration have you adopted?
56. Will you vary the temperature of the water in your tanks to conform with the habits of different fishes?
57. What average temperature is required for the trout family?
58. Will the natural temperature of New York Bay, salt water, suit the fishes of the Gulf of Mexico or fishes whose habitat is north of Cape Cod?
59. Do you believe that the water in tanks should be constantly changed, or that its purity should be dependent on constant aeration?
60. Will you rely in any degree upon vegetable growth to purify the water in your tanks?

Game and Fish Protection.

Hawn vs. Hawn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Fisheries and Forestry Commission is beginning early to show its control by politicians. No game and fish protector in the State has shown greater fidelity and efficiency than Harrison Hawn; he has for a long time had the full confidence of the friends of protection throughout central New York, and they, without reference to political lines, petitioned and prayed for his reappointment; and at the first meeting of the Commission he was reappointed. But he was a Democrat! So at the next meeting his appointment was revoked, and his brother, Spencer Hawn, a Republican, appointed in his place. There is not a true protectionist in central New York, Republican or Democrat, who indorses the appointment. More than this, there is not one who does not believe that the cause of protection in this locality has received a severe blow by the change; that one of the most serious consequences will be the reopening of Oneida Lake to a multitude of seines, the undoing of the excellent work which has been done.

It is discouraging to men who work and spend their money for the propagation and protection of fish to see the State itself opposing their efforts and wasting the large appropriations which are made for a good purpose, but really prostituted to politics.

A majority of the present Commission was selected by Thomas C. Platt weeks before the law authorizing its appointment was passed. It was intended that it should have political force, the needs of protection being a wholly secondary matter. President Davis was appointed at the request of Lieut. Gov. Saxton solely because of his political influence; he has never been known as having the slightest acquaintance with the work which he is appointed to perform at an annual salary of $5,000. Commissioner Weed was recommended by ex-Senator Miller. He is a lumberman and is to have special charge of forest preservation.

It is not too much to say that the Commission is unfortunately constituted if there was any desire in the making of it to have it popular with the friends of protection. They had hoped for better things, and still hope that politics shall not bury its work out of sight, but at the same time fear that such will be the case.

The appointment of Mr. Cheney as fishculturist and Mr. Annin assistant, are worthy of strong commendation; their work will be faithfully and well performed, that of propagation, but with little or no protection propagation cannot accomplish much. But let us wait and see what we shall see. H.

SYRACUSE, May 10.

Michigan Laws Enforced.

DETROIT, Mich., May 7.—When it was announced, at the time of the appointment of Mr. Osborne, of Sault Ste. Marie, as State Game and Fish Warden, that there would be a rigorous enforcement of the game and fish laws, and prompt prosecution of any violations thereof, there was a strong conviction in the minds of those who know Mr. Osborn that this was no idle claim. Results have justified this conviction. From the State Game Warden's report for the month of April, it appears that there were fifty-five arrests and forty-two convictions; ten cases were continued for further hearing, and in one the jury disagreed. Out of the whole number there were but two acquittals, while the amounts collected in fines and costs was $507.35.

Ten of the arrests were for violation of the game laws, and forty-five for violation of the fish laws. This seems to be the kind of prosecution that prosecutes, and if there is any virtue in the application of the provisions of the law for the punishment of evil-doers, we ought to see some benefit upon this excellent enforcement of these laws. There is no doubt that it is badly needed in Michigan, and even now fishermen who ought to have more regard for the decencies, let alone the majesty, of the law, boldly assert that they will fish with nets when and how they please, regardless of game and fish laws or the wardens. Well, they would do wisely if they obeyed the old German's advice and "look a leedle oudt alreddy." F. H.

Ontario Game Laws.

BELLEVILLE, April 29.—The following amendments were made to the Game Law at the last session of the Legislature:

The prohibition against killing or taking moose, elk, reindeer and caribou has been extended five years longer, namely, until November 1, 1900.

The open season for deer has been changed. It is limited to the first fifteen days of November.

The limit as to number of ducks that one person may kill in a season has been abolished.

Sportsmen from the United States who pay the $25 license will be, so far as the power of the Legislature extends, allowed to take home with them the two deer each which they are allowed by law to kill. The Dominion authorities, however, control the export of game, and the law at present forbids it.

The Deputy Game Wardens have been given power to act as constables.

Mr. Edward Tinsley, of Hamilton, has been appointed Chief Game Warden for the province. R. S. B.

That Maine Game Law Bungle.

AUGUSTA, Me., May 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your last issue you seem to have considerable misgiving regarding the manner the Legislature framed their game laws. Without question, the law relating to close time on partridges could have been worded better. Still the effect would, I have no doubt, have been the same. As the law reads, "between the first days of December and September twentieth," it must mean and be so construed, between the first day of December, for the "first days" of December can be none other than the two days commencings the month. I have no fear as to the construction the court would put upon it if the question comes before them.

Under the head of "Another Bungle" you refer to the "moose law," which says that "forfeits not less than one hundred dollars and be imprisoned thirty days." The penalty is, "forfeits not less than one hundred nor more than three hundred dollars"—"and be imprisoned thirty days." If the word "shall" had been used as suggested, it would have been imprisonment at the discretion of the court—"shall'

and "may" meaning the same in law. May it not be possible that the "Maine Solons" have fixed the law so that imprisonment *must* be a part of the penalty? In the first instance the law reads, "between the first days of December and September," and in amending the "s" was not dropped from the word "days," still we have no fear of the result; if the two days commencing December are not the "first days" of that month, pray tell us why not.

We like your paper very much and get great help from it, but let me whisper to you "not to advise your friends to try to get round the penalties for violation of the laws referred to by trying the issue before the courts of Maine."

E. C. FARRINGTON.

[It is not worth while quibbling about this. The language of the new law is slovenly and the construction ambiguous. It should be neither.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris, Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wel's, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—U. S. F. T. Club Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

A. K. C. MEETING.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club was held on May 9, at 55 Liberty street.

There were present E. M. Oldham (American Spaniel Club), H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., Dr. H. T. Foote and A. C. Wilmerding (Association Fanciers), L. A. Burritt (Boston Terrier Club), E. Willard Roby (Bulldog Club), Geo. Jarvis (Pointer Club of America), G. E. Sears (Danbury Agricultural Society), James B. Blossom (Gordon Setter Club), C. F. R. Drake (Mascoutah Kennel Club), Edw. Brooks (New England Kennel Club), E. H. Morris (N. J. Kennel League), James Watson (So. Cal. Kennel Club), T. H. Terry (Westminster Kennel Club).

The minutes of the previous meeting were accepted. The secretary-treasurer's reports were read and accepted. There is a balance of $1,645.78. Eight clubs were reported in arrears. They were given to July 1 to pay dues or to be dropped. The case of Morris vs. Preston was referred back to the Advisory Committee. The Springside Kennels' protest in the matter of special prizes at Boston was disallowed. The secretary was instructed to prepare resolutions on the death of the late E. Bardoe Elliott. An investigation was ordered in the matter of the alleged act of the Netherwood Farm Kennels in substituting a dog for a bitch in the puppy class at the Hempstead Farm Show. John Jarvis was suspended for giving a fraudulent beagle pedigree. Carried, that a proviso be added to Sec. 1, Rule 14, as follows: "The stipulation calling for 500 entries does not apply to shows held west of 110° west longitude." In regard to organizations which are non-members the regulations now read as follows: "Any club or association, a member of or licensed by the American Kennel Club," etc. Notice was given of an amendment to the constitution, by which all amendments of which thirty days' notice is given can be carried by the votes of the delegates present at the meeting when the amendments are voted upon; this was owing to the failure of many delegates to vote by mail.

Notice also was given of an amendment that a motion would be made at the next meeting to stop the cropping of ears, the date not to be later than Jan. 1, 1896. The club desires an expression of opinion of members on the same. The advisability of corresponding with the Pacific Kennel Clubs, with the view of appointing a committee of club representatives to investigate cases in their territory and forward their conclusions to the A. K. C., was suggested. This was in consequence of the difficulty the club encountered in handling Pacific Coast cases direct. Prefixes and affixes can be used without further registration. The matter of Boston terrier pedigrees was disposed of in a general way as follows: Wins prior to the recognition of any breed are not to be recognized as qualification for registration.

The American Scottish Terrier Club was admitted to membership. The credentials of Clifford Wood, delegate of the Great Dane Club; Geo. Jarvis, Pointer Club, and Dr. A. F. Stahl, English Bloodhound Club, were accepted. E. R. Hollander, Madison, N. J., was granted the prefix Randolph.

Mr. T. H. Terry made an informal explanation in behalf of the Westminster Kennel Club, in respect to Mr. James Taylor's charge in the *Stock-Keeper*, after his return to England. In substance Mr. Terry stated that, in attempting to refer to the judge's book used by Mr. Taylor, which is the official record of the club in the matter of his awards, it was found that Mr. Taylor had taken it with him to England, although he had been requested not to do so. It was noticed that he was using the club's book both for recording his awards and making his personal memoranda for his report. Mr. Terry further stated that when it came to the club's knowledge that the Messrs. Woodiwiss' dogs had been judged and given prizes, it was decided that the awards could not stand for the reason that the dogs mentioned were ineligible under the club's Rule I., which reads: "No dogs will be received before Monday, Feb. 18, or after 8 A. M. Tuesday, Feb. 19." To have permitted the awards to stand would have been a bad precedent, for any exhibitor who was late from any cause would have that precedent to refer to. But the club wished to treat with every courtesy the strangers who had come so far, and it decided to give their winning dogs extra prizes. The ineligibility of the Messrs. Woodiwiss' dogs was the sole reason for the change.

Mr. Taylor's version, published in the *Stock-Keeper* (May 8) on his return to England, is as follows: "Collies were judged and placed in the order as appears in our prize list. The executive committee afterward altered the awards in certain classes." The generous action of the club in making extra awards and thus doubling its prize list in that connection, for no reason other than a kind feeling for the visitors, is given an entirely different construction by Mr. Taylor's insufficient statement or too much statement, as the case may be. He implies an unwarranted meddling with the awards. The Messrs. Woodiwiss preferred a piece of plate to the money won, and it will be sent to them.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Registrations and Disqualifications.

Under this captain I made some comments on a recent ruling of the A. K. C., in FOREST AND STREAM of April 13.

By way of reply, Mr. James Watson has done me the distinguished honor of devoting over a column of space in the *Kennel News*, which reply seems to be from a misapprehension of the issue, inasmuch as he struggles not so much to prove that the A. K. C.'s interpretation of its laws in this instance is correct, as that I do not know much about the matter; or, to be more precise, that I have "very little knowledge of the subjects and customs attending rulings of a similar nature in sporting domains."

In respect to that remark, I will concede that ignorance of the "subjects and customs," etc., which he has in mind, is cause for just reproach, considering the many times that Mr. Watson has referred to the Jockey Club's rulings for precedent and argument in A. K. C. affairs in years past. They are not new "subjects," etc.

But I had considered that the A. K. C. had laws and rules of its own; that it had not recognized the doings of a jockey club or rowing association as a substitute for its own rules of action; and that it had common sense and force of character enough without borrowing ideas from others. I believe so now.

Mr. Watson does not in his uncompromising zeal—a zeal which, on the affirmative side of A. K. C. matters now, is only equaled by his zeal on the negative side prior to his sudden acrobatic flop of recent memory—take the trouble to show that the jockey club rulings are wise ones for the A. K. C. to adopt, and good also for the dog interests of the country. There may be such a difference in the *personnel*, industrial and financial interests, nature and support of the competitions, and fancy, that what is good for the Jockey Club might not be equally good for the A. K. C., or *vice versa*.

He has been pleased, in his gracious and sprightly manner, to garble what I wrote, whereof I make no complaint, since to garble the matter is an admission of inability to deal with it successfully as it rightly stood.

That the reader may have a correct understanding of the contention, I will quote the subject matter, which was a query and reply in the March number of the *American Kennel Gazette*, as follows:

O. P. H., Boston, Mass.—If I purchase a dog from a man who has been disqualified, and the pedigree is a straight one, can I have the dog registered? I have heard that registrations as above have been refused, and would like to know positively, as I have an opportunity to get a great bargain.

Answer.—A dog transferred by gift or sale, by a disqualified person, subsequent to his or her disqualification, cannot be registered. Rule XVII., Rules Governing Clubs, and Rule XXIII., Rules Governing Dog Shows, both provide that "The disqualification of an owner shall apply to all dogs owned by him." At a meeting of the club held Feb. 23, 1893, it was "Resolved, that the secretary be directed to refuse the privileges of the Stud Book to all persons under the penalties of suspension or disqualification."

In this connection Mr. Watson says:

I suppose it will be news to Mr. Waters to know that this rule is exactly that of the Jockey Club, and that Mr. Shields, who was disqualified for inexplicable running of his horse Logan last July at Brighton Beach, could not sell one of his horses because the club refused applications sent in by *bona fide* buyers asking that they be allowed to enter them at licensed tracks. It was not until his own reinstatement last December that Mr. Shields had the penalty removed from his horses.

Frankly, I will confess that it is news to me, as I believe it will be to many others, that "this rule is exactly that of the Jockey Club," etc. Here is the case of Mr. Shields:

"The stewards of the Jockey Club, after a thorough investigation of the evidence submitted to them by the stewards of the Brighton Beach Racing Association respecting the running of the horse Logan on July 23, and after hearing the evidence of Alexander Shields in his own behalf, find that he has violated Section 5 of Rule 161 of the Rules of Racing, and in accordance therewith he is hereby ruled off, and the stewards call attention of all owners and racing associations to Rule 163."

Now the Jockey Club rules specifically define what is a misdemeanor and its punishment. Section 5 of Rule 161 reads as follows:

(V.) If any person be guilty of, or shall conspire with any other person for the commission of, or shall connive at any other person being guilty of any other corrupt or fraudulent practice in relation to racing in this or any other country;

Every person so offending shall be ruled off.

To show the two rules which are "exactly" alike, it may the better show the likeness claimed with such cocksureness by Mr. Watson if they are run in parallel columns, thus:

Exactly Alike.

A. K. C. Rules.	*Jockey Club Rules.*
The disqualification of an owner shall apply to all dogs owned by him. Resolved, that the secretary be directed to refuse the privileges of the Stud Book to all persons under the penalties of suspension or disqualification.	When a person is ruled off, and so long as his exclusion continues, he shall not be qualified, whether acting as agent or otherwise, to subscribe for or enter or to run any horse for any race, either in his own name or that of any other person, and any horse of which he is the nominator, or is *or was* at the time of entry wholly or partly the owner, or which after one month from his exclusion shall be proved to the satisfaction of the stewards to be, or to have been directly or indirectly, under his care, training, management or superintendence, shall be disqualified.

Here is a specific statement, in the Jockey Club rules, of every phase of the disqualification of the owner and *horse*. The rule covers more than the mere matter of ownership, for it is far more explicit than the A. K. C. rule; it mentions also "care, training, management or superintendence."

It will also be noted that the Jockey Club's rule applies to entering the horse in a competition and not to matters of registration, wherein again they are exactly unlike. The Jockey Club's law is clear, specific and mandatory; the A. K. C's interpretation is largely constructive if not forced.

The case which Mr. Watson cites, accepts and advocates as a precedent is here set forth in full. His precedent is irrelevant and immaterial. The Jockey Club rule sharply states the penalty to the man and the penalty to the horse. The A. K. C. rules do not do so fully concerning the dog. He has made an awkward attempt to prove his case.

Concerning the query and reply hereinbefore mentioned Mr. Watson says:

To support this the *Gazette* quoted two rules as follows: "The disqualification of an owner shall apply to all dogs owned by him," and "the secretary be directed to refuse the privileges of the Stud Book to all persons under the penalties of suspension or disqualification."

Mr. Waters starts off by saying that the last citation is unnecessary and is not pertinent. This blunder is but the introduction to some of the most extraordinary and illogical reasoning I have read for a long time. If Mr. Waters had held that the first citation was unnecessary there might be something to say on that side, but the refusal to receive entries is only to be based upon the citation Mr. Waters says is irrelevant.

Now what is there in the A. K. C. resolution, "the secretary be directed," etc., which is applicable to the case? The man who wished to purchase the dog was not disqualified. The secretary was "directed to refuse the privileges of the Stud Book to all persons under the penalties of suspension or disqualification." What could be more specific concerning a disqualified man, or more irrelevant when applied to a man who was under *no* penalties?

It is also surely a feeble bolstering of a ruling when a precedent is cited which does not fit the case at all.

Now, "the disqualification of an owner shall apply to all dogs owned by him" certainly does not apply to dogs which are not owned by him. I can readily understand Mr. Watson's flippant, off-hand interpretation that the dogs are disqualified present and future, but he cannot detach the disqualification of the dogs from its limitation, namely, "owned by him." If the dog or dogs are not owned "by him," what then? There is nothing in the law which carries the disqualification over to a new ownership.

The reader will note the specific wording of the Jockey Club's rule, and its direct fitness to the Shields case, and then note the forced construction used in defining the A. K. C. rules to fit the supposed case. One is in harmony with the letter and spirit of the rules, and the other is not.

I trust that Mr. Watson will make a better showing in his next attempt.

Now, a word concerning a bit of fallacy which Mr. Watson attempts to work off as genuine argument. He says:

He then proceeds to say, notwithstanding his admission just quoted, that the rule applying to dogs "is reasonable and proper," that the disqualification of the man was a punishment, but to carry it so far as to interfere with his business, or way of earning a livelihood, is on the borderland of vindictiveness. That is erratic enough in all conscience. We must not imprison a thief or a forger because it will interfere with his business!

The laws of the land define the punishment of a thief or a forger. The laws of the land further guarantee that a man can follow his business without being molested; also that he can live; also several other alsos. An offense against the A. K. C. is not necessarily an offense against society. As fallacy, his remark is irrelevant fallacy.

The Field Trial Outlook.

Prosperity seems to have again favored field trial affairs and their supporters should be correspondingly pleased. The interest in the dog and field trial competition has for a while been narrowed and hampered somewhat by hard times and circumstances, but the interest in itself has not lessened.

The trials this year, in the matter of location and expense, have been arranged with a view to especially favor the attendance of the handlers. Two strong clubs, the Eastern Field Trials Club and the Continental Field Trials Club, will hold their trials at Newton, N. C., the latter club commencing its trials immediately after the close of those of the former club. With such exceptional inducements—good grounds, plenty of birds, good stakes and honor in winning—there are good reasons why these trials should equal if not surpass the best previous events. The United States Field Trials Club will hold its trials at or near Newton, though I think it has not yet definitely determined on grounds. Those will be three trials which the handlers can attend with no more transportation expense than is incidental to one trial. Hotel accommodations are ample, though the matter of rates I think could be improved.

At Morris, Manitoba, two trials, those of the Manitoba and Continental clubs, will be run on chickens, and again the owners and handlers have the advantage of one transportation expense sufficing for two trials, besides the gain which comes from a mutual broadening of the events when two clubs run in conjunction.

Business matters are improving and there should be a corresponding improvement in canine matters. As the hard times go, the interest which they suppressed, freed from the sympathetic stringency, will come again into action.

Hotel Rates.

In this connection it is fit to mention the matter of hotel rates. Last year, at Newton, it was said that the proprietor of the leading hotel was assured that all the field trials party would be satisfied to pay full day rates. Of course, therefore, full day rates were charged; and this in face of the fact that the proprietor had weekly rates. There was thus the sportsman, who loved the dog and the competition, in the anomolous position of paying $14 per week for what the resident guest paid $5 or $6 for, though the nominal weekly rate was $10.

The sportsman's free-handed generosity in money matters seems often to result in gross imposition. At field trials in particular they are often the victims of exorbitant charges. One instance, which occurred last winter at West Point, Miss., was unique. Briefly sketched, it was as follows: Several of the handlers stopped at a private house. Two fires served for all. Two dollars per week was a liberal rate for the fire, but each of the twelve handlers was charged $2 for the same fire, the full charge being $24 per week for two fires. Before the week was quite ended the house was nearly without boarders. This was an exceptional circumstance, it is true, but the same intent to overcharge often crops up in a modified form.

Now, the secretaries of clubs could do much to make reasonable rates for all concerned, and this too with very little effort. Instead of assuring the good landlord that he can charge his utmost, would it not be well to secure

for its patrons the same advantages gladly conceded to dramatic troupes, or conventions, etc.? This is a subject of great importance to those who do not attend for pleasure.

Field Trials in Manitoba.

Under date of May 9, Mr. Thomas Johnson writes me the following interesting information:

"We asked the farmers from whom the Northwestern Field Trials Club had permission to sign the following petition: 'We, the undersigned, owners or occupiers of lands in the vicinity of Morris, grant to the Continental Field Trials Club the privilege of running their trials over our farms, and that we will not permit any one to shoot or hunt dogs over our lands until after the trials of the Continental Field Trials Club.'

"This petition is already signed by ten of the principal and largest land owners in Morris municipality, quite enough to hold trials on; but so there will not be the slightest chance of the Continental Club being put to any annoyance, I will promise to have enough land secured to hold a half dozen trials.

"I think I have now shown the most pessimistic that, so far as Manitoba is concerned, all difficulties and doubts are removed."

Canadian Customs.

For the information of those who contemplate attending the Continental and Manitoba chicken trials at Morris, it may be timely to mention that, before they can cross the Canadian boundary, American visitors with dogs in charge will have to make satisfactory arrangement with the customs officials. The dogs while in Canada will be in bond, and it will be necessary to furnish a satisfactory bondsman. I presume, though, that Mr. Madison, the secretary, will make all necessary arrangements, so that those who attend will be subjected to no annoyance or trouble on that score.

B. WATERS.

Beagle Trial Glintings.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are now just about midway between past and coming beagle field trials. Those who have participated will always do so, and those who have not as yet are probably now giving the matter an occasional thought, with a strong tendency toward making calendar for first weeks in November "no business engagements." Then you take a critical look at your dog and say, "Will he be good enough?" or, "I know I can win with him."

At bench shows an exhibitor has one of two objects in view when making his entries. It is either to win the prizes or to dispose of the dog. At field trials but one motive prompts one in making entries, and that is to win. Every dog has a chance at the game, if he has the merit; from my own observation, I will base the statement that, at beagle field trials, the dog who has the merit wins the money. Yet the sport is not altogether devoid of chances and circumstances, as so many phases of merit are known to exist among the beagles.

Some come out and start in their heat with a snap and a dash that keys up one's nerves at once, while another opens more modestly and eyes so many strange figures rather suspiciously.

The judges order "Dogs down," and then all is anxiety for a start. At this stage the question is, "Will he be good enough to-day to win?" Finally, after the first series has been gone through and the judges announce the names and order of running for the second round, then the sport begins in earnest and every point begins to count. I tell you quietly your dog is in it and you do the same for me, and both of us intently trying to pick out the dark (horse) dog. About this time we begin to watch our dog's condition, avoid barb wire fences and draughts and local curs, and other little things that may act as a detriment to our dog's chances to win.

We have reached the end of second round, and now the wind-up among the winners. This particular act has alway been disappointing to spectators, as it will be found that rules and formalities are being carried out, and before you really comprehend it you find yourself in a group facing the judges and their note books, and in another minute up goes your cap, hands and feet in an honest and sincere cheer for the winners.

After a while you quietly light your pipe and say to yourself, "I am very glad I came to the trials, as I now see how it is done and what is wanted, and next year I propose to be right in it."

At the hotel in the evening, after an enjoyable dinner and a cigar, you begin to enter into the real sport by taking part in the discussions to be heard on all sides about breeding "field trial winners." Here is where the bench show winner that is not a hunter is not in it.

One would imagine that, among so many, cards or games, etc., would be indulged in in the evening, but not so. It is hunting rabbits with beagles from the first run the puppy had to the run to death with a pack of twenty couples.

These animated evening discussions are, however, not altogether carried on with parliamentary rules, as you will find that the hounds are frequently called in with horns, whose history is told in many ways and whose music is second in sweetness only to the merry blending of the cry of the eager pack.

When finally the talk and noise have stopped, you are gradually lulled to sleep by the voices of the little hounds dying away in the distance, only to be sharply awakened a few hours hence with the pack in full cry again, and the second day at the trials has begun.

This continues until the last day, when the order is given to break camp and march. This is really the only unpleasant feature of the week's sport.

It is simply wonderful to note the sincere ties of friendship that are created among beagle lovers in a short week at the trials. Strong, matured men actually have been seen to embrace each other at the last moment in saying good-by, and large, honest tears seen trickling down their cheeks.

This is no idle talk, but actual facts, as I have myself witnessed it, and furthermore been personally afflicted.

H. L. KREUDER,
President National Beagle Club of America.

NANUET, N. Y.

Mr. A. MacKenzie Hughes has received an appointment as keeper of the Shelter for Animals, Brooklyn, L. I., a branch shelter in charge of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He commenced his duties on the 13th inst.

Northwestern Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Continental Field Trials Club, having decided to run their trials at Morris, Manitoba, and some misapprehension existing in reference particularly to Canada custom and game laws, I would like, with your permission, to give what knowledge I possess on the subject, and to try and remove any doubts regarding the many imaginary difficulties that seem to exist in the minds of Mr. Titus and others, as expressed in his letter in your issue of May 4, when he says: "The law passed compelling visiting sportsmen to pay a license of $25 to shoot in the State is having some influence in deterring some from going."

Manitoba's game law says: "No person can shoot prairie chicken between the 1st day of December and the 15th day of September following." The trials take place on the 2d of September, so that the game laws prevent any shooting previous to the trials, and consequently you don't have to pay a license of $25. Mr. Avent and other American trainers, when here, located a few miles from the boundary line dividing Canada from the United States. The Dakota and Minnesota law permitted chicken to be shot, I think, Aug. 15. Anyway, American handlers would take their dogs over the line for a few days' shooting, so their dogs would get accustomed to the gun, etc. The above facts will, I hope, remove any doubts *re* license, etc.

Another difficulty has been mentioned, and while at first this may seem a more serious one, yet at the worst it is only a slight inconvenience, and even that can be easily moved away. I now refer to passing dogs in and out through the Customs Department. The law on the subject says: "Animals can be brought into Canada temporarily free and for a period not exceeding three months, for the purpose of competition for prizes offered by any association."

But a bond shall first be given in accordance with regulations prescribed by the Controller of Customs, with the condition that the full duty, to which such animals would otherwise be liable, shall be paid in case of their sale in Canada, or if not re-exported within the time specified in such bond.

The Northwestern Field Trials Club gave a bond covering all dogs of which handlers sent particulars, but that organization this season being dormant, I have no doubt the Manitoba Field Trials Club will give a similar bond, as all dogs coming in will, no doubt, run in their trials also. If this is not done, the next simplest plan is for the trainer to write to a customs broker at Winnipeg—Mr. S. Handscomb is a reliable one—saying when he expects to arrive and by what route, and also give number and particulars of dogs; that is, breed, sex, color and name of person bringing them in—and he will do the work for a trifle. The customs usually accept the personal bond of the person in charge of the dogs. The following letter shows that the customs authorities are kindly inclined:

"MY DEAR JOHNSON: We shall be pleased to do everything possible toward assisting your American friends, and you might explain to them that they would find little difficulty in clearing their dogs if they would take the trouble to send to you or a broker, at as early a date as possible, the name and full description of each animal to be imported for the field trials.

"They would find it more convenient to have their papers filled up by a customs broker, and I shall tell Handscomb to call on you in this connection.

"W. H. THOMPSON, Chief Clerk."

I think I have shown all the difficulties that exist, and I know that our club and the Manitoba Club, also the farmers in the vicinity of Morris, will do all they know to make the initial trial of the Continental field trial a huge success.

THOS. JOHNSON.

WINNEPEG, May 9.

N. G. C. Meeting.

A MEETING of the National Greyhound Club was held in the Grand Union Hotel, April 26, 8 P. M. A full quorum was present. The following gentlemen were elected members: A. C. Bradbury, Jersey City; R. L. Lee, New York; J. L. Kernochan, Hempstead, L. I.; C. R. Huntley; F. C. Coyne, Huron, S. D.; Mr. Whiting, Minneapolis, Minn., and Mr. Waters, New York city. The meeting was adjourned to Oct. 6, 1895, at 4 P. M., at Huron, S. D. The following is a list of the temporary officers, elected to hold office to Oct. 6, 1895: President, F. C. Coyne; Vice-President, J. L. Kernochan; Secretary, H. W. Huntington; Treasurer, Roger Williams. The chairman appointed Messrs. Roger Williams, J. L. Kernochan and Dr. N. Rowe a committee to redraw the by-laws of the club in accordance with the following plan: Two regular meetings to be held a year, one in Huron and one in New York. Not over one-half the assets of the club available for prizes to be devoted for prizes at either bench shows or coursing meetings. Members to be allowed to vote by proxy at all meetings, and such other concessions to be made as shall carry out the view of the great body of men interested in greyhounds in the United States, so far as they may be expressed directly or indirectly to the committee. On motion the by-laws were suspended and the treasurer was given full power to pass upon all applications for membership in the club without further action on the part of the club. On motion of Mr. Bradbury, it was moved that the chairman appoint a committee of three to see if some arrangement could not be made for an Eastern coursing meeting. Appointed C. F. Lewis, chairman; N. Q. Pope, A. C. Bradbury.

H. W. HUNTINGTON, Sec'y pro tem.

United States Field Trials Club Meeting.

THE board of governers of the United States Field Trials Club met at Louisville, Ky., on May 6 last, Vice-Pres. Norvin C. Harris presiding. A majority of the board were in attendance. Considerable routine business was attended to. Letters from Dr. Rowe, president of the club, were read, stating his views as to the club's future actions in regard to the season's field trials. A number of letters were read by the secretary from prominent owners and handlers in regard to their support of the Indiana field trial, and after considerable discussion by the members of the board a motion was made and seconded to abandon the Indiana field trials. The motion prevailed, Mr. Adams being the only member who voted against the resolution. Mr Adams then moved to abandon the North Carolina event. As the motion was not seconded, the chair declared it lost. Upon resolution, the date of the North Carolina trials was changed from Nov. 28 to Nov. 7, entries to close on June 10 next. Letters were read from the president of the Eastern Field Trial Club, advising the club to hold their meeting at Newton, on the grounds the committee had selected on the opposite side of the town from the Eastern F. T. Club's grounds. The secretary reported that there had been fifteen new members admitted since the last meeting of the board. Mr. J. L. Adams was unanimously elected second vice-president of the club. There being three vacancies on the board of fifteen governers of the club, Mr. T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., Mr. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, Pa., and Mr. T. G. Barstow, St. Louis, were elected to fill such vacancies. The secretary reported that he had made arrangements with the owners of the lands at West Point, Miss., upon which the U. S. Club hold their trials, to allow the Southern Club to run their trials upon the same grounds, trials commencing Feb. 2, 1896.

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y-Treas.

New Field Trial Rules.

AS THERE is a radical departure in the standard of work as set forth in the rules of the Continental Field Trials Club, it will interest all admirers of the dog and gun to read it. The departure is decidedly for the better. Actual field work is taken for the standard, and the handler's scope is restricted to legitimate handling. Under the title "Instruction to Competitors" is the following: Pointing fur, feather, reptile or scent of game birds, if the judge or judges deem the same excusable, shall not be considered a false point. A dog which points, discovers that it is an error and moves on, shall not be considered as having false pointed; but repetitions of the act shall be considered as lowering the grade of his work. Assisting a dog to determine whether he is on a true or false point shall also lower the grade of the dog's work at the discretion of the judges.

When a dog points, the judge or judges shall not permit the opposing handler to whistle or call his dog in loud tones. If a dog is turned or balked to a harmful extent by the whistle of the opposing handler, such dog shall afterward be run alone.

The number of times a dog points, backs, etc., shall not necessarily give him the preference, but the judge or judges shall consider the quality of the performance rather than the frequency of the occurrence.

The standard of work shall be a well-balanced performance; that is to say, the judge or judges will consider the quality commonly called "bird sense;" the intelligent and useful beating out of the ground within proper limits; the roading and pointing; ability to find; obedience and work to the gun. This is intended to include all the details, such as backing, general training, etc. As to ranging, the judge or judges will consider long, straight-away casts as faulty work, if there are available sections left unworked, and if the casts mentioned are habitual. This shall not apply to a long cast taken intelligently betimes to work out a likely place when the ground is unfavorable near at hand, providing the dog's habitual range is good. Swinging habitually around behind the handler at the end of a cast, working the same ground over repeatedly leaving repeatedly good ground unworked, frittering away time on bare, unpromising ground, running with no purpose of finding, and much looking after the handler are faulty methods of ranging. Continual whistling and assisting on the part of the trainer will also lower the dog's performance. As to obedience, the dog is required to obey with reasonable promptness. Loud or continuous whistling or shouting will seriously impair a dog's standing in the competition. As to pointing, roading and drawing, a distinction will be made between what the dog does himself and what his handler does for him. Coaching and helping a dog in general when he is on the scent of birds will lower the grade of his performance at the discretion of the judge or judges. Where through the marking of birds one handler has succeeded in more points for his dog than his competitors, the judge or judges will consider the merit of the dog independently of his handler's assistance. Working to the gun is of the first consideration. Faults of puppies in this respect may be treated more leniently than similar faults in the aged stakes. It is impossible for the judges to determine which dogs have the best natural qualities and are the best field dogs, but to determine the best natural qualities they must be properly applied.

New Jersey Kennel League.

THE third annual meeting of this club was held at Molter's Hotel, Newark, N. J., May 8, at 8 P. M. The treasurer's report showed a substantial balance on hand, and a still larger amount to come from those members who have not paid dues. The treasurer was requested to send applications to all delinquent members. The committee appointed to report on the prospects for another show being given in the fall reported that the hall, occupied on the former occasion, was not in a satisfactory state for another such exhibition, wherein so many valuable dogs were intrusted to the safe-keeping of the club, but recommended that a show be given if a suitable building could be procured.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Miles A. Hanchett, Orange, N. J.; first vice-president, Walter Browe, Newark, N. J.; second vice-president, Dr. E. Guenther; third vice-president, August Halm; treasurer, Frank Linck, Newark; secretary, Edwin H. Morris. Christian Feigenspan was chosen chairman of the executive, with Dr. W. F. Seidler, W. J. Whelan, John Brett, Carl Brandt, Dr. F. W. Thum, Otto Heintz, J. B. Conover and Chris Kirschler as his associates.

Edwin H. Morris was unanimously elected delegate to the American Kennel Club.

It was the sense of the new committee that another show be given, and Messrs. Halm, Linck, Kuebler and Browe were made a committee to endeavor to secure the spacious new building lately erected near the Oranges, and in the fashionable residential part of Newark, and to report at a special general meeting of the members, to be called by the secretary for Monday, June 3, next.

EDWIN H. MORRIS, Sec'y.

Messrs. Bell, Wells and Freeman have been invited to judge the Continental Field Trials Club's trials on quail at Newton, N. C.

The Bull-Terrier Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent *Kennel News* Mr. James Watson, writing about the Bull-Terrier Club, refers derogatorily to some persons comprising a "gang." As secretary of the club, I should deem it a favor were he to inform me of whom the "gang" consists. Does he refer to the gentlemen breeders, of whom Mr. Dole was considered one, who called the meeting, and upon the motion of whom Mr. Dole was elected president?

As Mr. Watson has kindly offered his friendly criticism on the composition and motives of the organization of the previous bull-terrier clubs, we will forward him at our earliest opportunity a copy of the rules and by-laws of the Bull-Terrier Club of America, and trust that he will oblige us with any further suggestions toward saving it from the untimely fate which he deplores having overtaken its predecessors. From the inside knowledge which his article would indicate he possesses, his suggestions will undoubtedly prove of great value. W. D. BRERETON,

Sec'y Bull-Terrier Club of America.

DOG CHAT.

There is no one who will not regret the serious accident to Mr. A. D. Lewis and his mother and sister. While out driving on the 8th inst in Hempstead, L. I., his horse bolted and the carriage struck a gate post. All were thrown to the ground. Mr. Lewis's leg was broken near the ankle, Mrs. Lewis was severely injured internally and her collar-bone was broken, and Miss Lewis sustained a compound fracture of the right arm.

The Montreal Kennel Association added twenty-six new members to its roll at its meeting on May 7. The special committee reported the receipt of $250 for special prizes. Sir Donald A. Smith, the club's patron, sent in a $100 check, and will be pleased to offer a cup to be placed at the club's discretion. The show will be held on May 31 and June 1. Entry blanks can be obtained of the secretary.

Mr. C. M. Rounds, Elmendorf, Tex., writes us that the field trial winner, Manitoba Frisk, died recently. Manitoba Frisk won the Manitoba Field Trials Club's Derby when but a year old, and afterward in Texas in 1892 won second in the All-Age stake, and in 1893 won first in the same stake, Bexar field trials. Mr. Rounds adds: "He was as near perfect as it is possible for a dog to be, with a disposition that was faithfulness itself. In fact, he was a dog that one meets in a lifetime. He seemed to be afflicted with consumption and gradually wasted away. I never expect to own his equal. Some of the happiest moments of my life have been spent in company with others behind Tobe, as he was called—watching him make his wonderful casts in search of game—and he was somehow always the lucky dog; happened to go right where the birds were. We are all in mourning here at the ranch, where he was the favorite of all."

The Bulldog Club of America announces the opening of its second Produce Stakes, for thoroughbred bull bitches, bred between Jan. 1 and July 1, 1895. The stakes are open to all comers, whether members of the club or not. Fees, $5 for each bitch nominated, $5 for each puppy entered. All arrangements can be made with the secretary, Mr. E. A. Woodward, 60 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

Preparing for the Chicken Trials.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently returned from San Antonio, Tex., where I spent the greater part of the winter. I was fortunate in having some excellent redhead shooting on the coast, and the bluebills were also very abundant. I called on Mr. Hough in Chicago last week and we had a pleasant time together talking over reminiscences of our Southern trip.

I expect to have some very promising entries of both setters and pointers for the coming trials next fall, and intend to have my dogs in good shape for the Continental trials in September. My dogs are in charge of Thomas Richards, a brother of Frank and George, and he will start for North Dakota early in the summer and begin work. I expect to send up at least eight of my own dogs and will take six outside dogs for gentlemen to be conditioned and broken for field shooting.

We intend locating where the birds are plentiful and also where there is a good water supply. We already have a very desirable location in view, and, from recent reports, it will afford an excellent locality for working our dogs.

I have a very promising Derby pointer entry in a Strideaway ex Hops II. dog pup; two fine pointer bitches by Rip Rap ex Lady Peg she by King of Kent ex Lass of Bloomo. I now own the pointer bitch Lady Peg, she having been placed in last fall's U. S. Derby and All-Age Stake. I have also three very promising puppies for the Derbies by Paul Bo ex Tube Rose.

All my young dogs were taken down with distemper last January, and Richards had a tough time of it, although he did remarkably well in pulling them all through the sickness except two inferior pups, which succumbed to the disease. They are all in excellent health now, and one would not think to look at them that they had been so sick.

RICHARD MERRILL.

An Unfavorable Training Season.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This has been the most unfavorable training season I ever experienced in the South. The heavy snowstorm that commenced shortly after Christmas was followed by severe frosts and every sort of objectionable weather. On our training grounds several coveys disappeared entirely, which I have good reason for believing was due more to pot hunters shooting the birds on the ground, and scattering others so that they froze to death before they could get together again, than to the severe weather or want of food.

Still, plenty of birds were left for breeding. I was told that very little shooting had been allowed on the old club grounds at Lexington, and that there were plenty of birds left for seed there too.

C. E. MCMURDO.

Brighton Tobe's Pedigree.

CHATHAM, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With regard to Brighton Tobe's pedigree, I beg to say I have no desire to injure either the dog or his owners. Before breeding to him I had not his extended pedigree. When I got it, I found the breeding of Hall's Lucy was not given, so I wrote Mr. Davey twice for it; but without reply. I then wrote a friend in Hamilton to see Mr. John Hall, of that place, and find out if he knew anything about her, with the result as given.

The breeding of a public stud dog is public property. Breeders who care for pedigree (and what breeder of any consequence does not?) are entitled to have all the light possible thrown on the pedigrees of such dogs. The breeding of Hall's Lucy does not yet appear to have been clearly ascertained. Perhaps some Toronto sportsman could throw light on the subject.

Mr. Davidson is no doubt right when he says very little was thought of pedigrees in the old days. Those were the days before public trials, when every sportsman owned the best dog in the world, and English, Irish and Gordon were mixed indiscriminately. W. B. WELLS.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

C. T. Brownell claims the name Angenett for Gordon setter bitch, whelped Oct. 1, 1894, by Gordon Grouse—Little Girl.

Also the name Star of the East for Gordon setter dog, whelped March 12, 1894, by Murkland Ranger, Jr.—Blossom.

Also the name Ben Butler, Jr., for Gordon setter dog, whelped April 25, 1894, by Tyrus—Magne.

BRED.

Fred. Bredel's dachshund bitch Witch, March 31, to Hundesport's Bergmann.

Rochelle Kennels' black and tan terrier bitch champion Gypsy Girl, April 21, to champion Broomfield Sultan.

S. H. Seaman's dachshund bitch Hexe Arnstadt, March 3, to Unser Fritz.

Dr. H. M. Quimby's English setter bitch Natell II., Feb. 23, to Kent III.

Rochelle Kennels' wire fox-terrier bitch Brittle Brush, March 14, to White Topper.

J. D. Bush's bull bitch Careless, April 4, to King Lud.

G. W. Patterson's St. Bernard bitch Eulalie II., April 9, to champion Melrose King.

Smith Penfield's bull-terrier bitch Pricilla, April 4, to Gully the Great.

Fred. Bredel's dachshund bitch Mirsa IV., March 20, to Diamond Joe.

Dr. H. W. Lincoln's black and tan terrier bitch Broomfield Madge, April 2, to Broomfield Sultan.

John E. Jewett's bull bitch Pathos, March 19, to Webb's Monarch.

John E. Jewett's bull bitch Jane, April 3, to Webb's Monarch.

John E Jewett's Boston terrier bitch Gloriana, April 9, to Pilot.

P. T. Madison's liver and white pointer bitch Hops II., Nov. 4, to Strideaway.

John S. Wise's liver and white pointer bitch Peggy G., Jan. 13, to Strideaway.

Geo. E. Gray's liver and white pointer bitch La Belle, Jan. 7, to Strideaway.

Chas. A. Paetzel's liver and white pointer bitch Clip of Kent, March 13, to Strideaway.

Meadow City Kennels' liver and white bitch Ightfield Teign, Feb. 11, to Strideaway.

Meadow City Kennels' setter bitch Becky Noble, March 7, to Rodfield.

Meadow City Kennels' liver and white bitch Ightfield Dove, Feb. 15, to Ightfield Upton.

Fred. Bredel's dachshund bitch Mirsa IV., March 20, to Hundesport's Bergmann.

WHELPS.

Edward Watts's English setter bitch Breene, April 19, seven (five dogs), by Kent III.

Herbert Bruso's English setter bitch White Lady, May 2, seven (five dogs), by Kent III.

The Horst Kennels' dachshund bitch Red Riding Hood, Feb. 19, four (one dog), by Hundesport's Bergmann.

Rochelle Kennels' wire fox-terrier bitch Brittle Broom, March 28, five (one dog), by White Topper.

Rochelle Kennels' black and tan terrier bitch champion Meersbrook Maiden, March 29, four (two dogs), by champion Broomfield Sultan.

Smith Penfield's bull-terrier bitch Chatham Kit, April 1, six (three dogs), by Ben Caunt.

Edwin A Perry's St. Bernard bitch Lady Anna, March 23, ten (seven dogs), by Counch.

J. F. Stoddard's beagle bitch Standard Perfection, March 27, four (two dogs), by champion Tricotrin.

Standard Kennels' beagle bitch Velvet, March 30, five (three dogs), by champion Tricotrin.

A. E. Guy's fox-terrier bitch Julip, April 20, seven (three dogs), by Hopbloom Dusky.

SALES.

F. F. Dole has sold Bashful Maid, bull-terrier bitch, whelped May 24, 1893, by Streatham Wonder—Merritt, to Smith Penfield.

H. Fred Church has sold Pricella, bull-terrier bitch, by Streatham Wonder—Merritt, to Smith Penfield.

Eberhart Pug Kennels have sold Port Wine, pug dog, whelped July 8, 1893, by Spokane—East Lake Virgie, to F. B. Threadgold.

Eberhart Pug Kennels have sold The Major, fox-terrier dog, to C. B. Adams.

Eberhart Pug Kennels have sold Juliet, pug bitch, whelped Jan. 18, 1894, by Eberhart's Cashier—Cute Lady, to F. B. Threadgold.

J. Danforth Bush has sold a bulldog and bitch puppy, whelped Dec. 2, 1894, by King Lud—Careless, to Frank F. Dole.

Wm. Loeffler has sold Pearl, dachshund bitch, whelped Dec. 8, 1894, by Hundesport's Bergmann—Lina K., to B. Wilhelm.

Else, same litter, to Chas. T. Limberg.

Argyle Kennels have sold Alton II. and Lady Adelaide II., St. Bernards, to Dudley E. Waters. Price, $1,000.

Also a smooth-coated dog puppy, by Alton II.—Judith's Rachel, to Samuel Dodd.

Also a litter brother to E. E. Towle.

Also a litter brother, rough-coated, to Mr. Powers.

Also rough-coated puppy, by Alton II.—Queen, to J. W. McNair.

PRESENTATIONS.

Wm. Loeffler has presented Black Sepp, dachshund dog, whelped Dec. 8, 1894, by Hundesport's Bergmann—Lina K., to Richard Loeffler.

TO GET IN TRAINING for a shoot or a trip, to reduce superfluous flesh, and to put the system in perfect order, try the old and famous French Lick and West Baden Springs of Lower Indiana, reached by the Monon Route. Visited and praised by hundreds of sportsmen. Send for pamphlet and analysis to Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Monon Route, Chicago.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

MAY.

24. Royal St. Lawrence, opening and squadron sail, Montreal.
25. New Rochelle special, cabin cats, New Rochelle, Sound.
25-26. San Francisco cruise to Goat Island.
26. California annual regatta, San Francisco Bay.
26. Williamsburg opening sail, Sound.
30. Atlantic opening race, New York Bay.
30. Harlem annual, Sound.
30. Brooklyn opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Audubon annual, Hudson River.
30. Cor., San Francisco race, San Francisco Bay.
30. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
30. New Jersey annual, Hoboken, New York Bay.
30. Fall River open, Fall River, Mount Hope Bay.
30. South Boston open, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
30. Plymouth opening, Plymouth.
30. Southwork annual, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
30. Cleveland squad sail, Lake Erie.

If the report is true that the new steam yacht Giralda is coming to America this year, American builders will need to look to their laurels, as they have thus far turned out nothing that can compare with her in either speed or appearance. The business of designing and building steam yachts is in about the same condition to-day in America that the building of sailing yachts was in about fifteen years since, and it needs just such a shaking up from a first-class British steam yacht as Madge and Bedouin gave to the old sloops. There may be some American designers who are capable of turning out a large steam yacht of handsome appearance, good accommodation and more than a very moderate speed; but there are none who as yet have done so. The latest and most ambitious attempts in this line have resulted in miserable failures.

A VAGUE story is afloat of a projected Cup defender of 80ft. l.w.l., to be designed and built by Arthur Dyer, designer of the very successful Onawa, for a syndicate. Whatever foundation may exist for the rumor, no such boat will be built this year.

JUBILEE has been hauled out at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, and proves to have sustained no more damage than a slight bending of the fin in the recent rough launching. Her bow plating has been stripped, and the new bow will be hurried as rapidly as possible. The deck will be unchanged, but the bow near the water will be lowered and lengthened, making the waterline between 88 and 89ft., or about 4ft. longer than before. The same spars and sails will be tried when the yacht is again afloat, and in any event no material change will be made in the sail plan. The alteration is anything but a radical one, and will leave Jubilee still well under the limit of 90ft. Where Vigilant will come out is as yet uncertain, as there is now nothing to stop her from shipping more lead and lengthening her waterline should it seem desirable to do so, making her nearly or quite as long as Jubilee. Both will of course receive time from the new defender.

WE have frequently spoken of the absurd practice which maintains in this country of misusing the English term "rater" as synonymous with "racing length;" yachts which if they are in any sense "raters" should be called 2½-raters being termed "25-raters." The new Larchmont class is commonly known as the "34-rater class," regardless of the fact that the big Queen Mab is of but 40-rating. The Larchmont Y. C. has coined a name for the class, "34ft. raters," which is both clumsy and inaccurate.

The words "rating" and "rater" possess each a definite meaning, established by continued use in connection with the rule of the Yacht Racing Association. This original meaning is very different from that attributed in this country, and the further use of the double meaning must result in continued misunderstanding. If American yachtsmen feel that they really must use the English term, then they should be fair and consistent, and adopt the form of rule to which the term properly applies. If they prefer their own form of rule, which there is good reason for their doing, then they should coin some new term that would be exact and distinctive, and prevent all mistakes as to its real meaning.

ON Friday of this week the racing season of the large yachts opens in British waters with the match of the New Thames Y. C., on the Thames. The Royal Thames follows on Saturday; and on Saturday May 25, comes the New Thames match from Southend to Harwich. The Nore to Dover race will be sailed on June 8. Both Britannia and Ailsa will be ready for these races after some alterations made on their return from the Mediterranean.

Modern Construction.

THE following "syndicate" stories from Bristol have appeared in a number of daily papers within the past week. We publish them with no guarantee of their accuracy, but merely as giving some interesting hints on up-to-date racing construction.

BRISTOL, R. I., May 7.—It makes no difference what the yacht costs, is practically what the Vanderbilt-Morgan-Iselin syndicate said to the Herreshoffs when they instructed the latter to design and build a boat to defend successfully the America's Cup against Valkyrie III. As a result, the defender if likely to cost quite a little more than $200,000 rather than anything less at the starting line. Speed is naturally the first and chief requirement. To secure this the boat will carry such a spread of canvas as never before was heard of. To balance this, there must be the greatest possible strength throughout the yacht and greatest possible absence of weight above the waterline. This led to the adoption of the costly aluminum plates at 75 cents per pound for the sides of the yacht above the water line and the use of aluminum deck beams, both of which give the greatest possible strength with the least possible weight.

Precisely the same policy is being carried out in respect to the blocks for the defender, which are not only to be marvels of cost, but are to be far and away the strongest and the lightest ever constructed for any boat of any description, the extremes of each being unprecedented and marvelous. Early in the planning of the yacht Mr. Herreshoff decided that the blocks must not weigh more than one ton, and at the same time they must withstand a strain of anywhere from ten to twenty-eight tons because of the immense spread of canvas which it was designed that the boat should carry and the consequent tremendous strain upon the blocks.

When, however, he presented these specifications to the manufacturers of blocks, with a single exception they held up their hands and cried, "Impossible." Privately they said the great yacht designer must be insane. He simply replied that these were specifications for the defender, and they must be and would be met. The one exception was Edward J. F. Coleman, of the firm of Walter Coleman & Sons, who made blocks for Navahoe and Vigilant which never showed even the suspicion of a strain or weakening. The proposition, it is said, somewhat staggered Mr. Coleman at first, but he had much of the same determination and fondness of overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles which characterize Mr. Herreshoff, and after some careful figuring he declared himself prepared to undertake the contract, which was given to the firm soon afterward. To secure these remarkable and altogether unprecedented and supposedly impossible extremes of lightness and strength, no lignum-vitæ will be used in the manufacture of the blocks, which will consist only of steel, bronze and ash. Every block will be strengthened by brass screw wires, run through the two sides of the shell, binding them together, and also through each side of the shell laterally, the latter to prevent their splitting; and tests which have already been made show that this process, patented by Mr. E. J. F. Coleman, will produce blocks which simply cannot even be wedged apart by any strain which it has been possible to subject them to.

The blocks are more than one hundred in number and vary in size from four to fourteen inches in length, and the steel hooks which will be made for use with them are correspondingly larger than any ever before used for such a purpose. The mast preventer runner blocks will be tested by a strain of twenty-two tons, and the throat halyard blocks will be submitted to a test of twenty-eight tons, something that has been said by some boat builders to be simply preposterous; but the policy of the Herreshoffs has been from the very first in every minutest detail to take no chances whatever, and the intention is to have blocks of such strength that by no possibility whatever can any mishap occur in that direction, which it will be remembered was one of the greatest misfortunes of Jubilee two years ago. This matter of strength, however, is almost unimportant in a sense, when it is known what a marvellous gain has been made in the matter of weight by the methods of construction to be employed by the Colemans.

Such blocks as Mr. Herreshoff said that he must have, which should be capable of withstanding a strain varying with the different parts of rigging from ten to twenty-eight tons, if made under ordinary conditions, when the matter of cost was considered at all and the blocks were made by the usual methods, of the usual materials and on the ordinary lines, would weigh not less than five tons, which would render their use on the defender far out of all question. Mr. Herreshoff determined that they must not weigh more than one ton, but the Colemans have agreed that they shall not exceed 1,000 pounds in weight, and it is said would not be surprised if they should succeed in getting them out at 800 or 900 pounds. This will render the blocks of the defender quite as marvellous and unprecedented as any feature of this marvellous yacht, the cost of which is to be equally so, and in this tremendous cost these blocks will figure to no slight degree.

All the blocks made by the Colemans will be tested at their shops up to fifteen tons, but, as they have no machinery for testing above that point, all the others will have to be sent to the United States arsenal, at Watertown, Mass., for the tests. The construction of the blocks has been under way about a week, and they will probably be delivered about June 15.

Despite all reports to the contrary, the halyards will not be run down through metal tubes, through the deck, and then be handled by winches between decks. That scheme will not be carried out, as it has been shown that the winch purchase would be altogether too slow for the purpose, and the scheme is otherwise impracticable. There will, however, be certain marked and exceedingly ingenious innovations in the matter of rigging, upon which Mr. Herreshoff is now at work, and which he has not altogether perfected, which will secure greater facility and convenience and other advantages in the handling of the sails and sheets and halyards. It is also practically settled that the boat will not be steered by tiller, although certain authorities still insist that such will be the case.

Fully ninety-five per cent. of the men that are employed on the defender are of English birth, and, although they are doing a fine piece of work, it is but natural to suppose they have some feeling for their own countrymen and what they are striving to do. What would the Englishmen say if they had to employ Americans to build a challenging yacht? It is to be regretted that the builders of this country are hampered by workmen who, if they have any heart and sympathy at all, must be for their native soil and the efforts of their own people.

Three gangs of riveters are now working on the defender, and great progress is now being made as compared with that of a week ago The men find the aluminum not hard to work. It is, of course, very light to handle and to cut, shear and punch, but it is found that the deck beams are not so easily bent as those of steel or bronze. Not that aluminum is any stiffer than the other metals, but it seems to give up suddenly when pressure is put on it, and sets again in a position beyond that which was expected. This property is one that will soon be learned and the men will be able to handle it as easily and as satisfactorily as steel

Some slight idea of the advantages of using aluminum because of its lightness, as well as its greater cost, may be had from the comparisons given herewith. The cost of the plates of which the defender is built may be better understood by the cost per square foot than by the rate per pound. The thickness of the plates used varies from 9-32 of an inch to 11-32 of an inch. Taking a plate of 10-32 of an inch as the mean, a square foot of steel of that thickness would weigh twelve pounds and a half, and cost about thirty-five cents, or little less than three cents a pound.

An equal size of manganese bronze would weigh about fourteen pounds, and cost at about the rate of sixteen cents a pound, or $2.24.

A plate of aluminum of the same dimensions would weigh about five pounds, or maybe a little less, depending on the amount of added metals to give it the desired strength. As the Herreshoffs have not submitted the bill of the Pittsburg manufacturers for inspection, it is not known what the exact cost of the aluminum plates and deck beams is, but it cannot be less than fifty cents a pound, and is more likely to be seventy-five cents a pound. At the lesser value the plates would cost $2.50 a foot and at the higher $3.75 a foot. We can take our choice between the two extremes.

A glance at the difference of weight of the upper row of plates on the defender when made of aluminum may be seen by the calculations given. The row of plates at the gunwale is 2 feet wide and 270 feet long, all around the ship, counting in the butting pieces, so it has then 540 square feet. Of manganese bronze this row of plates would weigh 540 multiplied by 14, which gives 7,560 pounds. Of steel they would weigh 540 multiplied by 12½, which gives 6,750 pounds; and in the case of aluminum, which is the metal used on the defender, then multiply 540 by 5, which gives 2,700 pounds.

Thus it is seen that the saving in weight is immense, and when the deck beams and other deck work are considered a saving of at least five tons will be made in the high weights of the new yacht. It is a cause of deep regret that aluminum cannot be used for standing rigging and masthead work, but, alas! it is not strong enough, and nothing but the best steel can be used where weights tell enormously, and strength must be had.

The Cup Defender.

From the Boston Globe.

WITH the leading American yacht designer pinning his faith on the keel type of boat, and turning out a narrower and deeper one at that than his British competitors, American yachtsmen who believe in the centerboard and in beam rather than draft may well ask, "Where are we at?" That the defender is a narrower and deeper boat than Ailsa has been certain for some time, and now it is also certain she is narrower and deeper than Valkyrie III. Herreshoff has gone to draft and Fife and Watson to beam. The conclusion which most yachtsmen would draw from the racing of 1893, would be that Fife and Watson had properly appreciated the lesson of international racing, while Herreshoff had not; but the latter is not yet beaten, and until he is, it is not fair to say that in keel boats the type which the defender illustrates may not be the best. The centerboard is out of the argument, and the contest is between the keels.

It is also far from reasonable to say that Herreshoff has gone to Watson in designing the defender, that in taking draft instead of beam he is any way copying past British ideas or diminishing his chances of turning out a winner.

So far as can be learned, the defender has about the beam of Valkyrie II., but at least a foot and a half more draft. This extra draft would alone give her more power, and would enable her to carry a sufficiently greater sail spread to defeat even an improved Valkyrie; but besides this, she is a vastly different boat in model and shape of hull. In place of the rather straight sides, low bilge and comparatively sharp floor and full garboards of Valkyrie II. is found the high bilge, flatter floor and sharply hollowed garboards of the fin keel type, with its canoe form of body. Much useless displacement is done away with, and a faster all-round boat obtained.

This will show that Herreshoff is not copying Watson, but that he has struck out along the lines of speed shown by his small fin-keels, and having also in mind the defects of Navahoe, Colonia and Vigilant. In the shape of her lateral plane alone will the defender resemble Valkyrie II., and this, as has been explained in this column, is due to the fact that such a lateral plane is one eminently better fitted than any other to secure quickness in stays, and that any designer seeking such quality in a yacht must of necessity have a lateral plane of somewhat similar outline.

To put the matter concisely, the defender is a copy of no existing boat, nor even an approach to one. She is an up-to date keel boat in which are embodied what her designer believes to be the best ideas to be obtained from previous keel and fin-keel boats. In the working out of these ideas resemblances should not be taken for copies.

And in this connection it is interesting to note that Watson's ideas of what should be done in the improvement of keel boats, as shown in Valkyrie III., are very close to those of Herreshoff. There are, indeed, differences in beam and draft, but in form of hull and other essentials the designers are working along the same lines. Watson may just as well be accused of copying as Herreshoff, but as a matter of fact both are but embodying the results of their experience.

The best available information of Valkyrie III. shows a beam of about 25ft. and a draft of 17½ to 18, as against a little over 23 in the defender, with a draft of 18½ to 19. But with this comes information of a very similar form of hull to that of the defender, and the adoption by Watson of the fin keel ideas which have shown such speed. Which designer has secured the best proportions of draft and beam time and racing alone will show, but there is nothing discouraging in the mere fact that the American boat is narrower. She will have an easier form to drive because of it, as well as some other advantages, and it should be remembered that she is in no sense a narrower boat except as compared with Vigilant. Probably Colonia's beam would have been deemed the best by many yachtsmen, but the defender is not far away, and too much beam combined with too much draft would be likely to prove a stumbling block.

Another thing which should be counted in the defender's favor is the great saving in weight in her construction. Given boats of equally good model and rig, and the lightest one should win. In this case it is the defender which is the most lightly built.

In sail area the boats will apparently not be far out of the way, both carrying about 1,000ft. more than the Vigilant, which is a much greater increase on Watson's part than on Herreshoff's.

Yachtsmen, as well as deep sea sailors, like to spin yarns, and they are always willing to spin them for the *Globe*. They say in the spinning:

That a scribing board, as used at the Herreshoffs', is a board on which the body plan of a boat is laid down to full size, so that the frames may be bent from the lines shown.

That a scribing board for the defender was built only 25ft wide, so that a beam of 27ft. was a rank impossibility.

That the defender's beam on the scribing board was 23ft. 2in.

That the plan on the scribing board had no load-waterline, so that the draft of the boat could not be told exactly, but could only be estimated from the depth of the boat.

That the draft is believed to be between 18ft. 6in. and 19ft., but that on this, as well as on beam, there is a possibility of mistake, except for those who are in the confidence of the designer.

That, although it is known that there are 72 frames in the boat, spaced 20¼in. on centers, no one not in the confidence of the designer can tell the over-all length of the boat until it is seen whether the stern is finished with a transom, or is extended till plating and deck meet, as in Colonia and the other big ones.

That the chances are that the stern will be extended, and that, in such a case, the Herreshoffs will add one more to the list of non-essential things in which they have fooled the newspaper men.

That, after all, the exact over-all length is not very important, since the boat is certain to have the customary long overhangs.

That the *Globe's* estimate of $200,000 for building and running the defender is more likely to be exceeded than otherwise.

That the question of the wisdom of such expense is still a moot one, but that it will probably result in the successful defense of the cup.

That the dredger now at work at Bristol could keep on dredging until 25 feet of water is had for launching the defender, but that she will not, for the launch will be made on a high course of tides.

That a fairly high course of tides comes from Thursday, June 6, to Monday, June 10, but that another high course does not come until Saturday, June 22.

That every effort will be made to get the defender overboard between the first named dates, in which case there is a fighting chance to save that $1,000 forfeit with its $100 a day aftermath

The past week has been one of great progress on the defender.

Busy indeed have been the platers and riveters. Plate after plate has been put in place and fitted and held there by bolts until the riveters were ready to commence their work. On the underbody the riveters have done considerable work in the past few days, and that part of the boat forward of the sternpost is now covered in and being caulked.

Above the waterline the aluminum plating is being put on. When the plates are fitted they are held in place by nutted bolts. In riveting the workmen use a rivet about ⅝in. in diameter. A particular feature of this rivet is that it is worked cold, and not heated as is the case with the rivets used on the manganese bronze plating. The rivets are also of a reddish color resembling copper, but what the real composition of the metal is could not be ascertained.

The forward section of the boat, near the waterline, is nearly covered with the aluminum plating. The sheer strake is not as yet, and in all probability will not be until the deck beams are all in.

The steel plates which are to be used on each side of the boat at the chainplates were taken from their positions this week, and workmen were busy on the floor of the shop in fitting them and drilling the holes for the rivets that will go through the aluminum plating which will be outside of and cover them. These pieces of steel are about 6ft. in length and nearly 2ft. in width. They will give great strength where it is needed so much and where the strain of the rigging is greatest.

A particular feature in the construction of this boat, and one that has been looked for considerably, is the absence of the sternpiece. This piece is generally set up with the frames, but as yet nothing has showed up in that quarter. This has been a source of trouble to those who have seen the boat to see the shape of her stern, and also to determine whether or not it was to resemble those of the 20-raters Isolde and Niagara, or was to run out like those of Colonia and Vigilant. It has also been a difficult matter to determine her exact length over all owing to this fact.

There is a large force of men now at work on the defender. The increase in wages made by the Herreshoffs to their workmen without being asked for it, has been appreciated by the men and they are doing good work to reciprocate.

Workmen are engaged in punching holes in the aluminum plating. The manganese bronze plating is being rolled so that any dent or other injury might be removed, and the rivet holes are also being punched in that metal.

During the week a large force of workmen have been busy on the aluminum deck beams for the defender. These beams, which were nearly the required lengths when they came from Pittsburg, have been trued up at the shops, and the ends fitted for their places on the boat. The steel braces which are to aid in supporting the lighter metal are being made. During the past few days some of the deck beams have been put in position, and the end of next week will see the greatest part of them in and ready for the deck. No material for the deck has arrived as yet. It is reported that it will be of white pine, 2½in. in thickness.

At the Herreshoffs' marine railway, at Walker's Cove, are hauled out the big spars for the defender. Workmen are busy around them putting them in shape for the new boat. They are being shortened a trifle, and the lower mast when finished will have about 3ft. taken off, which would leave the over-all length of the mast 99ft. With a masthead about 19 to 20ft. in length from hounds to cap, and a length of 9ft. from step to partners, it would give the length from deck to hounds at about 71ft. There will not be a great deal taken from the length of the boom, and it will measure when finished about 100ft.

The big lower mast made for Colonia in 1893 was towed here from Brooklyn on Wednesday last, and has been hauled out with the other spars at Walker's Cove. What is to be done with the big spar could not be learned, but it was thought that it would be used in case of an accident to the new one, being about the same size.

The new mainmast was weighed Friday by Nat Herreshoff, but its weight has not been given out.

Among the spars that came from Boston last week was one which was not rounded off, but was left squared. In the shops yesterday the sparmakers had sawed the stick in two lengthways, and were engaged in hollowing the stick with their adzes. This spar when finished is to be the hollow gaff. It is about 55ft. in length, and is a very handsome stick.

The steam dredge Yankee Notion, from Newport, arrived here on May 9, and on Friday began the work of deepening the harbor in the vicinity of the piers at the Herreshoffs'. There is a hard bottom, which was very apparent when the slip was being dredged for the launching of Colonia and Vigilant. At that time Colonia, which drew 15ft., was launched in about 18ft. of water. It is thought the hard bottom will hinder the work of going very deep, but the dredge made several trips down the bay with her loads of mud from the bottom and returned to fill up again.

The Herreshoffs are to lengthen the ways about 40ft. When the Colonia was launched the ways were lengthened about 70ft., and this addition to them will bring the end of the ways out to about the head of the piers. There will be plenty of water for her to float at that distance from the shops. There is every indication that the defender will be ready to go overboard the first week in June.

At the sail loft at the factory of the National India Rubber Company there are nine men at present at work day and night on the sails for the defender. It is said that the men are working on a suit of sails for the Vigilant. A mainsail has been nearly finished, and the men are working on the headsails of one of the suits. It was reported here to-day that the dimensions of the mainsail would be 65ft. hoist, 54ft. gaff and 95ft. boom.

The dozen coils of rigging which arrived here a short time ago for the defender have not been disturbed since they arrived. Riggers from Billman's of Boston are expected here to prepare the rigging, with Rigger Chase of the Herreshoffs.

Colonia, with Capt. "Hank" Haff and 25 of the defender's crew on board, arrived here last evening from New Rochelle, N. Y., and anchored off the Herreshoffs. She is out for practice for the crew, and is cruising from one place to another along the coast.

Vigilant, which is being fitted out at Tebo's dock, in Brooklyn, is expected here very soon. She will take her new centerboard, which was made at the Herreshoffs', and will also, in all probability, be overhauled some here, as Nat Herreshoff made a visit to her at Brooklyn this week.

The 30-footer for George Owens, Jr., of Boston, is nearly ready to be launched, the hull being finished. The lead bulbs for the fin were run Thursday, and Friday the workmen were engaged in fitting the fin to the hull. She is painted white above the the waterline and a dark green below. The sails and spars for the boat are ready for her as soon as she is overboard.

The mahogany 2½-rater in the north shop is all planked, and was turned over on Friday for her inside and deck work. The moulds for the half-rater for Vice-Com. Rouse, of the Seawanhaka of New York, are ready, and the frames are being bent.

The British 20-Raters.

APROPOS of the two American 20-raters described last week we quote, from the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, the following notes on the British boats of the same class, by Mr. Arthur E. Payne, the well-known designer;

With the 20-raters we shall be treated to very interesting racing, having a dash of the international character about it, such as was last year experienced with the 10-raters on the Clyde. The foreign invader will again hail from the land of the Stars and Stripes, but additional interest and more satisfaction will be felt, as the vessel will be owned by an American, and manned by a crew of the same nationality. To meet Mr. Gould's new "20," which has been named Niagara, we shall have the new 20-rater which Mr. Willie Fife has just been commissioned to design. The boat is being built at the famous Fairlie yard, and by working day and night shifts it is expected that she will be ready for racing before the season is very far advanced. The name of the owner is still a secret.

The other new boat is the Audrey, which has a thoroughbred look and will doubtless prove a fast vessel. Designed by Lord Dunraven, she is the most up-to-date 20-rater yet built in England, being a light displacement boat of the pure fin type. She is about 45 feet on the l. l.w.l. (which is also the published l. w. l. length of the Niagara), and of medium beam; she is fitted with a bronze fin of considerable depth having attached to its lower edge lead bulbs of about three times the weight of the fin itself. The lines of the boat are very sweet, and she looks equal to any speed that can be got out of a 45 feet waterline. She is perhaps a bit too flat in section in the after body for extreme liveliness in light winds, and this is a quality we are likely to see in Niagara, judging from the small raters hitherto imported into the Solent from Yankee land The hull of the Audrey is of extreme lightness, and probably no 20-rater previously built in England would compare with her in that respect. Her planking is of two thicknesses, or perhaps more correctly described as thinnesses of mahogany, and she is stayed and braced together with steel tubing and straps of the same material. She will be in charge of Charlie Bevis, her last year's skipper, and one of the most promising men, who is sure not to spare either time or pains in tuning his charge up to the best possible fighting trim.

Besides Audrey we have figuring in the class the Luna, a splendid performer when the wind pipes up. She is being very carefully prepared for the fray, and her owner, Mr. F. B. Jameson, can be trusted to put her round the buoys in faultless style. Luna is a real good sensible type of boat, and if the Y. R. A. length and S. A. rule could be depended on to continue to produce such racing craft, there would be little need to look out for another. That it would be futile to put such trust in it, however, no one is more convinced than Luna's clever designer, Mr. Willie Fife, Jr. Albert Turner is in charge of Luna, and although hailing from the Colne, is well known and respected in the Solent. Dragon III. is to again swell the ranks, and in the hands of W. Parker and the crew who last year sailed the Deirdre so well will always be there or thereabouts when the winning gun is fired, that is, if there is any strength in the wind Dragon does not require a gale to set her going, but also she is not at her best in a calm. On the calm days we must put our trust in Inyoni, Lord Dudley's 20, which wound up last season in a very successful manner by scooping most of the prizes in the western regattas where the winds happened to blow softly.

The Stephanie is to be at once fitted out for racing, and will be in charge of Lemon Cranfield. She will no doubt make the best of the fleet sit up when she gets a day to her liking. On several occasions last year her big mainsail shoved her to windward in a style that was a bit too good for the best in the class. Although not at all suitable for Clyde racing, Stephanie's "Decima rig" has something to recommend it for Solent work.

At present the vessels mentioned seem to complete the class, as, unless sold, it is unlikely that the Thelma will be fitted out, and the Deirdre will also likely remain high and dry. This will be a great pity, as Deirdre is a great performer in moderate winds, and G. L. Watson's sole representative in the class. Not a bad little lot, however, for Niagara to tackle, and taking one day with another Herreshoff's latest creation will have to be exceptionally good if she is to lead the fleet home. The ball is to open this year on the Thames, when it is hoped that a good muster will be made, but it is rather doubtful if the whole fleet will be under the starters' orders until the Solent matches commence at the Castle Y. C. on June 10.

Larchmont Y. C.

THE Larchmont Y. C. has arranged a very long programme of sport for the summer, which is announced in full as follows:—The trustees announce that the club house will be opened on Saturday, May 25, for the yachting season of 1895. The flag will be formally hoisted and saluted at 4 P. M., on the arrival of the 3.06 train from New York. Other trains leave New York at 1.03, 2.02, 4.08, 4.33, and 5.30 P. M. Members desiring to return to New York the same evening can do so by the 9.00 and 11.20 P. M. trains. Dinner will be served from 6 until 8 o'clock The rules respecting the introduction of visitors will be so far modified on this occasion as to limit each member to the introduction of a single guest. Com. Gillig has appointed Mr. Geo. A. Cormack Fleet Captain.

The programme of the combined cruise with the Atlantic Y. C. is as follows; The squadron will rendezvous at Larchmont, Friday, July 12. A captains' meeting will be held on board the flagship that evening at nine o'clock. Saturday, July 13, squadron will proceed from Larchmont to Black Rock. Sunday, July 14, divine services will be held on board the steam yacht Kanapaha, Rev. Mr. Moore, owner, at ten A. M. After services, squadron will get under way for Morris Cove. Monday, July 15, Morris Cove to New London. Tuesday, July 16, squadron will remain at anchor. Wednesday, July 17, from New London to Shelter Island. Thursday, July 18, squadron will remain at anchor. Friday, July 19.

Gig and Dingey Races at Shelter Island, and further action relative to cruise, to be determined.

FRED'K T. ADAMS,
AUGUSTIN MONROE,
JOHN L. BLISS,
JOHN F. LOVEJOY,
GEORGE A. CORMACK, } Committee.

The Racing Programme is a lenghthy one, as follows:

An invitation to participate in the races of the club is extended to the following yacht clubs: New York, Eastern, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Atlantic, American, Indian Harbor, Riverside, New Rochelle, New Haven, New Bedford, Shelter Island, Horse Shoe Harbor, Corinthian of Marblehead, Hull, Douglaston, and the New York Corinthian Yacht Clubs.

Prizes will be awarded in each class, and when four or more yachts start in any one class, with full intention of completing the course, a second prize will be awarded.

Saturday, June 15.—Spring regatta, open to all classes.

Thursday, July 4.—Annual regatta, open to all classes; Colt cup, open to Class B. of schooners.

Friday, July 12.—Special race for first-class sloops and cutters; special race for schooners for the Drexel cup, presented by Mr. J. R Drexel; special race for 34-raters; special race for 21-footers; rendezvous of the combined squadron at nine o'clock P. M. on board flagship Ramona.

Saturday, July 13.—First race of combined squadron, Larchmont to Black Rock.

Monday, July 15.—Second race of combined squadron, Morris Cove to New London.

Tuesday, July 16.—Special race given by combined squadron for first-class sloops and cutters, off New London.

Wednesday, July 17.—Third race of combined squadron, New London to Shelter Island.

Saturday, Aug. 31.—Special race for 34-raters; special race for 21-footers; special race for cabin cats for cups presented by Mr. F. W. Flint.

Monday, Sept. 2 (Labor Day).—Fall regatta, open to all classes.

Thursday, Sept. 5.—Special race for 34 raters; special race for 21-footers.

Saturday, Sept. 7.—Special race for 34-raters; special race for 21-footers.

Saturday, Sept. 14.—Schooner race for Larchmont cup; special race for 34-raters; special race for 21-footers.

Thursday, Sept. 19.—Special race for 34-raters; special race for 21-footers.

Saturday, Sept. 21.—Schooner race for cup presented by Miss Beach; special race for 34-raters; special race for 21-footers.

The dates selected in September are subject to change should the dates for the trial or America Cup races make such change necessary.

Entry blanks will be mailed upon application at Larchmont Y. C., Larchmont, N. Y., or John F. Lovejoy, Chairman Regatta Committee, Havemeyer Building, New York city.

The Clapham Sharpies in South America.

BUENOS AIRES, April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Feb 9 I notice a description of one of Mr. Thomas Clapham's nonpareil sharpies in which incidental reference is made to a sister yacht sent out to this place some years ago.

As owner of the craft referred to I would like to say that six years' experience enables me to report her an unqualified success in every respect, whether for racing or cruising, and possessing qualities never found combined in one vessel.

In bad weather she faces what no other craft of her size will do, notwithstanding her shallow draft of 22in. (board up), and is, moreover, as dry as a bone, whilst in sailing close hauled, she creeps to windward of any other craft.

She is a sister ship to one built for the late Mr. E. S. Auchincloss, whose courteous report to me foreshadowed the good qualities I am so well able to confirm.

The new boat described seems to be a further improvement in having a leaded keel and somewhat more draft, which will tend to make her stiffer in a sea way.

So recognized here are the excellent qualities of the type that an order is going forward to Mr. Clapham by this mail for working plans and estimates for a similar craft of 45ft. over all, to give sleeping room for six in the cabin and two in the forecastle, and I doubt not she will prove a greater success than my own. GLADYS.

Corinthian Y. C. of Atlantic City.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Atlantic City at its last meeting on Saturday evening, May 4, took the initiative in yacht club circles by adopting specific rules for the measurement for time allowance for small yachts, and the percentage of allowance for differences in rig.

"Cat-yawls shall be rated at 92 per cent. of their sailing length as compared with cat-rigged yachts and sloops. The sailing length of cats and cat-yawls shall be determined by the square root of the actual sail area, plus the l.w.l. divided by 2, the result being the sailing length."

The Corinthian Y. C. is entirely free from debt and has a gratifying balance of cash in bank. The club has continued to increase in membership, until at present it has 175 names all told on its roll.

The percentages will now be as follows for mixed rig races: Schooners rated 85 per cent. of racing length; yawls, 93 per cent.; cat-yawls, 23 per cent.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Royal Hamilton Y. C. has arranged the following events for the season: May 24—22 and 27-footers, skiffs and fishing smacks. June 8—22 and 27ft. and skiff classes. June 15—32ft. and 37-42ft. classes. June 22—Cruising handicap, 27-32 and 37-42ft. classes. June 29—Marguerite cup, 27ft. class; Greening cup, 22ft. class. July 1—Queen's cup, 32ft. class and under. July 6—White Wings cup, all classes. July 13—32ft. and 37-42ft classes. July 15 to 20—L. Y. R. A. rendezvous. July 27—22 and 27ft. classes. Aug. 10 or 17—Cruising handicap, 27-32 and 37-42ft. classes. Aug. 24—32ft. and 37-42ft. classes. Sept. 7—22ft., 27ft., skiff and fishing smack classes. Sept. 14—Monck cup, 37-42ft. classes; Lucas cup, 32ft. class. Sept. 21—Cruising handicap, 27-32ft. and 37-42ft. classes.

The Beverly Y. C. will open the season on Buzzard's Bay with a handsome new house, erected at a cost of $3,000, on Wing's Neck.

Zelma, cutter, has been sold by the estate of the late Norman B. Dick to Com. R. A. Lucas, Royal Hamilton Y. C.

Eleanor, steam yacht, was at Nagasaki on May 6.

A special meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C., to act upon certain amendments to the constitution and racing rules was held at the Arena on May 8. In the absence of the flag officers the senior captain, Mr. F. B. Jones, presided. The amendments to the constitution giving the trustees power to suspend or expel members for non-payment of indebtedness, increasing the number of members of the regatta committee from three to five, and fixing the regular meetings to be held in January and July, were adopted. The racing rules were amended to conform to the changes recommended by the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound. A new rule was adopted that every yacht of 43ft. racing length, except open yachts in shiftable ballast classes, be steered by an amateur. Messrs. Ed. H. Burtis and Chas. E. McManus were appointed members of the regatta committee. It was announced that Aug. 29 had been selected as the date for a race for special classes of small yachts, and that the Tyson cup would probably be offered for the 20ft. racing length class (or 1-raters) to be sailed for on July 1.

The Winchester Arms Co., makers of the Lavigne yacht cannon, have lately had one of these guns returned as unsatisfactory, the cause of complaint being that the gun—a 32in. one—made too much noise; a 24in. gun has been ordered to replace it. The firm is now making two guns for a steam yacht, the understanding being that they will make more noise than the muzzleloaders now used; these latter being loaded half way to the muzzle and kicking all over the deck when fired.

The Douglaston Y. C. held a meeting on May 7 and ratified the action of its delegates in joining the Y. R. U. Com. C. A. Gould will be absent for a time in Europe, but he has offered two cups of $100 each as prizes in the 21ft. class. Mr. F. E. Barnes has also offered a cup for the 34ft. class. The club has decided to offer prizes to the amount of $250 for its ladies' regatta, as well as a prize for the new dinghy class, recently described in the FOREST AND STREAM.

A steam yacht, to be named Laura S., is building for M. J. Steffens, of Chicago, by E. W. Heath, Benton Harbor, to take the place of an older yacht of the same name. She will be 100ft. over all, 76ft. l.w.l., 14ft. beam. The cooking, as well as the lighting, will be done by electricity.

Salmon is the name of the new Dyer boat owned by Mr. W. E. C. Eustis. Mr. H. J. Burton and his son, Ward Burton, were recently at Buzzard's Bay for the purpose of trying the boat. She will make her first appearance in the Fall River Y. C. regatta of May 30.

The Rhode Island Y. C. has announced the following fixtures:—June 22, annual regatta, ladies' day; July 15, annual cup regatta; Aug. 26, annual open regatta.

Free Lance is the name of the steam yacht building from A. Cary Smith's designs at the Crescent Shipyard, Elizabethport, by Lewis Nixon.

Nautilus, cutter, owned by Capt. W. B Dickey, superintendent of the Erie Basin, is fitting out in fine shape, having been scraped and painted white.

Lasca, schr., J. E. Brooks, was at Lisbon on May 6.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Chicago, have just issued their 1895 catalogue mailed free.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

MAY.

25. New York, Bensonhurst.
30. New York, Bensonhurst.

JUNE.

15. Red Dragon spring regatta, Delaware River.
15. New York spring regatta, Bensonhurst.
22. New York chal. cup, first trial race.
29. New York chal. cup, second trial race.
29. Marine and Field club annual, Bath Beach.

JULY.

6-20. W. C. A., 10th annual meeting, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
4. New York chal. cup, International races.

AUGUST.

3-23. A. C. A., 16th annual meeting, Bluff Point, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.

14. Red Dragon fall regatta, Delaware River.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Chas. E. Cragg, Port Henry, New York.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

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A SUMMER CRUISE ALONG THE CHESAPEAKE.

BY ABEL BOWEN NORRIS.

ONE morning, as I sat in my office dreamily wondering where I should spend my summer, my thoughts went back to my old home, far down on that western peninsula of Southern Maryland. The old house, still bearing the impress of slavery days, amid fields of fragrant heather and acres of salt marshes, brought to my mind visions of youthful days and the placid memories of early canoe life.

I am still an enthusiastic canoeist, and why should I not spend my summer there, I queried. Its lowlands will live forever in history, and the region is redolent with romance. In my fancy I could see myself as a little boy paddling around the shores of the St. Mary's in search of the wary bait, while straight across the broad Potomac you can look into Virginia and beyond the wooded hills around the mouths of Coan and Yocomico.

I thought, too, of the old mammy in the kitchen, of buckwheat cakes and country sausage, of her voice bawling out in negro dialect:

"Come outen dat pantry, you aurdacious white trash"—to say nothing of the dim visions of "corn pone" and "johnnycake."

I could see the old homestead nestling among the cool trees, its lawns and its gardens, its fruits and its flowers, the perfumes of which were like incense to my tired soul.

With each throb of my pulse my desire grew stronger, for the air without was heavy and the heat oppressive, and I longed to throw aside the cares of the world, the swish and swirl of the great metropolis, steal away and find myself among the cool glades and along the pearly shores of my native heath.

I was rudely awakened from my reverie by a voice saying:

"Hello, old fellow! I am off for the Thousand Islands to-morrow, will you be with us this season?"

"No," I answered.

"Why, I surely counted on you. The meet promises to be unusually large and there will be lots of sport."

"I know it, but I have changed my plans."

"You won't think me presumptuous if I ask why?"

"Certainly not, my dear boy. The fact is I have been nearly all over the world and I haven't seen my old home for years. It occurred to me this morning that I would like to see the old place again,"

"Oh," he said.

"Yes," I continued, "and when I come to think of it, there is no region so glorious for a summer cruise—along the Chesapeake—deep water, a 'Per Coastin,' superb fishing and plenty of oysters. Won't you join me?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, old fellow, but you are too late."

"Ah, well, I too am off to-morrow."

Boarding an express train the next morning, I was soon speeding away South. Precisely at 4 P. M. we ran into the big depot, Sixth street and Pennsylvania avenue, and a welcome voice shouted through the car, "All out for Washington!"

I made close connection with the "Potomac Transportation Co.'s" steamer, which plies between Washington and Norfolk, and at 12 o'clock midnight stepped ashore at Piney Point, the watering place *par excellence* of southern Maryland.

Merry voices and familiar faces were around me. I was nearly home and once more in old St. Mary's—

"That dear old land where the beautiful rivers flow."

As I strode up the board walk to the hotel entrance I could see the tall pines, which abound in this place, and from which the point takes its name, nodding gracefully in the moonlight; and from the lighthouse on the beach a beacon burned strong and bright its cheerful ever welcome glare. I felt a boy again and opened wide my mouth and filled my lungs with the pure, refreshing air.

I did not stay long here, however. I crossed over to the island (St. George's) the next morning and found my old friend Captain C., who greeted me cordially, pottering among his canoes and overhauling his oystering material.

Captain C., or Capt. Eph, as he is euphoniously called by the Islanders, is a character, one of the oldest inhabitants, an authority on local affairs and the richest man in the little community of three hundred souls that comprise the population of St. George's Island. Bluff and hearty, with a handshake to be remembered, a level head for business, and one of the most hospitable men I ever met, as indeed all of these people are whom I had the pleasure of meeting.

There is nothing luxurious around the home of Capt. Eph, but his pungeys, bugeyes and canoes are miracles of beauty and workmanship.

I was soon looking over his splendid fleet, and a large 33 foot "Per Coastin" with tall tapering spars and a spread of sail that would have done credit to a Marblehead yacht, particularly took my fancy. I closed with him at once as to price, and immediately began preparations for my cruise.

All of these canoes are built on the Per Coastin River, in a remote section of Virginia, and about 150 miles from St. George's Island in Maryland, hence the name "Per Coastin." They are built of heart pine, and usually require in construction six trees, which, when hewn out, are joined together so accurately that caulking is never necessary. The freeboard is low and they are sharp at both ends, yet their carrying capacity is great, for I have seen sixty bushels of oysters taken out of my boat. The foot-wide wash boards extend from stem to stern, and the canoe is long and narrow; their lines being exceedingly fine and graceful.

At a casual glance one would think from their extreme length and meager beam the Chesapeake Bay canoes to be cranky. As a fact they are not, for I have often worked to windward with three whole sails while heavy fore-and-aft schooners were reefed down. All sheets are rigged to work aft, and the man at the tiller has absolute control of the boat either to trim or ease sail without leaving his seat.

I had a locker put in forward which extended about 1ft. abaft the foremast, water-tight, in which I stowed my gun, blankets, hammocks, clothing, food, etc., in wet weather, and the one aft contained my fishing tackle, frying-pan, coffee pot, scoop, oyster knife, culling hammer, and the numerous other accessories necessary for such a trip. My small 8ft. oyster nippers I easily placed under the washboard, and the five-gallon water cask was securely fastened between two 150lbs. sand bags just forward of the mainmast, which was ample ballast for me at any time.

I should like to tell of Cherry Fields, my home, which lies between the mouths of St. Mary's and St. George's rivers, of the early pilgrims that sailed up the beautiful St. Mary's, charmed with its placid surface and verdant shores, and founded the second settlement in Maryland, but space does not permit; however, an institution of learning, a church and a seminary for young ladies, endowed by the State and the county of St. Mary's, mark the spot where they landed, and an old decayed mulberry tree is still pointed out to the curious as the spot where, beneath its then luxuriant branches, they held their first service. This beautiful place, with its giant locusts and wavy cedars, overlooking the historic stream, is now a rural cemetery, and many friends of former days are resting, reposing in peaceful sleep, beneath its hallowed ground.

The lamented poet, Kirke White, has painted for us the beauties of memory in these lines:

"Pictured in memory's mellowing glass how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
To roam in fancy each cherished scene,
The village churchyard and the village green;
The woodland walk remote, the woodland glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade;
The whitewashed cottage where the woodbine grew,
And all the favorite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view th' unclouded skies of former days."

On July 5, after bidding all adieu at Cherry Fields, I sprang aboard the Scud, the name chosen for my canoe, and with my young friend Tom, who had rather fish and cruise than eat, sprited out the foresail and mainsail, ran up the jib, and began working out to the Potomac.

We soon passed the tall spar buoy that marks the end of St. George's Island, and shaping our course due southeast bore away for Point Lookout, the destination for that day's run.

With a free wind, the Scud made fast time; and early in the afternoon we made Cornfield Harbor, ran into the mouth of Point Lookout Creek, an excellent anchorage for canoes, and tied up for the night.

Point Lookout is an historic spot, the extreme portion of Southwestern Maryland, and the bleakest place in all creation with the wind at any quarter. During the war it was the Southern supply station of the Union forces and prison for captured Confederates. Thousands of brave men died here of disease and pestilence for the "lost cause."

At the close of the war the county of St. Mary's purchased a part of the point and re-interred all they could find of both sides, who lay in the horrible trenches. A single granite shaft marks the place now grown with weeds, and the wind sighs dismally through the scraggy pines on the beach as a lonely requiem over the sleep of the brave. Traces of breastworks can be seen, and some of the old barracks still remain; the charred timbers of a hotel destroyed by fire lay half buried in the sand. Out on the point stands the lighthouse, and the Government still uses a long, low building filled with big, red can buoys.

This is all of Point Lookout, once so famous in war, now so still in peace; and that night as I lay in my hammock beneath the southern cross gleaming in a cloudless sky, and the twinkling stars shining brightly, lulled to rest by the gentle surf, I dreamed of cantonments of artillery, the swoop of cavalry, the clanging of the sabres and the last reveille—all stirring some years ago when I was a little boy, but—

The distant crowing of a cock, presumably the light keeper's, and the chirping of birds around caused me to tumble out of my hammock. It was broad daylight, the sun nearly up. I called to Tom to "turn out" and start the fire, while I proceeded to make the coffee and prepare the bacon and eggs. How that early morning breakfast reached the spot! With the keenest of appetites, the nectar of splendid health and the elixir of life, my cheeks began to glow, my limbs grow strong, my whole being filled with pure air, the balmy essence of the spring time of a joyous season. Tom used a tin plate, while I monopolized the frying-pan.

The day promised to be excellent, a moderate breeze blew from the west, which made a lee shore for the western side of the bay, and, desirous of pushing on, we soon had everything stowed and sails sprited. Shoving out into deep water, Tom ran up the jib, and laying our course south by east, we stood for Smith's Point.

This was my first long reach, it being quite twenty-five miles across the mouth of the Potomac to the sandy promontory on the Virginia shore; but with bellying sails and a breeze heeling us delightfully the Scud danced along like a thing of life, gracefully parting the waves from her sharp prow and leaving far behind in her wake the numerous craft bound out.

One big three-masted schooner which we overhauled and passed close to windward hailed us, and the captain being on the quarterdeck with his family, laughingly implored us to take a line and give them a tow, but we merrily waved him adieu with the request to report the Scud, owner aboard, safe and well, as he passed out the Capes. Later in the day, as the breeze freshened, I could see our large friend away to lee'ard, every stitch of canvas drawing, and a big white bone in her mouth, plowing down the ship channel.

As we crossed the Mason and Dixon Line and the sand hills around the tall tower of Smith's Point Lighthouse began to loom up, a big bull porpoise raised to blow 10ft. to windward on our quarter. He was so near I could see the barnacles all over his back, proclaiming him a veteran, and the noise and splash made as he sprang out of the water caused Tom, who was dozing, to spill himself in the bottom of the boat, while I myself was so startled that my pipe, which I was lazily puffing, came near falling overboard.

Tom hastily scrambled to his feet, and with eyes big as saucers blurted out:

"Shades of Neptune! what was that?"

"A big bull porpoise," I said, "a gamy old chap. There he is now," pointing to the water on our starboard quarter 8ft. away.

And sure enough there he was, keeping perfect distance, his majesty skimming along with great ease at an 8-knot gait, not a quiver of his 6-foot body nor the movement of a fin could be seen, and his green eyes seemed to twinkle and say "what fun;" yet when raising to the surface to get air his nose cut the water like a knife. Unlike the shark, they are perfectly harmless, and I have often wondered how they propelled themselves so swiftly through the water, frequently darting in sport across the bows of a speeding steamer with the utmost abandon. We saw many on our cruise, great shoals of them, but none so sporty as this old fellow.

"Well, I'll be dingswiddled," said Tom, "I'll give him a shot."

"Don't," I quickly said, showing a sailor's superstition that a porpoise brought good luck and a breeze, while a shark in the wake of a vessel invariably is the warning of death and disaster. I felt grateful to our fishy friend for his good-natured companionship and was content to let him alone. We finally lost him in crossing the bar of Smith's Point, the water becoming shoal.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Albert W. Elliman. Eastern Division: Stephen Matherson, Jr., Boston.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

AT the North London Rifle Club there are now two shooting days a week. The result of the last two days is below:

April 20.—20yds., stationary target:

Capt Evans	347777—35	Hore	477463—31
Capt Earle	647573—32		

April 24.—Disappearing target, 20yds.

Major Munday	775677—39	MacKormack	664444—28
Comber	774776—38	Capt Earle	745055—26
Carter	676477—37	Lieut Richardson	444545—26
Major Palmer	666465—33	Capt Evans	254255—23
Howe	476465—32		

This score of Major Munday at the disappearing target ought to get into the prize list.

At the South London Rifle Club hardly any one has shot yet in the revolver competitions. Capt. Heath nearly made a highest possible score, but spoiled it at the last shot. Details below:

April 18—20yds., stationary target:

Capt T W Heath	777773—38	E Howe	557756—35

Rapid-Fire Rifle Target.

WE have prepared and can supply targets specially designed by Mr. William Lyman for his rapid-fire system of shooting. They will be sent postpaid, the 25yd. size for 15 cents a dozen; the 50yd. size for 25 cents a dozen. We shall say more about them next week.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., May 5.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target (7 ring black):

Gindele	9	9	10	10	10	7	10	8	8	8—89
	8	9	8	8	10	9	6	9	9	7—83
	7	8	8	6	8	9	9	8	10	10—83
	9	8	6	10	9	8	8	10	7	10—85
Weinheimer	9	9	8	7	7	7	10	7	5	8—77
	10	8	9	7	10	7	5	5	6	9—76
	4	6	6	9	7	6	8	10	8	10—74
	5	6	5	8	8	5	8	6	7	9—67
Wellinger	10	7	8	10	8	7	6	9	8	7—80
	10	9	9	8	5	9	9	7	6	7—79
	7	6	10	6	6	9	9	9	7	10—78
	6	6	7	10	6	7	10	9	9	8—78
Trounstein	1	9	9	7	5	6	10	5	9	10—71
	3	4	6	4	8	10	8	7	7	5—62
	10	4	8	9	4	5	9	4	7	5—65
	4	7	4	7	5	6	5	7	7	8—60
Payne	8	8	6	6	8	8	7	10	10	10—81
	10	8	9	7	9	10	10	9	8	6—86
	9	10	6	7	9	6	8	8	7	8—78
	7	8	8	8	6	8	8	9	5	5—72
Louis	7	7	7	7	8	9	3	8	8	9—73
	5	6	10	9	6	7	7	7	10	8—75
	9	7	9	5	5	8	9	10	7	4—73
	7	9	9	6	6	7	5	9	7	7—72
Hake	6	6	8	8	5	9	5	9	9	6—71
	5	6	8	7	6	5	8	5	9	9—68
	9	6	6	5	4	6	8	8	10	4—66
	5	6	10	5	5	7	7	8	3	5—61
Topf	3	4	4	8	7	9	4	5	10	9—63
	6	4	7	6	4	8	9	5	8	5—62
	6	3	9	1	5	4	8	8	9	5—58
	6	10	8	4	3	5	5	3	5	4—53
Hasenzahl	9	10	9	9	9	9	8	9	9	8—89
	7	6	9	8	7	7	7	6	10	9—76
	8	8	8	9	9	9	5	6	9	6—77
	7	5	8	8	9	8	6	6	7	8—72
Drube	8	10	10	10	6	10	8	9	8	9—88
	9	9	7	7	6	7	10	9	8	7—80
	9	9	8	10	8	7	7	5	9	6—78
	5	8	9	7	8	10	7	5	10	6—75

Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.

PARRY SOUND, Canada, May 6.—The Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association shot its monthly match on May 4, with the following results, bullseyes counting 10 points:

	100yds.					200yds.					
Bradford Team.											
H Parker	10	9	9	9	10—47	10	10	8	10	10—48	95
D Neilly	10	8	9	10	10—47	10	9	10	7	10—46	93
A McWilliams	9	9	10	10	8—46	10	9	7	10	10—46	92
J G Neilly	9	10	7	10	10—46	6	8	10	10	9—43	89
J Doolittle	10	9	8	9	10—46	10	10	6	10	8—44	90—459
King City Team.											
Dr Norman	9	10	10	10	10—49	10	10	10	6	9—45	94
J W Crossley	10	10	10	8	10—48	8	10	7	10	10—45	93
W J Ross	9	10	10	7	10—46	10	5	10	10	8—43	89
A Carley	10	9	9	9	10—47	9	8	7	10	6—40	87
E Braund	10	10	9	6	10—45	9	5	9	7	9—39	84—447
Parry Sound Team.											
R O Stokes	10	8	10	10	10—48	10	9	7	10	10—46	94
J Morrish	10	7	9	9	9—44	9	10	9	9	7—44	88
W Stafford	8	9	10	10	10—47	8	9	6	10	8—41	88
T White	7	10	10	10	8—45	10	3	10	7	5—35	80
J B Miller	9	10	9	9	10—47	4	5	10	4	8—31	78—428
Toronto Team.											
J F Scholes	7	9	9	9	10—44	6	8	10	10	6—43	87
W J Graham	7	10	8	8	9—42	8	10	6	9	8—41	83
H R Stewart	7	7	8	7	10—39	8	10	7	10	10—45	84
J L Scholes	10	3	10	4	10—37	6	9	6	8	9—38	75
W Latimer	8	5	10	10	10—43	5	10	10	5	5—35	78—407
Wausakasene Team.											
D F Macdonald	7	10	8	8	9—42	6	9	6	4	10—35	77
J R Leggatt	10	10	6	10	6—42	5	5	8	6	3—27	69
J McClelland	9	5	8	5	9—36	10	4	1	8	5—28	64
G White	10	9	9	9	10—47	0	9	2	3	3—17	64
S B Purvis	8	4	9	7	10—38	9	6	4	3	2—24	62—336
Grimsby Team.											
W F Gibson	1	6	4	7	1—19	5	2	3	1	2—13	32
H E Hewatt	1	4	2	2	9—19	0	4	3	10	0—17	36
R J Russ	3	1	8	10	0—22	5	4	9	10	4—32	54
J D Lawrence	6	4	10	9	7—36	9	4	2	0	4—19	55
S Wismer	1	10	1	6	9—27	10	9	1	1	9—30	57—234

D. F. MACDONALD.

Rifle at Haverstraw.

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y., May 7.—The first of a series of weekly tournaments at the Woodvale Rifle Range, of Haverstraw, N. Y., closed on the evening of May 4. The prize, a .22cal. Winchester repeating rifle, was won by Percy Jersey, who scored 23 out of a possible 30. His score was tied by W. D. Lincoln. In the shoot-off Jersey beat Lincoln one point, he making 13 to Lincoln's 12. Conditions of the shoot were as follows: 5 shots, off-hand, distance 12yds., 9-16in. bullseye counting 5, and 22-100in. center counting 6, Creedmoor count.

G. S. MEST.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 15-19.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Ninteenth annual meeting and tournament of the Texas Sportsmen's Association. Open to the world. $500 in cash and $500 in merchandise added to the purses. O. C. Guessaz, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—LYNCHBURG, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club, $200 added money.

May 21-23.—KANSAS CITY, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association. A. W. Peck, Sec'y, Kansas City.

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $3,000 added to the purses.

May 21-25.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Tournament of the Houston City Gun Club; live birds and targets; open to all amateurs.

May 22-24.—ROME, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Rome Gun Club; two first day at targets, third day live birds. W. P. Rayland, Sec'y.

May 23.—WAUZEKA, Wis.—Opening shoot of the Wauzeka Gun Club.

May 23-24.—LANCASTER, Pa.—Tournament of the Fairview Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

May 27-30.—LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament and meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. For programmes address Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, under the management of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—READING, Pa.—Tournament of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—JANESVILLE, Wis.—Fifth annual shoot of the Janesville Shooting Club; live birds and targets. H. H. McKenney, Sec'y.

May 29-31.—URBANA, Ills.—Annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, of Urbana, Ills., $200 added money.

May 30.—MOUNTVILLE, Pa.—Tournament of the Mountville Gun Club; targets.

May 30.—MOLINE, Ill.—Tournament of the Highland Gun Club.

May 30-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; $500 added money. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

May 30.—ALTOONA, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual ournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11-13.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 13-14.—FARGO, N. D.—First annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready May 15. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 13-15.—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

June 13-15.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club. D. L. Williams, Sec'y, Portland, Ore.

June 14.—WORCESTER, Mass.—Seventh and closing tournament of the New England Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Worcester Gun Club.

June 15.—WILMERDING, Pa.—Tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club. A. A. Mackert, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec'y.

June 26-27.—VICKSBURG, Miss.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club.

June 29.—MARION, N. J.—Fifth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club.

July 10-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec'y.

July 17-18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankfort, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

1896.

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., writes under date of May 9 as follows: "Please announce in the next issue of your paper, that the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will add $300 in cash to the purses at their coming tournament to be held here May 28 to 30. Owing to unavoidable delay caused by some parties neglecting to send in their advertising matter, we have been unable to get the programme out as soon as we expected, but it will positively be out not later than the 11th. This will be the most elaborate programme ever gotten out by the Association, and will contain many items of interest to the sportsman, one of which will be a copy of our game laws. Anyone desiring a copy can obtain the same by sending me their name and address."

Writing to me in regard to the Altoona (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club's tournament, which will be held at Wopsononock on July 10-12, Professor Zeth says: "'Wopsy' is beginning to look quite old-fashioned again, having pretty well recovered from the effects of the winter. The depot shed was blown away by the storm, and the wildcat, foxes, etc., were frozen. Game seems to have been damaged to some extent, but we know of two turkey hens hatching within a short distance from Point Lookout. It was very cold and snowed up there yesterday." The letter was dated May 12, and, among other things, intimated that the first medal shoot of the season "was shot off yesterday." Nice weather for a shoot in the middle of May."

The Baltimore Trap-Shooting Association held a meeting on May 3, and, according to the Baltimore *News*, the following business was transacted: "Mr. H. A. Penrose, the president, was empowered to appoint a tournament, classification and handicap committee, and a committee of six to secure prizes. It was decided that the men using black powder should shoot in squads, thus doing away with any interference with those using nitro powder. Ten-gauge guns were barred in target shooting. It will be the policy of the Association not to accept or make challenges or shoot any team races."

Under date of May 4 Mr. J. Emmett Haney, manager of the Houston (Tex.) City Gun Club tournament, writes as follows: "There is being quite an interest manifested here by local sportsmen, and a great many are joining the gun clubs here in anticipation of the big shoot. We will probably have the biggest attendance ever had at any tournament in the State. Please add to your notice of our shoot that programmes are ready and will be sent to all writing for them. Long life to the FOREST AND STREAM."

The programme for the tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, of Urbana, Ill., is a good one, and has taken a great deal of time and trouble to compile. Cash and merchandise prizes to the value of $400 will be given away during the tournament, which lasts three days, May 29-31. The Crystal Lake Gun Club issues a special invitation to professionals and representatives of sporting goods dealers, and promises a good time to all who attend its tournament.

The programme for the tournament of the Houston City Gun Club, of Houston, Texas, is to hand. The shoot commences on May 21 and lasts four days. The programme for each day consists of six target events and one event at live birds. Merchandise prizes are offered for competition, many of them of considerable value. Mr. J. H. Nason, secretary of the club, will no doubt be glad to furnish any information in regard to the tournament.

Mr. Willard L. Simpson, secretary of the San Antonio (Texas) Gun Club, writes to correct an error in the notice of the Texas State shoot which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 4. Mr. Simpson states that the tournament will not be held under the auspices of the San Antonio Gun Club, as that organization is not a member of the State Association.

The "circuit" had a great send-off last week, the DuPont tournament at Cincinnati proving a regular corker, both as regards number of shooters and the scores made. If that is a fair sample of what one will meet at Knoxville, Memphis, Cleveland, etc., it's going to be warm work for a short time to come.

Mr. W. F. Brown, secretary of the New England Shooting Association, writes that the "seventh and closing tournament of the New England Shooting Association will take place at Worcester, Mass., Friday, June 14, under the auspices of the Worcester Gun Club."

The next shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held at the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, Marion, N. J., on Saturday, June 29. Sweepstake shooting will commence at 9:30, the League team race being set for 2 P. M.

Next Tuesday, May 21, there will be a 50-bird race, $25 entrance, birds extra, $50 added, at Frank Class's grounds, Morristown, N. J., Driving Park. Entries must be made to Jas. Timmons or Frank Class before May 18.

And next week it's to be Knoxville. One hundred shooters in line and all previous records smashed! That's what the Knoxville boys said last fall, and it looks as if their prophecy was coming true.

The Home City Gun Club, of Springfield, O., will hold their opening shoot on Decoration Day (May 30), commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. They will offer over twenty prizes and some added money.

The system in the cashier's department at the DuPont tournament appears to have been about perfect, judging from the sample blanks sent me by R. S. Waddell.

Brewer has been doing some very big work lately: 100 straight and 98 out of 100 (two dead out of bounds) is something in the neighborhood of a record.

The Altoona Rod and Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at Wopsononock on Decoration Day.

EDWARD BANKS.

Programme of the Illinois State Shoot.

THE programme of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, which is ready for distribution, commences briefly with the following note: "The convention will be held at the Sherman House on Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 3 and 4, at 8 o'clock. The association's events will be held at Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., June 3, and continue until programme is completed."

The first State event is the contest for the Board of Trade diamond badge, value $500, entrance $10, 10 live birds per man. Then follows the L. C. Smith cup contest, 20 empires per man, $5 entrance; this cup is emblematic of the individual championship of the State at inanimates. The third event is the four-men team championship, teams to be composed of men who are members of the same club and who are members of the State Association. The prize is a silver trophy, valued at $50. There are, of course, other prizes for second, third and fourth clubs, besides special prizes.

Then follows the programme of the "Open Shoot," described as a "Sweepstakes tournament, open to all." The introductory matter starts as follows:

"The management reserves the right to bar objectionable entries, but no reputable man of any rank or any nationality will be barred. Open tournament is governed by the laws of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association rules, excepting the position of holding gun, which will be left to choice of shooter. In all contests after the second in the open tournament the moneys will be divided as follows: In seven-bird contests, under twenty entries, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; over twenty entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; in ten, or more, bird or target contests, under ten entries, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; ten to twenty entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; over twenty entries, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

"Dropping for place: Any shooter found dropping for place in any event shall be debarred from all further interest in that event in case of the first offense. Upon detection a second time in a similar offense he shall be ruled off the grounds."

The events in this portion of the tournament number eleven. Of this number, four are at live birds, the other seven being at empire targets.

The trophies presented by Montgomery Ward & Co. are remarkably handsome. The conditions governing these trophies are described as follows: "The conditions of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond trophies for live bird and target contests shall be 15 live birds and 25 targets, the highest scores in 1894 to shoot off with the highest in 1895, to determine ownership, ties to be shot off at 5 birds." The winner of the medal for live birds in 1894 was J. J. Smith, of Evanston, Ill. Dr. H. H. Frothingham, of the Audubon Gun Club, Chicago, won the target trophy. Cuts of the two shooters above-named, together with cuts of Henry Ehlers and W. H. Skinner, appear on page 5 of the programme. Mr. Ehlers won the Board of Trade diamond badge last year, Mr. Skinner carrying off the L. C. Smith cup.

The full text of the Association's rules for live-bird and target-shooting is given in the programme, together with a list of "officers and members of sportsmen's clubs, members of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association."

From the above review of the programme it will be gathered that the production is as complete as possible. This Association's shoots in the past have been remarkably successful, and this, its twenty-first or "coming of age" tournament, will hardly be likely to fail in any respect. The preparations, which it is promised shall be made, looking to the comfort of the shooters, apparently leave nothing to be desired.

Brewer Kills 98.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., May 8.—Brewer to-day made another great record with his gun, killing 98 out of 100 within bounds, the two that he failed to score dropping dead outside the 50yds. boundary. The match was made for $250 a side, Brewer being backed to kill 95 out of 100; as above stated he won by 3 birds. Some idea of the rapidity with which the match was shot may be gained from the fact that the whole match only took 49 minutes. The first series of 25 was shot in 13 minutes; second series in 12 minutes; third series in 12 minutes, and the last series also in 12 minutes. The wind was fresh and blew strongly directly across the traps; the birds were an excellent lot of flyers, which makes Brewer's work all the more notable. His best kills were made on his 33d, 62d, 92d and 96th birds. Score:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Brewer (30)....2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 2—24

1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 • 1 1 1 1—24

1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1—25

2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25—98

The Philadelphians Won.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 11.—Teams of four men representing the Philadelphia Gun Club, the Racquet Club and the Rittenhouse Club, shot a match to-day on the grounds of the former club at Eddington. The Philadelphians won by two birds, their nearest opponents being the Racquet Club team, which numbered among its party George Work and Edgar Murphy. Murphy made the high score of the match, but Work slipped up badly, losing 7 out of his 25 birds. The scores were as follows:

Philadelphia Gun Club.

E K Bispham	1022111201012101122021122—20
R E Tucker	2220222200122222222222222—22
E Handy	1222222012212112111102122—23
C MacAlester	1121092201222201222211212—21—84

Racquet Club.

H Cartwright	2002122022221220222010220—18
H Yale Dolan	2222220222222220222220222—22
Edgar Murphy	2222221222212222201221212—24
George Work	2220200222020222220222220—18—82

Rittenhouse Club.

H H Ellison	2122220202122212211212120—22
E D Toland	1100120012111101102211222—19
M Bailey	2222011222012220212220022—20
J B Ellison	2221102222011200022010112—18—79

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., May 5.—A fair proportion of the club's members appeared on deck and proceeded with apparently unanimous consent to miss about as many of the wingless birds as was possible to-day. In justice to the shooters, however, it might be mentioned that the "rocky" work shown up was perhaps due more to atmospherical than other conditions. The day was one of those dark ones which make following the targets very difficult sport. Three of the gold medal gang tied with the score of 15 each, and, in the shoot off, W. P. Brayton pulled out ahead, and will consequently be a pronounced gold bug for a week to come. Addie Sterling of the B class has again demonstrated that he is a staunch friend of the white metal, and will carry the medal of that quality and color for the third successive week as a result of his score of 13 to-day.

Weekly medal contest, 20 targets or birds, unknown angles:

A Class		B Class	
W H Mace	00101011101010100101—10	J P Menard	00111110111110011111—15
R Rogers	11111101111110011100—15	C A Searles	01110110111001001111—13
F Woody	10101000001110011101—10	W Brayton	10111111101101011110—15
C Andrews	00010011111010011011—11	Lie't Devol	00101101000100100101— 8
L L Hunt	10001111000100011110—10	C Lemley	01101010101110110000—10
J Evans	10101011110101100100—11	A Sterling	01110111010101101011—13
A Stevens	01010000011110010011— 9	F P Kern	01010010010001000000— 5

Shoot of ties for gold medal, 10 birds: R. Rogers 3 withdrew, W. P. Brayton 7, J. P. Menard 6.

Worcester, Mass., May 7.

THE second shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club for the Forehand Arms Co. trophy was held to-day, and brought out some of the old timers. Eliot Smith, who has not been able to attend a shoot for three months on account of sickness, shot in good form; other old time cracks were E. S. Knowles, M. D. Gilman, A. B. F. Kinney and C. B. Claflin. The shooting is as difficult as it can be made, the targets are thrown very swift and low, and if any shooter ever breaks 100 straight on the grounds he will break the world's record. Following are the scores:

Fifty targets, 25 regular keystone and 25 reversed keystone:

	Regular.	Reversed.	Total.		Regular.	Reversed.	Total.
A N Walls	22	20	42	Hoyle	20	14	34
R C Walls	21	19	40	Roach	16	17	33
Colvin	23	17	40	Buck	19	13	32
Kennerson	20	19	39	Gilman	17	14	31
Smith	21	17	38	Ide	18	12	30
Davis	21	17	38	Knowles	14	12	26
Mascroft	18	19	37	C W Walls	6	12	18
Kinney	20	16	36				

Lynchburg Trap Matters.

LYNCHBURG, Va., May 8.—A heavy rain prevented the Gun Club shooting yesterday. The club held its annual meeting last night and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Pres., R. S. Terry (fourth term); Vice-Pres., W. L. Moorman; Captains, W. W. Dornin and J. M. Cleland; Treas., Thos. F. Nelson (Mr. Nelson has been treasurer ever since the organization of the club); Sec'y, Geo. L. Fleming; Executive Committee, E. P. Miller, C. W. Scott, W. P. Clark, Gen. J. H. Smith, B. G. Empie; Scorer, W. N. Welford; Surgeon, Dr. Samuel P. Preston.

Surgeon to a gun club is a funny idea, but it goes. There was quite a full attendance, and much interest was manifested in the coming interstate shoot. Arrangements have been made with the railroads concerning lay-overs for shooters *en route* to Knoxville, and reduced rates for those who come only to this point. Lunches will be served on the grounds, and they will be lunches worth the money, and will be for eating purposes as well as for sale. Headquarters for shooters and the Gun Club will be at the Norvell-Arlington Hotel. The club will endeavor to make all visitors feel perfectly at home. F. M. D.

A New Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—The Limited Gun Club of Indianapolis has incorporated under the laws of the State of Indiana, with a capital of $4,000, divided into shares of $50 each.

Five and one-half acres of land have been purchased, which are now being fenced, while an architect is preparing plans for the club house and other improvements.

The determination of the management is to make of this a model shooting ground, with all the comforts and conveniences that experience and good taste suggest.

We want the address of every club in the State, as we have something of interest to say to them. ROYAL ROBINSON, Sec'y.

The DuPont Tournament.

CINCINNATI, O., May 11.—On Monday, May 6, the contestants who were ambitious to meet and overcome all competitors assembled at Old Avenue Ball Park to practise for the following day, when the DuPont tournament proper would open. This park had been the scene of many great contests in the line of athletics The famous Red Stockings had in the early history of professional ball playing covered themselves with glory and won laurel against the world on this ground. Now the most expert marksmen of America were to match their skill, and under equal conditions, each burning DuPont smokeless powder, were to decide the honors, share the liberal cash prizes offered by Messrs. DuPont, and attest the value of this new powder of American production. The sky looked ominous of an approaching storm, but threats from the weather did not prevent Upson, of Cleveland, from breaking 128 out of 130; Budd 154 out of 160, and others nearly as large a percentage at a few less targets.

About 8,400sq.ft. of tents and awnings were spread to protect sportsmen, spectators and trappers from sun or rain, and on the morning of the 7th "Old Glory" was run up the mast and spread out at full length by the gentle breeze that cooled the air and refreshed the aspirants who were eager for the contest. Mill Creek Valley never looked lovelier, but it is not an ideal place for big records. The park lies in a valley between high hills and is surrounded by houses, trees and other obstructions to a clear view. There is one point where for a width of 20 to 50ft. there is a clear horizon above a high board fence, and occasionally a target will skip across this clear space to take friendly shelter behind the foliage of trees from the destructive weapons in the hands of the determined man who faced the traps. It did not take the sportsmen, who have reduced target smashing to a fine art, long to size up the location, and they were unanimous in the opinion that it was necessary to keep the eye on the target; for they could expect no favors from the grounds, the management or surroundings, that would help them to make big records. It matters little what the surroundings are when Merrill, Van Dyke, Fulford, Heikes, Upson, Budd, Grimm, Ruble, Connor, Worthington, Dando, Young, Easton, Trimble, Elliott, Hill, Alkire, Bartlett, Shorty, Meaders, Rike, Woodworth, Hoffman, Gay, Raymond, and others equally as good, are to match skill.

The manager, R. S. Waddell, had planned every detail, and it worked out to perfection. All calculations were made prior to the tournament, so that within five minutes after an event was closed the office force was ready to present every winner with an envelope containing his share of the purse and added money. It was the universal opinion of those present that the DuPont tournament was the finest equipped and most excellently managed tournament ever given in this country, and it was a marvel how this could be accomplished with a combination of experts and amateurs.

In contesting for DuPont cash prizes for highest averages, according to the programme, contestants must participate in both events 4 and 6 each and every day at either traps for experts or amateurs, and must burn only DuPont smokeless powder. To avoid all unfairness, the shells used in these events were examined by R S. Waddell, manager, and each shell was stamped with the name "Dupont." The scores in events 4 and 6 will disclose the results.

THE WORLD'S RECORD BROKEN.

On the first day in event 6 with DuPont smokeless a most remarkable record was made by squad No. 3, composed of John Connor, of Knoxville, Tenn.; E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y.; F. V. Van Dyke, of New York city; S. Glover, of Rochester, N. Y.; H. Dando, of Dayton, O., and Charley Young, of Springfield, O. Under the severest shooting conditions this squad, each man shooting at 20 targets, broke 119 out of a possible 120 The firing pins in the gun used by Charley Young were out of order, and he snapped two shells without firing, and this caused him to be a little careless when trying for the third time, and he lost his fourteenth bird. There were 39 entries in this event, and every participant distinguished himself by good work. The gentlemen who in this event broke the world's record in a contest in which the purse and added money aggregated $132 and for which $300 prize money awaited them at the close for highest averages, were not making an exhibition record for pastime, but were under pressure. They had been advocates of other powders and some of them interested in the use of other brands, but they manifested their ability to quickly judge the merits of DuPont smokeless, and none of them embarrassed the referee by a doubtful break. It was good, clean work, and the manager was so elated over the result that he called in the services of a photographer and preserved the record by a good picture of the contestants, using the blackboard with their score thereon as a background. Another squad equalled any past record that has been claimed: No. 1 in event No. 4, also using DuPont smokeless. This squad was composed of the following sportsmen, with number of targets broken by each: Alkire 20, Upson 19, Raymond 19, Heikes 19, Rike 20, Bartlett 19; total, 116 out of 120.

The winners of DuPont cash prizes for highest averages made with DuPont smokeless were:

In expert class:

Merrill, of Milwaukee, first, 116 out of 120	$90 00
Van Dyke, of New York, second, 115 out of 120	75 00
Upson, of Cleveland, O., Glover, of New York, } divided third, 113 out of 120	60 00
Heikes, of Ohio, Fulford, of New York, } divided fourth, 112 out of 120	45 00
Grimm, of Iowa, Hoffman, of New Jersey, R. Trimble, of Kentucky, } divided fifth, 111 out of 120	30 00

The winners of DuPont cash prizes for highest averages in the amateur class were as follows:

Cherry, Murphy, } divided first, 80 out of 90	$60 00
Grube, second, 79 out of 90	50 00
Gambell, third, 78 out of 90	40 00
Partington, Harry, } divided fourth, 77 out of 90	30 00
Forrester, fifth, 76 out of 90	20 00

In all the programme events making a total of 480 targets the highest number, 454, were broken by D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, O., who made an average of 947/12. He was followed by Heikes with 453 or 94 3/8; Fulford and Bartlett, 447 or 93 1/8; Merrill, 444 or 92 1/2; Van Dyke, 441 or 91 7/8; Glover, 440 or 91 2/3; Le Roy, 437 or 91 1/2; Budd, 435 or 90 5/8; Meaders, 420 or 87 1/2; Grimm, 419 or 87 7/24.

The following contestants did not shoot in all the events, but made a good percentage at a less number of targets: Shorty Bacon at 460 targets broke 425 or 92 1/2; Hoffman at 420 targets broke 393 or 93 4/7; R. Trimble at 300 targets broke 278 or 92 2/3.

The weather throughout the tournament was superb, excepting a light wind that occasionally cut down the totals. The scores made by the experts in the various events programmed for the three days are given in tabulated form below. Nos. 1-8 were shot on the first day, 9-16 on the second day, and 17-24 on the third day:

Experts.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Alkire	17	20	16	20	19	15	17	11	18	12	18	16	13	19	19	14	17	14	13	9	13	15	16	15
Upson	18	19	20	19	20	18	20	19	18	19	17	18	20	20	20	19	18	18	20	20	17	18	20	19
Raymond	19	18	16	19	19	20	18	18	16	16	17	16	18	15	..	13	..	18	..	17	..	..	..	..
Heikes	18	19	20	19	19	19	19	20	16	20	19	19	19	19	19	18	20	20	20	19	19	17	18	18
Rike	18	17	19	20	20	17	16	19	17	15	19	19	17	20	17	19	16	17	20	12	19	18	17	18
Bartlett	20	19	19	19	16	20	17	20	18	18	18	16	20	19	18	18	20	19	20	16	18	19	20	20
J Gay	18	18	19	18	20	20	19	19	18	19	18	17	18	18	17	19	18	19	17	16	..	..	..	..
LeRoy	19	18	19	19	18	19	20	20	19	15	18	18	18	19	18	19	18	16	17	15	17	20	19	
North	20	19	14	20	20	17	15	14	16	15	16	19	16	14	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Redwing	18	17	17	17	19	19	20	18	18	13	20	16	17	17	19	15	15	17	15	19	19	16	18	17
Mitchell	17	19	19	16	16	17	17	19	17	18	16	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brinmell	16	14	..	18	16	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Meaders	16	19	17	20	17	19	19	19	17	15	18	16	18	17	16	16	14	18	20	19	17	18	16	19
Skinner	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Connor	16	17	15	17	20	20	16	17	17	15	15	15	13	16	18	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fulford	19	17	20	19	20	20	19	20	17	19	18	19	17	17	19	19	19	19	18	18	19	19	18	18
Van Dyke	20	19	19	19	19	20	19	20	16	17	17	19	16	18	18	19	16	19	19	19	20	20	17	15
Glover	17	20	19	20	19	20	16	19	18	17	18	20	20	20	15	18	19	19	16	16	19	17	20	18
White	19	18	..	18	..	20	20	..	..	17	..	16	..	14	18	17	17	..	..	20	..	19	20	16
Shorty	18	19	20	20	18	19	19	..	19	17	19	14	18	18	19	20	19	20	17	16	20	20	18	18
Dando	19	18	17	15	18	20	19	19	19	19	15	18	17	18	19	16	..	15	..	14	..	..	..	..
C A Young	18	17	17	18	17	19	17	18	17	18	17	17	19	18	17	19	17	20	19	18	17	16	17	..
Verges	20	13	17	17	17	16	18	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	
Watts	17	16	18	15	12	..	..	..	16	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Grimm	20	16	19	18	17	20	17	16	19	17	20	17	17	19	16	14	16	15	16	20	18	18	17	17
Merrill	19	19	19	19	17	19	18	20	19	15	20	20	19	19	17	19	19	16	17	19	18	20	17	20
Budd	19	19	18	17	20	20	19	17	18	15	18	17	19	18	18	18	17	19	19	18	19	17	17	19
Mead	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anthony	13	16	17	15	15	11	16	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	17	14	14	14	19	15
Elliott	19	18	15	16	17	15	18	16	17	14	18	15	15	18	14	17	14	15	16	17	11	15	12	16
Volland	14	12	10	17	16	18	14	16	..	12	11	18	12	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	17	14
Ed Taylor	..	20	17	16	18	..	..	..	..	19	15	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	18	..	18
Forrester	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peterman	..	18	..	18	20	18	19	15	..	18	18	17	20	18	16	18	..	19	18	20	..	17	..	17
Barker	..	18	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	20	15	20	20	17	20	14	20	18	18	17	20	17	19	19	18	15	19	19	14	19	17
DuBray	..	..	..	18	15	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R S Waddell	..	..	..	14	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	15	..	..
R Trimble	..	..	..	19	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	18	19	19	20	..	18	20	18	17	19	17	20
Hoffman	..	..	..	17	18	19	..	20	17	18	19	20	19	18	19	17	19	18	18	20	20	18	19	20
Houston	..	..	..	..	19	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grube	..	..	..	..	19	19	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodworth	..	..	..	..	20	17	18	15	..	..	..	17	18	17	20	18	19	18	18	13	..	..	..	..
Goodman	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ballard	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hutchins	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	18	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Swan	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cherry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	18	19	15	19	19	15	18	17	17	18	18	15		
Richardson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R H Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..
Pragoff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gambell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Linderman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	17	17	19	19	17	18	..	14	15	..	..	..	..	
Harry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	11	..	17	..	..	..	..	14
Hub	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Lockwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
Belding	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..

Amateurs.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
Woodworth	10	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	13	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	..	..	13	13	14	13
Houston	13	15	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pragoff	13	13	11	13	12	14	12	10	15	..	..	13	..	11	14	15	11	14	13	..	..	11	13	11
Blair	11	8	8	..	..	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	12	10	11	8	11	..	12	..	8	12	13	11	12	14	12	10	13	10	..	13	..	10	..	..
Ballard	11	12	10	12	13	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hutchings	15	13	12	12	11	11	14	13	14	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	11	12	12	15	14	14
Watson	13	14	13	12	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Forrester	14	10	11	14	12	13	..	..	13	13	9	11	11	14	10	12	..	12	10	12	13	12	11	..
J A Meyer	12	8	9	10	..	11	11	..	..	..	..	13	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Grimes	13	13	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Harry	14	13	11	13	10	13	..	..	..	13	..	12	..	12	11	6	14	..	..	12	14	15	13	13
Murphy	12	14	11	12	11	11	..	..	..	12	12	14	..	14	12	10	12	..	14	12	12	14	10	12
H E Ware	12	12	13	13	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	..	..
R Trimble	14	12	12	13	..	..	14	..	14	11	15	..	14	..	..	..	14	15	15	..	..	..	..	..
Cherry	13	13	14	13	13	13	11	13	12	13	13	14	13	13	13	12	..	..	13	13	..	14	13	14
See	11	12	11	11	9	10	..	..	14	13	13	10	13	10	11	12	15	11	..	12	13	12	11	11
Girton	10	5	5	9	7	..	..	..	9	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Swan	15	10	12	13	11	14	..	..	12	12	13	11	8	7	14	14	..	11	11	13	12	6	12	13
Hub	13	10	15	11	12	11	9	15	12	13	10	14	13	10	13	12	13	12	12	14	12	13	14	13
Jac Art	11	11	10	7	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shattuck	13	12	12	14	10	11	8	10	12	6	13	13	10	12	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Doughman	13	11	13	11	13	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Betsinger	3	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Robinson	14	11	8	8	5	..	..	..	8	8	11	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bibbee	12	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peterman	12	13	13	13	14	13	14	..	13	..	..	13	9	13	13	14	..	..	15	10	13	12	..	15
Costello	11	12	8	8	14	11	..	..	..	..	11	14	13	10	..	8	..	..	11	13	..	10	..	11
Hoffman	12	14	13	10	12	13	15	14	..	..	..	13	12	12	13	8	12	12	14	15	..	..	..	..
Pearson	13	11	13	12	12	15	13	12	9	9	12	12	12	9	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Trimble	10	9	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Randall	11	7	9	13	10	12	7	..	9	6	..	13	10	9	12	11	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gambell	13	13	14	12	11	15	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	14	..	..	12	..	11	..	13	13	10	12
Lockwood	12	10	7	12	9	11	10	12	12	9	11	10	5	12	14	12	13	14	..	13	12	13	11	..
Hanauer	10	9	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Senaur	13	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Watts	10	12	12	5	12	11	12	14	13	12	12	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grube	12	15	12	13	..	15	13	13	14	..	..	15	8	14	..	..	..	..	14	15	10	7	10	..
Goodman	10	8	12	12	..	12	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	10	13	10
Partington	11	12	13	14	13	11	13	12	13	14	13	13	..	13	15	12	..	..	12	13	12	13	14	14
Easton	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
DuBray	..	12	10	7	12	9	..	..	..	11	11	11	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Zollar	..	7	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winchester	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brinell	..	15	13	9	11	15	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Skinner	..	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R H Smith	..	14	10	14	15	10	15	10	11	13	11	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	13	9	12	13	6	..
W Devoe	..	12	11	8	13	12	10	9	11	..	11	11	12	13	11	9	11	11	..	11	11	13	12	14
Linderman	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	14	13	..	..	..	..	15	14	10	12	..	..	..
Holliday	..	..	12	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	10	14	..	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Link	..	..	..	8	9	..	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T F Meek	..	..	..	8	10	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Richardson	..	..	12	15	10	10	10	10	13	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	11	13	12	13	14	14
Bee	..	..	12	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Joe	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fisher	..	..	..	..	9	12	14	12	10	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Verges	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	11	13	10	..	..	14	12	14	8	15	..
Willie	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F J Waddell	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Corbett	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Jay	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	..	..	..	11	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Walt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	12	13	13	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mitchell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anthony	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	6	15	12	10	12	8	11	13	14	13	..	11	14
Post	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eddye	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hauss	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	14	..	12	..	..	..	..	11	..	12	..		
Jacoby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Sebald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Otters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sorg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Frank	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Raymond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	12	14	15	..	..	13	13	12	..	..	..	..	..
Volland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	9	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lingler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dando	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	13	12	..	13	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
No 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Benton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	8	10	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McLaughlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	9	10	8	9	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Belding	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Half Breed	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	10	10	12	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grimm	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	14	12	13	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schatzman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
North	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	13	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.

The Wilmington Tournament.

THAT a large entry is not always a necessary portion of a pleasant tournament was very plainly shown by the net result of the Wilmington (N. C.) Interstate Association shoot held on May 9-10, Thursday and Friday of last week. The largest number of entries is any one event was 16—not quite three full squads! Yet the tournament was by no means a failure. The experience gained by the club will be of great use to it in the future; the interest displayed by the citizens of Wilmington must be very grateful to the members of the home club and will encourage them to give another tournament next year. Under the circumstances, the counter-attraction at Cincinnati, O., being taken into consideration, the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association may have cause for regret, but it has nothing wherewith to reproach itself. The added money at the Dupont tournament and the low cut rates to Cincinnati were greater inducements than Wilmington could offer; hence the absence of so many shooters whom one had confidently expected to meet there; notably Messrs. Bicaise, Post, Worthen, Steck, Peterman, etc., of Charleston, S. C., all good shots and good companions; Col. J. T. Anthony, Major Todd, etc., of Charlotte, N. C., and several others, most of whom I understood were either at Cincinnati or else were lying by waiting for the double event of Lynchburg and Knoxville.

From New York to Wilmington, N. C., is only a short trip, train No. 23, on the Atlantic Coast Line schedule, leaving New York at 9 P. M., and landing one at Wilmington just twenty-one hours later. At this season of the year the change in the appearance of the country is more startling than at any other time. When I left the Empire State on the night of May 7 spring had just gotten a good start and summer was apparently not so very far away. At Wilmington it was summer in every respect: foliage, flowers and fruit, not to mention the heat, which was intense on both days of the tournament. "U. M. C." Thomas was my companion from New York, and as usual Thomas and myself got along all right. We've made several similar trips together and are therefore acquainted with each other's weaknesses—and we have some of them, too. This trip to Wilmington, however, was one of the most enjoyable of the lot. The country south of Richmond, Va., was just beginning to recover from a ten days' rain; rivers and creeks were full of muddy water, but the bright sunshine of May 8, the fresh green of the fields and forests, the dogwood and wild honeysuckle blooms, and the total absence of dust, made the trip a treat. The only disagreeable part was the change from our sleeper "Moselle" to a day coach at Wilson, N. C., Wilmington being in a kind of a way sidetracked by the cut-off from Wilson to Florence, S. C. Once the change was made, the ride of 108 miles was pleasant enough. The whole of that 100 and odd miles is one big truck farm. Acres and acres of strawberries are just now being made to yield up their fruits for the benefit of the North, not by quarts or crates, but by whole carloads. At each station (and we stopped at an awful lot), everything was strawberry. Peas, snap beans and "Virginia" asparagus are also shipped at this time, I was told, but all I saw was "strawberries to the right," etc. Negro women and children of all shades, shapes and sizes were to be seen in



EASTERN DOG AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, WILMINGTON, N. C.

the fields gathering strawberries. It was an interesting sight, but I'm glad now that I don't see my strawberries picked. On our way North on Saturday morning, May 11, we passed at Rocky Point, a station a few miles from Wilmington, a solid train of seventeen refrigerator cars; these cars would be full of strawberries by the time they reached Wilson. Wilmington papers said it was the first train of its kind to leave that section, and added that the value of its freight would amount to over $30,000. Truck farming on the present large scale which prevails in that section of the Tarheel State is scarcely more than a decade old. Watermelons, cotton and peanuts about make up the sum of the products of this little, but important, slice of North Carolina.

It was not my intention to make this a treatise on agriculture or geography; but as I did not know where a large portion of our strawberries came from, I thought there might be some others in a similar fix who would perhaps like to know.

At Goldsboro, N. C., about twenty-five miles south of Wilson, J. L. Fonda, of Greensboro, N. C., and H. C. Bridgers, of Tarboro, N. C., joined us. Both were bound for Wilmington and, both being well acquainted with the road, they were able to point out all the objects of interest and to answer many of my numerous questions. I forgot to mention that while Thomas and I were just going to demolish our dinner at South Rocky Mount, "Tom" Collins, of the DuPont Powder Company, hove in sight. He had joined our train at Weldon, N. C., where the Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard Air Line come together. Collins and his DuPont powder were much in evidence at the tournament, although he doesn't shoot a gun. By the way, talking about South Rocky Mount; whence came the name? There isn't a hill in sight from the railroad, and it is a hard matter to find a rock of the most diminutive proportions in and around the station; and apparently the same conditions prevail at Rocky Mount, a mile or so north of South Rocky Mount.

In Wilmington we found Elmer Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa., and E. L. Gilmer, of Greensboro, N. C., registered at The Orton. Shaner was slightly blue about the prospects for a good tournament. Telegrams had been received from Charleston and elsewhere, all telling of Cincinnati as the objective point of the senders. After events showed that Shaner was correct in his diagnosis of the case, the attendance being light.

Thursday, May 9, was a lovely day, a typical summer day, a trifle too warm perhaps in the sun, but still very pleasant in the shade. The grounds of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association are located at the end of the electric street car line that runs to Hilton Park, a pleasure resort that overlooks the Cape Fear River. The trip by car from the center of the city is made in about eight minutes, so the grounds may be classed as easily accessible. The streets of Wilmington, too, through which these cars run are well shaded; live oaks, chinaberry trees, elms, etc., line both sides of the sandy streets, and give a very grateful shade to those who walk, and also add greatly to the picturesqueness of the city itself. After breakfast on Thursday morning, while we were getting ready to go out to the grounds, we suddenly discovered that there was another shooter added to the ranks. This was Mr. August Schmitt, of New York, president of the New York German Gun Club, and a good shot too, notwithstanding the fact that he has to shoot one-handed, owing to the loss of his left hand. Coming as a stranger among us all, Mr. Schmitt soon made a lot of friends, and was probably the most popular visitor at the shoot. His prowess with the gun on the second day may be traced by examining Rienzi's scores, Mr. Schmitt choosing that title from the label on bottles of beer supplied by the Rochester Brewing Company, for which company Mr. Schmitt acts as manager of the New York branch. The funny thing was that Mr. Schmitt had actually come all the way from New York in the same car with Thomas and myself without our being aware that he was "one of us."

As for the shooting at this tournament, the less said about it the better. Something, I don't know what exactly, made everybody's scores run low. Strange to say, the only 15 straight in the two days was made by "U. M. C." Thomas in the first programmed event of the meeting. Rienzi got the only 10 straight made in all the 10-target races of the shoot; he did not secure this until the last event but two of the meeting! The general low averages are ridiculous, but I think they were the cause of a great deal of the fun we had. The number of targets thrown during the tournament was 5,070—2,265 on the first day, 2,805 on the second day—not a large number. Still, there ought to have been more straights with such men as Fonda, Gilmer and Thomas among the visitors.

The members of the home club looked after us in a truly Southern style; while, at the request of Mr. E. Savage Latimer, the members of the Cape Fear Club received all the visitors as their guests during the tournament. This was an attention on the part of the citizens of Wilmington for which I have been asked by those to whom this courtesy was extended to return formal, but hearty, thanks.

Among the members of the home club who shot along with the boys were: H. McL. Green, president of the club, E. Savage Latimer, J. O. Wise, R. H. Grant, S. W. Sanders, L. L. Pritchard, D. M. McEachern, J. H. Beery, J. R. Williams, R. H. Pickett, and Stuart Heinsberger. In the matter of preparations for the shoot Manager Shaner had everything in first-rate style. The large tent of the Interstate Association, with its gun racks, coat racks, etc., is a vast improvement over the small tents of the individual members of the association that have been used at those tournaments for the past three years. As for the trappers—in Harkness the club has a colored jewel. He is easily *facile princeps* in his line; as a trapper, and boss of the other trappers, Harkness not only attends strictly to business, but displays considerable ability in making those under him keep up to the mark. A notable feature was the absolute disregard of these five trappers of the perpendicular rays of a sun that ran the mercury of the thermometer away up in the nineties. Without a particle of cover to protect them from the sun, Harkness and his troupe never left the trench from start to finish, except when an adjournment was made for lunch. During the two days of the tournament a good number of members of the gentler sex graced the proceedings with their presence, while there was always an interested crowd of on-lookers of the male persuasion who kept tab on the scores very closely.

First Day's Scores.

The following are the scores made on the first day, the asterisk after a shooter's name denoting that he shot in the expert class in that event:

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50, $5 added by the club:

Fonda	011100110000011—7	Bridgers	110111110111000—10
Schmitt	010011111110111—11	Edwards	110011011010001—8
U M C Thomas	111111111111111—15	Heinsberger	010011110011100—8
Gilmer	111111110110111—13		

No. 2, same:

Thomas*	011110110111011—11	Edwards	011111001101110—10
Fonda	111111100010100—9	Bridgers	011011100011000—7
Schmitt	111000101111101—10	Beery	110011111001100—9
Gilmer	110011100010110—8		

No. 3, same:

Thomas*	010110111111000—9	Edwards	001000110100001—5
Fonda	111010111111111—13	Bridgers	101101101011111—11
Schmitt	111111110100101—11	Beery	011101011110011—10
Gilmer	010101111101110—10		

No. 4, same:

Fonda*	101101011011111—11	Edwards	101111011011100—10
Thomas*	100111011001110—9	Bridgers	111101111100111—12
Schmitt	110010001110111—9	Beery	000001110111111—9
Gilmer	110111101011000—9	Pritchard	111100111111111—13

No. 5, same:

Fonda*	010000101010111—7	Gilmer	010110111110100—9
Pritchard*	100000101001000—4	Bridgers	010011111111101—11
Schmitt	111111110111111—14	Edwards	110110101101110—10
Thomas	011000010101111—8	Beery	111111101111111—14

No. 6, same:

Schmitt*	101111110110101—11	Bridgers	010111011011011—10
Beery*	010110101011110—9	Edwards	111110101111010—11
Fonda	110100111111011—11	Latimer	001000011011111—8
Thomas	111011110111111—13	Wise	111001011101111—11
Gilmer	111110111111010—12	Lodor	001000011001100—5

No. 7, same:

Thomas*	011010010111000—7	Beery	001101001100100—6
Schmitt*	000000000111000—3	Wise	101100010111110—9
Fonda	010101101101110—9	Sanders	011101101110110—10
Gilmer	010111111011111—13	Latimer	000000010010111—5
Edwards	101111001100010—8	McEachern	101101111011101—11
Bridgers	101010101010101—9	Heinsberger	011011101011111—11
Grant	110110110111101—11		

No. 8, same:

Gilmer*	101001100010010—6	Bridgers	111111011110101—12
Fonda	011011101111010—10	Wise	011011001011111—10
Schmitt	111001010110000—7	Grant	011011100000111—8
Thomas	101101111111111—13	Sanders	100111101110111—11
Edwards	111001001110001—8	McEachern	101010100101001—7
Latimer	010101110000111—8		

No. 9, same:

Thomas*	010000110000100—4	Grant	111101100111101—11
Fonda	100111111111101—12	Bridgers	111000000000101—5
Schmitt	010110100110100—7	McEachern	111010010111111—11
Gilmer	111000110101011—9	Latimer	110111001100010—8
Edwards	111000111011100—9	Heinsberger	010011101111011—10
Wise	000111101011001—8		

No. 10, same:

Fonda*	011000101110110—8	Grant	111111101111111—14
Schmitt	001010110110111—9	Bridgers	100111001000100—6
Thomas	001111111011111—12	McEachern	101100101000111—8
Gilmer	111111001010110—10	Latimer	011001000011111—8
Edwards	100110000101110—7	Heinsberger	110101111100111—11
Wise	101110100101010—8		

No. 11, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1:

Fonda	100101011110011—9	Schmitt	100111001101010—8
Edwards	011101101111011—11	Bridgers	111110101111111—13
U M C Thomas	111111111101111—14	Gilmer	101101011111101—11

No. 12, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Edwards 1, Thomas 5, Fonda 6, Gilmer 6, Latimer 4, Wise 8 Sanders 7, Bridgers 8, Beery 6, Pritchard 6, Heinsberger 7.

No. 13, same: Fonda 6, Latimer 3, Wise 6, Grant 7, Thomas 7, Schmidt 4, McEachern 7, Edwards 5, Bridgers 8, Gilmer 6, Heinsberger 6, Beery 3.

No. 14, same: Wise 6, Pritchard 4, Schmitt 5, Sanders 6, Latimer 5, Grant 7, McEachern 4, Thomas 7, Fonda 6, Stick 9, Bridgers 8, Gilmer 6, Sanders 7, Heinsberger 5

No. 15, same: Grant 6, Schmitt 6, Thomas 6, McEachern 3, Fonda 9, Wise 4, Stick 8, Bridgers 2, Gilmer 6, Latimer 5

No. 16, same: Grant 5, Schmitt 3, Bridgers 6, Latimer 3, Thomas 7, Fonda 5, Stick 7, Wise 5, McEachern 8, Gilmer 6, Sanders 4.

No. 17, same: Wise 6, Bridgers 7, Grant 9, Latimer 7, Fonda 7, McEachern 3, Thomas 5, Schmitt 6, Gilmer 4, Stick 7.

No. 18, same: Fonda 9, Stick 3, McEachern 3, Grant 4, Latimer 6 Wise 4, Bridgers 9, Thomas 6 Gilmer 6, Trent 2.

Second Day's Scores.

The second day's scores are given below, the asterisk after a shooter's name again denoting that he shot in the expert class in that event:

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50, $5 added:

Grant	110110111111010—11	Bridgers	011110001110110—9
Thomas	011111100011111—11	Schmitt	111011010111001—10
Fonda	101111010011111—11	Sanders	011111011011000—9
Gilmer	011110011111000—9	Stick	111111001100010—9

No. 2, same:

Grant*	011000100010100—5	Rienzi	111101001001111—10
Thomas*	110001100001100—6	Edwards	101100101001110—8
Fonda*	111111011111111—14	Pritchard	000010010011001—5
Gilmer	011111100101110—10	Sanders	000010111111110—9
Bridgers	101010101011011—9		

No. 3, same:

Fonda*	111111010011001—10	Rienzi	111111111101101—13
Grant	110101100111111—11	Edwards	010011011101011—9
Thomas	110011101010111—10	Heinsberger	001110110111001—9
Gilmer	010011001111111—10	Latimer	111100111110111—12
Bridgers	111111110101111—13		

No. 4, same:

Bridgers*	101010000100110—6	Grant	100001111100111—9
Rienzi*	011010111011110—10	Edwards	110110010000000—5
Fonda*	001110100110111—9	Latimer	100101011000110—7
Thomas	011011011111111—12	Wise	011100111110100—9
Gilmer	111101111000110—10	Heinsberger	100010111111011—10
Pickett	111011101101010—10		

No. 5, same:

Thomas*	111110011010110—10	Grant	110110100101010—8
Fonda*	000010110111001—7	Pickett	011000111110010—8
Rienzi*	001110001100011—7	Latimer	110111001000010—7
Gilmer	101001111101110—10	Stick	110010100010000—6
Bridgers	101111111101111—13	Stanley	010100101110001—7
Wise	101011100000001—6	Beery	011110110100111—10

No. 6, same:

Bridgers*	011001110011000—7	Wise	110001100010001—6
Fonda*	011100101011110—9	Heinsberger	111101011110111—12
Rienzi*	111100111000101—9	McEachern	100101101011111—10
Thomas*	010100101111101—9	Stanley	110001011101001—8
Grant	110101111111011—12	Stick	100001101101001—7
Pickett	000010101111111—9	Latimer	110111111101100—11
Gilmer	010011101011111—10	Beery	000111110110010—8
Green	110011111011010—9	Lodor	001111101000110—8

No. 7, same:

Thomas*	000000000000010—1	Stick	000110000110010—5
Fonda*	011001010001010—6	McEachern	101111100110010—9
Rienzi*	110000101101001—7	Wise	000101110100010—6
Grant*	101101110100000—7	Green	110010010101110—8
Rastus	011101011010000—7	Latimer	001110110101101—9
Bridgers	100101110011110—9		

No. 8, same:

Bridgers*	001110011101110—9	Pickett	001011111110111—11
Latimer*	001011001001000—5	Rastus	010000101011110—7
Fonda*	001100111001111—9	Wise	001011101111110—10
Rienz*	100011101101101—9	Dennis	001111000001000—5
Grant*	000001100010010—4	Stanley	110001111000011—8
McEachern*	010001111001010—7	Green	000110001000000—3
Thomas	101101101111110—11	Beery	000101011101001—7

No. 9, same:

Bridgers*	110111111011011—12	McEachern	011100010001101—7
Fonda*	010001010010110—6	Latimer	001110111101111—11
Rienzi*	111110010110011—10	Dennis	101110110000100—7
Thomas*	010000001100000—3	Cuckoo	111110000010011—8
Pickett*	011011001001010—7	Stanley	110011010101100—8
Rastus	111000011111100—9	Split Moon	010100111011110—9
Grant	111111100100101—10		

No. 10, same:

Bridgers*	111101011100111—11	Long	101110001110000—8
Rienzi*	100110001011010—7	Moose	001111111111101—12
Thomas	111101011111001—11	Cuckoo	011001001100111—8
Fonda	000111111111011—11	Grant	100010111111100—9
Rastus	100111110111011—11	Stick	110111001111100—10
Spot	001110010011110—8	Stanley	001011011110011—9

No. 11, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Bridgers 7, Thomas 7, Fonda 6, Grant 6, Stick 6, Wise 5, Latimer 3, Gilmer 6, McEachern 4, Rienzi 5, Stanley 8, Green 5.

No. 12, same: Thomas 7, Fonda 8, Stick 5, Wise 7, Grant 6, Bridgers 7, McFachern 6, Rienzi 6, Stanley 5, Gilmer 5, Latimer 6, Beery 6, Green 4.

No. 13, same: Rienzi 6, Fonda 9, Bridgers 8, Pickett 7, Grant 7, Rastus 7, Thomas 8, Bernard 3, Stick 7, McEachern 6, Latimer 7, Cuckoo 5, Stanley 1.

No. 14, same: Fonda 6, Bridgers 6, Rienzi 6, Grant 6, Pickett 9, Stick 6, Thomas 5, Latimer 5, McEachern 5, Cuckoo 4, Rastus 4, Williams 5, Stanley 2.

No 15, same: Grant 6, Fonda 9, Bridgers 6, Rienzi 6, Stick 6, Pickett , McEachern 6, Thomas 6, Bernard 4, Latimer 7, Rastus 3, Heinsberger 8, Greene 5, Wise 5.

No. 16, same: McEachern 7, Grant 6, Fonda 7, Bridgers 7, Pickett 4, Williams 4, Wise 6, Stick 6, Latimer 5, Thomas 5, Heinsberger 8, Rienzi 9.

No. 17, same: Picket 5, Fonda 8, McEachern 5, Grant 6, Bridgers 8, Rienzi 10, Pritchard 6, Latimer 7, Stick 6, Thomas 7.

No. 8 same: Bridgers 9, Rienzi 8, McEachern 7, Fonda 5, Pickett 3, Stick 4, Latimer 6, Heinsberger 8, Stanley 5, Grant 6, Thomas 9.

No. 19, same: Bridgers 7, Rienzi 7, Fonda 9, Stick 5, Pickett 2, McEachern 7, Heinsberger 7, Latimer 4, Thomas 9.

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

H. C. Bridgers, of Tarboro, N. C., is only a beginner so far as attending tournaments goes, but his work equaled that of any shooter present, Fonda and "U. M. C." not excepted.

S. W. Sanders, a member of the home club, shot from under the shade of an inverted basket that gave him the appearance of a veteran African explorer. The *soubriquet* of "Stanley" stuck to him through the shoot.

Some exciting games of pool helped to pass the evenings at The Orton, "Tom" Collins, Elmer Shaner, "Stanley" and McEachern distinguishing themselves in that line.

"Rastus," a name which appears frequently in the scores of the second day, was a disguise adopted by E. L. Gilmer to conceal his records from his friends.

When August Schmitt broke his 10 straight, three cheers were given for "Rienzi."

The Wilmington Street Car Company believes in encouraging the gun club. It donates free transportation over its lines for one week to the shooter who makes the highest score at the club's weekly shoot. Grant has won the honor eight times in succession; he says that it saves shoe-leather wonderfully.

In the picture of some of the members of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association, the gentleman on the extreme right, holding the two setters, is J. C. Wise; next to him comes "Stanley" Sanders; the next pair are L. L. Pritchard (pipe in his mouth) and J. C. Lodor. At the table sits Jas. H. Taylor, while H. McL. Green, president of the association, stands with his back to Mr. Taylor. E. Savage Latimer is preparing to receive cavalry, and looks in earnest about it too. With his back to the flagstaff stands J. H. Beery; the other four to his left are respectively J. G. Trent, S. Heinsberger, E. G. Polly and Wm. H. Bernard.

The scoring, pulling and cashier's departments were all filled with capable officials, Mr. Green bearing the burden of the unsatisfactory position of referee. In fact, everything was all right—all that was needed was another dozen shooters.

EDWARD BANKS.

Wilmerding Gun Club.

WILMERDING, Pa., May 4.—The Wilmerding Gun Club held its regular practice shoot this afternoon. The day being pleasant, the scores made by the participants were fair. The attendance was not as large as usual, but it is a little early for our practice shoot. All the events were shot at bluerocks, known traps and known angles. The scores are as follows:

J Gelm (100)	0111111101111111111001111111111011110110011011010111111011101011011101111011111011111101111101111—73	
D Scott (90)	11000 0 0101000001111111001110101111101001111111111010111111011111011111101111101111—82	
O Reich (65)	0001100000011001110100101010011010110001010010010001011011011	—29
Sharrard (50)	1010101100101101101111011111011111011111101111001—36	
A Mackert (50)	0110001110011010111101011010111110011101100000110—29	
Brant (25)	1111110010001001100001010	—12

A. A MACKERT.

Wilmington Gun Club.

WILMINGTON, N. C., May 11.—The Wilmington Gun Club held its regular shoot this afternoon. The weather was fine, and the attendance was good. The scores made were as follows:

Fonda	1111111111	Bridgers	1111111111
Grant	1111111111	Latimer	1111111111
Thomas	1111111111	Wise	1111111111
Gilmer	1111111111	Sanders	1111111111
Pickett	1111111111	Stick	1111111111
Rienzi	1111111111	Beery	1111111111
McEachern	1111111111	Heinsberger	1111111111
Edwards	1111111111		

Fonda, Grant, Thomas, Gilmer, Pickett, Rienzi, McEachern, Edwards, Bridgers, Latimer, Wise, Sanders, Stick, Beery, Heinsberger, 15 straight.

Fonda, Grant, Thomas, Gilmer, Pickett, Rienzi, McEachern, Edwards, Bridgers, Latimer, Wise, Sanders, Stick, Beery, Heinsberger, 15 straight.

Growth of Target Shooting in England.

THE invitation issued by the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association of Great Britain, which was published last week in these columns, was one which many Americans would be pleased to accept; it is to be hoped that one or two citizens of this republic, out of the vast crowds who go to Europe every year, will find it possible to put in an appearance at Wembley Park on June 6-8. We may then be able to form some opinion as to the condition of trap shooting affairs in England, at least in so far as it relates to what we term "target" or "clay-bird" shooting. The progress made in this line of sport in England during the past few years has been considerable, and it is pleasant to note from the following extract from the London *Field* that it is likely to become one of the "permanent outdoor recreations" of the old country:

"Since the formation of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association in the year 1892, clay-bird shooting has made considerable progress in this country, and clubs have sprung up in various parts of the kingdom. Whether its popularity here is destined to equal that attained in America may perhaps be open to question; but that shooting at inanimate objects has taken a firm foothold among our permanent outdoor recreations appears now to be beyond dispute.

"One of the principal reasons conducing to this is no doubt the improvement that has taken place in the manufacture of the traps. The birds thrown from the traps formerly in use had an apex or culminating point that was well within the range of the gun; and when proficiency was attained in finding this point, the whole affair resolved itself more or less into a kind of trick shooting.

"Now, however, this condition of things has been done away with, and the artifical bird soars away in one long sweep that renders breaking with a waiting shot, very much a matter of chance; and it is a golden rule with the present-day clay-bird shooter that to be successful one must not only have correct alignment, but, what is equally important, must be quickly on the bird. So that now, while the pastime cannot be said to provide an equivalent for game shooting, still there is no doubt that anyone who had attained proficiency at clay birds would, unless suffering from nervousness, acquit himself creditably even on his first day's shooting at game.

"The association has spent much time in framing rules under which club shooting can be carried on, and also in devising an efficient system of putting the inferior shot on a fair footing with the expert. In doing this they had to decide between the two general systems of handicapping in use, viz., that by distance, where the individual judgment of the handicapper is called into play, and he places shooters tothe best of his ability, at distances to put them on an equality; and the other, in which the best shots have to concede points, based upon the results of previous performances—that is to say, that if A shoots at fifty birds and kills thirty-five, and B shoots at fifty and kills thirty, A should give B one bird in every ten-bird competition. Round this latter principle the association have organized a system of handicapping that appears to work well and give general satisfaction, though doubtless further experience will suggest improvements and modifications.

"Handicapping by distance would also have the serious objection that it would be impossible to shoot in teams. There are now five traps used, numbered 1 to 5; No. 1 being on the extreme left, and No. 5 on the extreme right; to these traps there are six shooters, No. 6 standing behind No. 1, waiting his turn. After the first round, No. 5 takes the place of No. 6 shooter, and becomes the man in waiting, the remainder each moving down one trap, and so on, until every shooter has fired at five birds. Team shooting has proved so popular with clay-bird clubs, that it may be said practically to be the only one now in use.

"In addition to framing rules and a system of handicapping, the association also instituted a clay-bird championship, and undertook to hold a yearly meeting for that purpose. The first meeting, held at Wimbledon Park in 1892, was of modest dimensions; the number of competitors only reached a total of sixty-six, and the whole proceedings lasted but a few hours. For the succeeding meeting Wembley Park was secured, and the pastime had then so developed that two days barely sufficed for getting through the advertised events, and shooting had to be carried on from 10 o'clock until dusk. The number of entries, moreover, went up to 333. For the third annual reunion (which has been fixed for June 6, 7 and 8) Wembley Park has again been secured, and, in addition to prizes amounting to several hundred pounds being offered for competition, the association have added an International Shield, for the possession of which teams from England, Scotland and Irelaud will compete; and it looks as though that meeting will show a rate of increase even greater than the former one.

"Any club of ten members and upward can become affiliated upon the payment of 1s. per member, and, in addition to the members being eligible to enter for all prizes at the championship meeting, the club has presented to it the Association Jewel for competition amongst its members. The Challenge Shield (which is at present in the possession of the Wealdstone Club) can also be competed for by all affiliated clubs. This trophy, in the course of its wanderings from one club to another, has been the means of creating intercourse between clay-bird shooters and promoting an *esprit de corps* which has done much toward raising inanimate bird shooting to its present popularity. The association hope very shortly to be able to divide the United Kingdom into districts, and to present to each its own particular challenge shield. The conditions are, that a club must hold the shield for twelve months for it to become its absolute property. The address of the association, we may add, is 224 Piccadilly, London, W., where further particulars as to the objects and rules of the association can be obtained."

From the above it will be seen that trap-shooters in the British Isles have not been idle during the past three years. The institution of a "clay-bird championship" is an important feature of the work of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association, as it thereby does away with all chance of that country being saddled with a dozen champions, after the manner of the United States. The wording of the paragraph which tells of this championship is somewhat ambiguous from an American point of view. Are we to understand that there were 66 competitors for championship honors in '92, and 333 entries for the same event in the succeeding contest? "The first meeting, held at Wimbledon Park in 1892, was of modest dimensions; the number of competitors only reached a total of 66, and the whole proceedings lasted but a few hours." "Sixty-six competitors" is looked upon here as something decidedly of the common. It is true that at the Atchison, Kan., shoot of a fortnight or so ago there was an average entry of almost 70 competitors in the 17 events programmed for the tournament. The Knoxville, Tenn., shoot, which will take place on May 21-24, will surpass the above in number of entries, while it is confidently expected that the tournament to be given by the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club, on June 11-13, will give the Atchison shoot a close rub. But such shoots are rare exceptions, and "target" or "clay-bird" shooters in this country outnumber their brethren in the old conntry by possibly 500 or 1,000 to 1! Over here the sport is in its prime; in England it is in its very infancy. It would be interesting, therefore, to know whether there were actually 66 competitors for championship honors in '92, or whether the total number of entries in all events "only reached a total of 66."

The system of handicapping adopted by the British organization is one which it is well nigh impossible to carry out in this country, except in club competitions for club prizes. Where the number of devotees of the sport is comparatively limited, it is possible to keep track of each man's record. Where the number runs into the hundreds of thousands, as in the United States, such a system is absolutely impossible.

THE CHALLENGE SHIELDS AND THE ASSOCIATION.

Jewels are capital ideas and will unquestionably foster the growth of the sport in a satisfactory manner. There are one or two points in the article quoted above which are commended to the notice of the newly-organized American Trap-Shooters' League, particularly the regulating of championships. The plethora of live-bird champions floating around the United States at the present moment is calculated to produce "that tired feeling" in any well-regulated mind.

EDWARD BANKS.

Trenton Gun Club.

TRENTON, N. J., May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regular monthly shoot of the Trenton Gun Club was held at its grounds today. Shooting all done from five traps; the club contest was for two badges—first and second. The conditions were 30 targets per man, each man first shooting at 15 for place, the men breaking 11 and over being in the first class, the men breaking under 11 in the second class. C. H. Allen, the only one breaking over 11, won the gold badge; Hicks and Hutchinson tied for second badge; they shot the tie off at 10 targets each and Hutchinson won.

Thomas, who won the gold badge last month, was very much disappointed, as he had made several bets that he would win it again this month.

After the regular shoot a team shoot took place; one side, captained by Hutchinson, won over the team under Hicks by a score of 43 to 36. Conditions: 10 targets per man.

C H Allen	1101110111111111—13	W Taylor	1100010010101110— 7
G N Thomas	0101111111010110—10	E C Hutchinson	0010100101110110— 7
H Bumbough	1110011100101110— 9	H Harper	1110001001101100— 7
E Carson	0010110111110011— 9	E Wilson	0001100010110111— 7
W Rogers	0011010011110011— 8	D Williams	1000000110101015— 6
W Mickel	1101110101000011— 8	M D Hicks	0010010110000010— 5
For badges:			
C H Allen	1111111011001111—12	E Wilson	1110110001101015— 9
M D Hicks	1110111111011110—12	W Mickel	1010100011101110— 8
E C Hutchinson	1011110111111011—12	E Carson	0111010011000111— 8
G N Thomas	1111001101011111—11	H Harper	0110101000000001— 5
W Taylor	1101111101010110—10	D Williams	0011010010000001— 5
H Bumbough	1010110111111001—10		
Tie shot off:			
Hutchinson	1110011111—8	Hicks	1110111001—7
Team shoot:			
Hicks	1101111111—9	Hutchinson	0011101101—6
Bumbough	1111100111—8	Thomas	1111111101—9
Taylor	0111010110—6	Wilson	1111101101—8
Harper	1100100011—5	Allen	0110111111—8
Horne	0110000011—4	Rogers	1001110111—7
Mickel	0110000101—4—36	McCabe	0010010111—5—43

Endeavor Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 11.—The members of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, held their semi-monthly practice shoot this afternoon on the club grounds at Marion, N. J. The scores were:

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles: Creveling 15, Piercy 12, Corson 12, Strader 9, Seeley 9.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles: Creveling 9, Corson 7, Piercy 6, Strader 6.

No. 3, 50 targets per man, 30 singles, expert rules, and 10 pairs:

Collins	1001111111101111111111111111	
	11 11 01 11 11 11 11 10 11 10	—44
Creveling	1100111111011111111111011111	
	11 10 11 11 11 11 11 01 01 00	—41
Piercy	0110001001110111111110011011	
	11 00 10 11 11 10 10 11 11 10	—33
Polhemus	1111000010011011101011111011	
	00 11 10 00 01 11 11 10 10 11	—32
Strader	1100000111110110110110001110	
	10 11 01 10 11 11 00 11 10 11	—31
Fletcher	0001101100110001010111010000	
	00 10 11 10 10 00 10 00 00 11	—21
Ingram	0000100001010001000001010000	
	10 00 10 11 11 00 10 00 00 00	—14

No. 4, 25 targets, unknown angles: Creveling 21, Polhemus 20, Corson 14, Fletcher 14, Piercy 13, Fletcher 13, Ingram 12.

No. 5, 15 targets, unknown angles: Creveling 14, Fletcher 12, Piercy 11, Polhemus 8, Corson 7, Ingram 3.

J. A. CREVELING.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa.—Twenty-five targets unknown angles: H. A. Johnson 22, Ehrgott 20, See 20, Gundaker 20, Reisinger 19, Hayes 19, Clark 19, Lashells 18, Holton 18, Prenatt 17, Hamman 16, E. L. Affantranger 12, Barackman 12, Krueger 9, Thompson 9, N. Affantranger 6.

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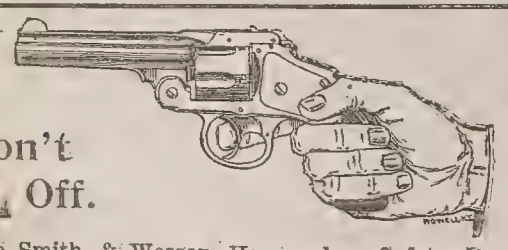
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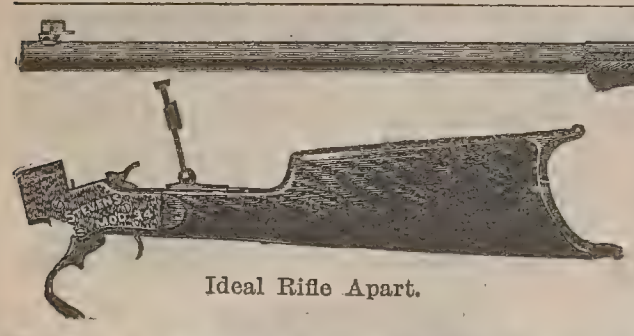
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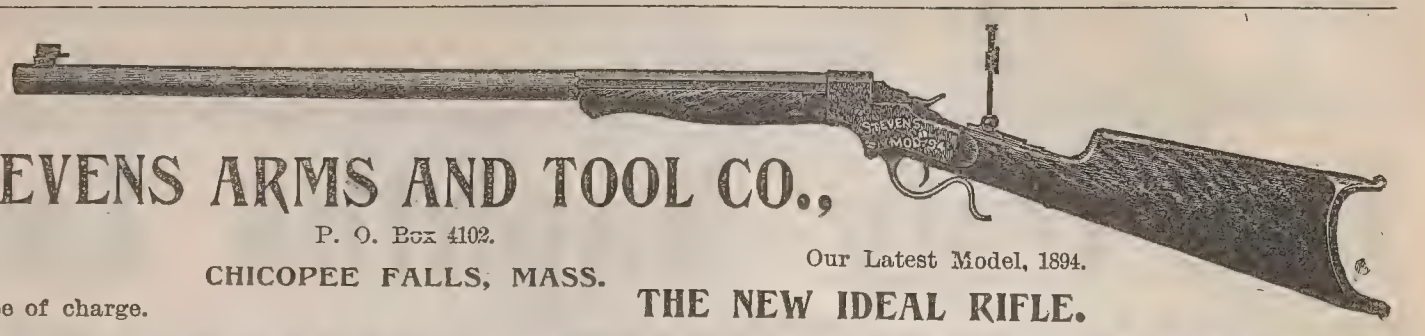


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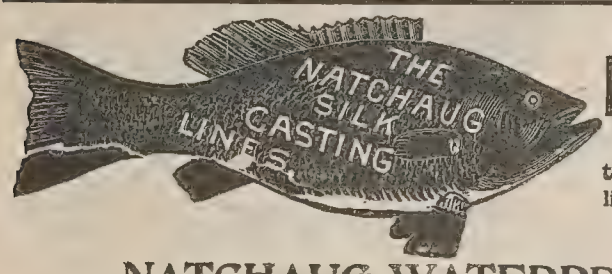
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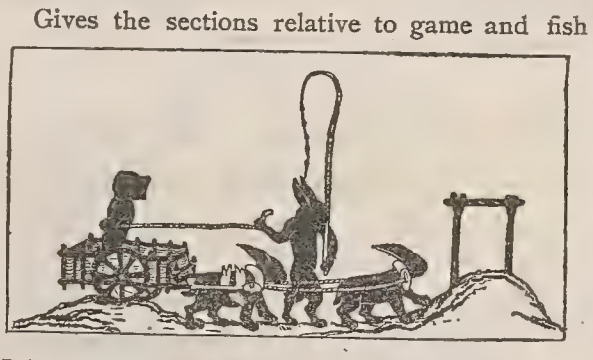
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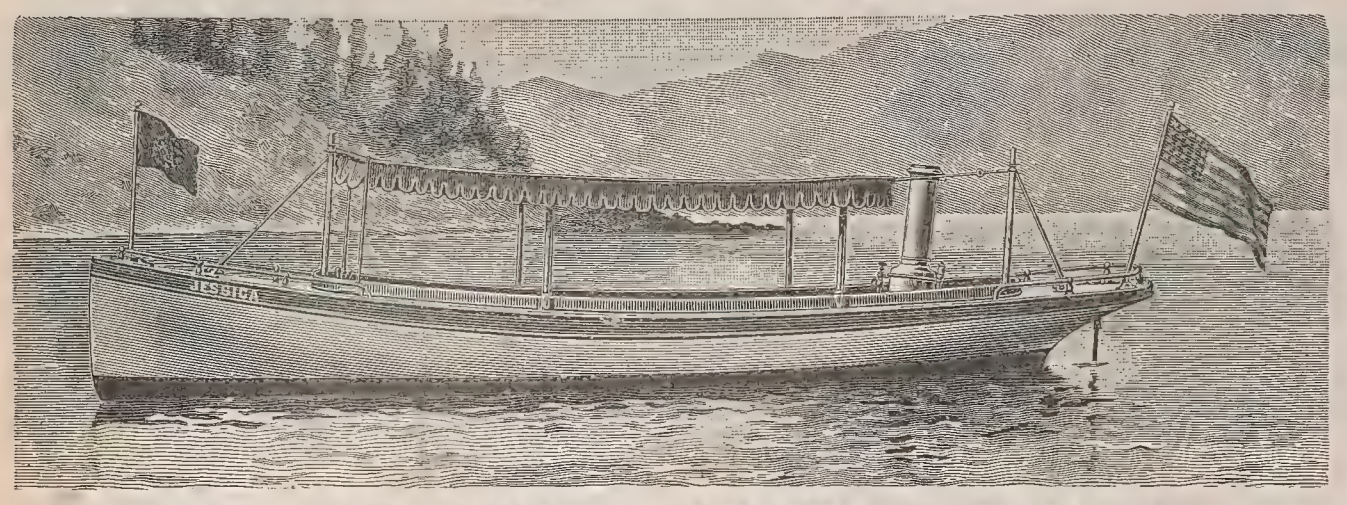
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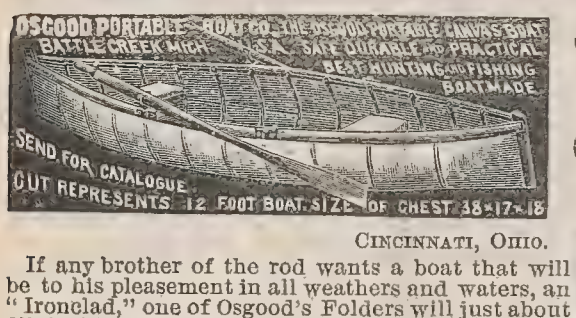
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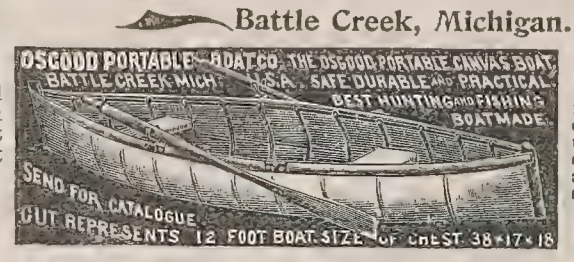


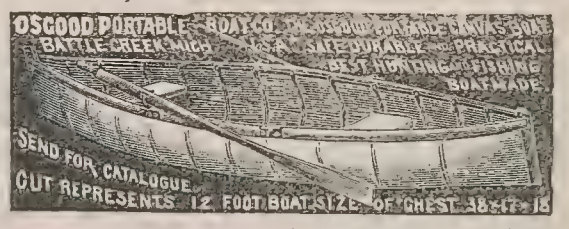
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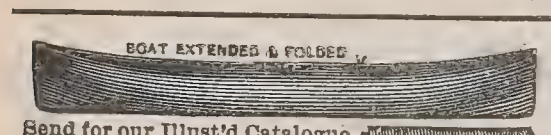
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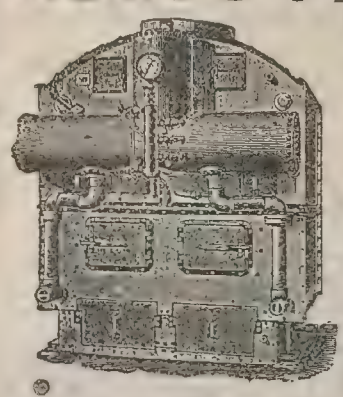
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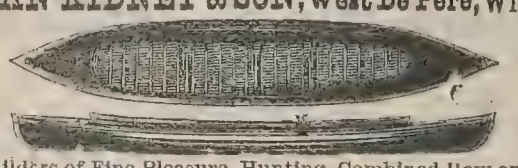
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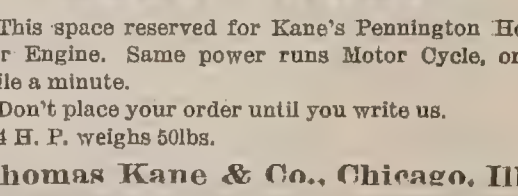
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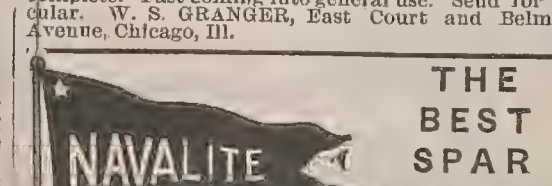
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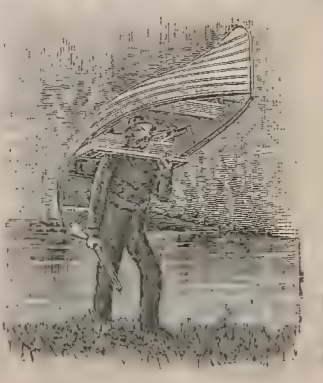
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VOL. XLIV.—No. 21. No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

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AN INIQUITOUS MEASURE.

THE Donaldson game bill as sent to Gov. Morton incorporates the provisions of the Wilks bill in this new Section 249:

Section 249. No person or persons shall be deemed to have violated any law or ordinance by reason of his or their selling, exposing for sale, transporting or possessing, or attempting so to do, the body or a part of the body of any wild animal or bird in the close season for such animal or bird, provided it be proved by him or them, by production of proper invoices and freight or express receipts, that such wild animal or bird was shipped from a point at least three hundred miles distant from the State of New York. For the purpose of the proper enforcement of this section the package containing this wild animal or bird shall be marked plainly "game," and the place of shipment and destination shall also be plainly marked. All transportation companies which shall transport the same shall keep books plainly showing the receipt and delivery of such packages of game, and dealers in the same shall keep books of account showing the number of birds or animals received, sold or delivered by them, and shall, at all times, permit any authorized agent of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forest to examine their books of record for purpose of establishing the right of such possession or transportation in close season.

Such a provision, if it should become a law, would go far to undo the work of game protection in the State. It would be a backward step. It would be such a blow to the interests of protection as we have not had in a quarter-century. It would mean for New York State a retrogression all the more marked and disgraceful because in direct and glaring contrast with the new laws of almost every State and Territory where game protective legislation has been enacted this year. Everywhere the lines are being drawn more and more strictly against the market consumption, for in that sordid, unsparing, greedy, all-consuming agency is seen the most destructive factor of the times.

That the sale of game must be prohibited in the close season, if the laws are to amount to anything, has been demonstrated by experience so abundantly, so forcibly and so beyond questioning that the principle of no sale of game in close season is embodied in the game laws of every State in the Union, with the exception of Massachusetts. And because it is wanting in the Massachusetts statutes, the city of Boston has long been the "dumping ground" for game illicitly killed in Massachusetts and for the surplus of game killed in other States.

With a market the year around game will be killed the year around. This is not theory; it is fact established by costly experience. To open the markets, as is contemplated in this measure, is to put a premium upon chicken grouse, upon immature woodcock, upon our deer in close time. Where there is a market, there is a constant, steady, never-ceasing operation of the agencies of game destruction for the supply of that market. With such a system as is contemplated by the Wilks-Donaldson measure, the State Game Protectors would be powerless to stop unlawful market-hunting; it never has been done; it cannot be done now.

There is no reputable advocacy of this Wilks-Donaldson scheme to open the game market. There is not a single game protective club, not a citizen who honestly wishes protection for our diminishing game, but is indignant at this proposition.

In the name of game protection, in the name of the true interests of the citizens of New York, we protest against the Executive's approval of the Donaldson bill. There is nothing of merit in that measure to counterbalance the evil of this Section 249. The men who are asking for this law, and the interests demanding it, are the marketmen and the commission interests. They ask for the law in order that they may dispose of more game. That is all they want, but that in itself is the sufficient answer to the demand. The New York game supply cannot stand the increased drain upon it provided by an open market. The game of our sister States cannot stand the drain. In very many States the exportation of game to the markets is forbidden. By opening her own markets the year around New York would be putting a premium upon the unlawful shipment of game from other States. In the name of the citizens of other States, as well as of our own, we urge Gov. Morton to veto the Donaldson bill.

THE FESTIVAL OF DIANA.

NEW YORK is the heart of America. The lovely little Madison Square, a tiny green bit of priceless earth showing alike the pulse of nature and the pulse of the most highly differentiated civilization, may well be called the heart of New York. A jewel upon the heart of this *cor cordium*, this heart of hearts, is the vast but exquisite building known as the Madison Square Garden, the very spot of all in the country best known and most suitable as an auditorium and spectaculum for vast entertainments. Above the plain but spacious bounds of this great amphitheater, like tender chains suspending it from the sky, rise floating bands of exquisitely handled stone, so light, so airy, so beautiful and fragile, that they seem not columns, but ribbons—not resting, but depending. And on above, pinning daintily together all these airy flauntings, the central gem of the jewel on this heart of hearts, rests, or rather poises, the golden statue of Diana, beyond all question the best known and best beloved of all American statuary, no matter by what hand or of what material. How many millions have looked on that splendid, dainty, matchless figure of grace, bending her golden bow above the throbbing heart of the great city of New York, no one can tell. How many millions saw this same figure poise the same shaft above the great and now vanished White City at Chicago, no one can tell. But there, as here, even among crowds of the most ambitious sculptures, Diana of the golden bow was the most beloved. It is not recorded that ever a word of criticism was heard let fall regarding this one figure. Beyond reproach was this one thing. Great was Diana of the Ephesians. Beloved is Diana of America.

Diana was the goddess of the chase. Is this the reason that in the heart of Americans, the greatest race of sportsmen on the globe, where every man may bear arms and set free foot upon soil free forever—is this the reason Diana is beloved? Is this the reason that under Diana's bended bow there was held a gathering of the ideas of the chase such as in their fullness and perfection surprised as though it had been inspiration the founders of this Exposition? Truly it would seem so. As all America loves Diana, all America seemed under levy to bring her tribute. From the far mountains of the West, from the salt sea of the Pacific, from the cold corners of old Maine to the hot plains of Texas, all Americans rose and brought spoils of the chase and material of the hunt as tribute to Diana of the Americans. And Diana of the golden bow, exultant and gracious to her children, poised tiptoe on her pleasant pinnacle and turned her face to the North, to the South, to the East and to the West, and said, "Thank you, my subjects and my children."

The Sportsmen's Exposition was American, and representatively so. Many may have thought it was to be local, but in no way could they have been more wrong. It was national, and a nation of sportsmen will be proud of it. Many may have thought it was merely a trade display. In no way could they have erred more palpably, and in no way could the daily press of New York city have showed better an unaccountable lack of perspicacity in news seeking. Some may have thought the Exposition was only a showing of modern sporting methods. They were wrong. It was a showing and a glorification of the methods and material of the sportsmen of all times. The ancient hunter of other lands, the primitive red hunter of our own land, the hunter of the far past, the passing and of the present, all these had their meeting place, their tryst of the undying brotherhood of sport, under the bow of the goddess of the chase, who knows no times nor nationalities.

The pages of this journal, which is devoted to the purer doctrines of the goddess of the chase, contain descriptions of the Exposition in particulars. In the general comment but one conclusion can be expressed. The Sportsmen's Exposition was a national success. Even success may grow, and it is an easy prediction that still greater success will fall next spring, when the Exposition will be held again, and when again the sportsmen of America will meet and bring their yearly tribute to heap up at the feet of Diana of America.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE fraternal spirit of angling sometimes does not work. It has not done so on the St. Lawrence River. Last year, without any warning or any special reason that has ever been disclosed, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries caused the adoption of a regulation imposing a license fee of five dollars on non-resident anglers. This barred out St. Lawrence River fishermen; and then for retaliation a boycott was put upon the Canadian boatmen and the alien labor laws were put in operation against them. The law and these results of it bred bad feeling all around, irritated the Americans and robbed the boatmen of their earnings. The Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River has been active in its efforts to secure the abrogation of the obnoxious regulation, and last week a committee went before the Minister of Fisheries and made a strong plea for a restoration of the old-time harmonious relations. They promised that if the license requirement should be removed from American anglers in Canadian waters, Canadian boatmen would once more be given employment in American waters. The proposal was met with a rebuff. The Minister of Fisheries offers as a reason for not complying with the Association's request the principle that his Government cannot take cognizance of unofficial representations in an international affiair—a sound position surely, and not a whit less tenable than that of the stickler for etiquette who refused to rescue from drowning a young lady to whom he had not been introduced.

We print to-day the first part of the story of "The Museum Caribou," by the late Rev. A. H. Gesner, so long known to readers of these pages as "Stillaboy." The sketches written by Mr. Gesner have added interest because in them is illustrated so well the abiding values of a woodland outing; these long-ago expeditions into Canadian wilds were not alone joys in themselves and for the time being, but furnished abundant material for reminiscent review, at a time when to recall them in memory was to renew in a way and partake again of their pleasures. The satisfaction and benefit of the camp in the wilderness, who can measure them?

THE organization of a Game and Fish Protective Association in Minnesota affords ground for believing that the interests concerned will be given material advancement. The new society is a direct achievement of Mr. W. L. Tucker, whose pen has been indefatigable in the preliminary work of organization. We trust that we may have occasion to record for the association an active and useful life.

Among Adirondack veterans is Orson S. Phelps, the fisherman and trapper of Keene Valley, familiarly known throughout the North Woods as "Old Mountain Phelps." He is now in his eightieth year, and never wants for an indulgent hearing when advancing his claim that he has taken as many trout as any other man in the Adirondacks.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES FROM CAMP NESSMUK.

II.—House-Building.

ORDINARILY a hollow makes a poor camp ground, for currents of cold air sweep down it at night, on the same principle that water runs down hill. Spook Hollow ran from north to south, with a steep and heavily-timbered ridge closing it on the south. The sides were precipitous hills rising two or three hundred feet, with ledges of exposed rock about half way up, which were honey-combed with crannies and fox dens. The sun was not visible from my camp until 9 A. M., and retired from the hollow promptly at 5 P. M., leaving little or no twilight. In an average season such a place would be damp, and in case of a hard rain might be unpleasant. But last year was an uncommonly dry one with us, and it was the drought that settled my choice of a camp site—that and the diabolical protection previously alluded to. For there was only one spring in the neighborhood that had not run dry—Pompernickle Spring, as Barnes had named it in one of his inspired moods, and any one who knows Mincke will forgive me for not wanting to carry water up those hills.

Probably there is not another spot on earth within twenty miles of a city of half a million inhabitants that is quite so wild as Mincke. From the crest of the ridge southeast of Camp Nessmuk one can look for miles and miles and see nothing but sharp ridges densely covered with scrubby oaks and hickories, steep hollows gloomy with a richer vegetation, bare ledges, and occasionally a glade from which peeps a negro cabin. Animal life is not very abundant, but there are coons and possums, skunks and foxes, squirrels, woodchucks, hawks, buzzards, owls, doves and lesser creatures of earth or air, with occasionally a flock of wild turkeys. Reptilian life is fairly abundant. Venomous snakes are rather scarce, but scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes may be found almost any day under flat stones, and nimble little lizards are darting everywhere. Song birds are not plentiful, and their absence adds to the true wilderness effect of Mincke. The wild hog, that pest of the Missouri woods, is also absent; but O the chigres! My friend, take my advice, and keep out of the Mincke grass in summer. The first frost drives these microscopic fiends into winter quarters.

Within a few rods of Pompernickle I cleared some high ground of roots and stones, got out the double-bitted hatchet, and proceeded to erect the framework of my house. Except for the abundance of provisions, a two weeks' supply, the outfit for this camp was mostly copied from "Nessmuk's" "Woodcraft." There are many who smile at the idea of learning anything about woodcraft from books, and their scorn is, in a measure, justified by the fact that most works on the art of camping are disappointing. Englishmen are the greatest sinners in this respect, and there is one work in particular that will afford you many a chuckle—a ponderous octavo entitled "Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life," which tells you how to explore a bit of wild country with the aid of a company of servants and a baggage train inproportion. But there are books and books. It would be hard to name a subject that has not at least its one good book, which will save the beginner many a tedious failure, and can even teach the old-timer something that he did not know before. Of such is "Woodcraft."

"Nessmuk" wrote, of course, with a particular locality in mind—the Northeastern wilderness, with its waterways and balsams—and some of his advice would be of slight value in Southern swamps or on Western plains, in the Rockies or among the wastes of the Far North. Moreover, he wrote for the lone camper, who goes, as a wise man, light. And let it be said right here that any one can camp with a wagon, but that the man who can carry on his own back all that he requires for a sojourn in the wilderness is a scholar and a king by comparison. "Nessmuk" was past master of the craft, and I am proud to acknowledge that, after doing my fair share of experimenting, I have found most of his wrinkles to be the very best for the service they are intended to perform.

My shanty tent had seen service before. It was a trifle larger than "Nesmuk's," as the drilling was 3in. wider than his, and it had a front door, the roof being continued to form a flap that can be tacked down in front, thus leaving the outfit securely housed from tempest and vermin during its owner's absence. The flap was never closed at night when the tent was occupied, for a shanty tent is intended to let in pure air and the glow of a well-built camp fire. The flap thrown back over the roof gives additional protection against rain and sparks. The lime-and-alum process of waterproofing was tried with some misgivings when the tent was made, misgivings which were justified on first trial, and I came back from that expedition resolved to find something better than oxide of alumina to keep me dry. Nobody but a sportsman and a brother would excuse the trouble I took to solve that problem. A tent of thin drilling, with a shed roof pitched at a moderate angle, is no easy thing to waterproof. Rubber solution or boiled oil will do it after a fashion, but they are heavy, and either rot or crack, or develop some other bad trick. The process finally adopted was original and gave complete satisfaction, rendering the tent permanently waterproof and mildew proof, so that moist earth from the drain trench may be heaped against the lower edge without rotting the fiber. But it is somewhat dangerous to apply, as it obliges one to use a very inflammable liquid raised about to its boiling point. I hope to overcome this objection, and so will say no more about the process at present.

The shanty tent has one disadvantage: it is hard to set up in some localities. To cut posts, poles, head and foot logs, is easy when saplings are near, but to measure and shape them, drive the posts to exactly the same depth, and allow for the thickness of roof poles—this takes time, especially when you are working in stony ground. Of course it can be set up quickly by the one-pole method but then it is no longer a shanty tent, and makes rather cramped quarters. For trips in which camp must be struck and made anew every day, an ordinary wagon sheet or square of waterproofed drilling is tent enough for anybody to bother with. But when spending a week or so in one place, in the woods, the shanty tent is the most comfortable and healthful abode that I ever tried. Mine has sheltered three. The tent, blanket and rubber poncho 4×6ft., together weigh less than the sheepskin-and-canvas sleeping bags so much recommended for cold weather, and instead of a mere cocoon they afford a home where courtesies can be extended to a brother wanderer.

My camp ground being in the Ozark region, it goes without saying that there was plenty of flint and no browse. Alas, no browse! The drought had been so severe that the fallen leaves and twigs were dangerously inflammable, so I swept the ground carefully, cleared away the stones, smoothed the floor, dug hollows for hips and shoulders, raised a little mound of earth to supplement the diminutive pillow, and spread the poncho on the bare earth. Then came the army blanket, converted into a bag of double thickness by lapping it and securing the free side with strong safety pins. The pillow came next; and that was all there was to the bed making.

As the hollow was likely to prove a cold and draughty place to camp in, with only a fold of blanket between me and the bare ground, there was need of a good fireplace and plenty of night wood. Fortunately there was an axe in camp. In describing how to build a camp-fire, "Nessmuk" relates with gusto how he and a companion felled a 10in. butternut with their hatchets and logged it up. The thing can be done by one man if necessary. The double-bitted hatchet, when made of surgical instrument steel, is indeed a marvel. It will bite deeper and hold an edge longer than any one would believe who has not handled the cunning little tool. But when backlogs are to be cut, most of us would prefer more weight and a full length halve.

The art of building a camp-fire has been expounded so well in "Woodcraft" that you would think nobody could blunder in it Yet I have known two college graduates to follow the directions religiously, and, misled by the woodcut in the little volume, plant their logs 9ft. in front of the tent. The fire was all right, but somehow those campers nearly froze. So it may not be out of place to give a few details, for every season a swarm of city boys makes for the woods who never spent a night in camp.

My backlogs were cut to 6ft. lengths from a butternut 12in. at the butt. The stakes were driven 5½ft. from the footlog of the tent. The fire dogs or hand junks were bedded 3½ft. apart, and I dug an oven 2½×2½×2ft. deep between them, letting it fill with ashes and embers for the morrow's baking. The forestick was matched to the dogs, which, together with the chinks between the backlogs, were plastered with mud. A small pile of dry splinters and bark from a dead oak would soon yield coals for cooking supper.

The knack of fire-building consists, first, in selecting proper materials; second, in placing them so that air can circulate freely beneath and through them; and third, in not heaping on too much fuel at a time. For a cooking fire nothing is better than the sound and perfectly dry bark from a tree that has died on its stump. Moist or decayed stuff makes a smudge. For a quick meal, pluck a handful or so of dry twigs no thicker than your little finger from dead limbs or standing shoots. In winter, when all the boughs were wet, I have boiled water for tea with the dead stalks of weeds that stick up through the snow. A good camp cook will seldom smut the bottom of a kettle.

For a reliable camp-fire you must have some kind of backing to reflect the heat forward, and the higher it is the better. A big boulder or ledge of rock makes capital backing, for it retains heat and does not require rebuilding; but be careful to avoid calcareous rock, as it may burst and knock your head off. Get as close to the fire as you can with safety. My forestick was only 3ft. in front of the tent, the roof of which was entirely unprotected, but by selecting such wood as did not crackle much I burned only one small hole in the roof in two weeks. Soft wood, or dry hard wood, makes poor fuel for the night, as it burns too fiercely, sends out showers of sparks and is soon spent. "Nessmuk" says: "The sweetest and wholesomest woods of the forest are in this order: black birch, hickory, sugar maple, yellow birch, red birch" (I quote from memory). To which it may be added that some woods, like cedar, poplar and gum, will scarcely burn at all when green.

It was late when I lugged the last stick to camp and stood my axe up against a tree. Shadows had fallen in Spook Hollow, and with them came a chill. The fun of outdoor life vanished with the sun. Night brought cold, dampness, loneliness, mystery, strange sounds and stranger silences.

Then came the miracle.

A match was struck. Up went a little puff of smoke, then a tongue of flame, presently a blaze. The phantoms vanished. There was light, warmth, cheer—the glorious comradry of fire.

The bark quickly burned to coals. I fried some ham, boiled coffee, and got out the bread and butter. It was a simple meal, but I lingered over it like a gourmet. What an appetite the woods life gives one!

Now to slick up. Dish washing is a nuisance, but even scullionry may be reduced to an art. The art is this: Throw away nearly all your dishes and keep the rest of them clean. A frying-pan, quart pail, hunting knife and spoon were all the utensils that figured at this meal, and the spoon was a superfluity—you can whittle out just as good a one in two minutes, and can throw it away when done with it. This latter attribute places the wooden spoon at the very head of camp luxuries.

I put a dry stick or two over the dogs, got them going and topped them off with a couple of green hickories. Then out came the calumet. It was a seasoned Missouri meerschaum, that is to say, a cob—best and sweetest of pipes, unbreakable, light and suggestively bucolic. Lolling back on the blanket, with the bright warmth flooding the tent, I worshipped the fire like any Parsee of old. Flames leaped up the backlogs and scales of bark burst away in miniature bombardments. The sap boiled out of the wood and sang merrily as it changed to steam. Now and then a sweet tremulo would come from some night bird in the dark thicket. The owls set up their screeching and faint rustlings in the leaves told of sharp eyes reconnoitering from the ledges above. I was alone with my fire and the gnomes of the woods. Fancy began to play. Time rolled back. Blessed be the magic that makes us boys again! Jolly old friends clustered round, each in his jolliest mood. We reviewed it all: the pranks and follies, the struggles and rebuffs, the fierce joys of peril by land and sea.

The pipe went out. I turned in. The fire died down until the little tent showed only a ghostly outline against the surrounding blackness. If some belated Mincke nigger, plodding homeward along the crest of the ridge, caught a glimpse of Camp Nessmuk through the trees, it is small wonder if he broke into a run and panted to himself, "'Fo' God, I shuah done seed de ha'nt!'

HORACE KEPHART.



CAMP NESSMUK.

Mink, October, 1894.

THE MUSEUM CARIBOU.

BY "STILLABOY."

"HE! he! Doc'or. How you do? Me is here. Shake um han'."

This was Nuel's address as he walked into our little dining-room and sat himself at the table.

"Why! is it you, Nuel? I am glad to see you."

"Yees, an' me'es glad too. You wan' um calleboo, I s'pose. Good time for dis if it done snow more 'fore we get camp."

"Yes, I want a caribou—a good one. I want only a bull—a stag. And if you get me a good one I will give you the same as last year—half a crown every day while you hunt, and five more crowns if you get it with blankets and cloth for squaw, and I find the things to eat. Do you understand that, Nuel?"

"Yees. Me glad. Me do it. Nice time w'en we eat um. Pancake an' coffee. He! he! Make um me feel good to t'ink of um."

The following day found Nuel and myself going up stream, to what might be called the lower end of a bog. We expected to reach this in two days and commence our hunt at once. But this up stream was not so pleasant as I had anticipated. For some distance we were hardly above the banks, and that muddy part of the way. There was little or nothing to interest me. We saw plenty of muskrat holes along the stream. Several times we had to get out so as to keep the cance from chafing the bottom, and in only one place was required real steady poling. Of course there was little to be seen in the way of animal life and the region was extremely dreary. Above my head I saw several crows, two bluejays, a troop of chickadees and one downy woodpecker. We heard two or three partridges as we passed upward, and a muskrat was seen under water as he made awake as he hurried toward his hole. It was not until 2 o'clock that Nuel suggested: "Now, Doc'or, look out. P'raps partries fly. You shoot um if you can. Hard to shoot on canoe."

But I could shoot, and two old cocks, a hen and a rabbit—hare—when we camped, were handed over to the spoils.

About 4 o'clock Nuel said, "Doc'or, dis good place for camp."

"Why, what place is this, Nuel? You said there was no barn nor house here. What is it?"

"Oh, only fool house. I tell you all 'bout it when we clean out skunk, if dey let us."

The skunks let us. At least, we saw none around, nor was there anything offensive. But I noticed two holes under the foundation of the house, and close beside was a little pile of excrement. The small bones and wings of beetles had not been washed away yet. Then I noticed several holes by the floor that looked as though the place had been occupied quite recently. Nuel was very careful to block up these decaying places with stones, as the habitation appeared to be still occupied.

The house had never been a good log one, and there were several places where the light could be seen through the shingles. These shingles had been manufactured here on the spot.

But we must let Nuel tell the story. He commenced our meal: "Have blenty pancake. You want to know 'bout de 'fool house.' Me tell um you. A Englis'man used to lib here two year ago. He goin' to do great t'ings; build house, big barn, cut down trees, make um wat he call clearin', an' in winter catch um skin."

"Well, that is not a large clearing, Nuel."

"Me guess not, 'bout as big you call door-yard; p'haps half acre. An' he most starb last year; rabbit scarce, no moose, trout mose frees in. Only he eat um skrils an' one porkapine."

"Why, didn't he catch any animals?"

"Oh yes, he caught in fall 'bout dozen muskquash, two mink, one otter. Mose caught his own bear trap. Gabrel had to send him an' bring him to camp, fifteen miles away, an' de foolish man caught cole. He gone to Lun'en now an' sell his gun an' tings. But hush! Hark! What dat?"

We listen for a few moments and directly a screech owl was heard. At this Nuel said, "Oh, I sorry, I sorry."

"Why?" said I.

"Ah, means bad luck. Never like to hear *ke yo he e* [low, high sound]; wan' to hear *hoo, hoo, o* first."

"I guess it will make no difference, Nuel. Why should it?"

"Ugh! A Irishman used to say he a *bankee*, an' I notice his pappoose die an' he man cut he foot an' his cow got sick."

"Well, did he and the cow get well, Nuel?"

"Oh, yees; he got well. His squaw have two nice pappoose, an' he cow can eat as good as any one. But I t'ink it mean bad luck. Goin' rain morrow."

Before we sat down Nuel relaid the old hearth and braced up the falling door so that it would stand against intruders. Of course we could see out of the chimney, and there were many cracks and places where the light was visible. A rickety bench served as a table, and my seat was an old shingle block. Before 7 o'clock I saw that Nuel was tired. He hardly smoked his pipe out before I saw his lids closing, nor could I get more than a monosyllable from him before he was asleep.

Left to myself, I had time to reflect. Perhaps I soliloquized. I wish that screech owl would stop his howling. Of course I do not believe in signs, but I am sorry Nuel mentioned it. I wonder is there a vein of superstition among men. Now what is that scratching at one of the holes, something as though a cat were jumping up? And a rat or a mouse is climbing over the roof. But we hear a squak, and something like a flap of a bird is heard, and he screeching ceases at once.

Now I hear only the sound of *hoo-hoo*, and the snapping of the fire and the sizzling of green wood, and the report of *push*, as though gas was trying to force steam out of the heated bark. But I sleep, and not until I awoke did I perceive that something had run over my face. It is totally dark here, except in just one live spark; and as I began to realize to myself, I hear that pushing or jumping under the floor. At once I feel for the hearth and push aside the ashes, and then I hear the hurrying away of mice and see a long-tailed one close under my bed. I have to awake Nuel and tell him "The mice are eating up our breakfast." It was not difficult to arouse him. He simply said:

"Um, ha. Injin had good sleep. W'at you wan', Doc'or? Skunk can't get in here."

"No, but the mice will eat up all our provisions."

"Dat so? Mus' keep fire blaze. Me sleep. Me forget."

I looked at the watch. It was 2:30, and in a little time we were asleep again, nor did I awake until Nuel said, "Doc'or, you need not fear dis time about mouse or skunk. Mose breakfas'. Sorry—rain hard "

It was raining hard, but not a cold rain. This led Nuel to say, "Maybe stop soon." But it did not cease until after 12, too late to start for our voyage.

Meanwhile we had breakfast, the last of our partridges, while Nuel had to satisfy himself with the hindlegs and back of a rabbit. One of his remarks was singular, "Mus' hab somefin better for dinner dan dis."

"Why, don't you like rabbit, Nuel?"

"Like it? Ugh! No—only fit for squaw or pappoose. I wan' bear or calleboo."

However, there was nothing but bacon for dinner. He deplored it, but added, "Never mind, Doc'or, me have more partrie after rain stop."

When the trees had somewhat dried off, with my shot and gun, he started off for partridges, first around the clearing and then a little to the left of some low bushes. But not a feather could he raise. He had passed around the edge of the clearing, I watching the new farm, and not a sign of life there. When he got through he said, "Me done understan' dis, Doc'or. To't we fine some 'round dis. Oh, yees [an afterthought], me know w'at to do. You not mine me go 'way—two hour—maybe more. Mus' go to beech—w'at you call ridge. Dat best place for partrie at dis time. Will kill anyt'ing for eat? W'at you say? Shall do?"

"Oh yes, moose or caribou or bear."

For a time I amused myself in chopping down a tree and closing up the skunk holes under the floor. I had noticed that a second growth had sprung up around the clearing. This made the place appear all the more desolate. A few raspberry canes lying near the ground and broken-down ferns near the house; then some scrub oaks, with two or three short beeches, with the leaves brown and bleached still on them. There was no need of fences—the clearing was defined well enough—a gap in the woods, with plenty of leaning trees—just behind the little river, and now the most forlorn house that some one had hoped for so much.

The afternoon was lovely. It was as pleasant as it could be. The sun shone out almost like an early summer day. I saw three or four wood flies buzzing around the doorstep and a red-looking butterfly flew across the clearing. Of course there were no summer birds—not even a hermit thrush—but in the distance I heard a bluejay, and six or seven chickadees came along, and several squirrels chippered at me. One even presumed to mount upon the roof—tail up—and snicker at my loss. Yes, the afternoon was perfect. It was perfectly quiet. We could hear even a leaf falling near, and the noise of the nuthatches and the downy woodpeckers could be heard a long way off. I thought I heard Nuel's shots, too; and so it proved. He returned at 3:30 with a bunch of nine partridges, the fattest I had ever seen or tasted. His remark was: "Got some fat partrie, an' scare a bear. Me not expect him. He smell me. He was on top hill. I lookin' for brush near foot of hill. Dey fill belly wid beechnut on hill an' walk down an' wait till belly get empty. Dat de time me kill dem an' bear get away. Goin' to be fine morrow. We mus' start early."

Neither skunk nor mice disturbed us much. From time o time Nuel threw some dried spruce on the fire and it ept up such a snapping as to alarm the intruders. It was hardly light enough to see clearly when we left one of the most dreary places I had ever seen. A wigwam in the midst of a forest was a palace to this place. Gray and weather-beaten and dilapidated hardly describes it. The only thing I could conceive of it was, a lone barred owl standing alone, a type of his desolation.

The stream narrowed as we came up, but while it was narrow it was deeper and had not so much current. I could see we were drawing toward a bog somewhere. From time to time it twisted and turned. Sometimes it seemed to me we did not make a mile in a straight line, when we had traveled two hours. Alders and yellow birches, and occasionally a large spruce hemmed us in. No duck nor even a muskrat, except one that dove near the canoe. For several hours we saw nothing at all of note. It was as poky as we could conceive. Even the beauty of an Indian summer with all its lovely haze could not enliven the birds. And if there were any beaver or otter in this vicinity we did not see them. A solitary moose bird (meat-hawk, Canada jay) passed over and the squirrels were too far to be heard. The high grounds and spruce trees were too far away. I looked for some life—chickadee or nuthatch—but missed it this time. May be we only happened to escape them. Well, we did escape them until nearly 12 o'clock. But the air and haze and quiet were pleasant, and the indescribable smell of dying leaves cannot be surpassed.

But now a change; a kind of point projecting amid the flat level gave us some chance to stretch our legs, and a bright squirrel at once challenged me with a pile of spruce corn husks to tell us how busy he had been. But the afternoon was as eventless as the morning. The squirrel challenge was the end of animate life, except a few chickadees and a bluejay. We noticed the trees got shorter and the stream contracted as we paddled up.

About 3 o'clock I saw we were nearing to the higher ground. A rounded point amid the lower level seemed to approach. It did until Nuel said: "Now Doc'or we mus' stay here. Can land here. Not get wet." Indeed that seemed to be quite a bank, as the stream touched the edge, and then branched away to what it seemed to me was a bog or barren, four or five miles away.

"You not mine sleep uner canoe dis time, will you Doc'or. Goin' to be fine. We make some branch for me. We wan' to hunt 'morrow mornin'."

The boughs were secured as Nuel proposed, and in early morning we were off. But no luck. We searched the neighborhood of our place, then two miles away to a smaller indentation, as though there was once a large lake and here was a bay. There was no trace of caribou. Only the track of a large moose was seen, and this made some days before. We could see this; the rain of Tuesday told us; it was nearly washed away.

Nuel's remark was characteristic. He ate his supper in comparative quiet. "Me don't understand Doc'or. No sign ob calleboo. I know he wander around an' trabble all time from place to place. Dat de kine of he. I t'ink we better go to other place. Hard trabble too. Can you stan' um? Have to walk more 'an ten. Can't walk short cross. Bog not frozen at all."

Next morning found us on our way and it was as difficult as Nuel said. But we need not speak of this. About 10:30 we laid down our packs. Nuel's first exclamation was. "Ugha! Oha! wigwam blown down. Win' blow him down. Me 'fraid he spoil um. Break de back. An' I 'fraid it goin' to rain enight. If he only wait um until afternoon, me fix um."

Meanwhile, after Nuel went back for his second load, I busied myself in repairing the camp. It was indeed badly injured on one side, but by wrapping my fly tent around the bark and covering it with branches, it was not so bad. And so it proved.

The camp was well protected. I could not see how in the world wind could possibly have blown it down. It was protected on every side but one and the injured side was not the one we would expect to be injured. In our rear was quite a high rock and above it a dozen or more large spruces. One of these trees was intended as a "look out" for caribou. We could see some distance from this place.

But the camp was made as comfortable as I could make it. All the old brush was cleared away and a trench made, except in front. If it should rain I did not want our beds to be flooded. And I set a flat stone for a hearth with sides to protect the fire. I know of nothing much worse than to be aroused in the night by fire, when our beds were blazing and our provisions perishing. Or having our hearth sinking down and down until the turf is a foot and a half below the fireplace. I would rather run the risk of snapping stones to a hole below the surface. But we suffered very little from this.

Of course we had to use billets for wood. We could not burn large sticks. My fear was that we could not keep warm should cold rains or a storm come on.

However, the camp was a great success, nor did I wonder at Nuel's remark on his return at 3 o'clock: "Mose so good as me could do."

He could not bring everything, but he had the flour and the "hardtack." The first time we had brought the bacon and the coffee and the sugar with the utensils. The next day Nuel brought my shotgun, my snowshoes (we thought they might be necessary), my heavy coat with two comfortables. That I knew Nuel and myself would require.

Nuel's special charge on his last trip was this: "Doc'or, you watch um from dis tree. You can see um long way ober de bog an' barn [barren] too. Look for what you call um islan' an' small wood an' edge ob barn. Calleboo hard to see. Look mose like dead leaves hang, like oak or beech tree. Watch him, if som'fin move an' hark when you hear like leaves move."

I attended most carefully to Nuel's directions. I only came down three times from my perch. However, I saw nothing, search as I did. I thought for certain I must find something. Again and again I was sure I saw a caribou. But no hallucination could deceive me. There was not a bird—not even a crow nor a bluejay. Out in the bog and opposite the barren was as lifeless as a waste. What a dreary, lonesome place it was! We looked upon a bog and beyond it a barren, and some miles away the coniferous hills. Here and there you would see a thread of water. Choked up it appears, with little pools that shimmered in my eye. There appeared to be a line of dead cattails in some places, and alder bushes and a growth of birches. There were some dwarfed spruces, and a mile or more large boulders, with dead trees—with beeches and oaks interspersed. Some of these places looked li... little islands amid the bog. But the barren was not so very unlike the bog itself. The barren rose up slowly from the lower level. The only thing that distinguished it was that there was usually a fringe of bushes that defined the edges of the barren growth.

But on the barren we could see the turf through the dead blueberry bushes, and pieces of rock were scattered around, as if they had dropped down. This was the sight I saw from my "watch tree," so far as I can describe it, when Nuel called me at noon to inquire, "Well, Doc'or. Me here. You see some calleboo?"

"No, Nuel, not one."

"Den we mus' eat an' go right off."

Our preparations were soon made. As we started Nuel said, "Now, Doc'or, mus' not shoot 'roun' here except for calleboo. Not for partrie or rabbit. Me set snare for rabbit right near here. It good for rabbit. Me eat um if me have. Me hate squaw food. But me hope me find calleboo. You save two partrie."

Meanwhile Nuel set five snares. I could see, too, on very good paths. They were well defined. A mile away Nuel stationed me. He said, "Doc'or, you see calleboo come 'roun' here—two—five—six—maybe. Good place. You watch um. You know—climb up tree. Can see pretty long place."

Nuel had left me near a spur of the mountain. It was almost as good a place as above the camp. But I waited and I waited, and not a sign of anything did I see but squirrels and spruce partridges, and three or four moose birds—Canada jays—with some golden-crowned wrens, attended by a few chickadees. It seemed to me that I had waited a half day for the caribou to come, but I found it was only 3 o'clock. At this time I heard Nuel coming along and muttering as he came. He had on his back a load of birch bark. But he was in great excitement, I could see. His words were: "Doc'or, me is awful mad. Want to say cuss words all de time. Feel like to kill dat man."

"Why! I am surprised to hear you say this, Nuel."

"Umph! You would not be s'prised if you knew w'at dat liar do."

"Come, there; tell me about it."

"Me tell you when we get home. Mus' fix wigwam first. We make um all right; but me awful mad."

I said no more until we got home and the crushed bark was repaired, Nuel saying hardly a word except to mutter to himself. My idea was that plenty of pancakes and coffee would restore him. But you could see a scowl on his face. At last he said, "Me tell you why me so mad, Doc'or. Dat, dat [mus' say dis time] he, dat Yangee, Melicetes (he no Micmac) been lyin', an' he soger officer, too. Say he not go to our place, but way off near big bar'n; two day away. An' I believe he was de one dat threw down the wigwam. Dat not win'."

"But what makes you think so, Nuel?"

"Oho, me know Paul. You know he my uncle son. You call 'im cousin. All de same. He big liar. He say he not come my way, an' he gone 'sackly [exactly] dat way an' cross to udder bar'n, big one, me tole you."

"But how do you know? Tell me about it."

"Well den, you see we hunt um t'ree day now. Watch you place firs'—den watch big tree, twice every mornin'. You not see only ole track, two day ole. No sign. While me was goin' on very careful—creep under broken twig an' knot—me see berry little wool'n hair on knot. He what you call um homespun jacket. He had dat on him. Den Paul he loss him small toe an' de nex' to it. Small dent not on in moccasin on right side. Me saw dat place in mud t'ree time. He no cheat me.

"An' he soger capt'n with him. He good hunter, too. Me know him. He stan' berry sideway. Like to hab his footstep berry stiff—what you call reg'lar. An' w'en he creep his knee make um large dent in moss an' mud—larger dan Injun make. Soger fell in mud hole. Me see de place. Me guess he not look wait to see, an' han's an' gun fall into hole! Uch! uch! make him say cuss words, me guess, he! he!

"But now we better get ready, me t'ink. Maybe we hab to wait sometime for calleboos. Day come back affer few day. Maybe week. We wan' to fix up good wigwam. He better than shanty. Wigwam more warm."

This was very disappointing to me, but there was no help, and I had no doubt about Nuel's truth. The last three days had been very pleasant—as fine as summer, only cooler, with a heavy air, though not like October. It was as Nuel said, "berry fine," and had been for three weeks, off and on. But now a change was approaching. I noticed my watch at 3 o'clock, and I saw that the night was very dark, and a little sprinkle of rain had commenced. And soon after this we heard a hoo-hoo. For Nuel's sake I was glad we heard this. He noticed it, too. "We not hear any *ke-yo-kee* first. Me glad. Mean 'good luck' all same."

But Nuel was mistaken, as you will see. It was pouring at morning, nor did it stop until late in the afternoon.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Expensive Robins.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last circuit court held by Justice Gaynor for the county of Richmond two Italians were arraigned, tried and convicted for the offense of shooting robins.

One of the men was unfortunate enough to have destroyed 59 birds and the other had killed 13. The former paid $1,475 for his day's sport and the latter $325. The man who was responsible for the capture of these two pot-hunting Italians was John Fisk, who had gained fame previously by arresting the Rev. Dr. Dixon for a like offense. EDWARD SIDNEY RAWSON.

New York State Association.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There will be a meeting of the Executive Committee of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Buffalo, Tuesday, May 28, 3 P. M., at the Broezel House, to consider our finances and other matters that may be brought up. FRANK J. AMSDEN, Pres.

Caspian Tern in Michigan.

HOLLAND, Mich., May 16.—A fine Caspian tern in elegant plumage was shot here Monday, May 13. I have secured it and will mount it for my own collection. It was pretty badly shot, one wing being nearly severed from the body, but by working carefully a very nice specimen was made from it. ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL.

WILD-BOAR HUNTING IN THE HARTZ.

IT was in the Hartz Mountains, in Germany. The snow had been falling for a couple of days, and a slight frost had set in early in the morning, when word was brought to us by a Government keeper that he had located a large boar in one part of the forest near the "Silver Eel"—a silver and lead mine. As soon as this could be communicated to the few of us entitled to shoot there by virtue of being Government officials and representative men of the village, we gathered at the chief forester's house and had to undergo an examination of rifles, cartridges and hunting knife before we were allowed to start. Two large boar-hounds were lashed together and taken by a keeper, and a deer-hound was taken by another to follow the scent.

After a hearty breakfast we started out, eight hunters and twenty odd beaters, and after an hour's hard climbing reached the trail on which the scent had been found. The chief forester and one of his men soon located the piece of forest where the boar had gone in, and we were posted around three sides of it while the beaters went in with the dogs on the fourth one. Mr. W., the bookkeeper of the Government mining store, was posted about 40yds. to the left of me on the off side of the trail (it is an old German custom to post the shooters that way), and hid behind a fir tree, just as I had done, after having let him know where I was located.

After a short while we began to hear the hounds "hallohoo" and the forester's horn sounded the warning. My rifle began to shake in my hands and I knew I had the gun fever pretty bad. The underbrush began to creak and I said to myself, "I hope it won't be the boar, I would miss him sure." It was only a red fox, a fine fellow at that, whom I would have liked to bag any other time, but we were out for nobler game.

Then all a sudden began a great cracking of twigs to the left ahead of me and suddenly a big black mass, that looked to me like an elephant, broke over the trail. I shot my right barrel, but at the same time Mr. W. shot and the boar went for him. He had only a single muzzle-loading rifle, so he threw it away and took his hunting knife out, singing out, "Huss, huss, sow!" The boar went straight for him and I could not shoot for fear of hurting the man. He had kneeled down and put the handle of his hunting knife to the right knee to steady the shock. The boar went at him blindly and received the knife between both forelegs right into the heart, but such was the shock that both tumbled over in a heap. When I came up, the boar was slashing still at the man and had hurt him somewhat, so I took my left barrel and gave it to him in the ear, which ended the job.

We had a jolly supper that night, and the boar's head, presented to me by Mr. W., adorns my brother's house at home. GLOBE TROTTER.

Natural History.

SKIING FOR LIVE ELK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For more than ten years I have been a devoted supporter of the principles set forth in FOREST AND STREAM—long may it continue a champion of the cause of fairness for the game, and to offer wise counsel and joyous companionship among all true sportsmen.

I have never before asked for space in your columns, but beg that you will let me share with my fellow readers this letter, just received from a typical hunting ranchman and genuine good fellow who lives in one of the most charming valleys along the great continental backbone and near the last retreats of the disappearing big game. Although his methods in this case may be a little irregular—perhaps unlawful—his motives are all right. This is a region where game laws are almost unknown and entirely disregarded. The captured elk now have the run of a small but well fitted up park, and under the care of this enthusiastic and "gritty" game-preserver, or rather relic-preserver—for a fenced elk is no more game than a Jersey cow—they will, without doubt, prove the nucleus of a very interesting band. The letter, with a few omissions, is as follows:

"MARCH 31, 1895.—*Dear Cousin Jac:* Your letter of Feb. 26 came to hand in due time. I was in the mountains at the time, but it reached me early in March, and glad I was to hear from you.

"I will begin at the beginning and give you a rough sketch of the past up to the present date. * * * That same month (October, 1892) Andy, Jack, George and I took a goat hunt up the Middle Fork. We were to get some specimens for Mr. Miller. He wanted some goat to mount to take to the World's Fair with his other specimens. Well, we got five goats; Andy, the tenderfoot of the party, got four of them. We went to Nyack by train, then took packs on our backs and went to the left of old St. Nicholas; was gone eight days; packed the heads, hides, etc., out on our backs, and then Miller did not want them; they made good floor cover in the cabin, though.

"The winter of '93 and '94 I had Charley C. with me (Ernest C. wintered up South Fork trapping). Well, along in January Charley wanted to go trapping up the Middle Fork. He did not do very well at it and came down the last of March, and laid a scheme before me to catch some elk alive; said there was quite a number around there. I could not grab the idea at first, but as the only outlay (outside of the work) would be but $10, thought I would try it. The C. boys can handle Norwegian snowshoes, or 'skis' (some call them), to perfection. His idea was to run the elk down on *skis*, rope them and then haul them out to the railroad on a toboggan. Now, I never had a pair of *skis* on my feet except them things John Riley Adams made. It has been a wonder to me lately that we did not improve on them and learn to use them; we could have had more fun than we have ever had since. But to return, Charley made me a pair out of white birch (the best *ski* timber we have here), 8ft. long, 4½in. wide, ¾in. thick in the middle to ⅜in. thick at the ends. Then we went to Essex and trouble commenced. The first week they nearly killed me; I got some awful falls and bangs against the trees, but 'staid with 'em,' and now I can run them down steep mountains and almost anywhere through the timber without any trouble.

"Well, we caught six yearling elk in two weeks. We turned three of them loose and kept two heifers and one bull. Just before we came down the bull got killed accidentally. It was too late to get another, so we put the other two in a car and came down. We led them from town down to the ranch (they will halter-break just like a cayuse) and put them on picket ropes. The fourth day one of them ran on the rope and broke its neck; the other we put in the big corral and have got it yet.

"During the summer Charley went back to Wisconsin, but Ernest and his younger brother (one who just came out last fall) and I thought we would have to try the elk again, so we went up to Essex in February last. The snowfall was very light, 3ft. at the most, and everything was against us, weather included. But we stayed with it and after two weeks' hard rustling came to the conclusion that there was but one yearling in that part of the country. I think the hard spring of '94 must have killed all the calves. We got sort of riled up, so to speak, and made a break at the old ones, and before we got through we had four three-year-old cows, one three-year-old bull and one yearling heifer. We then hired a car and put them in with our effects and landed here two weeks ago. The yearling got its back hurt and died since. One of the cows has sore feet. Outside of that 'everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.'

"*April 1.*—While the bread is baking I will try to give you some idea of how we worked it. We would strike out in the morning and go until we found some tracks, then follow them up the side of a mountain, and get above them if possible; if not, follow them to the top. Then they had to go down somewhere, and we could go down as fast as they could. If they tried to side-hill and tack back, we would cut the angles and naturally force them to the bottom. We could be there as soon as they, and aim to strike the bottom of the gulch above them, so they would not start up again. Then down the gulch we go, and if they don't get played out before they reach the railroad tracks, why make a spurt, overtake them, throw a rope on the one wanted and snub to a tree. Then trouble commences. They will fight like demons, and are awful sudden with their feet—all four of them. The next thing is to throw another rope on the beast and get it down, then put a hackamore on and two ropes—one fore and the other aft—so one man can keep the elk off of the other. Generally in about two hours it will lead fairly well. If not, throw the elk, hog-tie it, put it on a toboggan, and haul out to the railroad track. There the footing is good, and the animal can be untied and worked along all right.

"All this work required from one to four days according to luck. We did this in 3ft. of snow, in some places but 2ft. This was harder on us because so many windfalls were sticking up above the snow, which made the shoeing bad. In '94 there was from six to ten feet of snow in the same. It was packed so hard that the elk ran on the top, but everything was covered up, which made the shoeing better.

"Well, I have given you all there is of interest about the elk. What I regret most is, we did not have a camera; for we could have taken some pictures worth looking at.

"The old rifle is still bringing in meat when needed. I went to work and cut off the barrel (.38-55) so it is 22½in. long, and she gets there just the same. Then the gunsmith took 5in. of the piece he cut off, turned it down and put it in a Colt's six-shooter frame, put on a .41cal. cylinder, and say, mister! look out! she is a peach!

"The white-tail are not so plentiful as of yore, but can get meat yet all right.

"No, I don't take the FOREST AND STREAM, but wish you would send me their address. We are working into the tourist trade and without the paper are too far behind the times. From indications I think this will be a good season for the 'trade.'

"We are now enclosing about eight acres for the elk, the fence is 8½ft. high. That will hold them, I guess. Am going to put in twelve acres of grain for hay and lots of rutabagas and carrots for them.

"I would like to take the trip South you proposed, but can't leave the ranch so far this year. But don't let that hinder your coming out whenever you get ready; we will manage to go somewhere.

"I can take a solemn oath that this is the longest letter I ever wrote in my life. Now sit down, fill your pipe and read it over again and write me one on the same plan. Yours, BERT."

Mr. Hough, of the charming Southern articles in FOREST AND STREAM, will appreciate Bert's trials with the *skis* and elk hunting, for the noted winter trip of the venturesome newspaper man was almost identical with that described above, except that to the stalking by Hough's party was added (in Bert's case) the terrible work and excitement of the capture. And also, that the worst snowhoeing encountered in Yellowstone Park was a fair ample of the best "up the Middle Fork," where the use of *skis* instead of the regular web-shoes has always been thought impossible. JAC.

STARLINGS IN AMERICA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with great interest the controversy, in regard to the European starlings, in your columns. Some of the writers use the term English starling; they fancy, I presume, that everything of European origin must be English. Hence we meet the term English sparrow instead of house or common sparrow, English pheasant instead of common or Bohemian pheasant, etc.

The communication of Mrs. Kate R. Styer has somewhat surprised and amused me. The lady is certainly not well versed on ornithological matters, or she would not say "our bird life is the most varied and fascinating of any country." This is only half true. We have a great variety of birds, but, compared with European birds, very few good singers. If the lady could be here just now and listen to the bird concert one can hear in a German forest, grove or field, she would probably change her opinion.

I do not classify the starling very high as a singer, but it is an interesting bird all the same and one which, when kept in confinement, will afford its keeper a great deal of pleasure. They are very active and command great skill or talent in acquiring men's speech, and have in this respect much in common with the parrot. They feed principally on insects and are thus useful birds. Their love for sweet grapes is their only fault. Mrs. Styer need not fear that they will disturb any of her native feathered pets The starlings live in harmony with other birds.

The absence of singing birds in American parks and gardens is not solely due to the European sparrow. While I admit that the sparrow displays a marked degree of rowdyism in America, and to some extent proves the correctness of the theory of the survival of the fittest and strongest, this naturalized feathered citizen is not the only and worst enemy of the American singing birds. The pot-hunter, our Young America, is the principal destroyer of birds. I had occasion last fall to witness the wholesale slaughter of robins on the hills in East New York during the migrating period of these birds. Such a sad spectacle is impossible in Germany, where children are taught to love and protect birds instead of killing them, and where the laws passed for the protection of birds are enforced regardless of rank, race or color.

C. B. gives Mr. James M. Morris good advice in regard to the proper food for young starlings. Young starlings are easily reared in captivity. In the absence of the white larvæ of the common black ant, mill worms or other small worms can be substituted, but the former should be killed before being given to the bird, and preferably cut in small pieces.

It is not unusual that young birds will not take their food voluntarily. In this case their beaks must be opened and the food forced down in their throats. In conclusion, I express my regret that Mrs. Styer cannot be with me just now to listen to the heavenly concert I enjoy from the nightingales, chaffinches and numerous other excellent singing birds inhabiting the Botanical Garden in close proximity of my home, and located in a densely populated part of Berlin. ARMIN TENNER.

Where Quail Nest in Town.

WINDSOR, N. C., May 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While I was at dinner this afternoon a nice fat cock quail flew against my office window. It was picked up by a boy and was quite dead. There are several pair nesting in town this season.

Had hoped to attend the Sportsman's Exposition in your city this week, but am "chained to business" and can't get away. A. S. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

WEST VIRGINIA DEER.

GLADY, Randolph County, W. Va.—Toward the close of the open season for deer I determined to make a few more efforts to secure some venison, so crossing the Glady Fork I ascended the Beech Mountain, crossed to the eastward of the top, and wending my way along under the top, I concluded to go out to several large briar thickets and fire-brakes which the deer use, particularly in stormy and bad weather. There had been an additional fall of snow, rendering travel both slow and laborious, as it lay about 18in. deep on a level. I had not proceeded far on this course till I struck the trail of two large bucks that had passed to my right, making toward the top of the main ridge. Now, on top of the ridge was an old fire-brake, most of the fire-killed timber blown down and the whole place grown with briars, bunches of scrub beech brush, interlacing the lap of the fallen hemlocks, spruces and other timber. The snow combined with this groundwork barricade, rendered the place nearly impenetrable and inaccessible to the hunter; as for the Virginia deer, I never saw a place so thick but what they would go through, and seem to enjoy it, too. The trail soon brought me to the edge of this thicket, into which they had gone with many a devious wind and turn, seemingly selecting the very worst spots in their browsing around. After some circling they took along under the steep top of the ridge right in the edge of the fire-brake, where the blown down timber lay cross-hobbled in all conceivable shapes. Crawling under barricades that I with great labor was obliged to climb over, I finally made up through a particularly bad cluster of uprooted trees to the main top. Immediately at the edge of the top was a small cliff of rock with overhanging fallen tree tops. Heading through this both deer had lunged or crept, while I, suddenly arrested, was compelled to make a difficult climb and a short detour to surmount the same place. Reaching the top, however, I came upon two beds on the level space surrounding, but the game had left. No doubt they had discovered my approach by the breaking of the branches of some of that last tree top through which I was obliged to climb. They had stepped around a few steps in their beds and from the vantage ground they occupied could observe me, and wind me, too, for that matter. I being completely hidden under the crest, could not possibly see them. With long leaps they had run out along the top, the snow being so deep every jump showed an impression larger than the entire bulk of their bodies. Soon they turned off to the left, leaving the main ridge and passing to the eastward.

I concluded to go on out the main top to the further end of the thicket and look for other deer that I had trailed in there several days before; but not striking any sign I made my way out of the break to the open timber to the eastward. I had not proceeded far when I again struck the trail of the same two I had scared. Following on a short distance they had settled down to a walk, the trail leading down a small open we call the "salt place ridge," crossed a small branch of a run to the opposite open and passed up into a thicket of laurel abutting and joining another large fire break. I had jumped deer out of this place before, knew every foot of the ground with all its difficulties, so I determined to make a circuit of the laurel, it being a favorite spot for deer to hide and lie. Clambering cautiously on around I scanned every perceptible opening in this jungle of laurel and overhanging spruce, but no sight of the deer rewarded my anxious gaze. It began to be pretty evident they were still in there, for I had nearly completed the circle, only a few hundred yards further to go; had come to an anchor, as it were, in a particularly difficult spot, my whole attention at that moment concentrated in forcing my passage through, when, whew! with a snort that almost made my hair stand on end, directly to my right, from the borders of the thickest of the jungle, came this sudden challenge. Hastily looking in that direction and grasping my gun with a firmer grip I pushed my way in that direction, but the buck after his one whiff of disgust had merely left a trail where he had loped back into the darkest recesses of the laurel.

The sun had declined in the west and was then hidden

behind the peaks of the main ridge. It was about a mile and a half to the shelter of my roof in the most direct line. I took that line and made a grim resolve to try them another day with reinforcements.

The second day after that, in company with my two eldest boys, we wended our way back into that "patch." Deer had not stirred much; we struck no tracks that looked promisingly fresh. We separated on the run south of the big brier patch. I took down the run skirting the borders of the briers, the boys concluding to hunt the ridge. They started a small buck out of a thicket; it ran down, crossing the run a short distance ahead of me, but I was not quite in time to see it or get a shot. Arriving close to the lower end of the briers I came to where two deer had passed up the ridge running, evidently quite fresh. Noticing the direction from which they came it was also evident their alarm was not caused by me; so following, just before they reached the top their gait had settled to a walk; passing off of this ridge the trail led into a rather open cove when, suddenly turning square about, they came on their back track some twenty-five or thirty paces, and again ascended the ridge into the briers. On they went, the general course being rather quartering down the side of that ridge toward the run down which I had come. Ever and anon with the most cunning instinct would they select some vantage spot, turning square about, take an observation on their back track for pursuers; they could get a good squint with little show for the hunter seeing them.

Although I constantly kept the brightest kind of a lookout, I failed to catch any sight of them. They could not be far ahead. We had reached a point now about 100yds. from the run and nearly half the length of the big brier patch, when the trail suddenly turned nearly at right angles and quartered up the ridge. Still, the gait was a walk; apparently, the change of course was not caused by any alarm.

I had made a momentary pause in deciphering this last move, when the sound of a whistle came to my ears from toward the head of the run; another whistle. I replied. Soon the boys appeared on the run below. I indicated to them the direction the deer had taken, and it was hastily arranged that I continue the pursuit, slowly and cautiously, after giving them a few minutes' start, to take stations at the head of the brier patch, at points we knew they would be most apt to cross.

I consult my watch and impatiently wait for the minutes to elapse. Their youthful legs, on an errand of this kind, have taken them there by this time. I follow the trail with a brighter hope. Here both deer dive right through a formidable tangle of scrub and green briers; looks as though a deer jumping through that would tear the hide right off him. Bah! Who ever saw the hide taken off a deer in that way? I walk around it of course. We are nearly to the end of the big brier ridge; boys are close, I know; in fact, this hunt is drawing to a focus. We are there, deer and all. Right here deer have gone through an ugly, horny, fallen spruce top with an entwining bunch of scrub laurel and green briers, emerging upon a small mound where some former monarch of the forest had been uprooted. Look at their footprints on this mound; turned and took another safe squint on the back track for pursuers. Talk of the ingenuity of the hunter! Can you beat that? Very seldom! Every sense is now on the tingle and alert. A turn almost squarely to the left. I have a momentary fear they will cross the main run to the opposite ridge and perhaps too far off, or so hidden by the thicket the boys will fail to get a shot. I keep my own gun at a ready, to fire instanter upon first sight. The sharp crack of George's rifle rings out upon the clear air. A momentary pause, and four more shots in rapid succession salute my ears. I keep my gaze fixed on the opposite ridge and press forward. A mistake! Had I at that moment chanced to look squarely to my left, I would have been rewarded by a shot at the buck, cavorting around in the briers and around woods at about 40 or 50yds. A few steps more. I see George climbing up the hill toward me, and there lay the doe, dead. His first shot had gone through her neck close to the head, severing the jugular vein.

The pause in the shooting was caused by a snap, the primer probably not being solidly into its seat in the shell. George says, "I would have killed that buck too had my gun not snapped. The snap was the only fair pull I had at him, standing broadside. The four shots I put at him so rapidly was as he jumped this way and that way, mostly hidden by the brush and logs." What a caper they can cut when thus suddenly surprised by a new danger in front.

We got together, exchanged congratulations, hung our doe up conveniently by and started in pursuit of the buck. We followed until near the close of the day and jumped him out of a bed where he had lain down under the crest of a spruce point, but got no shot. Having barely time to get home ere nightfall, we skipped to the warm shelter of our roof.

Some two or three weeks ago two men by the name of Arbogast, residing in the adjoining county of Pendleton, went out on a hunt in the spurs of the Alleghanies. They were overtaken with a snowstorm, accompanied with a rapid lowering of the temperature; night was coming on, several miles from home and from any place of shelter, overcome with fatigue and the severity of the cold, one dropped dead in his tracks. His comrade, with the utmost difficulty, frozen nearly stiff, succeeded in crawling to the shelter of an old barn, which stood some distance from a house, which the unfortunate man did not find in his perishing condition. When found, shortly after, he was still alive, but he had to be carried home in a terribly frozen condition, the help also going out and bringing in his dead comrade. It was thought at first that the life of the one might possibly be saved by amputating the extremities. Several days elapsed before competent surgical aid could be obtained in that out-of-the-way locality, and the doctors found upon examination mortification had spread so badly in the frozen parts that death was inevitable. No operation was performed; next day the poor fellow died. Both were quite poor men and had families. The intensity of the cold on this occasion was phenomenal for this place, for next morning, after this horror, the thermometer at my house stood at 30° below zero.

I learn from one of my genial sportsmen acquaintances in Pendleton county that wild turkeys were quite numerous there. Quite a number of them were bagged by those fortunate enough to enjoy a hunt in that vicinity. Gray squirrels also plenty.

BACKWOODS.

MICHIGAN'S PROPOSED LICENSE.

PORTLAND, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We of this section who take advantage of the hunting season in Michigan and Wisconsin to recreate in that pine-laden atmosphere are interested in the proposed revision of the game laws of those States. It seems to us that the proposition to license non-residents is an ultra selfish one.

The writer has in the last eight years made seven trips, six of them to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and one to northern Wisconsin. I have been accompanied by some of the foremost business and professional men of our city, few of them classed as hunters.

These trips were made almost solely for the benefit of our health. A few of us—sons of pioneer hunters—were successful with the Winchester, and by still hunting supplied our camp with venison, while others spent their time fishing and attending to camp duties. The distance to where we usually camp is 525 miles, and by a careful estimate I find the deer we have taken have cost us about $80 per deer.

Rather than add to our expense account, the good citizens of those States should feel complimented that they can furnish us entertainment we prize so highly. The clause in the present law providing a penalty for shipping or attempting to ship any part of a deer out of the State should, we think, be modified. It seems to us to be unconstitutional, and is certainly unjust. It could be changed so as to limit and yet not prevent a hunter from taking a few pounds of venison home to his family, many of whom never tasted venison. I am convinced that reasonable inducements can be held out to non-residents to visit the game regions of the various States, without materially decreasing the supply of game, if only the settlers of those States were prevented from violating the game laws. I know to a certainty that local white hunters and Indians kill deer the year round in northern Wisconsin and Michigan. It looks to us unnecessary, and not only unnecessary, but un-American, for a State to so discriminate between her own citizens and those of sister States.

Wild game and fowl are migratory and in reality belong to no individual nor State. If a State adopts a law prohibiting the killing of game within her borders, let that law apply to every person, whether a citizen or not, while within the State. As far as my observation goes deer are as plentiful in the Lake Superior region to-day as they were eight years ago, and if the open season of three or four weeks was the only time in which deer were killed, hunters might come from far or near in the usual numbers, and not only kill but take home what they did not eat, and yet deer will increase in numbers annually in that region of birch thicket and cedar and tamarack swamp.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Lake Trout Fishing.

WHEN Harry Brown of the New York *Herald* wrote me that, pursuant to previous agreement, he and Ed. Mott, the "Old Settler" of the New York *Sun*, would come up from Albany the morning of May 3, expecting that I would meet them at the railroad station and go on to Lake George for a couple of days' trout fishing, I was for the first time in many years wholly unprepared to go fishing. I had not opened my tackle trunk this year, and my rods were as I put them away last fall, and furthermore I had no opportunity to make any preparations before the morning of the 3d.

There is a heap of pleasure in getting one's tackle in perfect order before the fishing season opens, and it was with some misgivings that I put my tackle trunk and a couple of rods, just as I brought them from Canada last September, into a cab and started for the railroad station. My friends were prepared for good or bad luck so far as fish were concerned, as the pleasure of being away from their desks was sufficient pleasure unto itself. This, by the way, is the proper frame of mind in which to start on a fishing trip. The fishing had opened legally two days before, and owing to a misapprehension as to the language of the law there had been considerable fishing for a week or more, but all reports said the trout were not yet at the surface. Col. Tippetts, editor of the Lake George *Mirror*, had wired me from New York to take his steam yacht, the Mirror, if it was ready, but it was not and would not be until evening; therefore upon arrival at Caldwell, the head of the lake, we dined and drove ten miles to Bolton under a broiling sun and through clouds of dust. Fortunately the Bolton road is provided at convenient distances with clear, cold springs of water, and we did not pass a spring without a halt to test its purity and temperature. At Bolton, where I had arranged for men and boats by telegraph, we found that but two men had been engaged, and they, thinking we were not coming, had gone out fishing. I attributed every delay and every disappointment to my starting unprepared for fishing, although I am not superstitious, simply as a proper punishment for the offense.

After all the tackle trunk panned out all right, and as I was putting an Archer spinner on my leader the "Old Settler" got very gay at the thought of impaling a whitefish on the spindle and sticking the bait full of hooks with which to catch trout. He said: "I'll name no names, but I have a friend who does not fish for trout with bait, and when a trout is properly cooked and served he can tell from the flavor of it whether it was caught with bait or fly." The Lake George air and things were getting in their deadly work, and the larval bear hunter was developing into the imago or perfect fish sharp.

A man from the hotel took us all in one boat and we set out in search of our boatmen, and after chasing half a dozen who turned out to be the wrong men, we finally found the right ones, and I found a third man who sent his companion back in the hotel boat. It was after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the reports of the fishing was not encouraging, as the trout were not "up" and few were biting—so the men said.

I adhered to a declaration made some years ago that I would catch them at the top or not at all, and so my Archer spinner was innocent of lead, while every other man was trolling with more or less of a sinker. Harry Brown was the first to draw blood, a handsome 6lbs. trout falling to his rod. He is not particular about the size of his fish, but he is filled full of red sportsmen's blood and wishes to kill his fish with his own tackle, although he is willing that the boatman should use his gaff to take the fish in; and "that reminds me—"

I was one day talking to Harry Brown about a pair of shoes which, fortunately or unfortunately, just as one looks at it, I possess. They have long slender toes, slightly turned up, and I was kicking because any shoemaker should send me at my time of life such a giddy pair of shoes, and that I should be weak enough to wear them. Harry remarked: "The shoes are all right and the shoemaker knew what you wanted better than you do yourself, and your native modesty should not be shocked at the shape of those fashionable toes, for they are useful if not ornamental; and if you will always wear them when you go fishing you will have a pair of gaff hooks on your feet and be prepared for the largest fish of any species."

Ed Mott caught two trout of 2¼lbs. each, and I brought up the tail end with a 2-pounder, but it was caught on the surface. The next day the lake was still and the sky was cloudless, and if the trout had not been at the surface before they were that day, as they were breaking all over the lake before night. Years ago, in this lake, if I could see a trout break ahead of the boat within a reasonable distance, I felt as sure of him, four times out of five, as though I had him in the boat. It is not so now. Their food was scarcer than now, the trout were not in as good condition, and if a bait were trolled within their sight they were pretty sure to take it. When the lake was restocked with trout, hundreds of thousands of whitefish were also planted, and now the lake is full of whitefish that serve only as food for the trout, as they cannot be taken with a net, legally, except for bait, and they will not bite a hook. The trout are now very fat, and the food so abundant that a few whitefish at the end of a troll are lost in the great multitude of whitefish that have formed no alliance with a gang of hooks or spinner.

Saturday morning we trolled through and around rising trout that rarely noticed our baited gangs. Harry Brown was unfortunate with the few trout that did strike him, for they ripped his whitefish and entirely missed the hooks. Ed Mott nailed a 4-pounder, and I was fortunate enough to hook and kill two of 7 and 13lbs. respectively. Our fishing practically ended at noon, for soon after we had beached on one of the islands a storm came out of the northeast which drove us to cover, and it was late before we were again on the water. Sunday we rowed across the lake and dined at Pearl Point and returned in the afternoon in quite a blow. In the forenoon it seemed to be perfect for fishing, but we learned that eleven boats that went out caught but two trout. A drive to Caldwell in the evening, the sleep of the tired but contented fishermen, and the railroad train the next morning ended our "outing," as a friend calls a fishing trip when he gets few or no fish. Late that afternoon Lieut. Gov. Saxton told me that lake trout from Lake George, fresh out of the water and properly cooked, were good enough for him; and in the evening Col. Ashley W. Cole said to me in confidence that while he enjoyed Lake George trout on the table, there was one thing lacking to complete his satisfaction, and that was the pleasure of catching the fish before it was cooked.

Dominion Fishery Commission.

A review of the Report of the Dominion Fishery Commission by the veteran Superintendent of Fisheries (now retired) Samuel Wilmot, who was chairman of the Commission, has been received. The report is full of interesting and valuable data, particularly as one of the chief objects of the Commission was to obtain information and testimony direct from practical fishermen and others interested regarding the spawning periods of the more important kinds of fishes. As a result a close season is recommended for brook trout from Sept. 15 to March 31; for lake trout, from Oct. 15 to Nov. 30; for doré (pike-perch), from April 1 to May 31; for beach bass, from May 10 to June 30; for mascalonge, from April 1 to June 15; and for bullheads and catfish, from May 1 to Aug. 31. In some instances more than one hundred fishermen gave testimony before the Commission regarding the spawning season of some of the fishes mentioned.

Every investigation that has ever been instituted to determine the spawning season of black bass has resulted in showing conclusively that black bass, whether in Long Island waters of New York, or the waters of Canada, spawn all during the month of June, and yet New York State adheres to an open season for this fish which begins on May 30.

The Canadian Commission gathered information as to the nets used by commercial fishermen, and in summing up the result of the inquiry Mr. Wilmot says that the prime causes for the depletion of the fisheries are: Fishing in the spawning season and while fish are congregating for that purpose. The great destruction of immature fish in pound and gill nets and seines. Waste of great quantities of fish in the use of unlimited lengths of gill nets. The use of too small meshes in all nets, etc.

The waters covered by the inquiry are those which lie between Canada and the United States, and the entire report may be read with profit by fishermen on this side of the line. Riding down on the Champlain Division of the D. & H. R. R. a few days ago, the conductor complained to me of the net fishing in the lake and said that in the express car of his train there were twelve barrels of pike-perch taken on at two stations, and probably they represented but a small proportion of the catch of the day before. I have seen bunches of little pike-perch 6 or 7in. long offered for sale in the towns near by Lake Champlain, because, as I supposed, they were too small to market elsewhere. New York and Vermont have complained of the ravages of Canadian net fishermen in boundary waters, but if the suggestions of the Canadian Commissioners are carried out the north wind may blow some complaints in from the Dominion.

Fire-Fishing.

Fire-hunting is an old practice, and so, too, is a certain style of fire-fishing; but I believe that fly-fishing by firelight is not common. Five or six years ago I first heard of it and it was recalled to me by a friend to-day. Pharaoh Lake, east of Schroon Lake, in the Adirondacks, contains what I contend are the most beautiful of all brook or speckled trout that I have ever seen. There was a legend at one time that these trout would not rise to the

fly, and to take them at all they must be fished for with bait, and about the best bait for them was a piece of sunfish. I cannot at this moment recall just how it came about, that it was discovered that when a fire was lighted on the shore at night the trout would come into the firelight near the shore, and would then take the fly readily. I have heard that Dayton Ball, of Albany—a well-known angler who haunts Pharaoh at certain seasons—was the man who patented fly-fishing by firelight, but there are other legends about the trout and trout fishing of Pharaoh, and I may have the matter wrong in my mind.

A friend has just returned from Pharaoh, and he tells me that during the day bait-fishing was poor except by trolling a small spoon with a worm on the hook—a mode of fishing introduced by Aleck Taylor, a professional fisherman from Lake George. This is a modification of the method of fishing for lake trout when they are 20 to 30ft. below the surface, for that is the distance below the surface at which Pharaoh trout are usually caught with bait.

My friend says that it was far too early for fly-fishing, as the ice was only recently out of the lake and the water was high and clouded. Upon failing to take during the day, except as stated, by trolling below the surface, a fire was lighted at night on a big rock sloping into the water. This attracted the fish, and by fishing where the fire was reflected on the water he caught trout, suckers, bullheads and sunfish. The bait was angle worms, and he could not tell the species of fish hooked until it was landed. Had he tried a fly, I presume he would have taken trout as readily as with bait, as the fish came into water that was not more than 5 or 6ft. deep. The Pharaoh trout are covered with a sheen of purple, as sea-run trout take on a silver coating, which shines in the sun as no royal purple ever did. In some fish the red spots are almost entirely absent, and in others but few red spots show. They have been famous for their beauty and flavor as long as I can remember, and were once thought to be a different species from the *fontinalis*.

New Woods for Rods.

The last issue of *Fishing Gazette*, London, mentions two new woods used in making fish rods. One is called pangord, and a correspondent says that he considers it superior to any other wood and fully equal to split-bamboo, at about one-half the price, and that it will cast a longer line than the correspondent's split-bamboo. The editor is not as enthusiastic about the new wood as the correspondent seems to be, for he says: "That it supersedes everything yet introduced in the manufacture of fishing rods for strength, lightness and durability combined—supersedes split cane and greenheart. Well, all we can say is that we heartily wish anglers had at their service such an extraordinary wood for rods."

The other wood is called steelwood, and is highly recommended by Lieut.-Col. Hitcheson, who says: "It is lighter, I think stronger, and more resilient than greenheart or any other wood. I have frequently put a strain on the smaller rod when taking a big fish in an awkward place, when I thought something must go—but no; and as soon as the strain was off, straight as an arrow again." The editor speaks highly of this wood, and of a sample in the rough says: "It seems to us to be of an extraordinary nature, for when broken, after standing a very severe strain, it is just as if you had broken a dozen strands of very tough fiber which had been cemented together. Steelwood rods seem to have a good future before them." There is nothing to show in either article the specific name of the wood; more's the pity.

A. N. CHENEY.

DO FISH SLEEP?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I saw an article sometime ago in FOREST AND STREAM asking for some light on the subject of fish sleeping, and if you will allow me space, I feel satisfied that I can convince your readers that not only fish but all the rest of God's creation that has blood requires sleep.

During my long journey through life, I have spent much of my time in learning the character and habits of the dumb creation. I have frequently caught asleep many different families of fish that inhabit our waters, but as for shell fish that have no blood I know very little about them, although I have watched crabs and lobsters for hours at a time, and have never yet caught one asleep.

I have learned that a crab that inhabits the water and a spider that inhabits the land, are possessed with more natural instinct than any of the dumb creatures that have come under my notice, neither of which has blood or brains; if they have, I have never been able to discover it.

I have discovered that large fish, as a general rule, sleep much sounder than small ones.

I will tell you a good joke. A few years ago, one beautiful calm morning about the first of September, I got in my little skiff and started out on the Susquehanna flats to see if there were any bluewing ducks about, and, while standing up in my skiff, pushing her along in shoal water as clear as a crystal, I happened to cast my eyes down, and, to my utter astonishment I saw a very large rock fish which I suppose would have weighed all of thirty pounds, lying on his right side on the bottom. I concluded as he was so quiet that he was dead, I gave him a punch with my paddle, which woke him up and frightened him so bad that he came mighty near capsizing my skiff. I was so certain that he was dead before I struck him that I guess I was frightened as bad as he was. I soon learned that there was a whole school of them around me, and I judge that they were all asleep, but they were not long in finding the deep water.

After I arrived home, I told one of our fishermen of what I had seen and wished for him to have been there with his buck net and laid around them as he might have captured them all.

"Oh no," he said. "My friend, I have had an apple out of that bag and once is quite sufficient for me."

Said I, "What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"Well," he said, "if you won't say anything about it, I will tell you."

He then told me that he once found a school of rock fish in shoal water asleep, and very quietly laid his buck net around them and, after he got them surrounded, he sent one of his men with a pair of long gum boots on, with an oar to splash in the water to wake them up and drive them into his net. When they woke up it was a sight. They were frightened so bad that they were like a flock of sheep when frightened. They made a rush at his net that cost him over two hundred dollars, and tore it all in threads. They never stopped until they reached deep water. They tripped up three or four times the fellow that had on the gum boots, and he was frightened a sight worse than the fish. This is no fish story but the truth.

HAVE DE GRACE. E. B. GALLUP.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, May 16.—Reports from the early fishermen who have gone to Maine are not yet very flattering. Mr. F. P. Stevens writes that he has caught a few trout at the Narrows, Richardson Lake; one weighing 3½ lbs. Unexpectedly he found the water low in that lake, but within a day or two Metalic Brook began to come down "with a perfect roar;" the result of melting snows. Since that time the lake has been rising at the rate of two inches a day. A Lewiston gentleman writes me that the fishing has continued very good indeed in Lake Auburn. H. H. Hanson, president of the Lake Auburn Fish Protective Association, took another big salmon from that lake the other day. P. G. Buckland and Charles Bolster, of Lewiston, took nine trout and one salmon the same day.

Mr. Walter F. Perkins, of Wakefield, well known in the Boston shoe trade, will leave Sunday night for Spencer Bay, Moosehead Lake. At Oldtown, Me., he will be joined by Capt. Frank Delaney, Henry Portier and Frank J. Perkins. They will be quartered at Camp Easy. They go for fishing, and expect to find it good, as some of the gentlemen are experts in that direction. Mr. Harry B. Moore, with his cousin George C. Moore, the North Chelmsford manufacturer, will hardly go to the Inglewood preserve for fishing this spring. They sail for Europe on the 25th of May. They will visit Scotland, where Mr. George C. Moore will look up some manufacturing interests, and where the gentlemen both have invitations to fish some of the celebrated Scotch Locks. It will be remembered that they have fished the Maine resorts together for many seasons.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman has just returned from his trip for landlocked salmon. Five of the party of seven came home to-day. They have visited Weld Pond, where they fished for salmon, in company with Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, a part of the time. They struck most terrible weather. Sunday it rained, and Monday it rained—rained in fact about every day they were absent. They got only a salmon or two at Weld Pond, and after a day or two with but little success they gave up and went by rail to Mechanic Falls, after being delayed one train at Dixfield by a river full of logs, and seeing the train they intended to take whiz by without them. At Mechanic Falls they went across the country with teams to Sebago, "for landlocked salmon fully bent." They had a glorious ride across the country. But at Sebago the water was high and the weather was cold and rainy, and the "first run of salmon" was over. In all, the party had four salmon when the five broke camp—leaving two men to try their luck still further. The largest salmon taken weighed 3½lbs. They also got six red-spot trout. Mr. Chapman did not get a single salmon, and has the courage to say so. About the only strike he got, however, was on the Stanley Smelt he was trying.

Dr. Jefferson Scales, of New Brighton, S. I., called on me yesterday. He is on his way to some fishing resort in Maine; thinks strongly of going to Round Mountain Lake. He is troubled with asthma, and, as of old, he expects relief from the higher altitudes of Maine. He is alone this time. His old friend Hempstead, with whom he fished so many years at the Middle Dam, is at home sick with rheumatism. Mr. Hempstead visited the Middle Dam annually for a good many years, and was always one of the most genial and companionable of anglers. At that time there were several records and diagrams of the big trout he had caught on the inner walls of the Middle Dam camp.

Mr. F. B. Stevens, of Boston, and Dr. Hilton, of Lowell, have made a fishing trip to a protected brook on the Cape, in the vicinity of Marshpee River. They found fair fishing. Mr. Stevens mentions landing eight trout from under one bank. But he is not pleased with "bog wading" for trout fishing, though the trout that come up from the salt water are gamy and nice. One fish of good size was taken. Later they intend to make a genuine trout fishing trip and will doubtless try some of the brooks on the line of the Phillips and Rangeley Railroad, where the little train very kindly stops for the trout fishermen to get on and off.

May 17.—The latest reports from the Maine trout lakes speak of more high water, with the streams very full. The last rain seems to have been a regular downpour in the vicinity of the Rangeleys. Brook fishing has been a failure for several days; but not so some of the lake fishing. Reports begin to be better. A special to the Boston *Herald* yesterday, from Haines's Landing, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, says that the fishing is the best for years. Miss Grace Hobart, daughter of Henry Hobart, of East Bridgewater, Mass., in two hours from the Mooselucmaguntic House yesterday took five trout, weighing respectively 6lbs., 4¼lbs., 3½lbs., 2lbs. and 1½lbs. Mr. E. B. Whorff, proprietor of the Mooselucmaguntic House, is much pleased with this record, and doubtless the young lady is also pleased. Mr. Hobart is a veteran fisherman at the Rangeleys.

Mr. Clarence Hayes and wife are at the Upper Dam on a fishing trip. A card from Mr. Hayes yesterday says that the fishing is good. Mr. Hayes is manager of the Atlas Insurance Co. here. While mentioning the insurance people it is in order to say that the "Insurance Party" of former seasons to the Upper Dam is badly broken up. Mr. George H. Gerard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who accompanied Mr. C. E. Ackerman, of the same city, for a number of seasons, seems to have given up the Rangeleys. He is now on a trip to Port Medway, Nova Scotia. He is accompanied by Mrs. Gerard, his physician and lady, and a Mrs. Meserole, all of Brooklyn. Later the ladies are coming home—after the trout and salmon fishing season is over at that point—and Mr. Gerard is to be joined by Mr. E. E. Patridge, vice-president of the North American Insurance Co., this city. They will go to a salmon river in New Brunswick, in which Mr. Gerard is interested. Mr. Ackerman will not be with them this year. He also has tired of the Rangeleys, or has found better fishing. He is interested in his cottage on the shores of Lake George, where he can have his horses and carriages and more of the comforts of life. His early success at the Upper Dam was phenomenal, as well as that of Mrs. Ackerman. But later the trout seemed to go back on them.

Mr. Gerard is a great lover of fishing, and his outfit of salmon flies is something to delight the heart of the devotee of that sport. His book boasts many a fly that cost much money, time, patience and skill. He also wears a charm that was truly made for an angler. On one side there is a perfect fac-simile of a Jock Scot salmon fly cut in enamel. The workmanship is perfect. On the other side, in raised gold, is a representation of water, and, just leaping to the fly, is a trout done in colors. Anglers here, who have seen the charm, are "wild over it." It was done by Tiffany, of New York, though designed by an angler.

Mr. E. E. Patridge, with Mr. Wm. G. Peck, president of the Arlington Savings Bank, and one of the directors of the North American Insurance Co., and Mr. H. S. Paine, another director, is about starting on a trout fishing trip to Passaconaway, N. H. They know of some good fishing in the Conway region. Doubtless it is the brooks that are to be fished.

Another party of fishermen from the leather trade is off for the Rangeleys. In the party are Messrs. H. A. Phinney, Harry H. Baldwin, Warren Page and James Gormley. They left Boston last evening by boat for Portland, thence to Rumford Falls by rail, where they will be met by J. A. French's teams and carried to the South Arm. From thence Tom French's steamer will carry them to the Upper Dam. Mr. Phinney says that the first trout he ever caught at the Upper Dam, on his first trip there, weighed six pounds. That made him a convert, and he has visited that resort regularly about every year since.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney, owner of those beautiful camps at Mosquito Brook, who has written so instructively concerning salmon fishing in salt water in the winter in the FOREST AND STREAM, is still at his other home in California. He is expected some time next month, however, on his way to his home at Richardson Lake. He calls his camp his home, and a most delightful one it is. He will doubtless spend the most of the summer and autumn there.

May 18.—More reports of better fishing at the Rangeleys are coming in. A private letter from Mr. E. A. Dow, dated at Camp Stewart, Tuesday evening, says that Mr. Dow caught trout weighing 4½lbs. that morning. Doubtless he has obtained many smaller ones. Mr. Harry Dutton, with a younger Mr. Houghton, of the celebrated Boston dry goods house, are now at Mr. Dutton's camp on the island in Lake Cupsuptic. They are reported to have taken several large trout. Mr. Morrison, of Boston, has taken six good trout from the Big Lake: one of 4½lbs., one of 4, 3½, 3, 1¾ and 1½lbs., with a lot of smaller ones. Some of the sportsmen put those little fellows back into the lake. Another party has taken twelve trout from the Big Lake, weighing 24lbs. Judge Whitehouse, of Augusta, Me., is reported to be on his usual spring fishing trip. He is the guest of his friend, Mr. Wilbur, at Camp Chatauqua.

Another sporting paper is talked of in Maine. It is hinted that it will be published at Rangeley. It is one thing to go a-fishing and another thing to tell of it. How would it do to fit a small printing office right in the boat?

SPECIAL.

BOSTON, May 18.—A Boston man lately removed to Calais, Me., tells me that the fishing at Grand Lake this year has been exceptionally good. Many salmon have been caught, quite a number over 6lbs. in weight. This little city (by the way) is one of the most accessible places in the State to a good fishing country. It is only 20 miles to Princeton, then a very short distance to Big Lake, and from there but 2¼ miles of that noted Grand Lake Stream to Grand Lake itself. Across the St. Croix River lies that noted sporting county, New Brunswick. A short journey on the Shore Line Railroad from St. Stephens brings one to the celebrated MacDougall and Didgeguash lakes, and Bonney River region, all a splendid section for trout. Tom Sullivan's house at Bonney River, and his camps at the other interesting points, are the main stopping places for sportsmen, and the worthy Thomas is noted far and wide for his genial hospitality. Few men are better acquainted with this region than Charles F. Beard, of St. Stephens, N. B. This gentleman will leave with quite a party on May 25, to spend two or three weeks in the vicinity of Mr. Sullivan's domain. Another party, some of whom have visited the Bonney River region before, will leave Boston on May 19 to spend four weeks there. The gentlemen who will go are H. F. Hanson, John A. Ordway, Jr., Frank H. Babcock, George D. Loud and Frederick Parker, of Boston, and James H. Higgins and Mr. Jacoby, of Newburyport, Mass. FOREST AND STREAM is promised some of the results of the trip on their return. Mr. Edward Boynton, of Boston, owner of the yacht Magnolia, with quite a party of others, has just returned from Grand Lake. They report a good time and splendid fishing.

O. A. Benoit, Mr. Pierce, Harry Morse and Mr. Sibley, all of Worcester, and known to sportsmen of that city as the Nessmuk Club, brought in twenty nice trout as the result of an afternoon's fishing at Bumbo Brook. This stream was recently mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM as one of the brooks near Worcester on which very good fishing could be obtained by those who knew how. That the "Nessmuks" are posted in this respect is certain. Messrs. Benoit and Morse are particularly expert at brook fishing, and can generally get trout where none are supposed to be. O. A. Benoit's knowledge is not confined to fishing alone, but extends to the manufacture of rods and even reels made strictly for his own use, and occasionally for an intimate friend. Although engaged in another business, and in a sense but an amateur in tackle making, some of his split bamboo rods are marvels in construction and equal to any I have seen.

Dr. Greene, his brother from New York city, and one other gentleman, will on Monday next go to Long Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., to spend a week at trout fishing. Dr. Greene has a summer home on Long Island, where he spends much time during the fishing season. He is especially fond of black bass fishing, and generally has some friends up from the city to help him enjoy the sport. A number of heavy lakers have been caught this spring almost from the piazza of his house, so near the water is it situated.

Mr. Archibald Mitchell, of Norwich, Conn., stopped over in Boston for a few hours last week on his way home from Bangor, where he has been devoting a few days to salmon fishing. He succeeded in capturing two fish, one weighing 28lbs. and the other about 21lbs. The large one was unusually heavy for a Penobscot salmon, the average of these fish generally scoring much less than that figure. Mr. Mitchell has been an annual visitor at the Bangor pool for some years, and has also enjoyed some

very fine salmon fishing in the provinces. He is an adept at the art and dearly loves the sport, but this year will deny himself the annual trip to the provinces, as he intends shortly to sail for Scotland, where he intends spending the summer. He will devote himself over there to grouse shooting, etc., and expects to have some good sport of that kind. Another Norwich man, who is generally found at the Bangor pool in Mr. Mitchell's company, is J. M. Johnson. He is also a persistent angler and gets his share if there are any fish in the river. It seems to be the opinion of nearly all the men who have fished at this pool for a few years that the salmon are growing more scarce each successive season, and if the present state of affairs continues it will not be long before this celebrated water as a salmon fishing resort will be only a reminiscence. I sincerely hope with many others that these fears will prove groundless.

Quite a wonderful record was made this year at Moosehead Lake by a party of Bangor men, who took, only two days after the ice went out, about 300 trout, all with the fly. This is very unusual and worthy of comment. The fishing was done off John Ross's wharf at Williams's Stream and one other point, and the party consisted of Dr. Stetson, Mr. Walker, Ezra Stearns, Dr. Gibson, F. H. Small and Mr. Arnold.

That great New Brunswick salmon stream, the Grand Cascapedia, is reported to be full of water, owing to the heavy melting snows up in the hills among which it takes its source. A number of Boston men are only waiting for word to come that the stream is in good condition to make a start. Mr. C. B. Barnes is one of the old veterans of this water, and has fished the Marquis of Lorne pool for some years with great success. Mr. Lyman Nichols will probably accompany him this year, and they hope to be on the stream early in June. Mr. F. B. Greene will also fish the Cascapedia pools further down the river. In addition to salmon, splendid sea trout fishing can be had on this stream, and there rarely comes a time when one cannot obtain either.

Judge A. C. Stone and E. F. Coburn, of Lawrence, Mass., left on Saturday last for Moosehead Lake, where they will stop at "Capens," on Deer Island, for one week, to enjoy the fishing. From there they will go to Mr. Coburn's camp, situated on Russell Stream, about one and a half days' journey in from Northeast Carry. This camp is located in a great game and fish country, and the trophies annually secured by Mr. Coburn in this region are very numerous. Another Lawrence party who left last week for the Maine woods are Dr. C. W. Partridge and Clarence M. Dyer. They went in from Eustis's and will stop two weeks at the Blakeslee camps.

E. O. Noyes and J. Chipman, of Brockton, have just returned from Weld Pond, where they have been stopping for a few days at Pine Point Camps. They had excellent luck fishing, catching five landlocked salmon and fourteen lakers during the three or four days of their stay.

J. E. Gallier, F. A. Keith and Dr. Hall, of Boston, have returned from a trip to Newfound Lake, N. H. They were very fortunate, catching a number of lake trout and salmon, the largest of which tipped the scales at 15lbs. There were many fishermen at the lake during their stay, and most of them were doing well. Mr. Gallier, Col. Benson, William G. Read and others left on Friday last for a ten days' trip to Moosehead. They will stop at the Kineo House and fish the lake and streams near by. Frank Harrison and Mr. Heinisch, both connected with the Heinisch Shear Concern, of Newark, N. J., have also gone to Moosehead for a ten days' fishing trip. They will stop at the Deer Island House. Mr. Harrison is a veteran in Moosehead fishing, and knows every nook and corner where the trout hide.

The shoe manufacturing business of Lynn is heavily represented in the Grover and Swain party, the first section of which (consisting of C. S. Grover, J. F. Swain and W. S. Hixon) left Lynn on May 14 for a two weeks' stay at Capt. Fred Barker's Camp Bemis, Rangeley Lakes. The rest of the party, Mr. Frank T. Arnold, wife and daughter, of Peabody, Mass., and Willis W. George and wife, of Lynn, left on May 17 to join the others. I believe this is Mr. Hixon's first trip, but he certainly could not have placed himself in the hands of better teachers than Messrs. Grover and Swain will prove to be.

W. G. Russell, one of Boston's most prominent lawyers, his son and Rev. John Cuckson will leave in a few days for Canada on quite an extended fishing trip. Mr. Stevens, a gentleman very prominent in Canadian politics, will join the party at Montreal. They are going after large fish, and, judging from the past record of the Messrs. Russell, will succeed in getting them. HACKLE.

The Kingfish.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 16.—Here is a bit of news which will be welcomed by all lovers of salt-water fishing. I have visited the markets of both Philadelphia and New York the present week, and learn that kingfish are coming in in unusual abundance from the coasts of the Carolinas. If the weather holds good this should give us fine sport by Decoration Day. These fish have been very scarce during the past three years, and unless the entire run is taken in by the pounds, we have some sport near at hand. To the angler who has never taken this supremely game and toothsome fish a few points may be of assistance. The tackle should be much the same as that ordinarily used for weakfish, except the hook, which should not be larger than 3-0. (I have always found the Chestertown admirable.) The bait either shedder-crab or blood-worm, and always presented to them at or very near the bottom. Of course, if fishing in the surf, bottom fishing has to be practised; but this can be modified a little, and greatly to the advantage of the angler, by placing a small piece of cork midway the length of the leader. This will buoy the bait a few inches from the bottom and be much more readily seen, besides keeping it free from the annoying sea-spider. When fishing in an estuary a float can be used to advantage, having the line well leaded, and paying off with the tide. And by all means fish the flood tide, as that appears to be the only time at which they feed. Again, the instant the bite is felt, strike firmly, but not too hard, for the alertness with which the kingfish can steal a bait often proves a surprise to the novice. When hooked the kingfish offers as fine play and strong resistance, weight considered, as any fish I have ever taken. LEONARD HULIT.

"GUNNERY" TALES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was several years ago that I used to catch black bass in Waramaug Lake, near Washington, Litchfield county, Conn. In fact, to be correct, it was thirty-one years ago that I went fishing up there with Ol Gunn, and had such a nice time that I have often thought of it since then at night when I was alone in camp among the whispering pines away up on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, or down on the big prairies, where many a night, behind some little bank that answered as a windbreak, I have lain and the past has unrolled itself before me like a panorama, and "the cares that infest the day have folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away."

And now I'll tell you about it as well as I can.

One noon in '64, Ol Gunn, a cousin of F. W. Gunn, was tired of resting and wanted a change, so he asked me if I wanted to go fishing. It was Friday. Waramaug Lake was four and one-half miles away, and I used to take a blanket, some grub, my rod and creel, walk up there, pass the night in a barn on the shore of the lake, cook an early breakfast, get a boat, fish all day and return home at night generally well loaded with black bass, and so tired that I couldn't cut up any of my usual monkey shines for one Sunday anyhow.

Ol Gunn was a soldier home on furlough. He had been a prisoner, and when he was exchanged he was so weak that he got a furlough and came home to recruit up. He was about thirty-five years old and was one of my ideals of a soldier. Tough as a pine knot, open and simple as a child, a good talker and companion, never out of temper; but he would fight a circular saw if the saw seemed to want to fight real bad.

"Do you want to go up to the lake fishing, Dick?"

"Why yes, of course I do, if F. W. will let me. But he may refuse me. You ask him and he will probably let me go."

I knew I was, or ought to be, on the black list with F. W., for I had—well, yes, I'll tell you what I had done. I had greased the lowest step of Miss Mary O'Halloran's private staircase with lard—Miss O'H. was the cook. She weighed 250lbs., and when she hit the step she sat down hard, then told F. W. about it and said she knew I had done it, for that I was the "manest" boy in the wide world.

Poor F. W. had called me before him and lectured me a little, and then said, "Dixon, I don't know what to do with you," sighed, smiled and turned me loose. But I knew he couldn't refuse Ol anything, and, as I anticipated, I was shortly called up and F. W. said: "Dixon, Ol wants you to go fishing with him. You can go, but get back by 9 o'clock to-morrow night, or you will hear from me." I was sixteen years old, 5ft. 11in., weighed 115lbs., could eat 2lbs. of beef at a sitting; light hair, blue eyes, pale and looked very delicate, but was as tough and tireless as a black snake. So at 4:30 off we went on foot, my creel packed full of food prepared by the fair hands of Miss Mary O'H., who had recovered from her jar, and who couldn't ever stay angry with me more than half an hour at a time.

The road is very hilly, but we made it in an hour. I once more looked at that beautiful sheet of water and was glad that I was alive. Six miles long or more; crystal, cool water, surrounded by green hills covered with big trees. Mysterious bays indent its coast. Little sandy beaches are at the heads of the bays that were made on purpose to beach a boat on. One or two rocky ledges run down into the water, where big bass lie like tigers to catch the unwary minnow as he comes past. And the birds! Oh, the birds! they sing all day, and at night the whippoorwill whistles his mournful, creepy cry; and it is a relief when a big owl says boomingly, Who-who, who, and from far up the mountain side rolls down the reply of his mate.

We sat and feasted our eyes, and then we rented a boat from Sherman, who kept a little office on the shore, where he rented boats and sold soda pop and other beverages. It took us but a short time to catch a pail full of minnows, for I had a bait net hidden in Sherman's barn and long before dark we had four 1lb. bass sputtering in the frying pan. I can smell those fried fish and that coffee yet. Ol smoked his pipe after supper and I set a line or two for eels and soon caught and skinned enough for breakfast. There was no moon. Ol went to sleep and I tried to, but I couldn't, so I slipped out and sat on the wharf and caught more eels. It was very dark, but it was nice. A mink crept up on the wharf while I went up to the barn for some lunch from the basket and commenced lunching on one of my eels. When I came back he jumped into the water off the wharf with a great splash and startled me.

Finally I quieted down, crawled in beside Ol and went to sleep, with an owl, whippoorwill and bullfrog chorus sounding fainter as I passed away.

It's hard for me to go to bed and just as hard to get up, and so Ol pulled down the blanket and threw some water on me when he had my eels cooked brown. I'll give him credit, though; he called me about six times first. Whew! how good eels fried and new potatoes boiled are outdoors.

Then up the lake in a rowboat, Ol managing our two poles, 50yds. of line out and a spoon hook for bait. Before we had got well started, bang! here comes a savage bite. Up goes a 2lb. bass into the air, and the day is commenced. By noon we had more than we could carry home; by night we had given Sherman all he could carry, and two men who passed when we were getting dinner all they cared to take home.

At about 6 o'clock Maj. Burnham (a cousin of Ol), who was home on a furlough and lived near the lake, invited us to stay over night. I was afraid to, but Ol said he would fix F. W. when we got home, so up we went in Burnham's carriage, with 60lbs. of fish to carry home and a big string for Burnham.

He lived in a pretty cottage, half a mile from the lake, midway between the lake and the village of New Preston, a mill town with power furnished by water from the lake.

After supper we men went to a Second Advent camp meeting, where about 500 were camped, and attended services in a big grove lit up by torches and large fires.

Next morning I got home at about 11 o'clock. Ol fixed F. W. so that he did not say anything to me that would hurt my feelings, and sixty people had fresh fish for breakfast Monday morning. I can't or will not tell about any fish we caught, but we caught them with a spoon, with live bait, with a big fly, and with worms and grasshoppers. They would bite anything, but they bit live bait best. Sherman now has a hotel on the bank of the lake, and I hope to fish there again with some Gunnery boys before I stop fishing. W. J. DIXON.

THE "SAGINAW CROWD'S" CAR.

SAGINAW, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose herewith a couple of circulars describing our car. The floor plan might be of interest to sportsmen so that they may know what a hunting car is like.

In the parlor end, the chiffoniers are mighty handy, for each man can have a drawer with his own lock and key, to carry all his clothing. They hold as much as an ordinary sized trunk, and thus obviate the necessity of taking trunks or any other baggage, and there are enough of the drawers to accommodate a party of 12 or 15 very nicely.

Facing the passageway are the gun racks which can be locked up, are dust tight, and are lined with plush so that there is no danger of marring the guns.

Underneath each berth is a large drawer containing the car linen. The bathroom is a great feature. After one has been away from the car for a few days on a hunting trip, this feature is appreciated.

Then we have a nice large kitchen with a refrigerator in the corner which is big enough to hold all the supplies wanted for several days. We also have a charcoal broiler in addition to the range.

From the side view of the car proper you will notice the locker arrangement underneath, being the same on each side. The large locker we use for carrying a Bond portable boat in which we can put a folding camp stove, two tents, tent pins, etc., besides leaving room for decoys. Then fastened alongside of this locker are the long poles belonging to the tent, together with a light ladder which we find mighty convenient to have along. The other locker is divided so that one side of the car, opened by three doors, is a fine refrigerator. Putting ice in the center compartment leaves two cold storage compartments in which you can carry no end of perishable supplies, or keep fish and game if needed. In the opposite side is simply dry storage for carrying non-perishable articles.

Our tanks are arranged to carry lots of water, 500 gallons or more. This is something which is appreciated by those who have been side-tracked at little stations in the western prairie country where it has been difficult to get water. A great thing to have lots of it on hand.

On the rear platform, the kitchen end, one side is without steps, and serves to hold a large chest that we can use for carrying an extra supply of coal, or it is lined for an ice box.

The weight of the car is 86,000 lbs., and it has six-wheel trucks with outside bearings, everything strong and modern, making us feel that we are as safe as can be, and are in no more danger of being jammed up than the strongest car on the train. Plates of iron are bolted on the sills of the car, running the whole length. We have steam heat, which is also arranged so that we can heat ourselves when we are not on roads that heat by steam, couplers that will connect with cars on any road fix us so that we can go anywhere that railroad cars can be run.

We take along a cook and porter and aim never to overcrowd the car. Too large a party spoils the fun.

The question is often asked, "What does it cost to have a car pulled?" This is easily answered. The majority of the roads require eighteen tickets, some of them require but fifteen. It makes no difference how large the party is, provided it does not exceed the number of tickets. If it does, then you have to buy a ticket for each passenger in addition. Taking everything into consideration, we find that with a party of six or ten, it doesn't cost us as much to go off on a three weeks' trip in the far West as it would if we went without the car and paid for sleeping cars, dining cars, hotel bills, etc. W. B. MERSHON.

DETROIT FISHING NOTES.

IT is reported that fish in Flint River, Genessee county, Mich., are dying by hundreds from some unexplained cause. Large fine fish can be seen swimming along the stream near the shore in a lifeless, half-unconscious condition, and can almost be taken from the water by the hands.

There have been discovered upon some of those thus taken small ulcers, a peculiarity never observed in this locality before, and it is feared that some disease is affecting the fish in these waters.

A black bass similarly affected was seen by a gentleman who had been at the St. Clair Flats this season. The fish, which was a large fine-looking fish, was swimming lazily about in the water, and manifested no alarm upon the approach of the visitor. After watching him for some time, the gentleman quietly bent over, and, putting his hands slowly under the fish, lifted him out bodily, the bass making no struggle to escape. The back and sides of the bass were covered with a deep green slime, and what appeared like the barnacles that are found on the hulls of vessels. After examining the fellow for a few moments he returned him to the water, and shortly after again took him out with his hands as before. The fish was undoubtedly sick, but no dead fish nor any other affected like this one were seen in the vicinity.

Fishing in Lake Michigan on the west coast of Michigan, in the vicinity of St. Joseph, is the poorest in years this spring, so much so that the fishing tugs Hahn, Sanford, Violet and Payne have been hauled off, and others will be laid up soon. The catches, which formerly ran from 1,500 to 2,500lbs. per lift, now yield but 50 to 300lbs.

American fishermen in Canadian waters are having a decidedly interesting experience this spring with the authorities. The cutter Petrel has already made two large hauls of nets belonging to American boats, which were discovered inside the boundary line.

Last week, in one day, eighty-two gill nets were picked up twenty-two miles south of Rondeau, six miles inside the limit. The nets contained about a ton of fish. The following day over 100 nets were captured and taken to Amherstburg. All the nets, it is said, belonged to Cleveland parties. The vigilance of Canadian officials is making poaching in those waters very unpleasant and somewhat expensive. If every gill net fished in Lake Erie, whether in Canadian or American waters, were utterly destroyed, it would be a blessing to the fishing interests of these waters. FRANK HEYWOOD.

DETROIT, May 11.

WHY DO HOOKED FISH LEAP?

FRANKFORT, Ky., May 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please put my "affidavy" alongside of "Kingfisher's" in the matter of response to Dr. Ellzy's statement that fish only leap from the water through fright when hooked.

Why can't a fish have instinct for self-preservation as well as a fox or a deer or a squirrel, and resort to expedients to save its life? Fright may be the original predisposing cause that induces such expedient, but the action is not a mere blind, unreasoning, frantic movement, such as Dr. Ellzy intimates. I have seen bass over and over again thrust their heads out of the water, and with open mouth shake their jaws as "savigerously" as Dr. Ellzy could wish, until it seemed they would dislocate the muscles of the bass anatomy in the effort to dislodge the hook. They would come to the surface after fighting below its line without avail, and standing on their tails, as it were, open their mouths and shake as a terrier sometimes shakes a rat in the attempt to remove the cruel barb, and sometimes it went flying through the air and the line came back limp and with a scornful slackness that gave a sinking feeling to the heart.

There was no doubt about the object and purpose of this shaking—no more than to doubt there was a bass at the end of the line that wanted to get back to his accustomed haunts. The shaking was not a mere physical contortion, without instinct, performed *en route* during the leap in a spasm of fright; but the bass did it premeditatedly, with a mature forethought, by exposing a part of its body above the surface, using the water as a fulcrum and the free air as room to do business in.

A small-mouth black bass is one of the gamest of game fish, and there's no telling what he is capable of when the mood strikes his brain. Last summer, when fishing near Alpena, Mich., in company with C. C. Farr, of Frankfort, Ky., I hooked a 4½-pound black bass that performed the double act of first standing on his head on top of the water and then reversing, standing on his tail, in the desperate struggle to get away—which he didn't.

At another time, as heretofore related in FOREST AND STREAM, I saw one leap from the water and strike dead a butterfly that was winging its zigzag flight across the surface. Oh! they are darlings—the dear, daring and delicious small-mouth black bass. Look in his eye when he is in the midst of his efforts to get from your silken chain, and you'll see the devil there as plainly as ever you saw it glare from the optic of the royal maskinonge.

As for the catfish, they don't do things that way. I have caught hundreds of them—mud cat, yellow cat, blue cat, channel cat, shovel cat—and I never saw one leap from the water in fright or from any other cause. They fight beneath the surface, and generally rely on main strength and awkwardness, coupled with a certain amount of stupid stubbornness, to get loose from the hook. The big ones will often go to the bottom and sulk, and no amount of persuasion outside of a sharp prod will induce them to move.

Old Lish McCurdy once caught a catfish with hook and line below Lock No. 4, on Kentucky River, that weighed close to 100 pounds; but to tire him out, he had often to stir him from the bottom with a long pole to keep him on the move.

My knowledge of the black bass is "a condition and not a theory," as is that of dear old "Kingfisher," my comrade of many seasons in wrestling with this gallant warrior of the waters, but I much fear that with Dr. Ellzy it is a "theory" and not a "condition." OLD SAM.

FISHING ON THE NICHNABOTANY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Up in the extreme northwest corner of the State of Missouri there is a quiet, unassuming little river called the Nichnabotany. For years it flowed on in quiet and peace, finally emptying into the Missouri River a few miles north of the city of St. Joseph; the last twenty-five or thirty miles of its course parallel to its burly neighbor and is separated from it only by a narrow strip of land. One day, however, the ever restless and uneasy Missouri took a notion to change the scene of its operations, so taking a sudden shoot into the State of Missouri, it cut the little Nichnabotany off, giving it a new outlet some twenty-eight miles north of its former mouth. Whether this may or may not have been satisfactory to all parties concerned, the fact remains that it left a fully developed river bed with no visible occupation or means of support.

Ordinarily, the old bed would have dried up and that would have been the end of it—not so with "Nichny," however; it quietly went to work, closed the old outlet with sand, gathered to itself a number of cold springs, and kept right on doing business at the old stand. With the outlet dammed up, the water deepened and formed a long, narrow lake of clear, cold and sparkling water, twenty-eight miles long, fifty yards wide and with an average depth of about twenty feet. Whether it should be called river, lake or bayou, no one seems to know or care. They just call it the "Nichny" and let it go at that.

The many natural advantages it possesses make it an ideal fishing water. What with the fish left there when its character was changed and the fry since planted by the State Commissioners, it is fast coming into prominence as a desirable resort for anglers, and with proper care and attention will be second to none in this section of the country.

In the matter of protection it has every advantage. The banks are lined with trees and, as the water increased in depth, those nearest the water were overflowed and killed, gradually falling and being blown into the stream. The network of treetops, limbs and stumps puts an effectual barrier between the finny tribes and the vandals with seines, and the majority of those owning land along the banks are alive to the importance of its fish supply. They will not themselves indulge in illegal or wanton destruction, or permit others to do so knowingly.

I understand that dynamite and set nets have been used to a small extent, and I know from my own observation that trot and set lines are used. The only thing caught on the latter, however, they claim, is channel catfish.

It contains quite a variety of fish—black bass (large-mouth variety), croppie, pickerel, sheepshead (locally called drum), blue and channel catfish, and I understand that recently the Commissioners have planted a large number of wall-eyed pike and rainbow trout. None of the latter two have been seen since planting, but I have no doubt they are taking on avoirdupois in some part of the stream and will be heard from in good time.

For two or three seasons past I had heard rumors more or less vague of this place, and had determined to investigate for myself at the first opportunity; and therefore, when my friend, Robert Lorton, suggested to me the other day that it was fishing time, and that he had heard that the fish were biting on the "Nichny," it didn't take me long to get ready. I just took my Bethabara in one hand and my tackle box in the other, and together we started for the depot, with Langdon, Mo., as our objective point.

One P. M. found us at our objective point, and, after a hurried dinner, rods were put together, a boatman hunted up, and off we started in search of the bronzed-back warriors, as some of the brotherhood put it. Several parties from St. Joe and other towns were on the stream and reported indifferent success. Friend Lorton, however, is the Christopher Columbus of this stream, and knows every spot in which a bass can hide. Inside of fifteen minutes he had hooked a bass that tried the timber of his rod, and the skill acquired by many years of practice. Shortly after this, something tried to steal my nice new hook and the pretty little green frog that was kicking for joy on the point of it. First it got mixed up in a log jam, and when I carefully and with infinite pains extricated it from that, it hunted up a submerged tree top and tied my line into all sorts of complicated knots.

It at last consented to move, under the boat, however, and with such suddenness that in the shock my tip broke in half. Then there was grief—with a broken rod and a strong pull I finally got the gentleman to the surface and within reach of the landing net. It proved to be a channel cat of 5lbs. weight. How is that for the much despised catfish?

After landing this fish I sat down to rest and repair damages. With the aid of my jack-knife and a piece of line I managed to splice the broken joint together and went to work again.

Our outing was brief, only twenty-four hours, for Brother Lorton had to return to his business and I to mine. But short as was our stay, we returned to the city infinitely refreshed, and I convinced that the Nichny was a spot well worth revisiting. Our catch, while not large, was enough to satisfy all reasonable mortals: seventy bass running from ¾ to 3¾lbs. each, and a few channel cats and sheepsheads.

While on this trip I tried a lure that was new to me. Our supply of live frogs was limited and I tried a frog made of rubber, and the results were thoroughly satisfactory in every way. W. R. H.

JEWFISH AND TARPON TACKLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The big fish at the Pass have been biting freely all winter, and in the last month some especially fine catches have been made. Tarpon and jewfish, or the black sea bass, have come up into the shallow waters in immense numbers. A few weeks ago thirteen tarpon were caught in one haul of a seine; and to top the thing off, seiners at Corpus Christi Pass caught a jewfish that weighed 1,015lbs. That is no "fish story" either, but can be proven for the benefit of any doubting Thomas.

The real fishing with rod and reel, trolling for tarpon, has been excellent. Monday Messrs. Albert Maverick, A. W. Houston, Reagan Houston and P. H. Swearingen returned from the Pass with a score of five tarpon, not speaking of smaller fish. A. W. Houston and Reagan Houston each captured two and Mr. Swearingen one. Mr. Maverick hooked a large one, one of the biggest ever seen to leap from the water here. He ran out with the 200yds. of line and kept right on going, taking hook, line and a piece of Mr. Maverick's thumb with him.

Week before last 26 jewfish, from 80lbs. up to 300, were caught at the Pass, principally on hand lines.

Such news as this gives me the fever, and you may be sure that as soon as possible I will be down there on a vacation.

Monday I received a letter from Ode Wilson, which I inclose with this, and if there had been any doubt about my going before, it all vanished when I read it. Of course I don't agree exactly with Ode's ideas of a correct jewfish tackle, and I am going to try to get him to make a trial of 200yds. of 21-thread linen. Following is the letter:

"ARANSAS PASS, Tex., May 12.—*Dear Friend:* Yours of the 8th received several days ago. Glad to hear that you are coming down. Yes, I have the sloop Iola for the season; also the Edith, which is in first-class order and as fast as any boat on the bay. She can carry eight or ten persons, but has camping room for three or four. The Iola has camping room for eight or ten. I charge $3 a day for the Edith and $5 for the Iola. I carried out on the Edith yesterday twenty-two people to a boat race off Wilson Island

"About the fishing tackle—you know what a good tarpon outfit consists of; and in regard to the jewfish tackle, I have been trying all the spring to get a reel large enough for the purpose, but have failed. I sent to New York for the largest reel I saw advertised, but find it entirely too small for the common cotton line that I have to use for the jewfish. The idea of the coiled spring is very good; that is, if you could get a spring small and long enough to recoil about 100ft. of good big line; but I believe that the best tackle for this big fish would be just the same as a tarpon outfit, only about five times as heavy and stout as the largest tarpon outfit.

"I have hooked several jewfish that I could not handle on account of not having long enough line and not being able to pay the line out with a good, strong tension. The fish, when he finds himself hooked, goes off so fast that it would burn my hands to hold even the tension on the line that my common cotton lines would hold. By this you will be able to get my idea of a jewfish outfit.

"I consider the jewfish a very game fish, and he makes a good fight until he is pulled into shoal water, when he gives up, and is easy to handle except for his immense weight of from 50 to 1,000lbs. The jewfish's main fight is his first long strong pull, which he makes just as soon as he is hooked, and I have my first fish to lose after breaking this first pull. After that they make several more rushes, but not nearly as strong as the first. This is why I would recommend the extra heavy rod, reel and line. I will also use a cork on the line, just the same shape as a common fish cork, only about 5in. in diameter and about 15in. long. These I have already made and tried, and found to be a success. I landed a 100lb. jewfish the other day with one of these corks on my line, and I tell you it was fun to see the big cork bob. He bit like a perch two or three times, and then the big cork went down to stay. I was out in a skiff and the big cork stood off about 50ft. in about 20ft. of water. I was in no hurry about landing him, as I knew the big cork would keep up the slack of the line so that the fish could not get the hook out of his mouth, and I could tell by the pull that he was no 500-pounder, so I just played him about until I got ready to take him in.

"There have been more jewfish caught at the Pass this spring than common; twenty-eight in one week were reported; but the catch early in the season is always small fish, ranging from 50 to 200lbs., but the big fellows will be biting by the time you come down. The 1,015-pounder that was caught at Corpus Christi Pass was caught in a seine.

"Now, if you can get 300 or 400ft. of good stout linen line ½in. in diameter, and two good reels that will take 150ft. of that line, I will pay my part of the cost, and when you come down we will give the big jewfish a trial. And this outfit will be just the thing for the tarpon, we will only have to change the hooks.

"Write me when you are coming and I will be ready for your trip, and in the meantime if you find the kind of tackle that I speak of let me know. Yours,

"O. S. WILSON."

If some FOREST AND STREAM reader can tell me where to get some such tackle for my friend I will appreciate it. And then if some of those same readers would like to spend the month of July as comfortably as though they were in the mountains, and with no mosquitoes to bother them, they might join our party. As for myself, I can hardly wait. WILL M. S.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

THE FLORIDA FREEZE AND FISHING.

ROXBURY, Mass., May 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having seen no account of the remarkable winter in Florida and its effect on the winter's fishing, it occurs to me that it might interest your readers to know what the Florida freeze did.

With some friends I left St. Augustine, Dec. 11, on my naphtha yacht to cruise around the coast of Florida to Charlotte Harbor. Taking the inside route through Matanzas River and out into the Atlantic to Mosquito Inlet, and then through the Hillsboro River to Mosquito Lagoon, through Haulover Canal to Indian River and down Indian River to Jupiter Inlet, we passed though a 'most lovely winter climate; and through from New Smyrna to Rockledge, the fine orange country; then through the pineapple plantations to Lake Worth. Passing out of Jupiter Inlet we ran out into the Atlantic to Biscayne Bay. We arrived here just before the freeze of Dec. 28.

At Miami and Cocoanut Grove the thermometer went to 27° above zero—a most unusual freeze. All tender vegetation was killed, but not the cocoanuts nor any trees. At Cocoanut Grove the day after the freeze I saw men and boys scooping up kingfish, Spanish mackerel and other varieties with scoop nets—the fish being so chilled that they could not swim. We could not quite understand why they did not work into deeper water.

As we passed down Biscayne Bay by the inside route, we saw dead and dying fish all along—sharks, tarpon, catfish, Spanish mackerel and all sorts of smaller fish; this continued all the way to Florida Bay. As we rounded Cape Sable we still saw some floating.

At Marco, on the west coast of Florida, we saw many of the same variety and some mullet, jewfish, mangrove snappers, cavalli and ravelli. It was the same in the Colloosahatchie River and Charlotte Harbor.

On Jan. 27, four weeks after the first freeze, we were up the Myakka River—which runs into Charlotte Harbor—and this is the record in our log book: "Jan. 27—Tried tarpon fishing at the old pool. In passing up the river to the pool we passed thousands of dead fish, some large tarpon, many small ones. Saw ten tarpon lying in one heap with scales all on. The shores were lined with bones and hundreds of whole fish; and this after a month since the freeze in December. There are thousands of buzzards and vultures, eagles and crows, feeding on them. Even the catfish seem to be all killed.

"The stench was so great it was very uncomfortable staying here. This river seems to have suffered more than any place we have visited—possibly because it is shoal and runs nearly north to south, and as the norther which brought down the cold had a clean sweep, and blew the water out of the stream. It was almost beyond belief that such a sight could be possible.

"We shot some yellow leg snipe, but they were so lean and poor that they were hardly fit to eat. The small shrimps and sand worms were no doubt all killed, so they had no food. The only fish which seemed to escape in this river were the mullet. We saw no dead ones. They are rich in oil and no doubt not so easily chilled."

The tarpon season was not so good as usual, and the winter continuing so cold seemed to keep this fish in or near the Gulf. The fishing seems likely to change next year to the inlets and to a different manner—no more bottom fishing, some say. MYAKKA.

Fishing with Minnows.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I devour the contents of the paper and puff away at my friend—a pipe—I read that "Jay Pee" wishes information as to the "best way to hook a minnow to insure living on the hook." I do not give a great deal of time to sport, but I think I have hooked about as many minnows on hooks during the time I have to spare as most men—around here, at any rate.

My way is: Never keep a minnow in the hand or out of water longer than necessary. I use the finest hooks I can procure and always attached to gut. Hook the minnows about the center, just below the back fin, and be sure not to touch backbone with hook. By hooking thus the minnow will balance on hook, will live longer, swim around more actively, and if a fish takes the minnow the fish is almost sure to be well hooked.

I have tried hooking minnows by the tail, the head, and by inserting hook in the mouth, through the gills, and then slightly in belly; but I prefer to pass the hook through the back, just below the fin. I always use live bait; don't care for fly, spoon or phantom minnow, and detest the use of worms.

I was glad to hear of E. Hough's way of keeping minnows while traveling. My way has been to have two pails—where I could not procure fresh water—both pail

full of water. When starting out I keep all the minnows in one of the pails. When they begin to come to top of water, I pour off the water and pour in water from other pail; when they come up again, pour both water and minnows back into first pail, and repeat as often as they rise to top. I sent 500 minnows a distance (by rail) of 100 miles in a three-gallon pail, cover reversed, with a hole in center, and placed a large piece of ice in the cover, so as it melted the water would run into pail, and thus keep water fresh. Only one died.

During the summer I have a tank in the yard, with waterworks pipe to supply it water, and an outlet that connects with drain. I have had as many as 3,000 minnows at one time. I am always ready for an outing at a moment's notice. Fish for sport, not for market. An outing is refreshing after 54 hours' confinement indoors.. If there is a better way to hook minnows, would like to hear of it.

E. T. L.

THE CANADIAN ANGLING SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Canadian fishing season has opened with a rush. To-day a large party of American anglers chartered a special train on the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway to reach their club house at Kiskisink. These gentlemen are all members, or guests of members, of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club. They were preceded a few days ago by Major Bailey, patent solicitor, of Washington, and Mr. Parker Page, of New York, whose catch so far has been a very large and satisfactory one. In to-day's party are Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, and Major D. F. Read, of the same place, whose father, D. M. Read, was president of the State Senate. These gentlemen last year made a remarkable cross-country trip of some 200 miles by canoe from Kiskisink, ascending the Metabetchouan to its headwaters at the height of land, thence to the headwaters of streams flowing into Lake Kenogami, and afterward over other heights of land to the waters of La Belle Riviere, by which stream they reached Lake St. John.

Another splendid tour that may be made from the headwaters of the Metabetchouan is over a series of divides to the south until the waters of the River Ste. Anne are reached, bringing the tourists out at St. Raymond, only a few miles north of the city of Quebec. This trip was made a year or two ago by Dr. Porter's two sons, the same young gentlemen who had just then rescued two Montreal youths from a pretty sorry plight on the lower waters of the Metabetchouan. The Montrealers went into the river to swim, miles from any camp, leaving all their clothing, provisions and supplies in their canoe, which they partially drew out of the water on to the bank. Unnoticed by them the canoe floated off by itself at the head of a heavy rapid, in which it overturned and was wrecked, destroying or losing provisions, clothing, guns and rods. It was the height of the mosquito, black fly and sand fly season, and when, foodless, clotheless and shelterless, the two adventurers were discovered by the Messrs. Porter a couple of days later, they were a pair of living pictures more fit for the hospital than for the stage.

Other members of the party that left for Kiskisink to-day are: Mr. Coe, of Meriden, chairman of the executive committee of the Metabetchouan Club; C. E. Mitchell and J. H. Flagg, of New York; J. P. Stevenson, Wallingford, Conn.; J. Stevenson, G. H. Wilcox, W. B. Ives, G. A. Fay, J. S. Fay, A. Chamberlin, W. B. Cashen, Samuel Dodd, W. Huffurd, N. W. Sims, O. H. Platt and W. B. Hall, of Meriden, Conn. Among those who are bound to-day for the Standacona Lakes are: Messrs. W. H. Swift, E. T. Brooks and Preston Lea, of Wilmington, Del.; L. W. Beecher, of Westville, Conn., and Sheffield Philps, of New York.

Lakes Beaufort and St. Charles have already yielded some good baskets of fish to city anglers, who can reach them from Quebec in a couple of hours' drive. But the center of attraction for heavy fish at present is Lake Edward, where a number of Canadian anglers are camping, some of whom report among their catches red trout over 5lbs. in weight.

Ouananiche have been taken for over a week past by bait along the Roberval shore of Lake St. John and at the mouth of the Metabetchouan. There is no doubt, too, that by this time they would rise at the fly, but nobody has so far tried them this season that I can learn of. Fly-fishing in the Grande Décharge for ouananiche will undoubtedly commence this year in the first week of June.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, May 18.

TEXAS TARPON.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, May 13.—Tarpon were never so plentiful at this time of the year as they are at present at Rockport and Aransas Pass. Last Wednesday, May 8, our Hon. A. W. Houston, Mr. Reagan Houston, Mr. Albert Maverick, accompanied by Mr. P. H. Swearingen, of the law firm of Swearingen & Brooks, left for Rockport and Aransas Pass to try their hand at tarpon and other minor fish. Up to Friday afternoon they were fortunate to land five very large tarpon, each one a royal beauty that would send the blood of any man coursing through his veins at the rate of forty and a half miles an hour. Mr. Swearingen landed one, Mr. Reagan Houston two and the Hon. A. W. Houston two; Mr. Albert Maverick hooked at least ten or twelve, but was unfortunate at landing on account of having a very delicate line. The news spread very rapidly to San Antonio, and on Saturday, May 11, the following party of gentlemen started for the tarpon grounds at Rockport and Aransas Pass, and a right merry party it was: Louis Frankel (with his koninoor), Wm. Hardie, Allen Irvin, Gen'l Agent of the S. A. & A. P. Ry.; E. G. Seng, who talks to all the ladies on the train and loses his grip; Mr. E. K. Bixby, T. P. A. of the great and only Vandalia Line; Jacob Waelder (honest Jakie); Fred. Dagget; P. Wooldridge, who has to go courting at every station he comes to and gets left at Rockport; E. J Coward; Ira N. Turner, who don't know what it is to say no or refuse; J. A. McDonald (silent Jack); G. P. Spaulding; J. Hamer, who says, "Boys, keep quiet or I can't go again;" W. Berry, who was lost; J. C. Mangham, who knows how to fish, and L. F. Meyers to pull the corks and keep the flies off the mess chest. They expect to stay some time, that is if they can keep Frankel and Seng in their limit with their harness on.

Mr. Swearingen's catch was his maiden tarpon, and he has grown at least a foot and several inches taller, and says that tarpon fishing beats practising law. L. F. M.

Game and Fish Protection.

Minnesota Association.

THE Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association is now an accomplished fact. At a meeting yesterday afternoon in the assembly room of Temple Court, attended by a number of prominent amateur sportsmen of the Twin Cities and outside towns, a constitution was adopted and a full set of officers elected. From the euthusiastic way in which those in attendance took hold, the association is assured of success from the very start.

The meeting was but the consummation of a vigorous campaign which has been conducted by a few enthusiastic sportsmen, with the close co-operation of the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners. S. F. Fullerton, executive agent of the board, has been very active in the movement, and was present at the meeting yesterday. The association will be a voluntary auxiliary to the State officers, and one of its prime objects is the prevention of poaching and other violations of the State game laws. Every fine collected on information furnished by the association will be divided, one-half going to the State board, the other to the association. A number of local clubs, organized for trap and field shooting, fishing etc., have already signified their intention of joining the association in a body. Besides a large contingent from Minneapolis and St. Paul, there are clubs in Duluth, Crookston, Alexandria, Tower, Ely, Breckenridge, Perham, Park Rapids, Northfield, Nashua and South Haven, which are expected to co-operate. These clubs are none of them organized for game protection, but have been working in that line, and hail the State association as a great move in the interests of amateur sport.

The officers were all elected by acclamation, as follows: President, Uri L. Lamprey, St. Paul; first vice-president, W. S. Benson, St. Cloud; second vice-president, F. F. Davis, Minneapolis; third vice-president, E. S. Palmer, Duluth; secretary, Wm. L. Tucker, St. Paul; treasurer, Wm. L. Woolford, Minneapolis; attorney, H. P. Goodenow, St. Paul. A number of new members were then voted in, increasing the number on the rolls to 241.—*Minneapolis Times, May 16.*

Frank Lawrence.

IN Japan there grows a peculiar grass with properties deadly to American ducks. It is cut by Jap farmers, woven into suits for duck hunters to wear, and so imported into this country by Frank Lawrence. When a man sets out to kill a duck, he puts on one of these Lawrence suits, makes himself look like a bunch of grass, and fools the fowl. It is a long shot from Japan to America, but the Jap grass kills American ducks, and for that matter it could quite as easily kill the American eagle. Mr. Lawrence formerly did a big business in Chicago. He expects to do a bigger one with new headquarters in New York; and wishes all his old customers to know that in his new association with Henry C. Squires & Son he still keeps up his own business in all its branches.

Many Anglers

now say that the best reels for the money are the improved "Expert" Reels—and for little money at that. All dealers have them.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris, Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

THE DOG IN LIFE AND DEATH.

"WHERE is my Dog? or, Is Man alone Immortal?" is the title of a book of 202 pages, by Rev. Charles Josiah Adams, and which, as the title implies, is devoted to the question of the dog's existence and immortality. The treatment of the subject is exhaustive and able. The preface contains a brief explanation of the author's purpose in writing the work. He says: "Man never does a serious thing in his life without some reason. Every effect has a cause. I have been asked why I wrote this treatise. With all who think I have asked the question: Is man immortal? This question is intensely active when one has lost a friend. My dog Tip was a surer friend to me than most men and women whom I have known. When I lost him, I asked: 'Where is my dog? Is death the end of the lower animal? What argument adduces in favor of man's immortality that goes not to establish a belief in the immortality of the lower animal?' The question of man's immortality can not be answered without an analysis of man's nature. An introspective analysis gives only the elements of my nature. May there not be some elements of human nature which I lack, or which are so faint in my composition that they are not noticeable or apt to be overlooked? * * * As I regarded each faculty, I found it not only related to matter, but also to substance—that it pointed to immortality. Then the primary question which had started the train of questions—the question, 'Where is my dog?'—caused me to ask: 'What faculty or element of nature has the man which the lower animal has not?' I was astonished to find how nearly man and the lower animal are one as to faculty. If one as to faculty, then what is the essential difference between them? If no essential difference, then, if man be immortal, must not the lower animal be immortal also?"

In the first chapter the author touches upon the love, loyalty and devotion of the dog. "Your servant and your friend once, he is your friend and your servant always. Open the door of his cage or slip the bridle from his head and your bird or your horse will fly or gallop, with note or neigh of joy, to his own kind. Your dog is as naturally gregarious, but you can not ever drive him away from you. He licks the hand that smites him, and rubs the whole length of his back upon the foot that kicks him. Your cat loves your house or your rug, not you. The love of place is a primary love with the cat. When you move into another street, he will not follow you. The dog has the love of location as well. There is some particular spot in the house where he loves to sleep. The dog turns around before he lies down. Why? Because, we are told, his primitive ancestors had their home among the reeds of the Nile, and turned around to push those reeds away that they might lie down. We can imagine the same reeds rising and bending each time any one of these early dogs arose from or lay down to his rest, because simply he had lain there before. You may form the modern dog's habit as to place, if he is your dog, by placing a garment which you have worn there. You may hear him settling upon it with a low sound of satisfaction, because it reminds him of you. The love of place is a secondary love with the dog. There are three upon whom man, in his virtue, may always depend—God, his mother, and his dog. This is the great trinity of love. There are two upon whom man may always depend so long as his iniquity is not proven—his mother and his dog. There is one upon whom man may always depend, no matter how miserably fallen—his dog."

The author then recounts, in an interesting manner, the dogs which he has owned and the individual traits of each. Of two he writes: "Dennis was never a favorite with the mistress of the house. He was a great, sprawling, awkward brute, that made more noise and dirt than a whole pack of average dogs should have made. As a murderer of sleep, he was worse than a critic or a tin bath tub the faucet of which is defective, and which is constantly sucking into the escape pipe what it appears to think is the last gill of water. His snore was uniquely strident and discordant, and he never recovered from an omniverous disposition to chew. * * * When Dennis would get a rebuke, Tip would get a caress. Where Dennis would be stricken with the broomstick, Tip would receive a gentle-voiced reprimand. Tip was even more widely known than Dennis. He was nearly as ugly. He was small—about two-thirds as long, tail and all, as your arm—with eyes as confiding as those of Dennis; they were brighter, more active, and seemed to be 'the windows of a soul' that was anxious for the incoming of more light. He was very receptive; you had little trouble in conveying a simple idea or even a plain thought to him. When he understood what you said, or when he wanted you to do something for him, or when he had performed some one of the numerous tricks which we had taught him, his eyes fairly gleamed, and his beautiful tail (after the white spot on the very end of which he was named) waved and switched like a willow wand in a storm. He would have been called a cur, I presume. He was pure in the cross between the Dandy Dinmont and the poodle. Excepting the spot on the tip of his tail, to which I have referred, and a narrow vest, he was black as 'the cloth.'

"He had one bad habit, of which he could never be broken; he would bark. He never did nip anybody, but I have always believed that a trio of exquisite young gentlemen who boarded next door feared for their lavender pantaloons or the pink skin of their calves. At any rate, as I sat reading my paper one morning, I heard a cry from my wife in an adjoining room, and on looking up saw through the folding doors the poor little beggar roll over in a fit. I sprang to my feet and rushed for a physician. He sneeringly remarked that he did not treat dogs. I had only time to say as I turned away that I had, when a boy, owned a big bulldog named Joe, that I would like to see treat him; but the remark did Tip no more good than a milder one would have done. When I reached home Tip was dead, and my wife, whom I had never before seen very demonstrative in grief, was sitting near where he lay on the floor, the tears running through the fingers of the hand which she held to her face, and convulsed with sobs. I went up to the boy's room—he not having risen yet—and told him what had happened. Shall I confess it? We cried together—the man as deeply moved as the boy, and as unable to control himself. Tip was gone from us, by the road by which Dennis went a couple of years later. He was poisoned. I was very anxious to know who did the miserable deed. Though—I might as well confess it, for it will crop out sooner or later—though a parson, I wanted revenge. Some one asked me in a company of gentlemen, whether I would pray for the man who poisoned my dog, did I find him. I replied: 'I would pound the daylights out of him,' and added: 'I might pray for him when he got so weak that he really needed it.' And on mature deliberation, I do not know that my remark was too strong."

The reverend author asks and answers the question, "Who may say what may not be immortal? If the dog is immortal, then we would not probably be going too far in concluding that all sentient beings are immortal. And may not the empire of sensation be wider and deeper than we imagine? Man can see and hear and feel. It has taken the world untold ages to realize this as true of all men. Does a kick hurt the laborer as badly as the nobleman, the servant as the millionaire? Before our civil war, did any one imagine that the black mother really loved her baby as much as the white mother? A French nobleman before the Revolution had no more thought of giving pain in smiting a peasant than in striking a stone. The fundamental kinship of man is a modern discovery. Now, the question is: 'Are not all sentient beings akin?'"

"I ask the question, Where is my dog? not because I think the dog the only animal that should be immortal, nor the only one that can be loved. There is something in every animal that responds to man and something in man that responds to every animal, because man is the microcosm—all animals in one."

In the chapter entitled "Annoyances and Immortality," the author says: "But some will say: 'You speak of animals that are faithful, intelligent, beautiful and beloved. How about the loathsome and the annoying?' I may answer here briefly: First, that there are few animals that are not faithful in return for faithfulness. What animal has shown himself more faithless than man—than especially the Anglo-Saxon. To slaughter is man's instinct. We decoy that we may fill with shot; we scratch the pig's back while he feeds that he may contentedly grunt and grow fat, that we may eat him; we speak gently to the horse as we hold out the salt in our hand, that we may bridle him, ride him, sink our spurs into

him, maybe kick him because he was so hard to catch. Read human history, and say whether any animal in the kingdom is so faithless to his kind as man. The adage goes, 'All things are fair in love and war.' The same rule largely applies in business. The very man who makes the loudest professions of friendship is the one to watch, lest he may 'hug you hard, that he may after scandal you.' I do not write this as a pessimist. The side of a man's faithfulness I know; but if you pronounce against the lower animals because of their faithlessness in my case, man must go, too. This is the point that I make here. Second, there are other intelligences than those which make an animal attractive to man. Even the clam learns from experience when to close and when to open its shell. Then there must be whole worlds of intelligence which come not within the sphere of man's cognizance. We only get hints of what is without and of what is within through the telescope and microscope."

From the inferential to the material, the author makes his points as follows:

"Passing from the general to the specific, physically man is a beast, and a beast is a man. The same bones and nerves and muscles enter into the composition of your horse or your dog that enter into your composition. He has the same organs. With some difference in detail, he is built on the same plan. We must not be too proud. The hog is more nearly man physically than any other animal. The difference in detail is the result of the difference in relationships of correlation. * * * Between man and his dog, or his horse, or his bird, physically, the difference is not in element, but in arrangement of elements."

As to the scope of his effort, the author states that in the treatise he proposes to—

"(1) Call attention to the fact that man possesses the physical faculties in common with the beast.

"(2) To tacitly, or more openly, insist that if their exercise makes the beast of the earth simply earthy, they do the same for man.

"(3) To attempt to show that in a degree the lower animal has the intellectual, moral and spiritual faculties in common with man; and

"(4) To try to discover whether there is any argument in favor of man's immortality which may not give us a hope for a future for our more humble brethren who can not speak for themselves.

"All chiefly in the hope that I may slightly lessen the sum of mundane misery by lessening the number of thoughtless strokes and kicks and cuffs to the dumb, and open up to human vision new empires of God's love."

The reverend author then dwells most forcibly and interestingly on traits common to all immortals: The fear of death, courage, "a glimpse of the future through the stomach," the desire to possess, secretiveness, forethought, "what others think," self-esteem, firmness, amativeness, grief, friendship, love of home, continuity, individualization; perception of forms, size, weight, color, order, numbers, locality; individuality, memory, time, tune, conveyance of ideas, cause and effect, recognition of character, agreeableness, the reflectives and immortality, ideality, imitation, mirthfulness, conscience, hope, spirituality, veneration and benevolence.

To appreciate the work in its full broadness and kindliness, it must be read in full, and the least that any reader can gain from it is a better appreciation of the true value of all animals and an admiration for the author who writes of them so interestingly, courageously and intelligently.

DEATH OF A MOHAWK FOX.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM have something every week about all kinds of hunting. I find but little in regard to fox hunting, a sport I admire more than all others. I see in the issue of Jan. 5 how the foxes in the Mohawk Valley are committing many burglaries and how the correspondent says the boys are going to make the fur fly. How many times I have made the same resolution, and alas! how many times it has been broken. Of all the game that is hunted "Mr. Fox" (allow me to call him Mr., for he is worthy of that title) is the most cunning and shows more generalship than all others combined. I had been told several times of a large fox that had been committing bold burglaries on the farms. Several attempts had been made to bring him to justice, but had been unsuccessful. I have a dog that has grown old in the art of fox hunting, which I think is as good a foxhound as can be produced.

I went out one night last week to where the fox had committed his depredations, passed a very pleasant evening with a farmer and his family, and retired about 11 o'clock, and was soon asleep. About 5 A. M. I heard the dog moving around, and I tried to make him lie down; he would be still for a few moments, but would get up again. Thinking he must be sick, I got up and let him out; the moment I opened the door he went out. As the house set back about three or four rods from the road and his long black nose went up into the air, I knew in an instant what it meant. I called to him to come back, as it was not yet daylight, but he had got a good scent in the wind and commanding and coaxing were in vain. He turned his head around, and with his eyes snapping said as plainly as a dog could say, "Come on;" then turning his head, he made a few jumps and was over the fence, and away he went toward a large hill a mile away. I could see him as he crossed the lot, as the moon was bright and there was not a cloud. In a few minutes he gained the top of the hill, up in the air that nose went again, and I heard the challenge sent out, long and clear as a bugle cry. I instantly turned and made for my room. Quickly getting my gun, I went quietly out. I could just hear his voice as it came floating back on the still morning air till he went out of hearing. Back of "the corners," as it was called, was a long hill where the foxes used to cross. I hurried as fast as possible, wishing to get there so as to get a shot if he should cross, and I had gone about half way when I heard him coming back. When I saw the fox on the hill where the dog first struck the track, he looked around for a minute and then started and took the road, and ran by the house I had just left. I watched him a few moments, and then hurried to the top of the hill. I could see him coming through the lots, and was satisfied he would cross the hill I was on, as he had made a circle around "the corners." Back of the house he turned and came straight toward me, with the dog about a quarter of a mile behind. He came along till he was about twenty rods away, stopped short, wheeled to the right, and went like a flash below me on the other side of the hill. His nose had saved him. The dog appeared to be gaining on him fast, and back they went to the hill where I first saw him. The dog was gaining fast as the fox came over the hill, and the dog got his eye on him and then the race began. They came down the hill at a rate of speed that would ruin the fast time of the Empire State Express. When the fox reached the road he turned and came straight for the hill where I stood; the hills were about half a mile apart and a little up grade. I could see him straighten himself out, and he looked like a red streak; he was doing his best, but it was of no use. The old campaigner had met his match at last. Pilot was gaining every jump, until at last I could see his neck begin to stretch out and his mouth would open and close for the white spot on the end of that bushy tail. It was soon over—he got a little closer, and the race was finished. I hurried down the hill, picked up the fox, and got back to the house at half-past 8. For once my resolution had been kept. S.

The Foxhound.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The foxhound is my favorite dog. Since my early youth I have owned and followed hounds, and to me there is nothing so sweet as the excited cry of the hound when nearing the quarry.

When one has spent two decades in the study of one subject, the experience and opinion of the student and observer should be worth something.

The first hunting I ever did was with a pack of leather-eared, dew-clawed hounds. We hunted gray foxes, and these hounds would cry a track eight hours old, and gallop and give tongue freely on a trail that the modern hound would not notice. They would smell on a chunk or bush, turn around and open four or five times in the same place.

These blue ticked hounds seldom failed to jump a fox that they could trail. And what music when the fox was up, for two of those hounds would give as much tongue as ten of the modern hounds. You could sit on your horse and listen. There was no need to dash over fences and gullies, for they would run an hour and scarcely get out of hearing.

If we had good luck we would catch the fox in four or five hours. Sometimes a little gray would run all day and then give them the dodge. These hounds never appeared to grow tired. They had a steady gallop from which they would never vary. They were fine dogs to drive a deer through a stand.

Then the red fox took possession of the gray's grounds and we soon discovered that our hounds were not fast enough, even to warm up the reds.

They all made good coon hounds, so we gave them away and purchased hounds that were fast and game enough to catch the red fox; at least, that was what the man wrote from whom we bought the hounds. They did not do it, however. We got rid of those hounds, retaining only one or two. We continued to buy and kill out until at last we got a fair pack, which we have been steadily improving ever since, until we can now catch any red fox in open country.

The red foxhound should be a good, steady hunter, going in a fast trot or slow gallop. He should not dash helter-skelter, but hunt with judgment.

A hunting pack is always a game pack.

When a trail is cried the pack should be gotten together as quickly as possible, and the hounds should all work industriously.

They should give but little tongue on a red fox trail, as a much closer jump can be obtained thereby, and a good jump is always desirable. I have seen hounds work a running trail all day on account of too much yelling and tongue at the first strike.

A running trail is much harder on a pack than a race for the same time, and it is imperative that a pack have good trailers—the more the better.

The red foxhound should be keenly built, well muscled, have a straight hindleg and be of medium size—a large hound can go up hill fast, but a small hound can go down hill the faster.

A pack should be of as nearly the same speed as possible—have no leader, he is an abomination and will ruin any pack. When a hound strikes off the scent he should remain ahead until another leads, and so on.

A red foxhound should always dash or circle to the front, for a single minute lost means a quarter of a mile for the fox. A red fox never stops until the chase is ended, but a gray fox will lie down in a brier patch within 20yds. of the hounds.

A pack to be successful fox killers should be fast and game to the core, and never let up for a moment during the chase.

Never do much encouraging harking to your pack, for they will get so after a while that they will not run as well away from the sound of your voice as when you are near them. When your pack lose the trail near or at the edge of a burnt woods or field, always "lift" them; ride rapidly to where you think the fox has passed on the opposite side and yell, "Hark here! hark here!" or anything to get them to follow you. Many a good pack has been ruined by an indifferent huntsman. Did you ever notice anything peculiar about the laying of scent?

When the earth is enrobed with fog you are sure to have a good chase if you succeed in starting a fox. Other days, when you see smoke settling in long blue streaks, you may just as well go home, for though you may start a fox you will probably abuse your hounds for their inferior work; but the scent does not lie well on such days.

My favorite time to hunt is in September and October. There is no animal that affords man so much pleasure to chase as the young red fox. They take circles of two, three or perhaps four or five miles, always returning to where the jump was made, and thus affording ample opportunities for the puppies to get in.

I always leave home in the morning in time to get to the hunting grounds by daylight, for to me it seems out of place to chase a fox in the afternoon.

The red foxhound should not have too cold a nose, for that will make him linger on a trail and blow all day under the shade of a tree. I once knew a hound that had a very poor nose, and when the fox was first started she would run at the rear of the pack; but when they gained on the fox, she would go nearer to the front, and when the fox was caught she was the first hound to put mouth on it.

The voice preferred by hunters differs according to individual taste. I prefer a clear, bell-like note when trailing, which becomes much shorter and sharper when running.

Which is the best strain of foxhounds? That is a very difficult question to answer. There are a number of strains that are very fine, and a number of strains that are said to be fine that are not fit for scavengers. There is but one way to tell and test the superiority of the foxhound, and that way is after the fox, and not on the bench.

Within the past ten years thousands of dollars have been spent on new strains. Some have made satisfactory purchases and others equally the opposite.

Were I able and wanted the best, I would make a tour of the United States (for I believe the best hounds in the world are in this country), take my hounds with me, visit every pack, and when I found hounds superior to mine sell out and buy them, and continue to visit packs and purchase hounds until I was satisfied that I had hounds that could not be improved upon. I would not look at them alone but hunt a week at a time. We all know that hounds of the most ordinary appearance are sometimes better in the field than their handsome and stylish brothers. When you have a good strain of hounds do not cross them. We may pour the purest water and best wine into a vessel, but we cannot draw forth either decent water or passable wine.

Did you ever mate two hounds of almost the same color and have the female throw pups that favored neither the dog nor the bitch? We all have. Mate your hounds according to individual traits if you desire the best results.

The numerous fox-hunting clubs which have been organized in the United States are destined to do a great deal of good toward advancing the interests of the foxhound. Competition is always sure to improve one's pack, for we get weary of being beaten and defeated so frequently and begin at once to obtain better hounds. I know of two cases in my own neighborhood where this is true.

Fox hunting is destined to become our national field sport and I do earnestly hope that it may reach that exalted position during my lifetime.

Brother sportsmen, let us hear your opinion of fox hunting through the always ready and willing columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. J. H. WALLACE, JR.

TOWN CREEK, Ala.

United States Field Trials Club.

NEWTON, N. C.—The committee on grounds for the fall trials of the U. S. Club having decided on Newton, N. C., as the place for the November meeting of the club, I have been here some days arranging the details for the above event. I have leased a large tract of land for the trials, lying on the opposite side of the town from the grounds of the Eastern Club, and fully as good ground. The citizens of Newton and vicinity are much pleased that their locality has been selected for the trials of the fall circuit, and stand ready to assist the clubs in any manner possible. St. Hubert Inn (formerly Hotel Newton) will be headquarters. The rate at this house will be $2 per day, no extra charge for fires in rooms or for lunches sent to the field. This hotel is now fitted with electric bells in all rooms, hot and cold water, bath rooms, insifle closets and wash rooms, and other conveniences same as of the hotels of a good-sized city, the table being supplied with beef from Chicago, fish and oysters from the Gulf, and the best of creamery butter; and with the turkeys and chickens from the neighborhood, visitors can rest assured that the inner man will be well taken care of. Other good accommodations can be had at $1 per day or $5 per week. Livery will be provided at $2.50 per day for two-horse hacks with driver, and $1.25 per day for saddle horses. For the benefit of those attending the trials from the South and West, due notice will be published of the best route and reduced railroad rates. Visitors from the East can secure the same rates as are given to the Eastern Field Trials Club from Washington and New York. I have looked up a number of good locations tributary to Newton that are good points to locate at to prepare dogs for the trials, and if such handlers who expect to attend and who are not familiar with the country will communicate with me, I will give them the names of places that would suit their wants. I have secured the services of a local shooter who is familiar with the grounds. He will draw them carefully just before the trials and locate the bevies, and then act as a guide through the trials and so enable work to move along smoothly and without loss of time.

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y U. S. F. T. Club.

National Foxhunters' Association.

MR. ROGER D. WILLIAMS, Lexington, Ky., chairman of the committee, has mailed 300 copies of the following circular letter to foxhunters throughout the United States:

"The committee appointed to select a location and decide upon the time for holding the second annual meeting met at Lexington, Ky., May 2, and selected the week of Nov. 18 as the date, but did not decide upon the place.

"We will be pleased to receive suggestions on the subject. The most important consideration is plenty of red foxes; of this there must be no doubt. Also, state what facilities for getting to and from the place, what accommodations are to be had for man and beast, and the number of horses that can be furnished. No section of country is barred and all locations suggested will have full consideration.

"If you are not a member of the N. F. A. we will be pleased to have you join."

DOG CHAT.

The Chesterford Park Kennels, Maywood, Ill., offer all their dogs for sale. I. M. Sterling, Bridgeport, Conn., offers setters. E. E. Haines, Charlestown, Mass., offers setters. Great Danes are offered by the Hercules Kennels, Ottawa, Ill.; and Beaumont Kennels, New York, have Irish setters for sale. W. H. McQuoid, Middletown, N. Y., wants a first prize English setter field trial winner.

Mr. George W. Rogers, secretary of the National Beagle Club of America, writes us that the club's fifth annual trials will be held at Hempstead, L. I., commencing Nov. 11.

In respect to their new importation, the Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., write us as follows: "We received on the 14th per steamship Massachusetts the fox terrier Charlton Nigger, by Success—Sunlight. He has been shown but little in England, and has already won several firsts and specials. He should do much for the breed on this side."

There is a lull this season in the "challenge business" in the dog world which may be considered unprecedented. The sportsmen's journals have not been so free from challenges in many months as they are at present. Can Mr. Madison's remarks last February on the "challenge business" have produced these effects?

The rules of the Bull-Terrier Club of America, with a description of the points of the bull-terrier, are now in pamphlet form. W. D. Brereton, Sec'y, 66 Third avenue, Pittsburg.

Mr. M. W. Reil writes us that Fritz (12,036) died of kidney disease on May 15. Of him Mr. Reil says: "He was the best poodle Styx ever got. He took prizes at Albany, Troy, New York and Brooklyn."

The Oak Grove Kennels write us as follows:

"In your issue of April 27, we notice that you make a mistake as regards the positions in which the Chesapeake Bay dogs were placed at Boston, as you say, "In open dogs Richard Connor's Peter, light in bone, but good in coat and type, won first over Oak Grove Kennels' Curley, a fair average dog, and their Deacon, first at New York, took the reserve." The fact of the matter is that our Deacon won first in this class, Peter second and Curley reserve."

In our business columns, the United States Field Trials Club's fifth annual trials are announced. The fall meeting will be held at Newton, N. C., commencing with the Derby, Nov. 7. This stake is for pointers and setters, each breed to run separately, and each has $150 to first, $125 to second, $100 to third, $75 to fourth, $50 to fifth. Total $1,000. Entries close June 10. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y-Treasurer, Trenton, Tenn.

FIRST ANNUAL

SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION,

Madison Square Garden, New York, May 13 to 18.

THE FIRST ANNUAL.

THE Exposition was successful beyond the anticipation of the most sanguine promotors. Every exhibitor must feel that the time and effort and money which the enterprise cost was well expended; and may with reason expect to receive from his participation in the event benefits which will amply repay him. As for some who doubted the expediency of the enterprise, and who were not represented in it, they will feel disposed to take part in the one already contemplated for next year.

The Exposition was held for the purpose of educating the public, and that purpose it served admirably. The sportsmen of New York and vicinity, and thousands who are not sportsmen, visited the exhibition and were interested and entertained. But if the occasion served its purpose—if the public was educated—the exhibitors received their own lesson, too; and if the show this year was successful, those to be held in the future will be much more so.



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

The undertaking presented problems altogether new; and that they were solved so well counts for the credit of all concerned. The experience gained in 1895 will insure for the expositions to come schemes more adequate and execution more perfect. From the first, one serious danger has been that the commercial would overbalance the popular side; and had the earlier intentions of the managers been carried out this might have happened. Fortunately the peril was to a great extent avoided; and yet not wholly so, for in some of the newspapers the affair was persistently treated as a commercial project. This is a danger which will always threaten such an exhibition, and it can be avoided only by the adoption of a broad and far-seeing policy, which will not always perhaps commend itself to the intensely practical money-making man who wishes to have in sight the return dollar before he expends the one which is to bring it back.

It is easy now to see some points of weakness in the past; but instead of criticising them we should strive to remember them, so that next year they may be avoided.

The Exposition has shown very clearly that the New York public is willing to pay freely to see an exhibition of sportsmen's implements and equipments, and that dealers in these goods are glad to have the opportunity to display them. If the Exposition had been more ably handled through the press there is no doubt that the receipts would have been quadrupled, and the investment of $1,000 in this way would have brought a return of $10,000. Next year there will not be sufficient space in Madison Square Garden to contain all the exhibitors who will wish to be represented, and with proper management the Exposition, if held at the proper time—say in March or even February—will prove very remunerative to its projectors.

Last week we gave a general description of the Exposition; to-day we illustrate and describe more fully the prominent exhibits.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., and of 313-315 Broadway, New York, had an exhibit that it would be a hard matter to duplicate anywhere. The space occupied was barely sufficient for the purpose, the great variety of "gun implements" manufactured and sold by the company requiring really more room than could be spared for that purpose. Gun implements also are not the sole products of the company, bicycle supplies figuring prominently in the exhibit.

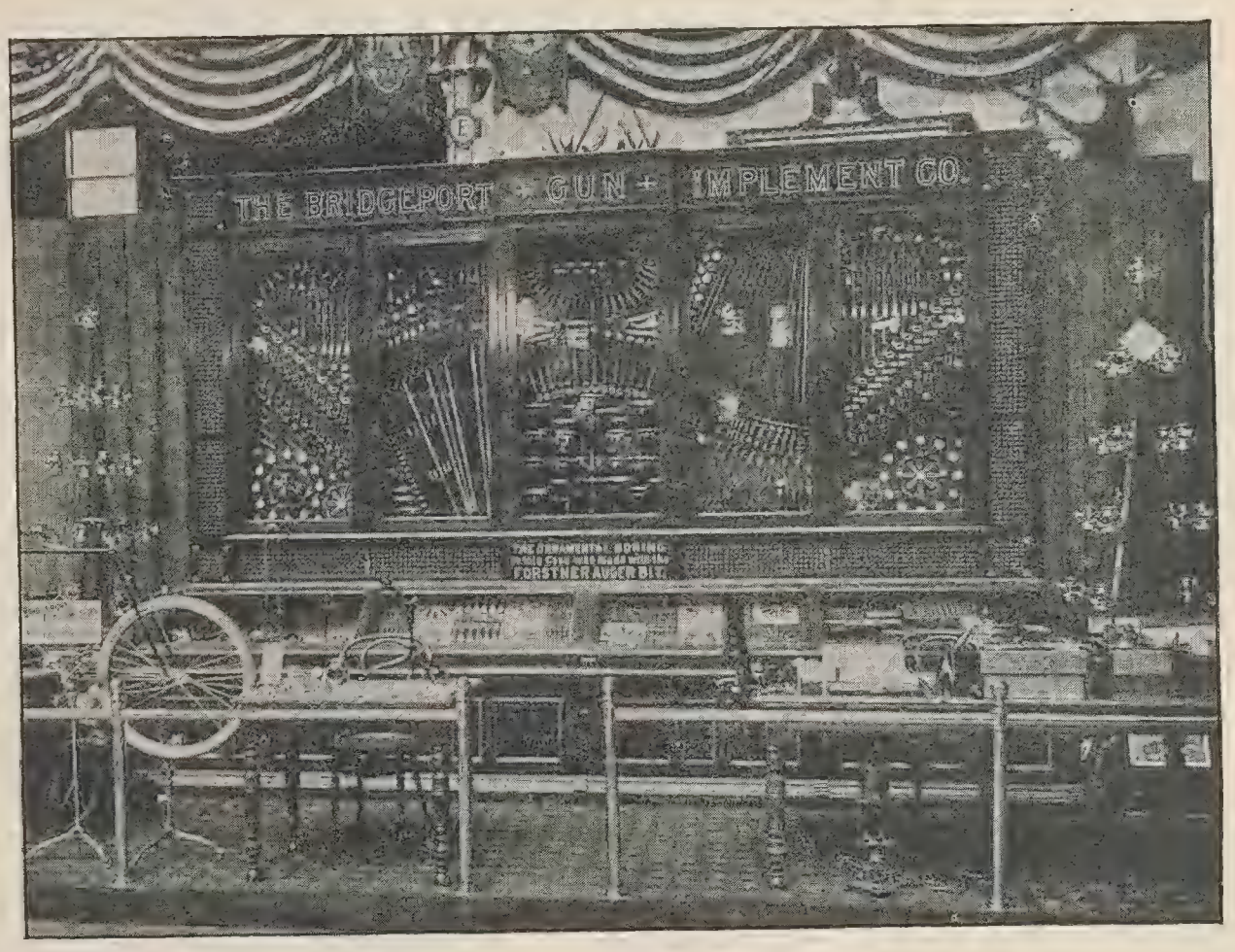


EXHIBIT OF THE BRIDGEPORT GUN IMPLEMENT COMPANY.

The background for the display in the Sportsmen's Exposition was well chosen. As shown in the photograph, the cabinets containing the company's World's Fair exhibit occupied the space in the background, the infinite variety of implements and parts of implements being arranged in a very taking manner. It would be an easy matter to make this part of the exhibit stiff-looking and formal; this danger, however, was avoided when the exhibit itself was put together, with the consequent result that the effect produced was harmonious and artistic.

The showcases containing other specialties of the company's manufacture were filled with a profusion of all kinds of shell-loading and other implements, all of which caught the eye and attracted the attention of the passing sportsman. In the price list, issued May 1, 1895, the company pays special attention to hand-loading outfits, of which they say: "Our aim is to show shooters the necessity of having properly loaded shells, and the tools to be used in loading same. The secret of loading to get good shooting from a shot cartridge is a system of uniform measurement of the charges of powder and shot, with the even distribution of these charges level in the shell, so wads may lie horizontally both on powder and shot, and also placed with uniform pressure each and every time, so all shells will be loaded precisely alike. These results are only obtainable by the use of proper charging and loading tools such as our combination outfits and rapid loaders, which we guarantee to be absolutely correct, being graduated by actual weight of whatever powder the sportsman desires to use. The system of charging with brass plates as used by us in the combination charges is positive, each and every one being stamped for the charge for which it is to be used. There is not the slightest danger of mistake, as these plates are specially flattened and rolled to a uniform thickness, not varying to even one-thousandth of an inch, so that each and every plate and hole is exactly alike. We claim that with these outfits, 25, 50 or 100 shells can be loaded at one time, and that same will not show any variation one from another."

The "Rapid Loader" mentioned above has been known to shooters for many a day. The company, however, has gotten out an improvement, naming it the "New Rapid Loader." At the Exposition, Mr. A. Seipel, who was in charge of the exhibit, explained its many advantages over the old style, and gave practical illustrations of its capabilities.

Another specialty of the company is the micrometer powder and shot measures manufactured by the company. In its catalogue the company says: "The introduction of the micrometer powder and shot measures by the B. G. I. Co. marks another step in their progress toward perfection and absolute accuracy in the loading of ammunition. The micrometer measure can be adjusted to the fractional part of a grain of powder, making it absolutely the most accurate measuring device ever originated. The use of this measure does away with special measures for nitro powders, as it is adapted to all powders, even if of different specific gravity."

The variety of gun-cleaning tools is almost confusing; wool swabs, expansion felt swabs, wire scratch brushes, wormers, flannel wipers, twisted wire bristle brushes, three-row steel wire brushes, etc. In fact, anybody who can't find a gun-cleaner to his fancy among those offered him by the Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, must either be hard to please or else not know what he wants. Rifle and revolver cleaners, field cleaners, pocket oilers, etc., find a place in the catalogue, and were also on exhibition at the Sportsmen's Exposition. Of crimpers, or closers, the company showed several kinds, with reversible shell plates, which permit of all sizes of shells from eight to twenty to be crimped by the same machine.

Bicycle supplies were also a special feature in the company's exhibit. With the aid of an electric motor, the front wheel of a bicycle was kept running, as if on a road, the cyclometer attached to it ringing off the miles at a twelve-miles-an-hour gait. The "Bridgeport Search Light," a powerful lamp for bicycles, is too well known by bicyclists to need more than passing mention.

A new bicycle lock, however, is specially worth noting. This lock, made of nickeled steel, and so small that it can be easily carried in the vest pocket without any inconvenience, can be attached to the sprocket wheel without any trouble, absolutely locking the machine and rendering it useless to anybody save the holder of the key. This is something that is bound to find favor with bicyclists.

So many, and of such different natures were the articles exhibited by this company that more than a passing mention cannot be made. Application, however, to the Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, 313-315 Broadway, New York, will result in the receipt of illustrated catalogues, which tell the story in the most fitting manner. That the exhibit of the company at the First Sportsmen's Exposition was one that was appreciated was proven by the number of visitors to the Exposition who found their way to the exhibit and carefully and critically examined the articles displayed there.

The Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., of Hartford, Conn.

In the very center of the Exposition, at the apex of convergence of two main aisles, and consequently with a fine field open in front of it for its view-ground, was one of the chief exhibits of the Exposition, that of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co. One of the features of being great is to be known, and surely this great firm is known. This was proved by the large number of visitors at the exhibit, all anxious to see the newest things put out by the Colt's Co., and to study with interest the evolution of firearms so typically shown in the display of arms once thought perfect, but now held obsolete. In another column one of our writers has spoken of gunpowder as the great civilizer, and has called attention to the early and the later days in the history of that agency. Surely the history of firearms, closely connected as that must be with the story of gunpowder, has even a greater interest; for

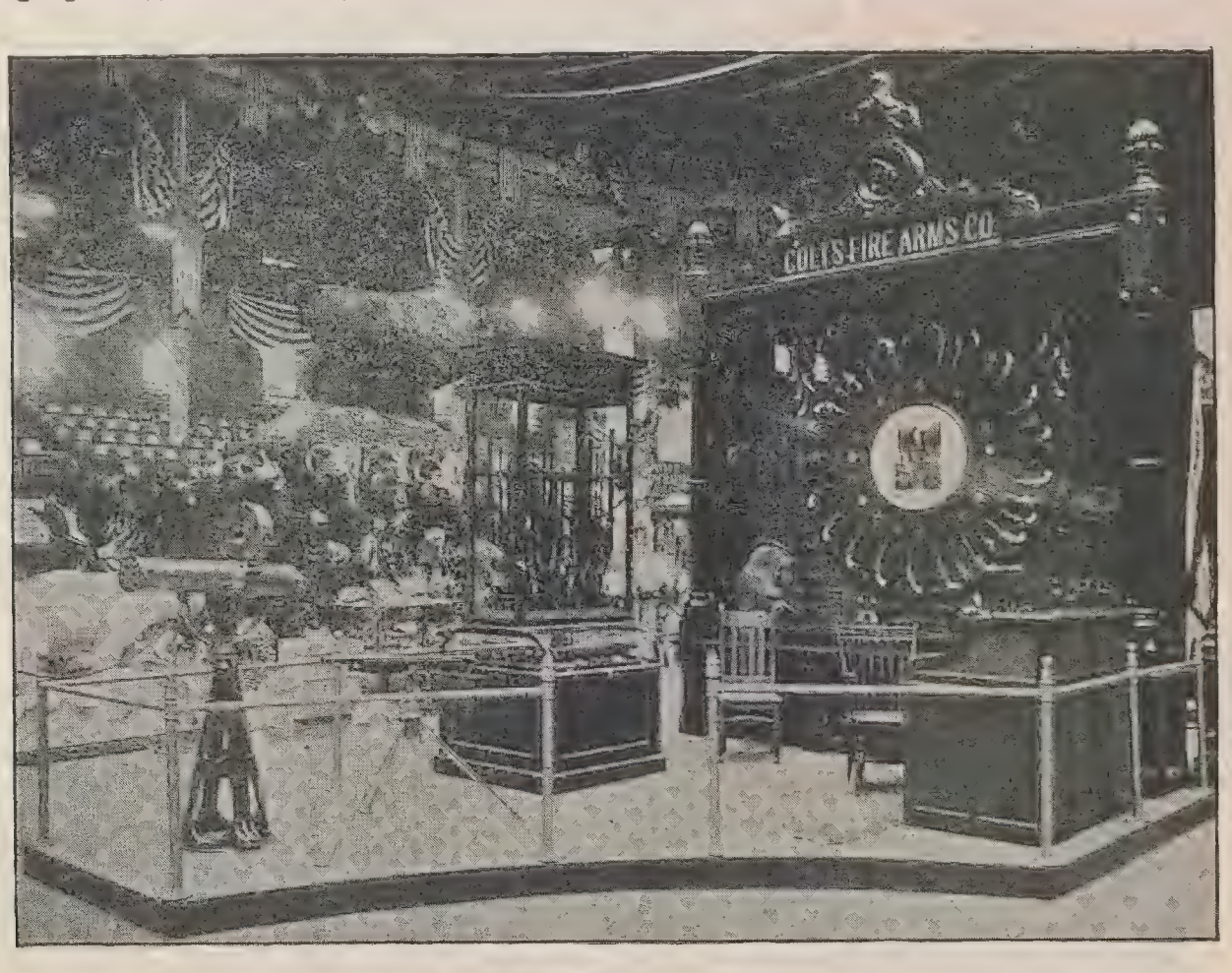


EXHIBIT OF THE COLT'S FIRE ARMS COMPANY.

while the latter has known comparatively few changes, the changes and improvements in firearms have been continual, unpredictable, apparently impossible as they may each once have seemed.

No greater revolution in the making of arms ever occurred than the evolution of the idea of the revolver. Then, indeed, all men did become equal. Justly, the name of the originator, Col. Samuel Colt, became famous to all the ends of the earth for all time when small-arms shall be used by mankind. Thousands of men have risen up out of desperate straits and called him blessed. The mines were opened, the West was civilized by men who were thus enabled to hold themselves equal to any other men, and who had all the dependence in their arms that they had in themselves. No miner, no rancher, no Indian fighter, ever yet was heard to say his Colt "gun" ever "went back on him." The Westerner or the rough rider of any outland "packs" a Colt revolver. He knows that he can hammer an animal over the head with it, throw it down in the sand, lose it, let a herd of cattle run over it, let it soak in the rain, do anything with it, and yet can pick it up and go to shooting with it as soon as it strikes his hand. This is much to say for a weapon whose beauty and accuracy are equally unquestioned.

Revolvers, however, are only a very small part of the product put out by the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co. their great works in Hartford. Certainly the revolvers are but part of the articles shown in the exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition.

This company is one of the oldest and largest manufacturers of firearms in the world. In connection with the manufacture of the "Colt revolver," they also manufacture the lightning repeating rifles, hammerless shot guns, Gatling guns and the new "Colt automatic gun."

This company was organized in 1848, and has, since that time, continuously enjoyed the patronage of the military power of not only our own country, but foreign countries as well, their arms having been adopted by both the army and navy.

The "Colt revolver," having a solid frame, is peculiarly adapted for police service, and has been adopted by nearly every large city in the Union; and was given the preference for use by the special police at the World's Fair.

The national guards and naval reserves have adopted the "Colt revolver," and this company is now supplying large quantities of the arms for the several States.

The exhibit of this company was very complete and consisted of a large standing case, a smaller showcase, a gatling gun and their new "Colt automatic gun."

The large case contained a full line of arms now manufactured by them, including also several of the very first revolvers made by Col. Colt in 1835-36. In the center of the large case was a picture of Col. Samuel Colt, the inventor of the modern revolver, and the founder of this great concern. A complete series of gold, silver and bronze medals, which have been awarded to these arms in all parts of the world, were also contained in this case.

The smaller showcase was filled with rifles, shotguns and revolvers, which could be removed for inspection. In this collection were two very highly finished hammerless shotguns, which showed the high grade and perfect workmanship that has always been the standard in the productions of this company.

In the left hand corner of the exhibit stood a ten-barrel gatling gun. This was a formidable looking arm and was mounted the same as they are now furnished to the navy by this company.

In the same corner of the exhibit stood one of their new "Colt automatic guns." The operations of this gun are simply wonderful, it being different from other guns of this kind, inasmuch as accuracy as well as rapidity is one of its main features. In an exhaustive test recently made it proved to be all that the manufacturers claimed for it. Some 7,000 rounds were fired to demonstrate the durability of its working parts, rapidity and non-liability of fouling. At 200 yards for accuracy, 100 consecutive hits were made in 16 seconds. The gun was then buried in fine sand, and, after being taken out, it worked without a hitch, showing that it is very much better for actual field service than any other gun now made—certainly a most important feature, and one that army officers will appreciate.

This gun has one barrel and was mounted on a tripod that can be elevated or depressed, and turned in any direction; it can also be mounted on a light field carriage.

The automatic action of the gun is effected by the pressure of the powder gases in the barrel after the projectile has received its maximum velocity, therefore does not decrease the range or penetration. The troublesome water jacket for cooling, as used on other guns, is not required, which is also a very important feature.

The cartridges used are of the U. S. standard .30cal., with metal-jacketed ball, and are automatically fed to the gun by belts containing either 100, 250 or 500 cartridges each. One man only is required to operate the gun, and single shots may be fired or a continuous volley at the rate of 450 per minute.

Another important feature of this gun is its small size and weight, the whole gun complete, with tripod and mount, only weighing about 100lbs.

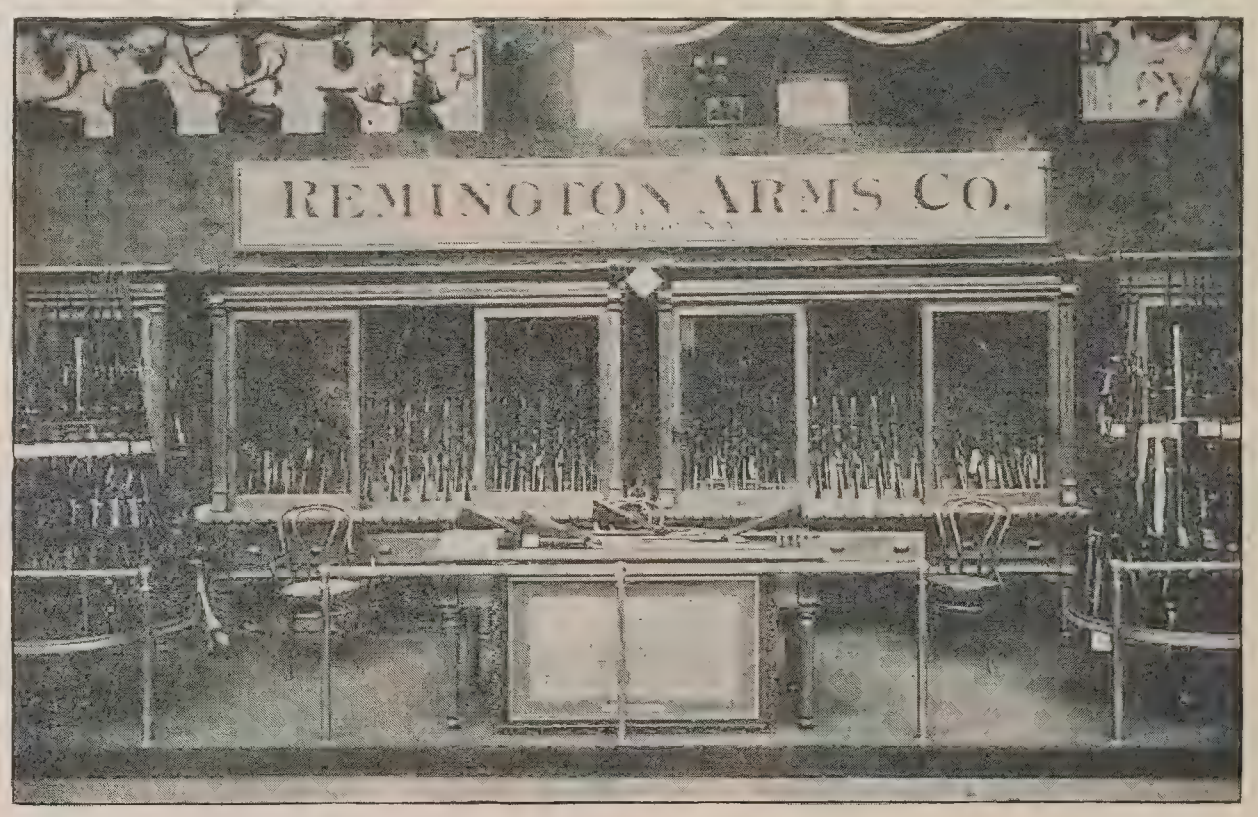


EXHIBIT OF THE REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY.

The great central case of arms shown in the Colt exhibit is characteristic of the "Colt idea" in every particular. It is simple, beautiful, excellent and indestructible. One can only guess at the cost of the vast case, with its great glass front, its pillars of heavy walnut and its frame of richly-polished woods, but probably one would not err at saying this case alone cost between $1,500 and $2,000. The collection of arms it contains is something priceless. The scheme of arrangement is circular and the effect is very happy. The great case of arms has a history. It has visited all the great expositions—Paris, Melbourne, the Centennial, the World's Fair—and each time it has come back with the blue ribbon of surpassing merit. To-day the big case does not show a scratch. Anything turned out by the Colt concern is indestructible.

One would have to go to the great factory at Hartford to see all the things made by the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., and a product so enormous and so varied cannot be condensed into representation even typically in the limitations of an exhibit. The company showed an exhibit on which it should be highly congratulated. It was simple, rich, elegant and useful, quite above any criticism, as might be expected of anything bearing the name this did. The exhibit was in charge of Mr. C. E. Willard, lately representative of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co. in the West, but now located at Hartford. Mr. Willard is well qualified to conduct the information bureau necessary in connection with such a display. The "Colt's corner" was one of the show places of the Exposition and was crowded most of the time.

The Remington Arms Co.

The Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N. Y., made a most complete exhibit. A large glass case, extending nearly the full length of the space, contained a complete line of their hammerless shotguns in all grades from $45 up to the highest-priced guns, ejector and non-ejector. There was also a full line of their sporting rifles, showing three different actions, and made in all grades and calibers. Two revolving stands served to make a full display of their military rifles, magazine and single shot, in all patterns and calibers. The penetration of their new Navy rifle, .236cal., was illustrated by sectional blocks showing the course of a bullet through 64⅛in. of pine boards. The bullet, a nickel-jacketed projectile, sustained no apparent injury from the impact. The protection afforded by a tree from the bullets of the older styles of military arms would be nothing against this modern weapon, for the Remingtons claim that, with the smokeless powder used, it will penetrate through an oak tree 2ft. in thickness. The show of rifles included all the numerous models of military arms furnished to all the different nations.

Two cases, one at either end, contained a most interesting and instructive display of the different parts of guns. In one case was shown the rough block of wood, then followed other blocks illustrating all the transitional stages of manufacture to the complete and finished stock. The smaller metal pieces, which are so essential to the gun, and yet so little known of by the laymen, and skeleton actions of different systems of guns which this firm manufactures, were in a profusion of detail, in all showing about 700 operations. Another case at the opposite end of the exhibit was devoted to a display of gun barrels, showing all the different stages of manufacture from the bar of steel to the finished tubes; also the barrels were shown in different material. About eighty-five frames of the hammerless shotguns, showed all the milling operations necessary from the first forging of the frame to its finish. Each piece having received a little gain toward the finished article at each milling. Other parts also were shown in their transitional stages of manufacture.

Numerous medals attested to the success of the firm in its competitions in America and Europe.

A novel gun is their Life Line gun, one of which was on exhibition. It is specially designed for the use of fire departments and life saving stations. The projectile is a heavy tube, closed at one end, which fits the round barrel of the gun closely on its outside, much after the manner of an exaggerated thimble. A light line is fastened to a ring on the projectile, which will carry 100yds. of line to its destination.

The high degree of excellence of the firm's finished arms was brought out in bold relief by contrast with its collection of ancient arms, some of excellent workmanship, yet all primitive in model. Two Moorish rifles, clumsy in design, but most delicately inlaid with gold and mounted with silver, in weight about 70lbs., made a wide two-fold contrast with the little .236, the latter in its superior effectiveness and the former in its much greater size. A Spanish arquebus with a wheel lock and a Spanish match lock were reminders of the very primitive beginning. The idea of the repeater in its first crude stages found expression in a rifle of peculiar mechanism. In it the loads of powder and ball were put in one on top of another. Small vents at regular intervals on the side of the barrel, one at each load of powder, afforded a means of ignition. A lock traveling in a slot could be placed at the vents as desired, and thus each load fired in turn.

The Remington Arms Co. is an old firm and one of the best known. The market for their products is the world over. They claim for their guns exceeding strength and durability, and a simple mechanism which can be readily understood and manipulated by all.

They also manufacture reloading implements, pistols, bicycles and sewing machines. Their illustrated catalogue contains a full description and price list of their goods.

The display was most artistically arranged, and was most attractive to the many visitors who were constantly admiring it and who were interested in the rich collection.

Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold.

Space No. 77 was occupied by Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold. This space was the southeasterly one surrounding the open center, and, owing to a high partition running north and south dividing the adjoining eastern spaces, and the fact that the exhibits adjoining them on the west—like those of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., FOREST AND STREAM and others—ran from east to west, it was one of the first to catch the eyes of visitors coming up the main aisle from the Madison avenue entrance.



EXIBIT OF MESSRS. VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD.

The partition or background was of maroon plush, and was tastefully covered with works of art representing our principal game fishes, certificates of awards of "Schultze" powder, etc. The background comported in size and height with the enormous standing showcase of the Colt Patent Fire Arms Co., which covered the same line opposite on the northeastern central space and made a harmonious effect.

Von Lengerke & Detmold's exhibit consisted of Francotte guns, hard grain "Schultze" and Walsrode smokeless powders, fine fishing tackle, imported English leather goods, such as gun and ammunition cases, etc.; the "Luminum" (aluminum) bicycle, a set of J. L. Mott's new patent live pigeon traps, and various loading and ballistic instruments.

Their exhibit was less a showy one than one of quality and merit, for which this firm has been noted many years, and it is well worth going into some detailed description of the articles mentioned.

The whole line of Francotte guns shown was superb, and perhaps there never was a finer and more striking line of guns exhibited before in this country.

There was one gun each of the regular ten or twelve kinds and qualities of which a large stock is constantly kept on hand by V. L. & D., and the others represented some specially fine quality guns running up in price to $500 each and some novelties. Among the latter must certainly be mentioned a single barrel hammerless gun, 12 bore 30in. barrel, weighing full eight lbs., intended for artificial target shooting. General attention has been directed to the phenomenal successes some of the target shooters are having with single barrel repeating guns at the tournaments throughout the country.

It is true that the same men would show up well with any make of gun, on account of their extraordinary skill, acquired through years of constant practice under all sorts of varying conditions, yet it is claimed that they have never done better work with double barrel guns.

This single barrel gun has been modeled by Mr. J. von Lengerke, and it has been his aim to overcome such points as are being objected to by many in the repeating shotguns. The lock action of this gun is claimed to be the quickest yet put in any gun. The rib of the gun is broad and flat, presenting a remarkably clear and pronounced line of sight. The weight of this gun being the same as that of a solid double gun, and the barrels being half octagon, made of Siemens-Martin steel, with a tremendously strong frame and breech action, it may well be imagined that this gun is practically indestructible with anything that can be put into a shot shell. It is said to be a tremendous shooter, and of course shoots as true to center as a rifle. Mr. von Lengerke will give this gun a personal practical trial, and if possible make some further improvements in it. He feels sure that there will be a public demand for a gun of this kind.

Another novelty is shown in some of the finest guns—a sextuple top snap action representing six different locking devices worked by the top lever. We doubt whether such actions are necessary, but they can do no harm. As samples of the wonderful art work Francotte can turn out they are certainly a success. The action consists of the ordinary two under bolts, the Greener cross bolt, Purdey side breech projections, Doll's head extension, with extra side extension bolt. So perfect is the whole mechanism and so perfectly is each of these devices fitted that the top lever operates the whole as easily as an ordinary single action gun, and when together it is almost impossible to see where the barrels and breech join.

Among the guns shown are quite a number of automatic ejectors. These range in prices from $175 up. The ejecting devices are contained in the fore end of the gun, and are entirely independent of the lock or closing mechanisms. The advantage claimed for this is that, should anything break in the ejecting mechanism, it does not interfere with the ordinary use of the gun.

Many of the guns have Siemens-Martin steel barrels, and some years ago, upon private advices from England that this make of steel barrels had shown the greatest resisting strength in the most exhaustive barrel trials ever held, Von Lengerke & Detmold ordered Francotte to use these barrels for various of their regular qualities, and they have never had any reason to regret it. The barrels, like all fine steel barrels, are very handsome to look at in connection with high grade work in frame and action and stock, and they are constantly growing in popular favor. The mixed iron and steel or Damascus barrels used by Francotte are certainly beautiful to look at. They are an entirely different kind of barrels from those generally classed as Belgian barrels. The percentage of steel in Francotte barrels is very high, and it is claimed that the maker has a secret process of hardening and toughening the barrels to the greatest possible resisting power. The pronounced successes of the many hundred extremely light weight Francotte guns in this country seem to give pronounced color to this claim.



VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD—SCHULTZE POWDER EXHIBIT.

The general quality of the Francotte guns is of the very highest, and the finish, fitting, style and quality of engraving, balance and model of the higher grades of guns shown is certainly not surpassed by any maker in the world, not excepting the world-renowned Purdey.

No wonder that this make of guns has come to the front with a rush in a few years, and holds first rank with so many of the most exacting connoisseurs of the shotgun as well as the trap shooters of the country who are looking for quality irrespective of cost.

Both members of the firm as well as several other practical representatives were kept busy from early till late showing and explaining the guns. Catalogues greatly reduced in size, but otherwise exact counterparts of their regular catalogues, were distributed by the thousand, and we notice that the same contain a complete copy of the FOREST AND STREAM report of the pattern and penetration trial of a Francotte featherweight gun, with fac simile of patterns, published at the time. The high record of this little gun must prove a good advertisement.

The "Schultze" powder exhibit was educational on milar lines as at the World's Exposition at Chicago, where "Schultze" powder was awarded the medal for smokeless powders.

A handsome glass case contained samples of the powder in various stages of manufacture. Beginning with the natural wood, 1 forms the base of the powder; 2, wood fiber disintegrated and purified; 3, wood fiber nitrated and rendered explosive; 4, "Schultze" powder, granulated form, 1878; 5, present hardened and waterproofed issue.

The case also contained samples of the former issues of "Schultze" powder, which, with the exception of the first style of powder, the so-called sawdust style—consisting of small particles of the natural fiber of the wood made explosive by nitration, which was the first smokeless or nitro shotgun powder on the markets of the world—do not differ much in outward appearance. Samples of the various canisters and drums and packings were shown.

Although the exhibit was very interesting to many, the illustrated pamphlets describing the history of The Schultze Gun Powder Co., Ltd., London, its works and details, made a still greater hit. This elegant little book was gotten up by the "Schultze" Co. in England, and, judging by the light elegance in appearance and the excellent half tone photo engravings, it looks as if they had profited by similar little works of art gotten up on this side of the water, as we have seldom seen English publications of the kind which would please the American ideas more.

The pen photo description of the works was excellent. The Schultze Gun Powder Co. are the oldest and to-day the largest manufacturers of smokeless powders in the world, and their product is looked upon as a standard the world over. At night the whole works and buildings and outside are brilliantly lighted by electricity, and, strange as it may seem, work is going on in these powder works day and night—the night force being almost as large as the day force, as nearly all processes are going on at night the same as in daytime.

It is rumored that the "Schultze" powder business is growing to such proportions in America that already calculating preparations are going on for an American factory, which seems desirable if one thinks of the enormity of the last shipment brought over, namely 80,000 pounds.

The Walsrode smokeless powder was also well advertised by circulars, signs, etc. This powder is the best known and most generally used of the gelatinized condensed strength nitros. A large photograph of the Peekskill Gun Club's winning team, which made such a wonderful score with Walsrode powder, was prominently displayed, and was curiously studied by many who had read of their phenomenal performance.

All the leather goods shown were of English manufacture. Von Lengerke & Detmold have for years operated and owned one of the best and largest canvas and leather sportsmen's goods factories in this country, and sold the same only a year or two ago. Their aim was always high class goods, and the goods made by them were as good as could be bought of domestic makes.

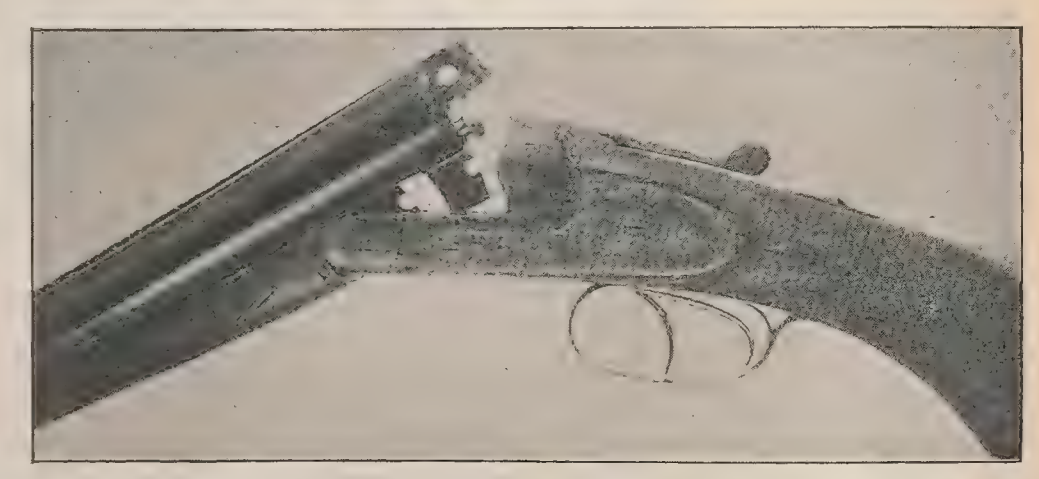
The display made in fine fishing tackle was certainly a credit to the firm as well as to Mr. John Wright, who has charge of the Von Lengerke & Detmold fishing tackle department.

It is impossible in a pen picture to do justice to the hand-made split bamboo and wood rods shown. They must be handled to be fully appreciated, and looked over with critical eyes and a magnifying glass.

Their lines of reels also contained original designs and kinds, aluminum forming a good part of the metal used in their manufacture. A new style of a patent collapsible landing net which should take well was among their exhibit.

Mr. Wright took particular pride in some salmon flies and salmon leaders. The latter, judging from appearance and actual tests made on a scale, seemed certainly able to hold any salmon that lives, or to stand more strain than any rod would bear. The gut was a special selection by one of the best judges in Europe, and they were tied by the best hands in this country. They were examined by several expert salmon fishermen, and as the supply of similar material is limited the firm's supply will find ready takers even at the high cost, which seems exorbitant to the ordinary disciple of Izaak Walton, who does not figure that the success of the expensive luxury of salmon fishing depends greatly upon the leader. Von Lengerke & Detmold's whole fishing tackle display was one of the highest quality, suitable mostly for fine trade.

The Mott's patent live pigeon traps shown have been in use on the Westchester Country Club's grounds. They looked smoother and more substantial than the traps in general use, and are called by those who have seen them worked practically a great improvement on anything yet had in that line, either here or in Europe. They are arranged to work either mechanically or by electricity. With either arrangement it is impossible for collusion between the puller and outside parties, as the former can never tell which trap will open. The trap has the shape of a half circle, and when opened the cover turns on its axle and disappears beneath the smooth platform. An ingenious starting device has been attached and the traps are said to be the fastest yet seen.



THE FRANCOTTE GUN.

The extensive hand-loaded shotgun business of the firm was represented by a sample shell and charging block, accurators, shot counters, bursting pressure gauges, cap tester, lock tester, scales, micrometer and other instruments constantly used by the firm for testing the various kinds of cartridges they load.

Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

The exhibit of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., is altogether unique. As the title of the company suggests, it (the exhibit) deals almost entirely with ammunition for rifles and shotguns. The space occupied, some 500sq. ft. of the floor, has enabled the company to give visitors to the Sportsmen's Exposition some idea of the magnitude and comprehensiveness of its manufactures.

The design itself is original and taking. On a platform raised some 6in. from the floor, covered with a sea green carpet and surrounded by a gilded rope which runs through standards also coated with gold paint, stand three pagoda-like structures of ebonized wood picked out with gold. The bases of these stands, as they may be termed, are hexagonal. and upon these bases stand six-sided cones which reach up to the top of each stand, being crowned at the apex with electric lights of an artistic shape. It is on the sides of these cones that the U. M. C. Co. displays a portion of its products. It is unnecessary to add that the effect of the brass and copper of the cartridges and the colored paper of the shot shells, with a background of solid black, add greatly to the attractiveness of the exhibit. A reference to the photograph of the exhibit itself will readily explain all the above details.

In order that some idea may be gained regarding the nature of this exhibit, it is better to take each of the stands in order. Naturally, the center one attracts the most attention. Everybody appears to be more interested in cartridges for revolvers and rifles rather than in paper shot shells, which have charms chiefly for devotees of the shotgun. For the sake of simplifying the description of the whole exhibit it will be as well to call each of the three separate portions of it by a title that is borne out by its contents. The center one, therefore, should be called the "cartridge and bullet exhibit;" the one at the Madison avenue end of the U. M. C. Co.'s space would be the "shell and wad exhibit," the third, at the Fourth avenue end, would be the "primers, caps and brass shot shells exhibit." Before entering into details of the exhibit as a whole, further mention should be made of the bases of the separate exhibits mentioned above. The panels of the center or "cartridge and bullet" exhibit are filled with cut glass, upon which are written, in letters of gold, such mottoes as "U. M. C. Co.," "Government Contractors" and "Metallic Ammunition;" a motto in each panel. In similar panels on the shell and wad exhibit are the mottoes: "U. M. C. Co.," "Primers," "Percussion Caps," "Gun Wads," "Paper Shot Shells" and "Loaded Paper Shot Shells." On the third exhibit the mottoes are: "Bullets," "Loaded Paper Shot Shells," "U. M. C. Co.," "Gun Wads," "Primed Shells" and "Paper Shot Shells." These mottoes, besides calling attention to the firm itself, and to its manufactures which are placed on exhibition, also add greatly to the appearance of the exhibit as a whole, by removing whatever traces of heaviness there might be about the bases of each of the stands.

As stated above, the center portion of the exhibit is the one which attracts general attention. One side of the cone is devoted to military ammunition, with but few exceptions. Commencing from the bottom, the first row of cartridges consists of Martini-Henry, the old English model. Next comes the Peabody-Martini, the Turkish old model. The third row is the Gras, an old model that was used by the French. The next three rows are the old U. S. Government cartridges, the .50-70, .45-70-405, and .45-70-500. Above the latter is the new U. S. Army cartridge, .30cal., for the Krag-Jorgensen rifle. This cartridge is loaded with 35½grs. of Troisdorf powder, and carries a 220-grain steel-cased bullet of about one inch in length, with an initial velocity of about 2,000ft. The penetration of this bullet is 30in. of yellow pine. The next row is the .236cal. cartridge adopted by the U. S. Government for use in the navy. This cartridge is loaded with 33½grs. of Troisdorf powder, and carries a steel-cased bullet that weighs 135grs., with an initial velocity of 2,400ft. The penetration of this bullet has been proved to be 41in. of yellow pine! The U. M. C. Co. has on exhibition blocks of yellow pine showing the penetration of both the .30 and the .236, as given above. The cartridge on the next row is the .30cal. Savage, a cartridge made for a new magazine sporting rifle that will soon be put upon the market. The fourteen remaining rows contain specimens of the following cartridges: .30-187-29, carrying a steel-cased bullet; the .45-70 U. S. Government, short range; .45 Accles; .43 Mauser, an old German model; .42 Russian and .43 Spanish, also old models; .45-70 Gould, a sporting cartridge; .45-3¼in. Sharp's for target, long rang, and .45-70 Sharp's, medium range; .44-77 Remington, medium range; .40-3¼ Sharp's and Remington, long range; .40-2½ Sharp's and Winchester; also a .40-1⅞in. of the same class; the topmost row of all being cartridges for the .44 Evans, about one of the first repeaters ever gotten out.

On one of the sides next the one above described are displayed sporting cartridges suitable for almost all sorts of rifles. In all twenty-eight different kinds of cartridges are exhibited. These are: .50-110, .50-95 and .45-125 Winchester express; .45-90, .45-75 and .45-60 Winchester; .45-90 and .40-82 Winchester, with metal-cased bullets; .38-55 and .32-40 Ballard and Marlin, metal-cased; .38-90 Winchester express; .40-82, .40-65 and .40-60 Winchester; .38-56 Winchester and Colt; .45-70 Marlin; .45-85 Marlin and Colt; .40-60 Marlin; .38-55 Ballard and Marlin, long and short range, and the .32-40 of the same style; .38 50, .38 40, .32-40 and .32 30 Remington; .32-35 Stevens and the .32 Ideal.

Another panel of the cone shows forty-two other kinds of cartridges; these are for sporting rifles and for revolvers. Among them are the Winchester sizes, the celebrated .25cal. cartridge, Smith & Wesson's self-lubricating cartridges, Smith & Wesson's smokeless, Marlin's smokeless and shot cartridges. The next panel shows the empty brass shells for military and sporting rifles; thirty-two different varieties are on exhibition.

Bullets patched and unpatched, bullets for military and sporting rifles, and for revolvers, bullets for the .30cal. army rifle and for the .236cal. arm of the U. S. N., metal-cased bullets, mushroom bullets, Smith & Wesson's self-lubricating bullets; in fact, bullets of fifty-five different kinds are displayed on the fifth panel of this exhibit. The sixth and last panel shows rim-fire cartridges of all sizes from the .56cal. Spencer down to the comparatively harmless BB cap; this includes the .25-10, .22 long rifle and .22 smokeless, for which the U. M. C. Co. are celebrated. Blank cartridges of several different kinds find a place on this panel, which is one of the most interesting of the six panels of the cone, although perhaps not as attractive to the eye as one or two of the other panels.

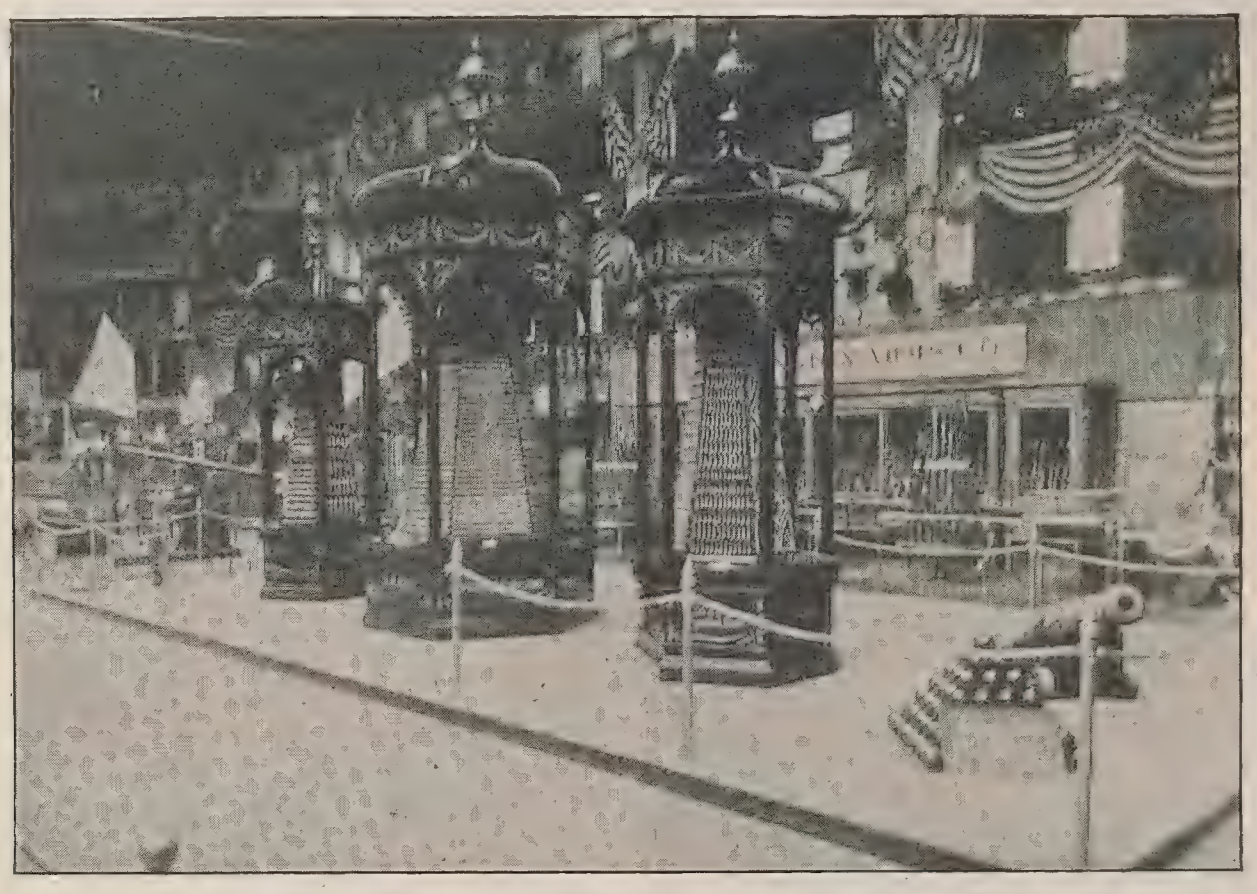


EXHIBIT OF THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY.

The second portion of the exhibit, the "shell and wad exhibit," naturally comes next. This is at the Madison avenue end of the whole exhibit. One panel of this cone consists of a series of loaded shells, specialties of the U. M. C. Company. Sportsmen and shooters will readily recognize them by the names of "Trap," "Smokeless," and "Walsrode." The green color of the "Trap," the bright red of the "Smokeless," and the maroon of the "Walsrode" make this panel extremely pretty to look at. For shooters, whether experts or amateurs, the panel has additional interest. On it are displayed shells of the above varieties, loaded and wadded in the manner which, by infinite research, the experts of the company have found to give them the most satisfactory results. In order that the powder, wadding and shot may be seen at a glance, a few rows of each kind of shell are exhibited with a slice of shell removed, a piece of transparent celluloid being inserted, acting as the part of the shell that has been removed. These shells are loaded with Schultze, E. C., Troisdorf, DuPont, S. S., American Wood and Walsrode, the powder, wadding and shot being placed thus before the eye. These shells are what are known as the U. M. C. Co.'s "factory-loaded" ammunition, and are prepared specially for live birds, inanimate targets, and for field and brush shooting.

Another panel contains all sizes of black powder shells from the yacht gun shell and "new club" shell down to the 20-gauge. These shells are also loaded, and the method of wadding is shown as in the nitro powder shells. Next to this panel comes one that shows the nitro powder shells manufactured by this company, the "Trap," "Smokeless," "Walsrode," and the new maroon-colored shell "Nitro," from which the company expects great results.

The next two panels show the wads used and manufactured by the company. These wads are arranged in all sorts of devices that attract attention. One panel shows the "black edge," "pink edge" and the "card" wads; the other shows "salmon," "express," "white felt," "trap" and "top-shot" wads. The bright colors of the latter wads, the "top-shot," although at the apex of the cone, are bound to catch the eye of even a casual observer. To the shotgun men, as distinguished from the men who devote themselves to the rifle, this portion of the U. M. C. Co.'s exhibit is of infinite interest.

At the other or Fourth avenue end of the exhibit is the "primers, caps and brass shot shells exhibit." This portion undoubtedly occupied a great deal of time in the arrangement of the different articles exhibited on its panels. On one are the one-powder, rapid-fire, short and long cartridges. The shell itself is shown in sections, as well as the fuses for the same, the mechanism of each being easily examined. The primers also for the brass cases are shown, as well as the old-time cannon primers. The next panel contains first-grade brass shot shells, including all sizes from a No. 4 to a No. 20. Another panel is made up of "club" brass shot shells in all lengths for 10 and 12-gauge guns.

The other three panels are given up to primers and caps, the boxes containing the same being placed at the base of each panel, while the name and number of each primer or cap is worked on the black cloth in letters and figures formed by the primers and caps themselves. One panel shows all kinds of nitro primers for cartridges and shot shells; the numbers by which these primers are known being 3, 5, 6, 6½, 7 and 7½. The No. 5 primer is a new product of the company and is used in the "nitro" shell mentioned above. Another panel is devoted to primers for black powder, Nos. 0, 1, 1½, 2, 2½; also Nos. 1 and 1½ Berdan primers, No. 1 being a military primer, 1½ for shot shells. The last panel contains caps of all kinds: Colt's pistol, F. C., central five, double waterproof caps, market caps, etc.

The above account tells in detail what is to be seen in the three main portions of the U. M. C. Co.'s exhibit; it is impossible to convey accurately an idea of the artistic appearance of the whole. That must be left to the photograph that accompanies this description. It should be added that the name of each article is given on a card that is tacked up beneath it. This aids considerably in an intelligent examination of the exhibit.

It remains now to mention two other articles placed on exhibition by the company. Though both are of the same nature, yet one is the exact opposite of the other. At the Madison avenue end was shown a relic of the Revolutionary War. This was a cannon, period 1740–1790, found at Germantown, Pa., and loaned for the purposes of the Exposition by the owner, F. Bannerman, 27 Front street, New York city. Alongside this cannon was a pyramid of 12lb. balls, the size and weight of those that were used in this cannon.

At the other end of the exhibit was a splendid specimen of modern gun-making, a six-pounder Driggs-Schroeder rapid-fire gun, built by William Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa., fitted with all modern improvements and as perfect as a skilled workman could make it. Big as this weapon is, it can be depressed or elevated, moved to the right or left, and fired with almost as much ease as an ordinary shotgun. Alongside was a chest of ammunition for use in the gun. In front was another portion of the U. M. C. Co.'s exhibit which attracted a lot of attention during the Exposition, a 4in. wrought iron plate showing ten clean perforations made by projectiles fired out of a six-pounder similar to the one on exhibition. A projectile that had made one of the holes in this 4in. plate was also exhibited. How well it had stood the test may be judged from the fact that it was practically uninjured.

With the above must be brought to a close the description of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company's exhibit. To Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, manager of the New York branch of the U. M. C. Co., and to Mr. W. M. Thomas, the company's chief inspector, of Bridgeport, Conn., must be given the credit of designing and carrying out the general idea of the exhibit. To Mr. Thomas also belongs the credit of arranging the various articles on each portion of the exhibit in the artistic and telling manner so much admired by visitors to the First Sportsmen's Exposition.

The Parker Gun.

Mr. James Fadden, it may be remembered, was much surprised and perturbed when first he came into the presence of an actual gentleman. Perhaps he was looking for an individual with large plaids in his trousers and a shirt front adorned with diamonds of great size and brilliancy, and whose usual converse should smack of the Roman emperor returning from successful war. Instead of this he found a man dressed as plainly and simply as possible, with conversation mild and modest, and displaying no ostentation whatever. Unused to inquiring into fields out of his daily experience, it may be that Mr. Fadden did not at first credit his eyes. Perhaps he reserved in favor of the plaids and jewels his opinion of what made a gentleman.

That was because Mr. Fadden was ignorant.

In ignorance some men are often misled by display or by pretense. They may be slow to realize the merit of the simple, the modest, the plain, the severe. They may misapprehend the men who are really at the top, because these men, being at the top, do not find it necessary in their own creeds to proclaim continuously the fact that they are at the top. The gentleman has no need to boast, and does not boast. Yet a gentleman may be good company when it comes to an awkward place or a hard emergency. It is best not to be misled by swagger or haughtiness, but to look carefully at the simple, the plain, the unaffected, the genuine. Having found such a character, be sure it will know how to give itself proper dress when the time comes.

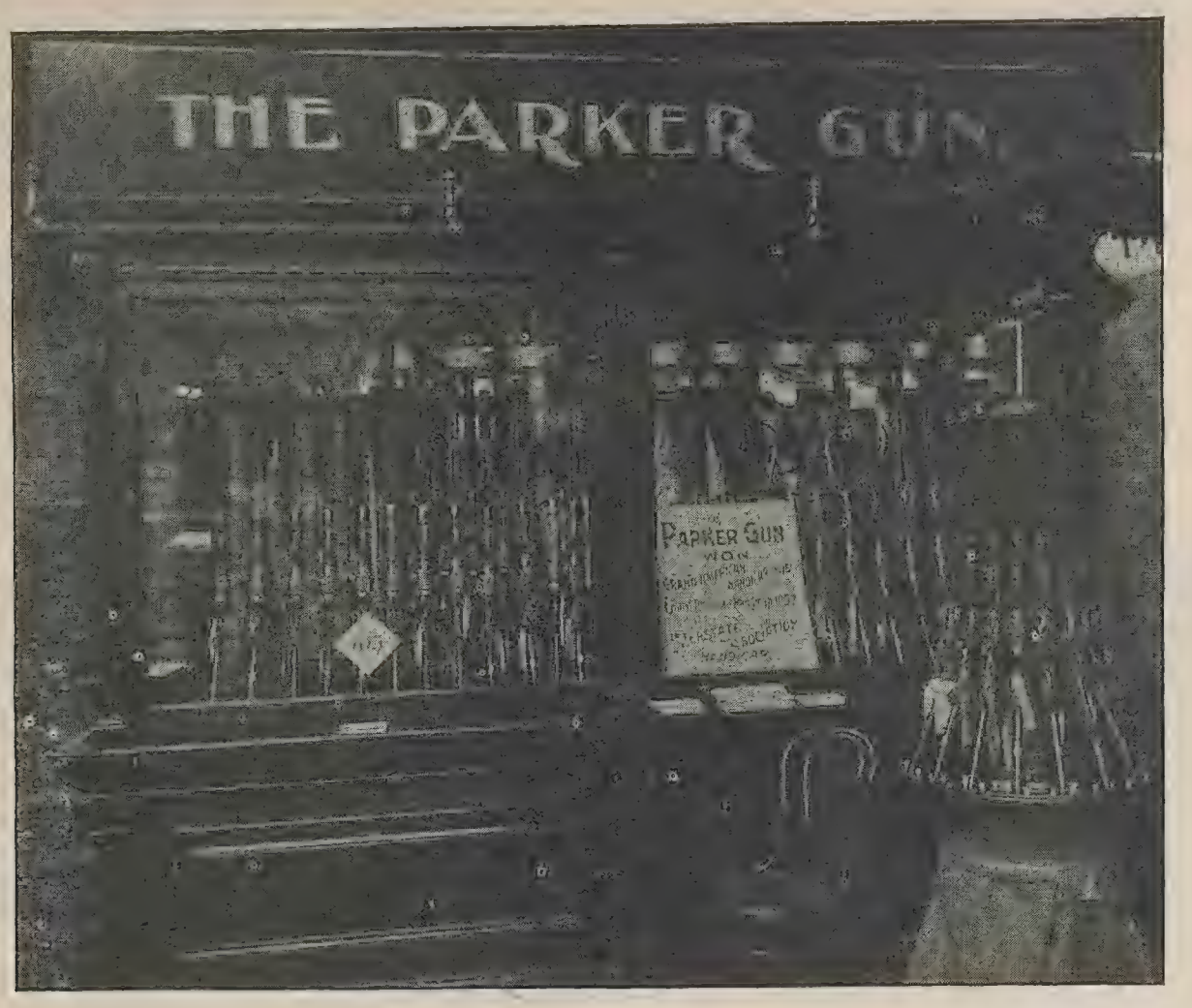
For thirty years the Parker has been the gentleman of guns. In that time there may have been a few who did not recognize it as such. That was because they were ignorant. It is recorded that Mr. Fadden learned to admire the type he first viewed in the disbelief borne of ignorance. He came to recognize actual superiority. For thirty years the Parker gun has known itself a gentleman, and so have many thousands of its friends known.

At the Exposition one could see the Parker (in its simple but elegant home) in all sorts of clothes, depending upon the work in hand—in rough clothes, in business clothes, in morning dress, in half dress, in evening clothes. Every time (if you know gentlemen yourself when you see them) you could see the gentleman beneath the clothing, simple, plain, dependable, honorable, thoroughbred.

This is how we should describe the Parker. It is a gentleman, not only a part of the time, but all the time and in every situation. You can depend upon it.

Capt. A. W. du Bray—whom all the country knows as the most generous-minded of enthusiasts on the gun—was in charge of the Parker exhibit, and a happier arrangement than this could not have been devised, for he has been a devoted admirer of the Parker gun for these many years, and his ardor knows no cooling. Perhaps—one does not know but only guesses—it was his enthusiasm which suggested many recent improvements in outline and ornamentation in the higher grades of this standard arm.

"I claim for this Parker gun," said Capt. du Bray, lovingly fondling the most expensive of the guns shown in the exhibit, "that in outline, finish, symmetry, balance, ornamentation, in short every element of beauty and completeness, it is the peer of any gun made on earth. As to its shooting or its durability I need not speak, for everyone knows how our guns shoot and how they wear. We have never made so fine a gun as we are making now, and I believe no one on earth is making finer. Look at this engraving. You see no longer pictures of dogs and game, but masses of close scrolls and lines, flowers, leaves, all making a solid and continuous mass of ornament. You will like this better than the old ways, but you do it unconsciously, you don't know why. The secret is, you are looking at the last word in artistic gun engraving.



PARKER BROTHERS' EXHIBIT.

"Look at these barrels. Do you see the sheaf of wheat stamped in the metal? That is the stamp of Sir Joseph Whitworth. It means these barrels are good as wheat, good as gold. They are the finest fluid steel made on earth. They come to us wrapped in tissue paper, each tube having Sir Joseph Whitworth's certificate appended to it. To the purchaser of one of these guns we give Sir Joseph's barrel number certificate, and add our own that the barrels named in that certificate went into that gun, number so and so. Our guaranty is thus perfect. I think there is no more perfect gun made. It lists $400. Here is another in Damascus, a fine pigeon gun, at $300. At $200 and $100 you have excellent high grade guns, modern and handsome every way, and of course, the more moderate buyer can find good Parkers all the way down the scale. Here is a beautiful little 16-gauge, and I own I can't help loving it even though it has hammers. It is one of our old makes, but it is still a sweet sixteen to me. In 12-gauges we fit you as light as 6lbs. 2oz., and here is a lovely 20 gauge which would delight the most fastidious of those Texas small-bore lovers of whom one hears sometimes. I don't believe a more perfect or more beautiful 20-gauge than this was ever made. It is good enough to eat." (Even when no one is around Capt. du Bray sometimes takes some of his favorites out of the cases, to look at them just once more!)

The display of Messrs. Parker Bros. is made in one of the same great cases which they had at the World's Fair. At that place there were 103 guns shown. Here there were 75, but a very complete line, from cheap grades up to the highest price pigeon guns. These latter are in a nicely padded revolving case, and being so accessible were perhaps more generally observed than the long double row of sturdy 12s. and 10s. within the big case. Even some 8-gauges were on hand.

The Parker exhibit was open and homelike, with no inclosing rail and no raised platform. It was right on the aisle, near the door of the main entrance, and consequently was much visited. "I believe there must be 500,000 of our guns in use," said Capt. du Bray. "They come in here and say, 'Ah, here is where we are at home. My brother shoots a Parker, or my cousin shoots a Parker, or my aunt's brother-in-law shoots a Parker.' And I tell you, they all swear by the old gun."

Well they may, for the old gun is a thoroughbred all the way through. For instance, there was one plain, ordinary gun shown in the Parker exhibit which was snapped (on the empty barrels) 1,003,000 times before it went out of the factory. Then it went out to the World's Fair and was snapped there no one knows how many thousand times. Then it went back to the factory, and a boy was hired to open and shut it, cock and snap it, for two weeks all day each day, the boy doing nothing else. Then the makers took out the right hand mainspring, cut away the plates so the locks could be seen, and sent these two locks, the old one and the new, down to the Sportsmen's Exposition to have the gun snapped some more. If there is any difference between the strength and action of the two locks, it is such as the ordinary ear cannot detect. Locks such as those would wear out a dozen guns. They are, as their makers claim, indestructible. Yet this particular pair of locks was no better than those put into all Parker guns.

The cutting away of the plates over the locks of one of the guns showed the excellence of the cocking device. "This gun does not cock with a twist or a wrench," said Capt. du Bray, "but you can see it is cocked by a direct, positive pull, not a strain. The fore end, too, is built with a wedge principle, so that it can never become loose, because the wedge simply goes further into its engagement and takes up any wear. It is a compensation without any screws. Yet you can take this fore end off with one hand and with perfect ease"

One could spend a long time at the Parker exhibit and learn something all the time. It was a dangerous place to go unless one wanted to buy a gun, for honest enthusiasm is infectious. Indeed, it must needs be a cold American who could help feeling an enthusiasm of his own for the beautiful specimens of gun-making shown in this display. This was one of the educating influences of the Exposition. Let one treat it as he may, it will trouble him to find more satisfying looking guns than he could see there. No one ever doubted the excellent qualities of this typical American gun, but once there was a cry against all American gun-makers, "Give us more grace of outline." In all justice this cry should now be relegated to the past, and the force of this is unavoidably felt by any one who did his duty at the Exposition and passed a few moments with the Parker gun.

Wiebusch & Hilger, Limited.

Space 63, occupied by Messrs. Wiebusch & Hilger, Limited, of 84 and 86 Chambers street, New York, was a constant center of interest to visitors. Their exhibit was artistically and attractively arranged. It contained firearms of world-wide fame.



EXHIBIT OF WIEBUSCH & HILGER.

This company are the sole agents of Messrs. F. Dumoulin & Co., Liege, Belgium, one of the oldest and best known manufacturers of Europe; also for the Smokeless Powder Co., Ltd., London, England, and for the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The exhibit of shotguns consisted of a full line of medium and high grade hammer and hammerless guns, in which were samples of the cheapest double-barrel gun up to the most perfect and finished self-ejecting hammerless.

A novelty in the way of new mechanism was a single-trigger hammerless, which greatly pleased all who inspected it. It worked as effectively as a gun with double triggers, with the advantage that there was no loss of time or accuracy from transferring the trigger finger from one trigger to the other, as when double triggers are used. Another novelty was the recoil butt plate, which took up the recoil in a mechanical device arranged in the stock. There were also samples and models of the C. F. Franklin hammerless gun, which received many expressions of approval for its simplicity and strength, and its easy cocking device.

A light double-barrel lady's shotgun, of .44cal., was a marvel of elegance and lightness, as was a single-barrel gun of the same caliber. Both were finished most artistically. There were novelties in Belgian repeating rifles and Flobert rifles; there was a partially made tube which showed the manner of constructing a Damascus barrel; also a lock of a hammerless gun, consisting of five pieces, simple and effective in its mechanism; and there were some models of stocks beautifully carved.

The exhibit of Stevens rifles, included everything from the Small Hunter's Pet, Favorite and Sure Shot rifles, up to their largest grades.

The New Ideal rifle won many friends. It is a first-class, high-grade, reliable and accurate rifle, a model of beautiful workmanship. It has a detachable barrel which can be quickly taken apart and put together. The Little Favorite also was much approved and admired. The rifles are famous throughout the land and great scores have been made by them.

The Messrs. Wiebusch & Hilger had also a full assortment of samples of Smokeless Powder S. S.; Rifleite 303-450 for small and large calibers of rifle; S. V. for revolvers and S. K. for rook rifles. The firm claims for its powders the merit of superior high velocity, low pressure, reduced recoil, greater penetration, long range, regular pattern, safety, clean, quick and regular action, and that they contain no gun cotton, nitro glycerine or chlorate of potassium in composition; and that their chemical purity prevents any pitting or rust appearing in gun barrels, and that they are not affected by climative changes.

The exhibit was surmounted by an artistic electrical sign which consisted of the words "Smokeless Powder," and the well known S. S. in the center designated the brand. The "S. S." was of blue electric lights, while a 4ft. circle of electric lights around it appeared to revolve.

The affable and well informed attendants in charge of the exhibit were pleased to give every information to those making inquiries.

The Empire Target

trap and electric trap pull were shown by W. Fred Quimby. A full line of sportsmen's wear, manufactured by the W. Fred Quimby Co., was also on exhibition, as well as many beautiful specimens of Divine rods and American E. C. powder, mentioned elsewhere.

The targets, traps and pulls were displayed to advantage, and among the thousands who visited the Exposition there will be few who will not remember the pyramid of Empires, surmounted by the golden trap. This trap may not be solid gold, but it is no doubt worth its weight in gold to many sportsmen.

Empire targets, we are told, are made entirely by automatic machinery. "After the material is melted in large kettles on the third floor of the factory, it is run into the mixers on the second floor and thoroughly mixed with other ingredients into a plastic compound. From the mixers it is placed in the receivers, suspended over the machines on the ground floor, and by an ingenious mechanism just the amount of composition to make a target is fed, automatically, into the revolving mold blocks that pass, while other targets that are finished are being deposited on the conveying belts that carry them to the packers."

The Empire electric trap-pull possesses many original features, "besides throwing known traps in irregular order by pressing a single lever, it will throw double birds by a single movement of same lever. Unknown traps are sprung without the use of an indicator in such a manner that even the trap-puller will not know from which trap the next target will be thrown. The battery is guaranteed to last a year when used constantly by the largest gun clubs, and when exhausted the batteries can be replaced with new ones at small cost."

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

The exhibit of firearms and ammunition at the Sportsmen's Exposition was full and complete, and that of the Winchester Arms Co. was just as varied and interesting as is usually made by that company. Their exhibit at Chicago was much larger, but it was impossible in the space allotted to them at the Garden to use those cases; and to equalize the difference, perhaps, they have in this instance departed from their usual habit and had their goods shown and explained in detail by Mr. Daggett and Major Albee, who came down from the factory on purpose.

The case in which the rifles were exhibited was one used by them at the Paris Exposition of 1889, where they took the Grand Prize over their competitors; and while some of the rifles and guns shown last week were the same as those used at the Chicago Fair, most of them were new and especially made for this Exposition.

In single-shot rifles were shown some novelties, among them being a small carbine, weighing 4½lbs., intended for the Mexican market, and which could be aimed and fired with one hand readily. There was also a sample of the .236 single-shot rifle for the new navy cartridge with a special barrel, a handsome and light gun and one for the .20cal. U. S. army cartridge; some fancy designs in nickel and gold and one remarkably beautiful single-shot in the glass case for target shooting. This was an octagon barrel of .32-40cal., weighing 18lbs. This gun was finished handsomely, with cheek piece, Swiss butt, fancy stock, etc., and attracted a great deal of attention. In model



EXHIBIT OF THE WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY.

1886, a sample of the light-weight half-magazine gun in the .45-70 seemed to be in continual demand, and the new cartridge for this model rifle, .50-100-450 was asked for and given to many people as a souvenir. The Winchester people also handed out dummies in the .236 navy and .30 U. S. army cartridges. In one of the glass cases was exhibited a model 1890 rifle, beautifully engraved and finished, which listed at $51, and when one considers that this rifle is probably the cheapest and strongest rifle of its kind made in the world and lists at $16, the ingenuity of the Winchester Co. is shown in their ability to engrave and decorate a small frame like this, so that it would bring that price. The rifle was a beautiful work of art.

The model 1894 rifle, model '82, model '86 and model '90, are now all made in the "take-down" pattern, if wished, so that, in any reasonable caliber, one is certain to be able to pack his rifle in a trunk if he wishes. The take-down mechanism for the 1886, 1892 and 1894 models is particularly ingenious, the barrel going on to the frame by an interrupted thread. A sample of their new model 1894 to carry a .30cal. smokeless cartridge was expected from the factory, but had not arrived at the time this article was written. There was much inquiry for it.

In ammunition, a new feature in jacketed bullet was shown in a .30cal. U. S. A. bullet with a soft nose, and one that had been fired showed the upset of the bullet. Some of the new smokeless powder cartridges and all of their extensive line of wads were shown in one of the glass cases; also several varieties of patched bullets, the Army and Navy bullet, and samples of their shot shells in all varieties, including their "Leader" for any load of smokeless powder with their new No. 4 "smokeless" primer. Some celluloid wads, made by John P. Lower's Sons, of Denver, were shown here in Winchester shot shells.

Metal-patched bullets in great variety were in the case on the side aisle; a full line of primers and caps, including the 6-split, foil-lined and varnished, and Spanish-ribbed musket caps, of which the Winchester people are the only makers in this country. There was also shown in this case a sectional model of their '86 rifle, and on the counter, in front of the display of cartridges, were shown samples of gun forgings which were remarkable as such. Those who are familiar with forgings did not hesitate to declare that few concerns who make a specialty of forgings could equal these in beauty of lines and finish.

Here was shown the method of the manufacture of their famous shotgun barrels, in a separate block of steel, about a foot long, through the center of which a hole has been drilled. This is rolled out by their improved machinery until it reaches the required length of 30in., and the barrel is thus made solid without seam or weld. The remarkable excellence in shooting qualities of these shotguns has been a matter of general comment since the gun was first introduced, and the mode of manufacturing the barrel interested many on that account.

In large ammunition they showed the armor-piercing rapid-fire projectile, and cases made by them for the U. S. Navy, and also a Hotchkiss gun carrying a 1-Pdr. projectile. It was intended to show the large gun they use at their proving grounds at New Haven, but it was not possible to set it up as the barrel projected into the aisle so far that it would hinder traffic. Their exhibition of the plate used at their proving grounds and penetrated by the projectiles of their own manufacture was especially interesting and was examined by crowds daily.

The entire exhibit was in charge of Major Albee, who gives special attention to the heavy ammunition for the Hotchkiss gun, of which he is the Winchester Company's expert.

In smokeless powder rifle cartridges the Winchester Company are making careful and costly experiments, and each week sees the results of their attention to this departure in the appearance of new sizes adapted to the more popular calibers. At present they have ready most of those most called for from .22 short to .41 long double action, and other larger calibers are looked for daily.

The exhibit was well arranged and well explained, and, while it did not cover so large a space as their remarkable Chicago display, this was the fault of the hall rather than that of the material that the company could display if the space were provided.

Away back in the early '60s times and customs and costumes were different in this country from what they are to-day. A great many men in a certain part of the country wore gray-colored clothing, and in another section of the land a great many men wore a garb of blue. Nowadays nearly all the men you see are sound of body and limb. You see few cripples among the mature men of average walks of life. In those days a good many men were seen who had lost an arm or a leg, or who were injured in some other way. In short, those were the days of cruel war.

In those days, as the writer of these lines can well remember, though then he was but a boy, a great many soldiers came home from the seat of war to visit their friends for a short time "on furlough." (Alas! some had furlough that never took them home.) Even so far removed as they were then from active war, these men, whether sound or maimed, whether well or sick, clung to the garb they wore "at the front," and usually they brought with them also the weapons they were wont to use.

At first these weapons were the long muzzle-loading Enfields, the muskets almost as terrifying to him who shot them as to him who was shot at. Then the Springfield rifle came in view. At that time no one had any idea of shooting more than once without reloading. Many sorts of rifles came home on furlough, but not one of them borne by a soldier was anything but a single-shot affair.

One day the newspapers told of a company of U. S. troops which had been armed with a new-fangled rifle, called the Henry rifle, which shot sixteen times without reloading. This company, posted to defend a certain bridge, repulsed a body of troops many times their number. The repeated fire of these first old Henry rifles confused and terrified the enemy, many of whom were killed and wounded, and some taken prisoners. One of the prisoners expressed the feeling of his whole regiment when he said that "It was no use trying to stand up against guns which were wound up Sunday and shot all the rest of the week."

From that time on the idea of the repeater grew. It is remembered that a great many of these old Henry rifles were brought home by discharged soldiers at the close of the war. Large numbers of soldiers turned from hunting men to hunting game. In a very short time the reputation of the repeater as a game gun—even in so poor a form as it then had—was established and began to spread all over the country. Once established, men began to wonder why they had not thought of it before.

As a matter of fact, it has been thought of before, and it is not meant that the old Henry rifle, with its brass fittings and magazine, was the first repeater ever made, though it was the best up to that time.

We think, without wishing to be unfair to others, that we may say the old Henry rifle, poor as it was by comparison with the repeaters of to-day, was practically the first repeating rifle ever used to any extent or any success on game.

It will be accurate enough for general purposes to state also that the old Henry model was the grandparent of the Winchester repeating rifle, which soon began to make its appearance in the hands of so many men in this nation of natural sportsmen. It is not very far from 1863 to 1873. Yet in 1873 the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. put on the market their .44-40 rifle, the "model '73," as it is now generally known. This was a light and compact central-fire rifle, using a cartridge which was easily to be obtained and which could be used also in heavy revolvers. Perhaps no weapon of the kind has ever been more popular. To-day many hunters prefer some of the many later products of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; but the fact remains that the .44-40 Winchester, model '73, has killed more game than all the other rifles of this make put together. This was largely due, of course, to the fact that it was the repeater first at hand in the game country when civilization began its rapid march to the West. To-day many hunters like this old model and will have no other for bear or deer or elk, and many even stick to the carbine model, shooting the same cartridge. These may have their choice. Others of different tastes can certainly find wide range for the gratification of their preferences.

Three years after the '73 model there appeared another "Winchester," the "Model '76." This shot the bottle-necked shell, .45-75, with 350grs. of lead. Many an antelope and elk was killed with this arm, and a great many hunters thought perfection was attained, though the argument between these and the men who preferred the Winchester using the old Government cartridge, .45-70, with 405 or 500grs. of lead, was something which history does not record as settled.

In short, the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., quick to grasp the popular taste, now began to manufacture new and improved models almost as fast as one could snap his fingers. Any man could suit his theories in the proportions of lead and powder, for the firm was making all sorts of ammunition for all sorts of rifles.

To-day one cannot tell without counting it up in the catalogue just how many sorts of cartridges are made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., but it is somewhere between 300 and 400 different styles. You can hardly think up a cartridge you would like to see, but what you can find it already listed in the Winchester catalogue.

In rifles of every sort, from the tiny .22, which you can pack in your trunk, up through .25, .32, .38, .44, 45, .50, in repeaters, single shots, heavy express—in brief, of every useful or practical sort of arm for use on game or at the target, the produce of the great factory has been continually enlarging, and becoming more curious and comprehensive. Truly, the name of Winchester has become in America a household word.

Not in method is it capricious or fanciful; and adopting any suggestion only after the most careful weighing and most exhaustive test, they have studied closely and carefully the tastes and requirements of the public, and have at length found themselves in a position to realize their ambition of becoming manufacturers of arms truly to be called popular. Such popularity could only be attained by thought and effort, and can only be retained by uniform excellence in product.

Yet that general popularity obtains for the arms of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., not only in this country, but in every country on the globe. In every land of the earth the Winchester is found. Surely, somewhere in all the earth, the defects of the Winchester goods would be found, if any such existed.

It has not been in the manufacture of repeating rifles or rifle ammunition alone that this extensive company has engaged itself. Ever in touch with popular needs and popular tendencies, the company recognized the growth of the shotgun idea, in the field and at the trap. Shooters began to need a better class of shotgun ammunition, from wads to shells and primers. The Winchester Co. began to supply the want, and as usual to supply it conscientiously, thoroughly and well.

To-day you find Winchester shotgun shells by the banks of the remotest duck marshes of the country, and at the great trap tournaments the same shells, improved in the most scientific manner to meet the latest requirements of the modern trap-shooter, are to be seen in every corner of the land. The shooters use them just as they do all the goods of the Winchester Co., because they know they are not offered on the market until the most conclusive tests have proved them perfect.

Shooters for a long time paid large prices for their rifles, till the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. put on the market a perfect weapon at a price within the reach of all. By and by some one began to ask, "If a repeating rifle was such a good idea, why should not a repeating shotgun also be good?" So the company put out the Winchester repeating shotgun. The first model worked with a lever, as the rifle did.

Then came the sliding fore-end, or "trombone" action. To-day you see this repeating shotgun in the hands of many game hunters, and at the trap tournaments it cuts a very large figure. Bored so that its shooting is perfection, its excellence and regularity are proved by the record-breaking runs it has made in the hands of expert shooters. Cheap, durable, reliable and effective—it is predicting little to say, that it too will soon be a household word.

In fact, it is no self-flattery for the Winchester Company to feel that it has attained success. All over the world its goods are known.

But as this company gained its success by careful study of the public, so it knows that it can best hold and increase its success by keeping its goods continually before the public by all legitimate and respectable methods of advertising.

This company sets no limit for its attainments and knows no such word as "good enough." Naturally as one essential method of impressing this fact upon the public, the company would have representation at any great exposition where sporting material could be shown, and therefore, at the really great expositions of the lands, the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., has had extensive display made of its extensive line of goods.

At the World's Fair its exhibit was one of the most elaborate and most popular installed. Of course, too, at the Sportsmen's Exposition a Winchester exhibit was essential as Hamlet in the play.

E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co.

Under all the finish and refinement of the civilized man run still the broad impulses of barbarous and primitive man. All the world will always love the hero, and all mankind will ever concern itself with war, for war is woven into the principles of life. We gladly read back into the time when the hero was the man of thews and sinews, and when humanity was of necessity brutal; because there still survives hidden in us a current of savagery and an admiration for savage force. It was not meant, however, that this should continue as more than an undercurrent. Civilization was to be, and to-day it is, and civilization means more nearly an equality among men. We shall not go far amiss, then, in calling that the greatest instrument of civilization which did most toward making men equal. We read with eagerness and curios-

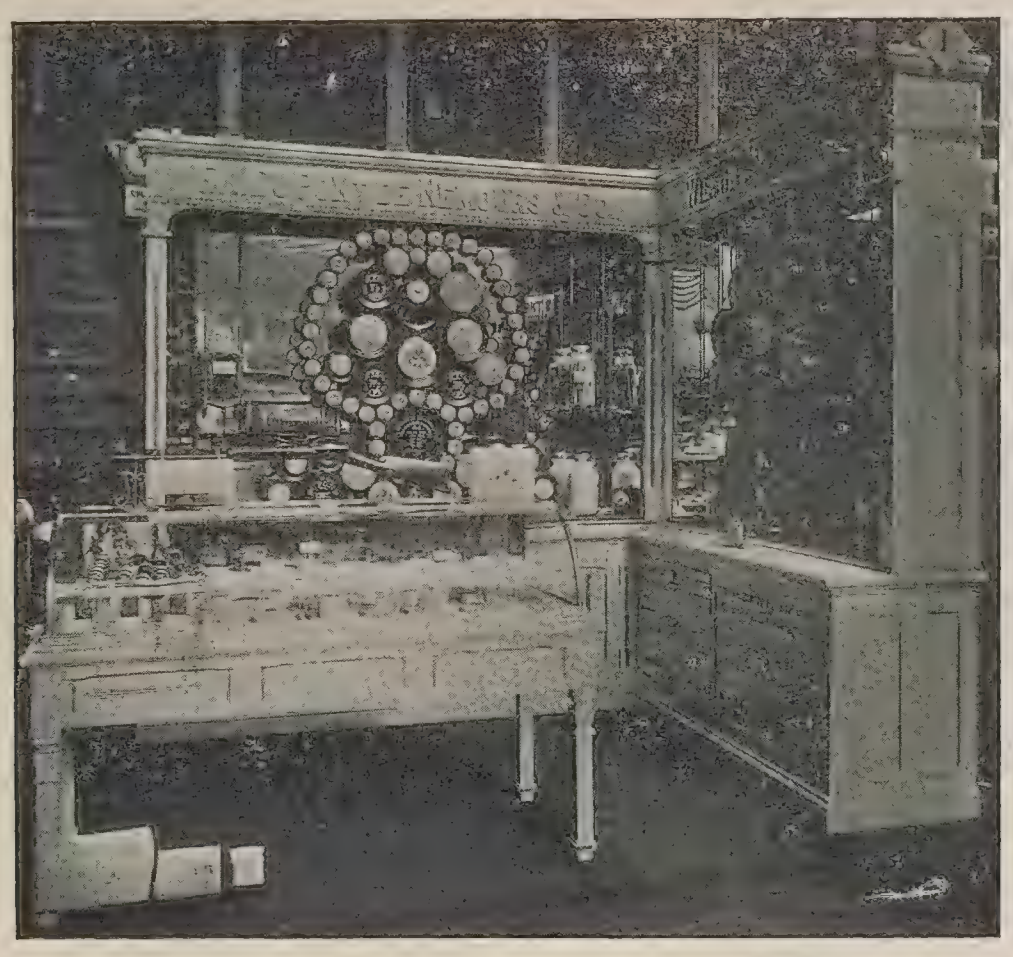


EXHIBIT OF E. I. DUPONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY.

ity the works of the masters of history or fiction which take us back to the less civilized ages. The pens of Chas. Reade, of Conan Doyle, of Edwin Lester Arnold, interest us most when they tell of the days of the "Cloister and the Hearth," the "White Company," of "Phra, the Phenician." And all these writers seize upon that dramatic time when the long bow gave way to the arbalest, the arbalest to the petronel—when gunpowder began to make all men equal, when feudalism gave way to humanity, and when serfs dropped off their shackles. The great writers know what that dramatic epoch has meant to mankind.

As gunpowder gave man liberty and progress, so to-day it preserves liberty and assures progress. The idea of war (with it well mingled the idea of sport) obtains to-day and must ever obtain while human nature lives. If, then, one be in the least interested as a student of broad causes, of motive and of agencies, what more interesting line of study can one have than the study of gunpowder, the destroyer, the civilizer, the equalizer, the servant of man's sternest and his lightest moods? From its beginning to its highest perfection, what more interesting study?

At the Sportsmen's Exposition one can study gunpowder through a century of growth right here in America, and not in other lands or times. Indeed, we can temperately say that one can see not only part but all the history of gunpowder in the beautifully neat and tasteful exhibit of the old American firm of E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co.; for if they do not show one everything, they can tell him of what came before their time in the history of powder, and after their time they have been in the forefront of progress in the practice and manufacture and development of explosives.

A knowledge of the ingredients and nature of gunpowder is of great antiquity. The Chinese made use of an explosive compound fully two thousand years ago, but it devolved upon a higher civilization to make the discovery of much practical utility.

Gunpowder was made in this country during the last century, but the early manufactories were of the rudest and most primitive description.

Eleuthère Irénée DuPont de Nemours, who came from France to the United States in the fall of 1799, was the founder of the gunpowder works near Wilmington, Del. He had acquired a practical knowledge of the manufacture of gunpowder under the instruction of the celebrated French chemist Lavoisier, who was superintendent of two government powder mills at Essone, before the French Revolution. Some months after Irénée DuPont's arrival, his attention was called to the bad quality of the gunpowder made in America, and he conceived the idea of erecting works for its manufacture. He went back to France early in 1801, returned to the United States with some of the necessary machinery, and selected in 1802 a site on the Brandywine Creek, a few miles from Wilmington, Del., where he at once began the erection of the works. The business has been carried on ever since, without interruption, by the founder, succeeded by the members of his family, under the firm name of E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co.

The space occupied by E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co. has been arranged with a view of exhibiting the many materials that enter into the manufacture of gunpowder, the manufactured article itself in its many varied forms, and also the packages in which the powder is sold. The arrangement of these empty packages is unique and original. A cabinet occupies two sides of the space, of which cabinet the upper part is open, the back and sides being lined with plate glass mirrors. In this cabinet is grouped a collection of kegs and canisters in such a manner as to show each individual keg and yet have a neat and tasteful form. The kegs and canisters, reflected in the mirrors, their gay colors contrasting finely with the cream white and gold of the cabinet, make a striking picture, which must be seen to be fully appreciated.

At the sides of the groups of kegs are arranged eight large clear glass bottles containing the raw materials from which gunpowder is made.

The materials thus exhibited are as follows: Saltpeter—The crude salt as it comes from India; crystallized; refined 1 in 10,000 of impurity. Sulphur—Common; refined. Willow wood, from which the charcoal for the fine sporting powders is made. Charcoal—Common, for the lower grades of powder.

A showcase stands in the front of the space in which are exhibited a number of samples of gunpowder and explosives. They are placed in crystal glasses resting on a bed of rich velvet.

The regular grades of rifle and shotgun powders are designated by the letters O.T.P., Fg, FFg, FFFg. V.G.P. is a superior trap-shooting powder. Choke bore, a selected powder well suited to choke-bore guns. Gun Cotton—Service gun cotton of the U. S. Government; for use in the manufacture of blasting gelatine; for use in the manufacture of smokeless powder. Smokeless Powder—For shotguns; for .22cal. gallery rifles; for .45-90-300, .38-55, .32-40 and .25-20; for field guns; for U. S. Government .30cal. rifle. Cubical powder. Hexagonal powder. Sphere-hexagonal powder. Prismatic powder, for 5, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 13in. rifles. Saltpeter powder, U. S. Army.

An assortment of loaded shells for shotguns is a special feature. A piece of mica has been introduced in the side of these shells so that the position of the powder, wads and shot can be plainly seen. These shells have been loaded in the best manner and show the wadding used with the justly celebrated "DuPont smokeless."

Another feature of the exhibit was a Winchester rifle from which have been fired one hundred shots of the DuPont smokeless rifle powder, the barrel being in the condition the last shot left it, not having been cleaned. The rifleman has but to look at the interior of the barrel to be convinced that the powder fired from that rifle is absolutely clean and not at all injurious to the barrel.

Blasting powders shown by Messrs. E I. DuPont de Nemours & Co. were as follows: A blasting, used for quarrying and rock blasting, and for all kinds of work which is too hard for the common B blasting. C, F, FF, FFF and FFFF were the sizes of grain exhibited. B blasting was shown in the following sizes and is used for coal mining and earth blasting: CCC, CC, C, F, FF, FFF and FFFF.

No powder ever manufactured has ever sprung into the sudden popularity attained by the famous DuPont smokeless, and no powder has ever better justified its own popularity.

The visitor at this pleasant corner could learn many things of curious interest, which he might have known, but did not. For instance, one knows that saltpeter, charcoal and sulphur are the common ingredients of gunpowder; but he may not know that the old formula (much varied in application) was 75 parts of saltpeter, 15 of charcoal and 10 of sulphur. Charcoal he may think easily obtainable, but the polite managers and attendants at the exhibit will tell him that the high grade powders need the best of charcoal, which is only made of the best of willow. Only the branches of the willow can be used, not the trunk wood. The DuPonts get their willow from widely scattered parts of the country, but they get the best material in every case for the manufacture of their many products.

The exhibit of Messrs. E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co. seems to have been arranged so tastefully under the care of Mr. Francis G. DuPont, and it was left in care of a very courteous and efficient attendant in M. Pierre Gentieu, long with the DuPont house. Very pleasant and instructive and satisfactory was this exhibit, which was situated at the entrance of the main aisle of the Exposition.

The "Three in One" Compound.

Modern firearms are much more complicated than those used by our ancestors a few generations ago. The fowling pieces used by our grandfathers, for instance, besides the ramrod, of which the erring small boy stood in such mortal terror, consisted of the fewest and simplest parts imaginable in lock, stock and barrel. Such guns required very little care, and were supposed to shoot just as well, or perhaps a little better, dirty as clean.

Things have changed very much in our era. Improved firearms, with more complicated and more delicately adjusted parts, have made it absolutely necessary to take better care of them. They must be kept clean and guarded against rust in order to insure their efficacy.

It is no longer believed that fouled barrels will make better shooting than clean, and sportsmen have universally learned the necessity of caring for their guns.

Heretofore they have been obliged to use various dispreparations to accomplish this end. The locks and other mechanism must be lubricated after they have been cleaned, and care must be taken to preserve all metal parts against rust.

They will hail with delight therefore the advent of a preparation made for their especial use that cleans, lubricates and preserves from rust all at the same time. Such a preparation has at last been placed upon the market.

In space 51 G. W. Cole & Co., 111 Broadway, New York (with branches in Chicago and San Francisco), exhibit their "Three in One" compound. This Exposition has brought to light many new and meritorious articles, but none that more nearly meets a long-felt want to the gunner, fisherman and bicyclist than this "Three in One." It thoroughly cleanses a gun after shooting, and prevents sweat of the hand, water and salt air from rusting the nickel and steel parts, and, strange to say, it is an excellent lubricant for the lock, as it does not gum or harden.



EXHIBIT OF THE "THREE IN ONE" COMPOUND.

'Three in One" is unique in that one article cleans, prevents rust, and lubricates, and it is entitled to a thorough trial by all sportsmen who will appreciate the advantage of protecting their guns, reels, fishing tackle and bicycles with a transparent compound that contains no acid, that cannot be seen, yet does the work required. Numerous testimonials were distributed showing these facts. "Three in One" is clean to handle, and will not soil the clothing.

The liberal distribution of samples made at the Exposition will no doubt increase the already great demand for this article, and make it as necessary to the sportsman for his gun and fishing tackle as it has become to the bicycle riders of this country for their bicycles.

Messrs. Cole & Co. will mail a large oiler filled with "Three in One" compound, upon receipt of five two-cent stamps, for trial, and will send testimonials of many sportsmen, some of whom may be residents of the city of the applicant, and may so serve as personal references.

The Hunter Arms Co.

EVENTS move rapidly in America, but there are few shooters now before the public in America who cannot easily remember back to a time when a certain event of importance occurred in the history of guns and gunnery in this country. It seems a good while ago, but really it was not so very long ago when the first L. C. Smith gun was put on the market and began to be advertised as a good gun for American shooters to have. Comparisons are usually odious, but comparisons are very well when one compares his own success with his earlier shortcomings, and it will hurt no one to refer to the quality of the early L. C Smith guns. Those were the days of 10-bores, of tremendously heavy barrels, of clubbish proportions and general clumsiness and awkwardness in gun-making in the United States—the days when foolish men carried around a cannon of a gun and shot at quail with 5drs. of black powder and 1¼oz. of shot. The shooter of those days boasted of the solidity of his L. C. Smith gun, which weighed perhaps 11¼lbs.—a truly awful weapon. Still, no one even to-day could deny the shooting qualities of these guns, for even in those days it was evident a splendid system of boring had been discovered. The most heated discussion arose over the shooting of these guns, but the guns went right on shooting. Still another fine feature of these old guns was the Smith cross-bolt, beyond doubt the best breech fastening ever put on any gun. Foreign guns have several very pretty fastening bolts, but some of them have not stood the test of time. In a few months the gun is loose, and hence dangerous and worthless. No one even in the modern days of excessive charges of nitro powder has ever seen a loose L. C. Smith gun. Even the old cannons, if you could resurrect them to-day, would be tight and sound. The Hunter Arms Co., manufacturers of this gun, are the only firm on earth who guarantee their guns not to shoot loose with nitros. No other maker has this fastening. Then came the day of the hammerless guns, and the L. C. Smith gun as usual was a little ahead of the time. It happened that the writer, away back in the early '80s, purchased one of the very first of these guns brought into his State. It was a 12-gauge and weighed 8¼lbs. Eight years later it was still a sound, good gun, but the march of the L. C. Smith had long gone past it. The nitro powder had come to stay. The L. C. Smith gun was the first to experiment with proper boring for the handling of the new powders. It was always ahead, not a little behind. Long ago, by this time, the reputation of the L. C. Smith gun was permanently established, and it was known as a perfect shooter in every corner of the land. Long since Harvey McMurchy had carried the banner of the L. C. Smith everywhere in America—and either then or to-day a better representative of a gun or a keener student of events never existed than Mr. McMurchy, and probably the public will never know just how much of the continued improvements in this gun have been due to him. Certainly it is only due to him to say that he and the gun grew up together. It was a matter of course that when Mr. L. C. Smith disposed of his interests to the firm which for some years have manufactured this gun (the Hunter Arms Co.), Mr. McMurchy should go on at Fulton, N. Y., with his old sweetheart, the L. C. Smith gun. Apparently there has never been any regret on either side since then. Certainly there have been many changes and improvements in the gun since then. Even more than ever, it has been the gun *par excellence* of America. It had ideas, and was not afraid to carry them out.

Shooters began to be dissatisfied with American guns. They would shoot all right and wear all right, but they did not balance and handle right—they lacked elegance of outline and general symmetry. The Hunter Arms Co., always a little ahead, recognized that the great question next to be met was that of getting out a more shapely gun. Slowly and surely the lines of the L. C. Smith began to improve. People began to say, "What a pretty gun!"

Foreign guns began to appear with ejectors on them. Always a little ahead, the Hunter Arms Co. was the first to grasp the ejector idea. No better ejector has ever been devised by those who took more time to ponder. Simple and positive, with few parts, and so arranged that you can't load your gun without leaving it in firing order, it is all that can be asked and quite as good as has appeared. You can use this ejector in sea shooting, and it will work. Moreover, it will not "break" you to buy it. It is not a luxury, to go to the rich alone.



THE HUNTER ARMS COMPANY'S EXHIBIT.

But long before this another thing had happened which shows the good luck and good foresight of the owners of the L. C. Smith gun. This was the fortunate arrangement by which Mr. Fred Quimby became selling agent of the gun. The firm is now the W. Fred Quimby Co., of 294 Broadway, New York city, and it cuts a great and growing figure in the sporting goods trade of the United States. As selling agent for New York, the Eastern and Southern States for the L. C. Smith gun, this firm does one of the great gun businesses of the country. This is how the Hunter Arms Co. exhibit was made in connection with those of the W. Fred Quimby Co. The goods were shown by Mr. Robert Hunter, Mr. William Hunter, Mr. Thomas Hunter. There are six of the "Hunter boys" in the firm of the Hunter Arms Co. They are nearly all large specimens of manhood, and Mr. Thos. Hunter said that he and his brother William together weighed 465lbs.

And so our story of the growth of a gun has approached the exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition. What shall we say of the exhibit itself? Very little. The story that has gone before is the best description of a gun which has always been ahead in methods of manufacture and of distribution on the trade. There were twenty odd guns displayed, running in price from $45 up to $500, and not in any one of them could you find a hint that it was one of the offspring of the old L. C. Smith gun described in the opening lines of this story—except that it would shoot, and that it would not shoot loose! In total value the display was worth about $2,500. To show how the public likes a good article, it will do to note the fact that over $1,500 worth of these guns were sold during the week, more than half the total number shown, one a magnificent specimen which sold for $500. This gun was of Whitworth fluid steel barrels, magnificently engraved finish, and of a purity of outline hitherto unknown in American gun-making art. After this the foreigners must come to us to learn how to make a symmetrical and finely balanced gun. The art is at length attained here.

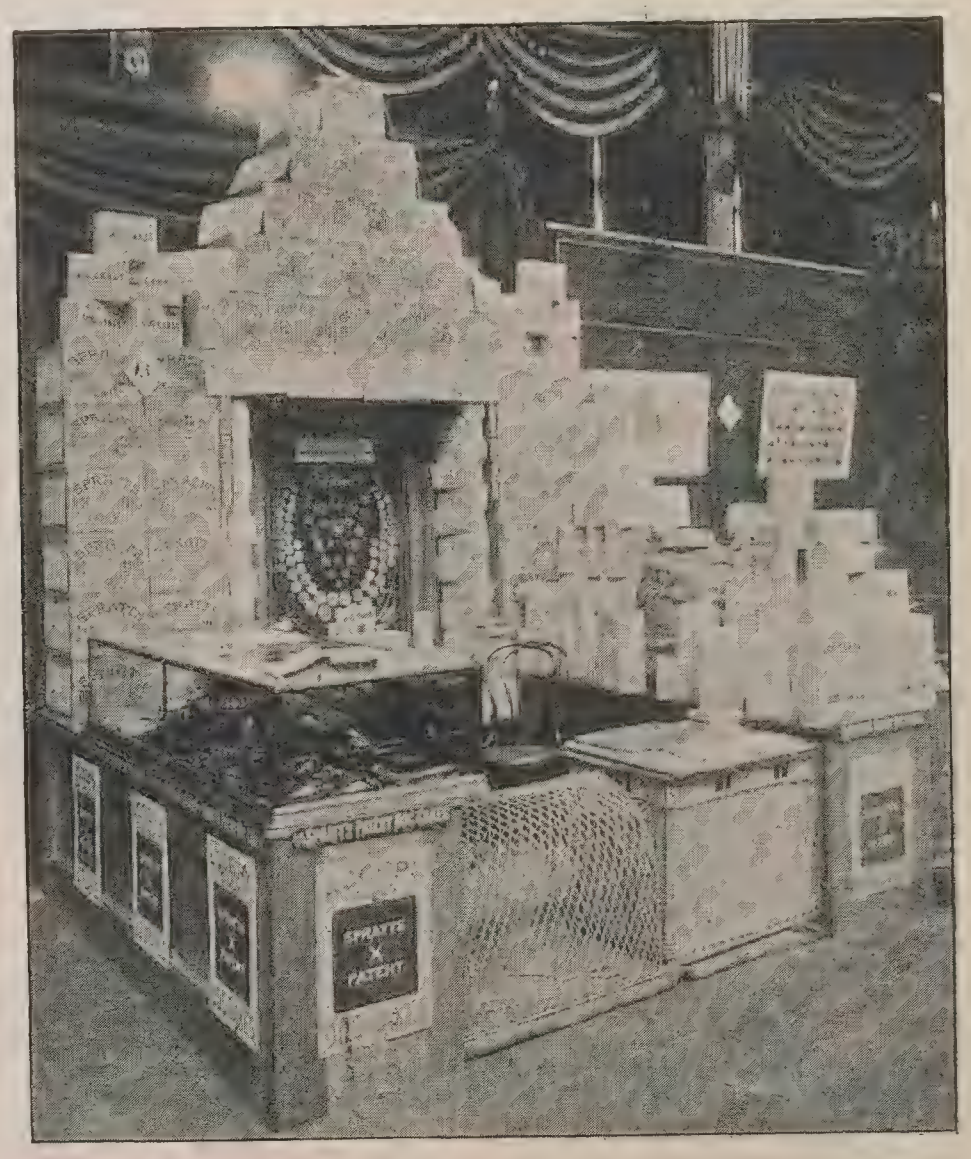
Of the guns displayed in the cases the majority showed the Crown steel barrels, so popular as made by the Hunter Arms Co., though fine Damascus and the cheaper laminated barrels were also shown. A full line of sectionals showed the beautiful working of the lock, safety and ejector mechanisms, and one grand gun was shown unbrowned, "in the bright," to display the beautiful engraving before sending it to the bluer and browner people. The bulk of the twenty guns shown were of Crown steel barrels (this was the first gun firm to use that barrel material in America), and the straight hand, as made on all the handsome ejector pigeon guns. By the way, the L. C. Smith was the first also to adopt this fashion of stock, now rapidly becoming so popular. In short, this is the gun which has always been a little ahead.

Of Mr. L. C. Smith, often called the "lucky man," it was sometimes said that if he should fall into the ocean he would come up covered with diamonds. Now, whether it was the inventor of this gun, or Mr. McMurchy, who so ably has shown it and seen it win the highest sort of honors, or whether it was the Hunter Arms Co. who have put their money boldly into making a gun "always a little ahead," or whether it was Mr. W. Fred Quimby of New York, who has and probably always will handle this gun—whichever it was that was to blame for it most no one knows; but certainly the combination has been a great one and a winning one. Out of this the public can draw its own inferences in regard to the present and the future of the gun which has been "always a little ahead."

Spratts Patent.

The exhibit of Spratts Patent, Limited (American), was most complete in its array of dog furnishings and foods. No sportsmen's exhibition would be complete without such an exhibit, and no exhibit could be more complete in itself than was that of Spratts Patent at the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden last week.

There were dog collars large and small, some plain and strong with a view to practical usefulness, others strong and ornamental with a view both to use and beauty.



THE EXHIBIT OF SPRATTS PATENT.

Dog chains of the best material and construction were in sizes from the light slender chain used on toy dogs up to the heavy chains needed for the largest St. Bernards and Mastiffs. Neat leathern leads of different weights and sizes for the show ring, and for leading the dog about in security or for exercise; metal pans which cannot be upset, and which can be used for feeding and watering; dog

crates of wicker or wire work for travel or for security and comfort; dog medicines for every disease which afflicts the dog—were features of the Spratts Patent display.

Boxes of different dog foods were placed one above anther, forming a back for the exhibit, a recess in the middle being left for a neat medal frame, which displayed medals won in all parts of the world at the most noted exhibitions. This array of medals is sure to catch the eye of the visitor. The medal frame was arranged in 1881, and though it contains many medals, their total is but a small percentage compared to the great number won in the past fourteen years. In it, however, are 22 gold, 141 silver and 14 bronze medals, a total of 177.

The exhibit displayed, in all styles, everything necessary for use in the kennel and poultry yard, but the specialties of this famous firm are patent foods for dogs, cats and fowls, also condiments, medicines and soaps for their health and care.

Their Meat Fibrine Vegetable Dog Cakes find great favor with bench show managers and kennel owners, and also they are recognized as a staple canine food in the civilized world.



THE ROARING LION.

The next food in importance is the puppy cake, the staple food for all breeds of puppies. Other cakes are the Pet Dog Cakes, especially prepared for puppies, toy and other small dogs; Cod Liver Oil Cakes, invaluable for delicate or old dogs, or for dogs which are recovering from sickness; greyhound cakes, which contain 35 per cent. of meat and a large percentage of oat and wheat meal. These cakes have proved most successful as a food for training, many of the noted winners of the Western coursing events having been trained on them.

There are Oatmeal Dog Cakes for greyhounds, when preference is given to training on meat. There are also plain round meal cakes for use in kennels where the hounds or other dogs are fed on flesh.

The next display of importance was the Puppy Food and Pepsinated Puppy Meal, the former being a substitute for natural milk if the dam dies or if she is unable to supply sufficient milk for her young; the latter food is for use in weaning puppies or for delicate, poor feeders.

In this advanced stage of civilization fowls claim and receive as much attention as dogs, judging from Spratts Patent's display of foods for all kinds of them. There was poultry meal in two grades of fineness for fowls and chickens, and also Game Food, Pigeon Food, Prairie Meat Crissel, made of dried sound beef and ground beef; staple foods of the feathered tribe, excellent and superior to the natural foods.

Adjuncts of great value are their Granulated Bone, Bone Meal, Granulated Oyster Shell, Cardiac Condition Powder, and scientifically prepared remedies for all known ailments. Other foods are Canary and Cage Bird Food, and Fish Food for rearing trout, etc.

Last, but not least (for cats have suddenly sprung into national prominence), is their cat food, a perfect and complete food in itself, specially prepared and cooked.

This well-known firm, in its business scope, covers every detail of kennel interests.

It boards dogs at its commodious kennels at Closter, N. J.; it furnishes advice on canine diseases free. All kennel implements—brushes, combs, dog gloves for grooming the dog, dog clothing in all shapes, sizes and patterns, dog harness, muzzles, whips, whistles—in short, everything which appertains to the health, comfort and management of the dog and cat is supplied by Spratts Patent, Limited, as is also everything for the care and raising of poultry. Their catalogue, besides giving the usual information regarding their goods, gives much valuable information on the diseases and care of dogs.

Taxidermy.

In taxidermy the exhibits were numerous. Not only were there considerable displays by several taxidermists and furriers, but a great number of mounted heads and horns were shown, either for decorative purposes or to exemplify the game found in some particular region.

Of the heads, two collections, notable because of their numbers, were those of the Maine Central R. R. and of Mr. Phillipp Liebinger, of Brooklyn. The first of these comprised heads of Maine game—moose, caribou and Virginia deer, mounted by Mr. S. L. Crosby, the well-known Maine taxidermist, while the other consisted of Western game—moose, elk, mule deer, sheep, antelope and buffalo. Of the latter there were several heads and skulls, very large and with fine unmarred horns. They were dated 1893 and 1894, and so must have been killed in the neighborhood of the Park, and if in Montana, in violation of law, for that State has had a statute absolutely protecting the buffalo for a term of years. Of the lesser collections of loaned heads those belonging to Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. G. O. Shields and to Thomas W. Fraine, of Rochester, are worthy of special note. Mr. Roosevelt showed specimens of buffalo, sheep, antelope, goat, elk, caribou, bear, cougar, white-tail deer and a fine mule deer, remarkably large and with many points, and Mr. Fraine a very symmetrical, though not large, sheep, and a male goat killed by Dr. Walter James, of this city, which is unusually large and admirably mounted. Mr. Shields's collection was large and showed most of the varieties of Western game, an elk head with very massive horns, and a very large sheep's head being the most noteworthy. Among the single heads shown, a mountain sheep head killed last winter in Lower California by Mr. George H. Gould and exhibited in the FOREST AND STREAM space, was the finest one of its kind for symmetry and length. It measures 16¼in. at the base of horn aud 42½in. in length. In the cabin of the U. S. Cartridge Co. were many hides, heads and mounted animals, prepared by Messrs. Southwick & Critchley. A tiger skin and a bear skin were large and handsome, and a mounted Virginia deer stood on one side the door, while on the other was a two-headed ruffed grouse.

In the exhibit of C. G. Gunther's Sons there was a great mass of material, some of it very good and some very commonplace. Among the more interesting specimens were two little muskox calves, a mounted bighorn with massive horns, 17¼in., a fine mule deer with many-pointed horns.

F. Sauter, the taxidermist, had a large exhibit, not only in his own space, but also loaned to other exhibitors. A group of dogs pulling down two wild boars, leopards attacking a gnu and wolves pulling down a buffalo were the most pretentious pieces. Besides these we noticed two running deer, the largest buffalo head in the exhibition—said to have been killed in Montana in 1894 and so illegally slaughtered—with its robe. This is very likely a National Park buffalo.

The cyclorama of sport at the east end of the garden prepared by the Webster Studio, consisted of five pieces representing big game hunting, duck shooting, fox hunting, trout fishing and a mischance. These pieces were designed by Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt and executed by Mr. Frederic S. Webster. The first showed a bull elk just killed, and two hunters looking at the game. The dead animal was remarkably well done. In the second the gunner and his dog were seated in a boat in a blind, awaiting the flight of the fowl. The motion of the water and of the boat gave a realism to the scene and the accessories were skillfully worked out. In the third scene the fox hunter was seated on a log in the woods, his hound lying beside him and two dead foxes, artificially preserved, resting on the dry leaves near him. The trout fishing picture showed an angler just grasping the fish which he has lifted from the water of the brook at his feet. In the last scene a gunner was supposed to have discharged his single barrel shotgun at a grouse, and the report has startled a young buck which is bounding off through the cedars, while an expression of deep disgust is seen on the hunter's face. The ideas of all these compositions are excellent, and the execution for the most part good, but an extremely difficult matter it is to represent in a lifelike way the humam form, features and flesh.

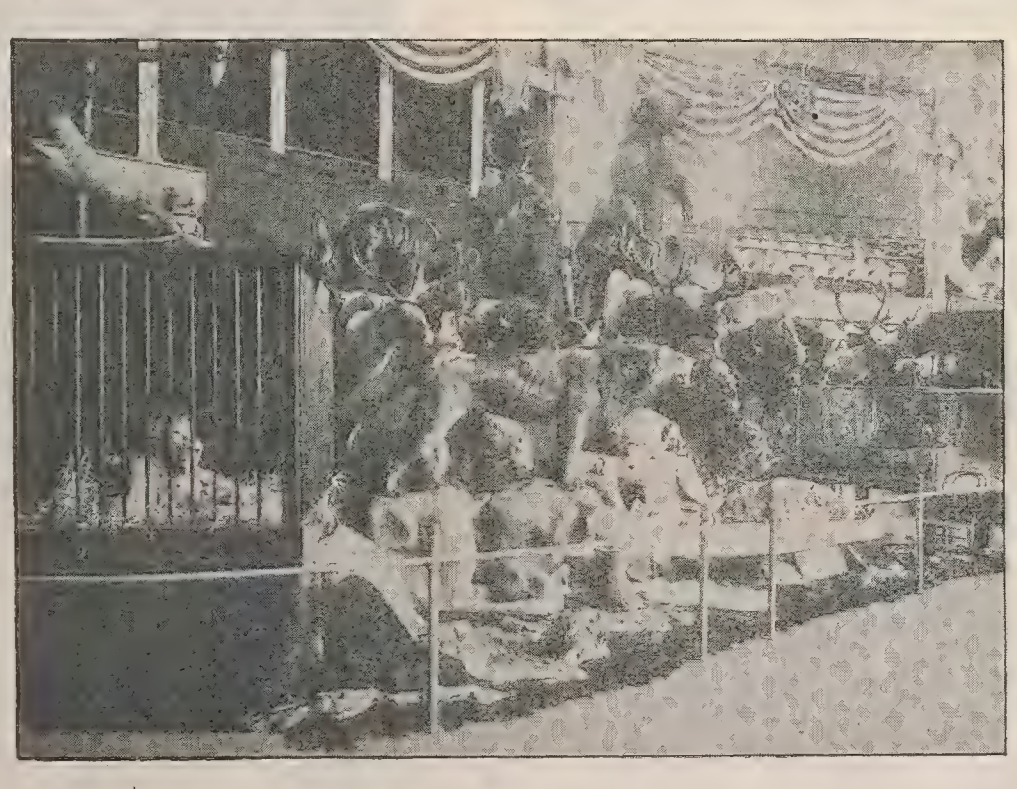
W. W. Hart & Co.

The exhibit of W. W. Hart & Co. was small, but its quality was of the very highest order. Here were seen large heads of musk ox, caribou and moose, the latter with a spread of 67in. Besides the usual skins and heads, there were two groups which are of extreme interest. One of these was a lioness in a cage with two tiny cubs. The mother has a matronly expression, which is very attractive, and the whole pose is bold, free and dignified, while the anatomy is well worked out. A roaring lion, standing close by, is another good piece of work. The firmly braced legs, the tense belly, the drawn in ribs and the veins of the legs, make this single figure a remarkable reproduction of life. The best of Hart's groups, and the best example of taxidermy in the Exposition, was one showing two young tigers. The larger is crouched on a little elevation and has under his forepaws a small antelope just killed. His head is turned and he is snarling at a smaller tiger which, with slow and stealthy motion, is crawling toward him. The courage of the man who mounted this last animal is admirable, and he has dared to draw out this creature so long and so thin as to make it at first glance seem a caricature; yet as one looks at it, he realizes that it reproduces in a wonderful way the actions of the cats, and the anatomy is worked out with startling fidelity. The man who did this piece is a sculptor, who has begun to study his art at the right end. We believe that he has a great future before him if he is faithful to this art. It appears to us remarkable that this group should not have attracted more attention in the daily newspapers, which are wont, as the saying is, to "catch on to" such a thing as this without delay.

Their moose head, 67in. spread, is the largest there is any record of, and the mounting is exquisite. The musk ox head is also the finest specimen in this country and beautifully set up. The tame bear, cinnamon bear, Russian wolf, the enormous Alaska grizzly, the otter group with water effect, their fine specimens of caribou heads, mountain sheep and goat, two choice black bison heads, antelope, black leopard, mountain lion, and some birds went to make up their well-selected exhibit.

Schoverling, Daly & Gales.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this firm's comprehensive exhibit was the Chas. Daly guns with the new Krupp steel barrels, for which Mr. Daly is the United States agent. These are beautiful guns in every respect, and have the usual high finish characteristic of Daly guns. The Krupp barrels are said to have withstood in tests twice the bursting strain of Whitworth steel, and three times that of Bernard Damascus. The barrels are therefore especially well adapted for feather-weight guns. They may be very much reduced in weight without impairing their strength. In fact, barrels measuring only thirty-two one hundredths of an inch at the breech withstood severe tests very satisfactorily. A fair selection of Chas. Daly hammerless and three barrel guns were also shown. The exhibit included one curio in the form of a Persian gun 200 years old, loaned by Wm. Sherer, Jr. This gun is a handsome flint-lock with genuine Damascus steel barrel, and has a bore at the muzzle measuring 2¾in. in diameter. It is an ugly looking barrel from the muzzle end, but when one is told that it only measures .32cal. at the breech it loses its formidableness. The gun would be a good thing for Chinese warfare, but not of much consequence for a man who means business. Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales are agents for Wright & Ditson, and also for A. J. Reach & Co., and exhibited a complete line of sporting goods manufactured by these firms. Among other novelties which they control were shown imported picnic hampers, Lemaire field glasses, fencing foils, alligator gun cases, leather goods, and fifty-six different styles of sporting shoes. Small gold-plated compasses and whist counters were given away as souveuirs, and were in eager demand.



THE EXHIBIT OF W. W. HART & COMPANY.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co.

showed the various specialties which have made the name of this firm famous in the line of gun tools. These were tastefully arranged on the sides of a truncated pyramid, and were shown to good advantage against a dark background. The exhibit included the new "Ideal High Grade Closer" and the "Spangler Ideal Closer," as well as a complete line of rifle and shotgun reloading tools, bullet moulds, measures, etc.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The FOREST AND STREAM was the first journal to show its faith in the enterprise of a Sportsmen's Exposition by engaging space for its own use; and when the time came there was provided here an exhibit which our friends were so good as to say was in keeping with the character of the Exposition and worthy of the FOREST AND STREAM and the place it holds in the sportsmanship of the day. In conception and execution, as these same friends were pleased to declare, the exhibit was original, dignified, enterprising and creditable. Generous attention was bestowed upon it and appreciative study given it.

The exhibit occupied two spaces and was divided into two distinct and complementary divisions, one of the journal itself with its adjuncts, the other of the Native American Hunter. A carefully prepared booklet added to the interest of both of these.

The "Forest and Stream."

The central and chief exhibit was of the FOREST AND STREAM, shown in forty-three richly bound volumes, covering the entire term of publication from the first number in August, 1873, to the beginning of the present year. There were also files of the AMERICAN SPORTSMAN (1871 to 1875) and of the ROD AND GUN (1875 to 1877), journals which were merged into the FOREST AND STREAM. Very impressive were the stately volumes, standing in line, side by side, one added to another, the growth of the years, and full of suggestion were they to him who can discern beneath the surface of things For amid all the purely material features of this great Exposition—the implements and accessories and trophies of sport—here was the finer essence and the spirit.

The great hit of the exhibit, if not indeed of the Exposition, was the oil painting of the sportsman "Chained to Business," that figure now so familiar from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The canvas, 5x8ft., set in a heavy oak frame, showed the victim in life size, and the effect was heightened by the employment of an actual chain—not in any sense a toy affair, but one of iron, with ponderous links, and securely fastened with a padlock. The FOREST AND STREAM of the picture was also an actual copy of the paper in its file-binder. "The chain is a real one," explained the booklet, "as with most of us our chain is, But the FOREST AND STREAM is real, too; and the lesson which the picture is intended to teach is that every one may have with his real chain the solace of a real FOREST AND STREAM. Remember that. There is no more important truth to be learned in the entire Sportsmen's Exposition."

No booklet was required to explain the significance of the picture; it spoke for itself directly to the heart. As there are thousands who are "chained," so were there thousands at the Exposition last week who saw in the man at his desk another self. As the throng came through the aisles and paused before the FOREST AND STREAM space, their faces would light up with smiling recognition of the picture's significance, and as for the expressions of appreciative comment these forty pages would not suffice to record them.



THE FOREST AND STREAM'S EXHIBIT.



CHAINED TO BUSINESS?
Can't go fishing?
Do the next best thing—
Read the "Forest and Stream."

Of the books on outdoor sport published or imported by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., the display was extensive. The collection covered the several branches of fishing, shooting, natural history, travel, camping, yachting, canoeing, boating, the dog.

Among the pictures were a framed set of the FOREST AND STREAM'S color pictures given as premiums—"Jacksnipe Coming In," "He's Got Them" (quail shooting), "Vigilant and Valkyrie," "Bass Fishing at Block Island." Enlarged copies of some of the Amateur Photography Competition were shown; and there was a striking field picture by Prof. Osthaus.

Yacht models illustrated the three leading types, as represented by a shoal centerboard of extreme beam, a keel yacht similar to the famous Gloriana, and the fin-keel Scarecrow. Canoeing was represented by models of three different types of early canoes—McGregor's Rob Roy, the Jersey Blue and the English canoe Pearl.

Mounted heads of big game, with birds and fish, were employed for decorative effect. The heads were of buffalo, mountain sheep, antelope and whitetail deer, the last noteworthy for the size and symmetry of the antlers. Locked deer horns from Mississippi told of a death strug-in the swamp.

There were shown the head of a 23½lbs. black bass from Florida, and the skin of a 9 or 10ft. rattler from Texas.

Among the arms were a Long Tom flint-lock musket carried in the Revolutionary war by Warren Winslow, a powder horn, curiously decorated, of the same period, and a flint-lock pistol carried by an officer at the battle of Bunker Hill; these were loaned by Messrs. W. A. Abel & Co., of Syracuse. A percussion revolver carried by Commodore Semmes excited much interest.

A pair of holster pistols, which were old when they were first used by Kelpie in the early '50s, their horn, which is an ancient relic from Vermont, a rifle charger, an old Hirschfanger or German hunting sword, a Norse fisher's knife and two home-made hunting knives were loaned by Mr. F. H. Thurston, of Michigan.

Then there was a beautiful example of a flint-lock fowling-piece, made by Tatham, of London, for George IV., and presented by that monarch to Kamehameha II., of the Sandwich Islands. The date is not given, but Kamehameha died in 1824. This gun was loaned by Mr. W. P. Anderson, of Warwick, N. Y.

The snowshoes and *skis* were relics of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Yellowstone Park Game Exploration of the winter of 1893–94.

The Native American Hunter.

That portion of the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit devoted to the evolution of the Native American Hunter attracted much attention from press and public, and was a center of attraction for crowds during all week. The daily papers spoke of the exhibit as one of vast interest, and as a matter of fact there was nothing in the Garden into which so much history was compressed as in this. In this exhibit the pages of the past were turned back, and the public were told something of the mode of life and the methods of hunting and fishing in the old America by the real American, as illustrated by his implements here shown. In these reminders of the old days the changes could be traced which have taken place in the hunting of our big game, from the time before the white man came, down to the advent of the breech-loading rifle which exterminated the buffalo.

Thus was shown the evolution of the American hunter. And this evolution shows why and how the wild things



THE FOREST AND STREAM'S EXHIBIT OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN HUNTER.

—whether brute or human—have gone; for it shows how to kill became constantly more and more easy. Besides this story told by the transition from primitive weapons to improved ones, as a centerpiece of the exhibit, there was what is even more important and interesting—the note-book of a primitive hunter, the tanned skin of a buffalo cow, on which he has recorded the story of his

life. It is the written chronicle—the literature—of the native American hunter.

As the white man found him, the Indian was in the stone age of development. For the most part, the flesh of wild beasts and the wild fruits of the earth supported him; skins covered him; wood, stone and bone armed and equipped him. He had no knowledge of metals, but fashioned his edge tools of sharpened bits of flint, his axe and war club of larger stones. His house he built of poles and bark and grass and skins. His cooking utensils were earthenware pots baked in the fire, or tight baskets in which food was cooked by placing hot stones in the water which they held until it boiled. His only domestic animal was the dog, which was also his beast of burden.

Wherever he lived the Indian made the most of the food that nature furnished for him. The women cultivated their corn patches and gathered wild nuts and berries and roots. Shellfish contributed largely to the support of the tribes which dwelt along the coast. Along the great rivers they took the alewife, the shad and the salmon; on the lakes, trout and whitefish. Yet, after all, the Indian's main reliance for food was on the chase. He was, before all else, a hunter—the Native American Hunter.

By exhibiting a few characteristic specimens of his arms and implements, the FOREST AND STREAM presented a succinct view of the life of the Indian of the West, both in his primitive state and in the period of his change; the man of the stone age and the same man modified by contact with civilization.

The first panel showed the Indian before the coming of the whites. Here were seen a series of stone arrow heads of different tribes, from the Atlantic coast (Virginia), from the plains (Blackfoot), and from the Rocky Mountains (Snake), stone scrapers or tanning instruments (Arapaho and Cheyenne), a stone knife (Arapaho), a mortar pestle (from Oregon), two stone hammers (Pacific coast), an ancient bone knife (Blackfoot), a small hammer and its stone for pounding choke cherries (Arapaho), a Moqui child's basketwork cradle and doll, loaned by Mr. T. G. Peck, of Haverstraw, a pair of firesticks (Squamisht), elk-horn fleshers (from an Arapaho battleground), a buffalo-horn ladle and spoon (Blackfoot), spoons and ladles of mountain sheep and mountain goat-horn (mountain tribes of Pacific coast), a flesher made from the cannon-bone of a buffalo Blackfoot), a woman's maul (Snake), two war axes (Sioux), a frame of pipes (Sioux, Ree, Mandan, Pawnee, Blackfoot, Flathead, Kootenai, Haidah and Southern California), a sheaf of stone-headed arrows (Snake), three buffalo-tail fly brushes. Four original Catlin sketches, showing primitive hunting scenes were kindly loaned this exhibit by Mr. J. W. Buton, who owns the series—over thirty in number—exhibited in London in 1859.

The first panel was separated from the second by a two-pronged salmon spear, the weapon of the primitive fisherman, brought years ago from the Northwest coast, where it was purchased from its owner, who was using it.

Native Hunting Records.

The second panel had for its centerpiece and chief attraction an interesting specimen of Indian manuscript, a primitive book. It is the autobiography of Red Crane, a Blackfoot warrior, and sets forth the most remarkable adventures and noteworthy events of his life. It is a fine example of picture writing. This man, his record tells us, was at once a hunter, a warrior and a naturalist. As war in the Indian's estimation was the most worthy and honorable occupation a man could follow, it is natural that a good part of this history should be devoted to warlike exploits. The story reads, in part, that once on a time Red Crane set out on his war journey, and that soon after starting he killed an elk; then went on further and met an enemy with whom he fought. Here he is shown to have taken three scalps, there a gun, and again a mule. Many other war journeys are described, and in one place we find that with some companions he was surrounded by the enemy in a patch of brush, yet escaped. His hunting adventures are not passed over lightly. Here in one part of the chronicle we are told how he killed a mountain lion, how twice he was charged by bears, how on such a day he went eagle catching to secure the tail feathers. He had various minor adventures, in which at different times a beaver, a porcupine, an otter and a squirrel were concerned. He saw and wondered at certain strange water animals which are unmistakably drawn.



NATIVE HUNTING RECORDS—AN ILLUMINATED BUFFALO COW SKIN.
From Photograph by E. Bierstadt, New York.

In fact, we have here set down by a keen observer the notes of a long and adventurous life. The manuscript—a primitive diary or note-book—was given by its author to Joseph Kipp, of Montana, and by him in turn presented to its present owner.

Grouped about this primitive diary as a centerpiece were arranged the arms and implements of the Indian of the transition period. He has met the white man and now knows what metal is, and has obtained the horse. His implements are ornamented with beads and brass. Here were a parfleche, used for packing; a high peaked saddle, a drum for dance music or religious ceremony, medicine sacks, rattles for doctoring, a war shield, bows and iron-pointed arrows and a bow case and quiver of otter fur, highly ornamented: tanning implements edged with iron, pipes and fire-bags, and ornamented knife sheaths.

In a show case, under the upright wall on which the larger articles were displayed, were the smaller implements, chiefly of bone or stone; a Moqui earthenware water bottle, a basketwork bottle, gambling sticks from the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast, moccasins bright with beads or quills, a stone mask from Mr. Peck's collection, and many other interesting articles.

And here the story of the primitive hunter ends and merges into that of the old-time trapper, the last examples of which survived the building of the trans-continental railroads only a very few years.

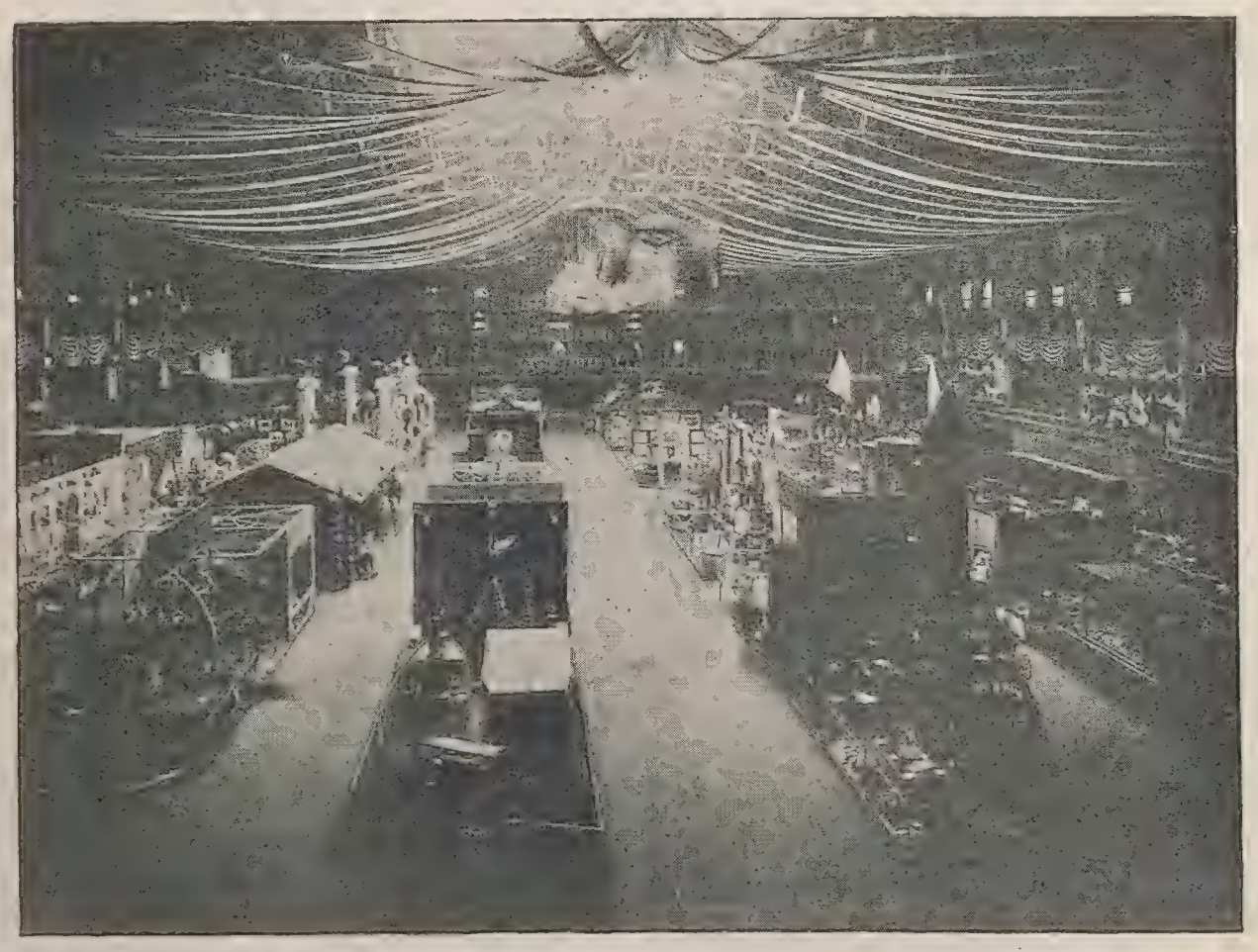
At the top of the last panel were the weather-worn skulls of a bull and cow buffalo, the animal which, on the plains and among the mountains, furnished support to the early traveler, whether his skin was red or white. Here hung the trapper's buckskin clothing, beaded, fringed and trimmed with red cloth and fur, according to the taste of his dusky spouse. Below these were his arms, his powder and bullet pouch and their shoulder belt—all ornamented by his woman—and a series of guns running from the old Hudson's Bay flintlock fuke of the period of 1820 up through the crooked stock, muzzle-loading percussion rifle, the double-barrel pill rifle, loaned by Mr. Charles Fenton, of the Adirondacks, to the buffalo gun used in the early '70s. Each one of these arms—and, indeed, each article in this exhibit—has its history. Below is an old-fashioned T.-Gray axe, the earliest trade axe carried to the plains, and a Hudson Bay dagger of ancient type. The whole display was not only interesting historically, but highly decorative as well.

The color scheme of the illuminated cow skin presents a difficult task for the camera, and the FOREST AND STREAM was extremely fortunate in enlisting the co-operation of Mr. Edward Bierstadt, of No. 94 Reade street, this city, from whose admirable photograph of the subject the engraving was made.

The Diamond Hitch.

FOREST AND STREAM occupied a position of importance in the Exposition very well described by that ancient gentleman who said modestly, in regard to certain historic happenings, "*Pars quorum magna fui*," which being interpreted means, "I was right in it all the time myself." The FOREST AND STREAM exhibit was one of the *fin de siècle, de luxe*, A1, G in alt features of the show every minute of the day and night. Any one who had ever gone shooting or fishing or that sort of thing could only approve the FOREST AND STREAM display in every detail, and any one who had never gone could learn enough to make him want to go. The greatest of all sportsmen's papers showed itself, as usual, at the head of the line in all the possibilities of its field, and it offered some features never thought of by less experienced or slower-witted rivals. One of these features, and one which was a leading attraction for many at the Exposition, was the packing of a horse *à la* Rocky Mountains; as the hunters of the West are obliged to do in their travelings over the rough and untracked mountain ranges where the game is found.

The mountain packer can give the oldest sailorman cards and spades on knots, ties and splices. What he can not do with a rope is to be left undone. Years ago the Rocky Mountain packer invented a rope lashing which remains unparalleled to-day as a lead pipe cinch in fastenings. If the prisoner of Chillon had been tied out of doors with a diamond hitch, they wouldn't have needed any dungeon, for he couldn't have got away in a thousand years. Where an army mule could not get away from his pack under the diamond hitch, the prisoner of Chillon would have no show on earth.



A GENERAL VIEW.

There are few men who can "throw the diamond hitch," as this phrases itself in the mountains. Some men can never learn to do it. Any man who can do it has passed away and up and out of the realms of tenderfootdom, and to him the secrets of the mountains and the respect of the mountain men are open.

FOREST AND STREAM can throw the diamond hitch, and

it decided to show the public how it was done. Billy Hofer, the best known guide of the Rocky Mountains, was employed by FOREST AND STREAM as head packer, and a number of exhibitions of the diamond hitch were given each day and evening, much to the wonderment and pleasure of a great many observers.

It was in connection with the FOREST AND STREAM diamond hitch operations that one of the most exciting incidents of the Exposition occurred.

FOREST AND STREAM did not propose to give a realistic horse drama without a real live horse. A visit was made to several stables, a smallish, innocent-looking horse with a mild expression of face was secured as one of the actors in the diamond hitch drama. On the way over to the Garden it was observed that this horse showed no saddle marks, but did show certain range brands.

"If he would only buck a little!" said Billy Hofer.

For prudential reasons it was thought best to pack this horse in private for the first time. He was taken down stairs, and a select coterie witnessed the experiment. Billy made up the packs, settled them in place in the sling ropes, made some weird convolutions and intricacies of lash rope in the air, out of which a fine large diamond of rope, with each corner drawing even, appeared on top of the horse's back. The FOREST AND STREAM diamond hitch savant was on the other side. To him called out Billy, "Cinch!"

It was a cinch. Both packers inserted their heels in the horse's ribs and pulled back. At this the horse's face assumed a look of surprise and disapproval. With a loud grunt of pain he went up into the air and began a little Wild West circus of his own. The man who was holding his head got a drop on the tiling of the cellar floor, and a moment later the horse bucked himself over a slippery place and went down also. With a grieved look he got up and bucked no more. The diamond hitch remained placid and unmoved on his back.

"Oh, this horse is gentle," said Billy. "He's all right, but I wish we had a wilder one, so we could give the crowd a show."

The Crowd Got the Show.

It being now established that the FOREST AND STREAM horse was perfectly gentle, the drama was shifted to the main floor of the Exposition, and here Billy repeatedly packed the gentle horse for the multitude, all of whom thought they understood the diamond hitch, and not one of whom could have "thrown" it for $1,000. The horse apparently got rather proud of wearing diamonds, and became so peaceful that Billy began to pack him without blindfolding him.

Beware of innocence. All this time the FOREST AND STREAM horse was meditating how to get even with the men who put their heels in his ribs and hollered "Cinch!"

On Thursday afternoon Billy was packing the horse, as usual, before a goodly number of observers, and this time the offside assistant was a big Swede, a mountain packer who had just struck town with a carload of young elk for the Exposition. The FOREST AND STREAM horse pondered for a few moments and at length concluded he didn't like the smell of elk. Having entertained this thought, he revolved it in his mind.

It may be that the equine actor in the drama of the diamond hitch, who had begun in comedy and risen into melodrama, now aspired to be a tragedian. It looks that way, and came very near being that way. Before the packs were quite fastened by the lash ropes, the earnest young actor gave a shrill squeal, made a swift kick at the big Swede and then on the floor of the Exposition began a lovely fit of high-class bucking. He tore away from the holder, bucked everything about him into a panic and scattered the observers every way. He knew very well that the FOREST AND STREAM expected every horse to do his duty as an actor, and he did his turn with spirit. The old Irishman who tended door at the Fourth avenue entrance was away from his post. The horse saw a streak of light and made for it. The old Irishman got in the way and was thrown aside. The horse dashed through the narrow door, down the steep and narrow stone stairs to the street far below. He had his head down and was bucking like a fiend. In one of the busiest sections of the heart of great New York city he continued the enactment of the diamond hitch story as he understood it. Scattering the terrified people from side to side, he bucked across Fourth avenue and into a side street, opposite a little butcher shop. Here a narrow stairway, about 3ft. wide, steep and deep, led to a cuddy-hole of a cellar. The horse, now wild and blind with anger, pitched down this narrow way, carrying on top of him the outside cellar door and the slab of stone to which it was hinged. He broke through the lower door, stuck one leg through the stairs behind him, and one through a barrel of eggs in front of him, and lay there breathing hard, as actors do after a long emotional scene. And the diamond hitch was nestling calmly and cosily on his back.

The owner of the butcher shop was deceived by the earnestness of the show. He said he would have damages before the horse could be removed from his cellar. Billy told him it looked as if the horse would have to be blasted loose before he could be got out anyhow, so the butcher had better keep the horse. Butcher relented then, and Billy got a rope and fished out the horse's legs one by one, and by some sort of mountain magic coaxed him out of the eggs and up the slide rock of the ruined stairs. Meantime the old door-tender had been taken home, groaning that he had been killed entirely, though he wasn't, but only scared entirely. The list of other victims is not yet all in, but things are cheerful at this writing, though it will be impossible to restore the barrel of eggs to its original integrity.

It is absolutely certain that the man who went to the Exposition got the worth of his money, and will get it at the next Exposition in '96. FOREST AND STREAM at that time may have something new, but then, as now, it will give a good realistic show, and it will engage only the best of talent.

The Lefever Arms Co.

If it may be permitted to say so, the best thing about the elegant Lefever exhibit was "Uncle Dan" Lefever himself, a man who has grown gray in the business of gun making, and who has seen the trade in America from its infancy up. Uncle Dan was making good guns when most of the present youngsters of the trade were trying to bite their toes, and from all appearances he will continue making good guns, better guns, after a good many of them have bitten the dust.

"So this is FOREST AND STREAM?" said Mr. Lefever. "I have paid that paper many and many a thousand dollars for advertising in my time. I can't say I'm sorry for that, though, for the paper has much more than paid it back to me. Yes, I think this paper and our guns both get better every year."

About a dozen of these guns were shown, one a sectional and one "in the bright," the better to show the methods of construction and ornamentation. The ejector mechanism of the guns shown elicited the approbation of the groups of shooters always to be seen here. Of the collection of Lefevers displayed in the cases of the booth three showed the new "snake" grip, or straight hand, and one had a Monte Carlo stock. The whole exhibit of goods was rich and perfect.

The American E. C. Powder.

Certain pretty bell glasses, filled with a compound which looked good enough to eat with cream, indicated the exhibit of the E. C. smokeless powder. This was under charge of the W. Fred Quimby Co., selling agents for the powder. The factory (managed by Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. Noel Money) is at Oakland, N. J., a very good factory, too, and one which turns out great quantities of this popular gun food. The display also showed a glass or two of brownish-gray powder, the smokeless .22cal. and the smokeless revolver brands of the E. C. These are not so pretty as the roan-colored E. C., but they are described as well adapted to their purposes. Indeed, the E. C. is even manufactured with special reference to the climatic conditions of America, and is not injured by any of our prevalent weather conditions. That its manufacturers have succeeded in their efforts to give American shooters a powder correct for their needs is attested by the many placards displayed recording the many important winnings at the trap made by E. C. It is well made and confidently put forth, and the shooting world knows the results.

The Marlin Fire Arms Company

exhibited rifles of all the models turned out by this company. A number of very handsome revolvers of Marlin manufacture are also shown, as well as the Rust Repeller, sights, etc. Among the rifles are a number of elaborately engraved guns and guns in all styles of plating and finish. Sycamore and birds-eye maple are used in some cases instead of walnut for butts and forearms. Two rifles used by Annie Oakley on her last European trip form part of the exhibit.

An interesting feature is the new .25-36 model of '93 rifle, which has just been perfected. This gun is now ready in all styles. The ammunition is made by the U. M. C. Co. The bullet used in the factory ammunition will weigh 105gr. and will be nickel coated. This latter feature is made necessary by the quick twist and heavy powder charge. The gun will have a very flat trajectory and has proved extremely accurate. Of course there will be abundant opportunity for rifle cranks to experiment with bullets of varying weights, etc., and special reloading tools will be adapted for their needs.

The Syracuse Arms Co.,

for which Messrs. Herman Boker & Co. are agents, was represented by a good selection of the four grades of guns which the company now have upon the market. The exhibit was in charge of Mr. George Mosher, who was kept on the jump explaining the merits of the mechanism of the guns to interested sportsmen. Mr. Mosher says the gun has fewer parts than any other hammerless, and that as there is not a screw in the lock to jar loose, the gun is particularly adapted to stand the strain of nitro powder. This feature also makes the gun very easy to dismount and assemble, which operation may be performed without other tools than a screw driver.

In the exhibit were several very handsomely engraved guns, the work of the company's expert, Mr. Glahn, who is an artist in his special line.

The exhibit also included a number of feather-weight guns, which this company has especial facilities for producing.

Smith & Wesson.

The exhibit of Smith & Wesson was displayed in the handsome oak case which was made for the World's Fair; and consisted of a full line of the arms manufactured by this firm. There were tiny pistols of the finest workmanship, pistols long and short, slender and thick, yet all were built on the symmetrical lines so well known of the S. & W. pistols. The finish of the pistols was the perfection of skill. Handles in silver, pearl and other material added to the exhibit materially. Included in the exhibit are a number of revolvers decorated by Tiffany & Co., and the Gorham Manufacturing Company. One particular feature is a Russian model .44cal. revolver elaborately engraved in bas-relief, the background inlaid with gold. This is the same model of arm with which William Petty won the Winans trophy. The goods manufactured by this firm are all of the first quality and the parts are strictly interchangeable. It is their constant study to keep their arms up to the highest standard of perfection. Their works are situated at Springfield, Mass., and the capacity is 8,000 revolvers per month.

The Layman Patent Pneumatic Boat,

manufactured by A. G. Spalding & Bros., was shown under conditions approximating actual service in a tank 16ft. by 8ft. in size and about 5ft. deep.

The exhibit was in charge of Mr. H. S. Welles. The tank was filled with genuine water, and was at all times a center of attraction for large numbers of spectators, who watched the maneuvering of the buoyant rubber boats. Three different styles of boats, including two sizes of each, were shown.

Mr. Welles reports that a great number of these boats have been sold, including one for President Cleveland, which measured 36×51in. in girth.

The Anker Bouillon Capsule Co.

had a stand tastefully decorated in pink and white, near the west side of the Garden. This stand was presided over by Mrs. M. A. Carley and Miss O'Brien, who served bouillon in dainty cups to visitors.

The process of making the bouillon is very simple. Each capsule contains all the necessary ingredients properly seasoned to make one cup of bouillon.

A cup is filled with boiling water and a capsule dropped in and stirred till it dissolves, which only takes a second, and the drink is ready.

These capsules should prove especially valuable for sportsmen who wish to carry concentrated food of high nourishing power. The ease of preparation will also recommend them to campers-out.

St. Lawrence River Co.

Considering the importance of yachts, boats and canoes as auxiliaries of outdoor sport, the exhibit was small, and might be greatly improved in the future. The only complete display of boats was that made by the St. Lawrence Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co. (A. G. Spalding & Bros.). One portion of this exhibit was one of the most popular features of the entire show, a large tank nearly filled with water, in which was a Layman pneumatic boat, with a small colored boy aboard. At almost all times the sides of the tank were crowded with interested spectators who watched the crew of the novel craft as he sculled about with his feet and distributed circulars from side to side. The boat was exhibited in its various forms, both inflated as in use and deflated and packed compactly in a knapsack.

The regular boat exhibit of the firm included a very handsome St. Lawrence River skiff, fitted for sailing, with Radix board and canoe sail. Another similar skiff was fitted with a sprit sail. The general use of these noted boats in other waters than the St. Lawrence and for different purposes has led the firm to make some changes in the original skiff model, and the present boats are decidedly deeper and abler than those of a few years since and very much better for salt water and all-around boating and sailing. There is shown a very fine boat of this class, specially intended for salt, or rather for open water, as about New York and the Sound. The characteristics of the St. Lawrence skiff are retained, but the added depth and beam make the boat much safer and more seaworthy. There is in the exhibit a very good specimen of the stock square-sterned boat, for rowing and fishing; a hunting skiff, a small and handy double end skiff of 13ft., and an open Canadian canoe, all well finished. The company has this year a new model of yacht tender, 9 by 4ft., a special design, which promises to prove a success. The model is full and round, but fair, with good carrying capacity. The sides are high amidship and there is practically no sheer, in order that the boat may stow snugly on deck when turned keel up. The workmanship and finish on all the boats in the exhibit are very good.

U. S. Net and Twine Co.

Mr. George Paddock exhibited a full line of the above named company's specialties, including fine quality tackle, reels and rods bearing the "Kosmic" stamp. Artificial baits, gut, etc., manufactured by S. Allcock & Co., of Redditch, England, were also shown.

The stand was tastefully decorated, and the rods and other tackle shown to perfection against a background of pink minnow net overlying a darker color scheme.

The American Smokeless Powder Company

had a very complete exhibit of their powders for shot guns and rifles. The powders were put up in neat white enameled cans, stamped on one side with the loading directions, and on the other with a large "W. A." W. A. stands for Whistler-Aspinwall, the names of the patentees of the powder, which is hard grained and an improvement on the original Leonard Ruby. The company's chemists are now adapting a smokeless rifle powder for one of the large cartridge companies that will load bulk for bulk with black powder. They received an order May 15, for several thousand pounds of .30 cal. rifle powder for the Government.

Gas Engine and Power Co.

The exhibit of the Gas Engine and Power Co. occupied a prominent space facing the main entrance, where it attracted much attention. The firm was represented by two very handsomely finished boats, one of 25 and one of 23ft., besides a small model of a cabin naphtha launch. The larger launch was fitted with a canopy top, the hull being painted, with oak wash streak and bright decks. The smaller, an open launch, was built throughout of mahogany and all varnished. Both boats were of good model and excellent workmanship. The miniature model was very neatly made and showed a type of launch which has become very popular.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.

had on exhibition an elaborate assortment of hand and view cameras and apparatus for the use of both amateur and professional photographers. Their cameras ran the gamut of size from the tiny Kombi to a 14×17 instrument. A feature of the exhibit was the electric light apparatus for photographic studies. This apparatus is designed to insure perfect results, no matter what the weather conditions may be, and practically makes the photographer independent of daylight.

Hulbert Bros. & Co.

had a comprehensive exhibit of sporting and athletic goods, including Majestic bicycles, photographic outfits, fishing tackle and a full line of the Hopkins & Allen Manufacturing Co.'s revolvers, shotguns and rifles. This exhibit occupied four spaces near the east end of the Garden. At the rear was an open Adirondack camp built of red cedar logs and comfortably fitted out with every convenience a sportsman could desire. On a rustic cot in the corner was one of the Kenwood sleeping bags for which this company is agent. This is said to be the lightest and most easily carried sleeping bag made. It is made of heavy blanket material woven bag shape, closely felted and has a soft nap inside. It is cut down the front, and provided with special fasteners, provisions which enable the camper out to completely envelope himself and defy the coldest zero weather.

The Burgess Gun.

This exhibit was in charge of Mr. C. A. Damon. It included a general exhibit of the various grades of sporting shotguns, as well as the new folding police gun. A very beautiful and finely engraved gun listed at $300 was a feature of the exhibit. This gun had a fluid steel barrel.

A number of the new trap guns were also exhibited. These guns differ from the standard gun in having a

finely matted rib which is matted by hand in a kind of frost-work pattern, and not machine milled.

Several other improvements may be noted, notably the unlocking device, which in all the latest models is placed inside the finger guard, instead of in front, and the wooden pistol grip which supersedes the original hard rubber grip.

The folding police gun attracts a great deal of attention, and visitors watch with unconcealed amazement the lightning-like rapidity with which Mr. Damon whisks it out from under his coat and pumps half a dozen dummy shells through the action. As the gun only measures 20in. folded it is easily concealed when carried in its holster under an ordinary length coat.

The Tatham Shot Tower.

The first object seen, when entering the Garden, was the model shot tower erected by Messrs. Tatham & Bros. Provision was made for showing the complete process of manufacturing shot, from the molten metal to the perfected pellets. From the top of the tower the melted lead dropped into a tank of water at the foot, whence it was carried up into the polishing cylinder, thence through various stages until it came out in the familiar Tatham shot bags. There was always an interested gathering about the tower, and the exhibit proved one of the most instructive shown.

Horton Manufacturing Co.

In fishing rods, the Horton Manufacturing Company exhibited their famous "Bristol" steel fishing rods in various lengths, and of two kinds, bass and fly-rods. During the week these rods have been closely scrutinized and have made many friends. Their lightness is remarkable, while the small space occupied by a complete rod when telescoped is also worth noting. For example: The bass rod, 10ft. in length, weighs but 10oz.; when telescoped it is only 37in. in length. In this rod the line runs through the center of the rod. The 10ft. fly-rod weighs 9½oz., is jointed and has standing guides, together with a three-ring tip. The 9½ft. fly-rod weighs 1½oz. less, and is a very pretty specimen indeed.

Cushman & Denison.

Cushman & Denison, of New York city, placed on exhibition their pocket oilers. The exhibit consisted of the case which won the medal at the World's Fair in 1893, and was in charge of Mr. Jos. W. Cushman, with his assistants, Robert G. Grunert and Arthur Spiller. The "Perfect" Pocket Oiler is a remarkably useful oiler. It is made of only the best quality of metal, it regulates the supply of oil to a nicety and doesn't spill a drop. This oiler consists of a tube for holding the oil, fitted at the top with a patent tip, which can be unscrewed to refill the oiler. This tip prevents leakage, but additional protection is provided by a cap which fits over it, and prevents the tip from being bent or getting filled with dirt when carried in the pocket. The tip throws only a few drops at a time, preventing all spilling or waste of oil. In shape and finish, it is as neat and convenient as possible.

The Hazard Powder Co.

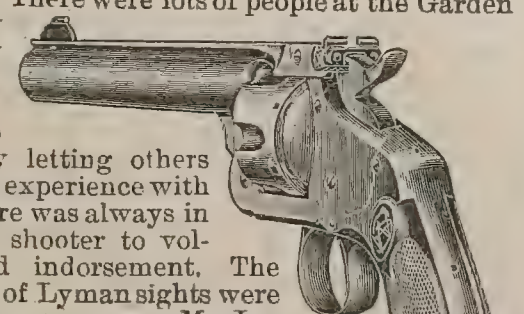
A very neat and tasty little corner of the show was the display of the Hazard Powder Co., where drums, canisters, cans and cannikins enough were shown to blow Madison Garden into the sweet by and by if they had all been loaded. Back of the display an electric sign said "Hazard," and below this sign a number of little powder cans spelled out "Hazard Smokeless." It may not generally be known but is none the less a fact, the Hazard Powder Co. has on the market—or will have as soon as it can get a shipment of the goods—still another American nitro powder. Of the old and reliable Hazard black powder of all sorts the public has long known, and to many visitors these seemed like old friends.

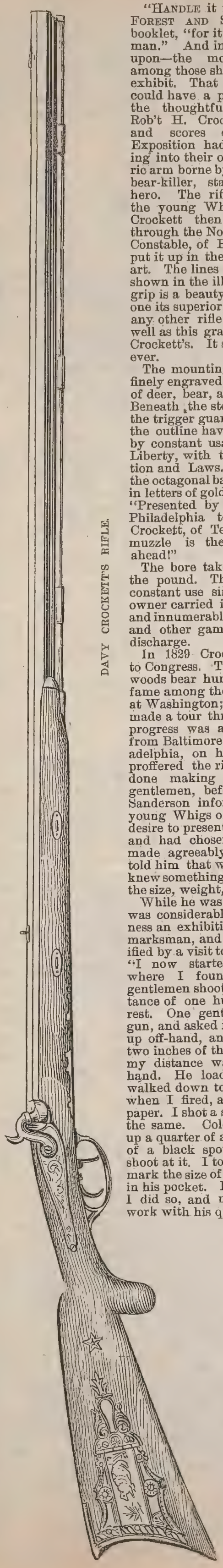
Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co.

This exhibit was on the left of the main aisle as one entered from Madison avenue, and fortunate in a good locality and cheerful light. Here Paul North dispensed information, bluerocks, programmes, the latter descriptive of the second annual tournament which will be held at Cleveland, June 19 to 21, $1,200 in cash being added. The goods displayed in this exhibit were of course limited in range, consisting of targets (decorated uniquely and fetchingly with portraits of shooters), together with the traps to throw them, from the regulation battery up to the expert trap capable of a geometrical progression of curves, inshoots and angles. North's electric trap pull was of course in evidence. In fact, nothing lacked except shooters to start a tournament, and one half looked for the call "All ready, No. 1 squad!" One hardly needs attempt description of goods so well known, but the display of the goods deserves highly creditable mention. The design of the booth (in black and yellow—the trade color of the bluerock target) being by a professional decorator. The bands of yellow and black were very striking in effect, and the chief object of such an exhibit—to strike and compel the eye of a sated sight-seer—was obviously and handsomely accomplished. Very well might the visiting shooter obey the legend displayed on each face of the exhibit, "Shoot bluerocks."

William Lyman.

It is easier to see through a Lyman sight than through William Lyman. There were lots of people at the Garden who thought they could do both. By the first night Mr. Lyman was hoarse. And after that he spelled himself by letting others tell of their actual experience with the sights, and there was always in the throng a rifle shooter to volunteer praise and indorsement. The well known makes of Lyman sights were shown, and some new ones. Mr. Lyman has lately perfected a rear revolver sight, which, in connection with his front revolver sight allows of very quick and accurate aim of a Smith & Wesson. The cut gives a good idea of how it appears. One advantage of these sights over any other revolver sights is that good shooting can be done in all kinds of weather and light.





DAVY CROCKETT'S RIFLE.

Davy Crockett's Rifle.

"HANDLE it reverently," said the FOREST AND STREAM'S Exposition booklet, "for it is a relic of a great man." And indeed so was it looked upon—the most interesting arm among those shown in this journal's exhibit. That Davy Crockett's rifle could have a place here was due to the thoughtful courtesy of Col. Rob't H. Crockett, of Arkansas; and scores of visitors to the Exposition had the privilege of taking into their own hands the historic arm borne by the famous pioneer, bear-killer, statesman, patriot and hero. The rifle was presented by the young Whigs of Philadelphia, Crockett then being on a tour through the North. The maker was Constable, of Holyland, N. Y., who put it up in the highest style of the art. The lines of the gun are well shown in the illustration. The pistol grip is a beauty; we have never seen one its superior, nor did we ever hold any other rifle that "came up" so well as this grand old arm of Davy Crockett's. It shoots as well now as ever.

The mountings are of coin silver, finely engraved, with representations of deer, bear, alligator and raccoon. Beneath the stock, just in front of the trigger guard, is, or was—all but the outline having been worn away by constant usage—the Goddess of Liberty, with the words "Constitution and Laws." Upon the top of the octagonal barrel is the inscription in letters of gold sunk into the barrel: "Presented by the Young Men of Philadelphia to the Hon. David Crockett, of Tenn." And near the muzzle is the famous rule, "Go ahead!"

The bore takes thirty-two balls to the pound. The gun has been in constant use since first the original owner carried it back to Tennessee, and innumerable deer, bears, turkeys and other game have fallen at its discharge.

In 1829 Crockett was re-elected to Congress. The honest old "backwoods bear hunter" had won great fame among the Whigs by his course at Washington; and when in 1834 he made a tour through the North, his progress was a continued ovation from Baltimore to Boston. In Philadelphia, on his first visit, he was proffered the rifle: "I was hardly done making my bow to those gentlemen, before Mr. James M. Sanderson informed me that the young Whigs of Philadelphia had a desire to present me with a fine rifle, and had chosen him to have her made agreeably to my wishes. I told him that was an article that I knew something about, and gave him the size, weight, etc."

While he was in New York, there was considerable curiosity to witness an exhibition of his skill as a marksman, and this desire he gratified by a visit to a Jersey City range. "I now started to Jersey City, where I found a great many gentlemen shooting rifles, at the distance of one hundred yards with a rest. One gentleman gave me his gun, and asked me to shoot. I raised up off-hand, and cut within about two inches of the center. I told him my distance was forty yards, off-hand. He loaded his gun, and we walked down to within forty yards when I fired, and was deep in the paper. I shot a second time, and did the same. Colonel Mapes then put up a quarter of a dollar in the middle of a black spot, and asked me to shoot at it. I told him he had better mark the size of it and put his money in his pocket. He said, 'fire away.' I did so, and made sleight-of-hand work with his quarter."

Returning to Philadelphia upon the adjournment of Congress, he found the rifle ready: "Next morning I was informed that the rifle gun which was to be presented to me by the young men of Philadelphia was finished, and would be delivered that evening; and that a committee had been appointed to wait on me and conduct me to where I was to receive it. So, accordingly, in the evening the committee came, and I walked with them to a room nearly fornent the old state house; it was crowded full, and there was a table in the center, with the gun, a tomahawk, and butcher knife, both of fine razor metal, with all the accoutrements necessary to the gun—the most beautiful I ever saw or anybody else; and I am now happy to add as good as they are handsome. My friend, John M. Sanderson, Esq., who had the whole management of getting her made, was present, and delivered the gun into my hands. Upon receiving her I addressed the company as follows: 'Gentlemen: I receive this rifle from the young men of Philadelphia as a testimony of friendship, which I hope never to live to forget. This is a favorite article with me, and would have been my choice above all presents that could have been selected. I love a good gun, for it makes a man independent, and prepared either for war or peace.

"'This rifle does honor to the gentleman that made it. I must say, long as I have been accustomed to handle a gun, I have never seen anything that could near a comparison to her in beauty. I cannot think that ever such a rifle was made, either in this or any other country; and how, gentlemen, to express my gratitude to you for your splendid present, I am at a loss. This much, however, I will say, that myself and my sons will not forget you while we use this token of your kindness for our amusement. If it should become necessary to use her in defence of the liberty of our country, in my time, I will do as I have done before; and if the struggle should come when I am buried in the dust, I will leave her in the hands of some who will honor your present, in company with your sons, in standing for your country's rights.

"'Accept my sincere thanks, therefore, gentlemen, for your valuable present—one which I will keep as a testimony of your friendship so long as I am in existence.'

"I then received the gun and accoutrements, and returned to the hotel, where I made an agreement with Mr. Sanderson and Col. Pulaski to go with them the next day to the Jersey shore, at Camden, and try my gun.

"Next morning we went out. I had been out of practice, so that I could not give her a fair trial. I shot tolerably well, and was satisfied that when we became better acquainted the fault would be mine if the varmints did not suffer."

Returning home with his gun he was greeted by many friends, who gathered around to inspect the arm. "A large fellow stepped up and asked me why all the members did not get such guns given them. I told him I got that gun for being honest, in supporting my country, instead of bowing down and worshiping an idol. He looked at me and said, that was very strong. 'No stronger than true, my friend,' said I.

"In the course of a few days I determined to try my new gun upon the living subject. I started for a hunt, and shortly came across a fine buck. He fell at the distance of 130 steps! Not a bad shot, you will say. I say, not a bad gun either. After a little practice with her, she came up to the prime, and I determined to try her at the first shooting match for beef."

This is all that Crockett has told us about the rifle. In the latter pages of the Autobiography there are references to "Betsy," but this was his flint-lock, which he took to Texas, leaving the Philadelphia rifle with his elder son, John W. Crockett, from whom it has descended to the present owner.

"The Only Lady Sharpshooters."

"I have been doing exhibition shooting now for nine years," said Miss May Clinton, senior member of the lady rifle team, "Cooke & Clinton," who did the cleverest turn on the stage of amusements at the Exposition, "nine years of hard work. My partner, Polly, here—Miss Pauline Cooke—has only been shooting five years. I found her in a burlesque troupe and we have been working together since then. I was always fond of shooting, and at sixteen years of age I was a good field shot, and I love to go out for a bit of field shooting whenever I can, though that doesn't come very often. We have to work pretty hard, and for forty weeks out of the year are practically at work every day of the time. Polly doesn't care so much for field shooting as I do, but she will in time, I know, though now she does nothing but rifle. I think we could both become good shots with the shotgun, and though I have never much fancied match shooting, I never refuse to shoot a race with any local man who wishes it. Of course, I win some of these—I don't know that I should boast, but you know, I like to shoot and have been handling arms a long time.

"I have traveled all over the country in my business, though now we rarely go further West than St. Louis. I have been all over Texas and the South with good companies. About as hard a time as I ever had was away down in the City of Mexico. I was with a circus company and we gave two performances each day with a parade, and on 'feast days' we showed three times. I was taken sick one day, and while I was doing my act I went dizzy, so I fell over against the center pole. I couldn't see for a while, but pulled myself together and finished. Then I went home and went to bed. What did I have? Oh, nothing, only smallpox! Yes, I got out of it well, without being marked by it. I shall always remember the kindness of the natives to me, and I could fairly love the American mining men and engineers who came and took care of me when I was sick. I was in bed twenty-three days.

"In Mexico I used to see lots of bull fights, but I don't like them. You know, the matador doesn't dare kill the bull until the bull makes a break for him. That is why he waves his cloak, to start the bull. Then he stabs it. He ought to cut the spinal cord at the base of the neck, but sometimes he misses, and the sword runs away in and the bull runs away—oh, it looks awful! You know, the pictures show the bull fighter with a sword with a straight handle, like any other sword; but that is wrong. The handle of the matador's sword is put on crosswise, like a gimlet handle. This gives him a better thrust."

"I'm going to Mexico some day," said Polly, the junior member; "but I don't know just when, maybe never, we have to work so hard. We're going to take up pistol shooting to add to our act, before long, and I expect we will have to study hard on that for a while. It isn't easy to do acts. Oh, it's easy enough to learn the shooting of new tricks, if you know how to shoot, you know; but it's hard to have to keep on working all the time. If we could change off and go out hunting once in while, in our jackets and leggings and caps, as we dress on the stage, I would like that, I think."

These two young women do some very clever trick and exhibition shooting with the .22cal. rifle, their rapid-fire

work on the musical bars being especially good. They empty the magazine in very swift fashion, with hardly the least wavering of the muzzle of the rifle. Miss Clinton shot a souvenir target for FOREST AND STREAM at the close of one of their performances, and at 25ft. eleven of the fifteen shots were in the one-inch black, the other four just out. The firing was about as fast as one would snap his fingers. Two very painstaking and hard-working young people these seemed to be, and between acts they went around and enjoyed the Exposition much as anybody. In their work they use open sights, three of their guns being Winchesters and one a Stevens.

The Natchaug Silk Co.

The Natchaug Silk Co. deserved a better showing than it had at the Exposition. In fact, the tackle trade was not so well represented as it should have been in any respect. Of the Natchaug lines only four varieties were shown, these among others in a general display. Rods, lines, flies and material for angling could well have been displayed in greater abundance.

E. H. Gerrish,

the canvas canoe builder, had a very handsome specimen of his handiwork on exhibition. With this beautiful model for an object lesson, it is no wonder the Indian birch has been superseded.

Notes of Some Other Exhibits.

The Obrig Camera Co. made an elaborate exhibit of the art which is such an important adjunct to outdoor life, and to the sportsman in particular, the art which brings past acts and situations to the eye of the present, as the pen brings them to the memory. Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, the well-known dog fancier, a member of the firm, was affably in evidence in connection with the firm's complete display of photographic goods.

The Heublein Brothers made an exhibit of medicine of universal purport, which they claim was discovered during the Revolutionary war, and which, they also claim, was very popular with the noble, stern people of that day, and has been to the present time. They claim also that their medicine does much to solace the discouraged, cheer the unfortunate and make life brighter.

Messrs. George Barnard & Co., of Chicago, whose hunting clothing and equipments for athletic, outing, gymnasium and sportsmen's use have found favor and approval with sportsmen these many years, had a neat exhibit in connection with that of Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Co. The different costumes used in athletic outdoor sports were realistically displayed on figures of men and women engaged in the sport of which each costume was an index. As to the quality and appropriateness of the costumes, the unbroken success of the firm and the wide patronage which it enjoys are testimonials of their value far above the force of mere words.

The group of guides from the South and West added much to the interest in the artistic exhibit of the United States Cartridge Company. The exhibit consisted of a log cabin, with a wide and cheerful fireplace, which depicted life in the wilderness with a fidelity which won unlimited praise. Of the guides, Ira Dodge was dressed in the full panoply of a Western hunter—buckskin, much fringe and a six-shooter; also boots and a hat. Mr. Dodge is the only man living who has been largely eaten by a bear and grown into usefulness again. He killed the bear after one of the most desperate battles ever related. Then there were Mr. J. W. Schultz and Mr. White, also of Montana, famous as guides and mighty hunters; and from Maine were the equally famous guides, Messrs. Jock Darling and Joe Francis.

In the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit a mounted deer's head, "The Challenge," by Carl E. Akeley, of Milwaukee, was the most admired American game piece in the Exposition; a muskalonge head by the Daniels Antiseptic Co., of Chicago, would have excited the envy of the "Kingfishers;" and the big bear foot sent by Mr. Bobo to Mr. Hough, lent truth to the the tales of the "Sunny South."

Horse Show at Wissahickon Heights. Special Excursion Tickets via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE fourth annual open-air exhibition of the Philadelphia Horse Show will be held on St. Martin's Green, at Wissahickon Heights Station, Philadelphia, May 28 to June 1, inclusive.

The announcement of an exhibition under the auspices of this organization, which is composed of leading citizens of Philadelphia, is an assurance of perfection in everything appertaining to an entertainment of this character, as all visitors to the exhibitions in former years will attest.

The prize list is liberal, and representatives of the best society of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington, and other Eastern cities will enter their horses and equipages in the competition for the premiums.

The grounds, which are located immediately on the Germantown and Chestnut Hill branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, eleven miles from Broad Street Station, are ample for all purposes of the show, and the accommodations for visitors are complete.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets from Philadelphia, New York, and principal intermediate stations to Wissahickon Heights Station, including coupon of admission, at reduced rates.

Tickets will be sold May 27 to June 1, good for return until June 3, inclusive.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

MAY.

24. Royal St. Lawrence, opening and squadron sail, Montreal.
25. New Rochelle special, cabin cats, New Rochelle, Sound.
25-26. San Francisco cruise to Goat Island.
26. California annual regatta, San Francisco Bay.
26. Williamsburg opening sail, Sound.
30. Atlantic opening race, New York Bay.
30. Harlem annual, Sound.
30. Brooklyn opening, Gravesend Bay.
30. Audubon annual, Hudson River.
30. Cor., San Francisco race, San Francisco Bay.
30. San Francisco cruise San Francisco Bay.
30. New Jersey annual, Hoboken, New York Bay.
30. Fall River open, Fall River, Mount Hope Bay.
30. South Boston open, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
30. Plymouth opening, Plymouth.
30. Southwork annual, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
30. Cleveland squad sail, Lake Erie.

THE editorial which we reprint from the Boston *Advertiser* goes direct to the heart of a very important matter, one that directly concerns the future prosperity of yacht racing. What the *Advertiser* says is perfectly true, and by no means exhausts the subject. Assuming that the new Cup defender is successful, will she lead to renewed interest in yacht racing as a popular sport, or to the building of more and better yachts; or, on the other hand, will she not discourage, through the unwarranted expense, the individual ownership and the general use of racing yachts. It is hardly likely that she will lead the way to any practicable improvement in construction, and she certainly will not induce any one or more yachtsmen to build to beat her. She may and probably will save the Cup, but at a very serious cost to American yachting.

Southern Y. C.

LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN—NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE Southern Y. C. held its forty-sixth annual regatta, on May 11, over the club's regular course—a 5-mile triangle, three times around, 15 miles in all. When there is a regatta to be sailed on Lake Pontchartrain there is, as it seems, either too much wind or not enough, never a happy medium such as one dreams about. The annual regatta of last year was held on a stormy day, the Sully cup race for schooners was fought out in a gale of wind and last Saturday's event has, likewise, its memorable feature.

The race started at 1 P. M. in a very light air, the first leg of the course being a beat right down into a very ominous black squall that was rapidly making in the northeast, and it was a question whether the leading boats or the squall would get to the mark buoy first. The race could be won on that first leg, as the fellows that could reach the mark and round it before the storm broke were going to have considerable advantage, so every nerve was strained and every inch of canvas carried until the minute before the squall struck the fleet. Then there was a dousing of canvas on the laggards and the majority of the fleet came to anchor in various stages of confusion. In just one minute it was blowing forty miles an hour and in less than two minutes a sea was kicked up that rolled the little ones bowsprit under. Three of the yachts had succeeded in weathering the stake and had squared away for the eastward mark before the wind increased. The famous open sloop Mephisto, Vice-Com. Brewster, had walked through and weathered the whole fleet, and after rounding the stakeboat she started down the course before the storm, with jib alone, like a scared deer. J. Walton Glenny's new and unnamed cabin sloop, with jib alone, and Peter Labouisse's big cabin sloop Montauk, with jib and scandalized mainsail, followed. After rounding the eastward stake, Mephisto took in her large jib and set a jib from the mast for the reach to the home stake. In the meantime the wind was moderating and the boats at anchor were reefing and getting under way. By the time the first round was completed, the wind had gone down to a stiff lower sail breeze, and found the various classes well dispersed and humming along in the form of a procession long drawn out and not very interesting as a race. The guests of the club had been well repaid, however, for their visit in seeing some excellent seamanship during the fierce blow, there being no accidents or capsizes during the half hour it lasted. The new Glenny boat, her maiden race, sailed well and looked better and is undoubtedly fast. She is said to be built on the lines of Madrine, the fast Northern sloop. Another new sloop, Naiade, G. B. Penrose, also won her maiden race, and with the before-mentioned sloop and the little 18ft. fin-keel Trilby was the center of attraction. Although not sailing a winning race, Trilby demonstrated the fact that she is a great little vessel and could not be capsized. She was as hard on the mouth as a yoke of untamed Texas steers; her helmsman could not hold her, so it is evident her sail plan needs attention, or perhaps it is that dark secret of the fin-keel that is said to be not yet understood. She hammered along through the water and her crew of three say any other boat of her inches would have been wrecked and lost half a dozen times. At one time, if not most of the time, she was nearly on her beam ends, with her sails almost in the water, and, although she would not luff, she eventually bobbed up nobly.

The following boats were awarded the (cash) prizes in their various classes: Class 1, cabin sloops, Montauk; class 2, Florence; class 3, Glenny's Entry; open sloops, class 5, Naiade; class 6, Nyanza; class 7, Alice; class 9, catboats, Honorine; class 10, motors, Idylle. L. D. S.

"Unsportsmanlike."

From the Boston Advertiser, May 9.

So much is being heard just now about the costly construction of the Bristol boat, Defender, that the average reader of yachting news might be well excused if he drew the inference that the greater the cost of a cup defender the more reason there is for pride on the part of the American people. Correspondent after correspondent has gone into ecstacies over the calculations which prove that so many tons of aluminum at $1,600 a ton must be used in the construction of the cup defender. The statement that "money is no object," as a motto of the cup-defender syndicate, has been repeated more than once in the past two weeks, and it seems true enough, for although the cost of aluminum has been much reduced within recent years, the metal still costs between 75 and 85 cents per lb.

Altogether, it is calculated by the gleeful champions of the syndicate that the actual cost of putting the defender in a position to race for the America's cup, will be certainly above $150,000, and possibly as much as $200,000. Of course, from certain points of view it is nobody's business what kind of a boat the New York syndicate has decided to build. Yet the friends of true sport in this country have a proper interest in this matter, inasmuch as it concerns not only the affairs of the gentlemen connected with the syndicate, but also the interest of amateur sport in the United States. Two years ago, when the trial races for the America's cup defence were held, four new boats competed. This year but one new yacht will take part, although the Boston boat, Jubilee, will probably be remodeled in time to enter the trial races. Still, it is tacitly admitted among American yachtsmen that the task of defending the America's cup properly has grown so expensive that only a millionaire can afford to undertake it by putting a new boat into the field.

Surely, this is not a pleasant condition to contemplate. It was hoped that the contest for the America's cup would bring into play the best talent obtainable in yacht designing and yacht building; but as matters now stand, it is practically certain that some worthy gentlemen, whose names can be predicted beforehand, will give the designer, whose name may also be announced confidentially in advance, an order for a single vessel of such and such a length. So far as the main body of American yachtsmen are concerned, they have no personal part in the matter, and are merely privileged to look on at the races which the eminent and respectable millionaires have decided to hold.

Unless the signs of the present time are at fault, men of the style who formerly upheld the yachting supremacy of the United States in the Cup races will be compelled to give way to a new class of men whose money is their only qualification. Nobody supposes that the average American yacht in the near future is likely to be built of aluminum, and there is no reason why the Cup defender should be built of that metal. The purpose for which the America's Cup races were originally designed was to promote an improvement in the design of yachts generally, and the trial races produced the best models which could be worked out at that time. Under the new system, however, the Cup races are likely to show merely the improvement which can be secured by some single favorite designer, whose eminence is sufficient to insure him the order from the millionaire syndicate, which may have charge of the construction of the Cup defender at that time.

It is to be regretted that the so-called deed of gift of the America's Cup itself encourages heavy expenditure, inasmuch as it does not allow small sloop yachts to race for the Cup. There would be as much pleasure and as much profit in hodling a Cup race between two 40-footers, as there will be, this coming autumn, in the Cup race which will be held between the two 90-footers. At the same time, in the former case there would be a great number of competitors at the trial races, and the results would almost certainly insure a greater diversity in yacht designing and construction, than may fairly be expected under the present costly and exclusive system.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Brooklyn Y. C. will sail its annual spring regatta on Monday, June 10, over the club courses in New York Bay. As in former years, this regatta will be open to members of the principal yacht clubs located on New York Bay and the Sound. Entry blanks and circulars may be obtained by addressing the Regatta Committee, Box 154, Brooklyn. Entries must be filed not later than June 4; yachts will be classified according to their racing length.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Amory H. Waite, Newton, Mass. Atlantic Division: Charles H. Lester.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Chicago, have just issued their 1895 catalogue, mailed free.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, May 2.—At the South London Rifle Club, on April 25, in a gusty wind, the following revolver scores were made:

Twenty yards, stationary target:

F Rand	555777—36	E Howe	447775—34
Capt T W Heath	775547—35	C F Lowe	574276—32

At the North London Rifle Club, on May 1, the revolver scores were as below, Mr. Comber being the first to complete his scores for the championship count, totaling 313; this is too little to be of any use. None of the other members have shot out their scores yet:

Series IV., 50yds:

Walter Winans	776754—36	A J Comber	650774—29
Comber	747674—35	McCormick	547453—28
C F Lowe	255767—32	Carter	536733—27
Clementi-Smith	574636—31	Knapp	235564—24
Howe	644565—30	Capt Earle	345354—24
F Rand	665535—30	Franzmann	265722—24

Zettler's Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, May 12.—The third shoot of the season in the outdoor tournament of the Zettler Rifle Club took place yesterday morning at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park. There were fifteen competitors, including some of the best rifle shots in the country, and each man fired 10 shots at the German ring targets, 200yds. range, off-hand. Michael J. Dorrier led with 231 points out of a possible 250. The next highest man was Champion Fred C. Ross, who scored 226. Geo. Plaisted had 225, Ignatz Martin 217, H. M. Pope 213, Charles G. Zettler 213, M. B Engel 210, Dr. Boyken 208, H. Holges 200, H. Graue 200, Gus. Nowak 199, Bernard Walther 188, William Soll 176, George Balenstadt 162, and H. Heintz 154. On the Wissel target of honor, same range, 3 shots, with a possible total of 75 points, George Balenstadt made 3 bullseyes and won, scoring 75.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES

May 21-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's fourteenth annual tournament; $3,000 added to the purses.

May 21-25.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Tournament of the Houston City Gun Club; live birds and targets; open to all amateurs.

May 22-24.—ROME, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the Rome Gun Club; two first day at targets, third day live birds. W. P. Rayland, Sec'y.

May 23.—WAUZEKA, Wis.—Opening shoot of the Wauzeka Gun Club.

May 23-24.—LANCASTER, Pa.—Tournament of the Fairview Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

May 27-30.—LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Fifth annual tournament and meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. For programmes address Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark.

May 29-30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, under the management of the Canajoharie Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—READING, Pa.—Tournament of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. A. Knauer, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—JANESVILLE, Wis.—Fifth annual shoot of the Janesville Shooting Club; live birds and targets. H. H. McKenney, Sec'y.

May 29-31.—URBANA, Ills.—Annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club, of Urbana, Ills., $200 added money.

May 30.—MOUNTVILLE, Pa.—Tournament of the Mountville Gun Club; targets.

May 30.—MOLINE, Ill.—Tournament of the Highland Gun Club.

May 30-June 1.—GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—Valley City Gun Club's annual tournament; targets; $500 added money. C. F. Rood, Sec'y.

May 30.—ALTOONA, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock.

June 3-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11-13.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 13-14.—FARGO, N. D.—First annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready May 15. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 13-15.—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

June 13-15.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club. D. L. Williams, Sec'y, Portland, Ore.

June 14.—WORCESTER, Mass.—Seventh and closing tournament of the New England Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Worcester Gun Club.

June 15.—WILMERDING, Pa.—Tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club. A. A. Mackert, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec'y.

June 26-27.—VICKSBURG, Miss.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club.

June 29.—MARION, N. J.—Fifth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club.

July 10-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec'y.

July 17-18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankfort, Pa.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Trenton, N. J., *Advertiser* of May 12 says: "The Eleventh Ward Gun Club was organized recently with fifteen members in Hanger's Hall, on Home avenue. The following are the officers: President, Nelson W. Peck; Vice-president, Chris. Grouser; Secretary, Henry Green; Treasurer, Victor Hangers; Trustees, John Schumann, Steve Gedlinsky, and Charles Kale. The other members are: Robert Tootel, Charles Green, John Schimmel, August Kook, Albert Weber, Fred Schumann, Albert Weiss and Charles Blickert."

Very few trap-shooters have as many assumed names as Louis Schortemeier of this city. "Schorty," "L. Biff," "J. O. Blotz," "Trohes," etc., are some of the titles under which he conceals his right to many a good score at live birds or at inanimate targets. As he is a member of a round dozen of social and sporting clubs, "La Paloma," 201 Pearl street, New York city, Louis' place of business, is a place where visiting sportsmen will always find many kindred spirits, and learn any news in the shooting line that may be going.

The result of the informal meeting held in the club house at the Lynchburg Gun Club's ground, after the Interstate tournament had been brought to a close on Saturday night, must be very gratifying to the Interstate Association and its manager, Elmer Shaner. The resolution endorsing the handicap adopted by the Association was most enthusiastically carried by the very men *who had shot under that system for two whole days.* They should know what they were talking about.

For the information of all shooters from New York, New Jersey, etc., who are intending to be present at the Memphis shoot during the second week in June, I want to state that the 4:30 P. M. train on the Southern Railway Company's schedule carries a through sleeper from Jersey City to Memphis, Tenn. The schedule is thirty-nine hours between those points, the train arriving at Memphis at 7:25 on the second morning.

The Lynchburg boys know how to make it pleasant for their guests, and they turn their knowledge to good account. The Interstate Association's tournament, held at that city on Friday and Saturday, last week, was one of the pleasantest shoots at which I've ever been present. Dropping for place was "out of sight" entirely; no such business would be tolerated by the gentlemen who compose the Lynchburg Gun Club.

The photograph of the "Big Six" at Cincinnati, viz.: J. W. Connor, E. D. Fulford, S. Glover, F. Van Dyke, Dando and Charlie Young, taken immediately after their record-breaking score of 116 out of 120, is a capital likeness of each man. The blackboard is the background, each man's score appearing in clear, sharp figures, speaks in a telling manner of the way in which they smashed the bluerocks.

At the Sportsmen's Exposition on Friday of last week Paul North was distributing among his friends a badge that will be a pleasant

souvenir of the Cleveland shoot on June 18-21. The badge is, of course, black and gold (blue rock colors) and bears an appropriate inscription, together with a cut of Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Knoxville to Grand Rapids, Grand Rapids to Chicago, Chicago to Memphis, Memphis to Cleveland; that's the itinerary of many of the big fish among trap-shooters for the next four weeks. I understand, however, that several will take in the Arkansas State Sportsmen's shoot at Little Rock, May 27-30. Paul R. Litzke and his fellow club members will give all such a warm welcome and show them a good time.

Among those present at the Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club's tournament on May 15-16 were: Neaf Apgar, Evona, N. J.; O. R. Dickey, Wellington, Mass.; C. W. Tuttle and Carr, Auburn, N. Y.; "Mort" Mayhew, Utica, N. Y.; Sanders, Athens, Pa; Stroh and Williamson, Wilkesbarre, Pa. The averages on the first day were: Apgar 93⅓, Mayhew 88, Dickey 85, Kendall and Brown, both local men, 80.

The 4:30 P. M. train on Sunday afternoon from the Pennsylvania station at Jersey City carried a large contingent of shooters bound for Knoxville, Tenn., via the Southern Railway, the new fast train to Knoxville Point, and to the South generally, which went into commission on May 12, having caught the boys' fancy.

Among the programmes received too late for any extended notice prior to the date of the shoots are programmes of the Rome, N. Y., Gun Club's tournament, May 22-24, and the programme for the second annual tournament of Belding, Mich., Gun Club, held May 23.

Local trap-shooters as a body did not patronize the Sportsmen's Exposition as I had expected they would. Many of them will regret their absence when they read this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM and find out what a really big thing it was.

The Saratoga (N. Y.) Gun Club is leaving no stone unturned to make the annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, June 24-28, a great success.

The Interstate Association will give a tournament at New Orleans, La., Aug. 9 and 10, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club. The home club adds $200 to the purses.

Mr. W. A. Skinner, Western agent for the American Smokeless Powder Company, leaves New York this week for an extended business trip through the West and South.

Neaf Apgar and O. R. Dickey were prominent factors when it came to dividing up the purses at the Binghamton, N. Y., shoot last week.

On June 19 the members of the New York German Gun Club will hold their annual picnic and prize shoot at Dexter Park, L. I.

The extremely high averages made at the DuPont tournament must be extremely gratifying to Paul North.

EDWARD BANKS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

IOWA STATE SHOOT.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., May 16.—The State trophy, the L. C. Smith cup, was won at the Iowa Sportsmen's tournament by George Henderson, of the Cedar Rapids team. He scored 20 under the following conditions: Twenty unknown targets, use of both barrels, butt of gun below elbow until target is in the air. The team shoot was won by Cook and Arp, of Davenport, with Wilson and Gilbert, of Emmetsburg, second. Team shoot for State trophy, 10 live birds: First money, Avery and Gilbert, Burlington Gun Club, 29; second, Frazer and Trotter, Lost Nation Club, 28.

NORTH DAKOTA STATE SHOOT.

Programmes are out for the first annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Fargo, N. D., June 13 and 14. Although it is the first tournament of this young Association, it would seem old shooters had been at the helm in the preparations. Bluerocks will be shot, price 3 cents, deducted from entrance, all ties divided. Note also the following, which shows they are in line in Dakota:

"All programme events each day, except No. 6, will be governed by American Association rules, subject to the following handicap: Winners of first and second money must shoot in the next event in which they enter at known traps and unknown angles. If in this event they fail to secure either first or second prize, they will fall back to known trap and known angle in the next event they shoot, and so continue to graduate, provided that professionals and manufacturers' agents will be required to shoot at unknown traps and unknown angles in all events.

"We have so arranged our programme that even the poorest shots need not fear to compete. There is a place for all.

"Any shooter who intentionally misses a target in order to obtain a certain place shall forfeit his entrance money, all his interest in the purse, and will be debarred from taking part in any tournament given under the auspices of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association."

C. E. Robbins is president, W. H. Smith, secretary, Fargo, N. D.

ARKANSAS STATE SHOOT.

Programmes are at hand for the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual, which occurs at Little Rock, May 28, 29 and 30. There will be $300 added money and a fine target programme is offered and assured by this standard body of sportsmen. The rules published follow. Note what is thought of crooked shooting.

All events open to the world, except the three trophy contests.

Shooting will be known traps, unknown angles, 16-yard rise, rapid fire system, unless otherwise specified.

American Shooting Association rules to govern.

All targets included in the entrance money, for which three cents will be deducted from the purse.

No pooling or dropping for place will be tolerated. Remember, this is no bluff.

Blue rocks expert traps and North latest electric pulls will be used.

MILWAUKEE SOUTH SIDE SHOOT.

A fiery red programme, which promises a red-hot shoot, comes from the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., invitation to their tournament, May 30 and 31 and June 1. The club adds $600 in cash and merchandise. Bluerock targets and traps are offered. The programme is for targets only, and is interesting. The jack rabbit system is in evidence in some events. Note the growing disposition to favor the amateurs. Professionals will not be allowed to shoot. Any one not wishing to shoot off a tie can draw his entrance. C. W. Milbrath, Sec'y.

NATIONAL GUN CLUB OF MILWAUKEE.

The National Gun Club of Milwaukee, the new shooting club of that city, holds its first tournament, a one-day shoot, at Milwaukee, May 28 (if memory serves). This is a new and enterprising body of shooters in the Cream City, and they will have a good time and a good shoot.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Watson's Park.

WATSON'S PARK, May 13.—Fifty live birds for practice:

S Palmer.....1120120002222111001002222011222221120212011010011—36
W Palmer.....2011102010012202210121020021210001022222w
R S Mott.....2201220211222121202222200202211222111022111012202O—40
Hicks.....1022101212001112012110100022021112101221102200002 2—34
Dr Carver.....2222210222202022202222222222221222120021222222222—45
J J Smith.....0101111112110200110021022002021102012211221120012—34

May 15.—Chicago Gun Club:

Ed Bingham	1211122212211212—15	L M Haniehue	1212212102100 20—11
Geo Kleinman	1012222110w	By Ehlers	1210121012120002—11
R B Wadsworth	1021221111221121—14	Dr Frothingh'm	1022012221212 01—12
M J Eich	2111112222110 11—14		

Ties on 15:

Ed Bingham	1121212110220 22—13	M J Eich	1121221112021 11—14
R B Wadsworth	w		

Audubon Gun Club:

C B Dicks	2022120001111 11—11	F R Bissell	2021222210222 20—12
L M Hamiline	2122111021211 11—14	J W McCauley	2221212021001 22—12
H Frothingham	1100102202122 22—10	J H Amberg	2221111021020 22—12
F A Place	22120110102 0w	E W Hearth	0210012120121 0—10
C Morris	0201202001101 21— 9	*J I Case	2101021122212 11—13
R B Wadsworth	1221112022212 02—13	*Chas Antoine	0111112222201 02—12
C S Wilcox	1222102001002 21—10	*Dr Carver	2020222222222 23—13

*Not members.

Ties on 15:

L M Hamiline	0121112210022 22—12	F R Bissell	1222001021020 21—10
R B Wadsworth	w	J H Amberg	2211021120101 12—12

Second tie on 15:

L M Hamiline	1022201122w	J H Amberg	2222210211

May 16.—Practice shoot:

Dr Carver	2222221000222100222122201 222220	—24
Alherton	1211121110011020221122220 1222022022202112211122211 0210222021202222122011221 2101222102221011	—77
Mr Wilson	2020121211201212112111212 2111122020201221211011021	—42
Antoine	2021111221002102001112120	—18

RAVELRIGG.

The Lynchburg Tournament.

THE Interstate Association's tournament at Lynchburg, Va., is over now, and the scores made in the various events on the programme will soon be forgotten in the hurry and bustle of the trap-shooting world during the next three months. There is one thing, however, which occurred on the evening of the last day of the shoot, May 18, that cannot be overlooked and that will not be forgotten for many a day: The resolution, carried unanimously and enthusiastically by both members of the home club and their guests, indorsing the action of the Interstate Association in its efforts to protect the amateur, and approving the handicap now in force at the tournaments of this Association. FOREST AND STREAM's position in regard to the question of protecting the amateur is well known now, and two weeks ago I gave my views on the subject, particularly concerning this handicap. After witnessing the recent tournament of the Interstate Association—Wilmington, May 9 and 10, and Lynchburg, May 17 and 18—and after hearing the remarks of the shooters present as to their opinions of the system, I am fully convinced that the handicap is one that is a step in the right direction and one that will be more popular when it gets better known. It will never be more than tolerated by those who attend tournaments to win money, but I hardly think those parties are worthy of much consideration, and there were none such present at the tournament of the Lynchburg Gun Club on May 17 and 18.

Owing to the Sportsmen's Exposition at the Madison Square Garden, I was unable to leave New York until Friday afternoon, May 17, at 4:30, thus being deprived of the pleasure of being present during the first day of the shoot. The trip to Lynchburg by the Southern Railway Company's Vestibuled Limited is an easy one of just eleven hours, the only drawback—a necessary one—being the hour at which one arrives at that city—3:37 A. M. Before we reached Philadelphia it commenced to rain, and I don't believe it ceased, save for a few minutes or so, until we got to Lynchburg. Of course I went to the Arlington Hotel—all shooters who go to Lynchburg on business or pleasure stop there. The reason is obvious: For some years past the hotel has been in the hands of Col. R. S. Terry, one of the mainstays of the gun club, a good shot and a thorough sportsman. Mr. A. D. Wright, the present proprietor, is a worthy successor to Col. Terry, and bids fair to be as popular with shooters as that gentleman. The resolution adopted by all present at the tournament, according him a vote of thanks for his courtesy and hospitality in providing an excellent lunch in the club house, free of all charge, on both days of the shoot, was as spontaneous and hearty as it was well deserved. Such treatment is naturally all the more appreciated from the rarity of its occurrence. The register of the hotel was the first thing I made for when I got to the hotel, notwithstanding the lateness, or earliness, of the hour—3:50 A. M. A hurried glance showed that the shoot must be a success if, as proved to be a fact, the home club turned out well. Among the names registered were: Charles Tatham, of the firm of Tatham Bros., New York city, president of the Association; Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C. (Major Todd was missing once more!); J. F. Jordan, J. T. Fonda and E. L. "Rastus" Gilmer, of Greensboro, N. C.; H. C. Bridgers, Tarboro, N. C; Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co., and George S. McAlpin, of New York city; Wm. Tell Mitchell, Lynch's, Va.; Dr. W. P. Miller, Winchester, Va.; "Uncle Billy" Wagner, B. L. Osborne, Norman Pruitt and W. B. McKelden, Washington, D. C., and, of course, Elmer E. Shaner, the Association's manager. Leaving a note for the latter to come to my room before he went to breakfast, I went upstairs to bed with a view to getting an hour or two of sleep. I forgot Elmer's habit of early rising, but I'll never do so again. Somewhere about 5:30 o'clock he was in my room, and after that there was no more peace for me; I had to get up and dress.

It appeared from Mr. Shaner's account of the tournament that the tournament was a success. Twenty men had stepped up to the cashier the first day and entered right through the programme! The entry list had averaged over twenty-one in all events, a very satisfactory showing, considering the great counter-attractions of the Sportsmen's Exposition in New York, and the Dayton, O., tournament of the Ohio State Sportsmen's Association. I also learned that rains had stopped the shooting at the end of the programmed events, about 4 P. M. Notwithstanding this drawback, 3,840 targets were thrown during the day.

The trip to the club's grounds is one of about fifteen minutes or so by electric cars which run past the hotel. It is, therefore, an easy matter to get to and from the club house, a great desideratum where the members of the club are almost all busy men. The club has a membership of about sixty and owns its own grounds, some fourteen acres, and its club house. The officials for the year are: President, R. S. Terry, who is now enjoying his fourth term of office; Vice-president, W. L. Moorman; Captains, W. W. Dornin and J. M. Cleland; Secretary, George L. Fleming; Treasurer, T. F. Nelson; Executive Committee: E. P. Miller, C. W. Scott, W. P. Clark, Gen. J. H. Smith, B. G. Empie; Official Scorer, W. N. Wellford; Surgeon, Dr. Samuel P. Preston. The treasurer, Mr. T. F. Nelson, has acted in his present capacity ever since the organization of the club. The club house is extremely comfortable and spacious, being about 40×20; the floor is one on which dancing could be enjoyed, while the house itself is finished in good hard pine, giving an air of cleanliness and coolness that contrasts very favorably with most other similar structures. Trophies of the chase and of the taxidermist's art adorn the walls, while a set of foils, boxing gloves, a punching bag, etc., etc., show that the members are fond of athletic exercises. To the rear of the building is a lovely grove of old oaks that would do honor to many an English park. Under the shade of those oaks, and in and around the club house, is where the members, their wives, families and friends come together for an annual picnic on the Fourth of July. If it had been possible, nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to accept the invitation tendered me by many of the club members to be present at this annual gathering on the coming Fourth. The house faces about E.S.E., looking over a lovely stretch of rolling foothills, the horizon being bounded by forest-clad mountains of a sterner type, the beauty of whose densely wooded sides are marred in several places by traces of fires that have swept over them. From the southern end of the broad piazza, looking toward the west, can be seen the Peaks of Otter, blue with the haze that gives its name to the beautiful Blue Ridge. To my mind, the view, as one looked southeast, right across the traps as one stood at the score, was equal to some of the best bits in the Pennsylvania Alleghenies—and that's saying a good deal from my point of view, with all due apologies to my Lynchburg friends.

Manager Shaner had, as usual, a capital working force, excepting, perhaps, the trappers, which were about as "ornerary" a lot of colored boys as it has ever been my lot to see at a tournament. "Pat," to be quite fair, was an honorable exception, and it must be said that he was the sole representative of the club's regular trappers. The rest were "pick-ups," and, like most retrieved targets, were "no account" whatever. Wilmington, N. C., and her Harkness, have perhaps spoiled me for a time! Gen. John Holmes Smith handled the cashier's department excellently, being ably assisted by John M. Otey. Both of these gentlemen are members of the club, and of course gave their services gratuitously for the good of their club, as did also Mr. W. N. Wellford, the club's official scorer, who marked down the 'ones" and ciphers. To Mr. Wellford's care and accuracy I am indebted very deeply, as the manifold copies were every bit as good as most originals. That means more than most club secretaries think; they would understand me better if we swapped jobs for a week or two. The pulling was in the hands of Edgar L. Evans, while Mr. W. H. Dornin, a relative, I believe, of Mr. W. W. Dornin, took charge of the blackboard. The refereeing was done by several different parties. On Saturday, the day I was present, I saw nothing to kick at in the way those duties, always arduous and generally thankless, were discharged.

A word or two about the traps: The club has adopted a plan for putting down its traps that is an excellent one. Five heavy blocks of stone are sunk in the ground, a trap being bolted to each one of these blocks. "As firm as a rock" is a common expression, and it applies well to the condition of the traps when in position. A trench, bounded with good timber, enables the trappers to do their work in comfort; while an iron screen, painted a dark green, and about 3ft. high, is all that is necessary to shield traps and trappers. At the score, five other blocks of stone, about 3ft. square, "steen" inches thick and perfectly flat, mark the positions for the five men who are shooting. Holes full of Lynchburg's red clayey mud in wet weather are thus avoided, while a firm and solid footing is certain under all conditions of weather. A stand for scorer and puller, with an awning to the west to keep off the afternoon sun, completes the list of equipments. The club uses North's electric pull, the wires being protected from the weather by being enclosed in cast-iron pipes sealed at each end to prevent leakage of water into the pipes. For the protection of shooters at the tournament, they had a good sized tent, while the large tent of the Association, with its tables, gun racks and coat racks, was also placed in the rear of the score.

The members of the Lynchburg Gun Club held up their end in great style, coming up to the cashier and putting down their money for every event, shooting along for sport and for the success of their tournament. As far as I can recollect just now their names were: R. S. Terry, W. W. Dornin, W. L. Moorman, T. F. Nelson, B. G. Empie, J. M. Cleland, C. W. Scott, E. F. Stearnes, E. P. Miller, etc. To the above-named gentlemen much of the success of the tournament is due.

On the first day, from what I learn from the scores and from what I heard from the shooters themselves, straights were rare and a steady 75 per cent. gait would have been remunerative. This was due, I am told, in a large measure to the poor light caused by a dull day, which made it hard to see targets that were low in flight. The graduating handicap of the Association was used and gave satisfaction, the purses being more evenly distributed than would otherwise have been the case. For the sake of making things clear I will explain the handicap: Winners of first money shoot as experts (five unknown traps) in the next event they shoot in; if in that event they draw any part of the purse, they shoot again in the next event under the same conditions; if at any time when shooting in the expert class they fail to get any portion of the money, they fall back in the next event into the amateur class. The chief winners of the day were "Uncle Billy" Wagner and Tell Mitchell, both of whom shot well, but still not quite up to their standard. The fact was, the balance of the company present, and particularly the members of the home club, were shooting away below their respective averages. The scores made on this day are given elsewhere and tell their own tale. Names of those who shot as experts in the various events are marked with an asterisk.

Saturday morning (that is, when Elmer Shaner woke me up) was dull, gloomy and wet-looking. As we went out to the grounds about 9 A. M., the sky began to clear, and by the time the first event was started the sun had come out to stay. There are two features of the ride to the grounds that I must mention: one was the sharp ascents and descents made by the electric cars in their wanderings among the hilly streets of Lynchburg; the other is the splendid Rivermont bridge that spans a branch of the James River and the tracks of the Norfolk & Western Railway. This bridge is a wide deck bridge, 110ft. high, with ample room for two sets of street-car rails without curtailing to any serious extent the road space for carriages, carts, etc. There was also another feature that caught my fancy as we rolled past the baseball grounds: just outside the high board fence on the western side of the ground is a house and lot that belongs to an enterprising and business-like man, judging from all appearances. On one side of his lot, close to the above fence, he has erected a kind of conning tower, from which is a free and unrestricted view of the game of baseball as she is played in Lynchburg. This he utilizes as a sort of grand stand, and, I understand, charges a small sum for the consideration of a seat or standing room. I asked the conductor what price was charged for this consideration. "I don't know," said he, "but it's full every game!"

The shooting on this the second day was of a far higher caliber. The light was better, and the traps being elevated, the skyline was also improved. Mitchell, Capt. Money, McAlpin, McKelden, Wagner and Dornin, of the home club, did well; but the North Carolina contingent was not by any means up to the mark it usually shoots at. Whether it was the swift, silent and smooth flight of the targets from the traps of the Interstate Association (North's new expert traps) that fooled the shooters, I can't say. Anyway no one was breaking his usual average of targets. As at all the Interstate shoots this year, bluerock targets were thrown. On the second day the total of targets thrown was 4,510, making a grand total of 8,350 for the two days; had the rain kept off on Friday, this total would have moved up close to the 10,000 mark. The entries on the first day averaged 21 and a fraction; on the second day 19 and a fraction, making an average for the two days of just over 20 entries in each event—a very nice entry list under all the conditions. The scores of the second day, with those shooters who shot as experts marked with an asterisk, will be found in detail below:

First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 targets, $1.50:

Capt Money	101111110101111—12	Jordan	010111111101111—12
Wagner	010111111110011—11	Anthony	110111001111011—10
McAlpin	111111000011110—10	Fonda	111011100110100— 9
Mitchell	111110011111101—12	Cleland	000100001100101— 5
Rastus	100101000100100— 5	Pruitt	011111101111110—12
Moorman	111111101111011—13	Bridgers	100001010111011— 8
Nelson	000111111101011—10	Empie	111001100111010— 9
Terry	011101101010110— 9	Osborne	111011111110011—12
Dornin	1100'0101101111—10	McKeldon	110011101111101—11
Taylor	001011100011110— 8		

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50:

Moorman*	001110000000100—4	Jordan	010010111110101— 9
Capt Money	110111011101011—11	Anthony	011110101111111—12
Wagner	100111011111111—12	Scott	000000111110101— 7
McAlpin	111110101111110-12	Guthrie	001101000101000— 5
Mitchell	111110111110111—13	Williams	100010100010001— 5
Rastus	010011100100111— 8	Fonda	010010011010111— 8
McKeldon	000001111110110— 8	Cleland	111001011101111—11
Nelson	110111111110101—12	Pruitt	111111100011111—12
Terry	101110111110110—11	Bridgers	111101101111100—10
Dornin	011111110101010—10	Empie	110100101100111— 9
Taylor	110001110111010— 9	Osborne	111101011111000-10

No. 3, 20 targets, $2, $15 added:

Mitchell*	111110011001010101—12	Jordan	110011111010111110000—13
Money	111111010000101111111—15	Anthony	111011011011111100111—15
Wagner	111011011111111110111—17	Fonda	100101010000110111 1—11
Rastus	111011011111000011 11—14	Cleland	101111000010101101 1—12
Moorman	100111001011110001 1—12	Pruitt	110111011110110110 1—15
Nelson	100111101000011111 1—13	Bridgers	111010011111011010 11—14
Terry	111010101001011000 0— 9	Empie	111111101101011010—14
Dornin	111010001011100100 11—11	Osborne	110010100100100 11100— 9
McAlpin	111011101011101 1—16	McEldon	110011100111111 1010—14
Taylor	110011010101010001 01—10	Scott	000010000011101110 01— 8

No. 4, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added:

Wagner*	111111111011111—14	Jordan	001111101111101—11
Money	101101111011011—11	Anthony	010011101010111— 9
McAlpin	111011111111101—13	Fonda	110100110011110— 9
Mitchell	110111111111111—14	Cleland	001110101111111—11
Rastus	010111010111100— 9	Pruitt	111101111111011—13
Moorman	111010011111110—11	Bridgers	010110111100111—10
Nelson	001101111111111—12	Empie	111101111101011—12
Terry	111111110011111—13	Osborne	110010011110111—10
Dornin	101110111110101-11	McEldon	011111101110001—10
Taylor	111111011C0101—11	Scott	001111011011110—10

No. 5, 20 targets, $2, $15 added:

Wagner*	011111100010101111 11—14	Osborn	001011011001011100 10—10
Mitchell*	010110101101101001 01—11	McKeldon	101111011111111111 11—19
Money	100011110111011001 11—13	Scott	010011110011101111 11—14
McAlpin	111111111111011111 10—14	Dornin	111111111110111011 11—18
Rastus	110101110111111011 00—14	Taylor	110111110101110011 11—15
Moorman	011101011000111101 11—13	Jordan	111110101011111111 01—16
Nelson	111100110111011111 11—16	Anthony	111110110011111111 11—17
Terry	010100101101010111 01—11	Fonda	101101000011001111 11—12
Pruitt	110101011011100111 01—13	Cleland	011011011111111111 01—19
Bridgers	010010000111011111 10—11	Stearnes	111111001011101111 10—15
Empie	110010111101011111 10—14		

No. 6, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added:

McKeldon	011010011011010— 8	Anthony	101111110111111—13
Money	110111111001111—12	Fonda	111111111011101—13
McAlpin	111101111111111—14	Cleland	101110011101111—11
Rastus	110001110111110—10	Pruitt	111101100010101— 9
Moorman	001011111001111 -10	Bridgers	110110110101011—10
Nelson	110011111010111 -11	Empie	011111011111101—12
Mitchell	111111011110111—13	Osborne	011011001111 01—10
Terry	011101111011101—11	Scott	110111100111101—11
Dornin	101100100111010— 8	Wagner	111110100001111—10
Taylor	111101011011111—12	Stearnes	111000111101010— 9
Jordan			

No. 7, 20 targets, $2, $15 added:

McAlpin*	101101011101111011 01—14	Anthony	110111111111111111 11—19
Money	110110000000101100 11— 9	Fonda	111101101100010010—11
Wagner	111111111111111111 11—19	Cleland	110100101101101001—11
Mitchell	100111111111111011 01—16	Pruitt	111111111011011111 11—18
Rastus	100101000111011011 00—10	Bridgers	101000110000001010 11— 8
Moorman	010101111001110100 11—12	Empie	011111111111011111 10—17
Nelson	110011110111011011 01—14	Osborn	111000011111101010 10—12
Terry	000010010011100000 10— 6	McKeldon	111100111111111111 10—16
Dornin	111111111110101111 01—17	Scott	101100011001010100— 8
Taylor	000011001110110000 10— 8	Stearnes	011010111101011111 01—14
Jordan	111110111011111011 11—16		

No. 8, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added:

Wagner*	110101000111011— 9	Scott	001001100011000— 5
Anthony*	111001110101111—11	Fonda	001110001110111— 9
Money	101010011111111—11	Cleland	101110111101001— 8
Stearnes	001011111111111—12	Pruitt	011011010111110—10
Mitchell	111111111111110—14	Bridgers	001000011101000— 5
Rastus	100000001110001— 5	Empie	101011111011011—11
Moorman	111110111111001—12	Osborne	011001010100111— 8
Nelson	111111111111111—15	McKeldon	101111001111001—10
Terry	101111101101110—11	McAlpin	101111011101011-11
Dornin	000001111101111— 9	Price	010010001010010— 5
Taylor	001111011010110— 9	Clayton	001101111011011—10
Jordan	110101100111110—10		

No. 9, 20 targets, $2, $15 added:

Nelson*	101010001110100000 00— 7	Taylor	000011011011101111 00—11
Anthony*	110001010111010111 00-11	Jordan	110111110110111111 11—16
Money	010111100010110011 01 11	Fonda	110000001111111010 00—11
Wagner	101110011000101011 11—12	Cleland	011101101110010110 01—12
McAlpin	011100111001101110 10—12	Pruitt	100010111011111011 11—14
Mitchell	101011111111111101 11—17	McKeldon	011110101110111011 11—15
Rastus	001111101000000011— 9	Empie	111011111111101000 10—14
Moorman	001101000100011010— 8	Osborne	001011101010111110 00—12
Stearns	001100001110101100 11—10	Scott	111000011001000101 01— 9
Terry	101111111010011100 11—14	Bridgers	010000101000000011 01— 5
Dornin	111011001101111101 11—15	Clark	101100100110000110 01— 9

No. 10, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added:

Mitchell*	111110010000000—6	Jordan	011101111011011—11
Money	101100011101111—10	Anthony	011100110111111—11
Stearns	110011100111011—10	Fonda	111110110011100—10
Wagner	111111111111111—15	Cleland	111011100000110—8
McAlpin	111100100111101—10	Pruitt	111111001101011—11
Rastus	010011111111111—12	Empie	011010111111100—10
Moorman	001101000100001—5	Osborne	110000011111011—9
Nelson	111111110011011—12	McKeldon	110111110100110—10
Terry	001111101110111—11	Scott	111000000111010—7
Dornin	101110010000101—7	Williams	001010001111011—8
Taylor	100111110010011—9	Guthrie	000110110000110—6
Miller	110000101011100—7	Clark	110110100110001—8

Extra, No. 1, 15 targets, $1.50:

Stearnes	100111101111111—12	Fonda	111111000101100—9
Empie	111011111111101—13	Anthony	101011111011011—11
Mitchell	011111110111011—12	Dornin	100111001100111—9
Miller	011011110001001—8	Nelson	101111001011101—10
Moorman	000011000110100—5	Pruitt	110000001110110—7
Money	111011011111000—10	Terry	111000011010011—8
Rastus	110110011101111—11	Jordan	010111111011011—11
Wagner	110111110111101—12		

Second Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 targets, $1.50:

McAlpin	101011111100110—10	Stick	101101010100011—8
Jordan	111011111111101—13	Anthony	101111101111011—12
Wagner	001011111011011—10	Merrill	010011100111101—9
Money	110011011001111—10	Miller	100011100110011—8
Rastus	011111111110111—13	Fonda	001111110001001—8
Mitchell	111111111111011—14	McKeldon	111111111111111—15
Nelson	101101011111010—10	Pruitt	111111010011111—12
Terry	111111001000111—10		

No. 2, 15 targets, $1 50:

McKeldon*	1000101100w — 4	Terry	100001100000111—6
McAlpin	010100110011011—8	Pruitt	110101101001011—9
Jordan	101111111110101—12	Anthony	011011101110011—10
Wagner	010011111110011—10	Fonda	100111010101111—10
Money	101111111111111—14	Stick	101111011111111—13
Rastus	110100111111010—10	Merrill	000101100000100—4
Mitchell	111111111111111—15	Miller	000011000011101—6
Nelson	101010111000010—7	Tatham	011011111110111—12

No. 3, 20 targets, $2, $15 added:

Mitchell*	101101111110101011011—15	Pruitt	001111111101110110111—15
McAlpin	000111101010110011100—11	Osborne	101111111111011011101—17
Jordan	111011111101011111110—16	Fonda	000111010001111001011—10
Wagner	011101001001011111111—13	Moorman	100001110010001101101— 9
Money	111111111101111111110—18	Anthony	111111100110111111110—16
Rastus	110101111010111011111—15	Dornin	111011110101001111111—15
Nelson	111101111011111110011—16	Tatham	110100111110011011100—12
Terry	110111110100101000011—12	Empie	011110011010110101111—13
McKeldon	111011011111010101010—14	Scott	100111010001111000001—10

No. 4, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added:

Money*	000110011101101— 8	Fonda	111111111101110—13
Mitchell*	111110110111011—11	Moorman	110111101111010—11
McAlpin	111101110111110—12	Merrill	111100000101001— 7
Jordan	111011010011101—10	Anthony	111011111011111—13
Wagner	011111110111111—13	Tatham	101111010010111—10
Rastus	101001111000100— 7	Miller	011100110101101— 9
Osborn	111111110101111—13	Stick	001111111111010—11
Nelson	110101111010111—11	Scott	111011110010111—11
Terry	011001000111011— 8	Bridgers	111011111000101—10
McKeldon	111111111111101—14	Dornin	110111111111111—14
Pruitt	111111111100111—13	Empie	111100111111101—12

No. 5, 20 targets, $2, $15 added:

McKeldon*	101011110001111110000—11	Pruitt	111111010011010011—14
Mitchell*	110111011111111011111—17	Fonda	100110011010110110111—13
Dornin*	000010111110011001111—11	Moorman	011011001101101111111—14
McAlpin	110001010110000011— 9	Tatham	111101010111111100111—15
Jordan	111001111111111011101—16	Empie	011111101111111011111—17
Wagner	001011111011011111110—14	Anthony	111111111111111111101—18
Money	111011111111111111111—19	Osborn	000110111011111111001—13
Rastus	100101111000111011110—12	Stick	011011111010111111100—14
Nelson	111111111011111001101—16	Scott	101111111110110100011—14
Terry	001110000011101111111—11	Bridgers	111111110100001101111—14

No. 6, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added:

Money*	100010010001111— 7	Bridgers	001101111101110—10
Mitchell*	111111111111111—15	Stick	111000111011101—10
Jordan	101111111111101—14	Empie	111111111011010—12
Wagner	110111110111111—13	Terry	011111101011110—11
Rastus	111001101101010— 9	McKeldon	111111111111111—15
McAlpin	111101101101011—12	Pruitt	011111101111111—13
Nelson	111111111010101—12	Scott	011011011011111—11
Dornin	010110101011011— 9	Fonda	111011110111001—11
Miller	111111111010000—10	Moorman	001011110111010— 9
Tatham	011100111010110— 9	Anthony	110111111111111—14
Osborne	111101111111001—12	Merrill	110101100011011— 9

No. 7, 20 targets, $2, $15 added:

Mitchell*	111000111101111011110—14	Pruitt	111111111111111110101—18
McKeldon*	111011101011111111001—15	Fonda	011001111010000111111—12
Jordan	111101111111111010101—17	Moorman	111010111111111111110—17
Wagner	111110011110111101111—16	Dornin	111011101011111111111—17
Money	111111111101111111110—18	Anthony	011111101011111101010—15
Rastus	110011101101101010101—13	Empie	111100111101111110000—13
McAlpin	111111111111111110111—19	Tatham	110101011110001011011—11
Nelson	000111101010110100011—12	Scott	111101110011001111111—15
Terry	111101010111110101111—16	Stick	000111111111110010101—13
Osborne	111111011100000111111—14		

No. 8, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added:

Money*	111100111011101—11	Fonda	111101000111110—10
McAlpin*	110011111100111—11	Moorman	110111010111101—11
Jordan	111011110110111—12	Dornin	111111110111111—14
Wagner	110110111101111—12	Empie	111101110111111—13
Rastus	011101011011010— 9	Osborne	111011101001010— 9
Mitchell	111110111111111—14	Miller	011111110100111—11
Nelson	110011001100000— 6	Stick	011101011111111—12
Terry	101111001111110—11	Scott	110110011111011—11
McKeldon	011011111111111—13	Cleland	011100000111010— 7
Pruitt	011011111011111—12	Anthony	111111101110111—13

No. 9. 20 targets, $2, $15 added:

Mitchell*	101000101100101011011—10	Stick	111100110001011100000—10
Dornin*	111010011000011000001— 9	Pruitt	111101110111111010110—15
McAlpin*	110111111111111110010—16	Anthony	110110111001111101111—15
Money*	100110000101111011100—10	Fonda	001100111111011100010—11
Jordan	111101111010101011111—15	Moorman	011100101100101011000— 9
Wagner	111111111111111111101—19	Empie	010110111111101111110—15
Rastus	111110100111111111011—16	Miller	110101100101111000001—11
Nelson	000000001000000110101— 5	Osborne	101011011111001111111—15
Terry	101011001100111111101—13	Scott	011111111110111111110—17
McKeldon	111101111011111110111—17	Tatham	111110000100111111101—13

No. 10, 15 targets, $1 50, $10 added:

Wagner*	111100111001001— 9	Anthony	011001111111111—12
McAlpin*	110101001110101— 9	Fonda	100111011111100—10
Jordan	101111111111100—12	Moorman	110110010101011— 9
Tatham	110100101110010— 8	Dornin	110111111111011—13
Money	111101111111110—13	Empie	011110000011011— 8
Rastus	011111110101011—11	Cleland	001001111111110—10
Mitchell	011111011111111—13	Stick	001001110100001— 6
Nelson	011110111111110—12	Miller	000101001101110— 7
Terry	111110110111111—13	Osborne	111011111111100—12
McKeldon	111111111111111—15	Scott	111111011001100—10
Pruitt	111011111110111—13		

Extra events were shot as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, $1: Jordan 8, Fonda 8, Wagner 10, McAlpin 7, Mitchell 9, Terry 6, Anthony 10, Stick 8, Nelson 6, Rastus 5, Money 7, Bridgers 6, W. G. Merrill 5.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50: McAlpin 12, Wagner 15, Money 11, Mitchell 12, Nelson 11, Fonda 12, Rastus 10, Terry 12, Scott 10, Cleland 10, Empie 15, Osborne 6, Pruitt 9, Anthony 13, McKeldon 13, Dornin 8, Miller 10, Moorman 10.

No. 3, same: McAlpin 9, Nelson 5, Money 13, Fonda 11, Wagner 12, Anthony 13, Mitchell 11, Osborne 8, Terry 11, Tatham 6, Empie 11, Miller 12, Pruitt 11, McKeldon 14.

No. 4, same: Money 11, Fonda 11, Rastus 12, Anthony 11, Mitchell 10, Empie 13, Terry 12, Osborne 9, Miller 11, Pruitt 11, Wagner 11, Dornin 11, McKeldon 10, E. P. Miller 7.

No. 5, same:

Money	101111110111111—13	Empie	111011011111011—12
Anthony	111110111110110—12	Terry	111101010001101— 9
Fonda	011110011111000— 9	Moorman	001111111001101—10
Rastus	111011001110111—11	Pruitt	011111111000111—11
Mitchell	111010101111111—12	Dornin	100110110111111—11

No. 6, same: Money 11, Anthony 13, Mitchell 13, Fonda 11, Rastus 12, Empie 8, Terry 10, McAlpin 12.

No. 7, 10 singles and 5 pairs, $1 50:

Fonda	1101011100	00 10 00 11 01—10
Anthony	1011111110	10 11 10 00 10—13
Stick	1111110111	10 01 11 11 01—16
Money	1101011111	11 01 10 00 11—14
Empie	1111111001	10 10 11 01 10—14
Terry	1110111111	11 01 00 11 10—15
Rastus	1110101011	10 10 10 10 00—11

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

Some one who was comparing the scores made by "Money" on both days of the shoot, noting the improved totals on the second day, asked Capt. Money: "Was that your son, Noel, who shot yesterday?" Rather rough on the younger of "the Money brothers," wasn't it?

U. M. C. Thomas was a conspicuous absentee at this shoot. The presence of U. M. C. at all the Interstate shoots to date has been so regular that his absence is felt all the more. The Sportsmen's Exposition must bear the blame for his enforced defection.

Mr. Chas. Tatham, of the firm of Tatham Bros., shot manufacturers, and president of the Interstate Association, has set his fellow members an example that should be followed. He stepped up to the score, and, though only a comparative beginner at the sport, broke a good share of his targets.

Every time Gilmer looked at Shaner's red sweater the perspiration rolled down his face. He explained this phenomenon by saying that he just did it for sympathy, adding that "Elmer would look pretty in a gauzy white one!"

"DuPont" Collins was present at the shoot on both days. He left for Baltimore at midnight on Saturday.

The Dayton shoot kept the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s representative away, while the Sportsmen's Exposition is also answerable for Tom Keller's, Gus Greif's and DuBray's absence.

Lynchburg, noted for her fair daughters, sent a contingent of the same to witness the shooting. Ladies at a tournament add greatly to the pleasure of those who are taking part in it. EDWARD BANKS.

The Handicap Approved.

AT the close of the Interstate Association's shoot at Lynchburg, on Saturday, an informal meeting was held in the club house. Col. Terry informed those present that the meeting had been called at Col. Anthony's request.

Col. Anthony said that he wished to extend to the members of the Lynchburg Gun Club a vote of thanks for the royal manner in which it had entertained its guests. The shoot, he said, was not so largely attended as it should have been, owing to unforeseen causes, but it was certainly a success. If there was anybody present who thought otherwise, and said so, he (Col. Anthony) could lick them. (Mr. McAlpin, "Second the motion.")

Mr. C. W. Scott said that there ought to be a chairman to take charge of matters; Mr. McAlpin was unanimously elected to fill the position. Upon taking the chair, Mr. McAlpin put Col. Anthony's resolution for a vote of thanks to the home club; the motion was carried *nem. con.* Col. Terry and Mr. Scott replied on behalf of the club, the latter stating that his speech having been prepared for a large assemblage, was therefore unsuited to the occasion; the company present would therefore have to excuse him.

After considerable discussion regarding the handicap used at this tournament, in which Col. Anthony, Capt. Money, Empie, Scott and others took part, all speaking in highly commendatory terms of the system in use at the Interstate shoots, Mr. Scott offered the following resolution: "Resolved, that the handicap adopted by the Interstate Association for use at its tournaments during the season of 1895 is hereby approved by the Lynchburg Gun Club, and by the visitors to its tournament on May 17 and 18. Resolved also that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Interstate Association and to all the representative sportsmen's papers for publication." This resolution was adopted unanimously.

Col. Terry then moved that a vote of thanks be accorded the Interstate Association for its courtesy in giving the tournament that had just closed; and also to the manager of the Association for his capable and effective work as manager of the shoot. Col. Terry's motion was seconded and carried, Mr. Tatham returning thanks on behalf of the Association.

A motion was also made and carried unanimously that a vote of thanks be accorded to Mr. A. D. Wright, proprietor of the Arlington Hotel, for his hospitality in furnishing a lunch in the club house on the two days of the tournament, free of charge, to the members of the gun club and its visitors.

Valley City Gun Club.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 17.—No. 1, 16 targets, semi-experts:

Karstens	1111101101111010—11	Gilmore	1100111101111000—10
Woodworth	1110011111011011—12	Brown	0010101001010100— 6

No. 2, 10 targets:

Widdicomb	1100101011—6	Karstens	1100111111—8
McDonell	0101101100—5	Brown	1011111010—7
Gilmore	1111000111—7		

No 3, same:

Widdicomb	0011110111—7	Woodworth	1000100000—2
McDonell	1011011101—7	Gilmore	0010001011—4
Elkerton	1101111011—8	Brown	0010111110—6

No. 4, 15 targets:

Widdicomb	011111111111111—14	Elkerton	000111011011000— 7
Karstens	101101111001000— 8	McDonell	101000110001011— 7
Woodworth	101110110011000— 8	Gilmore	101010011111111—11

No. 5, 20 targets:

Widdicomb	11111010101111111111—17	Woodw'rth	11101111101011110111—16
McDonell	01011110100110111111—14	Gilmore	11110000111001110100—11
Elkerton	11101100111000011011—12	Wharton	10111111101010101101—13
Fox	11111100111100011111—15	Holcomb	01011111101101110100—13
Karstens	10011111111000111111—15	Fox	11111111100111111110—17
Brown	00011010010010011011— 9	Elkerton	01011111100110001110—12

No. 6, 10 targets:

Kelsey	1111111010— 8	Brown	1101101111— 8
Temple	1001101010— 5	Elkerton	0101101101— 6
Fox	1110011011— 6	Woodworth	1001001100— 4
Gilmore	1101110111— 8	Holcomb	1111011111— 9
Coleman	1111011110— 8	Gould	1111111111—10
Karstens	1101110101— 7	Widdicomb	1111111111—10

No. 7, 10 targets:

Widdicomb	1011011011—7	Woodworth	0011111110—7
McDonell	1101110001—6	Gilmore	1001011111—7
Elkerton	0010100001—3	Wharton	1011011101—7
Fox	1011111011—8	Holcomb	1110110111—8
Karstens	1111110101—8	Coleman	1110011111—8
Brown	0000101100—3	Elkerton	1101101011—7

No. 8, miss and out, semi-expert: Widdicomb 4, Wharton 5, Elkerton 2, Fox 0, Karstens 0, Woodworth 4.

No. 9, 10 targets, reversed traps: Temple 7, Gould 9, Wharton 8, Holcomb 8, Kelsey 9, Widdicomb 8, Coleman 7.

No. 10, 10 targets, known angles, unknown traps: Temple 5, Gould 7, Wharton 6, Holcomb 5, Widdicomb 8, Kelsey 7.

No. 11, 10 targets, semi-expert: Kelsey 7, Gould 7, Widdicomb 7, Temple 6, Holcomb 8, Wharton 4.

No. 12, semi-expert: Wharton 7, Widdicomb 9, Holcomb 10, Kelsey 9, Gould 9, Temple 8, Coleman 8.

No. 13, same: Wharton 8, Holcomb 7, Temple 8, Widdicomb 7, Kelsey 10, Coleman 8.

No. 14, same: Wharton 8, Kelsey 9, Coleman 9, Temple 6, Holcomb 8.

Scores from Grand Rapids.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 10.—The following scores were made today on the grounds of the Valley City Gun Club, all events, unless otherwise stated, being at unknown angles:

No. 1, 25 targets:

Walton	0101111110111010111111111—20
Widdicomb	1111011011111110111111010—20
Wharton	1000010011111111111011111—18
Karstens	1010110011100111010100011—14
Coleman	1011010010010101111100011—14

No. 2, 25 targets:

Walton	1111100011101111111111111—21
Widdicomb	0110111111111111111111111—23
Wheaton	1111111011100111100111111—20
Karstens	1111100111101101111110111—20
Coleman	1111111110101111110001100—18
Calkins	0011110111110101110111111—19

No. 3, 15 targets: Gilmore 8, Widdicomb 13, Walton 14, Wharton 14, Karstens 14, Coleman 12.

No. 4, 10 targets: Norris 7, Widdicomb 9, Calkins 8, Gilmore 7, Gould 9, Platt 6, Wharton 7, Gilmore 3, Walton 8, Kelsey 8, Norris 7, Karstens 9, Coleman 7.

No. 5, 20 targets, traps in reversed order:

Kelsey	00111100101111001010—11	Widdic'mb	11110111101101111111—17
Gilmore	00101110101000001100— 8	Wharton	11011111111110111110—17
Porter	01100000000000111000— 6	Karsten	00011100110100110111—11
Norris	00010000100101000010— 5	Calkins	00010001110001001011— 8
Walton	10010001110011101110—11	Gilmore	110101110w — 6
Gould	00111111000111000100—11	Hughart	0101101111w — 7
Coleman	10100011111111101111—15		

No. 6, 20 targets:

Kelsey	01111011110111111111—17	Widdic'mb	01100101011001011101—11
Gilmore	10111110011111001001—13	Wharton	11101111111111110111—18
Karsten	00111101010110101011—12	Coleman	11111111110100111111—17
Norris	00010101011010111110—11	Hughart	01110001110001110000— 9
Walton	11111111111111101111—19	Karsten	01010110111011100100—11
Gould	11110111111111111111—19	Young	11010001011000001100— 8

No. 7, 10 targets: Kelsey 8, Gilmore 6, Porter 7, Norris 6, Walton 9, Gould 6, Widdicomb 6, Wharton 8 Coleman 8, Hughart 5, Karsten 9, Kelsey 7.

No. 8. 10 targets, expert rules, one man up: Kelsey 3, Hughart 5, Wharton 7, Walton 8, Widdicomb 7.

No. 9, 10 targets, jack snipe: Kelsey 8, Widdicomb 8, Walton 8, Karsten 7 Wharton 9, Kelsey again 10, Widdicomb again 8.

No. 10, 15 targets: Walton 14, Wharton 11, Widdicomb 12,

The Memphis Programme.

THERE are programmes and programmes. There are programmes that contain much reading matter, and there are other programmes which contain next door to no reading matter at all, but which are yet as full of interest as the average female Dominick's egg is of meat.

The Memphis Gun Club's programme for its second annual tournament is one of the latter class. Page 2 contains about all that there is to be told. The words used are telling and to the point, and it is very little use for FOREST AND STREAM to remind its readers that when the Memphis Gun Club talks it means just what it says.

Page 2 is headed, "Memphis Gun Club, June 11, 12 and 13, 1895. Rules and Conditions." Under this caption appears the motto, "No handicap, the world invited." Then comes the following: "The referee's decision is final under all circumstances. We mean what we say. We are going to have a dead square shoot. All purses divided 30, 20, 15, 15, 10, 10. Shooting to commence promptly at 8:30 A. M. Contestants requested to make entry for the entire programme for each day. Money refunded for all uncontested events. Grounds open for practice shooting the morning of the 10th. Main street cars running north, pass all hotels and run direct to the grounds every ten minutes. Peabody Hotel will be headquarters. Special rates have been secured at this hotel. The Arlington is on the European plan, and we recommend this hotel to those who wish to live on that plan. Accommodations secured in advance for those desiring it. Shooters wishing to send shells, guns, etc., in advance, can address same to J. G. Schmidt & Son., who will care for them and deliver same on shooting grounds free of charge. Special rates of one and one third fare on all railroads have been secured."

The page concludes with "Our special feature—$500 given away." The way this $500 will be given away is as follows: $500 in cash will be prorated among all contestants who shoot through all events in the three days' programme. Members of the Memphis Gun Club and manufacturers' agents are barred from any share in this division. All shooting will be at known traps, unknown angles.

The next page of the programme contains an introduction that is worth reading: "On Aug. 7, 8 and 9, 1894, the Memphis Gun Club made its first bow to the public. We now present to the shooters of the country our programme of the second annual tournament, which will be held on June 11, 12 and 13, 1895. We take pardonable pride in the fact that, in one single step, Memphis has bounded to the front rank as a shooting center, and in offering $2,000 added money, a greater amount than has ever been given by any club, we hope to attract to our city the better class of shooters from every section of the country, and we extend a cordial, hearty invitation to all to come and partake of our hospitality. It has been our effort to elevate the standard of sport, and we are satisfied from the encouragement that we have received that our efforts have not been in vain. We confidently expect to have the most successful tournament in point of attendance and personnel ever held in the United States. We wish here to express to the sportsmen's journals throughout the country our thanks for the many courtesies they have extended and the aid they have given us in making our shoot what it will be. We do not propose in this programme to show to the world its many advantages, its commercial supremacy or the open-handed hospitality of its citizens. They are all so apparent that he who runs may read.' All are cordially invited to come and judge for themselves."

The events scheduled for each day's programme, the amount of money added, the average money donated, and the entrance moneys, are very easily remembered. The following is the first day's programme:

No. 1, 20 singles, $3 entrance, $50 added; No. 2, 20 singles, $3 entrance, $50 added; No. 3, 20 singles, $3 entrance, $50 added; No. 4. 20 singles, $3 entrance, $50 added; No. 5, 20 singles, $3 entrance, $50 added; No. 6, 20 singles, $3 entrance, $50 added; No. 7, 20 singles, $3 entrance, $50 added; No. 8, 25 singles, $4 entrance, $50 added. Also, $100, to be divided into twenty purses of $5 each, to be awarded to the twenty high guns, shooting in all programme events.

The same also stands good for the second and third day's programme. It was compiled for short memories, and is as toothsome as they're made. With such an invitation, such a prospectus, and with such monetary inducements thrown in, why should not the Memphis shoot be a howling success?

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., May 13.—During the past week the gun club recently organized at Stevensville, thirty miles south, expressed a desire for a match with the Missoula team. The Missoulas were agreeable, and ten shooters were called for to shoot at Stevensville on Saturday the 11th. When the Saturday morning's train pulled out for Missoula a muster of the volunteers found nine ready for action. Upon arriving at Stevensville, it was found that there had been a misunderstanding, and that the entertaining club had only a team of six prepared for the meeting. However, in order to make things pass off harmoniously, they hustled up their extra shooters, and the fun began. Weather conditions were perfect, but the traps worked none too well, and being of the rope-pull sort, rather bothered the Missoulians, who were used to traps manipulated by sundry electric attachments (small boys included). The first round of the five down sufficed to show that the visitors had a walkover, which was continued throughout the match.

A glance at the scores will show that the Missoulians had little grounds for a "crow," although leading their opponents by 38 birds, their own scores being away below par.

Twenty-five singles, known traps, unknown angles:

Missoula.

A M Sterling	1110001001110110110010011—14
L L Hunt	1011000110000101011000010—10
Robt Rogers	1011110111101010111011101—18
W H Mace	1011001011100001000010001—10
Frank Woody	1101110111001011010011111—17
Lieut Devol	1101111101110101111110111—20
C A Searls	0111011011110101001010010—16
Lieut Shattuck	0100001011011011000.01101—12
Will Cave	1010110111100010101010011—15—132

Stevensville.

Amos Buck	0110101000001010110101100—11
Charles Buck	1001000111100000000100000— 7
Lew Williams	1011010101111111111001000—16
Thomas Clark	0111101011000010000001000— 9
*F Little	0001010000101001110011101—11
*H C Tuttle	1111010001111010000001111—14
*W Ribble	0010100100000000000101111— 8
Charles Johnson	0000000111010000010010101— 8
*J Harbitt	0100011010110001001010010—10—94

The return shoot will probably take place in this city on Thursday of the present week, in order to give both teams the benefit of the attendant practice, as some of the members of each will the following day go over to Butte, the Montana State Tournament to be held there on the 17th, 18th and 19th inst. Should our boys do no better in Butte than they did at Stevensville, they will scarcely be "scrictly in it."

As the Missoula shooters did not all return on the day of the match, there were but five contestants in the weekly medal contest held at the usual hour yesterday.

F. P. Kern won the gold medal on a score of 15, and Charlie Lemley secured the silver trophy by default; however, as he also knocked out a score of 15, it is quite apparent that he is entitled to wear the same for a week.

A Class.

W H Mace	1111100001101000010— 9
J P Menard	1111101100111110100I—14
F P Kern	1101111111011011000—15

B Class.

Charles Lemley	1111111010111000111—15

New Utrecht Gun Club.

MAY 18.—The attendance at the sixth special 20-bird sweepstake of the New Utrecht Gun Club was very small. The birds were a very good lot. Weather fine, with bright sun and no wind. Several members came too late to enter. Handicaps: Class A, 20 birds; Class B, 2 misses as no birds and 20 birds; Class C, 4 misses as no birds and 20 birds.

Floyd shot a fine race, his fifth bird and only miss dropping just over the boundary line stone dead. Scores:

		Allows.
G W Coulston (A), 29yds	2122011•222021102212—16	
C T Dazey (B), 29	1112•12•12•201001002—12	1 0—13
Conny Furgueson (B), 26	2220222002002220220—13	2 2—15
J W Brown (B), 29	020020100 20w	
C W Floyd (B), 29	1212•211222122121112—19	
Dr Littlefield (B), 29	121•21202022020011002—13	1 1—15
W F Sykes (B), 29	202•21221211222222—18	0 2—19
E B Knowlton (C), 27	0111112010122200 2020—13	

C. W. Floyd, first money; G. W. Coulston, second; Sykes and Knowlton not in time to put in entrance money.

Three birds, $2 entrance:

Dr Littlefield	02•—1	W F Sykes	222—3
C T Dazey	001—1	E Lohman	122—3
G W Coulston	••1—1	J W Brown	210—2
C W Floyd	12•—2	J Lott	022—2

Miss and out, $1 entrance: Litchfield 8, Dazey 4, Coulston 2, Floyd 0, Lohman 1, Brown 0, Furgueson 9.

Weir City's Successful Shoot.

WEIR CITY, Kan., May 11.—Here at Weir, on May 8-10, away down in the southeastern corner of Kansas, was held the ninth annual tournament of the Amateur Trap-Shooters' Association of Missouri and Kansas. Weir is a busy little city of about 7,000 inhabitants, and is the center of the great coal and zinc industries of the State. Aside from the prominent part that Weir City plays in the history of the Sunflower State in the production of minerals and metals, she is known for the aggregation of gentlemanly "sports" who claim the little city for their residence. In years gone by Weir City has been known among men for her baseball team, for her foot-racers and her boxers, but to-day she is better known throughout the Southwest for her gun club. The Business Men's Gun Club of Weir is composed of the leading business and professional men in the city. Dr. D. W. King, its president, and mayor of the city, is a thorough sportsmen. When the writer reached Weir he found the Doctor fulfilling his duties as mayor, by spending his night in person at the mammoth works of the Cherokee Zinc Co., where his presence was needeed in the interest of law and order, arising from the recent labor troubles here. At daylight the next morning the Doctor was going the rounds of his patients; during the day he was on the shooting grounds, working and shooting in the interest of the club, while in the evening he acted as chairman of the entertaining committee.

Secretary W. W. McIlhany, one of Weir's business men, was probably the busiest of the local shooters. He found time during the usual rush of business incumbent upon the cashier to help fill up a squad, and while not always at the top, sustained his reputation, under trying circumstances, as a target smasher. C. C. Calhoun, vice-president of the local club, shot in great form, and aside from winning the individual championship trophy, he made the only straight in the Owl team contest.

On Tuesday afternoon, previous to the opening day of the tournament, the shooters began to arrive, and some little practice was indulged in. Wednesday morning about thirty shooters were on hand, which number during the day was increased to forty or more, making a nice shoot. Among the visiting shooters were C. F. Reust, of Frankfort, Kan., who last year won the State trophy; M. F. McDonald, C. D. Taylor and H. M. Davis, of Richmond, Mo., who made the score of 59 out of 60 in a team shoot at Atchison last month; J. J. Cornett (L. C. Smith), of Lineus, Mo., who is one of the best target shots in Missouri; J. W. Barre, of Louisiana; J. W. Sexton, of Leavenworth, and the irrepressible Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, than whom there is no more popular man in the West. Lou is the life of every shoot he attends, and none throughout the Southwest would be complete without his smiling face and jolly laughter. Numerous other shooters, formerly unknown to the writer, were on hand, and among them were those who could set a pace hard to keep at target shooting. Bluerock traps and targets were used, and Paul North's new electric pull fully demonstrated that it was equal to any of the devices for "slugging the pies." John Parker ("Des-Chres-Chooska Jack"), of Detroit, Mich., representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., the E. C. Powder Co. and the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., managed the tournament, and as usual everything went off smoothly. Jack commenced by thoroughly organizing the local force, and never throughout the shoot was there a hitch or balk of any duration. About 16,000 bluerocks were thrown, and none were easy. Still, the high scores made at unknown angles, and at unknown traps and angles, proved beyond question that they could be broken, even by amateurs.

On Thursday evening the annual meeting of the Association was held. Joplin, Mo., was selected as the place to hold the shoot in '96. Dr. D. W. King was elected president of the Association, with A. Dixon, of Joplin, vice-president, Tim Malloy, of Joplin, secretary, and E. L. Fay, of Springfield, treasurer. The dates for the next tournament will be announced by the Joplin Club. Local papers boomed the shoot in great shape and the citizens turned out in flocks to witness the sport. Ample arrangements were made at the Ball Park to accommodate both shooters and spectators, and the visitors all united in the opinion that the grounds were perfect for trap-shooting. Kansas City, Kan., won the great "owl" contest, with Weir City a close second. Dr. King, in a few well chosen words, presented the winners each with a handsome owl pin donated by manager Parker. The Kansas first team won the State contest of Missouri vs. Kansas, with a score of 139 out of 150 (six men). The individual championship contest was the most exciting of the shoot, and was won by C. H. Calhoun, of Weir City, who shot out A. L. Bennett, of Kansas City, on a score of 27. McIlhany, of Weir City, and Reust, of Frankfort, were a close second on 26. One noticeable feature of the tournament was the entire absence of the black powder fiend, as not a single load was fired throughout the three days.

Below are the scores:

First Day.

No 1, 15 singles, $2, $10 added: Reust 11, Sexton 14, Erhardt 13, Barre 13, Clas 12, McIlhany 13, Jones 10, Pugh 13, Sowers 14, Calhoun 14, Taylor 12, L. C. Smith 15, Menefee 10, Marshall 13, Hamilton 13, Green 13, Hughes 8, Bennett 13

No. 2, same: Experts—L. C. Smith 11, Sowers 11, Calhoun 12, Sexton 12. Amateurs—Clas 15, Barre 13, Reust 12, Erhardt 10, Pugh 15, Jones 10, Taylor 12, Hamilton 10, Hughes 5, Menefee 13, Green 14, Marshall 10, Thornton 13, McIlhany 13, Allison 13, Morrison 7, Price 9.

No. 3: Experts—Pugh 13, Clas 12, Green 13. Amateurs—Smith 14, Barre 14, Taylor 13, Sowers 13, Jones 14, Reust 12, Hamilton 9, Marshall 9, Menefee 15, Sexton 11, Thornton 14, Erhardt 14, McIlhany 13, Best 12, Timberlake 5, Calhoun 12, Hughes 8.

No. 4: Experts—Barre 12, Smith 13, Jones 11, Menefee 13, Thornton 15, Erhardt 12. Amateurs—Pugh 14, Allison 11, Sowers 13, Reust 10, Sexton 13, Clas 10, Calhoun 14, Taylor 11, Green 14, Best 13, Timberlake 12, Price 15, McIlhany 14, Abbott 8, Bennett 11.

No. 5: Experts—Thornton 11, Pugh 13, Greene 9, Calhoun 13, Price 14, McIlhany 12. Amateurs—Barre 10, Marshall 12, Menefee 12, Hamilton 8, Hughes 9, Taylor 12, Smith 13, Jones 12, Best 11, Reust 15, Sexton 12, Erhardt 10, Clas 13, Sowers 13, Bennett 13, Timberlake 6, Allison 14, McDonald 13, Mackie 8, Morrison 13.

No. 6: Experts—Reust 11, Greene 12, Allison 7. Amateurs—Barre 12, Sexton 15, Erhardt 11, Clas 12, Calhoun 14, McIlhany 15, Best 13, Pugh 11, Thornton 13, Menefee 13, Marshall 13, Smith 14, Sowers 12, Hamilton 13, Jones 14, Taylor 14, McDonald 11, Price 12.

No. 7: Experts—Sexton 11, McIlhany 14, Calhoun 13, Smith 13, Jones 14, Taylor 11. Amateurs—Barre 13, Marshall 13, Menefee 13, Greene 13, Hughes 6, Pugh 12, Allison 12, Morton 10, Hamilton 13, Reust 14, Erhardt 13, Clas 23, Thornton 12, Bennett 11, Sowers 10, Best 11, Timberlake 10, Campbell 12.

No. 8: Experts—Jones 12, McIlhany 13, Reust 13, Barre 12, Marshall 11, Menefee 9, Greene 13, Calhoun 14, Smith 9, Hamilton 8, Erhardt 12, Clas 12. Amateurs—Price 11, Allison 12, Leeman 12, Sowers 14, W. G. Beck 15, Pugh 14, Sexton 9, Campbell 11, Thornton 10, Bennett 10.

No. 9: Experts—W. G. Beck 8, Calhoun 14, Pugh 11, Sowers 11. Amateurs—W. C. Beck 9, Sexton 14, Menefee 13, Hughes 10, Greene 14, Taylor 12, McIlhany 14, Allison 11, Leeman 13, Reust 15, Timberlake 9, Smith 10, Hamilton 9, Marshall 10, Campbell 14, Jones 13, Thornton 10, Barre 13, Bennett 13, Clas 14, Erhardt, 13.

No. 10: Experts—Reust 14, Calhoun 14, Sexton 9, Green 12, McIlhany 14, Leeman 13, Campbell 13, Clas 14. Amateurs—Menefee 13, Taylor 12, Pugh 12, Hamilton 10, Marshall 11, Hughes 8, Norton 14, McDonald 8, Barre 10, Jones 15, Morrison 10, Smith 15, Mackie 11, Holmes 9, Best 13, W. G. Beck 9, Somers 14, W. C. Beck 11, A. Dixon 13, Liles 11, Edmiston 5, Thornton 12, Erhardt 14, Bennett 15, B. A. Fay 13, C. Dixon 9.

After the conclusion of the regular programme as above, 12 extra events at singles and doubles, to suit visitors, were shot off.

Second Day.

No. 1: Sexton 12, Jones 14, E. L. Fay 12, Green 10, Clas 12, Barre 11, Reust 14, Menefee 10, Pugh 12, Campbell 9, Leeman 14, McIlhany 13, Best 13, Erhardt 8, B. A. Fay 10, Hamilton 11, Marshall 13, Taylor 13, Thornton 12, Liles 12, King 10, Norton 14, C. Dixon 11, Smith 12, Bennett 14, Calhoun 14.

No. 2: Experts—Jones 14, Reust 14, Leeman 12, Norton 14, McIlhany 12, Best 10, Bennett 13, Marshall 12, Taylor 13, Calhoun 15. Amateurs—Sexton 13, Clas 14, Pugh 14, Green 15, Menefee 13, Campbell 12, King 10, A. Dixon 11, E. L. Fay 12, Liles 9, Barre 11, Smith 13, Erhardt 11, Thornton 14, Hamilton 9, B. A. Fay 12.

No. 3: Experts—Green 12, Clas 10, Pugh 11, Jones 10, Reust 13, Norton 12, Calhoun 13, Thornton 13. Amateurs—King 7, Best 14, E. L. Fay 14, Sexton 15, Campbell 13, Smith 13, Leeman 10, Erhardt 11, B. A. Fay 9, Edmiston 12, Taylor 12, Menefee 12, Marshall 9, Barre 8, Liles 15, Histed 10, A. Dixon 15.

No. 4: Experts—Sexton 12, Best 12, E. L. Fay 11, Liles 12, Bennett 14, A. Dixon 13. Amateurs—Jones 15, Reust 12, Clas 13, Green 11, Menefee 12, Pugh 12, Campbell 13, Leeman 10, Erhardt 13, Taylor 9, B. A. Fay 10, Edmiston 13, Calhoun 15, Marshal 14, Hamilton 10, Smith 12, Thornton 10, McIlhany 12.

No. 5: Experts—Jones 13, Bennett 13, Calhoun 14, Marshall 12. Amateurs—Pugh 12, Edmiston 10, Erhardt 14, Class 14, Reust 14, Menefee 13, Norton 11, Best 13, King 7, Taylor 11, Liles 12, Hamilton 9, Sexton 15, Hughes 12, E. L. Fay 11, Green 14, Campbell 11, C. Dixon 12, Smith 13, B. Fay 10, Barre 14, McIlhany 13, Thornton 15, W. G. Beck 14.

No. 6, Kansas vs Missouri, 25 singles, six men to team:

Kansas Team No. 1.

Reust	1111111101111111111011111—23
McIlhaney	1111111110111111111111111—24
Calhoun	1110111111101101111111111—22
Pugh	1111011111111101111111011—22
Sexton	1111111111111111110111111—24
Bennett	1111111110111111111111111—24—139

Missouri Team No. 1.

E L Fay	1111111111111101111001101—21
Clas	0111111111111111111011110—23
Thornton	1011011101111111111100111—20
Liles	1111011111101111111111111—23
A Dixon	0111111011111011111011111—21
Jones	1111111101111111101111011—22—130

Kansas Team No. 2.

Erhardt	1111111111111111111111111—25
Campbell	1111111111111111111111111—25
W C Beck	0111111111111111110101111—21
Edmiston	0111111110111101111110111—21
Sowers	1011111111111111111101110—22
W G Beck	0011111111111101111101110—20—134

Missouri Team No. 2

Green	1111111111100110111101111—21
Marshall	1111100101111111111111111—22
Menefee	1110111101111111111111111—23
Taylor	1111110101111111010111111—21
Smith	1011111011011111111111111—22
Morton	1111111111111111111111111—25—134

Second Missouri defeated Second Kansas by one bird in the shoot-off for second place.

No. 7, the Owl shoot: Teams of 3 men, members of same club, 10 singles, all known; 10 singles, unknown angles; 10 singles, unknown traps and unknown angles, $50 added:

Kansas City, Kansas.

Bennett	1111111111	1111111011	1111101011—27
Pugh	1111111111	1111111111	0101011111—27
Norton	1111111111	0100111111	1101111101—25—79

Weir City No 1.

Calhoun	1111111111	1101111111	1111111111—30
Best	1111101011	0110110111	1011011111—23
McIlhany	1011111111	1111011110	0101011111—24—77

Richmond (Mo.) No. 1.

Marshall	1110111111	1111111111	1111111111—29
Menefee	0111111100	1101111111	1000111111—24
Green	1111111111	1001100111	1111101101—24—76

Pittsburg, Kan.

W C Beck	1111101110	1101110111	1101101011—23
Campbell	1011111111	1011110111	1110111011—25
W G Beck	1111111011	1011111011	1011111111—24—74

Leavenworth Team.

Sexton	1111011110	1110011111	1001000111—21
Erhardt	1111111111	1100111111	0111101101—25
Reust	1100111111	1111101111	1011111111—26—72

Springfield No. 1.

B A Fay	1101111111	1011101101	1111101011—24
Clas	1101001111	1111010101	0101111111—22
Jones	1111011111	1111110010	0110110110—22—68

Joplin Team.

E L Fay	1111111111	1011101111	1101101110—25
A Dixon	1101111001	0011111111	0110000111—20
Thornton	1101010110	1111111111	0011011111—23 68

Richmond No. 2

Taylor	1101111111	1010011111	0111011011—24
Hamilton	1110110101	1010001001	0011101111—17
L C Smith	1111111101	1011111001	0011101111—23—64

Galena, Kan.

Horn	1111111111	1111111101	1001100110—24
Stice	1101001001	0110000101	0011100111—14
Grantham	0110101111	0111101101	0011010000—17—55

Weir City No 2.

Hayden	1110101111	0110000100	1101101110—17
S W Marshall	1110110111	0010010101	0101101000—16
J H Hamilton	1100111110	1111011011	0100111110—21—54

Nine extra events were shot after the regular programme had been finished, which were well filled up from the ranks of the 75 per cent. shooters, as well as by those whom the mediocrity were pleased to term "the cracks."

Third Day.

No. 1: Sexton 14, Reust 14, Erhardt 12, Bennett 12, Calhoun 13, Grantham 10, McIlhany 14, Barre 10, Best 15, Parker 14, Marshall 13, Green 14, Smith 15, Menefee 13.

No. 2: Experts—Smith 14, Sexton 13, McIlhany 13, Reust 15, Best 14, Parker 13, Green 11. Amateurs—Erhardt 12, Calhoun 15, Bennett 11, Barre 13, Marshall 14, Menefee 14, E. L. Fay 11, C. Dixon 12.

No. 3: Experts—Smith 9, Reust 13, Calhoun 13, Best 13, Marshall 13, Menefee 14. Amateurs—E. L. Fay 13, Barre 14, Erhardt 13, Sexton 11, Green 14, C. Dixon 14, McIlhany 15, Parker 12, Grantham 7.

No. 4: Experts—C. Dixon 10, McIlhany 11. Amateurs—E. L. Fay 7, Reust 12, Calhoun 15, Erhardt 14, Sexton 12, Bennett 14, Best 13, Parker 14, S. W. Marshall 15, Morrison 7, Abbott 14, Beadle 5.

No 5, individual championship of Missouri and Kansas, conditions same as "Owl contest:"

Menefee	1111111111	0001101111	1001101110—22
Marshall	1101111110	1111111111	1101110100—24
Green	1111111011	1101011111	1111110110—25
Barre	0101100101	1101011110	1110110011—19
Erhardt	0111110110	0111010111	1101010111—21
Reust	1111111110	1110111111	1111101110—26
C Dixon	0111111100	1111111111	1011111101—25
E L Fay	0010101111	0101011110	1111111110—22
Sexton	1101010111	1111111111	1100101111—24
Best	1111101111	1111111010	1011110111—25
Calhoun	1111111111	1101011111	1111111110—27
McIlhany	1111011111	1011101111	0111111111—26
Bennett	1111111111	1111111011	1011011111—27
Abbott	0111110100	1100010111	1101001111—19

Calhoun and Bennett tied for first place and shot off as noted below, Calhoun winning. Second money was divided by McIlhany and Reust, third going to Green, C. Dixon and Best.

Tie for trophy:

Calhoun.....1111111111011101—13 Bennett.....1111110010010001— 9

No. 6: Experts—Sexton 12, King 10, Best 14, Reust 14, McIlhany 15. Amateurs—Allison 11, Bennett 13, Parker 14, Erhardt 12, Calhoun 12.

No. 7: Experts—McIlhany 12, Best 12, Reust 14. Amateurs—Sexton 14, Erhardt 12, Calhoun 14, King 9, Abbott 8, Bennett 12.

No. 8: Experts—Reust 14, Sexton 13, Calhoun 14, Parker 14. Best 15, Amateurs—Erhardt 13, King 12, Bennett 11, Abbott 8, McIlhany 15. Morrison 10.

This concluded the programme for the day, but sweepstake shooting was continued in all its phases, from common singles, through unknown doubles, to Jack Parker's "Des-chres-choos-ka game," and only the darkness of the closing day put an end to the greatest tournament ever held by the Owl Association.

The Joplin boys were loud in their praise of the tournament, as in fact were all visitors; and Vice-President Allen Dixon prophecies even a more glorious meeting in the thriving city of St. Joseph in 1896, while all alike will hope to meet "Jack" Parker again in the capacity of manager.

SMOKELESS.

Go to Memphis.

MR. IRBY BENNETT writes very enthusiastically of the coming Memphis tournament, and there is every reason to believe his statements are well within probability: "We have worked earnestly, and at last our programmes are out—at least will be to-morrow—and we'll mail you the first one. I attended the DuPont shoot last week and there saw many of the prominent shooters. I am certain I will not exaggerate if I predict the largest attendance of shooters at our tournament ever seen in America. They are coming from every quarter, and many are impatient for the day. Our programme says: 'We are going to have a dead square shoot,' and that is exactly what we mean. Every honest, square shooter will have a good time at the only Memphis and go away with pleasant remembrances and a determination to return again, but the 'other fellow' has no place here, and if he comes he must shoot according to the programme, 'dead square.' We will introduce something new during our tournament. We will shoot from a double set of 15 traps. That is at No. 1, two traps; No. 2, two traps, and so on. When a shooter calls 'pull' and the bird breaks in the trap it is only necessary to call 'pull' again, and the bird goes from 'the sister trap.' Or, in case a trap breaks it causes no delay, and we hope to obviate many delays that would occur under ordinary circumstances.

"I had hoped to be in Chicago for the shoot, but fear it will not be possible. Divine and I cannot both go to Knoxville and Chicago, and I guess it will result in my going to Knoxville, while Tom will make himself heard in your company. IRBY BENNETT."

Boiling Springs Won the Cup.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., May 16.—A contest took place on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club this afternoon. The contestants being teams representing the home club, the Unions of Springfield, Climax of Plainfield, and the Endeavors of Jersey City. The shoot was for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy, the conditions being: Five men teams, 30 singles, one man up, five unknown traps, and 10 pairs. Scores:

Boiling Springs—Eddie Collins 41, J. H. Richmond 42, Hall 38, Simpson 36, W. H. Huck 31—186.

Union—Quimby 40, Sickley 39, Sigler 37, Williams 35, Dr. Jackson 31—182.

Climax—Dutchy 39, Money 39, Brantingham 37, Ivins 35, Terry 28—178.

Endeavor—J. A. Creveling 39, Al. Heritage 31, J. S. Duston 28, M. F. Lindsley 25, W. Piercy 23—146. W. H. HUCK.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., May 15.—The following are the scores made in the third series of the merchandise prize shoot, and also on the third series of the cash prize shoot:

Merchandise Shoot.

Part 1, 25 targets, known angles:

Mascroft	1111111111011111111111111—24
A W Walls	1111011111011111111111011—22
Davis	1111111111010111110110111—21
Colvin	1110111110111011111010111—20
R C Walls	1101111100011011011111111—19
E Buck	1101110111111101110011101—19
McLellan	1111111111100110110110001—19
Gilman	1101111101101111101010111—19
Kenerson	1111110010101111011010111—18
Forehand	1011100001111011111111110—18
Bucklin	0111111011101001110111001—17
C Walls	1111010111100110011110011—16
Roach	0001011111110011001110011—15
Buck	1100011101100101110110011—15
Kinney	1011010111011100010000110—13
Ide	0001100001101110100010101—11

Part 2, 25 targets, traps in reversed order:

Davis	1111111111011100111011111—21
McLellan	0101111110011111110101111—19
A W Walls	0001111110001110111101111—18
Mascroft	1101110101110111110111001—18
Gilman	1010111101001011011011111—17
Buck	0101010100111110111110110—16
E Buck	1100110101111010101111100—16
Forehand	0110110000011111111101101—16
Ide	1001110011100111101110011—16
Bucklin	1110001111111001110000111—16
R C Walls	0110001111100111010101011—15
Roach	0011110111001110011100011—15
C Walls	1010011010011110010011110—14
Kinney	1101000001101101101011110—14
Colvin	1100110010010100001101000—10

No. 2, cash prize shoot, 25 targets, known angles:

A W Walls	1111110111111101111011111—22
Bucklin	1111111111111011110111011—22
Forehand	1111011111110111111111110—22
E Buck	1111111101111101111111110—22
Buck	0111101111101111111011111—21
R C Walls	0110110101011111110110111—18
Davis	1101111110011110101110110—18
Mascroft	1111110100111011111111011—20
Roach	0011111101010111101111010—17
Kinney	0010111101100111011110011—16
Colvin	1110110101100011111101000—14
McLellan	0101101101011001000110110—13
Kennert	1000011101010010110110110—13
C Walls	1011100010000111011001001—12

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., May 15.—This shoot did not bring out the usual number, but it showed some very good work. Of the twelve who took part four were new beginners and the other eight, who shot at 50 targets each, broke in the aggregate 300 out of 400, or 75 per cent. I have noticed reports from several clubs who could not do as well as our club.

No. 1, club shoot, 15 known angles and 10 unknown:

Dr Johnson	0110111111100111001101111—18
A D Adams	0010101001000000000000000— 4
Lashells	0011110101110101011110001—15
Reisinger	0111011110011101110111010—17
E L Affantranger	0000011011110110101111101—15
Hayes	0110111111111011111111011—21
Gundaker	1000100111100010111111111—15
N Affantranger	0010011110111100100011000—14
H A Johnson	1011100101101111110111111—19
R Adams	1101111110111111111111111—23

No. 2, unknown angles:

Gundaker	1111111101010111101111110—20
A D Adams	0000000000101010000000100— 4
Dr Johnson	1110111111111101010111111—22
Lashells	0110111110001001100000111—13
E L Affantranger	1001111111110110001001110—16
Reisinger	1101110111011111110111100—19
Hayes	1111111111110011111111111—23
R C Adams	1111111110101111111110111—22
H A Johnson	1011101111111111111111110—22
Prenatt	0001000110111110001101100—12
Thompson	1000100100001000010000000— 5
Ed Dunn	0001001010101100110111011—13

CHOKE BORE.

Climax Club Shoot.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., May 8.—The following are the scores made this afternoon by the members of the Climax Gun Club on the club's grounds at Fanwood Road House:

Club shoot, 25 empires, handicap allowance:

Smith	1111111111111111001111111	—23
Apgar	1111111101111101111111111	—23
Brantingham	0110111011111111111111111	—22
Keller	1011111010111101111111001	—19
Short (1)	1111111111110110110111111	—23
D Terry (1)	1011011110011111011111111	—20
Taylor (3)	1110111111110101101111101111	—23
Scott (3)	1011101100111100101000101001	—15
D Darby (5)	1110111111101111100111110111	—24
Williams (5)	0110111000110000111111110011	—19
J Goodman (6)	1111000001010010011010000011110	—15
J Darby (7)	1110111111011001110101010011011	—21
Grier (8)	0111111110111011011111111111111	—29
Charles (10)	1101110111111001000111010100100111	—21
Singer (10)	1100110000011111100111000111010010 0	—17

Other events were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Apgar 10, Smith 9, Keller 9, Short 9, Squires 8, D. Terry 7, Brantingham 7, Wilson 6, Scott 5, John 5.

No. 2, same: Smith 10, Keller 9, Apgar 9, Brantingham 9, Short 8, D. Terry 8, Grier 6, Squires 5, S. Darby 5.

No 3, same: Grier 10, Apgar 9, Short 9, D. Terry 9, Smith 8, Keller 8, Brantingham 7.

No. 4, 5 pairs: Apgar 9, Short 7, Keller 6, Smith 5, Grier 5.

New York German Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., May 15.—The members of the New York German Gun Club held their monthly shoot this afternoon. Dr. Hudson, who shot in great form during the afternoon, killing 20 out of 21 birds, won the gold medal, Sauter giving him a close run; the latter won the "Charles Lenone" medal. B. König won the "Peter Garms, Sr." medal after a tie with Frazer. Scores:

Medal shoot, 8 live birds:

Huff	01221002—5	Smith	11100212—6
Kransberg	10001011—4	Messmann	10100000—2
Boudan	10220010—4	B König	02112111—7
Thamforde	00101221—5	Edwards	20111010—5
Hudson	12121211—8	Frazer	11121201—7
Sauter	21212221—8	Dreste	10100010—3
Aug Schmitt	10110111—6	Lucas	10111212—7
Wellbrock	01012101—5		

Ties; Hudson 2, Sauter 1. B. König 3, Frazer 2.

No. 2, 5 birds: Hudson 5, Edwards 5, Woelfel 4, Frazer 4, Kransberg 4, Smith 4, Wellbrock 4, Sauter 3, Lucas 2, Schmitt 2, Dreste 2.

No. 3, same: Hudson 5, Kransberg 4, Lucas 3, Woelfel 3, Frazer 3, Schmitt 2, Edwards 0.

No. 4, same; Kransberg 4, Schmitt 3, Lucas 3, Huff 1.

No. 5, same: Kransberg 5, Schmitt 3, Lucas 1.

Hingham Gun Club.

THE *Journal*, of Hingham, Mass., May 10, gives the following: "The second regular shoot of the Hingham Gun Club was held at the Turkey Hill range Saturday afternoon, May 4, twelve shooters taking part. Mr. Blanchard, of the firm of Blanchard & Farrar, Boston, has become a member of the club, making a total of 36. Mr. Allison, of Norwell, captured the class A medal, and Mr. Higgins, of Cohassett, took class B medal home with him." The scores made in this event, which was at 30 singles, unknown angles, and 5 pairs, were as follows:

Allison	1111111111110111010110111111111111110111	10 11 10 11 11—43
Breen	1001111111111111111111111100111111100101	11 11 10 10 10—40
Howe	1111101101111101110010011111111111011	00 00 11 00 10—34
Henderson	1111111111111100111110011011011101111	10 10 11 10 10—39
Herbert	1011111011111111111111111011111111111111	10 00 10 01 10—41
Blanchard	11110111011111110110001000111 0	—20
Higgins	0101011111100011010011111101011101000111	10 11 00 10 10—30
Maynard	0000000000001000001010000010101000000011	00 00 00 10 00— 9
Hersey	0000000010000001000000100000000000000000	00 00 00 00 00— 3
Spalding	0111101011010111101011011010100110111101	00 10 00 00 10—26
Lincoln	1001100110011010110110111111010000111111	10 00 11 10 01—29

The Newburgh Tournament.

The tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., was held on May 9-11. The scores of the first day have failed to reach this office, but those of May 10 and of May 11, live-bird day, are to hand, and are given below. It will be noticed that James Taylor, of the home club, distinguished himself at targets, while J. B. Halstead, of Peekskill, N. Y., shot a great gait at live birds. Halstead killed 38 out of 39 live birds, while Taylor broke 112 out of 115 targets. Scores:

Second Day.

No. 11, 15 targets, $1:

J Taylor	110111111111111—14	Collins	101111111111111—14
Kenerson	011110101110111—11	Money	110011111111110—12
Fayette	110111100001010— 8	Hobart	101001111110110—10
McAlpin	111110111111111—14	Rayland	110111111111111—14
Mascroft	000111101111111—11	Halstead	111011111111011—13
Wood	001011111101111—11	Perry	111011001111101—11
Dickson	001100110100100— 6	Rohr	110001110000101— 7
Dutchy	100111111101101—11	Kerr	010010001000101— 5
Keller	111111001011111—12	Thomas	011100111011000— 8

No. 12, 15 targets, unknown angles. $1:

J Taylor	111101111101111—13	Dickson	111011111101011—12
Keller	111110110100111—11	Hobart	000111111101101—10
Money	101111111101111—13	Collins	111100011011111—11
Kenerson	011011111111111—13	Fayette	010001000010001— 4
McAlpin	110111010111011—11	Mascroft	101101111001010— 9
Dutchy	111001111111111—13	Halstead	000011110100110— 7
Rayland	011110111011011—11	Perry	111000001010100— 6
Wood	011111101111001—11	H C H	011010101011011— 9

No. 3, 9 unknown, 10 known and 3 pairs, $2 50:

J Taylor	111011110	1111111111	11 10 11—22
Keller	110010000	1110111110	11 10 10—15
Money	111111111	1111111010	11 10 00—20
Kenerson	000011011	1101111111	10 11 10—17
McAlpin	101111010	1110111111	00 01 10—17
Dutchy	011011111	1111011111	10 11 00—19
Rayland	111111111	1111111110	11 11 11—24
Collins	011110111	1111111101	10 11 10—20
Fayette	110000110	1100011010	10 10 10—12
Hobart	110111111	11 0111110	00 10 11—19
Dickson	010111110	1010110111	00 10 10—15
Halstead	101011111	0111101011	10 00 10—16
H C H	010101011	1111011100	11 01 01—17
Perry	001001101	1110100101	00 00 00—16
Mascroft	001001111	1101011011	10 10 10—15

No. 14, 15 targets, $1:

Taylor	101111111111111—14	Wood	001111111100110 –10
Keller	110111111111101—13	Hobart	100100110000010— 5
Money	011110101111111—12	Perry	011101111111001—11
Kenerson	101111101111111—13	Mascroft	110011111111110—12
McAlpin	011101110111110—11	Fayette	001000000101001— 4
Dutchy	111111111111101—14	H C H	101111111111101—13
Rayland	111111111111111—15	Halstead	011110011111111—12
Dickson	110101101111111—12	Thomas	101001000110110— 7
Barnes	011111101111111—13	Walker	101101111011000— 9

No. 15, 10 known, 15 unknown, $3:

Taylor	1110111111	111011111111011—22
Keller	1101111111	111101111111111—23
Money	1010111111	111111101001000—17
Kenerson	1111101111	011101010011111—19
Lindsley	0100101010	110011100011001—12
Dutchy	1110111111	111101110011111—21
Rayland	1001111110	111011111111111—21
Dickson	1001111111	111011110101101—18
Collins	1101101100	001111100111010—15
McAlpin	1111101111	110111011101111—21
Wood	1111000111	111111011111111—21
Perry	0100101000	111101110111011—15
Halstead	1010111111	101111111101101—20

No. 16, 10 known, 5 unknown, 5 pairs, $5:

Taylor	1110111011	01110	11 11 11 10 01—19
Money	1000111111	10111	11 10 10 10 11—18
Kenerson	0101111111	01101	11 11 11 00 01—18
Collins	1111111111	10111	11 11 10 01 01—21
Dutchy	1111101111	11111	11 11 00 11 10—21
Rayland	1110010111	11111	10 11 10 10 11—19
Dickson	0101111001	11110	11 11 00 11 10—17

No. 17, 10 targets, $1.50: Taylor 10, Keller 8, Money 9, Kenerson 8, Dutchy 8, McAlpin 9, Rayland 8, Dickson 7, H. C. H. 7. Hobart 6, Barnes 7, Wood 5, Kerr 5, Walker 5, Perry 7, Wanda 7, Mascroft 9, Dowd 4. Lenone 7, Kissam 8, Halstead 9, Collins 10.

No. 18, 15 targets. unknown angles. $2:

Taylor	110111111111111—14	Wood	011000011100010— 6
Keller	111010111111011—12	Hobart	010110011100101— 8
Money	101111011111101—12	Lenone	111011010110110—10
Kenerson	111111111111101—14	Halstead	110001011111111—11
Dutchy	111111111111115	Collins	111111111111011—14
Rayland	110111110110111—12	H C H	101100001101011— 8
Dickson	111001111011111—12	Perry	000010011010011— 6
McAlpin	110111101111010—11	Walker	111001011000111— 9
Lindsley	011001101000000— 5	Mascroft	011001111110 10—10

No. 19, 15 targets, $1 50:

Taylor	111101111111111—14	Lenone	101110101000110— 8
Keller	101111011011101—11	Wanda	000000111000010— 4
Money	111110110101111—12	Mascroft	111011111110111—13
Kenerson	111111011111011—13	Kissam	111001000001101— 7
Dutchy	111111111101111—14	Dowd	111001101111101—11
McAlpin	110111001111011—11	H C H	111111101100111—12
Rayland	111111101111100—12	Barns	101010111111100—10
Dickson	111111111111111—15	Walker	101111110010111—11
Thomas	000110111101111—10	Halstead	001011011111101—10

No. 20, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Taylor 10, Keller 9, Money 7, Kenerson 9, Dutchy 9, McAlpin 6, Rayland 9, Dickson 9, Wanda 9, Mascroft 8, Kissam 8, Donohue 7, Collins 9, Perry 3, Lenone 6, Wood 6, W lker 5, Rohr 3.

No. 21, 15 torgets, $1.50:

Taylor	111111111111111—15	Stansbrough	001100111101011— 9
Keller	111111111111111—15	Halstead	001111111111111—13
Money	111101111111011—13	H C H	101010110110101— 9
Kenerson	111111101111101—13	Lenow	010000000000100— 2
Dutchy	111111111111111—14	Doud	011011101001111—10
McAlpin	111101101111110—12	Mascroft	110111111111111—14
Rayland	111111111111111—15	Lindsley	110101111111101—12
Dickson	111111111111111—15	Collins	111011111110110—12
Kissam	101111111111010—12		

The following extra events were shot off after the programme had been finished:

No. 1, 10 targets, $1: Taylor 7, E. Collins 9, Dixon 4, Wood 7, Rayland 8, Stansbrough 3, Mascroft 9, Fayette 8.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Stanbrough 4, Fayette 9, Collins 8, Dickson 6, Taylor 10, Rayland 8, Wood 7, Mascroft 7, Dutchy 5, Keller 7, Kenerson 9.

No. 3, same: Taylor 9, Stanbrough 5, McAlpin 8, Rayland 8, Collins 7, Fayette 6, Dickson 6, Kenerson 9, Wood 7, Dutchy 9. Mascroft 8, Hobart 8.

No. 4, same: Rayland 9, Keller 8, McAlpin 7, Collins 8, Hobart 7, Dutchy 9, Wood 6, Dickson 5.

No. 5, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1: Dickson 11, McAlpin 10, Keller 12, Wanda 8, Walker 11, Kenerson 14, Wood 13, Dutchy 13, Rayland 12, Kissam 10, Taylor 14, Money 12, Halstead 14, Collins 11, Mascroft 13.

No. 6, 15 targets: McAlpin 13, H. C. H. 6, Wood 11, Taylor 15, Dickson 15, Donohue 6, Keller 14, Lindsley 9, Kissam 12, Kenerson 13, Money 8, Rayland 14.

No. 7, 15 targets, $1: Halstead 15, Kissam 12, Kenerson 14, Mascroft 12, Dickson 10, Taylor 15, McAlpin 12, Wood 10, Rayland 15.

Third Day.

	No. 22.	No. 23.	No. 24.
Jas Taylor	12212—5	2122222—7	1•01211101—7
W P Rayland	•1122—4	2222•22—6	022222222•—8
H C H	22212—5	2222202—6	22222222•2—9

	No. 22.	No. 23.	No. 24.
Arnold	12211—5	0021221—5	121112122•—9
Dickson	21122—5	122•202—5	2•02222022—7
Condit	00112—3	2002221—5	2201222012—8
L Carpenter, Jr	02222—4	1220020—4	2022221200—7
Patton	00000—0		
H P Dain	2•112—4	0210212—5	1121110122—9
V D Kenerson	12221—5	1221112—7	
J B Halsted	12121—5	2221121—7	1022122211—9
G T Mascroft	212•0—3	0221122—6	
F L Train	10112—4	1020001—3	1121211120—9
C M Donnelly	2•112—4	2222222—7	
G H Taggart	20111—4	2211110—6	2101120222—8
Stansbrough	1•2•0—2		
Palmer	22001—3	1220001—4	
G A Barker	02000—1	2222200—5	0111001•00—4
McDonnell	0•120—2	0222012—5	0110000101—4
Perry		2220211—6	2212120220—8
Knight		2202012—5	0222122220—8
Wood		2022222—6	

No. 22 was $5 entrance, No. 23 $7.50 entrance, and No. 24 $10. There were four moneys in all the above live bird events. Extra events were shot as follows:

No. 1, miss and out, $2: Taylor, Halsted, H. C. H., Rayland, Dain, Stansbrough, Train, Donnelly, McDonnell and Doud all killed 3, and drew down their money. Palmer killed 2, and Barker missed his first bird.

No. 2, same: Train, Halsted, Perry and Dickson (divided) 7, Rayland and Taylor 4, Dain 2, Arnold 1, Knight, Doud and Kerr 0.

No. 3, same: Halsted and Dain (divided) 7, Perry 6, H. C. H. 6, Ray Taylor 2, Rayland 2, Dickson 1, Doud 1.

Grand Rapids Tournament.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—The Grand Rapids, Mich. Tournament, under the auspices of the Valley City Gun Club will take place on May 29, 30 and 31, and promises to be one of the large shoots of the season. The club added $500 in cash to the purses, and every race has from $10 to $25 added. The grounds have been remodelled, shooting sheds built over the scores, the trap pits roofed in and cables laid underground to the pulling house, so that the traps are always ready for use, and disagreeable weather cannot interfere with shooting. A new feature is the system of handicapping adopted, the amateur getting one, and in some races two birds more to shoot at than the expert, this should give the average amateur a good chance for his money and should draw a large amateur attendance.

The grounds are first class, there are none better and the arrangements will be as nearly perfect as it is possible to make them. The members of the Valley City Gun Club will endeavor to make things as agreeable as possible for visiting shooters. Some form of entertainment will be provided for them, probably a repetition of last year's banquet at the Reed's Lake Pavilion, but the entertainment programme has not yet been fully decided on.

Reduced rates have been secured from Knoxville to Grand Rapids and to Chicago via Grand Rapids, and anyone wanting an enjoyable shoot and a good time generally cannot do better than take it in. For programme and information address, C. F. ROOD, Sec'y.

12 MONROE STREET, Grand Rapids, Mich.

South Chicago Gun Club.

BURNSIDE PARK, Chicago, Ill., May 8.—The following are the scores made at the club shoot of the South Chicago Gun Club to-day:

Live bird medal, 20 live birds per man:

L C Willard.11112211112221111111—19 A Reeves.02100121221010102011—13
G Sibley ....02100121221010102011—12

Target medal, 30 empires per man: L. C. Willard 28, A. W. Reeves 27, George Sibley 15. RAVELRIGG.



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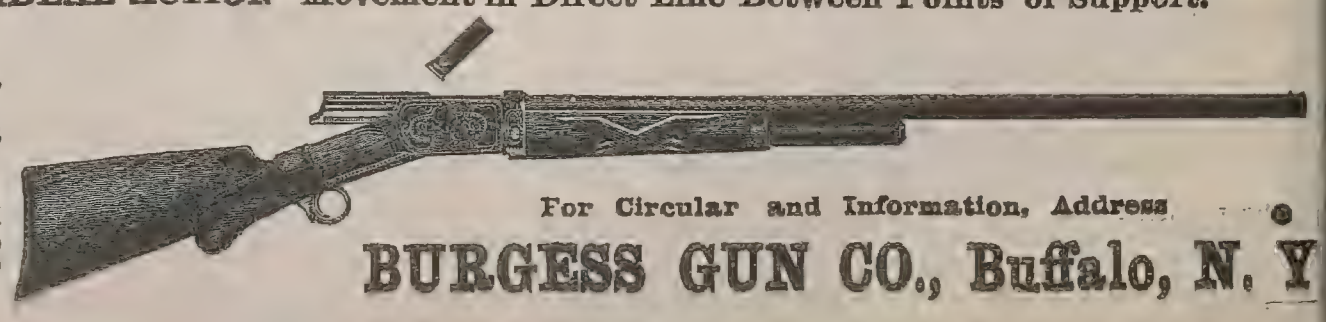
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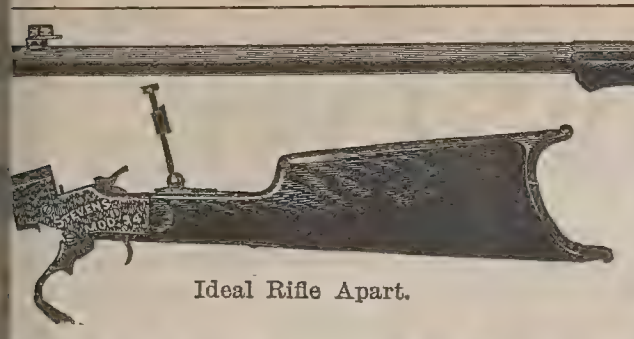
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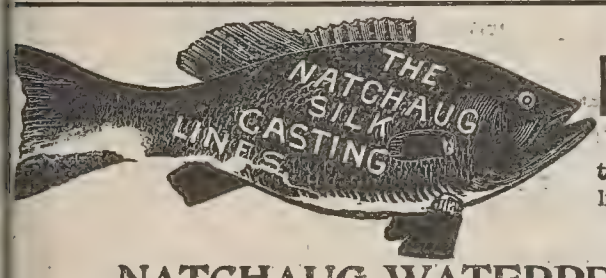
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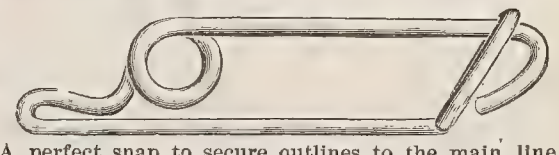
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895.

VOL. XLIV.—No. 22 No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page vii.

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AN EXTREMELY GREEDY CLASS.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature passed a measure this year forbidding the sale of ruffed grouse at any time. Gov. Hastings has vetoed the bill. For his action he gives two reasons: "First, that it was unconstitutional because it prohibited transmission companies from receiving for transportation; second, that it was unconstitutional because it made two classes of citizens, the one class who were denied the privilege of eating game because they could not buy it or receive it from their friends by express, and the class who could get all they wanted for themselves and families by going out and shooting it."

Which is bosh.

The constitutionality of the measure so far as it concerns transportation companies has been fought out in the courts; and if the Governor had been informed in these matters he would have known that no question of the constitutionality of such legislation any longer exists. There have been Illinois cases, for example, which turned upon this very point, and the result of these was to uphold the law of that State forbidding the sale or transportation for sale of certain game killed in the State. The principle is so well established by repeated test cases that an executive who adduces unconstitutionality on this ground as a defense of his veto simply advertises his own want of information.

The second objection also, that the law is unconstitutional because it is class legislation, has been refuted in the courts again and again. There is no shadow of class legislation in the proposed statute.

But as matters now stand in Pennsylvania the Governor's veto is directly in favor of a class, and a very greedy class at that—the pot-hunters who are despoiling the game covers and reaping the game for themselves at the expense of public policy. The present situation there in respect to the game supply is this: The market hunters have plied their business so systematically and persistently and successfully, that the covers have not been able to stand the drain. The birds have been killed out for market. There is unquestioned need of some measure to end the traffic or practical extermination—we do not believe utter destruction—is imminent. Wisdom dictates cutting off the agency which is most destructive. Common sense calls for the prohibition of market hunting. Why? Because of the rule of securing the greatest good to the greatest number. In game matters that means so regulating the taking of birds as to afford the largest number of citizens the opportunities and benefits of their pursuit. It is the protection of the rights of a hundred amateur shooters against the claim of the market killer; the privileges of the thousand against the ten, of the community against a class and, as we have said, an extremely small and selfish class at that.

This howl of "class legislation" against the game laws has been heard always, and we may expect to hear it for a long time to come. It is usually raised by those who demand something for themselves at the expense of the public. Game laws are in principle for the common good of the community. They are neither in theory nor in practice in the interest of a favored class. Loose thinking or deliberate sophistry may on occasion befog the issue, but when the truth is revealed clearly and honestly our game protective system is recognized as beneficent in intent and effect.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE Sportsman's Exposition was educational and in some instances the information there acquired was of a nature delightfully unexpected. For instance: There have been in this office for ten years or more two pairs of Virginia deer horns firmly interlocked. The correspondent who sent them wrote that in the fastnesses of a Mississippi swamp he had found them so united, and the story which they seemed to tell was that two rival bucks had come together in battle, in the conflict had locked their antlers firmly together, and unable to separate themselves had perished. The story was accepted by us and was published at the time; it has been repeated to persons innumerable. The antlers were shown in the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit in the Exposition; and before them, on the first afternoon, halted a dignified and benevolent old gentleman and his sweet wife. "Impossible," was his verdict on the locked antlers. "It never could have happened in nature." And the tone was as of one who says a thing and it is. To contradict and controvert; to declare that the thing was possible in nature; to make affirmation, if need were, that oneself had been in the swamp and in person had found the antlers interlocked—this was the impetuous impulse of the moment; but one look at the dear old lady by his side dispelled the thought. What he said was law and gospel with her, that was clearly to be seen, and if he declared that this thing couldn't happen in nature, it couldn't and there was the end of it. Give over to the teeth of the porcupines all the locked horns of the wilderness; perish every buck solitary and alone; but let not this wifely faith in the dictum of her lord be shaken one jot or tittle.

One thing not shown in the Sportsmen's Exposition, but deserving of a place there, was a buffalo chip. The plains traveler of to-day knows nothing of the chip save by tradition; and yet we saw in Madison Square Garden the other day more than one grizzled old-timer whose heart would have beaten more quickly at sight of the familiar object. In the exposition of 1896 there shall be a buffalo chip; the FOREST AND STREAM has already commissioned a trusted agent to secure the relic.

Massachusetts Game Laws Repealed!

Everybody may shoot anything any time.

That would be a startling headline for news from Massachusetts; and we rejoice that it is not true. Yet the condition of things in that Commonwealth could hardly be more desperate in some sections were the game laws actually repealed and blotted out. Read the notes printed to-day from Shirley, with their story of May potting of game and song birds. That is a reign of deviltry that could not be outdone if the game laws were actually repealed. What is the particular advantage, we may ask, of the statutes if they are unenforced? And with spring shooting of nesting birds in New England, what need is there of our naturalists seeking in the cold winter of the South an agency to account for the scarcity of the songsters?

Up to the hour of our going to press Governor Morton had not signed the Donaldson game bill, which, among other provisions, would permit the sale of game the year around. The interests of game protection in New York and other States tributary to its markets would be best served if the bill should be vetoed. Whatever may be the event, there is reason to believe that we shall have another siege of game law tinkering next winter; for the Senate committee will go on another round of hearings this summer. One of the last resolutions of the late session was put in by Senator Childs, and provided that he and his fellow committeemen, Donaldson and Guy, should visit Canada and other sections "in order to secure unanimity in the game laws." That probably means nothing more harmless than junketing; but Chairman Donaldson has shown that he is capable of mischief; and it would be a good thing for the game interests of the State if he could be persuaded by his district to stay at home when the next Legislature meets.

It is said that John Liberty, who has been for many years the clerk of the Chief State Game Protector's office in Albany, must now be "fired out" because he is a Democrat. Mr. Liberty is an efficient and honest man, in a position which his long experience and faithful discharge of duty should insure to him so long as he may be able to fill it. But he is not a Republican. The new board of commissioners hold that an individual's politics are of more moment than his qualifications and record. The president of this board of fisheries and game and forests boasts that he does not know hardwood timber from soft, nor an eel from a sucker; but he does know politics, and when it comes to bouncing clerks and protectors to make berths for men of his own party he is right at home. The removal of Hawn and the threatened removal of Northrup give some hint of the demoralization that is to come to the force of protectors if the commission shall go on as it has begun.

The story of Mithridates' duck has been retold by a Boston physician, who brings it out to show that antitoxine is no new thing. Mithridates lived and reigned and went duck hunting two thousand years ago. Pliny tells us that the monarch rendered himself proof against poison by inoculating himself with the blood of a certain wild duck which was reputed to subsist wholly upon substances fatal to mankind. This shows, says the Boston man, that the antitoxine idea antedates the Christian era. Our notion is that this physician has not read his Livy with an enlightened mind, for it is prudent sometimes not to interpret these old authors too literally. Translated with the light of our own modern experience, what Livy meant to relate was this: That amid his wars and conquests and affairs of state the great monarch made time to go duck shooting, and in the pursuit of the wildfowl he found such rest and recreation, and renewal of strength and refreshing of soul, that it was as if he had partaken of a magic elixir. That, we may be certain, is all there is in Livy's wild duck story and the Boston doctor's ancient antitoxine theory.

What Mithridates did in Asia twenty centuries ago you may do in America to-day. Here and now are wild ducks of virtues as protent as there and then; and in the pursuit of them, on marsh and slough and river and bay, may be found renewal of strength and refreshment of spirit, and strength and courage, clearness of vision and joy of being.

If only, when autumn shall have come, you will break that chain.

It is naughty for little boys to rob birds' nests in May, but there is a youngster in Passaic, N. J., whose tree-climbing exploits have brought him such fame and fortune that his example will go far toward stimulating anew the army of nest robbers. When this fortunate young gentleman had shinned up the tree after a strange nest, he found his prize to be a tin box containing a wad of bills amounting to $1,000. Is there any actual bird's nest one might find in these times worth a thousand dollars?

The most valuable birds' eggs are those no longer to be found in nests. At an auction sale in London this year an egg of the extinct great auk sold for $900, a sum pretty near to the Passaic boys' find. Auk eggs are so rare that this $900 specimen would probably have brought a higher price if it had not been for the recent death of an auk egg collector, who had in his possession nine eggs; and these nine eggs, to be thrown on the market, were enough to depreciate values. In times past auk eggs sold for $1,000 and $1,500. The collector of the nine eggs, the late Mr. Champley, of Scarborough, Eng., was an enthusiastic student of great auk lore and statistics. Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier tells us in the London *Field* that Mr. Champley compiled a list of all the skins known and of their location, the number of skeletons known and also of the eggs and bones. In this list, which was published in 1888, he recorded the total number of skins as being seventy-nine, of which the British Isles possess twenty-two, ten being in museums; the total number of skeletons ten, of which eight fortunately are preserved in museums; the total number of eggs sixty-eight, of which the British Isles possess forty-five, and of these twelve are in public collections.

The Sportsman Tourist.

OUTING ON PINE ISLAND.

ST. PETERSBURG, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Three of us, who had rather fish than eat, chartered a small sharpie, and after fitting her out with wood, water and provisions, we sailed out of the harbor with Pine Island for our objective point.

We had to beat against a heavy sea and flood tide until we cleared Point Pinelos, when we had a free sheet, and fairly flew from the top of one roller to another. In about two hours we again changed our course, bringing the wind on the beam, when we began to roll so badly that one of the party got seasick.

Our course now took us over about three miles of shoals, through which we could clearly see the bottom every foot of the way. With our centerboard well drawn up, we fairly flew wing and wing over water that was in many places only a foot deep, and which at low tide left only a series of naked sandbars. We beat our sharpie through the long and deep Pass à Grille against wind and tide, and finally ran out on the great Gulf of Mexico. Sailing along the west coast of Pine Key until we entered a land-locked cove, we beached our boat and took possession of an old weather-beaten house which had long been occupied on and off by fishermen.

After cleaning house, we nailed mosquito bars over the open windows, moved in our provisions and bedding. From pine knots we made a camp-fire, over which our kettles and frying-pans were soon singing.

A sloop hove in sight, headed for our dock. With a field glass we could see ladies on board, and, as we could also see bedding and boxes of provisions on deck, we concluded the intruders had designs on our pre-emption. We held a council of peace and concluded to give the ladies the best room of the four, take the two next best rooms for ourselves, and courteously permit the men to occupy the remaining poorest room. We greeted them politely. Before we could tell them our plan of dividing the rooms, the captain coolly informed us that he was the owner of a part of the island, including the house we had pre-empted. We speedily made a compromise by taking the poorest room. This party was headed by a Baptist preacher, with son and daughter, a photographer and wife, a young widow, a young "cracker" merchant and the Floridian skipper. The preacher complained because there were no chairs, napkins or teaspoons. In consideration of his profession, the ladies gave him the best of the two rooms that the captain had assigned for their exclusive use.

The key which we occupied had a poor sandy soil. The island was sparsely covered with palm, wateroak and mangrove trees, under which grew a coarse, saw blade grass unfit for stock, but well adapted to hiding rattlers, of which we saw none. Way out eight miles from our camp the Government has anchored a "whistling buoy," which makes a never-to-be-forgotten mournful sound as each great wave fills the wind whistle with air, warning mariners that there is great danger lurking under the water that covers Boca Ceige shoals.

About two miles northwest we saw a sand key that was fringed with a long line of scrubby mangrove trees. We took the sharpie, sailed out and made a landing under the lee of the trees. We waded out and soon found a clam bed, where we "trod for clams," which we found in great plenty. Then we gathered shells and curios until near sundown, when we returned to our boat. We found it high and dry. After waiting two long hours, we got under way and sailed home. After supper the whole party found easy positions around the camp-fire and sang some plantation melodies.

The next morning the minister and his party took their departure. During the day we caught a fine string of mackerel and one large grouper. There are a great many quail on the island, but as we brought no gun, they were safe. Evenings we generally took a stroll on the beach and watched the sun as it sank into the water, looking like a great ball of fire heated to a cherry red.

We are up with the sun—no one lingers in such a bed, namely, a single blanket spread on the pine floor—and take in the morning fishing, never failing to get enough for breakfast. For a butter-dish we used a large clam shell. For salt and pepper dishes we use scollop shells. We drank our coffee from tin cups, which we kept bright by scouring with sand and water, and clean and polish our iron knives, forks and spoons in the same manner. For light, we use home-made candles.

The old house was much out of repair. Indeed, no small part of the building had been used up in fuel for camp-fires. The "small truck" farmers had robbed the building of its windows and doors, and the only furniture we found was a rough board table, which we scrubbed with sand and lime juice until it was comparatively clean.

For all time to come we shall have infinite respect for the woman who keeps kettles and kitchen clean and tidy.

On the same day that we arrived a 10-ton schooner came in from the Gulf and remained over night. As her captain and crew landed at midnight, carrying baskets of merchandise to a sandy plateau in the middle of the island, we concluded they were smugglers. Before daylight they sailed in a southerly direction.

After breakfast we took their track and tried to find the *cache*, but we might as well have tried to find a track in the water as in the sand of this plateau.

Two days afterward a sharpie came in from the bay with three men on board, who told us they came to fish, but as they had no ice nor salt, we concluded they were confederates of the smuggler. During the following night they, having the bearings of the *cache*, brought back the goods in sacks and sailed up the bay toward Tampa. We were told that Pine Island and Long Key are much used as a rendezvous by smugglers, for the reason that Government vessels never run in at Pass à Grille.

The wind blew a gale from the southwest for two days. With every wave we could see some small shells that quickly dug holes in the sand. They were about as large as a bean, varied in color, with shells so soft that we could crush them with thumb and finger. They are called pompano shells.

The pompano is the choicest and most expensive fish that swims in the Gulf. They are not beautiful like the Spanish mackerel, but they stand at the head as a table fish. They have fewer bones than any other fish. Their bones are soft and largely disappear in cooking. The meat is fine-grained and rich in flavor. They have no teeth. Indeed they need no teeth, for they do not live upon other fish, but upon the above described soft pompano shells. They do not bite at a hook, and are taken only with gill-nets. They have no scales, and are as smooth and as easily dressed as a brook trout. They bring fifty cents per pound, fresh, in Northern markets.

R. P. BELL.

THE MUSEUM CARIBOU.

[*Continued from page 409.*]

NUEL went in the rain to his snares. He found three hanging up dripping with water. Two of these rabbits (hares) were not quite gray, as we say, on one side. It was brown on one, and the rump was the same color—as though the winter had not quite changed it.

This was Sunday, and we were to have a rabbit stew for dinner. For amusement I wanted to try my hand upon a stew. Of course I could not do as Maria taught me years ago, but I could make noodles of prepared flour; and that it was good the quantity that Nuel ate was proof. After he had eaten more than a whole rabbit he remarked, with a smack and pat of his stomach, "Good, Doc'or. You beat squaw an' white cook. Me like dem dis kine rabbit. Mose so good as moose. We never starbe wid dis dinnie."

Well, I thought myself it was pretty good, though it lacked all vegetables, even onions. There was rabbit, slips of bacon, salt, pepper and dumplings dropped in gravy. It was well I learned to make this stew. We found its use afterward.

The camp outside was damp, and everything was dripping with water. I noticed, too, that Nuel seemed to have a little cold, and I felt myself like clearing my throat very often. But the rain continued the following day, and in consequence Nuel could not start until 12, and then the short brush drenched him. He insisted on going. He said, "Dis good time for hunt um. Not make no noise. You watch um from tree. Tell me w'at you see."

We found no rabbits in the snare. The cause, he tells me, was because "It not run in rain. He hate wet."

I busied myself during the afternoon in chopping more billets. I wanted to have plenty of wood. Nuel returned by 3, and a more bedraggled man I never saw. I could see, too, that something was weighing on his heart besides his heavy clothes. I said nothing, though, except to remark, "Well, Nuel, you are wet. Get off those clothes and put around you your blanket and my comfortable. We will dry your clothes soon."

"Oha, bad luck" said Nuel. "Me is so sorry. Too bad, too bad. Cou'n't help."

Of course, I was very anxious to know what had occurred, but said nothing until I had made the pancakes. Meanwhile Nuel, half clad, shivered occasionally as he turned around to the blazing fire. When we were seated he commenced. "Doc'or, me sad. Me sorry you call. I dis'poin.

"Why! What is the reason? What has disappointed you?"

"Berry much. Dis ticulum ticulum in my trote make me mose crazy. Made me lose callebou. An' de more me try not ahem hem, an' den it seem all de worse. Me tot me hear calleboo comin' dis way. Me lissen. Me try to shut my trote, but it will ticulum ticulum. Den me put leaf in my mouf. Mose choke my trote, but it will ticulum. Me sit down and lissen. No more soun' for good w'ile. Den me wait. Not hear um sound. Me say day gone. Me fine dem 'reckly. Well, me go on careful an' den dat ticulum ticulum come again. Cou'n't help, an' away went calleboo, two, four, six. Oh me dreadful sorry. Can't sleep, me afraid."

"Oh never mind, Nuel. It was unfortunate."

"Un-for-tu-nate. Worse dan dat. It make me lose um dat calleboo."

But it was not many minutes before I found something that might be worse than Nuel's disappointment and my loss. I found that Nuel continued to cough and I heard from time to time a hoarse sound in his chest. From experience I knew what was seated in the breast of many Indians and how many would die of consumption. Nuel was among the doomed ones. But how to help and save him was now the question with me. I saw his flushed face and his restlessness as he turned from side to side.

In my box were a few remedies intended for myself, if needed, but how could I minister to Nuel was the question. I first gave him a little muriate of ammonia to allay the cough. Then in a little time I said: "Now, Nuel, I must give you something more [his head seemed heavy and his eyelids dropped down]; I am going to take the same myself. I think it will be good for you. It is very bitter. I am going to take a little brandy with it too."

Brightening up—"Some rum. Me guess it will do belly good."

"Yes, but you must take some quinine with it."

"Can't me take de rum firs' an' den de med'cin'?"

"Why yes, but it will make the medicine taste the worse."

"Nev' mine. Me can take anyt'ing affer rum."

I took about 5grs. of quinine and a teaspoonful of brandy and swallowed it. Nuel preferred to take his in a tablespoonful of cold tea. I mixed it with 12 or 14grs. of quinine and a moderate drink of brandy in a tin cup, as a reward for taking it Nuel made a gulp of the tea and quinine. He thought it was going right down without difficulty, but he found he had to swallow more than once to get it down. His exclamation was: "Oh, Doc'or! dat de worse med'cin' me ever tas'ed. Screw me all up. Worse dan wile turnip an' skunk cabbage root."

But the brandy and water was swallowed without complaining. I told him to be careful and keep his blanket and comfortable around him. "Never mind," I said, "if you feel hot. It will make you well."

"Ah! me un'erstan' you. It good for belly trote. Dribe out pain."

"And now, Nuel, if your head sings and you can't think well, don't mind it. You will feel better next afternoon."

With these precautions Nuel went to sleep. I could hear him muttering from time to time, but he slept well. Not until the morning did he speak. Then he said: "Doc'or, dis drunk not gone away. Ear sing an' head fall doun. Me fraid me sick."

I simply said: "Oh, no, Nuel. You are all right. Sleep as long as you can. You don't cough now and no ticulum. By and by I will give you some dinner."

"Me all right, you say, Doc'or?"

"Yes, and to-morrow you will feel well."

"Is dat so? All right. Me do as you say, but me berry sorry me lose calleboo an' gib you trouble."

"Are you nice and comfortable, Nuel? Are you warm?"

"Yees, Doc'or, berry comfor'ble. Me go 'sleep. Eyes shut um up. Can't help um."

And poor fellow, he did sleep, and I imagined never on a more comfortable couch than this. He did not awake until after 2 o'clock.

During the morning I went to the snares. It had rained nearly all night and we found only one rabbit. This was made for a stew, as Nuel thought. From hour to hour I visited our tree, as I could. It rained so hard and so frequently I did not dare to visit it very often. Oh, what a dreary day! The sky like lead and only occasionally rifts of light and gusts of wind and rain that would threaten to upturn the roots. I noticed, too, that there was sleet with the rain and appearance of colder weather. The most of my time was spent with my chopping block. Between times I would chop until we had enough wood, but it required a deal of billets.

As I said, soon after 2 Nuel woke up. His eyes and his face looked better, especially after he had demolished two cups of coffee and the most of a rabbit and two large pancakes. His exclamation was: "Me guess drunk all gone. You said not drunk. Me Glad. You said me goin' to be well morrow. It goin' to be cole an' snow, I t'ink.

The weather was very much as Nuel said. Next morning everything was covered with ice and snow. "No doubt," I said, "it is one of those November storms that almost invariably come at this time." Nuel said: "Me guess it goin' freeze up swamp. We mus' have hunt now. Good time."

But I said: "No, no, Nuel; not to-day. Go to-morrow. Then you will be well and see how the ticulum is." He coaxed very hard to let him go; but no, I said, and laid his gun over by my side of the camp. "What would I do?" I urged. "What would I do if you were sick and we had nothing to eat?"

"Umph. Yees, yees. Me see; but me wan' to hunt all de same."

The day was not eventful. When Nuel came back from his snares he found another rabbit and, to my astonishment, an old cock partridge was hanging up without its head. I knew there had been no shooting around here, and I was led to ask Nuel how it came.

"Berry funny. I was set snare—one, t'ree, two, an' me only gone little way w'en me hear drum, drum, drum. Jus' like fly an' drummin', an' me say, 'mus' see dis.' Den me see. Neck caught by snare. Goin' to strangle. Me cut off kcch. Make um blood. You said bes' to kill."

And there was still more to interest me. The air was very still after the storm of yesterday, and I noticed an unusual sky. The heaven was much like ashes, with only a dim spot in the firmament. Even the Canada jays seemed silent, and a few chickadees, that turned upside and underside as they hunted for food, simply called *teek*. It was so dark before 3 o'clock that it appeared like evening. Nuel remarked, "Me t'ink goin' be snow. Dat good. Me see um plain. Not make um much noise."

But next morning we had more snow than Nuel had bargained for. Everything was covered to the depth of eighteen inches or perhaps two feet, and the snow was piling up as fast as ever. The camp was so warm that we had to open our bark opening, and the camp poles appeared to bend under the weight of the snow. From time to time the fireplace would hiss with steam as pieces of falling snow would tumble in from the apex. Nuel had to shovel with his snowshoes a way to the spring. Everything that could possibly bear a flake of snow was laden with it. The spruce trees and firs, large and small, seemed like white tents throughout the landscape. But Nuel was determined to try his luck at 9 o'clock—snow as it did—and it seemed to me to snow just as hard as ever. It could not be less than two and a half feet. His suggestion was, "Doc'or, you had better stay roun' wigwam. Freese han's an' slip if you walk, an' berry, berry easy to lose in woods."

However, it was not long before Nuel returned. He looked woebegone and tired enough to fall down. His words were, "Ush! My Doc'or! Me so glad to see you. No luck but dees rabbit. Eberyt'ing bury in snow. Skirls can't run, nor rabbit; only plunge aroun' an' flounce, you call. Me never saw worse snow. Snare no good. Can't fine no more. S'pose you gib me leettle rum? Do my belly good. You see on back—two rabbit."

"No, no, Nuel. Rum bad for Indian. You go and dry your clothes and put a blanket on you. I will give you some coffee and plenty of my squaw food. That is best for you."

"Well, maybe; you know bes'. But I like um rum."

The truth was, I had not much brandy. I only kept it for emergencies.

Before Nuel had arrived home I found a great change in the weather. The snow had been changing into rain. By 2 o'clock it was raining hard and before evening the plastered snow limbs and loaded branches gave way with a rush. But before 10 o'clock the weather changed. We could feel it too, and I had to close our back door. However, everything looked cosy and warm inside the camp. We could make all the heat we wanted and with not very much smoke.

Next morning everything was frozen up and we could walk where we liked on the crust. As early as we could see, Nuel ascended our tree, but made no report until a little after sunrise. Then he reported. "Doc'or, you jus' come an' see de calleboo—one, tr'ee, five. One big one—you call stag—two smaller an' two two-year-old."

And sure enough, there was a little band, walking along in regular order, going out, it was evident, with the intent of visiting the little island, as Nuel called it.

From this place it seemed to be about a mile and a half away, but from the edge of the outer woods not more than three quarters of a mile. But now everything was excitement with Nuel and I think considerable excitement with myself. Nuel's charge was: "Now, Doc'or, me must go an' see if me can't get to udder side of islan'. Calleboo done smell quite so much as moose, but he see on snow an' hear crus' berry good. You hab better stay here an' watch um tree, an' w'en calleboo start to come dis way (he will come dis way, me tink) right down dare—you see, hollow place—den you be ready. If me miss um, get some calleboo any kine—if you can."

I listened very attentively to his charge and in a short time Nuel was away.

Meanwhile my attention was given to the little band and then to my surroundings. And first of my surroundings. As I looked in a general way, we saw only a wide lake of snow, bordered by the distant evergreen hills that might be ten miles away. Then as I looked more attentively I saw larger or smaller dark patches, and in one place what might have been a small stream. It was more than simple patches, they seemed to run too much in places, and I thought they must be the general run of the bog. Then as I looked closely, I saw that this was not a mere waste of snow—like a lake or a prairie. No, I could see above the snow and small spruce trees, and some of them just above the top of sticks and bushes. And I could see two bleached dwarfed beeches and lifeless alders, and mixed among them the withered leaves of oaks that trembled in the air.

But now the sun is shining and the crust is glistening in my eyes, and I can see a deeper shade of color than that that fringed the border of the barren. But, above all, my attention is fixed most closely on the little island, as we have called it, with its higher spruces and longer fringe of trees. I can see these quite plainly. One of the caribou seems to be pawing at the ground, and his front feet and his nose are beneath the snow. And just beyond him, not two rods away, is a large boulder. It is perfectly white, and the rock might be thought to resemble an immense white elephant lying down.

But see those caribou—two seem to be lying down. They are so mixed up with those browned oaks that it is hard to tell what they are. I wonder will Nuel get any? I have waited for a long time now, it seems to me (only two hours), since Nuel left. I don't see him. He was to return in an hour to try and see if he could not get a shot. I am looking most carefully to see if I cannot detect his approach. But no. Nothing in sight but a few stunted spruces. But what is that? It seems to me I see a new place is coming under my vista. Does it change? It does, I declare. See how this bush changes! Yes, I see something like a spruce bush. I did not see those same bushes nor in the same position before. Take a line. Yes, the bush has changed. That bush was not there before, and now—see, the spot is coming this way. Yes, yes, there is a thick-branched spruce—nearing and nearing. It stops and then turns to the right and then to the left, and although Nuel is approaching—sometimes almost straight to my watch tree—I can see his dodge to get under the boulder and the island fringe.

Now I watched, as I suppose I never watched Nuel before. I cannot see him distinctly. Maybe I imagine, but he is approaching. I think I can see the heel of his moccasin as he steps. His body is too close to the bush for me to see more. Now he is very cautious. He turns to the left. Now he makes a few steps forward. Now I can see the skirt of his short coat—now his shoulder—now his English cap. Now he pauses and I pause, too.

I can see the caribou. Three are digging under the crust and two are lying down. A fine stag, I could see, was pawing, and I judged hooking up the crust.

But look! I see a bluish puff of smoke. Then four animals as for a moment in consternation stood and circled around, and the fifth made off in a straight line, with his head lower than when he came from the timber to the island.

But this is no time for me to look. I must be down as soon as I can and try to intercept the flight.

It did not require more than six minutes to get to my station and I was ahead of the caribou, but I could hear him as he came along crushing through the crust. The four were in advance of the stag—two females and two yearling males. And the stag I could see was tired and I thought badly hurt. He comes right along though, only pausing for a moment as though he wanted to rest. This was my chance and I fire. The ball struck the animal just behind the fore shoulder and with a convulsive shudder it was dead.

When it fell I must confess a curious sensation overcame me. It was a kind of remorse—as much as to say: "Well, you have obtained what you wanted and the poor harmless thing is dead. Does it pay?" But men do not analyze their sensations. It is not good perhaps at times, and, as I heard Nuel rushing on through the brush I forgot those death spasms only a few rods away.

Nuel's exclamation was: "Well, Doc'or, you got um shot. Did you kill um?"

"Oh yes, Nuel."

"W'at! got um dead?"

"Yes."

"Not run more?"

"No. There he is. See him?"

"He! ho! horoah! Ain't me glad! Me so glad me wan' to shake um han' like Englese do."

"Well, come along, Nuel. Now the thing is to get home."

"Ugh. Never mine 'bout dis. Me know de ways to get back. Blenty eat for a good long time."

With Nuel we inspected the stag. His question was: "Now, Doc'or, done you t'ink dis good 'pecimen? No poin's broken."

"Yes, Nuel, it is a very fair specimen. Not so large as some I have heard of, but a very good one indeed."

Of course, the caribou was measured and at once the skinning commenced. It was nearly noon now, and as Nuel said, "Skin come off good now," may be he had some idea too of a caribou steak for dinner. Not many minutes after the skinning began he remarked: "No more squaw meat." And pausing, as it were, to think of what he said, he added, "but Doc'or, you make so good as Englese an' F'ench cook."

Dinner over, Nuel told me about the stag. "Well, Doc-'or, me berry glad here. Only luck. Berry bad walkin' firs'. Snow all pile up in heap un'er tree. Little cradle hill, you call, an' den crust won't bear me some time. Take long time to get to bog, an' den dat white field. How me get there 'cross dat snow lake—it was guessin'. Me t'ink can't crawl, can't hide myse'f behin' brush. No, no brush in some place. Den me say me get big brush, wide, get two, make dem t'ick an' me walk behin' bush. Had to go berry careful. Only more slow on line where we see little stag. Udder ones not see him. But leetle stag he see, dough he was lyin' down. Saw him rise up he head more 'an once, an' his ear, too. But me had leetle peep-hole, an' w'en stag seem 'larm, me stan' long time. Not move till head down. Den I move, get sideway, get tudder, get 'hine again of bush. Now me 'gin to tumble. No care for calleboo, but for you. You wan' dem so much.

"But w'en me got 'hine big white rock den me walk fas', an' more slow away from rock. Me see udder bushes, get 'hine udder bush, creep up. Big, fine stag, me say, 'He no smell um me. Win' away.' Big stag, he pawin' wid his big hoof an' me t'o't punch some crus' wid his horn. He w'at we call moss, eatin' it. W'en he not hab his head up me crawl, an' young stag 'hine brown leaves an' udder tree away from leetle one, me not see um till I fires. But 'reckly me t'ink me near 'nuff for shot. Can't get no near widout me fright him. He head to me. Dat not good. Say, 'mus' shoot in neck, close to shoulder. Me make prayer. Bang! An' jus' as me shoot me t'inks, 'You said cuss word 'bout Paul,' an' away went stag an' udder calleboo. An' me said in my mine de Good Spirit punish me for my cuss word. An' me say cou'n't help. Me sorry now.

"But big stag he went off. He some sick. Me saw some spot ob blood an' he leetle lame, but he not blood much. (You say me hurt him bad—blood inside.) Den, you know, me run fas' as me can. Felt [hem-hem-hem] ticulum all de time. Me t'ink a leetle rum would cure um now. W'at you t'ink, Doc'or?"

"Oh, I only have a little, Nuel. Must save it. You might be sick or I might."

"Dat berry sad, you get sick. Me wish you hab blenty rum, dough."

"It would be bad for you, Nuel."

"He! he! Me like to try one bad. Not w'en it hurt, I s'pose, me like um rum. Never mind. Calliboo here. Paul did not fool me. Me will be good wid him. He try me. Me done like deceive—you call. *Hoo hoo*, jus' as owl say, an' dat *snicher*,"

"What do you mean by this *snicher*, Nuel?"

"Well, me mean w'at you call squirrel. W'en he run upside down—make he tail w'en he head down—flat he body, like fly squirrel, say '*smitchet, smitchet*'—dat one kine ob him. Den, w'en he turn up he body—run up tree berry fas'—mock—say snick, snick, snick; he 'nudder kine. Den mose importan' is dis—up, chit—me; me, me, fit, fit; peffer, me, seeket, fee, an' sit on rump, an' wag he tail up an' down; shake it."

"Well, Nuel, what does that mean?"

"All de same as good luck. Mean um same. Calleboo gone dis way. Look out. Be careful an' you catch him.

"But de worse of all is what you call um bluejay. He be a berry debbil. He make me lossun more 'an once."

"Why, what does he do, Nuel?"

"Oh, dat bluejay, w'en you hear him say *pe-ya, pe-ya, pe-ya*—fas' as he can—den look out. De fun is end den. An' dat deebird, he putty bad, too; w'en he say *dee, dee, dee*, he mean somethin', too. But w'en he say *pe, tee*—whistle [slow, high up, low down], dat not bad. He mean he happy. Sing more in late spring. Bluejay he say *run, run, run*. Deebird—*dee, dee, dee*, mean same as *see, see, see*—somefin' goin' on. Meat hawk, moose bird, Canada jay, you call. He putty quiet 'cept w'en he berry hungie. He too busy to pay 'tension to animal. He say *wht, wht, wht*, or somethin' like dat. Maybe he mean scrap, an' he quiet only so all kine of animal may eat up w'ot left. Me goin' to gib meat hawk now. Me so glad to give him feas. Now me goin' begin toboggan. Two better dan one. Me tell you reason morrow. Me glad to look out ob wigwam an' see skin an' horn right un'er my eye."

After dinner I left Nuel to his own devisings, nor did I see him again until just before tea time. Then he returned with some large hoop poles, I would call them, with pieces of wood, I saw, for pins. He looked very much pleased, and his remark was, "Got w'ot me wan', Doc'or. Make toboggan—two of 'em. Good for crus'—easy. Hope it las' t'ree day. Guess it will."

Soon after supper Nuel said, "Doc'or, me goin' morrow mornin' to our firs' place for hunt, w'ere me left canoe. Wan' to see canoe. Good trabbling now. Can go an' back 'for dinnie. Not so far as we walk. Me goin' to carry one hine leg for calleboo along wid it. Day af'er morrow me wan' you come if wedder fine. Get early start. Go all way to 'foolhouse.' Den if freese hard all way to you inn. You un'erstan', Doc'or? You be ready?"

"Yes; and I think it is a good plan. I will get ready by to-morrow and we can start the day following. You had better take my heavy gun with your leg of caribou."

"Yes, make lighter. Very easy af'er we get to canoe. Run right along, 'cept rapids or airhole. I watch."

And so, after an early breakfast, Nuel started, as he said, on his toboggan, with his venison and gun, and returned home just before dinner.

"Firs' rate," was his exclamation. "Canoe not spoil at all, only on one bow, high up, leetle crack. Branches came down on snow heavy, pile um all up. But moccasin berry thin. Me can't get you skin—he, he! Nev' mine, me fix 'em 'enight."

But now I was so absorbed in my cleansing of the caribou head that I hardly gave a thought of the herd until Nuel came. Moose bird, meat hawks, chickadees, squirrels, all left me alone. At least I did not hear them until after Nuel came. I even forgot to climb the watch tree, much to Nuel's disgust.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The Cat and Game.

THERE is no kind of vermin so destructive to bird life as the domestic cat, if that animal acquires habits of roaming and hunting. The fox is not nearly so bad as he is painted. An examination of the contents of the stomach of those killed will show usually that field mice are largely consumed, and when hungry they will eat grasshoppers and crickets with evident relish. The otter is supposed to be a rare animal in settled regions, but from its shyness and noctural habits, it may escape observation even when traces of its existence are frequently found. It is said that eels are its favorite food. I am told that a specimen or two still haunt Rockland Lake.—*Haverstraw (N. Y.) News.*

Canoe Trip to Hudson's Bay.

Messrs. Kirkwood & McKinnon, the enterprising Sault Ste. Marie guides, write us that they have six sportsmen already booked for their first Hudson's Bay expedition, which will leave June 20.

They will journey by steamer to Jockfish Bay on Lake Superior, from which point their route runs north through numerous lakes and rivers to the Albany River. This river will furnish them a highway to James Bay. The whole trip, including the return, will only take about thirty days.

"MUD-PLUGGING."

ONCE in a great while a slur hits me in a tender spot and I feel inclined to squeal. "H. W. D. L." did that last week. Hence this squeal.

Now, I don't claim to be a bit broader-minded than the average man; yet I do try to get in as much enjoyment out of diverse things as possible, and if I light on something that I don't enjoy I try to believe that some one else does and thus admit that it has its own excuse for being.

Fifty weeks in the year I'm a "shut in." I wasn't made for one exactly. I may growl to myself because I am. Yet duty to others may after all be as good a motive for an existence and demnition grinding as charging a battery to order. So I try to make up for it through imagination.

I admit that much of the dog chat is Greek to me. Thirty years ago my last dog died by poison, and to this day I know how a man feels who wants to commit justifiable homicide. And yet now and then I light on a column that is not outside of my capacity of hearty enjoyment—often enough, too, to make it worth my while to be patient for the search through unknown and unknowable matters, and to be glad that there are others to whom there is so much enjoyment which is a sealed book to me.

I grant that yachting is largely an imaginative pleasure to me. But once did I ever handle the tiller (of a catboat lobstering). Yet sea terms are familiar words to me, and the old skipper doubted my veracity when I stated that I had never steered a sailing craft before—till events half an hour afterward convinced him. For this practical ignorance means simply that what friends I have are not yachtsmen, and one naturally doesn't get sailing invitations from friends who don't know him; so I enjoy as much of yacht talk as I can understand, and am too grateful for such crumbs to grudge the more knowing their technicalities.

I confess that I am no sort of a shot,—eyesight must stand the brunt of that excuse. Still I could probably hit one of friend Hough's bears if I was near enough—and not too near, just right, so to speak. And I dearly love one of J. G. Rich's reminiscent yarns, knowing the dear old man as I do. A rattling, racy description of a trap-match is a joy to me, though I couldn't hit a driver to save me, and never bet a dollar in my life. [I'm a little weak on that point perhaps, for I confess I never could see the fun of betting—perhaps from lack of capital which I could afford to lose. Still, I know there are plenty in the world who can afford to, and if they can get more happiness—and do more good with it—in that way, why, o. k.]

I own that I never saw a salmon outside of a fish market or a dinner-course. No friend of mine owns a salmon stream that I am aware. Nor did I ever catch a 4lbs. black bass. Yet the half-dozen odd two-pounders which I have taken for my share of the world's sport have educated me enough to read with avidity every angling line, and—up to 2½lbs. I have been high line in more than one trouting party. The Magalloway is not altogether *aqua incognita* to me, and I would rather fish than eat any day. [By the way, what on earth do the fellows do with the "five or six tarpon a week" which they are catching? Can such celestial hunger exist in terrestrial stomachs?] And yet again, rain or high water have made my last two lake trips failures, since I cannot afford expensive guides and must take my outing when it is allowed—in midsummer. So I take it out in reading about the fun of others. Good boys! I'd like to pat you all on the back, if I had the fingers of Briareus.

But now here comes "H. W. D. L." and in one stilleto innuendo accuses me, together with the great army of bicyclers, of "mud-plugging," *i. e.*, riding with eyes glued to the road. My dear Alphabetical Section, I must cry, "Hold up! Ye know not what ye do."

There are lots of duffers, of course, in any sport. There are still more tenderfeet, and must be, or where would the veterans come from? Look sharper, friend, and you will find that as a rule it is not the vet. who rides that way.

Ten to one you will find him as erect as a gentleman; at least, so you will find him in this latitude. To the young and rapid, speed is the all in all, be it with horse, yacht, bike or balloon. As we grow older and acquire some education we find that the world around us is of a beauty not to be overlooked save by the few and rare nature-blind, color-blind and note-deaf, who are mercifully unaware of their disadvantages and thus are still open to the happiness that their limits allow. With my love for outdoor sport, and my out-of-the-running for most of it, a world of enjoyment is still open to me at five o'clock every pleasant morning. I have but to descend from my eyrie, take my wheel from the basement, and in half an hour I am five miles away from the roar of the city. Eyes on the road? Not much! Eyes everywhere else. Eyes roaming across the hedges, with best glasses on, watching the birds getting their breakfasts, the squirrels all undisturbed by my noiseless approach [I barely escaped running over a big gray] at their matutinal skirmishing, the sunlight, the sweet notes twittering from the leaves! My physique, H. D., is not up to long tramps. A four mile walk is apt to weary me beyond comfort. Yet my wheel gives me the power to enjoy the shifting scenes in a morning for, say, three hours—one out, one back, one roamin g around, perhaps with my "horse" locked to a tree—and a distance of say 25 miles comfortably enjoyed. How much time did you have to devote to that 50 mile tramp, did you say?

I have wondered just how much agony a painometer would have measured in your small boy before his boyish pride would permit him to own that he was played out. Had you taken that trip on a tandem, you would have had the same enjoyment, as your nature well indicates, and as much more as new scenes, permitted by the extra space per hour that could be covered, would allow. More; when the little fellow was tired, your greater strength would be able to assist him without much strain on your own resources. You could even "go it alone" for a time with fair comfort, and thus afford him a good rest. Then how much happier you both would be, whirring along together afterward! Yes, H. D., WheeL and be happy.

In the rain? Certainly, if you see fit.* One of my happiest rides was a burst through a rainy section at high speed, with the water whistling down in sheets and the

*Moreover, is it not better to exercise even thus than to study street loafing as a fine art, as would be the course of instruction of many a now most rapid youth if he were wheel-less?

mud flying till I felt like a duck—a most glorious relapse backward over more than a quarter century and into my mud-pie days! I don't know that I would exactly recommend it as a paying investment of time, however, in view of cleaning up afterward; but one can thus acquire more real estate in a minute than by any other method known to me—without capital.

An yet, "cleaning up" is not unhappy. Much of our wet Easter Sunday—the Sou' Easter, as we call it here—I passed sitting on an inverted bucket tenderly going over my possession. Not a half-inch of that 22lb. wheel failed to gets its share of polish. Cork handle, rubber pedal, wooden rim, spiderweb spoke—they all got it, and yet did not need it. But I loved to do it. Merely to look at it brought to mind so many happy memories when we—the wheel and I—had whistled over the undulating roads together, with never a failure of either in any emergency that arose. It is a different affair from polishing a pair of boots. I always hated to do that. But you brothers of the shooting-iron will understand.

And that reminds me! Some such brother lately commented on the need of a dress or costume for ladies which would be suitable for them while hunting or mountaineering, and lamented the lack.

My friend from the Rockies, there is no lack! Any fair day, around Boston, you could now see dozens of fair ones in exactly the costumes wanted, skimming along awheel. Stouter material, of course, would be needful than what they wear, but the pattern is correct. I have watched it coming for years, and now it is here; and for two two-cent stamps I could put you in the way of it. N. B. This is not an advertisement, as I have nothing to sell, and should probably have to buy what I should send you. Perhaps the better way would be for you to write direct to some bicycle firm that advertises in the FOREST AND STREAM—or that doesn't. J. P. T.

BOSTON.

UNCLE RUSTY AND OLD SILE.

A Backwoods Correspondence.

BY F. BERKELEY SMITH.

Little Otter Pond.

WELL, sir, me and ole Drive got talkin' about ye considerable of late. There ain't nothin' that pleases the ole cuss more'n when I git talkin' about ye. Yer letter with all them pictures about spring done me good. Ole Drive and me hain't been out to the settlement yet. Wall, I say hain't been out, we have mogged it down for what mail I've had, but we hain't stayed none. Goll, I can't stand it to hum' long in these spring days. I can't actilly sleep nights up here in the shanty, thinkin' of the fishin'. The dog says he see some ole whoppers above the big falls; goll, he says they was nice ones. He says he see one that he cal'lated weighed close onto 4lbs. Says he was an awful trout. I been mendin' my ole horsehair line and cut me a pole, and tied up some bungly flies out of some deer hair and some wool from my shirt, and now the old dog says they got to come.

I kin see it now; thar ain't nothin' like fishin' for a feller in the spring. Git up at jest daylight with the woods a-drippin', stretch your legs and shake the blankit, and gap considerable, and take the axe and split off some of the old stump back of the camp. Shave some of them "plumes" we used to call 'em, and pile 'em julluk a wigwam—so—. Thar, now, draw that brimstone kind of hasty over them old homespuns of yourn, and put the rest of 'em back in that leetle box the city feller give ye. Now go down to the brook and fill the kittle and souse your head in the stream, and come back and cook your breakfast and git started soon 's you can, and then paound it for Beaver Medder Brook and strike in at the big hole. Thar, now, put on that bungly tied fly the city feller gave ye and draw it kinder jerky acrost the pool.

Ker slosh! Thar now—don't let him git under that driftwood and give an extry sink to the hook; them old fellers' mouths are pure gristle, and don't you forgit it. Takes considerable power to sink the hook well into 'em. Thar—easy now. Wall, I swan, you did git him, didn't ye? I'll be beat if he ain't a nice one, too—fatter 'n a mink. Bimeby it'll git most noon, and you'll try more 'n a dozen times to stop fishin' and pick out a flat rock to stretch out on and smoke and eat suthin; but ye can't. And when you're so hungry you're hollewer 'n a gourd you'll stop and brile one of them fish, and arter a lickin' good smoke you'll stretch out and shut your eyes and listen to the brook talkin' to itself and grumblin' in under some old rock, and swirlin' around side of ye and purlin' along. Goll, how drowsy it'll make a feller. Open your eyes and see how it flashes along over the stones at the aidge of them ripples.

Bimeby you'll git to fishin' ag'in, and jest at dark you'll be down to the still waters. How black and smooth the water looks ahead of ye; hear them bull bats screamin' overhead. You kin hear a white-throated sparrer, one of them clear, sweet notes, away back in the swamp. How cool it's gittin', and all the time you're gittin' so dummed hungry ye wish ye hadn't come. But ye can't stop fishin'—you ain't got a bushel, but ye got some nice ones; and ye ain't been fishin' slow, have ye? Bimeby it gits so dark ye can't see your line, and you git out of the water and peek about to see how the mountain's a-p'intin', and then leg it for camp, your ole shoes goin' souse-souse-kerswish at every step, and that last trout ye took now and then jumpin' in your basket. Hello! See that red spark between them black trees? That's the camp, and 'tain't no time 'fore you're thar and have slung off the strap from them two sore spots on your shoulders, and have the fire a-blazin' and the kittle a-b'ilin'.

Like as not I never told ye how me and ole Drive ketched forty-two of the nicest speckled trout once through the ice to Otter Pond. We'd had a hard winter, no use talkin'. Ole Drive and me had eat up all thar was in the shanty, and we done our best trappin,' but 'twarn't no use; it'd snow most every day and kiver our traps up 'fore a sapil or a mink could git to 'em, nor we hadn't no fish hook nuther, nor no am'nition. The ole dog he sot up thinkin' what we was a-goin' to do; bimeby he says to me, you git your axe, says he, and come along down to the pond, and I presume likely we'll git some fish, says he. How you goin' to git 'em, says I, when we hain't got no fish hooks? You come down, says he, and I'll show ye. Wall, sir, we done so; the ole dog he went back of the shanty and found an ole sapil head, and I got the axe, and we started for the pond. When we got thar we begun to chop a hole about forty rod from the Fish Rocks. Now, says ole Drive, you git some string and tie that sapil head onto it and hold her over the hole and git a club. Goll! I done so; and 'twarn't a minute 'fore a trout that'd weigh two pound jumped clean out for that sapil head, and I gin it to him with the club, and out he went spinnin' onto the ice; then ole Drive he out after him and fetches him back. Quick as I'd hit 'em Drive he'd go out and git 'em and pile 'em up whar we was, and 'fore we quit we had forty-two of the nicest speckled trout that was ever ketched at Otter Pond.

Wall, sir, they come in good, and don't you forgit it; and they run all the way from a pound to five pound. Wall, we eat what we could and smoked the rest of 'em, and 'twarn't long 'fore the snow begun to melt and we had luck trappin', and that's the time I ketched them beavers.

Ole Drive sends his respects. SILE.

NOTES FROM CAMP NESSMUK.

III.—Snakes and Presentiments.

ONE afternoon an incident occurred in Spook Hollow that gave me something to puzzle over. But to understand it, we must go back a little. A few weeks earlier I was out looking for squirrels on the Big Island which Dan River forms with the Black, down near the Arkansas line. For an hour or more I had been moving slowly through the woods, craning my neck and scarcely ever looking where I trod. Suddenly, as though commanded by a sharp voice from the air, the feeling struck me: Look at your feet! I did so, and sprang back, for one step forward would have landed me on a fair-sized copperhead, coiled and ready to strike. I stood a moment watching the little villain, and then made a feint of attacking him, to test his mettle. He was game, and gave me to understand that this was strictly a business affair, and that he wouldn't run from anything on two legs.

I had not slain a serpent since "Coahoma" took me to task about that blacksnake. But the ethics of this case seemed different. *Homo* was not the aggressor. *Ophis* had plenty of time to give half the road. But no; he preferred to stay and wantonly kill something that he had no use for, and which, according to Missouri laws, was out of season. It is true that he did not charge; but that was scarcely to his credit, for I was saving him the trouble by blundering right into his mouth. Even a rattlesnake would have shown some regard for my pedestrian rights by giving warning; but this lurking little assassin simply drew back his brazen head and said: Retreat or die! On the whole, it seemed to the jury that the said snake was taking a cowardly advantage of unoffending innocence. It was not a fair show for Kephart. So I drew bead on Mr. Snake and blew his head off.

After examining his fangs and finding them in prime working order, I realized that this had been a pretty close shave. In fact, after deliberating upon the æsthetics of dying alone in the woods and upon the chances of a proper obituary certificate being framed which would be binding upon the insurance companies, I took the shortest cut for camp, where Barnes looked up surprised at the announcement:

"You can do the hunting to-day; I'm out of it."

It is matter for regret that this adventure so soured my disposition that a few days later I killed a perfectly harmless king snake for no other reason than that he wriggled; and subsequently, on running across a puff adder that blew itself up and hissed like a goose, I shot it to demonstrate to a skeptical companion that this species has no fangs, and consequently should be let alone. After these lapses I punished no snakes until the afternoon that I started to tell about.

Again I was squirrel hunting. Again looking aloft and letting my feet take care of themselves. Again the mysterious warning. Again I found myself in the act of stepping on a copperhead. Again the little imp refused to give me room, but lay there, coiled and darting defiance from his forked tongue. And again he was decapitated with the .22. Strangely enough, this snake turned out to be deformed. It had the head and neck of an adult, but its body tapered off so abruptly that the creature looked somewhat like a lizard without legs. But there was nothing deformed about his poison apparatus.

For some time after this I carried about with me a queerish feeling of uncanniness—not on account of the snake, but because of the warning. Call it premonition or what you will; was it not weird? At first I thought that the snake must have been on the very edge of my field of vision, so that I saw it dimly without realizing the fact. But this could scarcely be, for in both instances the warning came like lightning, when the snake was so near that it could not have been seen without glancing downward. I find that when standing erect and looking straight ahead, my eyes lose sight of a bright object on the ground at a point at least a yard ahead of me. In both cases I was looking upward at a considerable angle, and the reptile was within two feet of me when discovered.

It would be pleasant to believe in a good angel aloft who looks after the poor woodsman; but—why should one sinner be favored and another stricken?

I move that the discussion be closed.

HORACE KEPHART.

On the Beaverkill.

ROSCOE, N. Y.—We started from this place and drove up the Beaverkill about nine miles, where we stopped at Mrs. Voorhes's. It is one of the loveliest spots on the stream, and no one who has ever been there but carries back some pleasant recollections of trout that he has caught and trout that he has eaten, cooked under the hostess's own direction in a manner that would tempt the most delicate taste. We stayed two days and caught about 200 trout, several of which were of goodly size. In the pool just in front of the house two were caught which tipped the scales at 1½lbs. each; and one, caught just below, a fine specimen of California trout, weighed 2½lbs. The stream is in the proper stage for fishing and the trout are rising to the fly very well. If any one cares to take a trip to this section I do not know of better directions to give than to go to the Beaverkill Beach House, kept by Mrs. Voorhes.

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Natural History.

TROPHIES AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE committee of the Boone and Crockett Club, to whom was intrusted the duty of measuring the game heads shown at the Sportsmen's Exposition, have made their report as follows:

NEW YORK, May 22.—*Mr. Fred. S. Webster, Sec'y.*—Dear Sir: The committee requested by you to measure the heads of American big game animals displayed at the recent Sportsmen's Exposition begs leave to report as follows:

The committee met on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 15, at the Madison Square Garden, and devoted the whole of that afternoon to the work in hand. It did not pretend to measure all the heads exhibited, but picked out only the larger ones with the view of establishing in this country an authentic record of some heads with which comparison could be made in the future. In the case of caribou, white goats and moose the spread was not given.

Where the heads belonged to private individuals and a history of them could be given, locality and date of capture were given. It is usually impossible to obtain such data as to heads in the possession of professional taxidermists. Yours very truly, THEO. ROOSEVELT,
ARCHIBALD ROGERS,
GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

Owner.	Locality and date of capture.	Girth.	Length.	Spread.
1. Geo. H. Gould	Lower California, December, 1894.	16¼	42½	25¾
2. T. Roosevelt	Little Missouri River, N. D., September, 1887.	16	29½	18½
3. T. W. Fraine	Purchased from dealer	16	30	26
4. G. O. Shields	Ashnola River, B. C.	16¼	37¾	2?½
5. C. G. Gunther's Sons		17¾	33½	21

VIRGINIA DEER.

6. T. Roosevelt	Medora, N. D., Sept., 1894.	4	22½	15¾
7. Geo. Bird Grinnell	Dismal River, Neb., September, 1877.	4⅝	24	19½

WHITE GOATS.

8. T. Roosevelt	Big Hole, Mont., August, 1889.	5 1/16	9 1/16	
9. Walter James	Swift Current River, Montana, 1892.	5¾	10¼	

ELK.

10. P. Liebinger	Indian Creek, Mont., December, 1887.	6⅛	50½	54
11. T. Roosevelt	Two Ocean Pass, September, 1891.	6⅞	56½	46⅜
12. T. Roosevelt	Two Ocean Pass, September, 1891.	7¾	50¾	
13. G. O. Shields	Clark's Fork, Wyo	8¼	51⅜	50

MULE DEER.

14. T. Roosevelt	Medora, N. D., October, 1884.	5	26⅞	28½
15. C. G. Gunther's Sons		5¼	26	28¼
16. P. Liebinger	Madison River, Montana, Nov. 4, 1889.	4¾	25½	25½

CARIBOU.

17. T. Roosevelt	Kootenai, B. C., September, 1888.	5½	32	
18. W. W. Hart & Co		5½	40	*14 †7¾
19. C. G. Gunther's Sons		5⅞	50	
20. C. G. Gunther's Sons		6¼	57	*17½

MUSK OX.

21. W. W. Hart & Co			20¾	20½

BUFFALO BULLS.

22. F. Sauter	Montana, 1894	14	18½	32
23. T. Roosevelt	Medora, N. D., September, 1883.	12¾	14	
24. P. Liebinger	Western Montana, 1883.	12½	19	

MOOSE.

Owner.	Locality and date of capture.	Girth.	Length.	Palmation.
25. F. Sauter	Canada	7⅝	34¼	35½×17
26. Col. Haselton	Chesuncook, 1887.	8½	41	41½×2?¾
27. W. W. Hart & Co			38	37½×19½
28. C. G. Gunther's Sons			33	35

1. Tip of horn broken. 3. Extremely symmetrical; horns widely spread and unmarred. 4. Heavy head, horns broken and blunt at tips. 5. Heavy horns, mounted animal. 6. Twelve points. 7. Eighteen points, very symmetrical. 10 Sixteen points. 11 and 12. Each twelve points. 13. Thirteen points, very heavy massive antlers. 14. Twenty-eight points. 15. Mounted animal, thirty-four points. 16. Thirty-five points. 19. Barren ground type, forty-three points. 20. Woodland type, heavy horns and more palmation; thirty points. 21. Very large; height of boss, 13in. 25. Twenty points. 26. Twenty-seven points. 27. Twenty-four points. 28. Remarkable for size and evenness of brow palmation.

* Height front palm. † Breadth front palm.

The Song Birds.

SAN LUIS POTOSI, Mexico, May 22.—General notes recently published in regard to the scarcity of spring visitors remind me of reports that reached me after the February norther. This was the severest weather that had been known along the Mexican coast for some twenty years. Coffee and other tropical plants were frozen as far south almost as the latitude of Vera Cruz. In this latitude—that of Tampico—there was a sharp frost and in many places a heavy fall of snow. This was accompanied by two or three days of chilly clouds and fogs. Friends who live in coffee belt—that land of eternal green and of infinitely luxurious life, both vegetable and animal—gave me most interesting accounts of the effects of those cold days. The little birds took refuge in the houses, seeking warmth and food. Their stiff bodies could be seen everywhere in the shrubbery. The withering effects of the frost left the deer without forage, and they became astonishingly tame and thin. Pumas and jaguars followed them into the settlements, and caused a general panic. How far these bird sufferers were migrants I have no means of ascertaining. As great numbers of song birds are known to visit Cuba in the winter, it is altogether reasonable that they also follow the mainland southward to where similar climatic conditions prevail. But Mexico has been strangely neglected by the bird students. AZTEC.

The Few Spring Birds.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., May 20.—Birds are as scarce here as everywhere else this year. Have seen a few robins and ground sparrows, a flock of "yellow birds" or goldfinches, which have gone again, and one swallow. Of course he did not make summer, for we have had a sharp frost since.

Have not seen a bluebird nor an oriole yet. It is very dry and the streams are getting low again, and the earth is too much like ashes to plant my flower seeds, but it is Anniversary week in Boston, and we may hope for rain.

VON W.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANT HABITS.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of May 18 an article from a correspondent at Oneonta, N. Y., in which he states that the Mongolian pheasants pair off when liberated. I think he has made a mistake, according to the best authorities and my personal experience. Last year, before I succeeded in getting our protective law passed, we liberated three hens and one cock. Each hen raised her brood within a quarter of a mile from the place where she was set down. The birds act in confinement the same as they do in their wild state. It is almost impossible to change the nature of a bird in confinement. They can be tamed to a certain extent, but the Chinese pheasant cannot be domesticated. In my pens, of which I have a score, I put five hens to a cock and find that all my eggs are fertile.

If people before turning out birds would study some good authority they would save money—Tegetmeyer, for instance.

I have been instrumental in getting a law passed this year protecting them in our State for a term of five years, consequently I am very much interested in these birds. I have not yet pinned my faith on either the Chinese or the English birds. I have both in my pens and am watching them very carefully. Next spring I shall turn out both Chinese and English. I have two localities in mind, and shall turn out one strain in each and watch them carefully, and shall be pleased to give the benefit of my experience to brother sportsmen.

There is another fallacy in the article from your correspondent from Oneonta, and that is as to their raising two broods in a season. We will take his statement, although I think twenty-five to a brood is a great many. The hens commence to lay from April 15 on. Out of a hundred hens I received my first egg April 28. We will, however, say the hen commences to lay April 15. The period of incubation is twenty-four days. It would take twenty-five days for the hen to lay her eggs for a brood of twenty-five birds; consequently it would be May 9 before she would commence to sit. Providing she hatched out every bird and with twenty-four days for incubation, it would be June 2 before her brood was hatched. The hen cannot leave her brood until they are two months old, consequently it would be Aug. 2 before she could commence to lay. Another sitting taking twenty-four days to hatch the eggs, it would be Sept. 1 before the young birds were out, when it would be impossible for the hen to rear her brood, as cold and dampness are death to young pheasants.

If a hen should have her nest destroyed by vermin or some other cause early in the season, she would in all probability go to work and build another, which will account for the young broods found early in the fall.

I am very much interested in these birds; have been breeding them and studying their habits for three years; have been working to get them introduced in our State, and hope to see the time when they will be found in every State in the Union. H. F. BOSWORTH.

A Montana Elk Farm.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Bert Bryant spoken of in the inclosed clipping is C. A. Bryant of Columbia Falls, Mont., an old friend of mine. I spent one year in the vicinity of Columbia Falls, and found it a great country for large and small game.

D. A. B.

The report reads: "The business genius of the ranchman of Flathead valley is not confined to the raising of wheat and spuds, the opportunity for side issues is gradually being improved. Bert Bryant, a year ago decided that the raising of elk would prove a profitable and pleasant pastime—more profitable than cattle or cayuses—and having a ranch especially adapted to the industry, he started for the mountains to catch a pair of the wary animals for a starter. To start to catch the fleet-footed elk would appear to be a task to discourage the average mortal, but Bert says it's easy when one knows how. Last winter Bert Bryant and C. Christiansen captured two handsome calves, a male and a female, but the male broke its neck on a picket rope within ten days of its arrival at the ranch. The other calf thrived and proved domestication possible. This year Bert Bryant and Ernest Christiansen went out and returned Thursday with six handsome specimens. A 4-year-old bull, four cows and one calf were brought in and on Friday were taken to the ranch. Three of them attracted considerable attention as they were led through town. They were fat, sleek, and carried their pretty heads high in the air, but their keen eyes observed everything that went on.

"To capture an elk requires several unusual accomplishments. One must be expert in throwing the lariat, and must be able to ride the kind of snowshoes known as 'skis.' The elk browse in the ravines and the hunters keep along the hills, several hundred feet above. When a band of elk is seen below the hunters select the route with the fewest obstructions and then start down. The fastest coasting ride is slow compared with the flight of the smooth 'skis,' and before the elk have had time to start the hunters go whizzing into the band and the lariat has been thrown over the neck of one or more. The captured elk will struggle vainly for awhile, then get mad and show fight, and the hunter who gets familiar too soon will find himself in the snow with four sharp feet pounding him with surprising force. After an hour or two of patient work the elk may be led, although frequent efforts for freedom will be made.

"Mr. Bryant now has seven of the animals, and as elk can be raised as easily as cattle the enterprise is sure to be profitable. Competition is not likely, as there is hardly one man in a thousand who could capture an elk. This band of elk will prove one of the attractive sights of the valley, for it is safe to assert that comparatively few persons have seen an elk."

Michigan Spring Birds.

WHITE LAKE, Montague, Mich., May 23 —*Editor Forest and Stream:* The spring birds have all been late in arriving here this year, in fact, some have not made their appearance yet. I have not seen a single bluebird. Scarlet tanagers are unusually numerous. Robins are numerous, also Baltimore orioles, but I have only seen two pewees. Kingbirds, killdeer, tipups, chipping sparrows, orchard orioles, martins, swallows and blackbirds are here in abundance. Wrens, catbirds, chewinks and thrushes have not arrived. We had a very cold snap last week, ccompanied with frost and snow, and most of the birds mentioned above as being here, arrived after the cold weather disappeared.

I have seen only two nests that contained eggs, one a bluejay's, the other a flycatcher's. Crows are unusually numerous, also hawks of all descriptions. Grouse are fairly abundant. Squirrels of all kinds seem to have disappeared.

Trout fishing has been very good this season, some extra large catches being made. Capt. Lysaght, of the White Lake Life Saving Station, made a catch of fifty-six brook trout May 1, some very large ones, too. All the streams in this vicinity have been well stocked with trout, and we have had good fishing for the past four years. This is the nearest point to Chicago where good trout fishing can be obtained.

I saw a large flock of ducks in the lake this evening. A flock of geese stayed here all the spring, but they migrated last Thursday. The water in White Lake and in Lake Michigan is nearly 3ft. lower than it was a year ago.

Several times of late I have heard and seen whippoorwills. This bird is to be found in large numbers in this part of Michigan. E. S. D.

Florida Plume Birds.

A ST. AUGUSTINE correspondent who has been interested in the effort to secure a more effective law for the protection of plume birds, writes as follows of the defeat of the bill in the House: Well, the "Birds of Plumage" bill, which passed the Senate so easily under the leadership of Senator Gennar, who introduced it, was killed after all in the House. It is too bad. Of course there remains the old law, which is better than none, but is far from being as effective as the amendments would have made it. At the next session of the Legislature we shall renew the contest, we hope with better success. The birds of plumage, which give such added effect to much of the scenery of Florida, must be protected if any are to remain. Great efforts will be made to secure the enforcement of the present law, failing to secure the passage of a better. W.

Adirondack Indian Relics.

NEW YORK, May 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being somewhat familiar with the Adirondack region, and having made a small collection of Indian relics in that locality, I have lately been asked to advise one of our public museums as to the best places for systematic exploration in the interests of archæology. That I may do this intelligently, I ask the courtesy of your columns to inquire whether any of your readers know of Indian village sites, burial places or mounds in the Adirondacks or other places where relics have been found. If so, I should be greatly obliged if they would write me, giving such particulars as they think would be important. My address is 111 Broadway, New York city. HERBERT M. LLOYD.

Robins Island Pheasants.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Robins Island Club have purchased, through Mr. John Glessing, of Forest Gate, London, some fifty to seventy-five pheasants, the purpose being to introduce fresh blood into their present stock, as we all know too well the consequence of inbreeding.

The superintendent gave the members most excellent sport last fall on these game birds, and by this importation he expects to excel all previous efforts. These pheasants have been purchased in small numbers from different aviaries to get as many changes of blood as possible.

WILLIAM GLESSING.

The Rifle on Grouse.

PORTLAND, Ind.—When one of your sportsmen lays aside his shotgun, chains Tobe to his kennel, takes up a rifle, and, going into the brush, picks the heads off half a dozen grouse while they are walking, please print it in italics so I will be sure to see it, and I will write and call him brother. C.

Carrier Pigeon J. C. D.—1894—3.

A PIGEON which seems very tame and quite exhausted came to us last Friday. We wish very much to find its owner, and the fact of its arrival; please insert in your paper. The mark upon it is "J. C. D.—1894—3." The owner may find it at 28 Crescent street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Game Bag and Gun.

ONE DAY WITH THE QUAIL.

IN your issue April 20 last I enjoyed "A Quail Hunt on Horseback," by Meb Worcester. It encourages me to give you an account of one I had last fall in Munroe county, Georgia.

While we had a fair crop of birds in Georgia the past season, yet there were not so many as we ofttimes have, large bags not being very frequent.

Early in December last I met at Dames's Ferry on the Southern Railroad, 18 miles above Macon, my clever friend H. W. E., to take an outing after bob whites.

E. had a young pointer bitch in training for a friend of his, taken in hand about two months prior to our hunt. When he got her she was very green, and the gentleman offered to wager that E. would never teach her to take a bird in her mouth. We will see how great a mistake he made ere our hunt is over. I had my old dog Max, of whom you have heard before, not thoroughly trained, but a fine hunter and fair "all-round" dog.

We mounted our horses, and having heard of a covey near by proceeded thitherward and Max soon located them. I was shooting a Winchester "pump," my second days' experience with one in the field, and when the covey flushed I took a right hand bird, which I did up in fine shape, but failed to put in the second shot, as the gun worked awkwardly to me. E., however, bagged three birds at two shots, thereby scoring two on me. We followed them into a fairly good place to shoot. One got up wild, which I killed, and then another, which I shot, but it went wabbling down into a thick place, but the dogs failed to secure it. Several more were flushed, but we failed to score another.

Mounting our horses, we go forward, and in a short while had located a very fine bevy, in fact, it was the largest I have seen in quite a long time. We bagged four birds on the rise, and I worked the gun on as satisfactory a double as one could wish, except the second bird flew 100yds. before falling. We followed the birds into a thicket, where E. secured one and I another. There was too much woods to kill many. Leaving these birds, we go on, and in a few minutes Max had located a small batch of birds. Quickly tying our horses, we soon had them up, but under such disadvantages that I got only one, while E. did not get a feather. The birds followed a branch bounded by thick canes. One bird flushed and E. grassed it with a quick snap-shot. A little lower down, and E.'s dog had one pinned down on the bank of the Ocmulgee River, when he called to me, "What shall I do with this bird if it flies over the river?" I replied, "Why, shoot it." He flushed it, fired and it fell 30yds. out in the water, when the bitch, that "wouldn't ever take a bird in her mouth," sprang into the water, swam quickly to it and retrieved it beautifully. Not only did she retrieve the bird, but on every occasion when she could get the bird did she promptly bring it, handling gently and delivering it to E. with great satisfaction. She is one of the best I ever saw in the field, and to my mind a good field dog does not nearly reach perfection unless he faithfully and promptly retrieves your dead birds. The best dog I ever owned, as to bird sense, would not retrieve, and hence I could not call him first-class.

When E. fired at his bird, two others flushed; one coming directly over me. I turned and fired at it. Though hit hard, it flew into a cane thicket, and the dogs could not find it. Moving on up the railroad, and near to the river, we found a covey in a small pine thicket; got them up, and scored one bird each. We soon found the scattered birds. I bagged one and missed another; then E. got two more, and I followed suit by bagging two and then missing one. This covey gave us more sport than any we found.

Pushing forward, we covered considerable distance before we found another small flock. I got one bird. E. bagged one and missed one, and I likewise. E. then killed one, and I shortly afterward got another very satisfactory kill. We passed over a steep hill down into a branch crossing, paused to water our horses, when, in attempting to pull up a steep bank, my horse slipped, fell to her knees, while in the struggle I came very near being badly bruised, besides ruining my gun. Outside of considerable scare, with much grit and sand on my gun, I was soon o. k., when we mounted, and shortly had located a remnant of a covey, out of which we secured three birds. I made here a seeming inexplicable miss; but, following my bird, found it barely able to fly, and had the satisfaction of knowing I did not make so bad a miss after all.

We hunted over considerable territory after this, bearing around back toward our starting point, but away from the river. We lingered at a branch to refresh the inner man with a very enjoyable lunch, mounted and anxiously looked forward to the next covey. We finally reached good and familiar ground, where Max pointed a bevy in the edge of a patch of short-leaved pines, which rose very badly, out of which I scored one very excellent shot, while E. failed to bag one. We did nothing further with that cover, unless it was one more bird, and I am not sure of that.

Passing over and beyond a branch the dogs struck a familar path leading over a long hill, and on toward the top Max rapidly sped, for he had several times found birds there. When I reached the top I found both dogs on a staunch point. Tying my horse I called to Henry to hurry forward, which he did. We had shot birds several times here, and you may imagine our surprise when a large covey rose instead of six or eight birds, as we expected. I bagged two birds and badly wounded another on the rise, which I got later on at another shot. Henry killed two or three out of that covey and I killed four. The last bird I shot at towered high into the air, flew behind some pines and I failed to secure it because I could not mark it down. I generally count all such birds as my meat, if I can locate them, as it is invariably the case that an eye is out, or the bird is crazed by a shot in the head, consequently it is easily caught if located.

Having gone several hundred yards I missed Max. Calling E., we retraced our steps, and turning aside over the hill opposite where we found the last birds, the dog had spotted another small bevy in pine thicket, out of which we got only two birds. Our hunt was rapidly drawing to a close, and as we followed a footpath I noticed Max, ahead of me, drop suddenly into a beautiful point. Having passed a bevy in the sage, I grassed one, followed into the woods and downed another there, but the dogs could not find it. Thus ended quite a pleasant shoot. We had thirty-nine birds—honors about even—with several more to my credit than to Henry's. OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Canvas Boats.

OMAHA, Neb.—I wish to assure E. R. E. that it was far from my intention to condemn the folding canvas boat. I fully agree with him that for the purposes for which it is intended it stands without a rival, and that but for its aid I would have many times been debarred from much pleasure. But just the same, when I get in one it is with fear and trembling, and my sensations are much the same as those experienced by a tenderfoot when he first attempts to ride the festive bucking broncho. I simply recorded my experiences.

On the trip in question we were 20 miles or more from the railroad, and but for the folding boat would have had but little shooting, for there was no wooden boat there and we did not have the facilities to transport one so far.

I have often seen my friend George go out in very rough weather in the canvas boat and not ship a drop of water, but when I am aboard it is a hundred to one shot that we get ducked before we get back to land. George says what I need is a big raft, and he knows. He always insists on my lying down in the bottom of the boat and wants me to part my hair in the middle as well. W. R. H.

Small-Bore Bullets.

NOW THAT the small-bore army cartridges are adapted to sporting rifles, it seems in order for any who have tried them to give us some light as to the killing qualities of these missiles. Is there any proof that a deer hit by a .30cal. bullet, half-jacketed or otherwise, will "drop as if struck by lightning," as we are told? "I want to know," and I imagine there are others in the same fix. AZTEC.

MOOSE CALLING EXPERIENCE.

My experience in moose calling, derived from half a dozen expeditions covering the calling periods of as many seasons, in widely separated localities, is necessarily limited compared to that of many others. I am familiar with two methods of calling, one by which the notes of the cow are imitated, and the other in which the calls of both bull and cow are produced, each system embracing at critical moments the low coaxing call with the horn held close to the ground, and the challenge note of the bull, I have seen both methods successful. The imitation of the thrashing of the antlers among trees and saplings, by scraping a tree or the side of a canoe with the bark call, and the use of the same implement to represent the sound of micturition, I have heard practiced under favorable conditions without success.

It is difficult to convey by description an idea of the calls made in decoying moose, but the average man can, with a little instruction and practice soon master the art to a degree that will assure occasional success to his own efforts. The great danger lies in calling too frequently, and the principal obstacle to success is the ill-timed breeze which often arises, then if the bull is not already in that position he will work to the leeward, scent danger and retreat silently as a shadow. The birch bark horn or call varies slightly in construction, and is familiar to most sportsmen from use or description. In localities where white birch is difficult to procure a section of the trunk of a small dry cedar or pine will answer the purpose. The billet is shaved into the required shape, split in two pieces, which are hollowed, then rejoined and secured with buckskin strings. I have seen an Indian make one of these calls in a few hours, using only an axe and the inevitable knife with the farrier's curved blade. Several good specimens of these calls may be seen in the Museum of Natural History in New York city.

The following instances are taken from the notes of a trip made some years ago: Sept. 11, take out shooting license No. 43, showing that forty-two non-resident moose killers have preceeded me thus early in one county of the Province. Oct. 28.—For six weeks have called on all favorable occasions, canoeing daily on the lookout for game. Ten moose have been called up. Three have been seen, two killed, one shot lost by leaving position too soon. Heard answers from only three bulls and distinct answer from but one. Most opportunities, probably ruined by winds. The moose secured were small bulls, probably three years old. They were 6ft. and 2in. high from hoof to ridge between shoulders. The antlers spead 24in. and 27in., and their weights were 649lbs. and 662lbs., including blood and entrails. They were cut up and weighed in sections with accurate salmon scales. Both were killed with a .45-90 Winchester, presenting easy broadside shots at 50 and 70yds. Each hit back of the shoulder, the balls ranging forward. In neither case was the off shoulder broken nor did the balls pass through the animal. Each fell almost immediately. I have seen deer and antelope run 100yds. after receiving similar wounds. These bulls were killed Oct. 1 and Oct. 8, they were lean and infected with ticks, and the flesh was poor compared to moose meat secured earlier in the season. They came to early morning calling when the air was still and frosty, and sound traveled easily a long distance. In the first instance, the calling place selected was perhaps 20 miles from the home camp, and the guide and I reached the place late in the afternoon. Pitching a very small slate-colored A tent in a thicket close to the river, we made a small fire from wood prepared several days before, cooked supper, floated down stream, caught three or four trout for breakfast and turned in to sleep. The call was made at 4 o'clock the following morning, and the sharp-eared half-breed claimed to have heard an answer, and heard it again later. Waiting patiently over two hours, as the sun was rising I heard a peculiar muffled, smacking, continuous sound, and the bull shambled into sight, presenting an easy broadside shot. The experience with the other moose was similar, except that no answer was heard, and a second call was given, an hour after the first.

On another occasion we pitched the A tent on a lake shore, portaged the canoe across a short carry to a second lake near whose shore, some 400yds. from the carry, was a small knoll from which we intended calling in the morning. We were there on time, and gave the third call after breakfast. While the guide was packing our outfit, I took the horn, rendered a verse or two of our national anthem through it, and varied the performance with many outlandish sounds. Recrossing the portage, we embarked for the head of the lake, and on looking at our late stand saw close to it a fair-sized bull, evidently watching us. We headed for him, but he turned and walked away deliberately. There was too much motion of the water, and the distance was too great for a probable hit, and I watched him with field glasses travel a short distance, until he disappeared in thicker growth. He walked slowly and carefully, winding his neck from side to side and weaving his horns between the saplings, as if endeavoring to avoid all noise. The guide was surprised at these actions of the bull, as the wind would not carry our scent in his direction, and from the guide's experience and various moose traditions, we should have been able to paddle within easy shooting distance. Since then I have known of two moose approached and killed under the same conditions. We laid out several nights, hoping to hear the voluntary notes of cow or bull, without success.

On one occasion when the conditions were favorable I decided on calling at night, though the guide protested that at best only an uncertain shot would be attained. We approached close to the stand selected by canoe, well supplied with blankets, and were soon comfortably established, sheltered by a spruce growing near the center of a small marshy opening in the timber. The first call was made at 10 o'clock when the nearly full moon showed above the treetops. The answer was immediate and unmistakable. The *oh-ah—oh-ah—oh-ah* of an old bull was as distinct and clear as possible. All was quiet for twenty minutes, when his approach began with calling at every step. This approach, calling and stopping to listen, occurred many times in the next two hours, combined with much thrashing by the antlers, sounding, the guide said, like a man falling with a canoe on a rough portage. It was now full midnight, the moon was high and the night unusually light, the air still and frosty, the moose only 200yds. away, as revealed by the tracks the following morning. Any moment might afford the shot. Then the squalling call of a young cow, preceded by the deep notes of the bull, rang out sharp and clear. They remained near us perhaps half an hour, and when heard a second time, were fully a mile distant and an hour had elapsed since the meeting. While they were close at hand, the bull challenge note brought back a short, hoarse, angry response, some thrashing with the antlers, and no more. To approach them, with some noise and the challenge call might have been successful, but I had firmly resolved against such a risk. The father of the guide and one brother, had lost their lives in such attempts, and the preceding year, in this same locality two sportsmen were killed by a caller whom they were approaching for a moose. The caller in turn, mistaking them for an incoming moose, shot. Most unfortunately, his ball passed through the neck of the first man and lodging in the head of his companion following, killed both. Twice in my own experience had I seen shooters called up, and had resolved to follow the advice of an experienced caller, "never to sneak a moose." The call of the cow we had heard was not orthodox, which was explained by the guard's remark, "Young cow squall good many ways." It is marvelous how such a balky, clumsy animal as a moose can effect his retreat as noiselessly as he does in difficult ground. On one occassion a bull had approached within 60yds. of my stand, where I was well ambushed. He was to my left front, and in a low dense growth of soft maples occasionally the swaying of the top of a sapling gave evidence of his position. A morning breeze drew down the lake at my back; I felt it on my neck, and saw the brilliant leaves flutter above the moose and heard no sound from his cautious retreat. Examining the track later, we saw that he had approached the thicket across a cranberry marsh, and that had our position been advanced 50yds., he would have been in full view while walking across the opening for 200yds. We saw where he had turned in the thicket without apparent sound or commotion, how he had back-tracked across the marsh walking, and then turning to the left, made off at a trot. I have been present at the calling of many bulls, four of which have presented easy pot shots at from 40 to 70yds., and were secured. Another moose was shot by my cook, within 60yds. of the home camp, while I was at my stand 150yds. distant, having called twice myself, early in the morning. On another occassion one of my Indians killed my bull under similar circumstances, though it is improbable that I would have secured a shot in either case. And once again I lost an easy shot by leaving my stand too soon. The largest bull killed was probably five years old. He was 6ft. 4in. high, girthed 6ft. 11in., and weighed in life, estimated, 1,000lbs. His antlers spread but 37in. On only two occasions have I heard the distinct and repeated answers of old bulls when coming to the call, though neither afforded a shot. Several times I have heard a cow call, usually at sundown. In the bull call—*oh-ah*—the first sound of the vowal O, slightly prolonged, is clearly pronounced, and the short second sound of the vowel U is given in the last note of the call; accent and inflection can hardly be described. The cow call varies, usually consisting of three notes—the second one greatly prolonged, and possessing the greatest volume of sound. *Moo-waugh-yuh* expresses the sound to me, and one of my guides always contended that the cow said plainly, "Who are you?" I doubt if the first and last syllable can be heard at any great distance, and thus the call often seems to consist of one syllable. I have no doubt that old bulls sometimes weigh 1,500lbs., or even more; but know nothing personally of such. I once measured a pair of moose antlers, in the city of Quebec, which spread 60in., and have seen in the office of the steamship company at Digby, Nova Scotia, a very large pair, said to spread 74in. I believe that moose come most readily to a night call, and have on several occasions drawn them close to my camp after dark, though with no expectation of a shot. I have heard from trustworthy sources of bulls, deceived by the challenge call, charging to within a few yards of the caller on moonlight nights, then stopped by a shout, and easily killed. A .45-90 cartridge is ample for any moose if the ball is well directed, but a certain percentage of them will miss fire, sometimes under most annoying conditions. I have grown to pin my faith to a short, heavy, double semi-express by Purdey, using 150grs. No. 6 powder, with a solid ball of 490grs. and a slightly hollowed ball of 440grs. It kills quickly and mercifully. A most useful little weapon on any hunt for large game will be found in a light .22, or better still, .25cal. rifle. It will enable you to bag many ruffed grouse, now and then a black duck or mallard, affording much amusement, and the report is not loud enough to disturb game at any distance. In most districts where moose are found, heavy rains are apt to prevail during the calling season, and a good waterproof coat and long wading boots are essential to comfort. They are clumsy things for walking or shooting, but occupy small space in the canoe when not in use.

EDWARD E. FLINT.

THE FIRST TIME ON A RUNWAY.

I HAD spent several weeks at Charleston, Ontario, bass fishing in Charleston Lake with fair luck, taking ten to fifteen bass each day, weight 1 to 3¾lbs., with live bait trolling on a 7oz. rod, when a friend from New York city came up and took a seat with me in my boat for a week's fishing. Thence I determined to go to Childwald, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., to try my luck with deer. On Saturday morning, Sept. 26, having engaged Alvin Gale as guide—one of the best in the Adirondacks—we started for Grasse River Camp, and after a drive of three and a half miles reached the camp, accompanied by a gentleman from New York and his guide. Accompanied by a gentleman and his guide, whom we found at camp, all six started out to find a deer. It is against the law to hunt deer with dogs in St. Lawrence county, so the guides placed us there on a runway and went off to drive the deer up to us.

The guide had left me only a few minutes, when, sitting on the ground with my back against an old stump, I found that by stooping forward and low down I could see some distance into the woods and underbrush.

At length I saw some small object flit down upon the ground, which I took to be a little chickadee bird; but I kept my look fixed on the spot. Presently it moved again, when I distinctly saw that it was a deer's foot. In the thick bushes it appeared about 6 or 8in., which was all I could see. The distance, I should judge, was about 150yds. In a moment I could see more feet and knew there were more than one deer. They seemed to be coming toward me, and as I could not see their bodies at all concluded to await events. Presently one o them stepped out into the clear about 80yds. distant. He squatted when he came from behind the bushes, and as he was in the red coat I thought it might be a fawn and looked for spots. He walked immediately behind bushes again out of sight and then his companion, a full-grown deer in the blue, stepped into view behind a large spruce tree. The hind quarters with a small part of the body was all I could see. I at once drew a bead as close to the side of the tree as I could and fired. The smoke for an instant shut off my sight and I did not see nor hear anything more of my deer. After listening a minute and not hearing a sound I started to get up, when the first deer made a dash out of the bushes, and with head and tail aloft with great energy made off through the woods before I could regain my feet.

I went to the spot where I thought the deer had stood when I fired, but could find no signs, and thinking the guides might start a deer my way, I returned to my stump and sat down again. In about twenty minutes the guides came in, and when I showed them where I thought the deer had stood when I fired, my guide very soon went on about 20ft. further in and there he found tracks and blood. He followed up the signs about 40 rods into the woods, and found the deer dead and stiff, shot through and through the very center of the body.

I am an old man, and probably shall never go into the woods again, but shall do my hunting in future sitting in my easy chair by my own fireside out of the FOREST AND STREAM.

I like to read the details of a hunting or shooting or fishing account, and thought perhaps there were others who cherished the same tastes and might feel interested in reading my story, which is strictly true in all particulars.

W. R. G.

"ON THE CHIPPEWA."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I HAVE read with much interest from time to time the sketches contained in your valuable paper, and thinking that a few words from me at this time may not prove uninteresting to some of your readers, I will give you a brief account of a hunting trip in Northern Wisconsin.

Oct. 3, 1893, found George Seamans, Ike Weaver, Dr. Hulburt and myself, accompanied by Harry Bartlett, our guide, at the home of a frontier settler, whither we had come with a team. Early the next morning we left the hospitable cabin and started northward, following an old Indian trail, for the head water of the Chippewa River. The guide led a pack horse, burdened with its heavy load of camp outfit, blankets and supplies, while we followed slowly on in single file, each carrying a small load. We were informed by our guide that our camp was located about twenty miles distant. The trail in places was very rough. About two hours after dark we finally arrived at a rudely constructed hunter's cabin, which the guide had previously built for our use. We were all very tired from the effects of the day's journey. After a hastily prepared meal of bread and bacon, we rolled up in blankets and soon slept the sleep of the weary.

As the first faint streaks of dawn appeared in the eastern sky, our guide announced "Breakfast is ready!" and we all rolled out of our blankets somewhat stiffened from the previous day's tramp. After a hearty morning meal we buckled on our cartridge belts and with rifle in hand wandered about to view the surroundings. We found our camp located in a narrow valley. A few feet from the door was a large flowing spring. On two sides of us were steep hills covered by a dense growth of spruce and stately pines. Looking a short distance below our camp we saw the early sunbeams mirroring the bosom of a beautiful shallow lake. The silence of its sedgy shores was broken only by the faint murmur of the waves, the cry of the bittern, and the whirring wing of the wild duck. This charming lake, which is nearly surrounded by a succession of terminal high ridges, separated by narrow ravines and deep gorges, has its outlet at the south end, and its cool waters after numerous windings join the Chippewa River a few miles below.

We were in the heart of an unbroken forest which extended for many miles. We did little hunting during the first day in camp, but spent the time in getting the lay of the country we were in, and in planning for the future. The thickets abounded in rabbits and partridges. The streams were filled with trout. Ducks loitered about the lake in large numbers. Game trails and signs of deer were plentiful, and bear tracks had been discovered. We were in a veritable hunter's paradise, unmolested and alone. On the morning of the second day in camp we all arose early and started out with our guns just as the morning voices of the wilderness began to break the deathlike stillness of the night. In less than an hour a big buck with magnificent antlers fell dead from a rifle ball, to the credit of Weaver. This was the first big game killed by our party, although all met with success sooner or later.

Although the trip was mainly intended for shooting deer, we were agreeably surprised to learn that bear were also plentiful in the vicinity of camp. We were very anxious to meet one in the open, but they appeared, however, to move about but little during the daytime, remaining in thick cover until night. About a mile from our camp, in a deep ravine which leads back from the lake to the great timbered regions beyond, bear signs were found fresh and plentiful.

After supper on the evening of the fifth day in camp, Seamans, who had hunted bear on previous occasions in the Rockies, remarked to the rest of the group, "Boys, we must get a bear to-morrow, or know the reason why we can't." The Doctor, who had already expressed a desire to meet a bear, consented to accompany him on the following day in quest of the much desired bruin, and accordingly the two started for the ravine early the next morning. They took with them a can of cold coffee and a lunch bag full of fried venison and camp cakes, intending, if need be, to remain away from camp until late in the evening. Seamans also took from the provision sack a small package of honey, placing it in his own game sack.

They were off before daybreak, and reached the ravine just as the gray streaks of light began to appear in the eastern sky. They were in hopes by careful watching to get a shot at a bear's hide at early dawn. Signs of bear were fresh, but no game presented itself to view. After waiting and watching until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Seamans took from his game sack the package of honey. He then kindled a fire on a flat stone which he found near by. After it had become sufficiently heated,

the embers were hastily removed and extinguished. The heated stone was then carried by means of a couple of sticks to an open spot of ground. Upon this stone was placed the honey. The two hunters then stationed themselves in a tree near by to prevent the bear's smelling them. With their rifles at the ready they quietly awaited the coming of the bear, which they hoped would be attracted by the smell of the burning comb and honey. A gentle wind from the lake slowly carried the fumes up the ravine toward the deep recesses of the woodland, where the desired game was supposed to be quietly concealed. That night, as we all sat about the camp-fire at a late hour, the Doctor related the following:

"We sat in that tree anxiously awaiting the appearance of something to shoot at, until I had given up all hopes of the success of our undertaking. My legs were becoming cold and stiff. Our lunch bag and coffee can had been emptied at our midday eating, night was coming on, and in the gathering gloom we could no longer see the sights on the rifles. It seomed useless to wait longer. We were about to descend and start for camp. At last as we were starting to move we heard the sound of the breaking of a stick, as if made by the tread of some heavy creature. We listened and looked in breathless suspense. In a few moments, in the dim shades of evening, the huge black bulk of old Ephraim became visible as he escaped from the thick cover of young spruce. He had scented the honey and was slowly approaching the bait which had been prepared for him.

"I was fairly aflame with excitement. Seconds seemed like hours. Finally the dark approaching mass reached the open spot of ground, in full view, and only a few feet away. At a whispered signal we both fired our rifles at nearly the same instant. The huge black creature uttered a fierce, gutteral growl, which ended in a melancholy moan, and after a few convulsive struggles became motionless."

We afterward learned that both shots had taken good effect—one ball entering the brain, the other ball passing into the spine behind the shoulders. We also learned that the Doctor refused to leave the tree until Seamans had first descended and upon personal and thorough examination had pronounced the bear to be stone dead. The bear was a large one, and with two exceptions the largest one I have ever seen.

At a later date Weaver and myself crossed the lake on a rudely constructed raft, to bring in a doe which had been killed by us and hung up in the woods too late to bring it to camp on the previous evening. On reaching the spot we found that some beast had torn down and devoured a portion of the deer carcass. We regarded this as being the work of a bear, and concluded to try our hands at bagging him. We expected he would return at evening for another meal, and we at once laid plans for his coming.

We took positions in a tree near by and waited. We listened with strained ears for some time. Night was rapidly approaching. The woods seemed vast and lonely. Strange noises now and then broke the silence. The owls began to hoot dismally. The howling of a timber wolf arose from the depths of the woodland. The wild creatures of the forest had begun to move about, and their noises seemed to mark the sad and melancholy unrest of the great forest about us. We saw nothing, but waited in the growing dusk until tall trees and hills blended into one dark, frowning mass.

Finally our ears caught the sounds made by some stealthy creature only a short distance away. Our veins stood out like whipcords as we discovered the dim outlines of an object slowly approaching the deer carcass for another meal. Our rifles were ready. Aiming them at the object as best we could in the dusk of evening, we pulled trigger. The simultaneous reports of our rifles were followed by a terrifying screech and a deathly silence. We had killed a large lynx. We reached camp with our prize at a late hour to find a warm supper awaiting our return. Seamans and the Doctor had brought in another fine buck. As we all sat about the camp-fire that night we feasted well and held high carnival over our success.

On the morning of the day we broke camp we were startled while breakfasting by strange sounds up the valley in which our camp was located. We grabbed guns and hastened out of doors in time to see a fawn bounding by toward the lake. The frightened creature was blatting frantically, while close behind followed a large timber wolf in hot pursuit. We fired a volley at the wolf, but without effect. He desisted from his murderous course, however, and sneaked off at a rapid rate.

The fawn, continuing its course, plunged into the lake and swam to a small island. Having reached this position it glanced backward for a moment and then disappeared in a thicket, where we left it without further molestation.

We remained in camp ten days. We had killed during this time a bear, a lynx and seven deer, besides numerous small game shot near the camp for variety. Our guide had served us several fine messes of brook trout and we were all sorry when the time arrived for leaving. The guide generally remained at camp, prepared the meals, put up the lunches and did general camp work. He dressed and cared for the game killed—a part of which was packed in brine to preserve it. We did our hunting in pairs. All of the shooting was at close range, except one deer which was killed by Seamans near the edge of the lake. In this instance the distance was over 60 rods, but was regarded by us all as being merely a chance hit.

We all used the ivory hunting front sight on our repeaters, with a narrow bar rear sight (no notch). For quick shooting at moving game, and for shooting in dim light, we found the plain bar far superior to the ordinary buckhorn sight, and with it one can do very accurate shooting at close range. Our game was nearly all killed early in the morning or late in the day. The game in the region of our camp had apparently been but little disturbed previous to our arrival, but owing to dense woods and thickets it was not always an easy matter to find it. Our guide was a jolly fellow and a good cook. He afforded us much valuable information in regard to the country about us, and did all in his power to make the trip a pleasant one.

Now that we had decided to return home, we found ourselves burdened with a much greater supply of meat than our pack horse could carry away. Our guide had cured a considerable portion of the venison. Packing up the bear and lynx hides, several pairs of antlers and such other things as we wished to take with us, we left the rest in the cabin to be taken away a few days later by the frontier settler at our request.

Our return was without incident except that during our journey on foot to the frontier cabin a cold, drizzling rain set in which wet us to the skin and chilled us to the bone. In due time we returned to civilization and home again, much refreshed by the trip. I have taken several hunting trips, but, all things considered, I enjoyed this one most of all, and in the midst of the cares of an active business life I often long for the freedom and pleasures which were enjoyed at what was known to us as Bartlett's Camp on the headwaters of the Chippewa. TOM BARNEY.

SOME CALL IT "FEVER."

OMAHA, Neb., May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Brother "Kingfisher" seems to have stepped into a hornet's nest unawares, and all over the proper term to use in designating that too common complaint with Nimrods. It seems a pity that so much good ink and paper should be used to so little purpose, for after all has been said pro and con on the subject, what will it amount to whether it be called "fever" or "ague?" The unfortunate result is the same, whether the cold chills chase each other up and down one's spinal column, or a burning fever and hectic flush ensue. The fact remains the same; the deer has gone free and our hunter has missed his golden opportunity, and I don't believe that he can tell whether it be fever or ague. His mental faculties are in too chaotic a state to know "where he is at."

I lived when a boy in the extreme South, in the peninsula of Florida, and there the negroes and poor whites called everything a "fever," from a toe ache up. Just what they called the malady in question I do not remember—"fever," most likely, but I know that I had it. I well remember my first deer. I had never yet been on a deer hunt, for I was not deemed worthy to hunt larger game than birds and rabbits, and on the day in question was roaming around the plantation armed with an old muzzle-loader, and in search of anything to shoot at. I am afraid I did a great deal of potting in those days, in fact, I had to rest the muzzle of the gun on something in order to hit the game. I had wandered away from the open fields up on a sandy hill covered with scrub oaks and stunted pines, and in passing around a rosemary thicket I walked right on to a deer that was indulging in a noonday siesta. I don't know which was the most surprised or scared, the deer or I. In the excitement my gun went off and the deer and I both fell down, not 5ft. apart, he with a hole blown clear through him, the effects of a double charge of bird shot.

I don't know how long I sat there looking at that deer, and I don't know whether I had a fever or a shake, but something evidently made that gun go off; it was not intentional on my part, but at this distant day I have a right smart suspicion that it was the "ague."

W. R. HALL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read your editorial, "Buck Fever". Now in my thirty years' acquaintance with many hunters of Northern Pennsylvania, I have very often heard them tell of having an attack of buck fever, but I never heard one of them speak of buck ague, and I believe that if any one had mentioned buck ague there would have been an honest inquiry if it was any thing like fever and ague. Uncle Dave R., who has lived on Pine Creek waters for the past fifty years and has killed as many deer as any man in this section of Pennsylvania, always spoke of buck fever when relating. How some of his friends missed a good shot. I could name a dozen of old hunters, who hunted in this section sixty years ago, who often spoke of some of their experiences with buck fever; but never did I hear one of them speak of buck ague. I never heard "Nessmuck" use the term buck ague, but he often spoke of buck fever striking some of his hunting parties. Now we know nothing of buck ague up here in Northern Pennsylvania. And this reminds me of my first and last attack of buck fever.

Uncle Dave R. had often invited me to come up Pine Creek for a deer hunt. In October, 1885, I went. Early in the morning we got our party together with hounds and started for the Izaak Walton House; there we got more recruits, gave the hounds in charge of a good man to climb the mountain and put them on the track for a race. I asked Uncle Dave to put me on a runway where I would stand some chance for a shot and he said he would. I was put upon the lower runway down Pine Creek, a quarter mile above Long Run, with a single barrel rifle, the barrel of which it seems to me was 5ft. long (I guess it wasn't), with a load in the gun and an extra charge of powder in a cap box with ball to go with it.

Soon after we had got into position we heard the bugle notes of the hounds. They circled around on the top of the mountain for a half-hour or more, then the race was for Pine Creek. In due time I heard two reports from the rifles above, and very soon I heard three other shots in quick succession. I then thought the race was over, and as I sat upon the banks of the creek 50ft. or less above, I thought there was no show for me. Casting my eyes up the creek, I saw a fine buck in the water. I raised the rifle to my face, took good aim and fired. I saw his flag flirt, then drop. I had been told that this would happen when a deer was hit, so I concluded he was hit. Immediately I began to reload, poured the powder out into my hand and from that into the barrel; got out my ball, patched it, rammed it down, and to make sure gave it an extra ramming, and the ramrod went out of my reach just ¼in. too short. In the meantime the deer was running down the creek. Time was precious. I put on a cap and drew the barrel up to my face to shoot ramrod and all. As I did so the thought came to me, "The ramrod will throw the ball out of range." I dropped the butt at my feet, pulled out my pocket knife, opened the small blade, stuck the point of it into the end of the ramrod, drew it out, dropped rod and knife, drew up the rifle, got sight and fired as the deer was making a jump into deep water 35 rods away. He only made the one jump.

I had scarcely set the rifle down before the buck fever took hold of me as very few persons have it. Did I shake? Well, yes. Did I tremble? Well, it was a general mix-up of shaking and trembling indescribable. The singular part of my attack of buck fever was that it did not come on until the shooting was all done, and as the deer was hit with both shots, it goes to prove that my nerves were tensioned up solid and steady, as I claim they were.

The deer after the first shot ran 6 or 8 rods, then lay down in the water for a few seconds, then got up and started down the creek.

I got a hind quarter of the deer and the hide, which old Hod tried to beat me out of, but Uncle Dave looked after that.

Of course all of the old hunters had to discuss my case of buck fever, but none of them even hinted that I had an attack of buck ague. All of them have passed over the river but Uncle Dave, who with his three-score and ten and more years never has missed his fall outing until last fall, and it nearly broke his heart. ROCKWOOD.

WELLSBORO, Pa.

A CUSTOM HARD TO OVERCOME.

OKANOGAN, Wash., May 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I find it very hard entirely to overcome the habit of spring shooting, which was contracted in boyhood and has been followed more or less for forty years. Yet there are but few who are so fond of hunting as I am, and have the opportunities, who do not shoot more in the spring than I do. This spring I had the oxen turned out on the Okanogan, and about the 1st of April the geese put in an appearance there. The lake was still covered with ice. The boys had been after them for several days, but nary goose materialized.

One nice afternoon Mr. Beal and I went up along the lake, and when near the British Columbia line we saw two old honkers sitting on the edge of the ice about 150yds. from the shore. There was a sand hill where we could approach to within 300 or 350yds. of them unobserved. We rode around and hitched our horses and peeped over the bank very cautiously, and guessed at the distance. Beal thought it 400yds., so I raised my Lyman sight up to seven points and fired. The bullet struck very near, only right over. The geese stood up, but did not move. I lowered the sight one and a half points and fired again. One of the geese tumbled over and began flopping. Then said Beal, "You've killed one, now try the other." I fired again and the goose flew, but I had cut feathers out of its back. Beal said it was the best shot he ever saw, irrespective of the cartridge (which was .22 long rifle).

We found some slabs that had been pinned together, and with these I poled out and secured our goose. It dressed 10½lbs. and was quite fat.

All of the grouse family wintered well here, and the birds are now beginning to lay. Deer got through this winter well. There was not snow enough to let the wolves and coyotes catch many. LEW WILMOT.

Massachusetts Spring Potting.

BOSTON, Mass., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just note the date of the letter inclosed, and then tell me, if you can, what we are to do to wake up our fish and game commissioners, our game wardens and our game protective associations, that we may at least put some curb on this infernal spring potting of game and song birds. W. W.

The letter our correspondent sends is dated Shirley, Mass., May 10, and reads: The thermometer has got up to 122° in the garden, where I have been planting corn, and I have concluded to adjourn to the house, where it is warmer, and write you a few lines, as I have a little request to ask of you, and that is that you call on the Hon. Game Commissioners of Massachusetts and ask them whether they are simply for ornament or whether this is an outlawed section of the State, for there seems to be no attention paid to the game laws here whatever, and it seems useless to make complaints. The shooting has been good here for the past six weeks. Partridge, woodcock, wood ducks, robins, bluebirds, kingfishers and anything that comes along with feathers or fur is lawful game, and no one troubles the "sportsmen." Why don't you come up and bring your dogs and guns? there may be a few birds left. And bring a few snares and fox traps, and your friends and friends' friends, and if you don't find any birds in the woods you might come into my barn yard and shoot a few of my doves.

Only this morning, between 5:30 and 6 o'clock, I heard three guns in a locality where yesterday I heard partridges drumming, and upon visiting the place all I find is a lot of feathers and a couple of empty shells. Saturdays and Sundays seem to be the favorite days, as then the mills are shut down and the help have a chance to go shooting.

I don't know as this will interest you much, but I get so full of "mad" I must let it out somehow or burst. I hope that I shall hear from you as soon as you have seen the Commissioners. A.

The Pennsylvania Grouse Sale Bill.

THE bill forbidding at all seasons the sale of ruffed grouse passed both branches of the Pennsylvania Legislature, but was vetoed by the Governor.

Of the veto the Lewisburgh *News* says: "The bill introduced by Representative Focht for the protection of game was vetoed by the Governor on Wednesday, a long message accompanying the bill back to the House. The measure was endorsed by all the sportsmen of the State, and had in view the knocking out of the pot hunter and the fellows who slaughter game for the markets. The view generally taken is that hunting for game should be done for recreation and sport, and not for profit, and as the game of the State is being fast exterminated by those who follow hunting for a livelihood, it was thought necessary to enact a law that would save the few remaining birds from the unerring aim of the man who shoots for dollars. The bill, if it had become a law, would have prohibited the shooting of game for barter or sale, and no transmission company would be permitted to receive game for shipment. This is restrictive, but since the advent of the cold storage system it was deemed necessary. Since meat and game could be kept for a year or more birds are served in and out of season, and the supply must necessarily be made much greater than formerly, hence the needed protection against the ravages of the pot hunter. Gov. Hastings gave two reasons for vetoing the bill. First, that it was unconstitutional because it prohibited transmission companies from receiving for transportation; second, that it was unconstitutional because it made two classes of citizens, the one class who were denied the privilege of eating game because they could not buy it or receive it from their friends by express, and the class who could get

all they wanted for themselves and families by going out and shooting it. The veto is a great disappointment to the sportsmen of the State, and looked upon as an invitation for the market hunters in the pay of the cold storage companies to with renewed energy continue to bang away at the few birds that remain until none are left.

Damages for Gun Frauds.

JUDGMENT was given on the 27th ult. at Melbourne, Aus., in a suit brought by W. W. Greener, gunmaker, of 68 Haymarket, London, for wrongfully making use of the name Greener upon guns not of the plaintiff's manufacrure. The evidence showed that the practice had long prevailed, and the court awarded £5,500 as damages, exclusive of costs.

Trailing Foxes.

THE following query and reply covers matters so novel in respect to fox-hunting that the whole is inserted in full. The queries asked by "E. I. B.," Gardner, Mass., are as follows:

Can a hound trail either male or female fox at this season of the year?

Would the crossing of fox and bloodhounds be any improvement to a foxhound?

To this Mr. W. W. Titus replies as follows:

Re fox matters, I will say that Major Val Young and Capt. Billy Young had a fox chase last week. They experienced no difficulty running the grown foxes, one giving them a race of eight hours. All the others started went to earth after a short race.

They found, however, that their dogs could not trail with any satisfaction the young foxes, probably one-third grown. The dogs would strike their trail and go tearing off in full cry, run over it and circle for a mile, come back to where they lost it and hit it again, and dash off to make a complete loss. They decided the scent was very light, and that the young fox dodged worse than a rabbit.

Regarding the foxhound cross on the bloodhound, W. T. Hunter, of Wheatland, N. D., tried it and three of the pups came down here. They were no earthly good for either trailing man or varmint.

No cross can improve the foxhound, except English foxhound blood on the natives; but as many English dogs run mute, and at the best have choppy mouths and don't give it very freely, only such specimens should be bred to as are free from these faults.

The English hounds excel in speed, have lots of stamina, and push hard for the front. They have a high-headed way of throwing their heads up on a hot trail and straddling the track, and at a run-over, circling till they hit it, perhaps a half mile further on, and so pushing sly Reynard from jump to finish.

Sea and River Fishing.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FISHING.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., May 20.—I mail you to-day a sheet of the Manchester *Mirror and Farmer* describing the superb fishing of the first week in May at Pleasant Pond, in New London, about ten miles northeast from Sunapee Lake.

This pond has always been famed for trout, but was stocked a few years ago with salmon, and closed for five years absolutely. The result is to be seen to-day as shown. The brooks feeding this lake, which are the spawning grounds, are still closed, and to be kept closed for the present by law.

If any of your New York anglers want to try it, they can go up the Connecticut River road to White River Junction, and then down the Northern Railroad of New Hampshire to Potter Place, or go up from Boston to Potter Place over the Boston & Maine Railroad.

We have no fish stories to tell here. Drought and frost have nearly exterminated the trout, and the town voted at "March meeting" to prohibit all fishing for trout for three years from May 14. This gave the boys a fortnight to try, but I heard of no success. One young friend of mine tried three brooks, covering ten miles of territory one day, without a bite!

I went down myself on May 2 to a little brook which crosses the lower end of the village and is fed by cold springs, within a rifle shot of the main street, and took out ten trout in an hour, of which nine went back into the water as quick as possible. The other one was 7 or 8in. long, and I kept him for breakfast.

I have heard of a few being taken in Vermont, but the catch has been very limited in number to what it used to be.

I have no doubt your correspondent "Mascoma" has been to Lake Pleasant, and look to see a report from him in FOREST AND STREAM. VON W.

Commissioner Wentworth, of the New Hampshire Fish Commission, writes the letter to the *Mirror* referred to by "Von W." and he says: The first day of May found me at Pleasant Pond, New London, where they have had splendid success both with salmon and brook trout. There were parties there from different sections of the State. Mr. Miller and a friend from Westerly, R. I., caught four salmon and five brook trout averaging two pounds each. Ex-Mayor Beasom of Nashua took two salmon, catching them on a nine-ounce steel rod. These are the first salmon he has ever taken, but he handled them like a veteran. He is an artist with both gun and rod. R. F. Sargent, of New London, and A. J. Cheney were two of the most successful fishermen. One old gentleman fishing not far from where I was had a strike from a salmon which took away a part of his line and broke the tip end of his rod. He took the remainder of his line, fastened it permanently to the end of the second joint, making a combination like that we used to fish with when we were boys, for horn pouts and flat fish, and putting a live smelt on his hook commenced fishing again. In a short time he fastened on to another salmon in good shape; then the fun commenced in good earnest, I can assure you. Another fisherman got into the boat and helped land the salmon, which weighed between six and seven pounds.

Capt. Gordon, of Potter Place, a veteran of the late war, a man over 70 years old, was upon the pond three days in succession, driving back and forth a distance of eight or nine miles a day, and fishing as persistently as any of the young men. I saw him land one large brook trout weighing between three and four pounds, which he handled in a manner, if you could have seen him, that would have done your soul good. One man made some suggestions about playing the fish. He was a man 50 years old, I should say. The Captain told him he had caught trout before he was born. The two first days at Pleasant Pond, as near as I could learn, there were twenty-four salmon and ninety-four brook trout caught. If you or any of your friends want some good fishing, by going over the Northern Railroad to Potter Place, there taking a team to the pond, I have no doubt but that you could have some sport.

ANGLING NOTES.

Hudson River Salmon.

SCARCELY a week passes that I am not asked about the salmon in the Hudson, and the people seeking information on the subject are so widely distributed that it cannot be considered a local matter. Mr. George Harris, of Fort Edward, told me a few days ago that a salmon became entangled in a net below the Troy dam only the day before I met Mr. Harris, and while the fishermen were trying to secure the fish it escaped. The salmon was believed by a number of old fishermen who saw it to weigh 40lbs. Mr. Harris further informed me that a number of salmon had been taken in the nets just below the dam, and that they did not get away.

The Mechanicville fishway was cleaned out this spring about May 1, and the Fort Miller fishway was cleaned and repaired; but as the first obstruction in the river, the Troy dam, now has no fishway, the salmon have scant opportunity to try the fishways above. There is no doubt that the nets in the Hudson take a great many salmon every year that are not returned to the water, as the law directs, as there is no penalty for having the salmon in possession after they are illegally taken in nets. The language of the new game bill is the same as in the present law.

The plant of salmon fry in the upper Hudson this year will be small, but the new Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests will retain a few thousands of fry at the Cold Spring Harbor station and rear them to fingerlings at least before planting them.

Fish Scores.

Very lately I have had occasion to know something about the condition of some of the black bass waters of the country through letters from people who desire to restock overfished and depleted lakes and ponds. Perhaps if I say the number of black bass applied for in one year in New York State alone amounts to something like millions, when it is only possible to supply a few thousands, a fair idea may be obtained of the situation.

I believe that a desire to make a big score is a most important factor in depleting black bass waters. On my desk are two advertisements of two hotels in different States, and each to induce the patronage of anglers relates the scores made by visitors in previous years. For instance, one man is credited with an average catch per day of 49 black bass for eighteen consecutive days; another with 63 in two hours (and the card does not say that they were netted); another with 330 in four days, while four men took 572 in two days. What becomes of the bass taken thus by wholesale? The publication of such scores may draw custom for a time, until the bass by reason of immoderate fishing become scarce, and then there will be a demand doubtless for bass for restocking. I imagine that the time will come when fish commissioners will be slow to furnish fish to be slaughtered in the name of sport, and that hotel keepers will be about the last to advertise that fish have been taken in numbers to make a netter blush in the waters near their hotels.

Spawning of Trout.

The time at which trout begin to spawn will vary slightly under different conditions of temperature, and the different species of trout will spawn at different periods in different localities, but the Buckland Museum had last fall three species of trout in the same water and the spawning period was noted in each species. Brook trout (*fontinalis*) began to spawn Nov. 15; the eggs began to hatch out Jan. 11; finished Feb. 10. Loch Leven trout began to spawn Nov. 22; the eggs began to hatch out Jan. 21; finished Feb. 13. Brown trout began to spawn Nov. 26; the eggs began to hatch out Jan. 30; finished Feb. 23. At first the water temperature was 42° Fahr., falling to 35°, and at the finish of the hatching it was 39°.

To Canada.

Yesterday, seated in the smoking compartment of a parlor car on the D. & H. R. R., was a party of men rolling along at forty or fifty miles an hour in the direction of Montreal. General Passenger Agent Burdick, Superintendent Manville, Frederick Remington the artist, the writer and three others filled the compartment. The talk was of fish and fishing big trout, little trout and ouananiche. And naturally, too, for with one exception the gentlemen were going to Lake Edward and Lake St. John for the fishing to be found there. The one exception was the writer, who was going home to work, with no immediate prospect of catching ouananiche or anything else.

Less than a week ago a friend in Montreal wrote me: "I wish to learn when you may be expected to wing your flight northward. Everything is ready, and fishing (trout) has begun in the St. Maurice and Laurentian Club territories. There is no use discussing the 'prospects' or 'catch' in these localities, as the fishing is always very good; but most of us like to wet our lines at this particular season of the year, be it only for a few days. I know that is the case with myself, therefore I shall probably go to the Laurentian Club next week. After that, say the 10th of June, I shall leave for the Godbout and Mistassini" (this is the river flowing into the St. Lawrence, not the one of same name flowing into Lake St. John) "for salmon. Can you join us on this particular trip? * * * We would leave Montreal about the 10th or 11th of June, and be at the Godbout in thirty-six hours. Bring an ordinary salmon rod (or two), not a very heavy rod, as fish do not run as large as in the Restigouche and Cascapedia, but they are much more numerous, and are generally fished for by wading or walking along the banks. Personally, I like this kind of work much better than canoes. Standing up or sitting in a canoe for a couple of hours or more, casting away, is rather monotonous at times, besides one is generally confined to a single pool; but when you can wade the shallow parts of a stream as you would a trout brook, and perhaps land and gaff your fish, the general result is, I think, very satisfactory; the exercise one gets, too, is more beneficial and the sport is much less dangerous. Old John Mowat is writing splendid articles in FOREST AND STREAM, is he not? He knows a thing or two about salmon. Now write and say you will be with us soon after we telegraph for you."

If it is not heart-breaking to decline such an invitation as that, particularly as I have been looking forward to it for some months. I do not know how to describe the feeling which I have. But the writer of the invitation is a most generous angler and he has provided for some future fishing, about which I hope I may tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Books upon Fishculture.

Frequently I have been asked to recommend some book upon fishculture, and I have always replied to such queries that Stone's "Domesticated Trout" was perhaps the best text-book to be obtained at a moderate cost, that gives the information sought by the amateur fish breeder. I now have two queries asking for the latest work upon fish breeding that is not too expressive for ordinary pockets. The latest and best work is "An Angler's Paradise and How to Obtain it," by J. J. Armistead, proprietor of the Solway Fishery, Dumfries, Scotland. It is an exhaustive work, based upon Mr. Armistead's long and successful experience as a fish breeder. I wish that every angler in the country could read the chapter in this book entitled "Pond Life," and our fish breeders could also read it with profit. The book is published in England, but I presume that FOREST AND STREAM will import it for anyone who desires to purchase it. The price would be about the same as for "Domesticated Trout." I will quote one paragraph from Mr. Armistead's book in view of the discussion in this country about fry and yearlings:

"Stocking with yearlings is a simple and easy matter; any intelligent keeper can do the work successfully. But with fry it is an entirely different affair. It does not matter how intelligent the operator may be, unless he has a fair knowledge of what he is doing, the chances are that some mistake may be made which will frustrate his good intentions. I have now stocked the same waters with fry for many years in succession, and have got excellent results, but they have been introduced at the right time as well as in the right place, and in the right manner."

In regard to food for young fish—a matter of the greatest importance for fish of any age, and one that comparatively little attention is paid to in this country—Mr. Armistead has this to say: "The natural food of yearlings, as indeed of fry, may be largely augmented by the introduction of various insects in their larval forms—not only those which inhabit the water, but also the soil and its vegetation, and a study of flora and fauna therefore becomes very desirable. This applies not only to rearing or nursery ponds, but to streams and lakes, which may often be very materially improved by the introduction and culture of certain forms of life which were formerly non-existent therein. As applied to our natural waters, this subject becomes an exceedingly important economic question, which is well worthy of the thought and study which is being given to it. Some of our winged insects simply abound in their earlier stages in certain localities, and under peculiarly favorable conditions. To supply these conditions in contiguity to our fish ponds is a work of great importance, but which has as yet hardly been entered upon." A. N. CHENEY.

Denver Tarpon Record.

THEY talk more of big trout records than of tarpon scores in Denver, but when a Denver man goes to Florida and has luck he does not attempt to conceal the fact. The Rocky Mountain *News* reports the achievements of a Colorado rod on tarpon: "Everybody in Denver who knows Capt. Jake Sedam knows that he is one of the greatest fishing experts in the West, and is also a lover of that sort of sport. Some time ago he and his wife took a trip down South for health and pleasure, and of course when the captain saw the beautiful blue ocean water off the coast of Florida his desires began to work on him and he soon was on the water. He reports tarpon fishing excellent, the fish running smaller than usual, but in great abundance. He has the scales of six of the largest he killed, and they are now properly mounted on a board in Bostwick's gun store in the Tabor block on Sixteenth street, and are marked as follows: March 6, 107lbs., off Mattleshea, 5 leaps, in one hour and ten minutes. March 8, 110lbs., off Mattleshea, 7 leaps, in fifty minutes. March 9, 120lbs., off Nigger Head, 5 leaps, in two hours and thirty minutes. March 10, 150lbs., Astero Bay, 9 leaps, in one hour and fifteen minutes. March 10, 97lbs., Astero Bay, 1 leap, in two hours and three minutes. March 17, 125½lbs., in first pool off Mattleshea, 4 leaps in thirty minutes. While Capt. Sedam was not exactly high hook he was nearly so. Mr. Cole, of Plymouth, was first; Mr. Borden, of Chicago, second; Capt. Sedam, third.

Parties from Philadelphia heretofore having carried off the honors, this season, with the exception of Mr. Sill, failed to score. Mr. Jones and Mr. Frishmouth—considered the very best tarpon fishermen—were unfortunate in the selection of localities.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

THE Chicago Fly-Casting Club held a tournament on May 25 at Garfield Park, and will hold others on each alternate Saturday to Sept. 28. There will be four events in each contest, as follows: 1. Fly-casting for distance and accuracy combined. 2. Dry fly-casting for distance and accuracy combined. 3. Fly-casting for distance. 4. Bait-casting for distance and accuracy combined. Rods must not be over 11ft. long, and must not weigh over 8½oz.; leaders not to be over 9ft. and lines not larger than E. Medals will be given for each event, the winners of the largest number of events during the season to possess the medal permanently. During August there will be a tournament open to the world. Rules governing all the contests can be obtained from Secretary F. B. Davidson, No. 127 West Washington street. The club will go fishing at Lake Beulah, Wis., during the first week in June.

THE MEGANTIC CLUB.

WE have received from the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation the report for the last fiscal year, which contains so much of general interest that a generous share of it is given here.

The Megantic is the largest and best known of such associations in the Eastern States. It had its origin with Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, whose personal exploration of the territory showed him the peculiar advantages it offered for club preserve purposes. The membership has grown constantly, new territory has been added from time to time, until the area now controlled comprises 250 square miles of land and water.

The affairs of the club are reported upon in the club book:

The Megantic Fish and Game Corporation was organized in Boston in January, 1887, being incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine Feb. 15, 1887, and obtaining a charter from the Province of Quebec on March 26, 1887.

The club owns and leases a territory comprising 250 square miles, and containing three lakes, twenty ponds, six rivers, eight streams and brooks, and eight bogs.

Besides its club house it has twenty-nine camps and a fish hatchery.

The territory controlled is an unbroken wilderness, 3,000 feet above the sea, lying in the northwestern corner of the State of Maine and extending over the border into Canada. In this domain are found moose, caribou, deer, bears, and all kinds of smaller game. Partridge are very plenty, and all kinds of water fowl infest the lakes and ponds.

The waters abound in trout and bass, and landlocked salmon have been successfully introduced for several years, and the members will soon have this added variety of sports.

The club employs a Main Game Warden who is also General Superintendent of the Preserve, and a Canadian Warden who also looks after the club's interest over the border.

Caretakers are employed during the winter to assist the wardens, and also prepare wood and ice for the summer, and repair camps, boats, etc.

Membership in the club costs $50 for a share of stock and the annual dues (not to exceed $20), which are fixed by the Directors.

Macannamac Lodge.

Situated on the southern shore of the beautiful Spider or Macannamac Lake, in the midst of a tract of land three miles long owned by the club, is the Megantic Club House, called Macannamac Lodge. Inside we find a cosy parlor with beautiful fire-place, piano, etc., a roomy hall with another large and artistic fire-place, a bright, tasty dining-room, and on the other floors are the bedrooms, furnished with hardwood chamber sets, and offering accommodations few expect to find so far back into the woods. The house is also supplied with hot and cold water, baths, etc., and suffice it to say that a more charming spot for comfort, enjoyment and good table cannot be found, and it is little wonder that many members are contented to spend their entire vacation here. The fishing in the lake is very good, especially bass fishing; and the Spider River, near at hand, offers every inducement to those who wish for an abundance of trout. Deer and wildfowl are abundant on this stream and a canoe trip up its waters is a delightful recreation. The club has a commodious camp situated on the stream, and variety can easily be obtained by taking the trip up the stream to this camp and roughing it for a few days.

Crosby Pond.

After a few days' rest at the club house the average sportsman is anxious to start back on the preserve, and with his guide takes the trail (7 miles long) to the nearest camp, situated on the shores of Crosby Pond; or, if the shorter tramp is desirable, he takes the launch to Three Lakes, and then the steamer on Lake Megantic to Woburn, and thence, by buck-board, rides to Cameron's.

A walk of 1 mile brings one to Arnold Pond, crossing which, another tramp of 1½ miles is necessary to reach Crosby Camp. The latter route is very easy and usually the chosen one for ladies.

Crosby Pond is about 1½ miles long and 1 mile wide, round in shape, with a small island in the center. It is an ideal place to camp, and as the club's accommodations are excellent it is a popular resort. The fishing is extremely good, and trout weighing as high as 5lbs. are taken. It is also a favorite retreat for deer, which may be seen at almost any time around the shore.

From Crosby trips can easily be made to Upper Hathan Bog, ½ mile distant, Lower Hathan Bog, 1 mile distant, and Cranberry Bog. Good fishing is to be had in all of these waters and deer are very plenty.

Arnold Pond.

One and a half miles from Crosby and within a mile of Cameron's is Arnold Pond, lying at the base of Black Mountain. It is a very romantic spot, with fish and game in abundance, and excellent accommodations at the club camp situated on a charming point.

From Arnold Pond visits can easily be made to Mud Pond, a quarter of a mile distant, where trout abound. A quarter of a mile further east is Horseshoe Pond, also well supplied with trout. One and a quarter miles from Horseshoe is Otter Pond.

After enjoying the pleasures of Crosby and Arnold, an easy tramp of two and one-half miles brings one to one of the most charming camps on the preserve—Massachusetts Bog Camp. Built in the midst of the forest on the banks of a noisy brook, it makes one appreciate more than ever the vastness of the preserve and the distance from civilization. A short walk and we are on the shores of Massachusetts Bog, a long (two miles) and narrow strip of water lying at the base of the Boundary Mountains. The fishing here cannot be surpassed anywhere, and the low marshy shores make an excellent feeding ground for an abundance of game.

Big Northwest Pond.

Three and a half miles from Massachusetts Bog is a beautiful sheet of water called Northwest Pond. The club has three camps and a spacious dining-room here, all in charge of a steward, and as the fishing is simply wonderful, one lingers long at this delightful spot. Mr. A. W. Gleason, of New York, has a private camp here. Little Northwest Pond, a quarter of a mile, and South Boundary Pond, a quarter of a mile distant, are easily reached, while Grant Pond, a half a mile distant, is noted for its large, gamy trout.

Big Island Pond.

From Grant Pond it is only one mile to Big Island Pond, which is the largest and most beautiful of the Seven Ponds, and derives its name from the large island in its center. From the club camps, situated at the southeastern corner, is one of the most beautiful views to be had on the preserve. Stretching out before you a distance of three miles are its blue ruffled waters, here and there broken by some huge ledge, while the forest closely lines its rough and rocky shores. In the distance are the Boundary Mountains, and towering above the camps is Snow Mountain, one of the highest peaks in Maine. The club has nine camps here, and Dr. Geo. McAleer and J. W. Mason have private camps. A man and woman employed by the club attend to the welfare of members, and a better place to pass a few weeks cannot be found. The trout are plenty, large and gamy, and as the club have planted a large number of landlocked salmon, good fishing of this kind is expected shortly.

The club's hatchery is located here, and is extremely interesting to those who have never visited one. To those fond of mountain climbing, a trip up Snow Mountain is well worth while, as the panorama from the top amply repays for the fatigue.

At Big Island Pond the club has recently purchased a tract of land one and a quarter miles square, bordering on the northern end of the pond, comprising a territory of 1,000 acres, and including the whole of Rock Pond, and at an early date it is proposed to erect camps here.

One-third of a mile from Big Island Pond is L Pond, a favorite fishing resort, where one is always sure to fill his creel.

From L Pond one can visit Beaver Pond, one and a half miles distant, and from Beaver Pond go to Long Pond, a quarter of a mile distant, and Little Island Pond, a half a mile distant.

From Big Island Pond to the camps on Long Pond of the Chain of Ponds is seven and a half miles by easy trail.

Chain of Ponds.

Long Pond at Chain of Ponds is a beautiful sheet of water, 3,000 feet above the sea, with the most charming mountain scenery. The club camps, seven in number, are situated on a small peninsula recently purchased by the club, about midway of the pond, and a man and woman are employed to attend to the wants of visitors. Dr. Heber Bishop, Mr. Geo. A. Gibson, Mr. D. C. Pierce, and Mr. A. W. Robinson have private camps here. The fishing is excellent, especially early in June, when very large trout are taken.

The Chain of Ponds consists of Round, Long, Upper Bag and Lower Pocket ponds, offering a variety of water for the fisherman to try, and, as at other places, the game is abundant.

From Chain of Ponds to the club house by trail is ten and one-half miles, if one wishes to return that way.

From Chain of Ponds to Eustis is twelve miles by buckboard, but, if one prefers, the trip can be made down the Dead River in a canoe, and the latter way is certainly the most desirable. To lazily drift down this beautiful stream, breathing the perfumed air and feasting the eyes on the romantic scenery, and as night draws near to finally reach again the borders of civilization, and sleep once more in a hotel, is certainly the pleasantest way imaginable to end one's sojourn in the woods; and the memories of those last glimpses of deer frightened by the canoe's approach, or a trout darting to a shady nook or leaping from the water, or the wild ducks' rapid flight as you round a bend in the tortuous stream, will long remain, and ere they are quite forgotten you are again anticipating and preparing for another outing in this paradise of sportsmen.

As a matter of curiosity, and also to answer a statement made at Augusta last spring, that it was wrong in principle to charter such organizations as the Megantic Club, which was named particularly, pains have been taken to find out what the club has done for the section it used as a preserve, with this result: Our cash book shows about $9,000 paid by the club itself for supplies, wages and labor, and our records show over 250 people visited the preserve (326 names appearing on our register at the club house), more or less of whom paid directly, to men acting as their guides, the gross amount of $4,000, showing over $13,000 spent by the club and its individual members during the past season. In the Maine Fish Commissioners' report for 1894 the estimate of average amount paid by visiting sportsmen is $75 each, showing at 300 visitors an amount of $22,500.

The hatchery bids fair to prove a success, and of great benefit to us in restocking the waters. While we did not obtain as many eggs as we expected, on account of our ignorance of the spawning beds, we did get 30,000, as follows: From L Pond 6,000 and from Northwest Pond 24,000. The eggs have been this winter in the care of Isaac Tibbetts, of Rangeley, Me., who came to us highly recommended, and his reports during the season so far have been most gratifying, comparatively few of the eggs in his charge having died, and they have passed safely through the severe cold of the first part of February.

Through the courtesy of Hon. H. O. Stanley, Fish Commissioner of Maine, we received 1,000 landlocked salmon which had attained a growth of 2½ to 4in. These were liberated in the brooks flowing into Big Island Pond, and we hope they will do as well as the lot placed there in 1893.

Of this lot there were caught during the season of 1894 about twenty, by parties fishing, 5 or 6in. in size, showing that they have obtained a start, and we confidently expect an increase.

We followed out the policy outlined in the last annual report, and placed in Big Island waters about 3,000,000 fresh-water smelt eggs to hatch and propagate for food for the salmon, and this method we think should be continued.

We now, at the time of writing this report, have the promise of 10,000 salmon eggs and 20,000 trout eggs, which we propose to finish hatching in our buildings. These we propose shall be cared for during the summer and liberated in the fall, when they will be of a size to protect and feed themselves.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, May 23.—Reports from the Maine waters are encouraging as to the fishing. The weather has been very cold indeed, but is warmer again. Mr. C. Z. Bassett, of Appleton & Bassett, who is at Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps, at Cupsuptic Lake, writes Mr. Appleton that the weather is very cold, so much so that his winter overcoat has been none to warm. The fishing is beginning in good earnest there, with some catches already. Mr. G. N. Smalley is with Mr. Bassett. Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Thayer, of Boston, are also there.

A private letter from Haines' Landing, Mooselucmaguntic, just received, says that the fishing there continues the best for years. There are about twenty-five guests at the Mooselucmaguntic House, and nearly all are having good luck. Mr. George Churchill, of Brockton, Mass., has taken a 5lb. trout within a few rods of the house. Mr. Perry, of New York, has taken a 7lb. trout; Mr. Hooper, of Philadelphia, has taken one of 4½lbs. Miss Grace Hobart's largest trout weighs 6lbs., but she has taken a number of lesser size. Mr. Walter Farmer, of Arlington, Mass., has taken ninety-four trout in one week's fishing, the united weight of his string being about 200lbs. Mr. A. C. Lomberd and Wm. S. Patten, of Lowell, Mass., have taken in one day twelve trout, the creel weighing 24lbs.; the largest weighed 4½lbs. There was also a landlocked salmon in the lot that weighed 3½lbs. Several salmon are mentioned as being taken from Rangeley Lake, but none yet of large size.

Among the shoe and leather trade people who have gone afishing may be mentioned Mr. Shaw, of Gregory, Shaw & Co., with Mr. Johnson. They have gone down to Winn, Me., and from thence to some good fishing grounds not far away. Mr. Pickard, the veteran fisherman, is at the Oquossoc Angling Association's club houses. None are more delighted with the waters and the air of upper Mooselucmaguntic than he. Mr. R. A. Tuttle, of Boston, with his friend Mr. Gilman, is at Lake Point Cottage, where he and Gen. Harmon have spent many happy fishing seasons. Mr. C. F. Hutchins, of Boston, with Lieut. H. G. O. Colby, of the U. S. Navy, will join the Lake Point party on Saturday. Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Colby will be accompanied by their wives and children; all the elders of the party thoroughly enjoying the fishing. They will fish for eight or ten days. Mr. Tuttle writes them that a 4lb. trout is the largest one taken yet in that vicinity.

Senator John Simpkins, of the Cape, started to-day for B. Pond, for a few weeks' fishing. It will be remembered that this is the pond on which Ex-Gov. Russell, with hi friends John E. and Bayard Thayer, with Mr. Simpkin and others, succeeded in getting a special act of the Maine Legislature last winter, closing it perpetually to all fishing except with the artificial fly.

M. Joseph B. Thomas, of New York, and of the American Sugar Refining Co., with Mrs. Thomas, passed through Boston this morning *en route* for Moosehead. Later Mr. Thomas is to be followed by a party of friends. They go for fly fishing only, and it is believed that the water and the weather are both too cold yet.

The Allerton Lodge party comes pretty near to being deprived of one of its most distinguished guests. The party started this morning via Boston & Maine Railroad, but Mayor Edwin M. Curtis is at present kept in Boston by important city business. He will doubtless join the party a few days later. In the party are Col. Horace Rockwell, Col. E. B. Haskell and C. H. Andrews, of the Boston *Herald;* Mr. George A. Priest, Mr. George Young and Dr. Heath. Allerton Lodge is on the east side of Lake Mooselucmaguntic, and is the property of Messrs. Haskell and Andrews. The extremely cold weather being over, the party expects good fishing.

Mr. E. A. Dow, with his friend Mr. Place, returned from Camp Stewart yesterday. They found extremely cold weather, but the fishing was entirely satisfactory to them. They caught all the trout they wanted, with fishing only a small part of the time. Mr. Dow's catch includes a 6lbs. trout, one of 4½lbs., and a good many of 3lbs. and upward. Mr. Place caught a 4lbs. trout.

May 24.—The Produce party to Moosehead Lake is home again. The weather was terribly cold, and almost every man of the party declares that he will never start on a State of Maine fishing trip so early again. There was even more trouble from the terrible winds on the lake than from the cold. It was next to impossible to stay out in a boat after the wind came up in the forenoon. There were only six in the party from Boston after all. They were Mr. Smith, Dr. Foss, Mr. J. H. Davis, Mr. L. G. A. Fauteaux, Mr. L. E. Pierce and Mr. Geo. A. Fales. All are in the produce trade, except Dr. Foss, a dentist, and J. H. Davis, of the firm of Curtis, Davis & Co. Mr. S. R. Ellis was hindered from going, as well as Mr. Wallace F. Robinson, President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. At Boston this party was joined by the Fales party of Pawtucket, R. I., twenty fishermen in all. The Fales party owns a camp at Moosehead. A good many trout were taken; generally all that the law will allow sportsmen to bring out. Members of this party say that the fish and game wardens are keeping very close watch at Bangor and other points, to see that the 25-pound law limit of trout is not exceeded. Several seizures have been made there. The trout this party found to be larger this year than usual. Several up to three and even three and a half pounds were taken. Generally the fish taken were "square-tailed" or brook trout, the usual volume of lakers not being taken. Considerable fly-fishing was noted—something very unusual for so early in these waters.

The Inglewood Club early party will be a good deal broken up this year. Several of the members are hindered by business. They say that trade has been dull so long, now that a start has come, they do not feel like going afishing. Business must be before pleasure, especially when business has been so long deferred. Mr. Harry B. Moore and George C. Moore sail for Europe tomorrow and cannot be with the Inglewood party this spring.

The Camp Stewart party to Richardson Lake starts this evening. This party is also broken up more than one-half. It is composed of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Freeman and Dr. Wood, of Arlington, with Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Moody, of Boston. Mr. H. S. Kempton, of the Boston *Herald* staff, is prevented from taking his usual spring fishing trip with this party. Mr. W. T. Farley, with Mrs. Farley, who have fished with this party a number of seasons, have gone on a bicycling tour instead. Mr. C. A.

Stearns, the truest lover of the gentle Izaak in the party, was called to go to Montana, after having made every arrangement for his fishing trip. He is the owner of a number of editions of Izaak Walton, and finds the true angler's comfort in them. SPECIAL.

HUB RETURNS AND DEPARTURES.

BOSTON.—W. S. Greenough, Joseph Guild, F. J. Baker and Isaac Colburn, all of Boston, leave in a few days for a two weeks' trip to fish a few choice ponds in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake. Messrs. Guild and Greenough have visited this country each season for some years, and came back each time well satisfied with results.

E. C. Fitch, President of the American Waltham Co., A. K. Sloan, of New York city, and Dr. Brown and J. D. Edmands, of Boston, will shortly leave for Quebec, whence they expect to sail about June 15, on their own yacht, for the river Romaine, on the north shore of Quebec province. This river is classed in England as one of the three best salmon rivers in Canada. The salmon are large in size and fight desperately from the moment they are hooked. All of the party are expert salmon anglers and without doubt will land many fish before their return on August 1. Dr. Brown's experience in salmon fishing is not confined to this country alone. He is a great traveler and has just returned from a trip around the world. In Japan he had the novel experience of fishing for salmon with native tackle, the line being the smallest possible size, and the rod of green bamboo that would almost bend double.

W. B. Farmer, of Boston, has just returned from a ten days' trip to the Rangeleys. He stopped at the Mooselucmeguntic House, and had Ed. Lowell for guide. His score is the best I have seen this season to date, being 100 fish. The largest trout taken weighed 5¾lbs., and the largest salmon 6½lbs. The greatest catch for one day was on May 11, when he landed twenty-one fish (two salmon and nineteen trout), the largest weighing 5¼lbs. The weather was terribly cold and disagreeable most of the time. All of his fish were taken by trolling.

Mr. Fred Winch has just returned from the Englewood Club Preserve. He had good fishing and great luck with the Stanley smelt.

E. W. La Croix and A. F. Marston, of Lynn, have just returned from Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps. They are well satisfied with the fishing, but have nothing to say in praise of the weather, which they pronounce as awful. The three largest fish taken weighed 4½, 4¼ and 3½lbs. respectively.

The Moose River Total Abstinence Club. When I first heard the name I was under the impression that a branch lodge of the Sons of Temperance had in some way strayed up into the Moose River country and started in to do missionary work with visiting sportsmen and guides. Careful inquiry, however, revealed the fact that such was not the case. A fishing club is the owner of this high-sounding title, and jolly good fellows they are, too. Why the word "abstinence" is inserted I cannot say; possibly it refers to temperance in eating, catching fish, etc. Who knows? The members of this club are Com. L. E. Pierce, who has been fourteen years with the same party; George A. Fales, the Boston commission merchant; James Davis, the soap manufacturer; Dr. L. T. Foss, the dentist, and a Mr. Smith, who presents the remarkable record of forty-nine successive years at Moosehead fishing. This last-named gentleman killed a bear on the present site of the Kineo House years ago, and is the patriarch of the party. The club has just returned from a week's fishing at the lake, and had a grand time. They made their headquarters on the steamer Louise. A number of guests accompanied them, and they had guides and canoes in plenty to enable them to reach all the best fishing points. During the trip Dr. Foss presented a fine rod to the Commodore, made by J. Will Barney. While at the lake a 16¾-pound laker was taken in trolling by a member of the Camp Comfort Club.

E. Billings and friend, of Boston, will leave on May 29 for the Bonney River country. They expect to put in a month's time fishing the waters of this region, most of which Mr. Billings is well acquainted with, having been there several times before. They will stop at the camps of Tom Sullivan.

Quite a number of striped bass from 3 to 12lbs. in weight are being taken in the weirs of fishermen in the Exeter River, N. H. A large tautog was lately caught in the same manner in this stream twenty-seven miles from the ocean.

Geo. W. Tenney and party recently returned from Daw Hole Pond, N. H., report good salmon fishing and a grand time during their week's visit. One salmon was taken which weighed 19lbs. It was an immense fish and gave its captors a great fight. Six other salmon weighing together 60lbs., were taken by the same party. One fish of such a large size goes far toward satisfying the most exacting angler, and Dan Hole Pond has pleased not a few in this respect since the ice left.

The Brackett and Clark party have returned from the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes. Two 7lb. fish were the largest weights taken, but a sufficient number of smaller size were caught to make the trip a success. Mr. Brackett had some fair fly-fishing in streams nearby. The party experienced terrible weather, the worst seen in many years' visits to the Rangeleys.

A. G. Weeks, Jr., Herbert Austin, Henry H. Carter and Asa Bond, all of Boston, will leave on May 30 for Grand Lake, Me. They will be away two or three weeks and will spend the time fishing for salmon. Mr. Weeks is particularly expert at this sport, and in the past has made some very good scores. He never gets tired, but stays right with it, and this is what counts after all.

J. Stewart and H. B. Read, of South Weymouth, left on Friday last for Haines Landing and Camp Bemis, Rangeley Lakes. They will stay about ten days and will devote the entire time to fishing. HACKLE.

Red Drum Ashore.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., May 21.—I have just returned from North Carolina, driven home by the cold and boisterous weather. The red drum (channel bass) lay on the beach at Body's Island by hundreds, the supposition being that the cold killed them. It is a curious fact, however, that they were all large ones, from 20 to 40lbs. Where were the small ones? It was reported on good authority that on Hatteras Beach they lay in windrows. BIG REEL.

SOME FISHING NOTES.

HERE are various notes of various fishing by various anglers for various fish in various waters:

TRENTON, N. J.—Mr. Kimball took a 9½lbs. striped bass May 16, and Mr. Seichnor brought in one of 19¼lbs.
C. E. P.

WOODBOURNE, N. Y.—Some recent catches of trout in the Neversink have been: Mr. S. H. Palmer, of New Jersey—three brown trout, which weighed 6¼lbs. in all, one weighing 3½lbs. and measuring 22in. He caught forty smaller brook trout in same catch. The fishing in this vicinity is the best for several seasons. A big catch was made by James P. Hall, of Jersey City, stopping at Woodbourne, taking in all about 400 fish from the Neversink River, in a distance of ten miles from Hall's Mills to Woodbourne. He says he only stopped because he couldn't carry any more home. L. L. WALDORF.

OLD FORGE, Fulton Chain, Adirondacks.—Some May catches have been: By H. J. Mowery (Syracuse), eighty-nine speckled trout, weighing 43lbs.; five salmon, weight 18lbs. By Charles Newman (Newport), two days' catch, sixty trout, weight 34lbs. By Dr. Rasbach (Mohawk), forty-eight trout, weight 20lbs.; one salmon of 14lbs.
W. A. BRIGGS.

HARRISVILLE, N. Y., May 20.—Trout fishing is excellent this season at and in the vicinity of Forest Home. Large catches are being made almost daily. During last week about 300 trout were caught near there. One party of two caught thirty-five in one day, averaging about 1lb. each. Another party of three caught fifty in one day, weighing about ¾lb. each. Now is the time to catch them.
HUMES BROS.

ADIRONDACKS, Old Forge, N. Y., May 25.—Dr. A. B. Stevens, of Watertown, on May 20 took fifteen speckled trout, weighing 8½lbs; Geo. B. Davison, of Utica, forty-two, weighing 26lbs.; Dr. Chas. E. Douglass, of Lowville, fourteen, weighing 9lbs. A. J. Smith and J. R. Devendurf, of Herkimer, on May 21 took thirty-one, weighing 17lbs. The prospects are good for the season.
N. A. BRIGGS.

WELD, Me.—Among May fishermen at Pine Point Camps have been Fish Commissioner H. O. Stanley, who took both trout and salmon; ex-Gov. Marble, who scored a 2½lbs. trout and another of 1¼lbs. The fishing is good this season and promises to hold. W. K. CHASE.

THREE LAKES, Wis.—Lunge, pike and bass fishing will be good by June 1. The prospects look very good. The season is two weeks earlier than it was last year.
T. R. FRENCH.

SYRACUSE.—The water in Seneca River is very low and large quantities of pickerel have been taken with a spoon at Montezuma marshes and Port Byron. A 5¼lbs. California trout was taken from Onondaga Lake early in the month by a small boy, who sold it to E. Loden for $1.50; the fish measured 23in. long. K.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pike County, Pa.—Dingman's Ferry still continues its reputation for fishing, and many well-known anglers have visited it during the present month. One of the guests of the High Falls Hotel brought in from this morning's fishing twenty-seven very fine trout from Dingman Creek. P. F. FULMER.

The annual contest of the Honeoye Falls (N. Y.) Anglers' Association will take place June 12. There are fifty-three subscribed prizes from local business men.

We fished the Neversink from Hall's Mills to Big Bend with Willie Dean; caught 123; weighed 24½lbs. On another day fished the Neversink from Hall's Mills to Conklin's Brook and took 84; weighed 15lbs. We stopped at H. W. Dean's, Neversink. W. A. and L. C. K.

Striped Bass.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a photo of live handsome striped bass caught by Mr. A. P. Beck, of Jersey City. They were taken along the



Jersey coast with rod and reel and still fishing on Nov. 12, 1894. One weighed 10lbs., the other 7lbs. He also caught another weighing 12½lbs. a week later, but the negative was not very good. He also caught one in the spring weighing 11lbs. WM. BECK, JR.

The bass are now running in the Hudson, the East River and other waters about New York, and good catches are reported. A writer in the *Sun* says: "What is considered to be the best fishing ground along the Hudson is the shallow water that covers the level bottoms at the mouth of the Croton River. These shallows are very extensive, so that one angler might fish there all day without getting a strike, while another angler, choosing a different position, would make a large catch. It is, therefore, advisable when fishing over these grounds to change from one place to another until the bass make their presence known. The incoming tide is invariably the best, for as the water deepens over the bottoms the fish come in to feed. It is also advisable to take along several kinds of bait, such as sand worms, white worms and shrimp, for striped bass have remarkably fickle appetites, and though they may take white worms greedily on one day, they will touch nothing but shrimp on another."

Six-Inch Justice.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose you a clipping from the Rochester *Post Express*, descriptive of an incident which happened during one of my recent trout fishing expeditions, which may be of interest to you and your readers. While the proceedings narrated might not have been strictly legal, they were nevertheless exceedingly effective. FRANK L. DODGSON.

On May 1, under the law, the season for trout fishing opened in Wyoming county. F. L. Dodgson, of this city, was among those who availed themselves of the privilege of enjoying the sport in that county. He related to a *Post Express* reporter this morning the novel method he witnessed of bringing illegal fishermen to task there.

He said: "On Wednesday, when the season opened, there were a large number of people who availed themselves of the opportunity of enjoying the sport. The game and fish protector was on hand with assistants to see that law was not violated. The law requires among other things that no fish under six inches long be taken from the streams. The game protector had a little tin box just six inches long with which to measure the fish. He had the court with him—that is, he was accompanied by the deputy sheriff and the justice of the peace of the county. The three men stopped all the fishermen they saw and examined their catches. They went to the hotels and wherever they could catch fishermen. They examined each fish individually, measured it by the little tin box and saw that the law was not violated in any other particular. One man had a fish under the regulation size in his basket. The game protector measured it, and on ascertaining that it was less than six inches in length summoned the justice of the peace, who immediately held court and fined the law breaker $10. It was the most summary dispensation of justice I had ever seen and struck me as being worthy of emulation in other places. If there were more such wide-awake game protectors and ubiquitous justices of the peace there would be less violations of the fish and game laws of the State, and their result would accrue to the advantage of all."

What Colors the Flesh of the Salmon?

I SEE the question asked in some issues of FOREST AND STREAM, and authorities are quoted asserting that it is owing to their food at sea, being principally eggs of other fish and crustaceans.

Having drawn the stomachs from 1,000 salmon caught on the sea coast, before reaching the brackish water, I only found in them three varieties of food—the caplin, herring and mackerel, with not a sign of shrimp, sand, eel or egg.

Are you aware that some rivers have fish much more highly colored than others? Those of the Metapedia River (a branch of the Restigouche) have very light-colored flesh, so much so that the Billingsgate dealers in 1880 declared them bull trout. Many are not aware that as the gravid stage approaches the flesh loses its color, becoming a dirty lightish pink.

Again, take a fish that has passed the winter in the river and is on his way to sea in June. He looks bright and clean outside, and has lost all the red spots which he bore in October. Of course he is not filled out in body like a fresh-run fish, but deceives many an angler. Cut into that fish. His flesh is nearly white. It may be the food at sea that does it. My own opinion is that it is the salt water more than the food.

Again, take the Fraser River spring salmon, fine fat fellows, 18 and 20-pounders; one-half of the catch is white fleshed, and he must be an expert who can tell the difference without cutting into the fish. Those fish are all the one family running in from sea together. It is just possible that they may have been on different feeding grounds. You may make any supposition you choose, and you may tell me, if sea water does it to one why not to all. It is one of those conundrums hard to solve.
JOHN MOWAT.

Bass Fishing About Put-in-Bay.

TOLEDO, O., May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Speaking about bass fishing, this year's experience around the Bass Islands at the western end of Lake Erie will go into history as exceptional in more respects than one. To begin with, the spring at the head of the lake had been an unusually dry one, and the streams which in April and May are usually pouring out a great volume of muddy water into the lake from the plowed farms and big ditches of Ohio and Indiana, were this year uncommonly low and clear, and the lake water was consequently in as fine a condition as it ordinarily is in September and October. The first two or three days of the month (May) were pleasant, the 4th was warm, the thermometer hanging about 85; the 5th was warmer, and then the fishing began. From the 5th to the 10th, both inclusive, those who were fortunate enough to be on the ground at Put-in-Bay or Middle Bass duly equipped and provided, enjoyed such a run of sport as the old inhabitants of the islands love to tell about, but which very few have had the good fortune to experience. Everybody got fish who knew how to handle a rod (and some who did not), the catches in some cases running as high as 100 bass in a single day to a boat with two fishermen. The fish ran larger than usual at this season of the year, and the great majority of those taken were males. This, however, is generally true of the opening of the spring fishing. The night of the 10th was the precursor of the cold snap which swept the entire country, and since that the fishing has been light.
JAY BEEBE.

Trout Fishing on the Beaverkill.

LEW BEACH, Sullivan County, N. Y., May 25.—The "Mountain Villa Hotel" is reached by the way of Ontario & Western Railroad, stopping off at Livingstone Manor, thence by stage, a distance occupying a two hours' drive. Our party, consisting of H. B. Waring, C. H. Rowland and the writer, arrived here during the early part of the week, and although the fishing is far from being phenomenal, yet we have caught as many trout as any party of reasonable fishermen could possibly desire.

The Beaverkill affords exceptionably fine opportunities for casting the fly, being a broad stream and readliy waded.

The trout are at present taken principally by artificial flies, the coachman, queen-of-the-water and Beaverkill. Our catch averages daily, for a few hours' fishing, about fifty trout; although the majority of them are not so very large, yet we have landed some very fine large ones.

Our hotel proprietor is a congenial and popular landlord, the house has a capacity for fifty guests and the table is excellent.

The writer takes the liberty of writing to the FOREST AND STREAM, thinking perhaps that some of its many devoted readers may be glad to know where they can get good fishing, and at a place so situated that it can be reached with comfort and little expense.

For scenery and clear bracing air this section cannot be excelled. JOHN T. WARING, JR.

Pennsylvania Trout Streams.

THERE are three good trouting places in Monroe county, Pa., which I have not seen mentioned. These are Mrs. Maginnis, Swiftwater; Henry (there are two houses here both kept by the Henrys, I can't recall their first names), at Henryville; T. H. Stites, Analomink—all in Monroe county, Pa. The stations for each of these in order named are Forks, Henryville and Spragueville. All these places are reached by a short drive from the station. The two former are on the west branch of Brodhead's Creek, while Stites's is at the junction of the east and west branches of the same stream. Any one going to any of these places would be well taken care of and would have fair chance for sport. The fly-fishing varies as it does everywhere else. Maginnis's and Sites's I can speak of from personal experience, and two finer trout streams as they are at Stites's would be hard to get. The streams are all within stone's throw of the houses named. D.

Crab Packing in North Carolina.

NEWBERNE, N. C.—The crabs are caught around Morehead and Beaufort and packed in Newberne, from whence they are shipped. One man can catch eight barrels in ten hours on these grounds, whereas in Lynnhaven Bay and around Norfolk, in Virginia, where the chief source of supply has been hitherto, a barrel a day per man has been regarded as a good catch. The crabs are caught on trot lines 450ft. long, stretched from stake to stake in the sounds, each line having 300 baited snoods placed 18in. apart. When a line is lifted by a man in a boat about one snood in five will yield a crab. Good hands can catch about thirty barrels in a week and make good wages. This location is said to be the most prolific on the whole coast at this season, and as early as January. In summer they can be taken in abundance anywhere. C. H.

A Michigan Netter Punished.

MATT THOMAS, one of the men arrested last week through the efforts of Henry L. Avery, deputy game warden at large for illegally fishing with nets in Lake St. Clair, was tried on Monday at Mt. Clemens and convicted. He was fined $25, with the alternative of thirty days in jail. Prosecuting Attorney Wickes was assisted in the case by Lincoln Avery, of Port Huron. There are now in possession of the officers about $1,200 worth of nets belonging to the men arrested last week, which are being held until the trials of all the men have been held, when they will probably be destroyed.—*Port Huron Times.*

"Two at a Cast."

MR. THOMAS SEDGWICK STEELE'S well-known trout painting "Two at a Cast" has been reproduced by the Prang people in colors faithful to the original, and the work is admirable. The copy in FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition attracted much attention. We can supply it, as is noted in our advertising columns.

Time's Changes.

GODFREY, Ill.—I have fished with rod, reel, flies and artificial bait for years; and have cast flies on many Northern lakes before they were known to many. To-day some of those places are watering resorts. Have dragged my canoe over the very ground that to-day is covered by hotels and summer houses. But more anon. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

WILD RICE, Bridgeport, Pa.—What do wild ducks like to feed on the best, wild celery or wild rice? Where can I obtain either of the seeds? What time of the year must I plant it, and how should it be planted? Ans. They like both, but the wild rice is the most practicable of introduction. You may obtain wild rice seed (in season) from Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ontario; R. Valentine, Janesville, Wis.; Northrup, Braslin & Goodwin Co., Minneapolis, Minn. And wild celery may be had from W. W. Wentworth, Fort Atkinson, Wis., or E. D. Sturtevant, Bordentown, N. J. In the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 25, 1892, Mr. E. E. Thompson concludes an illustrated paper on wild rice with these practical points; "Wild rice is very prolific and grows annually on the same grounds, requiring no care to cultivate. It will grow well in almost any water that has a muddy bottom, is not too cold, and has not a strong current and is not more than 8ft. deep. It will succeed in any of the Middle States and Northwest as far as latitude 50°. Rice has been found doing well on prairie sloughs of Minnesota, the water of which is tinctured more or less with alkali; it has been successfully introduced into many of the salt marshes of the Hudson River and Long Island, and it grows well in fresh water marshes and on the banks of slow-running streams. The proper time for sowing the seeds is immediately after it is gathered ripe, *i. e.*, in September. The plant is hardy, prolific and aggressive, and usually more than maintains a footing once established. Its failure to grow in so many cases is due to the fact that the seed has been impaired by too long keeping, and in a number of cases the seed used has been threshed by the Indians, who scorch the grain to facilitate the operation. A few months seems sufficient to destroy the vital germ, so that, though spring sowing has succeeded in some few cases, the trial of winter storage is usually too much for this delicate grain."

C., Godfrey, Ill.—Can a reservoir, after being stocked by the Government, be leased to private parties, while the public is prohibited from fishing except upon payment of a fee? Ans. The laws of some States now forbid such a thing, but there is no provision in the Illinois law affecting it.

Fisheulture.

Trout for the Big Horn.

SHERIDAN, Wyo.—Supt. S. E. Land has put a plant of 50,000 trout in Dome Lake. The fish were in transit from the State hatchery forty-eight hours and the distance traveled from Laramie to Sheridan, Wyoming, by way of Grand Island, Nebraska, was 1,000 miles. On the arrival of the train a team of four horses was in waiting and the fish were taken a distance of thirty-five miles up the Big Horn Mountain to snow line and planted at midnight in Dome Lake. Out of the lot of 50,000 trout not a dozen were lost. Mr. Land says: "The stocking of this mountain lake summer resort with these red-spotted, fine-scaled, dark-colored, speckled beauties is a commendable enterprise of the Dome Lake Company, and one that the people of Sheridan county and of this State will appreciate in the near future. The location where the fish were planted is one of the finest in the Rocky Mountains, for the reason that the waters of West Fork or Goose Creek run directly through the lake, furnishing an abundant supply of natural food to support fish life. The blood heat of this cold-water fish is 45° and the temperature of water in this stream and lake is at all times of the year at 45°, with a slight variation of 5° colder in the winter."—*Sheridan Journal.*

Our Michigan Review.

WE are surprised to note that the Detroit *Evening Journal* of May 21 copies *verbatim et litcratim* the excellent review of the Michigan State Fish Commission, written by our Detroit correspondent "Keuka," without crediting the same to this journal. Of course it is very gratifying to have our articles copied by other journals, and they are quite at their service, but it is always an added pleasure when journalistic courtesy prompts a proper acknowledgment. In this case the wholesale appropriation of our contributor's carefully prepared *resumé* as original matter by the *Journal* led to repetition of two or three errors, which occurred in setting up the article in the FOREST AND STREAM, one a glaring blunder, in which the number of whitefish planted in Michigan waters in the years 1893-94 was stated to be 290,900 instead of 290,900,000, which were the correct figures. There were other minor errors, all, however, innocently reproduced by our Detroit contemporary. We are willing to put the most charitable construction on the matter and charge the omission to inadvertence or—the office cat.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual fox-terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris, Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

DOGLY FRIENDS.

IT is unfortunately true that many earnest and steadfast dog fanciers have business interests to look after six days each week of this workaday world.

While they love the dog for his good qualities, such love is not their sole mission on earth. In the large cities the business pressure is intense. Men in professional life are in particular subject to constant exactions of time and attention by their clients. The office of a business man is seldom a place of diversion or recreation. Withal, it seems strange that Smith—let us call him Smith, though that is not his name—who will not tolerate anything but business in his own office, will call at Jones's office, drop into a chair and talk dog, or fish, or gun, or horse, till everybody is tired and life is one vast monotony.

It matters not that customers or clients come in to transact their affairs. It matters not that they may be reticent in the presence of a third party, or that that they have private business to transact which they considered undesirable or against their interests for a third party to hear. It matters not that clients cut their interviews short or are ill at ease, or that there is a tense constraint in the routine of the office, Smith is charged so full of the lore of the horse, dog, fish, canoe, gun, etc., that he waits patiently for the to him interruption to pass and then he dawdles and talks and talks, picking up the most inconsequent trifles for lengthy remarks and discourses, harking back often to subjects already worn threadbare by his tireless tongue; and thus each long hour after hour of his mental drooling goes on in his friend Jone's business hours and office.

The lawyer, the doctor, the blacksmith, real estate man, the merchant, in short, the professional man in general, have all to contend with the bore in some form in their business, yet the bore in nearly every instance is most sensitive to improper interruptions in his own business.

These thoughts occurred to me after witnessing a visit of a dog fancier to a friend in his business office, in St. Louis. The friend's name was Smith. He was busily engaged talking with a client when Jones enters .The latter shakes hands effusively and says:

"I'm awfully glad to see you, old man! Haven't had time to have a chat with you in a month. Anything new? Been fishing yet? Heard that the bass were plenty and biting like all possessed. But I came in to tell you about my new dog, a pointer. He's got the best pedigree in the country. I brought it over for you to look at. See there! Sixty generations. There's the blood of Bow and Foust and Croxteth and Sensation, and Rip Rap and Kent Elgin and Meteor and Tom, Dick and Harry. Now, I'd like to know where that pedigree can be beaten. Got the dog cheap, too. His owner got in debt and had to have the money. He wouldn't have sold me this dog, Duke of Bow of Faust of St. Louis, but for that circumstance. Don't you like his name? I think it a nice name. It gives the idea of such blue blood. He's broken first rate. His owner told me that he pointed."

"Pardon me," said the client, rising to go, "I'll call and see you, Mr. Smith, some other time about that matter we were speaking of. I have an engagement which now demands my attention. Good day, gentlemen."

"Good day!"

"Good day!"

"As I was saying when interrupted," resumed Jones, "Duke of Bow of Faust of St. Louis, pointed a bevy of quails when he was a month old and he never needed any training at all, working naturally to the gun from the beginning and retrieving his birds as well as the best retrievers broken by expert trainers. My wife says that she had heard Tom Brown had said to a mutual friend that that dog, Duke of Bow of Faust of St. Louis, was about the best bench show dog in this country, bar none, and you know that what Tom don't know about bench shows isn't worth bothering about. He is conceded to be——"

Here a client entered, and after the conventional greeting he showed some hesitancy of manner and gazed furtively at Jones once or twice. Then came a number of desultory remarks on the weather, Coxey's army and the fall of office rents. The client was sparring for time, and plainly waiting for Jones to finish up his business and go, so that he could go on with his own affairs without the intrusion of a third party. Jones settles himself comfortably and his manner indicates that he is there to stay and wait. As the constraint grew apace there was labor in the conversation, and Smith, to relieve it, introduced Jones to his client. Then the conversation soon picks up and proceeds naturally and with some animation.

At last Jones says to the client, "Are you interested in dogs?"

"Not very much," is the reply, "though I like them."

"Well, if you could see my new dog," says Jones, "you could not help owning one yourself. I was just telling my friend Smith about him when you came in. Smith is an old friend of mine and likes dogs as well as I do myself. I came over purposely to tell about him this morning. I brought his pedigree along. Perhaps you would like to look at it. Sixty generations, you perceive, tracing to well-known kennels which bred dogs pure for 300 years. If you have time, I will be delighted to take you out to look at him. Beautifully marked! Rich liver and white. Great bench show dog and—what! You are not going, Mr. Client?"

"Yes, I find that I already have overstayed my limit, but the conversation was so charming that I had no consciousness of the passage of time. That little matter of business, Mr. Smith, can wait a week or so now just as well as not. Anyway, I will not have time for it sooner. Good day, Mr. Smith. Good day, Mr. Jones."

"Good-by."

Jones then seemed fresher. The forenoon is gone. Smith invites Jones to lunch. Jones accepts. Smith is edified with more talk about Duke of fine ancestry and residence, and Jones returns to the office with him. He talks dog another hour. Then he rises and says:

"Well, Smithsey, old boy, I'll have to be going. I hope I haven't annoyed you. I know you like dogs, and I was sure that you would be interested in Duke. I'll sell you a puppy cheap if you want one, though they are not for sale. I must say good-by for the present. Come and see me."

They shake hands, and Jones takes two steps, stops, and says:

"Oh! I forgot about the fishing. There seems to be good prospects for the season. I meant to have told you about my new split-bamboo rod. I remember how pleased you were with yours last season."

Jones edges to the chair, drops into it again and stops another hour. Smith talks cheerfully, but his heart is heavy. Jones makes his adieu four times, with four handshakes duly attached thereto, and with long, dreary conversational pilgrimages between. At last he went.

B. WATERS.

The Bulldog Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 18.—Having been quite ill since the Pittsburg show, I have not seen until recently the edition of the *Kennel News* containing Mr. Watson's New York letters, in which he refers to the formation of the Bull-Terrier Club of America. In his endeavors to convey the idea that Mr. Dole was elected President in spite of the opposition of some "gang," Mr. Watson places Mr. Dole in the position of needing some one to save him from his friends. I presume that as I am responsible for calling the meeting I might be regarded as one of the "gang," but I will state that I am in very good company, as I was in communication with all the bull-terrier fanciers in the country, who were all unanimous as to the necessity of a bull-terrier club;—this was the "gang" that elected Mr. Dole president, which was done upon my motion.

Personally, I have nothing to lose or gain in the success of the club, which is a certainty, as its future now depends upon a class of people interested who will make it as strong as any specialty club in the country, despite the many efforts to throw cold water upon it since its incipiency. The officers of the Club for the year are men who have been successful in their business careers, and who have time and means to devote to the interests of the Club. So far I have gained nothing but a whole lot of abuse and loss of time and money, but I have accomplished what my friends requested. W. J. HIGGINSON.

New England Kennel Club.

BOSTON, Mass.—At a meeting of this club, held May 15, the following was unanimously adopted:

"*Whereas*, Dr. C. A. Lougest has lost the mastiff Beaufort Prince and Mr. Martin Fallon has been allowed to retain it, be it

"*Resolved*, That the vote of the A. K. C., passed Feb. 21, 1895, in relation to this case, is hereby indorsed, and that this club extends to Dr. Lougest its sympathy for his great loss of so valuable a dog; and does hereby instruct its bench show committee not to receive either the entry of Beaufort Prince or any of his get after July 15, 1895, until this dog becomes the property of Dr. Lougest."

D. E. LOVELAND, Sec'y.

A Champion Stake.

STEWARD, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The champion stake proposed by W. W. Titus in your issue of May 11 is one much needed. Being in favor of the proposed organization, I hope to see all field trial handlers take an active part in making the stake a success.

FRANK RICHARDS.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

THE following letter from Mr. Thos. Johnson will be welcomed with pleasure by those who are directly interested in field trials, or in the improvement of pointers and setters. Of course every one knows that two great field trial events are already arranged to be held at Morris, Manitoba, and if the Northwestern Club should arrange the champion stake mentioned by Mr. Johnston, it would round out the competition and add greatly to the importance of the chicken trial competition. There would then be three clubs in action instead of two, with a corresponding benefit to field trial matters.

Mr. Johnson says: "In writing Mr. Brailsford some time ago *re* their new international stake, I incidentally said that if Mr. Lonsdale would like the cup he had promised the Northwestern Field Trials Club to be run for this year, we could have a champion stake at the conclusion of the trials on the same lines as theirs, viz., for winners of first and second in any field trial in the world. I am in receipt of a cablegram to-day saying that Mr. Lonsdale will donate a similar cup to the one given by Messrs. Galt two years ago, and you know that it was a cup any one might envy. I am calling a meeting of the club to see what action they will take, but from conversation with members, their ideas run in the groove above mentioned: that is, for the Northwestern Field Trials Club to hold a champion stake only, making a nominal entry fee of say $5. This to cover everything and the winner to take the cup; or, if those directly interested desire to put up say $25 each, the club will give the whole of it for prizes. We should get at least ten starters, which would make say the cup and $100 for the winner, $100 for the second and $50 for the third. You will understand Mr. Lonsdale donates the cup outright to the winner. I had a letter from him saying that he would suggest a thorough trial of at least one-hour heats, but this was only a suggestion; the details would be left entirely with our club."

The proposition to run a champion stake is most commendable and deserving of general support. A champion stake, moreover, would come in with peculiar fitness at the close of two great trials which have no champion stake and wherein a large number of the best dogs will compete almost to a certainty. It would meet the desires of those who have winners which they cannot run in the regular all-age stakes. In short, Mr. Johnson's proposition is perfectly sound, commendable and deserving. Those who have the interests of field trials at heart should give it their support.

All handlers who can do so should attend the chicken field trials. It is their gain even if they win nothing, for the competition is the life of renumerative handling and breaking. B. WATERS.

American Spaniel Club.

A meeting of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club was held at 110 East Twenty-second street, May 21. Present: Messrs. E. M. Oldham, R. P. Keasbey, Marcel A. Viti, James Watson and J. S. Bradbury, President Oldham in the chair. Minutes of last meeting approved.

Voted that no challenge prize be offered at any show unless the same has been accepted by the executive committee, and all such prizes must be donated in trust to the American Spaniel Club and placed in competition by it in accordance with terms governing the gift. Mr. George R. Preston, Jr., offers to donate in trust a silver bowl, value $250—to be known as the Brace Challenge Bowl—under the following conditions: To be competed for by braces of all American bred spaniels over 28lbs.—to be placed in competition at least twice a year and only at shows adopting classification No. 1. At least three braces to compete. To be won five times by the same exhibitor before becoming property. Accepted with thanks.

Voted that no persons can compete for prizes offered by the Spaniel Club in a kennel name unless the same has been registered with the secretary of the American Kennel Club, and provided also that each member of the kennel is a duly qualified member of the American Spaniel Club.

Voted that the secretary be instructed to send notice to members on August 1, notifying them that entries to sweepstakes close on September 1, and requesting them to make nominations on or before that date.

Voted that the executive committee extend to Mr. R. P. Keasbey the thanks of the American Spaniel Club for his donation of the Saybrook Challenge Cup.

Voted that at all shows adopting classification No. 3 the Club's donation of $10 be divided as follows: $5 to best brace over 28lbs., and $5 for best brace under 28lbs.

At shows adopting classification No. 2 a donation of $15 will be offered as follows: $5 for best brace of Irish water or clumber spaniels; $5 for best brace of field, and $5 for best brace of cockers.

At shows adopting classification No. 1 a donation of $20 will be offered as follows: $5 for the best brace of Irish, water, clumber, field and cocker spaniels. Mr. Wm. West's resignation was accepted.

Voted that in the case of challenge prizes donated in trust to the Club, the stipulation "donor not to compete" will not be allowed.

Voted that the late E. Bardoe Elliot having been a duly elected member of the Club, resolutions be drafted deploring his untimely demise, and that the same be spread upon the minutes, and a copy be sent to his widow—the committee to draft the same to be the executive committee.

Toronto Dog Show.

THE gentlemen who have been invited to fill the positions of judges for the coming international dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held at the city of Toronto, Sept. 9 to 13, are as follows: James Mortimer, Hempstead, N. Y.; C. H. Mason, New York; John Davidson, Munroe, Mich., and J. F. Kirk, Toronto, Ont. The following gentlemen compose the committee: C. W. Postlethwaite, chairman; Robert Junor, vice-chairman; J. H. Dilworth, G. B. Sweetnam and Robert Wilkie. Dr. F. A. Campbell and Dr. Mole are the veterinary surgeons. Mr. C. A. Stone is secretary and superintendent.

C. A. STONE,
Sec'y and Supt. of Bench Show.

DOG CHAT.

In a letter of recent date Mr. Thos. Johnson writes: "I had a letter from Mr. Brailsford, in which he tells me that a very brilliant pointer puppy bossomed forth in the International stake at the last English field trials. This is the new stake open this year to the world for winners of first or second in any field trial anywhere, in 1894 or 1895. There were 17 starters, and Mr. Brailsford thinks a better lot of dogs never met in one stake before. Mr. Lonsdale won with his Durham Daisy. He also won second prize in the brace stakes with this bitch and Durham Di, and third in the setter puppy stake, which must have been very pleasing to that generous sportsman. But the pointer puppy first mentioned must be a good one when it is considered that he was only eleven months old; and to run second in a Champion Stake against such a lot of high class dogs, without once making an error, was, as Mr. Brailsford says, "A marvelous performance." Mr. Lonsdale must have recognized his merits quickly, as he bought him after he had run his first heat. There was a regret that no American dogs competed in the International Stake, although France and Germany were represented. The stake too was a rich one, viz., £50 to first, £30 to second, £15 to third and £5,50 to fourth; or say $600, the latter two prizes being donated by Mr. Lonsdale. Mr. Brailsford hopes that next year both American and Canadian dogs will be competing."

The International Field Trials Club's financial report for 1893–4 shows a balance of $159.65 on the credit side. This club has always been run on safe lines financially, and therefore its vitality has always been permanent. Those who desire to enter dogs in the club's trials should address Mr. W. B. Wells, secretary, Chatham, Ont. Entries to Derby close July 1.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, Friday, June 7, at 3 P. M. Business to come up: Field trial rules. Industrial Exhibition Association vs. Fred. Kirby. To consider the cropping system, etc., show dates, new members, the reciprocity of disqualifications with the A. K. C., and other business.

Mr. Angus Cameron, who for several years has trained and run dogs in the trials for the Hempstead Farm Co., contemplates settling in Georgia, where he may take charge of a large tract of land and train dogs for Mr. George Work, well known as a famous trap-shooter.

Mr. John Davidson, who judged the Pacific Kennel Club's show, judging from the favorable newspaper comment, gave great satisfaction as judge and achieved a wider fame. The Fox Terrier Club gave a supper in his honor.

Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale cabled two entries, pointers, for the chicken Derby of the Continental trials, at Morris.

Mr. P. T. Madison writes that the chicken Derby will be a grand success. Entries are coming in well. The quail trials will be judged by tried veterans—Messrs. J. M. Freeman, W. S. Bell and Royal Robinson.

Mr. John Mayfield, Bicknell, Ind., intends to start for the chicken country, in the Northwest, in July, and will probably take active part in the chicken trials which will be run in Manitoba.

A correspondent writes that Mr. Geo. McLin has returned to Bicknell, Ind., and is earnestly resolved on leading a steady business career.

Mr. J. B. Stoddard, well known as field trial judge, writer on field sports and successful field trial handler, was in town during the Sportsmen's Exposition and made us a pleasant call. He starts for Manitoba early in June with a string of dogs for training and for field trial competition. He mentioned that he had room for one or two more. His address is 2423 M street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mr. Charles Stedman Hanks writes us that he has sold his kennels to Mr. J. C. Weeks, Baltimore, O., and that his former kennel man, Mr. T. W. Turner, will remain at Seacroft Kennels for the present, but that eventually the kennels will be in the suburbs of Brooklyn, where Mr. Weeks has leased a large farm and is now fitting up kennel buildings on it.

The New England Kennel Club has claimed the dates of Sept. 24th to 27th, 1895, for their second annual terrier show. These dates are the week following the Providence show.

Mr. Al. G. Eberhart writes us that the dog show in Cincinnati, held in connection with the Humane Society's Bazar, was a success. The judging was done each afternoon and evening, which, he said, helped to draw the crowd. Scioto King, a winning fox terrier, was stolen on Thursday night.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

J. E. Slattery claims the name Blue Cloud for English setter dog, whelped June 16, 1894, by Blue Rake V. I.—Gath's Buck.

BRED.

H. Fitzsimmon's beagle Little Belle, April 26, to Laddie.
Ray Baldwin's beagle Belle of Hossier, April 3, to Laddie.
Dr. J. Ferris Belt's fox-terrier Wawaset Luna, April 18, to Warren Safeguard.
Fox-terrier Wawaset Lucy, April 3, to Hillside Royal.
Corktown Kennels' cocker spaniel Tough, April 27, to Corktown Cupid.
Cocker spaniel Rideau Restless, May 4, to Corktown Cupid.

WHELPS.

Neil Lumaree's fox-terrier bitch Columbia, April 29, four (three dogs), by Hillside Royal.
Jas. R. Floyd's fox-terrier bitch Adelina, May 4, six (four dogs), by Hillside Royal.
E. Goodall's cocker spaniel bitch Rideau Rill, March 9, four (two dogs), by Corktown Cupid.
W. J. McGrath's cocker spaniel bitch Dot, April 2, seven (three dogs), by Corktown Cupid.
Corktown Kennels' cocker spaniel bitch Œnone, April 18, four (one dog), by Nerve.
Field spaniel bitch Dot Smirle, April 16, five (two dogs), by Red Obo.

SALES.

Corktown Kennels have sold Rachael Obo, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped March 9, 1895, by Corktown Cupid—Rideau Rill, to F. A. Le Clercq.
Dr. James Ferris Belt has sold Winning Hand, fox-terrier bitch, whelped December, 1889, by Raffle—Warren Jostle, to J. E. Dalton.
Wawaset Princess, fox-terrier bitch, whelped Oct. 30, 1894, by Hillside Royal—Adelina, to J. E. Dalton.
Wawaset Luna, fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 28, 1894, by Hillside Royal—Beverwyck Luna, to A. J. Griswold.
Adelina, fox-terrier bitch, whelped September, 1891, by Ford Verico—Dusky Beauty, to Jas. R. Floyd.

Reduced Rates to Gettysburg, Pa., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

FOR the accommodation of those who desire to witness the Decoration Day exercises at Gettysburg, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell on May 29 and 30 excursion tickets from New York City and all stations in Pennsylvania and New Jersey to Gettysburg and return at *one and one-third fares for the round trip*, good for return passage until May 31, inclusive. This will make the round trip rates as follows: New York, $8.73; Trenton, $6.47; Philadelphia, $5.40; Pittsburgh, $10.93; Williamsport, $5.53; proportionate rates from other points.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

JUNE.

1. Yale Cor. annual, New Haven.
1. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht classes, Montreal
1. Cor., Atlantic City record race, Atlantic City.
1. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
1-2. San Francisco cruise to Vallejo, San Francisco Bay.
8. Knickerbocker annual, College Point, Sound.
8. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
8. Huguenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.
8. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Cascade Rapids, Montreal.
11. Atlantic annual, New York Bay.
11. Williamsburg Club, Sound.
13. New York annual, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
15. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht classes, Montreal
15-16. San Francisco cruise to St. Quentin, San Francisco Bay.
15. Larchmont spring regatta, Sound.
15. Philadelphia annual, Tinicum-Delaware River.
17. Massachusetts open, Nahant-Massachusetts Bay.
17. Cor., Atlantic City special cup, first race, Atlantic City.
22. Yankee Doodle-Norwood race, Hudson River.
22. Douglaston annual, Douglaston Sound.
22. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
22. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal
22. Rhode Island, annual.
22-23. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
23. California regatta, San Francisco Bay.
24. Seawanhaka Cor. annual, Oyster Bay, Sound.
24. Pavonia annual, Communipaw, New York Bay.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor. annual race to New London, Sound.
29. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
29. Yankee Doodle-Vamoose-Rex race, Sound.
29-30. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
29. New Rochelle annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
29. Dorchester open, Boston Harbor.
29. Squantum first cham., Squantum, Mass.

JULY.

1. Royal St. Lawrence fourth annual, Sir Donald A. Smith Cup Montreal.
1. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
1. Indian Harbor special, Greenwich, Sound.
2. San Francisco club sail, San Francisco Bay.
3. Seawanhaka Cor. race to Larchmont, Oyster Bay, Sound.
4. Larchmont annual, Larchmont, Sound.
4. Boston City open, Boston Harbor.
4. Lake Michigan Y. R. A. annual, Milwaukee.
4. Cor. Marblehead Club, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
4. Northwestern International Y. R. A. race, Seattle, Puget's Sound.
4. Cleveland regatta, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
4-7. San Francisco cruise, up river, San Francisco.
5. American annual, Milton Point, Sound.
6. Royal St. Lawrence Commodore's Cup, Montreal.
6. Riverside annual, Sound.
6. Duxbury Club, Duxbury, Mass.
8. Seawanhaka Cor. special, Oyster Bay, Sound.
9. Horseshoe Harbor special, Larchmont, Sound.
10. Huguenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.
11. New York Athletic Club annual, Travers Island, Sound.
12. Larchmont, 1st class, special schooners, and 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
12. Larchmont-Atlantic combined annual cruise, rendezvous at Larchmont.
13. Larchmont to Block Rock.
14. Block Rock to Morris Cove.
15. Morris Cove to New London.
16. Special race, New London.
17. New London to Shelter Island.

THE Cup challenger is now safely in the water, and the work of rigging and fitting out is likely to go on rapidly, but at the same time the new Valkyrie will not be ready in time to join the racing fleet in the south, and it would hardly be worth while to visit the Mersey for one or two races there, so that her initial sailing will only begin with the Clyde matches, early in July. It is probable that she will be tried very thoroughly with Ailsa, either in the regular races of the Clyde fortnight, if the weather prove favorable, or in special matches. Britannia will be in the racing also, and ready, between the two larger and newer rivals, to snatch some odd prizes. Satanita has not fitted out this year. The merits of Valkyrie III. and Ailsa will be well tested by the middle of July, but there is still a probability of both yachts crossing to New York.

FROM the latest reports there is still much work to be done on the Cup defender before she can be launched; the plating and riveting are not completed, the rudder is not finished, and the metal deck framing is not yet ready for the planking. At the same time much important work has been pushed forward; spars, rigging and sails are ready, there will be little or no inside joiner-work, and but little time will be required after the hull is riveted up and deck laid to put her in commission. It is likely that she will be launched by the middle of June at latest, and under way before the end of the month; in which case she may be seen in the Larchmont regatta on July 4.

IT seems probable that the large class, both here and abroad, will be divided into the 95 and 93 boats as soon as the former are once in racing shape. It is hardly likely that Britannia can hold her own with Ailsa and Valkyrie III., and equally improbable that the new defender will not sail away from Vigilant, Jubilee, Colonia and Navahoe. If this should prove to be the case, it would offer a good reason for sending Britannia across to New York with Valkyrie III. and Ailsa; not in the hope of her being chosen here as the challenger, but for the sake of special matches with the "93" boats of the American fleet. The contests between Britannia, Vigilant and Jubilee would prove quite as interesting as the main matches for the America's Cup.

THE publication of "fake" designs of the new yachts has this year reached the extreme point, and one can hardly pick up a paper or even a

magazine without being confronted with an alleged authentic presentment of the lines, details or sail plan of one or the other boat. From the standpoint of the sensational newspaper, there may be some excuse for the dishonesty of these "fake" plans; but there can be none whatever for the ignorance and stupidity which characterize them, one and all. While the exact lines and dimensions of the two new boats are still secret so far as newspaper men are concerned, it is no difficult matter, from such details as are known, backed by a knowledge of yachts in general, and of the recent Herreshoff and Watson boats in particular, to construct a design that would be at least possible and plausible, however far from the truth it might finally prove to be. Such pictures as the alleged section of Valkyrie III. and the same yacht under sail, both of which appeared last week in a leading New York paper, would awaken the contempt of any intelligent boy who was familiar with yachts.

THE meeting of Britannia and Ailsa on the Thames has resulted in two victories for the former, and it is said that Ailsa's alterations have not improved her. The victories of Britannia, though unlooked for, confirm the opinion we have held that some very thorough trials, in addition to the Mediterranean races, will be necessary to determine just how much faster the yacht of 1895 is over that of 1893.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE fourth regular meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on May 14 at the Brunswick, the club being without a town house for the present until new quarters are obtained. Com. Benedict presided. The race committee reported in full the result of their correspondence with Mr. Brand, the substance of which is given in the following circular:

As has already been informally announced the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has offered a challenge cup for the encouragement of international contests between small yachts, and has empowered its race committee to define the general conditions under which the cup is offered, and the regulations governing the competition therefor. The race committee has decided upon the following general conditions governing the cup, and the following general regulations for the control of the races to be sailed this year, subject to such modifications of detail as may be agreed upon with the challenger:

I. The cup shall be a perpetual international challenge cup. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. shall have the custody of the cup in the first instance, and every challenge shall be through some recognized yacht club of a foreign country, and the cup when won shall be delivered to and held by the club through which the challenge was made.

II. A challenging yacht shall be met by only one competitor.

III. The races shall not be less than three nor more than five in number, the cup to be taken by the winner of the majority.

IV. The American courses, while the cup remains in the custody of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., shall be on the waters of Long Island Sound in the vicinity of Oyster Bay, or in the bay itself. They shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. For the 15ft. class, each leg of the triangular course shall be 2 nautical miles in length and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of 12 miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall be 3 nautical miles to each leg and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of 12 miles.

V. The start shall be a one gun flying start.

VI. The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

VII. The challenge cup is offered this year for yachts of not exceeding 15ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement).

The formula for determining racing length under the S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows: $\frac{L W L + \sqrt{\text{Sail area.}}}{2} = \text{Racing Length.}$

VIII. In the 15ft. class yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a weight of 300lbs. shall be carried amidships during measurement to represent the crew.

IX. All ballast shall be fixed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered fixed ballast.)

X. No outrigger or other outboard mechanical device for carrying live ballast to windward shall be allowed.

XI. In determining sail area a system of measurement shall be employed which will give, as nearly as possible, the actual number of square feet thereof. Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinaker. The combined area of mainsail and of the jib used in windward work shall constitute the factor of sail area in determining racing length.

XII. The helmsman and crew shall be amateurs, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to two.

XIII. Future competitions for the cup shall be limited to yachts of classes from 15 to 25ft. racing length, both inclusive.

Mr. J. Arthur Brand, of 34 Gresham street, London E. C., has challenged through the Minima Y. C., one of the leading English racing clubs, for small yachts, under the conditions above mentioned with his new yacht Spruce IV. (to be constructed), of the English half rater class, or the 15ft. racing length, S. C. Y. C. measurement, a above defined.

Mr. Brand's challenge has been accepted. The precise dates of th races have not yet been fixed, but they will be set for as early a day in September as can be agreed upon with him.

Mr. Brand is a well-known and very successful racing man in the smaller classes, and undertakes his visit to this country purely in the interest of the sport, to which he is enthusiastically devoted. We feel sure that he will receive from all American yacht clubs and yachtsmen the warm welcome to which his character and enterprise entitle him. He is anxious that as many open races as possible shall be arranged, in which he may participate with his Spruce IV.

The defense of the cup is open to yachts owned by members of the yacht clubs of the United States in good standing, and trial races will be held during the month of August, at dates to be hereafter announced, to determine the choice of the defender.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. earnestly desires to interest other yacht clubs in providing for the defense of the cup, and also in arranging for open races in which Mr. Brand may participate, and requests that the subject may be brought, as fully as possible, to the attention of all members of the several clubs, who may be likely to interest themselves either in building new boats for the defense of the cup, or in taking part with existing boats in the open races that may be arranged.

As soon as the precise dates of the trial races can be decided upon and other details settled that may be of interest to those who expect to participate either in that contest, or in such open races as may be offered, another circular will be issued, and the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. will be at all times very glad to give any information in their power to, or to confer personally with, any one who may be interested in the subject. They may be communicated with at the addresses given below. Race committee: Oliver E. Cromwell, chairman, 48 Exchange place; Charles W. Wetmore, 35 Wall street; Walter C. Kerr, 26 Cortland street; Valentine Mott, M.D., 62 Madison avenue; Charles A. Sherman, secretary, 64 Leonard street.

The special committee on the uniform racing rules presented a report recommending the adoption of a racing length classification and certain other changes, which were substantially adopted, as below. The race committee, through the chairman, Mr. Cromwell, strongly urged the adoption of several changes to accord with the rules recently adopted by the Yacht Racing Union. A resolution was passed favoring the adoption of a sixty per cent. allowance table, but the change could not be made at the meeting, not having been advertised in the notice of the meeting. The club ratified the action of its representatives in joining the Y. R. U. The following amendments to the racing were adopted:

To amend Rule XX., Section 2, by inserting the two following courses:

1. The Sound Triangular Course.—From the starting line N.W. by W. 5 miles to and around a mark about 1 mile S. by W. from Greenwich Point, keeping it on the starboard hand; thence E. ½ N. 5 miles to and around a mark about 1¾ miles off Long Neck Point, keeping it on the starboard hand: thence S.S.W. 5 miles to and around the stakeboat, keeping it on the starboard hand; course to be sailed over twice, 30 nautical miles.

2. The Shippan Triangular Course.—From the starting line due north 5 miles to and around Cowes buoy, keeping it on the starboard hand; thence E. ½ S., 2 miles to and around a mark about 1¾ miles off Long Neck Point, keeping it on the starboard hand; course to be sailed over twice, 24 nautical miles.

The race committee may, in their discretion, direct any courss to be sailed in the reverse direction.

To further amend Rule XX., Section 2, by changing the name of the "Bell Buoy Triangular Course" to the "Oyster Bay Triangular Course."

To further amend Rule XX. by adding a new section thereto, to read as follows:

SECTION 4. When courses are announced to be sailed over twice, the race committee may terminate the race at the end of the first round, if in their judgment the weather conditions make it advisable, and the time allowance shall be shortened accordingly.

The signal for so terminating a race shall be the letter B of the signal code, displayed from the committee boat, or in case of fog or darkness, five long blasts on the steam whistle.

To amend Rule II. so that it shall read as follows:

CLASSIFICATION.

Yachts shall be classified by racing length, as ascertained by measurement under the Seawanhaka rule; in all classes other than Class I. of each rig, the upper limit of the class to be that designated by the name of the class:

Schooners—Class I., all over 95ft.; 95ft. class, 85ft. class, 75ft. class, 65ft. class.

Sloops, cutters and yawls—Class I., all over 80ft.; 80ft. class, 70ft. class, 60ft. class, 50ft. class, 43ft. class, 36ft. class, 30ft. class, 25ft. class, 20ft. class, 15ft. class.

The race committee shall have power to class all catboats, jib-and-mainsail boats, and other craft not included in the above classes.

To amend Rule III. by the addition after the word "amidships" in the second paragraph, of the following sentence: In the 15ft. class yachts shall be measured with a weight of 300lbs. on board, placed amidship to represent the crew.

To further amend Rule III. as follows: In the second paragraph strike out the words "gaff topsail block or sheave on topmast" and insert the words "the sheave of the highest halliard on the topmast" in place thereof. In the fifth paragraph to substitute in place of the words "topsail halliard block or sheave" the words "sheave of the highest halliard sheave on the topmast." To insert after the fifth paragraph a new one as follows: "In pole-masted vessels and in those not carrying topmasts, the distance between the under side of the sheave in the throat halliard block and the under side of the sheave of the uppermost halliard, shall be used in determining the length of the base line in the same way as is the length of topmast where one is carried. In yachts which do not carry any headsail, the forward point of measurement for the baseline shall be the after side of the mast, or of the foremast, if there is more than one mast.

To further amend Rule III by the addition, at the end of the first section, of the following:

"Where, in any case, owing to a peculiarity of rig, the sail area of a yacht cannot, in the opinion of the measurer, be fairly measured in the customary way, he may, with the sanction of the race committee, instead of this take such measurements as will enable him to compute the actual area of sail carried, or that may be carried, on the spars used.

"The customary method of measuring shall, however, be adhered to in all cases where practicable, and where the leach or luff of a sail is extended beyond a straight line, or where, as in a lug mansail, the luff extends forward of the mast, or the head is rounded, the area increased in this way shall be added to that obtained by the customary measurement and the square root extracted."

To further amend Rule III by the addition of a new section, 3:

If any yacht by alteration of trim or immersion by deadweight shall increase her waterline length; or if she shall in any way increase her spar or sail measurement as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement.

To amend Rule X. so that it shall read as follows;

CREWS.

Section 1. The total number of persons aboard a yacht in a race shall not exceed the allowance in the following schedule:

Schooners.—Class I., one person for every 2ft. of racing length or fraction thereof; 95ft. class, 32; 85ft. class, 29; 75ft. class, 19; 65ft. class, 13.

Sloops, cutters and yawls.—Class I., three persons for every 5ft. of racing length or fraction thereof; 80ft. class, 27; 70ft. class, 18; 60ft. class, 15; 50ft. class, 10; 43ft. class, 9; 36ft. class, 8; 30ft. class, 6; 25ft. class, 5, 20ft. class, 3; 15ft. class, 2.

Sec. 2. There shall be no restriction upon the composition of crews, but in the 36ft., 30ft. and 25ft. classes only two professionals may be carried, and none in the 20ft. and 15ft. classes.

To amend Rule XXVI. so that it shall read as follows:

Section 1. Floors must be left down, and bulkheads and doors left standing; water tanks in place, and at least one bower anchor and cable kept on board; neither ballast nor water shall be taken in or discharged after 9 P. M. of the day preceding a race; but this restriction may be waived as to water only by permission of the Race Committee. Trimming by deadweight shall not be allowed after the prepratory signal.

Make present Section 4 Section 2.

To amend Rule XXXIII. by inserting the word "first" before the word "crosses" in the third line of Section 2.

Corinthian Y. C. Ocean Race.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Atlantic City, encouraged by the great success of its open ocean race of last year, has arranged a similar race for the present season, which will be sailed on July 26. In order to call the attention of yachtsmen, the following invitations have been sent by the secretary, Chester Adams, 815 Atlantic avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.; the first to yacht clubs and the second to all yachtsmen whose boats were eligible and whose addresses could be obtained. The race will be open to all yachts, and the harbor will admit those of 7ft. 6in. at ¾ tide. The entrance fee of $10 will be returned to all *bona fide* contestants. Yachtsmen who undertake the trip to Atlantic City may be certain of a cordial welcome.

DEAR SIR: The hotels, railroad companies and residents are providing funds, which will be placed in the hands of the Corinthian Y. C., for furnishing prizes for the proposed open ocean regatta, scheduled to be sailed off Atlantic City, N. J., on July 26 next, under the auspices of this club.

You are hereby respectfully requested to present to the —— Yacht Club our most cordial invitation for it to participate with its fleet in the race mentioned, or to send such representative yachts as may be able to come. A warm and hearty welcome will be extended to each and all accepting.

Invitations have been sent out to 250 yacht owners individually; but as it was impossible to get a complete list of all owners of yachts drawing less than 7ft., many must have failed to receive special invitations. Should there be any such in your club, will you kindly bring this invitation to their personal notice, as explaining why they have not received the special invitation.

The race will be sailed at sea, the start and finish to be outside the bar, and, if possible, made to windward and return over a 20 nautical mile course. All classes above 18ft. l. w. l. may enter.

There is an entrance fee of $10 for each yacht, which will be refunded after the race, provided the yacht sailed over the course specified or should an accident prevent her from doing so. Should any yacht drop out of the race for any other reason, the said sum shall be forfeited.

The race sailed under our auspices last year was so encouraging that we have determined to make this race an even greater attraction to all true lovers of our sport of yachting.

DEAR SIR: Last year the Corinthian Y. C., of Atlantic City, sent out invitations to yacht owners of prominent clubs to participate in an open ocean race.

The result was so encouraging that we propose to give under our auspices another race to be sailed on July 26, 1895. We appeal directly to you, requesting that if at all possible, you will join us in our endeavor to awaken that interest in our sport, south of Sandy Hook, which should exist, by entering and sailing your yacht on the day selected, and by using your personal influence to get other yacht owners to do likewise. The race will be sailed on the open sea and over a 20 nautical mile course.

Ample prizes will be furnished for all classes of cabin yachts. The impetus given by last year's race to yachting in our waters proved so gratifying that this year four newly built yachts will participate with those which entered for last year's race, and others, that will come for the first time during this season.

The club is working hard to create a widespread interest in yachting, and if successful it will make this annual race a fixture, with increasing value in prizes. I earnestly hope you will endeavor to be present and participate with your yacht. Your welcome will be most hearty and sincere, and I am sure you will make a special effort, when I say that this personal appeal to you, if successful, will greatly aid the welfare and prosperity of yachting on our coast, which we have endeavored to encourage. Every arrangement has been made for visiting yacht owners to secure, by prompt delivery, marketing, ice, fresh water, pilotage (one-half rate), etc., and only yachts that can safely cross our bar will receive this invitation.

The date selected for the race, July 26, gives all yacht owners ample time after the race to proceed to Glen Cove, L. I., the rendezvous of the New York Y. C., and follow it in its runs to New London and Newport.

Any information desired will most cheerfully be given.

"Floaty."

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago there appeared in your paper a few new yachting terms and expressions, among others the word "floaty." I send by mail to you a copy of "Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute," 1880. Look on page 322 and I think you will see that the term "floaty" at least is quite an "antique." JAS. S. JOUETT.

[The citation is from Fuller's "Worthies of England," published in the year 1662, and reads: "The Dutch build their ships so floaty and buoyant they have little hold in the water, in comparison of ours, which keep the better wind, and so outsail them."]

Centerboard and Keel.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Once again through your impartial paper I ask after years of silence, what has become of the American centerboard sloop? If all reports are correct the Cup defender of '95 bids fair to be a full-fledged keel craft, lacking only the running bowsprit to make her a complete cutter. What a treat that would be for C. P. K. were he with us. What a square back-down and what an acknowledgment of the superiority of British ideas. It carries me back in my thoughts to the days of the cutter Saxon or Kitten of Boston, Madge and Maggie, Winona, Oriva, Bedouin. How the old Saxon was hooted at for her narrow beam and low weight and cutter rig, but how the British have clung to what they contended and landed on top in the struggle for supremacy of yachting ideas.

What a sorry exhibition our last and greatest of centerboard sloops the Vigilant, made on the other side of the ocean. The mighty Herreshoff was forced to succumb and appropriate the methods of his conqueror—Watson—having exhausted all methods known to him of building a superior centerboard sloop.

For years I have been an admirer of Herreshoff until he designed the three large sloops in '93. That he should attempt to give stability for sail carrying power by the use of weighted centerboards to vessels of such cross sections as the Navahoe and Vigilant surprises me exceedingly. That he should design a straight bottom to keels surprised me still more, and when he added the extreme cutaway forefoot and enormous overhanging bow I think he was decidedly lacking in the essentials for successful design.

Faulty as is the design of the Vigilant I do not think she has been at her best. Hang her lead lower by the addition of a rocker keel; fill in her forefoot considerably so that she can carry her old head sails effectively to windward and she will yet prove a tough customer Give the Colonia a chance, deepen her forefoot, fill in that hollow and rocker her keel, she carries her sail well enough without much deepening amidships. Make a keel of the Navahoe and fill in her forefoot, and I will risk her against the Britannia. The board is of no use to her, her cross section is not adapted to loaded centerboard for stability, but those sea spanking bows cannot be remedied. Gen. Paine found out the weakness of these bows in the Jubilee. Nothing would stay in her aloft for a certainty. She pounded the blocks to pieces aloft and smashed the jams of her gaff, she labored so badly. He learned his lesson by experience, so does not lengthen her on deck, but on the waterline only, and I have no doubt of great improvement in every direction. The days of these long overhangs are going, and the days of moderate overhangs, with good forward grips, are coming again with the centerboard sloop. Thistle's weight was more than 3ft. lower than the Volunteer's, but the centerboard won and carried more canvas in hard weather. I am on record as a firm believer in the centerboard sloop, and feel convinced that a centerboard sloop of the waterline length of the defender can be built that will easily outsail the lot, but she would have no abnormal overhangs, nor her forefoot so cut away or S cross section, nor bulb lead.

Take the Volunteer: her forefoot is admirable, and proportionate for the overhang it has to carry; fill out the hollow lines forward, harden her bilge at the turn, take the hollow out of her cross section and deepen her to 14ft. with rocker keel and loaded board dropped bodily (Vigilant's should be used this way, if at all), and I would risk her in any weather to win a large proportion of her races.

POD. AUGER.

The Thames Regattas.

THE racing season in British waters opened on May 17-18 on the Thames, the result in each case being a victory of Britannia over Ailsa. Since the return from the Mediterranean, Ailsa has had some changes made, lead being added to her keel and the weights of spars and rigging reduced. It is reported also that changes have been made in Britannia, but no details are given.

The New Thames Y. C. regatta, on May 17, was sailed over a course from the Lower Hope around the Mouse and back to Gravesend for all of 40-rating and over, the 20-raters rounding the West Oaze Buoy in place of the Mouse. There was a strong northwest wind, and the day was cold and cloudy. Ailsa was rated at 168 and Britannia at 152, the allowance being 2m. 11s., while Ailsa allowed the 40-raters 35m. 15s. The 40-raters were the new Watson boat Caress and the new Fife boat Isolde. In the 20-rating class were Audrey, Lord Dunraven; Stephanie, Prince Batthyany-Strattman, and Luna, F. B. Jameson.

Ailsa started on the gun in the weather berth, Britannia, however, passed her and finished at 3:47:50, winning by 2m. 42s. elapsed and 4m. 53s. corrected. Caress finished at 4:27:00 and Isolde at 4:29:02. The start was made under jibheaders, but Ailsa was forced to house her topmast.

The Royal Thames Y. C. regatta next day had the same course and entries, with Namasa and Maid Marion (Yarana) in a handicap match, and Carina, 40-rater, in the large class. The day was cloudy, with rain at times, and a very variable northeast wind. The start was made under clubtopsails, Ailsa leading by 25s. over the line. Britannia took the lead off Southend, the outer mark being timed: Britannia 1:53:30, Ailsa 1:54:14. The finish was timed: Britannia 3:55:00, Ailsa 3:56:00. Isolde beat Caress by 3m. 55s. The alterations to Ailsa were of a nature to increase her stability, but from all accounts she is less stable than before.

Miramichi Y. C.

THE ninth annual meeting of this club was held in Newcastle Thursday afternoon, May 16. Com. Miller was in the chair.

The following were re-elected: Com., J. C. Miller, Millerton; Vice-Com., J. L. Stewart, Chatham; Rear-Com., John McKane, Newcastle; Sec'y-Treas., J. R. Lawlor, Newcastle; Meas., Thomas Crimmen, Chatham; Trustees, Hon. L. J. Tweedie, R. H. Gremley, P. Wheeler; Election of Members Committee, Dr. Pedolio, R. A. Lawlor, W. A. Park, Howard Williston; Regatta Committee, Col. R. R. Call, E. Hutchison, D. G. Smith, E. Lee Street.

The following were elected to membership: Dr. J. Hayes, Robert Ritchie, J. W. Davidson, Dr. Desmond, Charles Sergeant.

The following were elected honorary members: Thomas D. Adams, of Boston, and James Mitchell, of Newcastle.

It was resolved that the Thomas D. Adams silver cup be held as a permanent racing trophy, to be raced for annually, the winner to hold it till the next year's race.

The following events were decided upon for the yachting season of 1895: May 24, rendezvous at Mill Cove in the forenoon, and sail to whatever point may be chosen; June 6, triangular race; July 1, cruise down river; July 4, race from Chatham to Newcastle and back for the Thomas D. Adams cup, starting at 11 A. M.; Aug. 5, race from Black Brook to Oak Point and back for the Stewart flag; Sept. 7, triangular race off Chatham for the Gould cup, starting at 2 P. M.; Oct. 3, race from Newcastle to Chatham, starting at 11 A. M.

The club voted to buy a $100 trophy to be sailed for.

The Norwalk Y. C.

THE Norwalk C. C. has been reorganized and incorporated under the laws of Connecticut as the Norwalk Y. C., with officers: Com., G. E. Bogart; Vice-Com., A. E. Chasmar; Secy, C. T. Dimond; Treas., J C. Green.

Last fall the club purchased a piece of ground at Wilson's Cove, L. I. Sound, just west of Wilson's Point, Norwalk, Conn.

During the winter a handsome three-story club house has been built, which will be opened on Decoration Day with races during the day and refreshments and dancing in the evening.

The membership is sixty, with a fleet of three canoes, four canoe-yawls, five St. Lawrence skiffs, five sloops from 21 to 30ft. and two naphtha launches.

Good anchorage ground, shelter and plenty of water make the location a good one, and within three minutes' walk are the electric cars which run to South Norwalk and Norwalk.

Club house bears 2 miles N.W. from Sheffield Island Light, showing club flag—a white burgee with red border, with the letter N in a circle of rays in blue. Night signal two red lights placed horizontally.

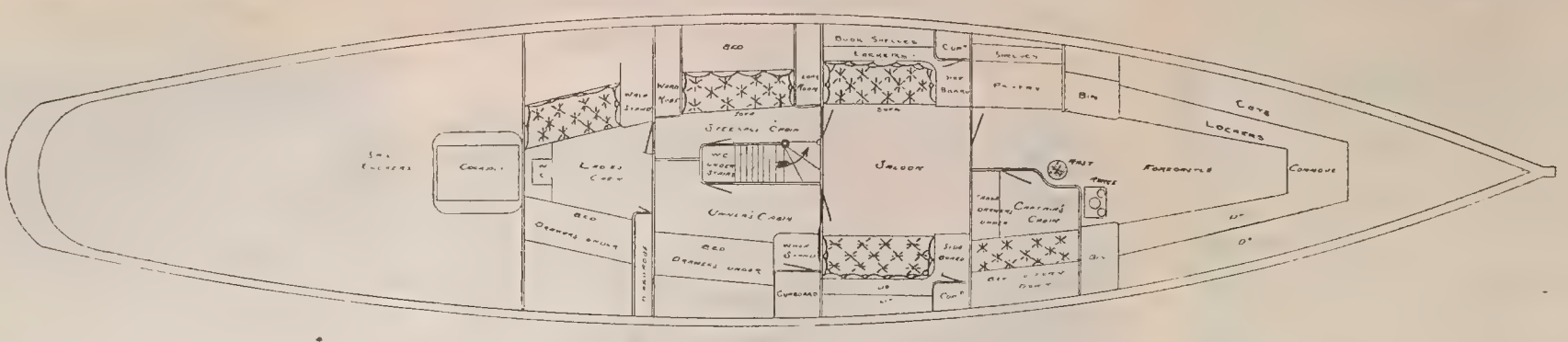
Hospitality is extended to visiting yachtsmen.

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

THE race committee announces the following programme for the season of 1895: Special race for 40ft. class, May 30; special race for 21ft. class, June 1; ladies' sailing race, June 8; annual race, for all classes, June 15; special race, class to be announced, June 22; handicap race, for any rig and class not exceeding 30ft., corrected length, June 29; handicap race, for yachts under 30ft. waterline length, date to be announced; annual cruise, date to be announced; sweepstakes race, for 40 and 21ft. classes, date to be announced; autumn race, for all classes, Sept. 7.

Races will be arranged for every Saturday during the season, and special programmes for each race will be issued in due course. The committee will be glad to arrange additional races, should prizes be offered. The committee reserves the right to invite visiting yachts to enter any of the above races, and to change the order of races and dates, by giving due notice.

ADDISON F. BANCROFT, Chairman,
WILLIAM R. ELLISON,
ISAAC W. JEANES,
Race Committee C. Y. C.



VENDETTA—CABIN PLAN.

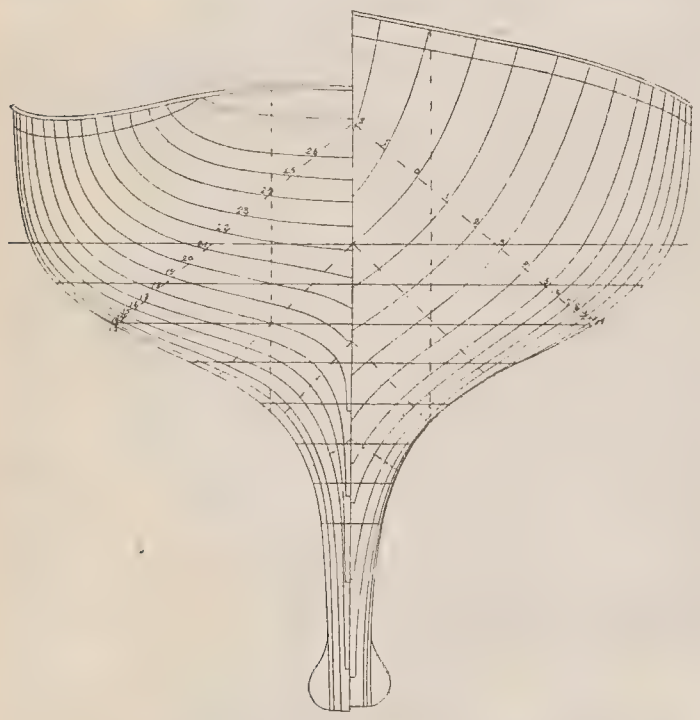
Vendetta.

THE SEMI-FIN TPYE.

SPEED being the sole consideration, and the Herreshoff fin-keels having been uniformly successful over other types in all the smaller classes in which they have been tried, there would seem to be good grounds for the adoption of the extreme fin-keel type in the new Cup defender building at the Bristol works. Of the experiments of other designers in large yachts of this type, Jubilee, so far as she goes, is an argument for the fin; and the unsuccessful Pilgrim is but a negative argument against it. While trying the fin type this year in a larger class than before—in two important boats, the 20-raters Niagara and Isolde; in the most important of all, the boat which is to be his masterpiece and which is to once more retain the America's Cup—Mr. Herreshoff has stopped short of the extreme bulb fin, and has taken up instead the intermediate and partially developed type which may be termed the semi-fin-keel.

Contrary to a common idea, the extreme bulb fin-keel is by no means an isolated and independent invention, but the legitimate result of a regular course of evolution extending over some seven or eight years. At one particular point of this evolution, however, the change is so rapid as to mislead those who have not given close attention to the subject. In the search for higher speed in racing, all the designers of late years have worked together in certain definite directions—the reduction of displacement and wetted surface, the expansion of the dimensions, especially beam and draft; the lightening of the hull and the increasing of the proportionate amount of ballast to displacement, with a very great increase of the length of lever on which the ballast acts. Starting from the moderate type of cutter found on both sides of the Atlantic about 1888, such as Minerva, Vreda, Dragon and the American 40 and 30-footers, each successive year has shown a more rapid cutting away of deadwood, both forward and aft, and a much more pronounced hollow to the floor.

The building of Gloriana, in 1891, marked a most important and interesting stage of development; this yacht, while still closely allied to the normal cutter, possessed a number of novel and extreme features; but, at the same time, her extraordinary model by no means prepared yachtsmen for what was soon to follow, in the bulb-fin-keel Dilemma,



VENDETTA.

built late in the same year. The motives which led Mr. Herreshoff to take the wide step from Gloriana to Dilemma in the course of a few months, and in thus doing to pass completely over one very interesting stage of development, have never been known; it is worth noting, however, that after four years' experience and with remarkable success, in the fin type, he has gone back in the new Cup defender to the immediate type of semi-fin, which fills the gap between Gloriana and Dilemma.

The cutting away process to which we have alluded as one of the most striking characteristics of modern designing, not only had its origin on the other side of the Atlantic, but, owing to the greatly increased amount of building and racing which prevails there, the progress has been more regular each year, and not intermittent as on this side. Instead of a phenomenal boat a Volunteer, a Gloriana or a Vigilant at irregular intervals of three or four years, each season in British waters shows a certain improvement in the new boats over the old, making it much easier to trace the progress of design as influenced by many complicated causes. The changes from such cutters as Thistle and Minerva to yachts of very much hollower section and extreme dimensions, but still of the same construction; and from the latter to the extreme fin-keel, may be studied in their regular sequence in the work of the British designers since 1887–8.

We are indebted to the designer, Mr. Arthur E. Payne, of the firm of Summers & Payne, Southampton, for the permission to publish the lines of one of the first large yachts of the semi-fin type, the cutter Vendetta, a racing 40-rater. With a wide and comparatively shallow hull, and a deep and thin keel with bulbed lead that may almost be classed as a distinct appendage, she forms a connecting link between other Payne cutters, such as Decima (1889) and Corsair (1892), and the plate fin type, and at the same time she possesses many of those extreme features which characterize Mr. Herreshoff's Vigilant, the wide beam, the flaring topsides, the very full waterline, the long overhangs, the great hollow to the floor, the deep, thin keel, and the long, easy diagonals. The forward overhang is shorter, there being more of a "Roman nose," but the angles of stem and horn timber with the water are probably quite as small as in Vigilant. While the methods of the two designers are widely different, there is a remarkable agreement in the selection of so many identical points of advantage.

In 1892 Mr. Payne designed and built the 40-rater Corsair for Admiral the Hon. Victor Montague, who raced her through the season, winning 13 first prizes, 8 second and one other for 42 starts, with £695 in money, taking the Queen's Cup of the Royal Yacht Squadron from Meteor (Thistle) and Mohawk. Late in the fall Admiral Montague ordered a new 40 from Messrs. Summers & Payne, and the design was made by Mr. Payne in December, 1892, the yacht being ready early next season. Vendetta is a fine example of semi-composite construction, steel frames and deck beams amidships, and mahogany planking. She came out originally with the after edge of the deadwood very much hollowed out and a balance rudder of the "spade" form, with which she steered very badly. The other forms of detached rudders were tried with no better results, and then the hollow in the deadwood was filled in by a straight sternpost, as shown, and a rudder of the conventional form added, after which there was no trouble in the steering. Her record for the season was 33 starts, with 11 first and 7 other prizes, amounting to £490. She is the longest of the 40 raters, being 60ft. 6in. l.w.l., or nearly a foot above the average, and with proportionately less sail; and, like some other yachts built under the Y. R. A. rule, she undoubtedly had a little too much body for the sail, a serious matter in such a season of light winds as 1893 proved to be. It is quite probable that the real merits of the design would have been better tested had the length been kept to about 59ft. l.w.l. with a proportionate reduction of the other dimensions and something over 4,000 sq ft. of sail. Vendetta's dimensions are:

Length over all	84ft. 3in.
Overhang, bow	8ft. 10in.
stern	15ft.
Length l.w.l.	60ft. 5in.
Beam, extreme	17ft.
l.w.l.	16ft. 3in.
Least freeboard, top of rail	3ft. 3in.
Draft, extreme	11ft. 9in.
Sail area, sq. ft.	3,963
Rating, Y. R. A. rule	40

Her accomodations are excellent, a long forecastle, good pantry and captain's room, fine saloon with owner's cabin adjoining; the usual ladies' cabin aft, and a sofa and bed berth abreast the steerage, with an ample sail locker in the run. There is good headroom, and also stowage place below the floor; though intended for racing, the yacht is fully and comfortably fitted and furnished, and in no sense a mere shell.

For a British yacht, Vendetta is exceptionally wide, and one cannot fail to admire the manner in which this extreme beam is handled, in fact the whole form of the boat bears testimony to the skill and to the artistic perceptions of the designer. With a very full waterline and an extremely hollow section, every curve is fair and natural, and the design shows no attempts at that forcing of the lines which is becoming more and more a feature of *fin de siecle* designing.

The co-efficient of the midship section is very small indeed, but thirty per cent. of the circumscribing parallelogram; and, taken throughout, the design represents the extreme limit of the normal cutter type, just short of the fin-keel.

So far as match sailing goes, the difference in speed in favor of the full fin as compared to the semi-fin type is decisively in favor of the former; but by too small a margin to justify the encouragement of the former in other than the very small classes. Such a midship section as that of Vendetta makes is not naturally a strong boat, the long



VENDETTA——40-RATER, DESIGNED BY ARTHUR E. PAYNE FOR ADMIRAL MONTAGUE—1892.

From a Photo by Sweet & Kenloch.

frames with their two sharp curves and the flat floor between cannot compare with the more compact form of such a cutter as Minerva, and calls for careful bracing; but still such bracing is easily possible. Even in such an extreme form as in Vendetta, however, there is an immense excess of strength over such a construction of hull and fin as was illustrated in our issue of May 11, in the fin-keel 20-raters. It is quite possible that if the occassion arises the problem of constructing a 90ft. fin-keel in which the fin shall not only be amply strong and rigid in itself but in its attachment to the hull as well, may be satisfactorily solved; but it is easily seen that the semi-fin form is far better adapted to secure both strength and lightness.

A great deal has been said in praise of the large fin-keel on the score of accommodation, and it is claimed that such a hull as Jubilee gives excellent living space. So far as the actual living and sleeping apartments are concerned, this is no doubt the case; meagre as the room is in a fin-keel of 5 to 6ft. depth of hull, when we come to such a length as will give a depth of say 7ft., the accommodation is very satisfactory. The long, sausage-like hull will have clear headroom for about three-fourths of the waterline length, which would cut up into wide square rooms, to which would be added a long and large forecastle, though with limited headroom and a similar space for sails and gear in the run. At the same time this is by no means all that is required in a large yact if the owner would liive aboard; there must be stowage space for anchors, chains, ice, coal, stores and sundries; in fact, in a cruising craft about one-third of the total internal capacity is profitably utilized in this way. Those who have been in the hold of Genesta or Galatea, the extreme narrow cutters, will remember the surprising amount of space out of sight below the cabin floors, and every inch utilized to good purpose. Without this hidden space even the elegant and comfortable rooms above would not have made possible such continued and comfortable life afloat as the owners of these yachts enjoyed, whether cruising or racing.

It is in this respect, of necessary stowage room, that the big fin-keels are lacking as habitable yachts, the living space proper is worked clear out to the skin of the boat, much as in the old centerboard sloop, and neither below the floor nor at the sides under the deck is there any amount of stowage room. Where there is nothing in view but a few special races, the crew being berthed and fed on other vessels, this is a small matter, but where all-around use in yachting is concerned, the fin keel is sadly at a disadvantage.

The semi-fin type shows up far better in this respect, what with steel or light composite construction, and the ballast largely bulbed outside the hull proper, there is a large amount of useful space beneath the floor. Even in such craft as Vigilant and Vendetta there is enough space to make a material addition to the main accomodation of the boat.

An interesting point about the design of Vendetta is that, if the waterline be assumed as 90 ft. instead of its true length, the proportionate dimensions will be:—over all 126ft. l. w. l. 90ft, beam 25ft. 6 in., draft 17ft 6 in. With possibly a few inches more draft, these would be excellent dimensions. From all accounts, the new Cup defender will be of the same general type, but with about 2ft. less beam, 1ft. more draft, and much the same rake of sternpost, the heel of the keel being carried deeper and the fore end cut away, giving a curve instead of a straight line to the lower part of the keel.

Naphtha Launch Licenses.

THE bills introduced into the New York Legislature to require a license for operating naphtha launches did not pass. The proposition was a ridiculous one, and we shall probably hear no more of it.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Thomas Clapham is now building, or has just finished, two racing catboats, 20ft. in length, for H. McK. Thombly, for use on Saranac Lake. One of them is built of cedar, with oak timbers. The other is entirely of mahogany, with oak timbers. Two racing and cruising yawl rig boats, about 20ft. in length by 7ft. beam, sharp at both ends. One of these is for H. Musgrave, Chicago. The other for F. E. De Graw, Amboy, N. J. He is also at work on plans and model of a 45 t. sharpie yacht for a South American (Buenos Ayres) gentleman; and is making models and plans ordered by parties in Tasmania, Australia, for two 21 footers, 33ft. over all, to race against the two boats of that class, Ventura and Fairlie. One of the latter is by Mr. Watson, the other by Mr. Fife.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Chicago, have just issued their 1895 catalogue mailed free.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

15. Red Dragon spring regatta, Delaware River.
15. New York spring regatta, Bensonhurst.
22. New York chal. cup, first trial race.
29 New York chal. cup, second trial race.
29. Marine and Field club annual, Bath Beach.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Chas. E. Cragg, Port Henry, New York.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Thomas Hale, Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.
Central Division, W. S. Hackett, Albany, N. Y.
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Northern Division, E. F. Burritt, Ottawa, Canada.

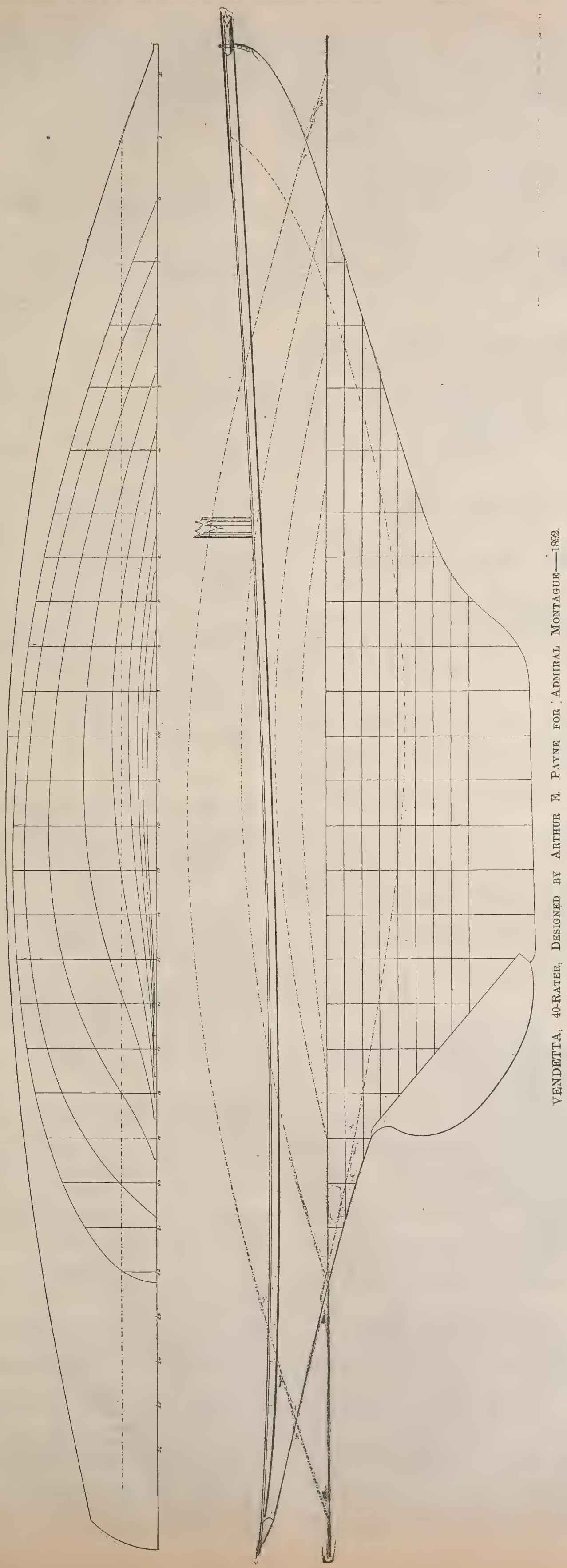
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1. Applications for membership must be made to the Purser of applicant's division, from whom blanks for the purpose may be obtained.

A SUMMER CRUISE ALONG THE CHESAPEAKE.

BY ABEL BOWEN NORRIS.

[*Concluded from page 400*].

THERE are two lighthouses at Smith's Point, a lofty, old-fashioned tower on the mainland, and a very pretty modern structure on iron piles at the outer edge of the bar, fully two miles from shore; otherwise the place is bleak, barren and dangerous. I crossed just inside the outer lighthouse, and hauled closer to the wind, south by west, for the mouth of Great Wicomico River, intending if the breeze died out to make harbor there for the night. The breeze held good, however, and at noon Great Wicomico was abeam. I determined to keep on and reach a



VENDETTA, 40-RATER, DESIGNED BY ARTHUR E. PAYNE FOR ADMIRAL MONTAGUE—1892.

small inlet or creek a few miles north of Windmill Point, an ideal place for a canoeist to put in.

The run down the beach from the Great Wicomico River on a clear day is delightful. The green verdure of Northumberland county, Va., on the west, and on the east the Chesapeake, a vast expanse of blue water, shimmering in the sunlight and stretching away north and south far beyond the reach of the human eye, flecked with many sail and now and then a passing steamer, is never forgotten, and must be greatly appreciated by all who love nature in its grand and sublime form.

Tom trolled a while on the way down, but with no success, owing probably to the great speed of the canoe. I knew there would be good fishing where we intended to stop, and preferred to try my luck at another time.

About the middle of the afternoon we stood in the mouth of the creek and found ourselves in a delightful little cove, bordered with miniature beaches of white sand, a spring of sparkling water, a small clump of shade trees, and a well-worn path that evidently led to a farmhouse not far distant.

We soon had our hammocks stretched beneath the trees, and Tom began to forage for soft-shell crabs, bait for the morrow's fishing and food for our supper. We found them very plentiful here, great big fellows that had come in on the flood, shedding their hard shells, and lay among the weeds and grasses, where the ebb tide had left them.

I was congratulating myself on reaching this lovely spot when a voice, clear and musical, came floating across the water with startling distinctness—

"Oh, dat little Pickaninny,
Down in ole Varginny,"

And looking up I saw the ragged back of a darky sculling an old punt down the creek, making directly for the landing where we were. Had I not yelled to him to "look out" he would have fouled my canoe. He stared at us in genuine awe or evidently took us for a couple of Malay pirates.

"Well, my good man, what's the matter?" I asked.

"You s'prised me, boss."

"Don't you look where you are going?"

"Sart'inly, boss, but can't scull a cunner wif your back to de paddle."

I smiled, for I saw the logic of this remark, and said:

"Whose place is this?"

"Marse William Sorrento's, sar."

"Any good fishing hereabouts?"

"Plenty, boss," his face brightening.

"Any oysters?"

"De crik am a natrul bed."

"Ah."

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Pompey White, sar," taking off his hat, bowing low, and showing a row of ivories.

Tom and I both laughed. He was black as a crow.

In the evening a fine, soldierly-looking gentleman and two charming ladies made their appearance. The gentleman was Col. William Sorrento and the ladies his daughters. They admired my canoe and outfit immensely, and were greatly interested in the cruise of the Scud. The colonel bade me welcome and extended every hospitality. Indeed, I shall always remember with pleasure and carry with me ever the memories of my visit there, and the delights of their sunny Southern home. Col. Sorrento was, like many other Virginia gentlemen, rich before the war, which had stranded him, but the people were recovering slowly from its effects, and his broad acres then were marvels of wavy grain and growing tobacco.

Just here let me say on my cruise in Virginia waters I met with this same affability among the poor as well as the rich, the people delighting in rendering me every assistance in making my stay among them pleasant and agreeable.

Next morning we were out on Sheepshead Rock early, casting our lines in four fathoms of water. We had good sport, catching plenty of trout and taylor; the latter I find only in the Chesapeake, and very gamy, taking the bait savagely and requiring the greatest skill in landing them. Our greatest catch, however, was the sheepshead, which we were after. We succeeded in getting a number of these fine large fish and would have captured more, but the wind coming up southeast began making an ugly sea, which drove us in. Sheepshead usually weigh from 6 to 10lbs., and I had rather catch them than tarpon. They are the gamiest fish that swims, and the way the line sings in the water, the bending rod and humming reel, is true music to the fisherman's soul.

We passed several days at Camp Sorrento—idyllic days they were—fishing in the morning, resting in our hammocks at midday, and in the evening at twilight, when the air was still, we brought out our banjos, and to the accompaniment of chirping crickets and the cry of the distant whippoorwill we whiled away the passing hours in music, the songs of camp life:

"With a flowing sheet and a swelling sail,
We are swept along by a driving gale;
'Neath the plunging bow is a roll of white,
And the waves are all flecked with dancing light;
While gleaming fires like diamonds burn
In the seething, lengthening wake astern.

The petrels their feet in the whitecaps lave,
The flying fish flutter from wave to wave,
While the porpoise it rolls thro' the gleaming foam,
And the black-finn'd sharks predacious roam.
Oh, wondrous sights meet the willing eyes
Of those who sail 'neath the sun-bright skies."

One morning, the wind having veered around to northwest, we stood out for Windmill Point, crossed the mouth of the Rappahannock, passed Stinguay, calling out the lightkeeper with our horn and getting in return a salute from his fog-bell, and bore down the beach for the Piyankatank, making Jackson's Creek, just inside its mouth, in good season. We found quite a thrifty settlement here—neat, whitewashed cottages, surrounded with gardens and beds of fragrant flowers, a large general store, a schoolhouse and a church (which the people called a meeting-house), inhabited mostly by oystermen.

The Piyankatank River is in the great oyster belt of Virginia, shipping annually one hundred thousand bushels of very fine oysters, standing about equal in its output to the Rappahannock River, Mobjack Bay and the York River. A large percentage of these oysters also come North in fishing smacks, are used for plants in Long Island Sound, and are erstwhile converted into blue points and little necks, which are so highly prized in our

New York hotels and restaurants. But the very finest oysters in the world are taken from Huggin's Bar in the Potomac River, Md., Cherrystone Inlet on the eastern shore of Maryland, Hampton Bar in Hampton Roads, and Lynnhaven Bay in Virginia. These are famous and known the world over. I might name other localities whose brands are greatly prized, for the Chesapeake is rich in its oyster beds; there are the Severn and Wye rivers, Oxford and Cambridge on Eastern Bay, the Patuxent River, Harper's Straights, Tangier Island and Crisfield, all great oyster producing points and handling thousands of bushels of this toothsome fish every season.

We did not stay long in the Piyankatank, however. At daybreak in the morning we were standing out for the Wolf Trap, a bleak, desolate-looking lighthouse many miles from land, and marking the treacherous shoals of that name in the Chesapeake directly in the path of incoming and outward bound ships.

As we sailed out the river Tom began to sing, and a negro on board a schooner also bound out took up the refrain, his voice echoing with peculiar sweetness on the clear morning air:

Way down yander on de Piyankatank,
Dat's whar de musrats jump from bank to bank.
Oh my, de yaller gals look so sweet,
Brack eyes and great big feet.
Down on Piyankatank's bank.

We passed the Wolf Trap at sunrise, and shortly after the wind died completely out, leaving us becalmed in the broad Chesapeake at a particularly unfortunate place. There was nothing to do, however, but to make the best of it until we did get a breeze, and if it proved too strong to make New Point Comfort or a harbor somewhere in Mobjack, both places being abeam.

The early morning scene was charming, the water smooth as glass, and as I looked down in its clear depths I should liked to have taken a plunge; but there are too many sharks playing around the shoals of Wolf Trap to make it safe—savage, man-eating specimens, such as are encountered on the banks of the Bahamas. Off to the left lay a big, full-rigged ship bound in, her square, white sails hanging limp against her spars, lazily drifting with the tide. Numerous other sail dotted the horizon, and the Carolina, one of the Bay Line steamers, came forging down, passing close, on her way to Norfolk.

Pretty soon, however, as I glanced to the eastward I could see the ripple of a breeze. The big ship caught it first, and as her vast area of canvas filled I could see her heel and gather way, a most beautiful sight, her clipper lines melting gracefully in the sunlight and starting up the bay like a race horse.

At first I was apprehensive that it might prove too strong and kick up an ugly sea, but it soon settled to a steady blow, the Scud taking the long, loping waves with great ease.

With three whole sails drawing and Tom and I perched on the weather washboard, we passed the lonely, isolated lighthouse on the outer edge of York Spit in great shape. I was proud of the Scud before, but her splendid seagoing qualities were showing now, and I felt like dancing with glee.

The big ship was now hull down, and we were heading due south for Hampton Roads. It is a long reach from the Wolf Trap, thirty miles straightaway from land to land; but I was not afraid, and determined to push on. Tom ran up the pennant "The Cruise of the Scud" when the ramparts of Fortress Monroe, with its grim, frowning guns, began to loom up, and shortly after noon we crossed the shoe, ran in under the lee of Old Point Comfort, and tied up at the wharf of the Hygeia, being well satisfied with the day's run and the first half of our cruise.

I met a number of friends from New York at the Hygeia, people like myself who were fond of boating and fishing, and several days were passed in cruising about the Roads, visiting the Rip Raps, Lynnhaven Bay and Newport News.

Newport News is destined to become a great place, and I found much business there. Within easy access of the ocean and on one of the finest harbors in the world, it is always crowded with vessels and ships of all nations. Besides its oyster industry, which is enormous, the Chesapeake Construction and Dry Dock Co., of which C. P. Huntington is president, have their vast yards here, and shipbuilding is carried on to a considerable extent. Back in the village is a splendid hotel, while along its streets are many fine houses and attractive stores. It is also the terminus of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, and the Old Dominion Steamship Co. touch there tri-weekly, bringing its inhabitants in close connection with Richmond and the great cities of the North.

I could fill page after page with the beauties of Old Point and its charming environments, but already are my readers familiar with this noted spot. The garrison of Fortress Monroe, with its artillery school and visiting war ships, make the magnificent Hygeia in the evenings, its spacious ballroom and verandas, brilliantly gay with the uniforms of the army and navy, while the peculiar influence of the saline atmosphere imparts a healthful vigor to the invalid, making, with its manifold attractions, a watering-place especially desirable for the ever-changing and luxurious tourist. Before leaving Hampton Roads I hauled the Scud out and gave her bottom, which was becoming foul, a good coating of verdigris. This added greatly to her sailing qualities, and I consider it as a preparation the best thing in the world for canoes, preserving their bottoms and making them very smooth.

On a Monday morning, with a clear sky and a southwesterly wind, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and a merry *bon voyage*, we bade adieu to Old Point. Once more the Chesapeake was before us, its shimmering surface gleaming in the sunlight. Toward the eastward lay the broad Atlantic, while the barren hills and dunes of glistening sand around Cape Henry were just visible above the horizon. These sights and scenes of the lower Chesapeake soon faded from view as we sped on, leaving only a gray outline of the fast receding shore. We bade farewell to them with reluctance, but our regrets were soon lost in the pleasure and delights of our far homeward cruise.

The run back was leisurely made and uneventful, being practically the same, with probably a few more stops. After a brief stay at my old home, where I left my canoe for the following summer, I was back at my desk in New York city after an absence of five weeks and three days, brown as an Indian and strong as an ox. So ended my "Summer Cruise Along the Chesapeake."

Brooklyn C. C.

THE Brooklyn C. C., foot of Fifty-sixth street, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us these fixtures for 1895:

Sailing races, 55sq. ft. limit, and Budington trophy, May 18, June 8, June 22, July 20, Aug. 3, Sept. 7. Paddling races, Rudd trophy, May 25, June 15, June 29, July 13, July 27, Sept. 14. Spring cruise, May 29–June 2, Susquehanna River; no races. Annual cruise, July 3–7, Pagan cruising trophy race on Long Island Sound. A. C. A. meet, Lake Champlain, Aug. 9–24. Closing races, Sept. 21, tie records (if any) will be paddled or sailed off.

The races for the Budington and Rudd trophies will only be held on dates given above and not unless challenges are before the committee.

Any event may be omitted at the discretion of the regatta committee.

The 55ft. limit race may be sailed with any style of canoe; but the rule is, one man, one canoe, one rig. No sliding seat. It will be sailed over a short course, under handicap to be hereafter decided upon. A special prize will be given at the close of the season to the winner of the greatest number of these races. The record will be made up from every race on the above list. The winner of each race will receive as many points for the record as there have been starters. Second man, one point less, etc.

After the races, it is proposed to cook supper and eat it. With that idea, let every member keep in his locker such comestibles and the necessary tools and machinery to eat them as may seem to him best suited to delicate constitutions.

The officers are: Com., M. V. Brokaw; Vice-Com., C. R. Lester; Purser, W. McK. Miller. The Regatta Committee: Robt. J. Wilkin, Chairman; W. McK. Miller, J. F. Eastman.

New York C. C. Cup.

No. 70 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the dates given to the various races of the New York C. C., I beg to inform you that the date of the first trial races for the international challenge cup, originally set down for June 22, has been changed to June 27, in order to better suit the convenience of canoeists living at a distance from New York city who may wish to participate in this race as well as in the two following ones.

There seems to have been some misunderstanding as to what is meant by holding the second series of trial races, scheduled for June 29, in conjunction with the Marine and Field Club. This means not that separate races will be held on June 29, but that the work of canoeists sailing in the Marine and Field Club races on that day will be taken into consideration by the committee in its selection of the Cup defender. LOUIS L. COUDERT, Sec'y Regatta Committee.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Fred. H. Grover, Lowell, Mass.; H. A. Adams, Worcester, Mass.; H. L. Trafford, Worcester, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., May 19.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target (7 ring black):

Gindele	10	8	9	10	10	9	7	10	8	10—91
	10	10	10	6	9	10	8	10	8	9—90
	10	6	8	9	9	10	10	10	7	9—88
	7	10	9	10	9	10	10	9	9	9—92
Louis	8	9	6	7	7	6	6	10	7	10—76
	5	9	8	7	8	10	8	8	6	6—75
	8	3	9	7	8	9	5	9	10	6—74
	7	7	6	7	8	8	6	9	6	6—70
Payne	9	9	9	8	9	9	8	6	9	9—85
	9	6	9	9	6	6	8	9	9	10—81
	6	9	6	6	8	9	8	9	8	9—78
	10	10	8	8	7	7	8	6	5	8—77
Weinheimer	7	10	9	6	7	8	5	10	5	7—74
	10	9	5	8	9	6	10	4	10	5—76
	5	8	7	8	8	7	7	7	6	8—69
	4	8	7	5	5	10	6	7	8	8—68
Trounstine	9	4	8	7	6	7	8	8	8	4—69
	1	4	6	8	6	8	9	9	4	5—60
	4	6	8	6	6	6	6	5	7	4—58
	4	7	4	5	4	4	8	9	6	5—56
Topf	7	4	10	4	5	9	9	9	8	8—73
	8	10	7	8	6	3	5	6	8	10—71
	6	10	7	6	6	5	6	8	10	5—69
	9	4	8	10	6	6	8	3	6	5—65
Hake	7	6	10	7	6	8	8	10	10	8—80
	4	6	10	6	8	9	7	6	6	9—71
	9	4	8	4	5	6	10	8	8	6—68
	6	5	9	9	6	5	7	5	4	9—65
Wellinger	8	10	6	9	9	8	4	9	8	9—80
	8	6	6	8	10	10	8	8	8	6—80
	8	6	8	8	9	6	9	9	8	8—79
	10	10	6	9	7	7	6	8	5	10—78
Randall	8	9	6	7	8	8	6	8	9	9—78
	5	7	8	10	7	9	7	7	7	7—74
	5	9	8	7	8	6	6	8	5	5—67
	5	6	7	6	8	8	6	9	8	8—71
Drube	9	6	10	8	9	9	9	6	9	6—81
	5	9	5	6	10	8	9	8	9	6—75
	9	7	7	7	8	7	7	8	7	4—71
	5	9	7	6	8	8	8	6	5	7—69

Rifle at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A large number of riflemen attended the various club shoots at Shell Mound Range to-day. Several militiamen made good scores at 200yds., two making 47 and several reaching 46

There is much enthusiasm among the users of the Springfield rifle in this city, and much curiosity is felt as to the shooting qualities of the new Krag-Jorgensen arm.

Germania Schuetzen Club scores: Champion class medal won by Dr. L. O. Rodgers with 214 220—434. First class—J. E. Klein 408. Second class—A. Jungblutt 412.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club—Medals and cash prizes, open to the world, rifle. 200yds., re-entry: Target rifle, Kuhnle medal: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 10 9 10 10 8 9 10 8 8 9—91, A. H. Pape 86, D. W. McLaughlin 84, F. O. Young 84, Geo. Schultz 76, Jacobsen 68.

Military rifle, Glinderman medal (circular 8in. bullseye): F. O. Young 44, A. H. Pape 43, F. Gehret 43, A. Fetz 43, M. Hinzman 41.

Rest shooting, Young medal: F. O. Young 100.

For members only, no re-entry: Champion class—D. W. McLaughlin 87, F. O. Young 86, Dr. Rodgers 80, A. H. Pape 80. First class—C. Perry 72, J. E. Klein 69. Second class—A. Kennedy 79, A. Fetz 74, J. E Gorman 66, E. Jacobsen 64.

Medals for members only, pistol, 50yds., no re-entry: Champion class—C. M. Daiss 91, E. Hovey 89, F. O. Young 84, A. H. Pape 84. First class—J. E Gorman 84, A. Gehret 84, Dr. Rodgers 81, F. Poulster 79. Second class—C. Perry 76, F. Dennis 72, A. Fetz 70, W. Unfred 57.

Open to all comers, re-entry, pistol, Blanding medal: E. Hovey 94, S. Carr 92, C. M. Daiss 92, J. E. Gorman 92, F. O. Young 92, Dr. Rodgers 88. ROEEL.

Revolver Shooting in England.

MAY 4.—At the North London Rifle Club the below scores were made in revolver shooting.

Twenty yards stationary target: Walter Winans 6 7 7 7 7 7—41, Clementi-Smith 38, Maj. Munday 37, Gould 36, Maj. Jones 34, Luff 33.

Mr. Winans's score is the best made this season in revolver shooting at any of the clubs.

May 3.—Twenty yards stationary target:

Comber	677776—40	Clementi-Smith	776446—34
Maj Munday	676767—39	Luff	557754—33
Chicken	677557—37	Ricketts	762755—32
Knapp	776655—36	Frost	737267—32
Lieut Richardson	476765—35	Thompson	656453—29
Carter	754775—35	Capt Evans	352577—29

May 2.—At the South London Rifle Club the following scores were made at the revolver ranges. Twenty yards:

Walter Winans	775777—40	C F Lowe	774576—36
Lieut Varley	577657—37	Capt T W Heath	666665—36
E Howe	766656—36		

Mr. Winans's score is the highest made this season at the club.

Fifty yards:

Walter Winans	765766—37	C F Lowe	457765—34
Lieut Varley	575746—34	E Howe	556456—31

Rifle at Rochester, N. Y.

THE eleventh annual shoot of the Schuetzengilde, June 5 and 6, will be shot on the Monroe avenue grounds. Four targets will be used, American standards for rest and for off-hand, two of each. No limit to the number of times a contestant may re-enter. The two best cards will be scored. Distance 200yds., five shots, off-hand. A peg rest may be used in contesting for the cash prizes if the contestant so desires. Distance 200yds., three highest cards to count. This will be shot off at the end of the tournament. Shooting begins at 1 P. M. Mr. C. Harvey is the secretary.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 3–8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual ournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11–13.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 12–13.—JANESVILLE, Wis.—Fifth annual shoot of the Janesville Shooting Club; live birds and targets. H. H. McKenney, Sec'y.

June 13–14.—FARGO, N. D.—First annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready May 15. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 13–15.—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

June 13–15.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club. D. L. Williams, Sec'y, Portland, Ore.

June 14.—WORCESTER, Mass.—Seventh and closing tournament of the New England Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Worcester Gun Club.

June 15.—WILMERDING, Pa.—Tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club. A. A. Mackert, Sec'y.

June 19–21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 20–22.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Multnomah Rod and Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

June 24–28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec'y.

June 26–27.—VICKSBURG, Miss.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club.

June 29.—MARION, N. J.—Fifth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club.

July 10–12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec'y.

July 17–18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

July 17–18.—BELFAST, Me.—Second annual tournament of the Belfast Gun Club; $125 in cash guaranteed.

Aug. 9–10.—NEW ORLEANS, La.—Tournament of the Inter-state Association, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club; $200 added money.

Aug. 20–24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankfort, Pa.

Aug. 27–29.—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 29–31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Oct. 9–11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

1896.

April 1–3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

C. MacAlester and R. A. Welch, of the Riverton Gun Club, shot a match on Saturday last, May 25, with George Work and J. P. Knapp, of the Carteret Club. The match was 100 live birds per man and was shot on the Riverton grounds. The Philadelphia team, Messrs. MacAlester and Welch, won by 7 birds, the scores standing: MacAlester 89, Welch 86; total 175; Work 87, Knapp 81; total 168. The Philadelphians were the favorites, as the New York men have not been shooting in any sort of form lately.

The Rochester (N. Y.) *Post-Express* of May 22 notes the organization of a new gun club at West Rush, N. Y. It says: "The Rush Rod and Gun Club was organized Monday evening with the following officers: E. Mattern, President; Charles Pfistner, Secretary and Treasurer; M. Kinsey, Vice-President; F. Hough, Shooting Master. The club will hold weekly shoots throughout the season and some good scores may be looked for, as there are some good shots connected with it."

In the programme of an "amateur shoot" that was held May 30 at Bass Lake, Indiana, appeared the following note: "The management reserves the right to impose such handicap on shooters as circumstances may require." The reservation is rather vague, but the management evidently intends to do the right thing—"Protect the amateur."

Heikes won the championship of the State of Ohio at the Dayton shoot on May 15 by winning the L. C. Smith trophy with a score of 49 out of 50. This trophy, which is emblematic of the championship of the State, was also won by Heikes last year with precisely the same score.

Owing to pressure on the trap columns this week, scores for the following shoots have been unavoidably held over until the next issue: Texas State shoot, Neponsett (Ill.) annual tournament. These scores, together with one or two others which will also have to suffer a like fate, will appear next week.

The Schmelzer world's championship cup will be competed for at Fairmount Park, Kansas City, and will represent the championship at inanimate targets. The trophy is of elaborate design, is made of silver and gold and is valued at $500. On the top, in the attitude of shooting, is a statuette of Rolla Heikes, whose skill as a shooter is known to all.

Those who contemplate attending the Memphis tournament and other sections in the South would do well to consider the excellent advantages offered by the Southern Railway Company. Their through train, Pullman sleepers, runs through from New York to Memphis without change, leaving New York at 4:30 P. M. and arriving in Memphis at 7:25 the second morning.

A gun club of twenty members, known as the Ingram Gun Club, of Ingram, Pa., was organized May 18, 1895, with the following officers: President, James L. Cravens; Vice-President, J. A. Evans; Secretary-Treasurer, W. C. Wallace; Captain, W. A. Kimmell; Directors, John A. McCracken and Wm. S. Gilmore.

Under date of May 19, Mr. H. H. McKinney, secretary of the Janesville Shooting Club, writes us as follows: "On account of conflicting with the Milwaukee shoot, the Janesville Shooting Club have postponed their tournament until June 12 and 13."

The Multnomah Rod and Gun Club offers a varied programme for its eleventh annual tournament. D. C. Williams, secretary, Portland, Ore.

The Knoxville tournament brought together the greatest aggregation of trap-shooters ever gathered together at any shoot in this country. Nothing but the extraordinarily hard shooting doled out to the boys kept the scores down.

Irby Bennett promises a good time, a square shoot and lots of money to all who attend the Memphis shoot next week. From what I heard at Knoxville, and judging from the way shooters were "talking Memphis," I believe they'll have a larger entry list at this tournament than that at Knoxville. Tennessee is right in line to boom trap-shooting.

Paul North is not saying much about the Cleveland shoot, June 19–21, but what he does say about it is to the point. He predicts a large attendance of shooters with plenty of money to divide.

Missoula, Mont., will have the honor of giving the annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association in 1896.

Among those present at the Rome, N. Y., shoot last week were Gus E. Greiff, New York; C. W. Tuttle, Auburn; R. Hunter and C. Wagner, Fulton; M. M. Mayhew, Marcy; John Fulford, H. L. Gates and Gus Dexter, Utica; Geo. A. Mosher, Syracuse; W. H. Skinner, Chicago; W. H. Cruttenden, Cazenovia; W. Hobart, Newark, N. J.

J. F. Schmelzer, of Kansas City, Mo., will give a four-days' tournament the second week of July. This tournament, although it is expressly an amateur tournament, will not be a blank for the expert, as an extra set of traps will be kept running for open sweepstakes. A special feature will be a 100-target event (style of shooting not yet decided upon) for the individual championship of the world at inanimate targets. This event is of course open to the world. The trophy is a remarkably handsome one; it stands three feet high, and is valued at $500.

Jack Parker will manage the New York State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Saratoga, N. Y., the latter part of June.

The Interstate Association will give a tournament at Charlotte, N. C., on Aug. 27, 28 and 29, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club. The amount of added money will be announced later, but I understand from Col. Anthony that it will probably be $300, $100 each day.

Seth Clover tells me that the Clover Trap and Target Company, of Fredonia, N. Y., will give a tournament at Fredonia some time in the month of September. Dates will be announced shortly. As a matter of interest, it will be well to mention that the company will add $1,000 in cash. There will be a citizens' purse as well as merchandise prizes.

The second annual tournament of the Belfast (Me.) Gun Club will be held on July 17-18. The club guarantees $125 in cash.

A special feature of the Knoxville shoot was the side show in the E. C. Powder Co.'s tent. Keller made a capital showman.

In the Intercollegiate shoot on May 14, Princeton beat Harvard by the score of 100 to 91. Princeton thus wins the cup, having won it twice in succession.

A large delegation of the cracks attended the annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association at Little Rock this week.

EDWARD BANKS.

Prize Shoot at Memphis.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 21.—Last Saturday the Memphis Gun Club had a successful and interesting little shoot. The programme announced that shooting would begin at 12 M., and called for four events, all at unknown angles; three 20-target sweepstakes and a prize handicap. The shooters in this prize event were divided into four classes. The A class men shot at 25 targets, the B class at 26, the C class at 27, and the D class at 28, highest possible score to be 25; all ties were shot off under the following conditions: A class 10 birds, B and C 11 birds, and D class 12, possible total 10. The prizes in this event consisted of an L. C. Smith hammerless, a Burgess Repeater, a Winchester Repeater, 400 nitro powder loaded shells, and 200 nitro powder loaded shells, to be awarded in the order named. The first prize was won by Tom. Divine, president of the club, without a tie, he being the only one to score 24. Erhardt, Robertson and Slack scored 23 each; in the shoot off Robertson broke 10 straight, and took the Burgess gun. Tway, Cockrill, Neeley and Yahnka tied for third prize, each scoring 22. This tie was most stubbornly contested. On the first round Yahnka dropped out; but Tway, Neeley and Cockrill each scored 10. The next round proved disastrous to Tway, as he let one target get away, while Neeley and Cockrill again scored 10. It took 20 more targets each before the ownership of the Winchester was decided, Neeley eventually winning. Hinkle, Pickett, Taylor, Frank, White, Thompson, Allen, Armstrong and Craft tied on 21. In the shoot off Frank killed straight, and took the 400 shells. A. B. Duncan, Greer, Brown, Sullivan, Villipique and Walton tied on 20. It took quite a number of shells and targets to decide the possession of the 200 shells, Brown eventually capturing them.

The weather was fine, and as the scores will show, the attendance was good. Messrs. Thompson, Hinkle, Craft, Erhardt, Lang and Robertson came down from Paducah, Ky.; Tway and Arledge were on hand from Michigan City, Miss., while your correspondent strayed over from the wilds of Arkansas to tell the boys about the State shoot. The arrangements of the grounds and traps were perfect, and everything worked smoothly. Everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves, while the two sets of traps that were used gave everybody all the shooting they desired. The club has everything in shape for their big annual in June; to those who are contemplating attending this shoot I wish to say, "Do so by all means, as the members of the Memphis Gun Club are royal entertainers, and they have many little surprises in store for those who visit them." The appended scores tell the story in detail:

No. 1, 20 targets, unknown angles:

Thompson	10111011101011111111—16	Cockrill	00111101001110111111—14
Hinkle	01011111111011000110—13	Boyd	10101101010011100100—10
Craft	11100101111110101101—14	ABDuncan	11011111101111111100—16
Erhardt	11110110101100111000—12	J B Duncan	11110111110111111111—18
Lang	11011101111111000111—15	Frank	01101000101100110101—10
Robertson	11101010011011111111—14	Holden	11100101011110101100—12
Poston	11111111111101111111—19	White	01111101101101010001—13
Schmidt	11111101101111111101—17	Vance	10011110011111011100—13
Watson	01101010101111101111—14	Villipique	10101000011111110111—13
Allen	11011111110111111111—18	Neely	00111110000101111111—13
Bennett	01111111110111111100—16	Tway	11111100111111111111—18
Divine	01111110111110001111—15	Taylor	01101010001100111110—11
Sullivan	01100100100100100101— 8	Yahne	01001011111111101101—14

No. 2, same;

Thompson	11010111111111101011—16	J Duncan	11111111111101101110—17
Hinkle	01000111101111111111—15	Frank	10111010111111111010—15
Craft	11110111011101110110—15	Holden	11111011011011101110—15
Erhart	11111101111111111111—19	Bellinger	11001011011101101111—14
Lang	01001111100110101101—12	Villepique	00101101101000110011—10
Robinson	11101110110111111111—17	Neeley	11010101111010111111—15
Poston	11111111110111110001—16	Taylor	00100101010010111011—10
Watson	00111011001110001111—12	Aldrich	01010011010100110111—11
Allen	11111111110111101101—17	Plumber	01101111111111111010—16
Bennett	11011111101010111011—16	Tway	11111111111101101111—18
Divine	01011101011101111111—15	Schmidt	10111101101100111111—15
Sullivan	11001111011111111111—17	White	11110011010011101110—14
Cockrill	11101011111011110111—16	S Poston	11001010111101001001—11
Boyd	11001001001111011001—11	A G Brown	01101111010110011101—13
A Duncan	01001111111111110111—19		

No. 3, same:

Poston	01111011111111111111—18	Brown	11001111111011111010—15
Bellinger	11010110000111101101—12	Walker	10111100011111001111—14
Watson	10111101111111001011—15	Craft	10111111111001101110—15
Bennett	11111111101101110111—17	Slack	01111110110110111111—16
Divine	11111001100011001111—14	Robertson	11111011011110010101—14
Vance	11100100111100110011—12	Cockrill	11111011011111111011—17
Frank	11011111010101011001—14	Holden	11011110111111111111—18
Sullivan	10100101010111110010—12	Hinkle	01101100101111101111—14
Thompson	10110111101110100110—13	ABDuncan	10111111101110111111—17
Neeley	01111111111111010100—15	Allen	11101011110101101101—14
Villipique	11011101111101011111—16	Schmidt	00111100110011111101—13
Plumber	11110110111011111111—17	Lang	01010000010011010100— 7
White	11011111011101111111—17	S Poston	10101010101011000010—10
Tway	01011110111011011011—14	Yahnka	01001010101111000111—11
Erhardt	01111110010111111101—15	Pickett	01111011011110001111—14

No. 4, prize shoot:

J B Duncan (26)	11011011111110111010100011 —18
Schmidt (26)	10101011111111111110100010 —18
Cockrill (26)	11011101011111101111111111 —22
Vance (26)	11001011101111100111010110 —17
Holden (26)	00110011111000111111101111 —18
Plumber (26)	11001111010111010111110101 —18
Poston (25)	10011111011100100111111111 —18
Bennett (25)	11111110100111011110111000 —17
Divine (25)	11111111111111111110111111 —24
Tway (25)	10101111111111111111011111 —22
Thompson (25)	01001111111101111111111111 —21
A B Duncan (25)	11100011111101111101111111 —20
Erhardt (25)	10111111111111111111011111 —23
Allen (25)	11111110111110100111111111 —21
White (26)	01001111011111111111101111 —21
Hinkle (28)	11101100111101110111011110—21
Yahnke (28)	10110111111111111111110101010—22
Jones (25)	10110111100101101000011110001—16
Brown (28)	10101110011101111011110101011—20
Neeley (28)	11111010011111111011111100111—22
Sullivan (28)	11111101110110110101010111101—20
Villipique (28)	11011100111111010111010101111—20
Pickett (28)	01111101111101101101011101—21
Frank (28)	10110110111011101101111111011—21
Walker (28)	00101110010011011000010100001—12
Taylor (28)	01111110111011101111010111011—21
Greer (28)	11111111111010111000101110—20
Boyd (28)	11101100101110011000111101110—17
Poston (28)	11000000010010110011110000010—11
Watson (27)	11101110111101110111011100 —20
Armstrong (27)	01111100111101111111011110 —21
Craft (27)	11111111111100111101100110 —21
Robertson (27)	01111110101111111111101111 —23
Slack (27)	11111111011111011010111111 —32

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Knoxville Tournament.

TO THE Knoxville Gun Club rightly belongs the honor of having broken all existing records in the history of trap-shooting. It is honor that has been so well earned that no one will grudge the club a single leaf from its laurels. The tournament of 1895, which closed on Friday last, May 24, was something that three years ago not even the most enthusiastic trap-shooter would have dared to consider as within the range of possibilities. It was Knoxville and its gun club which made such a meeting not only a possibility but, as we have seen, an actual fact. In 1892 the gun club added $500 in cash to the purses at its tournament. So great was the success that attended this move that the next year, 1893, $1,000 in cash was added to the purses and divided among the shooters, In 1894 a similar sum was added, and the tournament of that year, as its predecessors, was an unqualified success. But the Knoxville Gun Club was not content to keep to its old figure of $1,000 for its 1895 tournament. It determined to add $3,000 to the purses this year and to hold a shoot of unrivaled proportions.

Prior even to the tournament of 1894, its plans for raising this $3,000 were matured. The idea was carried out thus: The club was to give $1,500, manufacturers and dealers of sportsmen's supplies were to add their share of $500 more, and each shooter who desired to enter and shoot in the events on the programme was to pay an entrance fee of $10 for that privilege. By this latter arrangement the club expected to raise $1,000—that is, 100 shooters at $10 each. This sum of $1,000 was fully raised, 100 shooters taking part in event No. 1 on the opening day. The manufacturers' $500 was raised easily, and the balance of the $3,000 was raised by the club. The energy and grit required to carry out the above programme was forthcoming, and the result justified the predictions of its promoters. Never in the history of trap-shooting has there been such an aggregation of crack shots gathered together in any one place.

THOSE WHO WERE THERE.

Look at this list of names and weigh the capabilities of the large majority of them: R. O. Heikes, Ed. Rike, C. M. Raymond, H. Dando and W. Scott MacDonald, Dayton, O.; "Shorty" Bacon, Miamisburg, O.; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; "Dick" Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; Harvey McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y.; Andy Meaders, Nashville, Tenn.; H. B. Hill, Aurora, Ind; John A. Flick, Ravenna, O.; L. M. Boykin and J. H. Mooney, Orlando, Fla.; Ferd. Van Dyke, Dayton, N. J.; B. A. Bartlett, Buffalo, N. Y.; B. "LeRoy" Woodward, Campello, Mass.; W. Wagner, W. B. McKelden, Joe Hunter, J. H. Gulick, N. Pruitt and B. L. Osborne, Washington, D. C.; W. Tell Mitchell, Lynch's, Va; J. B. Gay, Pine Grove, Ky.; Stewart and L. S. Byer, Rochester, N. Y.; Paul North, Cleveland, O.; F. C. Etheridge and Harry B. Troutman, Macon, Ga.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; Frank Parmalee and George Loomis, Omaha, Neb.; T. H. Keller, Plainfield, N. J.; Capt. Money and N. E. Money, Oakland, N. J.; "Des-Chree-Shos-Ka Jack" Parker, Detroit, Mich.; "Jenks" P. Easton, Monroeville, O.; "Redwing," alias Ralph Worthington, Cleveland, O.; Charlie Young, Springfield, O.; D. A. Upson, Columbus, O.; Alkire, Columbus, O.; A. L. Ivins, Red Bank, N. J.; "Plumber" Reed, Omaha, Neb.; W. W. Watson, Wm. Clegg and Samuel Hutchings, Louisville, Ky.; Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburg, Pa.; "U. M. C." Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn.; W. R. Fieles, Christiana, Pa.; A. W. duBray, Dayton, Ky.; G. N. Hughes and J. Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs, Ark.; Johnny Hoffman, German Valley, N. J.; Billy Drake, Maplewood, N. J.; Maurice Kauffman, New Orleans, La.; Wm. Gerst and Frank Legler, Nashville, Tenn.; R. L. Trimble, Covington, Ky.; J. F. Cherry, Lancaster, O.; Theodore Cicotte, Detroit, Mich.; Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.; G. S. McAlpin and Justus von Lengerke, New York; Arthur Gamble, Aurora, Ind.; Chas. Lane, Philadelphia; Seth Clover, Fredonia, N. Y.; J. P. Haddox, Winchester, Va.; L. Brown, Sweetwater, Tenn.; T. J. Desmond, Stillmore; F. H. Woodworth, F. J. Waddell and Livingston, Chattanooga, Tenn.; John A. Ruble, Chicago; Tom Callender, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Irby Bennett, Memphis, Tenn.; M. A. Keller, Batavia, N. Y.; Jas. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; J. H. Bortle, Detroit, Mich.; Roger Van Gilder, Somers Van Gilder, C. Ross, J. Ross, J. W. Conner, J. C. White, T. C. Eldridge, Frank Meade and Judge Lindsay, members of the Knoxville Gun Club; Buker, Rockford, Ills; Linderman, etc.

EARLY BIRDS.

A remarkable feature of this shoot was the attendance of sixty shooters at the grounds on Monday, all bent on getting some practice previous to the opening of the tournament. Some 8,000 targets were thrown during the day, Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., carrying off the honors with a total of 173 breaks out of 180, an average of 96 and a fraction. This average was never approached during the four succeeding days. There were three sets of traps used at the tournament, all set in a straight line. From these traps were thrown, including the 8,000 thrown on Monday, over 60,000 bluerocks. On the first day as I figure it 15,720 were thrown; 14,085 on the second day; 12,420 on the third day, and 11,495 on the fourth day, making a grand total, including the above 8,000, of 61,720 targets.

The preliminary practice was all over before I got to Knoxville. Elmer Shaner and I had joined the vestibuled limited on the Southern Railway at Lynchburg, Va., at 3:37 on Monday morning, May 20, having stopped over in the Hilly City after its Interstate tournament. Before we reached Greensboro I went into the Knoxville sleeper and found J. A. H. Dressel and "U. M. C." Thomas, of the U. M. C. Company, and Noel Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company, in the drawing-room. Close by was Paul North, dreaming soundly, in a lower berth, of "bluerocks and how to smash them." Across the aisle was Justus von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke and Detmold, the American agents for Schultze powder; further on was A. W. DuBray, armed with a Parker gun for fear of train robbers. T. W. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Company, was stowed away in an upper and I couldn't locate him. Ivins, of Red Bank, N. J., and Billy Drake completed the list in that car so far as I can remember. Col. Anthony joined us at Statesville, N. C., and accompanied us to Knoxville. I forgot to mention that at Greensboro, while the dining-car was being hitched on to our train, Dressel, Shaner and I promenaded the platform in the vain hope of seeing Fonda and "Rastus" Gilmer; Dressel's crimson slippers excited the cupidity of many a darky. The trip through the mountains, past Hot Springs, up and around Round Knob, where we often looked down upon the road we had just come over, lying some hundreds of feet below; past Asheville and Point Rock, and along the banks of the lovely French Broad River, is a beautiful ride, romantic enough to excite a cynic to poetry. There was a touch of prose, however, on this journey—that was the dinner at Asheville. The gentleman who does the catering for that meal ought to take a course of lessons on "Dinners and how to serve them" from the Savarin who wields his scepter over the dinner table in the station at Charlotte, N. C. The dinner above mentioned notwithstanding, I enjoyed the trip immensely.

During the evening of Monday, S. B. Dow, President of the Knoxville Gun Club, together with some of his fellow members, put in an appearance at the Imperial Hotel, circulating among the crowd of shooters, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. Roger Van Gilder, secretary of the club, was on hand to take squad entries and to hand out squad tickets. Entries were made for "all day," some of the squads continuing intact until the tournament closed.

THE SQUAD LIST.

The following is a list showing the formation of the squads for the first day:

No. 1: Heikes, Rike, Raymond, McDonald, Dando, Shorty Bacon.
No. 2: Grimm, Merrill, Glover, Budd, McMurchy, R. Van Gilder.
No. 3: H. B. Hill, Andrew Meadows, Gambell, Trimbell, Flick, Boykin.
No. 4: Van Dyke, Bartlett, LeRoy, Gay, Wagner, Conner.
No. 5: W. T. Mitchell, Byer, Stewart, Paul North, Etheridge, Fulford.
No. 6: Parmalee, Keller, Noel Money, Parker, Capt. Money, George Loomis.
No. 7: Jenks, "Red Wing," Young, Upson, Alkire, Ivins.
No. 8: Plummer, Watkins, Gulick, Clegg, Hutchins, Hunter.
No. 9: C. Ross, Shaner, Prewitt, Thomas, Lane, Fieles.
No. 10: Cleveland, White, Eldridge, Dow, DuBray, F. Mead.
No. 11: Hughes, Sumpter, Troutman, Mooney, Hoffman, Drake.
No. 12: Kaufmann, Cicotte, Buker, Gerst, Legler.
No. 13: Anthony, McAlpin, J. Ross, Reeder, McKelden, Osborne.
No. 14: Clover, Haddox, Brown, Morris, Lindsay, S. Van Gilder.
No. 15: Desmond, Linderman, Taylor, Von Lengerke, Woodworth, Ruble.
No. 16: Livingston, Ballard, Fawcett, French, Callender, Bennett.
No. 17: M. A. Keller, Elliott, Bortle, "Lookout."

The first day was windy, cool and dull. The light was none of the best and the targets were thrown hard, low and fast. No one could make good scores, while the screwing up of the traps and tensions necessarily caused much breaking of targets, many consequent balks, and much heartache for Paul North, the work done by the traps not being a fair criterion of their worth by any means. He need not have worried, however, as every shooter present knew his wares well before going to Knoxville. So low were the birds thrown that it was almost impossible to catch them before they were out of sight. Personally I did not like the way the targets were thrown, as it seemed to me to favor the "crackajack" too much. The harder the birds are thrown, the better for him, and I'm in favor of the greatest good to the greatest number. As I was not shooting, of course, there was no kick due from me. The ground beyond the traps slopes sharply away to the left, while it rises equally sharply on the right. This of course makes the flight of the targets very deceptive, and accounts in a great measure for the lost scores.

The second day was a counterpart of the first, only there was more sun and wind. This wind, too, as on the previous day, blew right in the teeth of the shooters, and affected the scores very much. The third day was a perfect one, the best of the four to my mind. As will be noticed from the table given below, there was a gradual dropping off in the number of shooters. The pace was too hot for many of them, and they were not slow to realize it; $28 a day is no small amount to pay out, when added to other expenses. The table gives the number of entries in each event during the tournament, Nos. 3 and 6 each day being 25-target races, $5 entrance; the balance were 20-target races, $3 entrance; $70 was added to each 20-target event, $100 to the purses in the 25-target races.

Events.	First day.	Second day.	Third day.	Fourth day.
1	100	88	82	65
2	98	88	81	64
3	94	81	75	64
4	97	84	79	62
5	97	83	74	61
6	86	76	65	59
7	87	84	60	59
8	82	81	70	60
	741	665	586	494

This gives an average of 92⅝ for the first day; 83⅛ for the second; 73¼ for the third, and 61¾ for the fourth; or a general grand average for the 32 events decided on the four days of 77¾. These averages speak for themselves and show as plainly as words can tell how truly big this tournament was. On the other hand they tell very plainly how sharp were the effects of the extremely hard shooting on several of the boys.

WHERE THE AVERAGE MONEY WENT.

There were six premiums each day for average money. The moneys were $18, $16, $14, $12, $10 and $8. On the first day this money was awarded as follows: First, Parmalee; second, Glover; third, Budd; fourth, Heikes; fifth, McMurchy; sixth, Grimm. It is noticeable that on this day there were no ties for average money.

Second day: First, Noel E. Money; second, Heikes; third, Trimble; fourth, Glover; fifth, Grimm; sixth, Ruble and Livingston.

Third day: First, Heikes and Ruble; second, McMurchy; third, Trimble; fourth, Jenks, Glover and Woodworth; fifth, LeRoy, Bartlett, Loomis and Upson; sixth, Redwing.

Fourth day: First, McMurchy and Upson; second, Noel Money; third, Stewart, Buker and Linderman; fourth, Budd; fifth, Young, Bartlett, Heikes, Redwing and LeRoy; sixth, Jenks, Wagner, Loomis, Shorty and Hughes.

The club also gave six four-days' average premiums: $20, $18, $16, $14, $10 and $10. These went to the following shooters: First, Heikes, 614; second, McMurchy, 611; third, Glover, 609; fourth, Ruble, 601; fifth, Budd and LeRoy, 596; sixth, Parmalee and Buker, 594.

Although Glover won only third place in the general averages, he was the best winner, dropping into some very lucky holes; his consistently good shooting of course was the main cause. With $3,000 *added* money there was naturally something to win, several of the shooters carrying off some hundreds of dollars. A curiosity of the shoot was the third event on the first day: With 94 entries, McDonald won first money alone with 24 out of 25! Was the shooting hard? Another curiosity was the second event on the second day: Noel Money won first alone with 20 straight, second money being divided among eight with 18, there being nobody in the 19 hole. In this event there were 88 entries!

As regards refereeing: That part of the tournament was scarcely up to what I should consider a standard worthy of so great a shoot. With so many targets flying in the air, such an incessant popping of guns, and such a strain on the eyes as there always is, the job required experienced hands. I may be wrong, but it seemed to me that neither the refereeing nor the scoring was quite all that it might have been. Fit men for these positions are hard to get, and with three squads of men shooting at the same time mistakes are liable to occur, particularly as these posts are onerous and monotonous to a degree. In all other respects the management was excellent and the Knoxville Gun Club is to be congratulated on the way in which it handled its crowd of visitors. The catering was capital, while the squad hustling of Frank McCartney would be hard to beat.

There are many features of the shoot, some humorous, some otherwise, that I would like to notice in this comparatively brief account. The trap columns of FOREST AND STREAM are expansive, but "there are others" and we must remember those others. The figures in the tables which are given below must finish my story for me, so far as the details of the shoot are concerned. There is one feature, however, neither statistical nor strictly pertaining to the tournament, which must not be passed over. This was Keller's side show, which was held in the E. C. Powder Company's tent on the third and last days of the shoot. Among his "freaks" were: Frank Parmalee—"the split-tongued wonder from Omaha, who talks seven distinct languages at one and the same time;" Harry Troutman—"the bearded lady;" Noel Money—"the human clothespin;" Fred Van Dyke—"the living skeleton, who can pass with ease through a 3in. gaspipe;" "Des-Chree-Shos-Ka Jack, the snake charmer;" Capt. Money—"the bungalow sahib, the patron of the buckree wallaho;" Ed Rike—"the fat boy, sixteen years of age, weighs 415lbs., born in Dayton, O., of poor but dishonest parents;" U. M. C. Thomas, Elmer Shaner's understudy, as the "human billiard ball;" Charlie Ross—"the human torch, from whose cranial covering, without the aid of matches, cigars can be lighted with perfect ease and safety." (This feat Keller never failed to accomplish!) With a list of attractions such as the above it is no wonder that the side show was decidedly popular with the boys. It is promised that other attractions will be added at Memphis, where the "freaks" will all meet again.

It is, however, to the following tables that all trap-shooters will turn. The arrangement of the scores has been carried out with a view to making reference to any shooter's score an easy matter. Such tables take considerable time to prepare and occupy considerable space in the trap columns. Still, as stated above, they tell the story.

As regards guns, shells and powders used, it has always seemed to me that a table of that character is not only unsatisfactory, but also misleading. It is almost impossible to arrive accurately at the powder used; some men will tell you one powder while they shoot another. The most essential part of such a talk would be the wadding; in many instances this could not be given, as certain shooters would not want to give away that which they have obtained at the cost of much time and thought. Hence, I will give, as far as possible, the guns, shells and powder used by the average winners on the first, second and third days. The average on the fourth day was not made out until too late for me to obtain the necessary particulars.

Name.	Gun.	Shell.	Powder.
Glover	Greener	Smokeless	DuPont.
Parmalee	Greener	Smokeless	E. C.
Budd	Smith	Rapid and Smokeless	E. C.
Heikes	Winchester	Leader	American Wood.
McMurchy	Smith	Rapid	E. C., Wood, DuPont.
Grimm	Smith	Smokeless	E. C.
Noel Money	Parker / Smith	Smokeless	E. C.
Trimble	Parker	Smokeless	DuPont.
Livingston	Smith	Smokeless	DuPont.
Ruble	Lefever	Nitro	DuPont.
Jenks	Smith	Trap	E. C.
Woodworth	Smith	Smokeless	DuPont.
LeRoy	Scott	Leader	Wood.
Bartlett	Burgess	Smokeless	DuPont, Wood.
Loomis	Parker	Smokeless	E. C.
Upson	Greener	Smokeless	E. C.
Redwing	Greener	Smokeless	E. C.
Stewart	Lefever	Smokeless	Wood.

THE SCORES.

With 100 entries in the first event, and with an average of over sixty shooters in all the events on the fourth and last day, it would be an impossibility to give the scores in detail. It is true that in some instances that is the most satisfactory way, both to shooters and to those who are interested in the minor details of the scores. When a man makes 19 straight and misses his 20th target, it is worth noting. FOREST AND STREAM'S columns are, however, too valuable to permit of such a use; hence tables are given showing the scores made by each shooter in the events they took part in. Two tables are necessary, owing to the number of events. The first table shows the scores made during the first two days of the shoot; the second gives the scores of the last two days. When the letter w occurs it signifies that the shooter retired in that event, having shot himself out of a place and being unwilling to continue shooting. The tables run as follows, the names of the shooters, for ready reference, being run in alphabetical order:

	First Day.								*Second Day.*							
Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*
Alkire	12	17	19	12	9	15	13	7	..	13	..	..	15	..	16	17
Anthony	15	16	15	15	11	16	12	19	10	13	20	14	11	22	15	15
Ballard	16	15	14	15	13	16	12	..	13	11	19	13	16	18	17	15
Bartlett	16	19	22	20	15	14	15	17	16	14	19	11	17	21	18	18
Bennett	13	13	19	13	15	18	..	..	13	13	19	15	14	20	14	15
Bortle	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Boykin	16	15	17	17	15	19	16	18	13	15	17	14	15	..	14	18
Brown	17	17	18	16	18	17	13	..	13	14	..	14	..	..	..	..
Budd	17	19	19	17	20	24	18	19	17	15	20	15	19	23	18	19
Buker	17	19	23	18	19	19	16	18	19	17	19	15	18	22	16	17
Byer	13	19	19	16	10	22	13	19	15	13	23	17	18	21	16	14
Callender	14	11	18	11	9	15	..	..	12	6	13	11	10	18	11	13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Cherry	17	17	20	16	15	18	16	16	10	13	8	18	12	21	18	14
Cicotte	15	11	20	13	12	..	14	..	13	13	15	12	13	19	16	11
Clegg	17	18	21	15	17	19	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cleveland	14	8	11	12	13	..	..	..	10	13	11	..	..	..	..	..
Clover	12	14	12	16	14	19	12	..	17	16	23	16	15	20	17	17
Conner	18	18	20	19	15	21	16	17	19	13	23	16	16	19	13	18
Dando	11	12	15	15	16	20	13	15	12	18	11	13	13	16	16	13
Desmond	16	15	22	17	14	15	18	..	12	13	18	14	12	21	14	15
Don	9	9	..	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Drake	18	11	18	18	16	19	14	16	14	15	22	19	16	19	15	17
DuBray	10	13	..	18	17	..	15	..	11	8	..	15	11	..	..	..
Eldridge	15	14	16	15	16	18	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Elliott	18	19	20	17	18	23	15	16	15	11	21	14	18	20	15	17
Etheridge	15	16	14	16	17	18	13	17	17	14	20	18	12	19	14	16
Fawcett	15	16	19	13	..	..	10	..	12	10	..	..	14	..	9	..
Fieles	13	16	20	15	13	19	16	18	13	13	19	9	12	22	17	9
Flick	17	19	21	14	16	22	16	16	14	18	18	14	15	21	15	16
French	14	13	20	16	18	17	..	..	16	14	16	14	13	20	17	17
Fulford	19	19	19	17	17	21	19	16	17	13	18	14	19	21	16	16
Gamble	14	11	19	14	11	19	16	17	16	17	19	19	19	21	17	18
Gay	14	18	17	16	17	18	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gerst	17	14	16	14	11	..	15	15	15	18	18	16	12	..	14	16
Glover	20	18	22	18	20	25	18	18	18	16	24	17	17	21	19	17
Grimm	18	18	22	16	17	22	19	18	20	18	22	17	18	19	16	18
Gulick	14	17	15	13	16	19	14	12	13	13	17	14	..	..	..	..
Haddox	14	15	15	16	15	16	9	15	17	17	21	15	15	21	17	17
Heikes	18	18	21	18	19	22	19	17	14	15	24	19	19	24	17	20
Hill	16	15	12	14	13	20	14	13	16	12	20	17	14	19	17	15
Hoffman	17	16	20	13	14	19	15	17	13	14	23	15	16	21	16	17
Hughes	14	15	20	16	16	17	15	..	17	14	..	15	15	..	17	15
Hunter	17	15	22	18	18	20	14	14	14	14	17	13	10	16	16	18
Hutchings	12	17	23	18	13	20	15	12	17	15	20	14	14	24	15	12
Ivins	19	17	21	14	17	19	10	..	11	15	18	10	..	17	18	16
Jenks	19	17	22	19	16	20	14	16	13	14	21	17	20	24	17	17
Kauffman	17	15	23	18	16	21	18	15	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Keller, M A	11	13	17	12	11	16	13	..	7	9	16	4	13	18	15	12
Keller, T H	14	15	23	15	17	16	18	17	13	15	19	17	16	13	16	17
Lane	16	14	16	15	13	18	16	14	15	13	..	14	16	..	16	13
Legler	18	14	20	17	17	19	17	17	16	18	18	17	13	..	18	14
LeRoy	19	17	19	16	20	21	18	17	15	18	23	18	17	22	16	16
Linderman	19	18	19	18	18	17	16	18	14	15	21	15	15	24	18	16
Lindsay	15	17	14	14	17	19	11	13	12	14	15	15	14	13	15	15
Livingston	16	15	21	18	18	22	18	13	17	16	22	20	14	23	18	17
Lookout	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Loomis	17	19	22	16	17	17	18	15	13	15	22	19	17	23	16	18
McAlpin	16	15	21	17	18	15	12	..	12	16	19	13	17	21	17	19
McDonald	17	19	24	14	17	22	17	19	18	12	21	14	16	24	16	17
McKelden	17	15	19	16	19	22	14	14	19	12	22	20	14	20	17	17
McMurchy	16	18	22	18	17	23	19	18	19	18	22	16	18	22	14	17
Meade	14	18	23	15	18	11	..	..	15	15	20	11	13	22	15	16
Meaders	9	11	20	16	15	14	15	17	16	14	23	14	14	18	15	15
Merrill	18	13	12	16	14	13	17	17	15	12	16	16	14	16	13	18
Mitchell	15	20	23	18	16	22	17	16	14	14	19	19	18	19	20	16
Money, A W	17	11	21	16	17	16	14	14	15	14	22	14	14	22	18	16
Money, N E	20	13	19	17	16	20	16	17	16	20	22	20	15	22	18	20
Mooney	11	13	..	16	14	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	12	9
Morris	16	17	21	16	13	..	..	..	20	17	21	18	16	21	14	16
North	16	17	21	16	19	21	17	19	17	16	24	15	18	21	16	18
Osborne	14	11	17	11	16	w	..	..	w	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Parker	15	16	22	14	16	17	19	15	13	14	15	15	14	20	16	16
Parmalee	20	18	21	19	19	23	18	18	18	15	22	19	17	24	16	14
Plumber	16	12	16	14	12	14	8	9	16	14	18	10	10	16	13	7
Pruitt	15	18	21	13	10	16	12	12	16	14	18	18	15	20	15	17
Raymond	13	18	18	18	15	23	16	15	14	15	16	15	15	21	13	16
Redwing	16	18	23	16	16	22	14	19	17	17	18	19	16	23	16	18
Reeder	16	17	..	..	13	..	18	..	17	11	19	16	18	17	10	..
Rike	15	14	20	15	14	21	13	13	14	9	20	13	13	19	14	16
Ross, C	11	15	17	12	14	..	..	..	15	15	11	..	8	..	..	..
Ross, J	11	14	17	13	13	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..
Ruble	17	19	21	18	19	18	17	19	17	17	23	20	16	22	16	16
Shaner	14	14	19	15	14	19	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shorty	17	19	21	16	17	19	18	17	15	12	22	15	13	21	16	18
Stewart	17	15	21	17	15	20	16	18	14	16	20	19	14	19	17	18
Sumpter	19	17	23	16	15	19	12	..	16	14	19	11	12	22	14	9
Taylor	13	14	20	12	16	16	..	..	13	10	20	11	..	..	..	..
Trimble	15	14	19	19	19	21	17	19	17	17	25	17	16	22	18	19
Troutman	16	17	18	17	14	17	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
U M C	16	15	18	14	15	19	16	14	18	18	18	15	16	20	16	13
Upson	18	16	21	15	16	18	17	18	16	16	22	14	19	23	17	18
Van Dyke	18	19	18	14	17	20	14	16	16	16	21	15	16	22	16	16
Van Gilder, R	13	14	22	12	17	13	9	13	16	16	20	18	17	19	15	15
Van Gilder, S	16	18	19	14	15	20	13	..	17	15	21	16	18	21	16	16
Von Lengerke	13	17	18	11	7	..	..	..	17	17	20	16	11	21	17	13
Wagner	17	17	23	15	16	23	16	14	15	15	21	14	15	23	17	18
Watson	19	16	22	16	19	21	17	17	17	17	22	16	19	22	16	18
White	15	17	16	15	10	17	11	6	14	12	17	9	16	19	13	9
Woodworth	16	14	19	20	16	16	17	16	13	15	20	17	17	22	16	17
Young	19	20	21	16	16	20	20	15	16	14	22	15	17	18	18	15

The third and fourth days' scores are given below. It will be noticed that there is in the majority of cases a big improvement in the totals made during the two last days of the shoot. This was due to the fact that the wind was not blowing as strongly as during the first two days, and it seemed to me also that the targets were thrown somewhat easier.

	Third Day.								*Fourth Day.*							
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Alkire	16	14	16	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anthony	14	18	20	15	16	17	16	18	16	16	..	17	14	21	14	13
Bartlett	17	19	23	19	17	22	19	18	16	17	24	19	20	20	16	18
Bennett	16	14	19	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Boykin	16	15	..	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	13
Budd	20	18	22	15	15	23	17	16	18	17	20	18	17	24	17	20
Buker	16	16	21	19	17	23	20	18	17	15	24	18	19	24	17	18
Byer	19	17	22	16	17	20	16	19	17	18	17	17	14	19	16	20
Callender	14	15	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cherry	15	15	20	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cicotte	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	15	..	..	12
Clover	16	17	19	17	17	18	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Conner	17	19	21	19	18	20	19	18	18	15	21	18	18	19	16	17
Dando	14	17	20	17	19	16	15	19	18	17	17	15	18	18	19	17
Desmond	14	18	22	12	16	19	18	15	18	17	20	19	14	20	16	17
Drake	6	16	w	17	18	21	16	16	17	15	21	18	17	20	18	17
DuBray	13	12	..	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eldridge	..	..	..	15	18	..	19	15	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Elliott	17	11	21	17	13	21	17	17	16	18	21	14	17	21	11	15
Etheridge	17	15	17	12	15	17	11	14	15	16	19	12	18	23	15	18
Fieles	13	17	17	18	17	21	16	18	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Flick	17	18	18	12	18	20	19	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
French	16	17	24	15	18	20	16	14	13	11	10	..	..	22	15	..
Fulford	18	17	21	16	19	18	20	18	18	17	19	18	16	18	16	18
Gamble	17	18	21	16	18	21	17	17	17	11	20	17	14	17	16	17
Glover	17	18	23	20	17	25	18	17	19	18	22	14	18	22	16	17
Grimm	17	17	24	18	18	22	18	17	16	18	24	10	14	22	17	15
Gulick	15	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Haddox	16	16	18	14	17	17	19	13	15	17	18	15	14	16	9	13
Heikes	20	19	25	18	18	22	19	19	18	19	22	14	18	24	17	18
Hill	17	15	18	19	17	19	17	14	16	15	18	15	18	21	19	17
Hoffman	18	20	21	17	17	24	18	15	19	17	22	17	18	22	18	15
Hughes	19	15	..	15	16	..	18	17	12	18	23	20	19	22	17	18
Hunter	17	17	19	16	14	22	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	18
Hutchings	18	17	23	19	17	19	14	14	18	16	19	13	16	20	13	18
Ivins	10	17	23	17	17	20	15	17	16	..	21	16	16	20	15	12
Jenks	18	19	23	18	20	21	18	15	15	17	23	19	18	24	16	17
Kauffman	16	14	18	15	17	21	18	17	16	17	20	..	..	..	..	..
Keller, M A	16	12	23	14	13	17	13	11	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Keller, T H	14	16	19	16	16	20	15	11	18	11	18	17	17	20	20	18
LeRoy	18	18	22	17	19	23	20	17	17	18	24	18	19	21	17	16
Linderman	17	16	22	18	15	23	17	17	19	19	22	17	19	19	19	18
Lindsay	16	17	22	15	16	18	15	18	16	15	20	16	18	21	14	17
Livingston	16	16	15	17	14	19	17	16	13	17	18	18	18	23	13	20
Lookout	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Loomis	18	20	22	17	20	21	18	18	17	19	22	18	18	23	15	17
McAlpin	16	18	18	18	17	..	17	15	12	14	22	17	19	20	14	18
McDonald	15	17	21	15	14	19	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McKelden	16	18	22	19	18	22	15	15	17	20	17	15	18	15	..	17
McMurchy	19	18	24	19	19	21	19	20	18	19	21	19	17	21	20	20
Meade	12	16	14	12	..	..	..	..	16	11	19	14	16	20	..	..
Meaders	16	18	23	16	16	20	16	17	16	15	16	16	15	22	15	16
Merrill	17	12	21	17	18	14	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mitchell	20	9	18	15	15	17	19	19	19	14	21	17	16	24	13	19
Money, A W	15	13	14	16	17	21	19	15	15	13	23	17	19	21	17	16
Money, N E	19	16	20	16	17	24	16	19	16	19	24	20	18	22	17	18
Morris	16	19	22	15	20	18	17	15	14	18	19	13	..	..	..	15
North	15	19	22	17	18	18	17	16	18	13	20	15	15	21	16	17
Osborne	14	14	17	15	14	19	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Parker	19	13	19	16	17	24	19	18	15	17	24	14	19	21	18	17
Parmalee	17	14	21	20	20	24	19	14	15	12	24	16	18	22	19	18
Plumber	10	10	14	12	11	16	12	13	23	9	10	8	..	..	..	11
Pruitt	17	14	20	17	17	19	17	14	13	16	23	12	16	21	10	16
Raymond	16	16	20	16	14	20	19	17	17	16	18	16	13	22	11	16
Redwing	18	16	24	18	18	23	19	17	15	19	22	15	19	23	19	18
Reeder	18	16	..	18	14	..	..	..	16	15	21	14	17	22	16	..
Rike	19	13	19	16	17	..	13	16	18	12	21	17	17	18	15	17
Ross, J	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	13	18	..	16	14	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Ruble	19	19	23	19	19	22	19	20	19	17	22	16	18	20	17	18
Shorty	17	16	20	19	19	22	15	17	19	16	22	20	16	21	18	17
Stewart	20	17	22	16	20	20	18	19	15	18	24	19	17	23	17	19
Sumpter	11	16	21	12	15	..	18	14	16	19	20	17	18	21	17	13
Trimble	17	19	23	18	18	25	18	18	18	19	22	12	16	21	16	17
Troutman	..	15	..	..	..	..	16	17	15	16	17	15	14	23	18	16
U M C	17	18	20	13	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	12	15
Upson	20	15	23	16	20	22	19	19	18	19	20	20	18	23	18	19
Van Dyke	19	17	22	17	15	23	19	18	14	17	21	15	18	21	16	15
Van Gilder, R	14	15	22	16	14	20	14	15	15	19	21	16	17	..	..	..
Van Gilder, S	19	19	17	14	17	w	16	16	16	14	16	19	10	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	15	17	17	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wagner	14	14	19	18	18	23	19	17	20	19	22	18	16	20	16	18
Watson	12	17	20	17	17	19	19	18	18	17	18	16	18	22	16	17
White	15	15	19	18	13	15	12	12	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Woodworth	17	18	24	18	19	23	18	18	16	17	22	18	16	22	13	..
Young	17	14	20	18	16	25	16	17	19	17	23	18	14	23	20	16

In the above tables events 3 and 6 on each day were 25 target races; the others were all 20 target runs. The shooting in all events was at unknown angles.

THE AVERAGES.

The averages made will be found to be extremely low. That fact speaks better than any other as to the manner in which the targets were thrown. When Heikes cannot average better than 90⅓ at unknown angles the shooting must be hard. McMurchy, with 90 per cent., did great work, as he was decidedly under the weather on the second day. Glover 89⅛, Budd, LeRoy and Ruble 88, Buker, Jenks, N. E. Money, Parmalee, Redwing, Trimble and Upson 87, all shot well on the whole, but at times each man took a tumble that was almost unaccountable. Grimm, with 86 per cent. lost 34 targets on the last day. The percentages, together with the totals broken each day, the total number broken and the number shot at are given below, the names of the shooters being run in alphabetical order:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	4th Day.	Total.	Shot at.	Per cent.
Alkire	104	60	63	...	227	335	68
Anthony	119	120	134	111	484	655	74
Ballard	101	122	...	...	223	320	70
Bartlett	138	134	154	150	576	680	85
Bennett	91	123	61	...	275	385	71
Bortle	9	...	...	...	9	20	45
Boykin	132	106	59	...	297	395	75
Brown	116	41	...	25	182	250	73
Budd	153	146	146	151	596	680	88
Buker	149	143	150	152	594	680	87
Byer	131	137	146	138	572	680	84
Callender	78	94	57	...	229	385	59
Cherry	135	114	62	...	311	425	73
Cicotte	85	112	14	43	254	375	68
Clegg	123	...	...	...	123	150	82
Cleveland	58	34	...	...	92	170	54
Clover	99	141	132	...	372	490	76
Conner	144	137	151	142	574	680	84
Dando	117	113	137	139	506	680	74
Desmond	117	119	134	141	511	660	77
Don	37	...	...	...	37	80	46
Drake	130	137	120	143	530	680	78
DuBray	73	45	54	...	172	260	66
Eldridge	125	...	67	11	203	270	75
Elliott	146	131	134	133	544	680	80
Etheridge	126	130	118	136	510	680	75
Fawcett	73	45	...	...	118	185	64
Fieles	130	114	137	17	398	510	75
Flick	141	131	139	...	411	510	81
French	98	127	140	71	436	580	75
Fulford	147	134	147	140	568	680	84
Gamble	124	146	145	129	544	680	80
Gay	114	...	...	...	114	150	76
Gerst	102	109	...	...	211	290	73
Glover	159	149	155	146	609	680	89⅛
Grimm	150	148	151	136	585	680	86
Gulick	120	57	47	...	224	320	70
Haddox	115	140	130	117	502	680	74
Heikes	152	152	160	150	614	680	90⅓
Hill	117	130	136	139	522	680	77
Hoffman	131	135	150	148	564	680	83
Hughes	113	93	100	149	455	560	81
Hunter	138	118	131	96	423	550	77
Hutchings	130	131	141	133	535	680	79
Ivins	117	105	136	116	474	620	76
Jenks	143	143	155	149	590	680	87
Kaufman	143	19	136	53	351	445	79
Keller, M A	93	94	117	15	319	515	62
Keller, T H	135	126	127	139	527	680	78
Lane	122	87	...	...	209	290	72
Legler	139	114	...	...	253	315	80
LeRoy	147	145	154	150	596	680	88
Linderman	142	138	145	152	578	680	85
Lindsay	120	113	137	137	507	680	74
Livingston	141	147	130	140	558	680	82
Lookout	11	...	8	...	19	40	47
Loomis	141	143	154	149	587	680	86
McAlpin	114	134	119	136	503	635	79
McDonald	149	138	138	...	425	510	83
McKelden	136	141	145	119	541	660	82
McMurchy	151	146	159	155	611	680	90
Meade	98	127	54	96	375	515	73
Meaders	117	129	142	131	519	680	76
Merrill	120	120	131	...	371	510	73
Mitchell	146	139	132	143	560	680	82
Money, A W	126	135	130	141	532	680	78
Money, N E	138	153	147	154	592	680	87
Mooney	69	37	...	...	106	160	66
Morris	83	143	142	79	447	550	81
North	146	145	142	135	568	680	83
Osborne	69	...	116	...	185	275	67
Parker	134	123	145	145	547	680	80
Parmalee	156	145	149	144	594	680	87
Plumber	101	104	98	51	354	615	58
Pruitt	117	133	135	127	512	680	75
Raymond	126	125	138	129	528	680	78
Redwing	144	144	153	150	591	680	87
Reeder	64	108	66	121	359	500	72
Rike	125	118	113	135	491	655	75
Ross, C	69	49	...	...	118	190	62
Ross, J	96	24	...	66	186	305	70
Ruble	148	147	160	147	602	680	88
Shaner	123	...	...	...	123	170	72
Shorty	144	138	145	149	576	680	85
Stewart	139	137	152	152	580	680	85
Sumpter	121	117	107	141	486	635	76
Taylor	90	54	...	...	144	215	67
Trimble	142	151	156	141	591	680	87
Troutman	128	...	48	134	310	400	77
U M C	127	134	98	43	402	530	76
Upson	139	145	154	155	593	680	87
Van Dyke	136	138	150	139	563	680	83
Van Gilder, R	113

Baltimore Shooting Association.

THE Baltimore Shooting Association, a new organization, though one already having an active membership of over eighty, opened its shooting grounds on Saturday, May 18, under very auspicious circumstances, with about fifty shooters in attendance.

The Association's grounds are conveniently and accessibly located on the Pimlico Drive, just outside the corporate limits of the city, on a beautiful elevated plateau. Electric cars pass within a stone's throw, and it would appear that nature, hand in hand with the ingenuity of man, had exerted herself to present the sport to its Baltimore votaries in its most seductive garb.

A handsome two-story club house has been erected, provided with gun racks, lockers and all the other paraphernalia necessary to the comfort, convenience and pleasure of the members. Large and commodious piazzas grace the front of the club house, where, reclining in comfortable ease, the members may watch the work of the men at the traps, discuss their various shooting qualities, etc. The club house faces the east, and is situated at the southern or lower portion of the grounds. To the left of the club house and connected with it by a board-walk is the shooters' platform, 65ft. long by 10ft. wide. In front of this platform, and at a distance of 16yds., is located the screen, covering five traps.

Within this screen is a trench 3ft. in depth and 3ft. in width, in which stand the trap loaders. Directly in the rear of each trap is an electric button connecting with a large electric bell, located exactly in the center of the screen. When a trap happens to throw a bird at a wrong angle or breaks a bird, there is no calling back and forth between referee and trap-loader to find out if trap is ready. The shooter stands in his position. As soon as the trap is ready, the trap-loader touches the electric button behind him, ringing the bell, which notifies the shooter that he can say "pull;" and the bird will be on the wing. The screen is provided with doors and locks, and within it there is room for a car-load of targets.

The shooting background is clear sky. This is very desirable for the men who can point straight, but a terrible handicap to those who do most of their killing when sitting on the piazza, talking remit is cently with their friends.

A very noticeable feature of the opening day's shoot was the absence of all noise other than the report of the guns, with the exception, of course, of once in a while an expression of disgust from a shooter who had "led a little too far" and had not even "dusted" his bird. Instead of the usual cry from the referee of "dead bird," "lost bird," there was brought into requisition a product of the ingenuity of Mr. H. A. Penrose, president of the Association, in the shape of a horn and bell. When the bird was "dead" there was a squawk of the horn; when "lost" a ring of the bell. The sound produced is a cross between the *honk-konk* of a wild goose and the braying of a wind-broken mule. Nevertheless the scorer is never at a loss as to whether or not it is a "lost" or "dead" bird, and the rapidity with which events are run off under this system precludes the possibility of a return to the old methods.

The officers of the Association are: H. A. Penrose, President; John Williar, Vice-President; Dr. S. J. Fort, Secretary; Jas R. Malone, Treasurer. The ground officials are: H. A. Penrose, General Manager; Bert Claridge, Assistant General Manager; Jas. R. Malone, Captain; Wm. A. Field, Assistant Captain.

Mr. Penrose was in charge on the opening day and had everything on the move in his usual aggressive and business-like manner.

The shooting began about 3 o'clock. There were two events shot off, one of 10 birds and one of 15 birds, prior to the regular club event of 25 birds. There were twenty-nine entries in the club shoot. This event is to be shot every Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock during the season, twelve scores being necessary for an average. Below is appended the score of the men, together with their respective handicaps. After the club shoot there were several other events shot off, in all about 2,200 targets being used during the afternoon. The occasion was a very enjoyable one in every respect. Among the members of the Association are numbered not only our best shots in Baltimore and vicinity, but our best citizens as well. I do not mean to intimate that all of our good citizens are good shots, as I do not believe I myself could break more than a possible 12 out of 25 if I should shoot; but all of our good shots, as well as those not so good, are first-class citizens and ardent lovers of the gun.

Applications for membership are coming in rapidly, and we anticipate having an Association in the near future that will be second to none in the country. The scores:

Ten-bird event: Brown 10, Hall 9, Thomas 8, Hartner 10, Claridge 8, White 9, Evans 8, Coe 7, Hawkins 7, Woodward 8, Lupus 6, Tracey 4, Jack 9, Thomas 4, Malone 8, Storr 6, Field 6, Vance 6.

Fifteen bird event: Brown 10, Hall 12, Thomas 12, Hartner 13, Claridge 14, White 12, Cox 10, Lupus 13, Hawkins 13, Evans 11, Field 9, Stewart 13, Coe 14, Storr 10, Woodward 8, Vance 13, Thomas 5, Jack 14, Thomas 7, Jackson 7, Williams 12, Hawkins 11, Parker 11, Hamilton 10.

Club shoot, 25 targets:

Twelve yards:

Thomas.....1111111111001111110111111—22
L D Thomas.....1101111110011011111101111—20
Harrison.....1111110001110110111010011—17
Goldsboro.....1111101110111111011100111—20
Evans.....0111011111101110111111111—21
Field .....0011111110111010111010101—17
Parker .....0110010101111111011101111—18
Henry.....0110100001111010100011100—11
Herbert.....1111111101011001101110010—17
Baker.....1001000100111101000101000—11
Woodward.....1011111100101111111011011—19

Fourteen yards:

Vance.....0111101111101101111111111—21
Williams .....0111111111111111111111111—24
Cullus.....1111111111111101110001110—20
Dr Brown.....1111111111111111111111110—24
Hamilton.....0101101101111101111111111—20
Antique.....0111111111111111111111111—24
White.....0111111111111111111111111—24

Sixteen yards:

Lupus.....0110111101111010111010110—17
Hawkins.....1100100111001111111111110—18
Hall.....1111110001111111111111111—22
Hartner.....1111011101111111e111111—22
Claridge.....1111111111101111111111111—24
Storr.....1011110111111011111110111—22
Malone.....1101111111111111111101111—23
Bird.....1011111111111110110111111—22
Coe.....1010011110111100110111001—16
Stewart .....1110101011011100101000111—15
Ed Coe.....1101111100101111011111111—20

Fifteen-bird event: Brown 13, Hall 13, Zollinger 10, Malone 14, Thomas 8, Lupus 11, Williams 15, White 13, Hamilton 13, Thomas 8, Tracey 11, Hawkins 14, Vance 11, Claridge 15, Jack 8, Storr 13, Thomas 8, Hall 15.

Ten-bird event: Vance 8, White 9, Lupus 7, Williams 5, Thomas 8, Bird 9, Henry 5, Parker 4, Hurbert 2, Hawkins 8, Storr 9, Law 7.

Ten-bird event: Parker 9, Jones 6, Stewart 7, Hawkins 10, Thomas 5, Antique 10. Evans 5, Bird 7, Thomas 7, F. Thomas 7, Vance 8, Baker 4, R. Coe 7, E. Coe 6, Parker 8, Henry 3, James 4, Woodward 6, Jones 8, Law 9, Antique 6, Parker 8, Thomas 8, Woodward 7.

Twenty-five-bird event, reverse traps, semi-professional: White 10, Williams 14, Malone 18, Claridge 19, Hall 19, Bird 16.

Ten-bird event: Goldsboro 8, Harrison 5, Thomas 8, Bird 10, Hall 9, Baker 2.

STANLEY.

Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club.

THE Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club, of Dunkirk, N. Y., recently organized, and conducted their second weekly field day shoot at the Driving Park of this city to-day under the most favorable circumstances. The weather was excellent; the turnout large, including many crack shots from Chautauqua and neighboring counties. The facilities for shooting were designed and modeled after the most modern methods of trap-shooting appliances, under the direct supervision of Seth Clover, whose model traps gave excellent satisfaction. We had, on the whole, all that could be desired for a day's outing.

The grounds being so favorably located and giving a clear sky background for all flying targets was permanently chosen as the permanent site for our regular meets was necessary on account of the considerable expense required to properly fit it up. There are a 60ft. rotating barricade, 60ft. stayed and supported trench, weather sheds for the shooters and five Clover traps.

Though enjoying all the pastimes of field shooting, the prime object of the club is the preservation of fish and game in western New York.

We enjoy the pleasure of having a most enthusiastic field captain in the person of Seth Clover, our celebrated American crack shot. Two thousand targets were shot at.

The following appended are some of the scores of the day:

Possible 100: Ware 92, Clover 88.

Possible 50: Pond 30, Dr. Dodds 24, Shelly 24, Omack 18, Breslin 17.

Possible 25: Green 22, Cochran 15, Johnson 12, Onarsh 8, Clark 7, Allen 6.

D. W. BRISTOL.

New Gun Club.

HACKENSACK, N. J., May 21.—A gun club has been organized on Oritani Field Club grounds, at Hackensack, N. J. The committee consists of Messrs. Holberton, Curry and Bell. The first regular shoot will be on Thursday, May 30, at 10 o'clock.

A MEMBER.

Emerald Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., May 21.—Thirty members of the Emerald Gun Club entered for the club's monthly shoot at 10 live birds. No less than eleven killed all their birds, while nine others lost but one of the 10 shot at by each of them. The scores were as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J Richmond (28yds.) .....0 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2— 8
E Doeinck (30).....2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2—10
J H Voss (20).....1 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 1— 9
J Woelfel (28).....2 1 • 2 0 2 2 1 2 0— 7
C Charles (25).....2 2 0 2 0 0 1 1 2 2— 7
C Wash (28).....1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2—10
G Nowak (28).....2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2—10
T Short (28).....2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0— 9
Dr Hudson (28).....2 2 1 2 0 2 2 1 1 1— 9
M Herrington (30).....0 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 0— 7
J Maesel (28).....1 1 2 2 • 1 1 2 1 1— 9
T Purcell (28).....2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 2— 9
G A Vroome (28).....1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1—10
R Woods (30) .....2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
W Levans (28).....1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0— 9
P Butz (28).....2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—10
C Maesel (28).....1 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 1 1— 8
J H Moore (28).....1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1—10
R Regan (25).....2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1—10
F W Place (28).....1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2—10
Col Hamilton.....2 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 2— 8
H Fessenden (28 .....2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2—10
J Blotz (30).....1 • 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2— 9
N Maesel (25).....0 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1— 9
E Bell (28).....0 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2— 9
J Plummer (28).....0 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 0— 8
W Amend (25).....0 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 1— 8
W Williams (28).....1 0 1 0 1 0 2 2 1 1— 7
T Cody (28) .....2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2—10
B Amend (25) .....0 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 2 0— 6

New Utrecht Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 13.—This afternoon several members of the New Utrecht Gun Club went to the club's grounds at Woodlawn, L. I., to take part in the club shoot. Phister and Schortemeier (the latter with an allowance) killed 10. Score:

W F Sykes (B).....1101222200 — 7
R E Gray (B).....2000122222 — 7
Dr Littlefield (B).....2211210001+1— 8
L H Schortemeier (B).....1212212012+1—10
J Pennington (B).....2021011010+1— 7
R Phister (A).....2121122222 —10
G W Coulston (A).....1211122102 — 9
C Furgueson, Jr (A).....2202022222 — 8

Sweepstakes, 5 birds, $2 entrance, were shot as follows:

No. 1: Phister 5, Coulston 4. Furgueson 4, Schortemeier 4, Pennington 4, Littlefield 3, Gray 3, W. F. Sykes (withdrew) 2.

No. 2: Coulston 5, Furgueson 5, Schortemeier 5, Littlefield 2, Pennington 3. Tie shot off in No. 3 after Schortemeier had dropped his second bird in the ties.

No. 3: Coulston 5, Chris. Meyer 5, Furgueson 4, Cord Meyer 4, J. N. Meyer 3, Littlefield (withdrew) 1.

No. 4: Furgueson 5, Chris. Meyer 4, Cord Meyer 4, J. N. Meyer 3, Dr. Littlefield (withdrew) 0. In the shoot-off for second money it took 15 birds to decide the tie, although it was shot as a miss-and-out. Both men missed their 2d, 3d, 12th and 14th birds; Cord Meyer then missed his 15th, and Chris. Meyer won, having killed his bird.

May 25.—This afternoon was the date set for the ninth contest for the E C. Powder cup. Coulston, of class A, and C. Wash. Floyd, class B, killed 10, Floyd using his allowance. On the shoot off Floyd won on the first round, Coulston missing his bird. Score:

E. C. Powder Cup contest, 10 live birds, with allowance:

R Phister (A).....2111122210 — 9
R E Gray (B).....0222111020+2— 8
G W Coulston (A).....1121222112 —10
C W Floyd (B).....12222111•2+2—10
E B Knowlton (C).....220200•222 — 6
C Furgurson, Jr (AA).....2202222222 — 9
J Pennington (B).....1202011222+2— 9

Sweepstakes, 5 birds, $2 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
G W Coulston	22110—4	12222—5	12221—5	21220—4
C W Floyd	21122—5	21022—4	.....	.....
J Pennington	00211—3	01001—2	011•2—3	01021—3
R C Gray	21100—3	.....	.....	.....
C Furgueson, Jr	2•202—3	2•222—4	22222—5	22222—5
R Phister	11221—5	11112—5	11112—5	20212—4
D C Bennett	12221—5	11122—5	21121—5	.....
E B Knowlton	.....	02020—2	.....	.....

Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., May 25.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club took place at the Driving Park to-day. The weather was the most excellent of the season, registering not over 75° in the shade. The records in target work are advancing with the regular practice. The attendance is increasing beyond all expectations, and a number of prominent wing shots are added to our club list each week. The popularity of trap-shooting is shown by the organization of two new gun clubs in Chautauqua county within ten days. Prospects for field and stream pastimes have not looked brighter in this vicinity within fifteen years.

Some of the scores made to-day were as follows:

Ware 51 out of 75; Green 44 out of 75; Schumacher 26 out of 50; Clark, Porter and Breslin broke 24, 23 and 21 respectively out of 50 shot at. Out of 25 targets shot at, Sisson broke 14, Barnum 10, Johnson 9, Sackett 9, Cochran 6. Five pairs: Green 7, Ware 8, Schumacher 5.

D. W. B.

The fourth annual tournament of the Silver Lake Gun Club will be held on their grounds, Point House Road and Pennsylvania Railroad, on May 30. Bluerock expert traps, rapid-fire system. Purses divided, five and seven-bird events, three moneys; ten birds or more, four moneys. Lunch and loaded shells on the grounds. There are ten events on the programme, but extra events will be made to suit the shooters.

Trap-Shooting at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 25.—A match was shot recently between teams of five from the South Side and Waukesha gun clubs on the grounds of the first named club. After an exciting race, the home team came out winners by two targets. Scores in the team race and in the sweepstakes which followed are given below:

South Side Gun Club—A. W. Friese 22, G. L Deiter 22, H. Hobbs 22, J. H. Johnson 22, H. F. Bosworth 21; total 109.

Waukesha Gun Club—J. W. Foster 22, E. Estberg 22, G. T. Anderson 24, R. Greengo 22, Ed Foster 17; total 107.

No. 1, 15 targets: Anderson 15, Friese 14, Seefeld 13, Thomas 13, Lewis 12, Meixner 12, Greengo 10, Schuchardt 11, Carmichael 11, Hobbs 10, Williams 9, I. Meunier 9.

No. 2, 15 targets: Deiter 15, Johnson 14, J. Foster 14, Greengo 14, Friese 13, Lewis 13, Harland 13, Schuchardt 13, Anderson 12, Burnham 12, Estberg 12, Seefeld 11, Drought 11, Meixner 11, Carmichael 10, E. Foster 9. Thomas 9, Bosworth 9, Jones 7, Willliams 7.

No. 3, 15 targets: Estberg 15, Johnson 15, Greengo 15, Williams 15, Thomas 15, J. Meunier 14, J. Foster 14, Friese 13, Carmichael 18, Anderson 13, Schuchardt 13, Ed Foster 13, Drought 13, Seefeld 12, Deiter 11, Jones 11, Harland 11, Bosworth 10, Burnham 10.

No. 4, 15 targets: Johnson 15, Estberg 14, Anderson 14, J. Foster 13, Greengo 13, Schuchardt 13, Deiter 13, Thomas 12, Williams 12, E. Foster 12, Burnham 11, Harland 11, Bosworth 9.

No. 5, 20 targets: Deiter 20, Thomas 19, Estberg 19, Austin 19, J. Foster 18, Schuchardt 18, Greengo 18, Johnson 18, Anderson 17, Burnham 17, Jones 17, Harland 17, Morrison 17, Seefeld 16, Mirgler 16, Carmichael 15.

Regular score, 30 targets: Johnson 29, Ormsby 28, Seefeld 28, Morrison 27, Bosworth 26, Deiter 26, Burnham 25, Anderson 25, Lewis 24, Friese 23, Mirgler 23, Meunier 22, W. Dickens 21, Dawson 20.

No. 6, 15 targets: Thomas 15, Johnson 15, Harland 15, Anderson 15, Carmichael 15, Bosworth 14, J. Foster 14, Schuchardt 14, Ormsby 14, Greengo 14, Estberg 13, Drought 12, Mirgler 11, E. Foster 10.

No. 7, 15 targets: Seefeld 15, Thomas 15, Harland 25, Johnson 15, Estberg 14. Schuchardt 13, Greengo 13, Burnham 13, J. Foster 12, Anderson 12, Mirgler 11, E. Foster 10, Bosworth 9, Drought 9.

No. 8, 15 targets: Johnson 15, J Foster 15, Thomas 14, Bosworth 12, Harland 13, Schuchardt 13, Mirgler 12, E. Foster 12, Drought 12, J. Dickens 10, W. Dickens 7.

THEO. A. THOMAS.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., May 25.—The same old rain put off the weekly shoot of the gun club to yesterday, Friday. The boys are still in the rut in which they shot during the Interstate shoot. Guess they will pull up to standard when the weather clears up to stay. Below find scores:

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles:

Nelson. .....100100100011101— 7 Moorman .....001011111001010— 8
Terry.....011011001110111—10 Miller.....101101000010110— 8
Empie .....101101101111011—10 Clark .....000011100100001— 5
Scott .....111100110100100— 8

No. 2, same:

Nelson .....011111111011111—13 Scott .....111100110111111—12
Terry.....101100111011100— 9 Moorman.....100001111011001— 8
Dornin. ..... 011110111101111—12 Miller.....001010011101101— 8
Empie .....101101011111000—10 Clark .....011011110000111— 9
Chas Tatham...101111010111000— 9

No. 3, same:

Nelson .....111110111110101—12 Scott .....111011111110110—12
Terry.....000011011011111— 9 Moorman.....011111110000110— 9
Dornin .....111011101011111—12 Miller .....101001111101010— 9
Empie .....111001101011111—11 Clark.....110111000110111—10
Chas Tatham...011011100100100— 7

No. 4, same:

Nelson.....111101111111011—13 Scott.....010011111111111—12
Terry.....011101011011011—10 Moorman.....011100111110101—10
Dornin.....110111110111001—11 Miller.....010110110000110— 7
Empie.....011011111101010—10 Clark.....100000011110000— 5
C Tatham.....100001011101111— 9

No. 5, same: Nelson 14, Terry 12, Dornin 12, Empie 8, Chas. Tatham 12, Scott 11, Moorman 13.

No. 6, same: Terry 13, Clark 11, Empie 10, Nelson 14.

No. 7, same: Terry 10, Dornin 11, Empie 5, Chas. Tatham 13, Scott 10, Moorman 6, Clark 12.

No. 8, same: Dornin 10, Chas. Tatham 12, Nelson 9, Terry 12.

No. 9, same: Empie 8, Chas. Tatham 8, Nelson 13, Scott 11, Terry 11, Dornin 11, Clark 11.

F. M. D.

Syracuse Gun Club.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 16.—Syracuse Gun Club, at Croton street grounds; weather fair, conditions favorable:

Class A.

Becker (50).....0100011111101111101100110
1101111111111111111111111—40
Ginty (50).....0101111111011111100111011
1011111111011011101011011—38
Wilcox (46).....0100011001111111011011101
011111101011011111111 —33
Willard (50).....1110011101100111011011110
0011100010110011101011000—29

Class B.

F Lefever (45).....1111111111100111111111111
1111111011111101111 —41
Blizzard (45).....1110111110111111011001111
0011111011001101110 —33
Morris (46).....0110100110110111100111111
1111011111101011111000 —32
Holden (47).....1011100111001000111000011
1001100011101101011111101—25

Class C.

Eddy (45).....0110000111101101011111101
1010111010110110011O —28

May 18.—A number of the live-bird shooters held their weekly shoot at Mesina Springs grounds Saturday. The weather was fine and the birds a corking lot, C. T. Arno making a clean score, while Geo. Wilcox gave him a hard rub, missing only one, which was a duffer, and was too overconfident. Mr. Arno and Mr. Wilcox will be at the State shoot to contest for the Dean Richmond trophy. A. A. rules, 5 traps, 50yds. boundary:

C T Arno.....2222212122222212122222222—25
Geo Wilcox.....1122122212211212122220222—24
H George .....2022112201122022211221012—21
W Holden.....0112121210112210110122201—20

A. R. K.

Brunswick Gun Club.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., May 25.—The following scores were made by members of the Brunswick Gun Club at the regular monthly shoot this afternoon:

J Fisher .....1110111011111111110100101—19
H H Stevens.....1111110101170111111111111—22
A L Mundy.....0011001011010101011010101—13
W E Sperling.....1010111110111001101111110—18
V S Voorhees.....1111111110111101011111111—22
I Hoagland.....0110111110111110110011111—19
E Reynolds .....1110001110010110110111111—17
H B Smith.....0111110111010110000110101—15
C Oakley.....1111111111111111011111111—24
S Randall.....1110111001111011101110010—17
R C Nicholas.....0001000101100001000111011—10
J Pratt.....1101101000110110010101100—13
C J Carpender, Jr.....1011100100011110100111011—15
G Endicott.....1100100111000110111110001—14
G W Strong.....1101000000001010101100100—
J S Voorhees.....0011010000111110111110100—13

H. H. STEVENS.

Stroudsburg Won Easily.

STROUDSBURG, Pa., May 23.—A team race took place to-day on the grounds of the home club between nine men from the Delaware Water Gap Gun Club and a like number of members from the Stroudsburg Gun Club. The home team won by 19 targets. The shoot was at 15 targets per man, everything known. Although the day was a beautiful one for shooting, a strong wind swept across the traps, making high scores an impossibility. During the day a number of sweeps were also decided. Scores in the team race were as follows:

Stroudsburg Gun Club.		Delaware Water Gap Gun Club.	
Brownell	111001011111011—11	Smith	010011101101010— 8
Hagerty	110111111011111—13	Shaw	111010111101111—12
Purington	100101010010000— 5	A Graves	000101001000101— 5
Miller	110111111110111—13	Jas Graves	111011010111011—11
Born	111111101001010—10	Christian	101110010111011—10
Palmer	010111111101110—11	Kiseter	101100011000110— 7
Evans	111000111000100— 7	Custard	011111000101001— 8
Jones	111001111011110—11	Houser	000110100001010— 5
Lash	000011011100101— 7—88	Batraun	001010000000001— 3—61

M. E. MILLER.

The Binghamton Tournament.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It will not take a great deal of space to report the Binghamton Gun Club's second annual tournament, which took place May 15 and 16

The management made just one mistake and that was a conflicting of dates. Our dates conflicted very seriously with the weather. There was a constant downpour all the previous day, and rain threatened on the opening day, which was not very propitious for visiting shooters. Nearly 600 shots in two days per man is keeping the popper pretty hot.

Among our visitors were O. R. Dickey, Boston; Neaf Apgar, New York; Carr and Tuttle, of Auburn; Mayhew, of Utica; Stroh and Williamson, of Pittston, and Wheeler, of Syracuse. Appended are the scores. They are very good considering the high wind each day. The traps were strung up to highest tension. All shooting was at known traps, unknown angles.

First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 birds, $2.30: Dickey 13, Apgar 15, Kendall 12, Brown 13, Sanders 9, Waldron 13, Boss 11, Wheeler 12, Stroh 12, Hobbie 13.

No. 2, 15 birds: Dickey 14, Apgar 15, Kendall 14, Brown 13, Sanders 15, Waldron 8, Hobbie 11, Wheeler 12, Boss 13, Stroh 13, McHenry 10.

No. 3: Dickey 11, Apgar 13, Kendall 15, Brown 12 Sanders 9, Waldron 8, Hobbie 15, Boss 9, Wheeler 7, Stroh 11.

No. 4: Dickey 14, Apgar 11, Kendall 11, Brown 12, Sanders 13, Waldron 13, Hobbie 12, Boss 11, Mayhew 14.

No. 5, 20 birds, $3.40: Dickey 18, Apgar 16, Kendall 19, Brown 18, Sanders 14, Mayhew 13, Hobbie 20, Boss 13, Wheeler 16.

No. 6, 20 birds: Dickey 16, Apgar 20, Kendall 17, Brown 18, Sanders 16, Mayhew 17, Hobbie 17, Schnell 18.

No. 7, 20 birds, entry $3 40: Dickey 20, Apgar 19, Kendall 15, Brown 18, Sanders 17, Mayhew 17, Hobbie 18, Schnell 10, Boss 16, Williamson 14, Waldron 18, Stroh 12

No. 8, 20 birds: Dickey 17, Apgar 19, Kendall 17, Brown 18, Sanders 14, Hobbie 16, Mayhew 17, Schnell 15, Waldron 15.

Extra No. 1, 10 birds: Apgar 7, Williamson 7, Sanders 7, Stroh 9, Boss 9, Waldron 8, Dickey 9, Brown 9, Wheeler 8.

Extra No. 2, 10 birds: Apgar 10, Williamson 6, Brown 7, Stroh 6, Boss 9, Waldron 7, Hobbie 7, Dickey 8, Wheeler 7, Kendall 9.

Extra No. 3, 10 birds: Apgar 10, Kendall 9, Mayhew 8, Dickey 7, Waldron 5, Williamson 6, Brown 9, Wheeler 6, Boss 7, Hobbie 8.

Extra No. 4, 10 birds: Hobbie 8, Kendall 9, Mayhew 10, Dickey 8, Apgar 10, Brown 9, Tuttle 9, Carr 6, Waldron 8, Williamson 7, Stroh 8, Wheeler 9.

Extra No 5, entry $3.40, 20 birds: Apgar 18, Kendall 17, Dickey 17, Hobbie 18, Brown 16, Mayhew 14, Carr 7, Tuttle 18

Extra No. 6: Schnell 6, Boss 8, Wheeler 9, Brown 9, Hobbie 10, Stroh 7, Apgar 10, Kendall 9, Mayhew 8, Dickey 7, Waldron 8, Williamson 6.

Extra No. 7, entry $1 20, 10 birds: Apgar 9, Mayhew 8, Rose 8, Dickey 10, Hobbie 8, Stroh 9, Brown 10, Kendall 7, Waldron 9, Carr 6, Tuttle 9, Boss 9.

Extra No. 8, 15 targets: Kendall 15, Tuttle 14, Carr 10, Brown 11, Hobbie 11, Mayhew 14.

Extra No 9, 10 targets: Waldron 8, Kendall 8, Williamson 7, Stroh 6, McHenry 8, Mayhew 9, Rose 6, Hobbie 9, Brown 9, Tuttle 9, Carr 7, Mayhew 9.

Extra No. 10, expert rules: Kendall 8, Stroh 6, Tuttle 5, Williamson 8, Mayhew 8, Carr 8, Rose 7, Hobbie 8, Brown 6.

Extra No. 11, 20 targets: Kendall 16, Tuttle 17, Carr 12, Mayhew 17, Rose 13, Brown 19, Hobbie 18.

Extra No. 12, 15 targets: Kendall 11, Tuttle 14, Carr 12, Rose 7, Brown 12, Hobbie 13, Mayhew 12.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entry $1.20: Apgar 10, Dickey 9, Brown 8, Kendall 7, Mayhew 8 Waldron 6, Boss 9, Wheeler 8, McHenry 6.

No. 2, 15 targets, $2 30: Apgar 12, Dickey 12, Brown 12, Kendall 11, Tuttle 8, Carr 7, Mayhew 11, Boss 14, Wheeler 12, Stroh 10, Waldron 13, Williamson 13

No 3, 10 targets, entry $1.20: Apgar 8, Dickey 10, Brown 10, Kendall 7, Tuttle 8, Carr 7, Mayhew 7, Wheeler 7, Boss 6, Waldron 9, Williamson 7, Stroh 10.

No. 4, 15 targets: Apgar 14, Dickey 12, Brown 13, Kendall 14, Tuttle 13, Carr 12, Hobbie 11, Waldron 12, Boss 9, Wheeler 13, McHenry 11.

No. 5, 15 targets, entry $2 30: Apgar 14, Dickey 13, Brown 15, Kendall 14, Tuttle 14, Carr 12, Hobbie 10

No. 6, 10 targets: Apgar 8, Dickey 9, Brown 8, Kendall 10, Tuttle 9, Carr 8, Waldron 9, Wheeler 9, Boss 8, Hobbie 9, Schnell 8, McHenry 8.

No. 7, 15 targets, entry $2 30: Apgar 14, Dickey 12, Brown 13, Kendall 13, Tuttle 15, Carr 10, Hobbie 14, Schnell 13, Wheeler 11, Waldron 14.

No. 8, 10 targets: Apgar 9, Dickey 10, Brown 9, Kendall 9, Tuttle 8, Carr 6, Boss 5, Hobbie 9, Schnell 8, Wheeler 4, Williams 4, Waldron 8.

No. 9, 20 targets, entry $3.40: Apgar 19, Dickey 16, Brown 15, Kendall 16, Tuttle 18, Carr 17, Hobbie 18.

No. 10, 10 targets: Apgar 8, Dickey 9, Brown 9, Kendall 9, Tuttle 10, Carr 8, Waldron 9, Schnell 10, Hobbie 5, Boss 5, Vance 3, McHenry 6.

No. 11, 20 targets: Apgar 18, Dickey 17, Brown 17, Kendall 16, Tuttle 16, Carr 16, Hobbie 16, Schnell 16.

No. 12: Apgar 8, Dickey 9, Brown 7, Kendall 10, Tuttle 6, Carr 4, Vance 5, Hobbie 4, Waldron 8, Schnell 7, Wheeler 5, Boss 5.

No. 13, 20 targets: Apgar 15, Dickey 20, Brown 18, Kendall 17, Tuttle 16, Carr 15, Hobbie 17.

No. 14: Apgar 8, Dickey 8, Brown 8, Kendall 10, Tuttle 7, Carr 7, Vance 8, Wheeler 6, Stroh 9, Schnell 8, Waldron 7, Boss 6, Hobbie 8.

No. 15, 20 targets: Apgar 18, Dickey 17, Hobbie 15, Kendall 16, Tuttle 15, Carr 16, Vance 10.

Extra No 1, 15 targets: Hobbie 15, Apgar 14, Tuttle 12, Waldron 11, Dickey 14, Carr 11, Kendall 11, Vance 14.

Extra No. 2, entry $2.30, 15 targets: Hobbie 12, Apgar 14, Dickey 10, Kendall 11, Vance 12, Tuttle 8.

Extra No. 3: Stroh 9, Hobbie 8, Apgar 9, Dickey 9, Kendall 6, Vance 7, Waldron 7, Boss 5, Wheeler 6, McHenry 8, Williamson 6.

Extra No. 4, entry $2.30, 15 targets: Kendall 10, Dickey 13, Apgar 14, Hobbie 13, Waldron 11, Vance 8.

Extra No. 5, 5 pair doubles:

Kendall	11 11 11 11 00—8	Stroh	11 11 01 10 10—7
Apgar	11 11 11 10 10—8	Vance	10 10 10 00 01—4
Dickey	11 10 00 10 10—5	Hobbie	10 10 10 10 10—5

WINFIELD.

Forest Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 21.—On May 18 the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., shot a friendly match with the Forest Gun Club on the grounds of the latter, Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia. The shoot was 25 targets each, known trap and angle, rapid-fire, fourteen men on each side. The Forest Club won by the score of 242 to 218.

This is the first of a series of three matches, and on Saturday, June 8, the Forest Club go to Wilmington to shoot the return match. Following are the scores:

Forest—Febiger 16, McDaniel 18, Bender 19, Woolcott 15, Van Nort 14, Hancock 8, Irvin 17, Landis 21, Buckwalter 22, Rowcroft 22, Thurman 20, Morrison 19, Hothersall 14, Whitcomb 17; total, 242.

Wilmington Rod and Gun Club—Clark 9, Creedon 16, Bilderback 14, Burroughs 20, Williamson 5, Grubb 14, Gaughen 20, Hartlove 16, F. Henry 13, Cleaver 22, Evans 19, Felis 20, Marshall 20, Jersey 10: total, 218.

WM. MORISON, Sec'y.

Lake City Gun Club.

MADISON, Wis., May 20.—At the Pleasure Park, two 30-bird matches were shot with the following results: First, Fauerbach; second, Conver and Ford tied; third, Morris; fourth, Curtiss. Mayer and Mayers tied; fifth, Klauber; sixth, Hurd, Becker and Stoltze and Nootten tied; seventh, Buergin; eighth, Hurd and ninth Basett. On the second 30-bird match, Conover took first; Morris and Frauerbach tied for second; Hurd, third; Hurd, fourth; Curtiss, Wotten, Ford, Mayer Stolze and Mayers tied for fifth: Bassett sixth; Buergin, seventh and Klauber eighth. In the sweepstakes of 10 singles, Conover and Curtiss tied for first place; Wootten took second and Ford third.

Multnomah Rod and Gun Club.

PORTLAND, Ore., May 15.—I inclose score and particulars of a live bird match shot on the 12th inst. The day was clear and windy. The birds were an extra good lot, made more so by the 5yds. boundary start and the brisk breeze blowing during the shoot. Mr. Monteith shot a strange gun, which punished him severely at every shot. His score of 20 is a very good one, and only for some very hard luck on the birds that dropped dead out of bounds, he would have put up an almost perfect score. He is a new shooter at the trap, having only shot 10 birds before in his life. However, he is an adept in the field and on the marsh, and with very little practice could give the American Handicap a hard rattle. Mr. Thorn shot in his usual good form, but lost quite a few birds out of bounds, his friends think, through using too light a load in his first barrel. His second bird was lost through want of proper judgment. Mr. Malcom did a great deal better than his friend Bills had been giving him credit for doing. Bills has the reputation of being an A1 sky-scraping duck shot, and was taking bets with odds on himself, but the score would seem to indicate that his forte is not on low-flying birds. Malcom had the satisfaction of asking him before the crowd "how he felt, missing birds before a large crowd," etc. Bills has been consoling himself with the idea that his lot of birds were particularly harder than those that fell to the lot of the others, but we think that if he will discard his sawed-off 10-gauge and take up an 8lbs. or less 12-gauge he may be able to make a better show at pigeons.

Conditions of live-bird shoot near Portland, Ore., May 12: 25 pigeons per man; 5 ground traps; 5yds. circle around trap—all birds falling inside of same lost; 50yds. boundary; handicap score; otherwise American Association Rules to govern.

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	2 1 5 4 3 2 4 5 1 3 4 1 5 2 3 5 4 1 2 3 5 1 3 2 4	
W J Monteith (30)	1 1 2 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 • 1 1 1 1 1 • •—	20
	2 1 5 4 3 2 4 3 5 1 2 5 4 1 3 1 5 4 3 2 2 1 4 5 3	
F B Thorn (30)	1 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 • 2 1 1 2 • 1 • 0 1 2 1 1 • 2 2—	19
	4 2 3 1 5 5 2 1 4 3 2 5 4 1 3 1 5 4 3 2 2 1 4 5 3	
H C Malcolm (25)	0 0 • 0 2 0 1 2 1 • 1 2 1 2 0 0 2 2 2 1 0 1 0 1 1—	15
	4 5 1 2 3 2 1 4 5 3 3 2 5 4 1 5 1 4 2 3 3 5 4 1 2	
G J Bells (30)	2 • 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 2 2 1 0 1 0 2 1 1 2 0 1 2—	13

W. J. Montelth, 12-gauge Parker, smokeless shell, 3¼drs. E. C., 1⅛oz. 7 chilled. F. B. Thorn, 12-gauge Parker, smokeless shell, 2¾ and 3¼drs. E C., 1⅛oz. 7 chilled. H. C. Malcom, 12-gauge, Parker, smokeless shell, 3¼drs E. C., 1¼oz. 7 chilled. G. J. Bells, 10-gauge Clabrough, smokeless shell, 3¾drs. E. C., 1¼oz. 7 chilled. MULT.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., May 22.—The following scores were made at our club shoot this afternoon:

Clnb shoot, 15 targets, known angles, and 10 targets, unknown angles.

Decker	011111000111111	1010111001—17
Reisinger	111111111111100	0111111111—22
N Affantranger	111000101001010	0000001000— 8
Stein	101000100010011	1101101011—13
H A Johnson	111101110111111	1111101110—22
Hayes	111011011111110	1111011111—21
E E Affantranger	100111111111110	1100011111—19
R C Adams	010100110111111	0110111011—17
Lashells	111110111011101	1010110010—17
Ehrgott	111101111111111	0110101110—20
Prevatt	011110000010000	1101101110—12
Yates	010011110001010	0000101100—10
Cowell	000101111111111	0111001100—16
Dunn	100011000100101	0111001100—17

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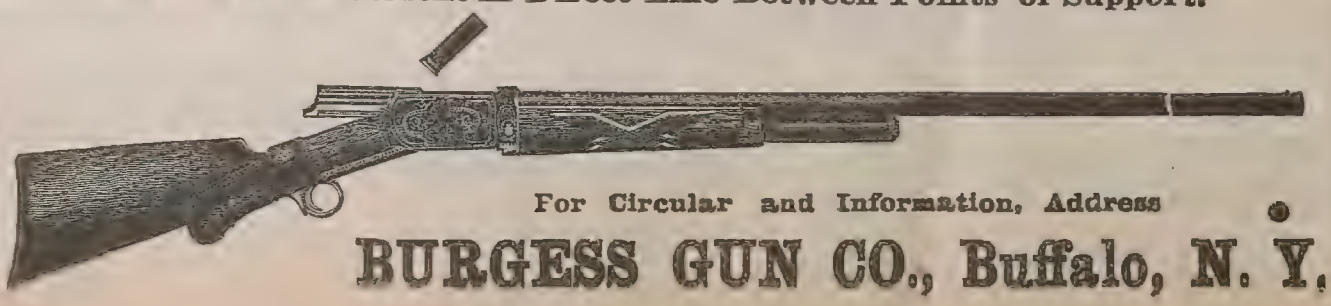
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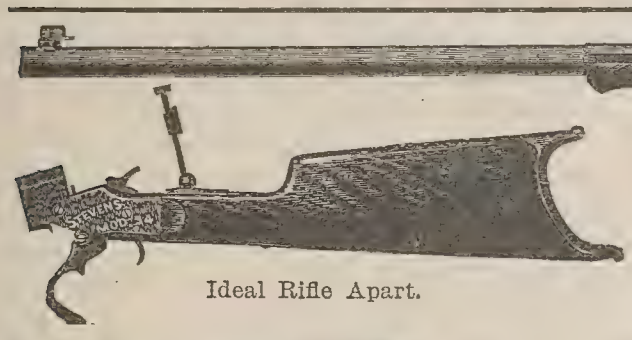
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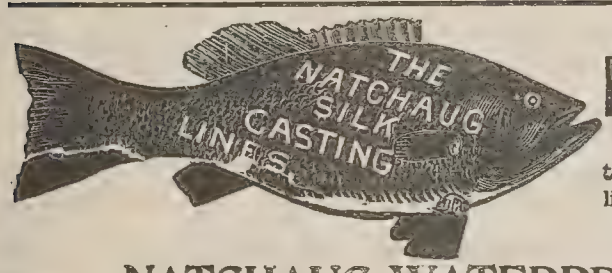
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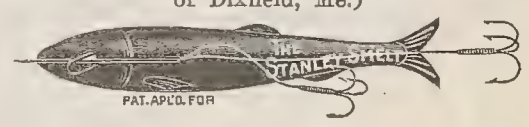
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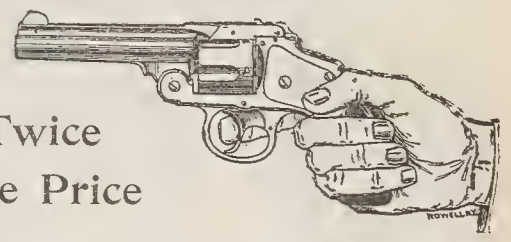
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FOREST AND STREAM.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

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THE SECRET DEGREE OF THE SLAGLE.

THE Slagle Trout Club is a Michigan institution, with a membership list representing other States as well. It has a club house on Slagle Creek, a well-known trouting water near Henrietta, Mich., where the members resort for camping, fishing and working the degree of the Slagle. A copy of the by-laws has been received in this office. It is embellished with illustrations, one of which shows a Slagler photographed in the act of taking in a two-pounder; and another gives us a morning catch of something like 150 fish to ten rods, good and sizeable trout they are, too.

No picture is given of the degree of the Slagle. This is not wanting because the club photographer is inexpert with flash-light photography, but because the degree is a hidden mystery, a secret not to be divulged to the public eye. Of it we are informed with vagueness in Section XIII. of the by-laws, which reads as follows:

SEC. XIII. The secret order or degree of "The Slagle" shall be conferred upon all members who join this club on and after May 1, 1894, also upon all visitors; but the same shall not be conferred at any other time or place than at the camp or cottage of the club on the Slagle Creek, between the setting of the sun and midnight. The directors of the club shall compose "The Grand Conference" during the ceremonies of the initiation of new members into the mysteries of the order of "The Slagle," who will be assisted by all the members present.

Section XIV. provides that one who has received the degree of the Slagle and who incautiously or deliberately reveals it shall be expelled from the club. Further than this, the printed matter sent us affords no light on what manner of things this Slagle mystery, done betwixt sunset and midnight, may be. The only two ways to learn more about it are to join the club or to get one's self invited to visit the scene of the nocturnal rites. But if the leaflet gives no inkling of the nature of the secret doings of the Slagles, it does afford a hint of their purpose, which, as here revealed, is seen to be not less crafty than commendable.

Note, in the first place, that Section XIII. is mandatory and provides that "the secret order or degree of the Slagle shall be conferred upon * * * all visitors." Then take into account the resolution which is printed as a postscript to the leaflet:

At the annual meeting for 1895 it was unanimously resolved that the last week in June (23d to 30th inclusive) and the last week in July (24th to 31st inclusive) be designated as "Family Weeks," and that each member be requested to observe the same by taking his family to the club cottage during those weeks.

There you have it as clearly revealed as if the search-light of Farmer Dunn's tower on Broadway were turned full-beam upon the Slagle mystery makers at their work.

For just consider.

It is easy enough to adopt a resolution. This company of men get together and resolve to take each his wife and family into the woods in June and July. Quite simple. But it is one thing to resolve, and another to do. How shall the brave resolvers make good their resolution? By what persuasive art shall they induce their womenkind to pack off to the club house in the wilderness? Happy thought—and he deserves to be Serene and Worshipful High King-pin of the Slagles all his life who suggested it—tell them there is a secret up there, and that if they will go it shall be told to them, and they must not tell it to anybody else. Will they go? Every mother and wife and sister and daughter of them, so that on Slagle degree nights the club cottage shall not suffice to contain them, and the stream shall be lined on either side with tents to contain the overflow.

So has come about the secret order of the Slagle. What its practical workings will be no man can tell. He might be a truthful, if ungallant, prophet who should prognosticate that by mid-summer the mystery of the Slagle would be mystery no longer. But what of that? The genius who invented the secrets of 1895 can assuredly get up a new batch of secrets for allurement in 1896. After that no more mystery will be required; for having been twice in camp these Michigan families will have fallen so completely under the spell of the woodland that thereafter annually they will long to go to the Slagle for its own sake, contemning as unworthy impulse their early motive of finding out the secret.

We trust that the Slagle Trout Club may attain the high degree of success it is entitled to for its ingenious and praiseworthy device to extend the enjoyments and compensations of woods life to all the participants of its Family Weeks.

HEALTH VS. BUSINESS.

APART from all considerations of sport, it is an essential part of a man's nature that he spend part of the time out of doors every year, if he would live up to the best capabilities of his being. It is a physical and mental necessity for him to do so.

The life of many a busy man attests how unconsciously, yet thoroughly, one can become a drudge from long-continued habit. He becomes so habituated to his work that he grows to be a part of it. It blends with his being. He imagines that without him the work could not go on; that if he went away for a day or a week, everything would go wrong, and that loss or ruin would follow.

He forgets that life at the best has limits, and that the natural limit may be shortened more or less by living under conditions which are too artificial and exacting for his well being.

He forgets that if he takes a week or more this year for an outing in the woods he may be adding one year or ten years to his life. If he loses a week from business he may be with his business much longer at the finish, not to mention the better health, spirits and capabilities gained from a rest in the open air.

That one can unconsciously become merely an animated machine, from the force of habit established by following a fixed routine day after day and week after week, there are incidents connected with the life of every dweller in a city which testify. At some time, after a long stay penned within the walls of bricks, one goes into the country. At sight of the woods and the flowers and the green fields his spirits rise. He is delighted. He sniffs the fresh air with a sense of relief. He feels an independence which is new to him. The music of the song birds has a sweetness unrivaled by any instrumental music.

Those who have had the good fortune to have lived a camp life for a while in the woods, mountains or on the prairies, know what wonderful constitutional vigor is gained; what sound and sweet sleep has been theirs; what labors they could endure without fatigue, and what little sauce the coarsest food required, other than the sauce of hunger. It was all due to living nearer to nature's laws.

After living in camp and having returned to town, how stuffy and close the rooms seemed; how hard it was to get steadied to business again; how easy it seemed for the business to go on while you were absent in the woods, and how you could remember a wider and better horizon than you had thought of before.

But after days and weeks of routine, the force of habit begins to assert itself, life again blends with business, cares grow and are cumulatively carried along; business cannot get along without you—and it is then time to go to the woods again.

That is an extremely interesting subject discussed by Mr. Horace Kephart, the food roots and herbs and nuts and berries. We trust that his notes may be supplemented out of the experience of others.

GUIDES AND ACTORS.

"YOU may talk about your Indian woodcraft," said an actor, who is also an angler and does credit to both arts "but I know better. The last Indian guide I had in Canada was a specimen. He was near-sighted, partially deaf, and blessed with a gift of forever getting himself lost in the woods. It took all my time to see for him, hear for him, and show him the way back to camp. He had just one redeeming quality—he could cook."

Guides are like actors. Some are good and others poor. There are more of the poor than the good. They are all human. This is something we often forget when making up the balance sheet.

An Indian or white man, near-sighted, deaf and helpless in the woods, has no business to claim to be a guide, nor to take pay for his inefficiency from the sportsmen he has deceived into employing him, no more than an actor who cannot do his part deserves toleration on the boards. The incompetent guide often makes shift to play his little game of imposition and deceit successfully, since in the woods there is slight chance of recourse for the victim he has imposed upon. Once in the wilderness with a dishonest guide, the employer usually resolves to make the best of it; and grumble as he may, he probably in the end pays the dishonest fellow the wages of a good man. The case of a poor actor is quite different. He is hissed off the stage, or the public holds aloof when he is billed to play, and his salary stops.

Guides and actors, as has been said, are both human, and in their ways differ not essentially from the rest of men in merit and shortcoming. One may know next to nothing of the human body and still less of medicine, and be a doctor; little of the law, and have a string of clients; a pinch of theology, and preach; a fine presence and make a brief strut on the stage. But probably there is no other occupation on earth in which so little knowledge is demanded, or experience, or natural aptitude, or acquired ability, as in the business of guiding, as that calling is followed by some self-breveted guides. And on the other hand, as there are physicians to whom the human frame is an open book and whose blessed skill brings back the sick from the grasp of death, as there are lawyers whose wisdom in counsel and resource in debate are the admiration of their clients, as there are learned divines and enthralling players, so are there guides wise in the hard learned craft of the woods, skilled in all wilderness ways, simple hearted, honest, true, manly men. If in your outing you have been so fortunate as to have tramped or paddled or packed with such a woodsman, though it were in years long gone, the memory of his companionship and comradeship is among the most lasting and cherished of all your wilderness reminiscenses.

SNAP SHOTS.

Senators Chandler of New Hampshire, Platt of Connecticut and Proctor of Vermont have been off fishing together. If we are not mistaken, some of the members of this party were of the little band who used to gather in Washington, when the FOREST AND STREAM reached that city, to listen to the reading of Mr. Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Shop" chapters. That, we are bound to say, was a sensible way to spend a Washington evening; and to go fishing together is the most sensible way of spending the days of June.

The most interesting bit of fishing news received this season comes from the Rangeleys; and records the taking of four trout aggregating twenty-four pounds, hooked and landed by Mrs. Charles W. Dunham, of Brattleboro, Vt. The largest fish weighed nine pounds, and its capture consumed two hours and twenty minutes. The Brattleboro correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says: "It is understood that FOREST AND STREAM will illustrate the day's catch with a picture of Mrs. Dunham." Need we add that it would be a privilege and an honor to do so?

Governor Morton has not yet (Tuesday, June 4) signed nor vetoed the Donaldson game-dealers' bill. His action in the matter is awaited with much interest by all friends of game protection, and it should have not less interest for every citizen of New York jealous of his own State's honor and its honorable dealing with other States. For this measure become a law will mean incitement to illicit game traffic not only in New York, but in every State tributary to New York cold storage houses,

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES FROM CAMP NESSMUK.—IV.

"Roots and Yarbs."

As there was very little game around Mincke, and I was in no mood for killing at any rate, I took to studying the vegetation, and especially the trees and plants that are useful to us amateur barbarians. First among these are the esculent plants, which were important items in the Indian's and frontiersman's dietary, but the knowledge of which seems to have become almost a lost art. Narratives of wild life are full of instances where hunters or explorers have been driven to subsist for a time upon "roots and yarbs," and even the occasional camper can profit by a little study in this direction. Vegetables are hard to transport, and you all know how toothsome is a mess of fresh greens after a surfeit of game, or perchance of fat pork and frying-pan bread. Likewise when a man is lost and supperless, he will find even such unpromising material as cat-tail flag or Indian turnip (cooked) "a long way ahead of nothing."

Yet, on thinking it over, I could not recall a single instance where books or papers on outdoor life afforded anything like a list of the edible plants of the wilderness. Many of them tell us that every hunter ought to know such things, but none of them show how the knowledge is to be acquired, nor do the botanists offer us much help. Believing that such a list would be useful I have compiled one, partly from my own experience, but mostly from that of others whom I believe to be competent authorities. It is here offered to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM merely as a starter, in the hope that others, who know more about such things than I, will add to it or will correct any blunders that may have been made.

My list is limited to plants growing wild within the Northern, Eastern and Central States, including Virginia on the South and Kansas on the West. It has seemed necessary to add the scientific names of most of the plants, in spite of their looks, for popular names are often misleading. Some edibles have been omitted purposely because I could not identify them.

A few of the plants here cited are not very savory to civilized palates, but would be found good enough in a pinch. The poorest of them can be recommended in place of dog, skunk, or rattlesnake, which some of my friends have been constrained to live upon at times, and all of which they declare to be "not bad eating." Of course everybody knows that wild plants, like cultivated ones, have their seasons, and some which are good when young and tender become uneatable or even poisonous when mature, while many which are noxious in a raw state become nutritious when cooked. I have taken pains to mark such in the following list, and believe that nobody will suffer from eating anything herein mentioned.

We will begin with substantial food plants, yielding starch or other positive nutriment:

ROOTS.—Every schoolboy has been tricked with the Indian turnip (*Arisæma triphyllum*), but its acridity is destroyed by heating. When the root is roasted or boiled, peeled, and then dried and pulverized, it becomes a well-flavored and nutritious flour resembling arrowroot. Similarly, the roots of crowfoot (*Ranunculus*), golden club (*Orontium aquaticum*), water arum (*Calla palustris*) and arrowhead (*Sagittaria variabilis*), though acrid or bitter when fresh, are converted by roasting or boiling into sweet and palatable material, which may be eaten in these forms, or ground and made into bread. The roots of the silverweed (*Potentilla anserina*) may be eaten raw or roasted, being starchy and wholesome. Those of the common sow-thistle (*Sonchus oleraceus*) are not so good, but have occasionally been converted into bread. The root of the great bulrush (*Scirpus lacustris*) may be eaten raw, or pounded and made into bread, the flour being white and good. The prairie potato or *pomme blanche* of the voyageurs (*Psoralea esculenta*), and the wild hyacinth roots or eastern camass (*Camassia fraseri*), are excellent and quite nutritious. There is another wild potato called man-of-the-earth (*Ipomœa pandurata*) that was roasted and eaten by the Indians in times of scarcity, but is poor food. Other edible roots are those of the spatterdock (*Nuphar advena*), lily of the valley (*Convallaria majalis*), China brier (*Smilax pseudo-china*), meadow parsnip (*Thaspium aureum*), hog peanut (*Amphicarpæa monoica*), ground nut or mild bean (*Apios tuberosa*), Jerusalem artichoke (*Helianthus tuberosus*), and the common brake (*Pteris aquilina*) as well as other ferns. The roots of the bellwort (*Uvularia*) and pleurisy root (*Asclepias tuberosa*) are edible when cooked.

GRAINS AND SEEDS.—Wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*) was a staple food of the Indians, who removed the husk by slightly parching the grains over a slow fire. It is palatable when roasted and eaten dry, and also makes good bread. Gruel, mush or bread may be made from the ground seeds of panic grass (*Panicum*), drop-seed grass (*Sporobolus cryptandrus*), manna grass (*Glyceria*), or indeed of almost any grass seeds that are large enough, but the bearded darnel is said to be unwholesome. There is a weed locally known as "wild buckwheat," though not a buckwheat, which is reputed to be poisonous, but I have not identified it. The seeds of the golden club (*Orontium aquaticum*), dock (*Rumex*), lamb's quarters (*Chenopodium album*), purslane (*Portulaca oleracea*), and sunflower (*Helianthus*) may be eaten parched, or in gruels. Those of corn spurrey (*Spergula arvensis*) and tansy mustard (*Sisymbrium canescens*) may be mixed with other grain, or used by themselves if need be.

LEGUMES.—The wild lupine (*Lupinus perennis*), wild kidney-bean (*Phaseolus perennis*) and milk vetch (*Astragalus canadensis*) may be cooked like domestic beans and peas—in fact, nearly all the wild legumes may be eaten with impunity.

ASPARAGINOUS PLANTS.—In spring, the young and tender shoots of several wild plants make excellent substitutes for asparagus, being prepared in the same way. Among these are the China brier (*Smilax pseudo-china*), bellwort (*Uvularia*), common milkweed (*Asclepias cornuti*), pleurisy root (*Asclepias tuberosa*) and pokeweed (*Phytolacca decandra*—the root of which is poisonous, and the raw juice of the old plant is an acrid purgative). The young stems of ferns, before the down appears on them, may also be employed, and even the tender shoots of blackberry and raspberry.

SALADS AND GREENS.—The name of these is legion, but as most of them are good only in the spring months they are not well known to sportsmen. Some are common weeds, growing only about cultivated places or abandoned clearings, and are not properly plants of the wilderness. The root of the cat-tail flag (*Typha latifolia*) makes a good salad. So does chicory or succory (*Cichorium intybus*), water cress (*Nasturtium*), sheep sorrel (*Rumex acetosella*), mountain sorrel (*Oxyria digyna*), deer grass (*Rhexia*), wood sorrel (*Oxalis*—it should be eaten in moderation), wild lettuce (*Lactuca canadensis*), young sprigs and roots of the evening primrose (*Œnothera biennis*), Jamestown weed or thorn apple (*Datura stramonium*—but when mature it becomes narcotic and poisonous), and the tender stalks and roots of the angelica. Wild peppergrass (*Lepidium virginicum*) is fair to middling. Several of the docks are good, such as yellow dock (*Rumex crispus*) and red dock (*R. venosus*), but I cannot say whether all of them are. Celadine (*Chelidonium majus*), sow thistle (*Sonchus oleraceus*), dandelion (*Taraxacum off.*), chickweed (*Stellaria*), purslane (*Portulaca oleracea*), turkey pea or goat's rue (*Tephrosia virginiana*), stork's bill (*Erodium cicutarium*), lamb's quarter (*Chenopodium album*), and several other plants of the latter family, known as pigweed, goosefoot, "keerless," etc., make good greens when young, and so do nettles (*Urtica*) when the leaves are still perfectly tender, as boiling renders them quite harmless. The young tops of nettles, the flowering ends of cat-tail flag and the common blue violet make good pot herbs, either in soups or with meat. The wild onion, wild leek and wild garlic (*Allium*) are efficient substitutes for the domesticated varieties.

MAST.—Acorns of the sweet-mast variety, such as white oak, post oak and overcup, are eatable raw, but are much better and wholesomer when roasted or parched like popcorn. Even the bitter-mast red oak, black oak and water oak acorns will sustain life, but they are not toothsome. The nuts of the region mentioned above are walnut, butternut, hickory, hazel, chestnut, beach, pecan and yonquapin (seed of the spatterdock or yellow pond-lily). Acorns, chestnuts and yonquapins may be ground to flour and made into heavy bread or cakes, which are nourishing, but somewhat difficult to digest until you get used to them.

FRUIT.—Within the limits indicated we have crab apple, wild plum, wild cherry, persimmon, pawpaw, may apple (the roots and leaves are purgative), wild strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, dewberry, salmon berry, cloudberry, buffalo berry, snowberry, crowberry, twinberry or fly honeysuckle, service berry or shadberry, bearberry or "larb," wild currant, wild gooseberry, cranberry, blueberry or huckleberry, elderberry, mulberry, haws and wild grapes. It would take too much space to name the varieties. Some of the berries which are unpalatable when raw are savory in stews, or when dried and mixed with meat. The ripe fruit of the prickly pear is eaten raw; the unripe fruit, when boiled ten or twelve hours, becomes soft and resembles apple-sauce; even the inner pulp of the leaves is succulent when they are roasted on the hot ashes. The fruit of the passion flower (*Passiflora incarnata*) is a large berry which turns yellow when mature, and is sometimes eaten in the South, where it goes under the name of "maypops."

MUSHROOMS AND TOADSTOOLS.—There are over a hundred species of edible fungi, ranging from delicate little relishes to "beefsteaks" that would "furnish four or five men with a good dinner." Very few of the toadstools are poisonous. I have no space here to do more than advise every camper to procure a copy of *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1894, remove from it the article on "Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms," by the well-known artist and writer William Hamilton Gibson, and put this admirable little essay in his knapsack. It weighs only an ounce, and will return many a pound of delicious nutriment. The directions for identifying the commoner fungi are plain to anyone, and are helped out by capital engravings. A book by Mr. Gibson on this subject is announced, which he will illustrate in colors.

BROWSE.—The asparaginous shoots already mentioned may be eaten raw. So may the buds and young leaf stems of hickory (remove the bark), tendrils of grape vines, etc. They are not "filling," but delude a ravenous man into the notion that he is eating something, and that is a point gained. The same may be said of black birch bark, sassafras bark and buds, wintergreen, etc., etc. The tender branches of the staff tree or climbing bittersweet (*Celastrus scandens*) have a thick bark, and are palatable when boiled. Slippery elm you are well acquainted with, and probably know that the mucilaginous inner bark is nutritious. I have heard of it being fried in lard. The bark is said to have the quality of preserving fatty substances from rancidity, and will keep butter, lard, or any fat perfectly sweet for a long time by mixing about one part of it with a hundred parts of the grease, keeping them melted together for a minute or so, and then straining. The buds are also mucilaginous. The flowers and beans of the yellow locust are eatable, and are said to furnish a palatable dish when fried. The *tripe de roche* of the far north is a bitter and only slightly nutritious lichen, or rather a variety of lichens of the genera *Gyrophora* and *Umbilicaria*.

SWEETS.—The sugar maple is known to everyone. Birch molasses, made from the sap of birch by boiling it down, is bitter-sweet, but makes a fair substitute for sugar in tea or coffee. Good syrup may be made from the roots of the great bulrush (*Scirpus lacustris*) by bruising them, mixing with water and boiling down. Poplar blossoms contain honey, which can be dissolved out in water and boiled down to syrup.

YEAST.—The hop plant (*Humulus lupulus*) is no rarity in a wild state. An efficient substitute for yeast is furnished by the liverworts (*Hepaticæ*), which grow on the bark of maples and beeches in the North. A little of the liverwort is steeped in warm water for a few hours, and the infusion is then mixed with dough to form a "sponge."

TEA, COFFEE AND TOBACCO.—Substitutes for tea can be made from various wild mints, from the flowers of the linden or basswood, blackberry and raspberry leaves, wintergreen, holly leaves, the New Jersey tea shrub (*Ceanothus Americanus*), and from the dried flowers of the goldenrod. The best substitute for coffee (none of them amount to much) is chicory root, dried, roasted and ground. Others are the seeds of the fever-wort (*Triosteum perfoliatum*), and roasted and ground acorns. Kinnikinick is made from certain barks or leaves, either alone or mixed with tobacco. The "red willow" commonly employed is not a willow at all, but a dogwood, known as the red-osier dogwood (*Cornus stolonifera*). The alternate-leaved cornel (*Cornus alternifolia*), and the silky cornel (*Cornus sericea*), may also be used in the same way. The outer bark is removed with a knife, the inner bark is then scraped up into little frills, which are roasted by holding the stick near the fire, and these are then pulverized in the hand and are ready for smoking. The bark is milder and better in the fall, when the sap is going down, than in the summer. The red leaf of the sumach, and the leaves of the bearberry and wild rose, are also used for kinnikinick.

This list might easily be extended by including the edible wild plants that grow only in the Southern or Western States—the palmetto, palm and yam, the cacti, aloe, Spanish bayonet, mesquite, wild sago, tuckahoe, tule plant, camass, kouse root, coontie root, bread root, sand food, screw bean, pimple mallow, manzañita, pinoñs, juniper nuts, pine seeds, squaw berry, Lycium berry and a great variety of other roots, seeds and fruits peculiar to those regions. But I have made a fair start, and will leave the development of this interesting subject to others better qualified than myself. No one can speak of all our wild food-plants from personal experience, but if our woodsmen, plainsmen and mountaineers would tell us about the edible plants with which they are acquainted, the proper season for gathering and the best methods of cooking them, the result would be an important contribution to wildcraft—the recovery of a lost art.

HORACE KEPHART.

ST. LOUIS, May 29.

THE MUSEUM CARIBOU.

[*Concluded from page 439*].

EVERYTHING was now made for our preparations for tomorrow morning. At supper Nuel said, "Doc'or, we goin' to be ready for 'morrow morning. Have two toboggan—one for me, one for you. Me show you how me carry canoe an' t'ings to village. We wan' to leabe 'morrow morning berry early. Me hate to leabe dat nice wigwam an' warm hearth, you call um. Not smoke much eder, did it? Yes, it berry nice—warm, not freeze. Don't want to pull um ober. You mus' have you call tent cover?"

"Well, I will give you the cotton tent."

"Me glad. Me keep it. Gabr'el, he come an' me an' him hunt, an' we get um more calleboo. We sleep um much, too. P'raps catch um more martin an' otter. But me like dat wigmam much. Be so comfortable. Me like to bab you too, all time. You stop um ticulum. He! he! made me twis' up my mouf an' rattle up my head, so me could not hear meself. Dat was not drunk, you say?"

"No, Nuel. I would not give enough to make you drunk."

"Me like to try um more. Me know drunk not same as med'cin'. Drunks make Injin not t'ink much; med'cin' t'ink mose all de time. But me like drunk mose."

About 4 o'clock we started. There was a half-moon shining well toward the west. It gave considerable light, however, but weird and solemn, in an indescribable way, and there was a chill about my body that seemed to strike to the marrow. I imagine a waning moon is more cold and freezing than a new one.

But we were glad of what we had. We could pick along pretty well. Of course in some places the frozen hummocks were trying, and the twigs and little trees hindered me, and it was hard for me to distinguish what was smooth and what was rough, and my toboggan would bring me up all standing. Of course there was nothing to be seen but fields of ice and snow until Venus grew dim, and the moon, far in the west, paled into whiteness.

But now we are at the canoe, and I can see a very crooked way between the lifeless trees. Hardly had we reached the canoe when Nuel began: "Now, Doc'or, worst over. Can slide along now. Dat snow ice make good run. We watch for hole. Get 'fool house' by af'ernoon. We eat all we can for breckfas' and den have feas w'en we get home. Take good rest now. Coffee, calleboo, pancake (you have pan), and den pipes. He! he! we have good time. Goin' to be fine."

Nuel quite inspired me after this, and I did my best. I judged Nuel did his, too. I was astonished at what he could hold. It seemed to me we would want another leg before we started.

The extemporé canoe camp was quite unique of its kind, and we rested a good hour here. Nuel had topped off some large branches and braced up a good many more. Of course, the earth was bare near the trunk; the snow piled up, as though it was a rampart. This rampart, covered with branches, made a good seat, and the air was just cold enough to enjoy it. We could hear in the distance several squirrels chattering to themselves, and three meat hawks, with a dozen or more crossbills, came along early, just to see what was going on.

I could see that the weather had commenced to moderate. Nuel saw that; his remark was, "Me 'fraid rain dis even. White fros'. No win'. Berry still."

But we had our second breakfast, and a good one, too. When we were through with our smoking, Nuel said: "Doc'or, me goin' to put toboggan on ice, an' canoe on 'em. Lash 'em on, as you say, bow an' stern. Me put t'ings each end. No weight on middle. Toboggan can turn roun' an' slew, an' not twis' canoe; same as you call bob-sled. Goin' to have sof' place for canoe. Put comfor'ble un'er ends. It not rub back."

When Nuel had everything adjusted to his liking, he said: "Doc'or, you steady um canoe stern, jus' leetle. Keep um from slew. Me pull. An' you help um me w'en me say. He! he! Make um good road, good sleigh.' Now we go. Not fas', Doc'or. No need."

Everything went aloug very nicely, except in a few places, where the loose ice had crowded down the rifts and made the snow rough, and when we had to avoid open water.

From time to time Nuel would remark: "Dat otter hole. See w'ere he ate um fish. Me comin' for him nex' mont' wid Grabul. See dat, t'ree calleboo pass yesserday, I s'pose. Blenty rabbit fill. No small t'ing show any track on crus'."

"But Nuel, where are all the partridges? I have only seen two budding."

"Oh no, he not many now. He buried in snow. Crus' under him. He sleep till he get out. Fox an' martin fine out sometime. Dig down, find out. Eat him."

Before noon I could see that the crust was softening. Of course it softened quicker than the hard ice and we

felt the greater weight of the toboggan. There were several bends that we cut across, but I question whether it helped us. We had to get up the bank and the crust was the heavier. But before 2 o'clock I saw the gap in the woods and the house. Just as we came up Nuel said: "You stay for a moment, Doc'or. Want to go quiet. Skunk might be home. Me make p'etend dog there. Youp! Youp! He fright him maybe, if he chance."

So, as Nuel suggested, I heard the noise of a dog, then a pounding against the house. Finally Nuel called out, "No one home Doc'or."

We did not arrive any too soon. The rain commenced shortly after the skin was housed. We had only time to secure some fresh twigs and plenty of wood, before a drizzling rain began and it did not stop until evening.

But meanwhile Nuel was happy. "Now," he said, "me glad me here. If river open we hab canoe. Got house too. If frose in, all same, we have toboggan. Me berry happy. We mus' hang up skin so mouse can't eat it. Me hang it up."

But I saw myself that the skin was hung up from one of the rafters by a good strong cord.

Night soon set in. It seemed as dark as ink by 7 o'clock, but the fire looked cheerful and Nuel beamed on his wreath of smoke. He did not seem at all tired, but appeared as though he wanted to talk to me. One of his suggestions was. "Doc'or, s'pose wees go some time for bear, if we lib. You wan' cacajou—Indian devil an' wolf. W'at you say? Me tell you lots; eberyt'ing 'bout de wood, bir's nes' an' fish. Nice time togeder. Eat pancake much. He! he! Me like to lib wid you."

"Thank you, Nuel. I like to hunt with you too. But if we ever go hunting again we must have another Indian with us. There is danger in having only one. You might have been sick or I might have been as sick as the Englishman that once lived in this house. How then?"

"Yees, sart'in. Me understan' you. Dat bes' Gabrel, he good man. Good hunter too—mose so good as me. Den you not fear, eh?"

"Well, well, we will see sometime. I am getting old and stiff, Nuel."

"Well, if you eber go, take me, Doc'or. Me take good care ob you. Me like you much. You don't 'plain w'en big moose won't come an' turn cou'se behine me by lake. An' now w'en ticulum spoil my hunt you not say cuss words. You alway' say: 'Nev' mind, Nuel, bettie luck nex' time.' You nice an' you beat squaw an' white cook. Make almose so good as calleboo. Gabrel, he eat much, w'en eberyt'ing so nice. Me like um some, too. He! he! w'at you t'ink, Doc'or?"

"All right, Nuel. We only have provisions for three days now. What do you say to that? Coffee and sugar most gone."

"Nev' mind, we be home 'fore t'ree days. Blenty calleboo. But hark! W'at dat? Ke-yo-ke-e. Dat a lying bird. Me don't belebe him no more. He say no luck. He a bankee debil. Me did fix wigwam dat Paul tore down, an' did get ober ticulum. An' we see skin an' horn hangin' up dare. He! he, makes my belly an' heart glad. I no hate nobody. No, not Paul."

"But we are not home yet, Nuel; we must go a good distance."

"You 'larmed, Doc'or. (Nuel's face looked grave at once.) You t'ink me dround, get sick, starbe?"

"Oh, no, I am not alarmed if I have you and you take care."

"Den I be careful an' me not be 'fraid wid you. You shut up you mouf, you, Ke-yo-ke-e. Doc'or roun' an' me go 'sleep. Doc'or, me 'wake firs'. Skunk hole stop. You warm? Me feel good."

From time to time I heard the shishing of the frothy sap, and the pushing of the green wood and the snapping of the spruce, and occasionally the drip, drip, drip beneath our eves.

Next morning found the snow soft and I could see a little water above the ice. There was no rain, but the mist was thick enough to satisfy any one and we could hear the dripping of the trees. Such a muggy morning I never saw, and there was a peculiar smell of woods and spruce trees that was indescribable to me. Perhaps a decoction of birch bark, dying leaves and old hay would describe this smell most.

After peering through the foggy trees for a few moments, Nuel said: "Guess goin' to be cold af'er dinnie. Feel dat smell. See dat leetle dim line? Goin' kort. Yes, goin' to be cold an' only snow squall. See too dat skunk track, goin' out an' comin' in. Don't know w'at he libs on now, but he wants to come to his home, all same. He knows. He likes to run out on snow rainy night. But you see, fros' enight."

And sure enough by afternoon a light was seen toward the west. At a distance you could hear the wind blowing and soon we had squalls of white hail, and flurries of snow found their way through the rear of our home, and some of it sifted into our faces. However, the real gust was soon over, and we made ourselves very comfortable before 6 o'clock.

Nuel found the foggy day exceedingly irksome. There was only one thing that amused him, and that was a wish that I expressed for partridges, because I liked them better than caribou. Then I said to him, "Nuel, you cannot get any partridges for me, can you? I want to eat some."

"Better dan calleboo?"

"Yes, I like them."

"Engleseman funny, Doc'or, isn't he? Same as likin' Ingin corn cakes better dan wheat."

"Why, Nuel, don't yo like corn meal?"

"Like um? No. Hate um! Just fit for nigger."

But Nuel secured the partridges—four—big and fat. When I asked where he got them and how he got them his reply was: "Well, Doc'or, you said las' mornin', 'not many partridges on tree.' You wan' to know how? Me tole you. Birds buried in snow an' crus' ober dem. Now crus' gone off. Not so much snow. He fly on birch an' fill he belly—he crop—wid buds.

"You mus' 'member, Doc'or, w'en you hang up partsie, don't you eber hang head up, but feet up an' head down; an' cut out crop. If he hang up crop up an' buds stay in it, and it gets sof', goes all t'rough de nice white meat bird juice. May be poison laurel. I tole white man 'bout poison an' udders. You un'erstan', Doc'or? Me heard such men."

"Oh, yes; and I think freezing and thawing and especially the crops hanging above the breast might be injurious."

"Yes, Doc'or, in-u-re-us. Mus'n't do it, Me un'erstan' eberyt'ing yo say. Me 'edicated,' you call. Can't read book, Ingin can't. Ingin read in w'at you call nater. I don't alway say 'me' an' udder t'ings. Only say as me see udder Ingin do an' common white man say so, teach me."

"Well, how does it happen, Nuel, you are so well educated?"

"Don't happen at all. When I a boy, 'bout 12 year, an' white boy too, same time, we go hunting—partsie, muskquash, mink, rabbit—hunt much. Den do we grow older, hunt big t'ings. My wigwam not far from his house. Me tell you, I like to go to his house! I like um eat! Better eat dan my place.

"We talk great deal. Hunt too. He like um me. Me like him too, much. He almose cry w'en we hab to leave. We went to wood an' have a good hug an' han' shake an' kiss him (me not 'shame to tell it). You 'minds me, what me t'ink he would be, Doc'or, had he lib."

"Did he die, Nuel?"

"Oh yees. Die in Canada. He mose grow up. Logs jam, drown him. [In a vacant way, as though Nuel was trying to think.] He was good. Make me better Ingin. He used to show me how me speak. Laugh at me much. Say me can't talk at all. I tongue tie. Don't I try berry much. Now you see me talk jus' like white man. He tell me I can't speak 'brudder' an I spell letter, b-r-o-(little sound) e-r. An I say brudder. Isn't dat right?"

"Oh yes. I answers just as well."

"But isn't it de same. I wan' to go to same place as Foce w'en me die. Dat I knows will be a good place. Jesu be dare. Ah, ah, me forgib you, Paul. Jesu said I mus'. It hard sometime, ain't it, Doc'or? But me like to hear eberyt'ing in de win', except w'en I t'ink cuss word. T'o't me was goin' to sleep, Doc'or, but can't. Do me tire you?"

"No, no. Tell me more about Foce."



CHUCKOR PARTRIDGE.

"Oh, my! Can't talk sometime 'bout Foce. Only t'ink ob him an' Jesu. Day seem as dough day like dat nice boy—I guess he was like Jesu. He like to be in wil'neress, same as Foce. He like to be in mountain; so Force. He like to cross de lake; so Foce, too. An' me, too. Me wan' to be wid Jesu an' Foce. We bofe be berry still. Not say a bad t'ing. An' Jesu was kick 'bout city worse 'an Ingin ever had. Me of'en t'ink 'bout Him w'en de win' blow an' de t'under roll, an' de bird sing in de f'esh green bud, an' de sunshine, an' de bright sky, an' de big white cloud roll up. Oh! so sof'. Make me lie on fedders an' sleep in Paridee. Better 'an huntin' place. You know, Doc'or. Yes, me want to be like Foce. Dat my pet name, you call it. Putty name! He was so funny. When me caught otter or moose or udder nice t'ing, he slap um me on my back an' say, 'Good for Ingin.' (Don't mean anyt'ing.) An' w'en Foce catch um fox or bear or any good t'ing, den me would grab roun' his rib an' squees him, an' say, 'Good for white face.' (Don't mean anyt'ing.) An' he say me great worse dan big she old bear. An' we laugh. Oh! it seem berry of'en to me me see Foce. W'en me hunt um me t'ink me hear somefin' say, 'Now be careful, Nuel. Keep um still. Watch um.' Same as me hunt for bogislan. You 'member. Big bush before me, an' me move berry slow an' move from side to side. Den it seem Foce jus' behine me. Leetle branch an' twig jus' tap my back, and it seem to say, 'You wise hunter. Putty hard, Nuel.' An' all kine good t'ings make me careful an' talk of all good t'ings. But I mus' go sleep now. Maybe some time me tell you more of Foce. Good night, Doc'or."

As Nuel prophesied, the air was cool and crisp, with just enough roughness over the ice to give a good hold on the feet. We did not start until broad light. Nuel said: "Mus' see de ice. No t'in place; no spring hole; no air hole. Don't want horn an' skin wet, he! he!"

I agreed with him, and when we started everything was in the sunshine. For several miles we journeyed along very nicely. Then came an air hole and we had to hug the bank. Then came in a spring brook and that made a large hole; then a rift that had piled up the ice and snow and made the sledding uncertain. We had to leave the stream quite often, and I found it pretty hard in some places.

There was not much to be seen, only quite a school of large trout and suckers at several springs, and an owl flew across; and high up three crows and a few bluejays appeared in one place, with from time to time a nuthatch and a chickadee. But before noon we had to leave our high road; there were signs of a clearing, and soon we hailed the stumps and a shanty. But, oh, what a forlorn home! What a life for any poor woman to have to live, though she seemed to be satisfied with her husband and her baby. Finally Nuel and myself before dark walked into the inn, and seating ourselves in the dining-room ordered our tea and lodgings.

When we were alone I gave Nuel his money and the cloth. I also gave him his comforter and mine, too. I said, "Nuel, this is for Gabrel, remember, when you go hunting."

"My!" exclaimed Nuel. "My! I rich! I great man. Money in bank, more dan fifty crown. Some to eat, too. I glad for Gabrel. He poor. Not much pork; not much beef. He squaw hab to eat rabbit mose.

"Good-by, Doc'or. Me hope you come again. Shake um han' Me lub you much. Me take good care ob you."

As we left the inn I heard him saying to himself, "He, he! Me got um calleboo. Doc'or all well, too. So me. I berry glad." S.

Natural History.

Illinois Wolves.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., May 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About a week ago Harry Ely discovered a litter of six young wolves in a hollow cottonwood on Dr. Joe Enos's farm, about two miles southeast of town.

Mr. Ely took out the pups and brought them to town, and they have been on exhibition ever since at Scheffe's shoe store, where they have attracted much attention, being the first native-born wolves seen in this county for several years.

As soon as the news of the wolves spread over town there was an immediate start for the old wolf. In the next two days several parties were hunting for wolf scalps, and although they had several exciting chases and a number of shots were fired, there has been no blood shed, and the old wolf has taken herself to parts unknown, where the climate is better suited to her health.

This wolf is supposed to be the same one that has been seen for several years past about five miles east of town. Several hunts have been had there for her, but the dogs were never able to get her up, although her tracks have been seen frequently, and several farmers in that vicinity have seen her on several different occasions.

There has been no other wolf seen nor heard of near this section, and some are inclined to think that the puppies are half dog.

They certainly do resemble shepherd pups very much, but as we are not an expert on wolves we must leave the matter to FOREST AND STREAM. Did any of the readers ever know of such a cross? L. S. HANSELL.

[Such crosses have been recorded in these columns before, and are not at all uncommon.]

India Arrow-Proof Armor.

IN our issue of May 4 we printed a portrait and sketch of the Wintun chief Colchoolooloo. The photo was by Master C. E. Stone, a son of Mr. Livingston Stone, of the Baird salmon station. In a number of the McCloud River *Salmon Fly* just received we note the death of another old chief, of whom the young editor writes: "The McCloud River Indian chief, commonly known by the prosaic name of Jim Mitchell, died Wednesday, the 8th inst., in his cabin, on the east bank of the river, about half a mile below the U. S. Fishery. He had been an almost blind and helpless paralytic for several years, but when he was in his prime he was a decidedly remarkable man. He had the brains as well as the hereditary authority to rule his tribe, and he had the gifts which enabled him to do it with ease. When he was buried an arrow-proof elk skin armor was placed in his coffin with him, which the Smithsonian Institution wanted to get for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, but the Chief refused $40 for it—he said he wanted to keep it to be buried with him—and it was not purchased. The writer knows that the armor was arrow-proof, for the Chief, after putting it on, allowed the writer to shoot arrows at him at a distance of 10ft. till he was tired. The arrows were shot from one of the very powerful bows of the tribe, which like Robin Hood's were made from the yew tree, but they all glanced harmlessly off the armor and the man was perfectly safe inside. Indians are growing scarcer every year on the McCloud, and now that Jim Mitchell is gone, Alexander is the only chief left of the good old times when white men coming to the river either left it within twenty-four hours or never left it alive."

How the Mother Goose Does it.

OROVILLE, Wash., May 15.—I had to make a trip from our claim on the Columbia to Spokane Falls. It was much nearer to go through the mountains on a cayuse than around by Davenport on the stage. I started quite early one morning and was riding along up the Spokane River when, as I came over a small rocky point, I noticed a very large bird soar down from a tree and carry something in its mouth. At first I thought it was an eagle, but as soon as I climbed a little higher I could see it was an old gray goose, and that it had deposited its burden in the water, where I could see several small ones swimming around.

I stopped, got off from my cayuse and watched the performance. I had waited but a few moments when one of the geese rose out of the water and flew straight to a cottonwood tree, alighted on a limb near a big nest, then took a few steps toward the nest, and reaching over into the nest took a young gosling out and sailed down to her companions. When she let the youngster touch the water it cut all kinds of capers.

She again returned to the nest and got another, which was the last.

After watching them for quite a while I mounted my cayuse and rode on. When I came into plain view of the family the old ones fluttered away and the youngsters disappeared. There were seven little ones, as near as I could count. I have watched the wood duck carry her young from a tree, but this was the only time I ever saw a goose make the transfer. LEW WILMOT.

Foreign Birds in America.

SPRINGFIELD, O., May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I heartily agree with Kate R. Styer in her article on foreign birds in America, which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 27.

If the foreign gentlemen who advocate the introduction of the starling to this country, to remind them of their boyhood days, would cultivate the acquaintance of our native birds, they would find them fully as worthy of love and admiration as the feathered youngsters of their own country, and if the surplus enthusiasm for their home birds were spent in cultivating means and ways for the protection of the native birds of this country, it would be of far greater benefit to the bird life of our land than introducing a bird which to my notion is in no way superior to our common crow and red-winged blackbird.

I beg to differ with Mr. Armin Tenner in his assertion that our songsters are outclassed by those of Europe.

Of all birds our mocking bird is beyond compare the most proficient songster. He can imitate the song of all birds and is a perfect orchestra in himself. The brown thrush is the American rival of the nightingale. The red bird will compare with the best European songsters. The bobolink is a most charming songster. Finches, of which there are not less than forty-two species in America, are as pretty songsters as anyone would wish to hear. After the nesting season the catbird pours forth a melodious song. What is the matter with the song warblers, of which there are fifty-seven species, with the Western meadow lark, with the numerous song sparrows, with the robin or others too numerons to mention? Don't tell me American birds can't hold up their end of the string when compared with those of Europe. They not only excel in song, but also in the gayness of their plumage. I do not think I would change my mind if I were in a German grove, field or forest.

If Mr. Armin Tenner will read the article entitled "Expensive Robins," on page 409 of the May 25 issue of your excellent paper, he will see who the real destroyers of our birds are and that they are not "Young America."

HUGH L. FORD.

Chuckor Partridge.

DR. W. O. BLAISDELL, of Macomb, Ill., sends us a photograph of a chuckor partridge bred by him. The stock was imported from India. The Illinois Legislature has passed a law to protect the birds; but we are not advised whether Gov. Altgeld has vetoed it. A previous measure to this effect was incontinently squashed by the Governor.

Cattle Killed by Snakes.

NEWBERN, May 25.—A bull and steer belonging to Will. Foy, six miles up the Trent River, died on Tuesday from snake bites received while ranging in the bush. This is unusual.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Game Bag and Gun.

CONCERNING PHEASANTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Who has been practising on the credulity of the *Star* that beams on Oneonta, N. Y.? According to your extract from its columns in your issue of May 18, the light it tries to throw on "Mongolian Pheasants" is eminently misleading, a very will-o'-the-wisp to bring unsuspecting readers of those remarks into a morass of error. Allow me to copy the following sentence: "They" [*i. e*, the Mongolian pheasants] "pair off and brood two settings" [*sic*] "of eggs every year, and usually hatch about twenty-five young ones to each setting." To "brood a setting" of eggs is quite an innovation, and I would advise the *Star* of Oneonta to add a lexicon and grammar to its library; elementary works will suffice.

Now, in the above sentence every remark is absolutely and egregiously erroneous. Pheasants do not pair off, they do not have two sittings (I prefer to return to the correct term) in a year, and they never, never, never hatch about twenty-five young ones from each sitting. Really, Mr. Editor, it is not right to promulgate such a tissue of pure imagination. It is extremely unfair to people in search of the real facts about these birds to be crammed with any rubbish that an inventive brain, seething in ignorance, can produce and utter authoritatively as gospel truth. With such blind leaders of the blind, no wonder that knowledge concerning these splendid game birds is but sparse and errors rampant.

Now, pheasants do not pair off, but are as polygamous as a Mormon. No matter how seductive the members of his own harem may be, every cock's motto is, "The more the merrier," till the stronger than he cometh, and not content with thrashing him, robs him of his lady loves.

They never have two sittings of eggs in a year in a wild state. It is a physical impossibility. From the time that a hen lays her first egg till the day her fledgelings can leave the maternal wing is close on four months. Say she lays her first egg about the middle of April, it is August before her nursery duties are over. She is then in full molt, and everyone knows that a hen cannot drain her strength by forming fresh feathers and laying eggs at the same time. Is it necessary to say that a pheasant does not lay in the winter? Then when is this second brood to be produced? If pheasants are deprived of their first nestful of eggs or lose their brood at an early stage in their existence, they will often, as a rule, I may say, generally begin afresh their task of reproduction. But this was evidently not the point alluded to by the *Star* and which was most probably unknown to it.

Some people, when they have a pen in their hand, seem to think it better to write utter nonsense than nothing at all, never heeding the mischief this *cacocthes scribendi* may create.

But I have not finished with this wonderful rigmarole from the *Star* yet. It says, "and usually hatch about twenty-five young ones to a sitting." Now a pheasant's nest containing over twenty eggs laid by a single hen is not frequently found, though two hens have been known to lay in the same nest. Fourteen to eighteen eggs are the usual numbers; twenty-five is absolutely abnormal, though I do not state that such a nestful from one hen is either an impossibility or unknown. At any rate I have never heard of any instance of such productiveness, nor am I referring to *Ursus naturæ*. Therefore, all this statement of the *Star* is the sheerest of sheer romance, and it is very unfair to enthusiastic beginners to publish such misleading information, which if listened to can only lead to disappointment.

I notice that this article in your paper was headed "Mongolian Pheasants." Permit me to say that such a term is incorrect. Doubtless the "Chinese pheasant" is alluded to, the *Phasianus torquatus*, which being interpreted means, the pheasant with a collar. The "Mongolian pheasant" is *Phasianus mongolicus*, and I greatly question if there are any of them in the States. Now that pheasants are becoming so common here, do let us use the right name for each variety. If any appellation is more incorrect and puzzling than another, it is that of "Oregon pheasant." If a person wrote about a New York sheep, he would be asked if it was a Merino, or Southdown, or Cheviot, etc. There are some dozens of pheasants and their allies, none of them indigenous to Oregon, so which of them is meant when an "Oregon pheasant" is spoken of? For example, a gentleman wrote me lately about "Oregon pheasants." I thought he was referring to the Chinese variety, and then found it was quite a different bird that he was discussing. Tegetmeier states that the Mongolian pheasant is unknown in a living state in Europe, and it seems to me unlikely that it should be common in America. There is no object to be gained in searching for new and confusing names for well-known species. No one would talk of an Oregon cow without mentioning its breed more particularly. Why should pheasants not receive the same treatment? The old and distinctive names by which they have been known for so many years, before one was even seen in this country, are quite good enough, therefore what is the advantage expected from inventing others, to the confusion of everything and everyone? Why talk of a "green" or "copper" pheasant when the Japanese and Scemmering pheasants are better distinguished by their ancient titles to fame? Several pheasants have green or copper colors in their plumage, so that anything but their correct names will only lead to mistakes of all kinds.

But now that I am discoursing about Chinese pheasants, erroneously called Mongolian, let me state again in your columns how unsatisfactory they are as denizens of a game preserve. About the only paragraph I can agree with thoroughly in the *Star's* lubrication on this subject is that it "can run very rapidly." Indeed it can, a very "beast of a bird" in this respect, here to-day and miles off by to-morrow, all covered on foot. It is ruination to a good dog or temper. I have had several samples of this bird from Oregon, and have talked about them with many sportsmen who have bred and shot them, and all opinions coincide that it is the puniest of all the game varieties of pheasants. No one ever dreams of having it in their coverts in Europe, where it is utterly barred in its purity, and many game preservers there even object to the slightest trace of its cross with the dark-necked pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*), thereby forming the hybrid known as the English ring-necked pheasant. However, my Chinese pheasants which I imported from England are half again the size of the Oregon productions, though I would never dream of comparing them with the English pheasant as a perfect game bird. Unfortunately the latter, *Phasianus colchicus*, has the reputation of not being quite so hardy as the Chinese, which weakness is counteracted by the cross between them, whereby a large, prolific, hardy bird is produced, quicker on the wing, less fond of its legs and not such a rambler as the Chinese. I have stocked many large preserves with the English ring-necked pheasant in various States, and in many cases they have increased so rapidly that they now give an abundance of sport for a minimum of care and expense. I have never supplied the pure Chinese bird to any one who shoots on a large scale, and strongly deprecate their introduction for such a purpose. They ought only to be seen and admired as the inmates of an aviary, where their shortcomings are not apparent. Some people are to be found, of course, who will persist in saying that "the Oregon pheasant is good enough for them," and as far as this nondescript expression refers to the Chinese bird, contend that it has none of the characteristics that every authority attributes to them. Needless to say, in such cases a little knowledge proves itself to be a very dangerous thing, and were it not that they utter so freely their opinions based on such scanty experience, they would be best left to wallow in their self-conceit. Unfortunately they blazon abroad their praise of the Chinese pheasant with such an authoritative air that seekers after truth are beguiled thereby to believe in the super-excellence of this breed. I am sure the partisans of the Chinese pheasant are quite sincere in their opinions, but having had no knowledge of the other sporting breeds, they fancy that none can rival the fascinations of their first and only love. When these gentlemen have seen as much of the English ring-necked pheasant as they have of the Chinese, their verdict will have weight and be worth serious attention. Till then their opinions lack importance, as they can but give a very one-sided view, unfair to the English ring-necked bird of which they are in perfect ignorance, and of no utility to prospective breeders. I would therefore appeal to them to restrain their desire to rush into print till they have become competent judges, and then I will be the very first to bow to their decision if their arguments can reverse the hitherto universal sentence of taboo pronounced for ages back in all lands against the Chinese pheasant for all sporting purposes.

This year I am experimenting with the cross between the Japanese and English pheasant, which has been strongly recommended to me from several quarters as making a first-rate game bird, with no propensity for wandering, and quick on the wing. Being very hardy they seem likely to be a valuable addition to our preserves.

MAHWAH, N. J. VERNER DE GUISE.

HOLLAND, Mich., May 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have just had two splendid hatches of English ring-neck pheasants, with which the Rod and Gun Club is stocking this vicinity. Out of thirty eggs set under two hens, twenty-two strong, lively chicks were hatched. Owing to the extremely cold weather here this spring our hens have laid less than one-half the usual number of eggs, but from these we are having excellent results.

We receive weekly reports from the owner of the land on which we liberated a number of the pheasants this spring. He says that the birds have paired off, and one pair has left his farm and gone to another patch of timber about a mile away. He hears the males crowing every day. We consider these reasonable indications that they will breed this year if nothing happens to them. All the farmers in the vicinity have been told about our liberating pheasants and say they will do all they can to protect them. They know a suitable reward is awaiting them if they furnish proof of any shooting.

Sportsmen all over the United States are investigating the pheasant, and I believe that another year will see a general move in the direction of stocking with these beautiful birds. I have letters inquiring about them from most of the Northern and from some of the Southern States. Our club has shipped the few eggs we have had to spare to different places in our State, and have sent one setting to Arkansas.

I believe that if the money we expend in stocking with Southern quail were used in introducing the pheasant, more good would result. A severe winter will kill nearly all the quail and nothing is gained.

Our only hope now for future sport is to stock our coverts with pheasants; for these birds will thrive where the others will not. No matter how well grouse and quail are protected, from the very nature of things they are bound to grow scarcer every year, as the number of sportsmen increases.

In almost any town or village there are sportsmen enough who could, by clubbing together, raise sufficient money to purchase a dozen or two eggs or a few birds, and in a few years I will warrant fair shooting could be had.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL,
Sec'y Holland Rod and Gun Club.

The New York Fish Commission has appropriated $250 for ring-necked pheasant breeding at Caledonia.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill, May 29.—Three days more and the season on bass and muskallonge will be open for Wisconsin, and a vast crowd of waiting anglers will join those who have not waited along the fruitful lakes and streams of one of the loveliest fishing States of the Union. From all appearances the sport will be good this year along some of the most popular chains of water. Abe Lafave writes from Manitowish that the logging drive commenced a month earlier this year than usual, so that the fishing should be good by June 1 on the Manitowish chain. The water is 3ft. lower than it was last year on Manitowish waters. Mr. J. DeLong and party, from Brooklyn, N. Y., leave next week for the Turtle Waters, above Manitowish. The next two weeks will see a tremendous traffic from Chicago north to the cooler regions of the woods and streams.

Singular Snakes.

Dr. W. D. Taylor, of Brownsville, Tenn., writes very interestingly in regard to certain singular snakes of his neighborhood, and one may but quote his letter entire:

"The question of snakes having feet I believe has now been settled, and scientists say there is nothing of the kind. I send you by to-day's mail part of a blue racer with two feet which was killed near here a few days ago. There was also a snake with a horn on the end of its tail killed on the same farm and I sent after it, but it had been destroyed; nothing but the bones were left, and tail entirely gone. But the negro says they kill five or six every summer, and the next one they kill he will be sure and send it to me, and I will send it to you.

"I think we have more quail than we have had in years, and if we have a dry summer will have them in great numbers next fall, and we hope to have fine sport with you. We expect you and friends with us next season, so please make your arrangements accordingly. We enjoyed your "Sunny South" very much and are glad you had such good sport. I hope you may have as pleasant a trip next fall, and you know you will always find the ever-open door."

Dr. Taylor's section of snake arrived duly, preserved in alcohol. The section is 4 or 5in. long, and shows the bluish color commonly known in the "blue racer" snake. The "feet" are imperfect projections of some sort or other, sure enough, and unlike anything of the sort I ever saw. I could not examine the specimen well without taking it from the alcohol, and preferred to send it to the Natural History Department of FOREST AND STREAM for a more conclusive examination. We shall no doubt hear from it there in due time, and I shall be delighted if science is obliged to admit that snakes do have legs.

FOREST AND STREAM has always been skeptical about the "horn snake," but I feel that we are at last upon the way of showing FOREST AND STREAM one of these much mooted Tennessee reptiles. In all these things I am a devout believer, just as I believe also that William Tell shot the apple. Science would leave nothing in life but sawdust if we let it alone, and this must not be.

The Fantail Deer Again.

Another belief to suffer at the hands of science is the legend of the "fantail deer." Science says nay, old hunters say yes. Mr. W. S. Phillips ("El Comancho"), of Seattle, Wash., who is in Chicago this week, is one of the real Westerners who write good stuff sometimes for FOREST AND STREAM. "El Comancho" was raised in a game country, and has always lived in one. Bringing up the subject himself, he mentioned that Custer Peak, near the Bear Lodge Mountains of the Black Hills system, is a range famous among local hunters for what they call the "fantail deer." He says furthermore that he himself saw on Inyan Kara Mountain, down toward the southwest corner of the Black Hills, a live wild specimen of the fantail. He says it was about two-thirds the size of the whitetail deer, and had horns flat and knife-edge shape, instead of round in beam. The tail was not whisked and waved in running, as is done by the whitetail. "This may be a freak whitetail," said he, "but it was not like any whitetail I ever saw. Moreover, I found a number of the shed antlers in that country, and they are not like the whitetail or blacktail horns. The hunters at Sun Dance said they got fantails."

Well aday! for science, if the time shall come when I can send in alcohol at one shipment a horned snake and a fantail deer.

Mr. Phillips was looking at a big gray wolf skin in the FOREST AND STREAM office, and we spoke of the destructiveness of that animal on cattle. He told me he had

seen two wolves pull down a mare and colt, and kill them both. He said that in attacking, the lead wolf sprang at the throat of the horse, catching the throat on the lower side as it sprang. This it did by turning down its jaws as it went on over the top of the horse's neck. The wolf sprang on over the neck in the same leap in which it caught the throat, and the weight of its body and the force of the spring, as it went on across the neck on to the other side of the horse, pulled the latter right over on its back. As quick as it fell the other wolf sprang in and caught it by the throat, and then it was all over. Mr. Phillips says he has seen the cougar (mountain lion) seize a heifer the same way, only sometimes the cougar, instead of jumping on over and so turning its quarry on its back, will squat low down and tug at the throat, throwing its victim in that way.

From the Far North.

The letter-box—that most useful adjunct for one seeking news of the sporting country—brings this morning word all the way from the Far North, the writer, Mr. J. H. McIlree, of the Northwest mounted police, dating his communication from Regina, N. W. Territory, up in the British possessions. He speaks in regard to the game of that region as below:

"I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of April 20 a notice from you about Mr. Munn's trip to the far North for musk ox. Mention is made of some legislation to protect the wild animals in the regions partly traversed by him. You will observe that this act is not yet in force. No doubt, as Mr. Munn states, it will be pretty hard to enforce the provisions of this act, but yet a good deal can be done. People coming from the far North must come to certain points to ship their trophies and that is where we will get them. The natives if left alone will not exterminate the game. They have lived in the country for how long we do not know and the game still survives in large numbers—that is, the species really indigenous to that region. The buffalo I think are comparative strangers. The skin and the trophy hunters are the ones that do the harm, and the ones that can and will be caught. I came to this country, Northwest Territory, twenty-one years ago and have seen many changes in the wild game supply. I still read FOREST AND STREAM religiously. I started taking it in its infancy, when Mr. Hallock was at the helm, and always find it full of interest. It grieves me to see the slaughter of ducks recorded in FOREST AND STREAM. They are very scarce up this way this spring. With kind regards, J. H. McILLREE."

And still our laws hang fire. And still the spring shooters say there are as many ducks as ever. And still. And then—.

Elk Catching and Indians.

Again the letter-box, and this time something of interest from "Guide," who lives at Cameron, Mont., and writes as follows:

"I see an account in FOREST AND STREAM written to you from Cora, Wyo., by 'Mountaineer,' about the Indians killing the elk for the hides. If he will do as we did here in Montana and Idaho the Indians will be kept out. We were bothered with the Indians for a long time till forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and then we wrote to the agent to keep his Indians at home. He paid no attention to us until he got a letter signed by nearly all of the settlers in the country, stating if he did not take care of his Indians we would for him. I am happy to say we are not bothered any more with Indians.

"We have had a very easy winter here for the big game, no snow in the mountains to speak of, and if it wasn't for the elk catchers the game would be on the increase. This last winter there were forty-five elk caught in the Madison Basin, with five killed for every one caught, and the same kind of work has been going on for the last six years, but with a larger percentage killed heretofore. The same party has killed over fifty moose in the same time without saving any.

"The sportsmen of the East are kicking that the game is being killed off at a terrible rate in the mountains, and still they will buy the captured game and encourage the slaughter. Five years ago this spring I counted seventy-two dead elk in the Madison River, inside of two miles, that had been run to death by the slaughterer and not even the tongue or hide taken. It is safe to say that there have been over 2,000 head of elk run to death in the last six years by this same party, and mostly cows and calves.

"I have been a guide for the last twenty-three years and you can bet I hate to see the game slaughtered this way."

There certainly seems to be justice in the conclusions of the writer of the above, and no reasons appear for believing him mistaken in his facts.

Dangerous Game in Chicago.

Mr. W. A. Hillis is visiting in Indiana, and he wants to know, you know. He says:

"I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for many years. What I write you for is this: I live in Montana, and I have bearded the grizzly in his den with the rifle, and I sometimes use a smooth-bore. Having read so much about John Watson's hard pigeons in FOREST AND STREAM, I thought if an outsider could get a try at them during the Illinois State shoot I would come up. Please send or have sent a programme when issued."

I beg to assure Mr. Hillis that he can have a try next week, but would caution him that he will find the J. Watson birds harder and more dangerous game than the grizzlies.

Bachelor and the Market Reports.

Again the letter-box, and this time something curious, no less than a clipping from the market reports of a daily newspaper, although I think we shall find it pertinent. Mr. A. H. Chapman, of Pewaukee, Wis., writes in regard ta it:

"I inclose a clipping from the market report of the *Times-Herald* of this date. It simply confirms your views as to the open-heartedness of the Southern sportsmen as a class, as set forth in your recent articles in the FOREST AND STREAM.

"Having been confined to my room for the past thirteen months with rheumatism, the arrival of the FOREST AND STREAM at my house each week is the one important event."

The clipping in question has to do with a plain business question, but it is curious in some of its phases. It speaks best for itself:

"Commission men, as a rule, will not accept discretionary orders. Their risk is great enough when directions are explicit. The following is the eloquent plea made, in a letter to a private-wire house, by a Southerner:

"'Gentlemen: Herein I hand you a draft for $—— to be used according to your best judgment. I am aware that this is not your usual way of doing business, but being so remote from the markets, receiving reports two or three days after they are sent out, makes it impossible for me to instruct you intelligently.

"'In order to help you out I make a suggestion. In your large establishment you doubtless have some responsible, level-headed man who is fond of a dog and a gun. Select him and call him my man, place this $—— in his hands and tell him to use it as he would if it were his own; if he loses, well and good; but if he makes good money for me I want it understood that he is to have a vacation some time in November, December, January or February, and that he is to come to ——— and spend at least ten days with me in the woods, his expenses to be borne by the writer. I will promise to let him kill as many quail, deer and turkey as he cares to shoot at. This, I feel sure, will be an inspiration to him to keep my interests before his mind. I have the dogs, guns and ammunition, so he need not trouble about bringing anything with him. Now, what do you say?

"'If it should happen that you haven't a man who is fond of field sports, then select the man possessing the greatest musical talent, and when he makes his visit to ——— I will show him one of the handsomest, sweetest and best little sopranos that he ever saw or heard, and if he is not married I will promise to do all in my power to help him secure her as his prize in case his fancy should lead him in that direction.'"

After reading the above, who could blame any bachelor man for going into the commission business! And where has more unique literature ever crept into the dull market page?

Who's Going to Pardon Altgeld?

A statistician has learned that John Peter Altgeld, the Governor of Illinois, who vetoed the Mongolian pheasant law, and who "doesn't believe in game laws, anyhow," has in the course of the last two years pardoned out of the penitentiary 121 criminals of all sorts of crimes and sentences. This is a little more than one a week. Last week some Illinois citizens lynched a couple of criminals, and said they did so because Altgeld would pardon them out if they were sent to Joliet. It is probably fair and just to state that a Governor who "doesn't believe in game laws, anyhow," is not apt to be a good Governor. For anarchism and ignorance such as he has shown, who is going to pardon Altgeld?

Happenings.

Ground squirrels are reported to be eating up the State of Washington in some sections, and farmers are using all sorts of means for exterminating them.

Horicon Shooting Club of Wisconsin elected as officers: President, A. R. Keating; Vice-President, R. Rom; Manager, William Kleifoth; Treasurer, Dr. J. W. Burns; Secretary, P. F. Stone.

Mr. Frank Mason, advertising manager of the *Mayflower*, New York city, has spent the past week in Chicago on business connected with his paper, incidentally meeting many old friends in this city.

Mr. E. H. Short, of Van Wert, O., is among those calling at the FOREST AND STREAM office this week.

The Hunter Arms Co., of Fulton, N. Y., has put out a handsome new catalogue, of which they speak with pardonable pride. "We have spent," they say, "a good deal of money and time to get out something that we think will please the eye of the average sportsman. It is our aim in putting out a catalogue to have it so attractive that, even if anyone should happen to get hold of it who is not particularly interested in guns, he will not throw it away, but will lay it aside where it may prove beneficial. You will also find in the catalogue a little booklet which we are distributing promiscuously among the trade.

"We are pleased to state that the New York Exposition was a decided success so far as the Smith gun was concerned."

June 1.—Mr. H. R. Wills, of Alton, Ill., a shooter from Shootersville, paid this office a visit during my absence from the city. He takes this method of getting away with a challenge, knowing he has to shoot when I am home.

Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Lefever gun, called this week in company with a handsome Lefever ejector. He will probably attend the Illinois tournament next week.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Buck fever or buck ague, the effect is all the same. I'm inclined to think that both names are appropriate for the hunter's sickness when he sees big and sometimes small game. The blood rushes to his face hot as a desert wind, then his muscles twitch and jerk in a way to shake the front sight all over a big maple treetop at 30yds. He bangs away, and then when the game gets out of sight, or down, he wilts with a sickly grin on his face, or jumps up and down with whoops for guides or companions to come, or just to let out his feelings. When shooting he goes under high pressure, but after the safety valve couldn't be weighted enough to keep his mouth shut. At least that is the way I felt when I was killing or trying to kill game.

I don't believe anyone ever gets entirely over having the buck fever, that being the expression I was brought up to here, in northern Herkimer county. I've seen a man who has killed deer, bears, rabbits and partridges in profusion shake like a running brook when his gun missed fire at a partridge. I never saw a deer yet that didn't give me a thrill, and it takes about two shots to steady my nerves, usually.

I shot at a deer once when it was 10 rods away, and hit it hard, but missed the same beast when it wasn't more that 15ft. from me. I had a rifle. I've missed a partridge with the first barrel when it was sitting still, but brought the same bird down from among the second growth spruces.

I don't get all the game that I shoot at, but just the same I wouldn't take a heap for that same buck fever. There isn't anything equal to a good strong attack to my mind. It's a pleasure. Then, too, if you bring down your game it is worth a good deal more just because of the association. A man don't seem so much like a cold-blooded butcher to himself or to the rest of the region. Of course some people would—and do—kick themselves for having lost control of themselves at the decisive moment, and thus not getting so many pounds of meat worth so much per pound.

I have a four-point deer head down stairs hanging over the dining-room mantle. It is worth just seventeen times as much to me as it would have been had I not run and needlessly danced about while I was shooting, and after the beast was down, wading across Moose River when it was cold.

Buck fever, or what you will, has a good many strong points. It preserves the game, first of all. Then, too, it makes the old young again for a time, and brings color to pale cheeks, and is about the best restorer of tired and sickly persons there ever was. It never needs doctors to cure it.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.

A THIEVING LION TAKEN IN.

ABOUT three weeks ago I saw in the San Francisco dailies an account of the killing of a large mountain lion (*Felis concoles*) near Campo, in San Diego county. The item stated that after destroying considerable stock, including several valuable Angora goats belonging to Mr. Silas Gaskill, he was finally killed in the night by a couple of charges of fine shot, and that he measured 9ft. in length.

The last three statements particularly attracted my attention. Darkness and bird shot are not usually selected for enterprises of this description, and the length of the animal, as given, was at least a foot longer than that of any authentic account with which I was familiar.

Mr. Gaskill is an old friend of mine, and more than twenty-five years ago we hunted together in the mountains about El Campo. I knew him to be perfectly reliable, and that a line dropped to him would settle, to my satisfaction at least, a few points about which, from the newspaper accounts, I was naturally a little skeptical.

His reply reached me on the 16th inst., and the portion referring to the incident in question I send you, transcribed exactly as it was written. He says:

"In reply will say, as to the lion, it is correct. He killed fifteen fine Angora goats for me. Some of them cost me $250 apiece; they were thoroughbreds and very fine. They were running around loose here in the mountains, and I did not notice that the lion was killing them until he had them nearly all. He did not get any after I found out he was killing them. He was a very large, powerful animal, quite old and very fat. Mr. Hubs got 25lbs. of fat out of him.

"The way Mr. Hubs came to kill him was this: He had three good dogs, and in the night his little boy heard the dogs after something, and got up and went out. The dogs had the lion up a tree, but the boy could not see what it was, so he went back and called his father, who got up, took his double-barreled shotgun and went out. Looking up into the tree, he saw what he took to be a lynx or wildcat and blazed away with a charge of No. 8 shot, which hit the lion in the face and knocked him out of the tree, putting out both of his eyes. When he struck the ground the dogs bounced him, and he reached out and grabbed one and killed it. While he was doing that Mr. Hubs ran up, placed the muzzle of the gun against his side back of the shoulder, and killed him with the other barrel. The other two dogs were also badly hurt in the fight.

"They stretched him out while he was warm and measured him with a pole. He measured 8ft. 11¾in., so near 9ft. that they called it that."

Some of your older readers may remember that in the number commemorating the tenth anniversary of the FOREST AND STREAM I gave an account of a desperate battle that took place in Campo between the two Gaskill boys, Silas and Henry, and six Mexican outlaws, who attempted to rob their store, in which the former, although taken completely by surprise, made such a gallant defense that they not only frustrated the ruffians, but killed three and badly wounded a fourth. Henry Gaskill also was so seriously wounded that for many days his life was despaired of, but Silas escaped without a scratch.

It may be of interest to add that the trees in the immediate vicinity of Campo are mostly a low growth of large-limbed oaks, and it is probable that the panther had sought refuge in one of these.

FORKED DEER.

OAKLAND, Cal.

Commissioner Collins, Please Take Notice.

PRESTON, Conn., May 30.—Recently W. Virwes, a blacksmith, living within the city limits, shot in the meadow back of his shop what is supposed to be a clapper rail (*Rallus crepitans*). The bird measured from tip of bill to end of tail about 15in. and weighed over 1lb.; it was in spring plumage, the olive brown sides having lighter and darker stripes. Fifty years ago rail shooting in the lower Connecticut valley was a very enjoyable sport, the birds being very plenty. The larger varieties are now very scarce, but the smaller kinds still furnish good shooting.

E. M. BROWN.

Michigan Reform Not Reached.

SAGINAW, Mich., May 31.—I understand our Legislature has adjourned without passing either the general fish or game law. Thus we will still have spring shooting, still have selling of game, and will have to struggle along for two years more, at least, with everyone doing all they can to exterminate the few game birds left in our State.

W. B. MERSHON.

North Dakota Game Abundant.

GALESBURG, N. D.—Game prospects are very fine for this year. I never saw bird life more abundant in the twelve years I have been here. Chickens are especially numerous. More geese here this spring than in many years; gone north to breed now. Water is very scarce in the sloughs, and ducks are not as plenty as other game.

J. P. W.

THE Page Woven Wire Fence Company, of Adrian, Mich., have closed a contract with Mr. Edward H. Litchfield for fencing Litchfield Park, in the Adirondacks. Last fall they put in 2¼ miles of fencing as a game enclosure. The new fence will be independent of this and will enclose the entire tract of 9,300 acres. It will be 93in. high and will contain twenty horizontal strands, varying in space from 3in. at the bottom to 8in. at the top. The vertical tie wires will be 12in. apart.

The fence has proved extremely satisfactory for game preserves. It is extremely elastic and tough, and where trees have fallen on it has straightened up at once when they were removed. The top wires will resist a breaking strain of 3,300lbs. Another advantage of its elasticity is the fact that growing trees can be used for posts, thus doing away with one great item of expense in the construction of such fences.

Sea and River Fishing.

AN OLD STORY.

DEDICATED TO A FOUR-POUND TROUT.

THE waters slip 'neath the willows green
Which lightly stoop to kiss,
Then away they dance in the sunbeam's glance
To smile in a ripple of bliss,
And hurry on in a silvery sheen
To swirl in the pool so near,
While the breezes play and softly say,
"There's a big fellow lurking here."

The swallows sport in the blue above,
And the meadow lark sings below,
While the clouds float by in the summer sky,
And the robins come and go.
A warbler whistles his notes of love
To the mate he holds so dear,
And over the pool he calls, "Oh, fool!
There's a big fellow lurking here."

I take the hint, and lightly throw
Till my hackles and ibis bright
Can just be seen 'mid the water's sheen
On the edge of the foam so white.
Then out from the foam there seems to go
A shadow, as if in fear;
And past I feel a whisper steal,
"There's a big fellow lurking here."

Once more I throw, then wait to feel
The thrill I love so well;
To hear the quick and blithesome click
Of the reel its story tell.
Ah, quiet now! Was that the reel?
It was; and loud and clear
It sings to me in merry glee,
"There's a big fellow lurking here."

Oh, nobly doth the lancewood bend,
To check each desperate lunge;
Each rushing whirl and mighty swirl,
Each sudden rapid plunge.
The while each move I watchful tend
Until with a feeling queer,
As if but a boy, I shout with joy,
"There's a big fellow lurking here."

And now I stand with victory's flush,
I know that I surely win.
The fight is fought, the net is brought
And I stoop to take him in.
But what means that sudden backward rush?
That snap there in my rear?
The line in twain bears this refrain,
"There's a big fellow lurking here."

WALDO.

TROUTING ON CAPE COD.

"I GO a-fishing," said Peter, nearly twenty centuries ago; and he went, and when he had cast his net on the right side of the ship he and they that were with him "were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes."

Since that memorable day, so long ago, what a vast army of men have, like Peter, been a-fishing; but how very, very few have like them been unable to draw their nets for the multitude of fishes. However, is not, after all, the multitude of fishes (providing we can catch them) a very small part of the object of a fishing trip? Is it not rather the pleasure of being out of doors; of communing freely with nature; of revisiting old haunts or perchance exploring new ones; of once more wading and splashing in the water or of stealing cautiously, noiselessly along by some deep pool, momentarily expecting to hook a "big one;" of watching the swallows sporting high above; of listening to the melodies of the songsters in the hedges; of taking long, deep breaths of clear, pure air; of feeling that you are far from the heat and strife of the city, and once more enjoying the happy freedom of boyhood's day. Is not all this, I say, what constitutes the real true enjoyment of a fishing trip?

At least so thought I, as some three weeks ago I boarded a train bound for old Cape Cod, and in reply to the question of a friend quoted Peter's own words, "I go a fishing."

With what pleasant memories I whiled away the tedium of the railway journey. Once more in imagination the brown hackle was lightly floating over the big hole above the railroad, or the white miller was circling in the eddy below; once more the fat, luscious worm was wriggling in the most alluring manner beneath the old half sunken log; and once more the silver-bellied minnow was vainly trying to avoid some unseen danger in the little pool at the foot of the falls. And so on, never once stopping to think that probably those old familiar haunts had long since been either fished out or else leased by the city sportsman with plenty of money.

The conductor's cry of "Sandwich! Sandwich!" brought me from my reverie to a realization of the fact that this was my stopping place, and that I must collect my traps and "hustle" to get off. My! how quiet the dear old town did seem, and how dark it was to me, coming, as I had, from the electric lights of the city.

But the air! How good it was—so clear, so pure, and with just a hint of the salt marshes and the deep, blue sea beyond.

"Why ar'n't you fishing?" from the first person I meet the next morning, as I sally forth to make some early morning calls; and "What! not fishing this morning?" from the next, and so on, until it is clear that to hold my reputation I must go a fishing at once. So be it. A change of garb, my trusty little lancewood in hand, and a trout basket swinging from shoulder (basket to carry the bait, don't you know), and though late in the afternoon I head for the town brook. "Not a trout there," they say, but then what do I care. It is a pleasant brook, winding under the willows, and finally out on to the marshes, where "time and tide" have made deep, dark-looking holes; and I can fish there all I please; and was not that what I came down for?

"Easy! That was a nibble;" and that is the first trout I have caught for three years, and though he is but a little fellow, he is a "trout," and big enough to keep; and I am as elated as if he were a veritable giant of the race. Two more of the same size between the bridges and then for the big holes.

Nothing in the first or the second or the third, until—Ah, that's more like it! See how the limber rod bows and bends and checks each frantic rush. Landed at last, and if not large (he weighs ¾lb.) he is certainly a beauty; with his silvery sides, so beautifully spotted, he causes almost a pang of regret as I slip him in to join the other three.

That will do for the morning and home I hie me, with mouth already watering for the luscious dish of smoking, well-browned trout that will furnish such a treat.

And what trout!

Go through the Boston market; look at the fish displayed there and wonder, if you please, why those from Cape Cod bring nearly double the price of those from New Hampshire and elsewhere. Then come with me, sit down to a dinner of both kinds, taste first of one, then of the other, and wonder no longer at the difference in price. The Cape trout, running occasionally up to 5lbs. in weight, have, unless confined in bogs or ponds, free access to salt water, and as a rule the big ones are caught in or near the marshes. With sides and belly of a beautiful silver hue, with the spots deeply and clearly marked, the back fairly light and the flesh as pink as the pinkest salmon, he is to my mind the king of fishes. But to return to my tale.

The days go by, the trout are few and rather small, until at length George (never mind who George is. I know, he knows and a great many fish might know if they had not already gone the way that good fresh-caught fish are apt to go) announces that he knows of a hole where I have never been, and where he has caught this year several that weighed more than a pound each, one that weighed 3¼lbs. and lost one that would go 4lbs. Do I want to go? Of course I want to go! So the next morning sees me up at 3 o'clock with a three-mile tramp before me. Half way there we are joined by Fred, whom I may call our "colored guide," as it was he who first showed George the place. At 4 o'clock we are there, and a more unlikely place for trout I never saw. Away down on the marsh, almost to the beach, and standing in mud and water up to my knees, I throw my line with very much the feelings of a "doubting Thomas," and all the time those two fellows are telling such marvelous stories about what they have caught and what they have lost, that in spite of myself I find I am muttering something about the proverbial fish story. Splash! That was a trout, and a big one too. Another splash and still another, "Boys, I believe you both to be apostles of truth, but why, oh, why don't they bite?"

But they didn't, save one little fellow to Fred's scarlet-ibis, and then the tide drove us away.

Down again in the afternoon, with the same result, a smaller one to Fred's scarlet-ibis. Up at 3 A. M. the next day, with the result that George gets only a ½-pounder, and the rest nothing. The boys are muttering something about a Jonah, but I don't hear them. Up at 3 the next day, and a repetition of the previous days, save that it is I who catch the little fellow.

However, both of the others hook some big fellows that after a few moments play break away, and as I have seen several jump I am forced to believe that they are there. This is my last day, and as I slowly reel in my line I think ruefully of the big stories I told when I left the city and the very small trout I have to take back.

But those were very pleasant hours spent on the marsh, with the green hills circling in the distance and the village spires just visible through the trees.

And oh, the birds! Yellowlegs, grass birds, and plover of all kinds, for the spring flight is now on and they are protected by law. And the way Fred could call them. One could sit for hours and listen to him.

There would be a faint whistle and we would make out a flock of birds just visible over the marsh, then Fred would send them a long-drawn plaintive note, then another, and the birds would hesitate; still another, and they would head our way. A few short coaxing notes and the flock would sail (with wings set) over us as we stood without cover of any sort. Then they would circle around whistling in reply to Fred, as only plover can.

I have never heard anything like it, and don't expect to again until I go down in the fall, and with Fred to call for me, try to bring back a better bag of birds than I have basket of fish.

Home in the city once more, and momentarily expecting the postman to bring me a letter from George, with a description of that 4-pounder, I feel as I pen these words that I have indeed had a good time.

I have been a-fishing! I have waded the brooks, visited old haunts, breathed pure air, listened to the birds, torn my clothes on a barbed wire fence, scratched my hands in the brambles, wet my feet, regretfully watched the circles made by a "big one" that broke away, enjoyed to the utmost the little fellows that I caught, filled my mind with the pleasantest of recollections, and now, as I settle down to work, look eagerly forward to the time when I can once more say, "I go a-fishing." WALDO.

Adirondack Fishing Notes.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., June 1.—There are hordes of fishermen coming to and going from this region. Some have caught all they cared for, others have caught none. The good fisherman can usually get all the fish he ought to have. The greenhorns have caught only a few.

The fish caught do not run large. A 1¾-pounder was the largest that I have seen. Of ½ and ¾-pounders there are a plenty, and not a few pounders.

The fish are quick when they touch a fly, and it takes a sudden arm to strike them. Slappers, trout that knock the fly under the water before taking it in their mouths, are frequently seen. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Of Course Pompano take the Hook.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue R. P. Bell, writing from St. Petersburg, Fla., says (referring to pompano): "They do not bite at a hook." Well, perhaps they don't; but they do bite at a baited hook and afford fine sport with rod and reel, using what is called at Jupiter Inlet, Fla., sea fleas for bait. In confirmation of this statement I refer you to the following well-known gentlemen, viz.: Major H. C. McDowell, John H. McFerran, C. Lewis Diehl and "Joe" Davis, of Kentucky, who have caught pompano with rod and reel, using bait as above. NORMAN FLETCHER.

ANGLING NOTES.

Alfred C. Harmsworth.

READERS of FOREST AND STREAM will recall the series of papers which appeared in this journal last January under the caption "An Englishman's Experience of Florida Fishing," written by Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, who came to this country especially for the fishing at a season when Northern waters were closed to anglers by law as well as by the ice.

The papers in question gave ample evidence of the writer's innate desire to do full justice to the country, the people and the fishing; and that he was more than pleased generally with what he found is proof of his discriminating mind and excellent judgment.

The current issue of *Vanity Fair*, London, has for its colored supplement a full-length portrait of Mr. Harmsworth as the Conservative candidate for Parliament from Portsmouth, and under the head "Men of the Day" says: "For a boy Mr. Alfred Charles Harmsworth has already made quite a noise in the world; for though he was born only nine and twenty years ago he has achieved much wealth, some fame, considerable popularity and a reputation for succeeding in what he attempts. His father being the late Alfred Harmsworth, of the Middle Temple, he was meant for the bar; but when he saw that briefs were few and found that journalism was less fatiguing (and more profitable) he altered his ways and started *Answers*. They made him, and he is now interested in no fewer than fifteen journals, and also in the navy, of which he knows things that will prove useful when he is fairly launched on the sea of politics.

"He is full of sanguine enterprises, for his mother, who was a Miss Maffett, of County Dublin, gave him Irish virtues. He is therefore married, and last year he despatched an expedition, under Mr. Jackson, in search of the North Pole. * * *

"He is a successful fisherman, who has fished in most civilized waters and some others, and he is the writer of the tarpon department in the forthcoming Badminton book on angling.

"Journalistically it remains for him to found a daily newspaper, which he will presently do. He is a good-looking, fair-haired boy who will do Portsmouth credit."

It seems scarcely the proper term to describe one as a boy who has successfully engineered so many great enterprises as Mr. Harmsworth, and whose operations extend well over the globe. During his visit to this country he was so pleased with one of the houses that he saw in the South that he took model and plans home with him and had its counterpart erected on his estate in Kent as an office or studio.

Salmon in Lake George.

Dr. D. S. Sanford, of Long Island City, who has a country house on Sanford Island, Lake George, tells me that he thinks a landlocked salmon weighing over 10lbs. was caught in Lake George this spring. The fish was caught by Walter Brayton, and was a new fish to Brayton and other professional fishermen. Dr. Sanford saw the fish, and while he is not familiar with the appearance of landlocked salmon, from what he has been told he is quite of the opinion that that is what the fish was, and he will endeavor to have any future specimen secured for examination. I planted 5,000 salmon fry in the lake in 1887 and 5,000 more in 1890, and this is not the first time that I have heard of new fish being taken that were suspected of being salmon.

Salmon in the Delaware.

In a personal letter from Mr. Henry C. Ford, President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, he incidentally mentions the salmon in the Delaware as the result of planting fry in that stream as follows: "We deposited 60,000 Atlantic salmon fry in the headwaters of the Delaware in 1890, and the smolts were quite numerous in the upper river for two years afterward.

"This year there is quite a run of Atlantic salmon in the river. They have been taken in nearly every shad fishery from Fort Delaware to the Water Gap. They run from 9 to 12lbs. I cannot help thinking that they are the fry liberated in 1890 which are now coming up—fine, fresh-run salmon.

"Though the Delaware is southerly for a salmon river, we feel encouraged to hope that the 300,000 fry liberated in 1891 will making a still better showing next year."

It is probable that the salmon taken this year are partly from the planting of 1891, as they would be due to return as adult fish in the spring of '95, after spending two years in fresh water and two years in salt water, as was the case in the Hudson.

It would likewise seem that there is no run of grilse in the Delaware, which is one of the peculiarities of the Hudson. The first salmon to return from the sea weighed from 9 to 15lbs. It is to be hoped that now the salmon have shown that they will return to the river, everything needful will be done to establish them permanently.

Pangora and Steelwood.

A correspondent asks where the new rod woods I recently mentioned, pangora and steelwood, could be obtained. The types made me say pangord instead of pangora, which is correct.

I do not know as either wood can be obtained, certainly not in this country, as two English dealers appear to have a cinch on the two woods under the names given. The pangora rods are made by Dunhill, 125 Euston Road, London, N. W., England, and the steelwood by James Ogden, 28 Winchcomb street, Cheltenham, England.

Since my note was written the following claim has been made for the pangora wood by its chief advocate:

"Pangora being similar to hickory, that hickory of a suitable growth is better than greenheart, and that pangora, owing to its lightness, is more suitable for the purpose intended." My correspondent is an amateur rod maker, who has had considerable experience with various rod woods, and if he succeeds in getting the woods at the addresses given will he not give his opinion of them in FOREST AND STREAM? I advise him first to try the steelwood.

Kilburne's Trout.

It is but a few weeks since I mentioned the sale of a copy of Goode's "Game Fishes of the United States," at auction, for more than four times the publishers' price, and referred to S. A. Kilburne's brook trout, painted for that work, as perhaps the best painting of our brook trout that ever came from the brush of any artist.

At the Sportsmen's Exposition in Madison Square Garden I noticed what I assumed to be the original painting, as it was in the exhibit of Chas. Scribner's Sons, the publishers of the work; but the attendant told me it was only a copy. There was another copy, I discovered later, in another exhibit. Both bore the artist's signature, and there was nothing to indicate that they were copies of the original. If nothing more, it was an evidence of the popularity of this particular picture. Scribner's agent told me that he did not know who owned the original painting.

There was another exhibit at the Exposition which interested me, as it was a mounted trout said to have been a native brook trout, and its weight was given at 13½lbs. I had no opportunity to examine the mounted fish, but I would be glad to know where the fish was caught, who caught it, etc., if any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can furnish the information. A. N. CHENEY.

A BUDGET OF BOSTON NEWS.

BOSTON, June 1.—The Chapman party, which lately returned from a salmon fishing trip to Weld Pond and Sebago Lake, met again the other evening for a dinner at the Boston Exchange Club as the guests of Charles A. Kilham. It proved to be a festive occasion and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Anecdote and jest never lag when Harberger and Littleton are present, and these gentlemen were at their best on that particular evening. Arrangements to make an annual trip were talked over, and Grand Lake Stream was the place selected for next year. The following gentlemen were present: Dr. W. G. Kendall, Albert Bevuard, L. Dana Chapman, J. A. Littleton, J. L. Harberger, Geo. R. Hall, Chas. A. Kilham, Commissioner H. O. Stanley, W. C. Gregory and J. E. Meigs.

A 21-pound lake trout in one of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's show windows one afternoon last week attracted the attention of very many passers-by. The fish measured just one yard, and was taken at Moosehead Lake by Dr. J. C. French, of Boston. It was caught in trolling on a 4 0 Carlisle round hook, and took fully one-half hour to land. I believe it to be one of the largest lakers taken from these waters, at least I can find no record of a larger fish, and I think it tops the list. The Doctor had only been there a couple of days, and was out fishing with Orin Templeton for guide. He is to be congratulated on his great luck.

Boston sportsmen had an opportunity during the past week to visit for a short time with that ever-popular Maine guide, Ed. Grant. It is not often that this gentleman finds time to leave his native heath, but he has been on to New York as one of the party in charge of the Maine Central exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition. He could not pass through the Hub without stopping to see his old friends, and was well cared for during his short stay.

The Duck Lake Club have just returned from the Schoodie Lakes, where they have been for the past two weeks. They had a glorious time and report very fair fishing. The largest salmon taken weighed 5½lbs. The largest togue 10½lbs. This club has a home camp on the shores of Duck Lake, with a branch camp at the head of Grand Lake, and another at Pleasant Lake. An invitation to join the club on one of their pleasant outings is considered a great piece of luck, as their pleasant quarters and genial companionship are well known to all. The gentlemen and guests who made up the party just returned are H. O. Underwood, William B. Lambert, H. L. Harding, Edward Read, C. W. Shaw, E. C. Johnson, G. W. Wheeler, and H. K. Brown.

Pine Point Camps, Weld Pond, Me., is the destination of a party of Boston men who left on Saturday last, intending to spend two weeks in fishing the waters of this beautiful lake. C. A. Woodward, business manager of the Oliver Ditson Co.; Leon Keach, of the same concern, and H. F. Morse, Junior Grand Warden of Massachusetts Masons, make up the party who left on Saturday. They will be joined in a few days by Myron W. Whitney, the well-known singer, who is about returning from an extended trip over the Megantic Preserve. Mr. Keach is a great lover of photography, and may be called an expert at the art. Last year this party made a trip over the King and Bartlett preserve, and the pictures taken of the crowd while there were both instructive and amusing.

Dr. F. E. Greene, of Boston, leaves on Monday for his summer home on Long Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. He will be there during the entire season, only coming to the city about once a month to look after his business interests. The Doctor is a fisherman through and through, and has made some great catches of bass at the lake. Being near the White Mountain district, he also fishes the streams of that region for trout, and is well acquainted with all the best localities to enjoy his pet pastime.

There are not many sportsmen better acquainted with the waters of the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes, than J. M. Niles, of Boston. He has visited this point many times, and always manages to get his share of rewards. With a friend he will leave in a few days on his second trip of this season, having returned but a short time ago from a trolling excursion to the same region. This time it is fly-fishing, and may good luck attend his efforts.

Decoration Day was ladies' day on Sebago Lake. So remarked a Portland friend of mine, a member of a fishing club with the Indian name of Ancocisco, meaning, I believe, "place of rest." T. P. R. Cartland and wife, Henry Whitman and wife and H. A. Clay and wife, all of Portland, made up the Memorial Day party, and as the ladies had all the luck, my friend very appropriately named the day as their own. Mrs. Cartland landed a 5½lbs. salmon, hooked and lost two nice fish. Mrs. Clay landed a 4½lbs. salmon and lost one. The fishing was excellent all over the lake, and there were many parties out. A new club has just been organized, with camps at Spider Island. The membership at present consists of five each Boston and Portland men, all high-grade anglers.

The L. D. Chapman party to the Megantic preserve left on Wednesday last for a ten days' trip. They will go in at the club house, and come down through the preserve to Eustis, stopping at all the principal camps, and fishing every good place where there is a chance to drop a line. Most of the party are old campaigners, there being, I think, but one member who has not been over the ground before. J. J. Henry, Horace S. Dame, L. D. Chapman and Myron L. Whetherbee, of Boston, and Geo. P. Kimball, of Nashua, are the men who make up the list.

B. F. Wild and wife, J. F. Wellington and wife (the gentlemen well known in the coal trade in Boston), Geo. Macomber and wife, J. B. Viall and wife, and J. A. Faulkner and wife, of Lowell, have just left for a ten days' trip to Moosehead Lake. They will stop at the Kineo House, and the gentlemen at least will devote almost the entire time to fishing, endeavoring to land some of the big lakers, similar to those which have been so freely caught at Moosehead this season.

J. A. Littleton and Geo. R. Hall, of Boston, returned a few days ago from the King and Bartlett preserve. Mr. Littleton says he will know again when to go there after big trout. His trip this year was the earliest he has made, and he found the minnows crowding up into shoal water at the mouth of Bear Brook, the trout following after to feed on them. On June 2, Dr. F. M. Johnson and three others will leave for the King and Bartlett camps. June 6, Chas. W. and W. J. Epting leave Philadelphia for a trip through the fishing resorts of the Dead River region, ending up with a long stay at King and Bartlett. These gentlemen have visited the Dead River country several times, and are well known to most of the guides and many other sportsmen. They are cordially welcomed everywhere, and it may truthfully be said that no one can be more popular than the "Eptings." Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Littleton leave Boston on June 8 with a small party of friends, bound for King and Bartlett. To the same place later in the season Dr. and Miss Mary E. Van Zandt, Dr. T. D. Myers and party, and A. J. Wermelsdorf and family, all from Philadelphia. On June 15, from Boston, T. H. Rollinson and wife, E. L. Barry and wife, Geo. L. Tracy and S. Y. Nash.

The Katahdin Iron Works, Maine, is the destination of a party of good fellows who left Boston a few days ago to fish this celebrated region. James S. Richards, Wm. F. Kimball, Jasper M. Keller, Frank N. Sleeper, and Wm. J. Follett, of Boston, and Wm. B. Tobey, of North Berwick, Me., are the men who compose the party, and the trout will have a chance to be hooked with skilled hands this time. HACKLE.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Most of the members of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club, whose arrival here on their way to their preserves at Kiskisink was recently noted in FOREST AND STREAM, have returned home after a most successful fishing trip, despite the steady rain that prevailed during most of the time that they spent upon their waters. The fish ran large and rose freely. Among others who joined the party at Kiskisink was the Hon. T. B. Reed, of Maine, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Messrs. Geo. E. Hart, Irving Atwood and Chas. Turner, of Waterbury, and Wallace Durand, of Newark, N. J., are having great sport at the somewhat newly formed Nomantum Club, whose limits are thirty miles south of Lake St. John. Despite the rain I spent four happy days there with them in the early part of the week, enjoying to the full the best and wittiest of camping society and the grandest of fly-fishing. Mr. Durand topped the score with a four-pounder, while I remained in camp; but even better sport has been had since I left the limits. My friends expect to leave the woods on Wednesday next and to return in September. This club owns probably the finest trout waters in the province, and includes in its membership Mr. Bennett, the president, and Mr. Hooper, the vice-president of the Winchester Arms Company. It controls some thirty or forty lakes in which no white man has yet wet a line, and its main club house is beautifully situated upon a point jutting out into Lac des Commissaires, a handsome body of water 15 miles long, surrounded for the most part by lofty hills, the shores of the lake being wooded to the water's edge. The sportsmen now encamped in this ideal anglers' paradise are all adepts at the gentle art and familiar with all the famous fishing resorts of the Northern and Eastern States. Their sporting outfit is the most complete and certainly the most unique that comes into Canada, and ought to have had a place at the late Sportsmen's Exhibition.

Lake Edward has yielded some capital fishing this spring, and at least a couple of 5-pounders formed part of the catch of a party of friends which went home via Montreal on Thursday last, and included Fred Remington, the artist, of New York; J. W. Burdick, General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad; C. S. Weston, C. R. Manville and David Zieley. The number of American visitors to Lake Edward is increasing every year.

Ouananiche fishing in Lake St. John is something marvelous this year. A week ago a handsome 7-pound specimen was sent here by Mr. A. W. Patterson, and a day or two later Colonel Montizambert, commandant of Quebec, and Colonel George R. White killed forty-two fish in one day in Ouellet's Pool at the mouth of the Ouiatchouan, where they were guests of the owner of the riparian rights, Mr. F. Ross, of Quebec. Another day Col. Montizambert went out alone and killed eighteen fish before luncheon, running from 2 to 5lbs. each, though he made splint-wood of one of his rods. Col. White is an old-time trout fisherman, but has now made up his mind that trout are not in it with ouananiche.

Owing to the immense amount of rain that has fallen here of late, it will be some time yet before there is any appreciable fall in the waters of Lake St. John, and until then the fishing for ouananiche will be good both in the lake itself and also in the mouths of the Ouiatchouan and Metabetchouan rivers. I look for good fishing in the Grande Décharge to commence about the end of next week. Certainly by June 10 there will be no question of it. It will be at its best until about July 10.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 1.

Tarpon in Florida Waters.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., May 25.—While at Fort Myers, Florida, the first part of the month, Joseph N. Patterson, of Philadelphia, caught twenty tarpon, including one of 182lbs., which is the largest of the season. The same day he landed three others, which scored 154, 142 and 116lbs., equal to nearly 600lbs., in one inning, and beating the season's record in size and aggregate weight. H. C.

Ontario Black Bass Season.

THE Ontario black bass season will open the year at midnight of June 15.

SOME FISHING NOTES.

BLAKESLEY CAMP, June 1.—I am enjoying some very lively fishing at Blakesley Camp (Douglass & Emery, proprietors), about eighteen miles from Eustis, Me., on the Spencer stream. The stream affords the finest kind of fishing at this time. The fish are small, but voracious and full of fight. They can be caught as fast as one can cast and take off. At Blakesley Pond the water has receded so that trout rise in the liveliest fashion. About one-half hour's fishing this evening resulted in eighteen beauties, running from one-half to one pound, and the rises would have pleased the most exacting. Anybody in search of a comfortable place to catch trout will do well to write Messrs. Douglass & Emery, Eustis, Me.

CHARLES H. MEIGS.

LIBERTY FALLS, Sullivan County, N. Y., May 28.—Trout fishing in the central branch of the Mongaup, from the old Kilbourne mill down, is good now this cloudy weather. Also pickerel fishing. In Stevens Lake, 1½ miles from here, one of our boys caught 46 pickerel yesterday that weighed 19¾lbs. Prospects are good.

E. A. GREGORY.

SEBEC, Me., May 27.—Parties that I have had with me the four days I have been up the lake since Sunday, May 19, have saved 43 landlocked salmon. More than half of them would weigh 3lbs. or better each. None were killed of less than 1lb. I call this good fishing.

FRANK A. JORDAN.

LONG ISLAND.—Babylon, N. Y., May 30.—We caught between four of us 175lbs. of fish. Flounders, sea bass and blackfish in profusion; and three weakfish weighing on an average of 4lbs. JACOB EIDT, JR.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.—Clayton, N. Y., June 1.—Bass fishing opened magnificently here. About a dozen boats have been out for two days, average catches being from 20 to 40 fish per boat; size and quality of fish the best I have ever seen among the Thousand Islands, the tackle being used is very light; 4½ or 5oz. rods, G or H lines, with Skinner No. 2, casting spoon in front of a minnow. Prospects most favorable for good fishing from now forward. JAMES CHURCHWARD.

CLAYTON, N. Y., June 1.—The Minister of Marine and Fisheries has sanctioned a change in the fisheries regulations which will be welcomed by anglers. Heretofore the regulations have prohibited fishing for bass until June 30. The amended regulations will permit the catching of bass on June 15 in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Our season is opening big, bass and pickerel biting freely. I have reliable reports of this, and of the taking of 2½ to 3-pound bass. This noon I saw a fine string of pickerel and bass that were caught in a few minutes from the dock here. YOUR COMRADE IN ARMS.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., May 28.—The sixth annual fishing contest of the Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club will be held Thursday, June 20. It has been the custom among fishing tackle and other sporting goods houses to contribute prizes to be contested for by members of the club. Our organization has about three hundred members. S.

ANGLESEA, N. J., June 1.—Sea fishing here is excellent now; large catches of sea bass have been made. The season is wide open and there are bigger fish in the sea than ever came out of it. S.

Parasites in Fishes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last summer, in Lake Champlain, I caught at various times some good-sized perch, which I thought would be good eating, but was informed by the people living there that they were not good to eat in the summer, as they had worms under the back or caudal fin. Then others would say that if they were caught out in the deep water, where it was colder, they did not have these worms and were good to eat. While at Lake George I caught a great many fair-sized perch, but not so large as the Lake Champlain perch; but at Lake George they know nothing of the worms being in perch, and eat them of all sizes and at all times. But I must confess that my desire to eat perch had been a thing of the past, after I heard of the Lake Champlain worm theory.

I expect to catch more perch of course in due time, and am very desirous of knowing if they do have the worms as herein referred to, for it seems strange to me that a fine, healthy-looking and active fish can be so affected. If you can enlighten me on the subject I would fully appreciate it, and sincerely hope to hear from you in your next number if possible. APROPOS.

[Such parasites are not uncommon in perch, bass and other game fishes. They are believed to be quite harmless, and the fish may be eaten with impunity.]

The Sum and Substance of a Fishing Trip.

BOREAS RIVER, Adirondacks, N. Y., May 26.—As I went a-fishing yesterday for the first time in years, I thought I would write and tell you about it. Two of us started at about 2 o'clock, went about two miles up the Boreas River, came to a place where the water seemed to be alive with fish. There were a dozen at a time, or more I think, bobbing their heads out of the water. I could catch them just as fast as I could bait my hook and haul them in for quite a few minutes, but when the sun would shine very bright they seemed to go away for a few minutes, but would soon return. We caught ninety-one nice ones. On our way we saw some deer runways, where the deer run to the river when chased by dogs and hunters in the fall of the year; also some noted watches, where the hunters sit and watch for the deer to be driven to them to kill. The place was also pointed out to me where Dell LaBier killed his first deer, a nice large buck; also where Hermie Brace (one of the best guides) killed his large deer. We arrived at our starting place between 5 and 6 tired, but with such a nice mess of fish tiredness was soon forgotten when our friends began to admire our trout. MYRA J. LABIER.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

ANGLING WITHOUT HOOKS.

Some Fellow Fishers.

THE earnest painstaking angler, who noiselessly wades the stream in May, during the quiet interval when his feathered tempters flutter unfollowed across pool and ripple, observes much of interest in the animal life around him. His figure, corduroy-clad, moving so warily, with never a plashing footfall or clatter of dislodged stones, does not alarm the birds and beasts and he may draw very near and watch them at work or play. Soon he will find that others beside himself are busily fishing, others whose simple outfits of beady black eyes, quick sharp claws or bills can land as many and as large trout as ever he can, cast he his coachman and brown hackle never so cunningly, never so well. Their patience far exceeds his, and their knowledge of the habits and haunts of the fish, though he may refer to it as mere instinct, he must in all truth confess to be wonderful and unfailing.

The birds will be more noticeable than the other fishers because of less shyness on their part. Most familiar of all stream-side acquaintances may be reckoned the belted kingfisher, he of the flickering flight and hoarse rattling cry. His white collar gleams against his coat of slaty blue as he wrings past heading down stream. Shortly afterward as you turn some sudden bend you perceive him perched on a dry overhanging bough that droops near the stream. Motionless as the dead wood itself he eyes the shoal water beneath and suddenly darts swifter than thought to the surface. With a splash he strikes and amid the spray he rises bearing a slender silver victim. One less baby trout, you reflect, but you cannot fail to admire the skill and dash of this successful rival as he circles away with his prize in rancorous triumph.

A few rods below, where the river slides over rocky shelves, beneath arching water beeches and alders, you stumble upon a solitary green heron. Still as any statue, he stands on one slender foot and the calm surface of the little shallow cove reflects the lustrous dark green of his crest and wings. Though you cannot see them, he has descried a shoal of yearling trout aimlessly floating in away from the troubled waters of the main creek. With serpent-like movement the neck curves outward and the bill descends unerringly into the pool. Before he can swallow the dainty tid-bit in peace, a big trout has plunged from the foam-embroidered basin under the hemlock stump, and the alluring but revengeful green drake has gripped him with its steel-barbed sting. The frightened fish thrashes the surface, and the silent bird, stretching its long legs wasp-like behind it, rises and flits from view. In the old deserted mill pond whither he now flies he will have to content himself with the more plebeian dace and shiners, but there no human marauder will intrude.

Where the brook broadened out under overshadowing pines and hemlocks the angler comes upon a beautiful sight—a pair of wood ducks feeding. These smallest of our ducks are also the most gorgeous in color. Green, purple, orange, white and black flash on the eye as the alarmed birds skim away into the cover. They, too, are expert fishers, as are the commoner and homely black or dusky duck, and in a season both will destroy hundreds of young fry. Haunting the more secluded and bush-grown water courses, they suffer comparatively little danger of attack. Human anglers occasionally alarm and hawks now and then pursue, but among the rank swamp growth Sir Falcon is at a disadvantage.

Now the way leads through the deep woods. Giant oaks and chestnuts shadow the rifts and deep holes. Big trout hide in the black recesses behind roots and fallen trees. Only here and there an unwary one rises to his death. Mostly they are too old and wise. After nightfall they will stir out and begin to feed. High overhead sails an osprey on wings wide-spreading and strong. Though he is full an hundred feet above the creek, he sees every movement in its depths. Lower and lower he settles, and then, after hanging poised in midair a second, he makes a plunge. Dripping, he slowly rises, holding in his cruel talons a good half-pound trout. Enraged, the human rival draws a revolver and fires again and again at the fast disappearing fish hawk. As he returns his unavailing weapon to its resting place he relents, for some baby ospreys probably are watching for that mother and her burden of trout with hungry little eyes.

In the unsheltered meadow stretches the angler finds on the moist sandbars the innumerable prints of birds' feet. Here the spotted sandpipers (commonly called "tip-ups") have run along the water edge. "*Peet-weet! peet-weet!*" There is a shrill-voiced pair of them settling on yonder shingle. How daintily they trip over the pebbles, poking those slender bills far into the sand in search of food. Yet if in a tiny puddle left by the receding creek they find a few belated landlocked minnows or trout, they will speedily catch and devour the hapless fish. They like, too, the young of the fresh-water clam, but on the whole cannot be called professional anglers. Nevertheless they are fellow workers, in that they haunt and feed along the fisherman's dearest streams.

A keen eye soon reveals to the man of rod and reel, however, the presence of other than bird anglers. Here, on the brown, dry crest of a rock in mid-stream he finds the moist footprints of a water rat. The cunning rascal slipped out of sight when he heard the approach of the stranger. Ha! In the dark shadow of yon thick, drooping ferns on the bank is a broad, flat rock. On it sits a slender, dark creature, smaller than a house cat, and far more subtle. It is an old, old mink. He is so ancient that his fur is tinged with gray and his whiskers are long and white. For fifteen summers he has dwelt in the hollow bank behind that ledge, and in the wisdom of his old age he strays not far from his doorway. Each season the man in corduroys has seen the knowing old mink, and that shifty hermit has been none the wiser. To-day while he stands, rod in hand, screened by a leafy willow, he sees the hoary mink slyly bend over the brook and with thievish celerity extract therefrom a plump, rosy-bellied fish, one that would weigh a full ¾lb. Noiselessly laughing at the old chap, he has seen him feast on his captive and after the meal wash his wrinkled face and paws with greatest care. Then the willow shakes, the rod moves, and the gay flies light near the ledge, empty now, but still tracked by damp feet. From his stronghold the mink is peering out, and while he rejoices in his secure hiding-place, who shall say a flash of envy does not burn in him when a 1lb. trout snatches the orange feather, foams and frets to break away from the web-like silken strand, and at last is lifted by the man into the now heavy creel?

A family of muskrats that live under the bank hard by are all out fishing when the human angler draws nigh. One is perched on a partially submerged log opening a fresh-water clam, of which these creatures are passionately fond. His two brothers are watching for a trout. Simultaneously they spy a victim and one captures it. Then a rough and tumble fight ensues, during which the fish escapes. Some sound or motion gives a signal of alarm, and all three with small, shrill cries slide into the creek, and one ploughing his way up stream almost runs against the boot leg of the corduroy-clad man. An old raccoon who was also fishing takes to his nimble heels and vanishes in the cleft of a decaying chestnut. The last settlement of otters appears deserted. The big brown fellows who have fished from the hemlock log for so many years do not show themselves any more. "Some miserable trapper's work," reflects he of the whip-like rod and slender whispering line, and a feeling of regret comes over him. All the others he has silently greeted as old friends, and he misses these, the only absent ones.

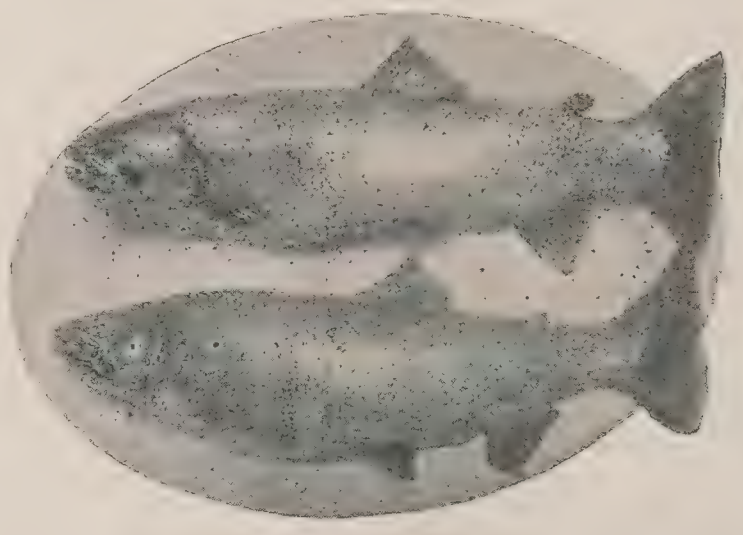
Older than all the other fishers, older than the mink or the wrinkled lynx that will creep down to fish by starlight, or the man in brown who is moving so stealthily, is the loggerhead. Probably a hundred summers have painted the green banks of that winding river and a hundred winters imprisoned its restless waters since that old mud turtle first crept into the sunlight. He is a wonderful fisher, too. Many a toothsome trout—no tiny ones either—has he seized and held in his grim jaws. How slow, how clumsy he seems as he paddles out of the man's way, but he is no idler, and one who outlives a century has no need to hasten.

The sun is low now. As its red light flares upon the trunks of the birches the man is making his last cast. A plunge in the rosy shallows and the faithful rod bends double. A foaming dash and the line comes dancing idly to the rod-tip. A leader has proved treacherous (as human leaders often have) and the grandest fish of the day is lost. Slowly the tackle is being put away when the man sees his last rival make a successful effort. From the washed-out tangled roots of a big black birch a water moccasin had crawled down to the edge. Gripping the roots behind with lightning coil he had entered the stream with flattened, eager head. A sudden dart, a writhing of the powerful gray-scaled folds and the head is drawn back. In its mouth quivers a beautiful fish. All the colors of the sunset gleam from the helpless victim's sides as he gives one desperate shake. Quicker than light a crimson streak strikes the stream; the trout has escaped, and with a light-hearted laugh he of the corduroys flings a pebble at the disappointed serpent and strikes the homeward trail.

H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

BLACK BASS NEAR BOSTON.

FOREST AND STREAM'S celebrated picture "Chained to Business" is well-known in Boston, and many unfortunate anglers of this city, when compelled to listen to the rosy yarns of friends just returned from the woods and lakes, murmur sighs of discontent as they think of their inability to get away from work to spend a few happy weeks with rod and reel. Finally, becoming convinced that it is impossible to get a long vacation, those who are most devoted to the sport begin to cast about them to find a way to cheat the "business grind" out of a few hours or a day now and then in fishing near at home. Black bass is the noble game most in mind, and very fortunately there are some places near to Boston where this fine fish can yet be found. June 1 ushers in the open season on bass, and from that time on parties are leaving the city daily to fish surrounding waters while the open



BLACK SPOTTED TROUT OF THE STILLWATER.

season lasts. As if realizing the unfortunate condition of many of her best citizens, the city of Boston (through the Water Board) has made it possible for a limited number to enjoy good fishing almost within her borders. Permits for fishing in Chestnut Hill reservoir are given to applicants by the Water Board. One permit is good for two persons, and only one is allowed each day. The fishing must be done between the hours of 4 and 7 A. M. and the city furnishes the boat. The fishing last year was very good and promises to be the same this year. Many applications are received for the necessary papers far in advance, and those who are lucky enough to get them are fortunate indeed. Not to be outdone by Boston, the City of Cambridge, just across the Charles River, follows the same general plan and issues permits to fish in Fresh Pond, the Cambridge water supply. These permits allow fishing from 4 to 8 A. M. and are only issued once in two months to same parties. Boats are furnished by the city, and bass, pickerel and large perch are the game to be had. Ten miles out at Wakefield Center there is a pond from which bass weighing as high as 4lbs. were taken last year. It is a very good place to go and is easily reached in a few moments from the city by steam and electric lines. There is another pond at Wakefield Junction, but I believe very few, if any, bass are found there. The Winchester Pond has lately been taken in by the Metropolitan Park system and I am told that all fishing in this water has been stopped. Fairhaven Bay, a sheet of water making in from the Sudbury River, is a banner place for bass and is easy to reach from the city. A friend who fished there last season captured one which tipped the scales at 6lbs. 5oz. A good way to reach this water is to take the train for Concord and then a boat three miles up the river to the bay. There is good pickerel fishing all along the Sudbury, but rather difficult to fish owing to the lilypads, which are very plentiful.

The ponds lying near Plymouth, on the Cape, are an ancient resort for Boston bass fishermen, and Nat. Hoxies's place at Chiltonville, near Plymouth, is frequented during the season by many lovers of the sport. Another place to which many bass fishermen go is the chain of lakes located near Lakeville, about thirty-four miles out on the Plymouth division of the Old Colony R. R. The first of these lakes, Assawampsett (eight or nine miles long), is the largest body of fresh water in Massachusetts. Long Pond, Elders's Pond and Little and Big Quitticus are the names of the other ponds of the system. The City of Taunton gets its water from Elders's, and it is said the fishing there is excellent. At Assawampsett there is a very good hotel, and good boats can be had at the same place. Massapoag Lake, at Sharon, twenty miles out, and Cochituate Lake, about fifteen miles out, are two more points which furnish very fair fishing. Thirty-eight miles from the city, in the town of Uxbridge, there is a pond called Nipmuck, in which are found both the large and small-mouth varieties of bass. This pond was formerly controlled by the Nipmuck Club, who controlled it for quite twenty years. Their lease expired three years ago and it is now open to all comers. Other waters accessible to Boston fishermen are Wenham and Chebacco lakes, near Salem; Singletary Pond, Sutton, Mass.; Waushaken Lake, at Sterling; Chancy Pond, Westboro; Whitinsville Pond, Whitinsville, and Podunk Pond, East Brookfield.

HACKLE.

Connecticut Trout of Size.

PRESTON, Conn., May 30.—Yesterday a Goliath of a trout was brought to the city by a Voluntown man. One of his farm hands captured the fish in a brook adjoining his property. The beauty tipped the scales at exactly 3¾lbs., the largest caught in this vicinity for several years. The man sold it for $1. Another Voluntown man brought in one weighing 1lb. 9oz.

Robert Staub made a visit to the trout pools last week and returned with 26 trout, weighing from ½lb. to 1½lbs. apiece. Robert knows where the trout hide and how to capture them.

E. M. BROWN.

The Leap of the Hooked Fish.

HERE is what Oppian (who lived in the second century) has to say about it:

"The crafty bass, whene'er they conscious feel
Deep in their jaws infix'd the barbed steel,
Writhing with restive fury, backwards bound,
The hook dismissing through the widen'd wound."

Two Stillwater Trout.

MR. JOHN D. LOZEKAMP sends us a photograph of two trout taken in the Stillwater River, Mont. The upper one is a male caught by O. E. Finklenberg, and the lower a female caught by Mr. Lozekamp. They are remarkably uniform in size. The platter upon which they were photographed is 23½in. in length. The fish were taken with the black gnat.

HOT WEATHER AND FISHING GO TOGETHER.—Ask George H. Heafford, G. P. A. of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, for the little book "About Fishing." It says where to go.—*Adv.*

Game and Fish Protection.

SOME MAINE FACTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your issue of May 11 that Mr. H. O. Stanley criticises your editorial indorsing an article by me in your paper of March 23, entitled "Those Ninety Deer." As I am the cause of this criticism, and as he denies the correctness of several of my statements, I think it but fair to you and myself that I should prove the truth of what I then said.

As Mr. Stanley in his article says that it was not an answer to me, but "addressed strictly to yourself," I propose in this to ignore Mr. Stanley entirely and write to you personally. As he has said that if I have "any grievances or suggestions to make I shall be treated with proper respect if I will apply to the Commissioners of Fish and Game," so I will extend the same courtesy to him when he applies personally to me.

I find no fault with Mr. Stanley's first complaint, that you have overrated my knowledge of game protection. I thank you sincerely for your good opinion of me in this respect, but am rather inclined to agree with Mr. Stanley, and am not aware of ever claiming to be a walking encyclopædia on game matters.

His second grievance is that I wrote I saw trout on the bill of fare at the Augusta House. He admits that the word "trout" was on the bill of fare, but insists that they were not trout, and proves it by telling a story of how he helped impose on the guests at a hotel by feeding them on suckers under the name of perch. The only point I can see in this story is that he helped deceive people. This I do not question. He does not deny that for years trout have in close time been on the bill of fare at the Augusta House, and that he, a Commissioner appointed and sworn to see that the game laws were not violated, has allowed this to pass unrebuked. It makes very little odds what kind of fish were offered under the name of trout; the fact remains that the public have for years been led to believe that trout were freely eaten by Senators and Representatives right under the eyes of the Commissioners; and the many hotel keepers from other places, having such an object lesson given them, might be expected to do the same.

Now, as to what these fish were. I did not taste of them myself, but in appearance they were lake trout, or, as we usually call them, togue; and several of my friends, who are good judges of fish and who ate them on different days, pronounced them togue.

If Mr. Stanley has examined these fish and knows what they are, why does he not give the public the benefit of his knowledge by stating plainly what they are, so that the whole State may enjoy them in close time when other fish are forbidden?

Mr. Stanley also quotes me as writing that I saw large quantities of trout openly displayed at Augusta for sale.

This is what he says, but not what I wrote. If he will refer to my article he will see that I wrote lake trout, and not trout. His omission of this one word, which probably was not by accident, alters the force of the whole. Now, as to this, I say squarely that I did see lake trout openly displayed for sale in close time. There are a great many things which I have yet to learn, but I believe that I know a togue when I see one. I stopped and examined these, and they were togue. Just such togue are caught in some of our Maine lakes. I cannot say that these were taken in Maine, but I can say that they were for sale, fresh, on one of Augusta's principal streets. Mr. Stanley's or Mr. Chandler's seeing any other kind of fish in Augusta does not prove that I did not see lake trout just as I stated. When I asked Mr. Stilwell to look this matter up I expressly stated to him that they were lake trout. In his answer to me he said that there had been no trout in the market.

He well knew that I told him "lake trout," but he dodged the question in the same way which Mr. Stanley does when he leaves out the word "lake" in quoting from my article. I not only say that these were lake trout, but I say that at the time I first saw them he admitted this himself. Mr. R. G. Leonard, now a merchant at Passadumkeag, Me., but then a teacher in the Commercial College at Augusta, wrote Mr. Stanley about these togue. Here is what he states in a letter lately received:

PASSADUMKEAG, Me., May 16.—*Mr. Manly Hardy:* DEAR SIR—In reply to your letter of the 15th inst., will say that I did write Mr. Stanley about the togue on sale in Augusta that winter. He wrote me that he knew of no arrests being made there for the illegal sale of such fish, and said that they were not caught in this State, but came from Lake Ontario. Yours truly, R. G. LEONARD.

To which may be added the following affidavit:

This certifies that I, the undersigned, saw Commissioner Stanley's official reply to Mr. Leonard's complaint above mentioned, and the same was seen and examined by others interested in game matters; also that the Commissioner's letter admitted the justice of the complaint, stating that lake trout had been sold in Augusta in close time as affirmed, but examination showed that the fish were taken in Lake Ontario; therefore the matter had been dropped.

This further certifies that at that date the law absolutely forbade the sale of lake trout in close time; that Mr. Stanley's colleague had prosecuted the proprietor of the Bangor House in Bangor, for serving on his hotel table trout taken in a pond exempted by special law from the usual close time; and that the Supreme Bench, to whom the case was carried, decided that the law forbade selling in close time fish taken legally—as may be seen by reference to the Maine Law Court decisions, case of the State vs. Flavius O. Beal, Maine Reports, vol. 75, p. 289. FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM.

PENOBSCOT, *ss.*—BREWER, May 24, 1895.—Personally appeared Fannie Hardy Eckstorm and took oath that the foregoing statement is correct according to her best knowledge and belief.

FRANK H. WICKERSON, Justice of the Peace.

These statements prove that Mr. Stanley either was ignorant of the laws relating to the sale of togue at the season or that he knowingly allowed them to be violated with impunity.

Mr. Stanley next states that the man arrested for selling salted Newfoundland trout was not fined. Mr. Eben C. Morse—a warden who told me that he was paid $200 a year by Mr. Wentworth specially to look after game matters—told me that he went on the market, bought two trout, arrested the man, brought him before Judge Vose, and that the man was fined $10. Now Mr. Stanley says he was convicted, but not fined. Why? Because he appealed! This does not disprove my statement that he was fined. What are they prosecuting the case for now? Why—for the fine the man refused to pay. I am prepared to prove that salted trout had been openly exposed for sale on Broad street in Bangor for weeks previous to this, but the warden arrested the peddler and not the merchant.

Mr. Stanley states that the charge that the rich man has been allowed to kill to waste, while the poor man who kills to feed his family is arrested, is ridiculous, and that I know better. I simply stated what I know to be true, and few respectable men who know me will say that I ever knowingly make a false statement. I will ask how it happened that the warden who went to Chesuncook when Col. Seigler's party of some forty or more persons were encamped within a few miles of there—and as one of the party afterwards wrote in a newspaper article were "living on the best of fish and game," though it was summer—did not trouble this large party, but arrested Charles Smith and Thomas Gero, of Chesuncook, for killing meat for their families and lodged them in Bangor jail; and collected a heavy fine of Geo. C. Luce, of Northeast Carry, for having meat on his table; and arrested Mr. Scribner and took him down the lake for killing a deer for his family, leaving his wife and her babe nine miles from the nearest neighbor, as a guide wrote me at the time? This to me looks a little like favoring the rich.

In regard to my statement that a prominent Bangor merchant offered to testify that he paid money to a warden not to see a deer he was shipping a friend, and that he gave the name of the warden to whom he paid it, Mr. Stanley says: "All I can say is that I think he is making an assertion that he cannot back up and I believe is untrue." * * * "Can you believe a merchant can be found who is fool enough, even if he had done what Mr. Hardy says, to testify to anything of that kind?" "I challenge Mr. Hardy to produce the proof."

Well, I accept the challenge, and if it is damaging to the commissioners or any warden, it is the fault of Mr. Stanley, as I give the proof at his request.

BANGOR, Me., May 14, 1895.—This certifies that the undersigned, C. M. Conant, of Bangor, Me., and A. C. Tyler, of Boston, Mass., with Jefferson Nealley, of Monroe, Me., killed several deer in the fall of 1891, and wished to send one to Boston for Mr. Tyler. We went to the office of Warden George W. Harriman, of Bangor, and asked if he could arrange it so that the deer could be shipped. He replied that he could. One of the party paid him $2 and he agreed to meet us at the depot when the noon train left. Mr. Harriman came according to agreement, and the deer, which was marked for Mr. A. C. Tyler, of Boston, was shipped and was duly received in Boston.

C. M. CONANT,
ALFRED C. TYLER.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, SUFFOLK, *ss.*—BOSTON, May 16, 1895.—There personally appeared the above-named Alfred C. Tyler, and made oath that the foregoing statement by him subscribed is true. Before me, EDGAR R. CHAMPLIN, Justice of the Peace.

STATE OF MAINE, COUNTY OF PENOBSCOT, *ss.*—BANGOR, Me., May 22, 1895.—There personally appeared the above-named Charles M. Conant, and made oath that the foregoing statement by him subscribed is true. Before me, CHARLES DAVIS, Notary Public.

Mr. Stanley further says: "If it is true the Commissioners will be very glad to know it." If the Commissioners did not know this long ago it is their own fault. Mr. Conant tells me that he told Mr. Wentworth of this last fall, and I will testify under oath that I told Warden Eben C. Morse of it and offered to prove it by Mr. Conant if Mr. Morse would go to Mr. Conant's store with me, and t was Mr. Morse who advised me to have the man arrested if I could prove it. This looks a good deal as if the Commissioners wanted to know of such things!

Now as to the last question: "If Mr. Hardy knows so much about the illegal shipping of deer from Bangor, why don't he inform the Commissioners, *which he has not done?*" (The italics are mine.)

My answer to this is that, after having in vain tried to call the attention of wardens to it, finally at the meeting of the Fish and Game Association in Bangor a year ago last winter, when both Commissioners and many wardens were present, I not only made the same statements of which he here speaks, but stated on the authority of a member of the Association that at least 200 deer had been sold to market men that season, and I gave proof that only about twenty were skinned here, showing that only these were cut up to sell in Bangor. I also stated how the wardens pocketed fines belonging to the State, and gave an instance of one who sold me over $100 worth of seized hides and who, Mr. Stilwell said, kept the whole part of the proceeds belonging to the State; and I said that the warden I referred to was then sitting in front of me, and I called on him to rise and deny it if he could. I ask Mr. Stanley if that is not being interested in game protection and "informing the Commissioners?" Does Mr. Stanley remember talking in a friendly way with me after the meeting and not disputing a word I said? Or has he forgotten stating in the store of S. L. Crosby before he left Bangor that "nine-tenths of what Mr. Hardy said was true?" And I could have proved to him that the other one-tenth was also true if he had spoken to me about it.

I am certainly surprised at one of the statements made by Mr. Stanley: "There is no law on our statutes to prevent every deer, moose and caribou brought into Bangor being bought, sold and shipped to Boston legally. You can go into Bangor in open time, buy two deer, one moose and one caribou and ship them to Boston or elsewhere. Any man going to Boston can do the same. There is no law to prevent it." I do not question his word on the construction he puts on the law; but I wonder that a commissioner should in so public a manner and in such unmistakable terms inform the public that there is really no restraint on the shipment of game from Maine. As it now is, every master of a vessel can carry twice as many deer as he has persons on board; any employee on any railroad or steamer can carry two at every trip. Previous to this it has been understood that the person killing must accompany the game, but now it seems that any one can carry it. It looks as if market-hunting would again be in fashion.

Having differed from Mr. Stanley on so many points, I take great pleasure in agreeing with him in one of his statements: "Throwing mud may be all right for boys, but not for gentlemen, even if you have the most ammunition on your side." I do not think that any gentleman will do this, and I freely concede his claim to having the most of that kind of ammunition on his side, even after the liberal expenditure he has made in his article.

MANLY HARDY.

BREWER, Maine, May 24.

To Protect Niagara River Fish.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 1.—At the Broezel House yesterday the preliminary arrangements looking toward the organization of a branch of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game were taken, and there is reason to believe that the matter will be pushed from now on. The meeting was called by Frank J. Amsden, of Rochester, the president of the Association, and the call was responded to by some fifty men, including the rich man and those in the humbler walks of life. All recognized a common issue in the protection of the Niagara River fish. Mayor Edgar B. Jewett was made president of the meeting and the case was stated plainly by Mr. Amsden. He said that the State Association included over one hundred clubs, representing every county in the State with the exception of Erie, and he thought it was about time that this section of the country woke up. The object of the Association was to secure good laws and build up a sentiment in favor of the protection of the fish under them. The waters of the Niagara were the natural home of the bass, muscallonge and perch, and would today be thickly populated with the fish if it were not for the excessive illegal fishing. Mr. Amsden said that the local Association would have the support and encouragement of the Association and would have the interest of the State Commission. Under the law which has just been passed, and which it is expected that the Governor will sign without delay, the Commission has the appointment of thirty-one protectors, and Erie county should have one of these protectors. Niagara county, well organized, had secured the appointment of a capable man in Pomroy, who looks after the local end of the matter until another man shall be selected. Mr. Amsden called attention to the planting of fish fry which is practised by the State Commission and showed why the Commission would be more likely to recognize a well-organized section in the distribution of this fry than to pay attention to a careless community. The breeding of muscallonge and black bass would thus be encouraged and the population of the waters of the upper Niagara increased.

J. A. Dingens was appointed to select a committee on organization, to be composed of nineteen people, and was given power to call a meeting.

The Pennsylvania Grouse Bill Veto.

GOVERNOR HASTINGS'S veto of the bill prohibiting the sale of ruffed grouse in market in the State of Pennsylvania is probably one of the most atrocious acts ever perpetrated by a governor of the State. It is not only a direct slap at, but also an insult to the 75,000 sportsmen in Pennsylvania who agreed upon and constructed the bill (conservative estimate places the number of sportsmen in the State at 75,000). Furthermore, it means the total extinction and extermination of the most noble bird that God has ever made (the ruffed grouse). Every man who is a man, whether he is sportsman or not, should remember this veto of the governor; remember that he signed away the life of the game birds of Pennsylvania to please a syndicate of cold storage men of Philadelphia, who called upon him while he had the bill under consideration and left Harrisburg, knowing that they had won their victory over the sportsmen. What a victory it was, the life of our few remaining game birds. We number at least 75,000. Why could not the bond of good-fellowship which holds us together firmly now unite us politically and make us a power, not only in this State, but in every State in the Union? The bill which the governor vetoed was adopted unanimously by the sportsmen of the State, after which it was shown to a number of the best legal minds and pronounced constitutional by them all. After the bill had been approved and pronounced constitutional money was collected to help it through the House and Senate. Sportsmen all realized that this would be their last opportunity to protect, and if the bill was defeated the few remaining game birds would be exterminated within the next five years. We have in Luzerne county a number of miners and laborers who are gunners and true sportsmen. They realized the importance of this bill and did all in their power to help it through, some contributed 25 cents and others 50, all unsolicited. A committee was sent to interview the governor personally. He gave them to understand that he was a sportsman himself and that any bill for the protection of game would meet with his approval. The slaughter of the game birds will now go on as it has heretofore and the work of extermination will be thoroughly done. In a few years the grouse, like the buffalo, will be a thing of history, thanks to Governor Hastings.—*H. M. Beck, in the Wilkes-Barre Record.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.
Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.
Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual fox-terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland. Sec'y.
Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.
Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.
Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

SETTERS VS. POINTERS.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The years are not many since when to speak of a pointer was to flout him as a field dog. The number who did not do so were few, very few. A small band, fewer still, dared to breed pointers. Their efforts were often derided, and oftener looked upon as wasted. The day of the setter was then at its highest. The fancy of the admirers of the pointer was amicably conceded to be a harmless illusion which could be indulged by the few whose minds could not appreciate the nobler and greater setter. Writers did not hesitate to publish their contempt for the short-haired bird dog. Handlers were reluctant to run him in the trials. There seemed to be a certain stigma for owning a pointer; not that it was far-reaching or weighty, but only so far as it stamped one as it were with an inferiority in sportsmanship. It denoted then that the owner of the pointer was in a lower stratum of sport. But times have changed.

A few years have brought forth new history. The setter no longer stands on a higher plane of ability than does the pointer. And all this has been brought about in a few years. So quietly has the change been made that but few have been conscious of it. It has come without the tooting of horns and tumultuous bustle which has marked the improvement of the setter. It is better so. Real merit is sure to triumph in the end. The pointer has that merit. He has triumphed.

So common was the support of the English setter a few years ago that the pointer always competed against great odds. There was a lively public prejudice against him, which was not a small matter. If two dogs are against each other in a race, the more popular one has the advantage even though all else be equal. Through such prejudice the pointer was struggling through many years. His honors when won were his without sympathy; they were on nothing else but merit. To be beaten by a pointer, even though the beaten setter was a good one, carried with it more than mere defeat; it was disgrace. There was no praise for the pointer. The pointers were in popular opinion all on the same dead level of inferiority. A victory over a good setter did not raise the pointer up to the high position such won him of right, nor did it win the generous praise which was his due, but rather it lowered beyond pardon the standing of the setter, for by common consent the whole race of pointers was inferior, and a dog beaten by a pointer must plainly be still more inferior.

The higher merit of the setter was and is claimed with a steadfastness which never lessened. Owners of setters have held forth his high claims incessantly. The setter's victories were grand and adorable, his defeats were smothered in excuses or had everything to condone them. There was everything to explain the setter's defeat except one thing—the pointer's superiority. The setter's victories have been paraded; they have been enumerated and many times painted; they have been admired and made much of; they have been used as a mark of merit for the sale of puppies and the multiplication of stud fees. It has been held that the setter's long coat was good in serving to keep him warm in winter and cool in summer, and that it was not out of place in burrs which stuck to it nor in mud which grossly soiled it.

But how great now is the change! The pointer has risen to a point of merit which no one can deny him. He reached it by hard work. He reached it against great odds. He reached it by a courage which could not be shaken.

In the American world, where is there to-day a setter which has such brilliant and numerous victories as Rip Rap? Where is one which ran with such honors as a puppy, and added new honors in his old age? Each of his competitions but confirmed, added to and graced his victories which had gone before. What setter ever held such form? or what one ever ran without

making bad and good runs? The great Gladstone had no such record. Nor yet had the great Count Noble. But then they lived in a different age, when the opportunities to make records were fewer.

Then there is the great Strideaway. The best setters, the cream of the land, went down before him like the autumn leaves before the storm. He furnished quick records while the setters were busy with quick excuses. But are there many setters of his age with such records? I say no.

Then there was the great and noble Kent Elgin. His sad ending can never be enough deplored. A great dog, a grand dog, a loss to the pointer breeders which cannot soon be filled. No setter could meet him as a superior. He was of the best and equal to the best. Though his life was short, it was brilliant. He was a field dog, a great dog; not a great dog as compared to a breed, but great as compared to all breeds.

Considering the odds in numbers, the records prove that the pointers are beating the setters. New lines of breeding and more plucky competition are bringing forth the inevitable results. The tide is on the turning point, and it will not be long before the pointer is the dog of fashion as he is now in fact the dog of merit. He is better and more carefully bred than the setters. His intelligence is greater. Ignorant or reckless inbreeding has not weakened his constitution nor shrunk his brain. His interests have been in the hands of a few. They were a skillful few. Their skill and patience have brought them reward.

Many other pointers of fame could be mentioned. They are all dogs of great merit. I started with no intention to name all the good dogs. I mean to call attention to a fact. The pointer is no longer the clown of the field. He is near to being the master. POINTER.

A Champion Stake.

WAVERLY, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you for publication a letter from Capt. McMurdo. I have not received the encouragement I expected, but have some nice letters from some on the proposed stake. I am not easily disappointed, and shall try to stir up the handlers a while longer. I have no dogs to run myself, and am only interested to the extent of a breeder and handler.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., May 19.—*Mr. Titus:* In reply to your letter calling upon the members of the Association of F. T. Handlers to write you on the subject of getting up a Champion stake as you propose, I can only say that I think it is a very good idea, and hope that it may be successfully carried out. For breeders who are capable of appreciating the immense value it would be to them to have such a good opportunity of judging for themselves what stud dogs are the most desirable to breed their bitches to, it would be a great boon.

No dog can run for four hours in a good bird country without showing what he amounts to, and whether he wins or not he will have the chance of establishing a reputation for himself.

I cannot think of anything in particular to suggest except that, as the trial must (owing to the necessity of having long heats) be a protracted one, it will be desirable to make such rules as will prevent any unnecessary loss of time; for instance, in case any duffers should be started, that as soon as all the judges are agreed that they are such, they should be ordered up and out.

Separate trials for pointers and setters would of course be satisfactory, but if they protract the trial considerably I think it would be well to have the question considered.

If the competition is composed of nothing but really high class dogs, it will be intensely interesting; but if any number of them should be ordinary the spectators will get sick of it and quit.

You see my idea is that it will be most important to prevent what must be a long business, being necessarily so.—C. E. MCMURDO. W. W. TITUS.

Working Beagles.

GEORGETOWN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since writing for your interesting paper two or three months ago, beagle items have seemed scarce, so perhaps it would not be intruding to again venture an opinion or two concerning working beagles.

Now in regard to a hunter, a broken beagle, give me one that I can take to the brush, sit down on a log, and the dog knows enough to start and follow a rabbit and stick to it without my following him up to keep him going.

I am too lazy to run the hound in order to have the hound run the rabbit. This applies to a broken dog, not a puppy, as a young dog is apt to be timid, and must have the assurance of the master's presence, or a broken dog to run with.

I call no beagle a good hunter that does not go to work as soon as freed from restraint, if it is to run nothing more than a mouse; for if he has the requisite propensities he will not follow, a perfect picture of docility, at your heel and wait for you to start the rabbit. Just one hour of such work as that, considering my excitable disposition, would retire him to his kennel or his grave forever.

Now, allowing we have a worker, we patiently await, after reaching the brush, the starting of the rabbit. His presence is soon made known by the silver-tongued voice of the hound. Then, if his scent is not at fault and he has hunting sense and a level head to guide him, Bunny must soon be on foot for parts unknown. Two to one he makes one or two turns to get his bearings, and to throw off the hound if possible, which, finding impossible, he flies to the farthest end of the brush, and there makes turn after turn while you are working and puffing to get up to the hunt. But stop a moment! If the dog is a true, strong scented, resolute hunter, and can follow without fault, the rabbit will probably soon be back near his starting point, so you might as well stay where you are and listen to the music. If the dog is a quitter, or if his nose is at fault, or if he is unable to run a double circle, you had surely better stand still and save your strength, as the dog will soon come and the hunt be up.

Oh, by the way, somebody spoke about speed. Well, if the dog isn't a sticker or hasn't the best of scent, the faster he runs the sooner he'll be back to you without the rabbit. Allowing he is a sticker, and has the best of scent, combined with a good deal of intelligence, he will not run faster than, by his sense of smell, he knows he is right.

Give me a strong, resolute, active, intelligent, sure-scented dog, who loves the chase and runs steady and true, and sticks till the hunt is over. I have no objections to the speed of any beagle under 15in., provided none of the above-named requisites are sacrificed to obtain it. As any animal will redouble its efforts to escape the more scared it becomes, it stands to reason it will get as far from the danger as possible. So the rabbit will make larger circles ahead of a fast sure dog than a slower one. Take the fox for example,—he will simply play with a pair of beagles, thus giving the foot hunter every opportunity of catching up and getting a shot, while ahead of a fast running fox hound he very often is not seen after the start is made. The faster the dog the larger the circle, and the less shots for the hunter. J. F. STODDARD.



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Amateur Fox Hunter.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a well-known sportsman's house in central New York, where the sportsmen are wont to gather in the inclement days of winter and shoot partridges up among the pink and black



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wads on the upper shelves, or flush a woodcock down among the shot bags back of the counter, or run a fox around the stove, on a Saturday night during one of our violent snowstorms a couple of veteran fox hunters were running a fox around the stove to the great amusement of the other sportsmen. They were also making arrangements for a hunt the following day, when one of the listeners, an amateur hunter who was very much interested, asked permission to accompany them. The old veteran replied that he did not wish to take any one who did not understand the business, as it was impossible to keep them where they should be and it was also impossible to shoot a fox when a man was along that did not understand the business.

But Mr. Amateur did not wish to be put off in that way; he promised that if the veterans would let him go he would do just what they said and stay just where they put him; so it was arranged in that way.

The next day opened clear and fair, a model day for a fox hunt. So Mr. Haywood (as I may call him) took his horse and sleigh, put in his two dogs, drove to the amateur's house, jumped in and drove to the old veteran's home. In company with him and his fox dog, we started for the Indian land, the south part of Onondaga county.

Mr. Haywood stationed himself on a point of a hill where he could overlook the surrounding country. The old veteran put Mr. Amateur in the valley by the side of an old stump, and cautioned him to remain quiet and watch him. The amateur promised in good faith he would do so. The old veteran took his station by the side of an old road-way, about twenty rods from Mr. Amateur. It was not long before the dogs had a fox running, and soon the old veteran saw the fox coming up the valley. Looking over toward the amateur, he saw him stamping his feet and slapping his arms around his body to keep warm. Giving a warning whistle, he motioned him to be quiet, but Mr. Amateur, taking it for a sign to come over, started that way; but the old veteran was up and exclaimed in a loud voice, "You charge, get down!" The amateur lost no time, but fell flat in the deep snow. The fox heard the noise and turned at right angle towards a piece of timber. The old veteran ran across the valley to intercept him, but was too late; and, forgetting Mr. Amateur, walked up the valley. Mr. Haywood saw the amateur fox hunter fall in the snow, and after the fox had passed walked down the hill, found him lying flat in the snow, nearly out of sight. He asked, "What is the trouble?"

"Hush!" said he, "Gilbert told me to charge and keep quiet, and I am going to do so."

"Come! come! get up! The fox is ten miles from here." But of no use were his commands. The amateur was a second Casabianaca. He would obey orders if it took his life. Mr. Haywood was obliged to walk nearly a mile to get Gilbert to call Amateur out of the snow, where he had melted it, and was lying on the cold wet ground. In answer to Gilbert's question why he did not get up when the fox had passed, he said, "Did you not tell me to charge and keep quiet? and I only obeyed orders, as I promised." And the result was that Mr. Amateur was laid up with a bad attack of rheumatism and sore throat. A. R. K.

Northwestern Beagle Club of America.

A MEETING of the Executive Committee of the Northwestern Beagle Club was held at Milwaukee on Tuesday, May 28, at 2 P. M. The members present were F. F. Merrill, Chas. Niss, Jr., Edward Bender, R. Engelmann, Louis Steffen. Vice-President Merrill in the chair. It was voted that the field trials be held at Columbus, Wis., beginning on Tuesday, October 22, 1895. The following classes were made for the coming field trials:

Open Class A—For dogs, all ages, 15in. and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class at field trials held in America.

Open Class B—For bitches (same conditions as Class A).

Open Class C—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any all-age class at field trials held in America.

Derby Class D—For dogs and bitches, 15in. and over 13in., whelped on or after January 1, 1894.

Derby Class E—For dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, whelped on or after January 1, 1894.

Champion Class F—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and over 13in., having won a first prize at any field trial held in America.

Champion Class G—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, having won a first prize in any field trial held in America.

Entries for Classes A, B, C, D, E, close October 5. Fee to start $5, of which $2 forfeit must accompany entry, and balance to be paid prior to starting of class.

The prizes for these classes are 35 per cent. of entry money to first, 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third.

Entries for Classes F and G close immediately before



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starting of class. Fee to start $5, which must be paid before class is started. First prize, 30 per cent.; second prize, 20 per cent. The title of Field Trial Champion will be awarded to the winners in Classes F and G. The secretary was authorized to correspond with different judges for terms, etc.

Mr. Chas. B. Rice, of Highland Park, Illinois, was admitted as a member.

Resolutions of regret at the death of the late E. Bardoe Elliott were passed. Meeting adjourned.

LOUIS STEFFEN, Secretary.

Attention is called to the closing of the U. S. F. T. Club's Derby entries on June 10. Field trial patrons should keep this in mind.

The E. Bardoe Elliott Fund.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the following subscriptions to the above fund: The subscription list is still open.—James L. Little $10, F. W. Gilbert $1, W. J. Higginson $5, F. C. Nims $10, A. W. Smith $5, Wesley Mills $1, Robert Leslie $5, B. F. Lewis $10, F. P. Kirby $1, J. A. Long $25, Basil Hayman $5, James Mortimer $10, E. M. Oldham $10, Dr. Sherwood $5, W. E. Warner $5, FOREST AND STREAM $10, John Finlayson $5, James Robinson $5, Henry Pape $5, John Read $5, *Mail and Express* Editorial Rooms by James Watson $25, Ethel and Hubert 68 cents, Dr. Foote $5, H. Clay Glover $5, H. H. Hunnewell $5, L. A. Burrits $5, Edward Brooks $5, C. F. R. Drake $5, G. W. H. Ritchie $5, a Friend $1, J. P. Willey $5, George Bell $5, Mrs. F. Smyth $10, W. Tallman $1, W. C. Ehrmann $3, Mike Murphy $1, C. A. Pratt $20, A. Trickett $5, E. W. Fiske $5, a Friend from Winnipeg $3. The following amounts have been promised: Westminster Kennel Club $25, H. W. Lacy $5, J. T. Johnson $2, Adrian C. Pickhardt $25.

JAMES MORTIMER,
Hempstead, Long Island.
EDWARD M. OLDHAM,
245 E. 56th street, New York.

Bull Terrier Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 1.—Bull terrier fanciers will please notice that the description and relative valuation of points of bull terriers as set forth in the pamphlet containing by-laws were not adopted by the club, but were simply set forth as a basis upon which to reach a final settlement by the fanciers interested. The whole matter is still open for suggestions, and is not to be considered as finally settled.

W. D. BRERETON, Secretary,
66 Third avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

DOG CHAT.

The Bardoe Elliott fund now amounts to $314.68, as per statement in another column. It is for a good cause, and well worthy of the support of all.

From an exchange we clip the following: "The greatest dog owner in the world is Gustav Jovanovitch, the cattle king of the Russian steppes. For the protection of his 1,500,000 sheep he employs no less than 35,000 shepherd dogs of various breeds." What a grand opportunity Mr. Jovanovitch would have in this country to win a kennel prize for the handler making the largest number of entries.

Dr. R. I. Hampton, Athens, Ga., who was active in field trial matters a few years since, and ran some very superior dogs, writes us that he will soon take a three weeks' fishing trip on the Brunswick coast.

In a letter of recent date Mr. Thos. Johnson writes as follows: "Our old friend, Mr. Brailsford, will be at the trials this fall. He has entered two pointers in the Continental Derby, but I have no particulars from him as yet as to what he will run in the other stakes. We often hear of American enterprise and pluck. I think Mr. Lonsdale is endowed liberally and, you can add, generously." It is indeed most welcome news which Mr. Johnson writes. Mr. Brailsford won the esteem of everyone while visiting and competing in the trials a few years ago. His many friends on this side will give him a most hearty welcome. No doubt he will find great improvement in the manner of conducting the competition as compared with the manner of it a few years since.

We are indebted to the *Oakes Weekly Republican* for the spirited illustrations of coursing scenes which we publish this week. They vividly and realistically portray interesting features of a coursing meeting, but, more important still, they are an index to the hearty good will and friendly intention of the home journals where coursing has action.

Mr. H. W. Lacy has now completed arrangements for the sale of the mezzotint engravings of "Crack Dogs of the Day," and circulars will be mailed on application to 164 West 79th street, New York. These engravings represent several of the most noted prize winners in England.

In our business columns Mr. E. E. Boynton, Camden, Me., offers fox terriers and coon kittens; Mr. P. Anderson, Gleckler, Texas, offers retriever; Ideal Portrait Co., New Haven, Conn., offers trick dog; fox hounds are offered by J. G. Albee, Athol, Mass., and H. R. Wood, New York, offers a cocker spaniel.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

JUNE.

8. Knickerbocker annual, College Point, Sound.
8. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
8. Huguenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.
8. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Cascade Rapids, Montreal.
11. Atlantic annual, New York Bay.
11. Williamsburg Club, Sound.
13. New York annual, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
15. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht classes, Montreal.
15-16. San Francisco cruise to St. Quentin, San Francisco Bay.
15. Larchmont spring regatta, Sound.
15. Philadelphia annual, Tinicum-Delaware River.
17. Massachusetts open, Nahant-Massachusetts Bay.
17. Cor., Atlantic City special cup, first race, Atlantic City.
22. Yankee Doodle-Norwood race, Hudson River.
22. Douglaston annual, Douglaston Sound.
22. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
22. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal
22. Rhode Island, annual.
22-23. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
23. California regatta, San Francisco Bay,
24. Seawanhaka Cor. annual, Oyster Bay, Sound.
24. Pavonia annual, Communipaw, New York Bay.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor. annual race to New London, Sound.
29. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
29. Yankee Doodle-Vamoose-Rex race, Sound,
29-30. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
29. New Rochelle annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
29. Dorchester open, Boston Harbor.
29. Squantum first cham., Squantum, Mass.

THAT truth is indeed stranger than fiction is again proven by the way in which the modern newspaper writer outdoes in reality, in his special field, the marvelous but imaginary work of the late Sherlock Holmes in the line of criminal detection. Wonderful as were the deductions of Mr. Holmes, they are cast quite into the shade by the everyday achievements of a yachting writer who, from two or three unverified dimensions and an unlimited supply of wild guesses, can construct the complete design of a new yacht.

There is no study more interesting and instructive to the experienced yachtsman than the comparison of the work of the different designers from year to year, noting the origin of new ideas and their influence on design. Such a course of study, if carried out regularly, is in every way beneficial; but it has its limitations, and they are far exceeded when calculations that are based on mere guesses or assumptions are carried out to the third place of decimals; and when attemps are made to compare the future performances of unknown boats by the carefully calculated location of the centers in purely fictitious designs.

If the accounts thus far received of the latest ocean horror are at all true, this "accident" is not far removed from manslaughter, for which some one should be held rigidly responsible. The steamer Colima sailed from San Francisco on May 18 with a total of 216 persons on board; she was heavily loaded, drawing 23 feet, and carried a deckload of lumber. She called last at Manzanillo, Mexico, sailing on May 25. She met heavy weather, and when off the Apisa River, at 11 A. M. on May 27, she was struck by a very heavy sea, her forward deck houses carried away, and the vessel thrown on her beam ends. The cargo shifted and she never righted, but went down, stern foremost, her captain standing by his ship and sounding the whistle as she disappeared. There was no time to launch the boats, but thirty-four persons were saved on the life rafts. The accounts say that many were injured by the timbers washed from the deck and tossed about in the heavy sea. Two small Mexican schooners were in company with the Colima, but weathered the storm safely.

So far as has thus far appeared, the cause of the disaster was the overloading and the bad stowage of the cargo, for which the stevedores in San Francisco are blamed. The overloading of a passenger steamer by freight, and badly stowed at that, is a deliberate crime, for which there can be no excuse at the present time, whatever the case may have been when the laws of stability were less thoroughly understood than they now are. The blame, if any exist in this case, lies not with the stevedores, but must be placed somewhere higher up. Every company which carries passengers on the sea should be in the possession of such expert technical knowledge as will insure that no vessel shall leave port either overloaded or with her cargo so stowed that it can under any possible circumstances shift to a serious extent; and no man is competent to command a passenger vessel on the sea until he is thoroughly informed as to her stability under all possible conditions. Ignorance of the laws of stability can never be urged as an excuse for the designer, owner or captain of a ost vessel.

The lost Colima is noteworthy as one of the first iron coasting steamers built in this country, she and her sister ship, the Colon, having been built for the Pacific Mail by the late John Roach in 1872 just after the purchase of the Chester yard from the firm of Reaney, Son & Archbald. A compound marine engine was imported from England for one of the vessels, we believe the Colon, and was used as a model from which the engine for the other was built at the Morgan Iron Works, John Roach's New York establishment.

Valkyrie.

A great deal has been published within the past two weeks about the new Valkyrie, but nearly every statement is contradicted by others quite as reliable or else is manifestly absurd, the ballast being given at 100 long tons and the sail area at 20,000 sq. ft. The hull dimensions as given by various alleged authorities are: length over all, 128 to 130 ft; lwl, 89 ft; beam, 26 to 27 ft; draft, 18ft. to 18ft. 6in. These figures are unverified, and the exact dimensions are still unknown. The yacht was quietly launched on the spring tides in the early morning of May 27, in the presence of Mr. Watson and a few newspaper men. She had already been struck over onto a railway, the shed under which she was built having been removed; and at 1:45 A. M. the cradle was started slowly down the ways to meet the rising tide. When the tide was well up, at 1:45, the cradle was released with a run, and at 2:15 the cradle and poppet had been cleared away, and Valkyrie III. was finally afloat. There was no christening and no cheering, everything being carried out quietly by starlight aided by the electric lights. She was at once towed to the sheers, for her mast. It is stated that the first mast proved defective, and that a second one had to be made, occasioning a little delay. Captain Cranfield and his fellow skipper Capt. Sycamore have been in Glasgow for some time, and are in charge of the fitting out, with a crew of forty men under them. It is stated that the bottom will not be coppered, except the lead keel, but that the wood will be covered with a new preparation which will give a hard smooth surface, superior to that of copper. It is very doubtful whether this is possible, as both planking and seams must swell for some time; what is more likely is that the bottom has been painted temporarily and that after the planking and seams have swelled, the hull will be planed off anew and then coppered; in fact, as the yacht will sail but few races at home, the coppering might even be deferred until she is in New York.

Britannia and Ailsa.

THE regatta of the Royal Harwich Y. C. was sailed on June 3, Britannia, Ailsa, Niagara, Audrey II. and Dragon III. being among the starters. The race was sailed in smooth water with a moderate south wind. Britannia led at the line and held first place all day, the finish being timed: Britannia 2:59:42, Ailsa 3:02:14. To this must be added Britannia's allowance.

In the 20-rating class there were seven starters, Dragon III., Niagara, Stephanie, Audrey II., Luna and Mimosa. Niagara led at the start, but at one time she was fifth. At the finish, however, she was within 10s. of the winner, the times being:

Andrey II	4 07 55	Luna	4 09 54
Niagara	4 08 05	Inyoni	Withdrew
Stephanie	4 08 07	Mimosa	Withdrew
Dragon III.	4 09 34		

There has been some mystery as to whether Lord Dunraven's 20-rater is really to be called Audrey I. or Audrey II., one story current through the winter being to the effect that the unsuccessful Audrey I., designed by Lord Dunraven last year, was being altered by Summers & Payne. We understand, however, that the present Audrey is an entirely new boat in model, designed by Lord Dunraven and built by Summers & Payne. The old boat was destroyed, and the lead and such parts as were available were used in constructing the new one.

Niagara.

THE Gould 20 rater Niagara sailed her first race on May 30, in the Lowestoft regatta on the East Coast, her only opponent being Lord Dudley's Inyoni, a fin keel designed by Chas. Nicholson last year. Inyoni led all day in a light wind and won easily. Niagara was finally becalmed in a foul tide and lost much time. It is said that her new sails were in a very bad condition.

Valiant.

THE steam yacht Valiant, W. K. Vanderbilt, reached New York on June 1 after a voyage of 12 days from Marseilles and 10 days from Gibraltar. Mr. Vanderbilt was accompanied by Messrs. Winfield Scott Hoyt, F. O. Beach, J. L. Webb, and Center Hitchcock. The yacht has been in the Mediterranean for over a year, having left New York on Nov. 23, 1893.

Ray, schr., has been sold to R. B. Carpenter, who will change her name to Wodmansee. The change of name is to be regretted, as it obliterates a historic boat, she having been built by George Steers in 1853 and carried the one name for 42 years.

THE VOYAGE OF THE TYRANT.

"TYRANT:" that was her name.

I do not think she came off the stocks with this singularly well adapted appellation painted in broad gold letters on her stern; *au contraire*, I think the original owner decided on the name after he had made several trips in and discovered the nature of the craft.

A 20ft. cabin sloop with a 50ft. rig, with about 500lbs. less ballast in her than she required, and consequently as cranky as a washtub. This was the Tyrant, and we went all the way from Boston to Newburyport to purchase her—that is, Dick did. I accompanied him in the capacity of Crew.

There seemed to be a rather suspicious anxiety on the part of the Yankee fisherman from whom the purchase was made to get rid of the boat, for when we had stowed our few traps and handed him his check, he pushed us off from the landing place with the remark, "Thar ye air—she's your'n," and she was—until we became hers.

Now, as a skipper Dick has no equal, and I know I am a good crew because I can wear a yachting cap with ease and grace, and can walk with that rolling motion peculiar to the stage sailor. Jealous people who pretend they are friends of mine say that this eccentricity is caused by a superabundance of adipose tissue; but, believe me, it is simply because I am so used to the sea.

As I said before, as a skipper Dick is *par excellence*. You had only to see him bring the Tyrant into a wharf to realize the truth of this statement. Ah! there was a feat of seamanship that caused even the old salts to open their eyes. This is the way it was generally brought about:

When about half a mile from his objective point the Skipper began to get excited, then he would shout, "Stand by, we're going in at the Corinthian; stand by with the boat hook," whereupon the Crew would become visibly agitated—knowing from a previous experience what this meant—and would "stand by" by going aft into the standing room and holding on to the cabin.

The Tyrant is running with the wind directly abeam, consequently the sheets are close-hauled and the board is down. By a series of short reaches she is at last brought within reasonable distance of the landing place, whereat the people on the wharf, who have been speculating as to what our intentions might be, suddenly realize what we are trying to do and rush frantically about getting boat hooks, life preservers and fenders. We are coming in very nicely when over goes the wheel, the Tyrant luffs, then hangs in stays for a few minutes, during which time she drops gradually down toward the dock stern formost, then takes the bit in her mouth and goes splurging away with her washboard under, much to the relief of the people ashore. This operation is repeated two or three times, and at last with a free sheet, which is eased off to check her way, and a fair wind, she plunges madly at the dock, jams her nose pole in between two piles and, as the sails come down with a run, swings gently around and permits herself to be made fast. The Skipper, with a very pardonable pride glowing in his russet countenance, slaps himself on the back, saying, "Well done, well done;" but an ancient mariner looking down from the stringpiece remarks to his neighbor in an audible whisper:

"Two more d— fools."

Pardon the digression.

Well, on this particular morning, with a good breeze and favoring tide, the little craft ran down the river and out into the bay. A 10ft. dory waltzed and courtesied at the end of a small cable astern, and the musical gurgle under the cutwater sounded most sweetly to our ears.

The Skipper now suggested that the centerboard be lowered, and after an exhausting effort on the part of the crew it was discovered that not more than 2ft. of the board would consent to be lowered, by reason of a gentle bulge in the middle of it. Fortunately, however, we did not need it, though we of course thought we did; so the sails were trimmed pretty near the way they should be, and with the wind dead astern we headed for where we thought Hull should be.

Yachtsmen will no doubt remember the sudden squalls of some two years ago that did so much damage to pleasure craft down East one Sunday in August. Well, that storm found the Tyrant about two or three miles off Rockport, Mass.

The Crew was the first to notice it approaching from the N.E. in the shape of a big, ragged, black, cloud and he called the Skipper's attention to it. "Pshaw!" exclaimed that gentleman, looking very knowing. "It's only a thunder shower; they are frequent occurrences in these parts," and the Crew with his usual confidence heaved a sigh of relief; but after two or three hard squalls had kept the Tyrant half way under water for a few moments, it was decided that the mainsail should be double-reefed.

After some persuasion the Tyrant condescended to come around—when we didn't expect her to, and under the direction of the Skipper, the Crew fastened the points around the boom. As there was no leech line the Crew was compelled to go astern in the dory to clew down the leech of the sail, and in order to make this task easier for him the Skipper let go the "toppin' lift." Down came the end of the boom on the run, making a savage "swipe" at the Crew; then as it landed with a solid thump on the cabin it jumped and dislocated the goose neck.

The joint efforts of the Skipper and Crew failed to get it in place again, and it was while we were fussing with it that the squall struck us.

Wind, rain and salt water all at once, and so thick that we could not see to the other end of the boat, where the jib was thrashing around like a freshly-caught flounder. After lashing the boom steady, the Skipper, with the intention of finding shelter under the lee of Thatcher's Island, ordered the Crew to hoist the jib. Forgetting in the excitement of the moment his Sandow-like strength, the Crew grasped the halyards and with one savage jerk parted them close to the sail, which immediately plunged over the bows into the water.

Two hundred pounds of Crew scrambled out on the stick to recover it; 200lbs. of Crew were ducked down under the green surges until the Skipper thought he was lost; 200lbs. of Crew came scampering back, looking for all the world like a terrier that had taken his first swim, and then with a prayer that they would reach bottom—which they didn't—both anchors were dropped overboard, and the Tyrant went bounding along, with the Salvages, over which the white spume was flying as high as the beacon, directly under her lee bow.

I must confess I thought of my creditors for a moment and was sorry for them. I even promised I would settle all my bills if I ever reached shore alive, and that ever after I should lead such a good life that when I died they would erect a monument to me—and then the anchor clutched the rocky bottom, and I made up my mind that if my creditors could afford to trust me, they were rich enough to wait until I could pay. So we dived down into the cabin and sought the consolation of the weedy bowl.

We rather expected, however, that the Tyrant would spring some new surprise on us presently—and she did; in one of her wildest plunges we felt a shock and then we were swung around like an apple on a string; one of the hawsers had parted and a moment later we noticed that the tender, 10ft. of dory, at $1 per foot, was sailing away in the mist and making very good weather of it, too. It had been made fast all right, for the Crew had tied that knot—the line had parted, but the knot remained, and in fact it took a week's hard study to unravel the mysteries of it.

The remaining anchor was not enough to hold us, and we were rapidly approaching the Salvages when one of the flukes evidently caught beneath a rock, and with a sharp jerk the Tyrant snubbed sharply and came about, head on to the surges.

Then came a towering comber with an angry edge of froth curling on its crest, down it came upon the trembling Tyrant, straddling her bows like a big green devil, and as the waters went hissing and boiling by the washboard, the cable parted and we started to drift rapidly toward the ledges, nearer, nearer, until at last we were within a stone's throw of the breakers that made constant war on the ragged rocks.

Just as we were preparing for a swim, she suddenly sheered off, bowing politely, and in another moment we were to leeward, drifting about between a number of piles, evidently the frame work for a new breakwater. How we ever escaped I can never tell, for I do not know.

Through a great tear in a purple cloud came a shaft of sunlight, gilding the tumbled waters and awakening the rainbows in the flying spray, and out from under the lee of Thatcher's Island came a black sloop with her jib in ribbons staggering under a closely reefed mainsail. Presently they came within hailing distance; we explained our position and after some difficulty succeeded in catching the line they threw us, and it took that big sloop from 2 o'clock to 7 to tow us into Rockport Harbor. Not a cent would they accept, not even our offer of a new jib, and I shall always hold a warm place in my heart for the little town of Newburyport, where these "good people" hailed from.

We slept in a hotel that night, and the following morning, leaving the Tyrant in the hands of a boatman to be repaired, we returned to Boston.

A week later, when Dick and I arrived at Rockport, we found the Tyrant high and dry in a little basin formed by the junction of two stone piers; and after settling the charges for repairs, our mutual exchequer consisted of just seventy-five cents. However, the Skipper had thoughtfully provided some pilot bread and "Don't need any pilot" cheese, which, together with a jug of water, we intended should last until we reached Hull—it lasted.

An attempt was made by a conscientious native, who had learned we had money left, to deprive us of the last seventy-five cents in exchange for a broken oar, and we promised to pay another who presented a $3 claim for wharfage; then we managed somehow or other to get the Tyrant into open water and headed for Hull with a free sheet, a good breeze and a pretty feather under the cutwater.

Once the Skipper intrusted the wheel to me, and shortly afterward we were lying becalmed, without a breath of air in the sails.

"Where in earth has all the wind gone?" I asked; and the Skipper, casting a knowing eye around and observing several white sails heeling over to a good breeze all around us, answered, "Nowhere, you wooden-headed lunkhead, you've got her headed dead into it," and so I had.

The Tyrant seemed to be up to new tricks now, refusing to answer her helm readily, rolling sluggishly and heavily on the undulating ground swell. Presently we heard a knocking sound in the cabin, and a glance through the hatch revealed all the stanchions floating gayly about in a cabin full of water; this in the middle of Massachusetts Bay. Each time the boat heeled over tiny Niagaras would start at every seam above the waterline.

Hard work on the part of the Crew with a pail, however, kept her afloat, and just off the Coffins or the Graveyard, or Gibbet Island, or some other cheerfully named ledge of rocks near Hull, the wind really did die completely out, and there we were left, rolling in the hot sun, with no water in the jug. Toward sunset a fresh breeze sprang up from another quarter, and how we did fly through the golden waters into Hull Gut.

The Skipper "knew the channel, he had sailed a catboat in and out there all last summer" (he showed me the ribs of the same catboat where she went ashore), and though we were nearly swamped by a steamer which was coming out, we managed to get through somehow and reach a wharf.

The Skipper has often spoken with pride of the skillful way in which he navigated the Gut, and I have heard old and experienced sailors express themselves as being very much surprised how we ever escaped the numerous rocks with which that portion of the channel is infested; why, even the natives take a shorter and much easier way when coming or going through the tide-crossed waters. But the Skipper scorns "easy ways."

We moored the Tyrant beside a long wharf.

"Shall we trim her up a bit, Captain?" I asked.

"Trim nothing," answered he, gruffly, with a string of unnecessary adjectives, "and if she's gone in the morning I don't give a ——!"

Half an hour later two bronzed and wearied mariners lined up before the hotel bar, and four bottles of beer went gurgling and sizzling down two red hot throats. Oh how good it tasted!

There was plenty of crackers and cheese left on the Tyrant, enough to last an ocean steamer for one voyage; but we created a famine in the hotel that night. For the benefit of those who go down to the sea in ships, so they may know what to avoid doing, I have given this most truthful account of the eventful voyage of the good sloop Tyrant.

THE GENERAL.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1895.

THE last week in May was marked by the formal opening of most of the club houses and yacht stations, Memorial Day, May 30, in particular being duly celebrated by receptions and flag raising, and in many cases by good racing as well. Though the actual racing will hardly begin for another week, the season of 1895 is now formally inaugurated. The outlook, on the whole, is an encouraging one; there have been few large yachts built, and the established classes of the large yacht clubs are likely to show but few boats in the main; on the other hand, there has been added to the racing fleet a good number of the smaller boats, and there is every prospect of plenty of racing in the many clubs which are devoted to these craft. This means a growing and widespread interest in yachting and yacht racing in the smaller classes, which may in time offset the deplorable tendency in the largest classes toward a very few syndicate yachts of costly construction. The largest class of single-stickers is by no means as well filled or as near to preparation as is to be desired, and but little racing is to be looked for before the New York Y. C. cruise; but from the first of August to the end of September there should be many good races in the class.

So far as local and general interests are concerned, in the yachts of smaller size, of moderate cost and general utility, the outlook is better than for several years. The many yacht clubs throughout the country, the number rapidly increasing, are as a rule in a flourishing and prosperous condition, with growing membership rolls and increased fleets. One of the few very good results that may be attributed to the rapid course of out-building of late years is the introduction in distant localities of yachts of the latest model and construction; the passing away of the Boston 21-footers and the New York 25-footers, by which Alpha has been transferred to a Western lake, and El Chico and Nemadgy to the interior of New York State, with many similar changes in other classes, has led to very great improvements on the older local models. With favorable sailing weather and the improvement of business conditions which now seem probable, the season of 1895 should materially strengthen American yachting.

Atlantic Y. C. Opening.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK BAY.

Thursday, May 30.

It is quite a long time since the Atlantic Y. C. originated the custom, now so generally observed by most clubs, of celebrating the then "Decoration Day" by an opening sail of the club fleet; in the meanwhile the club has grown quite beyond the expectations of its older members. This year special efforts were made to open the season in a suitable manner, and the following programme was arranged:

1. The regular excursion of the fleet of the Atlantic Y. C., provided for in section 1 of chapter 10 of the by-laws, will take place on Decoration Day, Thursday, May 30, 1895.

2. The fleet will assemble off the club house, foot Fifty-fifth street, Brooklyn, promptly at 9:30 o'clock A. M., anchoring in two lines, 100yds. apart and parallel to the shore. All steamers, schooners and Classes 1, 2, 3 and 4 of the sloops will form the off-shore line, the schooner Sachem, Vice-Commodore Adams, on the right; all the other classes the in-shore line, the Fenella, Rear-Commodore Hazard, on the right. The southerly end of each line shall be the right of line, and shall be W.S.W. from the Atlantic Y. C. flagstaff. The flag officers designated shall take position promptly at 9:30 A. M. Yachts will take position in their respectives lines without delay, regardless of size, and without interfering with yachts already in position.

3. At 10:30 A. M. a gun will be fired from the flagship and the club signal will be hoisted at the club house. The fleet will then salute the flag as follows: Commencing on the right of the off-shore line, each yacht in line in quick succession, and in the order of its position, shall fire a gun, the in-shore line firing in like order after the off-shore line.

4. After the salute a gun will be fired from the club house at such time as the regatta committee may direct, which will be the signal for the fleet to weigh anchor and start.

5. All yachts shall cross an imaginary line between the steamboat dock at Sixty-fifth street and a stakeboat moored about 400yds. northwest of same, and the time of each yacht so crossing will be taken. A handicap gun will be fired from the club house 30 minutes after the signal gun to weigh anchor.

All schooners and Classes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of sloops will sail to and around Buoy No. 12 in the Southwest Spit, keeping the same on the port hand; thence home to club anchorage. All other classes will sail to and around Swash Channel Buoy, keeping same on port hand; thence home to club anchorage. Yachts must pass to the westward of Fort Lafayette and Romer Beacon, and to the eastward of buoys in the west bank both going and returning.

6. The finishing line will be between the club house flagstaff and a stakeboat moored about 200yds. northward of same. The racing rules of the club will be in force, except as above specified.

7. It is the request of the Regatta Committee that all yachts entering in the races of this club shall at such times display their racing number as it appears in the club book, and that they should race under such number in every event, unless otherwise directed by the Regatta Committee. All yachts crossing the line in races under the charge of the Regatta Committee of this club will be expected to display their regular racing number. Any yacht crossing the line without a number will be timed, but the committee will not be responsible for any errors or omissions that may arise from the failure to display such racing number.

8. A prize of $25, or its equivalent in silver, will be awarded the winning yacht in each class.

9. Yachts will sail in cruising trim, with anchors, chains, deck fitting, cabin furniture, and fixings in their usual places, boats on davits, on deck, or towing astern, as they are carried in cruising. Promptness in taking position is particularly requested.

This programme was carried out, the only drawback being a light wind that made but a slow race against a foul tide. The wind was very light in the morning, but after the saluting there came a breeze from southeast and the start was made at 11:30. The race was a beat out and run in, and the times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 1.		
Columbia, J. T. Perkins	Withdrew.	
SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.		
Emerald, J. Roger Maxwell	3 46 15	3 56 21
Sachem, F. T. Adams	Withdrew.	
Cavalier, Jefferson Hogan	Withdrew.	
SCHOONERS—CLASS 5.		
Fenella, W. A. Hayward	Withdrew.	
Lydia, H. W. Banks	Withdrew.	
Fearless, David Hunt	Withdrew.	
Flossie, F. Beames	Withdrew.	
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 1.		
Vigilant, George Gould	3 28 52	3 30 44
Hildegarde, C. Bergen	4 16 35	4 40 07
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 4.		
Swannanoa, Stephen Loines	5 15 51	5 42 07
Nautilus, W. D. Dickey	3 54 54	4 20 39
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	4 36 42	5 00 02
Vixen, J. C. Richardson	5 43 19	6 04 41
Eleanor, A. S. Williams	6 02 28	6 21 23
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 5.		
Moccasin, S. H. Mason	Withdrew.	
Alice, O. D. Dike	Withdrew.	
Awa, A. De Witt Cochrane	5 41 45	6 07 15
Lotowana, A. E. White	4 50 31	5 15 32
Choctaw, T. L. Arnold	4 25 32	4 40 14
Wenonah, J. G. Meehan	6 03 52	6 27 30
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 6.		
Tigress, James Weir, Jr.	3 37 30	3 59 51
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 7.		
Wabossa, H. B. Shaen	5 45 03	6 08 52
Cygnet, J. F. Hitchcock	6 45 03	6 51 18
Feydeh, E. D. Cowman	Sailed wrong course.	
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 8.		
Badger, A. F. Hogan	5 53 30	6 21 41
Allegro, F. M. Randall	4 11 04	4 33 23
CABIN CATBOATS—CLASS 1.		
Almira, Wilmer Hanan	5 13 53	5 40 23
Acorn, J. Blank	Withdrew.	

The winners were Emerald, Vigilant, Nautilus, Choctaw, Tigress, Wabossa, Allegro and Almira.

Wataugua, yawl, tried to cross the bows of Flossie, schooner, when on port tack, and a collision ensued, Wataugua withdrawing.

Harlem Y. C. Open Regatta.

CITY ISLAND—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, May 30.

THE Harlem Y. C. sailed its twelfth annual regatta, an open race, on Memorial Day with a big fleet of starters, the result being very satisfactory. The first four classes sailed from off Belden's Point up to Throggs Neck, then around Matinnicock Buoy and home; the smaller classes sailing direct to Matinnicock Buoy and home. The wind was light to moderate from the south. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CABIN SLOOPS—48FT. CLASS.			
Sasqua, H. Andrus	39.38	3 22 40	3 19 23
Kate Louise, H. Roth	38.40	5 58 22	3 53 01
CABIN SLOOPS—38FT. CLASS.			
Mary B., J. K. Getty	37.10	3 39 37	3 39 18
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00	3 18 48	3 14 10
Reliance, W. Schultz	33.90	3 54 23	3 49 34
CABIN SLOOPS—32FT. CLASS.			
Iola, R. Brussel	30.90	Not timed.	
Isabel, J. F. Lalor	29.90	4 17 52	4 15 43
Judith, F. Anderson	29.70	Not timed.	
Irex, G. Hansen	28 80	Not timed.	
Theries, A. W. Warner	27.00	4 30 15	4 13 57
Cygnet, M. E. Moore	27.50	4 21 53	4 14 07
Oriole, M. P. Lee	27.40	Not timed.	
CABIN SLOOPS—27FT. CLASS.			
Una, W. Scardefield	26.90	Not timed.	
Naiad, C. Christianson	25.20	4 36 03	4 31 27
Marion, A. L. Brudi	25.10	Not timed.	
Yantic, C. Hubert	24.60	Not timed.	
Pastime, J. Schuessele	24.20	4 34 44	4 27 11
Nomad, R. Evans	24.00	4 33 15	4 25 06
JIB AND MAINSAIL—OVER 23FT. L.W.L.			
Cygnet, D. Ryan	32.60	Not timed.	
Maud, R. B. MacManus	32.50	3 14 50	3 14 41
St. Elmo, J. Pritchard	26.94	3 15 34	3 05 24
JIB AND MAINSAIL—23FT. CLASS L.W.L.			
Ramona, H. Jennings	25.30	3 16 55	3 16 55
Americus, H. A. Irvine	24.90	3 20 51	3 19 56
Zetes, J. A. Kipp	24.40	3 23 17	3 21 11
Lotta, M. Dewey	23.30	3 55 22	3 50 33
Willie	22.28	3 34 00	3 26 37
CABIN CAT CLASS—OVER 23FT.			
Mary, W. E. Ellsworth	28.8	3 13 12	3 13 12
Exonian, W. R. Fleming	26.5	2 27 50	3 23 16
Uncle Sam, S. Jacobs	26.2	3 56 10	3 50 58
Winona, R. Tudor	23.2	3 31 57	3 19 42
CABIN CAT CLASS—23FT. AND UNDER.			
Satanic, H. Schneider	22.6	3 56 59	3 55 25
Mohican, J. Boelsen	21.7	Not timed.	
Bertha, W. Kirschoff	21.6	Not timed.	
Niagara, J. Lohmeyer	21.2	Not timed.	
Kittie, G. White	18.7	3 17 40	3 04 26
OPEN CAT CLASS—OVER 24FT			
Jessie, P. Kirsch	26.4	3 26 00	3 26 00
Delphine, W. Christie	25.4	3 19 19	3 17 08
Let Her Go, G. J. Oakes	25.3	3 42 55	3 40 30
OPEN CAT CLASS—20 TO 24FT.			
Emma S., B. F. Saxton	23.3	3 31 44	3 31 44
Eddie S., J. H. Symmers	23.1	3 41 07	3 40 26
Norman, G. Hansen	23.1	3 48 04	4 47 33
Elsie, W. F. Gillespie	23.0	3 33 40	3 32 04
Gypsie, S. L. Schider	22.4	3 43 11	3 40 49
Emily, J. Wimmer	22.2	3 36 03	3 33 08
Bubble, L. P. Bradley	20.4	3 35 49	3 27 37
OPEN CAT CLASS—17 TO 20FT			
Regina, W. Scardefield	19.7	3 32 00	3 29 51
Starling, E. F. De Levante	19.1	3 39 00	3 35 20
OPEN CAT CLASS—17FT. AND UNDER			
Lottie K., W. A. Potter	18.0	3 54 00	3 54 00
Bell, G. J. Oakes	17.5	3 50 00	3 48 33
Clara C., P. Bischoff	16.2	4 02 00	3 56 30
Little Willie, J. J. Proctor	15.6	4 31 25	4 23 52
Whiz, H. Huper	16.6	3 34 00	3 41 48

The winners were: Class E, Sasqua; Class F, Dragoon; Class G, Theresa; Class H, Nomad; Class I, St. Elmo; Class J, Ramona; Class K, Mary; Class L, Kittie; Class M, Delphine; Class N, Bubble; Class O, Regina; Class P, Whiz.

Irex was dismasted in a collision with the club steamer Cygnus. The new Webber 34-footer, Dragoon, sailed her first race with great success. The Cygnus carried a very large number of members and their friends.

South Boston Y. C. Opening Race.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Thursday, May 30.

THE open race of the South Boston Y. C. on Decoration Day called out a good portion of the local fleet and furnished plenty of sport, the wind, which was light east at the start, freshening to a good sailing breeze from southeast. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Violet, H. J. McKie	33.04	3 21 12	2 44 23
FIRST CLASS.			
Harbinger, W. F. and C. F. Bache	28.03	1 54 33	1 22 54
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	28.10	1 54 40	1 23 32
Quissett, W. P. Taylor	25.09	2 09 25	1 34 58
Caribou, J. Bertram	28.04	2 15 12	1 43 37
Beatrice		Disabled.	
Hermine		Disabled.	
Whisper		Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.10	1 59 10	1 22 27
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 59 39	1 23 08
Romance, Loring Sears	24.06	2 00 39	1 24 45
Exit, A. H. Higginson	21.10	2 07 07	1 27 40
Saviter, Otis Et al	24.09	2 04 32	1 28 56
Madge, Arthur Nute	23.11	2 05 59	1 30 19
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	24.07	2 06 16	1 30 29
Flirt, W. S. Sherer	22.11	2 12 44	1 34 48
Lillian, H. E. Whiting	21.10	2 17 03	1 37 00
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	24.01	2 14 28	1 37 56
Little Rogue, G. W. Spencer	21.05	2 19 00	1 38 57
Bessie, O. F. Davenport	21.11	2 27 09	1 47 53
Adolph, H. Moebs	22.04	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Cocheco, F. H. Borden	18.11	2 10 56	1 26 47
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	20.11	2 08 30	1 27 41
Evadne, R. M. Benner	18.03	2 13 46	1 28 29
Trilby, F. L. Bassett	18.08	2 14 41	1 30 10
Zoe, James McCarthy	19.06	2 17 55	1 34 50
Emerell, W. H. Low	19.01	2 23 50	1 40 03
KNOCKABOUT CLASS.			
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	1 17 10	1 10 17
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	1 27 55	1 02 02
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	1 31 35	1 05 32
Ruth, P. H. Fox	21.00	1 33 39	1 07 46
Besselee, A. E. Schaaf	21.00	1 34 03	1 08 10
FOURTH CLASS.			
Bonita, C. O. Hood	17.00	1 30 15	0 59 55
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.07	1 31 25	1 01 49
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.08	1 36 31	1 05 05
Imp, L. A. Horton	16.01	1 38 59	1 07 26
Mirage, C. Schindler	17.09	1 37 46	1 08 22
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.11	1 39 01	1 08 35
Jonah		Disabled.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	1 19 40	0 55 28
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	14.11	1 21 42	0 57 57
Unknown, A. A. Martin	14.00	1 23 05	0 58 18
Lorelei, H. M. Crane	14.08	1 23 00	0 58 45
Icurez, George Walsh	14.08	1 23 12	0 59 08
Cutty Sark, M. M. Torrence	14.05	1 24 55	1 00 37
Wee Wee		Withdrew	
Vivian		Withdrew.	
Marion		Withdrew.	

Fall River Y. C. Opening Race.

FALL RIVER—MOUNT HOPE BAY.

Thursday, May 30.

THE presence of the new Dyer boat Salmon, the new Hanley boat Ashumet, and the well-known Hanley boat Chapoquoit, made the first race of the Fall River Y. C. especially interesting. The course was 8¼ miles to windward and return, with a single-reef breeze for some of the boats. Chapoquoit led for a time, with Ashumet second and Salmon dropping astern, but Ashumet took the lead long before the weather mark was reached, and turned over 5m. ahead of Chapoquoit and about 8m. ahead of Salmon. Ashumet held her lead down wind, but Salmon gained on Chapoquoit. Kismet and Vixen fouled and withdrew. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ashumet, C. H. Jones	39.10	2 23 51	2 22 24
Chapoquoit, J. Harley	35.06	2 33 55	2 28 40
Salmon, W. E. C. Eustis	40.07	2 30 04	2 30 04
Kismet, T. E. Murphy	Withdrew.		
Vixen, Richard Splaine	Withdrew.		
SECOND CLASS.			
Mistral, R. J. Edwards	29.00	2 38 12	2 36 53
Little Peter, W. C. Cotton	29.11	2 39 08	2 39 08
Narika, A. Homer Skinner	27.02	2 57 06	2 52 55
Thetis, C. Cummings	25.00	3 10 17	3 02 25
Hattie, G. B. Pierce	28.09	3 06 08	3 04 26
Zena, Nathan Everett	27.05	3 14 16	3 10 30
Nayade, A. Almy	29.11	3 17 03	3 17 03
Ellide, N. W. Hollingsworth	28.04	Disabled.	

THIRD CLASS.			
Nellie, Waldron Bros.	27.01	2 48 52	2 48 52
Ulula, W H. Winship	25.06	2 55 00	2 52 19
Victor, E. V. Bowen	25.04	3 01 35	2 58 39
FOURTH CLASS.			
Hesper, T. Haggerty	21.00	1 57 51	1 54 55
Glide, P. A. Conlin	23.02	1 58 54	1 58 54
FIFTH CLASS.			
Ida Alice	18.00	2 09 48	2 05 48
Idle Hour	20.06	2 12 16	2 12 16
SIXTH CLASS.			
Fedora, J. Hinckley	16.11	2 11 11	2 10 53
Ladie, B. Darling	17 01	2 13 56	2 13 56
Lalloo, Whitehead		2 23 47	
Bamade, W. Braley	15 03	2 31 54	2 28 13
SEVENTH CLASS.			
Dido		1 05 09	
Wasp		1 16 37	

Plymouth Y. C. Opening Race.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Thursday, May 30.

THE Plymouth Y. C. opened the season on Decoration Day with a race in a light and shifting wind, freshening at the end. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	26.09	1 39 50	1 12 37
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.11	Disabled.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Sigrid, Watson & Loots	18.01	2 01 18	1 24 01
White Swallow, E. W. Watson	19.02	2 04 11	1 28 29
Mildred, Holmes and Harlow	18.02	2 09 59	1 32 49
THIRD CLASS			
Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr.	16.09	2 05 13	1 25 48
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	16.00	2 10 57	1 30 14
Frolic, J. A. Bailey	15.03	2 27 34	1 45 28
No Name, C. A. Ransom	14.09	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Major D., Seth Drew	16.02	2 07 57	1 27 32
E. B. Weston, I. Symmes	17.01	2 11 30	1 32 38
Gipsy Girl, W. Steele	16.02	2 13 51	1 32 26
Ellen B., C. T. Bradford	16.06	2 15 04	1 35 14
Sue A., O. Loring	16.11	2 14 54	1 35 46
Puritan, C. D. Craig	17.05	2 14 09	1 35 49
Pilgrim, A. Bartlett		2 22 59	
Perhaps, T. S. Diman	16.08	2 37 59	Dismasted.
FIFTH CLASS			
Dolphin, N. Morton	16.04	2 08 47	1 28 40
Natalie, H. M. Jones	16.10	2 12 59	1 33 41

Audubon Y. C. Open Regatta.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Thursday, May 30.

THE Memorial Day regatta of the Audubon Y. C. was sailed in a light south wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.		
Bundahr, Strong & Kelly	3 23 50	2 43 10
Vixen, Arvidson	Withdrew.	
CLASS B—OPEN SLOOPS, OVER 23FT.		
Clara S., Stilger	3 46 55	1 47 45
W. H. Gill, McCarthy	2 48 20	1 47 53
CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS, UNDER 23FT.		
Mosquito, Hegler	3 01 05	2 03 17
Sybicla, Wehrlen	Withdrew.	
CLASS D—CABIN CATBOATS, OVER 23FT.		
Marguerite, Randall	2 56 00	2 07 09
White Wings, Schoff	3 07 40	2 16 33
Good Enough, Dock	Withdrew.	
Minnie, Griffin	2 54 20	2 08 05
Kilkenny, Robinson	Withdrew.	
Frankie S., Robinson	Withdrew.	
CLASS E—OPEN CATBOATS, OVER 20FT.		
Edna, Kellock	2 53 00	2 04 03
Mr. Isabel, Taylor	3 17 00	2 14 48
Pauline B., Mapleson	2 51 15	1 58 59
Frank Oliver, F. Arndt	Withdrew.	
Tieng L., Lutz	Withdrew.	
CLASS F—OPEN CATBOATS, UNDER 20FT.		
Golden Rod, Leach	2 22 00	1 25 54
Mercedes, Rae	2 04 35	1 18 20
Playmate, Shanasee	2 17 00	1 30 45
C. T. Willis, Nickolaus	2 06 45	1 19 36
Agnes N., Kennell	Withdrew.	
CLASS G—OPEN CATBOATS, 17FT. AND UNDER.		
Adele Rae, Rae	1 58 30	1 05 45
Cinch, Simpson	2 10 00	1 17 04
Little Dean, Kursteiner	2 09 00	1 15 42

The winners were: Class A, cabin sloops—Bundahr; Class B, open sloops—Clara S.; Class C, open sloops—Mosquito; Class D, cabin cats Marguerite; Class E, open cats—Pauline B., Class F, open cats—Mercedes; Class G, open cats—Adele Rae.

Kill von Kull Y. C. Open Regatta.

PORT RICHMOND—NEWARK BAY.

Thursday, May 30.

THE Kill von Kull Y. C., of Port Richmond, S. I., is now firmly established, with a good membership and excellent quarters. The club has been busy with bowling and other winter sports through the off season, but on Memorial Day it started in anew on the water with a very good race in spite of the light and variable southerly wind. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—CABIN CATBOATS.		
Elvira, George Shermer	2 12 58	2 05 21
CLASS B—OPEN SLOOPS, OVER 25FT.		
Lizzie L., W. E. Fessenden	1 37 57	1 37 57
CLASS C—OPEN SLOOPS, UNDER 25FT.		
Maggie B., J. Balmer	1 40 55	1 35 20
P. G. G. G., P. Goodman & Co.	1 58 35	1 51 46
Pete, Frank Scott	2 11 10	2 05 46
CLASS D—CATBOATS, OVER 25FT.		
Yankee Boy, Braisted & Mowry	1 44 25	1 40 24
CLASS E—CATBOATS OVER 20FT. AND UNDER 25FT.		
Eureka, John Relyea	1 38 17	1 32 38
CLASS F—CATBOATS OVER 18FT. AND UNDER 20FT.		
Minnie H., J. I. Housman	1 35 17	1 26 34
Flirt, Drack & Pryor	1 53 40	1 43 30
Maria, Ross Hennan	1 40 32	1 29 09
Doctor, Fred Barber	1 45 25	1 34 00
Tillie R., H. McGiehen	1 44 45	1 36 18
CLASS G—CATBOATS OVER 16FT. AND UNDER 18FT.		
Millie, C. A. Passmore	1 43 22	1 35 39
Maggie P., C. Fessenden	1 47 40	1 33 15
Uno, Alex. Cochrane	Did not finish.	
CLASS H—CATBOATS UNDER 16FT.		
May Lee, Wood & Asche	Did not finish.	
Imp, R. Thomas	1 53 20	1 35 40
Irving, Irving Housman	1 49 15	1 32 06
Wide Awake, Harry Fisher	2 06 00	1 47 45

Minnie H, won the prize for best elapsed time.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

ON Memorial Day the Oyster Bay club house of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was formally opened for the season, the colors being hoisted in the presence of the flag officers and members and many guests. The Hungarian Band furnished music during the day and for dancing in the evening. A special meeting was held during the day, at which a 60 per cent. time scale was adopted.

New Rochelle Y. C. Opening.

THE formal opening of the new club house of the New Rochelle Y. C. took place on May 25. The colors were hoisted, refreshments were served to the many guests and there was dancing in the evening. A race was arranged over a six-mile course during the afternoon, resulting as follows:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.
CABIN CATS.			
Mary, W. E Ellsworth	25.05	4 31 30	5 59 50
Twilight, Eugene Lambden	24.10	4 31 50	6 04 25
OPEN CATS.			
Ondawa, Howard Lambden	19.11	4 30 35	5 54 12
Ida K., Chas. W. Voltz	19.11	4 30 30	5 59 40

Regatta Committee—C. Towns, W. E. Moore and H. A. Gough.

The Yacht Racing Association.

THE idea of a national association of yacht clubs, or at least of a union of the clubs of the Atlantic coast, has long found favor with a certain portion of the yachting fraternity, and attempts without number to attain such an end have been made without success. The causes of failure have been two, the great variance in measurement and other important details between neighboring clubs and the lack of interest in the subject on the part of the average yachtsman. The good work that has been done at times, apparently without result, was all due to a small number of enthusiasts who were well in advance of the great body of yachtsmen. Of late, however, two important changes have taken place; first, the clubs, acting independently, have sought to improve their rules, and have thus approached closely a common standard; and secondly, yachtsmen at large, irrespective of club affiliations, have awakened to the desirability of uniform as well as better rules. The gradual disappearance of the old club regattas and closed races in favor of open events and special races for the prominent classes has also tended greatly toward unity and harmony between yacht clubs. So far has this movement progressed that an important union of local clubs has been formed this spring about New York, and in a way that promises to lead to something even more permanent and extensive than was hoped for by its originators.

The discussion of the whole subject of the union of American clubs, in part or as a whole, has naturally attracted attention to the similar body which has been in successful existence in Great Britain for twenty years under the name of the Yacht Racing Association, or briefly, the Y. R. A. While American yachtsmen are aware of the existence of this association, and to a certain extent of its details, there are many points in its rules which are not understood here, and which, we believe, will be of interest to our readers, especially in view of the constant inquiries which come to us as to the term "rating," originated and used by the Y. R. A. The following transcript of the rules is from the book issued yearly by the Association, and which takes the place of the numerous yacht club books in this country in establishing one recognized standard for all racing rules. The "Y. R. A. Book" is a small volume, bound in blue cloth, containing the general rules of the Association, the rules of the council, the sailing rules, a list of recognized clubs, the table of allowances, the official measurements of yachts (rig, l.w.l., sail area and rating), the fees of measurers and directions for measuring, the list of official measurers, of members of the council, club representatives, members and the minutes of meetings. The latter are interesting in that they contain the official decisions on all points of sailing submitted during the year. The sailing rules and allowance tables are also printed separately in a small pamphlet.

In British racing, the usual library of club books, from which is invariably missing the one which governs the particular club in which a race is about to start, is not necessary, the one small Y. R. A. book supplying all possible information save as to courses and time of starting.

The Yacht Racing Association was founded in 1875 by a few British yachtsmen, led by Count Edmund Batthyany, owner of the cutter Kriemhilda (now Prince Batthyany-Strattman), Capt. J. W. Hughes and Mr. Dixon Kemp. The general plan of organization was based on that of the Jockey Club. Of course many difficulties have been encountered in the course of twenty years, and even now the organization of the association is imperfect in some respects, as must always be the case in any union composed both of clubs and individuals; but at the same time it has exerted a powerful influence for good, not only within its special sphere, but on yachting the world over. The power of the Association has been largely nominal, it has never attempted to exercise supreme control over the British yacht clubs, but its rules and decisions have been recognized and accepted, almost without exception; and it has exerted a strong and very beneficial influence on yachting and yacht racing.

GENERAL RULES.

1. The objects of the Yacht Racing Association shall be the promotion of the interests of yacht racing.

2. The Association shall consist of former and present owners of racing yachts, and such other persons interested in yacht racing as the Council may elect; and of representative members, appointed by Royal or recognized yacht clubs, in accordance with the provisions of Rule 3.

3. Every Royal or recognized yacht club of the United Kingdom shall have the power to appoint representative members of the Association in the following proportion to the number of members on the club's books, viz.: Not exceeding 300 members, one representative; above 300 members, two representatives; each representative shall be a member of the club making the appointment, and shall not be selected from the elected members of the Association. Every club exercising the right of appointment shall pay a subscription of two guineas for each representative member it is entitled to appoint. The representative members shall have the full privileges of elected members. Each club desiring to exercise the right of appointment shall, during the month of January in each year, communicate to the secretary of the Yacht Racing Association the name or names of its representative or representatives.

4. A lady, *bona fide* owner, or part owner of a yacht, shall be eligible as a candidate for membership, but shall not be entitled to attend any of the Association's meetings or take any part in its management. The subscription for a lady member shall be one guinea per annum.

5. The Council is empowered to elect honorary members, but such members shall not be entitled to attend any meetings, or to take any part in the management of the Association.

6. The affairs of the Association shall be managed by a president, two vice-presidents, an honorary treasurer, and a council of twenty-four members. The president, the two vice-presidents, and the honorary treasurer, to be *ex officio* members of the council. One-sixth of the council shall retire annually, but shall be eligible for re-election. Vacancies occurring between the annual meetings shall be filled by the council.

7. The election of members to fill the annual vacancies in the council shall be conducted by balloting papers, to be sent to each member at least fourteen days before the annual general meeting, when the members of the council thus elected shall be declared. Candidates to fill the annual vacancies shall be proposed and seconded on or before Jan. 14 in each year by members of the Association, and their names, together with their proposer and seconder, shall be stated in the balloting papers. Any member of the council who has failed to attend a meeting of the council for a period of one year, reckoned from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, shall cease to be a member of the council, and shall not be eligible to serve on it unless the council recommend his re-election, and in that case his name shall be inserted in the list of candidates, and he shall be balloted for in the usual manner.

8. There shall be a general meeting of the Association in London in February of each year, on such day as the council may appoint; fourteen days' notice of the meeting to be given to each member.

9. The council may call general meetings of the Association whenever they consider such a course necessary. They shall also call a general meeting upon the requisition in writing of ten members of the Association, to consider such matters as shall be stated in the requisition.

10. The subscription to the Association shall be 2 guineas for a member and 1 guinea for a lady member, annually, due on Jan. 1 of each year. The subscription of any member elected after Sept. 30 in any year shall cover that for the following year. A member of the Yacht Racing Association who has not paid his subscription for the current year shall not be entitled to vote or take part in the proceedings at general meetings. A member whose subscription is two years in arrears shall be named, with the amount in arrears, in the annual statement of accounts. The council shall have power, after due notice has been given, to remove from the list of members the name of any member whose subscription is more than one year in arrears.

11. Any member intending to be absent from the United Kingdom for the whole period for which the annual subscription is due (Jan. 1 to Dec. 31) may, on his giving prior notice in writing to the secretary, be exempted from payment of his annual subscription, and in lieu thereof shall pay 10s. 6d. per annum until his return.

12. The owner of a yacht shall pay all fees and expenses for measuring such yacht to the secretary or measurer previous to the yacht being measured. A yacht shall not be measured until all arrears of subscription and fees due from the owner to the Yacht Racing Association have been paid.

13. The council shall meet at such times and places as they consider expedient and appoint.

14. It shall be the duty of the council to elect members of the Association, to appoint officers, to frame rules, and to determine and settle all questions and disputes relating to yacht racing which may be referred to them for decision, which decision shall be final. And further, the council may take such other steps as they shall consider necessary and expedient to carry into effect the objects of the Association.

15. The council shall consider all amendments and additions to the rules, and provided they are approved by a majority of two-thirds of the members of the council present at the meeting at which the same are considered, they shall be submitted for adoption to a general meeting, and shall be carried by a majority of two-thirds at such general meeting. Nevertheless, at the request of any ten members of the Association, the votes of all its members shall be taken by voting papers upon such proposed amendments or additions, which shall be carried by a majority of two-thirds of those voting. If the council report unfavorably of any proposed amendments or additions, such amendments or additions shall, if so desired by the member proposing the same, be submitted to a general meeting; but they shall not be adopted unless carried by three-fourths of the members present at such general meeting; or of three-fourths of those voting if any ten members request that the sense of all the members of the Association be taken by voting papers. Notice of any alteration in the rules intended to be proposed by a member of the Association shall be given to the secretary at least one month before the general meeting at which the same is to be brought forward; and notices of any proposed alteration in the rules intended to be proposed at the annual general meeting must be sent to the secretary on or before Jan. 14 in each year.

RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THE COUNCIL.

1. The council shall be called together at such times as the president or vice-presidents shall consider necessary, or upon the requisition of three members of the council, addressed to the secretary. The notice convening the meeting shall state, as far as practicable, the business to be transacted.

2. Five members shall form a quorum, and in case of an equality of votes upon any question, the chairman of the meeting shall have a casting vote.

3. In the absence of the president and vice-presidents, the members present at any meeting shall nominate the member who is to take the chair.

4. A proper record of the proceedings of the council shall be kept by the secretary.

5. Any three members of the council may be called together at any time, and upon any notice, to decide such disputed points in the measurement of yachts as the official measurer may require to be directed upon.

6. A member elected to fill any vacancy in the council which may occur between the annual general meetings, under Rule 4 of the general rules, shall be chosen by ballot, the member having the largest number of votes to be the one elected.

7. Members of the Association (except the representative members appointed by the clubs) shall be elected by ballot papers sent to each member of the council; one adverse vote in eight to exclude, and no ballot to be valid unless nine members of the council shall have voted.

SAILING RULES, 1895.

1. All races, and all yachts sailing therein, shall be under the direction of the flag officers or sailing committee of the club under whose auspices the races are being sailed. All matters shall be subject to their approval and control; and all doubts, questions and disputes which may arise shall be subject to their decision. Their decisions shall be based upon these rules, so far as they will apply, but as no rules can be devised capable of meeting every incident and accident of sailing, the sailing committee should keep in view the ordinary customs of the sea, and discourage all attempts to win a race by other means than fair sailing and superior speed and skill. The decisions of the sailing committee shall be final, unless they think fit, on the application of the parties interested, or otherwise, to refer the questions at issue for the decision of the council of the Yacht Racing Association, whose decision shall be final. No member of the sailing committee or council shall take part in the discussion or decision upon any disputed question in which he is directly interested. The sailing committee, or any officer appointed to take charge for the day, shall award the prizes, subject to Rule 29. If any yacht be disqualified, the next in order shall be awarded the prize.

2. The sailing committee, or officer in charge for the day, shall have power to postpone any race, should unfavorable weather render such course desirable. Letter N of the commercial code, hoisted over the flag denoting the race, shall be the signal that the race has been postponed.

3. The rating of every yacht entered to sail in a race shall be ascertained by multiplying the sail area in square feet (as found in the manner hereafter enjoined) by the rating length in feet, and dividing the product by 6,000; the quotient shall be the rating. In ratings above 10, a fraction of or exceeding .01 shall count as 1.0; but in ratings from 1 to 10, a fraction smaller than 0.1 shall count as 0.1; and in ratings below 1.0 fractions from 0.01 to 0.99 inclusive shall be reckoned at their proper values (see Rule 4). The length shall be taken between the outer edges of the official marks of the Y. R. A., as placed by the owner at the bow and stern of the yacht, this length to be termed the "rating length," and to represent the extreme length for immersion, provided always that if any part of the stem or sternpost or other part of the vessel below the marks for rating length project beyond the length taken as mentioned, such projections shall, for the purposes of the rule, be added to the rating length taken as stated, and pieces of any form cut out of the stem, sternpost or fair line of the ridge of the counter, with the intention of shortening the rating length, shall not be allowed for in measurement of length, if at or immediately below the marks for the rating length, nor above if within 6in. of the water level. Owners shall mark the rating length of their yachts on both sides at the bow and stern in such manner as the council may direct, with the official marks supplied by the Y. R. A., which marks shall at all times represent the extreme length for immersion when the yacht is lying in smooth water in her usual racing trim, including racing crew on board at and about the mid-overall length.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The Cup Defender.

WHILE every effort is being made to hurry the work on the new cup defender, the yacht is not yet ready for launching, and will probably be on the ways until the middle of the month, or even later. The spring tides of June 7 have been lost, the highest during the month. The plating is not yet completed, and the plates that are on are not fully riveted. The deck planking has not been laid. Work is well advanced on the spars, sails, gear and fittings.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The steam yacht Huntress was launched at the yards of her builders, Charles L. Seabury & Co., Nyack-on-Hudson, on May 28, at 20 minutes past midnight. Mrs. Charles L. Seabury christened the vessel by breaking a bottle of wine on the bow as the boat glided into the water. Many residents of Nyack were present to witness the novel sight of a midnight launch, as the yards and yacht were brilliantly illuminated with electric lights and Japanese lanterns. In less than one minute from the time of knocking out the last blocking the yacht glided swiftly down the ways gracefully into the stream, making a beautiful picture, and was loudly cheered by the crowd. Huntress was built for Mr. F. C. Fowler of Moodus, Conn., and is 120ft. over all, 97ft. lwl, 16ft. beam, 9ft. depth, 6ft. 6in. draft. She has excellent accomodations, large saloon, owner's stateroom, guests' staterooms, officers' room, galley, toilet and bath rooms, fine crew quarters, and elegant saloon on deck. The machinery consists of a very powerful Seabury design triple expansion engine, and a Seabury safety water tube boiler of latest type. The guaranteed speed in contract is 16 miles per hour for 3 consecutive hours, and there is not the slightest doubt but what she will run much faster. She is schooner rigged, flush deck. Capt. Wm. A. Miller is in command.

The only work at Roach's shipyard, Chester, is the steam yacht designed by Gardner & Cox for an unknown owner. The yacht is a very good piece of flush plating in steel. The model, previously described, is very peculiar—an almost plumb stem, with a very slight round, and a high side and straight sheer. The stern is of a shape that can hardly be described without a drawing. The engines are now nearly ready in the Chester shops, the three throw crankshaft is bored in all parts and every effort has been made to save weight. The hull is plated and riveted, but not fully decked, and some time must elapse before the yacht is ready for use.

Amorita, schr., is now all plated and riveted at Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard; the ways are in place and she is about ready for launching. The decks are laid, but the interior is still bare of joiner work. The yacht is lap-plated, like Emerald, a rather unusual form of steel construction. Her bar stem is very long, continuing down well below the water-line, and rabbeted all the way for the plating. Below this stem piece the keel widens quite abruptly, being very wide abreast the trunk.

Medusa, cutter, has been presented by Mrs. Mary Center Ludlow, mother of the late Robert Center, to the United States Government, for the use of the naval cadets at Annapolis. The yacht will probably be renamed "Robert Center". Mrs. Ludlow has presented to the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. two oil paintings of Vindex and Medusa.

Dragoon, the new 34 footer designed and built by Thos. Webber for F. M. Freeman, was launched at New Rochelle on May 25, being put overboard in the morning and sailing around to Larchmont the same afternoon.

The spring regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. will be sailed on June 10, from off the club station, Gravesend Bay. The steamer Laura M. Starin will carry the members of the club.

Kathleen, cutter, has been sold by Schuyler Merritt to Le Grand L. Clark, of the Sea Cliff Y. C.

Ruth, schr., has been sold by H. G. Marquand to Elias F. Morgan.

New York Y. C.

THE regatta committee of the New York Y. C., Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell, have issued the following programme for the season:

June 13, the fiftieth annual regatta will be sailed. The prizes in each regular class will be a $200 cup for the first, if two or more start, and a $75 cup for the second, if four or more start. For yachts in cruising trim the prizes will be a $75 cup for the first in each class, if two or more start, and a $50 cup for the second, if four or more start. The classification is as follows by racing length.

Schooners.—Class 1, all over 95 ft; class 2, not over 95 ft and over 85 ft; class 3, not over 85ft and over 75ft; class 4, not over 75ft and over 65ft; class 5, not over 65ft.

Single Masted Vessels and Yawls.—Class 1, all over 80ft; class 2, not over 80 and over 70 ft; class 3, not over 70 and over 60ft; class 4, not over 60 and over 55ft; class 5, not over 55 and over 50ft; class 6, not over 50ft.

Entries must be made in writing to the Regatta Committee, and will be received at the club house up to eleven o'clock A. M. on June 11, when the list will be closed in accordance with the rules of the club.

Yachts alone in their classes will sail in a mixed class with the provided allowance for rig. The course will be the same as heretofore.

The iron steamboat Taurus, provided for members and guests of the club, will leave Pier No. 1, Iron Steamboat Company's Pier, Hudson River, at fifteen minutes past ten o'clock punctually, and will touch at the same point after the regatta.

New York, July 10.—Cup offered by the club for the 90 foot class of single-masted vessels.

Glen Cove, L. I., July 29.—Rendezvous for the cruise. On the same day cups offered by the Commodore will be sailed for. The course will finish off Huntington Bay, at which port, as will be stated in general orders, the squadron will anchor for the night.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 2.—The Goelet cups.

Newport, R. I.—On the day before the squadron disbands, cups offered by Capt. John R. Drexel, N. Y. Y. C., will be sailed for. There will be the customary club prizes for the runs from port to port. An extra prize for the schooner winning the greatest number of runs will be offered by the fleet Captain. An extra prize for the single-master winning the greatest number of runs will be offered by the Secretary of the club. The date for the "owl" and 'gamecock" colors will be fixed by the commodore

New York.—The trial races, under the management of the Club Committee, will be sailed during the latter part of August. Capt. John J. Astor, N. Y. Y. C., will offer a cup for the winner, and a cup for the second if three or more enter.

New York, Sept. 7.—As at present arranged with the Royal Yacht Squadron, the first race in the match for the America's Cup, best three out of five, will be started on this date.

New York, Sept. 19.—The Autumn Sweepstakes.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

THE regatta committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C. announces that it is the intention of the club to especially encourage and promote the building and racing of yachts in the new 20ft. racing length class (corresponding to the English one raters). The Tyson cup will be offered in this class to be sailed for at the special regatta of the club, on Monday, July 1, and special prizes will also be offered at the annual regatta, Saturday, July 27, and for a race to be called on Thursday, Aug. 29 The rules governing the class are as follows:

CLASS LIMITS.—Open sloops over 15ft. racing length and not over 20 ft. racing length. The measurement shall be of length and sail area according to the formula $L.W.L.+\sqrt{S.A.}\div 2=R.L.$ The load waterline shall be taken from the point of immersion forward to the point of immersion aft. In cases where any portion of the rudder or rudder stock projects above the surface of the water, such portion shall not be included in the waterline length. The measurer, at the time of taking the measurement, shall place a distinctive mark at each end of the water line. Any persons who may be aboard at the time the measurement is taken must be stationed amidships. The sail area is to be ascertained by taking a perpendicular line along the after side of the mainmast, from the under side of the sheave of the uppermost halyard block or sheave in mast to the upper side of boom, when resting on the saddle or on the lowest part of the gooseneck. The base line shall be taken from tack of jib when set to the after end of the main boom. The distance between the under side of sheave of the uppermost halyard block or sheave in mast to the under side of sheave of throat halyard block shall be measured, and 80 per cent. of this length shall be taken from the length of main gaff, measured from inside of jaws to the after end, the remainder being added to the base line. In all cases where the length of spinnaker boom exceeds the distance from the forward side of mainmast to the jib tack, such excess shall be added to the base line. When, in any case, owing to other than ordinary rig being carried, the sail area cannot, in the opinion of the measurer, be fairly measured in the customary way, he may, with the sanction of the regatta committee, instead, take such measurements as will enable him to compute the area of sail carried or that may be carried on spars used.

Time shall be allowed for difference of racing lengths, according to the time allowance of the club, which is calculated at 60 per cent. of the theoretical allowance.

The number of crew, including the helmsman, who must be a Corinthian, shall be limited to three. Each yacht shall have as one of the crew a member of this club or of the club from which the yacht is entered. Sails shall be restricted to mainsail, jibs and spinnaker. All ballast shall be fixed, and trimming by dead weight will not be allowed. The regatta committee will be glad to give any further information about this class and particulars about the race. Frank Bowne Jones, Chairman, Room 240, 38 Park Row, N. Y.; Richard Outwater, D. W. Merritt, Edw. H. Burtis, and Chas. E. McManus, Regatta Committee.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Chicago, have just issued their 1895 catalogue, mailed free.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

15. Red Dragon spring regatta, Delaware River.
15. New York spring regatta, Bensonhurst.
22. New York chal. cup, first trial race.
29. New York chal. cup, second trial race.
29. Marine and Field club annual, Bath Beach.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Chas. E. Cragg, Port Henry, New York.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Thomas Hale, Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.
Central Division, W. S. Hackett, Albany, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. W. Cutler, Winchester, Mass.
Northern Division, E. F. Burritt, Ottawa, Canada.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1. Applications for membership must be made to the Purser of applicant's division, from whom blanks for the purpose may be obtained.

The Royal C. C. Cup.

As our readers are aware, Mr. W. W. Howard, of New York, has again challenged for the so-called challenge cup of the Royal C. C., and will sail his canoe Yankee, which is now being altered by her builder, Mr. Fry, at Clayton, New York. The *Field* discusses Mr. Howard's new challenge as follows:

"Movements in relation to sailing canoe racing are not as yet of a lively nature—that is, in connection with the fact that the American visitor of last season is again a challenger for the cup of the Royal C. C. Last season this gentleman, having challenged and put thereby several canoe men, who would not otherwise have raced, to the trouble and expense of fitting out or building canoes for the pure purpose of defending the cup, at the last moment declined to start in the cup race; consequently we find this year that a poor state of things arises.

The best canoe sailors in the R. C. C., with one exception, are not intending to race, so far as is given out at present to the executive of the club. Several men, however, from other British clubs have intimated their intention to compete and attempt at least to hold the cup under the English flag; and we highly applaud their sporting action, and we cannot deny but that it would be an extremely good tonic to the R. C. C. if one of our English clubs should hold the cup away from the R. C. C. for a season. But when it comes to the other point—the international question—we believe firmly that the leading canoe sailors of America will, at least before the event, share the opinion that neither the Yankee nor her owner are typical of canoeing up to date in America, and that last season's contemptuous action of the challenger has robbed the competition of the probability of the entry of several of the leading English spirits of canoe sailing.

When we look at the challenge received for this season we only feel more and more doubtful whether it ought ever to have been accepted. The canoe is apparently the same craft—Yankee—which last year only obtained fame as a revolving machine; such a revolver that on one occasion her owner claimed that she turned bottom up and stuck her masts in the mud, but that he dived down and prized them out and continued the race. She is now entered as "16ft. by 30in., name Yankee, racing flag Stars and Stripes." The classes allowed this year in the cup race are two; first comes the racing class, with 36in. of beam and any depth, shallow or deep; then comes the "cruiser class," with 42in. of beam, but with enforced largeness of body depth and consequent weight. Both classes are limited to 16ft. overall length and to 0 3 Y. R. A. rating.

Hence we have a visitor challenging with a boat of no reputation at racing and not up to limit size. She may have been altered in form and rig during the winter, so as to be able to tack without making a stern board; she may have been improved in stability, but seeing the nature of the course, viz, open and possibly rough tidal water, is she the exact canoe which scientific America, through its leading club, the New York Club, would put forward as their up-to-date typical challenger under the R. C. C. conditions? We doubt it very much. The whole and sole question will be the direction and force of the wind on the cup day. A capsize in Erith Rands with a fresh westerly wind and flood tide will not be favorable to monkey tricks of righting the craft and proceeding with the race. On the other hand, a light air day or a reaching wind may see the narrow machine walk away on the straight from all the more all-round types. Hence those in the know see that there is little in the question worthy of the term "international."

The older hands have in several cases been approached as to coming forward in defense of the old club and of the country. Practically there is little difference in the ideas they hold; anyway, we can answer for "Nautilus" that in his opinion the circumstances of the present challenge, coupled with the experience of last year, do not warrant the expenditure of time and money necessary in building, fitting and practising a really up-to-date canoe for a possible contest against such a craft as Yankee, especially when the old flag may be in very good keeping at the hands of the several challengers from other English clubs.

The question of the racing flag of the American challenger is peculiar, viz., the Stars and Stripes. We do not think that either in America or England any yacht has flown as her racing colors the ensign of her country. The eagle might be flown on the American craft as typical, or the St. George's cross on the English boat; but an ensign! not much. However, the true etiquette of flag flying is not to be expected of those who are inexperienced in yachting or sea-going affairs. Only last week on the Thames, on Teddington Reach, we saw a canoe-yawl flying the burgees of two different clubs at the same time; the one clearly insulted by the other, as if the former were not sufficiently good record of the respectability of itself without the support of its inferior brother club. This is only one case out of many to be seen every Saturday on the river, and it is but time that notice be drawn to such shortcoming. When on the station of a club to which her owner belongs, the boat should fly the burgee of that club only, even though it be inferior in rank to many burgees he may otherwise be entitled to hoist; but on the station of some club to which the boat's owner does not belong, he may hoist any one of his burgees Flags are far too often thought to be mere ornaments, a touch of color to set off a shady mainsail; but in fact they are, and ought to be, the true certificate of the respectability of the craft carrying them.

Reports from building yards are not always quite to be relied on where racing boats are in question; but the march of the times is often to be gleaned by noting the movement in the building line. We have frequently said that the bulb-keel has only to be tried by a canoe man to be adopted forthwith; but these men move so slowly. Last year it was evident to all that the only canoe which did not capsize or fool about was fitted with a bulb-weighted center-plate; she won the challenge cup in smooth water and moderate weather. Can it be doubted but that the bulb, in a breeze, would win in the coming matches on the Lower Thames? and is it at all certain that the bulb would not also win in light breeze and smooth water? Anyway, we are glad to hear that some of the best experts are now going for the bulb-ballasted keel.

We hear that bulbs are being fitted to Mr. Lynam's Shuttlecock, to Mr. de Quincey's Vanessa, and to Dr. Hayward's canoe; The Dragon. Mr. de Quincey's racing canoe has been already so fitted. These boats are all, except Dragon, of the 30in. beam type, that is, the old style, but where would they be if someone brought out a 42in. cruiser, with bulb drop keel, lifting rudder and sloop rig? The necessity or the advisability of a bulb keel in boats of large beam, such as may be created in yacht racing classes, is doubtful from a racing point of view, but where the beam is limited, as in the canoe classes, there can be no doubt that the bulb keel is effective all round, both for sail carrying and comfort, hence for speed and safety.

The bulb plate can easily be so fitted as to be detachable when housing or portaging is intended, and the bulb, when close up, need not increase the draught more than some 3in., or, say, a total draught of about 9in. for an estuary cruiser, yet coupled with safety so long as the boat's hull holds together.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

VICE-COM. QUICK, Atlantic Division, has appointed the following members as a special transportation committee, as per resolutions passed at the executive meeting held in Trenton: J. K. Hand, chairman; M. D. Wilt, Philadelphia; Edmund C. Hill, Trenton; George P. Douglas, Newark; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Arthur B. Griffin, Clinton R. Griffin.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rapid Rifle Shooting.

THE recent suggestions by Mr. William Lyman on his rapid-fire system of rifle shooting have been received with so much interest that the FOREST AND STREAM has prepared a set of targets for use in such work. The targets show a manilla paper, colored bullseye on a black ground. They are for 25yds. and 50yds.; and having been tested by Mr. Lyman are indorsed by him as filling admirably the conditions named by him in his notes. The targets will be sent postpaid, the 25yds. size at 15 cents a dozen, and the 50yds. size at 25 cents a dozen

To stimulate interest in the Lyman rapid-fire system the FOREST AND STREAM will give for the best 50yds. target received before Nov. 1, 1895, a Winchester '92 model repeater, extra finished, with checked butt and forearm and matted barrel, using the .32-20 W. C. F. cartridge, and rigged with Lyman's combination rear sight and jack front sight.

The merits of the targets submitted will be determined in accordance with the rules of scoring prescribed in Mr. Lyman's original articles in these columns, and noted below in the extracts from those communications here printed. The authenticity of the winning score must be attested before a notary, as a condition precedent to awarding the prize rifle. Here are Mr. Lyman's directions for his system:

THE LYMAN TIME LIMITATION SYSTEM.

For my system of rapid-firing I use a 12-ring target. For 100yd. practice these rings are 1in. apart. Ring 12 is 2in. in diameter in the center of the bullseye; each succeeding ring has 2in. increase of diameter, so that the outer ring, which scores 1, is 24in. in diameter. The bullseye is 8in. in diameter, and consequently contains the rings 9, 10, 11 and 12. When shooting at 50yds. the target should be half size, and at 25yds. quarter size. As compared with ordinary targets this one has a large bullseye, but in rapid-firing better scores can be made than if the bullseye is small. I may add that the same thing applies to the sight. It should not be small nor hard to see. The eye of the shooter has enough to do in bringing the muzzle-sight and bullseye together without being strained to discover either. With this target I allow 20 seconds for 10 shots. Any shots fired after 20 seconds do not count. For any shots fired within the time allowed that do not score on the target, the shooter forfeits 5 points.

The following table gives the time scoring:

10 shots in 20 seconds, time limit.						10 shots in 14 seconds, 20 points.					
10	"	"	19	"	2 points.	10	"	"	13	"	25 "
10	"	"	18	"	4 "	10	"	"	12	"	30 "
10	"	"	17	"	8 "	10	"	"	11	"	35 "
10	"	"	16	"	12 "	10	"	"	10	"	40 "
10	"	"	15	"	16 "						

Thus it will be seen that if the 10 shots are fired in 10 seconds or less the time score is 40 points, which, added to the 120 points possible to make on the target, give 160 as the possible score to be made by this system of shooting.

The forfeit of 5 points for every shot (within the limit of 20 seconds) that does not count on the target, I consider a very important requirement, for it will counteract a tendency to careless holding and not allow anything to be made by the time scoring unless something is scored on the target.

Any repeating rifle allowed, sighted with any sights.

When ready the shooter should stand with the butt of the rifle below the elbow. He then communicates by means of an electric button or other signal with the target tender, who instantly throws the target into position for just 20 seconds. By using paper targets on a light frame with a canvas backing, one target can be quickly replaced by another. The targets should be numbered for each shooter, as the scores must be made up from them afterward. It will be readily seen that this system of shooting will allow a large number of shooters to use one stand and fire a great many shots in a short time.

Revolver Shooting in England.

AT the North London Rifle Club, on May 11, it was a splendid day for revolver shooting, no wind, but only three members took advantage of it, two of them getting good scores toward the revolver championship of the club. Below are the details:

May 11, 20yds., stationary target:

Walter Winans	777677—41	Comber	787776—37
Major H. Munday	767776—40		

On May 15 there was a lot of wind, which prevented any high scores being made. Mr. Winans not thinking it worth while to shoot, as it was impossible to make scores good enough for the championship.

May 15, 20yds., stationary target:

Major H Munday	767577—39	Knapp	654767—35
Major Palmer	757767—39	Lieut Richardson	653776—34
Clementi-Smith	776757—39	Gould	757663—34
Frost	777765—39	Carter	575565—33
Comber	567576—36	Hore	563476—31
Lieut Chitty	765747—36	Franzmann	444756—30
Capt Evans	656567—35		

At the South London Rifle Club Mr. Rand has the honor of making the first highest possible score (at 20yds.) of the season toward the revolver championship, but Mr. Winans leads him at the two distances (20 and 50yds.) by three points, Mr. Rand falling off at the longer range.

Twenty yards, stationary target:

F Rand	777777—42	E Howe	575775—36
Walter Winans	677777—41	Lieut J Howard	775747—36
Capt T W Heath	676767—39		

Mr. Winans's score at 50yds is the best of the season so far.

Fifty yards, stationary target:

Walter Winans	747777—39	F Rand	765665—35
Capt T W Heath	575676—36		

On May 22, at the North London Rifle Club, a novelty, in the form of a competition for shooting with the right and left hand alternately, took place in the revolver competitions.

Mr. Knapp, who has not heretofore made any good scores, headed the list with a 41, which puts him a good score toward the revolver championship; but his other scores take away from any advantage that gives him, as they are too low to be of any account. Lieut. C. Chitty, said to be the revolver champion of India, shot in this competition. Below are the details.

Revolver series No. 2, alternate hands, 20yds.:

C Knapp	777677—41	B Comber	575666—35
Walter Winans	676776—39	F H Frost	665746—34
Maj Munday	777675—39	A W Carter	657637—34
Maj J H Cowan	774777—39	Maj R T Jones	576555—33
H Andrews	774767—38	Capt W Evans	346667—32
Lieut C Chitty	746766—36	Clementi-Smith	555547—31
Maj H Palmer	477774—36		

There was a gale of wind on May 16, which prevented any scores of any account being made at the South London Rifle Club revolver competitions, in fact, the longer range shooting was not attempted. Below are details of shooting.

Revolver, 20yds.:

Clementi-Smith	777474 36	E Howe	764575—30
Lieut J Howard	661567—34	Lieut F E Varley	335567—29

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 3–8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament. Convention at Sherman House, June 4.

June 11, 12.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

June 11–13.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Memphis Gun Club's annual tournament; $2,000 added money.

June 12–13.—JANESVILLE, Wis.—Fifth annual shoot of the Janesville Shooting Club; live birds and targets. H. H. McKenney, Sec'y.

June 13–14.—FARGO, N. D.—First annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets. Programmes ready May 15. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 13–15.—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

June 13–15.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club. D. L. Williams, Sec'y, Portland, Ore.

June 14.—WORCESTER, Mass.—Seventh and closing tournament of the New England Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Worcester Gun Club.

June 15.—WILMERDING, Pa.—Tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club. A. A. Mackert, Sec'y.

June 19–21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 20–22.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Multnomah Rod and Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

June 24–28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec'y.

June 26–27.—VICKSBURG, Miss.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club.

June 29.—MARION, N. J.—Fifth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The Pacific Coast Trap-Shooters' Association announces that it will guarantee $500 to the three high guns in a 25 live-bird handicap called the "Grand Pacific Coast Handicap." The above is "conditional on twenty-five or more entries on or before June 8." The entrance money is $20, birds extra; $10 forfeit on or before June 8, balance any time up to the last shot on the second round. The conditions governing the handicap are as follows: "Twenty-five live birds, 5 traps, 5 birds down, using indicator; handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds.; 50yds. boundary with a dead line at 33yds. mark; 5yds. circle to be placed around each trap; any birds killed inside of this circle to be scored 'lost bird;' three highest scores to take the purse. Revised 'Dick Swiveler live bird shooting rules' scoring system, to wit: 20, 35 and 50yds. circles to be placed around all traps, using No. 3 trap as the center of the circles. All birds killed inside of the 20yds. circle and without the 5yds. circle to be scored 10 points when killed with the first barrel and 9 points when killed with the second barrel. All birds killed inside of the 35yds. circle and without the 20yds. circle.

and within the outside boundary to be scored 8 points when killed with the first barrel and 7 points when killed with the second barrel. All birds killed inside of the outside boundary and without the 35yds. circle to be scored 6 points when killed with the first barrel and 5 points when killed with the second barrel. Any shooter who intentionally misses a bird in order to obtain a certain place shall forfeit all his interest in the purse, and will be debarred from taking part in any future tournament given under this management." Further particulars may be obtained from D. L. Williams, secretary and manager, 417 Abington Building, Portland, Ore.

Notwithstanding the intensely hot weather which prevailed on Saturday afternoon, June 1, a large number of local shooters went to West Farms, N. Y., to witness a four-handed match at 25 live birds per man, between A. D. Knapp and H. Cathbard on one side, and H. Senderer and T. J. Byrnes on the other. The result was an easy win for the first-named pair, as the following scores show: Knapp 24, Cathbard 22, total 46; Senderer 21, Byrnes 9, total 30.

Mr. Royal Robinson, secretary of the Limited Gun Club of Indianapolis, writes that his club claims the second week of September for its first tournament.

Dr. Samuel J. Fort, of Baltimore, Md., secretary of the Baltimore Shooting Association, was in this city last week. While here he found time to indulge in a few friendly revolver contests with Petty, and also to call on FOREST AND STREAM. The Doctor was enthusiastic over trap-shooting prospects around Baltimore, and states that his Association contemplates holding a large live-bird handicap, on the lines of the Grand American Handicap, some time this fall, the Association guaranteeing $1,000 in cash to the winners in the main event. The dates for the target tournament of the Association have not yet been fixed.

Prof. Zeth, of Altoona, Pa., writes that "Wopsy" is looking her best and that everything will be in capital shape for the Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tournament, July 10–12.

June 11 and 12, July 4, Sept. 2 and 3 are dates claimed by J. W. Fulford for tournaments at Utica, N. Y. At these tournaments both live birds and targets will be used.

A new club has been organized at South Weymouth, Mass., under the title of "The Wessagusset Fish and Gun Club." The club was organized May 22 with the following sportsmen as its officers: F. C. Blanchard, President; W. T. Simpson, Vice-President; C. H. Tinkham, Secretary; G. W. Conant, Treasurer. Directors: E. H. Belcher and B. B. Burbank. Mr. Tinkham writes me that capital grounds have been secured, and that the same were opened on May 30.

The programme of the Interstate tournament at Vicksburg, Miss., June 26, 27, is referred to elsewhere. The Vicksburg Gun Club will add $200 to the purses.

The American E. C. Powder Company will give a four days' tournament on May 5–8 next year. The tournament will be held in the immediate vicinity of New York city, and the E. C. Powder Company will add $2,000 to the purses. These two items are important factors, insuring as they do a large attendance of the best shots in the country.

The management of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has recently made some important alterations on the club's grounds at City Line. Chief among the alterations is the change in the direction of throwing the targets, the screen having been moved round to the left of the score, the background being considerably improved by this move. I understand that the scores made at the last two shoots show a corresponding improvement. It used to be a hard matter to make ten straight under the old system.

It looks as if Brewer and Duffy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., had come to terms, and Mr. Brewer will try to kill 95 out of 100 of Duffy's "ironclad" birds. The stake is said to be $250 aside, and the place and date—Parkway, L. I., June 10. As Brewer's two recent matches against birds were kept very quiet, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of any portion of the above; it is only hearsay and common talk, and is given as such.

Pigeon-shooting, as is only right at this season of the year, is very quiet in this section. Why shouldn't May 1—September 1 be a close time for pigeons?

In a letter which I received on May 29, Mr. Verner de Guise, of Mahwah, N. Y., mentions that his young pheasants (English, Mongolian, Gold, Silver, Amherst, etc.) are hatching out fast. He has over 5,000 eggs under sitting hens at the present time!

Scores made at the following shoots were received too late for insertion this week, and have consequently had to be held over: Canajoharie, N. Y.; Dunkirk, N. Y.; Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., (scores made on Decoration Day and June 1.)

With the mercury steadily going up into the nineties, and after four days of record-breaking weather for the last of May and the beginning of June, it may be imagined how pleased I was with the avalanche of trap scores that piled into this office on Monday morning. Secretaries of gun clubs would confer a favor if they would send in scores as soon as possible after they're made. Of course, it's a case of "better late than never," but this weekly Monday hustle, especially during the hot weather, shortens the life of even a trap editor.

Next week will be a big one in Memphis. Mr. Hough will see to it that the trap department of FOREST AND STREAM does not get left. Other shoots during the week will be: June 12–13, Janesville, Wis.; 13–14, Fargo, N. D.; 13–15, Omaha, Neb. (with Frank Parmalee as the presiding genius); 13–15, Portland, Oregon; 14, Worcester, Mass., and 15, Wilmerding, Pa.

Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company, sails early next week for England. Capt. Money's trip is one of business and pleasure combined. During his stay across the Atlantic he will take part in the international contests which will be brought off at Hurlingham and the Gun Club.

EDWARD BANKS.

Trap at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 25.—The following are the recent live-bird scores made at John Watson's grounds:

May 18.—Practice shoot:

R S Mott	2222102210112111210221101 0122222222101211111122111 1110111012111111111112101 21022	—70
J J Smith	2112212221000020022000102 0011212021122111111 2121112121121121121 02222	—56
J M Wilson	1112220111002110011122221 0022101111111122220102121 1201211111211112112212111 11111	—69
Dr Carver	2222222222222222222202222	—24
Chas Beck	1011201112201101021	—15
Stevens	1202022012002221201200021 1022112202111112201000101 21111	—39

May 23.—Lake County Gun Club:

W Ford	2000101201— 5	C Brooklindn	1011200121— 7
W J Edbrook	2112111212—10	A Marquardt	1110221102— 8
H Koehler	2100100102— 5	Wetfel	000220w — 2

Practice, same day:

Dr Carver	2222211222212222222210120 2111212212212122112212121 2121202221202112222211212 2222220000	—76
R Mott	2111112111212022121210120 0111110010111111011111011 1001111121212110112112012 12010202022220221202112	—83
Robin	1021212212222002222122022 1222111022020212222011102 2211222021202200121001211	—60

May 24.—Practice shoots:

A Stafford	1012110123111111110022221001000—21
Hy Ehlers	1121211102110120111110120222201—24
Geo Hoffmann	1101121001211021110120011121211—23
Abe Kleinman	1112122011102111111111101101211—26
H B Meyers	1211011010 — 7
Dr Liddy	0221000200101010100011 — 9
Fredrich	2112202101 — 8

RAVELRIGG.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 30.—To-day being Decoration Day, the Holiday Cup contest attracted 15 members of the New Utrecht Gun Club to the club's grounds at Woodlawn, L. I. Capt. Money, Class AA, and C. W. Floyd, Class B, both killed straight, Floyd not using his allowance. Dr. Littlefield, Louis Schortemeier and Conny Furgueson killed 9 out of 10, and using their allowance of an extra bird, killed it, and scored 10. The five shooters above named then shot off for the cup, miss and out. Schortemeier dropped his first bird and retired, Dr. Littlefield dropping out on the fifth round. Conny Furgueson killed five straight, but slipped up on his sixth, leaving Floyd and Money to shoot it out. After each had killed eleven straight, Floyd dropped a bird; Capt. Money, however, also missed his twelfth. Floyd again missed his bird, the thirteenth in the ties, and Money killing, took the cup, and within the outside boundary to be scored 8 points when killed with the first barrel and 7 points when killed with the second barrel. All birds killed inside of the outside boundary and without the 35yds. circle to be scored 6 points when killed with the first barrel and 5 points when killed with the second barrel. Any shooter who intentionally misses a bird in order to obtain a certain place shall forfeit all his interest in the purse, and will be debarred from taking part in any future tournament given under this management." Further particulars may be obtained from D. L. Williams, secretary and manager, 417 Abington Building, Portland, Ore.



THE RECORD BREAKERS.

Several sweeps were also shot during the day. Scores in the various events are as follows:

Holiday Cup, 10 live birds, handicap allowance:

Capt Money (AA)	1112111211 —10	R E Gray (B)	1•12112120+0— 8
C W Floyd (B)	1221121111 —10	Pennington (B)	2020212100+2— 7
Furgueson, 3d (B)	0222222222+2—10	G W Coulston (A)	01122•••11 — 6
Dr Littlefield (B)	2•22111221+2—10	*D C Bennett (B)	1211121112 —10
Schortemeier (B)	1212210222+2—10	*J Lott (C)	0021012111 — 7
Furgueson, Jr AA	2202202222 — 8	*E B Knowlton (C)	0002212210 — 6
W Lair (B)	211011212•+0— 8	*Lohman (C)	12020w — 3

*Not in sweep.

As stated above, Money won on the shoot-off in the 13th round of the ties.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
H P Fessenden	1•112—4	21022—4	21102—4	1222—4
C W Floyd	20201—3	21211—5	10211—4	021 —2
L H Schortemeier	12222—5	2•212—4	12120—4	2222—4
J Lott	02101—3	02110—3	10122—2	....
Conny Furgueson	02102—3	21•02—3	02222—4	2220—3
R E Gray	0•222—3	21•12—4	.....	....
C Furgueson, Jr	22222—5	20022—3	22222—5	2220—3
Capt Money	01122—4	10111—4	11021—4	102 —2
E Lohman	00011—2	00020—1	01021—3	102 —2
D Lohman	102•2—3	.....	.....	....
Dr Littlefield	.....	22222—5	21102—4	2222—4
Dr Hudson	.....	11212—5	11022—4	....
E B Knowlton	.....	12•02—3	00010—1	....
Wm Lair	.....	.....	.....	1•2— 2

No. 1 was 5 birds, $1, class shooting; No 2, $2, three high guns; No. 3, class shooting, $2 entrance; No. 4, $2 entrance, 3 birds, then miss and out. Among the other events decided was a match at 15 birds, for the price of the birds, between Capt. Money and C. Furgueson, Jr. C pt. Money won by 2 birds, killing 14 to his opponent's 12. C Furgueson, Jr., defeated Coulston in a 10-bird match for the birds, killing 10 to Coulston's 7.

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Mass., May 30.—The Boston Shooting Association held an all-day shoot to-day on their grounds at Wellington. Although the attendance was small, owing to all the local clubs holding shoots on this date, there were twenty-one events shot off. The birds being thrown as hard as possible accounts for the low scores made. Caterer J. A. Dill furnished one of his dinners; all who have been at the Boston Shooting Association's shoots know what that means. Scores in the events decided were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets: Howe 7, Puck 6, Lyman 9, Herbert 8, Bennett 9, Allison 7, Breen 7, Clark 6, Peabody 4.

No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles: Howe 8, Puck 6, Lyman 7, Herbert 10, Bennett 10, Allison 6, Breen 7, Clark 5.

No. 3, 10 targets, reversed order: Howe 7, Puck 7, Lyman 6, Herbert 8, Bennett 9, Allison 5, Breen 7, Clark 3, Nye 6, Pray 9.

No. 4, 10 targets: Howe 7, Puck 7, Lyman 6, Herbert 10, Bennett 10, Allison 7, Breen 6, Clark 3, Nye 7, Peabody 5.

No. 5, 10 targets, unknown angles: Howe 9, Puck 8, Lyman 6, Herbert 8, Bennett 7, Allison 9, Breen 10, Nye 8, Peabody 8.

No. 6, 10 targets, reversed order: Howe 9, Puck 8, Lyman 7, Herbert 8, Bennett 7, Allison 6, Breen 9, Sanborn 7, Edgarton 6, Pray 5, Peabody 6.

No. 7, 10 targets: Howe 8, Puck 8, Lyman 7, Herbert 8, Bennett 8, Allison 9, Breen 10, Nye 7, Sanborn 6, Edgarton 4, Pray 6, Clark 0, Peabody 5.

No. 8, 25 targets:

Howe	1011111011110110011100001—16
Puck	1110110011111110111111100—19
Lyman	1110101111111000111100111—18
Herbert	1110100011111111110111110—19
Bennett	1101011011010110111011111—18
Allison	0111111010111011111100011—18
Dickey	1110110111011111111101111—21
Conn	0111101111011101111011100—18
Pray	1010000000100110100011000— 8
Breen	1111110101101001111111111—20
Sanborn	1111100111010101101111100—17

No. 9, 10 targets, unknown angles: Howe 6, Puck 9, Lyman 7, Herbert 9, Bennett 9, Allison 7, Breen 8, Conn 6, Pray 5, Nye 8, Sanborn 8.

No. 10, 10 targets, reversed order: Howe 4, Puck 7, Lyman 3, Herbert 7, Bennett 3, Allison 8, Breen 4, Conn 6, Pray 5.

No. 11, 10 targets: Lyman 7, Bennett 7, Herbert 7, Puck 8, Howe 8, Cook 5, Conn 7, Clark 4, Pray 4, Allison 7.

No. 12, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Lyman	1111010000110011011000000—11
Bennett	1111111111010111111010101—20
Herbert	0111011111110001101110111—18
Puck	1100001111110110111111101—18
Howe	1111111101111101110100100—18
Dickey	1111111111111111111111111—25
Patterson	1111011010111101101110110—18
Pray	1001000001101111101110100—13
Nye	1111111111100111101101011— 20
Allison	1011111110100110100110111—17
Cook	0110110101110111011111101—18
Conn	1101010001011111101111011—17

No. 13, 10 targets: Bennett 9, Herbert 8, Puck 7, Howe 6, Allison 6, Pray 5, Cook 5, Lyman 7, Conn 7, Clark 2.

No. 14, 10 targets, reversed order: Bennett 7, Herbert 7, Puck 9, Howe 4, Allison 8, Pray 5, Patterson 7, Cook 6, Conn 6.

No. 15, 10 targets, unknown angles: Bennett 10, Herbert 10, Puck 9, Howe 4, Allison 4, Pray 4, Breen 7, Lyman 6, Patterson 6.

No. 16, 10 targets: Bennett 9, Herbert 9, Puck 8, Howe 5, Allison 7, Breen 8, Patterson 6, Clark 2, Pray 3, Lyman 4, Conn 8, Cook 9.

No. 17, 10 targets, reversed order: Bennett 6, Herbert 8, Puck 6, Howe 6, Allison 8, Patterson 7, Pray 4, Clark 6.

No. 18, 10 targets, unknown angles: Bennett 8, Herbert 9, Puck 7, Howe 5, Allison 9, Breen 9, Pray 6, Conn 8, Patterson 6.

No. 19, 10 targets: Bennett 8, Herbert 9, Puck 8, Howe 7, Allison 9, Pray 6, Lyman 6, Conn 9, Clark 5, Patterson 6.

No. 20, 10 targets, reversed order: Bennett 8, Herbert 9, Puck 7, Howe 7, Allison 7, Pray 8, Patterson 5, Conn 6, Lyman 8.

No. 21, 5 pairs:

Howe	10 10 01 11 11— 7	Herbert	10 11 10 10 10— 6
Bennett	11 11 11 11 11—10	Pray	11 10 00 00 10— 3
Allison	10 11 01 01 01— 6	Patterson	10 10 00 00 01— 3
Puck	10 00 11 00 01— 4	Clark	00 11 10 00 10— 4

Shooting at Willard Park.

PATERSON, N. J., May 30.—The scores given below were made to-day at Boyle Brothers' Willard Park grounds. It was originally intended that there should be a sweep at 25 pigeons per man; owing to the scarcity of birds, however, the event was changed to 15 birds, $10. Considering the intensely hot weather, the birds were a good lot, scarcely a duffer among them. In the main event Smith acted as referee and Dutcher as scorer. The scores were:

Sweep, 15 birds, handicap rise, $10:

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

T W Morfey (31)	↗↘H↘↘↘↙↖↘↖←←↗→← •2222222222202 2—13
Noel Money (29)	↖↗↖↘↖↘↑↓↖←↗→↟↘↗ 2221122222211011—14
Ed George (28)	←↖↖↖↘↙↗↖↖↗↘↗→↘↖ 1112 2•2212222221—14
Jones (23)	←↖↖↑→↗↞↙↘↖↖↙↘↑ 2122120112222210—13
T C Wright (29)	→↴↖→↖←←←↙←↙↘↘↑↖ •1121121221221121—14
G Hopper (28)	↓↓↘↖→←↖↗↘↘↖↗↖↙ 0221122222222220 0—12
Ed Morgan (27)	↖↖↖↘↗↗↖↖↗↖↖↗↘↗↖→ 1020221222202112—12
C F Lenone (28)	↙←↖←←←↖↖↑↖↗↗↘↗↗ 1100100011102 2 2—9
Abbott	→←↖←←↙←↘↖↘↗↖↗↖ 1121011101202 02—11

Sweeps were shot as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
T W Morfey (31yds)	20—1	220—2	22110—4	20 —1
N E Money (29)	21—2	221—3	21212—5	2220—3
Ed George (28)	0 —0	112—3	2110 —3	0 —0
Jones (28)	21—2	0 —0	11121—5	20 —1
Wright (29)	..	...	.....	1212—4
Hopper (28)	..	...	.....	2220—3
Morgan (27)	..	...	.....	0 —0
Lenone (28)	..	...	.....	10 —1
Abbott (27)	..	...	.....	1110—3

No. 1 was a $1 miss and out; No. 2, 3 and 4, $2 miss and out.

In a match, shot during the morning, Donelly beat Stewart by 3 birds. The terms of the match were 10 birds, $25 a side, Long Island rules.

After the live birds had been disposed of an adjournment was made to the bluerock traps, where the following scores were made:

No 1, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1: Morfey 12, Money 14, Wright 11, Doty 12, Ed Berry 10, Abbott 11, J. Doty 11, Lenone 7, Jones 12, Morgan 13.

No. 2, same: Morfey 11, Money 11, Lenone 11, A. Doty 9, Berry 8, Morgan 13, Abbott 12, J. Doty 10, Wright 11.

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Morfey 9, Money 10, Lenone 8, Morgan 7, Abbott 9.

DUTCHER.

Maplewood Gun Club.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., May 30.—Notwithstanding the intense heat there was a good attendance of shooters at the grounds of the Maplewood Gun Club to-day. A large number of spectators was also present. The scores made were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: L. Thomas 9, Yeomans 9, Parry 8, Van Idestine 8.

No. 2, same: Addison 10, Yeomans 9, Sickley 9, Van Ide 9, Miller 9, Jackson 9, Sopher 9, Geoffry 9, Thomas 8, Smith 7, Dunican 4.

No. 3, 10 targets, expert rules, $1: Yeomans 9, Smith 8, Thomas 9, Geoffry 9, Addison 8, Sickley 10, Miller 8, Dunican 6.

No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50:

Geoffry	101111111111111—14	Jackson	1110111101111111—13
Smith	111111111111111—15	Dunican	0001101100101101— 7
Sickley	111111110111111—14	Sopher	111111111111010—13
Yeomans	111111110101111—13	Dukes	0111111101111111—13
Thomas	111000111100111—10	Howard	0100011100010101— 7
Miller	111111111011001—12	Tillon	1111110110111111—13

No. 5, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Yeomans 10, Geoffry 10, Van 10, Thomas 7, Jackson 8, Addison 9, Miller 9, Smith 8, Sopher 8, Dunican 7.

No. 6, same: Thomas 10, Yeomans 9, Jackson 6, Geoffry 10, Addison 9, Sickley 7, Smith 10, Dunican 5, Van Ide 9, Sopher 8, Miller 9, Eager 7.

No. 7, 15 targets, $1 50.

Smith	111111111111011—14	Sickley	1110111111111111—14
Yeomans	1011111111111111—14	Tillon	0111001111111111—12
Thomas	0111111111111011—13	Dunican	1100110111001111—10
Geoffry	1111111111111111—15	Jackson	1011010110111111—11
Addison	0111111111111111—14	Dukes	1010011111101111—11
Miller	1110111111111001—12		

No. 8, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Smith 10, Yeomans 10, Thomas 10, Jackson 8, Van Ide 6, Geoffry 9, Howard 7, Dunican 5, Dukes 8, Tillon 7, Sickley 8, Eager 6.

No. 9, 10 targets, expert rules, $1: Yeomans 9, Geoffry 8, Howard 6, Dukes 7, Smith 5, Sickley 8.

No. 10, 5 pairs:

Smith	11 11 01 11 11—9	Addison	11 11 10 10 00—6
Yeomans	10 11 00 11 11—7	Thomas	10 10 10 10 10—5
Sickley	10 11 01 10 10—6	Dukes	01 11 11 10 10—7
Geoffry	00 01 11 11 10—6	Sopher	11 10 01 11 11—8
Parry	11 10 11 10 10—7		

No. 11, 5 pairs, $1:

Yeomans	11 11 11 11 11—10	Dukes	11 11 10 01 10— 7
Geoffry	11 00 11 11 11— 8	Sopher	10 10 10 01 11— 6
Sickley	10 11 11 10 10— 7	Van Ide	11 01 11 11 01— 8
Smith	10 10 01 11 11— 7	Howard	10 01 10 11 11— 7
Parry	10 11 01 01 10— 6	Miller	11 01 01 11 11— 8
Addison	10 10 00 11 11— 6	Dunican	10 10 11 10 10— 6
Thomas	10 10 00 11 11— 6	Tillon	11 00 10 01 11— 6

O. L. YEOMANS, Sec'y.

The Record Breakers.

A SCORE of 119 out of a possible 120 in a 20-target event is something so much out of the ordinary run of things, being a record, that we have reproduced a photograph of the squad of six men who performed that feat on bluerocks, together with their score as it appeared on the blackboard. The occasion on which this score was made was the recent DuPont tournament at Cincinnati, O., and the squad, No. 3 in event No. 6 on May 7, was made up as follows: J. W. Conner, Knoxville, O.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; Ferd. Van Dyke, Dayton, N. J.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; H. Dando, Dayton, O., and C. A. Young, Springfield, O. Event No. 6 was a "DuPont event," it being a *sine qua non* that all contestants in this event must use DuPont's Smokeless powder. So far as we are aware, Van Dyke was the only member of the squad who had used DuPont Smokeless to any extent prior to this event.

National Gun Club of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 30.—The newly organized National Gun Club of Milwaukee held its first tournament to-day, and although it evidently confined its efforts to a one-day affair, its results show it might well have been more ambitious, for the shoot was very pleasant and successful. Indeed, in very many ways it had an interest far beyond that ordinarily attaching to a one-day shoot. The club is young, but its forty members are full of enterprise and ambition, and its management set out to make the event of its first tournament noteworthy. Mr. G. L. Kurts, a Milwaukee shooter of some experience, has been pestering for some time back with burly Dr. Williamson, one of the Milwaukee stand-bys, and the latter being willin', the two agreed to shoot at 100 live birds each at this tournament, Decoration Day. Not content with one good attraction, the club committee sent down to Chicago and got Dr. W. F. Carver, the noted shooter, to come up and show the Cream City boys a few lines of shooting, putting in against him as trotting mate Mr. Howard Bosworth, who pluckily consented to entertain the champion all he could. Thus two very interesting features were assured, the Kurts-Williamson race having attracted much attention, though Dr. Williamson adhered to his invariable rule of shooting for nothing more than the price of the birds. In addition to these events plenty of birds were provided for sweepstake shooting, and an able and active set of bluerock traps were put in commission to engage the attention of those so disposed.

The National Gun Club holds its meetings in the well-known grounds at National Park, which is still under the fostering care of old Pa Brand, who seems not to age or change as the years pass by. These grounds are very pleasant and accessible, and to-day the arrangements were very good. Several tents furnished shelter, and a good lunch was served. The shelter was in good stead, for at about half past two o'clock the lowering heavens opened, and let fall a terrific gust of wind and rain, which, for a time, threatened to do even more serious damage than blowing down sections of the Park fence and ruining ladies' dresses. The sky cleared, however, and allowed the shooting to go on, though the air remained close and muggy, so that it was not to be expected the birds would fly well. The last fifteen birds of the Carver-Bosworth match were shot off after the rain.

Dr. Carver made a very favorable impression with the National Club people, and so did his gun. Dr. Williamson borrowed this gun for a time in his race with Mr. Kurts, and made a run of 30 straight with it, until his opponent objected. After this event Dr. Williamson used the gun in sweeps, and out of 60 birds shot at scored 59, then going to 71 with only two misses in all. This was a case of love at first sight, and it is likely that the gun will go to live in Milwaukee now. Dr. Carver is one of the modern exponents of heavy nitro loads. He uses 4 drms. of E. C., but he has a half inch soft white felt, a 3/8 n. U. M. C., and a salmon and black soft "field" wad on top of the powder (no card wads at all), so that with this soft wadding the recoil is no worse—so say those who tried it—than with the ordinary target load.

The secretary of the National Club, Mr. Splitt, and the tireless and efficient field hustler, Jake Muehl, assisted by Messrs. Thomas, Cox, etc., had their hands full to-day, but each man did his duty, and the result was a very satisfactory little tournament.

Following are the principal scores of the day. In the Kurts-Williamson race Mr. Kurts used black powder in his left barrel, but loaded only 2¾drs. of it. This proved a handicap, and though he shot pluckily he lost. Score, 100 live birds:

KURTS-WILLIAMSON.

Dr J L Williamson	0101021011111•1•11221
	2212120100101222O211
	1111•1111122111121221
	11212•102121101•2212
	10121221112111121121—82
G L Kurts	2120012120110 1•10201
	2212211222•102001100
	0211021101122211110 1
	010121•2011020112011
	12110100021111111111—72

CARVER-BOSWORTH.

Trap score type—Copyright 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Dr W F Carver	↖↑↗↓↖↖↖↗←→→↑←↗↓↓←↓→→ 2 0 1 1 1 2 • 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2—18
	↳↖→→↗↗↖↙↘←↓↜↜↙↗⇗←↙↑↑ 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—30
	↓↖ ←↖↜↜↓⇗↑↗→↜↖←↑↑↑↓→ 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 • 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2—18
	↓→→↜↗↓↑↓↜→↙→←↓↓↓↓←↑↓ 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2—19
	→↓↑←↑→→↜↗↖↑↑⇗↗↓↗⇕←↑↓ 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 2 • 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—19—94
Howard Bosworth	↑←↖↗↑↓↖↓↑↖↗↓↑↖↗↑↑↗↶↗ 0 1 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 • 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 • 0—14
	↖→↖↗→→↓↑↑↑↑↓↓↓↑←↓↑↑↓ 2 1 0 • 1 1 2 1 • 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1—17
	↗↓↓↖↗↗⇗←↑↓↜↖↘↘⇗↓↑⇕←← 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 0 1 2—17
	↑↑↖↗⇗↑↜→⇕↑⇕↗↓←←←↓↑↓⇕ 2 2 2 1 • 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1—19
	⇕↗⇕←↓↓→↓→←↓→↑↑→⇕↖↓↖↓ 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 0 1 2 2 2 1—18—85

NOTE.—There seems to have been no official scorer for this match. The flights, etc., were kept by a gentleman who kindly gave them to the FOREST AND STREAM representative, who arrrived when the race was nearly finished.

A sweep, 25 live birds, price of birds, was shot by Messrs. George Dieter, Richard Merrill and Dr. J. L. Williamson. At 25 they were tied and so remained at 30, each man having scored 29. Each then paid for his own birds.

A sweep at 10 live birds was shot by Messrs. Theo. Thomas, Richard Merrill, P. Schuchardt, Geo. Dieter and H. Bosworth, each of the four latter killing 10 straight, Mr. Thomas 8.

A sweep at 10 live birds was shot in which Mr. Thomas scored 8, Mr. Bush 10, Mr. Brant 6, Mr. Mirgler 5.

Other sweeps filled in the available time of the day.

Following are winners in some of the leading target scores:

No. 3, 10 bluerocks: Richard Merrill, Dr. Morrison, George Dieter, 10 each; Theodore Thomas, J. L. Cox, 9 each.

No. 4, 15 bluerocks: George Dieter, 15; Theodore Thomas and Dr. Morrison, 14 each.

No. 5, 15 bluerocks: Theodore Thomas and J. L. Cox, 15 each; Richard Merrill 14.

No. 6, 10 bluerocks: Theodore Thomas and P. Schuchardt, 10 each.

No. 7, 10 bluerocks: D. Miller, J. E. Farcher, J. Fisher and P. Schuchardt, 9 each.

No. 8, 20 bluerocks: J. Haertel and J. E. Farcher, 19 each; Theodore Thomas, J. Bush, J. Fisher, 18 each.

No. 9, 10 bluerocks: D. Miller and F. Meixner 10 each, Theodore Thomas, P. Schuchardt, George Deiter, P. Himmelstein 9 each.

No. 10, 10 bluerocks: J. Bush 10, Theodore Thomas, George Deiter, J. Fisher and P. Hammerschmidt 9 each.

No. 11, 15 birds: J. Bush, D. Miller and J. Haertel 14 each, Theodore Thomas, J. L. Cox and William Mirgeler 13 each.

No. 12, 10 bluerocks: Richard Merrill, J. L. Cox and Theodore Thomas 9 each, D. Miller 8.

No. 13, 20 bluerocks: J. Bush 20, S. Meunier 18.

About 800 live birds and 3,000 targets were shot, which in view of the rain was a good day's work. This young club should be congratulated on its first public entertainment. In shooting material it is very strong, and a promising future seems before it. E. HOUGH.

Stroudsburg Gun Club.

STROUDSBURG, Pa., May 30.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Stroudsburg Gun Club:

No. 1, 15 targets:

M E Miller	111111011111111—14	M Lash	0000010100w
W Lash	011111011101101—11	Rutt	1011001101011 10— 9
S Jones	111111101111110—13	C M Brownell	0101111111111110—12
W H Bossard	111101011110001—10		

No. 2, same: Miller 13, Brownell 12, Jones 9, W. Lash 8.

No. 3, expert rules, 5 targets: Miller 5, Brownell 4, W. Lash 3, Jones 1.

No. 4, 3 pairs: W. Lash 6, Brownell 2, Miller 2.

No. 5, 10 targets: Miller 9, Brownell 8, W. Lash 9.

No. 6, 7 live birds, 28yds. rise:

C M Brownell	1112110—6	*M C Rutt	1110•01—4
M E Miller	1210011—5	Jones	•111202—5
*W Bossard	•021111—5		

*Bossard and Rutt each shot 10-gauge guns. M. E. M.

Endeavor Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 30.—The Endeavor Gun Club held its regular monthly prize shoot to-day at its grounds, Marion, N. J. All the target events were shot at known traps, unknown angles, except event No. 4. Scores of all events, live bird and inanimate, follow:

Live birds, Jersey sweeps, 4 birds, $3:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.		No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dustin	1211—4	1011—3	2121—4	Hoff	1202—3	....	....
Piercy	2220—3	1022—3	1122—4	Ingram		1210—3	1010—2
Strader	1111—4	1111—4	122•—3	Hepsley		....	1212—4
Seeley	1•22—3	1010—2	....	Metz		....	1222—4

Besides the scores in the target events given below, five 10-target events were shot, of which no manifold copies were kept. The following were the scores made in those events:

	1	2	3	4	5		1	2	3	4	5
L Piercy	6	..	5	..	..	Polhemus	..	..	7	10	8
Eames	6	6	7	4	4	McPeek	7	10	6	5	7
Strymple	4	7	4	4	4	Post	..	..	4	..	2
Creveling	6	..	9	9	6	R Strader	..	..	..	..	5
Cannitz	..	..	..	..	4	Seeley	8	4	5	6	7
Piercy	9	5	4	9	5	Dustin	9	6	8	8	8
Ingram	..	..	6	7	7	A Strader	6	..	7	8	..

The other scores were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Fletcher	1100000100—3	0000100001—2
Piercy	1001	1001010110—5
L Piercy	0010010000—3	.....
Strimple	0001011011—5	1100001111—6
Polhemus	1011111011—8	1101011111—8
Creveling	1100001111—6	1101111010—7
Strader	1111111101—9	0111111011—8
Ingram	1111101101—8	1011111010—7
Dustin	0000111001—4	0101110111—7
Hollister	0011101111—7	1011100001—5
Boothroyd	0111010101—6	0111001000—4
Eames	1011111111—9	1111110111—9
Caunitz	1110101001—6	0011011111—7
Creveling	1111111110—9	.....
R Strader	0100100000—2	.....
McPeek	1000111101—6	.....

No. 3, club prize shoot:

Ingram	11011111000001110000011101—18
Piercy	00011010101000011010111101—12
Polhemus	00101011101101111100101—16
Fletcher	01100111001111001101110 01—15
Strader	01111110001111101101111 01—18
McPeek	01011101111111111110101 01—19
Post	11010001010011000000100101—10
Dustin	01101111010110011111110 1—18
Creveling	10010111010011011110011—16
R Strader	10001110111101100001100 01—18

No. 4, 10 singles, expert rules, and 5 pairs: Dustin 12, Eames 12, Fletcher 01, Piercy 10, Cannitz 10, Polhemus 10, McPeek 10, Ingram 9, Creveling 8.

No. 5, 10 targets: Creveling 8, Strader 8, Dustin 7, Polhemus 7, Cannitz 7, Ingram 7, Piercy 6, Fletcher 5, Hollister 5, R. Strader 5, Metz 4, Hepsley 0.

No. 6, same: Dustin 8, Strader 8, Fletcher 8, Creveling 7, Cannitz 7, Piercy 6, Ingram 6, Polhemus 4.

No. 7, same: Polhemus 9, Ingram 1, Piercy 8, Dustin 8, Cannitz 7, Strader 6, Fletcher 5, McPeek 4.

No. 8, same: Polhemus 10, Piercy 8, Strader 8, Dustin 8, Cannitz 7, Ingram 7, Fletcher 6.

No. 10, same: Dustin 7, Ingram 7, Polhemus 6, Cannitz 6, Fletcher 5, Wright 5.

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

Weir City, Kansas.

WEIR CITY, Kansas, May 25.—A very interesting live-bird contest was shot to-day at the grounds of the Business Men's Gun Club between B. C. Best and Henry Pierce. The race was at 25 birds for $50 a side and gate money. The result was a tie, and as Pierce positively refused to shoot off the tie under any circumstances, Referee Calhoun declared the match a draw. The birds were an uneven lot and Best had by far the worst of it in drawing hard ones. Score:

Best	12111221122212111121021 12—23
Pierce	11112111111101111111201 12—23

MAMALUKE.

The Grand Rapids Tournament.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 1.—Whether the crackajacks got tired at Knoxville or Rolla Heikes's fishing expedition had too great attraction is yet to be seen, but the fact remains that they did not put in an appearance at the Grand Rapids tournament of May 29, 30, 31. To the "man in the moon" it looks as if the report from Little Rock will show where the fish pond was, and whether the fishermen outnumbered the fish. A good number of prominent Michigan shooters showed up at the opening. B. O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, was there to look after the empire trap; John Parker in the interest of the bluerocks; T. J. Graham, of Sault St. Marie; Livenguth, of Lafayette, Ind.; Elkerton, of Alaska; N. W. Holt, of Manchester; J. R. Preston, Coldwater; H. C. Holt, Cleveland, shooting under name of "Clay;" J. P. Easton, Monroeville, O.; H. H. Karstens; Zulaad, a Jackson man, as "Redwing."

These men stayed like old campaigners, but the lone professional most of the first day was John Parker, of Des-Chree Shos-Ka, representing the Winchester Arms Co. and E. C. Powder Co. Simon Glover, Rochester, got to the grounds in time to get in the last regular events, and seemed to have a string tied to his entrance money. The Grand Rapids handicap, giving the amateurs one bird more in 15 and 20-bird events, and two in 25-bird events, than the professional and 90 per cent. amateurs, worked like a charm, not only in keeping things moving without a break, but in evening up the scores in a manner satisfactory to both classes.

Two sets of traps, one bluerock expert and one empire, were in place, a distance of 75ft. apart, but the limited attendance rendered the use of both unnecessary, and it was found to expedite matters by using only the first named. Mr. M. C. Byers, one of the club members, acted as general manager and filled the place as if to the manor born. Without any nonsense, but uniformly courteous, he was everywhere and alert to the needs of everyone. He was ably assisted by W. D. Pugh in getting the men in position, making up the squads with discretion, so that if a man was notorious as a laggard he did not shoot near the head of the squad. Mr. C. L. Carpenter as referee, Mr. William Geer as official scorer, and Messrs. C. F. Rood and W. H. Neahr in the cashier's tent, filling the same positions as last year, left nothing to be desired in those places. Special mention should be made of the café. Mr. Hansen, steward of the Peninsula Club, the leading social organization of this city, is a member of the gun club and took personal charge of that essential department; his fragrant coffee, salads, etc., were an agreeable change from the customary lunch. Two tents, 24×50, were spread for shooters and spectators, besides another specially reserved for ladies; one tent, 20×40, was used as the café, and there were also the usual number of smaller tents. Foster, Stevens & Co., the leading sporting goods dealers of Michigan, had their own tent in charge of Mr. Wm. H. Calkins with a large stock of ammunition.

No rain interfered with the shoot and the roof over the shooting station was a grateful protection from the hot sun.

The scores of the opening day are given below. The amount of money divided in programme events was $421.85.

Among the new arrivals on the second day were J. A. R. Elliott, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Wm. Thompson, Jackson; F. C. and W. M. Marantette, Meadon; C. H. Rich, Greenville; D. Carpenter, Battle Creek; H. M. DeBree, Greenville; Wm. Watts, Jackson; A. B. Webber, Ionia; Sam Howes, Battle Creek; R. L. Soule, Plainwell. The fine weather and the holiday brought out a large crowd of spectators, and the ranks of the local shooters were largely increased by members of the club unable to leave their business the day before, or doing jury duty, like the "old reliable" George Gould.

The State championship team race for three diamond buttons was shot to-day, and was won by a miscellaneous team entered at the last moment. Under the regulations of the Michigan League, the Board of Control have the right to fill out a vacancy in a club team by assigning to it a man from some other locality, and with this arbitrary authority the Des-Chree-Shos-Ka team was made up with one man from Grand Rapids, one from Sault Ste. Marie and one from Detroit. This event interfered with the programme events, and except for this the record for number of targets thrown from one set of traps would have been reached. As it was, 5,455 were thrown during the day. The number of entries ranged from 21 in event No. 1 to 33 in event No. 10, and the total value of purses divided was $627.50.

On the third day the only new arrival was C. Schelling, of Lansing, and the early departure of a number of visitors showed that a three-days shoot is rather too much for a town of this size. The number of targets thrown was better than the first day, the larger amount of added money having kept the successful ones and called out a few new aspirants. The amount of money divided was $521.10, entries ranging from sixteen to twenty-two. A new magazine trap in operation was on exhibition on the grounds in the afternoon, the invention of a local printer, Mr. A. H. Davis. The features of the trap are that it uses any make of targets, and is set and loaded at one motion by hydraulic pressure, pipes leading from one pump to as many traps as desired, enabling one man to operate five traps as rapidly as the pump handle can be worked. Also the angle changing device is such that even the operator cannot tell what the flight will be without seeing the traps.

Much interest was taken in Mr. Davis's invention, and as practical a man as Benj. O. Bush remarked, "Gentlemen, you have said magazine traps were no good, but I tell you there is the coming trap; the right idea is there and it is worked out correctly." C. F. R.

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1.50, $10 added: R. C. Wharton 7, Walton 9, Holcomb 8, Elkerton 8, Gilmore 8, Holt 7, Widdicomb 6, Preston 7, Bush 10, Graham 10, Livenguth 9, Parker 9.

No. 2, 15 targets, $2, $20 added:

Parker	110111101111101 —12	Bush	1101101110111111—13
Holcomb	1111100011011101—11	Elkerton	1101100101100011— 9
Wharton	1111100111011111—13	Gilmore	0111111111110111—14
Livenguth	0011111101111111—13	Preston	1100101111111000—10
Graham	1111111111111 —15	Clay	1111111111111011—15
Holt	1111110111111111—15	Coleman	1111100100101111—11
Widdicomb	0111011010111101—11	Brown	1001100011101100— 8
Walton	1111001011111101—12	Freligh	1110111001011100—10

No. 3, 20 targets, $2.50, $20 added:

Parker	11011111111111111110 —18
Holcomb	11111010111010100011—14
Wharton	11011010111110111011—16
Livenguth	11010111010111101100—14
Graham	11111011111111011111—19
Holt	10111111111111011111—19
Widdicomb	10101101111111110111—17
Walton	11111111111111111111 —20
Bush	11100111101111111111—18
Elkerton	11111111101110011010—16
Gilmore	11100111010111101111—16
Freligh	11100111111111100111—17
Clay	11111011111011011010—16
Coleman	01111101011111101111—17
Brown	01110111000000011100—10

No 4, 15 targets, $2, $10 added:

Parker	1111111001110111—12	Clay	0111111110001111—12
Holcomb	1111111111011101—15	Elkerton	0111111000111111—12
Wharton	0111110010100111—10	Gilmore	0010110111011111—11
Livenguth	1111110111011111—14	Hughart	0111100000000010— 5
Graham	1001111011111101—12	Bush	1100111111111111—14
Holt	1111101111101111—14	Coleman	0101111001101111—11
Widdicomb	1111111111101111—15	White	1000010000101111— 7
Walton	0111111011011111—13	Easton	0100111111110111—12

No. 5, 20 targets, $2.50, $20 added:

Parker	01111111110111111111 —18
Holcomb	11011101111111110110—17
Falcon	01111111001101111011—16
Livenguth	01011010111110111111—16
Graham	10111111111111111111—20
Holt	10110111001111011111—16
Widdicomb	01111100111111111111—18
Walton	11111111111111111111—20
Clay	11110011110101001111—15
Elkerton	11111011101111111110—18
Gilmore	01011111110110101001—14
Freligh	10111111001111111000—15
Easton	11111110111111000111—17
Bush	10101110110111111111—17
Coleman	11110110111011011010—15

No. 6, 15 targets. $2, $10 added:

Parker	111111111111111—15	Walton	1011111001100 10— 9
Holcomb	111111010010110—10	Clay	0110111111111111—13
Falcon	1011111100101111—11	Elkerton	1111111101100001—10
Livenguth	1111111011011111—13	Gilmore	0111111010111111—12
Graham	1111110111111111—14	Easton	1111111111111111—15
Holt	0111111010011111—11	Coleman	1110111111110111—13
Widdicomb	1101111011111101—13	Bush	0111111111111100—12

No. 7, 25 targets, $3, $20 added:

Parker	11110011111111100110111011—19
Bush	11011101111111111110111010—20
Falcon	11011110111111100111101101—19
Livenguth	10001010111111111111000111—17
Graham	11110111111010111111111111—22
Holt	11111101111111101110011111—21
Widdicomb	11111111111001101101111011—20
Walton	11111111110111011011011110—20
Clay	00111010010101110110010 1—14
Coleman	11100111110101101111000010—16
Gilmore	11101010111101111111001110—18
Freligh	10110100010100111001101 11—14
Easton	10111111110111101101111111—21
Redwing	10000100101001101001001 11—11
Karstens	10101111111111011111111111—22
Elkerton	01111010111011110100110 10—16

No. 8, 15 targets, $2, $10 added:

Parker	1111111101111 11—14	Elkerton	0110001001001 01— 5
Holcomb	1011100011101 10— 9	Gilmore	0111111111111 11—14
Falcon	1001110111111010—10	Bush	1111101111011 01—12
Livenguth	0101010100011 11— 8	Redwing	1101111010111 11—12
Graham	1111011111101 11—13	Easton	1111111111111 11—15
Holt	1111011101111 01—12	Karstens	0101100111000 11— 8
Widdicomb	1111111010101 01—11	Freleigh	1011011010110 01— 9
Walton	1100110101111 01—12	Coleman	0011011111011 01—10
Clay	1010011001110 01— 9		

No. 9, 20 targets, $2.50, $20 added:

Parker	11110110101111101101 —15
Holcomb	10110000111010000110 — 9
Falcon	01111111001111110011 —15
Livenguth	01110111111011011111 —16
Graham	11111111110010101111 —16
Holt	11011110111111100011 —15
Widdicomb	11111111101111111111 —19
Walton	01101101101111111110 —15
Clay	10011111111101011111 —17
Elkerton	11111110011000111111 —16
Gilmore	11110111000011001111 —13
Easton	11111110101101111111 —17
Bush	11111001111111111111 —18
Freleigh	11001110111001110011 —14
Coleman	10111010011000001111 —11
Karstens	10011011111111111100 —15
H Widdicomb	01101010000110110011 —10
Redwing	01111110111110111110 —16

No 10, 15 targets, $2, $10 added:

Parker	111111111111111 —15	Gilmore	0001111111111101 —11
Holcomb	0011101111111110 —11	Livenguth	0001011100111111 — 9
Falcon	0010111111111101 —11	Fox	1000001110011101 — 7
Easton	1111111111111101 —14	Glover	1101111111111111 —14
Graham	1111111111111111 —15	Bush	0110011111011101 —10
Holt	0001011111011111 —10	Preston	1111101011111110 —13
Widdicomb	0101111101010111 —10	H Widdicomb	1000110010101110 — 7
Walton	0111100111111110 —11	Friant	1011100111011110 —10
Clay	0111010101101011—10	Karstens	0110100111000111 — 8
Elkerton	0101011111111010 —11	Redwing	1110011101111111 —11

Extra No. 1, 15 targets, $1 50: Parker 10, Holt 10, Clay 11, Falcon 10, Livenguth 8, Graham 12, Karstens 4, Redwing 9, Freligh 7, Glover 12, Bush 14, Walton 10, R Widdicomb 12.

Extra No. 2, same: Parker 14, Clay 12, Bush 13, Glover 12, Fox 10, H. Widdicomb 11, Holt 7, Graham 13, Holcomb 10, Elkerton 9, Redwing 11, Walton 10, Preston 11, Livenguth 12, R. Widdicomb 11, Karstens 10, Baert 10, Faulkner 9.

Extra No. 3: Clay 12, Elkerton 10, Holt 11, Parker 12, Glover 15, Freligh 9, Graham 13, Kelsey 10, Bush 11, White 8, Preston 11, R. Widdicomb 12, Karstens 9, Baert 7, Livenguth 13, Redwing 8, Calkers 9, Walton 9.

Extra No. 4, 5 pairs, $1:

Graham	10 10 11 11 10—7	Freligh	10 00 10 10 00—3
Bush	10 01 11 11 01—7	Fox	10 10 10 11 10—6
R Widdicomb	10 10 10 10 00—4	Temple	11 10 10 11 11—8
Livenguth	11 10 11 10 11—8	Faulkner	11 11 11 10 10—8
H Widdicomb	01 11 10 11 11—8	Redwing	10 10 01 10 00—4
Holt	10 00 01 11 00—4	Davidson	10 01 10 01 00—4
Glover	11 10 10 11 10—7	Kelsey	10 10 10 10 01—5
Clay	10 10 10 00 10—4	Parker	10 11 01 11 11—8

Extra No. 5, 10 targets, $1: Glover 10, R. Widdicomb 7, Temple 9, Morris 6, White 7, Cartright 5, Kelsey 7, Elkerton 5, Friant 5, Hughart 4, Freligh 5, Calkins 7, Bush 9, H. Widdicomb 7, Fox 4, Faulkner 5, Livenguth 6, Baldwin 5.

Extra No. 6, same: Temple 7, Kelsey 5, Norris 7, Hughart 4, White 4, Cartright 7, Brown 4, Wharton 9, Glover 9.

Extra No. 7, 5 pairs, 50 cents: Brown 6, Norris 3, Kelsey 3, Temple 4, Redwing 4.

Extra No. 8, 10 targets, 50 cents: Kelsey 8, Norris 5, Brown 8, Calkins 8.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1.50, $10 added: Parker 9, Thomson 9, Wharton 6, Holcomb 9, Graham 8, Glover 10, Walton 9, W. W. Marantette 7, Gilmore 0, Livenguth 8, Bush 8, Temple 10, F. C. Marantette 9, D Carpentar 6, C. H. Rich 8, Kelsey 8, R. Widdicomb 7, Holt 9, Preston 8, Davidson 8, Elkerton 6, Elliott 8.

No. 2, 15 targets, $2, $10 added:

Parker	101001111111111 —12	Rich	1010111111111101—13
Thompson	1110111111111101—14	Carpenter	1110111111011111—14
Falcon	1111100111101111—13	Elkerton	0110000001011010— 6
Holcomb	0111100111111110—12	Preston	0111111100110101—11
Graham	111111111011011 —13	W M Debree	1111010111101101—12
Glover	110110111110111 —12	Elliott	110111111011011 —12
Walton	111111111111111 —15	Kelsey	1011100001100110— 8
W W M.	0111111100111010—11	Widdicomb	1111111100110011—12

Gilmore.....1111011110110111—13
Livenguth.....0101111111111110—13
Temple.....1110011111111111—14
Bush.....0111111101111011—13
Davidson.....1110111111111011—1
Gould.....1100101111111111—1
F C M.....1011011111111111—1
Holt.....1101101111111111—1

No. 3, 20 targets, $2.50, $10 added:

Parker.....11111111111111111111 —20
Thompson.....11101111111111111111—20
Falcon.....00111111110110000111— 14
F C M.....11011110111111111111—19
Graham.....11111011111111110111 —18
Glover.....00111111011111111111 —17
Temple.....10111110111000111110—15
Kelsey.....11110011100111111111—17
Gilmore.....11110111111111001111— 18
Livenguth.....01111011101111010110— 15
Widdicomb.....10101111011111101111—17
Holt.....11111001111101111011—17
Walton.....11011011100011001111—14
Elliott.....10110111111111111111 —18
Bush.....11111101111110111110—18
W W M.....11000110011011110100—12
Clay.....11110111110001111101—16
Rich.....11111011010111011110—17
D Carpenter.....01111101011111111011—17
Gould.....10111111111101111001—16
Debree.....11110000000001011010 — 8
Davidson.....11111011111101011100—16
Elkerton.....10111011000000110001—10
Preston.....11101111101111111110—18

No. 4, 15 targets, $2, $10 added: Parker 13, Thompson 13, Falcon 12, F. C. M. 13, Graham 11, Glover 14, Temple 11, Kelsey 11, Gilmore 11, Livenguth 12, Widdicomb 13, Holt 11, Walton 14, Elliott 14, Davidson 13, Elkerton 10, Clay 10, Rich 12, Freligh 7, Holcomb 14, Preston 14, Bush 11, D. Carpenter 13, Gould 13, Debree w, W. W. M. 8, Norris 10, Faulkner w.

No. 5, 25 targets, $3, $20 added:

Parker.....1111101111111001111111111 —22
Thomson.....0111111110011111111011111110—22
Falcon.....1101111000111000100110100011—14
F C M.....0110111111111111111111111111—25
Graham.....1111111011111111111111011 —23
Glover.....0110111111111111111111111 —23
Temple.....1101111000110100110100011011—15
Kelsey.....0111011101110110111001101—18
Gilmore.....0111000111110110111101000 —17

No. 9, 20 targets, $2.50, $20 added:

Parker.....01111111111110110111 —17
Thompson.....10111110111111111010—17
Falcon.....11110001110111000111—14
F C M.....11000011101011011011—13
Graham.....01111111111110111110 —17
Glover.....11110111111111110111 —18
Bush.....00101101111111111111—17
Kelsey.....10111111111001111101—17
Gilmore.....11001101001101001001—11
Livenguth.....11111111111111101111—20
Widdicomb.....11111010111101011111—17
Holt.....01011111101011111111—17
Walton.....10011011110110110111—15
Elliott.....11110111111111010111 —17
Davidson.....11101101111111111011—18
Preston.....00010111010111111110—13
Clay.....10100011101011101010—12
Eckert.....00100010010011011010— 9
Karstens.....01000011110111000011—11
Carpenter.....01111111111001011111—17
Gould.....10101011111110101111—16
Watts.....11110111111101101011—17
Howes.....11111110111101111110—18
Webber.....11101101101111110010—14
Rich.....11111111110111111010—17
White.....00001000010111000101 0— 7
Freligh.....11111000011001001000— 9
Temple.....00110000111001111101—12

No. 10, 15 targets, $2, $20 added: Parker 14, Thompson 12, Falcon 12, F. C. M. 14, Graham 13, Glover 14, Bush 14, Kelsey 9, Gilmore 8, Livenguth 9, Widdicomb 8, Holt 11, Walton 15, Elliott 13, Davidson 14, Brown 4, Soule 10, Eckert 9, Karstens 13, Watts 13, Preston 13, Howes 12, Gould 9, Carpenter 12, DeBree 14, Rich 12, W. W. M. 14, Webber 13, Nelson 10, H. Widdicomb 8.

State team championship, three-men teams, 25 targets per man, $2 25 per team, for three diamond buttons:

Des-Chree-Shos-Ka.

H Widdicomb.....10011101111011111111101111—20
Parker.....11101110111111111111111111—23
Graham.....11111111011111110111111100—21—64

Mendon.

F C Marantette.....11111111111111110110111111—23
W W M.....11111111111111101000111101—20
Preston.....00111011111111111001010111—18—61

No. 4, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added: Parker 12, Graham 15, Howes 11, Carpenter 13, Glover 14, Elliott 11, Walton 10, Widdicomb 15, Bush 11, Davidson 9, Preston 11, Holt 10, Falcon 14, Avery 9, H. Widdicomb 11, Gilmore w, Livenguth 13, Soule 7, Watts 11, Rich 12, Schelling 14.

No. 5, 20 targets, $2.50, $20 added:

Parker.....11111110110111111111 —18
Graham.....11111111111011111011—19
Howes.....00101010011111101111—14
Gilmore.....00111111111111110111—18
Glover.....11111111111011011111 —18
Elliott.....11101101111111111010 —16
Walton.....11111111111111110110—19
R Widdicomb.....10011111111111100110—16
Bush.....00010111011010111101—13
Carpenter.....01011011111100011111—15
H Widdicomb.....00111110111111111111—18
Holt.....11111001110111110111—17
Falcon.....11000101010110101001—11
Watts.....11101111111111101111—19
Schelling.....11111011111101110010—16
Livenguth.....11111101111110111111—19

No. 6, 15 targets, $2, $20 added: Parker 10, Graham 15, Preston 13, Freligh 10, Glover 14, Elliott 12, Walton 9, R. Widdicomb 14, Bush 12, Gilmore 10, H. Widdicomb 9, Holt 12, Hansen 8, Wyman 3, Clark 7, Rich 10, Livenguth w, Watts 15, Falcon 10, Howes 11, Carpenter 11, DeBree 7.

No. 7, 25 targets, $3, $25 added:

Parker.....11110111011001111111101111 —20
Graham.....11111111111111011011111111—25
Preston.....10111111110111101111011111—23
Gilmore.....11111111100111111110111011—23
Glover.....11111111111111111111101111 —24
Elliott.....11101111111011111011101 —21
Walton.....11111111011001101111011011—21
Widdicomb.....11111111111111111111111 —25
Bush.....11011111101111011111100100—21
Watts.....11111101111101110111011111—24
Holt.....11111111111111001110111011—23
Freligh.....00001110101001001000101010—11
Howes.....10111010111111111001111010—19
Carpenter.....11111110010011110101111111—21
Livenguth.....10111010010110101111110 —15
H Widdicomb.....11111111111011111110111111—25

No. 8, 15 targets, $2, $15 added: Parker 13, Graham 14, Preston 14, Wharton 9, Glover 18, Elliott 13, Walton 12, R. Widdicomb 12, Bush 10, Faulkner 12, Holt 12, Clark 8, Hanson 9, Gilmore 12, Watts 11, H. Widdicomb 11, Schelling 15, Carpenter 9, Livenguth 12, Howes withdrew.

No. 9, 20 targets, $2.50, $20 added:

Parker.....11111111111110111111 —19
Graham.....11110111111111100011—17
Preston.....11101160110111111111—17
Livinguth.....11110111011111111111—19
Glover.....10111010111111111111 —16
Elliott.....01001011111011111101 —14
Walton.....11101101011101111111—18
R Widdicomb.....11111111111011001111—18
Bush.....11111011010111110111—17
Faulkner.....10010111100000011110—11
Carpenter.....00011111110111100011—14
Holt.....11101111001111110111—19
Gilmore.....11011111111000111110—16
Watts.....11111110100101011111—16
Schelling.....11110101111111111011—18
Falcon.....10010101010w

No. 10, 15 targets, $2, $20 added: Parker 11, Graham 14, Preston 12, Falcon 11, Glover 15, Livenguth 11, Walton 7, R. Widdicomb 11, Bush 12, Gilmore 14, Watts 13, Holt 10, Calkins 7, White 5, H. Widdicomb 12, Davidson 10, Rood 9, Kelsey 13.

State championship, 25 targets:

Experts.

Holt.....11111011101111101111110111—21
Preston.....11111111111110101111100111—21
Falcon.....11111110001010010001w
Parker.....10110110011110110010101111—16
Howes.....10010100100w
Graham.....01110110111111111111111111—22

Semi-experts.

R Widdicomb.....11111011111111010111111101—21
Walton.....11111100101111111111101111—21
H Widdicomb.....10011111011010111011111011—18
Schelling.....11011111111111001110w
Davidson.....11101111001111111111110w
Watts.....11011111101010w
Bush.....11010111011011110w

Amateurs.

Gilmore.....10101111111110110111011111—20
Freligh.....01001110101000010100100 10—10
Calkins.....10111111111111111111111101—22
Eckert.....01001110100101000011110000—11
H Widdicomb.....11101101101111111110110100—17
Faulkner.....00111010110111111111111110—19
C Carpenter.....110111111010
Plant.....101001110



THE KNOXVILLE CONCOURSE OF 1895.

1. R. Van Gilder. 2. Shorty Bacon. 3. J. L. Livingston. 4. W. Tell Mitchell. 5. Major J. M. Taylor. 6. W. B. McKelden. 7. Norman Pruitt. 8. B. L. Osborne. 9. J. H. Bortle. 10. S. Van Gilder. 11. Col J. T. Anthony. 12. E. D. Fulford. 13. C. M. Grimm. 14. Harvey McMurchy. 15. F. H. Woodworth. 16. A. L. Ivins. 17. C. M. Raymond. 18. Dick Merrill. 19. A. W. du Bray. 20. Capt. A. W. Money. 21. Jim Elliott. 22. Capt. Andy Meaders. 23. F. J. "Dupont" Waddell. 24. J. H. Gulick. 25. Frank Meade. 26. T. H. Keller. 27. Joe Hunter. 28. Noel E. Money. 29 Frank McCartney. 30. Arthur Gamble. 31. Frank Parmalee. 32. Irby Bennett. 33. Rolla O. Heikes. 34. Jack Parker. 35. "Jenks" Perry Easton. 36. Ralph "Redwing" Worthington. 37. W. W. Watson. 38. Tom Callender. 39. Paul North. 40. Sim Glover. 41. Seth Clover. 42. R. F. Trimble 43. George Loomis. 44. C. W. Budd. 45. W. R. Fieles. 46. Charlie Young. 47. Maurice Kauffman. 48. Ed. Rike. 49. M. A. Keller. 50. W. Scott MacDonald.

Livenguth.....11111111011111111100111111—24
Widdicomb.....10110111111111011111111101011—25
Holt.....11111111111111111111101011—25
Walton.....11111111111111111010010011—22
Elliott.....10010111101111111111111101 —20
Davidson.....11111111001101101010110111—20
Elkerton.....00011010001110001010110111—13
Clay.....01111101100111011001111111—20
Rich.....00111111111111111111110111010—22
Carpenter.....11111111011101111011101111—23
Gould.....10111111101110100111111 —21
Freligh.....00110011111111100110101010110—17
Bush.....01111111101101111011011111—22
Preston.....01110001100011111010111100 0—15
W W M.....10110110011101111011100111—19

No. 6, 15 targets, $2, $10 added: Parker 13, Thomson 12, Falcon 11, F. C. M. 14, Graham 14, Glover 14, Bush 13, Kelsey 11, Gilmore 8, Livenguth 9, Widdicomb 11, Holt 11, Walton 15, Elliott 8, Davidson 10, Courtright 7, Clay 13, Rich 11, Watts 12, Carpenter 10, Norris 8, Gould 9, Temple 9.

No. 7, 20 targets, $2.50, $20 added:

Parker.....11111101101111101111 —17
Thomson.....11101111111101111110110—17
Falcon.....11111110011110001011 1—15
F C M.....11110111111111111111—20
Graham.....11110111111111111111 —19
Glover.....11111111111111111111 —20
Bush.....11011111101110111111—18
Kelsey.....10001110101101011010 1—12
Gilmore.....11110110110110010011 0—13
Livenguth.....11111011001111111110—17
Widdicomb.....11111111011011111111—19
Holt.....11111110111011111010—17
Walton.....10111101111110011111—17
Elliott.....11101111110100011110 —14
Davidson.....11110111010110011101—15
Karsten.....11110111100010100100—12
Clay.....11111101010100111110—15
Preston.....01111111111111101011—18
W W M.....11100101111101111110—16
Norris.....00010000000010110110 1— 7
Carpenter.....11110110111111111111—19
Watts.....11111111101111111111—20
Gould.....11111111110110100111—17
R ch.....11111111111001110111 1—18

No. 8, 15 targets, $2, $20 added:

Parker.....011010111111111 —12
Thompson.....11101001111011111—12
Falcon.....10111110101011111—12
F C M.....11111111111111 —15
Graham.....11111110111111 —14
Glover.....10101111111111 —13
Bush.....11111111110110111—14
Kelsey.....11111110111110101—13
Gilmore.....11111010011101111—12
Livenguth.....01110101111111111—13
Widdicomb.....00110101000010000— 5
Holt.....10101011111110111—12
Walton.....11011110111111111—14
Elliott.....11111111101111 —14
Davidson.....11111111111111101—15
Holcomb.....01110001110000010— 7
Clay.....10101111111101110—11
Freligh.....11001110001000000— 6
Preston.....11001111001111110—11
Webber.....11110111110111100—12
Karstens.....01101111111101101—12
Eckert.....01101001010111111—10
Temple.....10011011000100010— 7
Brown.....00011000110000100— 5
Norris.....00101110011010101— 8
White.....11110110100100000— 8
Carpenter.....11011101101011101—11
Gould.....11111101110111111—14
Rich.....11111111111111 —15
Watts.....11111110110011111—13
W W M.....11001001100w
Howes.....10111101111101001—11
Nelson.....10011101111100111—11

Grand Rapids No. 4.

Temple.....11011101110111010101110011—17
Calkins.....11110111101011101001111111—19
Eckert.....11111111011111100111111110—21—57

Jackson

Holt.....10110111100110111111110111—19
Watts.....10111111111111110110110111—21
Thompson.....10101001101110011101111111—17—57

Grand Rapids No. 3.

Walton.....00100110111111000011011 10—14
Charles.....11111111111111110101111111—23
Warrituck.....11111101110010111101101101—18—55

Greenville.

Webber.....11111111110101101110111 1—21
DeBree.....10000010011001010110111 1—12
Rich.....10110111111011111111111110—21—54

Grand Rapids No. 2.

Davidson.....11100110010110100111010 10—14
Karstens.....11010011000010111111111110—16
Kelsey.....01011111101011110101011101—17—47

Battle Creek.

Howes.....01001101010111100101000 01—12
Carpenter.....11101111101111111111011000—19
Bush.....00010111011110011011001 11—15—46

Grand Rapids No. 1.

Gilmore.....10001001100011010000010110—10
Holcomb.....01101101101000111011011 01—15
Gould.....10111100101011111110111110—18—43

Grand Rapids No. 5.

Freligh.....00111101010101010111011 11—16
Faulkner.....10101111111000111011111 10—18
Norris.....10000010010000101001001 11— 8—42

Third Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1.50, $20 added: Watts 6, Schelling 9, F. C. M. 8, Glover 8, Carpenter 6. Elliott 7, Walton 7, R. Widdicomb 8, Bush 9, Preston 6, Howes 7, Holt 8, Wharton 9, Gilmore 5, Rich 4, W. W. M. 9, Livenguth 7, Graham 8, Parker 10, H. Widdicomb 5, Davidson 4.

No. 2, 15 targets, $2, $20 added: Parker 13, Graham 11, Howes 12, F. C. M. 13, Glover 15, Elliott 12, Walton 13, R. Widdicomb 13, Bush 9, Preston 14, Rich 13, Holt 13, Falcon 12, Gilmore 15, Watts 12, W. W. M. 11, Livenguth 13, Carpenter 11, Schelling 14, H. Widdicomb 12, Davidson 6.

No. 3, 20 targets, $2, $20 added:

Parker.....11100111011111111011 —16
Graham.....11011111111111111011— 18
Carpenter.....11101110101111100101—15
Howes.....10111111101101100111011—15
Glover.....10111111111111111111 —17
Elliott.....11111001011111111111 —17
Walton.....11111010001111110010—14
R Widdicomb.....10111111111011111110111—18
Bush.....11111101100111111110—17
Davidson.....11110111010011001001—12
Preston.....10100111101110101111—15
Holt.....00111111111111011110—16
Falcon.....11001111111011011011—16
Rich.....10110011111011110111—16
Gilmore.....00011110010011011110—12
Watts.....10111111111111111011—19
Livenguth.....11110011111100101101—15
H Widdicomb.....01011111111111110101—17
W W M.....00011100011101 0w
Schelling.....11101101111011111110—17

No. 9, 20 targets, $2.50, $20 added:

Parker.....11111111111110111111 —19
Graham.....11110111111011100011—17
Preston.....11101160110111111111—17
Livinguth.....11110111011111111111—19
Glover.....10111010111111111111 —16
Elliott.....01001011111011111101 —14
Walton.....11101101011101111111—18
R Widdicomb.....11111111111011001111—18
Bush.....11111011010111110111—17
Faulkner.....10010111100000011110—11
Carpenter.....00011111110111100011—14
Holt.....11101111101111111111—19
Gilmore.....11011111111000111110—16
Watts.....11111110100101011111—16
Schelling.....11110101111111111011—18
Falcon.....10010101010w.

No. 10, 15 targets, $2, $20 added: Parker 11, Graham 14, Preston 12, Falcon 11, Glover 15, Livenguth 11. Walton 7, R. Widdicomb 11, Bush 12, Gilmore 14, Watts 13, Holt 10, Calkins 7, White 5, H. Widdicomb 12, Davidson 10, Rood 9, Kelsey 13.

State championship, 25 targets:

Experts.

Holt.....11111011101111101111110111—21
Preston.....11111111111110101111100111—21
Falcon.....11111110001010010001w
Parker.....10110110011110110010101111—16
Howes.....10010100100w
Graham.....01110110111111111111111111—22

Semi-experts.

R Widdicomb.....11111011111111010111111101—21
Walton.....11111100101111111111101111—21
H Widdicomb.....10011111011010111011111011—18
Schelling.....11011111111111001110w
Davidson.....11101111001111111111110w
Watts.....11011111101010w
Bush.....11010111011011110w

Amateurs.

Gilmore.....10101111111110110111011111—20
Freligh.....01001110101000010100100 10—10
Calkins.....10111111111111111111111101—22
Eckert.....01001110100101000011110000—11
H Widdicomb.....11101101101111111110110100—17
Faulkner.....00111010110111111111111110—19
C Carpenter.....110111111010
Plant.....101001110

Knoxville in 1895.

THE excellence of the work of McCrary & Branson, photographers, Knoxville, Tenn., is attested by the accompanying cut, which is made from a photograph taken during the morning of the first day by the above-named firm. As shooting was being proceeded with while the negative was being made, several prominent shooters are necessarily missing. It was unfortunate that a group of all who took part in the great shoot was not secured; it would have been a more valuable souvenir of Knoxville in '95 even than the one that was obtained. Realizing that the features of a large number of those present are unfamiliar to the majority of trap-shooters, although their names are "household words," numbers have been affixed wherever possible, in order that identification might be easy.

Altoona Rod and Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., May 30.—The Altoona Rod and Gun Club's tournament at Wopsononock Park to-day was quite a success. The attendance was not so large, but all came prepared to shoot, and as a result fourteen events were shot off. A large crowd of spectators were present. A notable feature of the day was the perfection to which the traps worked. There was not a jar nor a halt during the entire day. Scores:

Opening event, "just to get your eye on them," price of targets only: Clark 6, Clover 8, Shifu 2, Killitts 6, Holsinger 6, W. E. Bell 8, House 2, Sands 9, Robin 3, Shifu (2) 6.

No. 1, 10 targets, known angles, $1: Clark 7, Killitts 9, Sands 9, W. E. Bell 9, Clover 9, Holsinger 9, Adams 6, Shifu 6, Bookwalter 8, House 2, Robin 2, Beesey 6.

No. 2, 15 targets, known traps and unknown angles, $1.50: Clark 14, Killitts 13, Sands 12, W. E. Bell 12, Clover 12, Holsinger 10, Adams 11, Bookwalter 13, Shifu 6, Beesey 8.

No 3, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Clark 8, Killitts 8, Sands 7, Bell 6, Clover 9, Adams 6, Bookwalter 6

No. 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1 50: Clark 11, Killitts 12, Sands 12, Bell 10, Clover 10, Adams 10, Bookwalter 7, House 5.

No. 5, 10 targets and 5 pairs, $1.50: Clark 12, Killitts 13, Sands 15, Bell 12, Clover 18, Adams 12, Bookwalter 10.

No. 6, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2:

Clark	11011111111111111111—19	House	01000010100100000000— 4
Killitts	11111010111110110111—17	Adams	11001111110011101111—15
Bell	10010111111111111110—16	Shifu	01010100101100010001— 8
Sands	11101111001111010110—14	Curtis	01111000111101001101—12
Clover	01110111111111111111—18	Beesey	01001111101000101111—12

No. 7. 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Clark 7, Killitts 8, Bell 4, Sands 8, Clover 10, House 3, Adams 9, Curtis 7, Shifu 4.

No. 8, 10 targets, walking match, $1: Clark 8, Killitts 8, Sands 7, Clover 7, Beesey 9, Adams 7, House 2, Robin 4, Bell 6, Curtis 9.

No. 9, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Clark 7, Killitts 7, Bell 10, Sands 9, Clover 8, Forney 3, Simon 2, Bookwalter 6, Adams 8, Curtis 4, Doer 2.

No. 10, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: Clark 10, Killitts 14, Bell 13, Sands 11, Clover 11, Shenk 8, Simon 8, Forney 4, Sure Shot 5, Curtis 10, House 0, Beesey 7.

No. 11, Club Members' Medal Contest, 25 targets:

Sands	1111111111011101001101111—20
Clark	0111011111010101011101111—18
Clover	0101110111111101111110111—20
Killitts	1111110011111111111111111—23
Bell	1111010111101111111111111—22
Bookwalter	1110111101011011111111011—20
Shifu	1100001010011111100000000—10
Doer	0000010000000010100000001— 4
Sure Shot	1100110111100000100100111—13
Curtis	0111101101011010001100010—13
Robin	0111011110110110011011001—16
Adams	1110111111111010111111110—21
House	1000100000000000000101000 — 4
Beesey	1001111001011111001111111—18
Patterson	1101111011111000110010111—17
Forney	0010101101000100111101010—12

Killitts won the gold medal, Bell the silver medal and Doer in the shoot-off won the leather.

No. 12, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Clover 9, Sure Shot 2, Killitts 6, Adams 9, Bell 6, Sands 5.

No. 13, same: Clark 7, Killitts 7, Sands 6, Bell 6, Clover 9, Forney 6, Adams 7.

No. 14, same: Killitts 7, Sands 9, Clover 8, Adams 6, Clark 7, Forney 4.

All purses were divided according to the "jack rabbit" system, surplus being in three moneys.

GRANT.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Montana, May 26.—Owing to the fact that the greater number of the members were attending the State tournament, held in Butte on May 16, 17 and 18, the weekly meeting of the Missoula Club was dispensed with last week. Though the boys did not cover themselves with any extraordinary amount of glory at the State event, a dozen of them came up as smiling to-day as if they were duly accredited champions, and succeeded in making the following scores:

Weekly medal contest, 20 targets, unknown angles:

Class A.

C A Searles	10100001100000110110— 8	W Brayton	11111011111111111110—18
W H Mace	11001111111111010111—16	F P Kern	11110001101000111101—12
Andrews	00110110011001101110—11	LieutDevol	00110111101100110000— 9
J P Menard	10101101010110110111—13		

Class B.

Thompson	00000000011001000111— 6	F Allinson	11001010100111110001—11
C J Lemley	11111111111011111111—19	L L Hunt	11011100111111111100—15
A Sterling	01110111100101111111—15		

With this shoot the club is again classified for the coming four weeks. The following is the reclassification:

A Class.

	Broken.	Shot at.	Percentage.
W P Brayton	45	60	75
Frank Woody	26	40	65
J P Menard	55	80	68⅔
L L Hunt	36	60	60
A M Sterling	41	60	68⅓
C J Lemley	51	80	63⅞
Robert Rogers	15	20	75

B Class.

W H Mace	46	80	57½
F P Kern	42	80	52½
Lieut Devol	31	60	51⅔
Capt Andrews	34	60	56⅔
A M Stevens	15	40	37½
H W Thompson	8	40	20
J M Evans	18	40	45
C A Searles	21	40	52½
F Allinson	11	20	55
J K Wood	Old classification.		
T E Evans	Old classification.		

WILL CAVE.

Where Is the Difference?

THIS week the great Chicago bicycle road race, an annual event enlisting the energies of several hundred competing bicyclers, was run over its nine miles and return of pavements, dirt and sand. It is announced that it has been discovered that a number of the contestants did not ride the full course, but dishonestly stopped by the roadside on the way up, and then cut in ahead of their competitors on the way back, thus coming in ahead, though not having run the race at all. Some prizes were awarded certain of these gentlemen, which now will be taken away from them.

They dropped for place.

The prominent manufacturer who inaugurated the Chicago annual road race has published his chagrin at learning of this state of things. He says the disgrace of it all will probably kill the fixture for another year.

Because they dropped for place.

The newspapers of Chicago say that another such disgraceful affair will reduce the sport of bicycling to one practised only by those who ride alone for individual pleasure, and that dishonesty of the kind proved here will kill the growth of the sport even in an amateur way, as tainting it in a fashion not to be relished by the public.

This is dropping for place, as shown in bicycling. Now, will anyone be good enough to tell me just where and what is the difference in dropping for place in shooting at the trap? And will anyone be further kind enough to point out to me how the predictable consequences of the one sort of dropping differ from those of the other?

The bicycling droppers will be branded and barred. The trap-shooting droppers, what shall be done with them? If there is a difference here, where is it, and why?

E. HOUGH.

509 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Vicksburg Programme.

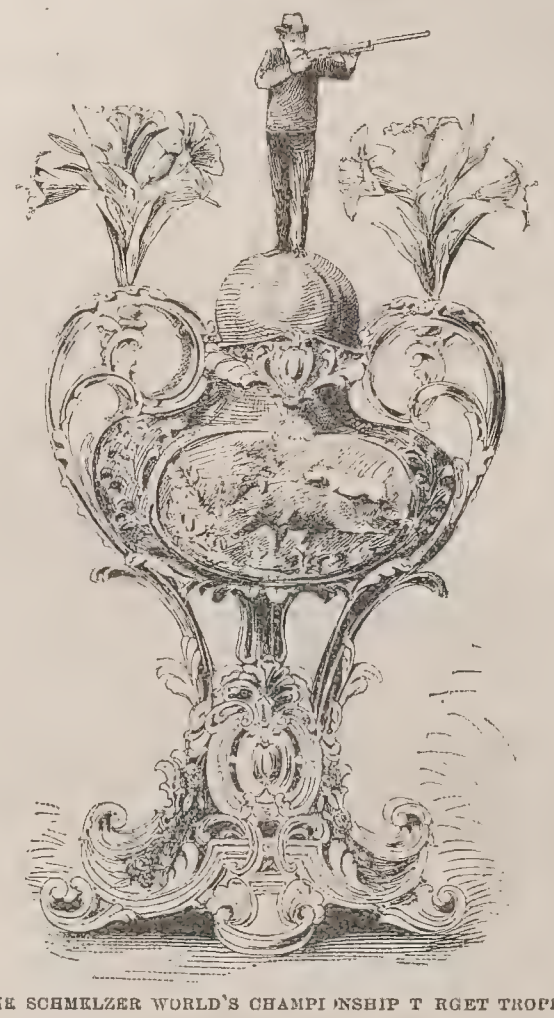
AS ANNOUNCED in the "Fixtures" column, the Interstate Association will give a tournament at Vicksburg, Miss., the tournament being held under the auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club. The dates chosen are June 26 and 27. Trap-shooting is not a new sport in Vicksburg, several successful tournaments having been held there; the attendance at these tournaments having always been satisfactory, the $200 added to the purses by the Vicksburg Gun Club ought to insure the entire success of this the fifth of the 1895 series of tournaments given by the Interstate Association. The graduating handicap adopted by the Association will of course be the system under which the programme events will be decided. This system suited the tastes of those who took part in the tournaments at Pittsburg, Pa., Wilmington, N. C., and Lynchburg, Va., and should be equally popular at Vicksburg. The programme is a lengthy one—ten events of 20 targets each. The entrance money is also uniform—$2 in each event; $10 is added to every purse. The tournament will be held at the Fair Grounds, a mile from the city. Carriages and omnibuses will convey shooters to the grounds at the fare of 25 cents. Shooting commences at 9:30 A. M. each day. The Carroll, Clay street, between Washington and Walnut, will be headquarters for shooters during the tournament. Mr. J. W. Hayes, secretary of the gun club, will answer all inquiries regarding further particulars.

The Schmelzer Tournament.

WE have received from the J. F. Schmelzer Arms Co., of Kansas City, Mo., the programme of a "midsummer shooting tournament, to be held at Fairmount Park, Kansas City, Mo.," July 16-19. After reviewing the situation in trap shooting circles, and referring to the result of last year's shoot, the introduction proceeds: "As in the past, the only charge in any event will be the simple charge for targets, and we hope we have made sufficient inducements in our prize list to bring out the shooters and insure a large attendance." Mention is also made of a "world's championship on inanimate targets" trophy. Reference will be made to this trophy further on. Jack Parker will manage the shoot, a fact which, as the introduction states, "in itself insures perfect service in every department." The rules and conditions of the tournament are as follows:

"Shoot will commence promptly at 9:30 A. M. Latest revised American Association rules (rapid fire) to govern. Bluerock traps and targets and Paul North's electric pulls will be used. Loaded shells of all kinds can be obtained on the grounds at reasonable rates. No shooter will be permitted to win more than one first prize during the day, excepting shoots Nos. 1, 6, 11 and 16, and shoots Nos. 15 and 18, these will be open to all. All merchandise shoots are open to amateurs only, and all paid agents of manufacturers and professionals will be barred. Four sets of five traps each will be used, one set of which has been placed at the disposal of all shooters, professionals, amateurs or manufacturers' agents, at which sweepstake shooting will be done to suit the pleasure of every one, as we wish to give all a pleasant and a good time. We would request all contestants to enter for all day the first thing in the morning, and as far as possible to make up squads and shoot together during the day, as this greatly facilitates the running of the tournament. If, for any reason, any one desires to drop out, entrance money for all uncontested events will be refunded. All ties must be shot off."

The special events are the "Fairmount Park event" and the "J. F. Schmelzer & Sons' world championship trophy event." In the first



THE SCHMELZER WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP TARGET TROPHY.

of these two events, both open to the world, the prizes are three valuable clocks. The other, the championship event, the trophy is a very valuable cup, its value being placed at $500. The conditions of this contest, which is at 100 targets, $2 50 entrance, are as follows: "The targets in this event will be thrown from known traps and at known angles, *i. e.*, shooters will go from trap 1 to 5, and shooter No. 1 will receive target from trap No. 5, shooter No. 2 from trap No. 4, shooter No. 3 from trap No. 3, shooter No. 4 from trap No. 2, shooter No. 5 from trap No. 1 The winner of this trophy will give a bond for the safe-keeping and delivery of the trophy to conform with the requirements of the shoot. This trophy represents the world's championship, and in order for it to become the permanent property of any one it will be necessary for the champion to successfully defend it three times in succession. All matches for the trophy are to be shot under the rules governing this, the first, shoot, and any one wishing to challenge the winner must send a deposit of $50 with his challenge to Mr. James A. Whitfield, sporting editor of the Kansas City *Star*, who will at once notify the winner to hold himself in readiness to defend the trophy at his convenience any time within sixty days from the date of the challenge; the $50 so deposited to go to the winner of the match. Should the holder of the trophy for any reason (save sickness) fail to be on hand at the time and place set for the match he shall forfeit the trophy to the challenger. The winner shall name the grounds upon which the contest is to be shot."

The conditions governing this contest are hardly satisfactory. Beyond winning the cup, which is subject to challenge, as stated above, there is nothing to recompense the winner for his expenses in attending the shoot. For that reason we fear that a really representative championship contest can scarcely be expected. It may be worth the while of manufacturing concerns to send their representatives to Kansas City to shoot for this fine trophy—it would be a great card for their wares; but it is unlikely that any other class of shooters would travel several hundred miles on the chance of winning the title of champion. The idea of a championship at targets is a good one, but it seems as if there should be some inducement, outside of the trophy, that would gather together the representative shots of this country.

As a typographical work of art the programme is as good a specimen as any that has come into our hands. The list of events, premiums, and other information usually found in such publications, can best be ascertained by sending for a programme itself; address J. F. Schmelzer & Sons, Kansas City, Mo.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., May 31.—The members of the Lynchburg Gun Club held their weekly shoot to-day; following are the scores made:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Empie 9, Scott 7, Dornin 8, Moorman 7.

No. 2. 15 targets, unknown angles:

Nelson	111111111111101—14	Empie	11111110111011—13
Terry	10111011111010—11	Moorman	11110001110100—10
Dornin	101111010110001— 9	Jenkens	01111111001000— 9
Scott	111001111111100—11		

No. 3, same:

Nelson	110111110101111—12	Empie	11111111010111— 13
Terry	11110101110011—11	Moorman	11000011101011— 9
Dornin	01010011111111—11	Jenkens	01101110111001— 9
Scott	11110000010111O— 8		

No. 4, same:

Nelson	00111111111111—13	Empie	11101111111110—13
Terry	11100111010111—10	Moorman	11001111010111—11
Dornin	11110011001111—11	Jenkens	10001001110911— 8
Scott	11011101011010—10		

No. 5, same:

Nelson	01011111111111—13	Empie	11101111101011—12
Terry	11010110110111—11	Moorman	11101100011011— 9
Dornin	11110111011111—13	Jenkens	00110001111000— 6
Scott	01011011101111 -11		

No. 6, same:

Nelson	10110101111011—11	Scott	01111110101011—10
Terry	11111110111110—13	Empie	11011001111011—10
Dornin	11111111011111—14	Moorman	11110111011011—11

No. 7, same:

Nelson	11111111111011—14	Scott	11111011101011—12
Terry	11111110111011—13	Empie	11101110 0 0111—11
Dornin	01111111111111—14	Moorman	11010111010001— 9

No. 8, 5 pairs:

Nelson	10 11 10 10 10—6	Empie	10 10 10 11 10—6
Terry	01 10 00 00 10—3	Scott	01 10 11 10 11—7
Dornin	10 10 11 10 00—5		

F. M. D.

Garden City Gun Club.

THE Garden City Gun Club is one of the junior gun clubs of Long Island. Probably there are few gun clubs that are officially aware of its existence. An exception to that rule is the Yantacaw Gun Club, of Nutley, N. J., two cups, now in possession of the Garden City shooters, telling the tale of a like number of victories in five-men team contests between those two clubs. A little more than a year ago, the Garden City Gun Club was not in existence. Messrs. Nicoll Floyd and A. B. Purdey at that time owned a single trap and amused themselves by indulging in trap-shooting on a very modest scale. The paraphernalia consisted of the trap above mentioned, a barrel of targets, and a wheelbarrow in which the trap and targets for immediate use were conveyed to an open space near the Garden City waterworks. At first one, and then another, of the residents was introduced to the sport, interest in trap-shooting began to grow and the idea of forming a permanent organization was conceived. Messrs. Floyd and Purdey were the moving spirits and to their energy Garden City now owes a thriving gun club, which boasts of a very complete club house and grounds within ten minutes' walk of either Garden City or Hempstead Crossing stations. Right back of the club house are the buildings of the waterworks above referred to.

On May 30, 1894, a formal opening of the club house and grounds took place. Since then the club has grown rapidly in popularity, and is now one of the recognized institutions of Garden City. Decoration Day this year was the occasion of the first annual reunion of the club. A large number of ladies were present, the reunion being in the nature of a picnic. West of the club house a tent had been erected, under the shade of which were placed tables covered with all the good things usually to be found at picnics. The programme contained, among other events, three prize shoots; in each of these events the president of the club, Mr. Nicoll Floyd, carried off the honors. The style of shooting is severe, but sportsmanlike—one man up, five unknown traps. All the prize events were handicaps, allowances of misses as breaks being conceded by the scratch men. That the handicapping was about right may be judged by the fact that Floyd had to shoot off ties in each of the events before becoming the winner of the respective trophies.

The club house, though small, is very complete. Its interior, finished in yellow pine, is decorated in a unique way. Empty shells—Blue Rival, Smokeless and Rapid—are used to mark the panelings very effectively, while the frieze is relieved by an arrangement of what looks like wheels without felloes or tires, targets representing the hubs and shells the spokes. This idea of decoration is credited to Mr. Purdey. Lockers for the members' clothes line one side of the house. So rapidly is the membership of the club increasing that it has been found necessary to arrange for an addition to the club house—a sure sign of prosperity and energy. Among the members are: Nicoll Floyd, President; A. B. Purdey, Secretary; G. L. Hubbell, Treasurer; D. Fuller, Dudley Winthrop, F. R. Sheppard, T. Hollister, D. D. Breck, A. D. Lewis, J. P. Fuller, Richard H. Hunt, J. L. Lawrence, A. R. Hopkins, J. Rushmore Wood, Horace Porter, Jr., Sydney Harris, etc., etc.

EDWARD BANKS.

Paducah Gun Club.

May 24.—The members of the Paducah Gun Club had a shoot this afternoon. Two events, 25 bluerocks each, and $1 and $2 entrance, respectively, were decided, with the result as follows:

No. 1:

R A Brudas	01111110111111111011101110—20
H E Craft	11111110101011111110110110—19
Geo Rawleigh	10110110101101111111011101—18
Jas Lang	01011110011101111111111111—20
Chas Robertson	11110010111111111111111101—21
C K Wheeler	11110110111010111101110110—18
M Ingram	11011101111110111111101111—21
Geo Robertson	11111110101011111110010111—20

Charles Robertson and M. Ingram shot off tie for first money at 5 birds each: Ingram 5, Robertson 4. Brudas, Lang and Geo. Robertson shot off tie for second money at 5 birds each: Robertson 5, Lang 4, Brudas 4.

No. 2:

R A Brudas	11011111100111101111111110—20
I Young	00111111010111101111100111—18
M Ingram	11111110111011111111110111—22
C L Robertson	11111101110111101111111010—20
H E Craft	11011011101111101111111101—20
Jas Lang	01011111001101111111111111—20
Geo Rawleigh	11101110111011111111111111—22
Geo Robertson	11111110101111111110111111—22

Ingram, Geo Robertson and Rawleigh shot off tie for first money at 5 birds each. The first shoot resulted: Ingram 5, Robertson 5, Rawleigh 4 Ingram and Robertson then shot at 5 birds each: Robertson 5, Ingram 4. Owing to the lateness of the hour second money was divided.

PADUCAH, Ky., May 27.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Paducah Gun Club:

No. 1, 25 targets, $1:

W E Cochran	11110111110111101111101111—21
J M Lang	10111111100110101111001111—18
C Whitimore	11010111010011101110011110—16
I Young	11110110101111011110011111—19
F Holley	11001111101101111111001110—18
Fowler	11111101101111111111111110—22
G Robertson	01110110111111111110101110—19
C L Robertson	11111011101111101111101110—20
T J Moore	01110111001110110110110110—17
Ingran	10111111101010111011111—20
Piper	11011101111110111001011111—19
E P Ogg	10101111000110111101011101—16

No. 2, same:

Geo Robertson	10110111111111111110111011—21
S A Flower	11101011111010111111111111—21
M Ingram	11101111111111111011111111—23
J C Pipus	11010111111110101011011011—18
T J Moore	11110101011111001110101011—18
W E Cochran	11111111111111011111011110—22
C L Robertson	10111111111111011111011111—22
F Young	11110111100110111110110111—19
J M Lang	00011111101111111011011—19
Clem Whitimore	00111111100110111110101111—18

T. J. MOORE, Sec'y.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., May 30.—The following scores were made to-day at the annual tournament of the Meadville Gun Club:

No. 1, 10 targets, $1: Ehrgott 9, Frazier 7, H. A. Johnson 9, Adams 8.

No. 2, 20 targets, $2:

Frazier	10111101011111011111—16	Adams	10111111110110101001—14
Johnson	11101111101111110111—17	Laffer	11110010101000101110—11
Ehrgott	10111111101111111111—18	Reisinger	11011111111111111111—19

No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: Whitesides 11, Gray 10, Mathews 11, Frazier 15, Laffer 5, Hayes 12, Nye 13, Johnson 12, Ehrgott 12, Harvey 9.

No. 4, 15 targets, $1.50: Hayes 14, Nye 10, Frazier 12, Whitesides 11, Gray 11, Mathews 13, Laffer 9, Adams 12, Harvey 8, Johnson 12, Reisinger 14, Ehrgott 13.

No. 5, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2:

Nye	10010111011010110101—12	Hayes	10011001011101111111—14
Frazier	10110011111100111011—14	Harvey	11100111111011110111—16
Ehrgott	11101110111110111111—17	Gray	00011111011101101011—13
Johnson	11011111111111011110—17	Whiteside	11111111111 0111001—17
Mathews	00111101110101110111—14		

No. 6, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1 50: Frazier 15, Hayes 11, Reisinger 9, Johnson 13, Whitesides 12, Harvey 10, Nye 10, Mathews 14, Ehrgott 12.

No. 7, 10 targets, $1: Frazier 9, Harvey 5, Johnson 9, Ehrgott 8, Whitesides 8, Hayes 9, Mathews 9, Nye 7, Gray 8, Reisinger 8.

No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: Johnson 14, Frazier 9, Hayes 12, Harvey 7, Ehrgott 11, E. L. Affantranger 8, Holton 8, Whitesides 11, Gray 13, Mathews 14, Nye 11, Reisinger 13.

No. 9, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2:

Adams	11111101111111110011—17	Ehrgott	01100110011001101110—11
Harvey	01011100111111111111—16	Mathews	10111111011111011111—17
Hayes	11111111110110111111—18	Clemson	00000110010100110100— 8
Johnson	11101111011010101111—15	Nye	11111111110101011011—16
Aff'nt'ng'r	11010011101101101011—13	Reisinger	11111111100110101111—16
Frazier	10111111111101111111—18	Whitesides	10111111011111111111—18
Holton	10111101111111110110—16	Gray	11111111111111101010—17

No. 10, 10 targets, $1: Johnson 10, Hayes 10, Frazier 9, Affantranger 5, Harvey 8, Ehrgott 9, Nye 8, Mathews 8, Holton 5, Adams 9, Gray 5, Whitesides 8.

No. 11, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: Johnson 13, Hotchkiss 10, Harvey 12, Ehrgott 10, Affantranger 10, Hayes 10.

No. 12, 10 targets, $1: Hotchkiss 9, Johnson 9, Hayes 8, Reisinger 7, Affantranger 6, Harvey 6, Nye 7, Mathews 9, Dunn 7, Barackman 6.

No. 13, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Hotchkiss 10, Reisinger 9, Johnson 8, Dunn 9, Mathews 7, Nye 9.

CHOKE BORE.

Squires Beat Benner.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., May 30.—George Squires and John Benner, both members of the Climax Gun Club, shot a match at live birds to-day on the club's grounds near Fanwood, N. J. The match was at 25 pigeons each, $50 a side; Squires won by one bird, killing 18 to Benner's 17. Following is the score:

Squires	10102011101011112011211102—18
Benner	22121210022210•1100021101—17

Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

KANSAS CITY, Kan., May 25.—The sixth annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, which was held at Kansas City, Kan., on May 21, was a complete success from every standpoint. The weather was ideal, neither too hot nor too cold; the attendance was large and enthusiastic and comprised all of the best target shots in the State of Kansas, as is evidenced by the scores. The shoot was given under the auspices of the Metropolis Gun Club, of Kansas City, Kan., and was held at Kerr's Park, the traps being located in the race track enclosure with an excellent background and on a level with the score. In all the events Empire targets were used The management was ably assisted by Mr. Al Bennett, of Emporia, Kan. The events were run off and the targets pulverized with the regularity and precision of clock work.

The annual business meeting and election of officers was held on Tuesday evening, May 21, and it was decided to hold the seventh annual tournament at Frankfort, Kan., 1896. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year. Pres., Dr. M. A. Brawley, of Frankfort; First Vice-Pres., W. W. McIlhany, of Weir City; Second Vice-Pres., C. J. Weis, of Frankfort; Third Vice-Pres., N. Smook, of Kansas City; Fourth Vice-Pres., D. W. Edwards, of Severance; Fifth Vice-Pres , E. L. Deibert, of Topeka; Sec'y, W. J. Gregg, of Frankfort; and Treas., Geo. W. Jenkins, of Wamego.

An amendment to the by-laws, relative to membership and dues in the Association, was adopted and is as follows:

"Any regularly organized club in the State of Kansas may become a member of this Association by paying a membership fee of $5, and any sportsman residing in the State by paying a membership fee of $1, if there be no club in or near the city where he resides or the same be not a member of this Association. Each club which is a member of this Association shall pay as its annual dues hereto the sum of $1 per annum, and in addition to such amount shall pay the further sum of 10 cents per capita for each of its individual members; no club, however, shall be subject to the payment of any dues for the year in which it becomes a member of this Association. The dues of individual members of this Association shall be 50 cents per annum. All such moneys shall be used to defray the expenses of this Association and all members of clubs in arrears for dues will be debarred from the privileges thereof."

A partial list of the out-of-town shooters follows, and may well be headed with Louis Erhardt, of Atchison, Kan., without whose genial presence what Kansas shoot could be called an entire success? E. Brewer, W. H. Martin, R. F. Mason, W. L Beardsley, J. Elwell, W. M. Shiras, M Floyd, J. R. Ingle and G Gilgas, of Ottawa, Kan.; J. J. Gray, of Severance, Kan.; M. M. Detar, of La Crosse, Kan.; J. W. Sexton, S. H. McElroy and George W. Goff, of Leavenworth, Kan ; W W. McIlhany, Dr. D. W. King, Ben. C. Best and S. W. Marshall, of Weir City, Kan.; C. F. Reust, J. M. Rhodes and C. J. Weis, of Frankfort, Kan.; J C. Clark (Canfield), L. O S Clary, E. L. Deibert and H. Hindmarsh, of Topeka, Kan.; James Stevenson, of Bonita, Kan.; W. S. Ferguson, of Atchison, Kan.; George W. Jenkins, of Wamego, Kan.; Dr. J. F Lesh (Lone Jack), of Seneca, Kan.; Rogers, of Hiawatha, Kan.; Bailey, of Valley Falls, Kan.; A. L Bennett, of Emporia, Kan.; W. R. Rhoades, of Slater, Mo ; T. H. Cohron, of Pleasant Hill, Mo.; W. W. Menafee, of Richmond, Mo., and D. W. Edwards, of Troy, Kan. A goodly number of Kansas City, Mo., shooters were also constantly on hand, and helped to make the targets go, as well as some Sedalia shooters, whose names I neglected to secure. The home shooters nobly supported the management and stayed in like veterans.

The events of principal interest were the contest for the handsome gold medal emblematic of the individual championship of the State of Kansas, and the team shoot for the Kansas City *Times* cup, emblematic of the team championship of the Association for 1895. The *Times* cup was won by the Weir City team on a creditable score, in a contest with teams representing the Leavenworth Gun Club, the Ottawa Gun Club, the Frankfort Gun Club, and the Metropolis Gun Club, of Kansas City, Kan. The individual championship contest was spirited, and resulted in a tie between W. W. McIlhany, of Weir City, and George W. Jenkins, of Wamego, on clean scores of 30 targets. Ten more targets per man were then shot, resulting in a second tie, when another 10 targets per man were shot, Jenkins losing one bird and McIlhany breaking out straight and taking the medal on a clean score of 50 targets, which, taken together with scores in preceding events, made a run of something over 100 targets. Reust, of Frankfort, captured first money all alone in the $100 guaranteed event on the first day on a clean score of 40 targets.

After each day's programme was shot out, extra events were run off until darkness put an end to the sport. Here are the scores:

First Day.

No. 1, 15 singles, known angles, entrance $1.50: Shiras 12, Sexton 12, Edwards 10, Soward 9, Erhart 13, Menifee 15, O'Rear 13, Martin 12, Lail 12, Detar 14, Elwell 7, Brewer 13, Floyd 12, Rhodes 15, Reust 13, Weis 7, Rhoades 14, Stevens 11, Gray 13, Cosby 15, Jenkins 13, Best 15, King 11, McIlhany 13, Pugh 12. First money was divided among Rhoades, Cosby and Best.

No. 2, 20 singles, known angles, entrance $2: Shiras 17, Sexton 18, Soward 19, Erhart 17, Menifee 19, Pugh 18, Brewer 15, Martin 20, Detar 18, Edwards 17, Jenkins 19, King 16, Cosby 18, Rhoades 18, Reust 20, McIlhany 17, Weis 17, Best 20, Gray 17, Rhoades 19, Stevens 12. First money was divided among Martin, Reust, McIlhany and Best.

No. 3, "jack rabbit," 15 singles, known angles, entrance $1.95: Shiras 12, Sexton 15, Erhart 14, Menifee 13, Elwell 7, Pugh 13, O'Rear 14, Lail 11, Elliott 14, Soward 12, Hewitt 8, Cohron 9, Brewer 9, Edwards 12, King 11, Martin 15, Rhoades 13, Gray 14, Reust 15. Rhoades 12, McIlhany 12, Weis 11, Stevens 9, Cosby 14, Canfield 11, Deibert 14. Sexton, Martin and Reust divided first money.

No. 4, 20 singles, unknown angles, entrance $2: Sexton 19, Pugh 16, Menifee 19, Erhart 19, McIlhany 19, Jenkins 18, Rhodes 18, Reust 19, Soward 10, Cosby 18, Brewer 15, Detar 19, Edwards 18, Gray 17, Martin 18, Rhoades 17, Lail 14, Best 15, Wells 16. First money was divided among Sexton, Menifee, Erhart, McIlhany, Reust and Detar.

No. 5, 25 singles, known angles, purse $25, entrance 75 cents: Shiras 18, Sexton 23, Erhart 23, Pugh 23, Menifee 22, Hewitt 12, Cosby 23, Gilgas 17, Bowen 13, Floyd 22, Elwell 21, Elliott 23. Estep 7, Jenkins 23, McIlhany 24, Stevens 13, Norton 22, Edwards 23, Martin 19, Watson 15, Schmidt 21, Laidlaw 13, Canfield 20, King 20, Gray 24, Diebert 19. Detar 23, Rhodes 25, Ruest 22, Weis 21, Cohron 16, Soward 23, Best 24, Bennett 25, Horton 22, Jones 17. First money was divided between Rhodes and Bennett.

No. 6, 20 singles, "jack rabbit," entrance $2 60: Shiras 17, Sexton 17, Pugh 18, Erhart 19, Menifee 19, McIlhany 19, Diebert 19, Laidlaw 10, Rhoades 19, Reust 20, Weis 15, O'Rear 20, Jenkins 19. Stevenson 16, Elliott 15, Cosby 19, Edwards 16, Canfield 14, Martin 16, Rickmers 18, Parsons 15, Rhodes 16, Soward 17, Best 20, Horton 20, Lail 19, Gray 20, Elwell 15, Brewer 18, Bennett 19 First money was divided among Best, Gray, Horton and Reust.

No. 7, for cup, 25 known angles and 25 unknown angles, team shoot: Entries, Weir City, Leavenworth, Ottawa, Frankfort and Metropolis. Weir City won. This team was composed of McIlhany, Best and Marshall. They killed 137 birds out of 150.

No. 8, 20 singles, unknown angles, entrance $2: Sexton 18, Pugh 18, McIlhany 18, Erhart 15, Menifee 15, Cosby 19, Martin 18, Jenkins 16, Best 14, Horton 20, Weis 16, Soward 16, Rickmers 18, Detar 17, King 16, Norton 17, Brewer 15, Laidlaw 16, Rhoades 18, Stevenson 18, Diebert 18, Gray 15, "Lone Jack" 17. Horton took down first money.

No. 9, $50 donated, 30 singles, known angles, entrance 90 cents: Shiras 25, Sexton 28, Erhart 30, Scott 23, McIlhany 28, Menifee 28, Cosby 29, Rooney 28, Canfield 26, Debert 26, Edwards 28, Parsons 15, Jenkins 29, Laidlaw 6, King 22, McElroy 25, Weis 21, Cohron 20, Elwell 24, Best 28, Martin 22, Pugh 30, Norton 27, Seymore 22, Brewer 27, Ratkin 23, Reust 28, Rhodes 28, Estep 11, Mount 26, Soward 27, Marshall 29, Floyd 27, Mills 27, Detar 25, Arends 19, Hickman 21, Horton 26, Elliott 26, Herman 23, Rickmers 25, Fernkas 29, Peck 24, Goff 25, Ferguson 13, Gray 27, Masan 21, Jack 26, Stevenson 28, Bennett 29, Gruenінger 23, Schmidt 29, Smock 18, Wright 20. First money was divided between Erhart and Pugh.

No. 10, 20 singles, known angles, entrance $2: Shiras 16, Sexton 20, Pugh 18, Erhart 20, McIlhany 17, Menifee 18, Cosby 15, Jenkins 20, Detar 20, Weis 15, W. Rickmers 19, Fernks 18. Sexton, Erhart, Jenkins and Detar divided first money.

Second Day.

No. 1, 15 birds, entrance $1.50: Erhart 15, Sexton 14, Jenkins 15, Best 13, McIlhany 15, Clary 15, Edwards 15, North 14, Pugh 15, Reust 14, Ingle 13, Rodgers 10, Cosby 13, Mount 10, Norton 13, Canfield 13, Johnson 11, Gray 13. First money was divided among Erhart, Jenkins, McIlhany, Clary, Edwards and Pugh.

No. 2, 20 singles, entrance $2: Pugh 15, Sexton 17, Jenkins 15, Erhart 18, Best 17, McIlhany 18, Cosby 17, Rodgers 19, Canfield 16, Reust 20, Clary 19, Horton 20. Horton and Reust divided first money.

No. 3, "jack rabbit," 15 birds, entrance $1.95: Erhart 14, Sexton 12, Jenkins 15, Best 12, McIlhany 13, Diebert 11, Cosby 13, Horton 14, Mount 9, Laidlaw 8, Edwards 15, Canfield 12, Reust 15, Elliott 12, Norton 12, Cohron 12. First money was divided between Reust, Jenkins and Edwards.

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance $2: Clary 18, Sexton 19, Jenkins 20, Erhart 19, Best 18, McIlhany 17, Pugh 19, Rodgers 17, Rickmers 16, Reust 20, Horton 18, Fernkas 14, Cosby 20, Rhodes 15. First money was divided among Jenkins, Reust and Cosby.

No. 5, 25 singles, entrance 75 cents: Erhart 22, Sexton 22, Jenkins 21, Best 21, McIlhany 23, Clary 23, Cosby 25, Seymore 17, Estep 12, Rodgers 24, Peck 19, Laidlaw 12, Elliott 22, Weis 22, Diebert 16, Mount 13, Rhodes 24, Edwards 21, Gray 23, Hubbard 18, Johnson 23, Norton 22, Stevenson 22, Bennett 23, Kerr 14, Pugh 21, Reust 22, Rooney 23, Horton 25, Fernkas 22, Ingle 25, Rickmers 21, Mills 22, Cohron 10, Bailey 20, Schmidt 24, Wing 19. First money was divided between Ingle and Cosby.

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance $1.50: Cosby 13, Sexton 14, Jenkins 14, Erhart 12, Best 13, McIlhany 15, Hubbard 13, Rodgers 12, Rhoades 13, Weis 14, Clary 14, Bennett 14 Rickmers 11, Pugh 12, Reust 14, Lindebery 7, Bailey 14, Fernkas 14. McIlhany took first money.

No. 7, 15 singles, entrance $1.50: Erhart 14, Sexton 12, Jenkins 15, McIlhany 14, Best 14, Clary 13, Cosby 15, Rodgers 14. Pugh 14, Reust 13, Hubbard 9, Scott 12, Weis 8, Rhodes 10, Horton 14, Bennett 12, Rickmers 10. Jenkins and Cosby divided first money.

No. 8, "jack rabbit," 20 singles, entrance $2 60: Van Wyck 14, Sexton 17, Jenkins 20, Erhart 18, Best 19, McIlhany 18, Horton 18, Cosby 18, Laidlaw 10, Scott 10, Norton 17, Bailey 15, Edwards 14. Jenkins took first money.

No. 9, 30 singles, entrance 90 cents: Erhart 26, Sexton 29, Jenkins 29, Best 28, McIlhany 30, Clary 25, Cosby 27, Estep 14. Rodgers 24, Seymore 16, Laidlaw 15, Rooney 2, Wing 20, Edwards 26, Reust 28, Pugh 27, Bailey 25, Johnson 23, Stevenson 25, Gray 27, Ingle 27, Norton 28, Mills 29, McClure 21, Diebert 27, Herron 22, Marshall 25, Trower 23, Schmidt 24, Tucker 26, Rickmers 26, Fernkas 22, Horton 24, Peck 26, Hubbard 12. Rhoades 28, Thomas 21, Weis 23, Hart 21, Elliott 24, Schmelzer 24, Bennett 29, Scott 28, Bailey 28, Lee 11. McIlhany took first money.

No. 10, 15 singles, entrance $1 50: Cosby 13, Sexton 14, Jenkins 14, Erhart 15, Best 15, McIlhany 14, Scott 14, Rodgers 13. Horton 13, Pugh 10, Clary 8, Rooney 13, Thomas 10, Trower 12, Ingle 15, Rhodes 13, Reust 15, Bailey 13, Norton 14. First money was divided among Erhart, Best, Ingle and Reust.

Third Day.

No. 1, 15 singles, entrance $1.50: Cosby 12, King 12, Jenkins 12, Brewer 13, McIlhany 15. Sexton 13, Clary 13, Horton 14, Edwards 13, Reust 14, Ferguson 10, Norton 14. Best 12, Pugh 10, Bennett 19, Weis 14. Rhoades 14. McIlhany took first money.

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $1 50: Cosby 15, Jenkins 14, Sexton 13, King 10, McIlhany 13, Brewer 11. Horton 12, Rickmers 13, Rhoades 10. Ferguson 10, Best 12, Clary 12, Reust 12, Pugh 13, Rodgers 13, Norton 14, Weis 14 First money was taken by Cosby.

No. 3, "jack rabbit," 15 singles, entrance $1 95: Cosby 11, Ferguson 12, Jenkins 15, Rhoades 14, McIlhany 15, Sexton 14, Edwards 14, Reust 14, Horton 12, Weis 10, Stevenson 10, Brewer 14, Rickmers 11, King 11, Norton 11, Bailey 10, Scott 14, Rooney 9, Diebert 12, Elwell 10. Hindmarsh 12. First money was divided between Jenkins and McIlhany.

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance $2: Cosby 16 Jenkins 17, Sexton 15, Rhoades 17, McIlhany 19, Pugh 15, Horton 18, Scott 18, Best 16, Ferguson 17, Rodgers 19, Reust 20. Reust took the money.

No. 5, 30 singles, entrance 90 cents, purse $50: Cosby 27, Seymour 26, Jenkins 27, Rhoades 28, McIlhany 29, Sexton 28, Rees 21, Reust 26, Rooney 23, Bailey 23, Laidlaw 13, Edwards 28, Mills 27, King 27, Weis 27, Ferguson 25, Brewer 20, Ritter 13, Ratkin 27, Herron 21, Marshall 24, Winz 20, Clary 24 Best 28, Horton 30, Willis 23, Orvell 19, Diebert 19, Hindmarsh 18, Rodgers 29, Smith 27, Pugh 29, Norton 28, Rickmers 26, Peck 22, Scott 11, Arends 26, Jones 26, Beardsley 20, Elliott 22, Watson 17, Bennett 25, Johnson 26. Horton took first money.

No. 6, 20 singles, entrance $2: Cosby 18, Jenkins 17, Sexton 16, Horton 20, McIhany 17, Ferguson 15, Reust 17, Rhoades 18. Horton took first money.

No. 7, 15 singles, "jack rabbit," entrance $1.95: Cosby 14, Wing 9, Jenkins 11, Horton 11, McIlhany 15, Sexton 14, Edwards 14, Rhoades 14, Reust 14, Brewer 13, Bailey 13, King 7, Ferguson 15, Johnson 14, Scott 13, Hindmarsh 12, Weis 13, Diebert 10, Rickmers 13. The first money was divided between McIlhany and Ferguson.

No. 8, medal shoot, 30 singles, known angles, entrance $3: Laidlaw 13, Jenkins 30, Rooney 26, McIlhany 30, Best 28, Scott 27. Mills 23, Edwards 27, Horton 28, King 24, Reust 27, Rhoades 26, Hindmarsh 29, Arends 23, Smock 17, Trower 23, Brewer 26, Estep 16, Bennett 19, Cosby 27, Thomas 18, Peck 24, Johnson 26. The tie for first was shot off between McIlhany and Jenkins and resulted in McIlhany winning the medal.

No. 9, 40 singles, entrance $1.20, purse $100: Cosby 34, Rooney 35, Bailey 36, Jenkins 37, McIlhany 39, Sexton 37, Horton 38, Laidlaw 24, Mills 28, Seymore 30, Ratekin 37, Johnson 36. Edwards 36. Clary 34, Best 33, Norton 34, Rodgers 35, Reust 40, Rhoades 36, Trower 35, Arends 33, Smock 22, Brewer 29, Weis 35, Strand 35, Bennett 36, Pugh 31, Smith 36. Reust took the money.

No. 10, 15 singles, entrance $1.50: Cosby 11, Jenkins 12, Ferguson 13, Hindmarsh 12, McIlhany 15, Horton 12, Rodgers 15. The money was divided between McIlhany and Rodgers.

The total number of targets scored was 21,000. When night's curtain fell on the last day of the big shoot the boys voted the tournament a grand success, put their guns in cases and departed to meet again at Frankfort in 1896, the Weir City crowd sighing that there were no more cups or medals to be won. A. W. P.

Independent Gun Club.

READING, Pa., May 30.—The following scores were made at the two-days' tournament of the Independent Gun Club, of this city, which was brought to a close this afternoon:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1: Schmeck 9, Buckwalter 10, Landis 9, Shaaber 10, Melot 4, Cleaver 9, Krueger 8, Ritter 9.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50: Schmeck 13, Landis 14, Cleaver 12, Shaaber 12, Melot 10, Buckwalter 13, Krueger 13, Ritter 13.

No. 3, 20 targets, $2:

Schmeck	11101111111111011111—17	Melot	00110110111101101011—13
Landis	11101111111111111111—19	Buckwalt'r	11111111111111111111—20
Cleaver	00111101111111001011—14	Krueger	10101110w — 5
Shaaber	01111111111111111011—18	Ritter	10110111111110w —12

No. 4, 10 targets, $1: Schmeck 8, Cleaver 9, Melot 8, Landis 10, Shaaber 9, Krueger 8, Buckwalter 8.

No. 5, 15 targets, $1.50: Schmeck 14, Shaaber 11, Melot 12, Landis 15, Krueger 12, Buckwalter 13

No. 6, 20 targets, $2:

Schmeck	11101111011110111111—17	Wertz	11111111111111101011—18
Shaaber	10110110100110111111—14	Buckwalt'r	11111111111111111010—18
Landis	11111103110011001101—13	Cleaver	11101011011111101111—16
Kruger	01101011110001111100—12	Melot	10111111100111111111 17

No. 7, 25 targets, $2.50:

Schmeck	11111110111111111100111111 22
Landis	10111111111111101111111123
Melot	11101111111111101111111123
Shaaber	11111011111111111111111124
Buckwalter	11111111111110111111110 23
Kruger	00101111110111111111111121

No 8, 15 targets, $1.50: Smeck 14, Shaaber 14, Landis 11, Wertz 14, Kruger 10, Melot 13, Harrison 12

No. 9, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Smeck 8, Landis 8, Kruger 8, Harrison 9. Melot 9, Shaaber 7.

No. 10, 15 targets, expert rules, $1.50: Smeck 11, Landis 14, Kruger 7, Harrison 12, Melot 10, Shaaber 9.

No. 11, 5 pairs, $1:

Smeck	10 01 10 11 11—7	Shaaber	10 10 11 10 11—7
Harrison	10 10 11 11 10—7	Kruger	11 10 10 11 00 6
Melot	11 10 10 11 11—8	Landis	00 11 11 10 10—6

No. 12, 50 targets:

Landis	11111111111111011111111111111111111111111011111111—48
Krueger	11111111110111111110111111111111111111111011111—47
Schmeck	11011111101110111111100110111101111111111111111—43
Harrison	11111111111111111111101111111111111111101111111—48
Shaaber	11111101111111111111111111111111111111101111110—47
Melot	11111011111111111111111111101011101101101110011—42

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1.50: Smeck 10, Shaaber 9, Landis 10, Corcoran 9, Sullivan 9, Krueger 9, Burham 7, Coldrun 5, Henry 7.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50: Schmeck 11, Corcoran 10, Landis 14, Burnham 5, Henry 14, Sullivan 13, Shaaber w, Krueger 12.

No. 3, 20 targets, $2:

Schmeck	11111111111111111111—20	Krueger	10111111111101111111—18
Landis	10111111111111111111—19	Corcoran	11101111111011110110—16
Henry	11111111111111111111—20	Shaaber	01110111111111111111—18
Burnham	11111111111111111101—19	Sullivan	10111111111111111110—18

No. 4, 10 targets: Smeck 8, Landis 10, Corcoran 8, Henry 7, Kruger 8, Burham 8, Shaaber 9, Harrison 9, Sullivan 9.

No. 5, 15 targets, $1 50: Smeck 14, Landis 15, Kruger 14, Corcoran 13, Henry 14, Burnham 10, Shaaber 14, Harrison 13, Sullivan 12.

No. 6, 15 targets, $1.50: Smeck 14, Shaaber 12, Henry 13, Burnham 11, Corcoran 12, Landis 11, Harrison 13, Kruger 14, Sullivan 14, C. Bechtol 13.

No. 7, 10 targets, $1: Smeck 10, Landis 10, Henry 8, Coldren 5, Shaaber 5, Burnham 8, Harrison 7, Corcoran 7, Sullivan 8, Kruger 8, C. Bechtol 4.

No. 8, 20 targets, $2:

Schmeck	11111111101111111111—19	Henry	11111111110111101101—17
Sullivan	11111111111111111110—19	Shaaber	11111111011111111101—18
Corcoran	11100100101000111101—11	Harrison	11110001111111111111—17
Kruger	10110011001111111101—14	Burnham	11011111001111111111—17
Landis	11011111011111111111—18		

No. 9, 15 targets, $1 50: Schmeck 14, Landis 14, Shaaber 7, Bechtol 3, Burnham 9, Henry 12, Harrison 13, Corcoran 10, Kruger 12.

No. 10, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2:

Schmeck	11111101101111111110—17	Sullivan	11111111100011111111—17
Landis	11111101111111111111—19	Krueger	11111101111101110100—15

South Side, Milwaukee, Eleventh Annual.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 31.—The eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, Milwaukee's oldest body of lovers of the shotgun, began yesterday morning at the grounds of the club at Lake station, in the environs of the city of Milwaukee. To-day closes with entries approaching 30, and to-morrow will show perhaps even a larger attendance, as a very interesting and varied programme, including a citizens' purse with 50 valuable merchandise prizes, is offered for the closing day. The three days' tournament can only be pronounced a success. It was purely an amateur event, professionals being invited to be absent. The gentlemen present were nearly all acquainted personally, and in social as well as shooting features the occasion was a highly enjoyable one. Several visiting shooters were on hand from neighboring cities, and some of these took away substantial honors from the Milwaukee boys, though not without a struggle.

The grounds of the South Side Gun Club, which are about 7 miles south of the Union depot at Milwaukee, are very spacious and pleasant, and of a nature to suggest an ownership prosperous and solid financially. There is a good comfortable house where the keeper lives, with barns, coops, etc , also a dining hall large enough to seat 100 men, and a very well arranged, roomy and neatly kept club house, in front of whose veranda lies the shooting score. There are about fifteen acres of ground belonging to the club, all apparently carved out of the original forest, which grows down to the roadway on the left. The entire plot is covered with heavy blue grass turf, and the surroundings are thus always fresh and pleasant in the summer season The railway station is within gunshot of the club house. Only one objection is urged against these grounds by the club members, and that is that the green trees back of the score make a difficult background for the target shooting. Still the scores seemed to show that this objection was more fanciful than real. The arrangement of the traps is very good. Each trap has a semi-cylindrical cover of galvanized iron, which protects the trap when not in use. When shooting is in progress the cover is swung backward upright on its hinges, thus forming a protection for the trapper. The electrical pulls are under the cover of the club house balcony. Bluerock traps and targets and North pulls were used. Every arrangement of these grounds, even the serving of the lunch in the club pavilion, is of a sort to enhance the comfort and satisfaction of the shooters and their visitors.

The carefulness and system shown in the conduct of the South Side tournament redound much to the credit of secretary C. W. Milbrath and his able corps of assistants. The cash system was very prompt and satisfactory, and a great and well-kept manifold score book robbed the shoot of many of its terrors for the reporters. The South Side Gun Club run a shoot as though they had been giving such entertainments for a hundred years, and the grounds and appliances of the club would indicate that they intend to continue doing so for the next hundred years in comfort. The club should receive nothing but compliments on the neatness of its eleventh annual.

Thursday's Scores.

The weather was good for shooting, except that the rainstorm of the afternoon interfered somewhat with the programme. Scores:

No. 1, 15 bluerocks: Johnson 15, Lemm 14. Heilman 13, Reed 12, Carmichael 11, Burnham 10, Ford 10, Wooton 9, Mack 14, Hobbs 13, Campbell 13. Drought 11. Wood 11, Apel 10, G. W. Drought 10.

No 2, 20 bluerocks $30 guaranteed: Johnson 20, Heilman 19, Hobbs 18, Reed 18, Burnham 16, Drought 14, Wooton 12, Wood 9. T B. Carmichael 19, Foster 19, Mack 17, Lemm 16, G. W. Drought 15, Campbell 12. Ford 11.

No. 3, 15 bluerocks: Johnson 15, Lemm 14, Hobbs 14, Carmichael 13, Reed 12, Apel 10, Foster 15, Campbell 14, Mack 13, G. W. Drought 11, Heilman 10.

No. 4 15 singles and 5 pairs of bluerocks, "jack rabbit" system: Mack 23, Reed 20, Heilman 19 Lemm 17, G. W Drought 16, Burnham 16, Wood 13, Johnson 28, Carmichael 19, T. Drought 18, Rodwell 17, Wooton 16, Campbell 14, Ford 10.

No. 5, 10 pairs of bluerocks: Eitberg 14, Burnham 12, Reed 12, Dawson 11, Mack 13, G. W. Drought 12, Marling 11, Apel 9.

No. 6 10 live birds: G. W. Drought 10, Lemm 9, Foster 9, Eitberg 9, Mack 8, Dickens 8, Bunker 7, Burnham 7, Anderson 5. Wood 10, Hanson 9. Dawson 9, Heilman 8, Johnson 8, Carmichael 7, Ford 7, Dietrich 6.

No. 7, 20 bluerocks: Gault 16, Mack 19, Lemm 18, Drought 18. Hobbs 17, Campbell 15, Burnham 15, Heilman 20, Marling 19, Carmichael 18, Johnson 18, Harland 16, Foster 15, Meunier 12.

Friday's Scores.

The weather continued warm, with a scanty shower in the afternoon. Scores:

No. 8, 10 pairs of bluerocks: Meixner 16, Burnham 10, Dering 13, J. E. Bush 1, Meixner 0, P. Schuchardt 12, Dering 1, J. W. Foster 2, J. W. Foster 12, J. H. Johnson 15, Henry 11, Johnson 13, Rockwell 5, Hobbs 0, Henry 7, Burnham 0.

No. 9, miss and out: Lemm 15, Mirgler 16, Heilman 20, Meixner 18, J. W Foster 19, Henry 18, Maxwell 18, Schuchardt 18, Dering 18. J. E. Bush 17, Burnham 16, Hobbs 20, G. W. Draught 19, Johnson 19. George 18, Remington 17, J. P. Michael 15, Deiter 18.

No. 10, 20 bluerocks: Heilman 18, Lemm 15, Henry 18, Mirgler 17, Maxwell 17, G. W. Draught 17, Schuchardt 14, Rockwell 18, Burnham 17, J. W. Foster 17, Johnson 19, Hoffman 11, Dering 18, Hobbs 19, Meunier 15. T. Draught 18, Dieter 17, Meixner 18, George 19, Michael 18.

No. 11. 10 bluerocks: Deiter 10, T. M. Draught 8, Schuchardt 8, Heilmann 7, Lemm 9, Mirgler 9, Burnham 6, Hoffmann 5, H. E. Campbell 10, Remington 9, J. W. Foster 10, Rockwell 10, Windau 7, Henry 8, J E. Bush 9, McQueen 10, Dirk 10, Geo. Draught 9, Johnson 9, Kettner 8, Meixner 9, Hobbs 10, J. Meunier 7, T. George 9, Thompson 7, St. Meunier 9, E. Jahr 9, Roesler 8, Michael 6, Maxwell 10.

No. 12, 20 bluerocks: Mariner 17, J. W. Foster 18, Rockwell 18, Heilmann 16. Lemm 14, Mirgler 9, Dick 15, Remington 14, Dering 17. T. George 15, Deiter 17, Johnson 20, H. E. Campbell 14, Burnham 11, Henry 13, Thompson 17. J. Meunier 14, J. A. Dickens 13, Hobbs 17, Michael 17, Geo. W. Draught 17, McQueen 20, St. Meunier 18, E Jahr 17, Roesler 14, Windau 14, Kettner 13, Maxwell (birds only) 17.

No. 13, 20 bluerocks: T. George 17, Meixner 18, Lemm 15, Heilmann 18, Deiter 19, St. Meunier 17, Kettner 14, E. Jahr 18, Mirgler 19, Remington 16, Geo. W. Draught 19, Rockwell 17, Hoffman 14, Roesler 19, J. W. Foster 18, T. M. Draught 17, McQueen 16. Hobbs 19. Burnham 15, Schmeling 15, Johnson 19, J. A Dickens 19, Rock 15, Henry 19, J E. Bush 20, Michael 15.

Saturday's Scores:

No. 15, 20 targets: Geo. L Deiter 18, Christianson 14, Garland 12, Burnham 16. Heilman 15, Bush 19, Lemm 16, Dering 16, Carmichael 16, Field 18, Greengo 18, McQueen 20, J. R. Johnson 12, Lillicraft 12, John Foster 17, Henry 19, W. Okershauser 17, J. H. Johnson 19, J. M. Draught 15, W. Draught 16, Roessler 18, Kettner 16, Hobbs 18, E. Jahr 18

No. 16, 10 targets, unknown angles: McQueen 9, J. W. Foster 9, Garland 5, Deiter 9, Henry 7, Dering 9, Lemm 6, Lillicroft 8, Christianson 7, G. W. Draught 9, Heilmann 10, Roessler 8, Greengo 8, Field 7, E Jahr 10, J. R. Johnson 5, Jno. Traudt 5, Hirschbuehl 7, Hobbs 10, Burnham 7, Kettner 7, W. Ockershauser 9, J. H. Johnson 10, Carmichael 9, H. E. Campbell 8, T. George 9, Meixner 9, F. H. Gault 9, Estberg 10, Schmeling 4.

No. 17, 20 targets: Deiter 17, J. E. Bush 18, Henry 20, J. W. Foster 20, McQueen 20, Burnham 16, Jno. Traudt 13, Christianson 16, Lemm 18, Garland 18, F. H. Gault 20, Schmeling 16, Field 15, Heilmann 17, Estberg 19, Theo. Thomes 18. J. H. Johnson 20, Roesler 15, G T. Anderson 19, Hirschbuehl 18, W. Ockershauser 18, Dering 19, E. Jahr 16, Kettner 20. Greengo 20, Hobbs 18, Meixner 16 Geo. W. Draught 17.

No. 18. 20 targets: Deiter 18, Hobbs 19, McQueen 18, J. E Foster 20, Henry 18, Burnham 17, Lillicrop 19, John Traudt 15, T. G. Thomes 19, G. T. Anderson 18, Mirgler 16, Schmeling 14, H. E. Campbell 17, Lemm 17, Estberg 20, Schuchardt 18, Roesler 20, J. E. Bush 20, Kettner 18, J. R. Johnson 13, Garland 14, E Jahr 16. J. H. Johnson 19 Heilmann 16, H. C. Apel 17. William 15, Dering 17, G. L. Kurtz 18, Greengo 19, St. Meunier 18, Wood 14, T. M. Draught 17, Bunker 11, A. Dawson 12, J. Meunier 18, Chas. John 9

Team shoot, 10 targets per man:

Deiter	0101111111	Carmichael	1111101111
Henry	1111111111—18	J Burnham	0111111101—17
W Ockershauser	1101111111	Mirgler	1011111111
Hirschbuehl	1111111111—19	Kurtz	1111111111—19
J W Foster	1111111111	Kettner	1111111111
Estberg	1111111111—20	Roesler	1111010111—18
Theo Thomes	1111111111	J H Johnson	1111111111
John Traudt	0111101011—17	G W Draught	1011111111—19
Meixner	1111111111	Hobbs	1111111110
St Meunier	1111111111—20	Rock	1111011111—18
Bunker	0110101100	T M Draught	1111111111
A Dawson	0011101110—11	Wood	1111110111—19

Citizens' purse, 20 targets: Estberg 19, G T. Anderson 20, F. H. Gault 17, Garland 16, S. R. Johnson 17, Greengo 18, Deiter 18, Hobbs 20, Schmeling 12, Campbell 15, Carmichael 19, Rock 16, T. M. Draught 18, Heilmann 18. Lemm 15, Mirgler 18, John Traudt 16, J. E. Bush 19, Schuchardt 18, H. C. Apel 11, William 11, James 8, Meixner 18, G. W. Draught 20, Burnham 18, Roesler 20. Kettner 12, Theo. Thomes 18, Christianson 16, A. Dawson 12, Field 17, Bunker 9, E. Jahr 18, Wash. Ockershauser 18, Hirschbuehl 16, McQueen 19, J. Meunier 17, Henry 19, St. Meunier 20, Wood 12, J. H. Johnson 20, J. E Foster 19, Lillicroft 15, T. A. Hanson 11, Grop 1, Dering 18. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Texas State Shoot.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, May 20.—The nineteenth annual meeting of the Texas Sportsmen's Association has glided into history as one of the most successful and enjoyable meetings within the recollection of the oldest trap-shooters in the State. While the management was not provided with the latest mechanical devices that prevail at the Northern shoots, still there was no cause to complain.

The shooting was "red hot," and while the tournament was open to the world and was visited by men who stand in the front row of trap-shooting, still the men from Texas acquitted themselves very well, as the scores will show. To the astonishment of everybody, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, who was thought to be in attendance on the Sportsmen's Exhibition in New York, arrived in time to participate from first to last. This is the first time that we, of Texas, ever met the gentleman, and I know that I but echo the wishes of the sportsmen of Texas when I say, "Come again, Jimmie."

Speaking of visitors from other States, I will also mention the name of Mr. Cornett, who ably handled a Smith gun under the pseudonym of "Smith." Some wag said that he used that name, so that when he missed he would have plenty to lay it to. Mr. A. W. Adams, of Chicago, was also seen to advantage.

If the gentleman from North Texas who distinguished himself by writing that an 80 per cent. man was barred from the Texas State tournament takes the pains to examine the scores he will find that the squads of the San Antonio shoot of '95 were pretty hot sort of stuff. Jim Elliott told me on the grounds that this was the hardest shooting crowd that he had ever struck, and he was surprised to see the good shooting that was done with the 20 and 16 bores. Critzer, McCormack and George, of San Antonio, particularly distinguished themselves by their remarkable shooting—especially that of Critzer (who shoots under the soubriquet of "24-gauge") Holzapfel, of Cuero, was as usual near the front, while Hope, of Farmersville, distinguished himself by winning the diamond medal by the handsome score of 14 in the contest at 10 singles and 2 pairs of live pigeons. Elliott, not being an active participant in the medal shoot, was chosen as referee. He acquitted himself very creditably, especially in the double bird part of the match, where his prompt decisions of "no birds" cost the management 38 extra birds. Said he: "I know it's rough on Oscar, but it is strictly according to the rules." E. Brown, of Burton, he of the many challenges, was also here, and he shot well, too. There was blood in his eye for a couple of days and the air was laden with challenge talk, but the whole thing disappeared and melted, as it were beneath the rays of the sun of conviviality.

On the whole everybody seemed well pleased, and the general opinion was that this meeting was one of the most enjoyable tournaments ever held in the State.

At the meeting of the Association Mr. Benj. S. Rogers, of Brenham, was elected President; A. B. Critzer, of San Antonio, Vice-President, and Mr. A. T. Saunders, of Houston, was chosen Secretary-Treasurer. Houston was unanimously chosen as the next place of meeting.

Scores:

No. 1, 15 targets, $2 entry, $20 added: Texas Field 13, McGinty 11, Holz 15, Miller 15, Fritz 11, 24-guage 12, Morgan 12, Hope 11, St. Hubert 11, Smith 14, Sparks 12, Moore 14, Adams 14, Brown 10, McCormack 13, Elliott 15, Dietz 15, Shaw 13, Fosgard 14, Ellis 12, Piety 13, Barron 14, Saunders 15.

No. 2, 20 single targets: Texas Field 20, Holz 19, Miller 12. Critzer 20, Fosgard 17, Elliott 18, McCormack 17, E. Brown 20, Piety 19, Haney 17, Smith 18, Saunders 14, McGinty 19, Fritz 14, Shaw 16, Ellis 16, Morgan 19, St. Hubert 16, Dietz 18, Adams 18, Barron 18, Moore 17, Steves 13

No. 3, 20 singles, $20 added: Texas Field 19, Holz 18, Fritz 16, Shaw 11, Ellis 15, Morgan 18, Adams 17, St. Hubert 12, Saunders 19, Dietz 17, Sparks 15, Barron 17, McGinty 15, Miller 14, Critzer 19, Fosgard 19, Elliott 18, McCormack 18, Piety 16, Brown 20, Smith 18, Steves 17, Haney 16, Moore 16.

No. 4, 10 live pigeons, $20 added: Texas Field 10, Holz 9, Fritz 6, Shaw 6, Ellis 7, Barron 5, St. Hubert 6, Dietz 9, Moore 7, Hope 9, McGinty 10, Miller 9, Critzer 10, Fosgard 9, Elliott 8, McCormack 8, Brown 10; Smith 9, Adams 6, Saunders 8.

No. 5, 15 singles, $20 added: Texas Field 14, Holz 15 Fritz 15, Shaw 13, Ellis 12, Morgan 13, Piety 15, Adams 14, Chabot 8, Moore 14, Steves 15, Epp 10, Smith 14, Saunders 12, McGinty 11, Miller 12, Critzer 15, Fosgard 11, Elliott 11, McCormack 11, Haney 14, Brown 10, St. Hubert 11, Sparks 11, Barron 9, Dietz 13, Heard 10.

No. 6, 20 singles, $20 added: Texas Field 18, Holtz 19, Fritz 13, Dietz 20, Shaw 12, Morgan 15, Moore 18, Elliott 19, St. Hubert 12, Haney 17, Sparks 18, Saunders 16, McGinty 18, Miller 14, Critzer 20, Ellis 17, Piety 17, McCormack 20, Heard 17, Barron 17, Fosgard 15, Adams 19, Smith 17. Hope 17.

No. 7, 7 live pigeons and 10 targets:

Texas Field	1•2111•—5	1111011111— 9—14
McGinty	1111111— 7	0101110111— 7—14
Holtz	1111122—7	1111110111— 9—16
Miller	1011112—6	1001111011— 7—13
Critzer	1122211—7	1111111111—10—17
Fritz	0221110—5	1111110111— 9—14
Dietz	2110110—5	1110001001— 5—10
Ellis	21•2222—6	1001011111— 7—13
Shaw	1121022—6	0001100011— 4—10
Morgan	2221112—7	1101111100— 7—14
Brown	1111111—7	1111111110— 9—16
McCormack	10•22•2—4	1111101100— 8—12
Moore	0111222—6	0111111110— 8—14
Elliott	2111202—6	1110011101— 7—13
Hope	1122121—7	1111101111— 9—16
Adams	21•1222—6	1111111111—10—16
Smith	1201212—6	1111111001— 8—14
Heard	1001•22—4	1010010011— 5— 9
Barron	1122122—7	1111111111—10—17
St Hubert	2212111—7	1111011110— 7—15
Register	0212121—6	1111100101— 7—13
Saunders	1202120—5	1110111110— 8—13
Fosgard	1112112—7	1101111111— 9—16
Sparks	1222010—5	1110101111— 8—13
Haney	2•00••1—2	1111001010— 6— 8
Ambold	1•11100—4	0101111111— 8—12

No. 8, teams of two, for State team diamond medal, at 25 targets per man:

Austin Team.		Hempstead Team.	
Miller	21	McGinty	22
Fritz	16—37	Register	17—39
San Antonio Team No. 1.		**San Antonio Team No. 2.**	
Texas Field	19	Morgan	23
Critzer	24—43	McCormack	23—46
Cuero Team.		**Burton Crew.**	
Holz	23	Brown	23
Dietz	23—46	Barron	22—45
Waco Team.		**Farmersville Team.**	
Ambold	21	Hope	18
Fosgard	19—40	Moore	23—41
Houston Team.			
Saunders	22	Haney	22—44

In the tie shoot between Cuero and San Antonio teams the latter came out victorious by killing out straight as follows:

Cuero.		San Antonio.	
Holz	11011—4	McCormack	11111—5
Dietz	01111—4—8	Morgan	11111—5—10

No. 9, 20 singles, $25 added: Texas Field 15, McGinty 19, Fritz 9, Dietz 16, Shaw 14, Morgan 18, Moore 17, Adams 20, Heard 19, St. Hubert 10, Ambold 10, Barron 20, Haney 17, Hummel 17, Holz 20, Miller 17, Critzer 18, Ellis 17, Rietz 20, McCormack 19, Elliott 18, Steves 17, Fosgard 20, Brown 20, Hope 12, Register 12, Sparks 16, Smith 19.

No. 10, 10 singles and 5 pairs, $20 added: Texas Field 14, Holz 18, Fritz 8, Dietz 14, Shaw 13, Brown 12, Moore 16, St. Hubert 12, Heard 17, Sparks 14, Hummel 12, Barron 16, McGinty 18, Miller 17, Critzer 20, Ellis 14, Adams 16, McCormack 16, Elliott 15, Rietz 18, Fosgard 17, Steves 15, Register 13, Smith 19.

No. 12, 20 singles, $40 added: Texas Field 19, Holz 19, Fritz 14, Elliott 15, Heard 17, Morgan 16, Adams 18, Haney 13, Saunders 13, Barron 12, St. Hubert 14, Register 10, Chabot 13, McGinty 13, Miller 15, Critzer 20, Ellis 16, Dietz 15, McCormack 18, Sparks 17, Fosgard 13, Brown 16, Moore 17, Shaw 12, Smith 15.

No. 13. Contest for the Individual championship diamond medal and $100 added, at 10 singles and 2 pairs live pigeons.

Texas Field	2112111121	•011 —12	Morgan	2112211110	•101 —11
Miller	1222121122	0001 —11	Chabot	01••1•2001	0011 — 6
Holz	1111111112	1•10 —12	McCormack	20•1211222	1010 —10
McGinty	1•12111111	1111 —13	St Hubert	1122220011	1100 —10
Brown	1211122211	1011 —13	Hope	1212111222	1111 —14
Critzer	1021222111	1111 —13	Fosgard	1211111111	1000 —11
Fritz	•11222•12•	1111 —11	Moore	221222 :010	0010 — 9
Ellis	0110012221	0000 — 7	Ambold	1222121011	0110 —11

First, diamond medal won by Mr. F. Hope, of Farmersville. Second, $50 divided between McGinty, Brown and Critzer. Third, $30 divided between Texas Field and Holz. Fourth, $20 divided between Miller, Fritz, Morgan, Fosgard and Ambold.

No. 14, 20 singles, $25 added: Texas Field 17, Holz 19, Adams 18, Elliott 17, Fritz 13, Moore 14, Samuels 15, Dietz 17, Ambold 13, Morgan 14, McGinty 16, Miller 17, Brown 16, Critzer 20, Ellis 17, Smith 19, McCormack 19, Saunders 18, Rothwell 16, Register 11, Fosgard 17.

No. 15, 20 singles: Texas Field 17, Miller 16, Holz 18, Fritz 17, Adams 18, Register 8, Sparks 17, St. Hubert 9, Shaw 12, Smith 17, Dietz 17, Simms 18, Saunders 17, Fosgard 17, Elliott 18, Ellis 16, Critzer 19, Samuels 13, Brown 16, McCormack 16, Morgan 15, Hummel 16, Moore 15, McGinty 11, Rothwell 18, Haney 18, Ambold 12.

No. 16, 20 singles, $20 added: Texas Field 17, Holz 19, Adams 16, Elliott 18, Fritz 17, Dietz 16, Rothwell 13, Saunders 16, Moore 16, Morgan 12, Haney 15, Register 12, Miller 17, Brown 17, Critzer 19, Ellis 15, Samuels 13, McCormack 16, Sparks 18, Smith 18, Steves 20, Hummel 17, McGinty 15.

No. 17, 10 singles and 3 pairs: Texas Field 13, Miller 15, Fritz 14, Ellis 15, Hope 14, Piety 14, Smith 12, Holz 14, Elliott 13, Critzer 15, McGinty 11, Moore 13, McCormack 13, Morgan 10.

No 18, 20 singles, $25 added: Texas Field 17, Holz 19, Fritz 15, Ellis 20, Brown 17, Adams 14, Piety 20, Smith 18, Sparks 14, McGinty 18, Miller 15, Elliott 16, Critzer 18, Steves 18, Shaw 18, McCormack 19, McCormack 19, Saunders 19, Moore 18, Morgan 18.

No 19, 20 singles, $25 added: Texas Field 14, Holz 20, Fritz 19, Ellis 18, Adams 17, McGinty 17, Steves 18, Hope 15, Morgan 18. McVicar 15, Saunders 19, Miller 17, Elliott 16, Critzer 18, Brown 17, Shaw 16, McCormack 19, Moore 17, Smith 18, Piety 17, Sparks 15.

No. 20, 10 live pigeons, $25 added;

Texas Field	111221111•— 9	Hope	1111012•21— 8
Miller	1221111121—10	Brown	11••222210— 8
Holz	111•22•012— 7	McCormack	2•22022220— 7
Elliott	2222222•22— 9	Adams	1110112111— 9
Fritz	110•112010— 6	St Hubert	2122102012— 8
Critzer	1112111210— 9	Morgan	•112221211— 9
Ellis	21111222122—10	Saunders	1201101212— 8
McGinty	1112•21111— 9	Shaw	02C21•21••— 5
Moore	22100111•2— 7		

Special No. 1, 10 single targets: E. Brown 9, St. Hubert 2, Moore 9, Hope 8, McGinty 7, Morgan 9, Elliott 9, Saunders 10, Fritz 8, Sparks 6, Miller 7, Fosgard 7, Barron 6, Holz 9, Dietz 8, Smith 9, Adams 9, Texas Field 10.

Special No. 2, 15 singles: Texas Field 13, Holz 15, Fritz 14, Brown 15, Barron 12, St. Hubert 12, Hope 12, Dietz 12, Smith 14, Epp 11, Elliott 13, Steves 11, Fosgard 12, McGinty 11, Miller 12, 24-gauge 14, Heard 12, Piety 15, McCormack 12, Moore 13, Ellis 12, Sparks 14, Saunders 13, Adams 12, Chabot 11, Haney 13.

Special No. 3, 15 singles: Texas Field 12, Holz 12, Fritz 14, Piety 14, Brown 14, Ellis 14, Smith 14, Elliott 15, Heard 11, Saunders 12. Haney 11, McGinty 13, Miller 15, 24-gauge 14, Sparks 11, Moore 15, McCormack 13, Steves 14, Fosgard 13, Barron 11, Dietz 12.

Special No. 4, 15 singles: Texas Field 12, Holz 9, Fritz 11, Brown 13, Heard 8, Dietz 12, Sparks 14, Saunders 14, Moore 11, McGinty 11, Miller 14, 24-gauge 15, Smith 15, Steves 8, McCormack 15, Chabot 9, Fosgard 12, Barron 14.

Second Day.

Special No. 5, 10 singles: Morgan 6, Hope 9, Piety 10, Sparks 9, Ellis 10, McCormack 10, Critzer 9, Saunders 10, Elliott 8, Holz 9, Smith 10, Fosgard 9, Barron 9, Texas Field 9, Adams 8, McGinty 7, Haney 8, Dietz 8, Fritz 8, Brown 8, Heard 6, St. Hubert 3, Miller 8. Moore 8, Steves 8.

Special No. 6, 20 singles, $20 added: Texas Field 18, Holz 19, Fritz 15, Critzer 19, Shaw 14, Elliott 20, St. Hubert 11, Adams 19, Lockhart 12, Smith 17, McGinty 16, Miller 18, Dietz 13, Ellis 16, Moore 19, McCormack 20, Brown 15, Saunders 16, Heard 17.

Special No. 7, 5 live pigeons:

Texas Field	•1••1—2	Holz	11121—5
Miller	01211—4	Critzer	12112—5
McGinty	22111—5	Elliott	22212—5
Dietz	10120—3	Brown	21111—5
Adams	111•0-3	St Hubert	011•2—3
McCormack	22•12—4	Ellis	2121•—4
Samuels	12221—5	Rothwell	12012—4
Moore	21211—5	Morgan	22011—4
Register	12021—4	Saunders	•0112—3
Steves	C•202—2		

Special No 8, 10 singles: Texas Field 9, Miller 7, Moore 8, Holz 9, Elliott 9, McGinty 8, Saunders 7, Fritz 5, Haney 8, Hope 8, Piety 10, Smith 8, McCormack 8, Brown 9.

Special No. 9, 20 singles: Texas Field 18, Holz 20, Fritz 16, Adams 16, Rothwell 12, Saunders 17, Micheljohn 14, Elliott 19, Ellis 17, Miller 16, McGinty 18, Critzer 18, Dietz 13, Sparks 13, McCormack 15, Steves 16, Moore 20.

Special No. 10, miss and out on live pigeons: Brown 3, McGinty 1, Miller 2, Ellis 1, Holz 0, Texas Field 3, Moore 2.

Special No. 11, same: McGinty 3, W. Miller 3, St. Hubert 3, Saunders 3, Texas Field 1, Ellis 2, Hope 3.

There being no more pigeons on the grounds, the money was divided between McGinty, Miller, St. Hubert, Saunders and Hope.

Special No. 12, 20 singles: Texas Field 16, Holz 19, Adams 19, Ellis 17, Fritz 16, Dyer 16, W. Miller 19, Morgan 15, St. Hubert 14, Critzer 19, McCormack 18, Saunders 19, Elliott 15.

Special No. 13, same: Texas Field 16, Holz 20, Adams 19, Ellis 17, Smith 19, Critzer 17, Fritz 14, McCormack 17, Miller 19, Elliott 16, Saunders 17, Morgan 19, Dyer 17.

Special No. 14, same: Texas Field 20, Holz 18, Adams 19, Morgan 19, Ellis 18, Fritz 17, Critzer 19, Saunders 18, McCormack 19, Miller 17, Elliott 17.

Table of averages made at the Texas State shoot, May 15 to 19, San Antonio, Tex.:

	Gauge.	Shot at.	Broke.	Average.
A B Critzer	16	616	586	95
A Holzapfel	12	628	581	92.5
Texas Field	20	655	580	87.9
McCormack	16	642	564	87.9
A H Piety	12	306	282	93.8
A W Adams	12	507	453	89.2
Miller	12	645	531	82.3
McGinty	12	514	420	81.2
Dietze	12	398	321	85.8
Hope	12	236	197	83.5
Cornett	12	428	382	89.2
Fritz	12	622	483	77.6
Forsgard	12	391	327	83.3
E Brown	10	499	435	80.1
Sparks	12	332	265	82.8
Barrow	12	287	228	79.5
Heard	12	207	161	77.7
Ellis	12	544	453	83.3
St Hubert	10	381	252	66.1
Moore	12	535	456	85.5
Saunders	12	552	497	90
Haney	12	247	198	80
Steves	12	266	214	80.4
Elliott	12	498	431	86.6
Shaw	12	327	234	71.6
Red	12	170	100	58.8
Modoc	16	90	70	77.7
Chabot	16	79	57	71.6
Rothwell	12	85	70	82.2
Lockhart	12	20	12	60
Dyer	12	90	77	85.5
Epp	10	31	21	67.7
Ambold	10	54	36	66.6
Samuels	12	127	89	70.3
Dennis	12	20	8	40
Micklejohn	12	70	56	80
McVickar	12	70	58	82.8

O. C. GUESSAZ.

Michigan City Gun Club.

MICHIGAN CITY, Mich., May 23.—The regular weekly shoot of the Michigan City Gun Club took place on the club grounds Thursday, and was well attended. Messrs. Brown and McCarley, of Jackson, Tenn, were present, and Master Richard Love was elected a member of the club. To make the medal shoot more interesting we have arranged the shooters into four classes. Below find scores in detail:

Medal shoot, 25 singles:

Class A.

Tway (0) ..... 0101111111111011111010111—20

Class B.

Hardaway (3) ..... 1000111000111000100100101—14

Class C.

Brewer (5) ..... 0011111001011101101100011—20
Aldrich (5) ..... 1101101111000111110101110—22
Dr Phillips (5) ..... 1000000001100100110000000—11

Class D.

McCarley (7) ..... 0001101011110010101110111—22
Brown (7) ..... 1110000000001010010010000—14
Mason (7) ..... 1000100100000001011000100—14
H W Hardaway (7) ..... 0010000011001100111000001—15
Love (7) ..... 0000000000000000000000000— 7

May 31.—The regular weekly shoot of the Michigan City Gun Club took place yesterday. Messrs. Brewer, Wheeler and Kilpatrick, of Lamar, and McCusley, of Jackson, all members of the club, were present. The feature of the day was the regular club handicap at 25 birds, Tway proving the winner. The shooting was hard on account of a high wind. Shooting at unknown angles. Appended are the scores:

Tway (0) ..... 1111111111111110011111111—23
Wheeler (7) ..... 1101111101011111000010010—22
Robinson (10) ..... 0110001100111011010100001—22
Brewer (5) ..... 1011101111011011101010010—21
McCusley (7) ..... 1010110000101011001100101—19
Hardaway (5) ..... 0011010110001011101110100—18
Kilpatrick (10) ..... 0001000111010000001000010—17
Aldrich (5) ..... 0000101111011001000100101—16

CHAS. W. TWAY, Sec'y.

Neponset Gun Club.

KEWANEE, Ill., May 24.—By request of the secretary of the Neponset (Ill.) Gun Club, I inclose the following scores, made at that club's tournament, May 21, 22:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1: Crain 5, Studley 9, Norton 9, Stuart 8, Williams 4, W. A. Bowen 5, Livingston 8, Baker 7, Miller 6. Huckins 9, LaFeinier 7, Faull 6, Lyle 8, Robinson 7, Kopp 9, Irwin 8, White 6, Snow 9.

No. 2, 12 singles, $1.25: W. A. Bowen 4, Norton 10, Huckins 12, Crain 9, Snow 11, McClure 7, Miller 10, Baker 11, F. Bowen 6, Williams 7, Irwin 11, Lyle 9, Faull 11, Robinson 9, White 5, W. Humphrey 10, Stuart 8, Studley 9, P. Battey 11, Kopp 12, Livingston 11, Alexander 10.

No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50:

W A Bowen	101111001110111—11	Lyle	111111111011111—14
McClure	011101111101111—12	Snow	010111111101111—12
Baker	111111011111111—14	Humphrey	001100101101011— 8
Crain	010111110101111—11	Williams	100111101101001— 9
Huckins	111111111111111—15	Stuart	101101101101111—11
Alexander	110101100010011— 9	W Humphrey	011001011011110— 9
Studley	111110101010111—11	Battey	000001111011110— 8
Sharp	011111010111101—11	Robinson	111011111111110—13

No. 4, 20 targets, $2:

WABowen	11001110111011011011—14	Alexander	11111110101101110111—16
Huckins	11111111111111111111—20	Miller	11111111100101111011—16
Crain	01111111111111111110—18	Latimer	11111111000011001111—14
Lyle	11111001111010100110—13	Price	01110111010111111011—15
Kopp	11111101111001100111—15	Faull	10111111111111111011—18
Baker	11111111111111111111—20	Irwin	11110111011111111111—18
McClure	00101101101011110101—12	Humphrey	11111110111111110011—17
Studley	11111111101111111111—19	Livingston	10010011101111111011—14
Snow	11111111101011111111—18		

No. 5, 6-men team race, 25 targets per man, $10 per team:

Neponset.

Norton ..... 1111111111111101111011111—23
Lyle ..... 1101111111111101001100111—19
Livingston ..... 1111110111111011011111001—20
A Stuart ..... 0111101111111101111111111—22
Snow ..... 1101111111011111111111111—22
Studley ..... 1111111011111111111011111—23—130

Sheffield.

Alexander ..... 1001111101101111011110111—19
W Humphrey ..... 1111111111111111110011110—22
Bayden ..... 1110101101101111111001111—19
E Humphrey ..... 0001011000111111111010101—15
Reider ..... 1110001101101010111100111—16
Battey ..... 1100111011111111111001111—19—110

Kewanee.

Baker ..... 1111110111111111111111111—24
Huckins ..... 1111101111111101111110111—22
Crain ..... 0101110110110100101110111—16
Faull ..... 0110111101001111001111110—17
Sharp ..... 1011010111111111010111011—19
G Bowen ..... 1111111110111110100011101—19—117

No. 6, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1: Studley 8, Price 6. Robinson 7, Snow 10, Lyle 9, Alexander 5, Baker 10, Huckins 10, W. Humphrey 8, Crain 8, Livingston 5, W. F. Bowen 7, Battey 7, White 7, McClure 5, Norton 9, LaFrinier 6, Irwin 9.

No. 7, two-men teams, 15 targets per man, $3 per team:

Norton	111110111111101—13	Crain	111110111011111—13
Lyle	011111111111101—13—26	Robinson	111111111110111—14—27
Studley	111111011110111—13	G Kopp	111111111111101—14
Snow	111111110101110—13—26	J Kopp	111110110111100—11—25
Alexander	001111111110010—10	Sharp	111011110101111—12
Humphrey	01111 10100011—10—20	Irwin	001001111110111—10—22
Baker	011111111001110—11	Miller	011101110110010— 9
Huckins	111101111111111—14—25	Stuart	111011101011111—12—21
Price	010111011111100—10		
W A Bowen	110111111101101—12—22		

No. 8, 20 targets, $2:

Huckins	11111101101111011111—17	W Bowen	11011100011110010011—12
Snow	11111111101111111011—18	Price	11000000111010010011—10
Norton	01101111111111111011—17	Lyle	11110111111101100110—15
Alexander	11101001101110111101—14	Livingston	11100011101111111111—16
Crain	01111011101111110010—14	Robinson	01100110111111101001—13
W H'mp'ry	11110111110111100111—16	G Bowen	10011000111110010111—12
Baker	11111111111111111111—20	Stuart	11111101111111110011—17
Studley	11111111111011111111—19		

No. 9, 5 pairs, $1: Alexander 6, W. A. Bowen 3, Snow 9, J. Kopp 4, G. Kopp 8, Livingston 4, Baker 5, La Frinier 5, Sharp 4, Faull 6, Custer 8, Huckins 9, Studley 7, Norton 7, Sweringer 6, W. F. Bowen 6, Price 6, Crain 6, E Studley 6, Stuart 6.

Match, $25 a side, 100 targets per man:

Irwin ..... 01111011111111111110011110—20
11101111101011001011100 10—16
11110011101111011111110101—19
10100111100001011110000 10—12—67
Huckins ..... 01110111111111111111111110—22
11111111111110111111111110—23
11111111110110111111110111—22
11111111111111111111111111—25—92

Second Day.

[The scores made in event No. 1 on this day did not come to hand.]

No. 2, 10 targets: Studley 9, Snow 9, Norton 10, G. Bowen 10, Stuart 8, Miller 9, La Frinier 4, Lisle 8, Irwin 9, G. T. Bowen 6.

No. 3, miss and out, 50 cents entrance: Lyle 5, Snow 4, Kopp 4, Norton 2, Stuart 1, Studley 0.

No. 4, 15 targets, $1.50: Snow 15, Kopp 12, Norton 13, Humphrey 15, Stuart 10, Robinson 13, Alexander 12.

No. 5, team race, 25 singles per man:

Neponset Team.

Snow ..... 1111101111111111111111111—24
Studley ..... 0111111111111111111100111—22—46

Sheffield Team.

Humphrey ..... 1111111111111111111111111—25
Alexander ..... 1110111111111111111111111—24—49

No. 6, 12 targets, $1.25:

Livingston	101010110101— 7	Snow	101111111111—11
Robinson	111111111111—12	Humphrey	111011011011— 9
E Studley	111111110111—11	Norton	111111111101—11
G Bowen	111110111111—11	Alexander	111110111110—10
Kopp	011101111011— 9	V Studley	111111111111—12
Lyle	011101111011— 9	LaFrinier	010110111101— 8

No. 7, match, 25 targets, $10 a side: W. T. Irwin 17, Max Lyle 15.

No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: Snow 11, Studley 13, Alexander 11, Norton 13, Humphrey 14, Lyle 12.

No. 9, 20 targets, $2:

Snow	11111111111111011011—18	Alexander	11111111111101010111—17
Robinson	11111111111111111111—20	Stuart	01101110111111111111—17
Norton	11111111111011100111—17	V Studley	11101111111111111011—18
Humphrey	00011010111110w — 7	E Studley	11101111000011111111—15

No. 10, 5 pairs, $1:

Studley	11 10 11 00 11—7	Lyle	11 11 01 10 10—7
Snow	11 00 11 11 11—8	Norton	10 00 01 10 11—5
LaFrinier	00 10 10 10 01—4	Alexander	10 10 11 10 10—6
Kopp	11 10 11 01 11—8	Custer	10 00 10 10 11—5
Robinson	01 11 11 11 11—9	Stuart	10 10 10 00 10—4

Special team race, 100 targets per man:

Stuart	83	McIntyre	83
Robinson	85—168	Miller	72—155

L. C. HUCKINS.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

F. L. D.—Will you kindly inform me where there is good woodchuck shooting near New York city, say within twenty-five miles? Ans. Around Turner's, in Orange county.

G. E. S.—As a reader of your journal since its first publication by Mr. Hallock, may I ask you to enlighten me regarding the assertion that the eagle can catch readily on the wing such swift flyers as the wild goose and ducks? I also believed that the wild goose could just make away from the eagle. I have noticed an eagle in pursuit of a fish hawk some distance before overtaken; have also noticed the readiness with which a little king bird can overtake an eagle and easily keep up to him notwithstanding his frantic efforts to escape. Will you kindly give the speed an hour of the Canada goose, mallard, duck, wild pigeon, eagle and falcon hawk? Has the flight of the kingbird ever been computed? Ans. We have not the figures for the several rates of speed. We do not doubt the eagle's ability to outfly the wild goose and duck when it means business.

Change in Pier Number.

THE Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1, be known as Pier 18 instead of 28, North River, foot of Murray street. Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated, commencing June 17.—*Adv.*



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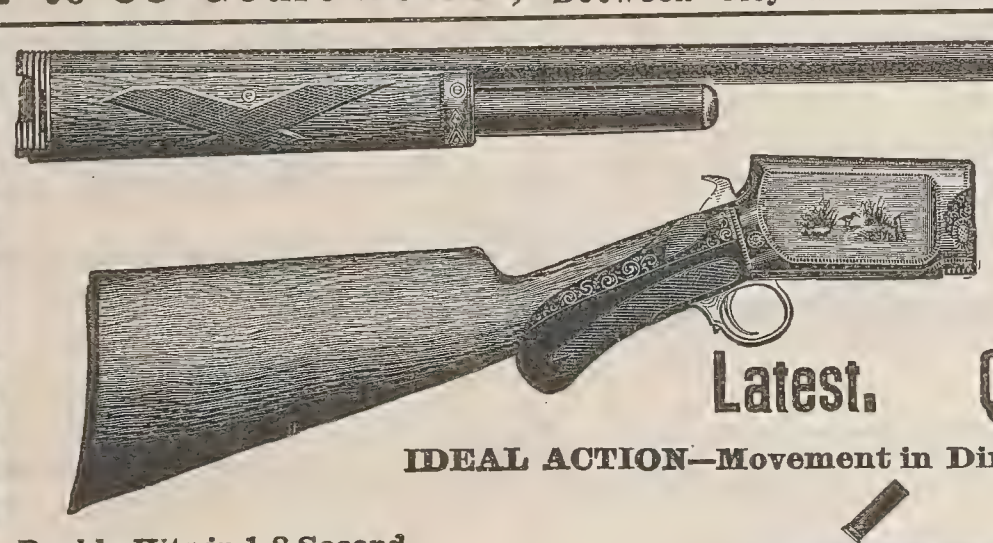
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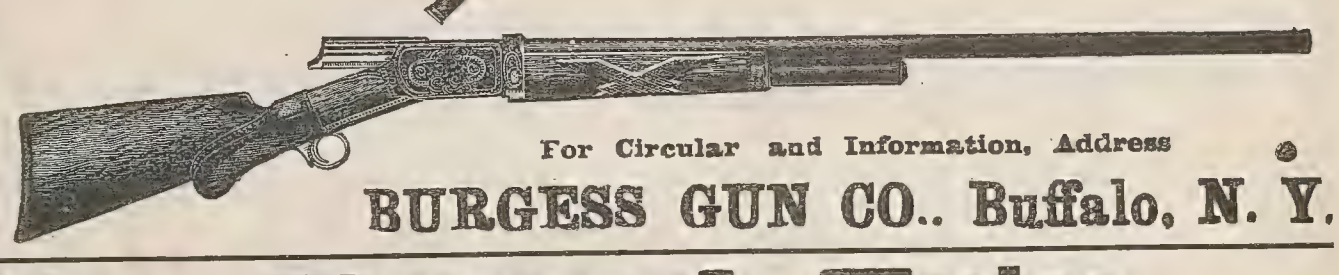
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15 Blue Rocks, entrance	3.00	30.00	40.00	45.00
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15 Blue Rocks, entrance	3.00	30.00	40.00	45.00
20 Blue Rocks, entrance	$3.00	$40.00	$45.00	$50.00
20 Blue Rocks, entrance	3.00	45.00	45.00	50.00
20 Blue Rocks, entrance	3.00	45.00	45.00	50.00
20 Blue Rocks, entrance	3.00	45.00	45.00	50.00

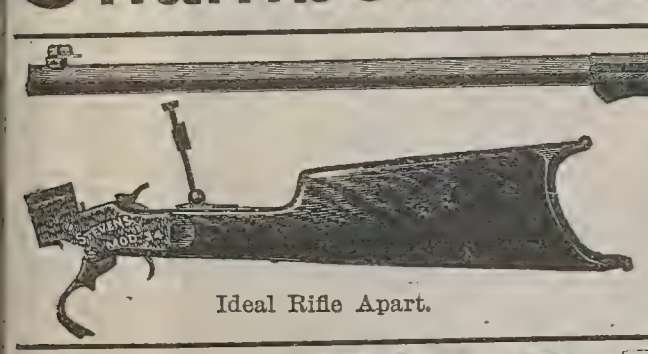
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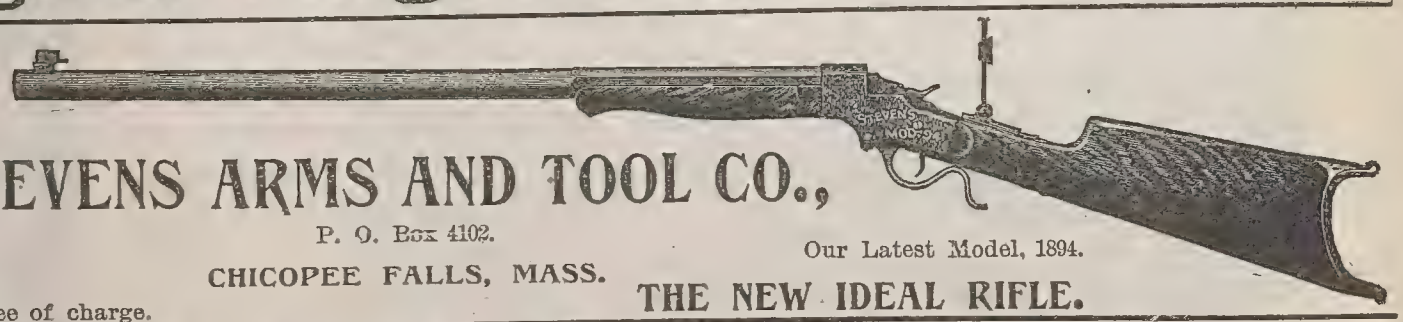
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Advertisements under this head, strictly limited to Wants and Exchanges, will be inserted at the special rate of three cents a word each insertion. The money must accompany the order.

WANTED—TO PURCHASE—MOOSE, DEER caribou, prong horns, mule, pampas, Mexican and brocket deer, jack rabbits, 50 American swans, beavers, American white cranes, one hundred pounds per pair, American geese and other wild fowl. Gila monsters, rattlesnakes and other reptiles. High prices may be obtained from WILLIAM CROSS, Liverpool, the largest importer of birds, beasts and reptiles in the world. All stock by White Star Line. 24

WANTED—TO CORRESPOND WITH PARTIES who want good camping grounds and black bass fishing. Thorne Grant, Litchfield, Conn. 23

So simple in text that you may know the law at a glance.
So beautiful in illustration that you will preserve it for its pictures.

Game Laws in Brief

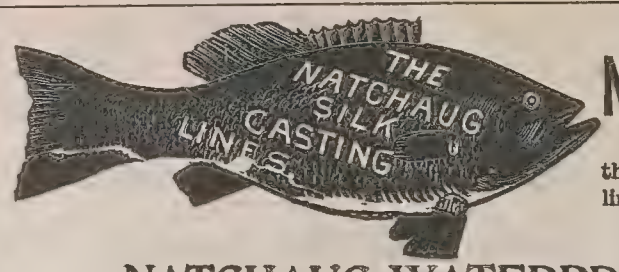
UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Gives the sections relative to game and fish seasons, limit of size or number, non-residents, transportation, etc. All in brief, but full enough for *the practical guidance* of sportsmen and anglers. Carefully compiled, and shorn of verbiage, by CHAS. B. REYNOLDS of *Forest and Stream*. The *Brief* is a standard work of reference. Handsomely illustrated with twenty-five half-tone engravings from *Forest and Stream*.



Price 25 Cents. We send it postpaid. All Sportsmen's Goods dealers sell it.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
318 Broadway, New York.



THE ONLY PERFECT FISHING LINE IS THE

Natchaug Braided Silk Line.

Made from the choicest stock braided 16-strand three-cord silk. They will outwear three ordinary lines. Spool perfectly when in use.
Never flatten or become water soaked.

NATCHAUG WATERPROOF BAIT & FLY LINES

on the water. The finish cannot be broken. Those who have used them will have no others. cents for samples and prices and pamphlet containing our awards of prizes for last season and for 1895. For sale by all dealers.

$225 in Gold Given Away!

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First Prize—$25 in Gold for the heaviest Muskallonge.
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If your dealer does not keep the Natchaug Silk Fishing Lines, order direct from

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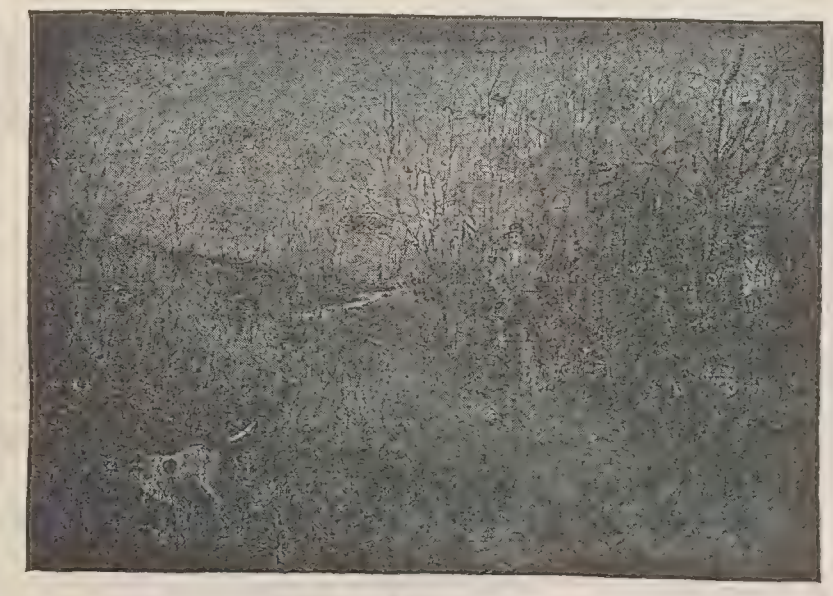
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HE'S GOT THEM.

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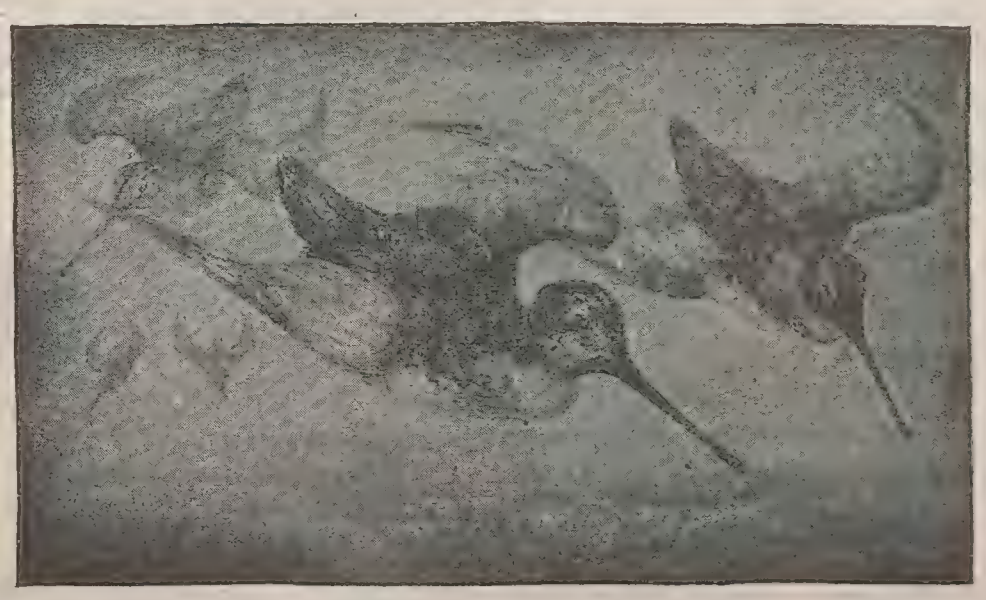
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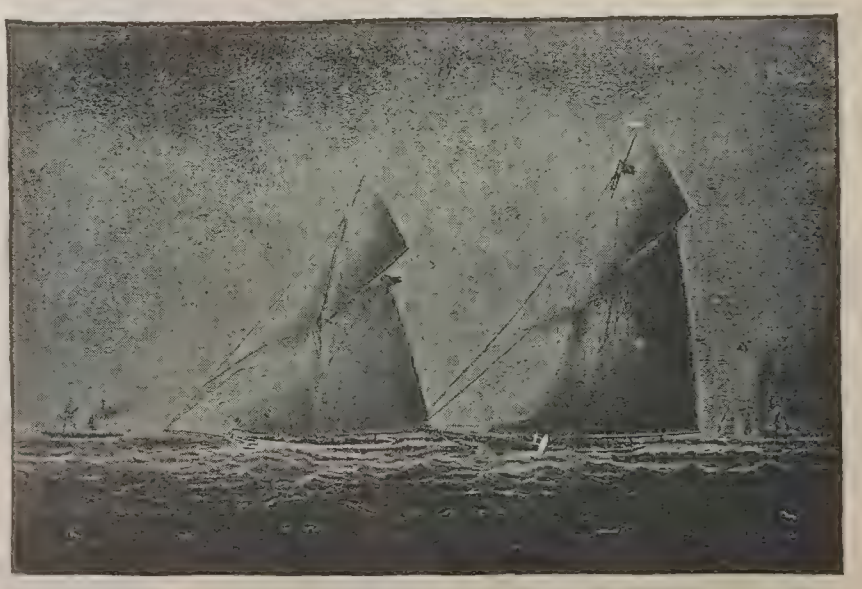
Copies of them may be seen at this office, and inspection is invited.



BASS FISHING AT BLOCK ISLAND.



JACKSNIPE COMING IN.



VIGILANT AND VALKYRIE.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1895.

VOL. XLIV.—No. 24 No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page vii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

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Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

THE DONALDSON REFRIGERATOR LAW.

THE game bill passed by the Legislature of New York was signed by Gov. Morton last Saturday. Its general provisions as to seasons are given on another page.

The measure has many good points, among others an abrogation of the absurd supervisors' laws. But all the good there is in it cannot counterbalance the positive evil contained in the section which formerly constituted the Wilks bill, and which was in the closing days of the session incorporated in the Donaldson bill at the instance of agents of the game dealers of this city. This new section reads:

Section 249. No person or persons shall be deemed to have violated any law or ordinance by reason of his or their selling, exposing for sale, transporting or possessing, or attempting so to do, the body or a part of the body of any wild animal or bird in the close season for such animal or bird, provided it be proved by him or them, by production of proper invoices and freight or express receipts, that such wild animal or bird was shipped from a point at least three hundred miles distant from the State of New York. For the purpose of the proper enforcement of this section the package containing this wild animal or bird shall be marked plainly "game," and the place of shipment and destination shall also be plainly marked. All transportation companies which shall transport the same shall keep books plainly showing the receipt and delivery of such packages of game, and dealers in the same shall keep books of account showing the number of birds or animals received, sold or delivered by them, and shall, at all times, permit any authorized agent of the commissioners of fisheries, game and forest to examine their books of record for purpose of establishing the right of such possession or transportation in close season.

This section makes a farce of all other parts of the law relative to the sale of game out of season; it gives New York city a game market not quite wide open, but open wide enough to take in all the game that can be shipped to it in any month of the year. The first and immediate effect of this legislation will be to bring out for sale the oversupply of last season's refrigerated game now in cold storage, and to stimulate the traffic in immature woodcock and grouse to be killed here and in neighboring States by market-hunters as soon as they may be taken. The next step will be the unloading upon New York of refrigerated game from other markets where it is now held in cold storage and dealt in clandestinely. When the legitimate open season comes around, the receipts of game at this point will be enormously increased; for, as there is no longer any limit to the period of open traffic, there will be no necessity of restricting the supply as heretofore. Prior to this year the dealers have been obliged to reckon that for a part of the year—that portion when the law declared that game should not be sold at all—they could only carry on their trade secretly, selling on the sly, not openly and above board. The free traffic now provided for will far exceed in volume this illicit sale of former years. To meet the increased demand there will be renewed activity among those who kill for market.

The New York market will now take its place with that of Boston as a dumping ground for the game of the country. The game sold here the year around will come from New York State, as well as from all other sources of supply. That provision of the statute which says that dealers must show papers to prove that the game they sell has come from points three hundred miles from New York is moonshine. The dealers know this perfectly well. They can have no objection to the little formality of showing papers. It will not conflict with their trade in the least.

For the plain fact is that in dealing with game commission merchants we are as a rule not dealing with men who let the game laws trouble them, beyond keeping within actual safety from their penalties. Burke said that it was impossible to indict a whole people. It would not be just to declare that all game dealers are dishonest in respect to the game laws; but so many of them are that the class is open to the indictment. There has never been a time when illicit game traffic was not carried on in this city. Now that the Donaldson refrigerator bill has become a law that illicit trade will be increased a thousandfold. The law is a disgrace to New York, a rank injustice to other States, a menace to the game supply, and a statute which should be rescinded. In the name of the sportsmen of the country at large the FOREST AND STREAM declares war upon the Donaldson refrigerator law; and it will not give up the campaign until the law shall have been repealed.

Let no one be so simple as to imagine that the market men will surrender without a strong fight the advantage they have gained in their demand for an unrestricted game traffic. To remove a wicked statute from the books is more difficult than to prevent its being put on them. If the game protective forces of this State have been inefficient in 1895 to thwart the scheming of this man Donaldson and his fellows, they will require increased energy and activity to undo his work in 1896.

DEBAUCHED JOURNALISM.

THE Florida Legislature of 1895 failed to provide better protection for birds of plume, but it did two things worthy of unstinted commendation. It abolished prize-fighting, and made away with the Honduras Lottery, which was the old Louisiana Lottery in new guise. The Supreme Court of Louisiana has given a ruling which will prevent prize-fighting in that State. These developments mark the practical end of legalized lottery robbery and ring ruffianism in the United States.

It would be interesting to determine what actually has been the part taken by the press with respect to the prize ring and the lottery, their survival and end.

The newspapers of New Orleans were notoriously the debauched slaves of the Louisiana Lottery thieves, until at last the power of the ring was broken by an uprising so mighty that the boasted influence of the press arrayed in opposition to the uprising was as of soap bubbles to cannon balls. There was, we recollect, a deal of fine scorn for these New Orleans journals on the part of their contemporaries in other States; but it must be remembered that the daily press of this country was ready to back up the lottery against all attacks so long as the laws allowed the managers of the press to print and receive pay for printing the lottery's advertisements. If in the end the press was outspoken against the lottery, this attitude was assumed only when the newspaper proprietors were no longer permitted by the laws of the land to draw a revenue from the lottery ring. The lottery curse has, then, really been ended in this country in spite of the "power of the press."

As much may be said of the passing of the prize ring. The action of the Florida Legislature and the decision of the Louisiana court have been received with positive disgust in the editorial offices, that is to say, the counting rooms, of the "great dailies." There is not one of them—where the rule holds that anything is good news that sells papers—but has heard of the Florida legislation with a disgust quite as deep and sincere as is that of the toughs and sluggers in the dives. The genius of the representative daily journalism of the times is shown by the record to have upheld the lottery and the prize ring, and to have given over its encouragement of the lottery thieves reluctantly, and then only when the laws of the land rendered their further support fruitless.

How persistently the great dailies are making the most of what little is left of the prize ring in this country was exemplified by a ridiculous piece of journalistic enterprise the other day, when throughout the length and breadth of the land rival news purveyors wired their competitive specials, to appear the next day in columns of type under the scare head "Corbett was Mad." And what was it all about? Two blatant bullies, whose wordy quarrels had been reported day by day and week by week in those papers, had finally come together to arrange the preliminaries of a fight, and during the negotiations one of them had lost his temper. This was the petty event that Modern Journalism recognized as fit material for specials north and east and south and west. The vulgar brawling of two prize-fighters was considered to be of national importance. Thus was windy pugilism outdone by windier journalism. Great prize-fighters and great newspaper editors should thank their stars that, come the worst, legislatures can never make laws to abate wind.

CANADIAN ANGLING LICENSES.

A WASHINGTON letter in the daily press last week reported that a certain New York politician had given out that as for him he would not go fishing in Canadian waters so long as the Dominion exacted a five-dollar license fee of American anglers. The letter went on to say that the politician had a wife who was worth a million dollars in her own name. This was added presumably to show that this particular citizen of the United States could afford to fish in Canada, license or no license, and that so deserved all the more credit for thus resolving to stay home and wave the American flag.

As to one specific section of Canadian waters such self-denial is no longer demanded, not even from the most patriotic fisherman, with or without a million-dollar wife. Minister of Marine and Fisheries Costigan advises us that the non-resident license fee will not be exacted during this season in those parts of the St. Lawrence River which lie between Kingston and Prescott. This is a concession that will afford much satisfaction to St. Lawrence River visitors, and we trust that the exemption may be made permanent. A wish might be expressed also that all restrictions on American anglers in Canada should be removed; but that would be too much to expect in these days of protecting fish and game by the Yorkshire device of heaving rocks at strangers. Citizens of the United States cannot decently ask Canada to open its arms to receive them as friends and brothers, when one State after another is imposing non-resident taxes upon visiting sportsmen from other States. If we cannot be brotherly to one another, we should not look for brotherhood across the border.

DOES A DEER CHALLENGE?

AMONG the pieces of taxidermy shown in the Sportsmen's Exposition was a deer head in the FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit, entitled "The Challenge." It showed the deer with head raised and stretched forward, and the mouth open, as if to bellow for battle; and being a work of art the subject was much admired.

But does the Virginia or white-tailed deer challenge? In his very interesting paper on the habits of this species, found in another column, Mr. A. Y. Walton says that of all wild animals familiar to him the deer is the most silent; and he tells us that in an experience extending over forty years he has but once heard a deer make use of the voice in seeking a lost mate, and the sound was then a low, muttering noise. They do also, as he says, sometimes cry out in pain. But does a buck ever give voice to a note of challenge? If such a cry has ever been heard by any reader of this paragraph he is invited to send us a note of the occurrence.

IN camp or on the trail it is wise to provide that some one member of the party shall be in authority, and shall on occasion have the responsibility of deciding what should be done. The whole pleasure and satisfaction of an outing may be marred by wrangling, indecision, pulling at cross purposes and bitterness of heart, because there are too many in command. An officer of the day is quite as important on an outing as in military life. And then, when the whole outfit is stuck in the mud, there is rich satisfaction in having some one officially to bear the blame.

President David S. Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, is preparing a large work on the fishes of North America. Having come to the ouananiche he recognizes it as a new sub-species of the salmon worthy of recognition by a distinct varietal name; he proposes to call it in honor of Mr. Eugene McCarthy, and in recognition of his exploitation of the fish, *Salmo salar ouananiche McCarthy, var. nov.*

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN PENNSYLVANIA FORESTS.

ALTHOUGH the old Keystone is one among the oldest States in the Union, yet it is less than two score years since a portion of the unsettled part of the State was mostly an unsettled region. The elk remained there up to a later date than in other of the Middle or Northern States, except perhaps that a very few might have been left on Cass River, in Michigan. It was supposed that this elk disappeared in both of those regions at nearly or about the same time—which, if my memory is correct, was in the early fifties.

In those days, while living in New York and near the Pennsylvania line, I frequently made long trips, tramping and camping in those extensive forest lands. It did not offend nor move me in the least that my friends often pronounced me an inveterate woods crank.

It was on one of my forest rambles in Elk county, in the latter part of the month of August, that I brought up at the cabin of an old German by the name of Keeffer, who was then living on the old State road, near the headwaters of the Little Toby, one of the northern tributaries of the Clarion River. This road was made by appropriation from the State at a very early date, beginning somewhere in the vicinity of Ridgeway and running a northern course through the wilderness to the northern boundary line of the State. There had been but little travel on the road up to the time of which I write, and the settlers were few and far between. Mr. Keeffer said that his nearest neighbors were from four to eight miles distant. Mr. Keeffer and his wife pleased me much with their genuine social and pleasant way, which won my respect at once. The conversation and general appearance of the old couple showed too plainly that they had not always lived in that isolated region, and so I frankly told the old man that I was curious to know the cause of their isolation and he just as frankly told me. He came from Pittsburg, where he had kept a hotel for several years; he had suffered heavy losses in some business enterprise, had been done up once by sharpers and had become so disgusted with business and men that he had stepped down and out, barely saving a small bank account, which he thought with strict economy might serve to keep the wolf from the door during their natural lives. Moreover they had enjoyed much better health since they came there.

I had often heard reports of the old man Rowley, the hunter, hermit and wolf trapper of Elk county, and I inquired of Mr. K. if he knew the man. He said yes, he knew him well, and if I would stay another day I might see the old hermit, as he had previously promised to stop there on that day while on some business trip to Ridgeway.

Mr. K. further stated that his first appearance in that region had been some eight years before, and that he had been camping, summer and winter, in different places, mostly on the headwaters of the Clarion; but during the last two years had located his camp over on the Sweetwater, another one of the numerous branches of the Clarion.

The man arrived the next day, as predicted, and I was introduced by Mr. K. as one of the craft and was greeted with a cordial reception. His appearance indicated that he was about sixty years of age. As he stood tall, lank and lean, he seemed a fairly good representation of Cooper's "Leather Stocking," as shown in the Pioneers. He said that he could stop only an hour or so and was sorry that his business called him away just then. He was a good talker and communicative, and I flooded him with questions. He mentioned the scarcity of wolves and the scant bounty allowed by the State, also the plentifulness of deer and bears, and the very near extinction of elk in that State.

I had mapped out in my mind a circuitous route eastward from this place toward the Divide. This I mentioned to Mr. Rowley, to which he replied that I couldn't do better than to take the trail to his camp, which was situated nearly on a direct line toward the Divide, that I would need a halt and a rest by the time I arrived, and although he would be away the latchstring of his cabin door was out, and I might find something in the way of a lunch if needed. At the end of the hour the old man gave me a hearty handshake and started off on a gait that if kept up would soon leave a common walker far in the rear.

It was early on the following morning when I started and soon struck the trail as directed, which led through a region that was rough and smooth, but principally rough—a description that would apply to a large portion of that country. It was a plain trail and a long one, and I followed it to the end, where I found the camp located in a little nook up near the head of the Sweetwater. It seemed to be well protected from the northern winter blasts and somewhat protected from the rays of a July sun. However, there was a small spot cleared and open to the sunshine, where was a very small patch of potatoes, turnips, cucumbers, etc. The cabin was a small 8×10 affair, built of birch poles and covered with split slabs. The door was made of split slabs and had no latchstring, but was hung so as to swing outward and a small stick was set up against it to keep it shut. The inside wall was mostly lined with dried deer skins in the red coat, a small fireplace without a chimney, in place of which were hung on pegs large strips of dried venison, and in one corner were three or four wolf traps hanging on pegs, and on a slab table lay a large pocket compass having set-up sights.

And this was the residence and temporary home of the recluse hunter and trapper of Elk county, Pa.

Doubtless solitude has its charms, though comparatively few they are who find them. Selkirk didn't seem to find them during his solitary abode on the island, although he inquired where they were.

Probably those old sages which he mentions were differently constituted and differently circumstanced.

I had made the halt and taken the rest as the old man had directed; had sampled his dried venison, eaten a green cucumber, drank a long and deep draught of the sweet water and started, on a southeasterly course, over the mountain.

That night I camped on the western rim of the Divide, and under the shelter of a shelving rock, where I was awakened the next morning by the distant but well-known trumpet-like call of a bull elk. He might have been a mile or possibly two miles distant, as that particular sound can be heard a long way on a clear, still morning.

It was big game, but I made no effort to find it, as the killing of an elk when there was no possible chance of saving the meat was not to be thought of. Moreover, I did not crave the credit of shooting the last or one of the last elk left in the State; for I believed then, and have had good reason to believe since, that there were less than a half dozen wild elk in the State at that time. During the following winter one doe elk was captured alive, and another one was killed, and if old Rowley could have been interviewed most likely it would have settled the question what became of the last remaining elk.

That morning I started on a southerly course which led over a rough and broken but heavily timbered country, interspersed, as usual, with any amount of hemlock. I believe there were, and are yet, more hemlock trees, bigger laurel thickets and more of them in Pennsylvania than in any other State.

It was chronicled in the long-ago Crayon papers that Mr. Buttcut fell through some of the laurel thickets while on a fishing excursion to the Black-Water. Now, some of those thickets which I encountered here were so dense that I could neither walk, crawl nor fall through, consequently I made long detours to get around them. Deer tracks were more than plenty, and white flags were seen often; and once, while I sat on a log for a short rest, I saw a large doe get up very deliberately from her bed about thirty feet distant and start off down the hill.

Did I shoot? No. Nothing short of prospective starvation would justify a man in shooting a deer where he would have to leave four-fifths of the meat for wolves and wild cats to devour.

After traveling zig-zag courses for a long distance, I came into more open woods, where the Divide seemed to slope off on a gentle descent for several miles, ending in a great sag or basin, where also ended that day's tramp.

Here was a small trout brook, a crooked little stream, which seemed to be running in nearly every direction, and I could not determine whether it was a feeder to one of the upper branches of the Clarion or a tributary branch of the Susquehanna. It was a cosy little camping place, and so remote, with not a blazed tree, nor old camp-fire brands, nor a lopped bush, nor any indications that any hunter or fisherman had ever raided that little trout brook. That night, as I lay on a bed of hemlock, I rather flattered myself that I had made my little camp fire about as far toward the center of the Big Woods as possible, so I decided to stop over during the next day and night. I outlined a programme in my mind for the next day, which was about as follows: First, I would breakfast on some of those brook trout, then make a leisurely circuit around the basin in order to learn how much territory it contained. As a matter of course, I would shoot some young partridges to broil for supper, as the woods were full of them. While this programme was running through my head I dropped off into the land of dreams, to be awakened in the morning by one of the most unexpected sounds that could be thought of. It was not the howl of the wolf, nor the scream of a panther. Sad to relate, it was the crowing of a rooster. The sound came from some distance to the eastward, but it was too plain to be mistaken. I never learned how that rooster came there, because I didn't go there, but I supposed that some adventurous pioneer or hunter had pushed his way up from the driftwood branch of the Susquehanna. Anyhow, my exploring ardor had dropped down to a low ebb, and instead of staying over another day and night, as I had intended, I started on a westerly course over the mountain.

Now, the ordinary incidents attending the remainder of that trip, are they not written in memory which may appear on paper in the near future, or may not.

ANTLER.

JUNGLE LIFE IN SUMATRA.

I understand that a prominent New York newspaper has recently sent out a party, under competent scientific leadership, to explore the wilds of Sumatra. I commend the enterprise and predict very interesting results. A two years' sojourn in the jungles of that island introduced me to some of the strangest sights and most novel experiences of my life. In no other place have I ever found collected together so many odd and eccentric species of bird, beast and tree. Sumatra is a veritable dime museum of nature.

I had not been long on the island before I became deeply interested in the study of the picturesque flora and fauna in which it abounds. When it became known to the coolies that I was ready to purchase curious animals and plants, I was soon barricaded with an assortment of wild creatures, winged, legged and legless, of all sorts, shapes and sizes. Unfortunately, however, these coolies were not quite posted on the requirements of the market, and it took me some time to convince them that maimed monkeys, mashed lizards and broken-legged spiders were not what I wanted.

One of my earliest acquisitions was a sun bear, truly the drollest creature of its kind I ever had anything to do with. He was not directly from his native wilds, but had been captured when a small cub. "Jock," as he was called, was now about a year old. He measured 3ft. in length and some 20in. in height. Jock was one of nature's mountebanks. Wholly untaught, he could perform tricks that if told would stagger human credulity. It was no effort for him to assume the bipedal attitude, indeed he preferred it, and spent the greater part of his time strolling about with a rolling lurching gait that resembled in a most laughable degree a jolly little mariner in an overcoat of black fur, with rather more liquor aboard than he could steadily carry.

One of his favorite toys was a wooden sphere a trifle smaller than a Rugby football, and with this he would perform a series of feats that were truly astonishing. After a few preliminary movements, Jock would stand on his head for several minutes, the ball neatly balanced on his extended hindfeet. When this was accomplished to his satisfaction, he would proceed to something more difficult; usually it was to climb onto the veranda rail, only about two inches wide, and there balance himself on his back, and keep the ball rolling backward and forward between his extended paws. The wind-up of his ball feats was invariably this: He would clasp the sphere in both arms and slowly turn somersault after somersault along the entire length of the veranda. Then away would fly the ball into a corner, and seizing an old cane, Jock would go through a series of evolutions calculated to turn the cleverest drum major green with envy.

Jock's inquisitive nature often led him into mischief. He destroyed many valuable articles during my ownership of him, and when one night he suddenly disappeared I can't say that I felt very sorry.

Among the curious animals brought me by the coolies was a kukang (*Loris tardigradus*). This was a thick-set creature about the size of a small cat. It was brown in color, had a fox-like head, and used its paws after the manner of a monkey. But its eyes are the most remarkable feature about the kukang; large yellow circular orbs, whose unwinking glare is believed by many natives to possess something of the power of the fabled basilisk. For this reason the Javanese dread the kukang and avoid its gaze, which they claim will bring sure disaster. It is nocturnal in its habits, and its natural prey is small birds and insects.

Of the numerous kinds of monkeys to be found in these jungles, it would require many columns to give an adequate description. The commonest species is the black macaque, but almost as plentiful is the pig-tailed macaque. This monkey is about the size of a bull-terrier, and at a little distance might easily be taken for one. It is thought to be the most artful and intelligent of the monkey tribe, and is frequently trained by the Malays to gather cocoanuts and durians.

Speaking of monkeys, I witnessed a rather comical incident one time, and this incidentally will bring another odd denizen of these parts into my story, viz., the hornbill. One morning, hearing the greatest sort of a hubbub back of my bungalow, I rushed out to see what the matter was. On reaching the spot I found a crowd of coolies looking up into a lofty tree, in the branches of which about two dozen black macaque monkeys were leaping about in great excitement. A little way down the trunk was a single monkey, who appeared to be in some mysterious manner fixed to the tree. The unfortunate creature was uttering the most doleful cries, and his companions above were screaming uproariously in sympathy. It appeared that the prisoner had espied a tempting cavity in the tree, which he guessed to contain eggs or nestlings, and into this he had thrust a burglarious paw. Unluckily for him, Lady Hornbill was at home, and she undertook to detain the burglar until her lord should arrive.

This latter occurred shortly after I got there. Taking in the situation at a glance, the outraged husband swooped down upon the culprit, seized him by the hindleg in his huge mandibles, gave a vicious tug, and then, letting go at the proper moment, sent the unfortunate monkey hurtling to the ground, where he lay stunned by the fall.

A moment later a Chinaman, on monkey stew intent, rushed up to the prostrate animal and seized him, whereupon he suddenly came to and fastened his teeth in the leg of his captor, who instantly dropped everything and busied himself adding yells to the pandemonium already in progress. As for the hornbill, he stood guard outside his nest until the uproar had subsided, and then quietly retired.

The commonest species of hornbill is the "rhinoceros bird," so called, I presume, from its habit of alighting on the back of the rhinoceros in search of parasites. This uncouth creature is about the size of a small turkey, but has a beak 1ft. long, and where it joins the skull 2½in. deep. Over this is another beak reversed, forming a sort of casque or helmet. In this species both beak and helmet, though strong, are thin and hollow, but in the "great hornbill," a bird equally large, they are of solid bone, hard as ivory, and shaped something like a miner's pick.

The Malay name for the great hornbill is "tebang mentuah" (feller of mother-in-law). To account for this extraordinary appellation we must look to the following legend: A man who had a grudge against that much-abused relative went one night to her house and chopped down the piles which supported it, causing it to fall and kill her. Seeing this he stood off and laughed, whereupon he was instantly changed into this bird, and to this day you may hear him repeating the "chop, chop," followed by his impious laughter.

How these people do weave their superstitious fancies around the simplest facts. Watching the great hornbill I have seen it alight on a lofty tree, strike several resounding blows against the trunk with its bony helmet, and then burst into a shout of wierd laughter. Presently the sound would be repeated in the distance and in a minute or two the mate would sail slowly along and pitch on the same tree.

Snakes of all sorts abound in these jungles, also lizards. Monitor lizards there are measuring 6 and 7ft. in length. Then again there is the "chichak" or house lizard. This little reptile, which is about 1ft. long, lets the householder know of his presence by emitting a series of "yap! yaps" not unlike the short snappy bark of the toy terrier. I remember once being awakened by one which somehow had gotten into my bedchamber. Striking a light I endeavored to locate the little scamp. He evaded my search a long time, however, owing to a peculiar quality of his voice, which he seems to throw about with all the ease of a born ventriloquist. And indeed that is precisely what the chichak is.

Among the peculiar insects to be seen here are the carpenter bee and the mason wasp. The former, about double the size of our bumble-bee and jet black, will bore as neat a hole through a wooden upright as a yachtsman could wish to reeve a rope through, while the latter constructs strong clay storehouses on the trunks of trees, stocks them with preserved spiders and seals them up, afterward so tinting and streaking the finished structure that it is impossible to distinguish it from a knot in the bark. It is a pity to spoil so pretty a story of natural instinct, but the truth is that this wasp is often known to build in precisely the same manner on a whitewashed wall, not omitting the exterior decorations, which, in this case of course, only serve to point out the more conspicuously the handiwork nature originally taught it so cunningly to conceal.

Besides the scorpion, the centipede and the tarantula, that delightful trio, there is an enormous spider frequently to be found here. It is a black spider, three inches long in body and with a stride of legs that could almost cover a dinner plate. Quite accidentally one day I walked underneath the web of one of these spiders and my light pith hat coming against it was knocked clean off my head. I have seen the web of one of these spiders extended between trees eighteen yards apart, and braced by a system of guys and stays that for economy and

utility would delight the heart of the cleverest bridge builder on earth.

On the tobacco estates here one may observe several large trees standing solitary in the fields. These are the trees wherein the common Indian bees have their vast settlements. I once witnessed the looting of one of these bee trees, which is accomplished in this fashion: Choosing a night on which a strong breeze is blowing, the natives creep cautiously up and start a big brush fire underneath the branches. The great heat drives the victims from their nest, and as they emerge the wind carries them away to leeward, leaving the coast comparatively clear for the looters, who now ascend the tree and toss the nests down to the ground helter skelter, pell mell. The booty is then gathered up, the worst looking mess of honey, wax, dead bees and dirt you can possibly imagine, and carried away for further treatment.

Speaking of trees brings me to the mention of one fabled in song and story. Who has not heard of it—the deadly upas tree? The upas is a fairly large tree, with a dark, thick bark, from which, when cut, oozes a viscid milky juice. This liquid has for a long time formed the arrow poison most generally used in Malaysia. I have heard it claimed that even the atmosphere about this tree is poisonous, but my personal experience does not bear this idea out, for while I lingered some time in the vicinity I felt no deleterious effects whatever.

But the terror tree of the jungle cutters is the "ringgus." The flow of juice from the bark of this tree is much more abundant than from the upas, and the result of an axe stroke is a shower of creamy liquid, which falling on the bare skin causes the most agonizing suffering. I have reason to remember this, for one of my coolies received a dash of the frightful stuff over his head and chest. When, on hearing his cries, I rushed up to him, I found the unfortunate fellow rolling on the ground in intense pain and endeavoring to rub the burning liquid from his quivering flesh.

Instantly I had him conveyed to the hospital, where he lay for many hours between life and death, the upper part of his body swollen out of all semblace to humanity. Finally his terrible malady succumbed to our constant applications of oil and laudanum, and he was soon able to go about his usual work. This ringgus closely resembles the upas tree, and it is thought to be the real upas of romance.

TWO MONTHS ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

IT was some time in the summer of 1883 that Tom and I made up our minds to spend a winter in Florida. We had been talking it up for some time before we finally came to this conclusion.

We were both young fellows, Tom being a short, stout young man, twenty-four years of age, while I was a long-geared six-footer, nineteen years of age.

We concluded that the first thing we would need would be a boat; and as we were not rich by any means it would have to be a cheap, handy, serviceable craft.

We made inquiries at all the boat houses and everywhere else where we were likely to find what we wanted, and were about to give up in despair, when through a friend we heard of a sharpie that he thought would just suit us. So one afternoon Tom and I went to look at her.

We found that she was a Fair Haven oyster sharpie, 22ft. in length, 4ft. beam and 4in. draft. She had a small decked airtight compartment forward that extended 4ft. 6in. back from her stern. There was a small hatchway fitted with a tight cover 2ft. from the bows, making a very handy place to store provisions, etc. Aft, a foot from the hatchway, was the mast, a regular sharpie pole mast, the sail being a leg of mutton.

There was also about 3ft. of her stern decked over, making a nice place to store different articles. Besides there was a narrow strip of deck 6in. wide on either side, and inside and attached to this strip of deck was a washboard or coaming 4in. in height.

She was built of yellow pine, cedar and oak. She was only two years old, and was so strong and well built that we very quickly paid the $65 asked for her.

Well, we had our boat, but we concluded that she would be more comfortable if she had a cabin; and as we had lots of spare time before November—when we intended to start—we decided to put one on her ourselves. We worked an hour or two each night for about a month and finally had a very fair cabin. The length of the cabin was 9ft., with 2ft. 10in. head room.

After we finished the cabin time hung very heavy on our hands. November we thought would never come. But as "the longest day has an ending," after an age as it seemed the final day of our departure rolled around, and at the close of a fine day early in November we found ourselves, boat, baggage, and one pointer dog named Rake (who had never been broken), on the New Haven steamboat bound for New York.

We reached New York at 5 A. M. Friday morning. Upon going to see about our baggage we found to our dismay that they were going to put the Rambler (our boat) in the freight house on the wharf, and that we would have to get her in the water as best we could ourselves.

How to launch that 1,500lb. boat off the wharf, if they put her in the freight house, was a conundrum we didn't hanker to solve. Finally, after a great deal of expostulation and persuasion, we got the mate to agree to put her in the water for us. Just as the deck hands were about to slide her overboard out of the gangway, trusting to luck whether she broke in half or landed bottom side up, either of which would not have made a particle of difference to them, we spied an East River sloop making for the slip in which the steamer lay.

The mate hailed them and asked if they wanted a job. They immediately replied in the affirmative, so we engaged them without any more talk.

They came alongside, and with the aid of her powerful derrick they very soon had the Rambler floating in the water. All they asked for their service was $1, which we thought was very reasonable. It would probably have cost us ten times as much by the time we would have succeeded in floating her out of the freight house.

By this time we discovered that a good breakfast wouldn't be out of order, so putting the dog in the cabin of the Rambler we closed the doors securely, and after making her fast to a Down East schooner, the cook of which very kindly offered to look after her until we got back, we started out in search of breakfast, which we soon found in a near-by restaurant.

After satisfying the cravings of the inner man, we started for Ray's office on South street to see if any of their schooners would sail that day. We had been to see them the week previous, and they told us that one of their schooners would sail in a week; and we asked if we could take passage for ourselves, dog and boat, and they had told us that we could. So we considered the bargain closed. Our surprise and chagrin can be better imagined than told when we were told that none of their boats would sail for at least ten days.

We were in a nice fix and no mistake. What to do we didn't know. To say that we were mad would be putting it mildly.

We went back to where we had left the boat and found everything all shipshape. We sat on the wharf and held a meeting, in which plans were discussed only to be rejected. We had about concluded to take a cruise up the Hudson until Ray's schooner was ready to sail, when we noticed a steamship three or four slips away getting up steam.

More out of curiosity than anything else we asked a man who was working on the wharf what line she belonged to, and he said the Mallory Line. He also said that she was the State of Texas, and that she was bound for Fernandina, Fla.

Great Scott! We could hardly believe our ears. Here we were moping about bewailing our luck because we couldn't get to our destination, and a large ocean steamer within a stone's throw of us, bound exactly to where we had been dreaming and planning to go for three months back, and she would sail in an hour. Would it be too late to get passages; to get our boat around to her and aboard? We feared so. But there was no time for surmising. What was to be done must be done immediately. Leaving Tom to watch the boat, I hurried to the Mallory office as fast as my legs would carry me. I found just two cabin passages left. The agent told me if we would hurry that they would take the dog, boat, and all.

It didn't take long to pay for those two tickets, then to hurry back to Tom. Tom wouldn't believe we were passengers to be on that steamship until I showed him the two tickets.

We soon got aboard the Rambler, cast off, and after some of the most ungraceful, frantic hustling with one 14ft. oar ever seen on the East River or anywhere else, after nearly being run down by numerous tugs and ferryboats, we managed finally to reach the slip in which the State of Texas lay.

They had the middle port open, waiting to receive the Rambler, as we could see before we came alongside. As soon as we did get alongside it didn't take long to attach a stout hawser to her bow and with the help of fourteen stout arms to haul her bow straight up the side of the ship. The owners of these arms were urged to their utmost by the yells and cuss words of the most wicked, red-faced, red-moustached, red-headed stevedore, who could manipulate more Bible vocabulary in two minutes than any four other men I ever saw. The Rambler was finally hauled through the port on to the main deck of State of Texas, and we had the extreme satisfaction of knowing that when she floated again it would be on the waters of Florida. We also knew by the sundry bumps, thumps and rumblings in her cabin when they were hauling her aboard that our baggage must have suffered considerably, as we had it all stowed away in her in two valises and a small trunk, which we had no time to get out of her before she was hauled aboard. We were very well satisfied, however, as we knew everything was there anyhow, no matter what the condition.

The dog we put in the steward's charge as soon as we got aboard. After going ashore and telegraphing home that we were on our journey, and just getting aboard again as they were hauling in the gang plank, there was nothing to do but look around and take things easy. After such an eventful day it seemed good to do so.

While Tom and I stood talking over the experiences of the day, and were congratulating ourselves on our good luck, a tall, well-made, good-looking young fellow, with short black side whiskers and gazelle-like eyes, who, if it hadn't been for the bronzed cheek which rather suggested a sea calling might have been taken for a minister or a Sunday-school teacher anyhow, sauntered up to us and asked if we were the owners of that Fair Haven sharpie. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he said he was from Connecticut too. That he was on his way to Florida, there to spend the winter. He said that he was Samuel C——, of G——. We introduced ourselves and soon became quite intimate and friendly—in fact, so much so that we were together the whole trip down. We had the very finest of weather on the trip. The sea was as smooth as was possible for it to be, while the sun shone every day. We made one stop at Port Royal, S. C., where we all went ashore. I mailed letters home from there, and we took a stroll in the woods for about a mile. It was so warm that we were glad to take off coats and go in shirt sleeves.

In about two hours the ship's bell called us aboard. We were soon under way steaming for Fernandina, and at 8 o'clock next morning we were lying off the bar, waiting for high water to cross. After waiting about an hour the ship was headed for the bar, which we crossed all right, passing as we crossed the wreck of a vessel which had gone on the bar two or three years before. Nothing was visible of her but her funnels, all other parts having gradually sunk into the sand, and in all probability they too have long since followed.

After crossing the bar we had our first view of Florida. We were greatly pleased with the fine chalk-white beach, with the waves of the ocean breaking and roaring on it in a way that was simply grand. I had often heard and read of the magnificent beaches of Florida, but after seeing them I found that no written or verbal description can for one minute do them justice.

After passing Fort Clinch, with the black muzzles of its many cannon frowning on us, which are harmless enough in these days of 100-ton guns, and the great and extensive improvements that are being made every day in heavy ordnance, it was not long before we were at the Mallory dock, in the fine harbor of Fernandina, after a delightful passage of four sunny days from New York.

After the gang plank had been run ashore the first thing we did was to go to the Mallory office to pay the charges on our boat and telegraph home of our arrival. The boat charges were $18. Then we found a place to get stores and provisions. I regret that the name of the proprietor of this store has slipped my mind, as he and his clerks were exceedingly kind and considerate. They gave us quite a lot of valuable information in the selection of our stores, which (the stores) consisted of cans of Boston baked beans, canned corned beef, prepared flour, sugar, tea, coffee, salt, pepper, onions, yams, etc. Besides, we got a ten-gallon cask for holding water, which they allowed us to fill from their cistern, which was very kind of them, inasmuch as water was a scarce article in Fernandina at that time, on account of the exceedingly dry weather they had been having.

Then we hurried down to the wharf to see about getting the Rambler put in the water, as it was nearing the middle of the afternoon, and we wanted to get away from the town before dark. When we reached the wharf what did we see but the Rambler stored snugly away on one end of the wharf, just 9ft. above the water, and looking as if she enjoyed it too, if a boat could enjoy anything. We went and had a talk with the first mate, who, by the way, although rather gruff, was as nice a gentleman as I could wish to meet, being, as near as I could judge, a fine specimen of a thoroughbred sailor, who understood his business to the letter.

He said he would do what he could for us, however. So, going on the wharf, he collected all hands, and after considerable trouble the Rambler was finally got over the edge of the wharf and was being lowered into the water. When about half down, however, she got the best of them, and went the rest of the way of her own accord, striking the water with a report like a small cannon, at the same time throwing the spray all over everybody. Luckily nothing was broken.

We soon stepped the mast and had her single sail rigged, when we thought it about time to devise some way by which to transport our provisions to the wharf. As we were passing through the storage house whom should we notice but our friend Sam C., sitting on one end of a monstrous black valise, looking about as forlorn and lonesome as mortal man could look. We stopped and spoke to him, and upon telling him where we were going he said he would go along and help us carry our provisions to the boat.

On our way to the store we asked him what his intentions were while in Florida. He said that he had nothing definite in view—that he simply intended to pass the winter in Florida. While on the way to the store Tom and I decided to ask Sam if he would like to go with us. We each loaded ourselves with as much as we could carry, Sam staggering along with the ten-gallon water cask on his back.

When we got our loads safely stowed aboard, Sam was asked if he would like to go with us. Would he? Well, he guessed he would, only he didn't want to intrude. So it was settled then and there that Sam would be one of our party.

After getting everything stored aboard, including the immense black valise of Sam's, and tying Rake to the foot of the mast, we hoisted our single sail for the first time in Florida, when after shaking hands with the mate of the State of Texas, who wished us luck and said he would like to be going with us, just as the sun was setting, we cast off the painter, and the sail of the Rambler filling with the mild west wind, our much-talked-of, much-dreamed-of and much-longed-for Florida trip had begun.

Our intentions when we started from Fernandina were to go through the Three Sisters to the St. John's River, follow the river to the nearest place, where we could have our boat transported to the Indian River, and stay on the Indian River until spring. But on account of the serious sickness of Tom we didn't get any further than Sanford, when the doctor told Tom that he would have to get away from Florida. So I will try and give as accurate a description of the trip to that point as my memory, which I have to depend on altogether, will allow.

After leaving the pier the Rambler, under the influence of the light favorable breeze that was blowing, moved along at a fair rate of speed, as the tide was in our favor. It was not a great time before we were out of sight of the town; and after sailing for about an hour we began to feel as though a little attention paid to the inner man would be in order.

Sam volunteered to turn cook, and soon the appetizing odor of baked beans and hot coffee made us hungry mortals all the more ravenous.

We used a small two-wicked oil stove for cooking purposes while under way or when we could find no favorable place ashore to build a fire. The latter was the more satisfactory and was the way we always did when we could, it being a great deal handier and quicker way. But for all that our little oil stove came in very handy time and again, and was really indispensable.

The night being fine moonlight we kept sailing until 10 o'clock, when there being no place to land, the banks being regular salt marsh mud banks, we came to anchor for the night.

Sam and Tom stowed themselves away in the cabin somehow, but how has always been a conundrum to me, as there were a trunk and three large valises in there. As for myself I preferred the top of the cabin to the inside; so putting the dog in the cockpit I rigged a small shelter tent over the boom, and wrapping up in the sail lay down to get what sleep I could, which wasn't much, as between the hoarse croaks of birds of different kinds, which were in the salt grass that lined either bank, and sudden splashes in the water of birds or other animals, and other strange noises too numerous to mention—strange because they were new—it was hard to go to sleep. However, I finally did drop off, but how long I slept I didn't know. I woke up some time before morning and found one side of the tent down, pulled down by the dog, I think.

The part of the sail that covered me was nearly soaked with dew. If there is anything in the dew line that can begin to compare with a good soaking Florida dew, I have got to live to see it.

After fixing the tent across the boom again I lay down and tried to go to sleep, but it was of no use. It wasn't a great while before the darkness began to take on a grayish hue in the east, however, which gradually turned to purple and red. Then, as objects began to be distinguishable, numerous mudhens, snipe and plover could be seen feeding in the salt grass and along the muddy banks, while flock after flock of cranes of all descriptions and sizes, mostly gray or white, some of the white ones adorned with beautiful long plumes, kept passing overhead.

I soon had Tom and Sam stirring. Sam volunteered to get breakfast, while Tom and I went ashore to see if we could get a few snipe or ducks. Now, be it understood, we expected, because the snipe and ducks were so plentiful, to get back to the boat as soon as breakfast was ready,

just loaded down with game. But there is where we made a mistake, for after walking through the mud for nearly half an hour, we gave up in disgust and went back to the boat again. We found snipe and ducks just as hard to get at that morning in Florida as we would have found them in Connecticut. Although there were thousands of them, we didn't get any, as they were very wild.

After cleaning the mud off of us we got out our tin plates and cups, and just as the sun was beginning to shed his rays over our part of this earth again, we began to store away self-rising flour flapjacks, coffee, boiled yams and corned beef hash in a way that threatened to lessen our stores in a surprising manner.

Breakfast over and dishes washed, sail was hoisted, the small 6lb. grapple hauled aboard, and the Rambler began to make very slow headway in a light breeze against the tide, which was on the ebb. It wasn't long before the tide turned, and although there wasn't a great quantity of wind, we made pretty fair headway. We kept on in this manner until 10 o'clock, when the wind all died out. Then the sun took its innings, and the hot way in which it streamed down on us was a caution.

We would have gone ashore and waited for wind if there had been a decent place to land, but there was nothing but mud and marsh in every direction, so we had to make the most of the situation and "grin and bear it."

Pretty soon we had the tide against us. We had to take to the 14ft. oar and do some sculling. This is where Sam came in handy, as he was just in his element with that oar. Being an oysterman by occupation, he thoroughly understood how to get the most speed possible out of the Rambler by the use of one oar. This mode of navigation was kept up until 2 or 3 o'clock P.M., when a nice breeze sprung up from the west. It did not make a particle of difference which direction the wind was from, as the river sometimes turned to the west, making a dead beat to windward for us. At other times we would be going south, and still other times east and even north, so crooked was the stream.

About 4 o'clock we came to quite a wide stretch of water, and about half a mile ahead, on the left bank, a point of land jutted out into the river. The point was covered with pine and cypress trees, from which hung long festoons of gray moss, which, streaming out in the wind, made quite a weird-looking sight.

As we came up with the point, we were agreeably surprised to find a nice, firm, hard beach of white sand instead of the mud banks we had seen all day. It was such a nice place to camp that we decided to stop there that night.

The bow of the Rambler was run up on the beach, when, after taking in sail, we made her fast to a stake which we drove in the sand. We got out the small shelter tent, and while Sam and I hunted a suitable place to erect it, Tom tried his hand at getting supper.

After erecting the tent we collected a number of armfuls of the long gray moss, and piling it in the tent, we spread our heavy blankets over it, and our bed was ready whenever we were.

After supper, about sundown, large flocks of snipe and plover began to fly over the camp, a few lighting on the beach. Tom and I got out our guns, and it wasn't a great while before we secured a number of snipe. Sam found some flat shells, and taking some sticks, he split them at one end. Fixing the shells in the split end, he stuck the sticks in the sand. It was surprising to see how the snipe and plover would come to these rude decoys. Flock after flock would fly among them, and in fifteen minutes' time we shot all and really more than we could use. We stopped firing at them, as it would have been useless and unnecessary slaughter to have continued.

Not long after sundown the mosquitoes found us out, and we had a gay time fighting them until bedtime. After straightening things for the night, we crawled under the tent and stretched our bodies on one of the softest beds imaginable. After our hard day's work, it didn't take long for us to drop off to sleep. We slept until quite late next morning, so that when we did finally get up we concluded to stay there that day and overhaul and fix things up a little shipshape. WM. H. AVIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

ABOUT STARLINGS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading the letter of Mr. Hugh M. Ford in last issue of your most valuable paper, I fully agree with him "to cultivate the acquaintance of our native bird," but beg to say not only "foreign gentlemen," but born Americans also, any who know the starling and its habits will surely not compare the bird with our common crow or red-winged blackbird. I presume Mr. Ford has had opportunity to observe and study European birds in different localities and stages (not in cages in this country, but in freedom in their own) or he would not speak so sure of the quality of song about the different birds. It is not more than right to stick up for the good things we have here as far as right goes.

I am a true lover of entomology and botany, and whenever I have time to spare I devote it in the woods and fields, where I best observe and collect, and that's just where I fell in with ornithology. I only have had the chance to enjoy New Jersey and Pennsylvania woods, where I have seen a great variety of birds; yes, birds enough to let the starling stay where he is now. But I have met on several occasions "young America" with slingshots and crippled birds. Collecting beetles one forenoon not far away from Philadelphia I have found three dead robins and one thrush. Such finds are distressing for any one who wants to see and hear the woods alive. It is not an easy task to arrest single-handed two bird-killers with double-barreled guns or a whole gang of boys; I have tried it once, but not more.

Mr. Tenner is right in saying that love for nature must be planted in the child's heart, then the law will be obeyed.

I happened to be in Bassano, northern Italy, in 1879 during the fall, when one morning an unusual excitement made me curious to know what had happened. Going with a crowd of men and boys, we left the city and after marching about a half-hour I found that thousands of quail and finches, among hundreds of fringilla (*Cælebs*) on their migration trip had been completely tired out by a snowstorm in the Alps. Men and boys with sticks gathered those poor birds in bags or tied their legs together to carry them home. The ground had been covered with birds, small limbs of trees and grapevines had been broken down in some instances by the weight of so many birds, who, storm-beaten, tired, unable to fly any further, had sought refuge on *terra firma*. Next day they could be bought at Bassano a hatful for the small sum of 20 cents.

As a "foreign gentleman" I love this country as well as any American, and the surplus enthusiasm for European birds and love of home have been given to this country long ago. I am sure the starling would never be, if introduced, a nuisance like sparrow or German carp. Hoping to hear some more of the excellent "Roots and Yarbs," I remain your faithful reader. HERMANN HORNIG.

THE ROAD-RUNNER.

Geococcyx californianus (LESSON).

BY MAJOR CHAS. BENDIRE.

From advance sheets of "Life Histories of N. A. Birds, with especial Reference to their Breeding Habits and Eggs."

Saurothera californiana, Lesson, Complement des Œuvres de Buffon VI., 1829 (?), 420.
Geococcyx californianus, Baird, Birds of North America, 1858, 73.
(B 68, C 289, R 385, C 427, U 385.)

GEOGRAPHICAL RANGE: Central and northern Mexico and adjoining portions of the United States; east through the western half of Texas, and extreme western Indian Territory; north to southwestern Kansas, southern Colorado, southern Utah, southern Nevada, and southwestern Oregon (?); Lower California.

The road-runner, equally well known as the "chaparral cock," and occasionally called "snake-killer," "ground cuckoo," "lizard bird," and by the Spanish-speaking population of our southern border *Paisano* and *Correcamino*, is generally a resident and breeds wherever found, excepting perhaps in the extreme northern portions of its range. This it reaches in Shasta county, California, on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada, in about latitude 40° N., while on the east side of these mountains it has as yet not been observed north of Inyo county, California, about latitude 36° N. In southwestern Kansas it is undoubtedly quite rare and can only be considered as a straggler.*

Its general habits are far more terrestrial than arboreal, spending most of its time on the ground in search of food, and frequenting the drier desert tracts adjacent to river valleys, and the lower foot hills, covered by cactus, yuccas and thorny undergrowth. It rarely ventures into the higher mountain ranges among the conifers, but breeds occasionally among the oaks bordering the pine belt. It is most abundant at altitudes ranging from 2,000 to 3,500ft., and is seldom seen within the United States above 5,000ft.; but in the San Pedro Martir range, in Lower California, Mr. A. W. Anthony has met with the road-runner at an altitude of 7,000ft. above sea level, and at Glorietta, New Mexico, it has recently been reported as breeding at a height of 8,000ft.

The chaparral cock is rather unsocial in its habits, and it is rare to see more than a couple together excepting after the breeding season, when the young still follow one of the parents. Its food consists almost entirely of animal matter, such as grasshoppers, beetles, lizards, small snakes, land snails, the smaller rodents, and not unfrequently of young birds. On the whole, these birds do far more good than harm. When the fig-like fruit of the giant cactus is ripe they also feed on this; in fact, many mammals and birds seem to be very partial to it. It is astonishing how large an animal can be swallowed by one of these birds. I have found a species of garter snake fully 20in. long in the crop of one shot in Arizona.

Mr. Anthony writes me on this subject as follows: "A half-grown bird which I shot at San Quentin, Lower California, presented an unusually bunchy appearance about the throat and neck, a fullness which was accounted for upon dissection by the discovery of an immense lizard which had been swallowed entire but a few moments before the bird was shot. I know of several instances of road-runners making a meal of a nest of young house-finches (*Carpodacus mexicanus frontalis*) and other small birds."

I am aware that there is a pretty general belief in localities where the road-runner is common, and where the rattlesnake is usually more so, that these birds are more than a match for even the largest of these reptiles, and attack and kill them wherever found, an assertion I very much question. It is said that when one of these birds, when rambling about, meets a rattlesnake coiled up and asleep after a good meal, it quietly hedges the reptile in with a ring or fence of the joints of the *Cholla cactus*, and after having done so, drops a similar joint from above on the sleeping reptile, which, being enraged thereby, thrashes around and soon becomes covered with the sharp spines, and then falls an easy victim to the bird, after becoming exhausted in vain attempts to free itself. The bird is said to first pick its eyes out and so render it entirely helpless. This is a very plausible story, and while I am only too well aware of the sharpness of the spines of the *Cholla cactus*, I know that such a hedge proves no barrier to these snakes, and that they do not mind such obstructions in the least, passing over without touching them. I consider this story on a par with the generally accepted belief of hunters and frontiersmen in the West, that rattlesnakes will not cross over horsehair ropes when laid around one's bed while camping out. I admit that, having heard this frequently from persons I had no reason to doubt, I was a firm believer in the statement, and made use of this snake protector for a number of years; but at last my faith was rudely shattered by seeing a medium-sized rattlesnake deliberately crawling over such a rope which I had stretched around my tent, The snake paid no attention to the hair rope, but slightly curved its body where about to come in contact with it, gliding over without touching it, and, finding a sunny spot at the side of the tent, coiled up to take a rest, part of its body lying directly on the rope. Since witnessing this performance I have naturally lost faith in this belief, and have wished many times since that it had not been so rudely shaken, especially when in sections of the country where these reptiles are abundant and where one is liable to find his blankets occupied by one or more rattlers.

Road-runners are ordinarily rather shy and suspicious birds, and not so often seen as one would think, even where comparatively common. Within the United States they are most abundant along the southern borders of Texas and Arizona, and in southern California. I found them quite common in the vicinity of my camp on Rillito Creek, near Tucson, Arizona, and also near Anaheim, Orange county, California, and I have examined about twenty of their nests. Notwithstanding their natural shyness, they are inquisitive birds, and where they are not constantly chased and molested will soon become used to man. One of these birds paid frequent visits to my camp, often perching on a mesquite stump for half an hour at a time, within 20yds. of my tent. While so perched it would usually keep up a continuous cooing, not unlike that of the mourning dove, varied now and then by a cackle resembling that of a domestic hen when calling her brood's attention to some choice morsel of food. This call sounded like "dack, dack, dack," a number of times repeated. Another peculiar sound was produced by snapping its mandibles rapidly together. While uttering these notes its long tail was almost constantly in motion and partly expanded, and its short wings slightly drooped. In walking about at ease, the tail is somewhat raised and the neck partly contracted. When suddenly alarmed the feathers of the body are compressed and it trusts almost entirely to its legs for escape, running surprisingly fast. While running it can readily keep out of the way of a horse on a fair gallop on comparatively open ground, and should the pursuer gain too much on the bird, it suddenly doubles on its course and takes advantage of any thickets or broken ground in the vicinity, and is soon lost to sight. Its flight is apparently easy and, considering its short wings, is rather swift.

In southern Arizona the breeding season begins sometimes as early as the middle of March, but the majority of the birds there, as well as throughout the remainder of their range, do not commence nesting before April, and nidification lasts through the summer months, two and occasionally three broods being raised in a season. While the first set of eggs laid by such species as rear more than one brood in a season is usually larger in number than subsequent ones, it seems to me that with the road-runner the reverse is the case.

During the month of April, 1872, I found several nests, none of which contained more than three eggs, all well incubated when found; similar small sets were found during the first half of May, while in June and July the sets numbered from four to six eggs, the latter the largest sets observed by me in Arizona. The following explanation may account for this:

In southern Arizona, during the spring months, insects and reptiles, which form the bulk of the food of these birds, are rather scarce, while in June, as soon as the rains commence, and later through the summer, suitable food is far more abundant and a larger family can be much more readily cared for, and I am of the opinion that these birds know this and act accordingly. Occasionally a large number of eggs is found, however, and Lieut. H. C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, United States Army, writes me that he saw a nest of this species, near Fort Huachuca, containing six young birds, all of different sizes, and two eggs; the largest of the young was about ready to leave the nest, and the smallest only a day or two old.

Their nesting sites are quite variable. In southern Arizona the majority of nests found by me were placed in low mesquite trees or thick bushes, and in different species of cacti, such as the prickly pear, cholla and others. Occasionally one of their nests is placed on top of a mesquite stump, surrounded by green sprouts, or in a hackberry or barberry bush. I found one nest in a palo verde tree, and another in a willow thicket; in the latter case the birds did not build their own nest, but appropriated one of the crissal thrasher (*Harporhynchus crissalis*). Mr. F. H. Fowler writes me from Fort Bowie that he saw a nest near there, placed in the hollow of a dead stump.

In Texas the road-runner sometimes nests in ebony bushes, and in California it has been known to use the nest of the California jay (*Aphelocoma californica*) in oak trees, sometimes fully 16ft. from the ground. Usually the nests are placed from 3 to 8ft. from the ground, and only in rare instances higher. Sometimes they are found in quite open situations, but generally they are well concealed from view.

A typical nest of the road-runner may be described as a rather flat and shallow but compactly built structure, about 12in. in diameter and varying in thickness from 4 to 6in., with but little depression interiorly. The ground work consists of sticks from 5 to 10in. long, lined more or less regularly with finer material of the same kind, and finished off with dry grasses. Occasionally bits of dry cow or horse dung, a few feathers, the inner bark of the cottonwood, dry mesquite seed pods, bits of snake skin and small grass roots are used, and now and then no lining is found, the eggs lying on a simple platform of twigs.

The number of eggs to a set varies in different localities from two to nine, and occasionally as many as twelve have been found in a nest, possibly the product of two birds. Sets ranging from four to six eggs are the rule. In large sets several sterile eggs are nearly always found, and I believe that rarely more than five young are hatched at one time. Incubation begins sometimes with the first two eggs laid, especially when the set is to be a large one, and again I have taken apparently full sets of four eggs in which there was no perceptible difference in the size of the embryos. Occasionally an egg is deposited daily, usually only every other day, and sometimes the intervals are still greater. Incubation lasts about eighteen days, and both sexes assist in this labor.

The parents are devoted to their young, and when incubation is well advanced the bird will sometimes allow itself to be caught on the nest rather than abandon its eggs. The nestlings, when disturbed, make a clicking noise with their bills. When taken young they are readily tamed, soon becoming attached to their captor, showing a great deal of sagacity and making amusing and interesting pets.

The eggs of the road-runner are white in color and unspotted, mostly ovate and short ovate, and rarely elliptical ovate in shape. The shell consists of two layers, the lower one close and fine grained, always pure white, without gloss; the upper, a mere film similar to that covering the

* In a letter received from Mr. A. W. Anthony, written on Aug. 5, 1888, and overlooked by me when this article was written, he informs me that a road-runner, accompanied by three young, was seen by a traveling companion of his, who knew these birds well, on the line of railroad between Albany and Ashland, Oregon, about 50 miles south of Albany, some time in August, 1887. This extends its range considerably northward.

ground color of the anis, but more firm and not so easily scratched or rubbed off. This overlaying film gives these eggs sometimes a very pale yellow tint and a moderately glossy appearance.

The average measurement of 101 eggs in the United States National Museum collection is 39.12×29.97 millimeters, or 1.54×1.18in. The largest egg of the series measures 44.45×29.97 millimeters, or 1.75×1.18in.; the smallest, 36.07×28.19 millimeters, or 1.42×1.11in.

THE DEER OF WESTERN TEXAS.

Habits and Peculiarities, and the Best Means of Preservation and Protection.

BY A. Y. WALTON.

THE object of this paper is to treat of the habits and peculiarities of the two species of deer found in western Texas; to touch upon the interesting differences in form, size and color occurring among the more common of the two species, and to discuss the means for their better preservation and protection.

The deer of western Texas consist of two species—the *Cervus macrotis*, commonly but erroneously called black-tailed deer, and the *Cervus virginianus*, or common deer of America.

A third species, once to be found in the northern and northwestern parts of the State, along the Red River and its tributaries—the most stately and noblest of all the deer tribe—the *Cervus canadensis*, commonly known as elk, is now extinct and no longer to be found within the limits of the State.

We have never been able to find out by inquiry how far south in Texas this species once ranged. We are inclined to doubt whether it ever at any time affected the open plains of the State; but as it still survives in small numbers in the Sacramento Mountains just across the Texas line in Southern New Mexico, we think it safe to conclude that it was formerly found in localities similar and near by within the borders of this State.

At present we know of none within the State. Some few were killed in the year 1864 or 1865 in what is called the "Big Thicket" in eastern Texas, and it may be that some few still survive in its more remote and little known depths of cane-brakes and hammocks.

Going back to the first two species spoken of, we will treat first of the *Cervus macrotis*, the large-eared deer, properly mule deer—erroneously called black-tailed deer. (The true black-tailed deer is the *Cervus columbianus*, which is found in a narrow belt along the Pacific coast of America, in the temperate zone, and has never been known east of the Rocky Mountains.)

Our knowledge of the mule deer has been acquired more from inquiry among hunters and stockmen, and observation of individuals—in domestication as well as examination of those offered in market—than from any extended or close acquaintance with the species in a wild state.

We quote the following description: "Larger than the common deer, and coarser in build. Color, dark gray. Antlers only on the male. They are once or twice, and sometimes thrice, bifurcated. Tail short, small, round, white, terminating with a tuft of long black hairs; naked on the under side. Metatarsal gland very large and long. Tarsal gland present. Hoofs black. No white hairs about the feet or the metatarsal gland. A white section opposite and below the tail."

"This deer was first discovered by Lewis and Clarke on the 18th of September, 1804, on the Missouri River, in north latitude 42°, and was called by them black-tailed deer. By this name they often mention it, until the 31st day of May, 1805, when Captain Clarke, in enumerating the animals found on the Columbia River below the falls, calls it the mule deer. On the 30th of August, 1806, near where they first saw this deer in 1804, they procured a specimen to bring home, and called it the mule deer. The excessive development of the ears well justified them in the name which they gave it."

We think we are safe in saying that we can take the Pecos River as the eastern limit of this species in western Texas. Some instances have occurred where they have been killed to the east of that stream, as on Devil's River; but the general opinion seems to be that their main habitat in the State lies along the Pecos and to the west of it.

Southward, in Mexico, we have been able to trace them in Chihuahua, Coahuila, Durango and Zacatecas. How much further south they exist we are unable to say, and it remains an interesting question, yet to be solved, whether or not in their extreme southern limit in Mexico they merge into and become identical with the type found on the Peninsula of Lower California—possessing all the *indicia* of mule deer, but very dwarfed in size, and with spike antlers of an average length of about only 6in. It is interesting to note here that by the Mexicans they are called bourri, from their resemblance to the bourro.

The marked differences between this species and the common one are: superior size and coarser build, much larger ears, darker gray color, the persistent tuft of black hairs on the end of the tail, and the tendency of the antlers to a more lofty growth, and to be more bifurcated. There is also a very marked difference in the running gait of the two species. The *Cervus macrotis* does not possess the long, bounding, graceful leap of the other species. "They do not run, in a proper sense, but when in haste they bound along, all the feet striking and leaving the ground at once, very much after the manner of a frightened sheep." These differences, with the very marked inequality in the length and size of the metatarsal gland, very clearly indicate the distinctions between the two species.

In Texas this animal seems to be a mountain haunting and loving creature, preferring to keep more to the rough, broken foothills and higher ranges than to the open country. There is apparently no difference in the excellence of the venison of the two, and we are even inclined to believe that the flesh of the mule deer is, if anything, preferable to that of the other, as they are more inclined to become excessively fat in the early fall.

They are not so timid and inclined to conceal themselves as the other species, and under fire are more apt to become confused, when they do not immediately locate whence danger comes.

Unfortunately all this aid in their destruction, and conduces the more strongly to their extermination, and unless some more effective means of protection is soon found than is given by the laws now in force, the species is doomed to speedy extinction.

As exemplifying what has been done within the State, and what is still going on in the way of deer butchery, let me note that some two years ago I met and conversed with a man in San Antonio who informed me that he was one of a company organized for the purpose of killing and shipping deer to maket. Up to the time when I talked with him, he said the concern had killed and shipped more than 2,000 deer, mostly of this species; and he remarked that they were more easily found and killed than the other kind.

The other species of deer of which we shall treat is the *Cervus virginianus*, or common deer of America, found more or less abundantly all over North America, and ranging from far north in Canada to far south in Mexico.

Description: "Smaller than *Cervus macrotis*, about the size of *Cervus columbianus*, with longer legs and longer body; head lean and slim; nose pointed and naked; eyes large and lustrous; ears small and trim; antlers have a spreading posterior projection, and then curve anteriorly, with posterior tines; neck long and slender; body long for size; tail long and lanceolate in form; legs straight and long. Metatarsal gland small and below middle of leg. Tarsal gland present. Summer coat from bay red to buff yellow. Winter coat a leaden gray, greatly variant. Deciduous antlers, and confined to males."

In former years—up to 1856, if we are not mistaken—the species was extremely abundant all over southern and western Texas, and seemed then to partake more of the gregarious habit of antelope, in going in more or less large bands—a habit which they have apparently greatly abandoned in late years. This can easily be accounted for when we take into consideration the presence of cattle men on their open ranges. They naturally would become wilder, more prone to seek hiding places in the brush and timbered bottoms and to be broken up and scattered into smaller bands.

In early days, owing to the yearly burning off of the prairies, all the country around San Antonio was an open plain, devoid of brush, and was a famous deer range. Old Mexicans, born and raised at the missions and now passed away, have told us of the thousands of deer to be seen in very early times between San Antonio and the Medina River. They continued to be very abundant in all the country more southward toward the coast until 1856, when an epizootic distemper called "black tongue" broke out among them and killed them by the thousand. We have ourselves known this disease to occur, both in Louisiana and Texas, and have examined subjects affected by it. The most marked symptoms seemed to be a general emaciation and wasting away of the system, a mucus discharge from the nostrils and a sloughing of the hoofs, all evidently accompanied with fever and thirst, for the dead were found mostly at or near water.

All the *Ruminantia* are subject to affections more or less similar, and African explorers and hunters—Harris, Cumming, Anderson, Livingston and Moffat—all mention a similar distemper as fearfully fatal among the antelope of South Africa.

When this disease passed, the deer almost disappeared with it, and all of our old citizens agree that the game has never been so abundant since; yet in some localities they are still quite plentiful, and under proper laws, wisely framed for their protection and thoroughly enforced, they would again increase, and soon be abundant.

We have known the deer to be almost exterminated by the overflowing of the lowlands in the State of Louisiana, and yet by the return of those few which had made their way to the highlands and the survival of those which had sought refuge on the large trunks of fallen and floating trees, they would in a few years be as numerous as ever.

Under such conditions more of them perish, we are inclined to believe, from starvation than by drowning, for the deer is one of the most powerful and swiftest of swimmers. Unfortunately, owing to their extreme local attachments, many cling to the places where they were reared, and during the months when the land is submerged take refuge on the trunks of large floating trees anchored fast in the dense woods where there is no current, and subsist by eating the leaves, and when these fail by gnawing the bark from all the bushes within reach. Nevertheless, as may well be supposed, many die from starvation under these conditions. We have seen and examined many of these "poor prison houses," and the sight was well calculated to move the human heart to pity.

It is gratifying to know that quite a number, when the overflow comes, strike out and reach by swimming the high lands, which may be many miles away. I was present on one occasion when just as we came out of church in the town of Rodney, Miss.; two deer emerged from the bank-full river close by, evidently having come from the lowlands of Louisiana, which were all under water, and leisurely galloped up a street and found refuge in the hill forest beyond. It affords us pleasure to say that they were not molested in any way, and were followed by the openly expressed pity and sympathy of the whole congregation.

The Fawns.

Let us go back now and trace this interesting animal from infancy to the adult state, remarking that the habits of birth and growth are about the same in both species.

The does, as near as we have been able to determine, carry their young about six months. In this latitude the fawns are dropped in the month of May, and in localities further south many in the month of June. At this time the color of the fawns of the mule deer is of a dirty yellowish ground, covered with white spots. The young of these are not so handsome as are those of the other deer, for, as Judge Caton remarks, "By far the most beautiful of all is the ornamental coat of the fawn of the Virginia deer." For some time after coming into life, the young lie very close, hidden almost always in some secluded spot among the bushes and herbage.

We have never known them to lie at this stage of their life as the young of sheep and goats do, almost touching one another, but they lie with more or less distance separating them, never very far apart and never very close together.

The doe, as a rule, produces two young at a birth, almost always a male and a female.

For some time after they are dropped, probably for a month or more, the doe never goes near them except to nurse them, but lies at some distance off with ears and nose alert for any danger that may befall, or feeds around, never going very far from them.

Their enemies at this time, in this State, are chiefly the short-tailed lynx and the coyote, and should one of these come near we are satisfied that the mother attacks and drives it away, that is when the enemy comes singly. We are led to this conclusion from having observed in domestication how readily the doe falls upon any single dog which may come too near her fawns, attacking by springing upon and striking him with her forefeet, and sometimes even butting with her head after the manner of a sheep.

Some tribes of Indians have availed themselves of the solicitude of the deer at this time for the safety of their young by the use of an instrument, fashioned from a short piece of the small hollow end of a cow's horn, and which is almost an exact counterpart of the mouthpiece and a short section of a clarionet. This device, when blown, makes a sound almost exactly like the cry of the fawn when in distress, and the Indian, or we should say hunter—for we have seen the device used by white men—has only to conceal himself near where he thinks the young lie, and to make the sound, to lure the dam to her sure destruction. Should the enemy prove too strong for the dam, or the young be suddenly aroused by some intruder, the fawns instantly rush off in flight followed by the dam, and it is an astonishing thing to see what a great degree of speed the little ones are capable of showing even when very young.

Some think that a fawn three or four months old is swifter than a grown deer. It is a fact well known to stockmen, that the calf of the same age is much swifter than the cow, and the faculty may have been given to each, at this tender age, for their more complete protection.

This habit of concealing the fawns is kept up for a month or more, and is gradually abandoned as the young increase in size and follow the dam more, and afterward by degrees they assume the habits of the grown deer.

Of all wild animals with which we are acquainted, the young of this species is the easiest to domesticate. We know of no others showing this trait in such a marked degree. We have seen the young deer brought out of the woods carried upon the hunter's saddle before him, having been picked up from its hiding place almost without resistance—probably not twenty-four hours old—and being put down in the yard it would follow the first passer-by with the dolicity of a dog.

Markings.

The spots appear on the coats of the young of all the American *cervidæ*, less marked and more faded, seemingly pointing to a gradual disappearance in the case of the moose and reindeer. For a long time I was puzzled to reconcile the gaudy and apparently conspicuous decking of these inoffensive young animals with the general care and wisdom of nature in closely assimilating the colors of nearly all creatures to their surroundings; but happening to read one day the published letter of an officer of the British army, a sportsman in India, the matter was placed before me in a new light. His statement was, that of all the wild animals hunted in India the tiger and leopard were the most difficult to detect in the jungle when lying still, and especially so when the sun was shining. The checkered spots of sunlight and shade, falling down through the leaves and bushes, harmonized and blended with the colors of the animals so as to confuse the eyesight and cause one to overlook the object sought for. May not nature have given the young of these animals these spots as a means for their protection?

It is curious to note that the spots are sometimes found upon the adult animals, not white in color, but of some shades lighter than the rest of the body. We have never seen them upon the stags, but only upon does. Judge Caton inclines to the opinion that all the American deer have had one common origin, and were once spotted like the fallow deer of Europe.

The fawns carry the spots until the shedding and changing of the coat in the early fall, when the young animal assumes the coat and color of the adult.

The fawns are weaned at about four months of age, but continue to follow the dam—the males for one year and the females for two years.

These two species of deer shed and renew their coats twice a year—once in the early fall, just before the commencement of the rutting season, and again in the spring of the year, when the warm weather has asserted itself. The coat of *Cervus virginianus* in the fall is of a dark bluish gray at first, gradually changing to a lighter gray as the season advances. In the spring he assumes a coat which in color varies, in different individuals, from a bay red to a buff yellow.

The coat of *Cervus macrotis* in the fall is of a darker gray color, but also becomes in time lighter; and in the spring is of a pale, dull yellow.

Food.

The food of deer in western Texas is very varied, and embraces the leaves of nearly all the shrubs indigenous to this locality and the nutritious seed pods of the various leguminous trees and shrubs so numerous here. They are especially fond of and become very fat by feeding upon the pods of the mesquite tree, and are also very partial to all varieties of acorns. Grass we do not think they affect much, unless it is young, tender and succulent, when they seek it with avidity. When they can have access to such places, they will go miles away to raid melon and sweet potato fields.

In some parts of the State there are localities where, thank heaven, the skin-hunter can never exterminate them. The vast and almost impenetrable cactus thickets offer a refuge where, although no water is to be found, the ripened fruit and tender shoots of this remarkable plant supply both food and drink. Here they are perfectly independent of water, and here they will survive longer than anywhere else.

The common species, according to our observation, breed freely under domestication, where the range is not too much restricted and where they have an abundance of proper food. Under favorable conditions, as far as we have experienced, they seem to be almost as hardy, as prolific and as omnivorous as goats, and when allowed to run in a yard often display the same depraved taste for out-of-the-way articles of diet.

Among the deer owned by my family in Mississippi there was one which never failed to chew up and spoil all

articles of leather, such as shoes and gloves, as well as towels and table linen, whenever she could get at them. Another, a most interesting and affectionate doe, was allowed to run at large in the yard, partly from attachment to the family and perforce because no reasonable fence could confine her. When the bell rang for meals, if at a distance she would come at a gallop, and if allowed to enter the room would go all around the table begging some favor from each one. If the doors were not closed carefully she would go all over the house, upstairs and down, seeking for what was to her the greatest of all delicacies, hand soap, and when she found it she would proceed to devour it with avidity, and as far as we could see without any ill effects. Of course, it was too expensive an article for us to allow her to resort to it as an ordinary diet, and if taken in any quantity no doubt it would have proved harmful. But her pilferings were frequent and persistent.

On one occasion she was found by the indignant servant maid in one of the second-story rooms, regaling herself as usual; and thinking the opportunity a favorable one for a settlement, the girl closed the door and went at her with a riding whip. The punishment was brief and unsatisfactory, as about the second circuit of the room the deer went at a bound out of the window, taking a large portion of the glass and sash with her. She reached the ground on her feet, and, excepting some cuts on the hide from the glass, did not appear to have been injured.

One not alive to the real facts would be induced to believe that, from their frail and delicate appearance, the legs of a deer were not capable of sustaining the shock accompanying a leap from any considerable height. The usual custom of this deer in running, when not closely pressed, is to take three or four bounds, and then a long, high leap. Any one who has seen them make one of these leaps and alight with impunity, even upon a solid rocky surface, could well see how they could survive uninjured a leap from quite a height. The leg bones of the deer are exceedingly dense and hard, and they are braced up by sinews equally tough and strong.

Running.

The rutting season of these two species begins in western Texas generally in the month of October, if the weather is cool and bracing, or rainy or cloudy; but if the weather should prove close and warm, as it has been mostly during the last month, it does not begin until cooler weather prevails.

As a general rule the height of the season does not come on here until about the last week in November or the first week in D cember, and continues through the last-named month. But all this depends more or less on season and latitude, as further south the running season continues even after the new year begins, and of course begins later there. These remarks are in allusion to the habits of the *Cervus virginianus*, as the facts attending the habits of the other species at this time are not so well known.

Hunters have aptly named this period in the deer's life and history "the running season," as "the pursuit of the doe by the stag commences before her season has arrived, and hence for two or three weeks she remains as secluded as possible. He follows her track with his nose to the ground, and when started from her bed the race is very spirited, but she manages to elude the pursuit by concealing herself or by mingling with other deer, and again slipping away." Should any one, hunting at this time in a good deer range, observe a doe by herself galloping along with her tail down, ever and anon looking back as if looking for something in pursuit and acting as if she were endeavoring to secrete herself, he should lose no time in availing himself of the situation.

Let him hide himself on her track or within gunshot of it, and if the conditions of the wind are favorable the chances will be that he will not have long to wait before the stag will make his appearance following the track with the certainty of a hound.

After the rutting season is over, which in the latitude of San Antonio is generally about the end of the year, the stags become lean and tough—in fact, unfit for food—and lead sometimes a solitary life, but oftener collect in bands larger than at any other time of the year. They thus remain apart from the females until the rutting season comes around again in the following fall.

Of all times of the year the commencement of the "running season" is the most favorable for hunting these animals. They are then in the prime of condition, and to the hunter who loves to "camp out" and seek for them, living and sleeping in his tent in the remote wilderness, the weather in western Texas has then a charm which no other portion of the year offers.

We have seen in the description given that the *Cervus virginianus*, or common deer, varies greatly in size, color, shape and weight. It is not so large in Texas as it is in the East and North, and some naturalists are of the opinion that the small variety of deer found in Mexico and in some few localities in Texas is a permanent variety, and have called it *Cervus mexicanus*.

The deer of the coast islands of Georgia, South Carolina and the Florida coasts and keys is much smaller than the animal of the mainland near by, and differs also in shape, being described to the writer by an intelligent friend who has hunted them much as small, round-bodied, stockily built, and with low, crumpled antlers.

We have ourselves killed deer in the mountains of the upper Nueces with a very much darker general color of the body than the common variety, and this color running into a broad black band along the back of the neck, the top of the back and the upper part of the tail. We are told that these deer are not uncommon in the mountains of western Texas. When we first met with them we were inclined to think that they might be crosses and estrays from the habitat of the mule deer, but upon examination there was no increase in the size of the ear to warrant such a belief.

We are of the opinion, from all we can gather upon the subject, that these varieties are not permanent, but are properly accidental variations produced by local causes, such as aliment, climate and altitude, and which very likely would disappear in a few years were the habitats of the animals changed.

Both these two species of deer are provided with glands in all the feet. These are situated between the clefts of the hoofs running backward and upward, with a small aperture leading into them of something more than an inch in depth. These glands secrete a waxy, dark-colored substance of a disagreeable, strong, musky odor, and are less developed in the mule deer than in the other species. We are satisfied that it is by the scent emitted from these glands that deer are enabled to follow up and find each other when separated. No dog possesses a keener sense of smell than the deer, and they will follow each other when lost or when seeking a companion of the other sex hours after the first one has passed by. We have read in the effusions of incipient poetasters and tale writers of the gentle fawn bleating for its dam, and of the voices of does calling for their young. This is all the purest nonsense. Of all the wild animals with which we are acquainted deer are the most silent. They go and come like shadows, and even in thick brush, provided they are not alarmed, will pass very near one and make no sound. They cry out only when in pain, either when caught by some carnivorous enemy or sometimes when shot and badly wounded.

In all our experience, extending over about forty years, we have never but once heard a deer make use of the voice when seeking a lost mate. This occurred when upon one occasion, having shot at and scattered a band of stags, one of the number, not having seen or scented us, turned back, evidently seeking his leader, and passed close by, making a low, muttering noise like that sometimes uttered by the domestic ram.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE.]

THE ABSENCE OF BIRD SONG.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., June 8.—The coming of the birds is only made known to me by hearsay, or by their own voices, for the most part by the latter means, which is really the surer. What I have heard tallies with the reports from other parts of the North.

There were never so few notes of the first spring comers—bluebirds, robins and song sparrows—and it is they who seem to have suffered most from the severity of the Southern winter.

I have heard but two bluebirds, and that is more than some observers report. There seems to be but one pair of robins nesting near our house, where there are ordinarily at least a dozen pairs. The absence of their jubilant morning chorus is very noticeable.

There is as marked a scarcity of song sparrows, and I have heard but one white-throated sparrow calling Mr. Peabody or telling Peverly to sow wheat. The barn swallows came a week earlier than usual, but in small force.

The later comers appear to have fared better. The bobolinks came on time, May 8, not the throng that forty years ago filled the meadow air with musical medley, but perhaps not fewer than last year.

There is the usual quota of orioles in our elms and those of our neighbors, where every day I hear them fill the air with melody sad or gay, as the listener's mood interprets it. There is a goodly number of vireos and I have heard several summer yellow birds, a few thistle birds and two wood pewees, and a catbird has apparently taken it upon himself to do the singing of all the birds after his fashion.

I have missed a good deal of our jolliest spring sound, the cackle of the high-hole, yet hear it occasionally.

On the whole, it is evident that the past winter has dealt very hardly with the migrant birds, and to make amends for the unkindness of nature we must be very good to the survivors. Let collecting be honored, this year at least, in the breach more than in the observance, and a bird in the bush be counted worth two in hand.

Dr. Webb's pheasants must have become pretty widely scattered in this part on the State. We are at least 10 miles from Shelburne Farms, yet I often hear of the birds being seen about here. My son has frequently seen a pair this spring near a thicket of pines in our pasture, and several others have been seen in the neighborhood. A man living at least 4 miles further from Shelburne fed a flock of seven near his house during the winter. This looks as if they were breeding at large.

I am told that many dead fish, principally bullheads, are seen afloat in Little Otter Creek. Some think the dynamiters are at their knavish tricks, but would they not be likely to pick up cleaner after themselves?

AWAHSOOSE.

Size of Moose Heads.

CALAIS, Maine.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In answer to yours about moose horns, would say that the 72in. set belonged to Mr. Andrew Downes, of Halifax, N. S. I wanted to purchase them, but was not able to get them, as he wanted them for his own museum. He promised to get me if possible as good a set, but I never got them. When the Prince of Wales came to Halifax thirty years ago, he gave the horns to him; but the officer who had charge of the Prince sent Mr. Downes $125. I send you a photo of a head taken in Halifax, the horns very wide, with a spread of 66in.; also a photo of set of horns, 60in. spread, that have nice points, 14in. wide blade, 18 points on each side. A friend at Frederickton, N. B., has a set of about 66in. but the blades are very narrow and not many points.

There is quite a variety of shapes to make the spread; some very cheap looking narrow horns have more spread than wide heavy ones. I think a moose when in his prime, say eight to ten years old, has the best horns. Then the points on the upper blades get less every year, and I have had some that show no points on the upper blade and the animals had very poor teeth.

GEO. A. BOARDMAN.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

VINTON, Ia.—We have a man in our town of more than average talents and ability. He has been sheriff of the county and now holds a lucrative position as traveling agent for an important company. He is an all-round good fellow, but he can outdo Mrs. Partington in the use of words. At one time a tramp was arrested as a vagrant. When registering him he said, "I don't believe he gave his right name. I have no doubt but he is traveling under a consumed name."

When the income tax law was under discussion some one said it was "class legislation." He said it was "unconstitutional, as it was classical legislation, that was just what it was."

A book agent tried to sell him a cyclopædia. He said he did not want it, would not have it about the place. If he caught one of his boys riding one he would lick him.

K.

Game Bag and Gun.

STRATEGY WITH THE ANTELOPE.

ONE fine day in October, running short in our meat supply, I was delegated by the foreman just after dinner to take a run over toward the river, some six miles distant, and see if I couldn't down a couple of antelope as a temporary relief for our meat-craving appetites, or if possible perhaps enough to last the outfit until some of the boys had the time for a chase after elk in the mountains.

Appreciating the opportunity, I at once brought in Brownie, one of our cow ponies that had been grazing at the end of a stake rope near by, and soon had her as well as myself ready for the afternoon's sport. With cowboy delight I made a bound for the saddle, accompanying it with a yell that started us on a Nancy Hanks gait for nearly two miles, when a slow-down was in order on nearing Flat Creek, which we forded quietly, emerging from the willows on the opposite bank somewhat slowly, as I feverishly glanced over the broad flat ahead of me for any stray pronghorn that might possibly be so near our headquarters. Not seeing anything we again resumed our journey, allowing the cayuse to take up a dog trot, while I kept a sharp lookout along the base of a broad bench or plateau that extended in a northerly direction to our right.

A salt spring exists not very far along the bottom of this bench in a little hollow which is covered nearly all summer with a thick growth of luxuriant grass and attracts the antelope very much during the early months; but the Indians, who do considerable hunting around here when they come into the hole in the fall, cause those timid creatures to be very shy, and consequently only now and then can a few be seen feeding near the place at this time of the year.

However, I was not going to overlook this particular spot at any rate, whether its allurements had enticed any of the fleet-footed game prior to my arrival or not, and if nothing should be there at present a passing glance at its surroundings on my return this evening would not be very much out of the way either, especially if luck had been against me.

Approaching the neighborhood we soon came to the accustomed halting place by the side of another soft-water spring near the lick, when Brownie seemed to take in the situation by stopping about where she generally had stopped before when I wished to dismount. Taking her advice I slipped from the saddle gun in hand, and began the same old tactics that I was wont to assume in days agone, by stooping over, or crawling, if necessary, as the case might be, and advancing as near as I could without being seen. Having obtained this much of an advantage I slowly, very slowly, raised my uncovered head and peeped over the intervening rise in the ground ahead, expecting to see, as I did so, a tail or two disappearing over another ridge beyond, or a little bunch of antelope calmly feeding, perchance basking in the noonday sun, unconscious of an approaching fiend.

Not being able to discern anything though at the first good look, I continued the process of elevation until I stood erect, when a view of the whole place failed to show up any signs of life, barring a few songsters that flitted by among the willows. Going over to the lick, an examination of the ground thereabout revealed no tracks that could have been made since early morning, if as late as that; so I returned, straddled my pony and started back for the cow trail again, which I followed through the gap as far as trapper Jack's cabin on the bench, near the head of Spring Gulch. He himself was now in the mountains for the winter, and the man who occupied the shack during his absence had evidently gone off somewhere for the day, as no one responded to my friendly "halloo" on coming up.

Riding around to the corral, a circular affair, which helped to improve the appearance of this lonely horse ranch, with its low white sheds and deserted aspect, I took a stand that gave me a grand view of the flat as it stretched on toward the river, nearly three miles away to the west, and a corresponding scope of double the distance both right and left.

I can't very well remember ever looking over this level plain without having seen at least a few of the nimble cabree as they calmly wended their way to and fro between the river bottom and the big buttes, or perhaps going in the direction of the rolling hills to the northeast for a change of habitat. Though presently none seemed to materialize before my searching gaze upon this broad expanse of prairie splendor, I nevertheless called to mind how often it had appeared to me the same on previous occasions, and directly after, as the shadow of a passing cloud in the blue heavens above softly glided by, o'er the waving grass and dusty sagebrush, a whole band of antelope, heretofore unnoticed, would come within my range of vision, as they fed along their oft-frequented trails in silent content.

So I continued feasting my eyes on the great panorama in front of me for about half an hour longer, when the scene itself became one of monotony for the time being, as no game hove in sight, and the afternoon wore on, telling me I had better be on the move if success was to be obtained. Considering which course might prove the best, I finally decided to cross the flat on a line with some horses that I discovered about a mile off to the left, and, should nothing turn up, enter the river bottom near the foot of a tall butte, where a big bunch of cattle appeared to be grazing. Acting on the impulse, I immediately gave rein to my pony, but not deeming it advisable to go faster than a walk at present, we took it easy, while I threw my eyes about in anticipation of making out a form or two of the *Antilocapra americana* on the horizon. This was apparently a hard thing to do, so I allowed my attention to be directed toward a great string of wild geese which were forming all kinds of imaginable figures as they sailed back and forth over the immense cottonwoods that flanked the river on both sides. They also soon disappeared, leaving me to resume the thoughts of my mission.

After covering some distance, we made a short halt while I turned round in my saddle to scan the rear, especially taking a good look among the young quaking asp timber that grew in patches here and there, and formed many pretty little parks o'er the face of the hills, wherein during the hot days of summer a cool and refreshing shade, with some protection from the great fly pest, was afforded the antelope.

My reward was about the same, however, after a critical inspection. So I again pushed forward, and soon came within a quarter of a mile of the aforementioned horses, whereupon I began to study them more closely, for the wily pronghorn loves to associate with domestic stock, if for no other reason than to be sure of a show of escape if suddenly surprised by hunters.

Approximating closer, I notice that the bronchos are aware of our coming, and seem to take considerable interest in us as we advance toward them. Their antics, too, cause me to smile, as they bunch up and come forward a "wee bit" at a time, and this as if being pushed by one another, so close do they huddle together in their inquisitive desire to know who we are and the meaning of our invasion upon their domain.

Suddenly, as if having discovered our identity, and perhaps thinking of the distant corral, where they might be wanted, they wheel around and dash at a gallop in high glee, kicking and snorting for some 300yds., and again face us in a defying attitude, when all at once my attention is called away from these frisky "critters" to something more interesting just now.

Though watching the horses and admiring their wavy outlines as they sported in the light breeze that swept down from the north, a spare optic was nevertheless on the *qui vive* for any unusual move that was not on the programme of the immediate vicinity. So when a small bunch of antelope came jumping out from a gully to the right and were making for my erstwhile entertainers in the distance, you can bet I then and there promulgated plans for their destruction. As it were, the space between us was too great for a sure shot, so I began to think of the most propitious way of getting at them. I could try stalking, but they were already scared and started on the run by the horses, and a doubt as to the success of such a plan arose in my mind; though it might be a sure thing, it was also sure to me that it would consume the better part of the afternoon with everything against me, for they were going away from me all the time, and in the end would certainly have the wind in their favor, thereby deciding the result.

I at once dropped all thoughts of stalking on perceiving the action of the game just as the horses made another dash for the bottoms. Would not the little band eventually cross the trail left by the cayuses if forced to continue their course. To me it occurred that such would prove to be the case if the antelope could be kept on the move, for they would make for the spot where I first discovered the horses every time those animals started on the run. Until now they had evidently not caught sight of me, because we stood in the channel of some former stream, or washout, and the thick and high chaparral ahead formed a sort of screen behind which ample protection from their sharp eyes could be had, though I had to stoop over the horn of the saddle quite a bit at that.

The idea that struck me was to hang over the left side of my pony in Indian fashion and make a dive in the direction taken by the horses, and watching the game from under the neck of the cayuse I was riding, take advantage of the first little gully that lay in their line of approach, if approach they did. Whether I was to be successful I did not know, but certain it was that I was willing to run chances on a scheme that appeared to me had some show of an auspicious ending; especially so with this one, as it would take up very little time should it prove a failure.

Getting ready for the charge, I slowly started my pony out of the hollow, intending to give the game a chance to size us up first, rather than surprise them with a too sudden appearance by dashing right into view. They at first did not notice us, but as I kept the pony at a walk, I very soon distracted their attention from the good grass they were constantly nibbling along the trail and had them inspect me critically, as I allowed the cayuse to come to a standstill, lowering its head as it did so, to feed. Finally after some time, I became a chestnut in their eyes and they resumed their browsing, seemingly indifferent to my presence on the flat. This was my opportunity and I gave my pony a thump in the bread basket with my left that sent us flying over the prairie.

Imagine my delight to see those creatures take up the same course, but always coming nearer the trail over which I sped. We went much faster than they did, however, and before long I was neatly ensconced behind a small hillock directly in their path, with my pony not far off over a little ridge. I watched them as they came, one by one, the buck in the lead; there were exactly eleven, three being young fawns. They had ceased running, but continued in my direction slowly, but surely, feeding on the way. When about 200yds. off they changed their course a little, which if followed would bring them exactly to where I lay in the brush. Somehow I did not approve of this move, so I sneaked around to my pony and awaited them there, relying on the sagacity of the animal for proper shelter when they came within shooting range. This was a fortunate move on my part, for the wary things again altered their line of progress and started in a southerly direction, perhaps the way they were previously going when first disturbed by the horses.

It did not matter much with my present position, as they would pass me about 60yds. off; but had I remained where I was at first the chances are I would have missed them entirely on account of the lay of the ground; yes, the ridge is somewhat higher than my former site, so you see it would have obscured them from my view. Ah, but don't they look neat and trim with their red necks in contrast to the snowy whiteness of their bodies underneath and the fleet and nimble extremities that look like stakes driven into the ground, as they stand still now and then to reconnoiter. Those big, glassy eyes, too, which inform you of their owner's inoffensive dispositition; how cruel to destroy their being.

All these, however, cannot stay the appetites of a hungry cow outfit unless put before them in juicy steaks, so as soon as those creatures come near enough I mean to make a couple at least "gone coons."

Standing behind my pony I watched them closely over the saddle bow, while the Winchester I carried rested on one foot, muzzle skyward and ready for action. On they came, unconscious of the fate that awaits them. How the little ones romp among the chicos on their way to destruction. Did I say it? Well, no; I will preserve their little lives and confine my shooting to those that have enjoyed life somewhat longer.

My cayuse begins to exhibit some signs of uneasiness as she sees me fumbling with the gun; being a little kittish she is perhaps preparing herself for the shock that may follow the first shot I fire across her spinal column, for that I mean to do when the time comes. She is used to the business though, and will, I hope, not mind a little familiarity of that sort when a whole camp depends on our very actions.

The game does not suspect anything wrong in our direction, not even casting an inquisitive glance at my four-footed friend, who stands in full view. To them she appears harmless, like all other range stock, but a foe is concealed behind her that will show little mercy very shortly. As they come along their close proximity affects me a little too, as I get ready by shoving the gun barrel across the seat of my saddle; about the right distance intervenes between us now, so I draw back the hammer and await the first good broadside that the fellow in front, with the big horns, may favor me with. Some moments elapse before the desired target appears, keeping tab on him though, I soon catch him napping as he drops his head to one side and brings his stern around.

Just what I want, says I, as an eye runs along the sights. Pulling the trigger I am gratified to see, 'neath the rising smoke, the buck in the act of taking his final jump and landing all in a heap in the brush. His companions are suddenly taken by surprise and shudder as they listen to the faint echoes in the distance of the shot that slew their leader. Another, followed by a third shot, rings out on the balmy air when the demoralized creatures seek refuge in flight and scamper off helter-skelter for the thick river bottoms to the west. Their white sterns are soon lost to view as I look after them, so I hop into the saddle once more and ride over to the carcasses, three in all, and locate them. This done, it takes but a movement of the arm to draw the keen-edged steel, and presently I begin to dress the buck, who, though pretty big, is rather lean. The males are very nigh all alike just now, so there isn't much difference; the does, on the other hand, were plump, and as luck would have it, neither of the kids belonged to them, a fact which pleased me more than anything else.

The ball received by the buck entered back of the shoulder and pierced its heart, while one doe was struck amidships, breaking its back, and the other through the paunch. This last one ran a short distance after being hit, and came close to receiving another leaden missile had it held out a bit longer, for I had already brought up my gun, when down it went, like the others. After consuming nearly an hour or so in gutting the animals and preparing them for the saddle, I proceeded to get the mare in trim for her heavy load. Cinching her well, I led her alongside one of the does. Short ropes were fastened to the legs of both of the female carcasses, extending around the shoulders and hips, and having two loops, which were made respectively for the horn and cantle of the saddle. These were fixed so that the heavy portion of each doe rested snugly an either side of the pony's back, and when I lifted the first one in place was very well satisfied with the result, though I do not know how the mare felt when fully packed; somewhat heavy, I guess. Placing the other where it belonged, I now came to the buck, who was a little the heavier. Grunting considerably beneath his weight, I finally got the carcass lengthwise over the saddle and well up on the shoulders of the mustang. This accomplished, it took very little time to lash it securely above the others, and when finished, a better appearance could not be wished for. Inspecting the load, I felt sure that the pony would experience no inconvenience on the way, so I picked up my Winchester and started for home, not, however, without a parting glance of appreciation in the direction of my equine friends, as I thought of the part they played in my little game of strategy with the wily pronghorn. GROS VENTRE.

A DAY ON THE MARSHES.

"BE down at the mouth of the old harbor at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning, and I will meet you with a boat and take you across."

Accordingly, the next morning at the appointed hour, together with my gun and decoys, I was taken aboard, and in the gray of the early dawn George and I pulled across the creek that wound up through the marshes, and landing on the other side we waded to the stand where we hoped to do mighty execution among the yellow-legs, grass-birds, and plover ere the sun was many hours high. Seating myself upon the bench in our comfortable blind, I proceeded to sort and arrange my shells, and to make myself as comfortable as possible, while George splashed around in the inch or two of water that covered the flats



"TO OUR RIGHT LAY THE VILLAGE."

and placed a dozen or so decoys in as life-like positions as their clumsiness would allow.

Suddenly, from away over the other side of the creek came the clear far-reaching whistle of a yellow-leg, and George comes tumbling into the blind as if shot. Now though George is not such an expert as a colored guide of ours, of whom I have written before, he is by no means behindhand in the art of calling marsh birds, and the way in which he answers that particular bird is most pleasing to hear, to say the least.

And evidently the bird thinks so too, for each reply is a little nearer, and now he is just visible—a tiny speck in the distance; and now he heads directly for us; and now he sees the decoys; and with set wings and whistling clear and loud he prepares to drop among them. But it is ow my turn to take a hand in the proceedings, and at the short, sharp report of the powder the bird lands among the decoys in a way that he had not intended; and I—well, have I not opened the season with a good, plump, winter yellow-leg? And so through that beautiful August morning we sat and enjoyed nature to the utmost, gathering in an occasional bird, for it was too early in the season for the heavy flights, and occasionally—and a little shamefacedly, I must confess—listening to the derisive whistle of one who had learned to dodge shot.

I have said that it was a beautiful morning; and indeed it was, for although at intervals of an hour or so there would come a smart shower, it only contributed to the beauty of the effect, for at the same time the sun would be shining but a little way from us.

To our left wound the creek with just beyond the sand banks fringed with long beach-grass, and affording through numerous breaks and gaps glimpses of the deep blue bay, flecked here and there with the white sails of the mackerel fishers. To our right some three-quarters of a mile distant lay the village, with the church spires just visible through the waving elms, and the tall chimneys and long brick buildings of the deserted plant of the once famous Boston and Sandwich Glass Co. skirting the marsh and standing in bold relief against the dark green of the village trees.

Before us and behind us stretched the marsh, and away in the distance brown pastures stretched up to the edge of forests of pine and oak. But the marshes themselves! Could anything be more beautiful? You may smile if you please, but would that there could be put on canvas the glories of that August day.

Ever and anon great fleecy clouds would float across the sky, making wierd fantastic shadows on the green below; and the shades of green that were there! Certainly a score or more, according as the sunlight fell upon the waving grass of the salt meadows, all glistening from the passing shower.

Dotted here and there were great stacks of salt hay, placed on stilts to protect them from the tides, and look-



"DOTTED HERE AND THERE WERE GREAT STACKS."

ing picturesque in the extreme, as, like mounds of a race of gigantic ants, they loomed up close at hand, or appeared as mere specks in the distance on the level expanse. High overhead a gull sails by, and George wagers the cigars that I can't touch it. He is right, for in spite of the rapid bang, bang, from my 12-bore, the gull sails serenely on until a charge of No. 6 from George's trusty Parker brings him to the ground with a broken wing.

Ah, well, I am just from the city, and—but why make excuses? I confess that I never could point a gun as George can, and I don't expect to.

So, though I miss a few, I do not complain, for I also bag a few, and then it is enough for me that I am far from the hot, stifling city, and with such clear, delicious air to breathe as the sojourner in the city knows not of, and with my old togs on, I am once again on the marshes I love so well:

A level stretch of waving grass
In changing shades of green,
With shadows from the clouds above;
And there, but dimly seen,
The long, uncertain line that marks
The winding of the creek,
Where plover pipe, and grass-birds
Feed, or play at hide and seek.

And so, as all things, both good and bad, must have an ending, one of the pleasantest (if not the most successful) mornings that I ever enjoyed passed all too swiftly, and I hied me home to a dinner of broiled plover, and to cherish for years the memory of a day on the marshes, with which I fear I have somewhat wearied you. WALDO.

Small-Bore Bullets.

PORTLAND, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I trust some one will answer "Aztec's" question in last week's number regarding small-bore bullets. The five deer shown in the photo I send you were killed with a .32-40 Winchester. None of these deer "dropped as if struck by lightning," but had the spine of either been broken the drop would have been like something very sudden.

Last October I shot a twelve-point buck through the upper part of the heart with a .38 and he ran eight jumps, covering 35yds. over logs two and three deep. The upper part of his heart was riddled.

Of the deer shown in the photo, the first .32 ball went into the left shoulder and out through the right. He was a yearling buck. He whirled half round and received my second ball in the right and out at the left; he dropped. The distance was full 150yds. My next deer, a doe, ran across in front of me about 75yds. distant. My first shot went through her body about midway; she ran about 50ft. and turned a somersault over a log.

You can see where the buck was hit at the point of the shoulder; the ball ranged back and he fell headlong inside 40yds. He was about 100yds. from me when shot and in heavy forest. The does on either side of the buck in the picture ran in a semi-circle around me, one after the other, and in the same order they each got a .32 ball through back of the shoulders as they passed through a small opening; then a broken leg each, and finally were laid low near each other by a ball through the shoulders.

I have often seen the question asked: "What sized gun is preferable for deer hunting?" My answer would be a .38 or .45 of the calibers now in use. But whether a .30-cal. will kill depends upon where the deer is hit; and the same rule will apply in a measure with any sized gun. C.

Why Is there Not More Forest Hunting?

PORTLAND, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was in a measure ignorant about the lynx, and yet I am of the opinion that while it may be easily dispatched with a blow, yet if wounded (not mortally) and not hampered by

trap or dogs, it would be a bad customer in a hand-to-hand fight.

I have wondered why there is not more published on forest hunting, while so much space is given to fishing and bird shooting. The forests from Maine to the Pacific could tell tales that would be interesting to every son of the pioneers who followed the red men from the East to the West—not only interesting but instructive, for the best informed may learn something. Not long since I saw the question asked by a man who claimed he had tramped the forests for twenty years, what becomes of deers' horns after they are shed? He had never seen one in all his experience. I could have told him. The porcupines eat every one of them.

I have caught 3lb. brook trout with a common tackle and venison for bait. A woodsman told me he was in the forest with his axe. He saw in a stream some fine trout. He had a fish hook with him, but no bait. He looked about and espied a porcupine on a tree, cut the tree down, killed and skinned the animal, baited his hook with some of the flesh and caught a fine string of trout. This was in northern Wisconsin. Did you know there are brown bear in Wisconsin? I did not until last October. C.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From our Staff Correspondent.]

Faithfulness of a Goose.

Another Manitoba paper, the Pilot Mound *Sentinel*, this week prints the following story of an affectionate goose whose mate was snatched away to the land o' the leal a little in advance:

"The history of Mr. P. Cram's wild geese forms a little romance, where adventure, danger, attachment, tragedy and bereavement appear strongly developed. About four years ago Mr. Cram captured in the woods a forlorn and forsaken little wild gosling, that had probably escaped the jaws of a wolf when the others were destroyed. The little waif grew to be the finest goose in Manitoba, and last spring proved to be so attractive that a wild gander gave up a contemplated journey to the polar sea, abandoned the flock to which he was attached, ran the risk of being shot, and became the mate of the tame wild goose. A very fine flock of goslings were raised, wild-looking, but quite domestic. In the fall a wolf captured the mother goose, and the gander, guided by a natural instinct, migrated, and would have taken his family with him had his designs not been anticipated. This spring the gander returned and alighted in Mr. Cram's stable yard, claiming kindred with his descendants; he proceeded to look for his mate; not finding her, he continued the search for a number of days, visiting the pond and places frequented in other days, and at last in despair gave up the search, and bidding his family farewell, he started for the distant north, Mr. Cram refusing to add to the sorrows and misfortunes of his strange visitor by firing at him."

Big Year for Texas Game.

Mr. Guessaz writes me personally from San Antonio, Texas, regarding the game prospects in that region this year:

"Speaking of seasons, we have struck a 'corker.' It has rained water and fishes for three months, and every water hole is full. Mitchell's Lake is three miles long and one and one-half miles wide, nine miles south of city, and full of ducks now. That's astonishing, isn't it? The quail are coming back (can't imagine where they have been). In a twenty-mile run on the Gulf Shore Railway a friend of mine counted twenty-one coveys. I hear the same from the West. The tarpon fishing is at its height, and anybody catches from one to a dozen. This is a fact. You wouldn't know Texas now. It is a garden, and this winter will be one of our greatest seasons. There is something strange about the migration of game in this section. When it (the section) suffers from drought the game vanishes, and when it rains the whole magnificent panorama reappears. This is the season of all seasons. There is no spot on earth that contains more game to the square inch than southwest Texas does this year. It will astonish even you when you see it. So don't head yourself in any other direction."

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

New York Game Law.

THE game bill was signed June 8 and is now a law. It repeals all supervisors' ordinances. The close seasons throughout the State are as follows:

DEER.—Except August 16 to October 31 inclusive. One person may take only two deer in a season. Protected at all seasons in Ulster, Greene, Sullivan and Delaware counties. Hounding forbidden except September 10 to October 10 inclusive. Forbidden always in St. Lawrence county. Transportation of venison forbidden, except that one carcass may be carried accompanied by owner.

BLACK AND GRAY SQUIRRELS, HARES, RABBITS, except in months of September, October, November. But in St. Lawrence, Franklin, Essex, Clinton, Lewis, Warren, Herkimer, Hamilton, Saratoga, Washington, Onondaga, Oswego, Dutchess, Steuben, Orange, Richmond, Delaware, rabbit season, except October 1 to March 1. Ferrets forbidden.

WILDFOWL.—Web-footed wildfowl, except geese and brant, April 30 to Sept. 1.

QUAIL, except months of November and December. Protected at all times in Genesee, Wyoming, Orleans, Livingston, Monroe, Cayuga, Seneca, Wayne, Tompkins, Tioga, Onondaga, Ontario, Steuben, Cortland, Otsego. Transportation forbidden unless accompanied by owner.

WOODCOCK, RUFFED GROUSE, PARTRIDGE, except Aug. 16 to Jan. 31 inclusive. Transportation forbidden unless accompanied by owner.

WILSON'S SNIPE, ENGLISH SNIPE, PLOVER, RAIL, MUD-HEN, GALLINULE, GREBE, BITTERN, SURF BIRD, CURLEW, WATER CHICKEN, BAY SNIPE, SHORE BIRD, May, June, July, August.

MEADOW LARK, ROBIN, all other birds not named in this act (except English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher) protected always.

MONGOLIAN, RING-NECKED PHEASANT protected to 1897.

FISH.—"Trout of any kind," except April 16 to August 31. Lawful length, six inches. Transportation forbidden unless accompanied by owner. Salmon trout, landlocked salmon, except May 1 to September 30. Transportation forbidden unless accompanied by owner. Black bass, Oswego bass, except May 30 to December 31 inclusive (in Lake George except August 1 to December 31 inclusive). Lawful length, eight inches. Pickerel, pike, wall-eyed pike, except May 1 to January 31. Muskallonge, except May 30 to February 28 inclusive. Salmon, August 15 to March 1. Lawful length, eighteen inches. Salt-water striped bass; lawful length, eight inches.

LONG ISLAND CLOSE SEASON.

WILDFOWL, May 1 to September 30. Plover, snipe, etc., except July 1 to December 31. Ruffed grouse, meadow lark, January 1 to October 1. Woodcock, January 1 to July 31.

TROUT, except March 29 to August 3, inclusive. Landlocked salmon, salmon trout, except April 1 to September 30. Black bass, except May 30 to December 31.

HARE, RABBIT, except November 1 to December 31. Deer protected for two years. Black and gray squirrels, except November 1 to December 31 inclusive.

MEADOW-HEN, MUD-HEN, GALLINULE, WATER CHICKEN, GREBE, August to December 31.

Sea and River Fishing.

MORE ABOUT LEAPING BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been on a recent visit to my old Virginia home, where I had three successful days casting the fly for small-mouth bass. Looking over the papers which came while I was away, I find that several of your correspondents have "jumped on me" concerning what I had to say about bass. As Pat said when he got kicked out, "Faith, but a man can't help what's done behind his back." I have paid due and respectful attention to all my friends have to say, but as my opinions are founded on very long experience and many careful observations, I find no reason to modify them.

Each of these gentlemen seems to think that I differ from his way of thinking because I have had very little experience with game fish. They are mistaken. If I have failed to understand the habits of bass and trout, it has been for want of capacity to form correct opinions, and not from lack of opportunity. My experience of bass and trout, on an extensive scale, dates back to the '50s. In '56, I think it was, I spent an entire season in the mountains about Clifton Forge for the benefit of my health. The numerous magnificent trout streams I had access to had then been but little fished, and as I devoted nearly my whole time to them, I caught great numbers; and learned much of their habits. Since then I have spent many summers on the very banks of some of the finest trout streams in Virginia and West Virginia, and until within the past two years I owned a fine trout stream which was wholly within the limits of my own property; another, to which I had free access, was within less than half a mile of my house, and there were two others within three miles. I had previously lived nearly eight years in southwest Virginia, with easy access to both trout and bass waters; and I was resident physician for seven years at Rawley Springs, immediately on the banks of Dry River, which is, all things considered, as fine a trout stream as there is south of the Potomac.

With black bass I have had fully thirty-five years' experience, extending over many waters, from Pennsylvania to Louisiana. Gentlemen will not be able to convict me of beginning to talk about game fish without having had any opportunity to know what I am talking about. My good friend out in "de ole Kaintuck" thinks his knowledge of bass is "a condition, not a theory." What in the name of wonder he means by that I am sure I don't know; but if it has led him to think that he has seen bass when hooked, after trying without success to go to the bottom, come to the top, and standing on the tip of their tails poke up their heads out of the water and shake them like a terrier shaking a rat, trying to shake the hook out of their mouths, it must be a strange "condition" in which his knowledge has placed him.

I offer gentlemen no offense in suggesting that their eyes deceive them. The eye is the most defective of our organs, and eyesight the most deceptive of our senses. A leaping bass is not often above the water during one-quarter of a second; generally he is not in the air above one-tenth of a second, and I take it to be a physical impossibility for anybody to see whether his mouth is wide open or not, or whether he shakes his head or not. I repeat what I formerly said: I do not pretend to doubt that gentlemen believe they have so seen, but I am quite certain they are mistaken.

A hooked bass in leaping generally describes a rather low curve, extending horizontally from 18in. to about 3ft., and its summit from 9 to 15in. above the water. Many will insist on multiplying these figures by 3 or 4. I have heard men say they believe they have seen bass leap out of the water 6 or 7 and even 8ft. high. I am sure I have never seen one leap 3ft. high. I once saw a very large bass make what seemed an astonishing leap; I supposed it to be 4ft. high. I saw that it was exactly as high as an overhanging birch bough very close to the spot; actual measurement proved it to be 28in. above the water. I do not believe any man ever saw a black bass leap 4ft. high. I have seen a great many of them jump into boats; I never saw one jump over a boat. In some places boats are regularly used to catch them.

On one occasion, when I was one of the Fish Commissioners of Virginia, I sent Mr. William F. Page, then my pupil, now the distinguished fishculturist in charge of the U. S. Hatchery at Neosho, to Holston River to get some bass for stocking New River. The local fishermen he employed to catch them used a canoe about 30ft. long by 30in. wide, and about 9in. deep. Placing one end of this canoe against the shore, the outer end was pushed rapidly in, so as to include the bass in the angle between the boat and the shore, and as the bottom of the boat was within an inch or two of the bottom of the water, the fish rushing in headlong fright toward deep water and meeting the boat coming in, which they could not pass under, would attempt to jump over it, and almost or quite invariably jumped into it instead of over it, and in no great while Mr. Page had as many as he wanted. If these fish are easily able to leap from 5 to 7ft. high, which would imply a horizontal leap of from 9 to 12ft., how comes it to pass that they failed so constantly to jump over a canoe the side of which was 9in. high and the width of it 30in.?

Obviously in this case it is fright which causes the fish to leap. I believe the same is true of the hooked fish. I have found that whether the hooked fish leaps depends much on the way he is handled. If he is allowed his own way with a slack line he will seek bottom and stay below the surface until he gives up the fight. If held well in hand and kept peremptorily near the surface, and especially if the water is not deep, he is very apt to leap out of the water, which he will often do two or three times before he quits. It is not a deep strategic plan and purpose to go up in the air that he may have ample room and scope enough to open his mouth "wide open" and "shake his head savagely," and so shake out the hook. In my opinion it is a mere headlong rush inspired by fright.

I have certainly had several hundred bass on my own hook leap clear of the water, in playing them, and have not lost half a dozen which parted with the hook in the air. Very few ever get away from me at all by leaping; and such as do escape do so far more frequently by leaving the hook behind them under the water or getting off after they fall back into the water.

My word for it, gentlemen, where one bass gets rid of the hook by leaping in the air, one hundred escape by fouling the leader with rocks or snags under water. Play your fish on the surface and you will see them leap very often, but very few will get away. The fish is not out of the water during more than $\frac{1}{10}$ second, and whatever you might want to do you can't do it for lack of time. If you hold just as you were holding, you can do nothing more, and the fish will rarely gain anything by his leap. Nevertheless if you want him to stay under water play him with a low tip and a light hand and he will be nearly certain to accommodate you.

Good friends, we have no quarrel. Right or wrong, such are my opinions and some of the reasons for the faith that in me. Let it be that your knowledge is a "condition;" mine not a "condition, but a theory." Farewell, then, with my blessing; for I purpose to trouble you no more.

CUMBERSTONE, Md. M. G. ELLZEY, M. D.

ANGLING NOTES.

Black Bass Spawning.

FOR more than ten years FOREST AND STREAM has been hammering away at the fishermen of this State to have them understand that it is entirely wrong to catch black bass during the month of June, as that is the month in which most of the black bass spawn, no matter in what part of the State they may be found; that black bass are the one species of so-called game fishes that require protection after the young are hatched because the parent fish brood and guard the young, and that June fishing would result in the certain depletion of our black bass waters, requiring them to be restocked to afford decent fishing. During all these ten or more years FOREST AND STREAM has made the fight for a close season for black bass in June practically alone, and to-day the season opens, as it has, on May 30, and the bill now in the Governor's hands awaiting his signature provides the same open season as that in force. During these years, too, not an attempt has been made to justify the present early opening of the bass season, nor has any one denied the fact that June was a spawning month. To the best of my knowledge, not a single protest has been printed in the daily newspapers against the June slaughter until now.

The New York *Sun* appears to be the first of the great daily newspapers to realize that the fishermen of the State are burning the candle at both ends by fishing for black bass in June. It says: "It is a matter of universal regret among all true sportsmen that our New York State laws afford such poor protection to this gamest of all fresh-water fishes. Time and again female black bass are captured all through the month of June laden with eggs. The male bass, too, are easier victims during the spawning season, and so each season damage is done that is fast undoing the good work of the Fish Commission. Restocking can never be accomplished under these circumstances. In our sister State—Connecticut—under the act of 1893, the killing of black bass between May 1 and July 1 is forbidden under penalty of a heavy fine. This affords protection to the fish during the most critical time of the whole year."

If those who favor June fishing, when the bass are on their spawning beds and caring for their young, could get no bass for restocking the waters after they are caught out by such murderous fishing, then there would be hope of a close season to cover the spawning period.

A Novel Idea.

A gentleman in Canada sends me the following letter: "What would you think of a plan like the following for favoring the breeding of trout? I will premise by saying that I have all the needed facilities for artificially hatching, cage for breeding fish, etc., etc., but the hatchery is some eight or ten minutes' walk from my camp, and it is also inconvenient to get to the cage with the live trout when we come in from an evening's fishing with them after dark.

"Moreover, the only lake I much care for is already very well stocked, and the necessity for further supplying it is not urgent enough to demand the expense of either buying eggs or having my guardian spend his time looking after them. I merely wish to be certain that the stock is well kept up.

"My plan is to make what I may call a box or cage, say 12, 15 or 20ft. long, 5ft. wide and 5ft. deep. The top to be (substantially) a raft of squared cedars say 8in. square, so as to have considerable floating capacity. The sides and ends of wire netting of suitable mesh and the bottom of any suitable wood, and on it I would place 4 or 5in. of sand.

"Then anchor the cage in sufficient water quite close to the camp and put in trout whenever we have any to spare, keeping alive for the purpose all that we do not need immediately to eat. Then I would let them alone, only having them sufficiently fed. They would thus be protected from the heat of the sun in summer, and I presume that the winds and waves would cause sufficient change of water. I of course do not know whether the fish would make spawning beds and spawn naturally in the sand provided. I would like your opinion.

"In winter, of course, the raft would be completely fixed in the ice and covered with snow 2 or 3ft. deep; but then so are all the spawning beds, and this would not be worse.

"I suppose that by watching we could know whether the fish spawned or not, and if they did I would let out the old fish when the spawning season was over, to avoid the necessity of feeding them in winter.

"In this lake the fish spawn very late, seldom before the ice tubes, and probably the fry would be out before the ice was gone. Probably so great success could not be expected as from a lot of eggs in a hatchery, but as the expense would be to me only for the wire net, I thought I would ask your views as to whether even that would be of any advantage."

This idea is so novel that it fascinated me as I read it; and in spite of fatal objections to the scheme as laid down I am not at all sure but it might not be worked out and made a success by changing the lines a little. Some of the objections to the proposed plan are, that while the trout would spawn in the cage, other trout would eat the eggs—that is, while some spawned others would eat.

The fish, if crowded into a cage, would fight and injure themselves at spawning time, and the injured parts would grow fungus, which might do more or less injury to all; but without reciting all the objections, I will give what I believe to be suggestions that may insure success.

Go back to the idea of Ainsworth's spawning race; make the bottom of the cage double; provide gravel—not sand—for spawning beds, and have the first bottom of slats, so that when the trout prepare their beds and deposit their eggs the eggs fall through into the false bottom, which must be of coarse meshed wire, coarse enough to admit of free circulation of water and not coarse enough to let the eggs through. All parts of the cedar that will come in contact with the eggs must be charred and the cage must be anchored where there is a current. With all these precautions the eggs might smarten or fungus might form. I assume the cage can be anchored at an inlet where the current would be not unlike that in a hatching trough, or it might be possible to anchor it over springs that would give the necessary motion to the water to produce similar effect. It would certainly afford pleasure to those interested to work the thing out to success or failure, depending upon conditions to be obtained. Success would not produce the results that can be obtained in a hatchery where the eggs are constantly under observation and the dead ones removed daily. I imagine, too, that the per cent. of impregnation even in a carefully constructed race will be far below that obtained in a hatchery. If the facilities were at hand I would like to try the experiment of going back to Ainsworth's invention in such a cage as my friend suggests.

May Flies.

For a year or two I have mentioned in this column the date on which I have seen the first May flies on the screens at my library window. This year the first discovered were on the morning of May 9. This is scarcely a fair test of the season, whether it be early or late, as it requires a south wind to bring the flies to the window, and the south wind may not be blowing when the first flies rise. It will be noticed, however, that this year the flies appeared just after the "warm spell" set in which hatched out all insect life and melted humanity. The date alone would indicate that the season was earlier than last, but this, in a general way, is not so.

Lake Edward.

The morning that the fishing party consisting of Mr. J. W. Burdick, Supt. Manville, Mr. C. S. Webster, Mr. David Zieley, all of the D. & H. R. R., and Frederic Remington, returned from Lake Edward, I was in Albany, and I noticed that the general passenger agent lacked the usual bronzed face of an outing. I questioned him about the matter, and he admitted that he got well browned the first day or two, and that afterward sixty hours of continuous rain washed the color from his face and the courage from his system. The fish caught were not many in numbers, but they were all large fish. Mr. Burdick and Mr. Manville each caught a trout of 5lbs., and Mr. Remington one nearly as large, and half a dozen or so of other fish from 2½ to 3lbs. each were taken by members of the party. Mr. Burdick tells me that from June 1 the fishing will be good at Lake Edward and vicinity.

A Record Breaker.

I have just learned from a gentleman returning from Lake St. John that Lieut.-Col. Montizambert caught and killed seventy-seven ouananiche in two days' fishing below the falls of the Metabetchouan, and that when the gallant Colonel left to return to garrison duty in Quebec he was given a vote of thanks. My informant did not say whether the thanks were for killing so many fish or because he stopped fishing after two days of rare, red rare sport, for I suppose that was what it was called.

Prospects of Salmon Fishing.

Mr. John Mowat writes me from Dee Side, Metapedia, under date of May 27:

"You see that I date from a new place, twenty miles up the river from Campellton, where I have a couple of salmon pools which I have been trying to-day, but drew blank, I think owing to so much lumber; but the water was right, perhaps a little early, but I am sure there were some bright sea fish running. I also went down to Mr. Mitchell's pool this afternoon, and it drew blank for the same reason. Our weather has been very dry so far, but I am sure of good fishing by June 10. I still fancy we had fish in the river ten or twelve days ago, although not in numbers. I go up to the Kedgwick to-morrow, fifty miles, to test the pool one of my sons holds, and which Mr. Ayer is coming to fish about the 8th of June."

It is rather foreign to fishing for salmon in Canada, but I have recently heard from the Adirondacks through several sources that there are plenty of trout, but they will not bite as yet. A. N. CHENEY.

Even There.

CAÑON CITY, Col., May 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Of those who read FOREST AND STREAM I think those who most appreciate your interesting publication are the unfortunate disciples of Izaak Walton who are confined inside prison walls. As one of such said, "The next best thing to a pardon is FOREST AND STREAM." It seems to carry us back to the old home in the East and to the banks of the river where the black bass and pickerel are wont to disport themselves. Again we stand upon its banks preparing our rods and reels for a few hours' battle with the black bass. After stowing our lunch and can of tea in convenient locker prepared for them in the boat, we push out in the gently flowing current and in a moment we are whipping its waters.

I have never seen this river (which is called Grand River in the State of Michigan) mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM, and have often wondered at it, for it is one of the best bass and pickerel streams in Michigan.

X. Y. Z.

Good Luck Stories are Common.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 10.—Chicago anglers who have returned from short trips to the fishing regions of Wisconsin and Michigan report the most excellent sport. Two well-known Chicago gentlemen caught in two half days 158 black bass in Black Oak, Mamie and Big lakes, their headquarters during their stay being at Bent's resort, near State Line, Wis. Other parties returning from Pelican Lake, Manitowish and the trout lake district brought with them some very fine specimens of muskallonge and black bass. The experience of these fishermen seems to indicate that the amended laws prohibiting fishing before June 1 are highly beneficial, as "good luck stories" are more universal than ever before. W. B. KNISKERN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Fishing Grounds.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 8.—The fishing season is now in full swing, and the reports coming in from all our adjacent angling waters are of a sort to seriously disturb one's piece of mind. When trout and bass begin to act this way it always becomes perfectly evident to me that no man on a sportsmen's paper ought to work over one week in the year at the outside. This "Chained to Business" idea is awful tough when you come to apply it right at home.

Most of our anglers go to Wisconsin and Michigan for their fishing. Comparatively few Chicago anglers go to Minnesota, yet probably that is to-day even better as an angling region. Though personally I know very little of that country, I hear the most enthusiastic stories from friends who go there. This spring a local St. Paul paper got up a sort of list of the good fishing waters—or part of them; for the name of such is legion—and as a possible help to inquirers I append the cutting, which says:

"Among the desirable resorts for fishing within reach of St. Paul citizens are White Bear Lake, Lake Minnetoka, Bald Eagle Lake, Dalles of the St. Croix, Snake River, near Pine City, the two Chisago Lakes that extend for thirty miles in connection with a chain of lakes, Lake Superior with its many tributary streams. The thousands of lakes in the northern part of the State, numerous lakes near Osakis, 130 miles from St. Paul. Lake Itasca, in the northern part of the State, is one of a large group of lakes. Park Rapids is adjacent to another cluster of lakes. Lakes are also adjacent to the towns of Carlton, Aitkin, Sandy Lake, Deerwood, Grand Rapids, Brainerd, Wadena, Paynesville, Sauk Centre, Atwood, Milaca, St. Bonifacius, Waverly, St. Joseph, Murdock, Big Lake, Roscoe, Tintah, New London, Clearwater, Spicer, Freeport, Dassel, Cold Springs, Pelican Rapids, Maple Plain, Itaska, Fosston, Melrose, Evansville, Grove City, Erdahl, Elbow Lake, Delano, Long Lake, Dalton, Appleton, Cottonwood, Hawick, Garfield, Elizabeth, Avon, Thornsburg, Browns Valley, Princeton, Hereford."

There is something up in that Park Rapids chain of lakes worth investigating. Some say there are no muscallonge in those waters, and some say there are. It seems certain that the fish, be it 'lunge or great Northern pike, runs very large, and I have gruesome tales of stout tackle snapped like thread. When I get rich in the newspaper business, and cease to be chained to business, I am going up to Park Rapids in the interest of sport. Meantime, somebody else would better not wait, but go right on up there and see what those big fish are and how they act. Minnesota is bound to be the next field for the far-reaching Chicago angler.

A party consisting of J. M. Pease, sheriff of Cook county; W. D. Boyce, of the *Saturday Blade;* Henry Hertz, deputy county clerk of Cook county; Dr. E. R. Bennett, Dr. F. D. Porter, R. Henselman, A. Larson, E. L. Mason, T. Wisshuck, R. Schmid and Robert Hayes left this week for upper Michigan, where they will spend two weeks fishing.

Speaking of 'Lunge.

Speaking of 'lunge, the following from the daily press in regard to the Thousand Islands waters may be of interest:

"OTTAWA, Ont., June 4.—Chicago people who frequent the Thousand Islands in summer will be glad to learn that this season they will not be subject to the annoyance of having to take out $5 angling licenses, Minister of Marine Costigan having decided to set apart the St. Lawrence in the Thousand Island district on both sides as a common fishing resort for the people of both countries. When the Anglers' Association meets next week 1,500 strong at Alexandria Bay the Canadian Fishing Commission will attend to arrange uniform regulations."

They Met by the Yazoo.

Last week Percy Stone, of Chicago, who buys hardwood lumber, was down in the Yazoo Dell country of Mississippi after some lumber. When he started North he found his railway car was not much crowded, and next to him was a brown and rugged looking man who got on at one of the little way stations.

"I looked at this fellow," says Percy, "and I noticed that when he paid his fare to the conductor he pulled out a roll of bills about as thick as my leg, and took off a $20 bill. Thinks I, that must be some other timber buyer, or he wouldn't have so much money; so I thought I'd speak to him to pass away the time. He told me he wasn't buying timber, but was 'collecting feathers.' I asked him what sort, and he said plumage feathers, and showed me a bunch of egret plumes, thick as my thumb, which he said was worth over a hundred dollars. Of course, I read FOREST AND STREAM, and I had heard elsewhere that Billy Griggs, the big market-hunter, shot plumage each spring in the South somewhere. So I says to him:

"'Did you ever hear of a fellow by name of Billy Griggs, that shoots down in this country somewhere?'

"'What's your name?' he says, looking at me hard.

"'My name's Stone, of Chicago,' I said. Then he looked at me again and said:

"'Mr. Stone, I m Griggs!'

"Well, I was tickled to death to meet him, and he was to meet me, and as he knew most of my friends among the shooters in Chicago, we had a long talk, and the result was we got off at a little station somewhere down there and spent the day just visiting. Billy told me there that he had cleaned up about a thousand dollars on egrets this season, and had shot out one or two roosts and was then on his way to another that he knew of. He had been down there in the swamps alone for so long that he was mighty glad to see some one he knew.

"I stopped at Bobo Station for a little while, and talked with the relative of your bear-hunting friend, Mr. Bobo. I may go down there to buy some lumber some day."

The San Mateos.

It is my personal misfortune to have lost a bear (or at least I think now that I have), a large bear about 12ft. long, with whiskers along his back and a foot the size of a ham. Whenever a Western man comes into the office I ask him for news about my bear, and sometimes I think I have got track of him, now in the Black Hills, now in the Salmon River range, now in the Saw-tooths, or again in Washington or Alaska. But to-day I think I have learned about where my bear is, and if I didn't have to work once in a while I would go there next fall and get him. Enter to the FOREST AND STREAM this morning Dr. L. W. Cock, late of San Marcos, Tex., but now located in Chicago with the Acme Fumigator Co. Dr. Cock's friend, Mr. T. H. Glover, of San Marcos, reads FOREST AND STREAM and wrote Dr. Cock telling him to call and to fix up at once an arrangement for a big hunt in southern Texas next October, with an adjourned session to the ranch of a friend away out in the San Mateo Mountains of New Mexico, where last fall the silver-tips were a common nuisance on the range, and where cats and mountain lions abound the year round. Dr. Cock drew a picture of this lovely wild mountain country—camp outfit, plenty of good horses, two Mexicans to cook, good wood and water, silver-tips, lions and cats, antelope and deer, maybe a mountain sheep or so—till I begged him to be silent. He certifies me that my lost bear is living down in that country now, and asks me if I am going to allow property of the sort to remain unclaimed. Very alluring indeed is such a picture, for I once lived down in that region, and any name with a "San" ahead of it has a fascination for me to-day, so that I am afraid if I went I would stay there. Dr. Cock says he likes the North, but doesn't like the cookery.

"I'd give $5 for one good square Mexican meal with plenty of *chile* dishes in it!" he said. Very well. When we revisit the old "San" country of dreams and delights we can, thank fortune, get plenty of *chile* once more. And, at last, may not we meet his long-lost bear?

A Great Beaver Dam.

"The surveying party engaged in locating the line of the Winnipeg and Great Northern Railway," says the Winnipeg *Free Press*, "came across a remarkable beaver dam some distance north of Gladstone a few days ago. It extends across a slight depression and is fully 1,000ft. long and from 4 to 5ft. wide at the top, with sloping sides. The dam is built of chips, sticks, stones, clay, etc., and the work so cleverly executed that it seems incredible that it could have been done by animals. A skillful engineer could not have planned the work better, and modern mechanics could not build a more substantial structure. It is evidently very old, but has withstood the ravages of time with almost as much resistance as if it were a solid wall of rock. The dam at one time must have held back quite a large body of water." E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., June 3.—Messrs. A. H. Raymond, S. J. Raymond, W. H. Nash, G. H. Greenia, of the South Brooklyn Wheelmen, guests at the Union House, took fifty-five bass, weighing 66lbs., as the first catch of the season.

June 4.—The fishing is remarkable for this time of the year here. The same party was out this morning and captured twenty fine bass and one 4-pounder.

J. A. FRISBIE.

FORKED RIVER, N. J., June 5.—Bluefishing for the past week has been very good here, and at the present time continues so. J. B. TILTON.

DULUTH, Minn.—Black bass fishing is good in Serpent Lake, at Deerwood. W. P. Parks, F. A. Patrick, and J. A. Ferguson brought home a catch of fine black bass weighing nearly 100lbs., and A. W. Knehnow, H. E. Hinton and Marvin brought back an excellent catch.

Canadian Boatmen.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., June 7.—The Niagara County Anglers' Club held its annual tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake to-day. Canadian boatmen and Canadian boats were employed. The war which the club and its officers has been waging on illegal fishermen has enraged them to such an extent that the fishermen endeavored to retaliate to-day by having the entire club arrested by the Immigrant Commissioner. The cause of this was the claim of the fishermen that the club men hire Canadian boats and boatmen and fish in United States waters, thus violating the alien contract labor law. The club was ready for this move. The members had interviewed the United States Attorney's office in Buffalo, and had in their possession the following letters:

UNITED STATES ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, Northern Division of New York, Buffolo, June 5.—Messrs. John F. Little and Hiram K. Wicker, Committee of the Niagara County Anglers' Club, Lockport, N. Y.: Gentlemen—Replying to your inquiry whether or not it will be a violation of any statute of the United States for the members of your club on the occasion of the club's annual excursion and tournament to employ for the occasion Canadian boatmen to row their boats for the members of the club in United States waters, I have to say: That I have carefully examined this question and am unable to find any statute of the United States which prohibits such employment. Such employment would not be the importation of foreigners or aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in the United States within the meaning of the statute to prohibit such importation, etc., and I can therefore say to you that none of the members of your club who employ such Canadian boatmen will be subject to arrest in this district for so doing. Yours, etc., W. F. MACKAY, Assistant U. S. Attorney.

Maurice F. O'Brien, Immigrant Inspector: My Dear Sir—The Niagara County Anglers' Club have their annual excursion and tournament at Youngstown on Friday of this week. They are somewhat alarmed over the prospect of your arresting the whole outfit if they employ any Canadian boatmen to row them on that day. I have just advised a committee of that club that their employment of Canadian boatmen on that day will not be a violation of any statute of the United States, and in this opinion Mr. De Barry, with whom I talked about the matter some weeks ago, concurs. While it would perhaps be desirable to retaliate upon our Canadian neighbors in this matter, I do not see how it can be done under the present state of the law, and therefore advise you that nothing be done to interfere with the pleasure of these gentlemen on the 7th instant. Yours very truly, W. F. MACKAY, Assistant U. S. Attorney.

It was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts.—*Izaak Walton.*

NEWS OF BOSTON FISHERMEN.

BOSTON, June 8.—There are very few places in the East which furnish such good bass fishing as the ponds lying near Belgrade Mills, Maine. They are large bodies of water, and seem to contain an inexhaustible supply of bass. A few years ago the fishing was but little known to Boston men, and the few who went there were careful to say but little about it. Even now there is some attempt to keep it quiet, but the fishing public have gradually become acquainted with the facts, and in the future the locality promises to be well frequented by hopeful anglers each season. John J. Ray, A. G. Weeks, Jr., Dr. Harry Hamilton and M. C. Greaves are some of the men who go there each season.

The bass do not run to very heavy weights, 3½lbs. being quite large size, but there are any quantity from 2½ to 3 lbs., and they are all good fighters. Dr. Hamilton will soon leave for the Rangeley Lakes, and will stop on his way home for a few days at a farm which he owns near Belgrade, driving over to the ponds to enjoy the fishing. This gentleman has dropped his line into the waters of all sections of the country, and is about as devoted to the rod as one can be. About three years ago he took an extended fishing trip through the Yellowstone country. He has also had great sport with the salmon on the Pacific coast, and has made two trips into the Lake St. John country, fishing for salmon at the Grande Décharge, and going far to the north of the lake in the woods with guides, where he found plenty of large trout. Speaking of Western fishing, it has become quite a fad with some Boston parties to take a camping trip of six or eight weeks through the Western mountains, and even up into British Columbia. They generally start toward the last of the summer, extending the trip into the fall in order to get both fishing and shooting. All who have tried it are enthusiastic to the highest degree, and speak of it as exceedingly reasonable in the matter of expense.

Mr. A. A. Merrifield and a few friends have just returned from a bass fishing trip to the Cape. They have been fishing Hog, Spectacle and other ponds near South Sandwich, and succeeded in getting many bass and a number of pickerel. Mr. Merrifield spent last season fishing the streams of Colorado, and has some stories to tell of his experiences in that country which are extremely interesting.

One of the largest parties which have visited Moosehead Lake this season has just returned to Boston, after a week spent at the lake. They are the members of the New England Guild of Gas Managers and their friends. They left Boston on June 1, and the party consisted of C. H. Dickey, Baltimore; A. B. Slater, Providence; H. B. Leach, Taunton; W. H. Curtis, Haverhill; F. W. Norton, Nashua; F. M. Hammond, W. H. Spaulding and W. H. Gibbs, of Clinton; J. H. Bledsoe, Waltham; C. S. Spaulding, Wakefield; J. A. Leonard, Lynn; G. F. McMun, Marlboro; H. A. Norton, Frank Lawrence, F. J. Davis, C. W. Hinman, F. J. Rabbeth and F. W. Thomas, all of Boston. The party made their headquarters at the Kineo House, going from there in steamers to different parts of the lake and fishing from canoes taken with them. Most of the fishing was trolling, but they caught some with the fly. Three hundred and eighty-three fish made the sum total of trout taken, about equally divided between square tails and lakers. The largest laker weighed 14¼lbs., and was taken by Edward Leonard. The largest speckled trout was 3lbs. and 9oz. The weather was cold, and too windy for much fly fishing, but all hands were well satisfied with results, and had a grand good time.

Mr. G. N. Talbot, C. D. Sias and W. W. Sias are members of a club who have a large preserve near Willimantic, Conn. Being so near Boston, it is convenient to run over there quite often, and last week five of the club members who made a short trip over captured 225 trout of good size. Pretty good this for a few hours' ride from Boston. The club have a nice house and a well kept farm on the preserve, and enjoy every comfort while there.

The express companies are catching it right and left from returning fishermen just now, and there seems to be some justice in the many complaints that are made. The railroad companies will not check the fish, and there is no resource left but the express company, unless one wishes to take upon himself the task of lugging along the heavy package in the hand. The complaints made seem to arise from two causes: first, the matter of overcharge; and secondly, the difficulty of getting the package after reaching Boston.

Two gentlemen of my acquaintance, who have just returned from the Rangeleys, were obliged to pay $3 charges for 50lbs. of fish to Boston. This seems to me very exorbitant, but, as I am not thoroughly conversant with express rates, I do not feel like criticising the price. I do know that it is the general impression that the express companies are taking advantage of the people who are using them as carriers, and all seem to agree that it is impossible to get any rebate or satisfaction of any kind. In regard to the second complaint, nearly all returning fishermen who arive at the Union station in Boston get there at night, and practically all of them have long distances to go to get to their homes. Naturally, they wish to take their fish with them at once, and it is decidedly unpleasant to wait around for two and even three hours at the depot, as some parties have had to do, before the packages were delivered. This is so plainly wrong that I cannot believe the companies would intentionally do it, and the matter should receive the prompt attention of those in authority for correction. Judging from the indignation displayed by those who have had this experience, I think they will conclude to change the rules in this respect very soon, as they are bound to hear of it quite forcibly.

Mr. G. W. Pitcher, of Providence, has gone to Cape Breton, where he fishes the Baddeck, St. Denis and other streams. He will be away from home the entire season, and later on will go to Newfoundland to enjoy some of the great fishing to be had on that island. Florida in the winter and the far North in the summer time is the motto of Mr. Pitcher, and his rod and tackle box accompany him everywhere.

Messrs. Swain, Grover and Hixon, of the Swain-Grover party of Lynn, have returned from the Rangeleys. They had a splendid time and were well satisfied with the fishing. They stopped at Camp Bemis for two weeks. It was Mr. Hixon's first extended fishing trip, but surely will not be the last, as he was very much taken up with the sport and gives fair promise of becoming a confirmed disciple of Walton. His score for the trip was 32 trout, the largest 6lbs., then 4½lbs., the rest grading down to 1lb. in weight. Mr. Grover was high line for the party, getting 47 fish, the largest weighing 5lbs. Mr. Swain's score reached 42 nice fish. Their best fishing was had near Toothaker Island, although Mr. Grover's largest fish was taken right off from the camp.

C. F. Dowse has just returned from the Rangeleys. He has been stopping at Billy Soule's and also at Student's Island. His companion (a brother, I believe, and a novice at fishing) broke his rod so badly almost the first day out as to give up all hope of fishing with it again on that trip in its complete form. Being of an ingenious nature, he rigged up the butt piece with a ring lashed to the ferule, and in that condition took the largest trout of the trip. Accidents evidently do not overcome this gentleman.

Mr. John Reding, of Boston, and Arthur B. Waring, of Yonkers, N. Y., are on their annual trip at Moosehead Lake. These gentlemen have gone at about this time every season for some years and are generally very successful. Jacob Gray Estey, of Brattleboro, Vt., and Boston, is at Moosehead to try the fishing. He will stay at the Kineo House for about two weeks. Dr. Eliott, William Lee and Joseph Brown, all of Lawrence, are stopping with Wilson at the outlet and are having good fishing. E. F. Coburn and Judge Stone, also of Lawrence, have just returned from Wilson's. Their largest fish weighed 4lbs., the smallest 1¾lbs. They also had good fishing at Indian Pond until the lumber company let the logs down, which spoiled the sport. A great many people are coming and going in the Moosehead region this year, and everybody speaks well of their luck.

J. H. Hoyt and P. B. Mansfield, of Lynn, and W. E. Beggs, of Woburn, have arrived home from Grand Lake. They had warm weather and only fair fishing. There is considerable criticism of the Maine Commissioners among sportsmen in regard to their failure to provide a fishway in the dams on Grand Lake stream. It does seem a crowning neglect. Why is it?

HACKLE.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, June 5.—The trout fishermen are returning, the first grand rush for the lakes and streams being over. Most of them bring back bronzed cheeks and some of them sun-burned noses. The last week has been very hot, with a glaring sun and little wind. This has made very poor fishing at many of Maine's best resorts. Such is not the tone of the reports in the papers, the only object of which is to boom the fishing resorts, however. To read these papers one hears only of the successes; the many failures are never mentioned. The lovers of the angle should read these papers with the above idea in view, and look to the FOREST AND STREAM for the facts.

Mr. C. Z. Bassett, of Appleton & Bassett, with Mr. G. N. Smalley, have returned from their spring fishing trip. They went first to Billy Soule's, where they had fair fishing. They then came down the lake and over to the Middle Dam. The fishing at the Middle Dam has been as good as at any point in the Rangeley region. Mr. J. R. Stewart has caught there a trout 29in. long and weighing 8lbs. This fish was forwarded to Boston and shown in Appleton & Bassett's window, where it attracted a good deal of attention.

But the most peculiar piece of trout fishing luck of the season also has happened at the Middle Dam. The good fortune has fallen to a lady, Mrs. C. W. Dunham, of Brattleboro, Vt. Mr. C. Z. Bassett gives me the account for the FOREST AND STREAM, and it is doubtless correct, for Mr. Bassett was there at the time. It seems that Mrs. Dunham was trolling from a boat with her husband, and George Thomas as guide. They were moving along in front of the Sandbank, when Mrs. Dunham felt a tremendous strike and hooked her fish. This was late in the afternoon, and the fun immediately began. Mrs. Dunham clung to the rod, following the directions of the guide and Mr. Dunham. But not an inch could she gain on the vicious fighter, and nearly all her line was out. One hour passed, and it was after sunset, when Mr. Dunham offered to take the rod, but the plucky lady declined. Her hands became numb from the effects of the strain in holding the rod. The guide would rub them and pound them and encourage her, when the fight would be renewed. Two whole hours had passed, and still the trout had scarcely yielded an inch that had not been quickly taken again. Darkness was coming on, and a lantern was sent out by another boat from the Middle Dam Hotel. The fight was continued for two hours and twenty minutes, when the fish finally came up to where the guide could reach him with the net. Curiously enough, the big fellow did not come up head foremost, as is almost always the case, and the guide found some difficulty in getting him into the net. He finally succeeded, and the trout was in the boat, when—behold! he was hooked securely through the dorsal fin. His weight was exactly 9lbs., one of the largest of Rangeley brook trout. Such a hooking and such a battle with a big trout by a lady must go down into the annals of angling as a most remarkable instance.

Mr. Bassett and Mr. Smalley went on to B. Pond in company with Mr. Edgar W. Curtis, one of the proprietors of the new camp at the Pond in the River. There they had fine sport fly-fishing. Mr. Bassett caught eighty trout on the fly, nearly all of which were returned to the water uninjured.

June 6.—Another trouble has struck the trout and salmon fishermen, coming upon them unusually early. The hot weather of last week turned out millions of black flies and mosquitoes. These pests were not due for a week, at the very shortest time; but the hot week in May seems to have warmed the water in the pools, a condition favorable to the early development of insects. The Camp Stewart party at Richardson Lake was actually driven out by mosquitoes and black flies several days earlier than the members intended breaking camp. The fishing was poor enough to magnify other troubles. Mrs. George T. Freeman made the best catch of any one in the party. She took twelve trout in one day, none less than half a pound and up to 2lbs. in weight. This was her best catch. The next day she took a 4lb. trout, however. Dr. Wood got a trout weighing 3½lbs., and Mr. Freeman one of 4lbs. No catches were being made in that region when the party left on Monday. Many fishermen are very sorry that a public camp has been established at Big Richardson Pond. Mr. John Chadwick, who has charge of the camp hotel at the Upper Dam, built a camp at Richardson Pond last winter and has put in boats there. Heretofore there have been no boats to be had there, except private property. Parties can hire this camp of him, with boats, and he will provision them. The result is that the pond is being pretty rapidly fished out. Mr. Harry Dutton has a camp also at Borie Beach. Such is the march of improvement.

The last Boston party for the Katahdin Iron Works reached that celebrated trout section last week. They struck the hot weather, and with it such a swarm of mosquitoes and black flies that they were almost driven from the woods. In the party were Messrs. J. S. Richards, Wm. F. Keeler, F. N. Sleeper, of Boston, and Wm. B. Tobie, of North Berwick, Maine. Mr. Wm. J. Follett, of Boston, did not go, for the reason that he was delayed a day or two after the party had gone, and the others wrote him of the flies and mosquitoes, and he did not start.

Mr. Follett will go to the Inglewood later, of which association he is a member. He hopes to have a large party that will go for fly-fishing altogether. His wife and boys will accompany him. Mr. Henry E. Cobb left for the Inglewood to-day. He is to be accompanied by a friend or two, I understand. They will fish for several days. Col. C. A. Hopkins has been down to the Inglewood with a party of friends. They had very fair fishing, but were troubled somewhat by mosquitoes and flies. They are at loss to account for the very early appearance of these pests of the angler.

Mr. Edward L. Pickard, for many years a prominent member of the Oquossoc Anglers' Association, is just back to business from his annual visit to Indian Rock. He had fair fishing only, but was much delighted with the capture of a landlocked salmon weighing 4 or 5lbs. He also got a 3½lbs. trout.

Dr. T. Jefferson Scales, of New York, has been having his share of the good fishing at Middle Dam. He struck that resort about the right time. There are still more glowing accounts of fly-fishing at B. Pond. It is reported that anglers are getting 20lbs. a day there, returning all the small trout to the water. Well, if we must fish for count and to beat, then it is better that the small trout all be returned to the water. But how would it do to cultivate the habit of getting our enjoyment out of catching the few trout actually needed for the table? Senator Simpkins, of the Cape, has been at B. Pond with a friend. He fully expected Mr. J. Otis Wetherbee, of Boston, to join him, but at last accounts that gentleman was being kept at home.

June 7.—Codfishing parties down the harbor begin to be in order. Yesterday Com. Ned Dixon, of the Atlantic Yacht Club, with Tom Herbert, William D. Finley and Arthur F. Winslow, of the Boston *Globe;* M. J. Desmond, of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Thomas Brophe and others, were treated to a fine sail down to the Light on the clipper catboat Pilgrim. The boat was in charge of Capt. Emil Saxon. He took the party through Hull Gut and out into Quincy Bay after the fishing was over. The codfishing, as well as the sail and the rest of the outing, was thoroughly enjoyed by the newspaper men and the others. About 100 rock cod were taken in two hours' fishing between the Light and the Red Buoy. Such fishing is rare, and all speak in the highest terms of it.

Mr. David H. Blanchard, with Mr. Richard O. Harding, for so many years secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, hope to start for Mr. Blanchard's salmon river about June 19. Later they expect to be joined by Mr. E. Rolins Morse. Mr. Blanchard will spend several weeks at his salmon preserve, and Mr. Harding will stay as long as business will permit. Mr. Blanchard has lately returned from a trouting trip to some of the Monson, Me., ponds, which ponds he has fished on former seasons. He found that the ponds were being excessively fished even before his arrival.

It is out at last. A paper, published at Rangeley, Me., and called *Rangeley Lakes.* The initial number is well put together, as a newspaper; to be devoted exclusively to booming the Rangeley region, and first, last and forever, the fishing there. Every good catch since the ice went out is recorded in the first issue, but not a single failure is noted. Give us the whole truth, boys, or don't tell all the favorable side and leave the hundred and one disappointments unmentioned. Such a bright, little sheet as you show yourselves to be capable of making deserves to succeed. But it cannot succeed upon misrepresentation. Dare to tell us how Jones or Smith fished for several days with scarcely a trout; how their faces were burned; how the mosquitoes and black flies did bite. Tell the truth, the whole truth, and shame the man who wants you to lie about that fishing resort. This will inspire confidence in your paper, and confidence begets success.

The Col. Rockwell Party is back in Boston again. They found very poor fishing and a great plenty of hot weather, glaring sun and mosquitoes and black flies. They fished from Allerton Lodge and from the home of the Oquossoc Angling Association, but with little success. Some of the party caught absolutely nothing, while others got very few. The party generally feels that they were too late.

Fishing has really been better, even during the hot weather at Moosehead than at the Rangeleys. Please excuse me, ye Rangeley boomers, for daring to say such a thing. Mr. J. F. Dwinell, of Boston, who has visited Moosehead for a great many years, is there at the present writing. But this time he is accompanied by his grandson, J. F. Dwinell, Jr., and it is plain that the young man is of as much consequence as the fishing. He is 15 years old and is enjoying the sport as only a boy can enjoy it. He has caught some fine trout trolling, and writes his father that he wishes his grandfather would teach him to throw the fly. Mr. Dwinell is having very good success, taking several 2lb. and 3lb. trout on the fly. A cousin of the young fisherman is also there, but so far the boy has beaten him.

SPECIAL.

The Shrinkage of Fish Out of Water.

GENEVA, N. Y., May 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of our local fishermen took a lake trout from our lake here (Seneca) last night that ten hours after taken from the water weighed nearly 22lbs. We have gotten into a little controversy over the amount of shrinkage there is in a fish, and wish you would state in your paper about what is generally considered a fair estimate in say from ten to fifteen hours after being out of the water.

E. HOWELL HOWELL.

American Fisheries Society.

THE American Fisheries Society met on Tuesday of this week in the New York Aquarium. A report of the meeting will appear in our next issue.

A PISCATORIAL EPISODE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Once upon a time (you may see at once that this is a fairy story) a fellow of my acquaintance was possessed of the silly craze of loving to wet his legs in a mountain stream—temperature in July 33°, minus probably, or perhaps plus, I forget which—in the vain hope of catching, say twice a day, a 7in. trout, measured with liberal eye or weighed in a scale somewhat out of plumb—though these little details are of no consequence whatever.

In the yearly excursions made by this accomplished fisherman he usually had the companionship of three friends, each of whom was able, when conversing with strangers or in the bosom of his innocent and unsophisticated family, to transform, without great stress of conscience, a fingerling into a 1lb. trout, and to describe without quaver of voice the frantic struggles and gyrations of this powerful fish before yielding to the superior prowess of his captor. And I am ashamed to confess that I formed one of this quartette and was imbued with all the imaginative powers of my companions—in other words, could lie with the best of them; but I was young then, and God forgive me.

I didn't intend, however, to talk about myself; but these reminiscences take me back many, many years, to one glorious June morning, when, after a five-mile tramp and profuse perspiration, we struck the stream. The flowing waters were throwing out their sparkling diamonds beneath the morning sun, and the brook as it sped on its downward way laughed and gurgled and talked to us, while the trees that bent over the bank softly moved in the light breeze, offering us the sweet cover of their umbrageous foliage.

I stood for the first time rod in hand and line extended, with trembling hand and thumping heart, awaiting my new venture in unknown waters. We were four then, as now, and the elder, if not the better fisherman, stood beside the neophyte, instructing him and watching his first cast.

Ah! how well it comes back to me, that glorious day in early summer, as I cast my bait upon the waters, and watched it riding the riffle to the pool below. The birds were singing, the lullaby of the waters was fast casting a glamour over me, when all of a sudden a little tug on my line, a second's gleaming of a shiny form, a disappearance beneath the wave, and a taut line. "Strike him, you blamed fool," cried at once three voices (and have you ever noticed at critical moments how many different octaves and inflections are compassed in the voice of man?). "Easy now; raise the tip of your rod, you idiot, and you have him." I caught on at once, taught by the lore that I had absorbed from my companions, who had persistently talked fish to me all the way up from New York; and with my little 10oz. rod and a line positively not over ⅛in. in thickness, with a big gob of a worm at the end thereof (I had not then arrived at the dignity of a fly), I led that fellow a pretty dance. This monster of the deep I dragged hither and thither, through the still waters of the pool below up through the riffle of the dancing waves above, against pebbles on shore and rock amidst, with my reel clicking in unison with my heart, until by a dexterous though perhaps somewhat too emphatic motion I sprang my rod, and the poor fish was tossed high in air, to descend and hang pendent from one of my sighing trees. I quickly though perhaps nervously disengaged him—but shall I ever forget to my dying day the reproachful and contemptuous look on the face of that poor little *Salvelinus fontinalis*?

He weighed 7oz. I scaled him myself, and I know, though I told my friends that he weighed 11½—and they answered me with nothing but a sickening smile.

As for my line, it was wound fourteen times around a limb of the tree, and I was compelled to cut the Gordian knot with my new jack-knife, bought for just these special occasions. But that experience made me the expert fisherman that, away from the stream, I imagine and claim myself to be.

But this is all nonsense and just wasting time. I didn't intend to go into all this foolishness, but visions of my credulous youth, with flowing, laughing waters and flitting clouds and bending trees, have carried me off my feet and for a moment drowned my sober sense.

But to come to business. This friend of mine, of whom I started to tell—a good fellow too, barring some piscatorial eccentricities—became worried one spring because his friends did not come up to the scratch as promptly as usual and settle the question as to when and where they should invest five dollars a pound in brook trout, which might be bought in Fulton market—elegant specimens, too, and tamed to order—for 75 cents.

One of the foremost of these four was a great Latin scholar—at least he said he was—and to his credit be it told that, aside from some little thoughtless exaggerations now and then in the matter of his catch, he had been found, well, fairly truthful. Be that as it may, he quoted Latin volubly, swore profusely when occasion demanded in choice Etruscan, and had adopted as his pseudonym the classic name of Flucus Venum.

Now I don't know who the original Flucus was, and neither did he, but the name went; and as he was an important member of the party, to him an appeal was made, clothed in the choice language calculated to act on his sensitive and classic soul.

I have no patience myself with this sort of people, understand, and if the letter that I am about to give you has any moral at all it is in the line of teaching us that the pursuit of piscatorial impossibilities may put an immense quantity of "meagles" in the "think-box" of a city fisherman, who goeth forth in a carefully prepared Knickerbocker suit, a 6oz. rod with Scotch tackle, and impossible insects at the business end of the same, to seek for antediluvian fish. As for myself, I don't see what use we have for any foreign language at all. Anglo-Saxon is good enough for me, especially when I lose a large fish at my very feet. True, there have been a few occasions when in polite society I have needed to use some strong and emphatic phrases under cover, so to speak; but this seldom occurs, as most of our strong words are spoken on the stream at critical moments.

I give the letter verbatim, however, just as it was sent. It will show to what depths of inanity an otherwise austere and sensible man may be brought when led astray by the vain hope of finding during his summer vacation an 18in. trout in a 6in. stream.

NEW YORK, May 8, 1894.

My Dear Flucus Venum: In delaying our symposium for another week, I greatly fear you are doing *vulnus immediacabilis*. Do not forget, my dear boy, that *tempus fugit* very rapidly as the warm weather approaches, and we should be *ut quocunque paratus*, whatever our decision as to place may be.

I had hoped that before this we should have determined on some *point d'appui*, but *che sarà, sarà*, I suppose—and it is no use hurrying matters. Yet to delay longer is to go *de mal en pis*, and we should remember *ex nihilo, nihil fit*, or we will find ourselves when the time comes *non paratus*.

I long, *pour même*, to go somewhere where I can catch some *sox doligerios*, and have inscribed on my tombstone, after I have succumbed to the shock, "*hic jacet*" (as usual), a successful fisherman. With this feeling, naturally, *je suis prêt* to go to the Adirondacks, and may we be as ever *tout ensemble*. *A gute Zeit kommt.*

Convey these few plain sentiments, my dear boy, to our other friends *s'il vous voulez*, and tell them *mihi cura futuri*, and this alone, makes me so *exigeant*. They will understand and appreciate the purity of my motives, and finally *le bon temps viendra.*

A vuestra salud, W. C. R.

Now you've got the letter, use it as you please. Were I not, as stated above, opposed to the use of foreign terms, I should subscribe myself VERBUM SAP(HEAD.)

NEW YORK, June, 1895.

HAUNTS OF THE SEA BASS.

Trying Conclusions with a Gamy Fish.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, June 1.—"Listen to that!" said my companion as he gave a big silver reel a twist, and from it came a long silvery note—the kind of music that most men prefer to the opera or oratorio.

"To produce the right chords," continued the fisherman, "you must have a big sea bass, a 30 or 40-pounder, and then if I can't promise you some music never mind."

I had a music maker myself which I brought out, and we agreed to go in search of the musician the following day. My friend told me such stories of the fishing he had had during the past month that I woke up every hour during the night, and at daylight I made my way out to the beach and watched the Italian fishermen catching our bait.

It was a morning to invoke the gods. The little bay of Avalon was as smooth as a sea of glass. The hills rising on all sides were still in their winter greens, with here



STERLING LAKE TRUUT.

and there patches of white, yellow and lavender which grew in intensity as it became lighter. Away to the east great beams of light pierced the sky, and the scarlet glow was fading to gray.

As I stood watching the men and listening to the gentle music of the pebbles in the sand, my companion hove in sight; then Billy, the oarsman, with a bundle of rods. A few minutes later we were bounding over the little bay, with the flying fishes scaring away on either side of us and the big gulls that had been following the Italian seamen hovering overhead, looking wistfully down into the boat, where Billy was picking out a particularly shiny sardine as a first inducement.

It may interest fishermen in the East to know the equipment. The Colonel had a rod of split bamboo with two tips, weighing in all about 16oz. and very much like the tarpon rod used in Florida. On this he had his famous singing reel, an old-fashioned affair with a silver throat. The line was an eighteen strand cuttyhunk; my rod was longer and lighter, with four tips; the smallest being the end of a split bamboo trout rod, so that it was very supple, yet stiff enough for a 50lb. fish; in fact, I had tested it in a thirty-minute fight with 65lb. fish. The line was the same as the Colonel's, and I had 350ft. on a reel which Billy said could talk four languages.

The hooks were soon baited with sardines not half an hour out of the water, and as bright and gleaming as though molten silver had been poured over them as an illustration of the free silver gospel. These alluring bait we dropped astern 50ft. or so, and with rods on either side settled back on the cushioned seats and waited while the boat glided along down the rocky shore of the romantic island.

"Do you know," said the Colonel, "I take upon myself some credit in educating the sportsmen down here up to the sportsmanlike method. Five years ago you couldn't find a rod in Avalon, and I remember when I came over with my first rod Vincenti told me that a rock bass would play with it and carry it off to pick his teeth with, and when I said I was going to take a 30lb. yellowtail on it he thought I was raving mad. But when I did he changed his mind, and gradually the hand-lines have been dropped except for fast trolling on the launches, and almost every one uses a rod. Why, once—"

But the Colonel got no further; he was interrupted by a tuneful note, a zee-zee-ee! then ze-e-e-e-e! and the rod showed a disposition to tie itself in knots and dive into the blue water.

"It's a big fish, sir," whispered Billy. The Colonel evidently knew that, and was handling the rod with a delicacy of manipulation that was a study.

The Colonel was something of a mathematician, and the proposition was, "Given a fish of unknown weight and undoubted agility, and a line little larger than a thread, what will be the result?" The odds were on the Colonel, though at the start it must be confessed that it was a matter of doubt. The fish made a clean rush of nearly 200ft., literally tearing the line from the reel to a hornpipe that made the pulse quicken and the red of the Colonel's face take on a deeper tint.

"He's a line eater," said the sportsman, as he gently applied the brake, and then after a struggle succeeded in turning the fish that now was racing around the boat, making the water hiss where the line cut it, while the sheet of bubbles could be seen far down in the blue depths. Now it was coming in like an arrow, overrunning the line, until the Colonel was almost in dispair; then the fish turned and made a burst directly away, the reel singing in high notes and then ranging into a hoarse scream as the maddened animal swam for its life. But deftly the Colonel touched the brake and gently turned the rod, so that the strain of 200ft. of line was felt by the fish, adding to its burden.

For fifteen minutes the gamy creature fought with all the fury of perfect strength, bringing into play all the tactics, ruses and schemes that it knew—a never-ending variety; then the skillful wielder of the bamboo began to gain the supremacy and play with his game; and it was evident that, as light as the line was, it was quite enough for the big fish. Slowly it came in, and twenty times he reeled the fish almost within reach of the boat; as many times Billy fingered his gaff, and just so many times the gamy creature rushed away blindly in a mad attempt to break the line. Now its rushes were not so fierce, the rod was bending by its mere weight, and the Colonel was turning it from side to side, reeling when he could, touching the brake gently and caressingly. Finally, like a flash of golden bronze, a great fish dashed into the line of vision; for a moment it lay, dazzling us by its beauty, then Billy gaffed it, and, as though it was the proudest moment of his life, held the struggling monster up to our admiring gaze, then folding it away, as he would a treasure, in a cloth.

"And yet," remarked the Colonel, lighting his cigar and rubbing his wrists and hands, which trembled like an aspen after their twenty-five minutes' work, "they will tell you that the sea bass is not a fighter. He was game enough for a better fate."

The line was baited again, and the other which I had hauled in to prevent complications was unreeled, and on we went over the water with its depth of color, by high cliffs where white-headed eagles mocked us, and across the mouths of deep cañons faced with green. Here the mountain was cut down as with a knife; a little further on a little beach had found a foothold where the waves made melody with the flattened ribbles. On we went, until the roar of the sea lions caught the ear, and seal rock came in view with the big rollers coming in like tidal messengers. Here the water suddenly changed in color to a delicate green; patches of kelp covered the surface, and flocks of flying fish dashed into the air—the Santa Catalina birds of the sea.

Zeee—z-e-e-ee! interrupted the joy of it all, and in one quick second I was transported from the land of dreams to the stern reality of a hand-to-hand struggle. I lost 250ft. of line before I dared try the brake, and then it was only the pressure of the thumb that could be adjusted delicately to stem the enthusiasm of this game fish. One false motion, a kink in the line, a little too much resistance, and the game would be up; but nothing of the kind occurred. The Colonel breathed hard as the reel spoke, and at times grew asthmatic as he watched the rushes of the fish that fought me inch by inch, foot by foot. Finding all games at fault it made a final dash to the bottom and sulked there, 150ft. deep, and pounded on the line. Slowly it was lifted and reeled in, but when near the surface and it caught a glimpse of the boat, away it went with a rush that threatened disaster. But finally, after it had fought and tried the tricks of its tribe, it lay upon its side at our mercy—a magnificent fish in iridescent blue and pure silver, with golden yellow trimmings—the yellowtail, the amber fish, the white salmon, for it is all these to the Santa Catalinian; but we knew him simply as one of two of the gamiest fish we have caught, and Billy soon had him rolled with his mate, the sea bass.

Out beyond Church Rock we rowed, now in the sea way, and here had several strikes and took some gamy fish. From here we followed the island shore north, passing the strange painted cliffs. Here the rock bass were rising and lighter rods were taken out and much sport had with the 5 and 6-pound fish. But the sea bass and amber fish had much of our attention.

The sea bass of California is known to science and those fishermen who fish scientifically as *Cynoscion nobile*, and a noble fish it is. It resembles the sea trout of Virginia, or the squeteague of Massachusetts, or the famous weakfish of New York, and belongs to the same genus; but the California member of the family is the thunderer and ranges up to 80lbs., such a fish having been hooked in Avalon Bay last year, and captured by a lady after towing her all around the bay. PISCATOR.

Bass Fishing Near Syracuse.

MR. C. W. SMITH writes in the Syracuse *Standard* of bass fishing points reached from that city:

Oneida Lake—At Brewerton, South Bay, Shackleton's, Bridgeport, Lakeport, Messenger's, Fish Creek, North Bay, Cleveland, Bernhard's Bay and Constantia.

Oneida River—Brewerton, Caughdenoy, Oak Orchard and Three River Point.

Seneca River—Montezuma, Howland's Island, Weedsport, Jordan (in the river and in Cross Lake), Jack's Reef, Baldwinsville (above or below the dam), Red Bank, Mud Lock and Three River Point.

Oswego River—Phœnix, Hinmanville, Fulton, Minetto and Oswego; and these lakes: Onondaga, Otisco, Tully, Skaneateles, Owasco, Crooked and Cayuga.

Lake trout are now biting freely in Skaneateles, Owasco and Crooked lakes.

Sterling Lake Trout.

STERLING LAKE is in Rockland county, N. Y., not far from this city. Its waters were stocked some years ago with lake trout, and fishermen who are so fortunate as to gain permission to fish there nowadays have capital sport. Messrs. J. B. Staples and O. L. Marvin, of the Erie Railway, Jersey City, send us a photograph of two fish taken by them in Sterling Lake on May 15. One measured 36in. and weighed 14lbs., the other 35¼in. and weighed 11¼lbs. This record of the lucky and skillful fishermen has been the envy of their friends ever since.

Onondaga Anglers' Annual.

IF there are fish left in Oneida Lake to-day they are so nearly scared to death that the most consummate wiles of the fisherman's art will be of no effect for weeks to come in luring them from their hiding places to snap at tempting bait. A whirlwind of irresistible proportions struck those popular fishing waters yesterday, in the shape of a delegation of sixty members of the Anglers' Association, who with a few invited guests went out for their annual fishing contest. The finest summer morning this popular sportsmen's organization has ever met with on a similar occasion gave bright promises which were more than fulfilled in the delightful weather experienced during the whole day. Shortly after 6 A. M. the fishermen gathered on the Washburn House landing at Brewerton, and sides were chosen for the day's contest. G. W. Ingalls and O. G. Jones were selected as captains, and from the crowd of piscatorial fanatics present they picked their teams. Promptly at 7 o'clock, according to custom, a giant firecracker announced to the teams seated in their boats that the battle was on. Then there was a struggle between the boatmen of the rival crews to get up the outlet to the lake ahead of everyone else, and secure a mortgage on the best fishing grounds. Inside of an hour the small fleet of boats was scattered here and there over the surface of the lake, and was finally lost in innumerable black specks here and there in the distance. Fishing went on without a break until noon, when some of the anglers went to Frenchman's Island for luncheon, others supplied the wants of the inner man from well-filled baskets in their boats, while still others went ashore and ate a dinner in camp style in some woods, the oarsman acting as chef and frying "really the finest mess of fish I ever ate in my life." After dinner the fishing continued without interruption until 7:30 P. M. About 6 o'clock the boats came straggling back to Brewerton, one by one, and at 7:30 the boom of the firecracker announcing the end of the contest found the boats again at the hotel dock ready for the weigh-up. It was found that Capt. O. G Jones's side had scored 2,523 points, and Capt. Ingalls's 2,452. Many fine catches were displayed on the pier. The best of the day and one which is remarkable in these waters was the string of Warren Tallman and Eugene Eastman. They brought in 15 black bass aggregating in weight 34 pounds. Not one of the fish weighed less than two pounds, and three of them tipped the scales at three and one-half. Charles Mowry had landed 22 pike averaging nearly two pounds apiece. O. G. Jones caught 33½ pounds of pike and bass near South Bay. The catches were nearly all far larger than those of last year, and when the total weight has been calculated it is certain that the total of 218 pounds caught last year will be thrown far in the shade. As soon as the fish were weighed they were photographed, suspended on a screen in the ballroom of the Wasburn House. Before taking the train for home the fishermen sat down to supper, part going to the Washburn House and part to "Nett" Wood's.

SUMMARY OF POINTS.

	Points.		Points.
1. C. H. Mowry	448	21. F. B Putnam	99
2. G. C. Corcoran	374	22. J. E. Coon	93
3. W. D. Tallman	362	23. W. H. Schilley	92
4. E. Eastman	312	24. I. Schwartz	89
5. Joseph Baker	200	25. A. F. Stinard	85
6. M. J. French	179	26. L. A. Stevenson	84
7. E. W. Houser	166	27. M. H. Schwartz	83
8. Louis Will	165	28. D. V. Ferris	82
9. W. S. Morey	151	29. Amos Padgham	76
10. George B. Wood	147	30. C. G. Miller	70
11. L. F. Ormsbee	145	31. R. A. Molyneux	58
12. J. C. Melligan	132	32. A. Hahn	58
13. W. A. Hill	128	33. B. Klapetzsky	56
14. W. B Tifft	127	34. F. H. Hale	52
15. J. E. Bierhardt	123	35. C. H. Barnes	38
16. W. K. Squire	121	36. E. J. Page	38
17. F. C. Brower	117	37. F. B. Garrett	37
18. F. H. Stinard	116	38. W. H. Larrabee	27
19. F. B. Scott	106	39. A. M. Strong	23
20. C. W. Coleman	105	40. F. E. Howell	11

Canandaigua Fishing Tournament.

THE Canandaigua (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club will have its annual fishing tournament on Thursday, June 20. The captains of the two contesting teams will be Lewis H. Adams and Walter H. Knapp. The rules of the contest have been changed somewhat for this year, and are as follows:

Rule 1. Only members in good standing are eligible to contest.

2. Fishing is restricted to Canandaigua Lake, its inlets and outlets.

3. All fish must be caught between the hours of 12 o'clock midnight of the 19th and 9:30 p. m. the 20th. All fishermen contesting must report with their catch at the town house on or before 9:30 p.m. All fish presented later will be barred and will not be counted.

4. Each and every fish must be caught by hook and line or rod and line—the line or rod and line to be handled and every fish landed by contestant.

5. No set line or other devices than those mentioned above will be permitted.

6. A supper will be provided on the night of contest which must be paid for by the team scoring the lowest number of points.

7. No contestant will be allowed more than one prize.

8. All fish must be displayed at town hall till 10:30 p.m.

The kinds of fish with the points allowed are here given: German trout, 8 inches, 40 points; lake trout, 14 inches, 40 points; black bass, 8 inches, 35; pike, 14 inches, 40; chub, 8 inches, 9 points; pickerel, 12 inches, 8 points; perch, 6 inches, 5 points; bullheads 8 inches, 5; rock bass, 6 inches, 5; sunfish, 6 inches, 4; suckers, 10 inches, 3; carp, 8 inches, 3 points.

How to Kipper Trout and Salmon.

TO KIPPER after the old Highland fashion will insure the salmon or trout keeping, and eating well. Split the fish up the back, remove the back bone, and sprinkle the flesh freely with salt and pepper. Use one or two twigs for cross stretches, inserted across the back, some 3in. or 4in. apart, according to size. The fish is now ready for drying, and herein lies the secret of success, and the point where most curers break down. To prevent the fish becoming sodden or damp is the aim to be kept in view. If the weather be breezy and dry a few days' exposure in the sun will suffice; if wet or moist, hang the fish near the fire, and always do so over night. If dried too hastily the flesh will sweat, and go wrong in a few weeks' time; but, if carefully sun dried in a breezy exposure, it will keep for six months.—*London Field.*

St. Lawrence River Canadian Tax.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Canadian fee from American anglers will not be exacted this season on the St. Lawrence River between Kingston and Prescott.

JOHN COSTIGAN, Minister Marine and Fisheries.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 3 to 6.—Kingston Kennel Club, Kingston, Ont. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris, Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

EXPERIENCES IN SEARCH OF A DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This recounts a man's endeavor to get a good dog. I told a dog-dealer that I would write of my endeavors to get one.

Some twenty years back the writer was endeavoring to obtain a good rabbit dog. Not knowing of a paper at that time such as the FOREST AND STREAM, I was directed to write to Mr. Elmore, of Connecticut, but he informed me he had no good beagles for sale. I bought a hound on Staten Island, a good-looking dog, but he would run and tongue both ways, so you knew not if he was following the rabbit or going away from it. Well, some one, fortunately, stole that dog. Next I obtained one from a dealer in the city. Next day I exchanged him for another dog. This one was shot, having treed a cat in the woods. A man endeavored to shoot the cat; the dog rushed in and received the charge. Next I bought a dog that was raised and broken in Sullivan county. Well, this one was a grand dog in all respects; height 20in., good-looking—a true hunter. Had there been a rabbit feeding at night, and had it gone to its bed, he would give a bark or two. If he could talk he would have said, "One is around, look out!" And then no more tongue until the game was running. I have shot a rabbit ahead of this dog, and he would be off again giving tongue. I have thus shot four or five in succession. But this dog was taken sick. I know very little of dogs, so thought if sick they ought to get well again; so my dog died. I had him three years. I thought, shall I ever get his like again? I had a puppy which was sired by him. I sent him into the country to be kept and trained. As the folks were looking at him one day he began to run. They thought he was mad and one of the girls climbed a tree in her fright, and the dog was shot. I guess it was worms, but I knew nothing of a remedy.

I now concluded I would try English beagles, but I was afraid of dog dealers and breeders. I thought they wanted exorbitant prices. I was ignorant of the facts, and did not know where or how to get a good beagle My son told me of a stray dog at a shop, and described the dog as having crooked legs. I thought that it was a beagle such as I wanted, so I obtained this waif of a dog, thinking I had one of the right kind. I took him in the field and found he would chase a bird, but not a rabbit would he hunt. I was fixing a gate and this dog started to cross the road to me. A locomotive cut his head clean off, so this beagle's days were over.

About this time I found a paper called FOREST AND STREAM. I was at once interested in it and have been so up to the present time. I thought, this is just the paper I have been after. Well, now for the advertisements of dogs. I communicated with a Philadelphia company, now extinct (FOREST AND STREAM refused their advertisement), and was informed they had what I wanted. They sent me a book with recommendations from parties who had bought dogs of them. I bargained with them for two broken English beagles, black, white and tan, for $40. I sent them a check for the amount, when they promised to send two beauties. I waited two weeks, but no dogs came. I found the check had been collected. I sent on about the dogs and got in reply that the weather was so dry they could not test the dogs, but were waiting to pick out two that would work together. I waited till late in October, and then I informed them I wanted the dogs so that they might know me, as hunting commenced in November. So I received the two mated beagles, and oh! what a pair for a good-looking man to take into the fields. One of them was a little black and tan, a white streak on breast, a lively dog, but no trailer. The other dog was a short, chunky black and tan, a little white on him. Well, I guess that filled the contract as to black, white and tan. The short, chunky beagle, on being taken for a trial hunt would take an old trail in the field and work and tongue that old trail for two hours. He certainly filled the bill as a worker. I put up a rabbit and put him on the trail, but he did not want to work on that rabbit. I called my companion to take aim and we would shoot the dog, but he persuaded me to send him back and have him exchanged. So I gave my friend $5 to box and express the dog off. I wrote the company and in due time received a red dog about 20in. high, a strange match for the little dog; but he was a pretty fair hunter. Well, I gave these dogs away and thus ended my vision of a nice pair of beagles. I did not scold or fret, but I took it philosophically.

And now I concluded to have two young beagles and break and work them myself. I agreed with Mr. Krueger, of Pennsylvania, and bought two. He gave me a satisfactory deal. I was well satisfied. But one died, the other I gave to a friend. It made a good dog.

I bought a beagle bitch for $15. She was as agreed upon—a good hunter; but if shut in a room at night, a new door casing was required next morning. The man forgot to tell me of that trick. I sold her, but before selling told the man of this vice.

I am yet in search of a pair of beagles. I saw advertised a nice pedigreed beagle, warranted. I do not intend to give any person's name. I saw him about the dog. It was advertised at $30. I went home with him to see the dog, and then found he had another, which he intended to exhibit in a few days at a fair. So the dogs were turned loose. An elderly man who owned the grounds was with us. We had not got far from the house. I thought the dogs did not take hold as they should. The elderly man said, "Mr. So and So's bull had broken into the field," and said bull was very dangerous; so we scud off for the house, dogs also. I then, on this man's representation, bought that dog, to be delivered to me in two weeks. I wanted to fumigate and clean my dog place. I want to say this man was holding a responsible position in a large association, and yet would cheat in selling a dog. Well, I paid him for the dog then and there. And blame that bull! The dog that was sent to the fair got vhc., but he called it the third prize, and then he wanted me to buy this dog (I must not write the dog's name), price $100—$100! I said "No." But he extolled this dog as a hunter and an all-day dog. Why, "he would hunt a fox." I closed with him for $40, to be paid after I had a trial and was satisfied with the dog. This pair of dogs was sent to me, and following them by post was a letter about the dogs, and asking as a great favor if I would pay for this last dog, as another dog dealer (one well known to most dog men) had let his note be protested, and it had been discounted at the bank, and he was short of funds just at present. I said certainly I would help him out if such was the case, so I paid the $40. And now I say blame that dog man for letting his note go to protest. Well, the dog would not hunt only at times, and that time was not often. When a gun was fired off it was legs, do your duty, and dog, get home as soon as you can.

I took the vhc. beagle to a relative in the country to try him. This relative has a first-class rabbit dog which would drive a rabbit. I saw a rabbit come close up to my new dog, and the dog seemed more scared than the rabbit. I think that was the first rabbit he had seen. I was thinking again, "Darn that dog man that let his note go to protest" (I belong to a church, I may not swear).

My late friend, Judge Gubner, of Bay Ridge, wanted me to show the man up to the other dealers. I had his letters and advertisements, and there were the dogs that could be tried, but I let the matter drop. I gave these dogs away. One can be seen at any time. He is gun scared.

Later, I purchased of the late Judge Gubner, of New Utrecht, five days before his death—he knew death was near—his two beagles; they need no comment as being good. One since died.

I purchased one of C. S. Wixom, of Covert, N. Y. Mr. Wixom thought I was over cautious and kept the dog a long time before I paid for him. If he reads these trials and tribulations I underwent I think he will change his view of me. His dog far excels the guarantee he made to me, and there are many honest, square, fair-dealing men engaged in this business, some of whom I find it a pleasure to associate with.

And, Mr. Editor, some may say, what a simple fellow; but I had the fever and wanted to get two good dogs. May my experience or folly be a benefit to others. In this communication I have given you the facts with very little embellishments. I am not buying dogs, and when I do, only on the terms, try before you buy. But darn that bull, and darn that dog man that let his note go to protest.

JOHN BATEMAN.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

I HAVE heard betimes some unfavorable remarks as to the propriety of club members being in charge of club affairs which are closely related to the competition, such as appointing the judges, managing the competition, selecting grounds, etc. The implication is not always that there is any culpable act or intention; it is oftener advanced that there is an impropriety in it. As to why it is so, no one has yet ventured to go beyond an expression of opinion which often was founded on self-interest. Any common belief or usage should be founded on good sense, though this is not a concession that the subject under consideration is at all established as a matter of common belief. It is often though a matter of some annoyance. Gentlemen who as club members have taken all the trouble and responsibility of arranging a competition find at a certain point that if they have dogs entered in the competition there may be a bugaboo raised as to the propriety of their selecting the judges, etc. It has always impressed me as being a very trivial and unnecessary question. The club member is seldom a professional dogman; he does not enter into field trial competition for profit; he has an established business or revenue; his reputation as an honorable gentleman is already established; he is known to be above chicanery or dishonesty. Then as a club member, why should he not fearlessly exercise all the privileges of a club member? It is all a matter of mere incident to him, not a means of livelihood. Club members have conceded too much in these matters; so much, indeed, that they had little left that they could call their own save the privilege of paying dues, a responsibility for deficits, or a privilege of nominal authority. But that members, for the reason alone that they have dogs entered, should have no voice in selecting the judges, etc., is absurd according to any fair principle. The sooner clubs learn to manage their own affairs with some firmness and independence, the better for field trials and all concerned.

This feeling seems to have some collateral outshoots. For instance, if it can be shown that the judge owned a stud dog which was the sire of one of the competing dogs, or owned the grandsire or grandam, or some other ancestor, narrow minds were not slow in hatching suspicions and mutterings. They of course implied that the judge must have an undue liking for blood of his breeding and a prejudice against all others. I earnestly believe that a judge who withdraws temporarily while such dogs are running, or recuses himself, as the lawyers say, does himself an injustice and in a way indorses the soundness of the false assumption. I believe that a judge who is worthy of the invitation to judge is worthy of filling the

position from start to finish of the competition. Of course in the event that the judge owns one of the dogs in the competitions, it is eminently proper that he retire; but it is better, if it can possibly be so arranged, that the judge does not act in a stake in which he is a competitor. Judging directly and competing directly are two different matters and should be sharply distinct.

It was intimated in a recent report of a meeting of the U. S. F. T. Club, that the trials of the Southern Field Trial Club would be run on the grounds of the club first mentioned. If so, handlers will have the advantage of the two trials running in conjuntion, the expense then being much less. Never have field trials been arranged so nicely for the convenience of competitors, prior to the present year.

The Southern Field Trial Club deserves much praise for its steadfast persistence in holding its trials year after year, through good or hard times, unostentatiously, quietly and skillfully. In reference to conducting the affairs of a field trial club, it struck the correct policy from the beginning. A peculiar feature in the club's policy is that while the club welcomes gentlemen into its membership it never solicits anyone to join. If a sportsman desires to join and he is acceptable, their doors are open. This lends a certain dignity and independence possessed by no other club, so far as I know of such matters. A professional handler is not eligible to its membership, the reason therefor being that the professional competitor and the management should be distinct and separate. The consequence has been that the club's affairs have progressed harmoniously and successfully, and there has been no element within it of a disintegrating nature. The club is sound financially and has quite a good balance on the credit side of its ledger. It is an object lesson of what good management and good membership can accomplish. With so many good sportsmen in the South, I feel sure that were the foregoing facts more generally known, many would honor themselves by joining its membership.

Concerning Field Trial Dates.

In respect to the dates of holding the chicken trials, Mr. J. B. Stoddard writes as follows:

"The trials should be held as late as possible, to give trainers time with their puppies. The last ten days are worth more than the previous twenty. I made a strong plea last fall to have the date set ahead. The club decided on the last of August. I think other trainers also urged the selection of a later date."

It is extremely difficult to select a date which has not some good objections against it. If the latter part of September is chosen the weather probably would be unfavorable, and in bad weather the chickens soon become wild and begin to pack. An early date limits the time of training. The chicken trials have won great popularity with owners and handlers. Of the latter, many from the States will compete. B. WATERS.

E. F. T. C. Derby Entries.

THE seventeenth Derby of the Eastern Field Trials Club closed with 39 entries, of which 28 are setters and 11 pointers. All were whelped in 1894:

POINTERS.

KENT B.—Dr. J. S. Brown's black and white dog (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent), June.

NABOB—Charlottesville Kennels' black and white ticked dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), May.

DOWLAH—Charlottesville Kennels' lemon and white dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), May.

INDIA—Charlottesville Kennels' orange and white bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), May.

AMEN—Charlottesville Kennels' liver and white dog (Wrecker—Selah), March.

WRESTLER—Charlottesville Kennels' lemon and white dog (Wrecker—Selah), March.

TOXIC—Charlottesville Kennels' liver and white ticked bitch (Dogwood—Maid of Kent), June.

SIDMONT—P. T. Madison's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Hops II.), January.

SISTER SUE—N. D. Nesbitt's liver and white ticked bitch (Jingo—Roomey Croxtelle), June.

COINAGE—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (Trinket's Coin—Ightfield Blythe), February.

VIRGINIA—H. K. Devereux's liver and white bitch (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot), May.

SETTERS.

SENATOR ZEB—Joe Meares's black and white dog (Dion C.—Thompson's Nora), March.

BRIGHTON DICK—T. G. Davey's black and white dog (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton), January.

BRIGHTON TOM—T. G. Davey's black and white dog (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton), January.

BRIGHTON MAUD—T. G. Davey's black, white and tan bitch (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton), January.

TROUBADOUR—Eldred Kennels' blue belton dog (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray), May.

MIGNON—Eldred Kennels' orange and black bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray), May.

RANEE—Irving Hoagland's black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista), July.

ROD'S TOPSY—W. A. Hinsley's black, white and tan bitch (Topsy's Rod—Lulu Hill), January.

ROD'S BOY—King Graphic Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lany Gladstone), April.

JOE GRAHAM—L. D. Hargrave's lemon and white dog (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista), July.

DOMINO—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), February.

GLEAM'S DART—Manchester Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid), April.

GLEAM'S RUTH—Manchester Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid), April.

CLAUDE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), February.

ARAPAHOE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), February.

FANNIE L.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), February.

FRED—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Ightfield Rosalie), May.

TOUCHSTONE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Orlando—Dollie Wilson), January.

PATRICIAN—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chevalier—Patsy), May.

FEN FOLLET—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Folley), May.

LOULANIER—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Topsy's Rod—Lulu Hill), January.

FLEET'S PET—Avent & Thayer Kennels' lemon and white bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Feely Avent), March.

FLIRTY LIT—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black and white bitch (Topsy's Rod—Gody Lit), May.

HARWICK—H. R. Edward's black, white and tan dog (Topsy's Rod—Opal), June.

MAZEPPA—T. H. Gibbes's lemon and white dog (Dod's Dan—Bondhu Nellie), February.

TORY CELIA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), June.

TORY FASHION—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Fleety Avent), March.

CLARK—S. Murray Mitchell's orange and white dog (Antonio—Gladstone's Norah), January.

MARIE'S SPORT—Hart B. Ledbetter's dog.

DOG CHAT.

Concerning Mr. Taylor's charge, made after his return to England, that his awards made at the New York show had been altered, *Our Dogs*, referring to the large amount of writing bestowed on it, says: "Hence it has for some time been difficult to understand on this side why so much ink, paper and effort in the American press should have been bestowed upon such a trivial incident." It has for some time been difficult to understand on this side why the matter was ever begun. Moreover, a charge of dishonesty on this side, even though it be false, is not considered a "trivial incident."

Under date of June 6, Mr. H. C. Bates, the secretary, writes us as follows:

"KINGSTON, Ont.—The Kingston Kennel Club claims September 3 to 6 next for the holding of its kennel show."

Mr. John G. Barker, San Francisco, Cal., writes us concerning an article which appeared in the *Breeder and Sportsman* of June 1, which calls attention to the alleged injustice done to his dog, California Bernardo, in the report by a contemporary. The matter in question seems to be a difference of statement in respect to the height, which was given as 27.56in. in the report mentioned. Mr. Barker claims the height of his dog is 30½in., according to his measurement, while the editor, in a foot note, indecisively says: "Mr. Barker is modest in his claim. Bernardo would be called by most breeders 31½in. at least." The matter being so important, why could not a committee be appointed to measure the dog, and his height would then be authoritatively determined and all differences set at rest.

Champion Sam (4,448), owned by Mr. J. A. Nickerson, Boston, is dead. He was a famous winning Newfoundland dog in the days when he competed at the bench shows in the years of his life prior to 1886. He was whelped May 2, 1882, so that, measured by the years allotted to good old age in the dog, he had lived nearly up to the full time. His pedigree ran far back into grandsires and grandams, and individually he was a good representative of his breed.

Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary-treasurer of the Continental Field Trials Club, writes us that Mr. Geo. W. Ewing, New Islip, N. Y., has donated a silver cup, a prize to the winner of the chicken Derby, providing said winner is a setter; and also a cup to the winner of the setter Derby, which will be run on quails, at Newton, N. C. The value of each cup is $25. The chicken Derby, Mr. Madison adds, is a success.

We have many inquiries concerning the addresses of dog breeders, a sure indication that there is a revival of interest in dogs. Those who desire to keep up with the times should not neglect the advantages of advertising in FOREST AND STREAM. The purchaser cannot know that you have something to sell if you do not inform him of it.

In our business columns this week Mr. Lou. Key, Cincinnati, offers broken dogs. Mr. W. W. McCain, Stevensville, Pa., offers English setters. Mr. G. G. Williams, Muncie, Ind., offers setter bitch. Mr. C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., offers Gordon setters; and Standard Kennel, Georgetown, N. Y., offers beagles.

At the meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club it was decided to postpone action on the cropping question till the next annual meeting. The proposition of the A. K. C. to recognize mutually each other's suspensions and disqualifications was declined. The wins at shows held up to December 31, 1895, under the rules of the Canadian Kennel Club or American Kennel Club, will be recognized.

The *British Fancier* says: "A remarkable instance of canine intelligence may be witnessed in Rochdale every day but Sunday. Stand on the footbridge leading to The Walk at a given time in the afternoon, and you will see a well-built broken dog coming along with a bundle suspended from his collar. He has come alone this afternoon, as he has done for many months past, all the way from Norden, three miles away, to the railway station, in order to fetch a consignment of evening papers. He is now on his way home again, unaccompanied by anyone."

The mutations of time bring some sad changes. The following, clipped from an exchange, is not without a certain pathos:

"Samuel Stratton, Brooklyn's octogenarian dog catcher, is out of a job, the Legislature having put the licensing and disposition of dogs in the charge of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Mr. Stratton has been one of the official dog catchers for more than a quarter of a century. When he was threatened with displacement in 1886 this letter, sent by Henry Ward Beecher to Mayor Whitney, saved him: 'BROOKLYN, April 20, 1886.—MY DEAR MR. MAYOR: The present bishop of dogs (Samuel Stratton) has most worthily cared for his diocese for several years. He came to my knowledge from a visit I made to him years ago seeking a good dog. He is honest, temperate and skillful. He is thoroughly acquainted with dogs and men, and I hope, for the sake of both men and dogs, that you will reappoint him. The best men are like dogs, and the best dogs are nearly as good as men. Now, my friend Stratton is as good as a good man and a good dog put together. Such men are rare to find. There are other candidates; some not worth the shake of a dog's tail; but my honest Episcopalian friend Stratton is worth a whole bench show of the best bred dogs, from the smallest black and tan terrier up to the largest mastiff. Do not refuse me this one the very tail of offices—for my dogmatic friend Stratton.

"'HENRY WARD BEECHER.'"

A New Produce Stake.

BOSTON, Mass., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A new feature of the New England Kennel Club will be the introduction of Produce Stakes under the auspices of the club, and to be decided at their annual bench shows. Arrangements have just been completed for the first Irish terrier Produce Stakes, of $15 each, with $100 added by friends of the breed. Irish terrier brood bitches to be entered, and their produce, born after entry, to be shown uncropped, and as explained in the rules and regulations. Entries close Jan. 1, 1896, the stakes to be decided at the thirteenth annual show of the New England Kennel Club, 1897.

All bitches must be entered prior to the birth of their produce, and shall only be eligible for entry in respect of produce to be born on or after July 1, 1895. Entries may be made at any time before the closing of the stake, $5 to be paid on entering the bitch, the only liability in case of forfeit; the remaining $10 to become due and to be paid if, and when, the owner nominates one or more of her pups. The rules and conditions governing this stake, as well as other particulars, will be sent to you as soon as received from the printers. The club has appointed the following committee to manage the stakes: Mr. Edward Brooks, Mr. George A. Fletcher, Mr. Samuel D. Parker, Mr. Ed. K. Butler, Jr., Mr. Oscar W. Donner. All communications relating to these Produce Stakes should be addressed as follows: To the Committee "Irish Terrier Produce Stakes," P. O. Box 5144, Boston, Mass., and "Conditions and Rules," as well as forms of entry and certificates, will be sent to any address on application. We have reason to believe that the stakes will be a great success, and the committee would be glad to receive the names and addresses of all parties interested in Irish terriers, and will gladly supply all applicants with full particulars regarding the stakes.

I hope soon to be able to report the launching of Produce Stakes for other breeds also.

DAVID E. LOVELAND.

National Fox Hunters' Association.

THE executive committee of the National Fox Hunters' Association met at Lexington, Ky., June 1, and selected Owingsville, Ky., for next meet, Nov. 18, 1895. In addition to All-Age and Derby stake, they decided to open a local stake for hounds otherwise barred by the fifteen-mile limit.

ROGER D. WILLIAMS, Chairman of Committee.

Manitoba Matters.

I LEARN that there is a movement toward healing some ancient differences between the Manitoba Field Trials Club and the Northwestern Field Trials Club—a matter for general rejoicing. It is sincerely to be hoped that the differences of years ago will be wiped out unconditionally.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company's Summer Excursion Route Book.

THE MOST COMPLETE PUBLICATION OF ITS KIND.

The Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on June 1, publish its annual Summer Excursion Route Book. This work, which is compiled with the utmost care and exactness, is designed to provide the public with short descriptive notes of the principal Summer resorts of Eastern America, with the routes for reaching them and the rates of fare. There are over four hundred resorts in the book, to which rates are quoted, and over fifteen hundred different ways of reaching them, or combinations of routes are set out in detail. The book is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of Summer travel ever offered to the public.

Its 210 pages are inclosed in a handsome and striking cover, in colors. Several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold, are bound in the book. It is also profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad and elsewhere.

Any doubt as to where the Summer should be passed will be dispelled after a careful examination of the contents of this publication.

On and after June 1 it may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or, upon application to the general office, Broad Street Station, by mail for twenty cents.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

JUNE.

13. New York annual, New York Bay.
15. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
15. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht classes, Montreal.
15-16. San Francisco cruise to St. Quentin, San Francisco Bay.
15. Larchmont spring regatta, Sound.
15. Philadelphia annual, Tinicum-Delaware River.
17. Massachusetts open, Nahant-Massachusetts Bay.
17. Cor., Atlantic City special cup, first race, Atlantic City.
2. Yankee Doodle-Norwood race, Hudson River.
2. Douglaston annual, Douglaston Sound.
22. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
22. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal
22. Rhode Island, annual.
22-23. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
23. California regatta, San Francisco Bay.
24. Seawanhaka Cor. annual, Oyster Bay, Sound.
24. Pavonia annual, Communipaw, New York Bay.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor. annual race to New London, Sound.
29. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
29. Yankee Doodle-Vamoose-Rex race, Sound.
29-30. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
29. New Rochelle annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
29. Dorchester open, Boston Harbor.
29. Squantum first cham., Squantum, Mass.

JULY.

1. Royal St. Lawrence fourth annual, Sir Donald A. Smith Cup Montreal.
1. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
1. Indian Harbor special, Greenwich, Sound.
2. San Francisco club sail, San Francisco Bay.
3. Seawanhaka Cor. race to Larchmont, Oyster Bay, Sound.
4. Larchmont annual, Larchmont, Sound.
4. Boston City open, Boston Harbor.

4. Lake Michigan Y. R. A. annual, Milwaukee.
4. Cor. Marblehead Club, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
4. Northwestern International Y. R. A. race, Seattle, Puget's Sound.
4. Cleveland regatta, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
4-7. San Francisco cruise, up river, San Francisco.
5. American annual, Milton Point, Sound.
6. Royal St. Lawrence Commodore's Cup, Montreal.
6. Riverside annual, Sound.
6. Duxbury Club, Duxbury, Mass.
8. Seawanhaka Cor. special, Oyster Bay, Sound.
9. Horseshoe Harbor special, Larchmont, Sound.
10. Huguenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.
11. New York Athletic Club annual, Travers Island, Sound.
12. Larchmont, 1st class, special schooners, and 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
12. Larchmont-Atlantic combined annual cruise, rendezvous at Larchmont.
13. Larchmont to Block Rock.
14. Block Rock to Morris Cove.
15. Morris Cove to New London.
16. Special race, New London.
17. New London to Shelter Island.
13. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Beauharnois, Montreal.
13. Cor., Marblehead first cham., Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
13. Hempstead Harbor annual, Sound.
13. Squantum second cham., Squantum, Mass.
14. San Francisco open race, San Francisco Bay.
15. Savin Hill open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
15. Riverside annual cruise, Sound.
15. Rhode Island annual.
17. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, second race, Atlantic City.
17. Cor., Marblehead cruising and knock-about classes, Marblehead.

THE principal dimensions and the general form of the new defender and of Valkyrie III. are known in an approximate way, but the exact dimensions and the many important details of form are still the secret of the designers. Out of the immense mass of statements and "designs" which have ornamented the daily papers for three months, and which are increasing faster and faster each week, some few details are doubtless true; but it is impossible to say which. A great many statements and sketches bear the marks of their falsity plainly on their face, but there are some which are at least possible, and may or may not be correct.

As long as designers and owners continue their silence, there is absolutely no restriction on the "fake" reporter and artist, and a strong competition between the daily papers has carried this phase of modern journalism to a very mischievous extreme.

The Boston *Herald* still holds the world's record for the greatest number of contradictory fakes in the shortest time, but the New York *Herald* is holding second honors. On May 20 the latter paper published an alleged midship section of Valkyrie III., of large size and carefully drawn, showing both the alleged form and construction, with a lengthy description of the details. Assuming the draft of 18ft., as given, the drawing shows a beam of 34ft.; or, assuming the beam to be correct as given, 26ft. 4in., the draft would be but 14ft. The accuracy of the accompanying details may be judged by the fact that the material for the main keel bolts is stated to be 1¼in. iron. Accompanying the article were two smaller sections alleged to represent Valkyrie III. and Britannia to scale; the grossest caricatures.

On June 2 the New York *Herald* published, in connection with its Boston rival, an "approximate design" of Valkyrie III., showing an entirely different design; and also the alleged sheer plan and midship section of the defender. Accompanying these valuable "designs" were some three columns of intensely scientific description, every detail of the form and elements being closely composed, and deductions made as to the merits and demerits of the boat. Starting on no better basis than utter guess work, the author of this quasi-scientific fake proceeds to compare seriously the metacentric height, the area of wetted surface and the positions of the various centers of two yachts which he has never seen, and of whose true lines he is profoundly ignorant.

On May 26, the New York *Herald* provided another treat for yachtsmen, in a picture of Valkyrie III. under full sail, "Sketched for the New York *Herald* by an assistant naval constructor at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, from measurements received from Scotland." This picture, covering nearly half a page, is supposed to be to scale. Assuming the overall length as 128 to 130ft., the details scale off as follows: Mast, deck to hounds, 110ft.; deck to topmast halyard block, 165ft.; hoist of mainsail, 100ft.; boom 105ft.; gaff 68ft. The sail area by Seawanhaka rule is 15,900sq. ft.

It is quite evident that the study and observation of the assistant naval constructor at the Brooklyn Navy Yard has never included anything of the nature of a yacht, in fact the details of his drawing would indicate that he had never seen even a photograph of one. The mast is shown as a single pole, in one piece from deck to truck, the staysail is carried out on the bowsprit, well clear of the stemhead; the bowsprit is braced by a bowstay which starts from the stemhead, runs down under a dolphin striker beneath the middle of the bowsprit, and is continued out to the end of the spar. The details of the peak halliards are equally original, but the crowning triump of genius is reached in the topsail. This sail hoists to the truck and is sheeted out to the gaff end, but is neither a club nor a sprit topsail nor yet a jib-header. It has a high peak, extended by a gaff extending far above the topmast with absolutely no visible means of support.

The many smaller papers throughout the country are not slow in following the bad example of the larger ones, and our exchanges from West to East, bring all varieties of false reports and "fake" designs, showing not only a total lack of conscience, but a deplorable ignorance of yachting.

The assumption of the average editor and reporter, that the American yachtsman is an utter fool, who will cheerfully pay his money for faked news and false stories without finding out that he is cheated, is entirely erroneous. The average yachtsman, even in the more remote localities, is sufficiently well posted to appreciate the utter worthlessness of the stuff offered to him by his daily paper. It is probable that the quasi-scientific fraud, as well as his less pretentious and hardly less ignorant brother, who is contented with a plain every-day lie ungarnished by columns of figures and sage deductions, have already exhausted the possibilities of this sort of advertising, and that before the season is over there will be a change for the better.

THE letter of Mr. Baden Powell, which we print this week, has brought out in the following issue of the *Field* a curious suggestion by way of remedy, *i. e.*, that the owners of small craft should, so to speak, burn their boats, and seek safety by organizing themselves into syndicates of sufficient size to run much larger craft. This very practical suggestion savors much of the homely wisdom of Mother Goose, of the "Mother, may I go out to swim" order; certainly, if a man does his yachting in a 60ft. schooner, he stands little chance of being drowned from a 20ft. canoe yawl. At the same time it completely misses the true point of the question, that there are hundreds of keen sailormen to whom the sole ownership of a craft, however small, offers the greatest of pleasures, and for whose use, either in sailing single-handed or with a comrade, the 18ft. canoe yawl or the half-rater is excellently adapted. True, they might breathe the salt air in greater safety from a larger yacht, as in fact they might do from a ferryboat or a passenger steamer with less risk; but neither of these boats would answer their special purpose. Long experience with the better class of canoe yawls has shown the type to be both safe and serviceable for cruising and racing; the trouble only begins when all other considerations are sacrificed to speed. A vessel is not necessarily unsafe, even for sea-going, on account of her small size; in fact, where it is a question of cost the boat sailor will do better to put a given sum into a thoroughly good and well-equipped boat of small size rather than to attempt, with several others, the vastly greater expense of running a larger yacht, probably a second-hand craft of greatly inferior quality.

THE question of superiority between Ailsa and Britannia, which to many seemed finally settled in the Mediterranean, is still an open one, and to all appearances with the chances in favor of the older and smaller boat. No doubt Ailsa will make a better showing as the racing continues, and will defeat Britannia in very light weather; but she will have to be very much improved to make her equal to the other as an all-around racing boat. Their meetings thus far only tend to confirm an opinion which we expressed last year, that Britannia and Dragon III. are the best yachts floated for several years, and far better than anything likely to be produced in the near future. Though now in her third season, Dragon III. continues to hold a place near the top with the '94 and even '95 boats of the 20-rating class. Both Britannia and Dragon are practicable and *bona fide* yachts; and in no sense sailing machines.

VALKYRIE III. is now nearly ready; she left Partick for Gourock on June 8, and will bend her sails at the latter place, making a trial trip on June 15. She will then be ready for racing and it is said that she will join the fleet in the South, racing with Ailsa and Brittania. Lord Dunraven will charter the big schooner yacht Selene for a tender for the cutter, to accommodate the crew. The statement is made that the new 60-rater Hester, designed by Fife and built by C. Hansen for Mr. John Gretton, launched on June 8, will visit America this year. She is 93ft. over all, 67ft. lwl., 18ft. beam and 12ft. draft.

THE statements are constantly repeated that Ailsa will accompany Valkyrie III. to this country next month, and also that the Prince of Wales will visit New York for the races. There is no means of verifying either report, but we hope that they are both true, and that Britania may make a third boat in the fleet.

IN the Cinque Port's regatta of June 10, off Dover, in smooth water and a moderate breeze, the race of the big boats resulted: Ailsa, 4:37:50; Britannia, 4:39:20. This makes Britannia a winner by about a minute. Niagara beat Luna by 5:22 and Stephanie by 6:38.

MR. C. J. FIELD, of New York, has ordered a new 1-rater from Lib. bick, and she is expected by the end of the month. Eithelwynn, as she will be named, is practically a 1-rater in size of hull, but will be canvassed for winning on this side in the 20-foot sailing length class in the Sound, where she will be raced.

WITHIN the past few days it has been announced that Volunteer will be refitted for racing, her mast being moved forward and her rig improved, and that she will take part in the races of the 90ft. class. Lawley will begin the alterations at once.

JUBILEE is once more in bad luck. In launching her n June 10 the ways broke under, and at last reports she had not been floated.

Ailsa.

One of the surprises of yacht racing is the defeat of Ailsa by Britannia in the Thames races after the excellent showing made by the new Fife cutter in the Mediterranean. In the former races she was evidently at a disadvantage, being just off the stocks and hurried into the racing after a hard winter passage across the Bay, with new sails and gear and no time for trial. Since then she has made the return passage to England and there has been time and opportunity for the many small changes needed on every new boat. So far as is known, no material changes have been made, though it is said that her lead was slightly changed and her spars lightened in the Tilbury docks, just before the Thames races. The first race, the New Thames, on May 17, from the Lower Hope around the Mouse and back, was sailed in a strong breeze, Ailsa housing her topmast and then begging, though Britannia carried her jibheader all day. There was plenty of windward work, in which Britannia showed to great advantage, winning by 2m. 44s. elapsed and 4m. 55s. corrected.

Two days later the pair met in the Royal Thames regatta, from the Lower Hope around the Mouse and back to Gravesend, in a light and variable breeze, both carrying club topsails, the course being practically a reach both ways. As on the first day, Ailsa got the best of the start, but, after some fluking in the light airs and calms, Britannia got by her and held the lead, winning by 39s. elapsed and 2m. 55s. corrected. The latter part of the race was sailed in quite a strong puffy wind, Britannia doing the better work.

The next race, the Southend to Harwich, of the New Thames Y. C., found Ailsa at the line with a couple of tons more of lead inside. The wind was light and again she made a good start, having a lead of Britannia, but soon after crossing the line her bobstay parted and she was forced to withdraw. The next meeting of the two was in the Royal Harwich Y. C. regatta of June 3, a bright day with smooth water and a moderate southerly wind. This time Captain Carter put Britannia over the line first, and she held her lead all day, winning by 2m. 32s. elapsed time with over 2m. allowance to be added. The second day of the Royal Harwich Y. C. found a light S. W. wind and cloudy weather. Both boats were over the line before the gun, and on the recall Britannia got away first at 10h. 02m. 35s., Ailsa close astern. She passed Britannia, both being on a close reach with club and jibtopsails set, and was ahead when the bell buoy was passed, about a mile from the start. The next leg was some 14 miles before the wind, to the Shipwash Light, where Ailsa was timed at 12h. 32m. and Britannia at 12h. 48m. It is to be inferred from the very brief accounts that Ailsa had outsailed Britannia 16m. in the run, but no details are given.

In running down the Shipwash sands, for the next mark, the Sunk Light, Ailsa took the ground, and was not floated until 5h. 14m., Britannia meanwhile having finished at 4h. 45m. The sea was fortunately smooth and the committee boat laid by Ailsa, and she was finally towed in by a steam yacht with no serious damage. From the account of the 20-rater race at the same time, in which Stephanie won, beating Niagara by 47m., the others giving up, the wind was very light indeed at times. A diver was sent down next day, but found no injury to the bottom.

On June 7 the pair met again off the Thames mouth for a race from the Nore around the Mouse. The day was clear and bright, with a choppy sea and strong N. N. E. wind. Just before the start, Ailsa tore the head of her mainsail and gave up, leaving Britannia to sail over. Only two 20-raters started, Niagara and the Fife boat Luna. Niagara won very easily.

The Thames races have been lacking in interest this year, being strung out over a long period, but six races from May 17 to June 8, the date of the Nore to Dover race. The racing has also been dull, the largest class had but Britannia and Ailsa; the next class, the 40-rating, had three boats, Caress, Isolde and Carina, besides which were half a dozen twenties, including Niagara. The latter yacht was not ready for the first races, and altogether has not made a brilliant showing thus far, the honors going to Lord Dunraven's Audrey II.

The Nore to Dover race was sailed on June 8, in clear weather, with a smooth sea and light to moderate wind in the morning from N. E., but shifting to S. E. at the start, 10h. 30m. Ailsa led over the line by 30s. and held her lead through the race, passing North Foreland at 3h. 10m. 30s. with Britannia at 3h. 12m. 10s. Ailsa finished at 5h. 29m. 31s. and Britannia at 5h. 29m. 44s., the latter having gained just 17 seconds in 60 miles. Britannia won by 2m. 44s. corrected time. Niagara won in her class.

The *Yachtsman* comments as follows on the performances of Ailsa:

"The chief feature of the racing on the Thames last week was, undoubtedly, the very disappointing show made by the Ailsa. Those who saw the two yachts racing together at the Riviera regattas, and also those who have carefully studied the best reports of the Mediterranean races, were quite prepared to find some faults in Mr. Walker's new ship; but all expected her to beat Britannia on the Thames, despite those faults. Yet, instead of showing, as might have been reasonably expected, a decidedly improved form, Ailsa proved herself far less than a match for the Prince of Wales's yacht in her first two races of the British season. In fairness to the new cutter, these races should not be taken as an index of her future; for, although Britannia won in each essentially on her merits, there is many a mile between the Thames and the Clyde, and before Ailsa meets Valkyrie we may hope to see her at her best. That she was not up to her Riviera form was admitted by all who had seen her in the Mediterranean and witnessed the matches last week, and their opinion gains weight when one has a yacht of such consistent sailing as Britannia for a test.

"As we said, there are points about Ailsa that few like. She is obviously overspanned, and owing to her small freeboard she buries her lee decks badly at even a moderate angle of heel. This, of course, must detract from her speed and weather lines, no matter how great they may be, and a reduction in spars and sails naturally suggests itself as an improvement. Of course, as we said, these remarks might have applied with equal force to her during her brilliant series of Mediterranean victories, and we are far from making them simply because she has been beaten twice by Britannia. Those in charge of the yacht know best what to do with her, and we have no doubt whatever that Mr. Walker's big ship will ere long be better than the Ailsa of Riviera fame.

"But while one naturally refuses to be convinced by the two Thames races as to the merits of Ailsa, no praise is good enough for the uniformity with which Britannia sails. She is undoubtedly one of Mr. Watson's masterpieces, and if the new Valkyrie should turn out a marked improvement on her it will certainly go hard with Lord Dunraven if he once more fails to win the America's Cup. And although it is premature to judge of the 40-raters, it seems probable that in Caress we have a very much faster boat than Carina, so that if Mr. Watson can beat his last year's boat in the 40 class, how much more likely is he to turn out a Valkyrie infinitely faster than his two-year-old Britannia, particularly in view of the fact that the new yacht will be a larger boat."

The *Yachting World* says:

"In the large class there was something of a surprise in store for those who had followed the course of events in the recent Mediterranean regattas, and had therefore drawn conclusions. This was Ailsa's performance. Her defeat on the first day in the match of the New Thames Yacht Club might have been explained away by the fact that a British northwester of reefsail strength is obviously too much for her tender stability; but then Saturday's light weather brought no change in her speed. It is extremely difficult to explain so extraordinary a falling off in form, for although there may be a slight improvement in Britannia's speed, owing to a thorough overhaul of her copper, this would scarcely account for all. More likely appears the suggestion that some alteration has been made in Ailsa's trim; if so, the change is certainly no improvement."

New Eastern Yachts.

Yacht racing in the classes over 30ft. lwl. has practically disappeared in the East, in fact Jubilee is the only racing boat now fitting out, and she will have nothing to sail with to the eastward of Newport, as Volunteer will not race. Mayflower and Marguerite will be in commission and take part in the New York cruise, but there will be little competition for them at home. The purely local races of the many smaller clubs offer good promise of sport, however, and some fast boats have been added in the 30ft. and smaller classes. The new Dyer boat Salmon, owned by W. E. C. Eustis, is a centerboarder of 44ft. over all, 33ft. lwl., 10ft. 6in. beam and about 1ft. draft, of light construction and with a small sail plan. She will race mostly in Buzzard's Bay, where she will meet the new Hanley boat Ashumet, owned by Mr. C. H. Jones, former owner of the Chapoquoit. Ashumet is 44ft. over all, 14ft. 6in. beam and about 2ft. draft, sloop rigged, like Chapoquoit, and of light construction, very different in model and build from the older Hanley boats. In the 30ft. class about Boston will be the new Herreshoff fin-keel Anoatok, owed by Mr. Geo. Ownes, Jr., about 45ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam and 8ft. draft, a very handsomely built boat of the usual Herreshoff construction.

One of the most promising boats of the 21ft. class is the new Satanic, built by Sheldon & Co. for Capt. Wm. Daly, Jr., former owner of Harbinger. She is described as follows by the Boston *Globe*: "She is probably the most expensive of the new boats. Everything, even to the smallest detail, is the very best that could be procured. Although built strongly, her construction is as light as possible. The hull, without the centerboard, will weigh less than 1,000 pounds.

"Her dimensions are: 31ft. over all, 20ft. 9in. lwl., and 8ft. 2in. beam. Her body under water resembles very closely the well-known jib and mainsail boat Gleaner, and she has not the jog in her keel at the water line that will be seen in nearly all the new boats. She will have no deadwoods, and her greatest draft will be amidships, where she will draw about 10in. Satanic will be practically an improved Gleaner. Both boats were designed by the Fore River Engine Company of Weymouth Landing. Gleaner won nine prizes out of eleven starts last season.

"Satanic's sail plan will be small—about 650ft. in jib and mainsail. Her spars, which will be hollow, are of the following dimensions: Mast, 25ft. above deck; boom, 26ft. 3in.; gaff, 20ft. 9in. She will have 14ft. of hoist to her mainsail, jib 15ft. 10in. on the foot, 20ft. 9in. on the leech, and about 27ft. hoist. Her spars are being made by the Fore River Company, and as an experiment her blocks and other metal fittings will be made of aluminum. The largest blocks will weigh about seven ounces, and the smaller ones considerably less. Her main frames are of white oak, spaced about 14in. and between these are thin oak frames 3x¼in. Her keel is of white oak, 1½x5½ in., and the main frames are sided ¾in., and moulded 1½in. at the heel. They are dovetailed into the keel. The planking is ½in. cedar, tongued and grooved, and this is fastened to the main frames by bronze screws, and riveted to the flat ones with copper. The deck frames are of oak, 1½x1½in., and the deck of cedar, ⅜in. thick by 2¼in. wide. The centerboard, instead of dropping through the keel in the usual way, will drop alongside the keel. It will be of composite build, with about 300 lbs. of lead on the bottom.

"The lines of the boat are very easy, and she will probably be the lightest powered of the fleet. Her bow has an easy curve, and her forward and aft overhangs just clear the water. Her sails will be made of Union silk.

"There will be no trouble in picking out Capt. Daly's racer among a large fleet, as she will be painted a bright red above the water line and bronze below.

"Capt. Daly is well known among local yachtsmen. The fact that the 28ft. Cape cat Harbinger was the top boat of her class for the last two seasons is largely due to his efforts and his able Corinthian crew. A pretty effect on the new boat will be the uniforms worn by the crew. They will consist of white sweaters, with a large red letter S on the left breast, blue knee breeches and red caps."

Messrs. C. F. and G. C. Adams will sail this year on the new catboat Rooster, designed by Arthur Binney and built by Lawley & Co. She is 24ft. 6in. over all, 18ft. 6in., lwl., 7ft. beam and 9in. draft, with no deadwood, a straight rising floor and hard bilge, and the centerboard will weigh 800 lbs.; a Tobin bronze plate. The construction is very light, the oak frames ¾x¾in. spaced 10in., planking ⅝in. white cedar and deck ⅝in. white pine. There will be two watertight bulkheads of Tobin bronze. The mast will be stepped far forward and supported by shrouds and a forestay. The sails will be made by Wilson & Silsby, of a special twilled duck. The ordinary balance rudder, of Tobin bronze, will be used.

Another interesting new boat was built by Arthur Dyer for Mr. A. H. Higginson, of Manchester, after the type of Onawa. Exit, as she is named, is 27ft. 9in. over all, 20ft. 1in. lwl., 6ft. 5in. beam and about 6in. draft. The greatest overhang is forward, over 5ft., with about 2ft. 6in. aft. Her ballast will be a Tobin bronze plate of 250lbs. The hull is of very light construction, keel 1½x6in., frames ⅞x¾in. spaced 10in., planking ¼in. white cedar and ⅜in. Spanish cedar, fastened with brass screws, deck beam of oak ¾in. square, deck of light cedar covered with canvas. Her mast is 21ft. deck to truck, boom 23ft., gaff 15ft. The sails were made by Wilson & Silsby, of Union silk.

Some members of the Old Colony Y. C. are building a keel cutter from the designs of Mr. Franklin Bassford, the marine artist; she will be 40ft. over all, 28ft. lwl., 10ft. beam and 9ft. draft, with a lead keel of about 4 tons. The design is in general of the Gloriana type, with long ends and a very hollow section. The boat will have a very good cabin with over 6ft. headroom. She will be rigged as a pole-masted cutter.

Jubilee.

THE alterations to the hull of Jubilee are now completed, and she is about 3ft. 6in. longer on the waterline forward. In the course of the lengthening, the small auxiliary centerboard and trunk under the forefoot has been removed, as was done after trial in Pilgrim. After two seasons of rusting and scraping, the scale is all off the steel bottom, and she will be better in this respect than in her first season. Capt. Henry Newcomb, so long in Fortuna, is now in command, and his crew have scraped and polished the hull from keel to rail, the topsides being again painted white. Wilson & Silsby have overhauled all the sails, those of 1893 being used again; and the rigging has been thoroughly fitted by Mr. Billman, the Boston rigger. The yacht, while not widely different from her original model or sail plan, will be in very much better condition than in her first unfortunate season.

Atalanta, steam yacht, has been fitted out at Southampton, and Mr. Gould will join her at Havre, after which she will proceed to Kiel for the opening of the Baltic Canal, on June 21. Capt. Shakford has been seriously ill in Southampton for some time with pneumonia, but is much better. First officer Todd, of the American liner Berlin, will take his place for the present.

The Yacht Racing Association.

[*Concluded from page 471.*]

MEASUREMENT OF SAIL AREA.

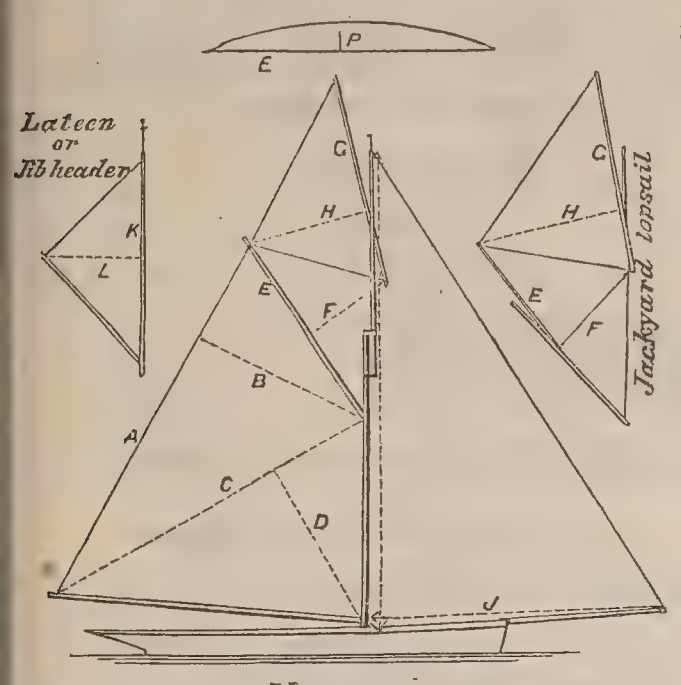
Mainsail.—A—Measured from the top of the boom (under the pin for the outhaul shackle on traveler or clew slide when hauled chock out) to the gaff under the pin of the sheave of the topsail sheet, provided the peak cringle of the mainsail does not extend beyond the pin; in the case of the yacht having no topsail, or of the peak cringle extending beyond the pin of the topsail sheet sheave, then the measurement to be taken to the peak lacing-hole.

B—Perpendicular to A, measured to under side of gaff close in to mast.

C—Measured from top of boom over the pin of the sheave for outhaul or end of clew slide to under side of gaff close in to the mast.

17

Sail area.



MAINSAIL.

D—Perpendicular to C, measured in to the mast, in a line with the top of the boom, or to tack cringle of mainsail if below top of boom.

Yard Topsail.—E—Measured from upper side of gaff close in to the mast to pin of sheave for topsail sheet, or to lacing-hole in jackyard.

F—Perpendicular to E, measured to lacing-hole in jackyard.

G—From lacing-hole to lacing-hole in yard.

H—Perpendicular to G, measured to pin of sheave for topsail sheet in gaff, or to lacing-hole in jackyard.

Jibheader.—K—Measured from top of gaff close in to mast, to pin of halliard sheave in topmast.

L—Perpendicular to K, measured to pin of topsail sheet sheave in gaff, or to lacing-hole in jackyard.

Head Sails.—I—The perpendicular I to be measured from the deck at the foreside of the mast to where the line of the luff of the foremost headsail when extended cuts such perpendicular; in case a schooner has no foretopmast, but a maintopmast and main spinaker, the perpendicular for the fore triangle shall be measured from the deck to where the line of the luff of such spinaker when extened cuts the maintopmast.

J—To be measured from the foreside of the mast to where the line of the luff of the foremost headsail when extended cuts the bowsprit, other spar, hull, etc., where the case may be. In all cases, if the distance from the center fore and aft line of the mast to the outer end of spinaker boom (when shipped in its place and square to the keel) exceeds the distance from the foreside of the mast to the bowsprit end (where cut by the line of the luff of the foremost headsail) the excess shall be added to the base of the triangle formed by the headsails; and the area of the headsail to be computed accordingly. In the case of a yacht having no headsail, but carrying a spinaker, the area for headsail shall be computed from the length of spinaker boom and the height from deck to where the line of the luff of the spinaker when extended cuts the mast. The length of headstick or headyard to spinaker shall not exceed one-twentieth the length of spinaker boom. Footyards not allowed on spinakers. In the case of a yacht carrying a square sail or square topsail or raffee (together or separately), the actual area of the same shall be computed; and if such area exceed the area of the fore triangle, the excess shall be used in the total area for determining the rating.

Foresail of Schooners.—A—Measured from foreside of mainmast (in a line with main boom goose-neck) to gaff under the pin of topsail sheet sheave

B—Perpendicular to A, measured to under side of gaff close in to mast.

C—Measured from foreside of mainmast (in a line with main boom goose-neck) to gaff close in to the mast.

D—Perpendicular to C, measured in to the mast in a line with the top of the fore boom or tack cringle.

AREA OF MAINSAIL.

To Find the Area of the Mainsail —Multiply A by B and C by D, and add the two products together and divide by 2.

Area of Yard Topsail.—Multiply E by F and G by H, and add the two products together and divide by 2.

Area of Jibheader.—Multiply K by L and divide the product by 2.

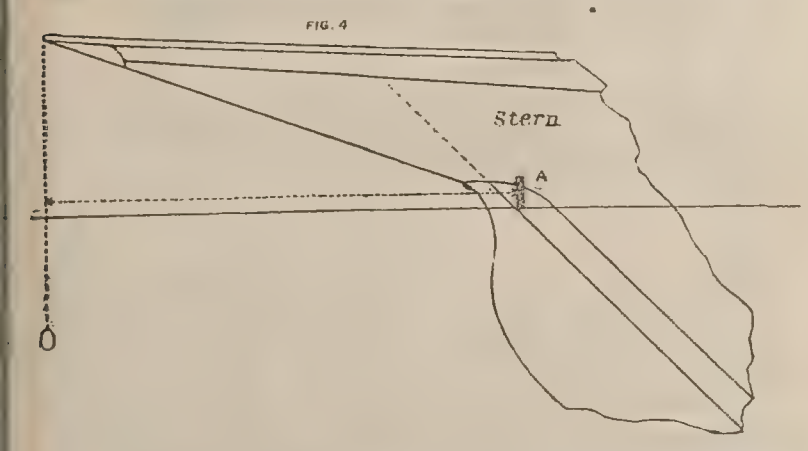
Area of Head Sails.—To find the area of head sails, jibtopsail or spinaker, multiply I by J and divide by 2.

Area of Pole Mast Head Sails.—Multiply I by J and divide by 2.

Area of Schooner's and Yawl's Sails.—Similarly found. In the case of a yawl having a lug mizen, the lacing-holes in the yard would be taken as the boundaries.

Areas of Lug Sails and Head Sails.—In the case of a lug sail, standing lug sail or balance lug sail being carried, the actual area of the same shall be carried, the measurements for computing the area of the same shall be taken from the foreside of the mast, etc., in accordance with the method provided in the rule for head sails.

FIG. 4



Area Bounded by Curved Edges of Sails—The area bound by the round in the foot, head, luff or leach of a sail, if at any time extended by battens or otherwise beyond the line between the points of measurement, shall be computed as follows:—multiply the base, E, by ⅜ the perpendicular, see small figure over sail plan.

In case of disputed measurement, or if the necessary measurements cannot be obtained from the sail maker, the sails can be measured in the manner following:—Take the length of boom from mast to pin of sheave for outhaul, and length of gaff from mast to pin of topsail sheet sheave, or lacing-hole, as the case may require; then hoist the sail with the tack fast, and set the peak and luff up taut, and let go the topping lifts so that the weight of the boom comes on the leach of the sail. With a line and tape measure the leach and luff and the diagonal C. For the head sail measure the height, I, and the distance, J, as provided for in the section dealing with headsail. For topsail, the sail would be hoisted and marked in the line with the gaff; then lowered and the other dimensions taken. From the measurements so taken, a sail plan would be made and the areas calculated as described.

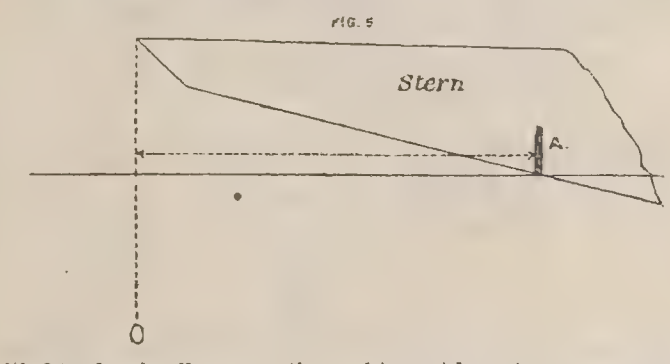
In all calculations, whether relating to length, sail area or rating, any fraction beyond the second place of decimals shall be disregarded. As soon as a yacht has been measured by the official measurer a certificate of rating of the Yacht Racing Association shal be granted to her owner, unless from any peculiarity in the construc tion of the yacht or other cause the measurer shall be of the opinion that the rule will not rate the yacht fairly; in which case he shall report the circumstances of the case to the Council, who, after due inquiry, shall award such certificate of rating as they may consider equitable. The certificate of rating of the Yacht Racing Association shall only be valid as the yacht's rating for racing, so long as no increase is made in her rating length or in her spars or sail area. If any alterations be made by any means whatever, so that one or both of the marks at the bow and stern, as placed by the owner, come inside the length immersed when the yacht is lying in smooth water in her usual racing trim, with racing crew on board at and about the mid-over all length, or if any increase be made in the length of spars, or in the sail area of a yacht, or if any mark denoting her length is moved from its position, her certificate of rating ceases to be valid and must be immediately returned to the secretary of the Yacht Racing Association, with notice in writing of the alterations, in order that the yacht, or her spars or sails may, if necessary, be remeasured and a new certificate issued. Yachts which have been raced previously to 1893 shall be allowed to compete in the classes for which they were designed, by allowing time for any excess of rating arising from remeasurement with a racing crew on board, provided no alteration has been made in the hull by which the length of load waterline has been increased since 1892, or any increase made in the sail area since 1892.

A certificate of rating of the Yacht Racing Association shall be held by every yacht starting in a match, unless the sailing committee give special permission in writing, before the start, that the yacht may compete without it; but in the event of any dispute as to the rating of a yacht so exempted or otherwise, she or her sails shall be measured by the official measurer before she can be entitled to a prize.

The other sailing rules are interesting, but they are in the main in accord with American rules, so we omit them, as they occupy considerable space. The following is worth quoting as relating to a point that is much in doubt on both sides of the water: "A yacht club shall not be considered a recognized yacht club within the meaning of this rule unless it shall have been proposed and accepted by the council of the Yacht Racing Association, who shall have the power of cancelling such recognition should they deem it expedient to do so."

In the appendix the Association suggests: That as mixed rig races are no satisfactory test of the relative speeds of yachts, the different rigs should, whenever practicable, be kept separate; but when mixed races are unavoidable, the following rule shall be observed: The rating of schooners and yawls to be reckoned for time allowance as follows: Schooners at three-fifths and yawls at four-fifths their actual rating, provided that in case of a yawl her mainsail does not exceed .37 of her total sail area, and that her mizen is not less than 0.06 of her total sail area. In the case of a pole-masted yawl, her mainsail shall not exceed 0.46 of her total sail area, and her mizen shall not be less than 0.075 of her total sail area. In schooners, the foreside of the mainmast shall at the deck be not farther forward than the middle of the rating length Ketches and luggers shall be rated for time allowance at three-fifths their rating; provided that in a ketch the distance between the masts does not exceed half the rating length of the yacht, and that the smaller sail is carried aft. In the case of a lugger, to be

FIG. 5



entitled to the rig allowance, the yacht must have two or more masts, and the after, or the middle mast, at the deck, must not be forward of the middle of the rating length; and in the case of a two-masted lugger, if the area of the after lug be less than half the area of the main lug, she will be rated as a yawl.

The Association further recommends that the classification of yachts should, when practicable, be as follows: not over 2½ rating, 5, 10, 20, 40 and 60 rating, there being no limit above the 60 rating class.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MEASURERS ISSUED BY DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL.

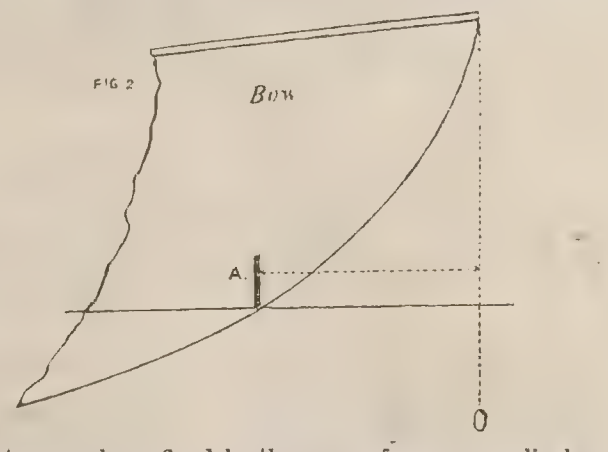
1. The measurer shall not measure for the Yacht Racing Association a yacht or boat which he has designed or built, or which any firm he is interested in has designed or built; nor shall he measure any yacht in which he is interested, as owner or otherwise.

2. Before measuring a yacht the measurer should ascertain from the owner or his representative that she is in her correct racing trim, and that the fees for measuring have been paid. All sails, spars, gear, etc., as usually carried by the yacht when racing, must be on board when the marks for the rating length are being tested. The measurer may allow sails, spinaker gear, tackle, etc , to be put amidships while the marks for the rating length are being tested.

3. The measurements to be taken are the rating length, heights at bow and stern, and the lengths of the spars or dimensions of sails, in accordance with the Y. R. A. Rule 3 for the rating of yachts.

4. The rating length shall be obtained by measuring the length over all on deck, and deducting from this length the distances in to the

FIG 2



bow and stern marks as fixed by the owner, from perpendiculars let fall from the bow and taffrail, as shown in the diagrams. These perpendiculars are best obtained by a hand lead sunk 2 or 3 fathoms deep, so as to insure a steady line to measure from. The distances in from the line are to be taken by a rod placed parallel to the water surface, as shown in the diagrams.

5. The over all measurement must be taken parallel to the l.w.l. above the deck, starting from any convenient point forward on the rail, knee, etc., ahead of the fore end of the load waterline. When the length over all is taken with rods, a line should be stretched taut from the point forward to the taffrail to facilitate the accurate shifting of the rods.

6. After the over all length has been taken, the measurer must see that the crew are placed at and about the mid over all length (see Rule 14). He must then ascertain that the yacht is not immersed at the load waterline beyond the rating length, as represented by the owner's marks at the bow and stern. If a yacht is measured in a tideway, the measurer must view the marks in smooth and during slack water.

7. All measurements should be taken and recorded in the measurement book twice, and a third time if there is material disagreement. The mean should be adopted. A steel tape or rods supplied by the Yacht Racing Association must in all cases be used for taking the measurements.

8. The measurer must take and record in the measurement book such notes of a yacht's trim by measuring the height above water at the taffrail and stem, or by such other means as will enable him at any subsequent date easily to ascertain if the immersion at the waterline or the marks at the bow and stern have been altered since measurement.

9. If a yacht has movable ballast on board, the measurer should note its position.

10. In measuring the main boom length, from mast to the pin of outhaul shackle, the measurer should see that the traveler, whether on a slide or around the boom, is chock out. For this purpose the clew of the mainsail should be unshackled and the traveler hauled out to the furthest point to which it can be taken.

11. The measurer should ascertain for himself the point on the mast or topmast, and on the bowsprit or cranse iron, to which the measurements for fore triangle must be taken.

12. In measuring the height for fore triangle, a piece of white linen should be attached to the string of the tape, and the tape can then be hoisted by the signal halliards, or by the jib or spinaker halliards, if no head sail be carried on the topmast stay or masthead pole stay.

13. Before measuring a jackyard the sail should be bent to it, or the foot laid parallel to the yard and fairly stretched; and as a check besides measuring the distance from the sheet to the outer lacing-hole, the number of cloths from sheet to clew should be counted.

14. In the event of any difficulty arising under Section 1 of these instructions, or otherwise, as to the measuring of any particular yacht, the secretary shall make arrangements for the measuring of the yacht.

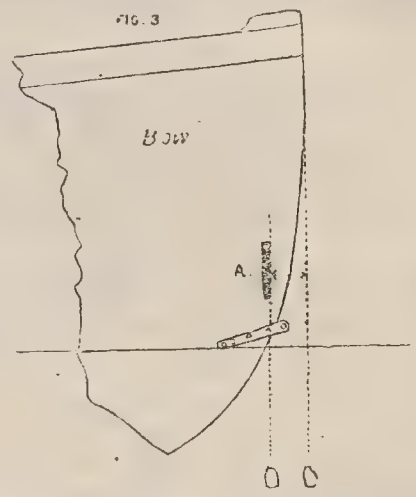
MARKING THE RATING LENGTH.

I. The metal strips for marking the rating length must be those supplied by the Yacht Racing Association, and stamped Y. R. A. They can be obtained of the measurers free of cost.

II. The marks are to be placed vertically, and must be securely fixed to the yacht by the owner before measurement, one on each side of the bow, and one on each side of the stern, as shown in the diagrams. In the case of a yacht with very flat sections aft, the marks will be placed across the stern to represent the extreme point for immersion aft.

III. In case a bobstay plate or shackle or mooring chain would interfere with the placing and securing of the bow marks, they can be

FIG. 3



placed as shown in figures 1 and 3; but in no case may the immersed length extend beyond the marks, as ascertained by a plumb line dropped from the outer edges of the marks at bow and stern, with racing crew on board at and about the mid-over-all length.

IV. The marks must not be shifted nor removed without giving notice thereof to the secretary of the Y. R. A. (Rule 3).

The Y. R. A. has thirteen official measurers at various points in the United Kingdom. The fees for measuring are: Yachts exceeding 35ft. l.w.l., £2 12s. 6d.; of and under 35ft. l.w.l., £1 11s. 6d.; certificates of rating only, when the yacht does not require measuring, 5s.; for remeasuring hull or spars only, half fee.

Upon measuring days fixed by a yacht club, boats of 1-rating and under will be measured at a fee of £1, or 10s. if only for waterline, or if only for spars. The club in such cases must pay the measurer's traveling expenses. This scale applies only when not less than £4 is paid for measuring fees in one day.

In the case of yachts belonging to the members of the Y. R. A., the fees are reduced from £2 12s. 6d. and £1 11s. 6d. to £1 11s. 6d. and 15s. All fees must be paid to the secretary at the time when application for measurement is made.

The council now includes thirty-one members in all, and fourteen clubs send representatives to the Association. The list of recognized clubs includes sixty-six different organizations. The present membership of the Yacht Racing Association is 130, including one lady.

Winthrop Y. C. Opening.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 1.

A LIGHT and falling wind made a slow race for the Winthrop Y. C., when it opened the season on Saturday. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS, 7½ MILES.				
Harold, A. J. Bliss	4 05 00	6 05 20	2 20 00	1 35 56
Wivern, Leighton	4 05 00	Withdrew.		
SECOND CLASS, 7½ MILES.				
Clara, G. Burgess	4 10 00	6 17 50	2 07 50	1 43 44
Savitor, Hutch	4 10 00	6 15 13	2 05 13	1 39 53
Harriet, L. J. Harrington	4 10 00	6 28 00	2 18 00	1 50 26
Alma, C. A. Henry	4 10 00	6 28 03	2 18 03	1 53 01
Eloise, J. S. and E. B. Partridge	4 10 00	6 30 15	2 20 15	1 51 36
Little Rogue, G W. Spencer	4 10 00	6 20 50	2 10 50	1 43 26
THIRD CLASS, 5 MILES.				
Magpie, H. G. Otis	4 15 00	5 24 40	1 09 40	0 40 27

Quincy Y. C. First Championship.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 1.

ONLY six boats started in the first race of the Quincy Y. C. on June 1, the wind being very light and variable. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington		2 58 58	
Adolphe, H. Moebs		2 59 28	
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw		Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	19.05	1 26 30	0 58 50
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.08	1 31 25	1 04 06
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice		1 33 04	

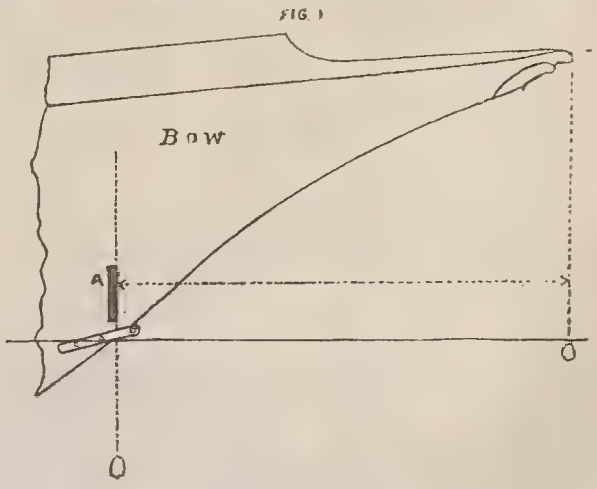
Victoria Y. C. Opening Race.

VICTORIA B. C.—PUGET SOUND.

Monday, May 27.

The Victoria Y. C. of Victoria, B. C., is one of the growing yacht clubs of the northwest. Its fleet now numbers some fast modern boats, and is increasing every year. The club starts the present season in a new two-story club house. Com. G. A. Kirk has just imported

FIG. 1



the 1-rater Frou Frou, one of Mr. Linton Hope's boats, from England, and will race her against the very successful Daisy Bell, built last year at Victoria from Mr. Hope's designs. The Victoria yachtsmen are now interested in the half-rater class; two boats have been built from local designs and one from the Clyde "one-design" class by Mr. Hope. The fast Clapham boat Myth has had her board removed during the winter and replaced by a deep fixed keel.

The opening race of the club was set for May 23, but the wind was so light that but one boat, Defiance, finished within the time limit of 5 hours. On May 27 there was a good s.w. wind in the afternoon and a very fine race was made. The times were as follows:

Start 1:30.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Elapsed.
CLASS A.			
Myth	2 44 12	3 42 49	1 59 49
Rainier	2 50 05	3 49 23	2 04 23
Xora	2 51 13	3 59 33	2 11 33
Volage	2 55 31	4 06 53	2 21 53
CLASS B.			
Hornet	2 53 24	3 57 58	2 12 58
White Star	2 56 43	4 03 42	2 18 42
Katie Thomas	3 02 57	4 16 25	2 31 25
Edw McKay	3 03 13	4 19 37	2 34 37

CLASS C.

Defiance			
Daisy Bell	2 58 58		1 08 58
O K	3 02 18		1 12 18
Garland	3 03 32		1 13 32
Frou Frou	3 09 21		1 19 21
Sea Lion	3 10 11		1 20 11
Evelyn May	3 13 38		1 23 38

The winners were: Class A—Myth, Rainier, Xora; Class B—Hornet, White Star, Katie Thomas; Class C—Daisy Bell, O. K.

Brooklyn Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BENSONHURST—NEW YORK BAY.

Monday, June 10.

THE annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. was sailed on June 10 under most favorable conditions, there being a steady topsail breeze from S.E. all day, while the weather was clear and neither too hot nor too cool. The courses were:

OPEN YACHTS.

Mainsail—Class A, 21ft. racing length and under, to black buoy No. 9, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel and return, ten miles. Class B, over 21ft. to 25ft. racing length, to black buoy No. 9, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel and return, ten miles.

Jib and Mainsail.—Class 1, 25-ft. racing length and under, to black buoy No. 9, to red bell buoy, head of Swash Channel, and return; 10 miles. Class 2, over 25ft. racing length, to Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red bell buoy; head of Swash Channel, and return; 15 miles.

CABIN YACHTS.

Mainsail.—Class D, 24ft. racing length and under, to Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red bell buoy, head of Swash Channel, and return; 15 miles. Class E, over 24ft. racing length, to Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red bell buoy, head of Swash Channel, and return; 15 miles.

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.—25ft. class; 25ft. racing length and under, to Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red bell buoy head of Swash Channel, and return, 15 miles; 30ft. class, over 25ft. to 30ft. racing length, to Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red buoy No. 12, perch and ball on top (S. W. Spit), and return, 18⅛ miles; 35ft. class, over 30ft. to 36ft. racing length, to Old Orchard Shoal Light, to red buoy No. 12, perch and ball on top (S. W. Spit), and return, 18⅛ miles.

The start was made at 12:28 for the larger boats, 12:33 for the next, and 12:43 for the smallest, thus taking almost half an hour before the last boat was timed. The judges' boat, the steam yacht Venture, loaned by a member of the club, and the club steamer, the Laura M. Starin, laid at the line until all but the smallest boats were out of sight; the consequence was that the spectators saw nothing but the start, and later on, the finish of a very interesting race. With good management the fleet of 26 yachts, and the largest only 35ft., might have been started within ten minutes, and the steamer might have been kept within sight of both start and first mark, giving a fine view of most of the race.

The start was enlivened by a foul between Aliris and Dragon, and by the loss of Nomad's topmast on the line, a hand aloft clearing away the sail while the yacht continued in the race. The best race of the day in the larger cabin cat class was spoiled, as Mary sprung her mast and finished with a reef in, while Almira sailed a wrong course. The times were:

CLASS A—OPEN CATS 21FT. RACING LENGTH AND UNDER.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Edda D., R. W. Rummell	19.01	2 15 40	1 32 01
Vigilantia, T. Krombach		Withdrew.	
Ibis, F. M. Randall		2 10 60	1 25 30

CLASS B—OPEN CATS OVER 21 AND UNDER 25FT.

Rosamond, G. R. Wheeler	22.00	2 13 30	1 27 11
Madge, H. Lindemann	21.11	2 40 40	1 26 34
Lester, H. M. Ferguson	22.11	2 09 20	1 25 56
Nereid, Knapp & Houston		2 16 00	1 31 12

CLASS D—CABIN CATS 24FT. AND UNDER.

Kittie, Hazen Morse	22.05	3 13 20	2 38 15
Allegro, F. M. Randall	22.10	3 14 23	2 41 03

CLASS E—CABIN CATS OVER 24FT.

Ensign, C. D. McGieghan		3 42 50	3 07 56
Chief, Anthony Barrett		3 48 30	3 11 26
Mary, Wm. Ellsworth	28.09	3 12 50	2 35 20
Hector, C. Kimpton		3 22 25	2 45 54
Mabel, W. H. Ludlow	25.09	2 58 45	2 22 23
Almira, W. Hanan	28.07	Withdrew.	

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS—25FT. CLASS.

Adele, C. H. Humphreys	24.11	3 21 21	2 48 14
Paula, Theo. Crohen	24.05	3 35 58	3 01 39
Arrow (yawl), H. W. Brett	23.03	3 26 05	3 00 45
Grace E., W. A. Neidhault	23.09	3 34 35	3 01 03

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS—30FT. CLASS.

Feydeh, E. H. Cowman	28.00	3 39 45	3 14 45
Nomad, W. B. Grotage	26.07	3 23 27	2 57 58

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS—35FT. CLASS.

Aliris, J. A. Constant	35.04	Withdrew.	
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00	2 43 00	2 17 34
Forsyth, Alex. F. Roe	32.06	Withdrew.	
Heedless, L. Wunder	32.00	3 22 00	2 56 18
Wabasso, H. B. Shaen		4 02 10	3 35 55

The winners were; Class A, Ibis; Class B, Madge, subject to measurement; Class D, Kittie; Class E, Mabel; sloops and cutters, 25ft. class, Adele; sloops and cutters, 30ft. class, Nomad; sloops and cutters, 35ft. class, Dragoon.

Feydeh protests Nomad.

Safety in Small Craft.

WITHIN the past half dozen years a very great change has taken place in Great Britain in the small classes, of 20ft. l.w.l. and under. The use of such small craft, and especially for racing, has increased enormously, and the speed has been also very much increased, but at the expense of safety, and capsizes are becoming almost as frequent as in this country. The present season will see numerous additions to two dangerous classes—the shoal, light and unballasted boat, with small underwater body and large topsides, and the somewhat similar boat with considerable ballast in the form of a bulb and fin. Both of these have their dangers and disadvantages, as is very clearly pointed out in the following letter to the *Field* by that old canoe and boat sailor, W. Baden Powell. His comments and suggestions apply with equal force in our waters, and the letter is worth careful reading. On the day it appeared in the *Field* the noted racing 1-rater Challenge, designed and owned by Mr. Walter Stewart, capsized and sank in a race on the Thames, her crew of two being saved:

What is the exact quantity of loss of life which will be enough to revolt the feelings of a sufficient majority of small-rater patrons, both as to owners, crews and clubs, and to cause them to "Black List" each and every capsizeable or sinkable small rater? Are we to wait till a big drowning disaster has occurred in open water; or, on the other hand, is not the lamentable experience of three days in April amply sufficient sample of the possible, if not the probable, immediate future?

Let us first examine the types of small raters which are growing daily in favor, but which are absolutely dangerous in certain defined circumstances (and let me here state that I do not attack the inland up-river skimmer as dangerous, provided she confines her antics to her home waters, and never carries any person who is unable to swim in clothes). They stand thus: capsizeable but non-sinkable; capsizeable and sinkable; uncapsizeable but sinkable. In the first-named class the weight of a wetted crew, of spars and rigging, and of wet sails, must be supported above water in addition to any weights carried within the hull.

The capsizeable but non-sinkable boat may be sufficiently safe in some states of water and wind, and with, at the same time, expert men for crew; but even then circumstances may require prompt rescue by extraneous aid from other vessels. Take the case of the Daireen in Dublin Bay on April 13, only 300yds. outside Poolebeg Lighthouse; I believe she is fitted with dagger centerplate and has no ballast, and that she has a self-draining watertight cockpit, a common fitting in American racing canoes. This form of cockpit, or in the same manner a canvas bucket well, will give to the boat ample floating power, providing no damage occurs to her flimsy, thin bottom in open rough water, unless she is immediately, by acrobatic balance of her crew, righted on to her bottom and her sail at once lowered, the mainsail is almost certain to get under water and the boat will turn bottom up; then the crew, with nothing but the keel slot to hold on to, cannot last long on her slippery bottom. Another boat of the non-sinkable type, the Nadeschda, 0.85-rater, capsized on April 20 in the narrow waters of Teddington Reach on the Thames; she was fitted under her decks with large air bags, and has also bulkheads; assistance was immediately alongside, after she was righted, but her deck was awash, and with the top weight of wet sails and her crew she would, from what I saw of her motion, I have no doubt, have been rolled over again and again had she been in rough open water and unaided. Open unballasted boats, such as the water-wag Laurrie, which capsized in Kingstown harbor on April 20, may be unsinkable, but they also are very apt to turn bottom up, and in any case need prompt assistance to the crew. The Mabel, 0.5-rater of sharpie type, also capsized in Teddington Reach on April 15, happily for her, not in open rough water; one report says she sank, but I doubt it, as she is said to be unballasted and properly bulkheaded.

In the capsizeable and sinkable type we have undoubtedly the most dangerous type of any; not enough ballast to prevent capsizing, but ample weight to sink them. Such a craft was the Corina, which capsized and sank in the river Yare on April 13, whereby her owner, the expert canoe sailor Mr. Alaric Tredwen, and Miss Barton were drowned, and four others had a very near call. It was only through the gallant exertions of poor Tredwen that a third life was not lost. Now this accident took place in smooth water on a river not 60yds. wide; is it not almost certain that, had the accident occurred in rough open water a mile or so from shore, all the six lives would have been lost? Boats of similar nature exist in considerable numbers, and, though probably in the first place they were constructed to sail in particularly narrow sheltered waters, they change owner's hands, and the new owner may be caught out in the open and very easily come to grief.

Now we come to the uncapsizeable but sinkable type. If it were not that criticism of this solemn subject may be and ought to be a warning against risks of death to the novice, or to the too confiding crews who assist the reckless owner in racing in a death trap, any experienced sailor might grin, as far as mouth can stretch, at the letter which Mr. Sibbick put forth recently in the *Field*. Many a boat is, as he says, "built and fitted to be unsinkable," but, with the present scantling, is there one in a dozen of successful racers which, after three months of racing, would pass an actual test afloat? "They float their own ballast and belongings, and at least half a dozen hands," says Mr. Sibbick. Do they? That is about 17cwt., without counting sails, spars, and gear, floated by the two end compartments, if they remain watertight, and if the bulkheads do not burst. But anyone who has sailed in a rough water race, and has crawled beneath the deck, and noted the working of the boat in some of the latest Solent raters, will not easily forget the springing of the sides and twists of shape at every heavy jump over a sea. Of course, a small rater can be so rigidly constructed as not to be likely to twist or spring her sides away from the bulkheads, the deck may be sufficiently stout and well laid not to warp up from the top of the bulkheads, and the bulkheads may be constructed of sufficient substance and strength to resist the weighty rush of water in the mid-compartment, but what chance has such a substantially constructed boat in racing against the "matchbox" build? For equal weight of ballast and gear she must rate on a longer l.w.l., or be of a greater displacement in any case.

The danger of the bulb-fin boat, where the hull is a mere shell, with not even the chances given by flimsy bulkheads, which may possibly hold out for a time, is, of course, well known. The hull may fill, not merely from a bad "knockdown" squall, but may strike a buoy or, at night, a floating plank or fish box, or she may, and some have done so, start a plank by heavy crunching of her lee bow in jumping a sea. Of course, these accidents are not so common as the capsizing of insufficiently ballasted boats, but they are none the less real, and would prove equally dangerous and fatal.

In yachts of over 5-rating it may be difficult, and possibly unnecessary, to attempt to make them unsinkable, and, so long as the lead keel does not drop off, or the side open out or collision happen, danger is remote; but in regard to all yachts of 5-rating and under, especially when we come to 1-raters and 0.5-raters, it is perfectly possible to build and fit the boat so as to be practically uncapsizeable and unsinkable; but the structure must be considerably heavier than is at present put into racing boats of these ratings. I own a 0.5-rater which is divided into four water-tight compartments by three extremely strongly constructed bulkheads; these bulkheads are packed all round with a caulking capable of expansion, so that, even if the wood of the skin or deck, by warping or otherwise, works away from the bulkhead, the caulking keeps it water-tight. Each compartment is fitted with drain pipe and pump leading into the steering well, so that each can be tested at any time, and drained to the pump well. Her bulb-keel, being of lifting type, can be dropped to a considerable draft sufficient to render her uncapsizeable, and yet it can be lifted for shallow water or for housing her on the yacht's deck or ashore. In addition to this, her beam and buoyancy is such that, if laid flat down in smooth water, the lee coamings of her two hatchways would be above water, and she could ship no water; but, even if the bulb were housed close up, this would only happen in a very sharp squall and in absence of proper lookout. In this type of boat, and with such extra fittings to carry, one must be content to only win a race occasionally, in a blow, for instance; but at all times one has the comfort of knowing that, though the boat is small and the land at a distance, risk is reduced to the obtainable minimum.

It may now be asked, how can the clubs and the crews and the owners of safe boats set about to prevent further loss of life in, and discredit to, the small-rater classes? Let me make a suggestion; the capsizeable boat, whether she be unsinkable or not, is a nuisance in racing, and is a danger to other competitors. All competitors near by are bound to go to her assistance when she capsizes, and may thereby be thrown out of all chances in the race. Also they immediately run great risk of being cut open by her pointed centerplate or by her rudder blade, which are lying horizontal in the water; and yet you are to save her so that she may outsail you next fine light day, or repeat the trouble to others if a breeze is on.

Therefore, if a boat is not so fitted as to be practically uncapsizeable and also unsinkable, judged by her construction, to the satisfaction of the sailing committee of the club, she should be required by the committee of such club to carry on deck during the race, and ready for immediate use, one full size and weight Board of Trade circular life buoy of cork for each man on board her.

The result of such a rule would be that the dangerous flimsy type of boats would have to carry, in a bad position, about the same weight of life-preserving appliances as the safely constructed craft carries in her extra construction and bulkheads. And, further, it would be well in the interests of the nursery of the sport that each club should faithfully record in public the capsizes or sinkings which occur. In this manner, while none would be barred, if they elect to risk them, the dangerous types would be steadily discouraged by penalty in racing and risk of loss of market. The lives already lost call for prompt action on the part of those yachtsmen who hold the interests of the sport to be above mere pot-hunting and who would prevent further loss of life.

W. BADEN-POWELL.

ROYAL THAMES Y. C.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

In a race of the Dublin Bay Sailing Club, on May 11, the 1-rater Spell lost her fin through the corrosion of the galvanized bolts by which the gunmetal fin was secured to the angle irons outside the keel. In spite of the loss the boat managed to sail safely back to the harbor.

Mr. A. K. S. Robertson, of Shirley, Southampton, has ordered a Herreshoff 1-rater for the Solent.

Messrs. John Wyley & Son, New York, have just issued a very practical and valuable work entitled "Screw Propellers and Marine Propulsion," by I. McKim Chase, M. E.

We have received from the Chicago Varnish Co., makers of the celebrated "Navalite" marine varnish, a very neat and attractive little book containing the portraits of yachts and other vassels on which Navalite is used, and of their captains. Among the former are Vigilant, Meteor, Nourmahal, Alicia, Corsair, Margarita, Sea Fox, and Helvetia; while among theskippers are Captains Haff, Jeffrey, Curtis, Bailey, and others. The little book is a very artistic and effective testimonial of the merits of Navalite.

An unusual case in marine insurance is that now being heard before Judge Gildersleeve, in the Superior Court, to recover damages upon the well-known steam yacht Feiseen. It will be remembered that the Feiseen was built by W. B. Cogswell, of Syracuse, who in April, 1893, insured her for $21,000 and paid $787 premium. On September 9, 1893, her machinery broke down in this harbor and while in tow of the yacht Vamoose she was damaged in collision with the steamer Guyandotte. The tug Ramsey rescued the Feiseen and claimed $10,000. The present case is defended by the underwriters on the ground that the insurance applied only to inland waters. Meantime the salvage case is also pending.—*Marine Journal.*

Amonta, Mr. W. G. Brakan's new schooner, was lauched on June 5, at Harlan & Hollingsworth's yard, Wilmington, Del. She will not be ready before the end of the month.

W. Haviland, of Tebo's yacht basin, has had plans made for a one-rater, which will be built at once, and will meet the imported boats Wave and Shrimp. She will be built after very much the same general style as the two well-known boats, excepting that she will be distinctively American and will have a centreboard instead of a fin. It is said that the board will be something entirely new and novel in this line, which, while the principle has been tried and found correct, is, nevertheless, somewhat of an experiment. Her lines, it is said, will be finer drawn in places and somewhat easier on the whole than either of the other boats, while both her displacement and wetted surface will be smaller.—*New York Times.*

The spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. will be sailed on Saturday, June 15. The start will be made at 11.30 a. m. sharp. The judges' steamer, C. P. Raymond, will leave the club house at 10.30, and will carry a limited number of members.

The Brooklyn Y. C. has arranged the following fixtures:

June 2—To Great Kills. June 16—Handicap scrub races. June 23—To Sandy Hook for maneuvering. June 30—To Elm Tree Light Beach for athletic games and luncheon together. July 4—Dress ship at anchor after 12 M. and illumination in evening. July 7—Horseshoe for maneuvering and luncheon. July 14—Handicap Scrub races. July 21—Prince's Bay. July 28—Shore House, Bergen Point, for club midsummer dinner. Aug. 4—Atlantic Highlands P. Y. C. Aug. 11—Handicap scrub races. Aug. 18—Ruffle Bar, meet C. Y. C. Aug. 25—Fleet maneuvering, single hand small boat racing, and gig races n Gravesend Bay. Aug. 31—To Great Kills to rendezvous and lie all night. Sept. 1—Leave Great Kills 5 A. M., breakfast at Keyport, and anchor for the night at Highlands of Navesink, Shrewsbury River. Sept. 2—Athletic games on shore and leave for club house at 2 P. M. Sept. 8—Parade aroundinternational racers and seamanship drill by signal on return to anchorage. Sept. 15—To Great Kills. Sept. 22—Final handicap scrub races. Sept. 29—Final parade and manœuvering.

We are indebted to the secretaries of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, and the Quincy Y. C., for copies of the club books for 1895.

The Roberts Safety Watertube Boiler Co. is finding each year a wider market for its standard boiler, whose merits are now fully recognized by steam yachtsmen and owners of other steam craft. The works, at Redbank, N. J., are now busy, and with a large and complete plant and a long experience in this line of work the company is steadily improving its large output of all sizes of boilers.

The hitherto unknown owner of the new Free Lance, steam yacht, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, is Mr. F. Augustus Schermerhorn, owner of the steam yacht Empress.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Chicago, have just issued their 1895 catalogue, mailed free.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

15. Red Dragon spring regatta, Delaware River.
15. New York spring regatta, Bensonhurst.
22. New York chal. cup, first trial race.
29. New York chal. cup, second trial race.
29. Marine and Field club annual, Bath Beach.

JULY.

6-20. W. C. A., 10th annual meeting, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
4. New York chal. cup, International races.

AUGUST.

9-23. A. C. A., 10th annual meeting, Bluff Point, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.

Red Dragon fall regatta, Delaware River.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Chas. E. Cragg, Port Henry, New York.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Thomas Hale, Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.
Central Division, W. S. Hackett, Albany, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. N. Cutter, Winchester, Mass.
Northern Division, E. F. Burritt, Ottawa, Canada.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1. Applications for membership must be made to the Purser of applicant's division, from whom blanks for the purpose may be obtained.

Eastern Division Meet.

It having been decided by the executive committee, and approved by the Commodore, the annual meet of the Eastern Division will be held on June 15, 16 and 17, at Tyng's Pond, about six miles from Lowell, and reached by electric cars leaving every fifteen minutes from Bridge, corner Merrimack street.

The camp is charmingly situated, easy of access, with a fine stretch of water for sailing and paddling courses. It is admirably adapted for camping and there is a good restaurant a short distance from camp, where meals can be obtained at reasonable cost for those who do not care to camp and cater for themselves.

All canoes and camp equipage shipped care of the Vesper Boat Club, Lowell, so as to arrive by Friday, June 14th, will be forwarded. Be sure and ship early and avoid delays.

The Regatta Committee are preparing a programme of races which, with other important information, will be issued later. The races will take place on Monday, June 17, as follows:

Paddling, one mile straightaway. (For E. D., A. C. A. Paddling Trophy.)
Tandem Paddling—Single blades; one-half mile straightaway.
Tandem Paddling—Decked canoes.
Paddling; one half mile—single blades.
Paddling; club fours.
Upset Paddling.
Combined Sailing and Paddling; three miles.
Sailing; unlimited; three miles.
Sailing; upset.
Visitors' Sailing Race.
War Canoe; one mile straightaway.
Extra Events: Tournament, hand paddling, hurry-scurry, standing paddling.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Geo. F. Gray, Boston, Mass.; Albert G. Smith, Lowell, Mass.; Edmund O. Thompson, Everett, Mass.; Andrew G. Swapp, Lowell, Mass.; George L. Churchill, Lowell, Mass.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The spring regatta of the Red Dragon C. C. will be held on June 15 at Wissinoming, on the Delaware River. The programme is as follows: 1. Yawl race, 3 miles. 2. Maneuvering upset sailing. 3. Single paddling, double blades for decked canoes, ½ mile. 4. Tandem paddling, decked canoes, ½ mile. 5. Tandem paddling, open canoes, single blades, ½ mile. 6. Swimming race, 100yds. 7. Hand paddling, 100yds. 8. Upset paddling, ¼ mile. 9. Tournament. Musical and minstrel entertainment by the Minstrels Mantique and the Kanoo Klub Kwartett at 8 o'clock, followed by dancing.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., June 2.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	9	7	8	7	8	9	9	8	9	8—82
	7	8	9	9	8	8	9	6	8	10—82
	7	10	9	10	8	7	9	8	6	7—81
	7	8	8	10	8	9	9	9	6	8—82
Weinheimer	10	6	6	7	8	7	7	8	10	8—77
	9	8	4	2	9	7	9	10	7	6—71
	6	6	10	9	6	6	5	9	9	8—74
	10	8	6	10	3	9	9	7	5	9—76
Payne	8	10	9	7	7	9	5	9	4	7—79
	8	9	5	7	9	10	9	9	5	8—78
	8	6	8	10	7	9	10	7	7	7—79
	10	5	10	7	8	8	7	10	5	8—78
Trounstine	10	4	1	8	7	6	7	5	8	7—63
	6	10	8	8	3	4	5	5	7	4—60
	6	7	7	5	5	7	7	6	1	5—56
	9	4	4	3	8	10	4	7	5	9—63
Hake	5	7	7	4	5	6	5	3	3	6—51
	3	5	10	6	5	5	5	6	3	3—51
	4	10	6	7	10	6	8	7	8	7—73
	9	9	7	8	10	6	6	9	6	3—73
Drube	10	6	7	7	10	9	10	7	8	10—84
	8	7	5	6	8	7	5	10	10	8—74
	9	7	5	10	8	8	6	8	9	6—76
	10	9	8	6	10	9	8	6	10	6—82
Hasenzahl	8	5	5	10	8	8	6	9	9	10—78
	10	6	6	5	6	8	10	7	9	8—75
	5	6	10	8	5	5	10	7	8	8—72
	6	5	9	5	9	5	9	8	9	8—73
Topf	6	5	9	5	9	5	5	9	8	7—69
	9	10	7	6	5	6	6	8	4	2—63
	9	5	5	7	5	7	9	3	5	7—62
	7	10	10	9	4	2	6	6	4	9—63
See	8	10	9	6	9	9	7	9	6	8—79
	10	6	10	8	6	9	5	9	7	8—78
	9	8	7	7	9	5	5	8	10	8—76
	10	7	8	8	8	7	9	9	7	5—78
Randall	8	6	10	7	5	7	7	7	6	7—70
	5	9	6	6	5	4	7	9	7	8—66
	6	10	6	8	7	6	9	6	7	8—74
	10	8	6	8	10	5	7	6	5	5—70

Presque Island Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., May 30.—The members of the Presque Island Rifle Club held their first prize shoot to-day. The club has just built a handsome pavilion, and this, with the natural advantages of the range, make the property of the club something to be proud of. A large number of spectators were present to witness the shooting. The prize list and the names of the winners were as follows: Medal, won by J. Brown; repeating rifle, J. W. Paul; pair trousers, Joseph Thomas; meerschaum pipe, J. G. Germann; hanging hall lamp, F. L. Derby; sweater, W. F. Treiber; pair shoes, J. Stidham; pair bicycle shoes, C. Curry; sweater, J. Bacon; set reloading tools, F. G. Lynch; silver scarf pin, W. J. Leyer; pair shoes, J. F. Leyer; ink stand, W. Wilkins; silver mounted cane, Harry Thompson; pair bicycle shoes, Alfred Thompson; pair trousers, Fred Sharp; leading flask, O. S. Riblet; pocket knife, G. Schaffer; cartridge belt, A. Olvitt; box cigars, W. Wright; box candy, F. Semmence; jar pickles, Chas. Van Etten.

The scores were as follows:

John Brown	7	9	8	7	7	5	7	7	8	8—73
J W Paul	7	6	10	6	9	8	7	4	2	6—65
J Thomas	5	5	8	5	8	9	5	4	3	6—58
J G Germann	7	7	5	7	5	3	5	5	7	4—55
F L Derby	10	5	7	5	4	3	4	7	3	6—54
W F Treiber	8	2	8	7	5	3	3	6	7	5—54
J Stidham	7	3	6	6	3	9	3	5	5	4—51
C Curry	2	6	8	8	7	3	3	3	3	8—51
J Bacon	9	5	7	3	2	4	3	9	5	3—50
F G Lynch	8	3	4	3	4	7	7	4	5	4—49
W J Leyer	8	4	4	4	9	7	2	4	7	0—49
J F Leyer	1	3	3	5	6	8	4	5	7	4—46
W Wilkind	10	3	4	7	6	4	4	5	0	3—46
H Thomson	3	3	5	10	5	10	0	2	4	3—45
A Thomson	5	4	4	8	6	4	2	4	5	2—44
F Sharp	3	6	6	5	1	6	3	5	2	5—42
O S Riblet	5	2	3	4	7	4	5	0	6	6—42
G Schaffer	3	5	5	3	4	5	3	5	4	4—41
A Olvitt	4	2	1	4	5	4	10	3	7	1—41
W Wright	6	4	10	5	4	3	3	6	0	1—41
F Semmence	4	3	2	3	7	7	4	4	2	1—37
Chas Van Etten	3	0	3	3	3	5	1	3	8	2—31
Ed Semmence	1	0	2	4	2	0	3	6	3	3—24
W G Shepherd	0	0	0	0	8	2	2	2	4	2—20

Notes from San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 3.—The local riflemen have been all agog for ten days in anticipation of a contest for a round-trip ticket to the great shooting festival next month in New York. One of our large daily papers offered a ticket to the contestant making the highest number of points on the regulation point target in 200 shots—the match to be shot on Decoration Day at Schuetzen Park, between 10 A. M. and 6 P. M. These terms, which were arranged by a strong partisan of the Schuetzen Club Park Range, were not satisfactory to several of our leading marksmen, whereupon the newspaper referred to offered to give another ticket to any marksman who might at a second contest, to be held at Shell Mound Range, make a score larger than the highest made at Schuetzen Park. In accordance with these propositions about a dozen riflemen competed at Schuetzen Park on May 30, and three at Shell Mound June 1. A. Strecker led at Schuetzen Park with 347 points, but was beaten by F. O. Young at Shell Mound Range on June 1 by the narrow margin of 2 points. Nearly all our best local shots competed at one or the other range, but the great exertion of lifting a heavy Schuetzen rifle so many hundred times in a few hours told heavily on many of the shooters.

The result: F. O. Young 349, A. Strecker 347, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 321, D. W. McLaughlin 320, J. Ulschig 306, D. Faktor 301, F. Schuster 298. The others ranged down to less than 200.

F. O. Young made the best 100-shot score—181 points in his first 100 shots, with only 2 shots (17s) out of the black. He and Strecker each made 44—3-inch bull's eyes: Dr. Rodgers 39 and McLaughlin 36

There will be quite a representation of California marksmen at the July shoot, notably Young, Strecker, Helm and probably McLaughlin. The S. F. Schuetzen Verein will be represented by several enthusiastic riflemen. While our best representatives east expect to run up against world-beaters, still the latter are hereby warned that they will not win first honors without working for them. We had hoped to organize a State team of eight or ten men and to have an interstate match arranged to take place after the close of the festival, but several of our best shots could not possibly get away. We envy our fortunate brethren who are going and unreservedly trust the honor of our guild to their keeping.

ROEEL.

Rifle at San Antonio.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., June 3.—As is usually the case, the regular annual prize shoot of the San Antonio Rifle Club yesterday was a brilliant success. From all quarters of the Southwest riflemen came forth to pay tribute to the generosity and glory of the San Antonio organization. The utmost good feeling prevailed throughout, and the visitors were loud in their praises of the efficient management. Prominent among the visitors was Mr. Ed Steves, of Saltilla, Mexico. Mr. Steves is an old member of the San Antonio Club and cherishes his membership as dearly as any San Antonian. His shooting shows that he has not forgotten the art of holding the gun straight or of pulling the trigger at the proper time.

Prize shoot, 200yds., rest, 10 shots per man: Albert Uhl 103, E. Steves 101, G. Giesecke 98, Adolph Altman 98, C. Pape 97, O. Voyes 96, E. Seffel 96, G. Altman 95, H. L. Degener 95, H. Weidner 95, A. Herff 93, E. Teich 93, W. Tahs 92, F. W. Stuve 92, E. Serna 91, Texas Field 91, J. Hillert 90, H. Voghtlander 90, O. Forcke 88, W. Herpel 88, E. Dosch 87, G. Heye 87.

Prize shoot, off-hand, 150yds.: A. Guenther 83, G. Altman 81, E. Seffel 79, Ernest Steves 79, Texas Field 76, A. Steves 75, Chas. Hummel 74, A. Uhl 74.

TEXAS FIELD.

Ross is Shooting Well.

As Fred C. Ross, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is booked to meet A. J. Vandeusen of Winona, Minn., the following from the Brooklyn, N. Y., *Eagle* of May 30 will be read with interest:

"Champion Fred C Ross, of this city, still leads in the Zettler Rifle Club outdoor tournament and in the bi-monthly shoot, which took place yesterday at Cypress Hills park, he again carried off the honors. There were twenty-three competitors in the race yesterday, the largest number yet seen at the scores since the tournament began. All shots were made on the 200 yard range, off hand, each man shooting in three series of ten shots each, his highest series to count in the totals for the tournament prizes. Ross had 230 out of a possible 250. H. Holger scored 229 and Henry Melville 225, while Michael J. Dorrler and George W. Plaisted scored 222 points each. H. D. Mueller had 220, M. B. Engel 218 and John Bodenstab, Bernhard Walther and P. F. Schmidt made 213 each. John Kronsberg scored 211 points. Bernhard Zettler 209, R. Busse and Ignatz Martin 208 each, and Geb. Krauss 206. The scores of the other competitors were below the 200 mark.

"In the contest at the Wissell target of honor, George W. Plaisted made the remarkable score of 73 points out of a possible 75. Max Engel was second with 70."

A Shooting Gallery in London.

LONDON, ENGLAND, June 1.—A revolver and rifle shooting gallery has been started in London, England, at 19 Swallow street, Piccadilly. The revolver competition is at 20 yards, 2-inch bull's eye. Competitors may use their own revolvers provided they have a caliber of .45 and a trigger pull of 4lbs.; but they must shoot the ammunition provided at the gallery, a smokeless powder, the prize being a gold badge given by the makers of the powder. Mr. Walter Winans is leading at present with a score of 40 out of a possible 42.

There is also a rifle competition in progress which calls for six shots at 20 yards, at a bull's eye a little over half an inch in diameter. Three scores have been made of 28 out of a possible 30, Mr. Winans being one of the makers of a 28. The rifles and ammunition are supplied at the gallery, the rifles being .22 caliber.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 13-15.—OMAHA, Neb.—Annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association; $500 added money. F. S. Parmelee, Sec'y.

June 15.—WILMERDING, Pa.—Tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club. A. A. Mackert, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—CLEVELAND, O.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's second annual tournament; $1,200 in cash added.

June 19-22.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club. D. L. Williams, Sec'y, Portland, Ore.

June 20-22.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Multnomah Rod and Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec'y.

June 26-27.—VICKSBURG, Miss.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club.

June 29.—MARION, N. J.—Fifth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club.

July 4.—UTICA, N. Y.—All day shoot; live birds and targets.

July 4.—CHICAGO, Ill.—All day shoot of the Eureka Gun Club; targets.

July 4 5.—DULUTH, Minn.—Third annual tournament of the Central Gun Club. J. W. Nelson, Pres.

July 10-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec'y.

July 17-18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

July 17-18.—BELFAST, Me.—Second annual tournament of the Belfast Gun Club; $125 in cash guaranteed.

Aug. 9-10.—NEW ORLEANS, La.—Tournament of the Inter-state Association, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club; $200 added money.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankfort, Pa.

Aug. 27-29.—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Sept. 2-3.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 2-3.—NEWARK, N. J.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club; targets New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. on the second day. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept (second week).—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

1896.

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

May (second week) —MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, which will be held at Saratoga June 24-28, is going to be a big affair. The set of traps for events "open to the world" will draw outside shooters, while the regular State events will as usual bring out an entry list that is bound to attract attention. These State shoots are an excellent idea, bringing together, as they do annually, all the better class of sportsmen. Men who go to these shoots do so in the main for the pleasure of meeting old friends and fellow sportsmen; they are not there solely for "what there is in it."

The White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club will have an all-day shoot on the Fourth of July. Targets and live birds will be used.

The Flour City Gun Club, of Minneapolis, Minn., announces a three-days' tournament, to commence June 20. Owing to its central location in a district that boasts a large number of gun clubs, the club should have no difficulty in obtaining a large entry list.

The Cleveland Target Co.'s tournament next week promises to be as big an affair as usual. As it is the last of a series of important shoots, known popularly as "the circuit," Paul North can confidently look forward to the attendance of all the cracks.

The Syracuse Gun Club will hold shoots at its Croton street grounds every Saturday afternoon.

On Wednesday, June 5, Dr. Littlefield and John Schliemann, both of Brooklyn, N. Y., and both members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, shot a match at 50 live birds each under Long Island rules. The match was brought off at Dexter Park, L. I., prior to the club shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club. Dr. Littlefield won easily, shooting his opponent out on the forty-first round. Of the 41 shot at the doctor had killed 38, a score hard to beat under any conditions.

The organization of the Montpelier (Vt.) Gun Club was completed a few days ago, thirty charter members being on the roll. Lawson C. Cummins was elected President; W. O. Lowe, Vice-President; J. G. Brown, Secretary; C. F. Lowe, Treasurer; F. R. Dawley and W. W. Brock, Executive Committee; C. O. Barrett, Captain.

Mr. F. A. Thompson, who, like his brother, W. H., is one of the best shots of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., leaves to-day for St. Clair Springs, Mich. While at the Springs Mr. Thompson will try and get the better of the rheumatism from which he has been suffering. I hear that there are trap-shooting grounds at St. Clair; that being the case, both local and visiting shooters will find Mr. Thompson ready, willing and able to hold up his own end.

Barring the Decoration Day shoots, affairs in trap-shooting circles around New York have been very quiet for three or four weeks past. The next event of importance in this vicinity, outside of the State shoot at Saratoga, will be the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League tournament at Marion, N. J., on June 20. The shoot will be given under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City.

Advices from Lynchburg, Va., show that the members of the home club are practising industriously with a view to exorcising the hoodoo that affects the scores. Hoodoo or no hodoo, I understand that there will be a solid delegation from that city at the Charlotte, N. C., interstate shoot on Aug. 27-29.

Although the "Fixtures" column in the Trap department of FOREST AND STREAM is one of the most important items of the department, it is often necessarily curtailed in order that news matter may not be crowded out. Secretaries of gun clubs and other interested parties will please remember this and be lenient.

It is a long time since any event of a similar nature has created as much talk as the match of Brewer vs. Birds. It was well advertised, the daily press giving plenty of notices. All the reports of big bets of ccurse added to the public's interest. It is just as well to state, however, that all those reports were received with incredulous smiles in such places where shooters "most do congregate." It is a fact, though, that a sum of $250 a side was actually placed in the temporary stakeholder's hands at the time of signing articles.

"U. M. C." Thomas tells a good story about a local gun club at Bridgeport, Conn. It appears that one afternoon, at a club shoot, where "U. M. C." was present, one of the shooters had a shell stick in his gun. The shooter retired to the rear of the club house and punched the shell out with a stick. The next job was to get the stick out; this he found he could not do, as it was jammed fast. This didn't bother him a bit; returning to score, he inserted a shell, called "Pull," and fired. The target was "lost," but everybody at the score wondered, "Where in thunder did that stick come from?" Probably there are several shooters who can call to mind the loss of ramrods in the old days of muzzleloaders and birds all around them!

The Memphis Tenn., Gun Club claims the second week in May (probably May 12-14) for its 1896 tournament. The club will add at least $2,000 in cash to the purses.

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold a two-days' tournament on Sept. 2, 3. New Jersey League events at 2 P. M. on Sept. 3.

The dates for the annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest have been changed to June 19-22.

The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, Ill., will hold an all-day shoot on its grounds, Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, on July 4. The shooting will be at inanimate targets. Refreshments will be served all day, including a hot dinner at Schoerling's at noon. Visitors will be welcomed by the club.

The Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., will hold its Third Annual tournament on July 4 and 5.

Mr. O. L. Yoemans, secretary of the Maplewood Gun Club, writes as follows: "The Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood, N. J., and the Peekskill Gun Club, of Peekskill, N. Y., have arranged to shoot a series of team matches. The teams will consist of six men from each club, each man to shoot at fifty single targets. The first match takes place on July 4 at Peekskill."

The scores of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament are given elsewhere, having arrived too late for insertion in our issue of June 8. Heikes led in the averages with a fraction over 93 per cent. The Sixth Annual tournament of the association will be held at Hot Springs some time in May, 1896.

EDWARD BANKS.

Trap at San Antonio.

JUDGING from the performances at the ground of the San Antonio Gun Club every Sunday, it strikes me as a good idea for the board of directors of the above club to meet and establish a good plethoric class, A 1, and put "old man" Piety, of Texas, in it. If some one would then lock the door and throw the key away, the rest of the No. 1 class in that club could scratch in some sleep for a few nights and might thereby be enabled to find the targets a little oftener. As a matter of fact, the shooting public of San Antonio is beginning to suffer from a tired feeling superinduced by reading in the morning papers every Monday that "Piety carried off the medal in the first class," to say nothing about the stereotyped phrase becoming threadbare. But he does it—just as regularly as the club shoots, Piety is on top with a large gap intervening between his score and that of the man next to him.

Following are the scores made by this club June 2. Regular medal shoot at 30 singles: Shields 19, Smith 21, McVicar 18, Piety 29, McCormack 22, France 20, Chabot 23, Simpson 18, Learn 16, Phillips 20, Epp 23, Thiele 20, Volbrecht 24, Grossman 14.

Piety 1st in Class A, Volbrecht 2d in Class B, Chabot 3d in Class C.

No. 2, 15 singles: Shields 9, France 8, Simpson 8, Learn 10, Volbrecht 7, McCormack 11, Thiele 13, Grosmann 9, Chabot 12, Piety 12.

No. 3, 15 singles: France 12, Volbrecht 9, Grossman 6, Simpson 8, Chabot 9, Thiele 14, Shields 8, McCormack 12, Phillips 9, McVicar 11.

POWDER HILL CLUB.

The attendance at the Powder Hill Club shoot was not very large on account of numerous other attractions in the city, but those present enjoyed some good sport and made the following scores:

Opening shoot at 10 singles: Critzer 9, Foster 7, Ohnesorge 8, Whitworth 6.

Regular shoot at 30 singles and 5 pairs, unknown traps: Critzer 30, Foster 28, Ohnesorge 35, Whitworth 27.

The next shoot was at 25 singles: Critzer 18, Foster 15, Ohnesorge 23, Whitworth 19.

TEXAS FIELD.

Cummings vs. Taylor.

LANCASTER, Pa., June 6.—The match between W. P. Cummings, of this city, and Dr. W. G. Taylor, of Columbia, Pa., came off this morning, Cummings winning easily. The conditions were 100 live birds, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, $100 a side. The match was shot at Hambright's Three-Mile House, near this city. J. C. Wiley was referee; A. Anderson and Charles Murdock, judges; George Franklin and Howard Bush, official scorers. The score, showing flight of birds, is as follows:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

W P Cummings. ↑↖↗↖↑↖↗↖↗↗↑↗→→→→↗↘→←↖↗↗↗→
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—23

↖↗↗↖↗↖→↘→↑↑↖→↗↗↗↗↗↗↑↑↗↙↗↗
1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 ● 2 0—21

↗↗↖↖↖↑→↑↑↖→↖↖↖↑↗↑←↖↖$→↑↗↗
2 2 2 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2—22

↑↑↖↘↑←↗→↗↗↗↖↗↑↖↖↖↘↖←↖↑↗↗
2 ● 1 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 0 2 0 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—17—83

W G Taylor... ↙↓↑↑↘↗→→←→↗↑↙→↗↑↗↖↖←↗↑↗←↘
2 1 0 0 2 ● 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 0 0 2 1—19

↖↘←↖↑↘↖→↖↗→↖→↗↑↖↗↖↓←↗↑↗↗↑
1 2 2 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 2 1 0 1 2 0 0 1 2 0 1 0 1—17

↗→↗↗↘→↖↗←↗↑↖↑↗↘↑←↑↑↗↑↘→
1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 ● 1 1 1 2 1 1 ● ● 1—21

↖↑↑↖↖↑↑↘↗←→↗←↗→↑↑↑$↗↘↑←↗↗
2 1 1 2 ● ● 1 2 2 1 ● 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 0—18—75

TELL.

Onondaga Sportsmen's Club.

SYRACUSE, June 6, medal shoot:

A Class.

D M Lefever	1010011111110110010011111111111111010111111010111—38
Chas Wagner	1110110011111011111010111011111010111001011111101—36
C H Mowry	1011110001111110110101101101101010101111011111—35
G Laport	0011000000111111111000101001111010111111111011111—34
C Henry	1101111110101110111000011101001000100111000110000—26
Geo Mosier	1111010000110111110111000101011111101111101100110—33

B Class.

R W Hunter	1101111111111110111101111111111111101011101110110l—42
W Morris	1111111111111111111010111111000001011100111111011—39
D Walters	1111001110001111100011111111011010110110001110110—33

C Class.

W Jennings	0110111011000111001000111011100111000000111110111—29
Craddock	0111001100011001011101110010110100101010001010000—98

Medal shoot, weather fine. D. Lefever, Class A; Hunter, Class B; W. Jennings, Class C, winners.

MESINA SPRINGS, June 8.—A. A. rules:

C T Arno	2211122110 — 9
C H Mowry	1221121112222121120l2—20
H George	2221221122211221l2112—21
W Holden	2012211223210221121l2—19
W B Fuller	2222122122111211222l—21

The live-bird shooters of Syracuse were treated to a surprise Saturday afternoon at Mesina Springs. Mr. Fuller, who has not shot live birds for ten or eleven years, walked up to the traps and beat the best of the old war horses, killing 21 straight, tieing Mr. George for first place. All the shooters shot a rapid pace, dropping but very few birds. The birds were a fine lot and a good number first class.

A. R. K.

Endeavor Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 8.—The Endeavor Gun Club held its weekly shoot to-day at Marion, N. J. The attendance was small and the scores low, the targets being thrown hard and at acute angles. Scores follow:

No. 1, 20 targets, unknown angles:

Strader	11111001010011000000— 9	Creveling	11110110110101101011—14
Polhemus	11110111101001101111—15	G Piercy	11100111110100101110—13
Collins	11101111101111110101—16	L Piercy	00011000000001101101— 7

No. 2, 20 targets, unknown angles:

Strader	01000110011001011111100011—13
Polhemus	01110111001110001010100l0—13
Collins	11111111111110101011101l01—20
Creveling	01111111111111001001110l1—18
G Piercy	00001101011011100101111100—13

No. 3, 20 targets, unknown angles: Creveling 17, Strader 16, Meyer 15, Polhemus 12, L. Piercy 9, G. Piercy 8.

No. 4, same: Polhemus, Strader and Meyer 15, L. Piercy 13, Creveling and G. Piercy 12.

No 5, 10 pairs: Collins 14, G. Piercy 13, Creveling 12, Strader 10, Polhemus 8.

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 8.—The following scores were made this afternoon by members of the New Utrecht Gun Club on the club's grounds, Woodlawn, L. I.

Tenth club shoot, series of '95, 10 live birds, handicap allowances:

C Furgueson, Jr.	2222222222 —10	D C Bennett (B)	2220210121+0— 8
C M Meyer (A)	2212112222 —10	C Furgueson (B)	0120210122+2— 8
Dr Wynn (A)	2120111121 — 9	A Eddy (B)	0020112122 — 7
G W Coulston (A)	202221●112 — 8	E B Knowlton (C)	2200212100 — 6
Dr Littlefield (B)	1222212012+2—10	W Stuart (C)	202●220020 — 5

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
C M Meyer	12222—5	222112—6	222—3
Dr Littlefield	22221—5	111222—6	0 —0
Conny Furgueson	11120—4	20 —1	...
C Furgueson, Jr.	2222●—4	222222—6	0 —0
Dr Wynn	01122—4	122110—5	210—2
G W Coulston	●1102—3	● —0	120—2

No. 2, 5 birds, $2; Nos. 3 and 4, miss and out, $1.

No. 5, 10 birds, $5: C. Furgueson, Jr., and Dr. Wynn (divided) 10, Dr. Littlefield 9, G. W. Coulston 5.

No. 6, miss and out, $2: C. Furgueson, Jr., and Dr. Littlefield (divided) 12, Dr. Wynn 5.

Why Not a Chicago Shoot?

CHICAGO, Ill., June 8.—There was some talk here this week among several outside men who are figuring on the project of coming to Chicago and giving a big Chicago tournament at targets some time the coming year. They think they can get up the biggest tournament ever held in the country. As yet this is mere conjecture. It would surely seem Chicago could hold as good a shoot as any city, with her central location and her reputation for hustling. Chicago excels at live birds, but has yet to see her first great modern target tournament. It would be at least interesting to see the experiment properly tried by the proper parties, and should these gentlemen go beyond mere speculating over it and actually claim a date, their project would no doubt attract much attention in the shooting world.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Ass'n Tournament.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 1,—The Little Rock shooters have reason to feel elated over the results of the fifth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, which was held at West End Park, Little Rock, May 28 to 30. This tournament was originally intended to be held at Hot Springs, April 8-10, but owing to the smallpox scare which prevailed about that time it was deemed advisable to hold the tournament in Little Rock. This also necessitated a change of dates, and the above-mentioned dates were the ones that were chosen, as they were the only ones that did not conflict with some near-by tournament. This gave the local boys less than two months to prepare for the tournament, and its success is therefore all the more gratifying.

The shoot was well attended, as the appended list of visiting shooters will attest: R. O. Heikes and E. D. Rike, Dayton, O.; Charley Young, Springfield, O.; B. A. Bartlett, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ferd. Van Dyke, Dayton, N. J.; B. Leroy Woodward, Campello, Mass.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; W. N. Drake, South Orange, N. J.; J. W. Hoffman, German Valley, N. J.; J. J. Cornett, Lineus, Mo.; K. M. Moore, Farmersville, Tex.; J. Clausen, Santa Rosa Park, Fla.; William Lape, Coffyville, Kan.; Irby Bennett, Frank P. Poston, Fred. Schmidt, A. B. Duncan, Cockrell and Plummer, Memphis, Tenn.; G. W. Hughes, John J. Sumpter, Jr., Dr. A. U. Williams (Dobbins), Charles N. Rix, A. R. Smith, W. J. Little and the Hon. J. L. Wadley, of Hot Springs; J. T. Lloyd, W. A. Leach and Elmo Marsh, Pine Bluff; Joe P. Matthews, Fort Smith. The weather was not all that could be desired, as it was cloudy and threatening part of the time, and rained quite hard Wednesday morning, delaying the commencement of the shoot about an hour. The shooting was by no means easy, as the threatening weather made the light very bad, and the variegated background, a high baseball fence covered with signs of all colors, made the flight of the targets very deceiving. Regardless of these difficulties some very fine work was done, Rolla Heikes carrying off the honors, with Charley Young right after him. The following are the

AVERAGES MADE DURING THE TOURNAMENT.

	Shot.	Broke.	Average.
Heikes	465	433	93 1/9
Young	465	425	91 5/6
LeRoy	465	417	89 2/3
Van Dyke	415	369	88 7/8
Fulford	465	410	88 1/7
Schaer	50	44	88
Bartlett	465	407	87 5/9
Drake	465	407	87 5/9
Moore	380	331	87 1/9
Rike	465	...	85 3/4
Duley	465	384	84 7/9
Sumpter	465	384	84 7/9
Hoffman	465	384	84 7/9
Lloyd	225	187	82 5/9
Irwin	165	146	82 5/11
Connett (Timberline)	390	319	81 3/4
Hughes	465	380	81 2/3
Thibault	465	379	81 1/2
Alexander	430	350	80 1/7
Duncan	155	124	80
Dickinson	465	365	78 1/2
Pemberton	445	349	78 4/9
Woodson (Jim)	270	211	78 1/7
Schmidt	155	119	76 4/5
Lape	90	69	76 2/3
Leach	245	187	76
Smith	380	281	73 18/19
Williams (Dobbins)	365	267	73 1/7
Rix	360	277	72 5/6
Clausen	50	36	72
Matthews	240	171	71 1/4
Wadley	225	161	70 1/15
Little	310	217	70
Marsh	70	49	70
Poston	155	108	68 1/3
Bennett	155	104	67 1/10
Cockrell	155	104	67 1/10
Fletcher (Mack)	205	135	66 13/20
Plummer	155	98	62
Villipique (Carr)	15	9	60
Baise	35	18	51 3/7
Jackson	100	47	47

(Extras and trophy contests are included in averages.)

The following were classed as professionals, and had to win first, second or third money or be put out of a place: Heikes, Van Dyke, Young, Fulford and Bartlett; all others shot for five moneys all the time.

Hot Springs won the Keeley cup with the fine score of 43 out of 45; the team was composed of Hughes, Sumpter and Williams. Little Rock won the club championship, scoring 87 out of 100, 60 unknown angles and 40 expert rules, 25 targets to each man; Dickinson, Duley, Pemberton and Alexander composed the winning team. J. B. Thibault won the individual championship, scoring 23 out of 25, 15 unknown angles and 10 expert rule.

The scores were as follows:

First Day.

No. 1. 15 targets: Heikes 14, Young 13, Bartlett 14, Leroy 11, Van Dyke 13, Rake 12, Poston 8, Duncan 6, Plummer 11, Schmidt 13, Cockrell 10, Bennett 11, Fulford 11, Dickinson 12, Duley 12, Pemberton 12, Alexander 14, Thibault 11, Moore 15, Hughes 14, Sumpter 12, Dabbins 11, Little 11, Rix 13, Smith 11, Wadley 12, Hoffmann 13, Fletcher 10, Drake 14, Clausen 14, Timberline 12.

No. 2, 20 targets:

Poston ....10110100111011101110—13	Moore.....11111111101111110111—18
Duncan....11111101101111011—16	Hughes....01111110111111101111—17
Plummer...01101110110111110101—14	Sumpter ..11111111111100101011—16
Schmidt...10101110111011111111—16	Dobbins...01101001110001110011—11
Cockill ....11110001111016011111—14	Little..... 00101101101111011111—14
Bennett....10010110101100110110—12	Rix.....01111011111111001101—15
Hikes.....11101111111111111111—19	Smith .....10110101011111111101—15
Young.....11110111101111111111—18	Wadley....11011101111111111111—18
Bartlett....10101111111111101111—17	Hoffman ..01110110101111101011—14
Leroy.....11101101111101110111—16	Timberline 11011111110011111011—16
Van Dyke.11011111011110111111—17	Fletcher...00100011101111011111—13
Rike.....11111101111111101111—18	Drake.....11111111111111111110—18
Dickinson..11111110111111111111—19	Fulford....11111001101111110110—15
Duley.....01101010011101111001—12	Clausin....11100010111111110111—15
Pemberton10110111111111010110—15	Lloyd.....11111111010011111111—17
Alexander 01001111101111101110—14	Leach.....10111111110100101111—15
Thibault....11011010111100111111—15	Irwin.....01111001110101011111—15

No. 3, 15 targets: Poston 11, Duncan 13, Plummer 7, Schneider 9, Cockrill 13, Bennett 12, Heiks 14, Young 14, Bartlett 11, Leroy 14, Van Dyke 14, Rike 12, Dickinson 10, Duley 13, Pemberton 12, Alexander 12, Thibault 11, Moore 14, Hughes 13, Sumpter 13, Dobbins 8, Little 10, Rix 10, Smith 14, Wadley 9, Hoffman 10, Timberline 13, Fletcher 12, Drake 10, Fulford 11, Lloyd 12, Leach 9, Clausin 8, Irwin 10.

No. 4, 20 targets:

Poston ....11111011111011101111—17	Moore.....11111111111111101111—19
Duncan....01011110101110111100—13	Hughes....11111011101111111101—17
Plummer..01000100011110110001— 9	Sumpter...10111111111111111111—19
Schmidt...11101111111101101011—16	Dobbins...10011100101111101111—14
Cockrell...11111101111101111110—17	Little.....00011001101111111110—13
Bennett....10111001011111111111—16	Rex.....11110101111111111110—17
Heikes.....11111111001111111111—18	Smith.....11011110011101101011—14
Young ....11111111111111111111—20	Wadley....10101100111101111111—15
Bartlett...10111101101111111111—17	Hoffman ..11111011100111111110—16
Leroy.....11111010111111111101—17	Timberline 00111011111100101100—14
Van Dyke..11111111111111011111—19	Fletcher...10111001101110101101—13
Rike.....11011011011111111110—16	Drake.....10101111111111111111—18
Dickinson..10101001011111001111—13	Fulford....11101111110011111111—17
Duley.....11111110101111111111—18	Leach.....11111010110101111111—16
Pemberton10110100111101111000—12	Lloyd.....01111111010101111101—15
Alexander.10011001111101111111—15	Irwin.....11011011111101111111—17
Thibault...01110101111101111111—16	

No. 5, 15 targets: Poston 9, Duncan 11, Plummer 10, Schmidt 15, Cockrell 14, Bennett 9, Heikes 11, Young 11, Bartlett 12, Leroy 13, Van Dyke 12, Rike 13, Dickinson 15, Duley 13, Pemberton 11, Alexander 10, Thibault 12, Moore 12, Hughes 12, Sumpter 10, Dobbins 13, Little 10, Rix 12, Smith 12, Wadley 11, Hoffman 13, Timberline 12, Fletcher 11, Fulford 14, Drake 14, Lloyd 13, Leach 9, Marsh 11.

No. 6, 20 targets:

Poston ....11111011010110101101—14	Hughes....11111111110111011111—18
Duncan....11111110111111111111—19	Sumpter...11111111111111111111—20
Plummer..11001100011111011010—12	Dobbins...10011111111001110111—15
Schmidt...11011011010011111110—14	Little.....10001011010101000111—10
Cockrill....10100011111010111011—14	Rix.....11011011100110111111—15
Bennett....10111110111110101111—16	Smith.....10111101111111011101—16
Heiks.....11111111111111111111—20	Wadley....10111110111111000111—15
Young ....01011111111111111111—18	Hoffman. .11011101101111111110—16
Bartlett....01111111111111110001—16	Timberline 01011111111111100111—16
LeRoy.....11111111111111011111—19	Flikner....11111010111111111011—17
Van Dyke.10111111111111111111—19	Fulford....11111100111110111111—17
Rike.....10011111101110111111—16	Drake.....11111111111110111111—19
Dickinson..00111010110111111111—15	Leach.....01011111110111110111—16
Duley.....11111010111111111011—17	Lloyd.....11111111111110111111—19
Pemberton11101110100011011010—12	Irwin.....11111111101111111111—19
Alexander.11111111011011010001—14	Marsh.....01101011110111110111—15
Thibault...10111011001011111111—15	Jim.....10101111111101011111—16
Moore.....10111111101111111011—17	

No. 7, 25 targets:

Jackson	10110001101011100100000011—12
Hughes	00111110110110111101111—19
Duley	11111101111110111100000011—18
Jim	11111111001111010110101100—17
Alexander	01101111111011111111011011—20
Thebault	11111111111111111111101111—23
Litzke	10101111111110101001101101—17
Baise	01110100111101011001101l—16

No. 8, 15 targets: Heikes 14, Young 14, Bartlett 12, Leroy 14, Fulford 13, Rike 10, Sumpter 13, Mathews 11, Hughes 13, Timberline 8, Drake 15, Hoffman 12, Dickinson 9, Duley 15, Pemberton 9, Thebault 13, Jim 13, Alexander 11.

No. 9, 20 targets:

Heikes ....11111111111111111111—20	Jim.....10001111111111100100—13
Young.....11111111111111111111—20	Hoffman ..11111111111101110111—18
Bartlett ...11111111011111111110—18	Thebalt....01011111111111111111—18
Leroy .....11111101101111111110—17	Dickinson..11000111111010010101—12
Fulford....11111111011100111111—17	Duley.....01111101111101101111—16
Rike.....10100101101111101110—13	Drake .....11111111110111111100—17
Sumpter ..11111111111110011111—18	Steel.....00110110110101010000— 9
Mathews ..00111111111111110001—15	Alexander.00101100000010100010— 6
Hughes....01111110111111111111—18	

No. 10, 15 targets: Heikes 13, Young 14, Bartlett 15, Leroy 14, Fulford 13, Rike 11, Sumpter 12, Mathews 10, Hughes 13, Jim 13, Hoffman 13, Thebalt 10.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Keeley cup contest:

Hot Springs No. 1.		Little Rock No. 1.	
Hughes	11111111111111—15	Woodson	11101101010110—10
Sumpter	11111111111110—14	Duley	11110111011011—12
Williams	11101111111111—14—43	Pemberton	11111101111111—14—36
Hot Springs No. 2.		**Little Rock No. 2.**	
Rix	0010100011111 — 9	Dickinson	11110011101110—11
Smith	11011011011110—11	Alexander	11111111111111—15
Wadley	01101001011011— 9—29	Irwin	11110111101111—13—39
Little Rock No 3.			
Thibault	11110101111111—13	Fletcher	11101011011011—11—32
Schaer	00101010111010— 8		

No. 8, 15 targets: Poston 12, Duncan 14, Plummer 8, Schmidt 10, Cockrell 8, Bennett 8, Heikes 15, Young 13, Bartlett 13, Leroy 15, Van Dyke 12, Rike 14, Dickinson 12, Duley 12, Pemberton 12, Alexander 13, Thibault 11, Moore 15, Hughes 13, Sumpter 15, Dobbins 14, Little 10, Rix 13, Smith 12, Wadley 8, Hoffman 9, Timberline 13, Drake 13, Lape 11, Fulford 15, Fletcher 13, Lloyd 11, Marsh 12, Leach 11, Jim 11, Schaer 13.

No. 9, 20 targets:

Poston ....11111110000111011001—13	Dickinson .01001111101110111111—15
Duncan....11110110111011110111—16	Duley .....11111110111111111111—19
Plummer..11111111001111011101—16	Pemberton10111100010011110111—13
Schmidt...01000111101111111110—14	Alexander.11111110111111110111—18
Cockrell...11110001011111110111—15	Thibault...11111110111101111111—18
Bennett ...11101011111111111011—17	Moore.....11111011111111111111—19
Heikes.....11011001111011111111—16	Wadley....11010101111111111011—14
Young.....11101111111111111111—19	Hoffman ..11111111111111110111—19
Bartlett ...11111111101111111111—19	Fulford ...10111111111110111111—18
Leroy .....10110111111111111111—18	Drake .....11101111111110110111—17
Van Dyke .10111111111111111111—19	Irwin.....00011110111111101111—15
Rike.....11011011111110111011—16	Marsh .....00111010101001111010—11
Hughes....11011111110000111111—15	Leach .....11101011111110111111—17
Sumpter...10010111110110111111—15	Lloyd.....11111111101111101011—18
Dobbins ...10111111111111101111—18	Fletcher...01111111110101111111—17
Little.....11011011111110100111—15	Jim.....01101100110100001111—11
Rix.....11110111111110101111—17	Schaer.....01110111111111101111—17
Smith. ....00100000111011111111—12	

No. 10, 15 targets: Poston 11, Duncan 14, Plummer 11, Schmidt 12, Cockrell 15, Bennett 13, Heikes 15, Young 14, Bartlett 13, Leroy 13, Van Dyke 15, Rike 13, Dickinson 13, Duley 12, Pemberton 15, Alexander 11, Thibault 11, Moore 11, Hughes 12, Sumpter 14, Dobbins 13, Little 8, Rix 9, Smith 13, Wadley 8, Timberlain 13, Drake 14, Fletcher 9, Fulford 15, Hoffman 14, Lape 14, Leach 12, Lloyd 11.

Second Day.

No. 1, 15 targets: Heikes 15, Young 15, Bartlett 12, Leroy 14, Van Dyke 15, Rike 10, Hughes 9, Sumpter 14, Little 11, Rix 12, Smith 11, Wadley 10, Dickinson 11, Duley 14, Pemberton 14, Thibault 13, Moore 15, Alexander 14, Hoffman 14, Lloyd 14, Drake 13, Leach 8, Fulford 13, Lape 9, Timberline 11.

No. 2, 20 targets:

Heikes.....11111111111111111111—20	Duley.....11101110111111101111—17
Young.....11111111111111111111—20	Pembrton..11111111110111111111—19
Bartlett....01111111101111101111—17	Thibault...11111001111111011111—17
LeRoy.....01101111111011111111—17	Moore.....11111110111111101111—18
Van Dyke..11101111111111011111—18	Alexander.10111111111010111101—16
Rike.....11111111111111111111—20	Hoffman ..11111111101101110—16
Hughes....00101111010111111011—14	Leach.....11111111101111110111—18
Sumpter ..10001100101111010101—11	Lloyd .....11011100111110100111—14
Little.....11110111001111011011—15	Fulford....11111111111111111111—20
Rix.....11101111011111111111—18	Dobbins....11001111111111111111—18
Smith.....01111111111111111100—17	Timberline 11111111101111101111—18
Wadley....11011101111111110111—17	Mack .....11001000001001110110— 9
Dickinson..11111111101111111111—19	Drake.....11111111110111011111—18

No. 3, 15 targets: Heikes 15, Young 12, Bartlett 13, Leroy 13, Van Dyke 9, Rike 14, Hughes 14, Sumpter 13, Little 11, Rix 10, Smith 9, Wadley 9, Dickinson 11, Duley 13, Pemberton 12, Thibault 12, Moore 13, Alexander 12, Hoffman 11, Leach 13, Lloyd 9, Drake 14, Fulford 15, Lape 14, Mack 7, Timberline 12, Dobbins 9.

No. 4, 20 targets:

Heikes ....11111011111111011111—18	Duley.....11101010110111111101—15
Young.....11111111111101111110—18	Pemberton 10111111111111111111—19
Bartlett....11100111011111011110—15	Thibault...00111011111111111111—17
Leroy.....01110111111111101111—17	Moore.....01111111111111110111—18
Van Dyke.11111111101111101111—18	Alexander.11111111111111110011—18
Rike.....11111111111111111011—19	Hoffman ..11111111111111111111—19
Hughes....00111101111111111111—17	Leach.....01011111100100110111—13
Sumpter...11101011111111111111—18	Lloyd.....11011111011110111011—16
Little.....01110111111011110101—15	Dobbins...11111101100010011111—15
Rix.....11001111111111110111—17	Drake.....11101111011111111111—18
Smith.....00111000110110111010—11	Fulford....10111011011011111111—16
Wadley....10111110101111110110—15	Timberline 11011111111101001101—15
Dickinson..10111111011111010110—15	

No. 5, 15 targets: Heikes 15, Young 13, Bartlett 12, LeRoy 15, Van Dyke 13, Rike 14, Hughes 9, Sumpter 12, Little 12, Rix 12, Lape 11, Timberline 12, Dickinson 10. Duley 13, Pemberton 11, Thibault 11, Moore 13, Alexander 10, Hoffman 13. Leach 11, Lloyd 15, Dobbins 10, Drake 11, Fulford 14, Jim 12, Smith 12, Irwin 12, Matthews 14.

No. 6, 20 targets:

Heikes.....11111111111111111011—19	Duley.....11111011110010111111—16
Young.....11111111111111111111—20	Pemberton 10100111111111101111—16
Bartlett....11011111111111111111—19	Thibalt....01110111111111110111—17
LeRoy.....00111111111111111111—18	Moore.....11111111011111011000—15
Van Dyke..11111111011111111111—19	Alexander.11111111110101111111—18
Rike.....11011111111111110111—18	Hoffman ..11101111111111111111—19
Hughes....11111111111101111111—19	Leach.....01111111111111111111—19
Sumpter...11111011111111111111—19	Matthews..11011111110011110110—15
Little.....01100110100111111100—12	Timberline 11110111111111101110—17
Rix.....11110111110100000100—11	Fulford... 10110111111111111111—18
Smith.....11111011101000111110—14	Drake.....11111011111111111111—19
Dobbins....11011011111111111111—18	Jim.....11111111101011111101—17
Dickinson .01111001111111001111—15	Irwin .....11111101011111011100—15

Club championship, 25 targets, 15 at unknown angles and 10 at expert rules:

Hot Springs.

Hughes	11101101101111111111111111—22
Sumpter	11111111101111101111011111—23
Williams	10100011101101100101100010—13
Rix	11101110111111111011111011—21—79

Little Rock.

Dickinson	11101111101011110111011111—20
Duley	01111111111111111101111111—23
Pemberton	11111111111111111011111011—23
Alexander	11111101111011111101111101—21—87

No. 8, 15 targets: Heiks 15, Young 14, Bartlett 13, LeRoy 15, Van Dyke 15, Rike 13, Hughes 10, Sumpter 12, Smith 14, Rix 10, Little 12, Dobbins 12, Dickinson 13, Duley 15, Pemberton 12, Thibalt 11, Moore 14, Alexander 14, Hoffman 13, Timberline 14, Jackson 9, Mathews 14, Fulford 14, Drake 14, Mack 6, Jim 12, Irwin 15, Schaer 14, Lape 10.

No. 9, 20 targets:

Heikes ....11111111111110111111—19	Pemberton 11101110110111111111—17
Young.....11111111101111011111—18	Thibalt....11111111111011110111—17
Bartlett ...11111111111111111111—20	Moore.....11111110111111101111—18
LeRoy.....11011111111111111111—19	Alexander.11111111111111110111—19
Van Dyke.10111111111111111011—18	Hoffman ..01111111101111111110—17
Rike.....11111011011111111111—19	Jackson...11101000011000010010—10
Hughes....11111001111110111111—17	Drake .....11110110111111111010—16
Sumpter...11101111111111111011—18	Mathews ..01000000000010101111— 7
Smith.....11111011111101101011—16	Fulford....11111111110110111111—18
Rix.....11111011111100110100—15	Jim .....11111111101111111011—18
Little.....01111101111011110110—15	Irwin.....11010111111101111111—17
Dickinson .11101111111111101111—18	Dobbins....01001111010101011110—13
Duley.....10111001101111111111—16	

No. 10, 15 targets: Heikes 12, Young 13, Bartlett 11, LeRoy 13, Van Dyke 12, Rike 15, Hughes 10, Sumpter 15, Smith 13, Rix 9, Little 12, Dobbins 14, Dickinson 12, Duley 14, Pemberton 13, Thibalt 13, Moore 12, Alexander 12, Hoffman 11, Jim 11, Mathews 11, Fulford 13, Drake 14, Jackson 11, Timberline 13.

Third Day.

No. 1, 15 targets: Heikes 14, Young 15, Bartlett 13, LeRoy 14, Van Dyke 14, Rike 12, Hughes 14, Sumpter 12, Smith 13, Rix 11, Dobbins 11, Mathews 14, Dickinson 12, Duley 13, Pemberton 13, Thibalt 15, Moore 14, Alexander 12, Hoffman 14, Fulford 14, Timberline 14, Drake 15, Jackson 5.

No. 2, 20 targets:

Heikes ....11101111101111111111—18	Dickinson..11111111111111101001—17
Young.....11110011111011101111—16	Duley.....11101011111111101010—15
Bartlett....01111111111110101111—17	Pemberton11111011111111011111—18
LeRoy.....11011111101101110111—16	Thibalt....11110111111111100111—17
Van Dyke.11111111111111111111—20	Moore.....11111111100111011001—15
Rike.....01111111110111110111—17	Alexander.11111111110111111111—19
Hughes....10110111110011111100—14	Hoffman ..11101111111111111111—19
Sumpter...01111111101111111101—17	Fulford....11011011111110101111—16
Smith.....01011100100011010111—11	Drake.....11111111111111111111—20
Rix.....10011111000101110011—12	Jackson...10000001001010100011— 7
Dobbins....10101011110010111111—14	Timberline 11001001111111111011—15
Mathews...11100001110111110111—14	

No. 3, 15 targets: Heikes 15, Young 12, Bartlett 14, LeRoy 15, Van Dyke 15, Rike 12, Hughes 11, Sumpter 15, Smith 9, Rix 10, Dobbins 7, Matthews 9, Dickinson 10, Duley 14, Pemberton 12, Thibalt 12, Moore 9, Alexander 9, Hoffman 14, Fulford 14, Drake 14, Jackson 5, Timberline 12, Jim 8.

No. 4, 20 targets:

Heikes.....11111111111111011101—18	Dickinson..11111111111111111111—20
Young.....00111111111111111011—17	Duley.....01111111011110111101—16
Bartlett....11111111010101011100—14	Pemberton 11111111110111111011—18

No. 10, 15 targets: Heikes 13, Young 14, Bartlett 12, Leroy 14, Fulford 13, Rike 10, Sumpter 13, Mathews 11, Hughes 13, Timberline 8, Drake 15, Hoffman 12, Dickinson 9, Duley 15, Pemberton 9, Thebault 13, Jim 13, Alexander 11.

No. 9, 20 targets:

LeRov.....11111011111111011101—17	Thibalt....11101001110111111111—16
Van Dyke.10011111110111111111—17	Moore.....01110111011111111110—16
Rike.....11111111110111011110—17	Alexander.11010110111101101111—15
Hughes....11111111011011101111—17	Hoffman ..11101110111110111101—16
Sumpter ..11111111011100111111—17	Fulford....11011111111111111101—18
Smith.....11101101010101111111—15	Timberline 11011111111111111111—19
Rix.....11010110111100011111—14	Jim.....11101000111111110011—14
Dobbins...01011111111011111101—16	Drake.....00101101111110011001—12
Mathews...10111111011000010110—12	

No. 5, 15 targets: Heikes 13, Young 14, Bartlett 13, LeRoy 13, Van Dyke 12, Rike 12, Hughes 14, Sumpter 11, Baise 10, Drake 14, Timberline 15, Mathews 13, Dickinson 15, Duley 12, Pemberton 12, Thibault 12, Jim 14, Alexander 7, Hoffman 10, Fulford 15, Jackson 4, Davis 7.

No. 6, 20 targets:

Heikes.....11111110111111110111—18	Fulford....11101111011101111111—17
Young'.....11111111111111111111—20	Mathews ..10111101101000111110—13
Bartlett....11111111110111110011—17	Dickinson .01011111001011011010—13
Lerov .....11111111111111111111—20	Duley.....11111101111111111111—19
Van Dyke..11011111101100101110—17	Pemberton 11111100010101111011—14
Rike.....10111011101111111111—17	Thibault...10101111111111111111—18
Hughes....00111111111101011111—16	Jim.....11111111001101111111—17
Sumpter...01010111011111111111—16	Alexander.11000011111011101111—14
Drake.....11110110011011111011—15	Hoffman ..10111101101111111111—17
Baise.....10000010101110100000— 8	Timberline 11111011111111110101—17

No. 7, 25 targets:
(Squad No. 1 missing.)

Jackson	10110001101011100100000011—12
Hughes	00111111011101111101111—19
Duley	11111101111111011110000011—18
Jim	11111111001111010110101100—17
Alexander	01101111111011111111011011—20
Thebault	11111111111111111111101111—23
Litzke	10101111111110101001101101—17
Baise	01110100111101011001101l—16

No. 8, 15 targets: Heikes 14, Young 14, Bartlett 12, Leroy 14, Fulford 13, Rike 10, Sumpter 13, Mathews 11, Hughes 13, Timberline 8, Drake 15, Hoffman 12, Dickinson 9, Duley 15, Pemberton 9, Thebault 13, Jim 13, Alexander 11.

No. 9, 20 targets:

Heikes ....11111111111111111111—20	Jim.....10001111111111100100—13
Young.....11111111111111111111—20	Hoffman ..11111111111101110111—18
Bartlett ...11111111011111111110—18	Thebalt....01011111111111111111—18
Leroy .....11111101101111111110—17	Dickinson..11000111111010010101—12
Fulford....11111111011100111111—17	Duley.....01111101111101101111—16
Rike.....10100101101111101110—13	Drake .....11111111110111111100—17
Sumpter ..11111111111110011111—18	Steel.....00110110110101010000— 9
Mathews ..00111111111111110001—15	Alexander.00101100000010100010— 6
Hughes....01111110111111111111—18	

No. 10, 15 targets: Heikes 13, Young 14, Bartlett 15, Leroy 14, Fulford 13, Rike 11, Sumpter 12, Mathews 10, Hughes 13, Jim 13, Hoffman 13, Thebalt 10.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

For Gate Money Only.

THE afternoon sun on Monday last was warm enough at the Parkway Driving Park, L. I., to make one appreciate fully the coolness with which the principals in the "Brewer versus Birds" match annexed the dollars of an easily gulled public. To charge $1 for the privilege of witnessing a shooting match of the sure-enough kind would be worthy of note. But to charge $1 per capita for the privilege of standing in a hayfield for more than two hours while the principals wrangled about a referee and a trap, to be rewarded finally with an exhibition that lasted nearly two hours more, is something that deserves special comment. There were several features connected with this affair that will be of interest.

In the first place, the daily papers were worked satisfactorily, the match receiving a good deal of attention at their hands. Phil Duffy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and John L. Brewer were positively stated to have posted $250 a side to bind a match, Brewer betting that he could kill 95 out of 100 pigeons, Duffy to provide and trap the birds. It is a fact that $50 a side was deposited with a temporary stakeholder, but so far as anybody could make out that was every cent that was put up. Reports of big wagers, one made by Hank White, were passed around, and helped to create a little more interest. The judicious use of Mr. John S. Hoey's name as refereee gave an air of genuineness to the match that it otherwise would not have had; Mr. Hoey's reputation for honest, straightforward work on the race tracks or at the traps was a positive assurance that there would be a square deal. The answer to the question—"Who authorized the use of Mr. Hoey's name?"—would be interesting. The articles signed by the two principals were also nothing more than memoranda, jotted down as the different points were agreed upon. A special point in the articles was that the trap might be any that Duffy might choose, the only stipulation being that it should not stand, either open or shut, more than 12in. above the ground. Now Duffy's choice was a corker to look at, but an easy one to make. Order a zinc box, 2½ft. long, about 9in. wide and 11½in. high; also get a lid for this box so large that it projects about half an inch all around, and fasten this lid on to the box with a single hinge at one end; place this box with the lid downward, and with the hinged end toward the score; pass a rope over the top of it and fasten it to the front end of the box. That was Duffy's trap and pulling apparatus. Brewer and his backer (I believe that was Mr. Gibbons's position) objected to the trap. As a matter of fact, when open for the bird to go out it was over 12in. above the ground. Duffy told Brewer to choose a referee, and if the referee objected to the trap it would be all right. Brewer's backer wanted Frank Class to act as referee, but Duffy pleaded that he didn't know Class and would have none of him. So it went on for a couple of hours, while about 300 spectators stood around on the long grass or lay down on the newly-mown swaths cut by Billy Mills and his scythe, it being Billy's duty to clear a space for the score and the traps. As Brewer wouldn't shoot the race so long as Duffy's trap was to be used, and as Duffy wouldn't go ahead unless his invention was allowed to stand, things were at a deadlock. Somehow or other very few people were surprised at the state of affairs—they expected a wrangle of some sort. Finally Mr. W. Lair appeared with a couple of old King traps from the New Utrecht Gun Club's grounds at Woodlawn; the $50 a side was returned to the principals, and Brewer proceeded to show what he could do to Duffy's birds, not a cent of money being at stake so far as anybody could find out.

The birds were a very mixed lot and did not reflect much credit on Mr. Duffy's sagacity. They were not a patch on those which he has had the reputation of providing. They were really only a fair lot of summer birds, with a few good ones sandwiched in here and there. There were any amount of sitters, Brewer calling several "no birds." He started in by making some slobbering kills, missing his third bird, an incomer, clean with his right barrel. As a set-off, however, he showed what he could do by making some excellent quick kills on some of the fast birds. It must be remembered, in considering the score, that he was shooting a 10-gauge gun, a crown grade Greener, and that the birds were being liberated from only one trap. The first 23 were killed, but the 24th got away. The next to escape was his 38th. From that point he killed straight until the 63d round, when a fast driver escaped. Seventeen more kills were registered, leaving but 20 more to shoot at, the score standing 77 kills out of 80 birds shot at. It looked a moral certainty just then that 95 or better would be scored. Three misses out of his next five settled it, the score showing 79 out of 85—six misses. Brewer shot out his string, killing straight and scoring 94 out of 100.

Judging from the opinions freely expressed, it looks as if match shooting of this sort, gate-money affairs, had received a good sounding slap, so far as this part of the country is concerned. It was really about as cold a deal as any that has ever been attemped around New York. There were several well-known club men present, many of them excellent shots themselves; there were also a number of New Jersey shooters on the grounds, who had taken a day off to come over to Long Island. Out of consideration for their feelings all names of those present are suppressed. The score was as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                  →↑↓↑←↖↑↖←↗↑↑H↓↖←←→→←↖→←↑↑
J L Brewer....,2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 0 1—24

                  ↑↖↘↘↖↘←↖←↑↗↘↑H↓↑↖↙↑↖←→↗←↘
                  1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—24

                  ↑↑↘←←↙←↑↘→↑↓↑←↖←↗←←←↖↑↗→↘
                  1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2—24

                  ←←H↘↗↑↑→↖↖
                  1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0                          — 7—79
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The Memphis Tournament.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 10.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The practice shooting to-day shows that there are between fifty and sixty shooters present. They come from all over the South and a great tournament is assured. The entries to-morrow will probably reach the one hundred mark. All the arrangements for the comfort of the shooters and for the smooth running of the tournament are very good; the management exceptionally excellent. Weather is warm, but pleasant.

June 11.—At 11 A. M. to-day the books in the cashier's office show an entry list of 109 shooters, with another squad expected to fill. This is the greatest of great shoots. Twenty-three States are represented. Everything is working smoothly; perfect satisfaction prevails; everybody is pleased and the Memphis men are justly elated. E. HOUGH.

Illinois State Twenty-first Annual.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 8.—The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was twenty-one years old this week, and celebrated the occasion by giving the best, if not the largest, tournament of its entire life. The entry of seventy-four in the Board of Trade badge shoot and forty-two in the Smith cup has often been surpassed, but the smoothness and system with which the shoot was run off have never been equalled here. For the first time in the history of the Association the manifold scoring book and a systematic method of handling events and affairs took the place of the old and awkward fashions long peculiar to this fixture. We still have the ten-gauge rules here, but we now manifold our scores. In general smoothness of running, the tournament would be hard to surpass, and it was a model in its way not to be easily equalled by other tournaments, because the live birds were as usual handled in John Watson's unapproachable way. The targets (empires) were thrown under Mr. Fred Quimby's personal direction and worked very nicely. Everybody got his money promptly and not a kick was heard anywhere on the grounds. Ike Watson served good meals as usual, and everybody else about the old park at Burnside was active and accommodating. All in all, the association and all concerned should feel happy and complacent this year. Even the weather, though it started in hot for two days, just to show what it could do, moderated Tuesday and was pleasant thereafter. President Shepard and Secretary Meyers should be complimented also on the quality of weather furnished. John Watson had for the retrieving of the birds the old reliable pointer Cyclone, also a lively younger one, Flipaway, a third pointer of less experience and a Gordon-Irish setter, all very good at their work, so that the shooting advanced very regularly and rapidly. The birds were very good indeed for the season, and on some of the windy days became puzzling to the best. The grounds were in good order. The Audubon Club as usual had their hospitable tent open, and Montgomery Ward & Co. had an inviting pavilion just back of the target score, Messrs. Bingham, Stannard and Grubbs being on hand for that firm to shoot and talk with shooters.

THE GRAND PRIZES.

The grand prize of the association, the Board of Trade badge, was carried off this time by Harry Dunnell, of Pistaqua Club, Fox Lake, Ill., one of a family of duck shooters who were raised on the edge of the Fox Lake duck marshes. Once again this trophy was won by a 10-gauge gun (a low grade L. C. Smith, with Schultze powder). The last tie man, Mr. Hicks, of Chicago Garfield Club, also used a 10-gauge (a Westley Richards). Mr. J. J. Smith won the badge last year with a 10-gauge. Henry Ehlers, the year previous, won it with a 10-gauge. In fact, the 10-gauge at the same score with the twelve is, as Dr. Carver put it, "a bad gun to go against." Dr. Carver, who was straight on the 10 birds, lost his first bird in the ties, Tuesday morning, and fell out. There was objection made to his shooting, but as he is a regular member of the Garfield Gun Club of the association, it is hard to see what justice there was in the objection. Carver used a 12-gauge weighing nearly 10lbs., a shell 4 or 5in. long, a cup full of E. C. powder and a copy of the Sunday *Tribune* for wadding. You want plenty of soft wadding in nitros. I always like to give the formula of loading used by eminent shooters.

In the target trophies very much of a surprise ensued. Dr. Frothingham was in great form and won the Smith cup and also the Montgomery Ward diamond medal target trophy. When it is remembered that last year it was he who won the Montgomery Ward diamond medal, the occurrence will appear all the more remarkable. Dr. Frothingham used a Greener gun and E. C. powder. It was suggested by Mr. W. C. Thorne, of the firm giving these trophies, that if Dr. Frothingham should now go on and win their live bird diamond trophy, he would probably come down town and ask for the safe. In the latter event, however, Dr. Frothingham was not so fortunate. As it was, out of his good fortune he generously contributed a handsome sum for the good of the Illinois Association. Outside of a few such notable wins no one made very much money. Charlie Budd (who claims that bicycle exercise has put him back in his old form) only lost two targets out of 110, but realized only $7 for the performance. Jim Elliott got 130 out of 140 targets (in a stiff wind), and was about $3 loser on it. Courtney, with his Lefever ejector, stood for a good thing on Tuesday and won out about $50. The heavy wind didn't trouble "Court" so much as light weights like Chan Powers and Dick Merrill, and he ground them a-plenty, losing only 7 out of 125.

NON-WINNER HANDICAP.

The tournament programme announced a non-winner handicap, to induce inexperienced shooters to attend, but no attention seems to have been paid to it in actual practice. The association should make it plain that it has nothing whatever to do with the open tournament, which really is given by John Watson. Even on this basis, no announcement should be made in this or any other programme, in regard to handicaps, which is not scrupulously lived up to in practice, as a charge of bad faith coming from even one discontented shooter would rest very ill against this association, its substitute management or indeed against any management. The association claims to have no control over any of the open shooting; yet the cash in the Montgomery Ward shoots at least, which are open events, is always handled by the association secretary. Next year this involved and obscure arrangement should be cleared up in the programme and in the practice. The association in convention disclaimed extending even its "auspices" to the open tournament, but in the past this has not been clear to the public by any means. In regard to the non-winner handicap, which has had some advertising in the sporting press in advance, one shooter said: "If we shooters don't want it we won't have it." That is very well, but if that is to be the case the programme should be very chary of making any announcements which look in another direction, and the association should be very jealous of leaving open any loop-hole to let in a criticism of its methods. Not that any serious damage was done, and not that this is a criticism, but simply to show that to others it may not all be plain.

VISITORS.

The trade was well represented by such men as McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co.; Courtney, of the Lefever Arms Co.; Quimby, of the Empire target; Keller, of the U. S. Cartride Co.; Sylvester, of the Winchester Co., etc., etc. Mr. W. C. Thorne, of Montgomery Ward & Co., and Mr. E. S. Rice, of the DuPont powders, were among the too unusual visitors. Mr. Francis DuPont, of the firm of E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., was in town this week, but unable to attend the tournament. Mr. Oliver Lippincott, a prominent shooter of Waco, Texas, came out with Mr. Rice. Another unusual feature at the shotgun tournament was the presence of no less than three Rocky Mountain guides—Elwood Hofer, of Gardiner, Mont.; J. W. Schultz, of Piegan, Mont., and Ira Dodge (now famous as the man eaten by the bear), from Cora, Wyo. All these riflemen are on their gradual way back West from the late Sportsmen's Exposition in New York. They looked on the curious doings of the tournament shooters with much interest, and many were interested in talking with them.

THE CONVENTION.

The wise plan was adopted of devoting two evenings to the annual convention, Monday and Tuesday. Sixteen clubs qualified. There was really not a great deal of news of general interest at the convention of Monday evening. The secretary read extended minutes equivalent to a report for the directors. The report of the law committee and the speeches of Messrs. Mott, Baird and Johnson, of the committee, and of Mr. Bortree, had mostly to do with the story of the defunct Blow bill, to which proper attention was given long ago in FOREST AND STREAM. It makes little difference now who killed Cock Robin, the main fact being that he is dead. FOREST AND STREAM, being a newspaper, cannot spend more time over straw already so thoroughly threshed. It was agreed by all that, though the Blow bill was dead, and good riddance to it, there could be no hope for legislative action this term on the sportsmen's bill, though a superfluous resolution by Mr. Strell was passed embodying the information that the association was in favor of its own bill and would like to have it passed. President Shepard told of the committee work at Springfield. A vote of thanks was extended the law and executive committees and Mr. Bortree for faithful labors. An assessment of $5 per club for all clubs members of the association was levied for the purpose of raising a game protective fund, this to be collected only in case the present sportsmen's bill did not pass. The latter is very unlikely to pass, though it has reached its third reading in the House. It was ordered that 5,000 copies of the game laws of Illinois be printed and 50 copies sent to each club for proper distribution.

Tuesday's convention fell on cooler weather. President Shepard pushed things along rapidly. The minutes of the last meeting were read and the treasurer's report of the secretary-treasurer followed. The association has $75.45 on hand. A vote of thanks was extended Messrs. C. S. Wilcox and L. M. Hamline for funds advanced in protective work last winter. Resolutions of respect were passed in memory of Mr. Wolfred N. Low, ex-president of the association, whose death occurred during the present year. By vote the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association became a member of the National Game Bird and Fish Protective Association, it to send five delegates and a $5 fee, the delegates to be appointed by the president, secretary and board of directors. By vote the rule governing order for shooting in association tournament events was changed, the clause on "drawing for place" in entry being cut out. Shooting hereafter will be "in order of entry," and any shooter must be ready to go to the score within five minutes after the calling of his name.

By vote it was determined to make next year's programme explicit in explaining that the association had anything whatever to do with running the open tournament which always follows the association's events.

It was decided on vote to begin next year's tournament on Tuesday and not on Monday, thus making only a five days' shoot. Chicago was chosen for the meeting place for 1896. Election of officers followed. W. L. Shepard was re-elected President; Wilson H. Doe, of Elgin, was elected First Vice-President; W. H. Harbaugh, of Geneseo, Second Vice-President; H. B. Meyers was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer. Votes of thanks were extended the law committee, the donors of prizes, and the proprietors of the Sherman House, in whose rooms the convention assembled. Adjournment was made after an hour and a quarter of brisk work at 10 o'clock—"The first time in the history of the association," as President Shepard remarked. Usually it is much later, but, as was mentioned earlier, the association reports progress this year.

Following are the scores of the tournament. The published target programme was run off the second day, and repeated from day to day. Additional sweeps, in some cases unimportant, were shot. The last two days naturally had small target entries and less important.

No. 1, Board of Trade diamond badge, emblematic of the individual championship of the State, the winner of the badge this year to receive the proceeds of next year's entries for the same prize, 10 live birds, entrance $10; First prize, the diamond badge, value $500; and 100 handloaded shells. Second prize, $75, and one trap-shooter's shell box. Third prize, $60, and one case of wine. Fourth prize, $40, and "The Big Game of North America." Fifth prize, $10, and one case of wine.

H Ehlers	0210022122—7	W Heilman	1120112101—8
Dr Pankhurst	1111101112—9	H Lemm	0121222022—8
R B Smith	0211112022—8	J Valentine	1121222222—10
M J Pitzen	1120021012—7	A Thomas	0222222222—9
B Dunnell	1221011222—9	F Mosher	1122222221—10
W Dunnell	2002222201—7	T J Fortier	1001120221—7
F Dilg	0012210211—7	T T Magruder	1221210111—9
E Bingham	2222222222—10	B V Jackson	1111021202—8
F E Willard	2022022200—6	R Kreuger	1100220201—6
A W Reeves	2221102212—9	J W Neibert	0112102220—7
G Kleinman	1110022111—8	T Hicks	2122212222—10
L M Hamline	1002001202—5	W Harbaugh	0112200121—7
C S Wilcox	2022112202—8	A Kleinman	1121111121—10
H Dunnell	1222221221—10	B Barto	2122021110—8
W H Skinner	1202111210—8	M J Eich	0112112122—9
L E Willard	2111010112—8	R Turtle	1211222111—10
W J Edbrooke	2001212021—7	J A Woodworth	1020100121—6
G J Roll	1212211122—10	J T Baker	2211210112—9
O von Lengerke	0222222220—8	T J Parker	2120202120—7
O H Porter	2202000010—4	H H Frothingham	0222022202—7
A W Fehrman	2220200021—6	W Palmer	1122022122—9
R B Organ	1222222222—10	S Palmer	1102112220—8
J E Price	1120011221—8	E Elliott	20000w
A W Adams	0202111001—6	W H Hale	2120011020—6
C M Powers	2222111212—10	T Laflin	2112111112—10
A C Boeber	2100210211—7	H B Meyers	2022001000—4
J J Smith	2211212121—10	Chas Beck	1220010121—7
Ed Steck	2201212102—8	R W Crosby	2211122101—9
Geo Franklin	1022221001—7	G W Madden	2120202121—8
Dr Carver	2222222222—10	C E Felton	1121101212—9
Hy Lusson	0111111222—9	I Tortington	0100211102—7
W E Phillipps	1001000220—4	A Stabford	1211101112—9
Geo Tate	0012020121—6	J C Murphy	2121110202—8
W P Mussey	0222202222—8	J H Cummings	1111212111—10
B Dicks	2221112222—10	R S Mott	1002212122—8
F A Place	0020122120—6	R N Freeman	0220010112—6
Geo Beck	2111101212—9	A Schmidt	0121210100—6

Ties on 10:

Ed Bingham	2220w
H Dunnell	1121111212221212101121—21
R J Roll	220w
R B Organ	2220w
C M Provers	2221210w
J Valentine	22110w
F Masher	122221122120w
T P Hicks	1112121111212211220120 0—19
A Kleinman	w
R A Turtle	22110w
T Laflin	0w
J J Smith	2212110w
Dr Carver	0w
C B Dicks	220w
J H Cummings	10w

At 15, H. Dunnell and Hicks divided the money and merchandise; Dunnell winning the badge later.

In the ties on 9, Burt Dunnell, Thomas, Magruder, Eich and Crosby tied after shooting 5 birds. Ties on 8 shot 5 birds and Heilman, Lemon and Mott tied. Ties on 7 shot 5 birds and Ehlers, W. Dunnell, Dilg, Edbrooke, Fortier and Harbaugh tied. Ties on 6 shot 5 birds, and Woodworth won.

No. 2, L. C. Smith Cup, emblematic of the individual State championship at inanimate targets, the winner of the cup this year to receive 60 per cent. and the club of which he is a member 40 per cent. of the entries at next year's inanimate target event, the winner to execute a bond in the sum of $500 to guarantee the production of the cup next year. Twenty empire targets, entrance $5, Illinois State rules. First prize, the L. C. Smith cup, value $500, and 100 hand-loaded shells. Second prize, $60, and one case of wine. Third prize, $10, and two twenty-five pound bags of shot. Fourth prize, $25, and two bags of shot. Fifth prize, $10.

B Barto	11111101010111111111—17	Crosby	11111101111111111101—18
Fr'th'gh'm	11111111111111111111—20	Miller	00101101100111111110—13
W J Eich	10111111101111111111—18	Hamiline	00111100000011100100— 8
Harbaugh	11011001011010111111—14	Mosher	11110111111111111111—19
V'n Le'g'ke	11011111111111111001—17	Magruder	00000110010101101101— 9
A Fehrman	11110111111111011111—18	Heilman	11011111111101100111—16
L Fortier	01101111110111111100—15	Lemm	11110111111111101111—18
J Valitine	10100101101100011011—11	Adams	10101110110110011111—14
Stannard	00110111111111111101—16	Madden	11011110101101010101—13
C Powers	11111110111101111111—18	Tate	10111111111101011111—17
B Dunnell	11111111111111111010—18	E M Steck	01101111111111001011—15
L C Willard	11011101111110101111—16	W Palmer	01111111101101101011—15
F E Willard	11101111101101111110—16	J T Buker	01101110101111111101—15
A Reeves	11111011110011011111—16	S Palmer	01101111111101110111—16
E Bingham	10111011111111110100—15	P P Hicks	11111111111111000111—17
W Skinner	01010111111110111111—16	W H Hale	01110101111111110101—15
A Kleinm'n	11101111111011101111—17	G Kleinm'n	11111101101111011101—16
W Dunnell	11010111111011110111—16	Dr Carver	01111110101101111111—16
M J Pitzer	10111110111110011110—15	R S Mott	11111011111110110111—17
H Dunnell	11110001111111110101—15	A Lusson	11111111001111011101—16
E Elliott	11110011011111101011—15	T L Parker	11110011110100101111—14

Dr. Frothingham won the Smith cup, Mosher second alone. Ties on 18 shot 3 targets, and B. Dunnell and Eich divided. Ties on 17 shot 6 targets, and Hicks and Tate divided. Ties on 16 shot 9 targets, and Lusson and W. Dunnell divided.

No. 3, the club team championship, open to teams of four men from any club members of the State Association; entrance, price of birds only; 10 live birds per man. First prize: A silver trophy donated by the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, to be emblematic of the club championship of the State for 1895, valued at $50, and four cheek protectors, one case of whisky, one dozen cabinet photographs, and one turtle neck sweater. Second prize: $60 and one case of wine. Third prize: $40 and "The American Book of the Dog." Fourth prize: $30 and one bamboo rod and one duck caller.

Cicero Gun Club

W Einfield	2202111101—8
A A Matthews	0202122220—7
E E Fox	0222112100—7
J P Doetler	2010000202—4—26

Gilman Gun Club

F J Fortier	2101022212—8
Geo Fate	2012120220—7
T I Magruder	1211121002—8
F Mosher	0222202222—8—31

Lake County Gun Club.

N H Ford	1012220012—7
A L Smith	0102110120—6
W J Edbrooke	1120122001—7
A Marquardt	2001202220—6—26

Pekin Gun Club.

W Heilman	2222201222— 9
A S Mason	2120110201—7
H Lemm	2022011112—8
T Irwin	2210210022—7—31

Calumet Heights.

A C Patterson	2120210010—6
A P Harper	2121201211—9
R A Turtle	1121110111—9
E T Ellicott	1110200112—7—31

Audubon.

C S Wilcox	0012202220—6
J J Kleinman	2101121002—7
C E Felton	2200022211—7
Withdrew.	

Douglas Gun Club.

L Essig	0100200222—5
B Barto	2222222012—9
N Johnson	0200200000—2
J C Murphy	0211000111—6—22

Sandwich Gun Club.

C C Jones	0222200222—7
O Obermylie	2221021222—9
E C Hennis	1111201112—9
J B Castle	0201020220—5—30

Blue Island.

R Kruger	2211112212—10
Geo Roll	2112122222—10
W Kruger	1112111122—10
H Lusson	1220020022—6—36

Garfield Club.

Dr Carver	2202222220—8
S Palmer	2201212121—9
W Palmer	2122222012—9
T P Hicks	1102212012—8—34

Eureka Club.

A Thomas	2112221020—8
A W Adams	2102220020—6
F Stannard	1022220022—7
Dr Frothingham	2200020222—6—27

Highland Park Club.

C J Spencer	2110101210—7
J Valintine	0110220011—6
B Stanley	2111121102—9
J H Woodworth	1021021200—6—28

Evanston Gun Club.

F Dilg	1211120110—8
Geo Beck	2010101201—6
Geo Franklin	1111190010—7
J J Smith	1102101121—8—29

Soft Mark.

J F Carraher	0200020112—5
C Antoine	0111202021—7
O H Porter	0110011121—7
W F Cutler	2220221212—9—28

Pistaqua Gun Club.

H Dunnell	2122112111—10
W J Pitzen	1221021122—9
W Dunnell	2012021221—8
B Dunnell	2211122212—10—37

South Chicago.

L C Willard	2020120222—7
F E Willard	0200101210—5
A W Reeves	0111212112—9
Withdrew.	

Of the twenty-one clubs entered Pistaqua Gun Club (to wit, the Dunnell duck-shooting family) won first, 37. Blue Island Club won second, 36. Chicago Shooting Club won third, 35. Garfield Club and Dick Island Club stood fourth and fifth, 34 and 33, it being remarkable that no ties existed so far down.

THE OPEN TOURNAMENT.

No. 1, the Montgomery Ward & Co.'s live bird trophy contest, 15 live birds; entrance $10, birds included; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. In this contest members of the Association only are eligible to shoot for the trophy; sweepstake open to the world. Any one desiring to enter for medal only can do so by paying for birds:

J J Smith	2121001121221 20—12	Geo Kleinman	0121221111111012—13
J A R Elliott	0222121212002112—12	M J Pitzen	1022220202022222—11
W H Doe	0201100211211101—10	W Dunnell	2102021220212221—12
S M Adams	2021001011002 11— 9	H Levi	1222112020202222—12
R S Mott	2121121111111210—14	A S Mason	2222212102001110—11
W Nish	0100101001202 01— 7	B Barto	2202102220220 12—11
W Palmer	1220022212221 12—13	C S Wilcox	0002200011110 20— 8
Geo Beck	0221212212101201—12	A Kleinman	1121211122222 23—15
H H Frothing'm	01002220w.	M J Eich	1121021012122211—13
D Lippincott	2212000022110 22—10	H Dunnell	2111111222111121—15
A C Patterson	0112021121211 10—12	J Valentine	00200120w.
Silas Palmer	1211121012201 20—12	Dr Liddy	2221002022112 11—12
Chas Grimm	0201111210221 12—12	J H Cummings	1211100120011111—11
T P Hicks	1011110110000 20— 8	Geo Franklin	1102202212212 11—13
C Powers	2211112002210 22—12	B Dunnell	2002121012210 01—10
Dr Pankhurst	10100111w.	John Whitings	00022200w.
R B Wadsworth	2112222222022220—13	Ed Bingham	2222002222222 22—13
C E Felton	0112012211212 02—12	A Thomas	2202222122222222—14
Tom Parker	2202221111120 11—13	A L Orr	00202100w.
B Dicks	1122121210111 21—14	C Kern	00000002w.
C W Budd	0211112110212 11—13	Dr Carver	2122220222122 22—14
Hy Ehlers	2010120212210 12—11	H B Myers	0201001020000 20— 6
H McMurchy	0112121221101 11—13	F Dilg	1211122112210 12—14
R Merrill	1110101111122 111—13	D H Porter	1112211221112 11—15

Ties on 15 shot at 8 birds, and Abe Kleinman won. He then shot the winner of this trophy for last year, J. J. Smith, of the Evanston Gun Club, for possession of the trophy. At the end of 15 birds they remained tied on 13. Shooting 5 more tie birds, Abe Kleinman lost his last bird; Smith killing his 5 straight retained the trophy, after the most exciting finish of the meeting. (Smith shoots a 10-gauge, and was winner of the Board of Trade badge last year.) Ties on 14 divided. Ties on 13 shot, and Bingham, Organ and Parker divided after 5 birds.

No. 2, the Montgomery Ward & Co. diamond target trophy contest, at 25 targets, entrance $5, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. In this contest members of the Association only are eligible to shoot for the trophy. Sweepstake open to the world. Any one desiring to enter for medal only can do so by paying for birds:

Adams	1111110011111111111110111—22
Buker	1111101111111111111111111—24
Crosby	1111111111111111111101111—24
W Palmer	0111011111111111111111110—22
Skinner	0111110111111001111111111—21
Ellicott	1111101110110111111111110—21
Elliott	1101111111111111111111111—24
Budd	1110111111101111111111111—23
T H Keller	1111111111111111111111111—25
Frothingham	1111111111111111111111111—25
Grimm	1111111111111110011111111—23
Hale	1111111110101111111110111—22
Lemm	1111111111111111111011001—22
Miller	1111111111111111111001111—23
Stannard	1101101011111101111111110—20
Mosher	1111111101101101101111101—20
Phillips	1111111111000111111111111—22
A Kleinman	0111111011011111111011010—19
Parker	1101111100110111111111100—19
Nudden	1111110111111111111001111111—22
J J Smith	1110111111111111111010100—20
M J Eich	1111111111111101111111111—24
Powers	1111111011110101111100101—19
Barto	1111101111101011111111111—22
Smith	1111101010011101110101110—18
G Beck	1111111010111111111111100—21
Fortier	1111111011101111111101110—21
C Beck	1110111111011001111111111—21
Woodworth	1011111011111001111101111—20
S Palmer	1100011100111111111111110—19
Hicks	1010101111101101111111110—19
Carver	1110111111111111111111111—24
Magruder	1110101111111111111111110—22
Leherman	1110101111110101111111010—19
Bob White	1111111111111111111111111—24

Dr. Frothingham won the diamond target trophy.

No. 4, 15 targets, $2, everything known: Skinner 15, Tate 11, Carver 13, Barto 14, White 15, Budd 15, J. A. R. E. 14, Courtney 14, Adams 12, Stannard 13, Grimm 13, Keller 14, Hale 10, Tramp 12, Lusson 13, Roll 15, Buker 14, Crosby 14, M. J. Eich 14, Dr. Frothingham 13, Lemm 14, Heilman 9, Powers 12.

No. 5, 15 targets, $2: 9 singles and 3 pairs, three men up three times, three targets, unknown traps; three pairs, one man up: Mott 14, W Palmer 13, Courtney 15, G. Kleinman 15, B. Dunnell 12, Stannard 14, M. G. Pitzner 13, Frothingham 11, T. H. Keller 13, W. Crosby 14, Tate 13, Bingham 13, Elliott 14, Budd 15, Grimm 14, Miller 12, Carver 15, Skinner 12, Buker 14, Eich 12, Adams 9, G. Crosby 5, Lemm 14, White 14, Hale 9, McBarnes 8, Powers 10.

No. 6, 10 live birds, $6: Dicks 7, Parker 10, Lippincott 8, Bingham 10, Tramp 7, Mott 7, Levi 2, Geo. Beck 9, Ehlers 9, Mason 7, Heath 6, Wilcox 8, Smith 10, Palmer 10, Powers 10, Knott 8, Welbourn 9, White 9, McMurchy 9, Hillis 8, Elliott 8, Wadsworth 10, Frothingham 9, Donnell 9, Pitzen 6, Dr. Carver 9, Hershey 8, Cummings 8, Thomas 10, A. Kleinman 7, G. Kleinman 7, Porter 9.

Ties on 10 shot off, the purse being divided by Bingham, Smith, Powers and Wadsworth. The 9s divided, but 8s shot off, Hershey winning. The 7s shot off; at the 14th bird A. Kleinman, G. Kleinman and Mott divided. The 6s divided.

No. 7, 15 targets, $2, unknown angles: Carver 14, Buker 14, Mosher 14, Smith 14, Kleinman 15, McBarnes 12, Powers 14, Lemm 13, Stannard 12, L. C. Willard 12, A. W. Reeves 17, Elliott 13, Grimm 15, Courtney 14, Keller 12, Budd 15, Frothingham 12.

No. 8, 10 targets, $1.50, same as No. 7: Elliott 10, Keller 10, Budd 10, Adams 6, Lemm 9, Magruder 10, Crosby 8, Courtney 9, Grimm 9, Pitzer 8, W. Dunnell 7, Tate 9, McBarnes 9, Stannard 7, Tunnicliff 5, H. Dunnell 7, Miller 6, Carver 7, Powers 8, R. B. Smith 9, G. Kleinman 10, B. White 8, Eich 9, Mosher 10, Buker 8, Frothingham 10, Fortier 9.

[Note.—The above was as near as the programme was shot. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday the programme was practically abandoned. The more important of the scores of those days follow. On Friday and Saturday nothing of importance was done at targets.]

Sweep, 15 targets: Elliott 13, Frothingham 11, Budd 9, Keller 14, Grimm 13, Powers 13, W. Palmer 13, Morgan 8, Sperman 9, Essig 9, Bingham 12, Merrill 12, Dilg 11, Pitzen 10, Courtney 15, W. Dunnell 10, Bob White 14, Tate 10, McBarnes 10, G. Kleinman 13, Mosher 8, Fox 9, Buker 14, Einfeldt 4, Crosby 7, Barto 12, G. D. Tunnicliff 10, L. C. Willard 12, A. W. Reeves 10, W. H. Hale 12, Eich 9, Chester 10, Hennis 9, Ellicott 7, A. Smith 10, J. J. Smith 13.

Same as above: Elliott 12, Frothingham 13, Budd 15, Keller 11, Grimm 13, Powers 13, Bingham 13, Morgan 10, Adams 10, Stannard 14, T. Parker 10, Courtney 13, G. Kleinman 14, McBarnes 12, Merrill 13, Hale 10, B. White 13, Dr. Carver 15, W. Palmer 13, J. J. Smith 13, Ellicott 10, Crosby 12, Spencer 13, Valentine 7, Tate 11, Cluster 11, Skinner 11, E. Beck 10, A. Smith 14, Buker 15, Mosher 9, Clever 7, Matthews 12.

Same again: Elliott 13, Frothingham 12, Budd 15, Keller 10, Grimm 11, Powers 14, Morgan 14, Buker 14, Courtney 14, G. Kleinman 13, Essig 10, McBarnes 14, Merrill 12, Bingham 12, W. Palmer 9, J. J. Smith 8, Hale 7, Patterson 12, B. White 15, J. Neibert 6, Fox 9, Mosher 12, Spencer 12, Stannard 10, A. Thomas 9, A. Lusson 13, Dr. Carver 13, B. Dunnell 13.

Same again: Elliott 13, Frothingham 13, Budd 14, Merrill 9, Grimm 13, Powers 14, Morgan 12, Courtney 12, Bingham 11, McBarnes 13, G. Kleinman 13, Dr. Carver 14, Buker 14, Skinner 12, Hale 7, W. Palmer 9, W. Einfeldt 7, Tunnicliff 12, Carrahier 14, B. White 14, L. C. Willard 12, A. W. Reeves 12, Patterson 11, Ellicott 5.

Another: Elliott 14, Courtney 13, Budd 14, Keller 7, Merrill 12, McMurchy 15, Bingham 13, White 14, Hennis 14, Orr 12, Geo. Kleinman 15, Grimm 13, Argraves 13, Ellicott 7, Doe 3, Carver 14, Buker 14, Crosby 13, Tramp 13, Adams 13, Skinner 13.

Same again: Elliott 14, Courtney 12, Budd 14, Keller 10, Merrill 12, McMurchy 14, Grimm 14, Argraves 13, Hennis 11, Smith 10, Geo. Kleinman 14, Crosby 12, Powers 14, Adams 12, Buker 15, Carver 13, Barto 9, Kolb 14, Kline 13, White 13, Hale 10, Lemm 8.

Same: Courtney 14, Bingham 13, Grimm 12, Carver 15, Elliott 14, Spencer 13, Booth 13, Reeves 14, Beck 11, Merrill 13, Geo. Kleinman 13, Budd 13, Mason 6, A. Kleinman 12, W. Dunnell 11, Crosby 13, Powers 11, Stannard 11, Barto 13, Lemm 13, White 13, Buker 15, B. Dunnell 14, Gobl 9, Tramp 14, Adams 11, Ellicott 10.

Same: Bingham 13, Beck 11, Budd 12, Courtney 14, Carver 14, Orr 12, Adams 9, Stannard 13, Matthews 13, Keller 12, White 11, Geo. Kleinman 15, Powers 10, Merrill 13, Abe Kleinman 15, Lemm 14, J. M. Elliott 15, Pop Ellicott 11, Hale 12, McMurchy 15, Kolb 11, Buker 14, Grimm 12, B. Dunnell 11, Barto 15.

Same: McMurchy 14, W. Palmer 12, Powers 12, Budd 15, White 14, Xinger 13, Parker 11, Barto 12, Kleinman 15, Walbourne 9, Knott 12, Dwyer 12, Carver 15, Spear 13, Eich 15, Hillis 12, Merrill 13, Crosby 15.

Ten targets, unknown angles: Mott 6, W. Crosby 10, Carver 10, Steck 8, Wilcox 5, Pitzen 9, Merrill 10, Cummings 10, Frothingham 8, Parker 8, Powers 9, Spear 7, Searles 10, J. J. Smith 9.

Ten targets, unknown traps and angles: Merrill 7, Frothingham 7, W. Dunnell 8, Powers 7. Stanley 7, Budd 6, Cummings 9, W. Crosby 8, Kellar 4, Dunnell 8, Heath 5, Carver 6, McMurchy 8, Parker 8, G. Crosby 6, Wilcox 6.

Ten targets, unknown angles: Frothingham 8, McMurchy 10, Merrill 9, Carver 7, Powers 8, Stanley 8, Crosby 7, Cummings 8, Budd 8, G. Kleinman 8, Wilburn 6, Knott 4, Crosby 7, B. Dunnell 7, Spear 9.

Ten targets, unknown traps and angles: Stanley 10, Crosby 8, McMurchy 9, Frothingham 6, Merrill 9, Budd 10, Crosby 10, Bingham 7, Cummings 5, Dwyer 9, Hillis 6, Whiting 5, Spear 9, Carver 9, G. Kleinman 8, White 10, Powers 7.

By Thursday noon the entrances had dwindled to about a dozen, and all the news, if not all the shooting, was done by Wednesday. On Friday and Saturday shooting was continued at the live-bird traps. The scores follow:

No. 1, 12 live birds, $8:

A Kleinman	111211201101—10	G Kleinman	111112211220—11
S Palmer	021222210220— 9	Merrill	121102212012—10
Mott	220222210122—10	McMurchy	011111112212—11
Frothingham	122222122122—12	Cummings	121222202222—11
Hershey	222102201221—10	Dr Carver	222221222221—12
Powers	212101212022—10	J J Smith	111022221111—11
Heath	002101200002— 5	C H Porter	111111202011—10
Sperback	002112112012— 9	Lippincott	101101102121— 9
Bingham	212122122022—11		

Carver and Frothingham divide first with 12 each. Those with 11 divided second money. Ties for third money were shot off. Mott, Porter and Merrill dividing. Ties for fourth money were divided without a shoot-off.

No. 2, 5 birds, $3:

A S Kleinman	10211—4	Powers	22111—5
Bingham	20220—3	Dwyer	21122—5
Merrill	21221—5	Porter	11110—4
G Kleinman	11221—5	J J Smith	11102—4

No. 3, $2 miss and out:

Bingham	22220	Wadsworth	21122222
Dwyer	22110	G Kleinman	21112111
Merrill	20	Smith	1210
Powers	0	Hershey	1122110
A Kleinman	11111211	S Palmer	22120

(The ties in No. 2 were carried over to No. 3 Result: G. Kleinman won first money, A. Kleinman and Porter dividing second.)

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Decoration Day at Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 30.—The feature of to-day's sport at the Rochester Rod and Gun Club's grounds, Cobb's Hill, was a six-men team shoot between the home club and the Churchville Gun Club. The home team won easily by 17 breaks, scoring 98 to its opponent's 81. DeWitt, of Rochester, and Hughes, of Churchville, led with 18 each of a possible 20. The score in this match was as follows:

Rochester.		Churchville.	
Hadley	00000011111111111111—14	Mason	01101000011001110111—11
Mayer	10111001111111101111—16	Hughes	11111111111111111001—18
Beyer	10111111011011111111—17	Hall	11100101001101001111—12
Weller	11111111110101111101—17	Day	11111011101110011000—13
Griffith	01110111111110101111—16	Wheeler	11111100111101100110—14
DeWitt	11111111111111001111—18	Crunnion	11001011100111011101—13
	93		81

Seven 10-men target sweeps were shot during the day; Meyer led with a total of 62 out of 70, Beyer being a good second with 61; Hadley was third with 57. Scores were as follows:

Meyer	10	7	9	9	9	10	8—62	Wheeler	7	3	5	8	..	..	..—23
Beyer	9	9	10	8	8	7	10—61	Lemon	..	..	8	..	5	8	..	..	..—21
Hadley	6	8	9	8	8	9	9—57	Rissinger	5	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..—20
DeWitt	9	8	9	9	10	..	6—51	Nichols	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	8	—20
Weller	6	7	6	5	9	9	9—51	Powell	..	..	8	6	5	..	..	..	..—19
Norton	..	7	8	8	9	7	9—48	Jeff	7	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..—18
Borst	8	6	7	7	5	6	..—39	Connell	..	..	6	9	..	..	..	..	..—15
Brinker-schoff	7	7	4	6	9	..	..—33	Quirk	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..	..—13
Foley	..	8	9	7	..	7	..—31	Hall	..	4	..	..	7	..	..	..	..—11
Rogers	..	..	..	7	8	6	7 ..—28	Mason	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..— 8
Hughes	8	9	7	..	..	..	..—24	Gardner	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..— 7
								Wride	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	— 7

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., June 5.—The Binghamton Gun Club held a practice shoot to-day. We had for a vistor Mr. Damon, of the Burgess Gun Co., who made a very favorable impression with his repeater. Brown used a Burgess in his first and last string; Hobbie and Vance used similar guns in their last strings. Following are the scores:

No 1, 25 singles, unknown angles:

Brown	11101111011110101100111111—18
Damon	11111111111111111101111—24
Kendall	01100011110000111111111111—17
Boss	11111111111111111101111—24
Hobbie	11111011011110000111111—19
Waldron	01111011101111111111011011—20

No. 2, same:

Brown	10011111111111111111111111—23
Kendall	11111111010111111111111—20
Boss	11011111111111011111110111—22
Hobbie	11111110111111111111111111—24
Damon	11111111111111111111110111—24
Waldron	11111110000111100011111110—17
Vance	00101111101111111111111101—20

No. 3, same:

Brown	00101110101110111111111111—19
Damon	11110111111111111011111111—23
Kendall	11011011111010011111111011—18
Boss	11110111111011100111111010—19
Hobbie	11001101111111100111111110—19
Vance	10110111011010111110111011—18
Callaghan	11101110000110001100100000—11

No. 4, 5 pairs:		No. 5, same:	
Damon	11 10 10 10 10—6	11 11 11 10 11—9	
Brown	10 11 11 11 11—9	11 10 11 00 10—6	
Hobbie	00 01 01 10 10—4	01 10 10 01 01—5	
Kendall	10 10 11 10 10—6	10 11 00 10 10—5	
Vance	11 10 10 00 10—5	00 11 10 10 10—5	

No. 6, same: Damon 8, Brown 7, Kendall 7. H. W. B.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., June 5.—The following scores were made by the members of the Meadville Gun Club at the monthly badge shoot which took place to-day.

Badge contest, 25 targets, 15 everything known, 10 unknown angles:

Class A.

Ehrgott	11111111111111111111101101—23
H A Johnson	11111111011111111011111101—22
Haman	11011101111111111111011001—20
Lashells	11110110011110000101011110—15

Class B.

Hayes	11011111111111111111011000—20
Reisinger	11111111111111101100111010—20
E L Affantranger	01011110101111011111011110—18
Norris	11011010101110111001111111—18
Dr Johnson	00111101100110101011111101—17
Clark	10111110001010111111110010—16
Leberman	00101011010011011111110100—14
N Affantranger	01101011111100000011010000—12

Class C.

Stem	10011001001000000001110110—10
Crider	00000001100000011000010100— 6

The tie in the B class between Hayes and Reisinger was shot off. It took one string of 10 and two strings of 5 to settle it. Following is the shoot-off score:

Hayes	1111011111	11111	10111—18
Reisinger	1111101111	11111	11111—19

Class A badge was awarded to Ehrgott; Class B to Reisinger, and Class C to Stem. CHOKE BORE.

Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., May 30.—The two days' tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club, which was brought to a close this afternoon, was a very pleasant affair. On the first day we threw Nos. 1 and 5 as incomers, placing the traps 45yds. out in the field; No. 5 threw a target toward the No. 1 score, No. 1 throwing a target toward the No. 5 score. No. 2 trap threw a right-quarterer, No. 3 straightaway, and No. 4 a left-quarterer. Among our visitors on the first day were: H. M. Levengston, Saratoga; D. M. Lefever, Syracuse; W. H. Cruttenden ("Crutty"), Cazenovia, N. Y.; W. R. Hobart, Newark, N. J.; "Arnold" and Wadsworth, Albany; Roberts and Dr. Mosher, Rupert, Vt., and Conley and Brainard, Sherburn, N. Y. To-day we had an addition to the above list in H. L. Gates, Utica; Johnny Sanders, Albany; F. W. Partiss, Johnstown, and Charles Riemensnyder, Gloversville. The scores made each day were as follows:

First Day, May 29.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1.30: Levengston 8, Hobart 5, Arnold 7, Weeks 8, Crutty 4, Wadsworth 5, Wessels 5, Roberts 4, Mosher 4, Scharff 3.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50: Levengston 11, Hobart 8, Arnold 7, Weeks 9, Crutty 8, Wadsworth 7, Pegnim 5, Roberts 10, Mosher 7, Wessels 9.

No. 3, 20 targets, $2:

Levengst'n	01010111100111000110—11	Wadsw'rth	00100101001000010010— 6
Hobart	11111010101011111000—13	Pegnim	10110111010111000101—12
Arnold	10000300011010011110— 8	Roberts	01100111011110111110—14
Weeks	11001011101111001011—13	Mosher	01111101101010010101—12
Crutty	11110100110111000010—11	Wessels	01100001100111101011—11

No. 4, 10 targets, $1.30: Levengston 9, Hobart 6, Arnold 8, Weeks 5, Crutty 7, Wadsworth 6, Pegnim 5, Roberts 6, Mosher 2, Conley 7, Wessell 7.

No. 5, 15 targets, $1.50: Levengston 11, Hobart 7, Beck 10, Weeks 8, Crutty 11, Wadsworth 6, Roberts 12, Mosher 7, Conley 7, Wessell 6.

No. 6, 10 targets, $1.30: Levengston 7, Hobart 5, Arnold 4, Weeks 9, Crutty 6, Wadsworth 5, Roberts 8, Mosher 6, Conley 3, Wessell 5, Scharff 3, Pegnim 4.

No. 7, 15 targets, $1.50:

Levengston	111111111001101—12	Roberts	111001010111011—10
Hobart	110100101101010— 8	Mosher	110111100111110—11
Arnold	011111101001010— 9	Conley	001011010000110— 6
Weeks	101111011111110—12	Wessels	110100001100100— 6
Crutty	011011011111110—12	Pegnim	100111010000110— 7
Wadsworth	100110111001000— 7	Lefever	000110011110111— 9

No 8, 15 targets, $1.50: Levengston 12, Hobart 7, Arnold 12, Weeks 12, Crutty 8, Wadsworth 7, Roberts 10, Mosher 9, Conley 6, Pegnim 8, Lefever 8, Wessels, 9, Scharff 6.

No. 9, same: Levengston 11, Hobart 7, Arnold 8, Weeks 11, Crutty 10, Wadsworth 7, Conley 6, Wessels 10, Pegnim 6, Lefever 5, Roberts 9.

No. 10, 20 targets, $2:

Levengst'n	10111011110111111110—16	Wadsw'rth	10100111101010110100—11
Hobart	11100111100110101011—13	Roberts	00111100111011111111—15
Pegnim	00100000010100000110— 5	Mosher	00111100111101010111—13
Weeks	11101111111111110110—17	Conley	00110110111110010111—13
Crutty	00001001100000011000— 5	Wessels	11110010000101010101—10

Second Day, May 30.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1.30: Conley 7, Gates 7, Weeks 10, Levengston 6, Hobart 8, Lefever 9, Wessels 8, Mosher 8, Roberts 6, Bancroft 6, Wadsworth 5, Brainard 5, Crutty 6, Reimensnyder 4, Partiss 2, Sanders 8, Schariff 6, Arnold 7.

No. 2, 15 targets: Conley 13, Gates 12, Weeks 10, Levengston 12, Hobart 9, Lefever 9, Wessels 12, Mosher 10, Roberts 9, Bancroft 9, Wadsworth 12, Brainard 8, Crutty 10, Reimensnyder 6, Partiss 4, Sanders 11, Arnold 7, Pegnim 7.

No. 3, 20 targets, $2:

Gates	10110011101100110110—12	Wadsw'rth	11111111010100101100—13
Weeks	11111010101111101111—16	Crutty	01100010010111101000— 9
Conley	00001110111111110101—13	Reimen-snyd'r	00010010011000011000— 6
Levengst'n	11111011011111110111—17	Partiss	11000001001000101100— 7
Hobart	01100000010101010111— 9	Sanders	11111111000111111110—16
Lefever	10111110111111010011—15	Pegnim	10001110111011101010—12
Wessels	01010011111011001011—12	Arnold	10100101100111111101—13
Mosher	10100001111010001100—10	Brainard	11111010011110111101—15
Roberts	11111111101101111110—17		
Bancroft	01110101101110111101—14		

No. 4, 10 targets, $1.30: Gates 7, Weeks 8, Conley 3, Levengston 7, Hobart 7, Lefever 5, Wessels 6, Mosher 6, Roberts 9, Bancroft 6, Wadsworth 8, Brainard 6, Crutty 5, Reimensnyder 4, Partiss 3, Sanders 7, Arnold 7, Pegnim 6.

No. 5, 15 targets, $1.50:

Gates	11110011101110—11	Bancroft	11111111101111—14
Weeks	11110111111110—13	Wadsworth	11100111101010—10
Conley	00111101110111—11	Crutty	01011011101110—10
Levengston	11111101010110—11	Reimensnyder	11100111111010—11
Hobart	10011001101011— 9	Partiss	11000011101101— 9
Lefever	10011111111111—13	Sanders	01101111101111—12
Wessels	01111111000110— 9	Pegnim	11101110000110— 7
Mosher	01100101000100— 6	Arnold	11011011010101—10
Roberts	01111101100111—11	Brainard	11101010111101—11

No. 6, 10 targets, $1.30: Gates 8, Weeks 9, Conley 5, Levengston 6, Hobart 7, Lefever 8, Wessels 10, Pegnim 7, Roberts 6, Bancroft 6, Wadsworth 8, Brainard 6, Crutty 6, Reimensnyder 7, Partiss 4, Saunders 4, Arnold 9, Scharff 6.

No. 7, 15 targets, $1.50:

Gates	00111010111111—11	Bancroft	11011110111010—11
Weeks	11111110111011—13	Wadsworth	11111111110110—13
Conley	10011111001011—10	Crutty	01111010101001— 9
Levengston	11111110011101—12	Reimensnyder	10000110101010— 6
Hobart	01000001111111— 9	Partiss	00000110101011— 7
Lefever	01110111100000— 8	Saunders	10111001111110—11
Wessels	10110010010100— 6	Arnold	11110111010001—10
Pegnim	01001110111101—10	Brainard	01010111111111—11
Roberts	10110111110110—11	Scharff	10000011001010— 6

No. 8, same: Gates 9, Weeks 10, Conley 7, Levengston 9, Hobart 9, Lefever 9, Wessels 9, Pegnim 6, Roberts 8, Bancroft 11, Wadsworth 14, Brainard 11, Crutty 10, Reimensnyder 6, Partiss 7, Saunders 13, Arnold 1.

No. 9, same: Gates 10, Weeks 10, Conley 10, Levengston 11, Hobart 7, Lefever 11, Wassels 10, Pegnim 8, Roberts 13, Bancroft 9, Wadsworth 7, Brainard 8, Crutty 12, Reimensnyder 4, Partiss 9, Sanders 6, Arnold 11, Scharff (birds) 5.

No. 10, 20 targets, $2:

Weeks	11111001111000110111—14	Wadsw'rth	01000000010100100001— 5
Wessels	11011111111001111110—16	Brainard	00000111101011101010—10
Pegnim	11000011001101110011—11	Gates	11101101110101011010—13
Conley	00110010000011000101— 7	Crutty	11110101101111110001—14
Levengst'n	11111101111110001110111—15	Reimensny-der	01111110000010000001— 9
Hobart	01110010111101111111—15	Partiss	11010003100101000001— 7
Lefever	10110011101011000111—12	Sanders	11101010111001111111—15
Roberts	01001110011000110011—10	Arnold	10110101010111111010—13
Bancroft	01101001000101111001—10		

CHARLES WEEKS, Sec'y.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., June 5.—Owing to rain falling the Paducah Gun Club held no shoot on Monday, June 3. The members will shoot for their new trophy on Monday, June 24. The following scores were shot to-day:

No. 1, 25 targets:

J Lang	00101110100111110111111011—17
M Ingram	11101111001111010111111111—20
Fred Hoyer	11000111011110011111111110—18
F H Halley	10011110111100111111110111—19
C L Robertson	11011110111111111110111101—21
Geo Robertson	10101111111111111111111011—22
Theo Coucier	11100111101101110011001111—19
Geo Rawleigh	11010111111111101110111111—21

No. 2, same:

J M Lang	01101111011001111101101—18
M Ingram	01111111111011011001111110—19
H E Craft	11101111111111011111111011—22
H G Thompson	11111011111111011111111111—23
C L Robertson	11110111011111110011101111—20
Geo Robertson	11011110111111111111110111—22
Theo Coucier	11110110111110011100111110—18
Geo Rawleigh	01011111111101111111111111—22

T. J. MOORE.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., June 2.—The scores given below were made by members of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club at the weekly contest, which was held to-day under the usual conditions:

A Class.

Merrard	01110111010111101111—15	Woody	00100011111011100000— 9
Hunt	10001001010101000011— 8	Stirling	10111111111111001111—17
Brayton	11111001111111001111—16		

B Class.

Mace	11011101011101111111—16	Cave	11011110100000001010— 9
Allinson	01000010111000010011— 8	Searles	11111111111111111110—19
Stevens	10101110111010111010—13	Kern	10110001001011101110—11
Thompson	00000011000001000010— 4	Evans	01010011001110001100— 9

WILL CAVE.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., May 30.—Below are given the scores made to-day on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, the attendance of members being very satisfactory, when the intense heat of the day is taken into consideration:

Prize shoot:

Laurenson	00000001111011100000111100—11
Robert Burgess	11010000101101011100011000—12
Marvin	00000100010100010001000010— 6
Lane	11101010111111011101111110—19
Matzen	11101000011111100011001111—15
Jeanneret	11110101110110110111111111—20
R A Burgess	01011111010000111111110101—16
C H Coe	00100101010101010111011011—13
Jones	10000100001011110110011110—12
James	11111111111111101111111011—23
Greiff	11111110101111111111110111—22
Krebs	01100111111111110111011111—20
Richmond	11111110011111111110111101—21
Adams	00110001111111001111111100—16
Paul	11111011111111111111111011—23
Huck	10100110111011111111111111—20
Collins	11111101111111111111110111—23
Grey	10110001100000010111011100—11
Hughes	01000000001000001100111— 7
Damon	10110111111010011011100000—15

No. 1, 15 targets: Brooks 12, Coe 9, Richmond 12, Collins 13, Damon 11, Gray 3, Greiff 11, Wells 14, Huck 14, Hughes 11, Laurenson 6, Jeanneret 14, Paul 12.

No. 2, 15 targets, one man up: Collins 12, Richmond 11, Paul 10, Brooks 8, Jeanneret 5, Wells 11, Damon 11, Hughes 6, Huck 13, Greiff 13.

No. 3, 10 targets: Richmond 9, Coe 6, Jeanneret 8, Wells 7, Damon 8, Huck 9, Adams 8, Matzen 5, Paul 9, Greiff 9, Jones 4, James 7.

No. 4, same: Richmond 10, Collins 10, Huck 9, Damon 10, Wells 9, Gray 6.

No. 5, same: Richmond 9, Huck 10, Damon 8, Wells 9, Paul 7, Collins 8, Greiff 4, Jeanneret 8.

No. 6, 5 pairs:

Collins	11 11 10 11 10—8	Jeanneret	00 10 00 11 10—4
Paul	10 11 11 10 10—7	Adams	11 10 00 01 10—5
Richmond	10 10 01 11 11—7	Greiff	00 11 01 11 11—7
Damon	00 00 01 11 10—4	Huck	11 10 10 11 11—8
Jones	01 00 00 01 01—2	Burgess	01 10 11 10 00—5
Wells	01 10 10 01 00—4	Laurenson	00 10 01 00 01—3
Matzen	10 10 10 00 00—3	R S Burgess	00 00 00 10 10—2
Gray	01 00 00 10 00—2		

No. 7, 10 targets: Greiff 9, Jeanneret 8, Coe 6, Richmond 9.

No. 8, 10 targets: Paul 9, Jones 4, Coe 8, Damon 7, Wells 9, Richmond 8, Adams 6, Greiff 9, Collins 9, Grey 2, James 9, Matzen 6, Huck 8, Jeanneret 7, Lane 6.

No. 9, Same: Paul 7, Jones 2, Coe 7, Richmond 3, Adams 8, Collins 9, Huck 8, Damon 8, Greiff 6, Wells 8, Gray 2, James 4, Jeanneret 6, Matzen 4.

No. 10, same: Huck 8, Richmond 9, Krebs 8, Coe 8, Jeanneret 6, Lane 9, Greiff 8, Adams 4, Martin 2.

June 1.—The regular monthly shoot was held this afternoon, twelve members putting in an appearance. The scores made in this event, and in the sweeps which were shot both before and after the club shoot, were as follows:

Greiff	11111011101111111111111110—22
Huck	11111111111101010110111011—21
Paul	11011111101111111111011110—21
Jeanneret	11011110100111101111101010—17
Adams	10011100111111111111111011—20
Frank	11111111111101010111111111—23
Richmond	11111111111111111011111111—24
Mann	01000101010000010010001111—10
James	11011110100101001110111110—16
Lenone	11100011111111101100101110—17
DeWolf	00111111111011111111110110—20
Michael	01111111011011111111011111—21

No. 1, 10 targets: Richmond 7, Adams 7, Grieff 8, Huck 9, Paul 9.

No. 2, same: Grieff 7, Adams 4, Huck 7, Paul 8, Richmond 5, Jeanneret 4.

No. 4, 10 targets, one man up: Adams 9, Grieff 9, E. R. DeWolfe 5, Huck 9, Michael 2, Lenone 4, Paul 9, Jeanneret 6, James 7.

No. 5, 5 pairs:

James	11 10 11 01 10—7	Richmond	01 10 11 11 11—8
DeWolfe	11 11 10 10 01—7	Michaels	11 10 11 10 01—7
Huck	11 00 11 10 10—6	Jeanneret	01 00 00 11 01—4
Adams	11 11 10 10 11—8	Greiff	11 11 10 11 11—9
Paul	10 00 10 11 10—5	Lenone	11 10 00 10 10—5

No. 6, 15 targets: Lenone 12, DeWolfe 12, Michaels 12, Adams 14, Richmond 12, Huck 15, Jeanneret 14, Blauvelt 10.

No. 7, same:

Paul	10110110011000— 8	Adams	01111111011111—13
Greiff	11101011111011—12	Huck	10111101111111—13
DeWolfe	11110111101111—13	Jeanneret	00101010110011— 8
Lenone	11011111011000—10	Richmond	00110011111111—11
James	11111010101101—11	Hardy	10101000101101— 8
Michaels	01110101101111—11		

W. H. HUCK.

Syracuse Scores.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 30.—The Syracuse Gun Club held a shoot to-day, part of the programme being the medal shoot. Harvey McMurchy won the class A medal with 43 out of 45; class B medal, as usual, went to Windsor Morris with 40 out of 46. The scores were as follows:

Class A.

McMurchy (45)	11111111111111111111111101111111111111101111 —43
Wilcox (46)	11101101011110111011110111111111111111111111 —39
Ginty (50)	10110110111000111111011111111111111111011100011100—37
Willard (50)	00111010101110100100101111111111111111100101101111111—35
Mowry (45)	11110011110011010111101111011111111111111011 —35
Mosher (50)	01111011101111110101001111101100000001101010111111—32

Class B.

Morris (46)	11111111101111111111101111111111101001110111111 —40
Hunter (48)	11110011110111111111110111101010111100011010010 —33
F Lefever (45)	11110011101011011010011111101111111011111101110 —32

June 2.—A series of live bird sweeps were decided to-day at Messina Springs. George led with a total of 24 out of 25, Mosher, Ayling and Mowry being close after him with 23. Scores:

	No. 1, 10 birds:	No. 2, same:
Ayling	2121221222—10	1221202122— 9
George	1121221212—10	2021211122— 9
Mosher	1102112211— 9	2221210222— 9
Kendall	1112111120— 9	2112012100— 7
Mowry	1212112102— 9	2111212222—10
Chase	1111211102— 9	2002112122— 8
Holden	1122120200— 7	1210011211— 8

No. 3, 5 birds: Mosher 5, Kendall 5, George 5, Ayling 4, Mowry 4, Chase 4.

Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., June 1.—The members of the Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club had a field day on May 30, Decoration Day. The shoot was the most successful held here this season, several Buffalo sportsmen taking part in the events. The club shoot was delayed until 4:30 P. M. on account of some horse races. From that hour until dark we made up for the delay, throwing a great number of targets in that time. A large crowd of spectators was on hand to witness the shooting. The following are the records made:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Clover	100	91	Sisson	50	37
Green	100	88	Shelby	50	32
Ware	100	88	Rathburn	25	19
Dr Dodd	100	81	Johnson	25	17
Clark	100	76	Beard	25	16
Pond	50	46	Bristol	25	16
Sackett	50	40	Schumacher	25	16

To-day was the regular club shoot day, ten members putting in an appearance notwithstanding the above recorded shoot which was held only two days previous. As a matter of fact our club is going ahead very fast, not only in point of number of members, but also in the matter of marksmanship. Records made to-day were:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Clover	50	44	Sackett	25	21
Shelby	50	43	Reuther	25	18
Green	50	41	Bristol	25	16
Dr Dodd	50	38	Beard	25	14
Clark	50	37	Rathburn	25	12

Five pairs: Clover 8, Beard 6, Rathburn 5. D. W. B.

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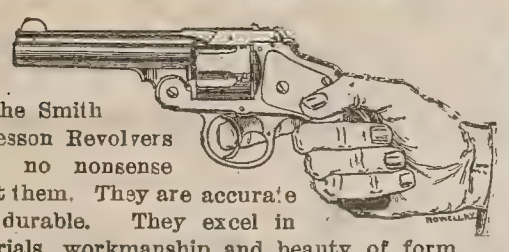
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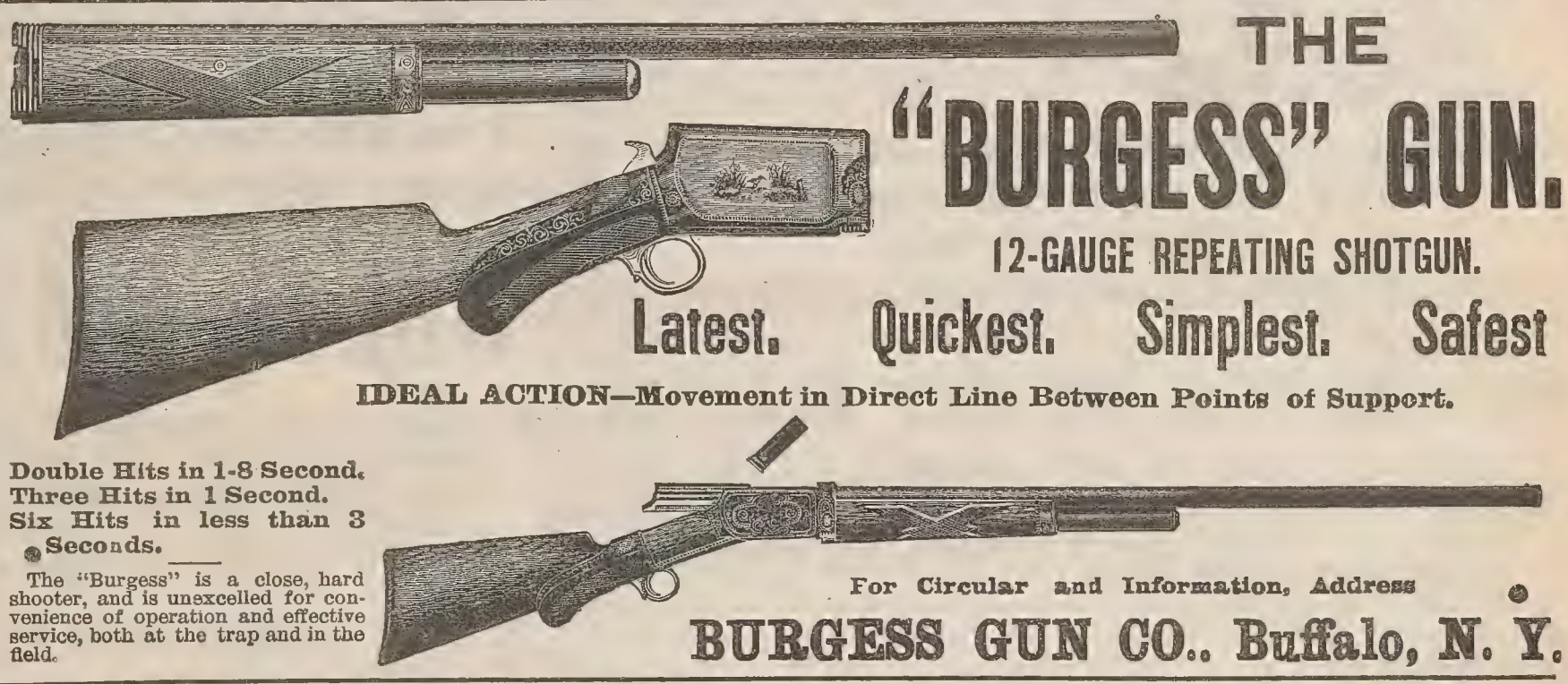


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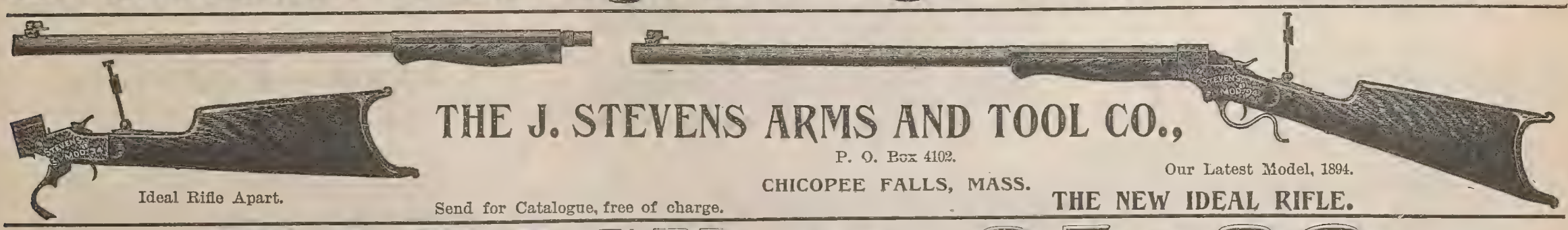
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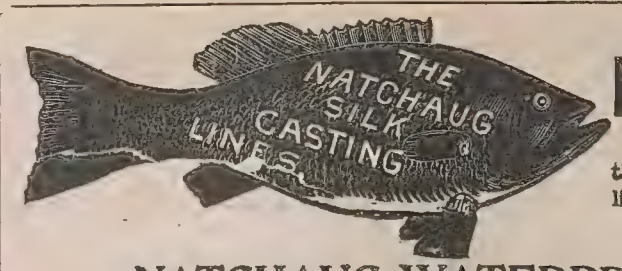
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SNAP SHOTS.

WHEN the New York Aquarium authorities were looking for a superintendent, candidates for the place were required to undergo a civil service examination. Their information was tested on such points as the constituents of aquarium cement, the composition of sea water, the proper material for pipage, the strength of glass for tanks, the treatment of fish affected with fungus, and other like matters on which it was clear that a superintendent must be informed. But one question was this, "When and where was the first public aquarium opened?" Now, it may be conceived that a person might have knowledge on purely practical points of aquarium management, not know anything about the first established aquarium, and yet be perfectly competent for the post of superintendent. But if he does know that the first public aquarium was established at Regent's Park, London, in the year 1847, his possession of that knowledge would predicate on his part such an interest in aquaria that he had been led to give attention and study to the whole field; and a person thus shown to have had interest in the subject would be, other things equal, the best man for the place.

We were in error the other day in saying that Michigan had failed to adopt the non-resident license system. By the new law a deer-hunting permit is required of non-residents, and the fee for it is $25. It is good for one year. Residents also who go deer hunting must first buy from the county clerk a certificate of their citizenship, for which the charge is 50 cents. Any man encountered hunting deer must on demand of any person show either a non-resident permit or the paper vouching for him as a true Michigander. This law is like the new North Dakota system, although there the license system applies to all shooting.

Vast stretches of Kansas farm lands have been abandoned within the past twelve months, and the territory has reverted to game country, where quail are on the increase. The extent to which this change has progressed has had an appreciable effect upon the game supply of the State. As for the game law, it is as worthless as a mortgage on an abandoned farm. It is truly ridiculous in character, for it provides that no one but a land owner may shoot or trap at any time, and he may shoot at all times. Nobody pays any attention to it, except that once in a while it may be enforced as a spite measure, not to vindicate the law of the land, but to gratify personal pique.

An Englishwoman has written a book entitled "The Curse of Intellect." It is a story of a misanthrope who goes into the African jungle, learns the speech of monkeys and then sets in to educate one of the monkeys, which as it "learns sense" becomes discontented and then curses the man who has given it an intellect. It might have been different. If the man who went into the forest had been a sunny, healthy-minded person, instead of the sour-souled individual he was, the monkey might have found that life with intellect was after all a good thing. There is so much in the teacher. If "O. O S.," or "Kingfisher," or "Podgers," or "Jacobstaff" were intrusted with the development of a monkey's intellect, the odds are 100 to 1 that the creature would find his new life worth living.

Have you read anything better within the last fortnight than "Jacobstaff's" notes of his early shooting days?

THE GREAT DUCK EGG FAKE.

A Wild Goose (the old original "wild goose chase" bird) sat on a Mare's Nest and hatched out a Beautiful Fake. And when the National Game Protector (who had stopped shooting when there was nothing more in sight) saw it, he said: "It is a Good Thing; push it along."

But—you cannot protect Game by pushing a Fake.

FOR two or three years occasional articles have appeared in the weekly and monthly papers—and have been copied into the dailies—which told of a great destruction of wildfowl eggs in the Northwest for commercial purposes. The story is that millions of wildfowl eggs are annually gathered in Alaska and the British Possessions, and from there are shipped to points in the East, where they are manufactured into egg albumen cake.

These reports have been given out repeatedly by the National Game, Fish and Bird Protective Association, and on the strength of them the officials of that organization have strenuously demanded legislation to stop the alleged egging industry. In Congress the subject has been taken up by Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, who in the last session made a speech on the Alaskan egg destruction, averred that millions of eggs were collected there for albumen, and asked for an appropriation of $5,000 to find out more about it.

Just how much truth is there in the story? What basis have these alarming statistics? Is the duck egg story true or is it a fake?

The FOREST AND STREAM has undertaken to answer these questions. It has made an exhaustive inquiry, and to-day we give the results of the investigation.

I.

The duck egg albumen story has had wide circulation. Is has extended liberally from Oregon in the northwest to Louisiana in the southeast. Here is a letter received this month from Louisiana:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed you will find a clipping from the St. Louis *Republic* which explains itself. Can't your influence with sportsmen help this cause a little? It is a cause that ought to be dear to the hearts of all sportsmen, and not to sportsmen alone, for all the people of this great country are interested in this subject. I know very little how this gathering of the eggs of waterfowls has affected the North and West, but in this country ten or twelve years back it was very little trouble for any darky or poor white man with his old muzzleloader and a few charges of powder and shot to secure in a few hours ducks enough to last his family for a week. Now it is a good hunter who can get half a dozen ducks in a day except under very favorable circumstances. Cannot you induce a few Senators and Representatives to join with Senator Mitchell in urging this on Congress? Surely the welfare of the mass of people is of more importance than that of a few engaged in destroying the water fowl by gathering the eggs.

J. D. USHER, M.D.

II.

The article inclosed by Dr. Usher was originally published in the New York *Tribune*, and as it embodies Senator Mitchell's speech in the Senate *verbatim*, it may be quoted here:

Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, when in the city recently, told some things about the wildfowl in the Northwest and in Alaska that will be of interest to sportsmen generally, and also to those who are interested in preserving from absolute destruction the original wild birds of this continent. Senator Mitchell, though perhaps not so enthusiastic a sportsman as many other members of the Senate who go duck-hunting down the bay or tarpon fishing in Florida waters, is, nevertheless, deeply interested in the wildfowl of America, and as a student of existing conditions has come to realize that unless something is done to stop the indiscriminate slaughter and criminal waste attendant upon the hunt for these birds, it will not be long before the game birds of the Pacific Slope are extinct. Senator Mitchell, in speaking of the way in which these fowl are being destroyed, said:

"It is not at the door of the huntsman or legitimate sportsman that the blame for the wholesale destruction of these birds can be laid. The whole coast might resound to the echo of the sportsmen's fowling-piece, and but little impression would be made upon the millions and millions of wild birds that make this territory their home. The trouble comes from another source, and the legitimate hunter is as much interested in putting an end to the wanton slaughter as anyone else. I have taken the matter up in the Senate, and perhaps the following resolution offered by me will explain the way in which I am trying to protect the wild birds of our country:

"'Amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill. Insert: For the purpose of paying the salary and defraying the necessary expenses of an agent of the Treasury Department to thoroughly investigate and report to said department as to the alleged destruction of eggs of game wildfowl in the Territory of Alaska, and the best means to be adopted to prevent such destruction in the future; such agent to be appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury at a salary not to exceed —— dollars per diem, and his necessary traveling expenses, the sum of $5,000.'

"The purpose of the legislation proposed by the amendment is to prepare the way for legislation looking to the protection from indiscriminate and reckless destruction of the eggs of toothsome wildfowl, such as wild duck, geese and swan, in their great breeding grounds in Alaska. This in the last few years has tended mostly to diminish the number of these valuable wildfowl in this country, particularly in the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains.

"The principal breeding grounds of these fowl, which in the winter months cover the rivers, lakes and ponds of the Northwest, and which are not only the delight of the sportsmen, but furnish a nutritious and wholesome food for many thousands of people, are in a series of small valleys and lakes in Southwestern Alaska. The largest of these is nearly opposite Kodiak Island, on the mainland. Another breeding ground where these migratory fowl deposit their eggs by the million and hatch their young is at or near the mouth of the Yukon River, while still another is near St. Michael, and still another near the mouth of Copper River.

"It is a fact perhaps not generally known that for the purpose of obtaining ova or egg albumen, which is largely used in commerce, certain corporations have been formed and large amounts of capital have been invested for the purpose of gathering in these breeding grounds and packing and shipping annually vast millions of the eggs of these ducks and geese. The shipments annually over the Canadian Pacific Railroad of these eggs are said to be enormous. Not infrequently as many as 1,000, 1,200 or 1,800 barrels of these eggs are taken, mainly from the breeding grounds in Alaska. A small proportion, perhaps, but very small, comes from Canadian breeding grounds in British Columbia.

"In taking these eggs innumerable numbers that are partly hatched are destroyed. Dried albumen is a valuable article of commerce, largely used in this and other countries. It is largely used in the testing and manufacture of pepsin and other chemicals, and in the clarification of liquids, which it effects by involving during its coagulation the undissolved particles, rising with them to the surface or subsiding. It is used as an antidote for corrosive sublimate and sulphate of copper. It is used in the manufacture of what is known as alum curd, a substance used between folds of gauze over the eye in certain stages of ophthalmia. It is also used largely in photography and in many chemical preparations, and put to varied uses.

"Egg-albumen cake sells usually for about 25 cents per pound. This albumen was formerly obtained exclusively from the eggs of the domestic hen, but these later years the demand is supplied chiefly from the eggs of these migratory wildfowl, mainly from the wild duck of Alaska. There is little doubt but this destruction of the eggs of the canvas and teal duck of the Pacific Coast, which by many are thought to be superior in flavor and other respects to those of the Potomac, has done more in the last few years to diminish their number on the Pacific coast, in the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and California, than all the guns and dogs of the sportsmen in that vast region. These wholesale robberies and destruction of eggs of these game wildfowl within our Territories, which are under the jurisdiction of Congress, should be prohibited by law under severe penalties; or at least their taking, if permitted at all, should be subjected to stringent regulations and safeguards. We legislate, and very properly too, for the protection of our salmon fisheries in the Territory of Alaska. Why not then for the protection of our game birds?

"This proposed amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill provides for a thorough investigation of this whole business by an agent of the Treasury Department, and for a report which may serve as a basis for such legislation at the next session of Congress as may from such investigation and report be demanded.

"The amendment I offered," said Senator Mitchell, "is now in the hands of the Committee on Territories, and I hope for favorable legislation in the next Congress. I am not the pioneer in this work of trying to protect our game birds. M. R. Bortree, president of the National Game, Fish and Bird Protective Association, brought some valuable data to my attention through W. A. Storey, State secretary of the Association in Oregon. Mr. Bortree says that the Atlant flyway of the waterfowl still remains, but the flights of fow that use to come by the way of Calumet Valley have gone further west. At present the great nesting and breeding grounds are in Alaska and the Hudson Bay region. The slaughter, he says, is frightful, and unless something is done to make the laws more stringent game birds will be exterminated. Great Britain legislated on the subject many years ago. An act entitled 'The wild birds protection act' was passed in 1880, and recently it has been amended in many respects. The second section of the act reads: 'Prohibition of taking or destroying eggs—A Secretary of State may, after the passing of this act, upon application by the County Council of any administrative county, by order prohibit 1. Th taking or destroying of wild birds' eggs in any year or years, in any place or places, within that county. 2. The taking or destroying the eggs of any special kind of wild birds within that county or part or parts thereof, as recommended by the said County Council, and set forth in the said order. 3. The application by the County Council shall specify the limits of the place or places, or otherwise, the particular species of wild birds to which it is proposed that any prohibition in the order is to apply, and shall set forth th reason on account of which the application is made.'

"Of course, legislation in our country would be on somewhat different lines. Something should be done, and I hope to see my idea carried out by the next Congress."

One portion of Senator Mitchell's speech, which the *Tribune* reporter did not incorporate in this interview, was an extremely flowery description of the Alaskan wildfowl breeding grounds, written by a Mr. Middleton, whom the Senator declares to be an eminent authority on matters pertaining to the breeding of wildfowl. Mr. Middleton, as quoted by Senator Mitchell in his speech, says of the nesting country:

May comes, and the north wind dies, the south wind comes whispering from the south odorous with the scent of the soft ocean air. High in the heavens circles the sun. The snow disappears, grass and flowers spring up and cover the earth with bright and brilliant colors of the Arctic vegetation; where great fields of snow lay are now vast morasses. Through these vast tundras flow many sluggish streams, full of fishes that sport and splash without fear of angler or net. All they have to dread are the attack of their own finny tribes, the swoop of the white-headed eagle and the osprey, and the ivory claws of the shaggy brown bear, for in that land of loneliness the human foot but

rarely treads and human voice is seldom heard; yet that land is the birthplace of more game birds than is any other region on earth.

The solitude may be unbroken for months by any sound, but when the June days come and the snow is all melted, and the enlivening vegetation gives notice that the short Arctic summer is at hand, then come the summer dwellers of the land. A long dark line may be seen far away on the southern horizon; gradually it comes nearer and nearer, and at last when it comes within the range of vision it proves to be a myriad of Canada geese. They do not circle and swerve as they do in inhabited countries, but when they see the gleaming waters the many wings slant downward, and with a rushing sound the great flock splashes into the water and rides peacefully on the waves they have themselves created. Away on the further horizon appears another flock, and behind them another, that proves to be canvasback ducks. Soon they are joined by other flocks, and in three days from the coming of the first goose the tundra will be one mass of birdlife splashing in the water. Dashing in the air are clouds of birds—swan, geese, ducks and auks; all are represented, for between Norton Sound and that vast morass is the main breeding place of the wildfowl of the American continent.

And yet the flowers of these paragraphs are like the flowers that bloom in the spring—they have nothing to do with the case. For though Mr. Middleton tells us that this morass "is the main breeding place of the wildfowl of the American continent," he also assures us that "in that land of loneliness the human foot but rarely treads and the human voice is seldom heard." But in the work of gathering millions of eggs the human foot would have to tread "quite considerable," and silence of the human voice would not brood to any great extent amid the brooding birds.

Senator Mitchell seems to have derived his wild duck egg statistics from President Bortree, of the National Association, and the Oregon local secretary, Mr. W. A. Storey. President Bortree gives out to the Chicago *Record* the following quotation from a letter received from Mr. Storey:

"Another work that has been pushed by your Secretary for this State, and in which I am now prepared to ask your hearty co-operation, is the protection from egg hunters of our wildfowl breeding grounds in Alaska. A careful investigation shows that millions of eggs are gathered and shipped from these grounds annually and countless numbers of partly matured eggs destroyed. I have furnished our United States Senator, the Hon. John H. Mitchell, with the proper information relating to the above facts, and if the state secretaries of this Association will bring the matter before their several senators at Washington, asking them to co-operate with Senator Mitchell in this matter, I am sure the effect will be for the best. Oregon, Washington, California, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia depend largely, if not entirely, on these breeding grounds for their supply of wild duck, geese, swan, etc., and unless they are protected from such wanton destruction I fear we will, in a short time, be forced to enjoy our duck hunting in memories of the past."

And Mr. Bortree himself tells the *Record* man:

"The Atlantic flyway of the waterfowl still remains, but the flights of fowl which used to come by way of the Calumet Valley have gone further west. At present the great breeding and nesting grounds of the waterfowl found in this region are Alaska and the Hudson Bay region. The letter shows what is going on in Alaska. The proposition is to call on Congress to pass some game protective laws for the Territory of Alaska, and to secure an amendment to the interstate commerce law to prohibit the acceptance for transportation by common carriers of any game killed in violation of the game laws or in defiance of the export laws of any State.

"The slaughter of game is frightful. Something must be done to make the laws more stringent and more uniform, or game animals will be exterminated."

Mr. Bortree, when asked for specific information on this subject, confessed to a representative of FOREST AND STREAM that he had no facts to give; but he promised to try to get some for us.

III.

Now, if anything approaching the quantity of eggs mentioned were shipped each season from railroad points on the Northern Pacific coast, some one would know about it; there would be a great coastwise traffic in these eggs. Trains of merchandise are not loaded up at night and shipped off secretly to unknown consignees, nor are shiploads of eggs received from foreign countries without entry at the Custom House; a man does not start with an egg in his pocket from the shores of the Far North, come down to the border line and smuggle it across and then go back for another. We have given some time and trouble to the work of investigating this story, and can find no one who has any knowledge of such a trade. Nothing definite, so far as we know, has ever been written about the matter; no particle of evidence has been brought forward to show that such a trade exists. No names have been given of those who gather the eggs or ship them, nor of the consignees to whom they go, nor of the vessels by which they arrive in port, nor of the people who receive the eggs and manufacture them. Not a word of detail, not a scintilla of evidence, just a series of repetitions about millions and car loads of duck eggs, set in a glittering frame painted over with pictures of the far stretching tundra and the clouds of ducks, geese, swans and auks.

Those people who started the story, and who—for what purpose is best known to themselves—have delighted to keep it going, may have some evidence to produce. If they have, it is time it was brought out.

In our efforts to get information on this subject we have followed out three lines of inquiry, the first having to do with the transportation lines said to have carried the millions of eggs; the second with the customs ports of entry where the millions of eggs would have been received, and the third with the albumen industry itself in which the millions of eggs were said to be consumed.

IV.

We first inquired of the more northern lines of transportation and asked the Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific railroads what they knew of shipments of wildfowl eggs. The general traffic managers of these roads most courteously had their books examined for our benefit with the result given below. Mr. George Olds, of the Canadian Pacific R. R., wrote us as follows:

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO., Office of General Traffic Manager. Montreal, Feb. 5, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of your favor of the 29th ulto. In reply, I beg to say that so far as my knowledge goes, this line has not up to this time transported a single package, barrel or otherwise of wildfowl eggs from any station on its line in British Columbia, or from the coast to any eastern point. I have never heard of an inquiry for rates for the transportation of such property since our line was opened to the Pacific coast. To be quite certain I have submitted your inquiry to our Western agents, requesting them to examine their books and report their findings to me.

On receipt of their reply I will write you again. Yours truly, GEO. OLDS, General Traffic Manager.

A few weeks later, after the promised inquiry had been made, we received from him another letter with two inclosures from his agents in British Columbia. He says:

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO., Office of General Traffic Manager. Montreal, Feb. 28, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to your favor of the 29th ulto., and to my acknowledgment of the 2d inst., I now invite your attention to the correspondence inclosed from our Messrs. Brown and Forrest, Vancouver, B. C., on reading which I shall be much surprised if you do not ask yourself as I have, "What manner of man is Senator Mitchell, of Oregon?" Perhaps it will be charitable to conclude that his natural ignorance of the subject he dealt with laid him open to some practical joke. Yours truly, GEO. OLDS, General Traffic Manager.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, Vancouver, B. C., Feb. 18, 1895.—Geo. Olds, Esq., General Traffic Manager, Montreal—Dear Sir: I herewith return correspondence in connection with shipment of wild birds' eggs from Pacific coast points via our line.

Although I was satisfied we had not handled any of these eggs, still, to be sure, I wrote to Mr. Forrest here, asking him if any shipments had at any time been made, and you will notice by his reply that there have not.

I wonder if, when Mr. Mitchell made the statement that is claimed he did, he considered how many of the wild birds' eggs it would take to fill 1,800 barrels, and how many years it would take to gather them; for, with the exception of gulls' eggs, which are gathered in larger quantities than those of any other wild birds, it would simply be an impossibility to gather the large quantity mentioned in a hundred years if any one did feel disposed to do so, and, so far as I know, I do not think any one on the coast would gather these eggs, as it certainly would not pay them to do so. Yours very truly, WM. BROWN.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, Vancouver, Feb. 15, 1895.—William Brown, Esq., A. G. F. A., Vancouver—Dear Sir: Returning papers in connection with shipment of birds' eggs. No shipments of wild birds' eggs have ever been handled through this station. Yours truly, W. H. FORREST, Agent.

Of like tenor are the letters from Mr. J. M. Hannaford, General Traffic Manager of the Northern Pacific R. R., whose investigation of the subject on the Pacific coast appears to have been very thorough. Mr. Hannaford writes:

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.—Office of the General Traffic Manager. J. M. Hannaford, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 15, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to acknowledge yours of the 11th in regard to statement made of shipments of wildfowl eggs supposed to be gathered in Alaska. Would say that, so far as my personal knowledge of this matter goes, I am inclined to take the view that the stories are more a matter of fake than founded on fact. In order to exhaust, however, the means of inquiry at our command in regard to the subject, I have sent your letter to our representatives on the coast, requesting that it have their prompt attention. On return of papers I will give you the benefit of their investigation. Yours truly, J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.—Office of the General Traffic Manager. J. M. Hannaford, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn., March 23, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring again to your communication of Feb. 11 in regard to shipment of wildfowl eggs from Alaska, I am just in receipt of letter from our Pacific coast representative advising that he has given the matter full investigation through parties intimately connected with the Alaska traffic, but is unable to learn of any such shipments being made. Our agent at Tacoma, where this business is generally delivered to our line, advises that no one there has ever seen or handled a shipment of this kind. Representatives of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co., the principal carriers in the trade, and other lines operating between Puget Sound and Alaska, say no eggs have ever been shipped to their knowledge. Representatives of this company at Vancouver and Victoria also say that no such shipments have ever been handled at those points. Yours truly, J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager.

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM, E. Dickinson, General Manager.—General Manager's Office. Omaha, Nebraska, June 1, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your letter of 28th ultimo has been referred to our freight traffic manager for reply direct. So far as I am aware there is no truth whatever in the statement, except that during the "corner" on eggs last spring several car loads that had been shipped West and were in cold storage were returned East. This is the only case I know of where eggs have been shipped from the Pacific coast to eastern points. Yours truly, E. DICKINSON.

V.

The transportation lines knowing nothing whatever about the thousand barrel shipments of which we have heard so much, we looked about for other sources of information. These eggs were supposed to come from the Northwest, and so would be entered at some Custom House. If they were shipped from Alaska through Canada by the Canadian Pacific R. R., they would be entered at the Victoria, B. C., Custom House. Shipments from British Columbia or from the Hudson's Bay country would be entered at Pacific coast ports or at some of the border line ports. In order to secure this information, we requested a correspondent, who is in the U. S. Custom service, to make inquiry for us, and the replies which he received are given below:

OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, Port of Fort Benton, Mont., Feb. 19, 1895.—William W. Castle, Esq., Examiner, Boston, Mass.: Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt your communication 12th inst. relative to importations of wildfowl eggs into this customs district. In reply to same I respectfully state that there are no importations of the above in this district. Very respectfully, DAVID G. BROWNE, Collector.

OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, Port of Sitka, Alaska, March 9, 1895.—Mr. William W. Castle, Appraiser's Office, Boston, Mass.: Sir—In reply to your letter of the 12th ultimo, relative to the manufacture of albumen from wild sea fowl eggs, I would refer you to the U. S. Fish Commission steamer Albatross, now stationed at Mare Island, California, for the above information, as I fail to find any records for same in this office. Very respectfully, GEORGE MOORE, Special Deputy.

The inquiry to the Port of San Francisco is returned with the following indorsements:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 20, 1895.—No importations of the within mentioned merchandise are received at this port; therefore no information can be given on the subject. JAMES EUNKER, Appraiser.

Respectfully returned with the above information. E. B. JEROME, Collector.



"INDIANS GATHERING DUCK EGGS FOR ALBUMEN IN ALASKA."

[Bag of 480 ducks, 11 geese, 7 grouse, 3 cranes. Shot in 5 hours by 6 shooters, in North Dakota.]

OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, Port of Port Townsend, Wash., Feb. 21, 1895.—William W. Castle, Esq., Appraiser's office, Boston, Mass.—Sir: I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, and to advise you that no albumen or wildfowl eggs for the manufacture of commercial albumen has been imported into this district. I regret that I am unable to give you any information on the subject. Very respectfully, J. C. SAUNDERS, Collector.

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES, Victoria, British Columbia, March 20, 1895.—Hon. William W. Castle, Boston, Mass.—Dear Sir: Replying to your communication, dated Feb. 12, 1895, I have the honor to inclose herewith a letter from Hon. J. R. Anderson, Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, British Columbia; also a letter from Hon. A. R. Milne, collector at this port, from which the information you desire can be obtained. Owing to the delay in receiving the letters, it was impossible to answer your communication earlier. I am, sir, very respectfully, W. P ROBERTS, U. S. Consul.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, British Columbia, Victoria, Feb. 25, 1895.—General W. P. Roberts, U. S. Consul, Victoria.—Sir: In answer to your communication of the 23d instant, I beg to say I am not aware that the collection and manufacture of albumen of wildfowl eggs has ever been attempted in this province, and that in my belief none is sent from here. Possibly something may be known at the Custom House about the matter; they would certainly know if any was exported. I return your correspondent's letter. I have the honor to be your obedient servant, J. R. ANDERSON, Statistician.

CUSTOMS, CANADA, Victoria, B. C., March 19, 1895.—Hon. W. P. Roberts, U. S. Consul, Victoria, B. C.—Dear Sir: I have the honor to receive your letters of the 26th ultimo and the 18th inst., inclosing a letter from Mr. William W. Castle, examiner of the port of Boston, regarding the collection and manufacture of commercial albumen of wildfowl or sea birds' eggs.

have carefully looked into the matter, and I cannot find that the albumen of wildfowl or sea birds' eggs is collected for any purpose or manufacture in British Columbia. If such were the case I certainly should know something about it, and I can find nothing in our compiled exports with reference to that kind of albumen or such eggs. I have the honor to be, dear sir, your obedient servant, A. R. MILNE, Collector.

The whole matter is pretty well summed up in the letter given below, in which the gentleman who took the trouble to collect for us these reports from the various custom houses gives his own conclusions on the matter:

PORT OF BOSTON, Mass., Appraiser's Office, May 2, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find such replies as I have received on the egg question. I wrote to all the border line collectors, but have received no replies from some. I think, however, the reply from U. S. Consul at Victoria and inclosures will establish the fact that there can be no great traffic in that section. If I get anything more will forward it to you. I hope you have not thought me neglectful, but it takes quite a time to get replies sometimes, and I have been waiting for some that have not yet arrived.

My opinion is that more eggs are destroyed in the Mississippi Valley by the spring shooters, a thousand, or even ten thousand, to one, than

it would be possible to destroy in any collecting that could be carried out, even if eggs were worth $1 a dozen at the breeding grounds. Wildfowl, while gregarious in migration, are by no means so in breeding, and are not, as when tamed, polygamous. I have seen miles of country (barren) in the Northwest that to a superficial observer might seem to be a vast breeding ground, but would really hold but few birds in comparison to its apparent capabilities, and even those which were to be seen flying about were by no means all breeders; not "every drake has a duck" there.

With sea fowl it might be different, but my experience on the Pacific has been that with few exceptions there are no such breeding grounds accessible to anyone commercially disposed as there have been on the Atlantic, such as the Funks Bird Rock, etc., in Gulf of St. Lawrence and Labrador coast. I thought at the time that the matter of commercial egg destruction was opened up that it was simply a weak invention of those who are butchering spring birds to throw dust and endeavor to blind people as to the real cause of decrease, viz., spring shooting—else why did they not claim that the decrease in snipe, plover and shore birds was the result of some (to them) nefarious business? A marketed female snipe, plover or duck in the spring means and stands for from four to ten fall birds, whether they be killed in bayous or tanks in Texas, sloughs in Nebraska, or meadows in New Jersey. The Legislatures may clog up the statutes of their States as much as they please with half baked, half digested game laws; so long as it is permissible to have in possession any game in close season, just so long will the slaughter continue. It gives a sportsman cold chills down the spine to pass through Quincy market and see grouse, quail, snipe and venison exposed for sale at this time of the year, but what can be done about it no one seems to know or care.

By the way, I was amused to see in a recent FOREST AND STREAM an article from some one in the West who confesses that he used to shoot for the market to an extent of over 1,000 quail to two guns a day, 200 rabbits to one gun, etc., winding up with a plea to protect the few remaining. What for, pray? so he may keep up his market shooting?

WILLIAM W. CASTLE.

VI.

Concerning the commercial features of the albumen trade and the source of the supply, Mr. Klipstein, of the firm of A. Klipstein & Co., 122 Pearl street, New York, gives us the following information: Almost the whole of the albumen product used in this country is obtained in Russia, Germany and France, where eggs are very cheap. In warm weather, when eggs are cheap and abundant, the eggs are broken and the albumen is separated from the yolks. A little salt is mixed with it to preserve it, and it is then dried and otherwise prepared as a commercial article. The yolks are used in the manufacture of certain kinds of leather, and also as a food product. The albumen is used chiefly for food purposes, bakers and confectioners consuming the greater part of the product in the making of cakes and candies. One pound of albumen is worth from forty-eight to fifty cents and represents the product of 150 eggs so that, making no allowance for cost of shipment, the eggs would be approximately about four cents a dozen—a figure at which the American hen cannot compete. The product manufactured in this country is of no importance whatever from a commercial standpoint. But a few pounds have been made here in the past ten years. About 95 per cent. of the albumen of commerce is manufactured from the eggs of the hens of Russia Germany and France. A small quantity of the product is made from the eggs of wildfowl in Syria and Tuscany.

"If there was any albumen made in this country," said Mr. Klipstein, "we would most certainly know of it. It seems to us that eggs taken in Alaska or on the American coast would be too valuable as a food product, greater in value than when made into albumen. The cheapness of the foreign article, which is imported free of duty, prohibits American competition. We are the largest importers of albumen in America, if not in the world, and if there was any American product we would know of it. In our opinion, the report of the importation of eggs from Alaska and the Pacific coast, for the manufacture of albumen, has no foundation in fact. Eggs imported from Alaska would be likely to spoil or lose their freshness before arriving here, and would then be unfit for the manufacture of albumen."

Concerning the use of albumen in photography, an expert connected with the large house of G. Generet, No. 26 East Thirteenth street, dealer in photographic supplies, informs us that very little albumen is now used in photography compared with what was used five or six years ago, gelatine and other materials having almost entirely supplanted it, not one case of albumen paper to sixty of other kinds being sold. The bulk of the paper comes from Germany all prepared except sensitizing, which is done in this country. Some of the albumen comes from Canada. For photographic purposes albumen of hen's eggs is superior to that of duck eggs. The commercial supply of hen's eggs is so abundant that it is not necessary to go to the wildfowl for a supply.

VII.

This then is the result of our inquiry:

1. The duck egg alarmists who have raised this calamity cry show themselves unable to substantiate their tales of millions of wildfowl eggs gathered and shipped for the manufacture of albumen.

2. The transportation companies who would carry the thousands of barrels of duck eggs, if there were any barrels for carrying, have not carried them—not a barrel.

3. At the ports of entry where the eggs would have come in, none have come.

4. The albumen trade, said to consume the millions of eggs, knows nothing about them.

5. In the light of these facts, the duck egg story appears to be an unmitigated fake—the greatest fake ever perpetrated in this line.

VIII.

The invention and spreading abroad of this story has in the very nature of things accomplished no good whatever. In getting the sportsmen of the country worked up over imaginary nest robbing by imaginary Indians for imaginary purposes, the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association has actually not saved a single duck nor a single egg; nor could it ever. Its resolutions on the subject might quite as well have been directed against the dead Indian's pursuit of phantom fowl in the Red Man's Happy Hunting Grounds. The enlistment of United States Senators might as well be in behalf of national legislation against the robbing of mares' nests.

Meanwhile, let no one dream that because the Indians of the Northwest are not gathering millions of wild duck eggs, there is nothing to be done in the cause of game protection. There is a plenty, and it is nearer home than Alaska.

SOME "FOREST AND STREAM" CONTRIBUTORS.

"Jacobstaff."

YOU ask me for a few salient points in "Jacobstaff's" life, or how I came to be such a lover of the gun and became a crank as it were in the shooting field. Well, I hardly know how to commence or what to give you unless I dash away in my usual hasty pudding style and it may be not "as you like it," but here goes.

I am a Corncracker by birth, having seen the light, I am told, in Georgetown, Scott county, Ky., in the year 1832 (cholera year); but my father having been called to a professorship in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution (afterward, Madison University), settled in the village of Hamilton, Madison county, N. Y., in 1833-34



"JACOBSTAFF."

when I was about a year old; and there, among the then rugged and wooded hills of the Empire State, I spent twenty years of the happiest days of my life.

I must have been probably some seven or eight year of age, and my brother James (now professor in William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.) some two years younger, when our father essayed to give us our first lessons in the shooting line. Having tacked a sheet of paper on a stump some twenty yards distant and placed the gun upon another stump, we were instructed how to aim and pull the trigger. I remember how my brother beat me badly at first, putting a number of shot in the paper near the center, while mine were but a few and away to one side of the mark. If I remember correctly, I must have shut the wrong eye. That was remedied afterwards and I passed my brother in marksmanship rapidly.

My first gun was a partnership affair with the son of our next neighbor, a brother professor of my father's—Samuel Stillman Conant. Conant was a little older than I, a very bright and rugged boy, almost an athlete. He was afterwards for a time city editor of the New York *Times* and later the able editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

The weapon was a Queen Anne flintlock musket. I fail to recall how we got it. It was about four feet in length of barrel, iron hooped, and provided with iron ramrod. We could neither of us do any execution at arm's length, but we used to lug it around and take turns in shooting. It took both hands to draw back the hammer. We were often put to our wits' ends to get ammunition, for ministers and professors were not burdened with lucre in those days.

There was a quarry near by, where stone was being blasted for building purposes, and by doing errands and odd favors for the men we would get now and then small quantities of blasting powder—great black chunks they were. I recollect we had to crush or pulverize some of it for the priming in the pan. We were troubled about good flints too. For shot we used the small dried peas from a farmer's bin or cut up lead pipe. The peas used to scatter a good deal and the lead slugs would tear or almost annihilate our squirrels or woodchucks when we hit them fairly.

How we roamed the hills with that heavy old piece; and with what a fizz and roar it went off, often doing as much execution at the butt as at the muzzle; and the dense black smoke, whew! "Early impressions are lasting," and after a half century I can smell it yet; but it was sweet incense in our nostrils then. And after the explosion we would often have to wait until the clouds rolled by before we could ascertain whether our shot had been successful.

Our next gun Conant got—a single barrel with beechwood stock and (I remember) no trigger guard. That gun did great execution with the robins and chipmunks. My first gun that was my very own was a smooth-bore rifle, long octagon barrel, curled maple stock the whole length of the barrel, brass mounted crotched butt, with a place in the stock for patches, grease, etc. It was a tremendous shooter. No tree was high enough for the safety of any squirrel. It was a percussion pill gun. We used to get those small black percussion pills by the gross, but only about half or two-thirds of them were of any good. Afterwards a gilded pill came into market, which was somewhat better, but a rainy or damp day had a very deleterious effect on their reliability.

This smooth-bore became famous throughout the county. It would carry a round ball (having rifle sights) with considerable accuracy, and many a hawk from the top of a dead tree during the fall fogs fell a victim, and crows and woodchucks without number. It was finally ruled out of our chicken shoots at 12 rods (we used to measure by rods then instead of yards) as altogether too reliable.

Then came the smooth thin copper cap—not much better than the gilded pill, but followed by the C D, then the ribbed G D cap; afterwards the thick Ely waterproof. Ah, how we used to cherish them, with a few in our vest-pocket handy for a hawk or a big gray squirrel, when we were anxious to have no failure in the go off. Let me see: powder, 9 cents per ¼lb.; shot, 2lbs., generally No. 4, at 5 cents per lb.; and caps, G D, 10 for a cent. That was equipment for a good day's shoot.

Ah, those were great days around on old Madison county hills. There was considerable game there of the small kind—squirrels, gray, black and red; ruffed grouse (partridge), a few duck, woodchucks, muskrats, with now and then a mink or fox; hawks, owls and crows, of course, and thousands and tens of thousands of pigeons. Some years they would come in the spring in clouds that darkened the air, and many stayed in our woods until fall; for I have shot pigeons in my boyhood days from May until October.

How distinctly I remember the bagging of my first woodcock. I had chased the fellow from place to place trying to get a shot "sittin'," as we boys would say. It was not very wild, but would rise almost from under my feet, fly a few yards and alight—and I felt sure I knew exactly where; but I could not see it until it was up and away again. It did this some eight or ten times, when in sheer desperation, as it topped the bushes, I let drive and, to my amazement, dropped it. A fall woodcock and a-flyin'. Wasn't I a proud boy.

At the age of twenty, having finished my Sophomore year in the fall of '52, I turned West for a year or two. Stopping at a pawnbroker's in Cleveland, I purchased for $8 a second-hand double barrel shotgun that was destined to bring to bag a large quantity of small game. I settled on a prairie not a hundred miles from Chicago, then quite a new country. My uncle, the Rev. Isaac Eaton, with his large family of ten grown children, was still living in his log cabin in the midst of a fine farm of rolling prairie. He had engaged for me the district school of the neighborhood, and I found myself domiciled in another log house, but of ample dimensions, as it answered for school during the week and a house of worship on Sundays. I soon discovered that I had struck a great game country. There were prairie chickens by the hundred, quail by the thousand, and ducks and geese in the sloughs in the fall by the million. What a paradise!

I had bargained with the trustees of the school that, instead of teaching a half day on Saturday, I would make that up at the end of the term. I wanted those days exclusively for my gun.

On my second day's schooling I discovered that many of the larger boys brought their guns with them. Some of these, coming six or eight miles across the prairie to school, of course bagged what they could coming and going. Good idea! I would do so too. I fixed up a place in the woodshed for their guns, out of the way of the smaller children and many a pinnated grouse, duck and quail did I take home to swell the pot of dear Aunt Phila. In the spring, wanting to kill a sandhill crane (and a mighty fine bird they are—equal to the wild turkey in eating quality) and a white or arctic owl, I traded off my double barrel shotgun for a rifle. There were many of these handsome snow white owls shot that winter from the rail fences, but, like the sandhill cranes, they were wary birds, and only by a long shot could they be reached.

After my second winter in this paradise I journeyed back to Madison University, of which my father, the Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Eaton, was the beloved president for a dozen years previous to his death. I finished my collegiate course in 1856, and, having another attack of the game fever, I again took my course westward, expecting to join Col. Noble in an exploring expedition across the plains; but, stopping to visit some friends on my old shooting grounds, I was too late to join the party. How inscrutable are the ways of providence. The entire party I learned, were annihilated by the Yankton Indians Cottonwood a few days later. Then, through Biron Kilboure, the railroad king of the west, I was placed on the roll with 21 others—a party to run the preliminary line of the northern division of the Milwaukee & La Crosse Railroad. We drove our first stake one rainy morning just out of Portage City, and ran through the woods to Hudson, opposite St. Paul, and here I had some genuine woods and camp experience; but I was more anxious with the company's gun (a double barrel) to explore on ahead with the chief than to run the level, or in fact to do any other part of the work; and it was during this trip that I was lost for two days in the wilderness, and scared out of a year's growth by laughing owls, as told long ago in FOREST AND STREAM.

Late in the '50s I was appointed by Hon. Hiram Barney one of the appraisers of the Fox and Wisconsin Land and Improvement Company. This company was organized for the purpose of connecting the Mississippi River with the lakes through the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, and it had been donated some 7,000,000 acres of land situ-

ated in twenty-eight counties of the State of Wisconsin. Some of this land was far from settlements, and we were obliged to camp out in order to visit each quarter section and report as to timber, soil, subsoil, etc., to place the land in market. Our headquarters were in Fond du Lac. My gun here was a double barrel, the right hand cylinder shot, the left rifle with a one and a half twist. We were often compelled to live on the production of this weapon, and it did good service. It was on these expeditions that my trapping experience was considerably enlarged, and under the instruction of my partner (we always went two together), Eben Pierce, an old woodsman, I obtained my practical education of how to build, and build quickly, brush and bark shanties, and even the construction of a log house for more permanent quarters. Sojourners in the wilderness were often called upon to use their best judgment and ingenuity in making themselves comfortable, and Eben was full of resources—a thorough woodsman, a successful trapper, a good shot and the best of companions. I wonder whether he is still in the land of the living.

The financial crash of 1857 reached us a little later and finished the Improvement Company and my speculation in the land business, and I drifted East again and went into Uncle Sam's employment.

Early in the '60's Mrs. Eaton, with the intuition of a sportsman's wife that would enter into and partake of the pleasures so dear to her husband's heart, presented me as a birthday gift with a Wesley Richards 14-gauge, 7lbs. gun, a darling for light shooting. Not satisfied with this, a year later she found and purchased for me a "Joe Manton," a very superior article. Both guns made good bags for the household and friends.

And now we jump to the '70's. One day upon passing a news stand my eye was attracted by a green colored paper, on which prominently displayed was a massive moose head, under which upon a knoll were two figures—a shooter and a fisherman. It was FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. I., No. 7. I purchased a copy, and oh! with what zest I devoured its contents. This was the paper for me; it filled the bill.

I then wrote my first article, giving my first interview with a wild Indian in the woods, followed by "Loose Leaves from a Surveyor's Journal," boyhood reminiscences, etc. Afterwards, from time to time, fugitive pieces on shooting trips, natural history, trapping experiences, etc. After my second article, which promptly appeared, I received a very kind letter from Charles Hallock, asking me to call at the office, 103 Fulton street. He spoke very flatteringly of my woodland articles and requested me to continue, which I have done to date. He proposed that I take a *nom de plume*, as that seemed to be the style then, and, as I was writing up "Loose Leaves from a Surveyor's Journal," I suggested "Jacobstaff"—an odd cognomen, but a reminder of my woods' experience; it (the staff) being a single iron shod stick upon which rested our compass—a very important part of our paraphernalia, or, as "Nessmuk" would say, I presume, our "duffage."

It was in 1877 that by accident, when looking for pastures new—that is, fresher hunting grounds, with my old boyhood hunting companion on Madison county hills, Major Beckwith—we stumbled on Recorder Hackett's ducking ground, which he had kept so mum about for years—Shinnecock Bay, Canoe Place and Pon Quogue. Here we found that prince of baymen, honest old Bill Lane, and we made big bags down there of ducks, geese and bay birds in their season, beyond all enumeration. Here I bagged my first black brant; I had killed the white brant or Mexican goose in the West.

I was always more of an enthusiast with the gun than the rod, though I believe I had considerable of a local reputation as a successful trout and pickerel fisher in those early days; for I knew where they lived, and there was hardly a rod of ground for twenty miles around dear old Hamilton hills that I had not trod. Lance Beckwith, afterwards a gallant major in the army, and I knew every cornfield and every butternut and sweet acorn tree in the county, where the drumming logs of the partridge were, and the best cedar swamps for the white rabbit (we had no little gray fellows or quail in that region, and no bass, large or small mouth), and we brought in the first hawks and crows' eggs of the season.

Ah, those were halcyon days. But I am getting garrulous. I have not visited the scenes of my boyhood for years, but I have heard from there, and I know my heart would be sad. The shriek of the locomotive is heard in the valley, and those glorious old hunting grounds, where the grouse drummed in the thick copse or the gray squirrel barked and with nimble gait skipped from limb to limb in the beech wood or maple sugar bush, are now only rotting stumps, with cattle or sheep feeding between. No! like gazing upon the face of a dear dead friend in his last narrow home, I want it not. Let my last remembrance of him and of those dear spots of my boyhood be pleasant. I wish not to look upon either after death and destruction have shown their work.

GEORGE BOARDMAN EATON.

The Root of the Evil is in Bangor.

LOWELL, Me., June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a trip up river. I went up to locate the spots to build camps. I saw plenty of signs of big game, and came on one big bull moose feeding in a stream. I gave him a good scare, hoping that he would leave that section, as I saw plenty of signs of bad hunters. I saw where some one had thrown two fawn deer into the water. They were full-grown and all ready to be dropped, and were still in the sac, just as they had been taken from the doe. This had not been done more than three days.

It doesn't look as if our big appropriation was going to do much good toward game protection. The efforts that our fish and game associations made and what they did accomplish are getting a set-back. The same wardens with whom so much fault was found for their unprincipled and illegal transactions have been put back into office, and I believe it will have bad results. I have been much interested and quite observing in our fish and game protective management, and from what I know and have seen for years past I believe that the whole evil has a deep root in the city of Bangor, and is nourished there, and it is hoped that our fish and game associations will not rest until they dig the roots up and burn them.

J. DARLING.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT A LIVE WESTERN TOWN.—I.

BY HORACE KEPHART AND GEORGE KENNEDY.

I THINK this is the first article written for the FOREST AND STREAM by two foresters and streamers. It seems to mark a departure in the literature of the gun and his numerous offspring, and therefore to merit a passing notice. We have had histories and biographies written by joint authors, and several novels, but no true tales of the barb and the fulminate up to this moment. That is to say, we have had no joint authorships that were apparent. There may have been a few literary partnerships between the man out in the woods and the man who runs the paper, but this is the first one where neither fellow was ashamed of the other, and was willing to put his name down for what he said. The advantages of this method of literary composition are never so obvious as in such an instance as the present. What each fellow tells, he can prove by the other. It seems to open up to the literature of the fields a new era of faith and confidence. The proverbial skepticism of the times has nowhere been so marked as in the chronicles of the brothers of the angle, and those of us who sometimes chronicle have been scrupulous to remain well within the limits of modern credulity, often at the expense of the thing which really happened. As, for example, you all remember that story Kephart told about the snake sliding down a tree without ever moving a muscle. Well, the fact was he not only slid down without any apparent effort, but turned around, and just to show that he could do it every time, slid back up the tree in the same way. And yet, if Mr. Kephart had told the whole truth, nobody would have believed a word of it, and as a consequence he had to give a really remarkable serpent a very ordinary ending.

Another advantage of this style of literary composition is that it enables one to conceal little idiopathic defects of syntax and orthography. For example, when Mr. Kephart begins his part of this undertaking, he will say to himself, "If I don't get all the long words out of the dictionary, it won't matter so much this time because they will lay it to Kennedy."

Still another pleasant feature of this mode of brain labor is that it affords such a delightful surprise to one's colleague to get the front half of an article from a man he never did any business with before, coupled with a request that he get at and finish it. In the present case, Kephart don't know anything about this article. He never dreamed of it. The first thing he will say when it comes home to him in all its touching suggestiveness will be that he'd rather write the first part of it and then, for obvious reasons, have something to say about picking out the colleague himself. But there is no great force to this objection. In the first place, I am running a great deal more risk than he is. I am starting this thing with a lucid explanation of the advantages of its method of construction, and I have christened it "A Few Remarks about a Live Western Town," and yet I have not said a word about the town, its whereabouts, or what the remarks are to be. I leave that all to him. My reputation is in the hollow of his hand. Could he get anybody else to run such a risk as that with him? Does he even think I would do it myself if it were not for one circumstance—to wit, those turkeys? For I cannot but feel that the knowledge I possess with reference to them will make him as tender with my reputation in what he may say herein as if it were his own. He may treat the subject with some diffidence, especially when that part of it is reached which treats of diagrams; but I urge him to make a clean breast of it, in the full assurance that for once in his life, and perhaps for the first time in any sportsman's life, his words have attached to them, by way of prefix, the very imprint and apotheosis of the truth.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

[Mr. Kephart's continuation is promised for next week.]

TWO MONTHS ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

[*Continued from page 484.*]

WE made considerable of a mistake in not remaining here for a week or two, which we most assuredly would have done had we known how few good camping places there are in that section of the State. This proved to be one of the best places we saw on the whole trip; being quite high and dry, with plenty of fuel for the camp fire. Besides, there was a plenty of deliciously cool, shady places in which to lie down and take the world easy.

That afternoon, after overhauling, we did nothing but lie around, read, or write letters home. It was hard to realize that, while we were indolently lying around in our shirt sleeves, the people at home were dressed in their heavy winter clothing.

Sam upheld his reputation as a cook by making a most excellent potpie of some of the snipe and plover we had shot on the preceding evening. That afternoon about 4 o'clock we sat down to a regular banquet. The *menu* consisted of snipe and plover, broiled, fried, and the aforementioned potpie. Besides, we had yams baked in the coals, pickles mixed, baked beans, hot tea, hard tack and molasses. The sauce consisted of a voracious out-of-door appetite. We also found that Sam was not only a good sailor, but an excellent out-of-door cook; so it was then and there voted that he should fill that position when there was anything extra to cook.

Nocturnal Visitors.

We turned in early that night, so as to make an early start next morning. We soon dropped off into a sound sleep, from which we were suddenly awakened about midnight by the furious barking of the dog. On looking out of the tent to ascertain the cause, we perceived four men walking about on the beach. Sam went out to see what they were doing. He found that they were collecting wood to build a fire. They had a rowboat drawn up on the beach. They said that they had rowed from Jacksonville that day, and were on their way to Fernandina. They soon had their fire burning, over which they made a pot of coffee. Sam not knowing who they were, thought he might as well keep a watch on them while they stayed. They said they were going as soon as they had a cup of coffee, so he talked with them for quite a while, and upon being invited, he had a social cup with them. When they finally got ready to go, Sam bade them good-by and crawled back into the tent; and we soon went to sleep again, not being disturbed any more that night.

We arose with the sun, and while Sam started to make the fire, preparatory to getting breakfast, Tom and I took the tent down, and were rolling up the blankets, when Sam began to use some cuss words because he couldn't find the ax to cut wood for the fire. All hands turned to and we hunted high and low, but to no purpose, as that ax had undoubtedly gone to Fernandina with our nocturnal visitors; and if the dog hadn't awakened us, some of our other property would have gone in the same direction.

Breakfast was soon disposed of, and we were on our way again. It was slow, tedious work making headway, as the stream was so shallow in places that the Rambler would run on a mud bank every ten or fifteen minutes, or she would climb upon a bed of oysters.

While passing through the Three Sisters we came across a great number of these natural oyster beds, and, although the oysters were nice enough looking, upon opening and trying some, we found them so salty as to make them unpalatable.

About 1 o'clock that afternoon, after sculling, wading and pushing through the mud, and over the oyster bars, and even walking along the bank with a tow rope, thereby getting ourselves and the boat fairly plastered with mud, our eyes were gladdened by seeing Nassau Sound.

We found this sound an excellent place to establish a winter camp. Without any doubt, it was the very best place we saw the whole time we were in Florida. Being about eight miles in length by five or six miles wide, the shores were mostly fine white beaches, hard and firm as concrete, with miles of fine places to pitch a tent. I suppose, though, it would be inconvenient, on account of a scarcity of fresh water, although of that I am perfectly ignorant, as we did not stay long enough to find out.

We made very slow progress that afternoon, in the hot sun. In fact, we did not get across the sound until 3 o'clock, and had to resort to sculling to do that.

After hunting around nearly an hour for the stream that connects the sound with the St. John's River, our efforts were rewarded by discovering a stream that we concluded was the one we were in search of. A very light breeze having set in from the river, we sailed along between the same old mud banks we had met with all day (Nassau Sound excepted), until we finally met a pretty fair-looking spot to pitch the tent. Just as the sun was casting his rays over marsh, woods and stream, the bow of the Rambler grated on a small sandy beach, and preparations for the night's camp were under way.

Before entering this stream Sam had absorbed the notion in his head that it was not the one that connected with the St. John's. But Tom and I thought it was. Being in the majority, we had it our way.

A Night in Black Hammock.

After supper, consisting of the usual fare, very much fatigued after our two days' work, we turned in early to secure a good night's rest. Sam and I occupied the tent, Tom and the dog the boat.

We had no sooner stretched our weary limbs under the blankets than we were greeted with the singing of hundreds—yes, thousands—of mosquitoes. We had struck them beyond a doubt, or they had struck us rather. How they did bite! May I never live to see another night like that one. We covered ourselves head and heels with our heavy blankets, but it was no use. We pulled the tent down and nearly smothered ourselves under it. Still no use. They got there just the same. Finally I could stand it no longer, so crawling out and taking my blanket with me, I made for the beach. After wrapping my head up in the blanket, I managed to gather some wood to start a fire, so as to smoke them out.

I made smoke enough, heaven knowns. I smoked a pipe until I was sick, and hung around in the thickest of it from the fire, still it was of no use. Those incarnate devils fairly reveled in it. They peppered my face in spite of its covering, they gnawed my hands, they drilled through coat, pantaloons, and I honestly believe my grain leather boots, while I just galloped and danced.

How Sam, Tom and the dog made out that night I don't exactly remember. I know that the infernal pests never gave me a moment's chance to think of anything else but myself and them. I just kept the shindig up all night long.

When morning came we just pitched things aboard, shoved off, and started out of that creek without bothering about breakfast; we were not hungry. We all looked as though we were suffering from a most virulent attack of measles. Even at this late day the very thought of that night's experience sends an itching sensation stealing over my body.

The sun rose as hot as an oven, and there was not a breath of air stirring, so we had to take to the oar again. By this time we all concluded that we were in the wrong creek. A sharp lookout was kept for some chance to make inquiries. Finally we spied a log cabin off on the left bank. Tom and I jumped ashore and started for it. After wallowing and sprawling through the mud for half an hour we finally emerged on firm land. The cabin proved to be the abode of a regular old-fashioned family of Southern darkies. They ranged from the four-months-old pickaninny to the monstrous fat old mammy. There was about a dozen of them all told, and they were as shy as weasels. Clothes didn't interfere with the movements of the juvenile portion of the family to any extent, and Tom and I agreed that the mosquitoes must fairly revel at their expense.

We asked the direction to Jacksonville. The old mammy informed us that the man of the house had gone off in the woods to haul some firewood, and if we would follow an old road she pointed out to us we would soon find him, when he would give us all the information we wished, as he very often went to Jacksonville. Following her directions we started off in the pine woods and soon had the satisfaction of finding the man of the house.

He had a couple of oxen hitched to a huge two-wheeled ox cart which he was filling with wood. He eyed us rather suspiciously, for which we couldn't blame him much. He probably thought we had the small pox.

We found this person a very handsome, intelligent specimen of the colored race. He informed us that "we were in the wrong creek. We had come too far to the west." He asked us with a grin if we were the persons that camped over on Black Hammock the night before? We told him that we didn't know the name of the place, but that it would always remain green in our memories.

He laughed at this and said he wouldn't wonder if it would, as the place had the very worst reputation for mosquitoes in Florida.

We talked with him for some time and found him quite a nice fellow. He was far and above any of the "Crackers" we met afterwards, both in intelligence and accommodation. In fact, the class of "Crackers" we met while in Florida were the most ignorant, lazy, dirty, least accommodating class of human beings, black or white, it has ever been my misfortune to meet. There may be a better class of this part of the human race than we met; I hope there is. But for downwright degradation and degeneracy, introduce a "Florida Cracker" and you have the best case I know of.

Bidding our colored friend good-by after receiving full directions how to find the creek, we started back through the mud and hot sun for the boat, where we arrived nearly baked.

Sam had a good breakfast or dinner ready for us. After eating we hoisted sail to take advantage of what little air was stirring, and about noontime were once more on the waters of the sound.

A Bit of Eden.

We sailed, sculled and drifted until the middle of the afternoon, when we saw a nice-looking residence up on the shore. We landed to get information as to our course and to see if we could buy some oranges, seen hanging in golden globes from the trees of a fine large grove in the rear of the house.

When we reached the house we found every door and window closed and nailed up tight. After knocking for awhile, we agreed that nobody was home. So, as we wanted oranges, and could not buy, we helped ourselves.

This was certainly a beautiful place to spend the winter, a perfect paradise—in fact. A fine beach extended from the front of the house to the water, and stretched away on either hand for a long distance, looking in the sheen and dazzle of the sun for all the world like a blanket of snow. This beach was as hard and firm as a race course. From the front of the house one looked directly out to the sea, through the opening that connects the sound with the ocean. Across this opening there is the usual sandbar, so common at the entrances of inland waters connected with the ocean in Florida. Over this bar the ocean swells were seething and boiling in the grandest and most boisterous manner; while far out at sea, just on the line of the horizon, the white sails of three or four schooners glistened in the sunlight like pearls, forming a beautiful picture of marine enchantment. The house was surrounded by all kinds of semi-tropical vegetation, and it was so cool and shady that we were slow to leave. But after loafing around for a while, we went aboard and started again.

We had not proceeded very far before our ears were saluted with quite a racket; and we were amazed to see, where the beach came out to a point, the sand literally smothered with snipe, plover and two or three other kinds of birds. Whether they were feeding or what their object was to be all mixed up that way, I don't know. We tried to get a shot at them, but they flew before we got near enough. Tom fired anyhow to scare them, and such a roaring of wings and discordant sounds as they made I never heard before nor since.

Just off this point a short distance we spied a red can buoy, which our colored friend of the morning had told us we would find at the entrance of the creek of which we were in search,

When we reached the buoy, sure enough there was the creek and no mistake. We soon entered it, and as there was a little wind we made fair headway and began to congratulate ourselves on the prospect of reaching the St. John's that night; but "the fickle wind" played us false again and we had no other alternative but to resort to the oar. Then the tide turned against us, so we decided that the best thing to do would be to look for a suitable place to camp.

Our First Cracker.

Just as the sun began to sink, we spied a habitation off on the bank a short distance ahead and immediately headed the boat for it. We found it to be a small log cabin with one door and no windows. As we were rather short of provisions, canned goods excepted, we hailed the place and after two or three trials the form of a man appeared in the doorway. We first asked him if we were in the right creek to reach the St. John's river? and he said "yes." We then asked him if he would sell us something to eat; he said he "would come and talk with us." This was said in such a weak indolent manner that we decided he must be sick; then he started to walk to the boat and we knew he was sick. The reason we knew he was sick was because we had never seen one of his kind before.

If we had ever been in Florida before, we would have recognized in this unwashed, thin, humpbacked, concave chested, long-haired, bewhiskered, vermin-covered, lazy, trifling, good-for-nothing exister a very good built, quick moving, fine specimen of the best class of Florida Crackers.

We asked him again if he had anything to eat that he would like to sell. He said something that sounded to me like "grapes" and the effort seemed nearly to take his strength away.

"All right," I said, looking at the rest of the crew, "I guess we will try some grapes." He turned and went back to the house, from which he reappeared with a tomato can. After making the trip of 50yds. from the house to the boat in the excellent Cracker time of about five minutes, he handed us the can. We found it about three-quarters full, not of grapes, but what we afterward found were named grits.

I handed him 35 cents for 3 cents' worth of grits, which caused the only flickering gleam of intelligence to cross his face that we observed on it at any time during our short acquaintance with him.

We asked permission to build a fire on his premises so as to cook supper, which he granted. We soon had supper under way, our Cracker acquaintance watching us all the while with hungry eyes and a great variety of motions. He couldn't sit still. He had to scratch. I think that is what made him so tired.

When supper was ready, for manners' sake we invited him to join us. He swallowed a number of times, and "guessed he would." So after waiting a short Cracker while for him to make the trip to the house (to get his plate, cup and knife) and back, which consumed just twelve minutes of time to make the necessary 100yds., we commenced our meal.

For some reason the healthful outdoor air, the bright sunshine, the sparkling water, the strange, new sights we had seen that day, the hard work, and all else combined, couldn't keep our usual voracious appetite from deserting us. It had fled entirely. But what we had lost the Cracker had found. We ate nothing, he ate everything.

That man worked harder at supper that night and at breakfast next morning than he ever did before or since. He even forgot to scratch.

After the dishes were washed and put away, we accepted an invitation to go up to the house. The Cracker started ahead, and as we didn't wish to get there first, we waited until he was within 10ft. or so of the door before we started. We all reached there neck and neck.

I wish some of my Northern friends could have seen the inside of that domicile. For furniture there was one soap box, which answered the purpose of table, chair and cupboard; one tin cup, which was handleless; one corncob pipe and an old rusty knife. There was nothing else excepting a pile of dirty straw off in one corner of the room, which served as a bed. The Cracker seemed as proud as a peacock of this display of wordly wealth. In fact, between scratches and gouges, he tried to show off.

We stayed until about 9 o'clock listening to the very entertaining talk of this creature. It was entertaining because it was a new kind of puzzle, or variety of puzzles, which we had great sport in trying to unravel afterward. He tried to enlighten us as to his birthplace, which proved to be a magnificent puzzle. It was either Philadelphia or Patagonia.

Tom and Sam, at this worthy's invitation, slept on the floor in one corner of the room that night. But the cabin of the Rambler, with the dog for company, suited me very well.

We were up bright and early next morning, and after feeding the Cracker we soon got under way. We sailed, drifted and sculled all that morning, with the sun shining down on us like a ball of fire, through a creek so crooked that it is beyond my capability to describe it. We finally were favored with some wind, but on account of the crookedness of the stream we had it dead ahead as often as any other way.

When we were so close to the St. John's as to see the men on different vessels passing up and down the river we were still a long distance from the river, on account of the twists and turns of this crooked creek. But we finally reached it about 2 o'clock.

Just before entering the river we passed a number of neat, clean-looking residences. In front of one of these residences a boat was anchored and from it a lady was fishing. We watched her lure several fine sheepshead from their watery element in a most graceful and artistic manner. She looked daggers at us when we went by, however, for what has always been a conundrum to me. We certainly didn't give her any occasion to look that way. I think probably she took us for Crackers. If she did she has my forgiveness for looking that way. I admire her for it.

On the St. John's.

The breeze came out very steady from the south after we entered the river, and we enjoyed the most delightful sail that afternoon that we had been favored with since the Rambler had floated on Florida waters.

We were surprised to see so much life and traffic on the river. There were all sorts of vessels, from rowboats to the majestic ocean steamship which had just begun to make regular trips from New York to Jacksonville. Porpoises rolled and sported all around us. The declining sun cast his slanting golden rays out of a sky of deepest azure over green groves of orange trees, groaning under their loads of luscious fruit; over brown marsh and glittering waves; or, searching out some merchant schooner's sails, it would touch them with a luster and glittering loveliness not their own. The whole formed a picture of enchanting beauty far beyond the ability of any author to describe or artist to paint.

About 4 o'clock we headed the Rambler for a wharf on the right hand side of the river, where we could make out quite a cluster of houses. We were rather short of provisions, so we thought this would be a good opportunity to store up.

When we reached the wharf we found a great number of fishing boats tied to the wharf. This was Yellow Bluff. The boats had been outside the river on the ocean after their fish, and all were literally loaded to their full capacity.

After getting a supply of eatables, we pushed off from the wharf and proceeded up the river. The wind had become very light again, but what there was was in our favor; so we kept right on. We had supper while we sailed. Then under the soft light of the moon we drifted and wondered what the folks at home were doing. We told stories and felt the calm contentment of perfectly satisfied mortals. Every now and then one of the huge cages which mark the channel of the river would seem to drift up and by, looking in the wierd light of the moon like some strange, fantastic, skeleton monster of another world. Then, again, the wild melody of some darky boatman song would drift to us from far across the moonlit river, distance lending softness and melody to what under other circumstances would sound hard and discordant.

We must have slept well that night, or I would remember something about it. I know we were under way early next morning, and that it was cloudy. The sun soon came out, however, and there was a light breeze almost dead ahead. That morning we passed between banks covered with orange groves and lovely residences. We were told that "they belong to Northern people mostly," who reside there in the winter time.

Just before we reached Jacksonville we passed a small sunken steamer that had got the worst of a collision with some other craft. Just the smokestack and a small portion of the upper works showed above the water. She was in an excellent position for some other vessel to run afoul of.

About this time the wind had died away, so we anchored and had dinner. After dinner, we were anxious to reach Jacksonville that night to get letters from home, but the wind having died away, we were forced to resort to the oar again. This proved to be tedious, unsatisfactory work against the current.

We had not kept the strictest account of dates since we left home, so it happened to flash across the mind of one of the crew that this was Sunday, which set the rest of us to figuring, and finally the fact dawned on us all. We had thought it was Saturday, so as it would do us no good to reach Jacksonville that day we decided to take things easy. We were just about to anchor when a few faint zephyrs gave notice that we might expect a little wind. We soon got it, almost northeast. Before a great while it began to cloud up.

About 3 o'clock the city of Jacksonville opened to our view. But as we did not care to reach there on Sunday we kept a lookout for a place to camp. Noticing what appeared to be an unused wharf nearly opposite the city, we headed the boat for it, and in ten minutes the sail of the Rambler was furled, and she lay snugly tied to the wharf.

I took advantage of this opportunity to change my clothing all the way through, even to clean canvas jumper and overalls. Sam and Tom thought I was getting to be pretty much of a dude. I got square with them though, as some people came down to the wharf to go over to the city in a row boat, which was tied near the Rambler. They cast disdainful looks on Sam and Tom, whom I have no doubt they took to be Crackers, on account of the natural born tired look they exhibited, and in the way their bodies were disposed on the wharf, which was only 4ft. wide and they lay crossways on it. They couldn't very well lie otherwise on account of strips of wood that were nailed across the wharf at intervals of a foot or so.

What these strips were for is a problem we have never solved. But I won't forget them, as the sequel will show. At any rate these people all smiled and said (to me), "How de do?" Sam said it was because I was attired in the same manner as the male portion of their party was. Tom swore it was because I resembled a Sunday-go-to-meeting Cracker, but Tom knew very well that that wasn't so, as Crackers are too lazy to go to meeting.

By this time the sky was so clouded and the wind was rising in such a manner from the north that there was every indication of rain.

We didn't erect the tent that night. Tom occupied the cabin, while Sam and I put on our overcoats and oil-skins, and spreading rubber coats over our heads made up a bed on the wharf with blankets and the tent. This is where the sticks that were nailed across the wharf were impressed on my memory as well as my body. We couldn't lie lengthwise of the wharf on account of one of these sticks every foot or so, so we had to lie crosswise. We were both 6-footers and the wharf was only 4ft. wide, so it can be easily imagined how comfortable our bed was. Besides it began to rain before long and kept it up all night; still it was a great deal better than Black Hammock, as we did manage to get some sleep.

It was a long night, but morning broke at last, cloudy and dripping wet, with a hard wind from the north. After partaking of a hasty breakfast, we hoisted sail and started to cross the river to the city.

When we had about reached the middle of the river Tom suddenly uttered an exclamation and said: "If I wasn't in Florida I would say that I had seen that ferryboat before." He said she looked the identical counterpart of the old Armsmere that used to cross the Connecticut River at Hartford. She was headed down the river while he was speaking, but almost as soon as he finished she swung her bow for the shore and showed us her broadside, on which in large letters the name Armsmere was painted.

She was a wide, squat, comical-looking affair, smaller a great deal than the New York ferryboats. The sight of her made a very satisfied look of contentment steal over Tom's face, though, which was there the rest of the day, for the boat brought up memories of his younger days, which had been passed in Hartford. WM. H. AVIS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

The Scarcity of Birds.

FRAMINGHAM, Mass., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the migrants have left us and the local species settled down, so to speak, I send you a few notes by way of supplement to my former article.

The report of the apparent (almost) extermination of the bluebirds is confirmed. Some twenty letters from various northern sections all tell the same story. I cannot hear of even one breeding pair in this vicinity.

An attempt to arrange in four rather roughly defined classes (from a limited field of observation, however) results as follows:

First—Very much scarcer than usual: Bluebird, phœbe, white-bellied and barn swallows, purple finch.

Second—Scarcer than usual: Tanager, oriole, brown thrasher, wood pewee, wood thrush, chipping sparrow, warbling vireo, Maryland yellow-throat.

Third—About as usual: Rose-breasted grosbeak, catbird, kingbird, Wilson's thrush, yellow, chestnut-sided and black-throated green warblers, red-eyed vireo, robin, oven bird, song sparrow.

Fourth—Apparently more abundant than usual: Redstart, bobolink.

There was a noticeable irregularity in dates of arrival this spring. We have been accustomed to a fairly regular succession; but this season some species came ahead of time and other species were more or less behindhand. It would be interesting to know if an observation of this character was general. F. C. BROWNE.

"Does a Deer Challenge?"

PORTLAND, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will try to reply to your question, "Does a deer challenge?" In the Lake Superior region it is not an uncommon thing to hear a buck whistle, as we call it. He may be following the trail of another buck, or may be only disturbed by the hunter. The sound is somewhat like escaping steam, but shrill and loud enough to be heard from a fourth to a half mile. I have known one after being slightly wounded to take cover in a dense swamp and repeatedly send forth his angry challenge. The sound is, I think, produced by the throat and mouth, and would require the head to be elevated and mouth slightly open. I am of the opinion that this is the only note of anger or warning that the whitetail deer gives. C.

A Cambridge Bird Exhibition.

MR. WM. E. D. SCOTT will show a special collection of birds in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, Mass., beginning June 18.

THE DEER OF WESTERN TEXAS.

Habits and Peculiarities, and the Best Means of Preservation and Protection.

BY A. Y. WALTON.

[*Concluded from page 486.*]

Size.

THE individuals of the common species vary very much in size and weight. The largest stag we have ever seen of this species in Texas—and the fattest we have ever seen anywhere—was killed during the last winter by a young friend of ours some forty miles below this place; and three days after being killed, with the viscera, the head, the antlers, a large part of the neck, and the legs up to the knees and hock joints removed, weighed 115lbs. Had all these members, excepting the viscera, been allowed to remain with the animal, he would have weighed, without doubt, 160lbs.

The antlers of this stag were not large, but were very regular in the tines and handsome, having five points on each antler. Nearly all the points of the tines were broken, showing that he had been a great fighter.

We do not think the average weight of deer of this species in Texas will reach 100lbs., speaking only of stags.

It is generally believed by hunters and naturalists that in their more Northern ranges deer grow larger than they do in the farther South. As a general rule this is doubtless true, but there is a belt of country extending from about the mouth of Red River to, say, the north line of the State of Mississippi, embracing within its bounds the alluvial lands of the Red, Mississippi and Yazoo rivers, where deer of the common species attain as great a size, we are satisfied, as they do anywhere else in the United States.

We can account for this fact by stating that within the limits of this belt the conditions favorable for their development prevail in a marked degree. The weather is never very hot in summer, nor very cold in winter. Snow never remains long on the ground, and during the entire year there is an abundance of the most succulent and nourishing food.

On one occasion I was present on a hunt in Texas Parish, La., when a stag was killed by one of the party which weighed with the viscera removed 276lbs. We afterward killed one in Concordia Parish, in the same State, which we are satisfied was larger still, but we had at the time no means of weighing it.

These large stags, though there not uncommon, are yet the exception and not the rule, and the general average would be very much below the weight mentioned, although much above what it would be in this State.

Dangerous Pets.

All the *Cervidæ* under domestication seem to manifest a disposition to attack the human family. This is more especially the case with the males, although sometimes the females show the same propensity.

We have never known tame deer or elk to attack horses, cows or any other domestic animals except dogs, and for these they seem to have an especial spite. Having, by domestication, lost their fear of man, they become as they grow old exceedingly dangerous, and all persons having in contemplation the keeping of the males of these animals as pets should be warned against them.

A memorable instance of the ferocity of a stag of the common deer is well remembered by the writer, and the occurrence illustrates the truth of the statement just made.

Upon the plantation in Mississippi where I was born and grew up to manhood was a herd of deer which had increased until they numbered some thirty head or more. There were several stags among them, but the monarch and master of them all was one of the largest of his kind we have ever seen.

This stag had been presented to the family by a neighbor, who accompanied the gift with a warning as to his savage temper and dangerous propensity to fight. The deer were confined in a park, which was a well fenced woodland of some 200 acres—and when the antlers of the stags were in full growth, no one, unless he went on horseback, could enter this inclosure, except at the risk of his life. Most stags which are dangerous will fight only in the fall of the year, but this one was ready for a fight at all times, and even when his antlers were soft and covered with the velvet, he would attack any one who came near him by striking powerful blows with his forefeet.

On one occasion a storm of wind had blown down a tree, which fell upon the park fence, crushing it down; and the stag, in the height of his vigor and viciousness, along with some others made his escape. The other deer wandered off in different directions, but this fellow went straight to the negro quarters, some half mile off, and after chasing the children and old women into the houses established a state of siege. Just at this time the manager of the estate, riding by on his way to the field where the grown and able-bodied hands were at work, saw the deer and went in quest of the stockman and directed him to mount a horse and drive the animal back into the inclosure and repair the fence. The stag was afraid of a man on horseback and could be driven anywhere by a mounted person. Unfortunately the man disregarded the instructions given him, and endeavored to drive the animal on foot. The manager in the meantime had passed on on his way to the field. The stockman was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood we have ever seen and was the terror of all the negroes in the neighborhood at wrestling and fighting.

With the remark to one of the old women looking out of a door near by that "he thought he was man enough to drive that thing anywhere without a horse," he picked up a large stick and walked toward the animal. The deer, nothing daunted, advanced to meet the man; the hair on his body bristled up on end, ears drooped down, lips drawn back in a vicious snarl and his head lowered for attack, like that of a bull about to join battle with an adversary.

When he came within reach, the negro, seeing that he was not to be driven, dealt him a blow with the stick, probably not with full force, but with a view to intimidate him. The blow fell upon the deer's antlers and with a quick wrench of his head he twisted the club out of the man's grasp. The negro, now fully alive to the strength and wickedness of the beast, unluckily lost his head, and instead of facing the animal and grasping him by the antlers, turned and attempted to run away. The infuriated stag instantly charged him at full speed, driving a long tine of one of the antlers through his thigh and knocking him down. He followed up the attack by falling upon his prostrate victim, goring him in the breast, making in one place a wound which extended to but luckily did not penetrate the lungs, and wound up the performance by driving the end of one of his antlers through the man's arm under the biceps muscle, where it remained, partly held by the small tine near the end of the antler, and besides the man had now succeeded in getting a grasp on the deer's antlers with both hands and held on for very life. Luckily, just at this moment the manager, having heard the negro's cry for help, came up at a gallop and threw himself from the saddle, and, being a powerful and fearless man, seized the stag by the hind legs and twisted him over on his back, and held him until help arrived from the field.

All this time the antler remained fixed in the negro's arm, as neither he nor the manager dared let go, and it was not extracted until a hand-saw was brought and the antler severed from the stag's head as he lay. For a long time the negro's life was dispaired of, as there was great danger of tetanus supervening, but with careful nursing and the attention of a skillful surgeon he ultimately recovered, and was ever after a wiser man in the ways of deer.

The antlers of the *Cervus virginianus*, as far as our observation extends, are, as a general rule, larger in the State of Texas, and have a tendency to bear more points, than in any other locality with which we are acquainted.

We have met with in some other States as large antlers as we ever saw here, but they are not so common, and we are inclined to believe that these large and many tined antlers are more numerous in west Texas than in the eastern part of the State.

Why this should be so we are unable to say. The native cattle, before having been crossed with the improved and smaller horned breeds, were noted for the large development of their horns, and even the pure bred cattle reared here show a marked tendency to an increase in the size of the horns beyond those of the parent stock. The law which governs in the case of cattle may operate in the same way with deer, and the causes for these effects may lie in surroundings of food and climate.

The Antlers.

We take up now the most curious and interesting of all of the phenomena in the natural history of the deer tribe: the casting, growth and renewal of the antlers.

To one unacquainted with the fact that all—from the stately *Cervus canadensis*, with a length of antlers running sometimes to upward of 5ft., to the most diminutive of the species—shed and renew these appendages once a year, the statement would seem almost beyond belief; and the casual listener, who had never given the subject any attention, would in his doubts, when informed of the facts, be perhaps as pardonable as a friend of ours—a young limb of the law—who, on a hunting trip at the camp fire one night, had the truths attending this habit of the deer family imparted to him by a waggish companion, less from a desire to increase the hearer's knowledge of natural history than from a mischievous prompting to see how he would take the statement. He listened patiently until the narrator was done and then his indignation gave vent in the following words: He said he had listened to long-winded hunting yarns and had held his peace, he had imbibed huge fish stories and made no reply; but there was a stopping-point somewhere to human credulity. When any man or set of men thought he was blanked fool enough to believe that deer shed and grew their antlers every year, the time had come when the felt called upon to inform the crowd that he was not the man they took him for.

The whole subject has been treated thoroughly and exhaustively by Judge J. D. Caton in his work, "Antelope and Deer of America," to which we take great pleasure in referring those who wish to examine the subject in its entirety.

The same general law applies to all the *Cervidæ* of America alike in the shedding and growth of the antlers, except that the larger species—the moose, elk, and the two species of reindeer—drop their antlers earlier in the season than the smaller species.

The habits of the two species of which we are now treating are in this particular, so far as we know, identical. The shedding of their antlers takes place, as a general rule, from the 15th of February to the 15th of March, varying with and dependent upon the mildness or severity of the weather preceding this period.

When the time arrives for the antlers to fall, a crack occurs between the base of the antler and the bone of the skull upon which it had rested, and the antler either falls off of its own accord by its weight, or is shaken off by any slight jar or the motion of the animal's head. They very rarely fall off both together. We have scarcely ever found two mated antlers lying near together, and we have seen deer walking around with one antler on the head and the other missing.

When the antler drops away from its place on the head there always occurs more or less of an effusion of blood, but this soon ceases and a new skin forms over the healed spot, and under this the blood vessels at once begin the deposition of bony matter which is to form the new antler. This skin protects the new antler and grows with it, and the deposit to form the antler "is true bone and does not differ materially from that substance in its analysis."

As the antler grows, and from its very commencement, "it is surrounded not only with a periosteum, but with the dark-colored outer skin, covered with short hairs and called the velvet."

The remarkable features are that not only this "periosteum" and the outer velvet skin, but also the antler itself internally—for it is not entirely solid—are provided with blood-vessels, which grow with and nourish each, and when the proper time arrives and the antler has completed its growth, the internal blood-vessels "contract and cease to act, and those on the outside, with the periosteum and velvet, are rubbed off by the animal."

This operation takes place in this locality about Oct. 1 as a rule, earlier or later a little, as the season may be cool or warm.

I have been so fortunate as to have witnessed on several occasions this rubbing off of the velvet. While it is going on the animal seems to be under the influence, if not of actual pain, of some great bodily uneasiness. He rushes at speed from bush to bush, rubbing his antlers violently against the bodies and brush of small trees, the velvet hanging in bloody shreds from his antlers and the blood dripping down upon his neck and head. The running is kept up and the rubbing continued until every vestige of the velvet is removed. After this process is gone through with we are satisfied that for some time the stags lie very close and do not stir about much in the day, evidently resting and recuperating from the unwonted strain to which they have been subjected.

Laws for Deer Protection.

What course is best and shall prevail in the amending of old statutes and the framing of new ones for the better protection and preservation of these animals within the State is rather difficult to determine. One thing is very clear at present, that if some means is not found under the law, and that soon, more effective than has been provided in past years, we shall ere long be in the predicament of the man who proceeded to lock the stable door after the horse was stolen. We are no sensationalists when we sound the alarm in calling the attention of all true sportsmen to the truth of the condition, that not only deer, but all other kinds of game, in Texas are being rapidly exterminated.

Partridges by the thousand are trapped, snared and shot, and shipped out of the State. Ducks and geese by the ten thousands go the same way, and deer and their skins are no exception to the rule. Where some few years ago wild turkeys were found by the hundred now not one is to be seen.

Unless the knife is put to the root of the evil, and speedily, the matter will soon be past remedy.

The present law framed for the protection of deer is defective—first, in that, in the southern half of the State at least, the open season commences a month and a half too soon and the does are permitted to be killed when their young are incapable of taking care of themselves, and, deprived of the protection of the dam, fall an easy prey to wild animals.

Second.—The close season should not fall on Jan. 15, but a month later, because in western and southwestern Texas we often have no cold weather to speak of until after the new year, and game cannot be hunted and kept when killed until the weather becomes cold. Moreover, the stags begin to drop their antlers about Feb. 15, and that is the proper time to cease killing them.

Third.—The law is lamentably defective and clearly unconstitutional in that it permits in certain counties the killing of game and forbids the killing in others during the close season.

This is most assuredly a conferring of rights upon one part of a community and denying the same to another, and is clearly class legislation.

Unfortunately, but in the nature of the case, in the thinly settled parts of the State, where the game is most abundant, even where the law is in force, no one pays any attention to it; there is no public sentiment about the matter and the whole thing is a dead issue. But it is in just such localities that the deer-butcher and skin-hunter gets in his work and carries on his trade of extermination, and where he will continue to flourish, if not stopped, until game ceases to exist.

Other States have gone over this ground and found the remedy. Colorado was threatened with the extermination of large game until the shipping out of the State of carcasses, heads or hides was forbidden under severe penalties.

So, also, was the case in Arkansas, and in some other States.

The remedy has proved efficacious for them and would most assuredly bring about the same results here. But there is no time to be lost in dealing with the evil.

The average Texan legislator knows little, and cares less, about the habits of game, and is little competent to frame laws which will adequately protect.

They should be educated to the proper point by the intelligent sportsmen's clubs of the State, and through them an influence exerted upon our law-makers to bring about the necessary legislation in this matter before it becomes forever too late.

Modes of Hunting.

The modes of deer hunting in west Texas are, first, stalking or still-hunting, which to some is the most exciting and fascinating of all means of killing deer. This manner of hunting is generally followed in the early morning and late in the evening, when the deer are on their feeding grounds, and requires for success on the part of the hunter extreme caution, keen eyesight, steady nerves, and an intimate acquaintance with the habits and modes of feeding of the animals sought for.

There is another mode of hunting them which, we are sorry to say, is still freely indulged in in spite of the penalties of the law—viz., fire-hunting—and of all the means of killing deer this is the most destructive. The hunter provides himself with a lamp with a strong reflector so arranged that it is worn on the head on the outside of and fitting around the hat, and on dark nights goes out upon the feeding grounds, and if they have not been hunted much the fascinated animals will stand and stare at the light until he comes close to them. In the dark the light of the lamp is reflected in the eyes of the deer, so that they appear like two small balls of fire, and when they seem about an inch or more apart the hunter knows he is close enough to shoot. This means of killing deer will always be the most difficult to stamp out under the law, as it is carried on in stealth and darkness, and the chances for identifying the guilty parties are small.

The most exciting and fascinating of all modes of deer hunting—following them with horse and hounds—we have never seen resorted to much in western Texas, and the fencing up of the lands with barbed wire has in late years altogether abolished it.

My early manhood was passed in Louisiana and Mississippi, and as this mode of deer hunting was then and there to be indulged in to perfection, a short sketch of the pastime may prove interesting:

At the time we speak of the plantations in Louisiana were confined to the banks of the Mississippi River and the neighboring large lakes, and back of these, until you reached the plantations on the Tensas and Black rivers, there was an almost unbroken wilderness of forest and canebrake from the Arkansas line to the mouth of Red River. This uninhabited strip varied in breadth from ten to twenty-five miles, and was, except when overflowed, which was not often in those days, one vast game preserve. Deer and game were abundant, and at the proper

season there were many wild turkeys, with ducks and geese by the million.

This forest, although intersected by many sloughs and bayous, was easily accessible to any one acquainted with the country. The canebrakes were confined to the high ridges, which were seldom flooded, and where during overflows the lands were deep under water little or no underbrush grew, and when the flood had receded the land was mostly firm and hard, the forest quite open, and one up to the business could ride here often at full speed.

With Horse and Hounds.

But to our tale. The time is early dawn in the month of October. The soft, mellow haze of the Indian summer dims the distant forest, and wraps in a misty mantle the far shores of the lake. An appointment has been made with neighbors for a deer drive, and you are waiting for them to appear.

After a light repast, you take your double barrel and walk out to where on the shore of the lake in front of the dwelling your huntsman is waiting with your horse and hounds. This old tough, grizzle-pated negro—the best and most faithful of servants, God bless him—is also hostler and an adept at his business, having served his apprenticeship in a racing stable; and your saddle horse and equipments are all right. Your mount is a thoroughbred—not tall, for a low animal is best for this work—and of all breeds when properly handled this is the most docile and quiet. A mare, too, for you hold to the idea of the Arabs that the mare is more tractable and yields more readily to control than the horse or gelding.

The hounds crowd around you with yelps and howls of delight, each anxious for a carcass, and now down the lake you hear the horn of your near neighbor and hunting companion, and soon he makes his appearance from a bend in the road, trotting along, followed by his hounds and huntsman.

Almost simultaneously the other expected hunters ride up, and after a general hand-shaking and inquiries after the health of families, all dismount to have a look at the dogs. Here they are exchanging dog salutations, for they all know each other—the two packs, numbering some ten couple, having often been hunted together. They have all been carefully bred for their business—some in color beautifully mottled and spotted, but most of them black and tans and tawny reds.

After a short consultation, the proposed hunting ground is agreed upon and all mount and are off. After a ride of a mile or two, here we are upon the hunting ground. On all sides spreads away one of the grandest forest growths of the world. Still and solemn, with no sound breaking the silence but the quacking of the mallards in a distant lagoon, or the strange piercing cry of one of the most beautiful of all birds, the ivory-billed woodpecker, the company rides slowly through the forest glades—no talking is the understanding—and the hounds are eagerly questing around on every side.

All at once, old Bellman, the leading trailer under yonder huge over-cup oak, where the acorns lie thick upon the ground, begins to feather his sides with his tail, and thrusting his nose down among the fallen leaves, throws his head aloft and gives out a cry like the long drawn note of a bugle.

Instantly every hound makes for him. The trail is taken up, picked up by one here, hit off by another there; for now the deer, a stag and a large one—you have seen his tracks—has done feeding and has gone off to lie down.

All the time the scent is growing hotter, the cry of the hounds more eager. You look around for your companions, but they know their business; they have silently seperated, each going off by himself, to take the chances for a shot; for they know the game will soon be on foot. The negro huntsmen stay with the dogs.

You draw rein for an instant to listen; hotter and hotter grows the scent, ever more continuous the cry—when suddenly there is a general outburst of voice from the whole pack, which re-echoes and reverberates through the forest. What an uproar!

Your game is up and away!

One instant you pause to determine what course the stag is taking and then you give your mare her head, for the idea is to get ahead of the pack and deer, and as the weather is cool and the hounds fresh, you will have to ride to do so. Away you go at almost a racing stride—dodging a stump here, stooping under a limb there—checking up at the small thickets and threading them at a trot—giving rein and stretching out at speed in the open glades.

Here is a nasty cypress brake, a regular bog of mud and water; but here, a little below, the "cypress knees" grow thick above the water, and you know the ground is hard underneath, and you cross and again settle into the long gallop.

The cry of the hounds never checks—they are running their best off to one side and parallel to your course. Right before you lies an immense prostrate tree; no time now to go around it—take a grip of the saddle with your knees and ride straight at it. Over you go with a bound like that of a deer, your mare catching on her feet with the activity of a cat.

You have now come some miles, and you pull up to listen to the dog chorus, which has never ceased. Hark! they have turned and are coming this way, and right here where these two open glades come together he will pass, for he will follow one or the other. Nearer and nearer comes the uproar. Turn your mare just a little to avoid shooting over her head, watch that open glade before you and be perfectly still. Your horse knows what is coming, and scarcely breathes. All at once she turns her pretty head a little and points her ears forward. Yes, there he is, coming at a long low gallop, head carried low, and tail down, for he is beginning to tire. He suspects no danger in front, and his attention is given to the clamor behind him. Heavens, what antlers! As he leaps into an open space within range you raise your gun, he sees you, and throwing up his head and tail, darts to one side; but you have the gun on him, and the two loud reports follow in quick succession. The stag rushes at speed into the brush with his tail down and lashing his flanks. The pack comes up and catching the scent of blood redouble their wild music. Suddenly there is a silence. You know what that means. You ride in the direction the pack has gone, and come upon them; old Buster, the fighting dog of the pack, standing over the dead stag and warning the others with a savage growl not to touch him.

Get down, loosen the girth of your saddle, turn your mare free to pick around on the sweet young cane shoots. Wind your horn for your companions and take a look at your game. Six points on each antler and he will weigh 200lbs. Here come your friends riding up. Shake hands all around, and the hunt is over.

Game Bag and Gun.

SLAUGHTERING ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the morning of June 9 my friend, Robert P. Froelich, of New York City, and William Clark, an expert woodsman, living in Northwood, left for a fishing trip to Horn Lake, beyond North Lake, a State reservoir eighteen miles distant, to Indian River beyond Horn Lake, and down that river to Moose River, and down Moose to the Carachagola stillwater, where they struck across north of Carachagola Lake, down the grade to North Lake and home again.

Between North Lake and Horn Lake they met a party of six on their way out of the woods, who said to them that they had seen, and the incomers would see, twenty-five or thirty deer, not alive, but dead and rotting. Neither Froelich nor Clark would believe it. They saw none at Horn Lake, nor along the trail to Indian River, but between the trail and Moose River there were dead deer; between the mouth of Indian River and Carachagola stillwater there were dead deer; between Carachagola stillwater and Carachagola Lake there were dead deer. They found them along the banks of the rivers, and when they left the banks of the rivers found them in the depths of the woods.

Their wanderings took them through some of the finest deer countries that we have here. Last fall deer, while not so numerous as in the years before, were still plenty enough to be seen any day. Their fresh tracks and signs were everywhere back in the woods. Every day they were jumped, and on the first day of still-hunting it is estimated that the five of the party which I was in with saw twenty-two all told. But the expert woodsman was astounded when he walked rod after rod, and for from a quarter to half a mile at a stretch, saw not one fresh sign and mighty few old ones where deer had been.

The deer found dead were in the gray coat—the winter one.

On the Adirondack League lands, between Carachagola Lake and Moose River, there were two sets of lumbermen's camps last fall and winter, now deserted. When I came past there one day last fall a deer skin lay on the end of a log beside beside our trail. The two men here saw piles of deer hair from the winter coat. The ordinary meat furnished by lumbermen contractors is either salt pork and salt beef, or both. Fresh meat gallops through the woods past most lumber camps about every day. If not there it is to be found a ways back.

In every lumber camp in use that I ever visited there is a rifle or shotgun, usually the former. Sundays are holidays. Some man out of the forty or fifty is a hunter. In fact, I have been reliably informed that there is usually a man in the largest of camps who is hired ostensibly as a tree chopper, but really to hunt day after day, and keep the camp supplied with fresh meat. It is a common report that one such hunter told that he killed over twenty deer, twenty-two to be exact. He is a poor man, and to prosecute him would not reach either the foreman who hired him or the responsible contractors.

In the immediate vicinity of Northwood a year ago this spring at least five different deer had been seen by June 15. Up to this writing not one has appeared, although rumors of them have twice been around which when followed up were found to come from dubious sources. To the best of my knowledge no deer has been within three miles of Northwood, nor did I see a sign in going to the south branch reservoir on Little Black Creek, over a road where deer are prone to run every spring.

The tourist who went along Moose River three summers ago would see there four or five deer in the middle of a day. Along toward sundown a dozen or so would tamely stare at the human laden boat. In the evening and night their snorts and splashings were audible fifteen rods from the river bank. When startled they ran back into the woods thirty or forty rods or less. But the two living deer that Mr. Froelich and Mr. Clark saw ran as if dogs were snapping at their hams.

To this is added the destruction of fish—they have disappeared almost. On Moose River they could find but few. On the best cold beds they had not a rise. In deep water and shallow, swift and still, with flies and bait, yet they found them only at times. There they used to throw themselves six or eight at a time for the flies. Two flies were sufficient for a cast, three a nuisance, but one was a great plenty. Dynamite sticks and fuses were found by Froelich and Clark.

All in all it was an interesting trip, but, My God! it is enough to make a man sick to think of what they saw. It is earnestly recommended that the Adirondack League take steps to see that such slaughter does not again take place on its territory. It has been claimed that wolves did it, but as yet I have not heard that any one has seen a wolf in that region within ten years, although some have claimed to have heard them howl.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., June 15.

The Case of the New Jersey Judges.

THE Supreme Court of this State on Friday rendered a decision in the somewhat famous duck shooting cases, holding that the complaints should have been dismissed by the justice for want of jurisdiction. The suit was instituted by the warden of this county on the evidence of some ten or a dozen people at Greenwood Lake. The warden not having seen the offense committed made the complaint "on information and belief," a form of prosecution which had never before been questioned in proceedings under the fish and game act, and sustained frequently by the higher courts in criminal proceedings. Many a man has been hanged on complaints made on information and belief. But in this case Judge Dixon claimed that the papers were not correct because the law contemplated that proof absolute should be submitted. On this question Judge Dixon removed the case to the Supreme Court, of which tribunal he is a member. He, however, did not sit on the argument of the case. The court holds that Judge Dixon is correct in his interpretation of the law and dismisses the case. The question as to the guilt or innocence of the accused did not come up in any way, the question involved being merely one of law.

No further steps will be taken in the matter until a copy of the court's decision has been received, so that its full scope may be ascertained. The Board of the Fish Commissioners will then take action, but just what it will be is impossible to tell. The strongest kind of influence was brought to bear as soon as the cases were begun to save Judge Dixon, permitting the law to take its course as to the others implicated, but the commission declined to be influenced, seeing no reason why a Supreme Court Judge should not be punished for violating the law. So certain was the warden of the guilt of the accused that he offered to discontinue the proceedings if the accused would give him their words that they were innocent, an offer to which no attention whatever was paid.

The commission may drop the whole matter now, an appeal may be taken to the Court of Errors and Appeals, or the proceedings may be instituted anew again on proper papers. The decision of the court will considerably hamper the wardens in the discharge of their duties, as it is frequently a difficult matter to secure affidavits from persons who have seen violations of the law.—*Paterson N. J.) Chronicle.*

That Game Market Law.

UNDER the new Game Code, which Gov. Morton has just made a law, it will be extremely difficult to guard against the illicit killing and selling of game in New York City. The law practically removes every limit to the period of open traffic in game. It permits the dealer to justify such all-the-year traffic by exhibiting evidence that the game was shipped from a point at least three hundred miles from the State of New York, a provision so easy to evade that it need hardly have been imposed. The first effect of this law will be the unloading upon New York City of refrigerated game clandestinely held in cold storage in other markets. The law will encourage both the illicit sale of game and the unlawful killing of it in this State. It will encourage the violation of the law in sister commonwealths which forbid the sending of game out of those States. Instead of being a bill to further protect game birds and animals it is rather a retrograde movement, and will do more to encourage the unlawful killing of game than the other excellent provisions of the law will do to discourage it. FOREST AND STREAM, the leading sportsmen's organ of the country, has taken up the cudgels against the obnoxious section of the law and declares that it will not rest until it is repealed.—*New York Mail and Express.*

A case in point of the tyranny of trade is found in the approval by Gov. Morton of the Donaldson Fish and Game law, which permits the sale of game in New York throughout the entire year, provided that it has not been killed within the limits of the State or within 300 miles of its boundaries. This law met with unanimous disapproval on the part of sportsmen, but their efforts to prevent its passage or to secure a veto from Gov. Morton were futile. The commercial interests of cold-storage warehousemen and dealers in game brushed aside all opposition. The law cannot but be most injurious to game. New York, as the great distributing center of the country, will call for an enormous increase in the supply of game from all parts of the Union during the open season, to be disposed of in the close season. This will be an incentive to market gunners in every direction to greater efforts to meet the demand, with a corresponding destructive effect upon game of all kinds.—*New York Sun.*

Sea and River Fishing.

A LITTLE TRIP UP LYTLE CREEK.

SLAM! bang! crash! I started up from a sound sleep thinking the side of the house had fallen in, but it was only the window shutters blown shut and then slammed against the side of the house by a "norther" that was whooping around the house in a hurry to get from El Cajon to the sea. "They will not go in such a wind," I sleepily said to myself and turned over to be awakened in a short time by the whir-r-r of the alarm clock, which was the signal that it was 3:30 A. M., and that I must get up if I was to start for Lytle Creek at 4 o'clock with two friends who said they would call for me at that hour. I hardly thought they would come, the wind blew so hard, but promptly at the hour they were on hand, and at their call, "All aboard," I hastily swallowed the contents of my coffee cup and skurried out to where they sat in the buckboard awaiting me.

How that "norther" did blow though as we started off in the dawning of the morning. The only sound, aside from the wind, was the crowing of the roosters. And right here I want to say, for all-night crowers I'll match the roosters of southern California against the world.

What a morning drive that was. Through the orange groves we went for a while. For one mile there was a row of palm trees on one side and of pomegranates on the other, the red flowers of the latter showing like coals of living fire against the dark green leaves in the just-before-sunrise light. Soon streaks of golden light began to stream up from behind the great mountains which encompass Bear Valley. The snow-capped tops of San Bernardino and Grayback gleamed white against the clear, dark sky. Away to the southwest San Jacinto was outlined upon the heavens.

Soon it was no longer gray dawn, but bright sunlight, and we had left the orange groves behind and were crossing the desert toward the mountains. The desert is all abloom this morning. What a variety of flowers and how brilliant their coloring. All are strange to me and of names unknown, except the cactus, of which there are several varieties. Those tall, white-robed, sentinel-like things o'ertopping all growth on the desert are the flowering yucca or Spanish bayonet.

Here we are entering the gorge where the creek leaves the mountain. How the "everlasting hills" do loom up. That great scar there tells where hydraulic mining has been carried on. We cross the creek not only once, but many times. The road is so rough that I wonder the buckboard holds together or that we keep our seats. The jolting did shell several of the hard-boiled eggs in the lunch basket as neatly as we could have done it ourselves.

Yonder red-shirted man is a placer miner, and that stream of water he is so busy over is washing gold for him. The four men we see over there are also washing for gold, good yellow gold. On we go, stopping at length under the shadow of the mountain in a sycamore grove, where the horse was made comfortable. We ate a lunch, then put up our rods and went to fishing.

It was the first time I ever wet a line in a mountain stream. How I did wish for Stephens and Jack. The cup of happiness had run over if they had been along. My two friends assured me that we would not have much luck, as the creek was too muddy, and getting muddier every hour, from the placer washings on the north fork. It was too true. Noon found us with only fifty trout, and no tale of the big one that got away.

But it was glory enough to be out there in the cañon, and as I lay in the shade after lunch, with the great mountains on either side, the rushing, roaring creek between on its way into the Santa Ana and the Pacific, while far up the cañon I saw a great patch of snow crowning a lofty peak, I felt that my lot had fallen in a pleasant place, for that day at least. I was nearly in the condition of a man I met on the wharf at Long Beach. He was fishing for sculpin and had two of the "critters" on the wharf. "Are they good to eat?" I asked. He gave me a look of pitying contempt and said, "Good to eat! Why, I eat sculpin last night till I like to bu'st." We fished some more, then started home with a total catch of seventy-seven trout—no giants, but just ordinary, fair-sized trout.

On the way home I picked, with the help of my friends, one of the little Spanish bayonet flowers. It was only 12ft. high, a monster bouquet all by itself. I am drying the stem and intend to cut it up into pin cushions and send them to some of my friends as souvenirs of my first trip in the mountains of southern California after trout.

MYRON COOLEY.

COLTON, Cal.

OUANANICHE, TROUT AND SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Almost every incoming train and steamer from both south and west brings a number of anglers to join the legions of the fraternity at present whipping Canadian waters for salmon, trout or ouananiche. The steamship Otter, on Saturday last, took down a number of salmon fishermen to the different north shore rivers, and it is probable that on her trip of the 22d inst. she will take a much larger number. Some of them, including Dr. Morris, of New York, will leave the steamer at Natashquan, the extreme easterly point visited by her, and will there take schooner for a month to fish a number of the unleased and far easterly salmon streams that are so far but little known. Dr. Morris is at present at Lake St. John, enjoying splendid sport among the ouananiche of the Grande Décharge, where he made a marvelous catch this time last year.

Kit Clarke, of New York, the author of "The Practical Angler," "Where the Trout Hide," etc., is here to-day, and leaves to-morrow for La Grande Décharge after the festive ouananiche. He will also fish the preserves of the Amabalish Fish and Game Club on the waters of the lower Metabetchouan, for trout, and will then luxuriate at his camp on Isle Paradise, Lake Edward, for some weeks.

Reports from the various salmon rivers are to the effect that the first run of salmon this season is unusually large. In the Jacques Cartier, a few miles above Quebec, the highest tributary of the St. Lawrence now ascended by salmon, the first fish of the season, one of 11lbs., was killed on the 9th inst. by Dr. J. H. Henchey, of this city.

Mr. Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse, was here yesterday on his way to Ste. Anne des Monts River in Gaspé, where he will enjoy his first salmon fishing as the guest of Mr. Henry Hogan, of Montreal, proprietor of the stream.

Lake Edward has already produced a number of really magnificient trout this season. Two six pounders and a number weighing five pounds each were brought to town last week by a party of Quebec anglers, and a number of American fishing parties have been almost equally fortunate.

As anticipated in my last letter, Messrs. Hart, Durand, Turner and Atwood enjoyed even better sport during the latter part of their stay at Lac des Commissaires than for the first few days after their arrival. They took a number of four and five pound fish and had a good time generally. The rest of the boys tell a good story at the expense of "papa" Hart. One morning all chipped a dollar each into a jackpot for the benefit of the guide of the man who should take the biggest trout that day. The fish were weighed at night, and Mr. Hart who held the jackpot paid it over to his own guide in virtue of his big fish of 4½lbs. The largest fish from the other canoes were none of them far behind, and it appeared to Mr. Atwood on comparing them subsequently that it was strange why his should have only turned the scales at 3½lbs. Mr. Hart promptly weighed it again to convince him, when it was quickly made clear that he had erroneously read 4½lbs. as 3½, and that Atwood's guide was entitled to the jackpot. "George" promptly paid the second jackpot out of his own pocket, and also bought a bottle of wine on his return to Quebec, to mark his appreciation of the joke.

There has been on exhibition here for some days past, at a tombola in aid of the Quebec Amateur Athletic Association, a superb oil painting of a brook trout, presented by Walter M. Brackett, of Boston. This specimen compares favorably in point of artistic perfection with any of the larger and more ambitious works of his brush. It is a male fish in prime condition; not in what appears to many upon canvas the almost exaggerated high coloring that marks its breeding livery in the height of the season, like the deep crimson and gold of late autumn leaves and Kreighoff's pencilings of Canadian fall scenes, but an every-day midsummer fish, with the familiar bright-colored spots upon its variegated sides, the changing from the dark olive green, almost black, of its vermiculated back to the light silvery sheen of the under part of the side, where it is met by the more than *soupçon* of the August and September red belly. It is one of the most ideal representations of the average *fontinalis* that was ever placed on canvas, and its eye alone is a living picture. The soft, hazy indistinctness of the background eminently serves to bring out into strong relief the perfect figure and markings of the fish.

Martin Howe, a farmer of Laval, only 15 miles north of the city of Quebec, came to town this morning with a magnificent bear skin and a story of an exciting bear hunt. Howe was working yesterday afternoon in a field near his home when his attention was directed to a commotion among his sheep in a neighboring field, due to the action of a large she bear accompanied by a couple of cubs, and who was chasing the plumpest of his flock. The farmer rushed into the house for his gun, which unfortunately has but a single barrel. However, he took so good an aim that mother bruin received the ball full in the forehead and fell to the ground mortally wounded. But what was the farmer's surprise to find himself in the presence of three other full-grown bears outside of the two cubs, all after mutton. He rushed back to the house for more ammunition and hurried off his children to a neighbor's for assistance and a rifle. Meanwhile, however, all the bears had disappeared but that which was stretched lifeless upon the ground, and it was growing too late in the evening to follow them for any distance into the woods.

Those in the habit of fishing and shooting in the Lake St. John country will be glad to hear that Crown Lands Commissioner Flynn, who drafted and passed through the Legislature the law establishing the National Park Preserve in the interior of the country to the east of the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, has just liberated there several fine specimens of the small red deer that thrive so well on the south shore of the St. Lawrence and in other parts of Canada, as well as in Maine.

Information just received from Lake St. John is to the effect that the ouananiche season is fully open at the Grande Décharge, and has been good all week. J. Nelson Parker, of Boston, killed twenty-six ouananiche with the fly in one forenoon, once successfully landing two at a time. In the morning and evening fishing of two days, Dr. and Mrs. Brown, George F. Gregory, Calvin G. Seymour and Arthur Beebe, of Syracuse, killed seventy beauties. The Misses Olin, of Kalamazoo, Mich., have also been very successful. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, June 12.

ANGLING NOTES.

Deep Trolling for Brook Trout.

RECENTLY I learned that a man of my acquaintance had returned from fishing one of the Adirondack ponds, bringing six brook trout weighing a little over 18lbs. Knowing the pond, and that it contained large trout which rarely took any kind of a lure, I was curious to know how these particular trout met their fate, and I found that when the trout refused various kinds of bait still-fishing, the fisherman arranged a trolling line with heavy sinker, as in lake trout trolling, and with a phantom minnow for a lure trolled near the bottom, with the result that he caught a number of large trout. This took me back in memory more than a dozen years to another Adirondack pond known to contain large trout with a reputation for not biting, but a gang baited with a chub, exactly as for deep trolling for lake trout, and heavily weighted to take the bait near to the bottom, was the means of taking several trout weighing from 3 to 5lbs. each. Any one who is not above deep trolling for brook trout in ponds may act upon this hint with pleasurable results.

Vaulting Black Bass.

We have heard much about the leaping powers of the small-mouthed black bass, but almost without exception such power is displayed when the bass is hooked. The black bass can jump when it is not hooked, and jump in such a way as to establish the fact that it is a very knowing fish. Not very long ago the water in a canal feeder in the western part of New York was drawn down for the purpose of making repairs to the feeder; and as it contained black bass, the men from Caledonia hatchery were sent to secure such bass as they could for the purpose of distributing them in other State waters. A net was set from bank to bank across the bottom of the feeder, and another net was drawn toward the fixed net; and as the nets were brought nearer and nearer together it was found that a large number of bass were imprisoned; and about the same time they also discovered that they were trapped and they swam to and fro seeking means of escape. Suddenly some of the bass went with a rush at the approaching net and jumped clear over it, and others followed as a flock of sheep follows a leader. It was almost impossible to secure any of the fish, as they would jump the net every time it was drawn.

Beach Bass Beds.

The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York is engaged in experiments to hatch black bass artificially. The applications for black bass call for more bass than the State can furnish, for as a rule the adult bass now distributed have to be purchased, and it is not only difficult but expensive to furnish the fish to fill the applications, and for this reason the attempt is being made to rear them artificially, and there is reason to believe that in the end it will be successful. A few days ago one of the men of the Commission was sent to a bass lake to obtain spawning fish if possible, but they were not to be found just at that time. He did find a number of spawning beds, and from these secured a few thousand of impregnated eggs—eggs that had been impregnated naturally. The curious part of the affair is that he did not find a single black bass on or near the beds guarding them, as they should have been doing. Another curious thing was that the eggs obtained were not particularly glutinous, less so, in fact, than the eggs of pike perch.

Caledonia Fishing Club.

Visitors to the Sportsmen's Exposition at Madison Square Garden, if they were anglers, doubtless noticed the pair of brown trout mounted in the exhibit of Mr. Fraine, of Rochester. I am not now sure as the fish bore any legend to tell where they came from, but whether they did or not they came from the waters of the Caledonia Fishing Club, and one weighed, in life, a fraction over 11lbs., and the other a fraction over 10lbs. There was in the same exhibit a rainbow trout of 9lbs. and a fraction, which came from the same waters, all of which is evidence that this club is fortunate in being the possessor of such fishing waters. Should there be any lingering doubt on this subject, one has only to stand on the club house veranda and look up and down Spring Creek and into the creek itself to be fully convinced that it is one of the best fishing streams in the whole land. There are brook, brown and rainbow trout, as numerous as any angler could wish, and then they take a lot of fishing to reduce them to possession, and it must be artistic fishing, too. For day fishing the finest of drawn gut leaders and flies tied on Nos. 16 and 18 hooks are used, and by careful handling they bring good trout to the boat well. Occasionally a trout will rise and take flies and leaders in a way to make the angler think he is fortunate to save his rod and reel. For night fishing flies of a size ordinarily used on other waters for day fishing are used, and it is at night that the larger trout are taken. Nearly every section of the country has boats for fishing which are in a way peculiar to that particular section, though more or less related; but the boats of the Caledonian Club, with their anchoring attachment, are not related to any other boats that I know. Flat-bottomed, square at the ends, made for one, with the oarsman's seat covering a fish well, there is at the right hand side of the seat a pole and a hole. The hole goes through the seat, the well and the bottom of the boat, and the pole goes through the hole. Jab the pole down hard and it goes into the bottom of the creek and anchors the boat; when anchored lift the pole and the boat floats down with the current. The whole thing is as handy as a pocket in a shirt and seemed to have been designed for that gently-flowing creek with its wealth of educated trout.

It is often said that we in this country use coarse tackle, but the tackle used on the Caledonia Club waters is as fine as any used in England, and the club members know how to use it. A. N. CHENEY.

THE NIAGARA COUNTY FISH DAY.

LOCKPORT, June 10.—The Niagara County Anglers' Club, which, with a membership now of 246, claims to be the largest fishing organization in the United States, held its annual excursion and tournament at Youngstown, Friday, June 7. Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the historic Niagara River, was the scene of much fun and a genuine club outing, but the black bass were unusually shy. Some large ones were caught, but the big score made by both sides depended to a great extent upon yellow perch, white bass, herring, rock bass and pike. Only thirteen black bass were caught as against nearly 100 last year. Seine fishermen have been doing quite effective work on the river, and to their depredations is attributed the poor fishing this year. Later something will be said of the crusade against the pot-hunter in this district.

A special train of four cars carried the Lockport members via the New York Central to Lewiston, and at Niagara Falls they were joined by the Cataract City representatives. Western Passenger Agent Edson J. Weeks, of Buffalo, always takes especial care of the anglers and adapts the time of his flying trains to their hours. Leaving here at 6 A. M., the special reached Lewiston, thirty miles, in exactly forty minutes, including the stop at Suspension Bridge. The return was made at 8:45 P. M.

The steamer Onen carried the expectant and merry party of anglers to Youngstown, eight miles down the river. A more perfect day could not be desired by the immortal Izaak himself. On the parade grounds near the fort the boatmen were lined up, with blades flashing in air like the spearmen of Philip's invincible phalanx.

All who cared to contest for the banquet to be given by the defeated party were chosen by Capt. W. J. Jackman or Capt. W. E. Wicker, leaders of the purple and the white. The sides were as follows:

Purple—Capt. Jackman, chairman Republican county committee; C. W. Hatch, W. A. Williams, William Cocker, M. N. Haskell, Burt J. Ferguson, A. Raphael Beck, E. F. Smith, Charles L. Nichols, M. H. Hoover, C. F. Smith, Bert A. Wayman, O. D. Prudden, F. K. Sweet, Thomas Eckensperger, Hon. John A. Merritt, ex-Assemblyman John F. Little, A. L. Smith, George E. Emerson, John Wilson, L. H. Lureman, Will Hoag, David Bruce, W. W. Stevens, Ed. Brown, Joseph Dumville, Jr., W. H. Clark, Superintendent Public Instruction Emmett Belknap.

White—Capt. Wicker, J. E. Emerson, John H. Craddock, John Hittenmeyer, D. E. Brong, Dr. C. N. S. Ringueberg, G. Louis Holmes, James H. Staats, Walter Rider, John Klopp, W. R. Compton, Dr. E. W. Gantt, Benj. F. Steele, Hon. Cuthbert W. Pound, State Senator F. N. Tryor, Ed. Williamson, George S. Gooding, W. E. Huston, Chris. Wolf, Cleland A. Ward, Supervisor Charles A. Warren, W. F. Bennett, Dr. W. B. Rice, Jake Fisher, Albert H. Stevens, Dan McKim, W. E. Shaeffer, F. O. Allison.

All day long the battle waged fiercely, with fortune favoring the two sides alternately. Ex-Assemblyman Little lead off with a three-pound black bass and his boat accordingly was decorated with the high hook banner. The trophy soon was captured, however, by W. E. Huston and fell finally to the lot of A. L. Smith. The victory was claimed by the purple, score 3,725 to 3,707—the closest contest in the history of the club. On a technicality the white based a claim of four and the controversy has been referred to a committee of three, to take evidence and report next Saturday at a meeting of the club. The banquet will be given the latter part of the month at the Niagara House, and by unanimous vote the editor of FOREST AND STREAM is invited to grace the occasion by his presence.

At 6:30 P. M. the steam whistle summoned the contestants to unjoint their rods and present their fish to the scorekeeper for the count and the individual prizes. Uncle Sam's soldiers looked on while Judge Daniel E. Brong made the awards, which usually had to be decided by the scales. The prizes were won as follows:

Largest Small-mouth Black Bass—First prize, O. D. Prudden; second prize, A. L. Smith; third prize, Burt J. Ferguson; fourth prize, C. W. Hatch.

Largest String Black Bass—First prize, W. E. Huston, also winner of club gold badge; second prize, J. E. Emerson; third prize, Jake Fisher; fourth prize, John Klopf.

Largest String Perch—First prize, C. L. Nicholls; second prize, John A. Merritt; third prize, C. A. Warren.

Largest Perch—First prize, F. O. Allison.

Largest String Mixed Fish—First prize, M. H. Hoover; second prize, E. S. Brown; third prize, A. H. Stevens.

Guests' Prizes—First prize, Alfred M. Little; second prize, David E. Tice.

Boatmen's Prizes—First prize, No. 24; second prize, No. 26.

The consolation prizes will be awarded at the banquet to be held at a future date.

RULES.

1. Hours for fishing—On arrival until 6 P. M., at the option of each angler.

2. No two contestants on the same chosen side for the

banquet will be permitted to fish in the same boat. It is optional with members to enter in this contest.

3. Each person will be allowed to fish with but one rod and line, two hooks and bait. Artificial bait allowed.

4. Boats will be numbered and the persons drawing the corresponding number will be entitled to that boat.

5. Agreeable changes will be permitted in the boats provided Rule 3 is observed.

6. The high hook banner will be in the boat having the largest black bass.

7. Each person will be provided with a score card to record his entire catch thereon. The catch must be exhibited to judges and scores handed to them at the close of the day's fishing.

8. The rivalry will be decided upon points as given in the schedule of fish adopted by the club.

Board of Directors—Transportation, C. W. Hatch, Chairman. Boat, bait and guides, John F. Little, Chairman. Accommodations, John A. Merritt, Chairman. Lunch, Joseph Dumville, Jr., Chairman. Programme and tickets, J. E. Emerson, Chairman. Prizes, W. E. Huston, Chairman. Selling tickets, William A. Williams, Chairman. Badges and banner, F. N. Trevor, Chairman. Judges for awarding prizes, David Millar, Chairman. Conductor, Burt G. Fergason, Chairman.

Fish Schedule—Black bass 50, white bass 15, salmon trout 100, muscalonge 500, pickerel 25, herring 5, yellow pike 20, blue pike 15, perch 2, rock bass 2, eel 20, catfish and bullhead 15, suckers 5, sheepshead 20, sunfish 1.

Fish and Game Protector Dan. N. Pomroy, formerly U. S. deputy marshal here, is doing splendid work in rooting out the fishermen and pot-hunters who habitually disobey the fish laws in this city. Saturday morning about 2 o'clock he arrested four men named Dick Johnson, alias "Bullhead Dick," William Schultz, Herbert Cleveland and John Price at La Salle. With three deputies he watched the pirates make three hauls with a 150ft. seine, and caught them red-handed. In a box were found 220 small-mouth black bass captured in the three hauls by the pot-hunters. Three nets were destroyed. Protector Pomroy has had several sensational encounters with the law breakers, and already has destroyed over a dozen nets, although he has been in office but six weeks. M. H. H.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, June 13.—Still the reports of good catches of trout at Moosehead continue to come in. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Larabee are at the Kineo House. They are reported to have fished one day with a result of a dozen trout, the largest weighing 3lbs. Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Kimball, of Brookline, have recently returned from a three weeks' stay at Lake Memphremagog, Vt. They were quartered at the Owl's Head Hotel. Mrs. Kimball landed a 13lb. lake trout, her first success with a fish of that size, and the largest fish caught in that lake this year.

Mr. Walter L. Hill is back from his Moosehead fishing trip and is as enthusiastic as ever concerning fishing in that lake. He was accompanied by Mr. C. W. Wilder, of Lowell, and H. B. Kirk, of New York. They had good fishing, taking all the fish they wanted, which was all they could use. They took a lake trout weighing 12½lbs. and a great many smaller ones. Mr. Hill mentions the fact of his having thrown back into the water a great many lakers, one weighing 3 or 4lbs. The guide remarked that it was the first time in his experience that he had guided anybody who returned trout to the water. But Mr. Hill asked him what could be done with them if kept. He had had the sport of landing them, the fish were uninjured and why not return them, in order that some other fellow might have the sport of catching them again. They did the same with small brook trout, of which they got a good many; taking a string of over thirty in one day from a cove where the guides said that nobody was in the habit of fishing. Mr. Hill had the pleasure of landing a trout of over 3lbs., taken on the fly. Judge Wilson, of Washington, could not be with them, much as the party regretted the fact. He was hindered by important law cases, after having made all his arrangements to be with the party at Moosehead. It was Mr. Kirk's first excursion to Maine trout waters, and he is now a thorough convert. The party is credited with having taken a 6lb. landlocked salmon, but the report is not true. They caught a very light-colored lake trout, and some of the uninitiated were ready to pronounce this fish a salmon in spite of its forked tail. Another Boston gentleman, however, did take a 3½lb. genuine landlocked salmon or blackspot. Mr. Hill says that the Commissioners are putting a great many landlocked salmon and brook trout fry into Moosehead, and he has no doubt of the success of the landlockers, for the landlocked smelt are beginning to be seen in abundance. He visited the fish hatcheries at Moosehead and was agreeably surprised with the amount of restocking that is being done.

It will not be out of place to mention here that the Maine Commissioners turned loose 12,000 brook trout at Bemis the other day. These fish were a year or more old, and are likely to be of more value than a great many turned loose as soon as hatched.

Mr. George D. Clapp has just returned from a fairly successful trout fishing trip to the brooks in the vicinity of Jackson, N. H. He mentions extremely hot weather, however, and poor fishing some days. He came very near a sunstroke, but sought shelter in good time. A good work has been done in restocking the brooks in that vicinity. Mr. Clapp caught a great many trout that were evidently young, being small. These he returned to the water, so far as not injured by the hook. He thinks that it is the duty of everybody who fishes to return the small trout to the brook again.

I see by the papers that some Maine sportsmen have been having good luck at Houghton's and the Four Ponds, taking a great many trout. They report that there is "no possibility of these ponds ever being fished out." Trout fishermen will be glad to learn that Houghton's is on the line of the new Portland & Rumford Falls Railroad. This road is bound to be pushed through to Bemis, and will open up a new section to the trout fishermen. The road will also open a new way to the Rangeley Lakes, shorter and easier than either way now in vogue, and since the new road is broad or full guage, a parlor car can be run through from Boston to Bemis. I have it from Superintendent L. L. Lincoln direct that this road is bound to favor sportsmen. It has decided to check sportsman's boxes of trout as baggage, though the Maine Central issued an order last winter that it would do so no longer, and so far as I am informed it still adheres to that order. The Boston & Maine has, however, issued no such an order, nor does it propose to do so. Hence a [sportsmen's box of trout, coming over the Portland & Rumford Falls road, gets to Boston without trouble. The Grand Trunk road is also putting a most liberal construction on what they will handle for sportsmen as baggage. It will carry guns, dogs, tents and paraphernalia to the extent of full weight of baggage, and above full weight allowed will only charge regular excess baggage rates. It will forward fish and game as baggage under the same regulations. Later I will give the FOREST AND STREAM the full decisions of the roads running into Maine on the question as to what they will forward for sportsmen as baggage.

June 15.—The trout and salmon fishermen are meditating on the causes of their recent ill success. Generally the unexpected forwardness of the season in Maine is thought to be to blame. The hot weather is also blamed. Others declare that fishing at the Rangeleys and Moosehead is rapidly "playing out." Mr. C. H. Andrews, of the Boston *Herald*, says that the only compensation for the exceedingly poor fishing he had on Mooselucmaguntic Lake was the hooking and landing of a 3lb. landlocked salmon. The guides tell him that the salmon are following the landlocked smelts down from Rangeley Lake. A good many of these smelts have been seen in Mooselucmaguntic this spring.

Some good reports of fishing come from the home of the Inglewood Club, in New Brunswick. Mr. Henry E. Cobb and Mr. Joseph W. Byers have just returned from a most enjoyable fishing trip to that point. They were there from the 6th to the 12th of June. Mr. W. J. Follett received tangible proof that Mr. Cobb got some good trout. They were put up in such a nice way, and doubtless novel to many trout fishermen, that it makes the matter worthy of mention. The trout were nicely dressed and wiped. Then they were put into a glass jar, a large one, and sealed as tightly as possible. On the way out they were kept in the ice chests of the trains and steamers. Mr. Follett is delighted with the way the trout reached him. Isn't here an idea, brother trout fishermen?

Mr. Andrew S. March, President of the Inglewood Club, has also been there for quite a while with Mr. Bert March. Doubtless Mr. March will go back for a season with the Follett party, which is mentioned below.

On the evening of July 2 the steamer State of Maine will have on board a most happy fishing party as she sails away on her trip to St. John. Twelve staterooms have already been engaged by this party, which is in charge of Mr. W. J. Follett. It also includes Mrs. W. J. Follett, Master A. W. Follett, Jr., and Master W. Dana Follett, sons of W. J. Follett, whom he is training to be lovers of the angle. In the party will also be the following Brooklyn, N. Y., people: Mr. and Mrs. John O'Donahue, Mr. and Mrs. George Howe, Miss Grace Horton, and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Follett. Miss Horton's parents are of the celebrated Horton dry goods house in Brooklyn. The party will also contain Mr. and Mrs. James W. French, Miss Maggie French, Mr. John T. Lodge, and Master John Lodge, of Newton, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Veasey and Master Arthur Hall Veasey, of Haverhill, Mass., will also be in the party.

Nor would the party be complete without the Cobbs and the Marches, as suggested above. Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Cobb, Miss Lucy Cobb, Miss Helen Cobb, Master William Ely and others will make up this wing of the party. The March wing will include Mr. and Mrs. Andrew S. March, Miss Claire March and Miss Leslie Field.

The weather being fine the party will much enjoy the sail down the coast on the 3d. Stopping at St. John over night, the party will reach the Inglewood Club home about 11 o'clock on the morning of July 4. Mr. Follett has arranged to start fishing as soon as the company arrives. "Some trout must be had for dinner."

Mr. Frank H. Robinson, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, seems to have visited a new Eldorado for trout fishermen. In his party were Mr. Chace and Mr. Farley. They went to Portage Lake, in Aroostook county, Maine. From that lake they went up the river in canoes over 20 miles to Big Fist Lake, and camped on an island in that lake. There was not an inhabitant within 25 miles of them, though a couple of Maine sportsmen had begun a camp on the lake, in which they staid one or two nights. They found the trout fishing all that could be asked for. They took trout every time they went out, taking some that were 20in. in length. Having no scales, they could not get at their weight. The lake they found to be nearly two miles long. Think of it, brother sportsmen, a trout lake of that size away in the unbroken forest, and full of trout! Their only wish was that some of the trout could be got out to their friends. Deer they found to be very plenty, seeing them frequently, and at one time five in a herd. Moose tracks they also saw in abundance. SPECIAL.

At Blakesley Lake.

EUSTIS, Maine, June 7.—I have spent the last ten days at Douglass & Emery's camp, on Blakesley Lake, some fifteen miles from Eustis, Me., and have had rare sport with the trout. The weather has been warm, with several cloudy days, and the fishing has been superb, notwithstanding the fact that the water has been a little high. The stream fishing has been particularly fine. Two of us whipped old Spencer Brook for an hour yesterday, starting at the old dam at this place, and caught one hundred and twelve trout—mostly small, of course, but fighters every one of them, and in the quick waters of the swollen stream they put up a battle fully up to their reputation. Five and six would rise for the flies at once and double and treble catches were often made. For the streams we have had the best success with the red-ibis, professor and Jenny Lind flies.

At Blakesley Lake we have taken our surfeit of trout running from ½ to 2lbs. in weight. I never saw trout rise so vigorously to the fly. They leap a foot out of the water and are as quick as a flash. One almost feels as though he ought to have a rifle instead of a rod, so fierce is the attack. The successful flies for the ponds and lakes, with us, have been the parmachene-belle, the Jenny Lind, silver-doctor, red-ibis, coachman, professor and white-miller. The parmachene-belle is a wonderful fly for these waters.

Deer are plentiful. We have seen numbers of them. Several bear have been caught. Partridges will evidently be plentiful this fall, judging from the number of drummers we have heard.

The black flies and the sociable mosquito are in evidence, but not very troublesome.

If your readers are looking for a comfortable place for fly fishing, where the beds are as good as the table (which is very good indeed), let them write Douglass & Emery, Eustis, Me. CHARLES H. MEIGS.

NEW FLORIDA TARPON WATERS.

ROXBURY, Mass., June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enclose to you a copy of a letter one of my friends received from a Kansas City fisherman. Possibly it might be interesting reading, if you think; but you can omit names and use the initials. CHARLES A. DEAN.

The letter, addressed to "R. W. J.," New Jersey, reads: "I am telling the shark story for a true one. It happened to Mrs. S. instead of myself, and, of course, it is not colored. She did have a large tarpon within 30ft. of the shore, when a shark rushed out on it and gulped it in at one gulp. I do not know how big the shark was, but it looked to be 20 or 25ft. long.

"I write this letter in particular to let you know that we have revolutionized the tarpon fishing. We had poor success at Marco, also at Myers. This thing of cutting up mullet and fishing in a mud hole a week for a bite is a thing of the past. So I will explain: We came up to Captive Pass, and while we were badly fixed for trolling we had great success there. Mr. S. C. had twenty-four strikes in nine days and caught one. Mrs. S. had some seventeen or eighteen strikes and caught two. I had some twenty strikes and caught four. The way we fished for them was to cut the belly of a mullet as much in shape of a live fish as possible, and fish when the tide is coming in or going out with a circle sinker and piano wire snood some 6ft. long, and it should have double hooks. Of course, we account for losing so many that strike because the hook is seldom swallowed, but it is the grandest sport I ever saw. I have seen thousands of tarpon in Captive Pass in one day. For the truth of the statement you can call upon my wife. They came so close to the boat and flitted around so much that I have seen her take her handkerchief out to wipe her glasses dry. It is grand fishing. I believe next year there will not be room enough to anchor a fishing boat in Captive Pass. Mr. Vom Hofe and his party were with us. He is getting up a lot of hooks and snoods that we agreed upon and cut the plan for while there.

As I wrote you before, I have put your gun in the best possible shape that I could. I hope you have received it, but I know it is in a rusty shape, as you know all things rust in Florida except memory of those who have met there. I killed a great many birds with it, for all of which I am much obliged. Myself and family wish to be remembered to you and your family, and we hope to meet you at Captive Pass next year. If you know Mr. D.'s address, after reading this letter, be kind enough to send it to him, as I know he is an enthusiastic tarpon fisher and would like to see it. I saw Mr. Jacobas catch fourteen tarpon, as many as four in one day. He had a kind of a double hook, three backed together, and I think this is the reason he was so much more successful than we. I used some large bass hooks that I had with better success than a single hook. We caught any amount of leopard sharks, which are as gamy as a tarpon. We also caught several kingfish, one 5ft. 9in. long. A. J. S.

GREAT FISHING ON THE JERSEY COAST.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hearts of rod and reel fishermen are once more made glad by the presence in goodly numbers of the glorious striped bass. Fishing for that king of game fishes is just now particularly good at most all points along our coast. While in size perhaps they are not up to the standard of some years ago, yet their numbers are beyond doubt largely in excess of the three last past seasons. The average weights are 3 to 7lbs. each. The heaviest weights of which I have learned were 11¾lbs., which fell to my rod, and one of 17¼lbs. to Dr. Herbert, of Manasquan. Characteristic of the never-ending vagaries which seem to be a part of the make-up of all members of the finny tribe, the bass almost totally refuse to take the shedder crab, usually the most killing bait to be used, and confine their attention entirely to the bloodworm.

Fine fishing can now be had at many points along our coast, notably Elberon, Deal Beach, Asbury Park and Manasquan Inlet. The kingfish have just made their appearance in this locality, the last week witnessing the first of these highly prized fellows. J. D. Woodward, of Bradley Beach, so far holds the record with seven at one tide, all taken in the surf with bloodworm. An occasional bluefish is seen, but so far none have been taken with the rod. One struck my bait while I was fishing for bass about a week since, but the gut leader was of no force in his knife-like jaws, and lost tackle was the result. A general review convinces me that the season will be one of positive delight to salt-water anglers. I will answer any communications of inquiry from readers of FOREST AND STREAM in relation to "fishing points," hotels, railroads, necessary equipments, etc.

Chief Warden Shriner has made several important arrests for illegal fishing in Barnegat Bay, and has stationed deputies at various points to watch for violators. This is as it should be, and its continuance until due respect for the law is firmly established is a thing to be desired.

N. B.—While closing the above the following self-explanatory message was handed me: "Caught at Avon, N. J., his majesty, a 20¼lbs. bass, by Guild.—FOSTER." And so the record is now in the hands of Judge Wm. B. Guild. LEONARD HULIT.

Wisconsin Muskallonge.

THREE LAKES, Wis., June 13.—The following score was caught at my place on the Eagle chain of lakes last week; W. J. Johnson, Edwin Wynn and C. H. Blair, of Chicago, eleven muskallonge, the three largest 15lbs., 22lbs., 25lbs. June 9, Gov. J. B. Grant, of Denver, Col., one lunge, 38lbs. J. W. Moorse, of Chicago, in three days caught five lunge, largest 18lbs. C. H. Blair, of Chicago, in one day at Butternut Lake caught ninety-eight black bass, largest 3lbs. There was a large number of pike and pickerel caught also. F. R. FRENCH.

THE FIRST OF MAY.

OF course I went out after grayling on the First of May. I spell first in this instance with a capital F, as there is no day in the whole year of so much importance to the angler. With what impatience the "crank" awaits its tardy arrival. With what loving care he inspects his fishing tackle against its coming, and with what bounding spirits and joyful anticipations does he sally forth when it finally dawns. Blessed is anticipation. The reality may fall far short of it, but all the same it has brightened many a day of eager waiting.

In order to be on hand early in the morning, I started on the afternoon of the day before, my destination being Bear Creek station, where our line—the Manistee & Northeastern R R—crosses Bear Creek. This is the tributary of the Manistee River which I described in my "Week with the Grayling," which was published in FOREST AND STREAM last winter. Man never cast a fly on a prettier stream. With me went Mr. Robert Porteous, our Auditor, and Mr. Robert S. Babcock, a Manistee lumberman. There were many other fishermen on the train, bound for various points, and of course there was much talk over the probabilities of the morrow, discussion as to the merits of worms as bait against the artificial fly, and not a little swapping of fish stories, not to say fishing lies, which are always in evidence when a number of anglers get together.

I was talking with a traveling salesman when I noticed a party coming down the aisle whose unsteady gait and watery eyes betokened a too familiar acquaintance with the flowing bowl. His painful efforts to maintain an upright position and appear sober attracted instant attention, and all hands ceased talking to watch him. Stopping at our seat he rested both hands upon its arm and thrust his bleary countenance close to that of my companion, weaving backward and forward with the motion of the car. After a long inspection of my friend's features he said, speaking slowly and deliberately, and in tones that were audible to all in our vicinity, "Shay, friend, d'you know this ole face?"

"It seems to me that it looks familiar," answered the salesman, with an indulgent smile that he tried hard not to make something more than indulgent.

"S'pose not. No, I reckon not. Shaw you first time sheventeen years 'go—sheventeen or fifteen years 'go—(hic). Mighty rough road, ain't it, down t' Baldwin, ye know? Used ter know (hic), used ter know all the Grand Rapids dudes 't come to Bald'n fishin'. (Suppressed snicker from the crowd.) Sho' yer don't 'member this ole face?"

"Can't say that I do."

"Can't help it (hic), can't help it. I shay, shaw yer first time sheventeen year 'go. Long time, that is, to 'member (hic) man's face. I 'member you all right, you don't 'member me 'tall. Can't help it. Sheventeen years good while. P'r'aps 'twasn't but fifteen. That's long time, too. Shorry you don't 'member me, but I can't help it," and with a sorrowful shaking of his head he stumbled back to his seat.

The crowd restrained their mirth over this incident as best they could and nobody knows to this day who the fellow was.

Arriving at Bear Creek station, where lives a section foreman who has two or three rooms for the accommodation of fishermen, we left our duffle and went over to the creek, some eighty rods distant, to see if the grayling were rising.

At the first glance I knew that the chances for any luck were against us. The creek was booming along, bank full, its current turbid and discolored with the wash from the many clay banks along its course. We had been having summer weather for several days and I had expected to find it down to a decent level. Sitting down on a log we lit our pipes and watched for a rise, but nary rise did we see.

"Our names are Dennis, Mud and Pants!" exclaimed Bob B.—Bobbie for short. "You fellows can take whichever one you like, but we shall have to divide them up between us for certain." In our hearts we felt that he was right. Many and many a time had we sat on that log, in seasons gone by, and well we knew that the absence of rising fish in the stream below us augured ill for our fishing on the morrow.

Common sense, backed by past experience, said to us, "Go home and wait for a better time." There was a train coming in a few minutes which would take us there. A few weeks later, when the keen edge of our fishing desire had been worn off by a few good catches, we might have obeyed the dictation of common sense. Now desire was strong within us and hope whispered, "What, go home and not fish on the First! Miss a day on the creek, in this beautiful, balmy weather, which you have been looking forward to all winter! To be sure, the grayling are not rising now, but they are there without doubt and will rise to-morrow. Stay and try them."

While we were silently debating the question I chanced to cast my eye into the top of a water elm, standing on low ground across the creek, and spied a large brown bunch upon a limb, which seemed to move. After watching it for a few minutes I saw that it was a porcupine and pointed it out to my companions. That porcupine settled the question of our staying or not staying, for while we were vainly pelting him with stones, the distance being so great that we could barely reach him by the utmost effort, the train thundered by and our chance to return to the city was gone.

Secretly, I think that each of us was glad to have the matter settled in that way.

Bobbie and myself had a room together that night, while Bob P. had one to himself. It was very warm and when we turned in we found, to our horror, that we must sleep on a feather bed. Now I abominate feather beds, even in cold weather. On this one I turned and twisted and perspired, and sleep came not, while Bobbie snored peacefully for two or three hours, much to my disgust.

Finally, unable to endure it any longer, I furtively punched him in the ribs until he woke up. "Whew!" said he, sitting up, "I'm about melted." I thought he might be a little warm, as I had doubled all the clothing except the sheet over him. He began to throw off the clothes, while I lay perfectly still. Bobbie is tolerably fat, and when he once gets warmed up it takes a long time for him to cool off. He squirmed about for awhile, cussing the feather bed under his breath, and then awakened (?) me.

"I don't see how you can sleep on this blamed old feather bed, with all the clothes over you, when I am roasting!" he exclaimed, somewhat testily. "There is a mattress under the feathers, let's throw the old thing off."

"All right," I answered, that being just what I had in mind to do myself.

So we lit the lamp and fired the feather bed. We could hear Bob P. snoring away in his room and it occurred to me that he might be cold. So I gathered up the discarded article, stole quietly into his room and gently laid it over him. We then remade our bed and turned in again.

Bob P. said next morning that he had an awful nightmare—that the devil was holding him down all night.

We were up with the lark—the lark in this case being a little bird which says: "Plant your corn, plant your corn, plant your corn; cover deep, cover deep, cover deep; pull it up, pull it up, pull it up." After a cup of coffee and a bite we started off up the creek, taking a path which led first through old choppings, then through some half-cleared farms, and finally wound through a hard-wood forest. It was a beautiful morning, and we were in the highest spirits, notwithstanding the fact that the prospects for sport were anything but flattering. Jogging along in Indian file, our long mackintosh wading boots thrown over our shoulders and dangling behind us, we startled the crows and the little "corn planters" with bursts of song, and waked the sleeping inmates of the farm houses with "Good Night, Ladies."

After going a couple of miles, we again struck the creek, donned our boots and commenced the serious business of the day. Serious, indeed, it proved. Hour after hour went by without a rise, either to our counterfeit presentments or to the natural fly, a few of which were on the water.

The plebeian but usually attractive worm, used as a last resort, brought no better success. Finally Bob P. got a trout and a grayling out of one hole, and bragged about his superior ability for the next two hours, albeit they were poor little things which should have been put back to grow. I got "snagged," and the snag proved to be a 10in. trout, which simply sucked the bait into his mouth and settled to the bottom. There was none of the trout vigor in his bite.

At noon we built a little fire, fried our bacon below it on a forked stick, and enjoyed a good dinner, which each of us had carried in a haversack upon his back. Wading pants are extremely uncomfortable things to walk in on dry ground, and when we are to fish streams which have to be waded we always carry a haversack capacious enough to hold our shoes and dinners.

After a good long siesta, we resumed our fishing. Bob P. caught another small grayling and a fair-sized trout, and Bobbie got one good trout. We had given up the fly, and were all using bait, as it had become a ground hog case. The water was nearly always waist deep, and ran with such force that it was difficult to keep one's feet. When it got a little deeper we had to take to the shore, as the buoyancy of the air in our voluminous boots, aided by the current, would have made it impossible to retain our footing. Each of us had several fish on which we knew nothing of, there being no vigor in their bite, and the extremely heavy sinkers which we had to use deadening their pull. Several were lost from this cause.

About the middle of the afternoon I again put on a cast of flies and, of course, forged ahead of the two bait fishermen. Getting no rises, after a thorough trial of different flies, I went back to bait, and in my next pool got a trout which repaid me for much of the day's disappointments.

The speckled gentleman took my worm with a rush and sank to the bottom when he felt the steel. There he stayed, without run or break, for several minutes, resisting all the strain which I dared to put upon the line with bull-dog stubbornness. Some country lad had dropped his alder pole on the bank after his fishing was done, and with this I stirred him up. Then he made a dash down stream which caused my reel to fairly scream. There were only a few turns of line on the spool when I stopped him and turned his head to the current. Slowly, slowly, I reeled him back, his weight against the swift current testing my rod to the utmost. I was standing at the head of a long, deep pool, which I knew was over the tops of my boots, over my head, in fact. The bank was impassable, shelving down steeply, and covered the water's dge with a thick growth of alders. There was no other way to save him than to pull him up to me by main force. However, my mind was made up to have that trout at all hazards, and had he made another rush for liberty, which I could not have stopped in time to save myself a ducking, I should have been ducked.

But he did not make a second run. Slowly, slowly, inch by inch, he was drawn upward, sagging back with all his might, but still not showing himself for an instant. The top of my bait leader showed above the water at last, but still I could not see him. He was still close to the bottom, still keeping up his bull-dog fight. Having no landing net it was now a serious question as to how I should land him. Casting my eye over my shoulder, I saw that if I could back up a rod or so I could lead him into shallow water, where the bank was lower and less steeply inclined. It was hard backing up against the current, in which I stood waist deep. Keeping my eyes fastened upon the line, I leaned hard up stream and worked one foot backward with a twisting movement of the ankle, the toe dragging over the bottom. Had I attempted to raise the foot entirely I should have been lifted at once and swept downward. Little by little I edged into shallow water, where I could command my feet, and then I knew that, barring careless handling, that trout was mine.

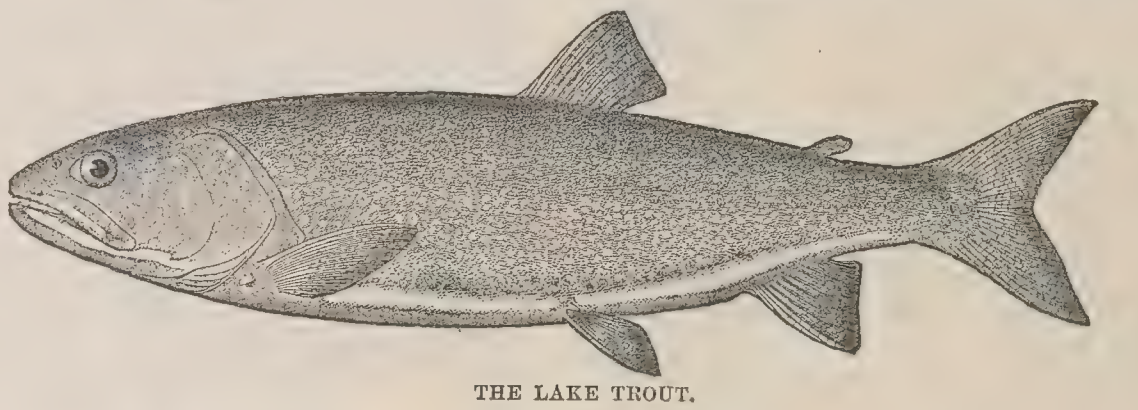
The other boys had come up behind me and were asking what I had, but I was too busy to answer any questions just then. I could see my fish, and he was a big one. The fight was about out of him, however, and I towed him up to the bank, lifted his head above the surface, thrust my left foot under him and threw him high and dry among the bushes.

How happy one feels when he has landed a good fish after a hard and desperate battle, especially when luck has been against him all day! I fairly gloated over my prize, and well I might. Sixteen and a half inches long from nose to center of tail. He weighed full 2½lbs., and was the prettiest specimen of his kind that it has ever been my good fortune to see. As his weight denotes, he was exceedingly plump, as well as broad and thick, and his markings and coloring were exceptionally fine. Bob P., who is an accomplished angler, and has cast his fly on many waters from New Brunswick to Washington, agreed with me that he had never seen a handsomer trout. Bob maintains that my capture was entirely due to the fact that he and Bobbie had "smiled" just around the bend above me and had dropped a "smile" into the creek for luck. "Cast thy 'smile' upon the waters and the fellow below thee shall reap the benefit thereof," said he.

Howbeit the "smile" must have exhausted its influence very soon, for we got no more fish that day.

Going home on the train we found that those who had fished the same stream ten or fifteen miles higher up had made good catches. So much for the First of May.

F. A. MITCHELL.



THE LAKE TROUT.

TRAMP TRIPS.

EVERY lover of the rod and gun knows how, as the proper season approaches, the hunting or fishing fever comes with it with almost unerring certainty.

Like an exile we mourn until we are in the midst of forest and stream indulging our shooting or fishing propensities.

It was in May, 1895, that I began to feel unfit for the ordinary duties of life. I was not sick, but was certainly in a morbid mood.

It was early, too early, for fly-fishing. I was not sure it was the piscatorial fever, but somehow as often as I thought to try the change from work to meandering along trout streams, so often even the thoughts of it seemed to brace me up.

There was no reasonable alternative but to go, and I determined to try some of the numerous trout streams whose waters finally find comparative rest in the basin of Lake Superior.

Crossing the Strait of Mackinaw, I took a D. S. S. & A. train for Humboldt, on the Escanaba River. The trip westward was through a dreary-looking swamp country, broken only by occasional glimpses of a parallel hard wood ridge to the south and pine lands to the north of us, the railroad evidently keeping the center of the swamp from economic advantages in grading.

Landing at Humboldt, we made haste to try our luck. We found three or four natives along the banks fishing, and their catch was an occasional fine trout and an almost unlimited amount of suckers.

We soon found that by fishing with a roving bait the suckers could not "catch on". The movement of the rod, we may observe, should not be a broad sweep as with the trolling spoon, but a series of short jerky movements that together make the sweep your rod is capable of. An hour and a half rewarded me with seven fine fellows of an average weight of one pound.

The sun had sunk out of sight and I was ready to quit. And as is not always the case, I was not disappointed in having come. There was nothing to regret; I felt physically as I had not felt for weeks and realized that along these streams I would find the panacea I had felt the need of. I was reasonably full of the spirit that I suppose brought poetry and peace to the soul of Izaak Walton. That night I could write an enthusiastic and cheering letter to a dear one back in Ohio, go to bed and sleep the sleep of the righteous, and rise to spend one full day along the Escanaba before extending my tramp trips further west or northward. The day's efforts were equally inspiring. From inherent modesty I withhold the catch, lest some one says it is a fish story and others that it was wanton waste. I was there to feast my piscatorial soul and a feast it was in fullness.

More later on.

N. R. PIPER.

Salmon in the Merrimac.

LAWRENCE, Mass., June 10.—The salmon have lately began to run, and P. McCarthy, who keeps a close watch upon the characteristics of the king of fish, has been waiting patiently for the time he would have an opportunity to add to his reputation as a salmon angler. The chance came yesterday. Mr. McCarthy, armed with his favorite rod, a strong line many fathoms long held taut upon a reliable reel, a leader long enough for an ordinary line, and his famous Irish salmon fly, went out upon the river between the Duck and Lowell railroad bridges. After whipping the stream for a time the fly was greedily taken by a beauty of about 12 pounds, which gave Mr. McCarthy a struggle of nearly half an hour's duration before coming to gaff. The fish was exhibited last night at Mr. McCarthy's place of business and attracted much attention.

Here is a Shark Experience.

ARANSAS PASS, June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of twenty-three came here fishing from Denison, consisting of H. Brooks and wife, F. A. Utiger and wife, W. H. Mills and wife, J. W. Creager and wife, Fred Hibbard and wife, F. E. Shaeffer and wife, N. H. L. Decker

and wife, Miss Carrie Marshall, I. M. Standifer and wife, J. T. Munson, W. P. Deering, Levi Lingo, D. I. Brumbaugh, Pierre Wilson, W. G. Terry and myself. We are staying at the Seaside Hotel, and are having splendid fishing of all kinds. Yesterday evening I started out for tarpon for the first time and had very good luck, catching a 124lb. tarpon that measured 6ft. 8in. This point, in my judgment and experience, far exceeds other sea and coast fishing. My first visit here was last year, which, I presume, you remember. On the 14th day of June last, while out fishing for tarpon, a shark got on my hook and the boom of the boat struck me in the back of the neck, knocking me head first into the channel, and the shark then got me in the calf of the left leg, taking me 20ft. down in the chanuel. However, I managed to pull myself up on the line which I had in my hand and tied to the boat, and when I pulled myself up to the boat I kicked the shark in the jaws at least twelve times, tearing a large gash in my limb, and the boatman then dumped me in the boat and I landed the shark, killing him, and we sailed for shore. It laid me up for seven weeks. However, I am going out this evening and presume you will hear from me again before leaving here. W. H. MULLER.

Note on "Angling without Hooks."

NEW YORK, June 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: If you can, without injuring the feelings of your compositor, print these notes of correction on my sketch "Angling without Hooks" in last week's issue, you will greatly oblige me. First, I did not in my humble scrawl accuse the kingfisher of "wringing past, heading down stream." In fact, I cannot say I ever saw any feathered creature "wring." My plain old-fashioned kingfisher was "winging past." Nor was his triumph "rancorous," as the typetosser has alleged, but "raucous," implying only hoarseness, not malignity. Finally he seizes upon a mother fishhawk a little further down the column and refers to her a dozen times as "he." All of the above I recognize as slight errors for the compositor, but they cast a considerable shade of carelessness over the whole sketch, naturally to be credited by the reader to the author.

H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

The Lake Trout.

BOSTON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly give me your definition of a salmon trout? Have fished for twenty-five years and do not know of a fish I can designate by this name. I find different people call togue, landlocked salmon and large square-tail trout (caught in lakes) by this name. By helping me in this matter you will oblige. A. C. H.

[The fish is here figured. It is the *Salvelinus namaycush*, and is known as the salmon trout, lake trout, longe togue, tuladi, namaycush, lake salmon or Mackinaw trout.

Fishculture.

American Fisheries Society.

THE twenty-fourth convention of the American Fisheries Society was held in the United States Aquarium, New York city, beginning June 12. There were present W. L. May, president, Omaha, Neb.; James A. Dale, recording secretary, Pennsylvania; Frank J. Amsden, treasurer, New York; Edward P. Doyle, secretary; Herschel Whitaker, Michigan; Fred Mather; H. C. Ford, Philadelphia; W. R. Weed, Potsdam, N. Y.; H. B. Mansfield, U. S. N.; B. H. Davis, Palmyra, N. Y.; H. H. Lyman, Oswego; H. P. Frothingham, New Jersey; Edward Thompson, Northville, N. Y.; W. H. Bowman, Rochester; D. G. Hackeney, Fort Plain; Robert Hamilton and Jacob Rice, Cambridge; Monroe Greene, Rochester; G. F. Peabody, Appleton, Wis.; B. W. James, Philadelphia; Dr. T. H. Bean, New York; W. de C. Ravenel, Washington; J. J. Stranahan, Put-in-Bay; H. F. Hurlburt, Lynn, Mass.; N. R. Buller and J. W. Hoxie, Carolina, R. I.; L. D. Huntington and C. L. Guy, New York.

The following is the list of new members elected: A. F. Holt, Lynn, Mass.; T. P. Corwin, Pittsburgh; E. T. Rounsville, E. Freetown, Mass.; E. Hanson, Osceola Mills, Wis.; Oliver L. Jones, Chas. E. Griffith and G. E. Jennings, New York; H. T. Drake, H. E. Thompson, C. W. Bunn, Dr. J. O'Hage and O. F. Crary, St. Paul; and Messrs. Lyman, Weed, Thompson, Buller, Peabody and Dale, who were present.

Following is the list of officers elected for the ensuing year: President, L. D. Huntington, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Vice-President, Calvert Spenseley, Mineral Point, Wis.; Treasurer, Frank J. Amsden, Rochester, N. Y.; Corresponding Secretary, Lieut.-Com. H. B. Mansfield, U. S. N.; Recording Secretary, Dr. T. H. Bean. Executive Committee, Henry C. Ford, Philadelphia; H. P. Frothingham, No. 2 Wall street, New York; Herschel Whitaker, Detroit, Mich.; Dr. H. H. Cary, La Grange, Ga.; W. de C. Ravenel, Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C.; Edward P. Doyle, New York; W. L May, Omaha, Neb.

The papers read in full or by title were as follows: "The Influence of Railroads in Fish Culture," by Fred. Mather. "Impoverishment of the Food Fish Industries," by Dr. B. W. James, Phila. "The Decadence of Trout Streams," by J. S. Van Cleef, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. "Artificial Hatching of Trout and Relation of Planting to Results," Seymour Bower, Detroit. Two papers by H. Whitaker, of Detroit. "Moral Phases of Fish Culture" and "A New Hatchery: "Operations of the U. S. Fish Commission," Dr. T. H. Bean.

Report of Supt. M. E. O'Brien, of the Nebraska Hatcheries, on general operations of hatcheries, particularly on a fish disease which appeared last year; "Distribution of the Trout Family," W. D. Tomlin; a paper by Dr. Chas. Wright Dodge, from a letter to Frank J. Amsden, referring to experiments on the growth of fungus on fish at Caledonia.

On the second day the members took a trip to Eaton's Neck, Long Island, where they enjoyed a clam bake and inspected the oyster grounds. A meeting was held on the boat while *en route*. A vote of thanks was tendered to the Board of Parks, the N. Y. Fish Commission, to the outgoing president and secretary, to J. H. Starin for the enjoyable trip on the steamer, and to M. Thompson for the courtesy in showing the oyster-works. President Cleveland, and Secretary Morton and the Governors of each of the States were elected honorary members of the society.

Summer Service via the Fall River Line.

The mid-summer schedule of the Fall River Line will become effective on Monday, June 17th, when the great steamboats Priscilla, Puritan, Plymouth and Pilgrim will be placed in commission and operated together. Steamers will leave New York week-days at 5:30 and 6:30 P. M. (Sundays 5:30 P. M. only), the early steamer running direct to Fall River, the later touching at Newport and remaining there until 6:00 A. M. before proceeding to Fall River. Connecting vestibuled trains leave the steamboat wharf, Fall River, at 5:30 and 7:40 A. M., being due in Boston at 6:50 and 9:00 A. M. Trains for all other points on the Old Colony System leave the steamboat wharf, Fall River, at convenient hours. The record of the Fall River Line is one of supremacy, and the traveler, whether intent on business or pleasure, who has not enjoyed a trip by this wonderfully popular route has a delightful experience yet to realize.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 3 to 6.—Kingston Kennel Club, Kingston, Ont. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris, Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

DOGS AND CATS.

A CERTAIN class of my critics are constantly finding fault with me for giving so much attention in my researches in animal psychology to dogs. In commenting upon something that I said in an interview in the *Sun*, one of these said: "There are animals that are much more intelligent than the dog." I doubt this. But admitting it to be true, there is one particular in which the dog takes precedence of all animals, man included, and that is in faithfulness. A gentleman said a true thing to me a day or so ago:

"The cat will profit by your love while you live and eat you when you are dead."

"Yes," I replied, "and the dog is not only faithful in life, but in death also."

The gentleman nodded his head, indicating that that fact was in his mind when he spoke. I proceeded to tell a story, which the gentleman in question had never heard, of the Newfoundland whose master took him to the brink of the river for the purpose of drowning him. The dog saw what the master's purpose was, and resisted to such effect that the master went into the water. Then what? Had it been another man that that master had attempted to drown the man would at least have been tempted to let him stay in the water till he was pretty badly choked, at any rate. But the dog had no such feeling. He saw the master whom he loved in danger, and he leaped into the water and pulled him out. What would any other animal have done under the circumstances? It would have turned away—the cat to licking its fur, the horse to grazing, the bird to pruning its feathers, seeking its mate, or looking for a worm.

In talking the dog up, however, I would talk no other animal down. I have been a life-long student of animals, from the chicken to the elephant. My memory, which I find the best note book, is full of incidents of the intelligence and other subjective qualities of other animals as well as the dog—incidents of my own observation and experience and of those of others. An ex-captain of the United States regular army tells me about a horse that was his servant, his companion and friend in years of Indian warfare. The captain has talked to me so much about that horse that I might write his biography, and interesting reading that biography would be. Take one manifestation of intelligence which he made over and over. When he would scent the enemy at night, he would come to where the captain slept and put his nose on the captain's breast and gently emit his breath. This would awaken the captain and the horse would stand on the alert ready for the mount and to obey the captain's slightest will—indicated by word or rein or pressure of the knees. Had the captain not loved that horse, he would have been less a man than he is.

Within the week a German gentleman stopped me on the street and gave me an incident of the evidencing of intelligence by a canary bird in Germany. The master loved his canary as much as Boythorn loved his. Lying upon his bed one evening smoking, he fell asleep. The cigar dropped from his lips and set fire to the bed clothing. The smoke partially asphyxiated him. He was in great danger. The bird awakened him, and so saved his life, by pecking at his lips.

As to cats. Some days ago, my friend, the Rev. Thomas Cole, of Saugerties, N. Y., and I sat together on the train. We had been talking about—so far as this letter is concerned—indifferent matters, when a gentleman said to me:

"I have been reading a good deal about you and your theories as to the immortality of the lower animals. I wanted to meet you."

When I had assured him that I was glad to meet him, some conversation followed, which concluded by his saying:

"Well, whether you are right or wrong, your teachings can do no harm."

When he was gone Mr. Cole said:

"Why is it that you are so fond of dogs. I live in perfect terror of them."

"That does not argue against the lovableness of dogs," I replied, "any more than the fact that an acquaintance of mine lives in perfect terror of women argues against the lovableness of women, or the fact that a certain maiden woman whom I know lives in perfect terror of men argues against the lovableness and trustworthiness of men. As in their cases, so in yours, your not liking dogs may be the result of an idiosyncrasy or an unpleasant experience. You must have been bitten by a dog some time or another, or maybe some ancestor was bitten and you have inherited your horror. I was bitten once."

"Were you?" said Mr. Cole, and changed the subject by saying: "I am a great lover of cats."

"Are you?" I said. "Cats come under the head of all animals in any love. I have no special love for the cat. You cannot train them, for instance, to the extent that you can a dog."

"Maybe not to the same extent," said Mr. Cole. "But you can train them. I once had a cat to which I had taught a good many tricks. I would tell him to go and get into his basket—and he would do so. I would put h milk in a pitcher with a mouth too small for him to ge his head in, and he would dip his paw in the milk, pu the paw out and lick the milk off."

"Your cat had a little of the same power of though t that the man had who invented that machine," I said, pointing to one of those great excavators which take the places of so many human shovelers. "The inventor had much of the same thing of which the cat had a little. Go on; I am interested."

"I," continued Mr. Cole, "have a beautiful Angora. I call her Mother. She is old, but not too old to be guilty of a little frivolity now and again. A fit of frivolity struck her about the time the blizzard struck the country this winter. I could not keep her in the house. I was afraid she would freeze to death. I would wrap myself up and go out after her. I would find her under the porch surrounded by a dozen lovers. They were about her in a ring. One of them would make an advance. Mother would spit at him. They would quarrel among themselves. This Mother would seem to enjoy quietly, but deeply. She evidently thought more of some of these lovers than of others. She was quite human in her actions. She finally selected one from among the number that pressed their suit for her paw. Before the blizzard was over she was as quiet a member of the household as before. But she did not chose a husband until after many fights among her lovers. I watched those fights with great interest. They increased my respect for the cat. When two bulls or two dogs make up their minds to fight they pitch right into each other. It is simply a question of which of the bulls is the stronger, or which has the advantage of the lay of the land; or of which dog has the most muscle or the sharper teeth, or of which bull or which dog has the most power of endurance. It is not so with the cats. They will watch each other for hours, looking for an opening, each of them waiting for a chance to take the other at a disadvantage. When they come together it is with tremendous energy. How the fur does fly! Before the whole matter was settled, and Mother was duly married, for the occasion, to the one of her choice, the snow all about the rectory was covered with cat fur. Antagonistic cats do not come together at once, but after advances and retreats and circumventions. Their warfare is one of intelligence, of deliberation, of calculation. It is not a warfare of impulse and passion simply. It is a rational warfare."

"But the cat is so selfish," I said.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is the very refinement of selfishness."

It is only fair to Mr. Cole to say that, having no verbal memory, I have reported only the substance of what he said. That I have done faithfully. Our conversation closed by my saying:

"In the Southwest, some years ago, I knew an old cat, Tom, whom I loved for his scars, and in Chicago I had a great black fellow, Jim by name, of whom I thought a great deal; but I must confess that what you have said has awakened a psychological interest in me for the cat." And Mr. Cole replied: "I'll send you one of Mother's kittens."—*Charles Josiah Adams in New York Sun.*

C. F. T. C. Derby Entries.

YOU will see that we have secured 51 entries for the Chicken Derby. The club should feel proud of the success it has made. The dogs were all whelped in 1894. Pointers, 17; setters, 34.

POINTERS.

SAPPHO—Dr. O. Totten's liver and white bitch (Strideaway—Warwick Nellie).

STRIDEMORE—Richard Merrill's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Hops II).

DOWLAH—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' lemon and white dog (Rip-Rap—Dolly D.).

NABOB—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' black and white dog (Rip-Rap—Dolly D.).

INDIA—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' orange and white bitch (Rip-Rap—Dolly D.).

AMEN—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Wrecker—Selah).

LADY RUSH—H. T. Schmidt's liver and white bitch (Rush of Lad—Pet S.).

IGHTFIELD MENTOR—A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liver and white dog (Ightfield Loveridge—Ightfield Mara).

BOWERLY DAN OF COLDHILL—A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liver and white dog (Don of Bolcord—Duchess of Bolcord).

LADY CLIPPER—George E. Gray's liver and white bitch (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot).

VIRGINIA—H. K. Devereux's liver and white bitch (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot).

COURAGE—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (Trinket's Coin—Ightfield Blythe.

STRIDEAWAY'S LAD—S. W. Alsdorf's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Ightfield's Teign).

SIDMONT—P. T. Madison's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Hops II.)

SISTER SUE—N. T. DePauw's liver and white bitch (Jingo—Rooney).

REX—F. H. Phippen's black and white dog (Rector—Miami).

PAUL BANG—Frank Althouse's liver and white dog (Jap—Frankie Paul).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

RUDGE BO—Richard Merrill's black, white and tan dog (Paul Bo—Tube Rose).

PAULINE BO—Richard Merrill's black, white and tan bitch (Paul Bo—Tube Rose).

ROD'S BOY—King Graphic Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Larry Gladstone).

GLEAM'S DART—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid).

GLEAM'S RUTH—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid).

BRIGHTON DICK—T. G. Davey's black and white dog (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton).

BRIGHTON TOM—T. G. Davey's black and white dog (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton).

BRIGHTON MAUD—T. G. Davey's black and white bitch (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton).

CHLOE S.—C. G. Stoddard's black and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Kitty Ward).

TOUCHSTONE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Orlando—Dolly Wilson).

PATRICIAN—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chevalier—Patsy).

FEN FOLLET—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Folley).

LADY VASSAR—J. W. Gollan's black, white and tan bitch (Dash Antonio—Queen Bess II.).

COUNT VASSAR—J. W. Gollan's black, white and tan dog (Dash Antonio—Queen Bess II.).

BOB—J. J. Spracklin's (agt.) black and white dog (Sharpe—Susie).

ST. PETER—John Wootten's black, white and tan dog (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link).

ALLICE F—Theo. Frenka's black and white bitch (R. C. Dawn—Zippo Dixie).

TORY FASHION—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Fleety Avent).

TORY CELIA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II).

TRADE MARK—Geo. A. Presley's cream, white and tan dog (Toledo Blade—Luzelle).

REX—C. P. Mingst's black and white dog (Antonio—Columbia).

KING'S DAN II.—Geo. W. Ewing's black, white and tan dog (King's Dan—M'liss II).

M'LISS III.—Geo. W. Ewing's black, white and tan bitch (King's Dan—M'liss II).

KATE—Geo. W. Ewing's black, white and tan bitch (King's Dan—M'liss II).

——— —Geo. W. Ewing's cream, white and tan bitch (King's Dan—M'liss II).

LITTLE BILLIE—Thomas Johnson's black dog (Black Prince—Rill)).

TAFFY—Thomas Johnson's black, white and tan dog (White B.—Dido III.).

THE LAIRD—Thomas Johnson's black dog (——— ———).

SAM T.—W. W. Titus's black, white and tan dog (Luke Roy—Bettie B.).

HARWICK—H. R. Edward's black, white and tan dog (Topsy's Rod—Opel).

PAUL BO, JR.—Claremont Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Paul Bo—Susie).

MARK OF IGHTFIELD—Joseph Becker's black, white and tan dog (Ightfield Rhiwlas—Queen Regent).

HENRY B.—D. E. Rose's (agt.) black, white and tan dog (Antonio— ———).

IRISH SETTERS.

DASHING NELL—Claremont Kennels' red bitch (Claremont Patsy—Sally Gold). P. J. MADISON, Secretary.

DOG CHAT.

IN respect to the Northwestern Field Trials Club's meeting, Mr. Johnson writes as follows: "Mr. George Galt returned to-day from Europe. I have in consequence to rush out to our Western branches to find if they are there yet. Consequently I am sending cards to members adjourning the meeting of the Northwestern Club (which was to decide on trials) till my return two weeks hence, or until the 24th. * * * Our Mr. H. Galt, of Chicago, wanted a fox terrier, a good one, for a friend in Chicago. I wrote to Mr. Brailsford, who selected one for Mr. H. Galt, and very kindly met them with it at the vessel at Liverpool. Mr. Galt says it is a 'bird.' Mr. Brailsford has also selected for me a young black setter dog which I wanted to breed to, being afraid to inbreed too closely. I have entered him in the Continental Derby, but he is yet at Mr. Lonsdale's kennel." From a clipping we learn that Mr. Johnson has purchased the Carveth packing factory, which was close by his residence, and has used the back part of the lot for additional room for his kennels, thereby enlarging them by 50ft.

Under date of June 10, concerning the Northwestern Beagle Club's trials, Mr. Louis Steffen, secretary of the club, writes: "The prospects are brighter than ever for a large entry."

Mr. W. A. Coster, secretary of the E. F. T. C., writes us that the complete particulars of Mr. Ledbetter's entry are as follows: "Marie Sport, black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped May, 1894, by Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent."

In a letter of recent date Mr. Henry Jarrett, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, writes us as follows: "I am pleased to say my stud dogs have had a most successful season so far this year. Fourteen bitches have been sent to Christopher, eleven to Wellesbourne Charlie, and four to Domino II., and five to the Irish terrier John Briggs."

The Pacific Coast Field Trials Club has decided to run its next trials at Bakersfield, commencing on Jan. 20, 1896.

Field Sports says: "The regular monthly meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club was held on June 6. The secretary-treasurer's report showed the club's assets to be over $1,200. The bench show committee submitted its report of the late show, showing the receipts to be over $3,400 and the net loss to be $216. A communication was read from Secretary Lelong, of the State Agricultural Society, asking the club to take charge of a bench show to be held in conjunction with the State Fair at Sacramento in September next. A motion to appoint a committee to investigate the advisability of such action was lost, and the secretary was then instructed to reply that the club thought the matter inadvisable. A committee consisting of Messrs. Barker, Watson and Haight was appointed to confer with the A. K. C., in response to a communication from the secretary of the A. K. C. asking the club to appoint a delegate to act with other delegates from other clubs of the coast on all club matters for adjudication west of 110 degrees. The annual election of officers resulted as follows: H. Bier, President; E. H. Wakeman, First Vice-President; Herbert Spencer, Second Vice-President; Horace Orear, Secretary; C. A. Haight, Financial Secretary and Treasurer. The following list was proposed for membership: J. H. Debbron, Louis Hagan, Dr. F. W. D'Evelyn, F. J. Baxter and L. H. Waldron. T. F. Williams was elected an honorary member.

The Winnipeg *Free Press* of June 8 made the following favorable comment on field trial matters: "The Northwestern club and the Manitoba club have not acted harmoniously in the past, but negotiations are in progress in which it is hoped past dissensions, which were created by local jealousy, will be wiped out. Both organizations are of too wide a nature to permit petty feelings to have a place. The best class of the genuine true sportsman take a big interest in field trials, and this is no doubt occasioned by the fact that it is a sport that has never been contaminated with gambling influences."

St. Paul, Minn., has somewhat recovered from its recent violent mad dog scare. The newspaper reports would indicate that many of the dogs were all going mad at once. One newspaper said that "Health Commissioner Stone and Dr. Price, the live stock inspector, were kept busy all day investigating reports from all parts of the city relative to dogs suspected of suffering from rabies." But then the mad dog scare becomes emulative, much after the fashion of the bicycle craze, etc., and neighborhoods vie with each other for the sensation of producing the greatest number, the largest and most ferocious, demoniacal mad dogs and the most bitten people of any place or city.

Complaints of unjust or dishonest treatment in dog dealing are heard once in a while, coming either from the seller or buyer. There is a sameness in the stories. Either the seller sends the dog on approval to a man some hundreds of miles away, of whom he never heard prior to the transaction, or the purchaser ignores letters and fails to pay. Or the purchaser sends his money and receives an inferior or worthless dog, one whose deficiencies are in sharp contrast to the praises bestowed on him by the seller. Whether the cheated one is buyer or seller, he is prone to blame some one or something other than himself for his own negligence in observing the most ordinary business precautions. Men who own dogs are much the same as other men. Ownership in dogs does not change human nature. While nearly all dogmen are good, there are a few who are not. A business transaction should not be a matter of sentiment. The purchase of a dog is quite as much a business transaction as the purchase of anything else, and there should be no effort to make it a poetical event. If the seller will let dogs go to a purchaser whose only recommendation is that he loves to hear the whirr of wings while the rime of the frost and glint of the sunlight are on the brown autumn leaves, and if purchasers will buy dogs of strangers who write letters of embellishment, they must abide by the results, be they good or ill. It is not just to blame others for their own negligence under such circumstances.

We are informed the Rhode Island State Fair claims September 17 to 20 for its third annual bench show. Spratts Patent will bench and feed, and the popular and skillful fancier Mr. E. M. Oldham will superintend. A revised premium list will be issued in the near future, and the names of the judges will be announced in due time.

We are informed that the Executive Committee of the New Jersey Kennel League held a meeting on the evening of the 17th inst. to determine definitely whether or not the league would hold a bench show this year. The matter rests chiefly on whether or not a suitable building can be secured for show purposes.

At the Canadian Kennel Club's last meeting Dr. D. S. McDougal, Russell, Ont.; J. W. Churchill, Salem, Mass.; E. Lynge, Toronto; R. S. Steacy, Brockville; George Dunn, Woodstock, were elected to membership. "It was decided to recognize wins up to the end of 1894, held under C. K. C. or A. K. C. rules."

The first show of the Ladies' Kennel Association (England) had about 1,500 entries. As entries were confined to dogs owned by ladies, the total is quite a good showing.

Tours to the North via Pennsylvania Railroad.

To provide the most attractive method of spending a summer holiday, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged to run two delightful tours to the North. The points included in the itinerary and the country traversed abound in nature's beauties. Magnificent scenery begins with the journey and ends only with its completion.

The names of the places to be visited are familiar to all and suggestive of wonderland. No matter how much may be expected, one cannot be disappointed in Watkin's Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Quebec, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, or the Highlands of the Hudson. The dates fixed for the departures of these two tours are July 16 and August 20, and the round-trip rate of $100 from New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Washington will cover all necessary expenses during the time absent. A beautiful descriptive itinerary can be procured from the tourist department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This club held its regular shoot to-day at Armbruster's Park.

The following scores were made by the members present: Off-hand, German ring target, distance 200yds., any rifle, sights and trigger-pull:

*M Herrington	23	24	23	20	21	23	18	22	19	21—214
	22	19	20	23	18	24	20	24	20	18—208
	24	23	22	22	23	23	22	23	19	24—226
R J Young	19	21	16	16	20	24	14	20	23	14—187
	21	24	22	19	11	21	14	18	23	23—196
J P Donnefelser	13	20	5	20	5	20	23	19	19	18—162
	18	22	22	24	15	16	11	15	19	18—180
E D Barker (Rest)	22	24	23	24	19	23	22	24	23	22—226
	22	22	25	22	18	24	22	22	23	24—224
	23	25	21	24	21	21	23	21	25	22—226
	22	24	20	24	21	24	21	23	21	25—225

* Shot with W. A. American smokeless powder, loading bulk for bulk.

R. J. YOUNG, Secretary N. Y. R. C.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 19–22.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest, under the auspices of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club. D. L. Williams, Sec'y, Portland, Ore.

June 20-22.—PORTLAND, Ore.—Multnomah Rod and Gun Club's eleventh annual tournament. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

June 24-28.—SARATOGA, N. Y.—Annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Saratoga Gun Club. H. M. Levengston, Sec'y.

June 26-27.—VICKSBURG, Miss.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club.

June 29.—MARION, N. J.—Fifth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

It would add greatly to the value of the trap reports that appear in these columns if secretaries and correspondents would be particular in giving the conditions of the various events. All that is needed is a note to the effect that the event was shot "everything known," "unknown angles," "expert" (five unknown traps, known angles), etc., etc. It is taken for granted that, *unless otherwise stated*, every event is decided "everything known." Where all events are decided at one style of shooting, a note to that effect is sufficient. In sweepstake shooting at tournaments, the entrance money should also be mentioned. The above details may not be of interest to everybody, but they make reports of shoots complete, and certainly are of interest to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

The following extract from a letter, dated Grand Rapids, Mich., June 7, will be read with interest: "At the Valley City Gun Club tournament, at Grand Rapids, the total number of targets thrown, official figures, was 13,655. The thoroughness with which the office was managed is evidenced by the fact that, while the total amount of money paid in for the three days was $2,077 50, the cash account came out within $1.07 at the termination, and the purses in each event were ready before the next event was finished. But two errors were made, and the amount of these only made a difference of 20 cents. The club is out of pocket about $250 by the tournament, but artistically it was such a success that it is not disheartened, but will be on deck again in 1896. In fact, an impromptu tournament for 'all day' on July 4 is almost assured."

N. E. Money and "U. M. C." Thomas called at this office on Monday morning, having just returned from the Memphis tournament. Their opinions of the shoot, freely expressed, fully bear out everything that has been written about it by Mr. Hough, whose interesting account of the week's work at Memphis appears in another column. One feature of the shoot that Messrs. Money and Thomas pointed out to me was the fact that as a rule 15 and 16 out of 20 paid better than either 17, 18 or 19. When one comes to think of it, it is only a natural result with such a class of shooters as were present. Why did not more 80 per cent. men think of this earlier?

The Morgan's Grove Fair Association's trap-shooting tournament will be given at Shepherdstown, W. Va., on Sept. 4 and 5, under the management of the Interstate Association.

The ranks of the Interstate Association have been swelled by the addition of the well-known gun firm Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn., to its membership.

It is stated Dr. W. F. Carver ("Evil Spirit") will make his home in Chicago, Ill., where he has purchased a handsome residence on the South Side.

Walter E. Lewis, secretary of the Naromake Gun Club, Norwalk' Conn., writes that his club will hold an all-day shoot on its grounds at Dorton's Point on the Fourth of July. Trolley cars run direct to the grounds, while shore dinners and refreshments of all kinds may be obtained within gunshot of the traps.

There will be several local clubs represented in the Dean Richmond cup contest at the State shoot next week. Among the clubs represented will be the present holders—the New Utrecht, the New York County, Emerald, Long Island, Cobweb, etc. The New Utrechts will be strongly represented, a large delegation of members having promised to be present at Saratoga on Friday morning.

The scores made at Memphis show how slight a handicap it would be to make experts shoot at unknown angles, while semi-experts and novices shoot at known angles. On Tuesday, June 11, Rolla Heikes dropped two targets during the day, scoring 162 out of 165; Van Dyke made four straight scores in eight events, Glover being credited with the same number. What chance would tyros have against such high-class work? Heikes's record is an extraordinary one.

The next New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contest takes place at Marion, N. J., on the grounds and under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, N. J. This meeting promises to be well attended, as every club in the league will almost certainly be represented by a team of five men.

Annie Oakley's shooting always catches the crowd. According to the Boston *Globe* of June 12, she received a very warm reception the previous night, at the hands of a crowd estimated at 20,000. Buffalo Bill's show is evidently as popular as it ever was.

Enoch Miller tells me that the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., will hold an all day shoot on the fourth of July, at live birds and targets. Shooting will commenue at 9 A. M. He adds that all who attend the shoot may be assured of finding plenty of shade and ice-cold refreshments.

Among the tournaments in the near future are the New York State shoot, June 24–29; Vicksburg, Miss., Interstate tournament, June 26–27, and the Altoona, Pa., tournament, July 10–12.

Owing to some oversight, no programme of the New York State shoot at Saratoga, has reached us. We have had to depend for our notice of the same on the kindness of a friend who loaned us a copy for a few hours. Hence the shortness of the notice given elsewhere.

The Diahoga Gun Club, of Athens, Pa., announces an all day shoot for July 4, shooting commencing at 9 A. M. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 2cts. each. A cordial invitation to attend is issued by the club.

The Charlotte, N. C., Interstate will be a good shoot. Although the club has not advertised any money, I understand that it will add from $100 to $200 per day. The tournament takes place on August 27–29.

Speaking of the State shoot, what a pity it is that such an important event as the Dean Richmond Trophy contest cannot be decided at some other time of the year. Mid-summer is a poor time to shoot live birds, unless they are specially selected. Even then they scarcely ever come up to moderate fall or winter birds.

Next week is the International week in London. At Hurlingham, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and at the Gun Club, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, the crack pigeon shots of Europe will compete for valuable prizes. There will be a fair sprinkling of Americans among the contestants.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Saratoga Programme.

THE programme for the thirty-seventh annual tournament of the New York State Association covers the six days of next week, commencing Monday, June 24. On that date there will be no State events, but a card of twelve events, consisting of 10, 15 and 20-target races, open to the world, will be shot off. This programme for the open events will be repeated on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

State events, with a uniform entry fee of $4, will be shot as follows: Tuesday—two 25-target races, 7 moneys. Wednesday morning—merchandise event, 25 targets, 7 classes of prizes; afternoon, a 25-target race. On Thursday there will be two 25-target races as on Tuesday, and there will also be the team championship of the State contest, four men to a team. Friday will see the contests for the Individual Championship, the Lefever Arms Company's diamond medal and the E. C. Powder Company's silver cup. This is shot at 100 targets, unknown angles, the cup becoming the property of the winner. The entrance is $5, birds extra; anybody, however, is entitled to shoot for the cup on paying the price of the birds. The Lefever medal is held by the winner in trust for the Association; this contest is at 20 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $3, birds included. As above stated, on each of these days there will be a card of open events run off.

Saturday, June 29, is the day set apart for the Dean Richmond trophy. The conditions are: $20 per team, 15 live birds per man, three men to a team. The three men on a team "must be residents of the town or city in which the club is located, or in a town or city in the same county immediately adjoining thereto."

In all target events the money will be divided on the Levengston system. The system is as follows: 4 nearly equal moneys in 10-target events, viz.: 28, 26, 24 and 22 per cent.; 5 moneys in 15-target events, viz.: 24, 22, 20, 18 and 16; 6 moneys in 20-target events, viz.: 22, 20, 18, 16, 14 and 10 per cent. The introduction states: "While the moneys are so nearly equal, the expert will still be amply rewarded for his superior shooting by the fact that there are fewer tens than nines, fifteens than fourteens, and twenties than nineteens, and the amateur who shoots a 70 or 80 per cent. will not be shut out."

A point for shooters to remember is that transportation at the rate of a fare and a third for the round trip can be secured by obtaining a certificate from the agent when you buy your ticket.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 8.—The weekly shoot of the Euroka Gun Club, held to-day, was marked by a large attendance and plenty of enthusiasm. A wind was blowing strongly enough to increase the uncertainty of the frisky bluerocks' flight to a considerable extent.

A special meeting was held during the afternoon. Among the business transacted was the election of Dr. H. H. Frothingham as president in the place of Mr. C. E. Willard, whose resignation was accepted with regret. The doctor is one of our best shots, and was the winner at the recent State shoot of the L. C. Smith cup and of the Montgomery Ward & Co.'s target medal. It was also decided to hold an all-day open shoot on July 4, and to make certain repairs and additions to the club's grounds and buildings. Scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Glover	1111111111111110111101011—22
Bingham	0111111010111111111111110—21
Adams	0001111100111111101111111—19
Cummings	1010100111101011111011101—17
Cleaver	1010110111001111111110010—18
Jones	1101110111010110001111101—17
Stannard	1111111110111110111111010—21
Willard	0011001111000000010101110—11
DeWolf	1111111111010001110011010—17

No. 2, same:

Ferguson	0100101010111111101011101—16
Glover	1101111111110111100111101—20
Bingham	0011111111011111111111111—22
Adams	1110010011011110011100100—14
Cummings	1100101111110111111111101—19
Cleaver	0111110101111010111110111—19
Jones	1111111010101101010100100—16
Stannard	1111000111110111101111110—19
Willard	1011011010110111001011011—16
DeWolf	1111100111001011111101111—19
Buck	0101110001110111111110111—18
Goodrich	1111010111101011100111111—19
Thacker	0010101111101010101010010—13
Thornburg	1111110001110010111010111—15
Carson	1001001001010001000001001— 8
Silvester	0000001010000000000101100— 5

No. 3, trophy shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Willard	0010111001111111110011011—17
Bingham	1110111010100111101111111—19
Stannard	1111101111111111110111111—23
Adams	1101111110110000111010011—17
Ellicott	1111110111010111110111110—20
Glover	0111011010111001101110101—16
Goodrich	1101011111101101111111011—20
Cleaver	1010010111101111101111101—18
Ferguson	0110111100111010011111101—17
DeWolf	1111111110010111101111110—20
J L Jones	1010111101101001011111100—16
Thacker	1101101000110011011101011—15
Buck	1110111001110010110111110—17
Thornburg	1111101011101000101010100—14
Silvester	0100100001101011011000101—11
W A Jones	1001001101011101101001111—15
*Carson	1001000101011100000101011—11
Morton	0110111111100000100000010—11
*Cummings	1110001011011010001111011—15

*Visitors.

No. 4, same conditions:

Adams	1111111111110111111111111—24
Goodrich	1001101011011111111111111—20
Buck	0011010110101111111110101—17
Thacker	1101000110011101110101111—16
Carson	0100011111111001100001111—15
Glover	0011010011001111101100101—14
J L Jones	1011110111011110001111011—18
Morton	1001011010001110001101011—13
W A Jones	1011001110101100110101111—16
Stannard	1111101011111111111111111—23
DeWolf	1111011011110000111111111—19
Ferguson	1101101111111001111111111—21
Silvester	0000111010000100001100000— 7
Cleaver	0010010111111100111111100—16

No. 5, 15 targets, unknown angles: Stannard 14, Adams 10, DeWolf 8.

No. 6, 25 targets, unknown angles: Ferguson 21, Stannard 18, Adams 17, Jones 15.

SECRETARY.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., June 12.—The club had a little shoot to-day between showers and made the following scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Nelson	1101111111001110011110000—15
Terry	0111111011101011100011110—17
Dornin	1101111111110101110011111—20
Moorman	1101010111101011110101111—18
Empie	1111101111011111011011111—21
Scott	1111111101101100101100011—18
Stearns	0110101011011110001100000—12

No. 2, same:

Nelson	0101110101110111110011111—18
Terry	0111001110101111110011101—17
Dornin	1111100111111111011110101—20
Moorman	1111101101110011011111001—18
Empie	1011111010110011111011101—18
Scott	0101110011011111111101111—19
Stearns	1110101111010111110111101—19

No. 3, same:

Nelson	1001011111111101111110101—19
Terry	1111101101110110011111110—19
Dornin	1111010111111111111111011—22
Moorman	1111101101110011011101011—18
Empie	1111101011111111111111110—22
Scott	0110011000011011111111001—15
Stearns	1111100110110011010111110—17

No. 4, same:

Nelson	0011011101100111101001111—16
Terry	1011011110111111011110111—20
Dornin	1110111001111000111110111—18
Moorman	0110101110100111110010000—13
Empie	1111101110101111111111111—22
Scott	0010111001111111011011010—16
Stearns	0001110011111111011011001—16

F. M. D.

Knapp Beat Chapin.

BABYLON, L. I., June 8.—A special train from Long Island City brought a good crowd down here to witness a match between J. P. Knapp and C. M. Chapin at 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, the shoot taking place on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds. Although Knapp only killed 79 birds, he won with ease, his opponent scoring 12 less—67. The birds, as usual, were a good fast lot; the strong wind from the north helped them also. After the match several sweeps were shot, the scores in all the events being given below:

J P Knapp	2022222222222202202222202—21
	2111222212222222222222220—24
	2002022222202222022000102—16
	2222202202001022020202112—18—79
C M Chapin	2010200220010202011222022—15
	2002222222221000110020222—17
	2022202211010122002002220—17
	1012211222202002202021110—18—67

Sweeps were shot as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3	No. 4.
J P Knapp (32)	221122—6	11220—4	11112—5	011112 —5
Capt Money (30)	12012 —4	22021—4	02021—3	00011 —2
C M Chapin (28)	122122—6	20111—4	12021—4	202121 —5
H A Butler (29)	01021 —3	12212—5	00 —0	120120 —4
White (28)	02121 —4	12011—4	00 —0	0
Sullivan (27)	111220—5	12201—4	0210 —2	0110 —2
	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Knapp (32)	122222—6	12212—5	12122—5	110 —2
Money (30)	112220—5	21222—5	12120—4	2222220—6
Chapin (28)	112110—5	1120 —3	12222—5	112210 —5
Butler (29)	10120 —3	2201 — 3	20221—4	2111221—7
W S Edey (29)	122222—6	2102 —3	10200—2	2122120—6

Trap at Robeline, La.

ROBELINE, LA., June 7—J. H. Caldwell and L. R. Gay captained teams of eight men this afternoon, and shot a match to see which team should eat ice cream and which should eat mush and milk. The subjoined score shows that Captain Gay's men will have the pleasure of enjoying the more wholesome diet:

Caldwell's team: J. F. Welch 20, F. C. Gay 16, J. H. Caldwell 15, A. Manheim 15, W. C. Cox 14, Wm. Nevins 12, D Blacksher 5, R. W. Steele 2,—total 99.

Gay's team: M. F. Burns 14, Peter Hogue 14, E. M. Lindsay 13, L. B. Gay 12, W. H. Cox 9, R. Burdick 7, W. O. Carter 7, C. L. Lust 6,—total 82.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., June 9.—The Missoula Rod and Gun people were out in full force to-day, and for a couple of hours enjoyed about the liveliest club shoot of the season. Practice shooting was the first order of business, which was followed by the medal shoot. This in turn was followed by team shooting and more practice, in the course of which a spirit of friendly rivalry was developed among a number of the shooters, which resulted in a match between H. A. Stephens and John M. Evans.

The first conditions agreed upon were: 100 singles at unknown angles, Stephens to allow Evans 15 dead birds in addition to the latter's score. These conditions were, however, changed to 50-singles, Stephens allowing Evans 7 birds. The stakes were just enough to make the shooters interested in their work. In the shoot Stephens failed to strike his gait, and only succeeded in getting 37, while his opponent knocked out 39 and still had his allowed 7 to spare.

The following were the scores made in the medal shoot.

Medal shoot, 20 traps, unknown angles:

Class A.

C. J. Lamley	10010010101011110001—10
W. P. Brayton	11011111101111011100—15
A. M. Sterling	00010000111010001001— 7
L. L. Hurst	01100110100011000000— 7
J. P. Manard	01111111010111010100—13
F. H. Woody	00001010100000010010— 5

Class B.

W. H. Mace	00001100100001000111— 7
Will Cave	11101101101011111110—15
C. A. Searles	10011100101111101110—13
H. W. Thompson	10011110111001011101—12
J. K. Wood	00110111111001001100—11
Lieut. Devol	11110001110100010101—11
J. M. Evans	01011010111111101111—15
F. P. Kern	10000100101001000000— 5
Capt. Andrews	01010011100110010011—10
A. M. Stevens	10011011101000111111—13

In the shoot-off for the silver medal, Evans scored five straight, while Cave missed three out of a similar number. WILL CAVE.

A Trophy for Worcester Sportsmen.

MEMBERS of the Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Association are holding a series of weekly club shoots for a valuable trophy, presented



THE FOREHAND ARMS TROPHY.

to them by the Forehand Arms Company, of Worcester, Mass. The conditions of the competitions have been previously mentioned in these columns. To-day we give a cut of the trophy itself.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 15.—To-day was set apart for live birds and targets by the New Utrecht G. C., but the attendance was light, owing no doubt to the counter attraction at Sheepshead Bay—the Suburban Handicap. At the target traps the wire pull gave out, putting an end to the shooting. Two events for nominal entrance fees were decided. The live bird shooting was uninteresting, the birds being a poor lot, something very unusual for this club's grounds. Three sweeps were shot: No. 1, 5 birds, $2; Nos. 2 and 3, 3 birds, $2, miss and out until three guns are left. Scores:

Target events:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Phister	1111111110—9	00101111111— 7
Deacon	1011111111—9	1111111010— 8
Wash	1111111110—9	1111111111—10
Coulston	0111011010—6	.....
Edwards	1101111101—8	0011111011— 7
McAlpin	0111111111—9	1111111111—10
Dr Littlefield	1110101111—8	1011110111— 8

Messrs. D. C. Bennett and D. Deacon also shot a match for the price of the targets. Conditions, 25 targets, unknown angles:

D C Bennett	1001111111100111011011100—17
D Deacon	1111011111011010111101101—19

Live bird scores were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C W Floyd	02122—4	202—2	12111—5
G W Coulston	22001—3	022—2	021w
McAlpin	22121—5	•12—2	22221—5
C Furgueson, Jr.	22222—5	222—3	22222—5
Edwards	22210—4	222—3	202w
R Phister	21121—5	212—3	22222—5
Dr Littlefield	•1221—4	210—2	211•1—4
E B Knowlton	22110—4	...	.....
Dr V Parker	21212—5	222—3	.....

Dr. Littlefield and G. W. Coulston started the afternoon by shooting a match at 10 birds for the price of the birds. At the end of the tenth round the score was a tie, each man having killed all. The tie was shot off in No. 1; Littlefield dropping his first bird, paid for the pigeons shot at.

Targets at Travers Island.

NEW YORK, June 15.—The members of the New York Athletic Club, Travers Island, held a target shoot to-day. The chief event was at 25 targets, a handicap by allowance of extra targets being given to the poorer shots. Loomis and Van Schaick, two scratch men, and O. F. Mackey, allowed one extra target, tied on 20 breaks. On the shoot off at 10 targets Loomis went straight, while Mackey missed his eighth and tenth targets. Van Schaick dropped three out of his first five and retired. Score:

V. A. Cattus	1011010100001100111111101 —15
O. F. Mackey	1111111101101011101001111 —20
Aug. Schmidt	0100011001011111111010110 —15
T. G. Van Schaick	1111111101110111101011101 —20
L. Loomis	0101101111111111111001111 —20
G. W. Fairchild	0011000100111010101010111 —13
R. E. Mordecai	0000101101011001110000011101 1 —14
A. T. Sullivan	1011001010011101100111110001 —15
H. A. "Butler"	1110101011110101001101010 10 —16
R. M. Cheesborough	0101000001001010010010 —9
E. R. DeWolf	0101101100001101101101010 01 —14
J D. Foot	0101001011100111000111110 —14
C. M. Meyer	1001001010111101001000101 —12
P. Adams	1001111101011000111101111 —17
F. M. Cheeseborough	0101000010011000110010010 —9
D. McKeever	1101001111000010001100101 —12
J. S. Williams	1100001101010110101111101101 —16
D. Bacon	1001001011010000101001010011 00—12

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., June 8.—The following scores were made this afternoon by the members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club:

Nos. 1 and 2, 10 targets, unknown angles:

Richmond	1101011100— 6	0011010010— 4
Greiff	1111011110— 8	0111111111— 9
P Adams	1111111111—10	0010011111— 6
Apgar	1111100111— 8	1111111111—10
Paul	1001110001— 5	1001111011— 7
Dr Adams	0111101001— 6	1011000111— 6
Jeanerett	1100011111— 7	0100010001— 3
Grey	0010110010— 4	.....
DeWolf	.....	0010111111— 7

No. 3, 10 targets, everything known: Greiff 8, P. Adams 9, Richmond 10, Apgar 10, Dr. Adams 8, Grey 2.

	No. 4.	No. 5.
Greiff	1111111111—10	1111111111—10
Apgar	1101111111— 9	1111110111— 9
P Adams	1111110111— 9	1101011111— 8
Richmond	1110011110— 7	1111011111— 9
DeWolf	0011100111— 6	0010110111— 6
Paul	0111111011— 8	1111111111—10
Dr Adams	1111111100— 8	1111111011— 9
Cook	1101011111— 8	0010001111— 5
Tilton	1110011110— 7	1101111100— 7
Grey	.....	1000100011— 4

No. 4 was shot expert rule, No. 5 at unknown angles.

No. 6, 10 targets, expert rules: Greiff 9, Apgar 9, P. Adams 8, Paul 8, Richmond 9, DeWolf 7, Cook 6, Tilton 4, Grey 6, Dr. Adams 5, Jeanerett 7

Five pairs:	No. 7.	No. 8.
Greiff	11 11 11 11 11—10	11 11 11 10 11— 9
Richmond	11 10 11 11 01— 8	11 10 10 11 11— 8
Dr Adams	11 10 11 10 10— 7	10 11 11 11 11— 9
Apgar	10 11 10 01 10— 6	10 11 11 11 11— 9
Paul	11 10 00 11 10— 6	11 10 11 11 11— 9
DeWolf	11 11 11 00 00— 6	10 11 11 10 00— 6
Cook	11 10 10 10 10— 6	10 01 10 01 01— 5
Tilton	10 10 11 10 10— 6	11 10 10 10 00— 5
P Adams	10 10 00 11 11— 6	01 10 11 11 11— 8
James	10 10 00 00 11— 4	.....
Greiff	10 00 00 10 01— 3	01 00 01 11 10— 5

No. 9, 10 targets, unknown angles: F. Adams 8, Richmond 8, Paul 8, Apgar 10, Greiff 8, Dr. Adams 8, Grey 3, Jeanerett 5.

No. 10, 15 targets, unknown angles:

Richmond	111111111111—15	DeWolf	111101100010111—10
Apgar	101111111111111—14	Cook	111101101011011—11
P Adams	111110111110101—12	Tilton	101010101010010— 7
Paul	111111001011110—11	Grey	100110011111111—11
Greiff	011111111011111—13	Dr Adams	011111111111010—12

No. 11, 10 targets, unknown angles: Greiff 10, Apgar 8, Richmond 8, P. Adams 9, Paul 9, DeWolf 8, Dr. Adams 8, Cook 7, Gray 3, Tilton 6, Jeanerett 7.

W. H. HUCK.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 11.—To-day was the fifth shoot in the series of merchandise handicap races now being shot by the members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. The shoots are at 50 targets, with allowance of misses as breaks. The first 25 are shot at everything known, the second 25 at traps in reversed order. Scores:

Davis	1111111111001111110111111	
	1111111111111111110111110100	—43
Kennerson	0111111111011010101111111	
	0011111101011001111111111	—39
Ide	1011100001101111000111111	
	1011111010000111001111011—30+6	—36
C W Walls	1101111011101110011001111	
	1011010011001101001100110—31+6	—37
W Buck	1111101110101011010101110	
	0011000110111111010110111—33+2	—35
McLellan	1111010111111011111011001	
	1111011110001000010100111—33+4	—37
Bucklin	1111100101111110110111111	
	1110111101111011110111101—40+4	—44
Mascroft	1111110111111111111101111	
	0100111001100111101111111	—40
R C Walls	1110110010010111110111111	
	1000101111111111111011111	—38
Harvey	0101011011100100111011011	
	1000100011111111001011010—28+7	—35
E S Knowles	1111101111111110101000110	
	0101001110111000110001100—30+6	—36
Forehand	0111110111111110111011111	
	1110111110101111110111011	—41

CHAS. E. FOREHAND, Sec'y.

Syracuse Gun Club.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 13.—The members of the Syracuse Gun Club shot their semi-monthly medal contest this afternoon. Courtney won the medal in class A after tieing Wilcox with 42 breaks. Windson Morris won the medal in class B. Scores:

Class A.

Courtney (45)	1111111111111111111111010111111111111011111111 —42
Wilcox (46)	1111111111011111111111111111111111101110111111011 —42
Mosher (50)	0111111010110111111111011100111111110010111111111—40
Mowry (45)	1111111111101111111111001110111111101011111 —39
Willard (50)	0111010101011110101111111111011111101110011101111111—38
D Lefever (48)	1011010110110110110111011101110110111111111110011110 —35

Tie for class A medal:

Courtney	0111111011011111111—17
Wilcox	1011111110101110111111—16

Class B.

Morris (46)	0111111011011111111011111111111110111111011111 —40
Blizzard (45)	1010111111101111111101111101111011101110110 —35
F Lefever (45)	0101111111111010111101111011111110001010011111 —33

Jeannette Gun Club.

NEW YORK, June 10.—At the recent shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club, at Guttenburg race track, the scores given below were made on live birds for the club's medals. The weather was fine, birds first-class, and the attendance of members good. Scores:

C N Brunie (28)	1111011010—7	H Raub (25)	0012011202—6
R R Debacher (25)	0101010101—5	F Baar (25)	0202111222—8
C F Offerman (28)	1012102011—7	H Nobel (25)	0101102200—5
H Otten (30)	2110120211—8	F Hartung (25)	0010102010—5
J Vagt (30)	0101011212—7	C Meyer (30)	2211101220 - 8
C Boesch (30)	1100201121—7	W P Rinkhoff (25)	1111002110—7
H Winter (28)	1101110011—7	F H Karstens (25)	2001021001—5
J Hainhorst (25)	1101111221—9	C Steffens (30)	2210201121—8
H Kunast (25)	0202210020—5	F Ehlen (25)	0201200101—5
J H Kroeger (28)	1101121010—7	N Gerdes (25)	0222011201—7
A J Chester (28)	1010111111—8	F Reichard (25)	1111010010—6

J. Hainhorst won the gold medal in Class B without a tie. In shooting off the tie for gold medal in Class A, H. Otten won by killing 4 straight.

C. F. OFFERMAN, President.

Bloomsburg Gun Club.

BLOOMSBURG, Pa., June 6.—The scores given below were made this afternoon by members of the Bloomsburg Gun Club. A team race was shot at live birds, between J. C. Hagenbuch, J. H. Mercer and W. S. Rishton on one side, and C. P. and W. K. Armstrong and W. H. Snyder on the other side. Each man was to have shot at 10 birds, but the supply fell short, Rishton and W. K. Armstrong having but 9 birds each to shoot at. The totals were a tie, and there being no more birds on hand, it was decided to shoot off at bluerocks. The result shows that the first-named team won by 5 breaks. Scores:

Team race, 10 live birds per man:

J C Hagenbuch...0221201012—7	C P Armstrong...1111111000—7
J H Mercer.....2110111221—9	W K Armstrong..2022200001 —5
W S Rishton.....010000122 —4—20	W H Snyder.....2211120102—8—20

Tie, 10 targets per man:

J C Hagenbuch...1101111111—9	C P Armstrong...1110111011—8
J H Mercer.....1110110010—6	W K Armstrong..0011010100—4
W S Rishton.....0101011111—7—22	W H Snyder.....0010101011—5—17

B. W. H.

The North Side Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, L. I., June 11.—In lovely weather and with breeze enough to help the birds, the members of the North Side Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held their regular monthly shoot here yesterday. M. M. Manning and Eugene Barlow killed their seven birds in the club shoot, event No. 1, while Barlow and Pieper divided the pot in event No. 2, which was a miss and out. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
M M Manning (30)	1112121—7	.....
Eugene Barlow (28)	2121122—7	112112—6
Henry Heyer (28)	0222222—6	.....
George Siems (28)	2011211—6	212210—5
J J Tiernan (28)	2•112210—5	2210 —3
Henry Wahten (26)	0011222—5	0 —0
J H Mencke (30)	1021002—4	11110 —4
Pieper	.....	112211—6

"GREATEST OF THE GREAT."

Memphis Second Annual.

DIFFERENT DOWN THERE.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 14.—As was predicted in the hurried glance possible in the opening of the shoot, Memphis, second annual has proved to be all and more than all that was expected even by the most enthusiastic. It might very well be called the greatest of the great shoots of recent seasons, even in matter of size, for its initial entry, 104 actual shooters, broke the record of the year. It is not, however, in matter of size alone that a shoot is great. A cow is big enough to catch a mouse, but she can't. There must be quality as well as size. Memphis shoot certainly had distinctive quality. There was news in this tournament, something to see, something to feel, something therefore to write about. One can express this no better than by the unformulated comment made by a Northern shooter, "It's different, someway, down here."

Memphis tournament was probably better advertised than any shoot of the season; that is to say, it was more discussed, more was promised in regard to it, and more was expected of it. The management made a pronounced departure from the old methods of trap managements, and indeed perhaps inaugurated a new day in the sport of trap-shooting. It cut loose from the old subservience to the Shooter with a big S, and announced that it would run its own shoot, and run it square, promptly penalizing anything but straightforward and honest shooting. To say this and to mean it was indeed an innovation, and one not of a sort, in the opinion of many, to make a great popular tournament. The plucky Memphis men received only lukewarm support from certain sources, and there were not lacking many cheerful friends who predicted that the Memphis would be a calm and placid failure. Yet the events of the past winter in regard to change of sentiment in trap matters are well known. To-day, if there be less rooked shooting all over the country, if the young and inexperienced hooter be better protected, and if the whole sport be better than it was, it is very largely due to the fact that these Memphis Gun Club men—I shall not distinguish among them—came out boldly from the old ways and laid down a path of their own. They did this in the face of odds and in the face of certain customs, but they pluckily held to their doctrine, and their pluck won. They made their announcements plainly, and did not rest content with hanging up a meaningless announcement. They said they were going to run things square, and they did it. They said the referee's decision would be final, and it was. They said they would run a gentlemen's shoot, and they did. The same quiet firmness was manifest everywhere. It was apparent that the affair was in charge of a management business-like, courteous, but firm, one that intended to run its own shoot, and to do exactly as it had said it would do. The result was an event smooth, perfect, fair to all and immensely satisfactory, with an entry of amateur shooters no doubt the largest ever known in the South, and one called out solely by the resources and under the limitations of the Memphis Gun Club. In the past there have been larger entries in wild pigeon tournaments, and a few merchandise tournaments with cheap entry fees have had larger entries, but an entry of 104 men at straight rates, men from all over the country, and representing twenty-four different States of the Union, is something which of itself is a record breaker. Had the cashiers not been forced to close up and figure out the first shoot just when they did, the record would have been more badly broken. There were 109 shooters entered in event No. 1, and it would have had 115 shooters could it have been held open an hour or so more.

All these things, and a success such as this in face of conditions such as those above recited, are reasons for calling the Memphis second annual shoot the "greatest of the great." The management, which calmly set aside all thought of anything but success and so went ahead and succeeded, can receive from any just point of view nothing but congratulation and compliment. They probably never knew how good a chance they had of making a failure in these days of hot tournament competition. None the less they proved that the sportsmanship of this country is after all devoted to fair play and proper methods. The whole question was solved at once by just two features which one must hold very desirable in sportsmanship—a gentlemanly love for honorable methods in sport, and a manly determination to do what has been declared. This will do for the general comment on the character of the shoot.

GROUND ARRANGEMENTS.

The arrangements for a tournament in a warm climate need to be well considered if the shooters are to be comfortable. Everything was well planned at Memphis. The great grand stand at Billings Park was sheltered with heavy canvas, and furnished a cool retreat below for the shooters when not at work. The judges' stand made a good place for the cashiers (and one should compliment Messrs. T. B. Hills and S. R. Simmons, the young gentlemen who kept the entry and purse books so well). The old grand stand made a good place for a good restaurant. President Divine had two spacious tents, Mr. Noel Money his "E. C." tent; Mr. Schmidt, of Memphis, a loaded shell tent; and Fred Waddell, Southern agent of the DuPont powders, had a cool big tent for shooters to lounge in.

The traps were set in a long row, three sets of 5 traps, but each trap duplicated, so that in case of a balk by the electric pull the wire pull could be used instantaneously. The 30 traps were under supervision of Mr. Fred. Quimby, and Chas. Hebbard had them in hand. (Empire traps and targets were used.) Capt. Divine, Mr. Irby Bennett, Mr. W. F. Allen, Mr. F. P. Poston and Mr. Fred Schmidt, of the tournament committee, all in turn pushed things along merrily. Mr. Sims was aided by Mr. Quimby and a tireless corps of squad hustlers. Mr. Paul Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., one of the best of young tournament handlers in the country, was also of assistance at times in the hustling, when he was not working on the FOREST AND STREAM tabular report, which latter, one must frankly say, could not have been prepared so well and promptly without him. In this table it has been attempted to give the news and the record of the shoot in the most condensed and terse manner possible to be devised.

FEATURES.

Shooters were present from Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Virginia, North Carolina, District of Columbia, Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Missouri, Kentucky, Florida, Arkansas, Kansas and Tennessee. The scores will show that the best of the land were present, though there are some desirable new names. It was an interesting gathering and one typical of a high order of sport. One must call this the best looking and best dressed crowd of shooters seen at a modern tournament. The weather was warm, and in consequence much variety and ingenuity in costume were in evidence. Many sorts of cool head wear appeared—white helmets, straw helmets, etc. A basket-shaped straw fishing helmet was practical uniform for the shooters, and was pronounced a great success for hot sunshine. These helmets are apt to appear further north now, as most of the boys equipped themselves here. An "E. C. and Empire" squad attracted some attention by a uniform of red shirts. This squad ran from 5ft. or so up to about 7ft., being composed of Messrs. Worthington, Young, Upson, Van Dyke, Merrill and Cornett. "U. M. C." Thomas added local color by a generous distribution of big-vizored red caps with "U. M. C." lettered on the front. The usual amount of tournament jollity was continually in progress.

The ladies, whom may God ever bless, favored the tournament with their presence.

A POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL PLAN.

The tournament was very smoothly run. Kicking was not in ashion. The cash was well handled. In the first three events the hooting was all done without disbanding the squads, each shooter hus firing sixty-five shots before leaving the score. This saved much time. The blackboard score was used. I am by no means paral to this form of scoring, but it seems to be general, and in a shoot el; eo f this "dropping" to advantage is next to impossible anyow. Good order was maintained about the score. At the desks a nicely engrossed card showed all the moneys in each purse already figured out, so a shooter could tell at a glance what was due him. As much as possible the first day's order of entry was preserved and entrance money was collected in a lump. A big incentive to amateurs to shoot through the programme was offered in the *pro rata* division of $500. The daily sum of $100 to the twenty high guns was a very popular and desirable way of getting at the daily average money division. It pleased the amateurs.

In short, Memphis shoot was an amateur's tournament as much as might be. It will be noticed that the birds were so thrown that they could be broken by the average shooter as well as the expert. Straights were common and the money, on the system of purses adopted (30, 20, 15, 15, 10, 10 per cent.), put the money into a great many hands. Of course, a few who did not get all the money objected to this, the old wolf idea of want it all cropping out. But no system by which a few can get it all and still all get some has ever yet been devised. The Memphis plan of many purses and many ties is undoubtedly the most reasonable as well as the most popular one, and that it best subserves the original purposes of this tournament s best attested by the remarkable way in which the entry held up on the second and third days.

The rest of the story of the shooting can best be told by reference to the FOREST AND STREAM tables, which follow later.

The programme for each day was as below: No. 1, 20 singles, $3 entrance, $50 added; No. 2, 20 singles, $3, $50 added; No. 3, 20 singles, 3, $50 added; No. 4, 25 singles, $3, $50 added; No. 5, 20 singles, $3, $50 added; No. 6, 20 singles, $3, $50 added; No. 7, 20 singles, $3, $50 added; No. 8, 20 singles, $4, $50 added; $100 to be divided into twenty purses of $5 each, to be awarded to the twenty high guns shooting in all programme events.

The FOREST AND STREAM tables show the daily and total averages figured to the first decimal. The gun and load (powder and shell) of each shooter is given with his name. The shot load is not given, because there is no news in it, and we must not make a market report out of the story of the shoot.

	Day.	No. targets.									Shot at.	Score.	Av.
J T Anthony, Charlotte, N. C., 12g. Scott, Smokeless, E. C. and DuPont	1	18	14	17	18	18	14	14	14		165	130	78.7
	2	15	19	18	18	18	17	15	16		165	136	82.4
	3	18	17	15	21	16	18	17	14		165	136	82.4
Total											495	402	81.2
L F Gemmett (Reader), Ft. Madison, Ia., 12g. Lefever, Walsrode, Walsrode	1	17	15	15	16	13	14	15	18		165	123	74.6
	2	..	..	..	..	..	19	16	17	20	80	72	90
	3	12	15	15	17	13	..	..	..		105	82	78
Total											350	277	79.1
W T Mitchell, Lynch Station, Va., 12g. Remington, Nitro, Wood	1	20	18	14	20	16	15	19	13		165	135	81.5
	2	19	18	17	23	14	18	17	15		165	141	85.5
	3	16	18	17	22	17	16	18	15		165	139	84.2
Total											495	415	83.8
W R Miller, Austin, Texas, 12g. Greener, Smokeless, E. C.	1	15	17	20	20	16	13	17	16		165	134	81.2
	2	18	18	18	23	18	18	19	16		165	148	89.6
	3	16	16	18	21	18	19	19	17		165	144	87.3
Total											495	426	86
A Holzapfel ("Holz"), Cuero, Texas, 12g. Smith, Smokeless, E. C.	1	15	13	20	21	19	20	16	17		165	141	85.5
	2	18	19	18	22	19	19	18	16		165	149	90.3
	3	16	18	19	24	19	18	19	18		165	151	91.5
Total											495	441	89
K M Moore, Farmersville, Texas, 12g. Smith, Smokeless, E. C.	1	16	16	19	24	19	18	18	18		165	151	91.5
	2	18	17	19	22	17	19	19	19		165	150	90.9
	3	13	18	17	21	16	18	18	17		165	138	83.6
Total											495	439	88.6
Sim Glover, Rochester, N.Y., 10g. Greener, Smokeless, Wood	1	19	20	20	20	20	19	20	18		165	156	94.5
	2	18	17	17	24	18	19	13	18		165	154	93.3
	3	18	17	17	24	18	19	16	18		165	147	89
Total											495	457	92.3
C W Tway, Michigan City, Mich., 12g. Clabrough, Leader, E. C.	1	14	15	16	20	16	16	19	16		165	132	80
	2	12	15	18	22	16	15	20	18		165	136	83
	3	16	16	14	17	17	17	18	17		165	132	80
Total											495	400	80.8
R Trimble, Covington, Ky., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	19	17	17	22	15	17	18	16		165	141	85.5
	2	17	18	19	23	20	19	18	19		165	153	92.7
	3	17	18	19	21	15	18	17	16		165	141	85.5
Total											495	435	87.8
Arthur Gambell, Aurora, Ind., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	18	17	16	19	16	19	10	19		165	143	86.
	2	29	16	19	23	17	17	14	18		165	146	88.5
	3	15	13	16	20	19	20	17	15		165	135	85.5
Total											495	424	85.6
H B Hill, Aurora, Ind., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	20	17	20	20	17	16	16	18		165	144	87.3
	2	19	16	19	24	17	18	16	16		165	145	87.8
	3	16	16	17	23	18	14	17	17		165	138	83.6
Total											495	427	86.2
Andy Meaders, Nashville, Tenn., 12g. Parker, Smokeless and DuPont	1	14	12	20	21	15	17	12	16		165	130	78.7
	2	16	17	18	21	16	19	14	16		165	137	83 0
	3	12	13	16	17	7	16	19	13		165	113	68.3
Total											495	380	76.9
W R Duley, Little Rock, Ark., 12g. Smith, "metal lined," Schultze	1	17	16	17	24	16	12	15	14		165	131	79.4
	2	19	18	17	21	16	17	18	17		165	143	86.6
	3	11	15	19	22	14	14	15	15		165	125	75.7
Total											495	399	80.6
John M Pemberton, Little Rock, Ark., 12g. Smith, Smokeless and Dupont	1	16	15	16	21	16	11	17	16		165	128	77.2
	2	17	15	18	23	12	18	18	16		165	137	83 0
	3	14	16	17	24	15	11	15	13		165	135	81.5
Total											495	390	78.5
G W Hughes, Hot Springs, Ark., 12g. Smith, Smokeless and Dupont	1	18	19	19	24	14	19	20	15		165	148	89.6
	2	14	18	18	23	15	17	15	17		165	137	83 0
	3	16	19	20	19	15	19	18	17		165	143	86.6
Total											495	428	86.4
Jno J Sumpter, Jr., Hot Springs, Ark., 12g. Smith, Rapid and E. C.	1	15	17	19	24	17	15	20	18		165	145	87.8
	2	15	20	18	25	16	17	18	15		165	144	87.3
	3	17	16	16	22	18	17	17	16		165	139	84.2
Total											495	428	86.4
J T Lloyd, Pine Bluff, Ark., 12g. Greener, Smokeless and Schultze	1	17	18	18	20	17	17	20	18		165	145	87.8
	2	18	17	16	20	12	16	18	18		165	134	81.2
	3	15	17	18	22	15	18	18	16		165	139	84.2
Total											495	414	83.6
D T Alexander, Little Rock, Ark., 12g. Parker, Smokeless and Schultze	1	19	15	15	21	11	11	18	15		165	125	75.7
	2	19	17	17	18	13	19	15	12		165	130	78.7
	3	16	9	17	21	10	18	17	14		165	122	73.9
Total											495	377	76.1
H B Lindsey, Knoxville, Tenn., 12g. Burgess, Leader and Wood	1	19	18	15	21	18	16	16	15		165	138	83.6
	2	17	19	15	20	16	13	11	16		165	127	77 0
	3	18	15	16	18	18	15	15	19		165	134	81.2
Total											495	379	80.6
R O Heikes, Dayton, O., 12g Winchester, Blue Rival and Wood	1	18	20	20	25	19	20	20	20		165	162	98.1
	2	18	20	19	24	19	19	20	19		165	158	95.7
	3	20	20	18	23	19	19	20	20		165	159	96.3
Total											495	480	96.7
Noel Money, Oakland, N. J., 12g. Smith, Parker, Smokeless and E. C.	1	16	19	20	24	17	19	16	18		165	148	89.6
	2	18	18	16	22	18	19	18	19		165	148	89.6
	3	15	16	16	23	18	16	17	19		165	140	84.2
Total											495	435	87.8
T H Keller, Plainfield, N. J., 12g. Smith, Rapid, Wood and E. C.	1	17	16	19	23	18	15	18	17		165	143	86.6
	2	17	18	17	18	15	13	17	17		165	132	80.7
	3	16	16	16	21	19	17	18	17		165	130	78.7
Total											495	405	81.8
E D Rike, Dayton, O., 12g. Smith, Blue Rival and Wood	1	20	18	18	20	18	16	19	19		165	150	90.9
	2	20	19	19	23	20	19	18	17		165	155	93.9
	3	16	19	19	23	16	18	20	17		165	148	89.6
Total											495	453	91.5
John W Connor, Knoxville, Tenn., 12g. Daly, Blue Rival and E. C.	1	18	19	20	25	17	15	20	19		165	153	92.7
	2	18	19	20	22	20	19	19	20		165	157	95.1
	3	18	15	17	23	17	17	19	19		165	145	87.8
Total											495	455	91.9
J A R Elliott, Kansas City, Mo., 12g. Winch., Leader and E. C.	1	13	16	13	19	12	12	16	15		165	116	70.3
	2	19	18	16	20	18	16	12	15		165	134	81.2
	3	12	15	17	23	12	19	15	20		165	133	80.6
Total											495	383	77.3
Harvey McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y., 12g. Smith, Rapid and E. C.	1	18	18	19	23	19	20	20	18		165	155	93.9
	2	20	19	18	23	20	19	19	16		165	154	93.3
	3	19	18	19	25	18	20	18	20		165	157	95.1
Total											495	466	94.1
B A Bartlett, Buffalo, N. Y., 12g. Burgess, Smokeless, E. C. and Wood	1	16	14	15	22	16	18	18	15		165	134	81.2
	2	16	20	19	23	16	17	16	18		165	145	87.8
	3	15	19	17	23	14	19	20	16		165	143	86.6
Total											495	422	85.2
B LeRoy, Woodward, Campbello, Mass., 12g. Scott, Leader and Wood	1	16	19	19	25	17	17	17	18		165	148	89.6
	2	19	17	18	22	18	19	18	20		165	151	91.5
	3	16	17	16	23	16	17	18	16		165	139	84.2
Total											495	438	88.4
E D Fulford, Utica, N. Y., 12g. Greener, Trap and Wood	1	19	20	19	23	19	16	19	20		165	155	93.9
	2	20	16	18	23	20	18	18	17		165	150	90.9
	3	16	17	20	24	19	19	16	17		165	148	89.6
Total											495	453	91.3

	Day.	No. targets.									Shot at.	Score.	Av.
F D Alkire, Woodlyn, O., 12g. Smith, Nitro and DuPont	1	19	13	19	25	14	18	20	18		165	146	88.5
	2	18	20	19	24	17	16	13	14		165	141	85.5
	3	14	16	18	22	14	16	15	15		165	130	78.7
Total											495	417	84.2
J T Buker, Rockford, Ill., 10g. Lef., Nitro and DuPont	1	20	18	18	22	17	19	17	17		165	150	90.9
	2	17	19	17	21	15	18	17	19		165	143	86.6
	3	16	16	19	24	18	15	20	17		165	145	87.8
Total											495	438	88.4
H L Foote, Rolling Fork, Miss., 16g. Greener, Blue Rival and E. C.	1	17	17	19	23	15	18	15	17		165	141	85.5
	2	18	18	18	22	17	15	13	16		165	137	83
	3	17	18	20	25	15	17	17	16		165	145	87.8
Total											495	423	85.4
W F Allen, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winch., Smokeless and E. C.	1	14	16	15	24	15	13	17	16		165	130	78.7
	2	17	18	17	20	17	15	16	15		165	135	81.5
	3	18	15	16	16	15	19	16	13		165	128	77.4
Total											495	393	79.3
"U M C" Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn., 12g. Scott, Smokeless, E. C., DuPont.	1	15	16	16	14	16	12	..	..		125	96	76.9
	2	16	18	19	22	18	20	15	14		165	142	86
	3	15	12	17	16	15	9	15	18		165	117	61
Total											455	355	78
J A Ruble, Chicago, Ill., 12g. Lefever, Nitro and DuPont	1	19	19	19	24	19	19	19	17		165	155	93.9
	2	17	18	18	24	16	19	19	18		165	149	90.3
	3	16	17	18	23	17	19	16	16		165	142	86
Total											495	446	90
Frank Legler, Nashville, Tenn., 12g. Parker, Leader, E. C.	1	17	20	18	23	18	16	15	15		165	142	86
	2	15	17	16	23	20	18	17	15		165	141	85.5
	3	18	17	15	22	15	18	19	20		165	144	87.3
Total											495	427	86.2
Ralph Worthington ("Red Wing"), Cleveland, O., 12g. Greener, Smokeless, E. C.	1	17	19	19	22	14	17	17	18		165	143	86.6
	2	18	19	16	23	20	18	17	15		165	148	89.6
	3	18	16	19	21	18	16	19	18		165	145	87.8
Total											495	436	88.1
D A Upson, Cleveland, O., 12g. Greener, Smokeless, E. C.	1	19	19	20	23	17	19	18	18		165	153	92.7
	2	17	18	19	19	20	18	20	19		165	150	90.9
	3	19	16	17	20	17	19	20	15		165	143	86.6
Total											495	446	90.1
C A Young, Springfield, O., 12g. Smith, Smokeless, E. C.	1	18	19	18	24	18	29	18	19		165	154	93.3
	2	19	19	17	24	19	18	19	20		165	155	93.3
	3	18	19	18	23	15	19	19	19		165	150	90.9
Total											495	459	92.7
Ferd Van Dyke, Dayton, N. J., 12g. Winch., "Metal Lined," E. C	1	19	20	19	25	17	20	20	15		165	155	93.9
	2	18	18	19	18	17	19	14	16		165	139	84.2
	3	16	17	18	23	20	19	20	19		165	152	92.1
Total											495	446	90.1
Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, Wis., 12g. Greener, Smokeless, E. C.	1	19	19	18	24	18	19	16	19		165	152	92.1
	2	19	19	19	23	17	20	20	19		165	156	94.5
	3	17	19	19	23	16	19	19	19		165	151	91.5
Total											495	459	92.7
J J Cornett, Linneus, Mo., 12g. Smith, Smokeless, E. C.	1	12	16	16	20	12	17	13	16		165	122	74
	2	20	17	17	22	10	16	15	16		165	133	80
	3	15	13	17	19	14	19	18	14		165	129	78.1
Total											495	384	77.6
J Henry Gulick, Washington, D. C., 12g. Francotte, Leader, E. C.	1	18	17	19	25	15	15	16	16		165	141	85.5
	2	16	17	18	20	16	13	19	18		165	137	83
	3	15	18	16	14	17	18	16	15		165	139	84.2
Total											495	417	84.2
H L Robinson, Shawneetown, Ill., Smith, Blue Rival, Schultze	1	19	17	15	22	18	16	19	14		165	141	85.5
	2	16	19	19	21	17	15	16	16		165	139	84.2
	3	15	12	17	18	9	17	13	8		165	107	63.7
Total											495	387	78.2
C B Ross, Knoxville, Tenn., 12g. Smith, Blue Rival, E. C.	1	15	17	14	21	14	14	15	18		165	128	77.5
	2	14	17	16	15	9	8	9	7		165	95	57.6
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		...	...	....
Total											330	223	67.6
W M Wagner, Washington, D. C., 12g. Parker, Leader, E. C.	1	18	19	17	24	19	19	19	17		165	152	92.1
	2	18	20	18	22	18	18	18	20		165	152	92.1
	3	18	16	17	19	18	18	19	19		165	141	85.5
Total											495	445	89.9
A W DuBray, Dayton, N. J., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, E. C.	1	16	14	14	20	17	15	17	15		165	128	77.5
	2	15	14	13	18	..	..	..	..		85	60	70.6
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		...	...	....
Total											250	188	75.2
H L Baker, Macon, Ga., 12g. Parker, Leader, DuPont	1	13	14	17	20	18	13	15	14		165	124	75
	2	15	15	16	21	16	15	15	17		165	130	78.7
	3	16	12	13	18	11	14	14	19		165	117	70.9
Total											495	371	74.9
C H Calhoun, Weir City, Kan., 12g. Greener, Smokeless, E. C.	1	15	20	17	22	20	18	19	20		165	151	91
	2	19	18	18	22	15	19	15	18		165	144	87.3
	3	14	18	11	18	13	19	20	19		165	133	80.6
Total											495	428	86.4
M F McDonald ("Greene"), Richmond, Mo., 12g. Lefever, Smokeless, E. C.	1	15	18	17	21	17	15	15	18		165	136	82.4
	2	19	19	14	24	18	18	18	18		165	148	89.6
	3	17	17	17	18	18	14	17	18		165	136	82.4
Total											495	420	84.8
Ben Best, Columbus, Kan., 12g. Lefever, Smokeless, E. C.	1	16	18	16	24	16	14	17	17		165	138	83.6
	2	15	20	15	21	14	19	17	18		165	139	84.2
	3	16	16	14	20	16	18	w	16.		153	123	80.3
Total											483	400	82.8
Lou Ehrhardt, Atchison, Kan., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, E. C.	1	18	18	16	21	14	17	16	18		165	138	83.6
	2	13	18	16	..	..	..	..	..		60	47	78.3
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		...	...	....
Total											225	185	82.2
W W McIlhany, Weir City, Kan., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, E. C.	1	19	15	18	23	17	17	20	19		165	148	89.6
	2	17	18	19	19	19	17	18	19		165	146	88.5
	3	12	14	20	21	16	18	17	14		165	132	80
Total											495	426	86
T R Kinmouth, Joplin, Mo., 12g. Smith, Smokeless, DuPont	1	16	16	19	20	15	16	16	16		165	134	81.2
	2	18	16	20	22	15	18	18	17		165	144	87.3
	3	18	17	19	18	17	18	18	17		165	142	86
Total											495	420	86.1
Maurice Kaufman, New Orleans, La., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, E. C.	1	17	15	17	21	16	17	16	16		165	135	81.8
	2	19	16	15	21	15	17	18	11		165	132	78.7
	3	14	16	19	21	17	18	11	17		165	132	80

	Day.	No. targets.								Shot at.	Score.	Av.
T "Jefferson," New Orleans, La., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	17	17	13	22	17	19	14	19	165	138	82.4
	2	17	17	17	20	17	16	13	15	165	132	78.7
	3	15	18	15	24	15	18	16	14	165	135	81.5
Total										495	405	81.8
G Clay, Jr., Greenville, Miss., 12g. Lefever, Rival and E. C	1	10	16	14	21	15	17	18	..	145	111	76.5
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										145	111	76.5
J D Van Meter, Greenville, Miss., 12g. Greener, Rival, E. C	1	9	15	14	15	10	11	11	..	145	85	58.6
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										145	85	58.6
W D Thompson, Paducah, Ky., 12g. Daly, Smokeless, DuPont	1	13	15	19	20	17	17	16	13	165	130	78.8
	2	15	18	17	20	15	17	15	16	165	133	80
	3	16	15	17	19	16	15	13	16	165	126	76.3
Total										495	389	76.7
J C White, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, DuPont	1	15	18	18	19	19	17	14	14	165	134	81.2
	2	19	19	17	20	14	15	15	14	165	133	80
	3	18	18	17	23	17	17	13	17	165	140	84.8
Total										495	407	82.2
J B Duncan, Lacy, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, DuPont	1	11	17	19	22	17	16	..	..	125	102	81
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										125	102	81
J M George ("Morgan"), San Antonio, Tex., 20g. Kessler, Ely, E. C	1	17	15	14	19	16	17	16	17	165	131	79.9
	2	15	17	12	19	16	11	10	16	165	116	70.3
	3	12	13	15	18	14	15	18	16	165	121	73.3
Total										495	368	74.2
O C Guessaz ("Texas Field"), San Antonio, Tex., 20g. Kessler, Ely, E. C	1	20	19	19	21	15	17	17	18	165	146	88.5
	2	17	10	16	18	7	9	15	18	154	110	71.4
	3	15	14	14	15	11	13	15	12	165	109	66
Total										484	365	75.4
A R Smith ("Romaine") Hot Springs, Ark., 12g. Smith, Leader, DuPont	1	14	14	16	16	16	16	13	10	165	115	69.7
	2	14	14	9	13	16	13	11	13	152	103	62.5
	3	13	14	14	13	12	14	14	10	165	104	63
Total										482	322	66.8
W J Little, Hot Springs, Ark., 12g. Smith, Smokeless, DuPont	1	16	17	17	20	15	18	15	16	165	134	81.2
	2	16	17	14	17	14	12	15	16	165	121	73.3
	3	16	10	12	16	17	14	13	14	165	112	75 9
Total										495	367	78.2
Charles N Rix, Hot Springs, Ark., 12g. Lefever, Smokeless, DuPont	1	17	17	14	9	12	13	18	14	159	115	69.7
	2	12	16	14	5	16	16	12	17	156	108	62.7
	3	16	14	19	16	11	12	15	12	165	115	69.6
Total										480	338	70.4
W N Drake, South Orange, N. J., 12g. Smith, Smokeless, E. C	1	17	15	18	22	19	17	16	17	165	143	86.6
	2	16	18	20	21	17	19	19	15	165	145	87.8
	3	16	19	18	23	16	19	17	17	165	145	87.8
Total										495	433	87.4
F P Poston, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, Schultze	1	14	17	18	23	16	16	15	14	165	133	80.6
	2	20	16	16	23	15	18	19	16	165	143	86.6
	3	14	16	18	22	17	15	13	19	165	134	81.2
Total										495	410	82.8
A B Duncan, Memphis, Tenn., 12g H. & R., Blue Rival, DuPont	1	12	14	16	18	..	..	..	..	85	60	70.5
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	15	16	19	..	16	16	18	17	140	118	84.3
Total										225	178	79.1
T A Divine, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, Wood	1	17	14	14	18	12	16	9	15	165	115	69.7
	2	17	17	13	20	13	16	13	16	165	125	75.7
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										330	240	72.7
Thos Callender, Nashville, Tenn., 12g. Smith, Climax, Troisdorf	1	11	14	14	17	9	18	..	..	125	83	66.4
	2	12	14	16	21	13	15	..	..	125	91	72.8
	3	14	15	15	15	11	12	15	15	165	112	67.9
Total										415	286	68.9
A H Frank, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Smith, Leader, Schultze	1	13	12	13	19	13	14	15	13	165	112	67.8
	2	12	18	15	15	15	14	14	15	165	118	71.5
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										330	230	69.7
J C Neeley, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, E. C	1	16	16	18	18	16	16	18	16	165	134	81.2
	2	..	..	..	23	15	16	17	14	105	85	81.9
	3	..	..	..	18	15	15	18	14	105	80	76.1
Total										375	299	77.3
J H Mooney, Orlando, Fla., 12g. Smith, "Lightning," E. C	1	12	14	14	17	..	..	..	..	85	57	67
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										85	57	67
G T Vance, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Blue Rival, Wood	1	15	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	60	45	75
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										60	45	75
W K Park, Philadelphia, Pa., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	9	45
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										20	9	45
F J Waddell, Chattanooga, Tenn. 12g. Winchester, Leader, Smokeless, DuPont	1	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	55
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										20	11	55
D M Porterfield, Vicksburg, Miss., 12g. Parker, Nitro, E. C	1	15	12	15	23	15	13	16	16	165	125	75.5
	2	16	15	16	16	15	17	15	17	165	127	77
	3	11	17	13	17	16	13	16	11	165	114	69
Total										495	366	73.9
Chas E Strawn, Jacksonville, Ill., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, E. C	1	13	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	60	40	66
	2	14	16	..	16	11	6	..	..	105	63	60
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										165	103	62.4
Dell Allen, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, E. C	1	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	55
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										20	11	55
W Fred Quimby, New York city, 12g. Smith, Rapid, E. C	1	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10	50
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										20	10	50
H C Moore, Memphis, Tenn., 10g. Daly, Blue Rival, Troisdorf	1	15	15	17	21	..	..	15	15	125	98	78.4
	2	16	16	14	16	15	16	17	14	165	124	75.1
	3	11	10	18	20	16	18	..	16	145	109	75.1
Total										435	331	76
J M Taylor ("Fayette"), New York city, 10g. Lefever, Rapid, E. C	1	18	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	60	46	76.6
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										60	46	76.6
H C Villipique, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Smith, Leader, DuPont	1	11	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	40	26	65
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	20	15	75
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										60	41	68.3
"Sam Watkins," Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Smokeless, DuPont	1	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	55
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										20	11	55
Fred Schmidt, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, E. C., Schultze	1	13	16	13	..	13	15	14	17	140	101	72
	2	15	17	14	16	10	16	17	15	165	120	72.7
	3	14	14	8	18	10	13	14	..	145	91	63
Total										450	312	69.3

	Day.	No. targets.								Shot at.	Score.	Av.
David Cockrell, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Smokeless, E. C	1	16	18	17	21	13	17	12	15	165	124	75.1
	2	10	18	18	23	14	10	15	14	165	122	73.9
	3	12	15	13	19	..	17	15	16	145	107	73.1
Total										475	353	73.8
William Morgan, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Smokeless, DuPont	1	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	7	35
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										20	7	35
J Clausen, Santa Rosa Park, Fla., 12g. Winchester, Blue Rival, Schultze	1	10	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	60	44	73
	2	19	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	60	45	75
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										120	89	74.1
"Henderson," Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, DuPont	1	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	7	35
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										20	7	35
J H Watson ("Kent"), Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Lefever, Rapid, E. C	1	16	16	..	21	..	10	..	..	85	63	74
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	20	17	85
	3	18	16	15	19	16	14	15	..	145	113	83.4
Total										250	193	77.1
J Mike, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, DuPont	1	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	4	20
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										20	4	20
J E Wells, Pine Bluff, Ark., 12g. Scott, Smokeless and E. C	1	16	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	40	34	85
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										40	34	85
R E "Emmett," Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Smokeless, DuPont	1	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	4	20
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Total										20	4	20
Chas Hebbard, New York city, 12g. Smith, Rapid, E. C	1	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	18	90
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Total										20	18	90
D S Weaver, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, E. C	1	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	5	25
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Total										20	5	25
O S Weaver, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader, E. C	1	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	5	25
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Total										20	5	25
Just "Smith," Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Daly, Leader, DuPont	1	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	9	45
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Total										20	9	45
A G Brown, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Remington, Blue Rival, Schultze	1	11	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
	2	10	11	13	9	16	11	..	..	125	70	56
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Total										165	95	57.3
H G Thompson, Paducah, Ky., 12g. Burgess, Leader, DuPont	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	2	14	13	11	18	..	17	14	15	145	102	70.3
	3	13	17	..	19	14	15	..	..	105	79	75.2
Total										250	181	72.4
S P Walker ("Birdsong") Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Daly, Smokeless, Schultze	1	..	..	..	..	19	..	12	..	..	45	31	69
	2	10	9	8	8	12	15	15	..	145	77	53.1
	3	11	10	11	13	6	12	10	13	165	86	52.1
Total										355	194	54.7
J M Bolan, West Plains, Mo., 16g. Parker, Smokeless, E. C	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	2	16	14	16	20	15	..	..	..	105	81	77
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Total										105	81	77
J A Woodson ("Jim"), Little Rock, Ark., 12g. Winch., Smokeless, Schultze.	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	2	19	15	20	20	15	14	14	18	165	135	82
	3	13	17	20	21	18	15	18	16	165	138	83.6
Total										330	273	82.7
W A Leach ("Wilde"), Pine Bluff, Ark., 12g. Parker, Smokeless, Schultze	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	2	13	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	60	35	58.3
	3	14	14	16	19	13	..	..	..	105	76	72.4
Total										165	111	67.3
A G Cargill, Paducah, Ky., 12-gauge Scott, Rival, S. S	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	2	8	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	40	21	52.5
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Total										40	21	52.5
S M Irion, Macon, Miss., 12g. Winchester, Leader, DuPont	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	2	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	7	35
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Total										20	7	35
"Moses," Brownsville, Tenn., 12g. Parker, Rival and Wood	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	2	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	9	45
	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Total										20	9	45
Irby Bennett, Memphis, Tenn., 12g. Winchester, Leader	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
	3	13	19	..	19	17	..	17	17	125	102	81.6
Total										125	102	81.6

THE DAILY HIGH GUNS.

The twenty high guns for the first day's average, $5 each gun, were as follows: Heikes 162, Glover 156, McMurchy 155, Fulford 155, Ruble 155, Van Dyke 155, Young 154, Conner 153, Upson 153, Merrill 152, Wagner 152, K. M. Moore 151, Calhoun 151, Rike 150, Buker 150, Hughes 148, Money 148, LeRoy 148, McIlheney 148, Shorty 148.

The 20 high guns for Wednesday, the second day, divided $100 and were: Heikes 158, Connor 157, Merrill 156, Rike 155, Young 155, Glover 154, McMurchy 154, Trimble 153, Wagner 152, LeRoy 151, Fulford 150, Woodworth 150, Shorty Bacon 150, K. M. Moore 150, Upson 150, Holz 149, Ruble 149. Money, Redwing, Greene and Miller tied on 148 (21 guns, owing to tie).

The high guns for Thursday, the third day, divided $100 and were: Heikes 159, McMurchy 157, Van Dyke 152, Holz 151, Merrill 151, Young 150, Rike 148, Fulford 148, Woodworth 141, Glover 147. Drake 145, Redwing 145, Foote 145, Buker 145, Connor 145, Miller 144, Shorty Bacon 144, Legler 144, Hughes 143, Bartlett 143, Upson 143 (21 guns, owing to ties.)

THE HIGH TOURNAMENT AVERAGES.

The following supplementary table of averages will be interesting as showing the men who went above 90, above 80, above 70, above 60 and above 50. It will be observed that Rolla Heikes has offered additional proof of the fact that he is nothing short of a phenomenon. In the three days of the tournament shooting, he lost only 16 birds out of the 495. In the practice day before the tournament opened, he shot at 100, scoring 98. This brings his total average for four days up to 96.98, or for the three tournament days 96.76. There is but one target shooter in this country and the boys all know it. Mr. McMurchy did well to pace him so closely with 94.14. The shooting conditions were not of the best, the weather being hot and depressing for more than half the time. The table shows concisely what the crackerjacks did at Memphis, so that he who runs may read the classified averages.

Above 90:

Heikes	96.76	Fulford	91.51
McMurchy	94.14	Rike	91.51
Young	92.72	Van Dyke	90.10
Merrill	92.72	Wagner	90.10
Glover	92.32	Ruble	90.10
Connor	91.91	Upson	90.10
Above 80:			
Woodworth	89.50	Gambell	85.25
Shorty	89.29	J. E. Wells	85.00
Holzapfel	89.09	Greene	84.84
K. M. Moore	88.48	Kenmouth	84.84
Buker	88.48	Lloyd	84.84
Redwing	88.08	Gulick	84.24
Money	87.81	Alkire	84.24
Drake	87.41	Mitchell	83.83
Erhardt	86.68	Poston	82.82
LeRoy	88.40	Woodson	82.72
Hughes	86.46	White	82.22
Sumpter	86 46	Jefferson	81.81
Legler	86.26	Bennett	81.60
Calhoun	86.26	Tway	80.80
Hill	86.26	Kaufman	80.80
McIlhany	86.06	Anthony	80.60
Miller	86.06	Duley	80.60
Foote	85.45	Lindsey	80.60
Bartlett	85.25	J. B. Duncan	80.16
Above 70:			
Neeley	79.73	Reader	75.71
A B Duncan	79.11	Alexander	75.55
Pemberton	78.88	Porterfield	75.33
Allen	78.78	DuBray	75.20
Watson	77.40	Vance	75
Robinson	77.31	H G Thompson	74.81
Hoffman	77.11	Baker	74.24
Cornett	76.96	Clausen	74.16
Elliott	76.76	Cockrill	73.84
Fayette	76.66	Divine	72.72
Meaders	76.11	Bonner	72
Thomas	76.04	Best	71.55
K W Moore	75.86		
Above 60:			
Frank	69.69	Mooney	67.06
Schmidt	69.33	Simpson	62.43
Callender	68.91	Strawn	62.42
Ross	67.57	Villipique	60.83
Leach	67.15		
Above 50:			
Brown	55.85	Walker	55.42

THE HIGHEST WINNINGS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

As was stated elsewhere, this was not a tournament of great individual winnings, but one of a great many smaller winnings, the success of the tournament being due to that very fact. A glance at the ties will show the frequency of straights and high scores, every man there struggling his best to "go straight," and meeting often in the straight hole a number of swift competitors. "Dropping" was a thing unknown. It would take too much valuable space to tabulate all the small winnings. Among the great ones were Mr. Sumpter's 25 straight alone, which paid him $93. On the last day Heikes opened the ball with two 20 straights, and pulled off a good thing alone, the two purses netting him $140.50. In the next event he scored 19, which only paid him $3.25. Heikes was no doubt the largest winner, but an exceptionally large number of men went home with money in their pockets. This was by no means a "wolf shoot," unless the amateurs wolfed the experts. About half of the men who shot above a 90 gait were amateurs, or so-called amateurs. In fact, the amateur was on hand everywhere at Memphis shoot.

THE "AMATEUR" CLASSIFICATION.

The following are the names of the men who divided the $500 pro rata, each having shot through the programme. The committee no doubt exercised their best descretion in making out this list, and it should be accepted without argument, although of course much argument would be possible on so difficult and nice a question. The list was once cut down to 41 names, and was then much more nearly correct than it is with its increase to 50 names. Friends and interested parties gave the committee much trouble and got in a few names which probably do not belong there. The known manufacturer's agent does not belong on the same footing with the actual amateur at any shoot, for he is asking odds for himself all the time. Much worse is the secret manufacturer's agent, who gets equipment or expenses secretly, for he is getting odds all the while when his competitors are ignorant of it. These men are one of the customs of the modern, highly artificial tournament system, but they are a pest to the trade and a detriment to the sport, and when the manufacturers have taken a little more thought over it they will abolish them and put an end to a pernicious custom. Memphis management could have done nothing more desirable than to speed that way, and no doubt this was the intention, tempered only by the wish to be just and temperate rather than just and harsh. Be that as it may, the Memphis Gun Club has done so much to put trap shooting on a high and gentlemanly plane of absolute honorableness and fairness that it would be in poor taste to offer much advice on this matter. The names are as follows: Anthony, Mitchell, Miller, Holz, Moore, Tway, Trimble, Gambell, Hill, Meaders, Duley, Pemberton, Hughes, Sumpter, Lloyd, Alexander, Lindsey, Rike, Connor, Leroy, Alkire, Buker, Foote, Legler, Redwing, Upson, Merrill, Cornett, Gulick, Robinson, Wagner, Baker, Calhoun, Greime, Best, McIlhany, Kenmouth, Woodworth, Shorty, W. D. Thompson, Morgan, Guessaz, Smith, Little, Rix, Porterfield, Kaufman, Hoffman, Jefferson, Drake.

SQUAD RECORDS.

The "E. C. and Empire" red-shirt squad made the highest squad record of the shoot, which is as follows: Red Wing (Worthington) 19, Upson 20, Young 19, Merrill 19, Van Dyke 20, Cornett 18; total 115 out of 120.

The second high squad record was made by the "Arkansas Squad" as follows: Duley 16, Pemberton 18, Hughes 20, Sumpter 20, Lloyd 20, Alexander 18; total 114 out of 120.

There was a "Pump Squad," 4 out of the 6 shooting Winchester "pumps." A "Texas Squad," a "Memphis Squad," a "Mystic Shrine gang," etc., etc., added spirit to a sport ordinarily monotonous. It has never been the fortune of the writer to attend a tournament so pleasant and interesting in so many ways.

HAZARD AVERAGE.

The Hazard Powder Co., or rather their Memphis agents, Messrs. Shanks, Phillips & Co., gave an additional purse on Thursday, $65, to be divided pro rata among the five highest guns using the new Hazard smokeless powder (the "Blue Ribbon" brand) throughout the day's programme. This was divided among Holz 151, Woodworth 147, Buker 145, Shorty Bacon, Legler and Miller 144, Hughes 143, Ruble 142, Trimble 141. [Ties and a mispayment of the purse made it number 9 guns instead of 7. The purse was divided, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10.]

THE AVERAGE DAILY ENTRY.

The first day's entry averaged 85 guns, the second day 81, the third day 76.50, a total tournament average of 80.83 shooters for each day. This record, considering the lateness of the date in the year and the great distance from which most of the shooters came, is surely a record breaker and fairly to be called the highest tournament average of the season.

FRIDAY SHOOTING.

After the close of the tournament on Thursday a few of the enthusiasts lingered on the scene and kept up sweepstake shooting for half a day on Friday. A wind storm prevented some team and individual races which would elsewise have been shot. A very interesting team race was shot, Messrs. Noel Money and Irby Bennett against Messrs. T. H. Keller and T. A. Divine, 50 targets, for $25 a corner. Betting ran brisk on this, and each man added a new hat to his wager, besides laying several bets of hats and cash on the side. Probably $100 or so changed hands, Noel Money alone winning $85 on side wagers. Messrs. Keller and Divine were chosen to win, but Mr. Divine's score fell lower than was to be expected, he being nearly down sick with his old enemy, the fever, though he stood to his guns all through the trying week. Mr. Money shot a splendid race, running the last 31 straight. The score:

Money	11111111111111111101110111—23
	11111111111111111111111111—25—48
Keller	11111011111111101110111111—22
	11111110111111111101111101—22—44
Bennett	11111101111111101011101101—20
	11111010010100111110111100—16—36
Divine	11111101011010101011111—18
	01111110101000011000101011—13—31

Messrs. Money and Bennett won.

DISCOVERIES.

The nigger and the mule do most of the hard labor in the South except the trap reporting. Neither of them can be induced to do that.

The yellow-legged chicken is a great civilizer, inducing as it does a centralization of Methodist preachers, trap-shooters and other good people. The yellow-legged chicken made Memphis and Memphis shoot what they are.

There were several ways of getting out to the grounds, but the best way was to go in an ice wagon.

Irby Bennett was called away Tuesday and Wednesday to a hardware convention at Louisville. [P. S.—He said so. It may have been a pink tea.]

If anything, Tom Divine was a little thinner, a little more energetic and a little sassier than ever.

It did the writer good to see "Old Hoss" Allen miss about half his birds in one shoot, because it reminds one of a day when Mr. Allen killed all the quail. Variety is the spice of luck.

Mr. William Tell Mitchell made public the startling discovery that the left barrel of his Parker gun, and of all Parker guns, shot to the left. They do, they do. It may be because they are on the left side of the gun. But will William Tell about the cast-off in his brain which made him ventilate such absurdities in the presence of so courtecus a man as Capt. DuBray and of his friends?

Mr. Buker, of Rockport, has a 10-gauge, and evidently he thought it was bored for an 11-gauge, for he tried shooting about half-way up to the 12-gauge score. Col. Irby finally advised him that he could set his foot against the 10-gauge peg or set it outside the gate, just as he liked. This re-bored the gun to 10.

John Sumpter, of Arkansas, was in the 25 hole straight with John Ruble, of Chicago. Ruble missed a bird, which the scorer marked dead by mistake. Asked if he missed the bird Ruble said, "I'm not refereeing this shoot." Yet his manly thrift was not rewarded, for the bird was scored lost, Sumpter winning the $93 alone, one of the heaviest winnings of the week.

For a time it was threatened that the London fashion introduced by Miss Vesta Tilley, of wearing bows of ribbon instead of cuff buttons, would break out generally at this shoot, but the scare blew over.

Mr. McMurchy announces that hereafter all contestants for Smith cups in different States will be obliged to wear bloomers. This will prove of interest to Ed. Rike and Ferd. Van Dyke.

At the Hotel Luehrmann a certain shooter could find no towel in his room. "Here, what am I going to do?" he said to his room mate, "there aren't any towels." "Dunno, unless you just keep on washing," was the unfeeling answer.

The first day entry in Memphis shoot was great, but it was not the best index to the greatness of the shoot. The second and third day entry made the best index for that, and proved the tournament really great. There was small froth on the Memphis cup. The club actually did what dozens of managements continually try to do and fail of doing. "This shoot is of some use to manufacturers' agents," said Jimmy Elliott, "because the shooters are staying through."

The Memphis idea of running a shoot was out of the ordinary, but it succeeded. Memphis shoot was good for amateurs, and therefore good for experts and agents. Most managements have for years firmly fixed their eyes on the experts and the known or secret agents, and let the amateurs and novices shift for themselves. Time will show that Memphis is right, even if this one tournament has not proved it. All honor to the brains and nerve of this Southern city. It fairly shames the stereotyped methods of Northern shoots.

One admires pluck wherever seen. The Memphis men had pluck.

There is only one Tom Divine, and there isn't much of him, and the pattern is broken.

Irby Bennett had a lot of fine bass given him by some of the angling shooters, and invited the latter out to eat them, but the fish had mysteriously disappeared. The boys maliciously accused Irby of selling them, which broke his heart.

By the way, FOREST AND STREAM was never lukewarm in its support of the Memphis shoot.

With soft sawdust to walk on, a long canopy over the firing line, and plenty of shade and ice ten feet back of the score, the boys got along in spite of the heat.

Had the whole entry shot through the programme, they would have shot 16,500 targets daily. As it was, between 13,000 and 15,000 were thrown daily.

The Texas 20-bores, Guessaz and George, of San Antonio, attracted much attention with the rifle-like reports of their pieces. These guns are made by Kessler, whoever he is or wherever he lives. The guns have cheek pieces and shoulder straps, but they took the straps off when they were shooting Some may not believe that it was with this 20-gauge that Mr. Joe George (he is now postmaster of San Antonio) broke 100 straight targets at unknown angles, yet such was the case. Texas sent five men up to Memphis. Holzapfel, of Cuero, is much liked for first in Texas target matters. Miller, of Farmersville, also shot like a house a-fire, if you know how a house a-fire shoots.

The "dropper" was absent. He usually is absent in so large an entry, because no dropping to advantage is possible. But had he appeared, he would very likely have heard something drop. There was a generally meek and subdued look about the attitude of a certain small element toward the Memphis management.

The impression seems general that the Memphis Gun Club has whiskers and talks bass.

Mr. Gemmett ("Reader"), of Ft. Madison, Ia., was one of the amateurs who intended shooting through the whole programme. Unfortunately he was taken sick and missed one event the second day, which cut him out of his pro rata in the $500.

Rolla Heikes was calmly splitting kindling wood at the old stand. He only missed two birds Monday, and three out of 165 the first day. Undoubtedly this man is a freak. He could shoot targets if he was fast asleep, and probably he is asleep some of the time at the score. There is plenty of disgusting talk among the pigeon "champions," but everybody agrees that there is only one target shooter in the world, and that is Rolla Heikes. This alone would not make a fellow love him, but his modest good nature does. To be decent is sometimes to be great, and the man who is both great and decent doesn't need to try to work the newspapers for any advertising.

Shorty Bacon wore the same strap he did last year and his trousers remained in the same perilous condition.

At the cashier's stand an expectant shooter called for his winnings, but the cashier instead collected 25 cents more from him. He left looking dazed.

One kicking brother roared at the cashier's desk because he was scored seventeen instead of nineteen, which latter he declared by all the gods of war he was going to have. "But seventeen pays $2.75 more than nineteen," remarked the cashier blandly. "Oh, does it?" said the shooter, rapidly tumbling down out of the air. "Well, maybe I did make seventeen." Human nature is a great and lovely study, and at a tournament you can see it some.

All angles were unknown, except that the Afro-American boy trappers sometimes got lazy and forgot to change the traps. Then there would be a threat of instant destruction from Tom Divine or Fred Quimby, and a resultant switch of a trap bar which destroyed many fond hopes of straights.

To go straight up to twenty-four and then miss the twenty-fifth bird—no wonder the shooter's face looked like one of these hitherto unpublished portraits of Napoleon.

The average amateur who attended Memphis shoot will go home and as he puts a peck of diamonds in cold storage will resolve to be there again next year. And as he looks at the photograph of the expert he will sniff the air and say, Aha!

Speaking of diamonds, it is stated that McMurchy uses his shirt stud for a paper weight when he is home at the office.

In Chicago in good society they say, "You fellers." In New York good society they always say, "Youse fellies." In Memphis they say, "Yo' gentlemen."

In one notable respect the Memphis management did not resemble the late Miss Maud Muller. It had no rake-off.

Mr. Noel Money is willing to see shooters use a hatful of E. C. if they like, but usually sticks to 42grs. himself. Yet when Mr. Money shoots targets it is as when a hired man eats lettuce.

The amateur arose and smote the gang in the neck.

The Memphis press boys did fine work.

The Arkansas boys each took home enough money, to use the words of our friend Chimmie Fadden, "To burn a wet dog wid."

Kansas and Missouri used to fight in Free Soil days, but here they stood in line together. And the Mason and Dixon's line seems lost forever.

In the past the fate of the shooting amateur might have been described in a little newspaper story which lately went the rounds. It seems that the owner of a menagerie in Berlin, which included a "happy family," consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a sheep, was asked one day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. "About nine months," he replied, "except the sheep, which has to be renewed occasionally." The trouble with trap-shooting has been that the amateur needed renewing so much. Are we to believe that it is going to be the expert hereafter who will need renewing? If so, let it be so.

All of which reminds one of another newspaper story—you find such awfully good things in the newspapers sometimes, you know. In this story it appears that a belated tourist was obliged to ask for a bed at a farm house, having wandered far from his hotel. On rising in the morning he found himself without tooth powder. Looking about him he espied on the mantelpiece a small box containing powder, which he used. When he paid for his bed he apologized to the farmer's wife for having used her tooth powder.

"Tooth powder?" she queried. "We have none."

"Yes, my good woman. It was in a small round box on the mantelpiece."

"That," she screamed, "that was not tooth powder! That was aunty!"

Aunty had been cremated.

The amateur has been in the box long enough. Let us give the expert a touch of cremation.

They talk about amateurs not being game enough to stay. Just how true is this? The amateur gives odds of 10 to 1 against the expert and rejoices if he wins once in a while. When an expert is a little out of form, who quits quicker? The expert has too long been used to the best of the betting. He is not game enough to stand an even thing without whimpering.

The shoot was one for gentlemen, by gentlemen and with gentlemen.

"Why can't we have as pleasant a tournament in our country?" asked one curious, and another answered, "Somehow, we don't know how."

The door was open.

The door will be open next year.

'Rah! for Memphis.

Memphis management did not offer one merchandise prize. Memphis management "pulled the leg" of no citizen. Memphis management has not lowered the sport of trap-shooting by beggary in any form, but has run an ideal shoot which shows that trap-shooting can be a square, self-respecting and self-supporting sport.

The referees were admitted by all the shooters to be of the best. The scoring was accurate, and moreover the scores were not fiddled with and changed.

Buker, of Rockport, pulled the wrong trigger once, and tried to claim a misfire for it, there being no shell at all in the barrel he tried to fire. The referee promptly spotted him and he got what he deserved (or part of it).

A gentleman from Cleveland found himself without a shell in his gun when he called "pull," and the trap sprung. "The trap went too quick," he explained, as he started back for a shell. But the referee could not be flim-flammed, and the gentleman got what he also deserved (or part of it).

Heikes did it all as easy as chopping hash for breakfast.

The newspaper men of the sporting and daily press were most handsomely treated. Every facility was given them for getting the news, and getting it intelligently and easily.

And there was news to get.

Rike, Guessaz, Keller, Sumpter and George made the pneumatic tire squad. Ferd. Van Dyke, Tway, Cornett, Divine and Dick Merrill wanted to get into this, but were voted not round enough.

The San Antonio team was by unanimous consent voted a holy terror.

A little black chicken roamed around the trappers' bank for a time, till Noel Money potted it and took it home to eat. It had yellow legs.

Irby Bennett got back from the pink tea at Louisville in time to do a lot of good hustling on Thursday. He had on new clothes, so the Texas gang roped him in plains fashion and pulled him in the dust. At lunch Tom Divine filled Guessaz's hat with buttermilk, and then flew for the door. Oscar led him about two feet with a fresh pie and caught him fair in the ear. At tournaments one renews his youth and general sassiness.

Lou Ehrhardt, of Atchison, was unfortunately taken quite sick the second day of his stay, and was unable to shoot or come out to the grounds.

A gay shooter chalked a large sign "For Rent" on the innocent cashier's back near the close of the last shooting.

LeRoy Woodward has been away from home seven weeks on the circuit, and says it will be two months in all before he gets back. He goes to Cleveland shoot.

"U. M. C." Thomas has a "system" by which he can break straights all through the day. He says it consists of taking care of himself and going to bed early.

The negro quartette which, under the management of the Texas fiends George and Guessaz, rendered such sweet music in room 27 at the Luehrmann (where averages were being figured at 3 A. M.), did well enough to win recognition on the boards.

Col. Dabney, of Clarksdale, Miss. ("Coahoma," well known as a FOREST AND STREAM correspondent from the Southern country), was one of the spectators for a brief time at the shoot. Mr. Bobo, of bear-hunting fame, was expected, but did not come. The Brownsville contingent lacked Dr. Taylor.

Everybody was there but Mr. Mason and Mr. Dixon.

The watermillion was right in line.

Mr. Baker, of Macon, Ga., says Macon will have a big shoot pretty soon and wants FOREST AND STREAM to see it.

Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., the Troisdorff Southern agent, says Nashville may give a shoot this year, and would have done so long ago had she had grounds more convenient of access.

Mr. W. F. Allen is the best kind of a wheel horse for a tournament committee, Mr. Frank Poston is always cool and level-headed, and Fred Schmidt has full knowledge of all the intricacies of a big shoot. Irby Bennett is a hustler at every station, and all the shooters of the country know Tom Divine. It took such men to build such a shoot, and all deserve credit.

Irby Bennett says kindly that FOREST AND STREAM is the "Winchester of newspapers."

The president of the Memphis Gun Club last year was sick and unable to attend. This year he was taken down and went to bed the day after the tournament closed.

Memphis may have many names, but her right and proper name is the Beloved City.

Mr. Jos. George, of San Antonio, and O. C. Guessaz, of the same city, both say that city is discussing a big mid-winter shoot this coming winter.

Verily the South is the country for trap-shooting now.

Memphis showed that sport can be clean and successful, and most successful when most clean.

The sport that can stand on its own legs is the best sport to tie to.

The attendance of honorable and courteous gentlemen at a trap shoot never did or will hurt it. Their absence can.

Memphis sho' am a honey!

The magnolia blooms were out in honor of the occasion.

There was a silver convention in progress at Memphis at the same time with the tournament. It is 16 to 1 the tournament entry was the larger.

Sliced tomatoes and ice are good in Memphis. It is the yellow-legged chicken, however, let us repeat, which is the keystone, the foundation and the crowning pinnacle of Memphis's commercial and tournamental glory. I do not know of any other city where a chicken is all these things.

The Memphis Gun Club is thinking of annexing Chicago and Greater New York.

The mosquitoes were not there this year.

The pits for the trappers were well arranged, but anybody but those trappers would have died in there when the sun got over and shone on that side.

There seems to be no end nor limit to Rolla Heikes's shooting ability.

When the traps broke a bird some member of the committee would call out, "You, niggah, what's the mattah?" After this there would be a muffled "All right!" and a brief display of fifteen hands before the bank, said hands ranging in color from old gold to blue-black. But the trapping was very good.

The oldest of the tournament shooters said Memphis shoot was the best they had ever seen. It was truly unimpeachable.

The percentage of those who hung round the score books and studied the scores was small. One does not need to name them. They are known all over the North.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest were those said by about thirty more men who thought they ought to have gone into the amateur class and had a chance at that cool $500. They said the $500 was too cool to them. Two of these people are nearly sick with grieving over this.

The shooter with the big S does not seem to be in so much demand in trap shooting as the shooter with the little front letter. The latter sort are all alike. When you make shooting so that all shoot alike in the matter of odds you will see still more shooting and shooters of the small initial sort. Memphis is the dial on which this forerunning shadow falls.

Years ago FOREST AND STREAM, alone in the wilderness, cried out for square shooting and equal odds, for no stealing, no beggary, no supine weakness and no unmanly dishonorableness in shooting at the trap. The day desired is surely coming. For one, at least, I cannot say enough for one tournament run as all tournaments should be.

E. HOUGH.

Trenton Gun Club.

TRENTON, N. J., June 13.—The regular monthly shoot of the Trenton Gun Club was held to-day. The club contest was for two badges, first and second; the conditions were 30 targets per man, each man first shooting at 15 for place; the men breaking 11 and over being in first class, the men breaking under 11 in second class. Mickel and Hicks tied for first badge; in shooting off the tie at 20 targets Mickel won. Taylor won the second badge. After the regular shoot a team shoot took place between two of the club crack shots. W. T. Taylor and C. H. Allen shot a race at 20 targets each with the two expert shots of the Ewing Gun Club, V. Rose and W. Roche, defeating their opponents easily. Following are the scores:

For place:

Allen	111111110111111—14	Taylor	111111110110000—10
Mickel	111110111111111—14	Smith	001111101110100— 9
Hicks	101111110101111—13	Williams	101110101010001— 8
Harper	001110111111101—11	Grant	011111000110001— 8
Hutchinson	100110110101011—10	Bumbough	110101000010011— 7
Carson	111100011110110—10	Starkey	000100110000110— 5

For first badge:

Allen	111110111110101—12	Hicks	111111111010111—13
Mickel	110110111111111—13	Harper	110110000010101— 7

For second badge:

Taylor	111111111111111—15	Carson	111111111101001—12
Williams	111101111110111—13	Bumbough	111110010011111—11
Smith	110101111111111—13	Hutchinson	101110101111010—10
Starkey	111100111111011—12	Grant	110001010111010— 8

Shoot off for first badge:

Mickel	11111010011110111110—15	Hicks	11001110111110101101—14

Match, Trenton vs. Ewing:

Trenton Club.

Allen	11111101101111111111—18
Taylor	01111110011101111111—16—34

Ewing Club.

Roche	11101010110101001111—13
Rose	01110111110011100001—12—25

Kewanee Gun Club.

KEWANEE, Ill., June 10.—Inclosed are scores made at the Kewanee Gun Club's summer tournament, June 4 and 5. A very high wind accounts for the low scores:

Special team race, $6 per team, 25 targets per man:

Sheffield.		Neponset No 1.	
Alexander	21	Norton	20
Humphrey	24	Lyle	22
Rattey	16	C Sturrt	18
Klock	21	Snow	19
Reider	17	V Studley	15
Kildow	16—115	Robinson	21—115
Neponset No. 2.		**Galesburg No. 1.**	
Miller	18	Hickey	24
LaFrinier	12	Marsh	17
McIntire	17	Hodge	16
Kopp	19	Henry	18
F Bowen	16	Harris	18
Livingston	18—100	Breckwall	17—110
Princeton.		**Kewanee No. 1.**	
Skinner	20	Baker	20
Hopkins	14	Bannister	15
I Stuart	20	Huckins	22
Powell	18	Crain	19
Priestley	15	Sharp	15
Wagner	17—104	Kellogg	18—109
Kewanee No. 2.		**Galesburg No. 2.**	
W A Bowen	16	Harrington	11
McClure	17	Phillips	11
Faull	18	Gardt	19
Day	19	Harris	19
White	18	Hodge	18
Pierce	21—109	Henry	17—103

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	20	10	15	10
Baker	9	15	6	16	9	8	18	5	13	7
Wagner	7	11	4	18	10	8	17	7	11	9
Skinner	5	11	6	12	8	11	14	7	11	7
Alexander	8	15	7	16	10	11	18	8	11	..
Bannister	9	13	6	9	6	12	12	8	11	..
J R Stuart	8	11	6	17	9	10	14	8	..	6
C Stuart	9	14	7	20	8	9	11	8	..	..
Huckins	8	11	5	15	9	10	20	10	14	8
V Studley	10	12	7	12	8	10	15	9	..	9
Snow	8	14	6	14	10	9	13	4	..	10
Kellogg	7	9	7	17	6	10	13	7	..	8
Sharp	7	11	8	13	..	12	..	6	..	..
Cady	8	12	5	16	10	12	15	..	..	..
Long	6	12	1	10	6	7	17	..	..	..
Clark	10	13	6	18	9	11	18	..	..	..
Kopp	8	12	4	16	8	12	14	..	..	..
Day	..	12	8	14	9	14	19	5	11	..
Hickey	..	12	4	18	9	12	16	4	14	..
G Bowen	6	7	..	19	6	12	..	..	..	..
White	6	11	..	11	7	9	13	..	..	..
Lyle	9	13	4	16	9	9	15	7	..	..
Robinson	9	11	6	17	7	13	18	..	..	..
Humphrey	..	13	5	15	8	8	..	8	12	..
Norton	4	9	..	15	7	..	..	8	..	..
Crain	5	13	4	14	6	..	..	..	..	8
W A Bowen	3	12	4	16	4	..	9	..	..	..
Harrington	..	10	6	14	7	8	13	..	..	..
Pierce	..	11	5	15	7	11	15	..	..	..
Hodge	..	9	3	16	7	..	..	..	11	..
Harris	..	9	3	..	8	8	16	..	..	..
W F Bowen	..	..	7	12	5	8	..	6	..	..
Klock	7	13	6	..	8	11	..	..	..	6
Williams	7	9	..	..	8	8	..	4	..	..
La Frinier	8	8	..	..	5	..	..	7	..	..
Faull	7	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Robson	9	9	..	16	8	..	..	..	..	..
McClure	5	9	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	..	13	5	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Phillips	..	7	3	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marsh	..	11	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gardt	..	7	5	11	4	..	..	..	..	..
Kildow	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Battey	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Livingston	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..
Carpenter	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	5	..	..
Dunbar	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Reader	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Breckwall	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hopkins	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Powell	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Custer	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	7	..	..
Roberts	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Brinkhoff	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..

Events 3 and 6, unknown traps, balance—known angles and traps, four moneys in all events:

Second Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	10	12	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	10	10	10
Baker	7	8	8	9	12	12	5	15	11	8	10	9	8	7	8
Cowden	5	9	6	7	9	12	4	10	12	6	14	6	..	6	4
Cady	10	10	9	10	11	9	4	12	11	8	11	8	6	7	7
Long	9	10	5	10	12	12	7	10	13	9	11	8	7	8	6
Huckins	8	14	10	9	14	13	8	13	13	9	12	9	7	7	9
Snow	..	10	6	8	11	12	5	9	13	9	13	9	6	8	6
Studley	..	..	6	9	13	14	6	11	12	7	12	8	5	..	10
Sharp	..	..	7	9	8	10	..	..	10	6	..	7	5	..	9
Crain	9	12	6	7	..	11	..	..	10	6	10	..	5	..	5
Clark	6	11	9	8	10	7	4	..	11	5	..	..	..	9	8
Hickey	5	11	7	9	13	14	6	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Day	8	13	7	11	14	14	..	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	9
Brock	..	..	6	11	..	11	3	13	10	7	10	..	..	..	..
Lyle	..	..	9	11	14	12	9	11	11	9	11	..	3	..	..
Wells	..	..	..	8	..	13	8	12	10	8	12	..	..	..	..
E Studley	..	..	..	9	11	12	4	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
C Stuart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	6	10	9	8	..	..
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	6	8	9	..
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	6	5	8	..
Pierce	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	7	3	6
Robson	..	..	..	..	11	11	6	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dunbar	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	7	5	6	..
G Bowen	9	7	5	..	..	12	..	11	14	9	12	..	..	..	6
Spickler	6	..	8	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	9	8
Maynard	3	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Kopp	..	..	9	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Hodge	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Marquis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Pyle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	6	..	..
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Eddy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5

Events 7 and 13, 2 pair, 3 moneys; balance—known traps and angles; 4 moneys.

L. C. HUCKINS.

Hollywood Futurity Handicap.

THE Hollywood Futurity Handicap, under the management of Mr. John S. Hoey, is an assured success. The date set for the close of regular entries is July 1, yet seventeen entries were made three weeks prior to that date. The event will be shot on July 6 at "Hollywood," West End, N. J., shooting commencing at 10 A. M. The boundary is about 21yds.; handicaps range from 25 to 31yds., Fred Hoey being taken as the scratch man.

The conditions of the event are as follows: Regular entries close Monday, July 1; $25 to be paid in on entering, which is forfeited if the subscriber is not present up to 11:30 on the morning of the contest; $25 additional at the post; post entries will be received up to close of second round on payment of $75; 25 birds each; ties at 5 birds; 50 per cent. and cup to the winner, 25 per cent. to the second, 10 per cent. to third, 5 per cent. to fourth, with 10 per cent. to the club.

The handicaps that will be awarded the following shooters, should they take part in this event, are as follows:

Thirty-one yards: Fred Hoey.

Thirty yards: George Work, J. P. Knapp, L. S. Thompson, J. G. Messmer.

Twenty-nine yards: R. A. Welch, H. Yale Dolan, Capt. A. W. Money, Louis T. Duryea, Edgar G. Murphy, Chas. Macalester, Thorne.

Twenty-eight yards: F. G. Moore, J. S. Williams, W. Wynn, W. G. Brokaw, H. Gilbert, C. O. Iselin, "Jim Jones," C. A. Sykes, C. Furgueson, Jr., F. L Train, Smith, T. S. "Mott," "Seabright," Ellison, G. A. McAlpin, N. C. Reynal, F. L. Thomas, R. Heber Breintnall.

Twenty-seven yards: W. P. Thompson, Jr., E. L. Post, W. S. Edey, J. O'H. Denny, Phil. Daly, Jr., Hoyt, N. E. Money, Wolstencroft, L. Finletter, B. R. Kittredge, W. G. Murphy, "Zellner," E. B. Knowlton, "J. L. M., Jr.," Grant, H. R. Sweny, C. M. Chapin, "Chauncey," Green, H. M. Levengston.

Twenty-six yards: A. E. Watrous, W. M. Downing, George Gould

W. H. Mead. Sullivan, "Gilder," Harned, W. H. Stafford, E. C. Potter' C. Dolan, "Edward," Bacon, A. W. DuBray, "E. H. G.," Ballard, O. T' Mackay, Schultze, Ladew, W. F. Sykes, I. Eckert, Held, H. Eckert' Peter Morris, Johnson.

Any persons who think of entering for this event, and who are anxious to know what their handicap will be, can easily ascertain by writing to the manager, J. S. Hoey, Hollywood, West End, N. J.

The Latest in Nitros.

FOR more than fifty years "The Hazard Powder Company" has enjoyed the distinction of holding an enviable position in the front rank of our leading black powder manufacturers, and they now place before the sporting public the latest discovery in nitros—Hazard's "Blue Ribbon" smokeless. After spending considerable time and money in testing countless chemical processes, and by having the benefit of the experience of numerous other companies who have met with varied measures of success, these gentlemen now feel fully assured that they have discovered "the perfect combination," and that their well-earned reputation will be fully sustained by "Blue Ribbon." "Blue Ribbon" made its first appearance at Memphis, Tenn., on the third and last day of the annual tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, Thursday, June 13, and immediately attained great prominence, being used on that occasion by twenty-nine contestants, each and every one of whom won prizes, and all of whom pronounced it the cleanest, quickest, strongest, best pattern nitro on the market. It can hardly be questioned that no other explosive ever attained such general popularity in so short a time. The experience of a few short hours has already sent heralds of its merits into a dozen States.—*Adv.*

Bridgeport Gun Implement Company.

UNDER date of May 1, 1895, the Bridgeport Gun Implement Company have issued a very handsome little price list of the specialties controlled and manufactured by this company. In this list are shown many improvements in B. G. I. goods, and especially worthy of note are the new "Rapid" loaders for nitro and black powders, standard powder and shot measures, hand loading outfits and new style cleaning sets. The book is from the press of the American Lithographic Company, and is a model of good taste.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

JUNE.

22. Yankee Doodle-Norwood race, Hudson River.
22. Douglaston annual, Douglaston Sound.
22. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
22. Royal St. Lawrence, A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal
22. Rhode Island, annual.
22-23. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
23. California regatta, San Francisco Bay.
24. Seawanhaka Cor. annual, Oyster Bay, Sound.
24. Pavonia annual, Communipaw, New York Bay.
25-26. Seawanhaka Cor. annual race to New London, Sound.
29. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
29. Yankee Doodle-Vamoose-Rex race, Sound.
29-30. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
29. New Rochelle annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
29. Dorchester open, Boston Harbor.
29. Squantum first cham., Squantum, Mass.

JULY.

1. Royal St. Lawrence fourth annual, Sir Donald A. Smith Cup Montreal.
1. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
1. Indian Harbor special, Greenwich, Sound.
2. San Francisco club sail, San Francisco Bay.
3. Seawanhaka Cor. race to Larchmont, Oyster Bay, Sound.
4. Larchmont annual, Larchmont, Sound.
4. Boston City open, Boston Harbor.
4. Lake Michigan Y. R. A. annual, Milwaukee.
4. Cor. Marblehead Club, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
4. Northwestern International Y. R. A. race, Seattle, Puget's Sound.
4. Cleveland regatta, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
4-7. San Francisco cruise, up river, San Francisco.
5. American annual, Milton Point, Sound.
6. Royal St. Lawrence Commodore's Cup, Montreal.
6. Riverside annual, Sound.
6. Duxbury Club, Duxbury, Mass.
8. Seawanhaka Cor. special, Oyster Bay, Sound.
9. Horseshoe Harbor special, Larchmont, Sound.
10. Huguenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.
11. New York Athletic Club annual, Travers Island, Sound.
12. Larchmont, 1st class, special schooners, and 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
12. Larchmont-Atlantic combined annual cruise, rendezvous at Larchmont.
13. Larchmont to Block Rock.
14. Block Rock to Morris Cove.
15. Morris Cove to New London.
16. Special race, New London.
17. New London to Shelter Island.
13. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Beauharnois, Montreal.
13. Cor., Marblehead, first cham., Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
13. Hempstead Harbor annual, Sound.
13. Squantum second cham., Squantum, Mass.
14. San Francisco open race, San Francisco Bay.
15. Savin Hill open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
15. Riverside annual cruise, Sound.
15. Rhode Island annual.
17. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, second race, Atlantic City.
17. Cor., Marblehead cruising and knock-about classes, Marblehead.
20. Sea Cliff annual, Sound.
20. Royal St. Lawrence A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
20-21. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
21. Cor. San Francisco regatta, San Francisco.
25. Riverside special, Sound.
27. Indian Harbor annual, Greenwich, Sound.
27. Quincy, Quincy Point, Boston Harbor.
27. Cor., Marblehead, second cham., Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
27. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht class, Montreal.
27. San Francisco outside sail, San Francisco Bay.
27. Duxbury club, Duxbury, Mass.
—. Cor., Atlantic City annual, Atlantic City.
29. New York Y. C annual cruise, rendezvous and race, Glen Cove.
* New York Y. C., first run, Sound.
* New York Y. C., second run, Sound.
* New York Y. C., third run to Newport.
* New York Y. C., Goelet Cups, Newport.
* Ne York Y. C., fourth run to Vineyard Haven.
* New York Y. C., at anchor, Vineyard Haven.
—. New York Y. C., special races at Newport.

AUGUST.

—. Lake Michigan Y. R. A.
2. Lincoln Park, Chicago.
3. Columbia, Chicago.
7. Racine, Racine.
3. Cor. Fleet annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
3. Monatiquot open, Boston Harbor.
3. Shelter Island annual, Greenport, Shelter Island, Sound.
3. Larchmont, 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
3-4. San Francisco chowder cruise to Pinnacle Rock, San Francisco.
10. American special, Milton Point, Sound.
10. Winthrop open, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
10-11. San Francisco cruise to California Y. C., San Francisco Bay.
10. Squantum, ladies' day, Squantum, Mass.
10. Duxbury Club, Duxbury, Mass.
13. American open, Newburyport.
14-15-16. Cor., Marblehead mid-summer series, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
15. Green Bay, Green Bay.
15. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, third race.
15. Sea Cliff special, Sound.
17. Huguenot annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
17. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
17. Roton Point Imp. Co. annual, Roton Point, Sound.
17. Cor. open, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
17-18. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
17. Royal St. Lawrence Hamilton trophy, 18ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
17. Cleveland, ladies' day, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
19. Manchester open, Manchester, Mass.
22. Riverside special, Sound.
24. Norwalk, Norwalk, Sound.
24. Squantum open, Squantum, Mass.
24. Horseshoe Harbor annual, Larchmont Sound.
24. Cor., Marblehead third cham., Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
25. San Francisco open regatta, San Francisco Bay.
26. Rhode Island open.
29. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, fourth race, Atlantic City.
29. Squantum open, Squantum, Mass.
30. American special, Milton Point, Sound.
31. San Francisco cruise to Benicia, San Francisco Bay.
31. Larchmont 34ft. and 21ft. cabin cat classes, Sound.
31. Huntington annual, Huntington Sound.
31. Squantum annual cruise, Squantum, Mass.
31. Duxbury Club, Duxbury, Mass.
—. America's Cup trial races, New York Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

—. Seawanhaka Cor., 15ft. class, Oyster Bay.
2. New York Y. R. A. annual, New York Bay.
2. Larchmont fall regatta, Sound.
2. Cor., Marblehead Club, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
2. Lynn open, Nahant (Mass.) Bay.
2. Cleveland fall regatta, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
5. Larchmont, 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
7. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
7. New York America's Cup, first race, New York Bay.
—. New York America's Cup, second race, New York Bay.
—. New York America's Cup, third race, New York Bay.
7. Revere open, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
7. Larchmont, 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
8. San Francisco squadron sail, San Francisco Bay.
9. San Francisco sail to Sausalito, San Francisco Bay.
12. Sea Cliff special, Sound.
13. Cor., Atlantic City Record, Atlantic City.
14. Larchmont, schooners and 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
15. Cor., San Francisco regatta, San Francisco Bay.
19. Larchmont, 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
21. Huguenot cruiser's race, New Rochelle Sound.
21. Larchmont, schooners, 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
21-22. San Francisco informal sail, San Francisco Bay.
27. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, fifth race, Atlantic City.
28-29. San Francisco cruise to Petalumna Bridge, San Francisco Bay.

OCTOBER.

6. San Francisco closing sail, San Francisco Bay.
6. California regatta, San Francisco Bay.
12. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
12. Huguenot cruiser race, New Rochelle Sound.

THE fact that the largest ship-building firm in America is to-day duplicating the model of a steam yacht built by it fifteen years ago is capable of but two possible explanations; either that the art of steam yacht designing had been brought to such a high degree of perfection by this firm in 1880 that it has not since been improved on by designers, American or foreign; or else that this country is at least fifteen years behind in this important branch of naval architecture. That the latter explanation is, unfortunately, the true one, is but too clear to any one who will compare the new yacht, or worse yet, the much vaunted Columbia, built by the same firm last year, with any of the recent Clyde-built steam yachts.

The two sister boats, Stranger and the first Corsair, are both well known to American yachtsmen, and in the fifteen years that they have been afloat they have proved themselves very serviceable craft; by no means handsome, even as style went when they were launched, not over-speedy, but taken all in all they were in their day probably the best of the American steam yachts, certainly superior to Atalanta, Electra, Nourmahal, Yosemite, Bretagne and Polynia. After the conspicuous failure of the very costly and useless Columbia, it must be admitted that both builders and owner have shown good judgment in avoiding the risk of a similar failure by resurrecting an old but tested model; but what a comment all this is on American progress in naval architecture.

There is no good reason to-day why this country should not turn out a steam yacht that could hold its own with anything afloat, but there is one very good reason why she cannot. The British steam yacht is built from the designs of an expert, an experienced naval architect, like Mr. Watson, Mr. Brown, Mr. Beavor Webb, Mr. Storey, specialists who have devoted years of study to steam yachts alone, and who are known by their work; such craft as May, Maria, Cleopatra, Rona, Zara, Hermione, Semiramis, Sultana, Utowana, Corsair II. and Intrepid. The American steam yacht of large size is designed by whom—we do not know; the boats are ordered of some firm of commercial builders, who may or may not know anything about the essentials of a pleasure vessel, however successful they may have been in their special line of commercial work; the drawings are produced, how and by whom is a mystery, but certainly not by anyone who has established a reputation that would warrant success.

The present season will see a large number of British-built steam yachts in American waters, probably the new Giralda, one of the finest craft afloat, and some smaller but equally handsome and shipshape craft. What have we here to put beside them—Columbia, Thespia, Nourmahal, and others of the kind.

There are to-day American yacht designers who are capable of turning out steam yachts far superior to any yet seen here, and no one who has witnessed the marvelous advance in the design of sailing yachts since the professional designer supplanted the old-time builder will doubt that, in a little time, if not at the start, America might hold her own in steam craft as well as in sailing yachts. The trouble lies with the steam yacht owner, with whom the upholsterer and decorator come first, the builder next, and the designer nowhere. The British yachtsman who proposes to build consults, at the very start, some well-known designer; the American yachtsman in all probability first consults his captain, and the latter selects a suitable builder, very prudently steering entirely clear of the designer.

One may admire in the abstract that spirit of patriotism which impels an owner to pay more on the Delaware for a poor vessel than on the Clyde for a good one; but for ourselves, we should much prefer to see him buy a good ship where he can best get her, and salve his patriotic feelings by devoting the difference in cash to the encouragement of naval architecture at home. No possible good can come from money lavished in ignorant experiments or in perpetuating obsolete models; and on the other hand, there never was a time in this country when more was needed or more could be effectively done in promoting a knowledge of naval architecture. The opportunities for technical education are disgracefully inadequate; in fact, such as they are, they have only existed for three or four years; there is, as yet, no provision for nor inducement to men who would follow up the many interesting fields of original research connected with designing and naval architecture; and there is little or no encouragement given by the wealthier class of steam yacht owners to the few American yacht designers.

There is some slight gratification in the fact that this class of owners is at last awakening to a realization that their pet tubs, in spite of ostentatious furnishing and elaborate decoration, are not the only steam yachts in the world, or even the finest, and every foreign yacht which comes to New York drives the lesson home. As it once was in sailing yachts, the first thing is the realization that the home-built craft are not immeasurably superior to everything "furrin" that floats; the second is the appreciation of the superiority of the foreign vessel; the third is the desire to produce a superior craft at home. This was the course of improvement which produced Puritan, Volunteer and Gloriana in place of the old centerboard sloop, and the same course will in time replace Nourmahal, Electra, Columbia and the rest with such steam yachts as have never yet been seen.

If any American yachtsman is desirous of hastening this change, he can do so by giving his personal attention to the type of yacht which he wishes to build, and his hearty encouragement to the yacht designer, through whom alone it can come.

ONE of the amusing sights at the races of the week was the little Sibbick 1-rater Wave, sailed by two men. In the Atlantic Y. C. regatta she was matched against an opponent which looked large enough to carry her on davits. The marvelous manner in which she whirled round and round was a cause of surprise to those who saw her for the first time. The class promises to become quite popular here this season.

DURING the week Queen Mab has done very good work, though with nothing much to race against of her own size. The heavy metal centerboard which was put in when she was built was removed last winter, and she is sailing quite as well to windward as she did with its aid.

THERE is a good old adage about not hitting a man when he is down that may apply just now to the dealings of the Y. R. A. with the centerboard. That ancient and most estimable appliance has verily fallen on hard lines of late—what with the mysterious disappearance, re-appearance and final disappearance of Vigilant's board last summer, and the deliberate selection of the keel type by Messrs. Iselin and Herreshoff for the Cup defender of 1895. After the triumph of Saracen and Kathleen in the 30ft. class, of Minerva and Gossoon in the 40ft., of Wasp and Gloriana in the 46ft., and the performances of Valkyrie II. and Britannia against Vigilant, all the claims of the keel party were well substantiated and it rested with the centerboard to show that it still had a *raison d'etre* in a racing yacht. With matters as they now are, it would not only be unjust, but most unwise, to discriminate in the least against the centerboard in adopting a new rule. It is of course necessary to include the centerboard in some way in any scheme of measurement that will attain the end now in view; but great care is necessary in order to avoid any charge of discrimination on the part of the centerboard men.

FROM all that we can learn, the New York regatta committee has made a mistake, that cannot be too quickly and thoroughly remedied, in the classing of the schooner Loyal in the regatta last week. The yacht was remeasured before the race, her classification under the new rule depending on her racing length instead of her l.w.l. The measurer's certificate, filed at the club house the day preceding the race, showed her to be under 65ft. racing length, and thus entitled to sail in the 65ft. schooner class, in which Neaera, of 60ft. racing length, was also entered. Instead of this, Loyal was put up a class, and made to sail against two very fast schooners, each nearly 10ft. longer than she; of course failing to save her time. The only reason given by the committee is that to have put Loyal and Neaera together would have spoiled the race in the "mixed class;" in other words, the committee, with two strictly cruising schooners of nearly the same size and a very fast racing cutter considerably smaller, prefer to make a "pig and eagle" match between one schooner and the cutter, and to dispose of the other schooner by putting her into a class where she does not belong, and where she was hopelessly beaten before she started. As was to be expected, the so-called race in the "mixed class" resulted in the cutter defeating the schooner by 28 minutes elapsed time. The idea of the "mixed class," established in 1893, was to make a race between such yachts which, for want of competitors in their respective classes, would otherwise be compelled to sail over alone. In such a case it serves a good purpose, but if it is to be strained to the detriment of *bona fide* entries, it cannot be too soon abandoned.

THE latest reports from Bristol state that a number of extra hands were set to work on Monday to complete the caulking and polishing of the plating, and that every effort will be made to launch on one of the high tides of June 22.

The Steam Yacht Thespia.

THE new steam yacht built by Wm. Cramp & Sons for David Dows, Jr., owner of the steam yacht Starling, was launched at the works, Philadelphia, on June 12. An unsuccessful attempt was made to launch her on the previous day, but she stuck on the ways, and five tugs failed to move her. On the high tide next morning the tugs succeeded in floating her. Thespia, as she was named, is practically a duplicate of the old Stranger, being 196ft. over all, 174ft. 5in. l.w.l., 23ft. 6in. beam, 13ft. hold and 10ft. draft. The model shows all the characteristic crudities of Peerless, Columbia and the other Cramp steam yachts, a square forefoot, short, awkward fore overhang and round counter. The hull is strongly built, with in-and-out plating. The machinery is the same as in Stranger, engines 22 and 42×24, with two boilers 10ft. 9in. long and 11ft. diameter. The wheel will be of Parsons's manganese bronze. The yacht will be schooner-rigged, and, like Columbia, she will be disfigured by a two-story deck house, the dining-room, on deck forward, being surmounted by a large pilot house. The interior will be fitted with every possible convenience and luxury in the way of electric lights, ventilating pipes, ice machine, etc., and the joiner work and furnishing will be very elaborate. The yacht will be ready for the August cruise, in charge of Capt. W. E. Withey.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Zara, steam yacht, recently purchased by F. S G. d'Hauteville, of New York, arrived at that port from Gourock on June 15. She was designed by Watson and built by Fleming & Ferguson, of Paisley, being launched on June 3, 1891. Her dimensions are: length between perpendiculars, 136ft., hull 130ft., beam 20ft. 1in., depth lift 8in., Thames tonnage, 249. Her engines are quadruple expansion, of a type patented by her builders, the cylinders being 10, 15, 20 and 30in.×24in. She has one boiler with a working pressure. She is built to the highest class at Lloyds. The hull is of steel with three bulkheads and she is rigged as a schooner. On her builder's trial she made 12.5 knots over the measured mile on the Clyde, the engines indicating 500 horsepower. Mr. Peter Coats, her original owner, has replaced her with a larger steam yacht, also designed by Mr. Watson.

Capt. Hank Haff, of Vigilant and Colonia, who will sail the new defender, has for some time suffered from a cancer of the throat, and on June 7 he went to Dr. W. P. Kingsley's cancer hospital at Rome, N. Y., where an operation was performed on the following day, a portion of the jaw being removed. At last reports Capt. Haff was doing well, and he expects to be aboard the new boat soon.

An amusing account is given in one of the New York dailies of the very successful trial trip of the new Vanderbilt 21-footer Alcestis. The true facts are that, so far from being successful, the yacht was taken out with only her wooden keel and no lead bulb on and laid flat on her side, threatening to pitch her crew overboard. She will not be tried again until her lead is on.

Wadena, steam yacht, reached New York on June 16 from Gibraltar via Bermuda, after a cruise to Japan, having been absent exactly one year. Mr. J. H. Wade, her owner, with a party, went from Cleveland, O., to Japan by steamer from San Francisco, joining the yacht at Yokohama, and staying by her as far as Naples, where they left to return to New York by steamer.

The steam yacht designed by Gardner & Cox, and building at Roach's yard, Chester, is for Mr. F. C. Dinniny, owner of the steam yacht Aztec, which was wrecked in Hell Gate last year by the steamer Starin. It is reported that the same designers have an order for a similar yacht, also to be built at Roach's.

Vigilant has shipped her new centerboard at Bristol and has returned to New York. Her new boom is 103ft. 8in. long, and her gaff 61ft. 4in. On June 16 she was under way down the Bay when the jaws of her gaff gave way.

There has been lately completed at the Bristol shops a new 21/3-rater named Vaquero II. for Mr. H. B. Duryea, who is now living in the Solent, where he will race her through the season.

It is reported that on June 16 the fin-keel Wild Cat, designed and built last year by C. H. Olmstead, lost her fin while sailing in the Sound on Saturday.

We learn from the *Field* that Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson are laying the keel of a 500-ton three-masted steam yacht for an American owner.

Jubilee has been finally launched at East Boston, after the breaking of the ways last week. The yacht was not injured, and is now fitting out.

Larchmont Y. C. Spring Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 15.

THE best racing of the week was that of the Larchmont Y. C. on Saturday, there being not only a large fleet of starters, but a number of close matches in various classes, while the whole race was visible from start to finish. Unlike the New York and Atlantic clubs, the Larchmont is so situated that it can devote itself steadily through the season to the promotion of racing, and by availing itself of its exceptional opportunities for some years it has built up a big fleet that may be depended on for a race at almost any time. Saturday was a special occasion, the first trial of the club's new triangular courses, described in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 11, and yachts and yachtsmen together turned out for the sight. The day was perfect—clear, bright and sunny, yet not too hot, with a moderate N. W. wind. The starters were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS A, ALL OVER 90FT.

	Racing Length.
Ramona, H. M. Gillig	105.84
Fleetwing, J. De Lamar	....
Constellation, Bayard Thayer	107.24

SCHOONERS—CLASS B, 81 TO 90FT., HANDICAP.

Emerald, J. R Maxwell	89.51
Sachem, F. T. Adams	90.61

SCHOONERS—CLASS C, 71 TO 81FT.

Elsie Marie, J. B. King	75.60
Shamrock, W. P. Ward	78.18

SCHOONERS—CLASS D, 60 TO 71FT.

Loyal, B. F. Sutton	64.96

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 1, ALL OVER 77FT., HANDICAP.

Colonia, C. O. Iselin	90.02
Katrina, George Work	76.08

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—SPECIAL CLASS.

Queen Mab, Percy Chubb	....
Wasp, H. L. and R. F. Lippett	54.97

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 6, 43 TO 49FT.

Gossoon, L. Vaughn Clark	47.83
Uvira, F. P. Sands	47.14
Minerva, H. W. Bucknall	45.61

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 7, 36 TO 43FT.

Eidolon, H. F. Crosby	42.60
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	....
Eurybia, Charles Pryor	40.02
Sasqua, H. Andruss	39.87

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS—CLASS 8, 30 TO 36FT.

Infanta, J. B. Mills	33.50
Gavilan, C. E. Diefenthaler	31.00
Audax, H. W. Eaton	28.62

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 8, 34FT.

Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 9, 25 TO 30FT.

Wildcat, W. H. Fischer	28.80
Beatrix, J. S. McDonald	27.59

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—CLASS 10, 25FT. AND UNDER.

Wave, L. Le Droit Barber	17.45

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11, OVER 25FT.

Mary, W. E. Elsworth	28.76
Almira, Hanan Bros	28.62
Exonian, P. H. McGlehan	27.00

CABIN CATS—CLASS 12, 25FT. AND UNDER.

Kittie, Hazen Morse	23.10
Allegro, F. M. Randall	22.92
Keora, Corning & Parsons	....

OPEN YACHTS—CLASS 13, OVER 20FT.

Fairy, F. E. Towle	....
Lurline, A. M. Tighe	....
Violet, H. J. McKee	....

OPEN YACHTS—CLASS 14, 20FT. AND UNDER.

Terrapin, H. L. Curry	19.97

SPECIAL CLASS—21 FOOTERS.

Houri, E. Burton Hart	21.00
Celia, C. A. Gould	21.00

SPECIAL CLASS—HALF-RATERS.

Question, W. H. Clark	15.00
Trust Me, C. McL. Clark	15.00

Emerald allowed Sachem 8m. handicap, Colonia allowed Katrina 26m. handicap, and Queen Mab allowed Wasp 4m. 26s.

The greater number of classes had at least two competitors, but Loyal was obliged to sail alone, her promised antagonist, Cavalier, not starting. The 34-footer Vorant II was entered, but failed to face Dragoon, leaving her to sail alone. Two courses were chosen, No. 5, the Parsonage Point and Red Springs marks, and No. 9, the short Scotch Caps Course. Classes A, B, C and class 1 sailed three rounds of No. 5, 32½ miles. The others down to and including class 9 sailed two rounds, 21½ miles, and the smaller boats sailed twice around No. 9, 10½ miles.

The first division was started at 11:35, with three minutes to cross, being timed:

Wasp	11 35 35	Shamrock	11 37 06
Ramona	11 35 51	Constellation	11 37 39
Queen Mab	11 36 00	Loyal	11 38 00
Fleetwing	11 36 28	Sachem	11 38 00
Elsie Marie	11 36 44	Colonia	11 38 00
Emerald	11 36 54	Katrina	11 38 00

The second division was started at 11:43, being timed:

Norota	11 43 30	Minerva	11 44 40
Eidolon	11 43 44	Dragoon	11 44 51
Eurybia	11 43 47	Gavilan	11 44 56
Gossoon	11 44 10	Uvira	11 45 49
Audax	11 44 18	Sasqua	11 45 56
Infanta	11 44 31		

The last division was started at 11:43, being timed:

Wave	11 51 26	Keora	11 53 14
Beatrix	11 51 48	Question	11 53 16
Wildcat	11 51 48	Terrapin	11 54 37
Trust Me	11 52 05	Mary	11 55 51
Kittie	11 52 27	Violet	11 56 00
Fairy	11 52 29	Lurline	11 56 00
Caper	11 52 52	Exonian	11 56 00
Allegro	11 52 57	Houri	12 01 00
Almira	11 53 13	Celia	12 01 00

Emerald and Elsie Marie crossed the line together, the latter to windward and just a little astern. Her bowsprit fouled the port shrouds of Elsie Marie, but the two cleared without serious damage. As the wind was, there could be no windward work; the first leg was a reach, the second a run with spinakers to port, and the third a reach again. The first round was timed:

Colonia	12 55 37	Shamrock	1 10 26
Queen Mab	1 00 35	Sachem	1 41 21
Emerald	1 01 13	Uvira	1 15 53
Constellation	1 01 40	Gossoon	1 17 56
Elsie Marie	1 06 11	Minerva	1 21 20
Wasp	1 07 13	Eidolon	1 21 45
Loyal	1 07 16	Norota	1 21 58
Ramona	1 09 58	Fleetwing	1 24 15

Katrina had lost her topmast after the start, and withdrawn.

The second round was timed:

Colonia	2 11 30	Ramona	2 31 48
Constellation	2 19 22	Shamrock	2 34 09
Emerald	2 20 34	Sachem	2 39 32
Elsie Marie	2 29 54	Fleetwing	2 51 03

The smaller boats finished on this round, as follows:

Queen Mab	2 25 17	Eidolon	2 59 45
Wasp	2 32 06	Sasqua	3 09 20
Loyal	2 34 03	Infanta	3 09 20
Uvira	2 54 18	Dragoon	3 10 00
Gossoon	2 55 41	Gavilan	3 21 16
Minerva	2 56 12	Audax	3 31 16
Norota	2 59 32		

The third round was timed:

Colonia	3 22 14	Shamrock	4 10 58
Constellation	3 41 12	Ramona	4 11 55
Emerald	3 43 22	Sachem	4 19 21
Elsie Marie	4 03 15		

The little fellows were only timed on the final round:

Almira	1 59 40	Lurline	2 14 51
Mary	2 00 04	Beatrix	2 15 52
Kittie	2 00 50	Violet	2 23 54
Allegro	2 05 29	Wave	2 23 58
Fairy	2 06 59	Trust Me	2 28 17
Houri	2 06 59	Question	2 28 25
Keora	2 12 34	Wild Cat	3 42 06
Celia	2 13 44		

Oconee, cat, came up too late to start, but was sailing over the course when she lost her mast.

The official times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS A.

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona	11 35 51	4 36 04	4 35 20
Constellation	11 37 39	4 03 33	4 03 33
Fleetwing	11 36 28	Withdrew.	

CLASS B.

Emerald	11 36 54	4 06 28	4 06 28
Sachem	11 38 00	4 41 21	4 33 21

CLASS C.

Elsie Marie	11 36 44	4 26 31	4 26 31
Shamrock	11 37 06	4 33 52	4 31 53

CLASS D.

Loyal	11 38 00	2 56 03	2 56 03

SLOOPS—SPECIAL MATCH.

Colonia	11 38 00	3 44 14	3 44 14
Katrina	11 38 00	Disabled.	

SPECIAL MATCH.

Queen Mab	11 36 00	2 49 17	2 49 17
Wasp	11 35 35	2 56 31	2 52 05

CLASS 6.

Gossoon	11 44 10	3 11 31	3 11 31
Uvira	11 45 49	3 08 29	3 07 39
Minerva	11 44 40	3 11 32	3 08 53

CLASS 7.

Eidolon	11 43 47	3 15 58	2 15 58
Norota	11 43 30	3 16 02	Not meas.
Eurybia	11 43 44	Withdrew.	
Sasqua	11 45 56	3 23 24	3 19 29

CLASS 8.

Infanta	11 44 31	3 24 49	3 24 49
Gavilan	11 44 56	3 36 20	3 31 27
Audax	11 44 18	3 47 28	3 36 52

CLASS 8—24-RATERS.

Dragoon	11 44 51	3 15 09	3 15 09

CLASS 9.

Wildcat	11 51 48	3 50 18	3 50 18
Beatrix	11 51 48	2 24 04	2 22 36

CLASS 10.

Wave	11 51 26	2 32 32	2 32 32

CLASS 11.

Mary	11 55 51	2 04 13	2 04 13
Almira	11 53 13	2 06 36	2 06 22
Exonian	11 56 00	Withdrew.	

CLASS 12

Kittie	11 52 27	2 08 23	2 08 23
Allegro	11 52 57	2 12 24	2 12 04
Caper	11 52 52	Withdrew.	
Keora	11 53 14	2 19 20	2 19 20

CLASS 13.

Fairy	11 52 29	2 14 30	Not meas.
Lurline	11 56 00	2 18 51	Not meas.
Violet	11 56 00	2 27 54	Not meas.

CLASS 14.

Terrapin	11 54 37	Withdrew.	

21-FOOTERS.

Houri	12 01 00	2 05 59	2 05 59
Celia	12 01 00	2 12 44	2 12 44

15-FOOTERS.

Question	11 53 16	2 35 09	2 35 09
Trust Me	11 52 05	2 36 12	2 36 12

The winners were: Schooners—Class A, Constellation; Class B (Handicap), Emerald; Class C, Elsie Marie; Class D, Loyal (walk-over).

Sloops and Cutters—Class 1 (Handicap), Colonia; Class 3 (Special), Queen Mab; Class 6, Uvira; Class 7, Norota (subject to measurement); Class 8, Infanta; Class 8 (Special), Dragoon (walk-over); Class 9, Beatrix; Class 10, Wave (walk-over).

Cabin Catboats—Class 11, Mary; Class 12, Kittie.

Open Yachts—Class 13, Fairy; 21ft. class, Houri; 15ft. class, Question.

The race was managed by Messrs. Lovejoy, Sarony and Marshall. Everything went off satisfactorily, and the first trial of the new course was a great success.

Knickerbocker Y. C. Annual Regatta.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 8.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 8, with fair weather and a moderate wind from the eastward to help. The courses were from off College Point, classes F, G, H, J and L sailing a 17-mile course around the Gangway Buoy, while the other classes sailed a 20-mile course around the buoy off Execution Rock. The fleet included several new boats, the 34-footer Dragoon, designed and built by Thomas Webber; the 15-footer Question and the cabin cat Exonian. The fleet was started from the gun in two divisions, the first at 11:10 and the second at 11:20. The times were:

CLASS A—SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vanitas, W. H. Bates	33.66	Withdrew.	
Gabrielle, J. G. Honey	32.46	6 14 45	....

CLASS B—SLOOPS OVER 42FT. RACING LENGTH.

Penguin, George E. Brightson	47.00	4 07 28	4 07 28

CLASS C—SLOOPS OVER 36FT. AND NOT OVER 43FT RACING LENGTH.

Gipsy, L. H. and S. Shanks	40.98	5 16 39	5 16 39
Eurybia, Charles Pryer	40.02	4 41 49	4 40 39

CLASS D—SLOOPS OVER 30FT. AND NOT OVER 36FT RACING LENGTH.

Aliris, J. A. Constant	35.25	Withdrew.	
J. S. M., Charles T. Smith	34.57	5 30 25	5 30 25
Edith, George H. Cooper	33.50	5 14 21	5 12 41
Nita, J. D. Billard, Jr.	33.30	5 15 14	5 15 01
Coya, James Grace	....	4 53 25	....
Yolande, A. E. and W. H. Kuper	31.33	5 35 24	5 30 10

CLASS E—SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.

Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00	4 36 29	4 36 29

CLASS F—SLOOPS UNDER 25FT. RACING LENGTH.

Sigrid, A. W. Nilsson	24.00	Withdrew.	
Nanita, Henry Stephenson	21.33	5 05 34	....

CLASS G—SPECIAL 22FT. CLASS.

Celia, Charles A. Gould	21.00	4 18 36	4 18 36
Houri, E B. Hart, Jr.	21 00	4 10 58	4 10 58

CLASS H—OPEN SLOOPS.

Gem, C. L. Strohmenger, Jr.	20.50	5 52 00	5 52 00
Question, Montgomery Clark	15.00	5 07 11	....

CLASS I—CABIN CATBOATS OVER 25FT. RACING LENGTH.

Leisure, F B. Myrick	28.96	5 27 43	5 27 43
Mary, William Elsworth	28.76	4 40 10	4 39 51
Truant, W. H. Titus	28.95	4 50 53	4 50 43
Exonian, W. R. Flemming	28.08	4 44 28	4 42 22

CLASS J—CABIN CATBOATS 25FT. AND UNDER RACING LENGTH.

Nan, E. G. Davis	23.96	5 05 52	5 05 52
Kittie, Hazen Morse	23.00	4 19 38	4 19 25
Marion, Rodman Sands	21.08	Did not finish.	
Torino, J. Fournier	....	5 06 29	....
Ethel, F. N. Randall	20.00	4 29 25	4 21 28

CLASS K—OPEN CATBOATS OVER 24FT. RACING LENGTH.

J. I. M., I J. Merritt, Jr.	....	4 51 59	....
Lurline, George J. Bradish	....	5 00 13	....

CLASS L—OPEN CATBOATS 24FT RACING LENGTH AND UNDER.

Violet, G. A. S. Wieners	....	4 38 05	4 38 05

The winners were: Class A, Gabrielle; Class B, Penguin; Class C, Eurybia; Class D, Coya; Class E, Dragoon; Class F, Nanita; Class G, Houri; Class H, Question; Class I, Mary; Class J, Kittie; Class K, J. I. M.; Class L, Violet.

Britannia, Ailsa and Niagara.

LAST week the racing fleet reached the Solent, where three races were sailed on June 13, 14 and 15, the first under the flag of the Royal Southampton, and the second and third under that of the Royal Southern Y. C. On Thursday only the big boats started, Britannia and Ailsa, the course being from off Netley, down the Solent and out to the Warner, then to a mark off Lymington and home, 44 miles. Ailsa led by 4s. over the line, both carrying club topsails, and they reached for about 6 miles with a fresh wind forward of the port beam, after which the wind shifted to N.W., and the remaining 6 miles to the Warner were run off under spinakers. Britannia turned with a lead of 22s. Another shift of wind to the S.W. made a beat to the Lymington mark, the wind coming harder with heavy rain. Britannia held her lead, but after Cowes was passed Ailsa split her jib and withdrew. Britannia sailed the 44 miles in 5h. 7m. 56s.

On Friday only the 20-raters started, Niagara, Audrey, Inyoni and Luna. The day was rainy with a moderate southerly wind which only lasted over the first leg, the race ending in a long drift. The course was from off Calshot Castle around Calshot Spit Lightship, then around the Lepe Buoy and home, sailed twice. Inyoni had weather berth at the line, with Audrey a little ahead and Niagara last. Audrey soon led and Niagara worked up to second place. The second leg of 4 miles to the Lepe Buoy took two hours, there being little wind and a foul tide. Inyoni took the lead and Luna withdrew. The race was called at the end of the first round, the times being: Inyoni, 3.20.38; Audrey, 4.11.50; Niagara, 4.35.—.

The course on Saturday for the larger boats was from Calshot Castle to the Spit Lightship, thence down the Solent to Lepe Buoy, to Sturbridge, to the Bramble Buoy off Gosport, and back to Calshot Castle; twice around. The 20-raters sailed the same course as on Friday; two rounds. Ailsa led at the line and held first place on the short beat to Calshot Lightship, then Britannia took the ground on Calshot Spit and hung for a couple of minutes, Ailsa meanwhile leaving her. Ailsa sailed fast on the way to the Lepe Buoy, with a fresh breeze abaft the port beam, the two being timed off Cowes: Ailsa, 11:05:50; Britannia, 11:13:30. They were timed at the Lepe Buoy: Ailsa, 12:03:55; Britannia, 12:10:40.

On the way to the East Sturbridge Buoy, off Ryde, Ailsa continued to gain, the times at that mark being: Ailsa, 1:41:40; Britannia, 1:55:20. The end of the first round found Ailsa 10 minutes ahead, and she had lost but little at the Lepe Buoy: Ailsa, 3:31:30; Britannia, 3:41:00. After the two passed Cowes the wind freshened from S.W., and Britannia began to overhaul her larger rival, finishing just enough astern to win on allowance.

In the 20-rating class Luna led at the start, with Niagara second, but on the beat to Calshot Spit Niagara took the lead. The fleet was then becalmed for a time, Audrey catching the first of the breeze and leading to the Lepe Buoy, where they were timed: Audrey 11:14:15, Luna 12:15:18, Inyoni 12:15:30, Niagara 12:16:18, Stephanie 12:17:50.

There was more drifting, but the race finally finished: Niagara 5.5.42, Inyoni 5.6.41, Audrey 5.7.1, Stephanie 5.8 20, Luna 5.13 3.

It is reported that Ailsa will at once be altered, her mainsail being reduced and her topmast and topsail enlarged, to correct her weather helm, while new changes will be made in her ballasting, the lead added to the keel prior to the Thames races being removed. The next racing is on the Mersey, at Liverpool, on June 20-21, after which the fleet goes to the Clyde.

The Cup Defender.

THE building of a thoroughly up-to-date racing machine for the adequate defense of the America's Cup is proving a much greater task than first estimated; while the yacht, if built after the ordinary steel construction of Colonia and Navahoe, might have been under sail before this, it is now a question whether she will be ready to race by July 10, on which date the New York Y. C. proposes to give a preliminary trial race for the 90ft. class off Sandy Hook. All idea of her racing at Larchmont on July 4 has been abandoned and it will require hard work to get her into shape even by July 10. The present state of the work is told as follows by the Boston *Globe* of June 16:

The launching of the defender is now surely two weeks off, unless she is put overboard half finished. Although everything possible is being done for an early launch, there is still a large amount of work to be done both on the exterior and interior of this costly Cup defender by the riveters and platers, and by the carpenters.

Good judges of the time it will take to finish the boat so that she may be launched say that it will be the first week in July before she makes her maiden dip into the blue waters of Bristol harbor.

Not until Wednesday of this week has the work of the platers progressed so far as to allow the carpenters an opportunity to do any work whatever on the yacht, and on that day the first of the deck planking was laid. The stock for this work has been out of the saw and planing mill several days, waiting for an opportunity to lay it, but the aluminum diagonal deck braces and other work had to be finished before this could be done.

Since the carpenters began work their progress has been very marked and to-day nearly one-third of the deck is laid. By next Saturday night there will be little of the deck but what will be covered.

The wood of which the deck is constructed is Michigan pine, selected because of its superiority over the common white pine used on decks of boats in regard to lightness and strength. This pine was obtained in part from Carpenter's yard at Providence, and part from a New York firm. The consignment from the Boston firm, which was to have been used, is still at the works, and will be used on boats built in the future at the shops.

The planking is in various lengths, and is 2½in. in thickness and 2⅞ in. wide. The work of laying was begun amidships, and four gangs of men are working forward with it. As each successive plank is laid, galvanized steel nails are driven into the sides of the planks at short intervals, thus holding them firmly together and preventing bulging when wet. At every aluminum and steel deck beam, long galvanized steel screws are placed and run up into the planking from underneath, holding it securely to the deck beams. At the top of each plank, at the edge, the wood is shaved off slightly, so that when two of the planks are laid together they leave a V-shaped space in the deck. This space will be caulked as the work progresses, and later will be filled with Jeffries marine glue. Every man that is a wood worker and can possibly be spared from other work is at work on the defender.

On the interior of the yacht is another large force of men engaged in laying the floor. This floor is laid in yellow pine timbers of small dimensions. The flooring is of spruce, ⅞in. thick, and is fastened to the beams with screws. Below the flooring all the braces and other work of the riveters and platers has been completed. This work has also been rushed during the week.

The distance between the flooring and the deck at the sides of the boat is about 6ft. 3in., while in the center it is about 3in. higher, due to the "crown" of the deck. The flooring will be all laid the coming week.

A force of steel workers are busy on the interior of the defender, placing aluminum braces from the frames to the deck beams. These braces are short, about 2ft. in length, and have wider flattened ends, which set on the frame and beam, the brace running obliquely from the frame to the beam. These braces are put in along the midship section of the boat, and will greatly stiffen that section where it is needed.

Above the flooring line there is a quantity of work to be done by the riveters, there being much of the plating that is not yet riveted. All over the boat, where the shores and props were in place, the riveters find work to do. These shores are removed one by one, and when the riveting is finished they are put in place again.

Along the top strake the riveters are still busy and are hammering away, smoothing up the rivets. There is much work to be done yet at the stern, and this part of the boat, which resembles in lines the sterns of Isolde and Niagara, the 20-raters, has not had the stern piece made for it yet, the men being at present working on it.

The mast ring at the partners was placed in position the first of the week and is of steel, galvanized. The step ring for the mast was also set before the men began the work of laying the flooring, and is of steel, painted. The distance from the step to the partners, as measured yesterday, is exactly 9ft. 6in. The mast is stepped between frames numbered 25 and 26.

The bulwarks of the defender, which are of aluminum, will rise from the deck but 4in., and will be flush with the plating on the outside, with a bulb on the inside. Portions of the rudder have arrived from the Providence brass foundry during the week, but it is said that some of the pieces were imperfect, and are to be cast again.

With all that is to be done on the yacht, how it is possible to launch her inside of two weeks cannot be seen. After the riveting is finished and the rudder is hung, there still remains a big job of burnishing the manganese bronze plating, if it is to be as bright as was the bottom of Vigilant when she went overboard in '93.

Six riggers from the well-known firm of Billmans of Boston are at work on the rigging of the defender at the shops, having arrived the first of the week. The spars are nearly ready, and have had the steel work fitted, and with the sails completed it will take but a few days to give her a trial trip after she is launched.

The defender has been looked over during the week by several officers from the torpedo station at Newport, who came by invitation of the Herreshoffs.

The sailmakers are at work on the sails for Vigilant.

Valkyrie.

The above photo shows very plainly the boat that will, in all probability, represent the ninth challenge for the America's cup. The exact dimensions are as yet unverified, but may be set down as about 130ft. over all, 26ft. beam and 18ft. draft. While different from the second Valkyrie, the boat shows the handiwork of her designer, even in spite of a greater beam than he has before taken. The freeboard and sheer are moderate, the bow is similar to the other Watson boats, of but moderate length and handsomely proportioned, and the afterbody, though wide, is carried out in the same characteristic fashion. The most important point about the boat, though not fully shown in this photo, is that the side has considerable flare. As is shown, the rail is set in from the sheerstrake something less than a foot to all appearances. The yacht is essentially a shoal, and comparatively wide hull with a fixed fin; the shape of the fin differs from the former Valkyrie in being more nearly rectangular. The lead only is coppered the bottom planking thus far being bare, though it will probably be coppered before the races on this side. The yacht is now at Gourock, and it was intended to try her under sail on Saturday last, using a mainsail of the old Valkyrie enlarged. The adjusting of the compasses took until 2 P. M., so the trial trip was postponed until Monday. The yacht will not go to the Mersey, and will not race before June 29, if then. The photo showed in the background the stocks on which the yacht was built, with the sliding ways by which she was moved broadside into a marine railway, on which she was run down into the water. Up to 1 P. M. on Tuesday the yacht had not started on her trial trip.

The steam yacht Ginita, Mr. Geo. B. Sloan, of Oswego, N. Y., left that port on June 6 for the Thousand Islands, having on board Capt. John Blackburn, Engineer John Sprague and a young boy, John Donnelly, employed in Mr. Sloan's office. A severe storm swept over Lake Ontario the same day, and as nothing has been heard from the yacht, it is certain that she is lost. A thorough search has been made of the shores of the lake and the St. Lawrence River, and the yacht's yawl has been found in the possession of the lighthouse keeper at Tibbett's Point. A strange story is told by the finders, Mr. Geo. B. Sloan, Jr., James Donnelly and R. G. and Wm. Blackburn, of finding the yawl and oars hidden in a barn, the keeper having failed to report that he had found them. Two caps, one having belonged to Capt. Blackburn have been found on the shore just east of Tibbett's Point.

The Change of the Y. R. A. Rule.

OUR readers are aware that for nearly a year the question of the alteration of the rule adopted in 1886—the "rating rule"—has been under consideration by the Y. R. A., with what result is told very fully in the following report, lately published by the Y. R. A. This report is of special interest to American yachtsmen from the fact that the extreme types exist here as well as in Great Britain, and though the conditions are different in some respects, any remedy which is effectual in one case will probably apply in the other. The report is as follows:

Report of the committee appointed by the Council of the Yacht Racing Association on the 24th of October, 1894, to recommend what amendment to the rating rule is desirable; embodying the resolution unanimously adopted at the meeting of the committee, April 26, 1895.

1. It will be convenient in the first instance to state shortly the circumstances which have led up to the present report.

2. In 1892 the yacht designers expressed to the rating rule committee of that year a strong opinion that an alteration of the existing rule was desirable, on the ground that it was necessarily leading, especially in the classes of 40-rating and under, to the construction of an extreme type of yacht, with small under-water body and poor internal accommodation, unfit for any purpose but racing. At that time, however, it was considered that yacht designing had not gone so far in the direction indicated as to render an alteration of the rule necessary.

3. In 1894 the yacht designers again urged the desirability of altering the rating rule on the same grounds as before, and the matter was brought before the council at its meeting at Ryde, in August last, and after discussion a committee, consisting of the following members, Mr. A. Manning, Mr. Peter Donaldson, Mr. G. F. Flemmich and Mr. W. Baden-Powell, was appointed to report on the working of the existing rule, and whether it was desirable.

4. On the 24th of September that committee made the following report:

"*To the Council of the Yacht Racing Association:*

"GENTLEMEN—In accordance with your resolution of Aug. 18, 1894, appointing a committee to consider and obtain the opinions of the leading yacht designers on the working of the rating rule, the members of the committee who signed this report met on Sept. 8, and they have now to report as follows:

"1. That in the smaller classes the rating rule is producing a type of vessel undesirably shallow and useless except for racing; your committee, however, do not consider it would be wise to attempt an alteration of the rule this year. They are of opinion that the time which would necessarily be consumed in discussing, drafting and passing a new rule would render all designing and building for next season practically impossible.

"2. In view of the fact of the more frequent occurrence of international contests, and of the fact that at present the English and American rating rules are practically identical, the committee recommend that the council should take steps to ascertain if a common rating could not be adopted by the countries interested in yacht racing. Should the council be unwilling to or fail to bring about an international rating rule, the committee recommend that a revision of the existing rule be made next spring, to come into operation in 1896.

"3 The committee have not attempted to formulate any proposal for altering the rule; but they are of opinion that immersed depth at the quarter beam might be introduced into the formula in such a manner as to insure a greater bulk of under-water body, but your committee do not put this forward with a view of prejudging the case in any proposal which the council may decide to make to bring about an international rating rule.

"4. The committee further report that at their meeting they had to confer with them the following naval architects: Mr. G. L Watson, Mr. W. Fife, Jr., Mr. A. E. Payne and Mr. Dixon Kemp, and the views of these gentlemen are embodied in our sport.

"5. Your committee, as well as the naval architects, were of opinion that it was most important that the recommendations of the committee should be made public at once, before it was possible to present their report to the council; the committee, therefore, decided that the sanction of the senior Vice-President, the Marquis of Exeter, should be obtained for immediate publication; this was accordingly done, and the recommendations made known to the public.

"(Signed) "AUGUSTUS MANNING.
"PETER DONALDSON.
"G. F. FLEMMICH.

"SEPT. 24, 1894."

5. That report was considered by the council at its meeting on the 10th and 24th of October, 1894, and at the latter meeting a resolution was passed to the effect that the rating rule requires amendment. At the same time the present committee was appointed, consisting of the undermentioned members: Mr. H. Crossley, Mr. Peter Donaldson, Mr. G. F. Flemmich, Sir George C. Lampson, Bart., Sir G A. Leach, Mr. A. Manning, Mr. W. Baden-Powell, Col. Saunderson, M. P., Mr. G. B. Thompson, and Mr. C. Newton Robinson. The council subsequently appointed the Earl of Dunraven and Mr. W. G. Jameson to the committee. The committee was invested with all necessary powers to consider and recommend what amendment to the rating rule is desirable.

6. The committee deemed it advisable to ascertain the views of all the principal yacht designers on the subject, and with that object addressed to them the following letter:

"NOVEMBER 14, 1894.—Dear Sir: I am requested by the Rating Rule Committee to inform you they are of opinion the present rule tends to produce in yachts unduly large circumscribing dimensions relative to displacement and useful living room on board; they consequently consider it advisable to alter or modify the rule, so that a type of vessel of more compact form, and having greater depth of under-water body, may be produced.

"The Rating Rule Committee will be much obliged if you will be good enough to consider this matter, and suggest what formula you consider necessary to attain the object the committee have in view.

"I am further requested to ask you to favor me with your answer by Jan. 1, 1895.

"I am, sir, faithfully yours, DIXON KEMP, Secretary."

7. The yacht designers entered heartily into the question; obtained the able assistance of Mr. R E. Froude; and after meetings and correspondence between themselves, and giving the subject most careful consideration, addressed the following letter to the committee:

"LONDON, Dec. 31, 1894.—*The Chairman of the Y. R. A. Rating Rule Committee*—Dear Sir: Referring to the circular letter dated Nov. 14, 1894, issued by the committee appointed by the Y. R. A. to again consider the rule for rating racing yachts, and addressed to us individually,* we, the undersigned, beg to advise you that as the result of our joint deliberations we recommend, for the purpose of securing the objects specified in that circular, the following formula, viz.:

$$\frac{(L+B+.75G+.5\sqrt{S.A.})^3}{C}=\text{Rating.}$$

"In this formula,

"L=Length on l.w.l. as now measured.

"B=Greatest beam wherever found.

"G=Under-water girth of the vessel from l.w.l. to l.w.l., taken at .6 of the loadwater line from its fore end and measured along the actual outline of the vertical cross section at that station. If the draft forward of that station exceeds the draft at that station, twice such excess to be added to G. In the case of centerboards, twice the drop of the board measured at the center of its length to be added to G. In taking these measurements, all hollows in the fore and aft underwater profile of the vessel and centerboards to be treated as filled up straight, and this length to be measured in a fore and aft direction from the extreme forward limit to the extreme after limit of the board when down. Bulb or ballasted boards to be measured in the same way as fixed or fin-keels.

"S. A.=Sail area.

"While we are certain that this rule will strongly tend in the desired direction, we wish to point out that in the event of the type developing in any undesirable direction, such tendency could at any time be controlled by a suitable modification of the co-efficients applied to the several terms, without radical change in the formula. In view of the possibility of your committee seeing fit to adopt at once other coefficients than those we have recommended, we have not specified any value for the constant divisor C; but should the formula be adopted, this can easily be arranged so as to include existing vessels, and our members are prepared to give such data concerning yachts of their design as may be requisite for the purpose.

"As regards the method of measuring and ascertaining girth, we suggest that the present principle of accepting sail makers' certificates for the dimensions of the sails be applied, and that the certificates of builders and designers be accepted for the girth measurement; corresponding permanent l.w.l. marks being affixed by them, such as can be checked by the actual surface of the water while the vessel is afloat, or serve, if required for the verification of the certified girth at any time the vessel is dry.

"The foregoing briefly conveys our unanimous opinion; and we may state that it is the result of very careful thought and consideration, both in conference and separately, and by the preparation and comparison of a number of test designs and diagrams.

"In the event of your desiring us to meet you for the purposes of discussion and explanation, we shall be pleased to do so, upon the understanding that we do so as a body.

"We are, dear sir, yours faithfully, "G L. WATSON, Chairman,
"C. P. CLAYTON,
"ARTHUR E. PAYNE,
"J. M SOPER,
"WILLIAM FIFE, JR.,
"A. RICHARDSON,
"C. E. NICHOLSON,
"R. E. FROUDE."

8. On the 7th of February the committee had a conference with the yacht designers, which Mr. Froude was good enough to attend, when their proposals were more fully explained and considered.

9. At this meeting the yacht designers emphatically confirmed the opinion they had previously expressed that an alteration of the existing rule is desirable.

10. They also expressed a confident opinion that relatively to rating size, the proposed rule would not be detrimental to speed, or, otherwise expressed, that yachts built under the proposed rule would be as fast, if not faster, than yachts built under the existing Y. R. A. rule, the Seawanhaka, or any other known rule, provided the yachts were measured and classed under the proposed rule.

11. During the conference the question was raised whether it would not be preferable to adopt a rating based on a linear instead of a cubic measurement, as being more simple and more easily worked, and the attention of the designers was drawn to this point.

After discussion and informal conversation, the further consideration of the proposal was adjourned in order that the yacht designers might consider the constant to be used as a divisor with the suggested formula, the effect of the formula upon the classification of existing yachts, certain points with reference to the proposed tax on centerboards, and whether it would be desirable to have the rating upon a linear instead of a cubic measurement.

On the 26th April the committee had another interview with the yacht designers, when they submitted their views upon the points which had been deferred for further consideration at the last meeting. Those views are expressed in the following letter:

"LONDON, April 25, 1895.—Dear Sir: In accordance with the request of your committee, made to us at your meeting of the 7th of February last, we have carefully considered the question of constants and classes applicable to our proposed rule for racing purposes, together with other points to which our attention was directed, and now beg to report as follows:

"With this rule we advise that the present form of 'rating' be discarded in favor of the simpler and more direct system which has hitherto generally been referred to as 'corrected length,' but as this term is misleading we prefer to describe and define it as simply 'racing measurement.'

"In this view we suggest the form of formula thus:

$$\frac{L+B+.75G+.5\sqrt{S.A.}}{2}=\text{R.M.}$$

with class divisions (expressed in feet) of 65ft., 52ft., 42ft., 36ft., 30ft. and 24ft., in place of the existing classes of 40, 20, 10, 5, 2½ and 1. The time scale being altered accordingly.

"If on the other hand the present system of 'rating' is to be retained the formula would be expressed as

$$\frac{(L+B+.75G+.5\sqrt{S.A.})^3}{C}=\text{R.}$$

and we suggest 55,000 as the constant divisor with classes of 40, 21, 11, 7, 4, 2.

"With either form of the rule we advise that all existing vessels, which may be found to exceed the measurement, or rating, as the case may be, for the classes for which they were built, shall be allowed to compete in such class and give the time a lowance for such excess so long as they are not altered so as to increase their measurement. Some disturbance is inevitable under any change of rule, but we think none of any moment will occur under the constant and classes we have suggested. We have carefully held in view the obvious rights of vested interests which account for the somewhat 'in and out' gradation of the racing measurement division of classes.

"As regards the question raised about measuring centerboards, we suggest the following after the words 'added to G of the formula':—This length to be measured in a fore and aft direction from the extreme forward limit to the extreme after limit of the board when down. Bulb or ballasted boards to be measured in the same way as fixed or fin-keels.

"The foregoing includes the main points we were asked by the committee to confer and report upon, but we wish further to suggest for your serious consideration the desirability of dealing with the constantly growing size of the 1st class cutters. It may not be advisable to place a hard and fast limit to size, but we are unanimously of opinion that it is desirable to check the size in some way, such for instance as a revision of the time scale above say 100 present rating, so as to appreciably penalize vessels above that size.

"We are, dear sir, yours faithfully, "G. L. WATSON, Chairman,
"C. P. CLAYTON,
"ARTHUR E. PAYNE,
"J. M. SOPER,
"WILLIAM FIFE, JR.,
"A. RICHARDSON,
"C. E. NICHOLSON."

At this meeting the following points, all of considerable importance, were mooted and discussed in addition to the proposed rating rule: whether there should be two separate rules for the large and small classes, but to this the designers were adverse; they also expressed the opinion that, without establishing any hard and fast rule, an endeavor should be made to check the constantly growing size of the larger class of cutters, which are becoming too large for handling, and suggested that this might be done by a modification of the time scale. And they further suggested the expediency of trying to establish an international rule of rating.

The committee have carefully considered the rule proposed by the yacht designers, which has obviously been very carefully thought out, and is as follows:

$$\frac{L+B+.75G+.5\sqrt{S.A.}}{2}=\text{R.}$$

The proposed rule appears to the committee to possess the following advantages:

1. That as it takes all the principal dimensions into account it will probably accomplish the object desired, and prevent the development of any extreme type of yacht.

2. That as there are no untaxed dimensions it is unlikely that any of the principal dimensions will develop under it to an undue extent, but that, should such prove to be the case, undue development in any particular direction can be checked by merely changing the co-efficients, or introducing co-efficients to the other dimensions without altering the principle of the rule.

3. That while its probable tendency will be to produce yachts of more compact and useful form of under-water body than those built under the present rule, it is not, in the opinion of those most competent to judge, likely to produce a slower type of yacht, but probably the reverse.

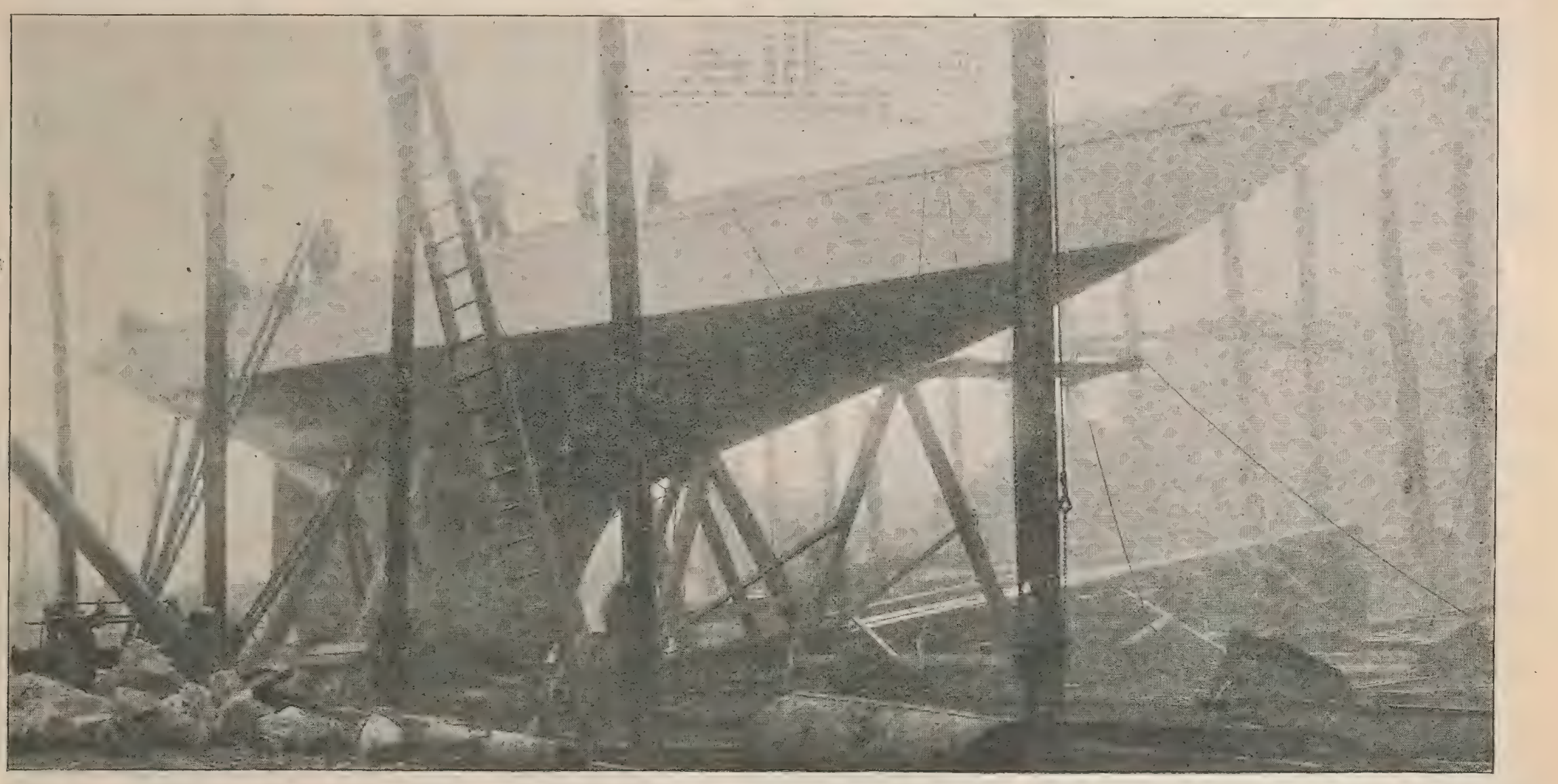
The committee therefore recommend that the rating rule proposed by the yacht designers and Mr. Froude should be adopted.

The measurements the rule will require to be made are somewhat complicated, but the committee see no reason to anticipate difficulty in obtaining these measurements any more than in obtaining the measurements of the sails. The yacht designers have no doubt that all designers and builders will be quite ready to give and to certify the accuracy of the measurements in the same way that the sail-makers give the sail measurements, and they suggest that such certificates should be accepted. The committee recommend that, as these measurements can readily be checked if required, the course suggested by the yacht designers should in the first instance be followed, subject to future alteration if not found to work satisfactorily. The exact points at which the girth is measured to be marked both at the load waterline and at the keel.

With regard to the question whether the rating should be based on a linear instead of a cubic measurement, the committee are of opinion that it would be desirable to adopt the former as being more simple and more easily worked. It would also have the advantage of being in the form most likely to lead to an international rule.

The linear rating under the proposed rule will approximate to the load waterline lengths, and will compare with the existing class ratings as follows:

* Mr. Froude joined our conference at the unanimous invitation of he ther members.



VALKYRIE III. CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.—DESIGNED BY G. L. WATSON, 1895.

(Linear) Rating.	Rating under existing rule.
18ft. rating.	0.5 rating.
24ft. "	1.0 "
30ft. "	2 5 "
36ft. "	5 0 "
42ft. "	10.0 "
52ft. "	20 0 "
65ft. "	40 0 "

If either form of rating is adopted a modification of the existing scales of time allowance will be necessary, but this can readily be accomplished, and it is recommended that in modifying the time scale the suggestion of the yacht designers with reference to the desirability of checking the growing increase in the size of the large cutters, by increasing the time allowance between the larger yachts, should be adopted.

It would be necessary in the propcsed new rule to give more exact definition to the term "ballasted centerboards."

If these recommendations are adopted by the council it would be desirable that the committee should be re-appointed to work out in detail the necessary alterations in the rules and time scales, mode of measurement, and otherwise.

As any rule to come into operation in 1896 should be settled as early as convenient, the question of an international rule would necessarily have to be left for future consideration.

The proceedings at the conferences with the yacht designers are given in the appendix.

The committee cannot close their report without expressing their appreciation of the ability and labor which has been bestowed by the yacht designers and Mr. Froude on this question, and they suggest that the thanks of the council should be conveyed to those gentlemen for the very valuable assistance they have rendered to the committee.

(Signed) G. A. LEACH (Chairman),
for the committee.

Accompanying the report is a transcript of the proceedings before the rating rule committee, including the correspondence and the statements of the designers, which is very interesting, being further illustrated by diagrams of different sections, etc., showing the probable effect of the proposed rule. The council of the Y. R. A., in calling a special meeting of the Association for June 17, presents for adoption or rejection the formula proposed by the designers, but with an amendment in the clause relating to centerboards, providing that the extreme depth of the centerboard below the keel be measured and multiplied by 1.5, the product being added to the girth of the hull. This is equivalent to including three-fourths of the extreme exposed depth of the centerboard as part of the girth of hull.

The report of the committee, representing the study of many experts for a period of several years, with many meetings and accompanying discussion, covers too much ground to be closely criticised at first sight, or without thorough examination. So far as we have thus far been able to examine it, we should say that the formula would attain as fully as possible the immediate end in view of producing a vessel of more compact form and general utility and at the same time fast under the rule, and that the method of measurement, though less simple than previous ones, is no more complicated nor difficult than the case demands. We are glad to see that the designers have abandoned the idea, touched on in their report of 1893, of limiting overhangs, as we believe it to be entirely unnecessary.

The most important point of the new rule is the measurement of the centerboard; it is perfectly obvious that if depth is to be used as a factor of measurement, either directly or indirectly, some account must be taken of the centerboard, or the rule will amount to a practical prohibition of the keel type.

On the other hand, it is quite as important, especially at the present time, that no injustice, real or imaginary, be done to the centerboard, but that it be allowed every reasonable opportunity of demonstrating its superiority to the keel. In the long battle between centerboard and keel in this country, and for eight years in Great Britain, the centerboard has been absolutely unrestricted, until the extreme has been reached of a deep and heavily ballasted keel cutter masquerading as a "centerboard sloop" by virtue of an immensely heavy centerboard. With all the odds in its favor, the centerboard has been driven out of the fight by the natural course of evolution and the survival of the fittest. It will be a serious error of policy if the Yacht Racing Association now comes to the aid of the defeated centerboard by enabling it to pose before the yachting world as a martyr.

To determine the just value for the centerboard in this formula from an American standpoint would require a long and careful comparison of the designs of centerboard and keel boats in the same classes; and without this it is impossible to say, off-hand, what the effect of the rule would be, or how well it is adapted for this side of the water.

The international aspect of the whole question is a very important one. While the necessity for a change of rule is by no means so imperative in this country as in England, there is no doubt that the general welfare of yacht racing demands some limitation of the finkeel, and that a rule which would accomplish this in England, as the proposed rule is designed to do, would be of great benefit here. The fate of international racing is now in doubt; we very much fear that if it should happen this year that the America's Cup be successfully defended, not, as always in the past, through superior power and model, but through extreme light construction, British yachtsmen and designers will realize the impossibility of constructing a yacht for the safe passage of the Atlantic without fatally handicapping her for racing at New York. If, as is quite possible, the point has already been reached beyond which an extreme lightness of hull ceases to be beneficial, or if necessary strength has been sacrificed in the experimental use of new materials, or if for any reason the third Valkyrie should prove a winner, then the racing for the Cup will continue; in which latter event it will be essential to the challenger, the American, that his regular designing and racing shall be under a rule not widely different from that of his opponent.

While there are certain considerations of climate and environment, which must tend to develop different types in different countries even under the same common system of measurement, we look forward to the time when there will be but one such system in use in America and Europe, and we hope that the proposed rule may prove a step toward this result. The meeting of the Y. R. A. was called for June 17, but no report had reached New York up to the time of going o press.

New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK BAY.

Thursday, June 13.

THE fiftieth annual regatta of the New York Y. C. was sailed on June 13 in good weather, all things considered, but with a very poor field of starters, the actual racing being limited to five boats in two classes, the other yachts merely sailing over. The regatta committee had exerted all of its influence to induce owners to enter, either in the open or cruising rig classes, but with very poor results, as usual. The entry list was as follows:

	Length.	Allowance
FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.		
Coronet, D. W. and A. C. James	114.84	Allows.
Ramona, H. M. Gillig	105.84	3 37
SECOND AND THIRD CLASS SCHOONERS—CRUISING TRIM.		
Emerald, J. R Maxwell	89 51	Allows.
Clytie, H. C. Ward	79.46	6 01
FOURTH CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.		
Elsie Marie, J. B. King	74.67	Allows.
Shamrock, W. P. Ward	73 18	1 06
Loyal, B. B. Sutton	65.93	6 58
FIFTH CLASS SCHOONERS—RACING TRIM.		
Neaera, H. K. McHarg	59 31	Allows.
Fenella, W. A. Hazard	56.39	3 04
THIRD CLASS CUTTERS—RACING TRIM.		
Hildegard, J. C. Bergen	65 39	Allows.
Queen Mab, Percy Chubb	63.28	1 53
SIXTH CLASS CUTTERS—RACING TRIM.		
Gossoon, L. V. Clark	47.83	Allows.
Uvira, F. P. Sands	47.14	0 48
Minerva, H. W. Bucknall	45.61	2 35
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	.....	. . .
MIXED CLASS—CRUISING TRIM.		
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	55 15	Allows.
Wasp, H. F. and R. L. Lippitt	54.97	0 11
Awa, A. D. W. Cochrane	46 78	8 41

Of these, Coronet, Fenella, Gossoon, Norota, Eclipse, Hildegarde and Awa failed to start, while Ramona and Queen Mab were very late and badly handicapped.

The courses were from off Buoy 13, just outside the Narrows, around the Southwest Spit and out past the Hook, Neaera, Wasp and the smaller boats turning the Scotland Lightship, while the larger ones turned the Sandy Hook Lightship, returning by way of the spit. The allowances were for 31 and 25 nautical miles. The prizes were $200 for first and $75 for second (if four or more start), with $75 and $50 in the cruising class.

For a week past the easterly winds and high temperature have brought in a thick haze every night after sundown, lasting well into the morning, and Thursday was no exception; the atmosphere was thick and heavy and the water hidden by a dry haze as the steamers and sailing craft made for the line. The haze lifted, however, about 10 A. M., showing a clear sunny sky, while a cool fresh breeze came in from S. E. Com. Brown was on hand with the new flagship Sylvia, a very small craft to dare the Atlantic in mid-winter, but looking trim and shipshape. The regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Wm. E. Iselin, the latter acting in the absence of Mr. Irving Grinnell, was aboard with Com Brown. The club has this year made a comparatively small but important change in abolishing the old swallow-tail pennant and substituting an oblong one; a needed step to the complete retirement of the lubberly "swallow-tail" and the substitution of the oblong for the private signal of owners. The steamer Taurus carried the members of the club. There were very few steam or sailing yachts out to witness the racing, none of the large steam yachts and only three large schooners being visible hrough the day.

The start was advertised for 11 A. M., and though the committee held the gun for thirty-five minutes waiting for the usual laggards, several were left astern. Most of the racers were ready in good season, standing off and on for nearly an hour, the most prominent being Colonia, in fine shape and with her new Yankee crew aboard. The same absurd restriction which kept Iroquois out of the races in 1893, when she was under charter by the Vigilant syndicate, operates this year to exclude Colonia under similar conditions; the New York Y. C., like the British Y. R. A., clinging fondly to an old rule prohibiting the entry of chartered yachts, even though, as in both of these cases, the charterers are members of the club. If any good reason for such a rule ever existed, it is certainly offset to-day by the scarcity of entries and the need of every yacht that can be induced to compete.

Just before the preparatory signal was given at 11.25, a heavy squall of rain broke over the bay, lasting until the yachts were half way to the Spit, when the sun broke through the clouds and showed himself for the rest of the day, though a few drops of rain fell late in the afternooon.

The starting gun fired at 11 35, the wind being S.S.E, moderate and the tide near the top of the flood. Colonia and Wasp, both swinging club topsails, crossed together, Wasp to windward, and stood down the West Bank on port tack, followed by Minerva and Uvira. Of the four cutters Colonia pointed quite as high and held on as well as any, or a little better, for the short time they were in close company. She and Wasp soon made a short hitch on starboard tack and then came about for a long port tack to the Spit. Shamrock and Elsie Marie were really racing, and started in close company, but apart from them the start was a most uninteresting procession, very pretty for the ladies, but with nothing to claim the attention of yachtsmen. Of the yachts which were about the line when the gun fired, all crossed without a handicap within the limit of 5m. for the cutters and 10m. for the schooners. Ramona and Queen Mab were late in getting down to the line, and crossed long after the main body of the fleet

For a time the boats were partly hidden by the rain, but long before the Spit was reached the sky was clear and the whole bay visible, the fleet making a pretty spectacle. Shamrock had passed Elsie Marie, and the two were having a very pretty race. Uvira had already beaten Minerva, and the rest of the fleet were jogging along over the course with nothing to lose or gain. The times at the Spit were:

Colonia	12 33 00	Loyal	12 51 30
Wasp	12 42 50	Minerva	12 54 35
Emerald	12 43 20	Neaera	12 54 45
Shamrock	12 45 40	Ramona	1 01 30
Elsie Marie	12 46 25	Clytie	1 04 45
Uvira	12 50 10	Queen Mab	1 08 00

The sky was clear, the air neither too warm nor too cool, the sea smooth and clean, in spite of a big fleet of garbage scows in the distance, and it would be hard to find a more delightful day for an outing afloat, especially for the ladies. The fleet worked out to windward, turned the Sandy Hook and Scotland Lightship, set balloon jibtopsails and sailed home. The fight between Shamrock and Elsie Marie was really exciting, the two being close together all day and Shamrock leading all the way out and a good part of the way in, though finally beaten by the newer boat. The fleet was timed at the Sandy Hook Lightship as follows:

Colonia	1 50 00	Queen Mab	2 32 13
Emerald	2 16 00	Loyal	2 35 00
Shamrock	2 23 00	Ramona	2 42 37
Elsie Marie			

The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.				
Ramona	11 50 00	4 34 32	4 44 32	4 44 32
SCHOONERS—SECOND AND THIRD CLASSES.				
Emerald	11 42 07	4 04 47	4 21 40	4 21 40
Clytie	11 42 32	Withdrew.		
SCHOONERS—FOURTH CLASS.				
Elsie Marie	11 41 08	4 20 18	4 39 10	4 39 10
Shamrock	11 41 56	4 24 14	4 42 18	4 41 08
Loyal	11 42 38	4 40 54	4 58 16	4 51 18
CUTTERS—THIRD CLASS.				
Queen Mab	11 40 00	4 27 49	4 47 49	4 47 49
CUTTERS—SIXTH CLASS.				
Uvira	11 38 24	3 55 55	4 17 31	4 16 43
Minerva	11 37 18	4 26 18	4 49 00	4 46 25
MIXED CLASS.				
Wasp	11 36 00	3 37 34	4 01 34	4 01 34
Neaera	11 44 20	4 14 09	4 29 49	4 25 18
FIRST CLASS CUTTERS.				
Colonia	11 35 54	3 43 03	4 05 09	

The winners are Ramona, Emerald, Elsie Marie, Queen Mab, Uvira and Wasp.

Loyal protests on the ground that she should have been classed with Neaera, being under 65ft. sailing length.

Atlantic Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK BAY.

Tuesday, June 11.

The Atlantic Y. C. sailed its thirtieth annual regatta on June 11 with hard luck, a dense fog enshrouding the fleet outside of Sandy Hook, hiding the yachts from view and making a very late finish. There was a haze over the Upper Bay in the morning and very little wind, while the tide ran flood until 10:30. The start was called at 11 o'clock, and a little after that hour there was wind enough to warrant a start, the tide having then turned ebb, but none of the yachts were ready, and it was not until 12:35 that the signal was finally given. The haze had disappeared long before and the sun was shining brightly, while a light S. E. wind was blowing. A lot of valuable time was lost in waiting for the yachts to make their way slowly down from the anchorage. The usual time start was made, with 5m. for the first division to cross in, the second division following immediately. The courses were:

For all Classes of Schooners, and Cutters in Classes 1, 2 and 3—From the starting line, between buoy No. 11 and a stakeboat anchored to the southward and eastward thereof, to Southwest Spit buoys Nos. 12 and 10, leaving them on the port hand; thence to bell buoy off the point of the Hook, leaving it on starboard hand; thence to the Scotland Lightship, leaving it on port hand; thence around the Sandy Hook Lightship, leaving it on port hand; thence to the bell buoy off the point of the Hook, leaving it on port hand; thence to Southwest Spit buoys Nos. 10 and 12, leaving both on the starboard hand; thence to the finishing line, keeping to the southward and westward of the beacon on Romer Shoal, and to the eastward of buoy No. 9 on west bank, both going and returning. Distance, 30¾ miles.

For Cutters in Class 4—From starting line to Southwest Spit, and around the Scotland Lightship, and home over same course; 23¼ miles.

For Classes 5 and 6—From starting line, past a stakeboat anchored near buoy No. 6, off the northern point of Sandy Hook; thence around the Scotland Lightship, and return by Swash Channel. Distance, 19¼ miles.

For All Other Classes—From starting line to Southwest Spit buoys 12 and 10, leaving both on port hand; around a stakeboat anchored near buoy 6, off the northern point of Sandy Hook, leaving same on port hand; thence to the finishing line by way of the Swash Channel. Distance, 12¼ miles.

For several years the Atlantic Y. C. has started its races off the black channel buoy above Hoffman Island and just outside the Narrows. This buoy, long known as No. 15, was last year No. 11, and has since been changed to No. 13, while the block buoy 1½ miles below, No. 9 for several years, is now No. 11. This change has not been recognized in the official statement of club courses, and as a consequence the start was about 1½ miles further down than usual, and the course 3 miles shorter than stated. The entries were:

	Length.
CLASS 1—SCHOONERS OVER 95FT.	
Ramona, H. F. Gillig	105.84
CLASS 2—SCHOONER 85 TO 95FT.	
Emerald, J. Rogers Maxwell	89.51
CLASS 4—SCHOONERS 65 TO 75FT.	
Elsie Marie, J. B. King	74.68
Shamrock, Willard P. Ward	73.18
CLASS 5—SCHOONERS NOT OVER 65FT.	
Loyal, B. F. Sutton	64.96
Fenella, W. A. Hayward	56.39
CLASS 3—CUTTERS 60 TO 70FT.	
Hildegarde, J. C. Bergen	65.39
Queen Mab, Percy Chubb	63.30
CLASS 4—CUTTERS 51 TO 60FT.	
Ventura, J. Porter	59.90
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	54.99
Wasp, Lippett Bros	54.97

CLASS 5—CUTTERS 43 TO 51FT.

Penguin, G. E. Brightson	50.80
Gosson, L. V. Clark	47.83
Uvira, F. P. Sands	47.14
Wenonah, J. G Meehan	47.10
Lotowana, A. E. White	47.10
Awa, A. D. W. Cochrane	46.78
Choctaw, T. L. Arnold	46.40
Minerva, H. W. Bucknall	.....

CLASS 6—CUTTERS 36 TO 43FT.

Norota, F. M. Hoyt	42.00
Tigress, James Weir, Jr.	41.80

CLASS 7—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS 30 TO 36FT.

Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00
Wabassa, H. B. Shaen	34.00

CLASS 8—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS 25 TO 30FT.

Feydeh, E. D. Cowman	29.00
Royal, W. B. Growtage	28.60
Nomad, W. B. Growtage	26.60

CLASS 9—CUTTERS AND SLOOPS NOT OVER 25FT.

Miles Standish, F. W. Boyer	.....
Wave, L. L. Barber	18.00

CATBOATS—CLASS 1.

Mary, W. Elsworth	28.76
Almira, Wilmer Hanan	28.62
Oconee, C. F. Pierce	26.00
Marguerite, F. M. Randall	26.00

CATBOATS—CLASS 2.

Allegro, F. M. Randall	22.90
Kittie, Hazen Morse	22.40

The non-starters were Gossoon, Awa, Wenonah, Lotowana, Tigress, Wabasso, Royal, Oconee and Marguerite Mary had sprung her solid mast on the previous day, but had it banded and stayed with the spreaders used last year, and was ready at the line. Elsie Marie, the fast 70ft. Cary Smith schooner, was the first away at 12:41:43. The others were timed as follows:

Queen Mab	12 41 51	Penguine	12 47 32
Hildegarde	12 42 04	Allegro	12 47 42
Shamrock	12 42 43	Almira	12 49 00
Emerald	12 43 27	Kittie	12 49 10
Loyal	12 44 03	Dragoon	12 49 28
Wave	12 46 08	Nomad	12 49 38
Wasp	12 46 43	Fenella	12 49 40
Choctaw	12 46 56	Feydeh	12 50 00
Miles Standish	12 47 13	Uvira	12 50 15
Ramona	12 47 22	Mary	12 50 32
Norota	12 47 26	Ventura	12 50 35
Eclipse	12 47 32	Minerva	12 51 05

Minerva was hindered at the line by the big cat Almira, and had to make a second start, she with Ramona, Uvira, Mary and Ventura being handicapped. With a weather-going tide, all could fetch the Southwest Spit, but several tried a useless tack toward Coney Island shortly after crossing the line. The leaders were timed at the Spit buoy:

Queen Mab	1 25 00	Hildegarde	1 32 00
Emerald	1 26 30	Loyal	1 33 30
Elsie Marie	1 29 30	Wasp	1 33 50
Shamrock	1 31 40		

The windward work from the Spit outside the Hook was very pretty, there being a moderate breeze and a heave to the sea; but long before the Scotland was reached the whole fleet was swallowed up in a dense fog that rolled in from the sea. The club steamer, Gen. Slocum, and the judges' boat the tug Lohman, managed to find the Scotland, and waited for the yachts, timing them as follows:

Queen Mab	2 42 00	Hildegarde	3 00 00
Emerald	2 46 06	Shamrock	3 01 00
Wasp	2 49 10	Loyal	3 03 05
Uvira	2 50 08	Minerva	3 05 02
Elsie Marie	2 55 00	Choctaw	3 07 00
Norota	2 56 30	Ramona	3 23 00
Penguin	2 59 00	Eclipse	3 24 04

There was no thrilling racing nor quick work on the twelve miles from the start to the Scotland, but an easy, go-as-you-please sail, each boat jogging along on her own hook, bothering no one and bothered by none. All sailed under the same conditions, however, and the elapsed times are interesting:

Uvira	2 00 00	Elsie Marie	2 13 27
Queen Mab	2 00 09	Hildegarde	2 17 56
Wasp	2 02 27	Shamrock	2 18 17
Emerald	2 02 33	Loyal	2 19 02
Minerva	2 05 00	Choctaw	2 20 04
Norota	2 09 04	Eclipse	2 36 28
Penguin	2 11 28	Ramona	2 38 00

The two cutters Uvira and Queen Mab did by far the best work, as the figures show. Queen Mab and Hildegarde, with the five schooners, continued on to find the Sandy Hook Lightship in the fog, the others soon setting spinakers for a run in. When well up with the point of the Hook the fog was left astern, but the wind fell light; the smaller boats managed to finish before dark, but the larger ones, after rounding the Sandy Hook Lightship, Queen Mab still in the lead, lost the wind and laid becalmed for a time, finishing about 8 P. M. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.				
Ramona	12 45 00	9 20 40	8 35 40	8 35 40
SCHOONERS—SECOND CLASS.				
Emerald	12 43 27	8 24 43	7 41 16	7 41 16
SCHOONERS—FOURTH CLASS.				
Elsie Marie	12 41 33	8 20 57	7 49 24	7 49 24
Shamrock	12 42 43	8 42 37	7 59 54	7 58 49
SCHOONERS—FIFTH CLASS.				
Loyal	12 44 03	9 18 10	8 34 07	8 34 07
Fenella	12 45 00	Withdrew.		
SLOOPS—THIRD CLASS.				
Hildegarde	12 42 04	8 54 56	8 12 52	8 12 52
Queen Mab	12 41 51	8 22 18	7 40 27	7 38 24
SLOOPS—FOURTH CLASS.				
Ventura	12 50 00	Withdrew.		
Eclipse	12 47 32	7 10 38	6 03 26	6 03 26
Wasp	12 46 43	6 00 03	5 13 20	5 13 19
SLOOPS—FIFTH CLASS.				
Penguin	12 47 32	6 10 30	5 22 58	5 22 58
Uvira	12 50 00	5 37 10	4 47 10	4 44 07
Choctaw	12 46 56	6 12 12	5 25 16	5 21 34
Minerva	12 50 00	6 02 23	5 12 23	5 07 57
SLOOPS—SIXTH CLASS.				
Norota	12 47 26	6 12 36	5 25 10	5 25 10
SLOOPS—SEVENTH CLASS.				
Dragoon	12 49 28	3 08 50	2 19 22	2 19 22
SLOOPS—EIGHTH CLASS.				
Feydeh	12 50 00	3 41 10	2 51 10	2 51 10
Nomad	12 49 38	3 57 22	3 07 44	3 04 47
SLOOPS—NINTH CLASS.				
Miles Standish	12 47 13	3 46 40	2 59 27	Not md.
Wave	12 46 08	3 42 40	2 56 32	Not md.
CATS—FIRST CLASS.				
Mary	12 50 00	3 34 25	2 44 25	2 44 25
Almira	12 49 00	3 28 35	2 39 35	2 39 25
CATS—SECOND CLASS.				
Allegro	12 47 42	3 29 45	2 42 03	2 42 03
Kittie	12 49 10	3 32 17	2 43 07	2 42 17

The winners were Ramona, Emerald, Elsie Marie, Loyal, Queen Mab, Wasp, Uvira, Norota, Dragoon, Feydeh, Wave, Almira and Allegro.

Columbia Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Tuesday, June 11.

THE twenty-eighth annual regatta of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed on June 11 over a triangular course from off the club station, Eighty-sixth street, New York, across the Hudson River to a mark off 145th street, down the river to a mark off Guttenberg, and home, two rounds, making 15 miles. The wind was light, variable and very unsatisfactory; the times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 35 AND OVER 30FT.		
Cygnet, Com. J. F. Hitchcock	4 15 22	4 15 22
Ramona, Hiller & Snyder	4 19 20	4 18 53
Tally-Ho, H. D. Morrison	Withdrew.	
Rob Roy, A. P. Scripture	Withdrew.	
CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS 30FT. AND UNDER		
Mabel, J. S. Hanson	4 44 45	4 44 45
Lurline, B. Barnett	4 19 45	4 14 45
Veta, Dr. Stedman	4 19 45	4 19 45
Camille, Thomas Miller, Jr	4 23 15	4 22 33
CLASS D—CABIN CATS.		
Frankie A., V. Schulz	4 20 05	4 14 43
Zamiel, F. B. Vanderveer	4 20 05	4 20 05
CLASS E—OPEN CATS.		
C. T. Wills, M. Nicholas	4 05 00	4 05 00
Amanda, Dr. H. E. Mann	Withdrew.	

The winners were: Class B, Cygnet; class C, Lurline; class D, Frankie A.; class E, C. T. Wills.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Chicago, have just issued their 1895 catalogue mailed free.—*Adv.*



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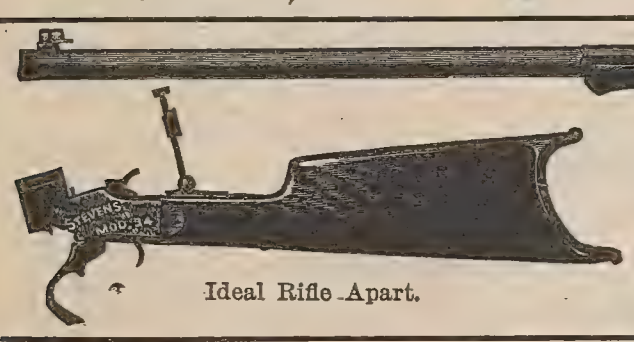


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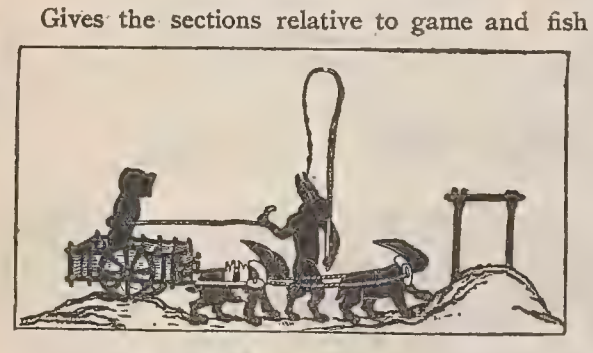
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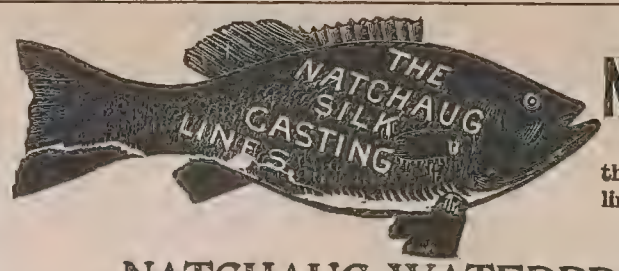
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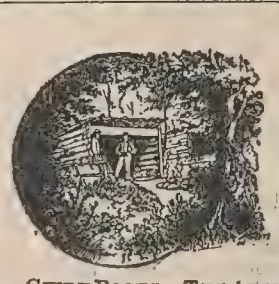
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1895.

VOL. XLIV.—No. 26
No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page vii.

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THERE are men in public life and in the public service who lift up their voices in eloquent periods and loudly declaim for the greatest good for the greatest number, and when their official record is ciphered up it is discovered that by the greatest number they mean every time Number One. When these people get into Congress they are up to all degrees of jobbery, expensive or petty, that may be calculated to advance the interests of this particular individual and personal greatest number. They will even steal fish.

At the meeting of the American Fisheries Society, on motion of Mr. L. D. Huntington, this resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the senses of this society that no fish or fry should be distributed at public expense for private waters.

The reason for such a manifesto was in plain English that it has been a regular custom to steal fish which belonged to the public for private waters. United States Senators have been in the way of sending to such of their constituents as have fish ponds and fishing preserves fish and fry from the United States Fish Commission. In other words, they have diverted public funds to their own private purposes.

The remedy for this evil is not to be found in deprecatory resolutions of a fishery society. The parties to the scheme ought to be indicted. That of course would be out of the question, for the Americans do not require of their representatives in Washington the same honesty in the administration of public funds that is demanded in ordinary business and private life, and the fathers who laid out the details of our Government neglected to provide for the punishment of public fish thieves in the Senate. In spite of what the American Fisheries Society has resolved, it is likely that the old system will continue, and the people will be taxed to support the United States Fish Commission to raise fish for the private waters of the friends of Senators. There are men right here within twenty-five miles of New York who have now fish in their private ponds with not a particle more of right to them than had the fish been stolen from some other private preserves instead of from the breeding ponds of the United States Government. "Why should I buy any more fry of you," said a fishing preserve owner to a trout breeder the other day, "when I can get all I want for nothing from the Government?" The conundrum was too much for the fishculturist, but he knows that he cannot sell his former customer any more trout fry so long as the Senatorial pull shall last and the Senator shall be willing to steal fish for his friend from the Government.

Many persons in office make a distinction between public integrity and private integrity. An United States Senator may defraud the Government of its fish and not feel that he is doing a dishonest act, whereas he would scorn to cheat a private individual of a nickel. When the Fish Commission jobbery bill was before the New York Legislature, an employee of the Fish Commission wanted to put on a superfluous man at one of the hatcheries, in order thereby to secure the influence of a Senator from a western part of the State. He suggested that it would be quite proper to do so because it would not cost the State much; and yet this individual, who was quite willing to squander public money in this way, if appointed executor of an estate might guard the interests of the widow and the fatherless with scrupulous zeal to the last cent. We have seen in this State the head of a great financial institution secure from the Fish Commission fish for his private ponds by the dishonest ruse of writing in his application blank that the waters for which they were intended were public, while as a matter of fact they were private; and yet if one were traveling with this individual one would not feel it necessary to keep his hand on his pocket book.

How shall we account for this distinction between public and private honesty? How shall the paradox be explained?

AN ANIMAL THAT HIES.

WITH the single exception of his dog, the sportsman is probably the only animal now living on the earth that hies. All others are extinct.

Even the sportsman never hies except in print or in manuscript intended for print; and even then, our observation would appear to indicate, he hies more frequently in the manuscript than in the actual print.

Other creatures, quadruped or biped, simply go, walk, run, travel, make a break, skip, scoot, slope, set out, light out, peg out, mosey; as the New York police say, get a move on themselves; or in the classic speech of the Bowery, chase derselfs. But the shooter hies him to the field, and the angler hies himself to the stream; there the one sees his dog freeze into a statue, the other catches speckled beauties; and neither ever eats his dinner or supper, but invariably does full justice to it.

SNAP SHOTS.

The Hoboken Turtle Club, of this city, last week celebrated its ninety-ninth anniversary with a dinner, in which, as in each of the ninety-eight that had gone before it, turtle soup was the chief dish. The club was organized in 1796 by Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton and other prominent men of the day, who used to go turtle hunting on the marshes of Hoboken opposite New York City. Hamilton and Burr must have eaten turtle together within sight of that fatal field where afterwards their duel was fought.

We note a foolish proclivity of Florida newspapers to disseminate snake stories. There are snakes in Florida, thousands of them, big fellows, ugly and deadly; but it is fatuous for Florida editors to multiply the actual snake supply and magnify its terrors. People live in Florida and go about their business, children grow to manhood and old age and pass away, without ever seeing snakes. The populace is not in a continuous stage of reptilian siege, as the snake reporters of the Florida papers would have us believe. What can be the special purpose of the snake stories? Do the editors expect to induce immigration by them?

No story can come out of Florida or any other remote quarter too silly for metropolitan journalists to pay telegraph tolls on, if it comes in the silly season. The latest yarn is of an enormous alligator which came out of the St. John's River, dashed with wild fury through a Jacksonville street, and, hotly pursued by a bombarding mob of shooters, finally climbed a telegraph pole. The fact that an alligator could not climb a telegraph pole in a thousand years does not count for anything with the managers of the rival press associations, who are continually sending out to their clients competitive doses of just such silly specials, and quarreling in print with each other over their scoops.

We observe with interest that the lie about President Cleveland's Sunday fishing, given currency by a Pennsylvania clergyman in a Sunday-school address, has gained such headway in most parts of the country that the denial never can catch up with it. This presidential Sunday fishing fake has taken its place with Senator Mitchell's Alaskan Indian duck egg fake, the Jacksonville telegraph pole climbing alligator fake, and the ancient and honorable hoopsnake fake. Each of these, once started, is hard to head off. As for the Pennsylvania gentleman who set the Sunday fishing story going, nothing could have restrained him but an experience like that which cured Uncle Peter of his hoopsnake lies, as related by "Will Scribbler" in another column, and that was conversion.

In Elizabeth, N. J., and many other towns, when summer comes, the police turn out and shoot the dogs running at large in the streets. Good dogs and bad dogs, thoroughbreds and curs, all are killed indiscriminately. This method of abating the stray dog nuisance is barbarous, indecent and unworthy of a civilized community. Because it makes no distinction between dogs that ought to live and dogs that should die, it is an outrageous infringement on the rights of owners of valuable animals. Because it does brutal dog murder in the public streets, it terrifies women and children. There is no excuse for the system. There are other ways of ridding the town of dogs and of doing it decently and in order. In Elizabeth and every other dog-infested community not run by Piutes, the superfluous canine supply should be rounded up, corralled in a pound, held a suitable time for redemption, and then given a painless death. The system practiced by the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been described in our columns and is set forth in detail in the society's annual report, which might well be given study by municipal authorities.

Once upon a time there was a little boy and he had a little dog. They lived in a little city, so ridiculously small that the entire population, dogs and all, might have taken shelter in a single one of New York's big buildings, had there been such giant structures in those days. The little city had a little marshal, who used to wear his hat cocked to one side, his shoulders thrown back, and his chin in the air, all in a way which clearly said that he thought himself the biggest thing in the little town. He also carried a gun and kept both eyes out for dogs in the street, just for all the world like those Elizabeth, New Jersey, dog cops. Now the little boy loved his little dog, as little boys do love little dogs; and no one had told him about the new dog law and the marshal with the gun. One morning long before light—for such was the custom in the little southern city—the boy and the dog went to the market on the square for meat. As they were crossing the square, there stood the marshal. With not a word of warning he threw the cruel gun to shoulder; there was a crash in the air, a flash of flame, a heart-rending cry; and the little dog lay dying, licking the hand of the little boy, who cuddled it in his arms and cried over it. That was thirty years ago, and the marshal has long been asleep with his fathers, but to this day the boy has never forgotten nor forgiven the cruel deed of that morning. Perhaps he never will.

Now that shooting licenses are coming into vogue as a panacea for all our ills, why would it not be an excellent scheme to require a license of taxidermists in localities near to the game supply? They have adopted the plan in Maine, where the laws restricting the amount of game in possession are stringent. Such a law works no hardship, it allows the utmost freedom to responsible men, and afford opportunity of calling to account those persons who encourage and aid the violation of the game laws. If those taxidermist establishments in the neighborhood of the Yellowstone National Park were under the surveillance and control of determined Game Commissioners there would be more hope for the Park buffalo.

Illinois is rejoicing that it has passed through a legislative session without having a Blow bill foisted upon it. New York's Donaldson law will bring to its markets the tons of Western game which the enactment of Warden Blow's measure would have kept in Chicago. The *Game Laws in Brief* as now revised shows that the laws of more than thirty States have been changed this year. The destructive effects of Donaldson market-men's law will quite offset the sum total of advantage gained by al the new legislation put together.

Among the season's records of big fish are a 26lbs. striped bass caught off Greenwich, Conn., in Long Island Sound, and a 30½in. brown trout netted for the State hatchery in the Beaverkill, Sullivan county, N. Y. I you score anything larger than these, report your luck t FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TWO TALL STORIES.

IN its halcyon days our camp was a large one, and in connection with its various departments of labor employed nearly three hundred men. The mines were distant about three or four miles from the main camp, where were located the company's offices, smelter, the store, and of course the inevitable saloons. Every Saturday night many of the miners made it a point to visit the camp, both for the purpose of purchasing needed supplies, as well as having a bit of a good time. The store, a large, commodious frame building, was the general meeting place, and here, as the evening wore on and the men gradually mellowed under the influence of frequent libations, as well as their own rough, good fellowship, there were sure to be heard some tales of adventure calculated to give the average tenderfoot a bad case of the shivers.

For there were some rough blades in the crowd, old "49ers," who had braved the perils of the overland route and the privations of the diggings, and who had since drifted from one to the other of the great mining camps of the West. They had quite naturally accumulated a fund of rare experiences, and withal had acquired, in a high degree, the faculty of telling a story with a peculiar picturesqueness of diction such as I have never heard elsewhere. When one of them cleared his throat preparatory to a story everyone drew near, all talk in the room ceased, and each face bore eloquent testimony to the belief that a mighty good thing was about to be given to the world. At times a fierce rivalry developed between these old fellows, and under its inspiration some strange and fearful tales were born.

It has long been a source of regret to me that I did not at the time jot down the more salient features of many of these stories, although it would be impossible for me, I think, to give them the peculiar flavor which these men imparted to them, and which, in reality, constituted their greatest charm.

I well remember one night, however, when the stories ran on hunting adventures and experiences with the big carnivora of the mountains, for it is a theme in which I have always been deeply interested, and besides some of the stories were of such a startling character that they were likely to impress themselves rather deeply on one's mind. An eager, credulous tenderfoot in the audience was, I have always thought, responsible in a large measure for their rather sensational character this night; for if there was ever an occasion when these old yarners would spread themselves, it was in the presence of the gullible tenderfoot.

There were probably fifteen or twenty men seated about the big stove at the rear end of the room, the majority of whom were pulling away at their pipes, while a few munched away at their plug, varying the exercise with occasional deluges of expectoration aimed at the sawdust filled boxes which stood about the stove. Brownell, the storekeeper, had just finished telling how the big bison bull had chased him on the top of Bullion Mountain, and how narrowly he had escaped with his life, when old Tom McKinnon, one of the elect, removed his pipe from his mouth and, giving his shoulders a slight shrug, said with a rather contemptuous air that it was mighty easy to dodge a critter when one had the whole top of the ground do it in, but that it was an entirely different matter when the critter had you down in a hole in the ground, and was madder than all furiation besides.

Immediately there was a general drawing nearer the stove, for everyone knew that a story was coming. Tom, as was his wont, however, said nothing for a moment, whereupon the tenderfoot, thinking that some interrogation was necessary to draw him out, asked him if he had ever had such an experience.

Without deigning to reply directly to the question, Tom, after another moment's silence, began as follows: "In th' winter of '67 I hed a contract on the Bogash Mine, near th' Argentine Pass. There wuz four of us in it, an' we wuz makin' purty good money, till we run inter some turribl' mean rock, when we didn't make enough ter pay fer our tools, which we wuz knockin' ter pieces turribl' fast.

"One day we wuz short a drill, an' thinkin' ez I might find one in an old drift which hadn't been worked fer some time, I went inter it ter prospect. Jist off'm th' breast of th' drift thar wuz a hole eight or ten feet deep, an' curled up in th' bottom wuz th' biggest cinnamon b'ar thet I ever see. I thinks at fu'st thet he's dead, but d'rectly I watched him a leetle bit I see his side move, an' then I knowed ez he wuz alive. D'rectly ag'in I seed ez he hed one of his big paws in his mouth, an' then I knowed ez he wuz takin' his reg'lar winter snooze, what th' books calls hibernatin', or su'thin' like it. Th' perfessers an' th' book smart folks says ez they don't eat nothin' then. Wall, mebbe ez they doesn't eat reg'lar like, but they gits substance inter the'r stummicks all right enuff.

"An old Arapahoe Injun fu'st told me of it, an' when I seed thet thar b'ar a-suckin' of his paws, I knowed ez th' Injun wasn't a liar, which I 'lowed ez he wuz at fu'st. He tole me thet afore th' b'ar tied up fer winter he laid in a lot of ile inside his old karkiss, which he sucked out of his paw in winter, an' thet it kept him from gittin' hungry, an' kept him powerful sleepy all th' winter. Wall, it seemed turribl' onreasonabl' like ter me then, an' I give th' Injun th' laff, but I threw up both hands when I seed th' b'ar doin' what th' Injun says they does.

"I don't know what put th' idee inter my head, but I guess it must have bin th' devil hisself, but leastways I got a thinkin' ez what th' b'ar would do, 'lowin' ez I wuz ter pull his paw out his mouth. The more I thinks about it, the more cur'ous-like I gets, till I ups an' d'rectly does it. Now, I had 'lowed ter a certainty most thet th' b'ar would put her back d'rectly an' keep on er sucklin', but he don't do nothin' of th' kind. D'rectly I noticed him twitchin' about an' gruntin', like ez he wuz havin' powerful bad dreams, an' then of a sudden he started like an' opened his eyes. Thar wuz suthin' in th' looks of 'em ez made me feel kinder oneasy, like ez I hed made er mistake 'an' waked up th' wrong feller. But I didn't have much time ter think about it, fer all of a suddint he let a terribl' howl out of 'm an' then quicker 'n Jack Robinson he riz ter his feet an' comes straight at me.

"I don't think ez I ever see sich a mad-looking critter n all my life, an' he seemed turribl' narvous-like, th' same ez a pusson when he fu'st comes to arter a two weeks' stidy drunk. I wuz jist natchelly too paralyzed ter move, an' if the b'ar hadn't took a suddint stagger ter th' right, why, I reckon ez th' perceedin's would 've eended right thar. Ez 'twas he missed me by two foot, but he turns about d'rectly an' comes at me ag'in. Now, I didn't hev even a knife with me, an' ez th' game wuz runnin' I allowed ez I was purty sure ter pass out at th' next call.

"However, I sees purty quick ez I wus only playin' inter th' bar's han's by standin' still an' waitin' fer him ter collar me, so I turns about an' legs her down th' drift fer all thet's out. Now, th' b'ar wuz kinder onsteady an' groggy on his pins, but he somehow got over th' ground discouragin' fast, an' I sees d'rectly ez he wuz purty sure ter lay a hold on me afore I got ter th' mouth of th' drift. But I kept peggin' erway till all of a suddint suthin' ketches me by one of my legs, an' over I goes. Then th' b'ar wuz on top of me, an' I knowed ez th' game wuz up. He jist natchelly sot down on me, an' fer a minute er so seemed ter be sort of gloatin' over me afore perceedin' with th' inquest.

"I noticed ez he wuz sort of holdin' up one of his paws, th' one he hed bin suckin', cause it wuz sort of tender, I reckon, an' then a great idee come ter me. An' I didn't hev any time ter spare nuther, fer jist then th' bar lowered his big ugly head, opened his mouth an' with a savage growl bent over ez if he wuz a goin' take me by th' neck. Jist at that ar moment I swung his big paw in atween, an' his jaws closed on it stid of me. Wall, you never see anythin' like the curious effect it hed on him.

"I allus 'lowed ez he got er extry dose of ile out his paw, for he gin over bein' savage all of a suddint, an' almost afore I could see ez I hed called his bluff he lopped clean over on me, an' with his paw in his mouth went fast asleep. I hed a terribl' time, though, in gettin' out from under him, fer he was scandalous heavy, an' besides I wuz terribl' skeered that his paw would come out his mouth ag'in, a perceedin' ez I knowed wuz pooty sartin to wind me up.

"Wall, I finally gits out all right, but when I tole my pardners of th' game ez I hed bin in, they gives me th' biggest kind of er laff. I wuz so terribl' arnest about it, though, that they finally goes back with me ter see th' bar ez wuz sleepin' with his paw in his mouth. I allus 'lowed, though, ez th' perceedin's of th' day kinder got his narves out of kilter, fer we didn't find him whar I hed left him, an' of course my pardners thought ez I hed bin stuffin' of 'em; but, fellers, it's th' dead sober truth, ez I've bin tellin' ye."

For a moment a deep silence reigned among the circle about the stove, for it took the rough men there some time to fully grasp the startling character of the suggestions conveyed in Tom's story. Even then there were no open manifestations of incredulity, whatever the men may have thought privately as to the truthfulness of the story, for it was a fixed principle with them never to manifest surprise at any story they heard.

Pollard, the tenderfoot, had not, however, schooled himself to any such stern self-repression, and many expressions of wonder at the surprising nature of Tom's revelations escaped him. Indeed, it was very apparent that he was deeply impressed with the story, and the very evident prestige which Tom had acquired in his estimation clearly occasioned the other story tellers a great deal of unhappiness; for, as I said before, the keenest rivalry existed between them.

Suddenly I noticed old Si Emslie beginning to twitch about in his seat, which phenomenon I knew from long observation to be the precursor of a yarn, and such it proved to be in this case, for after an extra twitch he said slowly as his seamed and weather-beaten old face stretched into an amused smile, as though Tom's yarn might do to feed boys with, but was no diet for men: "I ain't gainsayin' as b'ars ain't troublesome at times, an' mebbe they does suck ile through the'r toes ez puts 'em asleep. I ain't gainsayin' it and I ain't gainsayin' ez 'tain't 'zactly pleasant ter hev one on 'em er chasin' yer through er drift, but law, 'tain't nothin' ter hevin' two starved lion an' er snowslide arter ye at th' same time."

At this Si paused and looked triumphantly at Tom, who hung his head as though conscious of the fact that the coming story was likely to throw his own able effort far in the shade.

"It wuz in th' winter of '69," resumed Si, "thet I started ter cross th' range on snowshoes near St. John. I wuz pooty near th' top o' th' divide when all o' er suddint I hears th' tallest kind o' howlin' back o' me, an' ez I turns my head ter see what it wuz all erbout, I sees two mountain lions er tearin' erlong arter me ez fast ez ever they could get erlong through th' snow. My! but they wuz th' leanest lookin' critters ez ever I sot my eyes on, an' the'r jaws wuz workin' like they thought they wuz er chewin' on me. Well, you kin bet ez I perceeded ter git th' tallest kind o' er move on immejate, fer I knowed thet if I could onct git over th' top I wuz all right, fer I 'lowed th' lions never could ketch me onct I got in motion down th' steep slope on t'other side. But 'twaz mighty slow work gittin' up thar, an' toward th' last I 'lowed fer sure ez th' lions would sample my ole karkiss.

"I don't think ez thar wuz six foot 'tween us when I turned th' top, an' jist ez I begin ter git inter oncommon good motion th' lions wuz thet close 'at I feel the'r breath, an' it wuz that hot 'at it feel cl'ar through my close like ez some one hed sot er hot iron ag'in me. But in er minit' my ole shoes hed got er hump on thesselves, an' I wuz jist er burnin' up space. The lions wa'n't in er leetle bit, an' th' way they wuz er howlin' ter thesselves wuz su'thin' seandalous. They wuz th' wu'st losers ever I see, an' they wuz er kickin' like they wuz some humans I knows on.

"But d'rectly I heard er sort o' rum'lin' sound what stidily growed louder, an' ez I turned ter see what wuz up, I see th' biggest snowslide I ever sot eyes on come er tearin' down th' mountain arter me. Wall, I 'lowed ez I wuz sart'in ter beat 'er down, an' didn't worry myself much erbout it. But pooty soon I notice thet th' roarin' wuz er gittin' louder, an' ez I looks back I sees ez th' 'tarnal ole slide wuz sure enough er gainin' on me, an' I figgered ez 'twuz likely ter ketch me 'fore we reached th' bottom. Wall, I sot down lower on my ole shoes ter squeeze out th' last drop o' git thar wuz in 'em, but hump thesselves ez much ez they would—an' they wuz er gittin' er powerful move on—th' slide wuz stidily overhaulin' ov 'em.

"Now, thet wuz er sitiwation ez wuz kalkilated ter bu'st er man's narves wide open, but wuss wuz comin', fer d'rectly I hears above th' roar o' th' slide what sounds oncommon like er lion's voice, only that it seemed ter be sort o' laffin', like 'twuz 'most tickled ter death. Now, I never heerd o' er slide makin' sich er noise erfore, an' ez I turned ter see what wuz amoozin' it, I see them two lions er sittin' right on th' edge o' th' slide, watchin' me, an' wery apparent enj'yin' thesselves monstrous at th' appetizin' prospect.

"Wall, it sent er peck o' cold chills er chasin' thesselves down my back, fer I 'lowed then to er cartainty thet it wuz er game ez wuz sure ter do me. I wuz gittin' down toward th' bottom o' th' walley amazin' fast, but so wuz th' slide an' er heap faster, an' ez it begin ter git right close ter me, th' appetite o' th' lions wuz su'thin' painful ter look at, 'specially ter me. They wuz that hungry ez it seemed like ez they couldn't wait fer th' dinner bell ter ring, but they never stopped givin' me th' laff at th' way they wuz er doin' me. D'rectly they wuz so close thet I feels the'r breath on th' back o' my neck, an' it wuz so monstrous hot 'at it curled up th' ha'r on th' back o' my head like ez er fire hed struck it.

"I 'lowed then ez th' chuck would be sarved up ter th' lion in 'nother minit, an' not feelin' 'zactly easy 'bout it I suddint like sot low down on my shoes. Now th' lion hed worked thesselves up to er p'int ez they wuz oncommon eager ter begin perceedin's, an' ez I went down I reckon ez they 'lowed I hed done 'em er dirty mean trick an' dropped out o' th' game. Leastways they seemed ter lose the'r heads all o' er suddint, fer they both let er reg'lar Comanche yell out o' 'em an' jumped straight arter me. They lands jist erhead o' th' pint o' my shoes, an' then d'rectly th' shoes hits 'em fa'r an' squar'.

"Now I respecks th' truth, I does, an' I ain't er goin' ter say how far I goes up in th' a'r subsequent, but when I comes down I lands jist on th' edge o' th' slide, 'zactly whar th' lion hed sot er minit b'fore. Th' slide hed bin goin' so much faster 'n me ez it hed ketched me while I wuz up in th' a'r. O' course I lose my shoes, but I lose th' lion too, an' that wuz er concarnin' me more'n most anything else about that time."

As Si brought his tale to a close a deep silence pervaded the room, but it was clear from the looks bent upon the old man that he had fully maintained his reputation as the most unique story teller in camp.

Pollard, the tenderfoot while evidently profoundly impressed with the tale, seemed nevertheless to have something upon his mind, and in a moment he asked: "Wasn't you covered up by all the snow that was coming down the mountain after you?"

"Kivered by the snow!" said Si with a snort of impatient disgust. "Be you sich or dog blasted eejot ez ter 'low ez I wuz er goin' ter git erway with two lion with nothin' but snowshoes, jist ter let er pesky lot o' snow git erway with me? Say, young feller, you'se monstrous foolish."

TWO MONTHS ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

[*Continued from page 507.*]

WE found Jacksonville, that is, the principal street and the wharves, a very busy place. We made a number of purchases, among them a new axe, to replace the one borrowed by our Fernandina friends. Stopping in a fine large grocery store, we asked the clerk if there was such an article as grats or grits. There was quite a crowd in the store at the time, and they all burst out laughing, clerk included. He informed us that after we had been in Florida for awhile we would be very apt to discover that there was such an article as grits; that most everybody lived off them down there.

Now, Tom don't say much, but his remarks are generally very dry and right to the point. So he informed the clerk (and crowd at the same time) that "the grits were wanted to boil up for the dog. The poor dog had to eat something, even if it was grits." Some of the crowd didn't smile at this at all, but looked real offended. But we found that grits were excellent food, and there wasn't a meal that we were without them afterward.

When we returned to the boat, where we had left Sam in charge, it had stopped raining, and the clouds showed signs of breaking up. There was nearly a gale of wind blowing right out of the north, and of course in our favor.

The little Rambler did some great sailing that day. I thought she would swamp more than once, or tear her mast out, anyhow. But Sam was at the tiller, and what he don't know about handling a small boat is hardly worth learning. The waves would come chasing after us astern, and catching her would lift her stern high in the air and plunge her bows under, so that she would be buried forward clean up to the foot of the mast. At the same time she would yaw, as though she was bent on pitching everything clean out of her.

Overhead ragged clouds chased each other across the sky in the wildest manner conceivable. We were very much surprised to see such a sea raised on a river. It was rough and no mistake, as we had an opportunity to observe when a river steamer passed us. She was the Magnolia from Palatka. She would lift so that we could see considerable of her forefoot; then she would plunge into the head sea, and smashing it into atoms the spume and spray would fly as high as the pilot house.

We took particular notice that there was no one on her forward deck. I wouldn't be afraid to wager that she didn't reach Jacksonville that night on time. As she passed us quite a number of her passengers and a portion of her crew came to the side of her after decks and stared at us as though they thought we were either crazy or else we wanted to sail pretty bad to be out in such weather in such a boat.

Soon after the Magnolia passed, one of us noticed an object rising and falling on the waves directly ahead. It proved to be a large square-ended scow, truly a most dangerous menace to vessels passing up and down the river.

After making what we thought was a fair day's distance we headed toward the east bank, and sailing along close to the shore kept a sharp lookout for a good place to spend the night. Rounding a point where the ground seemed to be somewhat higher than usual the Rambler was run into a sort of cove, where the water was almost smooth. We couldn't run her bows directly up to the bank on account of the shallowness of the water. We run up as close as we could, however, when we took in sail and made fast a line to a tree ashore.

We had decided that we would find a good place and get a good night's rest this night, for we had grown tired of wharves, Cracker shanties, hard pine boards, etc.

I think this spot was as wild looking a place as I ever saw—being covered with huge pine and cypress trees as far as we could see, from the branches of which hung

long festoons of gray Spanish moss, which the heavy wind that was blowing swayed and tossed in the wildest manner conceivable.

Sam and I busied ourselves about collecting wood for the fire and erecting the tent while Tom prepared supper. We gathered armful after armful of moss which the wind had dried and filled the tent nearly up to the ridge with it. Over this we spread a couple of blankets, and after supper, when everything had been made secure for the night, and while a clear streak of grayish light, which extended clear across the western horizon, was rapidly growing broader and broader, which made Sam remark, "Wind sou-west to-morrow and plenty of it," we, dog and all, crawled under our little tent. Our tired bodies sunk to the farthest depths that our full weight would allow them to into a bed that was truthfully softer than any bed of down, and with the far-off hoot of an owl stealing over our senses as in a dream all sunk into the sweetest and most restful slumbers.

I was awakened about 3 A. M. by the dog. He was acting in an uneasy, suspicious manner. He would whine and tremble and try to get closer to us, which he couldn't do very well, as he was pressed right against our feet. I wondered what was the matter with him, when suddenly from out of the depth of the wood there issued the wildest, wierdest, most blood-curdling screech or scream I ever heard. It woke Sam and Tom with a start. It was repeated twice after that, but not so loud as the first time, seeming as though it was farther away each time. What it was I don't know. We never found out, but we made up our minds that it was a panther and I have always thought so since.

Whatever it was, it started the owls going all around us. I should think half a dozen gathered in the tree over our heads, and of all the confounded hootings and yawpings ever listened to by man I think theirs was decidedly the worst.

We couldn't get to sleep again so long as they persisted in keeping their confab going, so we lay and talked, and laughed now and then at some of the ridiculous noises they would make. It was quite a comedy. We were not very sleepy, anyhow. We had gone to bed so early that we had had eight or nine hours' good solid sleep. But the owls finally "let up" somewhere in the neighborhood of 4 o'clock, and we gradually, one by one, dropped off to sleep again, and didn't awake until the sun was quite high.

In spite of our being disturbed and awakened from sound sleep, we had rested as only exhaustion, resulting from hard exercise in the pure air under the free heavens, can make a true lover of nature and nature's hardship rest.

We didn't hurry about getting away that morning, but took our time. When we did finally cast off the line that held our little vessel fast, and spread her single sail to the breeze, which was, as Sam said it would be, "from the southwest," it must have been nearly 11 o'clock, and a fine day it was, too, as bright and pure as it could be.

Although the wind was not favorable, being almost ahead, necessitating a long leg and a short one, we did not mind that much. It gradually increased in weight though, fulfilling Sam's prediction to the letter.

It wasn't long before we had all we could conveniently stagger under. But Sam, who held the tiller, handled her in the most marvelous manner. I would have upset her a dozen times. But Sam, with the tiller in one hand and the main sheet in the other, was just in his glory. The wind came in hard, sharp puffs, so one minute we would be sailing comfortably enough, considering the short, choppy sea that was running, and the next minute it would hit her so suddenly that Sam would have to let fly sheet, and luff as quick as you could say scat. Then again she would almost stand still, in regular sharpie fashion. Sometimes she would actually begin to go astern before she could be brought to her course again. She wouldn't get very far before the whole performance would have to be gone through with again.

About noontime we passed Tocoi on the left bank. We didn't make much progress this day. About three o'clock we saw a tempting looking lot of orange trees, all by themselves, on the east shore. We landed, expecting to find a house near by, but there wasn't one within miles. It was such a desirable looking place for a camp, however, and the wind was blowing so hard and unfavorable, that we decided to spend the night there.

We soon had the tent up, right in the midst of the grove. It wasn't a great while before moss was gathered, and beds were made. Then we cut the trunk of a huge fallen tree into three pieces. We rolled the middle log in front of the tent for a seat. In front of the log we prepared a place for our camp-fire.

Thinking it would be a good idea to try an orange, I selected a nice one and peeled it carefully. Then I broke out a section and put it in my mouth. One section was enough, and too much, too. I didn't try any more of that kind of oranges while in Florida. They were wild; and no wonder there was not a house near them. I did not say anything, but let Sam and Tom get their dose, which they were not long in doing.

The river here, I should judge, is at least two miles wide; yet that evening, while we were gathered around the camp-fire eating supper shortly after sunset, the sound of a darky singing as he rowed came plainly to us, the singer being clear across the river under the west shore. The wind had died with the sun and the surface of the river was as smooth as a mirror, so the voice of the rower, floating to us as it did in the soft twilight, sounded very sweet, distance smoothing off the rough edges.

We sat around the fire until late into the night, talking over the events of the day and devising plans for the future. With the aid of our boat, maps and compass we depended on ourselves altogether.

There is not that wild, careless freedom in living in a hotel that there is when you have to depend on yourself, your boat, camp-fire and little tent. No. Let those who prefer them have their hotels. But as for me, give me the free outdoors, with its smiling blue skies, its rippling rills, shimmering lakes and flowing rivers, its mighty forests and boundless plains, its golden sunsets and blushing mornings. Let me pitch my little tent near Old Ocean, where I can hear his mighty voice as it roars along the sands. Let me enjoy all these things and I would ask but one thing more, and that would be, "that my pen might be dipped in the fountain of eloquence," so that I could tell of these blessings in such a manner that my fellowman, who loves these gifts of nature as I do, but who, on account of circumstances over which he has no control, never can enjoy them in the body, might be carried among them in fancy.

We slept well along into the morning next day; and when we finally did turn out it was such a nice day and such an elegant camp, and we felt so lazy, that it was voted to spend another day here. After breakfast I called the dog, and taking a six-shooter cavalry revolver started through the hammock into the thick pine woods for a stroll. Such woods as these were I never saw before. As far as the eye could penetrate, nothing but tall straight yellow pines met the gaze. A very easy place, these woods, for a green camper to get lost, for every part of the forest looks alike. But I had no fear of losing myself, as I had a good pocket compass with me, and didn't intend to go far enough from the river to do so.

I was sauntering along in a lazy manner, when suddenly the dog, in advance of me, set up a furious barking. I hurried ahead, keeping a cautious lookout the while, for fear he might have had a rattler or something as bad. He had found something, as I soon discovered, but it was no rattler. Before I knew it, I found myself in the midst of a whole family of skunks. As soon as they saw me they began to shoot. I succeeded in killing four of them with the revolver, and then had to retreat.

I left the skunks, but not their essence. I think it took a month to get entirely rid of that. I didn't have to tell them where I had been when we reached camp. In fact, they knew before we reached there. All that day, whenever I happened to cast my eyes in the direction of the dog, I would almost invariably find him eyeing me in the most appealing, reproachful manner imaginable. Then if any of us approached him, he would get up, and with arched back and tail and ears hanging, and a look of apology out of the corner of his eye, take himself away to the darkest corner of the camp. I suppose he thought that I had set that trap for his particular benefit.

We were astir bright and early next morning and were off almost as soon as the sun rose. It proved to be another grand day, with no sign of cloud and just breeze enough from the west. The river opened to us in a succession of lakes. In fact, that is what it is practically from mouth to source.

I remember that day as though it were yesterday. The air was soft and balmy and the surface of the river was ruffled over with little waves, which sparkled and scintillated in thousands of dazzling prisms and brilliant colors, and lipped, splashed and tinkled merrily under the bows and the counter. Every now and then a flock of blue or white cranes would sail through the air overhead, or some river craft would come steaming by. There were two kinds of stern-wheelers—one the modern screw propeller, looking clean, neat and business-like; the other was what Tom designated "the saw-mill engine propeller." Craft of this class received propulsion from one large paddle-wheel hung on the stern, which did not give them a very nautical look, I must confess. In passing, the noise of their machinery sounded as much like a saw mill as anything else.

About 11 o'clock we were off Federal Point. I was at the tiller. Tom was attending to something forward and Sam was stretched at full length on the cabin top, when a puff struck us so suddenly and unexpectedly that I had not time to let go the sheet. All I could do was to shove the tiller hard down. She all but capsized. I was surprised when I found that we would not have to swim. As it was, the cockpit was full of water and everything in the cabin was afloat on account of the water pouring through the open companionway. There was no indication of anything of the kind until it happened. We always after that kept the sheet in hand with one turn around a cleat.

We noticed many beautiful orange groves between this place and Palatka, which place we reached about 3 o'clock that afternoon. We tried to buy some bread, but they didn't keep it. Then we asked for cake, but the clerk said they had nothing but sweet crackers and ginger snaps, so we bought 5 or 6lbs. of ginger snaps. I was surprised to find that most of this kind of pastry sold down here came from a New Haven concern. We were never able to buy bread in any of the stores, as they didn't keep it, so we had to get along on our pilot bread, which is good enough for anybody with a good appetite. We were never able to obtain butter.

We passed San Mateo about 5 o'clock, and when it began to get dark tied up to the wharf at Rolleston. While we were eating supper a cloud of blind mosquitoes settled all over us. They don't bite, but it is almost as bad, as they fill eyes, ears, nose, mouth, hands, and in fact all parts of one's body that are exposed. The more one mops the faster they seem to come. They disappeared as suddenly as they came, however, and we were glad they did, for such familiar neighbors are not apt to suit the fancy.

Sam and I prepared our bed on the cabin top that night, with the tent stretched over the boom for a roof. Tom slept in the cabin and the dog monopolized the cockpit. We slept pretty soundly until near morning, when we were awakened by feeling cold.

We didn't get asleep again after this, as it grew colder and colder, and by sunrise it was so cold that we were thoroughly chilled to the very marrow. This was a great surprise, coming after such a warm day.

We did not tarry to prepare breakfast, but hoisted sail and started to find warmer quarters. We kept a sharp lookout on either bank, trying to find a suitable place to build a fire, but nothing met our gaze but one continuous swamp, so we finally gave up the idea; running the Rambler to the leeward side of a clump of trees and bushes that grew out of the shallow water on the east side of the river, where we could receive the full benefit of the sun's rays.

At the same time we anchored, lit the oil stove and started some coffee to boiling. It seemed impossible to get warm, no matter how we tried, as it grew colder and colder. After breakfast it was decided to continue up the river until we should find a good place to camp, and to stay until it got warm again, so we were soon flying up the river before the heavy north wind.

We sailed eight or ten miles before finding a suitable place. Both banks were nothing but dreary, dismal swamps, and as we rounded bend after bend, we began to despair of finding a place at all. Finally there, directly ahead, was a nice, high, dry spot, covered with pine and cypress trees intermixed with palmettoes, from the branches of which the long gray moss waving in the wind seemed to beckon us on.

Just as we were in the midst of pitching things out on the bank, preparatory to making camp, we were surprised to observe a young fellow walking rapidly toward us out of the hammock. He said the land belonged to his father, but that we could camp there if we wished, and around the next bend we would find a much better place. Rounding the point, we found the highest piece of land we had met with since leaving Jacksonville. It was a shell mound, and made an excellent place to camp. There was a line of trees at the foot of the mound along the edge of the water.

Our tent being so small and low, we gathered a lot of palmetto leaves, and after driving a number of stakes in the ground, the same dimensions as the tent in length and width, and about three feet in height, we thatched them all around with the palmetto leaves, making good substantial sides, which proved an excellent protection both against wind and rain. Over these sides we erected the tent for a roof.

After two or three hours' work, we had the most perfect camp we enjoyed while in Florida. We spent three weeks here, and enjoyed ourselves hugely.

WM. H. AVIS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Natural History.

THE "FLAG-TAIL" DEER.

HON. H. C. KING: Dear Sir—My attention was first directed to the small mountain deer, mentioned in your letter, during the spring and summer of 1885, while in camp at Nevill's Springs, Tex., ten miles north of the Chisos Mountains. Deer were very scarce from the fact that a hide-hunter named Sparrow, from the town of Fort Davis, had spent the winter in and about the Chisos, and had, it was reported, sent out upward of 600 skins, leaving the carcasses to rot on the ground. That numbers had been so killed I know from the great number of remains I found in the country.

As this was not the hunting season, I devoted most of my time to becoming familiar with the country by frequent scouts. Later on, the Seminole scouts were sent in temporarily, their places being taken by white soldiers, mostly recruits and very indifferent hunters; so that, in order to get some fresh meat to serve as a necessary change from our daily bacon, I felt constrained to turn pot-hunter in spite of the season.

While scouting I had seen three deer in the large and well-wooded cañon which comes out from the north of the mountains. They were well up above us on the mountain side, had large white tails, and seemed but little larger than jack rabbits. This small size I attributed to the probability of their being much further off than they appeared to be—a most common source of error in that climate. The presence of white-tail deer so far from the river valley surprised me, and I mentioned this to Mr. Brough, an old western Texas hunter, who was prospecting in the Big Bend. He told me that they were not the common deer, but a much smaller variety, very much resembling them, and differing from them principally in the relatively much larger white tail, on account of which they were called "flag-tail" deer.

When, therefore, I found that it would be necessary to go out myself in order to get some venison, I determined to visit this cañon, knowing that the does would probably be alone in the brush and that the three deer seen together were quite likely bucks.

Taking one man, private Bohn, with me, I rode to the cañon, about twelve miles distant, and soon found my three deer. They ran over a high spur into a side cañon. Sending the man with the horses to the narrow mouth of this cañon, I climbed over the dividing ridge and found the deer in the narrow valley about 400ft. below me. They were in a box cañon from which escape seemed impossible, and I was confident that I had them all, only debating in mind whether I should kill two, one to each horse, or else kill them all and send back after them. Not waiting to recover my breath from the steep climb I fired, but without effect; a second shot had the same result, and the deer, becoming fully alarmed, scampered up the opposite wall over ground that I believed impracticable for a goat.

Returning to the horses we continued up the main cañon a short distance, when the ground becoming too broken, we dismounted, tied the horses and proceeded on foot, taking opposite sides. Soon after, while climbing up a steep and wooded bluff, so difficult that it was only by hanging to roots and boughs that I could keep from falling back, I heard a rustling just above me, and looking saw, not 15ft. away, a small deer dodging about the rocks and brush, not trying to run, but rather to hide—like a squirrel or a wounded bird. It was impossible to shoot, as I had but one hand free and could get no footing, and the boughs prevented my using the carbine with one hand. Moving on to where I could get a foothold it would be necessary to take my eyes from the deer, which would either have disappeared behind a jutting rock or a bush. In this manner, clambering back and forth, I got four or five glimpses of it, always only a few feet off and apparently unalarmed, but every time I was either unable to shoot or else it succeeded in dodging out of sight before I could fire. Eventually, overcome with heat and fatigue, I had to give it up, although I knew that the deer was not 50ft. from me when I finally scrambled to the summit. I was thoroughly disgusted, hot and tired, and covered with bruises and scratches; for more than fifteen minutes I had been playing at hide and seek with a deer so close that at times I might have caught it with a shepherd's crook.

While resting on the top I noticed that the hill fell off abruptly into another cañon. Some 200ft. below me was a circular moth of scrub oak. I could see that Bohn was about half a mile off across the main cañon. I set about, therefore, in the unsportsman-like business of rolling boulders over the cliff toward the thickets. Three or four had crashed through the brush, making a tremendous noise, when finally another one flushed two deer which had been in the small clump all the time; I got a hurried shot at them as they scampered over the next ridge, but missed. This showed me two things: that the deer were lying in the thickets and, to borrow from the bird hunter's vernacular, they were lying mighty close. Following on I came to a level bench covered with scrub, and,

just as I passed a thick bush, was startled by a deer not 10ft. away which jumped and ran past, almost brushing against me. It stopped about 12yds. to look, when I fired, dropping it in its tracks. It was a doe, and, as might have been expected, big with fawn. She was of a bright red color and was quite small, although apparently full grown. Her tail was long and bushy and there was much white on the quarters under the tail. This gave her the appearance when running straight ahead of being almost all white. The red color at this season and the great amount of white shown by a running deer are both marked features of the common deer, but not, I believe, to such a degree as existed in these Chisos Mountain deer. The doe just killed would dress, I should judge, about 50lbs. I returned to camp, but little satisfied with my hunt.

Two days after I returned to the cañon with private Hyatt, the only good hunter of my attachment. We did not see my three deer, but we spent most of the day chasing a bear, which finally escaped. About sunset Hyatt shot and killed, from his horse, a flag-tail doe; she was also with fawn and did not differ materially from the one killed two days before. About dusk I shot a black-tail buck—we were then out of the mountains.

A few days later I returned to the cañon with privates Hyatt and Kjennerud, taking pack mules with the intention of spending the night in order to get the evening and early morning hunting. As we approached the park-like valley just west of the mouth of the cañon I saw three deer running down the mountain side about half a mile ahead and coming directly toward us. Dismounting, Hyatt and I hurried to a ravine and worked up, looking out from time to time. At last we found them in a small clearing about 120yds. off; we both fired and mine dropped; the other two ran about 60yds. and again stopped. We fired again and another deer dropped, the remaining one running up the steep rise toward a thicket which grew on the side of the mountain. Hyatt followed this one, while I went to the second one that had dropped; it rose and tried to run, but could make but little progress and I shot it again—through the neck. Hyatt came up with his deer in the thicket, where he found two more, and from his account had very much the same experience as that of mine with the lone deer some days before. He did succeed in firing a number of shots and claimed to have wounded one or two very severely. He said that the deer were hardly able to walk, just managing to dodge behind rocks or bushes, and was confident that one or more of them would be found dead, but that for his part he had had enough of that kind of hunting and would not go back if the place were full of deer. Although he was a good shot, I thought, remembering my own experience, that owing to the difficulties of the ground he had generally missed and had been led to believe, from the peculiar actions of the deer, that they were too hard hit to run off.

Both of the dead deer were does and like the others with fawn. This decided me to stop hunting until late in the season, and as I was soon after relieved and ordered to New Mexico, I had no further experience with the deer of the Chisos Mountains.

The following year, while scouting in New Mexico on the headwaters of the Gila, we followed up one of the western branches which rose in the Mogollons. I had as a guide a man named Woods Poland, a professional hunter who had helped kill out the buffalo in the Panhandle in 1877 and '78. He was now engaged in hunting in these mountains, jerking the meat and selling it to miners and prospectors. While I had but little respect for his business, I could not help admiring his thorough practical knowledge of the game of the country and of everything that related to it. We had tired of trout and the sport of catching them, so I determined to go up into the mountains on a hunt, as it was reported that a band of twenty or thirty elk had wintered there. Poland and I took a long walk up the sides of Baldy, the main peak of the range, and while we saw plenty of elk tracks in the parks they were all old, having been made when the melting snow had softened the ground. They were now further up in the mountains. Poland fired one shot, and when, shortly after, I rejoined him he said that he had seen two little flag-tails, but they were running and he missed them. Questioning him further concerning these deer, he described them as being very much like the Chisos Mountain deer in size, color and habits. He knew they were different from the common white-tail deer which were plenty in the Gila valley, but could not say whether the difference was due to a different habit or because they were a distinct species. We did not kill any, nor did I see any.

I have gone into these details in the hope that I might thereby show something concerning the habits of the deer. There is certainly in South-west Texas and thence in Northern Mexico and New Mexico a small red deer, with large white tail, which is found only in the higher mountain ranges, and then only where timber or underbrush exists. Personally I am strongly inclined to the opinion that they are the same as the white-tail deer, or a closely allied variety, and not a distinct species. The main points of difference are as follows: First—Their much smaller size; none of the deer we killed would have dressed sixty pounds, the average being probably a trifle under fifty; it is true they were all does. Second—The larger development of tail. Third—Their habit of trusting for security to their ability to hide in broken and brushy ground; the black-tail deer will hide if it does not think that it has been observed, and particularly if it sees that your route will not bring you too close. In quail shooting I have come up suddenly on white-tail deer in the brush, but when once started they lost no time in getting away instead of dodging about the brush like a winged bird. Fourth—The range of these deer was entirely in the mountains, at an elevation of from 5,000 to 9,000 feet, and only in those parts which were covered with timber—mainly piñon and scrub oak.

The Chisos Mountains are the only ones that have timber until you reach the Guadaloupes. They rise from an elevated plateau, itself over 4,000ft. above the sea. All over this plateau, which is much cut up by cañons, from the base of the mountains to the Rio Grande bottoms, the black-tail deer were found. In and near the river valley proper a few white-tail deer existed; they were larger than the Chisos deer and similar to the common deer of eastern Texas. There was, therefore, between these deer of the valley and the mountain deer a zone of country where only the black-tail deer ranged, separating the two white-tailed varieties.

The small size of the mountain deer may have been due to their habitat, living as they do on the rugged mountain sides, although this theory is not borne out when we consider that the black-tail deer lives in equally broken but untimbered regions, and that the elk and mountain sheep seem to have no difficulty in spite of their much greater bulk in getting over ground as rough as the Chisos. The great point of similarity between the two white-tailed varieties is the color and form and the fact that they are only found in countries where timber or underbrush exists.

At the risk of repetition I will add that in the Big Bend of the Rio Grande the common deer was found in the river valley proper, the black-tail deer on all the ridges and cañons which were timberless, the antelope on the level plateaus, and the flag-tail only on the high and timbered mountains. H. F. KENDALL, Capt. 8th Cav.

FORT MEADE, S. D., Oct. 31, 1894.

SOME FIELD NOTES.

A Snake Story.

ON the 21st of last April a black snake, being closely pursued by my dog and I, "shinned" up a tree as quickly as if it was every-day sport. There were three little trees growing together and limbs close to the ground. Now instead of going round and round, as I thought they did, it just reached up and took hold of a limb with its fore-feet, and so on to the next higher branch until it reached the top. I didn't see his feet, but I don't see how he did it unless he had feet. There seemed to be no labor connected with the act, he glided over each limb as easily as if the limb lay on the ground.

Two Peculiar Points.

One evening I killed a snake near the house and my Gordon setter examined it thoroughly. The next evening I saw him pointing, and supposing it a little bird I called him, and as he did not come I investigated. At first I could see nothing, but on looking closer I saw a few feet to the left of his point a black snake. I got a club and when I returned he had swung around and was pointing directly at the snake. After I killed it he seemed to be much pleased. Did he associate my killing the snake the night before with this one and thus think he ought to indicate its position to me?

The same evening as I was coming home I found him standing something in the bushes, and as I came up an opossum walked out of a bunch of weeds and advanced "like a hog going to war" on the dog. The way the dog's flag began to drop and his final disgraceful retreat brought roars of laughter from me, at which "br'er possum" seemed mildly surprised and walked coolly and sedately away. Whether it had a family to protect or just wanted to show its independence, I do not know, but for cool audacity it "took the cake."

Buck Fever.

I have read your controversy with "Kingfisher" about the proper name and symptoms of buck paralysis. That is the name I believe proper and here are my reasons.

I was hunting spruce grouse in the Greenhorn Mts., Col., in the fall of '91, and had a 22-15 Winchester single shot rifle with me. I was descending the side of a mountain watching for grouse, when a big-eared object jumped from cover and trotted away. Now I did not shake; I did not get up a wonderful temperature; I did not do anything, only stand and look at that deer. I doubt if my pulse increased a single beat. I remember thinking it was awful fat and saying to myself: "It's no use to shoot, it's 250 yards away."

Now was not that buck paralysis? I never moved until that deer was out of sight, and then slowly and in a dazed manner. I know my mind was paralyzed, and I doubt if I could see a deer's side shake at 250 yards, and I certainly saw that one's shake. I would suggest that each call it just as they feel, "fevered," "agered" or paralyzed.

A Mother Grouse.

I was much amused this evening to see my Gordon come rushing out of the bushes and a ruffed grouse accelerating his progress, and as he came with head and tail lowered to heel I said: "Never mind, old boy, our turn will come in October." TED.

A HOOP SNAKE STORY BLASTED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Tales told by the darkies of snakes that form themselves into a hoop and roll in pursuit of their victims with race-horse speed, and whose tails are furnished with horns, deadly even to the touch, are among the most cherished traditions of child life in the South. Therefore it is with deep regret that I note the recent insinuations in your valuable journal casting doubt upon the existence of the species. That they do exist I shall not attempt to prove; but I herewith produce the most authentic information upon the subject I have been able to collect.

For very many years and until comparatively a recent period, the decaying trunk of a giant apple tree marred by its presence one of the most beautiful gardens in the State. Sentiment accounted for its toleration by the sweet-faced woman with snowy hair, whose artistic instinct created its surroundings, and, while it is not impossible that she was mistaken, no one can doubt the sincerity with which she relates her terrible encounter and narrow escape behind its friendly shelter from a savage horn snake, and that from the blow intended for her the tree straightway withered and died.

Among my books there is a curious old volume printed in Dublin 158 years ago, entitled "The Natural History of North Carolina," and in which the author, John Brickell, M. D., describes "The Manners and Customs of the Christian and Indian Inhabitants, and Several Strange Beasts, Fishes, Birds, Snakes and Insects." I regret that it would spoil the book to send you the woodcut given of the horn snake, as it is truly an object of art, so I append what is said of the reptile.

"The horn snake, so called from a horn growing in their tail like a cock's, with which they strike and kill whatsoever they wound with it. This horn in the tail is their weapon. They hiss exactly like a goose when anything approaches. They are very venemous snakes, hardly admitting of a cure from the Indians. These snakes are plenty in the Province, and I am credibly informed by several planters that they have seen them strike their horns in trees which in a few hours decayed and died, though before they were in full bloom."

Recalling the tales told of this same creature with "horn like a cock's" to the amazement and entertainment of my childhood by a venerable old negro, I called upon him to repeat the "reskaly capers" he has seen them perform, that I might fear nothing from memory at fault when I came to produce them in evidence.

"Uncle Peter," I said, "I have been thinking about the stories of horn snakes you so often have told to the children. Tell me of the one that chased you the night you were dodging the 'pat'er-rol'ers,' and that kept you trembling in the tree-top until daylight enabled you to see that his horn was struck deep in the wood past hope of escape. You cut out the horn, did you not, and have since worn it about your neck as a charm against witches and tricks?"

The old man regarded me solemnly for fully a minute before he replied: "De string wo' in two, an' I los' de bag wid dat horn in hit 'long in de spring."

"That was a great loss, Uncle Peter. You could have sold that horn for more than your cotton will bring you this fall."

"Who—who buys um?"

"Anybody, everybody, particularly FOREST AND STREAM, a great big newspaper published away up North; but that is the story, is it not?"

"Honey," replied the old fellow with a mournful shake of his head, "I'se pow'ful sorry I dun los' dat horn, an' my 'memb'ance hain't so overly good fur tales an' sich dese days. 'Sides dat, I got 'ligion endurin' de 'stracted meetin' arter de crop was laid by las' sum'er, an' I don't lock ter talk erbout dem sinful guine-on's er mine, way back yander when de debel helt me fas'. You go an ox sum er dese triflin' young niggers what's run'in' in de range. I lay dey can tell yer 'bout horn snakes an' whip-snakes an' ebry yuther debelment what de moon shin' on. I hain't er studdyin' 'bout nufin' now but prar."

GREENBRIER, Ala. WILL SCRIBBLER.

FISH SENSE.

I was once in the '40s camping at the head of Molly Chunkemunk Lake (one of the Rangeleys), near Beaver Brook, in September, and the evening being warm and pleasant, I thought I would try the trout where the brook emptied into the lake, to satisfy myself if they would take the bait in the night time. I baited my hook with salt pork—all the white bait I had—and had good luck, catching a good string of about 1lb. weight trout. I had the best luck sinking my hook to the bottom, then jerking it along up toward the surface quite quick, and each time would either feel a bite or bring up a trout. The night was quite dark.

I was once fishing through the ice and lay down to watch the bait, and soon saw a 1lb. trout run his nose against the bait, then settle back and run again, butting his head against the hook, seeming to be playing with the bait; he did not open his mouth, but he soon stuck the hook into his head outside, and I pulled him out.

I have frequently been fishing in a deep hole in a brook or river and catching trout very fast, and all at once they would stop biting and not another one could I get there that day. I suppose they found their numbers depleting so fast that it frightened them, or it might be one got pricked with the hook and rushed away, and the whole school followed like a flock of sheep.

I was fishing one morning quite early down the Rapid River, there being a white frost covering the rocky shore. I had quite good success, and as I fished from one deep hole to another I left my trout lying on the rocks where I caught them, intending to gather them up on my return. On returning I could not see my fish at one place, but saw where some animal had dragged them along, making a road in the white frost to a hole in the rocks. Having a string of trout in my hand I shoved them into the hole where my fish had disappeared and soon found something holding them. I had to pull pretty smart, but held my left hand close to the hole, and as the animal's head appeared above the rocks I made a grab and caught a fine mink by the nape of the neck, which added a couple of dollars to my before-breakfast fishing.

I once had nearly 100lbs. of frozen trout stolen in one night by a mink and carried in every direction and hidden under rocks, logs and brush, but the rascal paid with his life and his fur coat for his mischief, as I caught him in a trap the next night. J. G. RICH.

Points About Moose.

I NEVER saw a tree that a moose had gnawed the bark entirely around. Had they done so the tree would have died. Is it moose sense or accident?

The antlers of the moose loosen and fall off in the first winter thaw. Should there be no winter thaw, they will remain on longer, perhaps through February. Soon after the shedding, new horns commence to grow, and by the first of June have attained their full size, and one prong more each year. They then retire to the mountains until their antlers are hardened. While in the velvet state, when first grown, they easily get twisted out of shape and grow deformed.

We have in the Maine woods two kinds of moose—the tall, long-geared, slab-sided, gray-colored, and the short-legged, round-bodied black moose, or almost black. We distinguish them as "black" or "gray." We have never known the two kinds to yard together in winter or mate together in summer. J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, Me.

The Innocent with the Guilty.

A FEW days since two hounds were killed by the early morning train (sleeper) on the D. & H. R. R. at the "dry wall," head of Willsborough Bay. Their bodies were discovered by watchman Dennison, and a short time afterward a "four prong buck" was found dead on the rocks just below the track. It is thought that the deer was forced to jump from the track on to the rocks by the approaching train and that the dogs were run over and killed by it.—*Elizabethtown (N. Y.) Post.*

The Few Song Birds.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., June 15.—Bluebirds and song sparrows are remarkably few in number; bobolinks are also scarce. Robins, orioles, catbirds seem abundant, the two last unusually so. Judging by the notes of the nightly travelers as they arrived, how few indeed were there compared to the hosts leaving at the close of the last season. A.

Game Bag and Gun.

WOODCOCK IN ONTARIO.

THE American woodcock is a strange bird. A bird that feeds by night and rests by day, sees behind it without turning its head, gets its food by making deep drills, or "bores" in the earth with its bill, and which has two distinct methods of flight if not more, may fairly be called peculiar.

He is one of the finest of American game birds, ranking, as regards difficulty in shooting him, quite with the ruffed grouse, and being far less abundant. I fear, too, that unless prompt measures are taken to save him from extermination, this beautiful and wily game bird is doomed to follow the wild turkey here in Canada on the path of extinction. And the end of the wild turkey in Canada is now in plain sight, and twenty or twenty-five years at most will see it. The extermination of the woodcock will probably follow (though a much longer lease of life may be given), and for the same reasons—viz., his range is limited and his covers are being destroyed. The axe is more fatal to him than the gun. Then the woodcock cannot be preserved and artificially reared, as is the pheasant in England, and as the quail is in some parts of America and Canada. So I fear he is doomed. Of course, I speak only of Canada; but I believe the same may be said of his prospects in the New England and Central States.

The woodcock is seldom found in the States beyond the Mississippi, and never in our great Northwest country. His range in Canada proper, or old Canada, is over southern and central Ontario and southern Quebec. I have never heard of him in Muskoka or in the country north of Peterboro, though I have shot in those regions pretty often; and in northern Quebec he is quite unknown. It is true that on my first visit to Muskoka, while shooting in the vicinity of Lake Rosseau, I was informed by a native, of whom I was making some inquiries as to game birds, that "ef I went right ahead a little ways I'd find a couple of woodcock—big uns, too—poundin' away on an old pine shell with their bills like all gee-whittaker." Curious to inspect so miraculous a change in the habits of the woodcock as I had known them further south, I pushed on, and found that my friend meant by "woodcock" the great ivory-billed woodpecker or "cock of the woods."

The name "woodcock" is universally applied to this bird all through our northern woods, and is apt to prove misleading to the sportsman.

In the Niagara Peninsula and about Hamilton the woodcock, once very abundant, is now rapidly passing away.

Prince Edward county, where the writer of this paper now lives, is probably the best county for woodcock shooting left in Ontario, though the falling off in the number of birds of late years even there is sadly perceptible.

A good many American sportsmen come here in the summer for bass and maskinonge fishing, some even staying till the fall to have a crack at the ducks. These gentlemen little think that within three miles of Picton, the county town, there are large stretches of cover, where really good woodcock shooting can be had.

In my poor opinion, any kind of duck-shooting (whether you squat like a bullfrog in the rushes behind your bough house, or lie cramped in a monitor with both legs asleep and slowly freezing to death) is as inferior to a good day's tramp after woodcock behind a steady old pointer, or even a well-broken cocker or Irish spaniel, "as is moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine."

An incident, which happened to me only last season, will show that woodcock are still tolerably thick in the covers referred to. As a friend and myself were returning down the outside of one of these covers late one afternoon in October, after a pretty hard and successful day's work, we came on a small tongue or point, running out from the main cover, which somehow or other we had omitted to beat in the morning.

As we approached it my Irish spaniel, which ought to have been at heel on the very edge of the cover, flushed a bird pitched in a lot of Canada thistles not 25yds. out in the open field. I walked the bird up and shot him. On reaching the place where he had emerged, we followed my friend Mr. S.'s pointer (the steadiest old dog I ever shot over) into the thicket.

He had not gone 10yds. before he came to a dead point. The bird rose on my side, and at the report of my gun performed that peculiar dive into the bushes in the midst of a stream of feathers the sight of which causes a pleased grin to overspread the features of the average sportsman.

The cover was so thick that my friend and I, though not 20yds. apart, could not see each other, as we slowly drew the dogs on toward the dead bird. But this did not prevent Mr. S. shooting three woodcock and myself two more before we reached the place where the bird, first killed, fell.

Another cock, which I missed, Mr. S. (who is one of the best shots at woodcock or ruffed grouse I ever was out with) cut down as he rose wild from the edge of a further off cover.

This made eight birds shot in about ten or fifteen minutes in a little bit of cover about an acre in extent. We felt as we pursued our toilsome way that we'd both "been on in that last act."

The great beauty of the bit of country that I have been speaking of is that in the course of a day's shooting you have every chance of making what old sportsmen call "a mixed bag." The Wilson or English snipe is very plentiful in and about the covers, and, strange to say, is often flushed in the same dense thicket of vines and bushes as the woodcock. I remember once shooting a woodcock with one barrel and a Wilson snipe with the other in this neighborhood.

There is also a fair sprinkling of ruffed grouse and hare to be found. In the marshy grounds between the covers in the small fields covered with a sickly growth of buckwheat, sticking out of the sour water-soaked ground, or in occasional rows of forlorn turnips or disgusted-looking beans, you can put up golden or yellow-leg plover, as well as Wilson snipe. And in some of the larger ponds, often hid in the densest woodland, you get an occasional crack at blue or green-winged teal or black duck. But of course the main standby for the sportsman here is the woodcock. The others are incidentals, welcome as the flowers in May to him when they come in his road, but not sought after as the main business of the hour.

I have observed that in this big cover, and in others like it, throughout the county (for the place I have been speaking of is only one out of many), the woodcock early in September—about their moulting time here—leave the dense wet swamp altogether in the daytime, and go up to the knolls and dry upland ground, covered with dwarf poplars, maple and brambles in the immediate vicinity of their swampy feeding grounds. They certainly come down to feed in the wet covers at night, for you will find the mud round the pools and small streamlets of the low grounds riddled with their bores, and yet go for a couple of miles without flushing a bird. Go up to higher ground close by and you may put up a dozen in a very short time. A week or two later they are all back in the swamp again. This fact is worth noting by every pursuer of the wily woodcock.

This same woodcock is a queer bird. Sometimes you will think he is the biggest fool of a bird that ever lived, and at others you will say, as a Southern friend of mine did, "that he knows as much as an Injin and more than a nigger." I've known one come out of the cover in an aimless sort of way, hang in the wind for a moment, and then flop down within sixteen feet of me, right out in the open, looking as if he thought he'd picked out the safest part of North America to rest in; and then again I've known one to keep two good shots and two good dogs dodging about for half an hour in one thick bit of cover, going off in every direction but the right one with the velocity of a ruffed grouse, and the twist and dodge of a Wilson snipe. Half an hour's pursuit of a bird like this, in a dense thicket, on a hot September afternoon, with the thermometer about 90° in the shade, not a breath of wind stirring, and about a thousand mosquitoes to the square yard in the atmosphere round your person, gives you a much higher opinion of the woodcock's intellect.

He seems to know, too, when you have got one leg hip deep in a bog-hole, and generally selects that moment to rise and depart. Even when you have him in front of a steady point, it's a toss up whether he shoots over the dog's back straight in your face like a sky-rocket, or zig-zags off so close to your comrade's head that you dare not fire for your life—or rather, for his life—or flops into a tangle of wild vines, and sticks there long enough for a boy ten years old to shoot him.

For all that, he is one of the best of game birds to the real sportsman, who likes to kill his game fairly and on the wing; and it is a sad thing for all such to see him becoming, as he is, scarcer and scarcer each succeeding year.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

NOTES FROM MINNESOTA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am afraid that the grouse shooting in this section of Minnesota will not amount to much this fall on account of the frequent heavy rains and extraordinary destructive hailstorms which have prevailed between the 45th and 47th parallels for fifty miles. Hailstorms have destroyed whole broods of tame fowls, including hens, and this when partially protected by coops; so what chance have wildfowl on the open in such weather? Hailstones measuring 10in. in circumference fell at Lisbon, N. D., Abercrombie and other points last week, and at Fergus Falls, Minn., stones fell with sufficient force to break plate glass fronts. The hail lay 6 and 8in. deep and pelted holes in soft ground in which eggs could easily be dropped.

Plover shooting is being indulged in to some extent hereabouts, and I learn that some sportsmen (?) are killing meadow-larks.

There is little fishing now in the Red River. A few sturgeon have been taken this spring at Fergus Falls, below the dam, weighing 35 and 38lbs. Bass are biting very nicely at Battle Lake and Clitherel, but taste rather weedy, and a few of a mess presented me June 10 were yet full of eggs. The closed season on these fish should be extended to July 1, or June 20 at least.

T. B. Bushnell, one of the leading sportsmen in Minnesota, has expended a lot of money in fixing up a pleasure resort at Ten Mile Lake, in Otter Tail county, 12 miles south of Fergus Falls. He has about as much as he can attend to.

Great numbers of farmers from the prairie districts are now at neighboring lakes, notably those at Pelican Rapids, salting down fish for winter use, the pike being the kind most suitable for keeping.

There are no ducks about here, it fact, I havn't seen a wild one since leaving the Superior region two weeks ago.

Jack rabbits are numerous, and I look for the organization of a coursing club here next year.

Elk and Moose Antlers' Spread.

I have read with considerable interest the items concerning the spread of elk and moose antlers. I am going to measure some I know of at Brainerd, Minn., and think I can find a prize winner, for the West is rarely beaten on anything—except, possibly, a few truth expanders. I have had in my possession a moose head, the spread of whose prongs were about 200 miles, *i. e.*, the portion I possessed and its companion prong were spread that distance apart, away out at Minot, N. D. Speaking of Minot reminds me that I don't know much about horns. In April, 1891, I stopped off at this place on my way to Montana on business. Near the depot were two parallel heaps of bones which had been picked on the prairie and sold to bone buyers. The piles were 600 feet long and fifteen or twenty high, and contained the bones of every sort of prairie animal, the buffalo predominating. Going over the piles in search of relics, I came across a fine pair of Texas steer horns which measured twenty-eight inches each. I took my find in triumph to the *Journal* office, and asked the boys if they ever saw a finer "pair." The boys began to snicker and I wondered thereat. Finally one of them whispered to me, "They are from the same side of the head." I had noticed that the horns did not jibe, one pointed ahead while the other pointed to the rear, but did not "tumble" to my error until too late. Of course the crowd "irrigated" at my expense and the editor "fixed." I searched the pile for the missing mates, but like my moose antlers they were somewhat on the spread themselves. This pile, however, yielded me some interesting trophies, viz.: a shoulder-blade of a buffalo with one iron and one flint arrow head imbedded in it; a buffalo skull with eleven bullet holes in it, a silent story of a hard death; two deer heads firmly locked together, evidence of a deadly contest between two monarchs; and last, but not least, two pairs of fine large buffalo horns that now are serving a good purpose as a footstool. At this place several "pet" deer were allowed to roam at large through the streets. One of these pets, a two-year-old buck, caught a railroad engineer out back of of the Great Northern round house the following fall and gently tickled him almost to death with his antlers. I guess he, the engineer, had a slight attack of the "buck ager" we read of in FOREST AND STREAM.

"Buck Fever."

Yes, I have had intermittent fever, scarlet fever and "buck fever." The "buck fever" came to me when I was in search of a broken telegraph wire fifteen miles east of Glendive, Mont., in 1880. I was out on a railroad tricycle of rude construction and was spinning along at a good rate on the newly made track, when I heard the sharp *ki-o-tee* of the coyote or plains wolf. I was a "tenderfoot" from Egypt (Ill.), and had read of whole families being eaten by wolves, and naturally grew timid. Looking over my shoulder I discerned a pack of eight yellow, yelling monsters in full cry, coming in my direction. I



"BY ANY OTHER NAME."

had no weapon of any sort except a pair of pliers and a pair of climbers, and all would have gone well if a freight train had not hove in sight. The train of course had the right of way, so I was forced to try my luck at sprinting. I embraced the first telegraph pole and was quickly at its peak. The freight thundered by and I signaled it to stop. The engineer blew a blast that frightened the coyotes away and nearly blew me off my perch. The trainmen helped me and my machine aboard the caboose. I had a clear attack of "buck fever or ager," as you like to term it. I cut more gyrations than a go-devil firecracker, and my legs "wobbled" like the governor of a stationary engine. Oh, the feeling is delicious! Try it some time. When I got to Glendive I resigned in favor of the coyote, and with the $26 I got for salary went back to Illinois, only to be attacked a few weeks later with the genuine swamp chills and fever. My opinion of coyotes is not flattering. They are like some legislators I know of who "don't believe in game laws, nohow"—all noise and no bite (work). So much for "b-b-u-c-k-k a-g-e-r."

F. J. S.

MARYLAND ASSOCIATION.

BALTIMORE, June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An association known as the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association was permanently organized at a meeting held in the Academy of Sciences April 16, 1895. It is most gratifying to the officers and members to see the deep interest manifested in the association by so many persons in Baltimore and throughout the state. Nearly one hundred members joined at the first meeting, and as many more have made application to become members since. In order that the Association become powerful and influential, we appeal to every person in the State interested in the preservation and propagation of game and fish to become members. The annual dues have been put at a nominal sum in order that the membership may be very large, thus adding to the popularity and usefulness of the association. Our beautiful song birds and all insectiverous birds will be cared for, as well as game birds. All laws for the protection of game and fish will be rigidly enforced, and if the present laws are fouud to be inefficient, the "law committee" of the Association will draft new laws and ask the General Assembly to pass them.

The most destructive agencies and violations of law that are driving wildfowl from our rivers, exterminating our game, and depleting our waters of fish may be summed up as follows: The use of big guns and shooting at night, which drive the ducks from their feeding and roosting grounds; shooting partridges and woodcock by market gunners during the close season for clubs and restaurants, which serve them as short bills; dogs that run at large hunting rabbits day and night all summer, killing young rabbits and destroying partridge nests; hauling seines during the spawning season; allowing small fish that are emptied from seines to lie on the shore and die; setting fish traps, which kill everything, great and small, that get into them; putting lime into trout streams, and the abominable custom of throwing dynamite cartridges, which kill every fish within several hundred yards of the place of explosion; and last, but not least, is a want of authority to enforce the laws for the protection of that magnificent fish, the black bass, in the Potomac River. The dispute about the boundary line between Maryland and the Virginias is the stumbling block in the way that can be removed by uniform legislation.

It can be readily seen that the task undertaken by the Association is not an easy one; but we have entered upon the work with a determination that nothing will be left undone to accomplish the results for which the association was organized, and to this end we invoke the co-operation of all persons interested in the work undertaken by the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association. We are persuaded beyond doubt that with proper laws regulating and restricting shooting and fishing, rigidly enforced,

the game and fish supply of the State will become as abundant as ever.

The Association will also stock the fresh, water streams with trout and bass, distribute live birds in the different counties of the State, to replenish those who perished during the blizzard last winter, and inaugurate a systematic plan for feeding the birds in times of deep snows in every election precinct in the State.

An appeal will be made to the proprietors of hotels and restaurants and to the stewards of the various clubs in the city to refrain from buying game during the time prohibited by law. Co-operation by them with the Association will assist in accomplishing much good. At the same time they are admonished that a secret detective service has been organized, and that whosoever is found violating the game and fish laws will be prosecuted to the fullest extent.

Annual dues: Baltimore city members, $2; county members, $1; county club membership, $3; honorary members, $5.

DR. GEORGE W. MASSAMORE, Secretary-Treasurer,
334 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

A DEER HUNT IN THE EVERGLADES.

A Story for the Boys.

Before Ned Cutler left his home in New York, to spend the winter with his parents in Palm Beach, Fla., he caused it to be known among his friends that he should shoot deer and alligators in unknown quantities while there. He was almost thirteen, and as boastful as boys are wont to be at that age, and pardonably proud of his marksmanship. He had pictured to himself how the deer would fall before his unerring aim like the wooden images in the shooting gallery.

Arriving at that beautiful spot, Cocoanut Grove, Lake Worth, his first inquiries were with reference to the deer and alligators, and he was somewhat disconcerted to learn that deer did not sleep under the eaves of the hotel and that alligators could not be shot from the back door of the bath-house; but that the former had to be sought five or ten miles in the Everglades, while the latter must be hunted at night with much caution and skill.

Not discouraged, however, he spent the next three weeks, wondering and delighted, in acquainting himself with that wonderland of fruits and flowers, of wildfowl, mosquitoes and sand fleas, and, by no means incidentally, in striving to induce some one to take him deer-hunting in the Everglades.

None were easily induced to take a boy on such a dangerous and exhausting trip; but by much coaxing Lane one day promised to take him the next time he went, if his parents were willing. There was a sly twinkle in the old Floridian's eyes as he made the promise, and there is a suspicion that he would not have made it had he not felt sure that the conditions could not be met. Indeed, it looked for a time as though the old hunter had reckoned wisely; for, when Ned's mother heard of the hard marches through scrub and hammock and marsh, of the dangers from snakes and fever, she refused to grant his request.

His father had dismissed him with "You may go if your mother is willing;" so he found, as many an older one before and since, that his destiny hung upon the decision of a woman. Ned had learned in his thirteen years of experience that a woman's heart is pliable as well as solicitous, and hence bent his energies in obtaining the much coveted permission. An able ally he found in "Doc" Hart, of the store down on the "p'int," who had shot every kind of game in Florida during his twenty-five years' residence, as squatter and merchant, at the p'int. So "Doc" came around to the hotel one evening and was introduced to Ned's mother. During the conversation that followed Mr. Hart's opinion was requested in reference to the boy's desire, and Mr. Hart thought he could safely go, and expressed a hope that his mother would permit it. "But the snakes!"—"Oh yes, there are some snakes. The cottonmouth moccasin is the most dangerous, since it gives no warning, as does the rattler; but then the Seminole Indians go through that whole region barefoot and with bare legs and are rarely if ever bitten." Mr. Hart might have added that the skin on the feet and legs of the Seminole Indian is as tough as the "dasher, from tough old hide, found in the pit when the tanner died," and that his sight is as sharp and quick to pene trate the palmetto as the hawk's. Be it to his credit or discredit, according as you occupy Ned's or his mother's position, he did not, and as a result of that conversation Ned found himself a week later going on a deer hunt in the Everglades.

The guns and provisions are all in the skiff, as is Ned in the bow, "Doc" Hart in the stern, and "Traps" Lane at the oars, pulling the two miles across Lake Worth, in the wonderful quiet of the very early morning. Having made the transit, the skiff is tied under the overhanging trees, that the hot sun may not start the seams during their absence. Each one then takes his pack and gun, and they start single file over the narrow path leading for two miles through the pine and oak forest. Ned's load weighs about 30lbs., while the men carry considerably more. But 30lbs. is a load for a boy of thirteen after the first mile. Now they strike a clearing of an acre or more covered with growing pineapples. Ned thinks they look like a lot of small century plants. Then through the woods again, and soon they come upon a lake, on whose shore they deposit their burdens. Our young hunter sits down to rest, while the men skirt the shore, one in one direction and the other in the other, diving in every thicket of palmetto scrub like dogs for a covey. Soon Lane calls out, "Here she is," and as Ned is wondering who "she" can be, he sees him come around the fringe of shore propelling an old punt or flat-bottomed boat. Into this everything is loaded, and off they glide swiftly and almost noiselessly, propelled by the long powerful strokes of the paddle, wielded by Lane standing near the stern, an erect six feet of athletic humanity.

From one lakelet to another they proceed through tortuous channels so narrow as to almost prevent their little bark from passing. After an hour they come upon a vast expanse of water and slime dotted here and there by miniature islands. The water is all depths, from 5 or 6ft. to as many inches, and frequently they are aground, and then all step overboard and, grasping the rail, drag the boat forward. Now Ned knows why the bottom of the boat was made flat; and he sees many things to make him exclaim "Oh!" "Wonderful!" "What is that?" It is indeed a fairy-land, for web-footed fairies perhaps, but marvelously beautiful. The dead gray cypress stumps, some of them 10ft. high, stand like sentinels in every direction, and upon almost every one of them clings an air plant (epiphytic orchid) in full bloom—that wonder of tropical Florida. The roots, white, fibrous and exposed, grasp the dry dead wood and, without a particle of moisture except what pervades the atmosphere, send forth a dozen or more spined leaves, similar to those at the top of the pineapple, and from their center a single spike, at whose extremity appears the bloom—scarlet, pink, blue, yellow and variegated, almost every color of the spectrum. Then the living cypress and oak, festooned with yards of the silvery Spanish moss. And the birds: curlews, with their great pink, crescent shaped beaks and red legs; and the egrets, carrying between their wings that wavy plume so much prized by ladies; and the flamingo, standing like a flame on his long black legs; and the pelican, with his great fish pouch hanging like a sower's sack under his half yard of bill; and—but there in the soft mud is deer "sign"—sheep tracks, Ned would have said—and so a gun must not be fired, although he would like so much to take his mother an egret plume.

The "sign" becomes more numerous, and the men direct Ned to paddle softly along the right shore of a small island, while they wade to it and carefully stalk on its shore.

Ned lays his .38-caliber rifle across the boat from rail to rail, and a double barrel 10-gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot by his side, thinking, if a deer should appear, he would first shoot with the rifle, and if he failed to hit with that would then use the shotgun. He then pushed the boat forward, keeping his face to the bow and his eyes on the scrub. Suddenly he hears a slight noise to his right, and turning in that direction sees the foliage open and out of it leap the cleanest, sleekest, most beautiful, slender limbed creature he ever saw. Holding his oars poised, he watches it in wonder and admiration as it takes easy lopes, splashing the shallow water at every jump, until it disappears within the dense foliage, not more than fifty yards away at any time. The men have heard the splashing, and, knowing what it means, rush toward Ned's side of the island. He hears them and looks down at his guns, and only then realizes that he has had what he had always boasted he never would have—buck ague. As he came up to the boat Lane asked, "Did you see the deer?"—"Yes."—"Then why didn't you shoot?" But as he saw the two great tears stand in the boy's eyes he did not press the question, but Ned heard him mutter, "We've all had it."

They now push on for a mile or more, and then carefully hide their craft from the sun and any roving Seminole that may be "plume hunting" in that vicinity.

It is now past noon and they lunch under a great pine and then shoulder their packs and trudge on. Ned is startled frequently by a whip snake darting for an instant above the dwarf palmetto. The suddenness of their appearance and their proximity to his legs gives him an uncomfortable feeling, and he wonders how far it is yet to their camp.

He has been up since midnight, toiling under a pack part of the time and often helping to drag the boat, while the sun has burned his skin until it stings, his eyes smart from the glare of the fierce rays upon the water, his back and feet ache, perspiration pours from his face, and he is happy, for he is accomplishing his purpose.

"Here we are," he hears Doc say, as they approach a clump of trees situated on a slight rise of ground.

Palmetto leaves are gathered and covered with a blanket for a bed, pine knots are soon blazing and the coffee pot is suspended over them. Then supper, and as the twilight deepens Ned listens while Traps and Doc "swap" stories in the glare of the camp-fire. Then to bed they go, three in a row, boots for pillows and the smoke from the pine knots floating over them to discourage the mosquitoes.

While the other two sleep Ned looks for a long time into the face of that marvelous blue, studded with more brilliant gems than he has ever seen in any northern sky. It seems to him that he has only just fallen asleep, when he is aroused and told that the coffee is ready.

During the pre-sunrise breakfast the boy is advised to take the shotgun instead of the rifle, for the reason that it does not require so accurate aim. Remembering his experience of the previous day, he reluctantly decided to do this. All the "truck" being securely locked within the camp box, the party again set forth. It is near sunrise and the wilderness is echoing with avian songs. Keeping to the uplands and avoiding as much as possible the marshes and lakes, they strike toward a point two miles beyond, where, in a large marsh, grows a particularly succulent species of weed known as deer grass, and where deer are sure to be found if any are in the neighborhood. Soon "sign" is found, and they agree to speak only in whispers, and that if one says "halt" they are all to stand at once perfectly quiet. This because the game is exceedingly shy and alert to discover danger; and while a deer will look at a man standing still for full two minutes and then go to feeding again unalarmed, the least movement on the man's part would send it scurrying away.

Thus they were advancing over an expanse of shallow water and ooze, their eyes sharply examining every object beyond—Ned on the right, Traps next and Doc on the left, with Spot, Traps's dog, a few yards in front of Ned, when the dog gave a smothered whine and sprang to the left. "Look out; snake," whispered Lane. And there, a little to the right and not more than ten feet away, lay two coils of an obscurely blotched snake, its head in the center and its jaws thrown wide apart, showing the white interior of its mouth and the swiftly-vibrating forked tongue. Its small eyes gleamed wickedly and its body began to thicken and the circle of the coils to decrease in diameter as Traps grasped Ned by the arm and drew him back twenty feet or more. Then drawing the shell from his rifle and inserting another charged with silent powder, he stepped a few steps forward and raised his gun. There was a little white puff of smoke, and the venomous cottonmouth moccasin (*Ancistrodon piscivorus*) was perforated just below its flat head, and after beating the mud for an instant lay dead. It measured 3ft. 7in., and as they noted its trail in the soft mud, they saw that it had crossed squarely in front of them, and that, had it not been for the dog's warning, Ned would have walked upon it and must surely have been bitten.

It is said, and old hunters affirm, that this species of snake will contract the body, and then by sudden expansion throw themselves three or four times their length toward the object of attack, striking their fangs into the victim, and that while they have known cases of men recovering from the bite of a rattler, they have not known of any recovering from the bite of the cottonmouth.

After this incident it was agreed that one should look upon the ground for snakes while the others watched for deer. About an hour afterward Ned whispered. "Halt! Isn't that a deer over there to the right?" After looking for some moments Traps said in an undertone, "The boy has a good eye, there's two of them about a mile away."

Now came the most difficult part—to get within range without frightening them. Traps secured Spot with a strap to his hunting belt, and then a consultation was held.

In front of where the deer were feeding there stretched a long narrow ridge thickly covered with cypress and palmetto. If that could be reached it would afford a safe cover, but there intervened a stretch of three-fourths of a mile that must be made in plain view of the game, and although the breeze was in their faces and the deer were feeding in the same direction that they were going, it would take much care to reach the cover. Ned was instructed to keep his eyes on the white spot at the rump of the larger animal and when that disappeared to stand perfectly rigid until it reappeared; that the white spot was the under side of the buck's short tail, and when he was feeding he would have his tail thrown up over his back and show the white, but that as soon as he looked up or was at all startled, the tail would come down and the white spot disappear.

Then they started with long rapid strides and the first half mile was made quickly with only one stop, but the rest of the distance was made more slowly, as the game had changed its direction and was now feeding across their line of approach.

At last they are behind the scrub and make their way until about opposite where the deer are feeding. It is agreed that Traps shall proceed and then cross the ridge beyond, while Doc shall cross midway between Traps and Ned.

At a given signal they all enter the dense and tangled thicket and carefully and as rapidly as possible push through to the opposite side, knowing that one of them will have a fair target within range when they emerge. Which one it will be none of them know, as the animals may have shifted their position since they have been lost to view.

Ned's heart beats with intensity as he proceeds, wondering alternately if he will be the fortunate one and if there are snakes in the thicket. At length he pushes aside the vines and sees to his left—but out of range—the buck and doe feeding side by side, and knows that the next man will have the shot. How beautiful and sleek they look, these elegant aristocrats of the Everglades, and he almost hopes Doc will miss.

Suddenly the buck raises his head and looks toward the thicket, then a sharp report rings out and echoes and re-echoes and re-echoes over and breaks the almost distressing silence. The buck rears on his hindlegs, and the doe turning dashes directly toward him. He cocks both barrels and pulls the triggers so nearly at the same time that the reports succeed each other like successive watch ticks. The recoil of the gun, produced by the almost simultaneous explosion of 10drs. of powder, was so great as to hurl him backward upon the ground and loosen his hold upon the gun. Almost frantic and hardly knowing but that an earthquake was in progress, he tore his way out, leaving his gun behind.

The first thing he saw was the buck lying in the water, and then the men preparing to draw it to the ridge. It was found that the bullet from Doc's rifle had struck the left shoulder and broken it, then passed downward and out of the body on the other side.

"But where is your gun?" asked both men of Ned. He then told them what had happened. "Well, didn't you hit her?" "I don't know, but I think I did." "We will look for your gun first and then see what has become of the doe," said Doc.

Doing this, they found both, the doe lying dead at the edge of the thicket, less than thirty rods from the gun.

As they were returning to camp loaded with venison Traps made a side remark to Doc to this effect, "That's the pluckiest young un I ever run ag'in. He's like a purp I had once. When he got after a possum he'd have him 'fore he quit if it took a month. That boy will succeed." He was right. "That boy" is to-day a successful young man.

E. J. KLOCK, M.A.

ADIRONDACK LEAGUE CLUB DEER.

NEW YORK, June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Upon my return to-day from a trip to the Adirondack League Club Preserve I read with astonishment Mr. Raymond S. Spears's letter in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Spears is of tender years, and should not be confounded with his father, who is well and favorably known as a writer from Northwood. His boyish letter is, unwittingly, I believe, an outrageous libel.

During the past winter the Adirondack League Club's great tract was carefully watched by game constables, who are expert woodsmen, and frequent reports of what was going on at the lumber camps were sent to me as chairman of the fish and game committee. Since the fishing season opened members visiting the preserve have sent occasional reports of their observations. In addition to these opportunities for keeping informed I have spent much time there and have continued to study and enjoy, as I have done during the past twelve years, what I believe to be the most charming fishing and hunting grounds in the world. I think I know most of the facts about legal and illegal deer killing in the club territory, and am glad to have the opportunity of showing how Mr. Spears has been misled by his friend's tattle.

He is informed that dead deer were seen between Moose River and Canachagala Lake. It is true that there are (or were a few months ago) at least nine dead deer there. They were not killed by dogs or wolves or weapons. Neither did they die from starvation, as the carcasses were in fairly good condition. The nature of their disease is to me entirely a matter of conjecture. One large buck was found alive, but in a dying condition. He was able to rise and move a short distance, when his hindlegs gave way. One of our men examined him carefully, found no mark on him, and did what he could to save his life. A doe was found in a helpless condition, with no marks on her. Her disease was apparently in the throat or lungs. As she was in a bad position, a bough bed was made for her and her immediate wants were supplied. I have

spent a part of a considerable number of years in the woods, and have rarely failed to find deer skeletons in the spring fishing season. I am inclined to think that the number of deaths from disease and severe weather last winter was somewhat greater than usual, although not at all alarming.

Three log jobbers had crews in the lumbering camps on Moose River during the past year. The jobbers were straight men. Our relations with them and methods of watching were such as I do not care to detail. It is enough to say that all the sportsmen in our club who cared to make inquiries have been satisfied that the sporting in Moose River region has not been seriously damaged by the lumbermen. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that both the hunting and the fishing will be bettered by the scientific lumbering which this club has specified and secured. I have no doubt that the hide and hair seen at Rape's camp were those given by our members to Rape's men to make moccasins, etc.

Mr. Spears thinks the number of deer in the Adirondacks is decreasing, and this is probably true, but it is also reasonably certain that in the 120,000 acres of the League Club there are more deer now than there were six years ago. He apparently forms his opinion from the fact that his friend in one march across a narrow belt of our tract did not see so many deer and trout as he saw there several years ago. His friend, not being a club member or a club guest, either abstained from poaching or else committed a misdemeanor, so that in either event his evidence as to the quality of our fishing does not carry weight. One swallow does not make a summer; nevertheless, my experience the day before yesterday, in taking twenty-one fine trout, all with flies, in about three hours' fishing in Moose River, is surely better positive evidense than a report at second hand that a man caught nothing in a region where he had no right to be. During my walk back to Bisby Lodge on the Combs Brook trail, I started (but did not see) two deer. At Combs Lake I saw a two-year-old doe. Between that lake and second pond I started and saw two more deer, one of them an unusually large buck.

Our club rules protect deer much more strictly than does the State law, and there is little doubt that the deer in the preserve are increasing both naturally and also by being driven in from more poorly protected regions. The fishing is certainly improving. Our hatchery has turned out several hundred thousand trout each year —this spring 423,000. In addition to this liberal stocking we purchased and put in our different streams and lakes last January 25,000 one and two year old trout. Their transportation and distribution, by the way, was rather a remarkable feat. They were taken in six car loads from Caledonia, halting each trip over night at Utica to Forestport, White Lake and Fulton Chain stations. From these stations, respectively, they were drawn on runners to our lodges at Honnedaga, Bisby and Little Moose. From each lodge they were distributed to the different waters in pack cans on men's backs, in some instances being carried seven miles. An accurate account was kept of dead trout and the loss was less than one-half of one per cent. The credit for this remarkably successful distribution is entirely due to James Annin, now State Superintendent of Hatcheries, and to Henry Studor and John Commerford. W. H. BOARDMAN.

Minnesota Moose Captures.

ADAM MCKIBBEN, of Joliette, caught two baby moose as they were swimming across the Red River last week. They are very young, but are thriving on cow's milk.—*Pioneer Express.*

Mr. J. L. Dunbar, living near Red River, in the vicinity of Joliette, but in this county, captured the mother, which was nearly as large as a mule. The State game warden in some way got wind of it and came up from Minneapolis last Friday and seized the animal. The law reads: "No moose, elk, caribou or antelope shall be killed or had in possession until Jan. 1, 1898." If this law is violated the animals then become the property of the State and violators may be punished by imprisonment or fine. Mr. Dunbar was, like the rest of us, ignorant of the new game law, and was therefore, on the first offense, allowed to go without punishment.—*Hallock (Minn.) Enterprise.*

[The law forbidding taking moose before 1898 is not a new one; it has been printed in the *Game Laws in Brief* for a year and more.]

Canvas Boats for Shooting.

SINCE 1889 I have used a canvas boat 12ft. long, 40in. wide, with flat bottom, made by one of FOREST AND STREAM'S faithful advertisers. I have shot from it, lying, sitting, kneeling and standing, and do not hesitate to do so still, whenever I get a chance. It is light and responds somewhat to the recoil of a gun, but I never thought of its being unsafe. A friend once reached around the wrong way to shoot at a flying duck and got kicked off the folding stool. The boat rocked a good deal and shipped a little water, but it was clearly his fault. It will convey five men, but does better with two or three. I have floated or rowed up on many an old sprig-tail with it. To say I am pleased with the investment is to put it mildly. Its only serious fault is that it sits high and catches a great deal of wind. AZTEC.

About Crows.

Mr. M. R. Bortree recites an odd experience with crows mentioned to him by his friend Mr. Wesley Gary, of Gary's Mills, Ill., last year. Mr. Gary observed three crows engaged in a contest with a turkey hen over a brood of young turkeys. Two of the crows would attack the mother turkey, flying at her head and pecking viciously, until they had her fully occupied, when the third crow would dash in and kill and carry off the young turkey. This happened several times, and Mr. Gary was exasperated at the losses the crows inflicted on his turkeys. This year Mr. E. H. Gary, of Wheaton, Ill., has been losing turkey eggs, and has found a great deposit of egg shells in a certain marsh to which the crows have carried the eggs to eat them. From all these things both Mr. Gary and Mr. Bortree figure that the crow is a very deadly enemy to quail and other game birds, and ought to be suppressed.

E. HOUGH.

Sea and River Fishing.

SOME MORE ABOUT LEAPING BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may seem presumptuous in a poor devil who has never owned a whole trout stream on his own property, nor any part of one, nor been resident physician at any sort of springs and whose experience with black bass does not extend over the waters from Pennsylvania to Louisiana, who has never been a fish commissioner even, with numerous other reasons to hear from, to differ in opinion with one who has reveled in all these comforts and honors; but I am going to assert that I have seen a bass jump out of the water, while hooked, 5ft. or more, notwithstanding Dr. M. G. Ellzey says "the eyesight is the most deceptive of our senses."

This particular bass I have in mind was handled by old Ben Renshaw, standing up in a boat in Central Lake, Michigan, while I was standing up in another boat 30 to 35yds. away. The fish left the water straight up, not on a curve, nearly in line between us, and when he reached the top of his leap was on a line level with our heads.

Ben was about 5ft. 10in. in height, while I am a couple of inches shorter. Now, taking the rule regarding the velocity of falling bodies, count in the time used in reaching the highest point of the leap and the time in falling back, and it seems to me that it would figure up more than a quarter of a second that the bass was in the air.

This is only one instance in which I have seen bass jump nearly if not quite as high, and in three instances have I seen maskinonje jump higher. I am quite positive in this, although Dr. Ellzey may say he is quite certain I was mistaken.

The Dr. tells us: "A leaping bass is not generally in the air above one-tenth of a second, and I take it to be a physical impossibility for anybody to see whether his mouth is wide open or not, or whether he shakes his head or not. I repeat what I formerly said: I do not pretend to doubt that gentlemen believe they have so seen, but I am quite certain they are mistaken."

To use a street gamin phrase, "Come off, doctor, yer talkin' through yer hat."

From where I write I have just thrown through an open window the "heel" of a loaf of bread on to a neighboring roof about 10 yards away, and I can see some English sparrows pecking at it, and I can easily see when one has its mouth open with a good sized crumb of bread in its bill. Why should not I, or anyone else, be able to distinguish when a bass has his mouth open, or shakes his head at the same distance, or a few yards further away?

If it is a physical impossibility to see a bass open his mouth or shake his head 30, 40, or 50 feet away, I take it that it is a physical impossibility to see the bass at all. Are we to disbelieve the evidence of our eyes, defective though they may in a measure be, and blindly agree that we are all mistaken, because Dr. Ellzey is quite certain that we are? Must we all retire into our shells and acknowledge that we can't see, nor estimate a distance within 40ft., and confess that we can't tell the truth about anything we do happen to see? Because this angler of 35 years' experience never saw a bass jump 3ft. high is evidence enough—for him—that no one else ever did. The doctor seems to have the conceit that if we don't see as he does, we are not competent to judge: we are all mistaken.

He has "seen a great many bass jump into a boat, but none jump over one." I have seen several bass jump over a boat, and two that I remember failed in their calculation of the distance and dropped into the boat. Does anybody with "hoss sense" suppose that a bass makes the leap from inshore with the especial purpose of dropping into the boat?

Because the Doctor never saw one leap over a boat is, I suppose, evidence enough for the rest of us that they must necessarily all drop inside, and I reckon I must be mistaken when I say that once, when a comrade and I were fishing from a boat in the Little Miami River, near Remington, Ohio, a bass made a flying leap from inshore near a patch of weeds clear over the boat of 4ft. beam, striking the water on the outside 3 or 4ft. from the boat—estimated of course—and owing to the unexpectedness of the performance, and not having a yard stick along, I forgot to measure the distance from the water while he was at the highest point of his leap, hence I am unable to give the exact "curve" he described while in the air, but I am reasonably sure, although I may be mistaken, that the distance from where he left the water to where he went into it again must have been not less than 10ft. on a horizontal line.

My experience with leaping bass when hooked has also been, I am sorry to say, somewhat at variance with the Doctor's, as at least eight in ten have leaped nearly straight out of the water, striking it on the return rarely a yard from where they left it, making no "curve" to speak of while in the air.

However, as I have never fished the waters from Pennsylvania to Louisiana, my testimony may not be competent—in the Doctor's opinion—and besides, the bass in these waters may have different "curves," and "drops," and "inshoots," and "outshoots," from the bass with which I have had to do, which would put mine to a disadvantage in the matter of a low, graceful curve while making a leap.

It requires small perception to make out that a bass can't jump as high in shallow water as he can in deep water, for the reason that the depth is not there to give him a start upward, same as a man can't stand and jump as far as he can with a running start.

This might have occurred to the Doctor had he stopped to think while telling about Mr. Page's bass—a great number of them, no doubt, all dropping into the canoe instead of going over it, as they doubtless intended to do; they had not depth of water enough under them to get a start with the proper upward angle for an "outshoot" that would carry them over the canoe, so they just dropped into it. They were simply mistaken, possibly by reason of defective eyesight.

"Several hundred bass" are a good many to leap clear of the water to one rod and not lose half of them while in the air, and I am strongly moved to say that I am "quite certain that the Doctor is mistaken," but I will not be so discourteous; I will take his word for it.

Toward the last he tells us, "Play your fish on the surface and you will see them leap very often, but very few will get away." I am moved again to ask, "How are you going to play your fish on the surface in 20ft. of water, with 20 or 30yds. of line out, unless you have a rod 20 or 30yds. long and reel up till there are only a few feet of line free of the rod tip?

Dr. Ellzey may be able to do it, but I confess that I have not yet learned the knack of it, maybe because my rod was always too short to "hold them peremptorily near the surface," with line out eight or ten times the length of the rod.

He further tells us, "If you want your fish to stay under water play him with a low tip and a light hand and he will be nearly certain to accommodate you." Shade of gentle Izaak! I am just beginning to find out how little I know about bass fishing, and I'm going to get rid of all the old notions and traditions that have been infesting me for years and start fresh—begin it all over again and learn how to handle a bass *secundum artem* or words to that effect. I'm going to get me a pole 30yds. long, as near as may be, so I can play 'em on the surface, where I can see what they're doing; and if I want them to stay under water it will be less trouble maybe to lower the tip of a rod of that length than it would one of 7ft. or 8ft.

One more quotation and I'll "submit the case for arbitration." The Doctor says, near the beginning of his article, "As my opinions are founded on very long experience and many careful observations, I find no reason to modify them."

It is scarcely to be expected that he will. I don't know of any one in the land that is more welcome to his opinions that Dr. Ellzey, but I claim the privilege of differing from many of them, and if I have "played him a little too near the surface" in expressing some of my notions about matters and things, he can charge it up as one of the mistakes of "the most deceptive of our senses" and keep right on finding no reason to modify his "opinions."

KINGFISHER.

CINCINNATI, O.

THOSE MASTIGOUCHE TROUT TANKS.

MONTREAL, June 18.—I have lately returned from our club lakes, where I spent about a fortnight enjoying the fishing. I thought perhaps you might like to hear something about our waters. We have had a larger number of visitors at the Mastigouche this spring than usual, and on the whole the fishing has been better. More large trout have been caught than during any past season, some five or six of over 4 to 4½lbs. being among the number, besides quite a lot of two to three-pounders. Several of the parties took out some very handsome boxes of fish, which I have heard caused quite a stir when exhibited to the friends on their return home.

The first arrival at our camp was Mr. W. L. Maltby, vice-president of the club, a keen fisherman and enthusiastic lover of all outdoor sports, and one whose name is so well known in connection with the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, of which he was president for several years. He was followed a few days later by a party from Syracuse, N. Y., among whom were Mr. Louis F. Powell (who has been a regular visitor for the past eight years), Wm. Allen Butler and son, Mr. Hall, Pierce Larrabee, L. C. Smith with his brother and Dr. Smith, Mr. Jones and others from the same city. Mr. Stebbins, of Watertown; Mr. Moore and son, Bentley Whitman, of Little Falls; L. F. Pike and brother, of New York, Paterson and son, and H. B. Ames and wife, of this city, besides several others whose names I do not recall at this moment.

The weather was generally cool, sometimes cold; and until about the 28th we had very few really warm days, and the flies were not really troublesome until after that date.

One of the gentlemen from Syracuse, on his way through this city, ordered a couple of strong galvanized iron boxes made and sent up to camp to carry home his fish. The boxes arrived a few days later, addressed to the Mastigouche House. Whether a mistake had been made in giving the dimensions or in the making, it was evidently a surprise to the party who ordered the boxes when the two big boxes were brought to the house and laid side by side on the piazza. As they were addressed to the Mastigouche House and there was no other name upon them, the landlord asked whom they belonged to and what they were for, but no one would own them, or acknowledge that they knew anything about the matter. A good deal of chaffing was indulged in at the expense of the unfortunate owner, and fears were expressed that if anyone had so far trespassed upon the good will of the Canadian authorities as to attempt to carry off into the United States two such huge boxes of trout, there would be just cause for another fishery arbitration between the two countries. One of the boxes is now in Syracuse, and it has leaked out that some of the L. C. Smith party went home in it. The other box remains at the camp and will be utilized as a cold storage room.

The fly-fishing, up to the time I left, June 2, had not been very good, but was improving as the water was going down in the lakes. Most of the fishing up to the last of May was done by trolling with small spoon, live minnow or fly.

I did not succeed in capturing any of the largest trout, but was very well content with landing one of 3lbs. and one of 2½lbs., the former with a Parmachene Belle and the other with a small light blue fly that is very taking in these waters early in spring. It is a local fly, and not like any I have seen elsewhere. I returned home on the 3d after a most enjoyable trip, both as regards the fishing, and the very pleasant company of sportsmen from your side of the line whom I had the pleasure of meeting, some for the first time, but others known for several seasons past, and whom I hope to have the pleasure of meeting frequently again. Mr. and Mrs. Bruning called on me Friday last on their way up to the camp, where they expect to remain until early in August. A Mr. and Mrs. Plunket, friends of theirs, are also at Mastigouche for the summer. I hope to join my family there about the 1st of September. HENRY W. ATWATER.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, new edition, ready Thursday, June 27, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

SHENANDOAH BASS FISHING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Black bass fishing has been exceptionally good this season in the Shenandoah River. At Overall, Page county, Virginia, in May last, three Washington gentlemen took eighty odd bass all in one day from the Shenandoah, which averaged nearly two pounds each. Live bait was the attraction, and the fishing was done from boats. More and larger black bass, all of the small-mouth species, are taken every year from this particular point than anywhere along the Shenandoah River, which is a succession of the "eddy" and swift water, good alike for live bait and fly fishing. A walk of two miles up the river from Overall affords three miles of as fine and comfortable wading as can be found anywhere on this continent, and when the bass are in humor for taking the fly, a "No. 5" cruel may easily be filled in that distance.

Overall is merely a flag station on the Norfolk and Western R.R., about 60 miles from Harper's Ferry, and 12 miles from Luray, and the same distance from Front Royal, where General Lomax had the little misunderstanding with General Philip Sheridan in 1863.

Mr. Mandley Triplett, who is the postmaster, keeps open house for fishermen during the fishing season and for sportsmen during the fall and winter. His terms are only one dollar per day, and how he can afford it and feed and lodge his guests as well as he does is a mystery. He certainly does not make anything out of it. Mr. Triplett also has families from Washington, Baltimore and other cities, who remain with him for months at a time. He makes special arrangements with those remaining one month or longer. Those who would be satisfied with plain country fare need not hesitate to spend a few weeks with the Tripletts. They have milk, cream and butter in plenty, and raise their own vegetables. There is ice in abundance, a luxury not always to be found in country farmhouses. All this for one dollar a day! I had almost forgotten to say that the beds are comfortable—both feather and hair.

The largest small-mouth bass ever taken in the Shenandoah River was caught by Mrs. Triplett, a lady over 60 years of age, last summer, within 100 yards of the house. It weighed a fraction less than 8lbs., and was caught on a hand-line, small frog for bait.

As fine partridge (quail), pheasant (ruffed grouse) and turkey shooting as can be found in the State may be had within easy walking distance of Overall. Deer were formerly quite plentiful, but are now scarce. It was also feared that the past cold winter had killed off nearly all the "Bob Whites," but your correspondent heard them calling from every hill-side while spending a few days at Overall a few weeks ago, and fair quail shooting may confidently be expected there this season as usual. The open season begins Oct. 15th.

Sportsmen desiring to visit Overall would do well to write beforehand, as so popular a resort is liable to have all the rooms occupied at this season of the year. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the scenery and climate of that section of the "Old Dominion" known as the "valley of Virginia." Overall, Page county, is in the very heart of that matchless region, where your correspondent would love to spend every day of his life. He arrived there a perfect stranger and departed after a stay of only a few days, feeling as though he were a Virginian and with a friendly feeling for every man, woman and child he met while there.

Admiral Jouett, U. S. N. (retired), has at Overall the most ingeniously contrived fish car. It has compartments at both ends for line-bait, and room for more than one hundred bass. The car is oval in shape, covered with fine wire and withal exceedingly light. Bass have been kept alive in such a car for weeks at a time. N. P.

NEW YORK, June 20.

OUANANICHE NOTES.

ROBERVAL, Can., June 17.—Here I am at Lake St. John again in the midst of leaping ouananiche. I started from New York on a salmon trip, but had to run up to Roberval to try the ouananiche for just a few days. It is a motley assortment of fishermen who are drawn to this region by the reputation of the active little salmon. First we have the native habitant, who stands on a rocky point and yanks his surprised victim up among the boughs of the fragrant balsams and larches overhead. His original investment in the way of bait is a piece of pork, with which he catches an ouitouche (dace). The ouitouche is then cut up into strips and business is soon under way. The larger ouananiche almost always gets away from the habitant, because when he yanks they have a peculiar faculty of yanking back again. And as the large fish are about as plentiful as the little ones, it is painful to think of the things that the wife and children must listen to at evening by the fireside.

Next in order comes the man who has come all of the way into the wilderness wholly unprepared. I met one of them on the train *en route*. He had a heavy bass bait pole, and had heard that the ouananiche should be taken with the fly; so he had somehow managed to get hold of a trout leader with four flies on it. The leader was frayed and the flies were very small. One of them was nearly broken off at the head, another was looped on the leader so that it pointed the wrong way, and the remaining two were passable. But this man's spirit was right. He was all full of it; and when he left after a three days' stay he had caught some fine fish on borrowed flies, and promised to spend all of the coming year in learning how to do things properly.

Another character is the really expert trout fisherman, who tries trout tactics in fishing for ouananiche; but the ouananiche is a salmon, and I have met very many men here who had not yet found that out.

For any fisherman who studies the habits of fish and who outwits them by a superior intelligence Roberval and the Grand Décharge are a paradise. The ouananiche this year went out of the lake into the Décharge about June 10th, and on the 14th they were in the foam. They work in the foam all day long when certain millers appear in great abundance—during a period of about two weeks, beginning at the middle of June. Any one can catch them then with any sort of fly or bait. During the greater part of the season the ouananiche are among the sunken rocks at the tail of rapids, or in the return currents, and then the skillful fisherman has the greatest sport, but the majority of the fishermen whom one sees here are very inexpert, and they find all manner of fault with the fishing. As Mr. Ritchie of the Island House says, "If a man is going to do anything at a trade he must first learn the trade." And I never have seen a disappointed fisherman at Roberval if he had learned his trade. When one is tired of ouananiche fishing, he can take any quantity of great pike and doré in the quieter waters. And there are plenty of brook trout in neighboring streams.

I have fished a great many waters and there are none that I visit with greater pleasure than the Grand Décharge, excepting possibly the Nipigon. These two streams make an interesting comparison. The Upper Saguenay is of the same length as the Nipigon—forty miles. Its waters are dark from the stain of sphagnum bogs, while the Nipigon waters are beautifully clear. The Upper Saguenay rises in the spring time nearly thirty feet above its summer level, while the Nipigon fluctuates hardly that number of inches. The principal game fish in these two rivers are of about the same weight, averaging from 2 to 5lbs. each in the daily catch of an expert fisherman. In the Upper Saguenay the fish is the ouananiche, a salmon, and he is best caught by employing big salmon tactics. In the Nipigon the fish is the speckled trout, and he is best taken by using little trout tactics. On the Saguenay the canoemen are French Canadians; on the Nipigon the canoemen are Chippewa Indians. On both rivers the geological, botanical and general zoölogical features are fairly alike—excepting for the bold trap precipices of the Nipigon, which are replaced by bluffs of gneiss and syenite on the Saguenay. On both rivers the majority of visiting fishermen are unskilled and unprepared for their work; and on both rivers these fishermen lay it all to the fish, and they are right. The fish are really to blame. A very attractive way to reach Roberval is by way of steamer from Quebec to Chicontimi, passing up the grand, sullen and inspiring lower Saguenay. The steamer passes rock islands on which seafowl are breeding, and sandy islands on which seals with their young are sporting, but the most striking feature of the landscape is furnished by the milk-white whales which are almost constantly in sight in still water, rolling lazily out of water, and gleaming so white that they can be seen miles away. Many of the white whales which the steamer approaches at this time of the year are seen to have one or two cunning little grayish whale babies following astern. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

DECADENCE OF OUR TROUT STREAMS.

BY J. S. VAN CLEEF, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

[A paper read before the American Fisheries Society.]

SOME three or four years ago an article was contributed by me to FOREST AND STREAM in which the above subject was discussed, and while this is not a reproduction of that article, it must necessarily contain many of the facts and conclusions which were contained in it, and which further investigation satisfies me are correct.

Every angler who has waded and fished our trout streams during the past thirty or forty years has observed the general decrease in the water flow, especially during seasons of drought, and the decrease does not seem to be local, but universal.

The Legislature of this State has endeavored for some years past to arrest this decrease, especially in the North Woods; but in spite of legislative action it still goes on steadily and uniformly both in the "forest primeval" and out of it.

This legislative action has been based upon the theory that the causes of the gradual diminution in the water flow are and have been wholly or very largely local, and it seems to have been assumed that if the destruction of the trees at or near the sources of our streams can be prevented this decrease will be practically arrested.

Do the results thus far obtained justify this conclusion? or, in other words, are these causes local, and can the preservation of the trees at the sources of our streams do more than retard a result which is inevitable from other and more far-reaching causes?

It has not been my fortune to visit the North Woods or Adirondack region, as my fishing trips have been confined to the Catskill region and Canada. For over thirty-five years, however, I have constantly visited the Catskills, and during all that time have been thoroughly familiar with the streams of that region, and while my personal knowledge of these streams does not extend much beyond thirty-five years yet I feel assured that the statement of facts given below will be corroborated by many persons who could be named, and who have been familiar with these streams for over fifty years.

It will be conceded that, all other things being equal, like causes will produce like results, and if the North Woods and the Catskills are alike in their characteristics, then the causes which have produced and are producing a decrease in the water flow of one of these regions will produce a like result in the other.

The eastern part of the State of New York is divided into two immense water sheds—the northern, with its streams emptying into Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain and the Mohawk River; and the southern, with its streams emptying into the Mohawk, Hudson and Delaware rivers.

Both of these regions are mountainous, and the altitude of these mountains and the intervening valleys above tide water is substantially the same.

The highest mountain in the northern water shed is Mt. Marcy, which is 5,468ft. high, and one of the highest in the State of New York is Slide Mountain in the southern water shed, which is 4,205ft. high.

The lower water shed, which extends through Schoharie, Greene, Ulster, Sullivan and Delaware counties, contains fifty-nine mountains which are over 3,000ft. high. Of these thirty-seven are of the height of 3,500ft. and upward, and of an average height of 3,728ft.

Included in this immense tract is what is generally known as the Southern Catskill range, contained within an area of perhaps thirty miles in length and twenty miles in breadth.

Fourteen mountains in this range are from 3,571ft. to 4,205ft. in height, the average height being 3,747ft.

These mountains are covered with nothing but hard wood, beech, birch, maple and balsam. The axe has never touched these trees except to provide an occasional camp for some benighted bear hunter or lost angler, and examination shows that these trees are of immense age.

The hemlock, which formerly abounded in this region and has been used so largely for tanning purposes, has with but few exceptions been cut entirely, or almost entirely, from the valleys, which are from 2,000ft. to 2,500ft. below these mountain peaks. It has not abounded nor has it been cut anywhere within many miles of the sources of the largest of the streams which rise in this mountain range.

In this range the following noted trout streams have their source, the largest ones, though running in opposite directions, having their sources very close to each other, viz.: the Beaverkill, Neversink, Rondout, Willewemoc, Esopus, Dry Brook and Millbrook.

For the purpose of calling attention to certain facts in regard to these streams I will first select the most noted of all of them, the Beaverkill, which has its source in the very heart of the Southern Catskill range, and runs for many miles before it reaches even the smallest clearing.

There are but few veteran anglers in this State who did not visit the delightful fishing retreat of James Murdock, which is situated on this stream some 25 or 30 miles below its source, in the 50s, and all will bear testimony not only to the abundance of the trout, but also to the abundance of the water flow.

At that time this region was always visited during the latter part of May and the fore part of June with one or more severe northeast storms, which were largely or wholly local, and so regularly did these storms occur that the lumbermen could always rely upon what was generally termed by them the "June freshet" for the purpose of rafting their lumber from a point some 12 miles below Murdock's, at the junction of the Beaverkill and Willewemoc streams, down to the Delaware River, and thence to Trenton or Philadelphia; and they could also always rely upon the high water produced by these storms for the three or four days required for that purpose.

In 1859 I encountered one of these storms just after reaching Mr. Murdock's house. He immediately started off his rafts, and my brother anglers and I waited for some five days before the waters receded to such an extent that we could wade the stream. The next day another storm of like severity occurred, and after waiting for some five or six days and finding the stream still unfit to wade I returned home, having had but one day's sport in a trip of two weeks.

About the year 1863 I had a similar experience on the Rondout stream. A severe and sudden storm had raised the stream, and it was four or five days before the stream was fit to wade.

These are isolated cases, but they are in line with my constant experience between thirty and forty years ago. It was not low water then, but high water, which was most feared by anglers.

On returning home from these trips, when we had been visited by these severe storms, it was found that they had not extended to any great extent either to the east or west of this mountain region, but seemed to be almost entirely local.

These storms were almost invariably followed by strong westerly winds, which usually continued for two or three days.

All this is entirely changed. The storms which prevailed so frequently thirty or forty years ago seldom occur any more, and when they do the streams run down almost as rapidly as they rise. In 1891 I was on the Rondout stream, when I found that it was nearly bank full in the morning from the effects of a storm which had prevailed during the previous night, and which was followed in the morning by the usual westerly wind. The stream ran down so rapidly that in the afternoon I found it possible to wade it, and in the afternoon of the next day it was too low for good fishing.

I have had the same experience in the Beaverkill, and have found within the last few years that not later than the second day after a storm it was in good condition for fishing, and on the third day too low for any satisfactory sport.

For the purpose of ascertaining whether the rapid depletion of the water in these streams commenced at their sources or at the point where the land on the banks had been cleared, I made a personal examination of the Beaverkill some four or five years ago, within a day or two after a heavy storm, following the stream for several miles above the point where a tree had never been cut, and found that the water had run down almost to the drought level.

I have also found by actual comparison that these mountain streams have of late years run down quite as rapidly as the streams which in other places run through lands which have been cleared and drained from source to mouth, and I firmly believe that the experience of others will thoroughly coincide with my own in this respect, and if I am correct in my statement of the above facts, then I am forced to the conclusion that the cutting or destruction of the trees at the headwaters of our streams is but one—and a very limited one—of the causes of their gradual drying up.

I suggest the following theory as accounting in part at least for the condition above referred to. Years ago the lands lying west of this mountain range were very largely unbroken, the prairies were covered to a greater or less extent with natural grass, and the swamps in the low lands were undrained. Under these conditions the winds which during that time largely prevailed from the west were surcharged with moisture by reason of the gradual evaporation from the soil, the lowlands and the swamps, and when these winds were forced up to a height of from 3,000ft. to 4,000ft., the moisture was condensed into rain and the mountain tops were saturated with moisture which slowly and steadily through springs and rivulets kept up the water supply of the streams. During the last thirty years the prairies have been almost entirely reclaimed from their natural state, the lowlands and swamps which furnished a large amount of moisture to the atmosphere have been drained, the rain as it falls sinks rapidly into the cleared lands is carried off immediately by surface drainage, and as a result the atmosphere as it blows over these lands is no longer kept in its normal condition, or supplied with moisture from the soil through gradual and natural evaporation, but rather yields moisture to the soil to produce an equilibrium; and when this atmosphere reaches the mountains of this State and is forced up to the altitude of from 3,000ft. to 4,000ft., the moisture which it contains is not sufficient to be condensed into rain, but, like a dry sponge, it withdraws or soaks up moisture from the soil in order that it may be restored to its normol condition.

The same is equally true as to the forests which thirty or forty years ago abounded in the States lying west of us, and which to a greater or less extent have yielded to the

lumberman's axe or have been destroyed, that the land might be opened up to cultivation. The amount of moisture which scientists tell us is evaporated annually from every tree is almost beyond comprehension, and in addition the destruction of every tree submits the soil which had been protected by its shade and had yielded moisture by gradual evaporation to the direct rays of the sun.

Does not the clearing of every acre of the original prairie, the draining of every swamp, and the cutting of every tree in the vast region of this country lying west of the water sheds of the State of New York, through which the earth is exposed to the direct rays of the sun, constitute a unit in the process of the destruction of the water supply of our streams? And if so, would not the planting of every tree constitute a unit of force in the opposite direction?

If there is any force in the above theory, and if it is sustained by the facts, then it must necessarily follow that our mountain streams are largely doomed, and that the preservation of the trees at or near their sources will but partially save them.

If this is true, it is to be hoped that the Board of Fisheries, Game and Forest in this State will check, so far as may lie in its power, the further cutting or destruction of the trees in the cleared lands and woods throughout the entire State, and use every effort in its power to foster a general spirit in favor of planting and preserving trees everywhere throughout the State.

BLUEFISH, TROUT, SALMON.

BOSTON, June 22.—Buzzard's Bay, on the southern coast of Massachusetts, is the destination just now of all the Boston men who love to go bluefishing. The first good run of the season has struck in these waters and everybody who can is out after them. Ninety fish were taken by one boat last Monday and many good scores have been made by others. The presence of bluefish in the bay has been so uncertain of late years that a run of this kind makes it somewhat hard to secure boats and skippers enough to accommodate all who wish to go. Most of the Boston men have summer homes on the shores of the bay and many have boats of their own, while others engage for the season. A great many Western people are summering in this locality during the last two or three years, and to them bluefishing is a rare treat.

At the regular meeting of the Megantic Club directors held last Tuesday evening, enough new members were added to the membership rolls to make the club total 296. As the limit is fixed at 300, but four more names are needed to complete. This will soon create the necessity of a waiting list, when applicants will have to await their turn for entrance. Early visitors to the club preserve report fine fishing, also that the camps and club house are in good running order, and that everything is in a satisfactory condition. Landlocked salmon 6 to 12in. in length have been taken at Big Island Pond, proving beyond all doubt that the fish placed there are prospering. A new 30ft. steamer has been ordered and is expected to be on the waters of Macannamac Lake, on the shores of which the club house stands, in about two weeks' time.

Leon Keach and friends, of Boston, who have been spending two weeks at Pine Point camps, Weld Pond, Maine, have reached home again, and are loud in their praise of the beauties of this locality. The camps are situated on a high point overlooking the lake, and occupy an ideal position. The fishing during their stay was only fair, not so good as earlier in the season. It consists of salmon and square-tailed trout, and the best place to drop a line is over the numerous shoals, of which there are quite a number. Mr. Keach is confident that the lake is full of fish, but as it is a large body of water, it is not always easy to find them. It is the custom of this gentleman to make a map of any country he may visit, and his reputation for accuracy among sportsmen friends is well established. He possesses a natural gift in this direction, and generally does much better than those who make a profession of making sporting maps.

Mr. J. N. Parker and wife, of Boston, have recently returned from Lake St. John. Mr. Parker killed 25 trout, all of good size, with the fly the day before he came away, and had splendid luck during his entire trip. His experience indicates that his trip was timed just right, a fact that should be noted by brother sportsmen who intend visiting these northern waters.

Salmon fishing at Dan Hole, the New Hampshire lake that proved so productive in the early spring, has not come up to expectations during the present month. A friend who is an expert at this sport tells me that he has tried every lure that he could think of, and has devoted many hours in endeavors to hook a fish, but without success. When on the water in the early morning it was a common sight to see big salmon breaking water all around, but that was all the satisfaction one could get. Joseph Murphy, the actor, who was so successful at Dan Hole last year, is fishing there now, but with poor luck indeed. F. A. Hersey, of Boston, is fishing in that locality, and will visit Dan Hole and try to stem the tide of hard luck before returning home.

A letter received from Mr. C. B. Barnes, of Boston, who, in company with Mr. Lyman Nichols, is fishing the Barnes pools on the Cascapedia, states that although the weather has been unusually warm, still they have had very fair luck. Miss Mary P. Barnes has taken a salmon weighing 35lbs., and Mr. Barnes two others, weighing respectively 37 and 42lbs. From the tone of the letter I judge that several other fish have been taken, although no mention of others is made. The party will return about July 1.

Dr. E. R. Cutler, of Waltham, will shortly leave home to spend the month of July on the Cascapedia. He will fish the R. G. Dun pools some distance below the Barnes waters. The fishing on this stream is best in June, but there is always a good run in July, and out of this Dr. Cutler expects to have good sport. The largest fish recorded on this stream, that I have heard of, was taken by R. G. Dun, I think, one or two seasons ago, and weighed 56lbs. The upper part of the river for a stretch of some miles has always been reserved for the use of the Governor General of Canada. It includes probably the finest salmon pools on the American continent, and I understand has lately been leased to R. G. Dun and other New York men, who, report says, have paid a fabulous sum for the territory.

Philip W. Moen and Geo. F. Blake, Jr., of Worcester, are fishing the lower waters of the Cascapedia, and Mr. Moen has taken one fish of 22 and another of 23lbs. How many others I have not heard.

George von L. Meyer, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, has left for Metapedia to fish the Restigouche. Louis Curtis and F. L. Higginson, of Boston, have gone to the same place. All of these gentlemen are members of the Restigouche Salmon Club, Mr. Higginson being one of the earliest.

Mr. Henry Whitman has gone to try the salmon in the rough waters of the Nepissiquit. He is one of Boston's old salmon anglers, and formerly fished on the Nepissiquit at Grand Falls.

Prof. Sewall, of Braintree, has left for the Marguerite River, and Mr. Louis Cabot, of Boston, will soon leave to fish his own river, the Grand.

The Loud party, consisting of Geo. D. Loud, F. H. Babcock, John A. Ordway, Jr., and H. J. Hanson, all of Boston, and Rudolph Jacoby and Mr. Higgins, of Newburyport, have lately returned from Camp Loud, Diddywash Lake, New Brunswick. This lake is about five miles long and one mile wide, and is situated in the heart of the so-called Bonny River country. The fishing in this region is quite noted, and Diddywash Lake is said to furnish splendid sport, the trout running in size from ¾lb. to 3lbs. and 4lbs. in weight. The party were looked after by T. A. Sullivan, who is to that country what Captain Barker or John Danforth is to the Rangeley region. Their camp was located on an island in the lake, which is described as a most beautiful spot. In addition to the fishing, with which all hands were satisfied, the party secured a bear and one porcupine. They have been away about five weeks and hope to visit the same locality next year.

HACKLE.

A ONE NIGHT CAMP.

As I was engaged in garden work one pleasant September morning, I glanced up the street and saw my friend Doc bearing down upon me in a highly excited condition. I could easily see that something was on his mind, for his ordinary pace is rather slow and dignified, and he was now coming at a good four-miles-an-hour gait.

I soon considered his excitement was justifiable, for he told me that two men had just come in from Freeman Creek with about twenty fine black bass. We at once decide that we are needing some bass ourselves, and that we want them right away, for experience has taught us that Freeman Creek bass have very uncertain appetites and must be taken (if at all) at early morning and evening during the season (here very short) when they bite well.

Freeman Creek is about twelve miles away, though I believe Doc calls it sixteen whenever he has a night call from that section. So we agree to drive up in the afternoon and stay one night, so as to have a chance at both evening and morning fishing. About two o'clock we were ready to start except that we must still get our minnows.

Now if we had not wanted a minnow-catcher, the streets would have been lined with boys, but as it was there did not seem to be a boy in the county. We were several times directed to where boys had been, but they were like the Irishman's flea, and we finally had to start out after minnows ourselves, and such a time as we had! It seemed as though every minnow in the country had heard that we wanted him, and had found important business somewhere else.

Our minnow net was a very primitive affair, consisting of a section of mosquito netting attached to two short poles, and so arranged with a piece of wire as to form a pouch at one end. And maybe that thing wasn't tough on a man's wrists. Owing to the fact that my legs are longer than Doc's I was elected to work the net, and soon had a strong conviction that the boys who did this kind of work had never been paid half enough. After repeated "water hauls" in the "place where the boys always catch 'em," we found we were short some breath and a good deal of temper, and decided that we would have to walk about a mile and try the "hole by the big log."

We had wasted quite a bit of valuable time, and I tell you I set Doc a lively pace over that mile. The first scoop of the net at the new location brought up ten or a dozen fine minnows, and in a few minutes we had caught all we needed. "You bet," says Doc, "we wouldn't have sense enough to come here at the start. No, we must fool around down by the race because that's where the blame kids go. Won't I pound Gyp on the back when we get on the road!" So he grumbles away, and I help him a little, for neither of us likes to fool away much time when there are bass waiting to be caught.

Fairly off at last, right up the valley we go, passing two sloughs where there are fish enough, but the water is so choked with moss and weeds that bass can hardly be taken except with a long cane pole and short, strong line. Neither of us cares much for fishing that way, and so we keep on for Freeman Creek and better water. Our good Gyp seems to need very little "pounding on the back," for when we rattle over the bridge at our destination a glance at the watch tells us that we have covered the twelve miles in just sixty-five minutes.

We camp in what was once a nice little grove, but which has been thinned out by reckless hunters and fishermen until only a dozen or twenty small trees are left. Our first move is to set our minnow pail in the creek, then we attend to our horse and get out our rods, Doc's being a 8ft. lancewood and mine a 10½ft. 8oz. split bamboo.

Next, there still being plenty of time, and feeling very sure that when we get through we shall be hungrier than anybody ever was before, we prepare a wood-pile, dig a small fire-place and begin to think it is time to fish.

We cross the bridge, creep cautiously over a wire fence, wade through a patch of high weeds with rods held well aloft and find ourselves at last in a likely place for bass.

Out goes my minnow just over and to the left of a little clump of lily pads, and it had hardly struck the water before a bass has taken it, and the sport is on in earnest.

Away he goes and Doc stands waiting to see me land him. He makes a good fight at the start, but has hardly the staying qualities of the small-mouths I used to catch in old Sunapee, so in all too short a time in he comes, a nice fellow of a good pound and a half weight.

Within a few minutes Doc gets a strike and lands one which is, as he says, "A dead running mate to yours." We strip the twigs from the crotched branch of a convenient bush and after a minute or two spent in admiring our catch, get to work with renewed zeal.

But we must have caught those two too easily, for with the exception of three which are decidedly of the small-fry order and which we return too catch another day, those were all we got that night.

This was hardly doing so well as we expected, but we console ourselves with the reflection that the morning fishing will be better and that we have caught enough for supper anyway.

"I'm not dead sure," says Doc, "but I believe I could eat a fried mule." "Just out of mule," I reply, "but you can have part of one of these fish." "Part of blazes! why, I figured on eating the two." "Well, you don't get 'em 'til after you've licked me," I respond firmly.

We arrived at camp just at this point of the argument, and at once suspend hostilities and begin to hustle.

Being chief cook, I busy myself in starting a fire, and Doc goes to light the lantern and get some water for our coffee. Presently his voice rings out that we have forgotten the lantern.

Of course each of us insists that the other was to have seen to the lantern's being put in, but to this day we have neither of us been able to prove the other's negligence. As I am busy cleaning our fish, Doc decides to ride Gyp up to Nate Dearer's, get a lantern there, and leave the horse in his stable. When he gets back we have our supper. It is not elaborate, but don't it taste good? Well, I guess it does.

We have our fish, fried potatoes, bread and butter, coffee, and a small bottle of olives, which Doc triumphantly produces from his pocket. We have found it a great convenience in these one-night trips to take along a few of the oval wooden plates such as are used by country merchants for convenience in retailing butter. They make good plates, and as they cost next to nothing can be thrown away after using, thus saving washing and carriage of crockery.

We have eaten everything in sight, but that does not bother us a bit. Fish and coffee are all a man needs for breakfast anyway. We replenish the fire, fill and light our pipes, and lie back on our blankets in a blissful state, talking little, but feeling good. Talk about happiness! When we have eaten all we want of something we have killed ourselves, have lit our pipes, and have found a soft spot on which to recline at full length, kings and princes are "not in it" with Doc and your humble servant.

It grows darker, and how still it is. Faint sounds come up from the creek at our backs, and I wonder lazily as to their cause, finally concluding it to be a muskrat or turtle. And now the yapping of the coyotes begins.

The breeze has gradually increased until it is now a chilly wind, so we stretch one of our blankets between two trees, roll ourselves in the others, and lie down. The wind increases, grows less, nearly dying out at last, and with its gentle murmur in our ears we are soon fast asleep.

CHARLIE.

Eee umh uh is the next sound I hear, and glancing up I see Doc on his feet going through a sort of contortionist act to get the kinks out of himself.

It is early morning, quite early, ten minutes of four, and I make a mild kick at being aroused before it is time to fish.

"Well, it ain't as early as it was that time you routed me out after ducks, anyway," says Doc, and the memory of that awful morning when we waited about three weeks for light enough to shoot by is so humiliating that I can find nothing to say, so I do not answer him, but jump up and do a little stretching myself. It is, or rather will be, a glorious morning for fishing—perfectly still and rather chilly, for there was a slight frost in the night.

We are still rather sleepy, so we go down to the creek and the refreshing water makes us feel better.

We have got to catch our breakfast before we have any, so though it is still a little early we decide to try the "bluff pool," and off we go.

A big hawk is sitting quietly on a post and flaps lazily away as we approach. We round a little point and come upon a family of ducks, which pull out rapidly for parts unknown. Next we see a big muskrat. He is swimming sturdily along, towing a green bough, and is so busily employed that he comes very close before seeing us. Splash! Down he goes and the forgotten freight bobs on the water above him. A big turtle slides into the water on the other side of the creek.

By the way, a turtle is a pretty cute bird. If a string of fish is left fastened in the water he will chew them up in no time; but when still-fishing, how often one will see Mr. Turtle lift his head above the water for an observation, see the fisherman on the bank and sink down again, and never touch the bait. Now, I believe he lets it alone because he sees the man. What do the rest of you think?

All this time we have been plugging steadily along until we have reached our destination. There is a faint smoke-like mist hanging close to the water, and the sight pleases me, for so it was on the morning when I was most successful here.

We station ourselves about 50ft. apart and are ready for business. We have no luck at first, but truly "it is not all of fishing to fish," and as we breathe the crisp morning air and take in the fresh, sweet, indescribable "morning smell" we exult in the joy of living.

Hullo! Doc has a strike, and a picnic he has to steer him clear of weeds. Now the fish seems inclined to cross the creek, climb the bank and take to the open country. Doc stays with him though, and finally lands the best fish of the day. Not a monster by any means, but a good one for this water, three pounds and maybe a quarter over.

"Well, here's my breakfast; where's yours?" says Doc.

"Oh, it's down here in the creek, be along in a few minutes," I reply, and I guessed right that time, for the fishing was fine from then on. I can't describe the fun; they came too fast for me to remember just how we got them, but I can give you an idea of the sport by saying that one or the other of us was at the minnow bucket about all the time. Before they stopped biting we had thirty-one good bass, and thought that would do for this time, for a voice within us was howling for breakfast, and howling pretty loud, too. We had eaten all the "trimmings" the night before, so our breakfast consisted of fish and coffee, but we made up in quantity what it lacked in variety. We disposed of four of our smaller fish—pounders or thereabouts—and I wouldn't dare to say how much coffee we drank, but we drank all there was.

After breakfast we prepare for going home. We haven't much to do, and after emptying the rest of our minnows into the creek we "half clean" our fish, pack up our traps and are ready to start. You will remember that our horse was left at Dearer's, and we decide to haul

the buggy up there, thinking it a very easy matter. We start gaily off, I in the shafts and Doc pushing, and as it is down grade at first the buggy runs very easily. But presently we strike a hill and sand to boot, and then there is a roar. "Confound yer, brace up there, you ain't pulling a blame pound," says Doc.

"The deuce I ain't; think I can't see you hanging back there making me haul you and the buggy and the whole blasted load?" I reply.

That was hard work and the mile seemed to stretch itself into four, but there is an end to all things and we at last pull slowly and painfully into Dearer's, return his lantern with thanks, and set out for home, devoutly thankful that we are not horses doomed to perpetual hauling of buggies and agreeing that we have had a noble good time at our one night camp. CAP.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

JUNE 21.—Ex-Governor Russell and Mr. B. F. Dutton have gone to the Little Pabos, P. Q., salmon fishing. Mr. Dutton controls the fishing rights of that river. He will remain for several weeks, while ex-Governor Russell will be absent for a couple of weeks. The river is reported to be one of the best for both salmon and trout, and few sportsmen will be more likely to succeed or better appreciate the fishing.

Mr. Edward E. Allen is about starting for the Godbout for salmon fishing. The fishing rights of this river are in the hands of a club including several Boston gentlemen, the names of whom it is composed having been published in FOREST AND STREAM already, I believe. It is said to be an excellent salmon river, far enough away to avoid the crowd and many of the evils that civilization brings about such a stream.

Mr. N. N. Thayer, of Boston, is at home again, after five weeks of fishing in Maine. Mrs. Thayer accompanied him, as she usually does; and this greatly adds to the enjoyment of the couple, since both are experts with rod and line, and both are fond of nature in its seclusion and wildness. They have this time visited the Birches at Mooselucmaguntic, Billy Soule's Pleasant Island Camps, and the Middle Dam. They tried the fishing at each place with their share of success. But the crowning excursion of their outing was their visit to King and Bartlett. Here they found about all the fishing they could ask for, but they also found the tramps rather long and canoeing not generally possible from one fishing spot to another, or home to camp, and since much of that country has been burned over the tramping through the woods is much of it rough and bereft of the charm that is to be found in the forests that have stood for many years But the country was a source of delight to both in that they saw large game at home and tried to take pictures of it, and with what success will only be known when the films are developed. In her trip down the Spencer Stream Mrs. Thayer saw two buck deer fighting, and the same day she saw a large bull moose. He was first seen standing on the bank of the stream. Fortunately the lady had her camera at hand, and brought it to bear on the monarch of the Maine forests once or twice. The development of the films will show the results of her snap shots. This had not been done yesterday. Several shots were tried, but it is possible that the light was not all that could be wished, since the dark woods and green leaves are not good surroundings for snapshot work. The results of the work I shall ascertain, and if the pictures are worth producing they may yet be seen in the FOREST AND STREAM.

The black bass season opened in New Hampshire on the 15th of June. A number of Boston sportsmen were on hand at Lake Winnipiseogee and at other points at Weirs, Wolfboro and East Wakefield. Representative Horan, of South Boston, took the biggest bass on opening day, weighing about four pounds Mr. W. A. Grozier, of Boston, also made a fine catch. Hon. William S. McNary, with a party of Boston politicians, and other friends, fished the ponds at East Wakefield. They report a good day's sport.

June 22.—Mr. E. C. Stevens has just returned from a fishing trip to Lake Dunmore, Vermont. He was accompanied by Mr. E. A. Wilson, of Watertown. The first day they caught two pickerel of large size, one weighing nearly 5lbs. The next day they got eight pickerel and several bass. One bass weighed over 4lbs. They were much pleased with their outing. Since that time Mr. Stevens has had a chance at the white perch in Fresh Pond, in Cambridge. This pond is a part of the Cambridge water supply, and fishing is done only by special permit. With a friend he had splendid luck with the perch.

Another perch fisherman, Mr. William Cumming, has had fine success on a pond in Newton, near Newton Centre. He had a special permit to fish the Newton pond, which seems to be well stocked with white perch. He caught forty-three, or rather forty-three came to his boat. The smallest weighed 5oz. and the largest over 2lbs. His luck has started fish stories at his place of business, and Herbert, better known as the bright young Woodworth of the house, says that his father, being an enthusiast at trout fishing, has attempted to "enthuse" him. He recently took him to a stream trout fishing. The younger Woodworth was clad in boots that were full of holes. "This was not objectionable," he says, "for we were to wade up the brook, and there should be a chance for the water to get out. I was also clad in old woollen pants that would absorb all the water that came above the boots. Then I had on a woollen sweater that was to absorb all the water that came above the pants. I waded till the boots were full, and like a towel dampened at one end, the water worked upward through the pants and into the sweater till that was completely wet. Even my hat," Herbert adds, "was wet where it touched the sweater behind. I got a deal more wetting that trout." "How came so much water in your clothes?" his father asked. "Have you been in the water above your boots?" "N-n-o!" Mr. Tilden, the confidential man of the firm, quickly explained that it was simply a case of "The sun (son) drawing water."

Mr. Frank S. Dexter, formerly of Boston, has at last fixed upon Weld Pond as a fishing place that will suit his tastes. It will be remembered that he visited Kennebago for several seasons with Mrs. Dexter, who won the good will of everybody by her genial and ladylike courtesy as "a fishing woman" before ladies were commonly seen at the Rangeleys. He is so in love with the landlocked salmon fishing at Weld Pond and the surroundings there that he has bought a farm of some 200 acres near that pond, and is now building barns and putting wharves and other buildings into shape. His Boston brother has just returned from a fishing trip, and reports great sport with seventeen salmon in one day to his party, with a splendid outing. Frank is likely to spend some eight months of each year at his new fishing home, where he can entertain his brothers and fishing friends in a manner that is like him. Mrs. Dexter, who was a native of Dixfield, is reported to be pleased with the venture. SPECIAL.

TRAMP TRIPS.—II.

LEAVING Humboldt, Mich., and the pleasures of the Escanaba behind us, we pass through the rock-ribbed hills of the iron region, with the swamp behind us. At Nestoria we leave the main line for points to northward. Deer can be seen any day at Nestoria and we mean at some future date to test the flavor of the venison of that region.

To the northward the country is broken and rocky and worthless, except as a hunting ground. We stop off at a little way station just north of the summit, and a couple of miles' walk brings us to a trout stream *par excellence*. Here the trout seem to have the right of way. No other fish, not even the ready and ever-hungry perch, offer to take the tempting bait. It is a romantic country. Waterfalls abundant. The atmosphere is perfumed with ozone from the pines and the more perceptible perfume of the balm of Gilead. There is something suggestive in our surroundings. And the trout are so plenty that a couple of hours' fishing will satisfy the most enthusiastic. They strike the hook immediately on its touching the water; and fine fellows, too, are most of them. A few small fish are taken, but nearly all are above a half-pound in weight, and two-pounders are not uncommon.

Some of the best pools are at a considerable distance from habitation or pathway.

We were covetous enough of the pleasures about to prolong our stay several days beyond what we had intended.

A temporary drop in the mercury prompted us to go on to the next point charted in our map of pleasant places. Fall River and its tributaries above L'Ause, Mich., rich all of them in their rewards, was the next point at which we would drink health and pleasure from nature's storehouse. N. R. PIPER.

St. Lawrence River Angling Permits.

SECRETARY WM. H. THOMPSON, of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, sends us the following letter, which was addressed to him in relation to the non-resident angling permit of the Canadian waters of the St. Lawrence River:

OTTAWA, Canada, June 5.—Sir: In view of the representations made, and to make the Thousand Islands an international summer resort, to be limited on the United States side between Cape Vincent and Ogdensburg, and on the Canadian side between Kingston and Prescott, I have to inform you that this department would consider the proposition worthy of fair consideration; and will instruct Dr. Wakeham, or other officer of the department, to meet a commissioner or commissioners appointed for that purpose by the Senate of the State of New York, to discuss the details of the proposed scheme; and with a view to its promotion, this department, acting on the assurances given by the Hon. Senator Joseph Mullin, of Watertown, New York, and the Angling Association of the St. Lawrence, that the United States Alien Labor Act would not be enforced within the said district, will at once instruct the Canadian fishery officers that the Angling Permit License Fee of $5, established by Orders in Council, is not to be exacted during the present season within the limits referred to. I am, sir, your obedient servant, JOHN HARDIE, Acting Deputy Minister of Marine.

WM. H. THOMPSON, ESQ.,
Sec'y St. Lawrence Angling Ass'n, Alexandria Bay.

Color of the Flesh of Trout.

IN your issue of June 1 the remarks of Mr. John Mowat about the difference in the color of the flesh of the salmon reminds me of observations I have made in the varieties of color of the brook trout.

In keeping public camp at the lakes in the Rangeleys for many years, and of course cooking trout for daily food, I had a chance to note all colors that occur in that fish.

I observed this fact, that all colors ever seen in the flesh of trout, red, pink, salmon and white, I often found in one lot of trout taken at one place at one time. There was a variety of color in any lot of trout taken at any one place. This fact I always found held good. No matter where the fish were caught or at what time of year, we always found many different colors in the same catch.

Now if the food taken makes the color, why should not the fish of the same school be all colored alike? Or if the bottom of the lake or river where the fish inhabit influences the color, why may not fish of the same school that are found in a certain locality at the same time of year be colored alike? J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, Me.

Dead River Region.

EUSTIS, Me., June 20.—Perhaps some of your readers would be interested in catches of trout in the Dead River region. At my Camp Jack, near Eustis, Me., Mr. C. W. Epting, of Philadelphia, caught three fish weighing 2lbs. 9oz., 2lbs. 8oz. and 1½lbs. Mr. F. J. W. Diller, of Brooklyn, has landed half a dozen trout which weighed 1¾lbs., two of 2lbs. each, 2lbs. 4oz., 2lbs. 8oz. and the largest 3lbs. 6oz. OTIS R. WITHAM.

Nebraska Fish and Game.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Neb., June 13.—People are doing some fish stocking here. S. S. Hadley and N. C. Bowen made a plant of 250,000 wall-eyed pike fry. This plant is all that has ever been made here, with the exception of a few carp. Prairie chickens and quail are doing well and ought to be plentiful, as the farmers have done no grass firing this spring. C. A. P.

A great many fish have been caught in Emmons county this year. Owing to the protection given by the stringent anti-fishing law passed by the Legislature last winter, the wall-eyed pike, blind sturgeon and channel cats have increased so rapidly that their natural food has run short, and they have been compelled to climb up on the bank and sandbars to graze. They are getting to be a nuisance along the Missouri River, as the catfish frequently visit and rob the settlers' hen roosts of young chicks.—*Emmons County (Minn.) Record.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 3 to 6.—Kingston Kennel Club, Kingston, Ont. H. C. Bat s, Sec'y.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris, Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

THE LANGUAGE OF DOGS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can dogs intelligently communicate with each other? Have they certain sounds which have certain meanings when uttered, and signs which are understood? But if the ability to communicate their thoughts or wants is conceded, however limited or crude the same may be, it concedes also the possession of ideas by the dog; for to concede the one presupposes the other.

Dogs have means of communication which are ample for their limited needs and simple life.

Language is a growth coming from necessity. Man did not first make a word and then hunt for some object or action to fit it. He first observed the action or object or quality, and then uttered some sound which he and his fellows agreed would represent the object or action. These sounds are largely artificial, as one soon discovers to his chagrin if he attempts to learn a foreign tongue, for he then comes across sounds which he cannot utter and which affect his ear strangely. Yet there are certain tones common to all races, naturally understood by all, as the scream of fright, the harsh tones of anger, etc.

As language is the growth of necessity, and is merely a means of communicating ideas, it is not necessary that among dogs the language should be very copious or abstract. It may be supplemented by a sign language, or sounds and signs may both be combined to convey the meaning desired, the signs conveying information to the mind through the sense of sight as the sense of hearing conveys it to the mind through the ear.

The humble and narrow life of the dog calls for a language of but moderate compass. It would, we may suppose, more immediately be related to his animal wants, and have little or no reference to the ornamental. Researches into the history of savages who are without a knowledge of the arts or sciences show that this is also true of them. The language is a growth from the savage state, in which a few sounds are uttered, up to the immense vocabulary of the civilized and intelligent man. The same, in my opinion, holds equally true when applied to the dog. In his wild state he has but one note, the howl. Wolves understand the meaning of certain howls, if the description of them given by belated travelers, who have been pursued by wolves or driven to bay by them, is true. A wolf gives a howl which is answered by wolf after wolf, all of them drawing toward the leading howler, they understanding that there is prey to battle for and capture.

The common dog, tamed as he is, and long redeemed from his wild state, has acquired a control of his voice which the wild dog has not, or which he does not need in a wild state—*i. e.*, the tame dog has learned to utter barks differing in tone and pitch and length and combination from the tones of the wild dog; barks which have delicate shadings of meaning, expressing joy, defiance, notes of warning of the approach of strangers, or expressing communication of ideas. To the master but few of his dog's barks have a definite meaning. He may comprehend the barks which the dog gives when strangers approach, or when there are strange noises heard; but between dogs themselves there is quite a full language of sounds and signs, if we consider the simple needs of their life. A warning note of defiance uttered by one dog is readily understood by another dog. One dog, fearful of the stronger powers of a larger and more formidable dog, crouches and by every sign and expression shows that he surrenders and acknowledges the superiority of the stronger dog, and then is safe from attack, the latter dog understanding the submission and showing a magnanimity akin to a sense of honor. Two dogs, well acquainted with each other, understand each other's notes of attack. If they are in the habit of taking vagrant trips, one makes a sign readily understood by the other, and they steal silently away; for no animal understands better than the dog when not to make a noise. In this he is equal to his two-legged idol. In approaching prey which they intend to kill, dogs draw near very silently, particularly if the animal is in sight and is forbidden prey, as in killing sheep. Animals, too, which have peculiar means of escape, as woodchucks, which run into holes, are stalked very silently. An exception to this is the free tongue of the hound, though, as these dogs run in packs, the voice of the hound indisputably is used to warn his companions of the true course of the trail, the cry serving as a rallying point and keeping the pack together. If the hound runs alone, he may still use the same cry from habit or from inheriting the trait from ancesters which hunted in packs. Nevertheless, after certain kinds of game, as foxes, deer, etc., dogs may run noisily, while after other kinds they may run mutely. Again, some breeds of dogs prefer a certain kind of game, to the exclusion of all other kinds. But whatever kind a dog prefers, he has certain notes and signs which serve as a means of communicating with his companions. In his efforts to communicate with man the dog finds more difficulty, not from lack of effort, but from the inattention or dulness of those about him. The dog may wish to get out or in doors. He whines, looks appealingly at his master, scratches at the door, if he wishes to go out; if his plead-

ings to get inside are ignored, he may bark furiously at an imaginary enemy, which brings his master outdoors, and during this deceptive diversion he sneaks inside, having accomplished his purpose. Dogs bark at each other without any show of anger, holding a chat together apparently.

I have a friend who firmly believes that dogs and all the lower animals have the power of understanding each other by the subtle transmission of thought, one mind having a knowledge of the workings of the other, the manner of the communication not being clear to our senses. The mind-reading power which a few men possess, he maintains, is but the fragment of a lost sense, which is becoming extinct, but which was common to all men in a savage state before there was a language. He holds that the acts of dogs show beyond cavil that the dogs understand each other's motives and desires, without any means of communication which are perceptible to the senses of man, and therefore there must be some animal magnetism which conveys their thoughts one to another. GAZEHOUND.

THE FOOD OF DOGS.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems strange to me, strange that, in the light of such broad every-day evidence, there are those who still maintain that the dog is a carnivorous animal exclusively, and that a vegetable diet is injurious to him, or at least unhealthful and improper, and that the dog in his nature is much the same as he was in a wild state, a meat-eating, bloodthirsty animal, ever vigilant to kill and destroy. The life of the dog to-day, the practical every-day habits of the dog as a companion to civilized people, is enough of itself to refute this theory. Dogs eat vegetable food and thrive on it. Many eminent physicians and veterinarians teach us that animal food, fed to the dog without a large proportion of vegetable food, is sure to produce vitiated blood, organic trouble of the liver, stomach and kidneys, and to a certainty obnoxious skin diseases, mange, eczema, etc. These results, coming as they do directly from feeding meat, are a proof of the unwholesomeness of meat as an article of diet. We have the testimony of the best veterinarians—Glover, Sherwood, "Ashmont," Mills, etc. which should settle the scientific phase of the question.

We have the evidence of the dog's fondness for vegetable food to settle the natural features of the question.

It is true that at some time in the past, so far back that the mind or knowledge of man cannot reach, when the dog was in a wild state, and when he was forced to eat meat or starve to death, he was carnivorous. While he has the capabilities of living on vegetable food, nature seems to be remiss in furnishing him with the correct teeth for grinding, such as we observe in the horse, ox, sheep and goats. This is surely a remarkable instance of adaptability, as we observe in only one other animal, and that is man himself.

No doubt all these changes in the nature of the dog have been brought about by domesticity; the association with man and the consequent impressions and education which have been transmitted from generation to generation through centuries, till at last what was mere education became natural and hereditary.

Man himself has changed greatly in his nature from civilization, or the association in a state of society which has beneficent effects in enlarging his mind, improving his body, and adding to his knowledge.

These effects, while not so pronounced, are quite noticeable in all the animals under his dominion, the horse, the ox, the dog, and the cat, which in its wild state is the most bloodthirsty and cruel of all animals, and has withstood the beneficial effects of associating with man to a degree exceeding that of any other animal; still, the nature of the cat has been much softened and improved by its life in domesticity, and it too is gradually changing from a meat-eating animal to an eater of vegetables.

With the testimony of our best professional men, the testimony of many owners of dogs and the testimony of the dog's natural craving for vegetable food, and the good health which follows living on a vegetable diet, is it not astonishing that there should be any person who claims that a diet of meat alone is proper for our dogs? In the light of modern science and experience, the old-fashioned notions are gradually being swept away to the oblivion which overtakes the misbeliefs left in the rear by progress.

It is possible that the habits of the dog as they are acquired about the home of his master may not be considered as containing complete evidence of his whole nature. Then I offer one or two traits which I observed while on a visit in the South the past year, and which I was informed were so common and well known in that section as to occasion no remark.

The native negro dogs and hounds will visit the cornfields and tear off the green ears from the growing corn and eat them with relish and avidity. They also will visit the persimmon trees and eat the ripe fruit which has fallen to the ground. Dogs have a regular route from one persimmon tree to another, sometimes long distances from home, which they travel daily, so dearly do they crave for the fruit. All this evidence convinces me that the dog is naturally a vegetarian now, no matter what he was in a wild state. VEGETARIAN.

The Chickens and Dog Training.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from the Memphis tournament, which was a grand success, having the largest number of entries of any shoot of the season. Mr. Hough and myself met two of our San Antonio friends there, Messrs. Oscar Guessaz and Joe George, and we had a very pleasant reunion and planned for another hunting trip together next winter in Texas, if nothing prevents.

I have had plenty of trap-shooting, for a while at least, and I am now getting my dogs in shape to send to North Dakota to begin work on chicken for the coming trials. Thomas Richards and myself will leave here about June 25 with eight dogs of my own and several others to work for other gentlemen. We will locate near the Turtle Mountains, where the chicken and grouse are very plentiful, and I hear that there has been a good rainfall in that section of late, so the conditions seem to be very favorable for us for a good season's work. On my arrival at the kennel I was pleased to find two fine litters of puppies sired by Ch. Paul Gladstone out of Tube Rose (Count Noble ex Lit) and one out of Lady Lucy (Druid, Jr., ex Lady Patch). There are in both litters six dogs and five bitches, all hearty and strong, and all but two of the puppies are black, white and tan. I shall keep all of these puppies until old enough to make a good selection for myself, as I am anxious to get a good stud dog from one of the litters. RICHARD MERRILL.

English Setter Type.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Which type is correct? Why does not the A. K. C. define it and appoint judges who will follow the standard adopted?

It is as a lover of one of the handsomest of all our canine friends, the English setter, and not as a kicker, that I am induced to write the following:

When attending the New York show last February, and after paying particular attention to the dogs, both in the ring and for two days afterward, I was forced to the conclusion that while there were more good dogs exhibited than there have been for four or five years past, there was a decided lack of uniformity of type, and it was from that very lack of uniformity that the question arose in my mind as to what was its cause. After talking the matter over with various breeders of experience, and seeing the conflicting awards at the shows following New York and terminating at Boston, I was forced to one conclusion, viz., that the fault, and fault it undoubtedly is, lies with the judges' interpretation of what constitutes the proper type of an English setter—their decisions in the judging ring being responsible for the perpetuation of the type of the winner to a more or less extent, for the reason that the novice invariably breeds to the winning dog irrespective of type, and as far as he has confidence in the abilities of the party to adjudicate on the qualities of the dog exhibited. If I am right in the above conclusion, does it not behoove the show committees to appoint men as judges who will conform to a certain type, and not men who have a type of their own and can see no good in anyone's else?

"Stonehenge" is, I believe, the authority up to the present time, and while the English Setter Club of America tried two years ago to improve on it many will agree with me that they made a dismal failure; for the dogs which won nine-tenths of their specials were nearer to "Stonehenge" standard than any other. This being the case, why do not kennel clubs head the premium lists for setter classes as follows: "Will be judged by 'Stonehenge' standard," so that exhibitors can form some idea of the type of dog needed to compete with a chance of winning, and thus do away with the necessity of keeping, as some do, two distinct types of the same breed to show under different judges.

To lead to no false impressions, I will state that I am a firm advocate of the "Stonehenge" or Lavarack type of setters, and as such I aim to breed to that type, and until we can produce a dog of that type why try to breed otherwise? I think I hear some one say, "It is easier to breed the otherwise," or, in other words, we would rather fit the standard to the dog we have than breed a dog to the standard required.

This, gentlemen, is the ruination of the breeding of English setters, and I think I can honestly say has been the cause of many an old admirer and breeder as well as new ones leaving the fancy.

I have stated that I firmly believe the judges are to blame; the reporters too are so in a measure, for whatever type of dog wins it is rarely they criticise the award, and that fact alone to parties not attending the exhibitions is confirmatory evidence that they agree with the decisions. To illustrate, The Earl, a dog of Lavarack type, won at New York. Every paper, I think, without exception, agreed with the decision or acquiesced by their silence in reporting otherwise. He then goes to Boston, and we find the same dog got vhc., while Cincinnatus Pride, a dog only vhc. at New York, is placed second. Surely condition alone cannot make such a difference.

No, it is one man's opinion against another's, and no standard is taken into consideration in forming a conclusion as to the relative merits of the several dogs to it.

Another evil to the just reports of the merits of the several dogs is the "judge reporter." A man honored by the appointment of judge should certainly refrain from criticising his own awards unless it be for a special judge's report to the A. K. C. Subscribers to the several canine journals want an opinion from some other source, and are entitled to it. To the secretary and committees of the coming fall shows I would say: Consider the matter; see if it is not to your interest, as well as the English setter interest in America, to appoint judges who are known to judge by a standard, or appoint men known to be setter breeders and instruct them to use such a standard as the show shall decide, whether it be Stonehenge or Tennessee, only let it be known to the dog men who are lovers of the Laverack type of setter.

To those who have talked with me, and especially those who have written and whom I have never met, I would say: Keep your dog at home unless judges favorable to that type are appointed. A few shows with decreased entries will do more to bring about the desired results than any amount of kicking after they are judged. ALBERT.

DOG CHAT.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's well-known prize winning collie died recently, a press dispatch which has been given wide publicity relating the circumstances as follows: "The famous dog, which was the favorite of her owner, whose kennel of collies is one of the finest in the world, was not well this morning when Armstrong took the dogs out for exercise. They frisked around—all except Roslyn Wilkes—and then came the time for the daily bath in Mr. Morgan's pond. All jumped in without hesitation, Roslyn Wilkes among the rest. They swam around for several minutes, and when the keeper's whistle sounded all left the water except Roslyn Wilkes. The keeper called and whistled, but it was to no purpose. The collie swam around the pond and refused to come out. Armstrong was exasperated, and began untying his shoes. It was the first time the dog had disobeyed the keeper. When Armstrong had his shoes untied and his trousers rolled up he started to go in the pond. The collie saw him and deliberately dived under the surface. Armstrong thought the dog was playing, but when minute after minute passed and the collie failed to appear the keeper became alarmed. He called to his assistants and a drag was brought. From the bottom of the pond near the spot where he sank was drawn the lifeless body of Roslyn Wilkes. The keeper declares it was a clear case of suicide. The dog was purchased by Mr. Morgan in England several years ago, at a cost of several thousand dollars. Mr. Morgan is now in Europe." There is no proof whatever that any dog ever committed suicide. There is every probability that no dog ever did so. Roslyn Wilkes may have died from epilepsy, or apoplexy, or heart disease, or from one of many other causes while in the water, but that he committed suicide is not even a probability. In straining for the sensational and the marvelous, the ridiculous is often reached.

From an exchange we clip the following humorous example of Western justice: "Here is an amusing account of a dog fight in one of the Western States which interrupted the proceedings of a court of justice. The case was going dead against the prisoner, whose neck did not seem worth sixpence. The culprit, who was looking through the window at this side, seemed to be the only uninterested person present. A deputy standing near was about to recall his attention to the proceedings, when, following for an instant the direction of the prisoner's gaze, he, too, became absorbed. The sheriff himself then glanced at the window, through which short barks could now be heard, and after one look he rushed to the door and commenced hurriedly descending the steps. The audience gazed at each other in amazement for an instant, before, with a simultaneous movement, they took a hurried survey of the yard. Having looked, they wasted no more time, but with an expression of rapture stealing over their faces they made for the door, accompanied by the prisoner and his guard. The judge, being left alone in the empty court house, frowned severely at the vacant benches, as he said with impressive dignity, 'I think this court will now adjourn.' Then he tucked up his sleeves and made good time for the yard. Here a dog fight was proceeding between the prisoner's dog and a stray animal who had offended him. After an exciting contest the prisoner's dog won, and the whole court went back to business. The judge took his seat, scrutinized the faces of the audience, and apparently satisfied himself by what he had read there, cleared his throat and began: 'Gentlemen of the jury,' he said, 'when we were interrupted by unforeseen circumstances a short time ago I opine that you were just a-goin' to declare that accordin' to the best of your belief the pris'ner was innercent of the charge agin' him.' 'You've struck it, jedge,' unblushingly responded the jury. The judge frowned down an attempt at speech on the part of the sheriff, and turned to the prisoner. 'Pris'ner,' he said, 'you heerd the remarks of them gentlemen opposite, so you may take it that the proceedin's is concluded. But don't you get up to any more of your tricks in this county, for it 'pears likely that next time you won't get off so easy. And now, what'll you take for that dog?'"

Mr. J. B. Stoddard, the well-known handler, has arrived at Winnipeg with his string of dogs, which he will prepare and run in the trials. Under date of the 21st inst. he writes: "I arrived here without accident on Saturday last. We are having some trouble with the customs this year. The strings have been drawn a little tighter. Handlers must make oath that dogs are entered in trials and the secretary must do the same. Mr. Thompson, deputy collector, says that dogs entered in the Continental Club's trials will not pass, as that is a foreign club. I am no lawyer, but I think him wrong. I do not think the law specifies that. Anyhow, a deputation will call upon the boss man here, of the Province, and have him see the head man down in Ontario and get matters arranged. My dogs are not through the customs yet—out on personal bond. Legally we have no right to bring a dog in unless he is a *bona fide* entry and we can show the secretary's certificate under oath. A meeting has been called for Monday night to try to amalgamate the two clubs, the Manitoba and Northwestern, and the prospects are good that it will be done. I have a very good string of dogs."

Messrs. James Mortimer and E. M. Oldham write us that the E. Bardoe Elliott fund is still receiving contributions, the following having been added since the last report: A friend from Pittsburg, $25; Walter J. Comstock and a few friends, $15; Henry Brooks, $5; H. F. Church, $5; George Thomas, $5; Alex. M Hughes, $5; C. G. Browning, $1; Donald Munro, $2. Total received to June 22, $312 68. Subscriptions promised, $64.

Mr. F. W. Ingalls, secretary S. C. K. C., writes us as follows: "At a meeting of the Southern California Kennel Club, held at Los Angeles, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. A. Sumner; Vice-Presidents, J. A. Edmonds, T. E. Walker, T. Bright, H. G. Evans, R. J. Widney; Treasurer, J. H. Kiefer; Secretary, F. W. Ingalls; Dr. Button, Veterinary Surgeon; J. H. Kiefer, member of the A. K. C. investigating committee for the Pacific coast."

In our business columns, the Chestnut Hill Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Phila., offer puppies. Rockland Beagle Kennel, Nanuet, N. Y., offer beagles. Greendale Kennels, Kensington, O., offer coon, squirrel, partridge and bear dogs. Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., offer Irish setters. Richard Merrill, Milwaukee, offers English setters. W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., offers pointers. Geo. H. Kunkel, Mexico, Mo., offers Irish setter. O. G. Matthews, Pottsville, Pa., offers trained setter. Geering, New York, offers mounted spaniel. James Hawkins, Rockville, Conn., offers Italian greyhounds. A. Rose, Scranton, Pa., offers bulldog. R. I. Holbrook, Townsend, Vt., offers a hound and a setter. The Old North State Kennels, Munroe, N. C., will train pointers and setters.

Mr. John Wootton, sec'y M. F. T. C., informs us that Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, has consented to act as judge at the club's trials this fall, and that the entries for the Derby are coming in well.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. Charles See's Nellie L., English setter bitch, May 13, to Snapper Garrison.

Mr. John Moorhead, Jr.'s.
Streatham Monarch's Daughter, bull-terrier bitch, May 3, to Streatham Monarch.
Lady Dinah, bull-terrier bitch, May 17, to Streatham Monarch.
G. T. Lord's U No, Irish setter bitch, to Henmore Shamrock.

WHELPS.

Mr. Irving Watkinson's Lady Ann, St. Bernard bitch, whelped fourteen, by Alton, Jr.
Mr. E. B. Bishop's Gibbe's Maud, pointer bitch, whelped May 22 seven (one dog), by Trinket's Don.
Mr. I. O. Converse's Lou Pape, pointer bitch, whelped May 23 nine (seven dogs), by Phil.

SALES.

Muckross Kennels have sold
Irish setter dog pup to J. H. Kellogg.
Sir Donegal, Irish setter dog, to Dan Frost.
G. W. Patterson has sold
St. Bernard dog pup to E. A. Merrill.
St. Nicholas, St. Bernard dog, to C. F. Brooks.
Young Blaine, St. Bernard dog, to L. C. Hoss.
C. T. Brownell has sold
Little Girl, Gordon setter bitch, to F. H. Beecher.
Blossom Reg, Gordon setter bitch, to F. H. Beecher.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

JUNE.

29. Marine and Field club annual, Bath Beach.

JULY.

6-20. W. C. A., 10th annual meeting, Ballast Island, Lake Erie.
4. New York chal. cup, International races.

AUGUST.

9-23. A. C. A., 16th annual meeting, Bluff Point, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.

Red Dragon fall regatta, Delaware River.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Chas. E. Cragg, Port Henry, New York.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Thomas Hale, Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.
Central Division, W. S. Hackett, Albany, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. N. Cutter, Winchester, Mass.
Northern Division, E. F. Burritt, Ottawa, Canada.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1. Applications for membership must be made to the Purser of applicant's division, from whom blanks for the purpose may be obtained.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, N. B. Cook, Chicago.
Vice-Commodore, L. F. Porter, Madison, Wis.
Rear-Commodore, H. D. Spenser, Bloomington, Ill.
Sec'y-Treas., F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.
Executive Committee, W. H. Sardley, St. Paul, Minn.; R. M. Lampe, Madison, Wis.; F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.

Red Dragon C. C.

ON Saturday, June 8, the Red Dragon C. C. held its first club record sailing races of the season. These are a series of five races each for canoes and yawls, for cups donated by Messrs. Murray and Fenimore in the respective classes. The yawls rate according to the L. and S. A. rule with time allowances; and the canoes sail in two classes, senior and junior. The seniors allow the juniors 30 seconds per mile over the length of the course, given at the start, and any junior winning a race becomes a senior. Yawls are allowed to carry one man beside the helmsman.

The starters in the yawl race were as follows: Tadpole, R. G. Fleischmann; Pluto, Lloyd R. Titus; Oni, W. J. Scott; Nixie, H. E. Bachmann; Olie, E. W. Crittenden, Charlee, H. E. McCormack. Tadpole and Nixie are boats of La Gloria type, Olie is what is known as a mosquito boat, carrying one large leg o' mutton with a sprit and club. On account of being a single-sticker, she rates at 20 per cent. above her actual sailing length. Oni is a typical British double-ended canoe-yawl of 15ft. over all length; Charlee is a skip-jack and Pinto is an altered tuck-up. None are over 15ft. 6in. sailing length and none under 13ft., and all are canoe-yawl rigged except Olie.

The wind was light and very fluky. Charlee won over a 4-mile triangular course; Pluto was second; the rest did not finish, the wind flattening out to a calm.

The starters in the canoe race were as follows, same course and weather conditions: Seniors—Smuggler, A. S. Fenimore. Juniors—Fineen, John M. Hamilton; Her Name, M. D. Wilt; Kie Loe, H. M. Rogers; Osceola, Omar Shallcross. Fineen won, with Smuggler second by about an hour, as the wind flattened out. The rest did not finish.

The annual spring regatta was held on Saturday, June 15.

First race. Yawls, 1¾ miles to windward and return. Starters, Pluto, Lloyd R. Titus; Tadpole, R. G. Fleischmann; Nixie, H. E. Bachmann; Charlee, H. E. McCormick; Oni, W. J. Scott. Tadpole won on time allowance; Nixie second.

Second race. Maneuvering and upset sailing; Smuggler, A. S. Fenimore, won; Fineen, J. M. Hamilton, second.

Third race. Single paddling, decked sailing canoes; about $^1_6$ mile around buoy and return. Her Name, M. D. Wilt, won; Kie Loe, M. A. Freeman, second; Osceola, E. W. Crittenden.

Fourth race. Tandem paddling, decked sailing canoes, double blades, same course. Kie Loe, M. A. Freeman and E. W. Crittenden, won; Osceola, M. D. Wilt and Omar Shallcross, second.

Fifth race. Swimming 200yds. Walter A. Whetstone, won; H. A. Hayward, second.

Sixth race. Tandem paddling, open canoes, single blades. R. G. Fleischmann and E. W. Crittenden, won; Chiquita, J. M. Hamilton and M. A. Freeman, second.

Seventh race. Hand paddling, decked canoes. Her Name, M. D. Wilt, won; Kie Loe, M. A. Freeman, second.

Eighth race. Tub race, 50yds. J. M. Hamilton won, Harry Hayward upset, and E. W. Crittenden could not make his tub go any way but round and round, so he gave up.

Ninth event. Tournament. J. M. Hamilton and M. D. Wilt in Her Name won by upsetting Kie Loe, containing H. Blumner and Harry Hayward.

The races were followed by supper call. Various good things were served on the lawn, and these in turn were followed by an entertainment by our Minstrels Nautique and the Kanoo Klub Kwartet, which was a great success.

The prizes were then presented by Mr. Harry Fleischmann with various appropriate and inappropriate remarks, and the evening wound up with dancing.

We held a very successful regatta, with well contested races run off without delay, our minstrels acquitted themselves royally, and altogether it was a Red Letter Day for the Red Dragon. M. D. WILT.

The Eastern Division Meet.

THE division meet of the Eastern Division, American Canoe Association, took place at Lake Mascuppic on June 15, 16 and 17, the races taking place on the latter day, there being little wind for sailing. The races resulted as follows:

One mile straightaway, double blade paddle, for Eastern Division trophy—Clarence Euson, Springfield, first; Walter L. Perry, Boston, second. Time, 46m. 45s. (The trophy, by this winning, becomes Mr. Euson's property.)

Paddling, single blade paddle, half mile straightaway—Moses Colon, Boston, first; J. W. Brown, Woburn, second; R. Appollonio, Boston, third.

Tandem paddling, single blade paddle, half mile straightaway—Moses Colon and C. B. Ashenden, Boston, first; W. S. Coburn and J. K. Whittier, Lowell, second; J. W. Brown and J. W. Waters, third.

Tandem paddling, double blade paddle—C. Euson and J. M. Gates, first; W. T. Hahn and W. S. Coburn, second.

War canoes, one mile straightaway—Wawbewawa, Boston, first; Waltham, second; Wahahbezee, Newton, third.

Paddling, club fours—Wells, Smith, Colon and Drake, Wawbewawa Club, Boston, first; Apollonio, Euson, Gates and Cartwright, Puritan Club, Boston, second.

Sailing, unlimited, three miles—Paul Butler, Wasp, Lowell, first, 53m. 45s.; Howard Gray, V., Lowell, second, 58m. 30s. D. S. Goddard and Butler Ames, both of Lowell, were the other starters.

Standing paddling—J. W. Cartwright, Boston, first; W. S. Coburn, Lowell, second.

Hurry-scurry (run, swim or paddle)—W. S. Coburn, Lowell, first; Dr. E. S. Lamson, Lowell, second,

Hand paddling—J. J. Burrage, Newton, first; W. L. Perry, Boston, second; W. T. Hahn, third.

Sailing upset—Butler Ames, Lowell, first; Howard Gray, Lowell, second.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION—Henry K. Gates, F. E. Baker, Henry G. Pollard, Arthur M. Burtt, Julian B. Keyes, S. D. Butterworth, Jr., Walter S. Coburn, A. A. Sargent, Lowell, Mass.; J. W. Waters, Woburn; Wm. I. Hahn, J. B. Waterbury, Boston; Louis G. Hoffman, Brookline; Gardner W. Pearson, Butler Ames, Lowell, Mass.; James Mosley Gates, Springfield, Mass.; C. E. Foss, Lowell, Mass.; Edgar G. Frost, Auburndale, Mass.; Harry L. Bixby, Newton, Mass. Central Division—Chas. B. Kirby; John S. Wright, A. S. Newell, Rochester, N. Y.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

JUNE.

29. Atlantic special, New York Bay.
29. Yankee Doodle-Vamoose-Rex race, Sound.
29-30. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
29. New Rochelle annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
29. Dorchester open, Boston Harbor.
29. Squantum first cham., Squantum, Mass.

JULY.

1. Royal St. Lawrence fourth annual, Sir Donald A. Smith Cup Montreal.
1. Cor., Atlantic City record, Atlantic City.
1. Indian Harbor special, Greenwich, Sound.
2. San Francisco club sail, San Francisco Bay.
3. Seawanhaka Cor. race to Larchmont, Oyster Bay, Sound.
4. Larchmont annual, Larchmont, Sound.
4. Boston City open, Boston Harbor.
4. Lake Michigan Y. R. A. annual, Milwaukee.
4. Cor. Marblehead Club, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
4. Northwestern International Y. R. A. race, Seattle, Puget's Sound.
4. Cleveland regatta, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
4-7. San Francisco cruise, up river, San Francisco.
5. American annual, Milton Point, Sound.
6. Royal St. Lawrence Commodore's Cup, Montreal.
6. Riverside annual, Sound.
6. Duxbury Club, Duxbury, Mass.
8. Seawanhaka Cor. special, Oyster Bay, Sound.
9. Horseshoe Harbor special, Larchmont, Sound.
10. Huguenot special, New Rochelle, Sound.
11. New York Athletic Club annual, Travers Island, Sound.
12. Larchmont, 1st class, special schooners, and 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
12. Larchmont-Atlantic combined annual cruise, rendezvous at Larchmont.
13. Larchmont to Block Rock.
14. Block Rock to Morris Cove.
15. Morris Cove to New London.
16. Special race, New London.
17. New London to Shelter Island.
13. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Beauharnois, Montreal.
13. Cor., Marblehead, first cham., Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
13. Hempstead Harbor annual, Sound.
13. Squantum second cham., Squantum, Mass.

IT will be no surprise to our readers to learn that the very much advertised race of the fast steam yachts was just such a fizzle as all previous attempts. The Philadelphia boat, Yankee Doodle II., did not start for New York until Friday, the day preceding the race. On her way through the Delaware and Raritan Canal, when some miles beyond Trenton, she struck some obstruction, said to be a sunken canal-boat, and wrecked her wheel. A mule team towed her ingloriously back to Trenton for repairs, the race being postponed indefinitely. Yankee Doodle II. being disabled, Norwood was on hand off 125th street, New York, the starting point, on Saturday afternoon, and she and Vamoose had an informal brush up the river. Norwood ran ahead some distance at the start and held her lead for some time, but finally her blower broke down and she ran into Yonkers. Another race, between Vamoose, Marietta I. (now renamed Judge), Yankee Doodle II. and Rex, is set for next Saturday, June 29, but we have not the slightest idea that it will result in one boat out of the four beating any or all of the others.

THERE is no reason whatever to suspect that the owners of Yankee Doodle II. deliberately wrecked their boat, or were in any way responsible for the mishap, but the yachting public is hardly interested in the question of blame or responsibility; what it wants is to see, for the first time after years of brag and free advertising, a *bona fide* race of steam yachts. The true nature of this fast steam yacht racing is shown by the fact that on depositing a check for $100 with Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, and entering a yacht which has no pretensions to very high speed, a certain newspaper becomes entitled to three or four months of free advertising by other papers. This may be good business, but it is not sport, and the men who lend themselves to it in one way or another are neither sportsmen nor yachtsmen.

Free Lance.

THERE is unintentionally something particularly appropriate and suggestive in the name Free Lance, given last week to the new steam yacht designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, on her launch at the Crescent Shipyard, at Elizabethport. Long years ago Mr. Smith was a pioneer and a free lance in the fight for better methods in the designing of sailing yachts; and in this his first venture in steam yacht designing he comes forward again to tilt against old beliefs. Some four years ago, Mr. Smith, much against his will, was bullied by one of his friends into attempting the design of a large steamer, a type of vessel to which he had previously given no attention, his tastes and his instincts being essentially those of a sailing yachtsman. In undertaking this task, after some little time devoted to observation of the existing boats engaged in the same class of work, he started in to cut away the deadwood, literally from the design and figuratively from the old-time theories and ideas which have so long ruled the production of the larger inland passenger steamers. In almost every important detail his design differed from the conventional and stereotyped model of the shipyards; so much so that it was impossible that both could be right. The result of this bold experiment was not long in doubt; before the boat was launched some of her greatest admirers were those who had first scoffed at her peculiar model; and a very short time in actual service proved her exceptional speed and general good qualities. This boat, the R. J. Peck, of the New Haven Line, was followed by a larger one, the City of Lowell, for the Maine Line, which has proved quite as successful. In both craft the full, round lines of the modern sailing yacht replaced the old hollow-ground bows and extensive deadwoods of the typical Sound steamer, and with the best results.

Two years ago, when the steam yacht Embla was built by Seabury & Co., Mr. Smith was called on to superintend the construction, and the under-water body was altered by him, the boat proving, as is well known, quite fast. In the Free Lance, however, he has made his first attempt at a steam yacht, and the result cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. The boat was ordered by Mr. F. Augustus Schermerhorn, of New York, for the same service as his old yacht Empress, about New York Bay, the Hudson and the Sound, to run to Newport and to accompany the New York Y. C. fleet on the annual cruise; and without competing with the so-called "fast" steam yachts, to make considerably more than the average speed of yachts of her class.

The dimensions chosen were: Length over all 137ft., l.w.l. 108ft., beam 20ft., draft 6ft. 9in. The model is radically different from the familiar steam yacht of this class, the midship section starts with a flat trough keel of 2ft. width, similar to a sailing yacht, and the floor is very sharp with an easy bilge. Starting with a breadth of 2ft. instead of the few inches breadth of the usual bar keel, this form of section still gives the necessary displacement and internal space in spite of the great deadrise. From the fore end of the waterline down and aft, the line of keel runs at a great angle, there being no suspicion of a forefoot; in fact, the cutting away could not be carried much further. The after portion of the keel is nearly straight, with a moderate amount of drag, the sternpost being of course vertical. The stem above the water is similar to Katrina, Thistle and the sailing yachts of six years back; and the counter is also that of a sailing yacht, long and with considerable body, but fair and symmetrical. The leading motive of the design, as in the Peck and Lowell, is the dependence on long, fair and convex diagonals, the result being a good balance of bulk both above and below water between the middle body and the two ends.

The topsides are chiefly marked by the absence of the rank sheer so generally affected in the older yachts, sail as well as steam; a feature that, apart from its inherent ugliness, has no practical justification. In all descriptions of pleasure craft, save perhaps the racing machine, from the smallest dinghy up to the large steam yacht, an ample allowance of freeboard amidships is a prime requisite. Given this necessary height of side at the mid-length, there is no longer any reason for carrying the ends up in a curve like the new moon, a fashion that is even now by no means extinct, though less prevalent than ten years ago. If any reason for an extreme height of bow and stern existed in the days of very short overhangs and hollow bows, which is very doubtful, it certainly does not exist to-day, when the designer, with full liberty to extend his fore and aft lines as far as he pleases, and consequently to employ a full convex deck line from end to end, with convex frame lines, can be sure of buoyant ends with but moderate freeboard and a straight sheer.

As far as appearance goes, it is true, though many have thus far failed to realize the fact, that a smart, lively look is attained, not by an extremely round sheer with low waist and high stem and stern, but by an artistic and harmonious combination of the lines of the stem, horn timber and counter with the sheer line and the bowsprit. This may be accomplished, provided the line of sheer be properly drawn, and the greatest curve in the right place, as well or better with a straight sheer than with one of great curvature. As seen in her launching trim, the new yacht promises to show up remarkably well in a side view, though the line of the rail is very nearly straight. On this type of craft a monkey rail and nettings are a necessary evil, like all superstructures, serving to kill the true sheer of the boat, but they have been mitigated as far as possible by stopping them short of the taffrail and avoiding the common right-angled and vertical chicken yard fence.

The peculiar model has called for a variation in the construction, as already mentioned, there being no bar keel, but a wide, flat one, giving excellent facilities for docking, and certainly far better in the event of taking the ground. With this construction there is no difficulty in securing adequate strength in the floors, and there is nothing outside to suffer from a blow.

The yacht has been built at the Crescent Shipyard, where Emerald was built two years ago, since which time the yard has been taken by Mr. Lewis G. Nixon, formerly Naval Constructor, U. S. N., and later with the Cramp Ship Building Co., of Philadelphia. Mr. Nixon has a very good plant, and the large foundry and machine shops of S. L. Moore & Sons, the original owners of the yard, are adjoining, and offer every facility for engine and machine work, the engines of the yacht being built there. The hull is, of course, of steel, a very good piece of construction, the lapstrake system of plating being used. The lines of the plating have been run with especial care, and altogether the result is very much superior to the in-and-out plating, while presenting some advantages over the flush plating.

The rudder is of the new single-plate pattern, the frame being forged with three arms, projecting as usual from the stock, one at the top, one at the bottom and one in the middle. Instead of using two plates of steel, riveted on the outside of the arms or rudder frame and leaving a space to be filled in with wood, the three arms are slotted out to receive one single steel plate. Of course a half of each arm is exposed on each side of the plate, but the construction is stronger, simpler and lighter than the old. The stuffing box and bearing for the rudder are so arranged that while the former is immediately against the skin of the ship, the bearing is supported above it on three arms, leaving room to get at the gland without disturbing the bearing.

The engines are now building in the Moore shops, three cylinders, 11, 17 and 29in.×20in.; they have been specially designed for the yacht and no pains and expense have been spared in the construction, all the wrought parts being worked out from solid stock. The bearings are of Parson's white metal. The sharpness of the floors has called for a compact construction of the machinery, and a vertical Davidson air pump is bolted on the back of the condenser, occupying little room.

The boilers were built to order by the Almy Watertube Boiler Co., of Providence, with some new and special features from which good results are anticipated. They are two in number, placed side by side athwartships. The engine and boiler rooms are separated by a thwartship bunker, and there are two large side bunkers. The usual bunker plates in the decks are conspicuous by their absence, all of the bunkers being filled by shutes located in the top of the boiler-room casing. The water tank is abaft the saloon, formed by two steel bulkheads entirely across the ship.

There are two deck houses, the forward one being occupied by the pilot house, captain's and engineer's rooms, and a companion leading to the messroom. The galley is directly forward of the boiler room, and includes the full width of the ship; forward is the officers' messroom, then there is a passage to the forecastle, with a stateroom on each side. The forecastle is roomy and well arranged.

The after house will be used as a dining room, with a companion leading down just abaft the engine-room bulkhead. On the starboard side is the owner's room, and on the port side of the steerage the toilet and bath room. The saloon is aft, under a low trunk house, entered directly by a companion from the after deck. Abaft the owner's room, on the starboard side, is a second stateroom, the corresponding port room being fitted up with berth, etc., but serving by day as a passage from the saloon to the steerage. The rig includes a short foremast and long mainmast, giving a very shipshape look to the craft. The topsides are black and the bottom dark green.

The launch took place about 5 P. M. on June 20, the yacht sliding off quickly and smoothly as soon as the planks were sawn off. The christening was done by Mrs. Hall, daughter of the designer, who smashed the bottle very promptly and prettily just as the yacht started. The yacht will be out some time in July.

To all appearances, both designer and builder have worked hard to turn out a craft that is thoroughly original, and that both in appearance and performance will fully justify the radical departures from established standards; in which we hope that they may be entirely successful.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

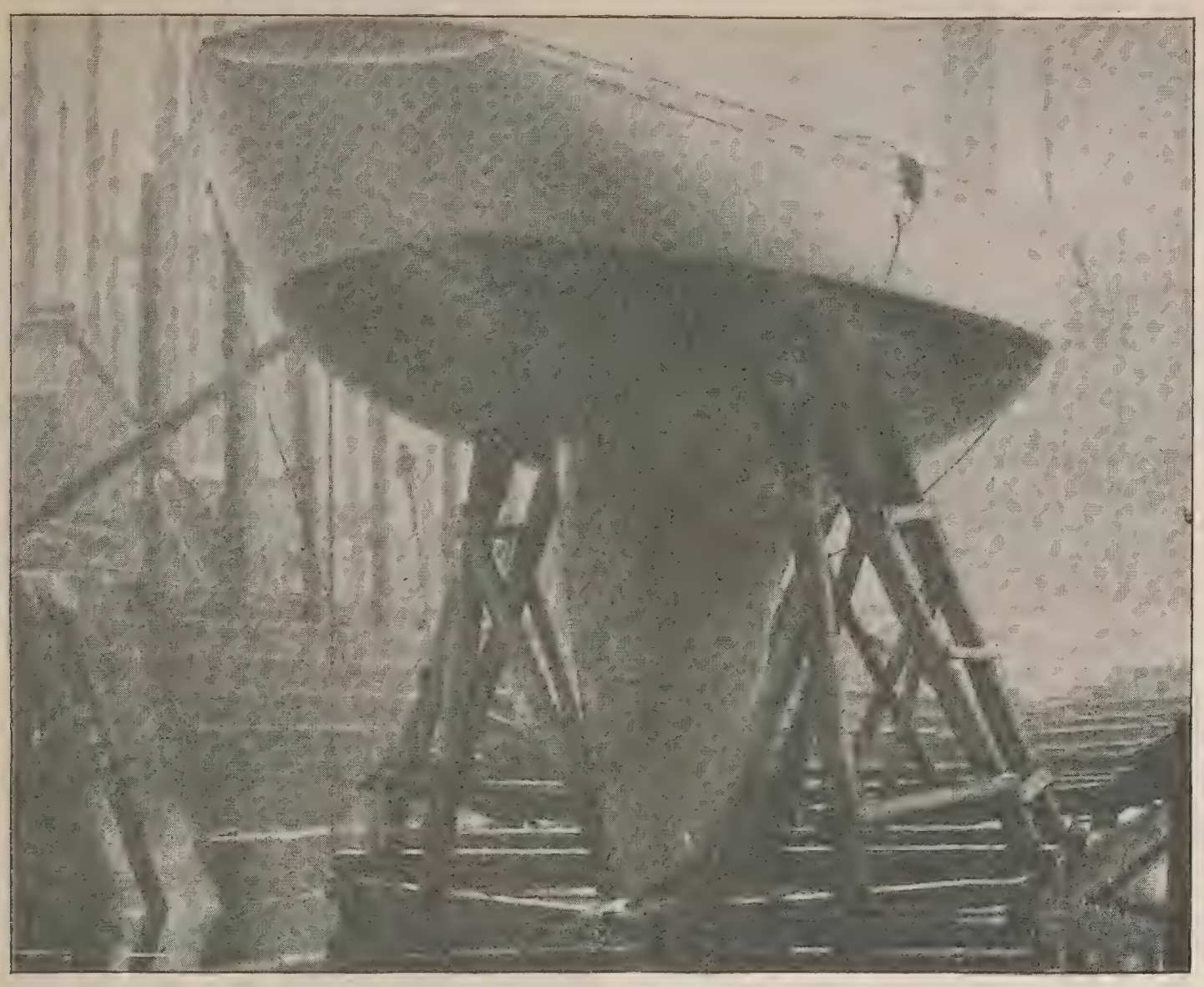
Lloyd's Yacht Register for 1895 is now in this country, where it has many subscribers among American yachtsmen; a volume uniform with its many green-bound predecessors and quite as full of information. The total number of yachts enumerated is 7,527, of which 3,741 are British. The Register contains the particulars of 6,206 yachts, of a total tonnage of 246,654, of which 4,785 are sailing craft and 1,412 are steam. It is rather surprising to learn that of the sailing craft only 20 are built of iron, 44 of steel, 114 composite, there being 4,607 of wood. The book may be had by subscription of Lloyd's agent in New York, Thos. Congdon, principal surveyor for the United States, Kemble Building, Whitehall street, New York.

The fourth annual regatta of the Greenville (N. J.) Y. C., on New York Bay, will be held on Saturday, July 13, at 1 P.M., under the rules of the N.Y.Y.R.A. There are five different classes as follows: Class A., jib and mainsail under 20ft.; shifting ballast not allowed in this class; Class B, cabin cats; Class C, open cats 20 to 24ft.; Class D, 18 and under 20ft. for open cats; Class E, open cats under 18ft. The course will be a triangular one from a stake-boat off the club house to a second stake-boat near the statue of Liberty, and from there to the Robbins Reef bell buoy, and return to the club house. The entries close on July 11, with C. D. McGiehan, 2 Pearsall Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. The entire race can be witnessed from the club house, which is near the station of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The club house is a fine old colonial mansion of historical note, and is provided with commodious grounds for the accommodation of yachtsmen and their friends.

The Indian Harbor Y. C. announced a special race, the second of the Y. R. U. circuit, to be sailed on July 1, and open to yachts enrolled in any recognized club, subject to the approval of the regatta committee. The race will be for the 34ft. class, the 21ft. class, the 30ft. and 25ft. cabin cat classes and the 20ft. fixed ballast class of open sloops (1 raters). The course for the 34ft. class will be from the starting line around buoy off Center Island, back around station marketboat and around buoy off Matinnicock and home, 20¼ miles. The course for the other classes will be from off the station around Matinnicock and Center Island buoys and home, 15 miles. The time limit will be 7 hours. The prize in the 20ft. class will be the Tyson cup. The start will be made by the Y. R. U. rules, as near to 11 A. M. as possible.

Return of Lasca.

FOR some little time nothing has been heard of the schooner Lasca, Mr. John E. Brooks, the last known of her being that she was in the Mediterranean. On June 24 she sailed into New York and quietly anchored off Twenty-sixth street, looking as fresh and trim as if just fitted out, with topmasts on end and square yard slung. She left Teneriffe on May 30 and met with light winds. On board were Mr. Brooks and a friend, Mr. Bement, while Capt. Rhodes is still in command. The yacht has been absent from New York since April 21, 1894.



VALKYRIE BEFORE LAUNCHING.—FROM A PHOTO BY WEST & SON.

Modern Yacht Construction.

IN view of the different methods of construction adopted by the designers of the new challenger and defender, and the fact that this difference may prove the ruling factor in the races, the following extract is particularly interesting. It is from the yachting volumes of the Badminton Library, and was written by Mr. Watson immediately after the races of 1893.

"In the lecture on 'Progress in Yachting and Yacht-building' which I delivered in 1881, in a fanciful specification of the yacht for the season 2000, I required that the plating below water should be of manganese bronze. Curiously enough, a few years later saw an attempt to combine the strength of steel and the smoothness, anti-fouling and non-corrosive properties of copper, in the building of a torpedo-boat of this material; while this year (1893) the chosen defender of the America's Cup has been plated with a similar bronze on a steel frame, the builders claiming, and not without reason, that the additional smoothness of bottom gives her an advantage of five to seven minutes on a forty mile course. But such a practice seems hardly likely to become general for ordinary racing yachts built for men of normal depth of pocket; and whilst, as in the old Mississippi steamboat days, it sometimes paid to burn hams, most of us have to try and get along with good coal.

"I was going to build the topsides, frames and beams of my ideal vessel of aluminum, and the other day a small yacht has been built on the Continent of this lightest of metals; but the present cost of this material, and, as yet, its unreliability, place it, for the present at least, outside the range of practical material for yacht-building. There seems more hope for some of the very beautiful and immensely strong alloys of aluminum, but they are too expensive, and also heavy. It may be some years before the complete realization of my design is accomplished, and platinum is substituted for lead as ballast, though when syndicates of millionaires start yacht-building there seems very little limit to extravagance in construction.

"In nickel-steel there is promise of a very perfect material. This is an alloy of the ordinary Siemens-Martin steel with nickel, and called by the makers Yolla metal. It can be made to comply with all the ordinary tests applied to ship steel, in the way of ductility under stress, and at the same time have a breaking strength of 40 tons to the square inch, as against 27 for ordinary steel. This metal was used by Mr. Fife in 1893 for the frame and beams of the 20-rater Dragon III.; and although the few pounds of weight saved by no means accounted for the phenomenal success of this little ship, yet the gain was all in the right direction."

In his prediction of fourteen years ago Mr. Watson was barely five years out; in fact, less, as the complete scheme has not yet been realized, only common, every-day lead being used for the keel of the new defender. Why the certainty of success should have been risked by the use of such a cheap and old-fashioned metal in place of the *fin-de-siècle* platinum, we do not know; money will do anything in these modern days, and if platinum is faster than lead, then the new boat should have had it, cost what it may. The other details, of manganese bronze bottom and aluminum topsides and deck beams, with the liberal use of aluminum alloys, have been fully realized in the new Bristol boat; with what advantage yet remains to be seen.

The article at least shows that two years ago Mr. Watson had looked over the whole field of construction in the most thorough manner. Whether he is yet up to the times can only be known after the racing of the two yachts; but it is evident that while the difference in weight of construction, the gain in speed from that difference, and the possible loss of necessary strength in the defender as compared with Valkyrie III. are all unknown quantities, that Mr. Watson has thus far gained a positive advantage in being ready much earlier, and in having a vessel that is hardly likely to require any subsequent strengthening. The defender, on the other hand, is still far from completion, with barely nine weeks to the date set for the first race; and not one but her designer, and possibly not even he, can say how much alteration and strengthening may be necessary after the first trials.

Valkyrie.

THROUGH bad weather and other circumstances, the first trial of Valkyrie under canvas did not take place until June 18, and then she was out for but two hours, a short sail in a light breeze being ended by a hard shower, her mainsails being stowed and covered while she ran into Gourock Bay under headsails; however, she was under way for a time with clubtopsail set in a moderate breeze. From the reports she handled well and carried her canvas satisfactorily, heeling readily to a certain point, but hanging there. The reports, however, are very inconclusive, and while they are good so far as they go, it will not be until she has been under way for some little time that her true form will be in part apparent. We always distrust the first accounts of trials with a new boat, as, unless she shows some marked defect at the start, it takes some time for her captain and crew to know just what she is and still longer before their experience becomes known to outsiders. A great many wild rumors are afloat to the effect that the yacht will not race at all in British waters, and that the good people of Glasgow are pained and indignant thereat, and other unimportant yarns. She will probably sail in the Clyde regattas next week, meeting Ailsa and Britannia. The former boat is now at Gourock for alterations, including, it is stated, the removal of the lead added outside prior to the Thames races. There is a report that thirteen of her crew left the ship because her owner and skipper refused to make such alterations as they (the crew) considered necessary. It is also reported that a series of matches have been arranged, to be sailed very soon, between Ailsa and Valkyrie. Those who are looking for sensations may find one in the renewed report that Valkyrie has a centerboard. We are indebted to Messrs. West and Son for the excellent photo of the after body of Valkyrie, a complement to the view published last week. From none of the photographs can any exact figures of dimensions be obtained, all showing more or less distortion or foreshortening; but they show her to be a very wide boat, though whether 27, 26 or even 25ft. beam, no one can tell. They show a moderate freeboard, taking the whole length of the boat from stemhead to taffrail, the ends being long, but not very high. They, together with the photo of the yacht at her moorings in Gourock Bay, taken by Mr. Adamson, show what might be expected from all that is known of Mr. Watson's earlier work—a fair, round and clean sweep to the whole side, with an avoidance of those extreme features now so frequently seen, such as the forcing down of the lines of stem and horn-timber just above the waterline, and an excessive round to the frames, forward and aft. The great beam and the abnormal fin are indeed extreme features, but hardly to be classed with some of the eccentricities of genius recently floated. The view of the spars bears out all that has been said about their extreme dimensions; mast, boom and gaff are very long and large, the latter two being hollow.

Jubilee.

After the breaking of the ways under her on June 10, Jubilee laid until the night tides on June 22, when she was finally launched. The launch is described as follows by the Boston *Globe*:

"At high tide yesterday morning a pile-pulling lighter was placed on either side of Jubilee, and as the tide fell a heavy stick of timber was passed under her stern, just aft the fin, and its ends attached to the steam purchases on the lighters. As the tide rose in the evening the lighters rose with it, and with them, aided by a pull on the purchases, the stern of Jubilee.

"When only the bow was left resting on the ways, the boat was hauled astern by means of purchases from the cradle to capstans on the piers at either side, and she was thus floated with comparative ease. The purchases on the big timber were then slacked away and Jubilee settled to her proper lines.

"Nothing now remained but to clear her of the timber and the cradle, and this was done soon after high tide, 11 P. M., the work of lifting, floating and hauling out having occupied less than two hours.

'By lines to the piers the boat was warped to the outer end of the Atlantic works dock, under the shears, and here she will receive her spars and complete her fitting out Mast and bowsprit are in place, so that little remains to be done save to sling the mainboom and gaff, get the topmast on end, reeve the running rigging and bend the sails.

"This should not take more than three or four days, so that by Wednesday or Thursday Capt. Newcomb is expecting to have her under sail. She has apparently received no injury from the breaking of the ways, as the cradle held firm and supported her.

"Her looks have been improved by the extra length at the water line forward, and the new bow promises increased speed."

The Newport Races.

Mr. F. P. Sands, who has been at the head of the scheme for a series of yacht races off Newport at the close of New York Y. C. cruise, has announced the following program :—

The races will take place immediately after the return of the fleet to Newport, propably on Aug. 7, and will continue for four days.

The races will be open to yachts of any regularly organized club, and will be in charge of the regatta committee of the New York Y. C., who have consented to act upon the occasion. The general conditions of the races are as follows :—

First day.—Schooners in cruising trim.
Second day.—Sloops, cutters and yawls in cruising trim.
Third day.—Schooners in racing trim.
Fourth day.—Sloops, cutters and yawls in racing trim.

Any class may sail in cruising trim by the unanimous consent of all interested.

The classes for which entries will be received, together with the prizes in cash, which have been determined upon, are as follows :—

SCHOONERS.

First Class.—Over 80ft. racing length ; $300 to the first and $120 to the second.

Second Class.—Under 80ft. and over 70ft. racing length ; $250 to the first and $100 to the second.

Third Class.—Under 70ft. racing length ; $200 to the first and $80 to the second.

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.

First Class.—Over 80ft. racing length ; $400 to the first and $160 to the second.

Second Class.—Over 60ft. and under 80ft. racing length ; $200 to the first and $80 to the second.

Third Class.—Over 50ft. and under 60ft. racing length ; $150 to the first and $60 to the second.

Fourth Class.—Over 33ft. and under 50ft. racing length; $100 to the first and $40 to the second.

Fifth Class.—Over 43ft.; $50 to the first and $20 to the second.

No second prize will be given in any class unless four or more start. Sloops and other craft in the fifth class must be up to the requirements for representation in the New York Y C.

The course will be an equilateral triangle, formed by Brenton's Reef Lightship, Point Judith whistling buoy and an off shore mark—a red and white flag or buoy placed by the committee.

Compass bearings of marks, starting signals, etc., may be obtained from the committee the day previous to races.

All classes of schooners, and classes one and two of sloops, cutters and yawls, will sail twice around the course, except by order of the committee. Classes three, four and five of sloops, cutters and yawls will sail once around.

The same course will be used for each day's racing, except that the committee will start yachts so as to make one leg as much as practicable to windward.

The committee have power, if they consider it advisable, to stop any race at the end of the first round, and award the prizes.

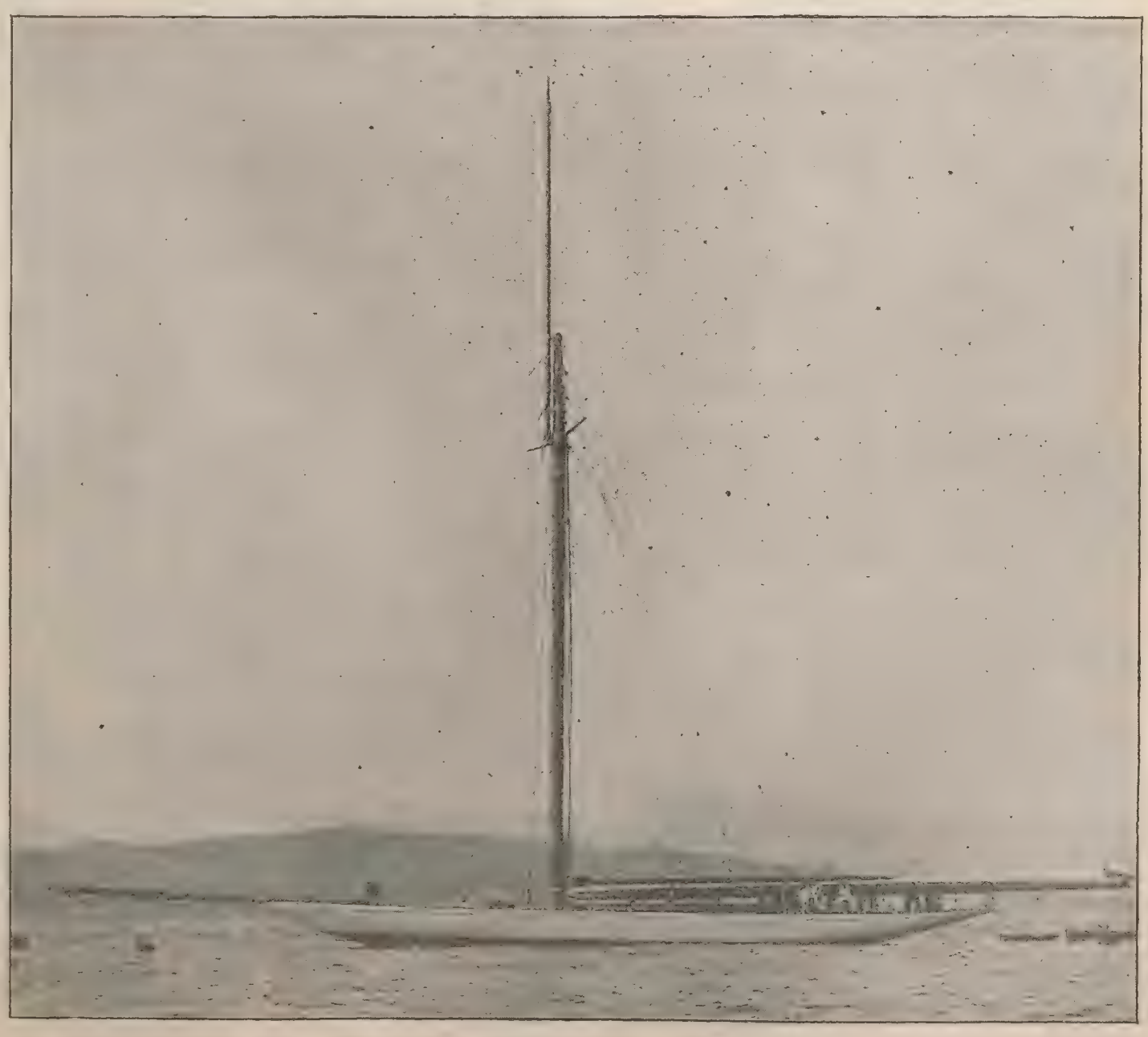
The start will be from Brenton's Reef Lightship. The racing rules and time allowance of the New York Y. C. will govern.

Entries should be addressed to the Regatta Committee, New York Y. C., Newport, R. I., and must be made twenty-four hours prior to the start of each race.

The Cup Defender.

FOR the past ten days the most contradictory reports have been afloat concerning the date of the launch of the new defender at Bristol, June 22, 23 and 26 being given, as well as July 4. The facts seem to be that while all interested were intensely anxious to launch on the very high tide of June 22, the yacht was not ready, and the discovery at a late moment of the rottenness of the launching ways made a further delay necessary. The ways on which Colonia was launched were built of heavy timbers of yellow pine, painted with anti-fouling paint, being laid in the spring of 1893. Recently these ways have been added to in length, it being assumed that they were still sound and good. When Colonia was launched there was a score in her keel, evidently made by a bolt head or other projection in the ways, and last week a diver searched for the defect. He soon found signs of decay, and a part of the ways was taken up and found to be completely destroyed by worms. It was necessary to examine all of the old work, which was then found to be worthless; so the work of rebuilding this part of the ways was begun and pushed as rapidly as possible. On Tuesday an official statement was made that the launch will take place at a quarter to 1 on Saturday, June 29, and will be public. According to the New York *Sun*, in an interview on June 24 Mr. Iselin stated that the beam of the defender is 24ft. and draft 18ft.

The ownership of the new steam yacht building by Ramage & Ferguson is credited to Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, owner of the schooner Palmer, this latter yacht being now on the sale list.



VALKYRIE IN GOUROCK BAY.—FROM A PHOTO BY ADAMSON.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE present week will be an important one for the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., the annual regatta and the racing cruise to New London and return keeping the yachtsmen busy. The annual regatta was sailed on June 24 with a very good fleet of starters, the day being fair and pleasant, with a light breeze until near the finish, when a heavy rain squall struck the fleet. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 1.				
Ramona	12 52 12	6 38 17	5 46 05	5 46 05
Alcæa	12 52 40	6 31 10	5 38 29	5 32 12
95FT. CLASS.				
Emerald	12 53 03	6 07 18	5 14 15	5 05 06
85FT. CLASS.				
Iroquois	12 53 02	6 19 49	5 26 47	5 12 40
70FT. CLASS.				
Hildegard	12 52 19	Withdrew.		
Queen Mab	12 51 10	6 17 00	5 25 50	5 23 35
60FT. CLASS.				
Wasp	12 50 52	6 16 32	5 25 40	5 13 33
50FT. CLASS.				
Ulvira	1 00 00	6 32 45	5 32 45	5 08 56
Gossoon	12 59 19	6 38 59	5 38 40	5 17 00
36FT. CLASS.				
Senorita	12 58 41	Withdrew.		
Indolent	12 36 05	6 21 23	5 25 18	5 25 18
Infanta	12 57 59	6 19 54	5 21 43	5 14 02
30FT. CLASS.				
Beatrix	12 56 03	6 57 23	6 01 20	5 55 57
Maud	12 56 10	Withdrew.		
Faydeh	12 57 04	6 42 24	5 45 20	5 45 20
25FT. CLASS.				
Dodo	12 52 55	6 55 17	5 59 22	5 59 22
Nameless	12 55 51	Withdrew.		
20FT. CLASS.				
Wave	12 57 35	4 19 54	3 24 19	3 24 19
Shrimp	12 57 50	4 00 06	3 02 16	3 02 16
Truestine	12 59 53	4 32 05	3 32 12	3 24 13
34FT. SPECIAL CLASS.				
Dragoon	12 57 33	5 58 36	5 01 03	5 01 03
Adele	12 59 04	6 24 25	5 25 21	5 25 21
Vorant	12 56 58	Withdrew.		
21FT. SPECIAL CLASS.				
Celia	12 56 35	4 44 36	3 45 01	3 48 01
Houri	12 56 48	4 26 01	3 29 12	3 29 12
CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.				
Mary	12 57 27	6 26 37	5 29 10	5 29 10
Oconee	12 58 23	Withdrew.		
25FT. CLASS.				
Kittie	12 57 41	3 47 44	2 50 03	2 50 03
Ethel	12 57 58	3 51 30	2 53 32	2 45 28
20FT. CLASS.				
Dove	12 57 03	4 19 25	3 22 22	3 22 22
OPEN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.				
Lurline	12 56 42	4 18 48	4 22 06	4 22 06

On Tuesday the fleet sailed for New London by way of Morris Cove. On Tuesday, July 2, there will be a special race from Oyster Bay to Larchmont.

Tower Ridge Y. C. Annual Regatta.

HASTINGS—HUDSON RIVER.

Saturday, June 22.

THE third annual regatta of the Tower Ridge Y. C. was sailed on June 22 on the Hudson River, from Hastings, the course being 20 miles. The wind was light S.W. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—SLOOPS OVER 32FT.				
Henry Ward Beecher	11 25 00	4 45 05	5 20 05	4 08 11
Ella S	11 24 40	4 44 55	5 20 15	4 49 32
CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS, 32FT. AND UNDER.				
Arcadia	11 24 30	Withdrew.		
Lurline	11 24 35	4 52 15	4 52 15	4 52 15
Tally Ho	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
CLASS C—CABIN CATS.				
Minnie	11 22 55	4 38 00	5 15 45	4 15 38
Zora	11 22 05	Withdrew.		
Aller	11 21 45	Withdrew.		
Allegro	11 23 30	Withdrew.		
CLASS D—OPEN CATS OVER 25FT.				
Owl	11 21 25	4 22 10	5 05 45	4 02 13
Florence	11 23 45	4 37 45	5 14 45	4 13 45
Hester	11 21 25	Withdrew.		
CLASS E—OPEN CATS, FROM 19 to 25FT.				
Edna	11 25 00	4 22 10	4 57 10	3 50 34
Pauline	11 27 25	4 37 40	5 13 45	4 04 03
Nomad	11 20 20	4 03 00	Withdrew.	
Ibis	11 18 50	Withdrew.		
Colleen	11 16 45	4 35 55	5 49 10	4 03 56
Petrel	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
Marguerite	11 23 40	Withdrew.		
CLASS F—OPEN CATS, 19FT. AND UNDER.				
Chipper	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
Clytie	11 25 00	2 34 40	5 09 40	2 24 25
Adele Rae	11 25 00	2 21 46	2 56 46	2 11 49
Little Dean	11 24 25	2 26 50	3 02 35	2 18 10
Zoe	11 25 00	Withdrew.		
Blanch	11 25 00	Withdrew.		

Winthrop Y. C. Racing Run.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 15.

THE fleet of the Winthrop Y. C. made a run on June 15 to Marblehead, some of the boats racing for prizes offered in two classes. The chief competitors were the new boats Savitar and Satanic. The wind was fresh from the east. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Satanic, Wm. Daly	22.05	2 34 50	1 52 42
Savitar, Syndicate	23.06	2 33 50	1 53 18
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	24.07	2 57 45	2 18 43
Whisper, W. H. Stimpson	29.00	2 53 45	2 20 02
Little Rogue, I. W. Spencer	21.04	3 29 10	2 45 20
CATBOATS.			
Mist, A. H. Merrill	20.03	3 34 20	2 38 50
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	21.00	3 27 30	2 43 08

The fleet included eighteen boats, but no others were timed. The winners were: First Class—Satanic first, Savitar second. Cat Class—Mist first, Harriet second. The judges were A. T. Bliss, E. A. Cook and W. T. Garrett.

Minnetonka Y. C. Opening Race.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Saturday, June 15.

THE Minnetonka Y. C. opened the racing season on June 15 with a good race over the 10-mile "short course" in a fresh breeze. There were three new boats in the fleet, Dragon, Wasp and Orphan. Dragon capsized and Wasp and Orphan were only in the middle of the fleet. The two Herreshoff boats, Kite and Alpha, were beaten by a local boat, Marie, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marie	1 47 31	1 45 36
Kite	1 48 27	1 47 00
Alpha	1 54 50	1 53 37
Wasp	1 58 22	1 56 27
Orphan	1 59 48	1 58 41
Siren	1 59 21	1 59 21
Thistle	2 02 54	2 00 59

Vigilant.

ALL of last week Vigilant was under sail about New York, using a suit of her old canvas re-cut and the mainsail enlarged by Sawyer & Son. On June 16, while in the Upper Bay, the new jaws of her gaff, a heavy and solid forging, straightened out under the heavy strain, there being no flaw, but only a bending. The boat returned to City Island, where the jaws were made, and reshipped the old pair originally carried. On June 22 she was towed by her tender, a craft of similar model to the renowned Hattie Palmer, to the balance dock at Elizabethport adjoining the Crescent Shipyard, and late the same evening she was docked. Some repairs and alterations will be made on her by Mr. Nixon. Hattie Palmer is now in the service of the new defender.

We have received from H. M. Wylde, the secretary, the year book of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, of Halifax. The squadron's fixtures for the season are: June 8, open race; June 22, open race, Capt. Russell's cup; July 1, Wenonah cup and skiffs and sailboats; July 6, open race; July 20, open race and skiff handicap, squadron cruise; Aug. 10, open handicap; Aug. 24, 3-rating handicap; Sept. 7, open handicap; Sept. 14, open race.

Hull Y. C. Opening Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 15.

THE Hull Y. C. opened the season with a good race on June 15, the new Adams boat Rooster sailing her first race. The weight of her centerboard as recently given, 800lbs., is incorrect, the true weight being but 200lbs. The race started with an east wind, but it dropped and finally came from S.E. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
THIRD AND FOURTH CLASSES.			
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	30.11	1 59 00	1 29 53
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington		2 02 56	. .. ..
White Fawn, A. E Jones	30.11	2 03 50	1 34 43
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt		Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUT CLASS.			
Spinster, S. M Clark	21.00	2 00 36	. .. ..
Nike, T. E Jacobs	21.00	2 00 37	. .. ..
Nabob, H. W. Friend	21.00	2 01 57	. .. ..
Lachica, C. V. Souther	21.00	2 02 47	. .. ..
Hullo, J. R. Taylor	21.00	2 04 15	. .. ..
Santa Maria, J. J. Souther	21.00	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Swirl, H. M. Faxon		1 37 57	. .. ..
Rooster, G. C. & C. F. Adams		1 39 18	. .. ..
Kayosk, F. G. Rice		1 40 58	. .. ..
Opeehee, W. P. Barker		1 47 35	. .. ..
SIXTH CLASS.			
In It, R. B. Williams	20.04	1 54 06	1 32 11

Nike and Spinster filed counter protests which have not been decided.

Savin Hill Y. C. Handicap Race.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 15.

THE Savin Hill Y. C. was fortunate in having good weather for its handicap race on June 15, the day being fine, with a fresh easterly wind. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Clara, Walter Burgess	1 23 41	1 41 11
Primrose, J. H. Starke	1 27 44	1 15 06
Romance, Loring Sears	1 24 08	1 16 38
Imp, L. A. Horton	1 32 40	1 16 00
Emerell, W. H. Lowe	1 29 29	1 16 39
Willett, Percy Hodges	1 32 21	1 16 41
Siko, S. D. McBeath	1 34 06	1 18 31
Marietta, C. T. Jones	1 33 41	1 18 41
Ruth, Paul H. Fox	1 32 04	1 21 24
Pioneer, J. T. Turner	1 37 04	1 21 49
Smash, S. H. Esbjorn	1 51 06	1 31 56
Moya, G. L. Fitz	1 50 51	1 32 46
Viento, G. W. Chesley	1 51 06	1 32 21

Romance took the ground for a short time near Cow Pasture Buoy, and Vim carried away her mainsheet block. The winners were: Clara first prize, Primrose second, Imp third and Romance fourth, the prizes being silver cups.

The judges were A. A. Swallow, A. L. Hill and R. K. Rice.

Commonwealth Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Monday, June 17.

AFTER a cruise to Marblehead on Saturday, the fleet of the Commonwealth Y. C. returned to its anchorage for the annual regatta on Monday, the fleet disbanding at Hull and the yachts sailing home from there as they pleased. In Class A only the flagship Countess arrived in time, so there was no race in this class. The wind was light to moderate from S.W., the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.			
Wahneeta, Smith & Cobb	21.07	1 56 55	1 28 59
Topsy, C. M. Peterson	21.05	2 01 55	1 33 57
Altruria, P. Monahan	19.07	2 08 05	1 40 57
Pansy, J. F. Johnson	23.05	2 08 22	1 41 17
Kittie, J. A. Evans	19.06	2 11 25	1 44 17
THIRD CLASS.			
Cave Adsum, J. L. Jardine	23.07	1 48 11	1 21 08
Helen, Fred Pfund	19.08	1 49 48	1 22 40
FOURTH CLASS.			
Trio, A. H. Baker	18.06	2 18 16	1 44 16
Tiot, J. Cobb	16.01	2 09 02	1 44 59
Ada, Butler & Speth	17.08	2 10 25	1 46 24
Mina, C F. White	16.11	2 12 48	1 48 46

The judges were Messrs. John B. Smith, John Marrow, Andrew Bekkenhuis, C. R. Lyman and O. S. Eilertson.

Cape Cod Y. C. Opening Race.

EAST DENNIS, CAPE COD—CAPE COD BAY.

Saturday, June 15.

THE opening race of the Cape Cod Y. C. on June 15 was sailed in a two-reef breeze from N.E., only four yachts starting and two finishing; the heavy weather preventing the attendance of boats from Barnstable. The wind and sea were so bad before the start that the crew of Eclipse was twice capsized in the surf in trying to board the yacht. Just as the boats crossed the wind fell and left them rolling in the sea, Nauset fouling a fish wier and being compelled to withdraw. The wind came in hard and an exciting race begun, the City of Chicago being soon disabled, leaving Addie and Eclipse to fight it out alone. The latter part of the race was sailed with whole mainsails, and Addie won easily, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Addie, R. C. Nickerson	25.3	2 27 45	1 55 57
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	25.9	2 35 43	2 04 27
City of Chicago, I. F. Crosby	25.6	Withdrew.	
Nauset, J. H. Cummings	29.6	Withdrew.	

Olympic Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BROOKLYN—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, June 15.

THE Olympic Y. C., of South Brooklyn, sailed its fifth annual regatta on June 15, the course being on the Upper Bay. There was a fresh S E. wind which disabled Louisa B., Ethel C. and Surprise. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.
CLASS A.		
Black Duck, F. Buse	11 18 45	1 43 45
Led, Com. Lawson	11 27 00	1 47 50
CLASS B.		
Mickey, B. F. Mumm	11 26 00	2 40 00
Lady Ella, J. Crouch	11 27 30	2 49 00
CLASS C.		
Annie K., R. Kalp	11 26 00	2 10 00
Homing, G. Gatkiss	11 26 30	1 45 40
Louisa B., C. F. Bohland	11 26 40	Disabled.
Surprise	11 27 30	Disabled.
Ethel B., W. Charleton	11 29 00	Disabled.
CLASS D.		
Columbo, T. Naresca	11 34 50	2 20 00
CLASS G.		
Sassie Sam	11 37 50	12 56 00
Diana	11 37 56	1 07 15

The winners were: Class A, Black Duck; Class B, Mickey; Class C, Homing; Class D, Columbo; Class G, Sassy Sam.

New Jersey Athletic Club.

BAYONNE—NEWARK BAY.

Saturday, June 15.

THE New Jersey Athletic Club, of Bayonne, N. J., has built up a flourishing yachting department, with a good boat house and quite a fleet of small craft anchored just below the long bridge over Newark Bay. Capt. Joe Ellsworth last winter presented to the club a handsome challenge cup, the first race for which was sailed on June 15. The course was a triangle of 3⅛ miles, three rounds, on Newark Bay below the bridge. There was a fresh northerly breeze all the afternoon. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Iroquois	2 23 15	3 36 20	1 14 05	1 09 05
Drift	2 21 45	3 40 00	1 18 15	1 10 55
Tiche	2 24 48	3 42 30	1 17 42	1 11 37
Jonquil	2 21 48	3 41 00	1 19 12	1 12 22
Cute	2 21 20	3 47 08	1 25 48	1 25 48
Tomboy	2 27 07	3 50 55	1 28 48	1 17 58
Chip	2 22 23	3 48 22	1 25 59	1 13 59
La Chispe	2 21 05	3 59 40	1 38 35	1 28 00
Emma Jane	Time not taken; did not finish.			

The next race will be sailed over the same course on Saturday, July 13.

Beverly Y. C. 220th Regatta.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Monday, June 17.

THE 220th regatta of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed on June 17 off the new club house on Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay. Wind S.W., strong, all the boats being reefed, most of them carrying two reefs, though it lightened later and reefs were shaken out on the way home.

Salmon and Ashumet, which had been expected to make a good race in the special class, were both in the repair shops.

Little Peter and Mistral, built for second class, both measured into first, and the Hanley boat got her revenge for her recent defeat at Fall River.

There was a hot fight in second class cats, Linotte seeming for the first time to be in really good shape, and winning in good style.

Nobska was badly missed in third class; but the old Doris showed up in good style, making best actual time, and losing only by 9s. to the new Melro.

It looked as if the hottest race would be in fourth class sloops, where last year's champion, the Minnetonka boat Grilse, met the new Minnetonka boat Ghuzz and the new Sylph, built by Huchins, and both built to meet her. Turkey and Fin were also on hand

Sylph looked dangerous with a 14ft. 6in waterline and a sailing length of 16ft. 10in.; she is over 26ft. on deck, with 7ft. beam, and gets an allowance of some 3m.

However, she found a 3½in. hollow mast not sufficiently strong, and it broke short off just before the start. Ghuzz carried away port shroud and had to give up. Grilse sailed as well if not better than last year, beating entire third class in actual time, without taking trouble to set spinaker or balloon jib.

Fin had Turkey well beaten when the latter parted her throat halliards.

Courses for first and second classes, 11¼ miles, triangular, with reach on the short side of the triangle; 8½ miles for third and fourth classes, mostly to windward and back, and 5½ miles for fifth class, all to leeward and back.

The new measurement for allowance was used for the first time—viz., length parallel to waterline and 5 4, 3 and 2in. above in first, second, third and smaller classes

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.			
Little Peter, W. C. Cotten, B. Y. C.	28.10	2 9 50	2 0 44
Mistral, R. J. Edwards, B. Y. C.	27.07	2 19 3	2 8 39
SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
Flirt, W. L. Shearer, Jr., B.Y C.	23.07	2 29 34	2 14 22
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Linotte, W. P. Wilson, B.Y.C.	25.10	2 16 13	2 3 50
Kalama, Chas. Brewer, B.Y.C.	26.10	2 17 33	2 6 18
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., B.Y.C.	25.08	2 18 20	2 5 45
Anonyma, F. D. Dabney, B.Y.C.	24.09	2 20 9	2 6 27
Mollie, S. P. Hill, Mon. Beach	23.11	2 20 40	2 5 55
Ulula, W. H. Winship, B.Y.C.	24.03	2 23 13	2 8 52
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B.Y.C.	25.01	2 25 21	2 12 28
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Doris, J. Parkinson, B Y.C.	21.01	1 56 31	1 42 13
Melro, D. L Whittemore, B.Y.C.	20.03	1 57 16	1 42 4
Colymbus, A. Winsor, B.Y.C.	21.06	1 59 3	1 45 19
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B Y.C.	21.10	2 3 43	1 50 22
Hermione, R. L. Barstow, B. Y. C.		Withdrew	
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	19.02	1 56 08	1 39 27
Fin, L. M. Stockton, B. Y. C.	17.09	2 02 27	1 43 13
Turkey, C. S. Dennison, B. Y. C.		Parted throat halliards.	
Ghuzz, Lawrence Brooks, B. Y. C.	17.11	Parted shroud.	
Sylph, N. Huckins, Jr., Onset	16.10	Dismasted before start.	
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Howard, O. A. Miller, B. Y. C.	18.00	2 01 01	1 42 49
Dawelie, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	17.06	Broke tiller.	
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, B. Y. C.		1 29 16	1 13 25
Waskite, H. N. Richards, B. Y. C.		1 33 40	1 18 02
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Vif, R Winsor, B. Y. C.	14.03	1 29 16	1 13 25
Fern, W. Tileston, B. Y. C.	14.05	1 33 40	1 18 02

Winners: Class 1, sloops, Little Peter. Class 2, sloops, Flirt, walkover. Class 2, cats, Linotte first, Bernice second, Mollie third. Class 3, cats, Melro first, Doris second, Colymbus third. Class 4, sloops, Grilse first, Fin second. Class 4, cats, Howard. Class 5, sloops, Raccoon. Class 5, cats, Vif.

Judges—A. S. Hardy, N. H. Emmons, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Columbia Y. C., Michigan City Race.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, June 15.

THE fourth annual race of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, to Michigan City, was sailed successfully on June 15 in a strong breeze, the result being an exciting race of 38 miles. The entries were:

	Length.
SCHOONERS.	
Hawthorne, B. J. McConnell	59.21
CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.	
Rambler, E. Ramsdell	43.59
Peri, Ed Bond	36.36
Skate, Wm. Hinshaw, Jr.	21.88
Scorpion, Olaf Michaelson	
Pinta, Ole Almundson	34.61
Ellida, H. E. O. Heinemann	31.38
Allie T., H. Thompson	34.93
America, R. A. Harper	30.30
Valiant, E. C. Berriman	39.10
Enola, D. C. Cregier	
Hattie B., H. P. Finney	36.34
Phantom, E. P. Warner	39.52
Satsuma, Robert Givens	

There was a fresh N.E. wind and heavy sea, some of the smaller boats wisely giving up. Valiant parted her weather rigging and Rambler broke off some 6ft. from the end of her main boom. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rambler	1 07 30	6 27 05	5 19 35	5 19 35
Scorpion	1 03 25	6 35 55	5 32 30	5 29 21
Phantom	1 04 00	6 56 10	4 52 10	4 43 07
Valiant	1 06 14	6 47 30	5 41 16	5 31 13
Peri	1 02 25	6 56 40	5 54 15	5 37 07
Pinta	1 04 55	7 24 20	6 19 25	5 57 34
Hattie B	1 01 05	6 49 20	5 48 15	5 31 07
America	1 03 15	7 20 40	6 17 25	5 31 32
Enola	1 06 30	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Allie T	1 01 30	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Ellida	1 06 14	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Satsuma	1 06 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

Phantom wins first prize, a yacht cannon, and Rambler second prize, a yacht dinghy.

The judges were D. M. Lord, Judge L. C. Collins, P. F. Pettibone, George Martin, J. Williams and G. W. Rogers, chairman of regatta committee.

The steam yacht Calumet accompanied the fleet.

The fleet returned to Chicago next day.

Lynn Y. C., Expert Cup.

LYNN—LYNN HARBOR.

Saturday June 15.

THE first race of the Lynn Y. C. in the Expert cup series was sailed on June 15 in a light breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CUP RACE CLASS.			
Black Cloud, E. H. Taylor	23.04	1 43 08	1 19 21
Irene, W. E. Gordon	24.11	1 55 31	1 39 01
Helen, J. A. Clough		2 01 07	. .. ..
Odd Fellow, J. Curtis		Withdrew.	
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Evadna, R. M. Benner	17.04	0 56 16	0 34 54
Trilby, Frank Bassett	17.03	0 58 25	0 36 54
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	16.09	1 00 03	0 38 09
Swan, R. Auger	18.00	1 04 56	0 44 09

The winners were Black Cloud and Trilby; the latter and Evadna are new boats.

Old Colony Y. C. Open Race.

DORCHESTER—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 15.

THE postponed race of the Old Colony Y. C. was sailed on June 15 in a moderate easterly wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Princess, Gay Ware	0 59 00	0 39 38
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	1 00 00	0 40 30
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	1 02 00	0 41 02
Vivian, George Carson	1 19 30	0 59 30

Princess won. Cutty Sark lost her centerboard early in th race.

Massachusetts Y. C. Open Regatta.

NAHANT—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, June 17.

THE old Dorchester Y. C. never failed to celebrate "Bunker Hill" day by a big regatta, and its successor, the Massachusetts Y. C., still makes this date the occasion of its principal open race. This year the club had a good fleet of boats and favorable weather, everything passing off successfully. The start was made off Nahant, the courses being for the special class, the two 30ft. Herreshoff fins, Handsel and the new Anoatok, around the Graves, Buoy, Half Way Rock and home, the others sailing around the Winthrop Bar Buoy, the Graves and home The starting was done by a new system of steam whistles announced as follows:

The whistle calling attention to the course numbers for the race will be blown at 10:45. Ten minutes later four short whistles will be blown as a warning signal for class A, the special class; and five minutes later one long and three short whistles will start the class and warn the first class. The first class starts ten minutes later on one long whistle; the second class five minutes after the first on two whistles; the knockabouts five minutes after the second on one long and one short whistle, and the third class five minutes after on three whistles.

If the first signal is on time, the other times will be as follows: 10:55, warning for Class A; 11, start of Class A; 11:10, start of first class; 11:15, start of second class; 11:20, start of knockabouts; 11:25, start of third class.

The wind was moderate, from S.E. at first, settling later in the S.W., and the weather was fine with a smooth sea. The start was only 35 minutes late, at 11.30. The only starters in Class A were Handsel and Anoatok, the latter marked by a finely sitting suit of cross-cut canvas from Bristol, while the older and wider fin carried the ordinary sails. Crossing together, Anoatok to windward, the two reached for the Whistler, Handsel soon taking a clear lead. They ran from the Whistler to Half-way Rock and beat in, Handsel finishing 4 minutes ahead. Satanic easily led her class, being sailed by her designer, R. M. Wood. The full times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	.. ..	3 11 00	.. .. ..
Anoatok, G. Owens, Jr.	31.05	3 15 26	.. .. ..
FIRST CLASS.			
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	1 54 40	1 43 03
Ida J., F. E. Beckman	28.09	1 54 13	1 45 53
Emma C., P. A Coupol	28.10	1 54 10	1 45 55
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.03	1 57 45	1 48 57
Quisset, W. H. Taylor	25.09	2 07 37	1 56 29
Whisper, W. A. Stimson	27.11	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Satanic, W. Daly, Jr	23.04	1 55 20	1 41 21
Romance, Loring Sears	24.06	1 57 57	1 45 19
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.10	2 02 50	1 47 27
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	2 02 41	1 49 29
Savitar, Otis et al	24.09	2 02 13	1 49 52
Racoon, P. J. Lowell	21.05	2 11 10	1 54 45
Black Cloud, Taylor et al	22.03	2 11 12	1 56 30
Exit, A. H. Higginson	21.10	2 17 12	2 01 20
Adolph, H. Moebs	22.04	2 19 07	2 03 54
Odd Fellow, J. Curtis	22.08	2 22 40	2 07 52
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	34.07	2 29 30	2 16 58
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	Withdrew.		
Little Rogue, G. W. Spencer	Withdrew.		
Irene, W. E. Gordon	Withdrew.		
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	2 26 01	2 26 01
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	2 26 14	2 26 14
Hullo, H. Y. C.	21.00	2 29 44	2 29 44
La Chica, C. N. Souther	21.00	2 30 35	2 30 35
Bessie Lee, A. E. Schoff	21.00	2 30 40	2 30 40
Nabob, H. W. Friend	21.00	2 30 50	2 30 50
Ruth, P. H. Fox	21.00	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Bonita, C. O. Hood	17.00	2 15 40	1 52 20
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.07	2 21 00	1 58 43
Evadne, R. M. Benner	18.03	2 20 41	1 59 31
Cochico, F. H. Borden	18.11	2 21 45	2 01 41
Circe, F. L. Pidgeon	16.11	2 25 27	2 02 08
Mirage, C. Schindler	17.09	2 25 20	2 03 20
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.08	2 28 31	2 04 34
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	20.11	2 24 00	2 06 59
Zoe, J. McCarthy	19.06	2 30 04	2 11 36
Jonah, N. B. Stone	16.05	2 44 22	2 19 57
Trilby, F. L. Barrett	18.06	Withdrew.	
Idono, W. E. Wilson	20.11	Disabled.	

The winners were: Handsel, $25; Beatrice, $20 (second prize subject to protest); Satanic, $15; Romance, $10, and Gleaner, $5; Nike, $15; Sprinter, $10; Bonita, $15; Alpine, $10, and Evadne, $5.

Gleaner protests Romance and Emma C. and Ada J. make counter protests, all on measurement.

The judges were S. P. Perrin, W. S. Crosby, L. M. Clark, C. E. Backus and P. T. Lowell, and the tug Sylvester Ward was used as a judges' boat.

Corinthian Y. C. Handicap Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, June 17.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, celebrated June 17 by a handicap race, the wind being moderate from S.W., and course No. 5 being sailed. The new auxiliary knockabout, Barnacle, left her wheel with the regatta committee and made the course under sail alone. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
CLASS A.			
Keewaydin, J. A. Burnham	1 16 14	..	1 16 14
Susie, J. B. Cole	1 18 20	01	1 17 20
Anaqua, A. P. Loring	1 19 32	02	1 17 32
Marena, D H. Follett, Jr	1 20 08	02	1 18 08
Barnacle, C. F. Lyman	1 23 03	03	1 20 03
Edna, W. Coolidge	1 24 15	03	1 21 15
Brenda, H. S. Goodwin	1 27 00	05	1 22 00
Ariel, J. Barrett	1 25 45	03	1 22 45
Dorothy, M. R. Wendell, Jr	1 34 10	06	1 28 10
Dictator, Johnson & Morrill	1 43 55	10	1 33 55
CLASS B.			
Edith, F. M. Wood	1 33 40	..	1 33 40
Delphine, C. M. Barker	Disabled.		
CLASS C—KNOCKABOUTS.			
Sally, D. C. Percival	1 26 30	03	1 23 30
Carl, C. H. W. Foster	1 25 37	01	1 24 37
Maia, Everett Paine	1 25 05	..	1 25 05
Aluna, C. O. Stearns	1 28 40	03	1 25 40
Jane, Herman Parker	1 25 59	..	1 25 59
Dorothy, Frank Brewster	1 26 47	..	1 26 47
Trouble, Henry Wheeler	1 33 04	06	1 27 04

The winners were: Class A, Keewadin $10, Susie $7, Anaqua $5. Class B, Edith $10. Knockabouts, Sally $10, Carl $7, Maia $5.

Corinthian Y. C. Annual Regatta.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 15.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, sailed its fourth annual regatta on June 15; but the lack of a breeze limited the contest to the smaller boats, there hardly being wind enough for them. The first race was for the 21ft. class, as follows:

21FT. CLASS, SLOOPS.

Start 11:41:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Louise	12 24 11	0 43 11
Lenni Lenape	12 24 44	0 43 44
Sagamore	12 26 08	0 45 08
Scott	12 26 52	0 45 52
Pinta	12 28 51	0 47 51
Nural Dan	Withdrew.	

Two races were sailing in the afternoon, the three boats in one event being steered by ladies, Miss Scott winning in Coryphee. The times were:

LADIES' RACE.

Start 3:25:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Coryphee	4 34 38	1 09 38
Lenni Lenape	4 43 12	1 18 12
Louise	4 45 14	1 20 14

25FT. CLASS, SLOOPS.

Start 2:50:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mermaid	5 08 19	2 10 19
Pinta	5 21 00	2 31 00
Dawn	5 24 30	2 31 30

Henry S. Jeanes offered a handsome silver prize for the ladies' race. The race committee were A. F. Bancroft, A. R. Ellison and I. W. Jeanes.

Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.

TINICUM—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, June 15.

THE Philadelphia Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 15 over the club course from off Tinicum, on the Delaware River, the starters including the two new Cary Smith boats Helene and Julnar. There was a good N.W. breeze at the start, but it soon died out and the race was very slow. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Helene, schooner	11 11 45	3 25 00	4 13 15
Nanon, first class sloop	11 16 15	3 26 00	4 09 45
Julnar, yawl	11 14 45	3 28 00	4 13 15
Mascotte, yawl	11 12 45	3 54 00	4 41 15
Schemer, second class sloop	11 12 00	3 52 00	4 40 00
Zeeland, knockabout	11 11 00	3 56 00	4 45 00

Nanon won the Ellis and Middleton cups.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., June 16.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	9	9	7	9	8	10	8	10	8	10—88
	8	10	7	10	10	8	9	8	9	8—87
	6	9	10	9	6	9	9	10	9	7—84
	10	9	6	8	7	8	10	6	8	8—80
Weinheimer	10	9	7	8	6	9	5	9	5	5—73
	5	10	7	6	8	6	8	6	7	10—72
	10	8	9	6	9	5	5	5	8	7—72
	8	7	8	10	6	8	6	7	4	8—72
Payne	7	5	8	10	7	5	9	9	9	9—78
	5	7	10	8	9	7	9	7	6	7—75
	9	5	9	6	6	7	8	8	10	7—75
	9	5	6	8	8	7	8	8	8	8—75
Hasenzahl	6	6	9	8	6	6	10	8	7	5—71
	10	7	8	9	6	8	8	8	10	8—82
	6	9	7	6	8	7	9	7	8	8—75
	10	10	6	8	6	9	7	7	7	6—77
Trounstein	4	10	5	6	9	5	5	9	6	10—69
	7	9	6	8	5	10	4	9	5	4—67
	3	8	10	9	5	4	5	6	6	6—62
	10	10	6	6	4	9	8	6	5	8—72
Nestler	8	9	9	8	10	9	6	6	8	10—83
	9	5	9	10	8	10	6	10	6	7—80
	8	7	9	8	9	5	9	5	10	9—79
	10	9	8	9	4	7	7	7	9	7—77
Wellinger	10	9	7	9	9	9	8	8	8	7—83
	7	6	10	10	10	6	8	8	7	6—78
	6	7	7	9	8	9	8	8	9	6—77
	10	6	4	9	6	9	9	8	6	7—74
Topf	8	4	5	9	5	5	9	8	8	5—61
	6	9	7	10	5	6	8	8	6	6—71
	5	9	6	4	4	6	8	4	4	9—59
	4	3	9	3	6	7	5	10	1	9—57
Hake	7	10	7	6	9	6	9	8	7	8—77
	7	6	9	9	8	8	5	6	10	6—74
	7	6	7	6	4	7	7	8	7	8—67
	6	8	8	8	5	5	8	5	4	3—59
See	7	9	8	10	10	5	9	9	8	9—84
	9	9	5	9	7	8	8	7	9	9—80
	7	8	8	5	8	4	10	9	9	7—76
	8	9	6	7	8	7	8	6	10	7—76
Randall	10	8	7	8	9	5	7	9	9	6—78
	7	6	6	8	8	6	8	9	8	6—75
	7	10	6	7	9	7	8	10	9	4—77
	9	8	8	6	7	6	6	9	5	8—72
Drube	8	8	8	9	8	7	6	5	7	8—74
	8	6	7	7	7	9	9	9	6	6—74
	8	7	8	6	5	10	7	6	9	10—76
	5	8	5	6	5	10	7	10	7	7—70
*Copeland	8	7	4	5	10	4	5	6	8	4—61
	7	5	4	3	0	6	9	7	4	6—60
	4	9	7	3	6	5	8	10	3	2—57
	4	9	5	7	3	4	7	4	6	9—58

* Military.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, May 30.—The scores made at the revolver competitions of the North London Rifle Club have greatly improved lately, owing to the better weather. Mr. Walter Winans made the first highest possible of the season on May 25. The scores made on May 23 were shot at the South London Rifle Club:

May 23.—50yds. target:

Walter Winans	756777—39	Clementi-Smith	564565—31
C Knapp	755765—35	Lieut J Howard	537637—31
Capt T W Heath	456666—33	E Howe	446545—28

Revolver competition, 20yds., stationary target:

C Knapp	766777—40	Lieut J Howard	477477—36
Capt T W Heath	677757—39	E Howe	566675—35
W Winans	756777—39	Clementi-Smith	774647—35

North London Rifle Club:

May 25.—Revolver series 1 (20yds. stationary):

Walter Winans	777777—42	Granville	752357—29
Lieut W W Chitty	777776—41	A Crawley	034524—18
Maj H Palmer	767555—35		

May 29.—Mr. Winans made another highest possible score to-day. This is the first ever made at the 2in. bull on a disappearing target in competition, though he has often made it in practice. The target at the club though, by some oversight, appears and disappears at intervals of 5 instead of 3 seconds (as at Bisley), so this score does not constitute a record at the faster speed.

Revolver series 3 (disappearing 20yds.):

Walter Winans (best on record score)			777777—42
Lieut C Chitty	776655—36	B Comber	776553—33
C Knapp	777654—36	Capt Earle	766544—32
Chicken	775555—34	E Howe	775444—31
Clementi-Smith	776554—34	A W Carter	755544—30
Lieut Richardson	537577—34	Maj H Palmer	665543—29
H Andrews	766554—33		

A full-sized diagram of Mr. Winans's score at the disappearing target is given herewith. The revolver used was a Smith & Wesson .45-cal., target sights, U. M. C. ammunition, 13grs. powder (black) and conical bullet; 4½lbs. trigger pull. Target appearing for five seconds at a time, the revolver not to be raised till the target appears, one shot each appearance.

May 30.—At the South London Rifle Club the following scores were made to-day in the revolver shooting for the revolver championship:

Twenty yards target:

Walter Winans	677767—40	Capt T W Heath	765765—36
C Knapp	774767—38	Lieut J Howard	566757—36
E Howe	677467—37	Clementi-Smith	666664—34

Fifty yards target:

Walter Winans	666667—37	Lieut J Howard	565574—32
Capt T W Heath	666774—26	C Knapp	466654—31
E Howe	546674—32	Clementi-Smith	455067—27

At the North London Rifle Club the following scores were made in revolver competitions. On the second day the wind was very high, and as he already had good scores for 50yds. toward the championship of the club, Mr. Winans did not shoot.

June 1.—50yds. target: Walter Winans 36, Major H. Munday 29, Lieut. Chitty 27, Major Palmer 25.

June 5.—50yds. target: C. Knapp 34, Lieut. Chitty 31, Major Munday 33, Franzmann 30, Bashford 28, Capt. Earle 25.

At the St. James Revolver Gallery, London, the scores for the two competitions now on stand: Revolver, Walter Winans 41, Knapp 38. Rifle, Walter Winans 29; several scores of 28.

Indian Head Riflemen.

NASHUA, N. H., June 15.—At the weekly shoot of the Indian Head Rifle Club to-day the medals were won as follows: First class—Forest A. Rich first, Albert Hill second. Second class—Stephen A. Wing first, Fred Giddings second. Third class—Chas. Cook first, Hobart Tipping second. Scores made were as follows:

First Class.

Rich	43454—20	54444—21—41	Wheeler	44444—20	43534—19—39
Hill	44453—20	44444—20—40	Shedd	44313—18	45344—20—38

Second Class.

Wing	45534—21	54435—21—42	Raby	35324—17	43433—17—34
Giddings	54443—20	44435—20—40	Mitchell	43045—16	35444—20—36
Adams	34414—19	44444—20—39			

Third Class.

Cook	45344—20	34445—20—40	Tipping	32233—13	45352—19—32

Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.

PARRY SOUND, Ont., June 8.—The Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association shot their monthly matches to-day, all the affiliated clubs shooting over their own ranges. The weather was oppressively hot and sweltering. The scores went down as the mercury went up.

Parry Sound (First Team).	100yds.	200yds.	T'l.
W Stafford	50	47	97
R O Stokes	46	46	92
J B Miller	45	45	90
J Morrish	43	35	78
J R Leggatt	45	30	75
			432

Toronto.	100yds.	200yds.	T'l.
W J Graham	47	44	91
J L Scholes	39	35	74
H R Stewart	38	28	66
H M Cusack	30	35	65
J Thompson	33	28	61
			357

King City.	100yds.	200yds.	T'l.
W J Ross	44	48	92
J W Crossley	42	47	89
Dr Norman	48	33	81
W J Crossley	44	35	79
A Carley	39	39	78
			419

Wausaukasene.	100yds.	200yds.	T'l.
G Richardson	43	32	75
J McClelland	35	31	66
R W George	39	25	64
R I Clarkson	36	21	57
S B Purvis	32	24	56
			318

Carnduff (N. W. T. Team).	100yds.	200yds.	T'l.
J A Thompson	34	35	69
E J Huxley	37	30	67
W J Gilliland	38	18	56

	100yds.	200yds.	T'l.
St G Walker	23	38	61
G D Kilbourne	35	20	55
			308

D. F. MACDONALD.

Petty Challenges Paine.

NEW YORK, June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of March 23, Mr. Sumner Paine stated that he would like to meet me in a friendly competition with revolvers. As the match could not be shot on the date originally set (April 3), and as Mr. Paine has expressed a desire to have the shoot come off, I propose the following: One-hundred shots each, distance 50yds., target Standard American 8in. bull, "all six chambers to be loaded at once, and the six shots to be fired within a time limit of one minute; one minute to be allowed between scores to load and clean." Revolvers: The new .38cal. Colt Army, 6in. barrel, regulation sights, full charges only allowed, 3lb. trigger pull. The shoot to come off in New York early in August, under management of FOREST AND STREAM. If this can be brought about I will get a Colt and practice a little with it if I can get the time.

WILLIAM E. PETTY.

951 LEXINGTON AVE.

New York Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, June 22.—This club held its regular shoot to-day at Armbruster's Park. The following scores were made by the members present, off-hand, German ring target, distance 200yds., any rifle, sights and trigger pull:

M Herrington	205	208	Geo Shorkley	194	...
R J Young	195	201	F Walters	178	...

Rest match:

E B Barker	221	231	232	240	232
F Walters	214	216	...	...	...

R. J. YOUNG, Sec'y N. Y. R. C.

Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club.

ST. LOUIS, June 21.—The Missouri Rifle and Pistol Club has secured a new indoor range and club room at No. 212 N. 4th st., which is in the heart of the business part of St. Louis, convenient to the large office buildings, restaurants, etc., and will doubtless become a headquarters for St. Louis riflemen generally. The range has no connection with any public gallery, but is managed exclusively by the club, for members and visitors only. Team and prize shooting will be resumed at once. The range is 50 feet.

HORACE KEPHART, Sec'y.

New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, June 15.—This club held its regular shoot to-day at Armbruster's Park. The following scores were made by the members present. Off-hand, German ring target, distance 200yds., any rifle, sights and trigger pull: M. Herrington 234, E. R. Chadbourne 193, 192, 204, 215, 185, Geo Shorkley 204, 205, 205, R. J. Young 189, 191.

Rest match. E. B Barker 231, 240, 224, 230, 235.

R. J. YOUNG, Sec'y.

The New Savage Hammerless Repeating Rifle.

THE Savage Repeating Arms Company, of Utica, N. Y., has now ready for the market its new hammerless rifle, model of 1895.

The rifles are manufactured by the Marlin Fire Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn. The rifle embodies the result of years of careful experimenting by Mr. Arthur W. Savage, a practical sportsman, who spent several years in hunting in Australia. The gun embodies the best features of several well-known systems, and combines simplicity, strength, lightness and ease of manipulation. The guns are built to use metallic ammunition loaded with smokeless powder in its full strength.

The many positive advantages of smokeless powder are so obvious that it is unnecessary to urge its utility with sportsmen. A few of the more prominent points of merit are: First, the absence of smoke; second, long range and flat trajectory; third, high velocity (2,000ft. per second); fourth, great penetration; fifth, non-fouling of the barrel; sixth, less recoil; and seventh, lighter weight. The point-blank range of the Savage rifle with smokeless powder ammunition is 200 yds. for accurate shooting; for practical hunting, 250yds.

The rifles are hammerless repeaters. The magazine is arranged with the steel walls of the receiver, and is constructed to hold five cartridges, together with one cartridge in the breech opening, which makes the rifle a six-shooter. The weight, complete, is 7½lbs.; the length of the barrel is 26in.; the caliber, .303; the pitch of the rifling is one turn in 10in. The rifle can be fired by an amateur 25 shots per minute when used as a single loader, and 40 shots per minute when used as a magazine gun. The barrel and breeching mechanism are built to resist a tensile strength of 100,000lbs. to the square inch; the barrel steel has an elastic limit of 60,000lbs. The rifle has a multiplied extracting power on the ratio of 1 to 16—*i. e.*, a force equal to 1lb. in weight on the lever will exert a force equal to 16lbs. on the empty shell in the chamber. The gun is provided with an automatic indicator, consisting of numerals on the head of carrier exposed through a hole in the wall of the receiver, so that the sportsman can see at a glance the state of his magazine. On the top of the breech-bolt there is arranged an automatic indicator, showing, at all times, whether the firing mechanism is cocked or in safety position. The gun is also provided with a safety device for locking the action, which can be instantaneously operated.

Four different kinds of ammunition are provided for use in these rifles: first, the regular, solid head, metallic cartridge, with an extra heavy primer—the shell holding 30 grains of the "Savage" brand of smokeless powder; the metal-jacketed bullets weighing 190 grains; second, cartridges using the same shell and primer, with a metal-jacketed bullet—the jacket being placed on the rear portion only of the bullet, the front end of the bullet being soft lead forming an expanding bullet for large dangerous game; third, cartridges having the same shell, primer and bullet as first mentioned, the shells being loaded with 40 grains of black rifle powder; and fourthly, a gallery cartridge loaded with 5 grains of "No. 2 S" smokeless powder, with an alloy bullet weighing 100 grains. These latter cartridges are made for gallery practice and for light shooting.



THE SAVAGE REPEATING RIFLE

The company will furnish, on request, catalogue giving detailed description and operation of the gun.—*Adv.*

Chester Beats Lancaster.

THE following is from a Lancaster, Pa., daily of June 21: The first of a series of three intercounty rifle contests between Chester and Lancaster counties was held at Ephrata, Thursday afternoon, on the range of the North End Rifle Club. Chester county won by an aggregate score of 1,153 to 1,084. Each county furnished a team of fourteen men, representing the best marksmen in the counties. The Chester county team was composed principally of members of the Coatesville Gun Club, while the Lancaster team was made up from members of the Lancaster Schuetzen Verein and the North End Club. The distance was 200yds., on standard American target, peg rests being used. Position, standing. Following are the scores in full:

Chester County.

W T Gordon	9	9	9	10	10	9	10	7	6	10	—89
W P Thompson	10	9	10	9	7	10	8	9	9	9	—90
S Fairlamb	6	7	6	8	9	10	8	10	9	9	—85
M Darlington	8	7	9	9	9	10	8	8	6	9	—83
E Patterson	7	10	8	5	7	9	5	9	7	5	—72
C Fulmer	10	0	10	9	10	10	0	6	10	8	—73
Irwin	10	10	9	4	8	4	9	7	10	7	—78
J G Pugh	7	9	10	10	9	9	10	9	10	9	—92
C Gilbert	10	7	9	9	9	8	9	8	10	10	—89
S Moore	8	7	9	7	7	8	5	5	6	10	—72
H Thorne	8	10	10	10	9	8	7	10	9	8	—89
J Entrekin	9	10	10	8	9	9	8	9	8	6	—86
J Rodney	7	7	7	7	7	9	9	6	8	9	—76
J Kendig	7	6	7	8	9	9	7	10	8	8	—70—1153

Lancaster County.

T A Anderson	9	6	8	9	5	9	7	5	7	5	—70
O E Weber	10	9	9	9	7	9	9	9	6	7	—84
D W Wentzel	6	5	8	7	7	8	8	10	7	10	—76
C C Franciscus	9	10	8	5	4	8	9	7	8	5	—73
B F Biehl	7	10	8	9	8	7	7	9	9	5	—79
W K Romig	9	9	10	10	10	9	10	8	8	10	—93
C H Obrieter	7	9	10	9	9	10	9	7	7	6	—83
D W Winters	8	10	8	9	7	10	8	8	10	8	—86
P Dommel	7	6	9	8	6	8	3	..	8	6	—61
L M Weist	8	7	9	10	9	8	10	9	9	9	—88
S L Sharp	10	7	6	7	4	6	7	10	6	7	—73
J F Wolfer	6	7	10	6	8	5	7	5	5	4	—63
D B Lefevre	8	7	9	10	8	7	8	6	9	6	—78
W M Carpenter	6	7	9	9	7	8	7	7	8	7	—75—1084

The contest was interesting from start to finish and was witnessed by a large crowd of people. W. K. Romig, of the Lancaster team, made the highest individual score. He shot 93 out of a possible 100. J. G. Pugh, of the visiting team, was a close second with 92. The next two contests will be shot by representative teams of twelve men from Lancaster and Chester counties at Lancaster, on July 18, and at Coatesville on Aug. 22.

Rifle Notes.

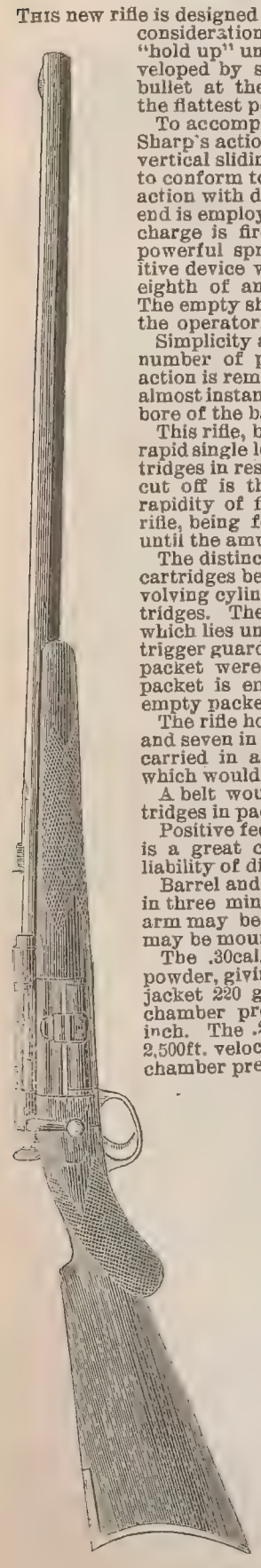
The Hartford *Post* says: "Hartford will be present at one of the greatest events in the history of Springfield target shooting, which will take place July 15 and 16, the tournament of the South New England Schuetzenbund. This "bund" is composed of six Massachusetts and Connecticut cities, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven, Meriden, New Britain and Ansonia, all of which have strong Schuetzenvereins. More than 300 marksmen will participate, and a number of famous marksmen are expected to come up from the tournament of the National Schuetzenbund, which takes place at New York from June 30 to July 8. For the general prize targets $250 in cash prizes has been offered. A special prize of $10 will be paid for the best three scores on Monday."

Messrs. G. W. Cole & Co. will give away 15,000 sample bottles of their "Three in One" Compound for guns during the meet of the National Schuetzenbund at Glendale Park.

Mr. W. E. Petty informs us that he would like to arrange a revolver match with Lieut. Sumner Paine early in August. Mr. Petty has ordered a .38cal. Colt army model from the factory, and hopes by that time to be in condition physically to shoot the match.

The Blake Repeating Rifle.

THIS new rifle is designed for a high grade sporting rifle, the first consideration being a solid breech action, one that will "hold up" under the enormous chamber pressure developed by smokeless rifle powder in projecting the bullet at the high muzzle velocities now required for the flattest possible trajectory.



To accomplish this the general idea of the famous Sharp's action has been followed. In the Sharp's the vertical sliding wedge was used, but in the Blake action, to conform to the requirements of a repeater, the bolt action with double locking lugs at the extreme front end is employed. To remove the empty shell after the charge is fired two extractors are employed, one a powerful spring extractor as is usual, the other a positive device which surely starts the shell for the first eighth of an inch, although both pull at the start. The empty shell is thrown to the right and away from the operator.

Simplicity and accessibility are next considered, the number of parts being elemental, and when the bolt action is removed from the receiver, which can be done almost instantly, the breech is open so that the rifled bore of the barrel can be readily examined and cleaned.

This rifle, by the use of a "cut off," can be used as a rapid single loader, with magazine holding seven cartridges in reserve, available as a repeater whenever the cut off is thrown in. As a repeater the sustained rapidity of fire is probably greater than any known rifle, being forty-two shots per minute by an expert until the ammunition is exhausted.

The distinctive feature of the system is that of the cartridges being carried in the belt or pockets in a revolving cylindrical packet, holding generally seven cartridges. These packets are charged into the magazine which lies under the receiver and just forward of the trigger guard, in one movement and "en bloc," as if the packet were a single cartridge. When the cartridge packet is empty the magazine door is opened, the empty packet drops out and a full packet is recharged.

The rifle holds eight cartridges, one in the chamber and seven in the magazine. Two more packets may be carried in a vest, or shooting jacket, lower pocket, which would give a supply of twenty-two cartridges.

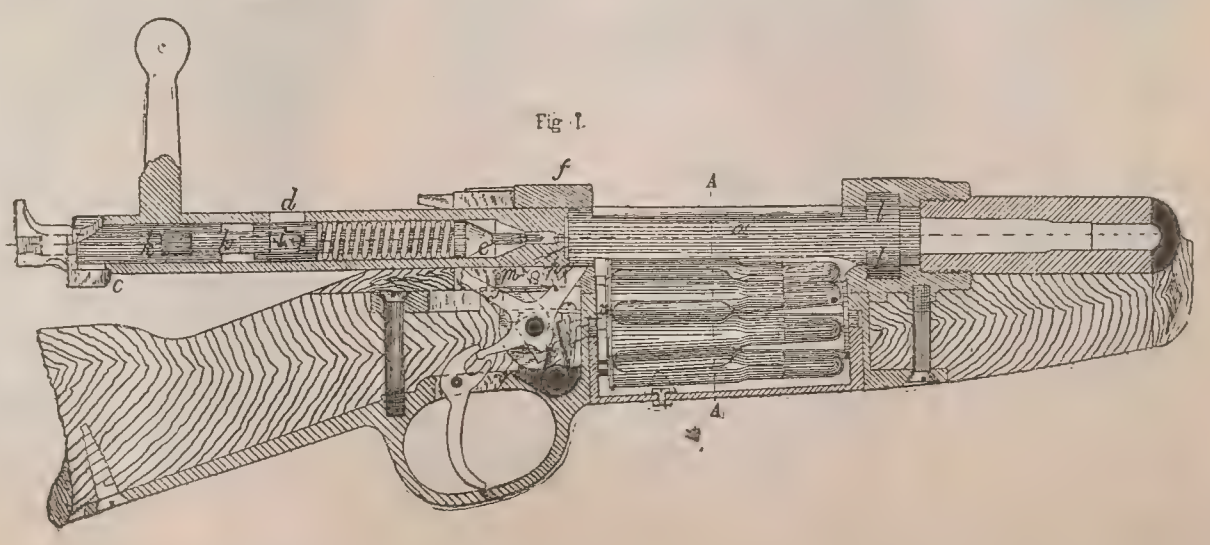
A belt would hold, as shown in cut, forty-nine cartridges in packets and thirty in single loops.

Positive feed of cartridges in magazine is used. This is a great convenience in loading, and also reduces liability of disablement.

Barrel and receiver may be removed from the stock in three minutes by the use of a screwdriver, and the arm may be packed in an ordinary length trunk. It may be mounted in the same time.

The .30cal. is supplied loaded with smokeless rifle powder, giving a muzzle velocity to the cupro-nickel jacket 220 grains bullet of 2,000ft. per second, and chamber pressure of about twenty tons per square inch. The .236cal. with smokeless rifle powder gives 2,500ft. velocity to the jacketed 135 grain bullet, at a chamber pressure of about twenty-five tons per square inch. Both cartridges are supplied also with 55 grains black powder and jacketed bullets, which makes a good charge for target work and small game.—*Adv.*

Fig 1.



MECHANISM OF THE BLAKE RIFLE.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

June 29.—MARION, N. J.—Fifth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Endeavor Gun Club.

July 4.—UTICA, N. Y.—All day shoot; live birds and targets.

July 4.—CHICAGO, Ill.—All day shoot of the Eureka Gun Club; targets.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—All day shoot of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets.

July 4.—ATHENS, Pa.—All day shoot of the Diahoga Gun Club; targets.

July 4.—WILKESBARRE, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club, at West Side Park; live birds and targets.

July 4-5.—DULUTH, Minn.—Third annual tournament of the Central Gun Club. J. W. Nelson, Pres.

July 10-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec'y.

July 17-18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

July 17-18.—BELFAST, Me.—Second annual tournament of the Belfast Gun Club; $125 in cash guaranteed.

Aug. 9-10.—NEW ORLEANS, La.—Tournament of the Inter-state Association, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club; $200 added money.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankfort, Pa.

Aug. 27-29.—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Sept. 2-3.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 2-3.—NEWARK, N. J.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club; targets. New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. on the second day. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept. (second week).—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

1896.

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

May (second week).—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Paul North a bicyclist! I didn't know it until I got a letter from him last week, in which, after giving me certain information I needed, he related the following little episode:

"My habit of talking too much with my mouth got me into another pleasant little encounter with an Irishman the other day. I was riding my wheel togged out in a bicycle suit, and passed half a dozen men pushing a large reel of telephone cable that they were about to lay in a conduit across the street. It was very hot, and they were grunting and sweating away at the work. I gently remarked that their wheel ran considerably harder than mine did, when quick as a flash the Irishman in the party retorted: 'Yis, it does, but there are a —— sight better min on it than anny short-panted dude!' He was hot and not feeling well,—because I am no dude."

The executive committee of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, of which association Mr. Charles E. Forehand is secretary, is doing a good deal to keep up the interest of its members. What is to be known as the "Nitro Powder Series" of shoots was arranged with a view to encouraging the attendance of its members at shoots. The series consists of five shoots, one each month (June—September), the best four scores to count. Each man shoots at 25 targets, known angles, with a handicap allowance. There are twelve merchandise prizes offered for competition in this series, no charge being made for entrance money.

Dick Phister, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a member of the New Utrecht, New York County and Emerald Gun Clubs, is known to shooters around New York as one of the best live-bird shots in this section. We discovered another of his accomplishments recently:—He is great on weakfish. Mrs. Schappert, of Goose Creek, L. I., told us the other day: "Ah! Mr. Pheester, he's a good fisherman. He knows how to catch weakfish!" All of which meant that we didn't. She was right.

The Stanley Gun Club, of Toronto, Can., held its annual meeting on June 11, and elected the following list of officers: President, T. W. Briggs; Vice-President, T. Sawdon, Sr.; Secretary-Treasurer, G. P. Mason; Executive Committee—G. Renardson, T. Sawdon, Jr., Wm. McDowall and W. S. Pearcy; Auditors—F. E. LeRoy and S. McClure. The club is in a very satisfactory condition, the past 12 months having been prosperous ones.

Fred Quimby has gotten back from his month's tour in the West and South. While away on this trip Mr. Quimby attended the Illinois State shoot and the Memphis shoot, at both of which tournaments he watched the shooters smash empires. On his way back from Memphis he stopped off at Cleveland and took in the "Chamberlin tournament," and incidentally proved that, if he did sell empires, he could at any rate break bluerocks.

"Every amateur in the Northwest is invited to attend the third annual tournament of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., to be held July 4-5." The above is on the cover of the programme for the Central Gun Club's shoot, with the additional note that "Professionals are positively barred." The programme is a good one, while the list of average prizes, nineteen in number each day, should draw a large attendance.

The programme for the Interstate Association at Macon, Ga., is at hand. Owing to the amount of trap copy which poured into this office on Monday morning, it was impossible to give much attention to this programme. The tournament, which will be held July 17 and 18, is going to be a good one from what we hear. The boys who have returned from "the circuit" say that there will be a capital attendance at Macon.

On Saturday afternoon, June 15, Douglas Darby and John Benner, both members of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., shot a match on that club's grounds at 25 live birds for a stake of $25 a side. Darby won by killing 22 to Benner's 20, Benner losing 3 birds out of bounds.

Secretaries and correspondents who have sent in scores and who do not find the same in these columns will please be lenient and take into consideration the fact that trap columns are not as elastic as I could wish. The yachting and kennel editors need some space too.

The account of the recent target tournament held in England, written by "A. S. W.," will be read with considerable interest by trap-shooters of this country. It is evident that target-shooting in England is now established on a firm basis.

A notice of the Altoona (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club's programme for its third annual tournament appears elsewhere. Shooters who can spare the time should visit "Wopsy" on July 10-12. Those who cannot should also do so!

Messrs. H. G. Lemcke and William M. Davison passed through this city on Monday on their way to the New York State shoot. Both these gentlemen hail from Savannah, Ga., and are well known in trap-shooting circles.

The Luzerne County Sportsmen's Club, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., will hold an all-day shoot, open to amateurs only, on the Fourth of July. Shooting, which commences at 9 A. M., will be at live birds and targets.

The Emerald Gun Club, of New York City, will hold no shoot during the month of August; and we understand that the club will not be represented in the Dean Richmond contest at Saratoga.

Mr. G. L. Hess, of Staatsburg, N. Y., writes us that a gun club has been organized at that place, the charter members numbering 20. Mr. Hess is secretary of the new organization.

The Bluerock tournament was another of the big ones! It was a fitting *finale* for a great circuit which opened on May 7 at Cincinnati with the DuPont tournament.

The report of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association is unavoidably held over until next week.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Single-Trigger Gun.

LIEUT. PETER GIBSON, Assistant Rifle Inspector, First Infantry, O. N. G., writes from Cincinnati, O., as follows: "Everything new and of commendable parts in fowling pieces is always of interest to the American sportsman. The latest is a double barrel shotgun with only one trigger, brought out by Charles Lancaster, New Bond street, London. The new gun, or rather locks, as described by those who have seen it, are quite strong and simple, not easily gotten out of order, and quite sure to prevent a premature fire even in rough handling. These locks can be put in any gun, either hammer or hammerless. The lock frame is not altered and therefore the symmetry of the gun is preserved. You can fire either barrel as desired, or from left to right, like revolver action. The trigger pull is no greater than in other guns, while the pull off can be regulated to any number of pounds desired. In firing both barrels the shooter does not need to release the trigger hold to catch the second; nor does he need to shift his hand on the stock; while in cold weather gloves may be worn without any inconvenience or jamming of the finger—a point winter shooters will appreciate."

In connection with the above the following from the London *Field* of June 1 will be of interest:

"In our issue of April 27 we described the mechanism of a double gun recently perfected by Mr. Charles Lancaster, in which both barrels were discharged by the action of a single triger. The chief difficulty in a gun of this description had been to prevent the second barrel being jarred off by vibration, caused by the discharge of the first, or simultaneously discharged by unconsciously prolonged pressure of the single trigger. Mr. Lancaster's new invention, as we pointed out, obviated this satisfactorily so far as one could judge by an examination of the mechanism and the result of a severe charge fired. It only remained to put it to a practical test in the field. We therefore asked the inventor, as soon as he had a gun of this pattern finished, to allow us an opportunity of using it in our own way at clay pigeons.

"Accordingly, on Tuesday last, we proceeded to Mr. Lancaster's shooting ground at Stone Bridge, Willesden (which is quickly reached by train from Euston, and is but forty minutes' drive from the Marble Arch). Here we found every convenience for testing guns and rifles, including targets, both moving and stationary, iron deer, clay pigeons with single and double rises, and last, but not least, a tower some 40 or 50ft. in height, from the top of which clay birds could be projected at a height and with a velocity sufficient to satisfy the keenest appetite for 'rocketers.'

"The gun submitted to us was a double 12-bore hammerless ejector, 6¾lbs. in weight, and the cartridges were loaded with 32grs. of Walsrode powder and 1⅛oz. of shot. As the clay pigeons offered as good a practical test for our purpose as could be desired, we confined attention to them—firing at first single shots, then double rises, and finally breaking with the right barrel, and smashing the largest fragment as it fell with the left—thereby demonstrating that great rapidity in firing could be effected without loosing off both barrels at once. (The pull-off, by the way, can be regulated to any weight desired.) We were not sensible of any discomfort in the manipulation of the gun; and although it has never been our misfortune to suffer from bruised fingers, we can well imagine that this inconvenience is less likely to arise when there is one trigger instead of two to a double gun.

"The length of a stock being measured from the trigger to the heel plate, it follows that in the new gun the length of stock is the same for each barrel—which, theoretically, at all events, is an advantage. The ordinary push-trigger safety bolt on the top of the gun, with automatic blocking safeties to prevent accidental discharge, complete the effectiveness of a weapon which we must say does great credit to the ingenuity of the maker."

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Montana, June 16.—Since the last week's report, the Missoula shotgun cranks have been enjoying themselves immensely. On Thursday, the 13th, a team of six from Stevensville came down to return the match which we had shot with them on their grounds a month since. At 1:30 P. M. the match commenced, and the result proved that the home people were too much for the visitors. The home boys are just a little proud of their scores made this time, considering that the weather conditions were horrible. It was cloudy and dark, and a strong wind amounting almost to a gale blew right over the shooters toward the traps. Though the Missoulians won the match, the Stevensville club got satisfaction in the after sweepstakes, a couple of their members walking off with the biggest part of the "boodle."

Stevensville.

L Williams	1111101101110101111111010—19	
T Clark	1010110001111101011011101—16	
C Buck	1000100101001000111000000— 8	
A Buck	1011000101001111101001111—15	
H C Tuttle	1110111010011101110101110—17	
F Little	0101101111011110011001111—17—	92

Missoula.

R Rogers	0101011111100111111111111—20	
J P Menard	0111111101111111101111111—22	
Chas Searles	1101111110001101111011011—18	
A Sterling	1101101111010111111100000—16	
H A Stephens	1011111011111111011111111—22	
C J Lemley	0100111111001111111111110—19—	117

At the regular medal shoot to-day the Missoula club had a very lively time, the scores showing that all hands are improving, and that another shoot in the same proportion and almost all will be in the class A.

Weekly medal shoot, 20 targets, unknown angles:

Class A.

Brayton...00011111111111100111—15	C Lemley..11001111101110101111—15
F Woody..01101111011001111011—14	R Rogers..10111111111010111111—17
Sterling....11111111011111111110—18	

Class B.

A Stevens..11110110110100110000—11	C A Searles11110001111111011010—14
Andrews...11101101011001100000—10	W Cave....10101101111110101111—15
Devol.....01111011110111011111—16	F P Kern..01101011100000010111—10
J M Evans.11110111111111110001—16	

In the shoot off for the silver medal (class B), Devol won by breaking 9 out of 10, Evans scoring 8.

WILL CAVE.

A State Association for California.

The *Record-Union*, of Sacramento, California, of June 10, gives the following information in regard to the "California Inanimate Target Association" recently organized at San Francisco: "The California Inanimate Target Association, comprising many of the principal gun clubs of the State, was organized at a meeting of representatives from the different organizations at the San Francisco Olympic Club on Saturday night.

"The Board of Governors of the new association will meet on the evening of June 29 in that city for the purpose of electing permanent officers. At the same time the following committee on constitution and by-laws will make its report:

"Edgar Forest, Electric Club; O. M. Judy, Visalia; A. A. Martin, Mill Valley Country Club; F. E. Miller, Alameda County Sportsmen's Association; George Deitz, Stockton Gun Club; I. R. D. Grubb, Empire Club. Daniel Daniels, Lincoln Club; E. J. Crane, Green Brae Gun Club; M. T. Hunt, Freeport Gun Club; W. J. Golcher, Olympic Gun Club.

"It is the intention of the association to give a big shooting tournament near San Francisco in September, and after that other similar affairs will follow in rapid succession. Saturday's meeting was presided over by Merton C. Allen, while M. Shaffer acted as secretary."

BLUE ROCK SECOND ANNUAL.

Early Days in Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, O., June 20.—Early in the present century about sundown a solitary horseman might have been discovered wending his way along the best bank of the Cuyahoga River toward the shore of Lake Erie, where the Indians had just started the town of Cleveland. At that time the Maumee River ran through Cleveland, but has been moved over to Toledo since, because Toledo was always crying for its Maumy and Cleveland wasn't; so that was how it happened, and this is why the solitary horseman rode along the Cuyahoga and not the Maumee, as was stated in the first place. The solitary rider was Paul North on his good horse Blue Rock, and he discovered Cleveland and organized the first tournament among the Indians on the lake front, and when the oyster shells gave out they made artificial oyster shells and called them Blue Rocks, after the horse. So that was where targets began and also where tournaments began, and that is why the Blue Rock annual tournament came to be known as the great grandpa shoot of all the target fixtures. The old Chamberlin tournaments made of history back in the '80s, and no shoots have ever attracted more attention or brought together a more typical collection of the noted shots of the country, or offered a more numerous, more hotly contested or more valuable competition. Every year the shooters from all over the country drift into Cleveland to lay in a stock of new shoes for the baby. Every year the fame of Cleveland, of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., and of Paul North and his good horse Blue Rock, spreads wide and wide through the land, so that each year this shoot becomes more representative and more elaborate, and has more expected of it by the critical shooters of America.

There were several of the old Chamberlin tournaments so called, and since the consolidation into the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., there have been two, including that of the present year. It is the history of the great tournament centers for the most part that they rise, reach their zenith and decline in a few years, but the vitality of the Chamberlin fixture has proved such that it may be said to be no more than in the prime of life long after other series of shoots have passed into the sere and yellow leaf. Nowhere has the sport of artificial target shooting had better stimulus of brains and cash, and to no other source of benefit are the shooters of the country more indebted than to the liberal management which has always backed these shoots. This year the handsome sum of $1,200 was added to the purses, from $30 to $50 being added to each event of the three days' programme. It is no wonder that inducements so royal (with the usual high average badge and $150 to the next fifteen guns) brought out the great attendance of the present week. Knoxville, with $3,000 added, had 102 shooters. Memphis, with $2,000 added, had only 104. With $1,200 cash and a prestige built on years of success, the Blue Rock annual for '95 called out 96 shooters the first day and 86 the second. The additional shooters up to the above records would be costing $100 to $200 apiece for three days, so that the Cleveland event can only be called a great one, both in numbers and in financial basis. In fact it is one of the regular and popular fixtures of the year, and its reputation is a name to conjure with. If we say that the Blue Rock second annual is up to the standard of the past, we shall have made very critical and very satisfactory comment upon it. In spite of unfavorable weather, which is the worst handicap a shoot can have, the event was an entire success, as usual, as reference to the masses of scores will show.

THE NEW GROUNDS.

The grounds chosen for this year's tournament were the old East End Club grounds, formerly used as a rifle range. They lie at the top of a high plateau which rises back of the "Blue Rock Springs." A swift trolley ride through the best of the beautiful city of Cleveland brings one to the foot of a steep defile through a heavy native forest. At the summit is a wide green expanse, fringed on the ravine side with heavy foliage, and rimmed on the background with great native trees. Here lay the cosy club house, the high pullers' boxes, the several tents, canopies, etc., which furnished the ample accommodations for the shooters. Two sets of the famous bluerock traps with handy low screening were backed by a planked firing floor, which was protected by a wide canvas awning. Seats were placed under the tents back of this. A blackboard was located at each end of the long score, the pullers being in towers high above the score in the middle of the line. Of course the electric pulls were used. With Paul North constantly on hand to supervise the shooting, and Mr. J. H. Webster, of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., presiding over the books, it need not be said that the event passed off smoothly and with perfect system. All arrangements were made for a good shoot, and a good shoot was had. They were not there for anything else. The Republican League convention, which crowded the Cleveland hotels and made them uncomfortable stopping places, did not give as good a show as the Blue Rock second annual, and did not play to as good business.

SICK AND ABSENT.

The table which follows will show the personnel of the shooters, and their places of residence. It will be seen that the shooters came from a very wide range of country. The East was very well represented, the West and the South fairly so. The three plucky Texans, Holzapfel, Moore and Miller, came on to Cleveland from Memphis shoot, and they are going on to New York shoot from here—a good instance of how far from home the tournament circuit can take a lover of the game. Some of the stand-bys expected did not arrive, notably Rolla Heikes, who was taken seriously sick with a fever after Memphis shoot, and is now at home at Dayton, O. Rolla probably got malaria on his fishing trip in Arkansas. Van Dyke was sick when he struck Cleveland. Tom Keller also was badly out of sorts, and went home at the end of the second day. Still another unfortunate was Billy Wolstencroft, of Philadelphia, who came all the way out here to shoot, but was taken very badly sick and never got to fire a shot in the three days. Col. Anthony bids fair to reach North Carolina in good health, and LeRoy Woodward, the Massachusetts prodigal, is now one week nearer to the town of Campello. On the contrary, Mascroft, Dickey and Eager were headed the other way from Massachusetts when they struck that bank of the Cuyahoga mentioned earlier as traversed by Mr. North in early days.

There was the usual day of preliminary practice, about 60 guns taking part Tuesday. The "Pumphrey Equitable" handicap was tried. The experts thought it was good for the amateur, but not for them.

The rules governing the shooting in the programme events were as below: Money divided 25, 25, 20, 15 and 15 per cent. All shooting at known traps and unknown angles. No handicap applied to events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 each day. Events Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 each day shot under the Bluerock handicap. A $50 diamond watch charm given for best average in all events. No one barred. Fifteen cash prizes of $10 each ($150) given to the next fifteen high averages in all events. Manufacturers' agents barred from winning any of these prizes. A. S. A. revised rules governed. A 10-gauge handicap was adopted, they to shoot at reverse traps, but only two 10-bores appearing, and there being a misunderstanding over the handicap of these two shooters, by consent of the other shooters this handicap was removed.

Of course, in these days there are many different plans of attempting to solve the vexing question of experts, agents and amateurs. The one adopted here was called the Bluerock handicap. It was applied only to the four 20-bird races each day, the 15-bird events being without handicap. The method was this: All shooting at known traps and unknown angles. All manufacturers' agents and professionals allowed to share in the first, second and third divisions of the purses only, at any time. All others winning or sharing in first, second or third divisions in one event must reach first, second or third divisions in the following event or be out of a place. Having failed to get a place in any event, they to be entitled to compete for all of the divisions in the next event, the scores in each event forming the basis for handicapping in the following event. It is too much to expect of any handicap that it will give satisfaction to all the shooters, but the daily record of entry will show that the handicap did not create a disbanding influence.

The targets were thrown very nicely and evenly, not very hard and not too easy, but fair above the screens and at practicable angles. At times during the cloudy evening hours the background proved trying.

A wise provision, and one showing the care and forethought expended in the arrangements for this tournament, was the daily increase in the amount of money added. The first day had $280, the second $340, the third $380. This with the fifteen average prizes to those who shot the programme made great incentive to stay through the whole three days—something on which tournament managements must always be doing plenty of thinking.

The above synopsis of the shooting rules will show how carefully everything had been considered in advance, and how thoroughly original and up to date in every respect the Blue Rock second annual was. The company and the able executive branch which had it in charge may feel assured that all the promise of their attractive programme was more than carried out, and that they have scored another success for the "Chamberlin shoots"—as the shooters of the country continue to call them.

THE DROPPERS DROPPED UPON.

The foregoing comment on the Blue Rock tournament for 1895 would show it to be a good shoot, well conducted and well attended. In this regard it would not be absolutely unique, for there are many good shoots run in the course of the year. Yet in one respect, and a very notable one, this tournament was unique and absolutely unparalleled in the history of any recent trap shooting.

Dropping for place was detected and punished!

Time out of mind managements have hung up the warning that dropping would not be tolerated, but the shooters have never seen the threat enforced, and have come to regard it as a dead letter. The men who do that sort of thing were at Cleveland in good force, and as usual they began to ply their tidy trade at the first opportunity. On the first day there was not so much of it. On the second day a dozen men were openly and notoriously playing the places, and there was much comment on it among the shooters. As usual, no one liked to say anything about it to the management, and Paul North, busy with the thousand details of the field hustling, had no inkling of the state of affairs. On the last day of the shoot the place-playing became still more open, and Paul North got a suspicion of it. Two shooters especially who were paying their entries one shoot at a time, and going in at the foot of the list, attracted attention. At the score these two, John A. Ruble, of Chicago, and young Thomas, of Logansport, Ind., were both 16 out of 18, with two birds each to shoot. A friend ran up to one of them and whispered something and both men turned and looked at the blackboard. Then they both missed their last two birds, so going into the 16 hole. At once on seeing this Paul North stepped up to the two men and told them that their entry would thereafter be declined. Two shoots, Nos. 7 and No. 8, were thus barred for them, and both shooters left the grounds.

For Ruble, whose tournament record is a notorious one, no sympathy whatever was expressed by any one, and it was agreed by all the shooters that he had had only tardy justice. In the case of Thomas the matter was a little different. This boy is only 16 years of age, and just starting out shooting. His parents are reported excellent people, who surely would not like to think their son guilty of any dishonorable action. Probably the boy himself, mistaught by wrong associations, thought he was doing something smart and not dishonorable in thus dropping into a money where he did not belong. One can only feel regret that it was this youth and not some of the dozen older and deliberate sinners who received justice at the hands of the management, but it cannot be denied that justice was done, and had the proof been brought to view in the other cases they also would have had justice. Let us believe that Mr. Thomas will not take this hardly or bitterly, but will set in better order the early ways of his growth as a shooter.

This, then, is at least one instance of a management which thought proof of sufficiently good sort was at hand to fasten the charge of dropping on a shooter. It has always been said, "You can't prove it." That is all nonsense. It can be proved sufficiently well to bar the dropper out of the further competitions. It can be proved in a great many more cases when a management has sand enough to look for proof. Proof as good as the above is nearly always at hand. A great many are always saying that dropping is very much in the mind of newspaper men, and that to condemn it is evidence of "crankiness." If to be just plain honest is to be cranky, then let us have more cranks, plenty of them, all we can get. In that the management here enforced the doctrine that it hung up, namely the doctrine of plain honesty. No one given to the crime of honesty can to anything but glory in their firmness and their justice. I am willing to say that Paul North went up about a mile high in my estimation at one jump. After continually reading this regular programme bluff at dropping over and over again, all over the country, and never seeing a hand raised to enforce it, I am glad at length to see one man and one management not scared to do the square thing. I am sorry for the young boy who suffered by this, but I am glad of the incident, and I sincerely believe that that one incident is of more value to trap shooting, of more value to the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., than all the rest of this tournament, good as it was. The times are going to change in trap shooting in this country. The old ways will not do. The crookedness will have to go. The day of plain honesty will have to come.

NEXT YEAR'S BLUE ROCK DATE.

The management on the last evening of the shoot announced that it would claim this same week in 1896 for the Blue Rock Third Annual.

First Day.

All events during this tournament were at unknown angles. To Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, $30 was added; to Nos. 5 to 8, $40. The entrance money was $3 in each event.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*
Walton	13	11	10	12	19	17	18	17
Flick	15	10	14	11	16	15	17	20
Smeck	15	14	13	13	19	18	16	19
Andrews	14	13	13	15	20	18	14	..
Fulford	13	15	15	14	19	20	19	16
"Weller"	13	7	7	8	17	15	14	16
Peck	15	11	13	13	18	18	18	19
Williams	9	11	13	13	14	17	14	17
Upson	13	12	12	14	18	19	18	20
"Kiota"	15	12	13	14	19	18	16	17
Graham	15	14	15	12	15	14	18	20
"Redwing"	15	14	15	15	18	20	19	18
VanDyke	15	12	11	12	19	18	20	19
Trimble	15	13	13	10	19	19	20	20
Gambell	13	14	13	15	20	20	19	20
"Ray"	14	12	15	14	20	18	18	20
Waddell	12	10	12	12	15	17	..	..
Anthony	14	11	13	13	17	18	14	16
Harrison	14	9	14	14	16	16	15	17
Shaaber	8	12	12	9	18	16	15	19
Melot	8	11	12	7	16	12	15	13
Bibbee	12	12	13	13	18	14	12	..
Burton	13	13	13	14	15	13	..	..
Elliott	14	12	11	13	17	15	16	18
Wheeler	13	13	14	14	18	19	19	18
Eager	14	11	13	14	17	18	19	19
Davis	14	13	12	9	15	17	18	20
Rennick	13	15	14	11	17	16	..	..
Browning	15	14	14	13	18	17	17	20
Young	14	13	13	15	19	20	18	17
J Br'wning	14	13	14	13	19	18	17	18
Becker	14	13	13	14	18	19	18	18
Bigelow	14	13	14	15	18	18	17	19
Alexander	15	14	13	11	16	16	11	19
Powers	14	14	14	12	19	18	20	19
Ruble	13	13	14	11	17	19	17	17
Budd	13	13	14	11	20	14	19	19
Bird	12	9	12	14	14	14	16	14
Landis	10	12	13	12	16	17	20	..
Sanders	12	9	12	9	15	13	..	..
Schoonover	13	11	13	11	16	..	15	..
Fry	12	..	12	13	16	..	..	..
Weakland	10	..	8	13	14	..	..	..
Leaming	10	8	10	5	15	17	15	17
Greiff	14	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
Speer	10	10	11	9	15	..	..	..
Stein	14	12	14	13	12	..	..	..
Knopf	15	13	12	14	19	..	..	..
Price	15	13	10	..	13	..	..	..
Thomas	12	14	11	10	14	18	14	19
Frank	10	12	13	13	15	16	14	17
Marlett	..	8	10	..	..	..	..	..
Deadshot	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*
Hoffman	10	14	13	10	16	16	18	15
Woodward	14	15	9	11	19	20	18	18
Bartlett	13	14	13	14	19	18	18	18
Drake	11	14	14	15	17	18	17	19
Bacon	14	12	12	13	17	17	20	19
McMurchy	15	15	14	14	17	18	18	18
Keller	14	12	12	14	19	20	14	20
Apgar	14	11	12	12	16	16	19	18
Moore	12	13	8	13	17	19	16	14
"Holz"	14	13	15	13	18	19	16	20
Miller	11	12	9	12	19	17	18	16
Hill	13	14	13	9	16	13	18	15
Kennerson	15	12	11	13	16	17	15	15
Dickey	13	12	14	11	15	15	16	18
Mascroft	10	11	13	10	16	12	16	13
Courtney	13	15	11	11	18	19	15	18
Tuttle	12	15	14	12	15	13	11	13
Mosher	12	13	13	14	14	18	..	..
Wagner	13	10	14	13	18	17	15	18
Kelsey	14	15	14	13	17	17	19	18
Valentine	14	14	12	13	17	17	17	17
Parker	13	12	14	12	19	15	..	..
Marks	14	10	14	11	15	16	..	..
Brady	13	12	11	14	12	10	..	..
Fox	12	11	9	13	16	16	..	..
Osmun	10	13	12	9	19	17	..	..
Shaner	10	10	11	12	..	..	..	..
Stout	13	12	12	14	17	12	..	18
Stephens	10	11	11	12	16	10	..	18
Quimby	12	13	9	10	..	..	..	..
Spross	14	13	15	13	17	17	18	19
Prechtell	14	12	14	13	16	15	17	..
Cochran	14	13	12	13	11	13	..	..
Hammond	15	15	13	13	19	17	18	17
Snow	15	13	12	11	16	17	..	..
Taylor	11	..	13	10	..	..	..	..
Biery	13	13	9	9	..	..	..	..
Ewalt	9	7	12	9	..	..	..	..
Watts	12	14	15	11	17	16	..	17
Worthen	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Duffy	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Schick	..	..	10	..	14	..	..	..
Swope	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
J. E. T.	..	..	..	11	15	14	..	..
Burkhardt	..	..	..	11	18	10	..	19
Sherman	..	..	..	11	16	..	..	..
DeWolf	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..
North	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
Clay	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..
Ebert	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..

Second Day.

Thursday, the second day, was most unfortunate for shooting. A slow, persistent rain drizzled down all day, making everything decidedly uncomfortable. It was a wonder that the entry held together so remarkably well. To the purses in events 1–4 $40 was added, while $45 was added to the purses in events 5–6. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*
Walton	13	11	12	9	12	17	15	14
Flick	15	14	12	14	14	18	18	15
Smeck	14	13	13	11	17	16	17	13
Andrews	12	15	12	10	17	18	14	18
Fulford	15	13	14	15	18	17	16	19
"Weller"	9	10	10	8	12	17	12	13
Peck	14	14	10	13	17	18	19	18
Williams	10	13	14	10	17	18	18	14
Upson	15	15	14	15	20	20	18	18
"Kiota"	12	14	14	13	20	19	19	18
Young	13	14	13	12	19	18	18	16
"Redwing"	15	15	15	15	17	18	19	20
Ray	14	14	12	12	15	15	18	18
Gambell	15	14	15	13	16	20	18	18
Stout	11	12	12	11	16	16	..	..
Waddell	14	13	13	15	16	..	..	..
Anthony	14	12	13	12	16	14	20	16
Landis	10	13	11	14	20	18	16	15
Harrison	13	13	11	10	11	17	13	18
Shaaber	11	14	13	15	17	18	..	..
Troy	12	12	12	10	13	13	17	17
Elliott	12	12	14	14	18	17	18	17
Black	11	10	10	13	10	18	17	16
McMurchy	15	15	13	14	20	20	19	19
Keller	13	15	12	15	..	..	..	..
Apgar	12	13	13	13	19	18	18	16
Moore	13	12	12	13	17	17	17	15
Wheeler	13	13	14	11	19	18	19	20
Eager	14	13	12	12	18	17	17	17
Davis	13	14	12	15	15	16	16	16
Kenerson	11	10	13	12	15	17	17	16

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*
Graham	14	13	13	12	14	20	18	16
Bartlett	14	13	14	11	17	18	14	17
Van Dyke	15	14	15	15	16	17	20	19
J Browning	14	15	15	15	13	20	18	17
Becker	12	13	15	13	14	19	18	17
Wagner	11	14	13	12	19	14	..	15
Hoffman	12	11	13	15	17	17	18	16
LeRoy	14	12	15	12	20	17	16	19
Powers	15	14	14	13	18	18	19	17
Drake	12	13	13	12	13	19	17	16
"Shorty"	14	13	15	13	18	18	20	14
Hill	13	13	12	12	20	14	18	17
Trimble	13	15	14	15	20	17	19	18
"Holz"	14	14	14	15	16	19	19	18
W R Miller	13	11	15	13	19	19	15	18
Bird	11	12	9	8	16	17	15	14
Budd	12	15	14	14	17	17	19	18
Bigelow	14	14	13	15	18	18	18	17
M Browni'g	12	11	13	13	20	19	14	15
Tuttle	12	14	13	12	15	16	17	11
Courtney	11	15	12	15	13	18	19	19
Parker	13	15	14	10	17	18	16	19
Renwick	13	14	14	14	17	20	..	..
Alexander	10	11	10	14	16	17	15	16
Kelsey	13	15	13	10	18	17	13	17
Burkhardt	13	11	12	10	15	14	17	11
Spross	12	14	14	15	18	18	18	16
Quill	10	13	11	8	..	..	..	..
Stephens	12	15	14	13	16	19	..	..
Schick	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Frank	10	11	11	11	16	14	15	13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*
Dickey	11	10	14	13	18	19	19	17
Mascroft	9	9	11	17	15	14	10	16
Modoc	13	9	11	11	..	..	..	..
Hammond	12	15	13	15	20	18	18	15
Watts	12	13	13	13	16	..	..	..
Toby	6	13	12	7	16	..	14	16
Rich	9	11	13	12	12	14	..	15
Quimby	11	11	11	9	..	..	..	..
Valentine	11	12	11	14	19	18	12	16
Thomas	12	..	13	12	10	16	17	13
Osmun	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
AKleinman	14	13	14	12	17	18	18	16
C J W	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Wise	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weakland	..	11	11	13	18	..	..	..
Matthews	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brechtel	..	12	14	15	16	..	18	16
Bibbee	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Swope	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Snow	..	..	14	14	16	13	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*
Bumstead	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anson	13	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
Stein	13	14	12	10	14	..	..	..
Speer	10	9	13	11	15	..	..	..
Sanders	8	12	7	..	11	..	..	..
Ruble	15	12	14	15	16	..	20	20
Greiff	12	15	10	12	..	..	..	..
DeWolf	8	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
J I C	..	..	14	12	17	..	17	13
G Drake	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Louis	..	..	..	10	12	..	..	..
Greener	..	..	..	13	16	16	16	15
Mosher	..	..	..	..	..	16	19	17
Fox	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Wilmot	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
Cleave	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	17
Brady	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16
Fry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16

Third Day.

The morning was misty, but the sun broke out and a glorious shooting day closed the tournament. The improvement in the weather made a great improvement in the shooting. Ten events were run off easily, including two unfinished from Thursday; $45 was added to each of the first four events, $50 to each of the last four. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*
Walton	12	11	15	12	12	14	..	..
Flick	13	11	13	12	15	16	17	18
Smeck	11	15	15	14	20	19	19	19
Andrews	14	12	14	13	16	18	15	20
Fulford	12	13	15	12	..	..	..	..
"Weller"	8	11	12	9	17	12	12	13
Peck	13	13	13	14	18	18	19	19
Williams	14	9	12	11	17	16	13	16
Upson	14	15	15	14	19	20	20	19
"Kiota"	14	12	15	13	19	19	18	19
Young	13	13	14	13	20	17	17	18
Redwing	15	15	14	13	19	19	20	19
J Browning	15	13	14	14	19	19	20	20
Gambell	14	12	13	14	20	20	20	17
Mosher	14	14	11	12	16	18	..	..
Kleinman	12	14	14	14	19	19	17	17
Anthony	12	10	12	13	16	13	17	17
Burkhardt	10	12	15	10	17	16	17	14
Kelsey	14	12	14	10	19	18	18	20
Alexander	11	11	11	10	16	17	17	18
Powers	14	12	15	12	20	15	18	17
Tuttle	13	8	12	11	18	17	18	16
Courtney	14	11	10	8	16	12	..	..
McMurchy	14	14	15	13	19	19	20	20
Parker	15	13	12	10	16	18	20	19
Apgar	14	13	14	13	18	17	19	19
Moore	13	13	15	14	16	19	19	18
Waddell	13	12	10	12	..	..	..	..
Budd	14	15	14	15	20	19	..	..
Frank	14	10	13	13	16	11	16	19
Rennick	15	11	14	13	20	..	..	..
Bigelow	13	14	14	15	20	16	17	16
Bird	10	10	8	..	..	..	..	..
Toby	13	12	9	11	14	12	..	..
Brady	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cleve	9	10	12	11	12	15	13	12
Wagner	14	12	13	..	..	..	..	..
Greener	13	14	10	11	19	..	..	..
J I C	13	9	11	13	14	9	16	13
Modoc	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ruble	11	14	9	12	17	16	..	..
Valentine	12	13	11	12	19	15	17	17
Bibbee	13	9	10	..	..	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*
Graham	13	14	12	14	17	17	17	16
Bartlett	15	13	14	13	17	..	..	..
Van Dyke	12	13	15	15	19	18	18	20
Ray	14	13	14	14	16	18	18	15
Becker	13	12	13	14	20	18	19	18
Hammond	14	12	12	10	..	..	..	..
Hoffman	14	12	14	14	17	17	17	16
LeRoy	15	13	14	15	20	19	20	20
M Browni'g	11	8	11	10	17	16	16	18
Drake	13	11	14	12	17	17	20	17
"Shorty"	13	11	14	13	20	19	20	20
Hill	13	13	14	13	15	17	17	17
Trimble	15	12	15	15	18	18	19	19
Holz	15	14	13	12	19	20	20	17
W Miller	13	14	13	15	20	15	18	18
Landis	15	10	11	15	18	15	17	17
Harrison	11	10	13	12	13	17	17	16
Spross	13	11	8	14	17	19	19	20
Troy	13	7	11	9	13	15	18	15
Elliott	10	10	12	14	19	18	18	18
Black	10	13	13	9	11	16	18	12
Wheeler	14	14	15	13	19	19	19	18
Eager	11	13	15	12	18	20	12	15
Davis	12	12	12	14	18	18	18	16
Kenerson	15	12	14	14	17	18	17	15
Dickey	13	12	15	14	18

Abe Kleinman, of Chicago, surprised everybody and himself by breaking loose from his work at Chicago and coming out to the first outside tournament he has attended in fifteen years. "I want a vacation," said Abe. "I haven't set foot in a boat for six years, nor been at a shoot for over a dozen years. I made up my mind in about five minutes that I'd come over and see one of the big shoots of to-day." And he was in it in the scores.

Charlie Young, of Springfield, O., as may not be generally known, is the inventor of four patented ejector contrivances, the best of which is now being put in use at the gun works of Liege, Belgium. Charlie had with him a gun built entirely by himself, and he shot it through the shoot. It was unbrowned and showed the file and brazing marks, and had a chunk of pine screwed on the grip, and was tough-looking all around, yet its maker pounded out 98 out of 100 with it. Charlie says he is going to whittle out another gun pretty soon. I am told that two other home-made guns were used at this tournament by Watts and Prechtel.

The shooters' badges this year were of yellow silk, bearing a full-length view of Harvey McMurchy in the act of shooting a bluerock. This was a sweet thing. All the girls at the lunch room wore one.

Gambell, of Aurora, Ind., was in good form. He tied Redwing, of Cleveland, for high place the first day, losing only 6 birds during the day (the last two events not being shot till the following morning).

Upson, of Cleveland, shot a hot gait. On the second day he ran 98 out of 100.

Dropping for place, one regrets to conclude, was common and notorious at this shoot.

Probably the most disgusted man in America was honest John Ruble, of Chicago. On the second day he was, as usual, figuring around and entering among the very last on the list, so as to see "where to go." In No. 6 event he waited too long, and while he was out watching a blackboard the event was closed and he was left out. When he heard of this he roared and wanted to go in, but it was no use. Of course, this shut him out of the average money, as that went only to those who shot through the programme! They say Honest John is threatened with heart disease over this, and it nearly proved fatal to some of the boys, they laughed so hard over it.

There was a "pump squad," all six using the Winchester or Burgess.

The name of the "farmer squad" was claimed by the Texas and New York men making it up.

The Browning boys, of Ogden, Utah (inventors of many of the Winchester patents), were on hand *en route* East with another trunkful. They say that silver is no good in Utah just now, but that the peaches continue to be the best on earth and to retail two for five.

Capt. A. C. Anson, of the Chicago Base Ball Club, with his associates, Wilmot, Decker and Parrott, came out on Thursday, it being a rainy day, so they didn't have to work. Anse took a hand in the shooting game, and shot very well.

This is about the season of the year when Shorty Bacon stops digging his cucumbers, tightens up the straps around his waist, and treads for Cleveland to lay in his winter's provisions.

The cranks and quips of gun tinkering are well shown at a big shoot. One man had black wax painted along the top of his gun, to prevent reflection of the light. Another shot barrels bright and white. Another had a Monte Carlo stock surmounted with rubber and leather. Another had his stock padded with bunches of leather four inches through. Local leather pads were common. Some had the inside of the stock planed off, some built up. Recoil pads were of all sorts, one man having no less than five alternate layers of pads on his stock. One man had a high front sight, as on a revolver; another two ivory sights well forward on the barrel, to "line up" with. Just a plain unmonkeyed gun was something rare in the rolling stock of the big shoot.

Paul North was happy when the sun came out on Friday morning.

Jack Parker says he will give a Detroit shoot (not on Des-Chree Shos-Kee island) about September 12 or 15, dates not yet claimed. There will be added money and guaranteed purses.

The far Western contingent certainly shot hard. Utah and Texas both got into the averages The representatives of both these States were very popular at the shoot.

The "banner squad," or "South and North squad," made plenty of amusement in one event with their antics, breaking out into a regular lark on the firing line and calling "pull" in all colors of the rainbow. Yet they kept on splitting wood This squad was named the "banner squad" early in the shoot, and late on the last day it proved title by breaking the squad record, scoring 116 out of 120. This score was as follows: H. McMurchy 20, Jack Parker 20, Holzapfel 20, Neaf Apgar 19, Moore 19, Miller 18. "Holz," Moore and Miller are all from Texas. McMurchy and Apgar claim New York, and Jack Parker Michigan. They were squad No. 9 and their record came in event No. 7 on Friday.

Redwing and Upson, the two high average prize men, both live in Cleveland, and shoot regularly on these grounds As the background is a bit trying at times, they probably had a trifle the advantage of the visiting shooters through their acquaintance with the grounds.

Mr. J. H. Webster, president of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co, has been mentioned as cashier of the shoot, though one could wish he had not been confined so closely behind the railing all the time. Mr. Webster is one of the old inhabitants of Cleveland, and his prosperity has advanced with that of the beautiful city of which he is so proud. He showed the visitors spots near the shooting grounds where deer were killed in his boyhood, and pointed out great buildings now standing on what he once knew as open commons. A man of great business interests, Mr. Webster says he enjoyed coming out to run cash for the shoot as a sort of vacation from office work. Most tournament cashiers do not think it a vacation exactly.

Assistants in the office were Messrs. J. E. Brocklesby and D. S. Mitchell. The scorers at No. 1 board were Messrs. Wherry and Jones; Mr. Barton, superintendent of the target factory, doing the refereeing. At No. 2 board Messrs. Willis and Wightman scored, and the referee was Mr. Bissett, engineer at the cartridge factory. Mr. North had general charge of the shoot. Certainly an able corps was in line, and it is small wonder that everything passed off so well and pleasantly.

The kicker was there in a small quantity, but he is mostly on hand in one form or another at any shot.

A few of the better shots speak favorably of the Pumphrey equitable handicap, which pays every shooter a pro rata for the targets he breaks, and which prevents all dropping for place. A few others of the experts do not like it, because they can not win so much under it. Naturally the droppers and poolers do not like it.

Cleveland is a wealthy and beautiful city.

Get ready now for the Blue Rock third annual.

After all, have not managements been partly responsible for the growth of dropping in the past? Have they not really set the standard by weak avoidance of the issue?

At last let us hear less of the cry, "How are you going to prove it?" The proof is easy.

If future Blue Rock tournaments have a shadow frown no less than that of 1895, the fixture will continue always one of the great standard events of the shooting year.

It was Cleveland that dropped on the dropper. Now does the dropper drop on to the fact that dropping is very liable to take a drop in popularity and safety?

To drop or not to drop was never a question in a square shooter's mind at this year's Blue Rock tournament. At the next one it may be a very serious question in the minds of a few shooters who are square. Such men are no aid to a tournament and no help to the sport.

Cleveland made some history and there was some news.

The newspaper men were very nicely handled. E. HOUGH.

New York German Gun Club.

NEW YORK, June 20.—Herewith please find score sheet of our fifth shoot of this season, which explains itself. The shoot was held yesterday, which was also the day of our annual picnic. Members arrived early with family and friends (about 120 in number), and the interest in the shoot was an unusual one. After one sweep dinner was served. The president welcomed all members, ladies and guests, and concluded with a toast to the ladies. Prize bowling and wheelbarrow contest for ladies followed. Dancing, etc., kept the party together until about 10 P. M. The day is to be recorded as one of great success to the club in every respect.

Club shoot, 8 live birds:

Sauter (30)	11210011—6	J Schlicht (25)	12222111—8
Schmitt (30)	112222•2—7	A Busch (25)	10012212—6
Dreste (21)	10020000—2	Noble (21)	10001211—5
Lenone (28)	02000102—3	Wellbrock (30)	22220121—7
Elfers (21)	11002120—5	Tomford (30)	02021120—5
König (21)	01001201—4	Greitner (21)	•0000103—1
Baudan (21)	11101110—6	Dannefelser (25)	01101010—4
Frazer (25)	11112211—8	Edwards (30)	02100222—4
Miller (25)	10111011—6	Kromberg (25)	•0022001—3
Huff (25)	11011•01—5	Steuernagel	11002210—5
P Garms, Sr (21)	00200011—3	Lucas	21201002—5
Dr Hudson (30)	12000212—5		

On the shoot-off Frazer won the club medal by killing 3 straight to Schlicht's 2, the latter taking the Garms medal. Wellbrock beat Aug. Schmitt out for the Lenone medal by killing 3 to his 2.

In a 3-bird sweep the following scores were made: Lucas 2, Lenone 1, Busch 3, Schmitt 1, Hudson 3, Huff 3, Krausbe 1, Sauter 2, Steuernagel 2, Frazer 2, Miller 2, Wellbrock 3, Noble 3. Elfers 2, Radle 0, Leitlault 1, Messmann 1. G. H. LEUTHEUSSER, Sec'y.

Inanimate Target Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, June 9.—Inanimate target shooting has not been a recognized sport in Great Britain until within the last few years, but so rapidly has it grown in favor that it now ranks among the most popular pastimes of this land, where outdoor sports are loved, respected, and encouraged. Clubs have been organized everywhere to advance this form of shooting, and once a year a great championship meeting takes place, where lovers of the gun gather to determine their superiority in this art. It has been my good fortune to have attended this their third annual championship meeting, which took place on June 6, 7 and 8, at Wembley Park, Middlesex, a station some twenty minutes by rail from London. It seemed to me that I owed it to my brother sportsmen in the United States to tell them what I saw and to acquaint them with the methods employed. I know of no better channel than through your columns.

First of all, Wembley Park is a beautiful spot laid out by some famous landscape gardener. It is in fact a shooter's paradise. Then the arrangements are excellent, everything is quiet and orderly. The most perfect system prevails in the conduct of the shoot, from the time of entry until the close. A military band of twelve pieces discourses an attractive programme of music. Refreshments are served in many places on the grounds in the best of style and many a bottle of Irroy loses its neck during the meeting. No betting is allowed aside from the entrance stake. Ladies and gentlemen watching the contests cover the spacious steps of the grand stand and fill the seats under the spreading branches of the great oaks.

It is the object of the governing body to give everyone a chance to win by a system of handicapping the most improved that I have yet seen, but one which I will not take up your space to explain. These handicap events are interspersed with scratch events, where everyone stands on an equal plane. So perfectly does this work that it is an exception for an individual to win more than one of the coveted prizes during a meeting. The prizes are silver cups, diamond jewels, etc. A person eligible to shoot and desiring to enter pays a nominal sum to defray the expenses of the birds and trapping. This entitles him to shoot for the prizes, of which there are generally two, high guns winning. There is no class shooting. The prizes are of the intrinsic value advertised and range from $25 to several hundred dollars in value.

During this meeting about eighty competitors took part, and out of this number perhaps a dozen were awarded prizes. Last year seven Americans took part, but none were successful in obtaining a prize. This year one American contested and won for his country its first prize at this national meeting. Of the gentlemen from the United States who shot here last year several of them enjoy national reputations at home, and it may be of interest to trap-shooters in America to know why they failed. The conditions are very different from ours. Here they use both barrels. This, I am sure, will strike the American target-shooter unfavorably, as it did me; but after becoming used to it, I came to the conclusion that it was the best arrangement, as it trains one to use his gun more as he would when live pigeon or game shooting. One learns to use the first barrel quicker and to use both more rapidly, and in more perfect harmony. The traps, which are ranged in ten pairs, each pair 5yds. apart, are hard throwers, remarkably so, and the target is tough and not easily broken. The traps are pulled by ropes, one puller pulling five sets of traps. The Taunton trap is the most perfect one I have yet seen, seldom breaks a bird, but throws them with wonderful strength and accuracy, generally at known angles. It is this combination of strong trap and tough bird which makes the shooting so difficult. In appearance both traps and targets are similar to ours. The rapid-fire system is also in vogue. The traps are hidden by small screens, numbered from 1 to 10. After the traps have been pulled from first to last, ten boys, neatly dressed in white and red duck coats, run out and load the traps; then when each trap has been filled, upon a given signal they all run back, maintaining as perfect a line as a military company. The shooting is refereed and scored excellently as squad after squad is called out. I cannot recall a single instance of mistake during the three days' shooting.

In 1893 the championship of the United Kingdom was won by a score of 15 out of 20, in 1894 by 17 out of 20, and this year by 18 out of 20, 80 men contesting. This appears to be inferior shooting to that done in America, but whether or not it really is can only be decided by Americans coming here and shooting under similar conditions. The American gentlemen who shot here last year entered the contests with such complete confidence that their ultimate failure to win anything rather amused the Britishers. The next event in importance to the championship contest is the team match between clubs from England, Scotland and Ireland, 11 men in a team, 30 birds to a man, and when I tell you that this year England won with a score of 223 out of 330 you may want to know whether I think an American team would have a cinch or not, as it would appear from this evidently small score. My answer is: If a team composed as follows could come over here they would win: Dr. Carver and J. A. R. Elliott, of Missouri; Rolla Heikes, of Ohio; Budd, of Iowa; J. Wolstencroft, of Pennsylvania; Van Dyke, of New Jersey, and Capt. Money, Fulford, Kelsey, Glover and McMurchy, of New York, or a team composed of men of equal ability; but I don't think the feat would be as easy as it looks. The Englishmen would welcome us, treat us generously and give us fair play. Now, why could we not send a representative team here? It could be easily done by forming a national target shooters' association comprised of clubs from every State; then assess each club annually a small amount toward the expenses of a team which would be selected after a series of competitions. The expenses incurred in sending such a team would not exceed $2,500. It seems to me as if I would give the coat off my back to see the above-named team face the traps at Wembley Park, representing the Stars and Stripes in an effort to wrest victory from England, Scotland and Ireland. Now is the time to commence; we have been longer at it than they.

The scene at the presentation of prizes, which took place after the last shot had been fired in the last contest, was most impressive. A platform had been erected in front of the grand stand which was covered with rugs and handsomely decorated, the prizes being conspicuously placed at one side. When all was ready the chairman, J. B. Dougall, Esq., appeared with the Marquis of Lorne K. T. After music and much hand clapping and hat waving, the chairman made a brief speech and then called the prize winners one at a time upon the platform, where they shook hands with the Marquis, were congratulated by him and received their prizes from him. When this was over the Marquis was introduced and made a very happy speech, in which he referred most pleasantly to the United States and its people. He recommended outdoor sports to all, referred to shooting as a noble and manly sport, and said that he enjoyed nothing better than to see Americans competing for and carrying off prizes. So closed the most perfect shoot in many ways that I ever attended. When I left the grounds it was with the hope that I might some day return and see an American team win. A. S. W.



THE INANIMATE BIRD SHOOTING ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT WEMBLEY PARK.

(From the London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.)

The Altoona Programme.

THE Altoona (Pa) Rod and Gun Club, an organization that lives and thrives in the heart of the Alleghanies, has issued the programme for its third annual tournament, which will be held on July 10-12. The programme is similar in form to that issued last year, when the Pennsylvania State Shoot was held on the summit of Mount Wopsononock under the auspices of the above-mentioned club. It is as much a work of art as was its predecessor; but there the similarity ends.

This year's programme caters distinctly to that class of shooter which is the bone and sinew of all trap-shooting tournaments—the 75 to 85 per cent. man. In that respect the club deserves every encouragement.

The tournament committee has arranged a programme for three days—July 10-12. On July 10 a 100-target race will be shot; entrance $5, targets extra—a total of $7, targets being changed for at 2 cents each, the club having wisely decided to knock off one cent from the rate usually changed, 3 cents, in preference to adding money to the purses. This is practically the same as adding over $200, 20,000 targets in three days being a low estimate for two sets of traps. The conditions of this race are: "One hundred to 120 targets, 16yds. rise, known traps, unknown angles. Four moneys, 40% to first, 30% to second, 20% to third and 10% to fourth. Entrance $5, targets extra. Entrance may be made up to the commencement of shooting of last squad in first round. Each squad to shoot at 25 targets before retiring. The expert shots will shoot at 100 targets, while the less skillful will be allowed to shoot at from 1 to 20 targets more than 100. No shooter will be scored more than 100 breaks. The handicapping will be done by C. M. Hostetter, 'Old Hoss,' Pittsburgh, Pa.; Edward Banks, of FOREST AND STREAM, New York; W. R. Fieles, Christiana, Pa.; Harry Thurman, Germantown, Phila., and W. C. MacDonald, 'Buckshot,' Altoona, Pa. The handicaps will be announced on the morning of the shoot."

This event should be a popular one. Entries can be made to W. G. Clark, secretary to the club. In regard to this race, FOREST AND STREAM offers to the tournament committee the following suggestion for what it is worth: "That no breaks over 94 or 95 be counted, unless it should happen that a scratch man should break more than that number—in which case his score should be the highest possible that could be made." If 94 were the figure chosen, this would mean that 91 would get a portion of fourth money, providing all the intermediate places were filled. The object of the suggestion is to prevent the effect of a misapprehension of the capabilities of a contestamt giving him such a handicap that he could break straight or even better. It seems to us that it would be a good idea to settle on a "highest possible."

Thursday's and Friday's programmes (July 11, 12) are precisely similar. Each contains 10 events of 15 targets, $1.50 entrance. These events will be governed by the Pennsylvania State Sportsmens Association's rules, the important feature of which is the handicap as follows: "All contestants start on an equal basis; shooting at known traps and angles. Winners of first or second money must shoot in the next event which they enter at known traps and unknown angles. If in this event they fail to secure either first or second prize, they fall back to known traps and known angles in the next event they shoot at, and so continue to graduate, etc."

All shells or baggage shipped in care of W. G. Clark, the secretary, will be carried to the grounds and taken care of free of all charge. The traps will be in position for shooting at the Lookout grounds on the 9th, so that preliminary practice may be indulged in. Shooting will commence at 9 30 a m. each day during the tournament. To those who attended the tournaments at "Wopsy" in '93 and '94 it is not necessary to explain anything. For others the programme gives the following instructions: "To reach the grounds take electric cars to Juniata depot, then take cars on the Altoona, Clearfield & Northern Railroad to Hotel Wopsononock. Point Lookout is a short distance from the hotel and shooters will be carried free between these points by hacks furnished by the club. There will be ample room at the hotel at the grounds for all who desire to remain there over night; others can return to the city, there being convenient trains both morning and evening. Every possible effort will be made to render the occasion a pleasant one to visiting sportsmen."

The shooting grounds at Point Lookout are located on the brow of a hill that overlooks the valley of the Juniata from a height of 1100 feet. It is a perfect skyline—targets thrown from the traps fall on the rocks, 700 or 800 feet below. The view is a magnificent one and the location an ideal one.

Trap at Wilmington, Del.

WILMINGTON, Del., June 15.—The Wawasets defeated the Nonesuch Gun Club, of Newport, in a team race which took place on the latter's grounds to-day. The teams were 12 men a side, 25 targets per man being the number shot at. J. Huber, of the visitors, by breaking 23 won a gold medal offered for the highest score. The scores made were as follows:

Wawaset Gun Club—George Huber 20, C. Buckmaster 20, C. Springer 21, F. Martin 15, W. Buckmaster 22, G. Miller 17, R. Miller 21, E. Mason 20, H. Donaldson 18, L. Manlin 19, T. Weldin 14, J. Huber 23; total, 230.

Nonesuch Gun Club—Allen 15, T. Lynam 23, Myers 13, Wright 17, Duff 16, Grooms 10, Young 20, Galloway 14, Slane 18, Q. Lynam 17, J. R. Lynam 21, King 20; total, 204.

New York State Shoot.

SARATOGA, June 25.—At the meeting last night the attendance was only fair. Buffalo was chosen as the place for the tournament in 1896; the only other application was from Rome. Tournament will be held under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. Weather is fine and there is every prospect of a good shoot. EDWARD BANKS.

Nebraska's Nineteenth.

OMAHA, June 17.—The nineteenth annual tournament of the State Sportsmen's Association, which closed here Saturday, was the best attended, the most successful and satisfactory ever held in this section of the West.

Among the prominent visiting sportsmen were Charlie Budd, the ex-American champion, of Des Moines, Ia.; W. H. Skinner, of the new American Smokeless powder manufactory, New York City; Ted Ackerman, one of Nebraska's finest wing shots, Stanton; J. W. Den, a crack from Arapahoe; George Nicolai, the conquerer of the "Plumber," Sutton; George Rogers, one of the stars of Lincoln's shooting realm; U. G. Powell, Fred W. Sharp, F. M. Miller, C. L. Latshaw, C. D. Linderman, E. E. Hallett and A. D. McCandless, also of Lincoln; E. W. Bexton, W. S. Duer, W. S. McKinney, Hastings; E. E. Hairgrove, Sutton; J. M. Crabill, one of the old vets, Clarinda, Ia.; Jack Harkins, Glendon; E. O. Trotter, Kingsley, Ia.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake; D. V. Palmer, Lake Park, Ia.; George Slocum, Primghar, Ia.; Tug Wilson, R. Flanders, Lon Kemery, Chadron; Jim Den, Arapahoe, and the champion of western Nebraska; W. D. Pruitt and J. W. Evans, also of Arapahoe; G. L. Becker, J. M. Browning, A. P. Bigelow, Ogden, Utah; J. G. Hilberry, W. J. Ogden, Beaver Crossing; A. A. Glade, W. W. Harrison, Grand Island; H. S. Westfield, M. D., Will Pyper, Colonel Hoffmayer, Major Bill Hardin, A. W. Riekman, Council Bluffs; Judge Barnes, another hero of the old days, Norfolk; O. G. Smith, assistant superintendent State Industrial school, Kearney; W. T. Den, alias "Uncle Den," the best known sportsman west of the Mississippi, and the man who never misses a shoot, Brownville, and J. S. Hoffman, Atlantic.

Events Nos. 1 to 15 were 15 targets, entrance $1 50 and $2, with $5 added in each. The scores:

No. 1: Elmer 11, Gilbert 14, Parmer 13, Harkins 10, Glade 12, Nicolai 8, Bigelow 14, Browning 14, Wilson 13, Flanders 12, Kemery 14, Becker 15, Trotter 14, Hilberry 14, Small 8, Organ 10, West 15, Pyper 14, Crabill 13, Blake 13, Kennedy 13, Budd 15, Ackerman 14, Parmelee 15, Linderman 11, Skinner 13.

No. 2: Flanders 11, Parmer 15, Browning 15, Becker 13, Bigelow 14, Gilbert 14, Harkins 14, Trotter 14, Wilson 14, Hilberry 15, Kemery 15, Linderman 15, Skinner 12, Budd 15, Crabill 12, Glade 11, Blake 13, Kennedy 13, Ackerman 13, Squirrel 13, Westfield 14, Pyper 15, J. B. Smith 13, Farkler 12, Jayberry 7, Parmelee 14, Powell 14, J. W. Den 13, Sharpe 8, F. Miller 14, Hoffman 14, Brewer 14, Read 8, Slocum 11.

No. 3: Skinner 10, Crabill 14, Budd 15, Blake 11, Kennedy 14, Bigelow 14, Becker 15, Trotter 13, Gilbert 15, Harkins 12, Linderman 13, Elmer 8, Powell 14, J. W. Den 14, Wilson 13, Flanders 14, Ackerman 14, Parmer 13, Glade 10, Kemery 11, Browning 14, Squirrel 10, Smith 12, Westfield 13, Pyper 14, Farkler 11, Miller 13, Parmelee 14, Hoffman 14.

No. 4: Linderman 11, Wilson 14, Flanders 10, Blake 25, Williams 13, Ackerman 14, Skinner 12, Waterman 10, Becker 14, Bigelow 15, Harkins 14, Gilbert 15, Trotter 15, Ferry 6, Crabill 14, Hilberry 12, Budd 14, Squirrel 12, Powell 15, Nicolai 11, Hughes 15, Parmer 15, Brewer 11, Browning 13, Farkler 10, Hoffman 13, Westfield 12, Pyper 12, Miller 14, Rogers 15, Latt 10.

No. 5: Linderman 11, Wilson 14, Flanders 13, Ackerman 13 Kennedy 10, J. W. Den 14, Brewer 11, Becker 15, Skinner 12, Rogers 14, Sharpe 13, Crabill 12, Trotter 12, Gilbert 15, Parmer 12, Browning 15, Bigelow 15, Blake 14, Budd 15, Powell 10, Westfield 15, Pyper 11, Hoffman 12, Miller 14.

No. 6: Wilson 14, Flanders 13, J. W. Den 12, Linderman 9, Rogers 13, Becker 14, Bigelow 15, Browning 14, Brewer 13, Ackerman 14, Trotter 15, Harkins 13, Blake 15, Crabill 10, Budd 14, Parmer 13, Westfield 11, Pyper 11, Parmelee 14, Kemery 12, Smith 12, Read 7, Powell 12, Hughes 14.

No. 7: Wilson 12, Flanders 13, Rogers 14, Becker 13, Farkler 9, Ferry 9, Den 8, Trotter 15, Powell 14, Miller 15, Hilberry 14, Brewer 13, Harkins 13, Browning 15, Parmer 14, Bigelow 13, Crabill 13, Sharpe 14, Parmelee 15, Ackerman 14, Shepherd 12, Gilbert 14, McCandless 13, Blake 13, Budd 14, Read 11.

No. 8: Rogers 13, Trotter 13, Brewer 14, Sharpe 10, Den 15, Powell 13, Read 11, Miller 13, Ackerman 15, Harkins 13 Bigelow 12, Flanders 13, Parmelee 15, Williams 12, Parmer 14, Grabill 13, Gilbert 14, Wilson 13, Jones 15, Becker 14, Hughes 14, Blake 8, McCandless 11, Browning 15, Budd 15, Linderman 15, Brucker 12, Kennedy 11, Elmer 15, Hilberry 15.

No. 9: Ackerman 13, Brewer 12, Flanders 11, Becker 14, Browning 15, Harkins 15, Rogers 13, Den 14, Trotter 14, Budd 14, Linderman 15, Westfield 15, Powell 14, Miller 13, Sharpe 12, Bigelow 15, Parmelee 15, Gilbert 13, Wilson 13, Kennedy 13, Read 14, Blake 11, Cole 14, Parmer 15. Organ 13, Jones 12, Brucker 12, Elmer 11, Smead 13, Berlin 8.

No 10: Ackerman 13, Brewer 12, Flanders 11, Rogers 11, Den 14, Powell 13, Becker 14, Trotter 13, Harkins 13, Westerfield 14, Browning 13, Parmelee 13, Williams 10, Linderman 14, Budd 14, Miller 12, Jones 13, McCandless 7, Bigelow 15, Gilbert 14, Kennedy 11, Slocum 13, Blake 12, Parmer 14, Wilson 12, Kemery 12, Cole 8, Hoffman 12, Uncle Den 12, Read 8, Smead 13, Squirrel 11, Brucker 13, Skinner 13, Rogers 10.

No. 11: Flanders 13, Den 14, Brewer 13, Rogers 14, Harkins 12, Browning 13, Becker 15, Wilson 12, Parmelee 13, Ackerman 15, Linderman 14, Powell 14, Westerfield 15, Berlin 9, Trotter 14, Smead 12, Hoffman 13, Miller 14, Budd 12, Kennedy 13, Bigelow 15, Gilbert 15, Parmer 14, Read 8, Crabill 10, Skinner 12, Nicolai 7, Squirrel 12, Slocum 9, Bogart 7.

No. 12: Flanders 10, Den 13, Rogers 14, Harkins 11, Browning 14, Becker 14, Budd 14, Ackerman 13, Linderman 11, Brewer 9, Wilson 13, Powell 14, Westfield 14, Hoffman 8, Brucker 11, Trotter 15, Bigelow 10, Gilbert 15, Cole 12, Kennedy 13, Crabill 13, Peters 12, Skinner 12, Uncle Den 10, Jones 12, Shepherd 10, Jake Smith 12, Parmer 15, Parmelee 14, Schroeder 14.

No. 13: Ackerman 14, Brewer 13, Linderman 14, Browning 14, Becker 15, Smead 11, Parmelee 15, Hoffman 14, Shepherd 13, Rogers 13, Harkins 14, J. W. Den 12, Gilbert 15, Budd 14, Trotter 15, Flanders 13, Wilson 12, Powell 13, Peters 14, Westfield 13, Bigelow 13, Uncle Den 11, Cole 15, Kennedy 12, Skinner 13, Squirrel 11, Jones 6, Crabill 13, Miller 9, Latt 11.

No. 14: Ackerman 11, Brewer 14, Linderman 13, Browning 15, Parmelee 15, J. W. Den 11, Becker 15, Budd 14, Harkins 12, Gilbert 15, Rogers 15, Trotter 15, Wilson 13, Flanders 13, Shepherd 15, Powell 12, Smith 14, Jones 8, Parmer 13, Schroeder 14, Westfield 13, Tremens 6, Latt 14, Small 7.

No. 15: Ackerman 14, Linderman 13, Browning 15, Parmelee 15, Cole 11, J. W. Den 15, Harkins 12, Trotter 14, Becker 14, Schroeder 13, Parmer 15, Budd 15, Gilbert 15, Shepherd 11, Wilson 12, Flanders 13, Kemery 11, Jones 12

Shoot No. 16 was the champion team event, open to Nebraska contestants only, for a handsome diamond medal, 10 targets to each man, two men to a team, clubs being allowed to enter as many teams as they liked; four moneys, entrance money to go to the winning team next year; entrance per team $5, $50 added money. The score:

Arapahoe—Den 10, Rogers 9—19. Lincoln—Linderman 10, Latt 8—18. Omaha—Parmelee 10, Ackerman 8—18. Omaha—Blake 8, Squirrel 8—16 Lincoln—Powell 7, Miller 9—16 Omaha—Hughes 8, Kennedy 9—17. Chadron—Flanders 10, Wilson 9—19. Omaha—Smead 8, Shepherd 9—17. Stanton—Schroeder 9, Trotter 7—16.

The last event of the day was a live bird shoot, 10 birds to a man, $10 entrance fee, $25 added money. The score:

Squirrel	1111112121—10	Browning	1121122121—10
Parmelee	1111•21112— 9	Flanders	0111210111— 8
Harkins	2121111121—10	Wilson	1111201111— 9
Crabill	1111112111—10	W T Den	2202101110— 7
Ackerman	1111111222—10	Budd	•222121221— 9
Kennedy	1111211111—10	Hairgrove	2112102102— 8
J W Den	1210211312— 9	Westfield	2021001•20— 5
Gilbert	2111111222—10	Becker	2111202212— 9

No. 2: Linderman 14, Gilbert 13, Leonard 12, Trotter 14, Parmer 14, Wilson 13, Brewer 14, Blake 14, Flanders 12, Becker 15, Browning 15, Bigelow 13, Parmelee 13, Harkins 12, Den 13, Latt 10, Rogers 14, Budd 14, Terry 11, Farken 9, Ackerman 11, Kennedy 11, Hungate 9, Schroder 15.

No. 3: Linderman 11, Gilbert 15, Leonard 10, Trotter 14, Parmer 15, Wilson 14, Blake 13, Flanders 10, Becker 14, Browning 14, Bigelow 14, Den 14, Parmelee 13, Latt 12, Budd 14, Brewer 13, Way 15, Glade 12, Harkins 14, Smith 10, Rogers 10, Hilberry 15, Brocker 9, Hughes 12, Ackerman 13, Kennedy 10.

No. 4: Linderman 15, Gilbert 15, Latt 12, Brewer 15, Parmelee 14, Kemery 12, Den 14, Becker 15, Bigelow 14, Browning 15, Rogers 15, Sharpe 15, Miller 14, Trotter 11, Schroeder 14, Budd 14, Blake 14, Way 15, Flanders 13, Ackerman 14, Palmer 14, Wilson 15, Clyde 12, Kennedy 13, Smith 13, Hungate 11, Hilberry 14, Glade 9, Bailey 6, Cole 13.

No. 5: Linderman 13, Gilbert 14, J. W. Den 15, Parmelee 13, Brewer 15, Becker 15, Bigelow 13, Browning 13, Sharpe 13, Miller 14, Trotter 12, Schroeder 13, Budd 14, Blake 13, Harkins 12, Flanders 9, Palmer 11, Wilson 14, Kennedy 11, Kemery 6, Glade 11, Latt 12 Clyde 10, Way 15, Rogers 13, Deak 14, Hughes 14, Organ 13, Elmer 14, Smith 15, Cole 14, Bailey 6, Hilberry 14, Den 12, Hungate 13, Leeder 7.

No. 6: Linderman 14, Den 15, Becker 14, Bigelow 13, Browning 13, Trotter 13, Schroeder 15, Budd 15, Blake 15, Flanders 13, Palmer 15, Wilson 15, Gilbert 14, Parmelee 13, Kennedy 13, Ackerman 13, Read 9, Way 15, Waddington 11, Harkins 12, Rogers 14, Deah 9, Smith 10, Hughes 12.

No. 7: Linderman 11, Den 13, Gilbert 14, Parmelee 11, Rogers 12, Ackerman 14, Sharpe 14, Miller 13, Becker 15, Bigelow 12, Browning 14, Latt 12, Clyde 7, Budd 14, Schroeder 14, Flanders 11, Wilson 13, Way 14, Palmer 14, Blake 14, Cole 11, Deah 8, Trotter 14, Elmer 12, Hungate 5, Smith 10, Claybill 13, West 12, Hughes 13, Waddington 7, Harkins 10, Brewer 10, Read 7, Kennedy 12.

No. 8: Linderman 13, Den 13, Parmelee 15, Ackerman 12, Becker 14, Bigelow 11, Browning 15, Rogers 15, Budd 15, Flanders 12, Nelson 10, Sharpe 11, Clyde 12, Gilbert 15, Palmer 11, Blake 11, Miller 12, Claybill 12, Schroeder 14, Trotter 15, Way 15, Harkins 14, Cole 12, Hungate 9.

No. 9: Linderman 12, Den 14, Parmelee 13, Becker 15, Bigelow 12, Browning 15, Budd 15, Flanders 14, Wilson 13, Gilbert 14, Palmer 14, Blake 14, Ackerman 14, Claybill 12, Cole 11, Brewer 11, Way 7, Proctor 12, West 14, Schroeder 14, Fogg 11, Trotter 14, Waddy 11, Harkins 12, Kennedy 14, Hoffman 11.

No. 10: Linderman 12, Parmelee 14, Gilbert 15. Rogers 13, Ackerman 15, Grabill 11, Trotter 13, J. W. Den 10, Fogg 11. Schroeder 13, Wilson 14, Flanders 13, Becker 13, Kennedy 9, Clyde 12, Kemery 12, Browning 14, Bigelow 14, Budd 14, Brewer 11, Brocker 11, Palmer 13, Way 12, Cole 13, Den 9, West 11, Hoffman 12.

No. 11: Parmelee 13, Linderman 14, Den 15, Deak 6, Browning 15, Becker 13, Wilson 14, Blake 12, Crabill 14, Miller 14, Flanders 14, Gilbert 14, Palmer 15, Cole 10, Fogg 10 Bigelow 13, Clyde 13, Schroeder 13, Kennedy 12, Rogers 14, Trotter 14, Budd 14, Read 10.

No. 12: Parmelee 13, Den 14, Rogers 15, Browning 12, Becker 14. Budd 14, Blake 11, Linderman 14, Flanders 11, Wilson 13, Ackerman 14, Cole 12, Kennedy 12, Crabill 12, Trotter 13, Gilbert 15, Schroeder 15, Bigelow Palmer 9, Fogg 11. Hoffman 5, Brocker 10, Brewer 11, Waddy 8

No. 13: Parmelee 13, Den 13, Becker 15, Linderman 12, Ackerman 14, Trotter 13, Miller 13, Gilbert 15, Crabill 12, Clyde 11, Flanders 11, Brewer 12, Budd 15. Schroeder 14, Browning 14, Kennedy 13, Wilson 13, Hoffman 13, McFarlane 13, Palmer 14, Fogg 13, Rogers 14

No. 14: Parmelee 12. Budd 14, Gilbert 14, Becker 15, Schroeder 12, Linderman 14, Browning 14, Kennedy 11, Den 14, Ackerman 13, Flanders 8, Wilson 14, Fogg 12, Hoffman 13, Cole 12, McFarlane 14, Crabill 14, Palmer 14.

Event 15 was 25 targets, $2 50 entrance, $15 added: Blake 18, Gilbert 22, Becker 23, Linderman 22, Budd 25, Parmelee 23, Browning 22, Den 22, Cole 22, Ackerman 22, Crabill 24, Trotter 24. Hoffman 20, Palmer 24, Bigelow 21, Kennedy 21, Wilson 22, Flanders 20, Fogg 20, Tremens 23, Rogers 20, McFarlane 24.

Event 16 was for the Plattsmouth cup, a team shoot of four men to a team, 10 targets to the man, $10 entrance, $50 added. The score: Omaha team—Parmelee 10, Ackerman 9, Brewer 7, Kennedy 9; total 35. Lincoln team—J. W. Den 8, Miller 9, Linderman 10, George Rogers 10; total 37. Chadron team—Kemery 6, Wilson 9, Flanders 9, McFarlane 9; total 33.

Lincoln carried off the honor by 2 birds over Omaha and 4 over Chadron.

The last shoot of the day was a live bird event, 8 birds to the man, $5 entrance and $10 added, 30yds. rise. The score:

Parmelee	02211122—7	Rogers	1122111•—7
J W Den	11011210—6	Kennedy	10211011—7
Den	10101201—5	Cole	22002210—5
Hoffman	21112211—8	Ackerman	20021202—5
Brocker	11121111—8	Read	22210022—6
Brewer	22021211—7	Wilson	22102120—6
Waddington	10220020—4	Flanders	01•11011—6
Fogg	11111111—8	Kennedy	12001111—6
Budd	12120121—7	Crabill	11111111—8

The most interesting event on yesterday's card was that for the diamond medal, emblematic of the State championship, held during the past year by J. C. Read, who won it last June at Columbus. The conditions were 10 live birds, 30yds. rise, modified English rules, entrance $10 The score:

J W Den	2121202111— 9	Latshaw	•202212222— 8
Parmelee	2111112122—10	Nason	111120212• — 8
Ackerman	2000 — 1	Nicolai	2122221022— 9
Linderman	0110110 — 4	Cole	100110 — 3
Uncle Den	1021212202— 8	Squirrel	2221•12121— 9
Rogers	2112210120— 8	Kemery	1222221112—10
Wilson	12212•1122 — 9	Kennedy	2111012211— 9
Peters	20•111110 — 6	Schroeder	11•1221120— 8
Brucker	2120222122— 9	Tremens	1111202011— 8

Mr. Parmelee, of this city, and Kemery, of Chadron, tieing, shot off, and the local man won.

There were fourteen events yesterday at 15 targets to the man, and of these the first money winners are given:

Event No. 1: Parmelee 15, Gilbert 15, Becker 15, Linderman 15, Wilson 15, Budd 15.

No. 2: Gilbert 15, Becker 15, Browning 15, Wilson 15, Budd 15, Ackerman 15, Schroeder 15.

No. 3: Gilbert 15, Bigelow 15, Schroeder 15

No 4: Parmelee 15, Becker 15, Gilbert 15, Schroeder 15.

No. 5: Linderman 15, Becker 15, Budd 15, Wilson 15, Gilbert 15.

No. 6: Becker 15, Budd 15, Browning 15, Schroeder 15.

No. 7: Parmelee 15. Budd 15, Becker 15.

No. 8: Browning 15.

No. 9: Linderman 15, Becker 15.

No. 10: Parmelee 15, Kemery 15.

No. 11: Becker 15, Browning 15.

No. 12: Becker 15, Shepherd 15.

No. 13: Parmelee 15.

No. 14: Browning 15, Becker 15.

In a match shoot of 15 targets to the man, the world's record was broken, but one bird out of the 90 shot at getting away, and that fell to the local champion, Col. Parmelee, and was the last bird shot at. The score of this remarkable match was as follows:

Linderman	111111111111111—15	Wilson	111111111111111—15
Becker	111111111111111—15	Gilbert	111111111111111—15
Budd	111111111111111—15	Parmelee	111111111111110—14—89

At the annual meeting of the Association at the Mercer Hotel, G. W. Loomis was re-elected President; Ted Ackerman, Vice-President; Frank S. Parmelee, Secretary, and W. H. S. Hughes, Treasurer. It was also decided to hold the next annual tournament in this city.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Wilmerding Gun Club.

WILMERDING, PA., June 15.—The second annual tournament of the Wilmerding Gun Club was held to-day. The weather was all that could be desired. As usual there was a good turnout of shooters from the clubs in western Pennsylvania, all of whom seemed satisfied with the day's sport. The shoot was run on the following handicap system: Those who took part of first money in any event, shooting in the next event at unknown angles, and continuing to shoot in that class so long as they take any part of the purse. All others shot at known angles.

The club having completed a new arrangement of the traps and wire pull, expected to have some slight trouble during the tournament; but everything worked smoothly and to the satisfaction of the club and its visitors. We consider our underground system the equal of any of the electric pulls. The winners in the various events are given below, those shooting at unknown angles being marked with an asterisk:

No. 1, 10 targets, $1, everything known: Kocke 9, I. Gelm 8, F. McIntosh, Scareface and Reich 7, Athos 6.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50: Anderson 13, Kocke*, F. McIntosh and Gelm 12, Green 11, Bessemer and Tyler 10.

No. 3, same: Bessemer 15, Gelm 14, F. McIntosh 13, Athos, Scareface and Green 12.

No. 4, 10 targets, $1: Bessemer* and Green 10, Scareface 9, Athos 8, Tyler 7.

No. 5, same: Reich, Anderson, Athos and Scareface 9, Gelm 8, Green*, Bessemer* and Tyler 7, Kocke and F. McIntosh 5.

No. 6, same: Gelm 10, Athos* and Kocke 9, Green,* McIntosh and Hamilton 8, Bessemer* 7.

No. 7, 15 targets, $1.50: Scareface 14, Bessemer*, Green, Hamilton and McIntosh* 12, Gelm* and Athos* 11, Kocke 10.

No. 8, 10 targets, $1: Athos* 10, McIntosh* and Hamilton 9, Green 8, Scareface* and Tyler 7.

No. 9, 15 targets, $1.50: Kocke 14, Green and Hamilton 13, Bessemer 12, Anderson and Gelm 11.

No. 10, 10 targets, $1: Green, Colt, Hamilton, McIntosh and Ony 9, Scareface and Gelm 8, Kocke, Bessemer, Athos and Tyler 7.

No. 11, 15 targets, $1.50: Skilman 14, Ony* 13, Gelm and Scareface 12, Kocke, McIntosh* and Scott 11.

No. 12, 10 targets, $1: Ony* and Gelm 10, Kocke and Hamilton 9, Fritz and Scareface 8, Green, Ferguson, King and Colt 7.

No. 13, 20 targets, $2: Bessemer 18, Ony,* Green and Colt 17, Ferguson 15, Skilman, McIntosh, King and Scott 12.

No. 14, 10 targets, $1: Athos, Fritz and Scareface 9, Oney,* Bessemer*, McIntosh and Colt 8, Skilman 7, Scott and Tyler 6.

No. 15, 15 targets, $1.50: Green 13, Bessemer*, Athos*, Fritz* and Colt 12 Oney* and Skilman 11, Scott and Tyler 8.

No. 16, 10 targets, $1.50, three moneys: Skilman and Fritz* 9, Colt and Oney* 8, Bessemer* 7.

No. 17, 10 targets, $1, 6 entries, one money, ties miss and out: Oney won.

A. A. M., Sec'y.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., June 20.—Below find scores made to-day at the semi-weekly shoot of the Binghamton Gun Club. Mr. J. Adams, of Greene, N. Y., shot as a guest of the club.

Club shoot, 25 targets: Adams 20, Kendall 24, Boss 20, Brown 22, Waldron 19, Hobbie 22.

Eight sweeps, 10 targets, $1 50:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Kendall	8	8	10	9	9	8	9	8	Adams	7	8	9	7	7	9	9	8
Waldron	8	8	8	8	4	7	6	..	Brown	6	9	8	8	..	..	9	10
Snell	7	8	10	9	10	..	..	..	Hobbie	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	7
Boss	7	10	6	6	9	6	6	7	Rose	..	..	8	5	8	7	6	6

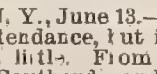
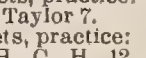
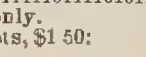
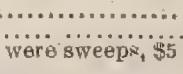
H. W. B.

Emerald's Monthly Shoot.

NEW YORK, June 18.—To-day was the fourth shoot for the Emerald Gun Club's championship medals, thirty members putting in an appearance at Dexter Park, L. I., and shooting their allotted 10 birds. As is usual at this season of the year, the birds were only moderate flyers, with here and there a few good ones. The natural result was that straights were numerous, six shooters killing all their birds, among the six being two 30yds. men. Two shooters scored 9 each, "Wash," one of the two, losing an incomer. E. Bell, the other 9, is one of the coming shots of the club; he shot in good time and centered his birds well. No less than ten men scored 8; seven scored 7, two 6, two 5 and one 3, an average for the thirty shooters of 77⅓. The scores:

Club shoot, 10 live birds; handicap rise:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Eugene Doelnck (30)		2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1—10
Dr G V Hudson (28)		1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2—10
R Phister (30)		2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—10
G Nowak (28)		2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—10
T Short (28)		2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—10
G A Vroome (28)		1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—10
C "Wash" (28)		2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 2— 9
E Bell (28)		1 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 1 2— 9
John H Voss (30)		2 2 1 2 2 • 2 • 1 2— 8
M Herrington (30)		2 1 0 1 1 2 0 2 2 1— 8
H P Fessenden (28)		2 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 2 1— 8
J H Moore (30)		2 1 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 0— 8
M Charles (25)		2 2 0 2 2 2 1 0 2 1— 8
W Levans (28)		2 2 2 0 2 0 1 2 2 2— 8
F W Place (28)		0 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 2— 8
C Hamilton (26)		1 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 0 2— 8
O "Mulcahey" (28)		2 2 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 2— 8
A Amend (25)		2 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 0 2— 8
T Purcell (25)		1 1 2 0 0 2 • 1 1 1— 7
J Woelfel (25)		2 2 0 2 1 2 0 0 2 2— 7
R Regan (25)		1 1 2 1 0 1 0 2 0 2— 7
J Maesel (28)		2 1 0 2 1 1 1 0 0 1— 7
Dr Klein (28)		2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0— 7
J Blotz (30)		2 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 0 2— 7
T Codey (26)		1 1 1 0 2 0 0 1 0 2— 7
B Amend (25)		0 2 1 0 2 0 0 2 1 1— 6
G Loeble (23)		0 0 1 2 1 0 1 2 2 0— 6
P Butz (28)		0 1 0 2 2 1 0 1 0 0— 5
N Maesel (25)		1 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 1 1— 5
C Maesel (25)		0 1 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 •— 3

West Newburgh G. and R. Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., June 13.—For our field day to-day we did not have a very large attendance, but it was quite select. It threatened rain, and we had a little. From Peekskill there came—Halsted, Dain, Everinghim, Southard and Richmond; from Marlborough, J. Rhoades; Fishkill produced Theo. Rhoades. The free collation was arranged by our steward, J. P. Gibney. It consisted of clams (steamed), beans (baked), ham (boiled), corned beef (boiled), calf cheeks (pickled), cucumbers, onions, Limburger and old English cheese, Dutch courage (beer), etc. Scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, practice: H. C. H. 9, Halsted 8, Likely 8, Richmond 5, Dain 7, Taylor 7.

No. 2, 15 targets, practice: T. Rhoades 10 J. Rhodes 4, Richmond 13, Taylor 12, H. C. H. 12, Stansborough 9, Halsted 10, Likely 11, Wood 11, Dain 12, Stansborough 12, Taylor 13.

No 3, 15 targets, $1 entrance:

Taylor	111111111011101—13	Mitchell	100011010010110— 7
F A T	110100111111111—12	Stansborough	010111111111111—13
H C H	111111111011101—13	Dain	110111010011001— 9
Wood	101001111111111—12	Everinghim	011111111111111—14
Halsted	111110111101011—12	Donohue	101011111111111—13
*For targets only.		*Richmond	101110111101110—11

No. 4, 25 targets, $1 50:

Taylor	1111101111111011111111111—23
F A T	1111101101111010011111110—19
H C H	1110001111111111111101010—19
Wood	0111110111100111001100110—16
Halsted	0011111010111111111110110—19
Kissam	1111110011111001011100111—18
Dain	1010011110111010110001111—16
Stansborough	1001101101101111110111111—19
Everinghim	1111100111101110110110011—19

Nos. 5 and 6 were sweeps, $5 entrance, 10 live birds per man, two high guns:

	No. 5.	No. 6
J B Halsted	1222212122—10	2111201121—9
G H Taggart	121•112212— 9	2100111010—6
H C H	2•••222221— 8	212•222202—8
Jas Taylor	2011112••1— 8	2122210222—9
H P Dain	102110121•— 7	2201121111—9
*E C Likely	21211111•1— 9	1122212102—9
*Wood	2001122101— 8	.....
*Richmond	0000000100— 1	2•22212222—9
F A T	.....	2212201222—9
Stansborough	.....	0222222002—7
*J Rhoades	.....	1010021111—7
Kissam	.....	0122112011—8

* For birds only.

No. 7, miss and out, $2 entrance: Dain, Taylor and Stansborough 4 (divided), Taggart 3, Halsted 1, H. C. H. 0.

DAVID BROWN.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 18.—The first shoot in the Nitro Powder Series of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club took place this afternoon. This shoot is at 25 targets, everything known, handicaps of "misses as breaks" being allowed; the totals of the following scores are calculated with this allowance added. Scores:

C E Forehand (0)	1111110111111111111111111—24
W H Buck (1)	1110111111011111110111111—23
R C Walls (0)	1101111110011111111111110—21
Bucklin (2)	1111101111001111101101101—21
E Ide (3)	1110101100111101001111011—20
A W Walls (0)	1111101110110101111111010—19
Harris (3½)	0111110101000011011001111—18½
Kinney (1)	1010101011010001001001010—12

CHARLES E. FOREHAND, Sec'y.

Crystal Lake Tournament.

URBANA, Ill., June 9.—"Pete, what in the name of gin fizz is goin' on over there toward town? Did you hear the shootin' yesterday,—bang, bang, bang! all day? Jest kinder made my mind wander back to '62, when us Indiana boys made a little of that sort of mu ic down at Fort Donelson."

"That was what was puzzlin' me all day yesterday, Sam; durned if I ever heard such shootin' and shootin'. Haven't heard of any railroad strike nur nothin' except a Democratic convention in town yesterday to nominate some 16 to 1 delegates, or something like that. Some one said Col. Purcell wanted them to, and I did allow maybe they hadn't done just as the colonel wanted them to, and he had called out some of the State soldiers, and was annihilating the hull durned community.

"Well, Sam, I done a little fightin' 'way back in the sixties myself, and I was down on the back forty plowin' corn, and the wind was blowin' from towards town, and the way they kept banzin' and bangin' away put me in mind of old times, and got me terrible interested to know what was goin' on. It's purty dry plowin', and old Nell's got a galled shoulder, and thinks I to myself, I'll jest rest the hosses up a bit this afternoon, and walk over to town and find out what's goin' on. I started out after dinner to hoof it in and 'long comes a chap going the same way and says, 'Hop in,' and I hopped. Told him I was goin' over to Urbana to investigate all this shootin'; was afraid thar was trouble. He laughed and wanted to know if I had not heard anything of the shootin' match Jud Ayers and Postmaster Bills was gettin' up? and kinder all at once I remembered readin' in a paper printed in Urbana, that Sam Slick's wife put over a settin' of eggs she sent my wife last Thursday, something abou the second annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. I just recollected readin' somethin' about the shootin' tournament and a good deal the editor, Tom Morgan, said about the 16 to 1 question and 'gold bugs,' and peoples wantin' to pay all their debts with half their money. 'Pears to me like I never seed a durned editor of a country paper who looked like he had half enough of any kind of money.

"Well, I went up and found out they were shootin' between Urbana and Champaign, on the fair ground; and they are havin' a booming big time. Got anything perticular to do to-day? If not, lets go up and see 'um shoot; Andy Miller told me—you know Andy who is Captain of the club and used to be City Att'y of Urbana—well, that's the same fellow—I see you've heard of him, everybody has—he told me they were goin' to have some great shots there to-day and that he, Andy, was goin' to show some of the Eastern and Western cracks a thing or two about breakin' targets."

"Now, you've said enough Pete, if Andy said that, the blasted pigweed and pussly ken grow over the corn a foot high. I'm with you to see the shootin'.

"Gee whiz, they hev started the fun, haint they. Pete? There must be a dozen or more of 'em up there firing away. Man! what the deuce is that sucker standing out there yellin 'Dead,' 'Lost?' I haint seen anything killed. There, he's called 'lost' twice now at the same feller, Pete; is his name 'Lost'?"

"Naw, his name's Geer; he's the jeweler over in Urbana; don't you know him? Say, I can tell you a whole lot about who these fellers are. I was introduced to lots of 'em yesterday. See that good-looking chap with the black mustache sitting down by the ice-water? You do? Well, they told me that was Charlie Budd, of Iowa."

"Say, Sam, b'gosh, you orter seed him smash them pesky targets. I was walkin' along behind him, watchin' him lam it to 'em, and he let down the barrels of his gun, and durned if the shell didn't fly out and pop me in the neck. Guess the powder hadn't all gone off."

"Who is that feller?"

"Knew you would ask who he is; everybody knew him Lou Howe said before he had been here two hours. That's T. H. Keller, from Down East, and the boys all seem to think he's a dandy.

"Yes, I knew you'd notice him. He's all round, aint he. That's W. Tramp Irwin, of Peoria.

"Say, Sam, jist watch that big bruiser make black smoke out of them tarnal saucers; that's Postmaster Bills. Don't he maul 'em! No, he don't handsome much, that's a fact, but he shoots quicker than the left hind leg of a mule; his name's Charlie Grimm, from Iowa. That Keller feller from down East told him yesterday to take his mask off, and he wanted to treat the crowd to a chew of them fine-cut whiskers of that dude-looking cuss over there, Rhoads, I think they call him. He said that tall chap Ruble, of Chicago, never would miss shootin' out a race yesterday unless he found a hole to fall into. I don't see no hole out there big enough for him to fall into. Do you?

"I guess that's that new-fangled Winchester shotgun, and say, that Mr. 'Rex,' of Dayton, Ohio, shows up close to a twenty clip using it, don't he? Do you know, Sam, I'll be chopped fer link sausage if these Crystal Lake Gun Club fellers don't know how to do a thing or two. Here's about seventy-five of these fellows here from all over the country."

The high and hot dry wind made the shooting difficult and lessened the attendance the last day. We had an entry list of sixty the first day, fifty-five the second and forty-eight the third. Not a bad number. Below are the scores:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1, $5 added: King 6, Van Vleck 6, Daly 6, Geer 9, Howe 4, Wilson 6, Keller 8, Ruble 7, Irwin 7, Keef 9, Wilde 7, O. Percivel 9, Bills 8, J. Percivel 9, Carrow 5, C. Percivel 4, Daly 6, Jones 8, Gilbert 7, Tucker 4, Heise 9, Magruder 8, Grimm 9, Skinner 5, Grube 9, Budd 8, Powers 8, Wisthuff 3, Masher 9, Fortier 7, Plummer 5, Fabert 7, Partington 8.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added: Thorpe 11, Fabert 8, King 10, Geer 12, Howe 6, Wilson 13, Jones 13, Gilbert 11, Partington 12, Heise 10, Magruder 14. Mosher 14, Fortier 12, Plummer 5, C. Percivel 11, Wilde 12, O. Percivel 10, Bills 10, J. Percivel 13, Carrow 15, Daly 10, Walden 8, Prather 8, Keef 10, Westhuff 7, Irwin 12, Ruble 14, Keller 11, Grimm 3, Skinner 13, Grube 11, Rex 14, Budd 14, Powers 12.

No. 3, 15 targets, $1 50, $10 added: Wisthuff 7, Anderson 8, Van Vleck 10, Daly 8, Thorpe 14, Walton 12, Grimm 4, Skinner 11, Grube 14, Rex 12, Budd 14, Powers 13, Wilde 13, O. Percivel 10, Bills 12, J. Percivel 10, C. Percivel 8, Keef 10, King 11, Geer 9, Howe 5, Wilson 6, Jones 13, Gilbert 10, Heise 11, Magruder 11, Mosher 12, Fortier 11, Plummer 9, Partington 13, Irwin 8, Prather 11, Daly 4, Bowman 10, Cade 12, Ruble 10, Keller 12.

No. 4, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added: Luke 10, Allen 12, Summers 10, Cade 15, Bills 11, L. Kirby 14, Vohries 13, Ogden 9, Keef 14, C. T. Walton 12, Thorpe 10, Anderson 9, Lindley 9, Trevett 10, C. Percivel 11, Jones 15, Bowman 14, Slow 11, Van Vleck 11, C. A. Daly 4, Fortier 11, Plum 10, Partington 10, Wilde 13, O. Percivel 15, J. Percivel 13, Grimm 14, Skinner 12, Keller 12, Rex 14, Budd 14, Powers 13, King 13, Geer 12, Wilson 10, Gilbert 14, Magruder 12, Mosher 15, Grube 11, Carrow 9, Ruble 15.

No. 5, merchandise shoot, 50 cents, $1 optional sweep: Ruble 15, Gilbert 13, Budd 15, Grimm 14, Partington 11, Skinner 11, L. Kirby 13, Cade 14, Glasco 9, Dahl 8, Keef 12, Bowman 14, Vohries 11, E. M. Kirby 10, Thompson 10, Magruder 14, Powers 14, Heise 10, Carrow 8, Walton 12, C. Percival 11, Anderson 8, Fortier 12, Wilson 14, Mosher 13, Plummer 9, Nelson 11, Keller 12, Geer 10, Johnson 8, Jones 14, Ogden 13, Surface 13, Rex 14, Lindley 12, Clements 10, Aper 7, Fabert 11, McBarnes 13, Ayers 9, Stamey 8, Bills 12, Monroe 9, Miller 11, Daly 6, Edwards 7, Westhuff 7, Tramp 13, Grube 14, O. Percivel 11, Thorpe 14, J. Percivel 12, Wilde 13.

No. 6, 20 targets, $2, $15 added: Keef 19, Thorp 18, Walton 17, Ogden 20, Clark 17, Mosher 20, Grube 20, Carrow 15, Ruble 20, O. Percivel 16, Cade 18, Grimm 17, Skinner 13, Keller 17, Rex 14, Budd 19, Powers 19, Jones 16, Bowman 17, Slow 17, C. T. Walton 14, Prather 15, Vohries 18, Plummer 16, Partington 18, Wilde 18, Allen 15, J. Percivel 18, Heise 18, King 19, Geer 16, Wilson 16. Gilbert 19, Magruder 20, Fortier 17.

No. 7, 15 targets, $1 50, $10 added: Heise 14, H. T. Walton 8, E. V. Kirby 12, C. T. Walton 14, Tramp 14, Somers 6, Grimm 12, Skinner 12, Keller 7, Rex 12, Budd 13, Powers 14, Plummer 6, Partington 15, Wilde 14, Slow 11, J. Percivel 11, Luke 15, King 12, Geer 14, Wilson 12, Gilbert 12, Magruder 11, Fortier 13, Jones 13, Bowman 14, Craig 9, M. Barnes 9, Keef 14, L. Kirby 11, Cade 15, Mosher 12, Ruble 12, Grube 14.

Second Day.

No. 1, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added: Fabert 13, Ogden 14, Carron 13, Heise 13, Fortier 14, Westhuff 10, Vohries 11, Jones 13, Grimm 9, Gilbert 13, Skinner 12, Wilson 13, Budd 11, Plummer 7, Keller 12, Partington 14, Luke 11, Ruble 14, Thompson 13, Bowman 13, Allen 11, Johnson 12, Nelson 14, Bills 12, Grube 12, Kirby 13, O. Percivel 11, J. Percivel 12, M. Barnes 13, Craig 10, C. Percivel 13, Powers 14, Mosher 15, Tramp 12, Clark 10.

No. 2, 15 targets, $2, $15 added: Craig 10, Tramp 10, Magruder 13, Partington 13, Ruble 13, Nelson 11, Powers 13, Fortier 7, Mosher 11, Vohries 9, Skinner 12, Keller 7, Geer 10, Rex 12, Johnson 10, Budd 15, Luke 8, Jones 12, Grube 9, O. Percivel 11, Gilbert 7, Wilson 11, Thompson 14, Bowman 12, E. V. Kirby 13 J. Percivel 10, M. Barnes 11, Grimm 14, Plummer 10, C. Percivel 10, Heise 10, Clark 13, L. Kirby 13.

No. 3, 20 targets, $2, $15 added: Mosher 18, Fortier 16, Powers 15, Magruder 16, Craig 16. Hubbell 15, Bowman 14, Plummer 9, C. Percivel 19, Heise 9, Clark 16, Keef 19, Luke 15, Jones 19, Grube 17, O. Percivel 14, Gilbert 15, Wilson 14, Vohries 12, Skinner 18, Keller 17, Geer 18, Rex 19, Johnson 12, Carron 14, M. Barnes 16, Trevett 16, J. Percivel 16, Ruble 20, Nelson 17, Budd 15, Grimm 17, Thompson 16, Partingten 19, Wilde 18, L. Kirby 15.

No. 4, 15 targets, $1.50, $10 added: Rex 12, Heise 6, Keef 10, Partington 15, Vohries 7, Johnson 6, Gilbert 9, Wilson 8, Bowman 12, Plummer 9, Skinner 12, Nelson 8, Keller 12, Geer 8, Grube 14, Powers 15, Mosher 13, Fortier 14, Magruder 12, Hubbell 10, Ogden 10, Service 10, C. Percivel 13, McBarnes 12, Wilde 13, T. Kirby 13, Grimm 13, Budd 14, Thomson 13, E. V. Kirby 13, Trevett 7, Ruble 11.

No. 5, merchandise shoot, with Montgomery Ward & Co.'s special prizes added, 50 cents: J. Keef 7, Teef 10, Miller 11, Tramp 11, Luke 9, Walton 5, Grimm 13, Skinner 11, Keller 13, Rex 10, Budd 13, Powers 15, Ruble 14, Grube 12, Carron 12, Glasco 7, Ogden 12, Fabert 10, Heise 14, Toy 6, Howe 11, Fortier 12. Plummer 12, Partington 11, Wilde 12, O. Percivel 11, King 12, Geer 11, Wilson 11, Gilbert 10, Magruder 10, Mosher 12, C. Percivel 11, Jones 10. Bowman 12, Slow 11, J. Daly 8, C. Daly 9, Thorpe 10, McBarnes 13, Vohries 9, Bills 10, Wiggins 4, Cade 13, Van Vleck 10, A. Kirby 12. Hoover 6, Tucker 6, Westhuff 11, Dahl 4, Fortier 12, Clark 10, Boyd 8, Lindley 11, Anderson 8, L. Irle 13, Summers 9, E. V. Kirby 8, L. Kirby 11.

No. 6, 15 targets, $1.60, $10 added: Jones 13, Hubbell 11, Ogden 13, Surface 13, Grimm 15, Trivett 12, Plummer 9, Nelson 10, Keller 11, Geer 13, Johnson 9, Gilbert 13, Wilson 12, Bowman 14, E. V. Kirby 8, Ruble 14, Vohries 11, Mosher 13, Magruder 14, Thompson 12. Skinner 15, Westhuff 10, Powers 14, Partington 15. Grube 13, Fortier 9, Budd 14, McBarnes 13, Wilde 12, Cade 14, Rex 12, Keef 12, Heise 13.

Third Day.

No. 1, 15 targets, $1, $10 added: Grimm 14, Rex 15, Cade 13, Keef 14, Thompson 13, Partington 11, Budd 14, O. Percivel 11, Keller 12, Ruble 13, Tramp 15, Bowman 13, Grube 14.

No. 2, 15 targets, $1, $10 added: Cade 13, Ruble 13, Thompson 12, Partington 10, Keller 12, Hubbell 11, L. Irle 11, C. Irle 10, Grimm 14, Budd 14, Tramp 12.

No. 3, 20 targets, $1.50, $15 added: Thompson 18, Partington 17, Keller 17, Grube 16, Hubbell 11, Tramp 18, Bart 17, Rex 18, L. Kirby 13, Mandeville 12, C. Percivel 11. Bills 17, Grimm 16, Ruble 15, Cade 14, Walton 13, L. Irle 15, C. Irle 15, Westburg 16.

No. 4, merchandise, 15 targets, 50 cents: Bills 15, Guy 4, Van Vleck 10. Hoover 6, Walton 9, Cade 6, Ayers 13, Lindley 15, Bart 4, Kane 6, Miller 11, Wright 5, Prather 11, O. Percivel 11, Westhuff 8, L. Kirby 9, Mandeville 6, Hubbell 9, C. Walton 13, C. Percivel 11, L. Irle 12, C. Irle 8, E. M. Kirby 10, Cade 14, H. Irle 5, W, L Kirby 6, J. Percivel 13, Garrison 9, Anderson 10, Karr 8, Keef 11, McCormack 9, Fabert 12, Thorp 9, Grimm 12, Thompson 12, Budd 14, Keller 11, Ruble 13, Tramp 12.

The team shoot was won by Seymour Gun Club, six Champaign county clubs contesting. This ended our second annual tournament. and the boys expressed themselves as having had a good time. It was very gratifying to the club members to hear the majority of them say, "We will be on hand when the third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club occurs." P. M.

The Utica Tournament.

THE scores given below were made on the grounds of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Club at Utica, N. Y., on June 11 and 12. The attendance was not large, but the quality of the shooters present was of a very high class. In event No. 7, on the first day, out of twelve entries, six broke 14, four broke 13, while the other two shooters broke 12 and 11 respectively—an average of 84 per cent. for the two squads. The following are the

First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Kendall 9, Brigden 9, Rayland 8, Richardson 7, Beasley 7, Scott 8, Boss 7, Barker 8, Tuttle 7, Hunter 8, Hobbie 8. Fairchild 8, Gates 9.

No. 2, 20 targets, unknown angles:

Kendall ...11111111111111111111—20	Hobbie ....01111110111111111111—18
Rayland...11110001011110011110—13	Gates.....01111011111111111011—17
Tuttle.....11111111111111101111—19	Richa'dson11011100111011111111—16

No. 3, 15 targets: Kendall 12, Fairchild 8, Gates 13, Richardson 14, Tuttle 14, Rayland 14, Baker 14, Brigden 12, Hobbie 13, Hunter 11.

No. 4, 20 targets:

Kendall....11111111111111111111—20	Rayland....11111011111111111111—19
Tuttle.....10110111111101111111—17	Hobbie.....11111011110111111111—18
Gates.....11111111111111111111—20	Brigden....11111101100011111111—16
Scott.....11011110111101111111—17	Richardson01110110100111111111—15

No. 5, 10 targets (Squad 1 missing): Rayland 8, Tuttle 9, Beasley 6, Fairchild 4, Richardson 8, Brigden 9.

No. 6, 50 targets, $5 entrance:

Kendall.....11111111101111011011111111111101101011111111111111—44
Hobbie.....11111110110111111111110111111101011111011001111—42
Gates.....10011111111111111111111111111111111101111111111111—47
Richardson.....01001110111111111111111111111111111111011101111100111—42
Boss.....01010101111111111111100101111010111111011111011—39
Tuttle.....10111111111101111101111111101111001111111101110—42
Rayland.....01110111101111111111111011111111111111011111111111—45
Hunter.....10101111111111111011111010111110110101111111111111—42
Scott.....11100111110111111111111011011111111111101111—44
Brigden.....11011111101110111011111011111101111100111011001111—39

No. 7, 15 targets: Kendall 14, Hobbie 14, Davidson 12, Richardson 13, Tuttle 13, Gates 14, Scott 13, Rayland 14, Brigden 14, Banker 13, Fairchilds 11, Hunter 14.

No. 8, 20 targets:

Kendall....11111111111111101111—19	Davidson..11101111110110111111—17
Gates.....11111111111111111111—20	Barker ....11111111111111111111—20
Rayland...11111110111001111111—17	Brigden....11111111111110011111—18
Richards'n11111111111110111111—19	Hunter....11111111110111111110—18
Tuttle.....10011010111111111111—16	Hobbie....11110111110001101100—13
Scott.....11111101111111101110—17	

No. 9, 15 targets: Tuttle 10, Gates 14, Richardson 13, Kendall 14, Rayland 14, Davidson 14, Boss 9, Brigden 13, Hunter 11, Hobbie 11, Barker 14.

Second Day's Scores.

No. 1, 10 targets: Kendall 9, Gates 9, Corning 9, Boss 9, Fulford 10, Brainard 3, Hunter 10, Richardson 10, Hobbie 8.

No. 2, 15 targets: Kendall 14, Gates 11, Fulford 15, Corning 15, Hobbie 13, Johnson 13.

No. 3, 20 targets:

Kendall....11011011011111111111—17	Richa'dson11111111111011011111—18
Gates .....11111111111111111111—20	Rayland...11111101111111111101—18
Corning....11111011000111011111—15	Boss.....11111111111111101111—19

No. 4, 25 targets:

Kendall .....1111110111111111111111111—24
Gates .....1111110111111111110111010—21
Hobbie.....1111110011111111110111111—22
Corning.....1011111111111111111111111—24
Richardson .....1111111111101111000111O—20
Rayland.....0111111101101111010101111—19
Fulford .....1111111111101111011011O1—22
Lubeth.....1111111001111111111111101—22
Brainard.....0000010000101111110101O1—12
Barker .....1111111111111111111011111—24
Fairchilds.....1111110111000111011110110—19
Paddleford.....0110010000111110111110111—16

No. 5, 20 targets:

Kendell....01111111101111101111—17	Scott.....10111111111111111110—18
Gates.....11010111111110011111—16	Richards'n11111111111111111101—19
Rayland...11111110111111111111—19	Barker ....11011011111111111011—17
Whitney...11111111111111111111—20	A Hunter..11111111111111111110—19
Hobbie....11111100110111111111—17	Beasley....01011001001000101001— 8

	No. 6.	No. 7.
Rayland (28)	22222—5	.....
Scott (28)	22222—5	.....
Kendall (28)	11112—5	2021210111111011—12
Johnson (28)	22222—5	.....
Paddleford (26)	22221—5	1011102202111l2—12
R Hunter (26)	20111—4	1202121112011l1—13
Hobbie (26)	01121—4	1011010212220l1—11
Corning (27)	21120—4	0112101111112122—13
Richardson (29)	12•11—4	1111212211111l•—14
A S H (29)	11201—4	1110111121212l20—13
Gates (29)	21•22—4	1110102222222112—13
Whitney (26)	02122—4	.....
Fairchild (26)	122•2—4	.....
Sieboth (28)	12200—3	.....
Brainard (26)	02202—3	0110222112•0000— 8
Smith (26)	02012—3	1012121220122222—13
Beasley (26)	20021—3	.....

No. 6 was 5 birds, $5; No. 7, 15 birds, $10.

No. 8, miss and out, $2: Johnson 6, Paddleford 6 (divided), Richardson 2, Sieboth 1, Gates 1.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., June 19.—The following scores were made at the Meadville Gun Club's regular shoot this afternoon:

No. 1, 15 known, 10 unknown angles:

H A Johnson	1101111001110111101011l1—19
Reisinger	0010101111011111110101101—17
Prenatt	0011100111100110001111111—16
Hayes	1110010011111001100111010—15
E Affantranger	0011100100001101100000110—10
Krider	1010010110000000001100001— 8

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Clark	1111111101110111111011111—22
Reisinger	0111111111111101111101101—21
Prenatt	1110111010101011111111100—19
H A Johnson	1110111111101010110111010—19
Hayes	1110111111010111110011111—20
E L Affantranger	0000111101111010001011011—14

No. 3, same:

E L Affantranger	0111100111111101111001111—19
Prenatt	1011110011101111011111011—19
H A Johnson	1111100111011111001111111—19
Hayes	0110111111101111100000101—16

CHOKE BORE.

The Worcester Tournament.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 14.—The closing tournament of the New England Shooting Association was held here to-day under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. The attendance was not as large as could have been desired. In all other respects the tournament was a success, while the averages made by the shooters are seldom surpassed. Among those present were F. N. Hoyle, Sutton; H. G. Wheeler, Westboro; A. R. Dickey, Wellington; W. W. Bennett, Boston; H. M. Federhen, Quincy; F. E. Bennett, Boston; William Allison, Hingham; Pitkin, Hartford; C. H. Burbridge, Hartford; J. F. Mascroft, Sutton, and several of the home club, including A. W. Walls, W. L. Davis and C. E. Forehand.

The weather was absolutely perfect, the heat of the sun being tempered by a cool breeze that was not strong enough to render the flight of the targets erratic. Interest of course centered in the sixth and eighth events on the programme—the championship for teams and individuals respectively. In the team race a curious mistake occurred. After the race had been shot and the totals added up, the honor of first place was awarded to the Worcester Sportsmen's Club by a single break. Later in the day it was discovered that an error had been made, and that the Worcester and Boston totals were the same. Some of the members of the team having gone home, it was impossible to shoot off the tie, the decision of the matter being left until some future date. The scores in this match—which was shot under these conditions, 5 men to a team, 15 targets per man, known angles—were as follows:

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.	Boston Shooting Association.
Davis.....111111111111110—14	Dickey.....111111111101111—14
Forehand...111111111111110—14	Jones.....111111111101111—14
Mascroft...111111111110111—14	Smith .....111111111111111—15
Kenerson ..010111001111111—11	Herbert ....111101101111101—12
Hoyle.....111111111111111—15—68	Wheeler....101101111111111—13—68
Worcester Gun Club.	
Snell.....011101111111110—13	Tougas.....000111011110101— 9
Parker.....100111111111111—13	Ide.....111100111000111—10—56
Bucklin .....111111100101101—11	

The individual championship went to Wheeler, who has won this honor three times with a clean score. The scores were as follows: Wheeler 30, O. R. Dickey, V. D. Kenerson, "Herbert" (Federhen), Pitkin and Mascroft 29, Jones (W. W. Bennett) 28, Walls, Bucklin, Allison, Burbridge and Davis 27, Hoyle and Smith 26, Forehand 22 and Tougas 20.

The results of the other programme events were as follows:

No. 1, 10 known: Walls 9. Hoyle 10, Wheeler 10, Kenerson 9, Dickey 9, Bucklin 9, Jones 9, Herbert 10, Smith 8, Allison 8, Mascroft 10, Larkin 7.

No. 2, 10 unknown; Jones 10, Herbert 9, Smith 10, Allison 9, Larkin 9, Mascroft 10, Walls 8, Hoyle 10, Wheeler 7, Kenerson 8, Dickey 9, Bucklin 9.

No. 3, 7 straightaway, 25 yards: Walls 6, Hoyle 3, Wheeler 6, Kenerson 6, Dickey 4, Jones 3, Herbert 7, Smith 6, Allison 5, Larkin 4, Mascroft 5, Snell 5, Burbidge 4, Pitkin 5.

No. 4, 15 known: Walls 13, Wheeler 13, Kenerson 12, Dickey 13, Bucklin 13, Burbidge 14, Forehand 14, Snell 13, Jones 14, Herbert 14, Smith 14, Allison 11, Pitkin 12, Mascroft 12, Hoyle 13.

No. 5, 10 unknown: Mascroft 7, Larkin 9, Burbank 9, Foreband 7, Snell 8, Jones 9, Herbert 10, Smith 9, Allison 10, Pitkin 8, Burbidge 9, Walls 8, Hoyle 10, Wheeler 10, Kenerson 8, Dickey 8. Bucklin 9.

No. 7, 10 known: Burbank 8, Larkin 7, Mascroft 9, Tolman 8, Forehand 9, Jones 10, Herbert 10, Smith 10, Allison 9, Pitkin 9, Burbidge 7, Walls 5, Hoyle 9, Wheeler 9, Kenerson 9, Dickey 10, Bucklin 9.

No. 9, pairs: Davis 8, Ide 9, Forehand 10, Jones 8, Herbert 9, Smith 4, Allison 8, Pitkin 6, Burbidge 7, Walls 7, Hoyle 6, Wheeler 9, Kenerson 10, Dickey 8, Bucklin 10.

No. 10, 7 straightaway, 25yds.: Ide 6, Forehand 6, Burbank 6, Mascroft 7, Smith 7, Tolman 5, Tougas 4, Parker 4, Snell 5, Jones 4, Herbert 7, Allison 7, Pitkin 7, Burbidge 6, Davis 6, Wall 7, Hoyle 6, Wheeler 5, Kenerson 7, Dickey 7, Bucklin 6.

Sacramento Bluerock Club.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., June 9.—To-day was the first club shoot of the Sacramento Bluerock Club under the new arrangement. The shoot took place at Kimball & Upson's grounds. A gold medal has been procured that will be competed for under the following conditions: Shoots to be held twice a month, 50 targets per man, six best scores at the end of the season to decide who is the ultimate owner of the medal. Scores in to-day's shoot were:

Upson.....1011110010111111011110100011001111111001011011101—34
Nicolaus.....1110001011100111111110001010111101101110101100l—33
F C Yoerk.....1101100101011011010110201110111100101101111001000—29
Mohr.....0111011100010001100100101100110000010001100l111100—28
J M Morrison.....0101000011001001001011010000100101010001011101010—20
F Rubstaller.....0001001010100000000101000111010111110000000010111—19

June 9.—The following events were shot to-day at W. K. Eckhart's grounds, at Agricultural Park, the high wind spoiling the scores somewhat:

No. 1, 25 targets:

Fitzgerald.....1111111111101111111111011—23
Wittenbrock.....1111111101100110111100111—19
Thomas.....1100101100111111011111011—18
Damm.....1110101110100011110111010—16
Soule.....1110010011111100110010111—16
Gruhler.....1100100110011001101100111—14
Chapman .....0111001000011010001010011—11
Greenlaw .....1001111010000100010101001—11
L Morrison.....0010000111001100000001110—10
Reichert.....0011011000001011001010001—10
C Flohr.....1001000100001000111001100— 9

No. 2, 15 targets:

Damm	111110011110111—12	Fitzgerald	101101010111010— 9
Thomas	011111101110101—11	Reichert	011001101101101— 9
Helms	101110111011011—11	Soule	111001001110100— 8
Wittenbrock	011001111011111—11	C Flohr	011001100100110— 7
Gruhler	010110110111111—10		

No. 3, 10 targets, expert rules: Fitzgerald and Soule 8, Wittenbrock 7, Chapman 6, Gruhler 4.

No. 4, walking match, 10 targets: Wittenbrock 9, Damm and Chapman 6, Helms 5, L. Morrison, Soule and Gruhler 4, Flohr 3.

No. 5, 10 targets: Damm 8, Fitzgerald and Wittenbrock 7, Greenlaw 5, L. Morrison 4.

No. 6, same: Wittenbrock 9, Fitzgerald 7, Morrison 5, Greenlaw 5.

No. 7, same: Chapman 8, Gruhler 6, Flohr 5, Soule 5.

Martin Won the Medal.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 9.—The contest for the Carraher State meda representing the live-bird championship of the State of Oregon took place to-day, Mr. Martin winning the medal after a prolonged struggle with Mr. Moore. The medal had previously been won twice by Mr. Moore and would have become his property had he carried it off this time. How nearly he came to doing it is shown by the subjoined scores:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Wm Martin.....1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 • 1—21
E W Moore.....1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 0 2 0 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 •—21
W F Burrell.....2 1 2 1 1 1 1 • 0 0 2 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 • 1 1—20

Shoot-off at 5 and 3 birds:

Martin.....• 1 2 1 1—4 1 0 1—2
Moore.....1 0 2 1 1—4 0 1 0—1

D. L. W.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

N. K., New York.—Will you inform me in your next issue if there are any foxes in eastern Connecticut and Rhode Island, and whether red or gray, or both? Ans. Both varieties are found in the sections named, though the red largely predominates in numbers.

MR. WM. H. WOOD'S address is desired; and we would thank the sender of it. Mr. Wood, it will be remembered, was the pioneer in rod fishing for tarpon.



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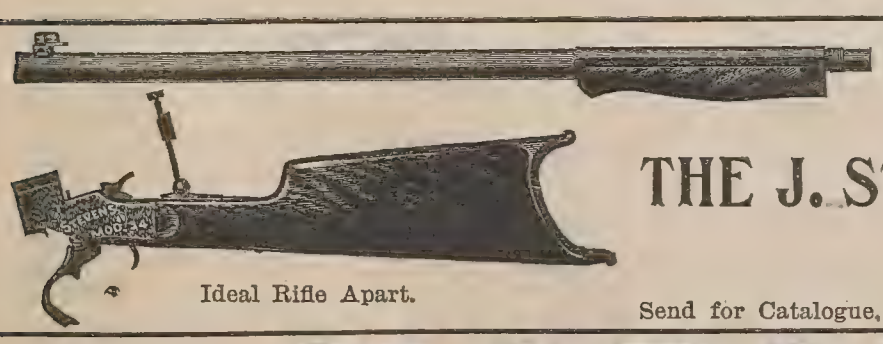


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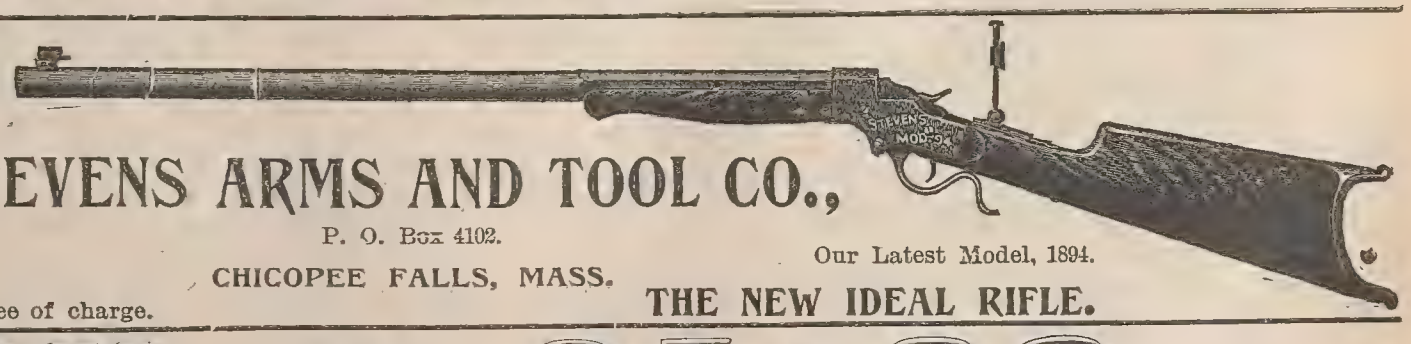
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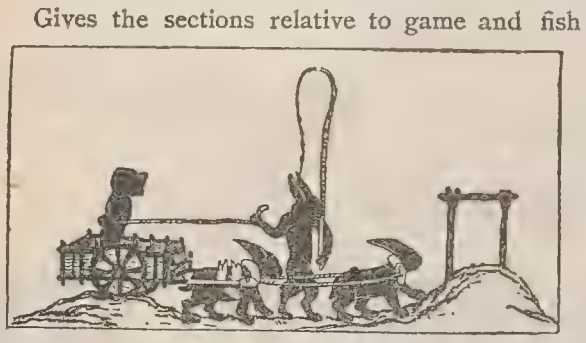
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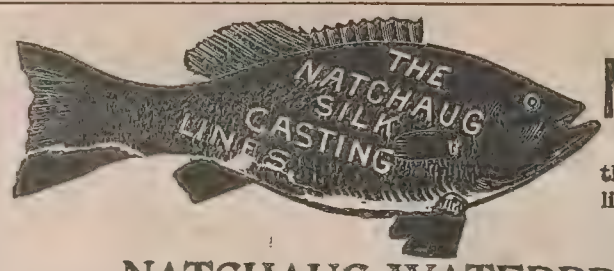
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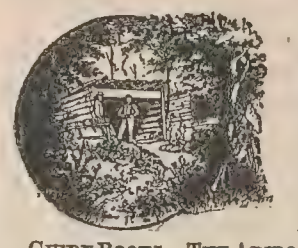
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